

# THE STONY BROOK PRESS

VOL XXXI ISSUE 11

"SAY HI TO WENDY FOR US, MIKE KELLY"

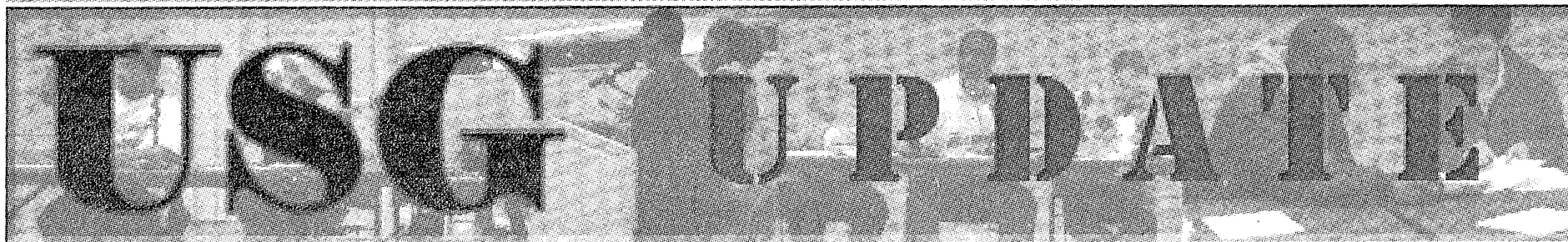
MARCH 22, 2010



If this was  
the work of  
his life...

then how  
much did it  
mean, in  
the end?

## news



## Can You Feel the Dramaz?

By Raina Bedford

The former front-runner for USG President, Syed Haq, has dropped out of the race. Though he once held the support of the Student Advocates party, this changed at a recent party meeting. Haq lost their support for his candidacy and the party split and renamed itself Students First.

"I pulled myself from the race the very next day," Haq said.

However, he emphasized that his decision to withdraw from the race was not entirely based on politics. Haq, an aspiring lawyer, said that he has to study for the LSAT and focus on his academics.

"I don't want to be a career politician," he said. "I have other goals. Continuing to serve in the USG would hold me back."

A member of the Students First party, who did not wish to be identified, said that many of the Student Advocates pulled their support from Haq because of a belief that Haq was taking too much credit for the party's accomplishments. Haq denied this charge.

"There was this slide I presented," Haq said. "It just listed the party's accomplishments. It didn't have anyone's names on it, it just was the name of our party and its accomplishments."

Following Haq's withdrawal from the race, on Tuesday, March 16, the USG voted to have their slogan officially changed to "Students First." Haq did not vote in favor of the legislation.

The slogan is the same name used on the ballot by a number of candidates running for USG this year and was the original slogan used when Polity was around.

With Haq out of the race, two candidates for USG president remain—Matthew Graham and Adeel Anwer.

"In reality, very few students will choose to pay an optional fee, even if that fee is the only one that goes directly to creating student life on campus," said David Mazza, the VP of Communications, in a press release about the student activity fee vote.

At the March 16 meeting, the USG

turnout is expected because approximately 800 students, on a campus of more than 16,000, typically vote. David Mazza, VP of Communications believes that the low turnout indicates poor school spirit, and he said that USG doesn't do much to help.

"It's partially the fault of the USG, because we're not putting on events that students are interested in," Mazza said.

The list of artists that once performed at Stony Brook is expansive. It includes artists like Frank Zappa, The Blue Öyster Cult, The Ramones, Ani DiFranco and the Grateful Dead. In recent years, Brookfest hasn't been able to snag big artists, and students have been disappointed.

"It's a shame. The USG always starts with so much money for Brookfest," he said, "but I'm sure this year, as with every other year, it'll be squandered on lavish parties for clubs."

Brookfest has become a big issue in this year's elections. Last semester, the USG passed a bill that created the office of the VP of Student Life, Activities and Programming. This official was placed in charge of securing funding for and overseeing Homecoming, Roth Pond Regatta, opening week, and Brookfest. This removed control of the events from the SAB. As a result, the SAB is running candidates for many of the positions in the USG.

"The Student Activities Board sees us as their enemy," said Mazza. "We're just trying to govern in the best interests of the students, though."

Elections end on March 24.



The Press is not endorsing the Students First! Party. This is just an image of what the USG logo is.

The Student Activity Fee is also up for approval. Voters can choose to either keep it mandatory or have it be optional. Everyone involved in student government is in favor of keeping the fee mandatory because the money is used for clubs, events and to pay everyone involved in USG.

senate also passed a resolution to fix the flooding that occurs on the bike path between the engineering buildings and Roosevelt quad. The USG also allocated more than \$34,000 to the Student Activities Board to put on the annual carnival outside of the SAC.

In this USG election low voter

Do you want to know how  
I got these scars?

By joining **THE PRESS**

**UNION 060 WEDNESDAYS DURING CAMPUS LIFETIME**

# Independent? More Like Dependent

By Najib Aminy

Five years after its inception, *The Stony Brook Independent*, a student-run online-news organization covering Stony Brook University, has finally received funding from the Undergraduate Student Government. This news-organization, which consists of more than 30 members, received roughly \$1,500 for a video camera, digital camera and accessories. This is the first time in the organization's history that it has received funding from any outside party.

"We've now grown to the point where we need more cameras," said Michael Kelly, the Executive Editor of the *Independent*, "Right now we work off one camera and with the size of the club and going forward we need to have some stuff that belongs to the club so that it is passed down.

The \$1,500 grant comes in the form of a special events allocation; the *Independent* plans to hold a workshop to teach its staff members the usage of camera equipment. Initially, the *Inde-*

*pendent* had applied for a new club budget. Under current USG laws, however, the maximum amount of funding a new club may receive is around \$375.

"All they would've got was a camera lens, so it wouldn't make any sense to grant them any money," said USG Treasurer Moiz Khan. After revising the request, by creating an event and applying for a special events grant, the *Independent* became eligible for funds that the USG could supply.

While this is the first time the *Independent* has received funding, an alter-

native option to seek a USG funded budget is not likely. "We don't really need a budget," said Erin McKinley, current news editor. "As long as we have cameras, we're good to go," said McKinley, who said it was difficult to share one camera with a large staff.

As for the name, that too is unlikely to change.

"Calling ourselves the *Independent*

was more of an attitude on how we cover the news, in that we're not a mouthpiece for the administration and we don't print press releases," Kelly said. "Getting the money is something we needed to do to go forward."

Like the *Press* before it, and *Think Magazine* after, the *Independent* was founded by a number of disgruntled staffers from *The Stony Brook Statesmen*—the self-identified official campus publication of Stony Brook University. The staffers had disliked the direction of the *Statesmen* and wanted to make a

new publication that was open to the entire campus using Web 2.0.

"There was a demand for a publication that would be a continuous source for serious, objective and high quality campus news and information, and one which, through its online presence, would be interactive and in dialogue with the campus community," said Michael Nevradakis, one of the found-

ing editors of the *Independent*.

The issue of funding, however, did come up even while Nevradakis was editor, and was an issue debated amongst the site's founders. "The reality is that running a publication of any kind is expensive. From the beginnings of the *Independent*, editors and staffers often paid for necessary equipment and expenses, from cameras, to software, to website hosting costs, to travel expenses, out of their own pockets," Nevradakis said. "In order for the *Independent* to truly compete on an even playing field with the *Press*, *Statesman* and other student media outlets, all of which are USG-funded in whole or in part, it is a "necessary evil" for the *Independent* to receive funding as well."

"I think in order to fairly report, we need the equipment that we need and if the university is willing to help us get it and we're still going to fairly report about the university then I think it's ok," said McKinley over doubts on the name of the *Independent*.

It should be noted that *The Press* receives a budget funded through the USG.

STONY BROOK INDEPENDENT

# Remember Tom Suozzi? Exactly

By Laura Cooper

Suffolk County Executive, and Stony Brook University alumnus, Steve Levy announced his switch from the Democratic to Republican Party, in anticipation of a bid in the 2010 gubernatorial election. Levy made local news last month for disparaging remarks about the education he received while studying in the Political Science department, calling the department's professors communists. (Last issue, the *Press* invited Levy to stand behind his remarks and debate a representative from the department. We brought the invitation to the attention of Levy's staff with a follow-up phone call. He has yet to respond.)

Despite having only recently announced his bid, Levy's campaign has already amassed a \$4.1 million war chest in preparation of the upcoming race.

Levy's major opponent in the Republican primary race for Governor is Rick A. Lazio, a former Brightwaters resident and senatorial candidate, who ran against current Secretary of State Hillary Clinton in 2000. Lazio, a former U.S. Representative of New York's District 2, has been endorsed by the Conservative party, and had been seen as the frontrunner by many Republicans.

Though Steve Levy is a self-described "fiscal conservative," many Republicans are skeptical about a man who they perceive as an ideological Democrat in the governor's mansion, and question Levy's motives for changing parties.

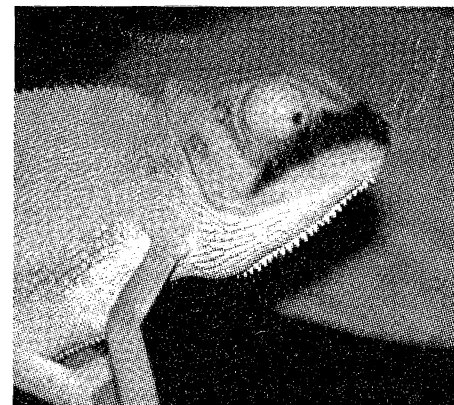
"Anyone who switched parties because it is politically expedient is, at the very least, not to be trusted," said Erich Mauer, a graduate student in public policy. "Tell the people who you are and what you stand for; have core values and stand for them. Don't change or alter them to give yourself a supposed improved chance of winning an elec-

tion."

Levy boasts of having balanced a \$236 million deficit during his years in office, passing new ethics rules and implementing six years of tax cuts and tax freezes, as Suffolk County Executive. Before he held that position, Levy spent two years in the Suffolk County Legislature across the aisle from Rick Lazio. In his most recent reelection, Levy won county office with 96% of the vote.

"I don't think of him as a Republican," said Stony Brook College Republicans President Jonathan Pu. "He shouldn't win the endorsement on ideology. But if you put Levy on the top of the Republican ballot, the Suffolk County GOP could pick up a lot of local seats and take control of the Suffolk County legislature."

Levy and Lazio are both in the running against presumed Democratic candidate, and current New York State Attorney General, Andrew Cuomo. Cuomo has been the frontrunner even before a combination of dismal poll



numbers and accusations of wrongdoing forced current Governor David Patterson out of the race.

"Electurally speaking, Levy is the right choice," said Pu. "Ideologically, he doesn't belong here."

The Stony Brook College Republicans are currently not supporting either candidate, but waiting to see which camp approaches them before making a decision.

"I'd rather wait until the primary ends and indirectly support Levy by supporting local candidates," said Pu.

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# editorials

## Why So Down, Charlie Brown?

The startling number of suicides that have taken place at Cornell University have put a face on the issue of college pressure and depression. In the past month, there have been three cases of students jumping off a bridge into the notorious gorges of Cornell. While Cornell is considered to be one of the easier Ivy Leagues to get into, it has a documented past of similar suicides, in addition to being one of the tougher schools to graduate from.

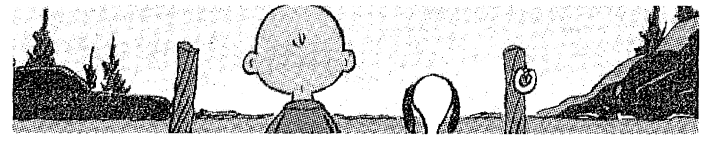
But at the end of the day, school is school, and nothing more. As students, we are faced with many pressures, which can range from academics, personal finances or just social pressures. This is nothing new.

While we as students may acknowledge these pressures and how they exist, we often fail to realize the simple pleasures of life, the mere emotion of happiness, or just taking a moment in the day to relax and breathe.

Studying for the next orgo exam or waiting for the last-minute to do your sociology thesis can cause stress, sure, but learn to adapt and avoid getting sucked into a mindless reality of affliction and failure. If that's the case, there are many resources the University provides, such as the Center for Prevention and Outreach, which deals with a number of issues from depression to drug problems.

As the weather gets nicer and the days get longer with the semester winding down, try to enjoy the simple moments of the day and put perspective behind the stress in your life.

Calm down. Everything will be fine. Seriously. Life is great. Relax.



## The Audacity of Hype

In the aftermath of World War II, a Western Europe scarred by a protracted ground war and massive aerial bombardment unprecedented in human history, faced mammoth economic challenges. In spite of that, motivated by the fundamental human drive to care for one another, many of their devastated nations took the occasion to guarantee health care to every last one of their citizens.

In 1945, President Harry Truman announced that "the time has arrived" for America to guarantee care to our sick. He had proposed that we enshrine "the right to adequate medical care and the opportunity to achieve and enjoy good health." At sixty-five, that proposal has run into a Democrat death panel.

The health care reform ideas coming from the White House and congressional leaders were inadequate from the start, even before a punishing series of compromises stripped them of any hint of positive value. The final bill does more harm than good.

Our health care system is a failure. It leaves too many untreated, it favors expensive reactive medicine over smart and efficient preventive care, it contributes to innumerable bankruptcies and economic insecurities, it produces substandard results by international standards and is unbelievably wasteful. At the root of all these problems is the system of for-profit insurance.

