

THE STONY BROOK
PRESS

VOL XXXI ISSUE 1

"THIS IS WHAT I GET
FOR PIRATING PHOTOSHOP"

SEPTEMBER 16, 2009

ONE NIGHT ONLY

THE STONY BROOK PRESS
"KICK ASS, TAKE NAMES"
PRESENTS

THE **HOOK** **BROOK**
FROM THE



VS

BUDGET CUTS
TUITION
HIKES

RA INJUSTICE

WITH SPECIAL BONUS

TONS OF
REVIEWS

SAM 'THE PRES'
STANLEY

SAB Chair Nominee MLA, Frustrating Senate

By Natalie Crnosija

The USG Senate did not confirm Student Activities Board chair nominee Da'Nashja Davis at the Sept. 9 Senate meeting due to her absence from the proceedings. Senator Syed Haq motioned to table Davis' confirmation until the Senate could question her and determine her fitness for the position. "She wasn't here," Haq said. "Before I recommend anyone, I want to hear their opinions about their position."

The Student Activities Board chair is one of the most powerful positions within the USG agency system with discretionary power over a \$163,350.80 budget. Their funding is put towards various student activities chosen by the SAB body during the academic year.

Freshman Senator Nicole Bckmbisike said senior senators were anxious to question Davis, who has been SAB vice president since 2008, about the function of the SAB.

Last year the SAB went over budget producing BrookFest, for which they required \$10,000 of emergency funding. The shortfall was attributed to unexpected event expenses and bureaucratic upheaval after their chair graduated mid-year.

"From what I have heard from

other senators, problems have been going on for years," Bckmbisike said. "I felt the tabling was appropriate... especially since other senators had questions about SAB itself."

Fellow freshman Senator Moiz Khan expressed a stronger point of view regarding the SAB and said that he did not feel the SAB was truly representative of the student body.

"Personally, I want to ask her questions because SAB has been essentially inclusive," said Khan. "The same people, the same interests and

and Sorority Night show and as an officer of the Sigma Delta Theta sorority.

At an SAB meeting, Davis said if students are concerned about representation, they should come to meetings.

President Jasper Wilson nominated Davis as SAB chair, a right reserved for the USG president. Davis was the best candidate, based upon her resume and great amount of experience as SAB vice president, said Wilson.

Former SAB chair Jackson

Davis said she expected to be confirmed. Furthermore, she would be able to balance the SAB chairmanship and her Sigma Delta Theta responsibilities. "I know what kind of time commitment SAB is," said Davis. "I have been involved in SAB since my freshman year."

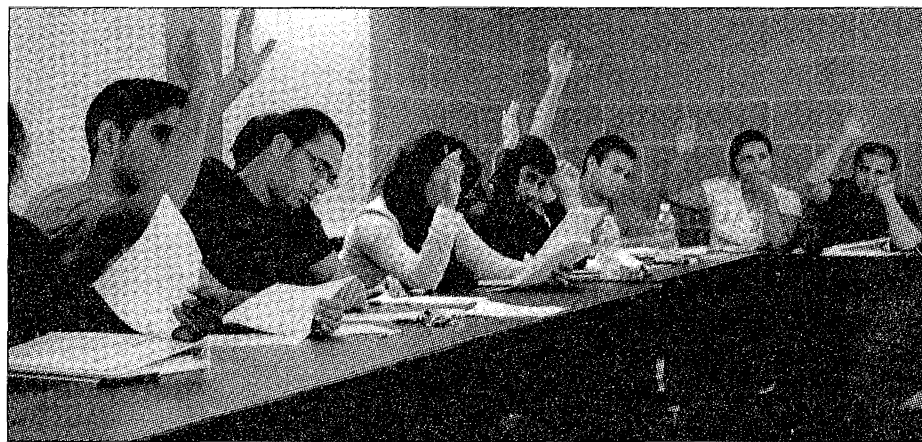
The Senate's confirmation of Davis was one of six confirmations slated for the semester's first meeting. Though student organizations like the Elections Board and the Supreme Court are not controlled by the Senate, the Senate reserves the right to confirm the chairs of these organizations.

Each nominee was given an opportunity to introduce themselves and support their candidacy before the Senate. Senators questioned the nominees individually about their credentials and plans for their respective posts.

This integral part of the confirmation process would not have occurred during Davis' confirmation had her confirmation proceeded in her absence.

Haq said he had been satisfied with the questioning of other chair nominees but could not recommend the confirmation of anyone who was not questioned before the Senate.

"This is a democratic process," said Haq. "We need a chance to ask questions." Davis' confirmation is set for the next USG Senate meeting on Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8:30 P.M.



Who needs to use the bathroom?

Natalie Crnosija

they are not catering to the interests of the student body."

Davis was not present for her confirmation hearing because she was performing at the IFSC's Fraternity

Georges highly recommended Davis for the position. "She does a great job...and knows how to do things," Georges said. "She will be a great chair when she is appointed."

The Ongoing Battle Against Racism

By Najib Aminy
& Eric DiGiovanni

Stony Brook graduate student Kasia Sawicka works four jobs, her primary one a research assistant at Stony Brook University. Like the more than 700 RAs on this campus, she receives a paycheck of roughly \$19,000 to help cover the expenses of living on Long Island all the while working countless hours in the lab.

"It depends," said Sawicka describing her work hours after, initially laughing, "When you have experiments going on, sometimes you don't get to go home but to sleep only."

Sawicka teaches the occasional course at Stony Brook, tutors and has worked in summer programs within the university to try and make ends meet, she said.

She and all of the RAs are also charged a \$500 laboratory fee, parking fees and can be fired at any point with no grievance process to follow. Sawicka, like most RAs at Stony Brook, are stu-

dents wanting to be heard, to be treated fairly, and their rights as workers to be honored.

"Not only are we doing work for the research foundation but then we have to pay them to use their technologies, we are the ones developing it, we are the ones who are doing the work on it," Sawicka said.

Sawicka and a crowd of roughly 40 people, RAs, union representatives and local and university officials joined together to protest outside in the Academic Mall. After a few speeches and a couple minutes of shouting, the group proceeded to the office of Vice President for Research Gail Habicht on the fifth floor of the Melville Library in what was to honor the legacy of the student movements of the 60s the and labor movements of the 30s, according to Jim McAsey, organizing director of the RA Union.

The Research Foundation, the private organization based in Albany that funds RAs, teaching assistants and graduate assistants throughout the state, has participated in a number of bargain-



Ezra Margono

ing sessions over the course of 2009.

But with little compromise taking place at these sessions, little has progressed since Stony Brook's RAs unionized last December with the Communications Workers of America Local 1104, a state-wide union that represents over 8,000 members in the fields

of education, operating services and telecommunications.

To the chants of "open the door" and the sounds of high pitched whistles, the RAs, with campus police in attendance, stood outside Vice President Habicht's door and eventually slid their letter of intent below the door.

Turn the Page, Wash Your Hands

By Raina Bedford

As millions of students return to school across the country educators face an unfamiliar threat: H1N1.

At Stony Brook University, the name of the game is prevention. According to Lauren Sheprow, Director of Campus Media Relations, very few cases of influenza have been reported to the student health services center so far this year.

"We are fortunate in that respect, but we are preparing nonetheless," she said.

Campus officials are busy hanging

given instructions to stay home if they are sick and not penalize students for staying home if they feel ill. A group of fourteen student volunteers, working under Kate Vallerio for the Center for Prevention and Outreach, are distributing flu packets that include hand sanitizer, tissues, thermometers, and information on influenza during campus life time.

"We've spoken 1-on-1 with at least 500 students," said Vallerio, who hopes that through word-of-mouth all students will learn how to protect themselves from the flu.

The goal is to warn as many students as possible to take preventative

"It's the flu," he said, "I'm pretty healthy so I'm not worried."

His sentiment echoes the advice of physicians who believe that healthy adults don't have much to worry about.

Susan Donelan, M.D. and member of the Stony Brook University Planning Team, said that, "It's relatively, at this point, equivalent to seasonal influenza."

Donelan said that there is some suggestion that it may spread more easily from person to person than the seasonal flu, which is why prevention techniques are so important.

According to the Center for Disease Control there have been 9,079 reported cases of H1N1 nationwide in 2009. Of these 9,079 cases, 593 have been fatal. According to their own website, the CDC admits that only a small proportion of people with respiratory illnesses are actually tested for H1N1. This means that any statistics dealing with reported cases are likely to underestimate the actual number of cases.

Such is the case at Stony Brook. According to Lauren Sheprow, the State Health Department is not conducting tests for H1N1 on people experiencing flu-like symptoms. This means that there is no way of knowing how many cases of H1N1 have occurred on campus. Luckily, Sheprow said that the treatments for H1N1 and the regular seasonal flu are the same, as are the prevention techniques.

It remains to be seen if H1N1 is actually more deadly than the regular seasonal flu. According to the CDC, an average of 36,000 Americans die every year from the seasonal flu. Compare that to the 593 people who have died from H1N1 this year and it seems that it may be even less severe.

Still, federal officials are recommending that people vaccinate them-

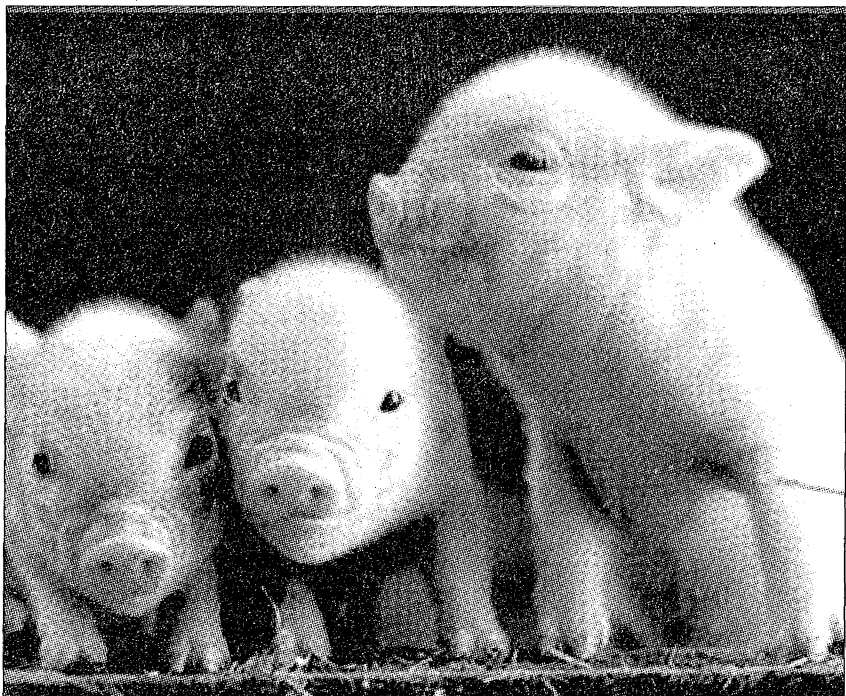
selves against H1N1 in addition to the seasonal flu. Currently, vaccines for H1N1 are still being tested and are not available to the general public. Federal officials expect to launch a mass vaccination campaign in October, when vaccines are expected to become available. The Advisory Committee on Immunization Practices has issued guidelines on who should get vaccinated. Pregnant women, children, young adults up to the age of 24, emergency and health services personnel, household and caregiver contacts of children younger than six months, and people with certain immunodeficiency disorders will be given priority under the federal guidelines. This includes a majority of the U.S. population, and includes all Stony Brook students under the age of 24. It will not be mandatory to receive a vaccination, but the CDC highly recommends vaccination if you fall into these categories to prevent a pandemic. In addition to promoting prevention techniques, campus officials have organized a special pandemic team that, according to their website, develops policies, procedures and other information to raise awareness and "ensure an appropriate response to a pandemic influenza." The website for this new initiative can be accessed at:

<http://www.stonybrook.edu/ehs/pandemicflu/>

The team meets regularly to discuss contingency plans in the event of a pandemic, but members of the team would not comment on the specifics of any emergency plans.

In the meantime, it's all about prevention.

"Everything your mother told you when you were young was right," said Donelan, "Wash your hands, and stay home if you feel sick."



posters filled with information on how to keep students healthy. The student health service center is handing out masks to those who come in with flu-like symptoms. Teachers have been

measures to prevent a pandemic. But despite the hype, students do not seem to be worried about swine flu. James Cotrone, a senior who lives on campus, dismissed the alarm.

RA-CISM continued from previous page

When reached for comment, Habicht denied an interview request but issued a statement and acknowledged the rally that took place. "The RF is committed to following all the rules set forth by the National Labor Relations Act and continue to bargaining in good faith with the union," Habicht wrote in an email to *The Press*.

"The RF looks forward to the day that a mutually agreeable first contract is put in place. Until that time, the RF prefers to address any issues relating to the union or the contract at the bargaining table rather than in the media," according to the statement.

In June 2009, *The Press* reported that only a few articles had passed, in-

cluding one that stated the final contract is to be in agreement between both parties.

"They're playing hardball," said George Bloom, Education Division President of Local 1104 that represents Stony Brook's RAs. "Out of the 26 items [proposed] they've agreed to like 6. And the things they've agreed to are very minimal."

Though salaries are an issue RAs plan on addressing, only non-economic issues have been addressed with the foundation. Such issues include protection against discrimination, benefits and exemption from paying for clinical and work-related services.

"We want fees to be waived at least

to same level as TA and GA," said Kai Wu, a third year graduate student in Microbiology. "It's ridiculous, they don't pay but we still pay it."

Local officials have taken notice to this ongoing battle. One Suffolk County Legislator even joined students on their walk up four flights of stairs in the library.

"I don't think its too much to ask for, especially in this country, everybody is entitled to be respected for the work they do," said Kate Browning of the Third Legislative District. "The bottom line, they are all very educated people, when you sit at a table with management, they've done this before. They know the tactics, they know the

games," added Browning who was a human rep. for a bus driver union before taking office.

When the two sides do agree to sit down, Sackia said she will remain hopeful as there is an opportunity for both sides to benefit.

"This is an opportunity for them, it's not only an opportunity for us, its an opportunity for them to make Stony Brook competitive with all the Ivy League schools," she said, emphasizing those students who would be deterred from the costs of living on Long Island.

"We are going to fight no matter what it takes," Wu said, also part of the bargaining committee. "We just want to be eaten fairly."

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editorials

We Want a Public Option Now

The health care debate has been on the minds of most Americans for several months, as the major news media outlets have inundated us with town hall shouting matches, death panels and red scares. Even in the campus community here at Stony Brook University, the local papers have thrown in their two cents. *The Patriot* threw a bunch of stats at us, to show their discontent with the Obama Administration's policies. *The Statesman's* Sep. 10 issue contained a couple bland, non-committal opinion pieces. Their new Opinion Editor seems to be following in the quasi-libertarian footsteps of their previous Opinion Editor, though he lacks similar conviction. So, here comes the only opinion that you need: *The Press'* stance on health care.

We actually share a similar discontent the *The Patriot* and *The Statesman* expressed, but for completely different reasons. While the cold warriors and wing-nuts are shouting at their local representatives over the summer, we were wondering what had happened to the single payer option. The option that allows private doctors and hospitals to

bill and be reimbursed by a single, not-for-profit, government entity seems like the most rational choice for reform—considering the rest of the developed world uses it. President Obama completely dropped the ball when he used the single payer option as a political bargaining chip with the republicans and blue dog democrats. Despite the fact that he's been a supporter of the single payer option for years—he once said that if health care were started from scratch it would be a single payer system—he and the rest of the progressive democrats dropped that from the table almost immediately after taking office.

Ok, fine, so single payer is out. Senate Finance Committee Chairman Max Baucus has made that abundantly clear to the doctors, nurses and other advocates for it. What we're now left with is the second best option, the public option. Allowing people to buy into a government run plan if it's cheaper or better, which in turn requires private insurers to lower prices to stay competitive. Sounds a lot like capitalism to us. So why is everyone screaming socialism? Why is there so much pressure to

block any meaningful legislation for a public option? More importantly, though, why are Democrats allowing this obfuscation? The public option is in imminent danger of being watered down to a point of complete impotence.

In a very informative and well written piece, "Sick and Wrong", for the September issue of *Rolling Stone*, political writer Matt Taibbi described the whole affair as a joke to the Democrats in charge. "...when Pelosi was asked on July 31 if she worried that progressives in the House would yank their support of the bill because of the sellout to conservatives, she literally laughed out loud. 'Are the progressives going to take down universal, quality, affordable health care for all Americans?' she said, chuckling heartily to reporters. 'I don't think so.'" Well, the joke's on us Americans, who must bear the brunt of this political trickery.

This is brand Obama at work, with Democrats controlling the House and the Senate. And still nothing gets done. Go figure.

SAB In Need of a Transfusion

The Student Activity Board (SAB) is one of the most powerful student organizations on campus that you've never heard of. We at *The Press* know them well. They're the ones who turned down two of our staffers proposal to bring *Girl Talk* to campus last fall because they didn't "get" it. They're also the ones responsible for ensuring that all events are DJ'd by the same hack musicians who fail to draw anyone outside the same crowd they always garner, ensuring that the SAB caters to only a select demographic.

This isn't why we've drawn our sword on the SAB today. The SAB is currently chair-less, and the power to appoint the chair lies in the hands of the USG President, Jasper Wilson. Mr. Wilson has selected Da'Nashja Davis to be the new SAB Chair. Ms. Davis has experience within the SAB, having served as marketing chair in the 2007-08 year and vice president in 2008-09. While normally serving within an organization makes one qualified to run it, that could not be further from the truth in the case of the SAB.

The SAB is the organization whose description should be more than simply "Puts on Brookfest," but that is what it has devolved into over the past few years. It would be one thing if they were

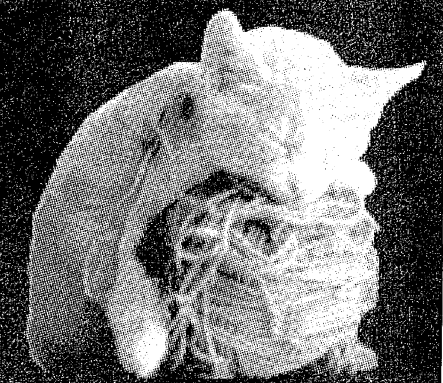
successful in doing so; if they created an event that reached out to a broad spectrum of Stony Brook students and was well advertised and came in on budget, we would have no problem with Ms. Davis' nomination. However, this is not the case. Brookfest last year needed a \$10,000 emergency injection from the USG to make sure it stayed solvent and it was not advertised until a week prior to the event itself. Poor advertisement at that.

The students and the Student Activity Board deserve better than someone who was part of a tragically unsuccessful board. New blood is needed with new ideas about how the Stony Brook concert scene should work. When bands like The Allman Brothers, Jimi Hendrix and The Who played campus those concerts were meant as for-profit, self-sustaining entities, with one concert paying for the next. This is not to say that the music industry has not changed since the glory days of Stony Brook concerts, but new ideas are needed to expel the malfeasance of the existing SAB. Give us someone new, President Wilson. You're not beholden to any fraternity or sorority or cultural group. Quit kicking the ball and get in the ruck.

