

THE STONY BROOK PRESS

VOL XXXI ISSUE 9

"NORM GOODMAN MAKES
CRIMINALS OUT OF NUNS"

FEBRUARY 24, 2010

ADDERALL: RED HOT? OR HEAD ROT?



Also Inside: All the Good Stuff
(That You Need to Get Through the Day)

Republicans Forecast Big GOP Wins at CPAC

By Laura Cooper

The Stony Brook College Republicans were amongst the record 10,000 conservatives, libertarians and Republicans who met for the annual Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC) in Washington, D.C. from February 18-20.

This year's conference focused on issues ranging from the size of government, the Federal Reserve and the Obama administration's healthcare initiatives. Conservatives also used the conference to regroup for the 2010 midterm election, where the party aims to retake the majority in Congress.

"It's good to get away from liberal New York and get excited about being conservative again," said Conor Harrigan, a Stony Brook University alum who attended CPAC.

"The midterm elections will show how upset the American people are," said Karissa Povey, a sophomore who attended her second CPAC conference this year. "I think that the outcome will bode well for conservatives, and I hope they will at least come close to getting the majority."

Speakers included former presidential hopeful Mitt Romney, former Vice President Dick Cheney, former Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich and the keynote speaker, political pundit Glenn Beck.

Former Vice President Dick Ch-

eney received a warm welcome from the conservative body upon stating, "I think Obama is a one-term president."

Cheney spoke as a surprise guest following his daughter, Liz Cheney. The former Vice President responded to stickers reading "Draft Cheney" and cheers of "run Dick run," by debunking rumors of presidential ambition in 2012. "This reception is almost enough to make me run in 2012," Cheney said. "But I won't."

Other distinguished speakers included the newly-elected Senator from Massachusetts, Scott Brown, who introduced the former Governor of that state, Mitt Romney. Romney used the conference two years ago to withdraw from the 2008 presidential election, freeing the nomination for Arizona Senator John McCain. This year however, Romney was cheered by conservatives and his speech was widely regarded as a stump speech for his potential run in the 2012 presidential campaign against President Barack Obama.

Romney also took time to acknowledge the hits taken by the party in the 2008 election, recalling the May 2009 *Time Magazine* cover depicting a Republican elephant with the headline "endangered species." However, many speakers noted increased registration and geographic diversity in the conference—an insurgency against this concept. This was the first time in CPAC's 37-year-history that there were attendees from all 50 states.

Making his way to address the

crowd past a man dressed in Revolutionary War attire who waved a yellow flag stating, "Don't Tread On Me," Gingrich was one of the only speakers to shake hands with attendees. The former Speaker of the House is noted for his leadership in the 1994 midterm elections that brought Republicans victory in Congress during the Clinton administration.

College Republicans Secretary Maroof Ali saw Gingrich's speech as one of the best he experienced during this year's CPAC. "[Gingrich] gave a very compelling speech about how the Obama administration is destroying this country through overspending, overregulation and overtaxing," said Ali. "Gingrich used the slogan '2+2=4' to identify common sense the current administration clearly lacks."

A straw poll conducted at the conference named libertarian Ron Paul as the candidate of choice among voters. This news inspired boos from the crowd while libertarians rose to their feet and cheered.

Erich Mauer, a graduate student in political science and host of WUSB 90.1 FM's "Back to Reality," said that Paul's victory in the straw poll is a good sign for the future.

"Paul has a zero chance of winning the nomination but it shows that his supporters are the most organized, despite being [such a small group]," he said. "This is good because it shows the majority of conservative and Republicans, people and candidates, are focus-

ing on 2010—where the focus and resources need to be. America needs to hold the line."

"After hearing speakers like Romney and Gingrich, it was hard not to be energized about the elections," said Povey. "They made me feel like it was possible that conservatives could take the majority."

Many speakers echoed each other in their hope for the future and looked forward to CPAC in 2011, when the presidential election will be in full swing. Given the lines that wrapped around the venue, it seems a larger one will be needed for next year to accommodate the growing number of conservative activists attending the annual conference.

"We just need to survive the months until November," said Mauer, of the Republican Party's prospects in 2010. "Then the people will continue sending the message to Washington like they have been for almost a year. It's time for real change."

With candidates such as Marco Rubio, a contender for senate in Florida, Michelle Bachmann, a congresswoman from Minnesota, and Col. Allen West, a candidate for Congress in Florida, it is clear the Republican party is diversifying its pool of candidates and bringing in new voters.

"Everybody's excited about the future," said Ali. "It's morning again. It's time to take our country back."

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News In Brief

Governor Paterson Plans To Run For Reelection

Governor David Paterson announced recently that, despite pressure put upon him from nearly everybody, he still plans on running for reelection this coming November. According to the *New York Times*, "With little formal support from Democratic officials or labor unions, Mr. Paterson hopes to run as the anti-establishment candidate fighting for New Yorkers against Albany insiders, despite the more than two decades he spent in the State Senate." Widely unpopular for many reasons, including being a SUNY support-slashing scumbag, few hold out any hope for his success. Look forward to our update this May, "Paterson Doesn't Even Win The Primaries, Much Less The Gubernatorial Race".

March 3, Save the Date!

An unofficial coalition of student activists and student groups on campus, including *The Stony Brook Press*, are holding a day of student action against the proposed budget cuts and tuition hikes. We'll be gathering in the SAC plaza during campus lifetime to exhibit student power in defense of public higher education. "The goal is a sea of green-clad students and a number of powerful speakers that will spur the greater student body to embrace the leverage they have and demand an end to the intolerable exploitation rained down upon them by the state," said one of the event's organizers, Nick Eaton. If you don't want your education commodified, join us on March 3!

Cancer Director No Longer Working At Stony Brook



Following a number of investigatory articles published by *The Press* between 2008-09, Dr. Timothy Kinsella is no longer working at Stony Brook University, a university official confirmed.

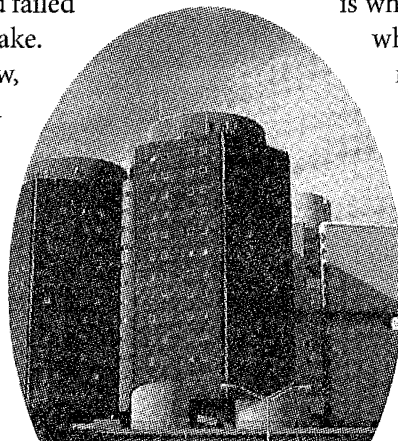
Kinsella, the former Stony Brook Cancer Director was hired amidst a number of rising allegations and a questionable professional background.

Prior to being hired at Stony Brook, Kinsella was investigated during his time at the University of Wisconsin for improper medical billings and backdating notes. Kinsella, who at Wisconsin was the chair of the Human Oncology department, withdrew his name from consideration and did not seek reappointment.

Shortly after, Kinsella was hired by University Hospitals in Cleveland, where during his time, he was charged with a lawsuit for medical malpractice of a two-year-old with neuroblastoma. According to the deposition used in the lawsuit, which was mailed to *The Press* anonymously, Kinsella was made aware of a numerical error in dosage of radiation but had failed to correct the mistake.

In a phone interview, Kinsella claimed responsibility for the care of the patient, and said the issue had been resolved.

Kinsella was hired in Fall 2008 by Dr. Richard Fine,

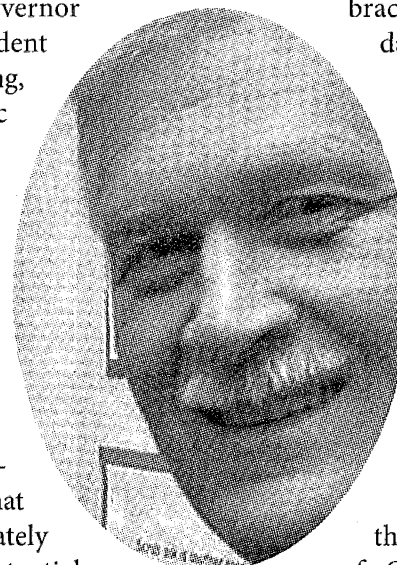


Dean of the Stony Brook School of Medicine, and Dr. Steven Strongwater, CEO of the Stony Brook Hospital. While at Stony Brook, Kinsella received a salary of \$475,000 as a visiting professor.

The University would not comment on any other questions regarding Kinsella or the hiring process other than to confirm that he is no longer working at Stony Brook.

Students Petition To Stop Hikes, Cuts

NYPIRG has organized a petition signing campaign at Stony Brook, collecting fifteen hundred student signatures, urging Assemblyman Englebright to reject Governor Paterson's plan to cut student financial aid, SUNY funding, and authorize systematic tuition hikes. The petition was also sent to Senators Sampson and Flanagan. Englebright has pledged his commitment to preventing cuts to the Tuition Assistance Program, saying, "TAP enables anyone with determination and natural capability of learning to be all that they can be and to ultimately maximize their lifetime potential to contribute to the economic and cultural vitality of New York State. That is why TAP must not be cut and why I intend to fight for full restoration."



Stony Brook Student Found Dead In Triple-Murder Suicide

A 19-year-old Stony Brook student, Yanique Bailey was found dead along with her 14-year-old sister, Yolanne Bailey, mother and father, in

a triple murder-suicide in Queens, NY last Monday.

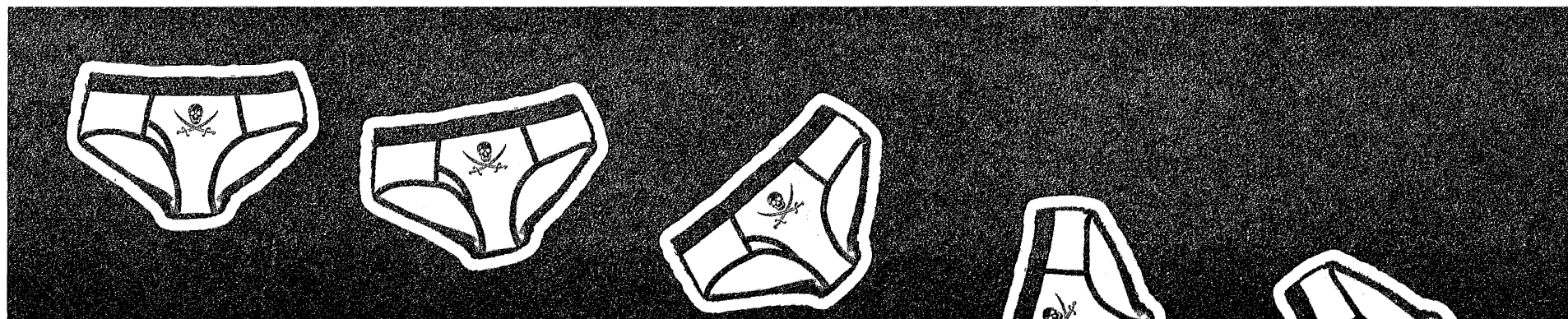
According to the *New York Times*, Bailey's mother, Dionne Coy-Bailey, an assistant principal at A. Philip Randolph Campus High School in Harlem, had moved from her husband's home after she found a handgun under his bed. Bailey's father, Mark Bailey, a bus driver on Long Island in his mid-40s, allegedly shot his two daughters and his wife, and then shot himself in the forehead.

It is still unclear as to what Mr. Bailey's motives may have been, with reports ranging from a dispute over possession of a rifle to an argument over whether or not to spend \$1,500 on braces for one of their daughters, according to *Gothamist*.

According to the *New York Post*, a note was on the kitchen table that read, "I'm sorry. Love, Mark."

Yanique was a sophomore Biology major and Business minor who belonged to the National Society of Collegiate Scholars and was a member of Hand College Hall Council, according to an email sent to students by President Samuel Stanley.

"In speaking with her friends and professors, we learned that she was very popular in her residence hall, always had a smile on her face, was extremely upbeat, outgoing and one of the happiest people they have ever met," Stanley said in the email. "She helped her classmates with homework, participated in study reviews with friends and was a bright and charismatic person."



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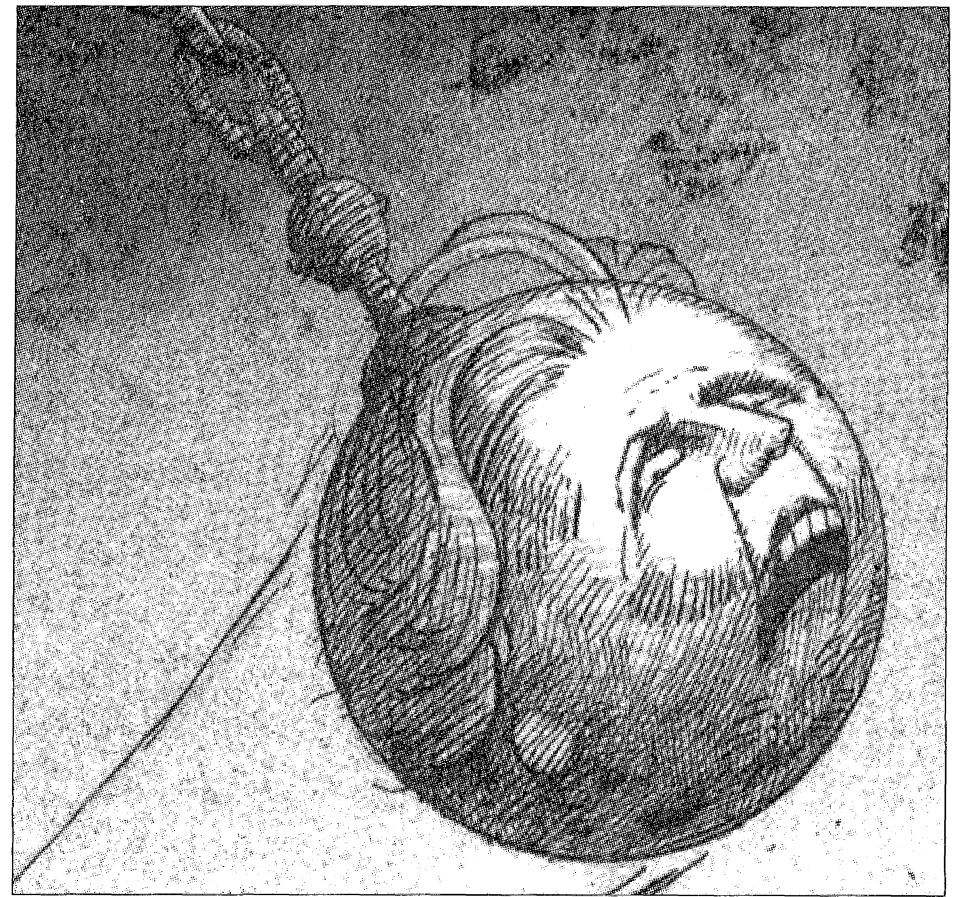
editorials

Are You Ready For Some Voteball?

The sanctity of campus life here at Stony Brook is being threatened once again by pointless legislation. Every two years, the student activity fee is put up to a vote. The question is phrased, "should the activity fee be mandatory or optional" to persuade students to vote against it. What is really happening is that students must constantly re-ratify the basic institutions that allow campus clubs and events. Fortunately, the vote has been in favor of a "mandatory fee" in the past. The time for this crucial vote is again approaching.

The student activities fee helps pay for most if not all the campus events, clubs and organizations, which in turn impact the student body, campus and community. Clubs, including *The Press*, would be put in severe jeopardy and would not be able to operate and serve their purposes. While the defunding of this beloved newspaper may be a good thing depending on your outlook, there are a fair number of student-run clubs and events that most would agree service the campus in ways that have a great. Consider events such as the Roth Regatta and Brookstock, and organizations like the numerous diversity clubs and dance crews.

What would happen to all the stray cats descended from callously abandoned student pets if funding for the Cat Network suddenly stopped, because the \$94.25 fee for student activities became optional? Or take the Stony Brook Volunteer Ambulance Corps, which not only offers experience to those who participate, but an invaluable service to the campus—they save lives, for Christ's sake. How about the student-run radio station, WUSB, that could lose its FCC



Look in a mirror by candlelight and say "Milk Snatcher" three times.

license and become inoperable if students voted to make the activity fee optional.

We understand that these are economically trying times—but \$94.25 means a lot to a campus struggling to keep its students happy. The Princeton Review rankings may show us to be an unhappy campus, but what little joy there is to be had here is often found in the campus club scene.

The beauty of campus life at Stony Brook is that there is a club for everyone, regardless of whether you are a liberal or conservative, an anime freak or a

science-fiction freak, a south-Asian dancer or an east-Asian dancer. The spectrum is so wide that it covers everyone and practically everything.

The vote is months away, but we here at *The Press* feel very strongly. It has an obvious impact on us and our readers—our paper depends on activity-fee funding. But the mandatory student activity fee not only benefits *The Press*, but the campus and community as a whole.

Oh, and it helps get shitty rappers for Brookfest.

Write for The Press!

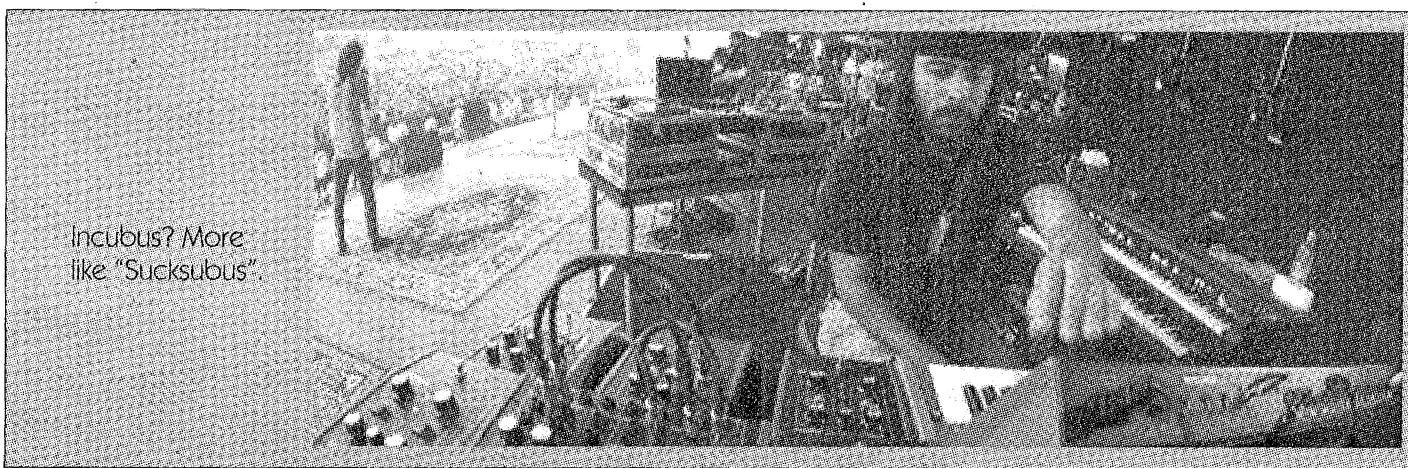
Meetings Every Wednesday at 1PM, Union Building 060

E-mail your letters to sbpress@gmail.com

Albums of the Decade Hate Mail

As I indifferently flipped through the pages of the Stony Brook Press (like I usually do out of sheer boredom, after having found no other options for relief...no offense intended), I came across something of particular interest. After perusing the contents of this ridiculous six-page display of musical taste, most of what I found was rather commendable. However, it utterly baffles me as to why Animal Collective was listed not once, not twice, but three damn times! Admittedly, I've never really given them much of a chance in the first place. Not really my taste. They're umm...unique, to say the least. But I would hardly go so far as to reward them with triple approval. But enough of my ranting, and on to my personal choice for best album of the decade. *Monuments and Melodies*, Incubus' newest album released in 2009. I was disappointed (and even a bit surprised) to not see this band listed even once, considering they're one of the top-selling artists of all time. Now understandably, this two-disc album is comprised mostly of re-released songs from previous albums, but that shouldn't discount its quality. In addition to the most ingenious compilation of their best hits, they also managed to release a few new ones and B-side rarities. Vocalist Brandon Boyd sings of love, loss, and life itself in this beautifully crafted piece of art. (Not to mention, the album cover is his own creation too). So there you go. My thoughts, if they make much difference.

Jen Hecker



Incubus? More like "Sucksubus".

