



Statesman Loses All Funding Forever

Paper realizes it is useless and boring

BY HOWIE NEWSBERKMAN
Contributing Writer

As the editorial board of *The Statesman* sat down at their respective desks to read the latest news, that the USG had decided not to give them nearly as much money as they so richly deserve, they took a deep breath and sighed.

Well, that's all for us. Budget slashed. We're doomed. We'd like to thank the editors of *The Stony Brook Press* for graciously granting us room on their back page for our final issue ever. You know, since we don't have any money left. To the one of you that still reads *The Statesman* (hi Mom), we'd like to thank you for sticking with us, through the best of times—like pre-1977—and the worst of times—like all the years afterwards.

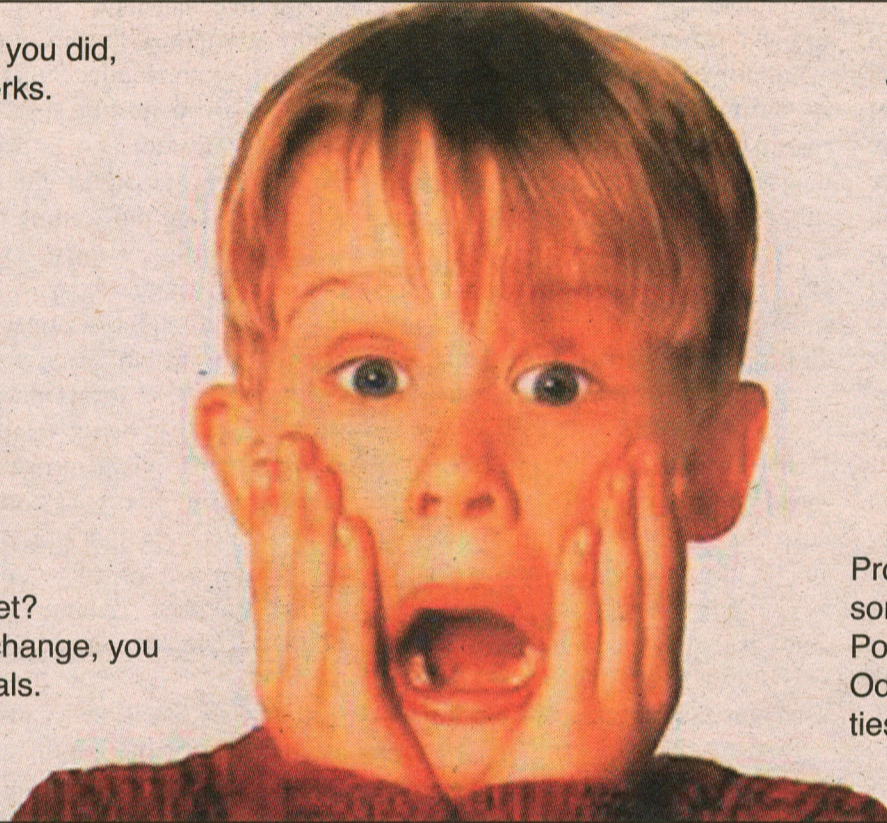
The Statesman has served in incredibly important purpose on this campus for the past 50+ years: namely, to act as an incubator for much better publications than us. *The Press*, *The Independent*, and *Think Magazine* have all been

Look what you did, you little jerks.

Your budget? Keep the change, you filthy animals.

The Statesman is what the French call *les incompetents*

Probably looking at some very fine jewelry. Possible cash hoarde. Odd marketable securities... Who knows?



Statesman, you are such a disease.

started by disgruntled *Statesman* writers. Where are future publications going to come from in the future? What other publication is going to disillusion writers and editors with its mediocrity and/or mismanagement? Without us, the campus may see an unprecedented return of meaningful and entertaining journalism.

And without us, who

else is going to act as the administration's mouthpiece, parroting everything they want students to believe?

And also, who's going to report all the breaking news of students returning from summer break, the advent and exodus of Black History Month, and all of the other breaking news stories that make this

See **INANITY** on 3

Press Release: Study Finds Late, Especially Mean April Fools Jokes Not So Funny

You're a bitter asshole. Writing trash about people you don't even know. No wonder you went there ALONE. I bet you don't

even play an instrument. Judgemental fuck. Fuck you.

See **YIKES** on 4

IN THIS ISSUE

A man like Alf Romeo

It's a pillow, it's a pet. It's a pillow pet! Pillow pet! What is a pillow pet, you ask? We consulted a team

of scientists, and they conclude that a pillow pet is a pillow, and a pet, a pillow pet.

See **BEEANS** on 6

Candel Light Vigial Heald For Recent Mexicali Eartquake

The wax was slowly traveling down the shaft of the four candles that stood center stage, in honor

of the four people who died in the Mexicali earthquake. And suddenly, a sigh...

See **TAINT** on 7

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RIP The Heartbreak Kid, Shawn Michaels

By Nick Matthews

Last Sunday, March 28, 2010, the 25-year professional wrestling career of the Heartbreak Kid (HBK), Shawn Michaels came to an end.

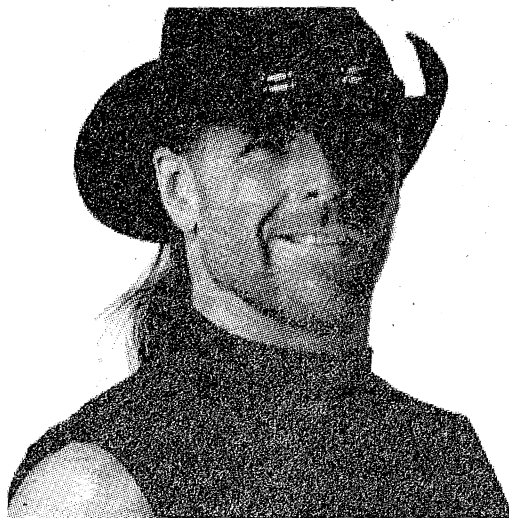
Since his World Wrestling Entertainment (WWE) debut in 1988, Michaels dazzled fans with a new innovative and fast-paced style of professional wrestling that paved the way for numerous future wrestlers of small stature.

Standing 6'0 tall and weighing just over 220 lbs. for most of his career, Michaels had to rely on his incredible work rate, and in-ring ability in order to be a success, because he did not have the size or body of past WWE torchbearers, such as Hulk Hogan (6'8 300 lbs.), Randy Savage (6'2 250 lbs.) or The Ultimate Warrior (6'5 295 lbs.).

Michaels made waves in the wrestling world with his remarkable in-ring performances as a mid-card wrestler for long enough that there was no doubt he would one day be a main event wrestler.

Before he ever reached main event status, HBK had shook the wrestling world with his shocking turn on his former tag team partner, Marty Jannetty, and proceeded to amaze fans with memorable matches against the likes of "Mr. Perfect" Curt Hennig, The British Bulldog, Randy Savage, and a legendary ladder match with Razor Ramon at Wrestlemania X.

At Wrestlemania 12, it was Shawn Michaels' time. The reigning champion, Bret Hart put his WWE World Championship on the line in the first ever "Iron Man" match against a young and hungry HBK. The match would be an



hour long, and whoever had the most pin falls by the end of the hour would be declared the winner.

By the end of the hour, neither Michaels nor Hart had scored a pin fall, and the bout went to sudden death. Two minutes into sudden death, Michaels hit Bret Hart with his super kick (dubbed "Sweet Chin Music"), and was the new World Champion.

Due to being considered small by wrestling standards, Michaels had to fight hard to get to the top of the wrestling world, and relished his role as the underdog. He would spend much of his career battling giants such as Diesel (6'11 300 lbs.), Sycho Sid (6'9 310 lbs.), and The Undertaker (6'10 320 lbs.).

Michaels was on the top of the wrestling world when he suffered what appeared to be a career threatening back injury. After losing his championship to Stone Cold Steve Austin at Wrestlemania 14, he left wrestling for what appeared to be forever.

During his time off, he would make non wrestling appearances for the WWE, while dealing with his own personal demons. Michaels had begun overdosing on prescription medication, painkillers in particular. He had a repu-

tation among other wrestlers as being an arrogant prima donna as well.

With a wife and kids at home, Michaels decided he needed to change his ways. He has since been born again, and is a very religious Christian. He cleaned up his act, and only good news seemed to follow.

Michaels was cleared to come back and wrestle in 2002, after a four year hiatus, on a limited schedule. He came back as a new, humble man, and the rest of the wrestlers had clearly seen that he had changed. He had kicked his drug addiction, adjusted his attitude problems, and worked to further his legacy in the WWE.

Since returning in 2002, Michaels has had a major impact. He picked up where he left off, having intense feuds and outstanding matches with the likes of Triple H, Chris Jericho, The Undertaker, Kurt Angle and John Cena. His match at Wrestlemania 24 with Ric Flair is the match that inspired me to pursue a career in professional wrestling. At Wrestlemania 25, Michaels fought to end the 16-0 undefeated streak that The Undertaker held at Wrestlemanias. Even in a losing effort, Michaels proved once again, why he has come to be

known as Mr. Wrestlemania, and the Showstopper.

Last Sunday, at Wrestlemania 26, Michaels once again challenged the Undertaker, and put his own career on the line in what was built up as a career vs. streak match. At the end of the night, after three tombstone piledrivers, Undertaker had improved to 18-0 at Wrestlemania, and the career of Shawn Michaels was over.

Whether he won or lost, Shawn Michaels always gave the performance of a lifetime, and the fans were always on their feet during his matches.

He helped pave the way for wrestlers of smaller stature so that they would be able to make it as a success. Stars such as The Hardy Boys, John Morrison, Kofi Kingston, A.J Styles and Evan Bourne all say that Shawn Michaels was a major influence on their careers.

Shawn Michaels has reached wrestlers and fans of all shapes and sizes. Ric Flair has called him the greatest in-ring performer of all time. Virtually all of today's wrestling stars hold Michaels in high regard, including Edge, Randy Orton, Triple H, Batista and even the man who ended his career, The Undertaker.

HBK, Shawn Michaels is a wrestling legend, and will, one day, undoubtedly be inducted into the WWE Hall of Fame. He has been an institution in wrestling for the last 20 years, and his impact will be felt for years to come. Most importantly, without Shawn Michaels, it's possible that Mr. Amazing Nick Matthews would not currently be wrestling professionally, and that wouldn't be good for anybody.

And Because the NL Always Has More Teams Than the AL:

Colorado Rockies

By Andrew Fraley

The Rockies are going to be the best team west of the Mississippi this year. And while this may actually be a reasonable claim to make for a Rockies fan such as myself, I'm pretty sure they're going to be better than most of the teams east of the Big Muddy as well. To those who claim that this year is going to be another repeat of a Phillies Yankees World Series, then you are both very unimaginative and incredibly wrong. Allow me to explain:

The Phillies suck, the Yankees blow. 'Nuff said.

The Rockies have always been an incubator for talent, at least hitting wise, and this year we're lucky enough to

have maintained a good lineup and a promising pitching rotation. Normally, as soon as a player gets good, we tend to trade him away. I was anticipating this months ago in my final Rockies roundup of last year, in which I predicted Atkins, Hawpe, Giambi and others would make the chopping block. Fortunately, only Atkins had to go (and a couple pitchers), so we're left with a mostly intact team from last year, which was formidable.

Jeff Francis is back in the rotation, from a season ending injury last year. Expect to see his A-game. He joins the likes of Ubaldo "Hair-Be-There" Jimenez, Jorge De La "Soul" Rosa and Aaron "Hot-Fire" Cook in this powerhouse rotation.

Jason "Yankees-Squandered-My-Talent" Giambi returns as utility hitter and fill-in first baseman, alongside Todd "Hits" Helton, Brad "Hits-Too" Hawpe and a slew of other fiery young go-getters. If the Rox can just get over that April and May hump, they will be the division leaders for sure. They always start slow, but pick up steam during the summer and fall. And if the Rockies meet the Phillies again in the playoffs, don't expect them to lose again. Huston Street doesn't make the same mistake twice, and I'm assuming there won't be a complete ass for a first base umpire either.