Play America's Greatest Pastime

"Dead or Sleeping"

Every Wednesday at 1pm
060 Student Union



The Stony Brook Press:

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

Splish Splash Brook to Become a Reality

By Ross Barkan

In a move that surprised analysts across the country, Splish Splash, Long Island's largest water park, has purchased the rights to Stony Brook University, Long Island's largest research university. Though mum on the details, President Samuel Stanley confirmed the outright merger, citing "great opportunity for fun" as a primary reason for the decision to make Stony Brook a subsidiary of a water park.

"This is a move that needed to happen, let's be honest," said a drenched President Stanley after emerging from Dr. Von Dark's Tunnel of Terror. "For years Stony Brook has been recognized as one of the top universities in the world. Now, after squandering our resources on trivial things like the arts and sciences, we can finally focus on what's truly important: wave pools."

Changes have already occurred around campus. Yesterday afternoon, construction workers demolished the fifth floor of the Frank Melville Jr. Library to lay the foundations for Mega Mammoth River, a winding, high-octane raft ride that would culminate in a 360 degree loop over the roof of the Wang Center. Students applauded as old books rained upon the ground, forever useless.

"School was always pretty boring," said sophomore Karl Grubber. "They wanted me to be something like an electrical engineering major, whatever the fuck that is. Now that President Stanley promised to phase out all academic departments in favor of the Hydra of Hell Colossus Ultra Slide, I can finally feel



like I'm doing something with my life."

Over half of the student population will be forced to live off campus after Splish Splash announced that Tabler, Roosevelt and Roth Quads would all be converted into water park attractions. A loud ringing sound was heard on Tabler hill, followed by a deluge of brackish turd-colored water. One drowning student shouted "yeah wave pool" before a chlorine swell smashed his skull into a parking meter. Another student said it all looked like "a bowl of wizard shit."

Witnesses reported loud cheering as

water slowly submerged the dormitory buildings. One junior, a portly man who wore tinted sunglasses while riding a Thomas the Tank Engine raft, cackled as his old dormitory building died an aquatic death.

"I am pumped, school just became the best thing ever," he said, refusing to be indentified as he bobbed on the puerile raft. "You know those little fat kids who always shat in the wave pools and made everyone get out for the day? Heh heh heh...gonna be a mighty fine day for shitters."

Not everyone is thrilled with the Splish Splash-Stony Brook merger, however. Some complain that the new proposed name "Splish Splash Brook" lacks the cache of an elite academic institution. Others argue the proposed hallmark of the project, a massive translucent python tube slide winding around the circumference of the campus, is unwieldy and frightening

"Do they have to paint it pink?" asked Senior Danny Crabtree. "I mean, c'mon. Any other color would've been fine. But a pink thing throbbing with liquid, raging around the whole campus—it's just too much. It's like a thick, giant small intestine."

Splish Splash spokesman Johnny O'Toole is happy with the progress thus far. Though he wants the yet-to-be-named giant pink tube slide "stiffened up a bit," he praised Stony Brook's demolition of the university hospital. A cotton candy shack will replace the hospital, serving the expected 12,000 visitors per day.

70 percent of Stony Brook professors have been asked to leave because they lack the basic training to operate water rides, carnival games and clean human detritus out of the wave pool. Tenured-professors will be allowed to remain as clowns and caricature artists.

"I'm not really much of an artist," said distinguished professor of astrophysics Lee Kofsky while attempting to draw a little girl riding "a duck like a horsie." "My supervisor keeps telling me that I draw faces like flaccid penises. But a paycheck's a paycheck, I suppose."

Kofsky later drowned when a third wave pool replaced the caricature pavilion.



features

All the President's Problems

By Najih Amiry



Budget gaps, a large student-to-faculty ratio, research grants and a young athletic program are just some of the issues that Stony Brook University's fifth president, Dr. Samuel J. Stanley, will have to face.

Sitting down with student media on the first week of classes, Stanley addressed his plans and concerns for the university, highlighting the criticisms of SBU's satellite campuses and addressing other initiatives. He also outlined his agenda, which includes a push for an increased flexible tuition, athletics and budget concerns.

Student Life

For the past couple years, SBU has been recognized for its academic achievement. SBU was admitted into the Association for American Universities, an association of 62 leading public universities in the U.S. and Canada, earned a top 100 ranking by the *U.S. News and World Report*, and a one percent ranking in the world by *The London Times Higher Education Supplement*. Despite these accolades, there is one ranking that students remember most—happiness.

In the *Princeton Review's* most recent college ranking list, SBU came in third for having the campus with the least happy students. "I am disappointed when I read it, and I'd rather we be number three the other way," Stanley said. He added that he is trying to understand whether this is a small group of vocal students who are unhappy, or an accurate reflection of the entire campus. "If that's the case I

need to understand what would make that better."

For Jasper Wilson, president of the Undergraduate Student Government and a senior, SBU has gotten better in spite of its flaws and consistently low rankings.

"Every year, SBU has gotten more and more fun," said Wilson, who also plays for the SBU Men's Rugby team. "When alumni come back, they are really surprised at how this place has changed."

At the same time, Wilson said SBU is not like most other big campuses because of its location. "You are not going to have that crazy isolated school vibe because we are in the suburbs."

Stanley, who acknowledged this concern, said that there are things beyond his control, especially geography. "Would it be nice to have a really student friendly village around us like an Ann Arbor?" Stanley hypothesized. "Do I have the power to kind of make that happen, I'm not sure, I kind of doubt it. I think it's unlikely."

After visiting his friends in both private and public schools, Wilson is proud to see SBU's school spirit growing, with the increase in red seen on campus. He said President Stanley should focus on this spirit that stems from programs such as athletics when dealing with the student atmosphere. "He should continue on this new growth of red pride and keep the pace of supporting athletics where it is at."

Athletics

The athletic program at SBU is young, 30 years young. It represents its

youth in the newly renovated administrative offices, walking in to the scent of new leather furniture and the sight of still plastic wrapped plasma screen televisions hanging on the walls.

But what does a football team situated in the northeast and playing in the Big South have to do with bettering SBU? Why should professors care about what women's soccer does? What is the significance of Joe Nathan Field?

"On many levels, athletics is the front porch to a university, it's the first window to a campus. If your front porch is shattered and beaten up and broken down it's not a very good first impression of your university," said Jim Fiore, athletic director of SBU University. "The value of having a strong athletic program is externally important and internally one area where we could build community."

Last spring, when Stanley was formally announced as President Kenny's successor, several members of Fiore's basketball team welcomed President Stanley, an avid basketball fan, with a jersey and basketball during his visit to campus. Kenny was another strong supporter of the athletics program.

Stanley attended SBU's football match-up against their Long Island rival, Hofstra, and plans to attend many more related events.

Still in its youth, the athletics program is making strides both on and off the field. The program plans to introduce a new state of the art scoreboard, set to debut at LaValle Stadium on October 24. In addition, Minnesota Twins pitcher and SBU alum Joe Nathan has donated \$500,000 for a

new baseball field. Also in the pipeline is a basketball arena that will begin, pending the unfreezing of state funds, according to Fiore.

To help the athletic program and the campus' branding, Fiore said he hopes Stanley will engage the marketing of the university and improve the name recognition of the university, both locally and nationally.

"There is a puberty we are going through as a university, we are growing in ways we've never dreamed of," Fiore said. "A lot of people know SBU is a terrific place academically, but not enough people know and I think athletics can help develop that brand and that awareness." Fiore called for the President's help in becoming the next large academic institution with a well-supported athletic program such as the University of Michigan or the University of Texas.

Academia

Near the end of President Kenny's reign, a movement was formed in which more than 100 faculty members, ranging from history to computer science signed a petition of no confidence.

The petition was brought about after roughly a quarter of the classes in the College of Arts Sciences were cut and later brought back, in the spring of 2008. Issues brought up in the petition included a growing student-to-faculty ratio, university spending on non-academic projects and the inability of the university to retain top faculty from leaving for other institutions.

Months after the petition was cre-

PROBLEMS continued from page 6

ated, Kenny announced she would be retiring in 2009, after 15 years as president.

Aware of the strain put on faculty, Stanley made it clear that investing in faculty was a priority he would address in the weeks to come.

"I would argue that as we improve the quality of scholarship, we are going to improve the quality of education. That's going to increase the value of your degree from SBU," Stanley said.

One way to bring in new faculty, Stanley said, would be to target those who can serve in more than one discipline. For example, rather than having a professor who teaches biology, have one who could teach chemistry and physics as well, and benefit more than one department.

These are issues that some professors on this campus are worried about, including History Professor Paul Gootenberg, the tenth signature on the Concerned Faculty of SBU's petition to President Kenny.

"You can't double the size of the student body with little or no growth in core College of Arts and Sciences faculty, and little expansion or upgrade of facilities, without it making classes larger and more impersonal," Gootenberg said. "Larger classes are a poor setting for both students and professors."

Gootenberg suggested one-way to solve this problem, more democracy and greater input from faculty. "Kenny ignored and even disdained the faculty for 15 years," Gootenberg said. "She ran the place in an ever-more autocratic centralized fashion, surrounding herself with 'yes-men' advisers and administrators who were increasingly out of touch with the real predicaments of SBU."

President Stanley is planning to do just that with a system used at the University of Washington, a university counsel.

"It brought together the administrators and the deans, so the academic component and the administration component have to sit in a room and then listen to each others' problems and issues," said Stanley, who thought he would have to separate two people in one of the earlier meetings this year.

"So it becomes not a question of the deans meeting on one hand with the president or the provost and the administrators meeting on the other hand, everybody is essentially brought in together," Stanley said.

Gootenberg added that Stanley needs to make some bold moves when it comes to some of President Kenny's "pet projects", primarily with regards to their funding.

"A lot of faculty and administrators on campus feel that the huge, flashy and resource-draining projects that Kenny invested millions in—the Southampton campus, SBU-Manhattan, sports facilities and the like—need to be terminated or downsized," Gootenberg said. "They are draining millions from a real education at SBU," he added.

Stanley had called the two campuses, SBU Manhattan and SBU Southampton, hubs of tremendous potential.

The challenge, Stanley said, is the monetary commitment required for those satellite campuses, which would allow SBU to host excellent programs out there and complement what is going on at SBU's main campus.

"Everything has to, for me, fit within those boundaries, trying to be outstanding academically and really improving the academic experience here," Stanley reassured.

Budget Problems and Why Your Tuition Might Go Up

SBU was cut \$25 million during last year's budget crisis. There is currently a \$13 million shortfall the university is faced, which will undoubtedly lead to further cuts within the campus, according to Dan Melucci, associate vice president for

"Kenny ignored and even disdained the faculty for 15 years."

Strategy and Analysis. This may stall some of the president's new initiatives.

Melucci said it would be difficult to spend on long term expenditures such as faculty hiring's but said one-time investments were more feasible given the budget the situation. "It means it takes longer to get certain things done than it might otherwise," Melucci said.

To face the budgetary situation, Stanley has held talks with SUNY Chancellor Nancy Zimpher. These talks have focused on eliminating

some restrictions regarding state control of tuition and SBU's ability to entertain public and private ventures for additional streams of revenue.

"I think she really gets it in terms of what SUNY should be doing to help SBU," Stanley said about Zimpher. The SUNY Board of Trustees decides

"...one-way to solve this problem, more democracy and greater input from faculty."

whether SBU may control its tuition, however, the state decides how much of the additional money can be kept by the university.

"If the legislature doesn't give us the spending authority, we can't spend it," Melucci said. "And that's what we worried about last year."

SBU's tuition for last spring semester increased \$310 for in-state students and \$1,130 for out-of-state students. The state used 90 percent of the additional tuition money to pay back state debts and allowed SUNY to use the 10 percent left over.

If the SUNY board of trustees does vote in favor Stanley's plan, a less regulated control of how SBU operates, tuition for the most part is like to go up, Stanley said.

"I am really proud we can deliver what we deliver on that tuition, but it really, I think, makes it difficult for us to be great," Stanley said. "Getting this kind of flexibility would really help us leap up into the next level. I sincerely believe that moving into the next level adds value for you [the students]."

A tuition increase would be set by a number determined to provide the most net profit while providing for some of SBU's economically needy students, Melucci said. Currently, the in-state tuition is \$4,970, thirty dollars below the state-funded tuition assistance program, excluding the costs of a meal plan, student fees, and insurance.

"We would make sure that this does not stand in the way of our most disadvantaged economic students," Stanley ensured.

The Wrap Up

Most students are appreciative of the high value of education offered at

SBU given the low cost.

"I know one of the things SBU is well known for is the money you pay for the education," Wilson said. "I see that side of it. Having a higher tuition also is what makes some schools awesome. It's a tough call."

According to Stanley, raising tuition would not only sustain but also improve the condition of the university and provide funds to address some of the bigger and more internal problems.

"I want to make a SBU education even more valuable and I think the ways to do that is just by improving our quality," Stanley said.

Increasing scholarship and reducing the high student-to-faculty ratio is one priority set high on Stanley's agenda, which also includes gaining more research grants and raising money from donations. This is something many faculty members felt Stanley's predecessor failed to achieve.

Gootenberg likened SBU's past as a struggle between two viewpoints, one being the "Panglossian 'this is the greatest university in the world' PR-cheerleader driven 'up-up-and-away' vision of Kenny", the other a majority of unheeded faculty concern.

"I think we need a President who is willing to face the realities at SBU—we are still in deep trouble as an institution, facing ever-more cutbacks (given New York State's continuing fiscal free-fall)—and gather faculty and students around a real, mature, and workable vision of a university community," Gootenberg said.

That vision includes a maturing athletic program that is comfortably funded and looking to produce results. "Those who may have had doubt or concerns, I think they'll be pleasantly pleased—if you will—with what they see in the long term," Fiore assured. "Our teams are getting real close to being special nationally. I think once that happens, it'll be a tipping point. You'll see more people getting involved," Fiore added.

SBU is praised for its academics but overlooked because of its student apathy. The most important concern isn't how the rest of the world views the students and faculty here, but how they view themselves.

"The idea, as you know, is we need to prime that pump and we need to put resources in her to start that cycle going," Stanley said. "The beauty is we are starting from a very good position."



Supernatural Horror Madness, on the Rocks

Review of Wildstorm's *North 40*, Issues 1 and 2

By David K. Ginn

The first two issues of *North 40* read like a pulp mash-up of comic book subgenres. As effective as that is, it can also be a comic's worst enemy when handled with too much zeal and not enough passion. That's not to say that *North 40* suffers greatly from these symptoms yet, but the symptoms are there.

The plot follows as so: two teenagers open a Necromicon-esque book, which in turn opens a black hole and turns the residents of a rural Texas town into mutants, demons, and zombies. Only the town's sheriff and a few others are unaffected, and with the help of a traveling witch, they try to figure out what happened. Of course, not all of the affected are bad, and the good ones do whatever it is that good mutant-demon-zombies do.

To say *North 40* is Lovecraftian would be an understatement. The homage runs so thick and unabashedly, the effect is almost numbing. In spite of that, it remains visually appealing, and brings to mind other Lovecraft nods such as John Carpenter's 1993 film *In the Mouth of Madness*. But while Carpenter focused on inward turmoil and insanity in a world

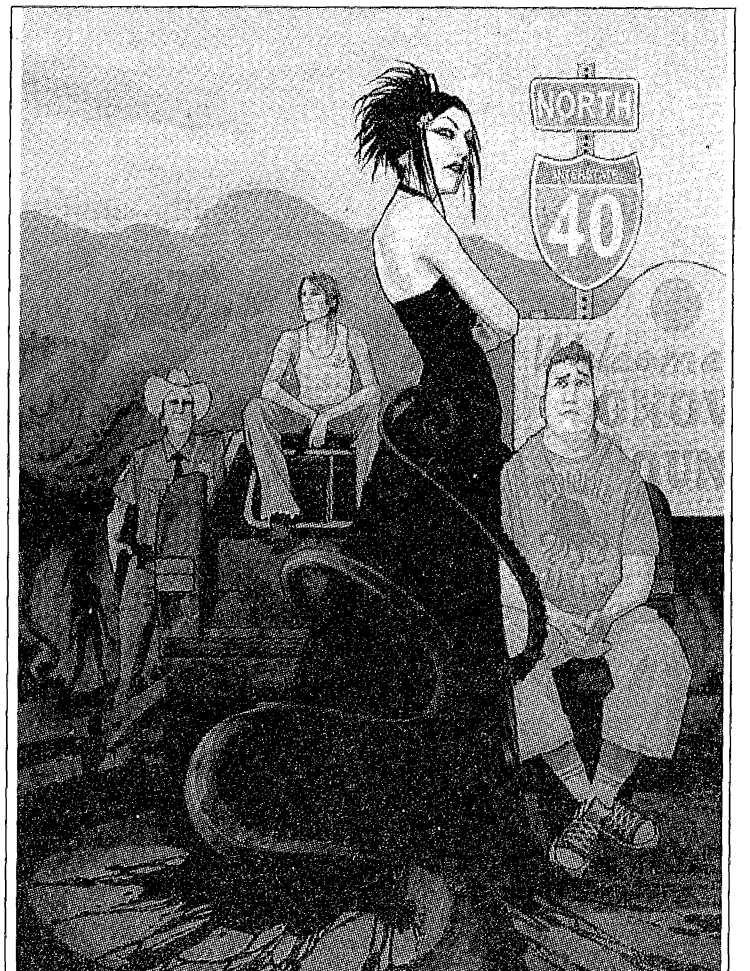
where people turn into monsters, *North 40* writer Aaron Williams focuses on the brutal, chaotic aspects. Both Williams and artist Fiona Staples handle the subject matter with the delicacy of a B-movie director buried under crushed cans of Monster energy drink—and that's not really such a bad thing.

Amidst the Garth Ennis-inspired setting of a modern western, and among the twisted tentacles of the townsfolk, are blips and hints of ideas that will be familiar to comic book fans: the mutant townsfolk who bare no physical deformity act in much the same way as classic superhero mutants, and there are a few images that bring Brian K. Vaughn's classic *Runaways* series straight to mind. There's also a prevailing, Tarantino-esque adoration of classic horror comics like *Tales from the Crypt* that seeps through the pages like a hastily written love letter. Ordinarily, such a blender of fan faves would be a detriment, but here it seems to work—due partly to the fact that the comic just seems to not give a crap about what you think. To throw

in all of your favorite cult comics into a decently drawn frappe and then light a cigarette to show that you're just doing your thang—well, that takes exactly the kind of balls that are needed to make a project like this work.

Ironically, what doesn't work is the presentation. Any fan knows that comics are a unique storytelling medium, begging for creators to learn and exploit everything that sets them apart from other visual media. In *North 40*, the medium isn't bursting at its seams; rather, it seems to fall back on the hopscotch storytelling method as if it were a convenience. Writing for comics isn't about skipping around and moving through the story as quickly as possible, it's about using subtlety and chaos to your advantage in each frame, so as to choose words and moments that give you the clearest and most insightful window into what's going on. *North 40* doesn't do this, and thus reads like an edited version of something much more meaningful.

