

Vol. 27 Issue 7

the alternative voice since 1984

Generation

an SBI publication

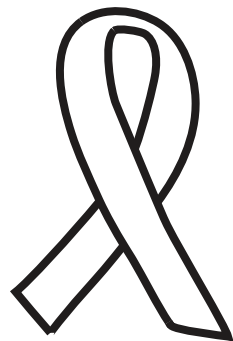
What does the future hold for SUNY students

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10
THINGS
WE
GAVE UP FOR
LENT

4.6.2010

SBI HEALTH EDUCATION PRESENTS

HIV TODAY

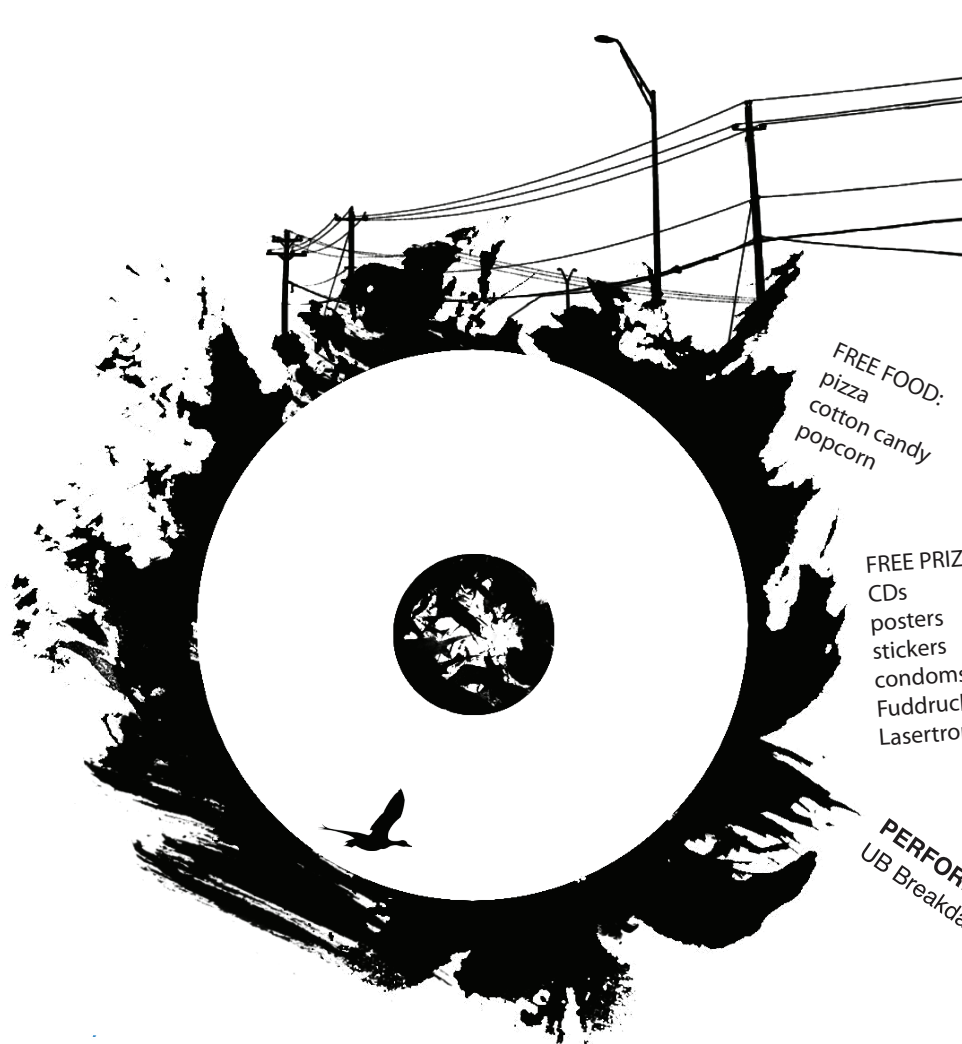


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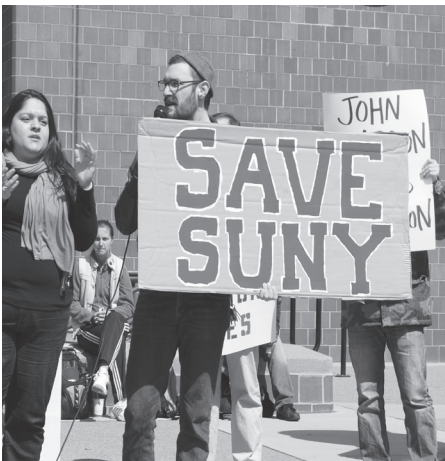
Lipton Brisk

LASERTRON
Where Adults Go To Play With Their Friends and Family



10 | experiment THE GREAT SACRIFICE

Taking a cue from the Christian tradition of Lent, the Generation staff decided to give up some of our biggest vices for 40 days and 40 nights. Some of us were more successful than others.



14-17 | suny MORE MONEY, MORE PROBLEMS

As New York Gov. David Paterson's was slashing SUNY's budget, Barack Obama and the democrats in Congress passed a controversial bill that will supposedly free up more financial aid for students. We talked to N.Y. Rep. Chris Lee, UB officials and student leaders to try to figure out what the future holds.

(716) 2010-GEN

Text or call our anonymous tipline with suggestions or questions for our advice columns. Forward us your texts from last night. If you're still spinning away at a rotary phone, just call us at 201-0436.

mailbox

He loves him some Stewart

First off, it's obvious that you voted McCain/Palin (regarding "Does Jon Stewart Have a Life," March 23). "The Daily Show" makes a mockery of Republican talking points and it apparently hurts your feelings. Fox News is the network spewing the most illogical fallacies and this provides great material for the show. Watch the show more often and you'll see he also spends a fair amount of time mocking MSNBC and CNN.

On the coverage of Chatroulette, he wasn't mocking how they covered it, but rather that they covered it. It was a complete waste of time. American news networks are way too involved with trivial things. AMERICAN IDOL? PARIS HILTON?

Last, claiming that "The Daily Show" is a viable source of news is ridiculous. The show airs on a network that also airs "South Park."

Glenn Beck may claim to be sharing his "opinions" but how many people take his opinions to be truth? Not a small amount.

His show is satirical, his job is to criticize people.

Adam VanSlyke, via our Web site

Thnks Fr Th Mmrs

This was a good interview of someone who is an exceptional leader and highly regarded on campus (regarding "Snapshot," March 23). Chief Schoenle has been a strong advocate for student, staff, and faculty safety and security; and he has developed a very highly skilled and knowledgeable team of officers.

I am on a couple of the UPD committees, and I know how seriously and diligently Chief Schoenle and the UPD work to make this University a good place to be. Also, they are really very good people with our safety at heart.

I'm very pleased that the Generation brought the good work of our campus police into focus.

Ken Hood, via our Web site

Wizards in training

My friend and I have been dying to play Quidditch. If anyone could tell me when/where your next game/practice is, we'd love it.

Even if we couldn't play, we'd love to just watch!

Alexis, via our Web site

Here is contact information for the president and vice president of the UB's Quidditch Association. E-mail them and ask when they meet: President: Michael Dangelo: mld32@buffalo.edu Vice President: Patrick Daigler: pdaigler@buffalo.edu

CONTENTS

04 | Editor's Letter

These things are so cliché.

06 | Snapshot

Generation sits down with Generation founder Eric Francis.

07 | Agenda

Check out all the cool stuff going on from April 6 to April 19.

| Hit or Bulls***

What's hot and what's not in Buffalo.

08 | He Says, She Says

All the questions you were too afraid to ask your parents when you were younger.

| Hair Bands

These girls made it to the top by doing fancy jigs wearing wild and crazy wigs.

09 | Parking Panic

One student recalls his battles with UB's Parking and Transportation Services.

12 | Look what we found

Generation got its hands on a leaked copy of the next issue of that other student publication.

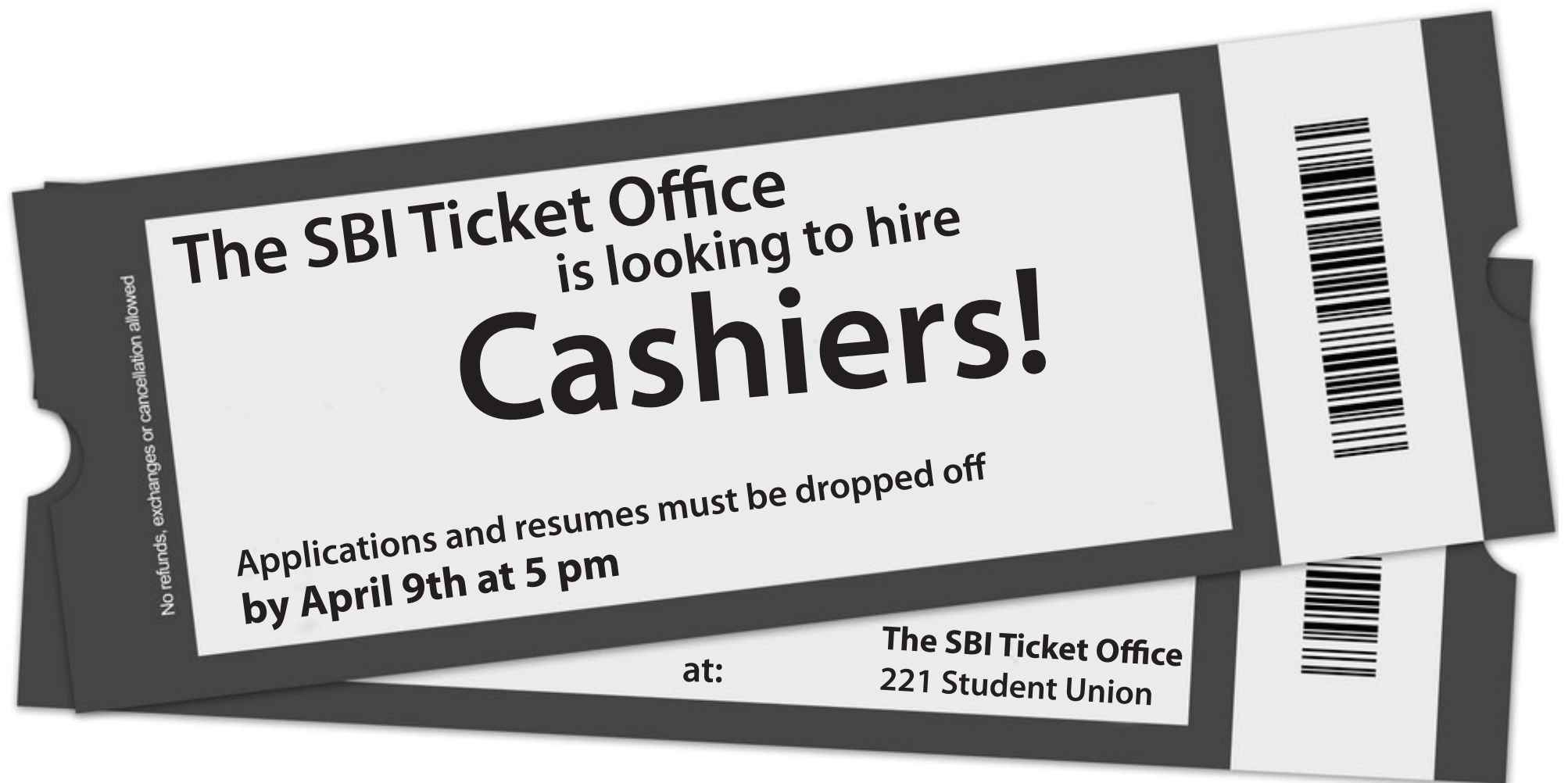
20 | Literary

South Park, shootings, small press and something we can't describe polish off this week's lit section.

22 | Parting Shots

Creative Director Katie Padowski has been watching too much "Food Revolution" and Associate Editor Kathryn Przybyla throws down a hoedown.

Photo credits: Cover design by Dino Husejnovic. Page 3: top photo courtesy of Lotus Head, bottom photo by Ren LaForme. Page 5: photo by Keeley Sheehan. Page 6: photo courtesy of Dakota Lane. Page 7: graphic by Dino Husejnovic. Page 8: photo courtesy of Jackie and Jenna Piecuch. Page 9: photo by Ren LaForme. Page 12: top photo by Ren LaForme, edited by Dino Husejnovic, bottom photo courtesy of Jake Barber. Page 13: photo courtesy of Erik Möller. Page 15: photo by Ren LaForme. Page 16: photo by Ren LaForme. Page 17: from left to right, photo by Jennifer Peters, photo by Ren LaForme. Page 20: photo courtesy of Comedy Central. Page 22: top and middle photo by Jennifer Peters, bottom photo by Ren LaForme.



Sub Board I, Inc. is accepting applications and resumes for

Editor in Chief for Generation Magazine

Applications are due April 9th by 5pm
in Suite 341 Student Union

editor's letter

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth

Students these days are barking up the wrong tree. I recently asked a strapping young bookworm about his opinion on the budget cuts. His mouth closed tighter than Fort Knox and his faced turned as white as snow. You could hear a pin drop in the room. He changed the subject faster than greased lightning.

"I don't know. But Spring Fest sucks this year," he said, looking dumber than a box of rocks.

That wasn't what I wanted to talk about, but I decided to be the peanut butter to his jelly and play along.

"Explain," I said. "I'll give you a penny for your thoughts."

The dummy stood there as still as a statue for a moment. I was about to ask him if a cat had his tongue when he began to speak.

"Well, I was hoping for a real nail-biter," he said. "Instead I got a bunch of bands that I need like a hole in my head. The Student Association really dropped the ball this year."

I resolved that this fellow was a smooth-talker, so I decided to pound the pavement and investigate his claims further.

"Why does this lineup rattle your cage so much?" I said. "SA is always facing an uphill battle when it comes to concerts. They can't just get the nation's best artists at the drop of the hat. They would cost an arm and a leg, and SA is usually hanging on by the skin of their teeth in financial matters. Money doesn't grow on trees."

He started fidgeting. He looked like he had ants in his pants. I caught some girl staring and I told her to take a picture because it would last longer.

"I pay them almost \$100 every year, and I'm not made of money," he said. "SA is a cash cow. They're raking in the dough. Students give them the shirts off their back and what do they give us? Jack squat. I wasn't born yesterday. I know they waste my cash. I'll eat my hat before I let them sweep this lineup issue under the rug."

I asked him to air his dirty laundry and cut to the chase. What was wrong with the lineup?

"Well first off, Three Days Grace is old news," he said. "Been there, done that. And N.E.R.D.? They're not even a rock act. Is SA as blind as a bat? As deaf as an adder? What gives?"

I asked him to speak his mind about Lady Danville.

"Who?" he said. "Let's call a spade a spade. They're a bunch of nobodies. I've never heard of them."

I was impressed. This kid was cleaning SA's clock. Still, I decided to change my tune. I wanted to know what he had done to make his voice heard. This turned out to be a fatal blow. The only thing he had done was start a Facebook group. Everyone knows that those are about as useful as a lead balloon.

