

THE STONY BROOK PRESS

VOL XXXI ISSUE 3

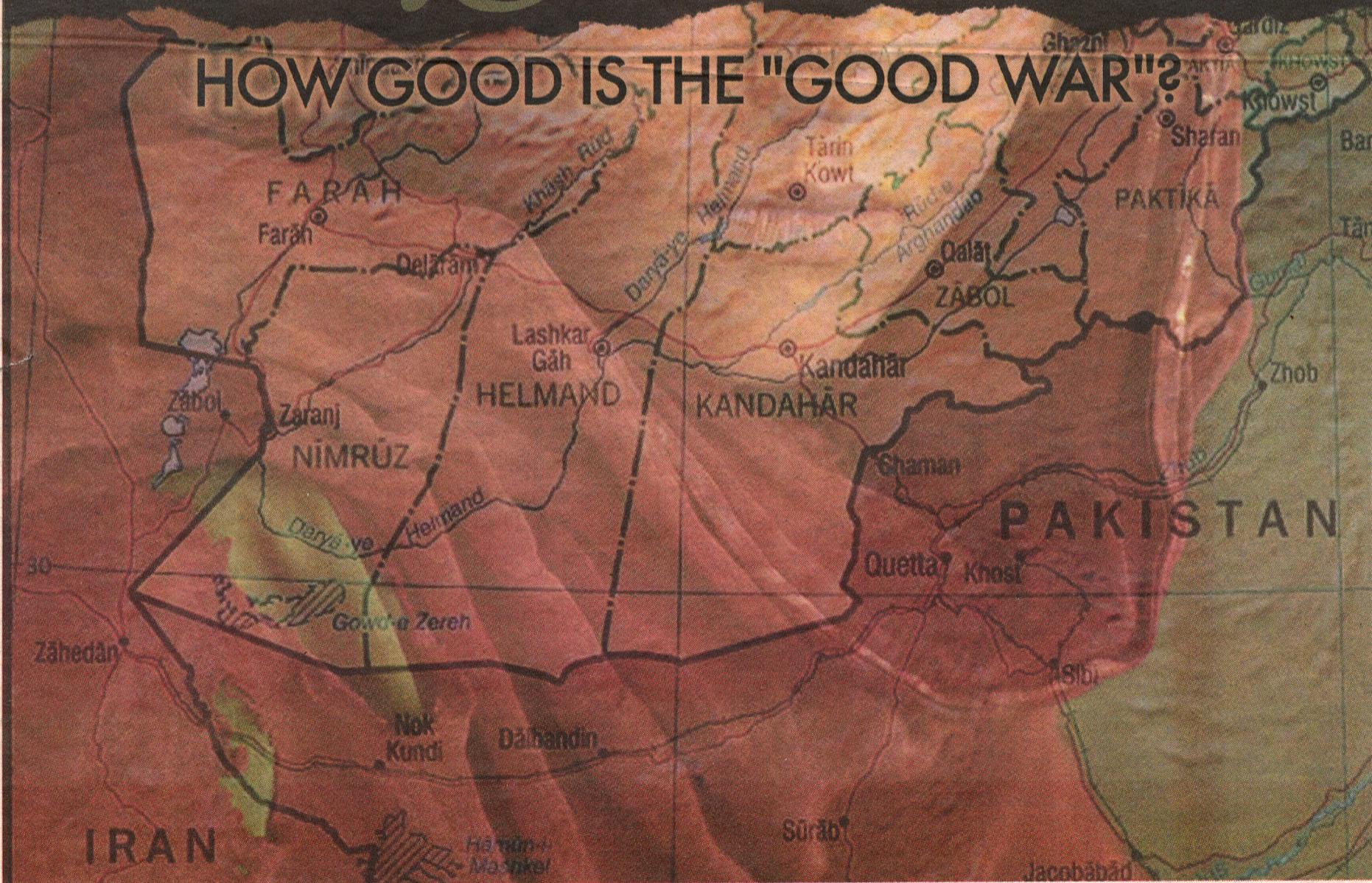
"IT'S OUR BIRTHDAY!
LET'S GET DRUNK AND BURN THINGS!"

OCTOBER 14, 2009



Afghanistan

HOW "GOOD" IS THE "GOOD WAR"?

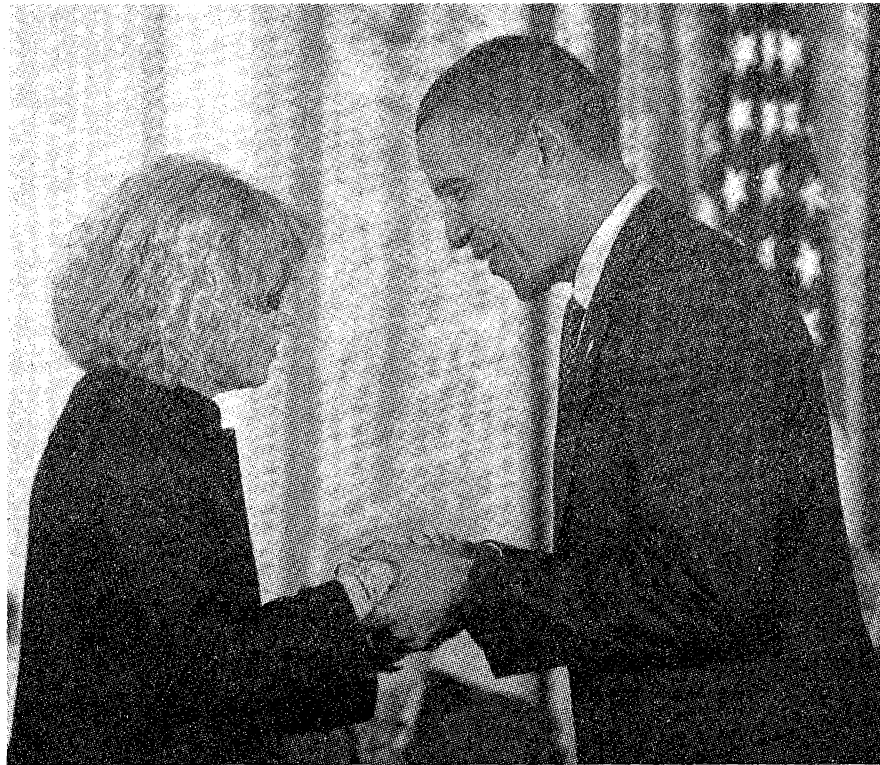


SB Prof. Meets Obama, Actually Earns Medal

By Alex H. Nagler

Stony Brook University earned another medal to brag about on October 7 when Adjunct Professor Joanna S. Fowler was awarded the National Medal of Science. Dr. Fowler, Senior Chemist at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, was awarded the prestigious medal for her research into mechanisms of drug addiction, including how the rapid uptake and clearance of cocaine in the brain can explain its pattern of abuse.

Dr. Fowler has made many contributions to the field of diseases of the brain. In 1976, she was part of the team that developed a new technique for Positron Emission Topography (PET) that used Fludeoxyglucose, or FDG, that is widely used today as a way to diagnose and study psychiatric diseases and cancer. Her current research utilizes PET to examine how things like cocaine and methamphetamines disrupt the circuitry of the brain.



Dr. Fowler said she hopes the award will highlight "the important public health issue of drug addiction, which really is a brain disease." She said she is pleased that "we can give psychi-

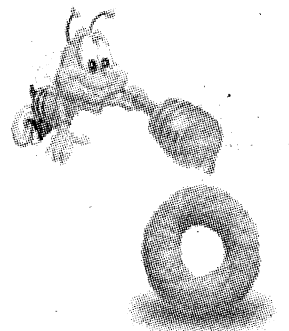
atrists more tools to use in understanding addictive behavior and in treating people with addictive disorders."

As for the award itself, Dr. Fowler found it to be "both humbling and grat-

ifying." She added, "It recognizes the importance of chemistry and imaging in advancing our knowledge of the human brain, particularly as it is affected by drugs, disease, and aging."

President Obama, in awarding the prize to Dr. Fowler and the eight other recipients, joked that the real reason they had been called to the White House that night was that his daughter Sasha "has a science fair coming up." And like all Dads whose science backgrounds ended at freshmen chemistry, he needed a few ideas to figure out what her project would be.

The President stressed the importance of a strong science base to help pull the nation out of the recession. "For at our best, this nation has never feared the future," President Obama said. "We've shaped the future. Even when we've endured terrible storms, we haven't given up or turned back - we've remain fixed on that brighter horizon. That's how we've led in the pursuit of scientific discovery; and in turn that's how science has helped us lead the world."

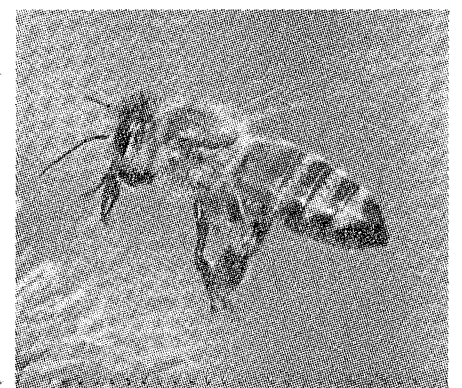
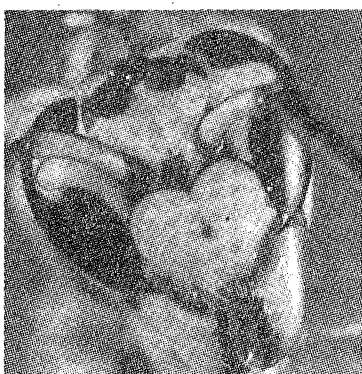


Bees Become an Annoyance on Campus

By Edward Malus

Not the Bees! Ahhhh, they're in my eyes! They're in my eyes! Arghhghghghg!
Ahhhhgrrrglll!
My eyyyyeeessss! Ackplurgggl!

Killing me wont bring back your goddamned honey!!



Orgasms For Everyone!

By Alex Poznanski
(the guy who won the vibrator)

On the evening of Thursday, October 8, Ducky Doolittle came to our very own SAC auditorium to give a talk on anatomy and sex, and it was unlike anything your crusty yet benign health teacher in high school ever gave. According to Ducky's website, she has been (and might still be) a stripper, burlesque dancer, clown, nudie model, foster child, beer baroness and, of course, sex educator. Thanks to the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual & Transgender Alliance (LGBTAs) eye-catching posters with the word "ORGASM" written in size 72 font, Ducky was able to speak to an auditorium completely packed with horny college students, some of whom she gathered might not be having any sex, and some of whom might have been "complete sluts".

Ducky opened her talk by shouting "pussy" through the microphone, which incited some cheers from a group in the back of the room who Ducky affectionately referred to as her "pussy cheerleaders". She then put a diagram of a female crotch on the overhead projector, and began indicating where everything was with a green marker. She drew a big circle around the clitoris and described it as "the center of the fucking universe" for a female-bodied person. Next on the projector was a side-view diagram of the female reproductive system, almost identical

to what you would find in a high school health textbook, except the image included two fingers that had been inserted into the vagina (Ducky put an arrow pointing to the fingertips and wrote "you are here"). To be fair to those in the room with a penis, Ducky also had man-junk show and tell. She explained how porn can be misleading when it shows guys with

into the world with one very lazy eye, two lame legs, and incontinence. Not exactly what comes to mind when you think of when "sex icon". To solve Ducky's incontinence problem, a doctor taught her how to do Kegel exercises, which strengthen the muscles that control urination. She did these exercises for a few months and then one day, WA BAM! She was sitting on

had the winning tickets got to "come on down" to guess the price of various sex toys. The items ranged from a \$5 feather tickler to a \$185 luxury vibrator. The contestants had to guess how much they thought a particular item cost, and whoever was closest won the item.

I myself felt particularly bummed as more and more items were leaving the stage, and I still had my raffle ticket in my hand. Then all of a sudden, I heard "7002" called out—the number on my ticket. I jumped out of my seat and (perhaps a bit too aggressively) pushed my way out into the aisle and onto the stage. The item I was to be appraising was a leopard-print pillow, who's sexuality-enhancing functions I am still unsure of. My guess wasn't the closest, so I didn't win the pillow, although I did get to stay up for the next round. This was the last item Ducky was raffling off—a luxury, *crème de la crème* vibrating massager. The price range was from \$100-\$300. The first number that popped into my head was "187", so this is what I went with. The item cost \$185, and I was the closest. Ducky handed me the vibrator, and I raised it above my head, as if it was a



eight inch cocks, since the average penis size is between five and six inches. The pussy cheerleaders seemed disappointed by this, although they bucked up a bit when it was explained how cock rings can make a guy's junk *seem* bigger and harder.

Perhaps the most entertaining part of Ducky's visit was her recollection of her childhood. Born to a drug-abusing mother, Ducky came

the toilet, and had a massive, earth shattering orgasm. It was that day when Ducky realized that she was destined to be a "pussy super hero" who would "masturbate her way to success".

To finish her visit, Ducky raffled off sex toys à la *The Price is Right*. Everyone in the audience had received a raffle ticket upon entering the auditorium. Ducky called out three numbers at a time, and whoever

championship-wrestling belt. Later, exiting the auditorium, I heard people whispering, "Leave it to the guy to win the vibrator. What's he going to do with it? Maybe he'll give it to his girlfriend." I smiled, quietly said, "Nope!", then followed my entourage to Roth Dining Hall for some late nite greasiness. I invite your imagination to figure out the rest.

Check out Ducky's website at <http://www.duckydoolittle.com/>

Do you want to know how
I got these scars?

By joining **THE PRESS**

UNION 060 WEDNESDAYS DURING CAMPUS LIFETIME

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editorials

No To Flex Tuition!

Would a Tuition Hike by Any Other Name Smell as Unfair?

President Samuel L. Stanley had a lot to say at his University Senate address on October 5. In it, he outlined his vision for Stony Brook's future, based on the observations he's made during his first 90 days as University President. Most of Stony Brook's woes revolve around one central problem: a debilitating lack of support from the state. The disproportionate faculty-to-student ratio, the appallingly underfunded graduate students and the student and faculty housing troubles, which were mentioned during the address, have remained problems due to recent devastating SUNY-wide budget shortfalls. According to Stanley, Stony Brook is still dealing with \$13 million of the \$28 million cut, and with Governor Paterson's recent attempt to further cut SUNY by another \$90 million this fiscal year, the situation is a dire one.

In order to offset these shortfalls and mitigate the damage, Stanley has investigated other revenue streams. At the top of his list is a piece of legislation that would allow the six major SUNY universities, including Stony Brook, to raise undergraduate tuition independently. With the approval of the SUNY Board of Trustees, each of the six campuses could increase tuition up to a certain amount, all of which would be used by that campus. Stanley claimed that a proportionate amount would be rolled back into financial aid for the disadvantaged students who would be most affected. Also, the legislation

would push the hand of state legislation to proportionally increase its financial aid to the disadvantaged students. "[This would be] holding disadvantaged students harmless," said Stanley, who claimed that the tuition hike would be used to increase faculty and graduate support.

This isn't a done deal, though; the legislature hasn't met about this yet. In addition, the legislation has not met with the wide support that Stanley anticipated. In his address, Stanley was surprised that there was opposition to it. The New York Public Interest Research Group has been involved with the SUNY system for decades, and is one organization that has expressed deep concern over this.

NYPIRG has been against similar legislation in the past, when it was called differential tuition. One of the reasons for this, according to Fran Clark, NYPIRG's Higher Education Program Coordinator, is that "it may price poorer students out of university centers or high cost majors." Even with a proportional increase in assistance, the higher costs alone make Stony Brook and other SUNY schools less attractive or accessible to disadvantaged students, who may not even apply.

Currently, the New York Tuition Assistance Program is already stretched thin. The maximum TAP award is \$5,000 per year, while full time tuition and fees at Stony Brook generally run around \$3,500 per semester. Any increase on the TAP

award cap would have to apply to all New York State schools, not just the six with increased tuition. This would disproportionately increase the burden on the students attending Stony Brook, as opposed to another smaller campus.

Furthermore, any other proportional increases in tuition assistance isn't guaranteed either. The policy of differential tuition, flex tuition—as it's now being called—and even rational tuition, which was implemented last year, is dependent on *non-binding* legislation. This means that any promises made not to continue to siphon funds away from the school to pay off the state's debts are completely empty. Any agreements to proportionally increase state support to disadvantaged students do not have to be upheld. There cannot be binding legislation of *any* kind. It's unlawful. Most administrators and legislators conveniently forget to mention that, so students don't realize what a bad deal they're really getting.

We here at *The Press* share NYPIRG's concerns. Stanley, during his address, also said, "We [the Higher Education budget] have done our share as far as I'm concerned." This should include the students as well. The state's and Higher Education System's burdens should not fall on the most ill-equipped demographic to handle it.

Write for The Press!

Meetings Every Wednesday at 1PM, Union Building 060

E-mail your letters to sbpressnews@gmail.com

Hello,

My name is Judit Vall and I am a visiting PhD researcher at Stony Brook. I arrived two weeks ago from Spain and I am going to be here for six months.

I read The Stony Brook Press of September 30th and I found it very interesting. Since I've arrived here almost everything looked to me like very "American" (as compared to Europe, I mean) but the discussion about the Health Care Reform in your newspaper was the first thing that I thought could have been done (in this case written) in Europe.

I have lived in several European countries during my studies and I have a couple of points to make particularly to the person that was talking about the values, Tim Paules, and Raina Bedford.

I wanted to ask you whether I could pass by your office one of these days to have a short talk with you about my impressions.

Thanks a lot and congratulations for this very interesting newspaper, you have just captured another fan :)

Best,

Judit Vall Castello

Marie Curie Research Fellow

Maastricht Graduate School of Governance

P.O. Box 616

6200 MD Maastricht

The Netherlands

Visiting PhD Research Fellow at SUNY-Stony Brook, New York, from 01/09/2009 until 15/03/2010

Hey Judit,

Thanks for your kind words. It's always reassuring to know that people out there are reading and enjoying our socialist propaganda. We always welcome and appreciate input, but we really only listen to it when it's positive. Come visit us at our office, Basement of the Student Union, room 060. We have weekly staff meetings at 1pm every Wednesday, but you can usually find somebody sleeping on the couch during the week.

In the meantime, we hope you'll continue to read us as we push our socialist agenda and plot the destruction of America.

Best,

The Press

I'm a new student here so I only got to read this years first issue where you printed the letter from the Stony Brook Patriot. What is the animosity between the press and the patriot? How did all these bad feelings start up?

-Ralph Wiggim

Dearest Ralph Wiggim,

Animosity between the *Patriot* and *Press* dates back thousands of centuries. It all began in the Before Time, an epoch of molten rock, dino-fuck, and curdling cheese. The twin founders of the *Press* and *Patriot*, Bob and Mitch, split from the herpetic sore of the great titan Chronos in the cosmos. Bob, the patron saint of the *Press*, was a stock broker who in his spare time hunted sea elephants. Mitch enjoyed frying turds. One fine Sunday morning in 1986, the twins gathered to build a tree fort. Mitch, an ardent supporter of William Howard Taft, believed only in the Muslim doctrine of cardboard tree forts. Bob's Scientology background prevented such use of cardboard. A disagreement broke out. In the ensuing "tongue-kissing" war, Bob and Mitch suffered lacerated livers. Both were sure they would die. However, a miracle occurred, a miracle that members of Stony Brook University still refer to today as "The Great Rape of '88."

Though it occurred in 1994 and not 1988, the assonance was too tempting to pass up. A great comet fell from the broiling ether. In it came a black man named Barry Sanders, not to be confused with NFL great Barry Sanders. He was a surgeon, famed throughout Jupiter as a liver repairman/rapist. Rape is actually legal on gaseous planets. Barry Sanders came with a message. He boomed over the land:

Young Bob, Young Mitch, you both are ugly and stupid. Do something useful with your time. And I don't mean masturbating. Write...

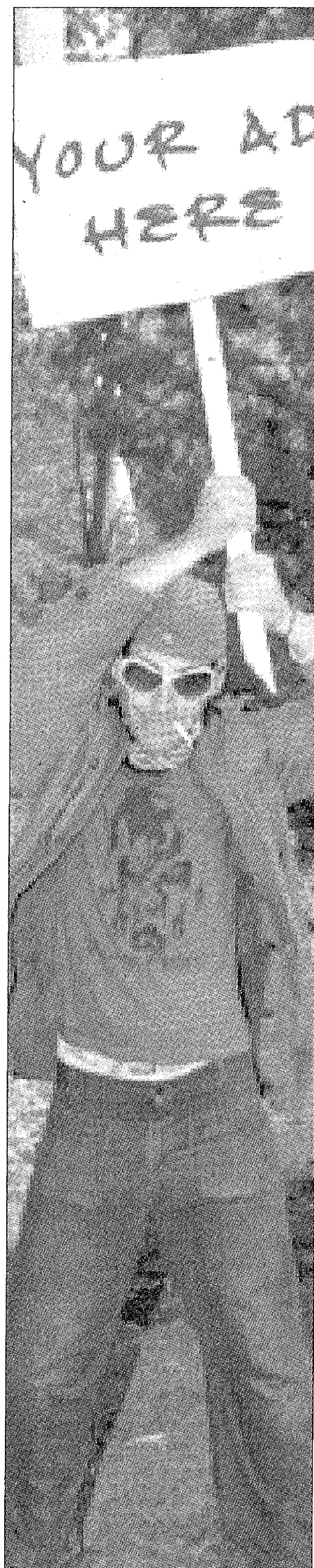
"Write what?" Bob ejaculated.

"Yes, please tell us," Mitch ejaculated.

STOPEJACULATING AND LISTEN! You, Bob, are an anti-social fetus-head. You look like a fetus. You will never get laid. And you, Mitch, are an uptight, cock-gobbling, sociopath. No one likes you or the pogs you play with. Each of you must found a newspaper. In it you will write many scribble-scrabbles. Some people will read them. Eventually you will both make newspapers that will hate each other because you are both insecure, lazy, fuck-ups. I hate you all and I hope your deaths are painful. Good night.

Bob and Mitch sat beneath a tree and understood their destinies. Bob ran to a gas station to print the first issue of the *Press* on beaver hide. Mitch ran to the nearest toxic waste dump to turn a glowing blue shard of feces into the first issue of the *Patriot*. Both newspapers were commercial failures. In time, as the newspapers became legible, tensions grew. Bob and Mitch liked different hamburger condiments. They tried to sepukku each other. The twins finally succumbed to colon cancer in early 2004. Since then, their remains have rotted beneath the great Math Tower.

So you see, the answer to your question is simple. The *Press* and *Patriot* hate each other because of *history*. We're glad to have helped you.



Request an ad packet:
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Obama's War: Afghanistan Heats Up

Hell Hath Afghanistan, A Sad Frontier

By Ross Barkan

Stanley McCrystal is 56 and tired. Victory is a firefly in the dark, a notion he can see but not touch. It flits through his consciousness, up and down, tickling the anxious neurons. He bristles in his fatigues. They talk about failure. Doubt screams across the radio; he can hear death. He wants more troops. He needs more troops. That's what the granite-jawed lecturers taught him in the shadows of Vietnam. More. More!

Insurgents attacked a pair of remote military bases in broad daylight. Eight American soldiers died, the deadliest attack in more than a year. The commander in Kamesh, the Afghani province where the attack took place, described the battle as a "complex attack in a difficult area." He was drenched in sweat. His eyes shrunk, dead coals buried under sallow shades.

Col. Randy George wraps everything in complexities. The war is always a sum of clichés, jargon, weathered slabs laid on top of sand. They piled higher and higher until the foundation shuddered. . . Col. George thinks about going home. Rockets and grenades sear his days, his nights. Yesterday an I.E.D. almost took his leg. He can see future blood. He can feel the insurgents swarming beyond the ridge. An eternal swarm.

George Kennan's specter has something to say. He speaks from across the past, always static, always warning. The intelligentsia huddle around words, picking open the ink for truth. One day in 1966 when the sun crashed over a sea of green helmets, Kennan said, "Our country should not be asked, and should not ask of itself, to shoulder the main burden of determining the political realities in any other country. . . This is not only not our business, but I don't think we can do it successfully." Who was Kennan? Diplomat, scholar, father of containment, hero or villain? He has some things to say. His ghost still talks through others.

