

THE
STONY
BROOK

PRESS

THE SUITCASE SCHOOL



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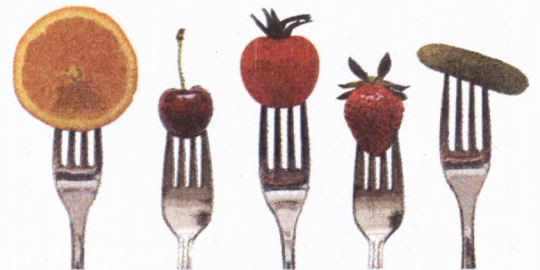
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THE STONY BROOK PRESS

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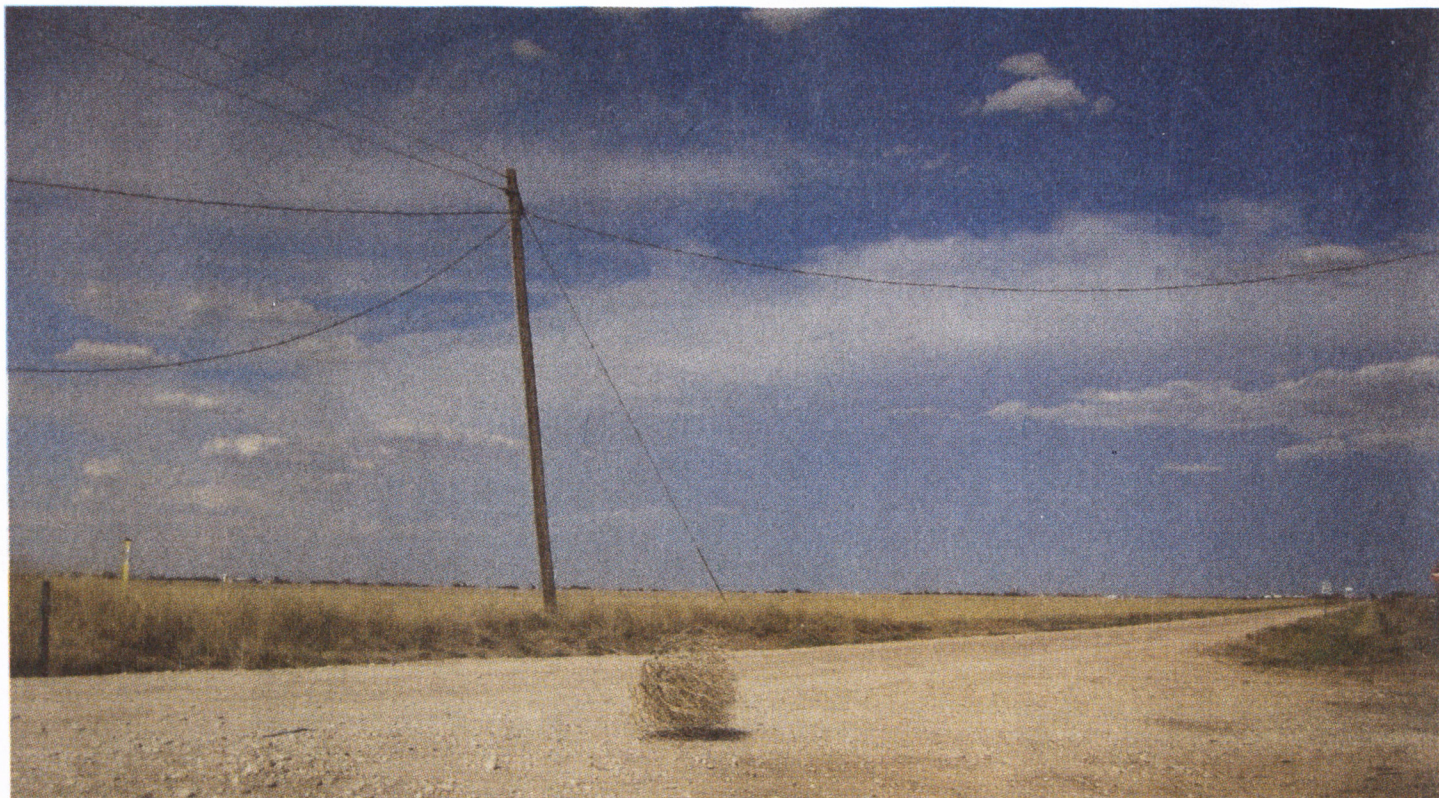
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WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH WEEKEND LIFE?



We here at The Stony Brook Press have been kicking around the idea of writing about weekend life activities for quite some time here. However, the brainstorming would almost invariably turn into an open forum for editors and staff members to make jokes and complain about how “weekend life” is something that doesn’t really exist, which would be why so many people pack their bags and head home for the weekends.

Sure, there are plenty of reasons to want to head out. You could want the comfort of your own bed, a home-cooked meal, to hang out with friends that don’t attend SBU, chill with pets. The reasons are seemingly endless.

The numbers really do show that the Brook doesn’t empty out nearly as much as it did years ago. That being said, I can’t imagine how empty the place was back in the days prior to 2006, because the place does empty out quite a bit, especially over extended breaks when the place becomes a damn ghost town. That situation becomes a whole mess of boredom unto itself that we won’t even begin to get into here.

Sure, there are plenty of reasons to want to head out. You could want the comfort of your own bed, a home-cooked meal, to hang out with friends that don’t attend SBU or chill with pets. The reasons are seemingly endless.

However, the University should make a real effort to keep students around on weekends, because for a significant number of students, this is their home for the majority of the year.

On the various occasions that we have began research on the topic over the past 10 months or so, we would look at the events planned and outlined on the emails sent out by the Weekend Life Council. After all, it was the sole purpose of said council to provide a reason for students to stick around on weekends.

What was so surprising was that the majority of these events took place prior to the actual weekend. The latest they’d usually take place was on a Friday evening, some even taking place on Thursdays while classes were still in session. We ran a piece examining this weird occurrence, but never really investigated deeper.

Further into this very issue (on page six, to be exact.) The Press’ veteran Features Editor Alyssa Melillo takes a deeper, more thoughtful look at the topic of weekend life, which I strongly suggest you give a read, as it really is very good.

From Ms. Melillo’s findings it appears that the folks on the Weekend Life Council have been making a legitimate effort to keep people around and have been doing a better job as of late with their event planning and whatnot, but I haven’t noticed it personally.

Who knows, maybe we’re just looking in the wrong places.

CAMPUS DINING HIRES NUTRITIONIST

by Alyssa Melillo

Eating a healthy diet is one of the hardest things to do on any college campus, but the task will soon become easier for Stony Brook students.

Campus Dining Services has hired nutritionist Kristina Tiernan, RD to develop healthy, nutritious menu items throughout all of the dining facilities on campus, including more vegetarian and vegan options. Tiernan will be working closely with Campus Dining chefs to create these meals while also talking to students about what they would like to eat.

“My goal is to take student suggestions for healthier dining options and create menu items that are healthy, taste good, visually appealing and affordable,” Tiernan said. Tiernan, who began working here in February, is currently assessing all of the meal options on campus. She has met with students from the Meal Plan Resolution Committee and the Vegan and Vegetarian Taskforce to gather information on what students like and dislike about dining on campus, and what they would like to see on the menus.

Part of Tiernan’s job goes beyond the dining halls as well. She hosts Cooking 101 classes every Tuesday, where she provides cooking tips and nutritional information. She will also be offering free counseling for students. In addition, she has also introduced a new feature to Campus Dining: setting up tables at dining locations where students can try free samples of featured superfoods every month.

Students who try to eat healthy on campus are already optimistic of the changes Tiernan will bring. Hanna Baglivi, a sophomore biology major who has been a vegetarian for a year, said that right now she eats mostly salads, side dishes and soups from the dining halls, but said that she is excited about the idea of more meatless menu items.

“We live here. This is our home,” she said. “We should be able to eat things that make us comfortable. A salad isn’t really good for every single meal.”

While there are many healthy options in the dining halls already—almond and soy milks, grilled chicken,

turkey and veggie burgers, whole grain breads, salad bars—Tiernan acknowledged that because their stock is limited, students might overlook them.

“Healthy options on campus do exist,” Tiernan said. “I hope to change the way people think about their food and offer more healthy options that attract students to choose these over fried foods.”

“We should be able to eat things that make us comfortable. A salad isn’t really good for every single meal.”

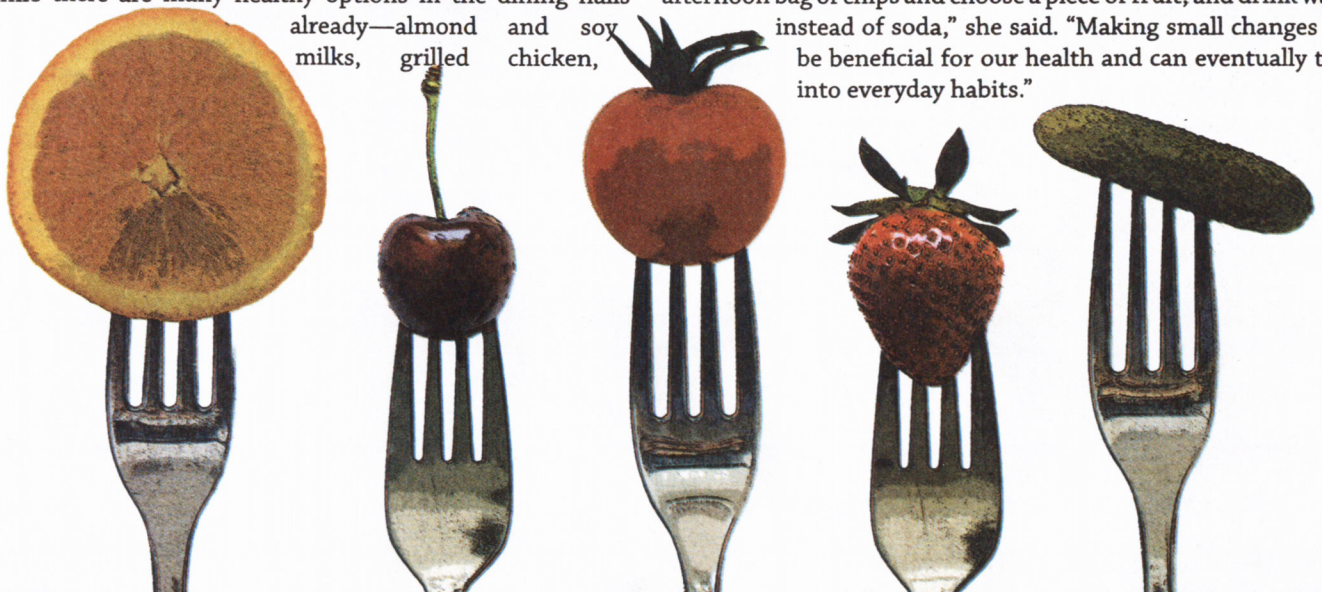
But with every change comes some difficulties. Tiernan cited taste, appeal and pricing as some of her biggest challenges when it comes to developing healthy menu items.