A competitive marketplace of health care providers gives people the chance to choose the best doctors. But no one should be without insurance—without regular access to those doctors of their choosing. Monopolistic insurance companies drive the cost of health care in America through the roof with redundant bureaucratic overhead, advertising expenses, obscene executive pay (one former insider drew a dramatic line from the gold-plated silverware on the corporate jets to all the Americans with no healthcare) and all the money that is flushed out of the bottom of the system as profit. The right solution was clear—a single payer system that replaced the insurance corporations with one government plan, while maintaining a free market of doctors.

What the Congress has given us is the plan that has already failed in states like Massachusetts. Forcing people to buy private insurance is proven to fail on both fronts of the

health care fight: it doesn't get coverage to everyone and it doesn't control costs. Single payer would do both.

President Obama recited more of his signature empty rhetoric after House passage of the health care bills. It's hard to count how many times his remarks were 180 degrees from the truth. "We proved that this government...still works for the people," said Obama. In fact, the health care bill is a crystal clear example of the suffocating grip corporate lobbyists (who essentially wrote it) have on the US government.

He spoke of "conviction that change in this country comes not from the top down, but from the bottom up" after he and his allies deformed the debate. They bent over backwards to silence and suppress advocates for genuine universal coverage, while promoting an impossibly compromised proposal written by the same selfish interests who should have been the targets of actual reform.

He said the bill "answers the prayers of every American who has hoped deeply for something to be done about a health care system that works for insurance companies, but not for ordinary people," describing legislation that coerces ordinary Americans into buying coverage that is ineffectively regulated, and potentially prohibitively expensive, from insurance companies.

Perhaps most dishonestly, as he frothed to his conclusion, Obama said, "we did not shrink from our challenge." Shrinking from his challenge is all Obama has done on health care.

The Democrats made several attempts to stir emotions by anointing the bill as the legacy of Senator Ted Kennedy. Kennedy died this summer, but if he was behind this bill, who knows how long ago his heart died. Decades ago, he had this to say: "We cannot have a fair prosperity in isolation from a fair society. So I will continue to stand for a national health insurance...The President, the Vice President, the members of Congress have a medical plan that meets their needs in full, and whenever senators and representatives catch a little cold, the Capitol physician will see them immediately, treat them promptly, fill a prescription on the spot...If health insurance is good enough for the President, the Vice President and the Congress of the United States, then it is good enough for you and every family in America."

Dear Alex Walsh,

I just read the article "Zebra Path: Victory or Bolshevism?" (which was posted on July 8, 2008) that you wrote about the public art walkway that I originally painted in 1981. I just became aware of recent articles regarding the decision by the SBU Student Government to repaint the "Red-Hot Zebra Path" back to its original colors. I like your comments about the red color that was painted over my original design. I understand that the title "Zebra Path" is politically incorrect for the "interest of the zoological society." The reporters adopted that name after they saw my art work and it sort of stuck after that. I wrote a correction to the comments for the AAEZINE organization to explain that the Zebra Path was originally intended to reflect my artistic vision of the simple black and white yin and yang theory; but everyone called it the Zebra Path because that was what they saw. Please contact Ja Young at AAEZINE to read the editorial comments by me. It should be published on March 7<sup>th</sup>. If you are on Facebook, I posted some original black and white photos on the SB group site. I also visited the campus last summer to see the red candy-cane lane for myself. I wanted to secretly repaint it during the July 4<sup>th</sup> weekend to surprise everyone when they returned to school, but I didn't have time. I had to return to ERAU, an aeronautical university in Daytona Beach, Florida where I currently teach English courses to international students. I added a funny story about the controversy in my reading and writing class. We were reading a story

about the effects of public art in the United States. I showed both photos of the red and white versus the black and white walkway to my students. They wrote their opinions and critical analysis about the colors not knowing that I was the artist. They had the same opinions as most of the students on campus.

I hope they repaint the walkway back to my original colors with clear, sharp lines. I don't mind if the Alumni office or the SBU Student Government changes the title of the plaque to give the walkway a politically correct name. In fact, it would be interesting if they give this idea to all the students on campus as a vote for a new name for the walkway. I can't think of a better way to engage everyone in this process. It keeps public art alive on campus. I would like to see this as part of the repainting process. I would also love to return to SB when it is repainted and/or renamed with my permission.

Regards,  
Kim Hardiman, English Professor  
ERAU – ERLI

Professor Hardiman:

Thanks for responding to my article. I actually graduated right before that was published and kind of forgot about the whole issue. It's kind of funny to see that they've kept it red this whole time, after saying it was just a temporary thing.

I'm sure the school would be glad to have you on hand for whatever they decide to do with it. But to be frank, I think what's called for now is vigilante justice. Revolutionary style. If it's taken this long for the student government to recommend that it be restored, who knows how long it could take for the administration to get around to it? And they're just going to send a crew of

people whose goal is to get it done fast, not to lay down the crisp lines you originally envisioned.

No, the only thing to do is go back to your July 4 plan and pull a switcheroo while they're not looking for several hours. I thought about it myself while I was there (albeit with duct tape, not paint) but never pulled it off. The people are behind you. All power to the public artists!

Very truly yours,  
Alex Walsh

Dear Press,

I remember coming to Stony Brook University as a freshmen almost five years ago and picking up my first issue of the *Press*. It was an interesting pile of words and pictures. Some stories were true and others were a hilarious parody of some sorts. Some articles were very informative and others a waste of my time. There was something that I truly loved in or should I say "on" that issue of *Press*. It made me laugh and reminisce on my younger days as a child.

I was so surprised to find the same thing on the next issue I picked up, then the next and the next...etc. The worries I had in my head would always disappear and bring my back to the good old days when life was full of inside jokes and long hours on Sega Genesis. As I became more accustomed to reading the *Press*, I would find more repetitive inside jokes secretly implanted into every issue. Some examples are the clown, the guy with that thing on his head from I-CON,

and the writer who used pornographic pictures to show sexual positions. I would always flip around to find these pictures first.

Sadly these traditions are slowly dying. The clown only shows up once in a blue moon and there are barely any pornographic images in the *Press* anymore. The last straw came to when not once, but twice I failed to find my beloved. The past two issues have been missing my precious. You may have slipped more under my nose but I am very dissatisfied with how the *Press* has been working lately. Do not forget that the last finishing touches are the most crucial. Bring back the Death Egg Zone! God Damn It! Put the Fucking Death Egg Zone back on the last page of the *Press*!

Love,  
Concerned

Left foot, right foot, left  
Taking you ever forward  
Closer to the grave

*The Press*

#### RETRACTIONS & CORRECTIONS:

In Issue 10.5 of *The Press*, we made several errors with Tahir Ahmad's name. Ahmad, a USG senate candidate in the College of Arts and Sciences, was called Ahmed Tahir, a grave oversight on our part. Our deepest and sincerest apologies for that. The correction will be made in the web version of our issue.

In addition, in that same issue, photographer Shaun Uddin wasn't credited for his photo contribution for the cover image. Our apologies for that oversight as well. The correction will be made in the web version of the issue.

The responsible parties have been severely beaten for their transgressions. That'll learn 'em!

# Telefund \$till Making The Moneys

By Angelica Fusco

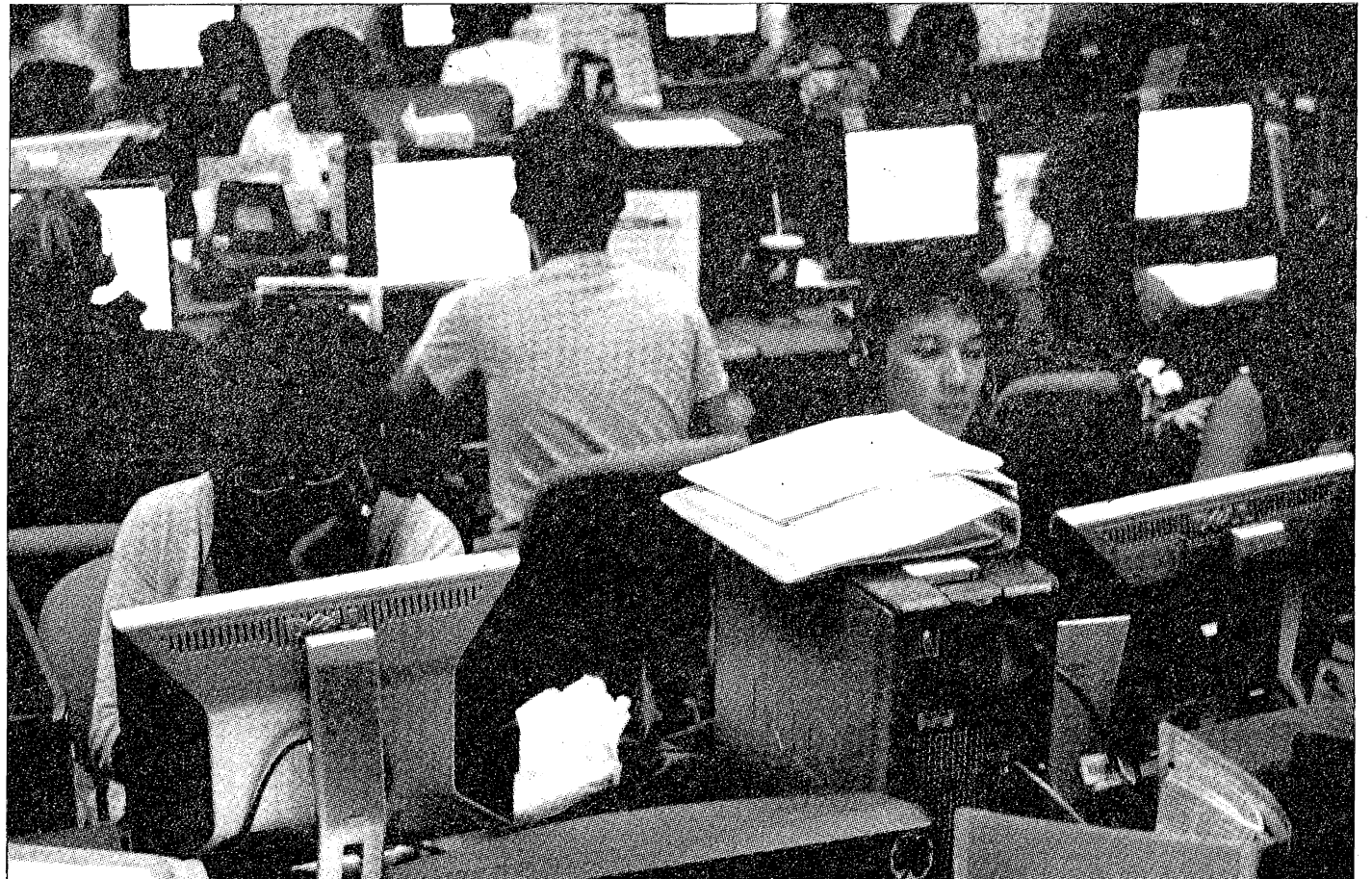
Behind a metal door in the dimly lit hallway of Kelly Dining Hall is the Telefund office, bustling with activity. Employees make calls and take down pledges. The atmosphere is relaxed and the room is filled with computers that haven't been updated since the 90s.

The Telefund is a student-run fundraising center that solicits donations from alumni, parents, community members and supporters of Stony Brook University. "We are one of the only programs on campus that brings in more money than we spend," said Pete Lambro, student manager for the Telefund.

The Telefund is part of the university's Advancement Department and all donations are managed through the Stony Brook Foundation. The funds received by the foundation support every aspect of university endeavors, including: research, education, public service, faculty and student development, economic and cultural development, and health care. A donor makes a pledge, which is a promise to donate a certain amount of money and will designate their donations to departments, scholarships or Stony Brook sport teams.

In spite of the economic downturn, alumni and community members are still donating money to the Stony Brook University Telefund program. This year, there was an 8 percent in total pledges received from potential donors, according to Richard Guarino, director of Annual Giving of the University Advancement office. Additionally, the Telefund program received 14% more pledges than the last fiscal year.

"Donor pledges are important because the new \$25 donor may be the new \$1 million donor," Guarino said. "It's not often, but its real." For fiscal



Eric DiGiovanni

This is what making money looks like.

year July 2009 to June 2010, the Telefund's goal is to reach \$1 million for donations and scholarships.

In fall 2009, Mike Kendall, a sophomore employee of the Telefund program, raised \$60,000 for Stony Brook University. Kendall started working at the Telefund as a first-semester freshmen with no prior telemarketing experience. Nervous to make his first phone call, he stumbled over his words, but with the guidance of his supervisors, Kendall has become one of the Telefund's top employees.

Employees appeal to alumni interested in supporting specific programs, such as alumni's former academic departments and scholarships, because these individuals are more likely to do-

nate. For example, parents usually donate to the Parent fund that caters to student initiatives like the Career Center and the library. These donations can go to on-campus development, like getting new library books or electronic books. The Telefund raises money for multiple accounts on campus and some accounts may get more attention because of their associate with the Telefund.

Kendall has raised a total of \$102,000. "I didn't make my first pledge until two weeks into working at the Telefund," said Mike Kendall, a 19-year-old health science major. "But then last semester I made 57 pledges in one week, which is the most pledges anyone else got."

The Telefund hopes to raise \$1 million by the end of this fiscal year. This sum, however, will not have a huge impact on Stony Brook University's billion-dollar budget. The Telefund's strength is in its ability to create connections between the university and its alumni. The Telefund gives Stony Brook a voice, Lambro said, and a closer connection to alumni, parents and community members. The Telefund raises money for the university, raises awareness and elevates participation in school events. Callers inform alumni and parents of upcoming events at Stony Brook University. "The main way we impact Stony Brook University is in the long run, we are great PR for this school," said Lambro.

