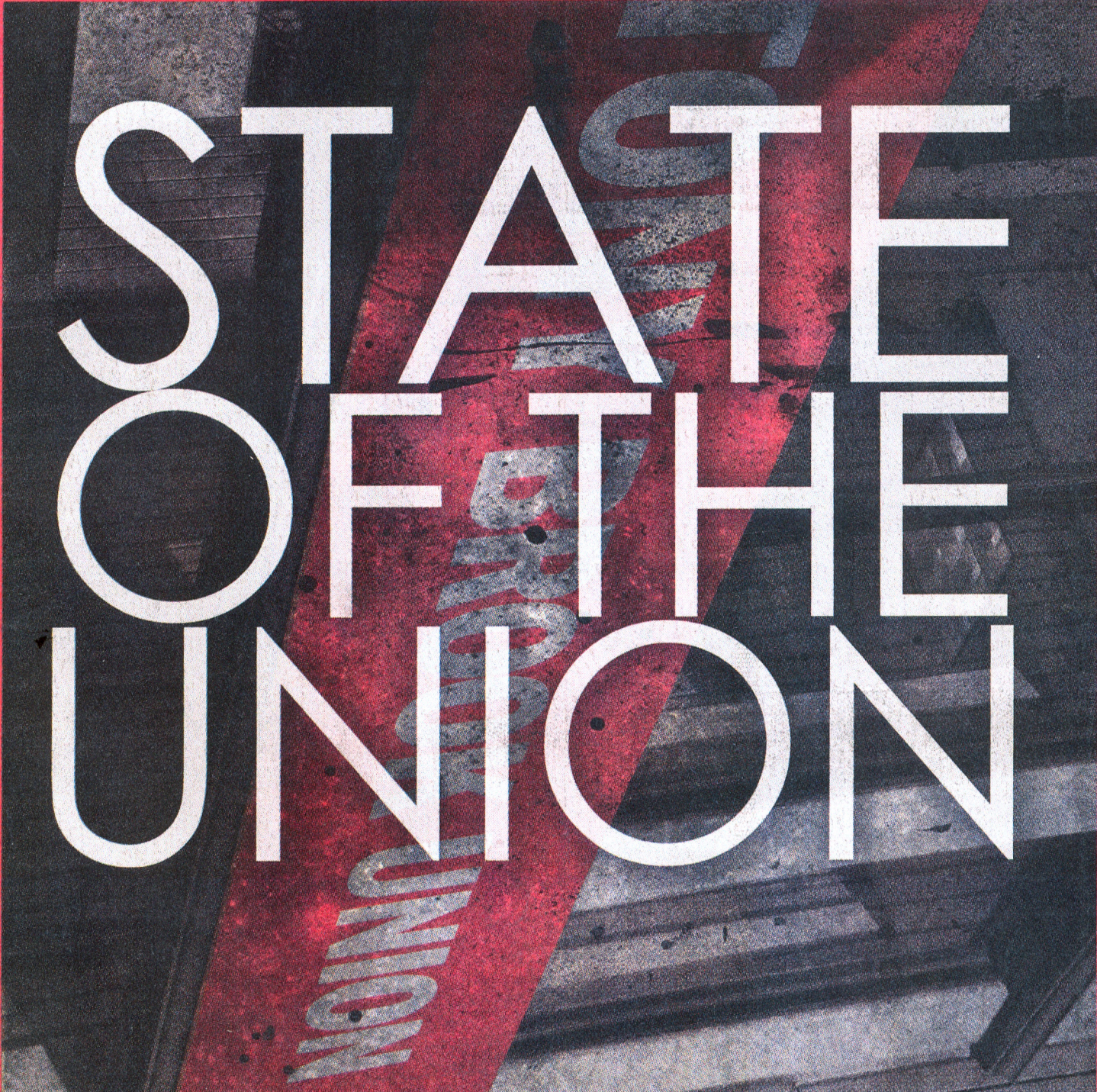


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STONY BROOK
PRESS

VOL.
XXXIII
ISSUE
6/7



**STATE
OF THE
UNION**

IN THIS ISSUE: LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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Meetings are every Wednesday, 1 p.m. in the Union
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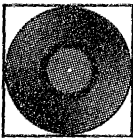
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EDITORIALS

A UNION FOR TODAY'S STUDENTS

The Stony Brook Student Union building is scheduled to be gutted and renovated beginning in August 2014. Until then, Stony Brook University and its facilities team must walk a delicate line between saving money and allowing the building to deteriorate over the next few years. The majority—if not all—of the students at Stony Brook now will likely have graduated before the project ends, as is par for the course here at our construction-ridden university, yet that should not undermine the ever-present argument that it is unfair and unacceptable to force current students to inhabit a not only outdated, but also partially maintained Union building.

In the last few months, the condition of the Union building has improved considerably. At its low point over the summer, its list of problems included mold, flooding and falling pieces of ceiling. This, says Howard Gunston, a facilities

director, was a result of the building being unstaffed from January to August. Though the cleanups have been greatly appreciated by tenants, it's scary to think the Union building could fall back into disrepair if facilities staffs are cut even more than it already has been. A short walk across the academic mall should be no excuse for neglecting a building, and it should not be treated as such in the future.

No decisions have been made yet, and a number of nervous tenants are eagerly awaiting news about their future. Though there's still plenty of time to determine temporary and permanent locations for all of the Union building's tenants, the uncertainty has caused stress for most of the people we interviewed for our two features on the Union. If facilities continues to consult with tenants in meetings as they have, concerns are likely to be addressed in a timely fashion.

Stony Brook University's history of

delayed construction projects is enough to make us uneasy about the scheduled August 2014 start date. Just this semester two projects, the Campus Recreation Center and the improvements being made to the North Entrance, have dragged on long after they were scheduled to be finished.

That's especially concerning because the Union building's renovations are predicated on a new dining hall that has yet to find a place on campus, but will be absolutely necessary in alleviating food court traffic now that Benedict has closed its doors. That said, there is a very real possibility that Union tenants will spend even longer than expected in a state of limbo, meaning regular updates from facilities for tenants and the student body at large will only help to clear up any confusion about where on campus features of the Union will end up, or if they will stay at all.

CHALLENGING SHARED SERVICES

The University Senate's decision early this week to pass two separate resolutions effectively halting all implementation of shared support service centers is an exemplary display of determination and courage from faculty in the face of administrative might and insistence that this plan could work, despite its uncertainties and the consistent lack of communication.

President Stanley, who grew red in the face while barely able to maintain his composure, lambasted members of the senate for their refusal to go along with the shared service centers. From his point of view, it is understandable to see this as a huge hurdle in the success of Operational Excellence and a setback in the university's constant struggle to cut its budget as fast as the State

cuts it for them. "The status quo disappeared when we took \$82 million essentially in budget cuts," Stanley said to those who opposed him. But the faculty's defense of their stance is one with students as the first priority.

"Our clients ultimately are the students. Whatever we do must facilitate the students access to services that meet their demands," said a professor in the Humanities familiar with the discussions who wished to remain anonymous. This position runs parallel to the idea that many of the administrative processes targeted by these shared support centers are, in the eyes of the University Senate, are not in need of reform, nor should they be tinkered with for risk of doing more harm

than good. "There are other things that you can jettison. Why jettison something that works well and helps students?" asked another professor in the Humanities who also wished to remain anonymous.

University faculty have now publically identified the shared support service center as not just a way of coping with budget cuts, but also a plan to alter the fundamental function of the university in areas where those very functioning parts do not feel as if they are inadequate or in need of restructuring. So as tuition rises and the state's pressure on SUNY rises, the last thing we should be doing is increasing the stress on students and university employees, and finally members of our faculty have stood up to defend that position.

NEWS

Shared Services Put on Hold by University Senate

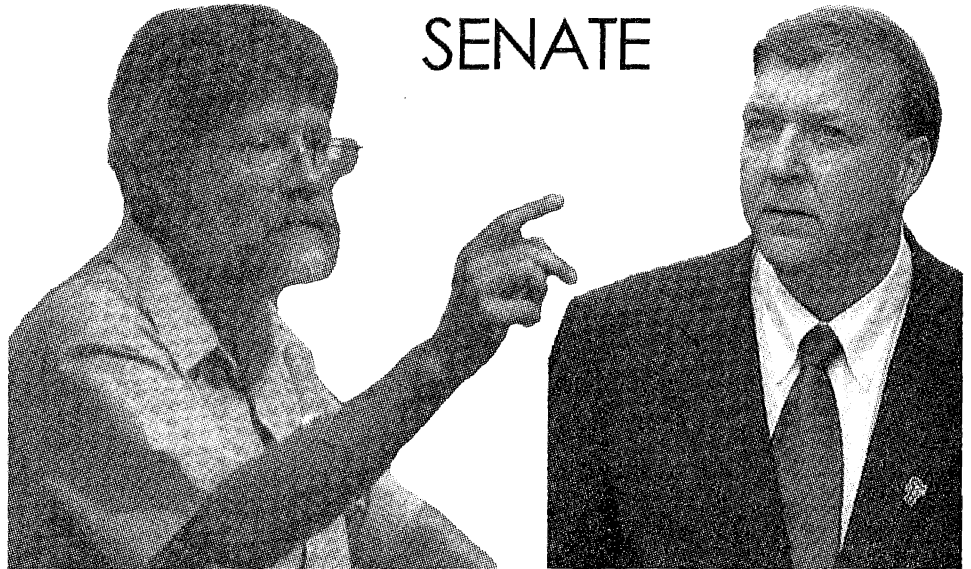
By Carol Moran

The University Senate resolved on Monday, December 5 to halt the formation of shared service centers—the university's method of increasing administrative efficiency and cutting costs by reorganizing existing staff resources rather than hiring when staff leave or retire.

The Senate passed two separate resolutions both calling for more analysis and investigation into the success of shared services at other universities before they are further implemented at Stony Brook.

As part of Operational Excellence, one prong of President Samuel Stanley's future-oriented initiative Project 50 Forward, the centers would avoid layoffs while addressing the University's budget shortfalls by joining together the administrative staff of departments with similar focuses and geographical proximity to make up for unfilled positions. But faculty has voiced concerns that the centers will relocate staff inappropriately and disrupt services available to students.

"Chairs come and go," said a professor in the Humanities Building who wished to remain nameless. "The Assistant to the Chair and the department secretary provide



SPARRING IN THE SENATE

the continuity. They are the storehouse of information." The professor added that the same shared services process was tried at an institution he worked for in the past, and that it was not successful. After a year they reverted back to the old system, he said.

One shared support service center has

already been implemented in the Theatre and Art Departments, and two proposed centers in the Humanities building were in the planning stages.

"I hope that [Provost Dennis Assanis] considers whether the relocation of staff and the reassignment of staff and the disruption it would cause justifies the amount of savings," said the source, who also expressed concerns that the centers will leave department offices empty.

During the Senate meeting President Samuel Stanley expressed an urgency that the University move forward in making changes that address costs.

"I think a lot of this discussion seems predicated on the idea that it's status quo verse shared services—and I want to make

"The status quo disappeared when we took \$82 billion essentially in budget cuts, so anybody who believes that we can maintain the administrative structure that we have right now and afford it is incorrect."

it absolutely clear to everybody here it is not the status quo," Stanley said. "The status quo disappeared when we took \$82 billion essentially in budget cuts, so anybody who believes that we can maintain the administrative structure that we have right now and afford it is incorrect."

Stanley said he was disappointed in the resolution because it suggested that there was ample time to research the success of the centers at other universities. "I don't

think that Stony Brook as an institution can afford to take a year while people try and gather data in a haphazard manner," he said. "If we really want to deliver to our students the best quality education, that goes for graduate students as well, we have to find ways to address administrative costs."

The planning process of the service centers was done with the help of consulting firm Bain & Company, who left in June after performing data collection and analysis

and making recommendations based upon their findings.

But the University Senate wants to better understand the plan before endorsing it. "We're not opposed to shared services," said Fred Walter, head of the University Senate. "We're not opposed to change, we may be fearful of change when it's not explained but we've realized that times have changed and we have to move forward."

More Parts of Hypothetical Building Appear

By Alison Sundermier

The highly anticipated \$37.5 million Student Recreation Center, which has been in the works since 1999, is currently expected to open in the Fall of 2012, after being pushed back from its original completion date of January 2011.

"One of the first steps required for the construction of a new building is to take soil borings to determine the type and bearing capacity of the soil so that concrete footings and foundations can be engineered. Soil borings were taken at the construction site for the Student Recreation Center, however, the results reported were incorrect," explained Barbara Chernow, the Vice President for Facilities and Services, when asked about the delay.

"Once the inaccuracies between the results of the borings and the actual soil were discovered several options were explored to determine the best way to proceed." The unsuitable soil had to be replaced, putting a 6-month separation between the ceremonial groundbreaking in June 2010, and the actual groundbreaking in January 2011.

When asked if any contractors or subcontractors had to be let go of due to the setbacks, Chernow declined to comment, saying, "I cannot at this time discuss the legal aspects of this delay as it remains an open issue."

The new building, which is under construction between the Sports Complex and the Student Union, will consist of three

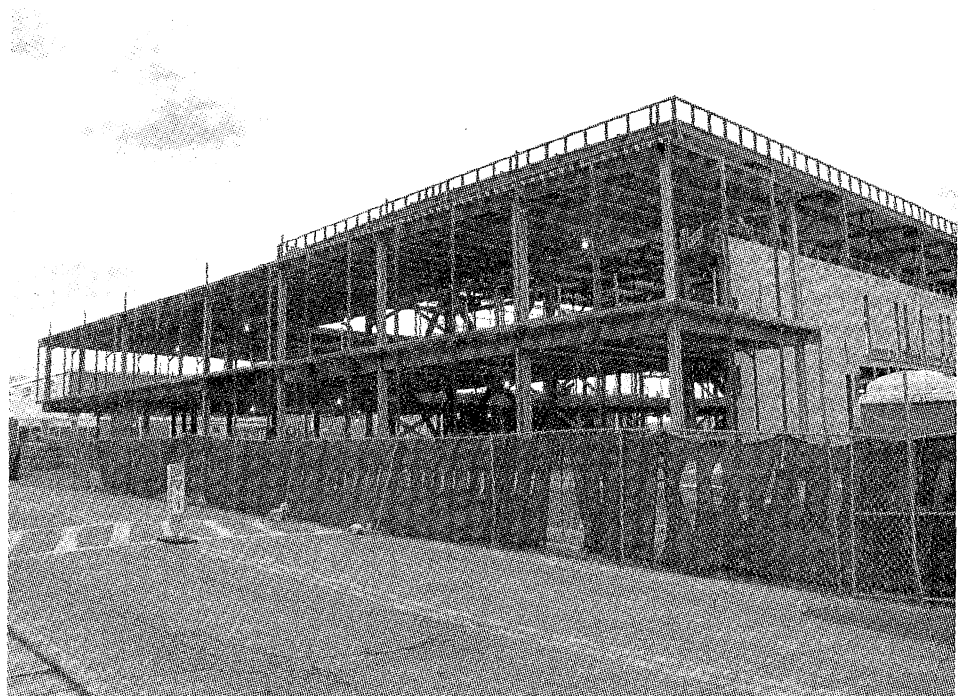
floors, with a total 85,000 square feet of programming space.

Earlier this November, the Campus Recreation staff at Stony Brook partnered with several different fitness companies to put together an Equipment Demo Expo in the Student Activities Center to test new equipment for the facility.

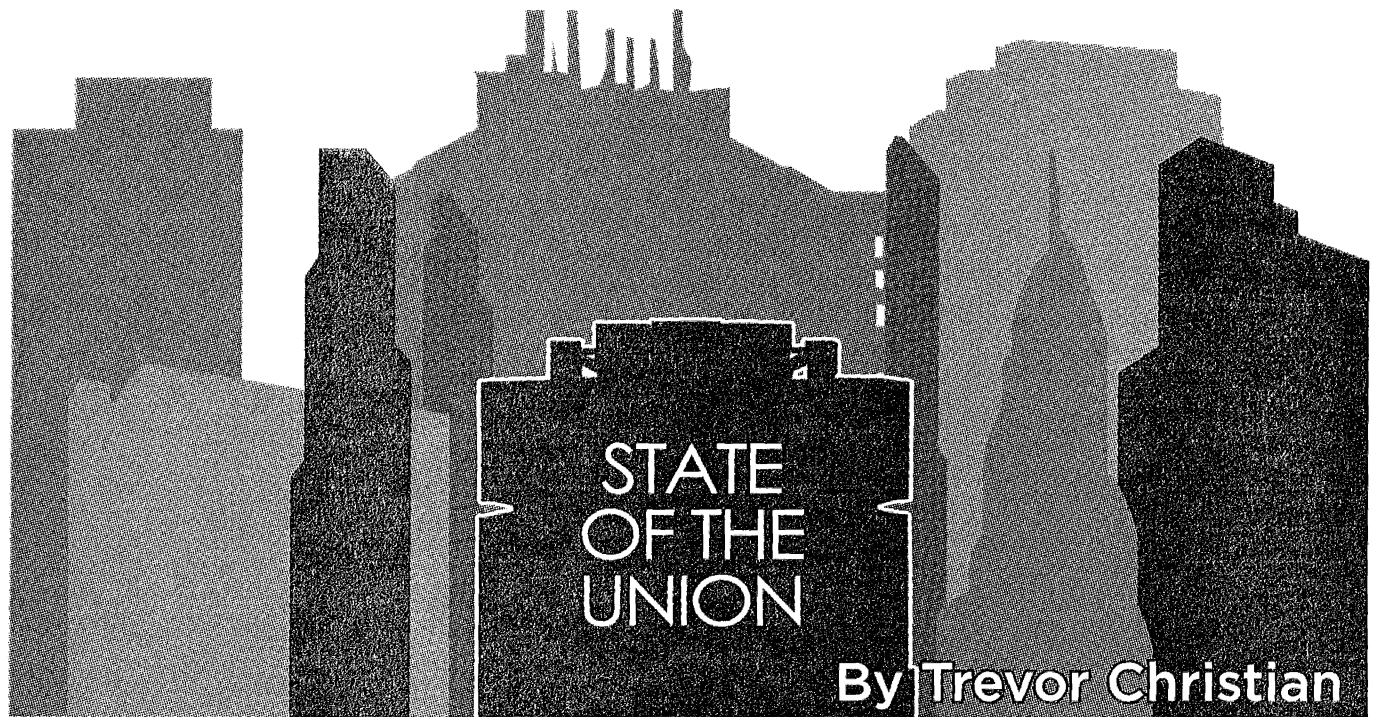
New machines, which create a more interactive work-out experience, received a lot of positive feedback from students. However, students who prefer a more basic approach to working on their fitness will be happy to know that the new Recreation

Center will feature a healthy mixture of high and low-tech equipment.

The Rec Center is anticipated to be one of the biggest student employers on campus, hiring over 200 students. Students lucky enough to see the project's completion will undoubtedly find much to benefit from the new Student Recreation Center, ranging from an indoor track, a Multi-Activity Court and a three-court gymnasium. New lounge areas, wireless internet and day lockers will also be available within the facility.



FEATURES



Last summer was a bad one for the Stony Brook Student Union building. A back staircase developed a mold problem that wasn't remedied until October. A number of rooms in the basement flooded day after day for more than two weeks. A chunk of fallen ceiling, presumably dislodged by water that dripped on it whenever it rained, remained on the floor for months.

The state of the Union—the Union building, that is—may be improving, but it's still far from ideal. Tenants and management both agree that the proposed gutting and renovation of the Union building, which is set to begin in roughly two and a half years, is desperately needed.

Rumors about just how bad the condition of the building is have spread as a result of the presence of contractors testing the walls of the building to make sure that it is structurally sound. All the while, new problems, such as flooding on the first floor and a blocked fire exit, have emerged, and while the repairs have been quick, they haven't always been permanent. They also serve as a reminder that until major renovations begin, problems with one of the oldest buildings on campus are always

a possibility.

"I don't know if the building is unsafe, but I don't know if it's the healthiest place," said Janice Costanzo, coordinator of the Craft Center and a tenant of the Union building basement for the last 10 years. Costanzo's office is attached to the ceramics studio, which is located next to the staircase that became overrun with mold over the summer.

"Everybody saw it," she said of the mold, adding that the problem was not typical. "It was a very humid summer," she added.

Howard Gunston, the director of Facilities Operations for the Student Activities Center and Stony Brook Union, acknowledged that the Union has had its share of problems in the last year.

"Last year in January, because of the staffing vacancies on campus and the financial strapping of the university, we no longer had a facility manager in the Stony Brook Union," said Gunston, who attributed the amount of time it took to fix problems such as the moldy stairwell and the ceiling leak to a lack of staff to notice it.

"We were able to get full-time staff in that building again just in time for the opening of school this year," he said as to

why many problems have recently been addressed.

In an interview last Thursday, Gunston said he would play the part of rumor control. He said that a refrigerator in the Union was not responsible for most of the flooding over the summer, but rather a small portion of it. He also said that the roof of the Union building has been closed due to construction at the nearby Campus Recreation Center, and not because of any issues with its integrity.

But the new staff has not been able to make up for some of the old building's deficiencies or for its lack of funding.

This Fall, when a new flood on the first floor occurred, the new staff placed absorbent foam pads on the floor near the courtyard walls, where the water had entered. Gunston indicated that as long as the pads could handle the water, they would probably stay in place. He did not discuss the possibility of a permanent fix.

"They don't want to put a lot of money into this building. It's coming down. They just want to patch it up," Costanzo speculated, adding that it made sense to save money that way.

