

THE STONY BROOK PRESS

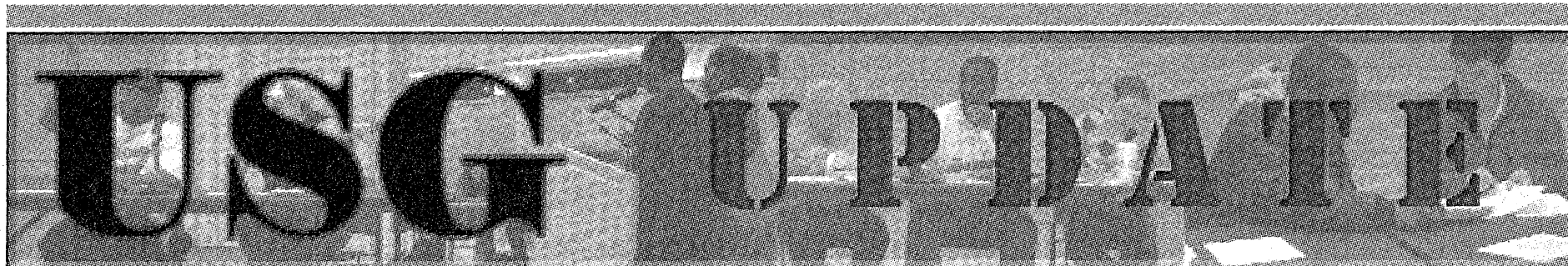
VOL XXXI ISSUE 4

"A DEMOCRACY FAIL"

OCTOBER 28, 2009



news



Vote or Don't Have Fun Ever Again

By Natalie Crnosija

As the October 22 Senate meeting came to a close, the electoral debates for open USG positions began.

Though it is common practice for elections for vacant seats to be held during the Fall semester for vacant seats, due to the lack of a vice president of Student Life, Programming and Activities created a high-profile race in a normally low-key election season.

Candidates Senator Keith Tilley and Marvin Etienne debated their respective views for the position, which requires the officer to manage student life issues and oversee the Student Activities Board (SAB). The SAB, the USG's largest agency, manages student entertainment and events. In the past, the SAB has been accused of exclusivity and not being representative of the student body by putting on events that appeal to only a select SBU demographic.

Tilley said he hopes to intensify USG oversight over the SAB in order to assure that all students are represented in the choices the SAB makes.

"The SAB is elected like a club and

there needs to be more oversight because of the size of their budget," said Tilley during the debate.

Etienne said the chief way to remedy the SAB's diversification ills is to intensify marketing for the USG's most well-endowed agency and try to open the SAB to student feedback.

"The problem is marketing," said Etienne. "We need to establish a marketing taskforce...to market effectively."

Tilley similarly voiced his dissatisfaction with the SAB's marketing strategy and said he was baffled that the same SAB board members were re-elected after using an unsuccessful marketing strategy.

Tilley, a USG insider, said he was qualified for the position because of his experience as a senator and as a member of the College Democrats and Alternative Spring Break.

"I have familiarized myself with the bylaws," Tilley said. "I have familiarized myself with the people. I reach out to the administration, which I have been doing...so that makes me qualified."

Etienne said he could not boast USG experience, but has been involved in many SBU programs including CHILL Peer Education and being an

orientation leader. Through these activities, including being a member of the Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity, Etienne said he has proved himself as an effective communicator.

"I am a hard worker and I have a lot of experience," said Etienne.

Though the debate for the vice president of Student Life, Programming and Activities took top billing, the debates for other USG positions that followed were expected to involve multiple candidates competing for each seat. These seats include those of freshman representative, sophomore representative, senior representative and a Senate seat. The debates for the Senate seat were complicated by the absence of multiple candidates because the debate's original date and time was changed from Wednesday's Campus Life to after the Senate meeting.

Elections Board Chair Valerie Moran said that she was reasonably happy with the turnout, considering the date had been changed.

"The more people come, the more people can make an informed decision," said Moran.

Similarly, Tilley said he had hoped more people would come to the debate

to be informed about the candidates' platforms.

"I wish more people could have come," said Tilley.

It was precisely these absent students who Tilley and Etienne tried to reach during the debate. Both candidates emphasized the importance of student involvement in SBU campus life, the lack of which was emphasized by attendance at the debate. Tilley and Etienne said they each have plans to improve student involvement by remedying problems on campus.

If elected, Tilley said he hopes to find a solution to congestion on the commuter buses.

"It is a huge issue," said Tilley. "You have to wait for busses and you miss classes. How are we supposed to get off campus during the weekend? We are trapped and that's why people go home over the weekend."

Etienne also emphasized the importance of weekend life at SBU.

"The SAB doesn't have a lot of events over the weekend," Etienne said. "I will work as a liaison between students and the Office of Student Activities."

This is How the University Handles Dissent

By Andrew Fraley

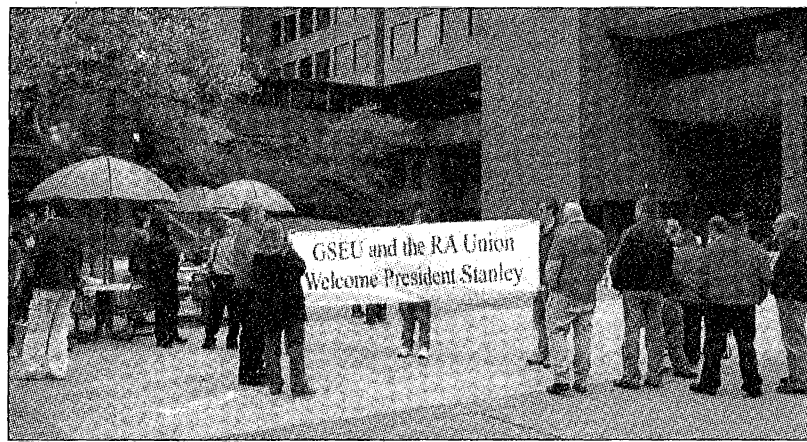
New University President Samuel L. Stanley's

inauguration, much like the cold Friday afternoon on which it was held, had its own share of dark clouds. Following over two years of working without a contract and several months of bargaining with the Research Foundation, the members of the Communications Workers of America Local 1104 were excited for an opportunity to welcome a change to the university's leadership. Over 35 research, graduate and teaching assistants were in attendance at the bottom of the zebra path on October 23 to welcome the new president and to encourage his collaboration towards a better quality of life for graduate student employees.

Complications began to arise when demonstration organizers were contacted by the University Police about the event. Concerned over a potential

disruption to the inauguration's processional march down the zebra path on its way to the sports complex, the police requested the union's cooperation to ensure that the event went smoothly and without disruption. This would include a barricaded section where the demonstrators would stand while the procession passed by. Kira Schuman, Business Manager of the Graduate Student Employees Union, said that she and colleagues were a little upset about this. "I was a little surprised about the barricades," said Schuman. "[Robert J. Lenahan] the police chief, had just asked for no interference."

According to Schuman, an additional purpose of the demonstration was to present Stanley with a petition signed by over 650 supporters, urging his



Roman Sheydvasser

collaboration to ensure a livable wage and tuition waivers for graduate student employees, as well as on campus office space for the GSEU and the RA Union.

This is the second rally held by the unions this semester, and just another in a series throughout the remainder of the semester. The demonstrations

Southampton Gettin' the Big Books

By Colleen Harrington

On the gray, gloomy morning of Saturday, October 12, Stony Brook Southampton held a ribbon-cutting ceremony to unveil its new library, attended by a crowd of about a hundred faculty members, students and visitors from the surrounding community. The event brought closure to a construction project that has spanned several years, while also celebrating the completion of a new campus building that's both functional and eco-friendly.

After quick speeches by Stony Brook President Samuel Stanley, Southampton Dean Mary Pearl, Dean of Libraries Chris Filstrup, and NY Assemblyman Fred Thiele, a comically large pair of red-handled safety scissors were used to snip a bright red ribbon that had been strewn across the entrance. The crowd excitedly entered the new facility to scope it out, and the brilliant oranges, greens, yellows and blues of the walls and furniture inside contrasted starkly with the bleak, drizzly day outdoors.

"This new library will be a center for research and collaboration," said President Stanley. "It's not some dark, stuffy old building where people say, 'Shhh!' to one another." And dark and stuffy it certainly is not: the interior boasts ample open space, lots of large windows, healthy use of bold, bright colors and plenty of comfy couches and seats.

The ribbon-cutting ceremony marked the end of a project that took

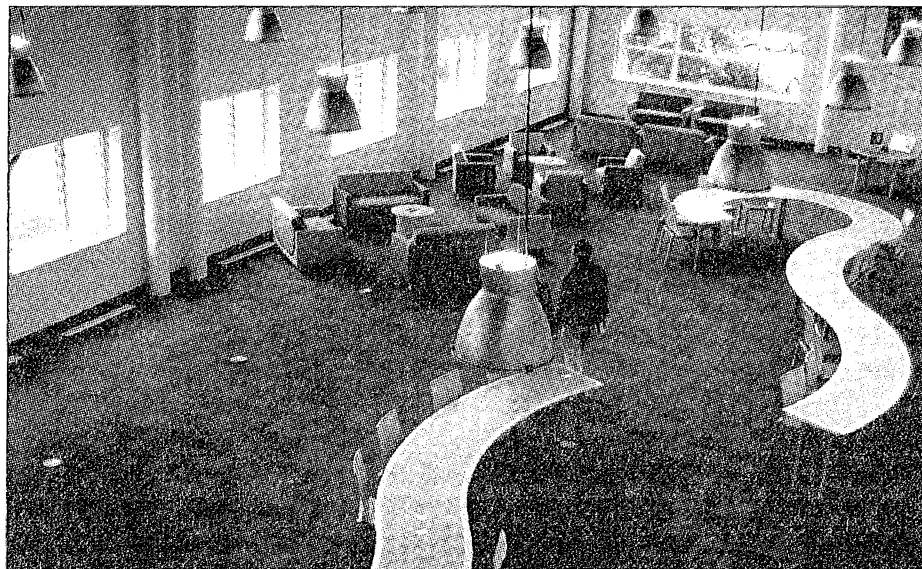
the better half of a decade. Construction of the library started over six years ago with a groundbreaking ceremony in May of 2003 and wasn't finally completed until this year, making it the perhaps the oldest brand new library around. Long Island University began

The building is the first LEED (Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design) certified library on Long Island. LEED certification is an internationally recognized standard for rating structures on their environmental efficiency. The U.S. Green Building

and skylights have been deliberately positioned to provide natural light to 75% of the building, slashing daytime energy use. A storm water collection system allows for the storage and use of rainwater for non-potable purposes like toilets and cleaning. A geothermal heating system has been installed to reduce energy use as well. The green features of the building are definitely important to the students and faculty at a campus where all 8 undergraduate majors involve environmental studies.

"The new library is a fantastic facility in terms of all the environmental aspects, from the carpets to the windows to the rainwater collectors," said Dr. Nay Htun, research professor at Southampton and former Assistant Secretary General of the United Nations Development Program. Htun helped organize the 1992 U.N. Conference on Environment and Development in Geneva. "It's probably one of the pioneers in this direction, and it has great potential to be a real role model."

Aside from the environmental features, the three-leveled library comes with all the technologic bells and whistles that are typical of new campus structures. There's a SINC site full of computers, and wireless internet is available throughout the building for laptop users. Power outlets are positioned in various spots on the floor, so that laptop users can power up without feeling chained to a wall. The building also houses several classrooms, offices, conference spaces, a café, an art collection, and, oh yeah—books.



Having fun isn't hard if you have a library card!

Colleen Harrington

construction not long before their abrupt closure of the campus in 2005. After Stony Brook acquired the school, the incomplete library stood as an empty shell for several years as the design plans were altered to accommodate the new ownership's focus on sustainable practices. The finished building stands not only as a departure from LIU's original blueprints; its environmentally conscious features and unique design help to make it markedly different from the traditional library image altogether.

Council uses the LEED system to grade buildings on various factors, including energy and water efficiency, material and resource use, construction practices and waste management, among other areas. The library's LEED certification is an important plus for the building.

"I don't want to see a single building go up on this campus without being LEED certified," Southampton Dean Mary Pearl said resolutely. "I believe in repurposing and redesigning old buildings, too wherever possible."

In the new library, huge windows

RA UNION continued from previous page

come amidst months of negotiations with the Research Foundation for a contract both parties can agree on. To date, they've only tentatively agreed on 9 out of 26 articles. "We're still in the process of tabling issues," said Zvi Citron, bargaining committee member and RA in the physics department. "We're having a hard time finding common ground though." Specifically, an article extending anti-discrimination laws to include familial status, citizenship status, ancestry, gender expression, gender identity, weight and height has been rejected since the beginning of the summer. In addition, an article defining the policy of prior notification of funding changes for as-

sistants has been rejected, which is considered a very serious topic. "They were more worried about Principal Investigators losing students than Research Assistants losing jobs," said Clint Young, another committee member and physics RA.

Nevertheless, committee members remain optimistic, and progress is being made. "It is going as expected," said Young, who jokingly called the demonstration the inauguration party crashers, given the circumstances.

They have yet to discuss economic issues, but expect to come to those soon.

In the meantime, Stanley was never in the procession. Assistants never had a chance to greet the president, but they were applauded by

many faculty members in the procession. Schuman also encouraged members to participate in the ceremony at the gym. "We want to demonstrate that we'd like to participate in this university," said Citron.

The administration's response to the demonstrators and their organizers has been less than welcoming. Schuman and several other colleagues were removed from the ceremony for wearing the distinctive red union shirts, or, as in Schuman's case, simply possessing them. "The police escorted me out and prevented others from even entering," explained Schuman. "I wasn't even wearing the shirt." While the police refused to comment at first, it was later reported that they removed the demonstrators on the administra-

tion's orders. "They're censoring students," said Schuman. "It's absolutely ridiculous."

Despite the negative response from the administration, the union members remain hopeful. George Bloom, President of CWA 1104, announced that he met with Governor Patterson, who promised that by next week, the contract will be settled, and that the Research Foundation will stop any obfuscatory and union-busting tactics. Despite not having met with Stanley, most assistants viewed his appointment as a welcome change, and are looking forward to working with him in the future.

"Without us, SUNY does not run," reminded Bloom.

Execution Board

Head Executioner
Freaky Fraley

Managing Undeaditor
Najib Autopsy

Associate Undeaditor
Natalie Crnosija

Banshee Manager
Erin Jayne Massacre

Destruction Manager
Tia B. Mephistopheles

News Undeaditors
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Laura Kreuger**

Features Undeaditor
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Arts Undeaditor
Doug Cion

Sports Undeaditor
Jason Werewolf

Photo Undeaditors
**Eric DiGuillotine
Liz Kaufman**

Copy Undeaditors
**Killy Yu
Katie Killton
Iris (kil)Lin'**

Webmaster
Roman Sheydvasser

Audiomaster
Josh Ghoulberg

Ombudsman
Mames Laudano

Sinister of Archives
Alex Hellbert Nagler

Layout of the Dead
Jowy Romano

Army of Darkness

Kotei Aoki	Chris Mellides
Vincent Barone	Justin Meltzer
Laina Boruta	James Messina
Matt Braunstein	Steve McLinden
Tony Cai	Samantha Monteleone
Alex Cardozo	Roberto Moya
Whiskers T. Clown	Frank Myles
Mike Cusanelli	Chris Oliveri
Caroline D'Agati	Ben van Overmeier
Krystal DeJesus	Laura Paesano
Joe Donato	Grace Pak
Brett Donnelly	Tim Paules
Lauren Dubinsky	Rob Pearsall
Nick Eaton	Aamer Qureshi
Michael Felder	Kristine Renigen
Caitlin Ferrell	Dave Robin
Vincent Michael Festa	Jessica Rybak
Joe Filippazzo	Joe Safdia
Ilyssa Fuchs	Natalie Schultz
Rob Gilheany	Jonathan Singer
David Knockout Ginn	Jon Slinger, web singer
Jennifer Hand	Nick Statt
Stephanie Hayes	Rose Slupski
Andrew Jacob	John Tucker
Liz Kaempf	Lena Tumasyan
Elizabeth Kaplan	Marcel Votlucka
Jack Katsman	Alex Walsh
Yong Kim	Brian Wasser
Rebecca Kleinhaut	Matt Willemain
Frank Loiaccono	Mari Wright-Schmidt
Kenny Mahoney	Jie Jenny Zou

The *Stony Brook Press* is published fortnightly during the academic year and twice during summer session by *The Stony Brook Press*, a student run non-profit organization funded by the Student Activity Fee. The opinions expressed in letters, articles and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of *The Stony Brook Press* as a whole. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. For more information on advertising and deadlines call (631)632-6451. Staff meetings are held Wednesdays at 1:00 pm. First copy free. Additional copies cost fifty cents.

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editorials

For-Profit Newspapers Endorse the Rich Guy

One of the last bastions of the old school of American media sits a train-ride away, in New York City. Here, television crews and field reporters walk streets lit by the flash of the photographers that cover everything from ax-wielding ex-boyfriends to politics – though it is often difficult to differentiate the two.

Just two weeks before the election, incumbent Mayor Michael Bloomberg won the support of New York's main three – *The New York Times*, *The New York Daily News* and *The New York Post*. This shouldn't come as too much surprise; as these are just additions onto the roughly 40 other smaller newspapers that have expressed support of Bloomberg.

Is this because Bloomberg has done a great job since coming into office in 2001, expressing his support of term limits and then reversing them one day before the Presidential election in an attempt to have the media distracted?

For the most part, the coverage of the election in most regards has been fair, though the perks of being Mayor and the ability to draw attention with the mere call of a press conference still upholds, but these endorsements go a long way to show that these newspaper titans are nothing more than corporate tools looking after

their self-interest rather than the people.

Or is it that the owners of these prestigious papers, such as Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Jr., Rupert Murdoch and Mort Zuckerman, are just a number of the many social elites that make up Mr. Bloomberg's guest list at his Upper East Side residence?

For a profession that touts itself as being the watchdog of society, the fourth estate to government, the medium that keeps the masses informed and virtually aware, this appears not to be the case.

Mayor Bloomberg has brought great things to the city of New York, there is no debate here. But the debate lies in the credibility of what his country and what many countries worldwide strive to maintain—democracy.

This election is not about Democrat or Republican, tax increases or hefty promises, but it is about that one word: democracy.

When you have one of the very few forums in American society that upholds this crucial element in the future of the way this country operates corrupted and tainted by businessman looking out for his own interests, be it expansion or development, one is left with nauseous feeling in their stomachs.

Bloomberg is on his way to spending

over \$100 million. This is a fact. Bloomberg overturned term limits despite saying he was in support of them years prior. This is a fact. Bloomberg is running for a third term and could possibly be in power as mayor of the world's greatest city for 12 years. This is a fact.

In the past eight years, New York City has changed, in a good way for some, a bad way for many, specifically its local and true residents. These are the residents who have lived there all their lives and know the subway maps like the back of their hands. These are the New Yorkers who have given character to culture that resides in the city.

From Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx, Staten Island and Manhattan, these five boroughs are at risk of mass gentrification, an exodus of the middle class, and an increased standard of living eliminating the culture that has made New York, well, New York.

This is the stuff that doesn't get reported; only numbers, polls, and speeches do. So when the next media organization backs Bloomberg, it's not because of his respectable and commendable record. It's because the ownership of media has transformed from principle to principal.

The Press' Bizarro Endorsement

We here at *The Press* have been keenly interested in the mayoral race for a number of reasons. It's a case of several Davids vs. Goliath, where each David is a quirky and interesting character. Whether it's our favorite activist performer, Reverend Billy; Jimmy McMillan, a man whose "rent is too damn high" policy is nearly as cool as his facial hair; Frances Villar, a socialist student mother who thinks that CUNY should be free, like it used to be; and a myriad of other crazy candidates. Oh, right, and that Bill Thompson guy. Each candidate was so interesting, so worthy of an endorsement from *The Press*, that we as an editorial board couldn't decide on just one.

There is, however, one candidate we were all sure we could *un*endorse. A man who subverted democracy, and completely disregarded New York City voters' wishes. The "Goliath" in this tale is the in-

cumbent, Michael Bloomberg.

Mike Bloomberg proved himself to be as close to a despot as you can come in America when he asked the New York City Council to overturn the term limits, despite the fact that citizens voted for limits, twice. He was a supporter of term limits before it became a severe conflict of interest. Furthermore, he's been at the forefront of the city's gentrification—following in the footsteps of America's Mayor, old Rudy—at the cost of displaced citizens and an increasingly corporate climate. He's commodified education, transportation and the New York way of life. He's also spent more money on campaign ads than his opponents are *allowed* to spend combined—assuming they can raise as much—and multiplied by three. It is an effective strategy; it has scared away a number of Democrats before Thompson ran, and most people are so inundated

with Bloomberg ads that they just assume he's going to win. He was also the mayor for one of the worst economic crises to hit New York City, and the rest of the country, in over 70 years. Is it all his fault? Well, no, but it was he and his billionaire buddies' unregulated market policies that led to it.

James Murphy of LCD Soundsystem summed it up best when, in his song, "New York, I Love You but You're Bringing Me Down", he said, "Our mild Billionaire Mayor's now convinced he's a king." A vote for Bloomberg is a vote against the people of New York City, and against democracy. So if you're able to vote in the city this coming Tuesday, vote for Reverend Billy Talen, or Jimmy McMillan, or Frances Villar, or even Bill Thompson if you have to. Vote for democracy.

Write for *The Press!*

Meetings Every Wednesday at 1PM, Union Building 060

The lettering in HIGH MOON is by Scott O. Brown, not by Steve Ellis.

- David Gallaher
Writer/Co-creator of HIGH MOON
<http://www.highmooncomic.com>
<http://www.thehighmoonrises.com>

Hey David,

We honestly were more excited that an author of one of our reviewed works was reading us than we were embarrassed at that error. Nevertheless, an error it is, and our most sincere apologies for it. Our writer, Kenny Mahoney, went from praising the art of the comic into praising the seamlessly integrated lettering, all the while forgetting to attribute it to the right person! For this he has received a severe beating. That'll learn him.

Thanks for the heads up, and we'll try to keep an eye out for future mistakes. In the meantime, keep making those comics and we'll keep reading them.

best,
The Press

Dear Steve McLinden,

Max Weinberg is not one of the greatest drummers in Western Music. He is actually one of the most boring and uninspiring drummers ever.

"He is adequate in the best way possible he beats those skins so hard..."

Also, that sentence from your article is a run-on.

From,
Drew

Dear Drew,

Thank you very much for pointing out that glaring mistake in Steve's article that was actually an error on the copy editors' parts and not Steve's. Steve is a great writer and doesn't normally make mistakes he also addresses your other criticism in his regular column, "Sound is Worth Money" so we'll let him handle your Max Weinberg hatred but we appreciate your concern for our paper hope to see you soon have a nice day.

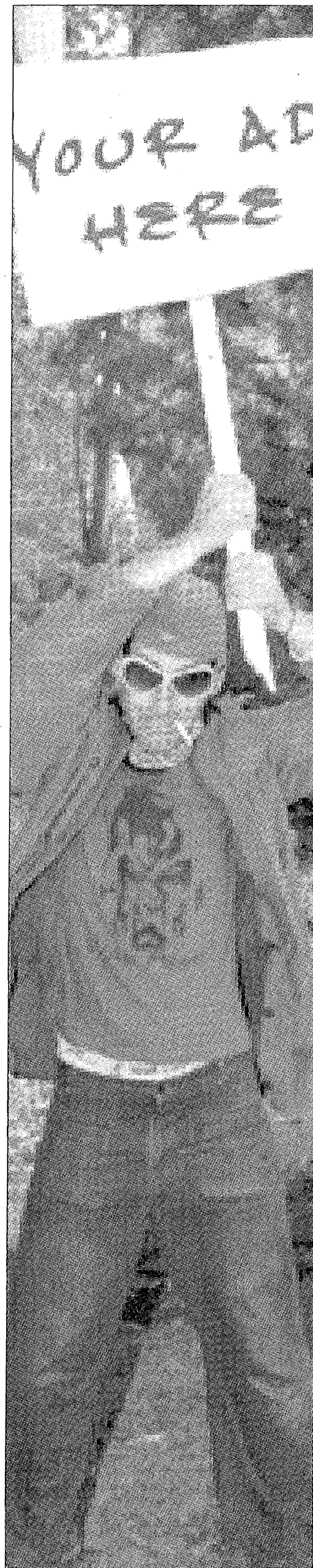
From,
The Press

Save The Date!

The Press would like to remind you that while the New York City mayoral election is an important one, there are also a plethora of elections going on here in Suffolk and Brookhaven. If you are a registered voter on this campus, there are elections for you to vote in this November 3.

Go vote in them.

Go Vote. November 3.



Request an ad packet:
sbpressnews@gmail.com

SBU Hospital Reusing Medical Devices

By Raina Bedford

A controversial practice is taking place at Stony Brook University Hospital. The hospital is reprocessing certain medical devices such as catheters, guide wires, bits, burrs, blades and oxisensors and reusing them on multiple patients. The original manufacturers of these devices label them as "single use" because they say they can't guarantee the safety of reuse. However, the FDA sanctions the reprocessing of certain medical devices and has deemed the practice safe, but other government agencies as well as the original device manufacturers are raising questions about the safety of reusing medical devices.

The Government Accountability Office released a report in 2006 that stated, "neither existing FDA data nor studies performed by others are sufficient to draw definitive conclusions about the safety of reprocessed single use devices compared to similar original devices." Despite this the GAO concluded that the available data showed that the practice was safe, even though they said there was not enough data to support a definitive conclusion on the matter.

Following the release of the report was a congressional hearing. Dr. Daniel G. Shultz, director of the FDA center for devices and radiological health testified on behalf of the FDA. He said that at the time the FDA had received 434 reports of malfunctioning medical devices and of these reports, approximately 65 involved reprocessed single use devices. He said the FDA could not determine whether these 65 injuries or deaths were caused solely by the reprocessed devices or by other medical complications.

When asked whether he could give an estimate of how many Americans have died because of reprocessed medical devices Dr. Shultz said, "I wish I could give you an exact count; I can't."

There are definite benefits to reprocessing medical devices. Hospitals save hundreds of thousands of dollars a year reprocessing medical devices and remove thousands of pounds of waste from landfills by recycling them. Stony Brook Hospital saves an estimated \$300,000 per year reprocessing medical devices and has decreased the amount of medical waste for disposable devices by almost 8,000 lbs per year. Hospital officials insist that the benefits of reprocessing far outweigh the negatives, and that reprocessing medical devices is

safe.

Marc J. Shapiro, M.D. and assistant chief quality officer at Stony Brook Medical Hospital, endorsed the position that reprocessed medical devices are safe. He said that he has never seen a reprocessed device malfunction during surgery, and that the government is very strict about which devices can be reprocessed and the procedures for doing so.

"All hospitals are very concerned and conservative," he said, "this isn't a decision we made overnight; we've been reprocessing medical devices for decades. I think it really does promote a green environment, and as our technology continues to improve I foresee

properly hold the heart in place during a by-pass procedure. The patient experienced excessive bleeding and a prolonged procedure as a result. Upon inspection by the original manufacturer they found that the foam gasket on the suction cup to grasp the heart had decomposed due to reprocessing. In another case a reprocessed endoscopic vein harvesting system failed when a piece of shrink tubing broke free of the devices and became lodged in a patient's leg. The surgeon had to "fish" the dislodged part out of the patient's leg. The original manufacturers of the device found that the shrink tubing that broke free had deteriorated due to multiple sterilization cycles.

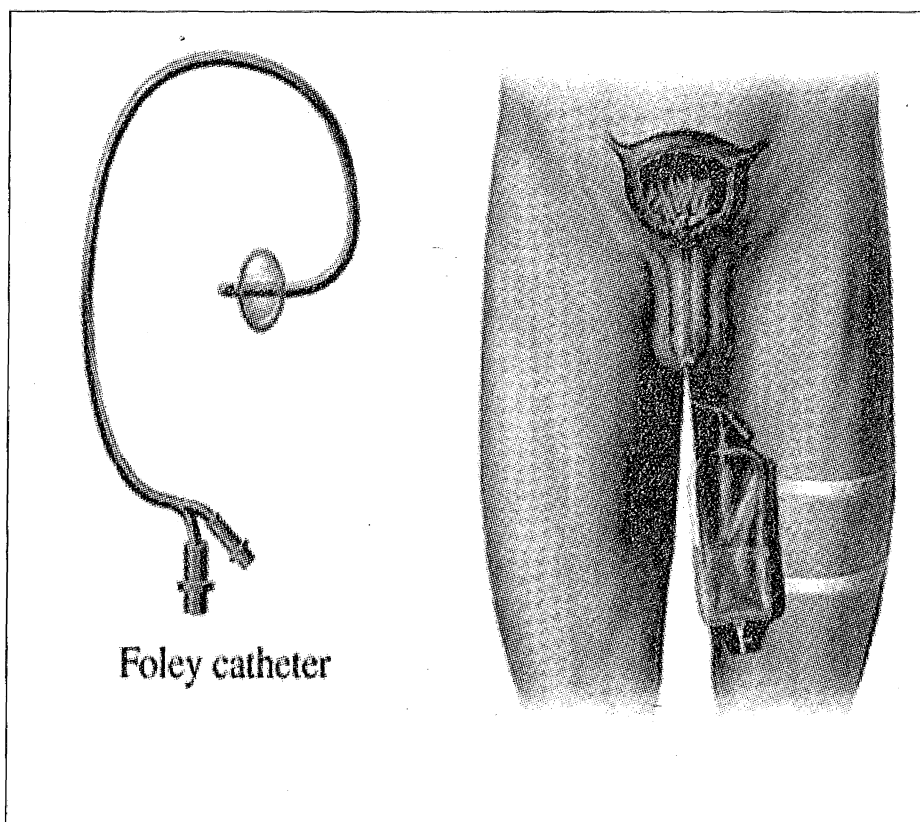
as being for single use if the original manufacturer believed it could persuade a hospital to throw the table out after one use."