"War of necessity" crackles on the threads of postmodern America, exploding through the tongues of iron-eyed intellectuals. Here comes Barack Obama, Commander-in-Chief, shooting star, kingpin of hope and change. The blue suit and elegant shoes mask a turbulence, a chaos as loud and as silent as the instant before the atomic flash erases consciousness. He wants to sell to the world that a war in Afghanistan will crush what we fear. Terror will die, he says. Al Qaeda, the Taliban, and all those who want to put Old Glory in the gutter, hide in the jagged mountains, the smoldering caves, and the boiling Afghani villages. This is not Vietnam, he tells his staff. This is not Vietnam, he tells his children. This is not Vietnam, he tells his people.

"You have to learn lessons from history. On the other hand, each historical moment is

different. You never step into the same river twice. And so Afghanistan is not Vietnam," Obama tells a mass of reporters, hands massaging an air-conditioned breeze. He turns around and drenches himself in more history, more fact, swallowing the tales of LBJ and McNamara and the world of his infancy. He cannot remember on his own because he toddled in the cradle. The image and the word will have to suffice.

When he closes his eyes at night the celebrity is gone and reality is here. It's all in the dreams, Barack. He wants to heal America, he wants to save the world, he wants to fly above history as the young messiah, possessed of an aural agelessness. This war will save him or destroy him. Legacies are carved in corpses. Tuesday, October 6, he fixes his tie and tells the sullen lawmakers he will not reduce troops in Afghanistan. He steps back from the podium, wondering what a victory actually is.

McCrystal wants 40,000 more. He is hunched over a table of maps, a laptop buzzing blue haze over his eyes. Subordinates amble around carefully. They are reverent and ready. The military has called to them since they could construct thought and action. Nighttime stories of Antietam and Iwo Jima, McArthur and Grant, and the movies of sepia-toned heroes stirred them on, compelled them to plunge into nationalism's gaping throat. In the miasma they flourish, proud to bear arms for a two-hundred year-old nation creaking on the foundations of a nebulous liberty. McCrystal is their eye. Without him, they stagger on blind. Some quietly wish for death.

The American paratroopers of Chosen Company dig their outpost on the edge of a village in eastern Afghanistan. Intel reports are telling them of mass militants in the area. Nothing is up so far. Men idle in the bazaar, swapping banalities. The troops begin to question their superiors. Militants where? Their night scopes reveal empty houses, action dead, the only light a contraband cigarette. A quiet moon bleeds a cool orange in the sky.

Three days later nine Americans are dead. Quiescence crackled into chaos; 200 militants launched a firefight. They couldn't see it coming. The village was empty. They were talking about baseball, about home, about the friends and lovers they would see again. And then the mountains opened up and the bullets fell. Once soldiers played bugles and shouted anthems and marched for the glorious nation state. You knew red was for the communists, black for the fascists. No one knows anymore. Knowledge is cracked,

bleeding, dead, lost in the muck. They fire at shadows. Even the children could be enemies.

The children cry of men and guns taking their childhoods away.

This is an odd column for me to write, George Will realizes. He misses his Underwood. His bowtie feels tighter than it used to, like the knot has grown ornery with age. Dignified curtains rustle open, allowing twilight to drizzle over his desk. *This is an odd column to write but I will write it, damn it.* He is still a Republican at heart, a man of the right, a vassal of the Reaganite order. He knows America is still a great country. He knows her fruit can still be borne around the world and free people from their ignorance. But—

This city should keep faith with them by rapidly reversing the trajectory of America's involvement in Afghanistan, where, says the Dutch commander of coalition forces in a

southern province, walking through the region is "like walking through the Old Testament."

The words are all his, launched from seething fingertips. He can't see the justice or logic in this war anymore. He keeps typing, preparing his column for publica-

tion. With every word another image blooms of a new quagmire, of a new generation wasting away in an unknowable and unwinnable war. Boys bleeding on mountains, spiraling anguish, rockets shattering limbs, mines scorching hope from the eyes of the young. He doesn't understand how the fraudulent Karzai re-election changed anything. No country, past or present, has subdued Afghanistan. *We cannot nation-build there!* he cries to the silent waxwings outside his window. Shrink the forces, redirect them to the porous Pakistani border maybe, just don't drop more troops into Afghanistan. . . Will needs a closer. Something for the readers to remember.

And the world wants to know, what will you do, Mullah Mohammad Omar? Omar is the leader of the Taliban, the man of the hour. He has one eye and a Pynchonian aversion to photographs. He knows what he looks like—why should any Western pig know too? He is writing his own piece for the Taliban website on a purloined computer, a gift from a loyal subordinate who has traveled around. Defiance marks every syllable, his words brimming and raw. He has something to say to his allies and, more importantly, to the Americans who trample on his ground. History informs his words. He shouts that Alexander the Great could not conquer Afghanistan and neither

could the mechanized Soviets in the late 20th century. Two thousand years changes nothing.

Alexander's elephants stumble and die on the crags of the Khyber Pass. The eyes of the young king fill with rage. Yet as his beasts and men cry into the wind, he can feel something tremble. The mountains are ready for battle.

Omar imbibes all history, spitting it back in the faces of his foes. Don't come here. You can't conquer, you can't win. We're a nation of tribes, if a nation at all. No government has held us, not the British, not the Soviets, not you. You can't occupy us.

Will has found his closer. He found it as a waxwing beat from the damp glass to a mauve sky. History taps his skull, whispers softly, and lends him Charles De Gaulle. *Genius, said de Gaulle, recalling Bismarck's decision to halt German forces short of Paris in 1870, sometimes consists of knowing when to stop.* It all makes so much sense, though Will wonders how thoroughly un-American this notion is. America never stops, isn't supposed to stop. Industry and ingenuity don't sleep, these colors are restless, the American is always running, rambling, fighting, fucking, electrified individuals mighty and rough, roaring across the borders of cowering nations while drooling ideologies, swallowing destinies, and brimming with a confidence both engineered and divine. The genius of old America was the old college try, never giving up, never going down, always gun 'a blazin'—this was Will's America yet he acknowledges it's gone or never was. There will only be more death in Afghanistan, more confusion. We must stop.

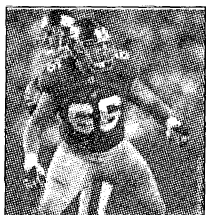
As he shrinks from the podium and returns to the womb of privacy, Barack Obama contemplates the future. What is the new America? Manifest Destiny, that old zeitgeist, is a hoarse ghost beating on the window glass. He hopes for an America that can surge through century twenty-one, an America that can exhume the old ghosts and make them real again. Stop the terrorists in Afghanistan, win the people, and preside over a newfound peace. But there's the chance of failure. There's the chance that an epoch is truly over, prosperity to be found nevermore. What is the new America? Before he can try to answer the question a dash of Kipling flies before his eyes. He read it once during the Columbia years—what was it called?—ahh, he remembers. "The Good Solider." Maybe it can tell him something.

*When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains
And the women come out to cut up what remains
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier*



Obama's War: Afghanistan Heats Up

It's Time for Obama to Support Our Troops



Daniel Murray

The war in Afghanistan is a major issue that needs to be dealt with and the politics need to stop. When former President George W. Bush sent troops over there

almost eight years ago, after the September 11 attacks, the opposition to war was almost none. Now, the liberal agenda is back in play with the election of President Barack Obama, and his indecisiveness on the matter could affect American lives.

During his presidential campaign President Obama claimed repeatedly that he would do his best to protect the troops over in Afghanistan, and so far he has yet to do so. He is ignoring his top generals and advisors on the issue, and has added an additional 21,000 troops so far to the operation for a total of 68,000 by the Fall.

General Stanley McChrystal, the lead General in Operation Enduring Freedom has repeatedly called for the president to add an additional 40,000 troops to the strategy in Afghanistan, and it seems to have fallen on deaf ears. General McChrystal isn't the only one who has called for more troops. Former General McKiernan, the general in charge of Operation Enduring Freedom before General McChrystal, also called for an additional 30,000 troops to the strategy.

And what has President Obama been doing while our brave men and women are serving and risking their lives for our freedom? He has been busy going on talk shows such as *David Letterman*, who we all know now is a stand up guy, and traveling to Copenhagen to push for Chicago to get the 2016 Summer Olympics. His trip was well worth it though, Chicago was the first city voted out by the committee. However, something positive did come out of his trip. He met for a *whole* 20 minutes with

General McChrystal on board Air Force One to discuss what was going on in Afghanistan.

In a *60 Minutes* piece done with General McChrystal on the Afghanistan war, he stated that he had spoken to President Obama *once* in a 70-day period. That is just wrong. How is President Obama, who is still mulling over the decision to add more troops or deciding on a new strategy for the operation, supposed to make a decision without talking to his top commander in the region on a regular basis? As much as people like to criticize former President Bush, he never would have allowed that to happen. He spoke to his top commanders on a weekly basis making sure that everything was going well.

McChrystal wants to add more troops to the region to make it safer for the civilians who live there as well as the troops who are serving there. He feels that in order to declare a victory it will require these troops, otherwise they

might not be able to protect the region and stop it from going back to its old roots.

Senator John McCain said this past week in an interview with Larry King that, "General McChrystal and General Petraeus, Admiral Mullen have come up with a strategy that will succeed. We need to act and we need to act with all deliberate speed."

Sending more troops to a dangerous region isn't easy, but it is unfortunately necessary. Terrorism is still alive and well in today's world, but sometimes the Left in this country forget this. The recent arrest of suspected terrorist Najibullah Zazi is prime evidence that terrorism is still around.

Failure is not an option here and President Obama and his administration need to act more swiftly and decisively. There are American lives at risk and we don't have the leisure of waiting anymore.

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Obama's War: Afghanistan Heats Up

Afghanistan: Obama at a Crossroads

By Steve Melinden

Eight years is a long time for America. It's written in our Constitution that a president cannot be elected to more than eight years in office. Even *Seinfeld* lasted for only nine seasons. And our war in Afghanistan has just passed the eight year mark, quickly approaching the distinction of the longest-running war in American history (Vietnam stands at 102 months, officially, though U.S. involvement lasted longer than that). We've had an internal regime change, in response largely to the way many Americans felt about stagnating and dragging efforts in Iraq and Afghanistan. The public thought Afghanistan could be "bombed into the stone age" in months when Operation Enduring Freedom started back in 2001, and now it's 2009 and many of our objectives are left unresolved, and pieces have shifted on the board but problems remain. Osama bin Laden's whereabouts remain unknown. The Taliban still very much exists. The recent elections are being contested, and the legitimacy of the democracy and of Hamid Karzai's presidency comes into question. So where does the Obama administration go from here, beyond looking at the current situation and the mistakes, loose ends and vacuums left by the past? That's a question that the White House, the Pentagon and top military brass are trying to answer now. General Stanley McChrystal is now more vocal than ever, seemingly appealing to the public court of opinion rather than the Joint Chiefs of Staff who would in turn discuss situations with the president in the White House every morning.

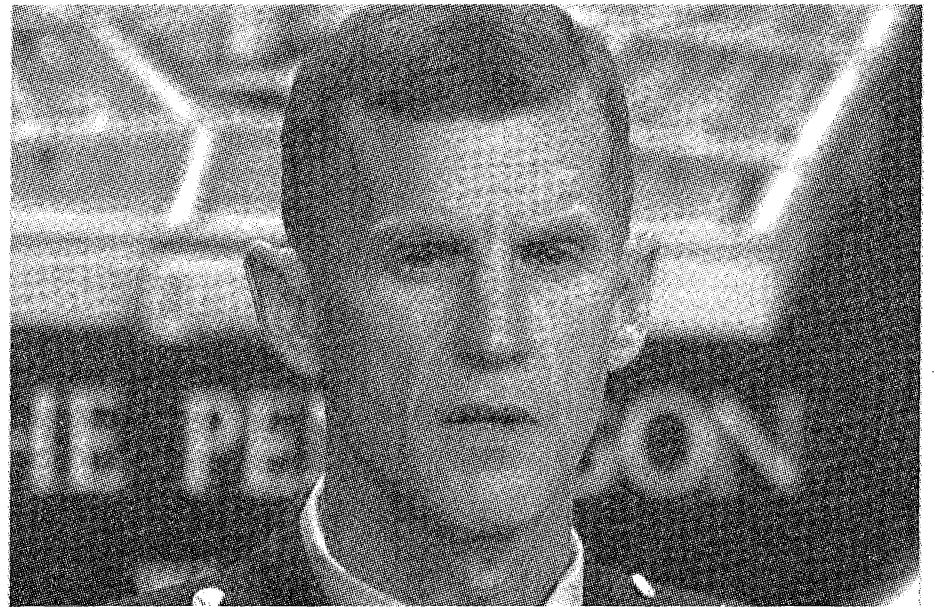
I spoke with Professor Helmut Norpoth here in the Political Science department at Stony Brook, where he has taught a course on U.S. Foreign Policy, among other classes. He explained the nation-building paradox in this way: "First, you have to protect the population in transition," sometimes with a large military presence to ensure stability, "and then [the local population] will support you," before Afghanistan's own military can handle their own security. This "boots-on-the-ground strategy," as Norpoth called it, is a parallel of what has been somewhat successful in Iraq, and part of the reason that Obama has been enabled to plan a reduction in the number of U.S. troops in Iraq to less than 50,000 before this time next year. Obama has stated since the beginning of his administration that a successful and stable outcome of the Iraq war will de-

pend on the Iraqi people, and thus, a surge in Afghanistan, while paring down in Iraq seems feasible and, at least to McChrystal, the most obvious solution.

In an interview with CBS' *60 Minutes* that aired on September 27, McChrystal stated that firepower was not the answer, that eight years of destruction in neighborhoods, of accidental civilian deaths and of Afghans watching their families killed by Western forces have run counter to our progresses. "If the people are against us, we cannot be successful," McChrystal said. "If the people view us as occupiers and the enemy, we can't be successful and our casualties will go up dramatically." As head of U.S. Forces in Afghanistan since June 15, 2009, McChrystal requested a surge of about 40,000 additional troops, mainly to the larger centers of population, but also to small villages, in a similar manner to the way the surge in Iraq was a matter of securing stability for the civilians.

McChrystal, again, was Obama's pick for the job, after Obama was vocal throughout the 2008 election that Afghanistan had been put on the backburner. On September 21, a report was leaked to the *Washington Post* in which McChrystal suggested that a surge was the best way to help the Afghan people secure their own freedom, until that nation's own forces could increase their own enrollment over the course of a few years. Obama, on CBS' *Face The Nation* responded that he only believes in sending troops where they are "necessary to keep us safe." Thus, the more McChrystal publicizes an opinion differing from the status quo, the greater the bind this puts on the Obama administration either to go along with the suggestions coming up the chain, or to go against it. This tension sets up at least one camp to lose faith and at least the prevailing plan to be criticized in hindsight by opposition. In what has been a shock to many Americans and great fodder for pundits, McChrystal says he's only spoken directly to President Obama once in the last 70 days via video teleconference. This, of course, is an expression of his frustration that his requests for more troops have gone under-recognized somewhere in the pipeline. Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Mike Mullen has not been seeking headlines like McChrystal, but has suggested that U.S. leadership of NATO forces in Afghanistan cannot "kill our way to victory," which seems concurrent with McChrystal's desire for nation-building.

Obama would have a hard time scaling up an unpopular war (even more so



after being named the Nobel Peace Prize winner), even if polls didn't show that about two-thirds of Americans oppose a surge in Afghanistan, and more than half of Americans are growing unhappy with American presence there. Alternatives are being investigated and discussed in the White House and Pentagon, as well. Vice President Joe Biden is apparently a strong proponent of a targeted counterterrorist effort that has already been undertaken at rooting out Al-Qaeda strongholds in the caves and mountains to the more isolated northern regions towards the Pakistani border. Biden served on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for much of his legislative tenure, and has not kept it a secret that he believes the greater threats to American interests lie on the Pakistani side of the border, and that dealing with Pakistan's objections to NATO encroachment upon their borders has been a tenuous issue since the Taliban, Al-Qaeda, and other insurgents were chased off into that region.

"Pakistan really doesn't have any incentive in undermining the Taliban," Professor Norpoth explained. Therefore standing up and justifying their sovereignty is the only way Pakistan can see fit to react.

General David Petraeus, a Bush-era general who led the international force in Iraq is a holdover, named to Central Command shortly before the Bush Administration left the White House, and has been relatively silent on public discourse over the direction to go. A recent *The New York Times* article reported that Petraeus knows that he's a bit of an outcast in the new administration, and that some of his friends and colleagues suggest that he's keeping his opinions to himself.

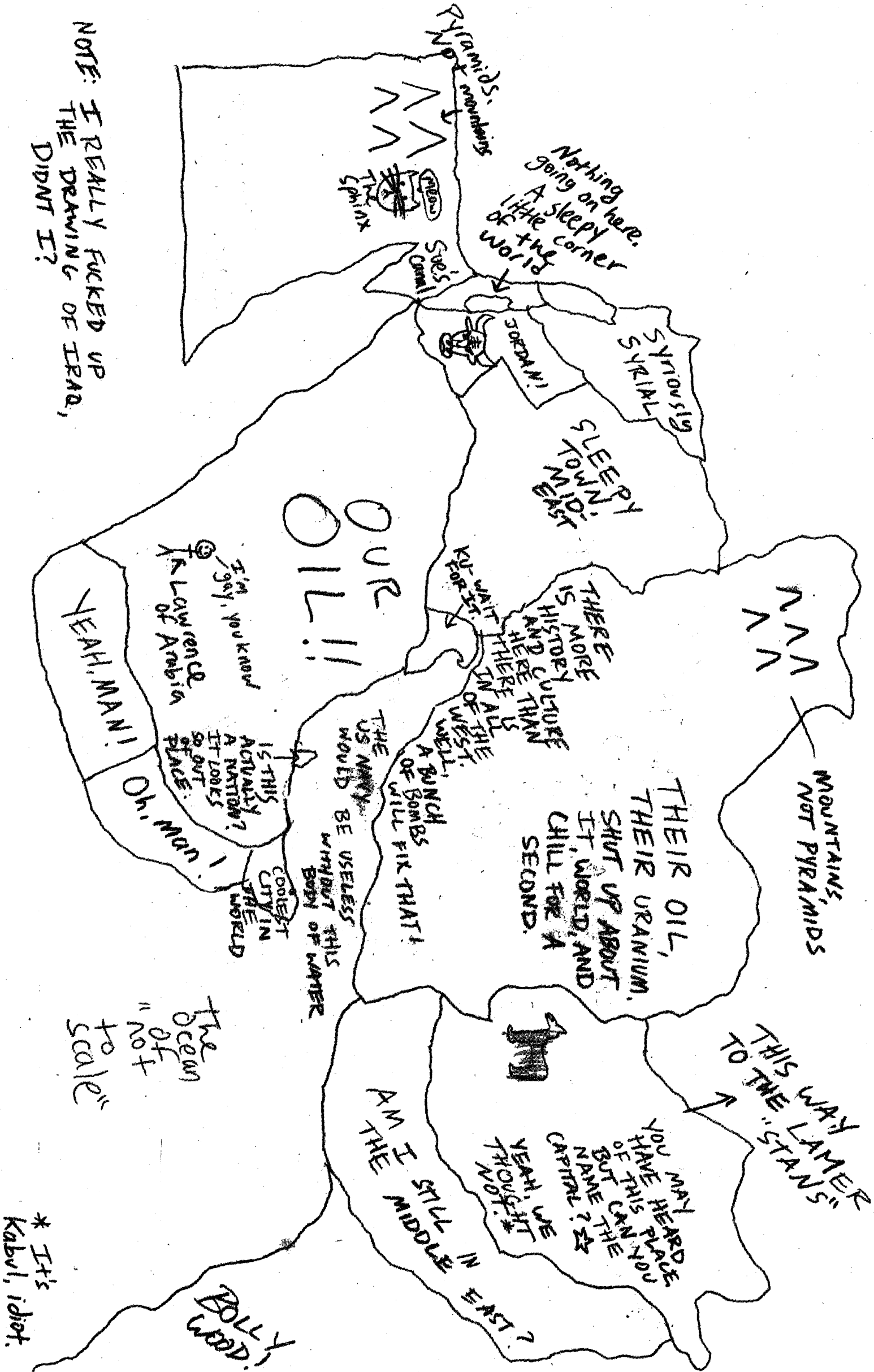
Meanwhile, the domestic politics of Afghanistan aren't making things any more stable, as an election held on Au-

gust 20 still has no certain victor, and its legitimacy is in question due to irregularities and low voter turn-out, amongst other concerns. Incumbent President Hamid Karzai initially appeared to win a contested election, but as reports of fraud became more and more frequent, a recount was requested. If opposition candidate Abdullah Abdullah, who alleges that Karzai is guilty of election fraud, sees a significant bump in his percentage of votes received, there may have to be a runoff election between Abdullah and Karzai, and with the winter snowfalls that begin in mid-November making travel around the country difficult, that election may have to wait until a few months into 2010. It has been a not-so-well-defended secret that the United States is no longer a big fan of Karzai, and even made efforts last month to negotiate an election runoff. U.S. Diplomat Peter Galbraith was dismissed from his position by United Nations Secretary General Ban-Ki Moon by the end of the month, and has since alleged that the UN is working to cover-up the massive fraud that elected Karzai.

If Americans are to assume that, like Iraq, the outcome of the Afghanistan war is in the hands of that nation's people, where does the election put them? Perhaps the expanse between opinions and schools of thought in U.S. leadership are not as great as they seem. McChrystal's report did note that, "success is still achievable... the majority of Afghans do not want a return of the Taliban." Meanwhile, Obama's potential to sink-or-float Afghanistan has been ripe for comparisons to Lyndon B. Johnson's inherited situation in Vietnam. Whether or not these comparisons are fair or setting up a self-fulfilling prophecy remain to be seen as the clock ticks and our presence in Afghanistan lasts longer and longer.

Obama's War: Afghanistan Heats Up

YOUR SB PRESS GUIDE
TO THE MIDDLE EAST
BY JAMES LAUDANO



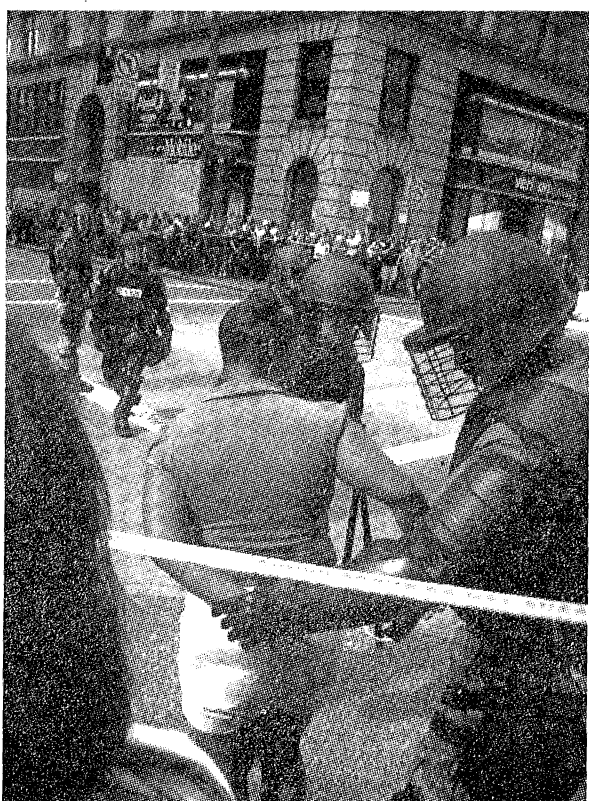
NOTE: I REALLY FUCKED UP THE DRAWING OF IRAQ, DIDNT I?

G20: A Pittsburgher's Perspective

by Kelly Pivarnik

I was born and raised and Pittsburgh. It's the city of beer, hockey and football so naturally, it was a perfect choice to host the G-20 Summit, a summit bringing together powerful financial leaders from all over the world.

Originally, the summit was planned to take place in New York City, but due



to scheduling conflicts, President Obama decided Pittsburgh would be a nice alternative due to its vast history of working class struggle and thus the G-20 found its new home.

Naturally both the excessively eager Pittsburgh police force and self-deemed teenage activists took this opportunity to do whatever they felt necessary in order to create chaos.

