

THE STONY BROOK
PRESS

VOL XXXII ISSUE 7

DECEMBER 9, 2010

**“I am... for freedom of the press,
and against all violations of the Constitution
to silence by force and not by reason
the complaints or criticisms, just or unjust,
of our citizens against the conduct of their agents.”**

- Thomas Jefferson, 1799

Bishop Checkmates Election

By Najib Aminy

It turns out that Bill Clinton's visit to Stony Brook earlier this year will not be in vain; Republican candidate Randy Altschuler conceded to incumbent Tim Bishop for the 1st District race on December 8.

The former president's November visit rallied support for the now five-term incumbent Tim Bishop days before the midterm elections that brought roughly 300 students to vote on campus. The two-hour event had cost the Bishop campaign roughly \$30,000.

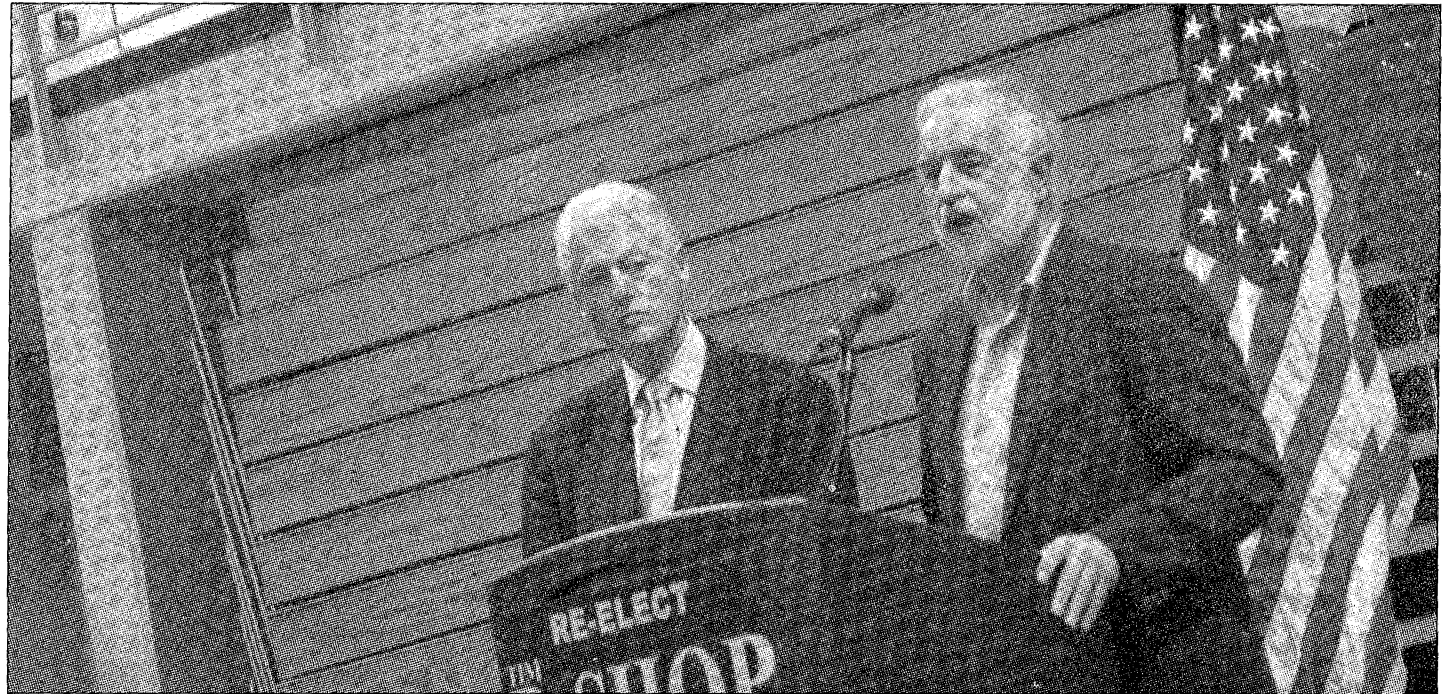
At the time, Bishop held a relatively comfortable low-double digit lead in the polls over Altschuler.

Just weeks before Altschuler conceded, the lead narrowed and flipped between the two House hopefuls as they pushed forward with challenges to more than 2,000 votes, including ballots casted at Stony Brook.

The race, which was the final House race to be decided, raised question as to how votes on campus were counted.

The Board of Elections had deemed roughly half of the more than 60 absentee ballot votes cast at Stony Brook invalid. The Altschuler campaign challenged the other half, irking those responsible for registering a large number of campus voters.

"Students have a long-standing legal right to register and vote from their campus residences," read a state-



Najib Aminy/ SB Press

Former President Clinton with newly-elected five-term Representative Tim Bishop rallying at Stony Brook days before the 2010 midterm election.

ment the New York Public Interest Research Group sent shortly after the Altschuler campaign made its challenge.

"Students are vital members of their community, shop and work in the area, and are counted in the federal census as residents of the college."

The two camps challenged both absentee and affidavit for a range of reasons including improperly sealed ballots, late postmark dates and unauthenticated home addresses.

The Altschuler campaign challenged more than 1,200 votes, and the Bishop campaign roughly 770.

"The most important thing is that

every legal vote is honestly and fairly counted," said Rob Ryan, spokesman for the Altschuler campaign, days before Altschuler conceded.

Ryan denied that the challenges were based on political beliefs.

"We are challenging because of obvious and substantive concerns for New York State," he said.

A recent *Fox News* investigation found that there have been cases of dual-registration among those who hold dual residencies in New York City and areas like the Hamptons.

While it's legal to register and vote in a district that isn't one's primary residence, *Fox News* had suspicions of dual

voting in this close election.

At Stony Brook, Bishop gained more than 240 votes; compared to Altschuler, who won only 71 votes.

"If they are challenging the ballots on the basis that [the votes are] not originally from here and [are] just residents on campus and their vote shouldn't count, that's against the law and unfair," said Aarti Sheth, Stony Brook campus director for NYPIRG.

"Students are part of the community and should be able to vote on campus if they live here and have a residence here."

Attempts to reach the Bishop campaign for comment were unsuccessful.

Walt!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! He Got Arrested!

By Najib Aminy

Tired of seeing United States Postal Service label stickers with the name "Walter" sharpied on them around campus? Well, so was the University Police who recently arrested and charged sophomore Jesse Jay Ryker after conducting an investigation on the matter.

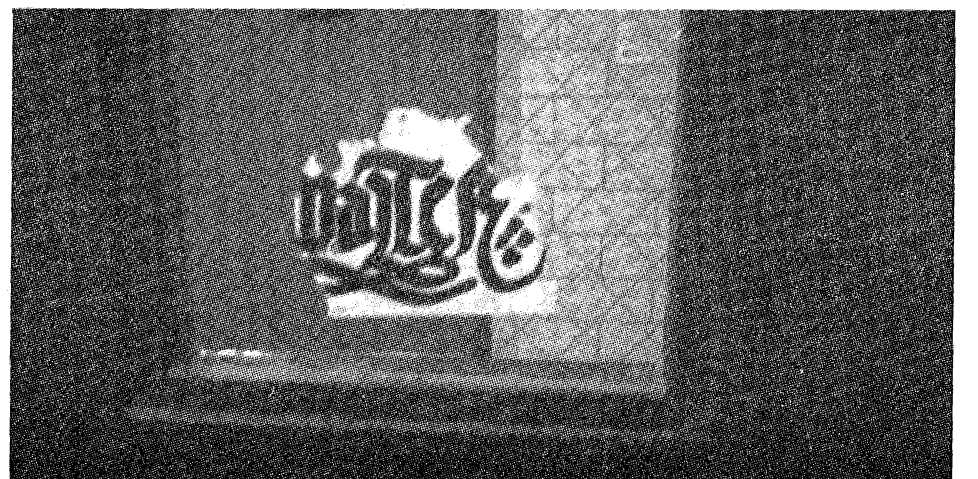
Ryker, 20, who according to his Facebook profile is from Miller Place and pursuing Biological Sciences, was made a person of interest after campus police reviewed surveillance photos and held interviews with campus personnel.

On December 1, officials observed

Ryker in the act of placing a graffiti sticker and arrested the sophomore, where he was then taken to the Suffolk County Police Department and charged with Criminal Mischief in the 3rd and 4th degree for possession of graffiti instruments, according to a UPD press release.

"This investigation was successfully closed due to the tireless efforts of the University Detectives, and was greatly augmented from valuable information provided by members of the campus community which ultimately led to the identification of the suspect," Chief Robert Lenahan said.

A blog has been created to track and archive postings of "Walter" around



campus, but as of December 6, the site has been frozen due in part to Ryker's arrest. "Well, it was bound to happen eventually," read a post on the site, titled, "Walter Caught!" "We didn't get

our interview, but now the whole world knows who 'Walter' is."

When reached, Ryker offered no comment.



Old SAB? New SAB? Same Problems

By Mark Greek

After an initially bumpy start, the newly reformed Student Activities Board is off and running. At least, it's trying to. In the most recent SAB meeting, it was announced that Aziz Ansari has been scheduled to grace Stony Brook with his comedic presence in early February. He is what SAB hopes to be the first of many, a harbinger of better things to come.

However, some of the perceived problems students had with the old SAB are giving way to new controversy. A group of students requested a specific and flashy show of what would be SAB allocated money, and were promptly denied, one that included a limo service from the Union to the SAC. A private meeting between the two involved parties had been held before the official Undergraduate Student Government meeting.

This has become the most recent and visible clash between supporters of old SAB and proponents of the new form, presenting a hurdle for the new

administration. This conflict has led to renewed scrutiny of some of the problems that students had with the first iteration of SAB, namely staff redundancy between USG and SAB. And one of the advertised differences of the new activities board is its trans-

parency and increased implementation of student ideas, which also has been questioned by "Students For Change," a

group formed recently in response to the denial. "It's not impossible," says group leader Nadine Peart, "but it is difficult for students to get involved when there is no town hall aspect of USG/SAB."

Some of the original concerns that

tion of the student activity fee), and fairness in regards to free events for non-students. "Use of the ticket office would be encouraged," Peart continued, "to make off-campus visitors pay for entertainment."

Senator Tahir Ahmad responded emphatically: "We can't expect everything to be the same when you have such a drastic change [in personnel]" One of the complaints that continues to plague USG is the perception that SAB is invisible on campus, and thus cannot be reflecting students' best interests. The hope is that acts like Ansari and future performers in that vein will "intrinsically promote new events."

The allocation of hotly contested student fee money is one problem that won't disappear as easily, however. Finding a perfect balance between pleasing the campus and serving its best interests is an issue that should test the resolve of the new SAB.

How these legitimate complaints will be addressed remains to be seen. But concerned students are left wondering if a newly assembled SAB can handle this issue any better than the old one.



Despite artists like Best Coast coming to campus, students have voiced concern over the new SAB

parency and increased implementation of student ideas, which also has been questioned by "Students For Change," a

led to the formation of a new SAB were a lack of diversity in events, transparency in funding (namely the alloca-

Poor Voter Turnout to Reverse Activity Fee Raise

By Nick Statt

Following an lackluster voter turnout, the Undergraduate Student Government will call for a recount on the successfully passed proposal to raise the Student Activity fee an additional \$5.75 to an even \$100.

"We had too few people vote in the election for the referendum," said Executive Vice President Alex Dimitriyadi, a proponent of the raise. "The elections weren't properly publicized," he said.

More than 200 students vote for the



referendum, however the activity fee raise passed by no less than 16 votes, 117 for and 101 against. The previous fall semester elections had attracted roughly 500 to 600 votes. The judiciary branch of the USG will decide the outcome of the fee.

The push behind increasing the activity fee comes from a push by Student Programming Agency Director and former USG Treasurer Moiz Khan. "We can't bring the whole campus together on the budget USG currently has," said Khan, in regards to hosting large-scale events that would attract to the student body of 15,000.

While the referendum to overturn the \$5.75 increase due in part to poor voter turnout, the elections of Mari L. Rodriguez as the new freshman representative and Ray Fan as the Senate of the College of Arts and Sciences will hold up.

Rodriguez beat freshman Anna Lubitz with 62 of 103 votes, while Fan beat David Szeszler with 65 of 127 votes. Shamell Forbes ran unopposed for the position of vice president of academic affairs, and Jackie Mark has now become the seventh USG Treasurer in a row to run and win unopposed.

editorials

Editorial Board

Executive Editor
Najib Aminy

Managing Editor
Nick Statt

Associate Editor
Evan Goldaper

Business Manager
Kenny Mahoney

Production Manager
Carol Moran

News Editors
Amanda Douville
Bobby Holt

Features Editor
Desiree Keegan

Arts Editor
Liz Kaempf

Sports Editor
Matt Maran

Photo Editor
Carolina Hidalgo

Copy Editors
Zach Knowlton
Alyssa Melillo

Social Media Editor
Kenny Mahoney

Ombudsman
Tia Mansouri

Layout Design by
Jowy Romano

Staff

Vincent Barone
Raina Bedford
Michelle Bylicky
Lionel Chan
Mike Cusanelli
Eric DiGiovanni
Brett Donnelly
Amanda Douville
Lauren Dubinsky
Lauren Dubois
Andrew Fraley
David Ginn
Mark Greek
Colleen Harrington
Samuel Katz
Desiree Keegan
Iris Lin
Chris Mellides
Alyssa Melillo
Erica Mengouchian
Carol Moran
Frank Myles
Alex H. Nagler
Howie Newsberkman
Jessica Rybak
Emily Torkel
Matt Willemain

About Us

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. For additional copies contact the Business Manager.

The Stony Brook Press
Suites 060 & 061
Student Union
SUNY at Stony Brook
Stony Brook, NY 11794-3200
(631) 632-6451 Voice
(631) 632-4137 Fax
Email: sbpress@gmail.com

Leaking Away Our Freedom

When Daniel Ellsberg released the Pentagon Papers in 1971, he did so with the intention to end what he viewed as a wrongful war in Vietnam. His leak, 7,000 pages long, brought light to the American public that its government and leaders had been lying to them about Vietnam and had shrouded its unconstitutional activities in Cambodia, Laos and coastal North Vietnam in secrecy.

WikiLeaks has since trumped Ellsberg's leak with its recent trove of documents and cables that have provided classified information ranging from the Iraq and Afghan wars to diplomatic cables about current U.S. foreign policies.

And since starting in 2006, both WikiLeaks and its founder and Editor-In-Chief, Julian Assange, have been under attack.

WikiLeaks has reported multiple attempts to disrupt its servers and Assange has been under a media barrage of character assassination, primarily based on allegations of rape. Shortly after the Afghan Logs were released in late July, Swedish officials had dropped the charges but then reopened the case in early September. Assange has since surrendered himself to authorities in London and is under arrest for the time being.

More noticeably, there have been shameful and repulsive efforts within the U.S. to disparage and cripple financial and hosting services to WikiLeaks, as companies like Amazon, Paypal, Mastercard and Visa have since ceased their services after succumbing to political pressure. These same companies offer their services to racially-driven sites like the

Knights Party and Christian Concepts, both supported by the Ku Klux Klan, as reported by *The Guardian's* technology editor, Charles Arthur.

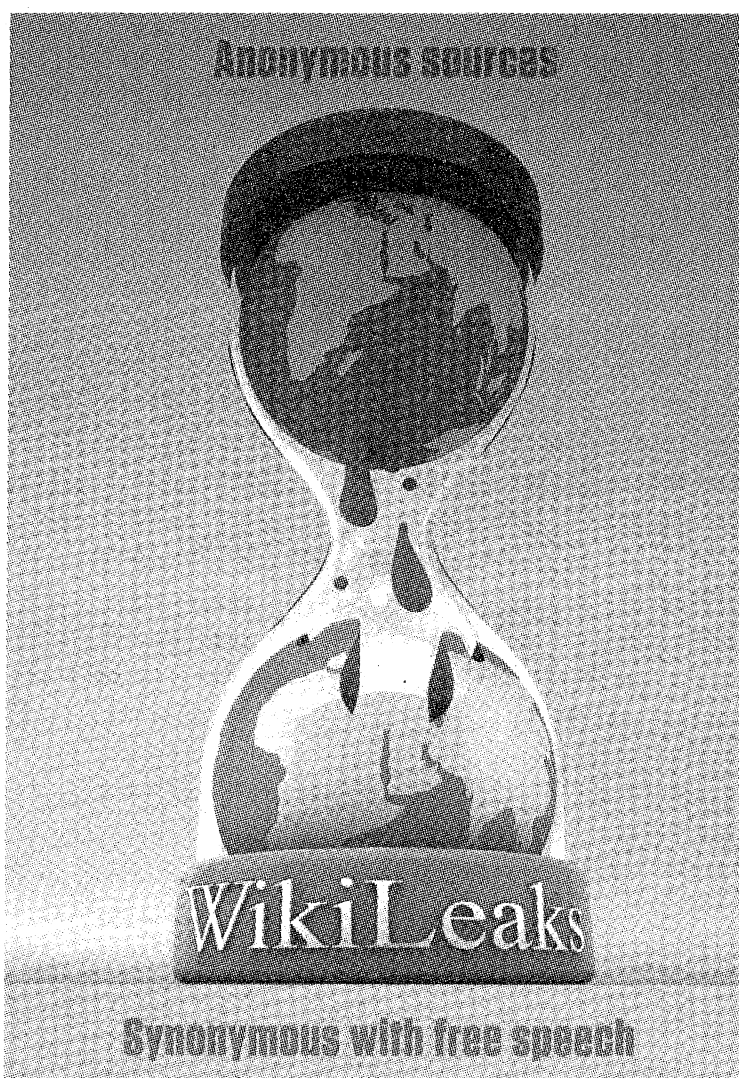
And these companies are completely within their rights do business with companies and organizations that clash with current social norms, because it preserves the promise and security of the Freedom of Speech and Press as protected under the First

incoming chair of the House Homeland Security chair Peter King had sent a letter to U.S. Attorney General Eric Holder urging that he and Secretary of State Hillary Clinton prosecute Assange for his role in providing the leak and working with Private Bradley Manning, who is allegedly responsible for providing WikiLeaks the classified information.

"By the sheer volume of the classified materials released, rendering harm to the United States seems inevitable and perhaps irreversible," read the letter that King had addressed to Holder. "Moreover, the repeated releases of classified information from WikiLeaks, which have garnered international attention, manifests Mr. Assange's purposeful intent to damage not only our national interests in fighting the war on terror, but also undermines the very safety of coalition forces in Iraq and Afghanistan."

But those in higher chairs of government and involvement in areas like the military have dispelled this rhetoric. "Now, I've heard the impact of these releases on our foreign policy de-

scribed as a meltdown, as a game-changer, and so on," said Secretary of Defense Robert Gates in response to the recent Wikileaks dump. "I think those descriptions are fairly significantly overwrought. The fact is governments deal with the United States because it's in their interest, not because they like us, not because they trust us, and not because they believe we can keep secrets."



Amendment.

This political pressure comes after hundreds of documents have revealed sensitive and embarrassing details between U.S. dignitaries and their respective counterparts, a cry that has since turned to threatening our nation's security.

Days after the Thanksgiving release of diplomatic cables, Long Island Republican Representative and

Write for The Press!

Meetings Every Wednesday at 1PM, Union Building 060

Hate what you see? E-mail your letters to editors@sbpress.com

The service of WikiLeaks has provided a window into how our government and those of the world operate, communicate and work together and what seems most interesting, what they think of each other. The leaks behind the hundreds of thousands of deaths in Iraq and Afghanistan are murmurs compared to the loud chatter disposed by cables reflecting diplomatic relations.

Since its inception, WikiLeaks has been criticized for amateurishly leaking sensitive information that has been privy to the media with little regard for possible consequences. No less, WikiLeaks was responsible for releasing video that shows the death of Reuters photographer Namir Noor-Eldeen, 22, and his assistant Saeed Chmagh, 40, who were gunned down by a U.S. Apache helicopter on July 12, 2007.

WikiLeaks has also proven reporters who the Department of Defense criticized for “exaggerated reporting” factually accurate, as in the case of Ellen Knickmeyer, former *Washington Post* Baghdad Bureau Chief. On Feb. 22, 2006, Knickmeyer reported on the bombings in the city of Samarra, despite calls by leaders like then Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld who claimed that such an event never occurred and that all was calm in Iraq at the time. The Samarra bombing and events in the days that followed amassed to more than 1,000 deaths.

WikiLeaks has also brought forth attention of how U.S. taxpayer money is being spent on private military contractors that engage in the practice of hiring local under-age prostitutes, as reported by David Isenberg of *The Huffington*

Post. DynCorp, a private-contractor that has received hundreds of millions of dollars in contracts and based in Falls Church, VA, had hired prostitutes in Afghanistan, both young boys and girls. A U.S. diplomat brought this to Washington’s attention in fear of the story being leaked and labeled it as the “Kunduz DynCorp problem.”

Thus, the slow and gradual attempt of U.S. censorship towards WikiLeaks is a flagrant violation of the barest and most pure forms of democracy—the Freedom of the Press. The attempts to silence this important information that is pertinent to the American public has casted a call to defend said freedom.

Ellsberg has come out and publicly opposed the idea that “Pentagon Papers [were] good; WikiLeaks material [are] bad. That’s just a cover for people who don’t want to admit that they oppose any and all exposure of even the most misguided, secretive foreign policy,” said Ellsberg, in a report for the Institute for Public Accuracy. “The truth is that every attack now made on WikiLeaks and Julian Assange was made against me and the release of the Pentagon Papers at the time.”

The Stony Brook Press was founded on the principle that standing up for certain values, even when it involves risks, is worth doing for the sake of preserving ideals and fostering change. One of the headlines on the very first issue of *The Press* reads “Racism Continues at Stony Brook,” an article written by Chris Fairhall, which covered an issue on campus that *The Statesman* had and would not run. This attitude has changed with

time, as has the nature of the Press’ values and how it goes about conducting journalism.

However, this recent firestorm against WikiLeaks is something we at *The Press* fervently oppose, and is why we have decided to mirror the WikiLeaks site on our own website, at wiki.sbpress.com.

There are many reasons to denounce this decision, or to think that it is somehow crossing a line of journalistic self-interest. Yes, hundreds of other websites are mirroring WikiLeaks, and it is a valid point to consider it out of place for a journalistic outlet to support WikiLeaks. But the basis of *The Press* was to stand by these types of issues when others were too self-interested, politically motivated or too cowardly to stand for what they believe in. Mirroring WikiLeaks is not about a support of revealing governmental secrets or a hatred of the level of security and secrecy cast around governmental operations. It is about respecting Freedom of the Press, and not backing down when the government and its politically motivated corporate hands tells us we cannot use the Internet to access information that is both free and rightfully accessible.

Form your opinions on the decision as you will, but the Freedom of the Press is something worth fighting for even in principle because of how significantly it maintains the foundations of intelligent discourse and civilized progress. As Ellsberg once said, “We were young, we were foolish, we were arrogant, but we were right.”

letter

Is The Press Getting Soft?

So I can’t say I really get to read the Press all that much anymore since my graduation, but I do manage to read it sometimes. Unfortunately, law school reading keeps me fairly busy. Ok, fairly is not the right word, at all. Law school keeps me so busy I couldn’t even continue to write my column, like I said I would when I graduated two years ago. But there is one thing that is striking to me. Has the Press gone soft?