Dennies Toussaint, the director of regulatory affairs at SteriliMed, the company that reprocesses medical devices for Stony Brook Hospital and all state funded hospitals in New York, said, "Of the tens of thousands of patient adverse event reports that FDA receives through its medical device reporting program, only a very small percentage concern reprocessed single-use devices, and the few problems that have occurred with reprocessed single-use devices appear to be quite similar to the types of problems associated with new devices."

Another issue surrounding the reuse of single-use devices is patient notification. Under current law, patients are not required to be notified that the equipment doctors are using during medical procedures has been used before. The original manufacturers are lobbying congress for an "informed consent" law that would require patients to be notified that the medical devices doctors are using on them have been reprocessed.

Advamed said that patients need to be notified because of the inherent risks of reprocessing medical devices. They illustrated the risk by explaining specific complications involving an electrophysiology catheter. Stephen J. Uble, representing Advamed said, "The device has to be rigid enough, stiff enough, to actually be threaded up into the heart, yet it has to be flexible enough to make sure that it doesn't puncture the artery and it has to be flexible enough to go through the twists and turns of the artery. It also has to be sterile so as not to introduce potential infection, and it has to be sensitive enough so that when it gets to the heart, it can accurately take readings from the heart. Every one of those properties can be negatively affected by reuse. Failure to completely clean and sterilize the device can potentially transfer blood-borne diseases from one patient to another. Cleaning and sterilization and use itself can affect the device's flexibility, durability, and sensitivity. No one should want a device used on a second, third or fourth patient unless there is an ironclad assurance that it is literally as good as new after it is reprocessed."

And that's what the issue essentially boils down to. Is there an ironclad assurance that reprocessed devices are literally as good as new after being reprocessed?



Foley catheter

that we'll be recycling more and more."

Advamed, a trade association representing the original device manufacturers, disagrees with this position. Stephen J. Uble, representing Advamed testified in front of Congress that the reuse of medical devices is not safe and he submitted specific evidence to back up his case. According to Advamed, blood, mucous and fecal mater can accumulate during use in areas that are very difficult to access and clean. In addition to this Uble said that reprocessing can be debilitating to the devices and materials can become brittle, sticky or deformed.

Advamed cited two examples of medical devices that broke down due to reprocessing. In one case a cardiovascular surgeon cut a patient's heart when a reprocessed heart positioner failed to

Advamed also argued that the FDA statistics on reprocessed medical devices are flawed. Prior to 2006, reprocessing companies were not required to label their products as reprocessed so many doctors thought the products were new. According to Advamed this skews the FDA statistics on reprocessed medical devices because no one could tell, prior to 2006, if the devices doctors were using were reprocessed or new.

Advamed insists that their products are labeled single use because they cannot guarantee the safety of reuse. However, many question whether Advamed has financial motives. Don Selvey, senior vice president of regulatory affairs and quality assurance for Ascent Healthcare Solutions, a reprocessing firm, said, "The truth is that a manufacturer could label an operating table

Falcon Would Be A Great Name For A Fat Kid

By Colleen Harrington

All right, you Heene jerks, the jig is up. You thought you'd put on a fun little air show for us, but it all blew up in your faces faster than you can say *Hindenburg*. You might have believed you could capture the nation's attention and hang on, white-knuckling it as long as you could, but you should know that *I* at least was skeptical from the get-go. Anyone who's ever seen the ending of *The Wizard of Oz*, just to find out it was a dream after all ought to be wary of scenarios where youngsters just float off in balloons like no biggie. Good old logic dictates that it's easier to believe that little kids *can't* fly away wrapped in pieces of Reynolds Wrap than to believe that they can, so I personally smelled the bologna a mile away.

But you Heenes, you're so cute, thinking you had us fooled. I mean, sure, okay, *The New York Times* site was running a timeline with breaking updates on the elusive Falcon's whereabouts, but what do *they* know? And yeah, the National Guard might have sent a couple helicopters to scope out the scene, but c'mon, it's Colorado, they probably weren't busy anyway. The state's about as square as they come, save for maybe Wyoming. I must say though, I feel worst for Brian Jones, the Colorado State University physics professor who initially affirmed the plausibility, saying that the kid's weight wouldn't compromise the structural integrity of the flying baked potato. I'd sure have hated to be Jones, heading to campus the next day to face the music. As a student, I don't know how seriously I could take a professor knowing he had once said to a bunch of guys, "Bits of tin foil and duct tape, you say? A forty-pound child? OH, IT'S HAPPENING



ALL RIGHT." Let's just hope he's tenured.

Okay, so admittedly, a few people out there fell for it. But even for those who were convinced young Falcon was in danger, thanks to the live feed of the giant Jiffy Pop bag lurching through space; even for those who heard the phony frantic 911 call, the story was quickly punctured. For instance, it was reported that our lovely Heenes called their local news station before they called the police for help. Then it came out that ol' storm chasing Papa Heene was no meteorologist, and in fact had never been to college. Also—I don't know if I'm making this clear enough—it was tin foil and duct tape flying through the air. But for many, the clarifying moment of the Heeneburg Disaster arrived when the little kid came down with Pinocchio Syndrome as the family went on its whirlwind "buy this/pity us" media tour. First, our precocious young space cadet Falcon

was asked on CNN why he didn't come out when all of Colorado was searching for him. He meekly replies that his parents had said they were "doing it for a show." Later, during other news interviews, when Falcon's asked what he meant by the statement, the kid totally blows it and vomits – not once, but twice. That was the clincher. Right then, I would have been like, "Falcon, do you puke when you tell lies?" and he would have said, "No..." and then promptly puked.

Well, Falcons will be Falcons, I suppose. Shortly thereafter, our brows collectively narrowed with skepticism, and it wasn't too long before the "Boy in the Balloon" fairytale popped, and the "Fines and Felony Charges" drama debuted. Barely a day had passed since the Jiffy Pop liftoff before the media was reporting that the Heenes had met in acting school and had been on reality television before, namely ABC's pure genius "Wife

Swap". I think at this point it's safe to say that most "reality" TV people are about as far out of touch with reality as they can possibly be, and literally everything they participate in can be completely and utterly disregarded ("Daisy of Love." 'Nuff said). I also think that at this point, we can agree that all of these types ought to be boarded onto a giant helium-filled craft and shipped off into the cold outer reaches of space once and for all. Perhaps Professor Jones could help design it, if he's not too busy.

As it turns out, this was some plan that Heenes and Co. had schemed up to land their own reality show, which is just sooo typical of them. It's a plan that seems, at best, a tad under developed: call the media, call the cops, get some choppers on it, and then pray that our little Falcon develops teleporting abilities so he can manifest himself at the crash site when the thing lands. Did they really think this would all pan out nicely in the end, that no one would want to examine the blueprints for this magical hovering craft made from everyday household items? And how were they planning on making the transition from UFO-designing, son-losing nuts to beloved television family? Was Falcon to play a lovable ghost, back from beyond the grave to haunt us with his stinking lies and his vomit? Most of all, I wonder: If this was the attention-grabbing gem they settled upon, what other ruthless reality plots were considered?

So listen up, Heenes, presuming you're not too busy swapping wives and stuff: If you're thinking of next telling us you've sent out a Saran Wrap submarine manned only by your son Seahorse, you can forget it. Because now our guard is definitely up. So don't even try it.

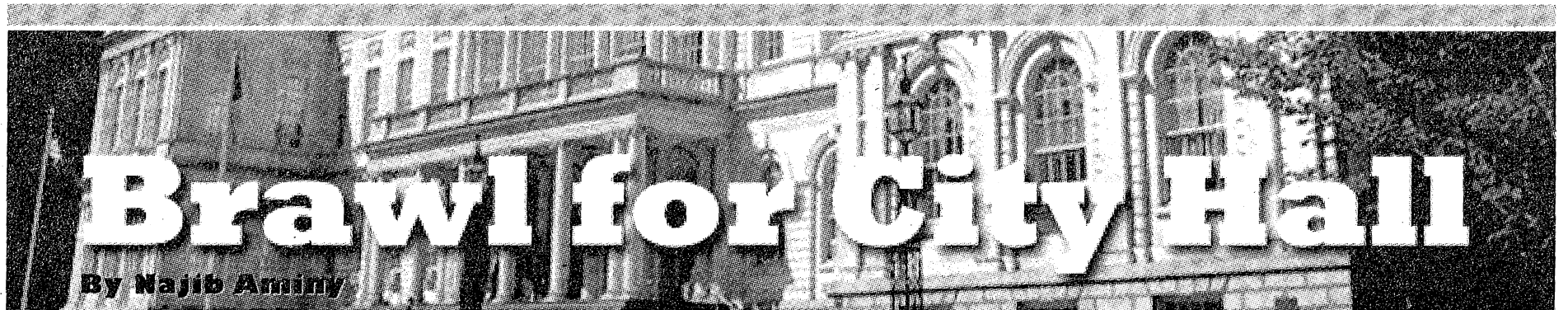
Do you want to know how
I got these scars?

By joining **THE PRESS**

UNION 060 WEDNESDAYS DURING CAMPUS LIFETIME



Reporting for this article is part of a larger project highlighting the concerns of New Yorkers, the candidates running for Mayor, and describing the controversy behind this election. For more information, log on to www.ademocracytale.tumblr.com.



In this year's 2009 New York City mayoral election, New Yorkers will choose from a diverse array of candidates that include a rent activist, socialist student-mother, an anti-corporate preacher, a city comptroller and a wealthy incumbent looking to hold onto the reigns.

What makes this election different from years prior has much to do with the process of how Mayor Michael Bloomberg is running for an unprecedented third term. Citing the economic crisis, Bloomberg said his experience and leadership, he felt, was crucially needed to get New York City out of the current downturn.

Persuading the New York City Council to vote in his favor, the two-term limit was overturned for all city-elected officials, allowing Bloomberg to run for a third term. Bloomberg is expected to spend roughly \$100 million for his campaign come November 3. He has spent \$74 million in his narrow-victory over Mark Green in 2001 and \$85 million in 2005.

At hand, the issues of this election range from job-creation, education, transportation, rent, and taxes.

Jimmy McMillan Rent is Too High Party

Jimmy McMillan is one of many things. He is a former Vietnam-veteran, a private-investigator, an author, and a self-claimed verbal judo master. But mind you, Jimmy McMillan is not a politician rather a *politi-cian*.

For years, McMillan has been voicing the concerns of many New Yorkers on the issue that hits home—rent.

Since the 2001 World Trade Center attacks, McMillan has said that rent has continually increased at the hands of city politicians and that it is the biggest issue of this campaign.

McMillan says that rent decreases and caps would help out local businesses, encourage New Yorkers to go out and buy more, and allow them to

live with an affordable rent.

When McMillan ran for mayor in 2005, his party name, "Rent is Too Damn High" was censored by the City Elections board to "Rent is Too High" citing the word "damn" as a curse word.

McMillan had tried to keep his party name to the 15 character maximum, removing "the" from the beginning of his party name and even considered replacing the word "too" with the number 2. Nevertheless, McMillan will be running under the "Rent is Too High Party."

He said he will be pursuing legal action after the election, regardless of the outcome.



Frances Villar Party for Socialism and Liberation

Born in the Dominican Republic, Villar moved here when she was three-years old and says she grew up poor in the richest city in the world. Her childhood consisted of watching the NYPD harass her friends because they were either Black or Latino, she said, and increasingly became tired of the system.

Villar, a CUNY student, has fought against tuition increases and organized students to fight for social causes including protests against the foreign wars of Iraq and Afghanistan and expressing support for the Jena 6. After complaints about unconcerned landlords, Villar worked to create the first ever tenant association in the

Bronx.

Villar says she is a speaker for the working poor and feels the billionaires are taking over New York City, paying low-income families to leave and charging increased rates on rent and transportation.

She says, if elected, her first course of action would be to lock-up current police commissioner Ray Kelly for all the injustices he and the police force have committed against the lower-income minority residents. In addition, Villar advocates for free education, which CUNY was in years past, and for a more affordable and livable New York City.

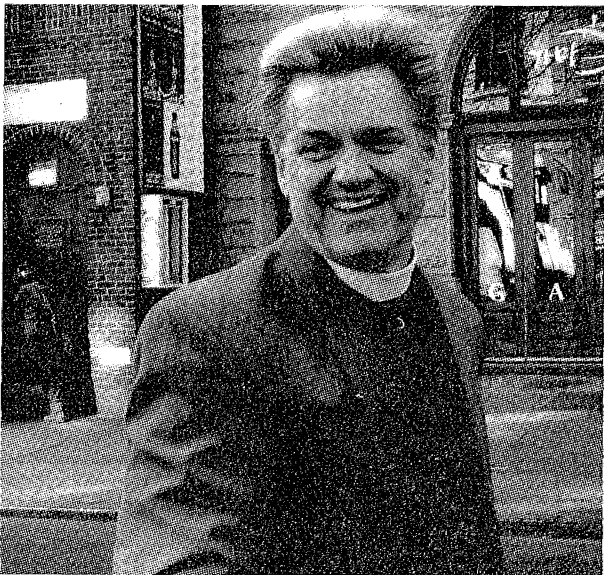
Her plans are simple, tax from the rich and give to the poor.



ademocracytale.tumblr.com

Brawl for City Hall

By Hajib Aminy



Billy Talen
Green Party

His suits vary from cream beige and cobalt blue, to pearl white but his message stays the same. With a \$5 priest's collar around his neck, Billy Talen takes to the streets with his singing entourage, The Church of Life After Shopping, directed by his wife, Savitri Durkee, preaching his message of community, anti-consumerism, and environmentalism.

Talen, emulating an evangelical preacher, fought his first campaign against the gentrification of Times Square in the late 90s. He has been arrested for protesting against the opening of a number of Starbucks stores from New York to California, and kicked out of the properties of Wal-mart and various shop-

ping malls through the continental U.S.

Talen is running because he feels that consumerism has taken over democracy and that the neighborhoods, all 500 of them in New York City, are being threatened by development, gentrification and increase in rents.

Taking to the streets, subway cars, and any other public domain Talen has earned the Green Party nomination calling local business both economically and environmentally friendly.

Talen made his voice heard during the first debate between the two primary candidates heckling Mayor Bloomberg during his opening statement questioning why Bloomberg was on stage screaming at the top of his lungs that New Yorkers had voted for term limits.

Bill Thompson
Democratic and Working Families Party

The former city comptroller is in the political fight of his career, at least so far. Up against a well-funded incumbent mayor, Thompson has won the support of a number of unions that previously supported Bloomberg. Nevertheless, support from major democrats have stalled, receiving some high profile announcements late in the campaign that includes City Council speaker Chirstine Quinn and most importantly President Barack Obama.

His critics say that the focus of his campaign is primarily on attacking the Bloomberg administration, centralizing on the issue of term limits and campaign spending. Thompson also has been criticized for being vague and unclear about his specific plans

if elected, which hurts him when running against an administration as organized as Bloomberg's.

Thompson says he will be the voice for the middle class, looking to better the services the city provides, and work on the many problems from higher rent and water costs to transportation issues and bigger institutions such as schools.

Though Thompson is behind by more than 10 points, according to the most recent Quinnipiac poll, his campaign is relying on unions, key endorsements from Obama, and New Yorkers who are still upset over term limits.

A decent debater, Thompson will have to utilize the last week before Election Day to out the vote and make his message clear if he wants a shot come November 3, critics have said.



Michael Bloomberg
Republican and Independent Party

Bloomberg has spent more private money than any other U.S. politician in history. At the end of this election, he is expected to have spent roughly a quarter of a billion dollars since campaigning in 2001 for the position of mayor in New York City.

Critics point to the subversion of democracy as Bloomberg heavily influenced the passing of term limits and question the need for a third term. Some ask, what can Bloomberg do in the next four years that he has not in the past eight.

Nevertheless, Bloomberg has kept budget deficits in control, given the economic situation that has plagued both the nation and the city and maintained

most of the city services. According to Bloomberg, student test scores have risen, crime has been reduced and stayed low, and that his administration has pushed politics aside and focused on the issues most pertinent to New Yorkers.

Bloomberg's administration defends the excessive private spending, which is protected by the First amendment, as a means to let all New Yorkers know of all the great things Mayor Bloomberg has accomplished in his previous eight years in office.

However, Bloomberg's visions by 2013 include green-fueled taxis, a more environmentally sound city, opened parks, higher school performances, and an affordable housing system that will keep New Yorkers in New York.



2009 NYC MAYORAL ELECTION SPREAD

The Rising Cost of Education

Stanley Endorses SBU Tuition Hike

By Raina Bedford

There were dark overtones to an otherwise joyous celebration. Stony Brook University's new president, Samuel L. Stanley Jr., faces a tough economy and much is expected of him.

"I am by nature an optimist but we are faced with hard facts," said Stanley. "We are in the middle of a great recession."

Indeed, it is a tough time for the SUNY system. The state recently cut SUNY's budget by \$90 billion. Stanley said that cutting SUNY's budget is "fundamentally the wrong strategy," and he wants to take SBU's finances into his own hands.

Currently, the university is bound by state rules and regulations concerning tuition hikes, which Stanley believes "hinder our chance of being great." To achieve this greatness, Stanley made it clear, that he will pursue a tuition increase for all students.

"Our tuition is too low to support our students," he said, "this is what Stony Brook needs to move forward."

Stanley endorsed "SUNY flex" legislation that would allow state universities to increase tuition and sell or lease university property without approval from the state. Professors are split over whether or not this proposal is a good one.

The nation's largest higher education union, the United University Professions (UUP), opposes a "SUNY flex"

system. UUP President Phillip Smith said that if individual colleges are able to raise tuition without state approval, it would harm potential college students, many of whom rely on cheap education in tough economic times.

"Surely, the primary aim of every SUNY campus is to educate," Smith said. "But giving campuses blanket authority to do whatever they want with taxpayers' property is bound to have the opposite result."

Michael Marx, associate vice president of Brookhaven National Laboratories, endorsed a tuition increase for SBU.

"The university is shrinking because it has a budget deficit," Marx said. "We're way behind in all kinds of things and a tuition increase is the only way to fix our problems. Its time has come."

Stanley said that a tuition increase will help him pursue his ambitions for SBU, and his ambitions are many. He said it is his number one priority to hire 400 new professors in the next 8-10 years. Stanley said SBU is "at a tipping point where large classes and recitations negatively affect students' education."

Stanley also used his pulpit to make a statement about student health. On stage, in front of a crowd of nearly 2000 attendees, he received the H1N1 vaccine. He said he is concerned that the disease hits college-aged students the hardest in terms of mortality, and asked

that every student get vaccinated to avoid the "real disruptive effects" of an outbreak on students' education.

Stanley also announced that he is pursuing an alliance with both Brookhaven National Laboratory and Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory. If an

ally's approach towards education," Giarrusso said. "He left out the medical school in his speech and you need the medical component along with research to educate students."

Stanley also spoke about efforts to reduce waste in the SUNY system. He announced a "strategic plan" to conduct a careful review of all departments. Stanley said his administration is creating tough standards to measure success, and this assessment will help determine areas where resources should be focused, or cut.

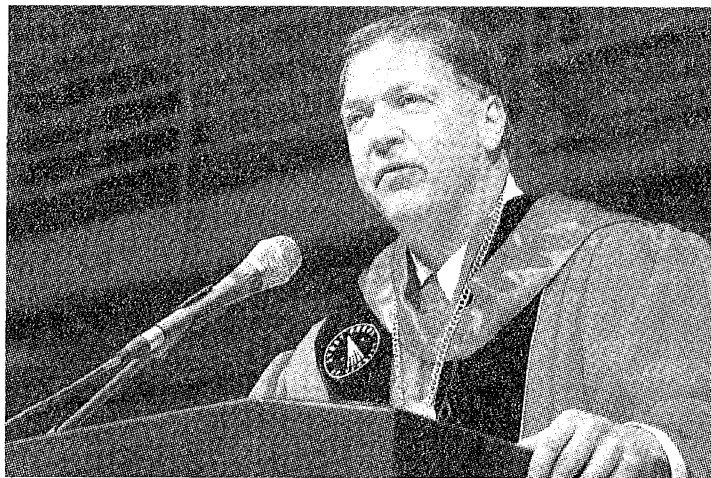
"No university can be great in all areas," Stanley said.

The inauguration of SBU's fifth president marks the beginning of a new chapter in SBU's his-

tory and students and faculty will have to be vigilant in monitoring the success of his initiatives. On his first day as SBU's official president, Stanley announced a tuition hike, a comprehensive review to determine what programs can be cut, and an ambitious hiring plan which will all have a great effect on our university.

Tough economic times call for tough decisions, and Stanley certainly has inherited a challenging fiscal crisis.

"I do believe the budget crisis is temporary," he said. "The focus now is on the long term growth of SBU."



Nice robes. What are you, a secret agent?

Eric DiGiovanni

alliance is created among these three research institutions they will boast more than \$750 million in annual external funding making them the largest research conglomerate in the Long Island area. Stanley reaffirmed his position that research is what makes SBU stand out from other state universities, and said he is committed to continuing this tradition.

Edward Giarrusso, a professor in the physicians assistant program, expressed concern that Stanley may be focusing too much on research and not enough on education.

"I have some concerns with Stan-

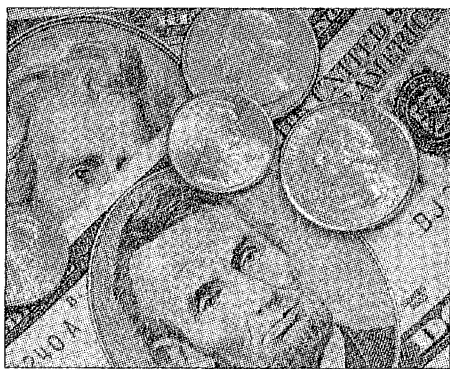
Tuition Hikes Will Create, Not Solve, Problems

By Michelle Bylicky

College tuition continues to rise. According to a report by the National Center for Public Policy and Higher Education, tuition has increased 439 percent from 1982 to 2007 while the average family income has only increased by 147 percent. This means that the percentage of a family's income that is required to pay for a student's education has continued to increase over time. The report also noted that student borrowing has doubled in the last decade alone.

Particularly troubling for most SUNY students is the discussion of budget cuts and rising tuition. It is feared that Stony Brook University stu-

dents and students from other public schools will be forced to pay increased



Show me the money!

tuition fees only to see the money removed from the public school system and used to cover the New York budget downfall. Even if this does not occur,

Stony Brook will likely raise tuition. Public schools are owned and subsidized by the state, which means universities do not rely solely on students to generate income; the state is also responsible for providing schools with funds. However, during economic recessions states attempt to cut costs by reducing the funding to public universities. Without state support, public universities must raise tuition to generate funds. However, raising tuition during a recession inevitably leads to trouble for students who may already be in financial trouble. This can lead to a greater accumulation of debt by students and an increase in dropout rates. Patrick Callan, the President of the National Center for Public Policy and Higher Education noted that America is already facing problems. He noted

that there is currently an educational gap in the American workforce in comparison to other developed countries, which will make it hard for America to compete against them.

The Delta Project, an independent non-profit agency whose purpose is to develop data on postsecondary education costs and productivity, has also looked into the rising cost of tuition, focusing on the years between 1982-2006. Its report featured several interesting insights noting that while a university may suggest that a higher tuition will increase or maintain the quality of education a student is receiving, this is not necessarily true. It found through research on postsecondary education that there is no consistent relationship between the absolute level of resources or funds the university has and student re-

The Rising Cost of Education

Education Should Have No Dollar Value



Ross Barkan

When Calvin Coolidge told the American Society of Newspaper Editors that the “chief business of the American people is business,” he could have been shouting into the

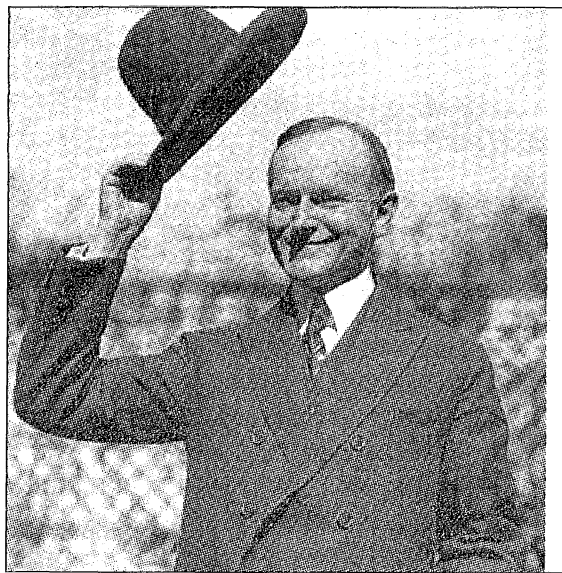
future. Forgetting the flappers, prohibition, and vaudeville, the 1920’s and 2000’s were bewitched by the same zeitgeist. We are, even in the ashes of a Wall Street collapse, a nation driven by the almighty dollar. Travel is a business. Health care is a business. And, lamentably, education is a business.

If the higher education industry does not change its course, a generation of students will be crippled. Debt is already leaving today’s graduates thrashing below sea level. A society that values the college diploma so highly is driving a dagger between the haves and have-nots. If the business of higher education is in danger during this recession, its patrons are in even more dire straits.

Getting a degree will one day be synonymous with bankruptcy unless trends start reversing fast. College tuition and fees have increased 439 percent from 1982 to 2007 while median family income has risen 147 percent. Student borrowing has more than doubled in the last decade. Students from low income families are the hardest hit: according to a 2008 report by the National Center for Public Policy and Higher Education, these students on av-

erage get smaller grants from the colleges they attend than students from wealthier families.

The issue not only becomes a question of affordability but an issue of morality. Is it moral for education to be so chiefly tied to business? Isn’t the basic aim of education to improve the intellectual capabilities of the nation’s students in order to ensure further prosperity and progress? In 2009, the



The business of America shouldn’t be business, Cal

dollar comes before the student. For the future of the American to be bright, education and business must divorce.

There was a time when American free education existed. No, it was not during a prehistoric epoch: it was in New York City until 1975. All schools in the City University of New York system (CUNY) were free to attend. Admission standards were stricter but all qualified students could receive an excellent edu-

cation, free of charge. Today, CUNY schools are still relatively cheap at \$4,600 per year. Stony Brook tuition is \$4,970 and rising. And for most of the country, college costs much more.

maintenance. Remember that time you spent waiting to talk to someone in Administration just to have them send you somewhere else because they don’t deal with that problem, only to be sent back by the person who the first guy sent you to? Yeah, that’s your tuition money going to work right there.

The Delta Project has also found that for public institutions that perform research, such as Stony Brook, the research grant money which is paid to the school by the state is never enough to pay for the full costs of the research. The cost of faculty time is shown to increase through reduced teaching loads, meaning professors are paid the same amount by the university even if they are teaching fewer classes in a semester because they are performing research. This leads to an increase in student tu-

tion even as the amount of faculty time available for teaching decreases. Student tuitions may increase to cover the time a faculty member spends performing research despite that students do not often directly benefit from the research being done. The exceptions to this rule are the students who work alongside professors in the labs on their research projects. Administrators both in the school and in the government are responsible for supporting this policy. This is not to argue that research in a university is bad or in any way unpraiseworthy, but to note that research is partially paid for through indirect fees from the student.

What does this all mean for Stony Brook students? First, tuition is expected to increase to offset the loss of money the university usually obtains

graduate is \$26,505. A bachelor’s degree balloons this figure to \$49,303.

Higher education is becoming increasingly unaffordable, a business built to serve the select few with the means to pay for it. The rising cost will only further the troubling class divide in this nation. For better or worse, education and economic opportunity are joined at the hip. It is time to make education, along with sanitation, police protection, and fire fighting, a free institution to be enjoyed equally by all. If education is truly available to everyone, the troubling income gap would begin to shrink. A nation could come together.

Fiscal conservatives will wail that the federal government can’t possibly support free education, especially in this dismal economy. Why are we so willing to pour billions into Iraq and Afghanistan, send our own troops to be slaughtered, alienate native populations, build higher walls between America and the global community, but not willing to give every American student an equal chance at success? Despite economic struggles, America remains a wealthy nation and a world power. The capital exists to make free education a reality.

Sadly, it seems unlikely that the exploitation of the college student will end in the near future. President Obama has hardly addressed the issue. As of now, our military industrial complex, student loan industry, and greedy universities control the tide. Change doesn’t seem likely.

