


THE STONY BROOK PRESS

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SEPTEMBER 30, 2009



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THERE'S ONLY ONE OCTOBER!
BATTER UP!

news

Obama, Paterson, Makin' War Not Love

By Nick Statt

In a shocking turn of events involving the recent controversy over New York Governor David Paterson's decision to run for governor, President Obama called Gov. Paterson a "jackass on Monday, September 21.

"I mean, sometimes I just wonder what he's doing up there. He's certainly not winning any popularity awards and then just decides to totally ignore my request for him to pull out," Obama said casually after the first portion of his interview with Terry Moran of NBC. "So does that count as the first question?" Moran responded. "I, I hear you - I agree with you. He's a jackass. He's also legally blind and in all honesty I just can't have that anymore," Obama whispered, thinking that his off the record comments would stay amongst him, Moran and her camera crew. To his surprise, Moran breached her journalistic integrity to tweet these comments to the whole world.

"Pres. Obama just called Gov. Paterson a 'jackass' for his decision to still run for governor. Now THAT'S presidential," said Moran's tweet. Moran has been subsequently "Keith Oberlin-ed," as they say in the business, by an infuriated NBC. Expect to see her new commentator program later this fall.

Upon reading this comment while perusing his Twitter account, Paterson was outraged. "It's on. Really I'm not playing. He thinks I'm going to pull out of the governor race now. Fuck that. It's all about spite now," tweeted Paterson early the next morning.

Following the Governor's infuriated tweet, one of the most controversial arguments involving a U.S. President has ensued. Throughout the week, both Obama and Paterson have both publicly and privately sent out attacks in an at-

tempt to verbally one up their opponent.

"So that's how it's going to be, huh? Brother against brother?" Paterson said after being told that Obama wouldn't be opposed to "socking him once or twice in the mouth." Paterson finished out the surprisingly emotional interview with NBC's David Gregory by saying, "That grey-haired grandpa couldn't touch me. I'm like Daredevil. My acute hearing would carry me all day."

The back and forth from the President and New York's heavily disliked governor has created an enormous buzz on the commentator circuit. Jelly donut-human hybrid Rush Limbaugh, famous for getting his start on the Food Network by questioning Rachel Ray's sexuality, has called Paterson's comments in the Gregory interview as pulling the "competitive race/physical disability card." The term, recently coined by Limbaugh himself, accuses Paterson of feeling both that he has to compete with Obama because they're both African Americans in powerful political positions and also that his physical disability is a subject that shouldn't be touched by insults.

"The man thinks because he's legally blind that that means we can't make fun of him for it. He's got to realize this is the real world and physical disabilities are not just funny, but deadly argument winners," said Limbaugh on the Wednesday following Obama's remarks.

In a rather expected turn of events, rapper and neo-Jesus Kanye West has stepped out of his media exile to side with Paterson after feeling equally victimized by the President's fiery insults.

"It's not every day that a mother fucking lyrical word-smith backs you up, and against the President of all people. I'm the Gov's boxing gloves and Obama better prepare to duke it out with the voice of our generation. Jesus Walks," Kanye pronounced with an audacious confidence in a recent interview with MTV.



As the week wraps up, President Obama has voiced further frustration.

"Believe me, if I didn't have to go arm-to-arm with Britain and France to accuse Iran of covertly producing nuclear fuel underground and persuade the U.N. to keep the Honduran presidential controversy from turning violent, I'd give Mr. West and Governor Paterson a taste of my their own medicine. But as former President Franklin Delano Roosevelt once said, 'I got a lot of shit to do.'"

One can only hope that these juicy media insults will curdle over before they get too out of hand. A number of YouTube videos, blog posts and purposeless civilian tweets have collected to amass a strong public opinion, but the question of whether or not it will be necessary to have the public weigh in on this brutal week-long argument will be answered soon enough. A clue came in the form of Paterson's ominous statement early yesterday morning, "I'm swinging and I ain't gonna stop. So he better fall back."

October

at Staller Center for the Arts

The Tierney Sutton Band

Sat., Oct. 10, 2009 at 8:00 pm
Recital Hall

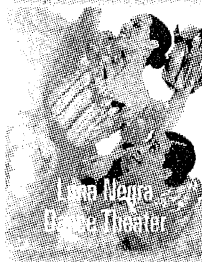


Emerson String Quartet

Tues., Oct. 13, 2009 at 8:00 pm
SOLD OUT

Luna Negra Dance Theater in "Danzon"

with Paquito D'Rivera and Turtle Island Quartet
Sat., Oct. 24, 2009 at 8:00 pm
Main Stage



L.A. Radio Theatre

Recreates "War of the Worlds" and "The Lost World"
Fri., Oct. 30, 2009
at 8:00 pm Main Stage

MOVIES

FRI., OCT. 2
7:00 pm *Easy Virtue*
9:00 pm *Sin Nombre*

FRI., OCT. 9
7:00 pm *Everlasting Moments*
9:30 pm *American Violet*

FRI., OCT. 16
7:00 pm *Lemon Tree*
9:15 pm *Away We Go*

\$8 general admission;
\$6 students and seniors with ID.

ART

University Art Gallery through Oct. 17
Stephanie Dinkins:
This Land is My Land and Funktified

AND

Stony Brook Symphony
Orchestra (Oct. 3)

Eduardo Leandro, Percussion (Oct. 7)

Metropolitan Opera:
Live in HD at 1:00 pm
Puccini's *Tosca* (Oct. 11)
Verdi's *Aida* (Oct. 25)

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Hey, Dr. Stanleyman, Play A Songdo For Me

by Natalie Crnosija

A University senator voiced her concerns about the establishment of a Stony Brook University satellite in South Korea at the Undergraduate Student Government Senate's September 25 meeting during open agenda.

University Senator Julia Link received information about SBU Songdo during a September 10 University Senate presentation given by Deputy Provost W. Brent Lindquist. Link said she has many concerns about what the plans entail, which include exporting some SBU faculty to the South Korea campus. The purpose of her address was to pass information about the Songdo University plans on to SBU students through the USG. Link added that professors had not been informed of the SBU Songdo plans, though they would be affected through proposed staff movement to South Korea.

"I didn't bring this to you to make a decision because nobody did," said Link. "I want the help of USG to educate students, to give them a heads up...Amid budget cuts and class cutting, to start sending teachers overseas just doesn't seem like a very good idea."

Lindquist presented to the University Senate because, unlike USG, the University Senate is a legislative group composed of faculty and students who set university policy. The University Senate may express an opinion on the SBU Songdo proposal, but the ultimate decision remains with SBU President Samuel L. Stanley, Jr.

According to Lindquist's "Planning Update SBU Songdo" PowerPoint, SBU will provide the academic programs, the faculty, the students and will grant SBU degrees. In exchange, South Korea is forming the Incheon Free Economic Zone, where it will establish a "Global University Campus." Within this zone, SBU and 10 other universities will set up satellites. The South Korean gov-

ernment will pay for the facilities for approximately five years. After five years, SBU will take primary responsibility for funding. SBU Songdo will not be funded by New York State, but will receive funding from research, specific grants, SBU Songdo tuition and the South Korean government. Link ex-



pressed that the establishment of these grants exclusively for SBU Songdo was essentially diverting money that could be going to SBU proper instead.

Link said she had asked Lindquist about the benefits of the SBU Songdo to resident SBU students. "He said, 'I don't know. I don't know if it will or if it will not,'" said Link. "He did not give any kind of valid answer."

Lindquist was unavailable for comment.

Interim Media Relations Officer Lauren M. Sheprow said that SBU resident students would greatly benefit from SBU Songdo's establishment. "The value of a Stony Brook degree will be enhanced," said Sheprow. "Currently an SBU degree has very limited interna-

tional recognition — as compared to, for example, UC Berkeley, or UCLA. With a branch campus in Asia, the recognizability of an SBU degree will be expanded in an area of the world that is developing as a global economic engine. Our desire is to provide students the same international cachet

Malaysia. Haq later asked the Senate to consider the SUNY Songdo issue when the student representatives on the Senate of Arts and Sciences are picked. "All the information we are receiving here is hearsay," said Haq.

USG President Jasper Wilson said that a SBU Songdo committee will be formed by faculty representatives within the Senate of Arts and Sciences. The Senate of Arts and Sciences is a legislative body composed of faculty and students within the University Senate. This committee will include student representatives who have not yet been nominated by Wilson. The Senate of Arts and Sciences nomination/confirmation process will begin next week's USG Senate meeting.

"I am pretty sure that Provost Brian Lindquist and President Stanley will be coming to talk to the Committee of Arts and Sciences to answer the faculty's questions...so more information gets out there," said Wilson. "I do not think it's very helpful to continue this discussion any further."

Amid the debate, multiple USG senators tried to communicate that they could not issue an opinion on the SBU Songdo plans. "I want to make clear that nothing has been approved yet by the university or the university president," said USG Senator Keith Tilley.

Former USG Senator Adam Kent said that the SBU Songdo question had been deferred to the Undergraduate Council, another legislative undergraduate policy committee, of which he was part last year. Currently, Kent is sitting on the committee as an observer. "Whatever information is given and that is allowed to be shared, I will more than happily share," Kent said. "We were told to keep it quiet because they do not know what they are doing...it is being sent into committee to look into it. One of many things, the feasibility and the pros and cons. I will be putting the student's best interests on this campus in America in mind."

with an SBU degree."

Furthermore, Sheprow denied that there would be the loss of students and resources abroad.

"Market studies show that foreign students who want to come to the US are not going to change their minds," Sheprow said. "Conversely, US students who want to study overseas are unlikely to be currently at, or thinking of coming to, SBU. We expect Songdo to provide increased study abroad-semester program opportunities for our US students."

Similarly, USG Senator Syed Haq asserted that other universities, like SUNY Buffalo, have institutions abroad. SUNY Buffalo was the first SUNY to establish a satellite, which is located in

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editorials

Don't Widen the Donut Hole

On paper, the plan to build and maintain an international campus in South Korea seems like a pretty neat idea. It appeals to current and future students who may be thinking of studying abroad. It will also gain Stony Brook University some international recognition, and that's always a plus for students' resumes. It will also further forge some of SBU's international relations.

This is a big undertaking, which requires careful consideration. The university has been given half a million dollars from the South Korean government to research the feasibility of a satellite University on the Songdo Global University Campus. And while in theory, this all sounds peachy keen, a close scrutiny of the current situation will show an altogether different picture.

To start, SBU, and the rest of the SUNY system, are currently facing mas-

sive budget deficits and cuts. This so far has meant increased tuition for the students, with little to none of the tuition hike actually going towards education. Furthermore, the student-faculty ratio has been on the rise for over a decade, as the professors are stretched thinner and thinner over a growing student body.

In addition, the faculty here signed a petition of no confidence against the former president Shirley Strum Kenny. Based on, among other things, her imperialistic expansion of the university to the Southampton and Manhattan campuses, opening another campus on the other end of the world seems like another step in that direction. Former SBU Sociology Professor Javier Auyero, who left the university in 2008 after a decade of teaching, once described Stony Brook as a donut university, in which there is an empty, vacuous core

of the school, surrounded by large and extravagant buildings and campuses. The fact that this project would potentially take away faculty from the campus here, to export them to Songdo, is even more disturbing.

Media Relations Officer Lauren Sheprow put the best spin on it, when she said that a new campus in South Korea would enhance the SBU degree in the international arena. UC Berkeley and UCLA are both internationally recognized, so why shouldn't Stony Brook be as well? That's because California state universities are all well-funded and have a high standard of academics—most especially in Berkeley and LA's case. Maybe we should focus on those two things first. Don't sacrifice our education for prestige and recognition. You'll be left with a bunch of fancy buildings, frustrated students and no substance.

Iraq's Failed History Lesson

When the U.S. invaded Iraq, it was under the false pretense that Saddam Hussein had stockpiled weapons of mass destruction. Satellite images of hidden bunkers, yellowcake from Niger and the interception of aluminum tubes convinced the U.S. public that war was necessary in Iraq.

Cheerleading every step of the way was the American media, from the 24-hour cable news networks, the papers and the magazines; they all soaked up the Bush administration's lies that Iraq was somehow linked to the September 11, 2001 attacks. Watching helplessly, the majority of the American public bought it.

Looking back at history, the leading up to the Iraq war highlighted a failure in field of journalism that has left it vulnerable. Now, six years after the invasion of Iraq, the media is at it again, only this time, America will soon be at war with Iran.

Turn on *MSNBC*, *CNN* and *Fox News* and the message is the same: Iran poses a grave threat to the free world, their president denies the holocaust and Israel is going to be destroyed if America doesn't do anything.

And when word came out that Iran was building a "secret nuclear facility", the world

watched as senior analysts, journalists and governing leaders denounced Iran for its infraction of set guidelines.

"Iran's decision to build yet another nuclear facility without notifying the International Atomic Energy Agency represents a direct challenge to the basic compact at the center of the non-proliferation regime," President Barack Hussein Obama said at a press conference during the G-20 economic summit in Pittsburgh. "These rules are clear: All nations have the right to peaceful nuclear energy; those nations with nuclear weapons must move towards disarmament; those nations without nuclear weapons must forsake them."

Representing what many would consider the far right, *Fox News* commentator Bill O'Reilly called Iran's move troubling. "Many believe the USA, Great Britain and France are not going to be able to stop the mullahs from getting nukes," he said on his September 29 program. "Once again, the Iranians can cause trouble all over the place: in the Persian Gulf, in Iraq, in Afghanistan, in Lebanon and on and on."

And before that, articles that date as early as 2006 insinuate that war with Iran is in-

evitable. "Will Iran be Next?," from *The Atlantic*. "Is a U.S.-Iran War Inevitable?" *TIME* asks.

But how can the U.S. accuse Iran of any wrongdoing if these wrongdoings never occurred? Dr. Mohamed Elbaradei, head of the IAEA, called the West's allegations against Iran "crazy".

And as allegations arose that Iran had gone through some nuclear militarization, Elbaradei has had his doubts.

"I do not think, based on what we see, that Iran has an on-going nuclear weapons programme. Whether they have done some weaponization studies as was claimed is still an outstanding issue. But I have not seen any credible evidence to suggest that Iran has an on-going nuclear programme today."

Where are the journalists that seek to find truth behind what President Obama and other world leaders say? Where are the reporters that serve the people and protect the integrity of the fourth estate? Where is the truth?

Iran is a sensitive issue, but if history proves to repeat itself, prepare for war, because that's what's on the news.

Write for The Press!

Meetings Every Wednesday at 1PM, Union Building 060

A Whale of a Tale

Hello,

My name is Capt James Kevin, 50 Years Old from United Kingdom, resides in London United Kingdom and My contact address is 51 Caledon Road Tce, East Ham London, E6 3HB. I work with PRINCESS MARIANA - Luxury Motor Yacht in United Kingdom. We are seeking applicants to work on the new year-round UNITED KINGDOM flagged Passenger ship. Its a private own yacht, The monthly salary will be 4,000 sterling pound every month end for salaries and 300 pounds for your pocket fees every week end, accommodation will be provided by the company. Hope to hear from you soonest.
Best Regards .
Capt James Kevin

I will do everything in my power to help. What should i do?

We thank you so much for replying us back. Kindly send to us your C.V. Before we commence on your application ,we need to know the area of experience you have .because we have various post available for you in 4 different department. such as Entertainment, Service and Hospitality, Personal care, Deck and Engine Room.

In each Department below are their various post:

Entertainment:

These positions deal with anything related to passenger entertainment and are the most popular among job-seekers: host and hostesses, cruise directors and staff, disc jockeys, performers, swimming instructors, shore excursion staff.

Service and Hospitality:

These are positions in the restaurants, bars, passenger cabins and retail: waiters and waitresses, bar tenders, cabin stewardesses, cooks, bakers, cleaners, gift-shop assistants etc.

Personal care:

These employees deal with the spa facilities, and , , , and fitness instructors.

Deck and Engine Room:

These departments are responsible for maintaining and running the ship:

Chief Engineer

Engineer Office

Electricians

Store Keeper

Deck Officers

Safety Officers.

We still have some post which are not mention above..just incase you did not notice any of your field of specialization on the list above .kindly inform us so that we can find the post suitable for you.

Capt James Kevin

CTG Group London

201-203 Regent Street

London W1R 7DD

United Kingdom.

Can I name the ship Alice?

Go ahead and name them..

So who is going to be my skipper? And what exactly is it that you want me to do? I want to help but am confused.

What do you mean..

I mean I am very interested in joining you to sea. But before so, I want to know what type of responsibilities I will be given. Seeing how you would let me name the boat, I'm assuming I will be given a position of power. I would like to know how many people are going to work beneath me. This may seem like I am asking for too much, but I assure you that I am very productive when I have a lot of people working for me. With all this to consider, my willingness to apply or help just increases by the moment. I am eager to hear from you with further directions on how to obtain this job.

PS: I feel like my first question about naming the boat was kind of ridiculous. I figured, how can I name the boat Alice if I haven't even seen it yet. Can you please send me a photo of the boat so I can give it a proper name?

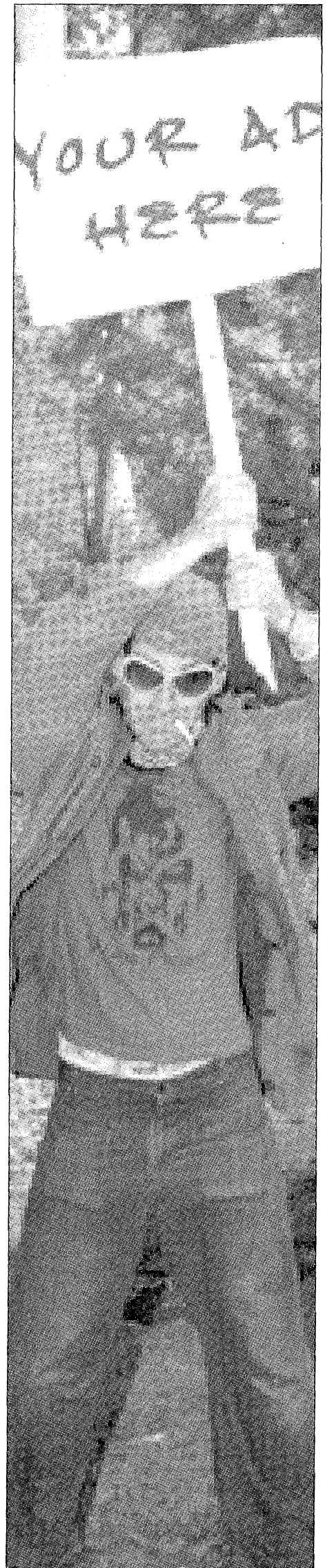
Hello,

Thanks for your mail, Here is the post are available ? Chief Engineer, Engineer Office, Electricians, Store Keeper, Deck Officers, Safety Officers, they are many worker that work in the boat, 330,00 only so hope to hear from you..

Thanks

James

This epic tale will be continued in the next Issue of *The Press*. Unless, of course, we actually receive some actual letters from people! Send us things! Do it!



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Resuscitating America: The Great Health Care Debate

Universal Health Care, Everywhere But Here

by Ross Barkan

The health care debate is quickly becoming the great issue of our times. While virtually every other industrialized nation in the world has a system in place to provide affordable (or free) healthcare to all of its citizens, the United States of America leaves roughly 40 million citizens uninsured every year and many more unable to afford health coverage.

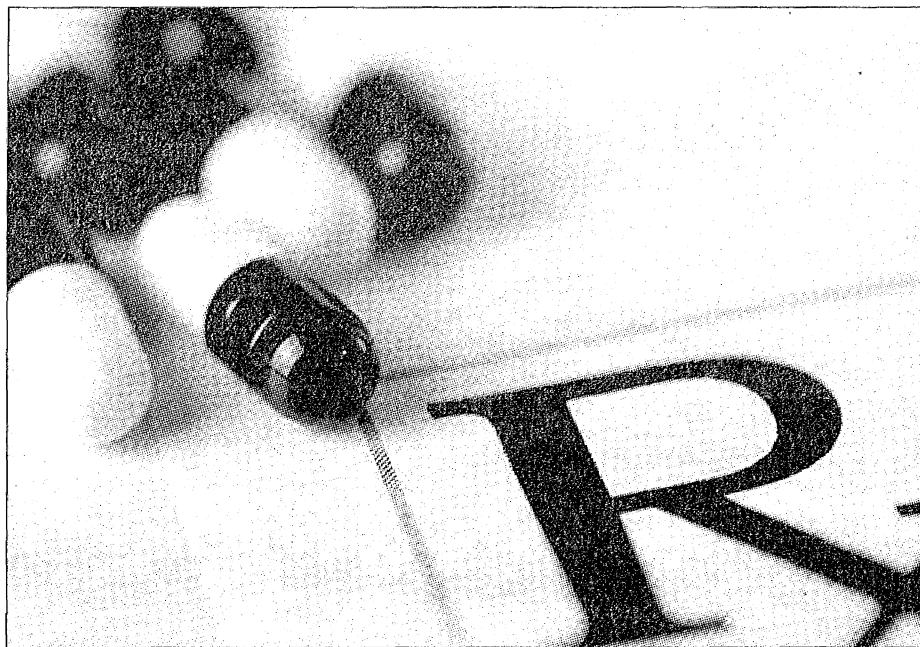
Proponents of universal health care call this a moral outrage; detractors argue it is impractical to cover everyone and a universal healthcare system will only lead to inferior medical care. The main problem with the actual health care debate is the amount of misinformation that is being spread daily.

Health care systems vary from country to country. In fact, President Obama's proposed plan would not resemble the "socialist" British National Health Service. It would, in theory, look like Switzerland's health service. Here is a rundown of several industrialized nations and the form their health services take:

Britain- The National Health Service, Britain's provider of universal healthcare since 1948, runs all of the hospitals and employs all of the doctors. It is publically-funded and guarantees free healthcare to all citizens of the United Kingdom (there are sometimes charges for dental care, eye tests, and aspects of personal care). 8% of the population uses private medical care, usually as an add-on to NHS services. While multiple surveys reveal a majority of British are satisfied with their health coverage,

British newspapers tend to criticize the NHS. The spirit of the NHS is alive in our country: the Veterans Health Administration resembles the NHS.

Canada- Health care is delivered for free like Britain through a publically-funded system. Canada, along with Australia, Taiwan, and Denmark, is an



example of a single-payer health care system. (One entity, the government, funds healthcare). The delivery of health care is left in private hands but the government pays all of the bills. Canadians are overwhelmingly satisfied with their coverage. A 2009 Harris/Decima poll found 82% of Canadians preferred their health care system to the privatized system in the United States. Criticisms leveled against the Canadian system include the perceived long waiting times for treatment. (For example, there are instances in which a patient can wait up to a month for radiation

therapy for breast cancer or prostate cancer). Despite these waits, Canada has lower incident and mortality rates than the U.S. for all cancers combined, according to the U.S. Cancer Statistics Working Group and the Canadian Cancer Society. Like Britain, Canada also has a higher life expectancy rate than the U.S.

French system is the rising cost of universal health care. President Nicholas Sarkozy has sought to address this issue during his presidency.

Japan- All Japanese citizens must be enrolled in a health insurance program. People without insurance provided through their employers participate in a national health insurance program, making Japan one of many industrialized nations that provide universal health coverage. Japan has a hybrid system funded by job-based insurance premiums and taxes. Unlike the U.S. system (and like the French, Canadian, and British systems), no person is denied coverage because of a preexisting condition or faces unreasonable fees because a family member gets sick. Japan's dilemma is one of demographics. An aging population means health costs are due to balloon, making reforms necessary. However, there are no plans to abandon a universal health care model.

Switzerland- This health care system is important to examine because the proposed Obama reform would look very Swiss. Like Germany, Swiss health care relies on private insurance companies rather than on public funding. Everyone is required to buy health insurance and insurers can't discriminate based on medical history and pre-existing conditions. U.S. insurance companies currently can. Lower-income Swiss citizens receive government help if they cannot pay for their policies. Massachusetts health reform follows the Swiss model—costs are high but most are insured. Switzerland is one of the few industrialized nations without a public health care option.

France- Citizens in the French Republic receive universal health care through a system akin to Canada's. The World Health Organization named French healthcare the best performing system in the world in terms of availability and organization of health care providers (the U.S. is ranked 37th). It is not a single-payer system but a mixture of public and private services, allowing healthcare to be delivered through private companies. 75% of the doctors in the national service provide free care to patients. The main concern with the

Reconsidering Our Value System



by Tim Paules

Our current health care system is not working. A recent study out of Harvard Medical School found that 45,000 Americans die per year due to a complete or partial lack of health insurance. This staggering figure amounts to 122 deaths per day. An individual without health insurance is 40 percent more likely to die in this period of

time than their privately insured counterparts. Add to that the thousands of coverage denials every year for real or perceived preexisting conditions and we have a system of privatization that tells people "if you can't pad our bottom line, you deserve to die". What is so problematic about this health care issue, however, isn't just that it exists, but that it was inevitable. Michael Moore has stated with the upcoming release of his latest documentary, *Capitalism: A Love Story*, that it is the larger economic system itself, which inevitably leads

to the injustice and suffering we see in our country and the world today. Love him or hate him, I have to admit he has a habit of making good points. This mentality of "if it's good for business, it's good for America" is the only reason we continue to have a privatized health care industry at all.

Perhaps the most coherent argument I have heard against socialized health care is that it will inevitably lead to a slowing of innovation; that it will result in fewer new drugs and medical procedures, and do so more slowly. First of all, if you look at na-

tions that have implemented socialized health care, all indicators of the health of their populations suggest that they have actually surpassed us in their ability to care for and treat the ill, not the other way around (see the *CIA World Factbook* on issues such as longevity). The second problem with this argument is one which is decidedly more uncomfortable to address as a nation, as it questions some of our most basic assumptions and values. We tend to assume that innovation and progress is the ultimate end to all of our actions, but

Resuscitating America: The Great Health Care Debate

When Lives At Stake, Capitalism Fails



by Raina Bedford

Wendell Potter is a renegade. This former health insurance PR executive gave one hell of a testimony against his former employer. Speaking in front of Congress he got to

the bottom of why a capitalist system doesn't work when human lives are at stake.

"To help meet Wall Street's relentless profit expectations, insurers routinely dump policyholders who are less profitable or who get sick," Wendell said.

For an example of this, look no further than health insurance giant Health Net Inc. They rescinded an estimated 1,600 policies between 2000 and 2006 saving the company \$35.5 million. Internal documents released in 2007 indicate that the company based employee bonuses on the number of health care policies they were able to cancel. Employees were evaluated based on whether they exceeded, achieved, or did not achieve annual targets for revoking policies.

1,600 policies may not seem like a lot considering that Health Net Inc. insures millions of people, but since 10% of the population accounts for two-thirds of all health care spending, even a small percentage of cancellations can

bring huge savings to health insurance companies. Unfortunately, they are cancelling the policies of their sickest clients to maintain their bottom line.

Insurance companies do this deliberately to save money. This may seem obvious, that's how capitalism works. But we have to ask ourselves if it's really ethical that we allow the same business principles that govern McDonalds to govern health care.

Because health insurance companies are traded publicly, shareholders and investors value insurance companies based on their earnings per share and their "medical-loss ratio." This medical-loss ratio is the ratio between what the company pays out in claims and what it has left over to cover sales, marketing, underwriting, administrative expenses and whatever is left over as profit.

Insurance companies have found numerous ways to cut costs and over time have decreased the amount of money they actually spend on providing care to please wall street investors. PricewaterhouseCoopers did a study last year which found that the collective medical-loss ratios of the seven largest for profit insurers fell from an average of 85.3 percent in 1998 to 81.6 percent in 2008. This translates into billion dollar savings for insurance companies at the expense of patient care.

Another way to manage costs is to

refuse to insure "high risk" patients. Insurance companies all have lists of pre-existing conditions for which they will deny coverage. There is no federal law limiting the amount of pre-existing conditions a company can list and no restrictions on the types of conditions insurance companies can deny coverage for.

Pacific Care has a list of 128 pre-existing conditions for which they will refuse coverage. The list includes conditions like having a premature birth within the past 12 months, acne, heartburn and being an expectant father. They've also taken the liberty to include a list of uninsurable occupations that include being a police officer, firefighter, carnival worker and war correspondent.

Should you find yourself uninsured with a pre-existing condition, you have the option to either join an extremely expensive state-funded high-risk plan or face a pre-existing condition exclusion period. During the exclusion period, the insurance company will deny all claims made that relate to your pre-existing condition. Either way it will cost you a lot of money.