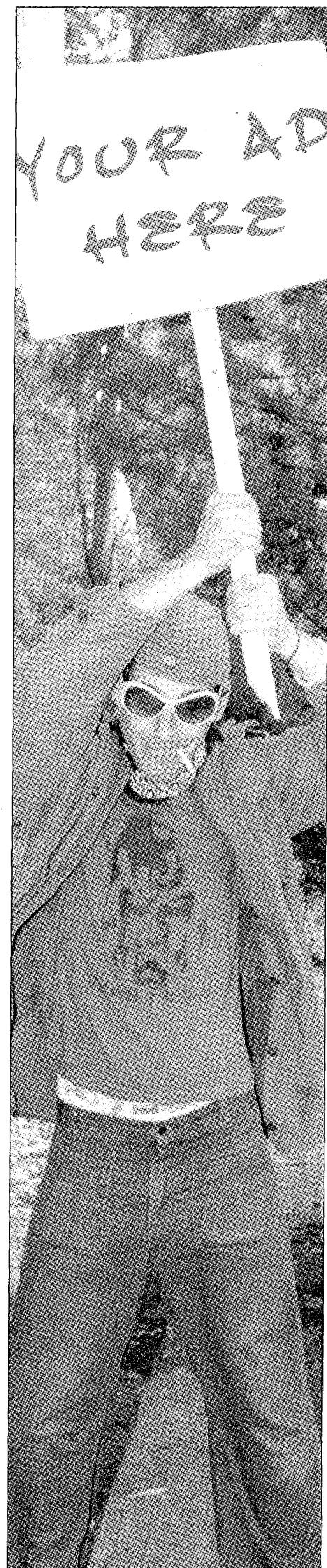
Dear The Press,

At the beginning of this spring semester, '10 the Opinion Editor of The Statesman, Ravneet Namboj emailed me, requesting that I write an op-ed piece for the paper. He obtained my name from the former The Statesman Opinion Editor, Zeba Ahmad who apparently mentioned my name in good terms to Namboj. I emailed him back telling him if I can produce an article that I felt was interesting enough to have printed, that I would definitely help him out. After a week or so of deliberation I found that Namboj wrote an op-ed piece essentially about bi-partisanship entitled "Is Our Union Strong" or something to that effect. As with my other two articles that were actually approved and printed in The Statesman, I established a critical (albeit harsh) position against his take on bi-partisanship in hopes to stir some compelling debate within the opinion section of a College Newspaper. (and perhaps attract a few extra readers?) Initially, I received a reply back from Namboj telling me that he wasn't "offended" and that he would print the article the following week. Lo and behold, the article was never printed and I never even received a second email telling me that it wouldn't be printed or why.

I understand that my reaction was harsh and insulting. I also understand the best way to be printed in a paper isn't necessarily to criticize the very person who approves of your work. With that said, if Namboj had done even the slightest amount of research into why Zeba actually recommended me in the first place and read one of my articles, he would have known that I am a critical individual who writes controversial op-ed pieces. He didn't do his homework and when presented with views that challenged his own, he decided to suppress dissenting opinion, ignoring alternative perceptions. I believe this is reflective of the larger picture of The Statesman with their naturally biased operation and also affirms the decision making managers to all be spineless people, unable to formally reject a writer with an honest email. In addition, they can't even support their own thoughts and ideas with rebuttles as Namboj could have obviously printed a final refutation to my reaction which in my opinion, wouldn't have been too difficult as well as fair. It is my hope that you print this email, along with my attached reaction to The Statesman's article and expose the injustice, incompetence and intolerance of the poorly managed college paper as well as give a differing point of view from the conventional. Thank you for your time, I hope to hear back from you soon.

Sincerely,
Brent Neenan

Note: The article Mr. Neenan refers to is on page 22 of this issue

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Addicted to Success

By Ross Barkan

Photo Credit: www.ideachampions.com

After the second dose, Pierce's ears begin to ring. His teeth are chattering, his joints are trembling, and his vision is warping. Objects fall away, shrouded in an imaginary distance. Later on, he will not want to eat. He won't sleep.

Pierce will continually torture his body. For the thrill? No. To relax? No, again. Pierce is one of millions, a student fighting for the upper crust of academia. He is either smart, a cheater or stupid, depending on who you talk to. Pierce uses Adderall without a prescription.

The senior political science major at Stony Brook University takes multiple doses of Adderall, a brand-name stimulant of mixed amphetamine salts usually prescribed to children and adults who have been diagnosed with attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD), to help him study for exams. When taking Adderall, Pierce can consume copious amounts of information at an above-average rate, making what was once a classic college chore a cakewalk. His focus surges, his fatigue decreases and his cognition appears to reach new heights.

"Adderall is very effective for me

since I am quick to fall asleep when digging through a large amount of material for an exam or paper," Pierce said. "It keeps me awake, simple as that. I have the concentration to do work. I am just plagued with a lack of sleep from my classes. Adderall helps with that problem."

I hate it. I hate the feeling, the effects, all of it. I just am completely and utterly dedicated to my academic goals.

The appeal of Adderall for any college student is obvious. Now more than ever, the pressure to succeed can be overwhelming. A difficult economic climate has made education all the more important, especially for students seeking admittance to graduate school. A team led by Sean Esteban McCabe, a professor at the University of Michigan's

Substance Abuse Research Center, reported in 2005 that in the previous year, 4.1 percent of American undergraduates had taken prescription stimulants for off-label use. At one school, the figure was 25 percent. Another study in the *Journal of American College Health* pegged the number as high as 34 percent.

Pierce wants to be admitted into a top-ranked law school and believes the benefits of Adderall outweigh the side effects. Does he worry that he is doing long-term damage to his body?

"Absolutely," he said. "It's not something I enjoy doing at all. In fact, I hate it. I hate the feeling, the effects, all of it. I just am completely and utterly dedicated to my academic goals. Any damage that I get from pursuing that is collateral damage at most."

Finding Adderall

Acquiring Adderall on campus is not a difficult task. Unlike marijuana, cocaine or MDMA (a psychoactive drug known more commonly as "ecstasy"), Adderall is perfectly legal, a Food and Drug Administration (FDA)-approved drug that is not usually

sought for by police. Adderall has no scent and users on Adderall without a prescription are inconspicuous to the untrained eye. There is no slurred speech, bloodshot eyes, or loss of motor control. Only the loss of focus.

It is illegal to sell or use Adderall without a prescription.

Pierce describes "opportunist" dealers of the drug who look to price gouge desperate students but acknowledges that most people who have Adderall, usually students who are legally prescribed the drug, are more than willing to part with a few pills for several dollars. One female student described a friend with an ADHD diagnosis who regularly deals away most of his medication. Another male student told of one student who, because he was improperly diagnosed with ADHD, now holds a large supply of Adderall that he gives away for free.

The Science of Adderall

"The problem with taking it [Adderall] without diagnosis is that you don't know if you are vulnerable to addiction," said Dr. Joanna Fowler, a senior scientist at the Brookhaven National

Laboratory who specializes in organic synthesis and neurochemistry. "Don't experiment." Fowler, like many other professionals, worries about the addictive habits that frequent Adderall use can engender.

Adderall is an amphetamine, a central nervous system stimulant. It affects the chemicals and nerves in the brain that contribute to hyperactivity. People diagnosed with ADHD and narcolepsy are prescribed Adderall with increasing doses, beginning at one capsule a week. As time passes, the dosage is usually increased.

According to the FDA, the least amount of amphetamine feasible should be prescribed to minimize the possibility of an overdose. Adverse side effects to people taking the prescribed dosage include overstimulation, restlessness, dizziness, insomnia, depression, headache, seizures and stroke. Blood pressure can also be elevated.

On top of this laundry list of possible side effects are the dangers that come with overdosage. Pierce and his fellow users walk a very dangerous line when they begin to use beyond the recommended dosage, especially when they have not been recommended an original dosage.

"When we look at the brains of addicted people, we find differences in the reward system of the brain," said Fowler. "The reward system is disrupted and is what keeps us functioning to enjoy [things like] food and music. Stimulant drugs are much stronger. They hijack your reward system."

Foreseen...and Unforeseen Effects

"I'll get very emotional after using Adderall," said Roberta, a senior anthropology major. "A few hours later, like four to five, I start thinking about a lot of stuff. I usually get sad. I might start to cry."

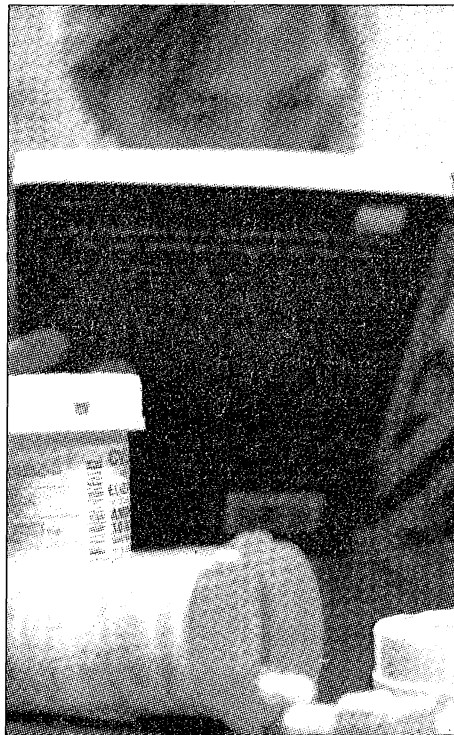
Roberta, like many other college students, uses Adderall to stay up all night and study for exams. She has been using since last semester and can't imagine studying without the drug.

"Everyone I knows uses Adderall,"

she said. "All of my friends, a lot of people."

She said she doesn't worry too much about side effects and, unlike Pierce, never considered the long-term harm she could do to her body. The federal government has classified Adderall under the same category as opium, morphine, and cocaine, all drugs with the potential for abuse. In recent years, Adderall and other ADHD medications have been linked to the deaths of 25 people.

"I never did the research," Roberta said.



The Oklahoma Daily

A Quick History

Between the 1940s and 1970s, amphetamines were used to treat obesity, fatigue and depression. The addictive properties of amphetamines were not yet known. In World War II, pilots used stimulants to stay awake. Baseball players popped amphetamines – known colloquially as "greenies" – to increase their alertness throughout a long and grueling season.

Amphetamines resurfaced in the 1990s. More children were diagnosed with ADHD and Adderall, introduced in 1996, was approved to treat the dis-

order. According to the National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse report, between 1992 and 2002 the number of prescriptions for ADHD medications in the U.S. skyrocketed 369 percent to 23.4 million per year. In 2005, this number swelled to 31.8 million.

Health Canada suspended all sales of Adderall in Canada for a brief period in 2005 after 20 sudden deaths from use were reported. The ban was eventually lifted. Britain's National Institute for Health and Clinical Excellence urged physicians not to prescribe Adderall to children younger than five and to strongly consider other approaches to behavior modification before prescribing Adderall to children five and older.

In 2006, the FDA nearly gave Adderall a black box warning (a warning meaning medical tests show that the drug carries significant risk and life-threatening adverse affects). Though FDA safety advisors voted 8 to 7 to approve the black box warning, the FDA's pediatric advisory committee would not agree to the precaution.

Solutions

Alan D. DeSantis, Elizabeth M. Webb, and Seth M. Noar published a 2008 study on the illicit use of prescription ADHD medications like Adderall in the *Journal of American College Health*. To stem the tide of illegal Adderall use, they proposed several solutions. One would be to target the sellers of Adderall who tend to be only a small percentage of the student population, students actually diagnosed with ADHD. They suggest a monthly allotment of 20 pills per student to prevent a surplus. Most prescribed Aderall users, they found, only use their medication on heavy workdays.

They also suggest education. As Roberta's comments show, many college students are uneducated about the side effects of repeated and non-prescribed Adderall use. Mass communication and educational campaigns have successfully deterred drug use, perhaps most famously with Nancy Reagan's anti-drug crusade in the 1980s.

Ellen Driscoll, the Substance Abuse Counselor at Stony Brook's Center for Prevention and Outreach, also views education as the best mode of prevention.

"We don't want students to be casual about Adderall use and view it as a study drug," said Driscoll. "We do our best to spread the word through education and outreach programs. Students need to know about the side effects."

The researchers believe that highly stressful finals week fosters additional use. They suggest creating more man-

If a student believes it helps him pass a test or write a paper, long-term damage will be sacrificed for short-term success.

ageable finals schedules that limit the amount of exams to one a day and extending the exam period over a longer time span. Lessening time constraints might shrink the burden and stress on the students. When stress drops, usage drops.

The difficulty in prevention, though, lies in Adderall's effectiveness. Perceived as a miracle drug, Adderall is a quick and easy way to finish mountains of schoolwork. If a student believes it helps him pass a test or write a paper, long-term damage will be sacrificed for short-term success.

Abusers of Adderall aren't criminals, the mentally ill or any of the usual suspects. They are students, many of them high achievers, many of them who are willing to do anything it takes to climb closer to that elusive 4.0.

"It's not the average loser druggie that uses Adderall," Pierce said. "It's the straight-A, good son. Adderall is the drug of society's most productive members."

Additional Reporting by Samuel Katz

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The Frog and the Fury

By Carol Moran

A man walks through the glass doors of Stony Brook University Medical Center, stopping briefly at the reception desk, a tiny child's pigtails bobbing at his side. He starts off towards the right until the life-sized sculpture of a prehistoric frog with eyes wide and mouth gaping atop a display shelf captures his attention. He leans in close and reaches out to touch it, then jumps back into the reality of his hospital visit and guides the child away.

The hospital lobby is a chaotic mix of visitors, nurses pushing around monitors, students shuffling to class, and more ominously, patients looking for some distraction during their wait. On a sunny day, the frog is angled just close enough to the windows for the rays to glint off its glazed surface, perhaps catching someone's eye.

The model looks like any regular grass-hopping frog, with rough-textured sandy-colored skin—only it's not. Weighing in at 10 pounds, 16 and a half inches, it is the largest frog to have ever been discovered. The world's second largest frog, the Goliath frog, weighs up to seven pounds and grows to roughly thirteen inches.

From where it sits at Stony Brook, near a gift shop and a Starbucks, the model frog is a long way from where its species once lived roughly 70 million years ago. The discovery, which consisted of 75 fossil fragments—some as small as a fingernail—took fifteen years of digging in a remote part of Madagascar by a team of paleontologists and graduate students. Eight floors above the hospital lobby, the model's original fossils sit in a shelf just down the hall from Dr. David Krause's office. Krause led the excavation.

"You know that you are going to potentially see something that no one's ever seen or discovered before—ever," Krause said of the excavation process. "We get to be like little kids sometimes when we find things in the field."

And Krause is no stranger to that

feeling. Madagascar has been a paleontological gold mine leading to many significant discoveries, including the skeleton of a 70 million-year-old meat-eating dinosaur, *Majungasaurus crenatissimus*, whose skull rests in a glass case only feet from where the frog sits. *Simosuchus clarki*, a bizarre, possibly vegetarian, pug-nosed crocodile seems to smile at its viewers from its own glass case in the same exhibit. Displayed next to the crocodile is a small theropod dinosaur named *Masiakasaurus knopfleri* after singer Mark Knopfler because, coincidentally, Krause's team found more fossils when Knopfler's music was played.

Stony Brook University Medical Center Development Council funded the exhibit with the philosophy that it would provide an educational and interesting distraction for hospital visitors and patients. For Krause, it serves that purpose—and another.

Among the fossils is a sign for the Madagascar Ankizy Fund, an organization created by Krause that is dedicated to building schools and financing health and dental clinics on the island. The world's fourth largest island, Madagascar is home to 20.7 million people with an average life expectancy of just 59 years. The average mother has six children, and most families reside in tiny huts with walls of grass and mud floors. There is virtually no health or dental care in remote parts of the island, and children often die of easily curable illnesses like malaria and diarrhea.

Krause established the fund in 1998, calling it Ankizy, the Malagasy word for children. Since then, it has financed four schools, medical and dental clinics, as well as healthcare training, clean water, and income generating projects. Krause teaches at the University in the fall, and then spends the remainder of his year doing research for future excavations and finalizing the logistics for the next trip to the island. The field season, or period of time he spends in Madagascar overseeing both the health clinics and the excavations, usually lasts from June to mid-August.



That's one big mouth.

Roman Sheydvasser

What began as a one shot trip with only paleontological motives, seventeen years later has evolved into a life-long mission to improve the lives of others and to further uncover what Krause called the "mother load" of fossils.

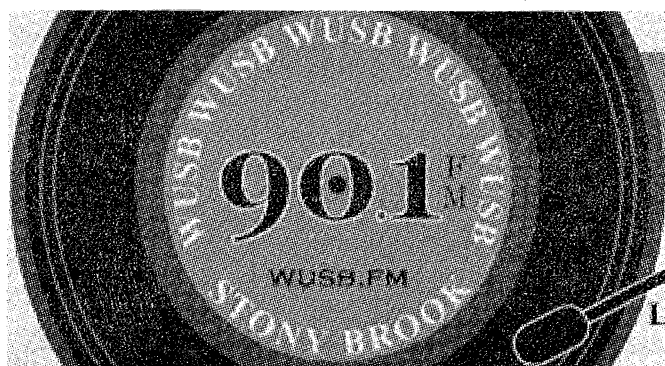
"I fully anticipate that it will consume the rest of my career," Krause said, "and it's been terrific scientifically."

The discovery of the large frog was what kept Krause's scientific intrigue directed towards Madagascar. Named *Beelzebufo ampinga*, after the Greek word *Beelzebub*, meaning devil, and the Latin word for toad, *bufo*, the frog had jaws large enough to work their way around alligators, and perhaps even small dinosaurs. A frog that large and powerful would capture anyone's attention—and in the case of the model

in the hospital exhibit, even those with serious medical matters on the mind might find it an appreciated preoccupation.

"There is more to medical care than just technology and healthcare givers," said Krause. The exhibit acts as a "welcome distraction to both patients and visitors," he said.

Near the entrance, a young woman in a wheelchair has her head down as she glances into the glass case displaying the bones of *Masiakasaurus knopfleri*. The woman's hands rest around a bouquet of flowers that sits in her lap as she stares pensively at the bones. Moments later a man comes up from behind her gives her a kiss and the two exit through the same glass doors.

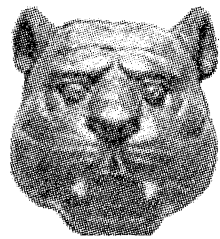


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ASIAN AMERICAN E-ZINE

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The All American Kid Next Door Who Lives in Fear The Government Doesn't Think She's American Enough

You know her. Maybe she sits next to you in class. Or hangs out in your dorm room. Maybe you both went to John F. Kennedy High together - giggling through Chem lab about some cute guy. Listening to N'Sync and the Back Street Boys but dancing to the oldies when volunteering at the annual dance for senior citizens the school puts on for local elders.

She's obviously of Chinese heritage but you're sure she's an ABC. No accent at all. For this story we'll call her Mei Ling. You both grew up watching Sesame Street until you morphed into Saved by the Bell. Read all of the Babysitter's Club. You both speak the same Lawn Guyland cultural lingo. Although you each studied French in high school, now she's studying Chinese at Stony Brook because she never learned it growing up. Her parents, Hong Kong and Fujian immigrants, wanted her to be as American as apple pie. Well, since apples originated in Asia, let's say as American as a big Mac.

What she doesn't tell you in that she's really learning Chinese because she's scared. Scared the U.S. government will send her back. Back to a foreign land. Back to a land where everyone speaks a language she doesn't know. Back to a land where she doesn't know a single soul.

Why? Like many immigrants, her mother saw coming to America as a way to get what they couldn't get at home. You know, our streets are paved with gold. Until they get here and find the cobblestones of Little Italy and Chinatown and the Lower East Side. But that's still okay, because at home in the days when they came, they didn't have hope that life would get better. But here, hope springs eternal. Hope led them to Brooklyn. Hope led their children to Stony Brook.

And it was college, the hope for a better education for his children, that led her father here. He was a college grad. He didn't care what the streets were paved with. He knew that coming here without papers and without speaking the language would be a hard life. To this day he still works in a restaurant. But once upon a time he had been a journalist on the mainland in the days when speaking truth to power meant prison. He spent much of the Cultural Revolution in jail. While being "reeducated" he knew colleagues who committed suicide when the pain and humiliation was more than they could bear. He was coming to the land of freedom so his children could get the educated life he craved for them.

And an American education - from elementary school through college - is what she got. Learning English was easier than for most immigrants. She knew Hong Kong English. She just had to lose her British accent to fit in. To learn to say eraser, not rubber; to line up, not queue; to pronounce schedule as skedule, not shedule.

To meet her parent's expectations she became a high achieving honor student. She was accepted to some of the best universities but you need a social security number to fill out a FAFSA to qualify for a loan. Without it, her parent's restaurant income and her part time jobs meant her only option was a public university. So Stony Brook benefitted. She became one of the statistics who raised the SAT score level of our entering freshmen.

Her dream is to get a job in community social work, to give back to the country that gave her so much. Mei Ling is a pseudonym but in real life she is the story above - a Stony Brook student who will stay a perpetual foreigner until the DREAM Act passes. Unable to get a job legally, unwilling to marry someone she doesn't love

to gain citizenship, she has no choice but to stay a perpetual student too, working whatever part time jobs she can to supplement her father's support. To stop means to work illegally in his restaurant.

She cannot even have an American born child for the cycle to end. Legally, as it has done to many other parents, our government could still send her back. Then she would have to abandon her child to her parents, hoping they do not get caught too.