Perhaps someday old Calvin Coolidge can be proven wrong.

from the state, more cutbacks in less populated classes and less populated majors and minors, and rollbacks in programs designed to close attainment gaps. However, these actions can exacerbate the current economic situation. If tuition increases, it is likely that more disadvantaged students will drop out, lowering what revenue the university is currently taking in as well as decreasing the number of individuals who are able to graduate and become productive members of society. While increasing tuition may help to solve the University’s current economic woes it will lead to a less well educated population as a whole and a more difficult time for America as the country attempts to compete with other industrialized nations on the world stage.

TUITION continued from PREVIOUS page

sults (measured in credentials earned). Instead, how the university spends its money is most important, suggesting that leadership and intentionality matter more to educational performance than university funds alone.

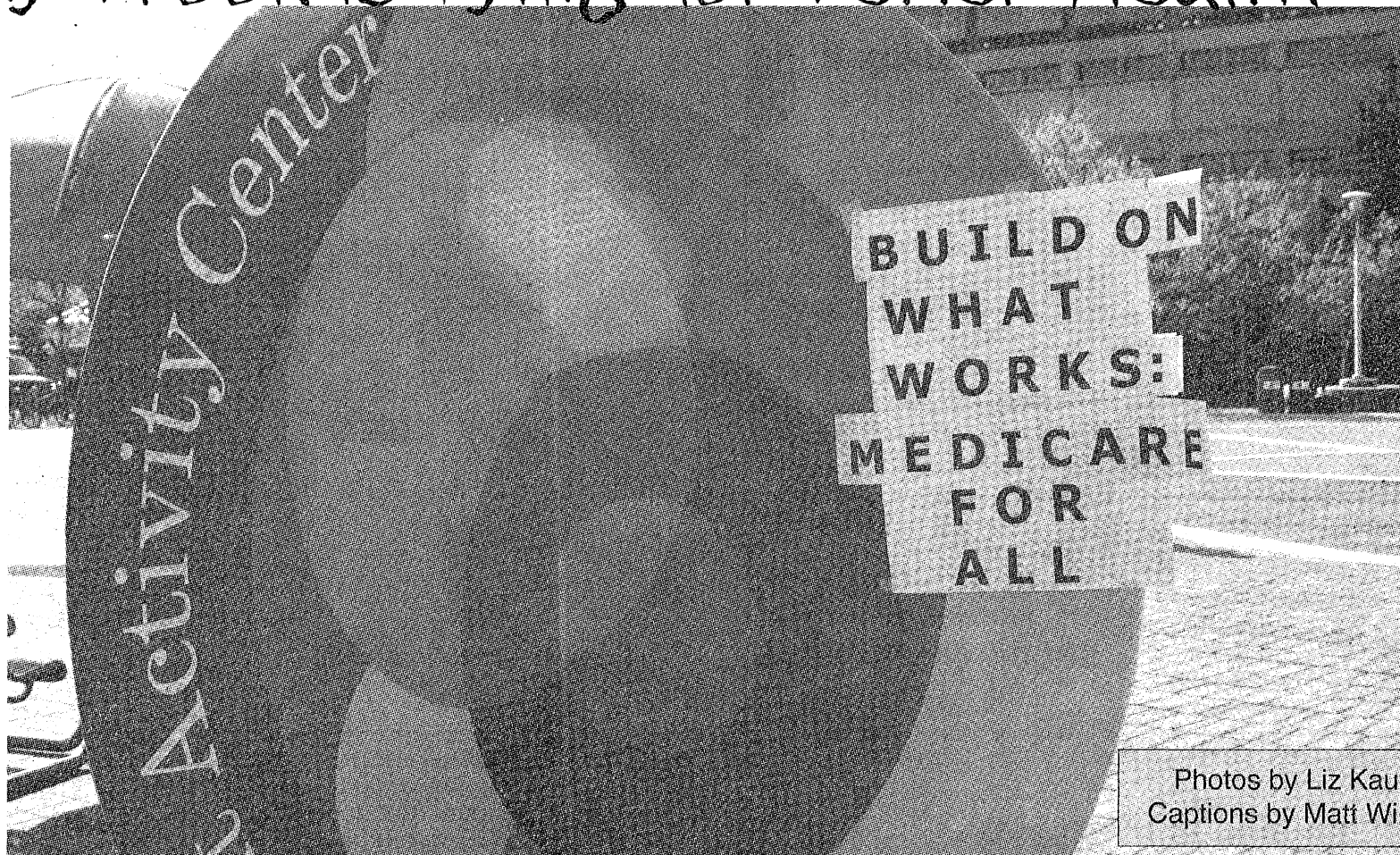
For Stony Brook this means that the money former president, Shirley Strum Kenny, spent on various plants to “beautify” the campus was largely wasted money (but you probably already knew that) or money that the school spends on one time events that are not useful to academics. Of particular interest is that direct instruction expenses, such as classroom time with professors, has consistently declined as a proportion of education and related spending when compared to spending increases in student services such as academic support, administration and

The Inauguration of President Stanley

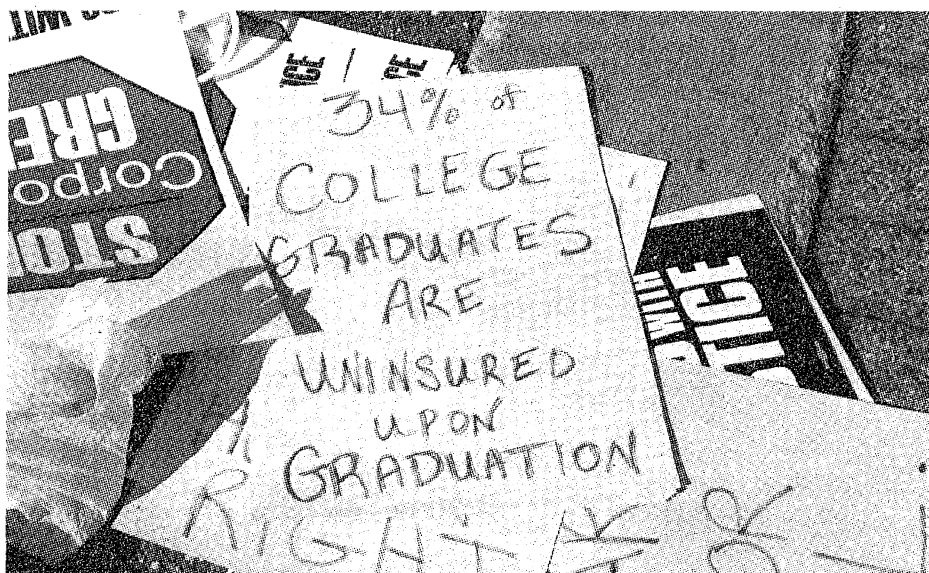


Photos by Alex H. Nagler and Roman Sheydvasser

Stony Brook is Dying for Better Health Care



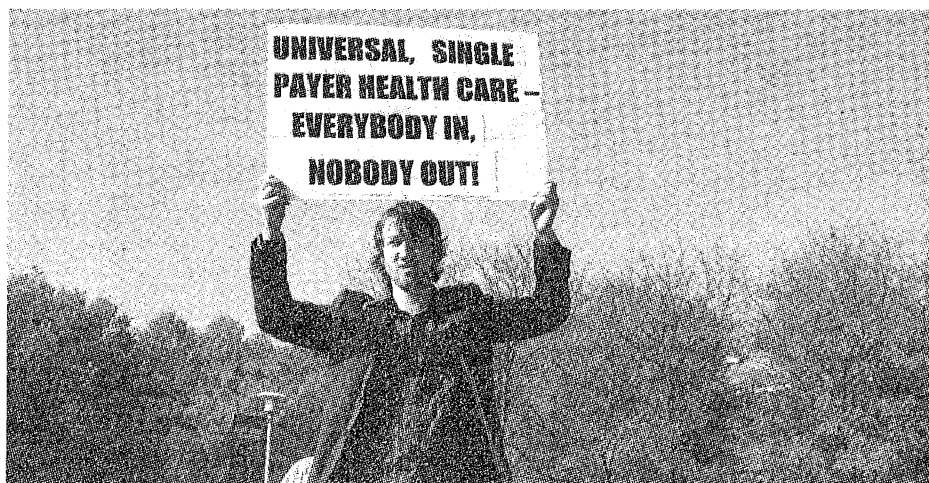
Photos by Liz Kaufman
Captions by Matt Willemain



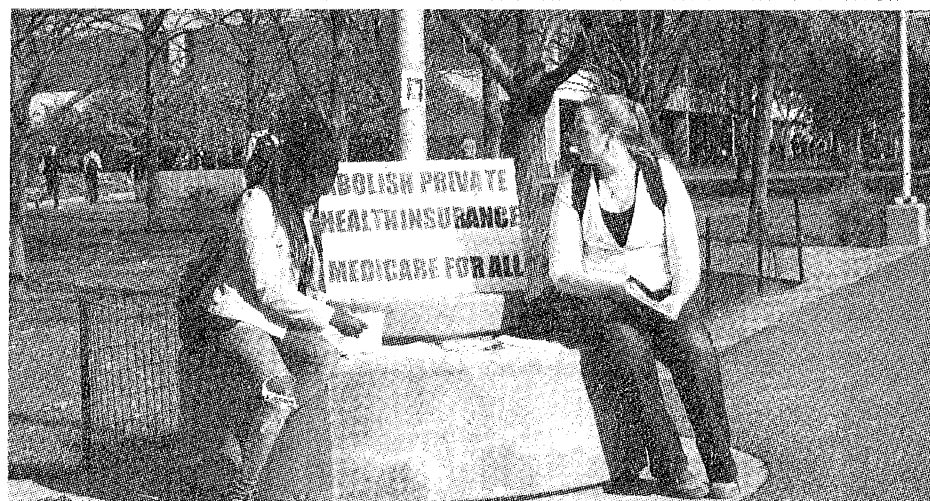
Placards wait at the ready on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 20, as demonstrators prepare a Die-in to support health care reform.



A recently concluded study conducted by researchers from Harvard Medical School determined that approximately 45,000 Americans die needlessly every year, or more than 120 every day, for lack of health care coverage.



Rather than a "robust" public option modeled after the failed state programs in Massachusetts and Vermont, some demonstrators favored a single payer system—what doctors like Marcia Angell, former Editor-in-Chief of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, describe as the only way to both provide comprehensive coverage to everyone and control costs.



Unable to marshal any real arguments against the abolition of pay-or-die for-profit health insurance, Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi recently dodged critics by saying "If it were up to me, we'd have single payer." Maybe if she was Superspeaker of the Superhouse? That's probably what happens if we just vote for her a bunch more times.

Fear and Loathing at the HLA

By Samuel Katz

I was walking out of my chemistry lecture and was looking for some light reading to do while I was having my lunch. I walked to the SAC and picked up a copy of the *Statesmen* and proceeded towards the cafeteria. As I was balancing my meal, coffee, wallet and the *Statesmen*, I felt something hard inside my copy of the newspaper and when I opened it I saw a nice glossy pamphlet folded inside.

The cover had a picture of an attractive young woman leaning against a tree bark under an afternoon sun that's reflected off her golden hair. At the bottom of the page read the word "iCare" with the lower case i resembling that of the new trend in technology nomenclature, and written in a font that resembles that of the graphic design for the movie *Juno*. I thought I would find info inside about a new volunteering initiative (the look on her face implied concern) or maybe some environmental awareness information (the background had a tree and leaves).

Turns out, this was part of a massive nationwide campaign against abortion. The pages were lined with the usual pictures of smiling babies and caring parents and quotes like, "Every day in the US 3315 babies are thrown away, their lives wasted by someone else's choice." Along with anecdotes like, "Some [who have had abortions] sadly remember their aborted child's 'would be' birthday each year." Spread throughout the rest of the supplement was the usual rhetoric: abortion causes infertility, causes breast cancer, causes abusive relationships (the last one does not include a citation.) And, of course, towards the end is the ritual sermon against premarital sex (with the title "The Science of Sex"). And, my favorite, how the only way to heal from a past abortion is by joining the pro-life movement.

One article in particular caught my attention, "Reproductive Racism". The article sang the old mantra of the anti-birth control movement and how planned parenthood is part of eugenics and ethnic cleansing, a plot to eliminate inferior groups. The article quotes

famed reproductive rights activist, Margaret Sanger as saying, "We do not want word to go out that we want to exterminate the Negro population." The article also associates Sanger and birth control with other famous societal demons, such as social Darwinism and the American Eugenics Society.

While reading the article, I was struck by something interesting. At the left of one page was the picture of the author, a middle aged African American woman in a professional pose, Akua

that I found insightful," and she went on to criticize the President. I think "blackwashing" is the best explanation for the printing of Furlow's picture alongside her article on how African Americans are targeted by Planned Parenthood. A simple attempt to justify their claim is made by saying "Hey, it's a black women who's saying it."

People are entitled to their opinions, and although I may not like what Furlow has to say, I can't take that right from her. But I could call into question

wash" better. I can quote W.E. Dubois, Dr. King and the *Amsterdam News*, who have supported Sanger and the clinic she set up in Harlem. The Human Life Alliance can quote Furlow and put a picture of her next to her poorly cited piece. But that would be missing the point.

To assess the validity of medicine by the people who have created it, or in this case funded it, is stupid at best and dangerous at worst. To avoid birth control due to the views of its sponsor would be

the equivalent of not using the cryptography developed in part by Marian Rejewski, to help the allied forces win WWII. And I suppose the HLA who have published this supplement know that, but they also know how vulnerable people are and they know how to use that vulnerability for their cause. Having people associate racism with a pill is a powerful strategy to get people to stop using it, yet its legitimacy should be questioned and exposed. Using our inner Pavlovian nature to advance an ideology is wrong at best. Sanger's racism is a question for historians; it should have no part in a discussion on the uses of a particular medicine or technology. The function such associations are meant to serve is simple fear beyond any form of rationalism or science.

Camouflage is the name of the game of this supplement. On their website, HLA says, "The pro-life advertising supplement, entitled "iCare" employs an environmental theme to explore the impact of abortion on students



A particularly silly page of the aforementioned iCare insert

Furlow. What struck me was that none of the sixteen other articles in the newspaper had pictures of their authors or even mentioned the names of their authors, why was this one different? Oh, did I mention she is black?

"Blackwashing" (a term coined by Stephen Colbert) is when politicians try to shield their critiques of President Obama from being called racist by claiming that African Americans say the same thing. Such as, when Rep. Victoria Foxx (R-NC) said "conservative commentator Thomas Sowell, an African American, examined some of President Obama's claims about the health care reform legislation moving through the Congress. I wanted to quote some excerpts from his column

some of what she claims. Furlow is part of an organization called LEARN, Life Education And Resource Network, an organization that offers a twelve-week program to heal "Post abortion Syndrome", a disorder, I should mention, not recognized (and disproved) by the DSM. In one of Furlow's articles featured on the site she writes "Many believe China's policy of one child per family is a pilot project that will target other underdeveloped nations and eventually here in the U.S."

We can argue all we want about Ms. Sanger's association with eugenics. Whether she entertained racist views, or whether she was the victim of a poor choice of words (as progressives always are). We can try to see who can "black-

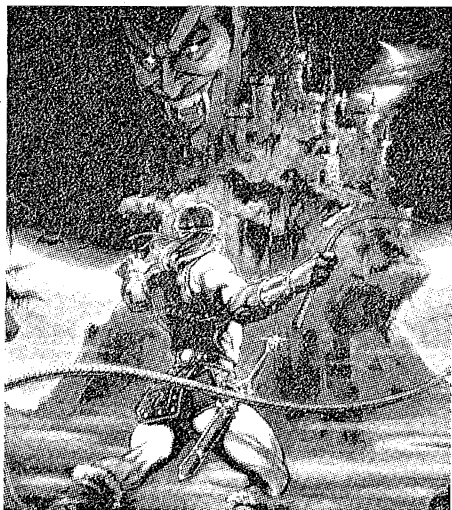
in the United States." Apparently, all it takes to get people to reject abortions is to have it associated with tree hugging.

At the end of the supplement, on the back page, it says, (no mention of the author, I guess this didn't need any blackwashing) "Any loss of life is tragic, but this is nowhere near the alleged 'thousands of deaths by back alley abortions.'" They write that the year prior to the legalization of abortions, thirty-nine maternal deaths occurred due to illegal abortions. I wonder, would making abortions illegal decrease that number or increase that number? But even more than that, "iCare."

Celebrate Halloween At Home, Alone.

By Kenny Mahoney

Halloween is just around the corner, and since you know you're way too old to trick-or-treat and you weren't invited to any parties because you have no friends, video games are going to be your only solace. I'm sorry; I didn't mean that - you're never too old to trick-or-treat. In honor of our spookiest of holidays, I've come up with a list of 11 games for you to play when you're not busy answering the door to hand out candy, apples, and pennies to little trick-or-treaters. But please, don't be that person who gives out healthy snacks, everyone secretly hates you.



1. Castlevania

I just had to start off my list with a classic - *Castlevania* for the NES. Relive your childhood as Simon Belmont, smacking enemies in the face with your trusty whip. Throughout your 8-bit adventure, you'll fight zombies, skeletons, bats and even Dracula himself! If you've got gripes about battling these vintage villains, just picture them as all those people who dressed like them in their played-out Halloween costumes. Oh, you're a skeleton for Halloween? Real original.

2. House of the Dead 2

It may not have been the first, but it was definitely the best. *House of the Dead 2* was that game that sucked away all your spare quarters at the movie theater. In addition to the horrendous dialogue, not too much more can be said about it that can't be inferred from the title - there's a house, there's some dead, what're you gonna do? Shoot 'em in the face, that's what! But please, don't suffer like G did.

3. Resident Evil 4

Oh, let me guess, you thought I was going to be the game-snob that picked one of the first two games of the series, right? Because, I mean, if it isn't the original it just *totally* sucks. Wrong, this

isn't Weezer's fifth album, buddy. *Resident Evil 4* is my favorite of the series, hitting the sweet spot between great gunplay and stellar scares. The varied enemy types and environments will make sure that there's nothing left for you not to be afraid of. A house, check. A boat in a lake, check. A church, check. A swamp, check. A secret laboratory, check. All pants-wettingly terrifying.

4. Fatal Frame

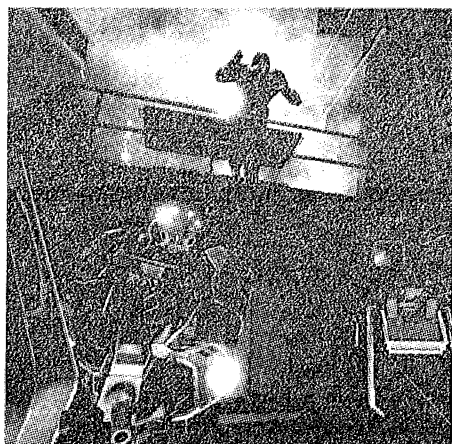
A staple in survival-horror on the Playstation 2 and Xbox, *Fatal Frame* has you battling ghosts and spirits with a different kind of weapon - a camera. During the game you'll play as Miku Hinasaki, a young girl exploring a mysterious mansion looking for her missing brother. The game, made by Japanese developer Tecmo, features all of the creepy imagery you'd expect from Japanese horror films. Just picture *The Grudge* or *The Ring* and you'll know what I mean.

5. Condemned: Criminal Origins

A launch title for the Xbox 360, *Condemned: Criminal Origins* is oft overlooked for its spectacular survival-horror game play. Whereas most games have you doing battle with guns, *Condemned* has your fists do the talking. The game features an unrivaled first person melee combat system that brings you face-to-face with the damage you're doing. As Detective Ethan Thomas (who is voiced by now-famous *Heroes* star Greg Grunberg), your job is to find out who's responsible for a series of gruesome murders using special investigative tools and laying the smackdown on all of the crazy hobos and drug addicts who get in your way.

6. F.E.A.R. 2: Project Origin

Brought to you by the folks who made *Condemned*, *F.E.A.R.* is Monolith's other survival-horror series.

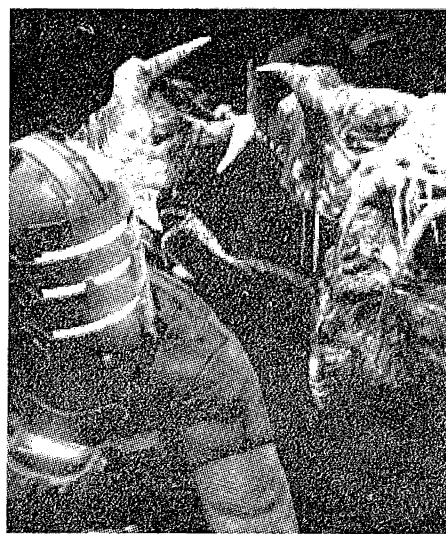


F.E.A.R. 2, on the other hand, gives you a batch of guns and time altering powers to battle unnatural forces. *F.E.A.R. 2* is pretty similar to the original *F.E.A.R.*, but uses its modified engine to up the "fear" (har har) factor with its reality

bending scares. What's that, you're walking down a hallway? Oh, now there's blood dripping from the walls. That kind of shit will make you terrified of any and all long corridors you encounter for the next two weeks.

7. Dead Space

Dead Space is a third person survival-horror game that takes place in, you guessed it, space. Well, maybe spaceship would be a big more accurate, but space just the same. In *Dead Space*, you play Isaac Clarke (named after famed sci-fi writers Isaac Asimov and Arthur C. Clarke), an engineer sent to investigate what happened to the min-



ing ship the USG Ishimura (I'll give you a hint, there are aliens on it). *Dead Space* sets itself apart from most other horror shooters by having you routinely disobey the zombie movie's creed - "Shoot it in the head." You'll need to use special weaponry to strategically slice of limbs to stop the alien horde, forcing you to forgo your twitch reflexes and think critically.

8. Luigi's Mansion

While it may not be too scary, *Luigi's Mansion* for the Nintendo Gamecube definitely has Halloween flair. Armed with your high-powered vacuum cleaner the Poltergust 3000, it's up to you to suck up ghosts and treasure while you try to figure out where Mario went.

9. Left 4 Dead

Left 4 Dead puts players into the classic zombie-film scenario - an area is overrun with zombies and you've got to shoot, shove, and blow up your way to freedom. In this first-person shooter from Valve, you play through a variety of different campaigns set in different areas made up to appear like films. You'll be blasting zombies on a farm, in a hospital, and even in an airport. Watch out for "special infected" - zombies that have mutated to give them superhuman powers like extra-long tongues to snatch you away from the

group. Take the fight online with up to 4 players cooperatively or competitively with one team controlling the survivors and the other controlling special infected to see who can make it the farthest.

10. Silent Hill 2

Silent Hill 2 for the Playstation 2 and Xbox puts players in control of James Sunderland. James travels to the strange town of Silent Hill after receiving a letter from his wife, Mary. Mary has been dead for three years. Just from the premise you can tell this game is going to be disturbing, and it does not disappoint. Most of the game consists of exploring the town and encountering strange and disturbing monsters, including the now infamous "pyramid head." While not as combat-heavy as some of the other games on the list, it's more than deserving of its place here.

11. Dead Rising

To round out the list I give you *Dead Rising*, a game that some would view as a complete rip-off of 2004's remake of *Dawn of the Dead*, but I prefer to view it more of an *homage*. From that you can gather that the game takes place in a mall filled with zombies, and photojournalist Frank West is on the scene to figure out what the hell happened. The game has a more light-hearted tone than some of the other games here, and treats its subject matter with a perfect blend of humor and horror. Sure you can shoot a zombie in the face with a handgun, but wouldn't it be way funnier to hit him with a bowling ball or a cactus?

Well that's it; I think you've got enough stuff here to keep yourself entertained into the wee hours of the night. However, I'm sure there's one



question that's been eating away at you this whole time. Why eleven games? Well, here at the Stony Brook Press we like to give you a little more bang for your non-existent buck, so get ready to get your pants scared off eleven different ways from Sunday.



The Press Presents: A 1 on 1 with Sierra Hahn

By David K. Ginn

The Stony Brook Press was recently able to grab an interview with Sierra Hahn, Associate Editor at Dark Horse Comics. Sierra has worked extensively on many leading titles, most of which have been reviewed in past issues of The Press. Those titles include *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, *The Goon*, and the upcoming *Dr. Horrible one-shot*. Sierra was kind enough to chit chat with us, and we will share that chit chat with you now.

SBP: What are your duties as an Associate Editor at Dark Horse Comics?

SH: Man, my duties as an associate editor evolve and change daily. Sometimes I'm in a more project manager type of roll—moving different parts of a project through different departments and creative types. I divide my time between editing my own projects (that is, projects I've acquired for Dark Horse) and assisting on others. I get to acquire new projects from writers and artists whose vision I find compelling and see a readership for. My favorite part of the job and why I'm an editor is because I love working with people who have incredible ideas that I help nurture and grow. I help with the development of projects through story-editing scripts and critiquing sequential artwork. I'm often asked if I want to be a writer, and if that's why I chose this profession, and my answer is an emphatic "no". I love to edit. I love talking over ideas and encouraging people to express themselves on the page, and hopefully motivate really great artists to be brilliant artists.

SBP: Other than the main titles you work on, do you have a favorite Dark Horse comic series? If so, what is it?

SH: I love a lot of the projects that Dark Horse publishes, but my current obsession and love right now is *Beasts of Burden* by Evan Dorkin and Jill Thompson. It's this wonderful world of cats and dogs who do some seriously creepy paranormal investigating. It sounds really childish when I put it like that. But even more than any comic without anthropomorphic characters, this series packs in more adventure, humor, horror and compassion than any comic that I've read in the last year. It's that good. I also appreciate that it's a book that young readers and adults can totally get into. And it's painted by Jill Thompson. Breathtaking.

SBP: Have you worked personally with Joss Whedon, and the writing/artwork team at *Buffu* (such as Jane Es-

penson, Georges Jeantes, ect.)? If so, what's it like?

SH: I've worked closely with all of the creative teams on the Joss-centric projects like *Buffu*, *Serenity*, and *Sugarshock* and the experience is hugely educational. Joss and the writers that he surrounds himself with are so talented, professional, and funny.

SBP: What's your favorite moment in the *Buffu* series so far?

SH: I don't know that I've had a favorite *Buffu* moment, but I've never been more excited about a story arc than when Joss and Karl Moline reunited for *Time of Your Life*, which features future Slayer Melaka Fray. Fray was created by Joss and Karl just for comics several years ago in the series *Fray*. That character is so tough, and smart, and cool; I was really stoked to see her up against *Buffu*, and I looked forward to working with Karl Moline.

SBP: Were you a fan of the TV series before working on the comic? If not, has that changed at all?

SH: I was a fan of the TV series before I started working on the comics. It's still my favorite TV show.

SBP: What's your favorite moment from *The Goon*?

SH: I love *The Goon: Chinatown*. The book is so narratively and visually compelling. I read it in one sitting, couldn't put it down and then digested the entire *Goon* saga shortly thereafter. I love working with Eric Powell for a variety of reasons, but one thing that just makes me the happiest *Goon* reader, is Eric's enduring love of creating comics. He's not moonlighting in this business; he's the real deal and I find more and more that people aren't creating comics out of a sheer love of the medium, but to write for Hollywood or to get their novel started. Don't get me wrong—everyone has to start somewhere, but it's folks like Eric that I can count on as a reader to create really cool stories for years to come.

SBP: Personal time: what's your favorite show on TV right now? How about of all time? What are your favorite types of movies? Read any good books (of the non-comic variety) lately?

SH: I don't have a TV so I'm really behind on what's working right now expect to say that I play catch up with DVD rentals. Last year/season I was obsessively watching the remainder of *Battlestar Galactica*, and I've just started Season Two of *Mad Men*. I catch up with *Dollhouse* on Hulu. But *Buffu* is still the show nearest and dearest to my heart, then *Pee Wee's Playhouse*.



SBP: Having worked with new talent as part of your job, what kind of advice would you give to aspiring writers and artists?

SH: I always try and encourage aspiring writers and artists to keep working—practice, practice, practice. To critique your own work, to accept criticism, and to find a style that works for you. Start a blog that houses your artwork and writing samples. If you're only interested in writing comics then get someone to illustrate part of your story. Study! Keep a sketchbook and know how to draw a background, and a body. Read the greats like Eisner and Kirby and work to understand how their visual storytelling is the best there is.

SBP: Lastly, as it's a long-standing *Press* tradition, I must ask: do you find 'your mother' jokes funny? Actor Ron Glass once pretended not to, and then zinged us big time. We feel it's important to gauge. Feel free to leave this space blank.

SH: I think I'm on the fence when it comes to 'your mother' jokes. I haven't heard one in a long time. Are people still saying that? Or did the 'that's what she said' replace it?

The Press wishes to thank Sierra Hahn for this opportunity, and for her amazing taste in television. Thanks also to Dark Horse for arranging the interview. Keep sending those comics.

