

Arts & Entertainment: 12  
Imaginary Cities

Sports: 15  
The New Sports Editor

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**The Sucolian**  
a literary supplement to The Statesman

**Pages 7 - 10:** Featuring poems, short stories, photographs and non-fiction short essays from various Stony Brook students.

## OPINION

### Senior Goodbyes: Lynn Hsieh, Editor-in-Chief

After three years and 156 issues, I finally say goodbye. Serving as EIC for the last year and a half was both hard work and lots of fun. At the end of the day, I hope I was able to help deliver news that matters in a compelling way. And I would like to thank the campus community for continuing to follow us as the semesters go by.

>> page 5

### Senior Goodbyes: Zachary Kurtz, Opinion Editor

I would like to thank Statesman readers, dedicated and sporadic, for sparing some attention twice a week to consider what fellow Stony Brook students have to say. It has been an interesting year to be a newspaper editor, particularly of the opinion section. Maybe it's just me, but it seems as though significant events have been cropping up at a higher frequency than usual.

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### Senior Goodbyes: Carl Carrie, Sports Editor

It's funny how this college thing works. You enter as a confused 17 or 18-year-old trying too hard and wondering how it's possible that the next four years of your life will dictate what you do for the rest of it. Four years later, you leave as a confused 21 or 22-year-old and wonder about how the past years have prepared you for a lifetime.

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### Senior Goodbyes: Emily Gover, Copy Editor

I've learned many skills, including time management for all those last-minute English papers, how to avoid making eye contact with varying creepers, and having less than \$200 on a meal plan last three weeks - quite a feat for a procrastinator, creeper magnet and an individual with a bottomless stomach.

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Frank Posillico / SB Statesman

Students indulged in all kinds of Strawberry themed foods at the 16th annual Strawberry Festival.

## A Push for SINC Sites to Reduce Their Carbon Footprint

By ERIKA KARP  
Staff Writer

With a campus that has strived to follow the "go green" trend by participating in events such as RecycleMania and creating a sustainable image, many students are trying to get Stony Brook University to see the need to make double-sided printing a default setting and eliminate print-job cover sheets.

"There has been an end-

less push to get rid of the cover sheets in SINC sites," said Michelle Pizer, the president of the environmental club in an email. "But more importantly the environmental club had pushed for making double sided printing the default in all SINC sites. We have pursued these initiatives for many years."

Back in 2006 the environmental club started a petition on Facebook to make double-sided, or duplex printing a

default setting. The petition received between 715 and 740 signatures.

"I think we could save a lot of paper if people would double side all the time. We can't count on students doing that even though there are signs suggesting to do so," Pizer said. "If students really need to print single side then they can choose that option."

According to Diana Voss,

*Continued on page 3*

## Stony Brook University President-Elect Speaks at Press Conference

By BRADLEY DONALDSON  
Co-Editor-in-Chief

Dr. Samuel Stanley, president-elect of Stony Brook University, shared his feelings of joy in becoming president when he spoke to a crowd of about 100 people on Tuesday.

"I'm extremely proud," he said during the press conference. "I believe that we can move Stony Brook forward."

In his 10-minute speech, Dr. Stanley thanked different university members, his family, and Shirley Strum Kenny -- current president of Stony Brook University -- for his appointment.

Dr. Stanley also said he cares about both the undergraduate and graduate experience, and that he would be accessible.

"Your issues are and will remain relevant to me," Dr. Stanley said.

At the end of the press conference, three members of the basketball team offered Dr. Stanley the number five jersey on the team, after which a photoshoot commenced.

About 30 minutes later, and after one question from the audience -- about the H1N1 influenza virus -- the press conference ended, and a reception followed.



Media credit: Stony Brook University

Dr. Samuel Stanley, president-elect of Stony Brook University, will take office on July 1.



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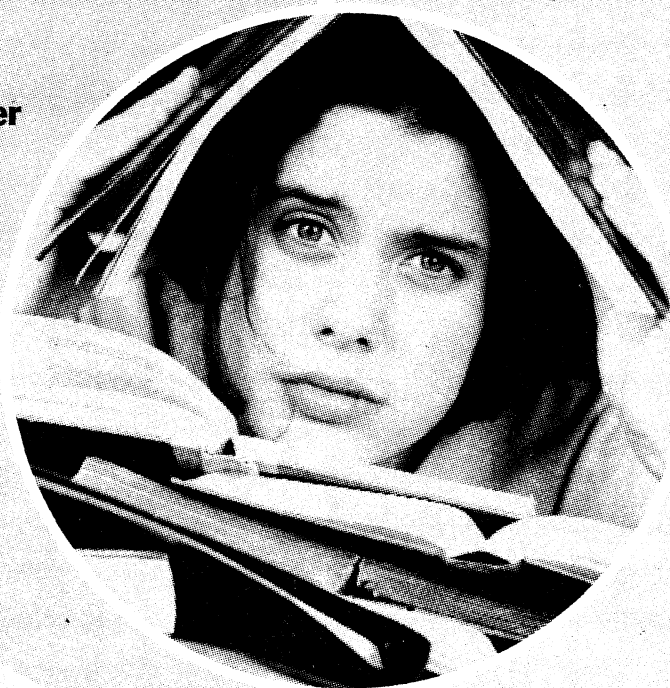
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# A Push for SINC Sites to Reduce Their Carbon Footprint

Continued from page 1

the manager of instructional computing support in the Teaching, Learning and Technology Department, default double-sided printing was tried, but the printers experienced mechanical problems as a result. In addition, Voss said that other problems included teachers disliking assignments in the format and students messing up their print jobs and wasting more paper.

"We recycle all of our toner and enforce a print quota. Before that lots of paper and toner was wasted," Voss said. We try to encourage duplex...as many slides as possible to a page. We tried to print to recycled paper, but it was breaking the printer."

According to Jim Denk, the student technology coordinator at SUNY Geneseo, students received a discount when they printed double sided and over the summer the college will be making duplex printing a default setting.

"We did a survey of students, faculty and staff about how they felt about the printing option," Denk said. "There is still faculty and staff who prefer the single side printing and it is still an option, but for the most part everyone was supportive of making the changes."

According to the survey, which was posted on the Geneseo website, 61 percent strongly supported the change. The Teaching, Learning and Tech-

nology department at Stony Brook is working on a similar type of survey that will be released next year, Voss said.

Last semester, Greg Cordts, a freshman computer science major, started an online petition and Facebook group to get rid of the SINC site cover sheets.

"The cover sheets don't really add anything extra to the

printing process," Cordts said in an email "[they] really just serve as a waste of paper for each and every document printed."

According to Voss, the department tried to remove the cover sheets, but it created problems because students could not figure out which assignments were theirs.

Daniel Kennedy and Alicia

Kanauer along with three other students planned a sustainability project with a budget of \$500,000 for their Science and Society 101 class, this semester. The project aimed to remove the cover sheets.

"I feel that the SINC site cover sheets are superfluous and contradict the university's strong sustainable views," said

Kennedy, a pre-med freshman, who came up with the idea. "No one really uses them, and they even have trashcans set up next to printers, seemingly for those sheets."

Kanauer, a freshman social-welfare major, put together the presentation for the class. "The concept was quite simple. The cover sheets serve a very limited scope of information: number of pages/job, remaining balance, price, and not much more that is actually useful to the student. With the exception of separating different peoples' print jobs, this purpose can all be fulfilled with the computer's information."

According to Voss the number of sheets of paper printed in the Library SINC sites has decreased since 2006."It is my hope that they are becoming more conscientious of what they are printing."

From August 2006 to August 2007, students used 7, 515,000 sheets of paper. From 2007 to 2008 the number dropped to 6, 785,000.

"I feel the University has been extremely active in 'going green,' though some of the efforts are a bit outlandish," Cordts said. "I saw signs at the Union urging students to stop using lunch trays to cut down on the use of 'harmful cleaning chemicals.' To me that seems a bit silly. Simple efforts to save paper don't inconvenience anyone, and are just as effective at cutting down waste."