The biggest organized protest occurred September 24. The three-mile march coordinated by the Pittsburgh G-20 Resistance Project started in Arsenal Park in Lawrenceville and was intended to end in downtown Pittsburgh by the convention center where the summit was being held.

The protest, which organizers refused to get a permit for, was chaotic, as many news commentators had anticipated. Shortly into the march, things turned violent. Once the protestors, reached Liberty Avenue, police forces demanded the group disperse due to unlawful assembly.

"I feel that 'refusal to disperse' is one of the most unconstitutional phrases in America's law books," says

Carnegie Mellon student and Pittsburgh local Nick Teslovich.

The protestors kept marching despite this, yelling out things like "Our City, Our Streets," citing the First Amendment as well as the occasional, "Let's Go Steelers."

The police responded by throwing two cans of pepper spray into the crowds, which the protesters kicked right back at them. The crowd also retaliated by pushing a dumpster downhill towards the riot police. The riot police evidently took this fairly personally, in turn releasing thicker amounts of pepper spray and sounding an ear piercing siren in efforts to make the anarchists retreat.

The protestors kept marching towards the convention center throwing rocks and the rubber pellets at the police whom had initially fired them at the crowd. The protestors moved forward making it almost to 32nd street – the convention center being downtown on 10th street – breaking store windows along the way.

Later that night, University of Pittsburgh students gathered in mass to witness the G-20 leaders meet nearby in the Phipps Conservatory. The crowds of Pitt students grew rapidly. By 9:00 P.M. the crowds rose to about 500 and more in the surrounding areas. That is when police told the mass number of students to disperse, and within minutes police began releasing tear gas.

The tear gas created only more chaos by infuriating Pitt students whom could be heard chanting, "Let's Go Pitt." Worse, this caused angry protestors to begin smashing in windows of local shops, such as Lulu's Noodles, which is a privately owned family business. It is just one of the many local stores that suffered damages due to the anarchists who claimed to be protesting capitalism, thereby completely contradicting their views with their actions.

Nick Teslovich witnessed much of this chaos on Thursday night. I asked him if he thought Pitt students provoked police forces or behaved stupidly.

"At no point ever will the answer to that question be no, but for the most part, Pitt students were behaving as they do the other 364 days a year," Teslovich says regarding the behavior of the col-

lege students. "They were gathering together and watching the 'festivities.' Although some of them took advantage of the situation and were aggressive with the police, nine out of ten students were literally watching. That's not a crime. So the answer is yes, but it was a select few students who unfortunately now represent the entire campus community."

Teslovich continued on to describe how he saw students trying to leave the dormitories only to be pushed back into the building by being continually poked in the ribs with billy sticks.

He also saw a girl bleeding from the head from what appeared to be a rubber bullet.

"When did the word 'university' become synonymous with prison? A student paying X amount to attend Y university should be free to do what he or she pleases within the bounds of reason and safety on his or her own campus," Teslovich continues, "I realize how biased this sounds, especially from a college student, but I was a legitimately neutral observer. I flashed my CMU I.D. and was told to just keep walking the three times I was questioned."

The madness continued on Friday morning and throughout Friday afternoon. The Pittsburgh G-20 Resistance Project called for an "everywhere protest" Friday, asking G-20 opponents from different types of organizations to protest all over the city.

The Resistance Project compiled what they called a "menu" of businesses in which activists could report to protest.

Being from Pittsburgh, I know there is not a whole lot of national corporations, so I was not overly surprised



to see that this "menu" mostly consisted of places like Giant Eagle (a regional grocery store), Blush Nightclub, Carnegie Mellon's Robotics Institute, and as the Daily Show's Jon Stewart pointed out – Petland in the Eastside.

Protesters gathered downtown for an overall more peaceful day. Local Pittsburgher Kaitlin Scully photographed much of the day, witnessing the myriad protest groups expressing their opinions through demonstration, many of which were highly unconven-





tional and highly entertaining. There were hula hoopers, a brass band, a man wearing a pink seal costume and anarchists dressed in all black with handkerchiefs over their faces.

"I only witnessed one arrest and it was of a woman who was trying to get home from town. That was it," Scully says. "But if you walked on the wrong sidewalks or streets you were sure to get in trouble, but in general it was pretty

peaceful."

Though Friday was significantly less violent approximately \$50,000 worth of damage was still done. This G-20 summit may also be responsible for the first Twitter-related arrests nationally. Evidently, opposers of the G-20 were informing protestors of police movement via Twitter updates.

Pittsburgh local Maura Murzyn spoke with one of the state troopers,



whom said the protest was largely quiet and he was happy to be going home on Saturday. The laid back attitude was quite contradictory to the reportedly aggressive behavior of local Pittsburgh police force.

"There were originally going to be 30,000 protestors. So the city of Pittsburgh found [or] assigned 5,000 cops. Actual number of protestors: about

2,000," Teslovich explains. "G-20 week as it will forever be known by Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was a week of destroyed confidences in the freedoms of students and protestors."

Scully, like many other Pittsburghers, remains more positive, "I am very glad that I got to experience that day first hand. It is the kind of thing you'll only see once in a lifetime.

No One Touches Kids When Rezendes Is Around

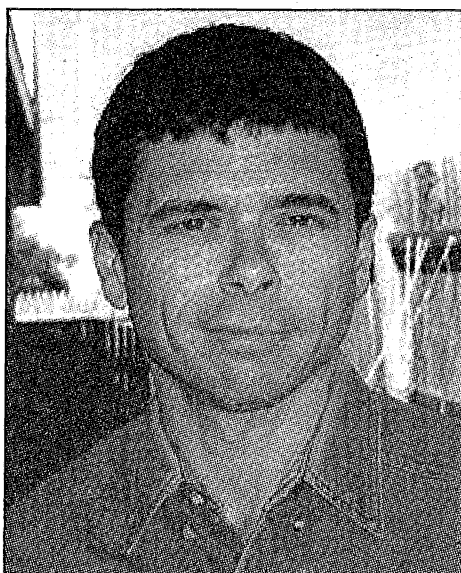
By Lauren Dubinsky

Remember when you were sitting down at dinner with your family munching on spaghetti and meatballs as your father exclaimed, "Did anyone hear about those priests that are sexually abusing children in the Catholic Church?" The spaghetti and meatballs come flying out of your mouth, landing on the table because of the disgust that you feel rising in your stomach.

These various cases of sexual abuse in the church have come to the light thanks to Michael Rezendes. Rezendes isn't Superman, flying around saving civilians from criminals and preserving justice on a daily basis but he is a hero in a very different sense. He was the lead reporter on the opening story of The Boston Globe's stories that revealed that the top Catholic officials were covering up the sexual abuse that was being committed by Reverend John Geoghan.

Rezendes had the opportunity to tell his story to 150 Stony Brook students when he visited the campus on October 7th. He leads a life that many people can only dream of living and his achievements affected the lives of many. He attended Boston University as an English major and graduated to pursue a career in journalism. He started at the

bottom working for a series of small newspapers until he worked his way up the ladder to the Washington Post. Despite his successes, his dream was to go home and write for the Boston Globe.



He landed a job at the Boston Phoenix and became a voice of the people, making a difference in the lives of hundreds of people as he reported on city hall and state politics. He began looking to bigger and better things when he applied for a job at the Boston Globe. He applied three times and every time he was denied. Rezendes informed the students that in order to be a journalist you need to have "thick skin." With his determination and thick skin,

he eventually got the job at the Globe. He called it a "beginning of a sensational run at the paper". He had the opportunity to see the entire country while reporting on stories such as the Rodney King case and the flooding of the Mississippi River. His next job was as a weekly essayist where he took events that occurred in the news and explored them intellectually. Through all the jobs that Rezendes kept one principle close to his heart: to write a story that no one has written before.

2003 was a big year for Michael Rezendes when he won a Pulitzer Prize for investigating the cover-up of sexual abuse in the Catholic Church. He had to unleash all of his "Sherlock Holmes" moves as he uncovered the various cases of church officials sexually abusing people. This wasn't an easy task Rezendes was determined to get to the bottom of the case. It all started when with an event that spurred the possibility that top church officials were involved in a cover-up of priests that they knew were sex offenders. The church tried everything in its power to get out of giving out their secret records. Rezendes has to go through a series of obstacles to finally get the information he needed to uncover a scandal. The cardinal law refused to talk to the Spotlight Team. They had to fight every effort in court to get the documents. Even after they got the documents the church

threatened to sue them.

Despite all the obstacles, the Spotlight Team was victorious when they uncovered one of the worst serial molesters in the history of the Catholic Church: John Geoghan. Around six parishes in the Boston area were affected by Geoghan. Geoghan continued to jump from parish to parish, preying on young boys until 1998 when the church dismissed him. In January 2002, the Spotlight Team, including Rezendes, reported on John Geoghan.

That single case brought the abuses of other clergy members to the surface. More and more priests were being accused by hundreds of victims who filed lawsuits. After the report done by the Spotlight Team, around 150 people came forward to having been sexually abused by Geoghan. Geoghan was arrested and sentenced to nine to ten years in state prison in February 2002 for molesting a ten year-old boy at a pool in Waltham.

Rezendes said that the firing priests does not give him satisfaction. Instead it is the fact that hundreds of victims were able to come forward and say "Hey, this is wrong and it happened to me". If it wasn't for Rezendes and the Globe's Spotlight Team, many of the sexual abuse cases in the Catholic Church would have never come to light. Justice was served.

Arts & Entertainment

Bruce Springsteen Wrecks Giant Stadium

By Steve McLinden

Yes, the man just turned 60, but he's still The Boss for as long as he keeps clocking in. No jokes about his age. Any time Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band announce that they're at the Meadowlands, it's family tradition to make a pilgrimage there, somewhere in the swamps of Jersey. With these five nights being the last musical performances at Giants Stadium before the brand new Meadowlands Stadium opens next year, Springsteen knows how to keep his hometown/state/metropoli-

ence. Van Morrison mainstreamed the concept last year, when he performed his magnum opus *Astral Weeks* on tour. Countless indie rock acts have done it this decade at festivals like Pitchfork and All Tomorrow's Parties, everyone from Wu-Tang's GZA to Built to Spill. I have dreamed of seeing *Born To Run* in its entirety for a couple of years now, and starting in Chicago this fall, Bruce did exactly that. It must be coming, I thought.

In his week and a half homestand at the Meadowlands, he played *Born To Run*, *Darkness on the Edge of Town*, *Born in the USA*, and then again *Born To Run* and *Born in the USA*. Our entire en-

thank you, mom and dad).

There's something special about the album. And there is no album more dear to my heart than *Born To Run*. My dad turned to me during the penultimate song on *Born To Run*, the slow piano-driven "Meeting Across the River" and said, "this is just setting the mood for 'Jungleland.'" On a record, we used to have to listen to it; you can't just move the needle to "Jungleland." And it hit me that all of my vinyl collecting couldn't undo what technology had done to popular music; skipping tracks is what we can do, regardless of how popular singles or album sales are, the album itself need not be a seamless work

Boss doesn't just play a 40 minute album and call it quitting time. On every of the five nights, he opens with "Wrecking Ball," a new slightly goofy tribute that he wrote to commemorate the end of the stadium's era, with fanservice about "where blood is spilled, and giants played their games," (capitalizing that G in your imagination is optional) and ends with a call to "bring on your wrecking ball." He'd play some classics "Out in the Street" and "Hungry Heart" along with some of his favorites from his newest album, the title track being "Working on a Dream" and the 8 minute cowboy narrative "Outlaw Pete." On the 8, Bruce even crowd surfed from the

back of one section of the general admission pit to the stage, which was probably about the 20 yard distance from the start of the red zone to the goal line had the football field been there. Surely a little hokey and not as dangerous as crowd surfing at some other events I've been to, but the guy's still got guts.

Born in the U.S.A. begins with the title track, and Bruce always plays that one with passion (the kind of passion Ronald Reagan never understood). Going through *Born in the U.S.A.* consecutively was pretty cool, as it's probably not something I've done with this album since I was in grade school, even if some of the tracks are kinda corny (like "Darlington County"), he made each of them great live. I gained a new found appreciation for some of the deeper tracks like "Downbound Train" and "I'm On Fire." "No Surrender" and "Bobby Jean" are two that Bruce always loves to play.

And how can you not love

"Glory Days"? It was a great goof when he played at the Super Bowl, when you think about couch-riding sports spectators. And after seeing one of my favorite never-quite-made-it indie rock bands, Oxford Collapse, play a cover of it as their final song in their last show ever, "Glory Days" has been very special to me (especially because some girl and I rushed the stage to ad-lib the "oh yeah!"s and "all right!"s at the end of the song). My dad recalled a friend of his calling him up back in '84 telling him how "that's it, man, Bruce sold out," after hearing the keyboard-loaded melodic single "Dancin' in the Dark," but it went



Bruce Springsteen Rocks Giants Stadium in 2009

tan area fans coming back year after year. It's almost a religious experience, and indeed when The Boss does his revival parody about "building a house of rock and roll," it's more uplifting than any church service I've attended. Bruce has always been known for putting on concerts lasting three or four hours, and he has recently stepped it up, always offering something more exciting by taking part in this *plays the album* trend. I suppose it was started by Phish or someone like that, but in recent years, playing a classic album straight through has become a lucrative way of bringing back old fans and offering a unique experi-

ent. At the show, some more family and friends, all felt a little ripped off that our Saturday Night tickets turned out to get us *Born in the USA*. I mean, it's good, it's Bruce, it's a unique experience, but *Born To Run* is just such a classic, and personally, *Darkness* is one of my favorite albums ever. So after the October 3 show - freshly reminded of how great Springsteen concerts always are, and dammit, we didn't get to see *Born To Run* yet - we decided to get tickets for Thursday, October 8, too (And by "we," I mean my dad and I were called "spoiled" live on WUSB radio over this by my friend and colleague Laura... so

anymore because it's impossible to force the listeners to treat it like such. E Street guitarist Steven Van Zandt (a.k.a. Little Steven) joked on a Sirius/XM interview that "we considered putting on a little skit about having to go to the phonograph and flip over the A-side of the album after 'Backstreets' ended, before we started 'Born to Run' but decided to keep it a little more dignified.

The setlists are posted to his official site, www.brucespringsteen.net after each night, and there are always plenty of reviews and media on fansite www.backstreets.com so I won't do a grocery list here. But of course, The

Thursday Night's Primetime Television Lineup

The Silly Show
8:00 PM, NBC

The Booger Show
8:30 PM, CBS

Your Favourite Show
2030 GMT, BBC

Family Guy
CANCELED

well with the album and so *Born in the U.S.A.* was closed out with "My Hometown." Making few comments on this night, the recording lineup of the band of that era took their bows, minus the late Danny Federici, who succumbed to melanoma in 2008, so taking a moment for Danny was a bit emotional. After that, we got an hour or so more of usual Springsteen numbers, "The Rising," "Born To Run," and then a favorite of course, of his demographic, "Jersey Girl," with which everyone sang along and slow-danced (my brother declined to dance with me. I was a little sore). Rarely does Bruce play "Kitty's Back" or "Detroit Medley" these days, so that was a fine treat, "Detroit Medley" which is concocted of some early rock 'n' roll standards like "Good Golly Miss Molly."

For the past few years, Springsteen has loved to play "American Land," a song originally by American folk legend Pete Seeger, which gives an Irish folk fiddle-heavy rhythm and plenty of clapping and hand-stomping. The song used to be the final closer, but lately, the band's been playing one... and then two songs after. On this night, we got the ever-fun "Waitin' on a Sunny Day" and my own personal favorite, "Thunder Road." This was like my ninth Springsteen show, and I didn't get "Thunder Road" until my seventh, and it's been great every

time, although I and some others felt that a more rousing conclusion was more in order. Of course, as it's the opening track on *Born To Run*, I was guaranteed to see it once more.

Bruce would open the *Born To Run* show with a similar beginning, but gave us a rousing sermon on constructing a memory on this night out of love, and of love, and of energy, and there is truly no energy like that of a Springsteen show. These days, sure, I usually scoff at con-

certs with more than a thousand people, and I'll make comments like, "if you have a seat number, you ain't seen' a show." But the passion of tens of thousands of Springsteen fans, all of whom know the words to every song, is as great as a concentrated punk-rock basement show. "The screen door slams, Mary's dress sways..." Bruce started on "Thunder Road," and never has a moment of live music made my heart pound like the start of this album I've known all my life. I realized as he went through, that this live version was so much better than the recording, that being the product of a scruffy-bearded New Jersey kid who just

O'Brien's show...) is one of the greatest drummers in Western music. He is adequate in the best way possible he beats those skins so hard, and he is perfect for rock 'n' roll; he need not overcompensate like certain prog-rock drummers or their impersonators, there are no 30 second blasts, just incredibly talented drumming.

And from there, it only got better. Bruce collected signs from the front of the audience, as has become tradition, for requests of all sorts – Springsteen's own classics and plenty of covers, whatever goes. We got "It's Hard To Be a Saint In The City" off of the band's debut

had on the 3rd, that they don't get to play it at the end. But wait, there's more! The house lights were on, and everyone went wild for "Rosalita"; if you could get a straight answer out of Springsteen fans of their single favorite song, the plurality might say "Rosalita." Then, it only gets better... minus the fools who had left early, everyone in the stadium was dancing to a tune made famous by Chicago-area high school senior Ferris Bueller, "Twist & Shout."

So where does Bruce go from here? Will he play the first concerts at the brand new Meadowlands Stadium? Will he play through some of his more emo-

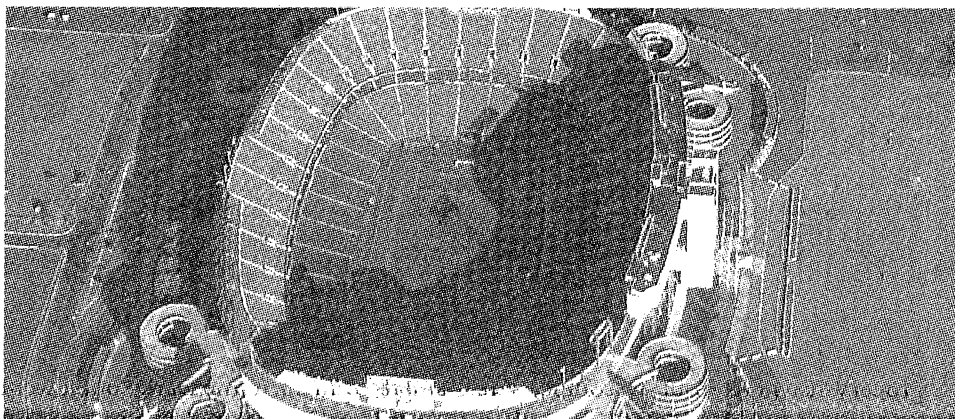


Cousin Bruceie gives you the finger, fuckers!

happened to make his big splash in 1975. He's clearly had voice-training since those years, and The E Street Band's near constant touring since the release of 2002's *The Rising* has made them tighter than ever. Bruce's lion-like bellows at the end of the epic tale "Jungleland," along Max Weinberg's perfect pounding of the drums were a greater conclusion than I ever could have asked for. Allow me to say, in my opinion, Max (you may know him better from Conan

album *Greetings from Asbury Park, "Because The Night"*, a song co-written by Springsteen for Patti Smith, and "Badlands" always gets the crowd's energy to maximum levels. "4th of July, Asbury Park (Sandy)" is another infrequently played number these days, and he again dedicated that to Danny. After "American Land," they went right into "Dancin' in The Dark." Van Zandt had commented that it throws everyone off to play songs like that, with which they often conclude shows, so early, as they

tionally dense albums like *The River* or *Nebraska* anytime soon? Whatever he does, it's clear that Bruce loves performing and has kept himself in top form for all these years. Critic Jon Landau's now-famous words from a concert review in 1974, "I saw rock and roll future and its name is Bruce Springsteen," has rung true for decades, and as his fans shall hope, will for many years to come.



Giants Stadium

Another One Bites the Dust

Troy Hasn't Fallen Yet

By Nick Statt

The Fall of Troy has become a musical group synonymous with cacophony, complexity, and, to some, even an over-dosing splatter of excessiveness. When boiled down, it's still hard to argue with the unique dynamics produced by singer/guitarist Thomas Erak and his long-time drummer Andrew Forsam. Now equipped with new bassist Frank Ene, following the 2007 departure of previous bassist Tim Ward, TFOT have gravitated heavily towards super-catchy pop on *In The Unlikely Event*.

Now, many die-hard fans of TFOT love the group for its brutal refusal to snuff out elements that mainstream music would typically shun. But almost everyone who has been letting the new album play over and over since its October 6 release have been forcing themselves to say the same thing: give it a chance.

Thomas Erak, practically the core of the whole group, has been hailed as a virtuosic, yet arrogant, multi-talented

musician. Previous Fall of Troy releases have been littered with screaming vocals and astoundingly complicated guitar sections that shift close to the speed of light. All this is due to Erak, considering he writes all the lyrics and guitar parts...and sings simultaneously on top of that.

But *In The Unlikely Event* showcases a changed man. With more than half the album void of almost all hardcore and progressive rock elements, it's easy to see Erak has undergone a transformation. It's unclear whether it's a musical reawakening or Erak simply becoming more comfortable with his singing voice and the likeability of pop elements. But anyone with enough courage can, and should, come out and say the truth: the album works.

The Washington three-piece's fourth full-length LP is essentially a perfect blend of what they can do best and what they want to do better. "Straight-Jacket Keelhailed," "Battleship Graveyard" and "Panic Attack" are three tracks that stay close to the old formula and will satisfy the nostalgic needs of any fan. But *In the Unlikely Event's* real gems are the songs that show where

they diverged from the path they've walked since "F.C.P.R.E.M.I.X." made it into *Guitar Hero III* and launched them into the limelight.

The album's first single, coincidentally titled "Single," is an amazingly melodic track that lays down simple notions of relationships and their complexity. With a fast-paced palm muted intro that bursts into a chord-heavy chorus, "Single" manages to completely draw you in before it changes into a thrashing remodeling of their old sound near the end. With the best of this new path combined with the old, it's easy to see why it was picked for the album's first single, despite the obvious name.

"Nature vs. Nurture" is a highly danceable track, somewhat of a first for TFOT. It starts out with a lax, almost jazzy, verse categorized by a remarkable luring guitar riff and soothing vocals. But it jumps to fast-paced strumming overlapped with group vocals. Containing a spoken-word break and a slow and well-organized guitar solo, this track is easily one of the most dynamic. Coming in a close second though is "Nobody's Perfect," which starts out poppy, but makes a blistering 180-de-

gree turn about two and a half minutes in.

Other notable tracks are "Dirty Pillow Talk," which begins with a wailing guitar completely digitized by numerous pedal effects and goes on to feature guest vocals by Rody Walker of Protest the Hero, and "Webs," which may be one of the most simple and slowed down tracks TFOT has ever produced.

While it may get torn apart by mixed expectations and the new dividing line in their fan base, *In The Unlikely Event* is the perfect defibrillating shock. The Fall of Troy wanted to show everyone how to make an album so diverse and fresh that it would not only offer tracks so spread apart that they could be attributed to different albums entirely, but at the same time shatter the pigeon-holed ditch they've sometimes fallen into in the past. For any die-hard fan, swallow your pride and let the album do more work than your judgments. For those who've denounced The Fall of Troy for years, you might find yourself surprised.

All You Need is Love... And \$60

By Mike Cusanelli

As most of you are probably all aware, *The Beatles: Rock Band* was released just in time for everyone to remember that The Beatles have been gone for 40 years. They were still met with hordes of screaming fans, although this time there were less hot teenage girls and more hot, sweaty man-children vying for their music. Even though we can all admit that getting old sucks, *The Beatles: Rock Band* eases the strain by being the most totally awesome game ever. That is, as long as you like playing with a small plastic guitar while other people, you know, go outside. Fortunately, I'm one of the former. Playing *The Beatles: Rock Band* is a joy for your own motley "flab four" as each of your fellow band mates step into the shoes of what is arguably one of the greatest bands of all time. The 45 tracks included in the game are phenomenal, and with more downloadable content to come, this game can keep Rock Band completionists and Beatles fans alike busy for a long time. *The Beatles: Rock*

Band also manages to be the ultimate party game because, well, everyone and your grandma likes at least some of

their songs. So take a trip down Abbey Road and strap on your wee-instruments again, fellow nerds, because this

is one Magical Mystery Tour you won't want to miss



The Beatles Rock Shea Stadium in 1965

Logos Holds the Universe Together

By Josh Ginsberg

Logos is the second full-length album by Atlas Sound, the “bedroom recording” project of Deerhunter frontman Bradford Cox. An early version of *Logos* leaked a year ago when Cox accidentally posted it on his blog. I’m glad I never heard *Logos* in its unfinished form, although I would certainly like to now to compare with the final copy. *Logos* is unlike Cox’s first release, 2009’s *Rainwater Cassette Exchange*, which sounded like a slightly more spacey latter day Strokes. It also differs from Cox’s more ambient work on the first Atlas Sound album, *Let the Blind Lead Those Who Can See But Cannot Feel* (2008) and Deerhunter’s breakthrough *Cryptograms* (2007). *Logos* also doesn’t rock the way that last years *Microcastle* or *Weird Era Cont.* do.