Instead of spending time developing characters who are doomed to die or become demons, Williams introduces them all later as redshirt victims or bad guys. This annihilates any sense of danger for the lead characters, which is a bad thing. No matter how pulp-ish a comic tries to

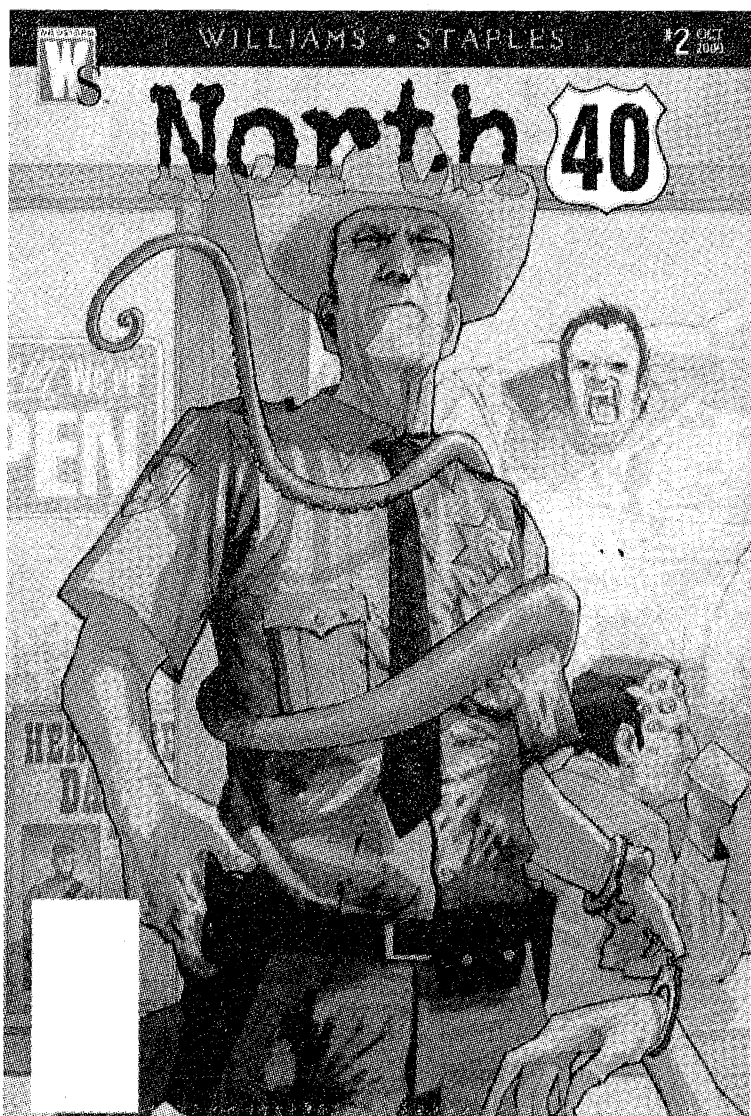


be, if it's a horror comic, the reader needs to feel like anyone can die at any minute. Maybe that's true for *North 40*, but in the first two issues, it doesn't show. Even the lead characters are introduced with one frame each, just seconds before the chaos hits. There's no time spent developing anything; passion and deliberate storytelling make way for an ADD-fueled slide show.

All that aside, it's hard to judge a comic series—especially one like this—before the five-issue mark. Once that mark is reached, the publisher has enough issues to make a comprehensive trade paperback. If it's a serialized narrative, the audience assumes (rightfully so) that a full story arc will be told in some form or another. After two issues, *North 40* is at best a very entertaining clusterfuck. However, a more character-driven story is needed if Williams and Staples want to develop a steady following, and it's very likely that will happen in the near future.

Bottom line: extremely entertaining, especially for fans of horror and modern westerns. Anyone who loved *Preacher* is sure to love *North 40*, but the series needs time to grow into its own very complicated world.

Visit www.thebasestar.com for more reviews by this author, or search by name at www.thestonybrookpress.com.



Comics Continued

Mickey Mouse and Wolverine Mate At Last

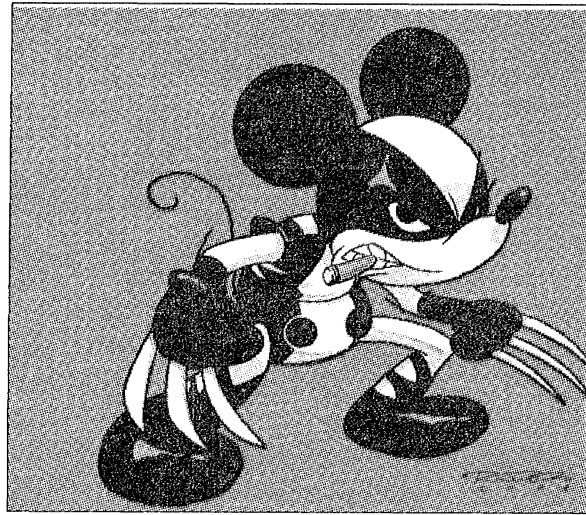
By Kenny Mahoney

As you may or may not have heard, Disney bought Marvel for \$4 billion in cash and stocks. At first, this might seem like a doomsday scenario for any Marvel fan out of fear of their beloved comics being bastardized at the hands of an evil, tyrannical corporation. There is one thing, however, that most people haven't yet realized. Disney doesn't care.

Why doesn't Disney care? Well, that's probably because Disney isn't interested in the comic books. Why? Because that's not where the money is. So even though Disney now technically owns those comics, there is no reason for them to touch them. After all, if that isn't where the money lies then why bother upsetting a legion of large, vocal, and all-around sweaty nerds? However, this does bring up the question of what will happen to Marvel's more adult-oriented series – MAX. But then again, if they're not going to make money from them, what's the point in changing them?

Where is the money you ask? The money is in movies and licensing that Marvel

has for their characters. For those who don't know, licensing is what allows Universal Studios to have Marvel-themed rides, compa-



What hath they wrought?!?!?!?

nies to create video games with Marvel characters, and allows other companies to make Spiderman back-to-school supplies. Disney is already one of the biggest licensors of their characters, and adding a huge cast of Marvel characters to their repertoire will only increase that. If anything, we will see more

in way of licensing of Marvel properties than any real changes to the core of Marvel itself. As the old axiom goes, "if it ain't broke, don't fix it".

There has also been a resurgence in the popularity of comic book movies, such as *Watchmen* and *Dark Knight*. Marvel has had its hand in the cookie jar in this area for a long time, as evidenced by the three Spiderman films as well as a myriad of X-Men films. There are a number of films currently in the works that many people feel are threatened by Disney's acquisition of Marvel. I've heard through the grapevine that all of the movies currently greenlit for production are going to remain in production,

such as the Captain America, Thor, and Avengers films. What there may be a problem with, however, is any R-rated Marvel films. After all, Disney doesn't put out R-rated movies. Though, the only R-rated Marvel films were two mediocre Punisher movies, I doubt there will be any more in the future.

I also think that we'll start seeing more in the way of kid friendly Marvel content, such as a Marvel Superhero Squad line of products from Hasbro. Disney is going to use this to grab more of the younger audience – especially the boys. After all, most Disney products are geared toward girls, with Marvel geared more towards boys. If Disney can capture more of the boy audience, they're going to do it.

So my opinion is that it should continue to be business as usual at Marvel, at least on the outside. You shouldn't really see any difference in the comics, but I can't make any prediction as to what is going to be happening internally at Marvel. However, I suspect that things will continue to go well. So there's no need to fear "Deadpool on Ice" (even though he would probably love it), or Punisher meets Bambi, or any other ridiculous crossovers. I'll continue to monitor the situation and you'll definitely hear about it if anything happens. Stay true, true believers.

The Corps Will Color Your Sad Lil' World

By Kenny Mahoney

Blackest Night is DC Comics' latest story arch and will be hitting comic book stores this summer/fall. To get the ball rolling, DC has rounded up a fantastic bullpen of writers and artists to give readers a kind of introduction in the form of a three-issue miniseries – *Blackest Night: Tales of the Corps*.

Blackest Night: Tales of the Corps tells the story of each branch of the Lantern Corps, including the famous Green Lantern corps that most people are familiar with. Writer Geoff Johns, known for his work on Green Lantern, is on board for this new story arch along with several other talented writers and artists. For those who may not know, in addition to the Green Lantern corps, there is a multitude of different colored corps also given the powers of the Lantern Ring. These colors are Blue, Yellow, Indigo, Orange, Red, Sapphire, Black, and Green. I know that this must seem like quite a mouthful to swallow for those new to the Lantern universe, but the *Tales* does a very good job of introducing each one to you at an easy to

follow pace.

Each issue of *Tales of the Corps* takes a closer look at a few of these corps, giving both an overall summary of the Corps and what they stand for, as well as showing how prominent members of each Corps came to be. As stated earlier, this not only gives new readers a chance to understand the Lantern Universe, but also gives more well-versed readers a deeper glimpse



into the Corps they know and love.

Not only does each Corps have a different color, each of those colors is connected to a certain emotion. This emotion dictates who is invited to join the Corps based on which emotion they express the most. For example, the Red Corps is embodied in the emotion of rage, and only when someone expresses extreme rage can they be invited to join the Red Corps. Each issue shows how the things the character experienced in life made them a particular candidate for their respective Corps.

Perhaps one of my favorite things about the series is not even a part of the series at all, but is the inclusion of *Blackest Night: Issue Zero* at the end of issue three of *Tales*. The story serves as a precursor to the events of *Blackest Night Issue One*, and has bits of

text interspersed that are comments by writer Geoff Johns, Editor Eddie Berganza, and Associate Editor Adam Schlagman. Think of it as the director's commentary on a DVD, only for a comic book. I really love seeing what went on in Johns' head as he made certain decisions, such as the contrast of darkness and light that will be prevalent throughout the series.

Overall, I'd say that *Tales of the Corps* is a great mini series for both new and old readers alike. There's a lot to appreciate here if you're a Lantern veteran, and just as much to consider as a new reader to the series. In addition to the main story, *Blackest Night* also branches off into three more three-issue miniseries, showing how the events of *Blackest Night* affect your favorite DC characters like Batman and Superman. *Blackest Night* is shaping up to be quite an event, and issues one and two have hit stores already. Speaking as someone who has read the first two issues of *Blackest Night* (and without spoiling too much), this is one series you don't want to be "caught dead" missing. Get it? "Caught dead"? Ugh, there are zombies in it. There. Now go buy it!

Comics Continued

Fables Goes On and On and On and...

By Andrew Fraley

Bill Willingham has been the single longest running series writer for Vertigo, the DC Comics imprint, with his critically acclaimed series, *Fables*. Technically Brian Azarello holds the title with his 100 issue series, aptly titled *100 Bullets*. But if you count Willingham's spin-off and very close tie-in, *Jack of Fables*, they combine for over 125 issues and both are going strong. *Hellblazer* and *Swamp Thing* don't count either since they've each had a slew of different writers, and numerous reincarnations. Needless to say, Bill Willingham is a pretty busy guy.

His hard work on this series has paid off, and *Fables* is regarded as one of the best comics being published today. Often compared to Neil Gaiman's *Sandman* series, Willingham's creation offers a rich story with a menagerie of interesting characters, all reimagined from—as the title suggests—different fables, fairy tales and folklore. The story arcs have ranged from simple integration into the characters' New York neighborhood, called Fabletown, to the complex battles with the adversarial Empire, the fables' ruthless enemy and reason for exile to New York in the first place. Willingham has managed to keep the story fresh with his own reinterpretation of characters, new developments and interactions, and the occasional tangent. The question is, though: where does he go from here?

While many other Vertigo titles have ended at 60 issues or so, the writers have done so with a clear vision of the ending in



My vision of the JLF

A slew of comic book artists did the legwork, but Andrew Fraley hastily photoshopped all their work together. Yay!

mind. Neil Gaiman planned *Sandman*'s end at 75; Brian K. Vaughan had similar intent with *Y: The Last Man*. *Fables*, on the other hand, is currently at 87 issues in and still going strong. Concluding the defeat of the empire, Willingham was able to create a whole new set of developments with the fall-out caused by the dissolution of Geppetto's realm. In the trade paperback of volume 12, *The Dark Ages*, which collects issues 76-82, old enemies have escaped, old resources have disappeared, and the future looks grim for the story's heroes.

Now, with a multitude of possibilities, *Fables* could become the next long-running

series. When Willingham hangs up his pen, a new writer will no doubt fill his shoes. The only problem is that Willingham seems to be taking the story to a conclusion—not necessarily all of the side stories, mind you, but the main one. Or at least, he seems to be killing off more and more of the main characters!

Fables has two possible ways of going now. One is the way of *Sandman*, bringing the story to a conclusion, even if there is more that can be done. The other is to continue ad infinitum, like most of the titles in the DC universe, and a couple in Vertigo. The continuity in *Fables* is already different from the DC universe's; will the Fableverse become

Vertigo's continuity? Will readers see crossovers with other Vertigo titles in the future? Will John Constantine, Jesse Custer and Bigby Wolf form the Justice League of Fabletown? Will there be a crisis on infinite Fabletowns to explain all the eventual tangles in continuity?

These are all stupid questions, admittedly, but it is an extremely remote possibility created by making *Fables* a long-running series...kind of. Whatever direction Bill Willingham ultimately does choose for his creation, I and the rest of his readers will be there for it.

You Got Your Comic Book in My Novel!

By Alex H. Nagler

To those of you who have never read Bill Willingham's *Fables* before, let me be brief in my summary: assume, for a moment, that there are those living among us who are the characters from the stories (predominantly those with Germanic-Russo origins) we grew up with. Their native lands have been invaded and at some point around 400 years ago, they made their way uptown and have been living there ever since, veering wildly off course from their initial plotlines. Snow White is a bureaucrat, married to the Big Bad Wolf, who was the Sheriff until the Beast (husband to Beauty) took over. These are all important plotlines to the comics, of which at time of printing there will be 88 issues, but none of that is important to this particular story.

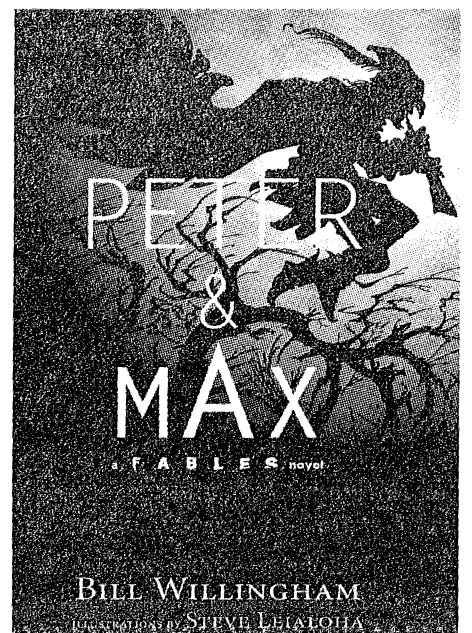
Peter and Max is *Fables* main writer and Eisner Award Winning author Bill Willingham's first foray into the world of the novel for the series. It tells the story of Peter Piper, a man who has been at one point or another a pumpkin eater, a master thief, and has indeed picked a pack of pickled peppers. Peter has a slightly more famous older brother, Max, the Pied Piper. Max has been furious with Peter for the past few centuries as he feels he was robbed of his birthright, a magical flute named "Frost." Max decides to seek his vengeance with his own magical flute "Fire," and proceeds to wreak havoc by stealing children, creating a plague, and being outright evil. Peter managed to banish Max 200 or so years ago, but now he's back in this world, the Mundane World, and Peter has to stop him once and for all.

What makes *Peter and Max* unique to all other *Fables* stories is that the reader doesn't have to know anything about the

comic book the characters originated from. Coming from a reader who has read and reread the entire series, I felt familiar with the characters, but I was delighted to see a character that was present for a single panel in a single issue fleshed out to the point where if he were to show up in the comics, it would be as if he had been there the entire time. However, Willingham doesn't seem to plan to be headed in that direction. He seems to be content on having created a new character and letting him exist in the confines of the book.

For new readers, *Peter and Max* is a welcome step into Willingham's world. It doesn't place them at the very edge of what's going on, but entices them enough to consider picking up the comic. The book has those who consider comic books a lesser form of entertainment would change their opinions after reading certain passages. *Peter and Max* comes out on October 13. Pick it

up. Then check your local comic book shop for the \$1 version of *Fables* issue 1. You won't be disappointed.



“Getting to Third Was Never Easy”

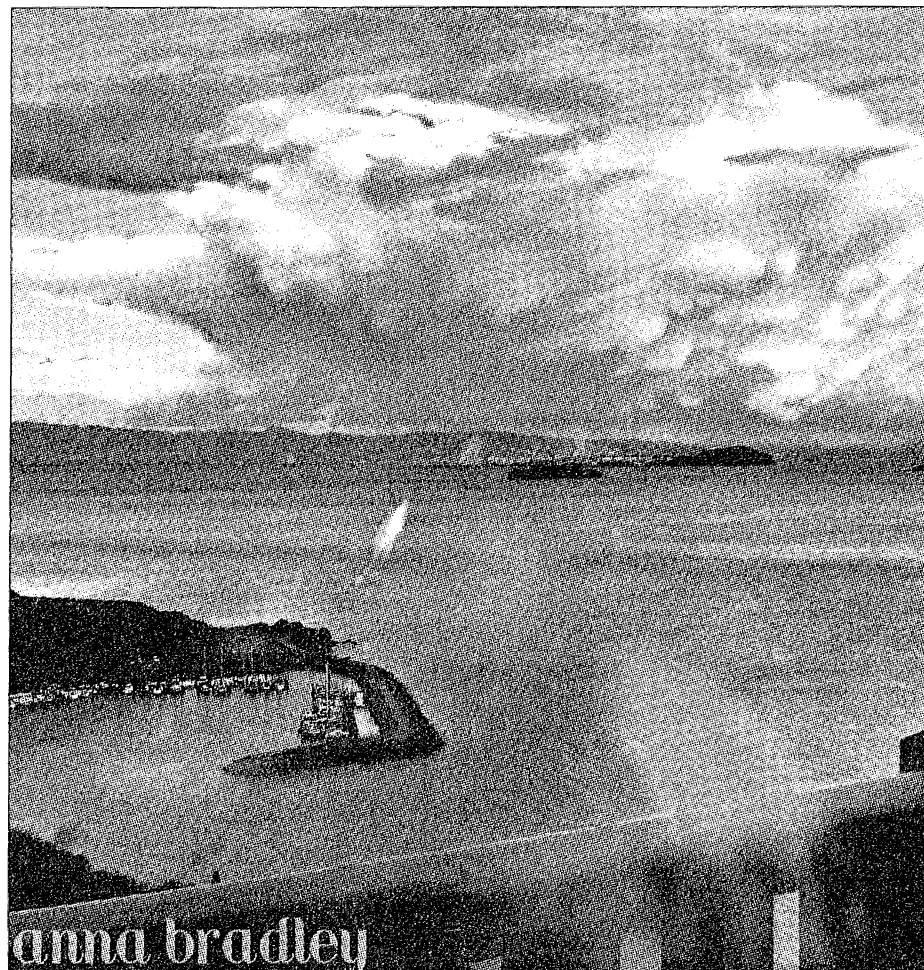
By Josh Ginsberg

“Ghost watching.” These are the first words uttered over a cold swell of cheap electronic organ. It radiates, glacial, from computer speakers. Piano chords hit every quarter note like a scene from a disaster movie. You know the scene. Explosions abound. Meteoroids are rendered meteorites. You hear nothing but a muted white noise hum, and then the next cosmic rock collides into some iconic American building. The air is disorienting. The guitars sound too faint. The mixing is flawed. But there’s a melody which is gripping. Thus begins “Sky,” the first track on Anna Bradley’s second EP of 2009. On *Nervous*, a forthcoming digital release of European record label Rack and Ruin Records, a sense of anxious heartache is always present. This song cycle consists of four songs tied together by ambient passages. Early downloads include a fifth bonus track.