More of Mei Ling's story is at www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine. This bright, creative, college educated young woman, like many immigrants to our shores, has much to offer the only country she knows. Hopefully, someday soon, with passage of the DREAM Act, she'll be able to use her talents for more than serving egg rolls.

The DREAM Act

by Ken Yu

According to the Asian American Justice Center, "an estimated 1.4 million Asian Americans are undocumented, and many of them are students who have come to America as young children."

The Development, Relief and Education for Alien Minors Act, known as the DREAM Act, is legislation introduced in the House and Senate. While there are differences between the bills, passage would give undocumented students a path to citizenship, independent of their parents status.

The most recent version of the Dream Act requires that the applicant have come to the U.S. before 16, been here at least 5 years before the bill passes, graduated high school (or GED), be between 12 and 35, and have good moral character. If the relevant requirements are met, a 6 year conditional permanent residency is granted. They then must fulfill one of two conditions for two years: enroll in college or enlist in a branch of the United State military. At the end of 5 and a half of the 6 years, the applicant will be able to apply for legal permanent residency.

While the primary beneficiaries of the DREAM Act would be students whose parents brought them here as children, since it has been so many years since the bills were first introduced, the Senate bill raised the age from 25 to 35.

Although the popular media gives the impression the Act is for Latinos, there are many Asians who will benefit. Some were refugees from war torn countries like Laos and Vietnam, the latter often boat people not given political asylum. Some, like SB's kid next door, from countries where the one-child policy and many of the freedoms we take for granted do not exist.

Each year about 65,000 undocumented children who have lived here for five years or more will graduate from US high schools. Although American in every way but their passport, they are still no different than the parents who brought them. They can never get a legal job, get a driver's license, vote. They eat, drink, think and breath American because that is all they know. They are innocent victims.

The DREAM Act says America is a compassionate country. It says, in Biblical fashion, 'the sins of the father are not visited upon the children.' It says that it's not just in Hollywood movies that 'dreams really do come true.' And you can help make those dreams come true with a simple email, letter or phone call. Ask your Senators and Congressperson to vote for the DREAM Act. Remind them it was immigrants who built this country, immigrants who build it still, and these innocent immigrants deserve to be on paper what their hearts and minds already are—Americans.

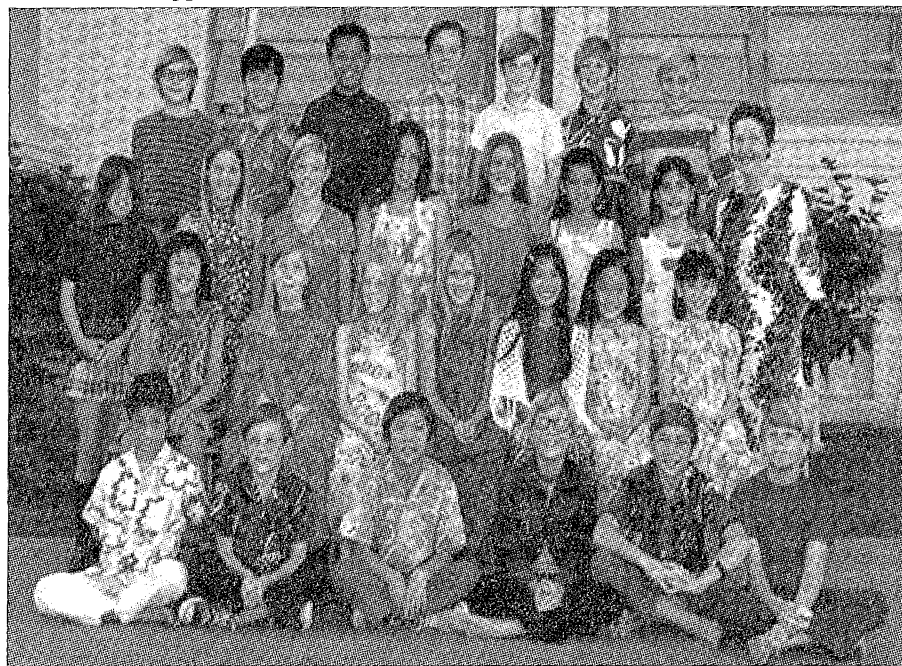
NATIONAL DREAM ACT WEEK OF ACTION

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A Conversation On Immigration Reform on LI

Kid next door photo above is 5th grade class of the 44th President of the USA.



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Weekly AA E-Zine meetings every Friday in our office, Student Union 071.

Excerpts from www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine in SB Press Volume XXXI, Issue 9 | February 2010

Product Review: JDate

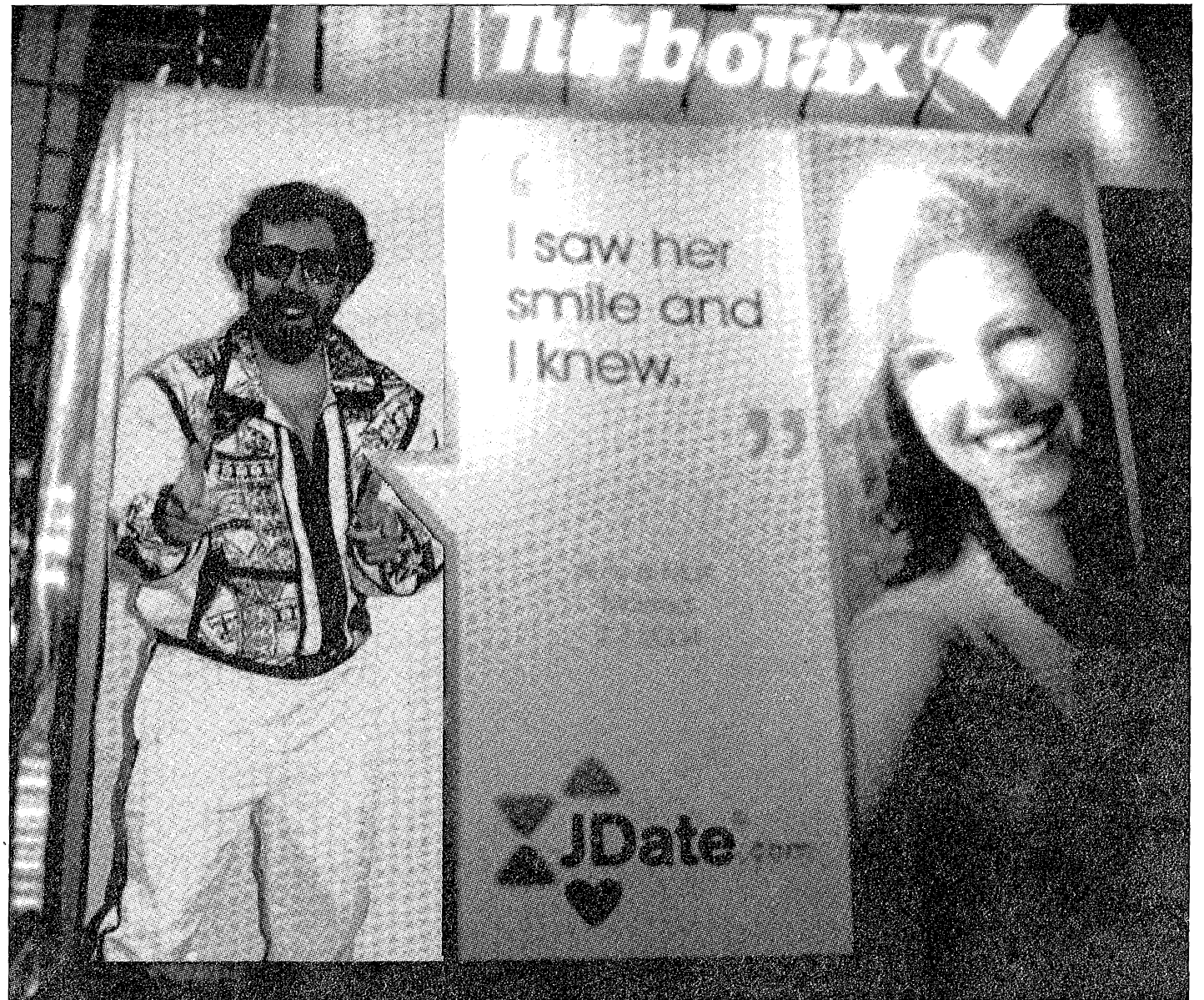
By Jonathan Singer

JDate, the online dating service where “J” stands for “Jewish”, is a phenomenon. While the rate of intermarriage between Jews and non-Jews remains high, a number of Jewish religious leaders see JDate as a tool to protect Jewish continuity—some congregations go as far as reimbursing young members who pay to use the website.

This isn't the USSR, meaning that Russian Jews, Estonian Jews, Latvian Jews, Lithuanian Jews, Byelorussian Jews, Ukrainian Jews, Moldavian Jews, Georgian Jews, Armenian Jews, Azerbaijani Jews, Turkmen Jews, Uzbek Jews, Tajik Jews, Kirghiz Jews and Kazakh Jews are free to marry whomever they choose. With one month of JDate costing a steep \$39.99, Spark Networks, the parent company that owns JDate.com, BlackSingles.com, CatholicMingle.com, ChristianMingle.com, InterracialSingles.com, LDSMingle.com, MoreToLove.com, SingleParentsMingle.com, SingleSeniorsMeet.com and Spark.com, acts as some sort of intermediary to stop Jews from marrying Catholics, Mormons, other Christians, and non-Jewish black people.

That being said, I don't know how your bubbie would react if you brought an Ethiopian Jew to your Seder table, or for that matter a Moroccan Jew or an Egyptian Jew. Upon browsing the profiles on JDate, one finds that the majority of these subscribers are Ashkenazim, with the occasional Persian thrown into the mix. Technically, one doesn't have to be Jewish to subscribe to JDate, which has become a source of contention within the Jewish community. Apparently, there are a fair number of gentiles who are actively seeking a Jewish spouse, and what better place to find one than JDate? It's not like the Mossad prescreens subscribers; in fact, Spark Network's generic and somewhat discomforting disclaimer on the bottom of each webpage reads “Spark Networks Limited does not conduct background checks on the members or subscribers of this website.” Besides, the connection between Judaism (the religion) and Zionism (the political ideology) is controversial, so JDate falls outside of the Mossad's jurisdiction.

However, the fact remains that



JDate is expensive, and filled with white people who may or may not be Semitic. I would know, because I shelled out the \$39.99 three times, which resulted in four JDates. Since Spark Networks does not conduct background checks on the members of subscribers of JDate, I really have no idea who “Gabrielle”, “Sara”, “Rachel” and “Liana” actually are—they might as well be Mossad agents on some sort of mission in the United States, and the Israeli government reimbursed them the cost of a JDate subscription to boost morale, or something like that.

However, that is just my bit of speculation. JDates are good excuses to see mediocre Israeli movies (such as *Meduzot*), eat vegetarian food because it's kosher “to some degree”, or wander around Manhattan with another Jewish person. It would have been better if that movie were good (such as *Etz Limon*), the food was vegan, and we were actually walking to somewhere important, such as the Museum of Jewish Heritage in Lower Manhattan.

But alas, I am now \$119.97 poorer and still single. To be fair, I went on

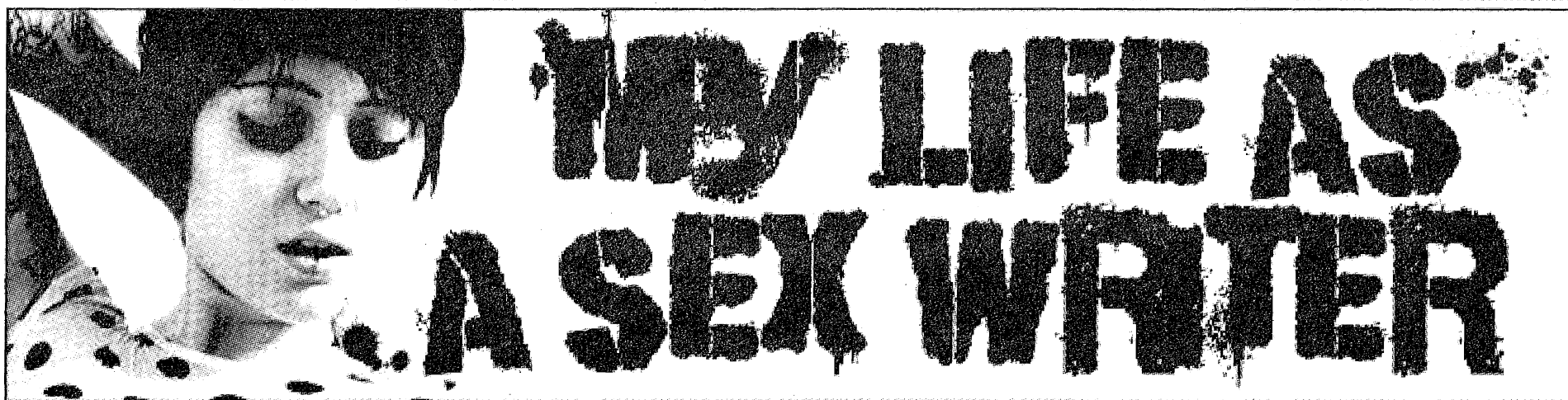
those JDates when I was still attending university, and one aspect of a JDate profile involves the disclosure of your annual income. Profiles also tell potential matches if you are looking for “a date”, “friend”, “marriage”, “a long term relationship”, “marriage & children” or an “activity partner”. While Spark Networks does organize JDate ski trips and cocktail parties, I have since learned that “activity partner” is a euphemism for “fuck buddy”. I'm an atheist, making me one of those “secular Jews” that you always hear about. However, I don't know what parts of the Torah or Talmud advise Jews to have sex with random people they meet over the Internet.

Of course the Internet didn't exist when those texts were written. And Spark Network's servers aren't located in any sort of Jewish theocratic nation, so they are exempt from regulation by the Orthodox Union, United Synagogue of Conservative Judaism or Union for Reform Judaism. For that matter, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints can't regulate the aforementioned LDSMingle, nor can The Vatican mon-

itor CatholicMingle. In that case, score three for Spark Networks.

It's not that I never go to Synagogue, something that is explained in the common JDate profile. But last Rosh Hashanah I found myself in shul (something about an offensive comic bringing me there), where my rabbi mentioned that JDate is indeed a phenomenon. He mentioned the high number of “JDate weddings” that he has been overseeing, and this is where I was introduced to the idea of congregations reimbursing members the cost of JDate.

If Jews want to be around for another 3000+ years, then JDate can be a key to lowering the rates of marriage outside the religion. As I learned, it's also a fun way to meet new people, even though all of the JDates whom I friended on Facebook have since dropped me from their list of friends. Maybe they also found boyfriends, and maybe they met those dude-faces on JDate. I hope they have fun at their weddings.



By Chris Mellides

Throughout my life, both in the personal and professional sense, I've often been governed by one deciding principle. That is, when something ceases to be fun, and there's no real joy left in it, it's probably time to leave it behind and move on.

A lot of people often tell me that this is a poor pattern of thinking and that applying this train of thought to the greater outside world becomes a fruitless endeavor. I disagree. Call me nuts, but I just can't bring myself to continue doing something that's lost its luster. Now, don't get me wrong, I have held and continue to hold jobs for extended periods of time even though I get bored with them. I have also had friends with whom I've stuck with, despite their constant slips into self-deprecation, blandness and occasional substance abuse. Sometimes, those friends of mine can be a real drag.

Despite all of this, there has always been a piece of me that craves more, and to settle for less is as unthinkable as it is stupid. Having said that, let's discuss this column, as well as my career as a sex writer.

Well, I can say without the slightest bit of hesitation that I have achieved everything I set out to achieve with *My Life As A Sex Writer*. I think that it was important for me to chronicle my humble beginnings and gradual transformation into who I am today. And shit, if you readers got anything out of it, then that's cool too.

Unfortunately, this will be my last installment, as I'm sure most of you might have already guessed. I don't feel that there's much of a need for me to go on, and continuing this column for the duration of the college semester would prove to be a huge disservice to the *Stony Brook Press* staff, every reader that's ever taken an interest in my work and of course, myself.

I think that it's also worth mentioning that my previous column published

last semester, wherein I described my experience at a local sex club, had attracted a lot of unwanted attention.

For one, my relationship with the journalism faculty has taken a turn into weirdness. I might also mention, that since that article was published online, a cop, who under the guise of a curious reader, attempted to shake me down for information on the club I visited. It

I think that the real reason I wanted to become a sex writer was because I like taking risks and wanted to continue writing professionally. I also wanted to further explore my own sexuality in the hope of better defining who I am. I dig self-exploration and feel that knowing one's true self opens the door to endless possibilities in almost every imaginable area.



came as no surprise; I've dealt with the police many times before in this chosen line of work. There are always certain legal issues that spring up that attract flatfoots, like dog shit attracts horseflies.

Of course, this all leads me to the second portion of what I wanted to discuss, and that is my actual life as a sex writer; what that really means to me, and where I plan on taking it.

My work with the *Sex Herald* has opened my eyes to a lot of new things. It has sharpened my skills as a reviewer and has turned me into an expert on the adult film industry. It has also provided me with enough foundation to continue my work in the field. Sadly, after devoting myself to the publication for three years, I recently discovered that the *Herald* is on its last legs, and it's only a mat-

ter of months before the whole operation goes shithouse. On top of that, I just don't have fun doing it anymore, and I find reviewing adult DVDs to be completely tedious and equally boring.

That deciding principle I described earlier has come into play, and I've submitted to it like a gazelle does to the cold embrace of a tiger's fangs. So, I'm currently in the process of escaping that sinking ship of a publication and starting anew. I don't want my career in smut to end, and frankly, I can only go up from here.

In light of this, I ended up searching the 'Net for review sites that do porn. I came up with a few matches and queried them immediately. I haven't heard back from most of them, and two of the five sites I tried rejected me. However, one site did respond. The editor there requested sample work and wanted to know what my rates were. Long story short, they simply could not afford me. I asked for too much.

A word to all of you aspiring writers out there who decide to freelance. If potential employers ask you for your rates, flip the script and ask them what they think they should pay you instead. It's far better than setting your own prices and overshooting their monthly budgets by a couple of dollars. It's even worse if you ask for a smaller amount, because then you're putting yourself in a low-paying position. The whole thing sucks, so consider yourselves warned. I just submitted a counter-offer to the site's editor, so we'll see if he gets back to me, but I'm not holding my breath.

Anyway, that's what's going on with me at the moment. For the time being, I'll be an unemployed sex writer. That being the case, this column is history. Let's just hope that my career as a smut peddler isn't.

Finally, thank you all for reading. And a special thanks goes to the editorial staff at the *Stony Brook Press* who let me get away with this column for as long as I did, despite their better judgment. Mahalo.

In the Beginning There Was the Word

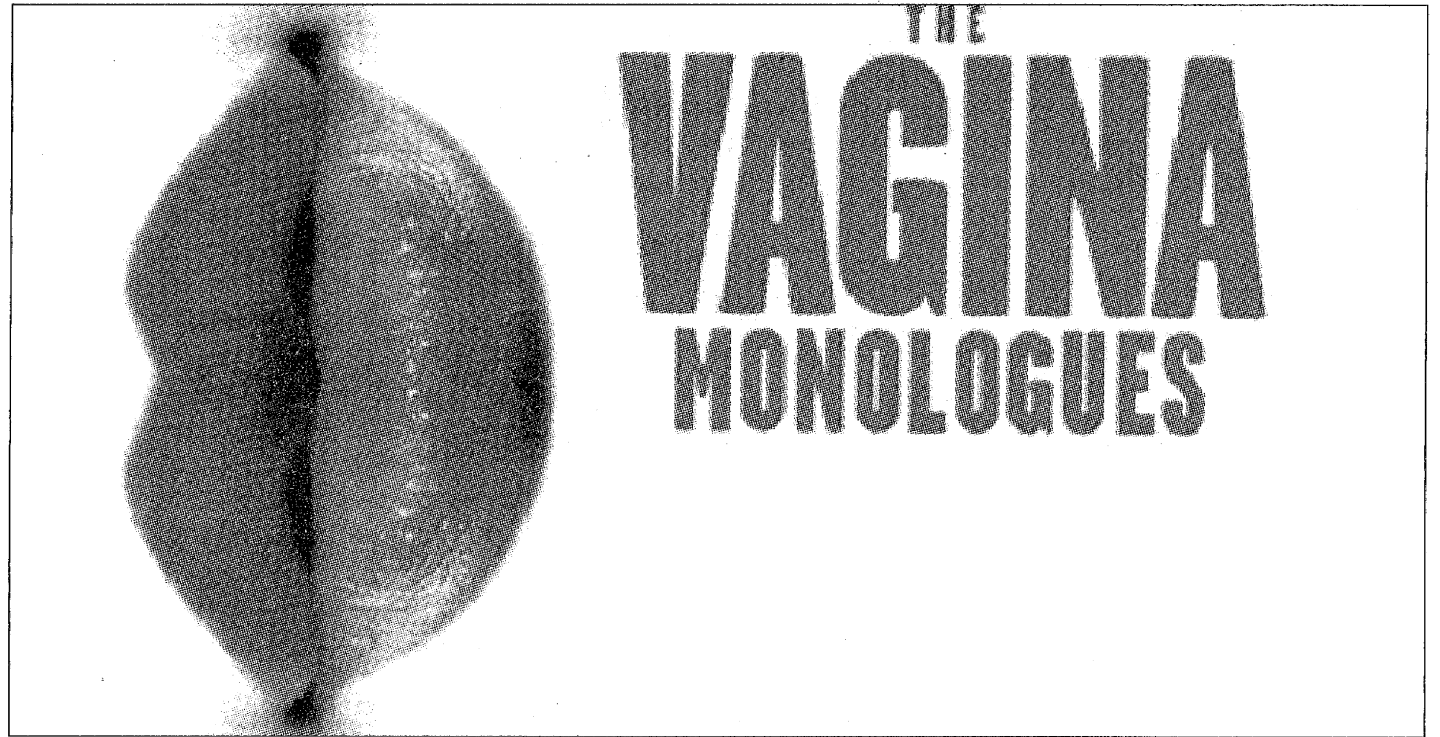
By Samuel Katz

"Through this play and the liberation of this one word, countless women throughout the world have taken control of their bodies and their lives." This may seem like a lofty goal for a play, but that's what the organizers of VDAY (a movement to end violence against women) say of their play *The Vagina Monologues* that was performed last weekend at the SAC Ballroom.