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filling your tubes

# Laughing in the Abyss

By Ross Barkan

Failure is the phantasm that terrorizes any artist. Laboring in obscurity for a unique vision is supposed to yield recognition, fame, and a place beyond history's dustbin. When the labor doesn't pay off—and sadly, it only does for a select few—life itself can become a crippling exercise, curdling any joy left in the body.

This is one of the many themes flowing through Gilbert Sorrentino's fascinating final novel *The Abyss of Human Illusion*, published posthumously in February. Sorrentino, who died in 2006 at the age of 77, penned over 30 books of fiction and poetry that electrified the miniscule audience that read and appreciated him. You probably haven't heard of Sorrentino because he never gained the recognition of a mass audience; his most critically lauded novel, *Mulligan Stew* (named one of the best books of 1979 by the *New York Times Book Review*), has sold fewer than 25,000 copies, to date. Critics regarded Sorrentino as a master satirist and postmodernist, a writer capable of toying with narrative conventions to create enthralling works that deftly explored and mocked existential despair. Original, daring and above all, funny, Sorrentino nevertheless struggled to find the audience he and others believed he deserved. He was not a failed artist, but he fought a lifelong battle for recognition.

Bitterness—flushed with humor—permeates *The Abyss of Human Illusion*, a book that is not a novel in any classical sense. Instead, it's a collection of fifty short vignettes that grow in increasing length as the book progresses. They range from the surreal (a man stepping off an apartment-sized elevator to speak with his dead mother) to a tender reimagining of the Arthur Rimbaud poem "Winter Dream." Between the dreamlike absurdities are very real people struggling with the disappointment that a lifetime, both brutally short and exasperatingly endless, can bring. Of a former alcoholic who takes no comfort in his job, friends or

God, Sorrentino writes, "If he was sick of himself and waiting for the possible declaration within his body of the presence of some malignant destroyer, why not wait drunk?" Why not embrace destruction, indeed?

For the young aspiring writers out there (like this one), the bleakness of Sorrentino can be discouraging. Following the well-trodden trails of other great ennui-drenched writers like Louis-Ferdinand Celine or Philip Roth can be a daunting task. Luckily, humor keeps us afloat, even as existence continues to hammer blow after devastating blow into our trembling souls. "Hell is other people," as Sartre told us in *No*

Look at the "e" in "Joye." He nodded, and I knew he was seeing "Steven." Steve had submitted countless stories, all rejected, wishing for the great breakthrough that he believed was coming. And when a friend gets it instead, he finally succumbs to illusion. What else is left?

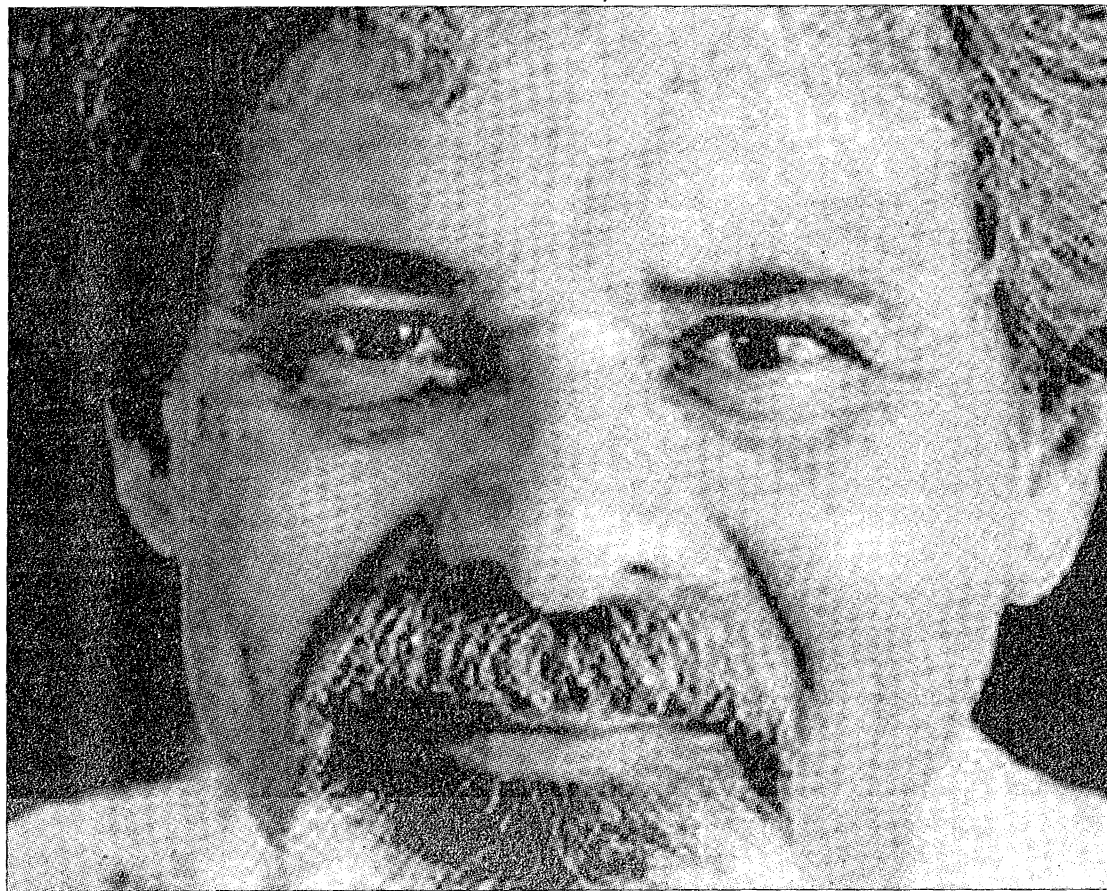
This might be the greatest tragedy of the human condition. We are endowed with an awareness of the magnanimous. We are steeped in myth, longing for triumph, groping eternally for golden horizons, no matter how unreachable they might be. And we are told that if we don't reach these horizons, we are somehow deficient. Sor-

Wanting things you can't have is a classic trope of literature. Sorrentino doesn't want literature, though. There are no tidy endings, epiphanies and revelations. Cycles don't end. They continue. The longing drags onward, driving man to illusion or madness.

No balm exists for the individual who hasn't achieved the dream, the vision. We can't tell him there's still hope when he's near the end of his life, like many Sorrentino protagonists are. (The kids, with the exception of one who cuts his buttocks on a toy zeppelin, aren't around much in *The Abyss of Human Illusion*). We can't tell him that he'll "get 'em next time" when there clearly is no next time. We can deceive, but illusions, as we all know, are tragically hollow. "He was a third-rate painter," opens one vignette that concludes with the predictable collapse of a once-proud mediocre artist, a collapse brought about simply by a lack of talent. He could only swallow his own inevitable failure.

Writers have different ways of coping with this despair. Henry Miller, a failure in his own eyes until he published *Tropic of Cancer* in his forties, found gems of joy in the muck. Virginia Woolf, who eventually committed suicide, told us to take comfort in moments and fleeting everyday triumphs. Sorrentino nods toward Miller, but forsakes any of the soaring Whitmanesque odes that made Miller famous, a language woven with delirious ecstasy and bright chaos. Sorrentino's laughter is subtle, more of a chuckle in a dim diner booth among close friends or a sneer from a corner of the Brooklyn boulevards he knew so well. The best thing to do, maybe, is laugh. Make fun of the banalities and the horrors.

"Oh well. What a beautiful day it is any way, right?" says one character to a friend she has just deceived. That could be the greatest irony of all: our wretched world, one that drove Hamlet to soliloquize about the pros and cons of being alive, is, in fact, a very pretty place. Achingly beautiful.



This is what an author looks like.

*Exit*. But hell is also the struggle against the self, against idols of expectation built in an unattainable future.

Straddling that yawning void between optimism and illusion is something anyone, writer or no, will always contend with. Consider your dreams, close your eyes, and ask yourself, when the world around you is finally quiet, *do you think you will be successful?* In one of the vignettes, a man named Steve, who dreams of publishing a short story in the *New Yorker*, reads a story published by a woman he knew from a writing workshop. "It is beautiful, I said, classic, traditional, aristocratic, really.

rentino turns a sarcastic yet sympathetic eye to the ordinary individual who has enough ambition and a shred of talent to know what lies ahead if he maintains his Sisyphean determination, but just enough lacking to feel the brunt force of the boulder barreling downhill, straight at him.

"He loves a girl, who, as it turns out, does not love him, and so he wastes years of his life trapped in wretched cliché," Sorrentino begins another vignette about a man mired in bad luck. Rather than harp on the tragedies of unrequited love, he delves into the twin clichés of longing and self-deception.

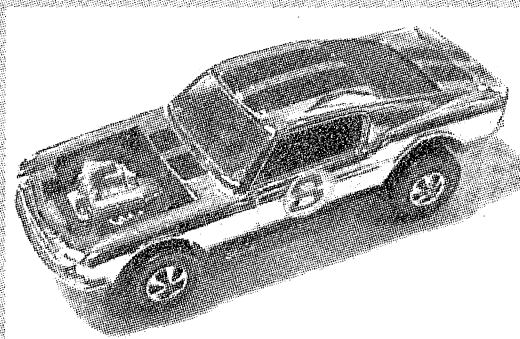
# Stony Brook Press Picks of the Fortnight

## Toy of the Fortnight: Hotwheels!

By Chris Mellides

I'd really like to know what was going through the minds of those pinheads at Mattel when they thought up the idea for this shit product. Die-cast chrome miniatures of classic automobiles is hardly a logical toy concept when your intended target demographic is comprised of individuals with poor motor skills, stubby arms and feet too short to reach the goddamn break pedal of any car ever built. So, let me get this straight. Presumably, Hot Wheels cars are toys that are intended to bring joy to the lives of children and are carefully tailored to fit their interests. Right. When's the last time you saw a toddler behind the wheel of a Hummer who wasn't later identified on the nightly news as a stumbling midget ripped to the tits on Georgie Vodka? Do these people honestly believe that there are three and four-year-olds out there who double as Tooth Fairy followers and hot rod aficionados? I highly doubt it. And now that we're on the subject of children, let's examine the rationale behind a parent's decision in purchasing this product for their young son or daughter. Since when has it become common practice to give small objects to infants? Hey idiots! Your kids can

fucking choke on those things! Stop giving Hot Wheels toys to your children! You wouldn't give a lit firecracker to a Geritol-sipping senior citizen and tell him that it's a hearing aid, would you? After studying the significance of the Hot Wheels craze with a trusted



team of cheerleaders, I've reached the conclusion that this brand of toy is fucking stupid. How stupid? Well, those cheerleaders kept assuring me that it was indeed the stupidest toy concept they'd ever heard of and that they'd help spread the word just so long as I released them from my attic. To put it bluntly, Mattel sucks, Hot Wheels cars are dangerous, crudely constructed eyesores, and the kidnapping charges filed against me by those rotten cheerleaders is something that's really fucking up my Christmas.

## Album of the Fortnight: IRM

By James Laudano

It seems that Charlotte Gainsbourg is taking a break from traumatizing me to launch a tour promoting her latest album, *IRM*. When last I had any exposure to Gainsbourg, she was sexually torturing Willem Dafoe and severing her own clitoris in the Lars von Trier film, *Antichrist*. Thankfully, though, *IRM* is quickly replacing my *Antichrist*-influenced mental image of Gainsbourg with a much more pleasant one.

Gainsbourg, star of such films as *The Science of Sleep*, *21 Grams* and *I'm Not There*, delivers a diverse-sounding and energetic work with *IRM*. Produced by acclaimed musician Beck (who also provides guitar and vocal work on a few tracks), the album ranges from lilting, beautiful ballads to industrial, driving, blues-flavored tracks. The tracks "Trick Pony" and "Greenwich Mean Time" push you to get up and dance while "Me and Jane Doe" and "Time of the Assassins" put you in the mindset of a relaxed patron of a Parisian street café.

Given more space, I would elaborate more, but for now, I'll leave you with this: the album is most definitely worth a listen. Also, thank god Beck didn't get the Willem Dafoe treatment and wind up with a smashed crotch and a wooden bolt drilled through his leg. Ouch, Green Goblin, ouch.

## Internet Flash Game of the Fortnight: Robot Unicorn Attack

By Najib Aminy

The idea of robot unicorns is possibly the most technologically flamboyant concept ever conceived. But when you add rainbows, purple floating mountains, star-shaped boulders and the 1994 hit-single "Always" by the English synthpop duo Erasure, you get the flash animated online game Robot Unicorn Attack, published by Adult Swim, that is as addicting as it is entertaining.

The game's protagonist is a robot unicorn with a rainbow-colored mane whose survival depends on the gamer's ability to press two buttons to jump between mountain cliffs and smash into star-shaped barriers. However, if the magical unicorn crashes into any barrier or falls off the map, his robot head is blown off of his mechanical torso and splayed out

on the screen. This was surely an attempt to mimic the classic head-in-the-bed scene from *The Godfather*.

The game designers entice the player to embark on this somewhat magical journey in an attempt to make their wishes come true. The horse is constantly galloping; his velocity will increase and more points will be accumulated when the player reaches horse-shaped fairies or smashes through the star-shaped boulders.

The magic doesn't stop there, because for every 5,000 points scored a robot-dolphin will appear, breaching up and down, at the bottom of the screen. As more points are accumulated, more shiny metal dolphins join the fun.

Simply put: the game is awesome. From the rainbows created after every jump to the rainbow-trailed

lunges into stars—that result in little explosions on purple landscapes that rival *Avatar*'s Hallelujah Mountains—the game experience is full of enjoyment and happiness.

The game will open your eyes, allow you to hold on to the night, and believe in harmony as the melting of ice will result in your love being in motion.