The songs on *Nervous* sound like they were written by a teenaged Rivers Cuomo, if his favorite album was *Loveless* and his favorite song was “Swimmer” by Broken Social Scene. This young Rivers Cuomo is called Kipling. He has been making music on his own and with various collaborators for around a year now and is located in Northern California, via New York City via Toronto via Bombay. He suffers from melancholia and ennui and writes of the misgivings of his young life in a way similar to a young Rivers Cuomo around the time of Weezer’s *Pinkerton*. Kipling’s lyrical offerings to his muses are not replete with cryptic references or arcane details that feel too specific to be fabricated. He doesn’t paint as individual of a picture of his would-be lover as Rivers Cuomo does when he describes a lover who “has a tattoo and two pet snakes.” On *Nervous*, couplets of a prosaic ilk (in the sense of loose rhymes rather than a deficiency in imagination) are peppered only sparingly with random specifics, a recurring woman’s name and the occasional surreal image. When *Pinkerton* was released by a different band of a different caliber in a different time it was derided by many for its specificity and its overly intimate and mawkish lyricism. Critics felt they couldn’t relate to *Pinkerton*. *Nervous* will not suffer the same stigma partially because Anna Bradley isn’t signed to Geffen Records, but also in part because Kipling takes an approach opposite to Rivers Cuomo. While both writers focus on similar themes and emotions, they veer off disparately in their writing methods.

The lyrics to the chorus of “Sky” in-

sist, “this is not a song for love.” However, love is clearly present throughout *Nervous* thematically. Kipling addresses an “Ilana” only a line later, but a majority of the verses describes a chilly, unnatural beachside and the fleeting of emotions of dreams. The lyricism is vague but distinctly embodies a teenaged, American-apparel clad youth. “At this party I met a girl,” Kipling muses before he laments, “and I fucked it up again.” This lyric is neither particularly artful nor original and as poetry it is less than adroitly composed. As a



result of the fact that much of Kipling’s lyricism is ambiguous, there is more room for listeners to apply the situations Kipling sings of to their own lives. What guy or girl hasn’t dropped the ball in some capacity with some girl or guy at some party at some point in his/her life? The lyrics evoke that possibly inebriated, definitely embarrassing night that you never even mentioned to your friends but that they all remember happening. It is therein that Kipling’s lyricism is so effective. The best lyric on the entire EP comes from the second verse of closer “I Feel Like a Goddamn Zombie.” Kipling sings as angelically as he can muster, “I just want to be watching TV with you, drinking beer and passing out.”

Kipling is also a distinct and highly adept guitarist. Acoustic guitars which would sound at home on “Friday I’m in Love” slither bright and lithe, ushering in the spare chorus of “Sky,” which sheds the dense atmospheric instru-

mentation and resounds with great clarity when only two panned guitars play. Kipling’s guitar is the source which emanates the most warmth on the otherwise chilly EP. The electric guitars on the chorus of “Sky” are particularly pleasant. Cloudy, overdriven guitars in the vein of Dinosaur Jr and My Bloody Valentine are pitted against cheap organs throughout *Nervous*. The best moment of the title track is the guitar solo which closes the song. Kipling plays a mellow, shimmering solo, which consists mainly of arpeggios of simple, tre-

droning strings and sustained notes. The drums sound faint and distant. But the skittering sixteenth-note beats are ebullient. Anna Bradley are the sort of band who would benefit from a hi-fi recording to showcase the band’s strengths as instrumentalists and to polish the already bright melodies further. Sometimes sounds seem buried, though they are never unintelligible. With a better recording *Nervous* might be one of the best straight-up-guitar-rock releases of the later half of the 00s.

Choruses are the crux of *Nervous*. The influence of modern pop bands such as The Pains of Being Pure at Heart is clear, although Kipling writes better hooks. The chorus of “Sky” seeks to imitate its titular image aurally. The chorus of “Nervous” is desperate and frenetic, seeming earnestly shaken, but the catchiest chorus comes on the EP’s final track, “I Feel Like a Goddamn Zombie,” which contrary to its title is not sluggish or robotic at all. It emerges from a *Zuma*-esque riff-fest which lumbers slow and heavy. The pace quickens and far-off sounding hi-hats play sixteenth notes. A handful of voices sing together of unrealized ambition. The song returns to its *Zuma* riffs. The beat grows more loping. There are a few thoughtful chords, which ring with the incandescent luminescence that only a Fender Jaguar can provide. There are four of them and they snap forward like a striking viper. And then it happens. Kipling sings, “And I walk like the living dead and I talk as if I’m ooh-ooh-ooh.” These lyrics aren’t relatable. They mean *nothing*. It is catchier than “Drive My Car,” it is catchier than “Basket Case,” and it is a hell of a lot better than “Smells Like Teen Spirit.” It is in the midst of brainless choruses, ones which distract from everything but the wind blowing through your car’s open window, tousling your hair, that Kipling’s genius flickers. The genius is fleeting. The chorus is reprised only once and Anna Bradley’s unidentified drummer misses the beat immediately preceding it. But when it hits you are allotted a handful of seconds of pure pop bliss and the drummer’s transgressions fade away in the grandeur of Anna Bradley’s mastery of melody.

When Kipling sings “I just want to be watching TV with you,” that hungry aching for innocent companionship is instantly evoked. *Nervous* is no *Pinkerton*, but its significantly better than any of Weezer’s past ten years worth of output. Though the specificity isn’t as chillingly meticulous as Cuomo’s circa ’96, Anna Bradley provide riffs and choruses, chord progressions and melodies, so hooky and immediately infectious that the details and nuances are completely unimportant.

bly guitar chords. The song gives way to an ambient swell of sound which eventually segues into “Cats.” “Cats” is very reminiscent of shoegaze and features walls of slowly decaying feedback a la Cymbals Eat Guitars’ “Share.” It is reprised from this winter’s *Are You A Young Rebel?* EP, where it appeared in a sparse, folksy form. Kipling’s guitar playing is at its pinnacle after the first verse of “I Feel Like a Goddamn Zombie.” This is the only straight-up, ripping solo on the EP. Kipling expresses his desire for “drinking beer and passing out” and plays a solo which echoes Stephen Malkmus or a somewhat clunky J Mascis.

The worst thing about the EP is its lo-fi recording. *Nervous* is not that lo-fi. It sits between a hi-fi album which could have a mainstream appeal and the more fashionable and abrasive style of lo-fi recording embodied by bands like Times New Viking of the shitgaze style. The EP’s songs stew in a miasma of

sound is worth money.

(music news and reviews) by Steve McLinden



Raekwon - *Only Built 4 Cuban Linx... Pt. II* (8 September 2009, EMI/Icewater)

Remember when everyone said hip-hop was dead? Remember when the only time you heard the Clan was on some scene kid's Sidekick ringtone or a Girl Talk mix? The Clan had already kind of fallen out of relevance by the time Ol' Dirty Bastard died, and Ghostface's *Fish-scale* is probably the only recent member album I listen to again and again. Let us not forget what *36 Chambers* did to the world, let us not forget that the very first *Only Built 4 Cuban Linx* paved the way for all successful Mafioso rap to follow (yes, I'm talking *Reasonable Doubt*).

But it's been a long time. The Clan's most recent collaborative release sans ODB, *8 Diagrams* was, I'm sorry, absolute garbage. RZA was a great producer in the 1990s, but why did he have to do all of *8 Diagrams*? Considering his disputes over respect and payment with Ghostface and others (U-God even aired out that dirty laundry on Youtube), it's like RZA became the Paul McCartney of the Clan. And George Clinton? Was he necessary? And please don't be crying about Russell the whole time. We know, he died. On with the music.

OB4CL2: "Coming Soon!" has been a pipe dream that Raekwon has been shouting out for several years now. Many Wu fans forgot about it, or wrote it off as

rap's *Duke Nukem Forever*, or like me, expected the languishing tracks to sound stale by the time the album actually hit stores.

But its release, its actual retail release this month shocked me, and Raekwon proved all of my dismissive talk wrong. This is not stale, this is almost as timeless as its namesake (I'm not sure that I'm willing to call it a sequel). It ranks up there with *Supreme Clientele*, *Heavy Mental*, and *Liquid Swords* in the category of Wu-branded albums that have not one skippable track from start to finish.

The J Dilla tracks have one of the most under-recognized producers living on posthumously, the first of these being "House of the Flying Daggers" on which Deck, Ghost, Meth, and GZA all go hard, but the hook's a little lame. Ghostface says something quasi-sensical about dressing up in a train conductor's hat and overalls; maybe he was one of those *Thomas The Tank Engine* kids, but it's probably just a reference to trafficking cocaine. Meth compares cracking your head open to the process of preparing blunts for marijuana use. It's like I'm in 1996, but don't worry, it feels fresh.

"Pyrex Vision," a 55-second mind-blowing verse with a chill beat produced by hip-hop founding father Marley Marl, will have you fiending for more lyrical crack like you were a consumer of the

crack that Rae the Chef was cooking up in the lyrics.

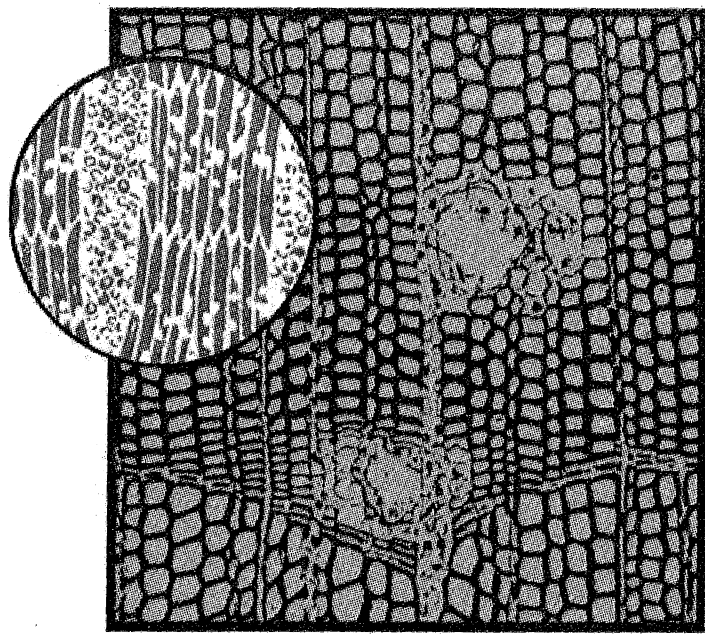
On "Cold Outside" Ghostface goes from complaining about the inflation on a pack of diapers to withdrawal from Iraq, and you want to ask him, "wait what?" but you just let it flow through your ears. But enough Ghost talk, he's on 6 more tracks. Rae and Deck kill it on "Black Mozart," lyrically inscribing vivid pictures of the organized crimes taking place in their Staten Island projects. If some website only lets you preview one track before you buy the album, make it "Surgical Gloves." The Alchemist has to be one of the illest producers in hip-hop today, with a barely recognizable sample of a Styx song (yes, '80s prog-rock Styx, and no, it's a deep track, not "Come Sail Away") filled out by steady knocking beats and overlaid with the recipes of the Chef.

Jadakiss & Styles P. appear on "Broken Safety," and it doesn't matter if Jada is going solo, on a D-Block track, or a friend like Raekwon, he goes hard. "Fuck hip-hop, we bringin' the streets back," is just begging me to quote it right here. Rae also lovingly assigns Wu-Gambino

obvious reference to the Queen song, but the beat is no lazy sample of that, it's a banger not unlike GZA's old *# Chamber*. Oh, and of course, GZA, Rick, and Raekwon are probably in the top five storytellers of all time, so they bring that to this track. Busta Rhymes ain't goofin' around on "About Me," to a decent beat by Dr. Dre. Yeah, star-studded doesn't begin to describe what this album brings to the current state of hip-hop. And on the closing track, slept-on producer Scram Jones brings a chipmunked-up sample of Elton John's "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road" that is the perfect conclusion, like a crime-movie equivalent to the metaphysical closer of *Liquid Swords*.

So if you grew up on that substantial hip-hop (not to be confused with "conscious rap" nor any other marketing term) and you wore out your Gang Starr cassettes. On some days in recent years, I'd say that rap as an art had reached its end-run, it'd all been done. But I stand corrected. *Only Built 4 Cuban Linx... Pt. II* is as serious shit as the original. And yes, it's way better than *Blueprint 3*, so if you need another instant classic these days, go with Raekwon.

GET COLOR



IN HEAT DIE SLOW NICE GIRLS DEATH+ BEFORE TIGERS
SEVERIN EAT FLESH WE ARE WATER IN VIOLET

nicknames to all of his new guests (except for Ricky D, who needs no other title than Slick Rick), making me a little sad that Nas Escobar was unable to make a return. Rick, Raekwon, and GZA all call out the hook to "We Will Rob You" as an

HEALTH - *Get Color* (10 September 2009, Lovepump United)

Before I start with the music on this one, let me tell you how super-disap-

sound is worth money.

(music news and reviews) by Steve McLinden

pointed that I am that I did not win a Colored Ticket. Of course, that was a play on Willy Wonka's five golden tickets. The band inserted 66 colored tickets for 66 unique prizes into 66 of the album's first-run CD pressing of 5,000 copies. I mean, my odds were pretty good, right? I pre-ordered and everything and I got a nice poster, and I open up my CD and there, there was no colored ticket. I was crestfallen. Just HEALTH's lovely aesthetics, with the over-contrasted stylized red and white image of cells under microscopes that they seem to be using a theme for this album. They use lots of grapefruit-red and a mint-green that rest perfectly between "neon" and "sherbet" along with other such complimentary colors. They write everything in all caps Arial font, all the time. So that's what you find inside, thank yous and a notice to play the album at a minimum of 90dB. Thanks for no fucking colored ticket!

The list of prizes, available in the press release, are nothing short of spectacular. The standards – an all-expenses paid trip to Los Angeles to chill with the bros for a long weekend and trip to Six Flags, free tickets to a show in your area, being a guest of the band at these shows, they were all at the top of the list. And from there on, the list gets weirder. Signed vinyls, of just any record they own. A HEALTH t-shirt, of course, with the option of it being worn by one of the dudes for a day before you get it. Win a lock of hair, or an astrological consultation from one of their moms, or some origami containing salvia (is mailing that a federal crime yet?). For the more unique experiences, you have the opportunity to get drunk on webcam with the band, make a milk-carton bird-feeder,

and mail your creations to each other. To me, the most exciting were some of the magenta tickets: a historical-themed phone call from the band, and prank-calling a "prominent indie musician" together. Oh my goodness, who could it be!? Well, probably someone in the southern California scene. I bet Stephen Malkmus don't take no shit. I wonder if you could drive Wavves to another breakdown. I'd feel bad if I did.

So yeah, the music. Last spring, the single "Die Slow" hit the Internet. This was not the HEALTH that made it cool to listen to noise! "Who leaked this mis-labeled track to a blogger?" I demanded of the Internet. There was no response, just a Pictureplane remix later to appear on the *Die Slow* single. The prominent bassline reels like some kind of industrial song. The guitarists and their pedals still hit the signature on-off-on effects, and the spaced-out vocals still sound the same. But the cheesy synths become towering in the hook, if you can call it that, it's like industrial disco-noise.

Of course, this didn't come out of nowhere, following the release of their debut noisy and sometimes random self-titled album, a bundle of remixes by friends of the band was compiled as HEALTH//DISCO, the ultimate hipster post-dance party soundtrack of last summer. This of course included "Crime-wave" (Crystal Castles vs. HEALTH), a mixed blessing bringing popularity to both bands... but I digress.

The band seems to be taking influence from Abe Vigoda, among others of their compatriots in the Los Angeles noise-rock scene based out of the downtown venue The Smell. "In Heat" is still heavy on the tribal drumming and some



kind of twisted-circus sounding synths. "Severin" is as close to punk as they get, with fun little riffs interspersed between roaring and badass drumming. There's lots of industrial sounds going on in the sense of metal-on-metal noises, but I'm not sure that it would appeal to fans of industrial music as such. "We Are Water" has these soft-screaming cavernous guitar feedbacks without comparison. "In Violet" is a nice closer. There's probably a lot of drugs going into HEALTH's work, and if I was more experienced in the usage of drugs, maybe I could tell you what the sound feels like. If I'm inaccurate in saying that *Get Color* is like heavy consumption of laughing gas and a bad batch of ecstasy and the only thing to drink is milk but you don't care because you're partying and you're trying to concentrate on every little sound effect, then maybe someone who has actually tried that could name an album closer to it, but I couldn't.

As an aside, HEALTH is one of those bands that people will tell you, "their

recorded stuff's okay, but I like them live." HEALTH's live stuff can still, even in the *Get Color* era be classified as noise (fortunately, in my opinion). They just get up there and fucking pound out the drums and claw at their guitars and stomp on their pedals and if anyone says that noise is not real music, I would contend that an artist needs such a deep sense of musicality to achieve what is probably the hardest feat in all of music – to make noise sound good.

I saw them about a year ago, and they staged the simplest but most effective act of rebellion against the crowd since The Rolling Stones started playing with their backs to the crowd: they spent most of the show laying down, banging on drum pads, and flipping their guitar pedals on and off. The crowd went wild just to see what was going on. This summer, when I saw them open a star-crossed outdoor show on Brooklyn's side of the East River I expected them to debut some more heroin-industrial-noise or something. Instead, they pounded those tribal drums, they struck those guitars once in a while and let the pedals do all the talking, and the soft, eerie vocals even came through in what had to be the loudest outdoor concert I'd ever witnessed.

Anyway, I hope you buy this album even if noise-rock-disco isn't something you'll ever listen to. If you do and you win a colored ticket like maybe a phone call, can you at least let me listen in? HEALTH is playing with Pictureplane (their buddies who remixed *Die Slow*) at Bowery Ballroom in Manhattan on Thursday, September 24.