"It's a dog eat dog world," I said. "It's do or die. You've got to do something to make



"It's not the size of the dog in the fight. It's the size of the fight in the dog," I said. "You've got to wear your heart on your sleeve and talk to your friends until you are blue in the face."

yourself stand out. You've got to do it soon. The early bird gets the worm."

He seemed to take my advice to heart. But he was fit to be tied about what he could do.

"I'm as quiet as a mouse to SA," he said. "What can I do to take care of business?"

"First off, you could go to their office and mouth off," I said. "Their ears are open. They want student input."

He nodded in agreement. He was hanging on every word.

"If you really want to milk it for all it's worth, you can just join SA," I said. "Nice guys finish last. You've got to man up and apply for a job. Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

He looked about as happy as a pig in shit. Maybe his eyes were bigger than his stomach, but I thought he was the right man for the job. Still, I thought it was time to knock him down a notch.

"I've been holding my cards a little bit," I said. "I've been meaning to chew the fat about Gov. Paterson's budget cuts and their effect on UB. Students will be in hot water if he keeps pushing things to the limit."

The kid was all worked up from our conversation about Spring Fest and now he was hot enough to fry an egg.

"Hold the phone," he said. "Are you telling me the students are playing David vs. Goliath with Gov. Paterson? We're taxpayers. Doesn't he know that he shouldn't bite the hand that feeds him?"

"He's pushing everyone's buttons by digging up dirt to look for money," I said. "He's trying to plug some holes but he's going about it all wrong. Students don't have a pot to piss in, let alone more money to pay for tuition."

"What happened to him?" he said. "He looked like a million bucks when he got the job. We pinned all our hopes on him and now we've got our feet in our mouths."

"You know what they say," I said. "Absolute power corrupts indefinitely."

"Well, I'm not going to allow tuition to increase. Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin," he said. "No way, José. Let's nip it in

the bud. What can we do?"

"You could drive like a bat out of hell to Albany and yell like your life depends upon it," I said. "You could also work your fingers to the bone writing letters to your representatives. Tell them you will not stand for budget cuts to higher education."

"But I'm only one person," he said. "I'm just one drop in the bucket. When all is said and done, do I matter?"

"That's the \$64,000 question," I said. I explained to him that it was not a sprint, it was a marathon.

"It's not the size of the dog in the fight. It's the size of the fight in the dog," I said. "You've got to wear your heart on your sleeve and talk to your friends until you are blue in the face. Get everyone involved. Be a thorn in the side of oppressive government. Run your ideas up a flagpole and see who salutes them."

This kid was a new man by the end of the conversation. His mind was growing like a weed. He was learning to think outside the box. It was a thing of beauty.

Readers: you could learn from this completely non-fictional kid. Remember, a rolling stone gathers no moss. Sometimes you're the windshield and sometimes you're the bug, but remember, it ain't over 'til the fat lady sings.

This letter is dedicated to Jody Kleinberg Biehl, director of UB's Journalism Certificate Program. She taught me that clichés were bad, so I stopped using them. But you know what they say... if you keep the lid on the pot for too long, it's going to boil over.

Best,

Ren LaForme

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Editor in Chief

Ren LaForme

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TBD

WE NEVER STOP TALK, TALK, TALKING THAT BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.

Cover design by Dino Husejnovic.

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Editorial and business offices for Generation are located in Suite 315 in the Student Union on North Campus. The telephone numbers are (716) 645-6131 or (716) 645-2674 (FAX). Address mail c/o Room 315 Student Union University at Buffalo, Amherst, NY 14260

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Eric Francis

We dug deep into our archives and discovered that Generation Magazine’s founder was a really interesting guy, so we called him up.

What is the story of Generation’s origins?

Generation started with a satire called The University Malice. In 1984, the neoconservative movement was just getting going, nobody had heard of Karl Rove, and there was a little newspaper on campus called The University Balance. This was published by the College Republicans and was designed to give the “conservative” point of view in the supposed ocean of relentless liberal domination. Buffalo was pretty liberal at the time. My professors were true freaks but I just thought that was normal. Conservatives hated the academic freedom we had. The money to publish was coming from private funding off-campus. This same movement was threatening to tape the classes of professors to detect their alleged liberal bias, and then use the evidence to have funding to the university taken away. It never occurred to me that this movement would soon take over national politics. It did—Rove came out of the College Republicans.

Anyway, one night I sat at my IBM Selectric typewriter and tapped in The University Malice, a three-page spoof on the Balance, which I published on yellow mimeograph paper. This was complete with an ad for “Bender’s Crucifixion Supplies,” featuring “sharp nails, dark caves, screaming hoards, the whole shebang.” This ad was mocking a local Christian supply company that advertised in The Balance.

At the time, I was managing editor

of the campus magazine, The Current. The other editors didn’t think The Malice was funny, and they impeached me for “activities which endangered the credibility and continued publication” of The Current. They neglected the part about how I didn’t check my First Amendment rights at the door, but mostly they seemed to lack any sense of humor. I took my case to Sub-Board I, the student-run services corporation that published the magazine (and which still publishes Generation), and they agreed that The Current’s board had violated its own charter by impeaching me. I was reinstated to my job. But The Current wanted no part of me (I don’t blame them). An impressive battle between Sub-Board and The Current ensued, which went as far as State Supreme Court. The court ruled that it was up to the university president to decide what to do; the president, Dr. Steven B. Sample (much to his credit), said it was up to Sub-Board; it was up to students to decide the issue.

One Thursday night in September 1984, Sub-Board’s board of directors determined that The Current editors, with the exception of me had, by their actions, resigned; and as the sole surviving editor, they instructed me to take over, change the name of the magazine and come out with an issue the following Tuesday.

Notably, I had spent the summer writing and editing Reach, the student handbook. One night over the summer in the midst of The Current crisis when I was really down

and out, with my head down on the desk, the word GENERATION flashed across my mind—flashed like neon light. I guess you could call that a vision. Also of note, University Archives managed to collect a copy of The University Malice, so now it’s up above the UGL in the same room with the James Joyce papers.

What do you remember about putting out your first issue? What was that experience like?

It was frantic, I really mean it. But we had a lot of fun, and the new staff bonded and we began our adventure. We basically had a long weekend to put out the first edition. Fortunately, the production staff (Debbie Sterner and Liz Webb) had defected from The Current, so we had that angle covered. An old photo editor from The Spectrum had adopted me as his friend and was helping us out—Dave Heckman—so we had that angle covered too. Generation has always had really good art and photo karma. A guy named Reg Gilbert was around and he was experienced and very helpful.

I started with one writer, Andrew Galarneau. I think he was about 17 or maybe 18. He wore a fedora and trench coat and Wayfarer sunglasses and smoked Winstons like a chimney. He had written a really funny column called “Bitter Twisted at UB” that I lost twice and which he submitted a third time, printed in dot matrix ink. That column put Generation on the map (and over time, won five national awards). By Sunday night, we still didn’t have a cover story. So Heckman said, “Well there’s always the old standby. Sports.” Heckman had tons of football photos. Sports were becoming an important thing on campus. I thought: well, I’m not really into sports; but everyone else is, and it’s good PR, so our first cover was “Dave May: Profile in Power,” about a campus football player. I’m glad I’m the only person who knows that story.

What was the goal or spirit of the magazine?

Our goal was to put out a hot, relevant magazine, stir the pot and have fun. I think we did all of that and a lot more. In an interview in The Spectrum at the time, I said I wanted Generation to be a morph of The New York Times Magazine and The Village Voice. Andrew added the gonzo journalism flavor. He made fun of frats and we were suddenly wildly popular among the Greeks. He could make fun of anyone and they would love it. Andrew, I know you’re reading. You better fucking write a book. I’ll buy the first copy.

According to your Wikipedia page, you were born in Brooklyn. What brought you to UB? What did you like or not like about going to school in Buffalo?

Brooklyn is great; the best thing about it, in retrospect, was John Dewey High School. By the way, I am doing publicity for the 40th anniversary all-class reunion—if you’re a grad, Google that please. Anyway, I had visited the campus and I loved the place, and the thing I loved the best was Squire Hall. That was the old, magnificent student union on the Main Street Campus. Squire was closed the next year, though, and students had to put up a huge fuss for a long time to get a union on the Amherst campus. I got along great with Buffalo. The first year, before I was involved in campus journalism, it was a little boring, but I loved my professors and my classes. I thought Buffalo was a friendly town, and had the spirit of inviting participation. Yes, it’s a small town compared to New York City, but it’s also on a more human scale. On the other hand, I chose SUNY Buffalo because it’s a large campus with resources and culture. My theory was you can make a large campus small but you can’t make a small campus large. By the end of my stay at Buffalo it was a place I was intimately familiar with; it was a small place when I left. I have only good memories. More to the point, I know that I made a contribution, and I wear my class ring almost every day. I have a faded pink SUNY Buffalo tee shirt that I wear at least once a week, if you know what I mean.

Right now students are facing a lot of financial issues, like proposed state budget cuts to SUNY and increased tuition. What were the big issues facing students when Generation started?

First I want to speak to the issue you mention. Cutting the budget and increasing tuition is a way of shifting the burden of public education costs to students and away from the taxpayers. It’s regressive; that is, it’s the opposite of progress and it goes against SUNY’s core mission. It only hurts students and their families, and it’s designed to push public higher education out of the reach of anyone but the posh side of the middle class.

This is really stupid if you want a functioning state economy. This has been going on for a while, but when I was editor of Generation, Mario Cuomo was governor and there was a tuition freeze. There was this concept of access. So the budget could be cut, but tuition was stable at \$550 per semester for about seven years. That’s what I said.

When I graduated Buffalo and started grad school in New Paltz, I created a statewide publication called Student Leader News Service that served student newspapers around the state. That was in 1989. By 1990, tuition hikes and budget cuts were pretty much all we wrote about; SUNY was on a rampage to raise tuition. The then-chancellor, your neighbor D. Bruce Johnstone over at Buff State (hi Bruce!), was busy dismantling the Student Association of the State University (SASU) and getting control of the Student Assembly, so that students could not resist the tuition hike efforts with effective lobbying. We’re now living under the financial structure envisioned by Johnstone: students pay for most of their public education. It costs more to go to a university center than a four-year college; that’s fairly recent. There’s another fee for everything. Tuition always goes up and the budget is cut, usually at the same time. This is a rip-off and both students and faculty need to do more about it.

What did you do after you graduated? How has your path differed from what you thought as a kid that you’d be doing, compared to where you are now?

At the time I graduated, I was planning to be the editorial page editor of a major metropolitan daily newspaper, or something like managing editor of Newsweek. My first job out of school was as a small town newspaper reporter, a good first job because you do real journalism day and night. By the time I was at my second job, editing high-end business newsletters about stuff like medical education and liquor regulation, I was on the way to being a writer for The Wall Street Journal or The New York Times, but I quit my “straight” career to start my own news service, the Student Leader News Service that I just mentioned.

Today I’m an astrologer, and I edit a daily Web magazine called PlanetWaves.net that focuses on astrology, sexuality and politics. If you had told me I would be an astrologer someday, I would have said: “A what?” But it happened; I chose astrology or it chose me, and I’ve made a real go of the work. On the other hand, PlanetWaves.net is the closest I’ve come to realizing the vision that I had for Generation.

What is Planet Waves and why did you start it?

Planet Waves is an eclectic, beautiful, global voice that provides a forum

Continued on page 18

WRUB

FREE STUFF | WRUB TOP 40 DAY | APRIL 6

Do you love free shit? Is that even a question? WRUB is having their semi-annual blowout in the union. Look out for free stuff from Lasertron, Fuddruckers coupons, a bracket competition for a prize donated by Guitar Center and, of course, free pizza. Do you fancy yourself a competitive eater? Stuff your face with Famous Doughnuts' jelly-filled powder doughnuts in the eating contest. Play some Guitar Hero, musical chairs or name that tune. Celebrate the warm weather in style. Stop in from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

SPORTS | THE BUFFALO SABRES | APRIL 11

Everybody said they were going to suck this year. Oh, how wrong they were. Join the Sabres in their last regular season game (against the New Jersey Devils) with a Molson in one hand and a Blue in the other. As soon as they win—which they will—make sure to get some loving in with your girlfriend, because as soon as that first playoff game starts, you are no longer allowed to shave your face. It's playoff beard time. The puck drops at 5 p.m.

ALBUM | MGMT - CONGRATULATIONS | APRIL 13

It is no longer "time to pretend" that MGMT is a legitimate group, and time to say "congratulations" because they are releasing their third studio album entitled... Congratulations (See what we did right there?). MGMT has come a long way since their 2005 release, "Climbing New Lows," when they were simply known as The Management. Since that time, MGMT has become a Grammy nominated group. With "Congratulations" hitting stores April 13, their future has an "electric feel" to it.

MOVIE | DEATH AT A FUNERAL | APRIL 16

Frank Oz's 2007 British comedy is being transformed—Chris Rock style. Acclaimed director Neil LaBute and writer Dean Craig team up with Rock in this mad-caper comedy about an black family coping with the death of their patriarch. Rock's movies tend to blow, but this could be his path to redemption as he deals with dirty secrets, blackmail and closeted grudges—all off which, evidently, explode in a funeral.

MOVIE | KICK-ASS | APRIL 16

We're hoping that this is one of those movies that's so bad, so ridiculous, so mind-numbingly asinine, that it's good. Christopher Mintz-Plasse and a slew of other dorky kids (plus Nick Cage, who has become a dork in his own right) put on some masks and spandex in an attempt to become real-life superheroes. Picture McLovin with skin-tight pants and a Robin mask. Yeahhh...

HIT OR BULLSHIT

Generation lists
a few of the positive and
a few of the lame things
that we have recently
observed

NCAA in Buffalo



Looks like Buffalo is the place for college basketball. According to the NCAA, the Buffalo tournament tickets were the hottest compared to the other venues, including Syracuse. The visitors were impressed by the organization of the tourney and also got to witness a few of the rare nice days in Buffalo.

Wale Concert



Cost: ~\$75,000
Attendance: 1,100
Price of a ticket: \$25
Monopoly money utilized: \$25,250
Real money wasted: \$50,000
That is 46,000 double cheeseburgers gone down the drain.

Health Care Reform



When we graduate and have to find jobs—and our search results in an epic fail—at least there is one thing we can look forward to do: we get to stay on our parents' insurance plans. So don't worry, \$0 copay on birth control will stick around until you're 26!

Methods of Inquiry Sliced



So UB has some money issues. What does the administration do? They cut the only program that is proven to benefit students and increase graduation rates. That's just fucking genius! Helping students fail will also keep them around longer and bring in more \$\$\$\$. Good move.

Windows 7



Mac users, you can say whatever you want, but UP PC users are crushing you, and now, while eating cherry pie! Windows 7 has been out for half a year now, and it's been kicking ass. No BSOD's (unless you really fuck something up), super snappy (like that Long Island girl with vodka in one hand and a cig in the other), and sexy (not like that Long Island girl).

UB 2020



The multi-million dollar project that is supposed to elevate UB to the next level is apparently in deep shit, or at least "in a huge risk of failure." What is even worse, to accommodate for this potential failure, UB is cutting departments, classes, and funds all around.