What is interesting about *Logos* is that it manages to sound archetypically Cox in terms of chord progressions, lyricism and vocalization, while not re-treading any of the territory embarked upon on his previous albums. *Logos*’ closest kin within his discography would probably be the first Atlas Sound album, although where that release was marked with lengthier instrumentals and interludes, *Logos* consists of only eleven fairly streamlined songs clocking in at under 44 minutes. The first track “The Light That Failed” pairs a crisp acoustic guitar against amphibious atmospheric squelches. The song is darker in mood, evocative of boggy woodland at 2 A.M., but is followed up by two much sunnier songs.

The album’s first single, “Walkabout” is based around a wet guitar sample, tambourine heavy percussion loop and ebullient organ sample. The song features Animal Collective singer and percussionist Noah “Panda Bear” Lennox on the verses and Bradford posing the cutesy questions, “What did you want to see? What did you want to be when you were young?” In a similar vein Lennox muses about the luxury in being able “to go away and not look back...to change your life without regard to what they say.” Lennox has tackled the triviality of others’ opinions in songs before on his own album *Person Pitch*’s barnburner “Bros.” On “Walkabout” two of the most consistently gifted musicians of our time create an excellent, effervescent pop song of the sort of ilk that super groups are made.

The other single on *Logos* is also its centerpiece. “Shelia” would be the cold-

est, most ambient track on *Rainwater Cassette Exchange*, but would not be out of place there. “Shelia” doesn’t sound like the bright Lisbon sun, but its murky barre-chord rock takes the listener even higher. “Shelia” features a quintessential Cox lyric, “We’ll die alone together,” which fits perfectly along his other one liners such as “Why do I dream so often of his body when his body will decay?” and “I disappeared then without a

ously thought to have been struck dead by a bus. “Quick Canal” is a great, melodic song which feels shorter than it is and is a good first track to *Logos*’ better half. It features prominent guitar samples on “Washington School” which are looped and jarringly layered that could have been at home on a Bibio album. “My Halo” is low-key acoustic pop akin to the earlier half’s “My Orchid” and “Criminals.” There is a subtle urgency

atre. It opens with a galloping drum-loop that would have been well-equipped to back James Brown himself, a plodding bass-line and a luminous synthesizer line that ascends to new heights until the song fades out. Bradford Cox sings his best Sprial Stairs and the lyrics are even more obscured than they were before. The one line that jumps out is to me is, “everything makes sense when you look at it.” But as Cox



trace...was not seen again.”

Noah Lennox isn’t the only indie-tastic guest on *Logos*. “Quick Canal” a swirling, nine-minute almost Krautrock jam features a veteran indie rocker who is well accustomed to songs that fit the “swirling, nine minute...Krautrock” niche if nothing else. Cox doesn’t sing at all “Quick Canal.” His desperate, se-date wail is replaced by the dour monotone of Stereolab’s very own Nico—Laetitia Sadier, who I had previ-

ously thought to have been struck dead by a bus. “Quick Canal” is a great, melodic song which feels shorter than it is and is a good first track to *Logos*’ better half. It features prominent guitar samples on “Washington School” which are looped and jarringly layered that could have been at home on a Bibio album. “My Halo” is low-key acoustic pop akin to the earlier half’s “My Orchid” and “Criminals.” There is a subtle urgency

The final track “Logos” would be oddly at home in a Roman amphithe-

atre. It opens with a galloping drum-loop that would have been well-equipped to back James Brown himself, a plodding bass-line and a luminous synthesizer line that ascends to new heights until the song fades out. Bradford Cox sings his best Sprial Stairs and the lyrics are even more obscured than they were before. The one line that jumps out is to me is, “everything makes sense when you look at it.” But as Cox continues to murmur on his answer is lost in his chilly, fuzzy whirlwind of sound. I guess when the album is formally released on October 20th via Kranky and 4AD and more people get to listen to it, the lyrics to “Logos” will be a quick google search away. But I don’t know...I think it’s sort of nice to let *Logos*’ captivating atmosphere keep some of Cox’s wisdom obscured. It adds to the beauty of the work.

sound is worth money.

(music news and reviews)

by Steve McLinden

The Mountain Goats – The Life of the World To Come (4AD Records, 6 October 2009)

The Mountain Goats are one of the most prolific artists on indie rock's folk hemisphere, or something like that. John Darnielle has written so many songs, that it's a running joke at Mountain Goats performances that there are so many to which he can't remember the words. And he really does forget, sometimes having to repeat a first verse a second time or ask the crowd to help him get over mental hurdles into another part of a song. I recall hearing a bootleg, where he jokingly introduced a song with something like, "this next one was the B-side to a seven-inch single, and it was only released in The Netherlands, so fuck you guys." Darnielle is known for his often off-beat subject matter. I recently heard an interview in which Darnielle explained the deeply moving songwriting process of a song on a recent release with the lovely Kaki King. And so the song represents an internal dialog of finding an imprisoned friend whilst searching for your love on the *Black Pear Tree EP*'s "Thank You Mario but Our Princess Is in Another Castle."

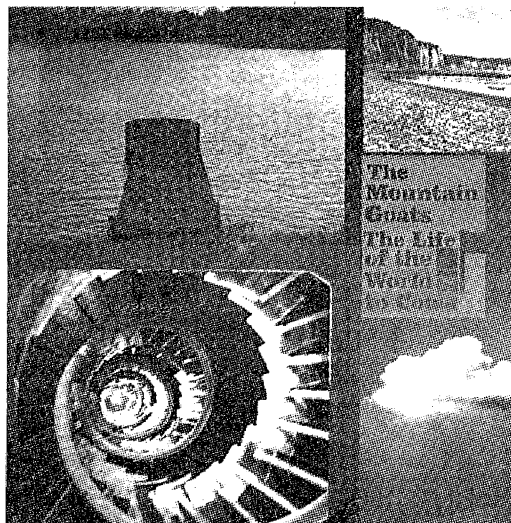
But the first thing you'll notice when you look at the tracklist of *The Life of the World To Come* is that all of the titles are simply Bible verses. "Well, I hope this isn't TOO religious," I saw a comment posted online from a fan who hadn't yet heard one song from the album. Personally, I don't understand all of the Biblical illiteracy in our world today. Even more so, I don't understand the aversion to it. I mean, it's the most read book in history, it has probably indirectly influenced every single work of art since the dawn of Western literacy. Just look at *Star Wars* or *The Matrix*. Even a smart friend would have admitted that his or her worst category on *Jeopardy!* would be religion. There are all kinds of reasons that my peers may want religion out of their music, but casting it aside as subject matter seems stupid. Sure, most music to come from the industry of Christian Rock sucks, and many current bands with religious subject matter, nervously clarify that they're just Christians and also musicians, not Christian musicians. I've come to realize, unfortunately, that most of my friends don't catch the Biblical lyrics in some alternative rock classics by Pixies. Looking back a generation at Led Zeppelin, it's obvious

that at least some listeners were attuned to scripture, even if it was just parents flipping out about demons possessing teenagers through headphone wires, I think the kids knew where "Trampled Under Foot" got its title.

The first track, "1 Samuel 15:23" starts off with Darnielle alone on his acoustic guitar, a sign that this will certainly be a more minimal and solo-centric album than The Mountain Goats previous full length, the folk-rockin' *Heretic Pride*. More of a full-band track follows, anxiety-infused, titled "Psalms 40:2" and draws its refrain and theme directly from that verse, wherein the Psalmist is "raised me from the pit and will set me high" and is fleshed unto modern life by Darnielle calling, "Lord, send me a mechanic if I'm not beyond repair." From there, we switch to a much mellower, keyboard-laden poppy "Genesis 3:23," the verse in which God banishes Adam & Eve from the Kingdom of Eden, and so Darnielle recalls how he "used to live here," revisiting an old house one day. "Philippians 3:20-21" is our leap forward to a later book of Christian scripture (the previous songs are all from the Hebrew Bible; calling it "The Old Testament" has become a bit of a faux pas, by the way) draws its message from the book based in Paul's letter to an early Church, Darnielle sings to a ticking drum beat of how one can get by while waiting for something to happen. Of course, to Paul, this was about church practices until the return of Christ, and Darnielle kind of universalizes it to just sitting and smoking cigarettes. A track with a more pronounced drumbeat and interspersed violin and piano, "Hebrews 11:40" is about the fulfillment of a promise, where he sings of "being restored"; "I'll get my perfect body back someday." As I'm not an expert, I won't interpret the verse, but I really appreciate the optimism Darnielle presents for oneself and one's future, as the letter from which the book originates likely suggests its audience keep the faith for the promises. Similarly, the later track "Romans 10:9" borrows from another letter of Paul's, promising that hearty belief will grant one salvation one day. "Busy hours for joyful hearts, maybe later head out to the pharmacy / won't take the medication, but it's good to have around, a kind of loving God won't let my small ship run around!" he sings, promising salvation.

And maybe you don't need to be a member of the audience Paul was writing to or a Christian at all to know that keeping a positive attitude and having a sturdy railing will get you past the most daunting of staircases of life.

"Genesis 30:3" is almost entirely piano-based songwriting, and it's absolutely heart-breaking, whether or not



you know the tale of Rachel. Darnielle, promises, "I will do what you ask me to do, because of how I feel about." In summary, Rachel was infertile, offered her servant to marry her husband so that he may bear sons. She later conceives, steals heirlooms of her father for Jacob, Jacob unknowingly curses whomever possesses these treasures, and so she dies shortly after giving birth to their second child together. I mean, fuck off, Meat Loaf, that's doing anything for love. Later, "1 John 4:16" is a similar, but more hopeful, slow piano chord-based talk towards God about the mutual love the two must have. With little to no accompaniment to his acoustic guitar on this tear-jerker, "Matthew 25:21" is a depressing song about a loved one's descent into illness in a San Francisco-area hospital, and it makes me want to listen to The Antlers' *Hospice* just to cheer up, relatively speaking. Darnielle only compares himself to an 18-wheeler without its brakes, just hoping he can keep himself together, and to be honest, I don't understand the parallel to a parable. Invoking the mentality of an exhausted Moses reflecting on the journey through the desert, Darnielle calls himself a flightless bird on Deuteronomy, and I think that's a fairly universal feeling at some time, like, you know, maybe getting done with your undergraduate require-

ments already. "Isaiah 45:23" is based on a song of the second Isaiah, from the perspective of a bed-ridden man, repeating, "and I won't get better, but someday I'll be free, because I am not this body that imprisons me." So maybe that one's not as universal, to those who don't see it as a prophecy towards the inner Christ. But anyway, it's not a bad song! "Ezekiel 7 and the Permanent Efficacy of Grace" leads in with a bit of a haunting soft piano intro, and a music video directed by Rian Johnson, a Darnielle dressed in black playing a grand piano under a small lamp represents well how uncomfortable one feels to bear witness to his emotional vulnerability. "Drive 'til the rain stops, keep driving!" Darnielle tells himself, similar to the prophet Ezekiel's harsh warning of the end times which can thereby be closely correlated to the Book of Revelations. Yeah, life is hard. The whole journey is hard. The Mountain Goats has always been about finding

So, pardon that proselytization thing I did in the first few paragraphs. That certainly wasn't Darnielle's intent with the album either, as he wrote in the summer on the band's official site. *I guess the obvious question is going to be: "John, have you had some sort of religious awakening?" and while I guess lots of people might want to be coy about answering that, that's never really been my style, so: no. It's not like that. It's not some heavy-narrative-distance deal either, though, and it's not a screed. It's twelve new songs: twelve hard lessons the Bible taught me, kind of.* And if John reads this (seems like the kind of guy who'd be curious what the Internet says about him), I'm terribly sorry if I misinterpreted any Mountain Goats songs. Oh, I'd like to extend that message to God and any Bible verses, too. I've also heard interviews in which John talks about how he carries a couple of pebbles like they're his friends or good luck charms, and of his "druid-like" belief that each of these rocks has an individual energy, and so do the trees and... yeah, that's not necessarily some stuff you'll find in most Christian denominations. Meanwhile, his passion for extreme metal (a common topic on his blog) is the very first reason I only recently touched any metal beyond Black Sabbath, about a couple of years ago, when I dove deep into a number of sub-genres of extreme metal, like depressive

black metal or funeral doom metal or crust punk. So as a fan of the likes of Sarcófago, and thereby converting me to one as well, Darnielle has a few tallies up on the devil's side too I guess.

I don't really care if I call myself a Christian or if anyone else does, either. I like the term I read in some book once, "Biblical humanist." I suppose Darnielle and I are just obsessive compulsive nerds for a few of the same things, like collecting records, politics, vegetarianism and rooting for underdogs and finding our own meaning in Christian literature. Maybe that's why I feel almost every Mountain Goats song intensely and as their own musically crafted existence of a unique Darnielle-world emotion. *The Life of the World To Come* may not be the best place to start if you're looking for Mountain Goats folk-rock, no, his works of the past 5 years or so have provided an amplitude of that. As for touching song-writing on the human condition, well, to me, there is no poet more heartfelt than John Darnielle.

Every Time I Die, Live in Farmingdale

Nothing hurts your hipster cred like going to a metalcore show. When a friend asked what I was doing with my Monday night, and I responded that I was going to see Every Time I Die and Bring Me The Horizon, the recoil with something like, "What the heck, why would you do that?" I'm sure I lost at least 100 indie points for this. But I enjoy experiencing all kinds of live music (except ska). And unfortunately, to check out most of the bands I'd be interested in seeing, I usually have to travel to Manhattan. Or Brooklyn via Manhattan. Or Brooklyn via transferring at Jamaica. So school nights be damned, if a fairly brutal-ass band like Every Time I Die was coming to my island, I was willing to check it out.

Yes, there is Farmingdale's Club Loaded, the one venue on Long Island that draws some big acts this far east. Most any child of the late '80s who grew up in Nassau or Suffolk has some zany story about one concert they saw at the The Downtown. Whether it was Taking Back Sunday (before they got big) or some Wu-Tang member, most of us had their share of teenage experiences there. The Downtown was just feet away from the Farmingdale train station, but it closed its doors in 2005. On Route 110 just south of that defunct location, the Crazy Donkey has filled some of the void for the Long Island show-going scene.

The bar converts itself, at least in name, to host "Club Loaded rock shows" a couple of times a week. I've caught a couple of nerd rap and indie pop shows at the club in the past, but their biggest draws seem to be more like punk and post-hardcore and metalcore fare, which is not surprising when you think of a

cross-section of your typical Long Islander, age 14-24.

So on Monday, October 5, the club was packed to a capacity of nearly a thousand people, most of whom had more tattoos and piercings than I do (none, of course). I lingered through the outdoor crowd, hoping not to run into any old MySpace friends as opener Oh, Sleeper played. A Christian metalcore band from Texas, they sounded a little too technical for my taste, but I do mean very clean and technical, so I'll give them that credit. I met up with a high school buddy leaning against a wall in the back; he was no stranger to the mosh pit, but he was healing a skateboard injury, so surely nobody in the crowd could call him a pussy for that. And me, um, well, I had a steno pad, so that's my excuse. Prices of alcohol at the bar seemed reasonable, I suppose, for its location (there wasn't too much drinking going on — most of the nights seem to be either all ages or 18+).

Architects, a British metalcore band, was a bit of an unimpressive undercard. They played for about a half-hour, but I couldn't really tell what was your typical -core breakdown or when they were actually transitioning into a different song. There were a few moments where they got all mathcore-like and went off on some real cool old-school thrashing sound, but that was fleeting.

Bring Me The Horizon, another British act, was certainly the draw for at least some of the crowd. The band seems to have a bit of a polarizing effect on metalcore fans when I've heard the name come up, and it usually lies on either side of "ugh" or "you know what, they're pretty good." Personally, I was moderately impressed with 2008's *Suicide Season*, which demonstrated some creativity,

BMTH's recorded stuff. I'm finding out now that the band's frontman, Oli Sykes, is something of a scene idol to teen girls in the UK, which makes sense, because I thought he was more worried about image and attitude than actually being a vocalist. (If you were seeking to confirm a stereotype about scene kids or the metalcore genre, there, you've found it.) Sykes would repeatedly call out, "C'mon, Long Island!" and then ask the audience to show them our middle fingers, or to chant one of the most patently shocking phrases in the English language, "Fuck you!" At some points, they would also shine for about half-a-minute of wicked deathcore jamming, and watching them wasn't a waste of time. I think with a little more showmanship, not taking a minute to regroup after each song, and having the singer behave less like a hypeman, Bring Me The Horizon might be able to put on a good live performance.

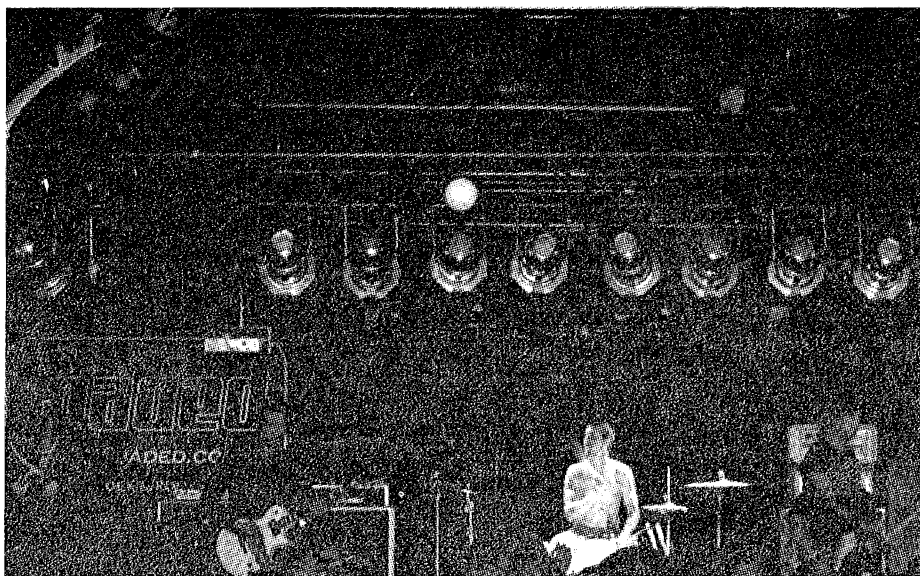
It was still early in the evening by the time the headline act from got on stage, but we were all ready for Every Time I Die's set to start. The energy was palpable. Oh, and you could smell it, too, yeah... it was a very organic smell. Personally, I don't like the idea of wearing a T-shirt of the band you're going to see; Every Time I Die's fans displayed their passion with their actions much more so than just on their apparel, thrashing like mad at the sound of the first drum blast.

Every Time I Die puts on a hell of a show, never letting off the throttle. Their style defies description a bit, comparable only to Between The Buried and Me, with a finely-brewed blend of metalcore, upstate hardcore punk, modern screamo, Southern rock riffs, and just a general heavy-duty rock 'n' roll. Vocalist Keith Buckley proved himself to be one of the most intense vocalists I've seen

like "Bored Stiff" and "No Son Of Mine". I'm not sure if I'd call those fan favorites, as everything seems to be a fan favorite in an ETID audience. One of the guitarists did a somersault into the crowd while playing, a feat I'd not seen performed before. Someone in the audience threw a pair of panties on stage at one point, at which point Buckley asked who "lost" them, and offered a free T-shirt to the first guy to get on stage, take off his pants, and put them on (some bro obliged in under a minute). The band endured good-natured jeering of their hometown football embarrassments, the Bills, but I thought it would be unwise to start one of the trademark Jets chants.

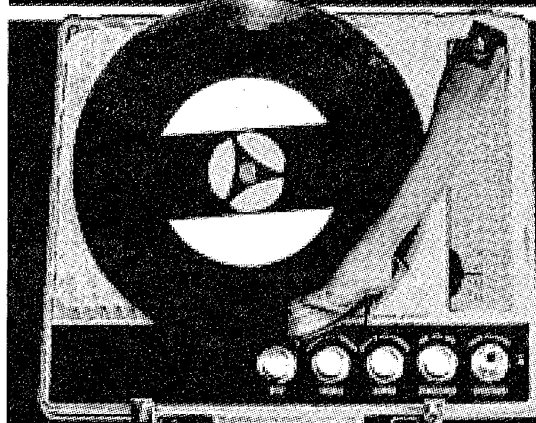
Surprisingly absent from the set list was the most recent single "Host Disorder", but it was nice to see the band play a number of new songs. "For The Record", a particularly brutal mathcore song has become a new favorite of mine. With Buckley's shouting lines like "Lord, have mercy on my soul" so fiercely, it might look contrived on paper but sounds incredibly sincere. They even played a couple dating back to their breakthrough album *Hot Damn!*, my friend called "Floater" the best of the night. "Apocalypse Now and Then" felt absolutely anthemic, and the energy only increased from there on. Before "Werewolves", Buckley invited the crowd to rush the stage. There were roughly 150 fans on stage almost instantly, some singing the lyrics out loud, some thrashing about, and some stage diving. It was obvious that an encore wasn't feasible after this, but the audience was more than satisfied with the band's set of about a dozen songs in just under an hour. A band that's accessible to their fans is always a plus; they invited everyone to meet up with them at their tour bus after the show. I would've liked to get a few questions in for a brief interview, but I couldn't blame them if they'd have preferred to meet teenage scene girls over talking to me.

Even though metalcore isn't usually my greatest area of interest, it can certainly make for an entertaining evening. That and it was nice to not spend more hours on the MTA than at the show and to be home before 11:00. Club Loaded events can be pretty convenient for Stony Brook-area students with a car, and may be the only place east of Brooklyn to catch a big name act for as long as our university doesn't book many concerts. In the coming months, Finch, Machine Head, The Academy Is..., Minus The Bear, two local favorites As Tall As Lions and Thursday, and Andrew W.K. will be among the performing acts at Club Loaded shows, for more info, check out their website at www.clubloaded.com.



the potential to branch out a bit and not sound like every other metalcore band in recent memory. They opened with the first song from their debut album, "Pray for Plagues", and I was feeling it, but my friend and I both noticed that the vocals were not as dynamic or powerful on

live; I don't think he once needed to catch his breath. I kind of expected their setlist to consist mostly of tracks on *New Junk Aesthetic*, an album they released on Epitaph Records last month (see Nick Statt's review in our previous issue). Instead, they kicked off with some older songs



TUNES FOR TWITS!

"A GLANCE AT THE PAST 30 YEARS OF MUSIC"

By Alexander Cardozo

Genesis (This could have had nothing to do with Phil Collins)

The 1980s. What a time! We were best pals with the Taliban, Miami was doing well, and not a single white person in the U.S. of A., knew what hip hop was. Americans developed a fetish for the modern. If it sounded like a computer, it must've been cool. People who had seen *Tron* weren't just faggots, they were cutting edge. We ditched those stone tools and loincloths for spandex and Apple IIs. 1.03 MHz of pure groin hugging goodness.

So the 80s brought us computers, fax machines, vocoders and Klaus Nomi, what more *could* our society of Reaganauts gamble for? Would the polymaths figure out all the things Agrippa couldn't? Could we sell arms to Iran and keep that yayo flooding into Florida from Nicaragua? Perhaps not. If there was one thing our society learned, it's that beggars can't be choosers. Plus Reagan was kind of a chode, he believed in astrology, and he got Alzheimer's disease. How lame is that, I mean really?