*David K. Ginn lives in a hole in the ground surrounded by *Buffu* posters and empty cans of Shasta cola.*

COMICS

Trick 'r Treat at Your Own Risk

By Katie Knowlton

Adaptations of any sort are a risky proposition. There's always the high risk of not being true to the source material and pissing off some fan, who will no doubt trash the adapter quite prominently (generally with bad grammar and spelling) on the Internet machine. However, the comic book adaptation of *Trick 'r Treat*, a horror movie that sat on the studio shelf for quite some time before getting a very limited release this year, appears to remain faithful to the film, while exploring the opportunities the comic format provides.

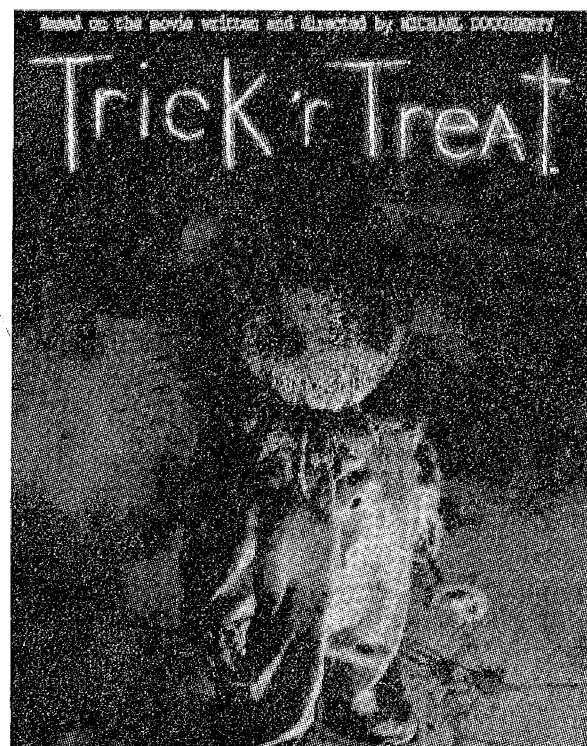
I have not seen *Trick 'r Treat*, but based on the many reviews and synopses I have read, the comic book adaptation sticks to the story almost to a T. Originally it was released as a four part series with each issue being a chapter, divided like the movie is. The story revolves around a suburban town that is very in to celebrating Halloween. It's a community steeped in tradition. The town just seems to stop to celebrate All Hallows Eve. There is no main protagonist, rather this is an ensemble book. The main characters of each chapter have some limited contact with the characters of the other chapters, giving

a sense that it really is a community. It's a good way to give cohesion to the story, while being able to tell many different tales within one book.

The story itself is quite dark and twisted. As mentioned before, it takes place in a Halloween centered town and has four different story lines within it. Each of these stories has their own special twist at the end, so even if you see it coming, you don't know exactly what that twist will be. As evidenced by the sheer number of times I have said "story" within this review, this is a story-driven comic. Characters definitely take a backseat to telling some great spooky tales. They are mostly one dimensional with little-to-no backstory, but they all serve their purpose in driving forward the individual chapters. Normally this would bother me, but seeing as this is an adaptation of a movie, a horror movie at that, it's not such a big deal. Also, there are serial killers, werewolves and undead ghost children, so the amount of Halloween awesome in one tiny volume definitely outweighs any downsides to a story-driven book. Marc Andreyko has done a great job in translating a movie to the comic format, not necessarily a huge leap, but one that a surprising number of people manage to screw up. He gets what works in comic books and what

should stay on celluloid. But the best writing in the world would not make this story work without great artwork, and luckily *Trick 'r Treat* has it in spades.

The art in this book is perfect for the tone of the tale. Four different artists were used, one for each chapter. All manage to create creepy, spooky locales and imaginings of characters. There are dark colors and great use of shadow, as one would expect for a comic book about Halloween. Christopher Gugliotti, the artist for the third chapter, uses almost an entire autumn palette of red, orange, black and brown. It's more subtle than you would probably imagine and it is a great effect, especially when the blood starts to fly against dark backgrounds. Though the best artist of the bunch has to be Fiona Staples. Her sketchy style is perfect for the action packed fourth chapter. The main character, Mr. Kregg, is skeletal and exudes an old and mean spirit before he even says a word. There is a lot of fast paced action in a fight scene between Mr. Kregg and a demon-child



thing. The sketchy style gives a great sense of speed and confusion. The art on this book is exactly what someone should want in a horror comic.

Trick 'r Treat is a great comic on its own outside of the film. I was incredibly entertained, even having not seen the film. I recommend it to anyone looking for something to really get them in the Halloween spirit. Just watch out for those demon-child things, 'cause they'll kill you with a lollipop.

I Want You...To Read This Awesome Comic

By Alex Nagler

Steve Darnall and Alex Ross's *Uncle Sam* plants the titular character in modern world to look at the land that has been created in his image. Sam wakes up delusional in a big city hospital, spitting out sound bytes from campaigns of yesteryear. After escaping the hospital, he's brought face-to-face with America, a land far uglier than he remembers or as ugly as it was when he existed. He's not certain.

Sam finds himself bouncing through American history; one moment he's in the present, the next he's in a limo in Dallas, a lynching in Louisiana, or a snowy battlefield outside of Massachusetts, seamlessly transitioning between the scenes in a single continuous narrative. He meets his modern doppelganger, a man also claiming to be Uncle Sam at a political rally. At this rally, Sam hears something different than everyone else. He hears about the America that the imposter Sam has created in his absence and is imprisoned when he tries to assault Sam. From there, he meets a weary Britannia, a disappointed Columbia, a fragile Russian bear, and a distraught Marianne, and must finally confront the other Sam, who is the true owner of America.



Uncle Sam first came out in 1997, at a time before the nation was plunged into Lewinskygate and a time before the Bush Administration. It espouses a view of America that liberals will love and conservatives will hate, criticizing it more than it praises. Alex Ross's artwork resembles that of a perverted Norman Rockwell, taking in all that was perceived to be good about America and casting a harsh light showing the harsh truths of American life.

Sam isn't exactly a superhero. He uses the superhero archetype of a symbol rising to combat evil that seeks to destroy him, but he doesn't have any powers outside of the symbolic world and the past. To those who observe him, he's a dotty old man who has lost his mind. His quest, as is the quest of all heroes, is to be master of both worlds and gain his freedom to live. Sam is the American Questerhero come to reclaim what was rightly his, and Steve Darnall does a fantastic job bringing this story to light.

Uncle Sam is now available in hardcover format under the deluxe edition. Deluxe contains a history of the Uncle Sam character in American folklore and original pencils by Alex Ross. It costs \$19.99, but is worth it. Unless you have a deep-seated hatred of Howard Zinn or think America can do no wrong, pick it up.

That Time I Almost Enjoyed Terminal 5

By Katie Knowlton

It's pretty rare that someone gets to see their two favorite bands on the same night, let alone on the same bill. But such was the fortunate case for me October 15, when Murder By Death and The Gaslight Anthem came to Terminal 5 in Manhattan.

First opener Broadway Calls brought a high-energy start to the show. The three piece pop-punk outfit from Oregon is fairly straightforward, playing power chord driven songs about friends, shows and being on the road. Gaslight Anthem's SideOne Dummy label-mates, Broadway Calls played a good mix of songs from their first album and their recently released *Good Views, Bad News*. Guitarist Ty Vaughn and bassist Matt Koenig traded gruff lead vocals and shared some great harmonies. But I was most impressed by Robert Baird, the drummer. He made the most of a very minimalist three-piece kit, with only one crash/ride cymbal. Expecting standard pop-punk drumming, straight forward and fast, he blew away my notions by integrating some interesting beats and fills into songs that could've easily been sufficiently played with the aforementioned pop-punk style. Before this show I was vaguely familiar with Broadway Calls, and I really enjoyed their song "Suffer The Kids," which they played. After their set, I can say that I am full-on fan and I was not the only convert in the crowd. They don't reinvent the genre, and that's perfectly fine because they do pop-punk very well.

Next up was Jesse Malin and his backing band who wasted the longest 40 minutes of my life. Malin is the former frontman of New York-based punk and hardcore bands, like Heart Attack and D Generation. Somewhere along the line, he decided he wanted to play

solo material that was a bit more "mature." The result is whiny, awful singer-songwriter garbage that tries very, very hard to sound like Bruce Springsteen and Ryan Adams, but fails miserably. It's shallow and overly emotive in the pubescent poetry sense, but with Americana stereotypes instead of "emo" ones, or whatever you want to call it. He has an album called *The Fine Art of Self Destruction* for god's sake! And another called *Glitter in the Gutter!* And a song called "Black Haired Girl," which pretty much takes Van Morrison's "Brown-Eyed Girl" and puts shitty lyrics over it. The one upside of this set was the lead guitarist looked like he might've at one point played for Whitesnake. So, overall, Jesse Malin was a bad experience, and I don't recommend it to anyone. Ever.

Fortunately, Murder By Death came on next. They are my favorite band. I had the chance to see them last February, when they headlined the Bowery Ballroom and played two albums straight through. This time around, it was more of a typical set list: a mixture of songs from their four LPs. When they opened with "Sometimes The Line Walks You" from their third full-length album, *In Bocca al Lupo*, my favorite song of theirs, I knew it was going to be a good set. They played most of their hardest hitting songs, many fan favorites, making the most of their 40 or so minute set. Murder By Death is a great mixture of Western-tinged rock, explosive post-rock, like Explosions in the Sky, but with vocals with a classical dash for good measure, courtesy of cellist/pianist Sarah Balliet. They hit themes of redemption and sin, good and evil, whiskey and the devil. During breaks between songs guitarist and vocalist Adam Turla talked about how most of their songs were drinking songs, ushering a big response from the crowd.

With his deep baritone reminiscent



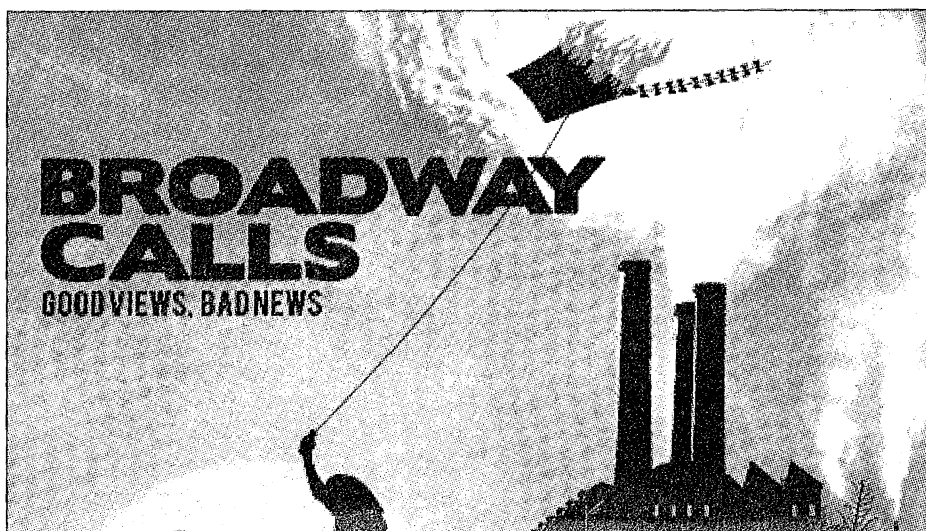
Murder By Death

of Johnny Cash, Turla led the band through four albums worth of material. They played another of my favorite songs, "A Master's in Reverse Psychology" off of *Who Will Survive, And What Will Be Left Of Them*, and judging by the reaction of the few others who were singing along loudly with raised fists, it's also a favorite of many others. About halfway through their set, Turla stopped to play a song by himself, a cover of Sonny Bono's (yes, that Sonny Bono) "Bang Bang (My Baby Shot Me Down)" which kept in the tradition of the eerie, somber feel that many renditions have kept over the years. The most surprising song of the night, however, was the closer, "Those Who Stayed," an instrumental track from their first full length *Like The Exorcist, But With More Breakdancing*. It's not an uncommon song on their set lists, but it was still a bit of a shock and very exciting to hear this epic, four minute-long post-rock masterpiece that builds and breaks more than once. It also was a great showcase for Balliet, one of the most mesmerizing musicians I've ever seen. She seemed to get into a trance that sucks in everyone in the audience, even those who seemed indifferent to the band. This was an amazing set and a great follow-up to the performance I saw last winter. They alone were worth the price of my ticket. More people should be paying attention to these guys because they play music that's pretty unique, and good to boot.

Finally came the time that the entire crowd was waiting for. A large black banner with a white ship sailing the seas

and the words "The Gaslight Anthem" led to huge cheers from the 2,000+ person crowd. Then came "Girls Just Want to Have Fun," which led to some amusement and confusion, along with a lot of sing alongs and awkward dancing. Then Gaslight Anthem walked out and cut right into the middle of Cyndi Lauper's pop hit with the opening chords of "High Lonesome." The room exploded as bodies began shoving into one another, not relenting until the very last note was played over and hour later. The Gaslight Anthem is my definition of rock 'n' roll. They play Americana tinged punk: Bruce Springsteen mixed with The Clash mixed with your favorite pop-punk band. And they don't disappoint. You have to see The Gaslight Anthem live because half of understanding them as a band is being in a pit with hundreds of people you don't know and screaming the words to every single song in someone's face. Thanks, kid in the grey waffle knit for singing along with me.

During the course of their 19-song set, Gaslight Anthem played almost all of their critically-acclaimed sophomore album, *The '59 Sound*. Many of the problems I had with the production of that full-length album, namely vocalist/guitarist Brian Fallon's reverb-drenched vocals, were rectified live. The songs sounded like they should have in the first place—a little raw, but with a hell of a lot of heart. Some of the highlights included "The Patient Ferris Wheel" and "Casanova, Baby," two of the more popular songs of the album. Because they aren't hitting their home



Florence Ex Machina

By Kelly Pivarnik

London native Florence Welch and her band, Florence and the Machine, finally debuted on the west side of the Atlantic Tuesday, October 20th with their album *Lungs*. The 27-year-old songstress gained popular attention when her single "Kiss with a Fist," was featured in the Megan Fox horror/ porn film *Jennifer's Body*. Despite this, their album holds plenty of promise, combining multiple musical styles whilst maintaining their own air of originality.

At first glance, Welch's appearance resembles that of indie goddess Jenny Lewis, with vocals as soulful as Amy Winehouse or Duffy, layered with lyrics that are both bizarre and poetically cynical.

With Bjork-esque theatrics, the song "Cosmic Love" definitely becomes

a stand out on the album. The lyrics read like poetry and are in simple terms – beautiful: "And in the dark, I can hear your heartbeat/ I tried to find the sound/ But then it stopped, and I was in the darkness, /So darkness I became." This is why Florence is so special. Very rarely does one find an artist that seamlessly can combine off-beat, quirky lyrics with such a commanding voice.

Equally clever, "I'm Not Calling You A Liar" expresses the fearfulness one experiences when entering a new relationship, and the scary insecurities that attach themselves to new intense feelings of love. Yet instead of the song veering in the direction of self-hate and depression, Welch makes it into something more upbeat. Lyrics like, "And when you kiss me/ I'm happy enough to die," only further set the tone. The music sets an atmosphere of hopefulness rather than paranoia, which is re-



freshing to hear in an era of pop-punk emo-ness.

Her charisma and star power has been made evident in her music videos like "Drumming Song" and "Kiss with

a Fist," and the numerous festivals played in Europe. To date, she's sold out concerts in both Los Angeles and New York, proving Florence and the Machine are here to stay.

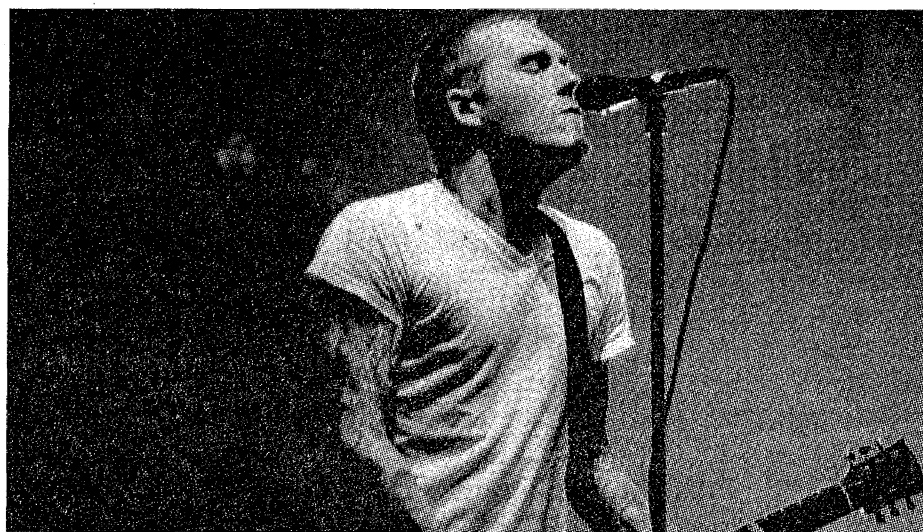
GASLIGHT continued from previous page

state of New Jersey during this tour, many New Jerseyans were in attendance. As a result, songs, like "The Patient Ferris Wheel," that make mention of Jersey got a huge response from the crowd. Early in the set, Fallon got rid of his guitar for "Old White Lincoln." It was interesting to watch, as it seemed he didn't really know what to do with himself without an instrument to play. He awkwardly bounced around the stage and gesticulated a bit wildly, but he was more amusing to watch than anything else. He also threw in a line from Tegan and Sara's "Nineteen" right before the last chorus, which made me pretty happy. After that he brought back his guitar and kept in on for the rest of the night.

The most exciting parts came when the band played songs off their first full-length album, *Sink or Swim*, and their EP, *Señor and The Queen*. During the first part of the set, they only played three songs off their first album, much to my disappointment. Those songs are punkier and definitely more beloved by fans who have been listening to The Gaslight Anthem since before *The '59 Sound* was released. Fortunately, they made up for it during the encore when they played "Blue Jeans and White T-Shirts" off of *Señor and The Queen*, along with three songs off of *Sink or Swim*. Fallon announced one song was dedicated to

the lead guitarist's, Alex's, mom, and then the band launched into "Drive," my favorite song of all time. From what I understand, it's a rarity on their sets these days, although they've been playing it a bit more on this tour. Nevertheless, I was amazed and shouted my lungs out. Finally, they ended with what Fallon said was the first song they ever wrote together, "We're Getting A Divorce, You Keep The Diner," which has become somewhat scare on their set list as of late. Most of the crowd was incredibly surprised and gave a loud cheer when the song started, and another after the last chants of "It's alright man, I'm only bleeding, man/Stay hungry, stay free and do the best that you can." Fallon thanked the crowd and thus ended an amazing show.

Watching The Gaslight Anthem, I don't think I've ever seen a band have that much fun while performing. Sure, bands love to perform, especially to large crowds of adoring fans. But Fallon and drummer



Benny Horowitz had huge smiles on their faces the entire time, and they all seemed to be genuinely grateful for the opportunity to play in front of so many people. It was refreshing to see a band that's on the road for most of the year still be in such high spirits. The Gaslight Anthem is a band not to be missed. The tour has pretty much left the Northeast, but if you get the chance, see them live; it's a show not to be missed. They have just announced a New Jersey show in December, their last for 2009. If you can make it, I highly recommend it.



Ben doesn't
want you
to join
the Press.

Ben wants you
to want
to join
the Press.

Meetings every
Wed at 1pm in
Student Union
room 060.



FIFA 10 Bends It like...That Guy

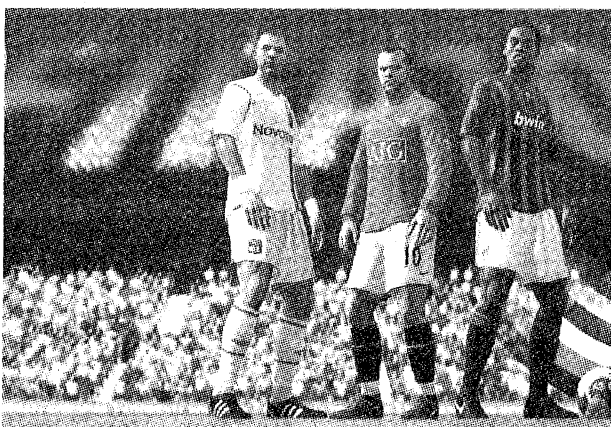
Another Slow but Steady Dent in America's Hatred of Soccer

By Nick Statt

Let's face it: soccer is almost entirely a lost cause here in America. In spite of all the obvious and consistently used arguing points of fans and players alike, such as soccer being the world's most popular sport, it will never even come close to baseball or football here on the home front. It can't match up with the amount of culture and history that other American sports have, not to mention that it's constantly stereotyped as a female-only activity or one for whining children, driven around in vans helmed by their moms. Soccer is essentially a foreign sport and that was demonstrated ten fold in 2007 with the disastrous reception of David Beckham's U.S. arrival.

However, in recent years, soccer has been able to clench at least one new market: video game players. Enter the FIFA franchise - the only hope for soccer interest to progress. With the latest installment, *FIFA 10*, soccer fans can rejoice for and indulge in this oft-ignored passion.

Since 1993, FIFA games have been released annually by Electronic Arts (EA). Their only competition have been the acclaimed European series, *Winning Eleven*, which poses little threat to their popularity and acts much like the 2K sports series does to *Madden* and *NBA Live*. After steadily rising to fame as the primary choice for soccer gaming, FIFA began to make



more noticeable progress year after year. Since 2006 and the franchise's introduction on the Xbox 360, EA has made remarkable leaps in both game play and quality.

FIFA 10, released on October 23 in the United States, doesn't offer much new material that's worth discussing. It's not that it's bad, but simply that it's just like all other EA sports games: a refinement of last year's installment. Overall, it's a nearly perfect soccer game for anyone who's never played any of the recent entries. The motion is alarmingly fluid, allowing for dazzling footwork displays and a control scheme that lets you do close to anything with a soccer ball if your hands can pull off the button techniques and joystick swivels. The online play is almost flawless and you hardly ever run into lagging problems or long wait times. The manager mode has undergone little change

and allows you play through seasons with your club team of choice. All the changes can be found in the cleaning up of the small, almost unnoticeable, aspects of the game that just make everything run more realistically.

A new feature that's actually worth talking about is the Game Face. In previous FIFA games, you could create your own player and use him or her in manager mode or in online play. To add an even more personal touch, Game Face creation is a complex process through EA's website in which players can take photos of themselves and superimpose their faces onto that of their virtual player. Sounds incredible, right? The only problem—it's hardly worked for anyone. Message boards are jam packed with complaints with all aspects of the process—from synching the right email to your Xbox account to the browser not allowing the transfer of the facial image even after it's been fully constructed. Players can only hope EA steps up to fix the problems in a timely manner, or let a potentially amazing idea will go to waste.

If you've never played FIFA and are even remotely interested in sports video games, you owe it to yourself to give it a try. It's everything that great sports games should be: rewarding, frustrated, challenging, and blisteringly realistic. If you're a member of the majority of Americans who find soccer to be the worst sport ever, then you'll be pleasantly surprised at how enjoyable FIFA really is.

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Stony Brook Press Picks of the Fortnight



Video Game of the Fortnight - *Toejam and Earl in Panic on Funkotron*

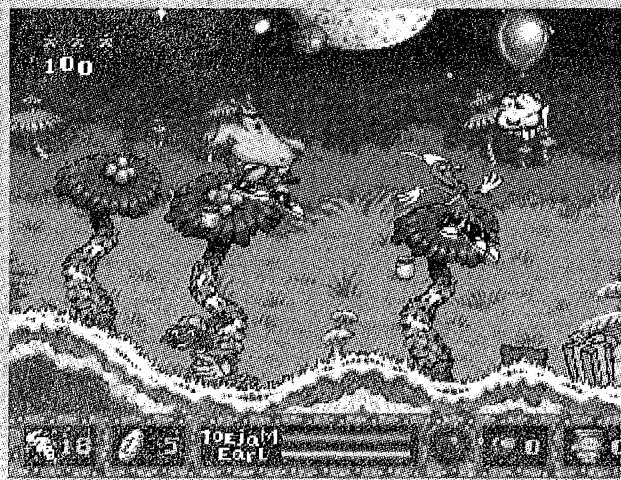
By Raina Bedford

In the realm of classic games, *Toejam and Earl in Panic on Funkotron* occupies a unique space in our collective memory. The premise is this: Toejam and Earl accidentally bring humans back to their native planet Funkotron. The residents of Funkotron are very upset and want the humans to go back to earth, so

Toejam and Earl must collect humans in jars and send them back to earth aboard their spaceship.

But the main reason I look back on Toejam and Earl with such fond memories is the music. It's so damn funky! Seriously, download a Sega emulator and a Toejam and Earl rom and play it at parties. People will thank you.

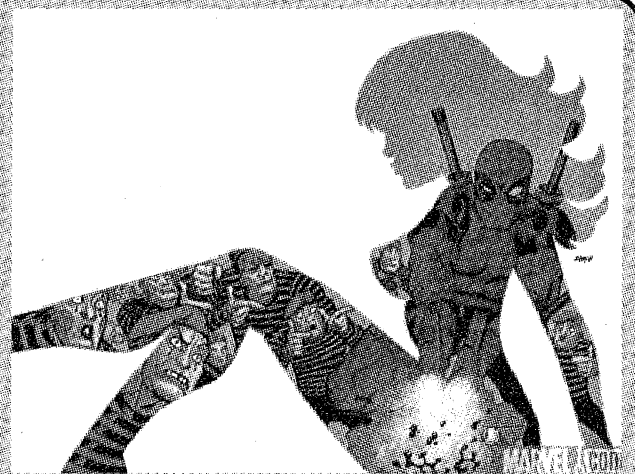
The game also has a unique sense of humor. The whole premise is so ridiculous that the entire game becomes a parody of itself. It also becomes a parody of 90's culture. The style of the game is so *Fresh Prince of Bell-Air*, you'll want to grab a pair of zebra striped jogging pants and a bright purple sweater and reminisce about a more innocent time.



Comic of the Fortnight - *Deadpool #900*

By Kenny Mahoney

It's the 90s all over again! Dust off your walkmans, quit ogling Monica Lewinski and pick yourself up a copy of *Deadpool #900*. This week marks the "900th" issue featuring Marvel's only Merc with a Mouth. Okay, okay—you got me—it's not *really* his 900th issue, but it's just Deadpool's way of poking fun at all of the other big-numbered issues to come out this year. Since Deadpool's appearance in the early 1990s in *New Mutants #98*, his popularity has been on the rise; partly due to his appearance in so many ongoing series, and partly because of his portrayal by my man-crush Ryan Reynolds in the *Wolverine: Origins* movie (it's not a gay thing... but I'd totally do him).



Deadpool is known for breaking the fourth wall with his schizophrenic-like dialogues between himself and the editor. His blend of comedy and action just cannot be found anywhere else. Issue 900 is a tribute to that, and this giant-sized book features a couple of new original stories—including one drawn by *Deadpool's* creator Rob Liefeld. *Deadpool #900* is a must-have for both die-hard fans and comic book lovers.

Special Edition Spooky Halloween Game of the Fortnight - *Alone In The Dark*

By Chris Mellides

When I was nine years old, I remember hunching over my uncle's mammoth IBM desktop computer and inserting six or seven floppy discs, just so that I could play Infogrames' classic horror survival game, *Alone in the Dark*.

By today's gaming standards, *Alone in the Dark* looks like horse excrement. It incorporates three-dimensional renderings of characters and game items on fixed two-dimensional maps and backgrounds, and everything looks positively goofy now that I started playing it again after nearly 20 years.

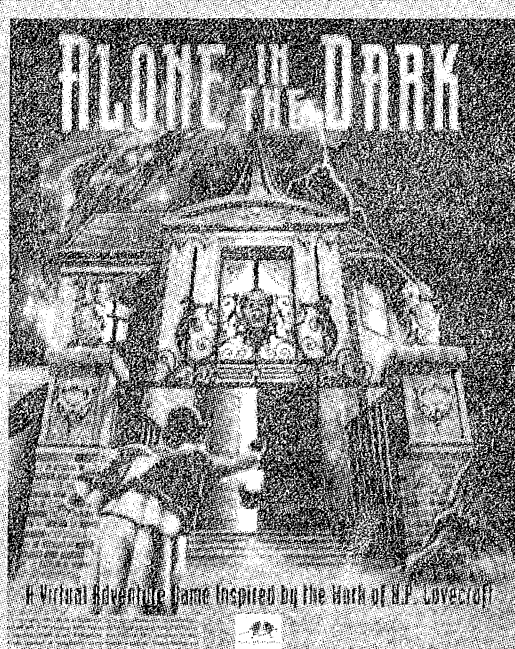
You control either Edward Carnby, a private detective with an eye for the supernatural, or some chick who's absolutely useless. So, anyway, Carnby gets stuck with the task of visiting this huge mansion out in the middle of fucking nowhere to retrieve a suicide note written by the mansion's former owner, an eccentric painter named Jeremy Hartwood. As you start walking through the game you realize that Je-

remy had a penchant for cheap alcohol, whores and the occult. Before the poor bastard hung himself, he unleashed unspeakable evils upon the Derceto mansion and now Edward has to clean up the mess.

In essence, Carnby's mission is a simple smash and grab. All you have to do is retrieve the suicide note from the mansion's attic and walk out the front door. Simple. It's too bad that everything wants you dead and dismembered along the way.