Good Evening ROCK YO



Seduction 101

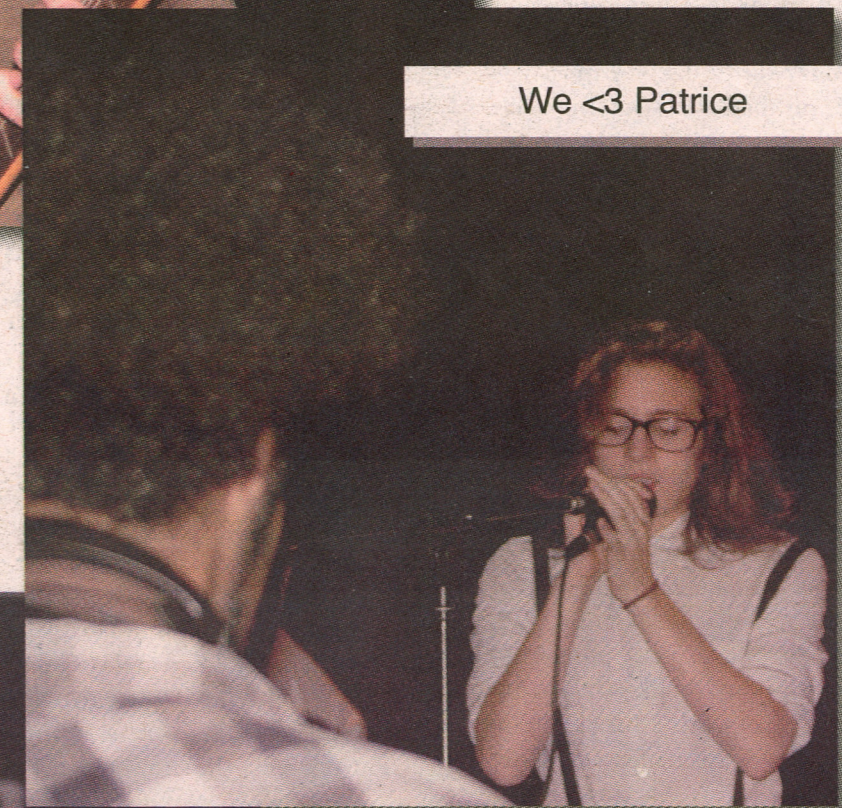


Stony Brook! FACECASE



We <3 Patrice

View the glory that is RockYoFaceCase.
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All Photos by Natalie Crnosija
and Roman Sheydvasser



And the Decade Did Eat Shit And Then It Died

By Alexander Cardozo

1979 was a bipolar musical patient. It didn't know if it wanted to be loud, angry and poorly musically trained, or soft, technical and aging. Others would say it wanted to be a robot, an effeminate, new-romantic kind of robot with too much eyeliner. Sages called that New Wave, Post-Punk, and any number of other buzzwords that non-musicians with their silly hats could come up with, because it's always clever to draw comparisons between synth-heavy, gender bending musical movements, and an unrelated movie fad from a bunch of Maoist French teenagers, also with very silly hats.

1979 saw the release of The Cure's, *Three Imaginary Boys* and Gary Numan's, *The Pleasure Principle*. They arrived along with a whole movement of electronic oddities. The English band XTC had just released its debut album the year before, and Joy Division had just left its stain on the scene. The methods and the styles were changing, leaving behind disco hate, purist punk rock, and the leftovers of the flower generation along its footprints. Music, fashion and politics needed a change, and all we got was a stupid shirt that may or may not have said Metallica on it.

The Cure *Three Imaginary Boys*

Yes, lead singer Robert Smith's first with his least favorite album from his own band. Smith and his fellow middle school friends formed The Cure in Sussex, Britain back in 1973. The band lacked any recording experience and left the mixing and engineering work to producers, much to Smith's dismay. The Cure would grow dramatically after *Three Imaginary Boys*, with albums that would actually challenge conventions and that sounded like finished works. *Three Imaginary Boys* will always be an unfinished and fragmented project, and Smith hits the nail on the head with his

hate for some tracks on the album. The covers feel forced and juxtaposed, they don't belong here, somehow it will never ever sound natural to the ears to go from the inventive "Subway Song," only to go on to a "Foxy Lady" cover. The most bizarre down note the album hits is the last track simply called "[untitled]." Excuse me; I don't listen to The Cure to hear blues solos, if I wanted to hear that, I'd throw on some Blind Willie Johnson, someone who can actually play blues.

As much as I'd want to tear the album apart for its amateur recording and sheepish style at times, I can't deny its choice genius tracks. Track 12, the eponymous "Three Imaginary Boys," is an alt-rock anthem that is the wrong decade. The song would find a better home in 1990 if it could find its way there. Other songs, such as "10:15 on a Saturday Night," and "Fire in Cairo" are some of the first examples of that distinct 80s Cure sound that Smith would eventually perfect. Both tracks are worth the album's existence alone.

The climax for album has to be "Subway Song." Smith has not yet been able to replicate the dread and suspense of this song. With its single slow bass line, the eerie track tells the story of a girl going home on the subway as she is followed by a stalker. Without any lyrics and only Smith's spoken lines, the track leads up to one of the few authentic screams ever in rock.

Three Imaginary Boys is a flawed but sometimes enjoyable album, with too much redeemable value to overlook. Go listen to it, you wankers.

Gary Numan *The Pleasure Principle*

When you read this you will have lost all self-respect, or not, it depends on your view of synthpop. If the thought of Brian Eno's long stringy hair waving in the air as he bare backs David Bowie turns you on, then all the more power to you. Crank up the Erasure and ejaculate.

To be fair, Numan *did* change

music. Enough to get name-dropped on *The Mighty Boosh* every episode.

And you know, the thing about Gary Numan is, not only is he a pop star right, he's got a *pilot's* license. How cool is that?!

The Pleasure Principle, doesn't play around, it shoots warm, hot, synthpop right down your throat fast with "Air-

The subtle climaxes of the album have to be near its end as the album gets more lyrically heavy and begins to resemble traditional rock more. "M.E." "Observer" and "Cars," are as memorable as they are fun to listen to. They're perhaps the most accessible tracks on the album. For those of you who don't know what "Music for Airports" is, lis-



plane." It's pure synthpop, Numan doesn't even have to say a word. That's right, he doesn't even have to speak to unleash the hounds that aren't from hell because hounds from hell would have substantially more testosterone than these hounds.

It's hard for me to pick out bad tracks from the album since everything sticks to the same theme. Numan does something new and cool, but then does the same thing for 12 songs worth of pretty damn good music. He doesn't leave any low points, which isn't too bad for a debut. He knows what he's doing and sticks to it. You'll have plenty of time to blow coke and experiment later.

ten to these three first.

The Pleasure Principle was an important release, especially in the U.S. market, where it ushered in a generation of imitators and defined, in its most pure form, a sound that the 80s grew to love, just like spandex, and New-Coke. All in all, it's a clever and unique album, and no one will call you gay if you listen to it, honest. Don't you like Cars? Don't you feel safest of all in them? Don't you think having a *pilot's license* is cool? That's right, I thought so. Now go queer out and listen to Gary Numan, don't forget to grab some Culture Club albums on your way out.

Green Day Saves Rock, Feeds Kids

By Eric DiGiovanni

Every time I think that rock is dead, something happens to reaffirm my faith that not all music acts are looking for the next Top 40 hit, or, like most metal bands, are so cut off from the outside world that they are incomprehensible.

This came in the form of Green Day's July 27 and 28 concerts at Madison Square Garden to promote their new album, *21st Century Breakdown*. The opening act was Kaiser Chiefs.

I've never really heard of Kaiser Chiefs before I heard their song "Ruby" once and the only thing I got out of it was the "Ruby, ruby, ruby, ruby! Oooh-oooh-oooh-oooh-oooh!" I wasn't impressed by them at Monday's show. All their instruments sort bled together. At least now I have "Never Miss a Beat" (which grew on me over time) stuck on repeat. We skipped them Tuesday.

In between acts, they used the scoreboard to display messages that people have texted in. A natural fit considering we're in the Twitter Age, but considering I saw about 100 "Scream if u lik green day"s, 50 texts each for every active sports team, and 20 "The Games" (which you just lost), I wonder if it was really a good idea. I also saw 10 marriage proposals. That says "I find you special enough to publicly propose but not special enough to have said proposal displayed longer than 10 seconds."

Then of course, we have the main act, Green Day. Whether or not they can be considered punk will always be debated but you can't deny the impact they've had on people for past 15 years. I'm willing to bet that at least half of the campus know the words to "Basket Case" by heart or can recognize the bass line to "Longview" after a few notes. Hell, "Good Riddance" has been used for everything from graduations to funerals to sitcom endings. Imagine that legacy, combined with the diverse and well written *21st Century Breakdown*, and you have one hell of a show.

The first three songs were also the first three tracks off *Breakdown*. First was "Song of the Century," which is an acapella distorted to sound like it's on old-time radio. It does a good job of set-

ting the scene for the rest of the album, but in the concert, it just lets you know that you have about a minute to get to your seat before the show begins. Next came the title track, "21st Century Breakdown," which introduces a character in this concept album, Christian, and continues to establish the setting. At the concert it was an epic way to open the show. Then came the real

White, the band's touring guitarist since 1999. He did most of the guitar work and was really good. He even improvised a couple solos while Billie was screwing around. Also contributing was Jason Freese, who played saxophone on "King for a Day," and accordion on "Minority."

They hit on a lot of big songs from both the new album and the old ("Bas-

kid who played bass keep it. I saw the lucky guy at Penn Station afterwards "You're one lucky kid," I said. "I know," he replied. Smug little bastard.

Speaking of the children, during "East Jesus Nowhere," (a catchy song from the new album, available for DLC on Rock Band) right as the bridge starts, Billie Joe stopped and asked the crowd, "Thank the Lord, Who wants to be

saved?" It was satirical, but with the fervor in the crowd those nights he could be trying to convert us to Scientology and we would have gone along. He asked for a small child to come up on stage and got him into position, with his hand on the child's head. No matter who it was, the child had the same look on their face: knowing that this is the greatest moment ever, but scared witless. Billie continued to sing and right as the bridge ends, he would shove the kids onto his back, pyrotechnics blast, and they finish the song. Then he tells them "Get off my fuckin' stage you little demon child!" That boy's gonna grow up to be awesome.

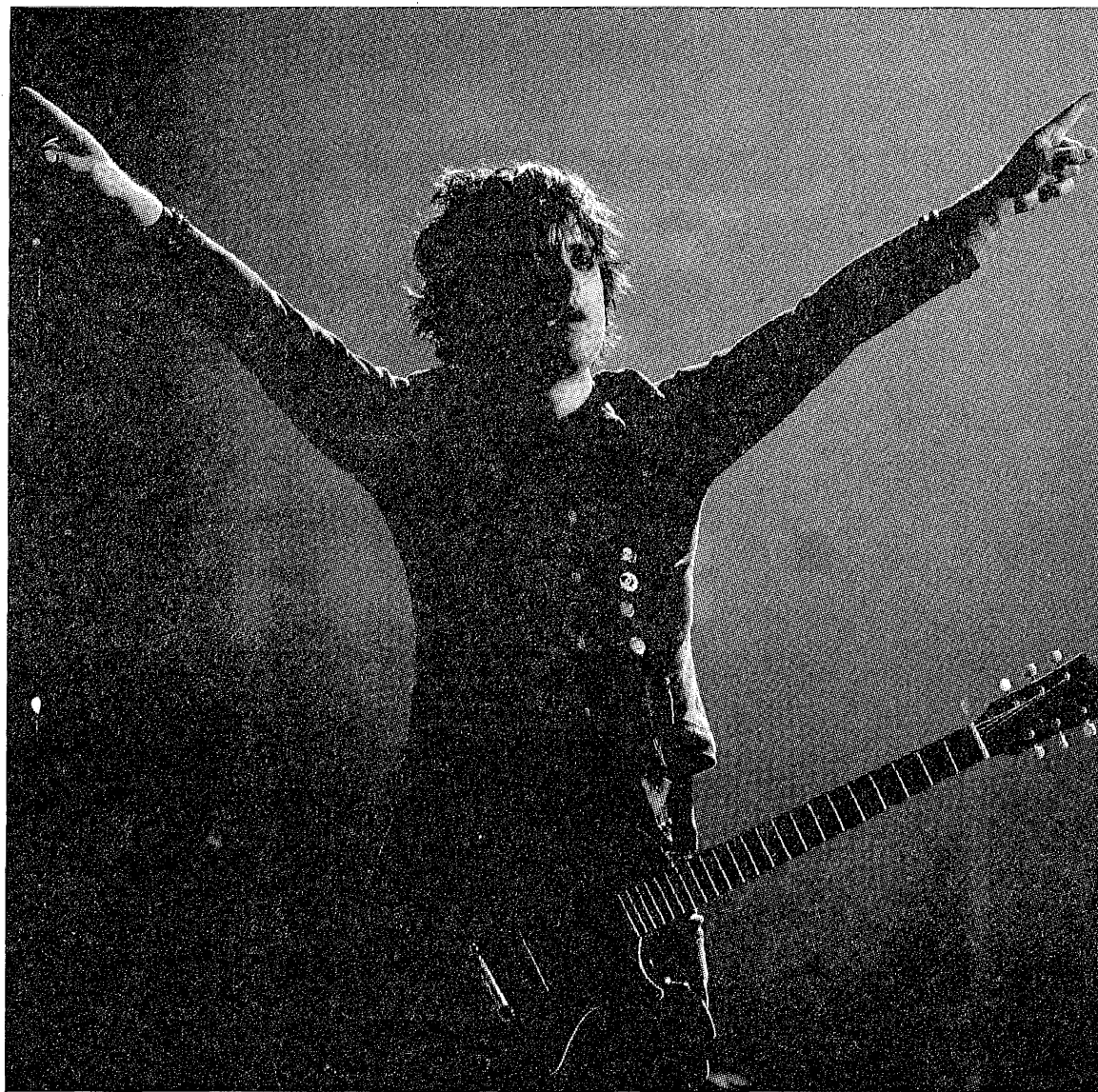
My only complaints can be summed up in four words: "Hey-o! New York City!"

Those are fine chants to get the crowd moving but they were used too much. I'm just thinking "Get back to the song already!"

The album and the show are worth every cent.

Even my Dad likes the album and he usually doesn't like anything made after 1987. After the show, while we were eating at the Papaya Dog in Penn Station, he told me stories of other concerts he went to in his younger days, like Pink Floyd's "The Wall," Yes at Madison Square Garden and the J. Geils Band got booed of the stage at an Allman Brothers/Grateful Dead show in Jersey. About Green Day, he said amazed, "That's the second best concert I've ever seen. Second, just barely, to The Wall."

Rock was never dead. It was never better before (insert name of year here). Like God, Rock may be forgotten about, blasphemed and questioned, but it will always be there, so long as one believes.



15 years of quasi punk rock sensibilities.

treat: the hit single "Know Your Enemy." If there is an "arena punk" song, this is it. The drums led this march into a two chord shout-along. This was when the show really got moving. Billie Joe Armstrong's energy gets cranked up to eleven. He runs into the stands during the solo, comes back, and keeps the fists pumping. On the Tuesday night show, a kid crowd surfed up onto the stage, danced along for a minute, and then went back down. The band loved every minute of it. The rest of the show kept this momentum going up until the last three songs of the five song encore, where Billie Joe played some acoustic numbers, always ending with "Good Riddance (Time Of Your Life)".

Credit should be paid to Jason

ket Case," "Brain Stew/Jaded," and "Longview") and even a few surprises ("Static Age" and "Murder City" from the new album, "2000 Light Years Away" and "Disappearing Boy" from their back catalogue). If you were disappointed with the set list, then congratulations, you're a snob.

There was a lot going on during the songs. There was a giant screen in back playing relevant footage, like a road for "Hitchin' a Ride" or WWII war footage for "Holiday." They also brought up audience members to play. Monday night, they brought up a girl to play guitar for "Jesus Of Suburbia," and Tuesday night they got 3 kids to play drums, bass and guitar for their cover of Operation Ivy's "Knowledge." Mike Dirnt even let the

“Got 99 Problems but a Hipster Ain’t One...”

By Nguyen Butler

It's been heavily-blogged that rap mogul Jay-Z was spotted at a free indie rock concert in Brooklyn last month, but the story runs much deeper than that. Jay's foray into hipsterdom got off to a bit of a rough start when he and Beyoncé found themselves too far north in Williamsburg, according to Beyoncé's sister Solange. “We got a little lost. We ended up in this Hasidic Jew neighborhood, and we had to roll down the limo window sippin’ Armand, we had to ask some guy on a bike to get directions to the park. It was awkward,” Solange told a friend who lives in Manhattan.

On a *Blueprint 3* song featuring Jimmy from Degrassi (sometimes known as Drake), the pair rap, “Cris, we off that. Timbs, we off that. Rims, we off that,” which may mark a paradigm shift in Jay's choice of alcohol, footwear, and transportation to PBR, Plimsolls, and fixed-gear bicycles, respectively.

“I showed him how remixes don't have to be just adding 30 seconds to a song for a Jim Jones verse. You know, like you can make a new beat or re-structure the hook. When I played him a Holy Fuck remix of a Radiohead song, he was just floored,” explained a certain Baltimore-based DJ. “He said he wants to get an Elliott Smith remix of some *Blueprint 3* songs. Well like, he hasn't quite gotten the concept, but he likes it.”

As for the musical influence of his new found interests, there are rumors that Jay will be working with Grizzly Bear, Animal Collective and MGMT on new albums. “Didn't that guy say he can't wear skinny jeans because his nuts don't fit?” said Andrew Barnes, who fronts indie-pop band of Montreal and is close friends with MGMT. “They only wear skinny jeans. Purple, a lot of times, yeah... Maybe Jay will go castrato!” which has, of course, done wonders for this year's breakthrough indie pop artist, Passion Pit. Some of Jay's other reported interests are releasing a “drone-rap cassette tape” in collaboration with experimental band Black Dice, and he reportedly “wants to make some plans to get on stage with one of those punk bands,” apparently unaware of the trend of simply rushing the stage.

With this new perspective, friends have derided Jay for collaborations he's done with Lil Wayne in the past few years. “Jay only does this to be ironic or some shit,” a friend of Jay's in the fashion business vented. “Seriously now, nobody actually thinks Weezy's good, right?” “I go to his place and all that Scarface shit, it's gone. He's got some *Harold and Maude* poster up in his bedroom. Some old lady and some kid. What the fuck is that shit about?”

Some speculate that Jay started exploring his hipster roots through M.I.A. Famed DJ and producer Diplo, who has been linked to M.I.A. showed Hova around the more gentrified parts of

New York, and afterwards, Jay asked if he could “borrow” an authentic Caribbean-style flower print cap. “I think someone threw that on stage at one of my sets, I can't believe people in



America wear that,” Diplo laughed it off.