I was in class today and got a bit bored because it was the review session, I clicked over the Press’s website to see what was going on in the Stony Brook world. I was shocked. What happened to pushing the boundaries? What happened to all the satire? What happened to the reviews of porno, and pictures of tits? Has the Press gone soft? What I found was actual news. A real report of what was going on at the Brook, not that there is anything wrong with real news, but at the same time, there was no octopus covered in condoms. There was no dildo stuck on the wall. Did the Press’s sense of humor retire with Shirley Strum Kenny? Is the new provost enforcing a strict rule against having any fun?

Now, I don’t mean to call out any of the current staffers. I absolutely respect the time and effort you put into writing and editing the paper (trust me I know), but bring back the fun. Push the boundaries. Write things that get you border line sued. If not for yourselves, at least do it to pay respect to the staffers that came before you. Pay homage to the road we paved for you; the road that was layered with dirty condoms, explicit lesbian sex stories, and Beerfests. Do it because you can still do it. Trust me, once you graduate you won’t be able to. If you do decide to go to law school, grad school, med school, or any other “professional” institution you will be forced to write dry articles. You will no longer be able to write anything inappropriate. Seriously, push the envelope while you still can. Bring back the inappropriateness of the Press we all grew to know and love. Put the dildo back on the wall.

Ilyssa Fuchs
Press Alum '07

Evaluate This!

By Najib Aminy

The ten minute period given to students toward the end of each semester to evaluate their professors and courses may soon come to an end.

That's due in part to a recent Teaching Learning and Technology department push to move the course evaluations online.

"The biggest issue is not really how the data is being collected, it's about how the data is being presented once it's collected," said Graham Glynn, assistant provost for TLT, about the push for an online evaluation system.

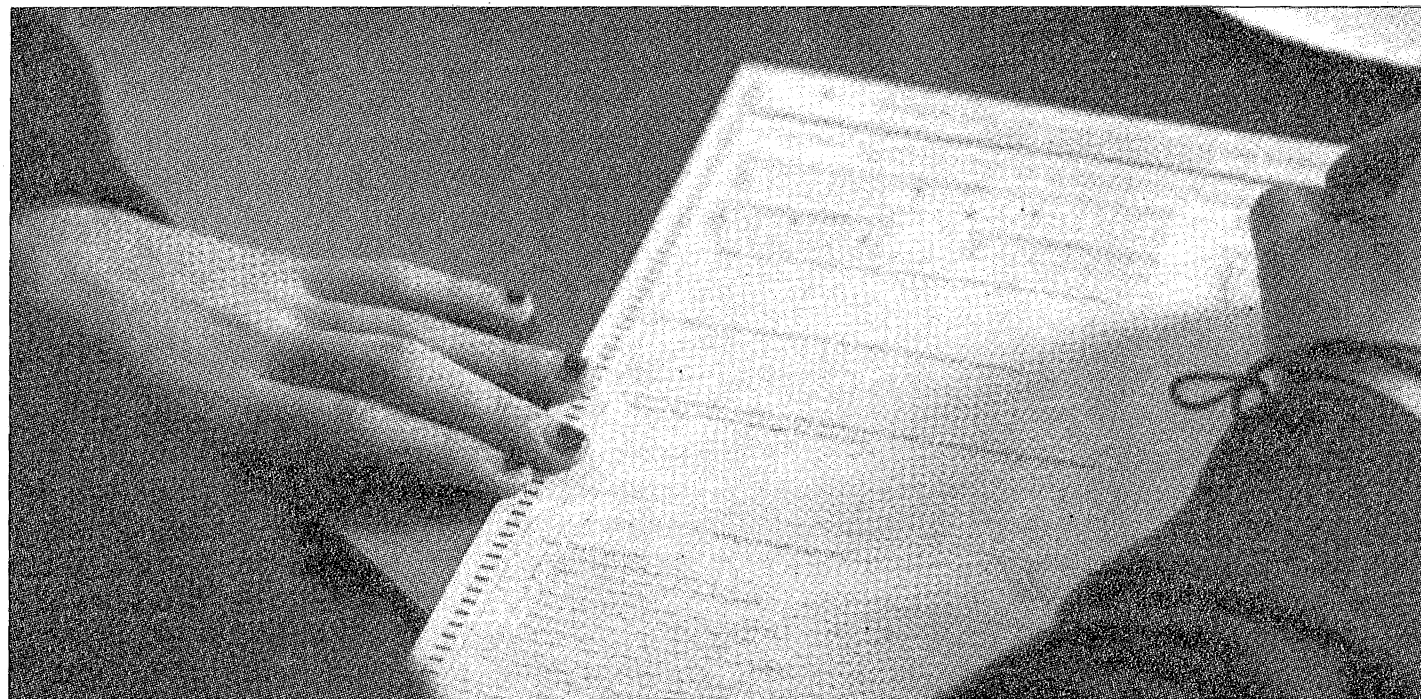
"It's a specialized tool that gives the faculty in-depth information and more ways to look through the information than they could through a paper-based report."

Instead of passing around golf pencils and scantrons filled with standardized questions criticized as outdated and unhelpful, students in roughly 10 percent of total courses offered at Stony Brook are being asked to evaluate their professors and courses online.

For the pilot program, the questions remained the same online as those asked in the paper evaluation to keep the survey controlled, said Glynn, though a committee is in the works to revamp the types of questions asked.

"They basically have taken the old questions and put them online," said Albert Cover, undergraduate director of the Political Science department. "The qualms I had before are still the qualms I have now."

No less, the online surveys offer a glimmer of efficiency and quality in the future of course evaluations at Stony Brook. Take the comments section, where students will take the opportunity to lament against a professor or offer some sort of insightful analysis to



Carolina Hidalgo/ SB Press

An online course evaluation program is currently being tested in hopes of replacing the paper-based evaluation system pictured above

better a class or teaching style. The process to record this data used to be both time-consuming and arduous.

"The comments are considered the most useful feedback the faculty could get," Glynn said. "But it takes a huge amount of effort to get it done-- about three to four months."

With the online system, staff assistants will no longer have to spend hours sifting through paper evaluations attempting to decipher students' script. The idea of moving to an online evaluation system becomes only that more lucrative when one considers the wide range of budget cuts that have hit this university and their impact across departments.

"We are significantly saving a lot of time and effort with this, more than what we are paying," said Glynn, whose department is paying a few thousand dollars to the company SmartEval for the pilot program. To use the complete service for all of Stony Brook's courses, the online course evaluation system would cost roughly \$25,000.

The biggest challenge for the success of this online course evaluation pilot program will no doubt be the participation. The TLT department is offering a free iPad that is to be awarded randomly to a student who completes all of his or her online evaluations.

"There is a concern over the number of people who will participate," said Cover, who passed around slips reminding his students to go online and critique the class. "You no longer have them sitting in class and filling out the form but telling them to go off and do it on their own."

The way to remedy that is to offer an incentive. For instance, offering extra credit points if more than 50 percent of the class completes evaluations.

Going online also offers another opportunity for students-- their very own hyper-local database of course ratings and professor evaluations, a more refined RateMyProfessors. With the pilot program, professors have the option of making their evaluations public, but Glynn said this matter will be pre-

sented before the University Senate early in the Spring semester.

"I am hoping the university says all of these should be public," Glynn said. "I think it's a good way to encourage faculty on improving courses."

But there is some hesitation in making the whole evaluation transparent due in part to the comments.

"They are sometimes flippant," said Cover, who is in support of keeping the questions themselves public. "I'm just not sure how illuminating that would be [to students] when they are scurrilous."

While there won't be any chilis or frowning emoticons in the online evaluation being piloted at Stony Brook, it won't be long before this becomes a standard practice, at least according to Cover.

"It's obviously going to be what happens, no question. We will be moving to an online system," he said. "The only question has to do with whether the online system makes any substantial changes in the evaluation."

HEY!
IF THE PRESS WERE MADE FROM
BARBECUE SPARE RIBS, WOULD
YOU JOIN IT?

IT'S A SIMPLE QUESTION, WOULD YOU
COVER THE NEWS IF YOU COULD EAT
IT?

JOIN THE PRESS...CUBS
WIN, CUBS WIN!

MEETINGS EVERY WED @ 1 P.M. STUDENT UNION ROOMS 060 + 061 631-632-6451 2BPRESSNEWS@GMAIL.COM

Nobel Hall LEEDing the Way

By Amanda Douville

The grass by the recently built Nobel Halls is designed to be mowed twice a year and never watered. Surprisingly, it's not because of budget cuts, rather it's green, both economically and physically.

It's rarely watered because it's indigenous to Long Island, and as a result saves the University money by avoiding a sprinkler system. This is just one of the many measures taken to make the new Nobel Halls just a little friendlier to the Earth.

From planning, design and construction the Yang and Lauterbur Halls have been carefully implemented as Stony Brook University's first completed "green" building on its main campus. What makes it green is the LEED-certification, or Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design certification that the building will be soon receiving.

In charge of the entire certification system is the United States Green Building Council. The Washington-based non-profit organization has been working on educating and supervising green projects throughout the U.S. since 1993. In order to LEED-certify a building, it must meet certain criteria off the Green Building Rating System. The system, a registered trademark of the U.S. Green Building Council, allots points to various aspects of the construction, design and operation of the building.

When the dormitory building was first being designed, those in charge of the project at the University were aiming for the highest rating possible. John Sparano, the director of campus residence operations, was put in charge of the project back in 2007.

"In the beginning of this project, everybody had the same expectation which was to achieve the best possible scenario," Sparano said in reference to the rating. The rating system allows buildings to achieve one of the four certifications ranging from bronze to platinum. Many factors including materials used, landscaping and energy efficiency go into determining the rating of a building.

While the building was in construction, the architect kept track of the points that the building would receive. Every little sustainable effort the architect put into the project counted as points towards the final rating.

"One of the items that I think was worth two points on the landscaping side was no irrigation; so no sprinklers or water," Sparano said. The plants, trees and grass that were put down by landscapers are all indigenous to Long Island. Because of this, they are able to survive without the help of humans. The yearly rainfall of Long Island is enough to keep the plants and trees healthy without the help of sprinklers.

Since the grass around the dormitory is only mowed twice a year. Con-

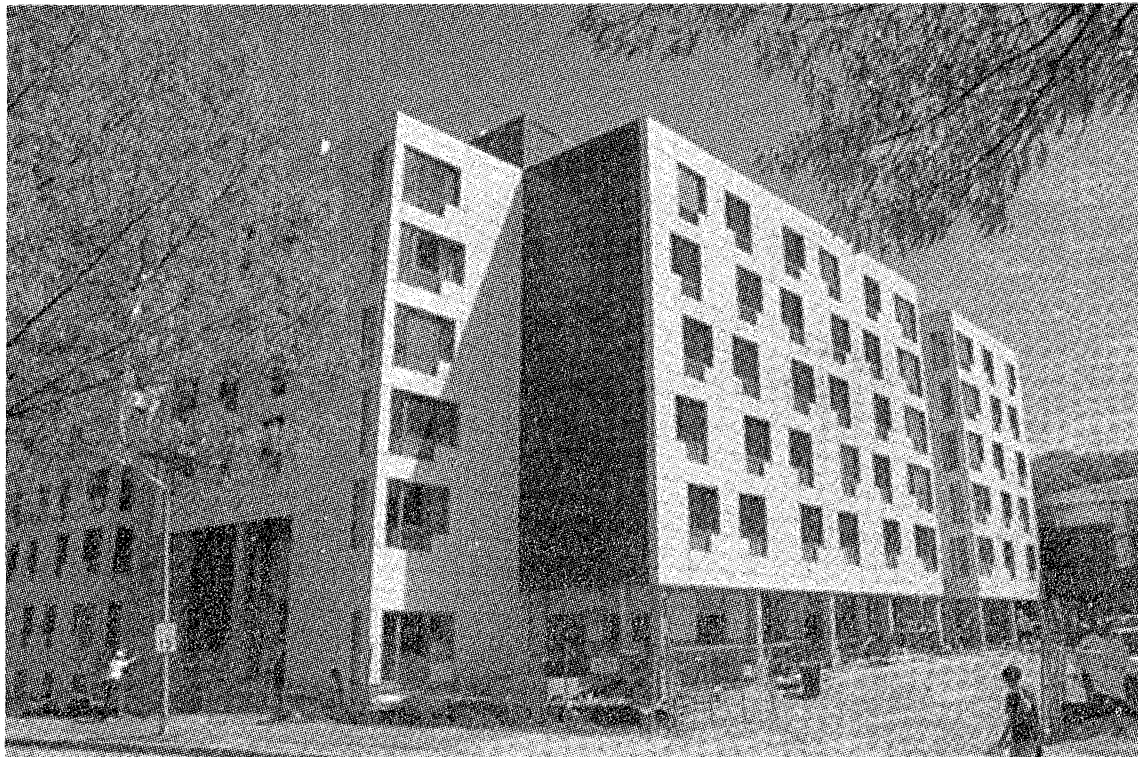
Goshow Architects, who have been working with LEED for over 30 years now.

Goshow, the architect group who designed Nobel Halls, had worked on the project to ensure the highest LEED rating possible. The \$50 million, 604-bed facility went into construction 2 years ago while design plans date back as far as 2007. Kellie Knuff, the manager of Business Development for Goshow Architects, talked in a phone interview about the importance of Nobel Halls LEED certification as well as building green in general.

"Sustainable design creates healthy living environments," Knuff said. Healthy living conditions are important to every human, especially students

agrifiber, both rapidly renewable materials. "Outside of just the conservation of the environment, it's also proven to be a healthier and more responsible way for ourselves to live," said Knuff

During construction, all paints, sealants, adhesives and composite wood products that were used contained no added urea-formaldehyde. According to the United States Environmental Protection Agency, urea-formaldehyde's health effects include "eye, nose, and throat irritation; wheezing and coughing; fatigue; skin rash and severe allergic reactions." The agency's website also mentioned that in high concentrations and over long periods of exposure, urea-formaldehyde may even cause cancer.



The building also contains motion sensors on public lights and on heating/ventilation/air conditioning systems, which contribute to the energy efficiency. "Those two things alone are a huge, huge reduction in energy consumption," said Sparano. He also said that a green building would help cut energy costs as opposed to building a regular dormitory.

The University spends about a quarter of a million dollars on electricity a week. Sparano said that the figures on the new building could not be given out yet since they were not yet calculated. But regardless of the exact number, the building is guaranteed to save the school money. "We can spend our resources elsewhere like on the academic side rather than having to keep our lights on," Sparano said.

In about a month, the building will be awarded an official LEED certification. Nobel Halls is just one of many initiatives that Stony Brook University has implemented towards their goal of sustainability. F. Eric Goshow, A.I.A., LEED A.P. and a founding principal of Goshow Architects, has spent over 30 years in the field of sustainable architecture.

"Sustainable design is key in providing healthy living and learning environments," Goshow said in a phone interview. "With these initiatives playing a major role in formative years, students learn early on how to incorporate sustainability into their daily lives."

ventional gas powered mowers do not have to be used as often. In the end, the absence of mowing allows less carbon emissions to contaminate the atmosphere.

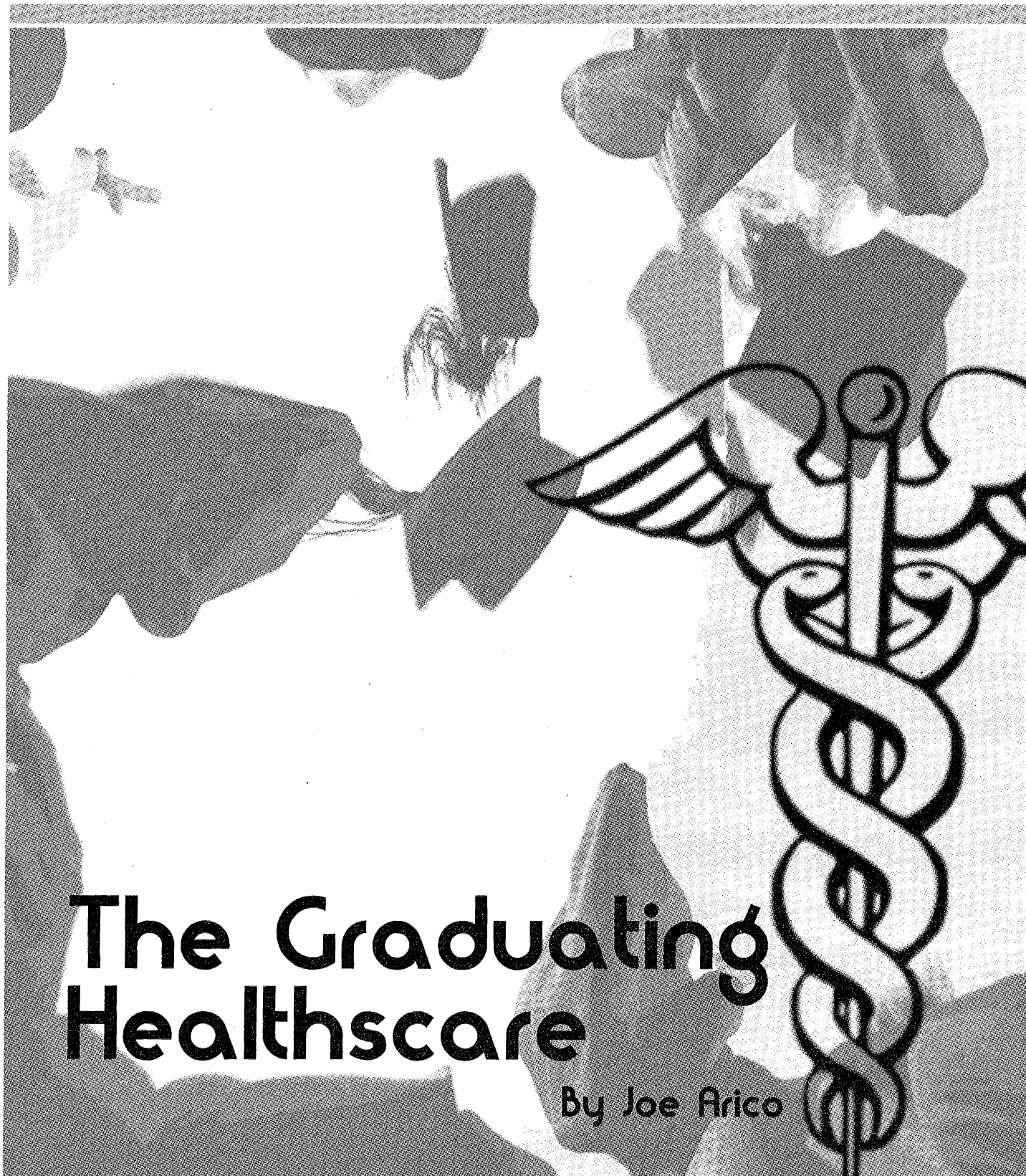
Achieving the highest possible LEED certification rating was the University's main goal. But while the building has many benefits, it is also very expensive. "Platinum would have been perfect, but then cost comes into play" said Sparano. But while Stony Brook was working towards sustainability, thousands of others were doing just the same.

As of February, the U.S. Green Building Council had over 18,500 members including architects, building companies and various organizations striving to build green. One member company of USGBC architect group

who are constantly surrounded by unhealthy elements. "The use of natural lighting makes people happier for example. There's less toxins in the materials used; people get sick less."

Natural lighting is just one of many initiatives implemented into the design and construction of Nobel Halls. Another example would be the exterior cladding of the building, which was constructed with insulated metal panels that allow the building to better stabilize internal temperatures throughout the year. When a building is thoroughly insulated, heat does not escape as easily saving money on additional heating. In addition, the materials used for the exterior were of recycled content.

On the inside of the building, the floors were made with linoleum while the core of every door was made with



The Graduating Healthscare

By Joe Arico

Like many colleges, Stony Brook University is a stepping stone for young men and women on the path towards a better life, one enriched with education and culture. But when it comes to health insurance, students might be better off if they never leave.

Students graduating from college may find themselves wondering where their health insurance is coming from, and they may not come to a simple answer. Most Americans receive their health insurance through their employer. But an unsteady job market and weak economy have taken this option off the table for some graduates.

Undergraduates at Stony Brook are required to have health insurance to enroll in classes, but most get it without having to do much thinking. All students are being charged a fee of \$486.25 by the university this semester for

health insurance with Aetna. This plan covers things like inpatient hospitalizations, outpatient mental health visits, prescription medicines and pre-existing medical conditions. Students are allowed to waive the health fee if they're covered by their parents' health plan, but it must cover everything that the university's plan does.

President Barack Obama's health reform bill allows children to stay on their parents health plan until the age of 29 in New York and 30 in New Jersey (in most other states the age is 26). This covers only a few graduates.

Elana Glowatz, 22, graduated from Stony Brook in the spring and recently got a job with the Times Beacon Record newspaper company in Setauket, and will soon start to receive full health coverage. It took longer than she would have liked, but she said she considers

herself lucky.

It was a very stressful situation," said Glowatz, who spent the first few months of her life as a college graduate searching for a job and health insurance. "There was nothing I could do about it."

Glowatz suffers from asthma. Trips to the pulmonologist and the medications necessary for her condition can become expensive for someone without health coverage, but it's still nothing compared to the coverage itself. A plan that would offer the same coverage that Stony Brook University or a parents' plan would be likely unaffordable for most new graduates. Empire Blue Cross Blue Shield asks more than \$1,200 a month for an individual health plan. Oxford plans are more modest at around \$500 a month, but require a deductible between \$2,000 and \$3,000.

Every other New York based insurance company offers similar numbers.

Glowatz went without health insurance from her graduation in May through the beginning of August. That's when she decided she needed to have some sort of coverage. She signed up for what she calls an "emergency only" plan. Regular visits to her physician are not covered, but if something went seriously wrong and she was hospitalized, she'd have full coverage.

"I didn't want to get stuck in a bind where I would owe thousands of dollars," said Glowatz.

Andrea Lipack, the associate director of Stony Brook's career center, says that health insurance should be a large part of which job offers students consider. "They should be thinking about that stuff, but students are just worried about getting a job," said Lipack. "When it comes time to accept an offer, they start to ask a few more questions about what's on the table besides the salary."

Lipack said that the biggest issues with health insurance come when students are offered jobs in small businesses that can't give them coverage. She said she hopes that the need for insurance won't keep students from making the decisions that are best for their careers. "Short term it may be very difficult, because they have to pay for benefits," said Lipack. "But if they take a look at the company and where it could lead them, it could offer them some great opportunities."

Most students concede they have not given much thought to where they are going to get their health insurance once they leave the university.

"I don't think about that kind of stuff cause my parents have always taken care of it," said senior Alex Chauvin. He is a sociology major scheduled to graduate in May. "It always seemed so far away," he said. "And it's not exactly the top thing you think about worrying about once you're out of school."

"It always seemed so far away, and it's not exactly the top thing you think about worrying about once you're out of school."

"I'm not worried about it at all," said junior business major Justine Chang. "I will get health insurance

through my job when I graduate, and if I don't, I have my parent's plan to fall back on because of Obama."

