

KENNETH HO / THE STATESMAN

Strawberry Fest, a yearly tradition, drew so many students this year that the lines went on for yards. But that didn't deter students from clamoring to the Student Activities Center Plaza for that small, red fruit.

USG CHIEF JUSTICE SAFE FOR NOW

By CAITLIN FERRELL
Staff Writer

Impeachment City is no longer. "It's not going to happen," Chief Justice Geordan Kushner said of his possible impeachment, which came about in the wake of Senator Daniel Graber's impeachment and the controversy surrounding it – claims that he posted pornography on an Undergraduate Student Government computer desktop, and lighting a colleague's business cards on fire.

Senator Alexander Dimitriyadi, who defended Graber, believed that Graber had committed an "impeachable offense," but Dimitriyadi believed that it was a "witch-hunt" to impeach Graber months after the fact. "Had I been on the executive council when the issue was brought up, I would have pushed for impeachment at the time, back in November," Dimitriyadi said. "I disagreed with the things that happened after." Dimitriyadi defended Graber because he believed the senator was a "victim of circumstance."

Chief Justice Kushner had pushed for Graber's impeachment, writing the judiciary opinion: "So that's why they came after me," Kushner said, referring to attempts of his own impeachment.

"I was one of the people that was pushing for it," Dimitriyadi said. Dimitriyadi believed some of Kushner's actions were questionable, like his claims that the Constitution was unconstitutional. "That was a mistake on the part of the judiciary. It doesn't even make logical sense," Dimitriyadi said.

Dimitriyadi also believed there were other mistakes made by Kushner

See USG on 3

Letter From The Editor:

I am pleased to announce that this letter carries a much more optimistic message than the last one printed.

The proposed 2010-11 budget that was passed by the Undergraduate Student Government Tuesday night, contains a \$25,000 budget for The Statesman.

We appreciate everyone who came out in support of the paper and those who listened to our concerns.

A new academic year will bring with it a new editorial staff, so I will say there will be big changes coming for the paper next year.

But for specifics, you'll have to pick up our first issue back in September.

APRIL WARREN
EDITOR IN CHIEF

Strawberry Fest 2010

By JOE ARICO
Contributing Writer

Stony Brook's annual Strawberry Fest hit the academic mall this past Wednesday, along with beautiful weather and long lines. Hundreds of students took a break from traditional lunches and studying for finals to indulge in the twelve tables full of strawberry influenced sweets that brought about a party like atmosphere.

If you didn't purchase your ticket in advance, \$8.25 would get you your pass to a sampling of each food at the festival. Even as late as 2p.m. students hovered around the cashier desk in the SAC lobby hoping to purchase their way into a strawberry paradise.

Fresh lemonade, banana bread, smoothies, pizza and even shrimp and rice were all available with some sort of strawberry flavored twist.

One of the things in highest demand was the funnel cake, topped with strawberry sauce and cream. At its longest, the line stretched from the front of the SAC's main entrance to the middle of Melville Library. It took four members of the campus dining staff working non-stop in an assembly line like fashion to meet demand.

While some students dodged into the nearest air-conditioned building to enjoy their food, most hopped quickly to the next line, eating their food from the last station to pass the time.

Stony Brook's annual Diversity Day added to the atmosphere as

several campus groups set up a stage in the academic circle to perform and play music. The school mascot Wolfie was also on hand, high fiving students and taking part in the day's events.

According to the Student and Faculty Association, Strawberry Fest is routinely scheduled for the last Wednesday in April as a way to give students a diversion during crunch time. This year it came in the first week of May, putting students that much closer to final papers and projects. "This is unbelievable," one student said, taking a bite of strawberry. "It's almost as sweet as the end of the semester."

See page 6 for more photos

IN THIS ISSUE

A Voyage for a Family

Anna Thomas dislikes a lot of things. She hates being asked about her "fertility issues." She dislikes being compared to Angelina Jolie. She doesn't like pushy people on the subway or ironing.

She hates dating. She doesn't like being questioned about finances. "I think the next person who asks me how

See FAMILY on 8

Taking the Elevator: You're Lazy!

I was in an elevator in the Melville Library the other day when two women, or should I call them children because of their lack of civility, commented on how lazy

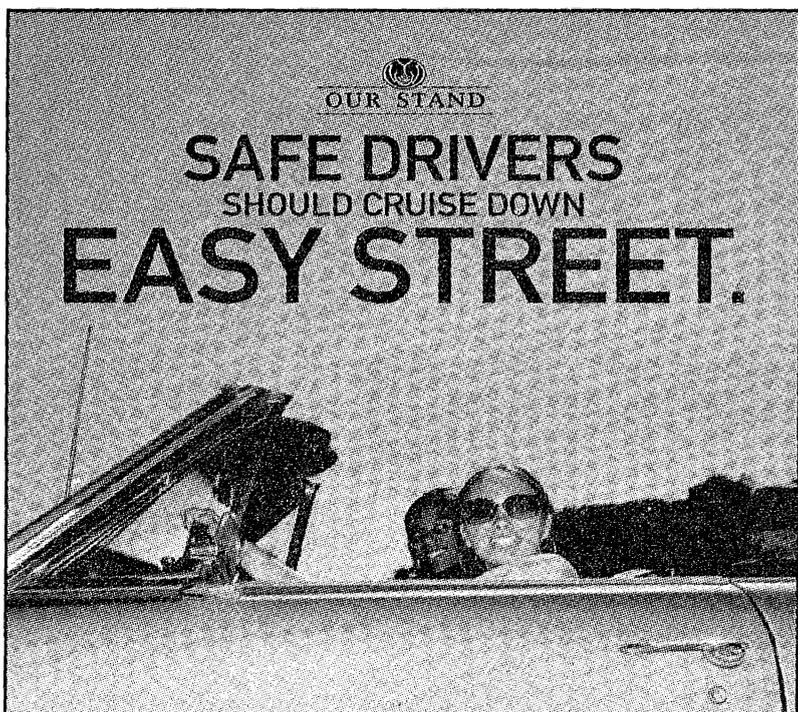
people were that they used an elevator to go up or down one floor.

The next floor a women got out and said

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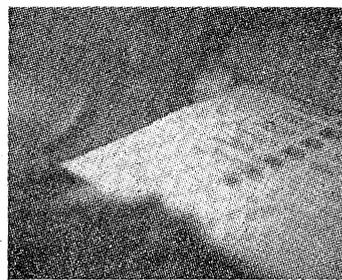
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USG CHIEF JUSTICE SAFE FOR NOW

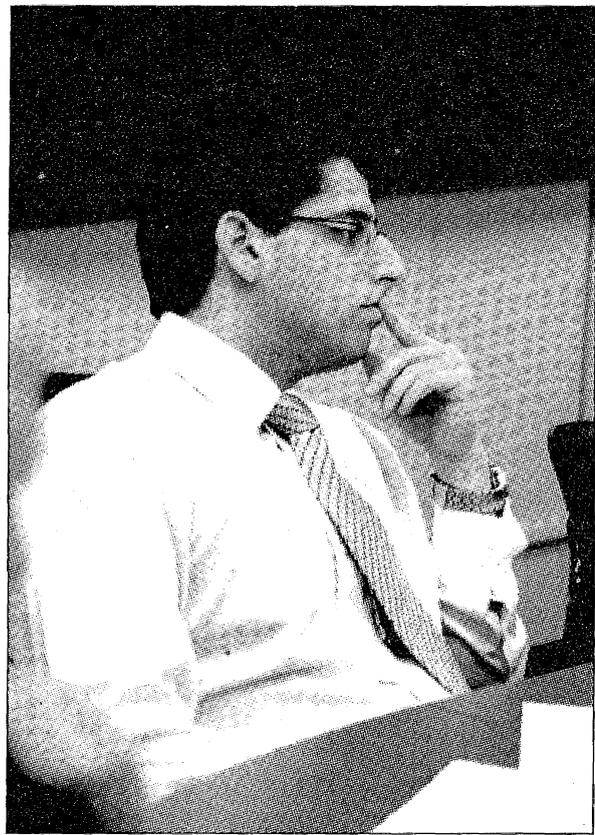
From USG on 1

and the judiciary, like removing Gräber from office without an official impeachment. "I thought there were violations of due process," Dimitriyadi said.

An executive session, in which Kushner was not present, was held during which USG members voted on other issues as well as Kushner's impeachment. Kushner was not aware of the outcome, only that he was still in his position as chief justice. "I'm guessing they didn't have the votes," he said Wednesday.

Dimitriyadi, who was present at the executive session, first said there was no vote taken, then said it was unanimously voted down. Because Kushner was appointed in November and his term is for one academic year, his term will end May 21. Dimitriyadi said USG members did not see the relevance, and called it a "moot point."

If Kushner were to seek re-appointment to the Senate, Dimitriyadi has doubts he will



KENNETH HO / THE STATESMAN

Chief Justice Geordan Kushner

succeed — about two-thirds of the senators are returning to the USG next year. "I would

speculate that even if he was confirmed, that the Senate would not approve it.

