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Slamming with the Stars

By Sarah Holmes

Slamming with the Stars, the new reality show that aired one time only in the Cabaret on April 22, featured Marist College students being loud, emotional, and opinionated.

“So You Think You Can Rhyme?” black t-shirts asked students around Marist campus the days following up to the event. The shirt method was one of the main ways of advertising the annual Poetry Slam hosted by the Literary Arts Society. It was just also one of many references to reality TV shows, the theme of this year’s slam.

One poster for the event had LAS members bundled up in winter clothing posing as The Jersey Shore while others advertised America’s Next Top Poet.

The theme continued beyond the advertisement, incorporating elements from popular reality shows into the program. There was even a confessions booth where people could write down what they wanted the poets to write about.

Gabby Albino, 2009 Poetry Slam Champion, hosted with fellow HuMarist Mike Vogel. Eleven contestants performed with high energy and attitude in the first the first round of the Slam, Project Rhymeway.

Katie Black performed “Vague Imitation of a Frank O’Hara Poem”; Chris Prozora delivered a somewhat frightening act for “Do You Know Where Your Demons Are?”; Ariel Puccio pushed out her shirt with her hand to appear pregnant for “20 and Bearing Reality”; Heather Staats grossed us out about food with “Growth”; Lauren Hall read a poem in memory of a high school teacher; Olivia McMahon performed “Have to Drive”; Maxine Presto made us hungry again with animal crackers until she related them to us in “We, the animals”; Michelle DeBove made the audience laugh with “Social Criticisms by a Self-Proclaimed Weird College Girl”; Chris Cho performed “Time”; Kelly Mangerino performed “Impossible Truth”; and Amanda Mulvihill related to audience with her “Tangential Explanation of Tardiness.”

Dr. Moira Fitzgibbons, Dr. Donald Anderson, and Jessica Friedlander, a Marist alumna, were the three judges who would decide the top five based on creativity, performance, and audience connection. During their deliberation, next semester’s LAS PR officer. Yelesah Haseley, read a piece by another poet with a voice that commanded the attention of the entire room. Following her non-competition performance, there was a tear-free Rose Ceremony in which Mulvihill, Puccio, DeBove, McMahon, and Presto were selected for the second round. For this round they would create an original poem and perform it.

They didn’t go at it alone, however, as five suggestions were pulled from those written in the confessional. The ones that got picked included, “she stole my shoes,” “Voldemort my roommate” and “this shit just got real.” The top five left the cabaret and the audience got to participate in Who Wants to be a Poet-aire?

For this interactive word game, student volunteers formed two teams. It took a while to explain the rules but this is pretty much how it went: one team member started with a rhyme ending with a common, rhyme-able name like “Nick” and then the other team’s leader had to start a sentence and the rest of the team had to end with a word that rhymed with the name. Confused? Well, once it got going it made sense, just think of a Beastie Boys song, Albino kept saying. The teams battled for about fifteen minutes, alternating leaders once the team lost. The winning team was awarded prizes.

After the audience participation, the slammers returned with their new, never-before-seen (or heard) poems to participate in Extreme Makeover: Poem Edition. These poems were more light-hearted and significantly shorter than the first round but it was amazing to hear what they could come up within a short period of time.

Finally it came time for the Tribal Council where the judges awarded the first, second, and third prize winners of the slam. During this second deliberation, LAS President Florencia Lauria performed another non-competition slam poem on the pressure of expectations.

DelBove’s performance earned her first place, Mulvihill was awarded second and Presto third. Although there were only three winners, all the slammers, competitive and noncompetitive alike, showed that there is a lot more to poems than what is on the page.

One can only hope for as great a turn-out and performances for Poetry Slam 2011.

The event was sponsored by many local restaurants. You can catch reruns of this one-episode reality TV show on MCTV.
Nick Orsini (above) showcasing a stack of books. Photo by Nicholas Orsini

You won’t find Nicholas Orsini, a recent graduate of Marist College, working as a barista or stocking shelves. Despite the horrific state of the economy and the inevitable fate of college graduates everywhere, Nick Orsini has written and self-published a book.

The Radio/TV/Film student has always had a knack for thinking outside the box – clearly evident in his first book entitled Two Wrongs Make A Vice. The book is an ode to his early teenage years while painting vivid images using colorful language and modern slang. Through the book, we see an open-minded protagonist that is caught in very common teenage situations while analyzing his every move using a very in-depth form of contemplation. The book’s most striking characteristic is its emphasis on the impact music makes to his teenage and post-collegiate years.

I recently sat down with Orsini and we discussed details about Two Wrongs Make a Vice and the writing process.

Generator Magazine (GM): “How did you come up with the title of the book?”

Nick Orsini (NO): “The title of the book was found on Facebook extremely late one night. Someone posted an album of pictures with this really long title that began, “Two wrongs make a vice…” I’ll just give the credit for the book’s title to social networking in general. This entire novel is meant to have a generational feel to it, and to start it off with a Facebook reference just seemed to capture that.”

GM: “What audience are you trying to inspire with this book?”

NO: “I wrote this book with a 15-20 year old audience in mind. My editor and I reworked the book countless times to get the tone right. We wanted something with substance that wasn’t a chore to read. I wanted to write a book for people who don’t like to read. I looked at the lengths of my favorite novels and realized that they weren’t these gigantic sweeping epics, but rather compact and insightful works that pride themselves on the careful and right combinations of words.”

GM: “The chapters in the book are mix-tape track names. How did you come up with the tracks of each song/chapter?”

NO: “I put out a call via Twitter and Facebook for people to just send me the most random sentences they could. I got over 200 responses and used my favorite ones as the chapters in the book. Some of them were written by my friends, some were written by strangers. It plays off this lofty idea that your song title needs to have nothing to do with the message of your song.”

GM: “How long did it take to write?”

NO: “I began the book in May of 2008 and finished the rough draft in December of 2009. It went through five rounds of editing. The original manuscript was 250,000 words. The final manuscript is about 80,000 words.”

For full interview, visit GENERATOR.BLOGSPOT.COM

Want a copy of Two Wrongs Make A Vice? Generator Magazine is giving away one copy of the first edition to go to print. If interested, Direct Message us via Twitter at @GeneratorMag with your name and phone number.
Slam poetry, nonfiction, poetry, and flash fiction, writers from all these genres have made their appearances at Marist College for workshops, readings, and performances that provided entertainment and proof of the power and worth of writing.

Carlos Andrés Gómez

The dreamy, blue-eyed Latino who puts power to words, wooed the women and impressed the men present in the PAR on March 24. He was once a social worker and public school teacher and now has won various awards for his slam poetry and performed at 150 colleges and universities. He can also be found acting alongside Denzel Washington in Inside Man.

Artists who read their poetry in more than that read-aloud-in-class voice by making their tone, rhythm, and body movements a part of the poem is what slam poetry is all about. Most times these poems comment on politics or society, and Gómez was no exception. As with most slam poets I have come across, he does not come across as preachy or pushy. He is telling a story with emotion and making the audience think.

Most of his poetry related to his previous work as a social worker and public school teacher. He told the audience about the background to each poem. They were small stories with lasting impressions, especially the one where at an assembly a girl asked him what genocide was. He was amazed at all that the children he worked with knew but that they did not know the word genocide or that it was occurring right then.

Although his stories were grave and pretty serious he was able to remain optimistic, spreading that talent to the audience by making suggestions such as “go tell a guy he’s beautiful” since they don’t hear it ever and “make your life an 11”, not just a 10 or lower. After his performance he stayed to sell copies of his books and CDs and graciously spoke with those who waited in line to shake his hand and take pictures with him.

www.carloslive.com

Jessica DuLong

She used to work at a dot-com job; now she works in the belly of a fireboat along the Hudson River, chronicling its history when she isn’t working the diesel engines. Jessica DuLong not only discovered a more fulfilling career path for herself, she rediscovered the history along the river that is her workplace.

“The more time she spends on the Hudson River…running the boat’s finely crafted machinery, the more she wonders what America is losing in our shift away from hands-on work,” the postcard at her reading on March 31st at the Cornell Boathouse. She emphasized this point when she spoke to a small crowd of about ten students and staff.

Although the turnout was not great, her message was. She gave a glimpse into the past when blue-collar jobs were the norm and recognized backbone of society. She may not have realized it when she was younger, but she realized fully once aboard the fireboat, that she was incredibly proud of her dad who was a car mechanic. These people have skills that the rest of society needs in order to function.

DuLong was able to answer specific questions and interact with students and staff, asking those present their majors and what they wanted to do with life. Discussion on the lack of emphasis on hands-on experiences at the high school level was brought up. The normal viewpoint is that we follow the academic path that seems while the technological path and programs such as BOCES are thought of as paths for those who aren’t going to make it far in life. DuLong saw this as a poor outlook, that both paths should support each other and be available to all.

Beyond her powerful ideas and themes the language in the passages from the book she wrote about her life on an old fireboat was amazing to hear, and excerpts can be read on her website.

www.jessicadulong.com

www.carloslive.com
Shari Goldhagen

A handful of literary-minded students took a break from the sunshine of the Faculty Retreat day to workshop with Shari Goldhagen, a fiction teacher in New York City and freelance writer. The workshop was on a more recently recognized form of creative writing: flash fiction.

Flash fiction is short fiction. How short? Depends on who you talk to. There is no consensus among the entirety of writers as to what word length is acceptable. Some say only 10 to 300 words while others say up to 1,000 words works.