Eve Ensler's *The Vagina Monologues*, which consists of interviews she conducted with over two hundred women, has been performed across college campuses for a decade. Like previous years, the Wo/Men's and Gender Resource Center at Stony Brook put up their own production starring SBU students and directed by SBU alum Laura Ruhl. The play was performed by twenty-one SBU students, who Ruhl referred to as "the twenty one best vaginas at Stony Brook." (That's what she said.)

The play began with three women talking about how nervous they were to talk about vaginas. When they concluded that they would be "even more worried if [they didn't] think about it," the women decided to first name the thing. "Vagina" won't work since it "sounds like a yeast infection at best." So the women listed all the names that have been bestowed upon that organ of mystery. Trust me, if you were surprised to learn that Eskimos have more than 32 names for snow, you'd be surprised how many names there are for vagina. Particularly interesting were the different metaphors different women used for their vaginas. One old lady referred to it as "the cellar," another as a "black hole" and an "anatomical vacuum," and Ensler herself, when describing childbirth, referred to it as an "archeological tunnel" and a "sacred canal."

The stage setting was simple; 21 red chairs set up in a semi-circle and a giant v made out of red balloons suspended from the wall. The performers all wore red and black clothes from their own closets rather than assigned costumes. For each monologue the performer walked up to a microphone at center stage facing the audience while the other actors sat listening. The simple setting made the conversation between the artists and audience appear as more direct and personal, and as a result con-



tributed to a genuine sense of awkwardness inherent to a discussion of that nature. Even with a crowd of mostly women, when Ruhl first mentioned the word "vagina," an uncomfortable laughter erupted from the crowd. As the play progressed that awkwardness translated into comedy and eventually the word took on a casual familiarity.

There were some light moments in the play. In one monologue, a woman does an impression of all kinds of moans from all kinds of women. You would be surprised how much personality there can be in a moan. (Although she didn't answer Stephen Colbert's question of what atheists yell during sex.)

And there were some rough moments, especially in the end when a girl recalled being held captive and raped by soldiers in Congo. The monologue was written by Ensler herself for the 2010 performance. Ensler chose to tell the story from the point of view of someone receiving advice from the victim. In the monologue the survivor lists a set of rules on how to handle a situation similar to hers. The monologue reads like a dark prophecy and an unveiling of a brutal reality. The "rules for survival" presuppose their inevitable necessity for future atrocities. Yet, there is hope in the story, because the narrator is the one who lived to tell the tale, and perhaps so will others.

Looking for a coherent story in all of the monologues as a whole is a futile effort. Some monologues contradicted

other monologues. In the monologue, "Vagina Happy Fact," the speaker proudly proclaimed that there are twice as many nerve endings in the clitoris than in the penis. With a visible glee spread all over face, she said, "who needs a hand gun when you have a semi-automatic." Later, in "The Woman Who Loved to Make Vaginas Happy," the speaker complained about how her moans of sexual ecstasy would come unexpectedly and at awkward times, bemoaning her lack of control (pun unintended). So much for a semi-automatic. (OK, I admit it. I am a guy and I had to get back at that handgun jab.)

Additionally, in the monologue "The Vagina Workshop," a woman told of how she came "to be" her clitoris. She said upon discovering it, that it felt like an astronomer with a primitive telescope, and that she had to be "it." A few monologues later, in "Because He Liked To Look At It," a woman recalled her encounter with a man and how puzzled she was when before sex he said to her, "I want to see you," and by "you" he meant her vagina.

All this makes *The Vagina Monologues* less of a play and more of a demonstration of what's possible and an archive of examples. The monologues were all based on individual interviews, and when you hear them they appear as being just that; individual interviews, confined to its unique experience, yet open for exploration and projection. The monologues served as placeholders for an ongoing conversation.

Two controversial monologues

were "Reclaiming Cunt" and "The Little Coochie Snorcher That Could." In "Reclaiming Cunt" a woman tries to reclaim the word I would rather not utter. This is an interesting move, given its connotation. I can only imagine what would happen if someone tried to reclaim the "N" word. Although, one can argue that the "N" word was originally used as derogatory, while the "C" word originated in medical textbooks and only later was "hijacked." The woman reading the monologue began to love that word so much, that she started yelling "cunt" repeatedly. And believe it or not, the whole audience joined her. In "The Little Coochie Snorcher," a teenage girl remembered fondly how an older woman coerced her into sexual acts. The monologue is presented as nostalgic and gratifying, leaving many to wonder why this situation is celebrated.

The performance involved minimal staging. For the most part, each monologue was read by one woman, although some monologues were read by a few women taking turns reading the lines. I was surprised that this design was used being that the central power of the play lies in its direct conversation. Having the performance split up line by line stole the poignancy of the narrative at times, making the story sound more like elusive beatnik poetry rather than autobiographical.

However, there was one exception where the readings by multiple actors seemed to work. In the monologue, "My Vagina Was My Village," which told the

The Spotlight Is On

By Liz Kaempf

The Tabler Art Gallery is usually a home to a variety of artists showcasing their work, but this past exhibition was one-of-a-kind. Romanian native Alexandra Iosub-Kancharla is currently an art student here at Stony Brook University and had the gallery all to herself this time around.

Kancharla exhibited twenty pieces total, including ceramics, prints and pencil portraits, dating from 2007 to 2009 to show off what she calls an evolution of her work. She mastered the colored pencil portrait and has effectively branched into print-making, ceramics and lithographs, all classes that she is taking while she is studying here at Stony Brook.

Starting from stick figures and scenery, Kancharla was born and raised in Iasi, Romania, the cultural capital of the country, and moved to Knoxville, Tennessee eighteen years later. "I could not anticipate how much of a change it would be. It was traumatic," she says of her first big move to the United States. She has now taken up residence in the more familiar suburbs of New York while she commutes to the university.

Her inspiration stems from a desire to capture and convey emotion through her artwork. "My idea of emotion is looking in a person's face and trying to interpret the lines," Kancharla says. "Everyone has their own story on their face." The eyes in the faces of her portraits are telling and mysterious in pieces like "Water" and "Fire," which are just two parts of an unfinished series of

element-based pictures.

Many of these portraits are recreations of pictures Kancharla has taken or has found. "Self-Portrait in the Moonlight" was actually first a photo her husband had taken of her. It was so dark of a picture that she tried to brighten the contrast of it on the computer, but it was to no avail. "It was not something you could take and put in album, so all I could do was take it and draw it."

"Comedy", a close-up of an aged clown clearly past his prime, depicts a man who is filled with shame and humiliated by his situation. The irony of the piece is probably what made it a popular favorite among gallery viewers despite America's fear of the jolly circus men. "Somehow people don't like clowns in this country and I didn't realize that before," she mentions.

Maybe that's John Wayne Gacy's fault.

All the same, Alexandra Kancharla says she's done with the portraits for now because she's done the most she can with them. She plans to take more time out to perfect her color and line work, inspirations she gets from eco-friendly artist Friedrich Hundertwasser, known for his exquisite line work and organic materials.

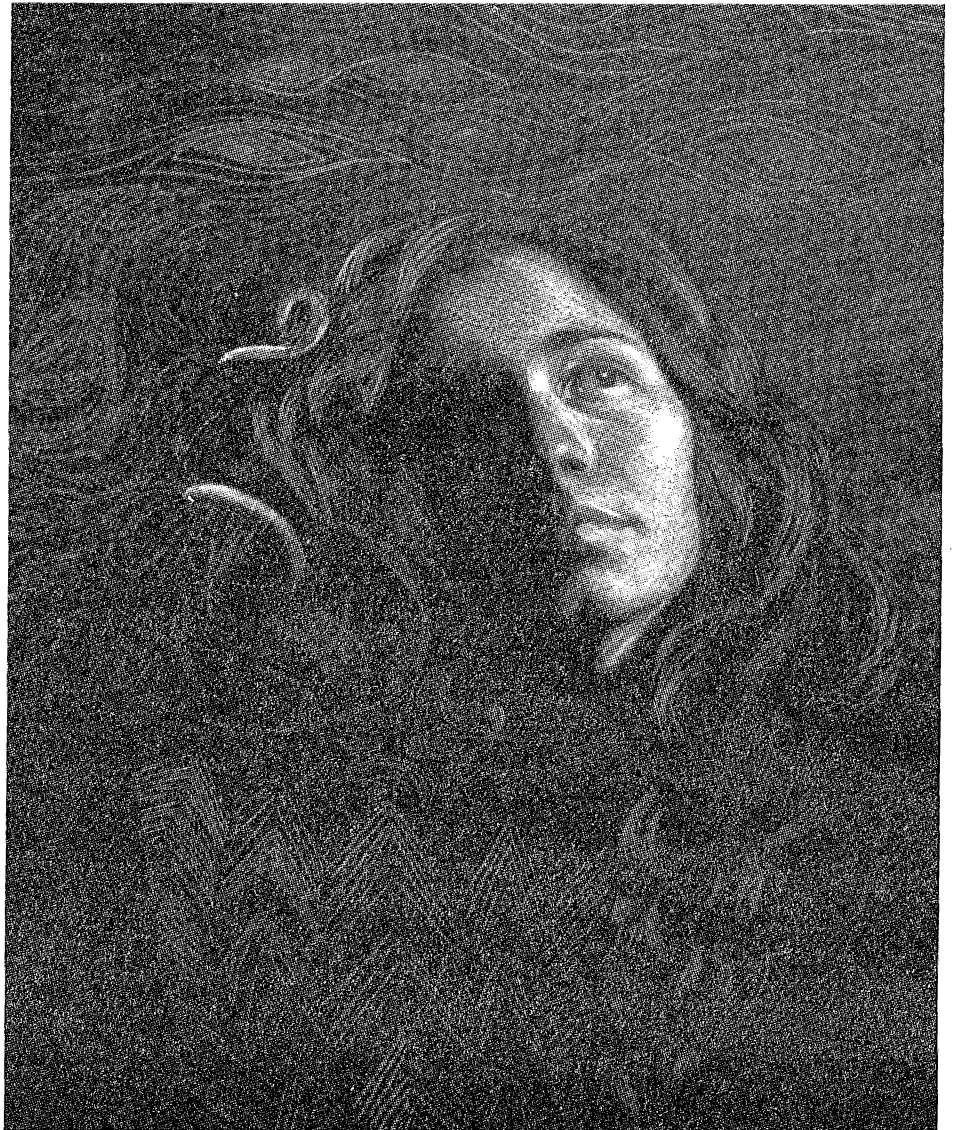
Kancharla says the talent in her family comes from her grandfather; that's where it all started. During her early progression as an artist, sometimes her siblings didn't even believe that the drawings she had done were her own, but that has not stopped her from learning, growing and refining her craft. Art is her niche. "You don't decide [to

be an artist]," she says, "it comes naturally."

All of the artwork that was on display in the Tabler Art Gallery is for sale, as well as other pieces that she's done that can all be found on her website, alexandra-kancharla.com. She is also selling one of her prints, "The Nice

Boy", on etsy.com

"Art is not considered something you can live on in Romania, and that's true. You literally starve in Romania," Alexandra says. So if you want to help feed an artist, go online and check out the rest of the intriguing work she has to offer.



Kancharla's "Self-Portrait in the Moonlight"

V. Monologue continued from page 12

story of a Bosnian refugee who was raped, two women tell the parallel narratives of the same woman, before and after the assault. The monologue produced one of the strongest images of the whole performance. One woman talked about her vagina as a "flowing creek" and a beautifully scenic farm. "My vagina was green, water soft pink fields, cow mooing, sun resting, sweet boyfriend touching lightly with soft piece of blonde straw," at which point the other woman said in a somewhat lower and broken voice, "there is something between my legs. I do not know what it is. I do not know where it is. I do not touch. Not now. Not anymore. Not since." Like the creek she speaks of,

these two stories run violently with a hissing sound. These divergent narratives and memories tell the devastating story of one woman's psychological turmoil in relation to her body. The words "my vagina singing all girl songs, all goat bell ringing songs" is put up against "six of them, monstrous doctors with black masks shoving bottles up me too. There were sticks and the end of a broom." The monologue offered no resolution or redemption at the end, leaving the image of a desolate farm hanging in the air.

The language of victimhood was prevalent throughout the performance. One can certainly debate whether the presentation went too far with its pres-

entation of female sexuality as vulnerable and prone. Camille Paglia wrote in *Salon* that *The Vagina Monologues* is "a grisly memento mori of violence against women" and its women are suffering from "bourgeois repression." Yet, to pick those few monologues that speak of pain, and disregard those that speak of redemption and discovery, would be making the same mistake we have made for so long when speaking about vaginas; by confining it to certain acts or events, rather than letting them speak for themselves, like Ensler's play aspires to do.

The famed Austrian satirist Karl Kraus said of psychoanalysis that it is the "mental illness for which it regards

itself a therapy." To suggest, as many like Paglia would like, that Ensler's play is part of the problem it sets out to cure would be going too far. Yet, I would hesitate to call it the solution. Rather, I see *The Vagina Monologues* occupying the precarious position of being within the process of healing, still very much a part of the culture it seeks to escape, yet pointing towards a world it envisions. Like the organ it so struggles to define, *The Vagina Monologues* is not meant to be defined by its form or by its function, but by the person holding up the mirror against it.

Profanity-Screaming Granny Kills Messiah

By Katie Knowlton

I know you've seen the commercials for *Legion* and have probably thought "Wow, that looks stupid and/or entertaining as hell. Also, I can never look at my grandmother again without thinking she'll attack me, then climb all over the ceiling like a deranged woodland creature." But you're wrong. *Legion* is a deep, spiritual movie that contemplates the fragility of mankind as merely the creation of a superior being.

Nah, I'm just fucking with you. *Legion* is both stupid and entertaining as hell, only tacking on a vague spiritual message that appears to be more intelligent than it actually is. That message: don't abort your babies because they may be the messiah that will save us from the wrath of one very angry god, who, instead of striking us down with lightning or something as equally obvious, sends angels down to posses people so they act like zombies.

I wish I were kidding.

Legion centers around twenty-something Charlie (whose last name is never given, so it's like she's Mary!), played by Adrianna Palicki. Charlie is eight months pregnant and it is unknown to the audience who the father is. Charlie works in a diner in the Middle of Nowhere, California with a motley crew of characters, including a young man by the name of Jeep, played by Lucas Black. No—really—his name is Jeep. The character's name in the credits is Jeep. It is made pretty damn obvious he is the Joseph in this story, as he pines, lovelorn, for Charlie. Jeep's dad is Dennis Quaid, and it is only worth mentioning this so you can all go and chastise him later for taking this role.

So Charlie, Jeep and a rag-tag bunch of tokens and minor characters (who you wish death upon, the entire

time they are on screen) are all in a diner, chillin', when this well dressed man in an LA cop car shows up with a whole ton of guns. He, of course, is the archangel Michael, who has come to earth to save the precious baby Jesus II from the hordes of angel-possessed people. I would try to explain why God is so pissed at humanity, but it's never explained very clearly, and Michael's reason for coming to earth isn't much better. It pretty much boils down to: "Eh, I like people all right, I suppose. They shouldn't really die, I guess. That seems a little harsh."

Really, this very flimsy premise is just an excuse to get to the killin' and the granny slayin'. And there's a lot of killing. Like, hundreds of angel-possessed people, a lot, including a very spider-like ice cream man. Unfortunately, the special effects guys wasted all their money on the grandma and the epic fight scene at the end, so all the other possessed look like regular folk with pointy teeth and scary eyes. Most of the movie consists of this, mowing down hordes of people to keep the baby safe. Sometimes the possessed come moderately close, but there was never so much danger that an automatic weapon couldn't handle it and all the characters magically know how to use them with deadly accuracy, including the guy who has a hook for a hand (he is a token



Oh Grandma, what big teeth you have!?

character, and it's not worth the time to really elaborate on him).

Finally, at the epic climax, Michael's brother Gabriel comes down and they have quite the knock down, drag-out brawl over the Jesus baby. The angels are allowed to show off their kung fu and weapons skills, and the audience is treated to a moderately well shot, long-ass fight sequence. Did you know angels have special maces that vaguely resemble the spike attachments from that car in *Grease*? You know, the blue one with the flames, from the race at the end? Man, *Grease* is a good movie. But, yeah—there's some fighting and stuff, and eventually good wins over bad, meaning the baby lives and humanity is saved! Or something...because the kid has to grow up to be able to lead the people. I smell a sequel!

To be honest, I actually enjoyed this

movie. Don't get me wrong, it is god awful and should be looked at as more of a comedy than the action/horror film it is being advertised as. If you don't go in with high—or really any—expectations, there is definitely entertainment to be found in *Legion*. The writing is weak and the acting is atrocious (Kate Walsh, you should be fucking ashamed of yourself), but it's pretty to look at and there is high comedic value. Bring a friend and crack jokes the entire time. Or wait for it to come out on DVD and rent it because while it may not be worth \$10.50, it's definitely watchable and has the potential to become a cult favorite.

Also, I'm even more afraid of old people than I was before. Thanks, movie.



Ben doesn't
want you
to join
the Press.

Ben wants you
to want
to join
the Press.

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



Scorsese Scores With *Departed II: The Squeakquel*

By Matthew Calamia

I've come to expect that when a movie hits theaters and the name under the big, flashy title reads Martin Scorsese, I'm in for a great two hours. Luckily for me and the movie-going audience, that doesn't change with his latest picture, *Shutter Island*.

The film is set in 1954, on a desolate island off the coast of Boston, called Shutter Island, which is the home of a prison for the criminally insane. A U.S. Marshal named Teddy Daniels (Leonardo DiCaprio), and his partner Chuck Aule (Mark Ruffalo) are called to the island to investigate the disappearance of a child murderer.

Right from the start, Scorsese grabs your attention with deep, ominous

music against the black title screen. The opening shots are of a ferry boat inching closer and closer to the rocky island, with nothing more than a dock and some buildings in view.

The island and its inhabitants become the star of the movie. The eerie feel of the old buildings, including the forbidden lighthouse, feels like a haunted house. The prisoners, I mean, patients, are fascinating as well. Knowing that those people committed horrible crimes due to their insanity adds an extra level of creepiness. My personal favorite was a woman who said she justified her husband's beatings and unfaithfulness by chopping him up with an axe, all while calmly smoking a cigarette.

The audience is left wondering why Marshals are called in for a missing person case, and get the feeling that there

is more to Daniels' story than meets the eye.

As the movie progresses, we're shown Daniels' vivid flashbacks, many of which involving his time serving in the military in Germany during World War II. The quick cut-away transitions last no more than a few minutes, but leave a lasting effect on the audience.

DiCaprio's acting is top notch, changing from a collected investigator early on, to someone who appears to be breaking apart at the seams by the halfway point of the movie.

The plot can be a little difficult to follow at first, but like any great movie, it is more than resolved at the end, leaving no strings

untied. Unfortunately, if you pay close attention, you may be able to figure out the twist early on, but it does little to leave the audience with a feeling of emptiness.

Although its very early in the year, I can easily see this being a contender for Best Picture come Oscar—time next year.



Don DeLillo Sez Complicated Things Again!

By Ross Barkan

"It's all about time, dimwit time, inferior time, people checking watches...Cities were built to measure time, to remove time from nature. When you strip away all the surfaces, when you see into it, what's left is terror."