New Dorms Expected to go to Southampton

By CAITLIN FERRELL
Staff Writer

Stony Brook University will soon have a new dormitory that students can call home. According to Dallas Baurman, assistant vice president of Campus Residences, the dormitory is slated to open this coming fall, and will be the largest dormitory on campus.

Students are excited for the new orange-and-white and blue-and-white buildings, set in Roosevelt and Kelly Quads respectively. "I am definitely moving into the new building after seeing it in construction for the past two years," Monique Merchant, a sophomore and psychology major said. "I am so excited to be living there."

Though the closing of Stony Brook Southampton's campus had a slight impact on the availability of rooms in

the dorm — Southampton students were given preference over some students after the campus closing was announced — Campus Residences said there were still "many opportunities" for current Stony Brook students to live on-campus.

The dorm will have an impact on the freshman tripling rate as well. Campus Residences said the 600 new beds will decrease the tripling rate for new and returning students this fall, and said, "We do anticipate that it will be possible to offer regular accommodations to all tripled residents by the end of the fall semester."

Jesse Oney, currently a resident assistant in Stimson College in Roosevelt Quad, said, "It'll be awesome to have brand-new facilities, and I hope that people will be a bit more cautious, careful with living there."

"People often complain that Stony Brook is old

and run-down, but that wear-and-tear comes from the students," Oney said. Oney will be a resident assistant next academic year in Yang, the Roosevelt side of the dorm.

The design of the dorm is a debate among students. Oney said it reminded her of "an IKEA dorm package...or like LEGOs."

"I think the new dorm looks amazing and with all the supposed amenities, will be a great addition to the area," Merchant said. "However, as with almost all the buildings on campus, it doesn't really match anything and makes the other buildings around it look even worse."

The dorm will be equipped with a gym, computer lab and air-conditioning. "The fact that it is new is amazing," Merchant said. "I will never have to leave since everything I need will be in the building, except for my classes of course."

Building Upkeep on Hold as Budget Cuts Loom

By PATRICK JACQUES
Staff Writer

Stony Brook University's plan to become the flagship school of the SUNY system is in full swing. But the faculty and staff of the Earth and Space Sciences building can't worry about that now—they need a new roof.

The ESS building, now over 40 years old, is beginning to show its age according to Professor Richard J. Reeder, Chair of the Department of Geosciences at Stony Brook University. The building has been in desperate need of maintenance and repair for sometime now. A 2002 Campus Capital Plan identified several academic buildings including Old Chemistry and Harriman

Hall as being in critical condition.

Now with nearly \$20 million in budget cuts and more cuts likely to come, the state of buildings like ESS is a cause for concern. Building upkeep in ESS has been a struggle with the aging building for obvious and not so obvious reasons. The complexities of building upkeep in New York State have cost students and professors already and may foreshadow trouble for current projects.

"The public doesn't see a boiler, in a mechanical room in the basement going bad or that it's held together with coat hangers. And because of that when budgets get cut, the stuff that's invisible, and not essential is frequently the stuff that gets removed and I think that's contributed largely

to why this building has gotten to the condition it's in over the course of 42 years," said Owen C. Evans, Director of Laboratories in the ESS building.

The result according to Reeder is the inconvenience that students and faculty are forced to deal with due to the condition of ESS along with a quality of space not conducive to the growth that one would like to see from an academic institution.

Evans recalls a time a few years ago when the roof was leaking and the maintenance crew had to come up with a quick fix. Using a tarp, they suspended it under the roof of the downstairs lecture hall in ESS so that all the water would collect in the middle of the tarp. Then using a hose the water would drain from

the tarp, through the hose into a bucket in the corner of the room.

"We have needs that clearly go beyond the space that's available for our research," said Reeder. "Realistically we know we're not going to get a new building but we are bursting at the seams and the quality, the experience that the students have is degrading when you come into a room when it's cold outside and the heats not on for some reason."

That 2002 assessment of ESS found the steps, entrances, and exterior roof among other things to be in poor condition. Evans does admit that incidents like the one with the tarp were embarrassing, especially when there would be public events. But assigning blame for this blight isn't as obvious as one would imagine.

"If you asked me this ten years ago I probably would've been very critical of the campus administration and say, 'they don't do anything,'" said Evans. "I didn't know. Most people don't really understand that maintenance isn't locally controlled, it's just beyond the campus."

What Evans is referring to is that the school gets a certain amount of money identified out of its total available dollars to spend to use on maintenance. This amount according to Evans is just a "drop in the bucket." The truth is the campus isn't expected to be able to pay for the major renovations and so the state has to approve these projects before anything can happen.

These expensive renovations can be a hard sell to money strapped

governments especially since the economic downturn. Even getting something done through the bureaucracy of the legislature and the Governors office can take years. The result is a master list of critical projects identified across all 64 of the SUNY campuses all waiting in line for their renovations.

For instance, that 2002 Campus Capital Plan identified the heating, ventilation and air conditioning system in ESS as being in poor condition and a critical need. The new system was installed several years after the initial assessment at a cost of over \$3 million.

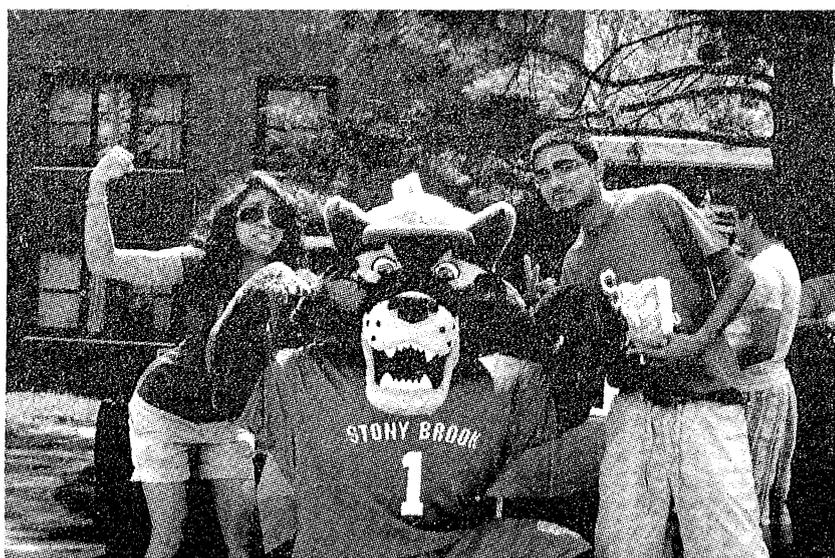
Recently the state has prepared the implementation of a

See UPKEEP on 4

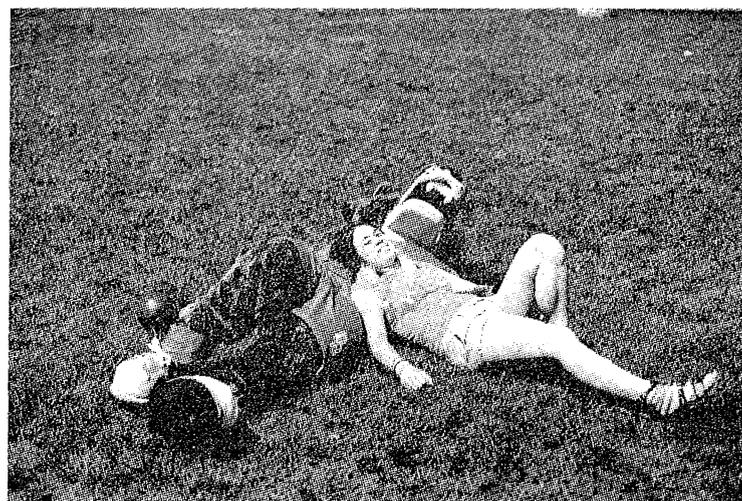
ARTS



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2010



Photos by: Shaun Uddin

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS

Building Upkeep Not Priority as Budget Cuts Loom

From UPKEEP on 3

\$6.3 billion plan for SUNY's educational facilities in hopes "to address the accumulated backlog of critical maintenance projects throughout the University system," according to the New York State division of the Budget.

"The fact that it takes so long isn't because they [Stony Brook University] don't want to do it," said Reeder. "They just don't have the money."

Out of local control, building managers have to go to the state to try and cut whatever deal they can to get these projects funded. With the budget cuts it is likely that providing the upkeep for these buildings will only become more difficult.

"The recent downturn in the economy has directly impacted our ability to maintain buildings," said Terence Harrigan, executive director of facilities and services at Stony Brook University. Harrigan's department deals with day to day building upkeep in Stony Brook's academic buildings. "Budgets are tight and are getting tighter. We anticipate some services will be impacted and dramatically curtailed in order for us to meet our budgets."

This means even buildings like the Student Activities Center or SAC, and the Student Union, which enjoy special attention because of their heavy foot traffic, may have to start doing more with less when it comes to making repairs. This is due to the fact that the

SAC has a privately contracted staff of custodial workers and is one of the buildings that serve as a focal point for the university with some railings being painted constantly over and over again just to keep the building looking in good condition, according to Howard Gunston, director of facilities operations for the SAC and the Stony Brook Union.

"People talk about how every night Disney World is painted because every day is someone's first day in Walt Disney World," said Gunston. "So how do you do that on a state budget?"