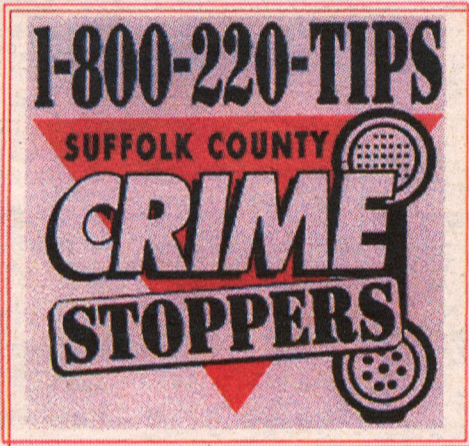


THE STONY BROOK PRESS

VOL XXXI ISSUE 12

"IT'S ALL FUN & GAMES UNTIL SOMEONE
BRINGS OUT THE MOUTH FORCEPS"

APRIL 7, 2010



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March, 2010

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5'10", BLUE EYES, BRN HAIR
BURGLARY/CRIM CONT
MW#1194



EJINDU LAWRENCE 1/16/66
5'11", BRN EYES, BLK HAIR
CRIM CONTEMPT/HARASS
MW#1195



DARRYL STEWART 9/8/64
5'10", BRN EYES, BLK HAIR
TAMPERING PUBLIC RECORD
MW#1196



UNKNOWN SUBJECT
GRAND LARCENY
BUFFALO WINGS RESTAURANT
CW10-14



NICHOLAS BONELLI JR
5'7", BRN EYES, BRN HAIR
ART 4 FCA SUPPORT
MW#1189



CREEPY WOLFMAN
STEALS OUR INNOCENCE
THIS I-CON

ON CAMPUS DIAL 2-TIPS

Law and Order: SUNY Victims Unit

By Carol Moran

New York State leaders, lawmakers and the Governor, have continued their tradition of not passing the state's budget on time. This puts a delay on the future of the Public Higher Education Empowerment and Innovation Act (PHEEIA). Despite the delay, the future of PHEEIA looks bright. The New York State Senate passed a budget resolution containing parts of Governor Paterson's higher education proposals, including systematic increases in tuition and a partial deregulation of public land use.

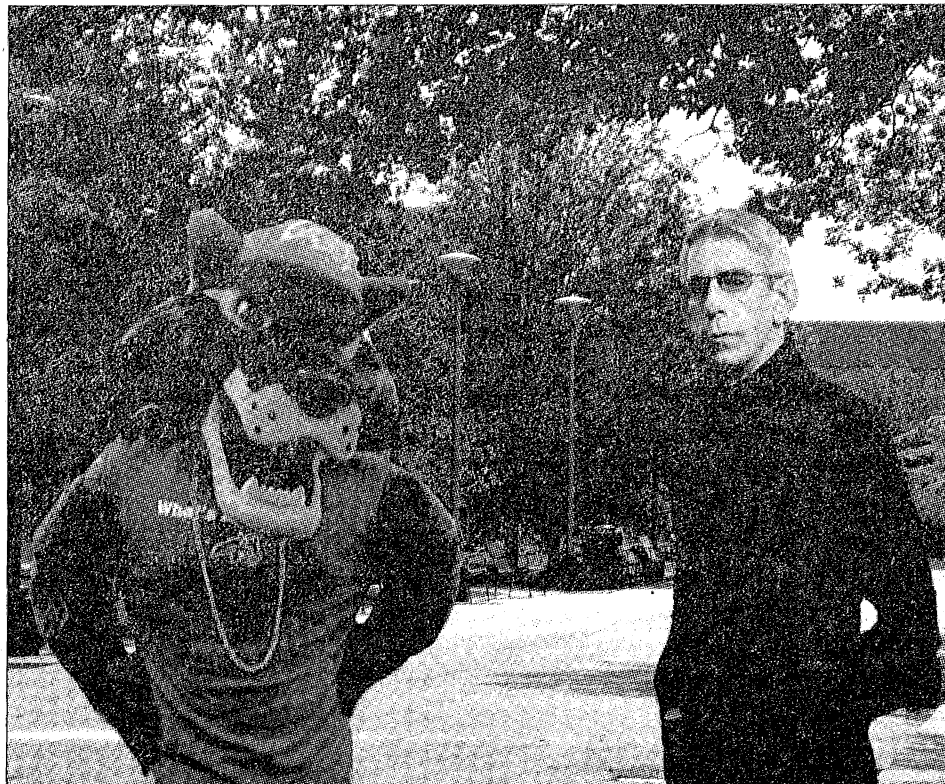
"At the heart of PHEEIA is our desire to push Stony Brook University to the next level, to allow us to recruit talented new faculty and staff and retain the outstanding faculty and staff who work so hard today," said President Samuel Stanley in an email sent to students and staff on March 22. "If we could maintain current levels of State support, additional revenue from PHEEIA would allow us to hire approximately 400 new faculty and more than 500 new staff over the next 8 to 10 years."

However, some legislatures feel differently. One opponent is Assemblywoman Deborah Glick, Chair of the Higher Education Committee. Glick, who represents the 66th district in the Lower East side of Manhattan, said in an interview that she does not support PHEEIA primarily because of differential tuition, which would allow different schools and degree programs to charge different tuitions.

"We need to have state support for the state system," Glick said, and differentiating tuition would shift the focus from the system to individual campuses.

If enacted, PHEEIA would allow

the Presidents of SUNY campuses to increase tuition at their own individual rates, with the SUNY Board of Trustees' approval. The act would place a limit on the amount tuition can be increased, which will vary with the higher education price index, an inflation measure designed to track cost drivers in higher



Bad Cop. Badder Cop.

education.

If some campuses are more expensive than others, students may have less freedom to explore a major or area of study, Glick said. Students may be forced to pursue degrees at less expensive colleges, rather than degrees only offered at the University Centers, such as Stony Brook and Buffalo.

"We just can't swing it," Glick said, referring to the prospect of students "choosing to teach English rather than go to the university center."

In order to brand SUNY as a unified system, Glick said some of the energy should be directed towards activating parents, along with engaging in on-campus protests.

Despite this opposition, local Assemblyman Steve Englebright said in an interview that he is in support of the act,

most likely face a significant reduction in personnel. If professors are released, Englebright said, then fewer classes will be available, and students may be forced to complete an extra semester or year at the university in order to graduate.

"You will probably want to keep the professor [and pay the tuition hike], rather than stay an extra year," he said.

Currently, tuition goes to New York State's general fund, which supports not only SUNY campuses, but prisons, highways and public works projects, as well. PHEEIA supporters claim the bill would keep tuition from being sucked into what Englebright described as a "black hole," and would be funneled back into the university from which it came.

These claims, that PHEEIA would stop the state of New York from moving student money to unrelated spending, are best understood with the important economic concept of fungibility as context. State money is a substantial portion of the SUNY budget, and legislators retain the power to adjust the amount of these funds at will. Even with PHEEIA's supposed safeguards in place, legislators could simply reduce SUNY's budget by the exact same amount of money, as schools would collect from a tuition increase.

This portion of the state budget, which had previously gone to SUNY, could then be redirected to, say, a hand-out from the state to some party, which has paid a hefty consulting fee to a corrupt State Senate Majority Leader, for example. Because one dollar is equal to any other, this scenario would be essentially the same as handing students tuition money directly to whatever pet projects the legislature feels like funding.

The assembly has not yet voted on PHEEIA.

but finds mid-college-experience tuition hikes to be really harmful.

Englebright said Chancellor Nancy Zimpher was open to suggestions, and was willing to modify the proposal to keep tuition stable for each graduating class.

"That proposal is not locked in stone," Englebright said. "It's a place to begin."

If the state cuts funding to SUNY, and consequently to Stony Brook, Englebright argues, the university will

Do you want to know how
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UNION 060 WEDNESDAYS DURING CAMPUS LIFETIME



USG Treasurer Opinions On Election



Moiz Khan

Prior to beginning, I should make it clear that I am writing this as a recently elected candidate rather than the current USG Treasurer. I should also note that this article

only reflects my opinion and not those of the USG or Students First party. With that out of the way, the USG Election results are in! The Students First party (the only official and organized party) won every seat it ran for and more importantly the Student Activity Fee remains mandatory.

This past election had the second highest voter turnout in USG's short history (second only to 2006) with more than 2,000 votes. That is more than double the number of voters in last year's election. The obvious reason for the higher voter turnout is the Manda-

tory/Voluntary vote, which takes place every two years, but I think there is more to it than that. Not only did Students First win, but they won with over 70% of the vote in most of the races. But the purpose of this article is not to simply point out the obvious, but rather to provide some insight into the elections as well as a bit of criticism.

The main problem is the USG itself. Clearly the USG does not do enough to reach out to students on campus. I do not blame the current leadership of the USG (which I am a member of), in fact this year, in my opinion, has one of the most competent Executive Councils in USG history. But clearly, there is something we are not doing. Thankfully, there is currently discussion about how to modify the current structure of USG and certainly constitutional reforms are desperately needed. I think it may be that the current setup of USG is not conducive to creating results that matter to students. If I were to list the accom-

plishments of the USG this year, most of that list wouldn't mean anything to someone not already in USG. It seems that every year is "setting up for next year" and so the question that faces the USG at all times is, when will we actually do something?

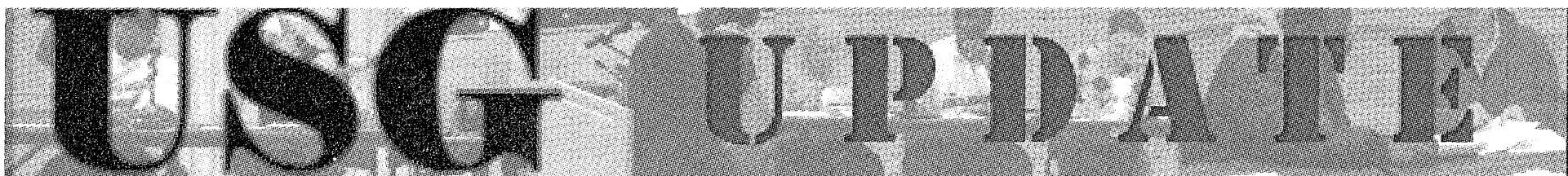
With regards to the current election, it is almost always the case that the USG elections are just a few USG insiders seeking re-election or climbing the ranks, but this election was different. For the first time, the USG insiders unanimously united together and formed one party (Students First). The only opposing party (an unofficial/informal party) was the "New Era" party. The New Era party did however manage to elect three of their members.

One unfortunate aspect to the elections was the appearance of race/culture as a divisive issue. The campaign for both sides quickly became "us vs. them" and it led to regrettable statements from both sides. It is a shame that to this day

race remains a topic of discussion. Of course it would be extremely optimistic to hope that after this election, race disappears from the forefront of USG politics, but perhaps a little optimism may be helpful.

Overall, the USG is in good shape for next year. I feel these elections established the fact that the students on this campus are tired of the nonsense in the USG. They want to see a united front and an effective USG that brings about results that matter to them. In my interactions with both the students and the administration the goal is clear, improve student life on this campus.

By the way, if you are reading this article and you have a suggestion about the USG next year please send me an email at mkhan@stonybrookusg.org.



ELECTION RESULTS

President	Matt Graham (1063 votes)	
Treasurer	Moiz Khan (1147 votes)	
Executive VP	Alexander Dimitriyadi (1150 votes)	
VP of Communications	David Mazza (948 votes)	
VP of Clubs and Orgs	Jennifer Chan (928 votes)	
VP of Student Life	Peter Malloy (1140 votes)	
VP of Academic Affairs	Vacant	
Senior Representative	Dexter Daniel	
Junior Representative	Emilisa Trotman	
Sophomore Representative	Neville Hall Jr. (94 votes)	
Freshman Representative	Vacant	
Senator from Health Sciences Center	Christian Giraldo (40 votes)	
Senators from College of Engineering and Applied Sciences (2)	Spencer Cushing (200 votes)	Allen Abraham (96 votes)
Senators from College of Arts and Sciences (17)	Tahir Ahmad (526 votes) Samuel Cushner (488 votes) Mahyar Kashan (521 votes) Thomas Kirnbauer (420 votes) Deborah Machalow (519 votes) Shivani Rampersad (427 votes) Najee Simmons (299 votes) Michael Spinelli (434 votes) Russel Williams (297 votes)	Ory Baum (489 votes) Lucy Kang (489 votes) Shidrah Khan (457 votes) Yan Leafman (436 votes) Kirin Mahmud (469 votes) Masood Rustemi (449 votes) Harinder Singh (403 votes) Peter Sratoudakis (445 votes)

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editorials

Newsday Wrong? What's New?

It has come as no surprise to us, at this point in the development of the Public Higher Education Empowerment and Innovation Act (PHEEIA), that *Stony Brook's*, and indeed all of SUNY's, stance on this is diametrically opposed to what we feel are the students' best interests. The zealous dishonesty from Chancellor Zimpher's March 5 op-ed in the *Albany Times Union*, and *Stony Brook* President Sam Stanley's adamant and "tremendous excitement" about this legislative proposal have shown us that they aren't going to bend on this issue anytime soon.