So says Richard Elster, the fictional scholarly mastermind of the Iraq War, and the foreboding subject of Don DeLillo's newest novella *Point Omega*, published on Feb. 2. For anyone who is familiar with DeLillo, an aging member of the somewhat nebulous "postmodern generation", *Point Omega* will not be a surprise. It is classic DeLillo in almost every sense: abstract dialogue, existential despair, and an eye toward the apocalypse. Gloom pervades this micro-epic. Micro-epic sounds like a pretentious paradox, a meaningless appellation. But here DeLillo is able to condense all that an epic work would say about time, history, and death into a mere 117 pages.

Yes, DeLillo, who in 1997 penned the massive, century-spanning *Underworld*, has written a book both spare and cosmic, a reflection on reality perception and the movement of moments toward an ineffable and unknowable conclusion. What lies at the end? How

will the journey unfold? DeLillo poses these questions in his usual cryptic eloquence, never quite telling us what we want to know. Nothing is ever wrapped up neatly.



Don DeLillo

The flaws of *Point Omega* are clear for any fan of the traditional, plot-driven novel. This novella reads more like a philosophical exposition, albeit an engrossing one, than an actual work of fic-

tion. The 73-year-old Elster is less a character than he is a collection of theories (he calls his desire for a perfect war a "haiku war...a set of ideas linked to transient things"), a distant intellectual who doesn't seem to comprehend the lives he has sacrificed. He has come to the California desert to live apart from society and contemplate time on a larger, geologic scale. Time yawns, expands, presenting him with a less terrifying view of his own approaching end.

Jim Finley is the narrator, a filmmaker dedicated to creating a film that includes only Elster speaking and nothing else. No effects, no graphics. Only Elster. Finley is an utterly bland character who, despite his quirks (his only other film is a 57-minute movie of spliced Jerry Lewis clips) will not linger in the mind of the reader for very long.

And Jesse, Elster's "sylphlike" daughter, whose mysterious disappearance serves as the lone development of plot, doesn't make much of an emotional impact. Perhaps there is a point to these anti-characters: devoid of defining human qualities, they are adrift on the page, veritable ghosts for the hyper-observant DeLillo to use as vessels for his metaphysical probing. For some, this will be a problem. There are no characters to actually care for in these 117 pages. They are vague sketches of real people.

Point Omega, while not on par with

DeLillo masterpieces like *White Noise* and *Underworld*, is a fine work, leaving the reader with enough to ponder within its shrunken borders. The novella is bookended by the accounts of an anonymous man who obsesses over Douglas Gordon's *24 Hour Psycho*, a videowork of Alfred Hitchcock's 1960 film *Psycho* slowed down so much that it takes 24 hours to screen the entire film. The real-life exhibition allows DeLillo to further explore the themes of time, loss, and extinction, the morbid Elster's own obsessions.

The title of the work derives from Jesuit thinker and paleontologist Pierre Teilhard de Chardin's "omega point" theory, a belief that the world and universe are evolving towards a maximum point of complexity and consciousness. When *Psycho* is slowed down, the anonymous man is allowed to contemplate time in an absurdly specific way, reaching toward the transcendence that he and Elster (who never meet) seem to long for.

Point Omega is a work of deceptive complexity. DeLillo's metaphysical bent isn't for everyone. Some will surely shout that the 73 year-old writer has lost his fastball. But they are wrong. This novella is not perfect, not even close, yet it manages to do what few works of fiction can.

It forces the reader to think.

LATE TO THE PARTY

Red Faction Brings Girl Action (...Ladies?)

By Kenny Mahoney

Video games, by their very nature, are released almost as fast and in greater number than corrections need to be made in *The Statesman*. We here at the *Press* know that it can be tough to keep up with all of the games that come out week after week, so we're here to let you know which ones you may have missed that are still worth playing.

Late to the Party is a recurring column in the *Press* where each issue a game (or games) will be reviewed that you may have glossed over the first time around. These aren't high-profile titles like *Halo* or *Call of Duty*, but games that still deserve to be played and talked about.

Like, for example, *Red Faction: Guerilla*.

Red Faction is a franchise that has been around for quite some time now, with its debut *Red Faction* hitting the Playstation 2 and PC back in 2001. *Red Faction: Guerilla*, the third entry in the series, was first released for consoles back in June of 2009. Coming out around the same time as high-profile titles like *Sims 3*, *Prototype*, *Fight Night Round 4*, and *Street Fighter 4*, it is plain to see why THQ and Volition Inc's *Red Faction: Guerilla* may have been lost in the shuffle.

I picked up *Red Faction: Guerilla* (RFG) on sale over the holidays for the PC via the popular download-only distributor, Steam (www.steampowered.com). I knew the game had received mostly positive reviews, but not much else beyond that. But for only \$9.99, I decided I would give it a shot.

I had played the last two games in the series many years prior, greatly enjoying the first one but despising the second. Unlike the two previous *Red Faction* games, this game takes place in a third-person open-world, allowing you to explore various areas and completing game segments at your own discretion. Other than that, the only thing that RFG has in common with its predecessors is the main draw of the series—blowing shit up.

The game takes place on a mining

development on Mars, with the evil Earth Defense Force (EDF) governing the area with a brutal hand. Your character, a miner named Alec Mason, joins the fight against the EDF with the Red Faction, a rebel group, after experiencing first-hand the wrath of the EDF.

As a miner, it would seem an awful waste to leave your handy mining tools at the wayside while fighting the EDF. So, Mason uses his trusty sledgehammer and remote explosives to wreak havoc on EDF structures, vehicles, and foot-soldiers. Sure, you can use the plethora of guns and other weapons RFG gives you, but the less-than-stellar shooting controls make the ham-

mer and explosives my top choice. Alongside you if you're being attacked. Once the control level has been brought to zero, you have successfully liberated the area and are one step closer to completing the game.

Enough about the logistics of the game, the main reason I'm still playing RFG is simply because *it's fun to blow up shit*. My favorite thing to do in the game is take out buildings with strategically-placed explosives and powerful hammer-swings. The game's engine also makes for ultra-realistic destruction, with buildings reacting in real-time to the damage you're dealing to it. Blowing up a support beam? Watch the building start to sag when you take out



mer and explosives my top choice.

Your objective throughout the single-player campaign is to release the grip of the EDF from various areas on Mars through different objectives. There are two to three unique main objectives that must be completed that usually tie into some story elements, while the rest are secondary objectives ranging from rescuing hostages, raiding EDF strongholds, as well as just simply blowing up important EDF structures. Completing each of these objectives will gradually lower the control the EDF has on the area, while simultaneously boosting the morale of the people living there. The more morale you have, the greater the chance that residents will join the Red Faction, and ordinary people encountered throughout the area may decide to take up arms and fight

a load-bearing point. Smashing through a wall with that hammer? Chunks of the wall will go flying based on where you hit it and how hard. Watching an entire building crumble to the ground after you've beaten the crap out of it with a hammer is intensely satisfying. And no, it really doesn't get old.

The game also features an upgrade system that allows you to purchase upgrades for your weapons and explosives, as well as purchase new ones. This is all done with the use of "salvage," the monetary system on Mars, it seems. When you destroy a building or structure, you pick up shiny pieces of it called salvage, which you use to buy stuff. Some of these upgrades include increasing the amount of explosives you can carry, as well as building new weapons that won't be found anywhere else.

However, if all you're interested in is blowing stuff up and could care less about any kind of narrative or upgrade system, RFG has you covered. The game's Wrecking Crew mode tasks the player with trying to destroy everything in a level within a certain time limit. It's a fun mode to play with friends if you're eager to find out which one of you would make a better demolition man.

My only real complaint about the game is the shoddy mouse and keyboard controls. I don't know if it was just me, but I had a really tough time making the game manageable and decided to play with an Xbox 360 controller. It was just way too tough to drive the game's vehicles and aim using a mouse and keyboard. I would have figured they would have been able to refine the PC controls since they only released the PC version of the game in September, but I imagine that it's tough to re-work a game that was clearly designed for consoles.

While I'd love to talk to you about RFG's multiplayer mode, I can't. This isn't because of lack of effort on my part, but at this point in the game's release window nobody is really playing online anymore. After a number of attempts trying to set up a game, I find that most people enter the lobby, realize nobody is going to join, and then leave. So, my advice to you is skipping this title if you're only into competitive multiplayer.

If I haven't made it abundantly clear already, you should definitely check out *Red Faction: Guerilla*, especially if you're a fan of open-world chaos and destruction. The mechanics may seem a bit shallow at first—but just because it's shallow doesn't mean it isn't fun.

If you're looking to pick up RFG, you can find it for \$19.99 on Steam, or free if you pre-order another THQ game called *Metro 2033*, also on Steam. You can also find the game at your local Gamestop for \$19.99 new and \$17.99 used for Playstation 3 and Xbox 360, as well as \$19.99 almost anywhere that sells games. However, if you happened to have bought THQ's *Darksiders*, the game comes with a code that you can send in to THQ and receive a free copy of RFG (with \$5.00 shipping and handling).

More Rock Than Jersey Can Handle

By Liz Kaempf

NJ has more than just *The Jersey Shore* going for it these days when the Prudential Center (home to the New Jersey Devils) is packed to capacity for a concert of three bands worthy of a big stage. Flyleaf, Breaking Benjamin, and Three Days Grace came together on Friday, Feb. 19, to put on a show com-

plete with rock and roll, pyrotechnics and shirtless fist pumping.

Christian-rock band Flyleaf opened up with their breakthrough single, "Fully Alive" to get the show started, and followed up with other radio-familiar singles "All Around Me" and "Again". In the short time they had, the band played a few songs of their latest, which singer, Lacey Mosley, said was a story when you listen to it from beginning to end. Flyleaf was reduced to only the forefront of the stage, but they made due with an energetic performance, not standing still for even a second, and keeping the crowd singing along every step of the way.

Breaking Benjamin (the only reason I was even there) was next in line, and in my opinion, should have closed the show. They played

early career hits "Sooner or Later", "So Cold", "Until the End" and "The Diary of Jane" as well as several songs off their latest album, *Dear Agony*. The band's performance was loud and fast-paced, and even the drunkest fans were able to slur out the words to Breaking Benjamin's hits.

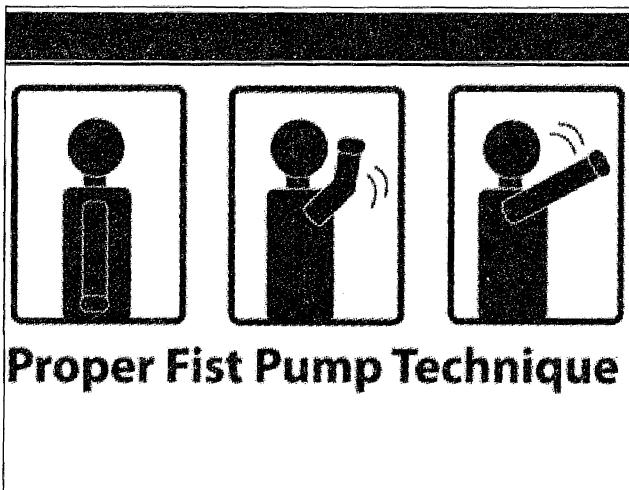
Tributes seemed to be in style for this set as one was first dedicated to musicians past with a video montage in the background paired with a cover of Aerosmith's "Dream On". A secondary tribute was then made out to our armed forces and followed up by the ever-patriotic USA chant by the crowd. "Follow" was Breaking Benjamin's last song and the end to an incredible set from the band.

Lastly, Three Days Grace set up all over the stage with tons of lights, tons of fire and a mic held on to the stand by a metal hand, and kicked off their set with their first two singles off their third album, *Life Starts Now*. Unfortunately, the band played, in my estimation, too many songs from this new album,

which is by no means the greatest CD of all time. Bring back the days of "I Hate Everything About You" and we'll have a grand ole time! Even the singles "Pain" and "Animal (I Have Become)" off the second album were bigger crowd-pleasers than what they actually played.

But Three Days Grace does have a good sound and always puts on a great live show with their energy and interaction with the fans. Their lyrics, however, have always been oversimplified. And this latest album is no exception to that rule. Lucky for them these straight-to-the-point lyrics are perfect for a crowd full of guys high off their own hair gel. Three Days Grace is not the show that you start a 3x3 mosh pit at. It's just not. And yet, they still did it.

Sans the fact that Snooki and The Situation would not stop fist pumping behind me, the show had great vibes. Flyleaf, Breaking Benjamin, and Three Days Grace are dynamic forces and easily got the fans riled up for what was a thriving and high-energy show that you shouldn't have missed.



I LIKE EXCLAMATION POINTS!!!!!!

By Katie Knowlton

Earlier this month, Jeff Rosenstock, mastermind behind the DIY punk collective Bomb the Music Industry!, released a new EP, *ADULTS!!!: SMART!!! SHITHAMMERED!!! AND EXCITED BY NOTHING!!!!!!* And yes, that really is its name. Recorded and mixed in just five days, this spastic collection of songs is yet more proof of Rosenstock's genius and that he is the king of skapoprock-punkindiecore.

ADULTS!!! is the follow up to 2009's *Scrambles*, arguably one of BtMI's best albums, and the new EP doesn't disappoint. It has a good combination of spastic ska-tinged punk with a couple slower songs thrown in for good measure, all with BtMI's greatest asset, amazing lyrics.

Jeff Rosenstock is growing up, and his lyrics show it. No longer do his albums feature songs about past BtMI members going on to play in *Every Time I Die*; instead we get the musings of a 20-something, going on 30, who is

just working his way through life, facing the issues that many adults in his position face. And the songs are fucking amazing.

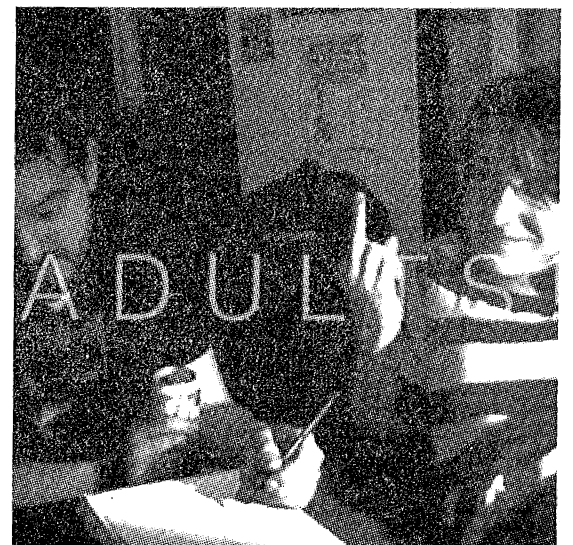
He spits words out so fast that one often can't understand on first listen, but a quick look at the Quote Unquote Records page for the EP reveals the lyrics and shows how brilliant Rosenstock really is. In "Planning My Death" he sings, "I'm rebuilding myself...I'm starting by having conversations sober/But even with the things I try to change, the only thing I want will stay the same/That someone will miss me when my life is over." On "All Ages Show" he yells, "In a trashed room in 1996/A fourteen year old punk and in a flash I'm my parents/And we'll never know love, 'cause I was too busy talking to my Green Day posters/They never said nothing to me." I could wax poetic for pages about how he speaks of the human condition and truly gets to the intricacies of adult life, but instead I'll just say: the dude gets it. He writes what many of us feel, even while we're still in college. He isn't afraid of when things suck or when they're pretty decent,

'cause he can write about both.

Now, this wouldn't be a BtMI release without some wonderfully spastic music to go with the excellent lyrics, and *ADULTS!!!* doesn't disappoint. Featuring performances from members of other Quote Unquote bands and Rosenstock's friends, this EP brings back more of the ska sound of the band's earlier releases. "Planning My Death" and "First Time I Met Sanawon" are like better versions of songs found on BtMI's first album *Album Minus Band*. They're a perfect combination of pop-punk and ska, making them my favorite tracks. But there's also some lighter, almost indie-rock sounds to be found in "Slumlord." And the acoustic song, "Struggler," devolves into a big band-y sing-a-long. You never know what to really expect from the BtMI Crew. There are synths, horns, glockenspiel, gang vocals, slow, pretty parts, and anything else you could possibly want in a punk album.

Bomb the Music Industry! and Jeff Rosenstock are the per-

fect example of what music should be all about, doing what you want, when you want for whoever wants to listen. Sadly, it's tough to make a living this way doing just music, but it can never hurt to help them out. You can download *ADULTS!!!* and the entire BtMI! discography at www.quoteunquoterecords.com for a donation (or for free, if you want). Give what you can so these guys can keep doing their thing for as long as humanly possible.

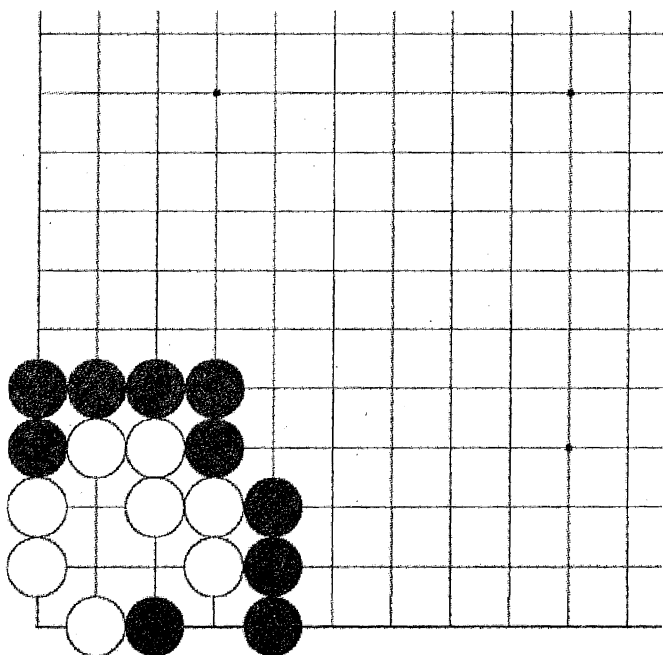




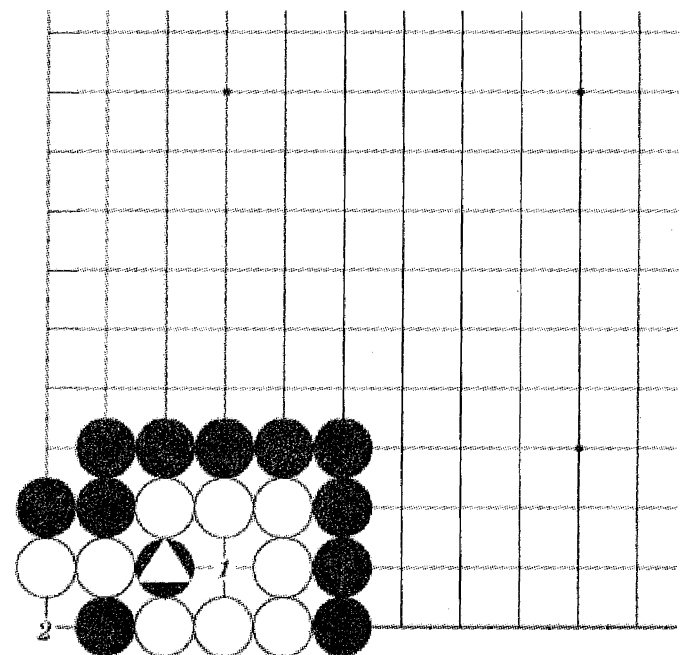
Did this make you chuckle? check out: sites.google.com/site/frankmylescartoons

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

Go for it, Man!



The Go club meets this semester every Tuesday & Thursday, 7:30pm at the Library Commuter Lounge. Check it out!



Black to move, kill Whitey!

Last issue's solution

Triangle is the key move. A play by white at either 1 or 2 will result in a snapback. Oh snap!