The famous amusement park may not actually be painted this often but Gunston's point is that his staff is going to have to do more with less.

The opinion remains however that with tuition hikes and

buildings going up all over campus why do buildings like ESS struggle to find the funding to make improvements. According to Reeder it's the color of the money that people don't appreciate.

Nothing about this is unique to the ESS building or to Stony Brook's campus. These same problems exist in other buildings at Stony Brook and across the SUNY system that waits patiently in line for there much needed repairs. Public university systems like the one in Pennsylvania deal with these matters differently. Pennsylvania State University handles its renovation decisions locally on campus avoiding the state legislature all together, in turn getting things done much quicker.

Things are looking up for the

ESS building however. Projects are in the works to replace the roof, seal the outside walls and to redo the grounds surrounding the building. Some remain skeptical though.

"I'm not exhaling very hard because I think the plug can get pulled out on these things any moment," said Evans.

If these projects are completed though, the hope is that a better kept building will create a more positive work environment for teachers and students.

"It is our belief that our campus is judged daily by visitors and potential students," said Harrigan. "If the campus work environment is well maintained and pleasant to be in, the campus becomes a place that people want to spend there time and talents in."

OPINION

The Statesman

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WHO WE ARE

The 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.

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Taking The Elevator: You're Lazy!

By ELIZABETH BRENNER
Contributing Writer

I was in an elevator in the Melville Library the other day when two women, or should I call them children because of their lack of civility, commented on how lazy people were that they used an elevator to go up or down one floor.

The next floor a woman got out and said she had an injury. After the doors closed the two girls had a conversation almost verbatim to the following:

Child one "Oh my God I can't believe she waited until she got off to say something. It's not like you were gonna punch her."

Child two: "I know".
Then the first girl said the most immature thing of all "When I had a broken foot I used the stairs." At this point I wanted to scream at them but I decided not to waste my energy on people who are too immature to understand why I would be upset.

The funny thing is what's the difference between one and

two or even three floors. I mean those girls entered on the first floor, they only went up a few floors. Why didn't they take the stairs?

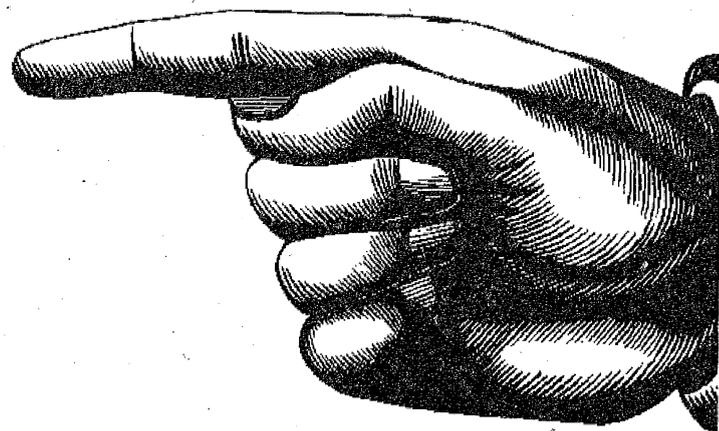
The worst thing is that this isn't the first time I've heard Stony Brook students complain and wonder why people are so "lazy" that they use the elevator instead of the stairs.

Well, I thought I'd give all those people a simple answer: It's none of your business!

It seems that many students assume that if you're not in a wheelchair you can take the stairs up a floor or down a floor or perhaps even walk five floors.

Everyone has heard the expression that looks can be deceiving, and frankly it's not anyone's business why someone chooses to use the elevator in the Melville Library or even in any Stony Brook building. Just because you think one of the over 22,000 students, faculty or community member looks healthy does not mean they are.

Some people could have a disability, a disease, an injury, an illness or another reason that prevents them from using



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the stairs. Or maybe, just maybe, they just don't want to. Furthermore just because one person uses the stairs with a broken foot doesn't mean that everyone else has to use the stairs.

Everyone's entitled to their own thoughts and comments but one is not entitled to insult someone. If you're standing next to someone and they have had breath do you say something?

What if you're standing next to some random person online and their make-up looks

clownish do you turn and tell them they look like a clown?

What if you see a person eating ice cream who in your opinion should not be eating it—do you walk up to them and tell them they're too fat and should eat a carrot?

I should hope not. So why would you call people lazy for using the elevator, especially when you're in one too.

This is one of those cases when people who have nothing useful to say should not say anything at all.

Corporate Culture Destroying Lives

By RAVNEET KAMBOJ
Opinion Editor

As oil leaks into the Gulf of Mexico, fishermen and members of the tourism industry are worried.

They should be.

Their livelihoods are on the line. As the oil edges ever-closer to the shoreline, some of it has already reached delicate environmental areas.

The economic cost of this disaster is going to reach into the billions. The environmental cost is going to be terrible as well; the gulf coast is home to delicate marshlands, fishing and oyster grounds, and a ripe tourist industry.

Currently, British Petroleum or BP, has accepted the cost of the cleanup, along with the Coast Guard. They have been burning, spreading dispersants and deploying booms to contain the oil. The question however will soon be asked. Who

is to blame? When the Deepwater Horizon exploded two weeks ago, 11 workers lost their lives, and 5,000 or more barrels of oil started flowing into the ocean from a deep underwater well 5,000 feet deep. The deep wellhead had a safety device called a blow out preventer that was supposed to close the well in case of such a disaster, it failed.

It has also been brought up that an additional safety device costing only \$500,000 could have avoided this disaster, a disaster that could soon overshadow the Exxon Valdez oil spill in 1989.

Transocean owned the rig, which was on lease to BP. BP, has now accepted all fiscal responsibility for the disaster after the US government stated that it would hold BP accountable.

The rig itself had been issued many safety violations in the past and there was no remote-controlled shut off switch, there was no backup plan if the self-automated shut off device

did not activate. This sounds like a recipe for disaster. The main question however, is why do companies feel that its bottom line is more valuable than the livelihoods of millions of people, its workers lives and the environment.

Recently, they have been constructing a metal dome to block off the well and recently started using chemical dispersants that stick to the oil. They have also been burning the surface oil, a technique that in itself is terrible for the environment.

This accident could have been avoided if the attitude towards these businesses had been different. It all starts at the smallest level.

As students we need to stop allowing large corporations to abuse their customers and abuse safety precautions to ensure a high profit margin. As students in Stony Brook we hear about and see this all the time.

Stories about cars being recalled for being unsafe and medicines

and food making people sick are common. It is common knowledge that during the Iraq and Afghanistan wars private companies abused and undercut the United States, its citizens and soldiers for billions of dollars.

Wall Street companies bought and betted on mortgages that they knew would default, sending our economy into a tailspin costing millions of ordinary people their jobs.

As students, there are things we can do, we can vote and change the opinion or apathetic attitudes of people around us. Lets all make the decision to change our attitudes to all of this abuse. We can educate ourselves about our politicians and how they allow these things to happen, vote against them and make sure that this culture of indifference that exists in corporate America and puts all of us at risk changes for good. There are millions of people on the gulf coast who now feel the results of this corporate culture.

Guidelines for Opinion Submission



Letters to the editor or op-ed contributions can be submitted by e-mail at Op-Ed@sbstatesman.org, on our online submission tool at www.sb-statesman.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.



strawberry
fest 2010



Senior Goodbyes

By BRADLEY DONALDSON
Editor in Chief

It's probably worth mentioning that I'm not leaving Stony Brook. Not yet. I am, however, studying abroad in Spain and saying goodbye to the place on campus that, as a commuter, I can truly call my second home: The Statesman.

I came here in 2007 like any other wide-eyed freshman - ready to have the "college experience." But as a commuter, I knew this experience wouldn't be the same.

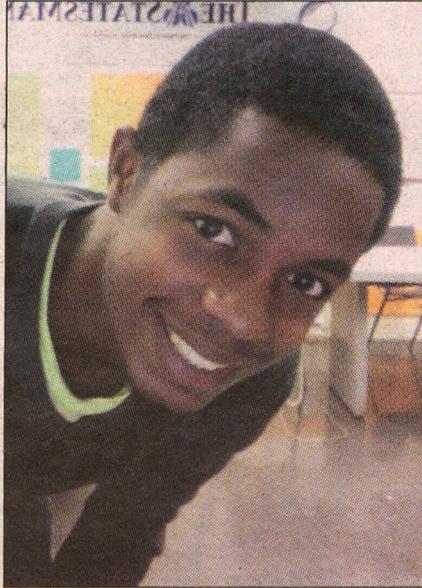
I figured I wouldn't have a permanent place to call my own (other than my house 15 minutes away.) My hangout spot would be the 24-hour commuter lounge orientation leaders spoke about, and my backpack would have everything I'd need for the day, and then some.

Three years later, I still carry my deodorant and cell phone charger in my backpack, but I know that if I ever need a quick nap, I have The Statesman office

(The couches in there are unbelievably comfy). If I need to heat up some food, I have the microwave in The Statesman office. And if I want to kick back and eat some sushi from Jasmine's while watching Family Guy, I have The Statesman office.