Jeff Payne, a Huntington independent insurance broker, sees Obama's new law as both a blessing and a curse. "It will certainly help a lot of people, but it has taken away many po-

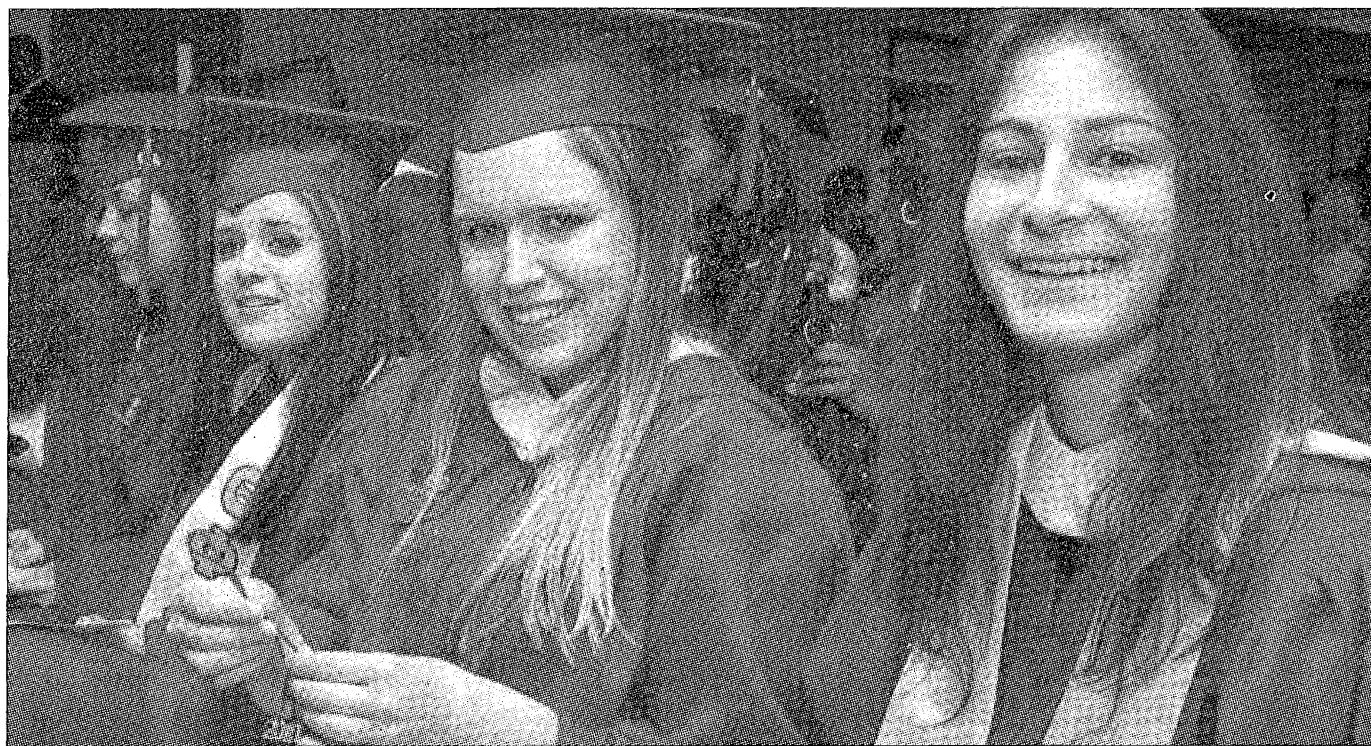
"They figure, I'm strong, I'm healthy, I don't need the drugs, I need the money. But it's a gentle balancing act."

tential customers for insurance companies," Payne said. "Now, premiums have gone up considerably for younger people who do need health insurance. If it wasn't affordable before, it certainly isn't now."

Payne said he doesn't see the value in a "hospital only" plan, such as the one that Glowatz has, calling it a "skeleton plan." Instead, he refers people in their 20s to Healthy New York, a state subsidized program that every health insurance company in the state participates in. "For people making under \$27,000 a year that are eligible, it really is the best option," said Payne.

A customer can apply for coverage with Healthy NY through the insurance company of his or her choice; none of the plans require a deductible, and the coverage is identical regardless of the provider, only the rates change. The plans are all priced modestly when compared to a regular individual health plan. They range between \$300 and \$400 a month, but the program still has flaws.

First, the rates are not fixed. A customer can be paying a certain amount one month, and the insurance company can change the price without warning for the next. A typical health plan would have a fixed rate for a full year.



Elana Glowatz (far right) went without health insurance for three months after graduating last May.

Wasim Ahmad/ School of Journalism

"If a customer is paying one amount in October, and another in January, where is that extra money coming from?" Payne said. "These people are on tight budgets."

Second, regular health plans give customers a three-tiered drug plan. Generic drugs are \$15, brand name drugs like Nexium and Lipitor are \$35 and more specialized drugs are \$75. Healthy NY's drug card makes generic drugs \$10 and brand name drugs \$20, but there is no option for more specialized medications. For those drugs customers must pay out of pocket, which can be very expensive.

Healthy NY is able to keep these low drug card costs only because there is a \$3,000 limit on the card for each customer per calendar year. Starting Jan. 1, under Obama's health bill, that limit will disappear, but it'll be replaced by higher drug card pricing. "Insurance companies need to figure out a way to make up the money they're going to lose," said Payne. Oxford has already submitted a request to increase its prices by more than 12 percent.

Bill McNeil, administrator and part owner of Financial Medical Manage-

ment in Bohemia, insists that, even with the new reform and programs like Healthy NY, the system is broken. McNeil said President Obama's biggest misstep came when he failed to make Medicare available for everyone. By not doing this he "took the competition for insurance companies right out of the market," said McNeil. "If there were one government plan for everyone then that's what many of them would base their rates on."

McNeil, who has been in the medical billing business for 20 years, says he that he has never seen it this bad. "Insurance companies clearly have the upper hand, it's almost abusive," McNeil said. "These companies are giving out millions and millions of dollars in bonuses, stock prices are going, and they're just getting richer. They make all the rules, and the people are suffering."

A survey released last week by the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago found that the number of New Yorkers who receive healthcare through their jobs has dipped below the national average. According to Tradingmarkets.com, the re-

port also states that one in five New York firms have avoided hiring more workers, one in four have reduced or frozen wages, and one in five had reduced its benefits. All of this as a result of healthcare costs.

Even for students who do find jobs that offer health insurance, they'll notice that there are some tough decisions to make regarding their coverage. Plans with drug cards always cost more than plans without one. "Most young people will forego the drug card," said Payne. "They figure, I'm strong, I'm healthy, I don't need the drugs, I need the money. But it's a gentle balancing act."

After experiencing what it was like to go without coverage, Glowatz doesn't think that health insurance is something students should put off thinking about. "You just can't plan for the future. You just don't know what's going to happen to you," she said. "You just don't know when you're going to need coverage."

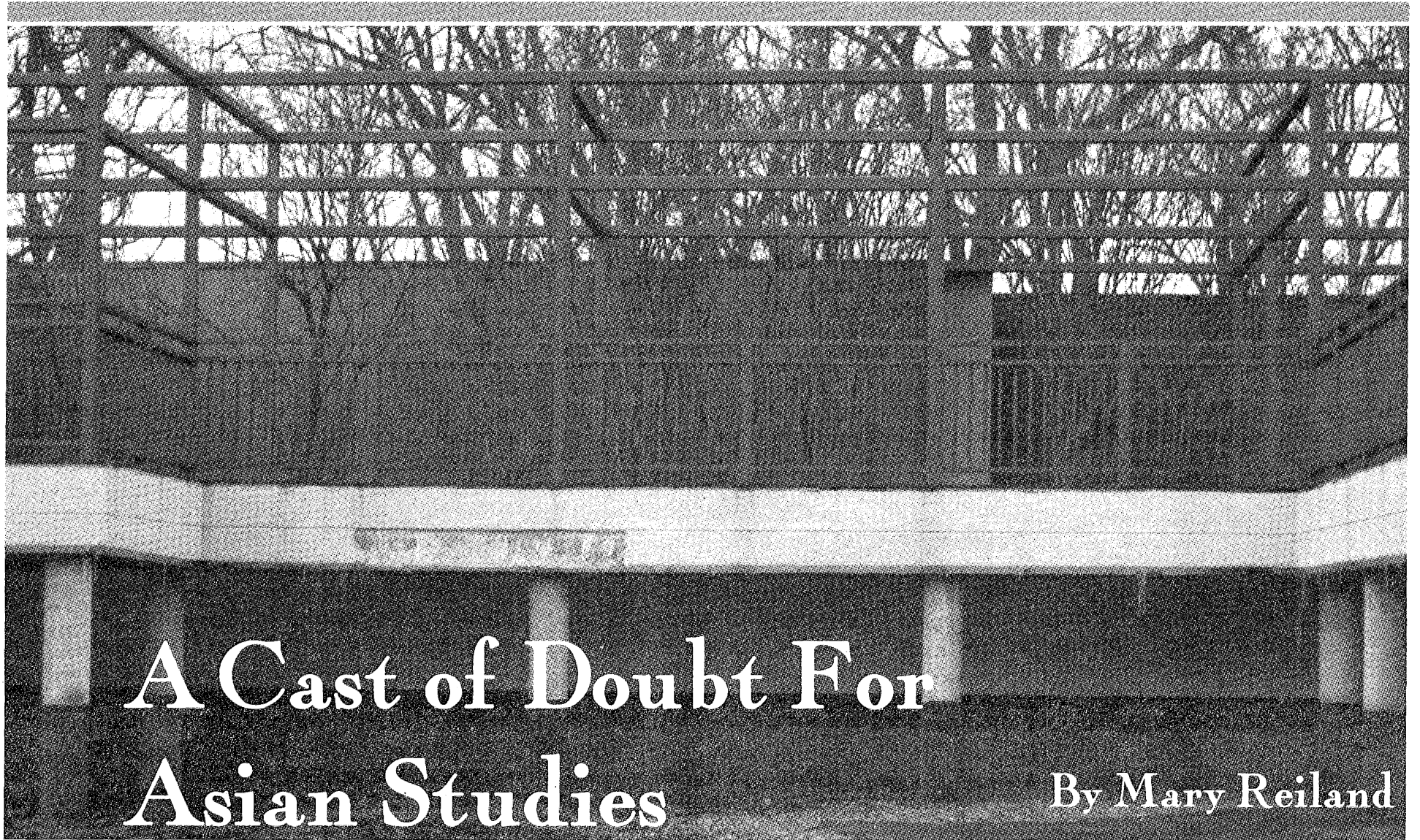
For college seniors, that time is coming soon. The damage to their bank account may make them sick, but at least they'll be covered.

Do you want to know how
I got these scars?

By joining **THE PRESS**

UNION 060 WEDNESDAYS DURING CAMPUS LIFETIME





A Cast of Doubt For Asian Studies

By Mary Reiland

Just to the right of Stony Brook University's main entrance lies the Wang Center, recognition of the importance of the school's growing Asian population. Built in 2002 after a \$40 million donation from billionaire Charles B. Wang, the building was dedicated to understanding Asian and American cultures and the interactions of these societies around the world. Now, Stony Brook officials are threatening to disband the program the Wang Center helped create.

At the university, small majors and departments, like the Asian and Asian American studies program are being considered for dismantling and consolidation into larger programs. For example, the Global Studies program would absorb the smaller Asian American and Asian Studies Program. This is due to one new initiative—Project 50 Forward.

Project 50 Forward, launched this year by Stony Brook University President Samuel L. Stanley, is a program dedicated to propelling Stony Brook into the top 20 research universities. At the same time, Stony Brook has to make substantial budget cuts and close an ever-growing gap. Most programs that do not directly help the university achieve its goal of becoming a top research facility will see cuts, but research-based programs like biology and math-

ematics will not see sizeable reductions.

With over 30 percent of the population at Stony Brook being Asian, Professor Shikaripur N. Sridhar, who served as the Asian and Asian American Studies department chairman from 2002 to 2006, worked with students and faculty to create a department that could provide an outlook other than the Eurocentric courses offered at the university. "We fought each step of the way," said Sridhar in a phone interview. "Shirley Kenny, the former university president, understood the need for a multicultural campus and she saw the importance of an Asian Studies department."

Sridhar said to get rid of the program is "shortsighted and shooting ourselves in the foot. [The university] needs to look to the future." One of the main reasons the program was founded—not only because of student outcry for one—was because of the integral role Asia plays in the economy. Sridhar noted that Asia is more important than ever to the United States and to Stony Brook graduates as more jobs are based over there.

DeAnna Caiati, 24, said she came to Stony Brook University specifically for the Asian and Asian American studies program. She graduated from Hofstra University in 2008 with a bachelor's degree in marketing. "The whole reason

I returned to school was because [Stony Brook] had this program," said Caiati. Talk of disbanding the program "is making me really upset because if they don't let me finish my degree then my whole life's plan is ruined," Caiati added. A degree in the Asian and Asian American Studies program would be her second bachelor's degree.

She returned to school to obtain a degree in an area that she is interested in, as well as one that she hopes will make her competitive. "Business is so flooded with marketing majors that if I can come to them understanding Asian culture, the better I look," said Caiati. Professor Srihidar can attest to that statement. "We think of an educated person as someone who knows Shakespeare and philosophy. Now it includes an understanding of Asian studies."

Caiati heard the University is planning to cut a lot of Korean language classes that she needs to finish her advanced language concentration, a requirement for the Asian and Asian American studies major. Caiati said, "If they are just moving the program to a different title, that's fine, but if they are completely getting rid of the major then that screws a lot of people." Stanley's office did not return phone calls.

Sunita Mukhi, cultural manager of the Wang Center and a faculty member in the Asian and Asian American Stud-

ies program, said she is confident the program will not be disbanded and dispersed. "This semester, we are doing programming full force. We have a full staff this semester as compared to past years." In fact, the program hired three new faculty, two teaching assistants and an office assistant. Although she conceded she has no idea what is going on with the program come January, she said she hopes the university will find money somewhere.

The Asian and Asian American Studies program was established in 2002 following the completion of the Wang Center, though Sridhar said the program had been working towards establishment since the 1990s. While it offers two majors and six minors and about 50 courses a semester, more than 25,000 students have enrolled in its classes in the past eight years. Yet, it is one of the top programs on the cutting board.

Sophomore Melani Tiongson is the editor-in-chief of the *Asian American E-Zine*. She is using the e-zine as a platform to save the Asian and Asian American Studies program. "Clubs not even linked to the Asian and Asian American Studies program know and are strongly against the administration's proposals," she said in an e-mail. "From a social perspective, dismantling ethnic studies has an offensive nature to it as

well. When I told my Asian friends that the Asian and Asian American Studies program was on the chopping block even the biology majors got offended.”

Tiongson added that although the departments are smaller in comparison to other majors Stony Brook offers, it is not by the program’s choice. She said she feels that the small size of some departments directly correlates with Stony Brook choosing to allocate all of its money into the science, math and research-oriented departments.

Mukhi said that the university is meeting with the consulting group, Bain & Company Inc, to get the most out of the budget. “They are famous for reducing the budget at [the University of California at] Berkeley. It was efficient but it included a lot of firing and early retirement packages,” she said. “‘If your job is redundant why are you here?’ is their feeling. I think I’m important but they may not.”

Frank Pinto, a managing partner of Bain & Company Inc. has confirmed that it is working with Stony Brook to make significant budget cuts. According to Pinto, Bain & Company, Inc is still working to understand the university’s current budget.

Mukhi is not a proponent of the disbanding and potential combination of the Asian and Asian American Studies programs. Although she said she understands the need for the university to save money, she said dispersing the program is not necessary. “On paper, [the idea] looks good, but intellectually it is challenging,” said Mukhi. “Separating the program affects its integrity. Where is the intellectual integrity about teaching Asian and Asian American culture? When languages and cultures are taught, they are not taught separately. You learn literature and theory. Just because it is not an English language why is it being treated like a Rosetta Stone class?”

Tiongson said she believes that the dismantling of smaller departments affects everyone at Stony Brook, even if he or she is not an Asian and Asian American Studies major. Tiongson, an English and psychology major, said she was originally attracted to Stony Brook because of its great diversity and although she would not consider transferring, she finds the compounding of smaller departments debilitating. “Taking [the Asian and Asian American

ing students to transfer” said Tiongson. “Among my peers who know about what is happening, those that are Asian Studies majors are left asking, ‘Now what do I do?’ Tiongson added that although the degree is still attainable, going through several other departments to take the classes make it seem like a hypothetical degree

As for the Wang Center, Mukhi said it has been bolstered by the Asian and Asian American Studies major and

American Studies program. Sometimes it works like a well-oiled machine. There is a real synergy,” Mukhi said. Mukhi also added that if the program is dismantled, the Wang Center will not lose any of its importance instead she said it would make it more important. “You have to fill a gap,” she said.

Sridhar is not as convinced. He said, “Asian Studies provided an intellectual backbone for the Wang Center. Programs held there compliment Asian Studies. One will not be as strong without the other. If you make the Wang Center part of a non-specified unit, it loses focus.”

Mukhi is adamant in saying that the potential consolidation of the program is not set in stone. “Anxiety is understandable but the dean of Arts and Sciences has listened to our confusion and it is being reconsidered,” she said. The most disconcerting aspect of the combination of programs is the fear that when the program is dismantled it will lose some influence. “What troubles us who are very dedicated to keeping the Asian and Asian American Studies program integrity and extracurriculars, is when the program is dismantled it loses some clout and everything we work for may be dissolved.”

Sridhar is certain of one thing—removing the Asian and Asian American Studies department would be a disaster. Besides the disbanding of the department being offensive, he said, “Every decent university has a department of Asian Studies. Some of them are 100 or 150 years old. We are just a baby. We should nurture it.” Sridhar also said he believes there have to be other ways to manage the budget without cutting department. “Most universities are going out of their way to have an Asian Studies program but [Stony Brook] is letting it go. For what? To save a coffee-maker?”



Carolina Hidalgo/SB Press

The Wang Center fountains have been shut off due to budget cuts from Albany

Studies program] away would lower future student interest in the school, and will persuade a lot of currently attend-

supports the program. “The Wang Center is a venue for extra curricular activities related to the Asian and Asian



Sprechen sie Press?

Help

Press in Union
Basement 060

sbpress@gmail.com

Whiskers Clown

Meet 1:00 pm
Wednesday

features

The Stony Brook

Budget Cut

By Natalie Crnosija



As the hands of lecture hall's clock struck 7:30 a.m., 448 students were expected to take their seats in the hall's floor or on its balcony and click in. This Wednesday Classical Physics lecture had almost full attendance. As students walked in, some murmured about clicking in and then falling asleep. A handful just clicked in and left. The rest of the students, like sophomore Wasif Iqbal, stayed. Later in the semester, the biology major said that budget cuts were likely to blame for the scheduling of the class' single lecture section at this early hour.

Deputy Provost W. Brent Lindquist said the scheduling of the class was a result of university's limited resources.

"It's a function of trying to deliver all of our classes with reduced resources, reduced manpower," said Lindquist. The availability of classroom space and faculty are factors which determine the classes that can be offered.

"We have issues on both, to be very frank about it," said Lindquist. "We are trying to maximize the giving of classes based on space we have available and faculty that we have to teach."

The scheduling of the Classical Physics class is not the sole manifestation of the university's hardships.

"The number of our course sections have been reduced by 12 percent in the past two years," said university Budget Director Mark Maciulaitis on Nov. 2. "In the past three years, the

funding for our academic areas has gone down by 13.9 percent." This year, a total \$24 million was cut from Stony Brook University's state budget and it has sustained a \$62-million cut in state funding over the past three years, said Maciulaitis. The SUNY system, of which Stony Brook is part, lost \$635 million, or 30 percent, of its funding over the past three years, according to Casey Vittamo of the SUNY communications office in an Oct. 19 email.

"As a result, campuses are employing a number of different methods in order to best preserve the academic quality that our students expect and deserve. Some examples may include enrollment restrictions, soft and hard hiring freezes, delaying or eliminating new equipment purchases, increasing class sizes and offering fewer class sections," said Vittamo.

Physics 131 is a required course for many engineering and science students and it needed to be expanded to accommodate the demand for the only section of the class, said Rick Gatteau, director of Undergraduate Advising. "When you're an administrator and you have to make a decision, you have to weigh both sides," said Gatteau. "Do you keep the time slot and limit enrollment or expand capacity?"

Iqbal said the class' time slot is an obstacle to learning. "That's what's going to kill the students, not the concepts," said Iqbal.

His sentiments were mirrored by fellow student Sal Caiola weeks before during a phone interview. "The class is way too early," he said.

Provost and Vice President of Brookhaven Affairs Eric Kaler said the budgetary challenges the university is facing are significant but emphasized that preserving the university's academic mission is of chief concern.

President Samuel L. Stanley Jr. "has made it very clear that academics are the priority of a university and that's been reflected in how budget reductions have been allocated to the various units," Kaler said during an October interview. "The academic units have taken a smaller reduction than the administrative and other problematic areas."

Academics haven't gone completely unscathed. Sophomore Meaghan Broderick said course availability for spring 2011 was the major change she noticed on campus this semester. She said, on Nov. 15, that only seven organic chemistry labs still had a few open spaces and fewer sections of classes were being offered when the biology major registered for her classes.

Kaler said he didn't think students were fully aware of the extent of the university's financial situation.

"Because if they were, I think they'd be much more involved in the political process in Albany to get some relief for SUNY," Kaler said.

Moiz Khan Malik, the Undergraduate Student Government's director of Event Planning and former USG treasurer, said students believe that the university did not lobby the state correctly and that the state did not correctly recognize the importance of SUNY.

The possible restructuring of the SUNY system was a focus of Stony Brook campus media after Gov. David Paterson included the Public Higher Education Empowerment and Innovation Act in his 2010-2011 budget before it failed in August. The measure was intended to take Albany politics and regulation out of the function of the SUNY system by reforming the state's control over three aspects of public higher education—tuition, public-private partnerships and procurement.

John Marburger III, vice president for research, experienced the state's budgetary problems during his tenure as the university's third president between 1980 and 1994. "We went through three recessions—one of them around 1980 was, up until now, the most serious recession since World War II," Marburger said. "So, I'm familiar with recessions and state budget cuts. None of them is as bad as this."

Marburger said that in the past, the state legislature had increased tuition to resolve SUNY's budget problems. "The legislature likes to keep the tuition low but you can't keep it flat forever," said Marburger. "You have to increase it oc-

asionally because expenses go up so, periodically, they would raise the tuition."