Back By Popular Demand*

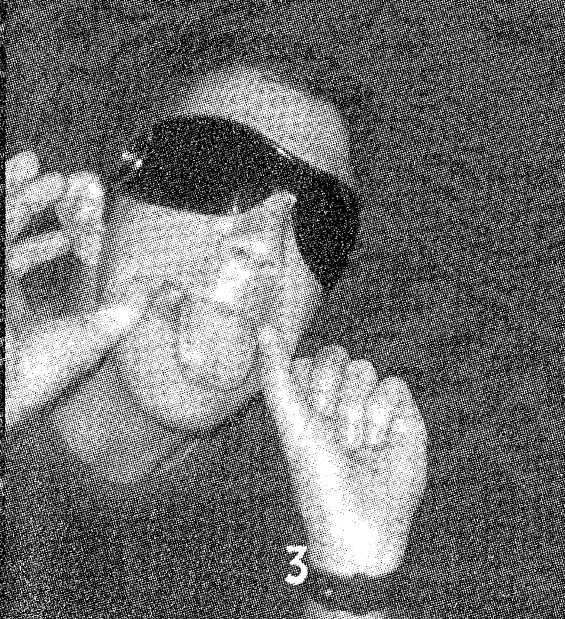
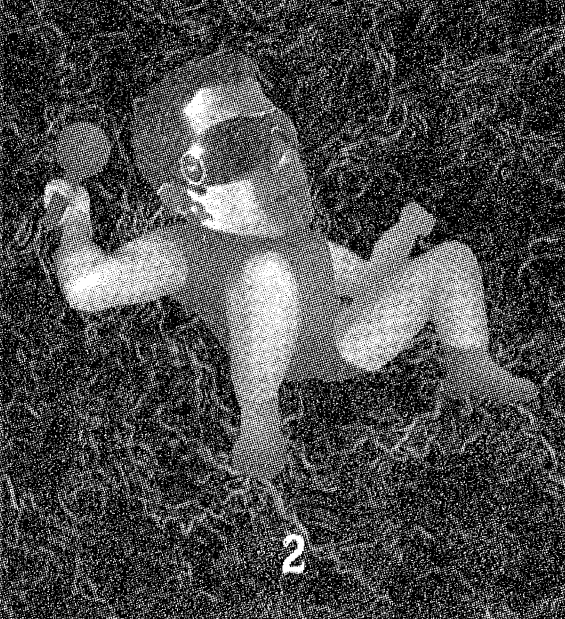
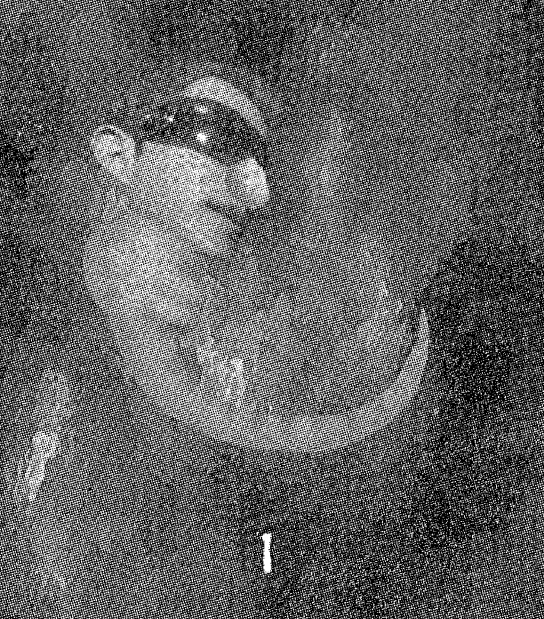
Shades' Life Cycle

Why we should strive for youth

We wiggle as worms....

Than we pop thru a hole.

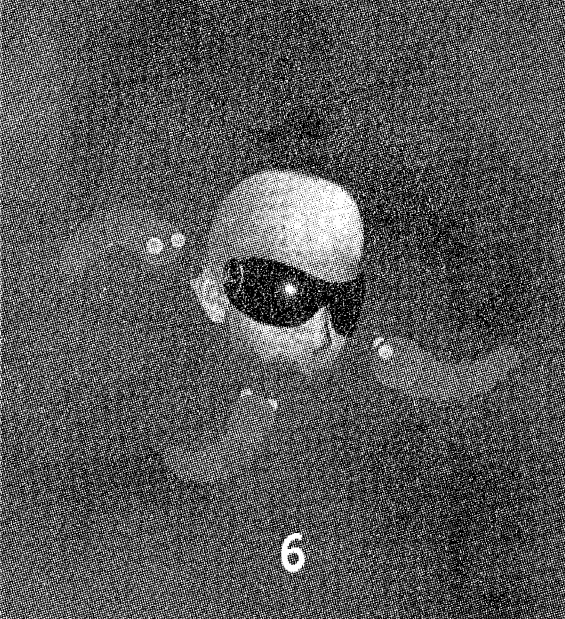
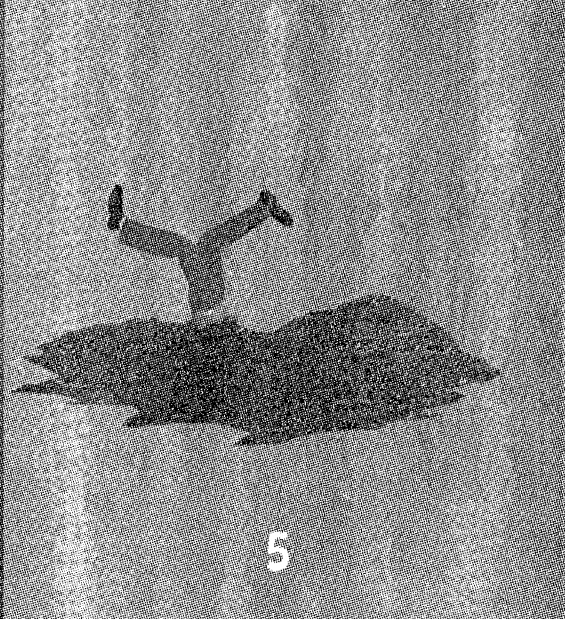
Than we grow up....



Than we grow old....

Back into a hole we go!

Eaten by worms! oh, no!



Stay young. Life life. Be free. Do decent in school while having fun:

Shadesism - the realization that everyone u meet is self-centered, but it's okay as long as they realize it! (we need SOME self-motivation after all)

Shadesism - the realization that we really don't need any more kids unless one's absolutely ready, and putting yourself second to feed another mouth & use up precious time is a terrible mistake!

Shadesism - realizing that abortion is a viable solution, as is vesectomy, though each have their advantages.

*"By Popular Demand" = "Because We Had An Empty Page To Fill"

I'm Not Fighting For Gay Marriage



Katie Knowlton

Let's get this out of the way first: I'm a queer, gender variant person who is probably too gay for their own good. And I don't like gay marriage, at least not as it is being

fought for now.

I've had a wide variety of reactions to my view. Some merely question it, being genuinely curious as to how I got to feel this way. Others have harshly criticized me, saying I'm separating myself from the queer community because I'm not fighting for what everyone else is fighting. Regardless of the reaction, I know my stance is unpopular and confusing, but I feel that more people should know about the wide variety of viewpoints found within the LGBT community regarding this issue.

First, I should say that I'm not a big fan of marriage in general. If any couple wants to obtain legal benefits from the state or federal government, it should not have to be through any sort of legal union. There are many types of families and all should be able to receive benefits without having a marriage, civil union, or domestic partnership. With that out of the way, here's what I'm trying to say: The mainstream gay rights movement sucks.

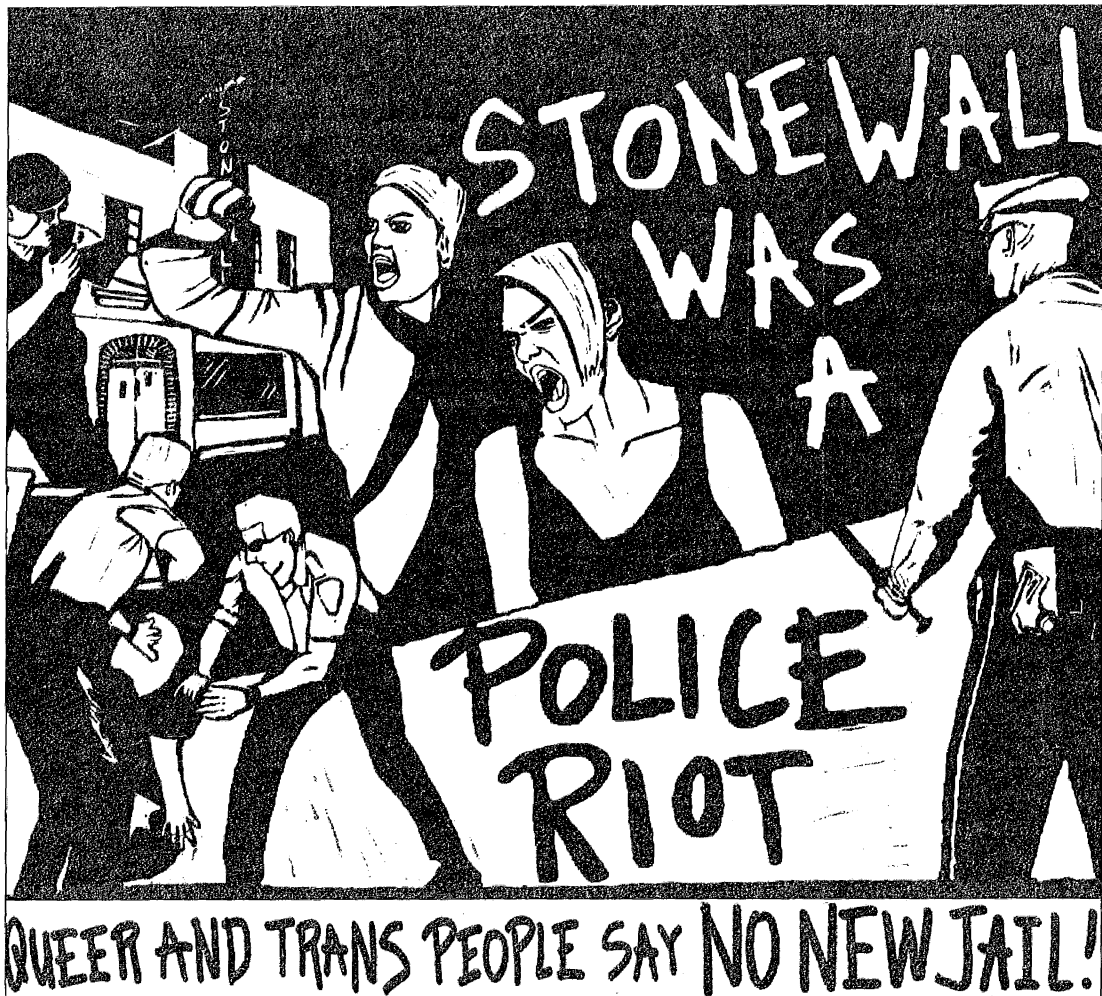
It may seem blunt and unnecessarily harsh, but it is the best way I can think of to accurately describe the Human Rights Campaign (HRC), New York's Empire State Pride Agenda and many other big state and national groups. These groups have done good work in the past and still continue to do so, but their current priorities are disappointing, to say the least. The current "hot" issues for these groups are marriage equality, repealing Don't Ask, Don't Tell (DADT) and the Defense of Marriage Act (DOMA), and, to a much lesser extent, passing Employment Non-Discrimination Acts (G/ENDA) at the state and national level. On the surface, these all seem like perfectly reasonable campaigns to be running, but a look at the issues they are not focusing on shows how far these groups have to go before really fighting for "our" rights.

According to a 2006 study by the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, up to 42% of homeless youth in the United States are LGBT. Queer youth

are four times more likely to attempt suicide than their straight peers. Health needs of LGBT people of all demographics are different and overlooked by the health care system. Insured rates for queers, especially youth, are lower than those of heterosexual people. In all but 12 states trans and gender variant individuals are not protected from discrimination. I could go on and on. These are issues facing LGBT people everyday; issues that, while also affecting our heterosexual peers, affect our community at a much higher rate. These are the issues that no one is talking about in the mainstream gay rights movement.

The most common reaction I encounter with this wall of facts is that these are not really "queer" issues, that these are problems for other groups to take on, groups that focus on suicide prevention, or health care reform, or welfare issues. But guess what? If they're affecting queer people, then they are queer issues. We can't ignore issues facing large portions of the LGBT community just because they are crossover issues. Sure, suicide prevention or homeless shelter work isn't as glamorous as fighting for gay marriage or repealing DADT, but there is a problem when many in the community do not have the same rights and access that those in HRC and other large mainstream groups have, even while they claim they are fighting for the rights of all LGBT people.

Mainstream gay rights groups overlook people of color, disabled queers, those struggling to get by, those living under the poverty line, and those who have families that don't fit into their picture of "normal." Almost anyone who doesn't fit into their image of a "normal" straight person, who just happens to be gay (no, for reals, we're just like you, I swear) is ignored. Their issues are pushed aside in order to appeal not just to white middle and upper class gays, but to heterosexual America.



But we're not just like straight people, our lives and experiences are very different, and it is time for HRC and GLAAD and whoever else is out there to recognize that or to be true about their intent. They don't fight for all queers; they fight for themselves and the rich, white, gay men who fund them. There's just so much more in the fight for queer rights than marriage and repealing DADT, and when it doesn't make me furious, it makes me incredibly sad.

In April of 2009, Connecticut's largest gay rights group at the time, Love Makes a Family, disbanded after the state Supreme Court ruled to allow same-sex marriages within the state. They disbanded. Ceased to exist because, as they said, "our work is done." This was not a group that was created solely for the gay marriage fight. They were founded in 1999 to push for gay adoption rights and then expanded their scope of issues in later years. But they really disbanded after getting same-sex marriage in Connecticut. "We wanted to end on a high note," they said. At times I still can't fully comprehend this. There are so many things that still need to be done for queer people to achieve some level of equality, and to

just quit shows that priorities lie with those who can afford to be equal. The wealthy gays got what they wanted, let's go home. It disgusts me even now.

This is what I fear when these groups finally get nationwide same-sex marriage laws and repeal DADT. The fight will be over and the money will dry up because those running these groups got what they wanted. Who cares about the rest of the community? I wish the HRC would fight for me the way they claim to now, but I don't hold out a lot of hope for that happening any time soon or at all.

The right to same sex marriage is an important issue for some segments of the LGBT community, as is the repeal of DADT, but it is foolish to think that these goals are shared by all queers. There are many other far more fundamental and important issues that need to be addressed by our community before we can even think about those. I think A. Savitz an LGBT health care advocate and activist sums up my feelings pretty well in publication from *Queers for Economic Justice*, "I'll work on marriage, or the right to die for the military, when you help everyone live in peace, health, and justice."

Jon to Zionists: I Quit!



Jonathan
Singer

I'm going to take a risk here and use the N-word. After getting in so much trouble for using the K-word last year, I'm still going to go ahead and drop an N-bomb.

Nakba.

Nakba is Arabic, and roughly translates to "catastrophe." For over 60 years, the word has been used by Arabic speakers in the Levant to describe the creation of a Jewish state in the Middle East, bordering the Mediterranean Sea, between Egypt and Lebanon.

Nakba Nakba Nakba.

In this same issue of *The Stony Brook Press* is my product review of JDate. Considering that article and the start of this one, you might gather that I am Jewish, but I don't support Israel. There are Jews out there who aren't Zionists, Jews whose names aren't Amy Goodman and aren't members of Neturei Karta.

You had your chance, and I will say to you, "nice try." I did the whole Taglit-Birthright free trip to Israel, and it was fun to visit your country and listen to one side of a highly contentious argument. Bedouin hospitality was fun—we drank coffee out of paper cups; Druze hospitality was also fun—we drank tea out of paper cups. It was good tasting coffee and tea, but are you really going to believe that every Bedouin citizen of Israel and every Druze citizen of Israel supports the Jewish state?

I don't know what type of pre-screening process goes into choosing those Bedouin and Druze hosts, but it's obvious that those neighborhoods are tourist traps and the program is a propaganda trip. For a while I bought into that propaganda, going as far as planning to move to Israel. I don't know what I would have done once I made Aliyah, but that doesn't really matter anymore because those plans are off.

I've heard arguments advocating a two state solution. Since there are more non-Jews than Jews living in the entire disputed area (according to a census of Israel, West Bank, Gaza Strip and Golan Heights), some people believe that a region the size of New Jersey can be split between two nations. Maybe Israel should withdraw all of its population from the West Bank, dismantling the cities and settlements of Ariel, Ma'ale

Adumim and Modi'in Illit. The West Bank is called "The West Bank" because it's the west bank of the Jordan River. There are a number of videos on YouTube that show the Israel Defense Forces uprooting Palestinian olive trees to make room for the infrastructure of Israeli settlements. Good luck trying to grow olive trees in the Negev.

The West Bank also contains cities such as Bethlehem and Hebron, the latter being the second holiest city in Judaism. True, Israel turned over control of Hebron's Arab areas to the Palestinian Authority, and now the city lies in a dangerous balance between Arab and Jewish control.

Not to mention checkpoints, not to mention Gaza, not to mention Rachel

The equation is there: a minority population exercising control over a majority. Using figures provided by the CIA World Factbook, the number of non-Jews living in the entire disputed area doesn't outnumber Jews by a very large amount (roughly 194,000 in favor of non-Jews). Even though there is a Palestinian Authority, with one party governing the West Bank and another party governing the Gaza Strip, these "disputed" territories are also known as "occupied" territories. "Occupied" as in, Israel controls the airspace, has built physical barriers around these territories and sometimes goes as far as demolishing the homes of "suspected terrorists," also known as "potential militants."

That's how the aforementioned

a modern homeland in what was then the British Mandate of Palestine. Since only the Messiah can create such a Jewish state, God punished European Jews for inventing modern Zionism.

What will happen when that Messiah comes? NK believes that Israel will legitimately exist as the promised Jewish homeland, finally ending the Diaspora. As that happens, non-Jews (let's assume this includes Mahmoud Abbas, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad and Pope Benedict XVI) will become subservient to the new homeland heavyweight champions—stuff the NK doesn't tell you when they protest salute-to-Israel parades and AIPAC conferences. Personally I could care less about this, because if the Messiah ever does come, I'll end up with a beach house in Netanya, or at least a hip artist's loft in what would remain of East Jerusalem. Maybe the coming of this Messiah would be far more brutal to Palestinians than the traditional IDF bulldozer or white phosphorous warhead.

Back in reality, there are more level-headed Jewish people who don't support Israel. Last December, I graduated from Stony Brook University, so maybe now you can say that SBU's Jewish community stands with Israel. But I know of several Jewish students at this school who don't support Israel, so technically you still can't say "Stony Brook University's Jewish community stands with Israel." And I'm still living on Long Island, so technically you can't say "Long Island's Jewish community stands with Israel."

As laid out in my JDate review on page 10, JDate can't ban me from their website for writing an article titled "Jon to Zionists: I Quit!" The issue here is not that Jews with names such as Jonathan Singer write their opinions on why Israel is bad, it's that misguided people make the assumption that all Jews support Israel—with the sole exception being large-hat wearing members of NK. If one does a Google search of "Jews against Zionism", the first ten results link to information on ultra-Orthodox "true Torah" Jews. And when I said "several" Jewish students at SBU don't support Israel, I meant "at least three, which still fits the dictionary definition of several. So maybe us secular Jews against Zionism are alone—but feel free to comment on this article (editors@sbpress.com) if you also fit the description.

Corrie. The list goes on. But please don't think I'm one of those people calling for "Holocaust revisionism," or whatever it's called. With regards to Zionist street cred, I've clocked in over 1,200 Israel hours, having learned the meaning of Nakba during my second trip over there—a six week program run by Young Judea. I am assuming that Young Judea didn't want me to learn what a Nakba is, but I guess they can't turn 'em all into lifelong Zionists.

What about Apartheid? "Apartheid" is an Afrikaans word, roughly translating to "separateness." However, people living in Israel and Palestine don't speak Afrikaans, they speak Arabic and Hebrew. While linguistics are probably the last concern of Israelis and Palestinians, the issue remains that Israel imposes an Apartheid-esque regime upon Palestine.

Rachel Corrie was killed—she got in the way of an IDF bulldozer. Rachel Corrie isn't exactly a household name at Seders, which commonly end with the line "next year in Jerusalem." I've never been to a Neturei Karta Seder, so I don't know what they make of "next year in Jerusalem." Neturei Karta (NK) is the group of ultra-Orthodox Jews who show up in anti-Zionist arguments to say that not all Jews support Israel. Given what they say, it is technically true that not all Jews support Israel, but do you really think that these ultra-Orthodox Jews speak for all Jews against Zionism?

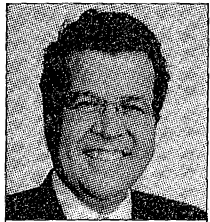
These are also the Jews who attended the Holocaust conference that was held in Iran in 2006. Look at what NK really believes: that the Holocaust was indeed a catastrophe, but happened because Jews were considering building

The screenshot shows a JDate profile for a user named 'dovsky'. At the top, there are navigation tabs: Basics, Lifestyle, Interests, Relationship, and NEW! Color Code. Below the tabs is a profile picture of a man with a long beard and a black hat. To the right of the picture, the profile information is displayed: '8339878', 'Single, Man seeking a Woman', 'For: A date, Marriage, A long-term relationship', '53 years old', 'New York, NY', 'My Religion: Conservadox', 'Logged in: 2 days ago', and 'Last Update: 5/17/2008'. Below this is an 'About Me' section with the text: 'I'm told I'm funny (I do stand-up). I'm all getting involved in Judaism the last few athletic (been skiing since I was 6; I can involvement in photography; had my fir...'. At the top right of the profile, there are links for 'Email', 'Instant Messaging', and 'Join the Chat room'.