So what about the music? Ah, what about the music indeed. Welcome to music heaven and hell. Every time you find something good, something so impossibly shitty comes along that it negates what you just found. And when I mean good, it could mean amazing. You could have just lost your virginity to the entirety of "The Queen is Dead," and then *Genesis* might be right on the next CD tray. It's like Phil Collins walked in, raped your girl in front of you and *even* forgot to wipe his shoes before he walked inside. That's how bad the contrasts are. Despite how polar the music in fact was, there will always be some examples of the awesome, the innovative, and damn weird. Welcome to the 80s in music.

Talking Heads *Remain in Light*

Without Talking Heads, what would Bret Easton Ellis have done with himself? What would Clay have listened to while hitting coyotes with his car in "Less than Zero"? Talking Heads, led by musician and megalomaniac David Byrne, were one of the defining bands of the 1980s. Their first three albums established them as one of the strangest and coolest art punk acts to come out of New York City. "Remain in Light's" arrival matured the band to their full sound.

Before hip hop was even a coherent genre on the mainstream music scene, embryonic versions of beat production were in brew. The Afrobeat movement of the mid 70s is largely believed to be the precursor of the golden age of hip hop. In 1979, Byrne, Tina Weymouth and the gang were introduced to Nigerian Afrobeat master Fela Kuti. With Brian Eno at the helm as producer, the Talking Heads started a project years ahead of its time. It is no secret that Byrne and Weymouth deviated from their distinct early sound. The album is a rich and dense multilayer cake of music. It builds catchy guitar riffs and often beautiful lyrics over a heavy bass

tional influences to create more than just rock music. Listening to tracks like "Listening Wind" or "Seen and Not Seen" instantly make me think of the British downtempo movement in the mid 90s. To say the album is ahead of its time is an understatement. It's a collective piece of art that belongs in any record collection or massive hard drive full of stolen music. (David Byrne doesn't need any more money). Make sure to use a proxy kids.

Kate Bush: *Never For Ever*

I will make this clear before I start this review. Before I listened this album in its entirety, I fucking hated the idea of Kate Bush. To me she was the horrid precursor

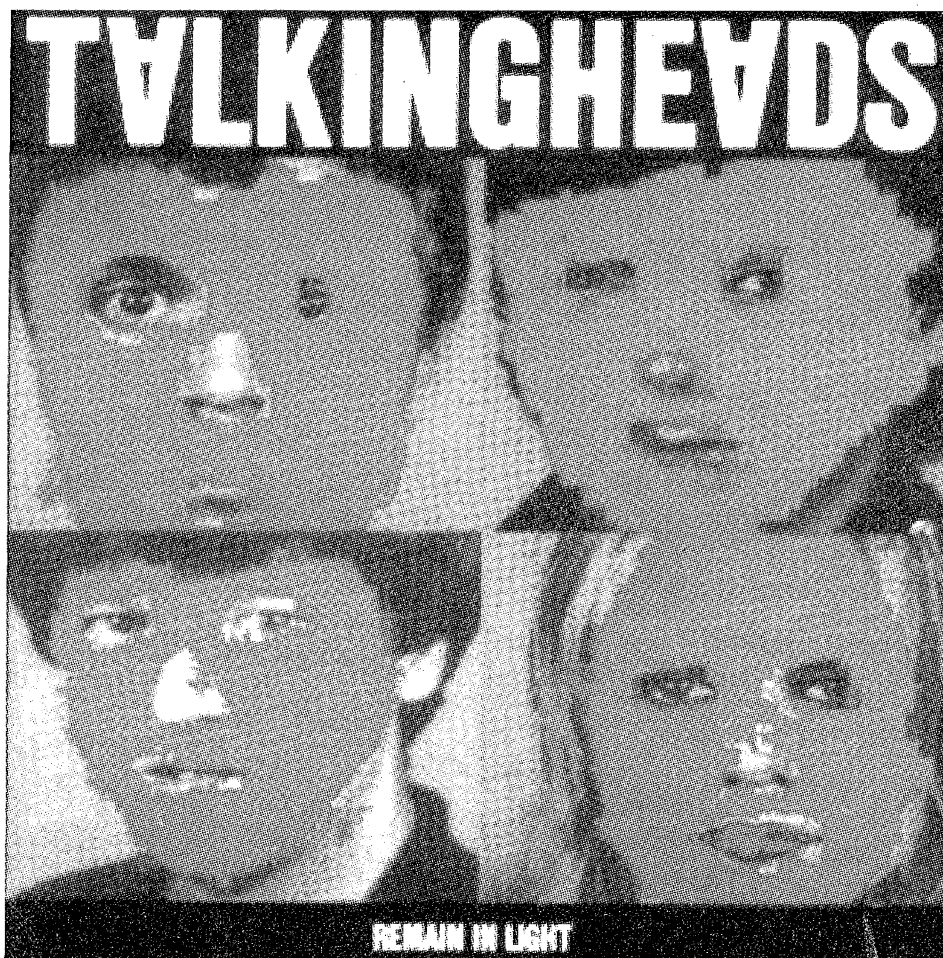
Long story short, Kate Bush is an awkward musical prodigy, born in Kent, Britain. Her career was mostly created by David Gilmour of Pink Floyd, who discovered her in the 70s. Bush is an artist who loves to mix and match sounds that have no place on the same record, something that I personally can admire. She would later use the Bulgarian Women's Choir to do her backup vocals, borrow from Celtic, Gypsy, and world music drawing from many ethnic sounds. Her lyrical content is impressive, drawing from James Joyce, Henry James, and François Truffaut.

Never For Ever was the first time Bush did her own production and incorporated synth work and drum machines. The production is impressive and the thematic sound of the record sticks through even as the musical style changes from track to track. The album as a whole is certainly a vague mood piece of sorts, the kind of music that should back drop bedtime stories.

There are traditional rock songs on *Never For Ever*, such as "The Wedding List," and "Babooshka," which are actually quite good. Bush has a powerful voice and is able to make it sound remarkably different inbetween choruses and verses, not unlike say Kristen Hersh of the Throwing Muses. The album also has its share of dreamy, otherworldly songs ranging from the more bold to the more quiet and waltz like, such as "Delius," and "Army Dreamers."

My personal favorite track doesn't come up until the very end of the record. "Breathing," is a lush layered track that is one of the better ending tracks I've heard on an 80s era album. You barely notice the tastefully played synth in the background as it almost sounds like an oboe. The piano work and drum beats go perfectly with Bush's vocals making it a must listen track.

It took a long time for me to build the patience to listen to Bush at all. Hearing "Never For Ever," definitely has me not hating her anymore. She created something very complex and unique with the record, albeit, it is not for everyone. If you are particularly daring, which most of you idiots listening to Beirut and Devotchka, probably think you are anyway, pick up *Never For Ever*. You never know, you might discover something dreamlike and pleasant as I did.



African percussion sound, one that breaks out immediately as, "Born Under Punches," the album's first track punches out (Get it? It's because the song has the word punches in it. Har har).

Even *Remain in Light's* more traditional rock pieces have an undeniable groove. "Crosseyed and Painless" and hit single, "Once in a Lifetime," are more accessible, but highly innovative in their production.

"Remain in Light" is an excellent example of genre blending music that isn't afraid to look for foreign and unconven-

to Tori Amos's brand of emasculating, self involved alternative rock with suspiciously bald and overweight male fans. You know, like ska fans only gayer, but a tiny bit less fat. But yes, under many many recommendations from a certain significant other, I decided to give it a chance. It's weird, yes, it's not entirely accessible, but there really is something going on here from a songwriting perspective that demands attention and has its own merits. Merits well passed the fact that there are mythical creatures erupting out of her vagina on the album cover.

Pop Punk Isn't Brand New, But the Album Is

By Katie Knowlton

It's hard to believe that less than ten years ago, Brand New was playing pop-punk and singing lines like "even if her plane crashes tonight, she'll find some way to disappoint me" or "come to me, the only broken hearted loser you'll ever need." It's also hard to believe that Brand New is comprised of the same guys who created *Your Favorite Weapon* in 2001. On *Daisy*, their fourth full length, they take another radical departure from their previous efforts, creating a concise, heavy and dark album.

Daisy is Brand New's most complex release to date. Musically, there isn't a lot going on, at least in comparison to their last album, *The Devil and God Are Raging Inside Me*. The complexity comes from trying to figure out what the band is trying to get at with their music and their lyrics. Yes, that's generally the task when listening to any album, and it is often a complex and difficult one, but with this LP it just seems different. The problem that arises is, from album to album, Brand New changes so much. They have gone from somewhat generic pop-punk to intense, angry post-rock, and in some places it is hard to see how they have jumped from one genre to the next.

Out of the context of their previous work, though, this is a solid album. Other reviewers have made comparisons to Modest Mouse, Jesus Lizard and Nirvana, among others, but as I have not listened to any significant amount of work from those bands, and I can't determine whether or not those assessments are accurate. I think that there is a distinct Fugazi influence, especially on the first track, "Vices," which could be a cousin to "Waiting Room," one of Fugazi's better known songs. Regardless, I can say that *Daisy* does have heavy grunge and post-rock influences. A lot of the guitar work is heard through heavy distortion and fuzz, and the same is true for the bass. Vincent Accardi, the lead guitarist, utilizes some interesting techniques found more often in noise rock. He plays with the kill switch and delay in ways I wasn't expecting, even given the new direction the band has taken. It catches the attention and gives listeners something to grab onto in the absence of more traditional riffs and melody. As for the other musicians, bassist Garrett Tierney and drummer Brian Lane, they provide a

crucial backbone to anchor the songs, keeping them from going off into Sonic Youth territory. Tierney delivers his best performance to date, playing interesting lines that don't overpower Accardi and vocalist/guitarist Jesse Lacey, but give the tracks a necessary depth in the low end. The songs are constructed in a more free form way, without the traditional verse/chorus dynamic. Often it is hard to discern whether there is either, or if they are even meant to be perceived, if they do exist.

The most impressive aspect of *Daisy* is that it clocks in at just over 40 minutes, but it feels much longer, and

ance on an album thus far. There is a great sense of desperation and urgency in his voice; in some cases it just seems he wants to spew out the words as quickly as the song will allow. Even during the quieter moments, the solemn feel takes on a desperate tone. This is an album that is sad as hell, and Lacey's vocals are the main reason for that.

The lyrics are a bit different from previous releases in that Lacey and Accardi both contributed, where in the past, it was just Lacey. The results are mixed. On the one hand, it's refreshing to get a new perspective, as Lacey is frequently overly introspective. But on the

ardly, but I'm sure there's just some deeper meaning I'm not getting.

In the context of Brand New's other albums, *Daisy* is not their best. *The Devil and God Are Raging Inside Me* gets that title; it's an emotional gut punch, despite its somewhat unnecessary length. It's not as dark and heavy, and the slightly more mellow tone allows it to hit in a way that I think *Daisy* wanted to, but ultimately failed at because it is actually trying to. *The Devil and God Are Raging Inside Me* is deliberate in many ways, but its darkness can be surprising in ways that *Daisy* is outright. After listening through it once, I got a

solid sense of what it was and what it was trying to do. Not that there aren't new things to discover about the album, but I "got it" after that first listen. Not so with *The Devil and God Are Raging Inside Me*: it still surprises me, and I don't know if I'll ever fully get it, but I want to keep listening to try. *Daisy* is definitely a great album, and firmly within Brand New's tradition of releasing amazing material regardless of genre. It's not an easy listen, but it's definitely one that most should spin at least once, whether or not you're a fan of Brand New.



not in a bad way. The main problem I had with their last album, *The Devil and God Are Raging Inside Me*, was that they dragged many of the songs on for far too long, becoming unnecessarily repetitive, seemingly just for the sake of having a long song. Many lost some of their impact due to these extended bridges or outros, but with *Daisy* this problem is resolved. The songs are expansive, building and falling, in some cases multiple times, but they don't overstay their welcome, and you're not left wishing the damn thing would just end already.

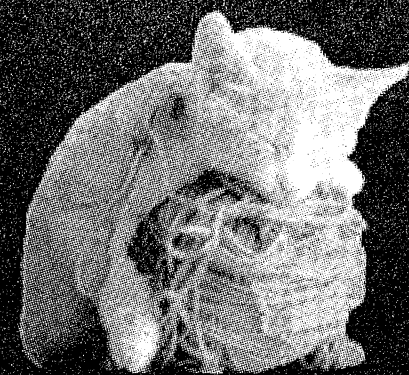
Vocally, Jesse Lacey unleashes a torrent of screamed metaphors and dark musings. It's his most intense perform-

other hand Accardi isn't as talented, or perhaps as practiced, as Lacey. His words are definitely "Brand New," but some of his metaphors are too simple or fall flat, where Lacey, in many minds, is Brand New, and Accardi's lines feel almost out of place. It's not horribly noticeable, as most of the vocals are not at the forefront of the mix and are often screamed, making it difficult at times to decipher them. It's upon closer listens that the difference becomes noticeable. But for the most part, *Daisy's* lyrics are rife with metaphor and poetic language. Most of the time, I don't really get what's being sung about, because the lyrics seem thrown together rather haphaz-

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COMICS

Reading *High Moon* at High Noon

By Kenny Mahoney

Did you ever wonder what would happen if gun-slinging lawmen turned into werewolves? How about what a suit of armor built by Nikola Tesla would look like? And what if demons, spirits, and magic played a role in pretty much everything you did? Well, if you have, then look no further than *High Moon*, a self-described horror/western written by David Gallaher with art by Steve Ellis.

Now here comes the part where I would normally give you a summary of the characters, the setting, and the story they've gotten themselves into. From what I can gather, a special group of lawmen called "Macgregors" fight evil. Seriously, that's it. I really did read it! I swear! I even enjoyed it! But unfortunately, I have a really hard time piecing a coherent story together out of the events presented in Volume One of the series. I just don't get a good feel for who these people are, why they're doing what they're doing, how it all came about, and more importantly – why I should care. Characters are introduced and killed all within the span of a few pages, save for a few, and it becomes very difficult to understand their relations to anything with so little face



time. I'm not sure if this is going to progress into a complete story at the end of the series, but I thought I would feel a little bit more confident in my understanding at the end of the

first volume.

What *High Moon* lacks in story it makes up for with absolutely fantastic artwork. Steve Ellis has worked on a number of different comic series including Green Lantern, Iron Man, Spider-Woman, as well as trading cards and video games. His character designs are some of the best I've seen anywhere, and his monster art is incredibly unique and downright scary. His attention to detail is stellar, using great color and penciling to bring each panel to life. What I was really impressed with was his use of lettering, you know – sound effects like "bang" and "aaah" – and weaving them into his art. Most comics just have these either in a bubble or scrawled on the

side of a panel, but Ellis uses them to become part of the art, like seeing "bang" written along the trail of a bullet or "splurt" in a mist of blood.

High Moon is published by Zuda Comics, an online division of DC Comics, which plays host to a ton of original content available for free on their website. Users can then vote on a series that they like, and at the end of the month the most popular one is turned into an ongoing series. *High Moon* is the first winner of this competition and has been printed into a physical book. While I would definitely recommend taking a look at the comic in the flesh, there's just no excuse for you not to read it for free. So go and give it a try, and if you enjoy blood, bullets, and demons, but can deal with feeling a little confused then there's no reason you won't enjoy *High Moon*.



COMICS

Cut Down a Tree with a *Red Herring*

By Evan Goldaper

These days, nobody trusts the government about anything. Blame Richard Nixon...I mean, I do. So it's no surprise that political mysteries have become almost as omnipresent as superheroes and spacemen in the world of action entertainment. The problem is that, just like superheroes and spacemen, conspirators can often become clichéd. What everyone wants is an original story based on this established formula. *Red Herring*, a new comic miniseries written by David Tischman and drawn by Philip Bond, aspires to do just this.

Red Herring is the story of Maggie MacGuffin, a Congressional aide. Through a series of slightly confusing events, she gets involved with the Red Herring, a strange man bent on exposing a complex conspiracy in the Capital. Tischman manages to throw in enough twists to the genre to keep the books interesting. In particular, this version of the classic Area 51-setup is quite intriguing. Though the story can be quite serious at times, there are a few jokes and a lot of clever satire. Tischman has referred to *Red Herring* as a mix between *The X-Files* and the *Daily Show*, which is completely apparent while reading. However, the writing is not always effective. In particular the narration, which is usually from Maggie's perspective, sporadically switches to the third person, an omniscient narrator who reflects on facts Maggie could not possibly have known. How-

ever, this is excusable, considering the fact that, overall, the plot is very solid.

I cannot say the same about the artwork. Bond has a unique style and, at times, is extremely likeable. On the other hand, sometimes it can seem almost laughably sloppy. Red is consistently drawn well, while some of the villains look much more slipshod, with eyes needlessly out-of-focus. Other times, things are colored with bizarrely bright colors when darker hues may have worked better. There is no problem with visual pacing, but I do feel that the art takes a backseat to the writing.

Still, as anyone who has ever read mystery novels knows, the beginning is never the best part. Since I've only read Issue 1: *Blue Makes Her Look Fat* and Issue 2: *There Better Be a Damn Good Reason I Was in Coach*, I can't say much about the plot's development—a key point in any good detective story. I guess the fact that I'm curious to learn what happens next is proof enough that the books are interesting. It would definitely be better bound together in trade-paperback form, but the individual issues are certainly worth your consideration.

Comics *Ex Machina*

By Alex Nagler

Mitchell Hundred was once your average New Yorker. A civil engineer and DC comics reader, he was raised by a single mother and has always had questionable sexual preferences. Hundred decided to run for mayor in 2001 as a fringe candidate against the more established candidates.

Mitchell Hundred is not your average New Yorker. A civil engineer and DC comics reader, he responded to a call one night on the Brooklyn Bridge that blew up in his face and permanently scared him. This explosion gave him the ability to talk to and command mechanical devices. Like anyone who

grew up on comic books, he decided to become a superhero and use his newfound powers for good. He became the Great Machine, a non-lethal crime fighter who can simply command guns to not fire or radio systems to shut down with his voice.

Mitchell Hundred also commanded one of the two planes headed for the World Trade Center to land. Thanks to this, he went from being a minor candidate to living in Gracie Mansion.

Mitchell Hundred is the central subject of former *Lost* writer Brian K. Vaughan's Wildstorm series *Ex Machina*, which has entered its final arc as its final issue (#50) approaches. The series began in 2004 as a way for Vaughan to express his frustration with

politics. *Ex Machina* places Hundred at the helm of New York City, placing him up against real life issues the gay marriage debate, legalization of marijuana, terrorist attacks, Papal audiences, and the 2004 Republican National Convention.

The series deals with timely issues in a pressing way and puts the politics right alongside with the superhero antics. Hundred gave up being a superhero after 9/11 for national security reasons, thus nearly all his super human antics take place in the past. Similar to his storytelling from *Lost*, Vaughan seamlessly weaves the past and present together and makes them relate in ways that may not initially be clear, but are made so by the end of the issue or the

arc.

The final arc, *Pro-Life*, rings in 2005, a year that Mayor Hundred should be running for reelection, but isn't. Hundred has other things to worry about, like the possible return of his old archenemy and the rising of a new, unseen enemy that was only a hindrance before an accident gave the new villain powers.

There are 5 issues remaining in *Ex Machina*. The bound trades, the eighth of which is coming out on December 9, collect issues 1 through 39. If you're a New Yorker, a politics fan, or someone who enjoys comics that aren't heavy on the superpowers, go pick up whatever you can of this great series.

COMICS

Air Slowly Flies... Or Something

By Katie Knowlton

It's often difficult to review a trade paperback for a series from the middle of its run. It's hard to jump into the middle of a story with no background on the characters or any real sense of the plot development to that point. *Air* is definitely a title that suffers from this problem as it attempts to be complex and full of mystery with varying degrees of success. But *Flying Machine*, volume two of the series, collects issues 6 to 10, and shows that a lot happened in those first six issues.

For instance, the first issue opens with the main protagonist Blythe, a stewardess who is afraid of heights, being shockingly introduced to Ameila Earhart. Yeah, that Ameila Earhart. Turns out Ameila didn't die on her failed attempt to fly around the world. Rather, she was piloting a ship controlled hyperpraxically, essentially with her mind. In the world of the comic, a device exists that allows certain people (predominantly women, hence Earhart's use of it) to control things with their minds, allowing them to, in the case of flight, transport themselves from one location to another. What happened was that Earhart was being tailed by Japanese pilots and lost her concentration, thus sending her to the end of the Earth. When she returned to

the modern world, it was the 1980s. Now, she is working with Blythe to help track down the original device from a guy named Zayn, a guy who sometimes turns into a flying dragon thing. Oh, and Blythe also has the inherent ability to use these hyperprax devices.

And that's all within the first ten pages.

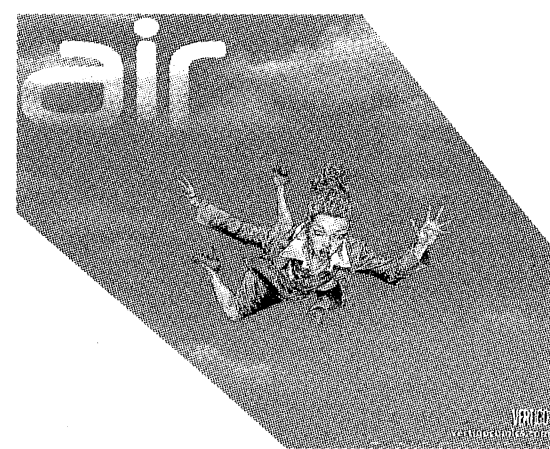
It's hard to judge this trade independent of the rest of the story, because the trade is so dependent on it. This is a very serial book, and you need to keep on top of it in order to have any understanding of what is going on. I think that's one of the main problems with *Air*. It would work really well as a graphic novel, or perhaps a few graphic novels, but a lot of the story needs to be in one volume for the reader to get any sense of real story and to get themselves invested in the characters. If this series ever gets popular enough to warrant one of those deluxe hardcover volumes that collect 20 to 30 issues at a time, that would be the best way to experience this comic.

The other problem that this book progresses at a glacial pace. As you could probably guess from the very long paragraph about Amelia Earhart earlier, there is an insane amount of back-story and exposition. After the five issues collected in *Flying Machine*, I felt the story had gone almost nowhere. There was some plot movement, but it felt like there should have been a lot more. Again, this ties

into *Air* being a monthly comic with regular trades of five to six issues; it just moves too slow for that kind of format.

That being said, *Air* has a lot of potential to be great. The story is intriguing, and anyone who loves conspiracy theories, or even TV shows like *Lost* or *FlashForward* would probably enjoy *Air* quite a bit, as long as they didn't give up on it because of the sluggish pace. There are secret organizations, shape-shifting, time travel, a little action, quite a bit of adventure, and just a hint of romance, because why the hell not? There's even a country that disappears and reappears depending on whether people believe it exists. And of course, there's Ameila Earhart.

M.K Perker's art is serviceable. It's nothing too fantastic, and definitely nothing that hasn't been done before. But the story is based around characters and their interactions more so than any action sequences. It's when those action sequences show up that there are some problems. There is no real sense of urgency when a plane is about to crash, or Blythe is falling from the sky, certainly to her doom. The art is very removed from the situation on the page, and that works for the aforementioned character interactions and scenes with heavy dialogue or exposition, but



I think action scenes require a bit more. For this story, because of the pacing problems and long sections without action, the art should be a bit more action-oriented. Perhaps Perker hasn't done much in the way of that kind of art, but this title would be a great place to practice.

Air has a lot of potential. It could be an outstanding title, but pacing problems, as well as the format in which it is released, keep it from being really great. Not all of that is the fault of the writer, G. Willow Wilson, but a good portion does fall to her. A graphic novel format and a slightly quicker pace would do wonders for this book. But for those interested, *Air* is published monthly by Vertigo comics, and a trade of the first six issues is out, which I highly recommend reading before picking up *Air*.

After This, You'll Never Be Fooled By Dogs Again!

By Liz Kaempf

Last month marked Dark Horse Comics' release of *Achewood Volume 2: Worst Song, Played On Ugliest Guitar*. This is the second book printed creator and illustrator Chris Onstad's online comic strip *Achewood*, the first being *The Great Outdoor Fight*. *Achewood* is the humorous pictorial of animals (and robots) living as humans do in an underground community.