Within a capitalist structure, it makes sense for companies to manage costs. Insurance companies want to discourage the practice of patients purchasing insurance only when they get ill. This is the purpose of excluding coverage for those with pre-existing condi-

tions. Though patients with medical problems do pose a great financial cost to insurance companies, some question a system that values patient's lives based on how much of a financial liability they are.

The profit driven health insurance system has far-reaching effects on American lives. A Harvard study published in the American Journal of Public Health found that uninsured Americans under 64 years old have a 40 percent higher risk of death than those who have insurance. They estimate that 45,000 Americans die every year because they are uninsured.

These sobering numbers are unfortunately expected to rise. Most Americans receive their health insurance through their employer, and as more Americans lose their jobs they will also lose their health insurance. Yes, capitalism is a great economic system. It has given Americans an unmatched standard of living and it works for most industries. But the health insurance industry is not one of them and Wendell Potter knows this.

"What we have today," he said, "is a Wall Street-run system that has proven itself an untrustworthy partner to its customers, to the doctors and hospitals who deliver care, and to the state and federal governments that attempt to regulate it."

VALUES continued from previous page

with the economic gap growing wider every year for almost the last century we must ask ourselves if unbridled progress forward is for the best if only a shrinking number of privileged few can reap the rewards.

This is where I tend to split from others on the "far left" of things. Where they see a need for a revolution of economics and institutions, I see a need for a revolution of values.

Some of the most vocal opposition to a single-payer system, outside of insurance company self-preservation, comes from average Americans who feel they ought not to have their hard-earned pay taxed and used to pay for the health of a bunch of lazy miscreants. The vast majority of the disadvantaged are neither

lazy nor miscreants. The more troubling aspect of that claim is the coolness with which it treats the value of human life. Many are so used to see-

ing value in monetary and profit terms that they have ceased to see value in human terms.

In the end Michael Moore is

right; the capitalist, profit-driven ethic is the reason why we do not have universal health care for all Americans. Universal Health Care is decidedly unprofitable in the traditional sense, but blaming the current system alone is an assessment only skin deep. It is we who are to blame, as well. It is our values and our will which manifest as the economic system, and it is these same values which prop up a health care system that costs over 45,000 lives annually. Talk of cost has polluted the discussion of health care reform in America, and so long as this monetary concern exists true reform will be impossible.

Universal health care will only be possible once Americans as a whole care a little less for their wallets and a little more for their fellow man



Wooh yeah protesting!

The internet

Resuscitating America: The Great Health Care Debate

The Truth About Obama's Health Care Bill

by Liz Kaufman

As of late, there has been much debate over President Obama's Health Care Reform, known officially as "America's Affordable Health Choices Act of 2009 (HR 3200)."

There are people in our own community arguing that by Obama getting his way, we're destroying a Christian nation and publically funding abortions, spending weekends protesting around the most populated locations.

Some are going on about how the government will now have access to your bank accounts, and force you to commit suicide at a certain age. Even *The New York Post* got in on it, publishing an article in mid-July claiming the plan

will "create a tax rate of nearly 60 percent" and kill all the jobs and small businesses in New York.

There are people on the news, referring to themselves as "The Tea Party," using vulgar and offensive signs. Some of which insinuate that what Obama is doing is worse than the Holocaust. One sign depicted victims of the Holocaust being put into ovens. The caption read "The American taxpayers are the Jews for Obama's ovens." You can find pictures of these signs online, effortlessly. These people bothered me the most. They were also the reason I decided to read the HR 3200 bill.

I figured that if I haven't read it, then it was probably the case that many college students haven't read it either. Plus, the Tea Party is disturbing on many levels, influencing more people every day with scare tactics. So, I obtained the 1017 page copy of the HR 3200 bill to debunk some of the rumors. This document is so long I couldn't cover everything in a single article.

I was curious as to how many people actually read the document. A survey was conducted on the Stony Brook Campus, polling students.

Out of a pool of 36 students, only five had actually read the bill as a source of information about it. Three

volunteered the fact they only read certain parts. So really, three students claimed they read it.

Overwhelmingly, 66 percent said they very much cared about the issue, 18 percent stated they "kinda" care, and 16 percent said "no." One student stuck out in my mind when he stated: "I'll care later. You know, when people

book that would explain things as I went on. This absolutely was not the case if I wanted to understand what I was reading correctly.

HR 3200 states, in Sec 133 (a) (2), "Plain language requirement: that plan information be written in plain language; or "language that the intended audience, including individuals with

misinterpretations due (in some part) to 1) the desire to find things to be against, 2) wording or 3) fear tactics used by the media.

Section 1173A: STANDARDIZE ELECTRONIC ADMINISTRATIVE TRANSACTION

Rumor: Government has access to your bank accounts and will take your money!

Reality: Doesn't quite specify if that's true.

This section is tricky. It appears the overall goal is to lower costs by increasing efficiency and reducing paper costs. Basically, electronic accounts are set up much like e-filing for taxes... only you can't opt out of getting this electronic account.

There are no specific examples of where that money comes from. Does it come

directly from my bank account? The details are to come. It's just stated that there *will* be an electronic account and health card connected to some account.

"(C) Enable electronic funds transfers, in order to allow automated reconciliation with the related health care payment and remittance advice"

"(D) "enable the real-time (or near real time) determination of an individual's financial responsibility at the point of service and, to the extent possible, prior to service, including 9 whether the individual is eligible for a specific service with a specific physician at a specific facility, which may include utilization of a machine-readable health, plan beneficiary identification card"

Facts:

The obvious interpretation is that the cards issued to patients (like your meal plan ID) that allow electronic real-time transactions will also allow automatic reconciliation if there is something like an auto-draft for money paid out of pocket.

This is also one of the origins of the "the government will have all your information. Prepare for Orwell's worst nightmare." Yes, this section *does* state



Speaker of the House, Nancy Pelosi (D-CA), President Barack Obama, and Senator Max Baucus (D-MO)

are really getting into it and the reports [media] tell us what's really going on."

When asked if they could describe the bill in their own words, almost every person used the word "socialism" in their answer, even if it were just a response such as "it's socialist." When asked to correctly define socialism, only 8 percent were able to do so.

CNN.com and CNN broadcast television were the number one source of information about this topic, as well as other important issues. Other top media sources for information included Fox News, AOL.com, Google, The Daily Show and The Colbert Report. This result wasn't surprising, taking into consideration how much the media affects our daily lives and communication. What is concerning is that most people said they cared about the issue to some extent, yet 86 percent of those polled go by media as opposed to getting information directly from the source. This creates a great opportunity to jump on the bandwagon.

What's it say, anyway?

The HR 3200 bill begins with definitions and clarifications that will be used in the bill. Originally, I skipped this part, figuring it was like a text-

limited English proficiency, can readily understand and use because that language is clean, concise, well-organized, and follows other best practices of plain language writing."

I think this is probably why so many people are interpreting this bill in so many interesting and colorful ways. Regardless of "plain language," the sheer number of pages lessens the attention span of the average person and the fact they have to read and think doesn't help either. Don't get me wrong—the people of America aren't necessarily stupid, but unless you are made to read and cite long documents like at a university on a regular basis, most people aren't in the mode of thinking necessary to analyze this document correctly. And even if you are at a university, like the poll I did, most students have not read it either.

The bill describes the goals and agenda to achieve those goals to create a health care system that will be accessible to everyone, making it so everyone has a form of health insurance. These goals are: coverage and choice, affordability, shared responsibility, controlling cost, prevention and wellness, and workforce investments.

Are the rumors true?

It seems to be the case that most of the outrageous rumors are simply

Resuscitating America: The Great Health Care Debate

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it will "harmonize all common data elements." But what does that mean? It seems to mean that all of your information relevant to you paying what it owed for services, etc. is available in a database connected to your personal profile and your Health Card. But it never states how much information or what kind. It could just be billing and information that must go between provider and insurer.

The year is 1984—the government's my only choice

Existing group plans from private insurance will be grandfathered for five years. During this time, they must begin to comply with the standards of health care coverage the government will now require. This is to make insurance companies have a defined set of standards that can be monitored. You will be able to choose from options of public insurance, not one.

Truth: While you are allowed to keep your private insurance (i.e. no one is forcing the public to not use private health insurance), it will be less desirable because of the concept of "risk pooling."

Risk Pooling: How you have insurance. The people who buy into a health insurance package are called a "pool." The more people you have, the more the risk is spread around the group, being distributed. Every month you pay into it. You don't get sick all the time, but if you do, the money is there for you and everyone else to use. The more people who are in the pool, the lower all your premiums will be. This means that your pool within your private insurance will shrink. You will have more risk in the private insurance. Your premiums will go up. Initially, this plan will lower costs to the public pool.

The opposition says the government's power of taxation, legislation and inflation will drive private insurance out of business. But, once again, you have the power to stay with your current provider. There is no 100 percent guarantee your premiums will be outrageous.

Although, the document also says: "Except in cases of hardship, once market reforms and affordability credits are in effect, individuals will be responsible for obtaining and maintaining health insurance cover-

age. Those who choose to not obtain coverage will pay a penalty of 2.5 percent of modified adjusted gross income above a specified level." So if you don't go with the government, you pay a special tax. But at least you still have a choice, right?

a choice, right?

There will be publically funded abortions!

Section 1713: The goal is to improve health of children and mothers so pregnancy outcomes can be more positive.

Some claim this also means that Big Brother is controlling your births and maternal care and having a government worker

come into your home and force you to raise your kids according to the government because of a sentence that says a nurse can provide a home-health visit.

This never states the word "abortion." An argument is that abortion might possibly be covered as part of an "essential benefits package." The wording, as in many sections is ambiguous and possibly intended to be.

Obama is going to push suicide to cut Medicare spending!

No. This one was on a pamphlet the religious protesters in Lake Grove handed to me one afternoon as I asked them questions they couldn't answer. Basically, their "interpretation" is from page 425 of the bill, which makes an amendment to Title 18 of the Social Security Act.

It's simple—the bill makes it so Medicare will pay for, **not** mandate, "advance care planning consultations," which would occur every five years between patients and doctors. End-of-life options would be explained and discussed, for the purpose of the patient choosing a treatment plan. Though it doesn't prohibit euthanasia explicitly, opposition to the plan argue that could be a potential option.

Illegal immigrants will get free health care!

Absolutely not. This rumor is coming from page 50, section 152. This

part describes how there won't be discrimination against peoples for health care; however it prohibits illegal immigrants from receiving government health care.

Wait, just what will I get?

Good question. It depends on where you are, really. Richard Lipsky, a lobbyist for small stores and businesses in New York City, stated in an article for the July 16 issue of *The New York Post*, "According to what we've read, the House health-insurance plan would have a job-crippling impact on neighborhood stores and other small businesses because they put mandates on these businesses that would prevent them from hiring people because of the cost of the plan."

However, according to the plan, 97 percent of Americans will be covered as soon as the bill takes effect.

In a single district in a single state, hundreds of millions of dollars worth of uncompensated care puts a huge strain on hospitals having to provide care. The bill would eliminate this problem in many states.

In many places seniors are forced to pay out of pocket for their drug coverage, even though they are covered under "Part D." The legislation would help them immediately.

You wouldn't be denied coverage because of a new agreement of renewal of insurance for a pre-existing condition.

You will have more accuracy in your medical history and payments, instead of fighting with a doctor over

places cannot afford their prescriptions, even with "coverage." Families with hardships caused by the economy, many students fresh out of college, people with unusual circumstances, and seniors all need a bit of help.

What are the people who read the Bill arguing against?

One such argument is the taxes employers and employees will face in order to fund this system. The problem is the amount of money that is estimated to bring in is not defined. It's a sliding scale and is based on how the employer participates. If an employer elects not to participate, they will be imposed a minimum 8 percent tax for each of their employees' wages paid that year, in addition to pre-existing taxes (depending on annual income). The more employees an employer has, the more tax is generated. This might hurt businesses. If everything works as the Obama administration hopes, costs will go down. However, if employers change their participation or enough money isn't generated in total, the government will be at a loss and taxes will increase.

Certain sections appear to be copied and pasted from other documents and speeches, put together in one long document. Many parts are vague and do not provide enough detail. Many people cannot understand the Bill.

The funding for this bill is mainly imposed upon the wealthiest in the country. There will be a surcharge on the 1.5 percent of the nation's wealthiest people.

If a business is not correctly complying, there are serious fines and consequences. This goes for making a simple mistake. Section 321: An employer can be fined up to \$500,000 if they provide coverage they thought was "sufficient" but it wasn't, according to government standards. Additionally, fines of \$100 per employee per day on employers will occur if they won't offer health coverage that has been approved. The fines continue until the problem is fixed.

The biggest criticism of all is that there is no backup plan to

this bill if a part of it fails. If the situation were to occur that not enough money was collected from businesses and the other methods, taxes would increase to make up for it.

Is this the solution? We'll find out soon enough. It's not like there is another plan that everyone can agree upon. There are pros and cons to consider to this bill, but we have to keep in mind that the current situation with health care needs a drastic change. What we were doing obviously isn't working.



Obama's health care proposal is as good as his witch doctory



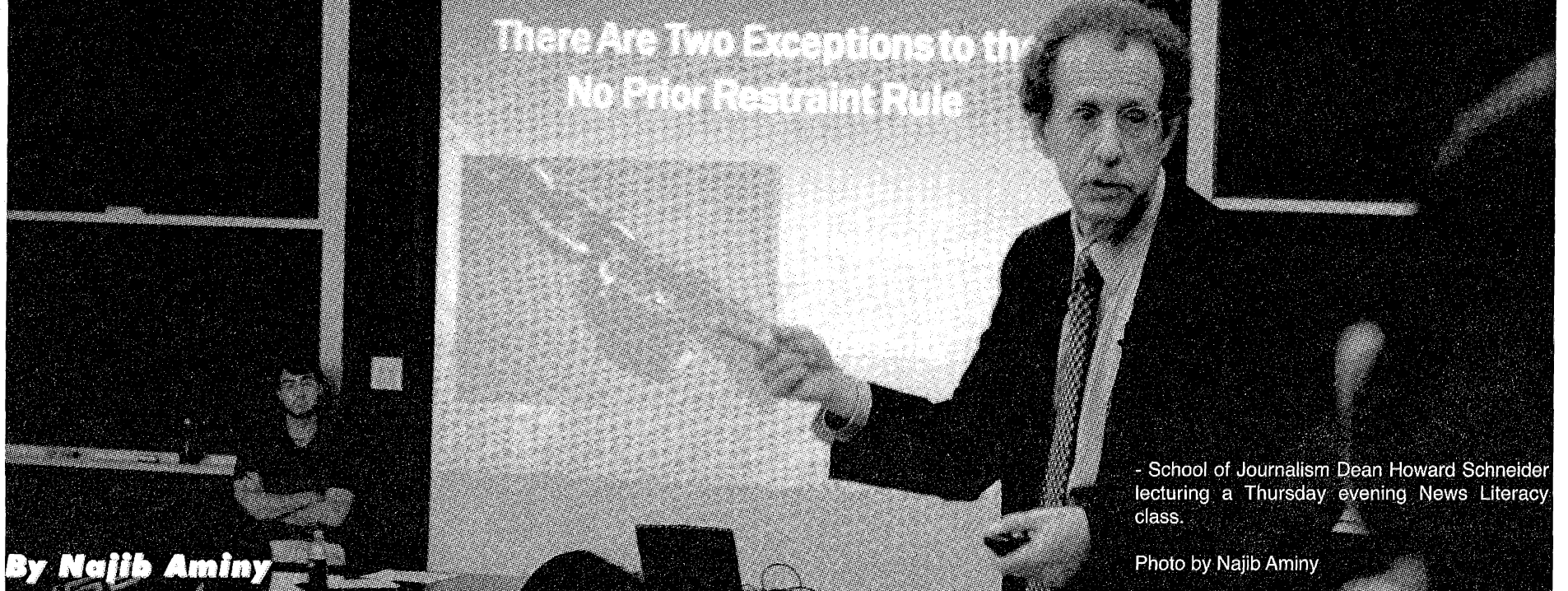
whether or not you paid them or the insurance said everything was taken care of. The electronic system would be more organized and efficient.

Many people stick with a job they don't like just to get health insurance. This bill allows people more options.

The current system ultimately favors the rich and abandons the poor in many aspects. Those with health insurance, such as students and those who work for a company that provides it, might not see just how many people lack coverage. The homeless still do not receive medical care that could greatly help them. Seniors in many

The Journalism Conundrum

There Are Two Exceptions to the
No Prior Restraint Rule



- School of Journalism Dean Howard Schneider lecturing a Thursday evening News Literacy class.

Photo by Najib Aminy

By Najib Aminy

Up on the second floor of the Student Union, journalism major Jennifer Gustavson is reading off the concert billboard on air on the university's radio station, WUSB. In the small cubicle are albums of new music, posters and pictures of musicians, and reminders of the station's policies. There is vintage equipment that Gustavson controls to manipulate the audio levels of her one-hour 9 to 10 a.m. Monday-morning broadcast.

Today's program of *Esoteric Radio* is empty of news but filled with music. "I am playing my husband's playlist," Gustavson said. "I didn't have any time to prepare news to talk about."

As AC/DC rocked the airwaves from the 80-gigabyte-iPod encased in a black and interior red velvet case, Gustavson searched for public service announcements to play while explaining that she needed to record another promo for her show.

Gustavson is in her final semester at Stony Brook and looking to enter "the real world" in hopes of landing a career in radio or print journalism. "I wanted to get more internships under my belt so I am more prepared to get a job," said Gustavson, who said she could have graduated in the spring.

Gustavson said she is worried about landing a job in the media market, a field that is undergoing rapid reformation, and planning to start job searching in October.

It's one thing to graduate during a time of economic grief when unemployment for young adults is over 50 percent, according to the U.S. Labor Department's most recent report. But pursuing a job in the field of journalism is like adding salt to a wounded dream.

Despite the gloomy outlook for the

future, journalism schools across the country, including Stony Brook's School of Journalism, are experiencing an increase in majors. Like the rest of the nation, the School of Journalism is adapting to the dynamic field while wishing the best for its graduates.

Stepping Into a Field of Uncertainty

When Gustavson hears about her former classmates landing jobs, many in the metropolitan area and few beyond that, she says she becomes very excited and happy. "The reason why I think they are getting jobs is because they are persistent," she said. "The people who don't have jobs is not because they are not good journalists," she paused, "it's a game."

Having interned with a reporter from the *National Public Radio*, *The Daily News*, *News 12*, and currently at *Newsday*, Gustavson said she is hoping to cast her net as wide as possible hoping to land an entry-level position.

"Whatever will hire me first," she quickly answered about where she wanted to work.

Senior Michael Kelly, editor-in-chief of *The Stony Brook Independent*, said he is concerned but no more than any other student about to graduate. "I think the jobs are changing but that the field isn't dying," said Kelly on journalism. "I think that there is still going to be journalism being done, it's just a matter of figuring out how it's going to be done."

Kelly has interned as a reporter for the *Albany Times Union* and for *Newsday's* website, despite his expectations to see the newspaper industry die and other opportunities arise.

One opportunity comes with newsroom lay-offs spreading all over the na-

tion. "I don't think it's a good thing all these people are losing their jobs," Kelly said. "I think in terms of my situation things aren't as bad as it's made out to be because they are going to be looking for people my age to come in and work."

Graduating from a New School of Journalism

Behind every polished resume, cover letter and connection is a worthy variable that influences employment: prestige. Stony Brook's School of Journalism, turning four years old, is in its infancy when compared to journalism programs such as those of Syracuse University, Northwestern University and the University of Missouri.

Calling it a "catch-22," Kelly said he believes that while the school's youth lacks in prestige, it is given the advantage of adapting to the changes occurring in the field of journalism.

"It might be a little tougher initially to get a job because the school doesn't have the prestige, say, of other journalism or communications schools have," said Kelly, who switched from a math major to majors in history and journalism. "Because it's new, it's almost more well adapted to give me the skills I need to go out in the current journalism climate."

The program mandates that students majoring in journalism complete courses in all forms of media including an online course, a field thought to be the future of the profession.

"They've been lagging with innovation and ideas," Gustavson said about the media. "They really need to take this serious," she said talking about media owners who say they are smart and experienced to know what is best. "They have to stop that attitude and really sit and think of ideas to get out of the hole."

Gustavson said.

My Office number is...

On the desk of J-School graduate Rohma Abbas is Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*, a gift from her professors Harvey Aronson and Irene Virag, a reminder for her to read the book.

She has yet to read it.

Resting aside Bradbury's classic is *Intimate Journalism*, a book used in her magazine writing class taught by Aronson and Virag, and another book titled, *How to Write Funny*.

"I found that at a bargain sale for a dollar," Abbas, the former editor-in-chief of *The Independent*, said.

And beside that was a mundane black hard-covered book titled in gold text, *Penal Code*. It is a textbook that helps Abbas understand police jargon when typing up the police blotter for *The Southampton Press*, her employer.

"It's still going on right now," Abbas said. "The transition from not having a job to having the most intensive job I've ever had."

Abbas said she was fortunate in her job search taking up every opportunity that came her way, from the courses, connections, and her involvement with *The Independent*. But like many graduates, her time from graduating to landing a job was what she called a depressing time in her life.

"I was losing it," Abbas said. "I was getting really upset. Nobody was getting back to me. Here I spent four years of my life getting this degree, four years of my life, and two of those years were intensive journalism years. I packed my schedule, got a job, was editor of *The Independent*. It meant nothing."

But after freelancing for a short time, setting up job interviews, and having professor Julia Mead, who Abbas

said got her the job, vouch for her, Abbas' fear of being jobless forever ceased.

"I think it's really important for J-school kids to make friends with their professors," Abbas said. "They will really help you out, don't underestimate that. I can't stress that enough."

Recent graduate Adrian Carrasquillo took another approach, he updated his linked-in profile, started using Twitter, created a blog that he would update twice a day and like Abbas, made it his job to find a job.

"You feel like you are getting beat down because you know how daunting it is, the worst job market in 26 years, journalism is dying, papers are dying, you picture the scenario of fire and brimstone coming down to the city," Carrasquillo described the job search process.

But the hail of fiery rejections ended when Carrasquillo landed not one, but two jobs in journalism, one as the social media editor at *The Queens Ledger* and the other as a weekend web producer for *Fox 5 NY*.

"It's a tough market and people are starting to get lucky," Carrasquillo said.

Still Searching

While some J-School graduates are fortunate, others are still searching for careers in journalism. Some have gone off to law school, graduate school in different fields, or taken time off. A few even turned down jobs. But for graduate Katie Serignese, one of the first seven students to graduate from the School of Journalism in 2008, her search for a job is still an ongoing one.

"The most discouraging thing that I find is that they are looking for people with experience," said Serignese, who works as a skybox guest attendant in Citifield. "How am I supposed to get a job if no one is giving me the opportunity to work three to five years," she said.

Serignese, who concentrated in print journalism, has freelanced for *Newsday* while searching for a job.

"I'm kind of jealous of the ones that did get jobs," Serignese said. "Maybe they were more of go getters, I wonder what they did different. I am optimistic nonetheless, I am not convinced that I am never going to get a job as a journalist."

Serignese still has options available. She is debating whether to pursue a freelance position at Anton Newspapers, a hyper-local group of local town publications in Hicksville where she gets paid \$30 dollars an article and is taxed.

"It cost me \$30 dollars to get there so is it really worth the drive?" she asked. "I'm still on the fence about it," said the Miller Place resident.

Intent on finding a job, Serignese has not thrown out the idea of graduate school and is grateful for her time as a journalism student despite her career status.

"It was an experience I wouldn't take back for a second," she said.

Unpaid Experiences

A three-month unpaid summer internship only fills up a couple lines on a page-long resume but professors argue they are crucial in landing a job.

"We still need to be convincing students how important it is for them to have these off campus internships," said Barbara Selvin, a professor and internship coordinator for the journalism school. "Your resume is going to go to the bottom of the pile if you don't have internships."

With the school still in its infancy, Selvin said that media organizations have contacted her about internship opportunities for Stony Brook students.

As the school of journalism grows, both in size and in majors, so do internships.

"I haven't had to do all that much because people have to come to me with good internships," Selvin said. "I think its word of mouth, I don't know what else to attribute it to."

The relationships the J-school has also created have proven useful for many students including Gustavson and Kelly, who have taken advantage of Stony Brook's connections, such as *Newsday*, *The Daily News*, *News 12* and *NPR*.

But Selvin says the program is still trying to grasp what's best for their students in addition to internship opportunities.

"We are ramping up our job training and career efforts particularly in the internships programs which are going to have a stronger focus on resume writing this semester," said Selvin, who teaches a course on the current state of journalism.

Four months since the class of 2009 graduated, Selvin said the number of her students finding jobs is on pace with what she expected. Ultimately, she said she hoped all her graduates would have found jobs by the end of nine months.

"It's the economy, it's the changes in the news industry, it's the problems, the recession in the news industry alone, Internet news sites are not really making a lot of money yet," she said. "Everything is still up in the air."

Building a Major Around Uncertainty

As the number of students around the nation that pursue journalism increases, how does a new school, such as the J-school, develop a curriculum suf-



Najib Amiry

Senior journalism major Jennifer Gustavson on the university's radio station, 90.1 FM WUSB

ficient enough to prepare their majors in competing in a professional yet dynamic job market?

"The most important thing we can do is teach students the fundamentals, how to get to the bottom of stories, how they can report, report, report to get to the bottom of the story," said former editor of *Newsday* and Dean of the School of Journalism Howard Schneider.

"The second job after teaching fundamentals is to teach them skills and attitudes that will enable them to be very valuable employees. To that end they need to think how to add value across platforms."

This is implemented through the program's 65-credit course, which includes multidisciplinary studies, where students must take courses in varying fields of journalism such as print, broadcast and online.

Since the program opened in 2006, the school's growth has significantly increased from zero to more than 225 majors, Schneider said. The expansion doesn't stop there: the school has added a \$1.3 million two-level newsroom, a recycled broadcast studio from local television station *WLNY-55*, and is developing a graduate program where students can earn an MBA and an undergraduate degree in journalism in five years.

But with a limited staff of former editors, producers, and editors, Schneider said the growth of the journalism school is something that raises concern.

"We are going to have to balance growth and quality," Schneider said. "Numbers are great but at some point we think that quality needs to be a key factor."

Schneider said he is optimistic about the future calling the current gen-

eration of journalists the ones that will fill the expectations of using new technologies.

"I think that the revolution we are going through is going to provide enormous new opportunities for young journalists," Schneider said. "I think we are going to see more online newspapers, alternative magazines, we are going to see a lot of new experiments."

The "Other" Future of Journalism

Freshman Louis Rosenfield is sitting in Javits 110 on a Wednesday morning waiting for Schneider's JRN 101 lecture for his News Literacy class. It fills a D.E.C. G requirement for Rosenfield, who sits near the back on the right side of the lecture hall.

It is seven minutes past eight, and Schneider begins his lecture. Cans of Red Bulls, Green Mountain Coffee cups, and orange juice bottles lined up the tables of the lecture hall, the class was surprisingly attentive that early in the morning.

"He makes it entertaining," Rosenfield said of Schneider. "I enjoy what he is talking about."

As the class continues, Schneider converges a history lesson with his lesson of freedom of the press. His left hand clenches on the clicker to move from slide to slide, his right arm moves up and down with each syllable he pronounces, all while walking from one side of the classroom to the other.

"Is Jon Stewart a journalist?" Schneider asks, who then proceeds to playing a clip of legendary journalist Bill Moyers interviewing Jon Stewart and asking the very same question.

Stewart said he is not a journalist in the April 27, 2007 interview but a political cartoonist.

CONUNDRUM continued from previous page

Deciding who is a journalist, explaining the freedom of the press, establishing the difference between propaganda and information are just few of the lesson topics students learn during the semester that Schneider says establishes a better future of news consumers.

"We have not one mission but two," Schneider said of the journalism program. "One mission is to train next generation of journalist—that and the next generation of news consumers."

And since taking the class one month ago, Rosenfield said he is more critical of the news he takes in. "It makes me decide whether the journalists are giving me reliable information or if they are trying to just promote ideas or if they are independent from the companies they are talking about," Rosenfield said. "When people don't directly tell you that they are working for a company and they make it look like they're being objective and they're not, I don't like it because they are trying to trick me," he said.

It is Stony Brook University's News Literacy program that has Schneider receiving phone calls from different universities looking to implement the program at their school creating a lot of buzz and giving the school a lot attention.

"If you just focus on supply side

and turn out good journalism but the audience doesn't appreciate it or recognize it then it won't help," Schneider said of the program's goals.