Frank Posillico / SB Statesman

CAPTION CAPTION

## As Finals Approach, Some Wish For a Class in Time Management

By DORIC SAM  
Contributing Writer

There is a big problem that has plagued college campuses for years. Every student has been affected by this issue, and there is no real way to avoid it. This problem is time management.

Time management is a set of practices people use in order to effectively use their time and get the most value out of it. Making lists, using a planner, and creating a schedule are all effective time management techniques. However, not every student actually uses these techniques to organize their time.

Gareth Burghes, 18, is a freshman at Stony Brook who relies heavily on his planner to organize his time.

"If I didn't have my planner I would not get anything done or

even know what had to be done," he said.

A marine sciences major and theater minor Burghes is taking 15 credits this semester. He has also spent most of this semester working on Pocket Theater's "The Children's Hour," which he directed.

Outside factors such as jobs, parties, social networking websites, and other distractions affect the amount of time students have to dedicate to their schoolwork.

Sophomore Yuri Pereira, 20, admitted to having problems managing his time. He also admitted to his social life affecting his grades.

"Who doesn't love to party once in a while?" he said with a laugh. "Unfortunately, I've been doing a little too much partying and my grades are suffering because of it."

According to the Bureau of

Labor Statistics, students spend an average of 3.2 hours each weekday doing educational activities as opposed to 3.9 hours for leisure activities.

There are many different websites that offer time management strategies and techniques, but there is a question of how many students actually use these websites. Some colleges even offer workshops or seminars to teach students how to organize their time properly, so that raises the question of whether or not Stony Brook should implement something that would help students learn these techniques.

Burghes said he thinks Stony Brook should start a program that would help teach effective time management skills.

"If they decided to put a workshop in the dorms or add it to something that would appeal to students, I think it would work," he said. "It doesn't have to be something mandatory, but they should have some sort of access to learning how to manage your

time."

Sophomore J.R. Yussuf shares his view.

"I definitely think there should be something that teaches time management," he said. "I think students who are serious about their work and who really feel they have a problem with time management would attend even if it is not mandatory."

"But, here at Stony Brook," he continued. "I think the best

teacher is experience because you can always learn from your mistakes."

Pereira is definitely learning from his mistakes, as he is now beginning to pay more attention to his studies as the end of the semester approaches.

"Now that finals are coming up I have to focus more on my schoolwork and less on parties," he said. "It's not as fun, but it's what I need to do."



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"Students staging a protest against the war in Iraq," Spring 2005, *Statesman*

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First issue free, additional issues cost 50 cents.

## GET INVOLVED

Statesman production meetings are held throughout the day on Wednesdays and Sundays in RM 057 in the basement of the Student Union. Anyone wishing to contribute to the newspaper is welcome to attend these meetings.

The Statesman encourages readers to submit opinions and commentaries to the following address:

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## WHO WE ARE

The Stony Brook Statesman was founded as "The Socolian" in 1957 at Oyster Bay, the original site of Stony Brook University. In 1975 "The Statesman" was incorporated as a not-for-profit, student run organization. Its editorial board, writing, and photography staff are student volunteers while its business staff are professionals.

The Statesman is published twice weekly on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the fall and spring semesters.

*Disclaimer: Views expressed in columns or in the Letters and Opinions section are those of the author and not necessarily those of the Statesman. All content Copyright 2009.*

## SENIOR GOODBYES

# Lynn Hsieh, Editor-in-Chief

As the semester winds down, so concludes this volume of the Statesman.

It was an eventful year for us. The first black president of our nation was elected before our eyes; within our community, a new Stony Brook president has been confirmed. From breaking



news to controversial editorials, we hope that we were able to enrich and inform the campus community of all that has happened and to provide a little entertainment for our loyal readers.

From the pipe leak that left many residents without heat and water in Roosevelt Quad, to the budget cuts affecting the entire university or the startling loss of a campus member, our goal was to keep you informed. And I think we succeeded.

Like many college newspapers with high turnover rates, many of our senior editors are graduating with new members filling their shoes. For some of us, completing this last issue is bittersweet. No more late nights that stretch to dawn, no more frantic phone calls as we rush to meet our deadlines. And at the same time, gone will be the days when we celebrated the production of the paper;

with all the blood, sweat, tears and laughter that accompanied each page.

And after three years and 156 issues, I finally say goodbye. Serving as EIC for the last year and a half was both hard work and lots of fun. At the end of the day, I hope I was able to help deliver news that matters in a compelling way. And I would like to thank the campus community for continuing to follow us as the semesters go by.

Just recently, the Statesman received two awards for the New York Press Association's 2008 Better Newspaper Contest, which is open to colleges and universities across the state. This year, 14 colleges submitted 186 entries in eight categories.

Two of our current members, and two former writers, also received awards from the Stony Brook's School of Journalism, winning an award in every category.

Much more broadly than winning these few awards, the staff as a whole has done an excellent job in keeping to our ideals while covering the campus. While many of us are leaving - about half of our senior staff including Emily Gover (our wiz copy editor) Gene Morris (the king of sports) Zachary Kurtz (our favorite opinions editor) and myself - the Statesman will not change.

We have a very capable group of editors next semester, led by Bradley Donaldson, who will advance the paper and support the community.

Although I am sad about leaving the paper while excited about entering the post-college world, I rest assured that the Statesman will continue our mission, which is to provide breaking news, fun features in our arts and entertainment section and up-to-the-minute coverage of campus sports.

# Zachary Kurtz, Opinion Editor

It has been an interesting year to be a newspaper editor, particularly of the opinion section. Maybe it's just me, but it seems as though significant events have been cropping up at a higher frequency than usual - war, political change, economic crises, technological revolutions, disease scares, acts of terrorism, new university presidents... the list goes on.

So of course, whenever things are happening, people will have their opinions and want to express them. My goal as an editor was to provide a platform where students could freely express their opinions to a public audience and where readers could sample a panoply of ideas, written to inform and not indoctrinate. Though its pages were dominated by a few authors, I do believe I was largely successful at filling the opinion and editorial pages towards this goal.

Our nation's airwaves and mainstream news media organizations are filled with partisanship under the pretense of neutrality. Political pundits offer criticisms of their opposition, ideological banter with little substance, falsifiability, and deceptive self-certainty. And these are people we consider 'major players' in political commentary. At a University setting, we cannot allow ourselves to fall prey to these same biases.

Any of you who have read my past columns may detect some

hypocrisy in those words. Yes, I have my own biases and ideology - who doesn't? - and have expounded them extensively over the past year. Allow me to explain now that my primary concern, as an editor and writer, was not to claim intellectual superiority (thankfully, my ego isn't that big) but rather to stimulate dialog between competing ideas.

So, if you have ever read one of my articles (or someone else's) and have experienced a sense of outrage, then mission accomplished. I know for a fact that this has happened - and I have the hate mail to prove it. Having people agree with you is nice, but in the long run, it is not constructive. Some of the most descriptive, strongly opposed letters I have gotten have led to the most interesting and fruitful debates.

During these times of heavy partisanship, blind ideology serves a distracting role. Receiving passive nods of agreement may bolster your position, but challenges to those beliefs force you to examine them, test them, reinforce them or abandon them.

Witnessing this phenomenon has been a healthy lesson for my own life, and I hope Statesman readers have benefited from this as well. As the class of 2009 commences its advancement into the real world (or grad school), this

lesson will be even more poignant. Listen, try to understand even if you don't agree, and learn. There is a lot of chatter out there, and you're the only one who can filter out the noise to get to the juicy signal inside. Most importantly, know that you have avenues to make your important ideas heard. The Statesman is Stony Brook's paper, and cannot exist without input from student writers who contribute to constructive debate.

I would like to thank Statesman readers, dedicated and sporadic, for sparing some attention twice a week to consider what fellow Stony Brook students have to say. I am happily passing the hat on to a new editor next

semester as I graduate from Stony Brook. I will fondly remember the other Statesman editors - who have become the most excellent friends - my own role here, and the lessons I've learned.