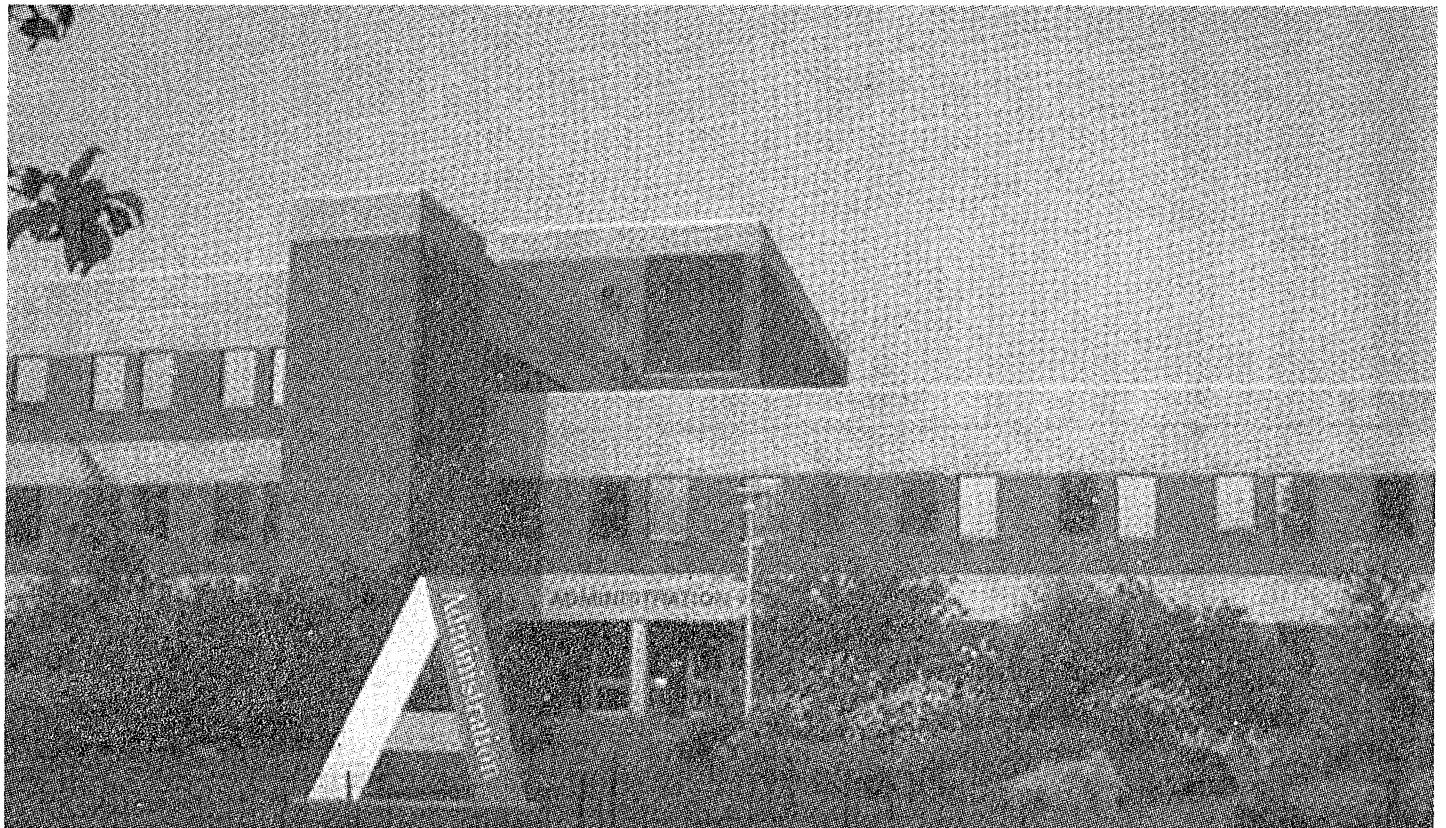
On the other side of the country, the University of California system is also suffering financially. There, however, tuition increases are being used to mitigate budgetary shortfall. On Nov. 18, the University of California Board of Regents increased student fees by \$822, or 8 percent, for the 2011-2012 academic year, according to *The Guardian*, a student newspaper at University of California, San Diego. This could bring an additional \$180 million to University of California coffers to combat the system's \$1 billion deficit.

Near the beginning of this semester, Stanley announced Project 50 Forward, a measure meant to streamline and improve the university's management academics, facilities and operations. Through a gift given by the Stony Brook Foundation, Bain & Company, a management consulting firm, is doing a comprehensive evaluation of the university's function. At a Sept. 10 press conference, Stanley said the administration is looking to save between 7 to 10 percent of its addressable budget through implementing Bain & Company's recommendations. In a rough estimate, Stanley said, "We would love at some point in time to be able to save somewhere around \$30 million a year but we'll see whether we can reach that goal."

Bain & Company is still evaluating the university's financial performance.

Maciulaitis, the budget director, emphasized that the university is doing everything it can to spare academics, but that other entities could only be cut so much. "So we're trying to cut the areas that deal with the students the least, the most," said Maciulaitis. "That's one way of looking at it. But the cuts that we are receiving are so big...we can't hold everybody harmless in this."

Among the entities that have been heavily cut are Campus Residences and Campus Facilities and Operations. "To date we have cut approximately \$1.8 million in operating expense and anticipate that we may need to make further



cuts in the future," said Dallas W. Bauman, assistant vice president for Campus Residences, in an Oct. 1 email. "Campus Residences' revenue is generated from the rents paid by residents. So while our operating revenue is not directly affected by state funding cuts, the unfortunate fiscal climate has affected us adversely." Some Campus Residences employees have taken early retirement and some of the vacated positions will remain vacant if they are of minimal impact on resident student life, said Bauman. Some cuts were manifested through the shortened length of RA training before the start of this semester and lowered expenditures for the Leadership recognition ceremony and the Academic Achievement Banquet, which shrunk from a three course dinner to an appetizer and dessert buffet.

"As is the case with the entire University, Campus Residences has had to make selective reductions in services," explained Bauman. "Again, as is our overriding theme, careful consideration is given when reviewing potential cuts so that the residential experience is as unaffected as possible." As of Nov. 15, Campus Residences had reduced landscaping spending by \$150,000.

The main campus is feeling the financial hurt as well, as lawns remain littered with fallen leaves a little longer than in years previous.

"We lost 63 members to our workforce, [which is] 9.8 percent of our state workforce and in terms of dollars, we've been cut \$7.3 million, 37-ish percent of our state dollars since 2008," said Barbara Chernow, vice president for Facilities and Services, on Oct. 29. "So, frankly, that's a lot of money and that's a big percentage of the staff we use to maintain our facilities and do custodial and janitorial work."

Chernow said that faculty and staff have been supportive in spite of the service cut backs.

"Some people have asked if they can bring their trash to a central location and in some buildings where that was the majority of the requests that's what we did," said Chernow. "The reduced services is [meant] to meet a new level of funding so we're doing our share to live within our budget."

High-traffic public areas, like cafeterias and public bathrooms, are still maintained every day, said Chernow. Senior Pooja Patel said she hadn't noticed major slips in maintenance.

"They could keep the bathroom a

bit cleaner, if anything," said Patel.

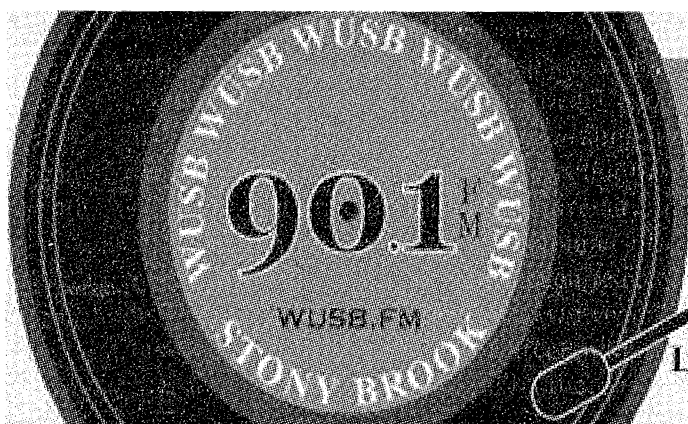
This funding comes from the university's operational budget, which is used to keep the lights on and our teachers teaching, said Chernow. The university also has a capital budget, which is meant for construction and building projects.

"One of the ways we are prioritizing is looking at the capital dollars we were given in critical maintenance to, as always, to try to make our buildings watertight and safe but there are some other projects that will also make our buildings watertight safe...and cut down on operating costs," said Chernow. These projects include replacing windows and high temperature water pipes.

Maciulaitis said a thing in the university's favor is Stanley's dedication to improving the situation. A quick fiscal recovery, though possible, is unlikely.

He said departments realize that the state economy, not the budget department is responsible for these cuts.

"They realize it's not the budget office that's doing this to them, it's the condition of the state economy that's doing this," said Maciulaitis. "These days shall pass."



WUSB 90.1 FM STONY BROOK
RADIO FREE LONG ISLAND

<http://wusb.fm/>

LISTEN TO WUSB NOW!

SLOW mp3 wma real FAST mp3 wma real STATUS/HELP

Fighting Fat, One Calorie At a Time

By Lauren Dubinsky

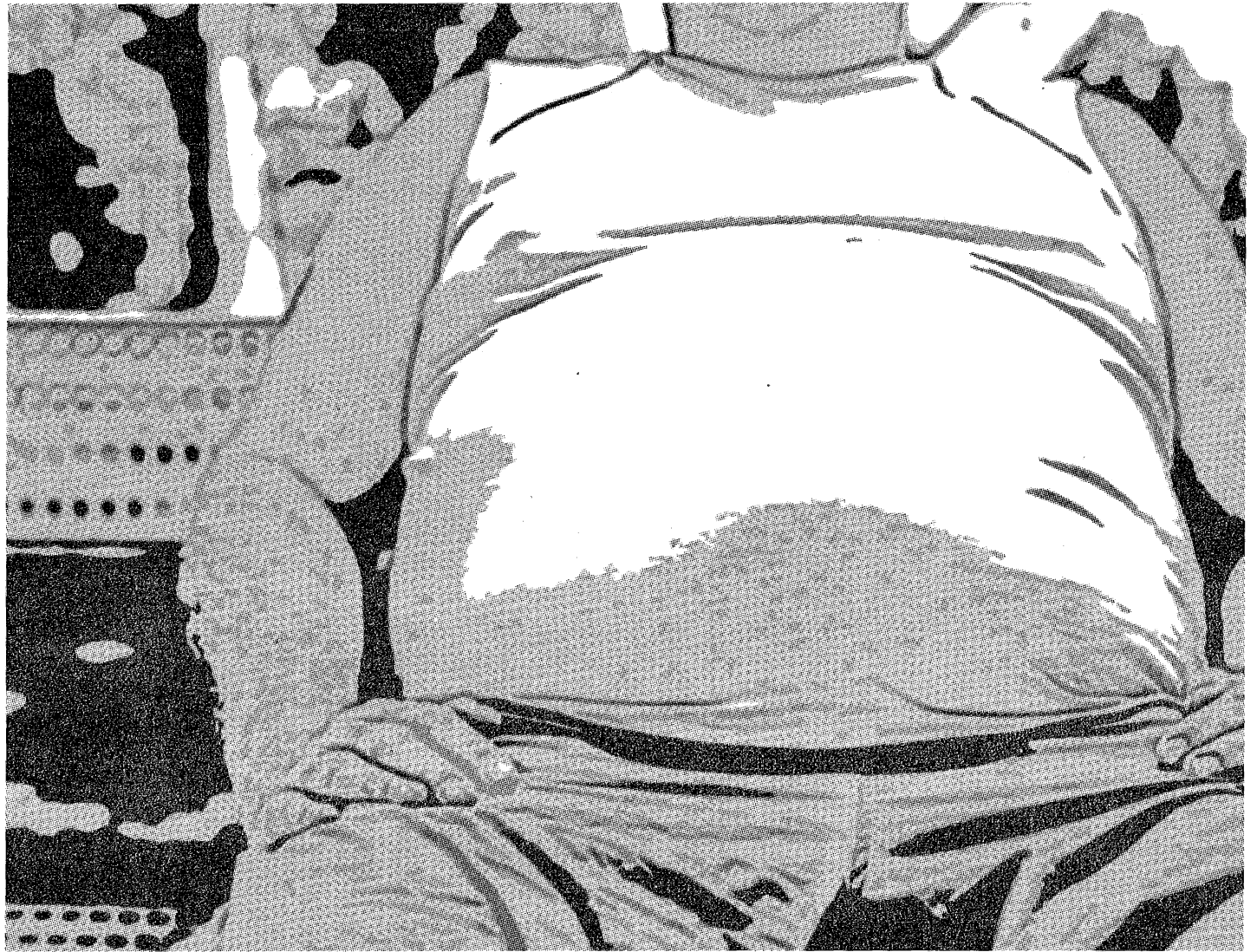
Behind the cement walls and down the winding halls of the Stony Brook University Health Sciences Center, in room 050, there is a woman with unyielding motivation to try to put an end to the obesity problem that encompasses 34 percent of Americans. Brown hair tied back in a neat ponytail and dressed in a gray business suit, Josephine Connolly-Schoonen sits in her office on the third floor as her phone rings off the hook. Her planner is packed with appointments with patients and conferences with legislators.

She goes from state legislator to state legislator encouraging them to sponsor bills that would support a tax on sweetened beverages and enforce nutrition policies in schools. Connolly-Schoonen said that the legislators are willing to talk with her but have so far declined to vote for those bills because their constituents do not agree with them. The legislators' resistance has not led her to quit; it only fuels her to educate them more, she said.

The waistlines of Americans have gradually grown thicker over the last 20 years. Diabetes, high blood pressure, high cholesterol, cardiovascular disease, stroke, metabolic syndrome and liver disease plague America because of the prevalence of obesity. Connolly-Schoonen said she believes legislators are not taking a strong enough stance against this issue because the public does not agree with the measures that should be taken. She and other dietitians have taken steps to encourage the legislators to take action.

"I'm extremely passionate about this topic because I feel people are so disempowered by lack of knowledge and by influence of the food industry," said Connolly-Schoonen. Studies done by Martha Y. Kubik and the United States Department of Agriculture's Economic Research Service have shown that nutrition policies in schools and a soda tax would lead to a decrease in obesity.

From her office, she calls the legislators on her generic, black office phone. When the legislators are home, she sits in their offices finished with mahogany trimmed walls as she encourages them to see the damage obesity is having on America. She informs them that there is a way to alleviate this



damage. She said that nutrition policies in schools and the soda tax would solve the problem.

Over the last seven years, Connolly-Schoonen and other dietitians at the university have worked with about 29 school districts in Nassau and Suffolk County to enforce nutrition policies. Policies were set in elementary schools that would prohibit students from munching on cupcakes and cookies in the classroom.

"People feel very emotional about issues with food. If you suggest to parents that legislation is going to be passed that doesn't allow food in the classroom, that doesn't always go over too well."

"The idea is for kids to learn about food and making the right food choices and to eat in the cafeteria," said Connolly-Schoonen. "For many kids, a very regular overexposure to food contributes to excess calorie intake."

In the fall of 2004, Connolly-Schoonen created a research team to bring at-

tention to childhood obesity from a community perspective. The team is supported by a New York State Department of Health funded project called the Heart Links Project. The team recruits school districts that are interested in improving the school food environment and sets policies to restrict students from eating food in classrooms.

"We want kids to celebrate their birthday, and we want them to celebrate the holidays, but without food, with crafts and activities, songs and things along those lines," said Connolly-Schoonen. The Heart Links website provides teachers with instructions on how to celebrate birthday parties and classroom celebrations without food. Connolly-Schoonen said that the 29 school districts that do not celebrate with food find meaningful ways to celebrate by letting children write messages on T-shirts and bringing in cards for the birthday children.

"People feel very emotional about issues with food," said Connolly-Schoonen. "If you suggest to parents that legislation is going to be passed that doesn't allow food in the classroom, that doesn't always go over too well." Many parents don't agree with the policies because they see it as losing control of

what their children eat.

"I honestly do not see how you could enforce a police state on classroom snacking," said Sue Rosenzweig, whose six-year-old son attends Setauket Elementary School. "We would do better to educate the kids about healthier choices and have them come home and put the pressure on Mom and Dad to send better snacks."

Connolly-Schoonen and many other dietitians in America said that parents will need to take a firmer stand to combat childhood obesity. "When it comes to food, parents are uneasy about limiting their child," said Michelle Daum, a nutritionist in private practice in Manhasset, New York. "Families need a lot of support for making healthful choices and avoiding cheap, fatty foods." Connolly-Schoonen said that she believes that the support begins with eliminating food in classrooms.

The party celebrations that occur in classrooms are not occasional. Many schools celebrate with food for the children's birthdays as well as a plethora of other holidays. "It's not just a cupcake, if it was cupcake no one would care," said Lorraine Danowski, a registered dietitian at the university. "But if you have 26 kids in a class, that's 26 parents com-

ing in with cupcakes.” Danowski said that every time there is a classroom celebration for a holiday, instead of just one parent bringing in food, they all do.

The 29 school districts that Connolly-Schoonen works with also set specific nutritional standards for the amount of calories, fat and sugar that can be in the foods in vending machines and a la carte lines in the cafeteria. The standards led to a 2.6 percent decrease in obesity among the 64,000 students in the school districts that she worked with.

A study done by Martha Y. Kubik, an assistant professor at the University of Minnesota, showed that when schools allowed food in classrooms, there was an increase in body mass index. The study concluded that school nutrition policies that promote healthy dietary practices are needed to decrease childhood obesity.

Leah Holbrook, a registered dietitian at the university and the coordinator of the Heart Link Program, said that Connolly-Schoonen and herself have created success stories that describe the achievements they had in the schools districts they worked with. The dietitians disseminate the stories to the legislators so they can see the successes the dietitians had in their school districts. They also have spoken several times at the legislators’ professional meetings and invite the legislators to their own events.

The legislators listen to what Connolly-Schoonen and the other dietitians have to say but are hesitant to sponsor bills that would support the policies. “I think some of them disagree with the idea but I think the majority of them think it’s a good idea, but not popular,” said Holbrook.

The Center for Disease Control and Prevention states that 34 percent of American adults are obese. Obesity is a medical condition in which an excess amount of body fat has built up to the point where it may cause a decrease in life expectancy and an increase in health problems. The adverse effects on health are what empower Connolly-Schoonen to continue encouraging legislators to see the benefits of a sweetened beverage tax.

She said she was pleased that Governor David A. Paterson proposed a tax on soda and other sweetened beverages

that are in sweetened beverages,” said Connolly-Schoonen. A study done by the U.S. Department of Agriculture’s Economic Research Service said that a 20 percent increase in the price of sweetened beverages could result in a reduction of 3.8 pounds over a year for an adult and 4.5 pounds for a child.

Connolly-Schoonen and other dietitians in America are fighting a large food manufacturing industry that is motivated to sell unhealthy food to the masses. She said that the industry interferes with the market economy by influencing peoples’ knowledge about

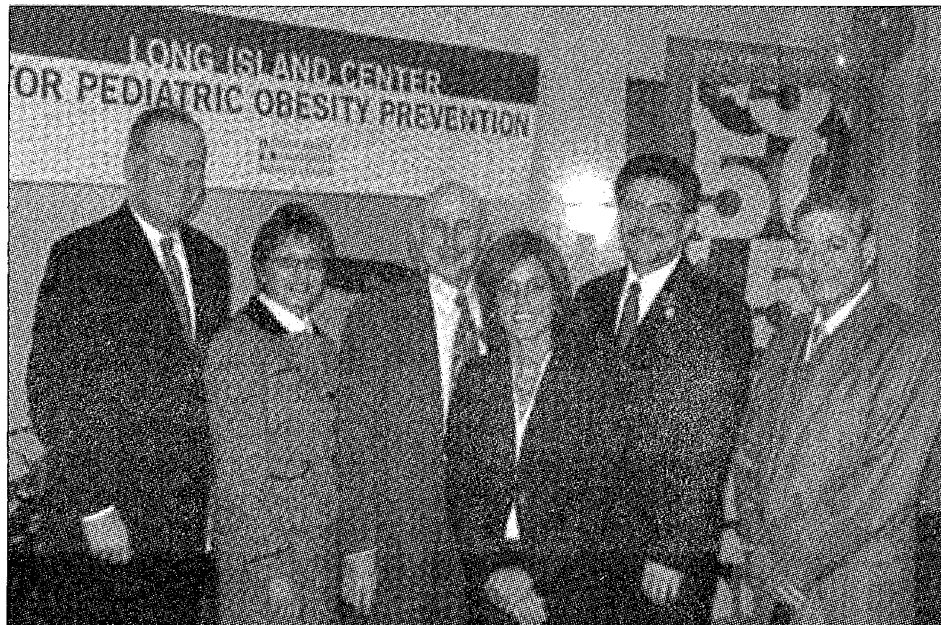
Connolly-Schoonen. Government nutritional advice is watered down when a message might threaten industry sales. In July 2000, the Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine complained that the “Got Milk” advertising campaign was filled with false claims that drinking milk would improve sports performance, since the claims lacked scientific evidence.

She said she thinks that legislators should be holding manufactures to a higher standard as to what ingredients can be used in food products. A lot of food is processed. The unhealthy ingredients such as high fructose corn syrup are slowing down peoples’ metabolism in a way that increases their risk of obesity.

“I think there are a lot of things in our food supply that people don’t give a second thought to that don’t really need to be there,” said Connolly-Schoonen. That is where she thinks legislators should step in. She said she believes the standards should be set through legislation to prevent ingredients such as high fructose corn syrup from being used in products.

Over the past 20 years, obesity in America increased but Connolly-Schoonen said she is still hopeful that it would turn around. She said she realized that there is a lot of work ahead in trying to improve the health of the population. She said she would continue with her efforts to make legislators see the immensity of the obesity problem at hand.

“In the last four or five years, I think there is a real strong interest in changing, which I think is a positive side, so I think there is hope,” said Connolly-Schoonen.



Connolly-Schoonen (center) at an opening celebration of the Center for Best Practices to Prevent and Reduce Childhood Obesity with local representatives and campus officials.

SBU Media Relations

in 2009 and 2010. Her satisfaction quickly turned to disappointment when the tax did not pass both times.

“I find it unfortunate because it could have helped so many people who are struggling so much with health conditions associated with the kind of sug-

products through nutrition recommendations.

“The manufacturers pay their way into that and are able to water down the nutrition recommendations so consumers are not aware and don’t understand what they are purchasing,” said

SB PRESS
UNION 060
EVERY WEDS
AT ONE PM

WHEEL in Dallas PLACES YOU SHOULD GO

arts&entertainment

A Desperate Skeptic's Review of *Tangled*

By Evan Goldaper

Writing a review of Disney's *Tangled* is not easy for me. These days I usually write reviews of things I hate and most of my reviewing skills involve being disgruntled, cynical or, at best, apathetic. I did not hate *Tangled*. In fact, and this is difficult for me to say, I think I may have liked it.

For those of you college students who aren't constantly aware of current releases of cartoon versions of fairy tales, *Tangled* is a retelling of "Rapunzel," minus all the "stealing vegetables from a garden" and "people becoming blind because they got thorns in their eyes," but with the addition of a sassy chameleon and a snarky thief. I tried being bothered by this. When I sat down, I already began complaining. "Man, when I read 'Rapunzel,' they stole some lettuce. Where's the lettuce stealing?" I asked no one in particular, thus annoying everyone else in the theater. But then I realized that I liked chameleons and thieves a lot more than I liked lettuce, so I got over it. With the additions made, *Tangled* felt a lot like

The Princess Bride: an excellent combination of endearingly generic fairy tale logic, modern humor and swashbuckling. And if you're anything like me, I'm sure you're pretty excited about the chance to see anything even remotely like *The Princess Bride*.