MCEER



UB got some sweet exposure with the guys from Multidisciplinary Center for Earthquake Engineering Research (MCEER). Of all places, Buffalo seems to know the most about dealing with earthquakes. Keep it guys! Anything that helps save lives is always a good thing!

UB Dining Charging For Cups



That will be 25 cents, please! What. The. Fuck. It's a paper cup, for gods sake. With some water in it! I can get a free cup of water at a Chinese restaurant, and the flagship SUNY university cannot spare a few cups. With water in it. That is plain greedy.

playlist: UB

by jason davis

The “In Like a Lion & Out Like A Lamb” Playlist

March is known as the month that goes “in like a lion and out like a lamb.” So I guess we should looking at some pretty lamb-like weather right now? Thanks to global warming, that really isn’t the case these days. But enough science talk. This is the type of playlist that starts off upbeat and will end leaving you relaxed and wanting more. Put away your fur-lined, hooded winter coats for the season, and take out your windbreakers, sunglasses and shorts. Tune your iPods to this playlist and enjoy. Oh yeah, and after you’re all nice and relaxed, you can thank me later.

1. Winner feat. T.I. & Justin Timberlake

– Jamie Foxx

2. Memories feat. KiD CuDi

– David Guetta

3. Rude Boy

– Rihanna

4. Love Hangover

– Jason DeRulo

5. Tight Rope feat. Big Boi

– Janelle Monae

6. Hey Cupid

– Mike Posner

7. Alejandro

– Lady Gaga

8. Unthinkable (I’m Ready)

– Alicia Keys

9. Revelry

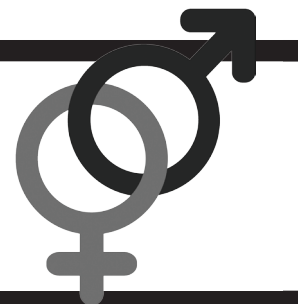
– Kings Of Leon

10. That Tree feat. Snoop Dogg

– KiD CuDi

He Says, She Says

An advice column divided by the sexes, starring Kathryn Przybyla and Nick Baxter



Q: I don’t have any sense of style. My T-shirts and camouflage pants aren’t getting me anywhere with the ladies. I’m also a Putnam’s employee, so I’m poor. How can I refresh my style without breaking the bank?

KP: It must be difficult to look hot while rocking a Putnam’s uniform for the majority of the week, but there are plenty of options out there to save money and still look your best. Forever 21 has launched a menswear line this year with some pretty affordable pieces. You can mix and match or shop for an entire look. Besides pants and jeans, the majority of items are all priced under \$30. Remember: fashion is a right, not a privilege. And unless you’re in the military, camouflage should only be used sparingly. If you want to make sure the outfits you have chosen are acceptable, try “mannequin browsing.” Stores set up these mannequin displays so you know exactly what is in style. Find a look you like and have a sales associate take care of the rest. Who knows, she may be cute.

NB: Katty P. is the the self-annotated “expert” on the subject of fashion, so take her advice with a grain of salt. What you need is the guy’s take. Listen man, all the confidence in the world isn’t going to mean a damn thing if you’re rocking chamouflage chinos. Back in the ‘90s when those

things were actually on shelves, they still only managed to sell about four pairs—so ditch those bad boys ASAP. Grab a few T’s, a couple button-ups and a couple pairs of jeans to get you by until your next paycheck. TJ Max or the Niagara Outlets are your best bet. Read up on your lady game in my article from the Valentine’s Day issue of Generation, and you’re good to go, kid. Keep that Putnam’s job on the DL, it’s not exactly a panty-dropper.

Q: I think my girlfriend gave me crabs. What do I do?

KP: Seeking advice from a doctor is always your best bet (regardless of what NB might tell you, he is not a medical professional). The good news is that it is actually possible to treat with over-the-counter medications, but I would recommend you get a prescription instead, just to be safe. To avoid re-infection after you have sought medical treatment, all contaminated textiles (such as clothing and linens) need to be washed in water that is at least 130 degrees. Commercial laundry facilities usually run that hot. Things will get better the sooner you get treatment; just make sure you talk things over with you girlfriend to make sure you are both taken care of.

NB: Haha. Dump the bitch! Double check to make sure you don’t have any drunken blemishes on your recent female activity rapport. If the coast is

clear there, think to the last few times you dropped one on campus. Those 27,000+ students equal a lot of ass! Remember to hover! And if you find you’re still in the clear after that brief run-down, burn her. Depending on how bad the rash is, I’d make sure the word got out about her, too. That’ll be enough to scare away all the “Y” chromosomes in a 12-mile radius. Hey bro, she brought this on herself. Dish the crabs, you get the claws.

Q: What’s the protocol for texting in a class? Some teachers don’t seem to mind, but I’ve seen others kick people out.

KP: Texting in class is a true art form. Many have mastered this skill with strategic seating locations and laptop placement, while others have been unsuccessful. I would suggest observing the class to begin with. If you have less than 40 students, texting is probably not an option. With a class that small, the teacher does see everything and it’s not really worth it. On the other hand, if you have a lecture that is 200+, then the odds are in your favor. Choosing a seat farther in the back that is not directly in the center of the row would be the least suspicious. But if someone has already been thrown out of class for texting, forget it. Getting caught after that sort of situation would be incredibly embarrassing. Either skip class or actually try to learn.

NB: The way I see it is this, you pay the teacher’s salary. Whether you choose to listen to them or not is on you. They’re the monkeys hired to stand in front of the class and do the dance. If staying socially connected while you’re in class is as important to you as most kids, rock on. It will probably get you further in life, so it’s time well invested.

Q: What the hell is Twitter?

KP: To put it simply, Twitter answers the question “What are you doing?” It is an informational media outlet where people share opinions, links, pictures, daily activities and all sorts of information. I use Twitter on a daily basis, not only to post to my own micro-blog, but to read up on other people’s pages as well. It’s really an incredible tool if you use it to your advantage. Did you know Twitter is packed with companies, job search engines, graduate schools and other businesses? It’s not just to creep on the kids down the hall. Set up an account and make a presence for yourself online. You never know, it could lead to a great opportunity (like it did for me!)

NB: Who cares?

Got a pressing personal or academic question? E-mail it to ubgeneration@gmail.com or text it to 716-2010GEN. Sound answers are not guaranteed.

Heart of a lion, hair of a god

By Kathryn Przybyla

You may think it is all fun and games when you see their curly hair and feet of flames, but Irish dancers know how to get down to business. While most of us are concentrating on preparing for finals, three young women from Western New York are representing the United States at the Irish Dance World Championships in Glasgow, Scotland.

This year marks the 40th annual Oireachtas Rince na Cruinne, or world dancing championships. Male and female dancers from 32 countries around the world meet on stage to compete in solo competitions and team choreography. It is an incredible achievement for a specific cultural dance to have so much diversity in terms of competitors.

“It is a great honor to dance at the World Championships. It was my goal to be able to perform ever since I watched the 1994 World’s video when I was 11 years old,” says Colleen Robinson, an RIT alumna. “I am very proud to be representing the United States. No matter the end result, I am pleased to get on stage and dance my best.”

Sisters Jackie and Jenna Piecuch are also competing this year. The Kettering

University students are originally from East Amherst, N.Y., and after 15 years of hard work and practice, getting a chance at the World Championships is a great honor.

“It is such an achievement to compete against the best in the world,” Jenna says.

Continuing the dancing regimen while attempting to keep afloat academically in college has been a struggle. Between studying, work and often being far away from the dance studios, the majority of the training is on their own time. The training is grueling.

“I practice six days a week. I practice Irish Dancing three times a week, twice at class, and once breaking down my steps at home. I attend core stability and yagalates classes in addition to weight training on the other three days,” Robinson says. “But I reserve one day a week to allow my muscles time to rest.”

Talk about an intense workout. With so much dedication, these girls have put a lot of effort in to get where they are today. But as the old saying goes, the battle is more mental than physical.

“It involves a lot of mental preparation and cross training, as well as ex-

treme budgeting. Irish Dancing is an expensive lifestyle and in order to succeed at the highest level, you have to be extremely dedicated and willing to sacrifice a bit of your social life to succeed,” Robinson says.

All three dancers competed in their respective solo competitions on Easter. They were up against anywhere from 130 to 170 individual competitors, vying for placement to be a world ranked dancer. Jenna gives a lot of credit to her teachers.

“They are supportive, but they don’t hold back constructive criticism,” she says.

“It is important for me to be told the truth about the quality of my dancing. Fluffing my self esteem in class when I’m not dancing my best will not help me improve,” Robinson says. “One of my teachers is a great motherly figure and knows exactly what to say to me to help calm me before I go on stage at major championships. It takes both honesty and compassion to help a dancer succeed.”

By performing at what is known as the Olympics of Irish dancing, these girls have a chance that most dancers dream of and never achieve. They’ll even do a jig to prove it.



Brown v. UB's Parking and Transportation Services

By Jordan Brown

Parking at UB—it's a phrase that makes a great number of students and faculty cringe. It involves planning your schedule around peak parking hours, sharking fellow students as they leave class and leaving your house an hour before your class starts all for the ultimate prize—a parking spot somewhere on campus. When I first heard the horror stories of the university's parking situation, I thought that they were just folklore, or possible hyperboles told to incoming freshmen as jokes or scare tactics. Little did I know how much truth rests in these "fables."

My first run-in with UB's Parking and Transportation Services occurred a mere two weeks after I received my acceptance letter. They somehow found a way to make a moment of sheer excitement and joy go sour.

It was late March and I had just returned home from school—high school—when my mother handed me an envelope, addressed to me, sent from the University at Buffalo's Parking and Transportation Services. I figured that the letter had something to do with registering for parking for the fall semester, a process I planned to put off until I actually got a car and my license. I opened up the letter to find that I was being notified of an outstanding parking ticket, issued on a day and time that I was in a high school study hall, for a car registered with them under my name. The ticket was issued in January 2009, five months before I graduated high school. Not only was I carless at that time, but I also was not legally able to drive due to the fact that I didn't have a New York State Driver's License.

I immediately called transportation services to notify them about my little conundrum. I told the gentleman who answered the phone the facts: I was a high school student, not yet registered at UB, carless and had no license. He seemed to be just as perplexed as I was about the situation. He questioned me several times about how I could have received a parking ticket if I had no car and no license and—to top it off—was not even a student at the university. I told him that I was as confused about the situation as he was, and wondered how the car was even traced back to me. After about five minutes of waiting on hold, the gentleman gave me a non-response.

"We are going to look further into this case and mail you a follow up letter when the issue is resolved." I ended the phone call with just as much clarity as I had to begin with.

About a month and a half later, after I was officially enrolled for the fall semester, I received a letter informing me that the parking offense had been dropped. Missing from the letter was an explanation about how University Parking and Transportation Services linked me to a car when I was neither a student nor driver, and an apology for the mix up.

In response, I would like to thank the University at Buffalo's Parking and Transportation services for excusing me from paying the mysterious parking ticket. Thank you for your forgiveness in the matter and for hum-

bly recognizing your errors and excusing me of paying the fine. I am forever indebted to you.

FLASH FORWARD TO AUG. 31. I WAS NOW a licensed driver and UB student. It was the first day of the semester, and my first experience with UB parking. I left my house an hour before my first class to allow myself some leeway to find a parking spot. How hard could it be to find parking?

I spent the next 45 minutes searching high and low for a parking spot. I believe it was a combination of my inexperience at stalking students on the way to their car, my lack of knowledge of the campus itself and the fact that there only seem to be about 500 park-



Many freshman students find parking at UB to be a daunting task.

ing spaces for the student body as a whole. All of these factors in mind, and the fact that there is no way to rightfully prepare you for the obstacle that is UB parking, I found myself parked what seemed to be farther from my class than my actual home. At least I knew the freshmen 15 wouldn't be a problem for me with all the walking I was going to have to do every day.

By mid-October, I was as seasoned of a veteran as one could be at parking on campus. Parking was a little easier now that about 95 percent of the students stopped attending their classes. At about 7:40 a.m. on Tuesday, I found a prime parking at the Hochstetter parking lot. It was before peak parking hours so there were a lot of spots to choose from.

I left my last class at about 10:20 a.m. and got to my car soon after, only to find a parking ticket slipped under my windshield wiper. My fine was for parking without a permit—\$20. There were a few reasons why I did not have a parking pass. First, I never received my parking pass at freshmen orientation or in

the mail as the kind woman at orientation promised me. Second, I figured if Parking and Transportation Services could identify a car as mine when it wasn't registered, then they would have no trouble identifying it as mine when it actually was.

I question the need for a parking pass at a place where no one wants to be unless they have to be there—school. Plus, I was too lazy to go to Spaulding to pick up my pass that I had been promised would be given to me at orientation and then, promised would be mailed to me since I wasn't able to pick it up due to their data issues, stemming all the way back to that ticket they issued to me before I was a student here. It seems they still had the mystery car registered to me and were having

to me, and if they would not give me the pass when I went to pick it up? If the car is registered to me—a student—and Parking and Transportation Services acknowledges that the car is registered to me by giving me a checkstop for the outstanding ticket, then what's the problem?

The university seems to know that the car is in fact mine and that it is indeed registered, so why insist on giving me a ticket? Furthermore, what is the exact purpose of a parking pass if a car can be traced to a student? And why would the university rather have my \$40 for the ticket than risk the \$3,500 or more I'll be paying for next semester's classes?

I decided that the only fair and just way to answer my questions was to go behind enemy lines and question the very power that was oppressing me—Parking and Transportation Services.

I WAS ABLE TO GET IN CONTACT WITH Chris Austin, an assistant director for Parking and Transportation Services. I asked him why parking permits are only necessary from the hours of 7 a.m. to 3 p.m.

"It ensures that there is a fair distribution of parking spots for students and faculty during the peak hours of traffic," Austin said, adding that there are different time rules and regulations for different lots on campus.

Many know the penalties for not complying with these rules, but may wonder why a fine or citation is given to a person for parking without a pass, even though their car is registered with the school.

"If parking tickets weren't issued, there would be no compliance with rules and regulations in lots. Fines provide the appropriate 'stick' that everyone will follow rules," he said. "No one would have passes and park wherever they wanted."

Personally, the idea of someone who doesn't need to be at UB deciding to park on campus lots is about as rational as pi—which isn't rational at all. I learned that in school. I do understand the need to have certain parking lots with restrictions for faculty and staff, but I just don't know if many people park at UB without a reason.

The answers I was getting from Austin weren't moving me in one way or another to pay my ticket. I wanted to get some insight into my own situation, so I asked why a checkstop is administered if a student does not pay a ticket.

"If there is an outstanding balance due, it serves the purpose to alert the student before they leave, graduate, transfer or move forward in their academic career," he said.

It seemed like the answers Austin was giving me were very generic, almost the answers you'd give at a press conference. To me, they had no real meaning.

It has now come to the point where I'm at a proverbial fork in the road when dealing with this ticket. I could give in to the higher power and just pay the ticket that I don't believe I de-

Continued on page 19

The Faux-Lent Experiment

Not religious? Don't worry. Some of us aren't either. But that didn't stop us from sacrificing some of our favorite things during the Christian season of Lent in an attempt to better ourselves. For 40 days and 40 nights, we did without some of our greatest necessities (or not), just to see if we could.