Staff members who work directly with Tiernan are also optimistic about the services she will bring to campus. In an email, Angela Agnello, director of marketing and communications for the Faculty Student Association, wrote that having a nutritionist on campus will provide many advantages for students.

“The benefit of having a nutritionist on staff is that students with special dietary needs, allergies and those students interested in eating healthier can utilize free nutritional counseling offered by Campus Dining Services,” Agnello wrote.

Tiernan said students will see new healthy menu items introduced throughout the rest of the semester. She added that making small changes to a diet and choosing the better options that are already available are some steps students can take to healthful eating in the meantime.

“Choose whole wheat bread instead of white, eliminate that afternoon bag of chips and choose a piece of fruit, and drink water instead of soda,” she said. “Making small changes can be beneficial for our health and can eventually turn into everyday habits.”



WEEKEND WARRIORS *by Alyssa Melillo*

During her freshman year, Queens native Samantha Shetty went home almost every weekend to work at her tutoring job. But come sophomore year, the psychology major had a change of heart.

"It's a comfort, going home on the weekends," she said. But "it hit me how tedious it was."

Later that year, Shetty, now a junior, sought out on-campus activities and events on the weekends instead of going home—and she found that there was a lot more going on than she thought.

But the main reason Shetty stopped going home so much was because she joined the Weekend Life Council, a group of students that make up just one of many entities under the umbrella of Weekend Life. This program compiles events and activities that take place over the weekend to entertain the students who remain on campus.

To put it in simpler terms, Stony Brook is slowly becoming less of a "suitcase school,"

"My desire to join the Weekend Life Council was fueled by my desire to see more activities on campus," Shetty said. "There's so much to do."

For the past few years, more and more Stony Brook students have stowed away their suitcases and opted to stay on campus Friday through Sunday. According to numbers of meal plan transactions gathered by the Faculty Student Association, about 27 percent more students stayed on campus on weekends during the Fall 2012 semester than they did that same semester in 2006.

To put it in simpler terms, Stony Brook is slowly becoming less of a "suitcase school," one where students dorm during the week but pack up their bags and head home the days they don't have classes. Angela Agnello, director of marketing and communications for the FSA, attributed the increase of students on campus Friday through Sunday to the success of programs such as Weekend Life.

"We have seen an upward trend in

the average number of meal plan transactions on the weekends since 2006," Agnello wrote in an email, adding that Weekend Life has enhanced the quality of campus life on the weekend.

Weekend Life features a wide variety of events and activities. Groups such as Weekend Life Council, the Student Activities Board and Campus Residences, along with clubs and organizations, hold movie nights, fashion shows, dances and other activities. Through the Weekend Life Grant, a \$40-thousand endowment from the state, non- or under-funded clubs can allocate for money to hold events on the weekends as well.

And the events bring in a lot of students. On a recent Friday night, the Weekend Life Council held a Roaring '20s roller rink in the Student Activities Center, complete with costumes, music and mocktails. Students squeezed side by side on the benches outside Ballroom A waiting to get in before it started. Shetty, who helped run the roller rink, said that 275 people came to the event, more than double the usual 125-student turnout for the council's events.

"Honestly, it depends on the scale of the event," Shetty said. "We were expecting about that much, but we always hope to get as many people as possible."

Students and staff members who work within Weekend Life do acknowledge that there are challenges that come with providing such a large student body with activities, though. According to figures on the university's website, about 48 percent of undergraduate students—about 8,200—live on campus. And according to a survey conducted by the Press where 77 percent of student respondents lived on campus, only 29 percent were satisfied with Weekend Life events.

"We can only do so much with our budget," said Christine Noonan, program director for Weekend Life, which has a budget of \$30 thousand funded by the Office of Student Activities. Noonan added that events, especially Weekend Life Council ones, try to cater to all different interests as best as they can.

But a common misconception among Stony Brook students, and a

characteristic this school is known for, is that the campus is deserted on the weekends due to the lack of activities taking place. Students often leave to work, spend time with family and friends, or just escape the presumably desolate campus.

"Walk around on a weekend and this place is like a ghost town," said Rebecca Anzel, a sophomore journalism major who lives here but is from Hicksville, about 40 minutes away in Nassau County. Anzel said she rarely goes home on the weekends and instead passes the time doing homework. She said that during her freshman year, once she noticed there were a lot of campus events on the weekends, staying here was more bearable than it initially was. But she said doesn't think the university does enough to convince students to stay. "The university does a lot to make it seem as though it isn't a suitcase school, but all students know that it is," Anzel said.

Some resident assistants, however, have noticed that more students have been staying on campus—they just keep to their dorms.

"I think campus feels dead on the weekends because after a long week of classes and work, people just want to sleep and chill in their rooms on Saturdays," said Cathy Rico, a sophomore Spanish major who is an RA in Tabler Quad's Sanger College. "I think [Stony Brook] is a school that provides awesome residences and programs to those who live on campus, but also allows freedom for students if they need a break to go home."

Because of Stony Brook's diverse student body, many events are often hosted by ethnicity-based organizations and focus on specific cultures. Noonan said that one way for students to keep busy on the weekends is by attending an event or two that they probably would have overlooked if they were in a different situation.

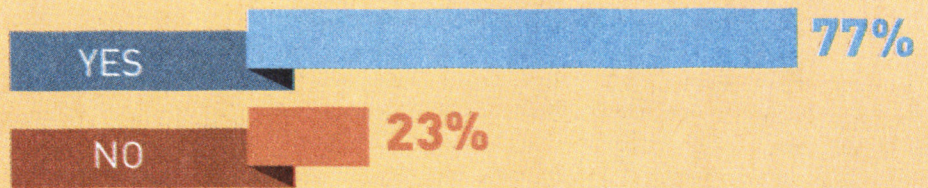
"There's stuff every weekend," she said. "Be open-minded. Try new things."

And for Shetty, who has experienced Stony Brook both as a suitcase school and not, she offered the same advice.

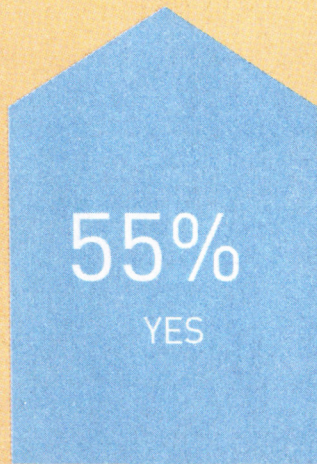
"If you keep an eye out, there's always something going on."

WHAT DOES SBU THINK ABOUT ON-CAMPUS WEEKEND LIFE?

DO YOU LIVE ON CAMPUS?



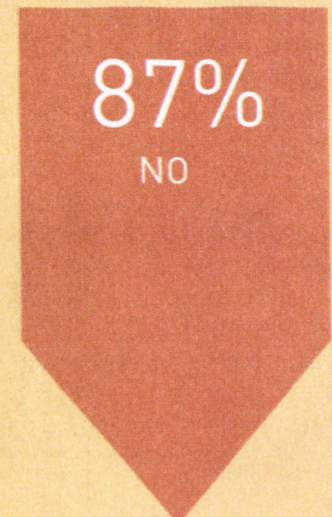
ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH WEEKEND LIFE AT STONY BROOK?



OVERALL, ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH ON-CAMPUS WEEKEND EVENTS?



DO YOU ATTEND ON-CAMPUS EVENTS ON THE WEEKEND?



WANG CENTER CONTROVERSY

by Alyssa Melillo

On Feb. 12, Dr. Sunita Mukhi learned that her position as director of programs for the Charles B. Wang Center would be dissolved. Sixteen days later, on the last day she served her position, she stood outside of her office on the first floor of the center as she spoke on the phone with a journalist from a Chinese newspaper. The Wang Center, after all, is a beacon of Asian and Asian American culture.

"It came as a little bit of a shock to me," Mukhi said about her position after she got off the phone. Additionally an Asian and Asian American studies professor, Mukhi has played a big part in shaping the Wang Center and Asian culture on campus. "I've been here for 10 years. I kind of gave birth to it."

Such outrage over the fate of a building is not unusual for one of the Wang Center's caliber.

Ending Mukhi's position is just one step towards many changes university officials are making to the Wang Center since it opened a decade ago. Officials are looking to place an emphasis on creating more Asian and Asian American programs while conducting a national search over the next few months to fill a new associate directorship position that will replace Mukhi's old one.

"We're looking for a full-time position for programming," said Dr. Tonjanita Johnson, chief deputy to President Samuel L. Stanley, who is also responsible for programming at the Wang

Center. "We're excited about where we're going."

The idea of dissolving Mukhi's position and replacing it with an associate directorship came last summer when Johnson and Diana Hannan, director of conferences and special events at the Wang Center, offered it to Mukhi. Fifty-five percent of it consists of programming and the rest is dedicated to conferencing. Mukhi rejected it, she said, because it would have meant abandoning her job as a professor, plus a \$28-thousand-reduction in her salary. And when she learned last month that the university would go forward with terminating her position, the former director said she was not given a motive other than "programmatically reasons."

"We've discussed this already," Mukhi recalled being told when she asked for an explanation.

In an interview, Johnson and Hannan said that they felt a full-time director who focuses only on programs at the Wang Center and has a lot of expertise in cultural programming would be more beneficial. In addition to hiring a full-time associate director, an advisory council of students, staff, faculty and community members will be created as a source for new programs as well. Johnson and Hannan said they are following Charles B. Wang's vision of the Wang Center, which is to build a bridge between Western and Asian cultures through films, performances, lectures, workshops, exhibitions and festivals.

"We really feel like a new program director will enhance

that even more," Hannan said.

But these changes do not come without outrage from students and some supporters of the Wang Center. On Feb. 26, a petition written by students surfaced on Change.org that accused President Stanley of planning to defund the office of Asian and Asian American programs by dissolving Mukhi's position and downgrading the Wang Center to an ordinary convention center. As of press time, the petition received over a thousand signatures as well as endorsements from people outside the university who have done work associated with the center.

When asked about the petition, which also suggests that Mukhi's firing was an act of racism because she is the only employee in the center who is of Asian descent, Johnson and Hannan declined to comment.

"There's a lot of inaccuracies in it," Hannan said. As for the racism suggestion, Johnson said no other university president has done more to enhance diversity on campus than President Stanley has.

Such outrage over the fate of a building is not unusual for one of the Wang Center's caliber. A hub of culture and tranquility, students often go to the center for a break from the hustle and bustle of the Academic Mall. The sounds of running water from the fountains on the bottom floor and the brightness created by the abundance of windows and open space make for a pleasant escape from busy life on campus. And Jasmine, which serves a variety of Asian

cuisines, is among a favorite dining spot for students, faculty and staff.