The Kicker

Though the J-school is still very young, its students, both current and former, shared their concerns. "It needs to be more intensive and deadline orientated," said Abbas, who wrote five stories including a 1,400 plus word article for *The Southampton Press* in one week. "That's the biggest issue I've had since I've gotten here—time management."

"The online program has to improve," Carrasquillo said, that and "practicing more on your stories and reporting."

"I guess what I would say is that they should do a better job in advocating for people to get involved with student media than they do," Kelly said. "They should really be pushing that because you learn more from joining one of the campus papers than you do from sitting in one of your classes reporting on four stories for one semester."

As the school continues to grow, it will have to match that growth with infrastructure, Schneider said. "But when



Recent J-school graduate Rohma Abbas in her office at *The Southampton Press*.

Najib Amiry

it happens so fast, there are going to be bumps along the way."

In spite of the market, Serignese is still hopeful of finding a job. "I just want to do the best I can because I knew they did the best they could for us," she said of her professors.

Serignese was recently assigned a freelance story on a meeting discussing neighborhood crimes in Levittown for the *Hicksville Illustrated News*.

"Ultimately, it will be the graduates who are going to determine the reputa-

tion of the school," Schneider said. "If we turn out terrific people the word will spread where you go to school and if we turn out graduates and they are disappointing and can't live up to what we expect, the reputation of the school deservedly will not grow."

For Gustavson, that pressure begins after December. "I think I can make a good impression," she said. "The hardest thing is getting your foot in the door."

The Unsung Heroes



by Lauren Dubinsky

Go ahead and close your eyes and picture someone you consider to be a hero. Who comes to mind? Do you see a firefighter in all his glory as he's putting out a massive

fire that erupted in a five-story building? A police officer dressed in blue and white as she's chasing a criminal down a dark alley with a gun clenched in her hand? Or, maybe a soldier over in Iraq firing a machine gun as countless comrades are dying all around him? I think we can all come to the conclusion that a hero is someone who puts their life on the line on a daily basis to ensure the safety of the public and to serve their country. If that's the definition of a hero, wouldn't you agree that the people who are risking their lives to obtain the information that fills the pages of newspapers, magazines and web pages fit that description? Countless journalists are dying all over the world as they are reporting breaking news stories and most of the cases go unknown.

I was shocked to learn that approximately three times every month a jour-

nalist is killed.

According to CPJ.org, there were thirty confirmed deaths of journalists in 2009. The fall of the Soviet Union in the late 1980s caused a tidal wave of journalistic freedom, but recently this freedom has been abolished. The War on Terror causes autocratic governments to crack down on the flow of information by imprisoning and killing journalists. One of the hundreds of cases of journalists being unjustly treated dated back to March 2009 when two American TV journalists, Laura Ling and Euna Lee, were held in North Korea. Ling and Lee crossed over the border from the Chinese to the North Korean side for one minute and were immediately sentenced to twelve years of hard labor for trespassing and "hostile acts." Fortunately, they found a happy ending after former President Bill Clinton negotiated their release. Many journalists were not able to find the happy ending that both Ling and Lee did but there are measures that are being taken to put an end to this injustice.

The Committee to Protect Journalists (CPJ) was created by a group of U.S. foreign correspondents to put an end to the harsh treatment of their colleagues by authoritarian governments.



The true unsung heroes

"It was startling to read about journalists from different regions of the world that commonly shared negative experiences in an attempt to inform the public," said Zenna Solomon, Stony Brook University freshman. "The extreme measures taken by adversaries of these journalists were ghastly unforeseen. I commend the CPJ website for providing an outlet for the stories of these journalists."

Freedom of press is such a vital part of our society because without it, we lack important human rights. Having

freedom of the press in our society allows us to maintain democracy and strong social, political, and economic development. CPJ's main goal is to preserve this freedom and democracy through protecting the journalists that heroically risk their lives for these principles. CPJ protects journalists by alerting them where the attacks on freedom of the press are occurring. They make efforts to promote change including publishing articles and organizing public protests all around the world. Program coordinators in Africa, Asia, the Americas, Europe, Central Asia, the Middle East and North Africa are watching over the press to track journalists in trouble. When a journalist is in trouble, CPJ notifies news organizations, government officials, and human rights organization. If it wasn't for journalists, we would be in the dark as to what is going on in our world. There are ways in which we can help by becoming a member of CPJ and donating \$45 (\$20 for students) to the organization. Instead of buying those new sneakers you've been drooling over for the past month, maybe you should donate to this organization and aid in making a change in our world instead.

How We Save the Newspapers



by Ross Barkan

By now the public has heard this story too many times. Newspapers die every month, the victims of too little revenue and changing times.

The days of the profitable newspaper are dead. Back in 2008, the *New York Times* had an operating profit of \$78 million. Now it has \$17 million to play with. We live in the Age of Newspaper Doom which has been accelerated by a brutal recession. In nary twenty years, a majority of American newspapers might be finished. The problem, simply, is money. The solution, simply, is to take away the profits. It is time for a radical change in the newspaper industry: newspapers need to become non-profit organizations.

The hunger for news and good journalism has not abated. People, despite stereotypes heaped on them by older generations, are attentive as ever in their news consumption. Newspaper websites are successful from a non-profit standpoint: people are visiting and people are reading. The *New York Times* website continues to receive more hits and unique visitors each month. The internet is replacing paper as the primary medium to convey news. Is this even a bad thing? Journalism professors might scream, "Yes," but the non-paper media will certainly save a lot of trees and build some carbon sinks to reverse climate change. We all need to accept this evolution.

The problem is obviously that Internet news isn't a big money-maker yet. Sure, advertisers can buy ad space on the *Wall Street Journal* or *Times* websites. Why pay exorbitant fees there when there are other heavily-trafficked sites asking for far less? The Internet offers an absurd amount of competition. Craigslist has taken away the classified

ad revenue that drove newspapers for much of the 20th century. Rather than fight the daunting battle of making Internet news profitable, newspapers should realize that they can survive in paper format or not by simply going the way of National Public Radio (NPR)

papers can be funded through donations from readers and endowments from wealthy philanthropists. In the *New Yorker*, Steve Coll said quite sagely, "Not to pick on any one institution, but, from a constitutional perspective, how did we end up in a society where

sick newspaper.

In March 2009, Senator Benjamin Cardin of Maryland introduced the *Newspaper Revitalization Act*, a bill that would treat newspapers as educational nonprofit entities with a kind of tax status similar to churches, hospitals and public broadcasters. In exchange for that status, newspapers could no longer endorse candidates for public office. The bill is a good start. While making private newspapers partially public might terrify purists who fear the integrity of the free press is at stake, remember that both NPR and PBS are hardly mouthpieces and propaganda machines of the U.S. government. A 2005 Harris Poll revealed that NPR is the most trusted news source in the United States, beating out CNN, Fox News, the *New York Times*, etc. The public spoke. Those non-profits might not be so bad after all.

Imagine a world in which newspapers no longer have to cater to base, sensationalist urges and are finally freed from a competitive frenzy that seems to result in newspapers appealing to the lowest common denominator. With strong revenue funding guaranteed, newspapers would not have to fret any longer that the rag across town is getting more subscribers because their pages are choked with bloody murder and celebrity detritus. And newspapers, both local and national, would be liberated from the burden of searching for advertising. The big newsrooms of the golden age could actually return.

So let's save journalism. A thousand NPRs might not be feasible by tomorrow but soon they will have to be. The business model isn't there so let's divorce journalism from business. Since when was getting the scoop as important as making money? They used to call the Ottoman Empire the "old, sick man of Europe." Newspapers are the old, sick men of America. Let's make them healthy again.



and the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS).

What does "going the way" of these services mean? Both NPR and PBS stay afloat through a combination of public and private donations, with NPR earning about half its money from dues and fees it charges its member stations to receive programming. (This method of funding makes less sense for newspapers because there will not be one centralized newspaper earning much of its money through the export of articles to smaller newspapers.) What does make sense is that like NPR and PBS, news-

Williams College has an endowment well in excess of one billion dollars, while the *Washington Post*, a fountainhead of Watergate and so much other skeptical and investigative reporting critical to the republic's health, is in jeopardy?" Coll, by the way, figured out that the total cost of news-gathering operations at the *Washington Post* is around \$120 million. If universities can receive such exorbitant endowments, why not newspapers? And why not hold newspaper fund-raisers *a la* public broadcasting? I'm sure some nice gents and dames can spare a dime for the old

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A Southern Belle Sets Y'all Straight

By Andi Greene

Moving to Long Island was a giant change from Chattanooga, Tennessee, to say the least. Sure, there are some things I miss about the South...like biscuits and gravy, *real* country cooking, and friendly smiles, but there are a plethora of things I adore about New York. The people challenge me because they're all freaking crazy (usually it's just me), everyone knows how to give a proper handshake, and there are things to actually do at night, aside from stumbling around Wal-Mart, sometimes drunkenly, at three in the morning. That's right – 24 hour Wal-Mart supercenters are everyone's safe haven in the South. And no, Maryland doesn't count as the South. So, to serve as a guide for your personal pleasure, I've taken the time to make you a list of the many wondrous differences between my beloved Tennessee and newfound love New York.

Casual dating. Does it exist?

What the hell is up with casual dating here? I asked a few girls from work, and after they wiped the look of shock off their faces, they replied with a grimace and a simple, "guys don't really ask you to do anything unless they just want to hook-up." Now *there's* something to look forward to. Who would actually want to get to know a person in the first place anyway? That's completely overrated. This is the best way. You can just forego all the boring stuff and hop to it!

Now I definitely miss my male friends back home who tried to pay for me so many a time. It's fascinating how your perspectives can alter so dramatically in a new place. However, I am determined to bring back the fine art of casual dating, or at least find some people who do. After all, you know what they say – those who don't date, wed...really early.

Greetings. Hug, kiss, handshake, or glance and instantly look away?

It seems that most, if not all, New Yorkers are completely and totally averted to hugs of any kind. They can kiss you on the cheek to welcome you, but you reach out for a friendly hug and they act like you're trying to feed them poison. However, a major plus is that every person you meet shakes your hand, whereas in the South some men may feel awkward shaking a woman's hand. I've learned not to expect that kind of gesture, so I was pleasantly surprised about that instance when I journeyed northeast.

In general, women in the South suck at handshakes. If you reach your hand out, they look confused and give you some half-assed, flimsy, two-finger shake which I view as a disgrace to women everywhere. Ever so, it seems like those women are the ones who only go to college to find a husband, if they go at all. That's right – some women actually *strive* to be housewives. Women's rights movement – who needs it? That foreign concept goes completely down the toilet once a girl only wants a man so she has someone to support her.

Men. I suppose it had to be covered at some point.

Men here must really respect women because they all shake your hand and hardly talk to you. That must just mean they're upstanding people, right? That is, until they finally open their mouths and the one

charming thing they have to utter is their disappointment that you are not a freshman, because then they could have gotten \$160 to "bang" you, even though you would not even venture to touch that person with a ten-foot pole.

In fact, it's even hard to have a normal conversation with any guy here without every word becoming a sarcastic anecdote. Maybe it's the whole 21st century thing. Perhaps men today are too used to entertaining the masses by being a jackass. Maybe they just need that attention, and getting a girl to despise them is better than not being noticed. Who knows? They could be compensating for something, but eh, what do I know anyway? The best part is when you ask a serious question and they have this dumbfounded look of confusion as to why you're even attempting to speak with them, like you're "breaking the code" or something ridiculous. Gentlemen don't exist in New York as far as I've seen, save a few. And if chivalry isn't dead here, it's pretty damn close.

Polite and/or friendly gestures. Nuisance or no?

While some kids in the South are too busy getting married at the ripe age of 18 or having children (mostly because they only teach abstinence in schools and say nothing about using birth control) to even want to explore more than their backyards, at least if you smile politely toward them, they return the favor. Although who am I to judge, really? Maybe it really would kill some of the people in New York to give a tiny, quite possibly awkward smile back. In fact, I'm sure it's far too much to ask for someone to thank you when you hold the door open for an entire stampede of people before, during and after lunch.

The economy. Let's just pretend this topic hasn't been beaten to death already.

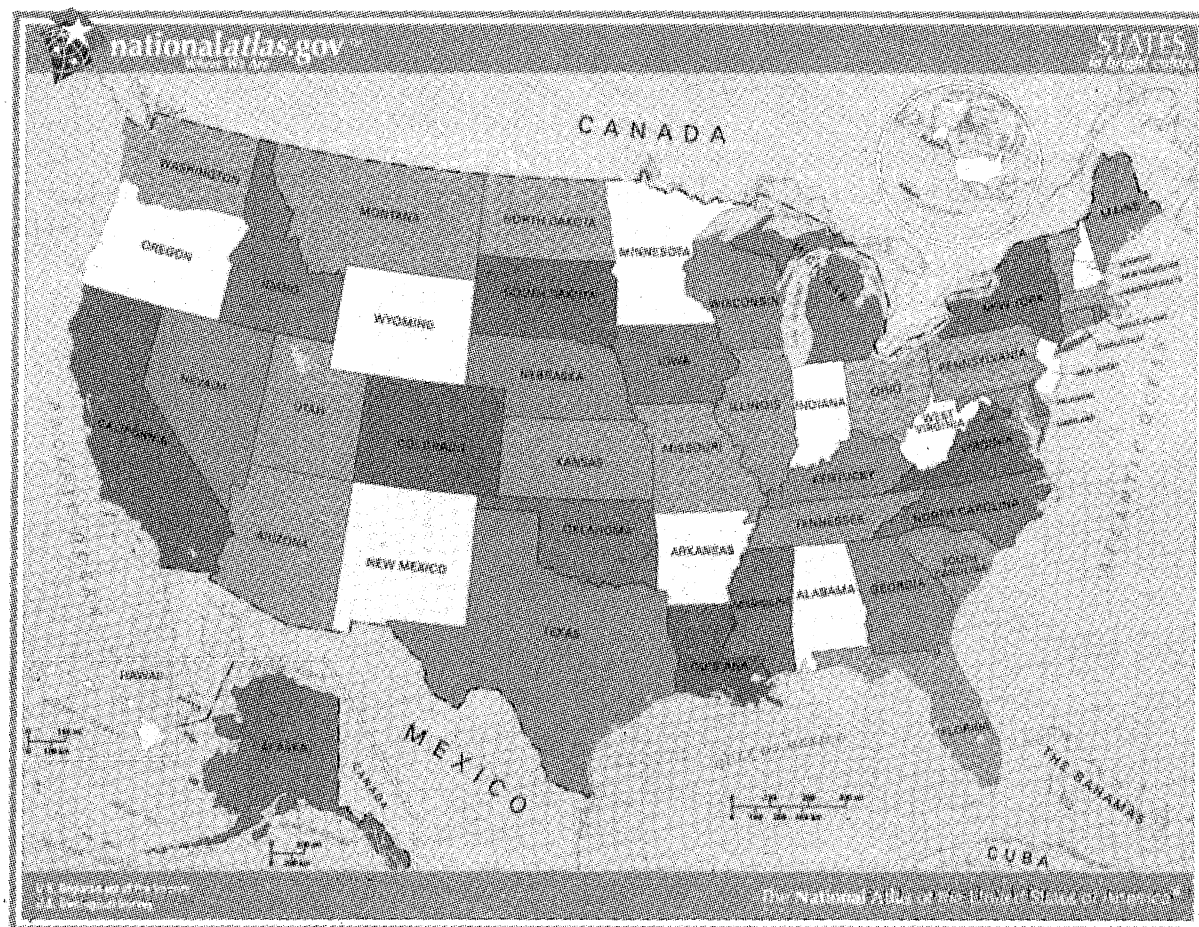
Despite what you may believe, the economy is *not* suffering on Long Island. In fact, it quite possibly never does. When I can manage to get three different

places to want to hire me within the first week of applying (and trust me, I'm not overqualified), the economy is doing fine. Also, when nearly every person that owns a car has one no older than ten years old, on occasion fifteen, the economy is just swell. I know, it's a shock, but somehow you'll survive.

Everyone in New York hates cats. What's the motive here?

I really don't see the big problem. Cats are super cool. They can be cute and cuddly and good for tons of things...like, uh, staring at a pesky spider and then walking away, or pretending to care about you just to get the kitty food in your hand, or throwing up a nice hairball on your favorite sweater, and okay – I suppose they can be a smidge apathetic at times. But seriously people, cats are great for cuddling when you really need it, and they are smart as a whip most of the time. I think people in New York are just intimidated by anyone or anything that has the possibility to turn their back on them once or not be unfailingly loyal to them. Take a risk, people! Become a cat owner!

All of this being said, I really like my new home at Stony Brook. I'm clearly still adjusting, but the idea of living here for a while isn't too far-fetched. Plus, once all of New York sees that I can be trusted and have a sense of dog-like loyalty, some might say, they'll warm up to me I think. There are quite a few things I fancy here already, in fact, like Friendly's, on-campus activities, the *Press*, and my roommate. It's all good. So the last thing I'll bitch about is the fact that a grand total of 4 New Yorkers or less actually know where Tennessee is geographically. I'll give you a hint. It's not on the Gulf. Thus, I leave you with a map of the United States. Use it, study it, and love it. And remember, it's okay to venture out West sometimes. California isn't the only state out there, and Florida isn't the best place on Earth.



Stony Brook's Eden Lies in Southampton

By Colleen Harrington

Looking to get away from the hustle and bustle of the Academic Mall? Like hanging out at the beach? Is green your favorite color? Stony Brook University's Southampton campus, the small, eco-enthused satellite campus that was recently added to the SBU empire, is nothing like SBU's main campus.

It's got DEC's and SINC sites, but that's about where the similarities end. "I did three semesters at main campus," said Junior Raphael Bergman, who spoke as if he were describing prison time as he played an intense game of ping-pong in the Southampton Student Center game room. "When I came here, I noticed my workload went way down. It's not really like college, it's more like sleep-away summer camp."

After Stony Brook purchased the property from a financially-choked Long Island University in 2006 for \$35 million, renovations and construction soon began. Nestled in a piece of Hamptons waterfront property, the new campus now offers eight undergraduate majors which all involve environmental studies or marine sciences. There are currently about 220 students dorming there, up from 160 residents last fall. This bite-sized portion of SBU students

will still get to say they graduated from SBU, but many will never have to worry about parking in South P, or wonder if it's pronounced "Wang" or "Wong."

"People are much friendlier here—they actually hold doors for you," said Lacey Kucerak, a 20-year-old Southampton junior. She was a main campus student for two years, dorming in Mendelsohn and Roth quads before transferring to the new eastern SBU branch. "It's just totally different from main campus. You know just about everyone."

Although it's only about an hour's drive from SBU, the Southampton campus might as well be in a different universe with its eco-friendly fixation and petite population. Most students there seem to appreciate the school's tight-knit, intimate atmosphere, while at the same time acknowledging that it can be limiting.

"Southampton is very unique, and very tiny," said Billy Swezey, president of the scuba club and junior at Southampton. Swezey, who lives just off campus, transferred to Southampton from Binghamton University.

"There's this great, laid-back atmosphere... I just wish there was a wider range of classes. Here it's like, there's one class for one DEC, and that's it." One class per DEC pales in



Colleen Harrington

Southampton has cool windmills? Where is this magical land and how do we get there?

comparison to the seemingly endless amount of classes that the main campus offers for DEC K alone. But there's a shuttle bus that runs between campuses all day, every couple of hours, allowing Southampton students to take main campus courses and vice versa.

Southampton's small size can also limit students in terms of dining options. There's no Wendy's, Starbucks, delis or pizzerias at Southampton—just one dining hall called the Student Café Center. It closes most days at 7pm and on weekends it doesn't open until 11am. When the Café is closed, students have their pick of vending machine fare or going off-campus for food, despite having purchased one of the mandatory meal plans that cost upwards of \$1700.

"I miss dinner all the time," said freshman Deanna Lally, an Environmental Studies major. "I've had to have pizza delivered." Dining services representatives have said that financial challenges combined with few employees and a small student body are what limits the cafeteria's operating hours. But to most of the stu-

dents at Southampton, size doesn't matter. They enjoy the much mellower atmosphere, the sense of close community and the proximity to spectacular Hamptons shores.

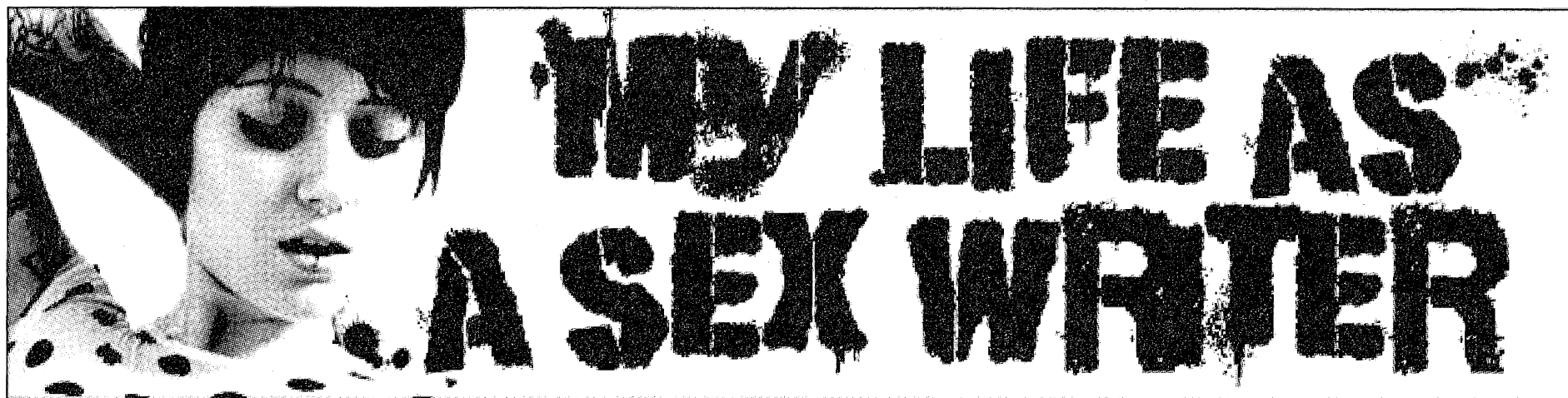
"I like to bike down to the beach a lot. Sometimes I'll go kayaking before class," said Bergman, the ping-pong player, as he served a shot. "Yea, on really nice, sunny days, everyone skips class and goes to the beach," said Bergman's opponent Senior Amauwa Igwe. The campus has something else going for it: "greeniosity," and plenty of it. While many of the buildings on campus are still architectural remnants of Long Island University's ownership, new construction and renovations that reflect SBU Southampton's eco-friendly image have begun to crop up. You can find solar-powered street-lamps, the brand new library that opened this year is geo-thermally heated and a greenhouse on campus grows vegetables that are gobbled in the Café. An old windmill has sat on the property since the 1890's, but with a wind turbine behind it.

So, if you're into SBU but hate the crowds, if you like super-fresh produce at reasonable hours, if you're a self-described beach bum, or if your ultimate goal is a teensy-tiny carbon footprint, SBU Southampton might be the campus for you.



Southampton's formidable fleet of ships

Colleen Harrington



By Chris Mellides

The six train subway was operating at full capacity that night. I was shoulder to shoulder with a mob of eager travelers who, like me, were presumably attempting to reach various New Year's Eve parties littered across Manhattan.

I was supposed to stop at Spring Street and walk a short distance to Don Hill's for the annual Burning Angel New Year's Bash. For those in need of clarification, Burning Angel is a pornographic website that features a score of modified girls who grease up their tattoos, adjust their piercings and fuck one another on camera willy nilly. If you're into alt porn and can get away with ponying up 20 bucks a month, I strongly suggest you give the site a whirl. Yet, I digress.

I had just wrapped up an interview for publication with a Burning Angel film and photo starlet named Jessie Lee, and Burning Angel film director Mitch Fontaine was kind enough to put me on his guest list for the party.

As it happened, getting to the venue proved to be problematic. Without a moment's notice, the Terror Alert scale jumped from neon yellow to a lovely shade of flu phlegm green that night. As a result, the subway lines became jammed and I was forced to exit well before my desired stop. Armed with only a stainless steel flask of Johnny Walker Red, a pack of smokes and a GPS-capable smart phone, I roamed about New York City in search of my destination.

The drink kicked like a mule and the cigarettes complimented it nicely. Thanks to overconsumption, however, it wasn't long before I was completely out of liquor. After shuffling the streets in the biting cold for about an hour or so, the effects of the whiskey began to fade. The strong winter winds chilled me to the bone and there was no way to fight the dry and frigid air.

So, I decided to stop off at some kitschy coffee house to warm up and ask for directions to Don Hill's. I could barely hear the barista over my migraine and the shitty trumpet music that was pissing out of the shop's surround sound system didn't help, so I left. Luckily, my phone found a signal after exiting the coffee house and I was able to run my GPS program. After a while, I happened across a building that shook with the sound of raucous rock music.

I found Don Hill's.

A line of people snaked around it,

for a block or so. They all waited with their hands shoved deep inside their pockets to fight the chill as best they could. It was natural then to hear some of them complain and mutter curses as I brushed past them to get to the front of the line. A beady-eyed, lanky man with no hair stopped me at the door and asked for my name. He scanned several on his list before he was able to find mine. Then he said, "Welcome to Don Hill's, Chris. Enjoy your stay."

I walked in to find a punk band performing on a large stage. The venue had a good sounding PA, which was nice. As I started pushing my way in, I



Sexy Panda, for the kiddies

noticed that there were a few hundred people inside. Almost immediately, I was told that I had to check in my coat. So, I headed down to the basement of the club and waited in line. It was a long one but it beat the shit out of having to wait on the streets outside.

At first I was greeted by a gay black man wearing white gloves, a bowtie and a gold hat crowed with feathers. He would've been completely naked had it not been for a lone gym sock covering up his cock. After posing for a photograph, he went on to tell me about the good ole days at Don Hill's when people both gay and straight were permitted to do just about anything, safe from fucking a farm animal or two, I'm guessing.

Anyway, after finally checking in my leather motorcycle jacket, I made my way upstairs. I decided to order some scotch at the bar and I took it 'neat' to feel more at ease. Then, I began photographing the punk band that was still tearing through the rest of their set list onstage. They were pretty good. Once they finished, Burning Angel founder Joanna Angel took the stage,

and called up all of her sexy girlfriends to help countdown the New Year. Soon, the clock struck midnight and everyone went ape shit, naturally.

About 30 minutes later Joanna announced that she would be hosting a contest on stage and she needed some volunteers. She requested two guys and two gals to take part in a competition she dubbed "America's Next Top Porn Star." I was still pushed up against the stage taking photographs when Jessie Lee saw me and yanked me up there with her. I was instantly and involuntarily in the contest.

The crowd of 500 went silent as

Joanna began the show. "First, I'd like our contestants to choose their best porn names and announce them to the rest of you lovely people," said Joanna.

The dude next to me said something stupid, both chicks were drunk and incoherent and then I was handed the microphone so that I could re-

veal my porn name. Without a moment's hesitation, I uttered, "Dick Delicious." And the crowd went nuts.

So, the first round of the competition was "Best Orgasm." The guy next to me overacted his part and was the first to be eliminated. That left the two drunk girls and me.

The second round was "Best Oral Sex." The one girl who gave perhaps the greatest fake orgasm ever turned out to be a fucking prude, got upset and leapt off the stage, leaving just me standing next to the sloppiest drunk girl you've ever seen. You've EVER seen!

So, a dildo was given to little miss shitfaced and she slobbered on it, spanked her ass with the fake veiny bastard and that was it; her efforts were miserable. I was given a rubber mold of Joanna's vagina and was instructed to "eat it, as best I could." My tongue explored the contours of the plastic sex toy and it took all of my concentration to keep from drooling all over it.

Joanna giggled and tossed the thing out to the audience once I was through with it. Since sloshed girl and I were the only two contestants left, we moved to

the final stage of the competition. It was referred to as "Best On-Screen Sex Scene." So here was this big, plastic, inflatable doll and I was expected to fuck it. Sure. Why not?

The drunk girl tried her hands at screwing the thing and fell hard on her ass in the process. How embarrassing, I thought. When it was my turn I kissed the doll sensually, because I'm a gentleman, then I bent it over and threw it to the ground. I was railing my plastic date so hard that I would've gotten a high-five out of Ron Jeremy had he been in attendance that night.

"Well, I think we all know who tonight's winner is," said Joanna. "Who thinks she should win?" Nothing but crickets could be heard as Joanna motioned to the drunk mess on stage. "And what about Dick Delicious?" said our hot host. At that, the crowd erupted into yells and cheers and I, ladies and germs, was victorious.