As the couple are frequent visitors to Brooklyn's coolest spots now, Beyoncé spent more than \$1000 making a stop at the American Apparel store on N. 6th Avenue, mostly on black unitards

and other “you know, trashy crap” reported a Newport-smoking 19-year-old loitering outside the store. One cashier suggested that Beyoncé might have to look up pictures of the stoned models on the website to figure out how to put them on, as customers often have a hard time figuring out which end is up on some AA articles. Carter, meanwhile, bought nothing in the store, but an order came down to a floor manager at a Rocawear distribution center in Piscataway, N.J. to make some thigh-high cut-offs out of the jeans. “Jigga? Hear he fuckin’ lost his mind,” the manager who requested to be named only as Fred.

Hov is looking to expand his business ventures to the “hipster fellas and ladies” market, as he called them, opening a string of third-hand shops, where associates of his will have selected the most fashionable items in all of New York's thrift stores to be re-sold for several-hundred dollars. “I mean, like, they don't spend money on food or good alcohol or paying for music or owning a car or anything, so I think that much like all of my other fans, they will be willing to pay a high price for fine clothes.”

Carter says he may buy out a popular venue in Williamsburg to build a multi-million dollar condo atop the grounds, hoping that it adds to the “culture” of the neighborhood.

“Holy Masterpiece, Batman!”

By Mike Cusanelli

Since the release of *The Dark Knight*, many people have jumped on the Bat-bandwagon, claiming to be fans of Batman. I am not one of those people. My unholy love of all things Batman stretches back to my childhood, when I was almost blinded by a small plastic batarang. That is how truly sincere my fandom is. Anyway, I expected the usual load of Bat-crap from Eidos when I heard of the release of *Batman: Arkham Asylum*. However, I decided to remain loyal to the dark knight and bought the game anyway. All I can say is *holy shit*, this game is an epiphany. I feel like the designers plucked all of my geek fantasy moments directly from my mind and implemented them into the game. Never before have I seen a Bat-



Taste the power of the batarang, Joker.

man game with a more brutal and easy to use combat system. Punching a guy in the head and watching him go down

in slow-mo has never been more gratifying. The stealth action was actually fun for once, as opposed to the con-

troller throwing madness of other stealth games. I actually felt like I was dangling from a gargoyle, picking off the suspicious and cowardly lot that inhabits Arkham's walls. With a story written by the master of all things Batman, Paul Dini, the plot is good enough for a movie release. And don't even get me started on the voice acting. Having Kevin Conroy and Mark Hamill reprise their roles from the animated series was another dream come true for me and many others. Now, I don't want you to think I'm gushing over how awesome Batman is just because I love comics. As a game all in itself, Batman is a stroke of graphical and design genius. Many have compared it to 2007's *Bioshock*, and I have to agree that both games are equally absorbing. Put down this newspaper right now and ask, nay, demand a copy of this game as soon as your atrophied nerd legs can carry you to your nearest retailer.

“9” Reasons Not to Give Time Burton Your \$\$\$

By Nick Statt

1. The film *9* is a complicated mix of intentions. In a post-apocalyptic world, you have dolls (whose souls were in-putted through a method you wish was more explained) fighting machines that forced humanity into extinction. The problem arises with the style, the dolls are designed like Disney characters, but they fight surprisingly scary machines with a cliché underlying theme (humans have to be careful of their creations). You don't really know how you're supposed to swallow the pill as a whole and find the mix of Tim Burton and *the Matrix*, with the obvious influence of *Wall-E*'s success.

2. The voice acting in the film is alarmingly disappointing. With a cast including the big name boy Elijah Wood, you'd expect some really stellar performances. However, the voices coming out of the dolls come off as more representative of their physical forms than of actual actors. I found amusement only in correctly guessing that John C. Reilly, the other brother opposite Will Ferrell in *Step Brothers*, did the voice of one of the nine dolls.

3. If you're going to be seeing this film

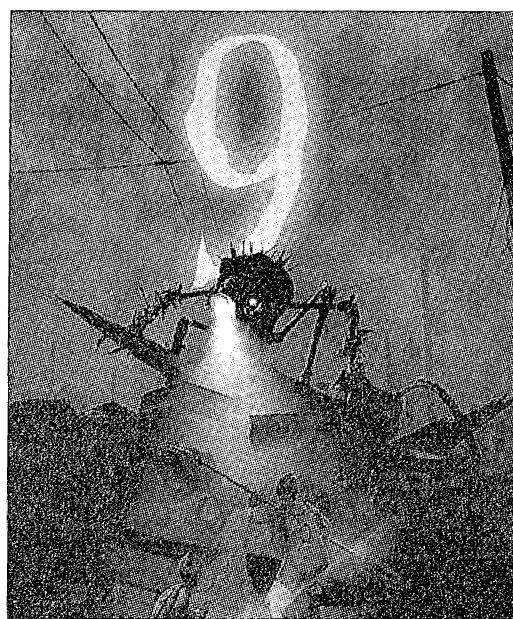
anywhere on Long Island or near New York City, you're most likely going to be paying more than seven dollars to see it. But *9* happens to be only 88 minutes long, which will most likely leave any viewer feeling like they've paid too much money for a far too short film. While the budget was probably the biggest influence, it's still impossible not to feel that the makers could have put a little bit more into it.

4. As stated earlier, the movie's overall theme is highly cliché. Although better than *Wall-E*, which had Hal the red-eye machine directly ripped out of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, the whole machine-turning-its-back-on-its-human-creator formula has been highly overdone and seems to only stand strong these days if it offers something new, something *9* does not.

5. While Tim Burton is not the director, you'd still expect his touch to have some significance. *9* doesn't seem to sparkle like any of Burton's past gems and will easily fade into the background of both the 2009 titles and Tim Burton's library.

6. The film's ending, as many other critics have pointed out, is comprised of quick easy snips that tie together an otherwise complex and deep storyline. This leaves the whole plot relying heavily on pure bull, to put as nicely as pos-

sible. The whole film builds suspense to explain all the questions the beginning conjured up and the ending utterly fails to deliver. If it were a child's film, that would be understandable. But, as the



whole film surprisingly exhibits, that is not the case.

7. Jumping off from the previous point, the film, which was at first received as a child's film due to its computer generated style, is not for kids. First, it's highly frightening at points and any child under the age of ten will probably not take it too well. From the viciously Tim Burton-esque machines, to the fact that some scenes depict humans falling vic-

tim, to the machines' onslaughts, the film was appropriately rated PG-13, but was somewhat falsely advertised as something more bearable for children.

8. A plot discrepancy that isn't all that pivotal, but still noticeable all the same, is the reliance on the secrecy behind the number nine. The early previews apparently turned off many people because of their failure to be explosive and show some of the more action-heavy scenes. The ads did seem to put some heavy focus on the number nine, which will disappoint people who think it has significance. As you learn almost immediately, the ninth doll in the series has no significance other than him being the last one to awake.

9. The last reason, and probably the most detectable one, is that the film is so visibly beautiful that its animation dwarfs the rest of the film, and thus exemplifies its flaws. While this may seem like a positive, *9* is crippled because Shane Acker, its director, relies so heavily on this animation pull. If you love CG films or have any interest in animation, this film we'll probably be worthwhile. But for the rest of the audience, it just isn't worth seeing.

Feel Good Pick- Oh My God-A Tribe Called Quest

By Stephen Hayes

So you're about to make your way out of South P after you just get out of your most mind numbing class. You need something that will start your drive home off right. Why not throw on some Tribe? You want a track that will get your head nodding and some rap/sing along ability. *Oh My God* is definitely where it's at.

The song opens up like a real hip-hop song should. A few low-pitched scratches from Ali Shaheed, and then the funky horns and guitar jump in for a few seconds, eventually dying down to leave Tip's nasal yet smooth voice compliment the essential kick, snare and bass line with some classic Tribe lyrics, "Listen up everybody the bottom line, I'm a black intellect, but un-

refined." Of course a great Tribe song can't really come together without some of Phife's off the dome style delivery. "One for the treble, two for the bass, you know the style Tip, it's time to flip this." The track has already taken your overwhelmed mind and freed it from the mundane. You think that you can't feel any better, but then Busta Rhymes' manic outcry of "Oh my god!! Yes!! Oh my god!!!" triggers an adrenaline surge through your veins. Now you're on top of the world. As you're losing yourself in the funky vibe along with him, you remember your window is open and that you're at a red light with some old couple shaking their heads at you. Whatever, who cares anyway? You just keep bobbing your head as Tip jumps back into effect, which is just enough to hold you over until Busta's next outburst, which comes after Tip utters his last

line in the song that makes you proud to be a New Yorker "cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place, Take off your boots cuz you can't run the race." As Busta is finishing up his perfect hype man fit while the jazz piano fades in to wrap up the song, you realize that there is no need to worry about your worthless DEC class. Mind you, this is all achieved in 3 minutes and 30 seconds. A Tribe Called Quest is above the concept of time. They have the ability to take whatever unpleasant thought is on your mind and ship it somewhere far, far away, just like Shaheed's ability to "push the fader from here to Granada."

Tribe should be used as an example of what hip-hop should be. What gives Tribe this respect among the most avid hip-hop heads to the casual listener can be found in Q-Tip's opening lyric. When you listen to Tribe you

are getting quality hip-hop without any pretensions. They don't need to fill all of their lines with multi-syllabic rhymes and ridiculous similes and metaphors, which seem to be the problem with much of current alternative hip-hop. Tribe has the formula down just right, great beats, lyrics and flow. They just rap about whatever is on their mind and make it all seem so simple. I think everyone gets the urge to hop up on a stage, grab a mic and spit some rhymes to move the crowd. That is exactly what hip-hop is about: making good music and having a good time doing it. The former is lost in many of the current hip-pop acts, and the latter is lost in some of the underground acts. The next time you just simply want some good hip-hop music to pick you up, throw on some Tribe and get lost in a fusion of smooth, jazzy beats and true to life lyrics.

COMICS

The
**SCARLET
 SEAWOLF**
 By: Frank Myles

Greetings, citizens!!
 Some of you I know,
 and some of
 you I'm
 meeting for
 the first
 time

Im...
**THE SCARLET
 SEAWOLF!!** and I
 regularly protect the
 campus from crime!!

And I'm funded
 by your tuition
 money!! So no
 need to thank
 me!!

Not so fast!!
 it is I,
Pat Riot!!
 prepare
 to meet your
 end with a
 conservative blast
 from my cannon!!

Silly Pat Riot, your
 cannon is pointed too
 far to the
 right to ever
 hit me!!

Ha
 Ha!!
 Gah!!
 I am
 beaten!!

Sorry about that,
 citizens, well,
 here's hoping
 you'll keep reading
 my comics!! Farewell!!

fin.

LISTEN UP, PANGIES. THE WHOLE
 FLEET HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT, SAVE
 US. WE'RE THE LAST OF THE
 RESISTANCE.

QUIET, SOLDIER!
 SPOUTING OFF LIKE
 THAT, YOU'LL DRAW
 ENEMY FIRE!

BUT GENERAL
 TWINKLEHARDT!

THE SONUVABITCH GOT
 ME! IT'S JUST THE TWO
 OF YOU, NOW! HOLD THE
 FORT! HOLD THE FORT!

LATER

SO, UH...
 YOU'RE A GIRL, RIGHT?

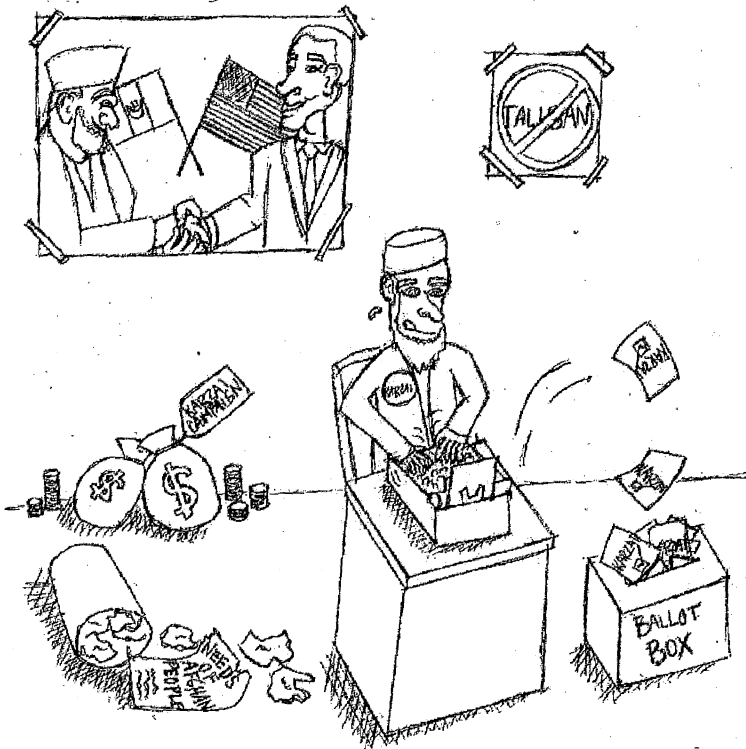
...DO YOU WANT ME TO BE?

We Don't Get It

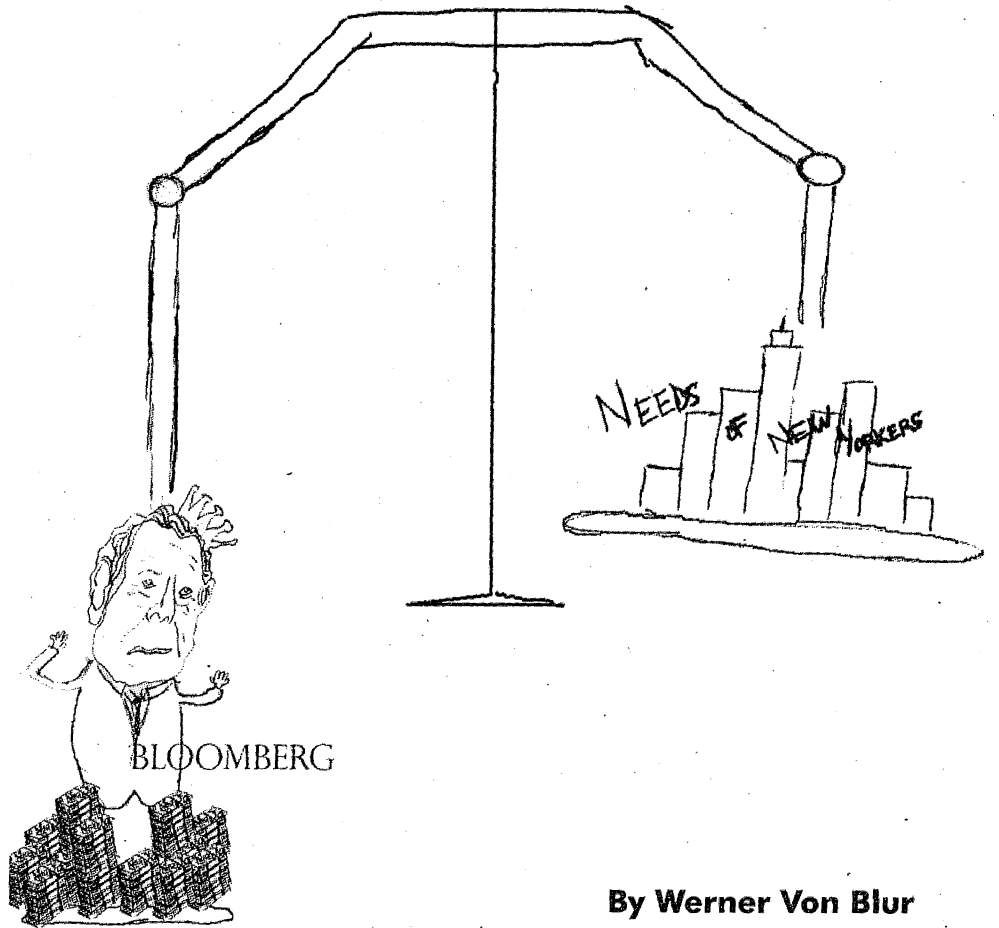


New York State of Mind

Afghan Democratic Election



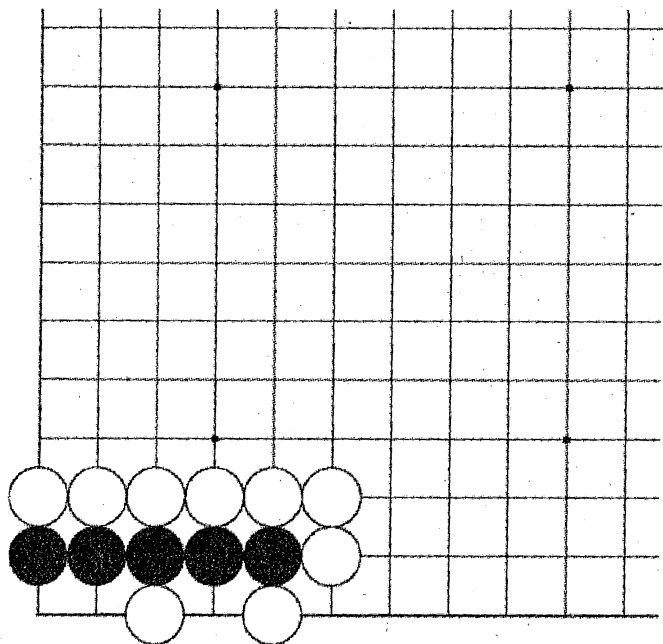
Laina Boruta



By Werner Von Blur

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

Go for it, Man!

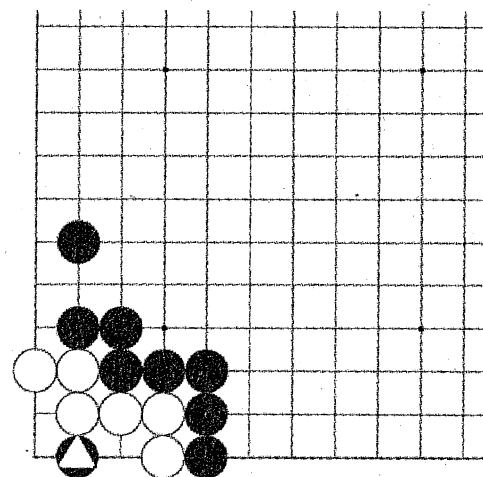


The Go club meets this semester every Tuesday & Thursday, 8:00pm at the Library Commuter Lounge. Check it out!

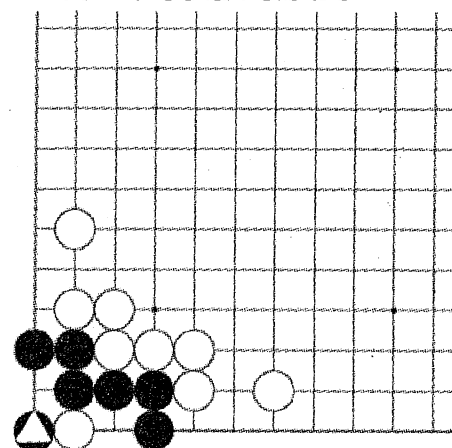
Black to move, kill Whitey! No wait, live!