Goldhagen provided students with sheets that had a few different examples of flash fiction. The first was an Ernest Hemingway piece: “‘For sale: baby shoes, never worn.” Following it were two that were about a paragraph each and the last three provided were from a page created by Smith Magazine called Six Word Memoirs that anyone can submit at www.smithmag.net/sixwords. These showed a range of lengths and topics that added to the variety of the stories that five Marist students had submitted to her before the event.

Short passages from these stories were read then Goldhagen discussed the strengths and weaknesses of each story with the other students. The five who wrote were provided with useful feedback from peers and an established writer. Everyone got to write up their own 140-character, Twitter-length stories and six word memoirs to share before the actual workshop of the student stories.

www.sharigoldhagen.com

Tips from Shari Goldhagen for Writing Flash Fiction

- Keep idea small
- Start with something happening
- Have a concise central image
- Reference other works: provides a lot of information in a short amount of words
- Cut out adjectives and adverbs
- Cut out unnecessary parts
- Figure out if you start too early or too late
- Don’t provide too much backstory
- Optional: surprise or twist ending

Karl Parker

Karl Parker visited on March 31st, the same day as DuLong, so I was unable to attend this event. He teaches literature and creative writing at Hobart & William Smith Colleges. His work has appeared in various journals and a chapbook Harmstorm. He has been published by No Tell Books which is an independent press specializing in poetry that was founded by Reb Livingston, a publisher and editor who visited Marist College in Spring 2008.

One can read more about him in his interview on the blog of Marist’s Spring 2010 Poetry Workshop at poetry311.blogspot.com.

Rachel Zucker

Rachel Zucker is a poet who has published four books including her most recent, Museum of Accidents. She is also a teacher at Columbia and is studying to become a childbirth educator.

Again, she is another poet I did not get to see myself but her interview with the Spring 2010 Poetry Workshop is also at poetry311.blogspot.com or you can check out her website.

www.rachelzucker.net
Totally Bamboozled

By Eden Jezierski

People from all over are always excited for the Bamboozle Festival; a three-day event in East Rutherford, NJ. The weekend starts off with the Hoodwink Festival where bands of all genres do cover songs, followed by two days of non-stop music from a plethora of pop-punk bands. I was able to attend on Saturday, May 1st. While the heat was near unbearable and the sun was burning every person there, it was still a day loaded with performances and fun.

THE PRETTY RECKLESS

Any Gossip Girl fans out there? Well if you are, Taylor Momsen, the face of Jenny Humphrey, is the lead front in The Pretty Reckless. I’d like to say her voice has a Janis Joplin meets Nirvana kind of feel. For a sixteen-year-old, her vocals are pretty strong. Aside from her unappealing personality and her terrible, vulgar commentary between songs, I can’t bash Momsen too much – only because the girl has a decent voice and the instruments played by her band were great enough. Although, hearing the blonde bombshell scream throughout the second song of her set, you could see the crowd beginning to disperse. Haven’t heard them? The Pretty Reckless have a song called “Make Me Wanna Die”, featured on the Kickass original soundtrack. ★★★☆☆ http://www.myspace.com/theprettyreckless

SOMETHING CORPORATE

This was one of the most anticipated performances of the Bamboozle Festival in my eyes. While the crowd wasn’t nearly as large as the other headliners, there were still plenty of people there that had come to reminisce about their childhoods. Andrew McMahon, the voice of Something Corporate and Jack’s Mannequin proved himself to be very impressive on stage. Playing songs such as “Space”, “Me and The Moon”, and the well-admired “Konstantine”, I was in awe. Andrew McMahon is not only an amazing pianist, but the songwriting attached to his vocals is just breathtaking. This set was beyond spectacular and I think it will definitely strike up more and more talk from Bamboozle and SOCO fans alike. ★★★★★

http://www.myspace.com/somethingcorporate

KE$HA

I hate to start this one off negatively, but there was absolutely nothing good about Ke$ha’s set. People were upset enough that she was added to the line up, but what made it even better was the amount of people who were actually crowded around to watch her. The blonde was wearing an Indian headdress and was spewing glitter across the stage for most of her set. The worst part of it all was the fact that you couldn’t even hear her vocals. When you could, they were flat and she could barely hit the notes that she proved she could on her album. We all know that her recordings sound great, but that’s because of her best friend – auto tune. I had seen previous performances of her on American Idol and on YouTube; I was nowhere near impressed. Once again, I was far from impressed at Bamboozle when she sang her drunken songs live. ★★★☆☆ – just because I’m nice. http://www.myspace.com/kesha

T. MILLS

Previous issue, I had written an article about this 21-year-old hip pop artist. Finally seeing him live added to his uncanny charm. This being the first time he had performed on the East Coast, you could tell he has a lot of talent on the “rapping” forefront. When he had performed his remake of “Tik-Tok” (he had taken the beat to Ke$ha and put his own twist and lyrics to it), the crowd went insane. His energized stage presence was definitely passed on to his fans. What worked the most with T. Mills’s set? People who had never heard him before were standing around for his show and then proceeded to go to his merchandise tent and buy out most of his merchandise. Looks like what he’s doing is still working. ★★★★★

http://www.myspace.com/tmills

DRAKE

I’d have to say that Drake’s set was anticipated as much as Something Corporate’s. Most of us know Drake as wheel chair ridden Degrassi character, Jimmy Brooks, while the other half knows him as the Canadian rapper. Honestly, Drake seemed to come out of left field when his “Best I Ever Had” hit radio stations last summer. Either way, he sounded phenomenal and seeing the crowd singing along was impressive. He has definitely made his mark in the rapping world, but his Degrassi role will never be forgotten; since several fans were walking around in “I Love Jimmy Brooks” shirts. He went insane. When he had over his set time, causing Paramore to start late, but it was well worth it due to his performance. ★★★★★

http://www.myspace.com/thisisdrake
DJ SKEET SKEET

I want to give the next artist a special mention, just because I was able to sit down and speak to him myself. If you don’t know who DJ Skeet Skeet is, his real name is Trevor McFedries. He’s a mid-western native who taught himself to DJ with a little help from his friends. He’s performed for thousands at previous Coachella and Lollapalooza festivals and is a pro at remixing songs by Katy Perry and 3OH!3. During his set, people were dancing, singing, and just having an amazing time. There are times when house music and remixes are fun to listen to and Skeet Skeet definitely made that possible as the last to play on the B-Boy Line Star stage. ★★★★★
http://www.myspace.com/djskeetskeet

ONE ON ONE WITH DJ SKEET SKEET

How did you become interested in spinning, mash ups, remixes? How did you learn?

I grew up playing in bands, like really crappy bands in the Midwest. Basically, when I got tired of being in crappy bands, I wanted to make music my own. It was kind of accessible with computers and applications, which was more of a reason to make my own beats. I started doing that, you bring natural progression into dance music which is a lot of the time driven by one person on a computer making stuff. I stumbled into electronic music and started playing with my friends for fun and you pretty naturally go from wanting to make it to wanting to play it out and that’s where teaching kind of fit into the picture.

I’m definitely one of the biggest nerds that I know, I think it was pretty intuitive to like, download an application, start poking around and twisting knobs ‘til something sounds kind of cool, then figuring out how to make that work over two minutes, three minutes or whatever else. As far as DJ’ing, a lot of it was going out and watching friends do it and then going on YouTube and watching people do it and reaching out for information whenever I could. A lot of DJs, YouTube videos, just trying it out at my own home, stumbling into cool things, making mistakes and learning from them.

How do you feel about playing Bamboozle?

I think it’s awesome, I love playing stuff like that because growing up I was really into punk and that whole scene. So it’s interesting because I’m doing something that’s pretty different from that, but it’s become so open-minded and kind of eclectic so I’m allowed to go out there and play kind of weird dance music and kids from all different backgrounds can get down to it. It’s pretty awesome.

What’s the best part about playing for people?

I think it’s pretty awesome to go out and make a bunch of people happy. Like, it sounds really corny, but that to me is always the biggest kicker about DJ’ing is watching a bunch of people having a good time because of what you’re doing. I imagine that its kind of manic that you’re the cause of all of it, but going out there and playing records that maybe you’ve made or anyone’s made and you see a whole reel of people having a great time, that’s definitely like the best part for me.

What advice do you have for people who are attempting remixes themselves and are trying to become DJs?

I would say definitely do your own thing. I think the way most people went into DJ’ing or performing any kind of music is by creating your own music instead of chasing what’s popular. If it becomes popular – you know, more power to you, if not, if you have a loyal group of fans, that’s going to pay off in the long run.

To read the full interview, go to http://generatormagazine.blogspot.com.
Usually, open mic or karaoke nights are expected to be a sometimes-tipsy montage of mediocre performers. But after the performances that took place during April 15th’s Sustainability Open Mic Night, there is huge promise of expertise by the Marist community. Surprisingly (or not), the entertainment was well done, engaging, and enjoyable for the audience.

Eleven performers took the stage in the PAR that Thursday night, with the size of the crowd growing throughout the event—at one point there weren’t enough chairs in the room for everyone. The event was sponsored by SPC with SPC Secretary Laura Nipe as acting MC. The event was also co-hosted by the medical fraternity on campus (Phi Delta Epsilon) which was fundraising for Haiti. Phi Delta Epsilon took donations for Haiti relief victims at the door.

The lineup of the night included singer-songwriters Mike Vizzi, Cynthia Dagenais and Leanne Sullivan, magician Kevin Manning, a duet by Myriah Anderson and Andrew Loveland and a few other student performers. All the performances were very good, but five performances were particularly notable.