This—I believe after playing the game for far too many hours—is the wish that turns true. I want always to be playing this game, and playing make-believe with this game, and live in harmony; harmony with Robot Unicorn Attack.

There will be no shame from playing this absurd title.





# New Roosevelt Building: Gift for Some, Curse on Others

By Billy Zhang

If each quad on campus had a city associated with it, then Roosevelt Quad would be Oakland. Just like Oakland, most people don't really choose to go live in Roosevelt; they have to, because there isn't room in other quads. Sometimes, it is because they were placed there in their freshman year, so they don't know outside quads—which is similar to being born in Oakland. Other times, they stay because most of their friends are living there, so there isn't any real reason to move away. Across from Roosevelt are the West Apartments—the pinnacle of dorms, to which many students wish to transfer, just like San Francisco, which is only eight miles away and a thousand times better than Oakland. Many people call Roosevelt the “ghetto” of Stony Brook. However, unlike Oakland, Roosevelt is getting a much needed face-lift. Anyone who isn't blind has probably seen the huge monolith of a building being erected near Roosevelt. While it is a much needed upgrade, not only for Roosevelt, but for the rest of Stony Brook, it comes at a price. While people living away from Roosevelt say it is a

great idea to build a new building to mitigate all the overcrowding in dorms, it is really the people who live in Roosevelt now who received the short end of that stick.

A food court is planned for the south side of the complex, the side facing Tabler quad. In some parts there are seven floors to the building, and it is already the size of the entire block, from

Roosevelt Drive all the way to West Drive. The construction is almost complete, but has been posing difficulties for current Roosevelt residents.

Some of those problems are long-term power outages and a lack of hot water. Also, those living closer to the construction, such as residents in Wagner, have had to deal with the construction noise as well. While the problems weren't as bad this semester, last semester was simply hell for many resi-

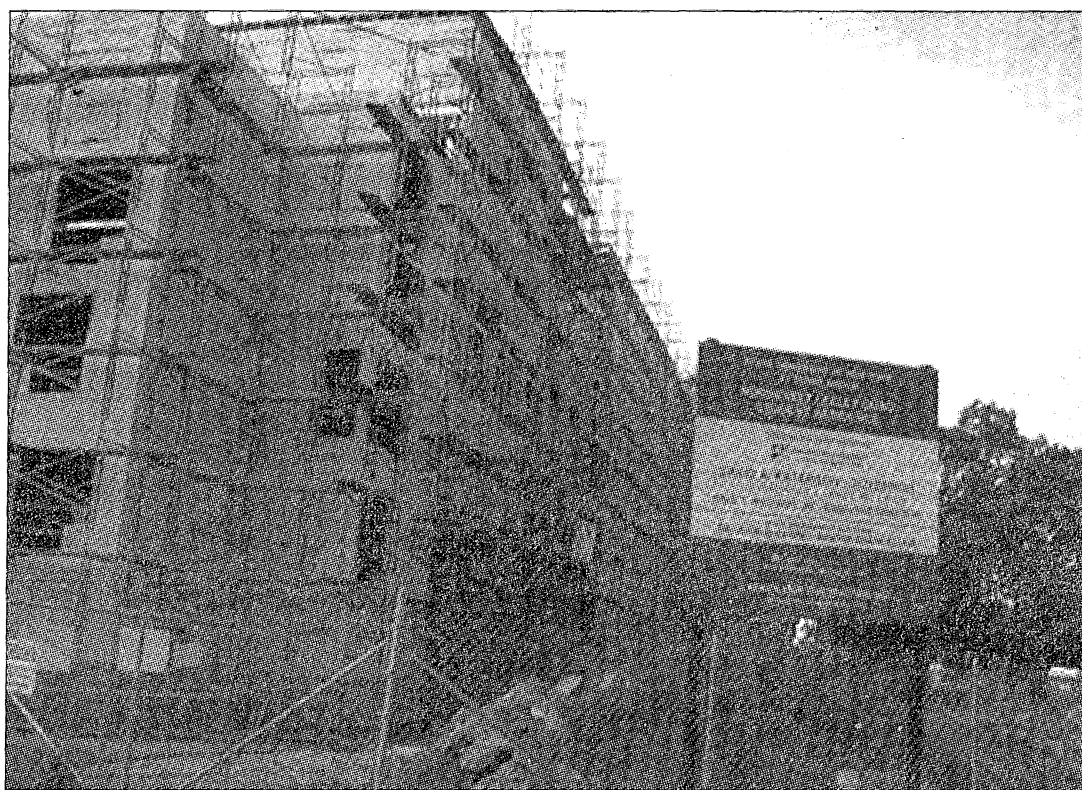
to be done, alleviating all the tripling is more important.” Others, such as Peggy Lung, put it as simply: “shit happens.” They would be content if it was only a short episode, but construction has been going on for a very long time now. Many who knew friends in other quads would go there to shower. However, those who unfortunately didn't know anyone else had no choice except to go to the Sports Complex to shower—or smell. There is nothing

compensation to residents living there, even a small cash payout like \$100. One resident, Mo Narne, said “After several blackouts, leakages, hot water failures, I definitely feel that there should be some compensation. I did not pay for half-assed living conditions. I understand that problems do occur randomly, but the people on the forefront should fix them right the first time so there is no reoccurrences.” Many students felt cheated, because there was

little warning about the potential problems that they would face. While the housing assignments for the new dormitory have not been decided yet, many of the students living in Roosevelt feel like they should have first dibs over freshmen and current residents of other quads. They feel that since they had to endure all the bullshit, they should at least be able to break in the new dorm rooms.

Tripling has been a major problem on campus. People used to choose Stony Brook as a safety school, but now more have been making it their first choice. Triple rooms, which would once have been broken up within days, can now last weeks, or even the entire semester. In the future, it will allow more people to dorm in Stony Brook. The power outages and lack of water isn't much of a problem this semester, but the noise is still

bothersome in the morning. It sucks when you try to take a nap, only to be awakened by banging. When the dust has settled and the doors open for students, only then will the headaches stop. Many students will be able to enjoy it. However, the seniors will leave this year with a sour taste in their mouths because they had to endure the shit with nothing to show for it.



This dorm should be named after Roosevelt Franklin

The Internet

dents. The power and water outages lasted up to twelve hours and occurred sometimes three days in a row. The noise was especially bad, waking many residents in the morning.

Many of the people living in Roosevelt, while upset, understand the necessity of housing construction. One resident, Sophia Sgro said, “It is annoying, yes, but the construction needs

worse than coming back from the gym, finding out that there is no hot water, and going to class the next day smelling like you had a one night stand with Oscar the Grouch. The power outages also caused problems for students who preferred to study in the comfort of their own rooms.

Some students felt that Stony Brook should at least offer some sort of

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## arts&amp;entertainment



## A Two Hour Love Letter to Andy Samberg

By Josh Ginsberg

I had a feeling that Joanna Newsom was up to something big. However, I definitely wouldn't have guessed that she would go and release a three disc album, two hour album. Joanna Newsom's first album, *The Milk-Eyed Mender*, was a batch of exquisitely written and sometimes clumsily (though more often transcendently) performed pop songs, cute enough for the teenage girls to love and literate enough for bearded college students to write theses on. Two years later Joanna, made a big splash with her five song, nearly hour long *Ys*, on which her songs took on new orchestral arrangements, became mystical and weird in that "Incredible-String-Band-meets-Van-Dyke-Parks" (literally) way and taught listeners the differences amongst meteors, meteorites and meteoroids. She continues to evoke an abstract, ancient, American mythos on *Have One On Me*, an album that encompasses the styles of her first two records but also makes forays into some interesting new directions.

*Have One On Me* contains three six song discs, each that could stand alone on their own. The disc I listen to the most is the first. Although great, it contains impenetrably dense songs from start to finish. *Have One On Me's* songs range from under two minutes in length to over eleven minutes. Disc one features "Good Intentions Paving Company," and "Have One On Me," perhaps the album's best two tracks. Joanna Newsom composes great music, although for the first time, her writing is

becoming a bit redundant.

If *Ys* sounded like it should have been recorded in a spectral barn in 1969, *Have One On Me* is pure 1971. There are progressions like the one at the end of "Jack Rabbits," over which Newsom sings of "making love" that evoke melodies played on swampy, overdriven guitars. "Soft As Chalk" has a certain jaunt post-chorus—the part where she bellows "Lawlessness!"—that evokes a heavy, gothic country and western, before giving way to a lovely, sparse piano line straight out of the saloon. "Kingfisher" is probably objectively Newsom's "Stairway to Heaven." It lacks an guitar solo and any particularly great climax, but has melodic similarities to that epic rock standard, and prominently features presumably hobbit-manned pan flutes. "You and Me, Bess" is alternately jazzy and Beatlesque and while not straying from what has become something of a stock *Have One On Me* chord change, features one of the album's most interestingly written vocal melodies.

Love pervades the album, which is funny considering that the lyrics are probably about the dude who wrote "Jizzed in My Pants." The misty opening track, "Easy," evokes a somewhat ghostly, desperate need for love. Against a string and flute arrangement that fits the song perfectly, Newsom croons as eerily as she ever has, "Speak my name, and I appear." "Good Intentions Paving Company" is Joanna's best "pop single" to date despite its seven minute length. Several Newsoms, multi-tracked a la "Peach, Plum, Pear," sing loving melodies that warm the ears the way sunbeams are absorbed into skin. A groovy, syncopated percussion track invites the listener to bob the same way he would listening to yacht rock in his car on a June day. Joanna Newsom finds herself on a new journey, making good use of the hackneyed life-as-road metaphor. Her lyrics are smart and endearing. She remarks on the irony of asking a lover to open his heart to her when she "can't even open a honey jar,"

and just before a sweet flugelhorn jam, she sings: "I only want for you to pull over and hold me / Till I can't remember my own name."

"Have One On Me" starts out spare and contemplative but eventually builds and swells to strange character sketches. It includes a lot of spider imagery. The arrangement of the song is interesting because while the harp remains constant, other instruments come in and out like scenes of a slideshow. The song features fiddles, mandolins and other bluegrass instruments that ornament Newsom's lyrics and harp-playing meticulously, but disappear as quickly as they come. The song peaks with a minor key bridge, highlighted with horns and strings and gives way to a coda of wordless, weaving vocalization that sticks to the mind like honey from a tightly sealed jar. At its best moments, *Have One On Me* proves Newsom still has great ideas, engaging melodies coiled up in her mind waiting to spring forward.

Not every song on *Have One On Me* is great. "Occidental" is a somber piano ballad whose familiar melody seems to have been lifted from somewhere else. Its lyrics are good, but it climaxes limply and doesn't have any of the twists that refuse to allow longer songs, like the album's title track, to drag. Songs like "No Provenance" are very pretty and pleasant to listen to but aren't as engaging as Newsom's older work. Most of the longer songs, the ones that continue on the same part for a long time, begin to drag. "Sawdust & Diamonds" from *Ys* spends most of its time on one, two-chord progression, but the song builds tension gorgeously and engagingly, which is unfortunately rare on *Have One On Me*. "Baby Birch" starts out dull and stays that way for about five full minutes. It sounds like a dustbowl era murder-ballad and oozes viscously until its stripped down arrangement finally begins to blossom into something equally somber but sublime. "Baby Birch" isn't a terrible song. It has nice guitar line when it hits its groove and its

Asian-sounding coda is one of the album's most memorable. It also probably features the album's best percussion, think Paul McCartney's drums at the end of "Dear Prudence," but in slow motion and furious. It's somewhat distressing to hear Joanna Newsom treading into Gillian Welch territory. Newsom taps into a certain weird American-ness, often. However, to hear her reduced to Americana would be depressing and almost does before the climax of this epic track.

The best slow song is "Going to California," on which Newsom declares that her heart "became a drunken rut." The pace is slow, but the writing (again fixated on the subject of love, this time from a melancholic perspective) is superior to many songs. She writes: "I wait all night, for you in California / Watching the fox pick off my goldfish / From their sorry, golden state / And I am no longer / Afraid of anything / Save the life that, here, awaits." The orchestral swell of its climax and almost raucous shouts of "Caw, caw, caw" are weird and cathartic in a way that is distinctly Newsom's own. A great line that pops up on one of the more lackluster songs is on "Ribbon Bows." The line goes: "Sweet appraising eye of the dog / Blink once if God / Blink twice if no God."

I haven't penetrated to the very core of *Have One On Me* and would probably have written a much more in depth review if I had a year to write it. However, we all know about the importance of Kairos, and I've already pushed this back a bit. Ultimately *Have One On Me* is a good album with some fantastic songs. Alas, it falls prey to the trappings of being two hours and eighteen tracks long. It is hard to get through in one sitting because its tracks are pretty similar and very long, although I imagine it would score a nice night house-sitting with a lover and a bottle of wine. Songs like "Go Long" are good but almost indistinguishable at times from other songs on the album. Its highs are very high, but in the end, *Have One On Me* held itself back as a result of its excess.