This particular volume serves as not just a companion piece to the comics themselves, but also as a detailed history of the city of Achewood and all its quirky characters. Onstad gives longtime fans with new readers a look into the makings of such an elaborate place and embellished maps, as well as his own commentary that footnotes the bottom of the cartoons published within the book. He reveals censored conversations and even some of his own diluted thoughts. Some days, even he didn't know what he was thinking when he was drawing the panels. Although, many times he simply comments on his

inability to draw nice houses in his earlier strips.

Onstad retells the history of how some of his beloved residences came to live in Achewood in five nonlinear chapters. We learn how the young and innocent otter, Phillippe, arrives by mail, the particular sophistications of bears, Cornelius and Teodor and the crudeness of the tiger, Lyle. All of these characters take up residence at 62 Achewood, the Onstad home.

However, the conclusion of the 'History of Achewood' reveals that we will need to wait for a separate volume to learn the origins of "The Cats, Roast Beef, Pat and Ray." Anyone familiar with the Achewood Cats would know it is a volume not to be missed.

One specific piece of *Volume 2* that astounded me was the introduction to the section "Before We Were Achewood - The Early Experiments." Onstad says he includes his early drawings of our favorite animal friends "so that first-time readers will not flip to page 1, become white-hot furious at the hacky, impenetrable content, walk outside, and throw the book so high in the air that it

never comes down again."

Admittedly, when I first got my hands on this book, I couldn't even begin to fathom what exactly I was getting myself into. The first comic I opened up to was a cat in a thong making a bear a martini.

I was roped in nonetheless.

Within the two hard covers of *Worst Song, Played On Ugliest Guitar* lies some of the many golden pieces of the internet cult-classic's comic strips. Onstad cleverly adds the use of presidents and popular culinary icons in his work, as well as free marketing plugs for Ketel One Vodka. Many of the comic panels are just funny situations and conversations that go on between the members of the community. But sometimes, Onstad gets our heads out of our asses long enough to think about troubles in the real world.

Troubles such as the dreams and hardships of a lowly French fry, or the brain capacity of a squirrel that makes it impossible for him to recreate a thong for himself by memory. Or even the embarrassment of not knowing the difference between a martini with a twist

and a martini with an olive. And to think, all this time I've been living in ignorance, unaware of the arduous day-to-day lifestyles of bears living underground in a human city!

Damn! Even a comic strip about God "toking"! Well, it's true. Who is going to yell at God?

Worst Song, Played On Ugliest Guitar is just one of many volumes that gives readers a look into the mind of *Achewood*'s creator as well as the early beginnings of his furry brain children. Before *Volume 2*, I used to be a girl impressed by pretty boys lamenting lost love on grand pianos, unfamiliar with the lives of the inhabitants of such an underground city. But now? Well let's just say I'd rather here the worst song sung by a horny cat than anything a college boy has to offer me.

By far, Chris Onstad is a master of the arts and *Achewood Volume 2* allows fans one and all to bask in the humor of his genius without burning out their retinas to the emanating glow of the computer screen. And who knows? Maybe you'll fall in love with an underage otter too.

COMICS

I (Heart) Grant Morrison

By Andrew Fraley



2008 was a huge year for Grant Morrison. After making his start in alternative comics in his hometown of Glasgow, Scotland, he has slowly built his way up to the top of the world of comics. He's taken the helm of *Batman* for two years, taking the Dark Knight to all new places...like the grave. He's also been the poster child for DC Comics' most recent—and last? Probably not—crossover series, *Final Crisis*. Morrison ended his run of both series by killing off Batman...sort of.

Well, he didn't really kill him off. Nobody kills The Batman, after all. That's the one thing we learned at the end of *Batman RIP*. But he did send him to the past...or something. I'm not really sure. Regardless, Bruce Wayne will eventually return to his role as the caped crusader. The other thing Grant Morrison taught us about the Dark Knight? He *always* has a contingency plan.

Now that Morrison has finished with the official *Batman* series, he has started with a new series, called *Batman and Robin*. Part of the *Batman: Reborn* collection of the *Batman* series—which follows



Dollotron invasion!

Frank Quietly

Final Crisis—*Batman and Robin* follows Dick Grayson, former Robin and Nightwing, as he dons the new cape and Damian Wayne, the love child of Bruce Wayne and Talia al Ghul, as he becomes the new Robin.

Batman and Robin, in addition to exploring a new dynamic between the two heroes, also experiments with the idea of somebody else in Batman's shoes. In an interview with *IGN*, Morrison described a "reverse" dynamic between the two, with a lighter Batman and a darker Robin. The only problem I have with this series is that I can't stand that little bastard Damian. But I must admit, he is made out to be much more badass than he was in *Batman and Son*, Morrison's earlier work.

Apart from an all new *Batman and Robin*, Morrison has introduced some brand new villains and baddies. The Circus of Crime—made up of fire guy, a toad-faced man, a fat lady and led by a frightening man named Pyg—are the first arc's troublemakers. Pyg wants to infect the city with fear, and has been turning ordinary citizens into dollotrons to do so. Dollotrons are Pyg's attempt at human perfection; a terrifying process turns his victims into red-headed, mindless man dolls. By the end, however, *Batman and Robin* are able to get over their differences and put a stop to the dollotron epidemic.

Morrison has also teamed up again with Frank Quietly, who has collaborated with Morrison on other projects, such as the brilliant *All Star Superman*. Morrison has reportedly given Quietly much more free range with the art flow and choreography than usual. This can be seen with Quietly's seamless use of sound-effects and art. For example, the "boom" of an explosion is integrated into the explosion itself. It makes for a pleasing aesthetic and more enjoyable read.

Ultimately, the story falls a bit short of

what I'd expect from a Grant Morrison *Batman* tale. It's only the first three issues, and first story arc, so I'm still very excited for this tale's potential. For the next several arcs, different artists will be rotated in and out, starting with Phillip Tan, before returning to Frank Quietly. Morrison has also hinted at a Joker appearance, with Quietly at the drawing board. Thus, I do expect this story to go far. And with Grant Morrison, even if the story is bad, it's still pretty good. This will hopefully be a great conclusion to Morrison's stunning *Batman* run.

Seaguy

At the 2008 New York City Comic Con, during a Q&A with Grant Morrison, a fan asked, "Is Seaguy a superhero, or a detective?" Morrison laughed aloud and, in his thick Scottish brogue, said, "He's just a guy. Imagine if you or I dressed up in a scuba suit. *That's* Seaguy." I don't think anything else could better describe this funny, terrifying, whimsical, depressing and phenomenal comic series. And after languishing for five years in publication limbo, Morrison has returned to the comic that he has called his "*Watchmen*."

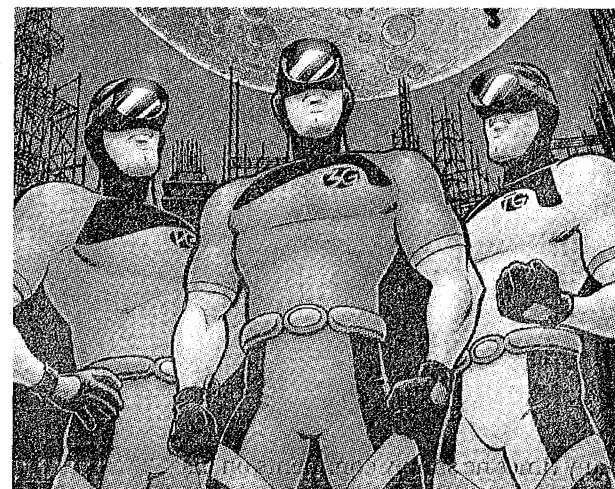
Seaguy began as a simple three issue miniseries for Vertigo in May 2004. Less-than-average sales caused the series' discontinuation. Morrison had originally planned on having three volumes of the series, the second one subtitled *The Slaves of Mickey Eye* and the third called *Seaguy Eternal*. In 2006, it was reported that Morrison had put another series he was working on, 52, on ransom until the publishers agreed to finish the series' run. In April 2009, Morrison and his fans got their wish, and *Seaguy: The*

Slaves of Mickey Eye issue one was released.

The story follows a young superhero named Seaguy, and his talking, floating, cigar-smoking tuna friend, Chubby. The world in which Seaguy lives is a dystopia in which the masses are placated by a cartoon called *Mickey Eye*, which is about an omniscient anthropomorphic eyeball, and by the corresponding Mickey Eye amusement park. Seaguy has never actually been on an adventure, because the world he lives in is perfect and crime-free. When Seaguy is playing chess with Death, he's also trying to earn the affection of a bearded female warrior named She-Beard. If this doesn't already sound incredibly weird, Seaguy and Chubby then go on their very first adventure after discovering that a popular food named Xoo is actually alive, and sentient. After a series of increasingly more tragic events, including the death of poor Chubby, Seaguy discovers the secret behind his perfect world.

In *The Slaves of Mickey Eye*, Seaguy has forgotten many of the events of the past. The Eye and its minions, including the ruthless Seadog—former friend of Seaguy—attempt to rein Seaguy in because of his dangerous knowledge. With guidance from the ghost of Chubby, Seaguy is able to bring down Mickey Eye in the end, and gain the love of the now beardless She-Beard. Nothing really changes by the end, though; The Eye is still in power, and the status quo is unchanged. This leaves the real resolution for the final volume of the series. It is a satisfying conclusion to this chapter, however. It's certainly happier than most trilogies' middle chapters.

Eternal Seaguy doesn't have a release date, yet. I hope that it's less than five years though, because I'm really excited for the story's conclusion. And when one of the most prolific authors in the comic industry calls this his "*Watchmen*," it's a series that *needs* to be finished. *Seaguy* is a truly unique story that challenges all the conventions of the typical superhero archetype. It's a perfect mixture of quirky, light hearted humor and dark tragedy, and contains many of Grant Morrison's trademark characteristics. Look for *Seaguy*, Volume 1 at your local comic book stores, and expect a trade paperback of *The Slaves of Mickey Eye* soon. Grant Morrison rules. I heart him.



Revisionism Is Burning Up the Art World

By Josh Ginsberg

Last night, the Arthaus gallery in downtown Brooklyn New York was illuminated. It was literally ablaze with artistic brilliance. Tonight legendary revisionist artist Klaus Stem has revealed the final phase in his 30 year tenure as the world's premiere Revisionist. Stem is not only one of the most iconic Revisionists but also the movement's pioneer.

Stem's career wasn't always pegged as Revisionism. When he began painting in the late seventies he was seen as an abstract surrealist. In his early thirties Stem's most iconic work, *Fingerspiders* (1979), was first publicly displayed on the walls of Long Island's East Hills Elementary School. Unemployed at the time as his aspirations as a composer of completely electronically synthesized pornography soundtracks were unrealized, Stem submitted this masterwork under his younger brother Trevor's name in a contest being held for the class of '80. Trevor's art teacher, Kristen Kirstofferson knew she had found something immaculate when she saw *Fingerspiders* for the first time. Before her stood a canvas sixteen inches high and as many wide, which with an unctuous, swarthy coat of oil paint, depicted a nude child suckling alongside a pack of young sea lions from the teat of an oak tree. The oak laid in distress on its side and bore upon its woody visage a tortured grimace and two weeping, sanguinary eyes.

The haze of this divine vision was so stirring that Ms. Kristofferson, who was well aware that her blind and crippled student Trevor could not have possibly crafted this on his own, fought to have the work displayed. It was hung in the front of the school for two years. *Fingerspiders* was revelatory. In the wake of its popularity, Trevor Stem became the most famous painter to hail from Long Island since the great Jackson Pollack and was featured as a guest

on shows of A-list TV personalities ranging from Johnny Carson to Arsenio Hall.

Overwhelmed with regret and incredibly jealous, Klaus interrupted a live interview on Good Morning America to announce he was the true painter of *Fingerspiders* in early 1982. Humiliated and ashamed of the lie he had lived, Trevor left the states bound for South America and hasn't been seen since.

Klaus Stem found interest in his work beginning to wane, despite his growing portfolio including the famous sculpture made of Oreos, glue, feathers and clothespins named *Enthalpy* and his portrait of Trevor peeing into a fire pit, *My Life as a Fucker*. Galleries who had previously competed violently for the rights to display his works grew disinterested. Desperate for the money he needed to fund the video shoots for his synth-pop band Human League, Stem was forced to auction off his works. The crying of Stem's lot was a failure in every sense of the word.

A Lutheran art expo in Riverhead allowed Stem another opportunity to display his brilliance. Long Island Ethnographers were deeply enamored with Stem's art and sought to display the iconic but obscure *Fingerspiders* and some of Stem's newer works in a local library. Stem had not painted or sculpted in two years and was completely devoid of ambition and inspiration until his Revisionist vision dawned upon him.

"It was as if I was circumcised by an armless shark," said Stem in a 1991 issue of *LIFE*. "It was both painful and arousing...I knew I stood on the back of a great eagle...with one eye closed to the conventions of history and the other fixed upon an undressing tornado."

When Stem took the stage at the '86 Riverhead Arts Festival, he was clothed in a latex jumpsuit and tweed blazer. He looked sharp and despite his unsavory haircut, which featured the phrase "Tiananmen Square Was An Inside Job" etched upon the back of Stem's skull, he made a good impression on

many of the festivals wealthy patrons. Ignorant to Stem's cryptic prophesizing the curators were excited for Stem's big unveiling. Alas, they were shocked to find Stem had brought only the iconic, unwieldy *Fingerspiders* and nothing else.

"I was furious," began David Alan Finkle, Chairperson of the Riverhead Librarian's Foundation, and one of Stem's fiercest advocates at the R.A.H. "[We] had no idea of the nature of the mist which fell upon us"

After reciting a lengthy soliloquy lifted in part from *The Chronicles of Narnia*, Klaus Stem exclaimed, "That which you see before you is only a precursor. It is phase one of my art and it shall be no longer! It shall be forever changed. Hindsight is 20/20! Yea, verily! If I would have painted this monstrosity now I'd have done it quite differently!" Wielding a paint brush and Styrofoam plate dripping with white paint and cackling with equal aplomb,

Stem set-off painting over *Fingerspiders*, even hacking away at the canvas, rendering it a drastically different shape and size. His audience sat in shock while the first known public practice of the Revisionist school took place.

Donald Kuspit wrote in his journal that night, "This display of genius was most ironical, yet absurd too. It was like watching Paul Klee straddle the Grand Canyon, tennis racquet and hotpocket in hand...streaming from his mouth the most nonsensical poetry."

Since then the world of art hasn't been the same. In James Kalm's "Revisionism and the Second Coming of Christ," he wrote, "Revisionism and the Second Coming of Christ," "Stem has sown the seeds of some of arts most endearing questions...[One] can hardly look upon *American Gothic* or *Starry Night* without wondering how [the paintings painters] might have modified their work in the ethereal light of Stem's brilliance. I mean Grant Wood could be so much less dour...and Van

Gogh really could have benefitted from smoothing things out."

Since then, Stem's many works have undergone many changes. *Enthalpy* graced the cover of *LIFE* in its third form. Its "second breath," as Stem dubbed it, found the abstract sculpture burnt down. After the incineration of this masterwork, Stem applied its ashes to a wet quill and drew a charcoal sketch of a pelican on an ice cream truck. The "third breath" came about when Stem fed the sketch to his terrier, Caravaggio, with a plate of steak tartar. *Enthalpy* was exorcised as expected and was controversially displayed on the cover of *LIFE* in that form.

Last night at the Arthaus gallery the iconic *Sexual Christmas* (sometimes written as *XXX-Mas*) was revised for the final time before Stem's apparent retirement. The atrium was aglow even before Stem's incendiary appearance. Klaus approached the massive work with tearing eyes.

"My people, life is a devil. Let my life serve as a parabolic parable. Mercy on y'all."

David Byrne and a quartet of musicians wearing oversized suits and brandishing harps and other instruments of a medieval ilk then played a heart wrenching rendition of Talking Heads' enduring 1983 hit, "Burning Down the House."

At the song's climax Stem lit a match. A Nickelodeon-esque splash of gasoline doused *Sexual Christmas* and match smoldering, Klaus Stem addressed his already panicking audience for the last time.

"Now I understand what Trevor meant...I've lost my fucking mind."

Sexual Christmas and a large portion of the lavish decorations of the Arthaus Gallery went up in flames. While some critics and Presbyterians were injured in the frantic escape, Stem's was the only life lost. He was fifty-nine years old and is succeeded by one son and two wives.



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Further Expanding Square Enix's and Disney's Pockets

By Raina Bedford

Kingdom Hearts 358/2 is based entirely around Organization XIII. The organization is comprised of Nobodies without hearts and their goal is to complete kingdom hearts so they can finally have hearts of their own. Instead of playing as Sora, you play as Roxas who is Sora's Nobody. Your comrades include the enemies of the previous games

ing to distant worlds using your gummy ship, you complete missions for the organization and teleport to familiar places such as Agrabah, Halloween Town and Beast's Castle. While in these worlds you are given specific objectives, such as killing Heartless, defeating a boss, collecting emblems or exploring the area. The organization closes off certain doors within the maps, so you cannot always explore the areas fully on every mission. In this way, the explo-

weapon panel transforms your weapon into one with higher strength. You also have magic panels (fire, blizzard, thunder, aero and cure), and item panels (potions, ethers and remedies) and level up panels. The number of panels you put on the grid determines the amount of spells you can cast per mission and the amount of items you can use. There are no magic points, so for example if you equip two fire panels you can cast fire twice during that mission. An ether

ters and it affords you a lot of choices as you level.

The combat system is almost identical to the previous games. Combat in *Kingdom Hearts*, although undeniably fun, is a bit simplistic and involves a lot of button mashing. The only real combat challenges in this game are the bosses. Often you will have to dodge and duck their attacks and learn their rhythm so you can swoop in at the right time and attack. That involves a bit of skill, but most missions are not boss missions and so the combat is not particularly challenging. Even on proud mode, the hardest game setting, the game is not particularly challenging overall. There are some optional bosses, such as the ziplasher in the beginning of the game, that are very challenging. If you are looking for a tough fight seek out the optional bosses.

Also available is a "mission mode" which is the multiplayer part of the game. You can play against friends using DS direct connect. The objective of the game is to collect the most gems that come from defeating Heartless. You can play as any of the organization members who have an array of diverse weapons such as a sitar, cards, chakrams and arrow-guns. The only downside to mission mode is that friendly fire is on so competing players tend to hit each other very often in the cramped spaces where heartless are found. This can get particularly annoying if one player chooses to play as the small Xion and someone else chooses a large character like Xemnas.

Overall *Kingdom Hearts 358/2* is a very enjoyable game. The graphics are the best I've ever seen on the DS and the developers clearly put a lot of work into the product. There are some minor flaws, as there are in any game, but if you are a diehard *Kingdom Hearts* fan you should find this game as enjoyable as the ones for Playstation.



including Xemnas, Axel and a whole slew of other characters you'll recognize from boss fights. Also present is a new and mysterious character named Xion, who becomes very close with Roxas.

The game structure of *Kingdom Hearts 358/2* is completely different from the previous games. Instead of fly-

ration aspect of *Kingdom Hearts 358/2* is very limited. However, the game makes up for this loss of exploration with fun missions.

The way you manage equipment and spells is also radically different from any of the previous games. There is a grid that you socket panels into that have different attributes. For example, a

will restore 1 cast to each panel. Level up panels enhance your stats by the equivalent of one level, so instead of leveling up automatically you must place level panels on the grid. Some panels link to one another, and there are a variety of choices in organizing and combining panels. The panel system is a very unique way to customize charac-



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Just in Time for Halloween

By Doug Cion



The month of October is a relatively weak month in regard to the quality of cinematic awesomeness. It's a month most recently dominated by a specific movie franchise for the latter half of the decade. I, as an experienced moviegoer plus a student of the trade, am school girl giddy with the recent gems that have graced my local multiplex this month. Although belonging to the same genre of the majority of films that rear their ugly heads (and often ugly plots) this time of year, particularly in the month of October, two films over the last two weeks have helped me find that smile I get when I know I am experiencing something fan-credible, which I have been unable to locate since, umm... I would say this March.

On October 2, I ventured out of my Fortress of Solitude and caught an opening night showing of *Zombieland*. Now let me just give you a quick rant about myself. I am probably one of the biggest fans of zombie-genre films. I plan on writing my thesis for graduate school on the evolution of these movies and let me tell you, kids, *Zombieland* has forever shaken up my sense of these kinds of movies. Never have I seen a more enjoyable world in which a zombie-apocalypse has destroyed human civilization and ravaged society.

Zombie films focus on the fear of isolation and the little problem of the countless beings whose only intention is to feast on your flesh. Now, most people do not like this scenario, but let

us focus on the little things in life (Rule #32). Take a sarcastic, smartass teenager on a sexual journey to find his first lady love to stroke his hair behind his ear. This has all the makings of a cliché teenage comedy like *American Pie* or *Superbad*. The only problem is that this scenario takes place in a land where about 99 percent of the human population has been infected with a virus putting the sick in a constant state of feverish rage and aim to eat the only living things left for sustenance—that is the plot of *Zombieland* in a nutshell.

This film acts as a guide on what to do in order to survive if you ever find yourself in this same situation. Woody Harrelson is the anti-hero, who's on a personal quest of his own to find the only remaining Twinkies left on the planet. Don't forget the hot redhead from *Superbad* who I said from the beginning was going to have herself a great film career. Now, she is in IMDB's 151's best movie and my favorite movie of the year! Yes, even more than *Watchmen*.

My next adventure to my local multiplex

was actually a special one. Being that out of all the theaters on Long Island, *Paranormal Activity* received enough Internet demands to have a few midnight screenings this last weekend in my hometown. Even though the radio and televisions helped the average moviegoer hear about this film, people don't realize that I have been following the progress of this indie-pic since June. In fact my demand vote was number 1,552 out of the overall 1 million so I think I have made my point. I must de-

clare that all the anticipation was totally worth it. Human beings are most vulnerable when they are sleeping, and this film exploits that age-old question: "What happens around you when you sleep?"

Although people are ripping it to pieces and saying things like it is more funny than scary and how it is not scary but rather campy, let me offer a rebuttal. First off, if you laugh during a scary movie, it means the film is a successful horror film because you are nervous and you need to release the negative emotion. Laughter is often associated with terror as a necessity to not go into a panic attack. My complete fascination with this film rests in the film's the constant creepiness and the resulting fluctuation of your heart rate. The film's main idea is that once you go home to an empty house, are completely alone and try to sleep that night, you basically cannot (yes, that is a personal experience). For all those people who may have left the midnight showing either disappointed or let down, I guarantee that when bedtime came, their opinions changed.

I am not giving any spoilers or summaries of the film's narrative because it is relatively similar to the film *Drag Me to Hell* which came out earlier this year. *Paranormal Activity*, however, is seen through the point of view of the protagonists by means of a hand-held camera. It is imperative you see it for yourselves and determine if all the hype is warranted. Now, I am filled with the Halloween spirit.



The Talented Mr. Shakespeare

By Kelly Pivarnik

Not being a theatre connoisseur, I was unaware of the student rush tickets Broadway sells for \$35, which is honestly a very reasonable bargain, being that the next cheapest ticket sells for \$125. Given that this deal was also obtainable for *Hamlet* starring Jude Law was even more incredible. For the most part, the tickets are readily available at the Broadhurst Theatre throughout the day as long as you have your student I.D.

I was never a Jude Law fan, but I

found him to be fantastic as Hamlet with great comedic timing. Though the play received mixed reviews, most critics agree that Law was successful in conveying internal turmoil and a rapid descent into madness. His performance, for lack of a better word, was very theatrical in that he relied mainly on hand gestures and body language to convey Hamlet's dueling emotions. Some reviews felt this was a brash interpretation lacking Shakespeare's intended poetic tone, and that Law's performance would have been better off a bit more coy and subtle. Yet his over the top antics helped audience members whom are not fluent

in Elizabethan english better understand the humor and emotions occurring onstage.

Also notable was Ron Cook's performance as Polonius. His delivery of the character's dead pan humor brought much levity to Shakespeare's tragedy and was clearly a hit with the audience. If Cook's depiction was anything less, Shakespeare's wit would have more than likely gone over the audience's head, mainly those audience members who have not intensely studied Shakespeare (i.e. me). Most critics overall deemed the rest of the cast's performance as flat and colorless.

The set was intentionally simple as well as the costumes, which were far from elaborate. Director Michael Grandage and Set and Costume Designer Gugu Mbatha-Raw seem to have made this choice to emphasize the actors' already melodramatic performances.