But the empty aura the building has been giving off recently has left both students and Mukhi concerned that the essence of the Wang Center is slowly fading away.

"I feel that the spirit may have been lost," Mukhi said. "This center is supposed to be an Asian-themed center. I hope it's maintained."

Johnson and Hannan, on the other hand, said the center is anything but empty.

"We have a pretty robust activity inside the Wang Center," Johnson said.

This semester the Wang Center is hosting several exhibitions and photo galleries, as well as installments of the university's Distinguished Lecture Series and the annual Cherry Blossom Festival.

The Charles B. Wang Center has been, and will continue to be, one of the most iconic buildings on campus. And with the hiring of a full-time associate director, Johnson and Hannan said they are confident that future programs will be richer and more exciting than they already are.

"It has tremendous potential," Hannan said.

"This is going to mean a lot to our students and community," Johnson added.

As for Mukhi, she said she is disappointed in the loss of her position, and that she won't be part of the future of the center. But she said she wishes nothing but good things for the Asian and Asian American programs.

"I'm sad I can't see the semester through," she said.

TOMB IT MAY CONCERN

by Jesse Chang



Lara Croft is back and she's not pulling any punches. Crystal Dynamics threw her into a big, beautiful, inescapable world in *Tomb Raider*, and you'll have trouble leaving it behind as well. Almost every locale is an amazing visual treat—Lara treks across ruined temples, caverns, shipwrecks and every other set piece the island has to offer. What's more, they all feature level design that makes full use of Lara's tools and abilities. *Tomb Raider* isn't the puzzlefest like its predecessors, but it still features several nice puzzles. Combat is mostly third-person shooting with the four weapons you have, but the enemies are smart enough to flush you out of cover. The occasional close quarters combat changes things up nicely, with new and satisfying gut-splattering kill-moves available for weapons once they are leveled up.

Something must be said about Lara Croft herself. Her character model is highly detailed, with dirt, blood and battle damage increasing as you progress. Her animations are truly impressive, thanks to Crystal Dynamic's use of motion capture. When you're traversing a cave, she reaches out to a wall if you're near one. Depending on how you reach a ledge, she climbs on top of it differently. The animation really stands out during the slow, tense moments of *TR*, and there are plenty of them throughout the game. The only thing she's missing is the cutting-edge facial animation from *Halo 4* and *L.A. Noire*, but otherwise, her animations make her come to life.

Tomb Raider's atmosphere is engaging, and the plot is interesting, but the writing is only okay. Lara is interesting, but the supporting cast members all fall into traditional archetypes and, unfortunately, some stereotypes. Also, Lara's transformation

from a helpless girl into a hardened woman is the centerpiece for the plot, yet there's a disparity between the plot and the gameplay. The issue is *context*: Lara starts off as a neophyte, but she undertakes superhuman feats in the very beginning. Early on, killing is depicted as an almost traumatic event for Lara, but throughout the majority of the game, you kill wave after waves of enemies with ease, and the game rewards you for it. However, the plot is effectively powerful at times; at one point, Lara's newfound toughness caught me (and her foes) by surprise, and it was great.

The mystical elements of the story are, thankfully, rather intriguing. *Tomb Raider* takes place on an island where an ancient, semi-Japanese kingdom called Yamatai existed. The kingdom is gone, but a cult has arisen in its place under Mathias, the main antagonist, who worships the goddess Himiko. I was let down a bit though, because the main conflict hinted at a horrifyingly dark resolution but ended with a typical happy ending. Bleh. On the other hand, the plot carries a great deal of momentum despite my misgivings, and it will keep you wondering what happens next.

Nevertheless, the gameplay more than makes up for the ordinary story. There are secret tombs scattered across the island waiting for you to discover and a billion artifacts, documents and GPS caches for you to uncover. The environment is a fun place to get lost because there are just so many things to find. Once in a while though, slow down and look at the amazing scenery that Crystal Dynamics created. Get out there and raid some tombs.

*I played *TR* on the PC with max settings and it is a gorgeous game; the graphics really helped boost the aesthetics.

WE BUILT THIS CITY

by Tom Johnson



I'm going to start by saying that I've been a lifelong PC gamer, and as such *SimCity* and I have a long and storied past together. In a sense, it's the Yoko to my John. I have a deep, shameful love for it that has the potential to ruin many other important aspects of my life.

The year was 1995, and a six-year-old Tom Johnson had come down the staircase on Christmas morning to find a brand new eggshell-colored Packard-Bell tower with a 12-inch monitor, running a copy of Microsoft's fresh new Windows 95 operating system.

Needless to say, I never thought that *SimCity* would be the game to bring my machine to its knees, but lo and behold, here we are.

Alongside the computer came a massive box with Maxis' hottest jam at the time, *SimCity 2000*. I immediately ripped the two floppy disks out of the packaging and dove into the rich world of urban planning and development, and regularly did so for several years following. To this day, it remains very near and dear to my heart, even though subsequent releases haven't really lived up to it. I guess that's the problem with starting the show with a showstopper: it becomes really hard for anything to come close. It was a very deep and fulfilling, yet solitary, experience, and I loved it.

I guess that's where the ultimate failing of *SimCity* is. The newest entry in the series, while ultimately superior in some

ways, focuses a lot on the asynchronous multiplayer aspect of the game. Where in previous releases I would be able to create my own self-sufficient utopia, I must now rely on cities made by others for certain resources in order to progress my city further, which is crap, really. The game isn't called *SimCities*, it's *SimCity*, and I should be able to play it as such.

The fact that I can be dependent on another city for specific resources, and then they can just decide to bounce out and delete the city, leaving me up shit's creek without a paddle is messed up. There should be a contingency for something like that. They shouldn't just assume that the other players are good people, because it's the Internet, and the majority of them aren't.

It does look fine, though, as you'd expect a game like this released in 2013 to look. However, it's pretty heavy on a system. I'm running a machine with a video card that is no slouch and an Intel Core i7, but when I crank the speed up on a fully-developed city, the game chugs like no tomorrow. If I had to guess, I'd say it's a processor issue, but I could be wrong. Needless to say, I never thought that *SimCity* would be the game to bring my machine to its knees, but lo and behold, here we are.

The failing of the server infrastructure certainly didn't help either, as it more or less rendered the game unplayable for quite some time during the first week of release. EA has since increased server capacity by a significant percentage, but it still doesn't change a thing about how awful the launch was, and how it soured the experience for a ton of people, myself included.

I want to love *SimCity*, I really do, and I'm going to give it more time to try and win me over in the months to come. However, as it stands right now, it breaks my heart in ways not many things could. It has such great potential. They just need to figure out a way to realize its potential before it's way too late.

THE PULL LIST

by Sean Fischer



Age of Ultron #2
Brian Michael Bendis
Bryan Hitch

Taking after the famous Age of Apocalypse X-men storyline, Age of Ultron presents a look at the Marvel Universe if evil ultimately won the day. The story suffers from Bendis' over-reliance on decompressed storytelling which can become grating to those hoping to get a better understanding of the extent of Ultron's destruction, and instead only get redundant dialogue and panels. For some reason, a recurring theme in an alternate reality where evil triumphs is alternate attire for the surviving heroes, and this book is no exception. Unfortunately, Hitch doesn't draw the most interesting costumes. They range from utilitarian to ugly, with some kept relatively unchanged. Hitch's strength lies in his capacity for mapping out fight scenes, however in an issue that's dialogue heavy, the aesthetic just looks uninteresting, much like the entirety of the issue.



The Walking Dead #108
Robert Kirkman
Charlie Adlard

For someone who's been following The Walking Dead since the first comic, after a hundred and seven issues, it feels like conversations you've had with friends when you've run out of new things to say. You begin to repeat yourselves, going in rhetorical circles while barely moving forward, but the familiarity is somehow endearing. There will always be an imposing threat, Rick will be meticulously contemplating how to deal said threat, Carl will be reckless yet astonishingly collected, Michonne will lament her inability to retain some sense of normalcy and so

on. Even the introduction of eccentric characters has become commonplace. "King" Ezekiel is introduced in this issue and is by far one of the more distinct characters featured in the series. His garb bears a semblance to James Robinson's Starman, golden rod and all. There's a specific character to Ezekiel's kingdom as well with its knights in shining sports-apparel armor, barricades made of school buses and auditorium based throne room, inhabited by a tiger on a chain. Overall, this serves as another strong issue that'll be sure to entertain long time readers by being consistent without feeling tedious.



The Manhattan Projects #10
Jonathan Hickman
Ryan Browne

The series breaks from its building of an alternate historical setting to bring focus back to the character of Joseph Oppenheimer, the essence absorbing anthropophagous twin brother of Robert Oppenheimer and killer of the later. The issue shows us life after consumption from the perspective of Robert. Browne's cartoonish yet detailed art helps suspend disbelief in a story that applies less plausible science fiction elements to real life historic figures. The landscape of Joseph Oppenheimer's mind is as bizarre as the character himself. While Robert Oppenheimer is more rational than his brother and serves as an apt guide to this strange world, he proves to be just as savage by the end of the issue, setting up what should be an intense conflict between the brothers.



Batman Inc. #18
Scott Snyder
Andy Kubert

Taking place after the events of the latest Batman Incorporated, this issue focuses on the death of Damian Wayne. The issue also marks the return of 'fan favorite' character Harper Row, cementing her place as a recurring character in the Batman universe. The storyline is very similar to the circumstance of Tim Drake's becoming Robin, but feels much more forced. Despite the additional page length, the issue still feels rushed in its further establishment of Harper's character as well as with the sloppy art by Andy Kubert. Despite feeling relatively cheap, fill in art by Alex Maleev in the last few pages helps bring together the conclusion of the issue and can even be considered genuinely touching by its end.