The solutions to both problems from last issue are both similar. in #1, because black has surrounded white all the way to the bottom on one side, when white attempts to kill the middle black stone(s)...Bam! Dead.

Similarly, because black has that additional liberty in #2, white's taking of the key stone will result in black taking both white stones and gaining two eyes!



Last issue's solution #1



Last issue's solution #2, a two-fer!

Texting Behind The Wheel: The New Epidemic



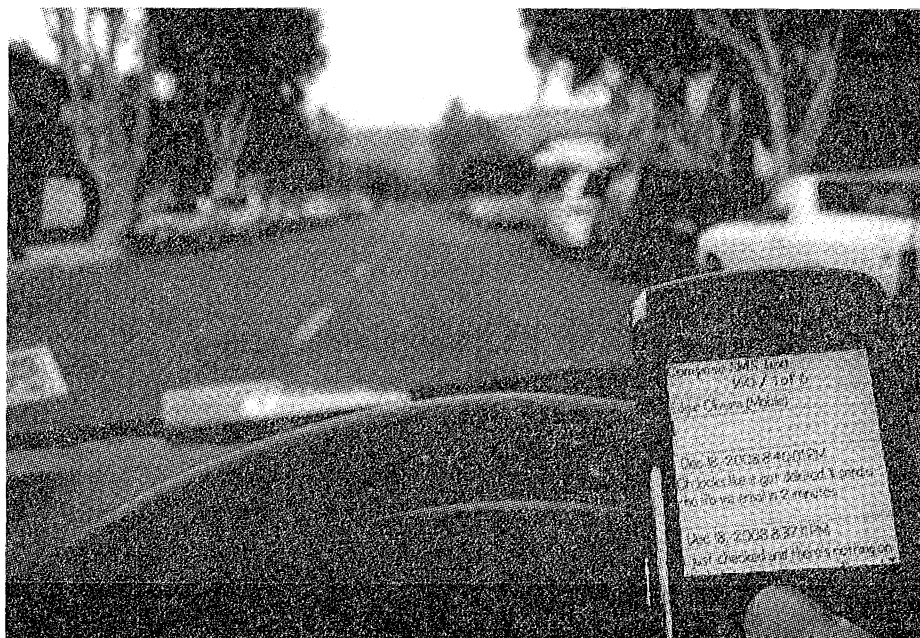
By: Lauren Dubinsky

When you think of something that has the potential to kill or bring immense harm to you, what comes to mind? A poisonous snake? A serial killer? A tornado?

Did you ever stop to think that the cell phone that's sitting in your pocket or resting in your hand has the power to rob you of your life? Many teenagers in America don't take that into consideration as they're driving 80mph in a 55mph lane, while texting their best friend about the party they're going to later. I'm almost positive that if they had a head on crash that resulted in paralysis for the rest of their life, they would wish they hadn't been texting while driving. This is a serious problem that is affecting teens all over the United States, and something must be done to put an end to it.

Go ahead and guess the percentage of drivers between the ages of 18 and 24 that text while driving. According to Edgar Snyder & Associates, a law firm representing injured people, the percentage is as high as 50%. That's implying that half of the young drivers on the

road right now are texting while driving. To make matters even worse, each year 21% of fatal car crashes between the ages of 16 to 19 were the result of cell phone usage. One of the 21% of fatal car accidents happened a year ago



when five female friends from Rochester, N.Y. died in a collision with a tractor trailer because the driver was texting moments before the crash. This is just one of the thousands of accidents that happen every year and unfortunately it will not be the last unless seri-

ous actions are taken. Eighteen states now ban text messaging for all drivers, but that is only eighteen out of fifty states. That means that thirty-two states are saying it's okay to text while driving. I hope we all get to live to see the day

that texting is banned in all fifty states.

You have to lack every kind of common sense if you aren't well aware that driving while texting is a dangerous act. A student at The School of Visual Arts, Kayla Spurell said, "Although I do text while driving, I understand that it's ille-

gal and dangerous." Many drivers know this information but they still continue to text because they tell themselves, "nothing bad will ever happen to me." They are telling themselves the biggest lie of all time because statistics prove that if you text while driving bad things *will* happen to you. On the other hand, a freshman here at Stony Brook University, Zenna Solomon stated, "I think that texting while driving is a selfish and dangerous trend that is often overlooked." Her friend said, "I think it is a serious problem right now because a lot of teens are addicted to texting and don't realize how much focus and coordination is needed to text nor that the same is needed to drive. The effectiveness of one of these activities will be compromised and unfortunately it is usually the driving since texting takes priority." Both of these students hit the nail on the head with this issue. If more teenagers could have this view on texting while driving, so many lives would have been spared. We cannot change the past, but we can change the future. So next time you're driving around in your car and you hear your cell phone ringing, just ignore it because whatever the person calling you has to tell you isn't as important as your life.

An Invitation to Recycle

By Jessica Ryback

The Department of Recycling and Resource Management would like to welcome all new and returning students to Stony Brook for the Fall semester. The goal of our department has always been to provide students with a simple way of participating in the recycling infrastructure on campus. As that goal has been successfully reached in the past, we plan on employing the help of all students to continue and expand our results in the future.

In my opinion, the beauty of Stony Brook's recycling program is that each student can become as involved in recycling on campus as they wish. Someone who is interested in participating in activities sponsored by the Department of Recycling and Resource Management can easily do so. Events such as America Recycles Day (November 15) and Recyclemania (Spring Semester) can be attended by anyone whose interested in learning more

about recycling, or anyone whose simply interested in further promoting a strong environmental message on campus. RAs can even book presentations in which an Outreach Coordinator, such as myself, will come to a residence hall and teach students who attend about how to properly and easily recycle on campus.

However, someone who cares about the environment but doesn't have much time to spare on campus activities can still play an important role in lessening Stony Brook's carbon footprint by recycling paper and bottles and cans all over campus. There are bins located in every academic and administration building, throughout the academic mall and in each residence hall dorm. Students who have decided to deflect waste and make use of recycling bins on campus have made a huge



impact. During last year's nationwide Recyclemania competition, Stony Brook University placed 16th in the Gorrilla category, which determines which school has recycled the most paper, cardboard, bottles and cans. In Recyclemania, Stony Brook was one of 510 schools that collectively recycled 69.4 million pounds of recyclables. This impressive number couldn't have been reached without the participation of each school involved and, in turn couldn't have been reached without the participation of each student involved.

Whether you're new to the campus or are returning once more, it's beneficial to note that being environmentally conscious at Stony Brook is easy, since the campus is full of opportunities to participate.

If anyone would like to inquire

about recycling on campus, request an additional recycling bin for their dorm or schedule a residence hall presentation, they can reach the Department of Recycling and Resource Management at (631) 632-1514, or at my email address, jrybak@notes.cc.sunysb.edu.

For more information, go to:
<http://studentaffairs.stonybrook.edu/res/recycling.shtml>

<http://ws.cc.stonybrook.edu/central-services/recycling/>

Recycling bin for bottles and cans (l) and trash can (r) that can be found throughout the Academic Mall.

The "Recycled Recycler" type of bin that's made out of recycled materials and serves to collect them as well.

An example of a bottles and cans recycling bin that is found in all residence halls

Blowing Up Our Education

By Ross Barkan

A friend of mine was milling outside our dormitory one warm night. He was disgruntled, pacing back and forth in the halo of a streetlight. His band had recently lost a show at Stony Brook University because the school had refused to provide enough funding for the show. Rightfully angry, he began cursing what many people celebrate with unbridled enthusiasm: college. "I'd like to drop out already, I'm just wasting time here," he said. "I want to focus on the band and making music. That's what I love. We should be able to do what we want to do." My friend, a Dean's List student, was unintentionally echoing the sentiments of a small but vocal minority that advocated a revolution in educational thought, a revolution that would dismantle many of the institutions and values so championed today. My rock n' roll pal summoned the spirits of Ivan Illich and Jiddu Krishnamurti, beating the drum for another worldview.

When we look at higher education today, we see a system that, despite its flaws, furthers the mental capacities of its many students. Very, very few are against education as we know it. What have students been told since they were little? "Education is the key to success." School is valuable. Books are wonderful. Teachers, especially good ones, will open the doors to knowledge and understanding. These things might very well be true, but the open minded and flexible thinker needs to consider if our methods of institutionalizing education are actually proper, effective and just. Take a moment and think: is this really the best way?

Twentieth century Austrian philosopher Ivan Illich answered this question with a booming "no." He is as radical today as he was in 1971 when he published his seminal book *Deschooling Society*, an indictment of organized education in the industrial world. All institutionalized and organized education, from universities to elementary schools, were deconstructed by his meticulous research and proved (at least in his eyes) to be harmful, discriminatory and, above all, severely limiting of an individual's intellectual freedom. Illich criticized all industrialized nations for building systems of education that

led to rigid and oppressive hierarchies, where degrees are associated with actual competency and only those with the means to access these degrees having an opportunity to achieve financial security.

Illich foreshadowed the increasing importance of a college degree in the job market. Calling education the "world religion" of modern society, Illich writes in *Deschooling Society* that

cause it only tells us that an individual followed previously approved steps of social control, according to Illich's research. He found, as my friend did, a glaring problem with education as it currently exists. Not only does it breed inequality, but it also stifles creativity because students often can't pursue what they are truly passionate about.

Modern education arguably stifles the initiative of the self-educator. Insti-

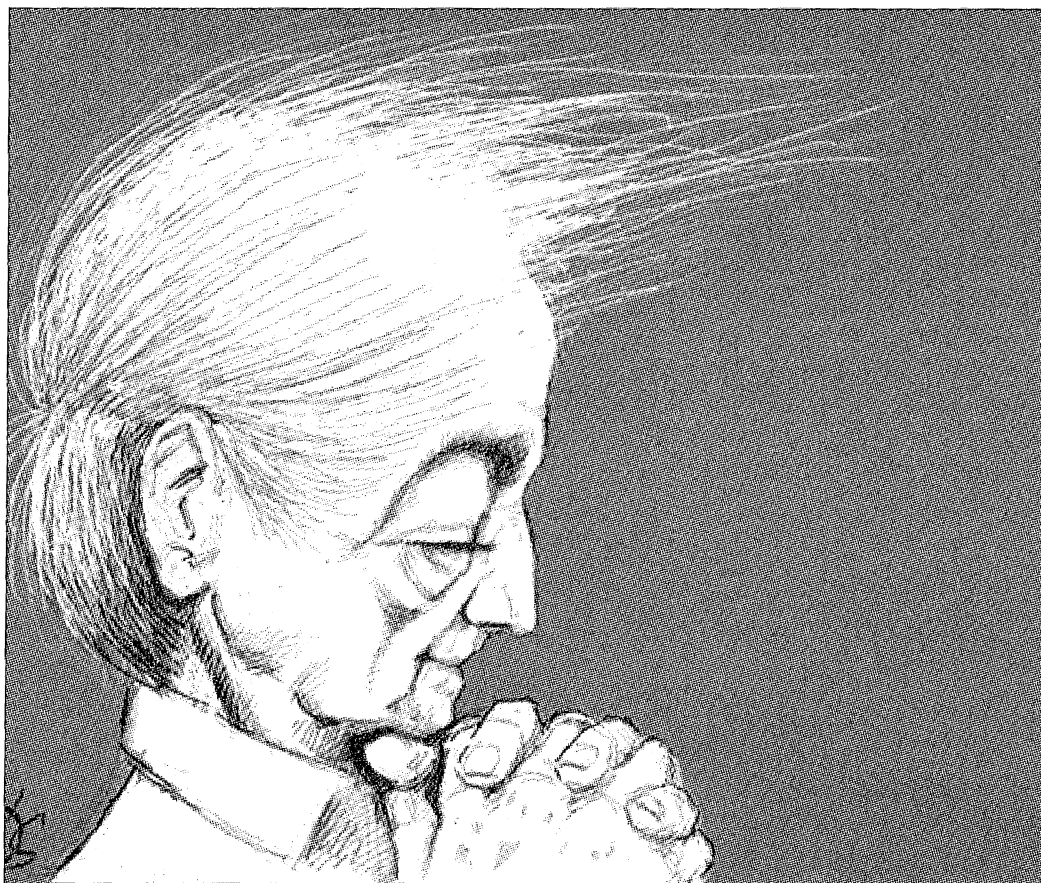
gain fluency in a language from living in a foreign country or growing up in a bilingual home, not necessarily from years and years of schooling. Illich argued that the student confined to countless hours in a classroom will actually learn less until the walls are knocked down and the student is allowed to roam freely. Illich advocated choice in education, believing that every individual has the right to pursue the skill they want and, more importantly, learn what they want when they want. My guitar-playing friend would be rocking out full-time in an Illich world, free to let his creativity flower. He could reach his potential, surging to a level of self-fulfillment of which we all dream. If you want to read, then read—the library will be there for you. And if you want to learn a skill, Illich proposed, in 1971, an informal learning web that connected people with the information they needed. Sound familiar?

If Illich was the pragmatist, offering concrete solutions to the educational dilemma (skill-based exchanges where people can develop specific abilities and peer-matching that allows learners to meet people studying the same subject), Jiddu Krishnamurti was the spiritualist. An Indian philosopher and speaker who also lived in the 20th century, he was famous for his many speeches and discussions on the nature of the mind, relationships and ways of

achieving peace. Krishnamurti also spoke extensively on the subject of education. He, like Illich, believed in the power of the individual mind.

Of these two figures, Krishnamurti had far more to say on the workings of the human mind. Unlike Illich, he was not interested in institutions. Throughout his long life he preached self-knowledge as the ultimate form of education. He disavowed everything else. Teachers and all lovers of accumulating knowledge, please look away.

"What we now call education is a matter of accumulating information and knowledge from books, which anyone can do who can read. Such education offers a subtle form of escape from ourselves and, like all escapes, it inevitably creates increasing misery," he begins in *Education and the Significance of Life*. Avid readers like me might initially scorn such thinking. How can knowledge not be important? Isn't



TKrishnamurti thinks little of your knowledge

"neither learning nor justice is promoted by schooling because educators insist on packaging instruction with certification. Learning and the assignment of social roles are melted into schooling... Learning frequently is the result of instruction, but selection for a role or category in the job market increasingly depends on mere length of attendance." As we all know, the person with the graduate degree is more likely to earn more money than the person with only a bachelor's degree who is much more likely to earn more than a high school graduate. But are the elite few marching out of college and graduate school with degrees necessarily our best and brightest? What about the millions who can't afford such stamps of intellectual achievement?

The stamp, like the family crest in feudal times that enabled the lord of the manor to wield power over the serfs, is an unfair marker of competency be-

tutionalized education instills in us that true learning only comes from the classroom. Without a licensed professional, real knowledge is thought unattainable. Isn't that why we shell out thousands for a college degree? The autodidact who is capable of reaching the same conclusions as the college-educated soul might be discouraged from discovering these conclusions on his own because society preaches that unauthorized education can be wasteful. Sit inside and learn your multiplication tables, kids. Don't run outside before the bell to see the world...

And now the kicker, the very lines that are sure to make every teacher across the land cringe. Illich writes, "A...major illusion on which the school system rests is that most learning is the result of teaching... Most learning happens casually, and even most intentional learning is not the result of programmed instruction." For example, we

EDUCATION continued from previous page

knowledge the bedrock of education?

Krishnamurti believed most of the knowledge learned in school, while at times practical, would not lead to a greater understanding of the self. It would not help us to conquer our inner fears, prejudices and angst. Cramming knowledge down the gullet of the young student in the classroom seemed counterproductive to both Krishnamurti and Illich. For Illich, it prevented the freedom of choice. For Krishnamurti, it threatened to destroy man.

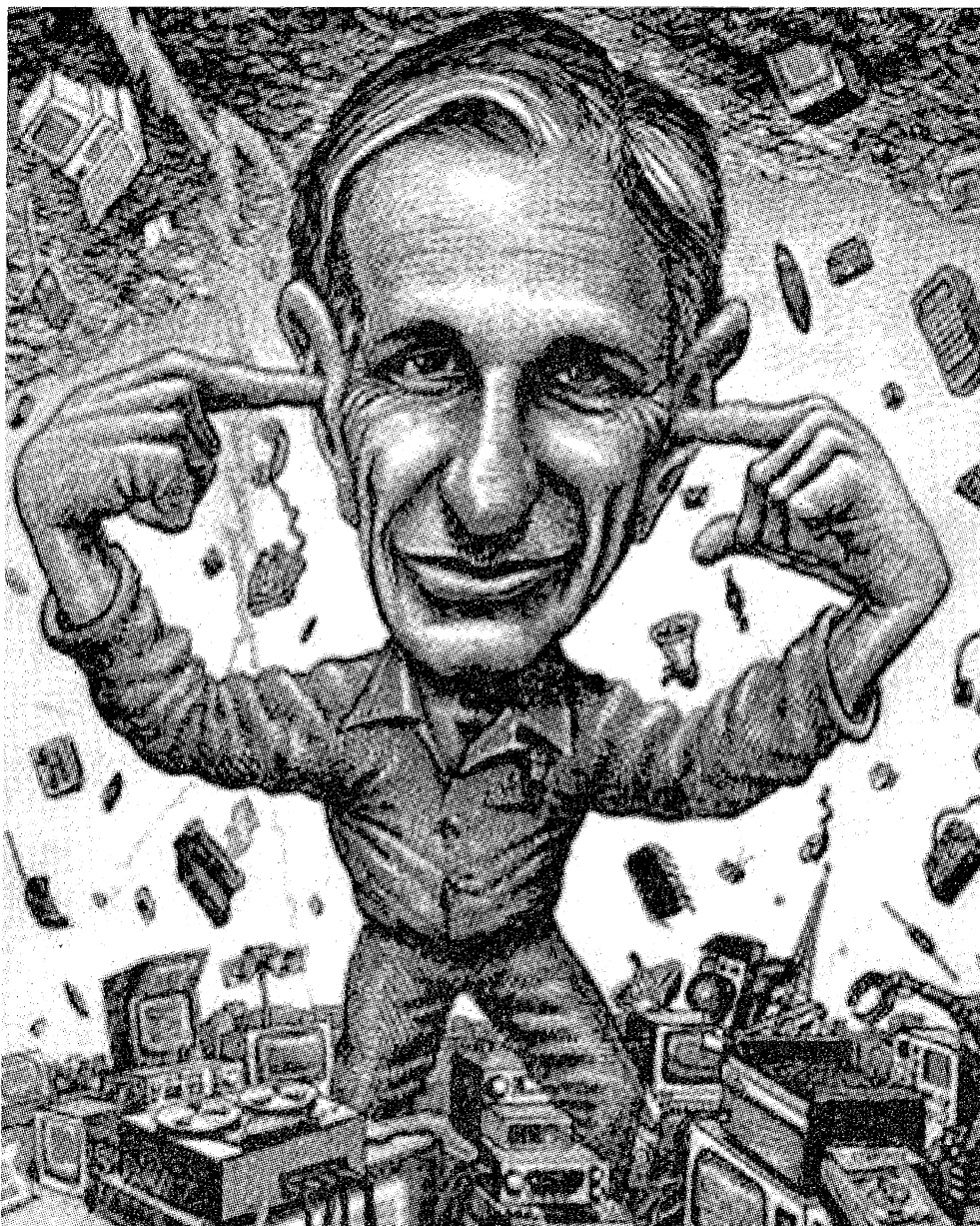
The great charge Krishnamurti leveled against modern education was that it overemphasized technique. We are taught certain skills to fill certain roles in a society. As the society grows more complex, the skill becomes more and more important. True understanding for the "capacity of life" is lost when men and women are focused solely on technical knowledge which "...however necessary, will in no way resolve our inner, psychological pressures and conflict; and it is because we have acquired technical knowledge without understanding the total process of life that technology has become a means of destroying ourselves."