In a recent email update about PHEEIA, Stanley also cites a sycophantic February *Newsday* editorial that basically parrots everything the SUNY administration has been saying. They simplify a hypothetical the state legislature may make against PHEEIA in an attempt to maintain some sort of sinister control over SUNY. Likewise, they misrepresent the United University Professions, SUNY's faculty union and an outspoken opponent of the legislation—or at least, the major parts of UUP's argument. They claim that UUP's opposition to the proposal stems from their "worry that it will erode their collective bargaining position and perhaps even put them in a students v. professors struggle for dollars." They don't even mention that the students would be against the burden "to create massive numbers of jobs" falling on them.

Newsday's stance comes as no surprise to us either. They've been against any sort of civil service provided by the state, including education, police services, fire services, etc. Any time an education budget is released—even for K-12—*Newsday* laughably calls it a "budget hike." Any rhetoric by the hack editorialists of that paper is nothing more than an extremist fiscal conservative agenda in the guise of SUNY support. The idea that SUNY needs its

freedom to systematically tax students in order to let the state off the hook is absurd, and President Stanley should be embarrassed to rely on *Newsday's* work.

What SUNY needs is not for legislation to continue this decades long privatization of public higher education. SUNY administrators need to rethink their priorities, and stop pushing to let state legislators off the hook. Higher education is a human right, and a responsibility of the state. Instead of spending time and resources on promoting PHEEIA, SUNY administrators should be mobilizing students, their parents and the rest of the state to pressure legislators to restore decades of reduced funding for higher education.

The Fiscal Policy Institute, an independent nonpartisan research group, has a long list of ideas that would enable restoring state spending—alternatives to further eroding state funding for necessary civil services, like higher education. It includes suggestions like adding income tax brackets, effectively reversing years of indulgent tax cuts for the wealthiest New Yorkers. It also has a slew of other *actual* innovations; clever and sustainable ways to increase fund-

ing and state support. The real "indefensible status quo" (to borrow a phrase from Zimpher's ridiculous op-ed) is the steady subversion of the state's role in public higher education, a status quo which she and Stanley currently stand behind. There are alternatives to steep budget cuts, with corresponding steep tuition hikes, and they should be supporting those.

So if they're not going to do it, we're going to help do our part. Call your local representative, and let them know that you and your parents are few of the hundreds of thousands of voters who think the education of citizens, the creation of jobs and revitalization of New York's economy is the state's job, not the students'. Tell your friends to do the same. Another option is to get involved with, and support, any future demonstrations against the privatization of SUNY, and the commodification of your education.

SUNY, as it is now, is not just an engine for economic development; it's a necessary entity for the sustainability of New York's future. More importantly, it is an engine of social justice. Don't let that slip away.



"Hey, James Dolan, 35!? Really?"

Write for The Press!

Meetings Every Wednesday at 1PM, Union Building 060

E-mail your letters to editors@sbpress.com

Dear Press,

Life sometimes feels like a riddle. It is true that with every step we take, it is always one step closer to the grave. We have no way to truly go back in time and defy our own death. Maybe I have been going about this situation in the wrong manner. Let me start with a question. Why have you decided to leave the phrase "Death Egg Zone" off of the back cover of the *Press*?

I am an advocate for tradition on this campus. Stony Brook University is a young school and I believe that we must try to hold onto as many traditions as possible. Without history, how will we know where we came from? It is the past that we use to define ourselves. Traditions from the past give us that small glimpse into the inner workings of why we do what we do.

Do you know the story behind the printing of the phrase "Death Egg Zone" onto the back of the *Press*? I wish that I could come up with an elaborate story involv-

ing the eating of "sandwiches" and playing hours of Sonic 2 in the basement of the Union. The Death Egg Zone is the last board in the beloved Sega Genesis game Sonic 2. Maybe past editors found it ironic that this phrase was found on the last page. It was a signature ending each issue of the *Press*.

Whatever the true buzz behind the phrase, it is a true Stony Brook Tradition. It is at least over five years old. The oldest Stony Brook traditional event is Only 25 years old. That means that the phrase at hand is at least a fifth of the age of such a highly regarded traditional event. I always hope to return to Stony Brook as an alumnus and experience a traditional issue of the *Press* like it was meant to be, with a happy ending.

Love,
Concerned

You again? Get off our lawn.
The Press

Online Comments for the article "A Two Hour Love Letter to Andy Samberg"

kyle says:

March 28, 2010 at 9:16 PM

First off, the third track off the second disc is called "In California," not "Going to California." But that's beside the point... It's interesting that you see this as a "two hour love letter to Andy Samberg." To me, it sounds like a two hour break-up album to Bill Callahan. The first track, "Easy," is, in my opinion, about her being in denial about who she truly is, but we only find this out at the very end of the album in "Does Not Suffice." She writes "... and everything that could remind you of how EASY I was not." This is an obvious recall to the first track. She thought she was easy, but now she comes to the realization that she's kind of difficult. Think about it, Joanna Newsom was a hippie fairy, and now she's become this fashionista. She's realized how much she's changed (or

how in denial she was). She decides to leave her lover (Bill) because she felt that she was no longer being true to what she had postulated herself as being. Also, there are two tracks, "Baby Birch" and "On A Good Day", which play one after the other, in which she sings about having lost the baby she had yearned to have with her lover. She's still with Andy. She's obviously not referring to him; she referring to Bill!

Yes there are happy songs on this album, and some may have to do with Andy, but I think it's pretty obvious that this is a break-up album. I do concede that it does have its ups and downs in terms of happiness, contentment, and sorrow, but that's what a relationship is like, even a bad one that ends in a break-up.

Shobhna says:

March 29, 2010 at 3:20 PM

Absolutely agree with Kyle. I don't see this album as one for Samberg at all, and there are just so many references to Bill and a past relationship (Go Long, No Provenance, Have One on Me, Soft as Chalk, On a Good Day, Does not Suffice) that I was a little surprised when I read your piece.

And Baby Birch. Jesus, that song. If that doesn't come up painful loss, what does?

Hayden says:

March 30, 2010 at 8:37 PM

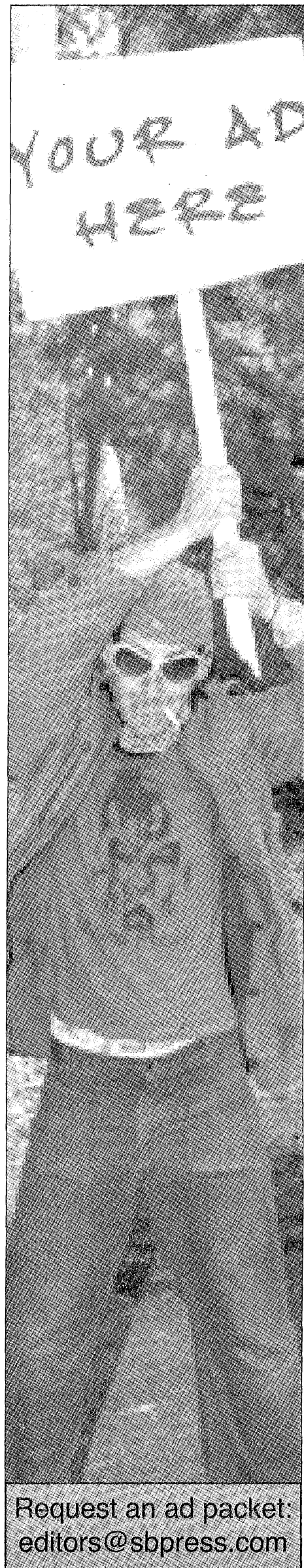
You might want to actually learn the song titles before you publish a review.

And, not that I would ever think to interpret Newsom's songs, but it seems to me that you have no idea what this album is about. I wouldn't declare it as completely a break-up album, but Christ. Do a little research?

Corrections: In an article in Vol. XXXI Issue 11 about the funding of *The Stony Brook Independent*, a reference to *The Stony Brook Statesman* was incorrectly referred to as "The Statesmen." The writer has been severely whipped for his incompetence.

Additionally, in an opinion article in the same issue about the Feminine Boy Project and connections to Stony Brook incorrectly represented ties between the Child Gender Identity Unit and The Roosevelt Institute. There is no link between the two.

The *Press* welcomes criticism, questions and feedback on its paper and comments can be sent to editors@sbpress.com.



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Confessions of a Muffin Thief

By Ross Barkan

Take a muffin, and you'll be threatened with expulsion, the police, and the fullest wrath of the American law. Take a muffin, and you'll be screamed at like the felon you are supposed to be, degraded as scum in the eyes of justice. Take a muffin twice, and surely you're finished.

This is no exaggeration. Several weeks ago I was caught stealing a muffin in our Student Activities Center cafeteria, caught shuffling meekly out of the food court with my stale pilfered goodie worth less than two dollars. I was brought to a cluttered office, asked to explain myself (after all, I'm a twenty-year-old child), and told that the police were a phone call away.

"Stealing is a serious crime," boomed the Faculty Student Administration lackey, ever so fearsome.

"I know...but it's only a muffin," I said.

"But it's stealing! You stole! Every day students steal food and they are committing a crime. Do you understand the law?"

"Yes, I do."

"You've committed a serious crime. What do you have to say for yourself?"

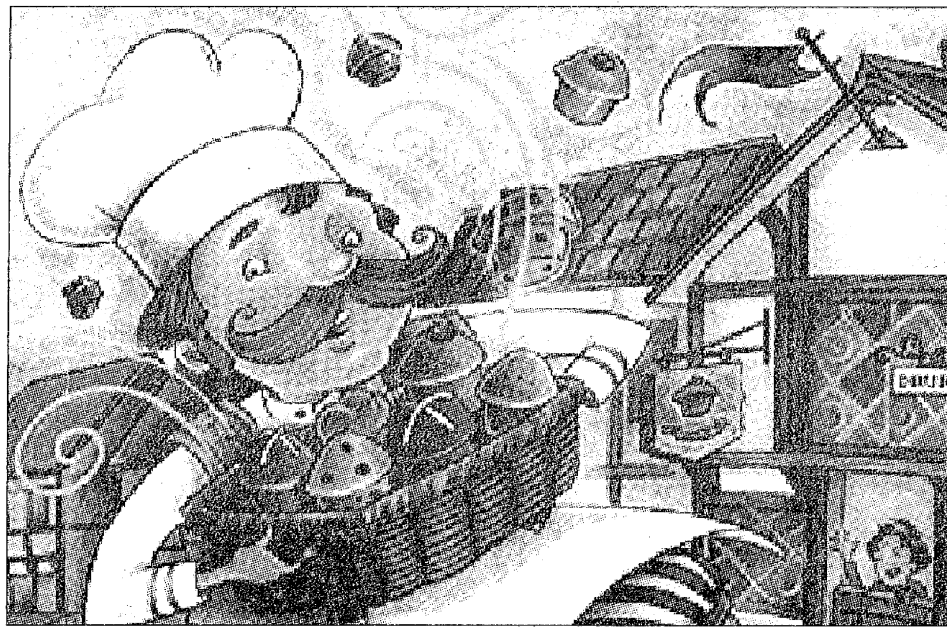
I stood there, solemn at first, regretting not my action but the fact I was caught. I wondered what path I should take. Good-old pathetic atonement? Should I humble myself before the Administration, confess I'd been a bad boy, admit my moral corruption, and beg for forgiveness? Or should I tell her what I think? I took the right road.

What I told her—a person I can't fault for doing her job—that evening was why most students steal, including

myself. I told her that with each meal plan costing more than \$1,000 for the semester, and food prices forever rising, most of my peers are drained of meal points by the end of a semester, price gouged into submission. The average meal borders on ten dollars. "Healthier" food is more expensive than junk, making efforts to keep trim an even greater ordeal. We are a state school: our students aren't the sons and daughters of privilege, wedded to trust funds and buoyed by patriarchies with deep pockets. Many of us hail from single-family homes, attend on scholarship and struggle to reconcile inevitable tuition hikes. The system is weighted against us.

I consider myself one of the fortunate; my family can afford my education and I won't graduate with debt. But for many others contending with a failing economy, each year presents its own challenges. Why shouldn't a student struggling to pay for a meal plan and an education take a piece of food or a drink once in a while to stave off the inevitable depletion of meal points? We are an exploited lot, forced to pay for public education that a half-century ago was free (the City University of New York system, for example) or quite affordable. We are now told that we will be confronted with higher tuition, less classes, overcrowding, and a marginalization of our right to learn.

What does this have to do with muffins? In our capitalist society, the underprivileged masses are punished while the power elite, a term coined by sociologist C. Wright Mills to describe the interwoven interests of corporations, politicians, and the military, and how relatively powerless citizens are to resist their manipulation, are increasingly protected by the law. Don't believe this muffin thief? Witness the recent de-



The Muffin Man would not approve.

cision of the Supreme Court in the case of Citizens United v. Federal Election Commission. Corporations, already wielding indescribable power in our nation—powerful enough to force the public option out of healthcare reform, powerful enough to still compel all citizens to purchase a private healthcare plan—can now flood the election process with unlimited funds. Our blessed private banks can sink the economy and be rewarded with government bailouts. In New York City, billionaire mayor Michael Bloomberg has passed tougher laws on impoverished street peddlers selling "counterfeit wears," the homeless who are forced to beg for money, and destitute itinerants who want to lay their heads down in a public park.