## Guidelines for Opinion Submission

Letters to the editor or op-ed contributions can be submitted by e-mail at [Op-Ed@sbstatesman.org](mailto:Op-Ed@sbstatesman.org), on our online submission tool at [www.sbstatesman.org](http://www.sbstatesman.org), by hand at our office in the Student Union Rm 057, or by mailing it to us at the address in the left column. They must be received at least two days before the next printed issue. The Statesman reserves the right to edit or not print any letter based on appropriateness, length, timeliness, or other reasons at the discretion of the editorial board. Letters should be no longer than 350 words, and opinion pieces should not exceed 550 words. Please include your full name (which we may withhold if you request it), phone number and email address for verification. Phone numbers and e-mail addresses will not be printed. Letters submitted anonymously or under false names will not be considered for publication.



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# The Sucolian

a literary supplement to The Stony Brook Statesman

## OF DAYLIGHT AND DARKNESS

BY KEVIN HUFSMITH

Whisked away by the breeze, the leaves twisted almost cautiously in their dance. In spirals they circled the air, washing the earth in rivulets of sweeping autumn. Limbs raised to the sky like witches calling to the rains, the trees stood motionless as the breathe of the skies stripped them naked.

Fingers of frost crept up their trunks while the clouds overhead rallied to cast away the sun. As one they sent forth their love, shedding a blanket of brightest white unto the land to keep the cold at bay. The sun forsook the ground below, casting its gaze elsewhere in quiet exhaustion.

Though it lay in peaceful slumber, soon the earth awakes. It sheds its blanket of frozen cares, returning what it borrowed from the watchful sky. With audible shouts and groans it sews the seeds of the day, inviting back the sun with gifts of flowing waters and lingering smells.

Moved to stay for a while longer, the sun shines garish gold that feeds the hungry and drains away the frozen silence. Under its light, the earth strives to grow, to learn and to thrive. Soon the earth can bear no more, driving the sun away with promises of feasting and secret desires of sleep once more.

## UNTITLED

BY BILAL ASIF

It is entirely clichéd to wax eloquently about the timeless transition from high school to college. Instead, it seems better to discuss Stony Brook in the context of the real world.

Stony Brook presents itself as a strange, different land, outside the realm of superficial qualities of the landscape or class size. Admittedly, it seemed that the thing strangest about Stony Brook is just another affirmation of societal norms. Quite often, especially in the days preceding the beginning of college classes, we are inundated with pieces of advice. It appears that the most oft repeated axiom is that the college academic and social experience is entirely different from the high school one, and that one must adapt to fit into this new environment.

It is clear that as freshman, many students are wary about fitting in. Rather than questioning excessively, talking loudly, or even letting out a whoop of exclamation, the freshman are falling into the norm of collegiate life, sitting in corners feverishly reading for their next class, or dozing in the Commuter Lounge. You can already see them talking about partying on Thursday nights, the opiate of the college masses. Isn't the college experience a slow gradual realization, rather than a hyper speed jump into proverbial maturation?

College is supposed to be the newest, most explosive occurrence in an individual's life. It is strange that so suddenly, our personas change to fit what is expected of us. Of course, whining about such a thing in such a profound manner makes me fall into the trap of being a collegiate scholar. Oh well.

This realization stuck with me, of course, only until my first Psychology class. In that wondrous lecture hall, I realized why I had declared Psychology as my major. Clearly, the above phenomenon can be explained by conformity and the desire to melt into a group inconspicuously, rather than stand out like a filled lecture in Javits. However, my innate child-like mysticism rejects this truth, and accepts this actuality as part of Stony Brook's magic.

## TRAVELING

I dream of Cambodia now –

moss, temples, and insects swirling in a thick soup of filtered sunlight

dissonant strings ache and bells toll in the distance –

imagine the dusty plane ride bumping over fields

touch down in Laos.

I met a woman who knows your laughing eyes

She plucked a dark hair from her chin and pointed to the east.

Somewhere you're soft asleep,

curled in a cocoon waiting for the winter thaw –

heard the waterdogs will jump right in after and pull you from the water

the rip tides

the screech of the gulls.

-Joyce Grillo

## I'M A PC, AND PROUD

BY EMILY GOVER

With less than a month left until graduation day, I have been spending a lot of time reflecting on the past four years of my life spent in this Long Island microcosm. I have made friends that I will treasure forever, had professors both influential and negligible, and taken so many classes I must rack my memory to recall them all. Stony Brook has faced me with many challenges, and at times I felt that I would never see the day where I would be adorned in an ugly polyester gown, awaiting my departure from my soon-to-be alma mater. There is no way I would have succeeded at Stony Brook in so many ways without the help of one thing. No, not the guidance of friends or an ability to retain varying academic trivia – though they certainly helped – but my bulky, slow, dismally gray Dell laptop.

When my laptop came in the mail, I took a deep whiff of the new computer smell – the

pungent scent of plastic and fresh wiring induces an unhealthy excitement within me – pried open the computer and ogled at the blank black screen with wide eyes. A new laptop! Finally, I could make my desktop background the hottest male heartthrob of the moment without my mother swapping it back to a photo of us on vacation in Maine. Finally, I could color-coordinate the display, modify the hourglass cursor to an animated dinosaur, and show off all the cool (and not always legal) programs to my sister – she commuted from home, so she never had the excitement of owning a personal laptop. I pictured myself typing away in the library, sending instant messages to my friends; Do you want to meet up at the student center for dinner after Psychology tonight? and blasting music in my dorm, having spontaneous dance parties with my roommates and friends. Yes, this laptop would perfect my time at college.

Eight semesters and thousands of keystrokes later, this hunk of junk is still going. My friends give me a hard time

whenever I whip it out at the library, asking why I own a computer that still runs on Windows XP and is approaching its fourth birthday. I am surrounded by aesthetically pleasing MacBooks, the stylish Apple laptop that is quickly becoming the latest fad of the computer world. I see girls fine-tuning the image of Carrie Bradshaw, punching away at the dingy white keys of a Mac in a Starbucks, pondering why Guy X stood her up... again. Twentysomething males fill study lounges in the SAC, scouring hours of video footage while they attempt to piece together parts of an artsy film project using iMovie, a Mac-only editing program.

It's not that I have a loyalty to Bill Gates or that I refuse to be sucked into the trend of sleek, overpriced Macintoshes – it's that my laptop works just fine as it is. The fact that it does not run at the speed of light or have more digital memory than a human with a photographic one does not bother me. I use an external hard drive to store all my music, photos, videos and documents. My snail-slow processor ("500 megabytes of RAM? Is this

thing from the Stone Age?") is incapable of running high-definition YouTube videos and video messaging and Windows Movie Maker and iTunes at the same time – which is unbearable for many of my peers.

The way I see it, running fewer programs means fewer distractions. I know if I had all of those fun, creative programs running at once it would be sensory overload and I would most likely develop a mild case of Attention Deficit Disorder, bouncing from program to program and seldom focusing on the task at hand. I'm okay with just running Microsoft Word and Mozilla Firefox, but my Mac buddies just can't seem to grasp it.