Vinnie Pagano entertained with musical comedy. The jokes in his songs were mostly dirty humor, but were clever and the audience received it well. One song, “But Her Face,” was all about a girl with a hot body, but a horrendously ugly face. It reminded me of a song by comedian Brian O’Sullivan who came to Marist in September of last semester.

Pianist Matt Scuteri was also good - not solely due to his performance, but because of the pizzazz he exhibited throughout it. Before his actual performance he engaged the audience in a round of Billy Joel’s “Piano Man”. He was the most charismatic performer that night and was the first performer who made a point to mention the fundraiser.

David Devenzin, who entertained with offensive rap, was a hit with the crowd. Although the content of his rap and free-styling was rather obscene, he free-styled very impressively by making the audience laugh with phrases like “stay up like my d***!” He amused the crowd until the end, when his music started fading out and he protested by repeating: “Bring the beat back! I’m feeling it!” It’s quite possible that his performance is on YouTube or Facebook by now, since I spotted three blackberries recording him.

The only standup comedian of the night, T.J. Riordan was hilarious. His humor ranged from making fun of himself (he blamed his lack of hygiene on saving the environment) to topical things like Twitter to girls and sex. Near the end of his act, he tried to answer a question that, personally, I had been thinking about for ages: who invented prostitution/how did prostitution start? His slightly awkward demeanor made him lovable.

Review of a Diverse Open Mic Night

By Monica Speranza
Last of the night, and a great capper, was the cute duo nicknamed “CoLo” (Nicole Chin-Lyn and Laura Russo). “Lo” played guitar very well, and both had lovely voices that worked well together. They did two mash-ups which they arranged themselves—a mash-up (as some may know from “Glee”) is a mesh of two songs that seem different but work together. “Co” said that she and Russo were brought together by a friend and just started jamming together. They don’t perform anywhere, but you can find some of their jams on YouTube, CoLoMusic13.

Cynthia Dagenais (previous page) performing a song that she wrote for her brother.

Andrew Loveland and Myriah Anderson (above) covered Paramore during their performance at Open Mic Night.

Vinnie Pagano (below) talks to the audience before performing.

ALL PHOTOS SHOT BY NICHOLAS PALUMBO
Lights:
An Intergalactic Superstar In The Making

Meet Valerie Poxleitner, better known as LIGHTS - a twenty-three year old intergalactic star. A key tar playing superhero, LIGHTS has an ear-to-ear grin that is bright enough to “light” up the room. She has an eclectic taste in animals, as she brags about her pet tarantula named Lance constantly and can’t help but swoon about conquering players in World of Warcraft. Her music is distinct of what would be heard in space and she’s able to get fans on their feet in a matter of seconds due to her “solar system” like beats. A Canadian music guru is a great way to describe the adorable female, she’s able to play several instruments and has created all of her music under her bunk bed in Toronto – she’s pure talent.

On April 24, 2010, at Terminal 5 in NYC, Lights opened the stage for Owl City alongside Nashville-based Paper Route. I was able to attend the event and got to see Lights perform for myself. She was definitely a charm to see and her stage presence was close to beautiful. Seeing an artist on stage with so much passion for what they do is an amazing thing, especially coming from an artist who has yet to break through into the American music world.

Lights’ set was simple; a pink wooden stand holding up her Korg synthesizer and her keyboard below that on another stand. On the side laid her famous Yamaha key tar. Behind her was the rest of her band, heightening the Lights music experience even more. Her voice flooding Terminal 5 showed passion, dedication, and an all around fervor for performing.

She started off the night with the song “The Listening”, which happens to be the title of her first CD release. Dressed in a leather jacket and combat boots, the dark haired beauty bounced to her own beats, nearly spilling her heart out when she sang every lyric. The crowd cheered and added the perfect background vocals as the song continued. As soon as the first song commenced, the venue filled with applause and cheers from everyone present.

Flashing her ear-to-ear grin again, she called out to the fans in the stage, “What’s up New York! This song is about World of Warcraft, it’s called ‘Lions’!” Continuing with her set, she proceeded to play the song – one that was very upbeat and poppy, that stayed true to her sound. She continued to bounce in place as her fingers gracefully played the keys, her voice soaring through the venue once again. At times, she proved that she was more than capable of hitting stronger, louder notes. The crowd bounced in place, singing along to her World of Warcraft inspired song.

Lights finally put her key tar to work. Her next song played was “February Air,” which she is best known for. This song was featured in an Old Navy advertisement back in 2008, proving that the Canadian pop star was born ready for stardom. The whammy-like melody poured out of the speakers in Terminal 5 and this is where the crowd went wild. You could hear nearly every person in the audience singing along and you could see the excitement and love flourishing over Lights’ face.

Halfway through her array of songs, video-game-loving Lights added a humorous twist to her set. Before playing her well-known song “Ice”, she had introduced it with the recognizable Mario Bros. tune. It wasn’t too long before it was time to play a slower song. Her album is filled with an array of heart racing electro pop music, but this slower song was much more stripped down and raw. “Pretend” is played on traditional piano and proves the power and dedication Lights is able to portray with her voice. It balanced the show greatly, showing what she was really capable of doing musically.

She finished the show off with the song “The Last Thing On Your Mind”, bringing her set to a close. Leaving with her leather jacket and combat boots, Lights took a bow to both ends of the venue before leaving the stage, ear-to-ear grin shining throughout the theatre as the crowd continued to clap. What made the Lights experience even more exciting for me was getting to speak with her afterwards. She may have been one of the sweetest, most down to earth females in the music business today. It was amazing hearing the excitement in her voice during the interview.
How is it touring with Owl City?

It’s been amazing. I think one of the biggest advantages is how easy it is to play for these crowds. Our music is pretty similar, electro-pop, easy to dance along to, so coming to the show to see Owl city and they love electro-pop music so I get to go in there and play for them what I have and I notice most of them are going to enjoy it more so than if I was on tour with Protest the Hero or something like I was two years ago. You play for people you have to work a little harder to impress, but there are people who love electro. It’s been such a blast every night; every show has been sold out.

Is it tough going out on the road and leaving Lance behind?

(laughs) Yes, we were in Toronto yesterday, I got to go home and feed him and make sure he was doing alright. It’s heartbreaking, you know? It really takes a toll on me emotionally; I dream about him, I hope he’s okay.

Do you ever get nervous when you perform live?

When I first started touring two years ago, the first year and a half, literally, I got so nervous. Then just then one day, I can almost probably point out the day that it happened, I stopped being nervous. Your nervousness turns more into excitement, you get the adrenaline pumping before the show, it’s not the same as nervous.

If you could concoct your perfect tour, whom would you go on the road with?

My neat tour would be with Mute Math. I would love to go out with them. They’re awesome and I really respect them. He’s like the only other awesome keytar playing (laughs).

To see my interview with Lights in its entirety, visit Generator’s Blog at generatormagazine.blogspot.com.
I Was There: Third Eye Blind at Marist College

By Olivia McMahon

Third Eye Blind could not have picked a nicer weekend to pay Marist College a visit. SPC arranged a great show for us this year, even adding snacks for sale in addition to the multitude of free water given out. Third Eye Blind: a fantastic band choice to transition into the coming summer and to accompany the growing feeling of wanting to stay outside all day and not focus on finals. All day long, echoes of “I want something else…to get me through this semi-charmed kinda life” reverberated in the hallways of Midrise (and I am very sure this was true of other dorms as well). At 2 pm, despite the sweltering heat, hundreds of fans poured through the tunnel and down to the river entrance where bags were checked, tickets were collected and wristbands were administered.

The first performer up on stage was Jeff LeBlanc, a singer/songwriter who put on a surprisingly good acoustic set for playing alone. The students present so far had taken refuge under the water tent or were lounging about across the lawn on beach towels. Many people, myself included, only walked in during the middle of his set while he was playing a cover of Riahana’s “Please Don’t Stop the Music.” Although the songs were acoustic and more mellow, he was very funny and interacted with the crowd well.

“Hey to the people on the hill! What’s up?” he yelled at one point, after finishing “Take Your Time on Me” from his CD Signals. Everyone watching from the hill raised their hands, but no cheer erupted. He then responded, “Whatever, people on the hill! I take back your shout out. Okay, so this next song is called “I Can’t Love You”…it’s for the people on the hill!” He played several other songs of his CD, the best one definitely being “Healed”: a song about being broken up with over Instant Messenger, or so he claimed. He was very well received by the college crowd, making jokes about Facebook: “You guys should add me on Facebook!” he shouted, “because friendships are only real if they’re on Facebook.” He even added a new member to the band during this tour: Chris, the guitarist, who was from Ireland and Lee, the keyboardist, who was a senior from the Berkeley College of Music. Some more of the lineup followed as listed: “Company” (off of Out of the Vein), “Monotov’s Private Opera”, “Can You Take Me”, and “Bonfire” (off of their new CD Ursa Major), “Anything”, “Never Let You Go” and “Walking with the Wounded” (all off of Blue), “Losing a Whole Year” (off of Third Eye Blind self-titled) and a great performance of “Jumper” (also off of Third Eye Blind self-titled).