Among several of the games assembled adversaries you get to battle demons, zombies, and even a purple blob monster that leaps out of the shitter to bite your face clean off the bone. The game developers had huge hard-ons for H.P. Lovecraft and his brand of horror is clearly evident in *Alone in the Dark*.

Despite all of its flaws, the game is bona fide classic and I absolutely love it. Don't confuse the original *Alone in the Dark* with its abysmal Xbox version or with the even crappier movie adap-

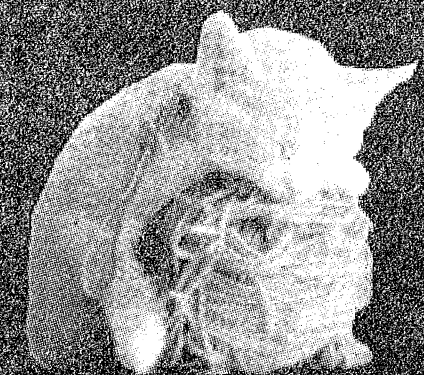


tation starring Christian Slater, who was cast as Carnby. That flick was positively terrible and Slater is a total hack. If you want *Alone in the Dark*, stick with the 1992 computer game. Still, I can't tell what's scarier, the horror movie inspired twists and creepy mood music, or the pixilated nightmare world that you forcibly become a part of every time you revisit the game.

Play America's Greatest Pastime

"Dead or Sleeping"

Every Wednesday at 1pm
060 Student Union



The Stony Brook Press:

Where dead things and sleeping things can peacefully co-exist... and then we guess which is which

sound is worth money.

(music news and reviews) by Steve McLinden

Lightning Bolt – *Earthly Delights* (10/13/2009, Load Records)

What a reader-conscious and accessible choice I made in picking a new album to review this week! Lightning Bolt's music sounds exactly like their name tells you it should, which is always something to respect about a band. They attack you, really hard. Anyone who thinks that a guitar is a necessary condition to the formation of a rock band is struck down by the sheer power of this Providence-based noise rock duo. There are only two members, drummer/vocalist Brian Chippendale, and bass guitarist Brian Gibson, and yet, the sound is so fucking intense. Another common misconception is that you need a microphone to sing in a band. Plenty of rock bands use them (for singing and swinging, of course), and then there's Foot Village, an L.A. noise band (with whom Chippendale's solo project Black Pus has a split single), who makes use of a crazy chick screaming into a megaphone. Chippendale doesn't really have any free hands, so he did what any real creative genius would do and invented a solution. In this case, the solution is a home-sewn, bizarrely-colored luchador-like mask with the broken receiver end of an old landline telephone stuffed near the mouth region. It can't be possible to get any more low-fidelity than that without deliberate attempts to do so.

A full decade since the band's first full-length album, Lightning Bolt is truly a monument in a scene that usually involves a revolving-door group of artists on side-side-projects releasing two seven-inch singles and then, without officially disbanding, naming their next project something different: *Earthly Delights* is the band's fifth album and their first since *Hypermagic Mountain* in 2005. That's not to say they haven't been busy playing shows at construction sites on Wednesday afternoons, or occupied with other side projects. Gibson is an artist for Harmonix, producing music and notes for the Rock Band series, while drumming in another band called Wizardzz who actually dresses

like wizards. Chippendale continues his drum-and-vocal work in what is more or less a solo drumming project, Black Pus. Chippendale also contributes drum-triggered pedal use, numerous vocal pedals, and profuse sweating to other bands' efforts. During this Spring's No Fun Festival in New York, I witnessed Chippendale pile a ten-foot pyramid of some of the shittiest beat-up amps I've ever seen, bring out his piecemeal drum kit, and then just blow everyone away with wild intense playing. He also stopped to introduce us to his 'mouth guitar' project, where he played the air guitar over a drumstick and spat some pretty sweet riffage through his effect pedals. One can never be sure if there will be an actual album of that. But even at that point in May, the unpredictable Lightning Bolt had not let anyone know about a forthcoming album, while Internet fans salivated for more of exactly the same. And then, hitting like that ghost train that runs over British people after they see a black dog in the middle of the night, *Earthly Delights* was announced on the band's MySpace and leaked on the Internet a couple of weeks afterwards.

Earthly Delights clocks in at 50:54 minutes, with 9 tracks varying greatly in length. When the album was announced, the 7:14 multi-movement "Colossus" (I avoided saying epic) was distributed amongst the blogs, and it made me nervous at first. I mean, I knew it was authentic Lightning Bolt and didn't see them as the type that would suddenly flop. But the first minute of the song dragged on for some length of time, like those situations in which you're stuck in a room with not a single time-telling device. The minimal guitar work and vocal echoing was "doing nothing for me, brah." I IMed to my friend who linked me to the mp3. In the next minute, fortunately, the track would pick up to a sludgier guitar and dependable Chippendale drumming. At about the halfway point, Gibson starts to shred and produce waves of warbling guitar noise, while Chippendale's incomprehensible garbled vocals fill in any remaining portion of the atmosphere that had not already been brutalized.

So I finally got around to listening to the full album, opening with a severely distorted riff that seems like it should be recognizable, if only because Gibson is probably taunting formulaic rock and roll. The drum hits are so rapid-fire that Chippendale need not abuse blast beats like you might find a cheap deathcore drummer attempting. If you can tolerate this to the 4:53 point, congratulations, you are likely capable of appreciating the disgusting beauty in all of Lightning Bolt's filthy glory. Following that, "Nation of Boar" and then "The Sublime Freak" (which is fourth, after Colossus) never abandon the ultra-lo-fi trademark of Lightning Bolt; the band usually couldn't be asked to record in a studio or any kind of proper acoustic setting. If you listened to a really crappy low-bitrate mp3-rip of some of these tracks, it might actually

be made more awesome. "Flooded Chamber" seems to have some Eastern influences on the high-pitched bass-shredding, similar to prolific Japanese legends, The Boredoms. It's laced heavily with blood-curdling feedback, as does the short track later, "Rain on Lake I'm Swimming In." If that isn't your cup of tea, I believe that "Funny Farm" is the most accessible noise rock song ever, with some kind of melodic yodeling coming out of Chippendale's mask before becoming fucked up by all those effect pedals. It feels like they should play "Funny Farm" on Yo Gabba Gabba! – no, hell, take it right to Sesame Street. If you want to be the "hip" aunt/uncle, introduce small children to this song. In fact, the lyrics of Lightning Bolt are clean, or at least, I dare you to find a curse word otherwise. So if you want to have a badass kid, raise them on some Lightning Bolt albums. On the other hand, Lightning Bolt is inherently really loud, and damaging the hearing of young children is not recommended. So maybe don't do that. But you, the appreciator of an expansive variety of rock music, turn it up. Don't mind me, I've already tuned out the tinnitus in my head. The penultimate "S.O.S." is no less intense and sludgy with mind-blowing drum insanity, before the twelve-plus-minute "Transmissionary" guides us through a sort of abridged history of Lightning Bolt, though their definition would be hard to pin down. The heavy grinding and mathed-out almost-absurd drumming makes me not want to head-bang, but just bang my head against things. In the best way possible.

Lightning Bolt's prominence may be unknown to you if you don't follow noise music. I recall a friend, a drone artist, discussing with an old-school punk how Lightning Bolt is the only great form of noise rock. Again, that doesn't exactly make them accessible to the average listener of popular Western music. You could say that they are the biggest fish in the small pond of the noise scene, particularly among those which arose from Providence. If it has not usurped New York's title as the capital of noise rock—at some point in the mid-'90s, well after No Wave died out—then Providence is certainly a strong enclave. The Fort Thunder collective of artists, who began playing together in an abandoned warehouse, consisted of a number of artists, including both Brians, who went on to form various bands and projects, committing countless acts of noisy greatness in the years since. It wasn't always pretty. If I recall one of Lightning Bolt's cult-status VHS tapes correctly, one of the Brians had a pet rabbit living in the warehouse, where a fixed-gear bike group was also working. A rusty bike fell, injuring the rabbit and prompted the saddened Brian (whichever one it was) to swiftly put his poor pet out of its misery. And that's kind of what Lightning Bolt's music is like, too: it seems aggressive, it seems dirty, it seems to be anti-music at times, it offends your sensibilities, and yet it's crafted with nothing but the greatest passion for music in its rawest forms.

An Aside On Drumming

I could have let this one take care of itself in letters to the editors, but I'm going to respond to the feedback of one Drew Tirella, who shot down my praise



LIGHTNING continued from previous page

of Bruce Springsteen's drummer, Max Weinberg. "He is actually one of the most boring and uninspiring drummers ever," wrote our reader. This saddened my heart. (He didn't name his favorite, so I can only hope it's not as misguided as Travis Barker or something.) Anyone could find the video of indie/dance-punk duo Death From Above 1979 performing on Conan O'Brien's show a few years ago, when their drumming half, Sebastien Grainger got up to focus on vocal duties, Weinberg hopped from his corner of the stage to DFA1979's drum kit, filling in perfectly to complement the aggressive post-punk melody being torn out by guitarist Jesse F. Keeler. If that's not a demonstration of an innate drumming skill and versatility, I don't know what is. Full disclosure: I myself have little to no experience drumming, and I usually ruin the song when my brother calls me over to sit in front of the video-game pads to up their achievement points in Rock Band on any difficulty beyond medium.

Being "progressive" doesn't make your favorite prog-rock band's drummer the greatest. Neil Peart, is good; I'll give you Rush fanatics that much, so you do not pelt me with beverages if you ever see me. The more modern kids all love Tool's Danny Carey; he is pretty good, but I don't get why the band has to literally put him on a pedestal. Drums are not everything!

They are equally as important to the typical band as guitar and bass and vocals (even though too many bands today play with the bassist so quiet, it's ineffectual).

I'm also not sure what makes a drummer inspiring, as our reader says. I hear Jeremiah Greene of Modest Mouse frequently mentioned by drummers. But I'd assume that's a function of Modest Mouse's appeal. This next one comes with the pre-apology to talented young drummers out there, of which I'm sure there are somewhere between hundreds and millions. For each super-cool Phil Collins fill on every Genesis song (before he really started to suck), there's some idiot drummer "influenced" by him out there somewhere, ruining countless attempts to start a rock band with the presupposition that drowning out all other sound with blasts and fills makes everything sound better.

Drums are the driving force of a rock song, but that doesn't make them the center. So adequacy can, in rock and roll, often make the perfect drummer for a particular song or sound altogether. I think the subtle addition of jazz drumming elements that Bryan Devendorf brings to the indie rock band, The Na-



tional, is some of the coolest stuff in rock drumming right now. Even in Black Pus, the drums don't make the band, the noise does.

Keith Moon's seat on the throne/stool as "The Greatest Drummer Ever" is indisputable. But he, to his detriment, is dead. I didn't intend to turn this into a forum on drumming, but if you want to accost my rock aesthetics in shorter prose, I can be found on Twitter as @stvx.

A Love Letter To Heavy Metal

By Eric DiGiovanni

*Another game that I can play,
Another word I learn to say,
Another bloody foreign coast,
Another set of scars to boast,
We Are The Road Crew
-Motorhead*

Get this game right the fuck now. I don't care if you rent it or buy it, because you have never played anything like it. Having said that, I liken the game to the movie adaption of *Watchmen*: not perfect, but the best we're going to get given the circumstances.

Brutal Legend is made by Double Fine Studios, headed by Tim Schafer. Schafer was a LucasArts alum who worked on classic adventure games such as *The Secret Of Monkey Island* and *Maniac Mansion*, and his most recent project before *Brutal Legend* was the highly-acclaimed, but not-that-highly selling *Psychonauts*.

You play as Eddie Riggs (a thankfully reined-in Jack Black), a roadie for crap-rock band Kabbage Boy (think a combination of Linkin Park and Fallout Boy). When the stage collapses on him and some of his blood gets on to his belt buckle, it releases a giant demon that destroys everything and sends him to another world. The people of this world are oppressed by General Lyonwhyte (Rob Halford of Judas Priest) and Em-

porer Doviculous (Tim Curry). Riggs is assisted by a group of freedom fighters called Ironheade and also The Guardian of Metal (voiced by Ozzy Osbourne). It's a good story, but the second half falters a bit, and it felt like more could have been done to diversify the experience. The gameplay switches between straight up action sequences in an open world and a real-time strategy portion dubbed "stage battles." The latter concept is by far the most interesting, but if you play these sections like a traditional RTS, you're going to lose. In a way, the single player game slowly introduces you to the stage battles, which is the core of the multiplayer. I found these sections interesting enough as a refresher from the typical hack n' slash, but not interesting enough to try out in multiplayer. Even then, the control can get a little wonky. In "normal" missions as well as the stage battles, you have various minions, like "headbangers," who with their thick necks provide basic melee assistance, or "roadies" who are invisible to turret fire and can destroy buildings with a wall of feedback. Occasionally, you have to choose a specific type of unit to get an objective done, but it's impossible with a controller, since you have to hold a button, turn around, walk up to the unit you want to choose, turn around again, set a beacon, and command your troops.

The entire game is a love letter to heavy metal and is thick with references



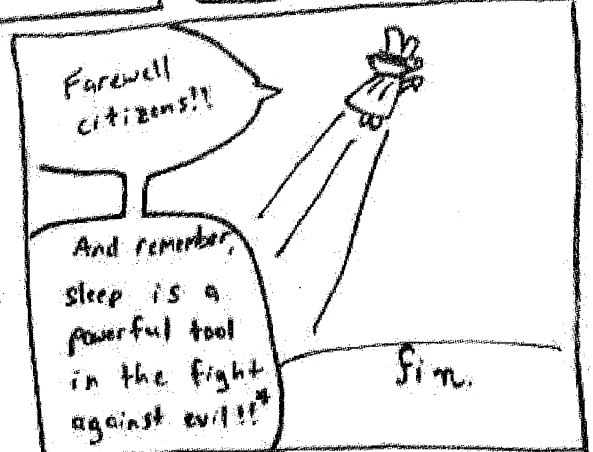
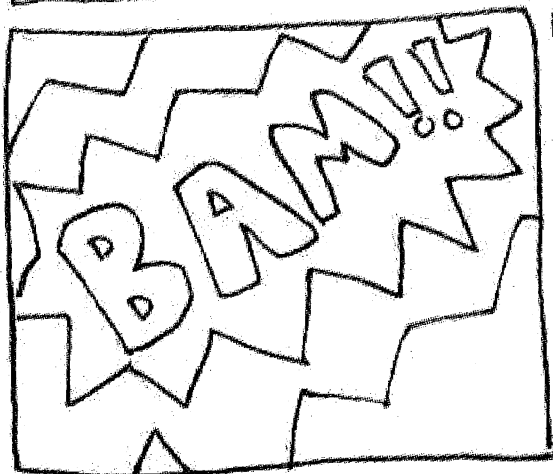
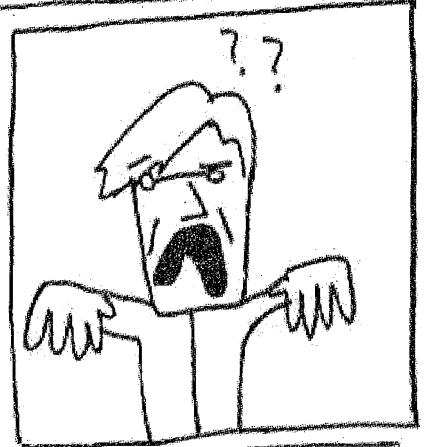
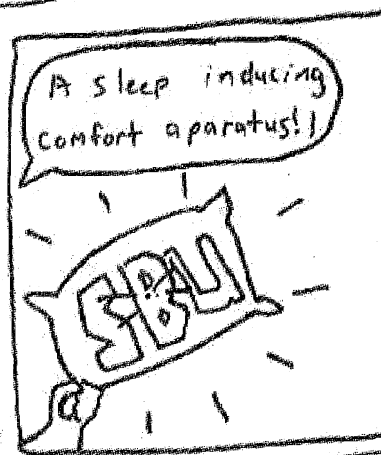
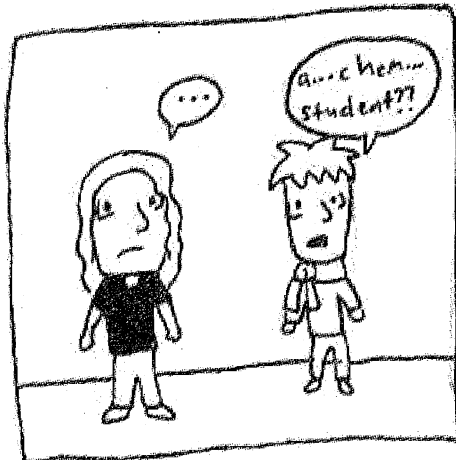
(one character is named Lita Halford, after Lita Ford and Rob Halford). Now, I'm not a real huge fan of metal because most modern bands devolve into incoherency, trying to growl louder, mash bass pedals faster, and play solos that sound like someone plugged a Guitar Hero controller into a MIDI program and just started flailing on buttons. But *Brutal Legend* changed that (sorta). The songs fit in perfectly with the medieval world, and actually work to accentuate the missions. Riot's "Road Racin'" plays when you have to race against time to deliver bass strings to the Killmaster (played by Lemmy from Motorhead) so he can heal an ally. You drive a hot rod out of collapsing ruins to Dragonforce's "Through the Fire and Flames." There are no words to describe how sweet it is

to launch off a ramp and have King Diamond wail "GRAAAAAAAAAAAND-MAAAA!" over the in-game radio.

I can't recommend this game enough, not just because of the experience, but because of what it represents. Going back to my earlier point, the *Watchmen* movie was an advertisement for the graphic novel. *Brutal Legend*, at least for me, was an advertisement for heavy metal, and the artwork thereof. If this game gets you to start listening to an awesome new band, to try one of Tim Schafer's other under appreciated gems, or to not only turn off American Idol and Top 40 Radio, but smash 'em, set 'em on fire, and let Satan take over for DJ, then the game did its job.

THE COMICS SECTION

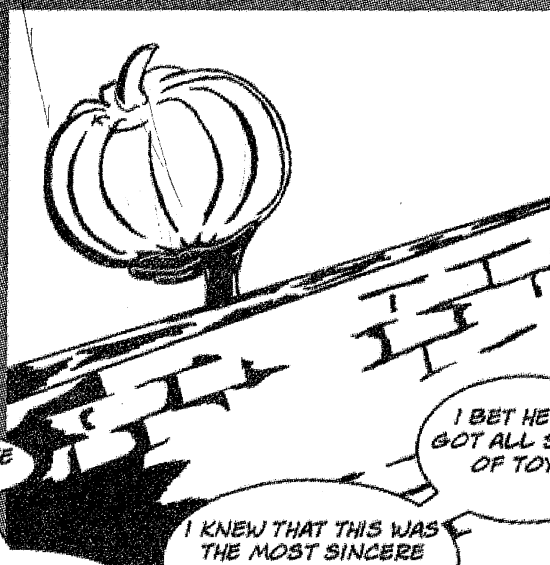
The
**SCARLET
SEAWOLF**
By: Frank Myles



*paid for by the American Sleep Society (A.S.S.)

DORK IN A SPOOKY LAND = I OUGHT KNOCK YOUR BLOCK-HEAD OFF

Happy Halloween...



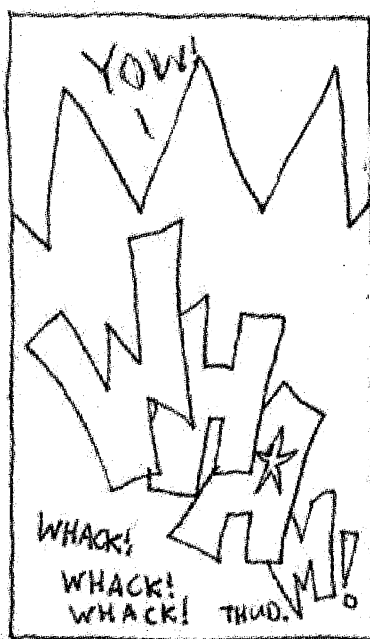
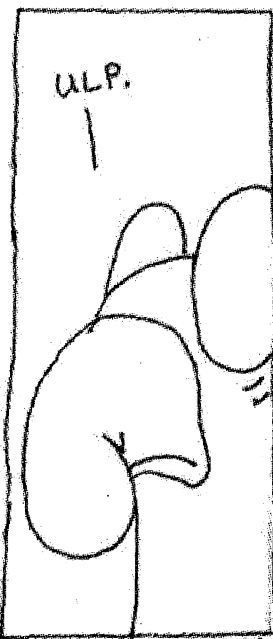
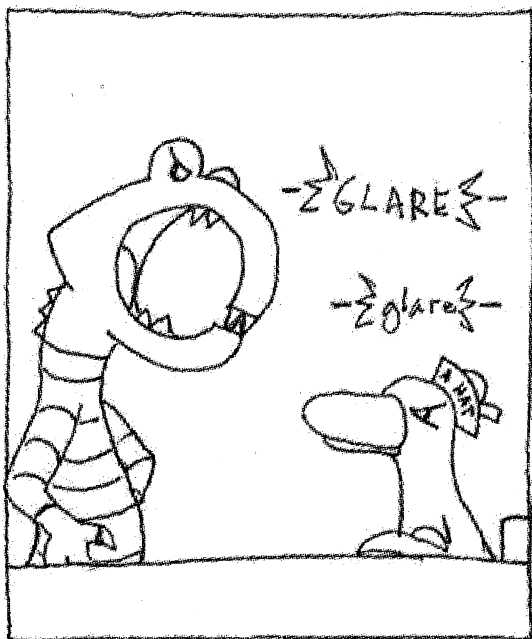
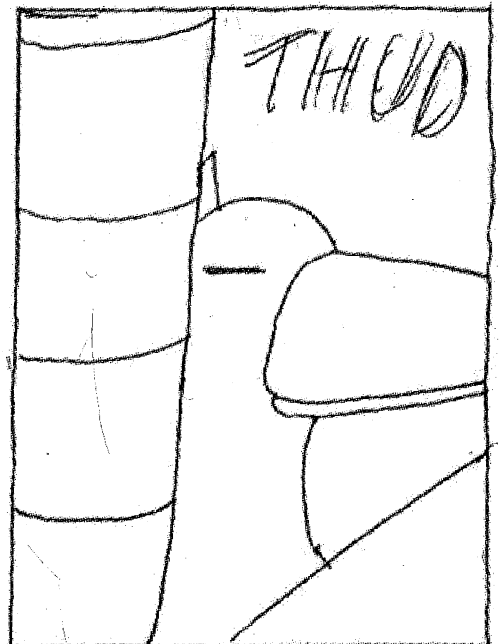
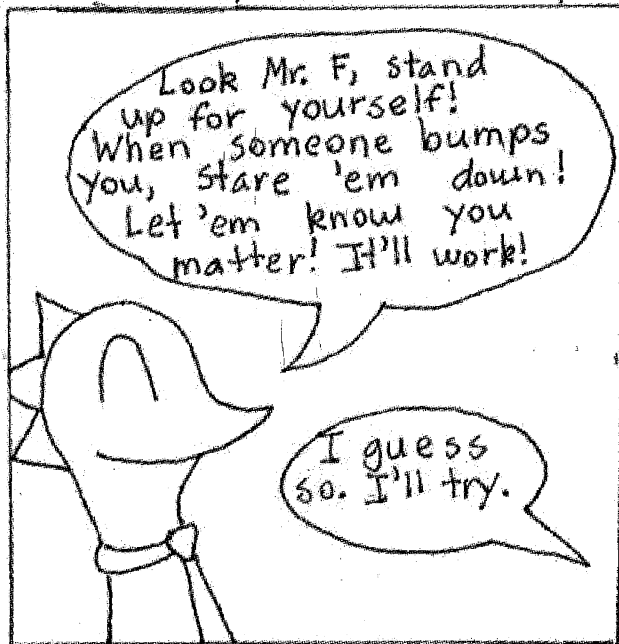
BEHIND THE WALL, I KNEW HE WOULD COME

Try To Keep Your Head

Chris "Count Chocula" Kordiak

THE COMICS SECTION

THE BORING ROCKS: a comic strip invention by Evan "SG" Goldaper

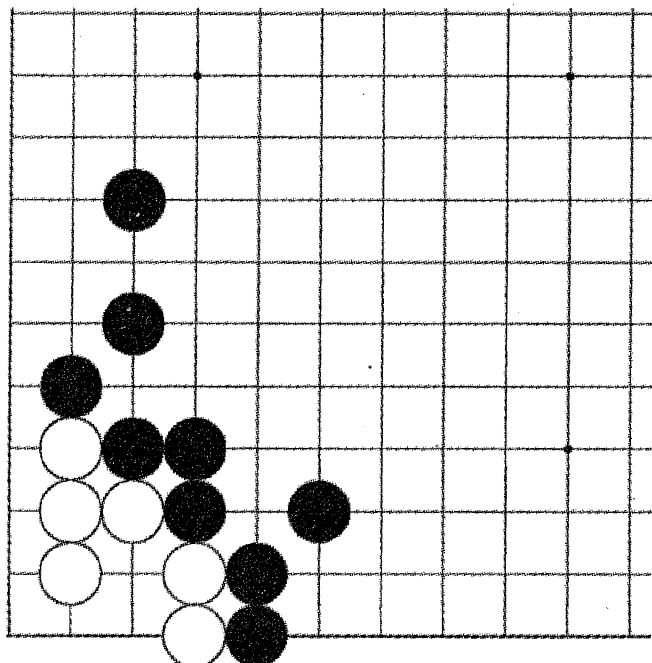


READ MORE TBR COMICS ONLINE AT [HTTP://BORINGROCKS.TRIPAD.COM](http://BORINGROCKS.TRIPAD.COM)

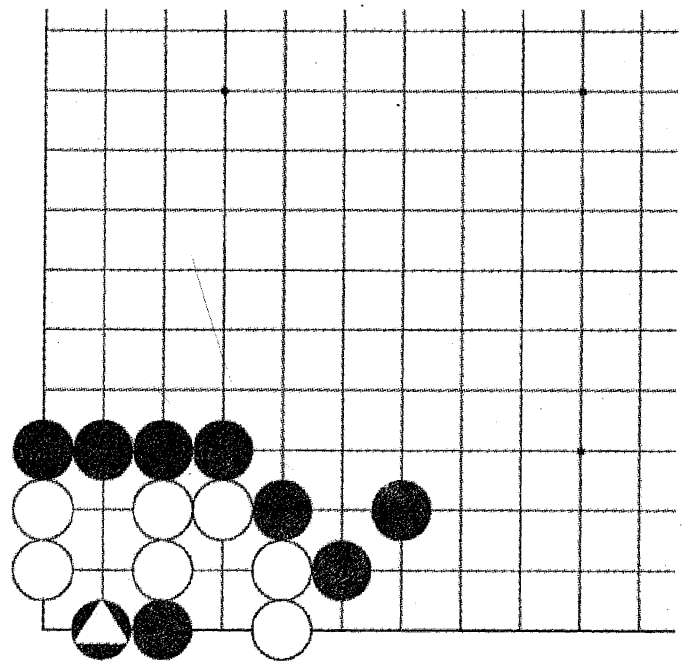
6/10 '08 "SG" Goldaper '08

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

Go for it, Man!



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



Black to move, kill Whitey!

Last issue's solution

THE COMICS SECTION

SHADES

THE SOCIALITE

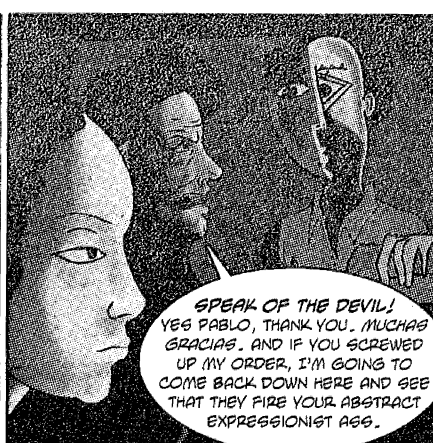
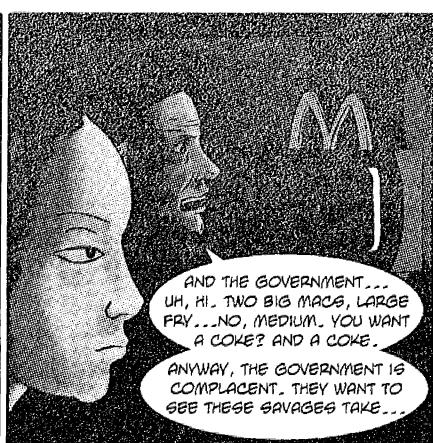
Pun, I wear the Shades all the time because I do EVERYTHING...
IN THE DARK!!!!

... I tan in the dark, I jog around campus in the dark, I meet girls in the dark; I party in the dark, because it's lame to party in the DAY!

Shades, the only thing you DO in the dark is Jack Off!