## Battlefield: Bad Company 2: The Squeakquel

By Kenny Mahoney

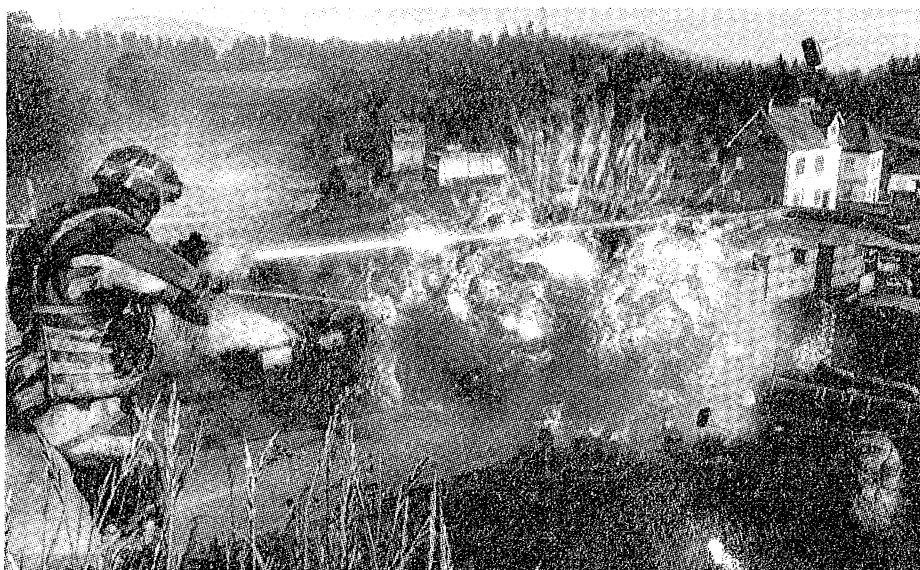
Imagine how simple it would be to write a scathing review of a game with the word “bad” in the title. God, that would be easy; imagine the puns! However, unfortunately for me (and fortunately for you), I can’t do that. I’ll actually have to put some effort into writing about this one.

*Battlefield: Bad Company 2 (BC2)*, the latest in EA’s *Battlefield* series, throws you where the first game in the series left you—back into the ranks of Bad Company. During the single player campaign, you take on the role of Preston Marlowe, a soldier in the U.S. Army. You are a member of bad company—the rejects unfit for service anywhere else. Bad Company is the cannon fodder, a dumping ground for anyone who’s got nowhere else to go, or who pissed off the wrong person. Bad Company consists of only four members: you, the nervous nerd Terrence Sweetwater, the redneck pyromaniac Haggard and Sergeant Samuel D. Redford, your leader, who volunteered for the position with the promise that he’d be excused from service earlier.

The single player, while serviceable, isn’t really anything special. The only thing that draws you out of the otherwise mundane campaign is the colorful dialogue between you and your squad mates. Each character has their own unique personality, and loads of hilarious dialogue to make these personalities come through. Each character is much more developed than in any other military shooter I’ve played—it’s kind of

like playing through a movie-game version of Bill Murray’s *Stripes*.

My main complaint lies with the trial-and-error play-style, which I was forced to adopt to make it through the game. To get past most areas, I simply had to get to a certain point, die, go back to the last checkpoint and memorize where all of the enemy spawn points were, progressing a little further each time. I can forgive this in some particularly tough areas, but when it happens for more than half of the game it can get irritating.



The *Battlefield* series is more famous for its multiplayer capabilities than anything else, and developer DICE did not disappoint with this installment. *BC2* plays mostly the same as previous *Battlefield* games, but adds some polish and fine-tuning to make the experience truly excellent. Multiplayer uses a leveling-up system similar to the one you might find in other games of this genre (cough, *Call of Duty*, cough). Each the

games’ four classes: assault, engineer, medic and recon, play differently enough to offer a unique experience, based on which one you choose. As you gain experience with each class, you earn points to unlock different items that suit that specialist’s area of expertise. For example, the engineer is your heavy-weapons and vehicle repairman, so as you level him up you’ll unlock newer and better rocket launchers, as well as anti-tank mines. The medic, who heals your teammates, will not only have the ability to dispense health

massive landscape, where each can be taken and captured by anyone at any time. *BC2* also introduces rush mode, which focuses players on either defending or attacking two objectives at a time, advancing them across a large map depending on how far the attacking team gets. And, as usual, there’s also a no-frills deathmatch. Regular, old, shoot-each-other-in-the-face action, if that’s all you’re looking for.

I’m not a big fan of conquest mode, mainly because the map is so spread out that I have a hard time finding where the action is. Most of my time spent in Conquest games involves me spawning, running for a minute and a half, getting killed by someone I never saw and then doing it all over again. Even when my team is doing well, I have a hard time telling whether or not I made a difference, because the environment is so large and full of so many players. It’s an overall detached experience—which is why I love rush mode. Rush is able to keep the large and interesting map design from conquest, but focuses the objective and brings players together—making sure you’re always in the thick of the action. Also, the ability to spawn with a “squad,” or group of players, makes it easy to find your buddies and take on the opposition.

So, if you’ve grown tired of playing with what Terrence Sweetwater describes as “special-ops with pussy-ass heartbeat monitors” (clearly a jab at the *Modern Warfare* crowd), *Bad Company 2* may scratch your itch for something new to play.

## God of War III Maintains

By Bobby Holt

Will you become the ultimate warrior of Olympus or die like those who have come before you? *God of War III* is the third and final game in the trilogy where Kratos, armed with his two blades, will try once again to defeat Zeus.

Kratos, the fallen demi-god from Mt. Olympus, is back for vengeance once again in *God of War III* for the Playstation 3. Scorned by his father, Zeus, Kratos is picking up where he left

off at the end of *GoW II* by scaling Mt. Olympus and destroying anything in his path. If you like crazy combos, blood and total destruction, *God of War III* is a must have. In a nutshell, the game is exactly like both previous *God of War* games, extremely polished and fun to play.

The graphics are amazing, arguably the best on the PS3, and the movement is fluid and crisp. From the very beginning when you have your full reign of power (God Mode), which is how the previous *GoW* games started, you notice just how fluid the animations are. The weapons feel powerful and the

combos can go on for what feels like forever. There is truly an endless amount of combinations that are possible. The moves are creative and offer total control to the player; their use can be customized for different play styles.

Something that has always been lacking from entries in the *God of War* series is the story. While the third and final installation in the trilogy doesn’t exactly offer an excellent storytelling experience, it is adequate. But, when you’re ripping dudes’ heads off, do you really need a story to go along with it? That’s what I thought. Various weapons are unlocked after defeating gods and

demi-gods such as Hercules, Hades, Hermes and more.

The game is short (it can be completed in about ten hours) but the action is nonstop. It is hard to justify the \$60 dollar price tag for a game that offers little re-playability, but I do recommend at least renting it. There’s not really much to say. The graphics are outstanding, the gameplay is fun and the story offers enough to keep the player interested. With so many PS3’s collecting dust, *God of War III* is a fantastic reason to clean it off and have some fun.



# It's a Long Way to the Top If You Want to Be In *Rock Band*

By Eric DiGiovanni

On March 5, music took one step closer to being fully democratized: the Rock Band Network store finally opened up to the public. The song list is very impressive, featuring everyone from indie rock n' roll mainstays The Hold Steady, geek-folk guitarist Johnathan Coulton, to even the Flight Of The Conchords.

The Rock Band Network (RBN) is a system set up by Harmonix and facilitated by Microsoft's XNA service that allows anyone to submit their songs for sale in the Rock Band Network. All artists make 30% of the sales. All songs premiere on the Xbox 360, with a select few tracks going to the Playstation 3 and Wii stores roughly a month after.

That is, anyone willing to put in a lot of effort to create these songs. As someone currently making a track for

the RBN, I can say from experience that it's a very long process that requires millions of tweaks along the way.

First, you need all of the master recordings. That's the easy part. Then, you'll need to go to the Creator's website (creators.rockband.com) and download the software package, which includes Reaper, an audio and MIDI editing program, and Magma, the program that compiles the MIDI files and the recordings into a playable format.

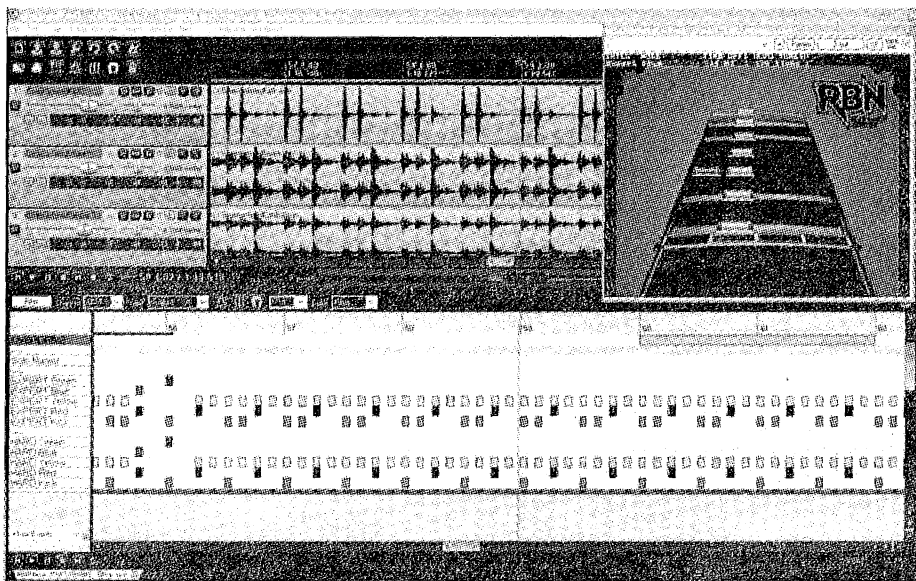
Next, you have to chart out every instrument for every difficulty, and this is where most of the work lies. Sure, expert difficulty is easy: just make the song as you normally would. But once you get to around medium and easy difficulties, it gets hard. Usually the people making the RBN tracks regularly play on expert, so some difficulties arise: can someone on easy handle a standard rock beat? Would a hard player know to strum up and down on faster parts?

At this point, you have the option of orchestrating all of the lighting and camera cuts for your song, but if you're too lazy, or are just seeing how the song plays, then Magma will take care of all of these things. Speaking of Magma, ex-

pect to have hundreds of little hiccups when everything is being compiled. On my first run through, it took almost two hours just to get the song ready. Only afterwards can you test the song on your Xbox 360. In *Rock Band 2's* Audition Mode, you can play your own songs or choose to have the system play the tracks for you.

Finally, after you've tested it on *Rock Band 2's* Audition mode, you can upload it to the network to have it tested. To upload the song, you will need a Premium account for the XNA service, which costs \$100 per year.

When it's so simple, how could your band *not* be on the Rock Band Network? All kidding aside, the sense of pride, seeing your song or someone else's being played by thousands of people makes it all worth it. Formal companies such as RockGamer and TuneCore have a team of programmers that will take care of everything, but there is a chance that the artist won't make back the initial fee, which could be as much as \$2500. Then again, paying someone else to do all the work for you isn't exactly punk rock, now is it?



## Las Poemas

### Homage to *Sounds of the River* by Da Chen

By Rabia Ghias

The evening lanterns form a congregation of heavenly lights

Their luminescence erases the uncertainty of the desolate, doleful nights

Our traditions, our values, the very core of our beings, are tucked away in the tiny pockets of the countryside

Jeweled trinkets, dangling on the willowy branches, highlight the past of their stride

Their struggle, marked with

their scarlet blood, paint the path on the beaten dirt.

The tragedies and victories they witnessed record a volume in our lineage, even if we all divert.

Here we lay, like ignorant pigs, hogging the fruits of their labor.

Our mundane, murky lives are parasites off the foundation they created.

We simply hang their laurels, tainted by the elements of time, marking the vestiges from before.

The vermilion passage, indicative of our blossoming triumphs and endeavors, has long been abated.

### Assorted Haiku

by Megan Bednarz

Where does bedrock end  
And soil begin such deep thought  
The answer requires

Brain Drain clogs with time  
Build up of hears and tells hurt  
Rotten translation

Penis Testicle  
Penis Penis Testicle  
Penis Testicle

The Muffin Top is  
Consumed with haste and no regard  
Crumbly chunks remain

Trying this with that  
They all have something for me  
Dizzy but happy

As time increases  
Scatter plot my Mind's insides  
Outliers exist

Who would win a fight?  
Wendy, Jasmine or Kelly  
They all sort of suck

Text me love letters  
My heart flutters at the beep  
Baby oh baby

Just knowing you shaved  
Your balls for me always puts  
A smile on my face

# Indie Rock Wears Tight Pants



By Liz Kaempf

If you were wondering what you would get when you combined boys, guitars, a lit stage and Rock Star energy drink, it would be this past week's Rock-YoFaceCase at the University Café. Hostess and brainchild behind the musical events, Patrice Zapiti, got the crowd psyched up to see three local bands on Monday night, and as usual, she looked damn fine doing it. The audience looked forward to opener three-piece band Magnificent Beast, L.I. rockstars Royal City Riot, and up-and-comers Neighbors, as well as being treated to intermittently spread energy drink flipcup games and DJ jam sessions.

Magnificent Beast is an all SBU student three-piece band that opened the showcase with their mix of laidback vocals and energetic guitar melodies. Guitarists Henry Schiller and Carlos Parreno are no rookies to the campus scene, as they've found themselves mixing it up with a myriad of other musicians on campus, but new drummer, Brian Lind, could be the difference maker for this group. He killed it on the drum kit and with the help and experience of his band mates, Magnificent Beast threw down a five-song set that kicked off the show with a bang. Their songs invoked a lightheartedness that paired well with the sunny weather that followed that week and proved musicianship is by far the most important part of being on stage. The downfall of a three-piece band, however, is that

there are only three parts. But the boys solved that problem with what I'm going to call the "KT Tunstall", for lack of a better expression. They countered the three-instrument problem with the layering effects of a loop pedal that filled out their sound and gave them a brilliant and easygoing jam session vibe that you couldn't miss, especially in a song like "Cloud Pleaser".