I've met the weirdest, most amazing people by working at The Statesman - both the people I've interviewed for stories or met at events and the people I've worked with semester after semester.

There I've made some of my closest friends... like an English major from England who talks my ear off and shares my love for everything from food to Mika - or the Ecuadorian journalist who might as well be my little sister because



we bug each other so much and don't understand the concept of personal space.

Despite the sleepless nights spent toiling away at an issue, or the countless arguments that ensued over stories, layouts - whatever - I don't regret anything. By working here, I've learned so much more about myself and other people that I can't imagine having gone here without ever setting foot in this office. It's been an unforgettable three years

when I was 17. I also find that I am reflecting a lot on the four years that I have spent here.

I started as a shy freshman interested in writing and fascinated by the arts versus science and the other "practical majors." I knew that my future did not lie within the science or math departments. Unsure where I could fit in a school of over 20,000 students, I found a home in the newly established School of Journalism that formed as a major the same year I

entered the university. I saw it as a sign.

Now four years later I can't imagine being in a different program, I found a good fit with the j-school and some unbelievable mentors. Not only was I growing as a student of the j-school but also the school was growing with me. We have both learned from the experiences we have gone through and have taken experiences to be the best we can be. It's with great sadness that I contemplate



By IVANNA AVALOS
Arts and Entertainment Editor

Four years of my life have gone by in what has felt like an instant. I remember arriving on campus thinking that I had the world ahead of me and there were endless opportunities waiting on the horizon. Now I am heading into the unknown once again, except I find that I am not as optimistic or hopeful as I was

By APRIL WARREN
Editor in Chief

When I first arrived at Stony Brook I hated it.

I hated the isolation I felt as a commuter, how the chemistry department thinks in a class of over 300 students that an average test score of 50 is acceptable because there will be a curve and I really hated paying \$10 for a chicken nugget.

After three semesters of being miserable and a few less-than-stellar grades in chemistry, I realized it was up to me to change things.

So I switched majors from marine science to journalism and never looked back.

The School of Journalism is the only thing that kept me from not transferring. I found a mentor for the rest of my professional life in Professor Charles Haddad, friends I can't imagine not receiving 10 texts and eight phone calls from a day, and a family away from home. It's a bit like Cheers - everybody really does know your name.

I also found something else at Stony Brook. The love of my life for the last three years - The Statesman. Anyone who has had a conversation with me for longer than five minutes knows this isn't just a cliché - it's the truth. I can't even go longer than five minutes without saying the word.

I still remember the first night I walked into The Statesman office after a nudge from a professor hoping I'd be lucky enough even to get

just one article published.

Any journalism career I'm lucky to have after graduation I owe to this paper. It taught me diligence, patience, when to be aggressive and how to work under extreme pressure. And the writers and editors I have met along the way have helped shaped me as a person.

The mantra from Tuesday's senior project class was "it's all about the reporting." Well, if that's the case, it's been one sweet ride. Over the last few years I have staked out houses, broke new ground on the latest developments concerning the toxic waste emanating from a Superfund site in Port Jefferson and spent eight hours straight trailing a slightly uncomfortable President Stanley during inauguration week.

It's been one crazy ride and as I sit here the night before my last production night ever, I wish that I could slow down time.

It's a bit scary to think that my life will no longer be intertwined with Statesman's. But the paper could not be in more capable hands for next year. Frank, I have complete confidence you are the right person to take over at the helm. You are dedicated, passionate and a strong leader and I know



you have the best interest of the campus at heart. To the incoming staff, don't limit yourselves; anything you can dream up is possible - as long as it can fit in the layout.

Finally, to Stony Brook University: we didn't get along at first, but I think it worked out pretty good in the end. Thank you.

That was supposed to be the end, but news is unpredictable. As deadline loomed, there was breaking news. As I stood in The Statesman office during the production of this last issue, I received word that I was just accepted into Columbia University's graduate school of journalism. I can't think of a better spot I should have been standing because without this newsroom, none of it would have been possible.

By SARAH KAZADI
Sports Editor

Believe it or not, we've reached the end of this winding road. Goodbye Stony Brook. I'll miss you and all you've taught me, but I have to move on now. You've strengthened my wings, now let me fly.

There's a long list of people I have to thank for making my college experience more than memorable. But, I don't want to leave anybody out so I won't drop names. Just know that I am very grateful for all of you who cared enough to pay me attention, helped mold me as a person and kept a smile on my face.

As a freshman I came here with nothing but a basketball and a dream. I was going to this school strictly to play basketball and make my

parents proud. As a soon-to-be college graduate, I leave here with relationships that will last a lifetime, a love for journalism and even bigger dreams. I've made my parents proud. I've grown as a person. I've done things I never thought I would. I fell in love with SONY cameras. All just glimpses of the way Stony Brook has influenced me.

I'll miss this place terribly. Not only will I be graduating, but I will be leaving my year-long post as Statesman Sports Editor. But do not worry, the section is in the very capable hands of Sam Kilb, and next



year will be even better than this one.

It's almost impossible to mush together the last four years in a concise manner. I'm going to write a book about my life at some point. The chapters on Stony Brook will probably be some of the most entertaining. Make sure you pick it up.

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A Voyage for a Family...

By CAITLIN FERRELL
Staff Writer

Anna Thomas dislikes a lot of things. She hates being asked about her "fertility issues." She dislikes being compared to Angelina Jolie. She doesn't like pushy people on the subway or ironing. She hates dating. She doesn't like being questioned about finances. "I think the next person who asks me how much it costs, I'm going to ask them the last time they had an orgasm," Anna says, a smile twisting at the corner of her lips. "No, I can't do that."

"It" would be adoption, the method Anna and Ben Thomas chose to start their family. The two-year process was soul- and wallet-draining, nearly wringing them of all sanity and grace, in the end gifting them with two swaddled babies, eager to give smiles and just as happy to receive them.

Dear Board of Toukoul,

It is with great joy and humbleness that I begin this letter, for how often do you find yourself writing perfect strangers who will change your life forever?

How, indeed. They had the idea a year earlier, and were wrestling with how to write such a weighted letter.

...our motivation to adopt came almost a year ago to the day and is hardly explainable.

It fell into Anna's head clearly formed one day as she was riding the subway to work. I want to adopt from Ethiopia. She pondered over it as the train screeched along. She and Ben had moved to New York almost two years ago. They'd talked about adoption only in passing, but Anna, an army brat, had lived a hundred different places — 11 schools in 12 years — and Ben's mother had adopted his three sisters from China. As a couple, they knew the colors of the world well. Yes, Anna knew, Ethiopia was where her children were. She got off the train and had a voicemail from Ben. "I want to adopt from Ethiopia," he said.

This was not something we had talked about more than in passing, and took this revelation we both had, collectively and individually, as an absolute affirmation of our future...

And they were off. They started the research. They filled out paperwork. They set up phone interviews. They chose an agency. They filled out more paperwork. There were a lot of hang-ups, and Anna had knee surgery, effectively rendering her incapacitated. They finally finished and sent their letters in March 2007.

I have only felt that sense of resolution and certainty on one other occasion — the day Ben and I met and knew we would spend the rest of our lives together... "If ever two were one, then surely we..."

Anna and Ben had met before, but it was at a friend's wedding in Virginia where they first got to

talking. They chatted at the rehearsal dinner. A mutual attraction set in. At the ceremony, as Anna was descending the staircase, Ben nudged his best friend and said, "I'm going to marry that girl." Eleven months later, he did.

Their first date was a few weeks later. Ben took the train to Richmond and they went to his dad's house for dinner. He asked what she wanted to do after. She wanted to see her father's grave at Arlington. She hadn't been in awhile. A snack at Waffle House, and then they watched the sky. It was a lunar eclipse that night. When she drove him back to the train station, they sat in her darkened car.

"Ask me a question," Ben offered.

"OK," Anna thought. "What do you think about dating?"

"I don't know. I've never really dated anybody before." Pause. "What do you think about dating?"

"I think dating's stupid. And I don't want to date you."

"Well, do you want to marry me?"

"Yes." Anna didn't even have to think about it.

Perfect. With the proposal aside, the couple could skip the pleasantries and awkward first impressions. Now they could really be themselves. Together.

Of course, they couldn't get engaged on the first date. What would their families say? So they waited until March to tell them. They were married in September exactly eleven months after the couple had met at another wedding. 100 guests gathered to watch the brown-eyed beauty and blue-eyed gentleman exchange their vows. Anna wore a strapless gown, her dark brown hair tied up. Ben wore a suit. They invited everyone they loved, but had to leave meat off the menu to make the budget. Anna did the flowers, Ben did the cooking. Every guest had a job. Their pastor got Crohn's disease, and so a friend's father married them.

First and foremost, we want to adopt because we want to have a family — a family that laughs, cries, prays and plays together.

The groom was so nervous, he stumbled in his vows. "I, Anna, take you, Ben, to be my lawfully wedded wife." Anna realized what he'd said and burst out laughing. The moment is framed and displayed in their family room, her face forever captured in laughter.