In our country, it has become a crime to be poor. A 2009 study from the National Law Center on Homelessness and Poverty concluded that the number of ordinances against the publicly poor

has been rising since 2006. Truancy fines can be as high as \$500 in some cities. If a poor student misses an overcrowded bus, he or she is liable to face a crippling punishment. Poor people have become sources of revenue for the government. There is something sickeningly backward about that statement.

All of this comes back to the student "stealing" food. The school can afford the loss of an unaccounted food item. After all, the SUNY system is a billion dollar entity, bound to become more privatized if PHEEIA (Public Higher Education Empowerment Act) is passed. What is a muffin or a bottle of water to a monolithic juggernaut? Who needs it more, the student barely getting by, or your educational institution, a glorified business? I say to those students who are scraping by: *just don't get caught.*

Fight the criminalization of poverty. Resist exploitation, always.

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The Bernie Mac of Feudal Japan

By Matt Willemain

Performing comedy is hard enough when you speak the same language as your audience. The Yamamoto family's success with their Wang Center performance of kyogen plays—stories taken nearly seven thousand miles and seven hundred years from their origin—was an impressive feat. All the more so when you consider how the audience was asked to put together what was happening by combining their perceptions of the live performance on stage with readings of subtitle-like translated text on stage-side monitors.

Unlike the naturalistic style of US theatre, kyogen is highly stylized and doesn't attempt to create the illusion of reality—much like other Japanese theatrical traditions better known here such as kabuki or noh. The performers hold their faces frozen in perfectly still masks, use a formalized, sing-song cadence to compensate for the loss of facial expression and occasionally address the audience directly in almost vaudevillian manner. If the two plays chosen for the March 22 performance were indicative of typical content, maybe the

best Western example to which kyogen could be compared is the work of English comedian and television star Ricky Gervais. The creator of *The Office* and *Extras* may be out of touch with feudal Japan, but there is a commonality in the kind of comedy he helped popularized, which can show silliness in one moment, and grimly real stupidity and cruelty in the next.

The first play, "Stop in Your Tracks", begins with a buffoonish samurai who wants to look good for a party and orders his servant to borrow tea from the samurai's uncle. The samurai is inadequate, however. His servant must, embarrassingly, expand the request for tea into begging for the sword and horse his master should already have. On the way to the party, circumstances conspire to create a role reversal, and the put-upon servant delivers back the abuse he has received from his master.

In the second play, "Moon-viewing Blind Man", the title character meets a new friend while out for a walk one night. After apparently bonding with the man, his friend decides it would be funny to return and pretend to be someone else. The old blind man is confronted by a seemingly belligerent stranger, who picks a fight with him and

throws him to the ground, disorienting him and separating him from his walking stick.

The second play hinted at a complexity in the canon of 200 or so kyogen stories. The event's program used the word cynical to get at this face of kyogen; in a question and answer period following the show, actor Yamamoto Noritoshi called it, through a translator, philosophical. While the exact nature of this ineffable complication may be hard to pin down, the resulting bitter undertones made for a memorable evening of comedy.

Three of the traveling company's four players come from the same aristocratic family with a long and celebrated kyogen tradition. They come to Stony Brook with a dizzying array of international cultural bona fides to go with their generations of family practice. Yamamoto Noritoshi was joined onstage by his son Yamamoto Norihide



DAN WOULLEN/CHARLES B. WANG CENTER

and nephew Yamamoto Yasutaro. Also joining the three was Wakamatsu Takashi, a student of Yamamoto Noritoshi's brother. Kyogen theatre was developed to provide lighter interludes during a day of multiple noh dramas.

The Wang Center's next cultural performance will be the April 15 show "Wounds Unkissed" by YaliniDream, featuring poetry, theatre, dance, hip hop, house and aerial circus. More information is available at www.stonybrook.edu/wang.

Repo Bizarro

By Alan Hershkowitz

In what was one of the strangest coming attractions to air on television, the film *Repo Men*, directed by Miguel Sapochnick, is set in the near future when artificial organs can be bought on credit. Filmgoers get yet another look at a scary dystopian future in a sci-fi thriller that plays like *Minority Report* set in the health care system. The film's strong opening is countered by an awful plot twist in which the last third of the movie was nothing more than a fallacious dream.

The film tells the story of repo man Remy, played by Jude Law, who fails to keep up payments on his artificial heart. The plot surrounds Law's character and his struggle to survive. The dark side of these medical breakthroughs is that if you don't pay your bill, The Union—the corporation behind the artificial or-



gans—sends its highly skilled repo men to take back its property...with no concern for your comfort or survival. It's an interesting approach to a sci-fi thriller that promises lots of blood and a little bit of disturbing lust.

It isn't hard to see that this will be an instant cult film favorite, but it's gory and bloody scenes makes it distasteful for most. The film's reality seems to be almost too true, as the script seems to

feed off of the audiences fears of health care reform. But do not mistake this to be a film bound to political persuasion. The characters played by both Jude Law and Forest Whitaker are absolutely terrific, and both actors compliments the others talents perfectly. The first hour will have audiences sitting on the edges of their seats, but the plot quickly goes astray as Jude Law's character becomes far too complex for the average movie

junkie. Not to mention that the film provides its audience with one of the oddest sexual moments in recent movie history.

Jude Law's character must escape capture by his former employer, The Union. To do so, he must erase any record of his lover and himself from the Union database by scanning the artificial organs inside each of them. In what was the bloodiest, goriest, and messiest sex scene any audience can remember, seeing both characters find pleasure in cutting each other open, while kissing and groping throughout the scene.

Aside from the complex plot twists and unnecessary amount of blood, the plot's content is innovative, and brings refreshing originality back to the big screen.. The film ends with the audience discovering everything they've seen for the last 45 minutes was never real. The disappointing ending will leave many dissatisfied and confused, but it's an interesting sci-fi worth seeing.

COMICS

Sass Effect

By David K. Ginn

No, I am not likening the first issue of Dark Horse's *Mass Effect* tie-in comic to a stewed fruit sauce. Rather, I'm referring to the issue's protagonist, blue-skinned alien Dr. Liara T'soni, and the overload of sassiness she brings to the pages.

I have a general problem with media tie-ins, mostly because they're not much more than an insulting way to squeeze money out of an already popular fan base. Essentially, it's milking a cow without raising it. That's why I'm happy to see tie-in comics that are written and drawn with care, and appeal both to comic enthusiasts and fans of the game. *Mass Effect: Issue 1* falls in that category.

Some other media-related comics, such as Dark Horse's *Buffy* series, are spinoffs and continuations. That has a huge impact on the quality of a comic. Now that the legacy falls completely in the hands of the new medium, it's treated with more care and respect by its authors. It has to be. So far, the *Mass Effect* comic series is solid enough to feel like the same care and respect was put into it- and it's no surprise, considering it was authored by one of the game's critically hailed co-writers.

Mac Walters, lead writer of the recently released *Mass Effect 2*, is someone to look out for. He is one of the many people in game development trying to revolutionize the medium as a storytelling art. This is important when you consider that comic

books faced a similar revolution only decades ago. Golden Age comic books went up against the same critical roadblocks that video games are only now trying to hurdle. Writers like Alan Moore and Frank Miller forever morphed comics from pulp entertainment to serious storytelling. No, Dark Horse's *Mass Effect* comic series does not compare with these greats. But Bioware's video game series does.

Still, Walters and script-writer John Jackson Miller do not fuck around. There's a lot of action, a lot of boobs in just about every frame, but the story is fascinating and it's a damn good ride. Omar Francia's pencils are very faithful to the source material, while adding a bit of comic book breast enlargement and action poses that will be familiar to any comic book fan.

The tale begins sometime after game protagonist Sheppard meets his maker, so to speak, and sometime before he is resurrected through a dubious organization's hilariously titled Lazarus Project. Dr. Liara T'soni, sporting her blue squid-tentacle head and mega-boosted boobage, has gone from uncomfortably pathetic love interest to a bitchin' babe who doesn't take shit from anyone. Cool.

Her mission is to find Sheppard's remains and stop the Cerberus group from recovering them. Anyone who has played *Mass Effect 2* knows how well that turned out (spoiler alert: not well at all). Liara teams up with a krell, an alien species that was introduced in *ME2*. They're supposed to be very rare, but I guess that was just *ME2*'s way

Mass Effect: Redemption - Issue 1
Dark Horse



of explaining why they weren't in *ME1*. Oh well. We'll just say it's a species native to sequels but equipped to survive in tie-ins.

Not much happens story-wise; Liara hires a ship to help her out, and when they fuck with her, she fucks with them right back. So she totally kicks their asses, in other words. Then she and the krell talk about something, and something else happens, and okay so the story isn't brilliant. But it's told well, and definitely entertaining.

This is the third media tie-in for *Mass Effect*, the first two being novels that were published within the past couple years. *Mass Effect* fans might be a bit thrown off- as I was- by the difference in storytelling, namely that the games are decision based and the tie-ins clearly aren't. The only way to truly replicate the game's storytelling mechanics would be to make Choose Your Own Adventure books, and those only exist now in the form of nostalgia and Something Awful memes. It's probably for this reason that all three stories do not feature Commander Sheppard in any capacity. Instead, they tell character back-stories and past events- intangible aspects of the *Mass Effect* universe that in no way affect or are affected by the player's choices. Good job.

For fans of the game, Dark Horse's *Mass Effect* series is essential reading. For comic fans, you know what? Go for it. It might just get you into the game. No word yet on when the first trade will be published, but grab the issue now. It's a well paced, solid read.

Fun Mistakes!

Did you know...

In *Mass Effect 1*, Commander Sheppard is given many dialogue options when speaking to Fai Dan, leader of the human colony on Feros. When he explains how screwed up the colony is, Sheppard can offer a comforting paragon reaction, or an unpleasant renegade response. The renegade option is "I can evacuate you."

If you choose this option, Commander Sheppard tells Fai Dan that the SSV Normandy is equipped to take the entire colony off of Feros and relocate them. Fai Dan will have none of it, and that's that.

However, *Mass Effect's* writers made a critical mistake. The corresponding action to "I can evacuate you" should have looked less like this:

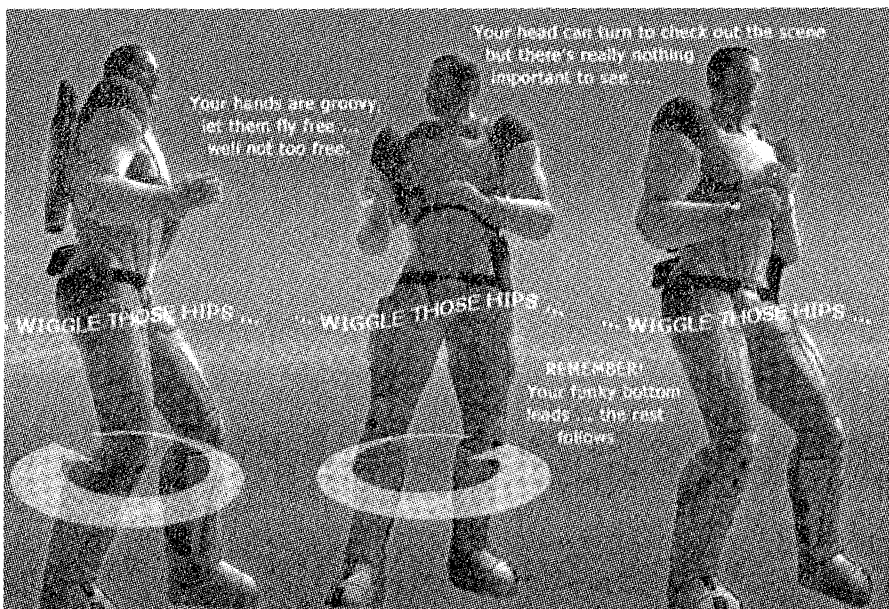


and more like this:



Considering it was the renegade option, and being a student of proper grammar, that is what I expected to see. I was very sad that what could have been one of the *Mass Effect* series' greatest moments was nothing more than a flub.

Until next time!



The Candyman! (x3)

By Najib Aminy &
James Laudano

Candyman, General Juma, Captain Darrow—Tony Todd. This I-CON, accomplished character actor Tony Todd brought a much needed “cool” to Stony Brook. After playing opposite Kiefer Sutherland in the hit television program, *24*, and frightening young children since 1992 as the titular *Candyman*, many convention attendees were excited to meet the six foot, five inch actor, writer and director. After catching up with him at his dealer room table, *The Press* was granted an interview with the man who has been behind countless badass and exciting characters since he debuted in 1986. Fortunately, Todd was incredibly accommodating, and answered our questions in between meeting and signing autographs for fans.