"I'm Jack Off"

By Chris
'SHADES'
Oliveri

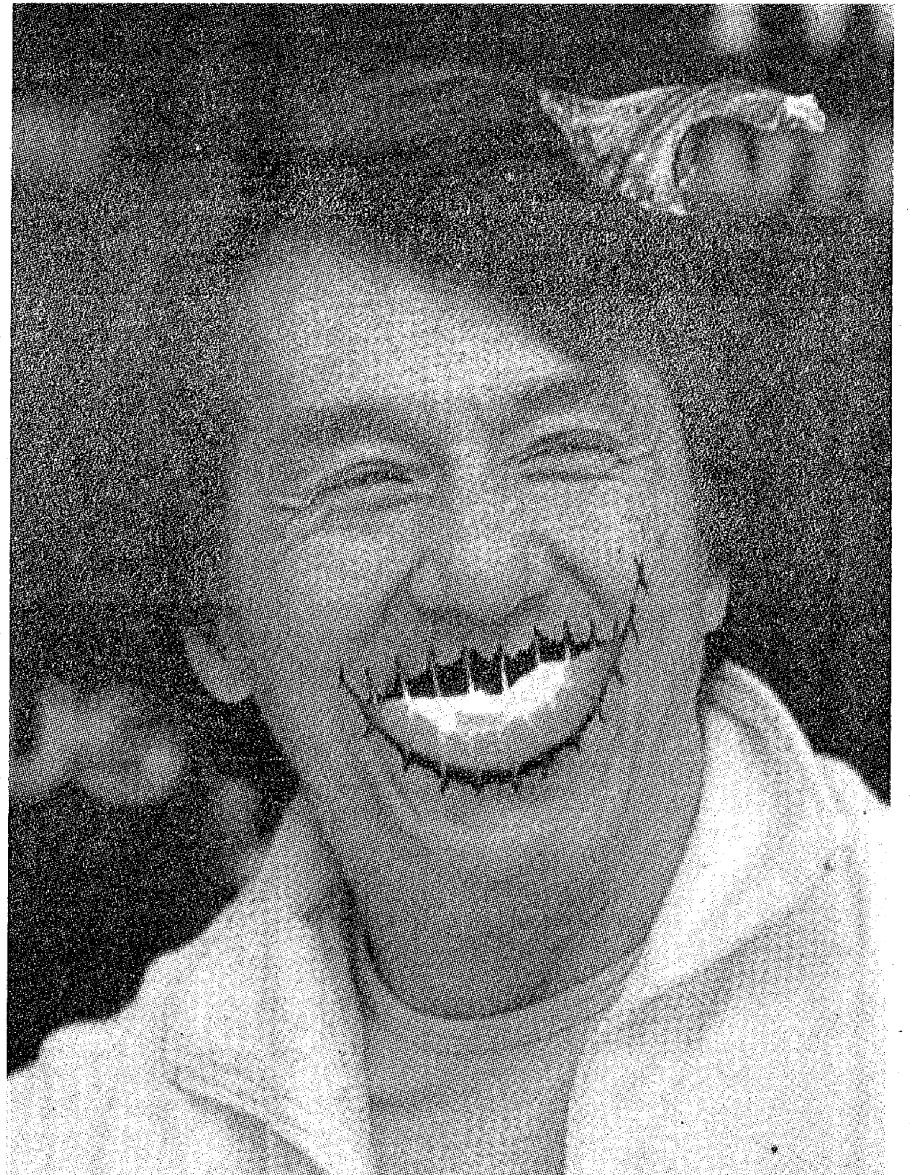
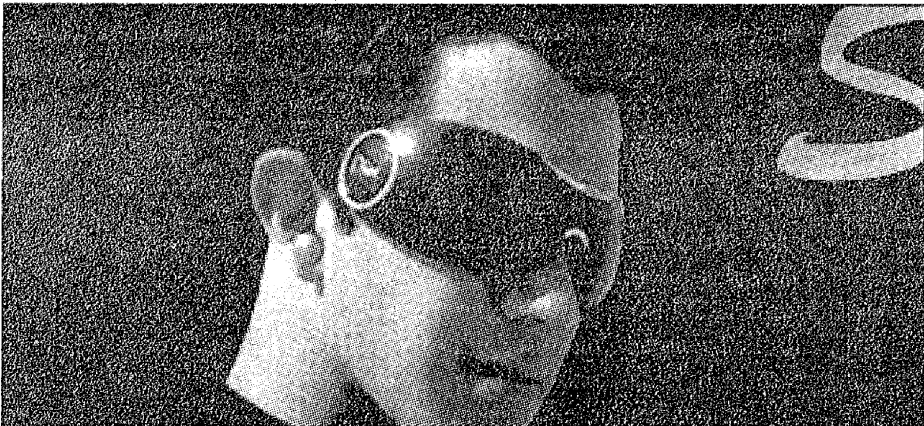


TOP TEN

costumes Shades will be mistaken for this halloween

Jackie Chan-'o-Lantern

By Matt Willemain



10 Blues Brother 3000

9 That "Socialite" comic guy

8 An unmacho Macho Man
Randy Savage

7 Geordi La Forge

6 A white Kanye West

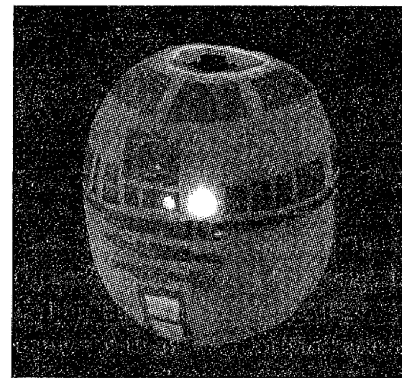
5 A serial stalker

4 A Power Ranger

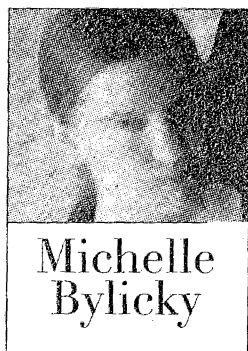
3 An old lady with cataracts

2 Cyclops

1 A sexually repressed, latent homosexual doofus



Scandal, Scandal, Beer Is Present In College



Michelle Bylicky

As Voltaire said, "I don't agree with what you're marketing but I will defend to the death your right to market it"*

*Voltaire never said that (as far as we

know)

Anheuser-Busch, the producers of Bud Light, have managed to draw the ire of a growing number of college administrators. Well, more so than usual anyway. The current controversy is over Anheuser-Busch's new marketing campaign, which the company refers to as 'Team Pride.' Anheuser-Busch has started producing Bud Light cans in the colors of college football teams: It recently unveiled a purple and yellow can, the colors of Louisiana State University and has proceeded to market the can at and around the university. There are currently 27 different color combinations of Bud Light cans available and they are being marketed to different universities across the country.

Carol Clark, Anheuser-Busch's VP of social responsibility is quoted in *The Wall Street Journal* saying that painting the cans in a school's colors will "connect with fans of legal drinking age in fun ways in select markets across a variety of sports." Ooookay, what I got from that statement was 'we're going to sell you beer and you're going to buy it and drink it at sporting events.' Now I'd never consider myself anti-capitalist, if the students want to buy beer and the beer company produces cans in more appealing colors that attract more students, fine. The beer company sells its product and makes money while the students get beer and a can in the school colors. No matter how you spin it, it's a win-win situation, right?

Apparently The Man doesn't think so. Roughly 25 college presidents including SBU's Samuel Stanley have opposed the sale of 'team cans' also called 'fan cans' in and around their respective colleges. The fear among college officials is that these 'fan cans' will lead to binge and underage drinking on college campuses. College administrators also worry that Bud Light cans with a school's colors will confuse students and convince them that team pride is proven by drinking alcohol. Some students on the SBU campus agree that more out of control drinking will result if these fan cans were produced in SBU



colors. One senior, Michelle (who refused to give her last name), when asked if she thought binge drinking would result from the production of Stony Brook 'Team Cans' responded, "Sure, students nowadays just accept what's in front of them, it [the 'team cans'] would give them a reason to drink."

However, other students remain more skeptical about the effect the 'team cans' would have on a college campus. When asked if he thought 'team cans' would lead to underage or binge drinking at or around campus, senior engineering student Alex Poznanski laughed outright and said, "We've got both of those things already," he laughed, "Just come to my suite on a Thursday night."

While the question of how SBU students would react to 'fan cans' seems to be a moot point considering that Anheuser-Busch will not be producing any cans in our school colors, this marketing scheme raises a few interesting questions. When does the marketing of alcohol or other controlled substances go overboard? When is it considered outrageous or immoral? Certainly, putting a commercial for cigarettes during a time slot for *Dora the Explorer* would lead to a scandal. But showing a commercial of happy, good-looking people imbibing alcohol during a sports game on broadcast television is fairly common, yet we know children, younger than college students who are watching the game will invariably see this beer commercial. Why then are 'fan cans' being condemned for convincing underage individuals to drink whereas commercials for alcohol at regular

sporting events are not?

One argument is that SBU and other college campuses are known to have a majority of underage drinkers. The key phrase is "reasonable expectation." For example, if an individual coats himself in a meat based product and climbs into the lion pen (which actually has lions) at a zoo, there is a reasonable expectation that he will be eaten. In contrast, being attacked by a lion on a crowded city street in Manhattan is not something an individual could reasonably expect. See how this works? Now back to beer; Anheuser-Busch knows, or should know that, generally speaking, only the seniors and maybe some juniors at any college are going to be old enough to drink. This means that roughly three quarters of the school is underage, which means that there is a reasonable expectation that a student who sees these 'team cans' will not be old enough to drink legally.

I'm concerned by this assumption that college students are being considered gullible victims in the news articles I read. Underage and binge drinking already occur on campus and I don't believe that any underage student drinks with the assumption that what they are doing is legal or supported by the university. But just because a beer company slaps on a new color scheme that matches a team's colors does it mean that suddenly the student body is thrown into confusion as to whether or not the school thinks it's okay to drink? Does this also mean we ought to worry about an SBU student who happens upon a live Arizona Coral snake and assume that it must be safe since it's wearing the

school colors of red and white (and black, which isn't a school color but bear with me)? Because obviously, the student wouldn't realize that he shouldn't try to put it in his mouth since it's clearly endorsed by the university (just look at its colors) and if it bites him and poisons him, well, that would be a surprise.

I am not stating that Anheuser-Busch or its marketing campaign is acting according to the spirit of the laws (they have plenty of well paid lawyers to argue against this claim I'm sure). Their campaign is an attempt to parasitize off of a school's attempts to form a community by borrowing school colors and pasting those colors on a can in an attempt to link their product to school spirit. But let's be honest, shouldn't college students be able to recognize that just because something is draped in school colors doesn't mean that it necessarily symbolizes the school? Sure Anheuser-Busch will likely sell more of its product with this marketing plan, but does that actually mean that there will be increased binge and underage drinking as a result? If it could be proven that this campaign did not lead to an increase in drinking, would they still be considered in the wrong for not doing more to discourage underage and binge drinking? At what point does responsibility shift from the beer makers to the students or, are we to assume that as long as there is underage and binge drinking, it is the fault of the beer company?

Is Anyone Going As The Swine For Halloween?



Lauren Dubinsky

Drum roll please...And the award for the scariest Halloween costume of 2009 goes to...the swine flu! You know that virus going around that clogs up your nose with boogers, makes you feel like there's someone jack hammering in your head

and you're going to cough up a lung? That seems to be what's scaring most people these days. Who cares about Jason running around with a machete killing people? And the mysterious man in a ghost mask going around killing high school students in *Scream*? Or even Chucky, the possessed killer-doll that never seems to die? Instead, we're afraid of a tiny H1N1 virus that seems to have the same effect as the seasonal flu. But nevertheless, you can't deny that if you saw a virus like that walking down the street, you would run away as fast as your feet would let you.

The million-dollar question is how did this fear of the swine flu come about? The whole world is in a constant state of panic over this virus and they are in desperate need of blaming someone because that's what we all do when we panic. Mexico is over there saying it came from us, but we're over here saying it came from them. Well, the truth of the matter is it all started with those cute and cuddly animals that we call pigs. That's how the swine flu got its name. Swine are pigs so it only makes sense. It was thought that it all started at an American owned pig farm in Mexico called Smithfield Foods facility, but that idea was shut down when Mexico's agricultural department stepped in and said it wasn't true. Everyone is in an extreme state of panic

and chaos and they're all looking for the culprit who started this whole mess in order to blame the fear they're experiencing.

There comes a time every year when you get the flu and your nose is running, your throat is sore and

you're absolutely miserable. The weird thing is the swine flu is just like the regular seasonal flu. The seasonal flu kills 250,000 to 500,000 people every year but we don't see people morphing into a state of hysteria over it. So why are people so afraid of the swine flu?

The reason for this is that a new strain of the flu virus can spread quickly and because people don't have a natural immunity to it and it takes a while to create vaccines. The World Health Organization went as far to say that the swine flu has "pandemic potential." A flu pandemic in 1968 killed one million people worldwide and another one in 1918 killed 100 million people. If that doesn't scare the crap out of you, I don't know what will. Being a germaphobe comes in handy now because if your washing your hands 50 times a day, avoiding sick people at all costs and shying away from contaminated surfaces you can almost guarantee you won't be contracting any viruses anytime soon. Fortunately, there are vaccines now to prevent this flu but of course there is always a problem. Four in ten parents don't plan on having their children vaccinated because they're concerned about its safety.

So, why not dress up as the swine flu on October 31st? Maybe you can create a replica of the virus using some fabric and pipe cleaners. Or you could find a pig costume and run around town "oinking" at everyone you pass. You could also powder yourself to look really pale, somehow make your nose run uncontrollably and give yourself the worst case of "bed head" possible to create the illusion that you have the swine flu. The possibilities are endless, but the main theme remains. This costume is a safe bet at scaring everyone at the Halloween party you go to this year. But if you decide you would rather go the funny route inside of the scary one, you can always dress up as "Balloon Boy."



Celebrating A Bit Too Soon



Raina Bedford

Accompanying the inauguration of Stony Brook University's fifth president, Samuel L. Stanley Jr., was a week-long celebration including nearly 50

events. It cost the university \$100,000 total to throw this celebration, but with tuition increases on the horizon and the current budget crisis, is this really the best way to allocate the university's resources?

Admittedly, \$100,000 isn't that much when you consider that the university's yearly operating budget is

roughly \$1.9 billion, but \$100,000 is still a large amount of money and spending roughly \$2,000 per event seems to be a frivolous waste of money at best. Students have reported holes in their dorm rooms, which rats have come through. And guess what? The holes are still there. Roosevelt Quad is absolutely dilapidated and many other quads are also in need of repairs.

Yet Roosevelt sits in the shadow of a new quad complex, and the entire campus sits in the shadow of plans for a new hotel. The expansion of SBU is no doubt good for the university's future, but in the meantime, students are getting shortchanged and put on the backburner.

Why should students be happy about a tuition increase when their

money is just going to go to new buildings, hotels, and campus events that they'll never attend or use? I attended the inauguration of Stony Brook's fifth president, and guess how many actual SBU students I saw there? I would estimate about 20 in a crowd of 2,000.

His message was for faculty and for SBU's future. A poignant point in the inauguration ceremony was when Dylan Selterman, the president of the Graduate Students Organization, said that the power of SBU is in the students. He asked that Stanley not forget the challenges that graduate students face, as graduate students demonstrated outside the inaugural ceremony. They are considered employees of SBU and they haven't had a contract since 2007.

In his inaugural address, Stanley

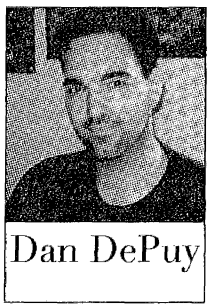
said that the power of SBU isn't in its buildings; it's in the high caliber of its faculty. I respectfully disagree. You can have a faculty of Nobel Peace Prize-winning nuclear physicists, but if they can't educate students, if they can't even speak English, what good is a high quality staff?

Students should remain skeptical of the new president's policies, and the fact that this school thinks it's a good idea to spend \$100,000 on inaugural celebrations when there are obviously a lot of other problems on campus. The emphasis on research, research, research may come at the expense of our education. And the emphasis on expansion also comes at the expense of current SBU students.

Make your opinion heard! Write for *The Stony Brook Press*.

Meetings Wednesdays 1pm
Union Building Room 060

Attention Moviegoers: Please Shut Up!



Dan DePuy

Ah, the cinema. One of America's oldest and greatest institutions. It's a place where dreams unravel on the screen, where you can munch on some tasty popcorn with one hand in the popcorn bag and the other around your sweetheart. There is nothing quite like losing oneself in a movie, being charmed by the charismatic lead or feeling genuinely angry at the villain's nefarious plot.

Because I enjoy movies so much it is all the more sad that within recent years my theater going experiences have become exponentially more unpleasant. No, it's not due to the cornucopia of awful movies that are rushed out to theaters by studios hoping to turn a quick profit with the smallest effort possible. It's not even a one-two punch in the kidneys because of the totally ridiculous price of admission and its follow-up right cross, the insane price of concessions. Rather, it's a flaw that permeates every corner of our existence as part of a society, the one thing that can screw up any experience, any task, any errand... the unavoidable pest that strikes whenever and wherever it can without warning. The scourge of which I speak is all around us at all times. There's no escaping it and some might even argue that we couldn't do without it: *other people*.

I'm sure you've been there. You find a seat in a particularly crowded movie theater, probably closer to the screen than you'd like to be. If you're anything like me, you don't feel the need to show up 30 minutes early for a movie until you get there and you realize that everybody else did. Now someone, somewhere in the theater – maybe behind you, maybe down in front, maybe even pretty far back – is having a conversation. It's usually a group, and usually they're gossiping or making general asses of themselves. The ad reel is running, some lame music is on and nobody particularly cares. But if you're anything like me, you know as soon as you hear them that this cavalcade of inane nonsense is not going to end when the previews begin and it doesn't. It continues. Of course, now they can't hear one another, so they talk louder. They're all in a row, so someone down at the end misses part of the conversation and shouts, "What?" prompting the other members of the group to repeat themselves loudly, again for the fourth

time. Of course, it's just the previews, so it's not like they're talking through the movie. I like watching the previews, but a lot of people don't, so if I hush them now I'm just being a jerk. They'll stop when the movie begins, right?

But they don't. They keep talking through the opening credits. They keep talking through the scary parts, the funny parts and the exciting parts. You wonder what they're doing here and why they paid good money to sit down and not watch a movie. Is it for the privilege of ruining my evening? Did their parents get so fed up with them that they threw them each \$20 and said, "For fuck's sake, go see a movie?"

Let me get this out of the way right now: Nothing infuriates me more than

behavior because not doing so will lead to an argument later. Not satisfied with having the plot explained to them, they insist on asking their partner for details he couldn't possibly know, since they haven't actually been explained in the movie yet. But they wouldn't know that, since they can't pay attention to what's going on to begin with. This person also seems to believe that they have a natural inborn right to talk through the entire movie, responding to "Shhh!" and "Shut up!" with indignance.

The only way to stop this behavior is through their significant other, who will become terribly embarrassed once everyone around them realizes how totally whipped they are. "Hey Buddy," I would like to say "Why take her to a

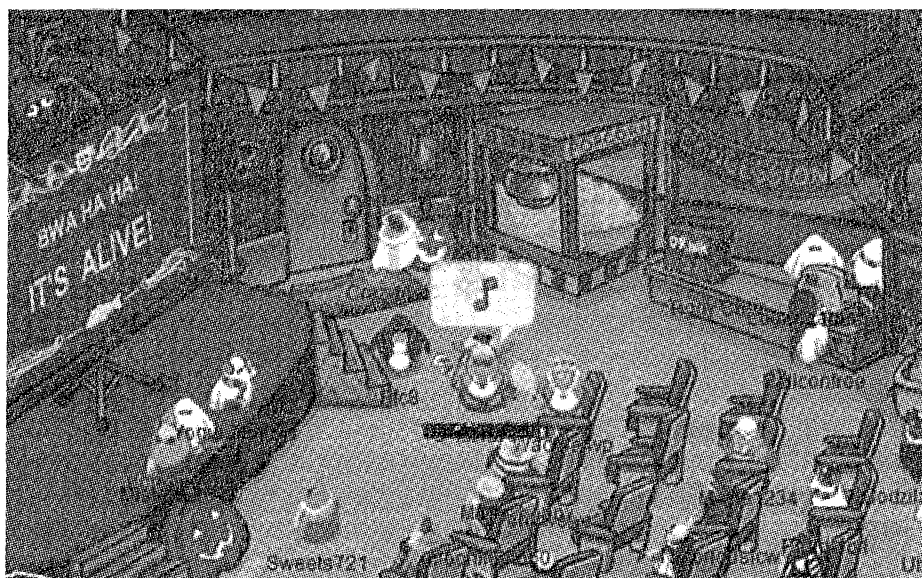
wanted to hear what the next character said, or you know, in case everyone in that particular quadrant of the audience missed it.

This person is not usually so difficult to deal with since his or her party will be embarrassed by this behavior and will reinforce your "Shhh!" However, The Commentator has no control over his or her outbursts and will continue to do them unconsciously even after his or her friends have dumped the entire contents of the jumbo popcorn on his or her head. I first encountered a rare bilingual Commentator at a screening of *Wall-E*. My urge to gravitate to violence was sated only by a very successful shooshing, though an occasional "Oh my god!" or "Aye, dios mio!" still managed to creep out until the end of the film.

The Texter: That's right, I'm talking about *you* with the cell phone. Do you really need to be doing that right now? Don't give me any crap about how it doesn't make any noise. It's not the noise I'm concerned about. It's the fact that your extremely bright LED screen grabs my peripheral vision every time you flip the thing open and I really don't mean to be nosy, but if Brad wants to go to the party without Janet, that's his own damned business and you certainly don't need to be discussing it while I'm trying to keep my eyes focused on the screen.

Did you know that long ago in a far away land people actually *left the house without a phone*? I know, God forbid you should do that now. Look, if your life is so tenuously strewn together that being disconnected from your lame, self-absorbed attention-whoring friends for two hours is going to cause the entire thing to come crashing down you have bigger problems than that total hobag at the grocery store who was like, totally flirting with your best friend's boyfriend. The only thing worse than The Texter is the moron who actually *has a cell phone conversation* during the movie. You can't make this stuff up. I have encountered that type only once though, and my "Are you really doing that right now?" glare put an immediate stop to it.

The Texter, however, is unstoppable. He or she is far more involved in "the texting" than "the movie" and has wasted his or her money to sit in a dark theater distracting everyone. Text messaging is a technology that is not strictly regulated enough so that people realize the truth of the matter. Just because you *can* doesn't mean you *should*. Put the phone away and watch the damned



people who talk during movies. If you can't remain quiet for 90 minutes, you have a serious problem and need medication. Also, you should not be anywhere near a movie theater. Go rent a DVD and torture your own friends and family. I paid \$11 to see this movie, and unless you want to reimburse me when it's over you need to shut your damned mouth. There are several ways that a person can totally ruin a movie for you, and in my experience they all favor the larger movie theaters. So if you plan on seeing a film at Loews or Island 16, expect to encounter the following people on a regular basis.

The Attention Deficit Disaster: This person has no attention span, plain and simple. This person will turn to his or her neighbor and ask again and again to explain what is going on in the movie. This behavior is prolonged by the fact that said individual keeps on missing parts of the movie because they can't stop asking their significant other what just happened. Of course now, they don't know what's going on either, but have to actually encourage this be-

movie? Why not just give her a ball of yarn and let her go to town?" But I try to avoid getting into fistfights at movies. That would *really* ruin the experience. I first encountered this character when I saw the first *Lord of the Rings* movie. I had no choice but to tell him to be quiet. Being the meek type, he immediately complied without another word.

The Commentator: The reactor is surprised by everything he or she sees. No matter what happens onscreen, this person has the same reaction. It's not a normal reaction, of course. A normal person would gasp or scream at a scary part, laugh at a funny part or sit on the edge of his or her seat during a tense action scene – but not The Commentator. For every emotion that is evoked from this person, he or she will respond with an enthusiastic exclamation, the most common of which is "Oh my god!" This is particularly grating when it happens *every three minutes*. The Commentator isn't satisfied with simply exclaiming at every interesting moment in the movie, no. He or she must also constantly repeat bits of the dialogue, just in case you

MOVIEGOERS continued from previous page



movie. The Texter's affliction is comorbid with that of the Attention Deficit Distaster. I have encountered this lout in every single movie I've gone to see since 1999.

The Peanut Gallery: The Peanut Gallery strikes in pair or in groups. Just like it takes two to tango, it takes at least two to completely ruin the entire movie for me. This group sounds like an of *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, but without the humor or irony. They feel the need to discuss, at length, everything going on in the movie. Usually at least one Peanut is also an Attention Deficit Disaster. The group will discuss the movie during the movie, so you know they *are* paying attention. They just want to make it difficult for anyone around them to pay attention. At other times they will ignore the movie entirely, having discussions they could have had at home without wasting their money or ruining your night. Usually there is at least one Texter among them, or they are gossiping about a Texter.

Unfortunately, there is strength in numbers. This group feels that because they are disrupting the show together that they own the theater and have every right to continue talking. How dare *you* interrupt *their* conversation? What, did you come here to watch the movie? Loser. Don't try to silence a Peanut Gallery – they will simply discuss among themselves what a total jerk you are for not letting them ruin the movie for you and everyone else.

Recently, the movie *Paranormal Activity* was totally ruined for me by a Peanut Gallery. It was probably one of the most thrilling theatrical experiences of the year, but I wouldn't know... The Peanut Gallery made every second unbearable.

The Reactor: This individual is totally uncomfortable with his or her emotions and cannot express them in any meaningful way. These types are most commonly encountered during scary movies, and the scarier the movie is, the funnier this group finds it. Creepy little girl appears from nowhere in the darkness and points a foreboding

finger at the hero? Hilarious. Man gets head chopped off by superhuman murderer on a rampage? A rip-roaring good time. Deep psychological terror? Well, this one wins the Academy Award for Best Comedy!

Not only does this total waste of a movie seat mock everyone else in the theater for trying to enjoy the movie, but they take all the fun out of it. If you can't go to a scary movie with the idea in mind of being scared, why go at all? Save your juvenile antics for your friends with the single digit I.Q.s and let me suspend my disbelief for a while. Unfortunately, this fellow thinks he is very entertaining and considers attempts to quiet him to be a form of encouragement, especially when he pulls that hilarious "Totally overreact in a sarcastic way to the parts that aren't all that scary" bit. Thanks for breaking the fourth wall, idiot. This guy worked in tandem with the peanut gallery to ensure that my viewing experience of *Paranormal Activity* was totally and completely ruined. Nothing derails suspense and tension building scenes like someone who totally mocks them. This type has successfully ruined every scary movie I've ever gone to, which is why I only watch scary movies at home now.

The Dysfunctional Family: These people couldn't get a babysitter, but they couldn't wait another day to see *Murder-Fest II: The Rapening* either. After all, who are *you* to tell them what their kids should and shouldn't see? After all, kids don't know what's happening. No, they don't understand that there's a graphic and violent rape scene on the screen. I mean sure, kids don't know what violence and sexual assault sound like. Just cover their eyes. And why remove them from the theater during the tortures and mutilations? Then Mom and Dad would have to miss them and that would be a terrible shame.

Of course, who am I to judge? I didn't know that when a couple had children that their lives continue to revolve around themselves and that their three and six year olds are an incon-

venience that has to be tolerated. And clearly the management at the theater felt it was okay for the kids to be there. I'm sure the safety of your children is their primary concern, far above the whole "making another \$20 in ticket sales" priority. And if one were to point out their grievous error in parenting? "You don't understand," they would say "You don't *have* kids."

News flash, Mom of The Year. You don't need to have kids to understand that they shouldn't be watching *The Revenge of The Jackhammer Rapist Part III: Let's Snort Coke On Camera*. If you couldn't afford a babysitter you probably shouldn't have splurged on the movie – it might cut into your beer money. And if you just couldn't *find* a babysitter, you know these things come out on DVD, right? And that they play for more than one night? Leave the kids at home, or just accept that you can't go to the movies tonight. You can't always get what you want – and your kids have to learn that, too. I found myself wanting to call the authorities at a showing of *The Last House On The Left*, a movie which had several scenes that I had to turn away from, and I'm a horror movie fanatic.

The Complainer: The last pest on the list is less common during prime movie time, but deserves a mention nonetheless. The Complainer is usually a senior citizen who remembers a time when movies were so much better! One the one hand, I can see their point. As Hollywood has become bigger more and more terrible crap has pushed its way onto the big screen. The crap was far less common in their day. Of course, they would have you believe that every movie that was released before 1960 was *amazing* and that everything they run nowadays is just awful, even the ones that win all the awards. So, they complain throughout the entire movie thinking that if they gripe hard enough the movie will just somehow get better.

It's not always the old folks who complain through the movie, sometimes it's the younger generation who used Dad's money to go to a movie, since they were like so bored and had like, um, nothing to um, like, do. And

like, this movie, it like, sucks, but, um, like, at least like, my Dad's not here, you know? I'm gonna like, text Ashley and like, um, tell her I like, hate her.

In either case, the burning question about the complainer becomes this: if you hate this movie so much, why are you still here? Go get your money back and stop ruining it for me. Because I'm actually *enjoying* this. The annoying nature of The Complainer is amplified by the fact that they seem to only show up to great movies and complain all along. I have heard complainers during: *Superbad*, *Religulous*, *The Dark Knight* and *LOTR: The Return Of The King*, I kid you not. If you don't like the movie, just leave and get your money back then do something else with it. If you hate movies, why the heck are you even here?

