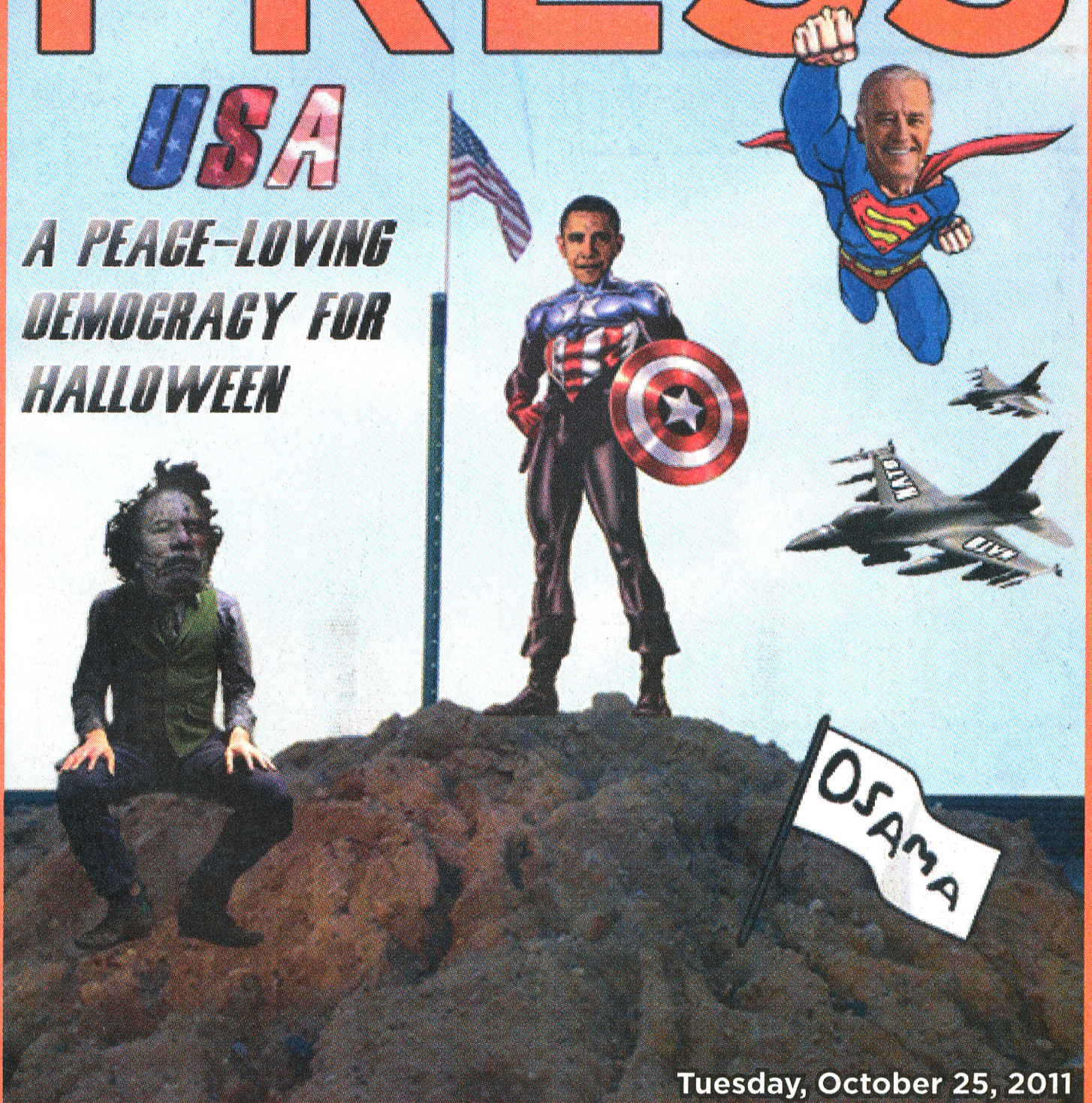


# THE STONY BROOK PRESS

**USA**

***A PEACE-LOVING  
DEMOCRACY FOR  
HALLOWEEN***



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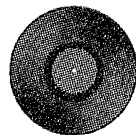


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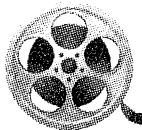
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# THE STONY BROOK PRESS

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# EDITORIALS

## PRESSING THOUGHTS



*The Stony Brook Press and Think Magazine* are delighted to announce that we are coming together to form Stony Brook University's leading media organization. The new Stony Brook Press will combine the Press's biweekly magazine with Think's daily web site to create the most comprehensive media offering on campus. Our combined resources will allow us the flexibility to offer a broader range of content than ever before.