As a reward for my efforts I was given five official Burning Angel adult DVDs, lap dances from Joanna, Jessie Lee and a few of the other Angels and top-shelf booze courtesy of a Ziggy Stardust-looking motherfucker who happened to be the owner of Don Hill's.

Once I stepped foot off the stage, I was getting hugs and shaking hands like I was the fucking Mayor's wife. Everyone was shouting 'Dick Delicious' as I passed by and two dudes who had gotten hold of the rubber sex toy I fellated earlier wanted me to sign it with a Sharpie.

I was quite literally treated like a God for the rest of my stay there. I left early. And by early, I mean three in the morning, so that I could catch a train back home. Later, I found out that the party hadn't quite ended after I left and that there were live sex acts unfolding throughout the club well until the wee hours of the morning. My gay black friend probably got lucky, now that I think about it.

I was totally crushed when I found out the news and I wished I would've stayed longer. What a shame. Would I do it all over again if I were given the chance to? You bet your sweet asses I would, readers!

Goddamn it, what a fun time. Hands down one of the best nights of my life.

Tune in next time when I take you on a written tour of a Long Island sex club! For serious.

Stony Brook Press Picks of the Fortnight



Album of the Fortnight - Madlib - *Shades of Blue*

By Daniel Offner

What happens when you take a mind-blowing hip-hop producer and give him free access to a major record company's archives? You get *Shades of Blue*.

Madlib is a critically acclaimed hip-hop producer from Cali-

formia who samples jazz music from artists as famous as Herbie Hancock and Horace Silver to create an incomparable remix album.

The album came out in 2003 and exploded on the hip-hop scene. Like most jazz, there aren't too many lyrics, but don't let that deter you away from some of Madlib's sickest beats and remixes.

Shades of Blue is the album of the week because is the best of both worlds. It has the relaxing elements of jazz and the adrenaline-filled hip-hop beats to get you through the first couple weeks here at Stony Brook University.



Movie of the Fortnight - *Joe Dirt*

By Andrew Fraley

Joe Dirt is quite possibly the best movie ever made. It's one of the few movies I can watch over and over again, and I still do, all the time. It has a perfect ensemble of characters, ranging from the innocent but misguided Joe Dirt, played brilliantly by David Spade, to the jealous and mean town bully, played by Kid Rock. It even has Christopher Walken making an appearance, with his famous line, "You do it again, and I'll stab you in the face with a soldering iron." I dare you to name a bad movie with Christopher Walken in it.

The story revolves around Joe Dirt, as he narrates his quest to find his parents to a smarmy radio DJ,



played by the great Dennis Miller. The movie is both a genius parody of the odyssey genre and another excellent entry into the genre's annals, that it transcends it altogether. But don't take my word for it; watch the damn movie for yourself, ya dummy.

Comic of the Fortnight - *M.O.D.O.K.: Reign Delay*

By Kenny Mahoney

Ring, ring, ring, goes Norman Osborn's telephone. Who could it be? Oh, it's just M.O.D.O.K. leaving another voicemail feverishly demanding (or helplessly begging) for a super-villain gig. It seems that all the big-time players in the Marvel universe have forgotten about old M.O.D.O.K., leaving his freakishly large head and ironically tiny limbs with nothing to do. No superheroes to fight, no worlds to conquer, and most importantly - no cash to pay for your minion's health insurance.

So what's George Tartleton, aka - Mobile Organism Designed Only for Killing going to do during these tough times? Well there's only one thing an overweight super-genius turned overweight super-villain can do. Move back in with your parents, of course!

Cower in fear as the all-powerful M.O.D.O.K. performs amazing feats of the

mind, such as... Eating pancakes! Attending his high-school reunion! Trying to pick up women! Getting teased by bullies! And dishing out highly unnecessary, albeit hilarious, mind-blasts! These are just a few of the things M.O.D.O.K. will do in Ryan Dunlavey's tribute/parody to everyone's favorite stubby-limbed scoundrel.



Video Game of the Fortnight - *Tetris*

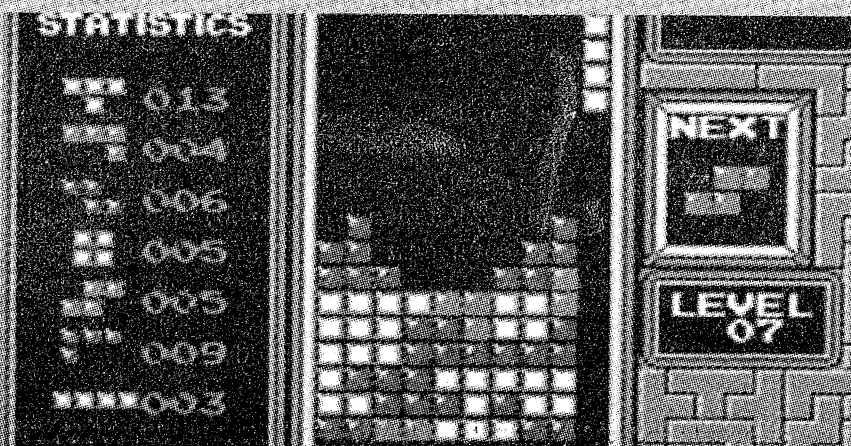
By Andrew Fraley

Have you ever wondered if a game could have been perfected on the first try, with no need for sequels or remakes? The game nobly withstands the tests of time, and can never be topped by the numerous pretenders to the throne. That game is *Tetris* for the NES. There are countless sequels, updates, spinoffs and derivatives to this 1989 masterpiece, but nothing will ever come close to the perfect formula achieved with the original. It is 8 bits of stunning flawlessness, pure and simple.

And this formula is so easy, too.

There's no multiplayer mode, no saving a piece for later, no watching a ghost of the piece showing you where it's going to land. All of that bullshit fluff is thankfully missing from the original, and that's why the game is perfect. All these additions to the formula throw off the equation, and kill the balance of the game. There's simply no need to improve upon perfection.

As an aside, I hold the *Press* office's high score in *Tetris*. I'm putting an open challenge out to anybody willing to accept it. 320,335 is the magic number to beat. Show me whatcha got, bitches.



arts&entertainment

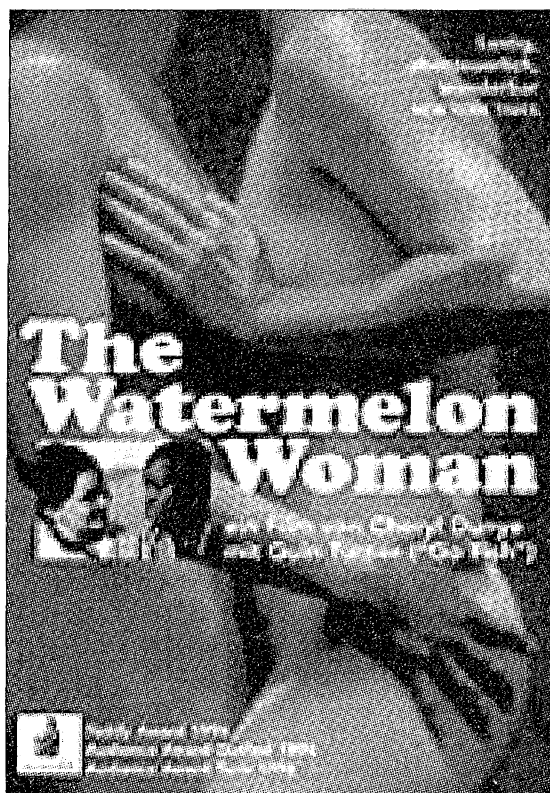
Other Hollywoods—Hollywood and its Others

by Mari Elba Wright-Schmidt

Cheryl Dunye, featured director in the *Other Hollywoods—Hollywood and its others* film lecture series

How many black film directors can you name off the top of your head? Better yet, try naming a black female director who directed and starred in a film that acknowledged the existence of black lesbian filmmakers. If you've given up, then you obviously did not attend Cheryl Dunye's September 16 lecture, titled *Seeing in the Dark: An Insight into Cinema by Queers of Color*, hosted by the Humanities Department. Prior to viewing Dunye's film, I can honestly state that I was previously unaware of the existence black queer film movement.

1996 marked the year in which Dunye directed and starred in the film *The Watermelon Woman*. The film contains several storylines and basically



follows Cheryl's attempt to create a documentary of an African American actress of the 30's and 40's named Faye

Richardson. The camera follows Cheryl on her search for information about Faye in the library and exposes Faye's secret love affair with a white female film director. The viewer is also given a glimpse of Cheryl's love life that parallels that of Faye. Cheryl is involved with a white woman, Diana, who is accused of "trying to act black" by Cheryl's friends. The film has a surprising ending, which makes it even more revolutionary.

The question this film raises, which most people fail to recognize, is why must black women directors be invisible? Most importantly, why do black actresses appear in such a small number of well-known films? Cheryl's lecture brought to mind all the stereotypical images Hollywood tries to emphasize in movies that feature black women. It is despicable that so many

viewers readily accept these stereotypes and incorporate them into their thinking. We cannot allow Hollywood to dictate to us who is good looking and what is acceptable in society.

In her lecture, Dunye explained that before she was able to join the Black Queer film movement, she felt invisible. This allowed me to realize how many other groups of people are left feeling invisible because of the stereotypes imposed on them or simply because they are excluded from Hollywood films. Many subgroups are poorly represented in the mass media. Asians, Eastern European Jews, and gay men all have small quotas for major feature films. It is important to note that Dunye's *The Watermelon Woman* was not created solely for the black lesbian community. Rather, it was created for people of all races and sexual preferences in the hopes that it would inform the world of this *Other Hollywood* of black queer cinema.

John Dies in the End...

by Natalie Crnosija

Knowing that John Keats famously died at 25 may dim *Bright Star* for filmgoers who hope for a short, cinematic sonnet of love satisfied. Also disappointed will be the literary mavens who flock to the film with the anticipation of tubercular tragedy and passionate scribbling. In this convergence of expectation, *Bright Star* outshines many a literary biopic focused on those blessed by the muse and made to bare the damning yoke of creativity.

Director Jane Campion navigates around narrating *Keats: the Man, the Genius* by fixing her camera not on Keats, but on his muse and their short, albeit simple romance. Keats' "Belle Dame Sans Merci," Fanny Brawne (Abbie Cornish), is not a Byronic groupie or an unattainable goddess, but an earthy girl who likes to sew clothes more than ruminate on the poetic stylings of the day.

The film follows the meandering growth of their mutual affection as Brawne transforms from the sharp-tongued girl-next-door into the "Bright Star" of Keats' verse.

Though the pound-less Keats (Ben Whishaw) is dissuaded from pursuing Brawne by his friend and keeper, Mr.



"Is it fate or this wall that keeps us apart?"

Browne (Paul Schneider), the romance blossoms with time's passing.

The film's elegant structure prevents Keats' poetry from becoming a footnote. Instead, poetry infuses every frame. Whether voiced in verse or not, Campion captures the choral quality of nature, the tangibility and violent pull

of adoration woven thickly throughout Keats' work. When poetry is spoken, it is not stilted or declarative. It is the purest form of affection in a period when people could not engage in PDA.

Both Cornish and Whishaw play their characters chastely, but convey their deep sensuality. Walking in the

funky shoes of a modern girl in a 19th Century world, Cornish plays Brawne honestly and as a girl in love with a man she knows she will never be able to marry. Whishaw remains more reserved, but rightly so as the poet who conjures Brawne's character into the Western Canon. Both feel the press of time and the turn of the seasons, enjoying the development of their love while watching it fall from autumn-affected trees.

The story does dip into melodrama when Keats develops tuberculosis and his life becomes a string of coughs, bloody handkerchiefs and being found unconscious in the bushes. But that can't really be eradicated from the story, even if the viewer wants to excise tragedy from what is emerging as a seasonal, quiet celluloid ode to young love.

The gentle glow of candlelight and halos of sun enliven the tragic arc that becomes increasingly unavoidable as Brawne falls increasingly in love with the increasingly doomed Keats. What this light illuminates is not the death and the unfortunate standard of medical care of the Romantic era, but how love can sweeten even the most unfortunate and untimely ends.

Hell is a High School Girl...

by Doug Cion

... Or it is a podgy former stripper who thinks she actually has the skill, craft and potential to write the script for a box office smash? *Jennifer's Body*, Diablo Cody's sophomore film after her lightning strike on a gold mine on a planet where there exists intelligent life forms (in other words, lucky) first box office and critically acclaimed success *Juno* was released nation wide on September 18, bringing in a whopping \$7 million at the box office, coming in fourth place for gross profits for that weekend.

Okay Diablo, we get it... you're hip and edgy. You break the norms of convention and your dialogue is supposed to be the spoken language of the people. May I just point out here that I have never heard someone reference a pregnancy by saying "Your eggo is prego home skillet." Now I know the attempts at being clever and witty are supposed to reflect the language of the schoolyard, but in the end, it possesses little to no substance and is overall juvenile. It is utterly shocking that this is perceived as the way high school kids talk, but then again with her stripping career being so successful, I will just assume Diablo Cody never graduated from it

(and they gave her an Oscar!). The plot consists of a relatively lame pathos consisting of Adam Brody from *The O.C.* as an indie-rock band singer who will do whatever it takes to make it big. Introduce Megan Fox's character, Jennifer and now we have a warm body to sacrifice to the devil. However, little do our witch-rockers know that Jennifer is not a virgin and everybody knows that when you try to sacrifice a not so pure, mediocre acting, exploitation of rabid high school hormones, you get a succubus-like demon who must now feast on human flesh for sustenance. Yup, that is basically what you have left for the next hour and fifteen minutes.

Although it is not worth the hassle of buying a ticket to *Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs* and then sneaking into this genre hybrid, R-rated film, I would like to say that this movie is not a complete bust for filmmaker Karyn Kusama. First off, Amanda Seyfried is one of the top rising actresses and has a great future ahead of her. She actually gave one hell (look... a pun) of a performance. It is quite sad to see the "star" of a film get sandbagged by the supporting cast, but then again it is Megan Fox, so who really went to see this for her acting? It is fun to watch the shenanigans Amanda's character Needy gets into as well as witnessing her growth from beginning to the end of



Can you say, "World's Hottest Woman?"

the narrative, considering this is the best acting you see. The film is also shot very well so thanks are bestowed onto the cinematographer.

Finally, and probably most important, J.K. Simmons is in this movie! He has a minor role as a biology teacher/life coach. Usually, the presence of J.K. Simmons can fix anything, but with a

script that contains lines like, "I'm Xing you out," "you're being lesbigay" and "you're so salty," this was just too much for one man to save, even if it is Jay Jonah Jameson. Diablo Cody stated that this film is not a horror movie and I couldn't agree more; it is a *horrible* movie.

How Not to Mess Up the "Deadpool" Movie

by Eric DiGiovanni

I, like all smart people, saw *X-Men: Origins* via a leaked copy. Someone was nice enough to burn it on a DVD and play it on an Xbox in the Commuter Lounge. That way, 20 of us avoided paying for a movie that spent millions of dollars to make us all go "Ehhh... No". It was also more or less the first time I was exposed to the Marvel character Deadpool.

I heard his portrayal in the movie was the least accurate, so I read the books. As I was reading them and heard the news of the eventual movie adaptation, I had two thoughts: "Wow, this is awesome" and "Wow, they're going to mess this up." Nerd rage isn't my thing, so I figured it'd be better to write this as a way to get you all to check out the comics in the mean time. Trust me, it's like nothing you've ever read before. There is potential to make a good, en-

tertaining movie, so here are some things to keep in mind:

1. *The Fourth Wall Must Not Be Allowed to Stand!*

One of the main charms of Deadpool is that he frequently breaks the fourth wall (the boundary between a piece of fiction and its audience) and is very aware that he's in a comic book. For example, when one character asks the last time he's seen him, his response is "Issue 16".

It's funny and reminds us that comics are supposed to be entertaining and not *serious business*. One of the main problems of *Origins* was that it was a standard, clichéd popcorn flick that took itself way too seriously.

Let me bring up the latest issue: Hungry and stranded at sea after failing at being a pirate, he shoots a shark in the face to serve as dinner with Death, portrayed as a curvy skeleton woman. He passes out and has a coma fantasy based on *The Love Boat*. He somehow ends up in San Francisco and to blend

in, he dresses up as a stereotypical gay man. Then he decides he's going to join the X-men after beating the crap out of some sailors.

This is par for the course.

2. *Ignore X-Men: Origins Like You Ignored the First Hulk Movie.*

I'll give the writers the first scene right off the bat: It opens with Deadpool stuffing a severed head inside a duffel bag. He throws the bag into the river, and as we cut to another angle, the bag reads "Everything about me from *X-Men: Origins*". As the bag sinks into the pit, you hear a voice go "Shhh..."

Wade Wilson was spot on. For the uninitiated, Wade Wilson is Deadpool's real name. He was a mercenary until he got the worst kind of cancer: Incurable Plot Device Cancer! So he joined up with Weapon X, a program to create superheroes, hoping for a cure. For all the pre-experimentation stuff, they got things right.

Ryan Reynolds did a good job, and from the looks of things he's excited

about keeping the upcoming movie true to the comics. Which is probably why he didn't play that... thing in the end.

Plus, there is no way the same "Noooo" (pan out) shots would be Deadpool with a straight face.

3. *Have a Good Reason for Why He is Called Deadpool.*

The movie implies it was because that he had all the powers from the *Pool of Dead* mutants. Interesting take, but this led to a ridiculous final scene, where "he" teleports, shoots eye lasers, and has swords come out of his hands, making it seem more like a boss battle rather than a natural conclusion of a story. Needless to say, take out the eye lasers and keep his swords on his back. He *does* teleport, but it's due to a device built by his friend and arms dealer, Weasel, rather than an innate ability.

The comics say that he was in a Dead Pool at Weapon X, after an experiment to give him Wolverine's healing factor backfired, covering him in painful tumors. The resident doctor, Dr.

"Where the Wild Things Rock"

by Kelly Pivarvnik

The Yeah Yeah Yeahs were in the spotlight once again this year with their release of the critically acclaimed *It's Blitz!* making it onto Spin's Top Twenty Albums of 2009 List. Yet front woman Karen O (who was recently photographed with longer hair instead of her notorious, ultra-trendy bob) remains busy, contributing tracks to the *Where the Wild Things Are* soundtrack. She teams up with members from Deerhunter, The Bird and the Bee and The Raconteurs for the recently released single, "All is Love," which also features a children's choir.

The song starts out slow with distant sad piano playing, then quickens when the vocals kick in. The presence of the children's choir helps set the tone of innocence and a weak, yet hopeful outlook. The choir also ends the songs with their repeated yelling of "it's love," accompanied by Karen whimpering the same broad sentiment.

The director of the movie, Spike Jonze, a rumored ex-lover of Karen O, claims this movie really was intended for four-year-olds in an interview with *New York Entertainment*. "It's sort of

like they were expecting a boy and I gave birth to a girl," says Jonze.

The same can be said for most of

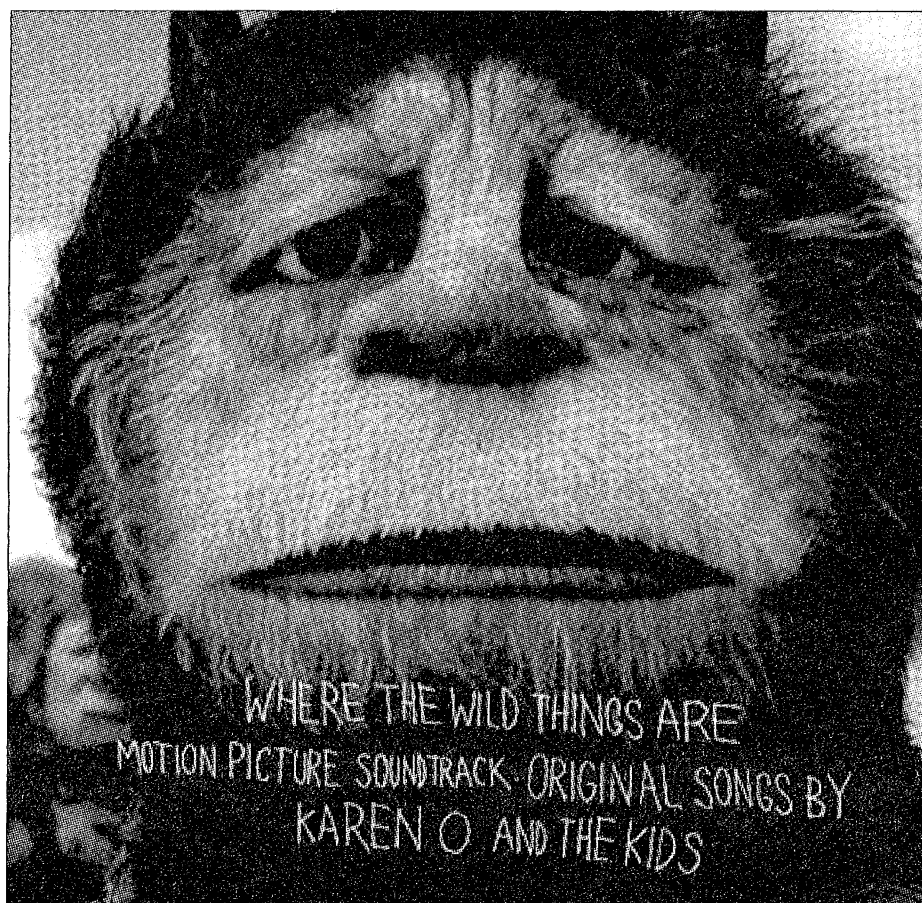
Yet, with actual examination of the lyrical content, one can see these are not necessarily songs that children are fully

easily relatable at any age, given the very standard motif of love, but more so with songs like that contributed by Arcade Fire.

The movie's trailer includes "Wake Up," by chamber-pop heavyweights the Arcade Fire. The song was originally part of the band's debut album, *Funeral*. The trailer only features the slow three minute build up during the beginning of the song. Yes it sounds uplifting and overall can be construed that way, but the message is bound to go right over young viewers' heads.

Fitting the movie's tone, the song is very somber yet almost cathartic. "Something filled up/ My heart with nothing/ Someone told me not to cry/ But now that I'm older My heart's colder/ And I can see that it's a lie."

The social context for this song is pretty blatant, tritely calling upon the youth to challenge authority, think for themselves and just in general be honest with themselves. The concept has been heard before over and over, but the delivery is something unique and special. The lyrics read like poetry, and though they are off kilter, much like the scenery and plot of the movie, it is still something noteworthy and memorable.



the soundtrack. With the children's choir and the upbeat music, the song selection may very well appeal to kids.

going to wrap their heads around. The themes are significantly deeper. Not necessarily with "All is Love," which is

DEATHPOOL continued from previous page Killbrew (which is slightly more creative than Dr. Evilvillian), continues to experiment on him, keeping him alive, thus raising his odds. He eventually busts out and became the man we all know and love to hate today.

In his original conception, Deadpool was a result of the Rob Liefeld 90's Anti-Hero Naming Process, where you start with a word that has to do with death or gore, and then add something else on the end (Bloodshot, Deathmate, Deathblood). Yeah, writing isn't his strong suit... speaking of which...

4. Get Fabian Niceza and Joe Kelly in that Writer's Room Now!

Niceza is the one who co-created the character with Liefeld, and Joe Kelly was the first writer in Deadpool's premier ongoing series. Both established the two themes that make the character more than a joke: Trying to get back on the good path despite your misfortunes, and being haunted by the past. Both themes would make for a legitimately good movie, that uses plot as something more than a device just to string together a few action pieces. It can still be

light and funny, but that bjkLSdvr-gadfbg.

Sorry about that. Yeah, so I am Dea—I mean, Eric DiJodiMaggio with more suggestions!

1. I guess Reynolds did an OK job, but you know who should really play me, I mean Deadpool? Batman. Batman is the only guy on Earth badass enough to accurately render how awesome I am. Maybe Boba Fett if he's available.

2. I want the eye lasers and sword arms back. Screw canon! Lasers and weapons for arms make everything better. *Evil Dead*, anyone? I'll get Weasel on it...

3. Death should be played by Angelina Jolie, if we get to have a love scene. Bea Arthur if I don't. Either way, we all win.

4. "Demolition Rickshaw" by the Aquabats should be in there, just by name alone. 'Cause I likes my demolition, and I hate rickshaws!

So anyway those are just some reasons as to why Deadpool is awesome and to make sure that the

movie people won't do something stupid like sew my mouth shut. Anyway, I have photo editor stuff to

do, like... not be dead. And wear women's clothing. Because I'm into that.



Ladies, he's single. And he's dead.

Eric DiGiovanni

Rock 'n' Roll Legend Roger Love Talks to SB Press

by Ross Barkan

Soft rock superstar Roger Love, lead bassist and vocalist of the band Compassion, has been making best-selling albums since his riotous 1969 debut, *Love Handles You*. Millions around the world adore Love for his slippery vocals, sweet bass line, and flair for the dramatic. Richard Nixon, an admirer of the emerging 70's soft rock movement, called Love "a herald of avant-garde faggotry." Now, after years of singing, touring, loving, and everything in between, Love agreed to an exclusive interview with the *Stony Brook Press* to discuss his latest release, *Comet Urethra*, and the lessons learned along the way.

Stony Brook Press: Mr. Love, it's a pleasure to finally be interviewing you. We're huge fans of your revolutionary work.

Roger Love: Thanks Jack, great to be here.

Stony Brook Press: My name is Ross. Anyway, fans and music critics continue to be awed by Compassion's prolific nature. The band has released thirty-five albums—

RL: Thirty-six actually, Mitchell. Our actual first album *Kisses for Jesus* was limited to nine copies due to violations of the puritanical 1970's obscenity laws. Apparently you can't sing about Hiroshima child porn. Color me tittified, Mitch.

SBP: Ok, my name is Ross and I don't know what that expression means.

RL: You had to live in 1974. You had to live.

SBP: Fans always wonder why the lineup of Compassion is so unconventional. You were the first and only band that used six bassists. What was the reason for such a decision?

RL: Music lacks bass, Lionel. Bass lines are essential to everything. The original lineup of Compassion had one bassist and two guitarists. After our first practice I fired both guitarists because I realized our bass line wasn't sick enough. Soft rock is nothing but sick bass line after sick bass line. The first two albums had four bassists and finally I learned the bass, upping the number to five. Our sixth bassist, Eddie Guitar, joined the band and the rest is history. Beautiful history.

SBP: So you don't think six bassists is at all excessive?

RL: (laughs) I'm going to fuck your mom.

SBP: That's wonderful. What about your public feud with sixth bassist Eddie Guitar? From the early to mid 80's you weren't on speaking terms.

RL: We still aren't. Eddie and I have been touring together for over thirty years and I still don't know what the man's voice sounds like. One time he tried to write a song for our seventeenth album, *Vagina Railroad*, so I just made the entire album a compilation of my songs from other albums in order to prevent that cunt Eddie Guitar from writing a song. He never will write or sing anything as long as Compassion is active.

SBP: Why? What the public still doesn't understand is why you loathe Eddie Guitar.

RL: In 1976, we were playing a show in Boise and he reached into my pretzel jar. My pretzel jar. I had it marked "Roger Love" in day-glo marker. I'm the best. No one touches my

pretzels.

SBP: Fans and music critics still regard *Love Microchip*, your third album, as Compassion's masterpiece. Why do you think the album appeals to so many listeners?

RL: Wa-wa pedal. That's all. In 1977, no one had heard of the wa-wa or even electric guitar. No one was going electric, Michael. Remember when Dylan played Lollapalooza in 1969 and freaked everyone out by playing "Paperback Writer" with an electric accordion? The world couldn't take it. *Love Microchip* had all the electro-hits. I still listen to it twelve times a day. Twelve exactly. On the thirteenth play I grow bored. "Baby Baby (Doll I need you) Baby Baby Baby" is still my favorite. No one thought to sample a fucking tractor but I did.

SBP: What's really impressive is that you anticipated the invention of the microchip.

RL: Technically untrue, Brett. Technically untrue. Though I did in fact anticipate the invention of the microchip in my best-selling poetry collection, the story behind love mi-



Roger Love made out with a man he thought was Paul McCartney in 1978.

crochip lies in a tryst I had one Saturday night with an African. African female to be precise. We were eating cookies, soft-baked chocolate chip my absolute favorite, and one chip came dislodged during coitus. The chip was perched upon her dark, cocoa, aphotic nipple. Perched perilously there for me to eat. And I did. I thought "this chip is small." Micro is small. I made love. Voi-fucking-la.