They honeymooned in Elk Island for a week, in a house Ben's sister had rented for them. It rained. They walked on the beach, played gin rummy, and drank Schlitz. It was a recovery period from the stress of the wedding. When they returned from their leisurely vacation, their new apartment was covered in mold. Everything. Covered.

They couldn't find a new apartment. They wanted a fresh start. On the last Thursday of October 2004, they decided to move to New York. They moved four days

later, to an apartment in Brooklyn, the day Bush was re-elected. It was nice to be in a blue state when that happened.

As cold water to a weary soul, so is good news from a far country.

-- Proverbs 26:25.

It's Anna's signature. She signs it to every e-mail, every outgoing message. She's lived in Hawaii, Central America, Colorado, and on. After college, she had 56 roommates in 7 years — all of whom she is still on good terms with. One early day in October 2007, as the leaves were beginning to turn, the news came — Anna and Ben found out that their lives and family would forever change.

Life changes quick. Life changes in an instant.

"well, i must say that we are the parents of two little pancakes!" Anna wrote in her blog. She started the blog to keep her family updated. Now, they get upset when she doesn't update often enough. She named it, 'you better make it a double.' No, she does not have time for capital letters.

They found out who their daughters were on the same date they had met at a wedding three years prior. Saida (pronounced SAY-

dah) Esme and Hilina Francis. Not sisters, not twins, but three weeks apart in age. The two babies smiled up at their parents, across the world.

We are anxiously awaiting the time when we will meet in person, when you place our daughters in our outstretched arms.

Anna and Ben started making plans. They could fly to Ethiopia and get their girls before Christmas! Imagine, a New York Christmas with the shining new babes... They decorated the nursery. They bought toys. But the court date was pushed back. Plans for a New York Christmas were smudged. It would be a little while longer — lots of parents wanted to get there before the holidays. They celebrated Thanksgiving. They celebrated a friend's new baby.

On November 26, they found out the girls were officially theirs. Anna posted pictures of Saida and Hilina on the blog. The next day, she confirmed the airplane tickets and travel plans.

Life changes fast.

On November 28, three tests confirmed that she was pregnant.

Life changes in an instant.

They hadn't planned on it — "We're not that crazy." Anna was shocked. She cried, laughed, then called Ben at work. Instinctively, they knew it was a boy. They were

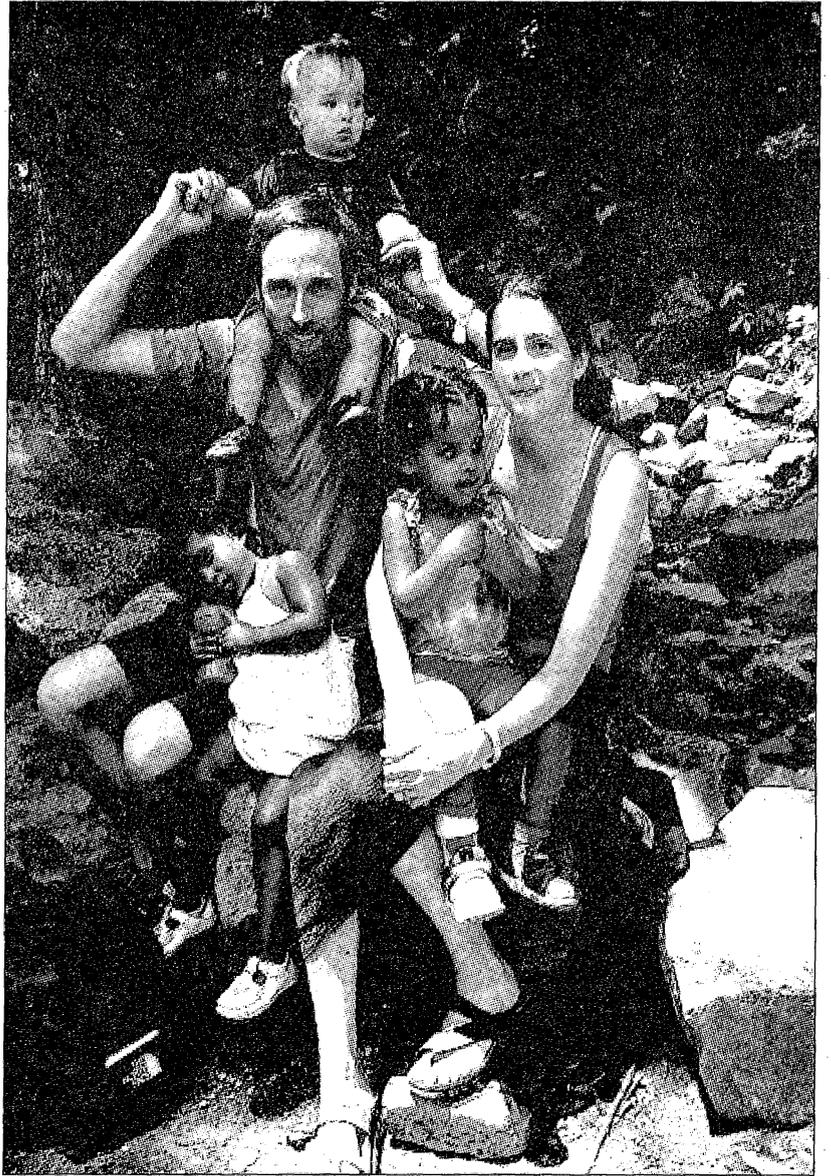


PHOTO CREDIT: ANNA THOMAS

The five members of the Thomas family.

thrilled, but she was irritated by the "consolers" who had kept telling her she would get pregnant when she told them about the adoption. That wasn't their goal. Adoption wasn't a plan B. And Anna and Ben see no difference in their love for their daughters than from their son. Adoption builds a family, just as giving birth does. "Simply put," Anna said, "if you placed Saida and Hilina in my womb we could not love them more."

Seven-and-a-half weeks into pregnancy, feeling the throes of morning sickness, Anna and Ben boarded a plane at John F. Kennedy airport and flew to Frankfurt. From there, they flew to Dubai, and spent Christmas Eve sleeping on airport benches. The combination of excitement and physical discomfort left both parents shaky with nerves. The next day they flew to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia's capital. They dropped their bags at their bed-and-breakfast, and went straight to the orphanage in Toukoul. Everything for the last two years had been leading to this.

It was Christmas Day when they met their daughters for the first time. 75 degrees and sunny. Tired and weak from the previous night, their nerves a bundled fray, Anna and Ben started crying as soon as the nannies brought in Hilina. She wore

a frilly dress and looked up at her new parents — strangers, now — and smiled. In a dusty room in Toukoul, a family was being made. *Life changes in an instant.*

Around the corner, a nanny came carrying Saida, dressed in a green-blue romper and radiating with pizzazz, the personality Anna and Ben would come to cherish. "The selfish part of you wants to take them right away," Anna says, looking back. The mama bear inside her was starting to roar. Though the girls had been well-taken care of, the water in their bottles was dirty. The room was hot — they opened the doors for air. They sat for hours, staring at their babies, memorizing their faces. They tickled them to make them giggle. They inhaled their scent to remember their smell. Their daughters were finally in their arms.

They stayed in Ethiopia about a month. They went to the orphanage every day, spending hours with their new babies. They didn't want to push it, didn't want to change their environment too quickly, "rescue" them from their home and take them somewhere new. Ben and Anna both caught respiratory infections, they think from Saida. Already whistle-thin, Anna lost 12 pounds in Ethiopia.

"When we left the orphanage, they knew who we were," Anna said.

FEATURES FEATURES FEATURES FEATURES FEATURES FEATURES FEATUR

They returned home, plus two, in mid-January. They had worried over how the girls would handle the long flight home. Their worry was for naught – they didn't make a peep.

After they returned, the post-adoption calm they'd been expecting didn't come. Along with two new girls, Anna was entering her second trimester. She was learning to be a mom at the same time her body was learning to be pregnant. She changed the blog name to 'you better make it a triple.' They settled into the house. Anna had quit her job at a non-profit before they left for Ethiopia, and now she cared for the "pancakes" all day while Ben was working at a hedge fund. She introduced the girls around the neighborhood. Anna liked to tell strangers that the girls were three weeks apart, and then pause. If pressed, she would say they were sisters through adoption. She hated when people filled the silence with, "So, they're not sisters...?" Yes. They are. Saida and Hilina knew mommy was growing a new baby in her tummy, and gave the baby constant kisses, until her stomach was covered in saliva.

Then, a crushing blow. Anna's mother, who worked in early childhood development, could tell: "Something's wrong with Hilina," she told Anna.

Anna wrote in her blog: *when you have a child you spend hours daydreaming about them, about what their future might look like, what they might want to do, if they'll marry, if they'll be as horrible a teenager as i was...*

Hilina was the happy baby, always smiling – but she tilted her head to the right, and her right hand was always clenched. She began having ticks and twitches, hundreds of them a day. The doctors at the orphanage had told Anna and Ben it may be Erb's palsy, a paralysis of the arm due to damaged nerves, but Anna's mother feared something worse.

and i think very naturally i always pictured saida and hilina together, running on the beach chasing each other, covered in sand, sitting at the kitchen table doing their homework (in my head i always have a kitchen big enough to have a table to eat at!).