For 32 years, *The Stony Brook Press* has been a recognized leader in campus media at Stony Brook, fulfilling its mission of "informing the campus community, promoting progress, and inciting debate" while producing alumni that have won awards including the Pulitzer Prize. And in

only three years, *Think Magazine* has built the campus's most-visited media web site, updated every day with the latest news, culture and opinion, as well as producing an award-winning print magazine. Think has fostered a close relationship with The Huffington Post and media organizations including *The New York Times* and the *BBC* have used its reporting. The excellence of both publications together with the Press's particular strength in print and Think's on the web are highly complementary. By combining these strengths and building on them, together we will be able to create something even better than either of us could have alone.

During the course of this semester, the editors of both publications will be

working together to gradually integrate them into a unified whole that not only preserves the best attributes of each, but also gives us the opportunity to take full advantage of our new, larger size to pursue goals that only larger publications can. Both the Press and Think have always embraced continuous improvement, and we intend for the new Press to continue that tradition to become the best print and web publication Stony Brook has ever seen.

For now, *The Stony Brook Press* and *Think Magazine* will remain officially separate organizations with our own editorial boards. The Press will continue to focus on its print magazine, while Think will focus on the web site. In the near future, new content will stop being added to the Think web site, [thinksb.com](http://thinksb.com), which will be archived; instead, all new content will go to [sbpress.com](http://sbpress.com), the Press's web site. Shortly thereafter, Think's content will be transferred to the Press's web site and the [thinksb.com](http://thinksb.com) domain will forward to [sbpress.com](http://sbpress.com). Select content by Think's editors and staff will begin appearing in print issues of the Press, while the Press's editors and staff will begin creating content for the web site as well as for the magazine. Behind the scenes, the administrative aspects of both organizations will be integrated. By the beginning of the Spring 2012 semester, we intend for *Think Magazine* to be fully integrated into a new and improved *Stony Brook Press*, with a single editorial board leading a unified print and web publication that we hope will quickly become Stony Brook's preeminent media organization.

To everyone who has supported The Stony Brook Press and Think Magazine over the years, thank you. We hope you are as excited about this new opportunity as we are, and we look forward to introducing all of you to a new Stony Brook Press, incorporating Think Magazine, that will be better than ever before.

The new *Stony Brook Press* will combine the Press's biweekly magazine with Think's daily web site to create the most comprehensive media offering on campus.