A lot of the hype with Macs is that they aren't as susceptible to viruses as PCs are. Indeed, there is truth to this, but 1) Macs aren't entirely ruled out of viruses and 2) there are a handful of free, effective programs to protect Windows computers. With more and more Macs flying off the chic shelves of Apple stores, malevolent computer

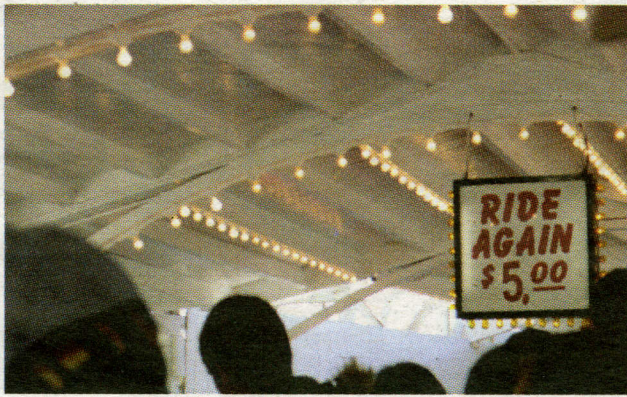
I'M A PC - CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



PARADISE BY THE SEA



A PHOTO ESSAY BY CAROLINA HIDALGO



I'M A PC - CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

programmers will ultimately create viruses and spyware for Macs – the reason Macs never got viruses before was because no one ever used them. My roommate, who owned a Dell until September, spent an exorbitant amount of money on a shiny new Mac, only to have already encountered problems with it.

If anything, I've determined this laptop is completely indestructible. I am of a gangly and lanky build, often finding my cerebellum out of check and tripping over my own two feet on flat surfaces. A result of this klutziness is my dropping the laptop on multiple hard surfaces more times than I can count. Granted, the screen wobbles in the wind a little from a loosened hinge, but it still works. Just two weeks ago, I gracefully spilled a full 32-ounce Nalgene bottle of water all over the keyboard. Frantically I inverted my computer, and my stomach dropped when I saw a waterfall drain out from beneath the keys. But it still works. Juice, crumbs, lint, superglue, even nail polish remover has migrated its way in between the keyboard, but it still works.

As I wrap this up, one of the last assignments I shall ever type at Stony Brook, the alphanumeric keys of my Dell Latitude D610 remain in good shape. Dusty, yes, and the "O" button is a little sticky, but it still lets me create the writing which earned the grades to be one of the few people to graduate from Stony Brook in eight semesters. One day I will shut this overheated technological box down for eternity, but until then, I'm proud to say: I'm a PC and proud, albeit an old, slow, and heavy one.

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## THE COWBOY

BY ZACH KURTZ

The Cowboy had heard rumors about snow. Folks said that up North, come winter, small soft crystals of ice fell from the heavens, blanketing the earth with the cold stuff. Never having seen snow himself, the Cowboy imagined that the fine white sand around him might have been something like the snow. The white sand stretched in every direction as far as the eye could see, and much further than that. Unlike the cold snow, however, this sand was baked hot by a scorching yellow sun. The white sand reflected the light from the sun, rendered the cowboy's wide brimmed hat useless. The reflected sunlight on the ground was almost as strong as the sunlight in the sky, and there was no keeping the intense light out of his eyes.

It was equally impossible to avoid the heat. The Cowboy was traveling through a desert, but it also may have been an oven. The Cowboy's plaid shirt wasn't the best garb for the heat, the absorbent material soaked up his sweat, making it impossible for the Cowboy to cool off. However, it was either that or be burnt black by the sun.

Perhaps the Cowboy should have taken his cues from the animals, or rather, the lack thereof. What few sand snakes or desert rodents that were able to survive in the harsh desert stayed underground during the day, preferring to go about their business in the relative cool of the night. Did the Cowboy know of the

foolishness of his endless traveling? He travelled by both day and night, only stopping for rest for the hour before sunrise.

The Cowboy had lost his horse sometime before in this mad quest. He had dutifully, though not unemotionally, neatly stripped the hide, and cut sections of toughened meat off of the horse. He had roasted it over a camp fire, burning away the last of the cow chips he had brought with him from whatever had come before this. He had trusted his sure-footed stud horse, but when the time came, his empty stomach dictated his need to survive.

Now, he barely noticed his constant hunger. Food was hard to come by in the desert. Meat was scarce and edible plants were nonexistent. He drank what water he could drain out of the sparse cacti. As a result, he had lost a lot of weight and had become pockmarked with what any mariner would have

recognized as scurvy marks. In fact, he had become so emaciated that his own mother would not have been able to pick him out of a line up, if the rouge Cowboy had ever even had a mother.

If the Cowboy even noticed his



CAROLINA HIDALGO

wasted condition, it is hard to say. He was so determined to follow through with his nameless quest that all other matters were put to the back of his mind. He took care of himself enough to survive, at least on a short term basis, and constantly pressed on.

However, at this stage in the journey, the Cowboy had lost almost all sense of direction and purpose. The Cowboy must have surely known what his quest was about when he had first taken it up, but now he only had some vague notion of what it had been. Surely it had been some noble quest, perhaps it even was a quest that would decide the fate of the world. In his own mind, the Cowboy was sure his mission was part of a battle to keep evil forces at bay, a knight of the legends of old. Whatever his true mission had been, it must have been important enough to keep the Cowboy going ever onward towards this quest. Even after the heat and hunger drove it from his mind.

Up ahead, far in the distance the Cowboy saw an oasis, in truth it was only a mirage of an oasis, but

it's all the same to our Cowboy. In delirium, truth and illusion are one in the same, and to one as thirsty as the Cowboy, it is preferable to experience the hope that illusion brings. He stumbles along the hardened sand, towards hope. He sees it clearly: the palm trees swaying gently in the wind, the cool, crystal clear waters protected by an underlayer of growth and playful animals enjoying the cool respite. He sees this all, not knowing that he is not seeing further than his own mind.

The Cowboy reaches the water. He kneels on the ground before it, praising the Gods, in all their glory for such a wonderful gift of nature. Slowly, he extends his arms out, steady as a rock, and cups a handful of the water. He feels a sliver of pain run down his arms as the wet infiltrates his cracked, dry hands. But he does not flinch in pain, nor does he move at all. He allows the first handful to fall from his fingers as a sacrifice to the desert sands that had brought him to this place. He reaches forward, mind and body, for the next cup and notices with some amusement at the fish playing beneath the surface. The water bends the light, causing the fish to look misshapen. He dips into the water and brings his head down towards his hands. Like a thirsty dog, he laps up the water. He lets it run through past his lips and over his tongue, noting that he had never in all his years tasted something so angelic.

When the cowboy had drunk his fill, he curled up underneath the shade of a great palm tree. As he drifted off to his final sleep, he though passionately and thankfully for all the grace and good that had been provided for him. The cowboy's eyes closed and his breathe stilled and he lay, with the hot sun blazing at the sky's zenith. He appeared, in the golden sand, as a majestic, flayed king and the carrion eaters as his court.

## BLACKBIRDS

as much I know of any bird

blackbirds fall like snow

in swarms clustering on the ground:

a synchronous wave from the roof

to the air, the trees

glossy black-green wings

thick as a squall,

chopped waters

a fog in the storm

- Joyce Grillo

*The Sucolian* was formed as a way for students to express themselves both in writing and art. If you're interested in submitting a piece for the next issue, please send your submission to:

[magazine@sbstatesman.org](mailto:magazine@sbstatesman.org).

We accept narrative or magazine journalism, short stories, poetry, scans of artwork, photography, and anything else that can be represented in a 2D manner.



In New York, New York  
 I sat with Donna M  
 Sitting, awaiting the audition list to swiftly continue down the page  
 Names scratch out. Cold outside, yet indoor tension as hot as a mid-June barbeque without a swimming pool.  
 People crammed for space. Unfortunate late-comers find rest on the floor.  
 Donna plugs up her ears with iPod. She naps. I'm surrounded by snoozers.  
 With a yawn I stretch into my dance bag to retrieve  
 MEC The Science of Things: How Things Work  
 I study my guide and flip the text filled pages of my book.  
 A ball travels down a ramp quicker than a cube  
 Smashing your head to a wall causes pain  
 Gravity is 9.8  
 An object in motion stays in motion until otherwise stopped.  
 Shrills from the tiny room across the hall.  
 Something terrifying—  
 I should have seen it coming,  
 It wasn't the auditioner,  
 It was me.  
 How can one be expected to pass a final when they've cut as many classes as I?  
 I'm drowning.... Kicking.... Begging for air...  
 Facts grow off the page and taunt me.  
 I say to myself: drop the lowest  
 The lowest test score is dropped, and the final counts as only a test.  
 I'm telling myself not to be stupid  
 I'm telling myself its stupid easy, self-explanatory material.  
 You are a theatre major,  
 You don't need a degree,  
 You need to sing and dance...  
 Why stress with physics before your big moment?  
 I glance about my surroundings.  
 Laughing out loud at my ridiculousness.  
 I'm surrounded by snoozers,  
 I'm more than prepared to sing my lungs out  
 I'm stressing of stupid science facts I've known since childhood.  
 --- I can't think about tests anymore ---  
 What will be will be, and this is a time most inappropriate  
 Trying to be efficient, I've wasted precious moments  
 Other girls curl their hair  
 I pull mine out  
 The next name is scratched.  
 Number 598 Brittany Bosak.  
 Hi, My name is Brittany Bosak  
 Today I'll be singing Reflection from Disney's Mulan.  
 Today I'll get a callback.  
 Next week I'll ace my final.