Stony Brook Press: After acting professionally for over twenty years now, what would you say is the most appealing thing about performing?

Tony Todd: When I was in high school I was totally uncoordinated, but I loved basketball. But I was a mess. Everytime I walked down the hall the basketball coach would look at me and shake his head. Fortunately, there was an English teacher who dropped into my hands, one day, a sacred copy of *Othello* by William Shakespeare and I read this and I could just see the words popping off the page. To this day, not more than two years goes by when I don't return to the boards because it's immediate, there's no lying, you're standing there naked and hopefully the life experience you've accumulated up to that point allows you to tell the truth and nothing but.

SBP: You're writing and directing a new project, *Erie, PA*. What has the transition from acting to directing been like?

TT: I got my MFA in writing at Trinity Rep In Providence, RI—one of the best experiences I've ever had. My emphasis was writing with acting as a back up and it just happened—when I moved to New York, after I taught school for two years—when I arrived to New York, I got hired as an actor right away.

One thing led to another and writing was pushed aside, though the impetus for writing has always been there. A friend of mine I went to school with

called me one day and asked, “How come you're not writing?” He made me wake up. And I immediately said I am going to write something for me and you because we had the same acting teachers and we could relate. I wrote this great story about bookies and they have a timeline—they have 72 hours, otherwise their friendships are severely tested. My inspiration is *Midnight Cowboy*. I went up to Erie, PA—this town is stuck in the 70s. They still have mullet cuts and the bookeysism is real and legit and I had my environment and it all came together.

SBP: You have a very diverse resume. What has been your favorite role or genre to play?

TT: I was raised as a kid by a single mom who was actually my aunt, but one of the things I did to amuse myself was play in the backyard; I played pirates, aliens, cops and robbers. I've been fortunate enough as an adult to reenact those childhood fantasies.

My favorite genre is a western that I did called *Black Fox* with Christopher Reeve, rest in peace. For six months, it was the joy of my career, because every morning I had to put on a six shooter, put on my western gear, drop my hat back, put my bandana on and jump on a horse—for six months. It was paradise, I got paid for it...Chased stage coaches, shot native Americans, had some romance by the fire place, bonded with my brother in the barn—all that.

And the woman who raised me, I convinced her to finally get on a plane—and she did—and she came on set. The happiest moment of my life was watching her sit on the sidelines in a lawn chair watching her baby boy do good. That's what's up and that's what time it is. Make somebody proud.

SBP: Okay, so this is where we hit you with the hard questions: Your Wikipedia page states that you are “known for your height and voice.” Is there anything else you feel you should be renowned for?

TT: I would like to dispell the fact that I wasn't an athlete in high school because I couldnt play basketball. I joined the swim team...It should read swim-team co-captain in 1972.

I was also a Boy Scout which I'm very proud of because I came one merit badge shy of being an Eagle Scout. The six years I spent with them is part of why I am here. It gave me discipline—gave

me different skills. I think I know how to survive in the wilderness if I had to—more so than the guy who sits in front of an HD television.

I went to the World Jamboree in Japan—first time on a plane—although I almost disgraced myself. Now I am going to confess, when I went over there I discovered you can reinvent yourself. It's kind of like when you go to college, when you show up on campus, once it clicks in I can reinvent myself, you get a second chance. I went over there and told all the guys I was Al Capone revisited, so we started on a little minor shoplifting excursion but we got caught—which was another reason I was one merit badge shy.

SBP: So what would you define as “Soft-ass shit”? [Note: In *The Rock*, Todd's character, Captain Darrow, famously shouts “I don't like soft-ass shit” to Nicolas Cage. This is one of the coolest things ever.]

TT: Commercials, that's why you never see me in them. Actually, I did do one but that was the only one. That was a Taco-Bell, back when they did a run-for-the-border campaign; I had to eat something like 50 tacos. To this day, when I see a Taco Bell, quote me on this, I want to blow it the fuck up. Because if you're going to do Mexican food, do real Mexican food.

SBP: What was it like working with Megan Fox [in *Transformers 2*]?

TT: I didn't have any scenes with her but I heard she was hot.

I worked with Michael Bay on *The Rock*, so it took him twelve years to call me again—so he called and I said okay. You know, Michael Bay is Michael Bay. He is a megalomaniac filmmaker, good man—knows what he does. He's got his niche and he doesn't care.

One note he gave me when I came into his office, he had megabanks of various stages of visualization, he said, “I just want fucking robots coming in, fucking big robots.”

That's very intuitive because I'm used to directors who talk for six hours. He knows what he wants, “more fucking robots”.



Tony Todd is not soft-ass shit.

Najib Aminy

SBP: We read that you did a voice for *Pokémon* once. Is this really true?

TT: No it's not true. For a *Pokémon*, no. I never did *Pokémon*, sir. That's some weak ass shit.

SBP: Thoughts on the future of Sangala [the nation his character ruled in *24*]?

TT: [In the voice of his character, General Juma] Sangala lives without me, even though I am dead. The people of Sangala, they stay true and they know I went down and invaded the White House for a purpose.

It was great. *24* is *24*. It's got its own machinery. Do I believe it, do I believe he can kick everyone's ass?

[He gestured no]

SBP: Is there anything you'd like to add?

TT: I want everyone that's young or not so young to follow their dreams no matter what. I've been told no a lot of times in my life, and every time I've been told no, I've found a way to reinvent myself. In order to succeed, you've got to find something that you love; respect someone that is better than you.

My current love is basketball. I am a Lakers fan, and I think Kobe Bryant is a man amongst angels. Everytime when I'm depressed I watch him play. He's playing tonight, as a matter of fact, against the dreaded Oklahoma City, with Kevin Durant, who they're calling the new Kobe.

[He then challenged us to take a bet that Bryant would outperform Durant.]

The Freaks Come Out At I-CON!



Woah, Peter Mayhew?!



Did Jabba lose some weight in his old age?
And motor control on his left side?



Great, now we all have fucking
Arcade Fire stuck in our heads



What's wrong, fat Mario? Upset that Juggalos are
infiltrating your geek con? So are we. So are we.

Photos By Alex Nagler
and Eric DiGiovanni

The Freaks Come Out At I-CON!



Oh, I've seen this show...in my nightmares.



Just start doing drugs already, we've seen you here for the past, like, three years.



We're absolutely blown away by the utter mundanity of this photo.



That Pokemon trainer seems unimpressed by you, Rorschach.

Fur And LARPing in Stony Brook



Eric DiGiovanni

It started like any other Friday, I fought to stay awake at my 9 a.m. recitation, then went to the Student Activities Center for squat day at the gym. I was getting my pre-workout

caffeine dose when a stubby man in Coke-bottle glasses wandered over to a girl in line for omelets.

"Where's the I-Con convention?" he honked. The girl calmly directed him out to the lobby, where workers were setting up ticket booths. "When does it start?" he honked again. That's when I did the worst possible thing.

"Uh, I think everything starts at 6." I said.

"6 p.m.?" he yelled.

"Well, this is a college campus. I guess by 6 all the Friday classes are over." It was probably an oversight on his part. I was sure he'd calm down after that.

"6 PM?" he continued to squawk until I left.

I always love the wee hours before I-Con. It's like Christmas Eve, only instead of presents, you get geeks and nerds of all severity and breed. There were already a couple of people in costume in the lobby by the afternoon.

By around five, the line had looped all the way back to the Engineering building and was reaching the edge of the parking lot. Looking at that line gave me a little boost of confidence; A quick walkthrough



What are you on the far left? A creepy child sex slave? Yikes.

Eric DiGiovanni

gave me the following: Chun-Li, Sora and Riku from *Kingdom Hearts*, Solid Snake, two Pokemon, Travis Touchdown, about ten guys in steampunk goggles, Luigi, one third of the BLU Team and about 15 Naruto headbands. It was going to be an interesting weekend, and I was *surely* the best looking guy on campus. Although a guy dressed as Protoman was getting attention from some ladies.

It was getting cold when I went over to the dealers room. En route, I met up with a group of young girls. They seemed

nice, and made good traveling companions, until they started squealing over the different cosplayers. All I could do was shake my head. Then I remembered what I was dealing with, and snapped a quick shot of the Red Sniper.

"Is that the Sniper?" one of the girls screamed.

"Yeah," I said. "I saw the Blu one in line earlier."

"I picked him for Fandom Deathmatch last year."

"Fandom Deathmatch?" I asked.

"Basically, it's this panel where everyone pulls these different character's names from a hat, and then we debate over who would win."

"I think one time they had Pyramid Head vs. Pikachu," one of her friends said. The scariest thing about that statement wasn't that everyone at the panel was debating it, oh no. It's the fact that the damn thing was playing out in my head.

"Oh yeah! Another good one was Alucard vs. Bugs Bunny" That one didn't manifest as we all walked by the Protoman before, still rolling with an entourage.

"So where are you lovely ladies off to this evening?"

"We were going over to the dealer's room."

"That's cool." I remembered I still didn't have a pass. There wasn't much of a line by the time we got there, but it was just long enough for me to formulate a plan. "So what are you hoping to see down there?" I asked the cute blonde of the group.

"I don't know, but they always have

some pretty good stuff," she said, as I shoved a slip from my notepad into the empty lanyard.

I wrote down a couple notes as I kept my body turned toward her. "Yeah. So, like, does everybody but me know that Protoman guy outside?"

Security waved me in.

"He was there last year when it was at Suffolk Community College. It kinda sucked last year, but he managed to make everyone really happy."

I kept my head down and my camera close to my chest, as I began to write down the past five minutes:

Security waved me in again.

It was only 6:30, and a few tables were still setting up. Interestingly enough, the biggest shops were the ones that were all ready there by the time I got there.

By the time I got to the Press office to pick up my stuff, they were already locking the doors in the Union Basement.

"What? It's only 7!"

"Spring break," said the lackey locking the doors.

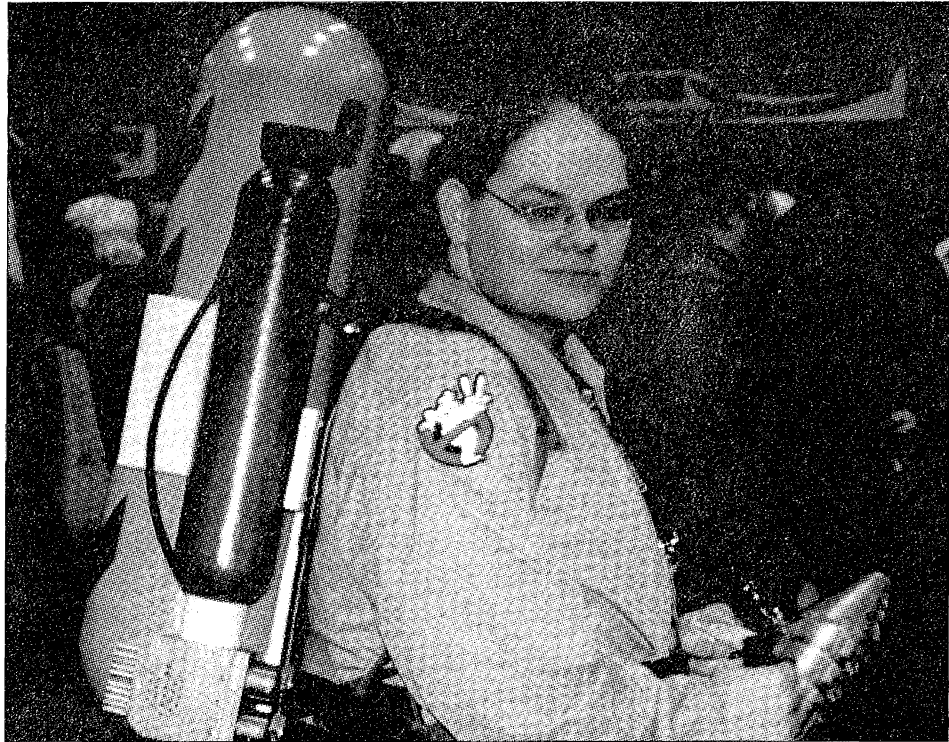
Great. This was the first instance of "You're not welcome here." The second was the weekend they scheduled it: spring break. It was like saying, "Here cool kids, get a three day head start drinking and partying in Cancun while all the loser kids are back at school playing Pokey Mans and watching Trek Wars." There had always been a disconnect between the campus and the event. Stony Brook's a suitcase school: most stay up on campus all week long, then go back home on the weekend.



That crappy show is, like, 20 years old.

Eric DiGiovanni

FUR & LARPING continued from previous page



Bustin' makes him feel good.