Another issue briefly emerged when

fences went up around the perimeter of the Union building in late November. The fence was put up without one of the gates called for in the blueprints, leading to a situation in which students exiting through the stairwell that previously had a mold problem would be unable to get around the fence. The fact that the only accessible door back into the building locks when it closes meant that some students faced the decision to climb the fence, jump off of a nearby concrete wall or call a friend to open the door for them.

A section of the fence was removed within three days of being placed, but Costanzo was still upset by the mistake.

"It's a fire exit," she said of the stairwell. "I have to worry about my members down here."

The presence of the contractors, who in an email announced that they would be sampling the materials used in the floors, walls and ceiling of each room in the Union building, as well as testing the building's structural integrity, has also made a few tenants nervous.

"As a reminder, we anticipate the probing in your spaces to only take about 30 minutes each, so we ask that you find alternative plans during the times when staff are entering your spaces," read the email, which, upon being read aloud by members of the LGBTA, drew laughs from a number of student clubs in the Union building's basement.

On Wednesday, the contractors determined that the walls in a number of rooms, including The Press' office, are thick enough to keep the building structurally sound, much to the relief of tenants who had never considered the possibility that they weren't.

To the new staff's credit, the Union building is cleaner and drier now than it



Howard Gunston, director of Facilities Operations, checks in on cosmetic features of this semester's Union renovations that were in the blueprints, but failed to show up in the initial changes, like the hole in the fence encircling the building that took three days to be opened.

was at the beginning of the semester. The staircase that was once full of mold now boasts clean white walls, while the leaky hole in the ceiling is in the process of being replaced by a hatch.

Since some mid-summer repair work, the flooding problems in the basement seem to be a thing of the past. When Hurricane Irene hit in late August, the repairs held up. "We didn't have any problems here," said Costanzo, who oversees spaces on either side of the Union building's basement.

Health and safety problems and subsequent improvements to the Union building, which was built in 1969, have hardly been limited to this semester. A few years ago, says Costanzo, the flooding problems were worse.

"We used to have a lot of leaking in here from the ceiling," she said, attributing the problem to sweating pipes. "That's stopped."

And according to Dustin Herlich, an adjunct professor with the journalism department and a Stony Brook Press alumnus, a vent in The Press' office used to spew dirt into the room a decade ago. Now, only a sign labeling the vent as "evil" remains.

Despite all of these improvements,

Costanzo believes that the building could be in much better shape. "It's a building that needs to be renovated," she said after being asked about the new flooding problem on the first floor.

Gunston hopes to begin the renovation process sometime in August 2014, though that project won't begin until a new dining hall is completed to serve the students of H and Mendelsohn Quads.

But until the project begins, less money will be spent on long-term repairs for the Union building. "When you talk about a building that's going to go down for repair, you

don't want to waste money. So the key is being very intentional with what you want to spend," he said. If something breaks in a building that is going to get renovated, Gunston asked, "do you need it now or can you live without it until then?"

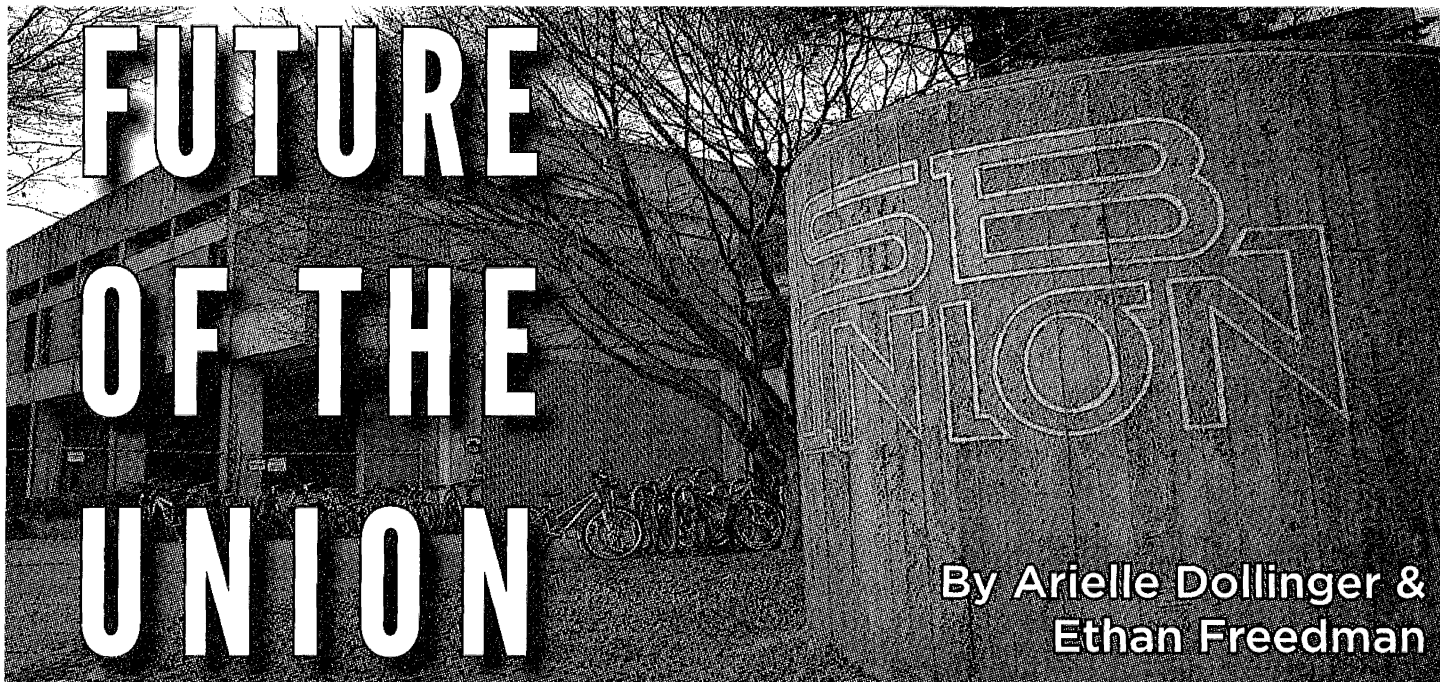
Gunston provided a broken water fountain, which would cost upwards of \$3,000 to replace, as an example. Costanzo said she was considering updating one of her studios to increase its occupancy capacity, but decided against it. "It was just so much money," she said. "It's not worth it for the few years we're going to be here."

Gunston wishes to assure the students, faculty and staff who regularly use the Union building that most concerns will still be addressed promptly. He has asked that anyone with a concern alert facilities staff so that they will know there is a problem to fix.

"We don't want people to feel like they have to be [concerned,]" said Gunston, adding that anything that could pose a health or safety threat would be dealt with immediately.

"At the end of the day..." Gunston said, "we should not feel like we're in a war zone."





By Arielle Dollinger &
Ethan Freedman

The Stony Brook Union building will be closed for an estimated two-year period beginning in August 2014 while it undergoes renovation, said Howard Gunston, director of Facilities Operations of the Student Activities Center and SB Union, who debunked rumors of the imminent destruction of the building.

“Inside is where the magic’s going to happen,” Gunston said. But no concrete plans have been made for the renovations because the Union cannot shut down for construction until a new dining center is built for residents of H-Quad and Mendelsohn Quad.

The structure will be located between the Union and Mendelsohn Quad, and will be “a building that would be designed for dining services,” unlike the Union, which is home to club offices and classrooms as well.

“We can’t break ground, I can’t shut the Union down, until that building opens its doors,” Gunston said of the dining hall, explaining that the dining hall traffic would be too much for existing food courts to contain now that H Quad’s Benedict dining hall has closed.

While these improvements are being made, during a period that Gunston estimates will last about two years, the Union will be closed to the public.

“The University is working very hard to

minimize any inconvenience to the greatest extent possible,” Gunston said. “Long term, once the SB Union re-opens, the building will provide a multitude of enhanced student service delivery by providing a centralized location for many of the student services on campus.”

According to Gunston, various “cosmetic enhancements” have been made to the building throughout the past 10 years. The Spirit and Courtview Lounges, Unity Cultural Center, Auditorium, Delancey Street Deli, Starbucks and Wolfie’s Lounge have each received their share of sprucing up over the years.

But, he said, there are still ways to better to the building, which hosts more than 2,000 student events a year in its ballroom, auditorium, eight meeting rooms, four lounges, coffee house, multi-purpose room and over 3,000 square feet of student office space.

“I think the building offers quite a bit of opportunity for extracurricular activities but there’s always room for improvement and my door is always open if students have suggestions or new ideas,” Gunston said.

According to the Student Affairs section of the university’s website, the building’s basement alone is home to the offices of four campus publications, the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgendered

Alliance, the New York Public Interest Research Group, SBU TV, the University Police Community Relations department, as well as a Craft Center, photography lab, Student Instructional Computing Site and unisex hair salon.

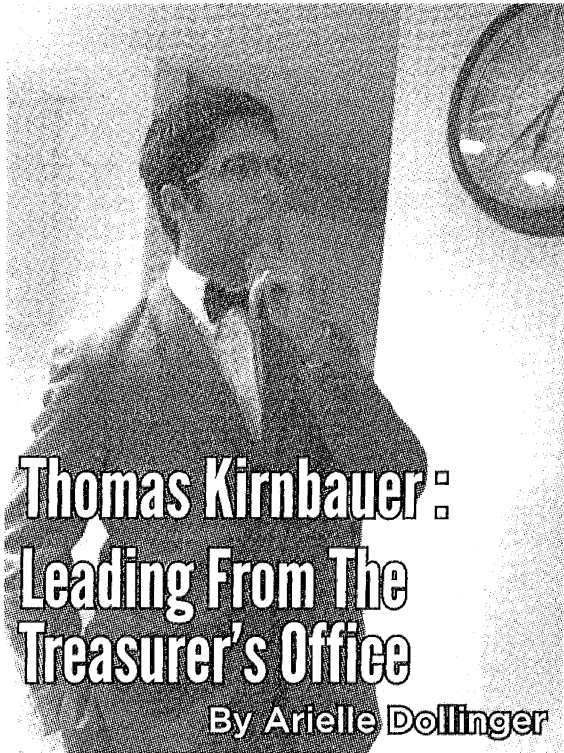
Vincent Viteri, head librarian of the university’s Science Fiction Forum, is not looking forward to the move. He said that the Forum headquarters moved to the Union about three years ago from its office in Harriman Hall when there were plans to knock down Harriman. Those plans were never carried out.

In the move from Harriman to the Union, the Forum lost shelves and books, he said. The club’s petition to stay proved ineffective.

“You think they care about the students? They’re building a goddamn hotel,” Viteri said, referring to the five-story structure that is currently under construction near the campus’ main entrance.

He is not optimistic when it comes to the club office’s relocation because the club’s petition to stay in Harriman Hall before its move to what he refers to as “club alley” in the Union proved ineffective.

“We could petition and say, ‘look how many books we have,’ and that’s what we did last time,” he said. “We couldn’t do anything about it.”



Thomas Kirnbauer
Leading From The
Treasurer's Office

By Arielle Dollinger

Thomas Kirnbauer checks into the Undergraduate Student Government office, his rugby player frame clad in sweatpants while colleagues like President Mark Maloof don a suit in the office. You couldn't tell from his unassuming appearance, but Kirnbauer has been one of the most influential treasurers in recent years.

Since assuming office, Kirnbauer helped rewrite the financial bylaws, sued his own organization and has been unafraid to

The frequent moving and the conditions of the club offices have made Viteri question the university's true values.

"I feel like the university does not have us [clubs] as the highest priority..." he said, "and I'm not saying that it should. It's just about us being down here in club alley, it's what it is."

Julia Pomeroy, an artist-in-residence, has been working in the craft studio in the Union for the past 16 years, and calls it her "second home."

Pomeroy is worried about how the arts will be affected by the studio's closing. Art classes open to both students and the community are held in the studio, and will now require a change of venue.

"Where do the arts go?" she asked.

challenge more senior members of USG, to controversial effect.

The junior majoring in political science and aiming to complete the university's five-year Master of Business Administration program, got involved with USG when its former president, Matt Graham, convinced him to run for office with him in the Fall of 2010.

"It really just kind of brought me in and I've really had fun since," said Kirnbauer, who sees his involvement with USG as an opportunity most college students don't normally have.

Being involved with USG, he said, allows students to see the improvements they have made on campus and to learn things about SBU they would not have otherwise. One of those new skills learned through involvement with USG is event planning.

"I love event planning," he said. "Not only does it promote great student life, but it really develops students as leaders and planners," and it is never easy, he added.

This learning opportunity for student leaders is beneficial beyond the life it brings to campus. For this reason he would like to see more USG money going toward event planning, rather than what he described as excessive spending on food as a way to coerce students to events.

Losing the use of the studio "would be a great loss to the student population," Pomeroy said, noting that many people used the space, "from the community, to the students, to the faculty."

However, some students do see the need for building renovations.

Antonia Ines Rodriguez, a Stony Brook student and member of the Stony Brook chapter of the NYPIRG, would especially like to see improvements made to the building's ceilings and walls.

"To my knowledge, these buildings are at least 40, 50 years old," she said, "and they should be updated."

Many of the club offices located in the Union's basement belong to student media groups. According to Isobel Breheny-

"College students get attracted to food," he said, "but you're not going to create campus life by just handing [it] out."

A recent example Kirnbauer gave of unnecessary expenditures was a club's allocation request for shot glasses.

His main goal is to see "that the money is being spent appropriately," and in a way that helps campus life as much as possible.

His drive to ensure that USG is functioning at its highest possible level inspired him to take a controversial action: Kirnbauer decided to sue the organization after realizing that members who were not given voting privileges in the USG constitution had been voting regularly at Student Activities Board meetings.

Kirnbauer often sits in on SAB's meetings, though not a voting member, because he likes to stay informed. Seeing class representatives voting, despite the rule that they could not due to a policy that money cannot be restricted to a particular class, sparked a question in his head, he said.

"To be very clear," Kirnbauer said, "it wasn't anything the class representatives did."

Though Kirnbauer said that the USG members are a tight-knit group that do a good job tackling problems together, not all members of the organization agreed with his decision.

USG Vice President Deborah Macha-

Continued on page 18 →

Schafer, student media advisor, "there really hasn't been any decision about anything yet," when it comes to the new locations of these student media offices.

"We want to know what the students need," Schafer said. She has been asking media students to give input about what the future of the media offices might be, she said, noting that the issue has been discussed at student media council meetings.

Gunston as well noted that student needs and wants are prime components of the decision-making process in finding new locations for "displaced tenants."

"I think the challenge is to make sure that we meet the needs that the media groups have," Gunston said, "and then figure out which of the wants we can manage."



Finding Life in Lithographs

By Alyssa Melillo

On the fourth floor of the Staller Center is the lithograph studio. It's a bright room filled with tables, rustic lithographic presses and the strong scent of chemicals.

Alexandra Iosub works at the second press. Wearing a denim apron over a black t-shirt and jeans with her brown hair tied back in a ponytail, she assembles a rectangular stone—a Bavarian limestone, to be exact—on the bed of the machine. On the smooth surface of the stone is a sketch of a woman cringing in pain, and floating beside her is a feathery object.

"Everything cycles in life," the 25-year old says as she explains the meaning behind the image. "That's the main idea."

The image of the pained woman is part of a series Iosub is creating for her Advanced Theory and Practice of Printmaking lithography course. Called "Geometry of Life," the project is a sequence of images that tells a story about the cyclical events that make up life—being born, experiencing pain, giving birth, death. This image falls in the middle of the series and portrays a woman losing her wings. In the next image or two, the woman will fall and crash, although Iosub says she doesn't

know what the scenes will look like just yet.

Lithography is the practice of drawing on a lithographic stone with an acid or grease-based pen, and the image on the stone is then printed onto paper using a specialized press. Iosub says it takes her about a week to create a print—one day to sketch the image and let it dry, the other five or six days to prep and eventually make the prints. "It's a very meditative process," she says.

As she continues prepping, Iosub rubs acid on the stone, desensitizing the white areas so they don't print.

"This is my therapy," she says. "This is my life."

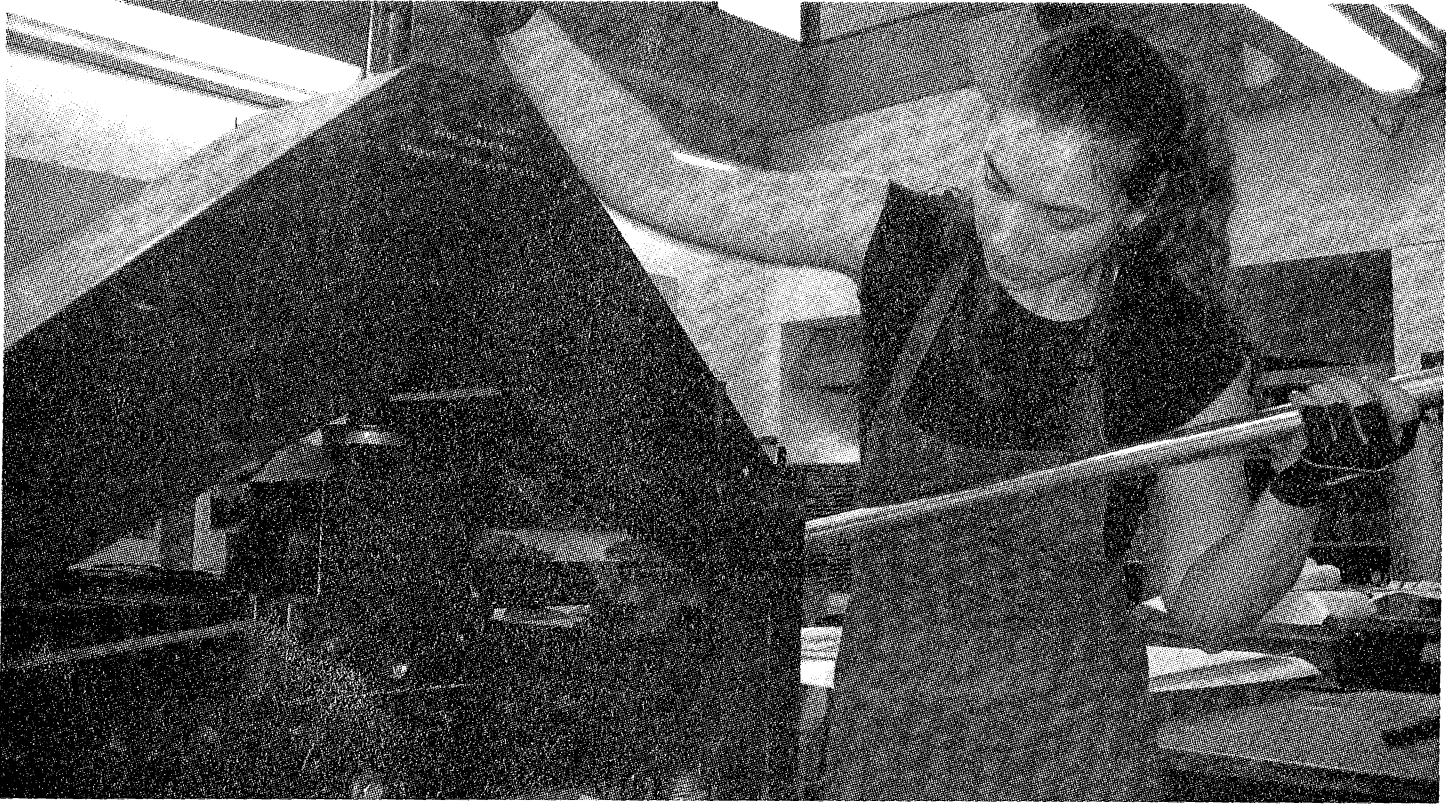
Iosub compares lithography to life quite often. The parallels in her approach to the printmaking art and the process by which it's done come up frequently as she talks about it. First, before a stone is drawn on, the artist has to grind off the greasy layer of the previous image so that it doesn't interfere with the new one—a procedure that can take up to four hours. "You have to grind the stone until the ghost dies," Iosub says. "Or else the ghost will haunt your image."

To Iosub, the stone is more than just a

cold, hard object—it's something that feels and learns. After she sponges off the acid with water, she applies lithotine, a grease-based solvent that takes off excess drawing material. "I'm applying more grease so the stone will learn a lesson," she says, specifying that the lithotine helps the stone memorize the image so that it can grab the ink she will apply later.

Iosub says all of her work is biographical. The first two images in "Geometry of Life," which are of an egg on a bed of rocks followed by a woman surrounded by them, reflects her immigration to America from Romania in 2005. The rocks symbolize the baggage she brought with her and how it was hard for her to shed her native roots. "Sometimes that's a burden," she says. "I had to change a lot about me to blend in." The image she is currently pressing signifies a hard time she recently went through in her marriage. Iosub used a picture she took of herself cringing in pain after injuring her thumb to use as the subject for the image.

Iosub enrolled in Stony Brook University in 2008, and in her first semester here she took the introductory lithography course without any knowledge of the art. Because of the class's difficulty, Iosub says



she wanted to quit after a month. When the professor, Lorena Salcedo-Watson, simply said “Okay, quit,” Iosub says that convinced her to stay. “This is not a class where you can complain,” she says.

Iosub, however, does complain about the lack of interest Stony Brook has in keeping the lithography classes running. Last year none of the classes were offered because the university temporarily laid-off Salcedo-Watson, the only professor teaching those courses. Iosub says students fought back by holding bake sales and other forms of fundraising to get together the money to pay the professor’s salary. Now this semester is the first one in a year that the lithography courses have been offered again, but Stony Brook, which is the only institution on Long Island that offers such classes, is still not entirely funding the program. The lithographic presses cost about \$10,000 and maintenance is required to keep them running properly. The Bavarian limestones are usually priced around \$1,000, and other tools can be costly as well.