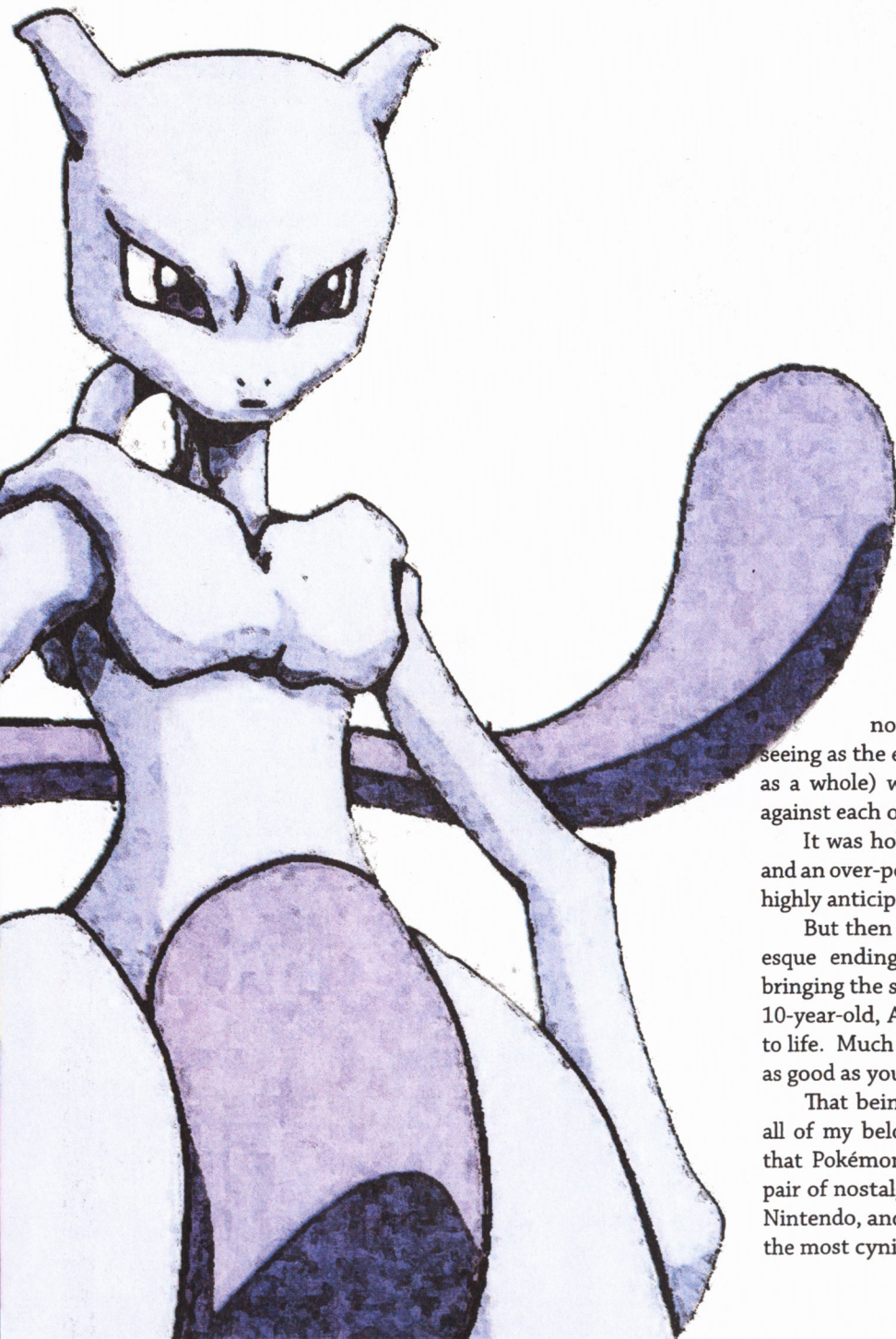


The Black Beetle # 1 of 4
Francesco Francavilla

Francesco Francavilla has established himself as an artist known for his pulp-adventure style cover designs that manage to still be unique, and back-up stories that follow in the same fashion. The same ingenuity that goes into his covers and short stories can be seen here without any sense of dilution. The story follows in tradition of the standard pulp-detective story while being incredibly engaging. Francavilla makes great use of minimalistic colors to create a sense of lighting and atmosphere, while his eye for design is prevalent in the layouts of his splash pages as well as the exotic technology seen throughout the book. Ultimately, the issue serves as a reminder of how fun comics can be, and of the singular talent of its creator.

Contributors: Daine Taylor,
Daniel Cashmar

NOSTALGIA GOGGLES



POKÉMON: THE FIRST MOVIE

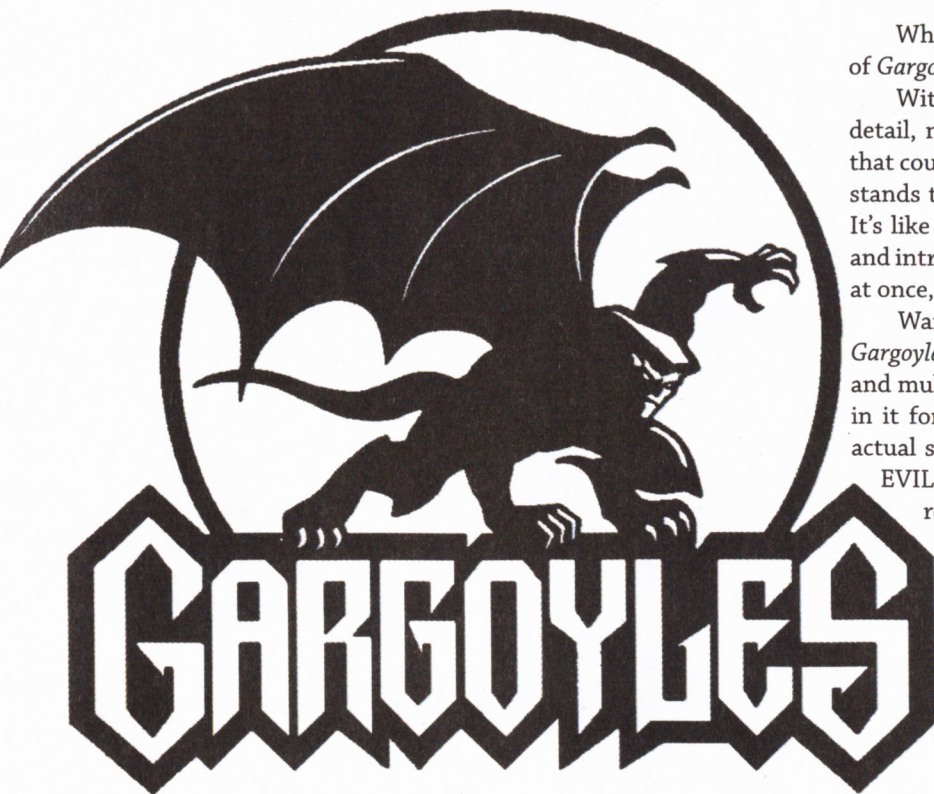
As one of the former die-hard fans that just needed to get both Pokémon Gold and Silver for the Game Boy Color, it hurts to say this: without the bright allure of childhood, *Pokémon: The First Movie* doesn't stand on its own.

The movie holds a great message about nonviolence, even though it was a bit contradictory seeing as the entire first half of the movie (and really the show as a whole) was about pitting these super-powered animals against each other.

It was holding its own, with a somewhat captivating plot and an over-powered, but believable villain. Not to mention the highly anticipated grudge match between Mew and Mewtwo.

But then it lost significant points with its cheesy Disney-esque ending, involving the tears of dozens of Pokémon bringing the stone cold corpse of the inexplicably independent 10-year-old, Ash Ketchum (Ha! Catch 'em... I just got it) back to life. Much as it pains me to say, this movie won't be nearly as good as you may have remembered the next time around.

That being said, it was still fun in a nostalgic way to see all of my beloved Pokémon again and trying to play "Who's that Pokémon" with mixed results. I suggest you strap on a pair of nostalgia goggles, pop in a VHS copy, fish out your old Nintendo, and make a drinking game out of it. I promise all but the most cynical of adults will not be disappointed.



Who remembers this little gem? The first few episodes of *Gargoyles* brought back a flood of awesome memories.

With its exceptionally complex plot and attention to detail, not to mention a level of character development that could rival any Joss Whedon film, *Gargoyles* not only stands the test of time but actually gets better with age. It's like the veil has been lifted and all of the references and intricacies that were lost to me in childhood all hit me at once, harder than I thought possible.

Warning: one does not simply start watching *Gargoyles*. Once you decide to embark on this ever-winding and multifaceted cinematic adventure, believe me, you're in it for the long haul. A captivating plot, moments of actual suspense, and one of the most believable (or BEL-EVIL-ble) villains that you will ever encounter, or remember encountering, will leave you suggesting it to all of your friends. "Yo, trust me bro, you've gotta check this out, remember I'm the one that showed you *Breaking Bad*..."

Nostalgia goggles be damned. Pull up a chair, grab a fresh beer, and get comfortable, because this show will have you, hold you, and nevert let you go.

P.S. Goliath for President! ... That is all.

HUBBA BUBBA BUBBLE TAPE BUBBE GUM

I was in 7-11 the other day and decided to try out some of the six foot long gum of our youth to see if it was still any good. The product is obviously marketed to children with its big bubbly letters (could the entire package be anymore bubble-themed?), bright colors and unconventional shape.

The gum itself was lackluster. The flavor doesn't last long and the texture of the gum inside my mouth was disgusting. It felt like a soft, squishy liquid mass that was in the process of becoming solid until I started chewing it. The gum leaves white powder on your finger tips, which I discovered by looking at my white-powder stained black jeans, which I guess is some type of sweetener. I unrolled it next to myself and it was indeed six feet long however, I have to say Bubble Tape is more of a nostalgic part of my youth than an actually good gum due to its incredibly short flavor and awkward texture.



STADIUMS OF SHIT

COMPUTER SCIENCE GRAD. SCHOOL
by Daniel Cashmar

```
int main()
{
int Reading;
cout<<"I know you're reading this.";
cin>> Reading;
if (Reading) {
    cout<<"I was strolling through the Computer Science building one sunny afternoon when I realized I really had to let the magic flow. Finding this bathroom was a bit strange but what I found was an enchanting oasis in the middle of Stony Brook. This bathroom was somehow clean everywhere it needed to be and was very quiet, much like the rest of the building. It has one urinal and two stalls, all of which were suspiciously clean, especially considering I entered as someone left. I would highly recommend this bathroom to anyone walking between Javits and Roth that doesn't want to piss outside.";
}
else {
    //What other option could there be?
}
}
```

LIFE SCIENCES: THE FANCY PART
by Tom Johnson

My search for a place to defecate took me far out of my comfort zone and into the area surrounding Life Sciences, the fancier building that appears to be a place where smart people research smart things, to be exact.

The bathroom was surprisingly average, especially considering how nice the well-furnished sitting room that it opens into was. Several stalls and two urinals line one wall, while the other has a bank of sinks and a mirror, complete with a shelf as if one was intended to shave there.

A light above kept flickering, but there was a very low level of foot traffic, which I expected seeing how out of the way and specialized this particular facility appears to be. Regardless, this bathroom is exactly what it needs to be: a place to poop uninterrupted in a relatively clean environment.

The most interesting part is that if you were to venture out into the sitting room, there is a vending machine that dispenses Mountain Dew Livewire in exchange for local currency, a beverage I've long thought out of production. So yeah, there's that, I guess.

POLICE BLOTTER

The following crimes were witnessed by members of the Stony Brook Press, and whether or not they were reported to the authorities (or happened at all, who knows) is unconfirmed.

On Friday, March 1, a male resident was found wandering the grounds surrounding Keller College, hungry and disoriented after reportedly smoking a "funny cigarette."