-Brittany Bosak

### *FOREST BLUES*

Perhaps you wouldn't say again  
 --"You and I are poets dear..."  
 On the street that circle in your eye  
 Walks the invisible poet,  
 Looking at the moon,  
 Pregnant of the blue rose...  
 When seven white pearls  
 Drip one by one  
 In the halo of your eye  
 And seven swans die  
 With the invisible poet  
 Many times the sunsets had talked to her...  
 A language she now understands  
 The early winter evening settles  
 Like a peevish white monument  
 Telling a story  
 Of a blue bird which once sat there  
 Calling out to the wonderer  
 Who walked within ancient blue sunsets...  
 —He had never lost his road  
 He had no road  
 Then just like that, he was gone...

-Tina Ganguly

### *A CIRCUS DREAM*

BY ANDREW N. HANDEL

During time of unconsciousness, the mind turns pictures into words and words to pictures.

If they mean anything, the better off you are, most of the time, they don't.

Some say the mind is thinking about what you thought of all day, or at the time of sleep, others say it's everything we don't think of. The last few say we connect, in our state of un-being to those closest to us.

The latter are right.

He's been gone almost a year, maybe that's why these dreams keep cropping up.

I hear children, laughing. I hear animals; dogs, sheep and chickens.

The air around me is thick. My wrists are chained. It's all pitch black except for the dim circle of light shining above me. The more I reach, the more the bones in my wrist dislocate and the pain gets to be unbearable. Every night, something falls down after a shout of "Open." My only source of food, and it's too dark, mushy and tasteless to see or taste what it is.

I wake up with little or no memory of anything... until one night.

I sat chilled upright. My bed shook, my alarm clock that buzzed was on the floor. I got up and the sun was peaking. I got ready for work with too much on my mind, the opposite of how I usually wake. Across the street at the corner where my car is, I hit a boy handing out fliers. Cirque de Servito. The caption below says, "See the great deprived man, dances like an ape, sings like a bird, and dies like a dog." I quickly looked up at the small boy. He smiled with the corner of his mouth and backed away. Someone walked by and he was gone...

### *UNDER THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS*

When they meet, he picks her up

Carries her into the shade.

Cherry blossoms fall into her butterfly hair.

Caressing her mocha-colored skin,

His starry eyes gaze up to meet hers.

Breathing heavily he unites their lips.

She melts into his arms,

Their fingers interlace like vines,

And their bodies merge into one.

Pure and natural ecstasy,

Throughout every vein,

Completely bare to the other,

They love.

-Taylor Glagau



## Carl J. Carrie, Co-Sports Editor

It's funny how this college thing works. You enter as a confused 17 or 18-year-old trying too hard and wondering how it's possible that the next four years of your life will dictate what you do for the rest of it. Four years later, you leave as a confused 21 or 22-year-old and wonder about how the past years have prepared you for a lifetime.

After contemplating, you're even more confused. You end up asking questions like, "How do I take what I learned in this class, and apply it to whatever my career is? Wait, do I even have a career?" Or something along the lines of "Is it possible that over the last four years, I've learned absolutely nothing?"

I may not remember what I learned in PHI 105 (I P/NC-ed that class), or the correct way to frame a video interview (sorry Rick), or how to use a comma correctly (deepest apologies Selvin), but I do know that my time here has prepared me for the

rest of my life, in which career will play just a small part. During the past four years, I've changed majors three times, pledged a fraternity, gotten kicked out of school, made the dean's list four times, seen Stony Brook Athletics go from pathetic to respectable, written a column, made friends I'll keep for a lifetime, met the girl I want to spend the rest of my life with, along with so many other things. It's these things that prepare you for life.

A few weeks ago, after the banquet, the School of Journalism upperclassmen threw a graduation party for ourselves. It was held at the house of a person whom I'd never thought I'd become friends with. I did shots with a kid we call Breezy, I drank Coronas with a 30-something-year old who came back to school to be a journalist, played beer pong against a kid with blue hair, and one of the shots of the night was dedicated to a professor we all know as the "Silver Fox." These people and countless others,

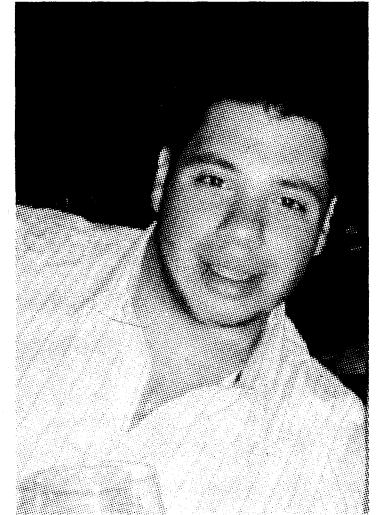
along with my own highs and lows, have made a huge difference in my life--you should do the things you love.

This campus is not blessed with the history of a Duke or a Michigan. But you know what? They started from nothing too. During my time here, I've witnessed the birth of many traditions, and even taken part in creating some of them. And it's the same as life—it's what you make out of it. Too often I've heard people say how much they hated Stony Brook-- myself included--and how they couldn't wait to get out of here because it sucked. I can't wait to get out of here for a different reason: I can't wait to go live my life, and figure out what I love.

Stony Brook students, I leave you with this. Mark Twain once said, "Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things that you didn't do than by the ones you did do. So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbor. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream.

Discover."

Everyone should explore all they can, dream what they love, and I promise you, you will discover your future—you won't be confused anymore.



## Emily Gover, Copy Editor

Back when I was a senior in high school, my heart was set on going to a small, private, liberal arts college with old brick buildings, lush green grass and exorbitant tuition - much like many of the other students with whom I graduated in June 2005.

Little did I know where I'd end up.

After a near-nervous breakdown in the last week of April of that year, I chose Stony Brook for several reasons. I came in undecided, and the long list of majors was appealing, as was the price (significantly less than the other schools I considered) and the location (close to home and a high school sweetheart).

It was the polar opposite of what I had been anticipating throughout high school - a large student population, public, set in suburbia - but it felt like the right thing to do. My mom has always been supportive of whatever I've decided to do and wherever I decided to go, and Stony Brook was no exception. Though she seemed worried I wouldn't be happy there, because it was so different from where I had been envisioning myself throughout senior year.



"You can always transfer if you're not happy there," she told me.

Though I may have been better off not majoring in an arts program at a science-oriented university, I honestly couldn't see myself attending any other school. The people I've met and opportunities I've had have made my time here so worthwhile. From starting off my first semester with Learning Communities - it's unfortunate that it is no longer running - to finishing it with Alternative Spring Break Outreach, it has been one hell of a ride.

I've learned many skills, including time management for all those last-minute English papers, how to avoid making eye contact with varying creepers, and having less than \$200 on a meal plan last three weeks - quite a feat for a procrastinator, creeper magnet and an individual with a bottomless stomach.