At 11 months old, in May 2008, Hilina suffered her first and only tonic clonic seizure. In the hospital, doctors deduced that she had had a stroke in infancy. Doctors were shocked by the size of it – she was surprisingly normal for so much damage to have occurred. They diagnosed her with epilepsy and cerebral palsy. Now, the pieces made sense.

i never once thought about how it will affect saida if she always feels like she has to protect hilina, because i never pictured hilina growing up differently...

They went on. Organized appointments. Met with occupational and physical therapists who would become family. They would kick the cerebral palsy; kids outgrow it all the time. The epilepsy, well, that was something they would learn to handle.

it's like my life has gone a little out of focus this week and i just need to re-imagine it but i can't because we just

don't know, maybe i just need to learn how to let tomorrow worry about itself.

August 8, their son was born. They had wanted a natural childbirth, but complications necessitated a Caesarean section. After their third baby entered the world, Ben asked Anna what the nurse should write on the birth certificate, her body still shaking from the shock of surgery.

"Judah Balthazar? Judah Balthazar?" he asked.

"OK!"

She wasn't convinced on Balthazar; he wasn't sold on Judah. It seemed a fair trade. They named him Judah to tie him to his sisters. The name Balthazar came from a Wise Man who followed the stars to baby Jesus. Some historians believe Balthazar was Ethiopian. When Judah was born, he had a five-point star on the folds of his foot.

And finally, some calm.

Saida had taken her first steps while Anna was in the hospital. When she came home, plus baby, the girls loved him immediately. Just as they'd loved him in the womb. Because there had always been two of them, there was no sibling rivalry, no tantrum-throwing for mama's attention. Judah slept through the night his first night home from the hospital. Anna recalled, "It was like God was looking down on us, on our family and said, 'They need a break.'"

Finally – this was it. Their family. Anna calls Saida, who bubbles and sparkles, the spirit of the family. Hilina, with her struggles and resilient smiles, is the heart. And Judah? Well, Judah is the joy.

When Hilina's therapists come to coach her how to walk and talk, Judah is the attentive student. "He's like the little sponge, absorbing everything they say." Hilina has 12 therapy appointments a week, six hours total. The therapists have become part of the family. They sit and talk after the hard work is done. Hilina is making strides.

A therapist told Anna that when Saida crawled out of the room, she should follow her, leaving Hilina behind. It would teach her to follow. It broke Anna's heart, but she did it. And now Hilina walks.

On her blog, she posted a video and wrote, *the first steps she took were beautiful...and i cried like a little baby i was so happy.* Her blog reminds her of the things she would otherwise

forget. The photos, the videos, and her own words create a vacuum that her babies can stay in; protecting them in amber against the cruel passage of time.

It's the day after Halloween, and the house is quiet. Ben is at church. He and Anna trade off church services; it's too much to haul the three wee ones there. Right now, the babes are napping. They went trick-or-treating last night. Judah was a lion, Saida was Oswald the octopus, Hilina was a ballerina. She refused to be her mother's idea of perfection, Little Red Riding Hood, oh yes, she did. When Anna asked her what she wanted to be, then, the delicate beauty raised both arms above her head in the quintessential ballerina pose. That was settled.

Ben calls, asking something about the hard drive Anna asked him to buy. "I don't know," she says, and listens. They need a new hard drive – their computer is turtle-slow, filled to the brim with photos and videos she takes of the children.

"I don't know," she repeats. "OK, bye," she clicks the call to end. "I am so technologically challenged," she says and the iPhone slips out of her hand, landing a few feet below on the hardwood floor. She pauses before reaching down to retrieve it. "That's my third iPhone in a year."

A few minutes go by, and Ben comes back, hard drive in hand. "I brought you a Coke," he holds it out to her.

"Oh, I already have one!" He goes into the next room to deal with the computer.

"Ben may be gone 10 hours a day at his 'job,'" she punctuates with air quotes. Ben laughs from the next room. "But when he's here he does a lot." Anna hates to cook, so he takes that duty. She's technologically challenged, so he transfers files and pictures.

It's 3:15, and they have a birthday party to go to; a family friend's daughter is turning one. The party started at 3, but Anna knew they'd be late. The mother of three is in no rush to wake the sleeping tigers. She'll give them 20 more minutes. Fifteen pass, and then a wakening child's cry filters into the room.

Soon, all three babes are up,

though Judah is only half-awake. Ben sits on the bed, bouncing his son in his lap. Saida and Hilina stare up at their mama. Saida is in a funny mood.

"Fffffff-ffffff!" she hisses.

"Wh-at?" Anna tilts her head, a smile on her face.

"Fffffff-ffffff!" Anna and Ben laugh.

"Do you want to put on your shoes?" Anna asks.

"No!"

"Do you want to put on your jacket?"

"No!"

"Do you want to get on the bed?"

"No!" Anna and Ben exchange a look.

"Do you want to watch TV?"

"No!"

"Do you want to have some candy?"

"NO!"

Another look.

"Oh. OK, then," Anna laughs.

"Do you want to watch Oswald?"

Ben asks.

"YEAH!" she squeals, and runs into the living room.

"Well – I don't know if it's on..." Anna flips the TV. No Oswald, but another cartoon. Saida and Hilina sit happily at their red kid's table. Anna pours some Goldfish across the top, and goes to sit on the couch with Judah. He's still sleepy. He falls forward onto his mama's chest. Ben goes to finish work on the computer.

And so they sit. Peaceful. Anna bounces her son a little bit, rubbing his back. Out of the corner of her eye, she sees a movement, and then Hilina is on the floor, Saida standing over her.

"What just happened?!" she calls, already knowing. Saida looks up at her mama, eyes wide. "Time-out! Two minutes!" Saida bursts into tears and runs to her room, exploding in a triplicate of screams only a two-year-old can muster.

"What happened?" Ben asks, and charges from the next room. He crosses the room in only a few steps, looks into the kids' room.

"Hilina was trying to stand up, and Saida pushed her!" They leave her be.

Judah, still heavy with sleep, thunders across the floor to his da-da. In one swift move, Ben lifts Judah by the arm, then flips him

upside down, lifting him up and down and up again, like a bicep curl. Judah giggles. Father and son go to the couch by the window and look outside, watching whatever the 14-month-old sees. After two minutes, Anna calls that Saida can come out now. She does, still gasping with tears. She comes to her mom and sister, tears running down her face. "Can you give your sister a hug?" Anna asks, and gently pushes her to Hilina. But Saida doesn't raise her arms, just looks up to her mama and sobs.

"Do you need to go back to time-out?" Saida turns and flies back to her room.

"OK, then..."

A few minutes go by. Judah and Ben point at things through the window. Anna asks if it's the landlady and his wife. It is. "Don't look at them, they'll think we're spying."

Ben looks over. "Sis is back," he says to Anna. "On all fours." A lilt in his voice hints at a hidden laugh.

"Don't look at her." The little girl army-crawls into the family room, looking for a pair of eyes to meet.

"Look, it's Saida the puppy!" Anna squeals. Saida hugs Hilina, this time meaning it.

"Is Daddy hiding?!" the girls look at the couch, where Ben has hidden his face behind a pillow, the rest of his 6'3" frame in plain sight. Saida squeals and runs to her dada. The room explodes with giggles.

They have to get ready now. Anna puts Hilina in a high chair to do her hair. Hilina knows what's coming and immediately starts crying. She gets so worked up when Anna tries to do her hair, they sometimes have to sedate her so she won't start seizing. They don't know why she gets so upset about it, but Anna insists. She knows how their hair is different, she knows the cultural connotations. When she lets it go wild, her white friends compliment it. When she braids it or ties it up, her black friends compliment it. Anna doesn't want to seem ignorant.

She takes out the jackets and shoes, sets out to dress the kids. Ben's not coming; he's volunteering at a food op tonight, and covering Anna's shift. He hasn't volunteered there in months.

Another day. Another adventure. Another celebration. And off the family goes.

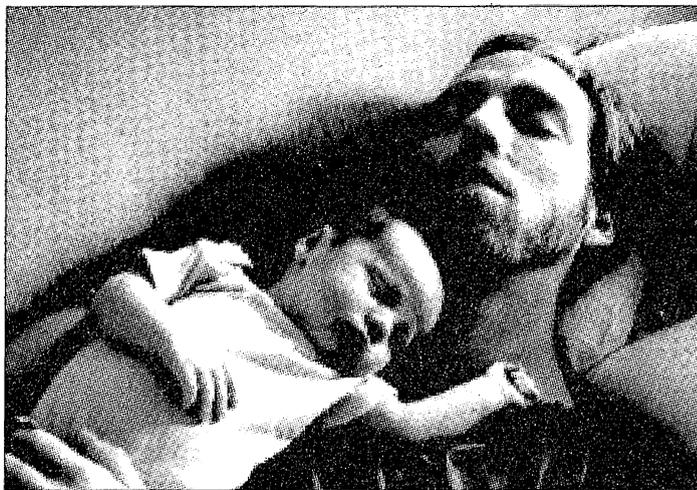


PHOTO CREDIT: ANNA THOMAS

(Left) Ben and his son Judah take a short nap. (Right) Anna's "girls" play and although not related by blood, they are still sisters.