SBP: Brian Eno called *Love Microchip* the work of a "gay, furious genius." Was this offensive to you or did you like being called a "gay genius?"

RL: I don't understand.

SBP: Well, do you want to be indentified as a gay man?

RL: No, of course not, the gays are revolting. I hope they're

never allowed to vote. The entire misrepresentation of my blatant, flaming heterosexuality came from the time I made out with a Paul McCartney look-alike in a Milwaukee Marriott back in '75. I saw Paul in the lobby and I waved. I don't personally like the Beatles or whatever they're called these days. They aren't soft enough for me. But I admire Paul for the way he wears light blue suits. No one pulled off the light blue suit like Paul. I invite him up to my room and we have a drink. I became suspicious because Paul had an Austrian accent and not an English one. To determine if it was the real Paul, I did a lip inspection. Common thing really, everyone knows lips have unique prints. After our lips touched, I knew it wasn't Paul. I called room service and had him thrown off the balcony.

SBP: Good story. So what about your newest album *Comet Urethra*? What can the music world expect?

RL: It will be our twenty-sixth compilation album. That bastard Eddie Guitar wanted to write a song so I had to do what's best. The man is as talented as AIDS. There will be remastered versions of our hits "Drench My Pie" and "Make Love (To Everything Inside of Me)." Our controversial, Kwanzaa-themed love ballad "Chocolate Teddy" will also be featured on the album with guest sample vocals by Elton John.

SBP: Sample vocals?

RL: We play the entirety of "Honky Cat" and have extra horns in the background. It's good stuff.

SBP: So once again the fans of Compassion will not be given original songs?

RL: The fans of Compassion are leeches. They don't understand what it's like to suffer. Do you know what it's like to be a tortured soft rock genius, Reggie? Everything I hear is never soft enough. Even my own music, the greatest of all, is never soft enough to be soft rock in its purest form. It is the cross I bear. Like Lakatwa, the Finnish god of icebergs, I am a crying sun, alone, heaving the erection of a golden falcon. No one will ever know. It's never soft enough. Never.

SBP: What do you think of the rock 'n roll scene today?

RL: Dreadful. I tried listening to that band Radioheater or whatever they're called last week. Bunch of Swiss fags, I think. They would be better if they stopped the whole electronica and playing guitar thing and just didn't make noise. I met their lead noise-maker, Timmy Yorke, and he just struck me as a human bananafish. You know the old saying, "You can't tickle an angel!"

SBP: No, I don't. What's next for Compassion? Do you plan on launching another international tour?

RL: We're playing Andorra fourteen times then heading home. Europe smells, Chuck. I can't stand the Swedes, the Slavs, the Micks, the French and the dark ones. None of them. I honestly plan to write another album within the confines of my mansion and launch all of the vinyls into the sun. Catharsis.

SBP: You're insane.

RL: Kiss me.

SBP: No.

RL: It was worth a shot.

2D Platformer Madness!

By Raina Bedford

Innovative and challenging, *Scribblenauts* will test the limits of your imagination. This 2D platform game asks you to conjure up objects using its built-in keyboard to solve hundreds of puzzles. Want to use the large hadron collider to summon a black hole? Then this is the game for you.

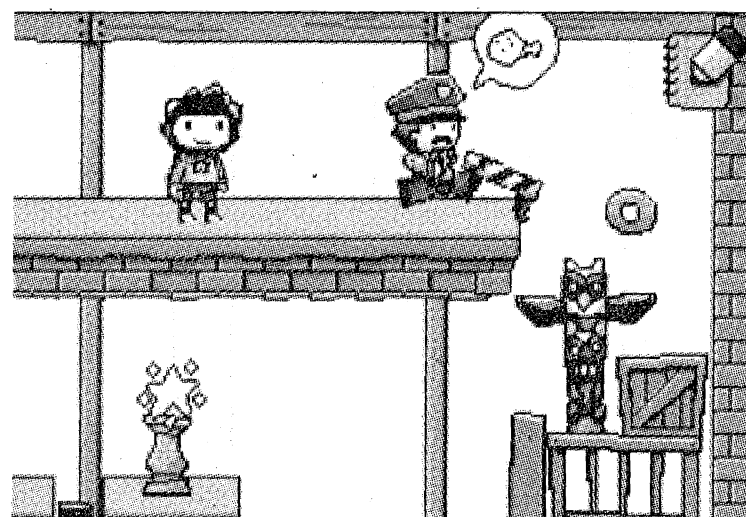
When you start playing *Scribblenauts*, your first instinct will be to find objects that the game doesn't have. The developers haven't included items that are trademarked (Twinkies, Hershey Bars), alcoholic (Beer, Wine), drug-related (sorry, no bongos) or curse words (they sadly exclude even poop, so no you cannot throw feces at enemies). Other than that the object library of the game is immense. It is a hard task to find items the developers have left out, and believe me, I have spent hours trying to.

Once you get past the initial concept, it's time to actually start solving the puzzles. Unfortunately, most of the puzzles don't test the limits of your imagination. Several items will be used routinely such as the jet-pack, shovel, and gun. Consider these your meat and potatoes. Despite the fact that some of the puzzles are repetitious, some are actually very challenging. It is very gratifying to finally solve a puzzle that has stumped you for hours, using nothing but your imag-

ination.

Also disappointing is the physics. Given the simplistic nature of the controls- tap somewhere to run to it, tap an object to use it, tap, tap, tap- it is not surprising that the game sometimes confuses your input. However, the controls can sometimes be frustrating. He falls through a gap instead of jumping over it, or jumps on top of a helicopter instead of going inside of it. Fortunately, the game is enjoyable enough that these small control issues don't ruin the experience though they may irritate the seasoned gamer.

In addition to the built-in puzzles there is also a level editor. The game allows you to use levels you've already completed as templates. You can then share your level with friends online using WiFi, or share it locally through DS direct connect. The level editor is surprisingly versatile. You can program people to defend objects, attack Maxwell, steal things, or desire food. You can make your own hints and choose which musical track from the game will accompany your level. You can use anything you can think of, you can stack objects, hang objects from ropes, place objects inside other objects the possibilities are nearly endless.



Grab that donut you copper, you fat lunch box you.

A cute extra in the game is the inclusion of avatars. At the ollar store (Yes, ollars are the currency in *Scribblenauts*) you can buy different avatars to stand in for Maxwell. So if you feel more comfortable playing as a zombie or a ninja, you have that option.

Overall, *Scribblenauts* is an incredibly unique and enjoyable game. If I had to rate it on its concept alone I would give it 5 stars. Unfortunately, there are some gameplay issues that are too large to ignore, so I'm going to give it 4.5 starites.

Scribblenauts



Every Time I Die - New Junk Aesthetic Back to Their Relentless Roots in Fifth LP

By Nick Statt

Buffalo four-piece Every Time I Die is well-known in a wide variety of scenes, mainly due to their unique mix of metal and punk with a dash of southern rock thrown in. While it's not unusual to see them blend into Warped Tour lineups or share the stage with tamer acts, it's very easy to identify the role they feel most comfortable filling: a heavy-as-hell self-indulgent metal band. Their previous release, *The Big*

Dirty, was a healthy change of pace that slowed down their sound and let them experiment with a slightly different style. Their latest LP, *New Junk Aesthetic* is an absolute powerhouse that smashes its predecessor to pieces. Fans of the band's original intensity will be more than happy to know that this album goes above and beyond their apparent capabilities in delivering the heaviest, most blood-pumping trip possible.

Despite coming in at a mere 37 minutes, *New Junk Aesthetic* is exhausting in its exultant brutality. The album's first single, "The Marvelous Slut," is a

minute and 47 seconds and yet one listen feels like you've been dragged ten times around a track off one of their previous albums. Andy Williams and Jordan Buckley slow down their guitar playing only to send out scathingly cacophonous chords. With a few notes away from regularity, they rush head-first back into the

gurgling low-end rhythms they've become famous for.

The real driving force of the band's unique sound is Keith Buckley, older brother to guitarist Jordan. It's easy to see from album to album that it's Keith's range and readiness for extremity that make him the fuel for the fire. From brutal screams to his distinctly southern and lofty singing voice, Keith does a number on his vocal chords this time around by refusing to lower himself to the more comfortable vocal ranges. "Wanderlust" has quickly sung verses that transition blisteringly fast to wailing screams to help complement the ever-changing instrumental parts. "Roman Holiday," easily one of the best tracks on the album, exhibits Keith in his most unrelenting form with growling vocals plastered over a humming backing vocal track and surprisingly slow and menacing guitars.

The album as a whole is very succinct and each track wraps itself up neatly before you get bored of any of the patterns. New drummer Ryan Leger replaces Mike "Ratboy" Novak, who left for personal reasons according to the band's website, and as it is with most hardcore and metal bands, its hard to discern the difference between the two.

Leger plays with easily as much fluidity and punch as his predecessor, and the gap is only recognizable to fans who held a personal appreciation of Novak's personality and role in the band's comical and carefree image.

Every Time I Die has truly come full circle with this new release in that it feels much like their debut of eight years ago, *Last Night In Town*, but with a highly satisfying maturity. While that debut and the sophomore release, *Hot Damn*, were arguably heavier, they were sucked in by the clichés of hardcore and metal: the seemingly unregulated outbursts and excessive deliveries from the vocal and guitar sections that were split down the middle by systematic breakdowns that eventually got repetitive and bland. *New Junk Aesthetic* throws those out in favor of doing it their own way, something they've no doubt learned to do well in their long years together. They've fully created their own sound, with vocalist Keith Buckley the integral pushing force, to help them stand above the sea of bands that misrepresent the genre. By trying to stand out by being heavier, more technical, and faster than the rest, many names fade in failure, but not these guys.



COMICS

Alice in Wonderland for the American South **Review of Zuda Comics' *Bayou*, Volume 1**

By Katie Knowlton

What do you think would happen if you mixed *Alice in Wonderland*, American folklore, and early twentieth century racial politics? The combination has the vast potential to be god awful, or, in the case of Jeremy Love's *Bayou*, one of the best comics of the year.

The first volume of *Bayou* is the first trade paperback from DC's webcomic division, Zuda Comics. Zuda allows writers and artists to submit comics, which are voted on by the readership. Winners of these competitions are allowed to continue their comics on the website. Every so often, a creator is given a contract without having to go through this competition. *Bayou* was one of those comics, and it's easy to see why.

Bayou takes place in the fictional town of Charon, Mississippi in 1933, the height of the Great Depression. Mississippi was historically one of the most racist and segregated states, and this provides an interesting backdrop for Love's story. The comic revolves around Lee Wagstaff, a nine year-old African American kid who is the daughter of a sharecropper. The story opens with Lee having to help pull up a boy's body from the bayou that resides within the town borders. The boy, Billy Glass, was lynched after whistling at a white woman, a case nearly identical to that of Emmett Till in the 1950s. While underwater, Lee sees something that looks like Billy Glass, but with butterfly wings and glowing yellow eyes. Little does Lee know that she isn't hallucinating, but that the bayou acts as a sort of door to the parallel, surreal world of Dixie.

Lee is forced into this world after a white friend of hers, Lily Westmoreland, is taken by one of the monsters of Dixie, and her father is charged with the crime. She is determined to find Lily and clear her father's name because he is the only immediate family she has left,

her mother having died when Lee was younger. After diving into the bayou, she is almost taken by a creature of the water, but is rescued by a relatively friendly giant, Bayou. Bayou serves as Lee's guide and protector though Dixie, a dangerous land filled with talking animals, giants and large, insect-like creature that want nothing more than to consume Lee.

Bayou is beautifully written and

from trees with nooses around their necks. Both these images are very powerful, and the evil in Dixie acts a good metaphor for the evils that take place in Charon.

Dixie is a very American wonderland. The monster that consumes Lily goes by the name Cotton-Eyed Joe and resembles in some ways Lennie Small from *Of Mice and Men*. He is mentally slow, large and incredibly strong, and he

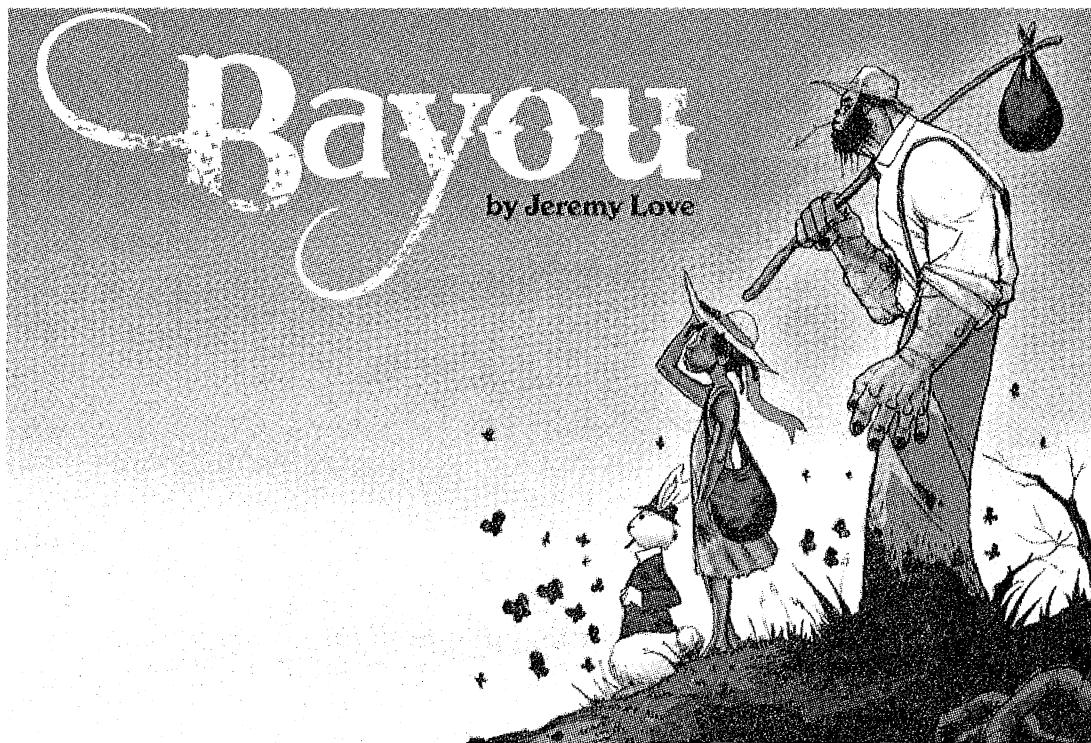
expect a lot more of his backstory, and for *Bayou* to become the most complex character within the *Bayou* universe.

Jeremy Love has done an amazing job not only with the story, but the artwork as well. It's a unique style that's rough around the edges (literally, there are a lot of sketch lines left in) with enough exaggeration that it, like Charon and the bayou, is connected to reality. But there's something surreal and a little off about it. It fits perfectly with the tone of the story, which is a relief. This comic could've easily been done with a much more realistic hand, but that would've caused some disjoint with the tale.

Patrick Morgan's colors are a beautiful compliment to the art. Both Charon and Dixie are almost muted on the surface, because his focus is first on the characters, who dress in the rather drab clothing of the period. Most of the characters are within the normal range of human skin tone, except for Bayou, who is gray-green. But the backgrounds are stunning, full of color and life. The skies are particularly amazing, whether it's the deep orange-red of a sunset, or the bright blue of a cloudless day.

The contrast to the characters is a little jarring once its noticed, but without it, the comic would've been too drab, and would not have given the life necessary for a comic with such a mystic element to it.

Bayou is one of the best comics of the year, hands down. The melding of the surreal with the real politics and situations of the day is not a new concept, but with Jeremy Love, it feels that way. Not enough comics take on American folklore, and few have done it as well. This first volume collects the first four chapters of the comic, but the Zuda comics website has, as of the writing of this review, two more chapters available. All of *Bayou* can be accessed from the website for free, so there's really no reason for you not be reading one of the best comics being created right now.



drawn. Jeremy Love has done a fantastic job of creating both Charon and Dixie, one grounded in the very real life of African Americans in the 1930s American South, the other a world that takes its cues from Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, as well as uniquely American myth. One could say that this tale is, in its essence, a more modern interpretation of Carroll's famous tale, but Love works hard to make it more than a mere rip-off. What really sets it apart is not just the world of Dixie, but the world of Charon, which is in some ways more surreal than the parallel universe. In our modern age, racism of the type displayed in this comic is rarely seen, which makes it somewhat of a shock in scenes such as Lee's father Calvin being taken away, Lee being hit hard on the head by the butt of a rifle, or during a supposed dream sequence where she happens upon multiple bodies dangling

hurts people without really understanding the consequences, although the consequences – unlike Lennie, do not seem to bother Joe. In this first volume, we don't see too much of Dixie; a lot is held in the unknown. Love gives many hints of the expanse of Dixie, but much like Lee, the reader is privy to only a bit at a time. There are brief glimpses of the hierarchy that rules the land, and a few references to "The Bossman," the presumed leader of Dixie of whom even the intimidating Bayou is scared.

The character of Bayou is perhaps the most interesting within the comic. He is a menacing presence, but with a seemingly good heart. He has a complex relationship with "The Bossman" and his henchmen, hence his fear, but we aren't given much more than that in this volume. On the surface, Bayou is fairly simple, a giant who lives with his dog on the bayou. But as the comic goes on, I

COMICS

Napple Napple Napple Apples

By Evan Goldaper

I'll admit something now; I'm a webcomic junkie. Every morning, the first thing I do is roll out of bed and catch up on about ten different series. Then I worry about lesser matters like food and classes. So it was pretty exciting for me to read *Weird Science*, the recently-published second book of the webcomic *Applegeeks*. For the uninitiated (like myself), the series concerns Hawk, a nerdy inventor, and his android "girlfriend," Eve. *Applegeeks* is clever, but the book has some issues that may make readers think twice before picking it up.

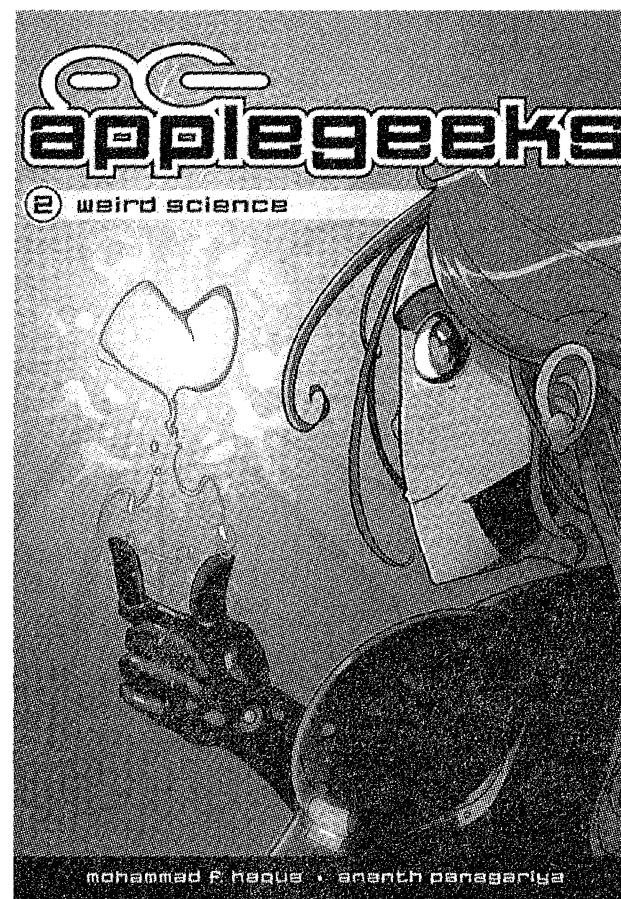
To begin, the comic has some terrific artwork. Mohammad F. Haque is a great digital artist and his skill with Photoshop is apparent throughout. The colors are bold and bright and there are many interesting lighting and gradient effects that create consistently attractive backgrounds. The designs of the characters, particularly Hawk, show a great deal of personality, and their manga-inspired, over-the-top facial expressions

are always good for a laugh. Far too many comics these days neglect the importance of visual humor, and thankfully *Applegeeks* does not. However, Haque often experiments with different styles, and though his alternate designs do not display any less skill, the switch between them can often be jarring.

As for the writing, the series tries to balance comedy strips with serious, sci-fi action. The humor is clever, but probably funnier for those who love Apple. Some jokes were probably better when they were written; though this book was just released, it contains the strips from 2005 and 2006. But not every strip is funny—despite occasional wit, the dialogue sometimes becomes boring or confusing, especially near important plot events. With that said, it is worth noting the plot-based action strips occasionally get bogged down by *Applegeeks'* strip format. As each segment is intended not only to be part of a story but also to stand alone, the pacing can be awkward. There is an advantage to this—it allows readers to enter the series at any time, which means reading *Applegeeks 1: Freshman Year* is not nec-

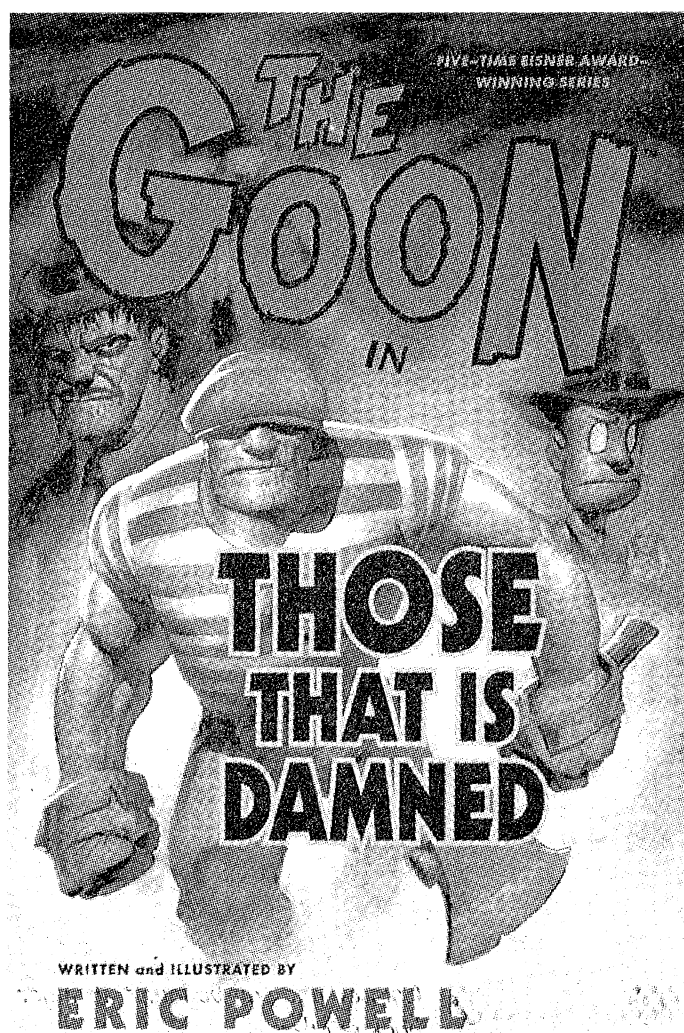
essary.

But the biggest issue is that, when all is said and done, *Applegeeks* is a webcomic. This means every last strip in this fifteen-dollar book is available—legally—for free at www.applegeeks.com. *Weird Science* does contain some quick commentary from the author, a few quotes from the artist, additional artwork and a brief behind-the-scenes look at the making of the Eve figurine, but that's nothing essential. Fans might be interested in the book and the appeal of a nicely bound copy of a decent comic is certainly compelling. However, I definitely recommend newcomers check out the website before buying and consider if the allure of paper is worth the cost.



The Goon: Be Brutal. Kick Ass. Repeat.

By Alex H. Nagler



Even the undead fear The Goon. And they have every reason to. Eric Powell's hulking title protagonist, The Goon, is back in the bound trade *Those That Is Damned*, which collects issues 24 through 27 in a single volume of the five time Eisner Award winning series. *The Goon* is a title spawned from the Pulp tradition of kicking ass and being bloody. Published on the Dark Horse label, *The Goon* is a joy to look at as he wields whatever weapon he can use, be it his hands, his axe, or a stray pipe that just lying around on the floor.

This story is set in a generation when the gangsters all still wore dapper hats and the artistic style reflects this gone-by era. Half the fun of *The Goon* is the sheer violence. The rest lies in the storytelling. *The Goon* isn't content to have its titular character be a two-dimensional figure as in pulps of old. He has to deal with more than just zombies. In *Those That Is Damned* he even has to deal with fear of failure.

The Goon himself is the muscle-bound enforcer of the major unseen mob boss

Labrazio. His right hand man is Franky, a smaller, spunkier gangster. Franky isn't the toughest fighter or smartest underling, but his spastic nature and signature move of "knife to the eye" provides much comic relief between The Goon simply killing everything.

This volume begins with major changes for The Goon. He learns for the first time that his town, which always seemed to draw the worst elements out of people, is in fact haunted by a curse placed on the area by a doomed group of travelers who had succumbed to cannibalism to survive. This curse would explain things like not only why the Zombie Priest had taken over portions of town, but also why he was able to raise something called Mother. Mother, as its name implies, has the power to spawn baby zombies that do its bidding. In the hands of the Zombie Priest, things wouldn't be so bad, but the Zombie Priest has lost control to Labrazio, the same Labrazio of whom The Goon was believed to be the chief enforcer.

Those That Is Damned is a

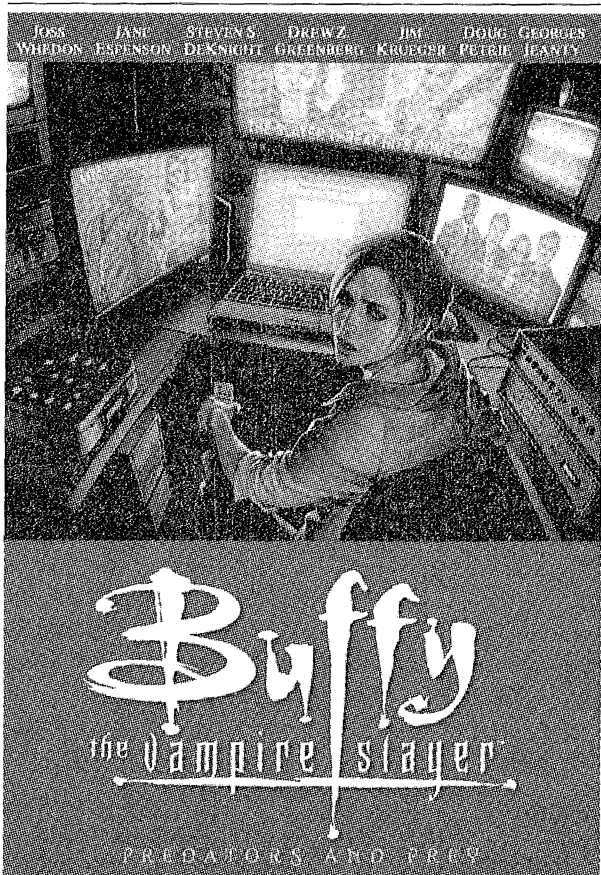
tempting peek into a much longer arc that takes The Goon to places he wishes he didn't have to return and makes him face characters he thought he had dealt with already. The trade also features short stories inked and colored by fans of The Goon who are in the comic industry themselves. One of them, "Dr. Alloy in For The Benefit of Underprivileged Inmates" deals with a mad scientist in debt to The Goon as he's never been quite evil enough to hack it, Dr. Hieronymous Alloy. This comic, wordless save for a few 60s style Batman "buzz" and "clicks", shows the good Doctors latest attempt to help his fellow inmates: a machine that turns paper into porno rags and cigarettes.

The Goon is a great read for anyone who doesn't have a thing against gratuitous violence. If you're a fan of pulp style comics, spastic people who jump and scream "KNIFE TO THE EYE", or just like to see things get stabbed and bloody, pick up Dark Horse's *The Goon*.

COMICS

Killer Plush Dolls and Pop-Culture Overload**Review of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer – Vol.5: Predators and Prey***

By David K. Ginn



As the back description of the volume reads, “*Predators and Prey* collects a series of one-shots establishing the new world order – where vampires reign supreme and Slayers are public enemy number one.” For those familiar with the series, this is a surprising but satisfying turn that, like the volumes before it, rejuvenates the story with a fresh spin.

The story thus far is that Buffy and pals were running a worldwide Slayer organization – an almost inevitable result of a magic spell that made all potential Slayers into real ones. Over the past year or so, they’ve crossed paths with a shadowy nemesis known as Twilight, whose main goals have yet to be revealed. *Predators and Prey* shows how, due to the sheer enormity of their operation, the world of vampires, demons, and things that go bump in the night can’t stay a secret forever. In a clear jab at the “sparkly vampire” frenzy of Stephanie Meyer’s *Twilight* series and HBO’s *True Blood*, the world falls in love with vampires and deems the Slayers to be evil.