Sources report that robots disguised as humans have infiltrated all levels of the government, local and federal, and acquired access codes to missile silos across the United States. Not much is known about the identities of said robots.

On Thursday, February 28, an employee in a research facility made off with several vials of dinosaur DNA, disguised in a can of Barbasol shaving cream. After the theft, the employee stole one of the custom Jeeps owned by the facility and drove off into the night. The whereabouts of the perpetrator are still unknown at this time.

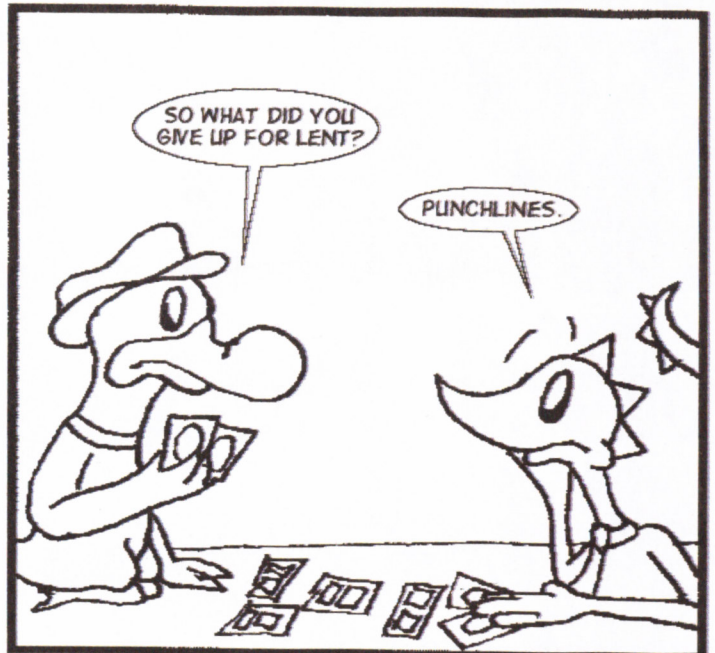
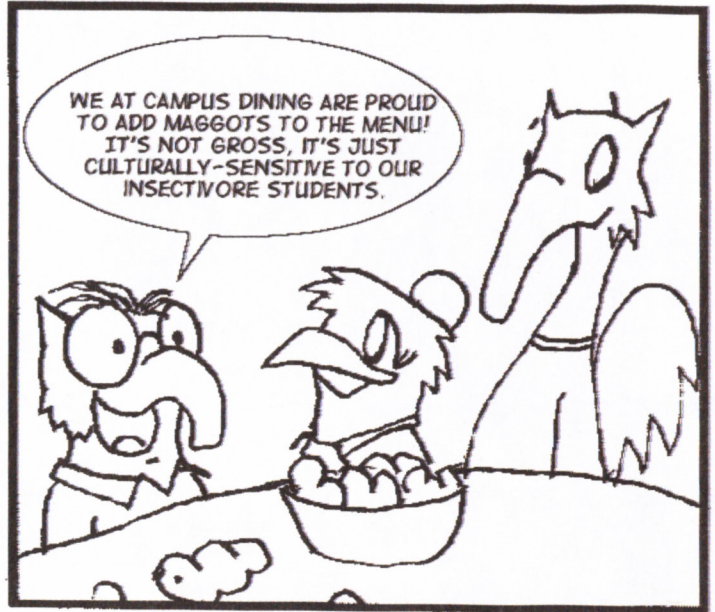
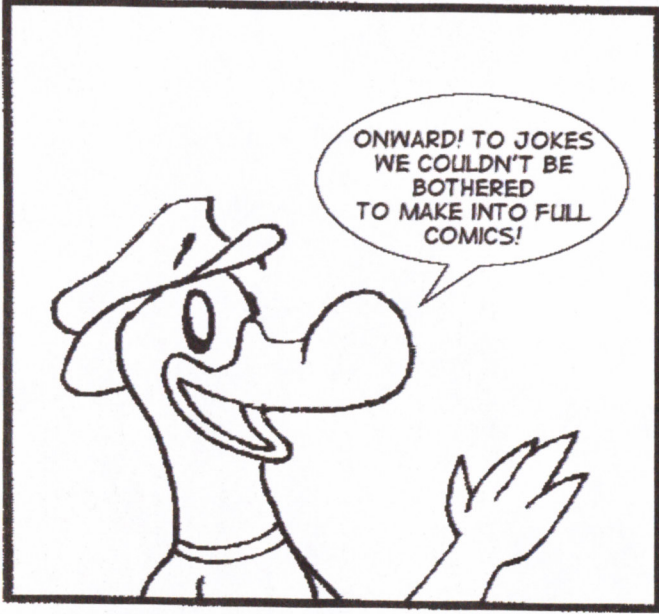
On Saturday, March 2, an estranged, possibly African-American resident was spotted sprinting across the roof of Baruch College. The resident reportedly climbed up onto the roof from one balcony, sprinted across, and climbed down onto a balcony on the opposite side of the building. The identity of the resident is still

unknown.

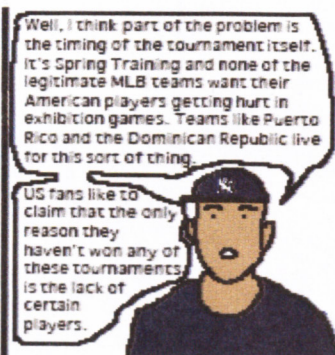
On Monday, February 25, a break-in was reported at the Campus Residences office in Mendelsohn Quad. There was no damage or stolen property. However, there was a pile of relatively fresh human feces on the floor near a desk. There are currently no leads.



The Boring Rocks in "Spring Comics Melange!" by Evan Goldaper



Regular-quality Boring Rocks return as soon as we can!



BIG COFFEES GO BYE BYE?

by Brianna Peterson



Photo by Tom Johnson

On March 11, Justice Milton A. Tingling of the New York State Supreme Court in Manhattan decided that Mayor Michael Bloomberg's limits on sugary beverages were "arbitrary and capricious," stopping the restrictions in their tracks just one day before they were supposed to go into effect. Thank god. The only chance the ban now has is an appeal, which is Bloomberg's plan. I wasn't concerned about the "Super Big Gulp" disappearing or removing the option to make my soda at McDonalds the Xtra value size. I was most worried about how my cup of Starbucks would be affected. Thankfully, I don't have to worry anymore. The original ban was also set to go beyond the oversized sodas and affect coffee sales in NYC as well. Those who go to Dunkin Donuts or McDonalds for their caffeine fix would have had to add their own sugar packets instead of having the employee do it for them.

The fate of various coffee beverages would have varied according to the ratio of milk, sugar and calories that each cup contained. The size wouldn't have been affected, though, as long as a barista didn't add any more than 5 sugar packets to the cup. How much sugar finally would have ended up in the cup, however, is completely up to the customer, since they could have added as much sugar as they wish once they receive the coffee.

How was this supposed to prevent obesity? I don't really see it. As mentioned, customers would have been able to add as much sugar as they wanted once they received the cup of coffee,

and anyone who wanted more than 16 ounces of soda could just buy two small ones instead of one really big one.

The loopholes on this piece of legislation were numerous. Even the companies that would have been affected admitted that there are a lot of ways to get around the ban. If Bloomberg was concerned about the health of New Yorkers and is still determined to lower the risk for obesity, why were there so many ways to circumvent the ban?

Not every sugary beverage has a loophole, however. If the ban gets appealed and goes into effect, Frappuccinos will still be up for debate. While milk is exempt from the large drink ban, Frappuccinos also contain a lot of sugar. The mixes that are used to make Frappuccinos have at least 54 grams of sugar in them. Even when compared to a 20oz bottle of Coca Cola, which has 64 grams of sugar, that's still a lot of sugar.

It's not that I have a problem with Bloomberg trying to prevent obesity. It's great that he is trying to do some good. The only issue is that it would affect people's ability to choose whether they want to be healthy or not. My coffee-drinking habits have made me biased in regards to the idea of the ban.

Luckily, the ban has been brought to a halt for now, but Bloomberg does plan on appealing the judge's decision. In the meantime, I'll just continue to buy my Venti Frappuccino with all of the fix'ns and enjoy the sin of sugar a bit longer.

ARE YOU READY FOR SOME BASEBALL?!

by Brian Johnson



Photo via SBU Happenings

Here come the Seawolves! The Stony Brook baseball team just began their 2013 campaign and it has been a rough going thus far. The team managed just one win in their first 10 games. This is coming off an impressive "Shock the World" 2012 season, where they managed to enter the College World Series by defeating a mighty LSU team. Looking at the landscape of their schedule, Stony Brook did not face a fellow conference team through the 10-day stretch, so the record should be taken with a grain of salt.

Returning to the Seawolves squad are five of the nine 2012 starting position players, as well as 18 of last season's 30 letterwinners. There is also a nice mix of freshmen, sophomores and juniors; however, there are just two seniors on 2013's roster, G.C. Yerry (LHP) and Tanner Nivins (OF).

Two of Stony Brook's most productive hitters from last season, Steven Goldstein (So, OF) and Kevin Krause (So, C/OF), return to help the Seawolves pound away on their mission to regain College World Series glory. Goldstein finished last year with a .337 batting average, while Krause finished with a .330 average.