Swearing

By Ren LaForme

Some people call them curses. Others call them cusses. I call them an essential part of a sentence. Hello, my name is Ren and I'm a swear-a-holic.

Chances are, you've already been the target of my dirty mouth. If you've ever driven within 50 feet of me, written about this magazine on Facebook or if you just plain look dumb, I've probably called you... well... I can't tell you the names you've earned because we're still in the midst of Lent as I write this. What I can tell you is that I've been successful. Mostly.

I've only sworn 10 times since Feb. 17—meaning I've only uttered a cuss roughly once every four days. That's much better than my previous average of, oh, once every four seconds. It wasn't easy. Gosh darn, it wasn't easy.

A patriotic militia of ugly events swarmed my diminished vocabulary and tested my Lenten promise. Between some nasty snowstorms, a staff member's random and hasty departure, a return to my teenage employer for some extra cash and an idiot's ramblings in a near-libelous column about me in that other student publication, a self-imposed cap on my language would seemingly be doomed. Luckily, a member of my staff decided to use extortion to get me to follow the rules—a buck for every cuss, specifically.

Ten cusses, \$10. Negative punishment. Simple psychological concept.

My moments of indiscretion came quickly at first. I swore seven times in the first week. Most of them were low-level words (the ones that rhyme with bell and ma'am) that just slipped out on accident. I dropped a few of the bigger bombs (truck and fit), but I learned from my mistakes and moved forward with the experiment with a clear conscience and a tepid tongue.

Cutting the salty language out of my vocal repertoire left a visible hole in my sentences. I had to get crafty and invent a few words and phrases after a few weeks. The phrase "great Ke\$ha's ghost" popped out of my mouth in a Wal-Mart parking lot the other day. That one was a gem. I also dusted off the grade school classic "silly goose" and rode it around the block a few times. What else could I do? Swearing in a foreign language was also inbounds, so I learned a few of the better ones. Minga!

Why swearing? Why Lent? I'm not even religious. At the beginning of this little experiment I thought that Lent was only for Catholics. But I am open-minded and I do swear a lot (sorry mom). I figured I could try something new and maybe improve myself in the process. Did it work? I think so.

Without curse words in my life, I sound more intelligent, I'm less likely to slip up and embarrass myself in front of important people, and I've got a deep feeling of personal accomplishment that nobody can take away from me.

On the downside, I say "silly goose" more than I did when I was 6 years old. Shit.

Darn. \$11.

Red Bull. Shudder. I hate Red Bull. I hate the fake sugar. What am I doing to myself? I eat a handful of popcorn. This crap has like 11 grams of trans fat in a serving. Pity. Pity. Pity. Self. Self. Self. My wrists are definitely showing signs of carpal tunnel. Good thing it's Friday and I get the weekend to read nonstop for class while all my friends party and take pictures of themselves on cool random ladders for Facebook.

I wanna wear heels and pose on a ladder...

The above x 2 has been my life for the past

Starbucks & Perez ↓

By Keeley Sheehan

There's something so satisfyingly CW-esque about walking my ankle-booted self into a Starbucks and ordering a grande no-whip sugar-free vanilla soy latte, my (fake) Coach bag slung over the shoulder of my perfectly slouched sweater. "Name for the cup?" "Oh, Serena Van Der— wait, what? Whoops, sorry."

We all have our faults.

It's both sad and lame, so I set forth on an adventure to test my will power, giving up Starbucks for Lent. I also gave up celebrity gossip in the form of PerezHilton.com—no need to tell me how stupid I am for checking that Web site daily. I assure you, I am well aware.

I haven't been to Starbucks once since Lent started... but I've been to Tim Hortons nearly every day. I saved a little money buying \$3 lattes instead of \$6 lattes, but did I really do anything novel? No. I haven't been on PerezHilton.com at all, either... but I've found my ways around that, too.

But the bigger issue for me has really been why I bothered to try in the first place. I'm Catholic born and raised, and I have an odd relationship with the faith. On the one hand, I can't stand the preachy, "thou must be saved," "if you don't believe what I believe, you're wrong" kind of crap.

But on the other hand, I'm very protective

of Catholicism, and tend to get just a little bit offended when people either spout off factual inaccuracies about it or insist that believing in a god of some sort is an indication of stupidity. I suppose I would prefer, however naïve a thought it is, that everyone just shut up and quit trying to tell others what they can and can not believe.

I've never bothered with Lent much in the past. I sometimes made vows to give up chocolate, Disney, etc. when I was younger, but those efforts lasted a few hours at best. In recent years I supposed I just resigned myself to the fact that I couldn't do it and it was unrealistic to try.

And now here I am, nearly 23, and I made it through a semi-successful Lent. I did what I said I would do, though I'm quick to admit that what I said I'd do is not terribly impressive. But I did it for a magazine. I can't participate in Lent for the sake of my supposed religion, but I can do it for a small blurb in a campus publication. Bring on the Catholic guilt.

I'm stuck on how to end this. I haven't come to any grand conclusions. I have no profound insights, no glittering answers—if anything, just more questions. How Catholic am I? Does it matter? I can tell you this much—it's going to take a lot more than 40 days and nights to figure it out.

Facebook

By Drew Brigham

I gave up Facebook for 40 days. Not because of some kid-touching religion's tradition, but to see what would open up for me. The first week was the worst. However, I resisted all temptation to log in and see what nonsense and hijinks my friends were up to.

Before I gave it up, I would check Facebook every other minute with high hopes and expectations of having a bright red notification in the corner of my computer monitor. I've been known to post controversial status updates to troll my friends into making comments, thus feeding my addiction of the coveted red notification.

Thirty-four days into my Facebook purge, I succumbed to my cravings and hastily typed in my login credentials. My mouth began to water at the very thought of how many notifications I had accumulated in the last few

weeks. Needless to say I was disappointed with the seven notifications that awaited me.

After fooling around with Facebook on my Droid for a few minutes, I came to the realization that I survived perfectly well without knowing what my friends were up to at any waking second. It is also worth noting that my peers survived without me telling them what I doing, as well.

I may not have lasted the whole 40 days of my original commitment, but I gained tremendous insight about the relevance of Facebook in my life. I am no longer a slave to hitting F5 to refresh my home page and seeing new notifications and status updates. I will no longer look to Facebook as a form of entertainment by the dull and mundane home feed updates of my friends. I learned that Facebook has a new importance in my life: providing me with an easy access for communication between my friends.

Self-Pity

By Melissa Wright

Don't you dare! I know you've been working for 11 hours after six hours of sleep and have to go to your other job when you leave here, but don't you do it! I sip the second Sugar Free

year or so. Little sleep and lots of commitments (work 45 to 50 hours/week, part-time English grad student, oh, and literary editor for Generation).

Self-pity became a delicious serving of self-indulgence. When your schedule doesn't leave room for comfort, let your mind overcompensate with thoughts of how righteous you get to be now that you work so hard.

Then, Lent comes around with this experiment. Let's give it a try. Give up the thing you think you need most to push you through the

12 hour of survey editing: good 'ole self-pity.

The problem with giving up self-pity, however, is that it points to something else. It doesn't happen spontaneously like, uh, spontaneous combustion, for instance (bad example), but the sheer manifestation of it implies that you have some other things to deal with. In my experimentation with this tickling psychological phenomenon, self-pity stems from a truncated/incomplete view of self. You want to believe that your miserable state is some happenstance of the universe. You poor, overworked

Meat →

By Katelynn Padowski

For our “40 Days” experience, I decided to follow in the ranks of our beloved EIC and go vegetarian. Why? I don’t know. I wasn’t going to pansy out and give up something too easy (sauerkraut, deep-sea diving) or make my life miserable giving up something really difficult (you can’t work at Starbucks and give up Starbucks... you just can’t). So I gave up meat.

My initial response to this endeavor was, “Man, this won’t be so bad. I don’t eat that much meat.” Oh, how little I knew. Man, the best things are meat. Bacon, cheeseburgers, slouvaki. This was going to be rough.

And it was rough, for the first few weeks. On top of the experiment, I’ve recently acquired lactose intolerance, so I had to work double time to keep myself on track under both of my new dietary restrictions. Coming from a house

of kielbasa and big plates of pasta, my parents found this rather puzzling.

Conversations generally played out like this:

Mrs. P: When will you be home? I’m making barbeque chicken and macaroni and cheese for dinner.
Katie: Mom, you know I can’t eat either of those.
Mrs. P: Oh. When are you going to be done with that project?
Katie: Not for a while.
Mrs. P: Well, you can have some leftovers.
Katie: You made pepper steak last night.
Mrs. P: Every man for himself.

I love my parents dearly, but they just didn’t get it at all—especially my mother, who was born and raised in West Virginia on meat, potatoes and milk. Needless to say, she was a little put off when I started bringing these foreign food products into her house. Baked tofu? Soy yogurt?

It had to be done though. With two core food groups lost, I had to find some way to get the nutrients I was lacking. I took a look at my diet as a whole. Sure, I tend to eat healthier than

Drinking, Strip Clubs & Bars ↓

by Abraham C.L. Munson-Ellis

My days are truly numbered and measured. For years, I have planned my upcoming routines either by the end of the current night or by a full day in advance. I have developed a system to survive most events—be they dramatic, devastating or unnecessary. I have said, “To plan is to live efficiently.”

Honestly, I live by image, instinct and impulse. I have a very different outlook on life and living, which has shaped my eagerness to participate. I might even have a deep-rooted curiosity that may be beyond my understanding.

The value of image, instinct and impulse can vary per individual, but I see image as a major factor, due to the gift of scientific observation and actualization with the invention of seeing glasses—which I wear. I live by instinct, as a predator does on the hunt, to maintain fitness, survival and dominance. I am as impulsive as a jolt of electricity capturing the human limbs as these same fingers press a fork and a knife into a house wall socket to charge batteries for

a pretend time machine.

A suggestion by the Generation magazine staff to repel urges for the sake of “Lent” was not my idea of interesting subject matter... but I agreed quickly, even as I developed a mental excuse as a rebuttal. The difference was that the excuse was delivered mentally and I answered yes, sure and OK, loudly, as I viewed and parodied American Idol outtakes. In this same exchange I vowed to give up strip clubs, drinking and bars without giving any verbal challenges or asking for any rewards. Deal!

Today, I am a new man and student, with a changed intelligence and life factor modified by my ability to maintain my commitment and trust for myself. Before this happened, let me tell you all a little story...

After agreeing to give up (fun) vices, a partner and co-worker called my cell and asked if I wanted to have a business meeting at our “office.” Shocked by the timing and the concurrence, I told this friend that I would call later to make arrangements... 40 days later, still no answer.

Another event tested my strength as I left campus late one evening, heading to my residence. A very social individual offered to hang out. I collapsed inside as I gave a strong “NOT TONIGHT, my friend” and gave the excuse that “American Idol Rewind” was on.

As the days and temptation come and go, I no longer feel the pressure or the effects of alcohol. I no longer exploit humankind with viral scrutiny. I feel refreshed and energized.

After 40 days, I just noticed that I have just a bit more cash and I am no April’s Fool. First chance I get, I’m gonna go to a #@^_)(@##%^ and get a &*0*%^ and not buy anyone a thing and not tip the (&^%& who gave me advice for living a better life.

Snow →

By Kathryn Przybła

hungry, middle-class girl who needs to go for a jog. How did this awful circumstance ever come to be?

Choice then comes into the equation. You put yourself here. Quit complaining about it or do something to change it. Theoretically, it all sounds peachy. Be hyper-aware of your decisions and the correlating outcome of those decisions and watch your life and disposition change. Unfortunately, you can’t avoid self-pity, you can only detect it and question its murky existence. So, I did that and every once and a

I gave up snow. It worked out pretty well.

while it would seem like it was working until all of a sudden all the avoided self-pity exploded. I would find myself on a Triscuit and cheese bender, barely cognizant on a Friday after 14 hours of non-stop work. Fact of the matter is, don’t mess with your body’s emotional signaling. Just try managing your decisions, but don’t take any advice from me. I’m pretty bad at this.

a lot of kids at UB—but I’m still nowhere near where I should be. We all know we need to eat well... but we don’t. So I undertook a major dietary overhaul. Old habits were hard to break, but it was easier with the help of others. I started eating and cooking a lot more fruits and vegetables, and finding (often delicious) substitutes for meat.

I think I reached the final breaking point in “go veg or go home” around halfway through the experiment. It was my third anniversary with my boyfriend Drew (that cheap, geeky kid), and we went out to Salvatore’s Italian Gardens. This was pretty once-in-a-lifetime for us, since we usually try to eat at home. He gave me a “free pass” for the evening to eat whatever I wanted, and since he was my biggest supporter (often taking chicken nuggets right out of my hands), I figured it was fair. After a short bout of inner turmoil, I ended up choosing the steak and shrimp. This was a golden opportunity to seize the carnivorous lifestyle I so missed by the horns.

Our dinner was going well, until the main course arrived. There it sat, right in front of me. I sliced it up, one bloody piece at a time, and prepared myself mentally for what I was about to eat. That’s when it hit me—I really

shouldn’t be debating this right now. I should be half finished. I took one bite, and couldn’t even stand to finish the rest. It was more mental than anything else—I’m not opposed to eating meat as long as it’s ethically obtained. But I just couldn’t stomach it.

At the time, I felt like a bit of a disappointment. Not only did I fail my assignment—I didn’t even have the gall to finish my failure. Thank goodness we had a gift certificate or I would have felt worse.

As things wrapped up this week, Drew and I decided to concede early. This was more about proving something to ourselves—not to a higher being or the three people that will read to the end of this article. We were personally satisfied with what we had accomplished. In fact, I felt great about it.

This little assignment taught me a lot. I eat much healthier (and cheaper—meat is expensive!), and gained a lot of respect for people who keep this commitment day in and day out. And although I’m not sticking with the regimen completely anymore, I’m still eating a lot less meat.

Now you’ll have to excuse me, I have a date with a BLT.

On the Rox

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The Rectum

http://www.lemonparty.com

Thursday, April 8, 2010

A student publication that nobody reads

VOLUME 69 ISSUE 69

THE RECTUM IS CLOSING

By JESS BARDOLOM
Boring Person

Nearly 60 years after it began smearing the news all over the walls of UB, *The Rectum* is blocking its flow and closing for the last time.

Editor in Chief Stefán Farts announced the news Tuesday, citing financial concerns, ethical lapses and unprofessional staff behavior.

“The big issue here is that nobody reads this newspaper,” he said. “I mean, look at the articles on this front page. A generic research article. An article about an international event. Who cares about this shit?”

The publication has come under deep scrutiny in recent months.

Several weeks ago, students petitioned for the newspaper to apologize after Jimbeam Waiter, an assistant arts editor, wrote an article that was full of inaccurate information and misspellings. The wan idiot refused to apologize or to keep his tremendously large mouth closed.

“It’s the end of the semester,”

Farts said. “We stopped editing months ago. Stuff like that is bound to happen.”

Then, earlier this week, a student started a rumor via Twitter than Farts had colon cancer, causing Rectum stock prices to plummet.