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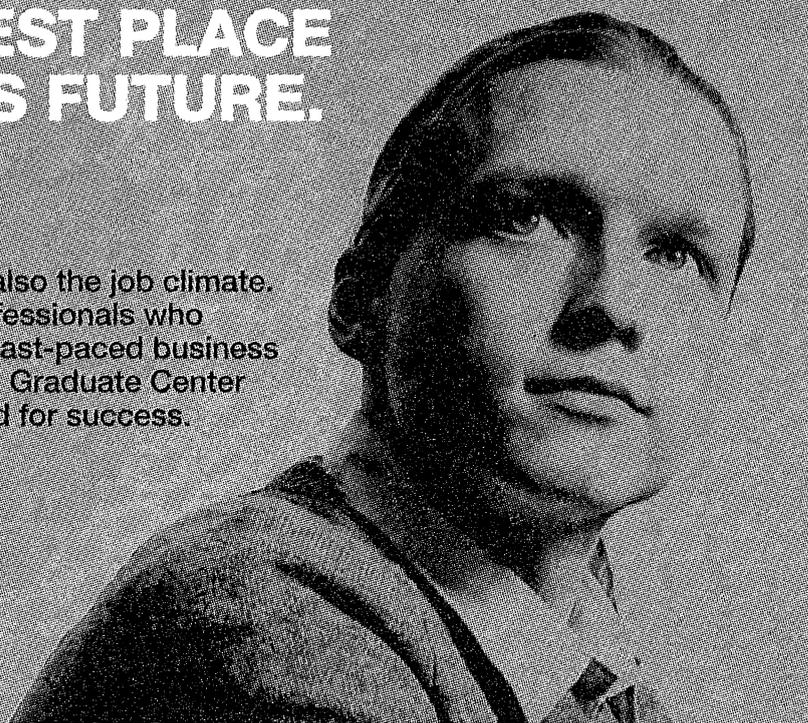
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Seawolves Trump Catamounts, Head To AEC Finals

From FINALS on 12

quarter. A minute and a half later Campbell assisted sophomore Kyle Belton to give Stony Brook a 7-1 advantage.

America East Rookie of the Year Drew Philie pulled one back for Vermont, but Campbell scored twice more and Crowley added his 43rd of the season to push Stony Brook's lead to 10-2.

Vermont's efforts at a late comeback were futile, and the Catamount's four straight goals were for pride only as the Seawolves held on for their seventh straight victory to advance to the America East Championship finals on Saturday at 1 p.m.

The final will be played at LaValle Stadium against the winner of Albany and UMBC on Wednesday night.

NHL Playoffs Keep Rolling

From NHL on 12

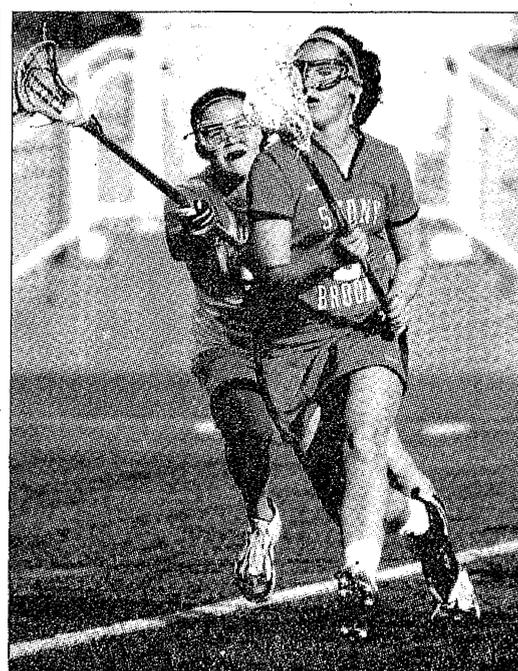
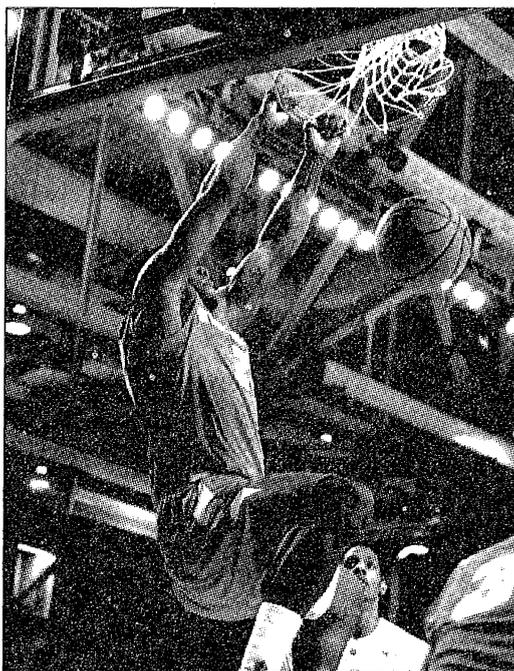
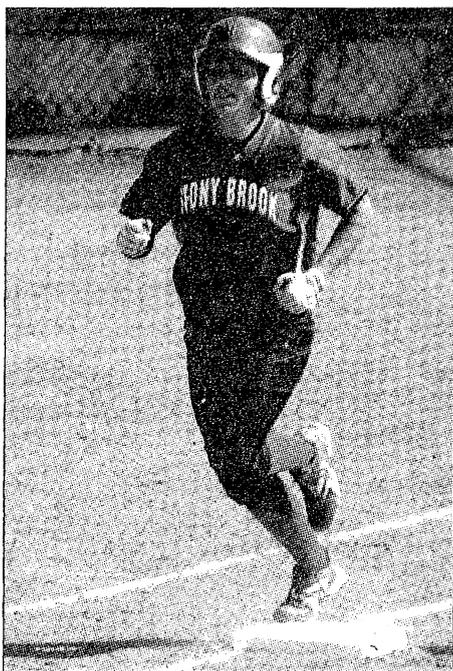
Finals for the third straight year. The Sharks have never been to the Finals.

San Jose was the one seed last year as well, but they fell in the first round to the Anaheim Ducks. They hope to avoid a similar fate this year.

The other western series is tied one game apiece. The Chicago Blackhawks lost the opening game on home ice to the Vancouver Canucks. Now the series goes to Vancouver, where the Canucks won two of the three games played on their ice in the first round.

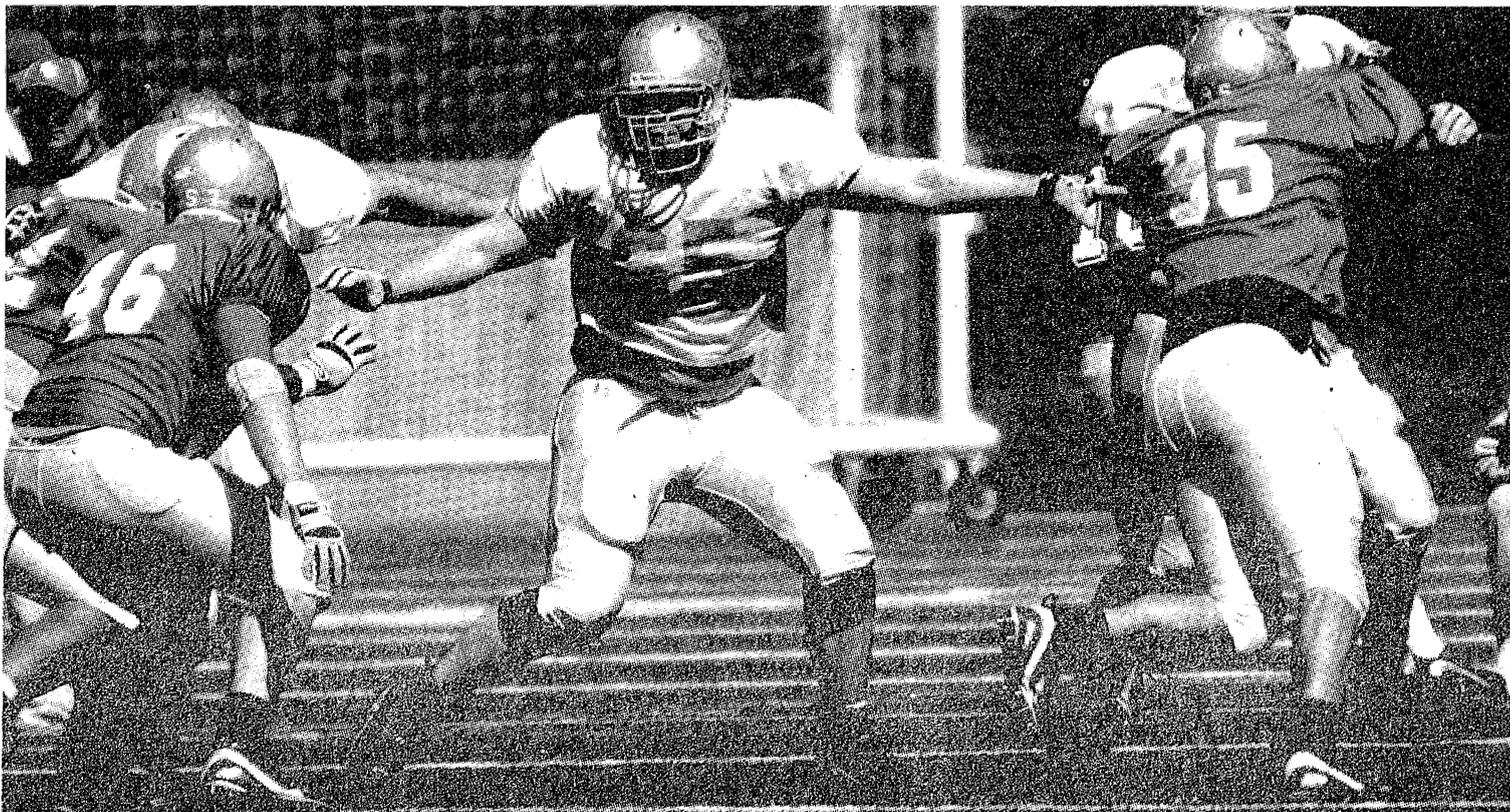
From potential upsets to repeat championships to Canadian pride to the title of Hockeytown, U.S.A., the NHL playoffs are alive and rich with excitement even without those Washington Capitals.