Also returning to the scarlet and grey is pitcher Frankie Vanderka (RHP), who had the best ERA on the team last season with at least 20 innings pitched, at 2.33. In Vanderka's first start of the season, he pitched six scoreless innings, striking out two, against Florida International. More notably, this season, Vanderka threw his second career no-hitter, against Fordham University on March 10. Now in his junior season, he can, and should, become a key player on the Seawolves. His veteran presence on a roster

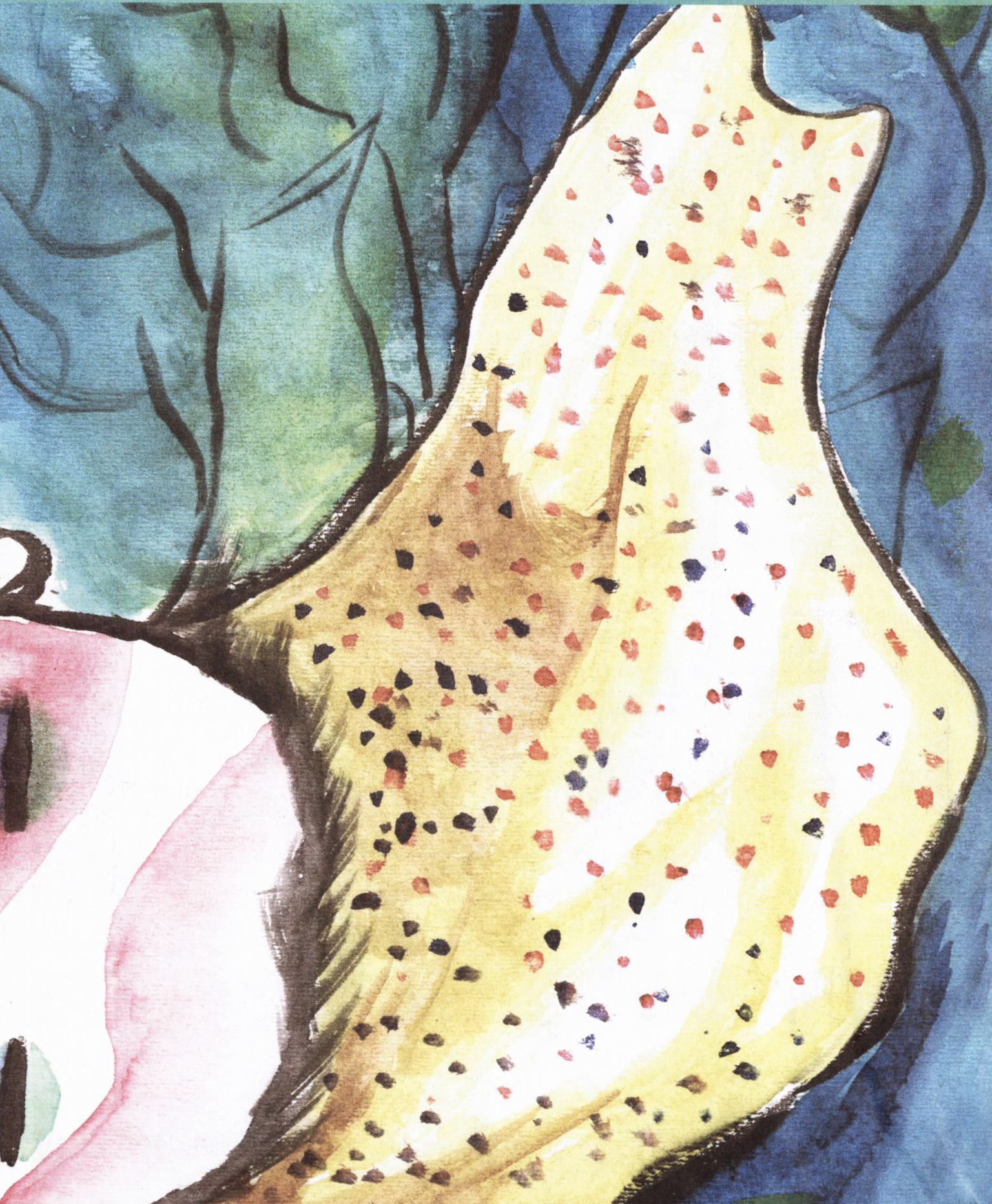
lacking seniors, should prove to be crucial to the six freshmen pitchers on the squad.

Speaking of freshmen, there are 11 total new faces on the team, including Canadian Johnny Caputo (IF), who was drafted by the Oakland Athletics out of high school in the 12th round of the 2012 MLB Draft. For our benefit, he has decided to continue his education at Stony Brook, and he looks to improve his draft stock in years to come. Caputo has been relatively productive in the batting average and hit departments so far in his freshman season, which will hopefully lead to overall team success.

Will losing seven players to professional ball be too much for this 2013 squad to handle?

In the grand scheme of things, last season's CWS entry has left more questions than it answered. Is Stony Brook a true baseball competitor, or was it a one-hit wonder? Will losing seven players to professional ball be too much for this 2013 squad to handle? Finally, where will the leadership come from on a team with just two seniors? Head Coach Matt Senk has a lot on his table this season. Let's all have faith that he, and the rest of the team, is up for the challenge.

THE STONY BROOK PRESS



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT



A LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Congratulations, dear reader. We've made it more or less halfway through this wonderful semester, and with another semester comes The Stony Brook Press' semi-annual literary supplement.

So take a break from the mountain of work you've undoubtedly accrued by now, find a comfy chair, and check out the litany of creative works brought to you by your peers. Enjoy!

CONTRIBUTORS

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Andrew Carrieri
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Arielle Dollinger
Ethan Freedman
Tom Johnson

FRONT COVER IMAGES BY VINCENT BARONE
BACK COVER IMAGE BY TOM JOHNSON

THE MOUSE

by Jim Davis



She didn't believe him when he told her. They did not live in an old house, and the idea of a furtive little mouse finding its way inside from the chill of the coming winter seemed impossible. Still, any doubt was erased when father brought to her a little brown cardboard box, which contained within it his captive: a little brown mouse. It was anemic and sickly, but even in its troubled state possessed a surprising amount of character. Despite being clearly and understandably terrified of her, the mouse seemed to manage those fears as she attempted to feed it a slice of apple and some bread. Fighting a tiny lifetime's worth of apprehensive instinct, he made his way over to her offering. Witnessing the mouse move past his fears to eat, whether out of genuine courage or mere perseverance to survive, was something she found endearing.

The girl named him Ben, and took to him like most would take to a new and intriguing friend. Hovering over his box she would feed him slices of apple and bread with peanut butter, and talk to him for hours. Although he often spent his time cowering in the corner, Ben was a great listener. He never interjected or contradicted anything she said; he never criticized. She found freedom in Ben's little brown box.

As the days passed and Ben regained some of his strength, it became clear he would never regain all of it. He favored his left side when he walked, and clearly lacked the surefooted nimbleness he would need to survive in the wild. This was not lost on his caretaker. The girl was elated to see him improving, but

noticed a change when he began to plateau. She would still feed him his apple slices and, through soliloquy, converse with him about everything and nothing, but he was no longer her new friend. He was her charge, her obligation. She had found captivity in Ben's little brown box.

Ben's health faded as quickly as it had been restored. The girl continued to care for her tiny companion, but found talking to him no longer offered her any comfort. Still she would try to feed him, and he would eat what he could, but recovery seemed hopeless. Days passed and his declining state left him hardly able to move at all. Never again would he see the outside world, nor even the outside of his cardboard home.

With hope of survival gone and nowhere to turn, she knelt over his box and prayed. She closed her eyes and remembered the fire in his little black eyes when she first saw him trapped in that box: a burning desire to survive. She realized how in that passion's place was now complacency, a reliance on her as his only means for survival, and an acceptance of his fate. She felt remorseful, but could do no more for him. As she opened her eyes and saw him laid out on his side, twitching his leg to remind her he was still alive, she prayed for him to die.

This ritual went on for a few mornings; she would wake up and check her little brown cardboard box, and see Ben still clinging to the fringes of life. Then she would again pray, begging for him to die.

And if a mouse were capable of such thoughts, he would have prayed with her.

HOPE

by Andrew Carrieri

Hope had never come
To a dog
One who was lonely

The mate was a cat
A dark cat
With a golden heart

Never any friends
Always shunned
Just totally lost

The cat loved the dog
A great match
The perfect couple

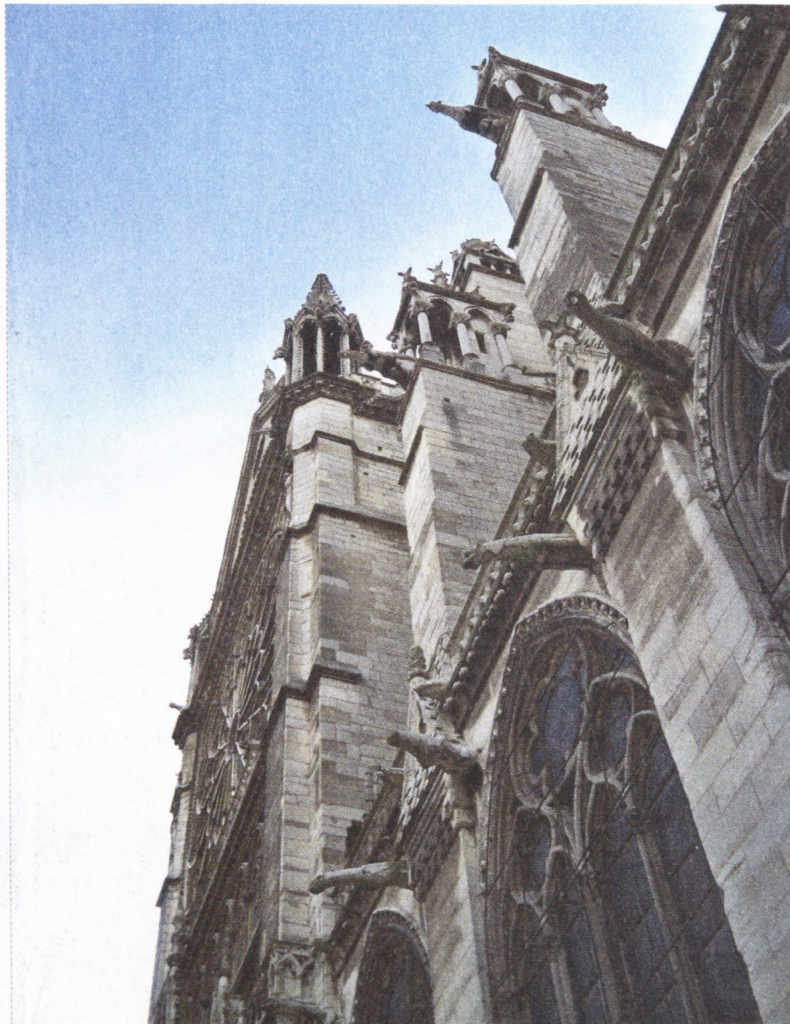
This dog was hopeless
Miserable
Just feeling worthless

So when you are down
Feeling Blue
Do not give up faith

But then it happened
The sun rose
Hope finally came

You will find your cat
Just believe
Never give up hope

The dog found a mate
A bold mate
One who truly cared



THE TRAVELER

by Brian Johnson

The ambiance of a moonlit sky,
hiding behind blinds.
Unravel a mind,
unleash the inside.

Memories become present-tense,
memories become agony.
My bed a prison,
My bed an escape.

Locked doors do no justice,
it isn't waiting outside.
Thoughts are its object,
anyone could be a lie.

My faith a fortress,
my heart a wall,
my mind a paper,
more delicate than them all.

My wrists untouched,
not even one wound.
But my head torn apart,
brain slashed from left to right,
right to left.

Sometimes it's nothing
that does the most damage.
Sometimes it's an empty corner,
that afflicts the damage.

The end result,
always abysmal,
some built up moment,
that rescues the traveler.

WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT

by Brian Johnson

It came in like a flood that
we were drowning in.
Almost suffocating in a good way,
if such a way exists.

Foolish to think
we could swim in it.
Instead we had to turn and float,
allowing the current to sweep us
in any direction it so chooses.

It picked up speed as it
led us to the shore.
We washed up on the banks,
cold and confused.