By 3:30, thunderclouds loomed threateningly over the river but did not prove disastrous; if anything, they provided the crowd with some much needed shade. None was sitting on blankets and towels anymore; the crowd was pressed close in hopes of getting nearer to the stage. Everyone was getting antsy for the band to come on, if only to hear “Semi-Charmed Life” and “Jumper”, the two most well-known of their songs. I personally had missed the opportunity to see them four times in a row last year, and was envious of those people standing behind me discussing the three times they had gone to see the popular 90’s band. Finally, around 4 pm, Third Eye Blind took to the stage to lots of cheering. Stephan Jenkins, the lead singer, starting off by saying, “That’s a huge thundercloud. Do you get it Marist College? It’s gonna rain!” My friends had always told me that the lead singer never wore shoes onstage; I was happy to see that Jenkins was indeed barefoot during the entire performance. They immediately jumped into the song “Faster” off of their third CD Out of the Vein. They followed up with “Graduate” and “Narcolepsy” (off of Third Eye Blind self-titled). In the middle of “Narcolepsy”, Jenkins took a good two minutes to talk to the crowd in what sounded like a very scripted speech, or it may be that he simply talks strangely. “Hi, thanks for inviting us to your party! Am I entertaining you? We’ve got to do this thing together. You give me a little something and I’ll give you everything I have.” He also took this time to introduce two new members who had played with the band during this tour: Chris, the guitarist, who was from Ireland and Lee, the keyboardist, who was a senior from the Berkley College of Music. Some more of the lineup followed as listed: “Company” (off of Out of the Vein), “Monotov’s Private Opera”, “Can You Take Me”, and “Bonfire” (off of their new CD Ursa Major), “Anything”, “Never Let You Go” and “Walking with the Wounded” (all off of Blue), “Losing a Whole Year” (off of Third Eye Blind self-titled) and a great performance of “Jumper” (also off of Third Eye Blind self-titled). The band then said thank you and walked off, waiting to turn around to walk back on (because that’s how encore work).

It hadn’t even been two minutes before the band traipsed back onto the stage, everyone resuming their places and then launching into the song “Don’t Believe a Word” off of their newest CD, a great crowd-pleaser with tons of energy behind it. After Third Eye Blind played that song, the crowd knew there was only one song
Echo and the Bunnymen: Do it in the Dark and They Do it Well

By Justine Mann

The Fairfield Theatre Company at the Klein welcomed the 80’s post-punk band to Connecticut for a spectacular and intimate performance. After an impressive opening performance by Kelly Stoltz and a round of his stalker-esque trivia about the band, the group took the stage and immediately killed the lights.

Ian McCulloch, lead vocals, couldn’t get the house shadowy enough as he let go his dark lyrics and sinister chords. Their iconic 80s sound kept its promise by echoing clear and creating numinous feeling. Breaks in play were filled with short but (generally) love filled heckling from the audience. One fan requested McCulloch take his glasses off, but he kept them on the entire performance. Ending his set with fight-hair, a hoodie, sunglasses, and a ring of smoke (he went through nearly half a pack during the show) he looked more rock and roll than anyone the audience had ever laid eyes on, without watching MTV.

The group is best known among college-aged listeners for their single The Killing Moon which was on their 1984 CD Ocean Rain. It was also the scene music for the first sequence of the 2001 cult classic Donny Darko (theatrical version). Their first single to make it on a soundtrack was Bring on the Pretty Horses, the final song for John Hughes’ Pretty in Pink. It recently made a comeback on the Hot Tub Time Machine soundtrack.

Bunny-aficionados could be happy to have the chance to see McCulloch back on stage with fellow member Will Sergeant, another of the original Bunnymen. The group reformed in 1997 after a nearly decade long split. Of late, bass player Les Pattinson left the group after their reunion album, Evergreen, became successful. Most recently McCulloch and Sergeant released The Fountain in 2009.

The band wasn’t the only thing being discussed in the post-show adrenaline jabber. As the admirers spilled into the parking lot revenge was on their tongues. Towards the end of the show a fan, sick of the tongue and cheek exchange McCulloch had with fans, jumped on stage and took a swing. He was immediately crushed under a pile of security, band-mates and roadies.

The group ended the night with covers by The Velvet Underground and James Brown.

...Third Eye Blind Continued from previous page...

that they could follow up with: “Semi-Charmed Life”. Everyone was immediately off of their feet jumping, cheering, and screaming the words, filling in the blanks when Jenkins would stop singing and hold the microphone out to us. There were times it was difficult to hear the band over the crowd’s singing along. For most of us, this song was released when we were between seven and ten years old and it has never gotten old, an amazing feat to be accomplished by a band. Jenkins, again, stopped in the middle of this song to slip in a real quick rendition of “Party in the USA” before launching into another one of his heartfelt speeches: “I believe in people who can give themselves some chance of redemption, because we make music and we’re people who really don’t belong anywhere except right here. Thank you for giving us that chance! Thank you all!” They finished the encore set with the song “Water Landing”, also off of their newest CD, a great end to the show.

Overall, it was a great show. Perhaps it would have been a little better had I actually been granted the interview I was promised with the drummer, Brad Hargreaves, and had a chance to meet the band I’ve so admired since I was ten years old. SPC did a great job of bringing an awesome band to Marist College and Third Eye Blind did a pretty decent job of showing that they’re only good for playing music rather than connecting with fans.
Springtime

Unity Day

Honors Project Reception

The Vagina Monologues

Relay for Life

Robin Hood
Women's Water Polo MAAC Champs

Dance Show

at Marist

Riverfest

Festival

Photos by Amy Wheeler
Desperately Seeking Action Heroine

I’m terribly sorry to have to be the one to say this but Blake Lively you’re no Karen Allen.

The same goes for you Gwyneth Paltrow and Kirsten Dunst.

While all are highly sought after and decorated actresses, they are not the type of girl you want on your side during a fight. When I read comic books growing up the only time I envisioned anyone resembling Paltrow was when reading Blossom or Archie. Yet when Iron Man needed a girlfriend there she was.

Dunst may have worked for Toby Maguire because well… he’s Toby Maguire. You just can’t take a guy who’s trying so hard to work the pathetic nerd look and put him next to Rachel McAdams and expect sparks. But come on, there have to be some women in Hollywood with some more chutzpah to fill these roles.

Blake Lively is currently attached to play Carol Ferris in Green Lantern. Somehow the young blonde bombshell stepping into the edgy shoes of MBA heiress Ferris is a hard stretch. I doubt she will handle any future transitions into Ferris’ alter-ego Star Sapphire well. Imagining Lively in hand-to-hand combate with Ryan Reynolds (set to play Green Lantern) is laughable. The list of potential Ferrises on Latinoreview left me thinking Eva Green (Casino Royale) had no competition but unfortunately I was wrong. Of course if Lively manages to pull this off, she’ll be in line for every role Warner Bros. has to offer.

The popular trend in super-hero girlfriends is surprising. They re-define waif. Female side-kicks of the past could dish out almost as good as their super-human partner.

Follow Jennifer Garner’s (Daredevil) lead Lively, muscle up and surprise us all by doling out some serious damage within the first fifteen minutes.

Top 5 Damsels Not-so in Distress

5. Zorro - Catherine Zeta Jones comes close to besting Antonio Banderas’ in a dual.

4. Batman Forever - Nicole Kidman sticks with Val Kilmer against not one but two villians, Two-Face and the Riddler.

3. Die Hard - Bonnie Bedelia stands strong against Hans Gruber after her boss’s death leaves her in charge.

2. Indiana Jones - Karen Allen can drink you under the table and throw a mean left-hook.

1. Blade Trinity - Jessica Biel’s punches pack heat even against the undead.
As a fan of the television show Lost I often find myself on the defensive. Non-fans discover my fandom and immediately barrage me with questions.

“How are they still on an island?”

“How are there polar bears on an island?”

“I watched an episode and it made no sense. How can you like that sh**?”

I sigh because despite my best efforts to explain the show I know it’s a futile effort. That’s because Lost’s greatest asset is also its greatest flaw. Depth.

The show is massively expansive and has created a detailed mythology which requires that EVERY single episode be watched in order for the show to make any sort of sense. While for some this is unrealistic and grueling, especially considering how long Lost fans have to wait for answers. Those of us who have made the commitment to watch the show are now being rewarded as the show races towards its climax.

Season six is the last season. The creators made the deal to end the show after this season way back at the end of season two because they wanted the show to have an ending and not just linger on until cancellation. The result has been, arguably, the single greatest television experience in history.

What started out as the tale of plane crash survivors doing their best to not die has become a sweeping epic encompassing elements of Sci-fi, action, adventure, romance, comedy and just about anything else you can think of. While this may sound random and thrown together it is all handled gracefully by the outstanding writing staff and the best group of actor’s on television.

The first three seasons utilized a structure which split time between stories on the island and flashbacks of each characters’ life. As time went on we quickly began to see that these characters were connected in ways they never could have imagined. And then the season 3 finale changed everything. After ending with what is possible the greatest cliff hanger in television history (it’s so good that I won’t spoil it here) the show began to use a new structure of storytelling for each remaining season. This has managed to keep the overarching story thoroughly engrossing and showed us aspects of the story from new perspectives. But what makes Lost truly special is its characters. No show has ever so pain-takingly developed characters. Characters you hate become likeable. Characters you love become questionable. And each episode, usually focusing on one or two characters, manages to be a spectacular stand alone story.

Take for instance the episode “The Constant.” Most online fan polls have voted it the best episode of Lost. It simultaneously dealt with the time travel aspect of the show, which until this episode was something that would make any fan scream “jump the shark”, while delivering an amazing love story. The Time Traveler’s Wife doesn’t have sh** on Lost.