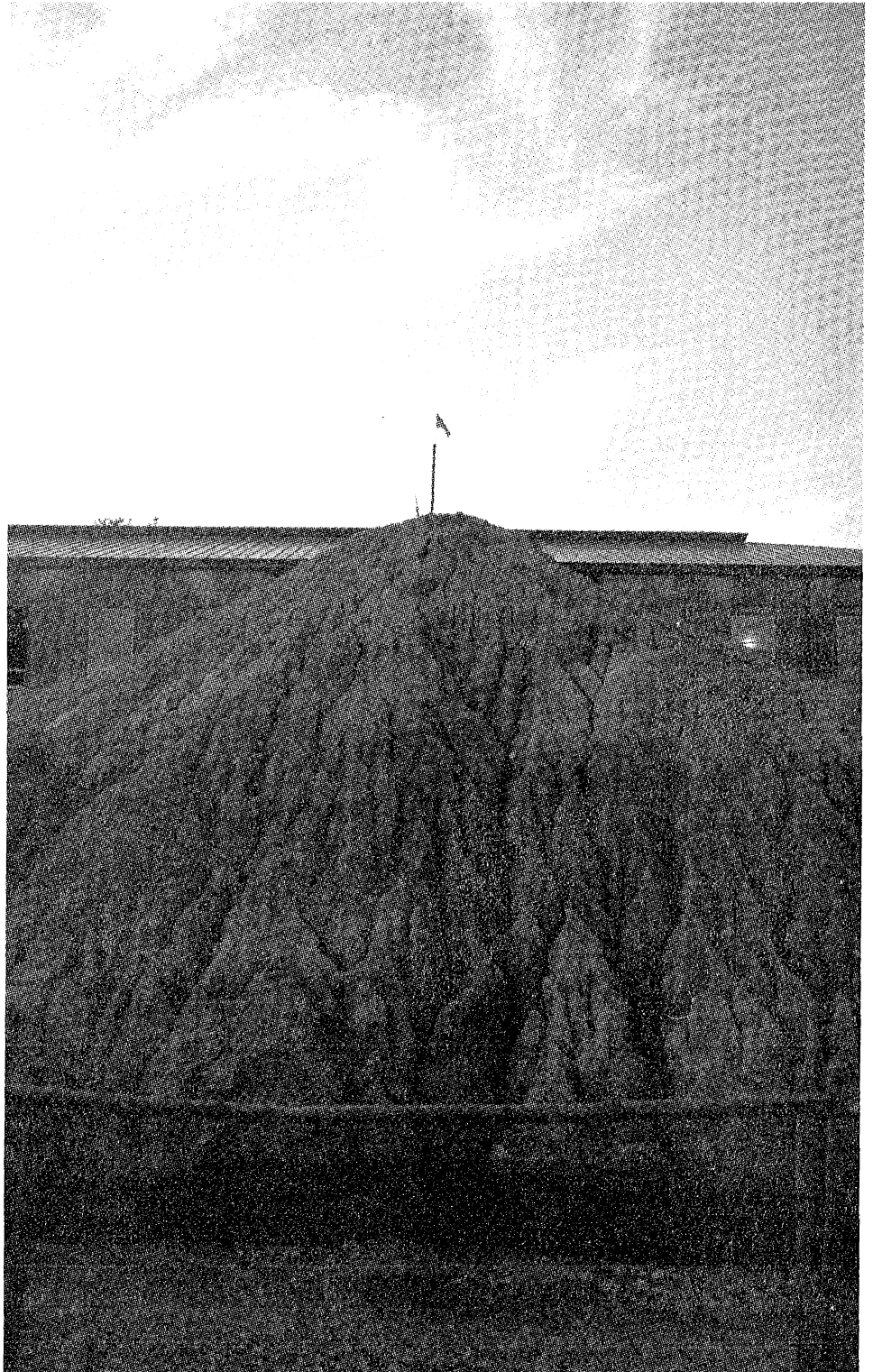
# A REVOLUTION IN RETROSPECT

If you walked passed the dirt mountain in place of Old Chemistry at any point this weekend, you may have seen an American flag flying high from a steel pole situated at its peak. It is unclear who placed it there and why; someone may be commemorating the death of Libyan dictator Muammar Gaddafi, or maybe it is simply an attempt to be humorous at the expense of others' misguided patriotism. Either way, the image of an American flag flying on campus and the influx of opinions surrounding Gaddafi's extraordinarily well-documented death combine to form a striking reflection of our current relationship with the world around us. It is also a telling test of how this relationship has influenced our moral codes.

This year has taught younger generations, and at the very least reminded older ones, that we are, as a nation and as individuals, all capable of celebrating the death of another human being. The reasons seem to range from the positive political and sociological effects of his or her death to thoughts of pure revenge. The death of Osama bin Laden lured this fact from hiding, and Gaddafi's death clinched the kill.

Within minutes of the world reading the bare bones, three-paragraph Reuters' story, the Internet kicked into high gear. Photo memes detailing Gaddafi's likeness to Carlos Santana flooded Facebook news feeds, while hundreds upon hundreds of links detailing the mainstream news media's scramble to keep up overflowed across our other social media extensions.

The events of 2011 splashing front pages and crammed into news alerts are now, for what feels like the first time for the upcoming generation, seemingly more violent, complex and extreme than any cliché Hollywood action movie or video game war-movie replication. The cell phone video detailing Gaddafi's final breathing moments is still floating around easily-





accessible websites, and it exemplifies this moral dichotomy—we have the ability to watch a person die in real time, even someone millions of people hate, forcing us to evaluate both our personal feelings concerning murder and generalized ideals about guilt, crime, punishment and moral responsibility.