Still, I wanted to be cynical. Sure, I liked the plot now, but I didn't want to accept the animation. "What's the deal with all this CGI in my Disney fairy tale movie, damn it?" I yelled in the theater, revealing that I care far too much about cartoons and far too little about the needs of the people sitting next to me. I've been on a crusade against computer-generated animation, which I feel lacks the warmth and character of its hand-drawn brother, but *Tangled* is one of those films that proves my cause wrong. It combines the realism of CGI with a soft, painterly quality that allows for the strengths of both to shine. "This is really good," I mentioned. "Look at that tower! I want a tower that looks like that!" And with that, I decided that I didn't hate the visuals either, though I doubt I'll ever be able to afford a tower, considering I'm studying to be a high school teacher.



By this point, I was growing frightened. I was laughing! I was smiling! I thought that the characters were clever, the chameleon was adorable, the locations were interesting! Frantically, I searched for a problem with *Tangled*. And there are a few. The most notable was the music, really. The songs are generic musical fare that sound like they're trying far too hard to be old Dis-

ney songs to actually be memorable or worthwhile. Phew, I could hate the songs. That made me feel better.

And really, that's everything. I would not recommend *Tangled* if you want to see a movie that you are going to hate. If you want to enjoy a movie, then you should probably see *Tangled*. I mean, not even Mandy Moore ruined this one for me, and that's a first.

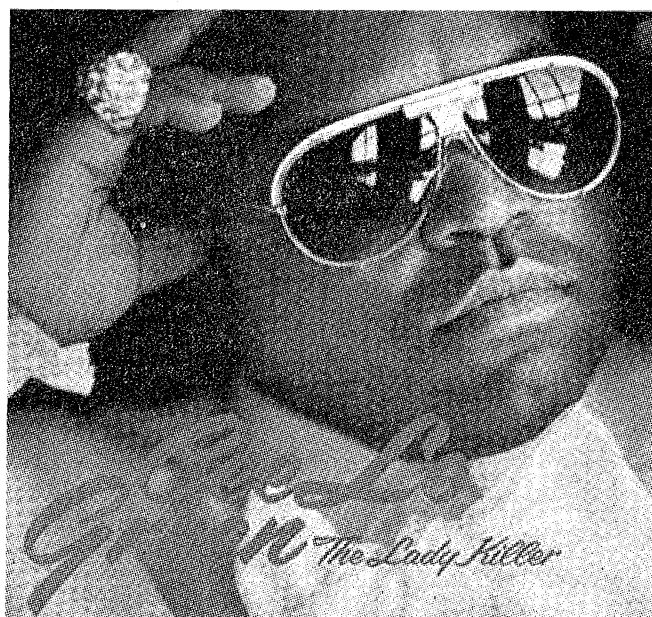
Cee-Lo Likes to Kill Ladies

By Joe Wofford

I'm not exactly an expert in soul music but I was excited to check out *The Lady Killer* by Cee Lo Green for a few reasons. Cee Lo is the singer for the pop group Gnarls Barkley, collaboration between Green and Danger Mouse. He has already made two solo albums, but I didn't have any experience with his non-Gnarls Barkley music. The lead single, "Fuck You," dropped over the summer and I was impressed and went into *The Lady Killer* looking for a bunch of a bunch of catchy soul songs, but I was surprised to find a much more polished and well-crafted album. Each track is lavishly produced with a focus on a old fashioned soul feel. His instrumentation is excellent and features heavy use of strings, brass, saxophone, guitar, and gospel style background singers, leading to songs that are loud and packed with energy.

The kind of music people dance to in clubs today is loud and pulsing techno-pop. The use of auto-tune, synthesizers and drum machines lead to the music having a computerized feel. *The Lady Killer* is a callback to the kind of music that makes you want to groove and sway, not bump and grind. It's soul music that really conveys the passion of the singer.

Here is where I have to mention Cee Lo's performance. When you listen to the album you'll notice the production, but not before you notice Cee Lo's singing. He has a big powerful voice and he commands the mic on every song. There's so much feeling in every line that it's easy to get wrapped up in his



voice. He croons sweet, romantic melodies in some songs, but in others he sings with the anguish and pain that love has caused him. He's a performer and "The Lady Killer" is just one big show.

I already mentioned the goodness that is "Fuck You," but part of what

makes this album so impressive is the consistent quality of the other songs. Out of 12 songs on the album 8 of them are fantastic. The ones that fall short are full of interesting ideas, but they aren't executed in a way that's compelling to listen to. The tracks are varied and each take on a different style and energy than its counterparts. From the fantastic Broadway energy of "Bright Lights Bigger City" to the jazzy "Satisfied," each track is memorable.

What I took away from *The Lady Killer* is that regardless of genre it's easy to tell when an artist truly makes an album worth experiencing. Nobody else is making music quite like Cee Lo right now. His big band attitude and soul make him capable of being a success in an era when his peers are moving in very different directions. We need to recognize artists who try to take their craft to new and interesting places, but in this case we need to give Cee Lo credit for taking us back to an era that we may have left too soon.

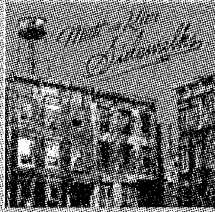
TOP 10 ALBUMS OF 2010

compiled by zach knowlton

2010 was an amazing year for music. And it makes my job so easy that everyone released essentially the same album. They just called it different things. Silly musicians. But these, dear readers, stood out from the pack. They were new. Exciting. Already past the point of caring about.

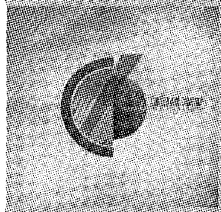
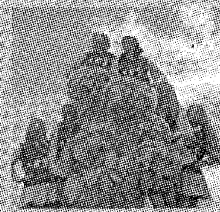
10. Matt and Kim-Sidewalks

I saw them at the Music Hall of Williamsburg before they released Grand, but I haven't listened to anything they released since. I'm just assuming this is good because all of my friends say so.



5. Sleigh Bells-Treats

It's, like, a hardcore kid and a former teen pop girl. It's funny. That's why it's so good. Duh.



9. Coheed and Cambria-Year of the Black Rainbow

The evolved metal-esque compositions of this prog-rock monster really ma-Ha! Just kidding. Coheed and Cambria haven't released anything good since 2000, before they even formed.

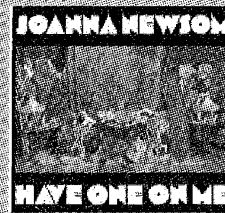
4. Titus Andronicus- The Monitor

I'm the one that turned those Rock Yo Face kids onto this band. Yeah, I said it. And it's about the Civil War. But it's punk inspired music. It's a new genre! History-punk.



8. You Lover Her Coz She's Dead- "Sunday Best"

Who cares if it was just a single? Crystal Castles is soooo first half of 2010. And YLHCSD is so much more intense. It's like hardcore for people who aren't pretentious.



3. Joanna Newsom-Have One On Me

She. Plays. A. Harp. Plus it's a triple album. And it has atmosphere. Yeah, I know, I fucking love atmosphere.



7. Marina and the Diamonds-The Family Jewels

She's like Lady Gaga, except not as many people like her. Plus, she really writes hard hitting songs about how America is obsessed with celebrities and fame, but she's Welsh, so she is just amused by how petty we all are.

2. Best Coast-Crazy For You

They played at Stony Brook. Which should make them lame and overexposed, but this album is so upbeat, but so heartbreaking at the same time. Genius.



6. Superchunk-Majesty Shredding

I wish these guys would have just sold out and made Autotune pop to pay their mortgages or whatever. But, they just made the same stuff they always have. Except no one knows who they are anymore, even though they influenced every band you like. Yes, you. So, I guess it's like they're cool again. Thanks for helping me work through that.



1. Kanye West-My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy

NOTHING IS BETTER THAN KANYE. Just ask Najib Aminy.



K
W

NOT TOP 10 MOVIES OF 2010

compiled by lauren dubois

10. *Leap Year* (Romantic Comedy, January 2010; Starring Amy Adams and Matthew Goode):

Generally, romantic comedies don't have the most ingenious of stories behind them. They usually just follow the standard boy meets girl, boy falls in love with girl, boy somehow screws it up, boy wins girl back and they live happily ever after formula. That's okay though, because we don't go to see romantic comedies because we want to see the two stars not end up together. But to think the audience was expected to enjoy such a far-fetched, ridiculous and stupid story as the one in *Leap Year* was a bad call on everyone's part. And generally, I think we're supposed to at least semi like the hero and heroine when we leave the theater, no matter how bad the movie is. But I walked out hating Amy Adams, which is sad, because usually, she's just so damned likable.

Why it Fails: Bad story, terrible characters

9. *When in Rome* (Romantic Comedy, January 2010; Starring Kristen Bell and Josh Duhamel):

Another romantic comedy gone horribly wrong. First of all, we're in Rome for a total of, like, ten minutes. Second, absolutely nothing makes sense in the plot. Third, the jokes totally fall flat. Fourth, the chemistry between Bell and Duhamel is non-existent. And fifth, it's just terrible. End of discussion.

Why it Fails: Misleading, not funny, no chemistry

8. *Get Him to the Greek* (Comedy, June 2010; Starring Jonah Hill and Russell Brand):

I think this was supposed to be some kind of spin-off of 2008's successful *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, which was insanely funny and entertaining. The story centers around rock star and sex addict Aldous Snow, and Aaron Green—a record company intern who is charged with the task of bringing Snow, his favorite rock star, across the Atlantic for a concert at L.A.'s Greek Theater. But for something that's supposed to be a spin off, there's a one tiny problem. In *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, Jonah Hill was a waiter named Matthew at a Hawaiian resort. Is Aaron supposed to be his long lost twin? Not for nothing, it's hard to enjoy a spin off

or sequel comedies if more of the original elements don't match up.

Why it Fails: Poor excuse for a sequel

7. *Our Family Wedding* (Romantic Comedy, March 2010; America



Ferrera, Forest Whitaker, Carlos Mencia):

Just an epic fail. Anyone who thought having a goat eat Viagra, and then proceed to have that goat try and have sex with the father of the groom, was either seriously disturbed, abused by a goat as a child or an idiot.

Why it Fails: Sheer Idiocy

6. *Letters to Juliet* (Romantic Comedy, May 2010; Amanda Seyfried, Gael Garcia Bernal, Vanessa Redgrave):

I almost didn't put this on the list, because I admit to liking this movie for the most part. After seeing it originally, I did somewhat believe in love a little bit more, because the story itself is romantic. But I feel like there wasn't enough character development. I couldn't really get into either of the male leads, and not for nothing, I at least go to watch romantic comedies because I really like the male leads. But neither of them is overly attractive to begin with, and to add insult to injury, neither one has a particularly strong on-screen presence or great personality. A shame really, because if they were more engaging, this movie could have been one of the better options for a romantic comedy.

Why it Fails: Bad casting

5. *Valentine's Day* (Romantic Comedy, February 2010; every actor known to man):

Ensemble movies are either really

good, or really terrible. This is an example of an ensemble film that had way too many stories to be likable. It's also an example of a movie that puts way too many actors in and gives them all first billing. You're not a first billed actor if you're on screen for a total of five minutes, especially in a movie that's over two hours long. To my friends, shoot me in the foot if I ever suggest seeing it again, please.

Why it Fails: Too much casting

4. *Remember Me* (Drama, Romance, March 2010; Robert Pattinson, Emilie de Ravin):

I might be biased here, because I just don't like Robert Pattinson at all. But I was willing to give him a chance because he isn't always going to be an oh-so-dreamy vampire. But he doesn't stretch very far as an actor, which doesn't make a very good case for him after *Twilight* ends. It could also be the horrible writing and direction that make this suck, but like I said, I don't like Robert Pattinson, so maybe I'll just blame him.

Why it Fails: Robert Pattinson

3. *The Bounty Hunter* (Comedy, March 2010; Jennifer Aniston, Gerard Butler):

I can't believe I'm giving this movie even this much honor of being on a list of horrible movies, because it was that



bad. The story is terrible, and it tries to be both a crime thriller and marriage comedy, but the attempt to mash these two together is unfunny and not very serious when it comes to the crime part. I didn't believe for a second that Gerard Butler or Jennifer Aniston's lives were in danger. Sadly, I just think Jennifer Aniston needs to stop acting,

That or she needs to fire whoever helps her choose what movies to do, because all they're doing is destroying her career.

Why it Fails: It just does.

2. *Shrek Forever After* (Animation, Comedy, May 2010; Mike Myers, Cameron Diaz, Eddie Murphy):



Congratulations DreamWorks, you managed to take what was a good franchise, and destroy it. We did not need a fourth Shrek movie. By the time we got to the third one, I was already starting to get a little bored, but I was willing to let it slide. But then I saw that a fourth one was coming out. And I wanted to cry. Especially since Shrek is having a mid-life crisis in this one. Is that seriously necessary? I think not.

Why it Fails: Overkill

Vampires Suck (Comedy, August 2010; Nobody we know or care about):

I usually love parody comedies because they're so stupid you can't help but laugh, but this one took it to new heights. The point of these parody movies is to point out the flaws of certain movies and make fun of them. But *Twilight* is so bad on its own that it makes fun of itself, so this movie was completely unnecessary, and a colossal waste of time. I don't need to see movies that make fun of movies that already make fun of themselves. It's a bit pointless and redundant. Scratch that, it's not a bit a pointless and redundant, it's completely pointless and redundant.

Why it Fails: Poor excuse for parody

TOP 10 VIDEO GAMES OF 2010

compiled by matt calamia, bobby holt and kenny mahoney

"Game of The Year" lists are so played out; so played out that we've decided to focus our attention on the top sequels of 2010. And boy, were there a lot of them. Some were good, others were not so good, but they all have at least one thing in common – they end with the number two.

10. Mafia 2—2K threw every mob-story and cliché at the wall for Mafia 2. It had *Goodfellas*, *The Godfather* and every other mob movie you've seen since 1970. Oddly enough, though, the story works, and works well.

Sadly, the gameplay doesn't pull its weight. 2K decided to design the game as an open-world sandbox, but it doesn't play like one. The world around you looks like *Grand Theft Auto*, but void of all life and interaction.

9. Kane and Lynch 2:

If you like blood, gore and just the most foul, obscene dialogue ever in a game, *Kane and Lynch 2* is your game. The game picks up some time after the original, this time in Shanghai, which can only be trouble.

The gameplay is just brutal, with poor shot detection and lack of variety throughout the game. Luckily, the game maxes out at about five hours. You read that right: Five hours. Usually I would complain, but this is surely a blessing in disguise.

8. NBA Jam [2]:

Remember playing *NBA Jam* in arcades or on your Super Nintendo? Well, now it's in HD. Still the same two-on-two basketball fun you remember from the mid-90s.

This is a perfect pick-up and play sports title that caters to both new comers and Jam vets. Although it could get a bit stale after a handful of games, there

are several different modes for players to check out. It also supports online play [minus the Wii version], allowing you to trash talk with anyone around the world while you're on fire!

7. Super Mario Galaxy 2:

The original *Galaxy* made owning a Wii worth it. The game was the old Mario we know and love, while incorporating the Wii's motion controls. *Galaxy 2* should be more aptly named *Galaxy 1.5*, as it is basically just more levels added to the first game. And that isn't a bad thing.

The sequel also has Yoshi, and who doesn't love that green, dinosaur-looking thing? No complaints about this one. It's a must-own.

6. Starcraft II:

There's really no way to not include this game as one of the most anticipated sequels of the year. I mean, it cut Japan's productivity in half for like weeks. The first game actually killed people because they sat in one place playing too much. I think that is enough to get this game on the list.

5. Red Steel II:

With the first game being so absolutely terrible the anticipation for this game is obviously very high. I think the game can only be out-hyped *Cabela's Big Game Hunter 2010*, our very own personal game of the year.

4. Dead Rising 2:

Dead Rising 2 stays true to almost everything in the first *Dead Rising*, which can be good and bad. For the sequel, the developers added weapon crafting, allowing you to combine different weapons to make totally batshit-crazy instruments of death. They start with relatively simple combos like "Nails + Bat = Nailbat" and move on to crazy things like "Chainsaw + Oar = Paddlesaw". In the end, killing zombies is still fun, but the annoyances they kept from the first game – such as time limits and incompetent survivor AI – make this one mediocre at its best and controller-smashingly frustrating at its worst. You're better off picking up *Dead Rising: Case 0*, a five dollar prequel to this sequel, and skipping the full game.

3. Battlefield: Bad Company 2

Battlefield: Bad Company 2 takes everything you love about the battlefield series and adds... well... funny dialogue? The solo campaign will leave you in stitches, as the antics of the guys in *Bad Company* are hilarious and wonderfully voice acted. The rest of the game plays like most other *Battlefield* games, with destructible environments and great multiplayer. Wait, why am I talking about this again? I already reviewed this last semester! Whatever, just buy it.

2. Just Cause 2

Just Cause 2 is what happens when

you combine the lush jungle environments of the *FarCry* series and the open-world insanity of games like *Grand Theft Auto* and *Crackdown*. The last time we heard from *Just Cause* was right around the launch of the Xbox 360, with that title seeing a release on the original Xbox as well as the 360, and the developers have had plenty of time to add more crazy to the sequel. There's a story to be had in *Just Cause 2*, but most players will be too busy soaring through the skies via abusing the power of their grappling hook and giggling when they send their character freefalling from the game's highest mountain peaks – and there's nothing wrong with that.

1. Mass Effect 2

Mass Effect 2 does to the original *Mass Effect* what the knife did to the loaf of bread. This sequel, more than any other title I've played this year, improves on the faults of the previous title and adds even more to enjoy. By revamping the previously clunky weapon system, improving dialogue, and going balls-out on DLC, *Mass Effect 2* is the kind of sequel other video game developers have wet dreams about. Also, you can get into even more steamy situations with your inter-species crew. Be the Captain Kirk you always wanted to be and check this one out.

TOP 10 POP CULTURE EVENTS 2010

compiled by nick statt

10. When Kanye West released his album *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*.

9. When Kanye West said, "I don't be thinking of Wal-Mart when I make my album covers."

8. When Kanye West donned the name "Kenny" to rap battle Cleveland Brown's son in a still-unwatchable episode of *The Cleveland Show*.

7. When Kanye West vehemently tweeted that he was not going to perform on the Today Show after Matt Lauer was a douche to him.

6. When Kanye West explained that he didn't mean to call George Bush a racist.

5. When Kanye West debuted his epic 35-minute film for the song "Runaway"

4. When Kanye West revealed that his new album would have four super-artistic album art covers.

3. When Kanye West changed his album name from *Good Ass Job* to *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*.

2. When Kanye West interrupted Matt Lauer to ask him why he was such a douche.

1. When Kanye West performed at the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade wearing a fur vest and a headband!!!

THE COMICS SECTION

The **SCARLET SEAWOLF**
By: Frank Myles

one day in the Bamboo Forrest

I know I'll find it if I keep looking

Bike...no

human remains... no

THERE!! THE BAMBOO FORREST UNICORN!!

meep-

GRR!!

Stand back, citizen!! That Voldemortesque* individual is trying to drink the unicorn's blood!!

wait just a Gosh darn minute!! leave him to me!!

*Voldemortesque because the ~~real~~ Voldemort would cost money... and may be a magical J.K. Rowling lawsuit -FM

A quasi-but-not-necessarily Darth Vader-like* character??

*once again, real Vader is too costly... and I fear lawyers -FM

I'll take care of him... -gasp-

well... I guess my job is done

but we still need to fill another panel...

STOP THE THEFT OF UNICORN BLOOD

I love living

Fin.

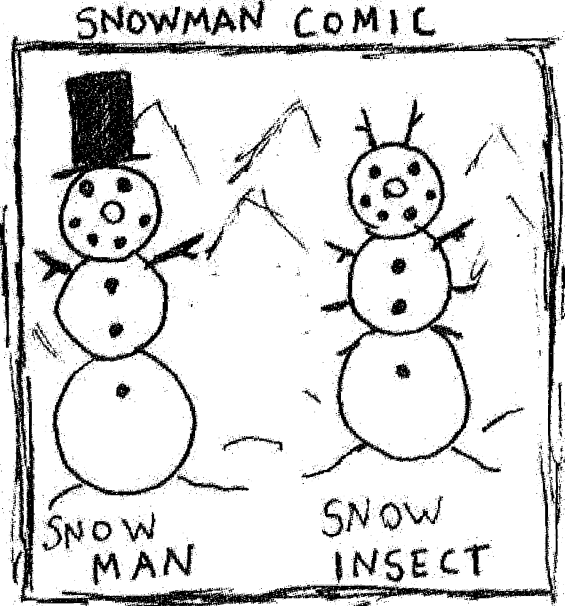


If you get too anxious or frightened...