That is not to say Stony Brook is not without its flaws, far from it, in fact. Class enrollment, room selection, overpriced meals, food poisoning (avoid the pizza from Kelly after 11 p.m., even if it looks edible, your stomach will hate you for it later), not finding a seat at the SAC during lunch due to swarms of high school students and charging money for transcripts are but a few of the issues I've faced. But no school is perfect, despite what the '90s teen movies have led us all to believe. Even the fancy private schools have their vices, I'm just consider myself lucky that I didn't have to pay an exorbitant amount of money to find that out the hard way.

Congratulations to the graduating class of 2009. If you managed to make it out in eight semesters like myself, you've earned a pat on the back. To all the super seniors... better late than never, right? My time here has been nothing short of memorable, but I'm ready to get off this island. Peace!



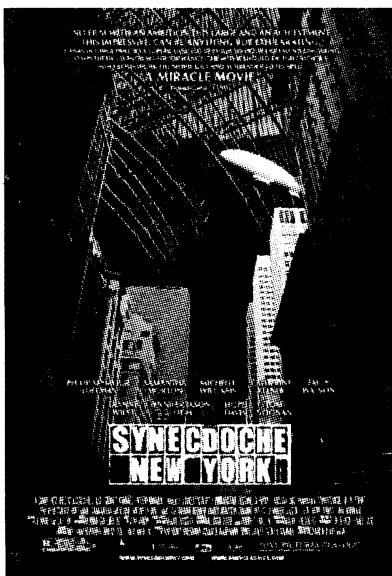
## Statesman Editors, '09

Top: April Warren, Emily Gover, Yi-Jin Yu, Joe Trollo  
Middle: Bradley Donaldson, Aisha Akhtar, Zachary Kurtz  
Bottom: Lynn Hsieh



# Imaginary Cities

BY ULA LUKSZO  
Staff Writer



Media Credit: Staller Center for the Arts

Charlie Kaufman strikes again.

Kaufman's most recent film, "Synecdoche, NY," which aired at the Staller Center this past Friday, is a masterpiece of absurdism that still manages to capture the imagination and stir the heart.

Caden Cotard (Philip Seymour Hoffman) has a life in ruins: his marriage is failing, his body is riddled with a mysterious yet non-life-threatening disease, and his career seems to be in

at all hours of the day and night, Caden finally starts flirting with the box office girl from the theater, Hazel (Samantha Morton).

Morton's character and her life is stunning, if awkward. For example, her real estate agent's son lives in the basement of her house, that just so happens to be perpetually on fire.

Hazel's relationship with Caden does not work out, but instead, Caden gets a MacArthur Fellowship. He decides he will put on a play that will attempt to tell something true and real about life and mortality.

He decides to reconstruct a part of New York City inside a warehouse in the city, getting actors to play real people, including himself, Hazel, Adele, and Adele's lesbian lover Maria.

As the film goes on, the construction inside the warehouse becomes more and more elaborate, and the characters' lives multiply and grow more complicated. Caden cannot move without his "character" following him everywhere. Caden marries his star actress, Claire Keen (Michelle Williams), who she plays herself, until she cannot deal with Caden's double, Sammy Barnathan (Tom Noonan), feeling her up all the time.

Along with the story of the theater project that never has an audience, as



Media Credit: Staller Center for the Arts

From left to right, Samantha Morton, as Hazel, and Philip Seymour Hoffman as Caden Cotard, in "Synecdoche, NY."

a slump.

The film opens just as Caden is preparing for the opening night of his production of "The Death of a Salesman" at a local theater in Schenectady, NY. His wife, Adele Lack (Catherine Keener) is a miniaturist preparing for a showing of her tiny paintings in Berlin.

The tension between the two of them is obvious. They fight over silly things, go to therapy sessions that end in deadlock, and we are not surprised when Adele does not attend opening night.

Adele finally leaves for Berlin, where she later becomes more and more famous. She takes their four-year-old daughter, Olive (Sadie Goldstein), with her, leaving Caden behind. After a year of bemoaning his fate and calling Adele

it spirals out of control, are the stoies of Caden and his attempts to reach his first daughter, Olive, to reconnect with Adele, his failed relationship with Hazel (who married the guy in the basement), and his failed marriage to Claire.

Time passes in the blink of an eye in "Synecdoche, NY," and the constant motif of the film is Caden's impending death, which takes thirty years to happen, even though he feels he is constantly on the edge of the precipice.

Playful yet thoughtful, moving yet funny, "Synecdoche, NY" is undoubtedly the best film with a literary term in its title. It is one of Charlie Kaufman's best works to date, as it avoids any kind of sentimentality, yet still manages to evoke strong emotions, while juggling many metaphors at once.

## SMALL SENTIMENTS

BY YI-JIN YU  
Arts and Entertainment Editor

Three years with The Statesman family has definitely been an experience. I started out in the Fall of 2006, fresh-faced and straight from my high school newspaper staff, looking to pursue my relentless enthusiasm for journalism. The School of Journalism had not been founded yet, SBU and The Statesman were not fifty years old yet, and I was still considering a minor in Journalism. Nowadays, my academic career has kept me rooted in the Humanities, as an English major and History minor. Nevertheless, my interest in media is still as extensive now as it was before. Journalism, as well as photography and design, will always hold its exciting appeal to me.

I followed the senior editors' footsteps, working directly under three of them. I entered as a contributing writer, moved on as a staff writer, and then became an assistant news/features editor. This academic year, I took over the Arts and Entertainment section and it has been a great ride, if challenging and enlightening. The A&E staff, although small, came through with many enjoyable articles from festival coverage to local entertainment spotlights. I have used the opportunity to revamp the section layout as well and I hope it has enhanced the A&E reading experience. The Statesman's editorial board and staff are always working overtime and our work is never finished. We strive to keep our work and final product worthy of our readers' time and attention. Our readers are unquestionably our best critics and our greatest supporters.

Congratulations to our graduating seniors on this year's editorial board. Hats off to the incoming new editorial board of 2009-2010, especially to the new Arts and Entertainment editor, Ivanna Avalos. Here's to another fabulous year of passion, hard work, worthy content and breaking stories!

P.S.: Check out our first issue of "The Sucolian," our literary supplement – finally realized and brought to life!

## Farewell Much

BY KWAME OPAM  
Assistant Arts and Entertainment Editor

Having worked with the Statesman, I can safely say I'm truly grateful for the experience. I came to Stony Brook majoring in Anthropology, and I had actually come to Journalism late as compared to my friends and colleagues. I just wanted the opportunity to write.

I started out writing content for the Arts and Entertainment section in the Fall of 2007 while at the time minoring in Women's Studies, and I remember thinking that, however much I love the WST curriculum, I still wanted and needed the chance to develop my writing. With that in mind, I took JRN 103 and JRN 110 while humbly admitting that I knew absolutely jack about journalism and news in general. That was probably the best decision I made that year.

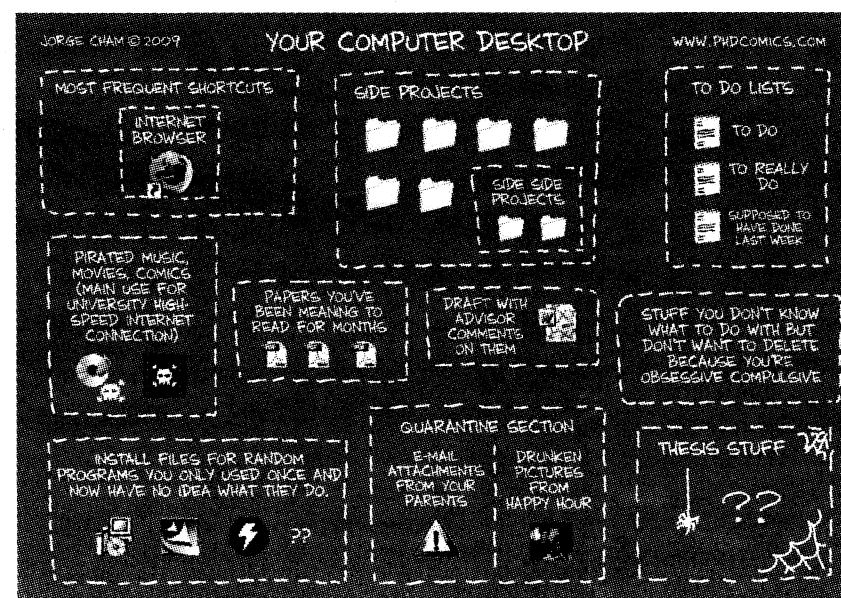
Since that time, I've had the opportunity to work with three editors at the Statesman, write a bit for the Independent -- for which, if I may say, I have the utmost respect as a student publication -- and take a position as Assistant Editor for A&E. I've had the opportunity to shake hands with musicians and actors, but above all I've had the chance to work with some fantastic people. I leave behind something that can only get better and better.