The largest looming question being forced upon us now is whether or not it is morally right to celebrate someone's death, no matter how hated they are or how disgusting their atrocities have been. The obvious argument for the death of Gaddafi, and any other person deemed "evil" by history, is that he deserved his end. One could say that a man like Gaddafi committed actions that warranted the most violent punishment possible, one now epitomized by the video footage of Libyan rebels slamming the butts of their rifles into their ousted leader's bullet-wound ridden head.

The counterargument is that the world we live in now should promote a system of laws that ascribe to moral codes, that no matter what a human being does, he or she should be subject to an ordered trial and subsequent punishment. That argument was enflamed by the deaths of Bin Laden and Gaddafi, but also by the assassination of American citizen and Muslim cleric Anwar al-Awlaki in Yemen.

He outspokenly advocated violence against the United States, posing a threat to our national security, but by putting him to death without a trial, President Obama assumed the role of judge. Legality aside, it's hard to draw the line between the murder of a human being and the elimination of a threat.

This dilemma is at the core of how the world's tumultuous tides are interwoven into how we, as onlookers and participants in history, view common threads of right and wrong and draw definitive lines through subjects like crime and punishment.

For Americans, the Libyan civil war is intrinsically tied to how we view our own involvement in one of the most violent chapters of the Arab Spring. United States military action began March 19 after the United Nations Security Council issued a resolution calling for an international effort to protect Libyan citizens. President Barack Obama wrote to Congress on March 21 stating the U.S. military goals in Libya, though not explicitly asking for authorization. He defended the U.S. military strikes as necessary measures in protecting the Libyan people, though they would be limited, he said, and would not work to remove Gaddafi from power. Still, he failed to outline an ultimate goal, and even after the U.S. transferred

the responsibility to NATO, U.S. military operations bolstered the rebel fighters, enabling them to prevail. It's undeniable that without NATO forces, the Libyan struggle would have either crumbled or moved further from resolution.

It is our obligation as global citizens, many say, to prevent atrocities, to protect those that can't protect themselves. That concept circulates the United Nations under the name Responsibility to Protect, or R2P, and it's difficult to counter. An international law mandating nation states to act in cases like the Libyan struggle would work to prevent the atrocities of our world's past from occurring again. But when nations insert themselves into domestic struggles, no matter what the intention, the moral line is blurred. The United States may have accelerated the fight, abating the violence that could otherwise have ensued much longer, but that leaves us, in part, responsible for the brutal murder of a man in the streets who, now infamously, begged for his life.

On Sunday night, the story detailing how Gaddafi now sits rotting on display in Misrata is but a few clicks away, with any physical connection to the events nonexistent thanks to thousands of miles of ocean water and a somewhat-understandable apathy of a country nowhere near the friction of real revolution. However, to think that these events only tangentially effect us is to do a disservice to yourself, and ignoring their importance and the importance of the questions they pose only further downplays how integral and difficult these aspects are to our moral responsibility.

But to say that there is no right or wrong when evaluating these questions, questions of murder without trial and government-bankrolled revolutions, is to ignore the inherent moral responsibility within every individual. While there may be no universal answer, there is certainly one that must be found to help define how we go forward, and it's our responsibility, as a nation, as individuals and as human beings, to think hard about these questions before celebrating a death, or letting cold rationality trump heartfelt emotion, and moving on to the next necessary evil.

# NEWS

## Chernow Maintains Presidency of FSA in Close Vote

By Jasmine Haefner

The Faculty-Student Association (FSA) re-elected faculty member Barbara Chernow for a third term as president of the executive board on Friday, October 7. The final vote was six to five, an unusually close margin considering Chernow's opposing candidate was Stony Brook senior Moiz Khan Malik.

FSA runs several programs and services for Stony Brook including Campus Dining facilities and meal plans, the bookstore and student health insurance. FSA programs employ over 500 students around campus. For 2011, FSA's assets totaled just over \$47.5 million.