“It’s like they’re doing everything they can to stop us from taking this class,” Iosub says. “You have to buy your own paper,

your own tools and, apparently, your own instructor.”

“I just want to make sure people don’t step all over my hero,” Iosub adds about Salcedo-Watson. “Sometimes heroes need help, too.”

The fine arts major takes other printmaking classes such as ones on intaglio and linocut, but lithography is what she hopes to make a career out of. Iosub, a senior, plans on furthering her studies in graduate school after she leaves Stony Brook.

Iosub continues to prep the stone for printing. After she applies the lithotone, she gets ready for one of the more physical parts of the process; applying ink onto the stone. She puts on a pair of fingerless baseball gloves and then smears a sticky, tacky ink onto a palette with a knife. She takes a large wooden rolling pin, which weighs about seven pounds, and begins to flatten out the ink. She wears the gloves so that she doesn’t get blisters from gripping the roller.

“It’s such hard work just rolling the ink on this palette,” she says as she moves the roller back and forth. The definition of her arm muscles shows with every push of the rolling pin.

Once enough ink is on the roller, Iosub rolls the black substance onto the stone. By doing so she is allowing the stone to grab the ink that will print onto the paper. She then sponges down the stone with water—a process called etching—to keep it moist. “The more etches a stone has, the more consistent it will print,” she says. She alternates between etching and rolling a few times.

Finally, Iosub lays the paper onto the stone. She places a plastic board on top and smears a mineral lubricant on it so that it runs smoothly under the press. She lowers the scraper bar holder—the part of the press that applies pressure so that the image will print—with a long lever, something that looks a lot easier than it actually is. “I think it’s going to be a very nice print,” she says to herself.

With a crank of a wheel, the press bed glides under the bar. Iosub lifts up the bar with the lever. “This is my ‘ta-da’ moment,” she says before she peels the paper from the stone.

The stone and the paper are like a

Continued on page 15 →

A Safe Haven Within A Social Network

By Michelle Frantino



FIRST THERE WERE AOL CHAT ROOMS,

then forums, and eventually, Friendster. Th is led to MySpace and Blogger; then came Facebook and Twitter. But there is a new social media network that is inching onto the scene, tracking users' locations and giving them live maps: an app called Grindr.

Grindr is a smartphone application that helps gay men fi nd partners. The location-based dating app uses GPS technology to locate men in your area, telling you exactly how many feet away they are.

Unlike any other social network sites, Grindr is exclusively mobile. This feature is making the application extremely popular among users. There's no need to update your status and tell your friends where you are, because Grindr always knows. When you move, the app automatically updates, arranging users profiles according to how close they are to you.

The free application, which was created exclusively for gay men, has been extremely successful, with over a million downloads, 500,000 of which are students.

Eric, a junior biology major at Stony Brook University, says that SBU campus isn't the easiest place to meet people – especially if you're gay. Eric didn't want to give his last name, afraid that his parents or suite mates would find out his secret. He worries that his suite mates wouldn't talk to him if they knew, making him even more of an outcast than he already feels he is.

"I haven't reached that stage in my life where I feel secure enough to come out," Eric says. "Grindr has helped me meet people on campus who are in the same boat."

Although the website allows you to upload a picture to your profile, Eric chooses not to.

"I can keep my pictures private," he says, "I control who sees my identity."

The Queens native says that Grindr has given him confidence by showing him how many users are from Stony Brook. Eric says that on a Friday night, there are nearly 20 people within 100 feet of him using the application.

"I think that Grindr is a social network breakthrough," he says, "It may seem creepy, but when its used right, it's a great tool."

Some students feel that Grindr has too many negative repercussions. A user that goes by the name of J.C. says he has witnessed those negative effects.

"A lot of straight people think its funny to use the app," he says, "But when you log in and see some-



one you didn't know was gay, then it becomes hurtful." J.C. says he knows a lot of men who were originally on the site, but since its popularity spread, they decided to delete their accounts.

"We're scared of people seeing our identities," said J.C. "Anyone with a phone can log on and see who is using it, even employers."

J.C. is a freshman at Stony Brook who chooses to remain anonymous because he worries that people will judge him based on his sexuality.

"I want so much to tell people I'm gay and be completely out there on Grindr," said J.C., "but the site is being judged

just like gay people are judged. People think it's a place for gay men to find sex."

While Grindr says it is not a site that solicits sex, many people are skeptical about its intentions. Creator and CEO Joel Simkhai believes that the application is sometimes misinterpreted.

"I think we created something that helps people," Simkhai said. "It's a basic app, you're just seeing how far people are away. Its amazing what an impact that can have."

Simkhai says that Grindr is just an application to help gay men meet each other.

"The most important thing is to meet," he said. "Grindr is meant to help

you take the first step. To show you you're not alone, there are other gay men out there."

Simkhai launched Grindr in March 2009 after years of being discouraged in the dating field. Being gay himself, he decided that the gay community needed something like Grindr.

In January 2011, Grindr won the award for 'Best Mobile Dating Site' at the iDate Awards, the Internet dating industry awards for the best in online dating and matchmaking. In June 2011, Grindr reached 2 million users in 192 countries across the globe with 45,000 users online at any given second.

As Grindr continues to grow, Simkhai says he started getting requests from different kinds of users.


"Straight people," he said. "I had never imagined Grindr would be attracting the straight market."

After hundreds of emails, requesting a straight version of Grindr, Simkhai answered with Blendr.

Blendr is a direct copy of Grindr, but intended for straight individuals. Released in March 2011, the application is slowly gaining the same popularity. On a Monday, there were 14 people using Blendr on Stony Brook's campus.

One of those users was Eric. Only this time he had his full name and picture on his profile. "Its crazy, I know," he said as he fiddled through the screens on his iPhone. "All my buddies are on Blendr so I signed up. I don't want them to suspect anything."

Eric says he switches between the two applications depending on whom he is with. He uses Blendr when he is with his friends and Grindr when he is alone.

"I still worry," he said. "I'm afraid my roommates will go on Grindr one day to mess around and it will register that a user is on who is only a few feet away and they will figure it out. They will know that I'm gay." For now, the simply-to-use, free iPhone apps remain a safe haven for people like Eric to express who they really are, even if they fear the outside world is not ready. 

“It’s a basic app, you’re just seeing how far people are away. It’s amazing what an impact that can have.”



Games Graving Gender Roles

By Kerlern Rae Tuitt

Boobs. Images of computerized breasts projecting at the front of the classroom led seated students to perk up their heads and yell out names. The space contained over two-dozen guys and a handful of girls, most of whom were effortlessly able to identify the female game icons with only a cropped picture of the character's clothed chest.

This was just one of the methods used to provoke dialogue at the Stony Brook Gamers Guild meeting on Thursday, November 17. Instead of handling controllers, attendees were invited to the third floor of the Student Activities Center to partake in a discussion about sexuality and gender roles in video games.

"We wanted to bring more awareness to how very unbalanced genders are portrayed in video games," said Danielle Lewandowski, the club's treasurer and a journalism and information systems double-major.

One student described the breast naming activity as a weird, but interesting exercise. "I didn't think it was offensive because I knew why they were doing it," said Jesse Smith, an applied math and statistics major. "Women in video games often have very little agency, least of all, sexual agency. And

even when they do appear to, it's most always in service to another male fantasy of a sexually dominant woman who still only exists for male pleasure."

The meeting also allowed attendees to demo the 1982 game titled *Custer's Revenge*. The main character, a white guy wearing only a cowboy hat, a bandanna and boots, possesses a noticeable erection, and the only woman exhibited is a naked Native American with large breasts who is tied to a pole. The game's sole objective is to dodge arrows so the man can have sex with the bound woman.

"This game was a very big element in us wanting to have this discussion," said Brandon Supak, the club's vice-president and a history major. "We thought it was a very shocking fact that the very first female figure in a game was a naked Native American that you rape. That set a very bad precedent for the rest of female roles in video games."

The response to the game was mixed, with some students laughing and others cringing. Smith called the game "disgusting," saying it was "absolutely morally repugnant."

"As a girl, I wasn't too offended," said Nikeia Walker, an applied math and sta-

tistics major. "I feel like when it comes to games, people are overly sensitive."

The Stony Brook Gamers Guild focuses on the preservation, discussion and playing of video games. The elected board established the group over the summer after they realized there were no dedicated video game clubs on campus. They currently meet every Thursday at 10 p.m. on the top floor of the Student Activities Center.

When students were asked to name their favorite lady from a game, most attendees chose characters that serve as side-kicks to male protagonists or exist only as damsels in distress. A lot of the responses overlapped.

"Games tend to focus on male characters and they never usually give the female character the main role," said Keith Boccio, the club's president and a computer science major.

The meeting also addressed homosexuality by asking students to think of a game where the main romance was between two males. This question was answered with perplexed facial expressions. It took students a couple of minutes before one was mentioned.

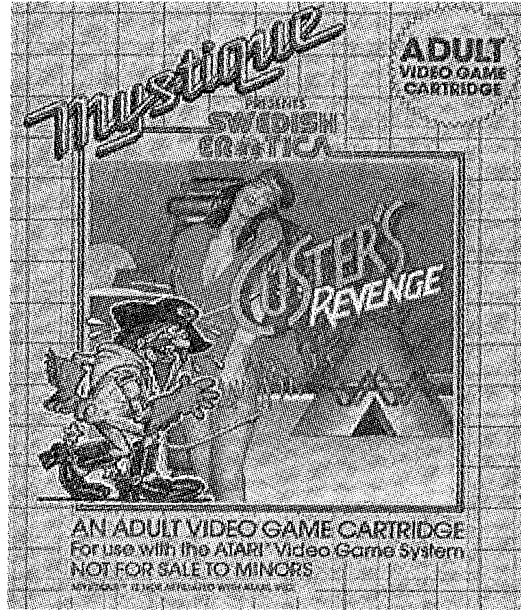
"I'm certain there have been ones with a homosexual protagonist," said Supak,

“but they’re just never in the spotlight.”

In addition, the club also reviewed the issue of violence versus sexuality in bringing up the Entertainment Software Board’s system for determining game ratings. The elected board said games can be as violent as they want to be and stay in the mature category, but if the game is sexually graphic, it gets an adult only rating.

Boccio quoted another student from the meeting saying, “We are allowed to see violence, which causes death, but not sexuality, which brings life.”

Students at the meeting remained vocal until the very end. “The overall discussion was very insightful,” said Walker. “I learned a lot and never real-



ized how often there aren’t female protagonists.”

“A lot of people know this stuff, but a lot don’t,” added Lewandowski.

When asked what could be done to make improvements, Boccio said gamers making the purchases are responsible for possible changes. “Consumers need to voice their opinions to the developers,” said Boccio. “That’s pretty much the best way for it to happen.”

“Depending on what people buy, it will shape how developers release games,” said Supak. “With negative female roles, sales are getting worse,” said Supak, “but things like homosexuality and mature sexuality are getting more prominence in games and are selling well.”

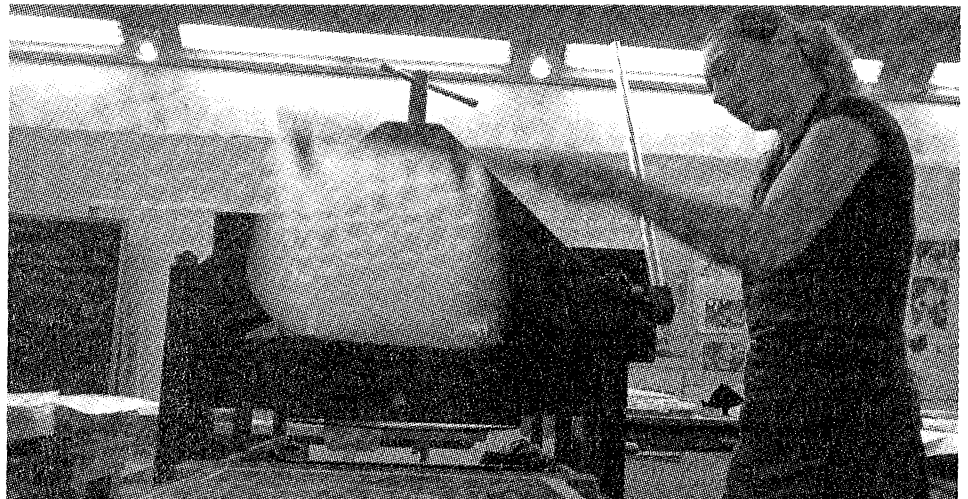
Finding Life in Lithographs cont.

mirror: the image on the paper is almost identical to the one on the limestone, but Iosub says the ink on the paper is not dark enough. She repeats the process with the rolling pin, first rolling the ink onto it and then the stone before she runs it through the press again. The process has to be repeated “until you get enough ink and enough pressure on the stone for a good print,” she says.

After running it through the press, she peels the paper off the stone again and admires the image. “My first baby,” she says with a smile.

“You work on one image so much that you need to be satisfied with it,” she says as she rolls more ink onto the stone for a second print. Iosub always prints more than one image. “I’m an artist and a printmaker,” she says. “Printmaking is all about multiples.”

But because of time constraints, Iosub decides to stop and put off the rest of her printing for another day. To preserve the ink on the stone she rubs tannic acid on it, which is used for short-term storage. She dusts on some chalk and rosin first and wipes them around the stone to harden the

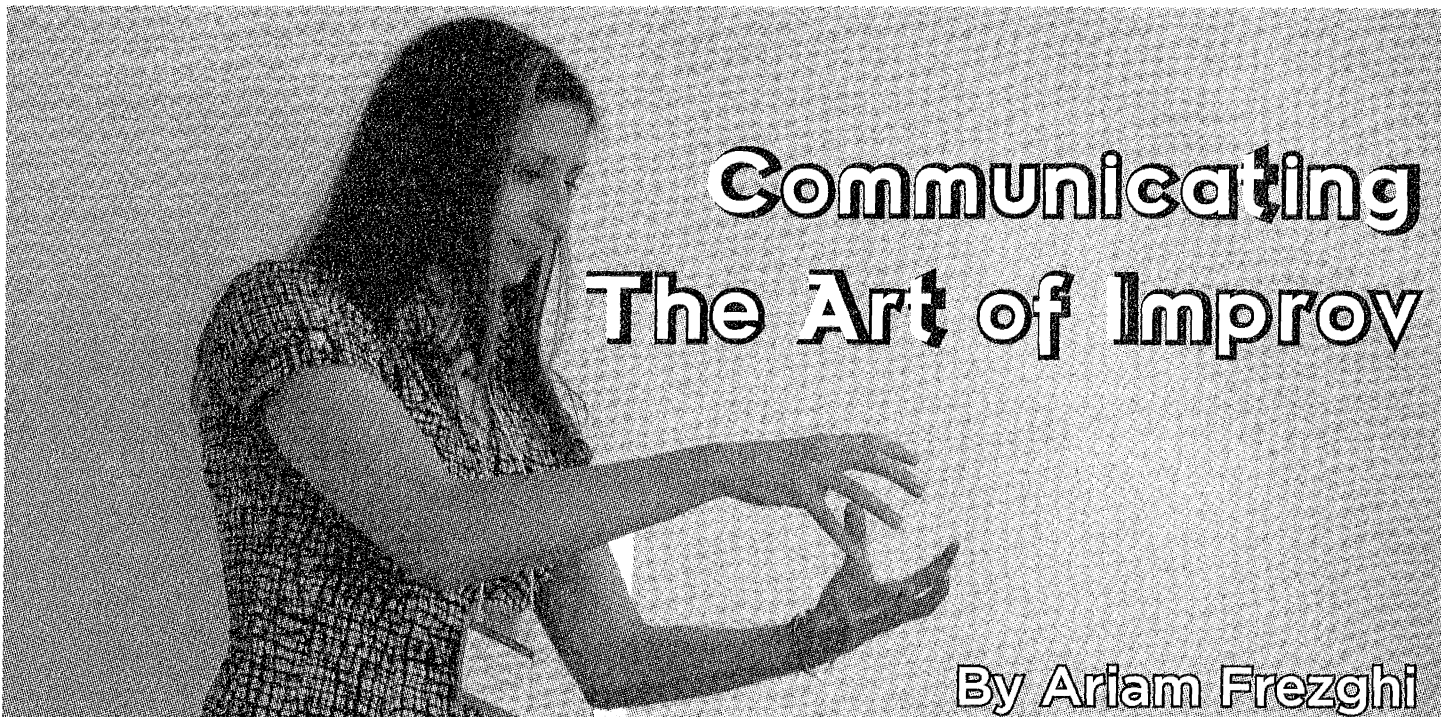


ink and then she uses a cheese cloth to apply the tannic acid, which will enhance the contrast of the ink on the stone. When she’s finished, Iosub carries the 170-pound stone over to a table where her other lithographic stones sit under cloths, their images waiting to be printed.

Iosub says there’s a fine balance between the amount of pressure, ink and water needed to make a lithographic print. And in that sense, humans are just like lithographs, she says—we are constantly

under pressure and we require lots of water to stay alive, just like a stone needs water to print consistently. Iosub finds that these parallels in life and lithography are what make her love the art so much.

“The way you approach it makes you more involved,” she says. “Art is about having people look at the stuff and having people understand. I know I’m illustrious. I have a message I want to transmit to people.”



Communicating The Art of Improv

By Ariam Frezghi

On Thursday, November 17, over 20 Stony Brook science graduate students participated in a workshop called “Improvisation for Scientists.” Held by the university’s Center for Communicating Science, the workshop aimed to teach the aspiring scientists to hone their communication skills using techniques borrowed from improvisational comedy.

The brainchild of actor, educator and science advocate Alan Alda, the workshop was developed in 2009 and has since been presented at conferences at Brookhaven National Laboratory, Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, UCLA and at the World Science Festival in New York City.

Many of the exercises were devised by actor and educator Viola Spolin, with whom Alda has studied and worked in the past. The aim of Spolin’s simple, spontaneous exercises is not humor, but to help scientists become more present in the moment and, ultimately, to communicate better.

The workshop was taught by Valeri Lantz-Gefroh, a former faculty member in Stony Brook’s Department of Theatre Arts and long-time theatre professional who is now a lecturer and administrator at the center.

Students split in teams of two and engaged in various physical and mental activities. In an exercise called “Know Your

Reflection,” scientists tried to mirror their partners’ bodies intuitively. After a few seconds, their bodies acted almost simultaneously.

In another exercise, participants threw balls representing compliments, insults and misunderstandings across the room. Students were told to convey their emotions using body language. Each ball’s motion carried its own emotion. Balls representing compliments were thrown graciously with smiles, whereas participants dodged those representing insults or acted more hesitant when receiving them.

One way to view the workshop is as a playful forum for scientists. “Part of the problem is that scientists are taught to not become emotional about their work because it skews their data. Going in I feared they’d be skeptical and not playful, but I’ve found the opposite and that has been a huge surprise,” Lantz-Gefroh said.

Elizabeth Bass, who is the center’s interim director and has observed it since its earliest days, was a spectator at the workshop. “I’m impressed by the widespread agreement that this program is needed. Scientists need to do a better job at communicating what they can do,” she said.

The students came from all walks of science. One tracked the movement of baby sharks, another studied brains of patients


who suffer from anxiety and another studied drug prevention in arthritis patients.

At the start of the session, each student was taped giving a two-to-three-minute introductory speech in front of evaluators and faculty members. Afterwards, the students migrated into a separate room to begin their exercises. During self-reflection, some felt challenged by having a time constraint while others admitted having to dumb down their research because they feared people wouldn’t understand it.

One student expressed that because she didn’t know the audience, “I wasn’t sure how to present my study.”

Bass refers to this challenge as the curse of knowledge: knowing something makes it hard for us to imagine others not knowing it. “I think all scientists fall victim to it,” she said.

Improvisation for Scientists, which will be offered as a three-credit class starting January 26, is one of the core classes taken by students in the center’s Master of Science in Journalism program. Other classes include Distilling Your Message, Writing to the Public, Digital Media and Introduction to News Media Concepts.

Still growing as a pilot program, the center aims to influence other universities and laboratories to mandate communications classes for scientists. 



Debating the Future of Video Journalism

By Trevor Christian

When Stony Brook Journalism Professor Barbara Selvin suggested that small newspapers should jettison most of their video efforts, she started a debate between video journalists and small newspaper editors over what the future of the business should look like.

The debate primarily played out in Selvin's inbox and on her blog. Chuck Fadely, a four-time Pulitzer Prize winner and a video journalist at The Miami Herald, was easily one of the most prominent and enthusiastic commenters.

In an email to Selvin, he accused her of "committing malpractice" for "teaching students with this mindset" and warned her that he had "the flamethrower set to high."

Newspaper websites, under pressure from advertisers and changing trends, have overwhelmingly chosen to add video. eMarketer predicts that advertising on videos will represent 17 percent of online ad revenue by 2013, as opposed to its nine percent in 2008. But as most newspaper's budgets have been shrinking, many like Selvin are questioning the wisdom of increasing focus on video journalism, a medium which is often inconvenient for readers who are at work or on a mobile device.

As newspapers struggle to find the right balance between print and web, or text and video, the stakes are rising. With readers turning to the Internet, where media organizations are ultra-competitive and struggle to profit, the debate on how to attract the most advertising dollars while spending the least money and still produce quality journalism is reaching full force.