Eric DiGiovanni

Some enjoy the festivities; others wonder why this money couldn't have been spent on something more productive, like another crafts night. Either way, I stayed up to cover the damn thing, warts and all.

The only problem now was an angle. "For three days, what the hell am I looking for? What do I get out of this?"

The journey would continue as I headed out to the LAN to see if anyone was up for some *Left 4 Dead*. The room was empty. However, there was a panel "Zombie Outbreak Survival Guide" not too far away in Harriman Hall. As a man of science, I am aware of at least 17 different ways our nation could be swarming with the brain-dead masses, from blocking the serotonin hormone, to a parasite known as *Toxoplasma gondii*, to Glenn Beck fans. Naturally, I popped my head in.

"You'll want to pick them off at a distance. Fire's also a good offensive and defensive tool, but you'll want to keep it far away from your base." Interestingly enough, the only shot the female presenter had at getting laid was in a desperate Earth repopulation scenario.

The male presenter offered some more tips: "A good rule of thumb is to avoid urban areas, as well as swamps and bodies of water."

A kid in the front raised his hand. "Isn't it true that the best place to hide would be the Hoover Dam? It's well fortified and has plenty of generators," he said.

She replied, "Ideally, you'll want to have a self-sustaining commune."

I looked around. People were seriously taking notes. I was too, but I had a story to cover.

"What are your opinions on hiding in a box?" asked a paunchy Solid Snake.

"Well, I guess you're pre-packaged zombie food then!" snarked the male presenter. The panel went on for a bit longer, one girl wearing a knit cap looking intently, taking notes. It's amazing how these people actually had taken their plans seriously. Most of us spend maybe a few minutes a month pondering this kind of thing, culminating in thinking about buying a gun. Yet here were people whose entire lives are based around the end of everyone else's.

"One thing we cannot stress enough is keeping in shape," I heard from the front as Solid Snake looked down and touched his gut.

A girl dressed as a hunter from the video game *Left For Dead* ran up to her friend, a girl dressed as a witch from the same video game, and yelled "Startled The Witch!"

The Witch started screaming and howling as she chased the Hunter out the doorway and into the hall.

I snapped some pictures as it happened, and I wanted to see how this ended. "Leave it to me! I've covered wars, ya' know!" I yelled. I guess the two girls took the whole thing as seriously as I did.

The room had a very powerful smell. Contrary to what you might think, it wasn't sweat or body odor, instead, the odor of disinfectant and detergent combined into something that repelled more than negated, like Axe. Furries.

In medias res: "You'll want to stock up on disinfectant. A place like Walmart has some pretty good deals." You'd think for such a marginalized culture, the presenter would have a bit more enthusiasm. I snapped some pictures. Everyone stared

at me like I was some alien creature about to skullfuck their brains and eat their flesh, but I didn't eat them yet, so they all held their breath and hoped that I would just go away. "And, uh, if you get a stain," he said, eyes darting between me and his audience, "You should look up on the Internet how to clean it."

He was sitting next to a few of his creations, all beheaded foxes and wolves. His face lacked any passion or emotion, yet the heads next to him had bright, smiling faces. The rest of the attendees looked just as bad. Behind the mask, they're crying tears onto their pockmarked faces.

He went into the process of how the suit is made, and what materials are used, and I have to say, the Engineer in me was kind of interested. "Well, uh, the head is carved out polycarbonate materials..." However, the rest of my brain was thinking, "Holy shit, what have I gotten myself into?"

Most people shudder when they think of furries. I frown. A few weeks ago, some guy tried starting up a panel trying to "explain" furries. A friend and me showed up for a minute on the way to the gym. It was empty save for a girl who was waiting for a friend.

We walked out

"That was fuckin' weird man," my friend said, looking as if he just survived a terrible ordeal.

Sad no one showed up, but can you really blame them?

The panel, right. "The worst thing is when, you know, kids stick their gum in your back."

"Really?" You'll never believe who asked that question. "That's happened to

you before?" It was a young black guy in a ninja outfit. Easily the second best looking man there.

"Yeah, twice," responded the failure at the front of the room.

The Game room was packed to the gills. On the far side was a real big Star Trek operation with a video screen and at least 3 playmats. Next to them, one of the Trekkies got himself into a dungeon delve. A Trekkie playing *Dungeons and Dragons*. I'm surprised the universe didn't collapse right then and there.

I passed by the BLU team again, and a man in a combat cap and trenchcoat shouted "Yeah, RED Sucks!"

"Hey," I frowned, "I worked as an Engie for RED."

A trio of Naruto cosplayers bumped into me on my way out. Here's a little drinking game to play at I-Con. Everytime you see a Naruto headband, take a drink. Congratulations, you're now dead. I dropped the question: "Why?"

"Well, I want to be a professional costumer," said one of the girls.

"This robe cost me \$160 from a specialty website. I'm also looking to get blue eye contacts and dye my hair blonde for next time," said the only boy among the group.

"For Naruto?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"I don't really keep up with it, but I knew first he had bright orange jumpsuit, right? Then he started wearing black with orange highlights, and I guess this is his latest?"

"Um, actually, it's from a 'What If' from the fandom when Naruto becomes



What's wrong with your faaaace?

Eric DiGiovanni

FUR & LARPING continued from previous page

Hokage [, a sort of leader of the ninjas.]”

If the Trekkie didn't cause some sort of universal rift, this kid certainly did. The next thing I remember was Captian America and the Iron Sheik arguing. Either that, or the Diet Pepsi I spiked with Jaegermeister. I guess Captain America was from a fandom “what if” too, where Steve Rogers had too many Cheetos and grew a beard.

“I am trying to foster peace here!” yelled Captain America. “If it weren't for you idiots-“

“The outworlder has shown his true colors! He called us idiots!” the Iron Sheik sarcastically boasted to the crowd.

I'm you're biggest fan.

I'll follow you until you love me!

Papa, Paparazzi!

“My bad, hold on,” said a member of

the peanut gallery as he pulled out his phone.

“What The Fuck” didn't even begin to cover my state of mind right now.

I went in to a lecture hall where others were gathered. A man in a leather jacket and ponytail was able to fill me in on the details.

“Well, we have to earth to overthrow an evil emperor.”

“Like Xenu?”

“Exactly. Right now we're in the middle of a conference that unites all these various tribes, so that we may select a new king.”

The second the meeting started, his accent changed, and he started talking about DNA tests. A key member of the committee had an attempt on his life, and they were trying to sniff out the villains in the crowd.

I took a seat in the back, next to a guy who called himself an archivist. For some reason, in this intergalactic hall of champions, there was a Pepsi machine. As I reached for 20 oz. of caffeine and refreshment, I bumped into a “character”.

“Aw,” I said.

“What?” He turned around and

looked at me.

“No, you're Deadpool mask. I like him too.”

“Actually, I'm Warpath. A mercenary who is sort of a clone of Deadpool.” At least he admits it. Although Deadpool never struck me as the kind of person you want two running around.

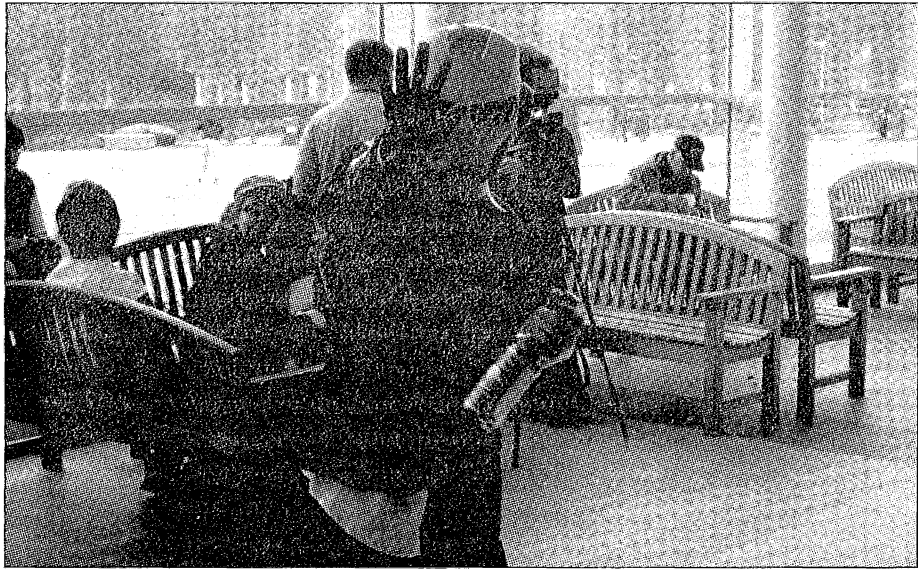
“What's with the Rock Band guitar?”

“Different stuff happens depending on what song I play. It's one of my powers.”

I took a look back into the conference hall. Apparently combat was initiated, and I ran in, psyched to possibly see people bashing each other's heads in. That was LARPing, right? No, instead of foam weapons, they were fiddling around with playing cards. *Then* the combat took place. I took some more pictures and looked at the time codes. That's when I noticed the time.

“I'm sorry,” I announced to the ambassadors. “But the transport back to Spaceport Jefferson leaves soon.”

For the thrilling conclusion to Eric's ICON correspondence, check out www.sbpress.com



This guy captures the drunken Tony Stark quite well

Eric DiGiovanni

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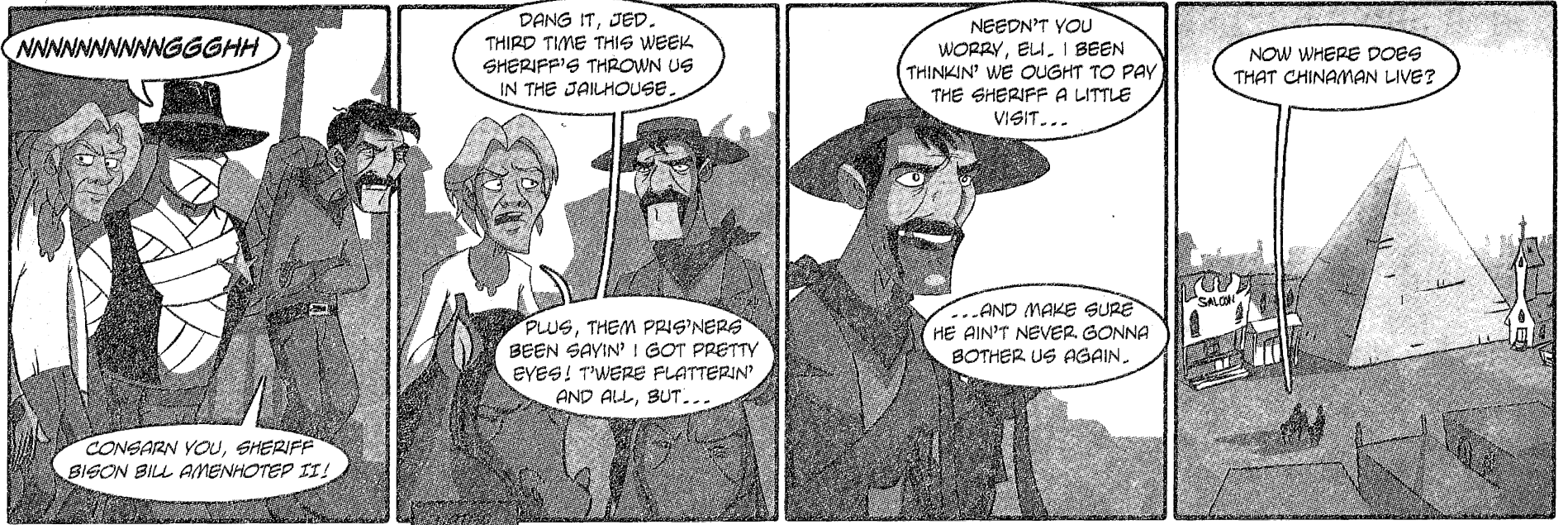
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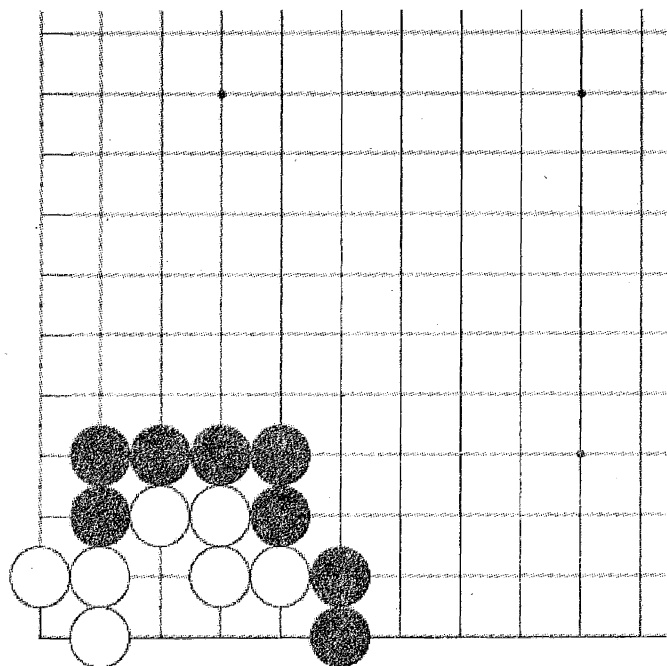