We were in unknown territory
with a strong feeling of discomfort.
The swiftness that once captivated us,
quickly led to sloth.

We searched the jungles
for familiarity.
I felt like we both had been here before,
yet our journeys had taken place
at different points.

Mine were short stints here
that never led to a novel.
Yet my companion's trips were booked
with elation and disappointment,
and all a heart's in-betweens.

I feel a sorrow for this
history that has captivated my copilot,
yet my mission remains.
I cannot control the waves,
but I'll do my best to soften
the trip home.

photos by Jim Davis





Identify with darkness,
but living through Light.

Moon closer than the earth.
I'm so far from that star,
the one that burns bright.

Rocket ship through imagination,
see what we can find.
The caring seen tearing,
hold on tight.

Crash on the shore,
avoid the acid.
The bubbling is doubling,
it's hard to fight.

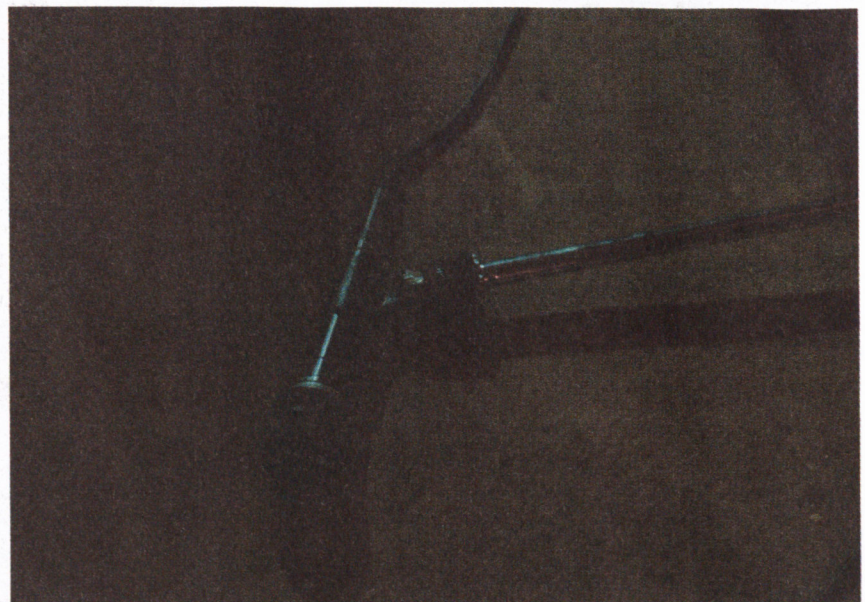
Lost our way inside,
made a wrong turn.
This soul's taken a toll,
let's make this right.
Need more than a bandage,
need less than a doctor.
Medication is elation,
one pill too many, goodnight.

Cries of dissatisfaction,
heard from within,
The crying is trying,
Hang on, summon the might.

"We'll save you",
faintly established,
Pain isn't gain,
Always time for a second flight.

THE JOURNEY

by Brian Johnson



"Where is the rebel music?" We listen.
 What does your music speak to you?
 However in the world, we forget what's true,
 We forget all the colors, save the red and the blue.
 In cars, bars, at our lowest, we glisten.
 Post: It's never public, and never made clear.
 Well, hell is empty, and all the devils are here.
 Each once a better angel, once the foe of fear.

If God is a DJ, then who are the prophets?
 If it's a religion, then where are the profits?
 But we forget to ask "Where Is The Rebel Music."
 If it don't hit you, You can't intuit.

But if you don't drink, then
 The water's just fine.
 The "Rebel Music" is stolen
 Jacked Easy-E's Alpine.

It's real deal feeling.
 The say cash is king, Remember *the King* died on the toilet.
 The truth is the antagonist, a lie, a cracked omelet.
 Love's not a bite, but it's not Shakespeare's sonnet.
 Before what God are you kneeling?
 And here above earth, all the angels are crying
 Not many understand the beauties in the imperfections of the lifer,
 writ scribbled and quibbled large on the blade of a self-knifer,
 Love's not a "bitch," it's an uncracked cypher.
 But here we fear tears, a friar's stupor's sighing
 Know that it punctures your heart, it really does.
 If forgetting is a sin,
 I forgot better "shit" than you ever thought of.
 Man is four things:
 Wise men, "Satans," dogs, and pigs, or doves.
 If life is a "game," then when
 Do you throw out the gauntlet gloves?
 "Fuck," "fuck," "fuck"; that goddam love buzz.

But if life's not heaven,
 and it's not in-between
 At least we can become keen,
 Darkness isn't light, the blues in green.

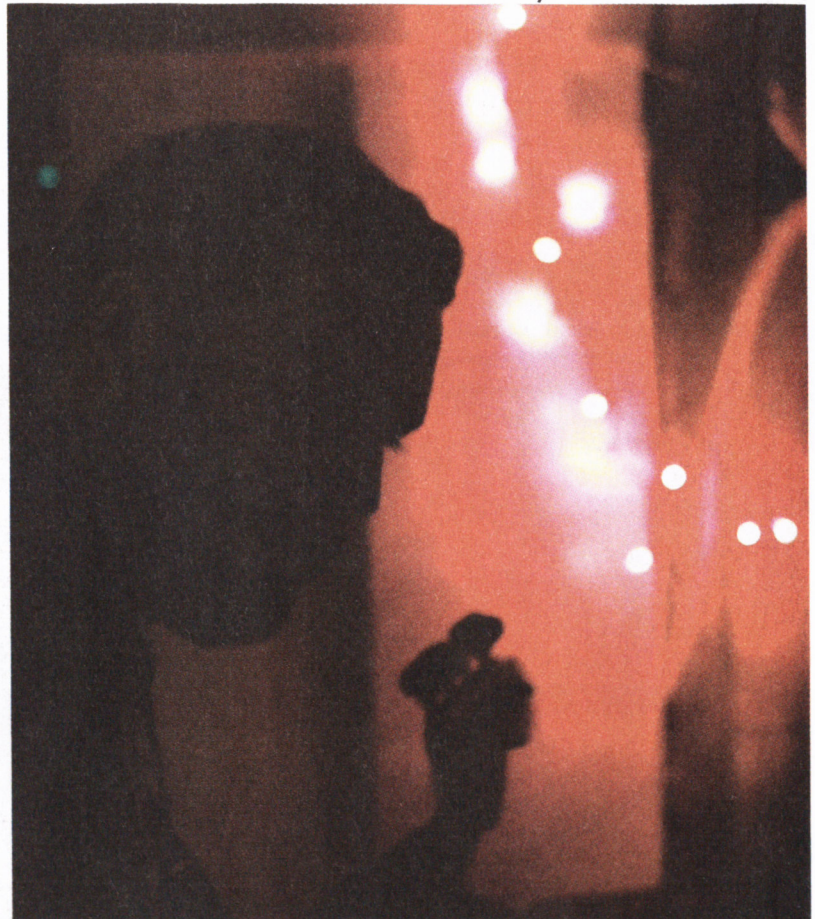
We drink, because "fuck you."
 We drink in the sober mess.
 Love, too, is a coup. Life, alas,
 a lass' fleeting sundress.

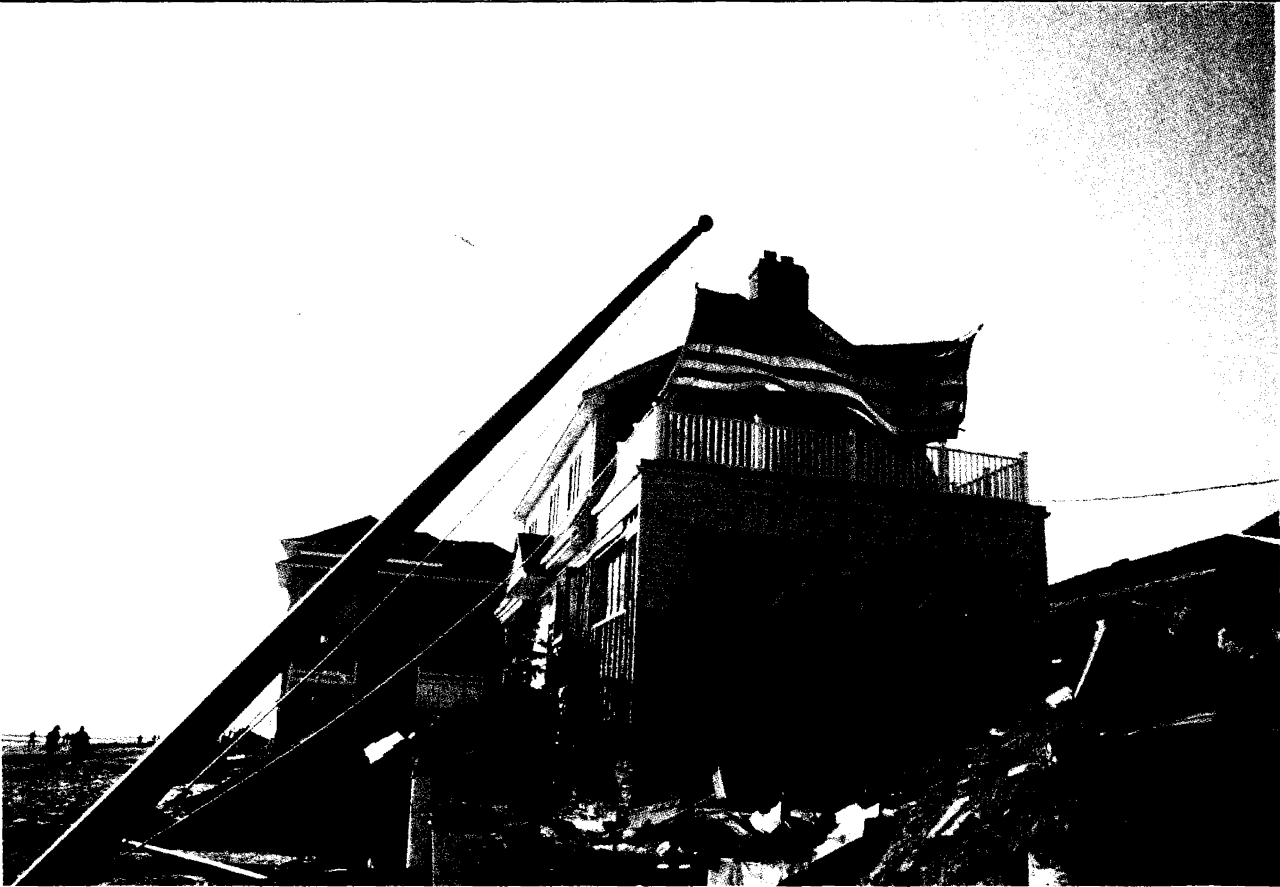
To quench your thirst, Beer and "games" for life.
 But if we found forever, we'd be curst.
 By the means of illusion, you can respawn first,
 But in the reality, the ends' the Hearst,
 Remember, life is a "bitch's" "bastard's" bite.
 Biting the shepherd, you can't follow the herd.
 God once said "?!"
 And it was heard.