Every episode guarantees a unique story that manages three impressive feats. 1.) We learn something important about the character. 2.) The larger overarching story progresses. 3.) The episode tells an excellent self contained story of its own. What results is easily watchable television capable of rewarding its viewers like no other program can. The wait between seasons may be painful but there is nothing like gathering with friends to watch the season premieres. And the weekly waits between episodes are made even more difficult by Lost’s habit of ending episodes with mind-bending cliff hangers. The show can keep you on the edge of your seat for seven straight days. The show transcends itself to become an experience. There is no other show capable of this.

So as we Lost fans approach the finale of the, thus far, incredibly satisfying final season our heads spin with questions. We spend a great deal of time terrified that the finale can’t live up to our lofty expectations. But I personally have learned over the course of my fandom that no writing staff is more deserving of our trust than this one. So instead my thoughts turn to the legacy the show will hold after all is said and done.

Finally, I make this bold prediction: Lost will go down as the greatest show in television history. Years and years from now when viewed as a complete body of work it will be considered an undeniable masterpiece of storytelling, character development, and multi-layered thematic brilliance. Not to say Lost is some pinnacle of elitist art. There’s an incredibly loveable character that overuses the word “dude.” In the end it’s still television. But it’s damn good television, and that’s enough.
Looking at Mental Disabilities through New Lenses: The Girls Next Door

By Mary Treuer

When you were in kindergarten, you learned to sound out the letters of the words in your favorite story and count as high as you could. You played with the other children at recess and developed social skills and learned the norms that would be important to you throughout your academic career and beyond. Maybe your parents and teachers praised you, maybe you struggled and received extra help until you managed to pass the classes and find success. Somehow, you developed the mental and social skills to find yourself sitting here capable of reading this article. You’re a student at Marist College, a professor with years of education and prominent research or publications, a friend or relative of a Marist student who may have been college educated or at least had the opportunity to complete an 8th grade education. But what if you couldn’t read this?

What if you were mentally handicapped? What if the simple tasks you take for granted each day, such as reading, writing, memorizing information, using common sense, or even having a normal conversation were no longer possible? This would be your life if you were one of the four people in Tom Griffin’s Play The Boys Next Door, or MCCTA’s adaptation The Girl’s Next Door.

Marist College Council for Theater Arts held five performances of this play on April 9th, 10th, 16th, 17th, and 18th. The five major characters of this play are Alice Wiggins (Lina Kirby), Lucille P. Smith (Kimberly Birch), Norma Bulansky (Molly Cambone), Barbara Klemper (Alexa Mullen), four women living in a group home, and Jill (Mairead Delaney), their social worker. The play focuses mainly on the lives of mentally handicapped women, the messages in the show are appropriate for anyone. The production deals with struggles that the average person faces and how they handle them, regardless of a disability. Not only does the show reach a wide audience, it also dares to explore life for a person who has a mental disability and portray this in a way that the average person does not often see. “This play looks at mental handicaps from so many different angles,” says Wesley Barnes who plays Karen Warren and the Senator in the production. The play’s message was meaningful to the audience as well as the actors. “Working on the Girls Next Door has been an eye-opening experience. It made it okay for me to laugh at the miscommunications, hate those who take advantage of people with such gentle souls, and accept the mentally disabled as a genuinely special part of our community,” says Emily Callahan (Mrs. Klemper).

The play does not only portray the difficulty that someone with a mental disability faces, but it also exposes the issues social workers must deal with every single day in their profession. Social workers are constantly challenged to cope with the emotions of those they work with while reining from losing their patience. This is especially difficult for those who work with the mentally handicapped who often experience erratic emotions. Social workers are often underpaid and must consistently bring their work home with them, bearing the emotional repercussions of their clients and the strain of their job. Mairead Delaney who plays the social worker Jill says, “Somewhere in that profession (social work), you ask yourself is this doing more good or bad. How much of yourself do you have to give up?” This is the issue Jill faces in the play. Should she follow her own career aspirations to be successful or continue to work with the women who have gripped her heart and have desperately needed her help?

The Girls Next Door is much more than an enjoyable performance. It is a lesson that opens the minds and hearts of the audience. This play makes it easy to learn from and laugh with the characters, instead of laughing at them. Both amusing and enlightening, this play is one that will stay with the audience for a long time after the final bow.
Your heart is hammering in your chest and cold sweat is consuming your body as you stand in the dark. You feel tense, waiting for the music to fill every opening in your body and soul. Every dancer around you shares this moment of adrenaline, pure and solid in your mind. All semester you and over 400 other people have been putting way too much time and effort into the show for this moment to not be so overwhelming. Welcome to the Marist College spring semester dance show 2010: Pump Up The Volume.

Hopefully reading the description above you had a little bit of the experience that all of the MCDC dancers have during this spring’s showcase. If you attended the show, you hopefully saw the dedication and effort that went into the performance. Some people performed once, others as many as seven times, but each time the same rush of pride and fear washed through them.

The Marist College Dance Club, or MCDC for short, works all semester long to put on shows like this for the community and college. The goal of the club is to provide dancers with an outlet for their physical and musical expression and to showcase their individual skills.

If you’re unaware of MCDC, it is the second largest student run club on campus with eight executive board members to keep the rest of us in line. They coordinate rehearsals, create meetings, organize class times and locations, and run the entire production at the end of the semester. To be a member in the club, one must commit to doing community service and to help the production go smoothly in some way.

Dancers sell refreshments and apparel at the show, as well as hand out programs and greet audience members. This semester’s show was different from others in the past, however.

To begin, MCDC felt that it’s show needed to return to Marist campus in the McCann center gym for the first time in 2 years. Exciting right? As a dancer in the club, I was able to watch the production unfold and become something great from the inside.

The club decided to utilize the bleachers for seating and to create a stage complete with expert lighting and curtains. In addition to the new location, four of the eight executive board members are graduating seniors, making this show their last. Because of this, everyone felt a sense of purpose to make this show the best yet.

Stepping up to fill the shoes of current Dance Club president, Johanna Valente, a graduating senior, is Arianna Cesa. Arianna agreed that putting the show in the McCann center was a struggle for several reasons. Because they had trouble with seating the last time the event took place in the gym, they decided to use the bleachers. Because of this, they also had difficulty in creating a stage that would help the gym “feel like a theater” and have the audience enjoy the show. They succeeded in the end however by creating a very professional atmosphere.

They would like to thank Bob Lynch and Darren McCormack for their invaluable help in this process. In the future, Arianna hopes to continue the legacy that Johanna has left behind. She believes that the club improves every semester due to the dedication of the dancers and variety that all of the dancers bring. Marist College Dance Club is growing every semester, and would love one to see you all at the fall showcase next semester!
“I’M NO ROLE MODEL”

By Mike Walsh

I’ve always lived life by the Charles Barkley quote “I’m not a role model, I’m not paid to be a role model.” I would always hate how whenever I did something bad as a teen; breaking curfew, getting poor grades, or lying, how my parents would tell me how I was setting a poor example for my younger brother and cousins.

I always looked up to my older brother, Ryan and was always proud of him for his accomplishments. I hugged him when he was inducted into National Honors Society and graduated in the top five of his high school class. I wrote him a card after his first week at Providence College. He dated one girl through high school and throughout college. He graduated PC last spring with a 3.999 and enrolled at Maryland for grad school.

He is interning with the Department of Homeland Security, and now that I’m 21, I’m going to buy him a drink after finals next week. We will laugh and talk and catch up since we don’t talk much anymore with him living in D.C.

Still though, no matter how proud I was to have him be as successful as he is, I never wanted to emulate my life after him. My 2.6 high school GPA never sniffed the NHS. I dated a multitude of different girls, never for more than a couple months. I party far more than he did at Marist school class. I wrote him a card after his first week at Providence College and was always proud of him for his accomplishments. I hugged him when he was inducted into National Honors Society and graduated in the top five of his high school class.

I started noticing something the last couple times I’ve been home though. The younger brother I mentioned earlier, Tim is now a junior in high school and has started visiting colleges. Guess what school appears in the list of his top 6 choices… That’s right, our very own Marist College. He was in an argument with my father one evening about doing homework over going to baseball practice. My father was demanding all A’s and B’s on his report card or no baseball. Tim’s retaliation, “Mike got D’s on a regular basis!” I couldn’t even stay in the room. I had to leave; I felt strangely guilty and didn’t know why.

Over the winter I let my hair grow out to the longest it had ever been and only shaved it so I could sport the Mohawk you all saw in my last story about the MAAC Tournament. When I would periodically make it to family events while home, I started noticing my two 14 year old male cousins hair getting longer and longer. It was the same thing I blew off a couple years ago when their clothes got baggier and started matching mine.

And until recently, Barkley’s quote rang true in my mind. Things like drinking till you puke every Saturday night at house parties and Nuddy, blowing off essays and homework assignments to hang out with the guys and watch football for 10 hours every Sunday were alright. Nobody was looking up to me to set an example for them. It was college and here, we are on our own.

I started noticing something the last couple times I’ve been home though. The younger brother I mentioned earlier, Tim is now a junior in high school and has started visiting colleges. Guess what school appears in the list of his top 6 choices… That’s right, our very own Marist College. He was in an argument with my father one evening about doing homework over going to baseball practice. My father was demanding all A’s and B’s on his report card or no baseball. Tim’s retaliation, “Mike got D’s on a regular basis!” I couldn’t even stay in the room. I had to leave; I felt strangely guilty and didn’t know why.

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At our family Easter party, both cousins showed up with short hair again. My favorite Aunt came up to me and said something along the lines of “nice hair mike, Shayne and Andy heard about it and suddenly didn’t want the shaggy look anymore.”

I was floored. My cousins where modeling their styles after me? My little brother was modeling his life and excuses after what he saw me do? Maybe I was wrong.