While many video journalists have disagreed with Selvin's theory, she does have some defenders. Andrew Heyward, the former president of CBS News who now works as a consultant to a number of news sites, sometimes specifically on the topic of improving video, recently visited Selvin's class, titled "Journalism 24/7." He defended her, saying that when online, "video is kind of a linear orphan in a non-linear environment," meaning that visitors to news sites want more control over their viewing experience than what video allows them.

He went on to explain that the low quality video Selvin was referring to wouldn't help a site any more than low quality writing, though it would cost more to produce.

Selvin's project started out as an examination of the changing life of the photojournalist. Her research led her to

examine video from small local newspapers where photojournalists were mostly likely to be asked to shoot and edit video without training, thanks to the papers' small staff sizes and low budgets. It was from those videos that she developed the idea for her three blog posts, which she wrote from late September to mid-October.

Selvin wasn't discouraged by the criticism. "I think the people who disagree with my position misinterpreted me," she said. "He seems to think I disrespect video."

Fadely also pointed out that a video about a breaking news story that Selvin described as boring was more popular among readers than one she liked a lot more.

"A straight-forward news story, done promptly, is way more valuable to our readers than a long take-out on an issue that's not burning down the house. And our readers will still put a priority on that news story when it's in video form," he wrote on Selvin's blog.

Selvin said she benefited from the conversation and adjusted, but didn't change, her opinion. "I wasn't as attuned to

Continued on page 18 →

Video Journalism cont.

the value of breaking news videos as I am now," she said. "It has the quality of being new."

She pointed out that she teaches courses involving multimedia at Stony Brook, a school that requires all its journalism majors to take classes in print, online and broadcast journalism. "I think that's what we're doing here," she said. "We are training people to be multimedia journalists."

But Selvin retained her viewpoint that sometimes on news sites there is "video for the sake of having video."

Heyward described this phenomenon as a "not quite mindless, but unfounded

infatuation with video."


Fadely describes video as the future of online news, citing the high percentage of young people who consume video online. He also argues that a main point of Selvin's argument, that video costs too much to produce compared to the small percentage of people who watch it, is invalid.

"I'm not sure what percentage of The Herald's overall budget goes to video journalism, but I'm sure it's a tiny fraction of one percent," Fadely said via email.

The two agreed that better trained video journalists could cut down on both the cost of making video and the amount

of low quality video on the web. "A cheap point-n-shoot camera or flip cam is adequate with the proper technique," said Fadely.

Despite some agreement, Selvin still feels that reporting, not making video or getting page views in the short term, needs to be seen as the goal in more newsrooms and that video should only be used when it enhances the story or is of high quality.

"In the long run," she said, "it's been shown time and time again that quality pays off." 

Kirnbauer cont.

low has known Kirnbauer since August 27, 2010 when the two went through Parliamentary Training together.

"To me, he's always been very friendly," she said, "yet that doesn't change the fact that the entirety of this court case was a miscarriage of justice, from conception through ruling."

Machalow saw the case as "utterly ridiculous," and it made her "question some officials' abilities to read."

Maloof, who has known Kirnbauer since the two began working together in May, shares Machalow's opinion of the lawsuit.

"I don't agree with [it]," he said. "I don't think it's an accomplishment for USG."

According to Maloof, last year, there was concern that not enough board members were watching the money. In light of this, he said, nine people overseeing "a pot of half a million" is logical.

"The concern with more eyes is more mouths: when does a room become diluted with opinions to the point that productivity ceases?" he explained. "Because the brief was filed so quickly, I cannot say we will ever have that answer."

Kirnbauer clarified that his intention was never to be difficult or stop the process.

One piece of USG drama plaguing Kirnbauer's mind lately is the current con-

flict between himself and Machalow regarding grant applications.

Last Monday night, Kirnbauer said Machalow went to the organization's budget meeting and issued her first executive order; that all grants follow a specific format or she will not accept them feeling that those formatted differently are improper for audit. Kirnbauer responded with an executive order that the USG treasurer gets to determine what is acceptable for an audit.

There are three grants currently in question, he explained: a national tournament grant that would allow the men's rugby team, of which Kirnbauer is a member, to attend its national tournament; an asset grant that would give the Company of Archers \$7,000 and a separate event grant for another club.

Because of his involvement with the rugby team, Kirnbauer leaves the room during the debate and voting process, and does not handle any administrative work for the team, making a "very clear separation," he said.

Machalow did not accept any of the three grants submitted because they were not formatted in accordance with her executive order. Because of this, to the surprise of Kirnbauer and the members of the clubs who were pushing for the grants, the three issues were not on the agenda of this past

Thursday's Senate meeting.


"I'm trying to give people money, I'm trying to give clubs money, and I'm being stopped for pretty much not having two lines on the application," Kirnbauer said.

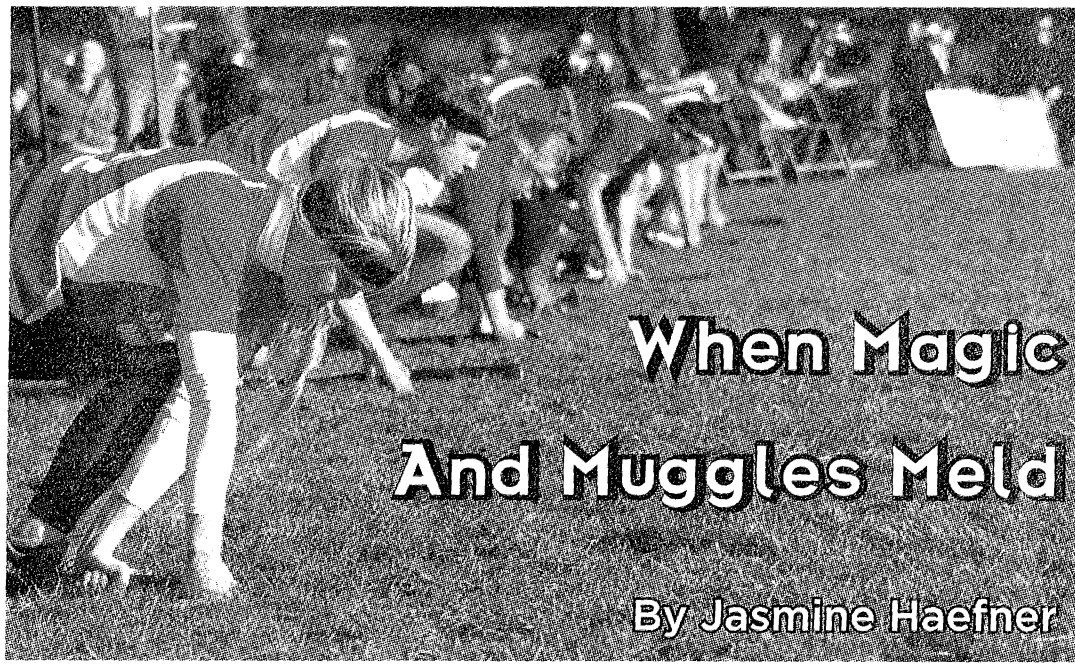
The budget committee will try to re-approve the grants this week.

But Kirnbauer is not fighting to give all clubs money—some clubs will lose their line budget status at the end of this semester.

In the financial bylaws, he explained, it says that if clubs do not spend money on events in whole or in part paid for by the student activities fee, they will lose their line budget; if the clubs do not spend any money, they will lose the budget allocated to them.

According to Kirnbauer, a handful of clubs have not spent any money this semester. Those clubs are in danger of losing their budgets completely and the money being reallocated to event grants and clubs that are active and in need of more funding. He would not name the clubs in danger, but he will after they lose their funding at the conclusion of the semester.

"I really just trying to be as transparent as possible with everything," Kirnbauer said, "and I really, firmly believe that I'm trying to do everything for the better of the student body." 



When Magic And Muggles Meld

By Jasmine Haefner

As spectators crossed the East River over the weekend they were greeted by vendors selling all things magical, the smell of turkey legs and teams from five countries playing a muggle version of the wizard and witch game of pop culture legend.

The Quidditch World Cup was hosted on Randall's Island in Manhattan through November 12 and 13. This world cup, the fifth of its kind, hosted over 108 teams from five countries—the U.S., Canada, Finland, Argentina and New Zealand.

The Stony Brook quidditch team was eliminated in the preliminary round, winning one game out of the three played on the 12th and losing their final game the next day.

SB's first match on Saturday was against Michigan State was lost at 140-70. During their second match, against Villanova, SB fared slightly better. Villanova caught the snitch, a 30 point bonus to the teams total, to make the final score 80-30. During their final match, against Virginia Tech, SB took the game by storm, winning 130-60. SB entered their final match on day two with the University of Minnesota – Twin Cities. The final score was called at 50-40 in favor of Minnesota, who continued on to the next round, eliminating SB.

Middlebury College—the originators of muggle quidditch—won the World Cup overall, beating University of Florida. They continue to be ranked number one in the

world and have only lost one game ever in their history.

Stony Brook quidditch will continue to train through the winter for other upcoming tournaments. They will also be hosting the Northeast Tournament on Saturday, March 31 on the Stony Brook campus.

"There's no off-season in quidditch," Ahmadizadeh said, smiling after the last game.

The Concept of a Snitch

By far the most unique position in quidditch is the snitch. Unlike the mischievous flying golden ball in the books, the muggle snitch is a player dressed in all yellow. To catch the snitch, a seeker must grab a ball in a sock-like bag that is attached with velcro to the back of the snitch's shorts.

Snitches and their seekers have especially unique positions because, unlike the other players, they are allowed to leave the quidditch field.

Before the start of each game the snitch confers with the head referee. During this discussion the referee is notified if the snitch plans to use any special tactics, such as water balloons or banana peels, and the snitch is given a time frame within which he or she must return to the designated field, normally between eight and twelve minutes.

At the beginning of the game both

teams kneel over their brooms with their heads down and eyes closed. The snitch is then released to roam the general area as he pleases. "Brooms up!" is then called and gameplay begins.

After five minutes of gameplay, the seekers are released to find the snitch. After the snitch returns to the field within his or her allotted time frame, he or she must stay there and begin to evade the seekers within the field. It is extremely unusual for the snitch to be caught outside of the field.

Although snitches practice with their own teams, they are never allowed to play with them for matches. To create equality within the match, the snitch must not be a player from either team.

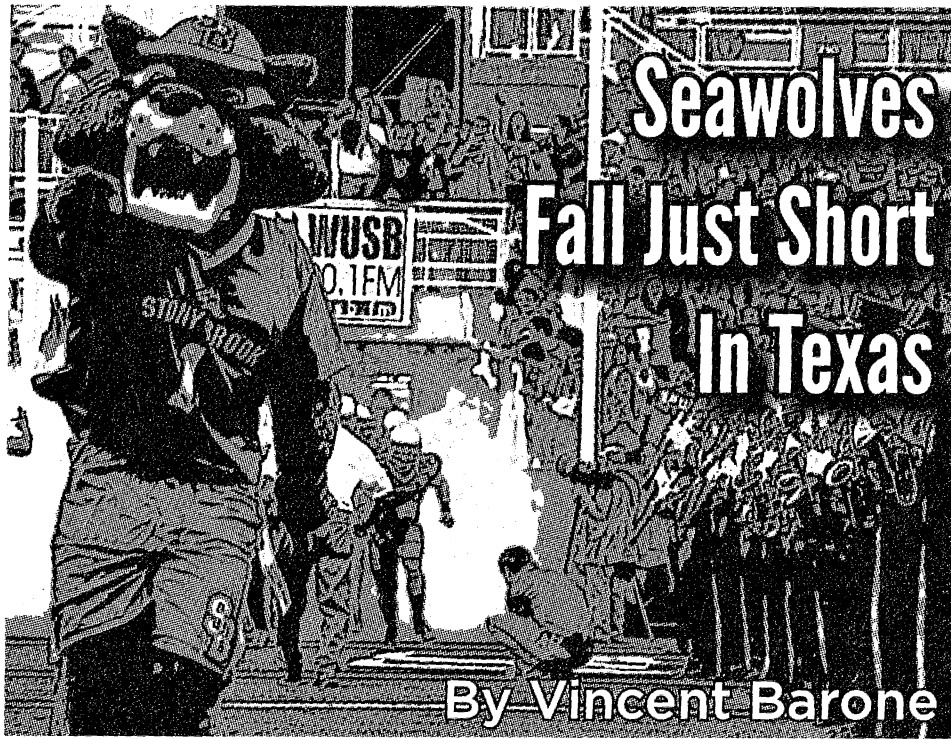
There is also the rare occasion of a "lone wolf" snitch, where a snitch will come to compete in matches but does not belong to any team. An unaffiliated snitch, Nate Huntley, said he came to the World Cup alone because his team at Shenandoah Valley had just started up and was not ready to compete. "It's on my bucket list," he said. "It looked like exactly what I wanted to do."

Snitches are also controlled by very few rules in comparison to other players, especially when it comes to the physicality of the game. Moves, such as throwing seekers into empty audience chairs, a favorite past-time of snitch Kyle Williams from Middlebury, are allowed.

"You do see a lot of different strategies," said Brian Herzog, a snitch from the Rochester Institute of Technology.

Snitch tactics such as putting banana peels on the quaffle, diving through the pitch hoops, general acrobatics and commandeering the announcers microphone all took place at the World Cup. During one game a snitch carried around a pink fleece blanket, taunting the seekers with it as if they were bulls, and then wrapping them in it every time they

Continued on page 21 →



Stony Brook had their unlikely season come to an end Saturday evening, falling just short to the number one seeded Sam Houston State in the second round of the Football Championship Subdivision Tournament, 34-27.

After conceding two 80-yard touchdown drives within the last ten minutes of play, Stony Brook's most successful football team in school history had the ball with 1:01 left in regulation and a seven-point deficit. It was a long 61 seconds to watch three weeks of an improbable playoff series wane.

Going into the game, the Seawolves were heavy underdogs. If you check the NCAA FCS coaches rankings online, you wouldn't find Stony Brook ranked in the top 25, or in the list of schools that were honorably mentioned in the "Others receiving votes category." In fact, Stony Brook isn't listed anywhere on the page. So, for a team so far off the rankings, beating the 23rd ranked Liberty University and the University of Albany, who were at least honorably noted, were feats in themselves.

Against the top-ranked Sam Houston Bearkats, who run a fast-paced, option-heavy offense, Stony Brook's mediocre defense didn't have a chance. Sam Houston is faster than Albany and way faster than

Liberty.

Yet the Seawolves were actually ahead at halftime, 10-3. This was not in the script. Both teams are offensively-minded; this could have been the score after one quarter, maybe, but not by the half.

In the first quarter, Kyle Essington threw an interception right into the hands of a Sam Houston defensive back, giving the Bearkats great field position and eventually an easy field goal for the first three points of the game.

Essington bounced back from this early faux pas without a hitch. In the second half, he sent a high and tight spiral down the middle of the field to find wide out Matt Brevi for the first touchdown of the evening, giving Stony Brook the edge, 7-3.

The 30-yard pass was short, but nearly Namathesque, hanging in the air like one of Broadway Joe's finest paintings that always found their way into the end zone. But perhaps the play only seemed this impressive given the context.

Up to this point, early in the second quarter, both teams had still been trying to find themselves. Much to the credit of Stony Brook's defensive line, Sam Houston looked completely flummoxed running their offense. Ground plays were usually suffocated within a yard or two of

scrimmage and pass plays were snuffed out just the same. Stony Brook had managed to make Sam Houston look so slow.

Stony Brook seemed a little disoriented with the ball, themselves, in the warmth of Bowers Stadium in Huntsville, TX. After one snap, Essington dropped back to the left to hand off to running back Miguel Maysonet, except Maysonet ran up to the right to receive a ball that was never there.

A hapless Essington was sacked and the play was scotched almost immediately. It wasn't at all relevant to the loss, but it does serve as an exemplar of their lackadaisical first half.

So, yes, that wonderfully coordinated touchdown was an impressive juxtaposition against the bumbling football that had been on display. And after the score, suddenly, Stony Brook's underdog hope turned into confidence. (Think of a caterpillar blossoming into a beautiful butterfly, fluttering about with an oversized Wolfie the Seawolf head.)

The idea of taking down the Sam Houston colossus was no longer farfetched. They had the lead. Sam Houston's crowd was stunned. Eight thousand fans watched in an incredulous silence as Stony Brook forced the Bearkats to punt on the very next drive. Stony Brook then grabbed a field goal. And the Bearkats went four and out. End of half.

The Seawolves certainly went into the locker room on a high note. They weren't exactly sitting pretty, being only up one score, but the display of dominance served as a great punctuation.

And yet this sudden dash of excellence faded away as quickly as it appeared. Stony Brook couldn't muster up an ounce of offense throughout the third quarter. All the while Sam Houston polished up their attack, hitting the Seawolves from all sides. Run plays up the middle, quick slants and deep routes—Sam Houston's offense was running amok. In the third, they scored two unanswered touchdowns: one on a five-yard play, one on a five yard run.

The score was 17-10, but Sam Houston might have well been up by fifty. Stony Brook's woebegone defense struggled to come up with an answer to Sam Houston quarterback and Texas native Brian Bell's arm, or his legs for that matter. Stony's

secondary couldn't contain the wide outs, while their defensive line struggled to keep Bell in the pocket.

After a scoreless Seawolves third quarter, kicker Wesley Skiffington managed to dink a 21-yard field goal in the early seconds of the fourth quarter. It was the first three of Stony Brook's 17 fourth quarter

points, but ultimately Stony Brook's shoddy defense couldn't sustain a comeback.

Sam Houston scored 17 points of their own in the fourth quarter. Stony Brook offered a valiant fourth quarter effort that made the loss seem all the more perplexing. It was difficult to read Coach Chuck Priore's, or any player's, facial expression in those

last seconds; the ESPN3 stream of the game on my laptop was far too pixelated. Fans from home were left to hope that, after their first Division I-AA playoff appearance, the Seawolves would swag on. Swag on into a sultry Texas eventide.

When Magical And Muggle Meld cont.

attempted to catch him.

"Don't be afraid to look stupid," said John Glynn, a snitch from R.I.T. The snitch provides an added element of humor to most games and is often the most talked about player by the commentators.

Glynn pondered after being asked about the rules he has to follow, responding with "no guns and no killing."

"We just have to keep general safety in mind," said Ethan Giventer, head snitch for the World Cup. This sentiment was echoed by the head referee for the International Quidditch Association, Chris Beesley.

Multifarious Fans

Thousands of fans dressed in full Harry Potter garb poured into the event, stopping to cast unforgivable curses on their siblings and to participate in the occasional U.S. vs. Canada dodgeball game on the empty quidditch fields. Professor McGonagalls and Harry Potters strolled casually together past confused cable television reporters. "They've been more entertaining than I have," said Kryssy Kocktail, a sword swallower who performed at the World Cup.

Margaret Walchak and Debbie Schneider attended the event to support their community team, the New York Badassilisks. They both belong to "The Group That Shall Not Be Named," the New York City and Tri-State Area Harry Potter meet-up group. A stuffed Hedwig was perched on Walchak's arm throughout the event, carrying a sign about their meet-up group.

"It shows that there's so much to the whole Harry Potter fandom," said Schneider. Their meet-up group shows that Harry

Potter is here to stay, at least for the near future. The group participates in regular meetings and holds a monthly quidditch game in Riverside Park. It has grown to an astounding 999 members and has met almost 350 times since its inception.

Paul Gallo, godfather of David Demarest, a chaser for the University of South Carolina, road-tripped with his family and friends to see the World Cup. Like many other patrons, Gallo had never seen quidditch before.

"It's pretty interesting...very physical," said Gallo. "He just likes the broom between his legs," he said jokingly about Demarest.

An Entertaining Commentary

Although the eccentric fans and quidditch teams animated the event, the commentators peppered the atmosphere with comedic speech that truly brought it to life.

Dan Wilbur, Alex Zalben and Alex Edelman were all commentators for the world cup. Normally each game would have two to three commentators who rarely seemed to say anything related to the games, unless it was an insult.

"We're all stand-up comedians," one said. "Yes, they cloned us all."

"I haven't made it," Ron Krasnow, another commentator, said bluntly about his comedic path. He became a comedian three years ago after leaving restaurant management to fulfill his passion. He called quidditch, in general, pretty adorable.

"It's an amazing group of nerds," Krasnow said. "It seems like a big group of happy people."

Many of the commentators said they had never announced a quidditch match

before, but would be more than willing to do it again. "I did once narrate a kite festival for ten hours. I've also been at a meat festival," one of the commentators added. "I was also a member once of the Ministry of Magic."

A Mug-arvelous Main Stage

While quidditch play buzzed in the background, the main stage for the World Cup displayed acts of all kinds and appreciations.

Sasha the Fire Gypsy, performed several times over those two days. She used things such as fire belts and fans, and performed acts such as fire-eating.

Kryssy Kocktail also performed for the event. Although she only did sword-swallowing at the event, she says she does "all things carney," including aerial and fire tricks.