The opportunity to see a famous actor on Broadway for cheap is honestly pretty amazing. *Hamlet* will be playing on Broadway until early December. Law plans to star in *Dr. Faustus* and *Death of a Salesman* also on Broadway.



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I'm new in town. Care to have a drink?

Your tits look kinda flat-ish.

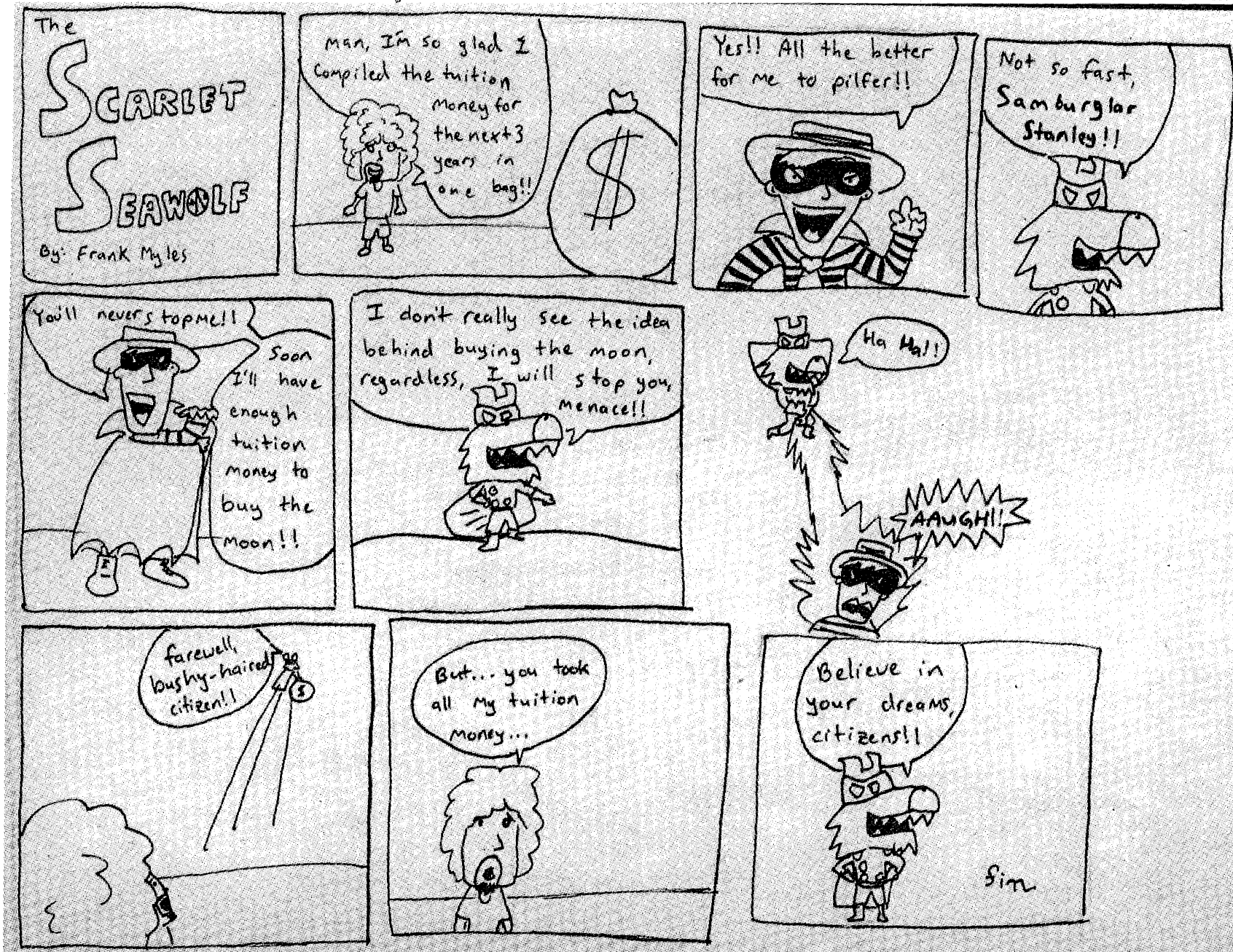
She was a total hottie. Just my eye. I wanted to give her a top massage.

I had to open her eyes. It's not so bad, my love.

No one will ever understand us. The world is not ready for us, my mistress.

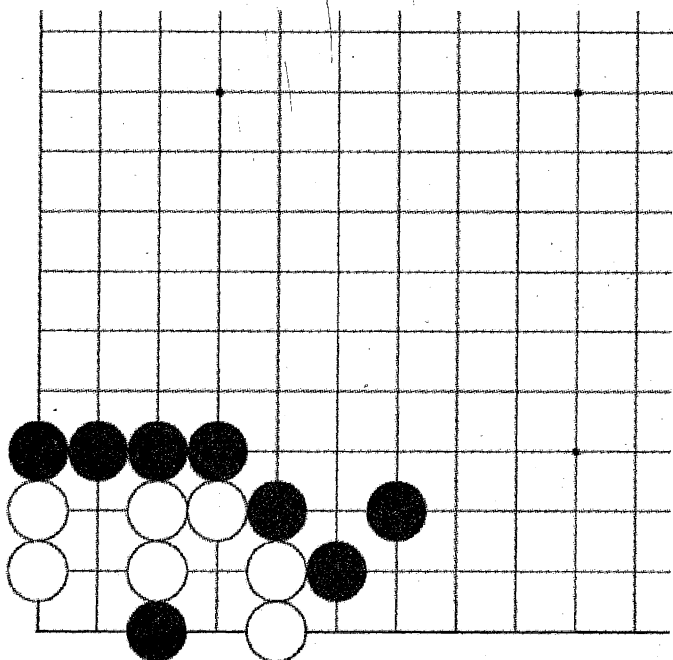
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THE COMICS SECTION



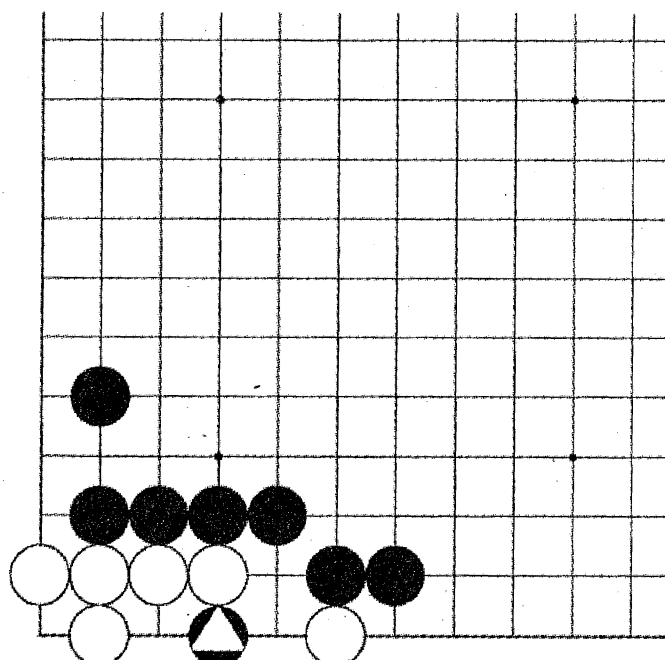
I'm so depressed, I don't know what to do...

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

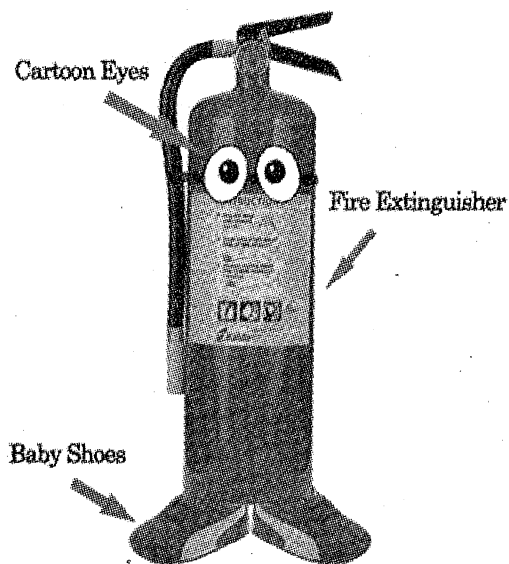
This is the only move white can make to save itself, so it's logically the only move black can make to kill white. Just make sure to prevent white from connecting to the unconnected stone in the follow up!

THE COMICS SECTION

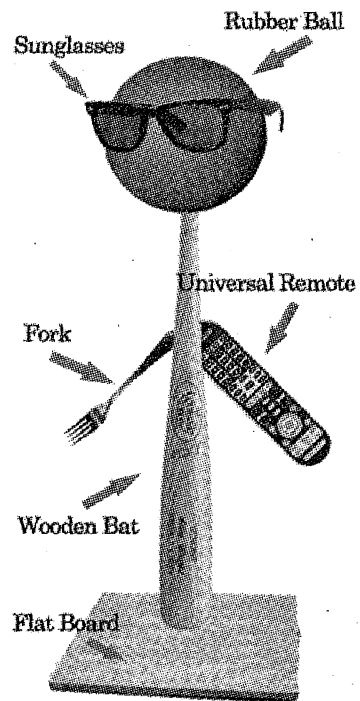
ESKIMO JIM

BY DAVID K. GINN

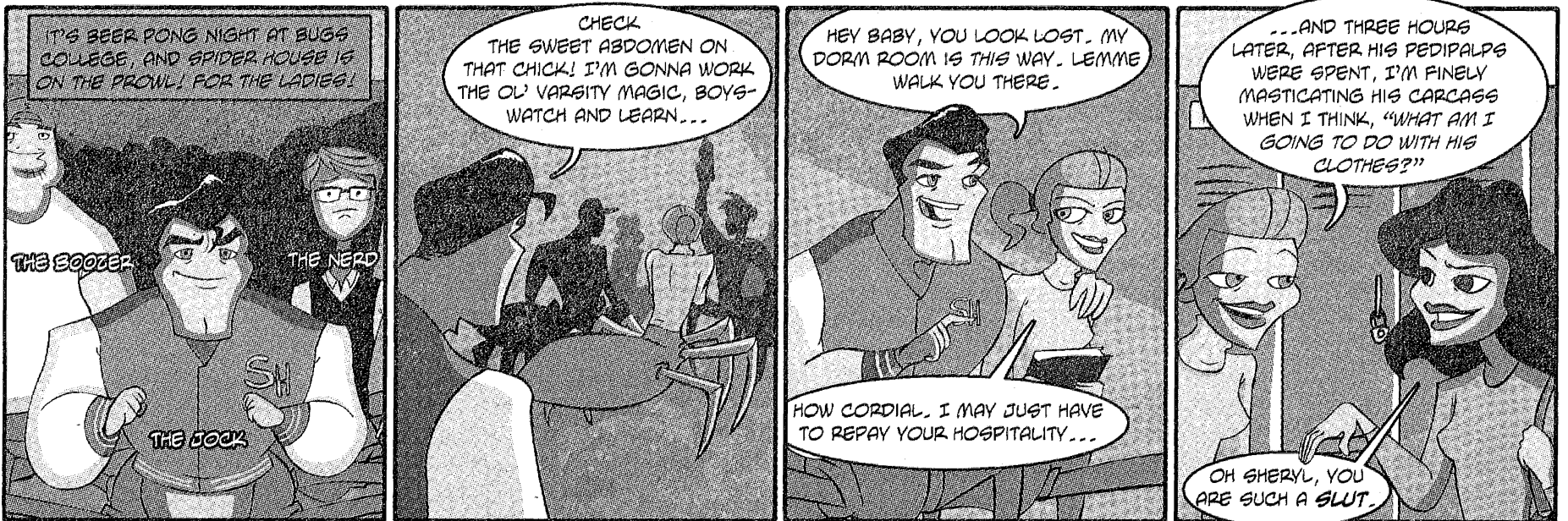
Arts and Crafts with Jim



Sculder



Dude-face



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Strokes of Genius with Pete and Chuck

By Manil Arachchige



Poems

Coollest Suicide

burning to death
is the coolest way to die
by far
die in a flameburst of passion
and anger
fire is so useful, too
you could burn yourself and
have people roast marshmallows
or hot dogs on a stick
keep warm
and congregate,
watching the flame patterns dance...

the worst suicides
are less convenient than the
easy clean-up than self-arson
drowning
shows your body in a bloated, eyes sheen and empty
poisoning the water..
your blue, empty face popping out squeamishly
hanging yourself, slitting your wrists,
all unsightly, leaving ghosts
of last breaths to hold around
the rafters,
the bathtub,
the tree branch..
dying by fire -
by far the most convenient.
don't
you think?

I guess people
fear they will
be forgotten if
their clean-up would be
too easy...

so little patience

to achieve
I'm frustrated beyond belief
and stuck forever
beneath your violet eye.
my fingers stick
beneath the keys
strands of hair thumb through
absolutely quiet temper.
candied words await my sleepless hands
while I resort to bullshit
to get through the crow's wing
straight across, breathe up,
directions spiral until
my stress is pure red
yellow shining just beneath
last night, I dreamed
featherlight touch
sucked me into
work's ever-present guilt gaze
I insisted it wasn't real.

Crème d'Eire

By Andrew Fraley

Mmmm, Baileys
So creamy
Drink it from a shoe
Creamy beige
Wanna come to a club where people
wee on eachother?

Sky Falls

By Raphael De La Ghetto

Sky falls
Sun rises
Boy cries
Girl smiles

Lost soul
Discovered grace
Closed door
Open gate

Broken glass
Intact vase
Dead body
Born baby

Alcohol
Wine
Cigarette
Weed
Sweet.

No friends
Homecoming queen
Book read
Movie seen

Opposites
Synonyms
Words
Sentences

Emotion
Life
Story
Poem

Halcyon Rims

by Rabia Ghias

Freedom: manifests itself into every depth of my soul, convoluted in confusing disarray.
Shelter: a cold barren field of isolation that only seems to suppress that valued goal of freedom.
Outside, I see the field of vast open bliss, a platform to reach for the golden, halcyon rims of freedom.
As I finally latch onto any tangible aspect of this hazy dream, dizzy thoughts flood my mind, billowing between waves of ecstasy and astonishment.
I glance back at that ominous graying façade of shelter, an Icarus dismantling from worn-out shackles, thrusting suddenly into the empty rapture of the radiant field of freedom
Encountering twisted avenues of bleary euphoria and outrageous debauchery, invulnerability pulls me falsely into this complex labyrinth.
A sudden, quick attack sends me into a violent plummet, with only a distant memory of a charismatic but manipulative assailant.
Sporadic wounds form coarse scars directly into the inner depths of my soul; flashes of his faint, cunning grin and dark, deceptive eyes usurp the last remnants of my thoughts.
I lay in a blood-soaked, bleak field of desolation, yearning to reach for the golden, halcyon rims of shelter.

Stony Brook Press Picks of the Fortnight



TV Party

By Josh Ginsberg

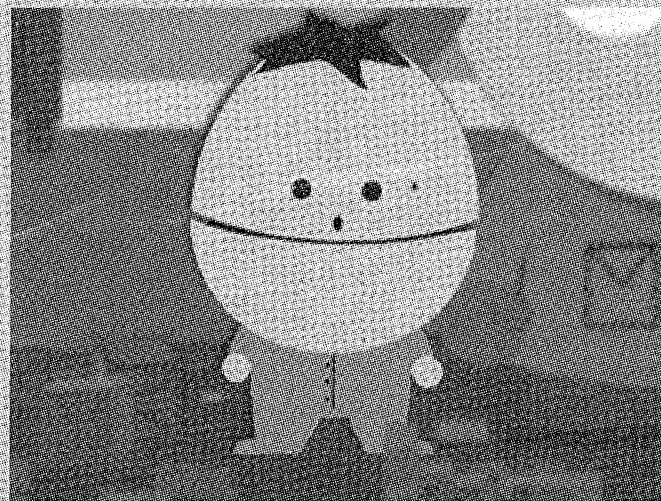
The first episode in this half of *South Park's* 13 season is no Fishsticks, but is ultimately entertaining. With the plot centered on Kyle's brother Ike, the boys find themselves wading through a plot based on *The Sixth Sense*. This episode triggers a nausea tenfold of that felt last season when Matt and Trey called to "Burn Hot Topic down," about four years after that was funny. Matt and Trey are somewhat more understandably late to the R.I.P.-Billy-Mays-Michael-

when Cartman lisped "Sup Jew," as Kyle entered the room about two minutes in to the episode. Sure, some might think a joke of that nature is jejune or straight up stupid, but honestly, if you can't laugh at an obese, anti-Semitic, latently-homosexual nine year-old saying "Sup Jew," the whole comedy genre probably isn't for you.

South Park might not have the magic it once did, but the second episode of the seventh season of *Curb Your Enthusiasm* was phenomenal. Leon is present, which is always awe-

some, and Larry ruins Richard Lewis' life yet again after he refuses to kiss Lewis' new girlfriend after being told she performed fellatio on him an hour prior. Trust Larry David to interweave a plethora of social observations, neuroticism and gauche human in-

teractions into a perfect half hour of TV. This episode also features a welcome cameo from a despicable prick last seen in season two's *The Wire*, at an oncologist's office. The other episodes have been solid as well, thanks to Michael Richards playing himself, revealing to the world that he is essentially the character he portrayed all those years ago, and of course Leon and his love for a house at no lower than 82 degrees.



Jackson-Farrar-Fawcett-Ed-McMahon-etc jokes, which would have been prime fodder when *South Park* was on summer hiatus. Unlike the abysmal *Sixth Sense* references, these jokes can still be appreciated. While new jokes at the expense of Ghost Hunters ("We're the gayest show ever!") and Chipotle get some chuckles, the biggest LOL-ers are delivered in the form of classic *South Park* jokes. I laughed the hardest

Movie of the Fortnight - Street Fighter

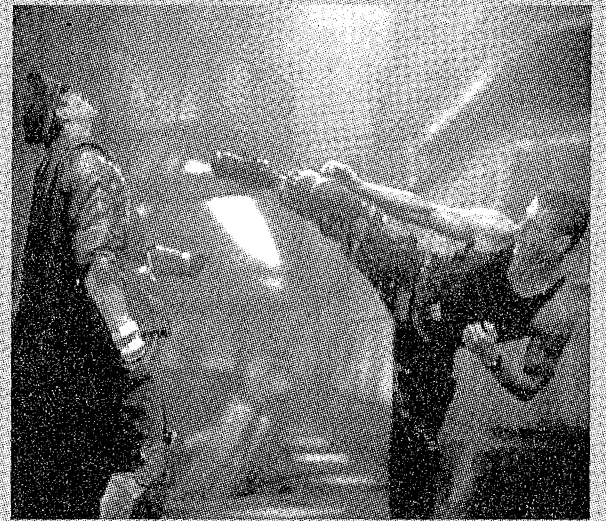
By James Laudano

Street Fighter is quite possibly the best movie ever made. Starring the great Raul Julia and the always classy Jean Claude Van Damme, this film exemplifies the height of cinematic excellence. Unless you're a complete idiot, you know of the *Street Fighter* franchise that pretty much dominated American arcade culture in the 1990s. Most book/video-game/theater film adaptations make the mistake of leaving out characters or plot points, but since the *Street Fighter* games *have no plot at all*, the filmmakers get to cram in every character from the series. Ryu, Bison, Guile, Chun-Li, everyone you could possibly want. They all make an appearance, no matter how forced or unnecessary.

Jean-Claude Van Damme turns in the performance of his life. When he says, "Bison, this is the repo man and your ass is ten months overdue," it shakes you to the core. I'll also say that Raul Julia's Bison character utters one of the best movie burns in history when he insults Chun-Li. I won't ruin it for you.

The story basically revolves around Colonel Guile's international peace-keeping force's battle against Bison's absurd drug/weapon/people smuggling operation in Thailand. Like I said, *Street Fighter* the game doesn't have a plot, so why bother really developing one in the film?

One disappointment, however, is



the misunderstood character development. Their nationalities are all mixed up. Cammy is Australian (not British like she should be) Honda is Hawaiian (not Japanese like he should be), Blanka is American (not Brazilian like he should be) and Guile is played by a Belgian (not an all-American icon like he should be... although that sacrifice is worth it to hear some of Van Damme's lines). Their occupations are also all wrong. Balrog is a TV cameraman (instead of a violent boxer), Ryu and Ken are douche-bag low-level crooks (instead of professional fighters) and Chun-Li is a journalist instead of an attractive Asian woman that inspires tons of perverted online porn-art.

Despite all of this though, I truly do love this film. I wasn't being facetious up there when I wrote all that stuff about the film. If you take this film for what it is - a guilty pleasure - you'll enjoy it immensely. You can buy this on DVD for like four or five dollars these days. It's worth it for JCVD and Raul Julia alone. The rest is just a *metsu hadoken* sized bonus.

Book of the fortnight: Arthur Rimbaud Complete Works (Translated By Paul Schmidt)

By Ross Barkan

The French poet Arthur Rimbaud wrote all of his poetry as teenager and then never wrote again. Though he died back in 1891, at the age of thirty-seven, the boy wonder had a profound impact on 20th century literature. This awesome book holds all of his poems and many of his letters reveal a tortured and brilliant soul. Anyone with an interest in the boy who, in the

words of Henry Miller, "restored literature back to life" should study this poetry. "A Season in Hell," "The Drunken Boat," and "Parisian Orgy" are required reading. Rimbaud launched literary surrealism and symbolism out of the primordial ooze.



opinion

K-Pop: Not Just for Pedos



Lionel Chan

Back in winter '09, during the World Baseball Classic, which—coincidentally—was between Korea and Japan, my friend sent me a random music video from YouTube saying that I must watch it. It was a music video of a nine-girl Korean pop group. Being used to getting wacky videos from this friend, I didn't think much of it at first (also, because the laptop I was using at the time proceeded to burn out about thirty seconds into the video). At this point, the video didn't leave much of an impression on me. I was mostly occupied with cursing at the top of my lungs, trying to figure out what was wrong with my laptop. Little did I know that the same video would make a huge dent in my life—and my pants.

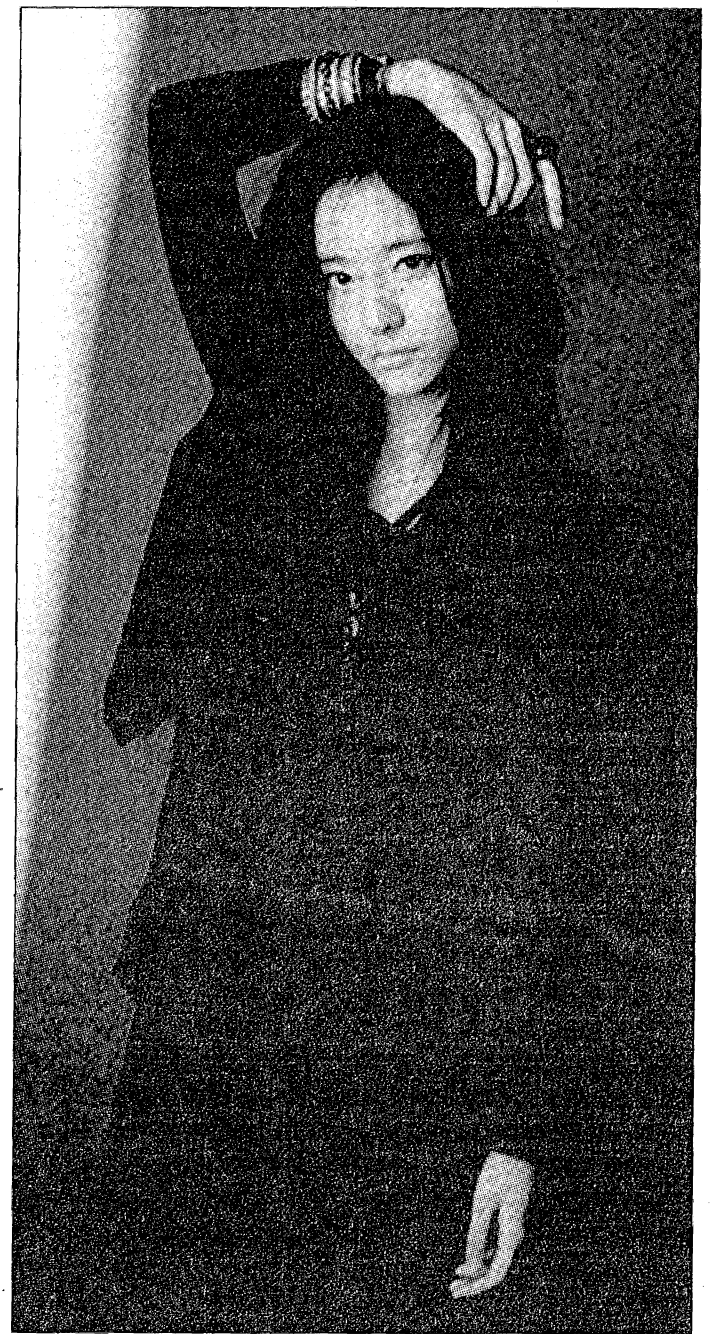
Approximately two weeks later, my roommate sent me the same video, but I had already forgotten my previous viewing and actually took it in for the first time. I had no idea what I saw. My first impression was, "why are there nine girls, and what the hell are they saying?" Yet, that didn't stop me from watching it again, then again, then again.... well, you get the idea. The mixture of super bubblegum pop, a catchy tune, bright colors and, of course, the nine girls kept me intrigued until I actually became a fan. Turns out, the group was So Nyuh Shi Dae—which translates to "nine sexy girls"—and I was listening to their song, "Gee". I didn't know what I was listening to at the time but it didn't matter to me. All I knew: it was addictive, and it put a hop in my step.