During Chernow's last two terms as president, several large projects have taken place, the most costly being the renovation Kelly Dining, projected to be completed in 2013. The projected total cost for the project is \$23 million, which will add approximately 11,000 sq. ft. to Kelly Dining. The board also passed the closing of Benedict Dining during Chernow's last term.

Chernow, currently the vice president of facilities and services, has been a part of the faculty since 1998. The department oversees services areas, such as public safety, design and construction and environmental stewardship.

Eleven people vote for positions on the executive board: three faculty members who are elected by the University Senate, three undergraduate students and one graduate student, elected through student government and four administrators who are appointed by President Samuel Stanley.



Khan Malik, a senior history major, was the only other presidential candidate in the FSA election. Before that, Malik served as secretary for the board of executives. After losing to Chernow for the presidential election, Malik ran for vice president and was elected.

"It's not a position that's typically fought over," Malik stated of the office of the vice president. He jokingly called it "the most useless position contrived to man," in an attempt to quote John Adams. On a positive note, Malik said that the position is really what one makes of it.

The duties of the vice president include filling in for the president in the case of his or her absence and general housekeeping matters, including posting meeting minutes online. "It's what others

want or let you do," Malik stated.

David Mazza, a senior computer science major, was one of the voting undergraduate students. Mazza said of the outcome of the presidential election, "I was very disappointed obviously. I was happy it was close. It almost made it harder to swallow.

"At the core of it, we just wanted a more fair and transparent process," Mazza said. He added that along with the election of Moiz, he was hoping for FSA to become more student-focused, rather than administration-focused, citing the closing of Benedict Dining as an example. According to Mazza, the administration side of FSA proposed closing the dining hall as a way to save money. However, the ramifications for students were not fully thought out, and because the proposal was presented a week before the final meeting, there was not time to come up with a counterproposal, he said.

Mazza stated that over the last ten years FSA, an organization that he believes should serve the students primarily, has been controlled by the administration. Malik also pointed to this fact, citing the change in the amount of voting power students have compared to administrators; undergraduate students used to be given four votes in the election and graduate students two. Now undergraduates are given three, and graduate students are given one.

Chernow was not available for comment before publication.

# The USDA is Complaining About Our Food Too

By Rachel Clark

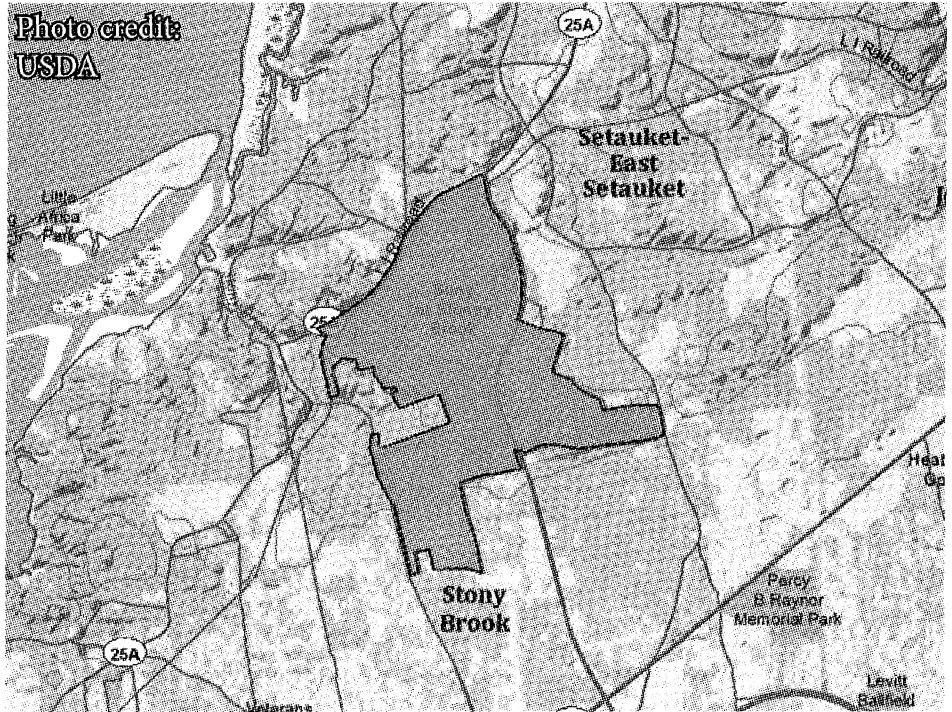
According to the USDA, Stony Brook University is home to several thousand of the 23 million Americans residing in the food deserts identified by First Lady Michelle Obama's "Let's Move" campaign.