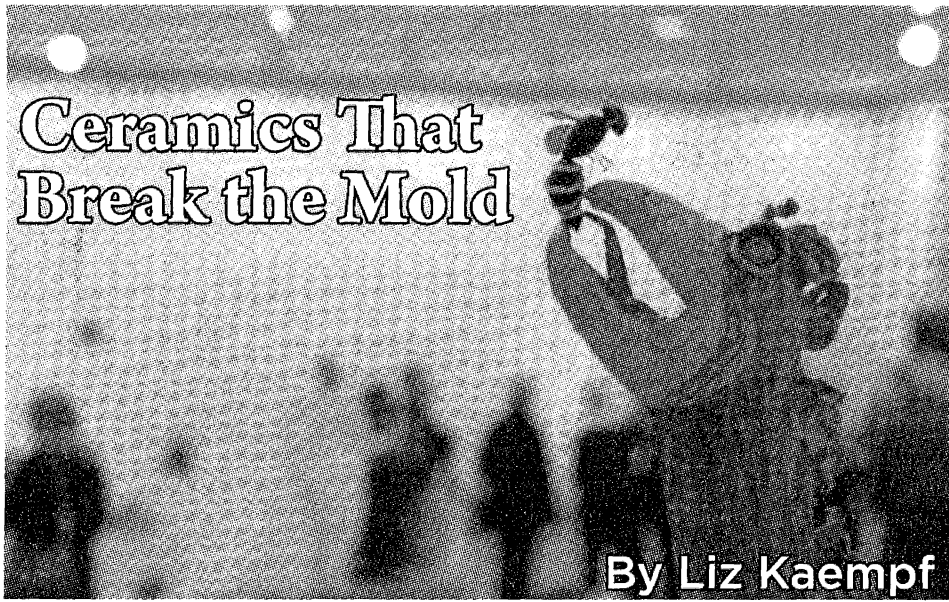
"I've been doing it way too long—non-stop for around seven years," Kocktail said as another performer on stage hammered a nail into his left nostril with the help of an audience member.

Magic rock, a musical genre literally created out of Harry Potter, showcases bands that bring the pages of the series to life, the most famous of which performed during the cup. Some groups included Draco and the Malfoys, Diagon Alley and even Harry and the Potters.

The night was carried off by cloaks sweeping up dust as fans swelled in movement to Harry and the Potters.

"We all know that there is nothing we like more, than watching the wizards rock it out like this. Voldemort can't stop the rock."

CULTURE



The Student Activities Center has recently unveiled the newest installment of artwork being presented in the gallery entitled "Eclectic Aesthetic." It is a student, faculty, alumni and non-university resident showcase all of things ceramic. Admittedly, the idea of pottery does not immediately incite a reaction of jumping up and down in excitement, but many a person trudged through a rainy Stony Brook campus to attend the opening night and reception nonetheless.

Those that attended were surely beyond impressed by the presentation. The ceramic creations on display varied in color, size and technique, from the functional to the avant-garde.

On the practical side of things were household staples executed with the steadied precision of a seasoned veteran. Peggy Yazulla, an avid potter and teacher of over 20 years showed off a group pseudo-flowers and a ceramic zen-like sand garden, both pieces she uses in her own home. Kitty Daniels, who said she was proud to see the work displayed in such a professional way, demonstrated her six years of ceramics experience with glossy, earth-toned bowls and plates, some with a detailed leaf design pressed in.

Meanwhile, other artists displayed

more creative innovations in the use of the media. Jessica Panicola made a dark lamp-base in the shape of an inverted human head while a bendable exposed spine protruded from the whole in the neck and ended with a bright light at its tip. Across the room, artist Herb Schay presented three of his creations: a brilliantly red squid, an ostentatiously detailed pirate ship, and a large, colorful bird getting ready to eat a fly naïvely crawling into its beak. Yazulla found Schay's whimsical creations to be some of her personal favorites, "It's incredible," she said, "people's imaginations. It's amazing."

Artists and onlookers alike were able to appreciate the range and variety of the ceramics. Other artwork included unpolished Rubenesque women mid-chat, assorted plate-ware, and a glittering unicorn head. The Pottery Center's current artist in residence Julia Pomeroy, who is responsible for the organization of the art in the gallery, presented her own crafty work of necklaces and jewelry with some Jackson Pollack-inspired designs splattered across a few pieces.

Craft Center Coordinator, Janice Costanzo knows the Craft Center is a place for learning and creativity. It gives students, faculty, and the non-university community a place to pick up a new skill or to improve

on the ones they already have. Above all, she realizes the sense of community and escapism it is capable of emitting, calling it a "refuge" for students. "When you're doing art you just become in that creative zone and you really can tune out the rest of the world and it just opens up a whole other side of your brain."

Alumni Chris Vivas and Jim Swerupski both had untitled creations in the show, the former having two pieces of finely-crafted lattice work, while the latter had a glossy and polished bowl with a detailed cut-out in one side. These gentlemen also wholeheartedly agreed with Costanzo's sentiments, attributing the Craft Center to their ability to further their skills and careers in education within the arts. What they talked about the most was not actually the pottery skills they learned while studying at the center, but the people they met.

"Meeting new people is fantastic," Swerupski said, "It's probably the best part." Vivas boasted of the support the group provides, adding that being there was like having ten new mothers. The center allows people the ability "to do something completely different from what they normally do," he said, while Swerupski noted that without shows like these artists do not get pushed to the next level.

Although Costanzo could not comment on the future of the Craft and Pottery Centers with the plan for the dismantling of the Union looming, it is clear from the interactions with the artists that these artistic outlets are completely necessary to the community on and off campus. The passion, admiration and graciousness the artists had for one another was more than obvious and the thought of losing something so valuable and memorable is disheartening. But looking past the potential hardships to come, the night was filled with an overwhelming appreciation for the meticulous care and creativity that was spun, molded, baked and glazed into each and every piece of art on display.



Leaves Begin to **Fall** As Exhibits Begin to **Spring**

By Arthur Kozlovski

The leaves change into beautiful colors, awaiting their peaceful death, all while we celebrate the beauty of life with our family and friends. Autumn brings about physical transformations in our world, as we admire what existed before, what exists now and what is to exist in the future.

This November, several art exhibits showcased in both the Melville Library and Staller Center Gallery at Stony Brook University portray the experience of physical transformation within the natural environment and how they relate to memories of the past. Artists Kathryn Cellerini, Alisha McCurdy, Roy Nicholson and Cui Fei explore these transformations and how each of these play a role in the human experience.

Beginning at the end of the October, leading into November, MFA student, professor and artist Kathryn Cellerini exhibits a work of art that cues the audience to reminisce about their past. Titled "The (Barn)acle's Identity Crisis...and other Bedtime Stories," Kathryn's work explores the transformation of physical experience to mental representation, as well as the transition from childhood to adulthood. Within the gallery, Kathryn built a small

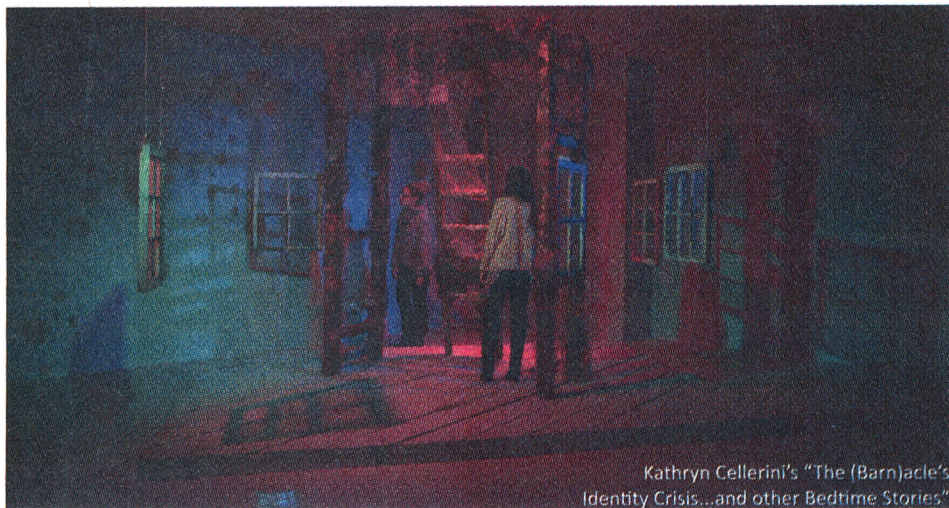
room portraying the essence of her childhood in rural Oregon: a wooden floorboard with hay protruding from underneath bordered by barn windows and a wooden monkey bar structure in the middle, covered in tulle, pushpins and bathed in dim pink and blue light.

As one approaches, it becomes obvious that this is a tribute to the innocence of childhood. Some choose to enter this transparent room, squinting, touching, and even attempting to climb the structure, as if it was a portal to the quaint realm of a child. By combining personal objects, such as the barn windows that represent her past, with everyday materials, Kathryn creates a physical manifestation of her memories and the transformation into maturity. In doing so, she notes that this is a mere representation of her perception of the past, and does not replicate the exact experience.

Kathryn explains, "I want my audience to walk in and be a character in this story I created...I built the environment the way I remember it, but it's not exactly how it was in reality." As time progresses, transformations not only occur in our physical environment, like the changing of seasons, but also within ourselves: changes in mind and body occur through life's experiences. Kathryn's exhibit

acknowledges this idea by presenting an installation that takes the audience back to their youthful days, evoking nostalgia not only for that particular whimsical moment in the past, but addressing the memories of that lead up to this moment in the present.

Shortly after the closing of Kathryn's show, MFA student, professor and artist Alisha McCurdy sets up a naturalistic installation in the same gallery. Titled "Seven Hundred Thirty-Five," Alisha uses natural materials to create a representational coal mining site/burial ground for the 735 coal miners who perished during the time her father worked as a miner. In the gallery, Alisha lays thick inches of dirt, covers it with 735 handcrafted cloth canaries stuffed with coal, and suspends platforms of fresh grass over the ground to create a symbolic memorial for the men that perished. The use of natural materials to pay homage to these souls is an allusion to the transformations that occur in life cycles. Just like the birth, growth, and death of vegetation, Alisha's installation refers to the changes not only in the personal lives of each miner, but also to the environment they excavated. In addition, the use of natural elements creates a more relevant understanding of what it means to be a coal miner: the smell of grass



Kathryn Cellerini's "The (Barn)acle's Identity Crisis...and other Bedtime Stories"

and local dirt, the view of lustrous coal brings Alisha's memory of these tragedies into a more relatable context within the gallery itself.

Alisha explains, "We walk around and see the changes in the world around us, but it's on a surface level; transformations are always happening underground as well... there is a surface and a subsurface, and through [the use of] natural materials I am able to communicate that."

Like in Kathryn's work, these materials represent a compilation of moments in Alisha's life, like her experiences with her father, a coal miner. The installation reflects upon the transformations of the physical

world and the life cycles that occur beneath the ground for the miners and their environment.

The Staller Gallery is also showcasing two off-campus artists, Roy Nicholson and Cui Fei. The exhibition "Re-natured" explores different facets of nature, and is honored by each artist in a distinctive manner. Roy Nicholson creates his version of his own English gardens. His works illustrate shifts that separate representation from abstraction and refer to the uncertainty of memory. His piece titled "Floating Garden #1" depicts remnants of his garden in a conceptual realm. Roy's work focuses on the blurred points of transformations that occur throughout existence.

"I do not necessarily do my paintings on site. I use the garden as source... Memory strives to achieve a specific representation of the past, but ends up creating a more distorted abstraction."

Using the garden as a reference, Roy is able to derive elements from both the representational world and the arbitration created within memory, bringing him closer to the intangible line separating the concepts. His work titled "52 Weeks II" is a series of 52 flower paintings each created within a week's time-frame. Collectively, the paintings depict transformations that occur over the course of a year. The work reflects upon physical changes in the environment as well as personal changes in Roy's own life, beginning with an image of a flower in daylight during the summer solstice and ending with a similar image at night, illustrating transformations that

can occur on a weekly basis. Although seasonal changes are seen in his works, Roy is able to achieve a greater understanding of the forever-evolving world by exploring variations within memory and experiences, to help conceptualize the physical world around us.

In the same gallery, Cui Fei uses natural materials to deliver a personal recollection of the world around her. Her piece "Not Yet Titled" shows thorns she has collected in a tally-style compilation, which signifies the length (in days) of the Second Sino-Japanese War. The use of thorns is symbolic of her memories of that painful and horrid war. This work applies not only a direct representation and record of past experiences, but also portrays the emotional tribulations that arose from the event, similar to Alisha's tribute to the coal miners. In addition to the thorn calendar, Cui uses branches and sand to create a calligraphic representation of language itself, while avoiding a distinct replication of any language. Natural materials are used to create shapes that may seem familiar, but offer no distinct communicative elements of language, focusing on visual perception instead.

"I want to create a new way of seeing these elements from nature," Cui explains. Such pieces in the gallery explore the influence of nature on memory, transforming seemingly literal representations of textual language into a more arbitrary, visually captivating form. Overall, Cui's application of nature outside of its environment allows the audience to draw new conclusions about the elements they are accustomed to in everyday life.

As cold weather approaches, trees begin to drop their leaves and plants start to die as we perceive the physical transformations of the environment around us. Artists Kathryn Cellerini, Alisha McCurdy, Roy Nicholson, and Cui Fei incorporate natural elements from the environment in order to explore various transformations that occur throughout life. Collectively, the artwork from these different exhibits honors the relationship between the human and his environment, and explores the significance of change in the physical world of nature as well as the representational world captured by the memory of experiences.



Alisha McCurdy's "Seven Hundred Thirty-Five"

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POETRY

A LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Nothing feels as good as slipping off your shoes after a long day, or a long semester for that matter. Since untying all of your laces would take far too long; we give you our Literary Supplement. It's a more pragmatic form of relief from the perils of finals week, that paper on that book you never bought or the thought of having to move back in with your parents...for 35 days. Procrastinate a little longer, wrench off your sneakers and enjoy some of the finest writings, and visual artistry, from your fellow students. Hopefully your feet won't smell too bad.

CONTRIBUTORS

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P.S. Due to some terribly unfortunate space constraints, not all submissions were able to make it into print. There will however be an extended Literary Supplement on sbpress.com later this week!

SARAH EVINS

The Floorboard Lullaby

I am not brave enough to write this poem
these words live on paper
words that strain
words that simmer
words that bubble over through the curl of my lips

but my voice is small
it swims through the air carefully
squeaks when I am nervous

and when the floorboards creak
evening spread out against the sky
I am patient
etherized upon a table

and when the lights flicker in the distance
and locking a door
and burying a head
and holding in air
can't contain the restless, searing lubdub that breathes
through the walls

I have measured out my life in coffee spoons
In tissue boxes
In heartbeats
In the fluttering of wings

and when the floorboards creak
in the quaking air of night
and the covers draw up over like masks

and when the knuckles crash
through the hollow door pulled tight

and when I am pinned and wriggling against the wall
am beating wings in metal rings

and when the gaping maw
his labored steps draw near
and the quiet dirge of sleeping rest
falls dead upon dead ears—

I am not brave enough to write this poem.

RJ HUNEKE*An Ode to Donne and the Abuse of the Church:
Rampant Misuse*

Soft are the hands that pull on my fell pants,
 They say all they need to: crinkling fabric romance.
 Confound this order, and damn the late charge,
 Please, girl, consume this armor from my estate large.
 She sees my unnatural look and cries,
 'Be imprisoned no more!' the screams, she rides, she flies.
 Soft, the buttocks grace my black sash pulled far,
 Untamed are the breasts that weave about my collar.
 Suddenly I turn angry for I'm free?
 Why, oh why, did you ruin my sacredity?
 My abrasion she takes to toss aside,
 Consuming my journey with a smooth mound in stride.
 Such are the sweat drops of my mistress' breast,
 The Holy Water, sweet mother Mary: incest.

NICOLE KOHN*Murder in the Mist*

Look, wander, seek, hide, run, fast, noises, loud, scramble, leaves, crackle, ground, wet, sky,
 dark, knife, sharp, man, greedy, women, frightened, knife, skin, blood, puddle, red, women,
 quiet, footsteps, heavy, sky, bright, bugs, fly, body, found, police, crime scene, dogs, search,
 family, waiting, hoping, praying, burial, tombstone, tears, sorrow, pain, regret, hatred,
 forgiveness, never.

POETRY

CHRIS PRIORE

Tea

Where I am
it's the same as it's always been.
And I have drunk from a cup of tea.

And I have thought of all,
all the past cups.
And of the sediment left at the bottom,
the last sip;
tossed.
And the few over-steeped bitter cups —
choked down.

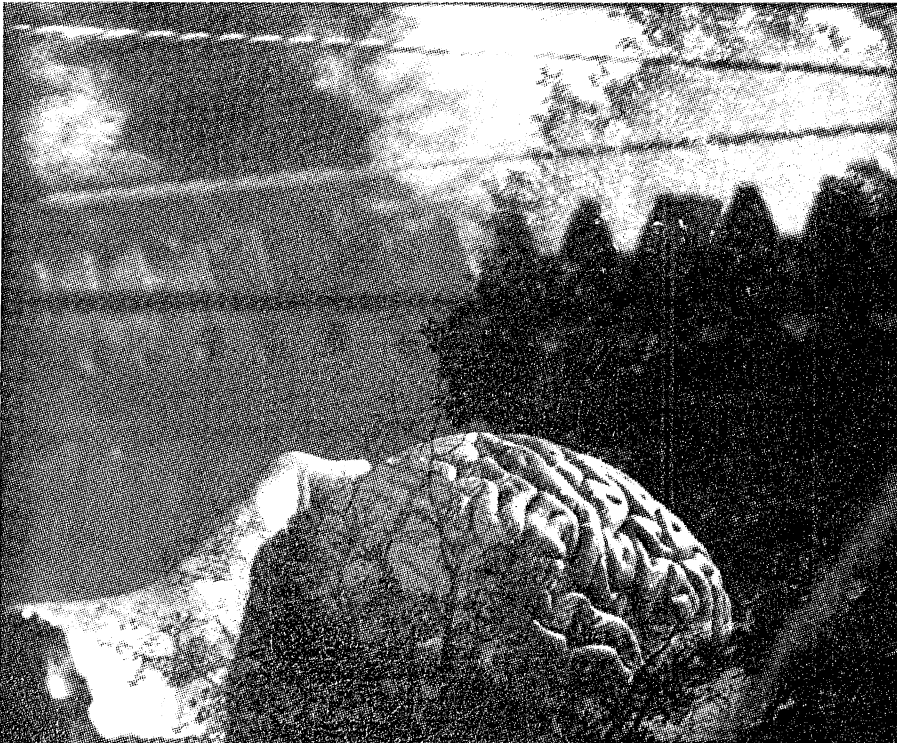
But I'm still where I was.
Remember when we drank that tea
together?
It was bitter.

To Not Remember

I do not remember you as a lover
not as a sick thought keeping
me awake well into the night

I do not remember the snowstorm.
But how the crystals melted away
into pearls of salt beneath my eyes

I remember the shadow of our love
not who I loved but how I loved
and was loved



Nader Nouraei
Photo: Brain

DANIEL CASHMAR*Attn: Ladies by Nick Statt*

My name is Nick, bitch
 But you can call me Nick
 Check out this beard and spin on this dick
 And if you're lucky you'll get a little lick

I roll through the Press
 Spreadin' my seed
 I fuck every girl
 Until my dick bleeds

Wash that pussy, girl
 Cuz I'm eatin' you out
 My beard and your pubes
 In a 20 round bout

Hop into my king-sized bed
 I can fuck for hours
 I'm a wizard motherfucker
 Boostin' with my arcane powers

My plan is to control the Sun
 Blastin' mind-control light
 There will be nowhere to run
 And there will be no way to fight

I fucked a million girls
 It's a Nick Statt-istic
 My dick's conquered nations
 It's imperialistic

Alex Iosub
 Photo: Captive

**ROHIT KAUSHIK***Mirth*

I still remember those nights.
 We would head home together in the rain
 and climb up the steps soaking wet,
 our clothes clinging to us like sullen children.
 Peeling them away, and climbing into bed,
 we fell in, bodies clean, souls holy,
 and faced dawn again as sinners.
 I am not a holy man by nature nor by choice.
 and I still nurse those sins,
 unique and wholly ours.

POETRY

JARED HUNTE

Lost?

Born of less than noble birth
 He yearns to discover his worth
 He was raised in buildings that would be drastically understated to say they were dilapidated
 ...but yet he waited
 For his chance to come up
 How could he succeed when his chances were always getting done up?
 And his peers always seemed to be one-up.
 One step ahead, as he lagged behind
 With his opportunities and short comings impossibly intertwined
 He wants desperately to break the chains that tether him to the negative stigma of his kind
 ...but he's made so many mistakes that he's forced to beg for a rewind
 On the VHS of his existence
 In the public eye put on a dusty shelf with no label or description
 Could he possibly free himself with just articulation, enunciation, and diction?
 All he wants is to be lifted...
 Above what others expect and sifted
 Through the sands of unavoidable unnecessary chaos and disappointment
 He is terrified of leading for fear that no soul will join him
 On the search for his purpose on the earth he inhabits
 A battered rose from the concrete that seeks shelter from the savages
 Who seek to make him a product of their perpetual imitation
 Who see nothing for his future and torment his current situation
 Those that pick apart and feed upon every limitation
 ...but yet he stayed patient
 In hopes that he would get the chance to succeed at all costs
 Is he just, correct and sane...or is he just lost?