That's it for my rant. It was a long one, but a good one. So, for all of you who find that you're a part of this list I would love to tell you not to worry and that it's all in good fun. It's not. Seriously, modify your behavior. There are other people trying to watch the movie and whether they have the guts to stand up and say something or not, you're still ruining it for them. If you can't be quiet and watch the movie, just leave. And if you're as sick and tired of this type of rudeness as I am, next time you're in a movie and one of these characters chimes in make eye contact with the offender and charge them with their crime, then politely request that they modify their behavior. Say to them "Hey, Attention Deficit Disaster! If you would stop asking your husband what just happened you might actually catch the rest of the movie! Now SHUT UP!" You'll be surprised at the results.

Finally, support the little guy. Independently owned and operated movie theaters are becoming fewer and farther between – but they are far more likely to eject those guests whose behavior is unacceptable, and they usually refuse to admit children to movies that would even make adults squeamish. They're also cheaper, which is good for everyone. Just don't tell the teenagers. They make up the majority of this list.



Literary

100 Pipe Dreams

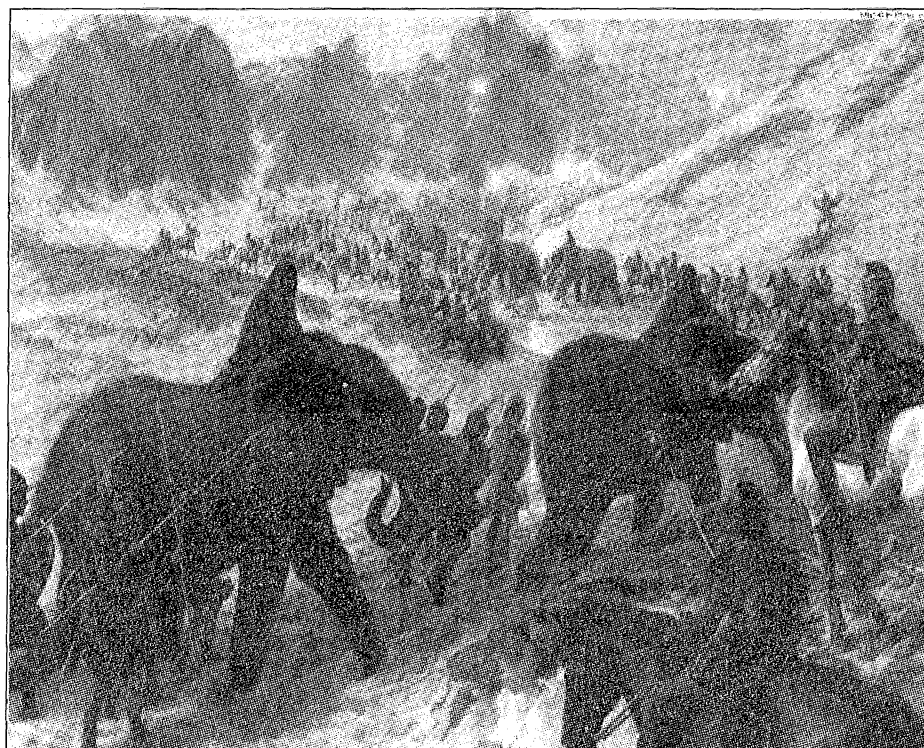
By Alexander Cardozo

I wanted to be persecuted by Spanish sentinels during the inquisition. I wanted to clean fallout off the roof of Chernobyl a week after the accident. I wanted to cross the Alps with Hannibal's army, we would have traveled for miles with the bodies of elephants dotting out our trail through the snow. I wanted to dawn a stahlhelm while dodging the shells of artisan snipers in St. Petersburg. I wanted to invade Jerusalem for the Ottomans, to slay dozens of Templar Knights. I wanted to paint with expatriate Yanks in Paris, to throw bricks at French riot squads. I wanted to play upright bass with an aging jazz band in Dresden right as the bombs started falling. I wanted to resist Christian missionaries in the Iroquois tribes. I wanted to raid the Bastille with the irate underclass. I wanted to travel miles from China to build the railroads in Oregon. I wanted to write all day and sleep with Godwin's daughter as she finished "The Modern Prometheus".

I wanted to fly the Enola Gay. I wanted to trash talk Stagger Lee in the saloon. I wanted to find love every spring while cycling through Holland after VE Day. I wanted to reject the shogun and refuse to commit seppuku. I wanted to drop acid in Strawberry Fields, to shout prayers to John Lennon. I wanted to shoot a pop artist and call it "championing feminism". I wanted to give the old antique store clerk a new lease on life. I wanted to buy all of the crazy old homeless man's elephant paintings on Eighth Street. I wanted to give offerings to the oracle of Delphi, asking for safety from the armies of the east. I wanted to carry my paints and canvas to the cliffs over Toledo. I wanted to spend a youth in excess, only to end it writing my own funeral mass in Austria. I wanted to be an Atheist Japanese punk rocker in the last seconds before the year two thousand. I wanted to be wealthy in the roaring twenties only to lose it all when the stock market crashes.

I wanted to sail to Antarctica with Shackleton. I wanted to find immortality with the love of my life, to be spectators as we watched the moon and stars fall out of the sky as the big crunch stripped back the layers of the sky, letting only a jealous god see our kiss. I wanted to travel down the Congo river with ivory hunters so I too could cry out for the horror. I wanted to share rock-

stardom with Eric Yi. I wanted to right every wrong and wrong every right. I wanted to try believing in alchemy, or dabble in astrology. I wanted to survive the black plague out in the woods of Italy, playing fiddle for the foxes and the pheasants. I wanted to be a young British colonel celebrating Christmas one night with the enemy and my own platoon at the centre of the battlefield



between the trenches, our guns silent for just one night.

I wanted to be showered with rose petals in the middle of the Colosseum right before the lions were set loose. I wanted to sculpt in Venice for the Catholic Church. I wanted to stand at the beaches with the Aztecs in awe of Cortez and his army of gods. I wanted to watch deep sea vents bloom amongst the anglers and the viperfish. I wanted to cross all of South America on a motorcycle with a curiously political medical student. I wanted to be a suburban American accountant in the fifties, turning my septic tank into a bomb shelter to protect from commie nuclear bombs. I wanted to be a New York City taxi driver in the winter of 1979. I wanted to grow up in the tenements of London, my childhood back-dropped by smokestacks.

I wanted to own the Frick Mansion before it was an art museum. I wanted to be the greatest contemporary author of the 1940's, the center of attention at all the Manhattan cocktail parties, but with a stain of moral conscience and a lover in prison for murder. I wanted to be the first to cross the Atlantic by plane; Lindbergh would have nothing on me. I wanted to kiss Stephen Merritt on a rainy night on the Lower East Side,

letting him know he shouldn't dwell on heartbreak. I wanted to open venues in dive bars with a band that never made it, our music would be so sad, but so glorious. I wanted to design rockets in Kazakhstan. I wanted to cross the desert borders in Arizona, bringing my family to a better place. I wanted to be a Mossad spy, paranoid and alone one night in Munich. I wanted to give my

last great speech in a stadium, before the disease ripped my nervous system to shreds.

I wanted to be a Decemberist as we revolted against the Czar. I wanted to comfort Han's grief, what miseries his concubine had to suffer. I wanted to be a guard at the Fortress of Miolans, I would have helped that degenerate with his jailbreak. I wanted to grow up in the Queensbridge housing projects, where there ain't no such thing as halfway crooks and it's always similar to Vietnam. I wanted to love la Duchess Anne. I wanted to laugh at the bourgeois with le enragés in a public square, hungry for a spectacle. I wanted to hold back my fear of the sight of blood with Unit 731, we could delude ourselves over Emperor Hirohito's strength. I wanted to be the mad man of the British ranks, wrecking tiger tanks with a claymore sword. I wanted to be the freemason that plotted La Violencia. I wanted the comfort of a street vent as I slept, wrapped in newspapers on a Philadelphia sidewalk. I wanted the loud sounds of first floor window to be my evening soundtrack. I wanted the quiet life.

But no, never, not in a thousand nights. No, what I really wanted, what I always wanted, what I still want now and will always want no matter how old

I become, how quickly the years might break off the strands of my hair will be this. I wanted to go to my first day of a new job in late May after a long bout with heartbreak. I wanted it to be a warm sunny day in 2007. I wanted the cicadas in the trees to sing a Balkan waltz in the treetops, I wanted them to have a conductor made of pheromones and lust to guide their song. I wanted the notebook in my bag to be heavier than a brazen bull. I wanted it to smell and scream just as sweet. I wanted the robins to perform their 21 gun salute to the passing of the night time chill. They would line up in uniform on the lawn in front of Norman Pate's old art studio. Norman who used to make sculptures to help him forget the war. Norman who used to paint in Snug Harbor on his last days. I wanted to walk from the parking lot to a little cottage along cottage row.

I wanted president and CEO of Snug Harbor, Frances Paulo Huber, to be extra angry that morning, leaving prints of dead grass in her footsteps. I wanted the bushes and flowers to smell like the shirtwaist factory. I wanted to know only my memories of the way the concrete looked a week before that day, to remember just the hedge maze on the far side of the park, and walk through the suburban daydream hours later, with a girl from my childhood I would not speak much to again. Those thoughts should plague my mind as I walk. I wanted to know I was holding a heavy heart, and an ear deaf to the chorus above me. I wanted to walk up to cottage five on Richmond Terrace.

I wanted there to be a clichéd smell of incense in the air, I wanted the room to look as it always did, for the supervisor to say his first hello, and for the lights to be a dusty orange in their warm and silver, flapper girl lamp fixtures. I wanted to learn how to give a tour about things I will never learn to care about. I'd read the lines from a stack of boring paragraphs, but would find Brahman in between the lines of every sentence. I want to smell the scents of Babylonian hanging gardens hidden between the stuffy stench of aging wood and old books. There will be auroras shining through the glass of every lightbulb, and the touch of the glass counters and shelves will have pushed against my calloused fingertips with the softness of a million threads of silk. I wanted that slow walk through the doorway, and for you to have been reading *Crime and Punishment* around the corner, not because it was assigned, but because you wanted to. I wanted to meet you.

When The Stars Threw Down Their Spears

By Ross Barkan

Urban Pope, Jr. can smell the fire in the air. It reeks of age and ruin, raining over the day like a hailstorm.

Memories spool from thread he never grasped. Pebbles click underneath his Israeli sandals. If he looks harder they are broken pendulums. Sunlight pours on the eternal slant, screaming down the desiccated spine of a colonnade. He wants to go home. He wants to stay. And inside that fraction of a moment in Pompeii the universal fissure bleeds him a contradiction, an ache, a glimpse into the bedrock. He wishes he can undo this.

"Hey let's take the coach down," she whispers in his ear about five and a half hours ago. They are in Sorrento, lolling on a tiny beach as the sun rises. It was her idea to go there at four a.m. to watch the sunrise over the Mediterranean. She rambles to him about Byron and Wordsworth and Keats and the sublime, namedropping Romantics like a sociopath even though he knows she understands nothing of what they actually wrote. Ask her about *negative capability* and her lips will flutter like frightened moth wings, searching for sounds to fill the vacuum of her misunderstanding.

Yes, they both find nature beautiful. She loves nature like it's a famous oil painting locked behind glass. Artifice twinkles from her eyes, a gray-green shade Urban once found mesmerizing but now admires only out of boredom.

He wonders if any lightning has struck the cliffs. She calls the indigo stretching over the horizon "a luscious sight" and begins a verbal memo on the importance of their love. Urban twirls his Swiss Army knife above his head, waiting for the prenatal sunlight to hatch a pretty reflection on the dormant blades. No good glare. He draws a grotto in the waves and sleeps there for a while.

They drink coffee in an expensive tourist dump near a terraced farm. If Urban wants, he can walk fifty feet to the nearest overlook and drop his cappuccino onto boulders four hundred feet below. Breezes play softly over his nose, reminding him of an era when the girlfriend sitting across from him was actually sexy. When was that? A month ago, maybe. They were slumped next to each other on the airplane, Delta or Continental, he can't remember which, and she was yawning.

Urban loves the moment before a woman goes to sleep. The moment is like the calm before a thunderstorm. In the minutes leading up to a storm the world inhales, soothing the electro-violent whirl

of machine and voice with swaying leaves, shivering trunks, and a cool wind. The dark brings the cool. Her speech slows. Her eyelids drip, long lashes coy on the cheek's summit. Her chin drops into his shoulder and a smile burns away a manicured face as lavishly adorned as a pharaoh's sarcophagus. She's natural, even when scrunched under the overhead fluorescence. Half-sleep. Her whisper caresses the space between them like that wind. Words drift upward. Eardrums shudder. It doesn't matter what she says as long as she whispers, as long as the thread of aqueous vowels splashes his heart and

"Thanks for the reassurance. I know I can count on you for a ray of optimism."

"From what I've seen of Tessie, she's the type that will be pumping out excuses for years to come. You'll be fifty and not see any of the money."

"Yup..."

"Sixty years old and Paradise Pastry will still be standing there on the money borrowed from you thirty-five years ago."

"All right."

"Seventy years old, the world's a skeleton, the terrorists have won, the seas are burning, and the G8 is now the G nothing. We're a society of bloodthirsty farm-



trickles down to the warmth below. He holds her. He can't fathom time ever hiccupping forward. He can't fathom the plane landing in Fiumicino. She sleeps.

After they finish their cappuccinos they walk through the town. It is silent in the way all old Italian locales are. People sleep in. He likes the click of his feet on cobblestones, the echo reflecting all the ancient emptiness back upon him, a reminder of what shadows could sound like if they one day decided to speak. He wishes she didn't speak. She drawls over his thoughts, his echoes, prattling like the muffler-less Alfa Romeos on the autostrada. Now it's about her sister.

"She's a real bitch you know, a real slimy, two-timing bitch."

"I know," Urban says.

"She owes me four grand and hasn't even paid me a quarter of that. The pastry shop's a total failure. As if I have a lot of money to begin with... I'll never see it, I know I won't."

"You probably won't."

ers. And Paradise Pastry is still on the corner of Brook and Tennyson, standing on those four grand you loaned forty-five years ago."

"Basta!"

She loves weaving the small amount of Italian she knows into her everyday language. Urban finds this pretentious. He isn't a proud American by any means but is willing to speak full-blown English with the locals because most know it anyway. He isn't about to fake an Italian heritage, despite his olive skin, dark hair, and Roman facial tics.

They mill at the bus station for an hour. She skims shop windows, her glassy gaze freezing around the red and blue siren-colored glassware imported from a false Venice. Every ten minutes or so she coos loudly at one of the trinkets and begs Urban to come take a look. He shuffles over, feigning interest by smearing his face with a special sort of plastic politeness that can only be learned in the service sector. They nod together.

Everyday he feels a little more like wood around her, as if her banal spirit is changing him. She expands, he contracts... the knot is tied tighter. Soon marriage. He can see it all too clearly. Horror at the altar, the priest reading, smiling, she mouthing "I do," he hesitating, flexing for the dash, muscles ready, mind ready, when a shard of lightning from down deep somewhere awful roars up to the tip of his throat and crackles "I do" too and they're united forever, fuck divorce, and the kids are on the way. Urban follows her faint reflection in the window, his body hovering closely behind the flitting frame, mirroring her movements like a flake of dust. He doesn't even want to follow. The body just does.

The bus saves him. Air-conditioning pumps a somnolent sheen over his skin and he drifts off. She reads a guide book. Urban can't explain it but his dream tastes like silver, like the world has been transmuted into a new gleaming substance that renders the sky a frozen vault of chilled torment. He reaches up to touch the ceiling—and they're here.

She's rubbing his shoulder, opening his eyes to the slatternly sunlight. It intrudes, throwing rays all over his eyes. An ugly shade of bronze. His eyes stumble over the parking lot and fall on a row of souvenir stands. He knows where he is. They have Pompeii books, statues, t-shirts, hats, sunglasses, magnets, and every other piece of polychromatic garbage man could ever dream of. Urban draws another grotto in the sky.

"Welcome to Pompeii," a voice snaps over the bus' loudspeaker. It sounds like an order. The other tourists herd off the bus and into the heat. Urban knows it's hot because everyone says it's hot. Everyone wants to talk about the heat like the heat is an old relative here to visit and never leave. "It's so hot out," an old woman says to him. "I know," a fat teenager answers for him. "Idaho summers sure ain't like this." "Yeah, American summers aren't like this." "Bullshit it's hot in Arizona." "The sun's different here." "I know right." "Hot as balls." "Good I brought water." "It is good I brought water too." "Water's expensive here." "Right?" "Uhuh." "Boy, oh boy, it's getting hotter."

Urban wants to shrink away from the steaming babble. Their words pile like rancid detritus all around, mashing to form walls of thick, noxious sound, sound that rots but never decays into nothing like it should, sound that lingers, sound that could drive the cosmos themselves to dissolution. How can so many people congratulate themselves about bringing water? Urban concedes it *is* hot. Must every single person discuss the weather at

every single moment? The tourists slug their mineral water and begin their trudge toward the gate. He follows.

They buy their tickets and meander up a steep hill to the ancient city's entrance. Urban knows the story of Pompeii; he must have heard it a thousand times in his high school Latin class. At first it seemed interesting. Roman city chugging along. Volcano erupts. All the slaves die because the wealthy made them stay behind. Ash preserved the city. That's how we know what Roman things look like. Goodie. Everyone stops at an overlook, gawking at the distant Mount Vesuvius. It's little more than a shadowy lump resting in front of the horizon, completely harmless. Time castrates everything. Once demigods and nymphs roamed the earth. Once gold sprang from every pocket of the planet. Once everyone spoke one language and obeyed one law: produce nothing but joy. Ah, what a law. Cameras snap all around, hungry to sink their photonic tendrils into the scenery and pry a piece for home, the digital whirl replacing the paintbrush as the means to bag reality. She takes out her camera.

"Oh honey, isn't it beautiful? I can't wait to walk through the tunnel over there and really see everything. People tell me seeing ancient Pompeii is a life-changing experience."

She's called just about everything on this trip "life-changing." The gelato they shared in a shit joint just north of Rome last week was also life-changing. She cradles her life-changing four hundred and fifty dollar Kodak digital camera and immediately reels off sixteen shots of Mount Vesuvius. Sixteen shots that will look exactly the same. After she finishes, she turns to a husky woman to chat about the scenery. They both like valleys. Urban prays for a tour guide with broken English to move the group along through the tunnel and get the trip over with. All he really wants now is to sit.

There are about thirty of them forging through the tunnel. Light winks from the end and in a matter of seconds they are back out in the full force of daylight. Urban sees his first batch of ruins. Jagged brick walls, shattered portals, and bi-millennial rubble surround him. They are standing in one of many nondescript open areas. Somehow Urban thought there'd be more of Pompeii left.

"...Giuseppe Fiorelli took charge of the excavations in 1860. The ash provided a new dilemma dilemma dilemmmaaaaa promissa fermata a destraaaa WAKE UP" Urban is leaning against a crag and fighting a silver spell. The world flickers away, a light bulb deprived of its divinity. Astral fingers scoop up the darkness and fill his plaster dreams, hardening thoughts and emotions into a wet slumber. She wakes him up.

"Honey, are you ok? The tour group is starting to move. You're looking really

out of it."

"I'm fine, just a bit dehydrated. Gimme a swig from the canteen."

Urban drinks and walks, savoring the water's kiss on his gullet. They enter a wide grassy space. The tour guide tells them it once served as Pompeii's forum. Urban isn't impressed with the decayed porticos and weed-strewn columns crumbled all around. He doesn't need to see anymore of mankind's ruin. Ennui seizes his drifting mind, backing him into another shattered wall. He nearly trips. Voices play on the rim, warbling to his warm, dozing reality. Sleep. Urban doesn't know why he feels so damn tired. He wants to throw off the crust and keep walking—at least to keep up appearances—and not draw anymore attention to himself. Can't let people start to stare at him like he's the mountain.

The vision of his body splayed on the stone roadway is a concrete fact in his mind, blooming like blood drops from freshly-pierced capillaries. He is dead. The ambulance is whining in its special Italian way up the tiny roads, crushing the antediluvian pottery and mosaics forever fading in the sun, swerving to his bloated, American corpse. "He should've brought more water with him." "I know, right?" "It's so hot." "I'll tell you something, the weather is humid as..." "...as a sauna." "a sauna!"

"Ok, we'll be in the shade soon. Take some more water," she smiles. He looks back at her and is almost reassured. Indeed they walk past the forum, through an arch, and into another patch of grass that is supposed to be significant. Being here is absurd, Urban thinks. What if they stamped through my living room two thousand years from now and explained every damn thing I did? Someday they'll find my fucking condoms in the ash and tell the half-human half-alien future freaks that they were relics of some ancient ritual to summon the 21st century sun god. How does this toad of a tour guide know anything, anyway? Where does this knowledge come from? Urban narrows his eyes at the guide, switches them to what looks like a flaccid obelisk, and then aims at her. The dizzying fury is burned into her own helpless eyes. She shrinks away, confronted with torment she can't understand. All she can do is offer more water.

"I don't need anymore water, dammit. I'm fine," he snarls. A hand belonging to his body swats the canteen to the dust. It feels light against his knuckles, like the metal is suddenly butter. No one turns around.

"What's your problem?"

"Nothing."

"You look like you could use some Dramamine. I have a tube in my bag."

"No thanks."

The "thanks" is harsh enough to stop her fingers dead in the pocketbook. Her

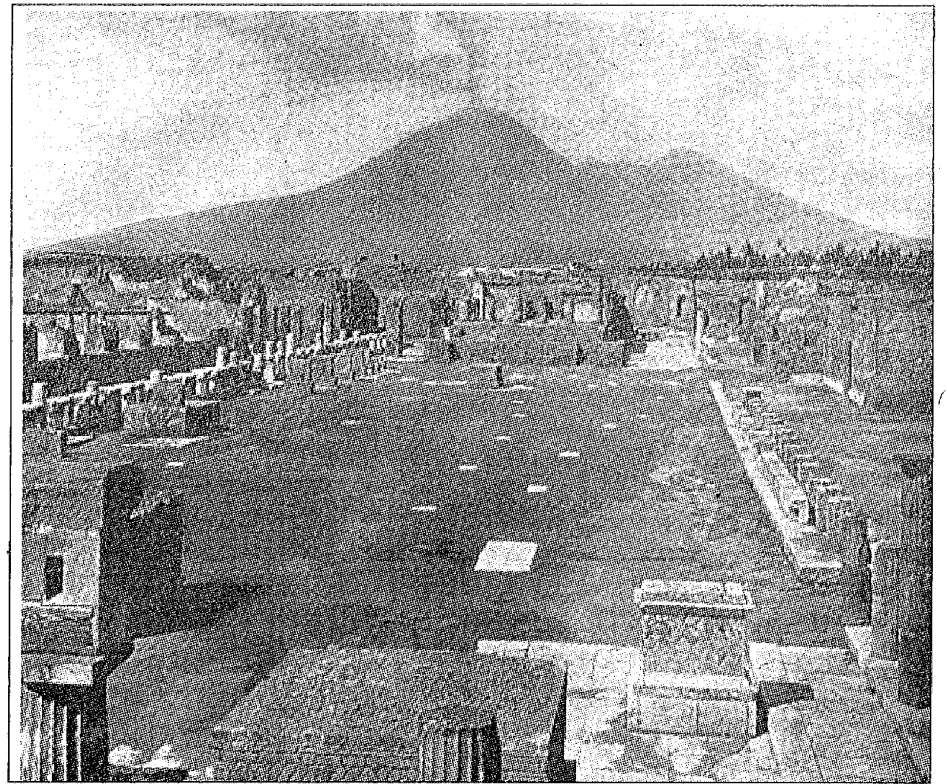
feet click on and he, unsure of why, follows. Knowledge is a funny thing. Past and memory...Urban mulls the snippet he read about Henri Bergson last week, the thing about time. Bergson once said that time is just the past devouring the future, the actual present never existing because our entire perception of time is based in memory, and memory equals consciousness, and the instant someone tries to measure time it is already a memory and—

"Oh my, wow, come here Urban and look. Look at those bodies behind the glass. They're creepy."

Suddenly they are beneath an over-

to a perpetual, unquenchable terror. The body is still screaming. Both arms are curled over the head to prevent an unending onslaught of fire and ash. There can't be an afterlife for this one—there can't. And before Urban can form audible words, he is thrown into a place outside of time.

He is not back in time because he has no memory of Pompeii's destruction. In any living person's reality, that event never happened. No consciousness remains. Urban isn't here either. As he stares into the face twisted like a primordial thunderbolt—ancient, yet raw and alive—he enters a new place of his own creation where



hang, bathed in a slab of shade. Everything seems tighter. The tour guide's voice is waltzing crookedly off the dirty walls. Whispers trail behind, swelling into a new reverent hiss. A benediction. What the hell could they be asking? *Nothing*, Urban, you fool, *nothing*. People don't ask for things here. They don't know how to ask. There was probably a time when the divine walked hand-in-hand with man on this very spot. That time is gone.

"Are you looking honey? I saved you a spot."

Seconds creep by before Urban registers what his girlfriend is telling him. Bodies are snaking to the glass, smacking their damp hides into one another. They're hungry. Urban pushes closer. Evading elbows, knees, and cheap straw hats, he finally understands what everyone is trying to see. Camera flashes scream across the two glass boxes, bombarding whatever is inside. Now Urban sees.

"...and he realized that there were spaces in the ash left by decomposed bodies. Therefore, he thought of the technique of injecting plaster into them to recreate the forms of the victims. Eerie, isn't it?"

Urban is next to the glass. He looks down into the eyes of extinction. A gray mass is the body, a swollen skull leading

Vesuvius is always erupting, where Pompeii is always dying, and where the moth-bitten logic of a modern world he one day left the uterine walls to inhabit is nothing but a dream, an absurd wink as cold and distant as a far-flung star. There are no girlfriends, tour guides, and bottled water. There is only death eternal. Every ash-choked moan and every underworld contortion is branded in his consciousness. The tourists, taking pictures in their own time, are wrong.

Urban tries to rationalize their fading, unreal images, tying them into his own reality. He can't. They feel like paper vultures left to fill roles no longer necessary. Why would you *take a photograph*? Urban thinks it would be more reasonable to swallow the sun whole. The shadows crawl, then burn. Blood springs high and hot over his rot, electrifying every maggot into a thought, searing away the debris accumulated over a lifetime. Without the debris he is conscious. Urban recalls *mememento mori*, the Latin class again, a teacher's sandpaper lisp.

Remember you are mortal. Ha. Urban knows he will die. He has drunk death countless times in the hollowed heart of the screaming Pompeian. Time gathers, dry and dead, at his feet.

"What the hell are you doing? Urban? Urban!"

The gasps fill the innocuous bubble, dissolving all chatter. Real eyes/fake eyes bobble to the source. There is a youngish man—Italian-looking but clearly American—brandishing a Victorinox Soldaten-

messer 08 Swiss Army knife above his head. He is stabbing the glass. Over and over again. The tour guide blasts through the crowd to grab the man's arm. The man throws him off and continues to hammer the glass with his blade until the first cracks crawl across the box. People run.

People take pictures. They wrap moments in their digital hearts, dulling the horrid beats they might feel against their ribs if they dared to comprehend. The tour guide calls for back-up.

Later in the afternoon ninety-six people upload photographs to their comput-

ers of a youngish man's body sprawled in the dust of Pompeii. He might be scared or just sleeping. The authorities suspect he had too much to drink...

Poems

End

Lying	compliments	your	insecurities
to me	over	cigarette	gather
breaks	simple	is	<u>in</u>
more	smiles	swirling	dust
than	allow	smoke	clench
just	fear	escaping	mouths
hearts	<u>in</u>	<u>out</u>	that
and	hearts	through	can't
<i>minds</i>	to	pursed	be
	<i>part</i>	melancholy	parted
		<i>lips'</i>	of
			<i>lies</i>

"Understanding in a Car Crash" By Chrysa Karagiannis

You used to be my best friend,
Now you're just my car crash
wrapped up in a pretty bow.
Heaps of metal intertwined,
Much like our hands used to be.

Shards of glass that hurt less-
Than the words "I just don't care anymore."
Impact hurts more than the airbag
Punching my face upon collision
I feel like we are just spinning out of control
Maybe now I have understanding in a car crash.

Empty Bottles By Chrysa Karagiannis

My eyes attempt to open; they blink open once...twice...
Until I see the sight of my conquest.
My trembling hands reach for the empty bottles lying across the floor.
Wait...why am I on the floor to?

Remembering what happened last night hurts too much.
The room was spinning... or maybe I was.
Blurred faces flash in my memory. Who were they? Why aren't they here anymore?
Everything hurt more when I was sober, because I remembered everything I felt.
I remembered what he said.
I just wanted to just forget everything.
How did I get like this?