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

Meetings Wednesdays 1pm
Union Building Room 060

Is The State Of Our Union Strong? A “Belligerent” Reaction



Brent
Neenan

And so another year is upon us—another full cycle of political punditry, scandals and bitter partisanship culminating into a set of critical midterm elections for both parties this coming November. The *Statesman's* new Opinion-Editor, Ravneet Kamboj, is not looking forward to the divisiveness of the political climate, though. Kamboj apparently believes that what is dividing this country is doing so in such ravenous ways that he “fears that more progress will be extremely slow” and “perhaps we are at the point of so much division that the two sides will not pass or collaborate on a bill just because it started with the other side.” Fortunately, we can thank all that is mighty that the ever-wise Ravneet Kamboj has the solution to all partisanship summed up in only a couple of sentences at the end of a post column in the Opinion section of a college newspaper:

“We can begin to reverse this trend by not being at the throats of those who differ in our political views... if we can learn to come together and talk through our differences and try to see issues from the other side, maybe we can begin to come together and get things done.”

It gets better:

“We have an obligation to be responsible adults and learn to appreciate the other person's views even if we don't agree with them.”

Thanks for that golden nugget of wisdom, Ravneet, I'll be sure to tuck that away with my retirement nest-egg, right next to all the money I've saved through the spending programs enacted in '09. The reason there is such polarization within debatable issues and why we can't “come together and get things done” today is simply because we cannot agree as a country in which direction we should head. We have two choices: the first is following Kamboj's philosophy of bipartisan-ship talks that will lead to watered down legislation that only does a

fraction of what was originally intended, leaving no elected official satisfied and the people with only compromises and let downs. The other choice is that the Senators and Representatives that we voted in to office can be strong on both sides of the aisle and fight for bills that are actually going to make a real and positive difference.

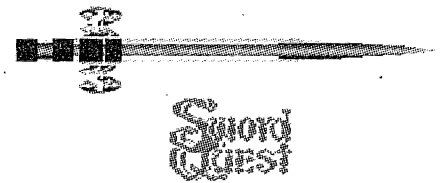
What Kamboj calls, “arguing or squabbling”, I call democracy in action. “Learn[ing] to come together and talk[ing] through our differences” is what you say to fourth graders on the playground at lunchtime. I'm thrilled to see heated debates about health care reformation, what to do about our budget deficits and whether or not to enact a cap-and-trade system. Heated debates can't always be a friendly, happy process where everyone “comes together” and where all is constant smiles, with each person being best buddies with everyone else talking “through our differences”. We need strong leadership in a time of crisis, not spineless politicians who will bend to the whims of others as political winds change direction. In addition, I'm pretty sure the Democrats and Republicans understand where they “differ” on these issues, Ravneet. That isn't even close to where the discussions should be. They should be discussing the actual numbers and implications of their literal bill proposals, not abstract ideological differences. I want debates of substance and consequence, not some ideological discussion about “learning to appreciate the other person's views” and talking “through our differences.”

As for the media and talking heads found on the never ending 24 hour news cycle, I say keep it up! Kamboj thinks that the divisiveness in this country is in part because of the “fiery conservative talk show personalities.” So, what, Ravneet, you think they should stop talking? Are you not a proponent of the First Amendment? It's a free society so the people can choose whether or not to listen to the same talk show personalities you call “belligerent” and “downright ignorant”. They

can rant all day long because it's their right as American citizens to do so, as it is your right to baselessly call them “downright ignorant”. If they are so “ignorant”, then why do right-wing pundits rule the television ratings and why does conservative talk radio dominate the airwaves when Air America Radio, a prominent liberal station, just went bankrupt? It's because people are so stupid they just love to eat up all the lies, misinformation and “ignorance” on Fox News and WABC 770, right? As a side note, it's also a really good way to prove your own points when you start insulting people without any—what do you call them?—oh yeah, “facts”, to back up your claims. What makes these people “belligerent” and “downright ignorant”? Talk about peddling “belligerence” and “ignorance” to the masses with baseless remarks.

If anything, there should be *more* people voicing opinion and opposition so the rest of us can get a better understanding of all sides of the issue, which is what you want, right? Or will that just be more destruction of the “cooperation between the two sides”? I'm sensing some cognitive dissonance here when you discredit the “opposition” by naming their prominent media voices as “belligerent” and “downright ignorant,” while at the same time calling for bipartisanship. That simply makes perfect sense, putting down the very voices of the opposition you want to work with—you're so thoughtful and understanding! In any case, who ever said Democrats and Republicans were supposed to “cooperate” with one another? The reason we have different political parties is so we can have a choice! If we had both parties working together with exactly the same goals, then why the hell vote at all? Oh, but that's what you want, right, Kamboj, no REAL choice, only bipartisanship? Would you want a unified government with no checks and balances working towards a single goal? That sounds like a single party, fascist state to me. Are you a fascist, Ravneet?

An Open Letter To Jack Tramiel



Dear Mr. Tramiel,

My name is Alex Nagler and I'm writing to you on behalf of the Internet. You've come to my attention thanks to the Angry Videogame Nerd, a videogame blogger who did a spotlight Atari's 1983 “Swordquest” series of videogames. In this feature, the Nerd commented that if rumors are to be believed, you are in possession of a \$50,000 sword that was to be the grand prize for the ultimate champion of “Swordquest.” This final battle never occurred thanks to the Video Game Crash of 1983 and your subsequent purchase of Atari.

Sir, we at the Internet would like to know if you have the sword. We don't want you to give it to us, it's yours. Your desire to make computers affordable for everyone earned you it. We'd also like to know what, if anything, you've been doing with it. Has the sword seen any use since it came into your possession? We know it existed, and sir, you don't seem like the kind of guy to get rid of a perfectly good precious rock encrusted sword, crown, or philosophers stone.

Sir, I guess what I'm really asking is if you and the sword have been to Argentina any time during the 80s or 90s and done battle with any renegade Nazis. I understand that as a child, you spent five years in Auschwitz until you were liberated at the war's close. It's the perfect weapon to do battle with. A sword forged with precious stone and tempered in silver and gold. And you, a successful Auschwitz survivor who was on top of the computer world, looking for payback. It'd make a fantastic videogame, I'll tell you that. You're a man known for wielding a razor sharp negotiation style. It would only be fitting if you also wielded a \$50,000 dollar sword.

I've one request, though. When you pass on, if you could, please will the sword, crown, and stone to Atari. Let them finish what they started. That, or track down one last Nazi and leave the sword sticking out of his chest when you're done. Whichever you think would be more potentially badass. It's really your call.

Thank you,

Alex H. Nagler

The Olympics Will Not Play Fair To Intersex Athletes



Cynthia
BrianKate

One of my best friends is a butch genderqueer lesbian who competes locally in womens' sports. Recently she told me, "I think it'd be fascinating to find out if I'm at all intersex like you." I said, "Not if you know what the Olympics are trying to do to intersex people." The IOC (International Olympic Committee) isn't playing fair with intersex athletes. They're playing gender and appearance police on female athletes, and only female athletes, in a witch hunt against butch and intersex women. The IOC is using hateful language against intersex women and demanding that female athletes found to be intersex submit to forced hormone treatments or forced surgery akin to female genital mutilation if they want to compete as the women they are. This violates womens' rights, basic human rights and a 1990s international court ruling in favor of intersex women in sports.

Intersex refers to being biologically in between or outside medical/legal definitions of male and female due to natural variations in sex hormone balance, chromosomes, or internal/ external genitalia. Many people don't know they're intersex. As the same fetal tissue can develop into either male or female genitalia, many people have some variations in either internal or external genitalia, which can include men with ovaries or uterine tissue (including some cases of men who menstruate), people with ovatestes (combination of both), people with an ovary and a teste and women with internal testes, to name a few variations. Everyone who produces sex hormones (some people don't) has some balance of estrogen and testosterone. The average person doesn't know what their sex chromosomes are unless they've had a medical need to know or competed in sports before the Maria Pettino ruling.

Intersex differs from transgender, which is living as a gender other than the one expected to be at birth. Some intersex people live as transgender (this is known as intergender), some live as men or women. Intersex people who live as men are men, and intersex people who live as women are women.

The IOC refuse to consider intersex as a valid human population with natu-

ral biological variations; instead they're using disease language, the phrase "DSD" (Disorder of Sex Development). DSD was imposed on intersex people in 2006 without our consent or input. Think about it, who would want to be referred to as being a "disorder"?

DSD was created by doctors who see intersex people as a disease and want the world to think so as well. One of the most infamous intersex people, J. Michael Bailey, has written a book and articles defaming the transgender and intersex communities, claims Latin women are inferior (as in his now-discredited book *The Man Who Would Be Queen*), belongs to a racist and anti-immigrant think-tank known as the Human Biodiversity Institute and publicly advocates aborting "gay babies." Since 2006, the intersex community and our allies have devoted much activism to challenging DSD. Many places people who started using it are dropping it – except the IOC.

The "current" controversy over intersex women in sports actually goes back over 60 years.

In the 1930s Stella Walsh, a Polish gold medal Olympian, who set the world discus throwing speed record, was taunted by detractors as "Stella the Fella" and claiming she "isn't a woman" until her supporters threatened her rivals with similar accusations. After Walsh's death she was discovered to have been intersex.

During the Cold War, chromosome testing was added to the Olympics. This was apparently from fears that the Soviet Union would, as one writer of the day said, "sneak hermaphrodite super-athletes into womens' sports." Under chromosome testing, many women were told they weren't women, despite the reality of their bodies and lives. In the most ridiculous incident, a 1960s Eastern European womens' swim team were all disqualified and told they "aren't really women." They all went home and every single one of them became pregnant soon afterward.

"Gender testing" policies for female athletes continued to be used to deny women opportunities and have been used to physically harm women. Several women in the last 20 years have been targeted under an appearance profiling system. This means that the officials have singled out women for seeming "too masculine," "too butch" and other similar labels that because they don't fit stereotypes of femininity.

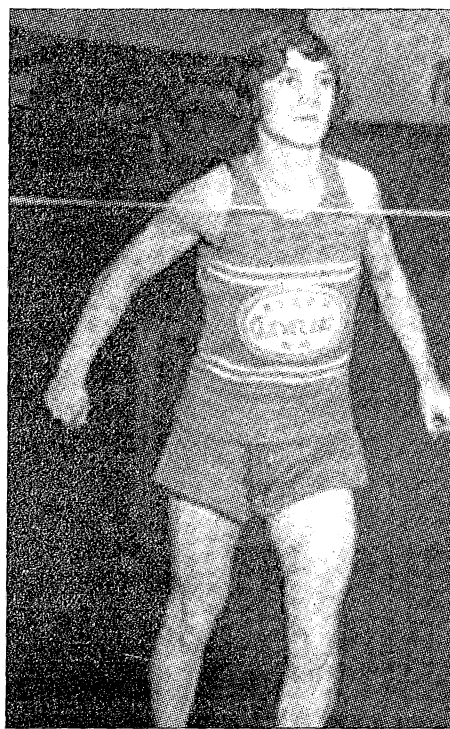
They believe that they "mustn't really be women," which is plainly misogynist. The fact that this system has been used primarily against women of color shows this also to be a racist policy. One of the most horrific uses was in the 1980s when Brazilian judo champion Edinanci Silva was forced to undergo what the IOC called "Feminizing surgery," which meant the removal of her genitalia, or be banned from competing. This is akin to female genital mutila-

claiming Semenya can't be a woman because she's muscular, has short hair and deep voice. They demanded she submit to several types of biological gender tests, including a highly invasive internal examination. Semenya has been found to have internal testes, though this was not about her being intersex so much as her being found to be intersex because they targeted her appearance.

While Semenya is seen as a hero in South Africa, the IAAF and several other sports bodies are trying to keep her from competing. They claim her levels of testosterone give her "an unfair advantage." This is nonsense. Almost all women also produce testosterone, some more than others. What flows naturally in your veins is not a "performance-enhancing drug." Athletic excellence isn't about who's bigger, faster or stronger, it's about who trains harder, works longer and is willing to push their body to its limits and even sacrifice time with family and friends to be the best. Lindsay Van (not to be confused with athlete Lindsay Vonn) just broke a world record for ski-jumping, but the IOC won't let her compete because she's a woman and "women's parts aren't made to handle that sort of jumping." Do they think they can get away with even saying that in 2010?

The Olympics' reaction to Semenya's existence is to pretend the Pettino verdict never even happened. They want to make Caster Semenya let them have her testes removed. They're also demanding that female athletes be put through biological gender tests, and many will say these tests will be selectively enforced on butch women.

Organisation Intersex International (OII, website: www.intersexualite.org) is not about to let the IOC have their way. OII has been raising awareness about this whole situation for some time now and is currently working on a petition which will soon appear. OII is working to urge the IOC to stop discriminating against intersex women and allow intersex women to compete without fear of being singled out for harassment, pathological labels or the kinds of barbaric "treatment" the IOC has been demanding. Activists are working on various awareness and action campaigns to put pressure on the IOC. The goal is a Games where even the officials have to play fair.



Stella Walsh, 1930s Olympic athlete

tion.

The Pettino decision is supposed to have ended chromosome testing. In 1985 Spanish hurdler Maria Pettino faced being banned and losing her medals because of the results of her chromosome test. Pettino has an intersex variation known as AIS (Androgen Insensitivity Syndrome) where her body does not respond to testosterone; this can lead to a woman having a female body with male chromosomes. Pettino fought the IOC in world court and won in 1992 on the basis that she is a woman and her body is female and she should be allowed to compete in women's sports. The courts ruled intersex women are women, and chromosome tests were supposed to be dropped ... until now.

In 2009 South African runner Caster Semenya found herself in world headlines because the IAAF (International Association of Athletics Federation) targeted her for being butch,

sports

Before Steel Chairs and Ladders

By Nick Matthews

This is Part I of a three-part series about wrestling.

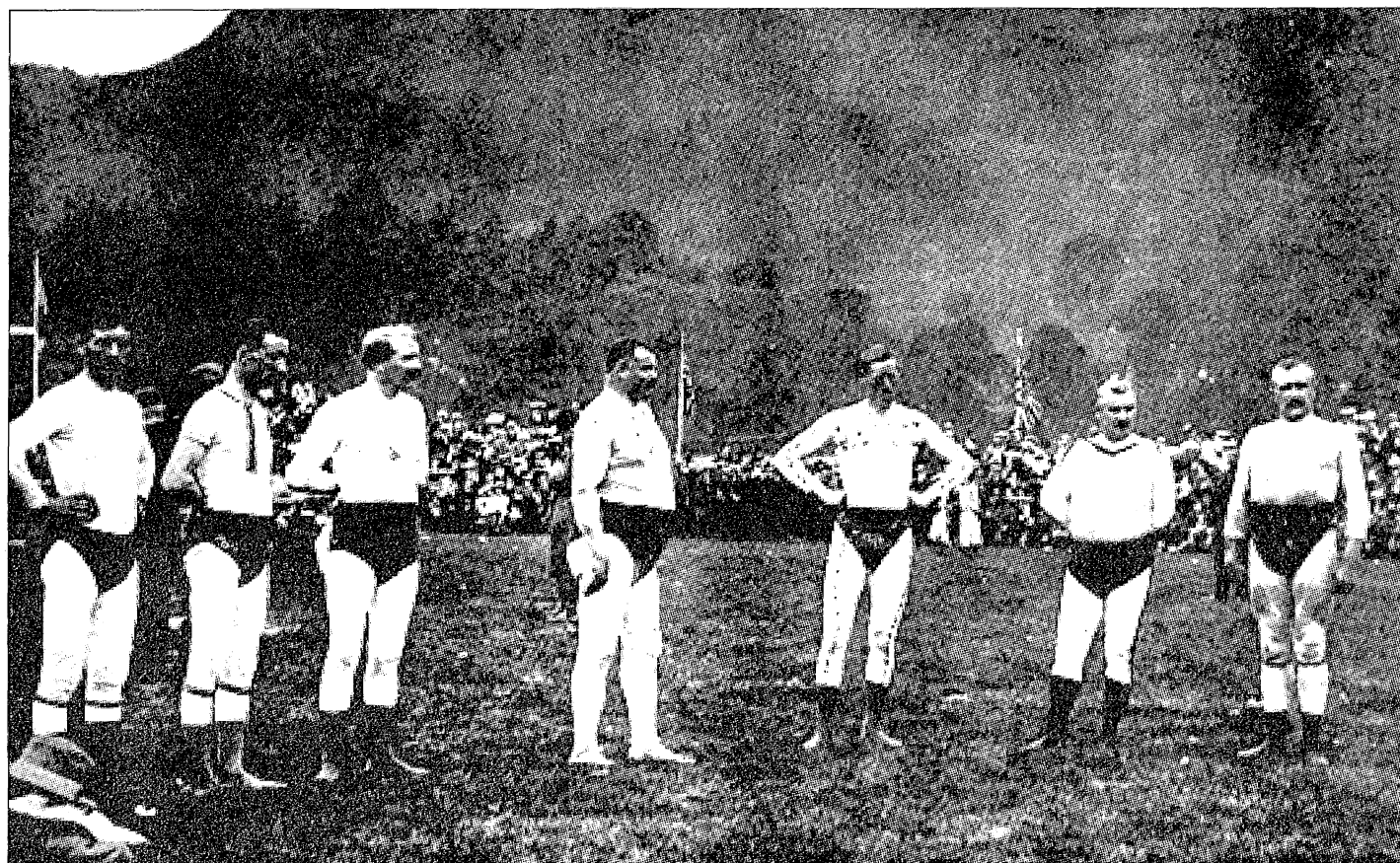
It may come as a shock to many that wrestling was at one point the most popular sport in the country, that it was not always what you see on television today, and that it actually used to be an athletic competition pitting the toughest people in the world against each other.

Currently, I am a professional wrestler for independent organizations throughout the northeast. However, I am often embarrassed to say that I am a wrestler because the sport has lost so much dignity, prestige and respect. In recent years, a midget who is being billed as a leprechaun (not kidding) was the cruiserweight champion, actor David Arquette and WWE Chairman Vince McMahon were both world champions (also not kidding), and a 7'6" 400+ lb Indian guy, with less mobility than a frozen snail, was a champion wrestler who actually wrestled the aforementioned midget (really wish I were kidding).

I am currently practicing "catch-as-catch-can" wrestling, which is amateur wrestling, with submissions, elbow and knee strikes, as a student and an assistant instructor. I have also practiced Greco-Roman wrestling, Judo and Boxing. I have sparred with several black belts in karate and Tae Kwon Do, and one of my close friends, who is also a sparring partner and trainer of mine, is a second-degree Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu black-belt.

Also, I have been following professional wrestling and all other combat sports for most of my life, as a fan. The reason I am writing this is because I am a frustrated shooter, a practitioner of catch-as-catch can wrestling (or in modern day terms, a legitimate wrestler), who doesn't seem to have any place to fit in because mixed martial arts (MMA) and professional wrestling are so far from what wrestling and combat sports should be. Nobody knows where wrestling came from or what it used to be.

The sport of wrestling dates back to ancient Greece—their style of wrestling has become known as "greco-roman" wrestling. The object was to throw your opponent and pin their shoulders to the



If you don't own a suit like this, you are not a man.

ground. If there was no pinfall, the bout would be decided based on points awarded for throws. Wrestling was so popular in Greece that even philoso-

It is a grappling sport that... has been practiced by several U.S. Presidents, including George Washington, Andrew Johnson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln, who was a champion at one point.

phers such as Plato were practitioners. In the original Olympics wrestling was the decisive, final event of the pentathlon, and was seen as the ultimate battle of man, due to the myth that Zeus out-wrestled Cronos for possession of the universe.

Wrestling had become very popular in Europe, but meanwhile, in Asia, they began to develop their own fighting styles. As time progressed, famous warriors such as shaolin monks and samurai developed several new combat techniques, but much of their grappling submission techniques were taken from catch wrestling. This is where Judo, Tae

Kwon Do, karate, and jiu jitsu originated. This also encouraged other nations to develop their own styles such as Irish collar and elbow wrestling, or sambo in Russia.

In modern times, freestyle and Greco-Roman wrestling are both a part of the Olympic games. Greco-Roman allows upper body movement, whereas freestyle allows leg takedowns as well. While freestyle and Greco-Roman wrestling only utilize takedowns and positioning techniques, submission wrestling is still practiced and dates back thousands of years. As long as there has been wrestling, there have been professionals practicing submissions.

The reason Olympic wrestling is referred to as "amateur" is because professional wrestling used to be more advanced than Olympic wrestling. Catch wrestlers need to know everything that amateurs know.

Catch wrestling literally means to catch any hold or limb you can. It is a grappling sport that had been used as an army game practiced by soldiers and has been practiced by several U.S. Presidents, including George Washington, Andrew Johnson, Theodore Roosevelt and Abraham Lincoln, who was a champion at one point. It utilizes all sorts of takedowns and submissions and is the roughest and most physically gru-

eling of any sport.