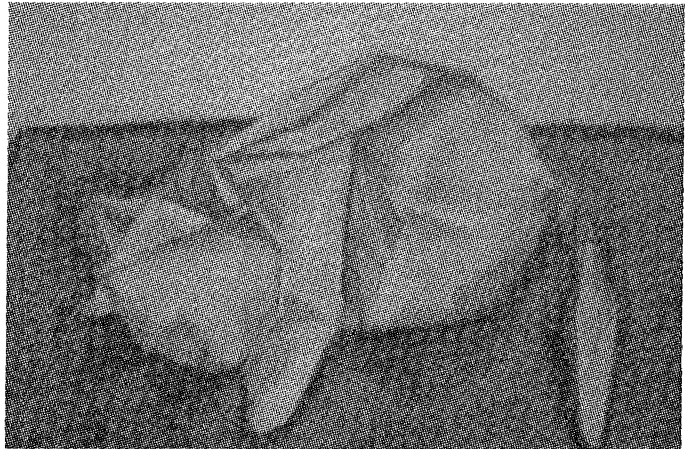


Liz Early
 Photo:
 Geometric Room

ARIELLE DOLLINGER

A Poem I Wrote When I Was Nine Years Old

Origami tress, origami flowers,
I could stare at this scene for hours,
An origami sun, an origami lake,
Is that a swan,
or have I made a mistake?
I look up, and see,
An origami rocket,
Blasting up into the sky,
Not letting anything stop it,
As I look back down at this origami world,
I think that I should make origami boys and girls.

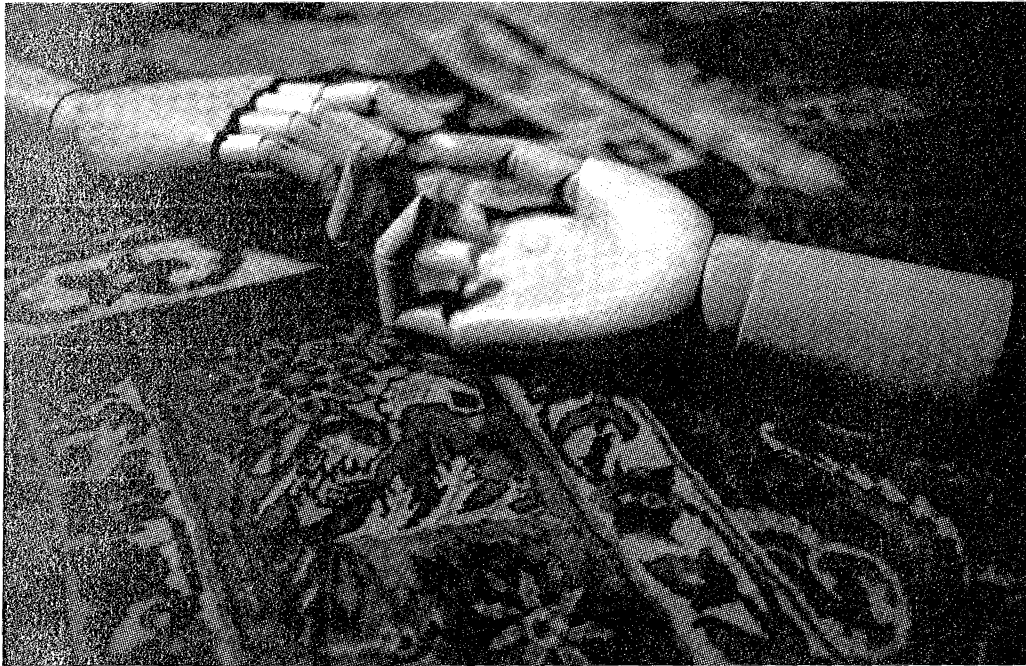


Arielle Dollinger
Photo: Origami Cat



Arielle Dollinger
Photo:
Feeding a Goat

POETRY



Nader Nouraei
Photo: Hands

Far

The ground is coming out of hibernation this week
 awakening from a sleep brought on by feet
 of unrelenting white ice
 that is spilling out onto the pavement now.
 Sweat beads roll down the backs of those
 still wrapped up
 in their thick
 cold-weather sweaters
 and cable-knit scarves.
 The sun gleams through the windshield
 prompting an open driver's side window for the first time
 in what feels like years.
 Biting winds once again
 yield to flitting
 and fleeting breezes
 that dance through silk strands of hair.
 I imagine that when it's warm enough
 (only a few days more; only a few degrees more)
 we could wander across the grass
 and mull over conflicting thoughts of moral justice
 and criticize the composition of each other's hearts.
 But you're too far away from me,
 Much too far away for that now.

LIZ KAEMPF

Unvisit the Revisited

It always rains when I want to cry
 and it's hard enough to drive at night with one set of tears
 so I bottle mine up
 (they're the only ones I can)
 tuck them away on shelves
 between arteries and organs
 under a label of "Things To Do Later."
 When I can't sing out loud
 alone in my car
 is when I wish I could unsee you like Beszel
 unthink you, unfeel you
 unfeel how stupid I feel around you
 unlove the way I used to love to be around you
 The silence drowns out the radio
 and that's when I know you've cozened me of all my grace.
 You're far from Lussurioso from the other side of the room
 but I've breached a barrier
 and I cannot uncross that line

ELIZABETH YOO

Phoebus's Sax

The unreal green flicker of neon signs
 Beneath pink pennants that stain the dusk sky,
 Floating billows resembling laurel lines.
 Inscribed within, the man released a sigh.
 Paramour for many living on high,
 He bathes in Apollo's rays and soft light.
 I gazed upward and met with his eye.
 A miasma enclosed me from the sight,
 The lyre's strings bound my eyes with surrounding night.

He slowly descended, as I recalled.
 His gaze stung my body; the ardent blues
 Blazed and kindled my white heart while it bawled.
 I yielded to the yawning wound; the bruise
 Worsened, its roots hardening to infuse
 My soul with his delicate prosody.
 His rhymes, his meter chose me as their muse.
 My flesh was suffused with his melody;
 On my lips he scribed poetry of rarity.

Cypress trees grew, budding lilies sprang forth
 In sidewalk cracks, from dead cigarette stubs,
 Out of calm Hudson River in the north.
 He blew the saxophone at hot jazz clubs
 And spread his fliers to all city hubs.
 All the nymphs chased the white-throated suitor
 From flats with no running water to shrubs
 That adorn his bower, when a looter
 Crept in to filch his sax—the lowly sharp-shooter

Killed his lover; the blood sowed a flower.
 Purple petals attired a lone stalk
 And grew while the sax moaned every hour.
 The anguished musician began to talk
 Of avenging her death during his walk.
 The grief-stricken descendent of Phoebus
 Spoke of making a weapon that would squawk
 When carried by the wind—a wood discus.
 So he made one from ruined lyres. He was grievous

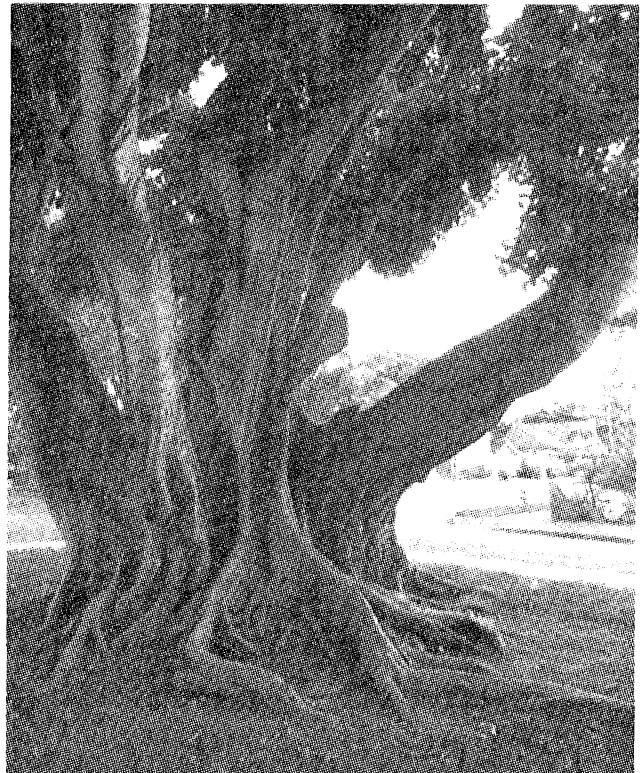
Yet when it was time, he heaved it so hard
 That it struck the crook but bounced back to him.
 It killed the other man but he was scarred
 From sublime fingers to lips to skilled limb.
 He implored me to straighten his hat brim—
 “Looking fine departing is a talent,”

He said. Then the sky's gleam
 began to dim
 Yet he played on—melodic and gallant
 Was he. The pigment of blood dispersed on parchment

Etched with musical notes; the euphony
 Of sun-bleached bebop gilded my two ears.
 The verdant brass sounds of the eulogy
 Sang a duet with the patter of tears
 Raining down my face like combusting spears.
 His last words were, “I came to give this song.”
 Hearing it would replenish me for years;
 A ceaseless memorial staying strong,
 Endowing rapture to a world that croons along.

Quills of rain, dew buds, sprang from heaven's bow—
 Rays dissolved into vapors, faded out.
 The radiance of painted afterglow
 Disappeared. Bleeding sap dropped from the mouth
 Of the sax that cool Phoebus had bestowed
 Because even things touched by gods are not
 To last forever: hear the flower shout,
 “Nothing is immortal. Look at my lot.”
 So his memory lives on at heaven's Five Spot.

Liz Early
 Photo: Big Tree



SHORT FICTION

PAUL LONGO

The Hands, They All Turn and Point

He wanted to remember his life, to not forget what was so forgettable. Each moment seemed to be slipping through his hands not as sand, but glass; the shards cut him as they passed, bleeding him dry, leaving the stain and sting of banality.

His voice pierced the stillness of the night, unsteadily at first, but growing with intentness not exercised in years. It burst forth from him with the force of time and pressure; a proclamation; a whisper; an ululation; a plea:

“Oh to wrap myself in the warm folds of all that is unnecessary. To be safely occluded from the necessities, self-dictated, that supported a world of pressures I created myself. To ultimately recognize my own misguides stitched into this fabric; a blanket sewn masterfully through self-deception until truth became a concomitant of lie. The overall beauty of the pattern became displeasing to neither them nor, more tragically, me. There were sundry dreams that must have fallen into place for happiness to have protruded within me. A scion of unhappiness and displacement that must have grown, revealing the superfluous nature of all that was without me, outside me. To not have had these dreams is the worst offense I can think of, as it would have let these non-essentials affect me. The point at which I became gratuitous and they indispensable.”

Knuckles turned white from grasping his sheets, he laid his head back down against his pillow, letting a smile work its way across his face. His cool breath slipped through his teeth. When the landlord's repeated knockings were not answered, the police were called. It was pronounced at 10:26 a.m. They had found him smiling. He had left the television on. They had found him smiling. The dishes were still in the sink. They had found him smiling. It was a Monday morning. They had found him smiling.

ALI SUNDERMIER

You're Breaking Up

The first signs of discontent, contrary to popular belief, begin in your skin. It warms less at her touch; it feels less cold without it. The message is then sent to your extremities. Your fingers no longer reach for her at night, your feet no longer feel capable of walking across burning coals or oceans just to be with her. Next, it spreads to your eyes. You see things you hadn't seen in a while, things you never saw before. Other things disappear completely. You can't find the rays of sunshine when she opens her mouth. Even the note you carved into the coffee table begins to fade.

Her voice sounds less like music, her words

less like poetry. She tastes less like berries, more like sweat. She doesn't even know what a theremin is. Did you ever really know her at all?

Your heart is the last thing affected but the first thing you recognize. It beats slower. The world becomes both right and incredibly wrong. Things that were once on fire slip between your fingers like ash.

You hold her tighter. You hold your head under ice water hoping to jolt out of it. You push your fingers through sockets to jump-start your heart. You understand that nothing is okay.

JASMINE HAEFNER

A Series of Boxes

Brown, Black, Mahogany, Oak.

Each new life is gifted a series of boxes.

The music box on his dresser cooed him to sleep as it hummed Claire de Lune while he rested against his mother's warm soft bosom.

Then the Buzz Lightyear lunchbox that, while marred by school busses and trips to the lost and found, was carried dutifully to and from primary school every day.

His Xbox purred all through secondary school as his pack of friends burned the midnight oil, ditching homework to beat the final level yet again.

A gold humidor rested in his hands after university graduation. "You're a man now," his father said with pride.

The smallest box of all arrived several years after graduation. He opened it shakily, on one knee. Her eyes glittered as she gazed at the modest ring.

A Minnesota Vikings mailbox watched over his yard after moving into their first home.

The same squeaky faded file cabinet followed him for decades from cubicle, to office, to corner office.

His trunk, filled to the brim with memories, sensational and mundane, had sat tucked away in the back of his closet until recently disturbed.

Now it ends with a coffin, a widow's job to choose.
Brown, Black, Mahogany, Oak.

It's really just a series of boxes.

You're Breaking Up cont.

How do you tell her you've stopped loving her? You take her in your arms so that her hands are pressed to your chest. You use the word "change" several times; remember "change" is a form of "tender." You feel something escaping from her body. You feel her shudder against you and pull away.

You watch her tread faintly from the room. You cringe slightly as the door crawls shut. You are so human it hurts.



Alex Iosub
Photo: Stripped

SLEEPLESS

Evan Goldaper

2:56 AM. Instantly, Alex was sleepless, his mouth dry, eyes sore, blinking in the pale glow of the hall light. He wanted to say he'd had that same nightmare. At best, he could only be fairly certain. All he remembered were tenuously-connected emotions and images, things that made him feel slightly nauseated. Nothing to the dream except a feeling of anxiety and exhaustion, a never-ending fight with no one. Events that always seemed to vanish if he woke up.

Same as always, he opened up his dream journal. Tried, desperately, to remember how the nightmare went. He was convinced if he could figure it out, he'd be able to move past it. Same as always: fifteen minutes of frustration, only managed to write down "anxiety and exhaustion." One book, ninety-seven pages of "anxiety and exhaustion." He tossed the journal onto the floor. Got up to get a drink of water.

He took a breath and walked towards the kitchen. Footsteps resounded in the silent apartment. Opened the refrigerator, poured himself a glass of water. He sat down, and stared at the young woman sitting in the chair across from him.

"Hm. Dream trouble?" she said.

It was late. He was tired. Alex didn't even think to question why there was a pale, young woman in a black cloak seated at his kitchen table, let alone how she knew what was making him so sleepless. He sat down, put his glass on the table.

"You want to move on? You want to sleep?" She took a drink of what smelled like chamomile from a porcelain teacup and smiled. "Tea?" she asked. Alex nodded, sleepily. His glass of water was full of tea. His glass of water was a teacup.

"Who are you, anyway?" she said. With that question, Alex suddenly couldn't remember who he was, and it seemed so obvious who she was, and then it was 7:00 and his alarm was ringing and it was time for him to get up for work.

His roommate was eating oatmeal in the kitchen, in the same seat the woman was sitting in that night. That thought surprised Alex. It occurred to him that he simultaneously did and didn't remember a woman sitting in that seat. He stirred his breakfast, the spoon jittering like a skipping record. His brain felt like oatmeal. His oatmeal felt like his brain.

Driving to work. Work. Driving home from work. Making dinner. Making some phone calls. Work at home. 11:46 PM. 2:36 AM. Awoke with a start. Fifteen minutes later. Anxiety and exhaustion.

The woman was sitting on his desk chair, nursing a cup of tea. She stirred it with a tiny spoon; the room was suddenly full of a slight jingling sound. She handed him a glass of water. "How were your dreams?"

They were in a brick room, with shining copper pipes lining the walls, and kaleidoscopes on the ground. They were in the jungles of Malaysia. They were in space.

Alex was at work. 3:13 PM. He was exhausted. "It's a good spreadsheet," his boss said, "but you could do better. Try again. Get

it back to me by Thursday."

Do it again. Try it once more.

Anxiety and exhaustion.

It made sense. He was on stage, playing the drums. The audience loved him. It was what he wanted. And then it vanished in a wash of disappointment. No events, just disappointment. He felt queasy. "You're not doing it right," Alex on keyboard said to Alex on drums. "This is time for sleeping, Alex. Stop playing the drums. Try to sleep. You're tired."

"I can't sleep. I'm dreaming," said Alex on bass guitar.

"You're tired," the woman said. She took a sip of her tea. Alex looked down at his glass. "That was closer. Try again. Get it back to me by Thursday."

8:26 AM. Awake. "You're going to be late, Alex," said Alex on drums. "You promised Mary you'd take her to the dentist." Right. Mary. Brushed his teeth. Drove to Mary's apartment.

"Thanks, sweetie," Mary said. "I'll get my car fixed eventually."

Alex shrugged.

"You look tired. How are you feeling?" she asked.

Anxious and exhausted. "Fine," Alex lied. His shoulders slumped into a permanent shrug.

In the waiting room. Back issues of Rolling Stone, Wired. Alex was waiting, Alex was rolling, Alex was wired. They were at the diner, getting lunch, they were at Mary's apartment watching CSI, Alex shrugged, Alex was holding chamomile tea in a porcelain cup, it was 4:21 AM.

The woman held out Alex's dream journal. "Try harder."

"I don't even know what I'm trying!" he yelled. But it wasn't loud. He was too tired to be loud.

"I need you to try harder," she repeated.

"You've got time, right, Alex? Can you edit this résumé for me?" roommate said. Alex was shrugging. He didn't have time. He wasn't even sure what time it was. Usually, he imagined there was a narration of the time whenever he awoke. He couldn't remember if he'd imagined that today. The word "today" seemed strange. What was today? It was tomorrow in Australia.

In Australia, his spreadsheet was already due.

"Got to finish a spreadsheet for work. I'll help when I'm done," said an Alex.

Spreadsheets, edits, call Mary, go to sleep.

It looked like cold, and it smelled like green, and it gave Alex a headache. Alex was roasting marshmallows over a flaming turtle and Alex was already dressed for work. "You should be sleeping," said the marshmallow. "You're going to need your strength for tomorrow. Big day tomorrow."

"I think that was progress," said the woman. She poured chamomile from a teapot into her teacup. "But it's 7:25. You're late."

And the turtle was gone, and by the time he was at work, Alex only remembered that headache. "It's a good spreadsheet, but it could be better," his boss said. For the second time. Maybe it was more than that. It was hard to count past one. "I'm going to need

Virginia Mule

CONFESSIONS OF
A TOMATOPHILE

I will judge you based on your use of jarred versus homemade tomato sauce. Growing up half-Italian, I've been rather spoiled. Even before my taste buds had learned to appreciate the delicate balance of a well-prepared tomato sauce, it was always homemade. They say that smell is the sense that evokes our memories most strongly, and for me the smell that means the most is the beautiful aroma of garlic simmering in olive oil, and the robust smell of fresh-picked basil. It doesn't have to be a complex or fancy recipe; all I'm saying is that I don't want any of that Prego or Ragu coming anywhere near my rotini. In case you were wondering, rotini is the best shape of pasta because the spirals grab the sauce and don't let go—but that's another story and I'll avoid boring you with stories about optimum surface area ratios.

It came as a great surprise and disappointment when I found out that most of my friends here at SBU did not know how to whip up a quick tomato sauce from scratch. And what hurt me more deeply was the fact that they didn't seem to care. They were perfectly content to buy jars of pre-packaged tomato abominations. I begged them to let me teach them to make it the right way; I even offered to make it for them, but to no avail. Apparently, the convenience of "dump, heat,

serve" is too strong a draw, even when I can make my version of tomato sauce in less time than it takes to cook the pasta to a perfect al dente (and you'd better not even THINK about overcooking it).

When I take a step back and psychoanalyze myself, I think that the reason I feel so strongly about my tomato sauce is that to me it represents family. Home cooking has always been an integral part of family gatherings, and so in my mind, the concepts of food and family are inseparable. Recognizing this has made it a lot easier for me to accept my friends' culinary decisions, and even join them at their jar-sauce dinners. Sometimes. They're not insulting my parents or my heritage when they eat from a jar (or worse—from the SAC or Kelly Quad); they're just expressing the food culture they've been brought up with. But that doesn't mean I won't make fun of them for it, or bring it up with my Italian cousins so that we can share a moment of disgust. And as for my own meals, you can bet that the sauce is from scratch, the garlic is plentiful, the basil is fresh, and the rotini is never overcooked.

SLEEPLESS *cont.*

you to take me to the dry cleaner," his boss said. No. That was wrong. Mary said that. "I'm going to need you to help me fix the television," Mary said. No. That was wrong. Roommate said that. "I'm going to need you to make dinner," roommate said. No, that one was Alex.

"I'm going to need you to focus," the woman said, and that one was right.

Alex slept in fifteen minute clips, staccato like the sentences in his mind. He couldn't even form a story while dreaming, let alone once he woke up.

He woke up with a start, and remembered he'd promised to finish, promised to finish, promised to finish, he couldn't even remember what it was any longer. He flipped open his journal. Maybe if he read it, he could figure it out. Nothing but anxiety and exhaustion. He stood up. Ran to the kitchen. Poured himself a glass of water.

It had to be finished. It had to be finished now. Everything had to be finished now. He opened the journal, began drafting the documents for work, but he couldn't seem to spell properly and the lines moved across the page like inchworms.

Darkness. The immensity of the jungle heat. The book reared up like a bear, and roared like drums and keyboards and bass guitars. Anxiety and exhaustion launched from its pages like flaming arrows. Alex was small, and the book was enormous, and Alex was tied up in spreadsheets and edits and seatbelts.

"I can do it all!" he yelled, but he didn't hear a sound. "But I can't do it all at once!"