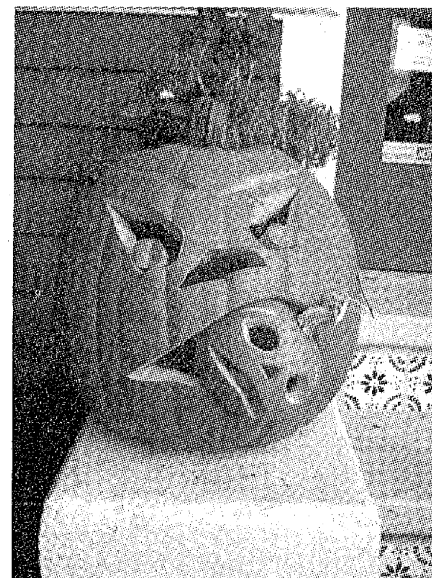
I look to my right and there is a half empty bottle.
The liquid burns as it goes down my throat, burns all the way down to my core.
My heart begins to slow down and my eyes shut again.
It did its job... everything is numb.
And I feel so much better again.

Beliefs By Chrysa Karagiannis

I don't believe in fairy tales,
Where the prince always finds the princess
And rescues her from misery;
Where they will live happily ever after
Because there is no such thing as a happy ending.

I don't believe in classic romances,
Mr. Darcy and Elizabeth Bennet.
Everything is fiction anyway

I believe that I am all alone in the snow
And that my body is numb from all the pain.
And the only thing I see is my breath, which comes out choppy because
I feel like I'm suffocating.
And no matter how hard I try, things will never be the same again.

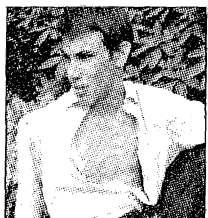


"Cocaine" By Chrysa Karagiannis

The excitement you give me is like,
That first line of cocaine or
The first snow fall
On a winter night.

It's like no other.

Here's to You Mr. Nathan



Jason
Wirchin

Dear Stony Brook Joe,

This is Jason Wirchin, sports editor of *The Stony Brook Press*. We're one of several student newspapers at Stony Brook

University, your old and respectable alma mater. Not that you needed a reminder or anything. After all, you were only *the* highly-touted baseball phenom here from 1993 to 1995 on what was then the school's Division III team, and I'd like to think you've done pretty well for yourself.

Oh, before I continue, you don't mind the nickname "Stony Brook Joe," do you? I mean, you're probably the most recognizable Seawolf to sign a professional sports contract, so why not revel in the meritorious adage deserving of any Long Island superstar? And honestly, do the names Petar Rakovic and Michael Palacio ring a bell? Yeah, didn't think so. They're a pair of former SBU soccer players who last month signed with two obscure European clubs – one Norwegian, the other Serbian. Not that you would not know this, of course. See what I'm saying?

Simply put, you *are* SBU, Joe. Whether you like it or not, you're the coolest thing to come out of here since Shirley Strum Kenny. Remember her? What a legend!

After your Major League debut on April 21, 1999, I think it's fair to say you've had quite the run. Four All-Star Game appearances, two World Baseball Classic selections, several relief pitching awards and a Twins-record 47 saves this past season. Likewise, you were the first SBU student-athlete to have your num-

ber retired by the university and now hold an eternal spot in the SBU Athletics Hall of Fame – pretty cool, huh!?!

As for your \$500,000 donation to the athletics department in support of a

Twins, you've held your own in the hitter-heavy American League, and your low ERA deserves a pat on the back.

But what happens every October, Joe? Where goes the magic? Now, be-

Division Series (NLDS) against the Florida Marlins? Yeah, thought it would ring a bell. Bet that blown save in Game One still hurts a little – as should that 81.00 ERA. Ouch!

In 2004, as a Minnesota Twin, you faced the Yanks in the American League Division Series (ALDS) and, although you notched your first postseason save and also recorded your second postseason loss and gave up an average of one walk per inning. Not too hot, Joe.

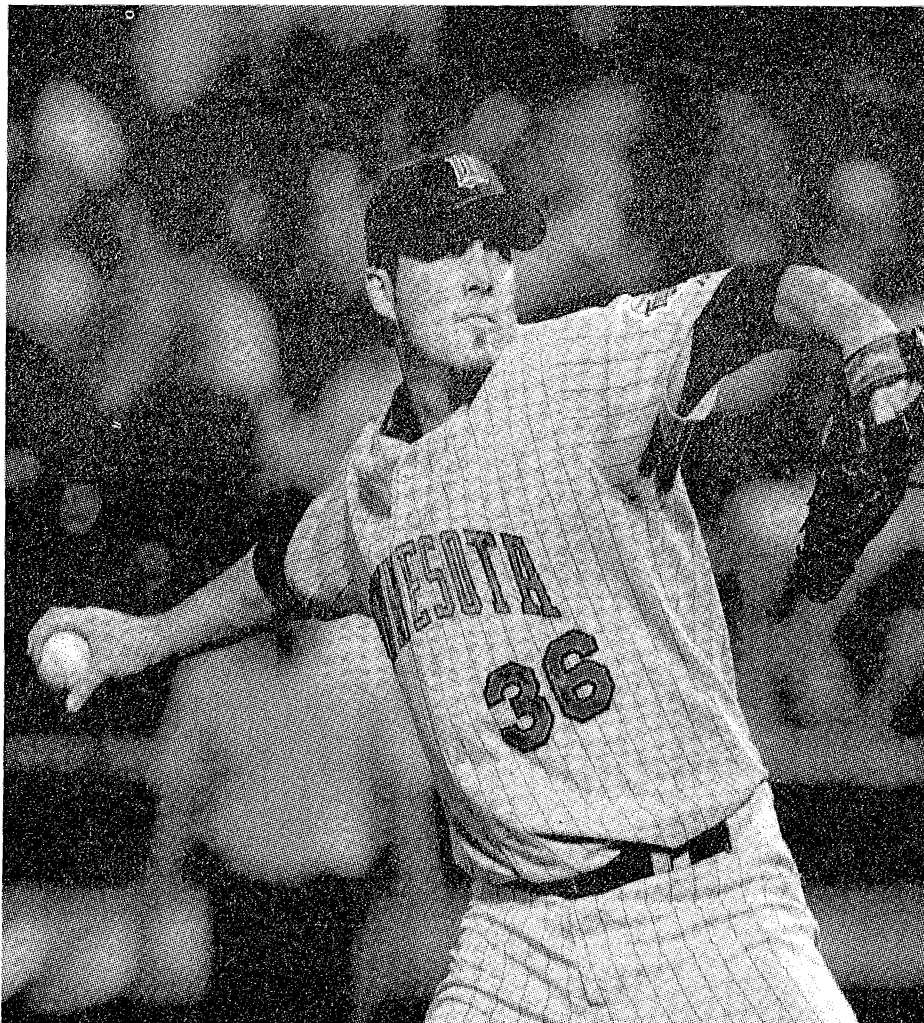
After a yearlong hiatus, the Twins found themselves back in the playoffs – you'd remember this stint, of course, because you didn't screw up! In one appearance against the Oakland A's in the ALDS, you were a thing of perfection – oh, that 0.00 ERA – but they swept and moved on to bigger and better things.

Then came 2009. What a year, huh! After storming back to win the American League Central in a gut-wrenching tiebreaker against the Detroit Tigers – warm feelings abound, I'm sure – you faced the Yanks at their new place in the Bronx. Let's reminisce. ALDS Game Two. You've got a two run lead with no outs and a runner on in the bottom of the ninth. A-Rod was up. Three and one the count. The pitch...goodbye! Game tied! Sit down, Joe!

Not to add insult to injury, but two nights later in the Metrodome, you gave up a ninth-inning single to Posada that scored Teixeira and put a close Game Three just out of reach. Yankees sweep.

If you're not crying yet, now is a good time to start. With a cumulative 7.88 postseason ERA – hardy hardy har – I'd be pretty ticked if I were you. Not to say all you've done outside of October isn't credible. You should be pretty damn proud of yourself.

Except for that nickname, though. Stony Brook Joe? Jeez Louise!



renovated baseball field, hats off to you, number 36. You've also got that "Save It" charity, which raises money and awareness for other charitable organizations, and that's commendable, Joe. All in all, you've put together a pretty impressive resume.

Since becoming a full-time reliever in 2003, your 2.02 era is one for the history books. Pitching mostly for the

fore you throw what I've written to the (Sea)wolves – no pun intended – try and hang with me for a bit. I'm not here to punish you. I'm just being realistic. So sit back, relax and take it all with a grain of salt.

Even though your San Francisco Giants won the National League West by a resounding 15.5 games in 2003, do you not remember that National League

Rockies Rest & Relaxation Report

By Andrew Fraley

It is common knowledge now, especially here in New York, that the Rockies are no longer in the playoffs. Their season was ended by World Series contenders the Phillies. "So," you may be asking me, "why continue with your inane Rockies updates?" Because fuck off, that's why. You gonna tell me how to do my job? You wanna come over here and take my position? Yeah, go ahead. Stony Brook Union, room 060.

Come speak to me. I'll be the one that's kickin' your ass.

But anyway, regardless of the fact that their season is over, there is still much to discuss with the Rockies. One major topic on all my readers' minds is trades and acquisitions. Who will be traded? Who will be acquired? Well, my avid followers, allow the resident Rockies analyst to discuss.

Let's talk about some of the late season acquisitions. Jason Giambi was a clutch player on several occasions; that, combined with his facial hair, made him

one of my new favorite purple pin-stripers. Unfortunately, his numbers leave much to be desired. He was only batting around a .200, with the occasional homer, and that's not really enough to keep such a high profile player. My prediction: he's gone.

Jose Contreras started one game very well. Six innings pitched with only one earned run. The next game he pitched he injured his leg, and has since been relegated to the bullpen, where he's been less than stellar. I don't know how much they pay him, but judging from

the the frugality of the Rockies owners back in '07, I'd say he may be expendable. My prediction: cut.

Jason Marquis played an excellent year for us, but ended on a low note. He also costs a lot of money. My prediction: cut.

Now, let's talk about some of the vets who made themselves expendable. Brad Hawpe ended a good season start with mediocre performance. He only played in the first game of the NLDS before being replaced in the field by Seth Smith. Will he be used to make a good

Fight Club: She'll Come For Kumdo

By Eric DiGiovanni

Style: Kumdo (Korean)/Kendo (Japanese). Both terms mean "Manner Of The Sword" in the original Chinese characters.

Where: Racquetball Court #7 in the Sports Complex

When: Tuesdays and Thursdays, 8:00 M

Who's Known For It?: Japan (sorta)

I have seen many battles throughout the course of the Fight Clubs, but none where it seemed like the winner was determined before the opponents ever crossed swords. I got to the racquetball courts a bit before 8, and the club was already in full swing. The sparring had already begun. I watched for a bit until one of the combatants, who could be mistaken for the world's fanciest beekeeper on a Sunday morning, introduced himself.

It was Ron Suh, vice president of the Kumdo Club, who has been a member for all five years of his time at Stony Brook. There was no rock he left unturned, and he pretty much told me everything I needed to know. Two "fencers" wearing armor, hogu, fight with bamboo swords and try to hit the head, wrist or waist.

Kendo originally came to Korea from Japan via the Dai Nippon Butokukai, or the "All Japan Martial Virtue Society," an organization founded to standardize the martial art disciplines in Japan (such as aikido, judo, and karate), while promoting them in other countries. After the occupation of Korea by Japan in 1910, kendo merged with traditional Korean sword fighting.

They took me and several new people through some basic maneuvers, like the chundan, a "low" stance. They taught me how to "walk" and my experience with the Fencing Club came rushing back. This, however, was a lot more badass. What's cooler, a dainty little pointy thing that isn't called a "sword" but something non-threatening like "foil" or a big stick? Unfortunately, I wasn't able to spar. While the club doesn't have plenty of extra swords, there is only enough armor for those who brought it. It sucks, but



No this isn't your mother's basement.

Eric DiGiovanni

at least it gives you a chance to see if you're interested before getting the hogu.

After the practice sessions were over, the group, or rather, the team sparred again. The swordsmen stare each other down for what feels like ages. The only movement is maybe an adjustment in how high they hold their swords, or a slight step in either direction. Then after a moment of tension and stillness, they lunge. Their swords clash and they turn around to start the process again.

Despite the intensity in these matches I saw earlier, it's all very safe, much more so than fencing. The worst you'll get is that, like me, an errant blow will hit you across the back when you're trying to snap a picture.

The resemblance between fencing and kendo is unavoidable. In theory, just take the Fencing Club and

replace the fencing terminology with the kumdo equivalent. Both require you to hit certain parts of the body, both are wearing fancy beekeeper outfits, and both clubs participate in big tournaments. The last tournament, Ron said, had over 30 clubs from not only the northeast, but the west coast, and even Germany. Their most recent tournament was October 24 and 25 at Cornell University.

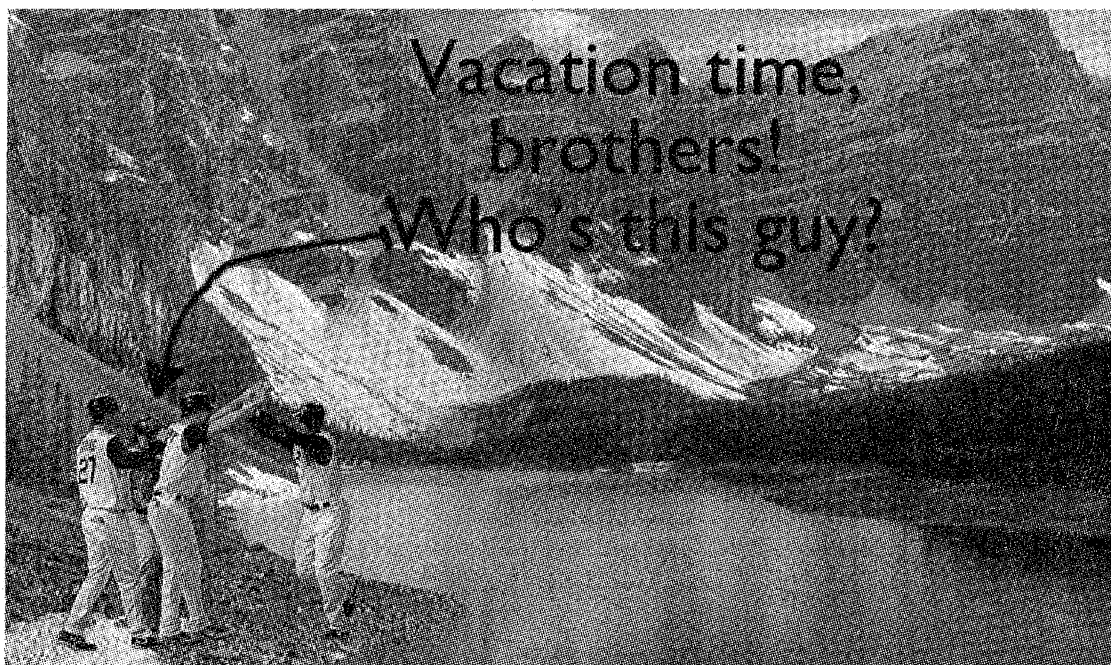
The most refreshing similarity between fencing and kumdo was that both hold ye olde honour in the highest regard. I actually had to bow to Ron before we began. The heads of the club actually take the "manner" of the "manner of the sword" aspect seriously. In a weird way, I appreciated that. It's a slow down from the normal hustle and bustle of every day. It's the ritual of saying, "Please teach me, I want to learn."

ROCKIES continued from previous page

trade for some younger, cheaper talent, like Matt "Homerun" Holliday last year? As much as I like Hawpe, this may be the case. Ouch. Cut.

Finally, Garret Atkins started terribly, usually being replaced by Ian Stewart at third. He redeemed himself a bit by playing well in the playoffs—at least, as well as a losing team player can play. Will he suffer a similar fate as Hawpe? My prediction: keeper. Yay!

So there you go. Spring cleaning. Short and sweet. As an aside, every series this postseason—with the exception of the Dodgers/Cardinals series—has gone the opposite of what I've wanted. So now I'm stuck between rooting for the Phillies and the Yankees. Ugh. Nevertheless, I'm an NL man, so I guess the Phillies are my boys for now. If I were a superstitious man, though, I would say, "Go Yankees!" because then they would lose. I fucking hate the Yankees.

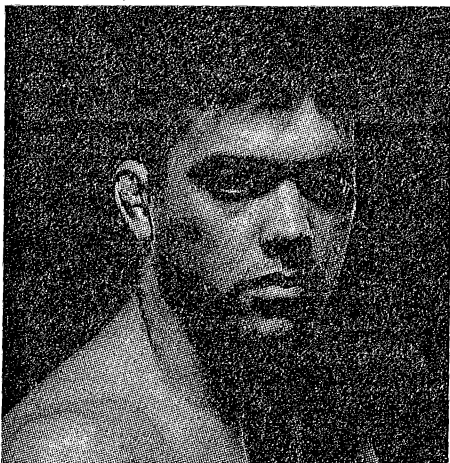


A Week of Blood and Mayhem in the UFC

By Matthew Maran

The Ultimate Fighting Championship's most recent pay-per-view program, UFC 104, was broadcast from the Staples Center in Los Angeles this past Saturday.

In the main event, Lyoto Machida improved his record to 16-0 and successfully defended his Light Heavyweight Championship against Mauricio "Shogun" Rua, winning the fight by unanimous decision. While most fights in the UFC are scheduled for three five-minute rounds, championship bouts are scheduled for five five-minute rounds. Rua and Machida went the distance and fought for five rounds without either fighter winning. Thus, the fight came down to the judges' scores.



The decision was controversial to say the least. Shogun appeared to dominate much of the fight, hitting Machida more than anyone else ever had. Machida was bruised, limping and appeared weaker than ever.

Before the fight, both men were crowd favorites, but after the fight, the crowd booed Machida because they felt that Shogun deserved the win.

Machida has been known for his ability to avoid getting hit and making his opponents look silly. Machida had never lost a round in his first 15 fights. Shogun took Machida to the limit, and this was definitely Machida's toughest fight yet.

When asked about a possible rematch with Shogun, Machida replied, "Whenever he wants it."

Undefeated Cain Velasquez, a former two time All-American wrestler at Arizona State University defeated MMA veteran "Big" Ben Rothwell by second round TKO in the co-main event at UFC 104. Velasquez was dominant throughout this Heavyweight fight, and improved to 7-0. Coming into the fight Ben Rothwell had won 14 of his last 15 fights, but he barely got in any offense against Velasquez.

UFC Heavyweight Champion Brock Lesnar will be defending his title next month against Shane Carwin (11-0). Antonio Rodrigo Nogueira is coming off a big win over Randy Couture, which many feel has earned him a future shot at the

heavyweight title. It will be interesting to see where Velasquez will fall in the ranks of the Heavyweight division after his impressive performance at UFC 104.

Rashad Evans' team continues to dominate on The Ultimate Fighter Season 10: Heavyweights. After the last two episodes, Team Rashad improved to 6-0 over Team Rampage. Tempers have continued to flare between opposing coaches Rashad Evans and Quinton "Rampage" Jackson.

Justin Wren fought Wes Sims and Darrill Schoonover fought Zak Jensen in the two most recent fights on the show.

Justin Wren, a former All-American and National Champion Greco-Roman wrestler, defeated former UFC fighter Wes Sims with an arm triangle submission in the first round.

The team that wins the previous week's fight gets to pick which fighters will compete the next week, so for the sixth straight week Rashad Evans chose the fight. This week he chose Darrill Schoonover from his team to fight Zak Jensen of Team Rampage.

After weeks of opposing coach Rampage Jackson constant mockery of fighter Darrill Schoonover, Schoonover finally fought back. The two exchanged words, and Schoonover even challenged Rampage to a fight. Throughout the show, Rampage has poked fun at Schoonover for not being in the best physical shape

consistently referring to him as "Titties".

Schoonover was trained in submission wrestling, judo, kickboxing and jiu jitsu. Zak Jensen was the last man chosen on the first episode of the season when teams were picked, and felt like he had something to prove. Schoonover defeated Jensen in the first round with a triangle choke submission.

Fedor Emelianenko is one of the most decorated and successful fighters in the world. The Russian Heavyweight holds a 32-1-1 record and has been named number one pound for pound fighter in the world by several MMA publications.

Although Emelianenko has never fought in the UFC, which is widely recognized as the largest and most successful mixed martial arts company in the world, he has been commonly hailed as the best heavyweight fighter in the world. Some MMA analysts even consider him to be one of the greatest fighters of all time.

Emelianenko's next fight is scheduled to take place at Strikeforce's upcoming event November 7. He will be fighting Brett Rogers. Rogers currently holds a 10-0 MMA record and in his most recent fight, he defeated former UFC Heavyweight Champion Andrei Arlovski by TKO just 22 seconds into the first round of the fight. A win over Emelianenko would significantly elevate Rogers' rank in the Heavyweight division.

Umpires Suck

By Daniel Murray

Baseball is one of America's sacred games. Baseball is a game built upon a deep tradition and history full of legends, like the Babe and Jackie Robinson. In spite of this noble tradition, awful umpiring has tainted some of the games during this year's playoffs. The sanctity of the game has been brought into question over the course of the playoffs thus far, and Major League Baseball is praying that their umpires have an error-free World Series.

If you haven't been keeping up with the playoffs thus far, either because you're a Mets fan like me (which is brutally painful right now), or you didn't feel like watching. If so, let me catch you up on some of the most horrific calls that have been made.

In Game Two of the American League Division Series, the New York Yankees were against the Minnesota Twins and it was late in the game. Future American League MVP Joe Mauer of the Twins was up and hit a shot down the left

field line. The ball landed at least two feet fair and it didn't even hit the white chalk. Umpire Phil Cousy, who is actually an extra umpire added just for the playoffs, called the ball foul taking away a double for Mauer. The Twins went on to lose the game and the series.

After the game the umpire crew chief said that they reviewed it and that the ball was clearly fair. Well, thanks guys. I'm sure the Twins took solace in the fact that the umpires got it wrong during the game, but admitted they were wrong. No biggie right?

You think that was bad, let me take you to game four of the ALCS. Hmmm, I don't know what bad play in this game sticks out to me the most. Was it the play at second base where Yankees outfielder Nick Swisher was clearly thrown out? Maybe it was a few plays later, once again involving Swisher who got called out for leaving third base early on a play he scored. He didn't leave early, but how can you blame Crew Chief Tim McClelland? He was a whole two feet from the bag.

The worst play of the game, however, came later. One out, the Yankees Jorge

Posada was on third base and Robinson Cano was on second base. The ball was hit back to Pitcher Darren Oliver who threw home, which froze Posada and forced him back to third, but Cano also ran to third. Both Posada and Cano were off the bag and got tagged out. McClelland only called Posada out. Granted, Cano didn't end up scoring in that inning, but still, the play needed to be called correctly.

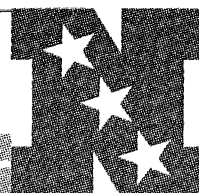
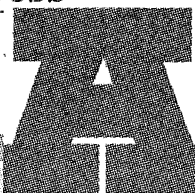
Once again, after the game, McClelland said, in his heart, he felt Cano was on the bag. I didn't know that MLB umpires made decisions with their heart. Maybe umpires should move their asses into position so they can make proper calls instead of just doing a casual lean around Posada.

After all of these blown calls baseball got proactive and changed up who is going to be calling the World Series games. They stated on October 22 that they wanted a more experienced group of umpires calling World Series games. MLB



took long-time umpire C.B. Bucknor off the World Series roster in a surprising move. Maybe they felt he wasn't experienced enough, or maybe it's because he blew a huge call in the Angels Redsox series.

Unfortunately, these bad calls were already made and no one can go back and change the facts. Baseball is going to have to live with this shadow for a few years, but if the World Series goes off without a hitch and future games are called correctly, then these missteps will soon be a distant memory. However, baseball has to get back on its game.



North

East

North

East

Pittsburgh Steelers
(5-2)

New England Patriots
(5-2)

Minnesota Vikings
(6-1)

New York Giants
(5-2)

Is this really a surprise that they are this good this early and are the greatest team since the 2009 Steelers?

If winning the Super Bowl meant short passes to a short speedy white guy, the Patriots would be untouchable.

After a devastating loss to the Steelers, the only thing Favre was looking forward to was his mid-afternoon microwaved pudding.

So when they face competitive teams they lose? And this is a good team why again?

Cincinnati Bengals
(5-2)

New York Jets
(4-3)

Green Bay Packers
(4-2)

Philadelphia Eagles
(4-2)

This is really a surprise that they are this good this early. However, they are nowhere near the Steelers.

Taking lessons from coach, Sanchez's key to success is in his gut; hence the hot dog.

Aaron Rodgers vs. Brett Favre. Can't wait till this storyline is over. Enough.

They lost to the Raiders but "bounced" back with a win against the Redskins. Where's Vick?

Baltimore Ravens
(3-3)

Buffalo Bills
(3-4)

Chicago Bears
(3-3)

Dallas Cowboys
(4-2)

A close loss to the Vikings and a bye week has the Ravens at .500. Plenty of time for this team to rebound.

This just goes to show you that Buffalo is such a terrible market that even T.O. has stopped making headlines.

Bring back Rex!

Wade Phillips is on the Cowboy diet. He is shedding pounds sitting on the hotseat.

Cleveland Browns
(1-6)

Miami Dolphins
(2-4)

Detroit Lions
(1-5)

Washington Redskins
(2-5)

Thank god LeBron is back. Oh wait, they lost too!?!? Sheeeeeeeeiit.

They forgot to go over the part where giving up 22 points in the 4th quarter loses the game.

Go Red Wings!

Who'd they beat again?

South

West

South

West

Indianapolis Colts
(6-0)

Denver Broncos
(6-0)

New Orleans Saints
(6-0)

Arizona Cardinals
(4-2)

The most boring undefeated team in the history of the NFL. Bring back the commercials.

Off to a good start, the Broncos look to be a strong contender in whooping everyone's ass.

Daaaaaaayyyyyyyyyuuuummmn.

Kurt Warner looks like the QB from *Any Given Sunday*. Reports have it that Jamie Foxx is looking to take over his job.

Houston Texans
(4-3)

San Diego Chargers
(3-3)

Atlanta Falcons
(4-2)

San Francisco 49ers
(3-3)

Everything is bigger in Texas, except this team's chances of winning a Super Bowl in the next 50 years.

The Cowboys of the West.

Name me five players on this team and I will be surprised.

Coming off the bench, Smith played a great game. Too bad the only trophy he'll ever get is his hot wife.

Jacksonville Jaguars
(3-3)

Oakland Raiders
(2-5)

Carolina Panthers
(2-4)

Seattle Seahawks.
(2-4)

Jaguars!? More like the Jacksonville Pussycats. Get it? It's because they suck.

They won their own Superbowl beating the Eagles.

Panthers! More like the Carolina Pus--oh wait. Damn it!

The only thing uglier than their style of play are their jerseys.

Tennessee Titans
(0-6)

Kansas City Chiefs
(1-6)

Tampa Bay Buccaneers
(0-7)

St. Louis Rams
(0-7)

Jeff Fisher wore a Peyton Manning jersey because he didn't want to feel like a loser.

They're worse than the Raiders. Wow.

The Raiders of East. Or should we say the Chiefs, Lions, Redskins, Titans...whatever, they suck.

We ran out of suck jokes.

Happy Halloween!!

Don't forget to check your candy for razor blades

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Attach: Share

Jimmy McMillan just watched A Democracy Tale, check it out at <http://ademocracytale.tumblr.com/>

4 minutes ago · Comment · Like

Nancy Pelosi is looking for a great new costume.

7 minutes ago · Comment · Like

Wolfie Seawolf and Scooby Doo are now friends.

11 minutes ago · Comment · Like

Boomer boom boom boom boom, I want you in my room

27 minutes ago · Comment · Like

The Wolf Man

The Monster Mash – where we get all sorts of Monster Smashed

Event type: Night of Mayhem

It's a full moon soon and I don't know any other way to celebrate than to get drunk off my ass and chase after sorority girls. Join me.

Yesterday at 5:22am · Comment · Like · Share

Count Von Count likes this.

Edward Cullen why am i not invited?

Yesterday at 6:41am

Write a comment...

Charlie Manson Do you feel blame? Are you mad? Uh, do you feel like wolf kabob Roth vantage? Gefrannis booj pooch boo jujube; bear-ramage. Jigiji geeji geeja geeble Google. Begep flagaggle vaggle veditch-waggle bagga?

6 hours ago · Comment · Like

Slimer L. Slimey How come they don't *constantly* cross streams? They're so wobbly and and unpredictable, it seems inevitable.

Yesterday at 4:05pm · Comment · Like

Suggestions See All

Mina Murray [Add as Friend](#)

Frank N Stein Help make Facebook better for him. [Write on His Wall](#)

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Don't be selfish. Do something amazing. Give blood today and get a free movie ticket!

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Events See All

Type O- Wanted URGENT Now

SBU Blood Drive Now

North American Coffin Expo

W. Special Guest Billy Mays

Thursday 6:30pm

Zombie Apocalypse Thursday 7:00pm

Ahmadinejad's birthday Today

Bill Gates's birthday Today

Kayvan Zarrabi's birthday Thursday

Henry Winkler's birthday Thursday

F. Dostoevsky's birthday Thursday

Pokes

Ed Scissorhands [poke back](#) | [remove](#)

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