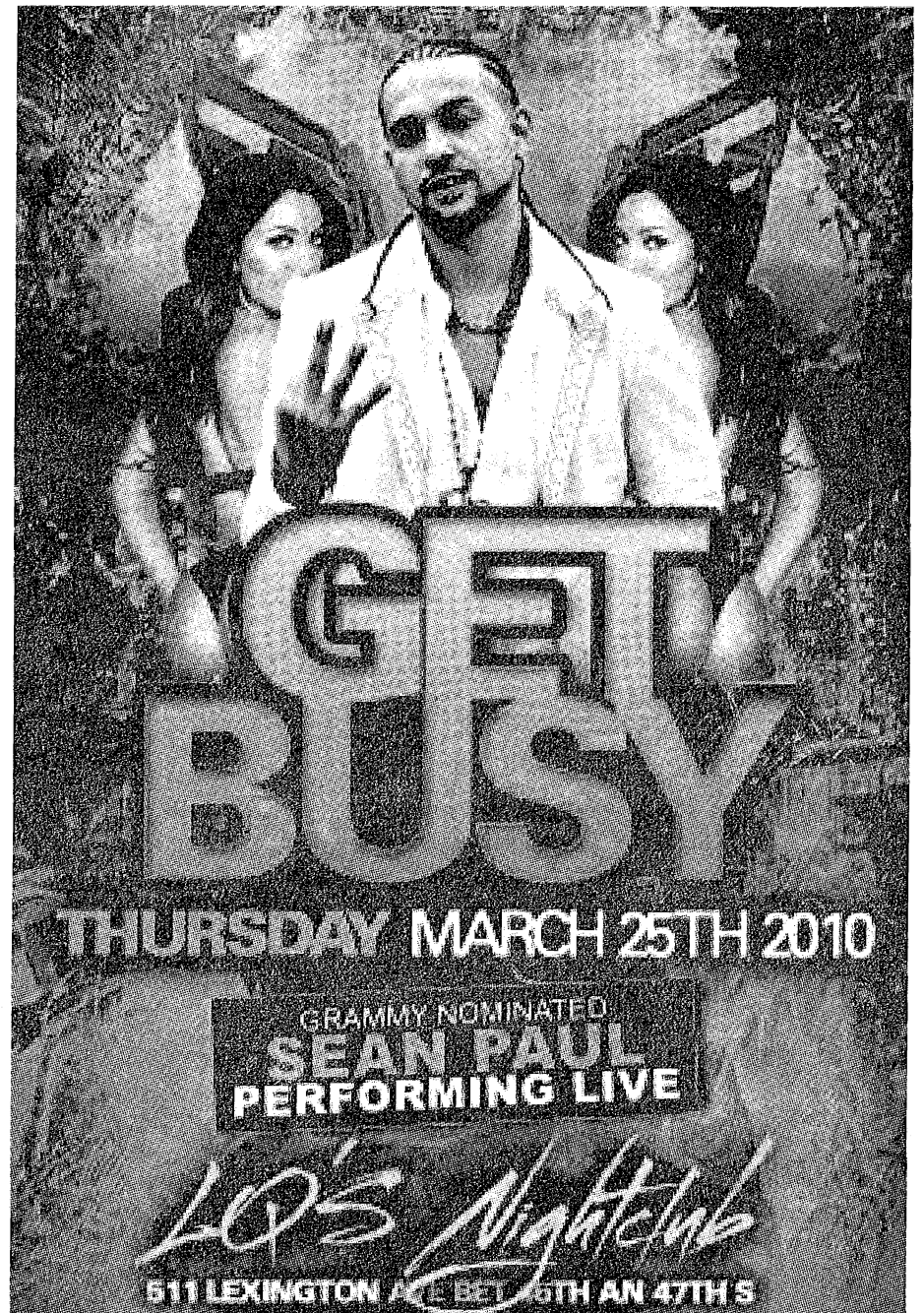
Next on the lineup were the seasoned veterans of Royal City Riot. Not your typical ska band, these guys take a more blues and reggae approach to their sound and, man, do they deliver. The crowd was filled with suspender-wearing punk rockers, who, of course, are big fans of the only dance white kids don't look awkward doing; skanking. (The name is so apropos, no?) Their horn section (which includes SBU attendee Jon Degen, who knocks it out of the park on sax) is not as big as the typical ska group, but their rhythm section was off the charts and their precision was dead on; RCR didn't miss a beat. They laid out grooves left and right and fill a room to capacity with plump and soulful tracks. If I'm not mistaken, every song was a crowd favorite, even though they didn't play "Paumanok", much to the dismay of one fan who perpetually called out for it. However, they solidified their reggae roots with a cover song by Bob Marley when they were closing out their set. This was the first time I got to hear Royal City Riot live, and I'm already hooked. The band is down to earth with an infectious sound that is bound to reel in any nearby listeners.

Lastly, Neighbors took the stage in their debut show, and they brought a

fan bus worth of people with them. Handsome gentlemen in tight pants was the theme of the night, and it worked just as well for these new guys as it did for the first two groups. They ripped their set wide open with their song "Bodies", and it was no surprise that so many in the audience knew all the words. Stony Brook's own Ian Kenny led this group with his powerful vocals, perfected keyboard skills, and dynamic stage presence. But Neighbors took a much harder approach to the music than the rest in the showcase and they weren't nearly as light and breezy. The band's sound combines driving rhythms,

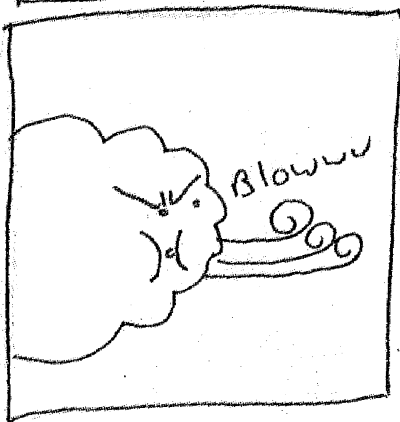
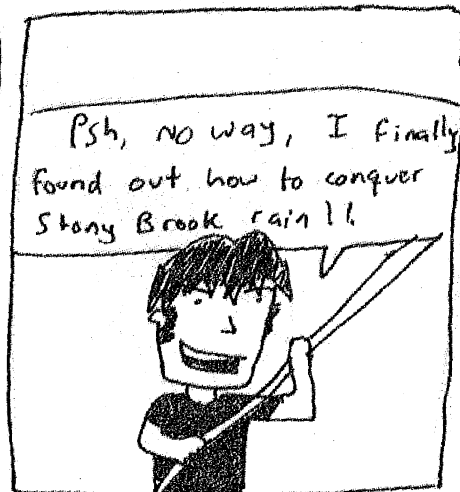
though-provoking lyrics and some amazing guitar solos to get the adrenaline pumping and your heart beating out of your chest like it was being hit by the foot pedal of the bass drum. They were a huge hit with the crowd, and will no doubt rake in even more of a fan base after this performance. Neighbors' debut show flaunted a talent and synchronization that is hard to find in such a young group, but these boys pull it off with ease. I'm sure this will by no means be the last we see of the boys on our campus, because Neighbors came out swinging, and you know they're here to stay.

Be sure to check out Royal City Riot and Neighbors on their Facebook and MySpace pages, and remember, only you can help save the scene! So make sure you get your ass to the next Rock-YoFaceCase and support our incredible homegrown talent!



# THE COMICS SECTION

The  
**SCARLET  
 SEAWOLF**  
 By: Frank Myles



Sites.google.com/sitel/frankmylescartoons

## SHADES

### THE SOCIALITE

Copyright 2009, 2010 by Chris 'SHADES' Olyverj. All rights reserved.

A long line in a space way too small anyways...

THE NIGHT GROUP, COMPOSED OF PEOPLE LIKE SHADES THE SOCIALITE AND OTHER THE MEMBERS OF SOUND, HAVE TAKEN PARTIES TAKE PLACE IN THE DARK.

NEON LIGHTS PROMOTIONS SEEMS TO BE THE SUPREME POWERHOUSE IN CLUBBING SPACE, AND USES A PANDORA'S BOX OF TRICKS TO BLIND SHADES AND CO.

SHADES IS NEON'S SPECIAL SEAN'S SHINEY FACE FOR A JOE AS ONLY A CREATOR COULD, CONTENT ON FINDING THE ONE PERSON CAPABLE OF CHALLENGING HIM TO STAND FIRM TO NEON LIGHTS SO KEY BLAB!

To be continued

# THE COMICS SECTION



JUST LOOK AT IT.



YOU COULD MAKE A WHOLE OTHER DOG OUT OF ALL THAT SKIN.

SHOW SOME RESPECT. DOGS WITH BAGGY NECKS HAVE BEEN HELPING MAN FOR CENTURIES. LOOK THROUGH ANY HISTORY BOOK AND YOU'LL FIND UNFAIR DISTORTIONS, COVERING UP THE FLESHY TRUTH.



WOW, THAT'S A GROSS DOG. DID THE GREEKS LEAVE THIS?

WHATEVER. BRING IT INSIDE.

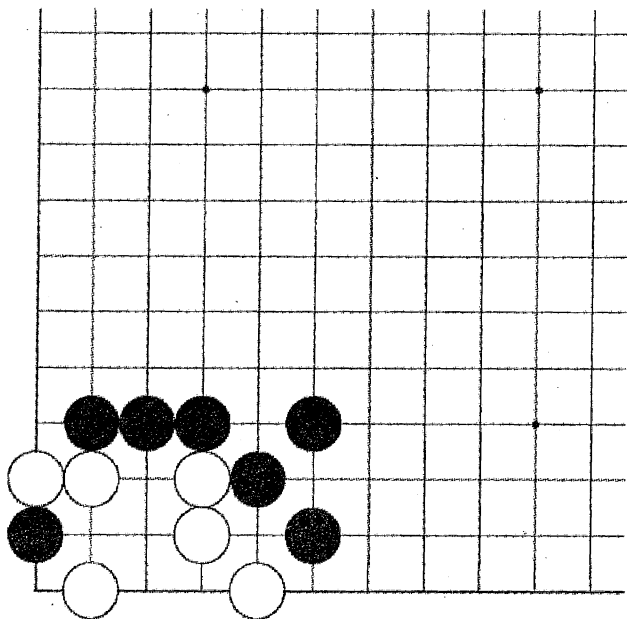
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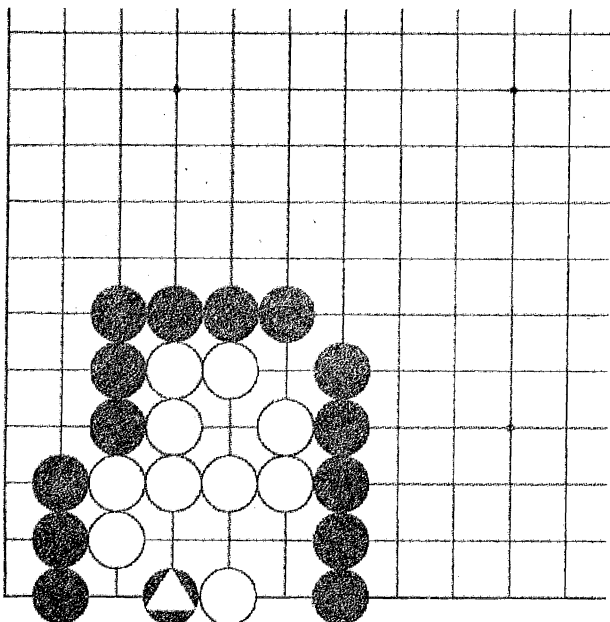
I'm so depressed, I don't know what to do...

## Go for it, Man!

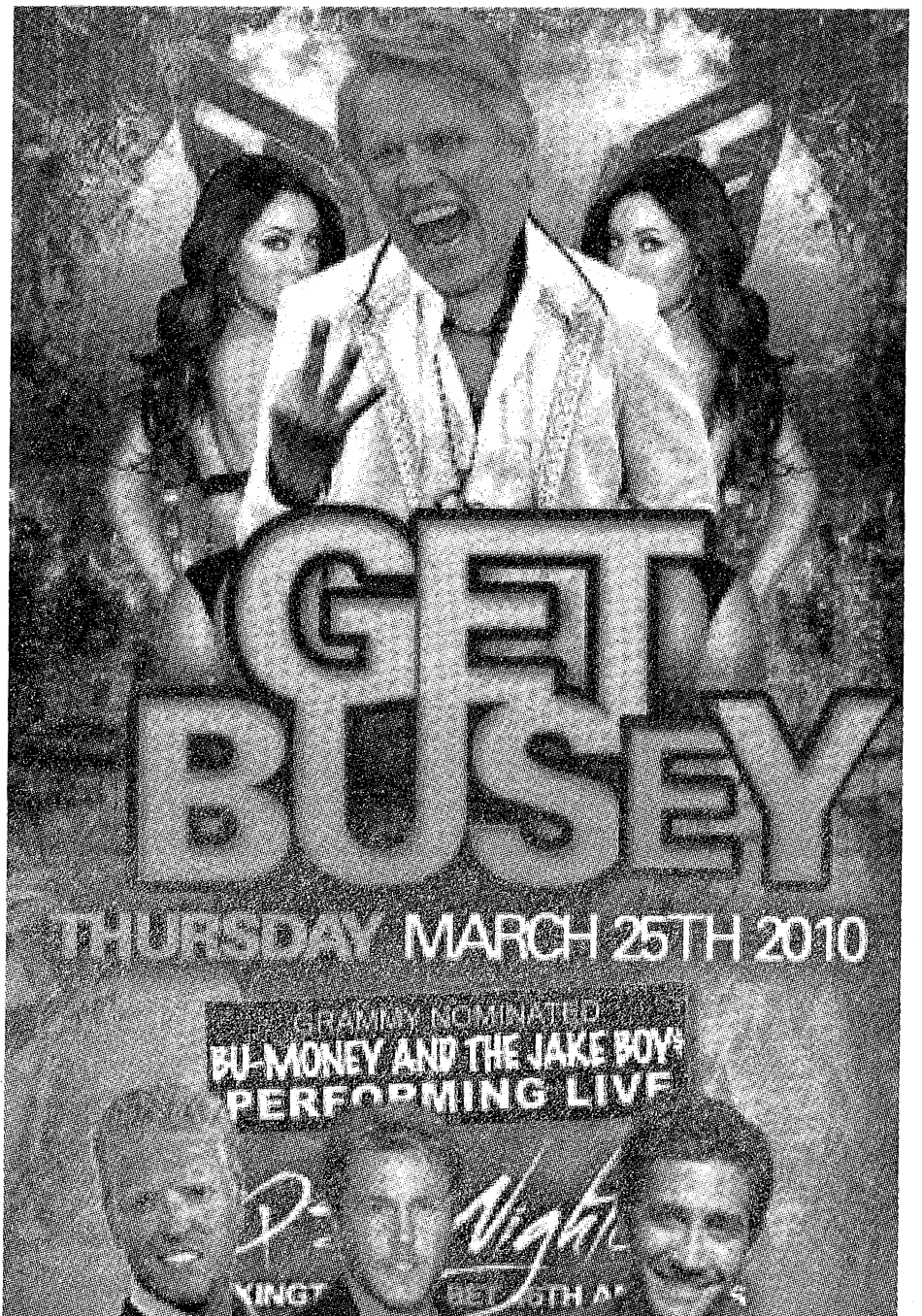
The Go club meets this semester every Tuesday & Thursday, 7:30pm at the Library Commuter Lounge. Check it out!