“My ass is fine, but his isn’t,” Farts said. “He got arrested for third degree harassment and then they bumped it up to second degree harassment because he tweeted twice. He’s going to jail.”

When contacted, the student said that Farts just politely asked him to apologize and that none of the rest was true.

When presented with this information, Farts just smiled and make a derogatory joke about Jewish people. Then he made the staff erect a large statue of himself in the Student Union lobby and he began chanting from a podium in front of it.

“Generation Magazine is borderline pornographic,” he said, over and over.

E-mail: selfrighteousgirl@UB.com



Some kid with a camera / The Rectum

This may be the last photo ever showing an open Rectrum, and thus shall be referred to as the “goatse” picture.



UB to hold art show to commemorate cut jobs

By QUENTIN WORK
Senior Unemployed Editor

If your program was cut or your department lost funding, you’re in luck. It will be reinstated.

Sort of.

UB President John B. Simpson announced on Monday that as part of UB 2020, the university would build a \$20 million museum dedicated to all of the programs that had to be cut in order to make UB 2020 feasible.

“This museum will incorporate everything UB has had to sacrifice

over the past 15 years,” he said, possibly while under the influence of something or another. “It will create 500 new direct jobs, 10,000 new construction jobs and a ton of other shit I’m too whacked out to remember.”

The museum will be designed by UB architecture professors, who, in turn, will be laid off in order to build the museum.

“I’m very excited,” said Robert Willington, a really dumb professor. “I always knew I was going to lose my job but this museum will give me the chance to earn one

last paycheck. My wife and three kids love it.”

Called “The UB Museum of Temporarily Unavailable Programs,” the museum is going to be built in the CFA. All of the CFA will be used (as there are a lot of fucked programs and underfunded departments), so the theater and dance departments will be cut.

“Though I am saddened that they will be cut, I’m not surprised,” said Tiffany Doolittle, chair of the theater department. “Everyone knows that theater and

dance are worthless majors.”

To sweeten the deal, Simpson said that it would hire laid off professors to run the museum.

“Well, we’re going to need tour guides, ticket people and janitors,” Simpson said, again while clearly screwed up. “We might as well hire the fuckers.”

So for those of you who were screwed, you now have a chance to work. You’ll get paid a lot less, but beggars can’t be choosers.

Just as UB.

E-mail: possiblytrue@rectum.com

INSIDE:

Your mother.....	34
Shitty Band Reviews.....	156
Look at this motherfucker.....	2

Editor’s Note: Any characters mentioned in this “publication” are complete works of fiction. Any similarities to real life characters are completely coincidental, but probably true. This page and the following page were printed for the sake of humor and parody.

OPINION

Woof woof, bark.

Ever since “Marley & Me” came out—the movie, not the book, I don’t read books—I’ve wanted nothing more than to piggyback off its fame and write a heart-wrenching story about my dog. Because people care about dogs. You can’t get them off the couch or convince them to vote, but God forbid you talk smack about dogs. You can take that shit straight to the bank.

My dog and I are the best of friends. We do everything together. We go for car rides together. We shower together. We get drunk down by South Campus together. We watch Disney movies together. When my very best Rectum friends are too busy to hold hands and skip through poppy fields with me, my dog helps remind me that I’m not a complete loser. No, really. I’m not.

The only thing I love more than my dog is Disney. I like to pretend my life is a bubble of

fuzz filled with dancing mice and cats in clothes. Everyone sings a jaunty tune and dances without really bending their knees. Because they don’t have knees. Because they’re cartoons. If I had a



Pedobear
Staff Reporter

box of crayons I would turn me and my dog into cartoons so that we could star in our own Disney movie and sing and dance and drink the Kool-Aid.

How the hell do people write

more than 12 words about dogs and Disney? It’s freaking pointless. But I have to fill space so I guess I’ll just say the exact same thing I’ve already said but in kind of different words because who’s gonna notice, anyway?

Best friends are what me and my dog are. Parks and walks and games of fetch are enjoyed by us. Disney is watched by us for a plethora of hours as I sit back and think about how sucky the world is, and how talking spoons and rodents to help you dress in the morning is something that should be had by everyone. But then I remember how wonderful my friends are and it doesn’t matter if I chip a nail or wake up 10 minutes late or drop something. No need to sob silently into my AP stylebook (it’s not like I use it for anything else). Everything will be OK as long as friends and dogs are had by me.

E-mail: ilovechildren@UB.com

Researchers blow shit up

By **JESUS H. CHRIST**
Senior Lord and Savior

Thanks to a grant from the Laser Association of the Middle East (LAME), UB researchers received \$3.1 million grant to study the ergonomics of trilateral nomenclature in the geoinformatic section of a submolecular particle of pneumonoulosis.

The researchers, lead by Richard Phillip Cranium, will use really big, expensive lasers to blow stuff up in the name of science.

“It’s just a bunch of stupid sciency shit that nobody really cares about and won’t affect anyone in the end,” Cranium said.

The researchers had to jump through a plethora of hoops to get the funding—literally. LAME required them to jump through flaming hoops, catch sticks in their mouths and run through a large tube, all done while on a leash.

“I’m confused as to why you’re even here speaking to me right now,” Cranium said. “Who cares about this? Are you just trying to fill space?”

Now we’re going to list a



The Big Red Dog / The Rectum

bunch of other researchers who are involved with the study, just to take up space. They are Engelbert Humperdink, Gnarles Barkley, Jacob J. Shillperson, Frederick Douglas, Winston Cleveland Davehill III, Victor E. Bull, the dude from this picture up top, Hassan Farah, Sir William Nye, blah blah blah blah and some other people. See? Now we look like we have more news than we actually do. It’s magic!

Students across campus were very excited over the research. Dave Tulip, a senior leisure stud-

Another uninspired, professor-sitting-in-a-generic-office picture.

Ties major, was studying leisurely under a tree. Though he hadn’t heard of the research, he was clearly excited about it.

“Yo, get the fuck away from me,” he said. “I’m eyeing up that Long Island slut behind you. You feel me?”

E-mail: noonereadsthis@UB.com

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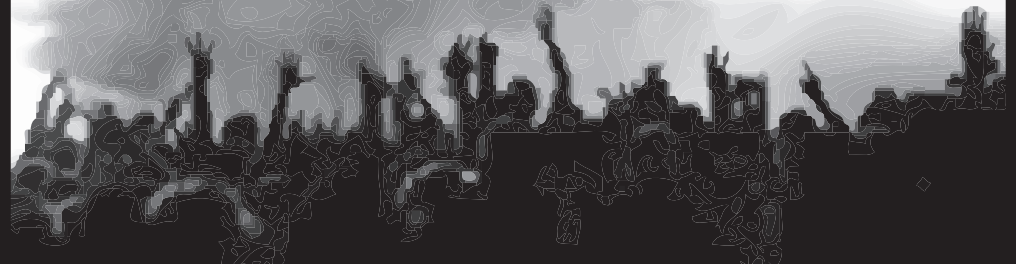
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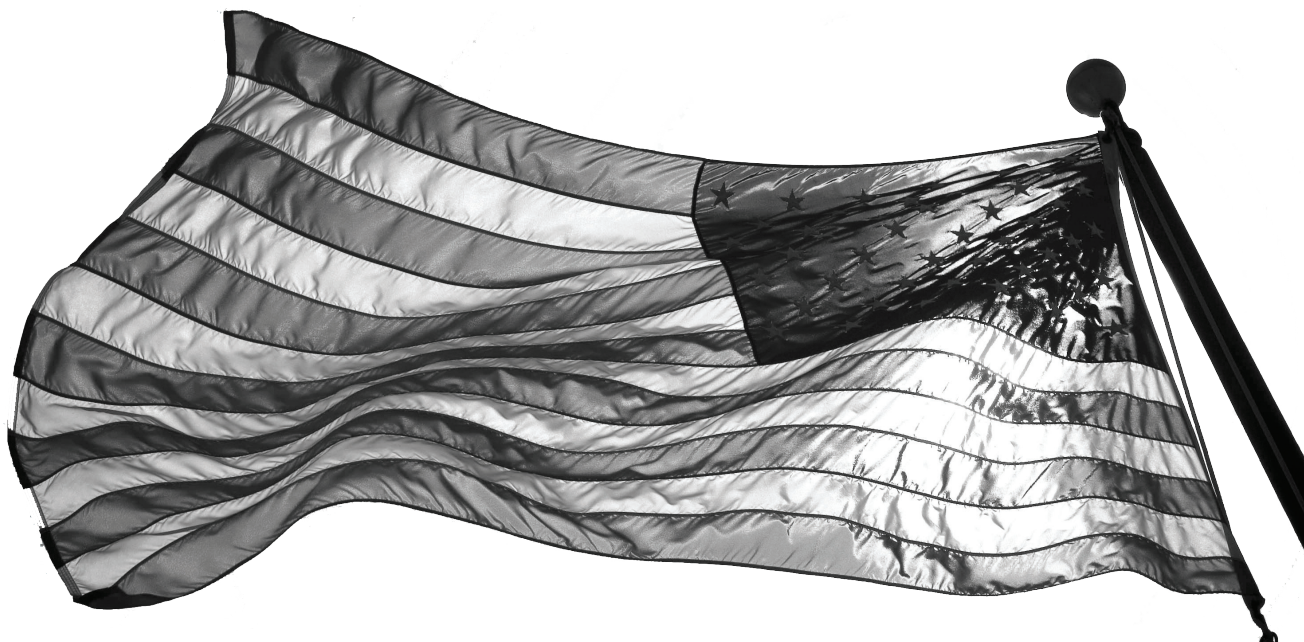
**COLLEGIATE
VILLAGE**

We the Students...

By Keeley Sheehan

"The government, some people say, is out to get them, but really, it's for the people, by the people."

- Joanna Boron, UB Student Against Sweatshops Member



The nation has been embroiled in a seemingly endless power struggle over the health care reform bill that President Barack Obama recently signed into law. Lawmakers argued for hours, months, years over how (and if) to handle health care reform. But while representatives yielded minutes and seconds to their fellow party members on the floor of the House in the long hours before voting, they barely uttered a word about the student aid reform nestled into the bill.

The Student Aid and Fiscal Responsibility Act will diminish the role of private lenders, and invest around \$40 billion to bolster Pell Grants to \$5,550 in 2010 and \$6,900 in 2019, linking it to the rising cost-of-living index, according to the United States Student Association Web site, which notes that about 6 million students received Pell Grants in 2007. The act also simplifies the Free Application for Federal Student Aid, eliminating questions by allowing students and their parents to apply for aid with information from their tax returns.

"In 2003-2004, over 1.5 million college students who likely were eligible to receive Pell Grants didn't apply for financial aid because they found the FAFSA form too confusing," the Web site says. The act will also invest \$2.55 billion in historically black universi-

ties and programs that aid minority students. "Unlike the lender-based programs, the Direct Loan program is entirely insulated from market swings and can therefore guarantee students access to low-cost federal college loans, in any economy," according to the Web site.

The U.S. should never have gotten to a point where student aid reform was necessary, says Joanna Boron, a member of UB Students Against Sweatshops, but SAFRA is progress in the right direction.

"Getting all our student loans directly from the government is going to save a lot of tax money, a lot of individuals are going to save money," she says. "It's a much more fair way of doing things."

SAFRA was attached as a rider to the Health Care and Education Reconciliation Act of 2010. The House of Representatives voted to approve the legislation passed by the Senate in December, with a 219-to-212 vote. Congresswoman Louise Slaughter (D-28), whose district includes a large part of Buffalo, championed the health care reform bill. She was welcomed back from Washington, D.C. with a brick, which was thrown through the window of her district office in Niagara Falls after the vote.

No Republicans voted to approve the bill, and were joined by 34 Democrats.

"[Student loans] used to be split between private and public, but the government is claiming that they will be able to enact savings if they take over the program. The reason they tied it to the health care bill is the fact that they are going to use the perceived savings, and they're applying those to pay for this government takeover of health care," says Congressman Chris Lee (R-26). Lee joined the rest of the Republicans in the House of Representatives in voting against the health care bill. He fears that Washington won't be able to keep the

promises they're signed into law with this bill.

"I've yet to see the government run things more efficiently or innovatively than the private sector, and by switching to a 100 percent student loan program through the government, my fear is that it will enact less choices for students, that the government will, in terms of their efficiency, do less," he says. "I think that ultimately savings won't be realized and the people who will be penalized are the students who are trying to gain access to a loan to pay for their college tuition."

For Boron, SAFRA means increased self-sustainability for students, many of whom are also taxpayers who will benefit from the bill's tax savings.

"There are some complaints that now we don't have this other option to go out and get a loan somewhere else ... but now you have the best option," she says. "And the government, some people say, is out to get them, but really, it's for the people, by the people. It is democratic. It is what we make, so as long as we make sure our government is working for us, it will, and I definitely see this as a step toward helping people who just don't have the economic privilege to do it themselves."

Boron notes that according to Forbes and National Public Radio, it will cost \$5

billion to start the program, but it will save billions of dollars over the long term.

"That \$5 billion is going to put in place really good jobs. The money that we save, a percentage of it is going to go back into secondary and higher education, and the rest is going to go into our huge deficit," she says, adding with a confused laugh and a shake of her head, "and some people are saying this is bad."

In Wyoming County, part of the district Lee represents, Pioneer Credit runs an efficient student loan program, Lee says. Rather than take over the student loan program, he would like to see the federal government do more to provide incentives—like some level of loan forgiveness—for students to get into math and science-related fields in practical, applied ways to improve business and manufacturing in the U.S.

"If we're not creating value in this country—creating tangible goods—we will no longer be a superpower," he says. "We're only 5 percent of the world's population, so we are in an economic fight for our life against Asian competitors, European competitors, who all want the quality of life we've enjoyed in the past here in the United States."

"College tuition seems to be going up in double digit increases every year and it is



a struggle for students to get access. ... If the government take-over of the student loan program doesn't go well, it may further impede students' ability to gain access," he says. "At the end of the day, what we want is a good education so students can go out into the work force and find a good paying job."

But we need to do more than say we support education. We need to work together, to do more for each other, Boron says.

"If we let people take advantage of us, it's not good for any of us," she says. "If we stand up for our rights, and say we deserve having smart people in New York, we deserve having a good university that we can get into and go to, people will listen."

SAFRA comes at a particularly opportune time, with the potential to be the deus ex machina as the Greek tragedy of budget cuts and cut classes plays out on the floors of the New York State legislature and the halls of UB. Student Association President Ernesto Alvarado—along with Melody Mercedes, president of the New York State Student Assembly, and SUNY Delegate Jennifer Lewis—was in Albany around March 24, lobbying senators and assemblyman to garner support for the Public Higher Education Empowerment and Innovation Act that was recently tabled.

Alvarado jokingly groans a little as he settles into his office chair. "The SUNY situation..." he says, trailing off like he's searching for the right word. "Depressing." He says this with a sardonic smirk, and leans in closer to the recorder sitting on top of his desk. "DE-PRESS-ING," he says, emphasizing each syllable.

He tried to lobby with the legislature while in Albany; tried to get lawmakers to see what he believes to be the merits of PHEEIA, but he was most often met with prepared statements, few concrete alternative plans, and a quick shuffle off to an assistant. PHEEIA was not put up for discussion, hampering, as Alvarado says, the possibility for the university to realize the goals laid out in the UB 2020 initiative.