Fittingly on Easter Sunday, I had a pseudo epiphany. I am a terrible role model. Barkley’s quote finishes, “I am paid to wreak havoc on the basketball court. Parents should be role models. Just because I can dunk a basketball, doesn’t mean I should raise your kids.”

I should’ve paid more attention to the second half. Barkley was right, he has been arrested for DUlS and like Jordan and Walker, has had serious gambling problems. Look at what is happening currently for Ben Roethlisberger and Tiger Woods. Are these the role models kids should be having? For Christ’s sake, Eminem sings two songs without the F word, two songs!

From now on when I’m around my cousins and little brother, things are going to change; I need to start being a role model. The other day I had to give a tour of the radio studio I intern at to a group of 10 cub scouts from Poughkeepsie and I was actually nervous about how I would present myself.

I’d suggest to you big brothers and cousins out there, rethink what you are doing right now and if you need to lay off of something like cursing, drinking, or smoking, maybe do it and see if it affects the young ones. We aren’t kids anymore, but there are kids who look to us for advice even though it may be unspoken, they are studying you.

And I’d greatly trade my Manny Ramirez jersey for a Ryan Walsh suit jacket from the Department of Homeland Security because I know who my new role model is.
If you’re not a member of the fashion department, you’re probably unfamiliar with the fashion capping process. Perhaps you have seen the pseudo-zombies that shuffle between the Donnelly café and computer labs throughout the spring semester. (These could also be the ever-so-stressed design majors whose lives are always hell). Or maybe you’ve encountered the students who calculate every outfit each day and then succumb to sweatpants when capping is thrown upon them.

Capping victims develop a business based on the line of a senior class designer that is picked out of a hat at the end of fall semester. We create floor plans, fixtures, storefronts, logos, taglines, promotional strategies and so much more.

Senior Merchandising Capping is completed with groups of an average of three people, and thus three schedules must be considered. The business must be cohesive and viable and culminates with a major compilation of the seven projects completed during the semester and an executive presentation.

The presentation, while only fifteen minutes, can be a form of torture for those of us who are introverts (and resort to writing as a form of expression…) In 900 seconds we must convince the director of our program, our professors and our peers that our business deserves a 1,000,000 investment. Pressure, much?

Nothing felt as sweet as sitting back into my chair after my presentation was over. Even sitting in Donnelly room 225 for the first two days of presentations, I was anxiety driven. Now that capping is over, we slowly re-join the social circles and I’ve come to appreciate things I never had even recognized as exceptionally exciting prior to this experience.

Watching movies without photo shopping the psychographics of my target customer, reading trashy magazines rather than my old fashion textbooks and spending free time running outside instead of enjoying visions of running away from my capping partners are just a few of the highlights of the end of fashion capping. A few days after my project was complete, I felt like a new person. I could actually take pleasure in the beautiful days on the green that once would have been only seen through the glass windows of the frigid fashion lab.

Attending the fashion show will be both an exciting and sentimental night for senior fashion design and merchandising students. Here, both of our hard work is showcased in different ways. The final capping projects are on display and the seniors’ work will strut down the runway. Capping may have become a full-time job but the feeling of being finished is indescribable and such an accomplishment, even if you weren’t “in it to win it,” as some students were.

As it is my final semester here at Marist, this is my concluding article for the Generator Magazine. It is bittersweet as I am both saddened to leave Marist and excited to face the ‘real world’ and hope to have been even a small fraction of your bi-semester reading pleasure.

I encourage you all to attend the fashion show on Friday May 7 at 2:00 (as the 8:00 show is sold out). And to all of you future capping seniors: good luck!

Silver Needle Fashion Show
Friday May 7 at 2:00 pm
(8 pm show is sold out)
Riccardo Tisci: Pioneering a New Era in Fashion

By Nicholas Sera-Leyva (of www.districtl.com)

Trend, as a season by season notion, is becoming less relevant and designers have been increasingly revisiting past work to figure out what has been successful, strategically redesigning these pieces to suit the taste of the current consumer. The styling and merchandizing of looks has also become more important as mood rather than trend becomes the zeitgeist of the industry’s creative process. The noughties have been volatile and tumultuous, a period of refreshing redefinition in much of the western world across all boards from politics and economy to global and cultural affairs; war, disaster, fame, and recession have all made their mark. The magical thing about fashion is that all of humanity, in one way or another, is a direct participant in its conception and function; fashion is directly informed by the story of the human race. Fashion designers look to this, with both past and present influencing the synthesis of a collection.

The spring/summer 2010 season is the starting point of a gradual segue into a new paradigm for both the industry and the individual, as the fashion community attempts to define itself within the context of the last decade. The nineties, the eighties, the seventies, etc., all have immediately identifiable aesthetics—what of the noughties? Availability and agility of information sped up the dissemination of style and the flow of the fashion cycle has become ever truncated; consumers become bored with fashion quicker, and this in tandem with the current economic situation has galvanized designers into becoming more innovative with the thought process behind their collections. However, to which designers can today’s dedicated followers of fashion look for a successful, cohesive executions of these design principles? Look no further than Riccardo Tisci, the design genius behind Givenchy. The spring/summer 2010 Men’s collection for the label is a milestone for the decade, a unique and intelligently executed synthesis of decades and cultures. A closer look at Tisci’s designs reveals influences from two very different sources: nineties American music culture and the Islamic world. Since Tisci took the helm at Givenchy in 2005 after graduating from Central Saint Martin’s, his highly conceptual design aesthetic garners mixed reviews. Wildly more successful than his predecessors, however, he has become a force to contend with in the industry. As the decade immediately preceding the noughties, the events of the nineties had a tremendous impact on the past ten years. The industry looks to these influences for inspiration, and Tisci’s collection embodies them better than any other designer. There is a pleasing variety in the design and styling of the looks: tasteful, minimalist suits paired with crisp, hidden-button shirts and built in cummerbunds, oversized shirts and deconstructed drop-crotch pants in tartan and tribal prints sporting intricate gold metal detailing, and athletically inflected tops in mesh and metallic finish. Consider the culture, events, and characters that arose around the music of the early nineties: Kurt Cobain and Nirvana popularized the mosh-pit hardcore scene, Dr. Dre and Ice Cube were key members of Niggaz With Attitude (N.W.A.)-a cardinal hip-hop group of the gansta rap sub-genre. The fashion that emerged from these two very different musical influences followed very similar stories with color, merchandizing, and silhouette. Grunge and punk had a heavy emphasis on dark colors, studs, leather, mesh and tartan prints while hip-hop focused on similarly dark palettes with gold accents, chains, athletic wear and tribal prints; furthermore, a slouchy, layered, deconstructed silhouette was critical for both. The influence from the Islamic world, in particular the Middle East and North Africa, is also quite apparent in Tisci’s work with prints inspired by the Kefiyah, ethnic Berber and Chiadma tribal motifs, arabesque geometric patterns, headscarves, and innovative sandal-like footwear. The gold and metallic accents, loose deconstruction, and black, red, and white palette are qualities shared and inspired by both the musical and Arab influences. Conflict in the Middle East and North Africa, in particular the Middle East and North Africa, is also quite apparent in Tisci’s work with prints inspired by the Kefiyah, ethnic Berber and Chiadma tribal motifs, arabesque geometric patterns, headscarves, and innovative sandal-like footwear. The gold and metallic accents, loose deconstruction, and black, red, and white palette are qualities shared and inspired by both the musical and Arab influences. Conflict in the Middle East and North Africa rampaged in the early nineties, and for much of the decade all eyes were on the region; the Gulf War, Muammar al-Gaddafi controversies in both Libya and abroad, and the Western Sahara conflict between Morocco and Spain were all key events that characterized much of
the Arab world to the western eye by way of the media. As clever as Tisci’s juxtaposition of these two very different rich cultural sources is, the question remains as to why he chose them as the inspirational framework for his collection. If nothing else, it is an innovative take on the intersection between east and west—America and the Middle East often find themselves at odds with each other, weaving their respective cultures into such a singular concept is both extremely difficult and extremely relevant. The designer stated that the main theme of the collection was “Latino boy goes to Morocco,” which was apparent. Tisci continually uses his “Latino boy” as the muse for his menswear line. The designer is also known for the gothic edge he likes to imbue into his looks, which meshes well with “the mosh-pit couture that defined his first two menswear lines for Givenchy,” as the Style.com review of the show mentioned. As his grungey-gothic look has gained popularity, the decision to apply it within the parameters of his Moroccan theme may have finally hit the mark.

Motif and pattern in Islamic art served a quasi-transcendental function, elevating an object onto a plane above the ordinary; in an interesting parallel, Riccardo Tisci’s showing for Givenchy featuring these same motifs and patterns achieves a similar effect on the fashion industry, setting precedent for the design process of a new paradigm in fashion conceptualism. Keeping all of this in mind, the genius behind the Givenchy Men’s spring/summer 2010 collection is that Tisci successfully considered all of these influences and melded them with the modern, minimalist sensibility that has been a seminal influence on fashion. It is fair to say that structure and minimalism will be identified by future designers as an outstanding motif of early twenty-first century fashion. As a talented designer, Tisci recognized the importance of this aesthetic and successfully combined it with an intelligent, relevant nineties edge, simultaneously taking care to craft a collection of relatively basic sportswear separates that can easily be carried into future seasons. It’s a perfect trifecta of masterful, erudite design that bridges decades, cultures, and generations—a truly cosmopolitan collection that can keep pace with an increasingly borderless, rapidly changing world.
Most Stylish Student: Danielle Evangelista

By Rachel Forlifer

In the masses of North Face jackets and leggings, some Marist students stand out from the crowd by showing their individuality. One of those students is Danielle Evangelista, a freshman from Hawaii.