The USDA defines a food desert as "a low-income census tract where a substantial number or share of residents has low access to a supermarket or large grocery store"

As seen on the Food Desert Locator on the US Department of Agriculture website, all of the Stony Brook University campus is considered a food desert. By contrast, only one other SUNY university center, the University at Albany, has a campus even partially designated a food desert.

Stony Brook students do have some access to local supermarkets through both university and county buses, but food desert status only takes into account how close stores are, not whether it's possible to get to them.

Despite Stony Brook's unique food desert status among SUNY university centers, this is not an uncommon problem nationwide, according to USDA economist Shelly Ver Ploeg. The University of



Michigan and the University of Maryland have also been listed as food deserts.

"The situation on college campuses is a little different," said Ver Ploeg, noting that the guidelines meant for the general population may not always be adaptable to colleges.

For example, she said, the placement of academic buildings, lawns, stadiums,

and other general features of college campuses tends to "inflate" the distances used by the USDA to determine the distance from residences to supermarkets and large grocery stores.

University spokeswoman Lauren Sheprow echoed these statements.

"The methodology of USDA also does not take into account the fact that most students at a residential university, such as Stony Brook, are on a meal plan and that freshly prepared meals are available seven days a week, 20 hours a day on the Stony Brook campus," Sheprow stated in an email:

Sheprow also noted that Campus Dining encourages students to "eat healthy" and provides free nutritional counseling from a dietician.

However, Sheprow did not respond to questions about Stony Brook's status as the only SUNY university center for which the entire campus is a food desert.

Requests for comment from Campus Dining representatives were not returned.

"...freshly prepared meals are available  
**seven days a week,**  
 20 hours a day..."

# FEATURES

## The A's Behind Big Plays

By Hallie Golden

The coaching that Joia Daniels received on the court meant extra academic attention for it. Daniels was doing badly in chemistry. She walked into Stony Brook University's Goldstein Academic Center, sat down with her counselor and worked out a plan. Together they set her up with chemistry tutors who came to the center twice a week and a personal tutor who met with her once a week—all free of charge.

Daniels passed the class and received a degree in Health Science in 2010, but it was her dribbling on the women's basketball team that brought her this support.

Stony Brook is a Division I athletics university. During the season, which runs for less than six months, the university's more than 400 athletes must commit to about 20 hours per week of practice plus weekends spent away at games. In return, the school provides them with tutors and counselors who are available nearly 24/7, a large amount of money in scholarships, as well as academic and athletic facilities designated only for student athletes.

But all the extra support for intercollegiate athletics doesn't come cheap—last year the university allocated

about \$18 million for it—\$3.5 million more than for all of the school's libraries combined.

Many wonder why this support is not provided to students who aren't in athletics. Although many of them have majors that require as much time outside of the classroom, other departments leave them to struggle through their hectic schedule on their own. So while basketball players receive free tutoring for any subject, art majors are left either to hope that the school's learning centers cover the class subject, or must hire their own.

While Stony Brook is a prime example of uneven attention and funding between athletics and academics among state universities, it is by no means alone.

Ohio State University, one of the biggest spenders on athletics, calculated its expenses at almost \$105 million in the 2009-10 school year. And while its revenue at the end of the year was higher than these expenditures, nearly all of that money went right back into its athletic department.

Courtney Sanfelippo, assistant athletic director for Student-Athlete Development at Stony Brook University, explained that colleges spend so much time and money

on athletics because having a common team promotes school pride and gives the surrounding community a reason to visit the campus.

"We are a sports society," Sanfelippo said. "So in order to feed society's want for these athletes, there has to be a place for them to grow, as people and as athletes—and college is that setting."

But with plans for yet another tuition raise, budget cuts in most departments and even the closure of the Southampton campus, some students wonder whether the university should focus more on its academics rather than its athletics.