"It frustrates us as students and student leaders because it's kind of like they're continuing to take money away to fix a problem that essentially they created, and not giving us anything back," Alvarado says. "They're cutting out the legs from under us to try to fix things on campus, and it's not fair. UB isn't the cause of the financial crisis or situation in New York State."

Under the current 80/20 split, 80 percent of UB tuition money goes to the state to help rectify the deficit, and 20 percent stays at UB. PHEEIA would give UB the autonomy to lease land without state approval, allowing it to venture into public/private partnerships between the university and outside corporations. It would also allow UB to enact tuition increases without state oversight. Money UB receives from these partnerships or tuition increases would stay at the university,

Alvarado says, helping departments meet demands of increased enrollment and need for state-of-the-art facilities and equipment.

"We're trying to think outside the box and we're trying to come up with these new and innovative ways of thinking, and the assemblymen are just saying 'no' to it," he says. "They're not coming up with a better solution, which is even more difficult because ... if you're not going to let us do this, what are you going to let us do?"

While few would stand up and fight for New York State's right to cut the SUNY budget, PHEEIA isn't everyone's answer. The Graduate Student Employees Union (CWA Local 1104) and UB Students Against Sweatshops are leading a rally at Founders Plaza, protesting the budget cuts and PHEEIA. A girl in denim jeans and a long-sleeved black T-shirt led the crowd in chants of "No cuts, no fees, education should be free," and "Public education, not a corporation." She's got a Rachel McAdams circa-"Sherlock Holmes" sort of face; what McAdams might look like if she cut her dark hair shorter and went to college. She seems to be UB's unofficial Protest 101 professor.

"I remember from protests back in the day, people would wave their signs around. Maybe you can move around when you talk," she says into a microphone, encouraging the assembled students to wave their protest signs, yell and get a little rowdy.

The crowd's energy ebbs and flows, but the chants and speeches draw a considerable crowd as the rally continues. Dennis Black, vice president of student affairs, hangs back on the fringes of the crowd, low-key. The students eventually notice that he's there; one crowd member cups his hands around his mouth and yells out, "Hey Dennis Black! Why don't you fight for us for once?!" and the crowd breaks

"We need to finally unify under the idea that enough is enough."

-Ernesto Alvarado, Student Association President

out into a rousing chant of "Dennis Black! Dennis Black!"

Black shuffles back a little, a half-wry, half-sheepish, closed-lip smile on his face and he nods and gives the crowd a little wave, but he stays outside a while longer, and doesn't make a dash for the ivory tower, PHEEIA-lined halls of Capen Hall.

"Anyone who speaks out, I give credit to, but we have to be realistic," he says. "Everything in the state is taking a hit ... We have to be clever." It's a nice thought, stopping budget cuts from Albany and getting more money from the state, but it's not realistic, he says; PHEEIA could give the university the flexibility to "do business differently."

"If we do nothing, we lose the university we want to have. We have to think differently than just saying



Dennis Black, the vice president for Student Affairs, observes students as they rally against tuition hikes and budget cuts at Founders Plaza. The students noticed Black moments before and began chanting his name.

"no," he says.

More students start to trickle in from the buildings and walkways around Founders Plaza. The crowd's getting a little louder, a little less awkward in their chanting. They're starting to get the hang out this rallying thing.

The state has already cut \$40 million from SUNY, and would cut an additional \$16 million under Gov. David A. Paterson's proposed budget, leading to continued class and department cuts, increased class sizes, tuition hikes and hiring freez-

subsidized federal student loans beginning in 2012. "These interest rates are currently set to jump from 3.4 percent to 6.8 percent in 2012. Nationwide about 5.5 million students borrow these loans every year," according to the U.S. Student Association Web site.

Boron sees PHEEIA as a green light for the university to raise tuition at uncontrolled rates. Alvarado points out that the university and individual departments would not be able to raise tuition without approval from both the UB and SUNY Board of Trustees.

"Differential tuition would enable each department to continue to maintain the level of education they need, to continue to provide students with the proper education, despite the influx of students or something like that," he says. "[It] would give different departments the ability to increase their fees to their group of students, so that any sort of additional costs, or costs of equipment ... wouldn't have a detrimental effect on that department and eliminate classes because they couldn't afford them."

The university would be able to inform students of any yearly tuition increases earlier, allowing for more planning, and beyond the trustees, SUNY Chancellor Nancy Zimpher would also have to approve tuition changes, Alvarado says.

This may be oversight, but Boron doesn't think it's the right kind of oversight.

"One of the reasons why [UB's tuition] is so low now—it's one of the lowest in the Northeast—is because it's tied to the state budget. It's because we can lobby our represen-

tatives. It's because the decisions in that are in the taxpayers' hands, and in the hands of our elected officials, and not in the hands of the SUNY Trustees," she says. "They're not accessible to us as students ... the university doesn't have to answer to anyone."

Despite differing views on the merits of privatization or student aid reform, the need for cooperation—and the need for students to start actively caring—is a point of agreement.

"Students chose to argue about a selection of bands instead of budgets cuts. We need to finally unify under the idea that enough is enough," Alvarado says. "Students at some point have to stand up for something that matters a lot more than who is coming to Spring Fest. It's the apathetic college student stereotype that these assemblymen and senators are banking on."

Education helps society develop as a whole, Boron says, and the sooner we recognize the collective good of affordable education, the sooner we can take steps beyond SAFRA to continue improving the system.

"There's this societal idea that education only benefits an individual, and if you want an education, you have to find a way to pay for it. The other side of that is it benefits every individual if your society is educated," Boron says. "We trust that the person that built the building we're in knew what they were doing, and got all A's, and didn't get F's in architecture school or engineering school. That's where I see education, as a means to help people—not just a means to get a job."

On one of the clearest days of Buffalo, protest was in the air.

The Graduate Student Employees Union and UB Students Against Sweatshops found it fitting to hold a rally against SUNY budget cuts on March 31—mostly graduate students wearing dark spring clothes and flustered, pissed-off faces. Some held orange, green and blue posters displaying their discontent: “John Simpson Blues Explosion,” “Nothing to Fear But PHEEIA Itself,” “SUNY Works Because We Do,” etc. One protestor took a cue from both the crazy and the ancient, writing on his poster, “UB 2012: The End of Public Education is Near.”

The usual chants and airborne fists were there, as well as the microphone-aided speeches decrying the current budget crisis. They were accompanied by grumbles, screams and frequent interjections (“Fuck that!” and “That’s bullshit!”) typically found in mob settings. Though it wasn’t terribly big or impressive, the protest tried to point out something much larger: UB’s budget cuts.

One of the protesters and organizers, UBSAS member Joanna Boron, a senior linguistics major, was furious about the cuts.

“We wanted first and foremost to send a message to our administrators,” Boron says. “[They] are very hard to reach. We were a lot louder than any one person could have been on their own.”

Their message? “Don’t sell us out. These budget cuts are hurting us and we know you’re not asking New York State to restore our budget, and that’s what you should be doing.”

She is referring to, among other people, President John B. Simpson and SUNY Chancellor Nancy Zimpher. The protesters’ concern is that Simpson and Zimpher both support the Public Higher Education Empowerment and Innovation Act, also infamously known as PHEEIA. The bill, which was attached to the New York State budget passed by the State Senate on March 22, radically changes the traditional structure and control of the SUNY budget. The bill would give control of tuition to the SUNY Board of Trustees. The board would have say over tuition rates and increases. It could raise tuition at a rate tied to the Higher Education Price Index. Any raise in tuition would go directly to SUNY schools instead of other parts of the state budget.

PHEEIA would also give schools

discretion as to where the money will go. Different schools and programs could have separate tuition rates. That means UB theoretically could become more costly than Geneseo or Stony Brook, two of the more expensive SUNY schools.

Supporters of the bill, including Gov. David Paterson, claim that it is the only way to fix the current budget situation. In a press conference held on March 29, Simpson stated that PHEEIA is UB’s ticket to financial security and a concrete support for the

vinced. Boron is fearful of the control SUNY will have over tuition, which she believes will dramatically increase if PHEEIA is passed.

“It decouples raising tuition from the legislative process,” she says. “That means students cannot lobby our representatives about the budget. ... Doing the math, the tuition will double by 2020. We’re using our money for all this development that we’re not doing in the right way.”

She also brought attention to language of the bill that could potentially

of the underprivileged, especially workers and students.

“It’s pretty much a given that this will hurt the poorest members of the community of Buffalo and the poorest students,” she says. “It will exclude working-class students just by making higher education less accessible. It’s hard enough to get into a research university now, but people with the credentials are going to have it that much harder because they won’t be able to pay for it with the differential tuition. That’s not the point of public

to know how to fix it. According to the Office of the Comptroller, New York is approximately \$130 billion in debt and suffers from an \$8.2 billion deficit. The 2010-2011 fiscal year alone is predicted to have a \$750 million deficit. As a result of a lack of funds, which is largely due to the recession, the high unemployment rate, and the increased demands of Medicaid services, Gov. Paterson has proposed budget cuts the likes of which New York State has never seen.

In 2008, Paterson proposed a record-breaking \$5.2 billion budget cut over a two-year period. Primary education, for example, was cut by \$1.5 billion. Local governments were cut by \$244 million. The state workforce was cut by \$300 million and human services were cut by \$100 million. The field hurt most, however, was health care. The state cut a whopping \$1.8 billion. These and other cuts have made New York one of the most financially turbulent states in the union.

The SUNY system has taken a beating as well. It faces the worst budgetary situation in its history. Approximately \$424 million has been cut since 2008. The cuts have taken their toll. Hiring freezes were put in place in Albany, Plattsburgh, New Paltz, Geneseo and five other SUNY schools. Buffalo State, Fredonia, Potsdam and three other schools have cut positions. Class sizes are increasing, and low-enrollment programs are being dropped. Schools are relying on adjuncts more than ever and programs and departments are being shut down. With higher enrollment and retention rates, the SUNY system is finding it harder to make ends meet.

Albany has slashed UB’s funding by \$40 million since 2008 and is expected to reduce spending by at least another \$16 million in the current fiscal year. The Office of the Provost alone has had to face a \$30 million cut. Simpson has anticipated at least 320 jobs lost.

In addition, tuition was raised \$600 for the 2009-2010 academic year and the comprehensive fee was also raised. Most of the revenue created by the increase—80 percent to be exact—did not go directly to the school, adding another \$25 million to the deficit. Overall, UB has lost 25 percent of its state support.

“We have now, I believe, reached the end of our ability to absorb these



UB 2020 plan.

“UB 2020 is Western New York’s strategy for its future,” Simpson told the crowd. “We need them to understand that our community’s plan ... is in absolute jeopardy unless this legislation passes. Simply put, our community will not have the benefits of UB 2020 without this.”

Simpson’s talking points—the 6,700 direct jobs, 20,000 construction jobs, and \$2 billion in additional economic impact that he says will be created by UB 2020—hinge on PHEEIA.

Opponents, though, are not con-

give control of certain departments and programs to private hands. Private companies that cooperate with the SUNY system—such as Sub-Board I, Inc., publisher of the magazine currently in your hands—are under the supervision of the state. Opponents of PHEEIA believe that if passed, the bill will give private companies direct control over certain departments and programs.

Boron also feels that class sizes, workers wages and support for graduate students will worsen. Privatization could lead to abusive treatment

education. Education is supposed to be the great equalizer.”

Though Boron was quick to point out the potential problems in PHEEIA, she could not provide any solutions to the budget situation. Besides mentioning fixed interest rates of banks, suggesting all SUNY workers become state employees and recommending that the rich be taxed more, she couldn’t provide a concrete answer to the state’s financial woes.

But that’s not her fault. No one—not the governor, not state senators, not the people of New York State—seems



“I’m disappointed for UB. I understand where UB 2020 is trying to go but I think without Methods of Inquiry, it’s counterintuitive.”

- Kelly Ahuna, director of MOI program



repeated fiscal setbacks,” Simpson said in a statement on March 23. “It will be very difficult for UB to take additional cuts without eliminating people and programs.”

Certain departments and programs at UB are already feeling the strain. The College of Arts and Sciences, for example, has raised the number of students required for certain courses. Language, business and certain humanities departments have been struggling.

“Funding lines have been cut,” says Nicole Jowsey, president of the Graduate Student Association. “Smaller departments are afraid of being cut or put into bigger departments.”

The American Studies department went through a total restructuring. The department has two other formerly autonomous departments under their wing: African and African-American Studies and Global Gender Studies. These two areas, once separate, are now branches of a department focused on areas not under their expertise. (Africa, after all, is not in the United States.) They must now compete for limited funds and devote resources once readily available for other areas just to survive.

Graduate students perhaps have been suffering the most. Graduate

tuition has increased 21 percent and students have been losing funding and faculty. In addition, they have had to deal with larger classrooms and lack of fellowships, which for some graduate students, is a vital lifeline. Jowsey was careful not to suggest that students are revolting, but she did say that more graduate students are becoming worried.

“I understand budget concerns but students generally don’t,” Jowsey says. “If you’re in just one department and you lose your funding, you tend to be a little aggravated. I don’t have people storming the barricades, but, slowly but surely, we are starting to hear from various students and I think that’s going to increase as the situation goes on.”

If African and African-American and Global Gender Studies are angry that they’ve been set back, they should take solace in the fact that they didn’t end up like the School of Informatics. That is, terminated.

The School of Informatics functioned as an independent department until the CAS absorbed it in 2007. Then in the spring of 2009, Logan Scott, director of Undergraduate Studies, informed his students that due to budgetary concerns they had only three semesters to finish the require-

ments and graduate—students are usually given six semesters to finish a major if it is canceled. Many students were forced to drop out or switch majors.

“I couldn’t spend as much time here to either work on a minor or complete a dual major,” says Chris Martin, a junior informatics major. “An informatics degree is interdisciplinary, and best combined with an external concentration as well.”

Because of the cut, Martin was forced to graduate this year. As a result, he will become ineligible for federal student aid. He plans on working full-time starting this summer to save up enough money to return to school. He wants to complete another undergraduate degree, most likely industrial engineering.

“It’s a shame,” he says. “I’ve only been here for three years. I love UB and I’m in no hurry to leave.”

Kelly Ahuna, director of the Methods of Inquiry Program, feels Martin’s pain. Ahuna, her associate director Christine Tinnesz—both of whom have been involved in the program since the late 1990s—and three graduate students were laid off when MOI was cut from next year’s budget. This will be their last semester.

Ahuna’s light blue eyes and soft

voice seemed a bit frail when I talked to her. She had just found out about the cancellation last week.

“I’m just really disappointed for the students,” she says. “I’m disappointed for UB. I understand where UB 2020 is trying to go but I think without [MOI] it’s counterintuitive. I knew it was coming, that it was a big possibility, but it seemed so counterintuitive to me that I didn’t think it would really happen.”