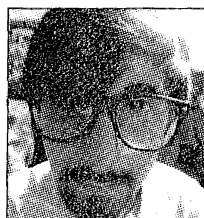
Black to move, kill Whitey!



Last issue's solution



# Nobody Writes History Better Than...Texas



Nick Statt

On March 12, the Texas Board of Education passed a social studies curriculum change that would overhaul what some on the board considered a staunchly leftist look at his-

tory. Well, Texas is Texas and if you don't like how their board of education handles history, don't live or raise your children there. Fair argument, right? Well, until you realize that Texas holds unimaginable influence over the textbook market and that a Texas curriculum change will affect other schools all over the country. Texas is extending their influence beyond their own state in an attempt to yank back the yarns of history towards the right, which would be fine if they followed their own creed of state power and realized that their deconstructive methods will not stay within their own borders.

Education is not set in stone. This is a vital ideal that every education system should incorporate. As time goes on, more of history is uncovered and must be added to the canon of common knowledge to show all views of history. No one championed the multiple perspective theory of history better than the late Howard Zinn. What is not okay, and exactly what thinkers like Zinn were always afraid of, is modifying history or rewriting it to match your political views and hiding under the mask of the educational oppression of "leftist America."

In Texas, history is apparently supposed to emphasize that the founding fathers of America drafted the Declaration of Independence with strong Christian values in mind. They believe these Christian values are integral to a solid social studies education. Separation of church and state is nowhere in the Constitution, says David Bradley, a conservative quoted by *New York Times* reporter James C. McKinley Jr. in a March 12 article. This means that students will be expected to adequately learn from a social studies curriculum that is woven with Christianity because it's "what the founding fathers had in mind." The sad truth is that even a fourth grader could torch that ideology by bringing up that fact that our Christian founding fathers slept soundly at night, Bible at their bedside, with slaves in their possession. Even if our found-



ing fathers thought we needed a non-secular government wielded with Christian ideas, they also thought slavery was okay. Ideas change with time and only perspectives should be enlightened, which would make sense if the whole idea behind this curriculum change was to ensure that the perspectives are in touch with the reality of the time period. But that's not the case.

The reasons are pouring out of highly religious, some even evangelical, board members that consider themselves experts on topics that are dearest to their lifestyle. This is all despite the blaringly obvious fact that none of them are economists who can rightfully explain the contributions of Keynesian ideas on FDR's New Deal policies, something conservative teachers will no doubt now undermine as far less submersible, or historians who could accurately explain the colonial influence of Christianity on our forefathers as they so confidently proclaim. But with voting power, their words are their ideas and their ideas make the decisions.

This isn't about perspective. It's about fighting back to teach children everywhere the version of history that matches political beliefs and in these peoples' minds, politics is religion and religion is politics.

It would be worthless to continue listing the number of amendments the Republican-heavy Texas Board of Education wanted to make to social studies teaching over the last couple decades. One of the big ones actually worth mentioning is the cutting of Thomas Jefferson from a list of philosophers whose ideas influenced 18th and 19th century revolutions because he coined the term separation of church and state. I guess writing the Declaration of Independ-

ence doesn't give you enough credibility to define the scope of the First Amendment.

I dare not even enter the realm of science, even though it holds as much controversy on the Texas Board of Education as history. While history is supposed to be technically unchangeable in that its foundations are based on the factual events of the past, science is a dangerous topic because of the fluidity of theory. You can champion an idea like evolution, but it may always come to blows with creationist credentials. Because of the current power of scientific standing in education systems across the country, the Republicans of Texas' board seem to be fighting only to share the stage with theories like evolution, carbon-dating, and other Bible-torching Earth-is-not-6,000-years-old theories. Although this may represent a slippery slope back towards non-secular science teaching, as long as the currently popular teachings that follow the Darwinian path stay alive, our public school's separation of church and state is safe in that respect.

That's enough about the intricacies of the argument, which will actually not be finalized until a second vote is taken in May to set the curriculum in stone for the next decade. The real danger of this whole scenario and why Texas is actually voting for more than they'd like to admit lies in the textbook market. Although, it's still probably to the Board's utmost satisfaction.

Because Texas has such an incredibly large population, and with that an incredibly large amount of public schools and textbook demand, their curriculum extends farther than state boundaries.

Textbook suppliers often release

new science and history textbooks every year, with minor additions and new material fleshed out with each new edition. However, they do not make a different textbook for each curriculum in each state. It's not in their economic interest and there is no law or standard saying it has to be. The downside to this is when Texas, one of the largest purchasers of textbooks in the country, makes a landmark curriculum change like we're seeing right now, the textbook companies are taking notes and making sure they're including what Texas wants so that their books are bought. It's often that one textbook company will supply large states like California with the same exact textbooks it does Texas, but California will now have to deal with a brand new chapters on the successes of the NRA and positive sides to McCarthyism.

This curriculum change does not hold as much gravity when seen from only one temporal lens. When digested as not a singular event, but as a symbol in the whole scope of modern political maneuvers, the Texas Board of Education has achieved something frightening. Not frightening because it may mean that children will now be getting skewed and manipulated versions of history or because Republicans with no specific academic background are deciding school curriculums based on their own twisted knowledge. It is frightening because this is borderline Orwellian. Although it has been quoted to death, the line, "He who controls the present, controls the past. He who controls the past, controls the future," is fit for resurrection in this case because it's the only way to sum up the blow that's been delt to knowledge.



# Feminine Boy Project



Cynthia  
Brian Kate

Though Stony Brook denies it, this campus was involved in a government-funded brainwashing project to keep children from “acting queer” for two decades. Some

people involved still work on campus, and the Feminine Boy Project laid groundwork for current psychiatric abuses against transgender and gender-nonconforming people.

This project was funded by the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) from 1972 to 1986. The original stated goal on the grants was “treatment of pre-homosexuality”—the idea that if children were kept from stepping outside gender stereotypes, they wouldn’t turn out gay. When being gay was taken out of the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM) in 1973, the goal was changed to “treatment of pretranssexuality,” conflating gender identity and sexuality as the same, based in biased assumptions that anything other than stereotypical gender identities and heterosexuality were wrong. Children were declared “pathological” for behavior like boys playing with dolls, wearing dresses or helping in the kitchen, or girls climbing trees, playing with boys’ toys or wearing boy clothes.

This was collaboration between anti-LGBTI (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, Intersex) members of the psychiatric establishment and the “religious right.”

Richard Green is a colleague of John Money. Money instituted the “Money protocols” for nonconsensual surgeries on intersex children after forcing David Reimer to live as a girl (until Reimer changed back to male before killing himself). During the “experiment” Green co-wrote the book *Transsexualism and Sex Reassignment*. Green has made a career of pathologizing LGBTI people. This has included making inflammatory comments like his 1995 *Dateline* remark “plays with Barbies at five, sleeps with men at twenty-five.” While head of the now closed Human Sexuality branch of Stony Brook’s Psychology Department he got NIMH to approve nearly \$1 million for the project.

George Rekers belongs to several anti-gay fundamentalist groups, pub-

lished his essay “Gender Identity Disorder” through the notoriously anti-gay Family Research Council and is “scientific advisor” to National Association for the Research and Therapy of Homosexuality (NARTH), which claims to “cure” gays despite the American Psychiatric Association (APA) condemning “reparative therapy.”

They worked with doctors like Susan Coates, behaviorists like O. Ivor Lovaas and David Barlow, and had the staff of several institutions at their disposal.

Several institutions were used to justify funding this dubious research and brainwashing children. Fuller Theological Seminary is a Christian fundamentalist college with anti-gay alumni including Billy Graham, Jerry Falwell and Rekers. Logos Research Institute is a “religious-right” think-tank promoting fundamentalist “science,” currently funding the edited edition of *Darwin’s Origin of Species* from actor Kirk Cameron and his colleague Ray Comfort (known as YouTube’s “Banana Guy” for claiming bananas disprove evolution). Green used Stony Brook to get most of the NIMH grants and to do most of the clerical, statistical and administrative work of this “study.” Most of the brainwashing went on at UCLA, though such other efforts happened at New York City’s Luke’s Research Hospital’s Childhood Gender Identity Unit (funded through the Roosevelt Institute).

Green and Rekers required patients through mental health practitioners who knew of prepubescent children who didn’t conform to gender stereotypes—mainly feminine boys, though there were some masculine girls. Some were referred by school authorities for gender nonconformity, some brought in by parents.

Children were diagnosed using pseudoscientific “gender tests” including the “Barlow Gender-Specific Motor Test,” using stereotypes to “measure” gender identity by whether children sit/stand/move like men or women “should.” Diagnosed with “pathological gender development,” they would be recommended for invasive behavior modification, including placement in special playrooms where they would be repeatedly coached to choose gender-stereotypical toys with staff spying through mirrors. Behaviorists like Shasta Mead directly interacted with children, slowly gaining trust to rein-

force stereotypical behavior, repeatedly suggesting they would rather wear or play with the “right” items. Children were made to wear wrist counters to monitor whenever they thought about playing with the “wrong” toys. Rewards and demerits were issued for “right” and “wrong” choices. Patients were enlisted to police children’s choices, throw out toys, force boys out of the kitchen and “steer” children more toward stereotypical choices at home as well as in the facility. This would go on until the child was declared “cured.”

This project was declared “successful,” though it succeeded only in traumatizing children. “Becky,” for example, was declared “successfully cured,” because the eight-year-old saw a male orderly old enough to be her father as her “boyfriend.” The “poster child,” called Kraig by Rekers and Kyle by Green, attempted suicide. This didn’t stop expansion of “Gender Identity Disorder” (GID) and “Gender Identity Disorder of Childhood” (GIDc) diagnoses of pathologized/transgender/gender-nonconforming people, no matter how emotionally healthy. The DSM-IV guidelines even specify boy playing with Barbie as a “symptom.”

Stony Brook’s administration denies Green ever taught there, despite the NIMH grants archived in Phyllis Burke’s book *Gender Shock*, kept in the campus library, and Green thanking his Stony Brook staff in his book *The Sissy Boy Syndrome*, with several still working there today.

In 1980 Dylan Scholinski, a young transgender man then named Daphne, was incarcerated in psychiatric institutions for four years for “Gender Identity Disorder.” His memoir *The Last Time I Wore A Dress* shows his school reported him to psychiatrists and he was diagnosed using the Barlow Gender Motor Test and treatment including forced makeovers. In 2000, a six-year-old child was taken away from loving parents for “exacerbating a mental disorder.” The “disorder?” Aurora Lipscomb told her parents she was not a boy but was a girl, and her parents supported her decision to live as a girl. Because her parents “exacerbated” her “gender identity disorder” the court took Aurora from loving parents and put her in a household where for four years she was forced to live as a Christian boy rather than a Jewish girl.

Currently, there’s a push to rewrite the DSM to make it even more patho-

logical toward transgender, gender-nonconforming and intersex people.

These changes were proposed by Ken Zucker and Ray Blanchard. Zucker’s been pathologizing LGBTI people for many years, has run the Clarke Gender Institute (whose handling of transgender and intersex populations have so angered both communities that some activists call it “Jurassic Clarke”) and, as an expert in the Lipscomb case, recommended the court take Aurora Lipscomb from her family. Blanchard mentored J. Michael Bailey, author of a racist, LGBTI-phobic book called *The Man Who Would Be Queen*, and advocate for selective abortion of “gay babies.” Blanchard helped write the discredited gender theories Bailey based his book on, and both and belong to eugenicist think-tank the Human Biodiversity Institute, whose membership include people from the anti-immigrant group VDARE and the author of *The Bell Curve*, which claimed African-Americans were intellectually inferior.

The proposed changes include renaming GID “Gender Incongruity Disorder,” putting anyone who, in any way, steps outside gender stereotypes at risk for being declared a sufferer of a mental disorder, not only transgender people but also possibly gay, lesbian and bisexual people, as well as feminine men and masculine women. These proposals also include adding intersex to the list of gender disorders. This makes no sense as intersex is a physical variation (being biologically in between male and female) having nothing to do with mental health.