What’s particularly great about *Predators and Prey* is that it exemplifies producer Joss Whedon’s unfalteringly honest approach to long-term storytelling. Only recently has *Walking Dead* writer Robert Kirkman beat him for the title of “Character Genocidist,” and more writers are stepping up to take the throne. Contrary to long-held views on the matter, killing major characters shows more heart – and loyalty to the story – than the weak fanboy attachment that has made so many other stories stale. The big change in *Predators and Prey* doesn’t involve death, but a new, irrevocable step forward for the entire fictional universe (dubbed by fans as the ‘Buffyverse’). The writers have traded the comfort of secrecy and anonymity for the chaos of global affairs, and at this point in the

series, it was really the only direction they could go in.

Predators and Prey’s greatest accomplishment, however, is that it tells a complete story in five loosely connected one-shots. Fans looking for a cowboy hanging at the edge of a cliff will be disappointed five consecutive times, as each chapter of the story is a wildly imaginative “Tales of the Buffyverse” entry that somehow manages to progress the narrative and add countless layers in the process. This fun, loose-but-focused method of storytelling is the best of its kind since, well, the early days of the *Buffy* TV series.

Quirky *Buffy* veteran Jane Espenson delivers the outrageous debut of the ‘New World Order’ with the one-shot “Harmonic Divergence.” Anyone wondering what *Buffy* would be like if it were infused with a hint of *Betty & Veronica*, you can look no further. Espenson gleefully blends her B-horror dry wit with her unabashed love for up-to-date pop culture. She writes *Buffy* as if she were writing for a fashion magazine, which is why it comes as no surprise that this volume comes complete with a fake, in-universe magazine featuring the issue’s titular character. Always ditsy and stuck in a high school mindset, Harmony is a constant reminder of what the show used to be, and her role in the comics serves that purpose effectively. Previously, a running gag on the show consisted of her unsuccessful attempts to be Buffy’s main nemesis. Now, as she brings the existence of vampires into public awareness – and posh – she inadvertently succeeds where she had failed so many times.

The strongest chapter of the lot, or at least the one that lends itself most beautifully to the comic medium, is “Swell.” In it, the public’s adoration of vampires has awakened an unholy demon – merchandising. Vampy Cats are the new cuddly plush dolls that are slated to reassure children everywhere that vampires are their friends. In typical *Buffy* fashion, the dolls are actually evil, and are seeking to infiltrate the Slayer organization with a foothold. “Swell” is hands-down one of the funniest and most entertaining issue of any comic to be released in years. Georges Jeanty demonstrates a mastery of his craft, showing that even he and his pencil have a great sense of humor. Maybe some of the great visual details were planned from the beginning, or maybe they were his little touches; either way, he



and writer Steven S. DeKnight come through for a remarkably delightful tale.

The eponymous chapter, “Predators and Prey,” is *Buffy*’s first return to the usual format. Buffy is once again the main protagonist, and her wise-cracking, pop-culture-spouting circle of friends is with her to keep up the levels of sass and fun in the face of danger that fans have come to expect. The tale acts as a bowtie for the rest of the volume, telling a one-shot story but also progressing the main plot in a way that the other entries are simply not equipped to pull off. It is in this chapter that *Buffy*’s trademark library of pop culture references explodes in ways that will make nerds everywhere drool in amazement. Two facing pages are devoted entirely to a nerd monologue of such epic proportions that it cannot justly be described. *Buffy* vet Drew Z. Greenberg has penned a script that will be hard to top by other writers later in the series.

“Safe,” the volume’s fourth chapter, is a perfect drop into the darker side of the *Buffy* universe. Many episodes of the show – and its spinoff series *Angel* – dealt with the moral ambiguity of a world where demonic evil exists, and “Safe” is a refreshingly mature reprise of that theme. Coupled with Faith’s return to the spotlight, the issue most closely resembles the Brian K. Vaughn *Buffy* arc, which was compiled in the second volume, *No Future for You*. It’s short, and it’s clear that there should have been much more to the story, but as a one-shot, it does the most with space allotted to it. The highest testament to quality writing is when the reader is left wanting more. Scriptwriter Jim Krueger artfully constrains himself, and while less may not be more in this example, it’s hard to find a flaw in the penmanship.

The volume gets quirky and cute again with the final entry, Doug Petrie’s “Living Doll.” Throughout the series, a running gag included Buffy’s sister, Dawn, being transformed into various creatures. First she was a giant, then a centaur, and now a porcelain doll. Once again, the issue’s major flaw is the brevity with which it handles a great concept and even better story. Just as with “Safe,” “Living Doll” could have been made into its own graphic novel without losing any of its quality or impact. Still, the end feeling is more of excitement than frustration, as *Buffy* shows how much it can do in so little space.

Bottom line: *Predators and Prey* is a great breather from the typically chaotic plot, but its firm establishment of a new dynamic – and its fearless ability to make those changes – secure its place as a necessary and riveting volume for fans. Alternately, the stories are fun and loose enough to pull in new readers, which is an easy quality to lose with serialized genre fiction.

Buffy the Vampire Slayer is published regularly by Dark Horse Comics, and can be found at major book retailers.

sound is worth money.

(music news and reviews)

by Steve McLinden

Girls

Let's start here with a quote from Diplo's Twitter: "How iz there a band call'd 'girls' with dudes in it?" Yes, I'm sure hundreds of bands have called themselves [The] *Girls* since the advent of shitty rock and roll band names. This one is the recent product of one San Franciscan Christopher Owens and a couple of his dudes. The title of the album is not too complicated, it's just *Album*. The CD case and the disc itself are ever-so-modestly printed on white with black capital sans-serif GIRLS ALBUM, almost as if it's daring you to ask, "What, you want more? This isn't good enough?" And it is simply that good.

This was one of the most-anticipated sleepers in a long while (pardon the duality). The seven-minute existential tearjerker "Hellhole Ratrace" had the blogs ablaze for the last several months and a number of demos were all over the Internet for a while. All I know is that Googling the band got progressively less difficult as the summer went on, especially after they made the cover of *Fader Magazine*. They were signed by indie giant Matador Records – well, not exactly. They got signed under imprint/associate label True Panther, which has thus far been known only to queercore trash Hunx And His Punx, but it's close enough.

So, other than it being some slacker guy from San Francisco who sounded like a whine-affected Elvis Costello, we were just waiting to see if all these tracks we heard would wind up making for a good album. Not that having such a sound is a bad thing. It was like hearing the spot-on vocal manifestation of a discontented and uncomfortable young man as he begged, "So come on, come on, come on, and dance with me." The other half of the duo is [male] Producer Chet Jr. White, who seemed to put an intense amount of work into the nuances of giving each track its own individual super-warm lo-fi summery vibe. Or maybe they just played it to an 8-track tape and put it on the album as is. I don't know. The liner notes make sure you're aware that no songs were recorded in the studio, and were mostly the output of playing the songs in various friends' bedrooms and practice sessions in the Bay Area over the past couple of years. *girls* (lower-case g) was a long time coming to the Indie World Wide Web. So of course, I had to pre-order this CD and get on *girls* before the shitstorm.

And then it hit bigger than I ever could have predicted. I got the album in the mail on Monday, the street date was Tuesday, September 22, and then on

Wednesday, having half-written this review, I got the seemingly cryptic text from my friend: *xfd at p4k girls 9.1 bnm*. That's nerd/snob shorthand for, "Hahaha oh wow, indie-hegemonic website Pitchfork Media has awarded the album *Album* by the dudes in *girls* a review score of 9.1 and furthermore, they've declared it some of the Best New Music." They blew up my spot! Sure, they'd already named "Hellhole Ratrace" one of the best hundred songs of the decade (like, I was totally going to wait 3 months to start that.) But I was supposed to be the one to tell you how much I love *Album*, and the Internet beat print media once again! What was I to do? Scrap my review, run an errand to Target, pick up laundry detergent, some zany melon-green picture frames and the exclusive new Pearl Jam CD? (aside: the sheer adequacy of Pearl Jam's *Backspacer* truly made me depressed that my childhood is gone). No, no, the review must go on. That would be reactionary and the indie thing to do is to soldier on. "Sometimes you just gotta make it for yourself," Owens calls out on "Hellhole Ratrace," and gosh-darn it, that's what I'm doing.

So though the album comes to us in late September, it feels exactly like noon-time on a San Francisco spring day, when the haze has just burned off, when you know it's not warm enough for short sleeves but you just feel the need to do it anyway. The first track, "Lust For Life," is a great upbeat surf-y kind of song from *girls'* perspective, a theme that seems to go back and forth between the role of a girl and being a guy heartbroken by a few of them. "Oh, I wish I had a boyfriend, I wish I had a loving man in my life," Owens plays not-so-cooly. The hand-claps come in and you feel like it's opening right up to you, like it was being demod'd in your very own bedroom, while the guitars tool around like a backbeat pop song circa 1959. And then we go into "Laura," a Beach Boys-like pestering of a young lass for a second chance backed by simple jangly chords. Later, the mostly-instrumental "Lauren Marie" has a similar *Pet Sounds'* psych-pop feel concluded by a melodramatic 'goodbye.' The liner notes also include '70s-stylized photographs of various girls with a title written below each. I'm not sure if the cute candle-lit blonde is actually Lauren Marie.

"God Damned" is another hippy-ass throwback song, with bongo drumming, the acoustic guitar and then switches it up with "Big Bad Motherfucker," a tune you might expect to come from The Black Lips—"I've got a high school crush on a California girl, oh yeah, I've got a

cool guitar, and a bag of marijuana, man!" with the surf-rock harmonic vocals and a *Johnny B. Goode* kind of riff tearing shit up. Yeah, it's not exactly ground-breaking stuff. *The New York Times* called it "raw" and a "template" off of which others might base their future songs. Yeah, okay. Let's go in that direction, rather than refer back to the history of rock and roll from which *Album* is all drawn. Oh, I mean, again, not like that's a bad thing. It's kind of a simple exercise in rock and roll songwriting. By this time next year, you're going to be annoyed that we all tripped all over ourselves to talk about how great this album was, when it was never actually novel in the first place. But it is fun.

So perhaps I'm being a bitter downer because "Hellhole Ratrace" just came on and I was sitting at home alone on a Friday night, drinking tea while I concluded that paragraph. He doesn't want to cry without doing some laughing too, basically. He wants to live a little. That's all repeated for the seven minutes. The slow and drawn-out song, when I first heard it on satellite radio – no, I'm not going to admit to crying over a song, I refused to admit that The Antlers' masterpiece *Hospice* made me cry when we discussed it on the radio recently. I'm not going to admit to such behavior in any sphere of media – but this song can strike that very special chord in your heart if you're in a certain mood. Maybe wait until you wasted a whole afternoon playing *FarmVille* on Facebook before you listen to this song, and then you'll realize what a waste of life you've been and how you really should call up an old friend and have some innocent adolescent fun outside

again. This album is really bringing out the worst in me, as you can see.

"Summertime" kicks it like a total chill-wave tune with heavily-fuzzed (but not all too heavy) guitars, while Owens waxes nostalgic about smoking weed in the park. It gets to the least minimal-sounding point on the album, while lo-fi fuzzed up guitar work wanders around in space before coming back down to an acoustic repetition of the first verse. "Morning Light" does the same. Without shame, it recalls some *Daydream Nation*-era Sonic Youth and then it kind of approaches as close to black metal guitar distortion as much as beach-punk-folk will ever get, I suppose.

"Curls" is an almost haunting little instrumental number, with sunshine-powered folk guitar just passing through, like Duane Allman and George Harrison were just chillin' on a porch in Heaven and you were hearing it through the clouds. And then we close with another garage-pop anthem-could-be, "Darling." I'm sure you could play a few of the three-minute numbers for the oldest of your baby-boomer aunts and uncles, asking if they remembered this from the summer of '65 and you just might trick them.

Is *Album* an instant classic? Or, is it so derivative that it makes you want to lobotomize yourself just to fill it back up with a bunch of obscure garage-rock compilations of the mid-'60s like *girls* never made this attempt? Can it be both? For now, I'm just going to have fun listening to *Album*, and when inevitably tired of it, I'll make a note to break out the CD again just before the summer season opens.



GIRLS
ALBUM

differing perspectives:

Yo La Tengo @
Roseland Ballroom 9/25

Reservedly Anti-Yo La Tengo
By Jonathan Singer

With the Museum of Modern Art offering free admission on Friday evenings (courtesy of Target), it's easy for a New York City hipster to find something to do on the weekend. But what about aging hipsters? Enter the Roseland Ballroom on Friday night (September 25), and get the chance to see Yo La Tengo, the Hoboken-based independent rock and roll band who returned to the NYC area to play in front of a packed house.

A packed house, complete with a number of balding patrons. But that didn't stop members of the three-piece band from wearing brightly colored Chuck Taylors. It also didn't stop the mostly middle-aged audience from cheering loudly after each song, although mosh pitting was kept to a bare minimum.

That was not the case during the opening act, Black Lips, who are making their second appearance in a *Stony Brook Press* concert review. Appearing significantly younger and playing significantly louder than the headliners, Black Lips' set of catchy garage rock songs made some kids dance, albeit for a short while.

In addition, the Atlanta-based Black Lips seemed to be far away from home, addressing the crowd with "y'all" in between their songs.

In between sets, a crack team of stage technicians set up Yo La Tengo's equipment, a collection of guitars, bass, drums, effects pedals and a collection of retro-looking keyboards. *The Daily Show's* John Oliver played the role of "MC John Oliver" for the evening, providing jokes about his British heritage and a recent

business trip to the G-20 summit.

But putting aside all the secondary entertainment, the evening's headliners put on a rocking performance, which at times was literally rocking, and at other points featured signature Yo La Tengo acoustic slow songs.

The band's repertoire was obviously diverse on Friday night, and band member Ira Kaplan could be seen at times molesting a number of electric guitars, all in the name of avant garde noise rock. In fact, when the band took the stage for its obligatory encore, Kaplan remarked that he might not have had a guitar that was still in tune.

Still, the crowd seemed to thoroughly enjoy the performance, which was enhanced by a Wizard of Oz-esque light show, a secondary stage performance that pitted a crack team of visual artists behind a large screen. The result was a series of psychedelic images being projected behind Yo La Tengo, all of them syncing up to the band's music, from their slow jams/ballads to rockin' tracks.

The conclusion was a solid night of independent style rock and roll - the band even gave a shout out to indie radio station WEMU, thanking them for making the Yo La Tengo song "Mr. Tough" such a hit. While the band's performance was a far cry from an arena rock concert, for one night both Yo La Tengo and their fans enjoyed having the band perform, and the volume was plenty loud regardless of the venue.

Unabashedly Pro-Yo La Tengo
By James Laudano

Okay. Let me clear this up before I even get started. I love Yo La Tengo. They could have stood up there at the Roseland Ballroom on September 25, cracked some bad jokes, tripped over the wires on the stage and angrily stomped off, shouting "There will be no encore" and I still would have applauded giddily. So, yes, I'm pretty biased. But everything I'm about to say is also right, dammit! So, without further disclaimer... here's a concert review.

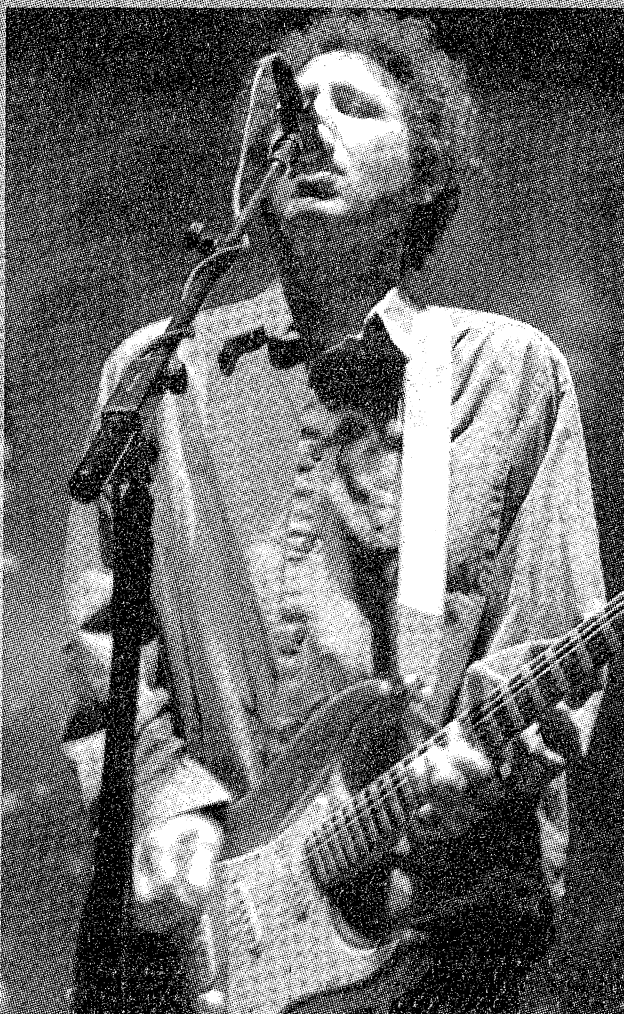
Let's get the superfluous stuff out of the way, first. The opening band was The Black Lips. They kinda sucked. Whatever. There was also this olde-timey sort of 1930's band, known as the Susquehanna Industrial Tool & Die Co., playing in the lobby before the opening act. That was pretty cool. Also, in what turned out to be a pretty delicious surprise, the show's emcee was *The Daily Show's* John Oliver. Yeah. Random. But no one except for the Black Lips' parents cares about that stuff. Yo La Tengo took the stage at around 9:45 pm. *Rock!*

They opened with "From A Motel 6." That's, like, one of my favorite songs! The band members, James McNew, Ira Kaplan and Georgia Hubley took turns swapping instruments and lead vocals throughout the show without missing a beat. The show was, in part, intended to go hand-in-hand with their latest album release, *Popular Songs*. A half hour into the set, the band brought out a little string section to accompany them through a few of *Popular Songs* more notable numbers - namely "Here to Fall" and "Periodically Double or Triple." Fuckin' sweet!

I'm going to ditch the phoned-in fanboy tone for the rest of this review. It was getting stale, anyway.

Getting back to it, even though Yo La Tengo has been trying new things with each subsequent album for over two decades now, they still - somehow - managed to bring something fresh to the table *again* with this latest release. They put this on in full display at Roseland. Their pacing is downright magnificent. It seems that each member of the

group has the ability to both mesmerize or electrify you with the flick of a switch. Their set list, which featured most of their more popular hits such as "Autumn Sweater", "Stockholm Syndrome" and "This Is The Day" brought the crowd to both a pulsating, excited mob and settled them down into a relaxed, easy mood. Unlike many shows, though, these transitions were handled seamlessly and without the slug-



group let-downs that sometimes accompany such set lists. As is their want to do, they played different spins on some of their more distinct songs. A lilting, acoustic version of the normally Kaplan-driven, feedback song "Tom Courtenay" sung this time by Hubley, was perhaps the evening's most beautiful and contemplative moment. Conversely, they closed (pre-encore) with a ten-plus minute version of "Blue Line Swinger", which slowly built up to an absolutely explosive performance. I'm not exaggerating when I state that I was literally shaking a little after that song. That's how good it was at Roseland on September 25.

Honestly, I can go on about these guys for thousands of words, so I'm just going to wrap this up for now.

I've been to a few Yo La Tengo performances and they've always been a joy to watch. The way they conduct themselves and interact with fans is refreshing in today's impersonal, celebrity-driven entertainment business. I've watched Yo La Tengo do an entire encore of requests from the audience. I've seen them sit down on the stage, tell stories, and take questions from the fans, basing their set list on wherever their conversations went. I've hung out with them in the lobby of New Jersey's Wellmont Theater on New Year's Eve before a show. They honestly make you feel like they are doing this for *you*. And while I know most entertainers make claims along those lines, it rarely shows like it does with Kaplan, Hubley and McNew.

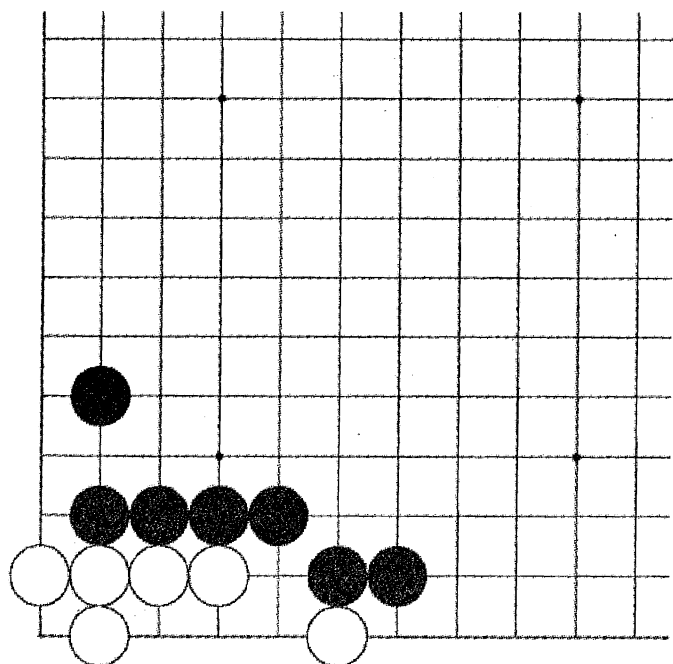
Yo La Tengo is a band that's so good, I almost hate them. I mean that in the best way too. Even though I'm not in the music business, I'm still jealous of them. I'm jealous of their creativity, their talent, their consistency and, perhaps above all, the incredibly affable, warm and humble manner in which they conduct themselves. If you ever get the chance to see Yo La Tengo live, take it. Or, at the very least, pick up a few albums. I don't want to use a clichéd phrase like "You won't regret it!" so... just do it.

THE COMICS SECTION



I'm so depressed, I don't know what to do...

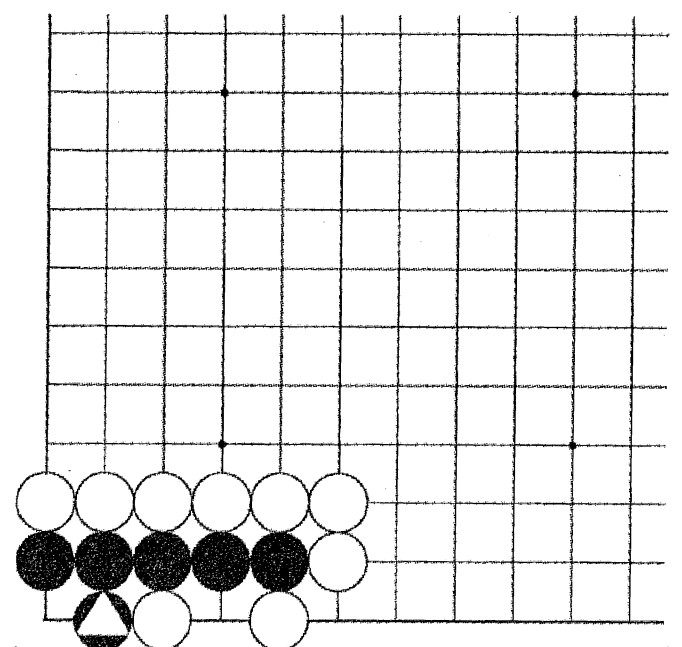
Go for it, Man!



Black to move, kill Whitey!



The Go club meets this semester every Tuesday and Thursday, 8:00pm at the Library Commuter Lounge. Check it out!



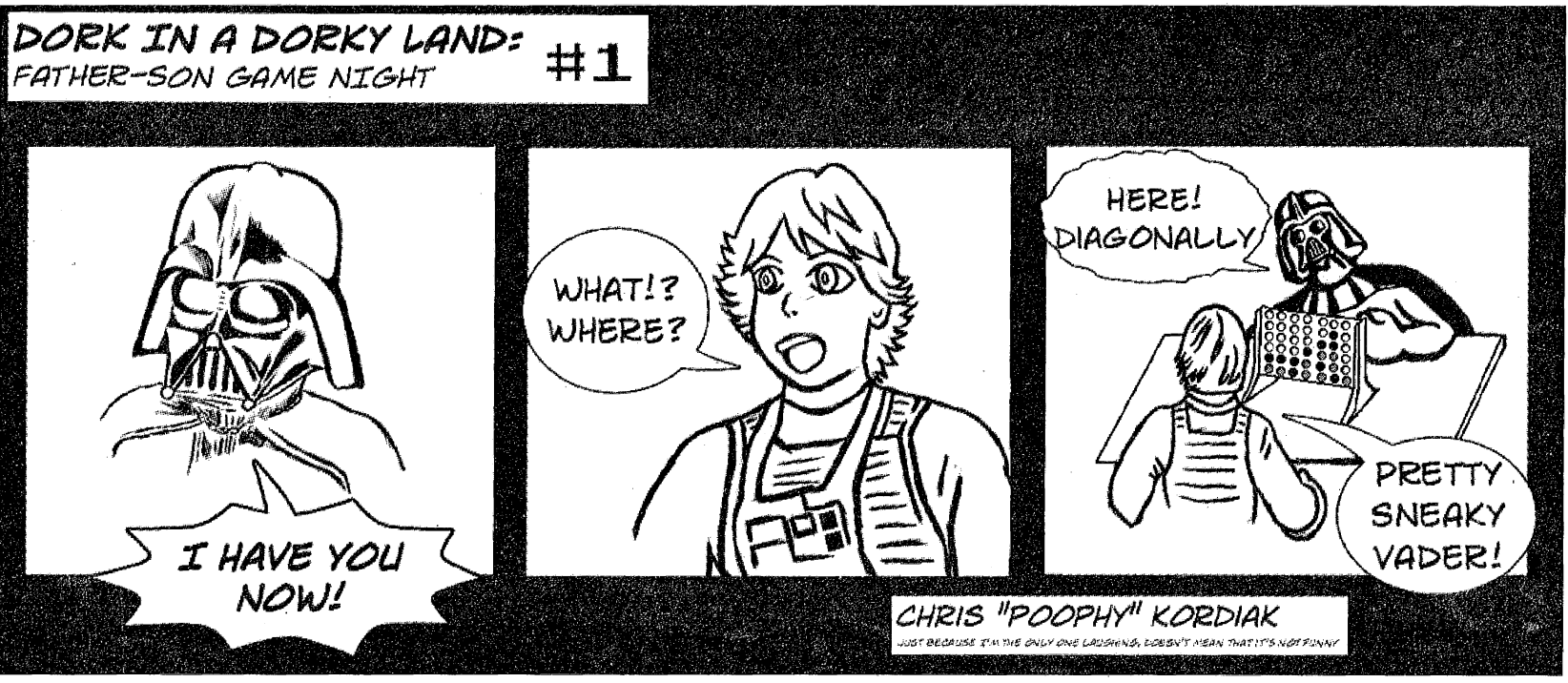
Last issue's solution

This solution will gain you two eyes regardless of white's move. if he connects the two white stones underneath, kill them for the second eye! Otherwise just kill the one white stone near the key move for the eye.

THE COMICS SECTION

ESKIMO JIM

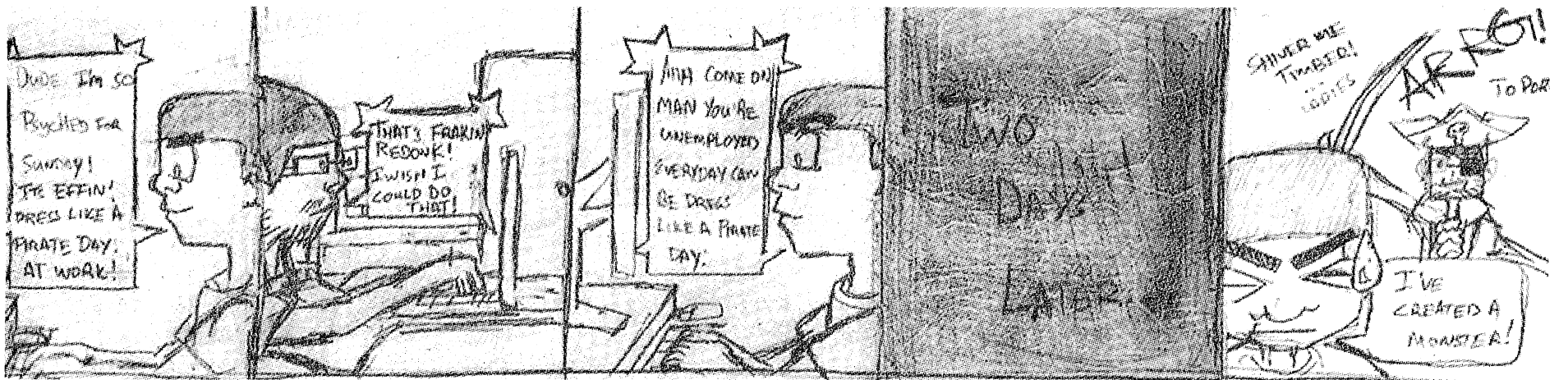
BY DAVID K. GINN



THE COMICS SECTION

Strokes of Genius with Pete and Chuck

Written and drawn by Manil Arachchige



Yay, Misogyny!