Michael Ryan, vice provost and dean of Undergraduate Education, informed her of the cut. The news came about in a convoluted way. On March 16, Ryan was informed that MOI couldn’t be in next semester’s schedule. He contacted the Student Response Center to let them know to not put MOI on the schedule. The Student Response Center then contacted the MOI office, letting them know of the news through voicemail. When Ahuna heard the message, she called Ryan directly to find out if it was true. It was.

Ryan explained that the decision to cut MOI was an automatic reaction. For years, MOI had been functioning under the Graduate School of Education. Last August, GSE informed Ahuna that it could no longer carry them under their department and encour-

aged them to find a new hub. Though Ahuna was in talks with certain departments, such as CAS’s philosophy department, MOI didn’t have a new home on March 16. Ryan was forced to take MOI off the schedule. He expressed his sympathies about the cut, but stressed that UB is facing tough financial challenges and decisions like these have to be made.

“The basic issue was not the value of the program,” he says. “I’ve had emails from students that indicated that this was a very impactful course for them to take.”

One of MOI’s former students, Nicholas Hoffman, believes just that. Hoffman, a senior pre-health major, took the course in the spring of 2009. He was new to college and needed to improve his studying skills.

“It had been 10 years since I had taken a college course,” Hoffman says. “My note-taking skills were nearly non-existent and ineffective.”

MOI is designed to help students become better in school. Through a variety of techniques, skills and practices, the goal of MOI is to teach students how to better prepare for their classes and think critically about what they are learning. The course

Continued on page 19

Stop buying crappy
jewelry at the mall
Come see the largest
selection of quality
body jewelry in
BUFFALO.



Snapshot continued

for many controversial issues and some of the best astrology writing you'll find anywhere. I started it for the same reason I start everything—it was the thing to do at the time. It's also a community of conscience and creative exploration. We publish on two cycles—twice weekly, and then a professional blog about six times a day. Planet Waves is an original and it's hard to describe “what it is” but it's something I love and invest a lot of time and energy developing and taking care of.

You've done a lot of work as an investigative journalist—are there any particularly interesting stories or experiences that stick out in your mind from that?

I could tell you of many adventures, including some while I was a student journalist, such as covering the re-occupation of the contaminated Love Canal neighborhood in Niagara Falls. But the one story I want everyone to know about is the dioxin-contaminated dorms at SUNY New Paltz. Some students here have siblings living in those dorms, who may not know about the problem. There was an electrical explosion in December 1991 that spewed seriously toxic chemicals, called dioxins and PCBs, into four dorms, Bliss, Capen, Gage and Scudder. The buildings were not cleaned properly and they've never been cleaned properly. PCBs were

one of the great sins of the electrical industry and we are living with their legacy at New Paltz. Meanwhile, that story was my point of entrée into the global dioxin and PCB issue. If you want to know more, check out a Web site called DioxinDorms.com.

How would you explain what you do to someone that would hear “astrology” and dismiss it as a fluff section in the back of magazines like Cosmo, for example?

Anything can be done well, including the horoscope in Cosmo. I was drawn to astrology because I fell in love with the writing of a newspaper astrologer named Patric Walker. I bring integrity to my work, no matter what I'm doing. I think that the astrology you get is only as good as the astrologer who is doing the work: their skill and commitment and writing talent. It's silly to dismiss as fluff a system of organizing life dating back to the dawn of civilization (the Chaldeans or Babylonians). Astrology is a foundation of mainstream intellectual thought. With mythology, it's the first true study in psychology. Astrology is the basis of astronomy, and its roots go deep into mysticism and religion.

Also on Wikipedia, it says you have worked “as a research astrologer specializing in minor planets and other newly-discovered objects”—can you explain a little bit about

what that means? How did you become interested in that?

In grade school we were taught that there are nine planets; in fact there are about 225,000 known bodies orbiting our Sun. I work with about 150 extras—asteroids, discoveries out in the neighborhood of Pluto and a group of weird objects called Centaurs that were first discovered in 1977. I'm a fan of Pluto, which is now considered a minor planet but is no less potent as a force for change. I learned about these early in my work and became passionately interested in them.

By 1998, three years into my professional career, I was teaching other astrologers how to work with them, beginning in England (where much of my astrological career has been centered). These are the planets that are not written about in most astrology books and some aren't written about anywhere; some only get airplay on Planet Waves. To understand these little worlds, it's necessary to do original research, to observe and to ask a lot of questions—which is common ground between my two careers.

To gradually understand a new discovery, you need to be willing to enter unknown, unproven territory—which is basically the nature of the mind, when you really look at it honestly. The mind is unknown territory, and I treat anything I en-

counter, whether it's journalism, relationships, art or astrology: a tool to investigate and co-create existence.

Is there any hope for English majors?

I want to give some advice that I trust you may not hear anywhere else. But first I want to say that I treasure my English degree from Buffalo. I am the self taught kind of writer who has learned something important from every professor. Truly, I think of that at least one every day, especially Carline Polite, my fiction writing professor, who taught me to write a word a day.

Here's what's going on in the “real world.” Literacy is melting away. There will always be the literati, the snobs who went to private schools and allegedly know more than you. What I mean is that your basic, grounded, decently well-read, able-to-write-on-the-spot kind of literacy is evaporating. The ability to punctuate is disappearing. And everyone, and I do mean everyone, needs people who can write. And people who can edit. Learn how to do both. Start at a small newspaper; do it a lot. Editing and self-editing are skills that most writers lack. So learn how to do those until they're easy. Always have a good computer or two. Write every day of your life.

Now here is the advice.

When you embark on a career

that you want, make sure it's the one that you really, really want, because when you succeed, you're going to be doing that thing a lot; and you're going to be doing it for a long time. So choose not just on what you feel your capabilities are—those expand every day—but choose on the basis of what you want. Don't let anyone tell you that you can't do it. Tell them I said to fuck off. Or tell them yourself. Believe in yourself and believe in what you want.

Remember that you're doing this because you're a creative person and that means you have a restless mind that cannot be confined. So stay a few steps ahead of yourself and develop new talents as you go along. If you have to focus, make sure you stay diverse at the same time. The great A.M. Rosenthal, longtime executive editor of The New York Times, told young journalists to keep a garden—it would help their journalism. I never followed that advice but I will say this: keep your hands in music and art. Do these things to keep your whole brain alive. I mean the non-verbal parts because the verbal parts are going to have plenty to keep them busy. Take pictures, drum, make noise and make love.

A decorative poster for a Spring Gala. The background is a light gray with a repeating pattern of stylized flowers and swirling vines. The text is arranged in a grid-like fashion, with each item centered within its own quadrant. The title 'Spring Gala' is at the top in a large, elegant script. Below it, the date, location, time, ticket price, and sign-up information are listed in a mix of bold serif and script fonts. The overall aesthetic is formal and elegant.

Spring Gala

Date:
Friday April 9, 2010

Location:
Samuels Grande Manor

Time:
**Doors Open at 6:00pm
Dinner at 7:00**

Free Transportation
**Sign up in
350 Student Union**

\$30.00
**Tickets on Sale at the
Sub Board Ticket Office**

Budget Cuts continued

stresses critical thinking skills, self-assessment strategies and active learning approaches.

"I learned better reading techniques," Hoffman says. "Instead of just reading or highlighting sentences, I started asking questions and writing them in the margin. This 'active reading' kept my mind focused on the material, and then provided a quick summary of ideas and topics with which to test myself at a later time ... I found that if you actually tried the methods shown, the techniques worked well. I took a physiology class, and the best test results I had were due to an assignment given to us in Methods of Inquiry."

The statistics speak for themselves. The graduation rate of students who take MOI is 3 percent higher than normal for the fourth year and 10 percent higher than normal for the fifth year. Retention rates of MOI students are 5 to 10 percent higher (depending on the year) than non-MOI students. Though the GPAs of MOI students tend to be equal to non-MOI students, the class could be credited with bringing the GPAs equal in the first place. Data also shows that MOI improves the graduation and retention rates of disadvantaged students, such as first generation students, low-income students, and certain minority students.

The general consensus among those who have taken MOI is that it helps them out with their studies—

the evaluation sheets Ahuna provided were more than flattering. One enthusiastic student wrote, "This class has been extremely helpful because of the techniques I learned. I remember a lot more when I study. I recommend this class to my friends at least once a week. It should be a requirement."

However, there are some students who feel the course is not as helpful for those who already have rudimentary studying skills. William Pierce, who took the class in the fall of 2008, believed that the course's benefits were "marginal at best."

"I wouldn't say it revolutionized how I studied," Pierce says. "I didn't become a much better student because of the course." He says that he felt his studying skills were better than he realized and that the course was not meant for those who got along fine in school.

He did believe, though, that those who struggle in school could reap advantages from taking the course.

"If someone had less of an advantage that I had," he says, "be it genetic, background or monetary, he or she could definitely be caught up to where an average college student should be at this point taking a course like this."

However students felt about the class itself, most students have nothing but praise for Ahuna and Tinnesz for their dedication and hard work. And almost no one besides the Office of the Provost felt

that cutting MOI was a good idea. Kelley Rosney, a Ph.D. student studying educational psychology and one of the three teaching assistants for MOI, was furious about the cut and put the blame on the administration.

"The shortsighted decision by Provost Tripathi to cut MOI does not make sense as I read and listen to university rhetoric about preparing our students for success," she says. "Beyond the loss of two valuable, talented faculty members to this university, the students have lost the opportunity to practice skills they need in their other classes, but that are not ever overtly taught. We hold high expectations for our student body, but this decision demonstrates the administration's unwillingness to support our students and help them meet these expectations." Because of the cut, Rosney has no means of support and is worried about how to pursue her studies full time.

MOI, which has been at UB since the 1980s when it started out as a federal grant, has had close ties over the years with various students, departments and schools. Courtney Bell, a learning specialist at the Division of Athletics, shared especially close relations with MOI and was dismayed by the cancellation.

"Over the years, the Methods of Inquiry program has served as an important part of programming for our first year student-athletes.

We have found that the curriculum for this course has allowed our students to become more active learners both while in the classroom and out," Bell says. "Professor Ahuna's program allowed for our population to show greater success at the completion of their freshman year, and we have noticed that the skills gained are carried throughout their time at the University at Buffalo."

With the budget cuts high and departments scrambling to protect what they have, "support" is a hard word to come by.

When the March 31 protesters were done, they marched across the academic spine with the same fervor they had when they were merely standing. They were angry—angry at a system that wasn't working, and at a school that simply didn't have enough. SUNY may work because of them, but with the current situation, Chris Martin, Professors Ahuna and Tinnesz, Joanna Boron, and others are stating to wonder how much longer there will be people to work, or if they'll be a school to work for.

Transportation continued

serve, or I could dig deeper and ride this thing out a little longer.

The process of appealing a ticket has three steps. The first is a written appeal delivered 15 days within the fine's issuing. The second involves a hearing officer—basically an outside attorney—who reviews the case and makes a ruling based on the rules and regulations. Finally, a committee comprised of students and faculty reviews the first two steps and verifies if they were handled properly.

Part of me wants to feel empowered, to make UB give in to me and admit that they were wrong without me having to do much of anything. The realistic part of me knows that I can only handle this problem in one way—I have to appeal it. It's my inner civil rights activist, standing up for all of those wronged and mistreated by UB's Parking and Transportation services.

Who will win? The verdict is still out.

Do you have any questions? Concerns? Complaints? Do you get lonely at night and need somebody to talk to? Do you want to sign us up for annoying pr0nz0rz spam?

E-mail us at ubgeneration@gmail.com

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Screw you guys! I’m going home... to read.

By Josh Q. Newman

“Ah, books? God, I hate those!”

If you agree with this—and chances are because you’re a college student you might very well have said something similar sometime before you went to class—then I would suggest you stop reading this because I regret to inform you that it was said by none other than Eric Cartman in the March 24 episode of “South Park.”

You might think Cartman is awesome—hell, everyone does—but this is the same guy that danced naked in front of a cut-out of Justin Timberlake and was caught red-handed sucking Butters’... um... slippery part. Among other things. So if you really want to agree with the fat kid, be my guest.

The show’s known disdain for everything typically accepted by society came out particularly strong in “The Tale of Scrotie McBoogerballs.” Yes, you read right. McBoogerballs. What caught my attention this time was its targeting of something I hold very dear: reading books.

Call me a nerd (get in line), but I love to read. I have been reading ever since I learned how. When most kids were throwing a pigskin around or trying to be the next Tony Hawk, I was reading. In middle school, I would spend literally every free moment I had reading books. I would read on bus rides to school and in lunch periods. I would read in the car and outside the dentist’s office. I would even bring a book to a restaurant and read while waiting for my meal. (I realize that this was rude, so I apologize to anyone who I offended.)

When I was in 5th grade I tried to read “Moby-Dick” and when I was in 9th grade I tried to read “Ulysses.” Though I didn’t get past page 5 in either of them, my tenacity in picking up a book of “good literature” was higher than Towelie.

So as soon as the show mentioned J.D. Salinger’s classic 1951 novel “The Catcher in the Rye,” I knew that we were in for something.

Cartman, Stan, Kyle and Kenny read the book for class and cannot understand why the book is so controversial. They think the book is boring and whiney and not offensive at all. They become so infuriated over the book’s reputation

that they decide to write an over-the-top book of their own. Hence the title.

I’ll spare you what happens next (especially the odd bit involving Sarah Jessica Parker, where she resembles a moose and gets shot at by hunters). In the end, the boys profess that people sometimes read into books more than they should and that analyzing them, in general, is a waste of time. According to the 4th graders, reading is bogus and people should watch TV instead. Ironically enough, the show does reference a range of “high brow” sources, from Milton to the Bible to existentialism.

Of course, I know the writers are playing a joke. Creators Trey Parker and Matt Stone would never believe in anything so stupid. I’m not going to waste my time rallying against the episode’s supposed anti-reading message.

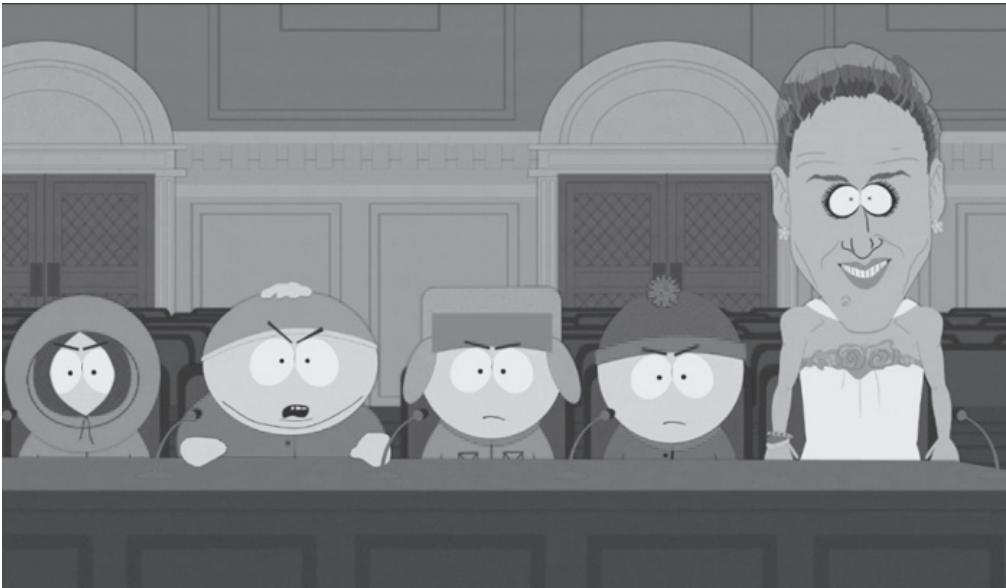
Parker and Stone may not even be serious about *Catcher* itself. Granted, the book is not one of my favorites (I thought Holden Caulfield was a bit of a brat), but compared to a lot of other books written in a similar fashion, I think it’s the best of its kind. It’s one of the best books to come out of the immediate post-World War II era, and has inspired countless teenagers and others to keep on reading.