WHERE IS THE REBEL MUSIC?

by Ethan Freedman

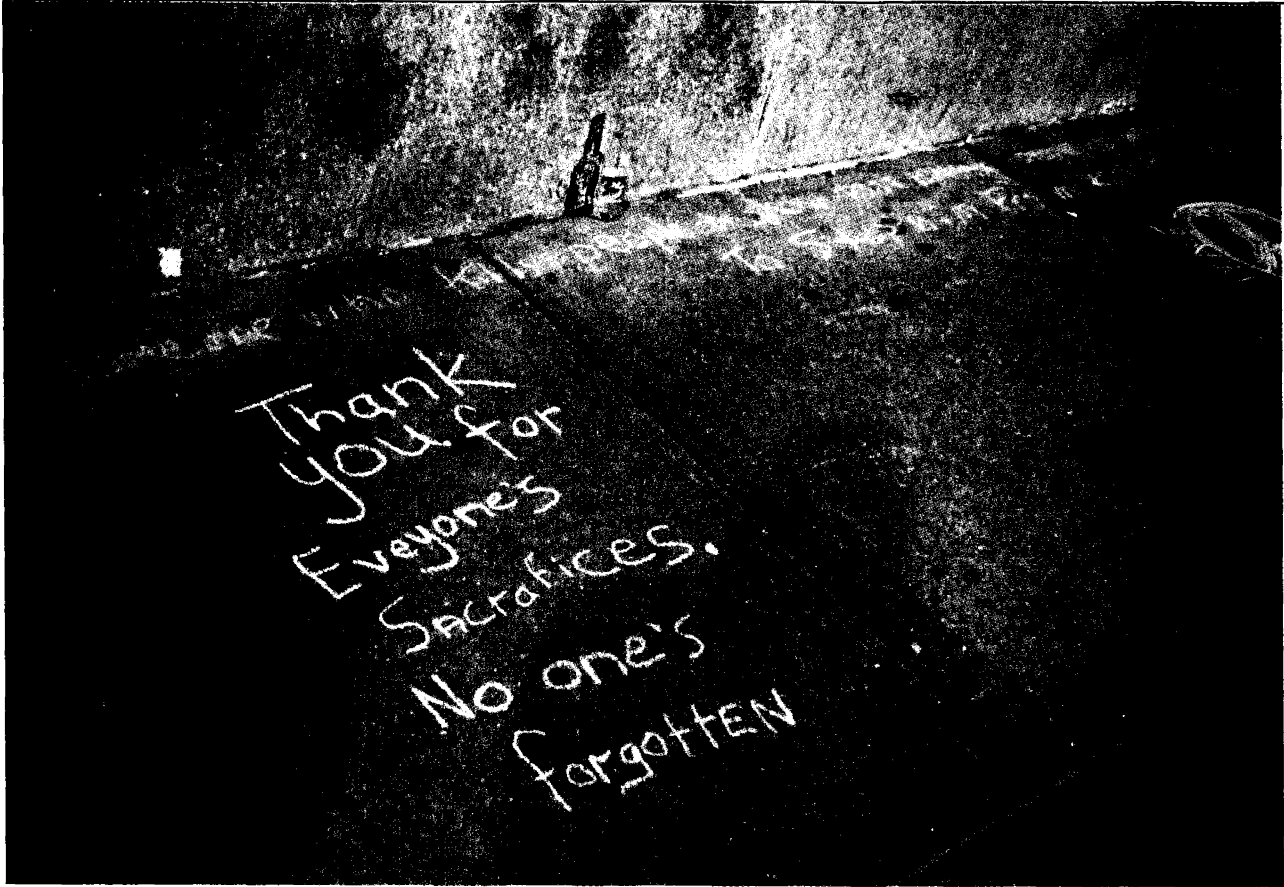
Photos by Tom Johnson





photos by Nick Batson





photos by Nick Batson





photos by Tom Johnson



DUTY

by Elizabeth Brenner

He stood there, watching as the girl he loved had the noose put over her head and tightened. She stifled her sobs to cry out for him, "Alex, Alex please. Help me. Please. Alex." Looking straight at him. As the executioner stepped to the side, she seemed to look right in his eyes and tried his other name.

"Prince Phillip, you know the truth please. Phi-"

The executioner hit the hide of the horse and the carriage moved and she dropped. Her neck didn't break, but the noose was tight enough to strangle her in 30 seconds. As she struggled to breathe and to find a non-existent support for her feet the last of her tears fell and she pleaded to the Prince with her eyes. He had time, seconds, but there was time to stop it and have her cut down. But the Prince only stood there and watched stone faced while gritting his teeth. It wasn't his place to stop things like this. Even when he knew they were wrong. He had a duty to see that all of the King's orders and laws were followed. She had to know. So, he did his duty, and then clenched his teeth as he saw her body relax. It was over. The crowd cheered as they always did, but the Prince had walked inside the balcony, to get down stairs, into the carriage and gone. He didn't want to see any more of this dreadful town, the dirt or the- the prisoner.

He tried to think of anything else as he rode back to the palace, but he couldn't. He kept seeing her face as she pleaded to him. He tried to sleep, to forget, but every time he closed his eyes, he saw her- dead. That night at dinner, everyone was cheerful and had asked how the hanging went. The Prince didn't respond and his uncle chimed in how the crowd loved it that she her neck didn't break right away. They all laughed and it filled the great stone hall with an eerie echo. Prince Phillip excused himself by noisily

pushing his chair back and pushing his plate forward into his cup, which clinked as it was knocked down. It seemed they forgot he's in love.

His room wasn't much better. He couldn't get his mind off her and his regret. He had fallen asleep out of pure exhaustion, but he didn't sleep well. His dream was a nightmare. It was dark out and The Prince had gone on a walk of the grounds. He didn't remember any of the events of the day, it had never happened. Prince Phillip was just walking along the trees near the lake. He had started to whistle a waltz, one that was played at the ball. He looked up and saw a hooded red cape, Elisheva's cape, that he had given her. She had put the hood down, and then lifted her head up. They smiled at each other and she had rushed towards him. He opened his arms, watching her every move, but when he put his arms around her, he watched her face drop. Then he realized he only had one hand around her, and the other one was wet. He had a dagger, his dagger and had plunged it into her upper abdomen. As her legs gave out he lowered her to the ground. It looked like she had

tried to say something, but couldn't get the sounds out.

"I'm, I'm sorry, I- I- didn't know I had anything in my hand. I-" he stroked her hair.

Then he carried her body towards the lake. He set her down in a shallow bank. She held on to his clothing, as he pushed her further in the river. Panic set in on her face. She tried to pull herself up by grabbing on to his clothing, but she was too weak. She tried to grab onto his hand to fight him, but he held her under the water, until she stopped fighting. Then he let go. He didn't understand why he did what he did. He pulled her up from the water, but it was too late. That was when he woke up, shaking, his hair wet and his clothes soaked through.

Everytime he had drifted off into sleep he had this dream. He knew why, he had killed her. It might not have been with a dagger, but it might as well have been. By dawn he was out on his balcony, that faced the water she loved. He sat on the thick stone railing, like he did so many times. His shaking hands rubbed his eyes, but there were still tears left. That's when he made the conscious decision to push

himself off the ledge. He didn't want to live with out her- he wouldn't.

"So that's why I can't go out with you. I'm afraid history will repeat itself and I'll end up getting you killed," said the Prince, now called Phillip Jr. now in jeans and a t-shirt said, sitting across from Elisheva, now called Eva, who was also wearing Jeans and a t-shirt

"You know, you could've just said 'No' 'I'm not interested' instead of this... crap"

"It's not crap, it's true."

"Right. And so what you killed yourself and then all of a sudden you were brought here by merlin and we meet but it's just like Romeo and Juliet repeating cause we're just destined to fall in love and be killed so your just trying to save my life because you love me."

"Exactly" Phillip threw his hands up and relaxed, because she finally understood.

"Right," Eva's voice stung of sarcasm. She began to get up, but she stopped herself. "Since you got here by jumping off a building, which I'm not saying is not a good idea, just like it's never a good idea to tell someone that you think about killing them, why don't you go back to the...past, and change things. If you really love me, try jumping off a balcony again."

Eva then pushed her chair back and walked away.

HAIKU WARZ

Why fight a war of
Syllables if it won't be
Printed? Haiku, go!

Dickbutt dickbutt dick!
Dickbutt dickbutt dickbutt dick?
Dickbutt dickbutt dick.

Who's that Pokemon?
Says one word repeatedly...
It must be Dickbutt.

I do love haikus
but never seem to do well
At least, I try.

I'm glad to see that
Haiku Wars are off to a
fantastical start!

However, I find
myself dismayed that J. Fishe
can't count syllables.

"Dishonor on you!
And dishonor on your cow!"
Says Eddie Murphy.

A diamond wanted
lips licked hungrily for poo
A world without 'the'

n energy class,
Drinking from some plastic, so
I am killing grass.

you're about head deep,
leaving punks just bout drowning,
is what i do best.

If you keep it up,
Up the level of your rhymes
Por favor, monsieur.

Evan Goldaper
a name made for haikus, like
Tom 'Tj' Johnson.

I guess that justs show,
just how little this kid knows,
got his punk ass froze.

No more large coffees
what is the world coming to!
Dies Caffeine Deprived.

You know, "burnt out" has
two syllables; "bonfire" has
two as well. That's four.

There is a porno
of Tomb Raider, but it's not
called Womb Raider. Damn.

Dost thou imply that
internet sources are wrong?
Speak now, or perish!

Didn't know starfish
could be confused. Just thought
thatthey could regrow limbs.

I don't math very well,
counting to seven is hard,
I need more fingers.

No bo ho sho ko
ro, to so. Bo-ko-do-zo-
go-bo-fo-po-jo.

Eating pancakes is
super crazy delicious.
Midnight snack. Boom! Done.

Really love pancakes.
Especially with bacon.
Sausage is good too.

It's five seven five,
just count out the syllables,
it gets easier.

Counting seems to be,
much like kryptonite I see,
not for you maybe.

Green egg and ham please,
tell me you didnt put real,
work into this shit.

Drops the microphone,
just to pick it right back up,
I am just a beast

Daine married his rhyme,
She divorced him the next day,
Stop cheating yourself.

Weak ass lines wit no,
trace or hint of any rhymes,
bitch is out of time.

I think we should make
Him use my big green mouth as
A human toilet

Leaving doors open,
Others may wish to teach you.
Bring an apple, Daine.

I know not whether
My grasp of English or math
is worse; I retreat.

This is fun as hell,
But lets try to rhyme as well,
Better I can tell.

Work and talent are
Two very different things,
Just ask the Statesman.