Krishnamurti argued that men and women are increasingly bred as tools to serve a practical end. When one is cultivated for a specific technique, he loses sight of the vastness of life, both its beauties and sorrows. People do not have time to reflect on their own mental processes and search for solutions to their ultimate angst when another organic chemistry midterm looms on the horizon. Likewise, English majors devouring only Shakespeare can ignore the comprehensive perceptions of thought and desire within us, things Krishnamurti believed were vital for true world peace.

The man who can split the atom but has no love in his heart becomes Krishnamurti's monster. He believed fervently that the aim of education is to free the individual and fill him with love and an understanding of who he is. *Freedom* is not the freedom to choose a politician or an automobile. It is not to the freedom to pick a course in the 2009-2010 academic bulletin. It is the freedom from inner fears and insecurities, an absolute detachment from the vile vices that have plagued mankind for all of time. When an individual is free from jealousy, hatred and greed, he can call himself an educated person. When an individual no longer carries fear in his heart, he can call himself an educated person. Education is the

means to make this freedom completely possible.

Though they never worked together, Krishnamurti and Illich both arrived at the similar conclusion that the education systems of the industrialized world can breed competition, antagonism and fear. Krishnamurti disavowed all rigid educational dogmas and philosophies,



Illich would like you to get the hell out of that classroom

telling us that any system that classified children according to aptitude and temperament would only create further harmful divisions. So much for that honors program, remedial classes and *U.S. World & News Report* college rankings. Any sort of degree or demarcation of supposed intelligence is absurd. Illich argued educational certifications are meaningless because they don't tell us much about the person. Krishnamurti, forever advocating that "truth is a pathless land," would say they are another barrier dividing Man from his fellow man.

My musician friend would also be glad to know that Krishnamurti also advocated freedom of choice in education. He believed teachers should steer education, but should not act as authority figures forcing students to inhale a vari-

ety of academic subjects. True learning, he said, only comes when teacher and student interact as equals.

Discipline, coercion and classroom dictatorship are all destructive. If right learning and right relationships are to be possible, "there should be no compulsion nor even persuasion... By dispassionately considering this question

forced upon them. Learning without choice can breed apathy and anger. The result is a decreased appreciation of the subject matter with students unwilling to expand their proverbial horizons.

Flexible minds are questioning minds. Education today teaches that we question, but in the academic world there are usually limits to this questioning. Academics championing a "deschooling" philosophy like Illich's would probably be shunned. There are always limits. Krishnamurti believed a goal of education was to create an open mind that never tires of questioning. Every dogma and ideology should be questioned. Everything taught, doubted. No child should be trained in any one system of thought because all have their limitations. The mind cannot be Balkanized into rigid departments.

"Life cannot be made to conform to a system, it cannot be forced into a framework, however nobly conceived; and a mind that has merely been trained in factual knowledge is incapable of meeting life with its variety, its subtlety, its depths and great heights," Krishnamurti tells us. Apt words indeed. The young mind grows when it breaks free from such restraints, doubting the existing social values, traditions, governments and religious beliefs of the world. The educated child must look upon the totems of society and ask simply, "why?" Change does not come from blindly accepting things.

What is the right form of education? This question has yet to be answered adequately. Whether Ivan Illich and Jiddu Krishnamurti were prophets or misguided radicals is not at issue here. The real core of this continuing debate lies simply in the act of questioning. Every person in every educational and non-educational setting has the obligation to question the world around them.

We cannot be slaves to ghosts. The active mind continually doubts the logic of its ancestors and peers. My friend was right to challenge the notion that he should simply be in school because he is "supposed to." We must all at least give a thought to alternatives. Otherwise, we can never know true progress.

of authority and its many implications, by seeing that the very desire for power is in itself destructive, there comes a spontaneous understanding of the whole process of authority." The moment authority is discarded a partnership begins, and only then is there cooperation and affection. Requiring students to learn certain things is definitely important. We all need to read, write and add.

Krishnamurti's philosophical contentions become relevant, however, when we examine such policies as Stony Brook's DEC system, which forces students to take a variety of courses in different categories. Sometimes students appreciate forced diversity, but more often than not they find themselves bored and disgruntled in classes they have not chosen, classes that were

sports

Hofstra Solves the Riddle of the Seawolf

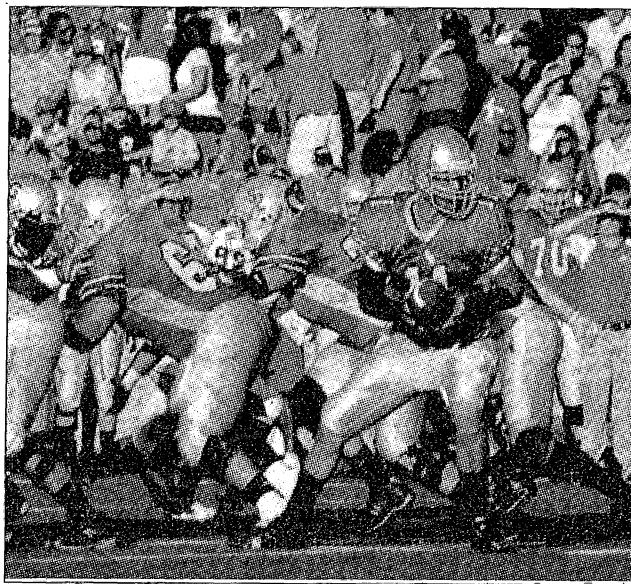
By Alex H. Nagler

The Seawolves, fresh off of a *New York Times* article on their star running back Eddie Gownis and Conte Cuttino, dropped their away opener to cross-Island rivals Hofstra University for the thirteenth consecutive time on September 5th, losing the game 17 - 10.

The game started out poorly for the Seawolves, with Hofstra marching downfield and returning the opening kick in 10 plays and 4 minutes with a successful field goal 6 minutes later. However, from there, the Seawolves kept Hofstra from scoring again until the fourth quarter when a fumble in

Hofstra's endzone was recovered for a touchdown on a controversial call by a referee that they scored again. This fumble proved to be all the difference as Stony Brook's 10 points fell short to give Hofstra their victory, again.

The game may have been a loss for the team, but it was a major victory for the new administration. Stony Brook managed to pack five busses full of fans and ship them over to Hofstra to join in a pregame tailgate organized by the alumni association. These 200 fans combined with those who arrived on their own gave Stony Brook a greater physical presence than Hofstra in rival territory. When asked



Thanks for the photo, Stony Brook! Weren't we not going to do these anymore?

to comment on this new-found and seemingly unpredictable burst of school spirit, Dean Jerry Stein mused, "We're working on it."

It remains to be seen if these students who attended will find their way to other games or events. Stony Brook only has four home games this year, the first of which is September 19 against Brown. If they do show up, the games could turn into more of a spectacle than just the yearly occurrence of Homecoming for school spirit.

FIGHT CLUB: DagorhirStyle

By Eric DiGiovanni

Where: On the lawn in front of the Physics building

When: Sundays at noon

Who's Known For It: No one, but they have regular demonstrations at ICON.

When most hear the word LARPing (Live Action Role Playing) people already have an image in their heads of a bunch of detestable losers who take this game way too seriously, where if their character dies, they try to commit seppuku with a foam

sword is versus a two handed sword, and certain weapons have a soft flexible tip that is shorter and used for quick stabbing, but all you really need to know is which side to hold and how to swing.

starting up a Dagorhir group right here on campus. On a Sunday right before summer break, I attended their first meeting. The head of the group, Tim Lampanon, kindly gave me a rundown and introduced me to everyone, most were from the main New York chapter, Dragonwynd.

Dagorhir focuses solely on melee weapon combat (i.e. foam swords and shields), as opposed to other games that also include magic. The basic rules are as follows: if you hit someone in the torso with a sword, they're dead. If you hit someone in the arm or leg, they can no longer use that limb. Hit another limb, they're dead. The

By the time I got all my background, the rain began to pick up.

"This makes it so epic," I heard from one of the 12 or so of us there. It wasn't heavy enough to cancel, but it was noticeable enough to set a scene.

Two warring factions, having traveled for days, finally met at a small pittance of land. Both sides merely glare at each other, assuming that one is the more intimidating. We all stood fast, and drew our weapons. The heavens opened up and drenched the soil below our feet.

"Turn back, vile scum! We claim this land in the name of the King!"

"Nay good sir. This territory is for the Queen's empire!"

Neither side would back down. They know what will happen. Good men, innocent men, fought only for their love of all behind them, even if they would die, but they stand firm nonetheless, weapons at the ready. They are ready to lay their lives on the line for their country. I had no intention of dying. I planned to make those foreigners feel the sting of my blade in their quivering flesh. I intended not only to live, but thrive.

As the storm picked up, we charged with a roaring battle cry. Swords clashed as thunder boomed in the background, beckoning for blood. I chopped off a man's leg and he fell to the ground. He was hobbling, but still fighting with all his heart. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a berserker, wearing nothing more than pants and a devilish grin as he charged at me. His sword

was the size of a small man.

"Clearly, you're compensating for something!"

My quip hid my trepidation. With a man who had no fear in front of me, fighting all around me, and rain getting on my spectacles, I feared that I would not be going home. All I wanted out of this was a legend I could pass down to future generations, so they have a reason to keep fighting the good fight. Just as I felt that I could no longer stave off the mad man, an ally came and struck him in the chest, but not before he was able to do the same. They looked at each other, partly out of disbelief, partly out of curiosity. Why were we doing this? We are both of the race human, why this senseless war?

Then Tim got me in the back and I died. We went through a few more skirmishes before going to Jasmine for lunch. Were I got to know them a little better. That's when the image mentioned above was shattered. There wasn't any drama, nobody was sore about losing, and we all laughed. Even more interesting, most of the group got interested in Dagorhir because of the physical aspect. Why bother with the tomes of Tolkien when you can create your own story? Why bother with Dungeons and Dragons when you can take luck out of the equation and fight for real?

The day after, I stumbled on to a thread in the Something Awful forums (no, I do not have an account), "Awesome Things With Horrible Fanbases". LARPing was mentioned, citing obsessives who blow hundreds of dollars on fake swords that don't even look intimidating, and will recite the entire history of their character for hours on end. But Stony Brook Dagorhir? They just want to have fun.



So what if I live in my mother's basement! Want to fight about it?

sword like something out of a Chick Tract. It was this image that piqued my curiosity when I saw a flyer saying that someone was

round ends when there's one side left standing. Armor and shields break after one hit. As far as weapons go, there are certain rules on what lengths and weights a one handed

Gone But Hopefully Not Forgotten

By Jason Wirchin

Many times I've written this column. Many times you've read. I've commented on the good, the bad, the ordinary, the eccentric, the comforting and the demoralizing. I'd like to think I've run the gamut on New York sports. But nothing – *nothing* – has prepared me for this.

They went into battle with 25 men – a full roster of able-bodied professionals with the sky as their limit. This was the year, we said. The past was the past. New ballpark, new standards, new expectations. Bullpen problems? Not anymore. Weak bench? Fuhgeddaboutit.

But one fell down, then another, then another, and then another. Before you could say "Holy Hojo," it seemed like more than half the team was incapacitated. That's because it was.

From September 2008 to where we stand now – that's if we *can* stand without crutches – 19 individual players have gone to the disabled list. Of that staggering majority, eight are out for the season, including Johan Santana, Oliver Perez, Jon Niese, J.J. Putz, Fernando

Nieve, Carlos Delgado, Fernando Martinez and Alex Cora.

The rest – namely Wright, Sheffield, Schneider, Church, Beltran, Maine, Martinez, Pagan, Redding and Wagner – were inactive at some point during this miserable season, only to return to a team well out of the playoff race by mid-August.

Jose Reyes went AWOL in May with right calf tendonitis and was scheduled to play by the All-Star break, but setbacks in his recovery jettisoned him to limited baseball activity. His current whereabouts are unknown, thanks to the Mets' world class training staff.

And when it rains it pours. The Mets were 6.5 games behind first place Philadelphia by the All-Star break, riding a meager 42-45 record. But with nearly all of the team's Opening Day starters somewhere in a doctor's office as the season continued, back-ups began replacing back-ups, who were in turn replacing back-ups. Not a bad recipe for complete disaster.

Within the month, the team had dropped to 12 games behind the Phils, and by September 1, they were 18 games out with about as much hope as Bernie Madoff. They've fallen precipi-

tously from wildcard contention and have failed to string together a substantial winning streak all season.

Simply put, they've been as fundamentally sound as a bag of rotten tomatoes and make the Staten Island Little League team look like Murderers Row. Errors are common fare – if luck prevails, only three a game.

On field shame being what it was, front office debacles made for quite the sideshow. To make a long story short, one goon stripped and another one ripped.



The Mets? Vomit, bleh!

In July, reports leaked that Tony Bernazard, the team's VP of player development, removed his shirt and chal-

lenged several minor leaguers to a fight. His altercation with closer Francisco Rodriguez on the team's bus and a tirade in the seats at Citi Field added more fuel to this pathetic inferno.

But instead of firing this loose cannon right away and avoiding further embarrassment, Mets' GM Omar Minaya refused, saying an "investigation" was underway. Investigation? Please. There's room for only one Inspector Gadget in this world, and he belongs with Penny, Brain and Dr. Claw.

Bernazard was eventually relieved of his duties, but not before one final hullabaloo. During the press conference in which he announced his comrade's fate, Minaya accused *NY Daily News* writer Adam Rubin of lobbying for Bernazard's position. Shocked, Rubin called the GM's bluff and Minaya – prompted by Chief Operating Officer Jeff Wilpon – later apologized to a fan base dazed and confused.

As the season winds down, the last fans will flock to Citi Field with heavy hearts and hopes for a better tomorrow. For those of us still wallowing in despair, things can only get better, right?

At this point, no one knows for sure.

Rockin' Rockies Rock the Rockies

By Andrew Fraley

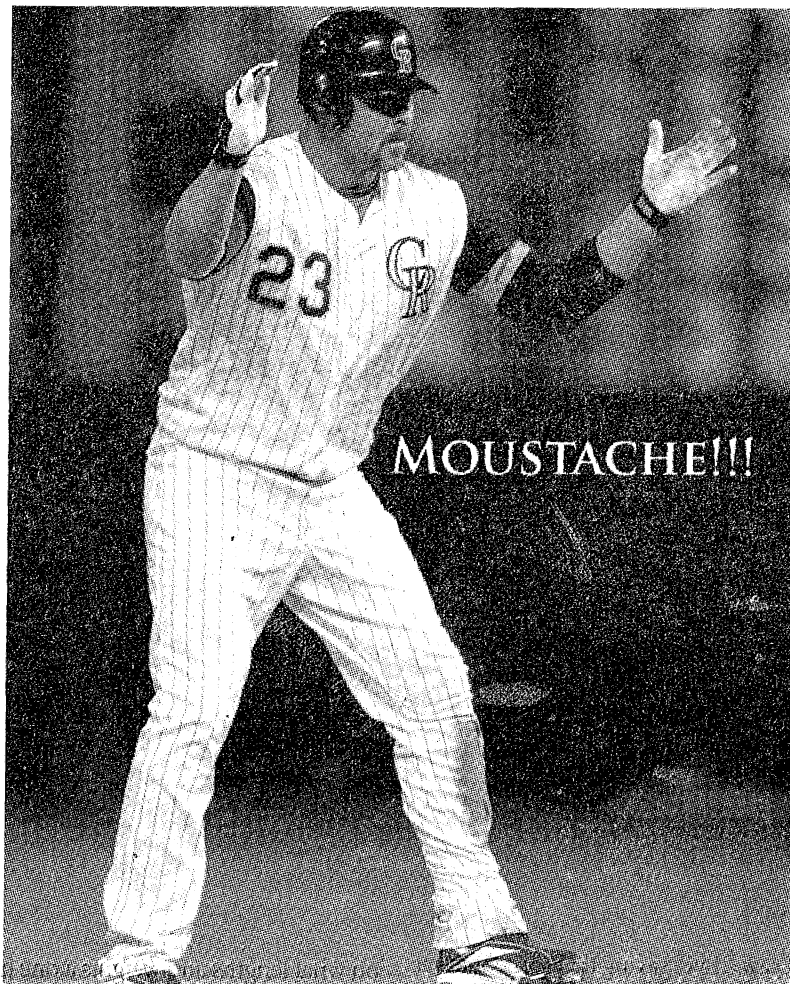
Hello Again, and welcome to another update of your favorite team 1,800 miles to the west. Yes, I'm talking about the fightin' Rockies. This column was such a hit last time that I decided to come out of sports writing retirement to follow up on them. Now, I'm not a superstitious man, but after writing that first column, the Rox lost five in a row, and nearly surrendered the wild card lead to those jerkoffs in San Francisco. Then we made a couple acquisitions, got lucky a couple times, and before you knew it, we had won 10 out of 11, or something close. We crushed those poor bastards, the Mets, for one thing (they got away with a win, but they're still chumps).

A bunch of lesser-known Rockies personalities have recently stepped up to make the big plays. Seth Smith, for example, was NL player of the week for two straight weeks, or should have been. He was hitting around .725, and had hit something like 12 homeruns or some-

thing. Little bit 'o trivia: Seth Smith was backup QB for Eli Manning in college, and Todd Helton was Payton Manning's backup during college too. Is that not a coincidence that spells divine victory? You better believe it. Not only that, Jason "Moustache!!!" Giambi is off the juice (we hope) and making big plays as utility hitter. Suck on that, Yankees!

The Rockies' fortune has taken a turn for the worse recently though, I'm afraid. We dropped the second half of our series to San Diego (the dumb whale vaginas), and just Monday night lost the first in the series to that little shit Timmy Lincecum and the Cry-ants. That's three in a row! At this rate, those darn Giants will catch up to us!

Not bloody likely, you little piss stains. Everybody who was alive two years ago knows that September is Rockies month. Expect big things from the scrappiest team in the history of baseball in the next couple weeks. Those Giants better savor the flavor, cause they are not going to get another one—unless they win again, obviously. God, I fucking hope that doesn't happen.





I'M SORRY DEAR
ROBOTS, THERE WILL BE
NO PATRICK SWAYZE
CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR.
OR ANY YEAR, FOR
THAT MATTER.