As someone who only wanted to write, I've done just that and more. I've found myself in a field that I truly respect and love and I hope it takes not only me but the people I've worked with great places.



Photo Credit: Kwame Opam

## PHD COMICS BY JORGE CHAM





# THE BAMBOOZLE

By SAMANTHA BURKARDT  
Assistant Arts and Entertainment Editor

The fist pumpin', head bobbin', feet stompin', body shakin', two day music festival The Bamboozle, presented by Wonka, was certainly a concert that rocked your body.

The concert was held in the parking lot of the Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, New Jersey and it was host to thousands of screaming fans who waited in the scorching heat and pouring rain to see the artists. There were six stages, tons of food stands and merchandise booths, a Wonka tent where a ton of candy was given out, and even a ferris wheel. Some of the biggest bands of the weekend were No Doubt, Taking Back Sunday, Fall Out Boy, GWAR, Third Eye Blind, and 3OH!3.

On Sunday night, No Doubt had their fans in an uproar when Gwen Stefani decided to crowd surf, and Taking

Back Sunday's Adam Lazzara climbed up

the stage and hung upside down, hanging on with only his legs, which made his fans all the more energized.

Family Force 5, the rock group from Atlanta, Georgia, put on a great show when they took over the stage. "Start the party now, g'on put your hands up!" they sang to the crowd. There was definitely a party goin'

on. The mosh pits really started to open up during Billy Talent when they played "Red Flag" and "Fallen Leaves", but the biggest pit formed when Taking Back Sunday told the crowd to make a giant pit in the middle. It was one concert that you

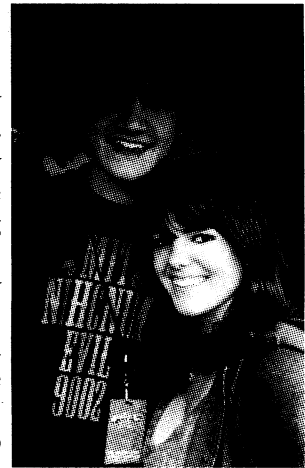
tense things became.

Bamboozle also had some comedians from Comedy Central Records come to the show to entertain the crowd. The young comedian Bo Burnham, originally seen on YouTube.com, was there and had his audience laughing hysterically. He was also

one of the few artists, including Taking Back Sunday, who had a signing after his performance.

I highly recommend going to Bamboozle next year to anyone who has never been there before.

Even when the rain was pouring on



Sunday, no one wanted to leave. They forgot about the weather and danced and moshed until they couldn't anymore. Everyone wanted the party to go on when it was over. People already started

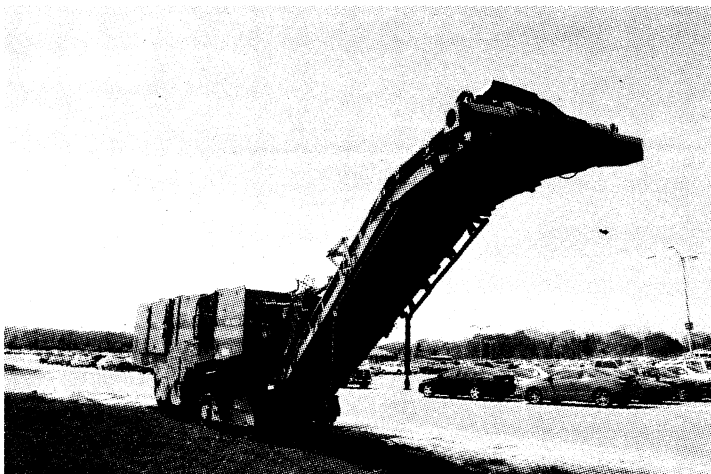
remiscing when the last song was done, talking about how proud they were of

some of their bruises, how they got to touch Gwen when she crowd surfed, and flipping through pictures on their cameras. It's one experience I'll never forget and hopefully will become something that I do every year. If you want a rockin' time, this is the place to go.

Bamboozle Photos By Samantha Burkardt



## NEWS BRIEF



All the paths around Circle Road, Marburger, and South are being ripped up and repaved this semester. The project was started about two and a half weeks ago and the workers at facilities hope that the project is finished by commencement. "It would be nice," said Louis Rispoli in the Facilities Design and Construction Department, "but the weather hasn't been cooperating." The project costs around \$563,000 and will be paid from the state capital budget. --Samantha Burkardt

Photos by: Frank Posillico



The Stony Brook Statesman Thursday, May 7, 2009



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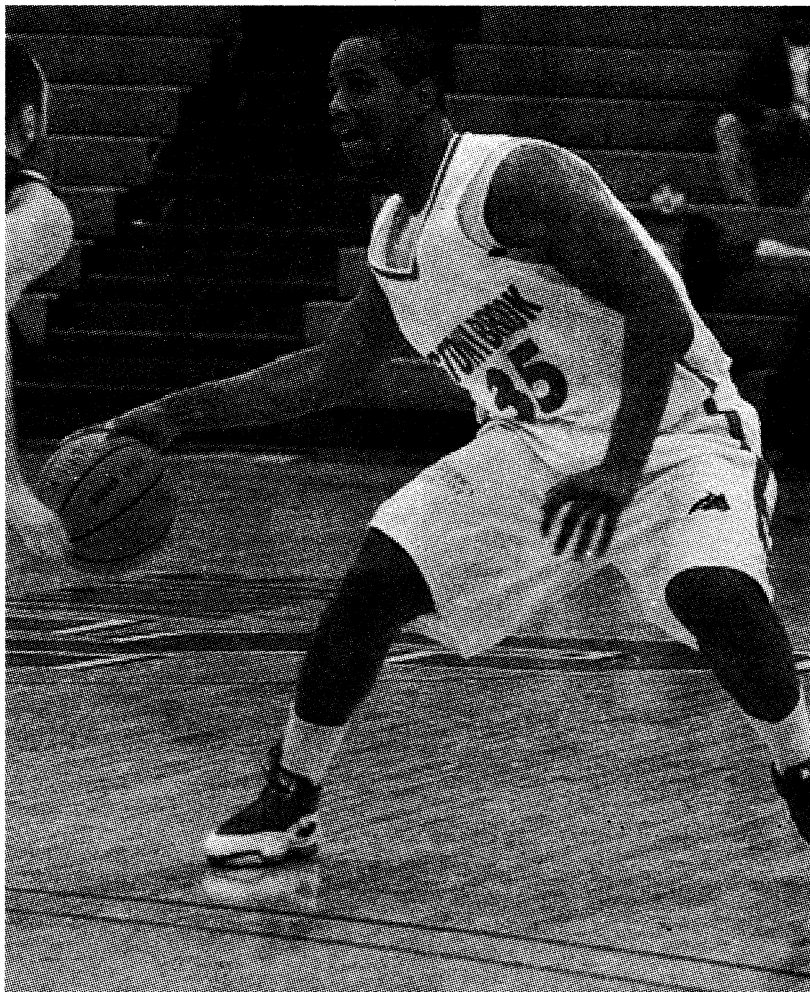
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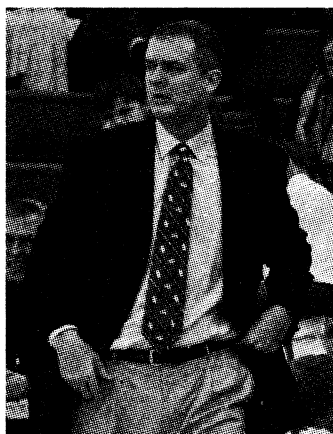
# The Year That Was...