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Wednesdays, 1pm,
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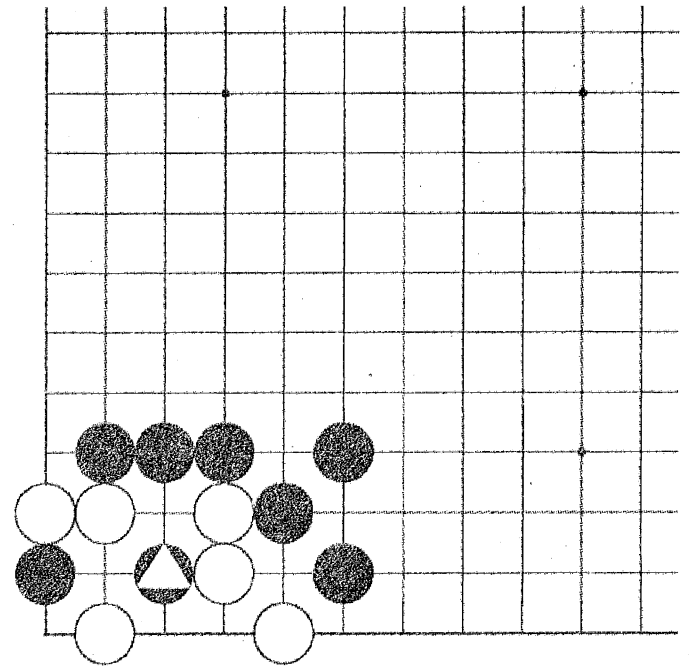
I'm so depressed, I don't know what to do...

Go for it, Man!



Black to move, kill Whitey!

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



Last issue's solution

Privatizing SUNY

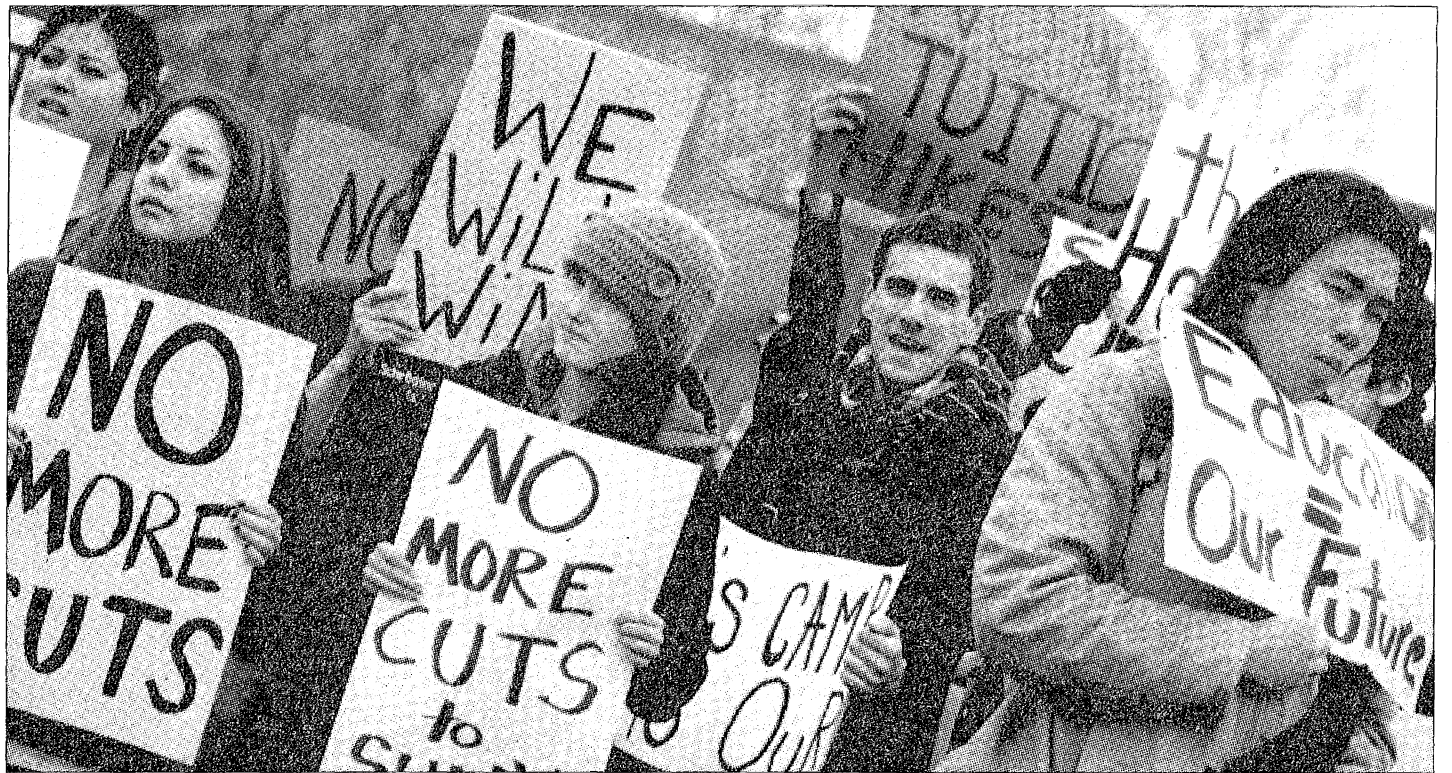


Anita Edjukaishin

SUNY has long been one of the best and most affordable systems of public higher education in the country. In the midst of a deepening NY state fiscal crisis, Governor

Paterson has proposed a new bill—the “Public Higher Education Empowerment and Innovation Act,” or PHEEIA—that would ostensibly revitalize SUNY, allowing for hundreds of new faculty in the next decade.

PHEEIA in fact contains one or two potentially positive aspects, such as guaranteeing that tuition revenue would stay within the SUNY system. But rather than promoting a meaningful debate within the SUNY community and then passing the good aspects as piecemeal legislation, which could easily be done, the Governor and SUNY administrators are trying to shove a bundle of major reforms down our throats all at once. The core reforms are highly problematic. First, the promised extra revenue would come from perpetual tuition hikes of at least 6-10 percent each year, even higher tuition rates for certain campuses and certain majors, and ambiguous “public-private partnerships” involving private corporations. Second, the bill would all but eliminate legislative oversight and place the power to set tuition and make other crucial decisions in the hands of the SUNY Board of Trustees, a body that is appointed by the governor, composed largely of business executives, and completely unaccountable to SUNY students. Most importantly, the bill would open the door to the further privatization of the SUNY system by shifting more of the burden for sustaining SUNY onto students, and further relieving the state government and its wealthiest taxpayers of their obligation to fund public education. Instead of taxing the wealthy to save SUNY, the bill would essentially tax students and parents. (Historically, tuition hikes have roughly coincided



We got your solidarity right here, Perliger!

Najib Aminy

with reductions in state funding for SUNY: the state has slashed SUNY’s budget repeatedly in recent years, and the percentage of the SUNY budget provided by the state has declined from 75 percent in 1990 to just 51 percent a few years ago.)

President Stanley, Chancellor Zimpher, and Provost Kaler have all been lobbying tirelessly in support of PHEEIA. The leadership boards of the Undergraduate Student Government and the Graduate Student Organization have compliantly parroted the administration’s misleading rhetoric about the bill, despite not having polled their constituencies in any meaningful way.

What about Stony Brook professors? Where do they stand? Several were quoted in the March 10 issue of the *Press*, in which journalist Najib Aminy had asked them to comment on the March 3 rally of several hundred Stony Brook students against impending state budget cuts, tuition hikes and the fact that the administration had been lobbying for PHEEIA without consulting students. Arie Perliger, Visiting Professor in Political Science and

History, gave the following smug assessment: “These are students who protested because they are concerned about their pockets; it’s not about the violation of civil rights, human rights or any political evil... They don’t want to have to pay for these changes in the educational system.” Apparently for Perliger, the desire to maintain access to quality, affordable education immediately invalidates the protesters. Because the protesters are supposedly driven not by any noble ideals of “human rights” but instead by base and despicable self interest, they merit nothing but scorn. One of Perliger’s colleagues, Professor Albert Cover of the Political Science department, likewise suggested that since tuition hikes are not “a matter of life and death,” they are essentially a trivial issue.

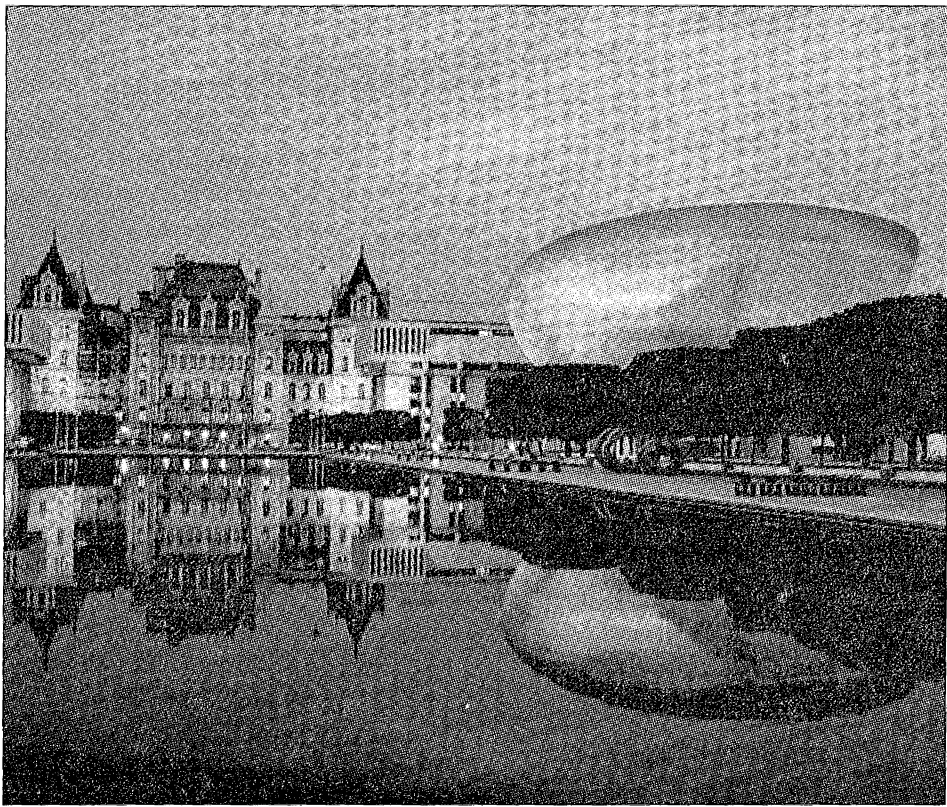
Perliger teaches in the History department, so perhaps what is most surprising is his fundamental misunderstanding or distortion of past struggles for “civil rights” and “human rights,” whose participants were driven not just by noble ideals but also by their own self-interest. Also surprising is Perliger’s dismissive sneer about how “few students” participated in the March 3 rally as he “compared the couple hundred students who came out to the more than 20,000 students at Stony Brook.” As Perliger the historian must know, all movements start small and must overcome the barriers of inertia,

disinformation, and widespread feelings of futility—barriers which Perliger’s comments seem intended to reinforce.

Perliger’s arrogant statements also distort the motives of Stony Brook students, many of whom believe that their struggle is about the “human right” to education. In this regard the students’ perspective coincides with that of the 1948 Universal Declaration of Human Rights, Article 26 of which declares that “higher education shall be equally accessible to all on the basis of merit [i.e., not income or wealth].” But apparently in his lifelong study of history Perliger has never stumbled upon one of the foundational documents in twentieth-century human rights discourse and practice.

Professor Cover likewise dismissed the protesters as stingy for not resigning themselves to what he called “marginal tuition hikes.” Now, the definition of “marginal” is bound to be subjective, but most working-class and middle-class students would agree that a 6 to 10 percent increase in tuition each year—meaning that tuition will double within 7 to 12 years—is not marginal. Cover, with his comfortable annual salary of nearly \$72,000, according to figures from 2007, evidently has a different view. That view coincides with the view of the Stony Brook administration, the SUNY Board of Trustees and wealthy taxpayers and large corporations in

“Higher education shall be equally accessible to all on the basis of merit [i.e., not income or wealth].”