Student Athletes Juggle Duties, Both On And Off The Field



Photos By KENNETH HO / THE STATESMAN

Seawolves athletes must master the art of excelling on the court or field and in the classroom simultaneously.



From DUTIES on 12

There are higher expectations from coaches, professors, family and peers to succeed. The level of success in which Division 1 teams are measured by, forces students to continuously perform at a certain standard.

"You're pressured to play at least at the level you were recruited for," Carlson said.

Sanfelippo explained how student athletes are held to different standards than the average college student. They aren't looked at as just ordinary college students because they have a title behind their names, women's lacrosse goalie or men's basketball center etc.

"When they come to college they have to redefine themselves as an athlete," she said.

Playing sports at the college level has its perks. Student athletes get the chance to travel more often than they may have if they weren't on a team, they receive scholarships, play the sport they love in front of hundreds sometimes thousands of people and become part of an elite group in their schools. But for every advantage there's a disadvantage.

The average college student goes home for summer, winter and spring breaks. It's their time to relax away from classes, unwind with friends and enjoy the holidays with family. For college athletes, while other students are going home, they're at school playing catch up on work missed during the course of the semester and practicing for upcoming games or the future season.

"The stress level for me is my family," said Dallis Joyner, Center for Stony Brook Men's Basketball team, "I'm the man of the house and I'm not there."

Becoming athletes even on the college level means sacrificing a normal college life to play your sport. Students go for long periods of time without being able to visit home or family because their schedules won't allow it.

"Last year my mom was diagnosed with breast cancer and that stresses me because I can't be there more," said Joyner.

Developing a social life and interacting with peers outside of sports also becomes a challenge. Teammates bond together and hang out almost exclusively with each other because those are the people they spend the most time

with. Stress, depression and pressures aren't limited to outside factors in college athletics. Passion and determination to do well both academically and athletically causes students to become their own biggest critics in many cases. For Joyner, each time he plays whether it's a winning or losing game he finds areas he should have done better.

"I think about practice, games all the time," Joyner said. "Even if we win I think about what I could have done better to make us have a bigger victory or if I lost I blame myself."

The self inflicted pressure on these students is deeper in those who aspire to play professionally after college.

According to National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) website, "About one in

75, or approximately 1.2 percent of NCAA male senior basketball players will get drafted by a National Basketball Association (NBA) team.

Approximately 0.9 percent of NCAA female senior basketball players will get drafted by a Women's National Basketball Association (WNBA) team. Approximately one in 50, or 1.7 percent of NCAA senior football players will get drafted by a National Football League (NFL) team."

Even with the slim chances there are students who strive to go pro. One of the frequent fears among student athletes that could potentially divert that dream is injury.

"It's not so much of the injury, but the fear of re-injury that's common," Sanfelippo said.

SPORTS

Seawolves Trump Catamounts, Head To AEC Finals

By SAM KILB
Assistant Sports Editor

Behind some brilliant saves from senior goalkeeper Charlie Paar, the top-seed #7/6 Stony Brook Seawolves eliminated the Vermont Catamounts, 10-6, at LaValle Stadium in the semifinals of the America East Championship tournament.

"Charlie was great and made some incredible saves," Seawolves head coach Rick Sowell, who was named the America East Coach of the Year, said of Paar. Paar made 16 saves in the game.

Junior Kevin Crowley, the 2010 America East Player of the Year by a unanimous vote, had three goals for the Seawolves (11-3). Sophomore Robbie Campbell added three of his own and tallied an assist.

The game began much differently from Stony Brook's 16-10 thrashing of Vermont on Saturday. The Catamounts had reconsidered their defensive strategy, or perhaps decided to actually implement it. Either way, they kept Stony Brook's high-powered offense off the board for 6:45 until Crowley scored the opening goal for the Seawolves.

Crowley scored again with 1:27 to go in the quarter and senior Tom Compitello scored with :15 left to give Stony Brook a 3-0 lead at the end of the first quarter.

Compitello added another just over three minutes later, but the Catamounts would get a goal back six minutes later.

With just under five minutes to go in the first half, senior defender Michael Sopko got a pass in transition and ran the length of the field to score his first collegiate goal.

The Seawolves led 5-1 heading into halftime.

Out of the break, the Catamounts were patient on offense—careful to not give the Seawolves' offense, which includes three first-team all-America East selections, any free chances—still had a lockdown in their defensive zone.

But there is no bolt strong enough to keep the Seawolves away from goal, and Campbell found the goal at the 9:24 of the third



KENNETH HO / THE STATESMAN

Junior midfielder Timmy Trenkel (above) assisted one of Kevin Crowley's three goals, helping the Seawolves eliminate the Catamounts and advance to the conference final.

Student Athletes Juggle Duties, Both On And Off The Field

By DOMINIQUE BATISTE
Contributing Writer

The college transition is typically described as one of adjustment and emotional turmoil. Students leave the comforts of their homes and high schools to step up into a new world. Making new friends, sleeping in new rooms, managing time without mom and dad's help and adjusting to a heavier academic load are just a few changes they have to adapt to. Along with that, for college athletes, they have to factor in their sport. The burden of it all can potentially cause stress, depression and over exhaustion.

Jamie Carlson is a double major in sociology and health science. She takes six classes each semester while

maintaining a 3.2 GPA. At Stony Brook, she actively participates in two campus organizations, Global Medical Brigades and Choices Grants for Athletes. In addition, Carlson is the Goalie for the Stony Brook women's lacrosse team.

"I bounce around so much...I know I have to have enough time to practice and do school work," she said.

When students sign up for a team, they make a commitment to attend practices, games and prioritizing their team obligations above most other activities, excluding schoolwork. According to Courtney Sanfelippo, Stony Brook's Assistant Athletic Director, one of the most challenging things for student athletes is time management skills. "They have so many more demands

as a college student that they have to make time for, without having parents to rely on to manage their time."

To help the transition process, Stony Brook Athletics has a mandatory Champ Lifestyle program for all incoming freshmen.

The program teaches students anything from time management to good eating habits, very similar to the freshmen experience introduction courses most schools offer.

College sports require a lot of dedication and commitment. In Division I schools such as Stony Brook, the pressure for students to achieve is even more enhanced than other divisions.

See DUTIES on 11

With Eight Teams Left, NHL Playoffs Keep Rolling

By DAVID O'CONNOR
Staff Writer

There is one question circling around the packs of hockey fans watching the second round of the NHL playoffs: Where are the Washington Capitals? But, despite the Caps' first round exit, playoff hockey is as intense as ever.

The Montreal Canadiens, winner of 24 Stanley Cup championships, defeated the Capitals and now face "Sid the Kid" Crosby and the Pittsburgh Penguins. Montreal, who entered the playoffs as the eighth seed, split the first two games with Pittsburgh and will now return to home ice for the next two games.

Pittsburgh has been here before, however. The Penguins split the first two games of their opening round series against the Ottawa Senators. They eventually won the series in six games.

Montreal's rivals, the Boston Bruins, are facing the Philadelphia Flyers. Boston has taken the first two games at home and hopes to keep its momentum as the team plays the next two games in Philadelphia. If both Pittsburgh and Philadelphia advance, it would be the second time in three years that the Eastern Conference Finals would be a Pennsylvania civil war.

Out west, the first seeded San Jose Sharks slugged out two victories on home ice against the Detroit Red Wings, who are looking to return to the Stanley Cup

See NHL on 11



KENNETH HO / THE STATESMAN

When not grabbing rebounds, Dallis Joyner (above) is busy hitting the books.

Statesman Wins Award

The Statesman received an award for sports writing in the Newsday School Journalism Awards Contest. The article, "For Crew, Early Mornings and Low Funds Do Not Negate Passion," was written by Assistant Sports Editor Sam Kilb and took second place in this year's contest.

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