The Stony Brook Press will kickstart your heart.
Meetings every Wed at 1pm in Student Union 060

THE COMICS SECTION

AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR...
THE BORING ROCKS' LAME HOLIDAY COMIC
EXTRAVAGANZA! by Evan "SG" Goldaper



It's time to make a Decision:

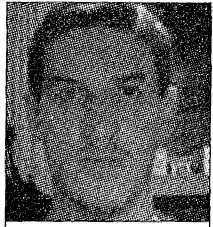
“ I'm taking my Talents
To the Union Basement ”



Writers, Photographers, Reporters, Designers, Copy Editors, Artists, New Media Mavens, Roustabouts, Poets, Tinkers, Tailors, Soldiers, Spies Wanted
Join the **Stony Brook Press** Meetings Every Wednesday at 1 pm in Union Basement 060 or Email editors@sypress.com

opinion

When a School Has No Identity - Contemplating the Future of Theatre at Stony Brook



Sam Katz

The undergraduate actors that took part in last weekend's production of Brecht's "Caucasian Chalk Circle" have a story to tell, and it isn't just the story of two lovers and

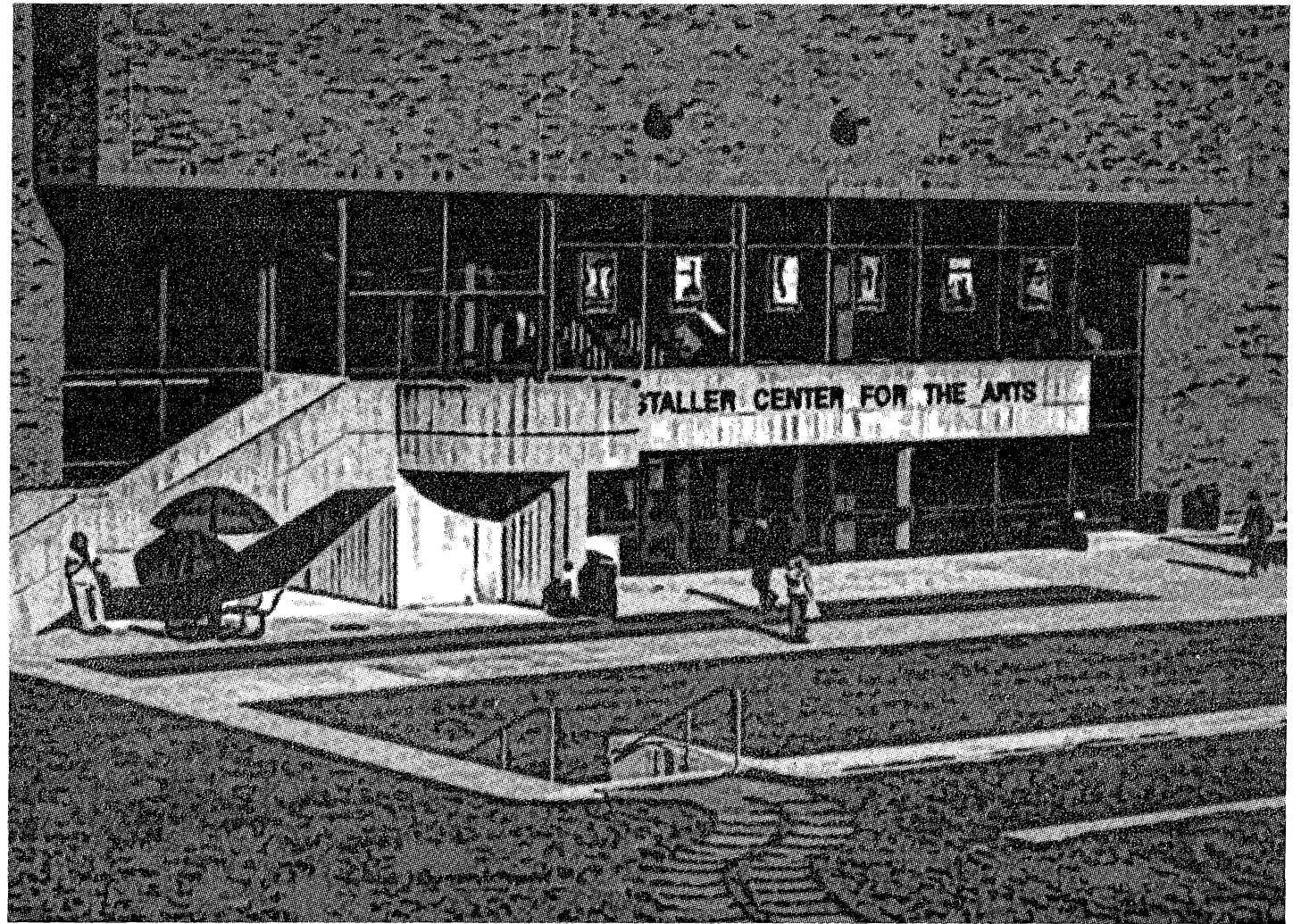
an adopted child, but the story of theatre itself.

The production starts with students in their everyday clothes hanging around the theatre and discussing the cuts made to the production budget. After some chatting ("Budget cuts Shmudget cuts" says one, "They want to give this place to the math department, they just a new building" says another) the students decide to do a reading of Brecht's "Caucasian Chalk Circle." As the reading progresses the performance becomes more and more theatrical, showing the transformative power of theatre. (In one example: at the beginning of the play one character mimes giving a necklace to another then later in the play the character actually wears a necklace.)

The production drew one of the finest performances I have seen from any ensemble here at Stony Brook. Some of the actors were common faces from other Stony Brook productions while others were new. Either way, the cast showed incredible versatility in their repertoire. Some of the actors played instruments on stage, some played multiple roles of different genders, some sang, but everyone showed an incredible command of the work they were producing.

What struck me most about the production was how much fun the cast was having producing the show. Beyond the lines and the scenes, the ensemble showed what theatre is really about — the magic of transporting a stage to another place, the allure of the spoken word and the power of storytelling. The production of Brecht's abridged "Caucasian Chalk Circle" proved to its audience that the utility of theatre isn't what it tells you in the end, but how much you enjoy the process, how seductive its power is and how terrible it would be to lose due to budget cuts.

In the last two years the cuts to the theatre department here at Stony Brook have been extensive. In the year before I



came here (08-09) Stony Brook's theatre department produced two main stage productions. The year I came here it was reduced to just one. Now for this year, it appears that there will no main stage productions at all.

Whenever the discussion of budget cuts to the arts comes up, the most common explanation is that Stony Brook is a science school and therefore priority is given to the sciences. I asked President Stanley about that in a recent meeting at the Press' office. I asked him how much the character of this school as a "science school" informs his decisions as to where to cut and which departments to grow. President Stanley responded that he never prioritizes departments based on the idea that this school is a science school; instead he says he bases it on "excellence." You can never have a school that is great at everything, he explained, and wherever we see excellence we attempt to help it grow

Stanley's reluctance to articulate an identity that he sees for this school surprised me. It's certainly politically safe to claim that you are committed to excellence (who doesn't like excellence?), but there are many areas of excellence and there are many ways to pursue it

and when you have a tight budget you have to choose. Leadership that waits for excellence and then encourages it is reactionary leadership, not visionary leadership. Visionary leadership requires vision and plan, and excellence doesn't count as a vision.

I don't think there is anything wrong with assigning an identity of a "science school" to this university. I came to this school because of its reputation in the sciences. What would be wrong is to misunderstand the place art programs, like our theatre department, have in a science school. The relationship between scientific and artistic scholarship is an old one, and what troubled me about our President's response wasn't his stance on it, but his unwillingness to articulate it.

(On a side note: another topic that came up in the discussion with President Stanley was getting the community around the school more involved in this campus. Anyone who has attended any performances at Staller knows that most of the attendees are people from around the area. Therefore the cutting of original productions at Staller will cut one of the most direct contacts the community around us has with our school.)

I wish President Stanley could have

seen the production of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. The production didn't just show the "excellence" that the Theatre Department houses, but the necessity of having those performances be an integral part of our campus.

The play ends with the drunken judge Azdac terminating the marriage of the wrong couple, which liberates our heroine to marry her true love. Azdac, as explained in a portion of the play titled "The Story of Azdac," knows nothing about justice or judging, or anything about his defendants, and it shows in the random rulings he declares. To grow this university without an understanding of its character would be as frivolous as Azdac's rulings, and we risk terminating the wrong marriages. Is this a science school or isn't it? What are our priorities? And how important are the arts to us? The answer to these questions needs to be articulated or we risk having our university be like "The Story of Azdac."

Our theatre department has excellence, what it needs now is a school that believes in it and proudly makes it a part of its identity.

The Fall of An Artist



Kenny Mahoney

After what must have been a grueling campus-wide search, University Police finally caught the infamous “Walter,” or as he prefers not to be called - Jesse Jay Parker, the enigmatic student responsible for the recent campus beautification that Project 50 Forward can only dream of. And, like a true revolutionary artist, he went down swinging - being apprehended after sheepishly taping a sticker with his name written on it to a garbage can.

For those of you unfamiliar with the artistic musings of Walter, I will foolishly attempt to paint a picture of his beautiful works using mere words and how he ascribes to his tumultuous task. His instrument of choice is as elegant as it is simple, for Walter uses not the brush, the paint can or the fingerprint, but a United States Postal Service sticker with “Walter” written on it. Some of Walter’s most prolific works in-

clude “Walter Sticker on a Lamppost,” “Walter Sticker on a Door” and we cannot forget the brilliant “Walter Sticker on a Bus Seat.”

Walter can be best described by his own personal fan blog where connoisseurs of this prolific artist can view and share his works, provided you were fortuitous enough to be given an invitation from the blogs curators, Clandestine and E. Nygma; two brave souls known only by their mysterious aliases due to the threat of parking-ticket level fines and zero jail time.

The duo refers to Walter as Bruce Wayne, the secret identity of the iconic comic book character Batman. However, I feel this comparison is far too flattering of Batman, as Walter’s devil-may-care attitude combined with his knack for defiantly placing pre-made stickers in random locations stands leaps and bounds beyond Batman’s one-man war against crime on the streets of Gotham. To even remotely think that Batman’s arsenal of high-tech weaponry and his mastery of martial arts can compare to Walter’s post teen-angst and



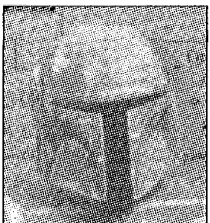
who is

pseudo-urban artistic abilities is outright offensive.

No longer will I feel moderate surprise as I round a corner and come face-to-face with your monochromatic vandalism, nor will I briefly wonder how you were able to haphazardly place your art at an above-average height. You have successfully captured the level

of bathroom-stall scribbling into effortless urban post-it note graffiti. Farewell, unsung hero of the streets. Well, not exactly the streets - it was on campus. Either way, your artwork will truly be missed; that is, until someone accidentally sticks their temporary nametag onto something.

Woot Woot, That's the Sound of the Police!



Chris Sorochin

As someone who's out of the loop when it comes to what really constitutes student life these days, it did my bitter, old heart good to read that 20-plus years of quasi-prohibition have not transformed the undergraduate population into a generation of clean and sober Stepford children. A secondhand source inside Residence Life has previously intimated that on-campus social life was alive, well and causing property damage, but it was nice to know it's been confirmed in the university's annual “crime” report.

Of course, the rise in referrals and arrests doesn't necessarily mean that there's a renaissance in partying, only that the authorities are being bigger douchebags about it. I wonder if there's any kind of impressionistic breakdown of the offenses in question, i.e. how many of the students involved were actually behaving in a truly de-

structive or dangerous way and how many were merely unlucky enough to be cursed with an uncool R.A. I have heard of schools where anyone caught with a forbidden substance, no matter the amount or circumstances, is automatically required to take some kind of on-line counseling program. Administrators have pathologized disobedience, in much the same way that 19th century doctors coined “drapetomania”, a mental illness that made slaves want to escape.

So, by all means please do your part to keep the numbers up there—just be responsible: keep things safe and try not to get caught. Sneaky subversion is all well and good (it helped bring down the Volstead Act and Soviet communism), but I can't help and think there should be some sort of open opposition to many of these policies. Like the one (I've heard, remember, out of the loop) resident staff patrol on Thursday nights, looking for social events to break up. It seems to me that it's one thing to go after someone making enough excessive noise to attract attention and quite another to go around trying to sniff things

out like, Vincent Price in *Witchfinder General*. Surely there should be some organized move by students or their representatives to put an end to excessive zealotry, when it comes to things like this. Do people really find it necessary now to call the police when the aroma of burning cannabis is detected? Good Lord, get a life!

I should also take this opportunity to apologize for my lame, hypocritical generation. We totally partied our asses off when we were students (and enjoyed almost every substance-enhanced minute of it; don't let anyone tell you different), but now, I'm ashamed to see that many of those of those, who thought they'd make way cooler middle-aged folk than our parents did, are now the architects and enforcers of these very same repressive policies. And those of us, who aren't complete sell-outs rarely, if ever, raise our voices in protest. My theory is that there's a kind of passive-aggressive resentment of the youth because they serve as a reminder that we are getting old, and we were a part of the generation that said we hoped we'd die before

that happened. Don't trust anyone over 30, indeed.

But we only had it good because those immediately before us confronted authority and demanded to be treated as adults. Since the 1980s, there has been an attempt to infantilize young adults and even older adults. Don't think once you hit 21, or graduate, it will end.

I am encouraged to hear that the traveling public has started to revolt against TSA strip-searching/groping procedure. I was equally encouraged a couple years ago, when over 100 university presidents called for re-thinking the drinking-age laws to combat the (ironically) growing incidence of toxic alcohol consumption. Mexico is currently discussing legalizing marijuana in order to curb violence by drug gangs. Society and culture are never static; they can go from very free to very repressive—and they can go back again. But not if everybody keeps their mouths shut.

TOP 10 STUDY TIPS

10. Take 100-level classes so you don't have to study.

9. Take an Arts-related class because they won't exist anymore.

8. Don't talk about Wikileaks.

7. Avoid listening to Kanye West because you can be lulled into ecstasy by his lucid voice and dulcet tones.

6. Drink Four Loko, bro!

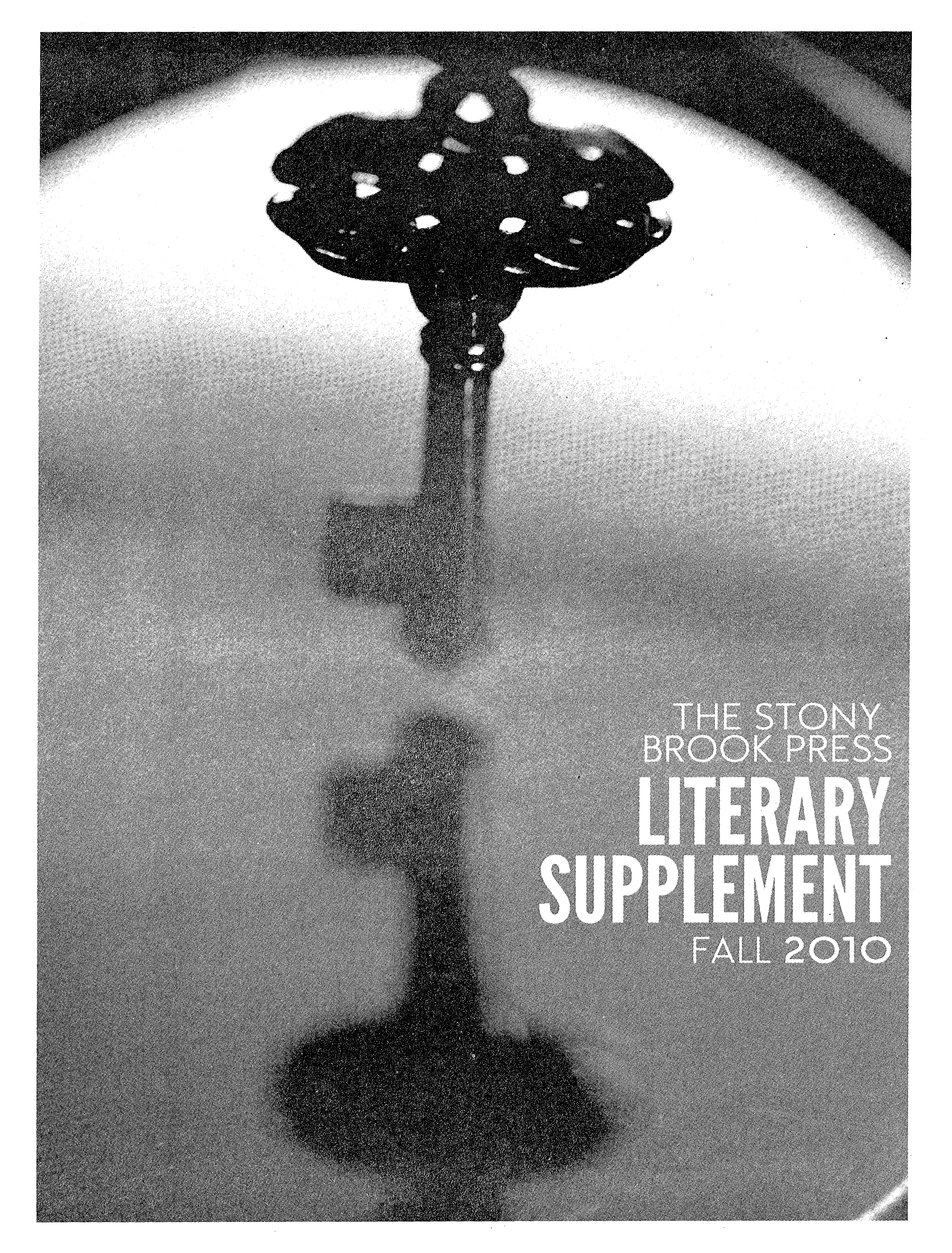
5. Wait till the last minute so it only takes a minute to get done.

4. This Wendy's line seems pretty long, huh?

3. Set the bar low so you're ready for a dissapointing grade. Afterall, there is only one true George Mason Cinderella story and it's not you. It's the 2006 George Mason Men's Basketball team.

2. Study groups don't work, even with hot chicks. Then they really don't work.

1. Stop reading this list, stupid!



THE STONY
BROOK PRESS
**LITERARY
SUPPLEMENT**
FALL 2010

A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

It's that time of year again: time to stress out over finals and wish you'd never piled on those extra three credits or left that paper until the night before it was due or gone out partying until you found yourself up a tree wondering why everyone was suddenly so much shorter than you. We've been there. Especially up that tree. So we've assembled The Stony Brook Press' Literary Supplement to give you a few moments of fun while you toil away and try to survive the end of this semester. Because we know you will. And if you don't, well, we were serious about being up that tree. You can come join us if you'd like.

CONTRIBUTOR LIST

R.J. HUNEKE

LIZ EARLY

SARAH EVINS

BRYAN CARROLL

GINNY MULÉ

EVAN GOLDAPER

SAMUEL KATZ

MEGHAN ADAMO

DANIEL UNDERHILL

COVER PHOTO BY TIA MANSOURI

BRYAN CARROLL

POOR SCHOONER

Adrift and barely afloat
 Drifting in this ocean on a boat
 Beneath the shadowy light
 I slipped by a darkened flight
 So how should I presume?
 Arms made a sudden lamplight
 Across the crests and troughs alike
 No choice but to escape the hackneyed trite
 The crests let me glimpse the shawl
 Just a fallacious plight
 Against the evening sights
 Adrift and barely afloat
 Then how should I begin?
 On a graceful note

Once I was sailing
 With those who loved me
 And those who I loved thee
 Adrift and barely afloat

To the ladders we all took
 But one of those I held dear
 Did I share the wooden boat

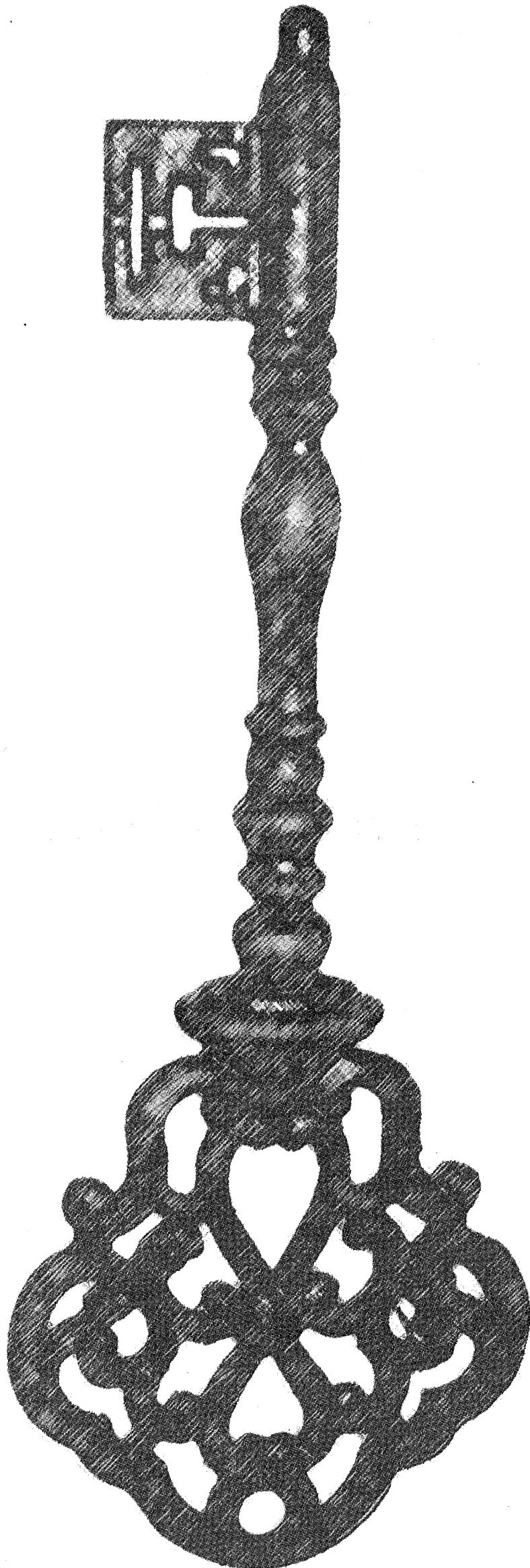
With no room for our beer
 Just few planks of timber again hoe
 And for while together we did sing Poe
 There was no such bright
 Once in the middle of the night
 Two lonely steamboats

WATERSIDES

a tattoo is stained glass
 the view over the hood
 Might have been summertime
 just as the weather would
 before the orange, blue and yellow
 I hope you don't mind the ink
 I can only imagine
 what my eyes will see
 on this stained waterside



POEMS



THE DOVE

The dove
white, snow white
fluttering, flying
up and down
diving, soaring
peaceful
placid
not to be denied
regal
royal
not to be ignored
resting on high laurels
to be aspired to
war and peace
carrion and dove
the dove
glimmering like white snow
peaceful
going
above and below
hard to be
easy to disown
as we grow
harder it gets
to be the beautiful
doves
finding ourselves
but yet,
not our selves

LIZ EARLY

THE CIRCLE

Lights swirling
 turning, spinning.
 Going up, up, up
 and there's the fall.
 Diving, lowering, falling.
 Then it starts anew,
 an endless cycle,
 the spiral.
 How pointless the defeat of darkness,
 if it starts over and rises again.
 But do not think such,
 it is worth it,
 For our children.
 Life to the dying,
 in their hands lying.
 It is not pointless,
 it is full of hope.
 "Hope" is a bird in my heart,
 it flies, soars,
 up and down,
 it will give us joy.
 Joy, sweet serendipity, leading to two paths
 diverging in a wood.
 There they are,
 which to take?
 Don't 'go with the flow,'
 blaze your own trail.
 Trails, where do they end?
 "What's it all about?" you say.
 I'll tell you.
 It is the circle of light and dark,
 good and evil,
 life and death.
 That's what it's about.
 Take my advice,
 think.
 About what you are trying to do.
 To me.
 To you.
 To the circle.

SILVER WHITE

BEAUTY

The silver white beauty falls all around us
 covering the trees.
 Oh so picturesque,
 its brilliance is blinding.
 The pristine elegance on the ground and tress
 truly is magnificent.
 To be graced with its presence,
 the highest honour.

I HAVE A DREAM

"I have a dream," he said
 and what a dream he had.
 Remembered to the ends of time,
 but forgotten in an instant.

"I have a dream," he said,
 a wonderful dream it was.
 Forceful yet gentle,
 quiet and proud.

He had a dream,
 and what a dream it was.

POEMS

R.J. HUNEKE

THE UNKNOWN ROAD

The billboard tags flapped in the wind

Like the noisy swans taking off

When one Tail broke free

Taking the dancing words along

The unknown road

There are stops, the end, that are known

Getting there the Tale is young

Blind, deaf and misspelled

Jumping and backpedaling on

The unknown road

Misused, confused, rubber stamp raped

Missionary flip over

Wrapping and swimming

The Tale in overwhelming taste

Of unknown road.