This is where games are played, like the future of SUNY tuition.

New York who want to shift the burden of paying for SUNY even further onto students and parents.

Are Perliger and Cover representative of the faculty as a whole? Unfortunately some signs suggest that they are. Although the leadership of the faculty union, UUP, has presented well-researched critiques of PHEEIA, many professors seem to agree with Perliger and Cover. The Executive Committee of the University Senate, which is composed mostly of professors, just passed

a resolution strongly supporting PHEEIA. At the very end of the resolution were just three suggestions about how "PHEEIA could be improved"; the primary suggestion—to include a provision in the law to "insure [sic] that the State of New York will not use the revenue stream generated by the tuition increases to reduce the State's funding of SUNY by a comparable amount"—is naïve and completely toothless, and was probably only included to placate critics of SUNY's privatization. Since the

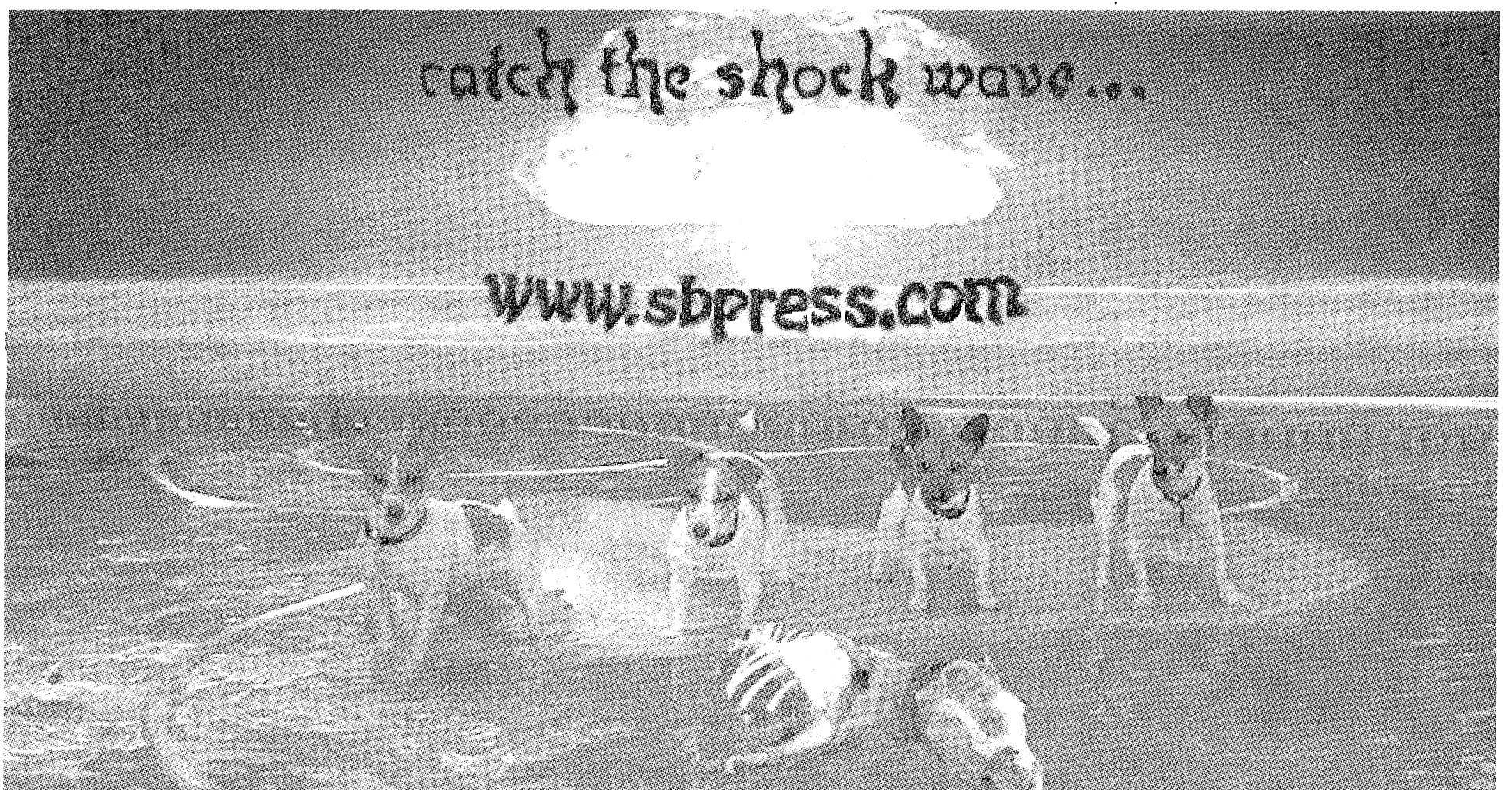
Governor's proposed budget was released in January, neither the University Senate nor the Stony Brook administration has done much of anything beyond issuing token denunciations to fight the proposed cuts of \$118 million to SUNY.

Many Stony Brook professors presumably took jobs at a public university at least in part out of a moral commitment to providing quality, affordable and accessible higher education to all New Yorkers regardless of wealth or income. Their support for PHEEIA is usually couched in those same terms—"this is the only way to preserve SUNY," etc. But it's hard to reconcile those sentiments with the sinister realities of PHEEIA. Those who support PHEEIA's basic provisions, while doing little or nothing to resist budget cuts, are either suffering from serious delusions about what PHEEIA is or are callously promoting a bill that would hurt the population they are supposed to be serving. An administration and faculty genuinely committed to serving SUNY students would be organizing rallies, lobbying days, and acts of civil disobedience right alongside the students who protested on March 3.

Luckily PHEEIA is expected to tank

in the State Assembly, at least this year, because of legislators' opposition and the outcry from unions and students around the state. The state budget cuts, however, will probably go through, in part because the administration and faculty have refused to lead any firm resistance to them. And PHEEIA will most certainly resurface in the future, perhaps under a new name, using current or future economic crises as a justification for sweeping changes (the current bill is in fact a rebranding of past privatization schemes that have been defeated). As the pioneer "disaster capitalist" Milton Friedman knew so well, "Only a crisis, real or perceived, produces real change. When that crisis occurs, the actions that are taken depend on the ideas that are lying around." Now and in the near future, there will be two options for us all, corresponding to two competing views of what higher education should be. One says that education is a privilege, and that the state has no real responsibility to fund it; the other is the view expressed in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and shared by most of the world's people.

"Only a crisis, real or perceived, produces real change. When that crisis occurs, the actions that are taken depend on the ideas that are lying around."



Get Ready for the Start of Baseball Season:

It's a Microcosm of Baseball Microcolumns, Comin' Atcha!

American League

New York Yankees

By Ross Barkan

The 2010 New York Yankees are looking to prove to the world that miracles are indeed possible. Back in 2009, the then 26-time World Champions embarked on a plucky, endearing quest to shock a disbelieving nation and bring home a much-deserved title to title-starved New York City. They succeeded thanks to grit, heart, feisty love and ingenuity, not to mention a dab of talent. Led by lovable lil' scamps Alex Rodriguez and Derek Jeter, these Yankees are quite a formidable little bunch of waifs. I mean, Nick Swisher—c'mon, that *can't* be his real name, right? In an attempt to appease the NAACP, the Yankees added center fielder Curtis Granderson, starting pitcher Javier Vazquez (in 1935, they would've totally considered him black!), and first baseman/DH/orphan Nick Johnson. Nick the Sick, honestly my favorite

player of all time (I own a Nick Johnson shirt with like five holes and a mustard stain from 2003), will add on base prowess to the squad and fill the DL vacancy that was so glaring last year. Look for these Yankees to compete for victories, due mostly to the fact that they are fucking loaded. Holy dogshit, they have Granderson hitting seventh and the guy will probably crack 50 home-runs in that expensive fuckhole of a ballpark. Brett Gardner, who really does look like a committed member of the National Front, is our version of Jacoby Ellsbury, purged of that Native American blood, thank Jesus. He'll do some things. My prediction for these Yankees: 153 wins, 25 losses. My math might be off, but so what? Championship number 28 is probably on the way. If it isn't, George Steinbrenner's ghost is gonna totally fire somebody.



National League

New York Mets

By Alex Nagler

It's baseball season again, which means only one thing for a non-Bronx bound New Yorker. It's time to get our hopes and dreams crushed again. Our Amazin's are looking to open up another in a string of bad seasons, playing in a stadium that has added more orange and blue after critiques that it wasn't Shea-y enough. Their spring season has been a mess, dropping games in horrifically ugly outings that combined poor pitching with even shoddier offense. Reyes is still injured, as are Beltran and Daniel Murphy. The majority of the lineup are players no one has ever heard of. When the people whose names we're familiar with will return is still uncertain at this time.

Opening day is a home game at Citi Field with Johan Santana, probably the Mets' only good pitcher, on the mound. The ceremonial first pitch

will be thrown out by Daryl Strawberry in a spectacle that is probably as ironic as it is depressing. Some think it may be the high point of a season that will hopefully let the faithful know it's all over by June instead of September. Fans pray that they'll at least be better than the Nationals, if not the Marlins, as a season in the basement of the NL East behind a dominant Phillies and resurging Braves would probably be the worst thing any Mets fan could think of—the 90s and 00s combining forces to thoroughly humiliate us.

There is one good thing, though. If the Mets prove that they're dead before June 11, we can all focus on the World Cup instead of fretting about how things are going in Queens. The Mets are, after all, also Los Mets. Lets see if Reyes is a better forward than he is shortstop.



Boston Red Sox

By Matt Willemain

The most exciting team in baseball just got twice as most exciting, as those Boston Red Sox are back—and this time they are fully loaded. What's the one aspect of the game of baseball that keeps fans on the edge of their seats? D-d-d-d-d-d-defense! Electricity and leather fuse into one as Boston loads baseball's preeminent cathedral, Fenway Park, with a hot mess of defensive superstars. Spilling out onto the green like the disgorged contents of an imperial stomach, overstuffed after a Roman-orgiastic feast of defense, opponents should expect this ball-handling gang to demonstrate professionalism and aplomb.

It's a sign of the good fortune of Red Sox fan base that significant upgrades to pitching and defense, in a weak free agent market, passes for a "rebuilding" year for our club. Mike Cameron, Marco Scutaro and Adrián Beltré join Dustin Pedroia, Kevin Youkilis and J.D. Drew on the field, all among the best defenders in baseball at their positions. On the pitching

side, Boston's already excellent starting rotation gets a major boost from former Angels star John Lackey. Moving to the bullpen, Boston boosted their corpse of relief pitchers named Ramon Ramirez by picking up a second guy also named Ramon Ramirez. Now, Boston is prepared for any kind of Ramon Ramirez-type situation.

Of course, returning stars will bring the heat. Johnathan Papelbon is one of the game's few elite closers, and heads up an excellent bullpen. By all indications, David Ortiz looks to come back off his two injury plagued years with something like a return to form. Jacoby Ellsbury's going to be stealing bases like Lindsay Lohan's stealing small change from the mall wishing fountain. Josh Beckett, who throws out baseball's first pitch in 2010 (in about eleven minutes, as I write this) against the heinous New York Yankees, along with Matsuzaka, Lackey, Lester and Bucholz, form a wall of excellent starting with no weaknesses.

It should be fun.



Philadelphia Phillies

By Matt's Buddy

Coming off of the first back-to-back World Series appearances in franchise history, the Phillies did not spend their offseason idly. Driven by the knowledge that the closest competition in their division, the Marlins and Braves, are each improved this year, the Phillies made bold moves to keep their competitive edge in the NL East.

Gone are Pedro Feliz and Brett Myers, both disappointments from last year. Each of their replacements should be familiar to Phillies fans. Replacing Feliz at the hot corner is Placido Polanco. Polanco is a former Phillie who was traded to Detroit in 2005 to make room for Chase Utley at second base, a move that was unpopular at the time but proved to be the correct one as Utley has developed into one of the premier players in the NL. Myers, who at points last year was injured, out of shape, and ineffective (or a combination of all three) was allowed to

leave via free agency, and signed with Houston. His rotation replacement is J.A. Happ, a home-grown talent who spent parts of last year in the rotation and served as a swingman for the Phils during the playoffs.

Also gone is Cliff Lee, the Phil's playoff MVP from last year, shipped to Seattle in a three-way blockbuster that brought Roy Halladay to Philadelphia. This move now means that the best pitcher in the NL pitches in Philly, not Flushing. Halladay, a six-time All-Star and former AL Cy Young award winner, will take the ball for Philadelphia when they open the season on April 5 in Washington.

With the addition of Halladay to an already talented roster that includes two former NL MVPs, the Phillies are a near-lock to beat out the Marlins and Braves for the NL East title, and a favorite to represent the NL in the 2010 World Series.