I began to look more into SNSD and, to my surprise and disappointment, the oldest member at the time was only nineteen and the youngest was seventeen. Now, before all you pervs out there shout at me, "Seventeen is the age of consent in New York!", it isn't to me. The age of consent is eighteen and always will be in my heart, you sickos. I thought it was pretty low of me to find some of these "under-aged" girls attractive, but that was only the tip of the iceberg. Other female groups who just debuted have

girls as young as fourteen. Yet it doesn't stop forty-year-old Korean men from being "huge" fans of them, and—trust me on this—that word doesn't justify the amount of love they have for these teenaged girls.

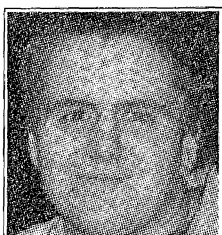
Even with knowledge of how young these pop idols are, I didn't stop delving deeper into the Korean Pop culture. I began looking for other groups, randomly clicking related videos from YouTube and asking friends about "K-Pop". It all resulted in my enjoyment of everything I saw and heard. I began to listen to Super Junior, Big Bang, 2PM, Wonder Girls and other bands with silly names that will leave you as confused, or—dare I say—intrigued, as the last four names did. Each group has respectable singing talent with visually pleasing choreography. Add to that a questionable wardrobe, really catchy tracks and a sense of chaos in the music videos, and you've got yourself a very entertaining Korean Pop song, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

The world of K-Pop introduced me to Korea as a whole, and I began to gain interest in the country. You can call it a "gateway drug" if you want, as it got me to watch different variety shows, game shows and talk shows. I have yet step into the drama and movie pool; I'm afraid that side is still too deep. I'm still finding my way around the shallow end of the pool, so one at a time. Now, I find myself taking a Korean class in the senior year of an Electrical Engineering degree, and seriously considering teaching English there. I would recommend K-Pop to the people out there who can't get enough of the pop music here, especially the ones who miss the absurd amount of bubble gum pop groups we had in the 90s. Oh, *and* sexual predators. But please, proceed with an open mind and don't brush it off just because you don't understand it. It doesn't mean it isn't enjoyable. Most of America doesn't understand that Top-40 shit we call music, but they still love it.



The only date you'll have with her is a court date, you pervert.

Does Rick Lazio Have a Chance?



Kevin Sabella

Republican gubernatorial candidate Rick Lazio (R-NY) has a fair chance if things happen as follows. If New York State Attorney General Andrew Cuomo (D-NY) decides not to run for the Democratic nomination then this fact alone would give former Congressman Rick Lazio a fighting chance against Governor David A. Patterson (D-NY). Currently only two men have entered the Governor's race, Rick Lazio and

the incumbent David A. Patterson. According to a Siena Research Institute poll, Gov. Patterson only trails Rick Lazio by four percentage points. Anything is possible as it stands, and anything can happen with poll numbers similar to these. However, there may be an obstacle in Lazio's path if former NYC mayor and Republican presidential candidate Rudy Giuliani (R) enters the race. As of now, Giuliani has not made an official decision. If Attorney General Cuomo decides to run he will surely defeat Patterson and Rick Lazio. It's anyone's game at this point and it will be an interesting election.



Why You Shouldn't Have Sex with a Mermaid

Even if you Can Figure Out Where to Put it



Liz
Kaempf

When I think of mermaids, my mind immediately goes to one of my favorite Disney movies of all time, *The Little Mermaid*. Ariel was about the most blissfully ignorant Disney princess of

them all. She was beautiful and adventurous, she loved to sing and collect human "antiques" and she fell in love with a handsome human prince. And after all of her trials, tribulations and choreographed songs and dances, Ariel got everything she wanted. She married the Prince, her dad approved and they all lived happily ever after.

Except for me.

I was blissfully ignorant once. I, like most, thought that Ariel was the exact portrayal of what mermaids were. But I was wrong. I was recently enlightened to that fact that mermaids are evil. They are the bad apples of the mythological world, just like sirens, and all they really want to do is kill off men. (In retrospect, maybe it's not *such* a bad thing.)

As it turns out, mermaids are vain creatures and seen as bad omens. They predict death and destruction in the futures of sea-faring men. They sing their songs to lure men from their work, and then wind up walking off shipyard decks or steering their ships into jagged rocks. If the men choose to swim into the ocean to reach the mermaids, they may drag the men down into their underwater kingdoms, or drown them out of spite. Although, some say that mer-

maids simply 'forget' that men cannot breathe underwater and that is why they drown.

Either way, that shit's fucked up.

However, in many pieces of literature and film mermaids are depicted in

human legs, and when wet they resort back into their half-fish form.

This also occurs in a Ron Howard romantic comedy movie entitled *Splash*, where a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) and a human (Tom Hanks) fall in love dur-

there is a mermaid that speaks to the sailors of the doomed ships. She either says they will never see land again or that they are close to shore. Either statement means that the sailors are going to die.

In a popular Greek tale, Alexander the Great's sister, Thessalonike, was transformed into a mermaid after her death and dwelled in the Aegean Sea. If sailors encountered her, she would ask, "Is Alexander the King alive?" and if the answer was anything other than, "He lives and still rules," Thessalonike would destroy the ship and the sailors in a fit of rage.

There was one shining ray of hope that peaked through the shattered pieces of my childhood, however. In Finnish mythology, the characteristics of merpeople are similar to those of genies and witches. It says they are able to grant wishes and heal the sick. The Finnish also claim that merpeople can brew magic potions and lift curses.

The disappointment I have in the mermaid community after having gained all this new knowledge knows no bounds. The mermaids I used to know are nothing but an idealistic dream, and I feel robbed of my childhood innocence. Maybe if I had known from the start that these creatures were not only vain, but murderous, I wouldn't feel so stung by the blow. But alas, I must now live my life knowing that Ariel was probably just looking to drown Prince Eric this whole time. We all know King Triton wanted to.



Mermaids are evil. They drink Coke. And sell Starbucks.

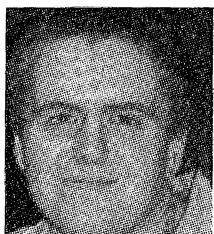
a contrasting light. A Nickelodeon television show, *H2O: Just Add Water*, is a terribly written account of a group of Australian girls that turn into mermaids whenever they touch water and how this affects their relationships with family, friends, and boys.

Another popular myth about mermaids is that out of water they have

ing childhood and attempt to reunite later in life. Personally, Daryl Hannah is way out of Tom Hanks' league. Even if both her eyes got plucked out.

Of course, older mythological tales portray mermaids as beautiful and dangerous creatures that I am outraged to find exist. In a version of an anonymously written ballad, *Sir Patrick Spens*,

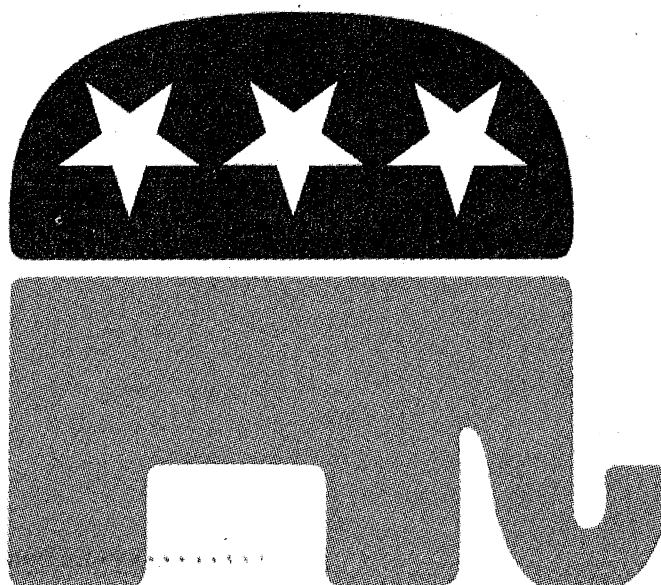
The New Republic Coalition



Kevin
Sabella

I am calling for a coalition of progressive, moderate, and liberal Republicans. The coalition should be a part of the SBU College Republicans, which can offer a difference in opinion within the party and political spectrum. I urge all Republicans and non-Republicans

to join the club and debate on all issues concerning Americans peacefully. People must vocalize opposition in a peaceful manner and not be confrontational because that never gets anything done and it leaves no room for meaning-



ful and productive debate. People are under the impression that the Republican Party are purely hard right conservatives although in reality it is not. There are progressives like myself and there are also moderate and liberal Republicans in the party as well. I admire and fully value our conservative brethren as well and I feel this coalition can promote peaceful debate. We need to show that not every Republican is conservative and that there are more views in the general political spectrum. If interested come to the meetings on Tuesdays in the SAC room 305 at 7 p.m. This is your chance to make your voice heard.

This Week in Mixed Martial Arts

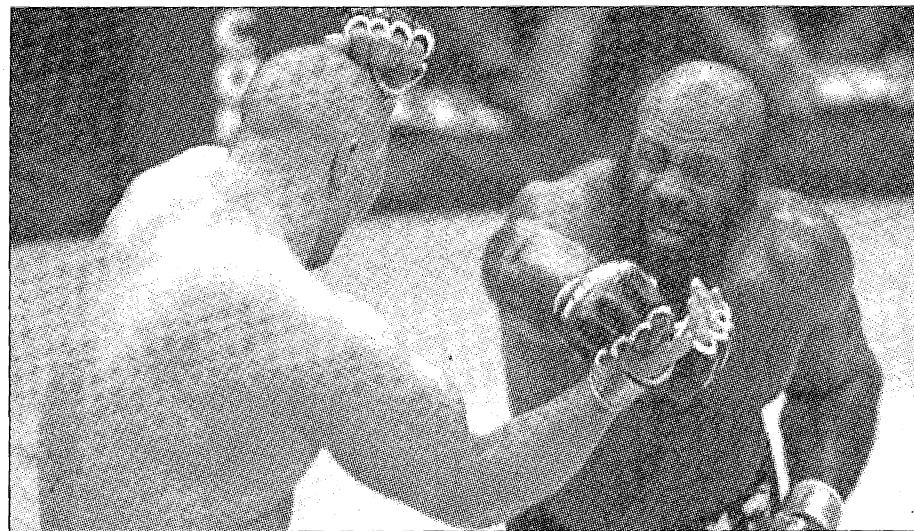
By Matthew Maran

On April 9, 2005, Forrest Griffin fought Stephen Bonnar in the season finale of the first ever Ultimate Fighter. This fight is considered by many to be the greatest fight in UFC history, and the fight that put UFC on the map. Four and a half years later, The Ultimate Fighter produced its highest ratings ever.

The Ultimate Fighter Season 10: Heavyweights debuted this fall, and most of the attention has been focused on Kimbo Slice. Kimbo Slice became famous through YouTube, when videos of his several street fights began circulating the Internet. Kimbo participated in the main event of an Elite XC show in October 2008, and lost in fourteen seconds. After Elite XC ceased operations, Kimbo had nowhere to go. Dana White, the president of the UFC, has consistently put down Kimbo as "just a street fighter" and said, "Kimbo Slice would get murdered in the UFC." Well, Kimbo Slice tried out and made the cut to be on the Ultimate Fighter. The Ultimate Fighter is a reality television program in which the winner of the show receives a UFC contract, and it is a great opportunity for fighters to impress UFC officials.

Quinton "Rampage" Jackson and "Sugar" Rashad Evans are the coaches on this season. Both are former UFC light-heavyweight champions, and Rashad Evans was the winner of The Ultimate Fighter Season 2. "Rampage" made Kimbo his first pick for his team and has taken the big man under his wing.

In Kimbo's first fight on the show he lost to former IFL Champion Roy Nelson by second-round technical knockout. After having some success in the stand up game, Kimbo was taken down by Nelson. However, once he was down, Kimbo was unable to push Nelson off or maneuver his way out from the bottom. Nelson pro-



ceeded to drop several fists to Kimbo's head, and with Kimbo unable to defend himself, the referee called for the bell. This fight earned 6.1 million viewers, which is not only an Ultimate Fighter record, but also a Spike TV record. Despite his loss, it is still possible for Kimbo to fight and advance in the show if another fighter goes down to injury.

In the most recent episode of The Ultimate Fighter, Team Rashad sent out former Arena Football League player Brendan Schaub out to face former Strikeforce fighter Demico Rogers. Schaub won

the match with an anaconda choke in the first round improving Team Rashad's record to 4-0.

The rivalry between Evans and Jackson continues to rage on. Both are opposing coaches on the current season of The Ultimate Fighter. Evans' team won the first four fights. In every episode thus far, Jack-

son anticipated fight between him and Rashad Evans is in doubt. Dana White has said that Jackson will fight again in the UFC somewhere down the line.

Former NFL running back Herschel Walker, 47, has signed a multi-fight contract with Strikeforce, a Mixed Martial Arts company. Walker is a member of the College Football Hall of Fame, and a former Heisman trophy winner from the University of Georgia. He is also a fifth degree black belt in Tae Kwon Do. The signing has been met with much skepticism, especially from Dana White who said, "These guys are the worst. Now they're going to put in a 50-year-old Herschel Walker, who's never fought a day in his life. It's disgusting. Who the fuck are they going to find to fight Herschel Walker, a guy in a wheelchair?" Herschel Walker retaliated in an interview with ESPN saying "Dana always tells people to put their money where your mouth is, and I'll tell Dana that since he says I'm so old, why doesn't he step in the ring with me because he's been practicing [MMA] as well?"

UFC 104 is coming up Saturday, October 24. In the main event, "The Dragon" Lyoto Machida (15-0) will defend the Light Heavyweight title for the first time against Mauricio "Shogun" Rua (18-3). Machida's last fight was against Rashad Evans at UFC 98, in which he won the Light Heavyweight title in the first ever UFC championship match between two undefeated fighters. Rua is coming off a first round knockout of MMA legend Chuck Liddell at UFC 97. In the co-main event the undefeated Cain Velasquez will fight "Big" Ben Rothwell.

Rockies are Dead. Long Live Rockies!

By Andrew Fraley

So this is officially the last Rockies update, ever. Despite its enormous popularity, I'm not doing it anymore. Fuck it. Rocktober ended just as quickly as it had begun. I'm not bitter though. I know it may sound that way, but I've had time to get over the fact that Huston Street blew more saves in this 4-game postseason than he did all season. I've had time to get over the demoralizing bullshit calls in the first game. And the third game. And the fourth game. And in the Twins/Yankees series. And in the Red Sox/Angels series. And in the Twins/Tigers tiebreaker. I just hope Jayson Werth doesn't kill himself when the Phillies are humiliated by the Dodgers in the NLCS.

But I'm, not, too, worried about this

tragic series; we'll be back next year. Anyone watching this series saw that—but for the bullpen meltdown—the Rockies were a better team. They should have won game four, but again, Street blew it. They should have won game three; but again, the umpires are incompetent fuckfaces—

Actually, I have a theory about the umpires throughout this series. I think the MLB, in order to increase its audience, is trying to mold the World Series into the most profitable and popular one. This means a Phillies repeat, and a first Yankees appearance in like ten years or something. An NL team hasn't won back-to-back World Series Championships in like 100 years, so it would be such a perfect storybook ending if the lovable Phillies could win it. And the Yankees *always* mean ratings. The only problem: the Phillies are the least likable team in baseball, and the Yan-

kees are gonna lose to the Angels. Simple 'nuff.

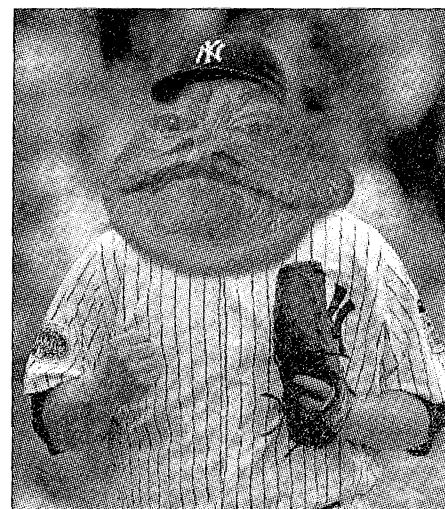
Philadelphia should create a promotional contest to increase the Phillies' likability outside of their city. First prize would be a week's vacation in Philadelphia! Second prize would be two weeks.

If the MLB were smarter, they would now push for the matchup everybody outside of New York and Philadelphia actually wants to see: a Hollywood series. Or a freeway series? Is that what they'd call it? Either way, as long as the umps don't completely fuck it up—which they probably will—the Angels and Dodgers will be the World Series teams. Let's hope there isn't another devastating earthquake, like in the 1989 matchup between the Giants and the Athletics.

So that's that. A prediction you can take to the bank. I'd say, "see ya next fall",

but I'm a super senior and I'm done after the spring semester. So thanks for reading, It's been real, suckers.

And Joba's still a douche. So is Shane Victorino.

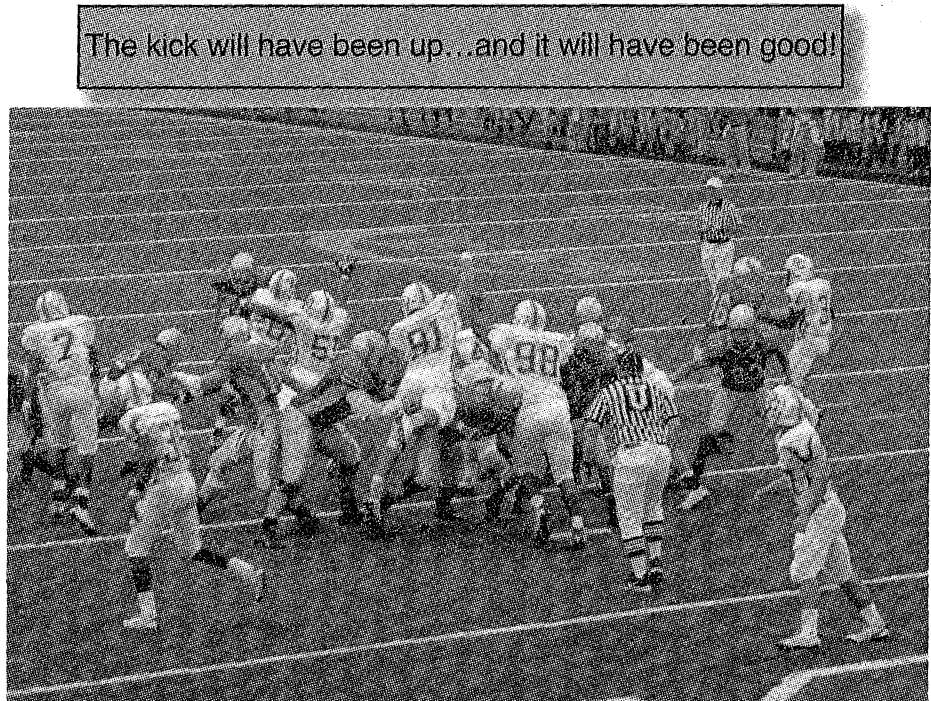


Joba the Hutt

The Homecoming Game, in Photos



Pre-gaming for show time.



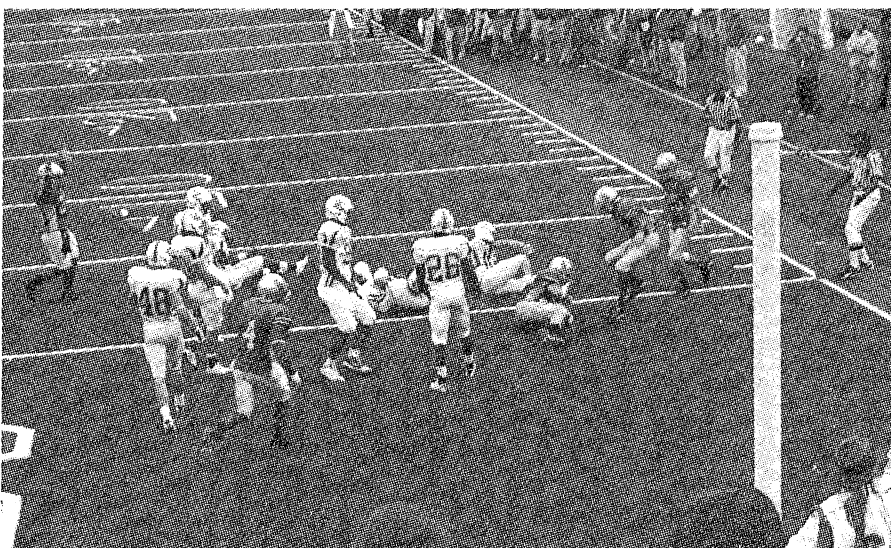
The kick will have been up...and it will have been good!



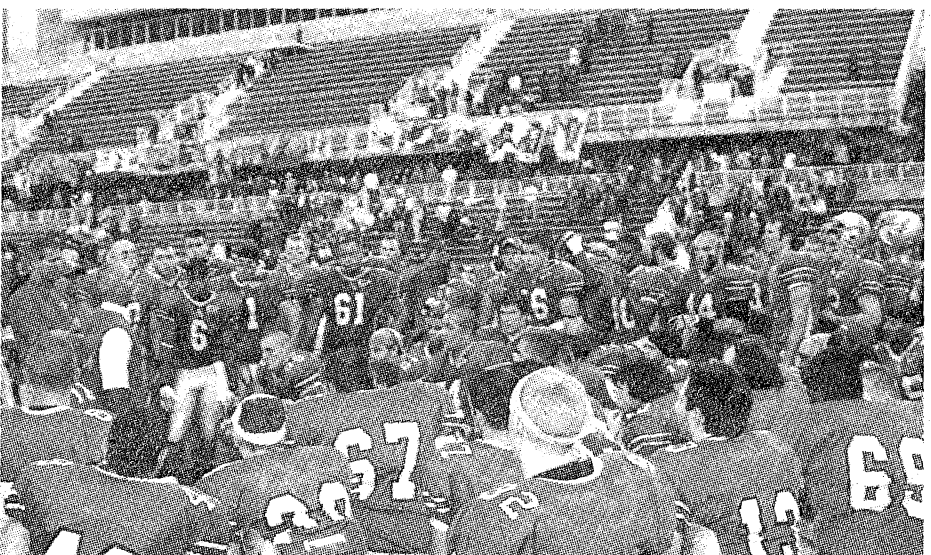
Facepaint? That's blood, bitches!



Screw Green Man, we got Red Man!




You just got flipped. Way to earn that Touchdown!



Gather 'round now children, while I tell a story

Photos & Captions by
Eric DiGiovanni



*...about saving
our planet's
greatest resource,
Human Beings.*

➤ **Did you know that every day, babies are murdered?**

➤ **These serial killers are hard to spot because they look like you and me, but with lab coats.**

➤ **In other countries, this would be known as **murder**, but in the United States, it's called a medical procedure.**