Mar. 7 - Muhammad El-Amin and Head Coach Steve Pikiell led a young but talented Seawolves basketball team to its best finish ever as a division I squad.

El-Amin was an All-America East second team selection, freshman Bryan Dougher and Tommy Brenton were on the All-Rookie team, and senior Marques Cox was an All-Defense selection.

Alex Berkman/ SB Statesman



# The New Sports Editor

BY SARAH KAZADI  
Sports Editor

My name is Sarah Myanda Kazadi and I will be the Sports Desk Editor next semester.

The position requires someone that is passionate, not only about sports but about journalism and presenting information. I fit that description and am pleased to play an editorial role in this family that I've been in for the past year or so.

I cannot tell you what to expect because I don't exactly know; we will find out together.

However, I do promise you my all, nothing more or less. I will do my absolute best to guarantee that you get your Stony Brook sports fix.

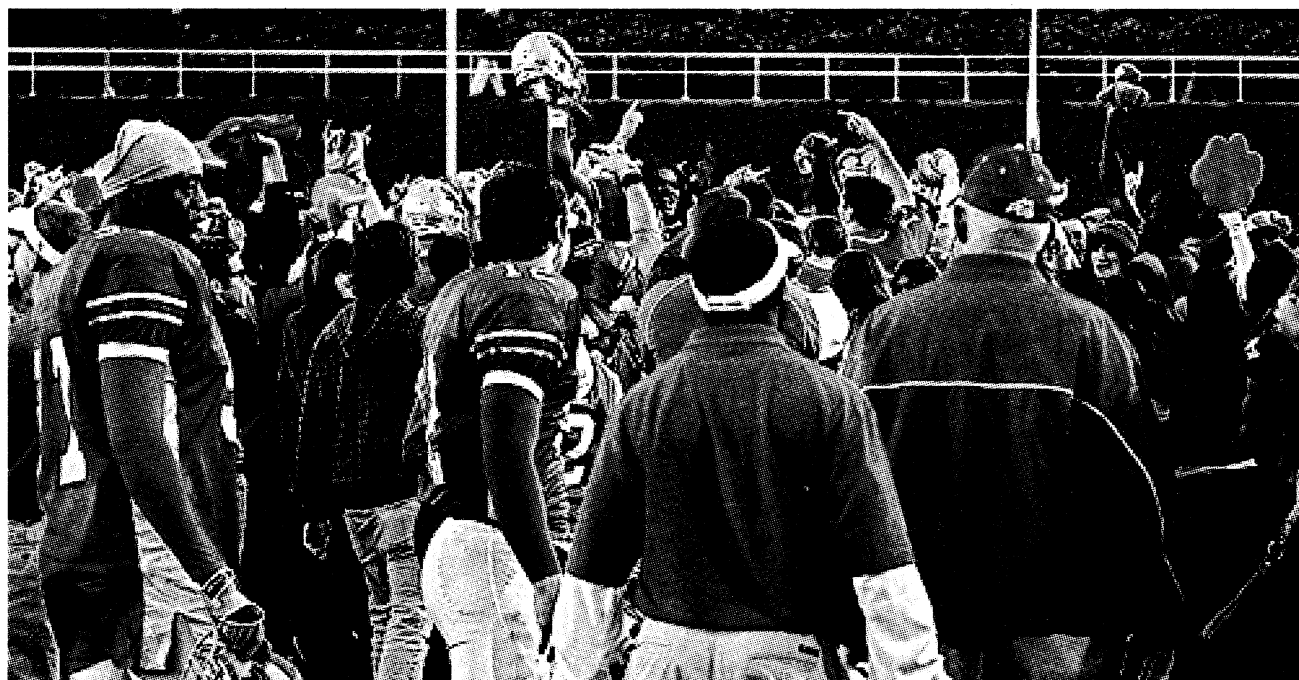
Everything contained in these pages next semester will have been the hard labor of a select few, members of the Statesman staff who work for you. I am honored to try and fill the shoes of Mr. Gene Morris, who has spent the past few months preparing me for this task.

I am confident about this. I am ready. Are you?



Mar. 14 - For the second straight season in division I, captain Angelo Serse led the Seawolves club hockey team to the national tournament. Serse finished the year with 31 goals and 19 assists in 30 games. Next year's club returns the majority of a team that could make a deep playoff run.

Alex Berkman/ SB Statesman



Oct 16 - Stony Brook Football makes a dramatic comeback against Charleston Southern University on homecoming. Quarterback Dayne Hoffman hit tight end Adrian Sawyer with a 23-yard touchdown pass right down the middle of the field with just 1:10 remaining to propel the Seawolves to the win.

Alex Berkman/ SB Statesman



Nov. 8 - The duo of Conte Cuttino and Edwin Gowins shattered Stony Brook's rushing record with 635 yards in a 68-9 rout of Iona.



# STATESMAN SPORTS

## Statesman Sports Awards

### Male Athlete Of The Year

#### 1. Edwin Gowins RB Freshman

The impact freshman was named the Sporting News national freshman of the year at the FCS level.

Gowins was also the Big South freshman of the year, and a first team all-big South selection. He set Stony Brook records with 1,310 rushing yards and 9.4 yards per carry.

Rush Att	Yds	Yds/A	TD's
140	1,310	9.4	11



Alex Berkman/ SB Statesman

#### 2. Jordan McBride - Attack #11 Sophomore

In his second year with the Seawolves, McBride continued to do what he does best; score goals.

The sophomore tallied 42 goals on the season, which led the team. His 50 points trailed fellow freshman Kevin Crowley by just one for the team lead.

The Seawolves also improved as a team this season, reaching the America East Final before falling to UMBC.

Goals	Assists	Points	SOG
42	8	50	69



Alex Berkman/ SB Statesman

### Female Athlete Of The Year

#### Alyssa Struzenberg - Pitcher #25 Junior

The 2008 America East Pitcher of the Year returned in her junior year to anchor a Stony Brook pitching staff that led the team to a school record in wins, as well as the opportunity to host the America East Championship for the first time.

She started over half of the teams games, and compiled a 21 wins were first on the team and third in the America East. Her 216 strikeouts were third in the conference, and her 1.93 ERA placed her fifth.

GS	IP	W-L	ERA	K's
25	159.1	21-5	1.93	216



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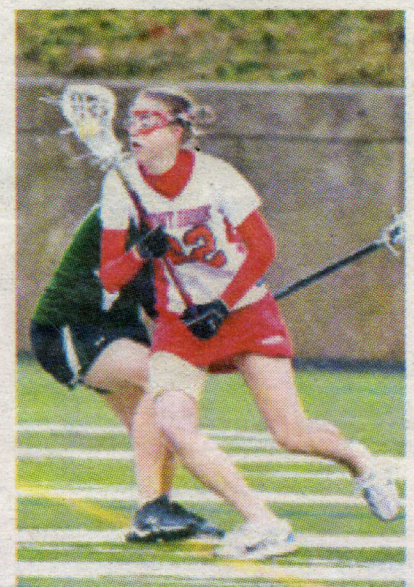
#### 2. Kaitlin Leggio - Mid-Field #22 Senior

The 2009 first team All-America East selection finished her career among the best players ever to suit up for the women's lacrosse team.

This season Leggio led the team with 37 goals, 21 assists, and 45 groundballs. Her 2.31 goals per game placed her seventh in the conference, and her 3.62 points per game placed her fifth.

She ends her career as the programs all time leader in goals, points, ground balls and draw controls.

Goals	Assists	Points	GB's
37	21	58	45



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