The APA has opened the revision of DSM-V for public comment until April 20, 2010. I urge everyone to contact the APA at [www.dsm5.org/Pages/Default.aspx](http://www.dsm5.org/Pages/Default.aspx) and tell them not to add these anti-trans/anti-intersex changes to the DSM, and keep pressure on the APA even after that date.

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# Wrestling III: The Return of Jerry "the King" Lawler

By Nick Matthews

Today, the World Wrestling Entertainment (WWE) is desperately looking for the next great entertainer. They don't scout acting schools for wrestlers though, they look for athletes and expect them to memorize lines and act. They must think that it is impossible to entertain people with actual wrestling because more than half of the show is talking now.

There is a special guest host each week on *Monday Night Raw*. Half the time, all they do is bring in a celebrity who doesn't know anything about wrestling, to host the show. All the host cares about is plugging their latest book, movie or show, and the WWE desperately wants some publicity. The WWE wants to be a hybrid of the sports world and the entertainment world, but all they've done is become the laughing stock of both.

Total Nonstop Action (TNA) on Spike TV is no better. I used to watch TNA, but had to give up for my own sanity. It is a wrestling show only in name. I have at some point on a TNA show seen a match in which the winner got a wedding ring and got to marry one of the ring girls. I've also seen a man dressed in a shark costume known as "Shark Boy," who bites people in the ass as a signature move, and a former world champion in therapy sessions each week for two months to help him with his violent behavior. I don't give a rat's ass about a grown man's therapy session, I want to see him beat people up.

The reason people go to a wrestling show is because they have a natural blood lust, and want to see two big, strong men beat the holy hell out of each other. As far as I'm concerned, TNA is just as bad, if not worse, than WWE.

This leaves mixed martial arts (MMA) and Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC). They do not predetermine their bouts, but their fighters are promoted as stars in a similar fashion to professional wrestling. UFC is not as ridiculous as professional wrestling today, but their fighters only fight once or twice a year, while WWE stars wrestle over 200 times a year. Shooters (old-school, legitimate wrestlers) wrestled several times a day at their carnivals, and that does not include the bouts they

would have against other world renowned shooters of their time.

People do not realize that virtually every submission used in MMA came from catch as catch can wrestling (amateur wrestling plus submissions and some striking). The Jiu-Jitsu and Judo guys took most of their holds from catch as catch can wrestling (also known as "catch"), and renamed them.

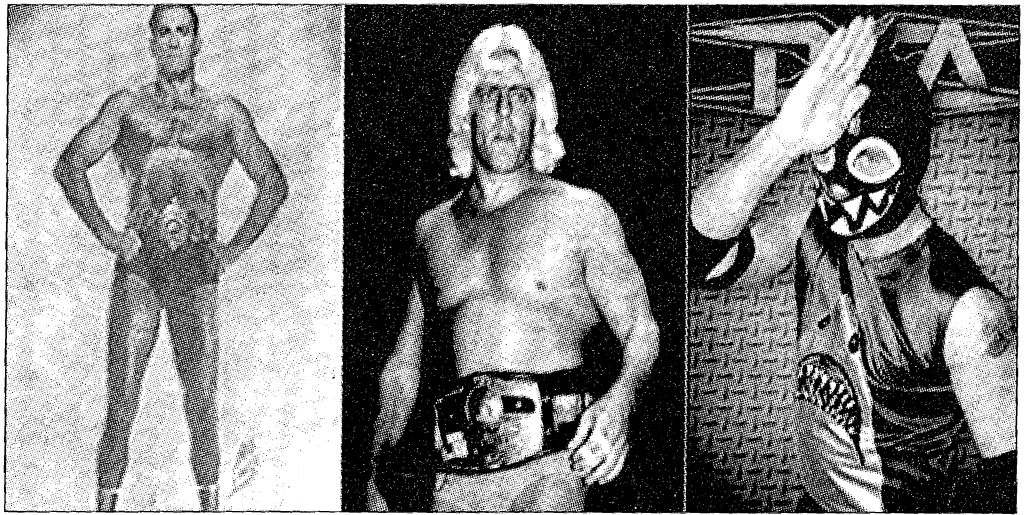
Wrestlers have been using the double wrist lock for thousands of years, but when Masahiko Kimura defeated Helio Gracie with a double wrist lock, the Jiu-Jitsu guys renamed the hold a "Kimura" lock and called it their own. "The Kimura" is recognized as an original Jiu-Jitsu hold. Please, Henry VIII used the double wrist lock to win a wrestling match in England hundreds of years before anyone ever heard of Jiu-Jitsu.

A triangle hold was called a figure-four before Judo even existed. All other martial arts have been inspired by catch, but no one practices the original anymore. They just practice the styles that have come from it. This is because catch wrestling gradually transformed into entertainment wrestling, and now "wrestling" is a dirty word. When people hear about wrestling, they think about big neanderthals fake punching each other.

Most of today's combat sports practitioners are wrapped up in a much more finesse style. They take kickboxing classes and learn muay thai. Those are both effective and exciting in their own way, but punches and kicks are much more flashy and can be seen in other combat sports. And that's coming from a huge boxing and MMA (mixed martial arts) fan with years of experience training in boxing and Judo.

There needs to be an organization that focuses on grappling, and utilizes catch style. Catch wrestling was the most popular sport in America for a long time, and it can no doubt be at least moderately popular today.

There is Ring of Honor, which is a small, independently run wrestling promotion in the United States. You can watch it online at HdNet or subscribe on Youtube. I highly recommend it, and wish everyone would show their support to a wrestling organization that



The evolution of wrestling

takes itself seriously. Although Ring of Honor does utilize a new style professional wrestling, of all the wrestling companies around today, it is as close to serious action as there is.

I will admit, I have seen things in Ring of Honor that are certainly cringe-worthy, and it may not be that great of a show overall. However, compared to the cross dressers, leprechauns, and stripper look-alikes in the other major wrestling promotions, C-SPAN provides better action.

Do not take this the wrong way. I have never said, nor will I ever say, that the wrestling you see in WWE or TNA is fake. It is predetermined, and sometimes entire shows are scripted. However, I have been trained and have performed entertainment wrestling, and the wrestlers you see on T.V. are the some of the toughest people on the planet.

They are taught to take inhuman amounts of pain. Try and take just one flat back bump (falling flat on your back without rolling into or bracing your fall in any way), and tell me otherwise. They live everyday of their life in an unbelievable amount of pain just to entertain their fans, and they deserve the utmost respect.

However, the people running the wrestling companies, writing the shows and putting this crap on television shouldn't even be allowed to watch wrestling (they probably don't anyway or else they would know better). There shouldn't even be writers or a script on a wrestling show. It is not a sitcom or a late night talk show, it is a wrestling show! It is so far gone that I sometimes wonder what I am doing with my life.

You cannot script wrestling. When Ric Flair talked on the microphone, it was natural. Dusty Rhodes was himself.

Superstar Billy Graham was himself. They are just amped up versions of themselves. They turned the volume up on aspects of their personality to bring out a reaction from the crowd, but they are still themselves.

If there was a writer feeding them lines, they would never have developed the outrageous personas they did because it would be a writer's creation, not their own. Wrestlers appear larger than life, extraordinary and unique because they are, not because they act like it.

I do not expect anyone working for a major wrestling promotion to read this and truly take it to heart. Why should they listen to me? My objective is to reach out to you. The person who the wrestling companies want to watch their shows and buy their pay per views. Do not do it. You have the choice to flip the channel and not support modern day professional wrestling.

Show these promoters that you want wrestling, not sports entertainment, and when there is a show that does provide wrestling, throw it all of your support. Professional wrestling can still be enjoyable and entertaining while maintaining its credibility as a sport. Wrestling companies just need to stop treating the sport like a joke.

There are thousands of professional wrestlers in the world today, which is still a relatively small number, but there are even far less shooters or at least successful ones. I currently do not watch any professional wrestling except Ring of Honor, and I do watch UFC. Not because it's real, but because they take themselves seriously and they do not insult me by expecting me to watch a product where a 77-year-old woman gives birth to a human hand.

Yes, that really happened too.

# Hoop Dreams Are Simply That

By Ian Thomas

In years past, finding more than a couple thousand Stony Brook students who even know the names of more than one player on the basketball team was probably an exercise in futility. But this wasn't a normal year, and as that number of fans packed a raucous a Stony Brook University Arena on March 18, things seemed to be different for once.

And even hundreds more were turned away for the program's first post-season game in Division I, something that seemed nearly impossible just five years ago when coach Steve Pikiell headed a group that finished with a 4-24 record.

But by Pikiell installing a base of hard-working players and a never-say-die mentality that started to spread even outside the locker room, a victory here versus the number one seed Illinois Fighting Illini didn't even seem too unrealistic.

Illinois certainly had the history, the Big Ten pedigree and NCAA Tournament aspirations that led the school to schedule Cirque du Soleil at their home stadium for the weekend, forcing

the NIT first round game to be played at Stony Brook instead, but it was unclear if they had the same hunger as Stony Brook.

The Seawolves came out fired up, scoring the first seven points and trading the lead back and forth with the Fighting Illini for most of the first half, where they trailed by just two points when the buzzer rang.

Keying off of turnovers and putting up points in the paint despite lacking an obvious counter to the height of the Illinois frontcourt, Stony Brook kept up the pace and hoped to match that tempo after halftime.

But whether it was the size difference, or just the wear and tear of facing a much deeper and physical team than is typically found in the America East, the Seawolves started to fade as the second half began. The Fighting Illini opened with a 17-7 run, and despite a number of impressive plays by Chris Martin and Brian Dougher, the Seawolves couldn't keep up.

As Illinois continued to clean up on the boards as Stony Brook searched for that big three point play that had carried the team through its school record 22 wins this year, the eventual writing was written on the wall. As the clock



SBU Athletic Department

Water!

wound down, the Fighting Illini just stayed afloat, and finished with an eventual 76-66 victory.

However, not one of those four thousand fans likely left in disappointment, as the excitement on the court was nearly palpable.

"We can pretty much compete with anyone in the country," said Dougher following the game. "We will miss the leadership of our seniors here, but the

future is bright here."

And that future will be tested next year, as expectations are sure to be higher than ever.

"This isn't a lacrosse town anymore," said Pikiell in the post-game press conference. "We're trying to make it a basketball town."

For that night, it certainly was, and if Pikiell has his way, there will be many more as the calendar turns to next fall.

## Division I to Division Bums

By Jason Wirchin

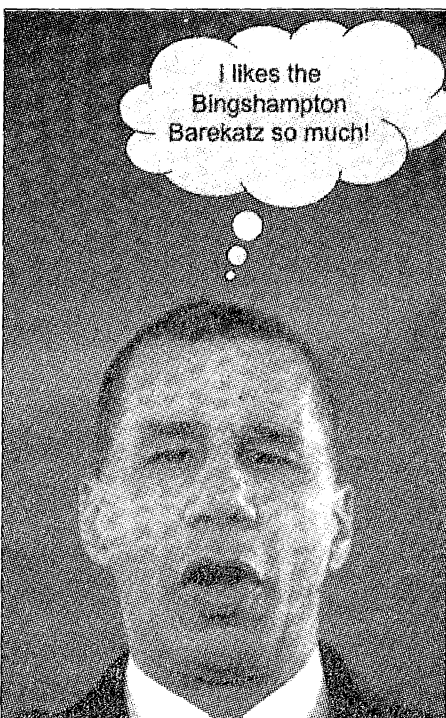
In the wake of the Binghamton University basketball program's fall from grace over the past year, a group of university faculty members are collecting signatures to press the school to drop its Division I athletics status.

Signed by nearly 20 faculty members, the statement recommended that the faculty senate decide on whether the school should remain in Division I, according to the *New York Times*.

The letter also noted outgoing University President Lois B. DeFleur's failed attempts to control the basketball program as well as her desire to promote athletics at the expense of academic responsibilities.

"Lois B. DeFleur's two-decades-long tenure as president of Binghamton University has ended in real harm to the university's reputation and pride," the letter said, according to the *New York Times*.

DeFleur, who has served as university president since 1990, will retire at the end of the spring 2010 semester. She will leave behind an athletics program whose reputation has taken a



large hit under her tenure, after several reports accused the basketball team's players and staff of breaching ethical standards.

SUNY Chancellor Nancy Zimpher will make recommendations on March 23 on how to deal with the Binghamton scandal, a decision that faculty members hope their letter can influence.

"Withdrawal from membership in Division I is in the interest of this university that aspires to be a 'premier' public research institution," the letter said, according to the *New York Times*.

The statement also admonished university leadership for covering up mistakes in its athletics program instead of confronting them, the *New York Times* said.

The university fields 21 Division I teams, all of which have avoided negative media spotlight except for men's basketball. This being the case, some Binghamton students said they see an exit from Division I as the wrong move.

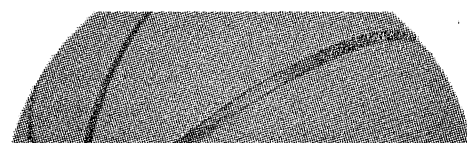
"Why should the university punish the other sports teams for the faults of

men's basketball?" said Jordan Schiff, a senior economics major at Binghamton. "There have been many fine accomplishments when it comes to the other teams here. To punish the masses for the faults of a few does no good to anybody."

Schiff also suggested that leaving Division I, which includes rival Stony Brook University, may come across as a simple solution to an institutional problem.

"It's going to take time for the men's basketball team to return to successful form," Schiff said. "Still, it can be achieved without leaving D-1. In fact, it would be even more impressive. Dropping down to D-3 would just be the easy way out."

John Hartrick, Associate Director of Athletics for Communications at Binghamton, could not be reached for comment.





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