Poems

Cars
~ Liz Kaempf

If I'm lost, it won't show. I,
like most, know where I claim to be.
But when I stop, it's not what I want.
Would it ever be? Never.
You say, "So we'll drive to some-
where?"
I say, "And we'll refuse to stop too."

The stereo plays in time to
suggestive glances between you and I.
"A specific place, or anywhere?"
You ask, but it's me who needs to be
concerned. This ending will come
never.
I'm the driver, I'll go wherever I want.

Ultimately, I don't care what you want.
It's apparent that you agree too.
I'm aching for a place where we'll
never
get caught. We see eye to eye.
I always ask what you want to be,
and you reply, "Doesn't matter. We'll
be nowhere."

"Does your car want to drive some-
where?"
You ask, but it isn't what she wants.

It's my needs that are to be
catered to. "Do you need it too?"
He laughs, and looks in my eyes,
"Do you really want to stay there?"
Never.

Never
Anywhere
I
Want
To
Be.

"It's not all it's cracked up to be,"
You say, "You can't run forever."
I ask, "But what if I want to?"
"You're a child. You'll end nowhere,"
You tell me, I can't always get what I
want.
I say, "But I always get to look in your
eyes."

The drive is something I don't seem to
want to be
over. What you seem to want is a
quaint little never.
A four-wheeled paradise is our any-
where. You'll always want this too.

Senses of Temptation
~ Kimberly Bogler

You are the fresh roses I smell,
the sweet cherries I taste,
the colorful sunrise I see,
the warm rivers I feel,
the singing birds I hear,
you are everything I so ardently
love.

Oh, love-

I even love the way you smell,
the way you tell me things only I
could hear,
the way your lips taste,
and the way your strong arms feel.
I love you, don't you see:
My heart is only for you to see,
for only you to love,
my affection is only for you to feel,
my hair only for you to smell,
and my lips only for you to taste-
you hear?

Lately you have been hard to hear
and difficult for my tender eyes to
see-
you leave me with a bitter taste,
love-
you have a scent I can no longer
smell.

I miss the special way you used to
make me feel.

Now you leave me with a coldness I
wish I did not feel.
Your silence is all I hear,
your sourness is all I smell,
and your distance is all I see.
Dear love,
I wish you did not have this tainted
taste.

I know you are letting others taste
those secrets you told me were
solely mine to hear.
Oh my dear love-
I thought they were only for my "lit-
tle ears" to hear,
for only my "bright eyes" to see
and for only my "little nose" to
smell.

You are the one I hate to love and
the one I still want to taste.
You are the tempting scent I smell
and the coldness I feel.
There is nothing left to hear, noth-
ing left to see- but this problem you
have given me.

Chronos
Sun Man Ceng

Are you ever still, Chronos?
Do you always move with Time?
When I ask, your eyes glow red.
And like a fire your silken robes do fly and flare.
You have no voice but you demand,
For a ripple, so the ice may break.

The ice around you will never break,
Even though you are Chronos.
The snakes at your chin snap for your demand,
Agitated with my disrespect to the Master of Time.
Your fury grows and your black beard flares,
Off from the ground your robes blaze red.

Poseidon's robes flow blue, yours flow red.
The silence will break.
The remains of your beings erupt like starburst flare.
Bound onto him! Grab his robes tight, Kronos!
Win your victory this time!
"I have won, pull him away!" Your wish is my command.

From the break of dawn you doth demand,
For the fry that feed on warm thick red.
Your vigilant eyes never tire with the time,
Your dark gaze never breaks.
When I come to see you, my lord Kronos,
Oh how your charcoal glare, burns joy into me like fire flare!

Like the sun blazing through the clouds, your haughtiness flares.
With each of your petty demands,
Kronos,
I feed you more, so grow more red!
Your prison top is forever open, but only in death will your bonds break.
But, better here than last October's time.

I would disagree with you about wasted time,
At your own visage your gill beard flares.
And still water breaks,
With empty demands,
You are Wild Red,
Dear betta Chronos.

Yes, you are not Time nor Titan, Chronos.
You have a small body that's red and a black beard that flares.
I'll feed you now... to break your hungry demand.

An Ode to Debauchery
by Rabia Ghias

Debauchery: carnal force seeping into
every mental crevice of thy most exclusive
target: the college student.

Thou hast been plaguing, and embellish-
ing, the many avenues of time since the
formulation of thy most generous com-
panion: alcohol.

Alcohol: omnipresent beverage derived
straight from the most murky and covert
depths of the underworld.

Thou hast laden the vulnerable blood-
stream of the adulterated masses from
coast to coast, for centuries, especially in
most hospitable haven: college.

College: abundantly enlightening environ-
ment harboring in impressionable, and
slightly corrupted, minds.

Thou hast every young sentient mind ex-
changing in the hallowed trade of the im-
ports of opened textbooks and concealed
glass bottles, in between episodes of fervid
sex.

Sex: intricate, easily destructible, emer-
gence of mind, body, and spirit.

Thou hast been the vital cornerstone of
unions and divisions, alike, be it casual or
not.

O' debauchery, thou hast manifested thy-
self in the pages of our classic literature,
the frames of our beloved movies, the can-
vas of our enshrined artwork, and the
lyrics of our cherished songs.

O' debauchery, our youth still seek refuge
in thy welcoming asylum, as a typical up-
roar of rebellion, and thou shall continue
to do so in the further avenues of time.

Essay

Ending Entropy

By Josh Ginsberg

So much around me is steel or stone. I've been making circles, digging and dipping into the freshly dug...the dung of a culture built on streaming foreheads and florid, sweaty brows. There are stretches of verdure which *extend*. I've seen them from aerial views on Google maps...From the windows of trains and planes... From a smudged car window with a hand on the wheel and a vigilant, bloodshot eye on the oil gauge...

I've been in boxes and have long ago given up on eying my watch. Has the battery died? Or has time only slowed? Is that why that narrow, red hand has lingered this long between the emboldened four and five?

I sit in this particular box. It is luxurious. The pedagogical cues are in place. The language is English, spoken in some haughty, esteemed way. I am surrounded by the apparently like minded. "Words" are what we cherish. The voices shout. From the din of murmurs a single chirping voice rises highest. At the top of the room there stands a man, his feet planted on a desk. His legs are spread as widely apart as he can manage and he is failing at subtly dislodging his briefs from where they are uncomfortably bunched up between his buttocks. He stands at three feet tall and is dressed in a polo shirt and khakis. His mouth agape and stuttering, his eyes race, flicking again and again from the flagpole to the crucifix, mounted on opposing walls. A large, bucktoothed woman, her skin freckled and scarred with pock marks lifts a dusky, blue velvet curtain from where it is draped over a bird cage. From the cage emerges a bonobo chimpanzee, with a gap between his front teeth. Wearing a fez crooked on his skull and a scientific calculator on a string around his neck, the chimp plunks down on a creaking bench and plaintively plods out notes upon an out-of-tune piano. He smiles over at the midget, his eyes closed, and nods. After a few pastoral measures the midget begins to sing in some strange meter to some strange tune.

"Words, words, too few o'erheard! O! Let us sing them lithely. O! I'm aware that here or there there's always fun in writing. Inimitable poets should be quoted as denoted in the textbooks that we read in school with neckties for soaking up our drool. O! I could never leave the place which institution does embrace! These hallowed walls are dear to me, the walls of university!"

When his tune's climax is met the midget gauchely topples from his makeshift stage onto the dusty, carpeted floor, whereupon he strikes a coy,

provocative pose. A trio of beautiful girls, breasts afloat, pressing perkily up against a warm sweater's veneer, who had been sitting in awe in the front row, reach a climactic, dulcet note. I keep thinking of trying to sneak out, but the ape behind the piano slides off the bench and does a licentious curtsy in the doorway. Between violent heart palpitations I feel such apathy. The ape looks proud.

The little puck beams. His nose wrinkles, casting a spider web of deep creases across his face. Distended cheeks blush. His dandruff fills the air and peppers the clothes of everyone around me. Coughing and wheezing, I try to look away. He is trembling furiously, tearing up with joy and his yellow

ironical is this? Everyone in this class was supposed to be dedicating their life to teaching English. And here's a girl, next to me, who can't distinguish between there and their and they're and two and to and too and through and threw and your and you're and beat and beet. Can you imagine her students breezing by, thrusting into academia full on with a half-wit like that at the helm???

And I ask myself why?

And I begin to fantasize.

She's an artist, don't you know. She's been melting words, all misspelled from iron ore or something more tacky, and then she's been changing them into these sexy, lilting melodies. She's been playing them naked in her room since

Maybe, I started thinking to myself, maybe whilst misspelling simple words she wasn't even worried about from whence the next paycheck would come. Maybe she never once thought about taking a teaching job but instead was only appeasing the folks. And then I think, suddenly electric:

THE BEST THING A UNIVERSITY DOES FOR THIS WORLD IS EMPLOY THE PEOPLE WHO MOP THE FLOORS AND SERVE THE FOOD.

That is something real.

See this girl is looking for something. So am I.

Me, I'm a painter. I draw more or less exclusively beached manatees. I've just only emerged from my "blue period" which wasn't so much blue as chartreuse and a cheeky excuse to ironically draw multi-colored haystacks, which exist in my work on a plane of reality wherein gravity weighs upon the world not from top to bottom but from left to right. And this girl, she's blowing and sucking these revelatory, psychical melodies from her harmonica! And they are so sweet I just want to tackle them to the ground and get brainless and let my body shudder and thrust. And if she'd seen the things that I can draw, flowers suspended on not stems, but get this! *lightning rods*, coming out of skyscrapers planted in the ground! They are guiltless, trembling only slightly with a frank Midwestern breeze. If she could see this she'd know that we are not alone. Our spelling doesn't matter—'Cause don't you see????? Don'tcha??????? We are artists!!!!!!

But what is to become of us?

They made me crowd in all this cement. And yes. I see fly honeys. And yes. I chuckle along with the curly haired and the large eyed. But why am I here?

Better question to ask:

Why am I?

Well. I know. Some kids don't. I've seen 'em as they flounder around looking for some sure-shot path to something that their own insides don't provide. But I know why I am. It is to draw a portrait of a Southern belle, a bee squatting firmly on her lips performing a dental exam and quoting an obscure disciple of Christ, but all without any text and with infinitesimal ambiguity! That's how come I ruined mom's taut figure and made gradual once sweeping curves! And that's how come I got dad to holler and steam his way off to the west coast! That is why I am. That is why I always was.

But I start to chip away, absurdity comes off me like flakes of paint. I am rational again and the grey and white, the metal and stone don't seem all that bad. For a split second I don't think of verdure.

Gabe transverses the country every



Two columns, resize with baseline grid (option F7) photo caption tk

Illustration by Craig Heed

teeth exposed in a grin nearly identical to the chimp's, he starts to drool.

As he stumbles back to an arm chair, his shoulders weighed down with laurels and the buxom gals from before, I take a short peak at this girl next to me. In her sprawling lap there is a blue folder with spiky edges of yellowed paper sticking out. It was immediately reminiscent of the third grade. Stark in an easy hand, was printed:

"Life isn't always easy. But if you remember your special and never get to sad you will get threw anything. Their is nothing that a good attitude can't beet!"

(Wouldn't want to omit the emotion, :P)

And I start convulsing. I feel nauseas. I feel deranged. And I don't give two shits about grammar or spelling or even hypocrisy. But I'm getting tickled now, metaphorical peacock plume dragging back and forth against my underarm. I'm thinking to myself of how

her pre-pubescent years, seeing her distorted reflection in the polished, blackened eyes of the stuffed animals strewn across her comforter. The melodies of her harmonica were glancing effervescent off the walls. She watched her body grow from string-bean thin to lusciously curvaceous in the tiny, mirror eyes of her mauve confidant Mister Walrus. She watched the breasts on which my gaze would one day rest effloresce...from tiny bulbs to nascent icons of femininity. And she occupied this interstellar plane where there was nothing around her but melodic passages which looked like the Milky Way and tasted like one too. They grew more and more complex, switching keys and leaping octaves. Somehow they became polyphonic. They grew too complex for her to play alone and she spent the times she wasn't stewing in some classroom or working a menial job arranging them with an independent marching band.

Essay

Please, World, Laugh at Everything

by Ross Barkan

Laugh at everything. This will be my advice to my future children if they ask someday. Laugh at all that comes your way. What is worth taking seriously? Your work, maybe. Make fun of your work. Make fun of the news. Make fun of tragedy.

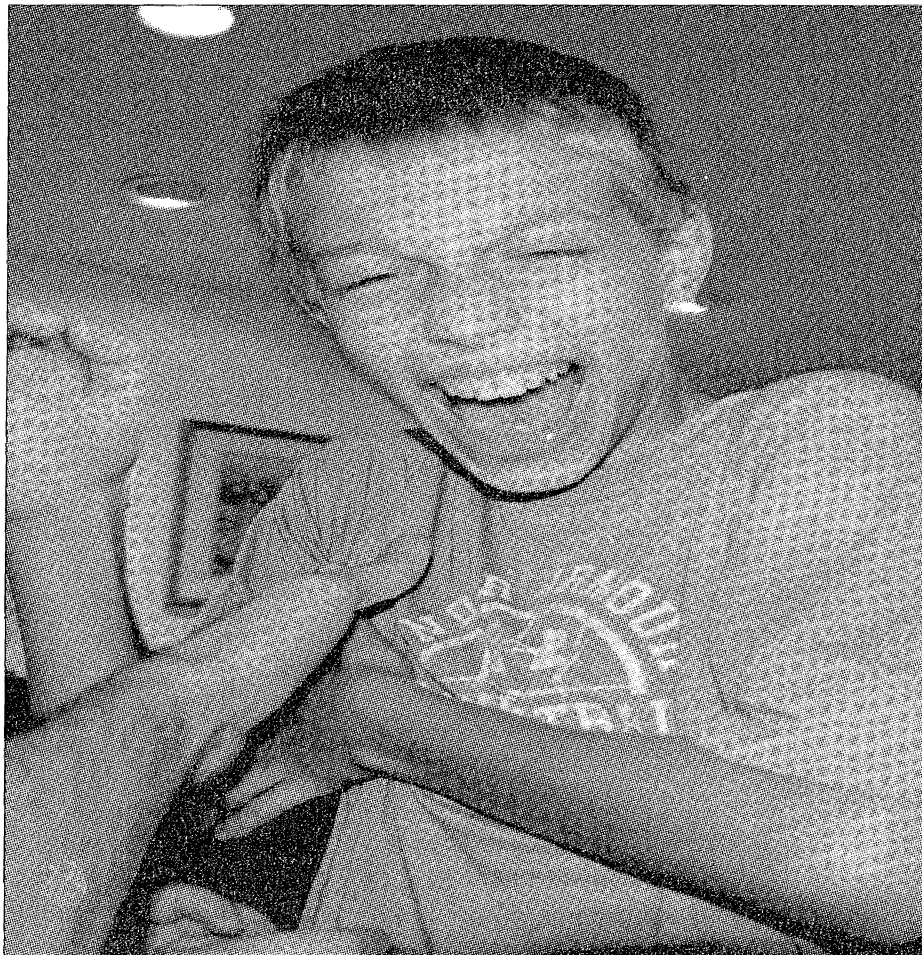
Tragedy especially. On September 10th a visionary chum of mine made a quip during a dinner soiree: "Hey everyone, could we stop for a minute? Let's have nine minutes of silence, followed by eleven minutes of silence." The absurdity! People were agape, gasping, voice boxes reduced to a punctured hiss. This chum trod on sacred ground and spat on it. 9/11 jokes aren't supposed to be made, not in that setting, not in that convention, and if you asked a Man or Woman of High Social And Moral Standing when they should be made, they would boom *Never*. Our country was attacked eight years ago. Planes killed our brothers, scorched our prosperity. The blood hasn't dried. The smoke still hisses. The tears are still being shed. Now I'd like to take a moment to punch that maudlin American clown in the face.

Let me say it one more time: *Laugh At Everything!* Howl deliriously. Another line from another friend, a la Mahmoud Ahmadinejad: "Saying you lost your family in the Holocaust is like saying you lost your family when Atlantis sunk." I'm Jewish. I cackled. I laughed until the seams of my soul split, until I was an explosion of energy and sound. For days I walked the world as a jovial banshee, frightening my dim spectral onlookers. I think they were afraid because I felt startlingly alive. But...but...that joke was offensive. Hey Hillel, start writing your letters. Now let me grab those pens and shatter them. Thank-you. You'll understand in a paragraph or two from now.

Treat your day as a play. A comedic enterprise. Everyone you talk to is a character. They are imperfect of course, wrought with the flaws, vices, jealousies and sicknesses that make them human. They will want things from you. Some may be your friends, some your enemies, but most indifferent to your fate. We are a unique species. We are aware of a community and world greater than our own yet care very little about the pests outside our own proverbial gardens. We like to cultivate our little patches of earth, make them pretty, build fences, and get defensive about

them. Most people in your play will feel hate for one another because they are different. Of course, they are all biologically the same. Same blood, circulatory system, everything. *Laugh!*

Wait, have you forgotten. *Laugh At Everything!* I don't think you understand because I assume that while reading these words you aren't smiling like a coked-up neon gargoyle. Smile smile smile. 99 percent of everything is a joke. Nationalism, for example. Kurt Vonnegut in *Cat's Cradle* aptly called the United States and all countries in the world a *granfalloon*, a funny nonsense word that denotes a proud and meaningless association of human beings.



This kid's laughing so hard, he stretched himself

Wait—the United States of America is *meaningless*? The French Republic is *meaningless*? Of course, as are all other counties. They are also very, very funny.

Please laugh when any national anthem is played. Pick one, any one. Benedict Anderson in the ground-breaking work *Imagined Communities* destroys the idea of the national state being any sort of real community, arguing that nations are imagined "because the members of even the smallest nation will never know most of their fellow-members, meet them, or even hear of them, yet in the minds of each lives the image of their communion." You hear that? Your pals in Idaho don't even know you

yet when the Olympics or World War III come around they'll be singing the same songs and waving the same flags as you. And they'd probably *hate you if they spent even a minute with you*. *Laugh!*

Nations aren't really different from one another. This is why a joke about 9/11 or any great disaster can be funny. We like to call people in the Middle East terrorists. In turn, they call us terrorists. They knock down our buildings and we kill their innocents when we send drones to bomb "enemy areas". Between January 2006 and April 2009, 60 drone strikes killed 14 al-Qaeda men...and 687 civilians. Oops. Speaking of death,

I might as well feel loyalty to the Roman Empire.

"God Bless America." Really? We actually know who the hell God wants to bless? Same for "God Save the Queen." When anyone comes back to me with a verified transcript of a God phone conversation between Himself, the Queen and America, specifying who is chosen, then I'll stifle my chortle. For now, I crack up every time they play those tunes. A reminder: laugh at national anthems.

Humor will get us through all of our days. When the next horrific event occurs on our soil or any other, take a moment to be solemn. Take a few if you want. Pray. Talk to God if you so please. Then—and this lesson is very important—start living again. You can't dwell in reverence, cloaked in morbidity, bowed on your knees, choked in sobs, and mired in whisper. You can't hold anything above laughter. Nothing. Mock it all. Laugh at God, laugh at the living, laugh at the dead.

If any of you ever attend my funeral, please laugh at me. Silence can be stultifying.

The point of this all is not to offend. Provincial minds will seethe, decrying this and that. They'll scream that this little piece doesn't have respect for anything. What these people might not understand is that if you didn't laugh at everything you would probably have to cry about it. It's hard to have it both ways. Let's review world affairs for one minute:

The American economy is collapsing millions out of work no health insurance jobs aren't there most people hate their jobs anyway more troops in Afghanistan more kids dead more kids who never got a good chance to laugh no one laughing in Israel-Palestine bombs in the streets Sudan is bleeding Janjaweed raping killing the young the old Rwanda and the Congo killing raping mass poverty in China India Africa life so s hort etcetera etcetera etcetera....

Ah, the world is a grim place. One should ruminate and comprehend the gravity. Once the gravity is absorbed, the enlightened individual will take the next step. *Laugh*. Live joyously. Find the light in the dark. Never take yourself seriously and never, ever assume anything is above almighty mockery. Vonnegut might have said it best: "Laughter and tears are both responses to frustration and exhaustion. I myself prefer to laugh, since there is less cleaning up to do afterward."

... We live in absurd times. Smile.

“Forrest Avenue of the Thirteenth Congressional District”

by Alexander Cardozo

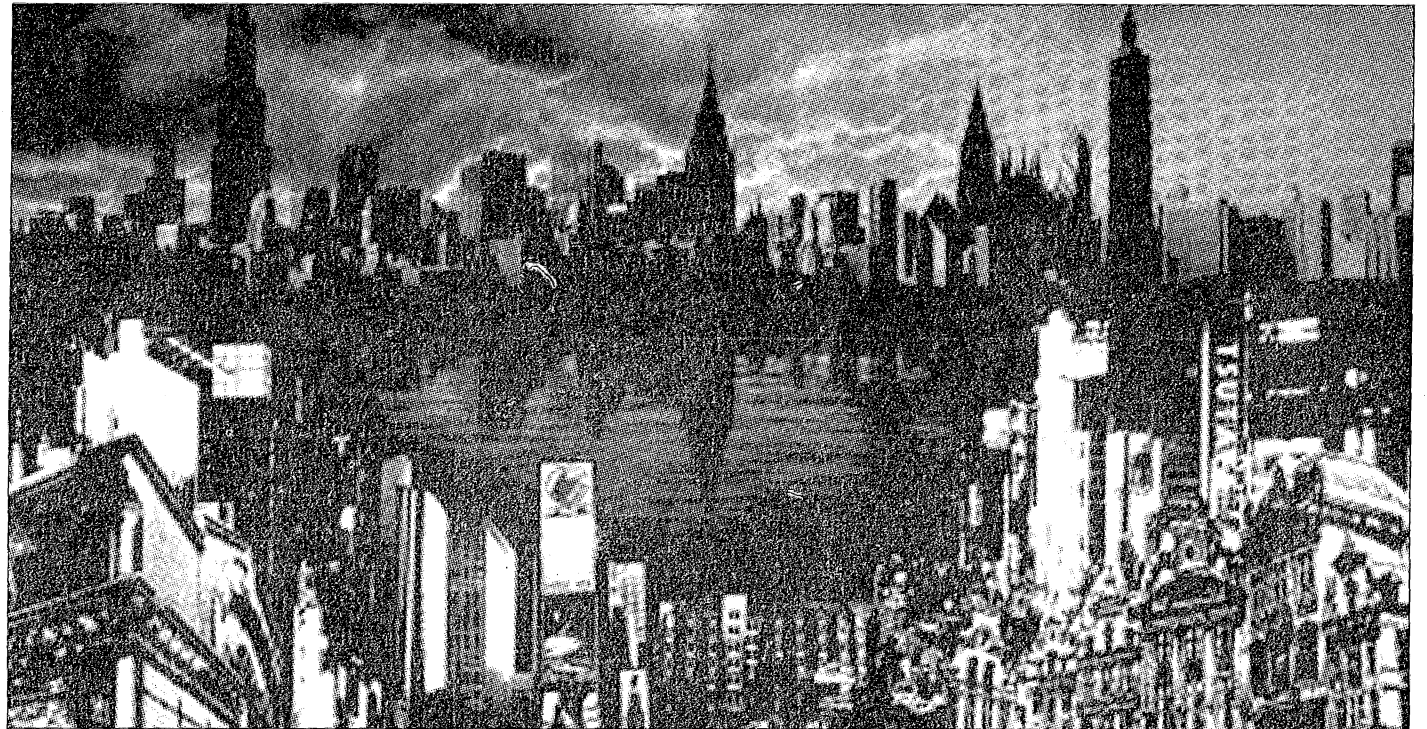
I woke up this morning to a sound of thunder. My brother and I climbed up to the roof our childhood home. There the gutters were clogged with robins' eggs and lost frisbees. We searched the sky for UFOs all through that dawn, through every stroke and beam of light.

Down the block, the Mafiosi garbage trucks were already cleaning away my neighbours' family heirlooms and Four Oh! One! Kays! We know none of our neighbor's names and will never need to know them. The block never exists past our front door, where our mother still has a rocking chair against it to keep the darkies out. Her fear of the black children down the block is wet in the air of our living room, where the television is always on to let the robbers always know, richer people are home. Richer people are sitting below a shotgun and a pot of hot oil.

It never rains over West Brighton, not when delegates from Albany requisition that the clouds retain their water pressure, to absolve them from marital infidelity. West Brighton takes all the ash winds that blow across the harbour from downtown. The smell of coca leaves and nail polish fills the poor salt miner's respirator by the Kill Van Kull. The miners stack piles of salt as tall as the sky for the pissant New York winter snow-storms. The salt miner always curses the city folk before saying grace over a micro waved Hungryman feast. Feast for a king and his queen. Feast for all the angels and saints.

The priest on Casteleton at Sacred Heart Church says, “live Jesus in our hearts” by the lights of his candles and rosary beads. His congregation taps impatiently for hope that his sermon will be shorter, that his heavy Nigerian accent could drown out the sounds of automatic teller machines and iron lungs in their heads. The friar's hands are made of plateglass and fiberoptics. His lungs heave for the stench of nail-polish remover. He was born to a widow with a glass eye before his village was ethnically cleansed by leftist guerrillas.

The church had an ant line drawn on its side, a string of star spangled banners waving in the summer heat. Little American flags stuck into its garden each year by a real-estate company, advertising through patriotism. My friends and I, we once said prayers to I am who I am, before we ripped those



flags out of the garden, and then bore them upside down into the earth. The soil collected their fibers and outgrew a forest of bamboo. The neighborhood pandas love it there. They lurch to weekend mass only for a free meal and a smack on the ass, always hoping for that good old fashioned Catholic reach around. My childhood friends and I walked these blocks for kilometers, with only our bricked cell phones and Lucky Strikes in our pockets. We were idiots in black, soaking up all the vertical rays of the sun, never in Vietnam, always on Shiaolin.

Here it rains only when the bureaucrats let it. Here the sun shines through our hearts only when the church bells ring in counterpoint. The sun shines like a good godly and giving US sniper bullet, guided by the grace of Christ into an Iraqi schoolchild's trapper-keeper. Here we never watched the news. “Journalists are scum,” mused my comrade. He's got a history of purist atheism that comes from his father's bookshelf. His father owns only one spoon, one fork, one knife, and one plate. Mr. Reno senior, who's staircase is lined with paintings of Marylyn Monroe that he painted himself. In the afternoons he will pass out in a haze of Xanax on his bed with the television on full blast. My comrade hates his father as much as he hates the journalists, as much as he fears death, and loves pussy.

My friends and I, we ignored the war, just like terrorism was a channel that we changed to cartoons one Tuesday in September. We never hate the president because his wars fuel the humour. We never care but always laugh. Hurricanes and white phosphorous are stand up vaudeville to teenagers and al-

coholic Catholic high school teachers.

We preferred the cloudy skies. They're free. No government leeches have their hands in these clouds. We ate at a deli run by guinea scum, they make the best pizza in all the land, the greasiest slice you can ever eat. Up and down these blocks under overcast, we had a slow gait, a thoughtful gait. Homes lined the side streets with massive front yards. In winter, the snow piled like a coat of dust on a work desk. In summer the scent of sweat and dying opossum filled the corners of wooded patches and residential streets. I failed to catch the seasons change. I could have heard birds if I were not deaf. I could have smelled flowers if my cerebellum had not filtered out all the sweet smells. I could have tasted the snow if I had not been terrified of acid rain and carcinogens. I could have felt the pain of my schoolboy social class, if video games and Al Qaeda had not desensitized the tips of my nerves.

Forrest Avenue was the block that held the ground below my ending cadences. There I met the girls, drank the poisons and inhaled noxious fumes. There it always took a village. On Forrest Avenue I remember the walks home. Night after night, the walk that was frightening, and exhilarating all at the same time. We had no cars, we always walked.