I have played on football, baseball, hockey and basketball teams. Trust me, they're nothing compared to wrestling. In no other sport have I ever been in so much pain that the blood vessels in my eyes popped, causing me to spend the next week with bloodshot eyes. In no other sport have I ever had my bones and muscles bent to their limit on a daily basis, and in no other sport was my nose intentionally broken to see how I would respond.

Catch wrestling grants more freedom than other martial arts as one can work with holds to discover new ways to hurt an opponent. In football, they say, "You touch it, you catch it." In wrestling, they say, "You grab him, you break him."

In the second half of the nineteenth century, carnivals and fairs became the main source of entertainment for Americans and it remained that way until the advent of television and radio. At these carnivals there would be a professional wrestler who would take on all comers, and if any person could win or last fifteen minutes, they would receive a cash prize. Up until Babe Ruth came along and made baseball America's pastime, wrestling was by far the most popular sport in America. The wrestlers became icons of their time. Everyone in

Continued on next page

A Spotlight On Spring Training

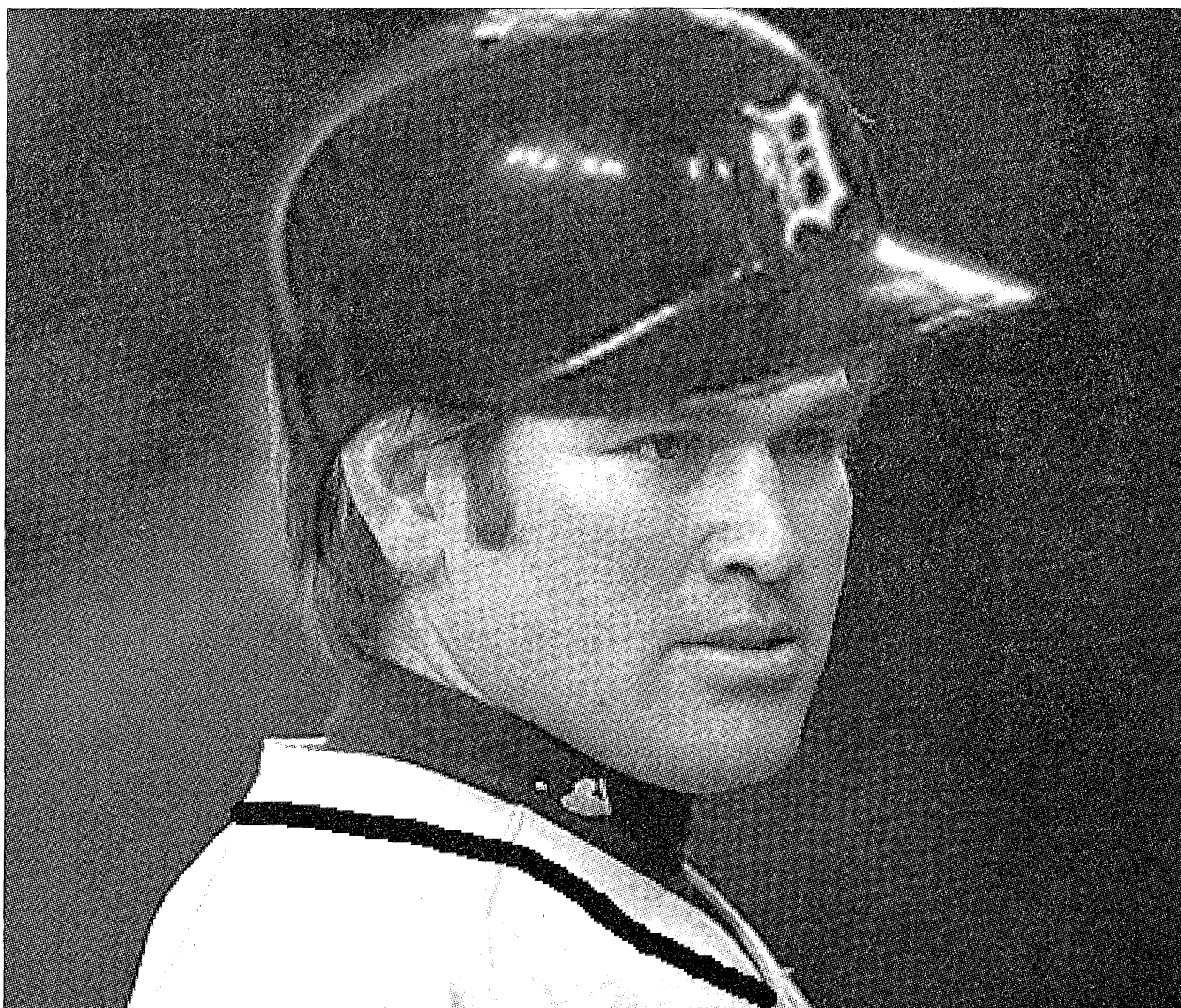
By Bobby Holt

With pitchers and catchers recently reporting to their training camps and the first spring training game almost upon us, it's time to get back into baseball season. This past off-season featured several big names changing teams, making this upcoming season an interesting one for the home town favorites. Let's take a look at how the Mets and Yankees fared during their off-season shakeups.

This year, the Mets are going try a new and different strategy: staying healthy. This is quite a change from the injury-plagued season a year ago. The Mets started off by signing shortstop Alex Cora and knuckleballer R.A. Dickey to solidify their bench and middle relief, respectively, ha, Dickey. Their major off-season acquisition was All-Star outfielder, Jason Bay. Despite rumors that he didn't want to play for the Mets, Bay signed a four-year deal totaling \$66 million. I guess money does tend to speak for itself. Among Bay, Beltran and recently acquired Gary Matthews Jr. the Mets have one of the best outfielders in the National League.

Now onto something that could be a cause for concern: the pitching staff. After Johan Santana, things get a little weary. John Maine, Mike Pelfrey, Oliver Perez, Fernando Nieve and Jon Niese are all competing for the remaining four spots in the rotation. Despite lacking the pitching depth of other teams in the NL, the Mets make up for it in their offense. With a little luck and an injury free season, the Mets could find themselves hitting the 90-win mark and heading to the playoffs. Or with a lot of bad luck, they could find themselves looking up at the Nationals in the standings—and no one wants that.

The time has come to discuss the reigning World Series Champions, the New York Yankees. Please hold all of your boos and hisses until the end. After dominating the Phillies in the World Series, the Yankees apparently decided that they needed to get better. In



true Yankee fashion, they went out and upgraded both the outfield and the rotation. Outfielder Curtis Granderson and pitcher Javier Vazquez joined the Bronx Bombers through trades for Melky Cabrera and stud prospect Austin Jackson. However, the Yankees did say goodbye to fan favorites Johnny Damon (who is still unsigned at the time of this writing) and World Series MVP Hideki Matsui.

Along with Granderson and Vazquez, the Yankees also brought back first baseman/ designated hitter Nick Johnson. It seems as though the Yankees wanted

to eliminate all competition and go for 110+ wins. Makes sense to me. After all the off-season moves there are almost no holes in their lineup, and the rotation could be one of the best in baseball. With no injuries, this Yankees team could break the previous record of 116 wins in a season. They are no doubt the favorites to repeat this year.

Fans of both teams have something to be excited about coming into this season, and for once it isn't all about Alex Rodriguez.

Before Steel Chairs and Ladders

Continued from previous page

the late 1800's and early 1900's knew the names Frank Gotch, Martin "Farmer" Burns, Tom Jenkins and John Pesek.

Unfortunately, many of the people who would challenge wrestlers at carnivals would resort to illegal and barbaric acts such as eye gouging and biting, which took away from the conventional style of wrestling. In response, wrestlers of the time began to use hooks, or submission holds that had been inherited from past generations of wrestlers. Hooks are painful and effective. Even if someone is biting, scratching or clawing, a hook will subdue them and end the match. Now, instead of only being able to win matches by pinfall, there was also the option of win-

ning by submission. The sign of submission at the time would be to scream "uncle." Today, people will submit by tapping out, or by other verbal signals.

There are no belts in catch wrestling. Praise is not awarded because praise may lead to complacency, and a wrestler never stops learning. They are taught to become learners and always work harder, but no one will ever be a master of catch.

Up until this point, the predetermining of matches was unheard of. It was only a matter of time before the glitz and glamour of show-biz would make its way into the sport of wrestling.

WRESTLING MATCH
OPERA HOUSE, WISNER, NEBR.
Saturday, Sept. 26, '08

Between Jake Jacobson of Astoria and Jack Casey of Wiener. Catch as catch can style best two out of three. There will be fast preliminaries by two local lads.

BEGINNING AT 8:00 O'CLOCK P. M.

Curling: the Roaring Game

By Eric DiGiovanni

You know what I hate? Dickheads in the gym who curl in the squat rack. I mean, there are plenty of other barbells you can use. If you can't deadlift what you curl, then there's clearly a problem. Also, as an exercise for the biceps, it's highly overrat-

Oh, *that* curling.

I remember when it happened. We were all together in the *Press* office. Some of us were there to work, some were there to goof off, but no matter what the reason, we all found a new purpose in life when it came on the TV. USA Network, Men's Curling, USA vs. Germany. FUCK. YES.

On the television, a man in a white polo shirt shouted excitedly in German, as a heavy yellow stone slid across the ice. His teammates were sweeping the ice in front of it because the stone was germophobic and demanded a clean pathway.

Clink.

Landed right in the center. And we watched the rest of that game, focused on every throw. Could the US win? It was the last End and they were down by



Most serious Curling is done with coffee pots.

Eric DiGiovanni

two. The US tried to play defensively, but unfortunately, the Germans didn't let them have any openings. The USA lost 7-5.

It was from that moment on I knew I had just witnessed *The Sport Of Kings*. It seemed to have it all: ferocity, strategy, people throwing heavy stuff; what more could one want from such an event?

The game was invented in the early 1500s in Scotland. It was named after

"curling," the motion the stone makes. Another name regularly used is "the roaring game," because the stone makes so much noise as it slides down the ice. Curling is played on a sheet of ice 150 ft. by 15 ft. with two four-man teams. One member throws the 40-pound stone down the ice, while two of his teammates sweep the ice in front. This sweeping allows the stone to travel farther, and reduce spin. Points are awarded to whoever has stones closest

to the center. The game proceeds for 10 Ends, or "innings."

We all sat around, eyes glued to the TV. Something changed in all of us that day. *The Stony Brook Press* had transformed into curling fans. "None of the guys looked athletic," said Minister of Archives, Alex Nagler. "It's like you expect them to have the broom in one hand and a beer in the other." Yes, a lot of these men looked like they'd be more comfortable at a bowling alley! True, but that's what's so great.

The Olympics were meant to inspire greatness and unity in all of us, but that changed when things like professional athletes, steroids and Chinese sport schools were thrown in the mix. But curling takes back to the golden days, back when it wasn't about winning, but about being better than the country you were currently at war with. It was a war all of us fought with each athlete not only serving as a soldier, but as motivation to future generations to keep trying and doing their best. What could be more inspiring than having a few Regular Joes in the Winter Games?

Nothing, that's what. In fact, *The Stony Brook Press* has started our own curling team. Sure, we don't have any ice, brooms or stones, but that's not going to stop us from living out our

Ice Cleaning, or Whatever, Gone From Snow Fest

By Drew Tirella

At the close of the 2010 Winter Olympics, Jacques Rogge—President of the International Olympic Committee—called a sudden emergency meeting in Lausanne, Switzerland. The issue: Curling is just too damn sissy to be called an Olympic sport.

"Curling is to sports as Nickleback is to music," Rogge announced at the committee meeting. "I watched the women's curling games in Vancouver and realized, holy shit, this is what we've been airing all these years? A bunch of sissy nannies shuffling around with brooms? And what's with all the players always screaming at each other? Jesus Christ, you're sliding a god damn rock around, calm the shit down." (English translation)

It was in this fit of rage that IOC President Rogge ultimately decided to drop curling from all future Olympic games. He later stated that his decision was also influenced by the fact that Canada is ranked highest in medals in curling, and Canadians, naturally, are never supposed to win at anything.

Curling, which was invented in the early 1500s in Scotland, has widespread popularity in Canada and the U.K. It was added to the Olympic program in 1998. But after 3 appearances at the Olympics alongside high-risk, dangerous and (real) sports like alpine skiing, freestyle snowboarding, and hockey, it proved itself to be painfully, painfully sissy.

"Yeah, curling? Shit is bunkkkkk. I could probably slide some rocks on ice into a target WHILE doing a 1080 indy kickflip mctwist dude-brah. Dude-brah brah-brah brah dude." said Shaun

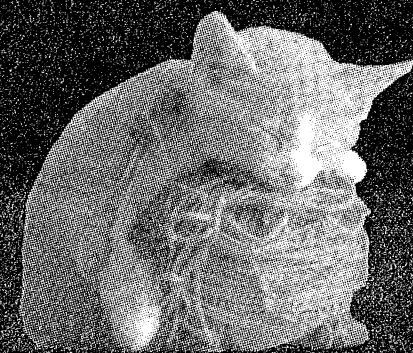
White in an inarticulate, garbled phone interview.

The Curling community has understandingly responded to the IOC decision with outrage. Pamela Anderson, a native Canadian and curling enthusiast announced on her twitter account yesterday; "This sudden decision to judge curling as something less than a sport is ridiculous and unfair. I call on all curling fans to petition, write, and fight against the International Olympic Committee!" In rigid protest, she has vowed never to show her boobs again until curling is back in the Olympics.

With no more public outlet to the world, Curling will be forced back into its original status as an unpopular, lame ass sport that nobody knows or likes, played on frozen lakes on weekends by boring Canadians. So goodbye Curling, I always thought you sucked anyway.

"Dead or Sleeping"

Every Wednesday at 1pm
060 Student Union



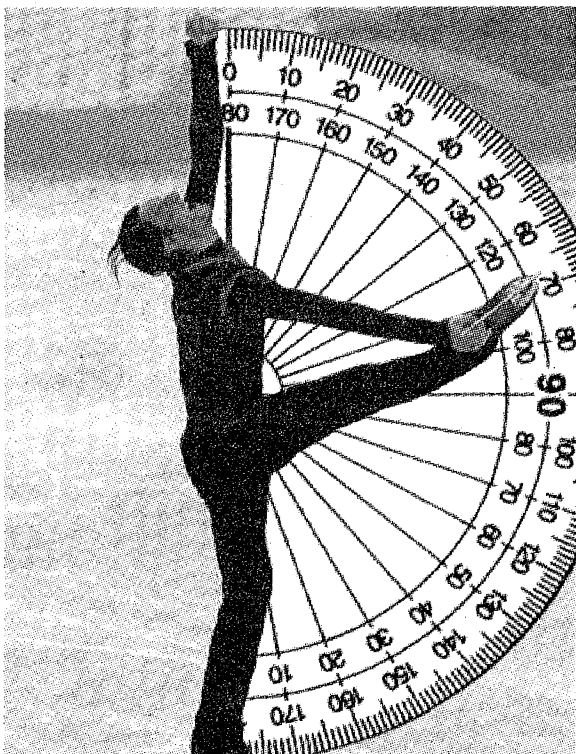
The Stony Brook Press.

Where dead things and sleeping things can peacefully co-exist...

Math + Sharp Objects = Men's Figure Skating

By Tia Mansouri

Men's figure skating is a harsh and cruel mistress. Arguably one of the most elegant and grueling of sports, it gets flack for both not being manly enough and for not allowing competitors to let their artistic sides shine. Ever since a judging controversy at the 2002 Olympics, which involved a slew of crying French people and at least one Russian organized crime boss, the International Skating Union developed and implemented a new scoring system that is



largely point based. Long gone are the days of getting a "perfect 6". Now what looks like an army of judges sit behind ridiculous panels of flashing colors and numbers, tap-tap-tapping and assigning so many points that despite trying to make their scoring more substantial and objective, it only becomes more nebulous. So you scored a 175, or a 258.2, or a 9000. What does that even mean?

Now, the new rules are more about quantifying various elements, such as jumps and spins, rather than finding the balance between athleticism and artistry. Points are awarded for technical prowess along with five additional components – skating skills, transitions, performance/execution, choreography, and interpretation. Yet breaking down what it means to be artistic, one could argue, just provides more opportunity for subjectivity. Assigning point values for each spin or jump turns performances into whirling math tests on ice. The recent men's final came down to a difference in points of 1.31 between defending champion, Russia's Yevgeny Plushenko (the blond one with the pseudo-mullet and the Adrian Brody nose), and eventual winner, American Evan Lysacek (the one who looks like Severus Snape if he were a hot young athlete). Plushenko is, among other achievements, the first skater to land a quadruple toe loop-triple toe loop-triple loop. For non-aficionados, it means he is, technically speaking, the one to beat. Yet he lost to Lysacek because he chose to attack his free skate the way he was used to: by getting five jumps out of the way in the first half of his program and three other jumps in the second half, giving more time to performance. Lysacek, to contrast, used the new rules to his advantage, doing three jumps in the first half of his program but waiting for the second half to land his five jumps, earning him a 10 percent bonus for each

one. But in a sport that needs to be about grace and flow, the idea of a "bonus" once again brings grade school exams to mind. I'm sure we can all remember not knowing the answer to a quiz question and thanking our lucky stars for the extra credit question the teacher threw in for our sanity's sake. But that was school; this is an Olympic competition. Has figure skating really become about extras?

Lysacek will be criticized for playing it safe; he didn't attempt the quadruple spin that Plushenko calls the "future of figure skating". But in an Olympic year with competitors falling left and right on the ice, it was difficult to find any performances where competitors were as flawless as Lysacek. After all, who can really fault a man who skates to Rimsky Korsakov's "Scheherazade"? Even Plushenko had to use some startlingly cat-like moves to keep himself from falling over (to be fair, our mortal eyes need slow motion capture to see such things). Yet what is to be said about competitors who fall between daring and caution, such as Japan's Daisuke Takahashi, who attempted the quad and fell with an otherwise excellent free skate, and ended up with a bronze? Does he deserve the bronze "pat on the back" for one gaping fall or should the bronze have gone to Stephane Lambiel, whose spins left one breathless and dizzy, or perhaps to our own US angel on ice, Johnny Weir?

The shades of grey in the final results are a clear reflection of the strange and peculiar nature of the ISU's Code of Points system. Yet with Lysacek presumably aiming to defend his gold and Plushenko claiming he'll be back for another round when the Olympics come to his home country of Russia in 2014, watching how the skaters evolve with the relatively new point system should still be a feast for the eyes. Just hope they keep up with both art and arithmetic.

Bingo Takes Hit to the Balls

By Jason Wirchin

Ravaged by condom-stealing crack salesmen, Binghamton University's basketball team took a giant step closer to oblivion earlier this month when a SUNY investigation blamed the school's president and athletic director for the program's spiraling demise.

Citing a lack of oversight from University President Lois B. DeFleur and ex-Director of Athletics Joel Thirer, the 99-page report said both officials encouraged an atmosphere of loose academic standards, improving the basketball program at the expense of scholarship.

"I am disappointed that a great institution like Binghamton University would, in any way, because of its athletic

program, compromise its terrific academic reputation," SUNY Chancellor Nancy Zimpher, who ordered the investigation, said to *The New York Times*.

Great institution? Pardon me, Mrs. Zimpher, but no "great" institution allows its' most popular students—its athletes—to run amok without self-control.

The report said the university admitted at least one player with an arrest record and that some transfer students had received credit for classes that had negligible academic content, according to the *New York Times*.

Moreover, one player's failing grade was turned into an incomplete after former basketball coach Kevin Broadus, who has been put on paid administrative leave, lobbied the professor. Talk about an assist!

Two players' failing grades were

also changed into passing grades after late work was handed in, the report said.

Furthermore, Binghamton had repeatedly siphoned its more academically at-risk players into the Human Development Department, which has lower admission requirements as part of the university's attempts at more diversity and whose chairman, Leo Wilton, was friendly to the team, according to the *Times*.

"The president took no corrective action in her role as the supervisor of the athletic department and the person charged with ultimate responsibility for B.U.'s intercollegiate athletic program," the report added.

This comes as a surprise to many who watched DeFleur and Thirer drastically rebuild the athletics department over the past decade. Both spearheaded

a shift from Division III to Division I, and called for the dismissal of longtime basketball coach Al Walker in favor of the more aggressive Broadus. The construction of a \$33 million arena capped those efforts.

With DeFleur retiring in July, interim athletics director Jim Norris at the helm and the possible need for a new head coach, Bearcat Nation will hold its collective breath as Zimpher decides what to do with the program. The Chancellor plans on announcing her recommendations March 23.

In the mean time, with the Stony Brook men's basketball team destined for the playoffs, Seawolf Nation can breathe a sigh of relief. Unlike Binghamton, we may not have been a part of March Madness in 2009, but at least we know how to play by the rules.



**If You Consider
Yourself An American,
Send Patriotic
Photos Of Yourself To:
editors@sbpress.com
There Are Prizes!**