My concern with the episode is that viewers will misinterpret the message itself. People are already bashing *Catcher* in the same way the boys did. I have seen at least two Facebook statuses proclaiming that the novel was horrible, and I know a few friends that are already going back to the old “books are stupid” mindset. How original.

In fact, after watching it with some friends, I immediately saw the results. One of them announced, “Well, I can agree with that.” And another one said that the show was brilliant because it made fun of people who over-analyze books.

I was dismayed, not because the show lampooned *Catcher*, but because its viewers now have a license to lampoon people like me.

First of all, I don’t agree with the show that *Catcher* has no literary value. Over-analyzing is not a sin. Deep down the book explores teenage angst in a way no one has done before, and is



bred from the philosophy of Rousseau and Nietzsche.

But more importantly, I don’t think it’s bad to try to find value in a work of art. Where would we be if we stopped interpreting? A work goes beyond the intentions of its author. Chances are if you find meaning in life, you’re likely to find it in a book.

If reading between the lines is wrong, then “The Odyssey” is just about a bunch of crazy Greeks cruising the Mediterranean and “The Godfather” is just about a bunch of gangsters squabbling over dope. Even the Bible, including all of Jesus’ sayings, are just stories. Christianity would not have existed if it were not for interpretation.

Secondly, there is a danger in accusing people of over-analyzing when they are merely trying to analyze. It’s easy to do so, and sometimes it can be justified. (No, the white whale does not represent male insecurity.) “South Park” may not actually be on the anti-reading platform, but they do seem to think that analysis, especially of the crude and controversial, is misguided.

But as I just said, literature would not be literature were it not for people and interpretation to guide them. If mistakes are made, so be it. At least readers are trying.

For those of you who totally disagree with me and think that *Catcher* and/or analyzing are bad, fine. I would just like to point out how original that contention is. The whole point of the episode was to avoid reading into things, yet by copying the show’s position, you’re doing just that.

As much as I love the show, it is mostly a string of disgusting gags, gratuitous violence and pop culture references. I think Parker and Stone may have been making fun of themselves and the fact that so many viewers buy into messages that aren’t there. If that’s so, then their case against analyzing is itself bunked. Quite a paradox, isn’t it?

So, I warn the viewers of the show to not fall into the trap. Whatever you do, don’t let it influence your views on reading. Don’t be like Cartman.

Requiem of a run

By Eric Schles

Rigid like my back bone breaking stance	Embers of memories gone, burn through my rotational ocular lense, optics	I leap with clear cut continuity, I run
A kaleidoscope of laughter		I dash
Moving with gun and semblance of doubt	The sociopolitical hierarchy is to blame, this empty stomach is my horse power,	And the bullets find their targets in ground and pavement.
Mechanical go my hands, snapping to rhythm and rhyme of death tolls, too high to question	Live like a slice of bread, nothing large, it is in feet and inches that we are found, not in yards and miles.	
Which way to run, I feel the same. Click-a-clack, break back,		

Friday, March 26, 7 p.m.

Western New York Book Arts Center

468 Washington St. (@ Mohawk)

Witcha witcha. Wa wa. Washington St. Did I overhear you say Downtown ain't got nuttin goin on? At 8 p.m., you see the room full of literary types, dressed in garb like they walked outta Greenwich Village. Turns out, most of them did.

Walk in (careful! the door slams behind you—you rude a-hole). One poet walks out later on in the night and the door slams while a poet is performing.

“Didn’t you read the sign?” Eric asks. (Eric is a UB graduate of English who now manages hedge funds in NYC. “Someone’s gotta work. For the people. Not like all these poets with their heads in the clouds,” he says as we stand at the back of the crowd. He takes a swig of whiskey outta the bottle.)

“No, I didn’t see the sign,” the poet says.
“What, did you teleport into the room then? How didn’t you see the sign? It’s right on the door going in,” Eric says, laughing and rocking back and forth on his feet in warm incredulity.

“The door was open when I came in,” the poet says with a meek grin. He walks over to Eric. Has a question for him. Whispers in his ear, like a kid with a secret. “I’ll tell you when we’re alone,” he says to Eric. I’m feeling like an outsider. Eric told me inside that he comes home to Buffalo to see people, but most of the people here he sees all the time in NYC. Some of ‘em even squat on his couch. I imagine them in an intimate setting, one in which I am not the curious observer with an embarrassingly cliched manifest destiny to live in NYC. Whenever I think people have to be much more eccentric than me, I picture them in these intimate settings. Someone farts and they all start laughing.

This particular poet flipped the shit on the evening too. After a few relatively expected, calm readings, he came up with a fake bouquet of flowers and a bright red scarf against a white button-up. His first poem was a mini-scene between Frankenstein and a stage director. He would move between two voices. “Frankenstein says,” the stage director voice would say and then with a deadpan expression, he would repeat the line in the voice of Frankenstein, at one point offering the fake flowers for forgiveness. Director: “Frankenstein says: ‘I’ve been a bad boy.’ ” Frankenstein: “I’ve been naughty.” Frankenstein twists the line, making it his own. The crowd erupts in laughter.

After he finishes reading, he thanks a friend for bringing a ukulele, and pulls it out and sits down to play a song. “I sometimes like to imagine myself as already dead,” he says with an ironic seriousness. The song is a tribute to the manner in which he gets turned on from this post-mortem very sensation.

Back outside again. Eric (who is also a poet) and the poet have plans to go dance at Club Diablo. More swigs of whiskey, more cigarettes. More “shit it’s cold” dances. I go inside even though I want more.

First poet I see makes me feel entitled to get on stage myself. No offense. Something very obvious

is happening up there. Political messages without the subtlety, but with the dramatic poetic pauses.

Drink some wine. See Annie Scime. She is filming it because “they’re trying to get a grant.” Annie is in the graduate film program at UB. Glad to see a familiar face. These things make me feel very alone. Who did I come to talk to? Pretend you don’t want to talk to anyone, but what if you do? Pretend you don’t. You have bigger things on your mind. Like being alone even when there are people around and tuning out all the background noise. (How do people do that? I am much too aware!)

Yeah. Annie and I have a cigarette and I am nauseous. One glass of wine and a half a cigarette. All the other poets and English Ph.D. students smoke, it seems. Except for the pregnant one. I am not cool enough. Wait, the pregnant one is smoking. I’m the worst! (Just kidding, she really wasn’t smoking—nice girl. Studied aesthetics at UB.)

Inside, the poetry is getting better. A young man I was hoping would get up there, does. He looks like Kurt Cobain. Longish hair, kinda has that grunge look and the black rimmed, nerdy glasses.

His poem includes Kurt Cobain in the title. You know he can’t be serious. He MUST be testing our expectations.

His presentation is flawless. He wanders through strings of sentences like a stoned schizophrenic. His voice has that surfer drawl as he runs his hands through his hair with perfect airheaded-ness. “Stupid jocks with their cars who drive around. And then we are all just smoking pot with our girlfriends. Figuring shit out.” His poem torques through with a few sentences in a row tying together and then breaks

off into another set. The poem aspires toward exaggeration of representation. Perhaps representing the type of person you think this poet could be (at least based on his clothes and mannerisms): laid back and has a propensity to believe in conspiracy theories. “Stupid government and shit.”

Eric snorts some whiskey. “What are you snorting man!?” his friend asks. His friend sounds like Matthew McConaughey and has a stylish scarf on. “You’re snorting whisky!? My god!”

The host of the night gets on stage. He pulls out a piece of paper and starts reading. He runs through various inside references to which the long-time community audience snickers and laughs in unison. It’s funny even without getting the reference, but this is certainly an insider’s club and I feel a bit silly laughing. Plus, I’m getting hungry. No food downtown. Makes me want to move somewhere where Falafel bars and all night food marts line the street. I leave, regretful not to be cathartically jiving with the poet-people at Club Diablo. Stupid eating. Should take up smoking more cigarettes.

By Melissa Wright

Does someone wanna tell me what’s going on here?

I’m runnin’ for the next President of the United States, there’s no turning back, and I intend to be the next President of the United States...Now, uh watch this golf swing...

He is now teeing up on the carpet and shooting the little white balls at the glass between us. To test its “toughability.”

As he said:

Woo! Didja see it? Huh? Heh, well... If this were a dictatorship it’d be a heck of a lot easier, just so long as I’m

the dictator.

I think America will be proud to have a leader of such Character... Doncha Think?

What the fuck are you getting at, governor?

Well, I’ve seen yer samples of written, uh writing examples... demonstrations which are not in no way... uh, demonstrations of poorly writing, uh, poor little written things.

You read my writing?
Wuddja think, Dubya?

I actually, just kinda glanced at em’... but uh, Don and Dick and Karl and Dad all like ‘em. So yer arr man, ya know?

So, you want my writing for your campaign?

Yup. And in’change you get yer freedom, and you’ll still be able to vote. Cuz’ ya know what happens when you show up at the booth with a big ol’ felony doncha?

Not a voter, George.

Well, the great thing about America is everybody should vote. Doncha wanna seat at the big table? Smart boy like you just needs a position of power. Look what it did for me when daddy gave me all those companies to run to the ground and reap the profits. You make America fit yer needs by manipoolatin’ the numbers, and by that I mean people.

Wow.

Look, I just wanna little help writing my speech to the nation... whatever that is. And then you go free without manslaughter of two federal agents on yer record. It’s win-win... See?

You want Americans to feel like they’d have a beer with you... so they’ll vote on Tuesday for you?

Pretty much. I wanna campaign speech so damn good that even if I lose the election, I’ll still end up in the White House and no one’ll care cuz’ it’s just me, George W. They’ll underestimate me the whole way... but I’ll need some BBQ slather-sauce to spin in order to form a more perfect execution of power. Get my meanin’?

By Scott Patrick Kerrigan



by Katie Padowski

I think we can all agree on one thing—we know we need to be healthier. We all make grand plans to eat better. But the vast majority of us never go through with it.

Countless New Year's resolutions to maintain healthy lifestyles die slow, painful deaths within the first week. New diets crop up almost daily, promising that you can consume

only pepper-spiked water and cookies, and drop 10 pounds in a week. Grown adults climb on their Wii Fit consoles, somehow convincing themselves that spending 20 minutes a week playing balance games is enough exercise to keep their overweight bodies healthy. We try to pass off four hours of sleep as OK.

According to the Center for Disease Control's 2010 statistics, more than two-thirds (68 percent) of American adults are overweight. But what do we do about it? Very little.

Of course, we buy the exercise DVDs, get the salad instead of the fries and make promises and plans. But we fail to follow through with our changes. This kind of action isn't getting us through the long haul. The next day, we're back to parking it on the couch for hours on end with a bag of Doritos (maybe even two). The vast majority of people in our country don't get the amount of exercise or sleep they need, and don't eat the way they should.

After our staff's recent foray into faux-Lenten experiments, I came out a lot healthier. I'll be the first to admit that prior to spending (nearly) 40 days as a vegetarian, I

was eating like the average college kid. I'd eat a hurried breakfast at home then scurry off to class, grabbing a quick, cheap lunch in between my classes. Between two jobs and my course load, dinner was usually dealt with in the same manner. That changed dramatically.

I realized how unhealthy a good portion of my lifestyle was. Yeah, I work really hard to get in eight hours of sleep... but what about the proper amount of vegetables? Yeah, I do yoga, but do I take the stairs all the time? We spend more time working around our bad habits and trying to find the easy way out, than we do actually fixing them.

It's not entirely our faults, however. A lot of things that we could work on aren't always under our control. Consider the options we have for quick, cheap and healthy meals on campus. Here's a hint—they're virtually nonexistent.

I'll give Campus Dining & Shops some credit. They do have a few healthy options—ready-to-grab fruit, organic yogurt, veggie platters. But those are more snack foods than anything. What about an actual meal? Yes, they have salads, but they're expensive when

you compare them to fries or a slice of pizza.

We're completely accustomed to this as a nation, however. Over 31 million American children eat lunch at school. And what do they eat? Let's just say it probably isn't the side salad. Most schools aren't teaching healthy habits, and they're tossing around the idea of cutting essential programs like physical education in order to give kids more prep time for crucial examinations.

I am in no way denouncing the consumption of "bad" things or telling you to go get on a treadmill for two hours. What I'm saying is that if we know something like exercise and eating right is good for us, why are we flat-out ignoring it? I suppose it could be said that it's in the same vein as smoking—it's your right to do whatever you want with your body. But obesity accounts for nearly 10 percent of U.S. health care spending. According to the CDC, this amounts to \$147 billion annually. Smoking, by comparison, costs only \$96 billion. So it's not just you taking the hit for living an unhealthy lifestyle—it's all of us.

We all just need to take a step back and fully digest what's good for us.

Welcome to the rodeo, ya'll

I wouldn't call myself a hick. I grew up right here in Amherst, N.Y.—a place that isn't really what I would consider the boonies. But for some reason, I have a thing for the country lifestyle.

After coming across the Kenny Chesney song "Big Star" in middle school, there was no turning back. Country rock with a little southern twang does it for me, though I leave the hillbilly music to the real cowboys. So it made sense this spring break to spend a week in Texas.

The weather was gorgeous on Galveston Island, just south of Houston and right on the Gulf of Mexico. It was the perfect mixture of southern charm and Mexican influence, being near the border. But besides the beach, what I was really looking forward to was the

Houston Rodeo.

Yes, the bull-riding, horse-bucking, calf-roping Houston Rodeo. I never experienced something like this before, and it made it that much more entertaining. We arrived a few hours early to check out the carnival before the festivities. That, of course, included some delicious (and extremely unhealthy) southern food. Dinner comprised of a blooming onion, seafood gumbo and fried alligator... and it was amazing.

Walking into the stadium was pretty eventful as well. I clenched my sixth row "action seats" ticket excitedly, though I was slightly nervous of what exactly "action seats" meant. Only five rows and a steel fence separated me from a few raging animals and wild cowboys. What a rush.

It was just like on television, with the fans going nuts for every successful 8-second ride. These guys don't play games either. A few riders were tossed and some of them were almost stomped, but overall the rodeo was a hit.

Afterwards, the pit was transformed into a stage and Rascal Flatts entertained the audience for an hour concert. Not a bad way to end the night, especially since I am a huge fan and I happen to know every one of their songs.

My country experience was a memorable one. I got to chill with the horses, the cowboys, the southern cooking and the music. If ya'll get a chance, turn off the iPod and turn 106.5FM on the radio. You won't be disappointed.



by Kathryn Przybla



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