ALOUD

I sneezed the sound of my thought

Honestly

It was met harshly

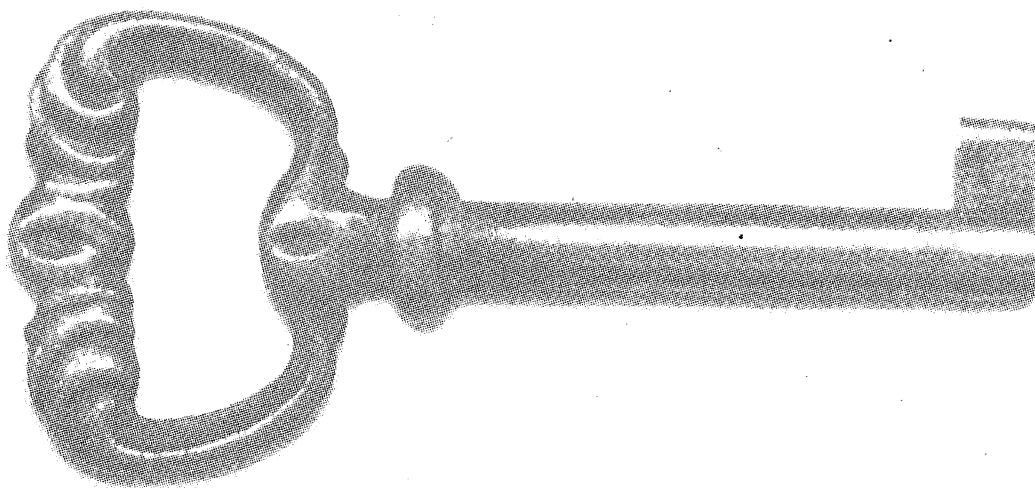
Ripping the pages to scraps

I coughed and choked rebuttals

Solemnly

Fair was the temptress

Emptying my head of sand.



TREACHERY IN SHOTS OF COFFEE

Treachery in shots of coffee

Riddled and rattled

My sleepy mind

And her sensuous steam

Bit

My

Tongue

As speech drowned

Treachery in shots of coffee

Slender and sexy

Dominating

With her graceful walking

Pour

The

Dark

Liquid hot

Treachery in shots of coffee

Grinding so smoothly

Shocking bodies

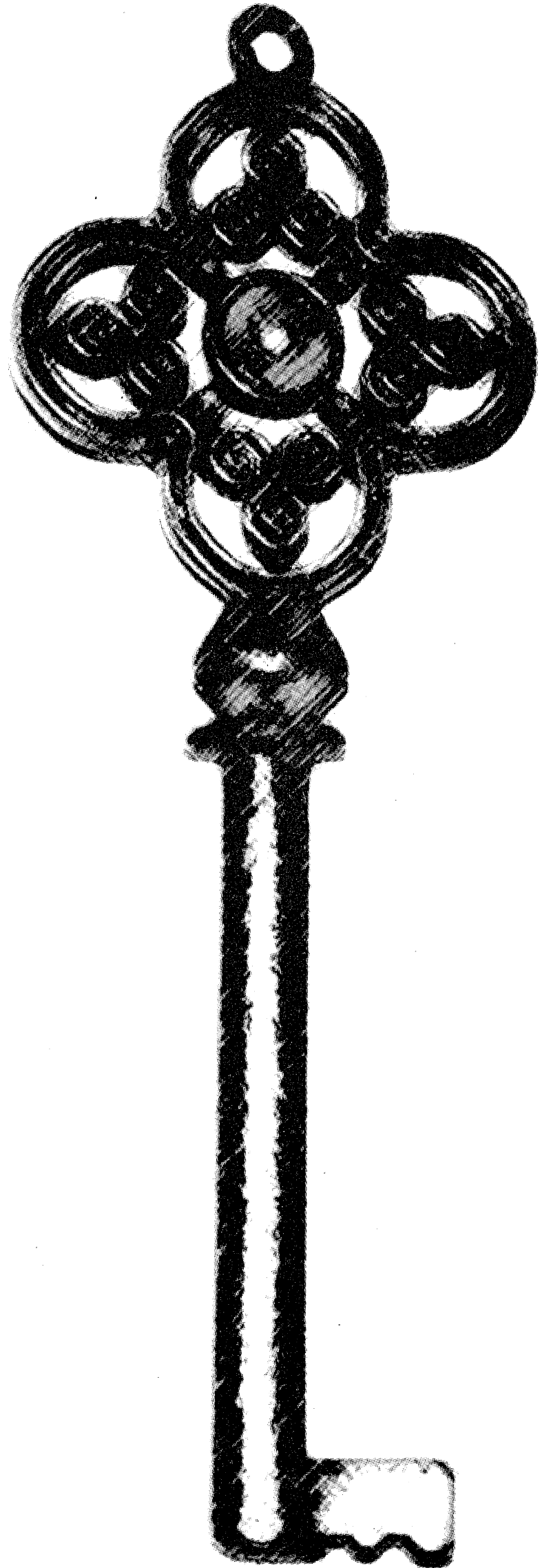
Her caffeine gasps sugar

And

I

Drink

And pour more.



POEMS

R.J. HUNEKE

MISCHIEF VIA FREUDIAN SLIP

What happened on the day that Cupid
dropped his sack?

Hundreds, thousands, millions

Arrows gold tipped and black

Dropped

Rented

Clouds

In an abysmal fall

What of the other withered souls leaping
with youth?

Invigorated fools

In

Out

Love

Maddened by ecstasy

Where was Aphrodite the nude, Hermes
the hungry?

When the sharpened stars fell

Like rain in a desert

Stunned

Soaked

Shards

The pink child's grenades

What if the porous ground sediments
churned and swam?

Finding one grain to merge

Wet

Soft

Mud

Her love of Cupid's bow.

What was the effect after they looked up
stricken?

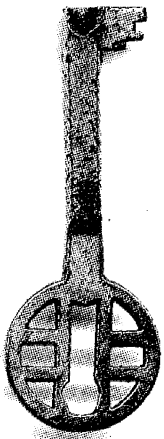
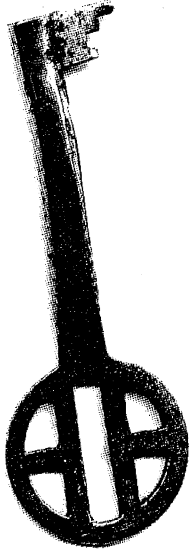
Some were dumbfounded dead

Blank

Weight

Free

Abandoned crumpled forms



SARAH EVINS

MEMOIRS

my teenage acne scars
 look more and more like battle wounds,
 the year unfolding
 like the sleepless nights that settle
 into the skin beneath my eyes.

these nights
 of dissolved kaleidoscope horizons
 have faded into fluorescent basement walls
 opaque as chalk crumbling from the ceiling

opaque as I am mute

but my only silence is noise.
 words and words and words, never ideas.
 I am haunted by their dry-wall voices,
 these ghosts of people
 translucent
 beneath their
 sunglasses.

these goggles

these goggles
 can't keep me from drowning.

And though they walk through the muddled deep with assured clarity,
 Clearer still
 is this fleeting kiss of oxygen bubbles, advancing into the horizon.

UNTITLED

Malicious sea-witch from the cratered lagoon-
 She cackles, unshackles her beast, rides her broom.

As she wipes from proboscis her fetid sea-slime,
 She pushes the sadness back down deep inside.



BREATHE

An Elvis song drifts through the air, weaving in and out of the static from the radio. It's Friday night, and Rich should be here any minute to pick me up in his homemade convertible. He was always doing funny things like that, cutting the roof off of his car to impress the other girls. But that was before me. I knew from the first time I saw him that I was going to marry him. I pointed him out in the crowd and told my friends, "He's the one for me." Of course, they all just laughed, thinking I was joking. But if there's one thing in life I know, it's what I want and I wanted him.

Suddenly, he's here. I hear his voice, but the man I'm looking at isn't right. "Hey, hon," he says, "How are you today?"

"None of your business," I snap back, "Now are we going out dancing, or not?"

"Sure, sure, we can go dancing," he replies with a hint of sadness in his voice. This confuses me, because he always loved to go out and have a good time. I wonder what's wrong, and as I walk out the door, my mind wanders so that I forget where I am entirely. Suddenly, I'm in Disney World, surrounded by children and adults who all look eerily familiar. How do I know these people? As one little girl runs around I hear an adult, probably her mother, call out "Ginny, get back here next to Matthew for a picture!" "That's strange," I think to myself. It's rare that I find someone else who shares my name. Suddenly a word pops into my head. Grandchildren. These are my grandchildren, and I am on vacation with them. It doesn't make sense. Just thirty seconds ago I was on the couch in my living room waiting for Rich. I don't have any grandkids; I'm 17 years old! But somehow I know they are mine.

I look to my left, and Rich is standing there with me. At least, I think it's him. He's not the handsome 18-year-old boy I know, but an older, more mature person with the same face. I'd recognize those eyes anywhere. "It's lunch time, now, do you want something to eat?" he says. The words don't make sense with where I am, but I do feel a rumble in my stomach, so I nod my head. He holds a spoonful of soup to my mouth. Mmmm.

Split pea soup: my favorite. "When the hell did you learn to make split pea soup so good?" I ask. He just smiles and chuckles, shaking his head. The room is hazy around him, but I'm pretty sure we're not in Disney World anymore. I can detect that same sorrow I saw before in his attitude.

Sometime after I finish the soup and my coffee (which was horrible, by the way- I need to get a better coffeemaker next time I'm out), I drift off to sleep and have strange restless dreams about the children at Disney World, my "grandkids." I see flashes of their lives, at all different ages, and wonder what it all means. The dreams are spooky, but not unpleasant. In fact, a warm feeling washes over me when I see the children smiling and having fun. If only I understood who they were!

Now I'm awoken from my afternoon nap by the sounds of

GINNY MULÉ

people moving about in my room. It is then that I realize I am not alone in here, that there is another bed next to mine, which is occupied by an older woman. Displayed across the walls of her room are sketches and portraits, all done in black and white, amidst colorful get-well-soon cards. I can't figure out where I am or why I'm here, but I don't feel scared or worried. "Hey Virginia, how are you doing?" a tall Jamaican woman in nursing scrubs asks as she walks through the door with a bottle of pills. Never being one for small talk, I mumble something incoherent in response. "Here is your medicine," she says with a smile, placing a small cup of pills on my tray, and a cup with a straw in it. I down them quickly, shuddering because they leave a horrible taste on my tongue.

"How was your day?" she asks as I lay my head back down. "Wouldn't you like to know," I snap back at her. Instead of getting defensive, she just smiles and shakes her head. "Oh, you may have some damage up there, but you've still got attitude." She walks out of the room to make the rest of her rounds, and leaves me sitting there, still puzzling over the very confusing day I've had.

I start to doze off again, this time having a dream that is much more unsettling. In it, I am suffocating. I am surrounded by thick white smoke, and every time I breathe, my chest feels a little tighter. It's getting overwhelming, the burning smoke is wrapping around me tighter and tighter, as if it is a living thing that is trying to squeeze the life out of me. Just when I think it's too much, I am awakened by the sounds of more people in my room. They are changing the channel on the television. "Shh-hhh," one of them whispers, "She's sleeping!"

"But her ice cream is going to melt!" This voice belongs to a young girl. Somehow I know it's the girl from my dream earlier, but she sounds older now. I open my eyes. "Hi Grandma! We brought you ice cream!" The girl can't be more than 12 years old. But 12? That's still too old to be my granddaughter- I just had my 25th birthday last month! My kids are all still in primary school! "Hi..." I reply vaguely. She has chocolate syrup on her face, and is holding a Friendly's take-out cup of vanilla ice cream with brownies and hot fudge. I smile at her cheery attitude.

She sets her ice cream down on the radiator and pulls out a small cup of pistachio ice cream. "Want me to help?" she asks, still smiling. As I nod my head, she grabs some ice cream with the spoon, making sure to get a little whipped cream, too. I close my mouth on the spoon and savor the cold familiarity of the ice cream. I've always loved pistachio ice cream; that's something I do know. In between mouthfuls, I see her eating her own ice cream, so I make sure to take an extra long time between bites. I finish the entire cup, and the girl tosses it in the garbage can that's next to my bed.

I look around and see everyone's eyes fixated on a small television in the corner of the room. I am startled to see that the pictures on the screen are in color, but then I remember that Rich

BREATHE

and I had saved up for one of those fancy new color TVs. I didn't realize he had bought it and set it up. We're watching a comedian doing stand-up. I hear all of the jokes, but by the time I can figure out what he's said, he's on to the next joke, leaving me no time to figure out why the first one was funny at all. But I like the company this family provides, and so it really doesn't matter what's happening on TV.

"Did Dad come and visit you today, Mom?"

The blond woman, the little girl's mother is asking me. She's sitting at the foot of my bed. Could she be my daughter? Somehow I know she's talking about Rich when she says "Dad," but she's got to be close to 40 years old, and last time I checked I was only that age myself. I'm trying to figure it all out when I realize I never answered her. She is still looking at me, patiently awaiting a reply. Suddenly, I remember the pea soup. "Oh yeah, he was here." But was that today? And where is here, exactly?

"I'm going to go get some coffee," she remarks as she gets up off of the bed.

"There should be some in the pot in the kitchen," I tell her. I'm pretty sure Rich made some before he went out. She just smiles and says "Okay," in a way that sounds more like a mother addressing a child.

Suddenly, I'm dreaming again. Now I'm in a strange room, a doctor's office I guess, sitting on an examination table. Rich is with me, and he looks troubled. As I am about to speak, to ask him what's wrong, the doctor strides in briskly, holding a clipboard and wearing a blank face that tried too hard to convey no emotion.

"Unfortunately, Virginia, we've got some bad news. It appears your lung cancer has metastasized in your brain. Our only option now is to do a radiation therapy. The prognosis is good that we'll be able to get rid of the cancer, but there is a chance that you may lose some brain function as a side effect. One of the most common side effects is progressive dementia, which means you will gradually lose your memory and cognitive functions. But if we don't do the treatment..."

His voice trails off and I wake up, shaking. It's all come back to me now. My life- meeting my husband, raising my children, traveling with grandchildren- slowly pieces itself together.

And then the cancer.

The surgery.

The doctors.

The half of my left lung that was no longer a part of my body.

The brain cells that had died, and continued to die, as an after-effect of the radiation.

I open my eyes and see that there are still people in my room. I recognize my daughter, her husband, their two children. The recognition must be apparent in my eyes because my daughter approaches my side. The rest of them freeze as if a sudden movement will break my concentration and render me lost once more.



IN THE ROUND

There, all done," she said, weaving in the final end of the hat she'd just finished.

"I really hope he likes it..." she said. But of course what she really meant was, "I really hope he likes me."

The hat had been made for a boy. They'd met a few months ago when he dropped his little sister off at the crochet class she taught and they had quickly become friends. Lately she'd been feeling like their friendship could possibly become more. She was pretty shy, and wasn't really sure how to make the first move so she was hoping this gift would help push things to the next level. She'd decided to make him a hat because one windy day he'd mentioned how much he hates his hair getting blown around. Boys can be pretty clueless sometimes, so she just hoped he remembered this too, and would appreciate the gesture. She was planning on giving it to him the next time they met up outside of her class.

Normally she could finish a hat in an afternoon. This one however, had to be special, so she worked extra hard on it and it had taken her a couple of days. It was an intricate pattern, and involved a lot of color changes, which meant a lot of ends to weave in. She'd even used these really fancy hand-spun yarns bought from a little local yarn store. It had taken some extra time, but it was finally done, and the result was worth the extra effort. It was a nice day out, so after admiring

her work, she tossed the hat in her bag and decided to take a walk.

After walking a little while she happened to spot him. She got that fluttery feeling in her stomach. Oh good! I can give him his present sooner than expected! she thought. She walked towards him and right as she was about to call his name she realized he was not alone. He was currently attached to the mouth of some other girl. The butterflies in her stomach had been shot and her heart sank.

Who the fuck is that skanky bitch?!? she said to herself. What she actually said out loud was, "Oh...um..." before turning around to find an alternate route. Anywhere but here would do.

She quickly walked away and as she walked, she thought. How could I be so stupid? How could I think he might actually like me? The more she thought, the more her eyes filled with tears. It got so bad she had to sit down on the closest bench, before she risked bumping into someone or something.

She blinked back the tears. She refused to cry in public. Just because her heart had just gotten the shit kicked out of it didn't mean the whole world had to know. She didn't need the pity of strangers. Some people thrived on the pity of others, but she did not. She didn't need to hear some random person's own commiserative story of heartache. Hers was all she could handle at the moment.

How could I have let this

MEGHAN ADAMO

happen? she wondered. I should never have assumed that he might like me back...he never said there weren't other girls...I should have known better than to get my hopes up...the higher your hopes, the harder they fall... It hurt even more because it was the first time in a while that she had gotten her hopes up about a guy. She could just so easily picture them together, and had so badly wanted it to happen. She had spent hours day-dreaming of what it might be like.

Maybe if I'd shoved my tits in his face and worn a skirt so short it makes the world my gynecologist like that skank, I'd have had a chance too, she thought somewhat bitterly.

She sighed. That was her problem. She was always the nice one, not the oversexed man chaser. Always the friend, rarely the girlfriend. Theoretically she could change. Wear lower shirts and shorter skirts...flirt shamelessly with any male with a pulse. But that just wasn't her.

Why should I try to be something I'm not? she pondered. If I do get a guy that way, it wouldn't be the real me he liked...just some whore.

After sitting and thinking for awhile, she finally started to feel a bit better and her eyes had dried. Her nose was probably still bright red, but she could always just blame that on allergies or something. Then she remembered the hat sitting in her bag. It was sitting in there like the tell-tale heart, except instead of reminding her of guilt it was reminding

her of her embarrassment and heartache. She took it out and looked at it. What should she do with it?

I could still give it to him I suppose...she thought. She looked at the hat and thought of all the work she'd put into it. She had put a little bit of her heart into each one of those stitches. And now that she knew she wasn't going to get a stitch of that love back, what was the point? He didn't know she'd made it for him, he wasn't expecting it. He wouldn't miss it (would he even miss her?).

I could frog it...she mused. She ran her fingers over the knot and thought about picking it out and ripping the whole thing apart. There would be some satisfaction in feeling the stitches slowly come undone. In a way she hoped it had a voodoo effect, and he'd feel each stitch coming undone tug at his heart, his conscious. But she'd put too much work into it to just destroy it like that. It would be a shame to ruin a perfectly good hat and waste this special, rather expensive, yarn. She contemplated leaving it on the bench for someone else to find. But it risked ending up in the trash that way, which would still be a waste.

She sat there for a little bit, just holding the hat in her hands, letting the soft texture of the yarn brush over her fingers. Suddenly she stood up. She put the hat on and checked out her reflection in the nearest window.

"Huh..." she said, "it looks better on me than it would have on him." And with

IN THE ROUND

that she continued on her way, this time actually able to enjoy the lovely day that surrounded her.

Turning Point (chain 2)

He'd just gotten out of a bad relationship when he met her. His little sister was going through one of her phases and wanted to learn how to crochet. Since he'd been moping around the house since his break-up, his mom insisted he get out of the house and drive his sister to, and pick her up from, her crochet classes at the local community center.

That was where he met her. She was his sister's teacher. The moment he met her there was just something about her he liked and found comforting. She seemed like a genuinely nice and kind person. He got her number by saying he wanted it so if he was running late picking up his sister he could call to let her know. But he really just wanted to talk to her.

Once they started talking they quickly became friends. She was exactly what he needed to get over his ex-girlfriend. The more they talked and hung out, the more he liked her and the better he felt.

While he was pretty much over his ex, he still had a problem. His confidence was still shot. He knew he liked her, but he had no idea if she liked him too. He knew he wouldn't be able to take more rejection. So when a sure thing came along, he decided to go for it to help boost his ego.

This new girl at his job started flirting with him her first day. At first he just kind

of ignored her; he did like someone else after all. But he started thinking that maybe this was what he needed to get back his confidence and finally work up the nerve to ask out the girl he actually liked.

He started flirting back and things quickly evolved between him and the girl from his job. They hooked up a few times, and while great, it just never felt right. This girl had helped him get his confidence back, but he still liked someone else. He knew he couldn't lead this chick on much longer.

One day after work he asked her to take a walk around. He needed to find some way to let her down gently. They made some idle chatter at first, but soon fell silent. Eventually he turned to face her.

"What's wrong sweetie?" she asked. She looked at him coyly and smiled.

"Well..." he started, but she quickly cut him off.

"I bet it's nothing a kiss can't fix," she said, while running her hand up his chest. Before he could protest she was on her toes, leaning in and her lips were on his, her tongue in his mouth. He briefly let himself enjoy the kiss. If only he'd known that any enjoyment was about to come to a screeching halt. Right when he opened his eyes, about to break apart the kiss, he saw her... turning and hastily walking away.

He pulled away quickly. "Fuck!" he cursed.

"Ok," she giggled, and started to grab his hand to lead him off.

"What!?! No! Not you! Dammit!" He moved her out

of his way and started to chase after the one he really wanted. He tried so hard to catch up, but she was already gone.

He continued on in the direction he'd seen her go for a little bit longer, but when he couldn't find her, he plopped down on the nearest bench.

He held his head in his hands. God, I am such a jack-ass! he thought. Why did I ever think this was a good idea?!? He felt like he'd just been punched in the stomach. The thought of losing her over some girl he barely knew made him feel sick.

How will I explain this? he wondered. I don't think, "Well obviously I was making out with that girl for your benefit" will go over very well...

He sat there for awhile, still cradling his head in his hands, just thinking. If only I'd had the balls to end it sooner...if only she'd walked up a couple of minutes later. If only I'd been man enough to ask her out in the first place...

After a while he lied down on the bench, closed his eyes and just let the sun wash over his body. The sunlight warmed his skin, but his heart and the knot in his stomach remained cold. Maybe I could use this as sort of a test...he thought. If she's not that upset, then she probably didn't like me anyway, so no harm done. Of course if she does, or did, like me and is upset, I'm in deep shit. He had no idea what he was going to do. All he knew was that he couldn't stand to lose her, as a friend or otherwise.

While wallowing in self pity, he felt his thigh vibrate. It was his phone ringing. It was

his mother calling to tell him to get home so he could drive his sister to her crochet class. He desperately wanted to ask her to do it, just this once. But he knew his mom wouldn't listen to excuses, and he just didn't have the energy to argue.

He slowly stood up and stretched. He was feeling a bit drowsy from so much time in the sun. After rubbing his eyes in attempt to wipe away the sleepiness, he turned to face the slow walk back to his car.

Turning Point (chain 3)

As she set up for her crochet class, she reached up and felt the hat on her head. Normally she'd take a hat off as soon as she got inside. But not tonight. She knew he'd be there to drop off and pick up his sister, and she wanted him to see it. Maybe he'd even compliment it. She wanted him to see what he'd missed out on having; both the hat and her. She told herself that she didn't need him to want her, but she still wanted him to want her.

The first students in her class started arriving, so she quickly checked herself in the mirror and waited for him to show up.

He couldn't face her tonight. It was too soon...he still wasn't sure how to deal with this. Dropping his sister off wasn't a problem, he just watched from the car to make sure she got inside alright. Picking her up was posing a problem however. Their mother insisted he go inside and get her, and not have her wait outside for him where,

IN THE ROUND

“any whack-job with a sick fetish could grab her.”

He got back early and sat in the car trying to figure out how to avoid seeing her. Suddenly he had an idea. He popped the hood and got out of the car. He started tinkering with the various parts. He didn't have a clue as to what the fuck he was doing, but as long as he looked busy, he figured his plan would work. Eventually one of his sister's friend's moms showed up. She stood by the door smoking, waiting for the class to be over, so he waved at her to get her attention.