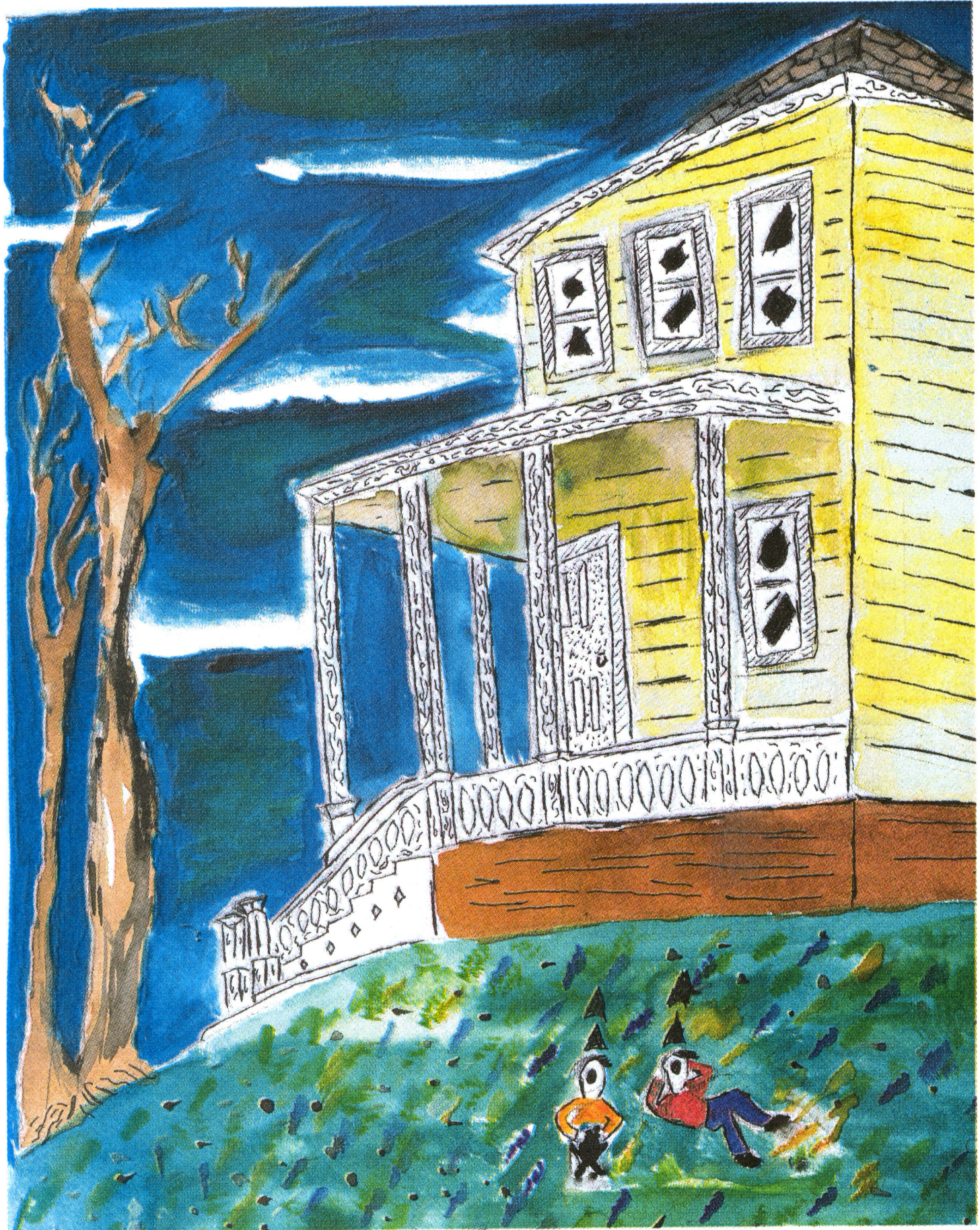
But he did hear himself. Inside, he heard himself.

"Finish your tea," the woman said.

He did. Today, he let himself do that much.

7:00 AM. Alex's roommate entered the kitchen, saw him collapsed on the table. The shards of a porcelain teacup littered the floor, soaked in a puddle of cool chamomile. The dream journal lay on the tiles, its contents smudged by the tan liquid. His roommate shook his head and went to eat his morning oatmeal in the living room.

The ocean was the loveliest shade of gray-blue. Gulls spiraled overhead, and Alex and his boss and Mary and his roommate and all of Alex's friends were having a picnic. Alex was on the beach, and the weather was perfect.



REAP THIS

R.J. Huneke

The glint of a distant star was shown in His sickle, as it swooped down and ended a life. Swift and sure, the Reaper swung back and forth as he strode the long, lonely walk across the endless fields. He knew just how far each stroke could go, and he made each soul's untethering as painless as possible, whether they deserved it or not, for that was not His call. The Reaper was merely there to obey the seasonal cycles and harvest the ripe fruit amongst these myriad stalks of luminescent wheat.

No matter when He started, the twilight never progressed. Yet he was content, for he had a purpose, and it was fulfilling. Endless fields shimmered in the cosmic breeze, and then with a swoop a path would flatten its way across the hairy Sphere of Being.

The Reaper had kept up this dance flawlessly for time beyond the count of the hourglass's invention. His hood draped low and covered any semblance of a face, for none could bargain with Him, and his cloak was woven of night as it worked its way between the infinite stars that clustered above Him. They often played games up there, as He sweated profusely in the chill twilight air. It was entertaining to read the many stories of the dreams, for some it seemed life had left a mark on the cosmos.

He would often rest for a spell and speculate as to which teeming legend, written in the stars as challenged centaurs, or sacred princesses seizing control of misogyny and brandishing sharp towers, might actually come true some day; after all the people had dreamed it. Then He would carefully pick up the heavy sigil, His sacred charge, and take the badge of His office and swing it and swoop, on and on.

One day, the stroke came down, and stopped, jarred. The Reaper pulled up the long crescent-shaped blade and examined its surface. The stone was still sharper than any metal ever discovered by man. He lowered it again. Clang.

Never in all of His days, for eons and eons beyond count, beyond memory even, had such a thing happened. He was a simple being, with a simple purpose. So what did He, standing on the edge of eternity, have to do?

Oh hell, He thought. There was nothing for it. The Reaper would have to pay a visit to the earthly realm from whence the stubborn root dwelt.

The warm autumn wind was unnatural for October. The city perspired. There on the corner stood an elderly gentleman on top of a steaming sewer grate—apparently oblivious to its charm—and the rain. He was dressed in a black suit, a sable tie, and holding a dark umbrella with an unusually large and ornate handle that might have been made of stone.

People came and cars passed in blurry streaks of yellows, browns, and reds. The air stank of refuse. The stranger on the corner did not move. He waited and watched. The night passed into day.

Then along came a bushy-haired Englishman from out of a comic book store. He bore a rolled up copy of a graphic novel in his hand and wore a black sport coat, dark jeans, and an expression of subdued mirth.

The morning's rain was incessant. He reached the corner, and stopped. He saw the tired old gentlemen, and recognized Him: the Reaper. The Englishman paused, turned, but the Reaper gripped his arm with the sturdy crook of his umbrella.

"I might've guessed you would come down here," said the Englishman.

"Really?" replied the Reaper slowly. He had never spoken before, and his old voice was shaky, like a shrill wind. "And yet here I am, after traversing the Endless. Neil Gaiman, son of Morpheus Dream-Lord, you have been summoned to the harvest. For none can live on forever in the mortal tombs dwelling on the myriad earths."

The Englishman did not falter. His expression of subdued mirth remained fixed. He wiped aside the dripping, curly lengths of hair that stood on his slightly wrinkled brow. He peered full on into the black pits, the merciless eyes of the uncloaked figure on the corner.

"I can, you know. Have you ever heard of dreams up there? Dreams are undying," he said. "They are truly endless.

"And so I have a proposition . . . for You. You can understand the visions of the stars, the power of the dream, but You must then embrace life. Yield up Your office to my sister, Death, and then all you have to do is follow her Ankh to receive life.

"She will not lead You astray. The fields are small when seen from Your Sphere, but by placing Yourself in the very soil, only then can the sheer vastness of imagination, the dreams, be made apparent to You," said the Englishman. He shrugged his shoulders. "The choice is Yours: yield and know; or remain and attempt to cut me down." The tall writer walked away from the old man and disappeared into the sidewalk crowd.

Across the busy street was a park square. And on the edge of it stood a young lady, twirling Her raven hair and smiling as the rain danced upon Her face. The glint of the starlight—how long had He stood on that corner, for it was most surely night at this point—showed in the loop of Her ancient Egyptian necklace and disappeared as She entered the dark of the wood. The old man, the Reaper, followed Her.

THE END

The Press presents...

HAIKU WARS

Evan Goldaper
Your name has five syllables.
'G-Paps' sounds better.

I see you driving
'round town with the girl I love
And I'm like Haiku

...I guess the change in
Your pocket wasn't enough
To write something new.

Haikus are so fun
It's the little things in life
Well ain't that some shit?

The syllables in
My last one were off fully.
I got embarrassed.

You should feel like that
Some English Major you are
Robots are evil

I was unaware
that we're using syllable
rules in this battle

Evan Goldaper
Sucks at counting syllables
Does dissing me count?

It sure does home slice.
Blood will be shed in this war.
Figuratively.

Skyrim, Uncharted
Skyward Sword, Arkham City
No work done, ever.

So many comments
Of corny Haikus and shit
Boutta leave Facebook

You can wear his badge
And seemingly know it all
You still won't be Doug

His eyes look like death
He has trouble finding food
I love Gilgamesh

In my weird weird dream
Vin made Carol tell me that
I dressed like a slut.

We have a dildo
And yet it is the *Statesman*
That always sucks dick

I think in future
we should do interoffice
memos in haiku

Carol, don't be daft
Vin didn't eat toast on toast
He ate toast on bread.

I seem unable
To find the "peeping Tom" post,
Which interests me.

I'm nineteen years old
Not a bitty baby
Unless you ask Mark. :)

Marky mark don't know
What he be talkin about
I'd make out with you

I spilled soy sauce all
Over me getting dinner.
Now I smell like it.

This is some bullshit
I leave Facebook for minutes
And lies run rampant

You know there's no lies
when you talk about people
in haiku format.

Haiku: the purest way
To tell someone that they suck.
Japan's small secret.

Not just a paper:
The *Statesman* is ideal for
Vomit removal

Friend left a copy
Of *The Statesman* in my car.
"Sorry I left trash"

I eat pumpkin pie
It's like a flavor party
And my mouth is there

Why are you so mean?
Mark probably has feelings
Theres a chance im wrong

When I make Haikus
I count the syllables on
my fingers. Do you?

What are you kidding?
This is not third grade math class
We are all too pro

Actually, I still
Use my fingers to count them.
English major's curse.

My dad killed my fish,
I suspect. He confessed to
The guinea pig's death

All of these haiku
notifications make me
think I'm popular

Let's go, Charmander!
Use your Flamethrower attack!
Why aren't you real?

Tranquility in
A haiku? That's blasphemy.
Never at *the Press!*

I'm so very stoked
about all these great haikus.
Proudest mom ever.

But what is a man?
A miserable little
pile of secrets. Ha!

Be a journalist
Eat a bagel every day
Change the world, bitches.

Oh Jesus God No
Clowns standing at the edge of
My bed. Wake up now!

The Black Keys: *El Camino*

ALBUM REVIEW

By Rebecca Tapio

El Camino, the seventh studio album by The Black Keys, is the perfect record to listen to if you're in possession of a beat-up pickup truck, live in the Midwest or enjoy listening to dirty music at full volume.

Or all of the above. "Lonely Boy," the single and opening track, is gritty and covered with dust, as guitarist Dan Auerbach's vocals and infectious riff immediately catch hold of the listener and set their toes to tapping.

"Well, your mama kept you, but your daddy left you, and I should have done you just the same," Auerbach croons. "But I came to love you, and I want to flee any old time you keep me waiting."

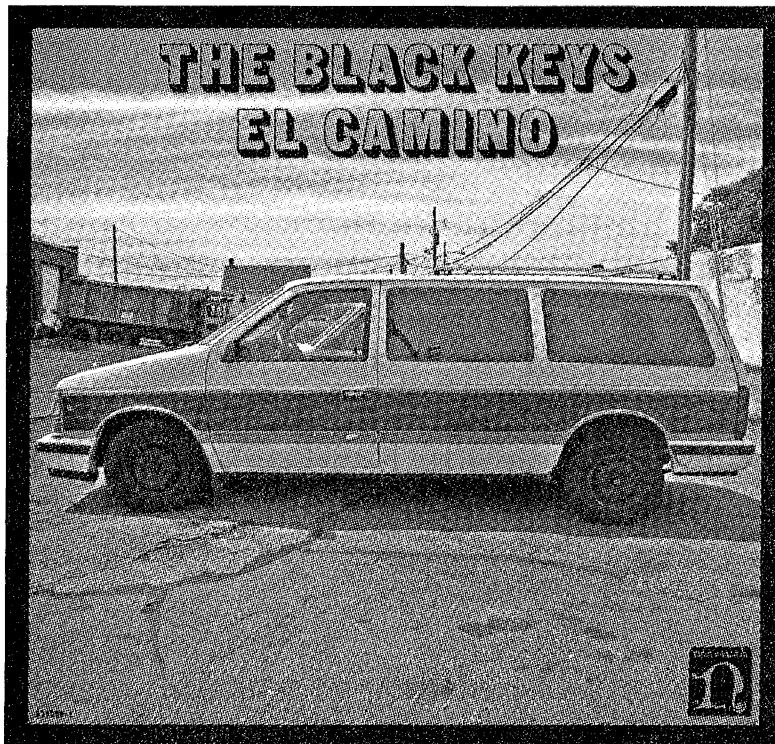
The music video for "Lonely Boy" features Derrick T. Tuggle, a 48-year-old security guard, as he shimmies and shakes and occasionally mouths the lyrics outside of a motel room. The simplicity of this reflects that of the album itself; it's not one for the high-minded music snobs.

It is for the everyday man and woman who can appreciate a sound that calls to mind the freedom of driving, summer days spent jamming out in the garage down the block and loitering in fast food parking lots.

The cover of the album features, not an El Camino, but the Chrysler Town & Country the duo originally set off in

during the early years of their career.

El Camino recalls the energy and soul of their 2003 album, *Thickfreakness*, a blues masterpiece with all the rawness of a piece of sandpaper.



"Little Black Submarines," for instance, begins soft and sweet as can be, as Auerbach intones, "I should've seen it glow, but everybody knows that a broken heart is blind."

A short pause follows, as the distortion kicks in and takes this slow melody to a Led Zeppelin-level of soaring guitars and rolling drums, "Ramble On" style.

It's the Black Keys all grown up, with a sound that melds blues with the essentials

found in early rock and roll; the guitar and drum kit do not dance around each other, but instead flow together in one enormous sound.

Following the massive success of their 2010 album *Brothers*, Auerbach and drummer Patrick Carney teamed up with producer Danger Mouse—previously with Gorillaz, Broken Bells and Beck—to spend 41 days recording and splitting song-writing duties three ways.

The tongue-in-cheek attitude of the album continues with "Gold on the Ceiling," a bouncy tune that utilizes the same synth effect as in *Brothers*' "Howlin' for You" and plays with the subject of "gold diggers."

"They want to get my gold on the ceiling," Auerbach sings. "It's just a matter of time before you steal it."

In the same spirit, "Run Right Back" features the teasing nature of Auerbach's lyrics, which don't take themselves too seriously, "Well she's a special thing, she doesn't read too much, oh, there is no doubt that she's written about."

"Finest, exterior, she's so superior," he flirts.

El Camino reveals a band that isn't seeking to regain the success of their previous album. Instead, Auerbach and Carney play what feels good for them to play, songs that they will enjoy during a live performance. To put it simply, they're making

music for the music. After waiting almost ten years to make it big, the Black Keys know how to do that better than anyone.

PRESS
RATING

7.5

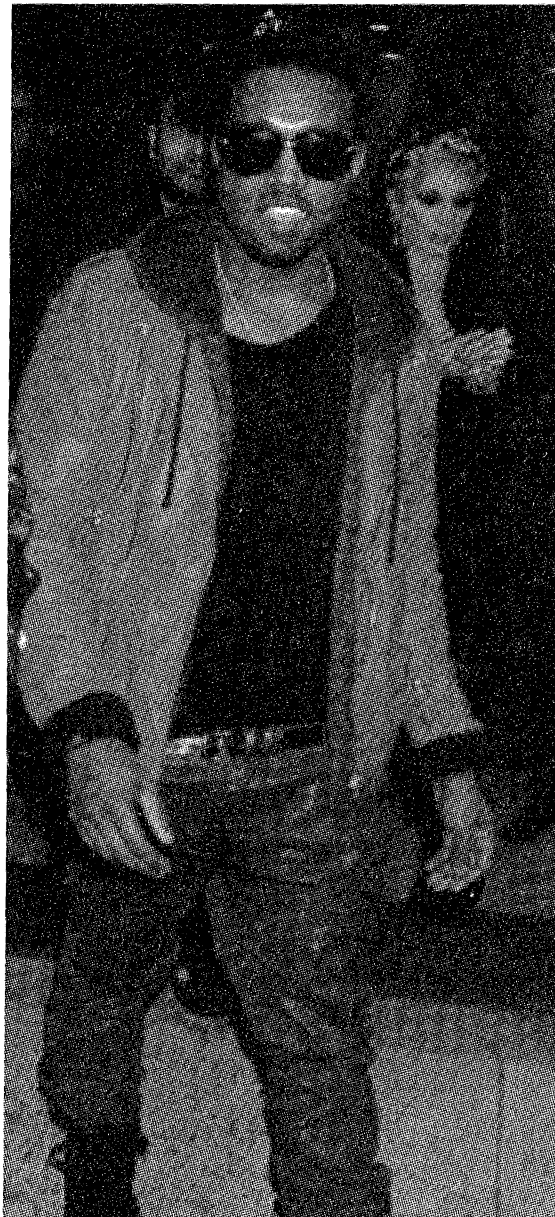
STYLE FILE: A Manly Winter

By Matthew Murray

As the barometer dips to bone-chilling extremes and the welcome warmth of sunshine vanishes after four o'clock in the afternoon, what is the dapper gentleman to do? As daunting as it may seem to simultaneously combat the cold and still retain an inkling of personal style, take a deep breath and whip out your credit card. It is time to invest.

There are a number of smart ways to bundle up and still churn sartorial gold on campus. While athletes slunk around in sweats-on-sweats—often punctuated with a red windbreaker—and Guido commuters whip out ghastrly gaudy Armani Exchange puffy bombers, invest in a fresh pinstripe blazer instead. The streamlined classic and go-to staple for cokehead CEOs, hip-hop supernovas and suave media head-honchos has been reinterpreted for the modern world and, more specifically, the modern college kid. Versace, Prada, Armani and Alexander McQueen whipped up impeccably-tailored ones for winter lined with silk, cashmere, or with leather trimming (read: unaffordable).

Realistically, cash-strapped college students will default to lower-priced but similarly striking options. Zara has the perfect pinstripe blazer adorned with a fabulous crest—at \$89, it is perfect and won't break the bank. The blazer is traditionally a dressier staple so wearing it to class seems difficult but there are absolutely ways to make it work. Wear it with slim-leg dark denim, Nike dunks and a grey hoodie (American Apparel's 'Salt and Pepper Zip Hoody', is great at \$48). The look makes the blazer casual but still attention-grabbing. For New Year's Eve, this pinstripe blazer will ensure flawless swag with a crisp white button-down and navy skinny-tie. Make sure to wear



Kanye West's waxed denim gives the illusion of leather with the comfort and ease of denim. His jeans here are Balmain and are typically in the \$1300 to \$2000 price range. Try Hudson's Sartor Slouchy Skinny Jean with a pair of Jordans and bold leather to endure the winter chill and be envied.

dark denim to avoid looking like a thirty-something. If the Zara blazer happens to be more than you'd like to spend, thrift stores

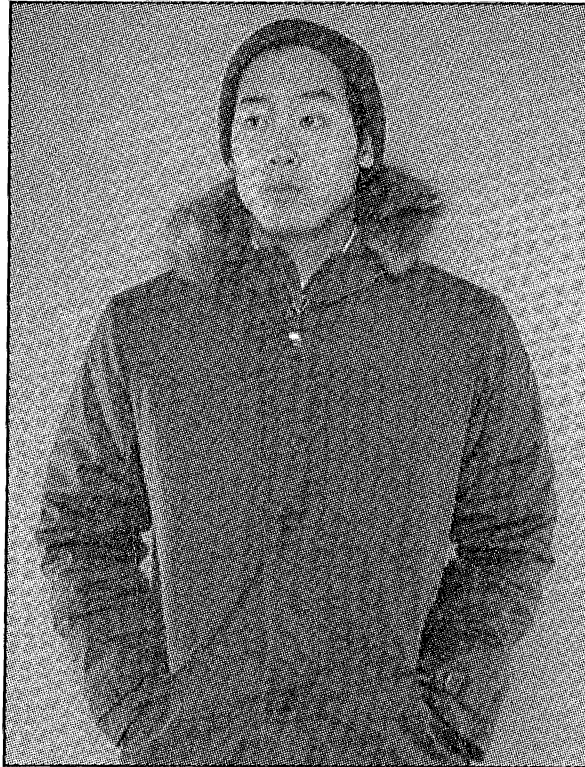
like Salvation Army always have vintage styles, and sometimes you'll find a gem: I found a vintage Dior pinstripe blazer; it came to seven dollars and I get seven times that many compliments every time I wear it.