For Danielle, style is not about keeping up with what celebrities are wearing or having the latest “it” bag. It is her way of expressing herself. “Fashion is my art,” as she explained it to me. She doesn’t really have any style icons which makes her all the more unique, although she does sometimes subconsciously “channel” Lady Gaga.

When asked to describe her personal style, she says it is a mix of “classic, trendy, punky, and prep”, which she tries to incorporate into all of her outfits. For example, she was wearing pearls and converse when I interviewed her. She always likes to have an edge to her outfit, such as the neon colored streaks in her hair. Danielle began to develop her style as a sophomore in high school, where she had to wear a uniform. Thus her creative style bloomed while trying to still stay within the rules.

Some of Danielle’s favorite fashion designers include Zac Posen, Sonia Rykiel, Marc Jacobs, Proenza Schouler, and Valentino. But she is more into bargain shopping at places like Nordstrom Rack and H&M.

The most cherished item in her closet is a black velvet blazer, which she says can “transform any outfit”. Not only is it stylish, but also practical. With the sleeves rolled up it can be casual, but it can also dress up whatever she is wearing. This relates to the way Danielle dresses; keeping staples that she loves and changing everything else around.

She also constantly tries to come up with new outfit combinations so she doesn’t get bored with her clothes. For those of you looking to learn from Danielle, here is her advice: don’t follow the trends if you don’t like them.

“I enjoy fashion and it makes me feel good, but what’s the point if I don’t like what I’m wearing in the first place? Your clothes should always make you feel good, no matter what,” said Danielle.

So is there anything she would never be caught wearing? No offense, majority of Marist students, but she hates Crocs and Uggs. And one more thing: brown. Why doesn’t she wear brown?

“It just doesn’t look good on me”, Danielle explained.

Therefore, take a cue from Danielle Evangelista, throw a little individuality into your style, and wear something other than sweatpants for a day. You never know, you just might be the next Most Stylish Student.

If you think you’ve got style contact generatormagazine@yahoo.com and see if you get picked next to showcase your fashion sense.
A cap and gown isn’t exactly stylish, but I am a firm believer in what you wear underneath can make or break the ‘big day.’ For my High School graduation I was ambitious about my final fashion statement to my peers. I excitedly purchased a sewing pattern and decided to create a summery halter dress in a white eyelet fabric with very cutesy enamel buttons down the back. After many hours of work I was extremely pleased with my final product. I wore my white cap and matching gown which was a very cheap lightweight nylon material that allowed all to see my creation underneath.

As I am not a very athletic person, I was a bit nervous about climbing the steps of the stage in my heels. (Yes, I believe that walking in stilettos can be considered a sport). When my name was called (and as memory serves me, pronounced “Arugula”), I stood up with confidence and smiled brightly as I approached my principal to accept the certificate I’d worked so hard for.

When I finally reached the podium, her smile faded and she glared at me up and down as she handed over my diploma. I was so confused. As I made my way down the stairs she asked, “Are you naked under that dress, Urgola?” I was stunned: was this going to be the final impression I’d leave at Somers High School? I promptly winked at her, alluding to the fact that I was in fact “in the buff” and there was absolutely nothing she could do about it.

My experience was somewhat annoying; however, with undergraduate ceremonies just around the corner, I know I have a second chance. Here are ten critical ground rules for graduation day style:

**1. Be comfortable.** Graduation is held on the green on what will most likely be the hottest day thus far. Lightweight fabrics like cotton and linen are great for sticky, humid days.

**2. Confidence is Key.** If you don’t feel good in what you’re wearing, you won’t have a good time. Period. This is a standard for every day, but on milestone days like Graduation, confidence is important.

**3. Wear Flats.** Graduation is on the green and there’s no promising that it will be a beautiful day. There’s nothing worse than having your heels sink into the grass. Yuck.

**4. Keep it Simple.** For both hair and makeup, simple is best. You don’t want to be the girl whose face is melted off. Remember, these photos will most likely be displayed and looking clean is important. As for hair, don’t fuss with it. Your locks will be matted down underneath that ever so attractive cap.

**5. Bring bobby Pins.** These little bad boys make all the difference when fastening your cap into place. Have plenty on hand.

**6. Wear jewelry to stand out.** Since everyone will be rocking the same thing on the outside, jewelry can play up your style during the ceremony. Large earrings or a bold necklace is popular for the summer, so why not differentiate yourself from the crowd with a funky pair? Just make sure your tassel doesn’t get caught. OUCH!

**7. Iron the gown.** There is nothing worse than a graduate with a gown on that looks like it was taken out of the shrink wrap fifteen minutes before the ceremony. Make the effort to press it beforehand.

**8. Leave the club dress at home.** This is a family affair for most and you don’t want to be remembered as “the girl in the mini dress/skirt.” Dress appropriately!

**9. Have fun.** This is it! Look great and enjoy the last few moments where the class of 2010 is all together.

**10. DON’T GO NAKED.** Even though I was amused that my principal thought I was naked, I was equally as offended. It is disrespectful and the gowns are usually sheer. No one wants their last Marist memory to involve your bare butt. I promise.

While Senior Week festivities will send many into a weeklong coma, it is advisable not to be hung-over the morning of graduation. Graduation photos could potentially haunt you for the rest of your life (dun-du-dun!) and you don’t want to look like a slob. Furthermore, you will be in an excessively warm environment where it will be difficult to escape to the bathroom. A few celebratory drinks will be in order, but try not to look like you’re going to pass out the next day. Dressing up, not throwing up is the goal.

By Christine Urgola
I recently took the time to catch up with a friend of mine from Italy, named Rosario. We spoke for some time, just arbitrary stuff, like “How are you’s?” and things like that. The conversation came turned, of course, to the subject that has been the bane of my existence this semester: Obama’s Healthcare Reform. What Rosario said really shocked me: “To the Italians and the rest of the world, Obama’s plan makes America look like it just discovered fire, or the wheel.” This was startling; we think of ourselves as a dominant power in the world, and to have other nations look down upon us scared me. Rosario then prompted me as to what the bill entailed and I had no idea. Finally, it had been passed and it’s high time I stopped speculating and actually tell you all what’s in this thing so we can understand what it means!

“Tonight we proved that this government still works for the people”. Our President, Barack Obama, said this strong statement after the passing of the U.S. Health Reform Act on March 21, 2010. Now, 50 million Americans without health insurance are guaranteed coverage. No one can be denied insurance based on preexisting conditions like cancer, and the public option will be available to those who cannot afford a private one. After much research and a little (or rather a lot) of reading, I’ll give you a timeline of “who will be doing what and when” to help all of us sort through this historic mess.

First thing is first: cost. Over the next ten years the bill will total $350 billion. Profit margins have been restricted to 3% and a maximum of 6% annually. Republicans retort that this bill has gone on without them, without their support and thusly the silent minority has been silenced. They fear that capping profits, limiting competition and telling CEO’s of insurance companies what they can and cannot do will make the US healthcare quality go down. Many are hoping it will not, but we must wait and see. The top 2% tax brackets are the ones who will directly be paying for Obamacare. If you or your parents make above $250,000 per year, Uncle Sam will be increasing your income tax by 6%. This is pseudo-socialism: many are scared of this as a “redistribution of wealth” but it is rather seen as just a tax increase, not a socialistic intervention.

In 2010, uninsured persons will be placed into a “high risk” pool if they have a preexisting condition. This way, they will still receive coverage but they will be an understood liability. Children can remain on parental health insurance until age 26. This means that all of you graduating seniors can hide behind your parents for a little while longer.

In 2011, insurers will be required to spend 80%, and not a percentage point less on medical procedures and medical care. This signifies the shift on our healthcare system from a “for profit” model to one of “preventative care”; the crux of Rosario’s wheel analogy. Those with Medicare will receive a 50% discount on prescription drugs to offset multi-billion dollar cuts from the program.

The next benchmark is in 2013, where Medicare payroll taxes will increase and expand to those individuals making over $200,000 and families making over $250,000. Sorry to those of you who make that much!

By 2013, all those without insurance will have to pay an undisclosed penalty.

By Tommy Straub

Those earning up to four times the national poverty level (up to $88,000), will be offered a state tax refund to be used in state sponsored health care provider exchanges. This means that should you happen to be in poverty, you will still be provided for, at a rate much cheaper than those private insurers. However, many speculate on quality of care in these programs. The final benefit comes in 2020, where all Medicare beneficiaries will have equal access to drugs, whereas before there was levels of differentiated drug coverage. This article has been chock full of numbers, and after all this bill is a numbers game. Who pays for what when is the question on all of our minds. Many also ask why the bill isn’t going to be implemented “all at once”. Fast implementation would cause a sudden influx of patients to our system, making doctors overload their practices and sacrificing care for quantity. After my months of speculation, I hope that this little excerpted timeline serves you well. The Constitutionality and actual implementation, or what will occur “off paper” is just as much a mystery to you as it is to me. Here’s hoping we don’t burn ourselves with our newly discovered fire!
Imagine you are on a crowded train. You have been on this train for two hours. The car is completely filled with all types of people and all types of interesting conversations, but you are not paying attention to any of them. You are reading a book that is growing more and more fascinating by the second. You have not glanced up from the pages; the plot is at its climax. Subconsciously, you are certain that it would take a particularly extraordinary incident to wrench your attention away from this book. The person sitting next to you (who you have not paid one ounce of attention to since you both boarded at the station) is on her laptop engrossed in a paper she is writing. As the main character in your novel is slaying the enemy, or saving the day (or any other climactic event that is destined to happen), your neighbor sneezes. Politely, you glance up from your book and say “God bless you.”