“Hi. My car was making some weird noises on the way over, so I'm trying to figure out what's wrong. Would you mind picking up my sister and walking her out here for me?” he asked.

“No problem hun,” she replied. The smoke exhaled during her reply lingered in the still evening air. She wasn't that old, but her voice was already starting to get that old lady smoker rasp to it.

He tinkered in the car a little longer after she'd gone inside before closing the hood and leaning against the car, waiting for his sister to emerge. He felt a sense of both relief and guilt about avoiding what he really should have faced.

The last of her students had left and he still hadn't shown up. When she saw his sister leave with her friend and friend's mom she couldn't help but feel disappointed.

Where is he? she wondered. Probably out fucking

that slut...what a jerk. Not even detaching himself from her long enough to pick up his sister...whatever. I don't care. I don't need him.

But no matter how many times she told herself that, she couldn't help feeling otherwise. She took off the hat and tossed it back in her bag before locking up the classroom and heading home, again feeling hurt and disappointed. All the positive thoughts about herself and her situation from earlier were gone.

He spent most of the night in bed, staring at the ceiling. There was too much running through his head for sleep to come. Millions of “what ifs” were running through his mind. He wondered how long he could avoid her, how long he should avoid her, and what he would do when he could not avoid her any longer.

His eyes had finally closed from exhaustion and he'd started to drift off when a loud buzzing startled him back to consciousness. It was his phone vibrating on his nightstand. It was a text message from the girl from work.

What happened to you today sweetie? it read.

“Shit.” He hadn't even thought about her since he'd run off. He'd pretty much completely forgotten that he had left her there and only thought about how she'd ruined him in the eyes of the girl he really wanted. Great, he thought, now I have two girls mad at me...

I'm sorry. I suddenly remembered something I was

MEGHAN ADAMO

late for. I didn't mean to run off like that. he (rep)lied.

After a few minutes his phone buzzed again.

Whatever. I was pretty upset, but this guy started comforting me and anyway, I was just wondering if since we aren't that serious anyway, if you didn't mind if we saw other people.

He stared at his phone a minute in disbelief. Then he threw his pillow across the room.

“This bitch ruins my life by kissing me at the worst possible moment and now she wants to see other people?!?” he screamed in his head. He punched his remaining pillow before coming to a realization.

Wait a minute...the whole reason I was there with her in the first place was to end it because I wanted to see someone else...

He threw the other pillow, this time more out of frustration and defeat than anger. He lay back down on his now pillowless bed and waited for sleep to take him away from this mess he was in.

That night he wasn't there to pick up his little sister, she was pretty annoyed at him. But they were friends, and when a couple of days passed and she hadn't heard from him, her annoyance turned to worry, and when she worried, her imagination had the habit of running wild.

What if he wasn't with her that night...she thought. What if he was in an accident or something...what he's hurt and in the hospital...or worse!

What if he's dead! No, no...I'm sure if he was dead his sister wouldn't have come to class...but still...

She continued to worry for a few more minutes before picking up the phone to call him. Unfortunately calling did not help put her mind to rest, since he didn't answer. She had to settle for leaving a voicemail.

“Hey...it's me...I'm just calling to see if you're alright. I saw someone else pick up your sister the other day, and now I haven't heard from you...so yeah...just making sure you're not dead. Call me back...”

She hung up the phone and quickly set to work crocheting to help keep herself from worrying while waiting for him to call back.

Well, at least she doesn't want me dead. That has to be a good sign, he thought after listening to the voicemail he'd discovered on his phone after getting out of the shower.

He knew he had to call her back, but he was dreading it. He wished that she was not part of his problem so he could talk to her about it and ask for advice. He slowly got dressed, thinking over what he was going to say.

He perched nervously on the edge of his bed and grabbed his phone. He briefly contemplated just texting her, so he wouldn't have to hear her voice and any possible hurt it may contain, but decided he needed to be at least somewhat of a man, and face the mess he'd gotten himself into. He pulled her number up from his contacts, took a deep breath and

IN THE ROUND ~ CONTINUED

hit send.

"Hey it's me. Yeah...I'm not dead...no I'm not in the hospital either. I'm physically fine. I didn't pick up my sister the other day because I was having car trouble...yeah, it's fixed now...sorry I haven't called, I've been kinda busy...yeah I guess it has been awhile since we've hung out...I'm free tonight, we could meet up if you want to...yeah that sounds nice...alright...see you later then..."

He exhaled the deep breath he'd taken before starting the call and ran his fingers through his still wet hair. He had all afternoon to figure out what he was going to say to her when he finally saw her. As much as he didn't want to admit it, he had to face the fact that he might have blown his only chance to be with her. It hurt, but he knew he could get over it if he had to. And if he could at least keep her as a friend, that'd be fine.

Then again, she hadn't sounded all that upset, so maybe she didn't like him anyway, and he hadn't had a chance to begin with. Maybe friends were all they'd ever be.

* * *

She was nervous. She didn't want to be this nervous. She'd always prided herself on being strong and independent. She didn't want to place so much importance on one guy. I need to calm down, she thought. It's just two friends hanging out. We've hung out before, this'll be no different. She'd managed to convince herself that she didn't need him. She didn't need anyone.

But it was good to have friends, and she wanted to have him as a friend. Was that so wrong?

She looked at the clock; it was time to get ready. She wasn't sure how she wanted to play this. Should she just go completely casual and natural, or should she make herself as hot as possible, to make him see what he'd missed out on? She ultimately decided to go half way - still herself, but slightly enhanced.

She stuck her head out the door to check the weather. It was a beautiful evening, but a breeze brought a slight chill to the air. As she reached to grab a light sweatshirt she spotted the empty hook where the hat she'd made him had hung.

She had wanted to keep the hat, she really had. She'd put so much work into it and it looked damn fine on her. But in the end, it just held too many reminders of hurt and embarrassment. So when her friend called to ask if she had anything to donate to a charity craft fair, she knew it was the perfect thing to do with the hat. It'd go to a loving home and help some people in need.

When she looked at the empty hook she felt a bit of a pang. His hat had moved on to a new person. She couldn't stop herself from remembering that he had too.

Turning Point (slip stitch to beginning chain)

They met up at the park that night. They walked around in silence for a long time. It wasn't even a comfortable silence like they used to

occasionally have, but an awkward one. Eventually they came upon a large tree and decided to sit down underneath it.

There were so many things he wanted to say. So many things he needed to say. But he just couldn't figure out the right thing to say. He opened his mouth to speak about a dozen times, but only more silence emerged. The words just couldn't seem to make the brain to voice transition.

For a while all they heard was the soft rustling of leaves with the occasional bird call here and there. Finally she broke the silence by hesitantly asking, "So...how's your girlfriend?"

"What? I don't have a girlfriend..."

"Oh...I thought I saw you with someone the other day..."

"Oh yeah...her...well, I was kinda with her, but we decided to see other people."

She tried to hide her happiness at his not being taken, but couldn't help smiling a little bit. She just hoped he didn't notice. "Ah. You alright? Wanna talk about it?"

"Nah, I'm fine. It was a...mutual decision."

"Well that's good. You know I'm a little hurt that you didn't tell me about her. I thought we were friends...friends talk about these things."

He felt a bit of a twinge. So she was upset that he didn't tell her he had another girl, not that he was with another girl. What did that mean for his

chances with her? "Oh...well...it wasn't that serious...I didn't think you'd care."

"Of course I care. You're my friend and I care about you. Therefore I care about what's going on in your life."

For the first time in a few days, he managed a smile. "Well, that's very good to know." He paused for a moment before continuing, "For the record, we are friends, and I care about you too."

She smiled at hearing that. She also got a bit of a chill, but she wasn't sure if that was from relief, happiness, or just the cool breeze winding its way around them.

They soon slipped back into silence, but this time it was much less awkward, though there was still a bit of tension in the air.

She desperately wanted to rest her head on his shoulder, but wasn't sure how he'd react. He so badly wanted to put his arm around her, to be closer to her and protect her from the increasingly brisk air, but had misplaced all the confidence he'd previously regained.

And so they both sat there, taking in the night that surrounded them. The leaves rustled, the birds chirped and each one sat there aching for more and wondering what the future might bring.

HOWL FOR THE STONY BROOK STUDENT

SAMUEL KATZ

I saw the common minds of this campus comfortable in their sanity, unaware of their hunger, dragging themselves through their classrooms looking for an easy fix.

Angel headed youngsters looking for the cheap connection through the education machine.

Who arrived with their genetic material candy wrapped in competitive cellophane, as they bought used books to sell back after they forgot it all.

Who rebooted their computers with the hope to create a heavenly connection and read their textbooks with 3D glasses thinking that technology can save us.

Who yelled Hallelujah! When the snowstorm canceled their classes as they waited for the seraphim to show up at their door.

Who broke their loops of Hebbian learning by constantly refreshing their browsers, and erasing the cuneiform of their high school lives, destroying the last gyzym of intelligence.

Who were exiled from South Hampton and are now imprisoned under incandescent light bulbs as they were forced to watch the desecration of a thousand recycling bins.

Who danced at the UCafe to the tunes of unoriginal jazz, as Shakespearian references flew over their heads.

Who went to the career center in between reality TV shows, thinking that their TV screens reflect nothing of their own lives.

Who fucked their present in the name of the past, forgetting that the present is future in this game. And they lied down in their beds as their GPA's went down on them every night.

(Only later to express their anger in a 140 characters or less.)

Who watched the Humanities courses disappear because this is a science school, and Stanley has MD after his name.

Then ended up going to class in their cheerleading skirts that covered more of their ass than the failed philosophy of public education.

Who staged protests in the academic mall wearing t shirts of Che Guevara and hoodies by Abercrombie & Fitch, yet finished in time for their 2:20 class, while the activists in purple watched their revolution live and die on the walls of facebook.

I saw those minds as they grew and gathered until the top layer congealed into a graduation ceremony, with cries of joy and an orgasmic sigh kept inaudible because the walls are too thin, and the absolute education injected in their blood, contaminated for a thousand years.

II

What sphinx of bureaucracy and curriculum broke open their skulls and ate their brains and imagination?

Moloch! Moloch the PowerPoint, Moloch the bullet point, Moloch the statistical analysis that appears at the end of each lecture to represent a thousand students.

Moloch the application, Moloch the evaluation, Moloch the scantron whose black dots are more repulsive than blotches of arterial blood.

Moloch the pre med requirements, Moloch the credit system, Moloch the individual lost in the system and by the system with the help of client support.

Moloch the Seawolf, Moloch the crowds, Moloch our mascot that gets sacrificed every time at the idolatrous alter of the eastern conference championship.

Holy! Holy! Holy Stanley, Holy Zimphler, Holy Petterson, Holy PHEEIA. Holy the tuition hike, Holy the budget cut. Holy the Hotel, Holy the homeless salamander.

Holy the major, Holy the career, Holy the debt.

Real Holy the joy, the tears, the pen.

Sacred! The shaved pencil, sacred the overgrown heart.

Sacred the system sick with its own fever as the towel on its forehead falls on its eyes to make it as blind as lady justice.



III

I'm with you.

I'm with you in Jarvis 100 as you realize that no one can gear you. I'm with you on Solar as you see your life calculated in zeroes and ones.

I'm with you as you write your resume and inflate the mundane activities you did in the name of Uncle Sam, our uncle that stares at us weirdly every time we pass.

I'm with you as you swim with the dead fish in Roth Pond, coming to the surface dripping mediocre coffee as you drag your sleepy legs to the stadium on graduation night.

THANKSGIVING MORNING

DAN UNDERHILL

Daniel Underhill: Thanksgiving morning at Tosc, feeling like there was a zombie attack and only a few have survived.

Thursday at 12:23

Day 1: I awoke to find an emptiness that eerily shot through the suite. Looking out the windows, I see no movement, no humanity to speak of. Electricity, internet, and water are all still working properly. I don't know how long that will last, so I'm taking advantage of it while it does. I have only seen one other person up on the 4th floor. A tall dark fella that I have tried to contact several times to no success.

I'm desperate need of supplies, so I will attempt to venture out before nightfall. Hoping not to bring attention to myself, I will be staying in the tree line much as possible. Anyone else still alive, please contact me with your locations.

Godspeed to us all.

Thursday at 14:48

Day 2: I was unable to make it back to the room before sundown, so I stayed where I found some supplies 'til I could move out in morning. Found enough rations to last me the weekend. As night falls again, the building starts to play tricks on you. I have checked multiple times in the hallway for what sounded like people's voices, only to find the wind whistling through cracks in the old windows. There is no sign of the fella on the 4th floor. I am assuming the worst, but hoping that some way he has made it to a safer area. As for me all I will do is be thankful that the utilities are still running and hopefully will remain up 'til the end of the weekend.

Friday at 20:12

Day 3: One of the survivors from the building next to ours needed to be escorted out. Miraculously, we found a makeshift medical facility on the outskirts of campus. Making it back was tougher than leaving, but we did it.

At the medical tent, I heard rumors that the outbreak was from the eastern end of Long Island and was halted at the Smithtown border. Apparently it originated from a small island that does government bio-warfare research on the east end.

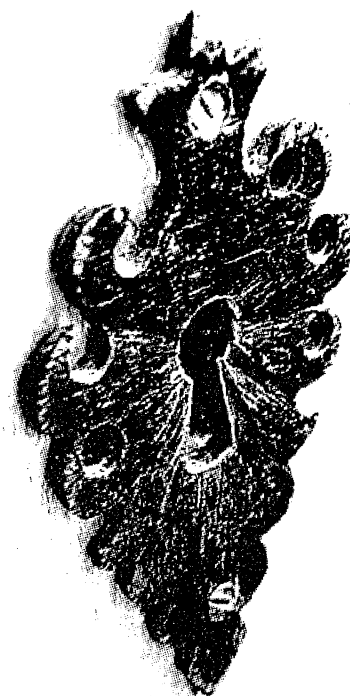
They say by tomorrow the rest of the threat will have been eliminated by the military and people can start returning. That means one more night to survive.

Good luck to us all.

Sunday at 16:39

Day 4: Light floods in the window, the night has passed and so has the danger. Slowly humanity is seen filling the campus. Life returns once again to this torn place.

Let those who fell to the zombie horde not have died in vain. Let us remember them, and vow to never let this happen again! And for those of us who have survived the Thanksgiving Apocalypse, may we never forget the lessons we have learned. Let us be thankful always for the life we have left to live!



THE FIRST ANYONE HAD HEARD

That was the first anyone had heard of Delano Harrison, Ghost Detective, Cyborg Sympathizer, and Attorney at Extra-Dimensional Law. No one knew what any of those meant—I know I certainly didn't—and Jake went as far as to claim that Delano had made them all up. "He couldn't have done that," I'd explained to him, "they're all on his business card."

And I couldn't argue with that. When Delano approached us on that gray Tuesday afternoon, the first thing he did was present that information to us. He handed Jake and I his business cards and shook our hands without removing his leather gloves. "Delano Harrison," he said in a seemingly-faked Scottish accent. "Pleased to meet you both."

I knew Jake wasn't pleased by this meeting, but I was fascinated. Delano looked like no one else I had ever met. Dressed in a pea-green overcoat and silken top hat, and holding a long cane topped with a glowing yellow sphere, he instantly stood out in the crowd of college students walking to and from class. "What is with that outfit?" Jake had asked him.

"What is with my outfit, anyway?" Delano laughed. "This is what all Ghost Detectives have to wear. You don't know what I'd do for a nice polo shirt." I wanted to ask him about what any of this meant, but for some reason it seemed to make sense. And at this point, he checked his watch, and excused himself. "Sorry, gents, but I've an appointment with a client in twenty or so, and I need to fill out my mechanical-paperwork."

Jake scoffed loudly as Delano weaved back into the crowd. "Mechanical-paperwork?" Do you believe this clown?"

I wasn't sure how I felt. I wanted to believe that Delano Harrison was everything his business card said he was. Perhaps I really was that naïve, that I was sure that anything printed on a business card had to be the truth. But really, I was certain I just hoped things would be more interesting if Delano kept showing up. After all, my business card merely read "Rodney Shuman: Student" and had my phone number, email, and a picture of a fuzzy cat. Jake didn't even have a business card. But as I glanced down at Delano's card, I realized that Delano seemed to be everything I wanted to be and had never realized.

It would be another week before I even spotted Delano anywhere on campus. I was eating lunch when he strolled by, his lavender raincoat billowing behind him like a cape. "Delano!" I shouted.

He whirled around and tipped his hat at me. "Hello, citizen!" he shouted. "How are you doing on this chilly, rainy Wednesday?" I was pretty sure it was a warm and sunny Friday, but I didn't bother to correct Delano. The way he talked made me sure that he was right and I was wrong. "I'm well," I told him. "How have you been? How's Ghost Detecting going?"

Delano shrugged. "Eh. Could be better, but, as we always say, it's better than Werewolf Investigation." He laughed. "Those guys are chumps."

"Werewolves?" I asked, surprised that I believed him. "What's

wrong with werewolves?"

"Nothing's wrong with werewolves. Werewolf Investigators, however, are the most pretentious group of killjoys out there, citizen. Don't invite them to your parties. Make a mental note of that."

I made a mental note of it.

"Well, I'd love to stay and chat, but I must be off. As you may have noticed, I'm in a hurry. Ghosts, citizen, are everywhere. And only I can solve these problems."

"What kind of problems do ghosts cause? As far as I know, I've never had a ghost problem."

"As far as you know, citizen. But how do you know, for example, you didn't fail that calculus midterm because of ghosts?"

Well, I thought to myself, perhaps because I hadn't failed any midterms yet; even more likely, perhaps because I hadn't taken calculus yet. But then again, what if I'd had a difficult time in history class because of ghosts? Or what if ghosts made me lose my keys last Wednesday? I shook my head. Why was I listening to him? Ghosts?

So I told him what I thought. "Right! Can I help you?" I bit my tongue. That wasn't what I thought I wanted. Or was it? It was out there, though, so I figured I'd follow through.

"Absolutely, citizen! Come along! My sources tell me there's a Hydroghoul lurking in the fountain outside. I'll need all the help I can get to properly defeat it!" So I grabbed my backpack and set off after him. As I followed, I remembered that I had class in twenty minutes. But for some reason, I still wanted to go along with him. I couldn't even understand myself any longer.

So we sprinted through the cafeteria, Delano explaining the situation as we went. "Hydroghouls are serious business, citizen. They're not very nice. They breathe ice mist and shoot oyster lasers out of their eyes. Sometimes, they have octopus tentacles instead of hands. There's this one who was a manta ray, except with legs."

I believed him. Really. "So have you ever Ghost Detected a Hydrocity Ghost?"

"Hydroghoul," Delano said, without missing a beat. "And yes, of course I have. This one time, an evil Hydroghoul was double-parked in the commuter lot. I solved that problem, though. Wham!"

Once outside, things seemed to look different than they had before. The sky seemed slightly more ominous. Previously, the fountain had been one of my favorite places to relax. Had I never noticed that the bricks around the basin were cracked into ugly grimaces, that the fountain's water formed dark, murky pools on the ground?

"Right. So this is the fountain?" I asked Delano.

"Yes! This is the legendary Dark Maelstrom Fountain. The Hydroghoul must be around here somewhere..."

I paused for a moment. "This isn't a Dark Maelstrom Fountain. This...this fountain is dedicated to former university president Starkey. It's Starkey's Fountain." But Delano wasn't lis-

OF DELANO HARRISON

EVAN GOLDAPER

tening. He was running in circles around the basin, stabbing at the puddles with his umbrella. "Delano? Are you listening to me?"

"There's a Hydroghoul here somewhere, citizen. Help me detect it!"

"You still haven't explained how that works, Delano."

He began looking in circles, holding his cell phone in front of him like a magnifying glass. "I'm looking for ectoplasmic residue, paranormal dregs, ghost spit, y'know, the usual."

"What can I do to help?"

Delano shrugged and told me to watch for ghosts.

I waited for fifteen minutes as he looked for things that I had formerly thought couldn't be there, but then began seeing everywhere. "Is this gum? Or is it ghost spit?"

"Gum," Delano said tersely. "Wait! It's here!"

The ghost! I frantically began looking around, searching for the spirit. Would it be a manta ray? An octopus? "Where is it, Delano?"

"In front of you!" Delano yelled. He pointed with his umbrella at the statue of a horse in the fountain's center.

It was a statue. It was not a ghost. "Delano. There's nothing here."

"Right there!" he yelled, and he began smacking the statue with his umbrella.

At that point, I got it. There was no Ghost Detective. There was no Cyborg Sympathizer. And there was no Attorney at Extra-Dimensional Law. Delano was just an eccentric, an oddball who

just wanted attention. I couldn't believe how upset I was. Why had I believed him in the first place?

"I'm going to class, Delano. Ghost Detect by yourself."

Delano paused. "But what about the Ghost Watch Radar?" He held up his arm, revealing a 1990s calculator watch with googly eyes glued to it.

"I'm going to class, Delano."

It wasn't real. It was never real. Why deal with that? "Why put up with that kind of nonsense?" Jake asked me, that weekend. "I'm glad you figured it out for yourself, Rod. Stick with me. I know what's what."

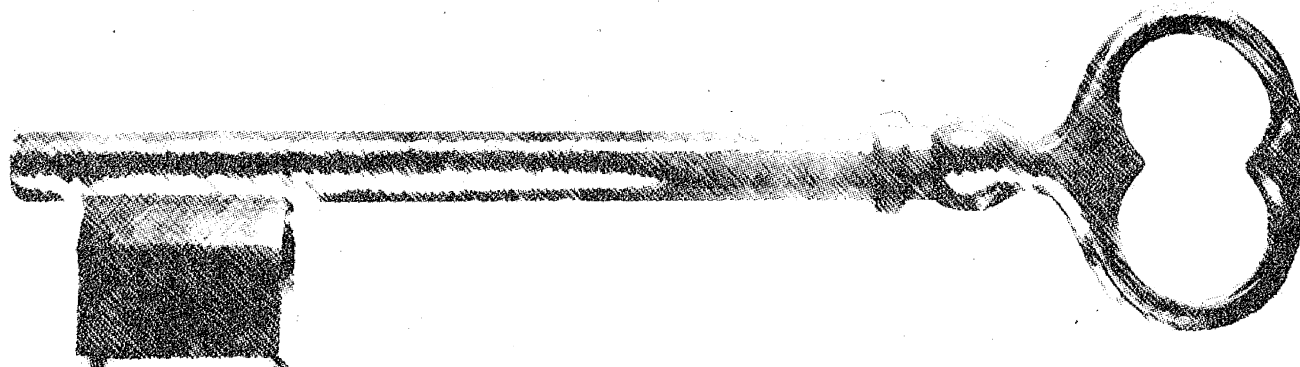
And he was right, wasn't he? And I was sure that would be the last any of us would hear from Delano Harrison.

But then, one day, I found myself standing outside, wearing a green raincoat and carrying a long cane with a glowing, yellow sphere at the top.

"Who're you supposed to be?" a student asked me.

"Rodney Shuman, Ghost Detective," I smiled.

It wasn't real, was it? But it was better than being a Werewolf Investigator.





LIT SUP
2010
END