If the pinstripe blazer is absolutely out of your comfort zone, a sweater is not too much to ask for. Everyone has one, whether they are two months old or 20 years old. It isn't merely a wardrobe staple but a necessity in the wintertime. Cashmere is the luxurious way to rock the sweater and, although expensive, is well worth the price tag as you will want to hibernate every day in it. Black slim-fit cashmere crewnecks are perfect with another must for the season—waxed denim. And cashmere sweaters in jewel tones—purple, surprisingly, looks phenomenal—will look great under a tan parka. The best cashmere sweaters, in my opinion, are from J. Crew and are \$198, but other options are floating around out there. Century 21 has them on sale for as inexpensive as \$80, and our beloved Filene's Basement is going out of business—bad news for them but great news for us, as major sales are knocking prices down. The Filene's Basement in Manhasset (25 minutes away) has cashmere for \$60 and a YSL cashmere and merino-wool sweater for \$150. Snap them up quick before the chain shuts down for good.

Now, the jacket. Bombers are perfect ways to keep warm and look pretty cool with the right outfit, but avoid the bright colors that Moncler has made popular. Red bombers are trendy and cool one season then boring and tacky the next (take it from someone who has a red Moncler). Puffy bombers in black with a liquid look are amazing and inexpensive at Uniqlo and H&M. If that's not your look, opt for an olive or black parka lined with fur. Parkas are everywhere

and simply doing a Google search will help you find the best options (beloved flash-sale website Gilt just had a sale on jackets where Marc by Marc Jacobs and Diesel parkas were as inexpensive as \$175, but PacSun has some really cool parkas that look great with slim-leg pants and chukka boots).

As mentioned before, waxed denim is all the rage thanks in part to street-sensation label Balmain (worn by the likes of James Franco, Alexander Skaarsgard, and Kanye West). Balmain's waxed motorcycle jeans cost \$2,000, so we will leave that pipe dream behind to focus on some better options. Barneys New York has the best waxed denim out there that is expensive for a college budget but well worth the splurge as they aren't constricting and look great with everything.



Hudson's Sartor Slouchy Skinny Jeans in Tar are the perfect denim for the season. An investment of \$198, their pewter color with an understated shine make them the perfect jeans to wear with the comfy cashmere, perfect parkas and bold blazers. Uniqlo and Urban Outfitters have waxed denim at much lower price points between \$50 and \$90, so make sure to check out these spots before swiping your card.

No more sweats, Stony Brook men. It's time to grow up and adventure into the real world. And if you're going to wear sweats, at least let them be made of cashmere.

The olive parka from Lifetime Collective will be perfect with khaki slim-leg pants or dark denim. Nikes or chukka boots will finish the look off, and throw on a swaggy backpack – no JanSport allowed!

HEY SPORTS FANS

YOUNG JORDAN WANTS YOU TO SPICE UP SEAWOLVES COVERAGE

Meetings every Wednesday at 1 p.m. in Union basement rm. 060

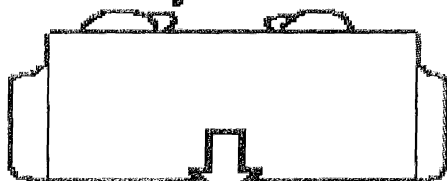
HELP START A NEW SPORTS SECTION AT THE STONY BROOK PRESS

THE COMICS SECTION

Spartz

By Mark Greek

Hey man, two words:
Tim. Tebow.



There's nothing to talk about. He's god-awful. He's at the bottom of every passing statistic in the NFL!



The Broncos' defense has shut down the opposition! It's easy to win a 16-13 game!



And this has nothing to do with your love of Tom?

You shut your face...

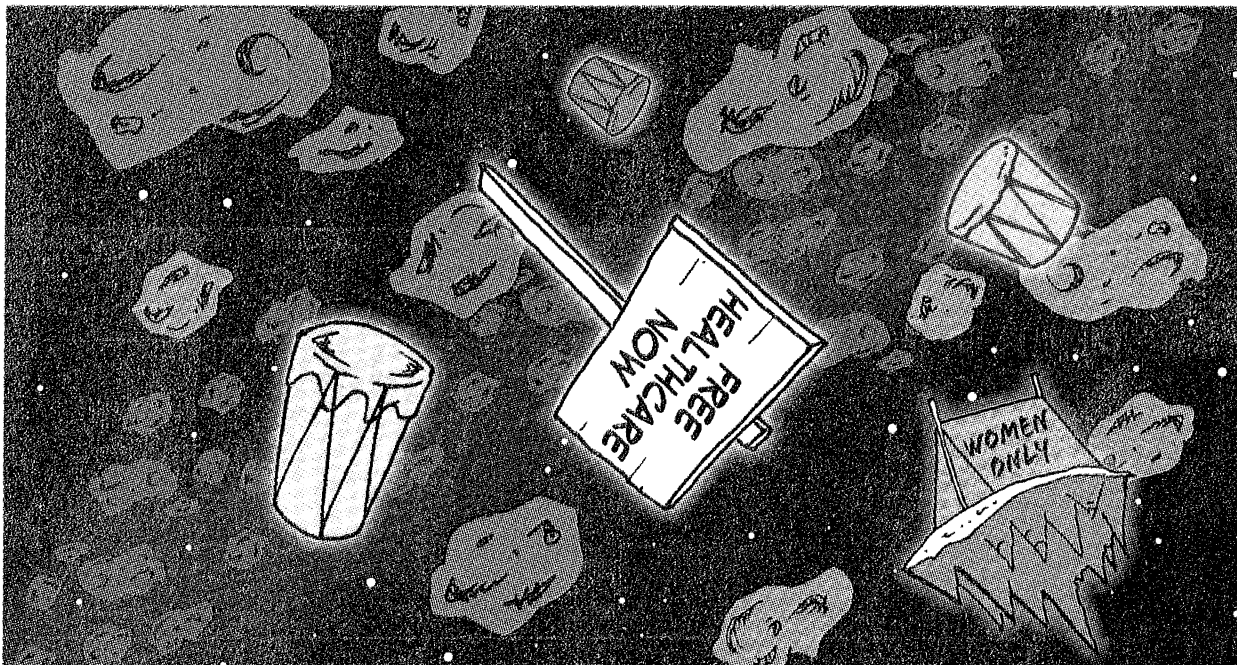
But maybe it's not about statistics. Maybe it's about the will to succeed and score when it really matters. Even more so in Football; a game of back and forth, ebb and flow, momentum and pressure...



He's 5-1 as the Bronco's starter, that's no accident...

He's been lucky!!!

more "OCCUPY" PROTESTS THAT WENT POORLY

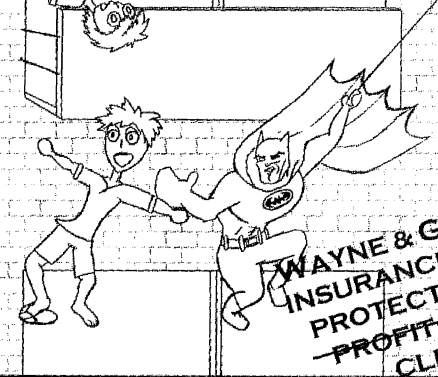
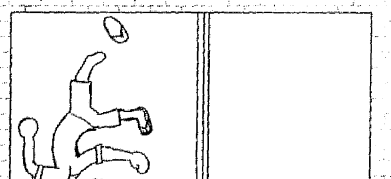
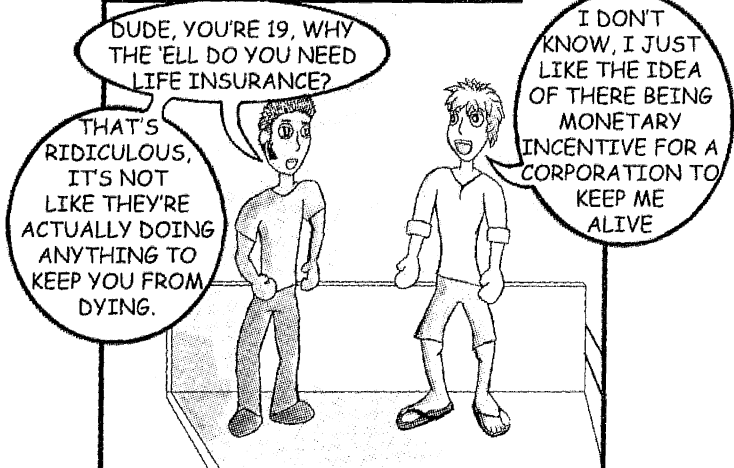


#occupyAlderaan

Tom G.

THE COMICS SECTION

DORK IN A DORKY LAND: PROTECTING INVESTMENTS

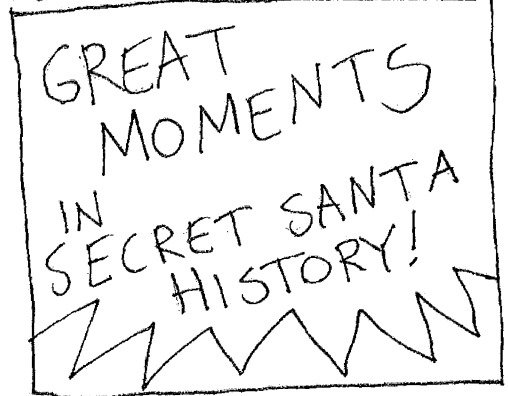


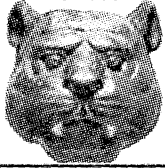
**WAYNE & GRAYSON
INSURANCE GROUP,
PROTECTING OUR
PROFIT MARGIN
CLIENTS**

You'd think that sort of thing wouldn't be covered.

By Chris Kordiak

THE BORING ROCKS by Evan Goldaper





ASIAN AMERICAN E-ZINE

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An Interview with CEWIT Director

Dr. Satya Sharma

Center of Excellence in
Wireless Information Technology

by Paul Huynh and Adam Sue

On Nov. 3rd, at the CEWIT 2011 conference, Sharma gave a keynote address, talking about the unparalleled potential of cloud computing, the trend many envision will revolutionize the way software and IT companies conduct business. SBU AA E-Zine's Paul Huynh was there and felt he learned more in that one day than he had in his classes all semester. It was decided to interview Dr. Sharma and below are a just a few excerpts from that interview. The full interview is on YouTube and at www.aaezine.org.

For Satya Sharma, everything would seem to be a "natural transition" from his years of hard work. While describing his life in India and the US, he maintains an air of calmness and humility despite outstanding achievements.

Sharma's resume would certainly be the envy of many individuals. Just the first few lines are enough: a PhD in Mechanical Engineering from University of Pennsylvania following a BS from IIT, Indian Institute of Technology, known as India's MIT, and an MBA from Ohio State thrown in for good measure. Below that a long string of achievements add more icing on the cake: leadership positions at Bell Labs, Lucent and Symbol Technologies, one patent and over 70 publications. It tops off with his heading Lucent's team to become the first and still the only US manufacturing company to win the Deming Prize (1974), leading Symbol's team to win the National Medal of Honor (2000), not to mention winning the Shingo Prize not once but twice, for Lucent (1992) and Symbol (2003).

Stony Brook University has the honor of having Satya Sharma as Executive Director of CEWIT, its Center of Excellence in Wireless Information Technology. He believes his mission is to turn technological research into real world applications that will create economic wealth for Stony Brook. Sharma recalled how as a graduate student, Bell Labs was the place every PhD student dreamed of working. His dream now is to make CEWIT that kind of place. When you read how far CEWIT has come, you'll see the dream well on its way to becoming reality.

For the Asian American community, Dr. Sharma sets an example for future generations. We finished our interview and asked him if there was anything else he would like to say. He did, and went off topic into idealism. We decided to begin with those words rather than end with them since they set the standard for all of us.

Sharma: The Asian American community as a whole is achievement oriented... In my view it is a cultural

thing and this family focus on achievement I think is a good thing. I'm actually quite hopeful that the future generations of Asian Americans will continue to excel. We have seen that all over and in the process, add tremendously to the total society in this country, to become a part of the fabric of this nation. We have to do whatever we can to improve the quality of life here, as well as to make sure that everybody gets to benefit. So in that sense, I think it behooves all of us that we do our best, and look at the wider picture. We're part of this particular area, but bigger than that, we're part of this nation, and even bigger than that, we're part of the big world community and we must do our share...

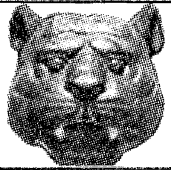
Now to the interview's beginning:

AA E-Zine: As students we have to decide what we want to do with the rest of our lives. Why did you choose Mechanical Engineering? What compelled you to enter that field?

Sharma: That was a long time ago. I think in those days mechanical engineering was the "in thing" to do. Computer science didn't exist... basically the idea was that if you could create machines which could build machines, that was basically what mechanical engineering was all about and that's why most of the brighter students would try to go into that particular field. So that's how I ended up in Mechanical Engineering.

AA E-Zine: Can you tell us something of your incredible life journey starting in India to being Director of CEWIT?

Sharma: I think the important thing in engineering is not even the field you study, but engineering basically prepares you for analytical thinking and systems level thinking... when you are done with engineering, you



ASIAN AMERICAN E-ZINE

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can practically go into any field because it prepares you well towards your future. So whether it is electrical or mechanical engineering, computer science or computer engineering, I don't think it matters that much... the mathematical rigor you go through, the analytical thinking it forces upon you, the system level understanding of how the total system works, that's what you learn...

From IIT I came to study here at the University of Pennsylvania. I did my PhD there and then I joined Bell Labs, which was the premier research institution in our time, there were only two institutions of that caliber, Bell Labs and IBM, and everyone else was in the lower categories.

I started basically as a research scientist, then management and development, then manufacturing. After a few years at Lucent I came to work for Symbol Technologies, which was recently acquired by Motorola. Symbol and CA were the two companies that were instrumental in getting this center going so I was involved in the creation of this center when I was at Symbol. I helped the University... in terms of defining what its mission ought to be, what kind of work they ought to be doing, how can they interact with companies, so basically when I left Symbol it was a natural place for me to come and continue the work which we started with the University.

AA E-Zine: You are one of the most classical high achieving Asian Americans that we know of. Of all the things you've done, what personal achievement are you proudest of?

Sharma: I think winning the Deming Prize was a momentous achievement. Of course I didn't do it all by myself, a lot of people were involved. It's really a team effort. Deming Prize is unique because this was the first time any manufacturing company in the western hemisphere won. We looked at it in terms of how can we measure our progress... our performance... and at that time we realized that the best performance measure would be to achieve the Deming Prize. Very, very competitive and it took us a few years

to do that. After that is when I came to work for Symbol Technologies. When I ran the engineering division we won the National Medal of Technology with President Clinton. Our team went to the White House to get the award which is also a very big deal because again, and of course I didn't win it for myself, it was the company, but I just happened to be the head of engineering at that time.

Only three electronics manufacturing companies had won the National Medal of Technology, it's mostly given to individuals, so we were one of the three electronic companies, Bell Labs was one, IBM was the other, we were the third one. So these are some of the major achievements.

AA E-Zine: CEWIT's growth and prestige has been impressive. What plans do you have for its future?

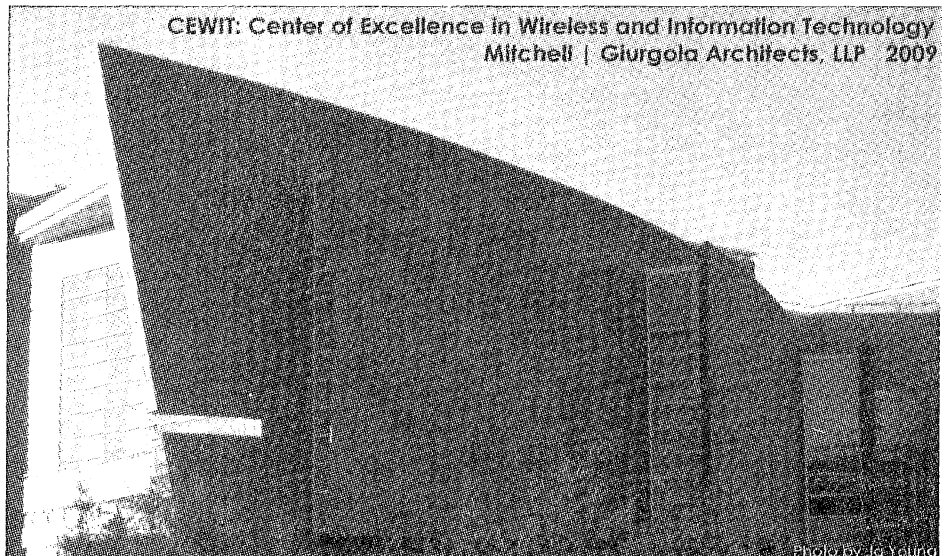
Sharma: Number one of course is to do world class research. Research is a very challenging thing... no matter how much research you do you always find more frontiers... you learn tremendously so its becomes a very challenging place in that sense, you never get bored from research. The second thing is basically how do you take that research and convert that into solutions which can be commercialized. Now that is very important because otherwise the research becomes only for the sake of

research. We would like to take the research and commercialize it and in the process of doing that we create economic wealth, economic wealth for Long Island, New York State, for the US, and economic wealth for the rest of the world. The third thing obviously is to create the next generation leaders in information technology and wireless. So that remains our focus.

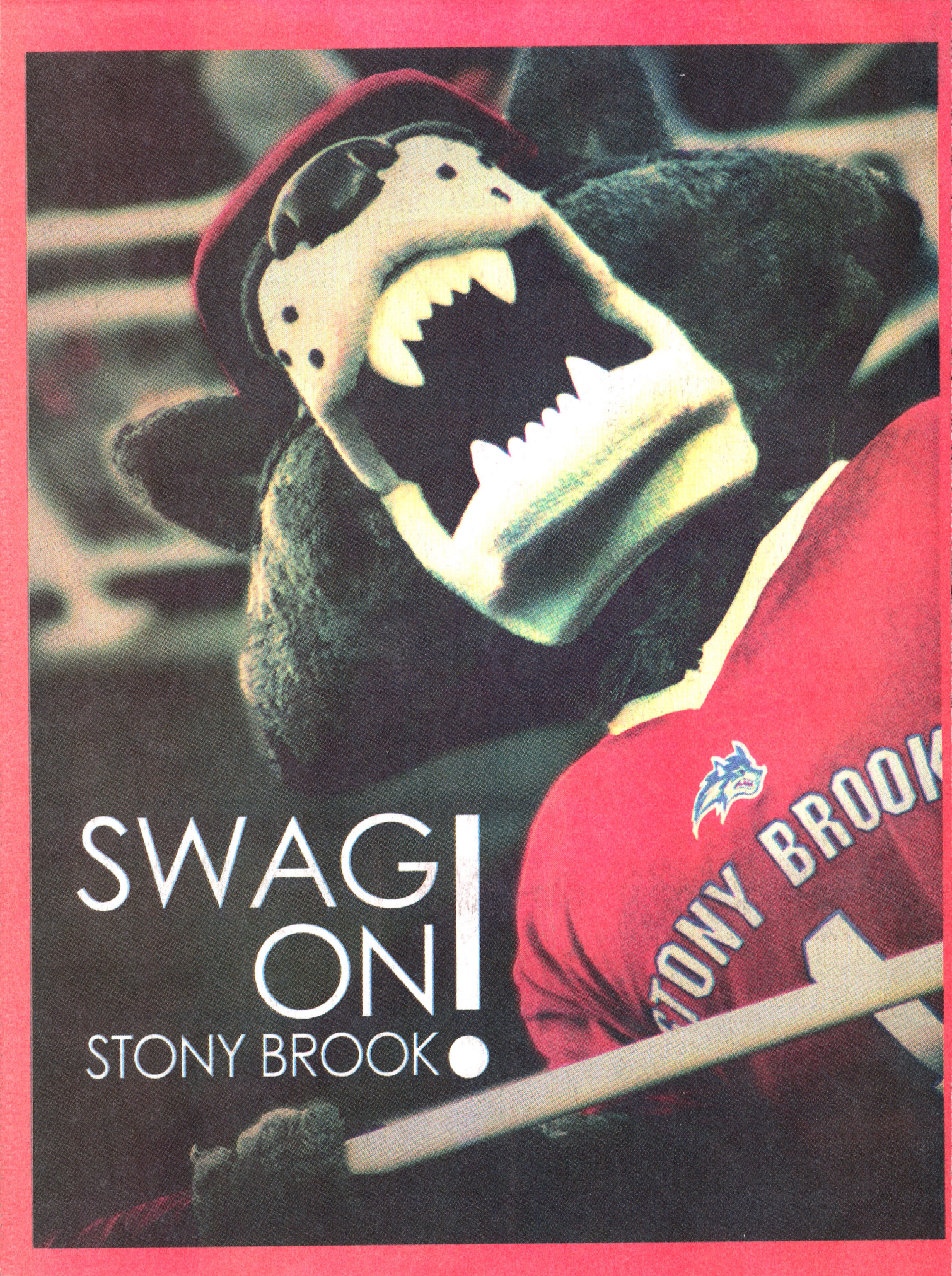
It is something different for the University because the University in the past did not care about the creation of companies, creation of economic wealth, so that is kind of new. It's a different direction. I believe we can have a significant impact in those three areas.

AA E-Zine: What are some of the technological advances you see in the near future for CEWIT?

Sharma: If you look at the US economy there are certain sectors which really have a great challenge... and to read everything Dr. Sharma said about CEWIT's future in the health care and energy fields, among others, what Alexander Graham Bell would recognize about the telephone system if he came back versus what Thomas Edison would recognize about the electrical grid, and lots more that wouldn't fit here - read the interview at www.aaezine.org or listen at www.youtube.com/aaezine. Check out CEWIT at www.cewit.org.



CEWIT: Center of Excellence in Wireless and Information Technology
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