The conversation occurring behind you about a raunchy spring break incident did not grab your attention. The heated debate a few rows ahead of you over healthcare reform did not grab your attention. The cute girl/guy sitting across the aisle that keeps looking over at you did not grab your attention. But a simple, involuntary, biological reaction from your neighbor is enough to warrant more than just a glance up from your exciting novel; it was enough to warrant the first sentence you have spoken in over two hours.

Why do we do this? If your neighbor coughed or hiccupped you probably would not have said anything. But she sneezed, and that was all it took for you to pay attention to something other than your book. As a culture, we engage in this custom all the time. We will say “bless you” to a stranger sitting behind us in a movie theater. It is second nature to do so.

So where did this custom stem from? There are several theories that attempt to explain where this bizarre courtesy has originated. The tradition undoubtedly started in ancient times. People may have believed that a sneeze was an indication that the human soul was trying to escape its body, and thus blessing them would prevent demons from taking advantage of the vulnerable soul. Others believed the opposite: that a sneeze was the body’s attempt at expelling a demon, and therefore saying “bless you” would ward the demon off from entering the body again. Some people believed that the heart stops beating during a sneeze. During the medieval times (and during the era of the bubonic plague), a sneeze was seen as an indication of an impending death, and so blessing the sneezer ensures a peaceful entrance to the afterlife.

But modern-day medicine explains that a sneeze is simply the body’s involuntary way of reacting to foreign particles that have disrupted the nasal passage. Pollen, dust, and pet fur are typical causes of sneezing, but sneezing can also be triggered by sunlight or in rare cases, a full stomach. So when you think about it, saying “bless you” is pretty weird.

Yet all cultures have some sort of social response to sneezing. For example, the Germans say “gesundheit” which literally means “health.” Spanish speaking nations say “salud” which also means “health.” Arabic speaking nations utter “Alhamdulillah” which means “praise be to God,” and China says “bai sui” which means “may you live 100 years.” So in a sense, no matter where you are, a sneeze warrants this type of reaction.

Now imagine you have never really thought about this before. You are sitting on that same crowded train, and this time, you are the one that sneezes. But your neighbor does not even glance up from her laptop. You would probably think she is rude for not acknowledging your body’s reflexive response to the dust particles in the air. This is how ingrained this archaic concept is in our culture. The superstitious belief of our naive ancestors has been passed down as a courtesy through centuries. Sometimes, we don’t even realize we are saying it. Next time a stranger sneezes, try not saying anything. It’s harder than you think, even if it is a silly custom.
I’m venturing to guess that with the ending of this school year, most Marist students will look back on the last eight or so months, and with a sigh of relief, congratulate themselves for making it through, for balancing all of the responsibilities that come with being a young adult, a student, a friend, a relative, a significant other, and feel even more competent with their ability to not only survive the great amount of stress that results from taking on such a variety of roles, but to thrive in spite of them. I as well reflect on my school year and acknowledge a resilience, but one that is not to be proud of. The reason I can’t believe I’ve survived the last two semesters is this: despite deep depression, smoking pot nearly every day, and seeking no professional help, I have maintained my grades and so far have avoided any serious repercussions—in other words—I can’t believe I’m not yet a total fuck-up.

If my mother only knew that the weekly deposits she’s been making into my bank account for food were instead spent almost entirely on weed…well, I don’t even want to think about it. My mom is fervently convinced that weed is the gateway drug to becoming a crackhead of Whitney Houston proportions. Often she has told me how incredibly disappointed she would be if I were to ever try drugs. But at times it seems as if her concern has less to do with drugs compromising my well being than the possibility of drugs impeding my ability to produce grandchildren. I’ve desperately tried to make her understand that my sperm production is not a topic I am now or ever willing to discuss with her, but she none-the-less feels obliged to remind me of the detrimental effects marijuana can have on male fertility. My mother has never tried smoking pot, and claims that she has never had the urge to. One time she told me a story about when she was seventeen and dating my dad. They were driving to my grandparents’ cabin in the woods when my dad pulled a joint out of his pocket, lit it, and passed it to her.

My mother, bless her heart, quickly rolled down the window and threw it out (I can imagine my dad with his trademark deadpan face saying “fair enough!”). Although I sometimes wish my mother had more of a tolerance for alcohol on the rare occasions that she does drink (one time in New Orleans, after three sips of her Pat O’Briens Hurricane, I had to lead her by one hand back to the hotel while she pet the plants we passed with her other hand, enthusiastically remarking on the softness of their touch), I’m glad that she abstains from marijuana and all
It’s strange to me that some people think it’s cool that their parents get high; even stranger is when these people profess to having smoked with their parents. There came a point when I recognized how great of a disservice smoking weed had done for me. It certainly has not helped in reducing my depression and has largely contributed, I believe, to my overall lack of zest for...well...life. But even after coming to the realization that smoking pot was not something I did just to make Alice in Wonderland 3D trippy-er than even Tim Burton intended it to be, that I was indeed smoking to escape from coping with my problems, I still could not manage to quit cold-turkey (and before you say to yourself “but marijuana isn’t addictive!” let me tell you as someone with high impulsivity and little self-control, it most certainly can be).

Not being able to confide in my Nancy Reagan of a mother about my problem, I turned to my friends, but because they too smoked pot and were not experiencing the same turmoil as a result of it, they treated me like a total buzz-kill. Perhaps they viewed what I was telling them as a result of my tendency to over-exaggerate, but the only suggestion they could make was for me to seek counseling through health-services. I’d thought about making an appointment, but I never got around to it. I was too scared, but I made myself believe it was because I didn’t have the time. I realized just how pathetic I’d become from my housemates—eight seemingly nice guys that I unfortunately never got to know, probably because I was always stoned. They would come back late on weekend nights from various social events to find me sitting inches away from the TV, watching infomercials while mindlessly eating an entire pie from Giacamo’s—the same position I’d been in since early that afternoon. Standing on my Foy balcony and watching my healthy, exuberant looking peers walking their way to and from Gartland was like looking into a mirror that reflected how miserable and unhealthy I was in comparison. One time as I was about to leave, a housemate walked through the front door noticeably sweaty from working out at the gym. “What’s it like?” I accidentally asked him out loud. “What’s what like?” he asked. “Exercise,” I jokingly replied. What I really meant to ask was much more.

This semester I took a course in Adolescent Psychology because of my great admiration for the professor teaching it. The professor I am referring to is a clinical psychologist who specializes in adolescent drug rehabilitation. After her many years of running a residential treatment center for teens with substance abuse problems, she is quick to speak of her detest for marijuana—a drug she rightfully believes is too often looked upon as innocuous by its users. It’s not difficult persuading substance abusers to think negatively of the drugs that they identify with as the direct cause of problematic effects and behavior; more difficult is convincing them to give up marijuana, which most people tend to see their use of as manageable. I know all too many people who would vehemently defend marijuana as serving only to increase their enjoyment of things—sex, food, funny videos of cats on YouTube—but when you start using marijuana as I have—not to enhance enjoyment, but rather as a desperate attempt to sustain it—even arbitrary stuff like taking a shower becomes an opportune occasion to get high.

I share my story not as a cautionary tale (because in my opinion those are worst kinds of tales), but in the hope that it will encourage people in similar situations as me, to seek help, to realize that despite the funny and light-hearted portrayals of pot-heads in popular movies such as Dazed and Confused, actually being one is in no way a laughing matter. I look forward to a summer of sobriety, to confronting the cry for help that my daily marijuana habit represents, and hopefully, to returning to Marist next semester, not as a passive, drugged-up observer, but as an active participant in all that the school, and youth, has to offer.
Top 10 Dr. Murray Myths

10. Dr. Murray’s mother has a tattoo on her bicep of a heart that says “son” in it.

9. Dr. Murray plans to increase tuition next semester in order to fund a Marist Mt. Rushmore opposite the river front, featuring himself, Bob Lynch, Deb DiCaprio, and Art Himmelberger.

8. Contractors proposed to Dr. Murray to tear down the McCann Center due to lack of attendance, that night James Earl Jones visited campus and said, “People will come Dennis, People will come.” The Women’s team then sold out Pack the House Night.

7. You remember all those cute kittens that used to wander around outside Sheehan Hall… Yea Dr. Murray hates Kittens.

6. On the seventh day, Dr. Murray did not rest; he tore down Benoit and Gregory with his bare hands.

5. Dr. Murray started the myth that a student will fail out of Marist if he steps on the seal on the floor of the rotunda because that is where he proposed to his wife, Marilyn, and nobody steals Dr. Murray’s proposal idea.

4. Dr. Murray created Brian Giorgis in the Donnelly Chemistry lab and had him coach 19 years at Lourdes High School before coming to Marist because Siena administration was snooping around.

3. Dr. Murray called the faculty retreat on 4/20 so he and the teachers could hot box the Fontaine Annex.

2. Dr. Murray beat Korey Bauer by statue-of-liberty dunking over him in a game of one on one last winter.

1. Dr. Murray was selected along with Dr. Dre and Gene Simmons to appear in the new Dr. Pepper commercial campaign. At the open house speech he says, “These will be the greatest four years of your life.” {cracks a Dr. Pepper} “Trust me, I’m a Doctor.”