Some nights, by the supermarket, an insane josser would swing at the air in a drunken stupor. Screaming racist epithets at invisible black people at two a.m. Sometimes he would spar with the concrete wall. On others he would sit eating a Big Mac, while mumbling to himself about how meat would be the death of man, the reason for the apoca-

lypse. He was surrounded by his imaginary nigger adversaries as fear gripped his eyes.

The nightclubs and bars that lit the night expelled legions of orange skinned, hair blown, twenty year olds. They would drive their cheap Japanese sports cars home after a long night of courtship. With accents thicker than yellow jacket paste, they started fights and shouted at the cars driving by, the skin on their tanned cancerous skin cells always raising the tips of their hairs. They always creep home in more fear than the night before. Behind their glazed eyes there is always the same face of the schizophrenic racist only a mere block away, this time eating White Castle.

It was a wonderful presence. Walking home was strolling through Tintern abbey, it was meditating in the Vatican, always to sprint home in the darkness pass the drunkards and the lunatics green with dementia.

Tomorrow will always be better that child pondered as he lay to sleep. Whether in a crib or a pile of rags, he knew his destiny as the room spun above.

One night in summer I woke. One night in summer a man woke to a sound of thunder. He and his grown brother climbed onto the roof, cutting their hands on shards of eggshells and broken frisbees. They sat on roof tiling. They watched the garbage men in tricked out Gaeta company trucks drag away the neighbors' trash. They said prayers to I am who I am. They remembered when the streets were loud, when they barely spoke, and together, they scanned the heavens for UFOs.

If Stats Could Speak...

by Jason Wirchin

We've all taken a math course at some point in our lives – some as simple as first-grade arithmetic, others as tedious as college calculus. We've split up fractions, solved for x and even pondered imaginary numbers. But for what? Our teachers rambled year after year that one day, when we'd least expect it, seemingly bogus equations would serve some miraculous purpose. Well, my fellow readers, today is that day.

For starters, the New York Yankees are *the* team to beat in not only the American League this season, but all of Major League Baseball. The fact that they hold the best record in the game – and have for quite some time – is a testament to their powerhouse lineup, gritty bench and above-par pitching. You dare even think about getting in these boys' way, and you've already made a mistake. See, they won't just beat you; they'll puree you, liquefy you, whip you, crush you, grind you and do whatever else a blender does. Hell, they'll mince you like raw onions at a South Carolina cook-off if they damn well feel like it. If you're lucky, they'll add a cherry on top or maybe one of those tropical umbrellas, but don't get your hopes up.

Simply put, these 2009 Yankees

mean business. After missing the playoffs last season for the first time in 14 years, several big name acquisitions have more than rejuvenated the disjointed locker room of campaigns' past. C.C. Sabathia and A.J. Burnett bolstered a struggling rotation, Mark Teixeira replaced Giambi's feeble defense and lack of power at first and Nick Swisher's rocket arm in right has all but blocked runners' path to the plate. Having secured their first 100-win season since 2004, excitement is in the air with October around the corner.

Despite their juggernaut status, however, the Bombers aren't perfect. With 82 errors on the season as of last Saturday – a mark greater than Anaheim's, Boston's, LA's and Philadelphia's – there's certainly room for improvement. Especially since all four of those teams are possible playoff opponents. Joba's inability to pitch through the third inning, coupled with A-Rod's problems in the clutch could also spell trouble once the race gets underway.

Yet as far as numbers go, George's – um, Hal's – team has put up quite the resume. In many betting circles, they're the hands-down favorite to win the World Series. But ever wonder how odds makers make the odds? With a little bit of math – and a lot of imagination – a rudimentary equation ought to do the trick.

Start with 1903 – the year the Yanks

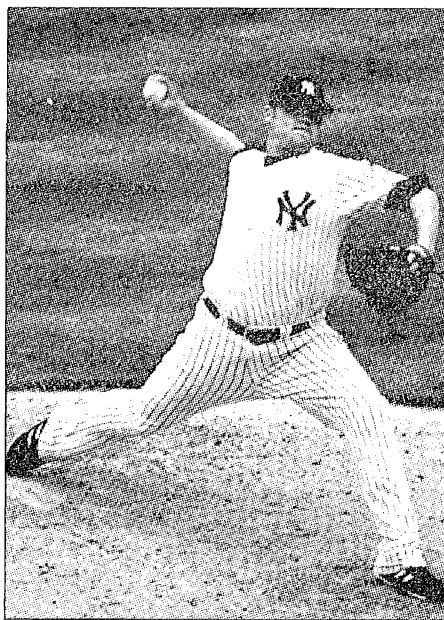
were founded. Subtract from this the number of championships they've won and divide by the team's tally of 2009 walk-off wins heading into last weekend's series against the Sawks. Add to that the square root of Jeter's hit total

count since 2007.

Here comes the hard part. Calculate the vector speed of every homerun hit to right field after the All-Star break, taking into account wind speed and the slope of the wall. Next, find the inverse relationship between A-Rod's playoff performance and the size of his ego, all before adding the number of 'roid shots he took to his ass. Now, take out your rulers and draw an isosceles triangle. The length of each leg should roughly equate to the number of times New York has beaten Kansas City over the past decade, with the hypotenuse measuring fans' perceived quality of Yankee Stadium hot dogs on a scale from one to five. Given these stats, determine the average size of any two angles, and multiply it by 1/16 of Melky Cabrera's career RBI total.

Congratulations! You've reached the final step. Take the total number of people in the metropolitan area who sincerely miss Joe Torre, subtract it from the number of times any Yankee has ever appeared on a late-night talk show and divide by the total number of times Roger Clemens has lied in front of Congress. If necessary, round to the nearest tenth.

The playoffs begin October 7. Call your bookies now!

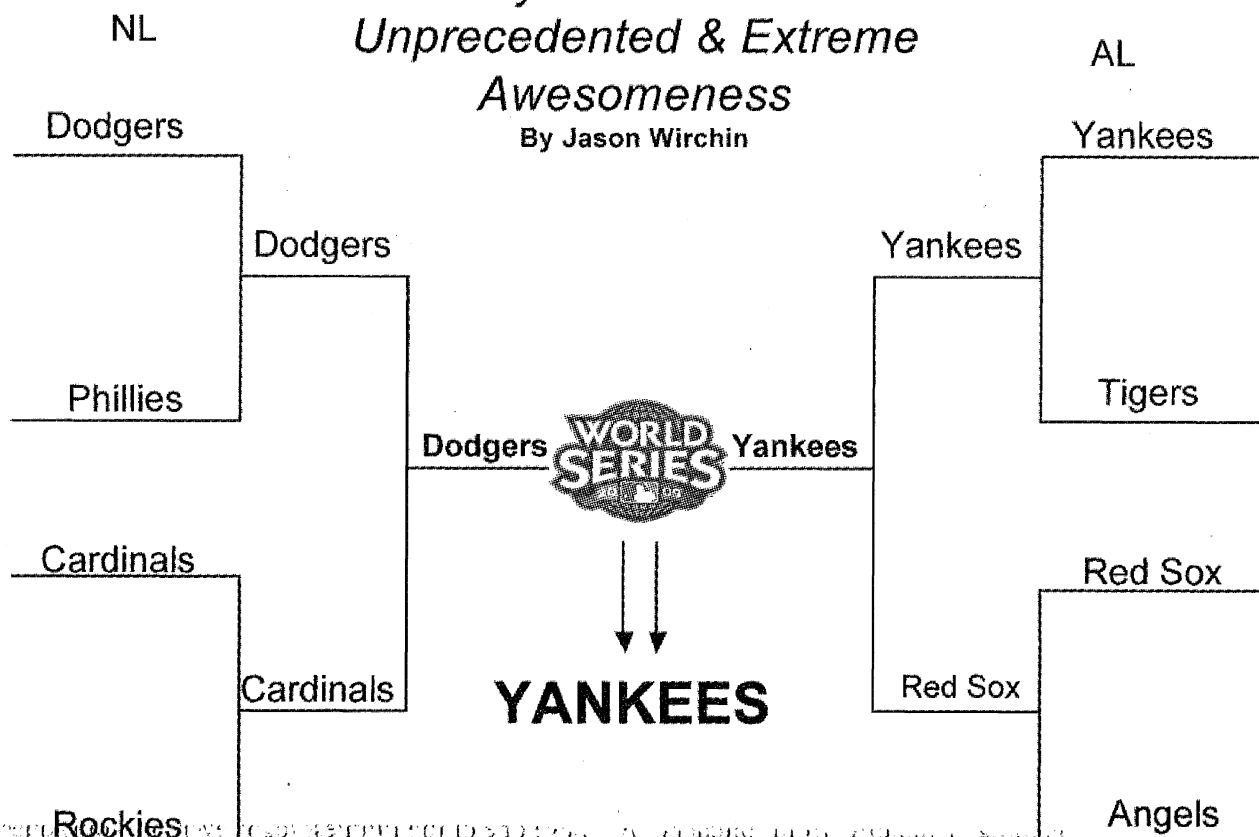


Three whole innings, Joba? Excellent work.

the night he broke Gehrig's record for most hits as a Yankee, then subtract the highest price for a front-row seat at the Stadium. Still with me? Good. Now multiply the first two digits of Tex's mega-contract, Andy Pettitte's lifetime ERA and Phil Hughes' average innings

The Official Stony Brook Press Playoff Bracket of Unprecedented & Extreme Awesomeness

By Jason Wirchin



2009 Major League Baseball Playoff Spread

by Josh Ginsberg

American League:

East:

After a season which gradually heated up from tepid to hot-fire, the New York Yankees are closing in on another playoff season. Since the Indians' 2009 season, a veritable trail of tears, the Yankees don't risk elimination at their ruddy hands as they did in the '07 season at the hands of ace pitcher and AARP Representative Paul Byrd's gloved hands, despite the fact he was wearing a tumor the size of a testicle on his pituitary gland. It's totally possible that a lineup equipped with monikers as colorful as Swish-Dog, A-Rod and Hideki Matsui have that the Yankees will make their first World Series appearance in 215 years, when the Terrorists won.

Central: The Detroit Tigers are one of the original eight franchises in the MLB that are still playing today. The Motor City Kitties were the worst team in Major League Baseball in 2003 but have steadily been rebuilding since then. In 2006, the Tigers managed to make their way to the playoffs and would have won the World Series, too! If it weren't for the fact that the Cardinals and basically all the other teams in the National League were way better. In 2007, morale was high and game attendance was through the roof. Alas, they didn't make it to the playoffs again. The 2008 season saw the Tigers proclaimed the Team of Destiny and many baseballologists and sports analysts (who published these results in the form of a Facebook group) predicted that they would win 117 games in the season, almost as many as they lost five years before. Many scientists wonder, "What does this cruel world hold in store for those orange-pinstriped whores?" A safe bet is an elimination from the first round of the playoffs and an eventual demolition of Comerica Park, and moreover, the destruction of Detroit as a city.

West: Anaheim's Los Angeles Angels from Anaheim, Los Angeles, a.k.a. the Angels, are a sure shot for the Western division of the AL. "Crafty as a wizard" is probably how one might describe the Angels in 2009. The Angels managed to use their magical elixir on former Yankee and 2005 Home Derby Champion Bobby Abreu who had been

resting on his laurels for the three seasons between now and then. Taking him from invaluable dickhead to invaluable dickhead in a different sense of the term, The Angels holy aura has brought the best out of Abreu. It's totally feasible that Abreu will get his revenge over his New York nemeses, but more as a result of the fact the West is fucking weak than anything else.

show that he has had a whopping 1,922 ABs in his five years of Major League playing. I couldn't tell you what the fuck an AB is, but it makes his 66 home runs and two measly World Series rings look like kid's stuff.

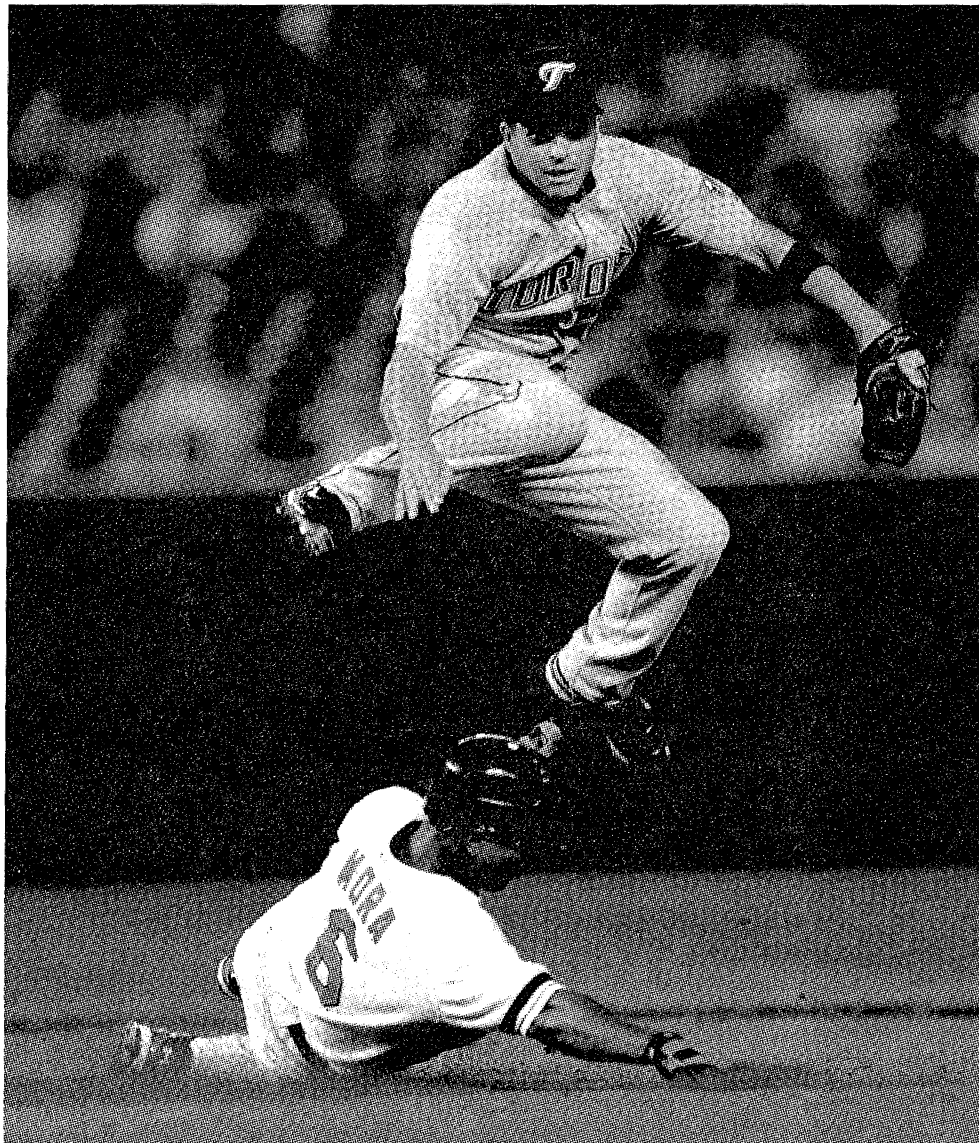
National League:

East: Last year's World Series Champions, the Pittsburgh Phillies, are on a roll. After making the Mets their

That's all there is. Much like the Tigers, the Brewers had a historic year in 2008. Historic for the franchise that is, which is to say that they made the post-season for the first time in 26 years, before being eliminated by the Phillies. Perhaps the Brewers will go head to head with the Phillies again. And maybe, just maybe, this time, things will not not not be different. If they do make it to the Series and happen to go up against the Yankees, it will be interesting to see tensions ablaze as catcher Mike Rivera goes head to head with the Mariano—*his own brother*. Of course this would be the same destiny met if Mike faced his other brother, Juan, if the Angels faced off against the Brewers.

West: There would be nothing more perfect than a showdown between the New York Yankees and the L.A. Dodgers. The Dodgers, who, little known fact, once hailed from New York (more specifically the Bronx) happen to be managed by former Yankees Master, Joe Torre. Torre was fired by Yankees owner George Hal Steinbrenner, who was famously voiced by Larry David, after he failed to lead the Yankees to the World Series (the playoffs were not good enough) in 2007. What could be more perfect than a faceoff between Torre, lord of the underappreciated and handsome and his former squires, the New York Yankees in the World Series? I guess, it being the year 2008. It is also worth noting that America's greatest person, Manny Ramirez, occasionally plays the outfield with the L.A. Dodgers when he is not staring down the end of a fat blunt, or coyly injecting steroids into his jheri-curl'd ass.

Wild Card: This year's National League "Wild Card" is coming down the mountain from way up North. The 2001 Toronto Raptors are the logical choice for fourth slot. They may not be as good as the other teams in their division, but their play is incomparable. The lineup boasts many stars, most notably Vince Carter, Antonio Davis and Charles Oakley. Carter won 2000's Slam Dunk Contest, has led the NBA All-Star Game three times, only eclipsed by Michael Jordan and Dr. J, and appeared in Fabolus' 2002 video, "This is My Party." The Raptors will easily pull ahead within the National League. The only question is how they'll fare against some of the AL's titans.



Wild Card: Yes, those fuckers the Red Sox will make it again. Ever since the franchise was founded in 2004, the Red Sox have been the winningest team in the fucking universe, let alone the American League, let alone Major League Baseball. In all five years of their existence, the Red Sox have made it to the playoffs. Considered to be a greatly charitable team due to their work with the hideously deformed, the mentally disabled and the Jews (see: Kevin Youkilis) the Bo'Sox are a classic American franchise. When the Sox rescued Youkilis from Narnia in 2004 so he could play on the teams very first ever roster, Youkilis proved that he was more than just a satyr, but was in fact, excellent at gaining sympathy from pitchers. A quick glance at Youkilis' record will

bitches (Pedro Martinez's coming home story) like twenty times, they are poised as the head runners in the National League. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of the Phillies knows that a lineup like the one they are boasting this season with 2006 National League MVPs. Ryan Howard is the 219th best homerun hitter of all time. And I assume that means something.

Central: Ah, the Brewers. It is a shame the largely illiterate fan base of the Milwaukee Brewers will never have the chance to read the praise that I etch with pure love into this slate of granite. The Brewers are the greatest team to ever walk the face of this earth. They have one of the funniest logos ever, or at least did between 1970 and 1977.

NHL Season Preview

By Daniel Offner

New York Rangers

Scott Gomez's departure for Montreal left the Rangers in need of changing the roster.

During the off-season, the Rangers acquired Marion Gaborik, Donald Brashear, Ales Kotalik, Vinny Prospal and Smithtown's own Christopher Higgins.

I predict that the New York Rangers will have a good shot at making the playoffs with all the young talent, new additions, and seasoned players.

Grade: A-

New York Islanders

Ranked number one overall in the 2009 entry draft, John Tavares will be a key factor in the Islanders' quest for the cup.

The Isles offense is probably going to be their strength with the addition of Tavares and other young talent.

Also the Islanders now have three veteran goalies in Martin Biron, Rick DiPietro, and Dwayne Roloson.

I predict the New York Islanders have a serious shot if Tavares plays like the new Ovechkin or Crosby and if the team's defense can keep up.

Grade: C+

New Jersey Devils

The Devils are always a force to be reckoned with, even though their roster looks almost identical to that of last season.

I predict the Devils will have a good start to the 2009-2010 season but will have to pick their game up in order to get further than the first round of the playoffs.

Grade: B+



Quick Picks

Anaheim Ducks – B
 Atlanta Thrashers – D
 Boston Bruins – B+
 Buffalo Sabres – C-
 Calgary Flames – B
 Carolina Hurricanes – D
 Chicago Blackhawks – A
 Colorado Avalanche – C
 Columbus Blue Jackets – B-
 Dallas Stars – B-
 Detroit Red Wings – A
 Edmonton Oilers – B+
 Florida Panthers – B+
 Los Angeles Kings – F
 Minnesota Wild – D
 Montreal Canadiens – A
 Nashville Predators – C-
 Ottawa Senators – B-
 Philadelphia Flyers – C
 Phoenix Coyotes – C
 Pittsburgh Penguins – A+
 San Jose Sharks – A
 St. Louis Blues – B+
 Tampa Bay Lightning – D
 Toronto Maple Leafs – B
 Vancouver Canucks – B-
 Washington Capitals – A-

Mile High Mighty Mice

The Rockies Update, Number 3

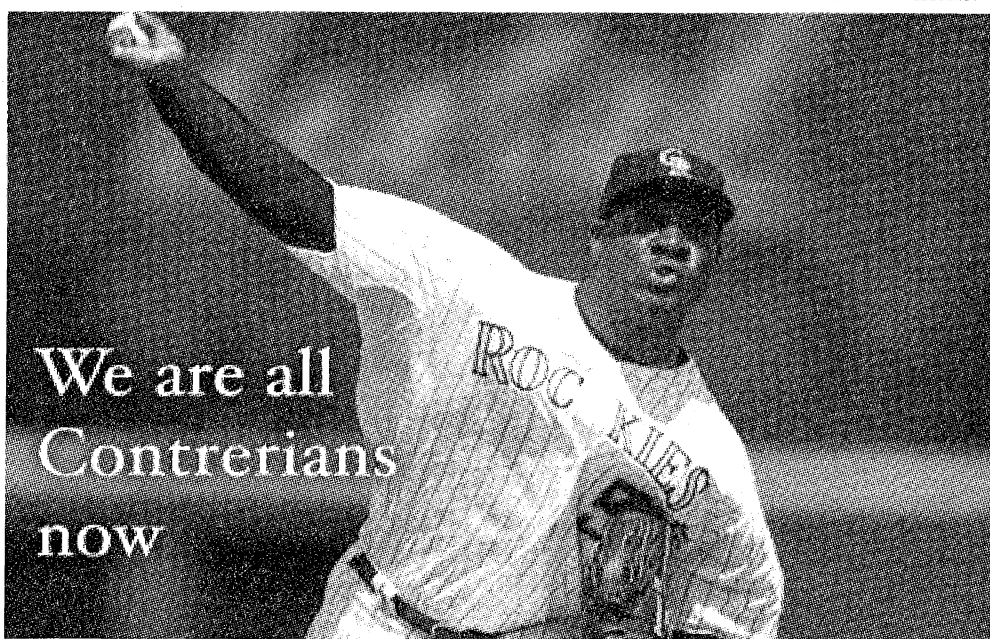
By Andrew Fraley

Welcome to the third installment of wildly popular Rockies update. Your favorite mountaineers are rounding the last corner of their regular season, gearing up for their potential postseason. I say "potential" because right now the Rockies are at the most critical and dangerous moment of the season. They are in danger of being overtaken. Not by the Giants—so long, losers—but by Ted Turner's Terrible Team, the Atlanta Braves. The lesser of the racist American Indian-based teams has been on a tear recently, winning 15 of the last 17, or some number. Apparently, their pitching has been the best in baseball right now. They are two and a half games back at the time of this column, and have to finish off their season against the easiest team in the history of baseball, the Washington Nattie Gnats. The Rocks are stuck facing the fucking Dodgers. Yikes.

But consider the Rockies' starting

rotation. We roll 40 deep (I don't know how to read the 40-man roster yet). We've got the number one stunner, Aaron Cook, back from about a month of injury. He totally shut down the St. Louis Cardinals in his first game back, and by "shut down" I just mean they scored less than us. After that there's Jason Marquis, the former Chicago Cubbie. He's Jewish, so he's like Sandy Koufax, only not as good, but still pretty good. Ubaldo Jimenez is also pretty good, and can be great in the clutch.

There are two starters that deserve extra attention though, and they are the Latino Lightning! Jorge De La Rosa has been unbelievable in the latter half of this season. He started 0-7, and is now 16-9. That means he's been 16-2 in the most recent 18 decisions, and has an ERA for those games of like 1.01. He is amazing. Next is our newest poster boy from the White Sawks. Jose Contreras was terrible this season for the



ChiSox, but he's been completely rejuvenated by his arrival in the mile high city. Ozzie Guillen, manager of the more mediocre of the three teams named after underwear, was a total dick to poor Jose, and stifled his creativity and growth. Expect him to come up big in the wild card race. And don't give me that "NL cupcake" bullshit. The AL can suck my dick.

So that's that. I'll get back to you

when the Rockies are beating the Cards in the first round of the playoffs, and Todd Helton reaches the 30,000 doubles mark. Let me leave the Yankee fans reading this column with a bit of advice: don't get too upset when they lose to the Red Sox in the ALCS. It's happened before, and it'll happen again. Get used to it. Joba's a douche.

A

Editors Note: Our goal is to provide Sean Salisbury-like analysis on the NFL. If none of this makes sense, then we have succeeded in honoring the great ESPN analyst. Here's to you Mr. Salisbury.

M

| North | East | North | East |
|--|---|---|--|
| Baltimore Ravens (3-0) | New York Jets (3-0) | Minnesota Vikings (3-0) | New York Giants (3-0) |
| For the first time in a long time, the Ravens have an offense to balance their veteran defense. Ray Lewis is never too old. | Still debating on what's more impressive. Mark Sanchez or Rex Ryan's gut. | Being old never looked so young. They don't call him fourth-quarter-two-minute-warning Brett Favre for nothing. | Big win against Dallas. Easy win against Tampa Bay. Too early to tell if they will be consistent throughout the season. |
| Cincinnati Bengals (2-1) | New England Patriots (2-1) | Green Bay Packers (2-1) | Dallas Cowboys (2-1) |
| Who would have guessed the Bengals would have a record above .500 at any point during the season. | Impregnating supermodels during the offseason takes a toll on your team and my fantasy league. | Brett who? Aaron Rodgers is stepping up to be something Matt Hasselback never was, a quarterback. | Tony Romo is overrated. Cool stadium, but Romo is still overrated. |
| Pittsburgh Steelers (1-2) | Buffalo Bills (1-2) | Chicago Bears (2-1) | Philadelphia Eagles (2-1) |
| Attempting to become the worst team since winning a Super Bowl, the Steelers will try and rebound from two dissapointing losses. | Where's the popcorn? | Their only highlight of the season will be defeating the Steelers. They suck. And so do the Steelers. | Who let the dogs out!? |
| Cleveland Browns (0-3) | Miami Dolphins (0-3) | Detroit Lions (1-2) | Washington Redskins (1-2) |
| Someone should remind Derek Anderson what team he plays for. Three interceptions is three too many. | New season. Same team. Pennington still can't pass the ball further than five yards and, oh wait, he got injured! | Watching the Detroit Lions is like watching the Special Olympics. That's it. | The worst thing to happen to a team other than going 0-18 is losing to an 0-18 team. Way to go losers! |
| South | West | South | West |
| Indianapolis Colts (3-0) | Denver Broncos (3-0) | New Orleans Saints (3-0) | San Francisco 49ers (2-1) |
| They killed the Cardinals, though critics argue Peyton Manning looks like a foetus. | Kyle Orton is a tool. They'll probably lose every other game. We miss Shanahan. | Drew Brees doesn't like black running backs on my fantasy team and is too busy scoring TDs. | They lost to Favre in the winding seconds of the fourth quarter. Pass defense needs to step it up. |
| Houston Texans (1-2) | San Diego Chargers (2-1) | Atlanta Falcons (2-1) | Seattle Seahawks (1-2) |
| Name five players on this team and I will be surprised. lame. | LT is a flop. Phillip Rivers lacks talent. Their two wins came from Oakland and Miami. | Heading into the bye this week after a loss, the Falcons will need to play their best this season to keep up with the Saints. | Matt Hasselback is still the worst franchise quarterback in the history of the NFL. No facts are needed to back this up. He just is. |
| Jacksonville Jaguars (1-2) | Oakland Raiders (1-2) | Carolina Panthers (0-3) | Arizona Cardinals (1-2) |
| Wasn't this team supposed to be good? Bring back the leather jacket Del Rio! | If you like watching teams suck, then here you go. | Someone should call Jake Delhome and tell him to stop dropping the ball. His team sucks because he sucks. | Just like the Steelers, a lousy start after playing in the Super Bowl. |
| Tennessee Titans (0-3) | Kansas City Chiefs (0-3) | Tampa Bay Buccaneers (0-3) | St. Louis Rams (0-3) |
| Steve McNair died and so did any hope of them winning the Super Bowl this year. | Next week's prediction: 0-4. They face the Giants. | One reason why I am happy I don't live in Florida: old people. The other: I don't have to get stuck watching the Bucs. | Insert comment here: |

STONY BROOK SOUTH KOREA



**GO!
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BEAT UP DICTATORS!**

Death Egg Zone