Last year the athletic department awarded \$6.3 million in athletic scholarships, \$2.1 million more than the scholarships given out by Stony Brook's School of Medicine and Health Sciences department.

In addition to the Goldstein Academic Center, which has a study hall, library area, private tutor room and state-of-the-art computer lab, the university also provides their athletes with a plethora of support staff.

Sanfelippo said that she and the other athletic advisers send out progress reports



# FEATURES

to teachers about three times a semester. They also meet with freshmen, transfer students and those deemed as needing academic support at least four times a week.

"We are asking a lot of them," said Thomas Chen, Director of Athletic Communications at Stony Brook University.

He explained that it can be very challenging for student athletes to balance both their academic and athletic commitments. Plus, the athletic department acts as the face of the school to the surrounding area.

"We are asking them to represent Stony Brook University, so we want to make sure that they are okay."

One of the ways they do this is by making sure they don't fall behind when they have away games. Sanfelippo gave the example of a Friday during spring semester of last year. The baseball team was away at a game, which meant that four of them missed their final exam.

"We talk to the teacher and get that final and then proctor it for them in the hotel," she said.

A senior last year on Stony Brook's volleyball team, who requested anonymity for speaking about the athletics department, said that when she was a sophomore in a chemistry course she had to miss an exam because of an away game.

She explained the situation to her academic advisor and teacher. The advisor came on the trip to the game and proctored the test at a desk in her hotel room.

"It's great that they let you take it on the road, because normally they would make make-up tests harder or won't let you even do a make-up test," she said.

But some students wonder why this is only given to athletes.

Sean O'Neal, who graduated last year from the University of Oregon as a music major, calculated that on average he has devoted at least 50 hours a week to violin practice, rehearsals and performances.

During the spring of his Junior year, his playing got him accepted to the prestigious *Round Top Festival Institute* for the summer. But it started so early that he would have

to miss the school's finals week. He had to contact each individual teacher before the semester began to try to find classes that would let him do this.

"I ended up having to take specific classes that would allow me to do this, and took one less class than I would have liked," said O'Neal.

Sydney Gordon, University of Washington music major, also struggles to keep up with her academic classes and music practices.

Last year, in addition to 16 credits of classes she also had private lessons, wind ensemble, orchestra, baroque ensemble, woodwind quintet and required private practice time. Taken all together, a typical week meant at least 34 hours of music commitments outside of class.

"I tend to only practice three-hours a day, even though my teacher wants me to

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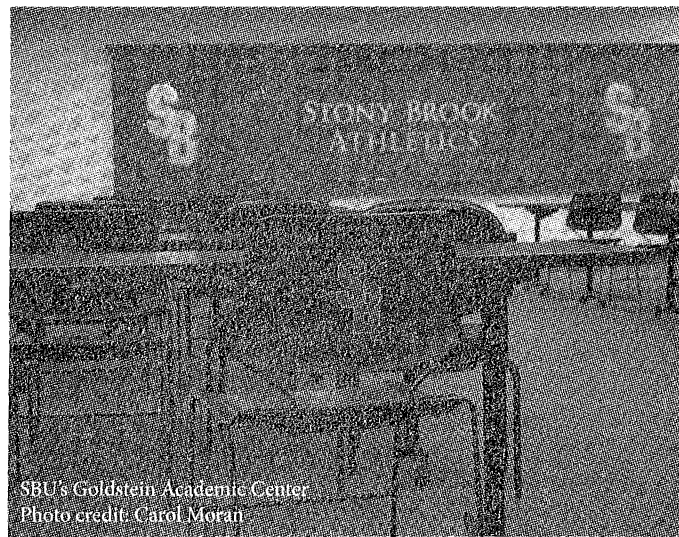
“...in order to feed society’s want for these athletes, there has to be a place for them to grow...”

---

do six to eight,” said Gordon.

Even though it is her academic major that requires such a time commitment outside of the classroom, not only did she not receive any money in scholarship from the school, but just as at Stony Brook, there are no special resources to help to make sure she keeps up with her schedule.

"We don't get much help, the advisors



SBU's Goldstein Academic Center  
Photo credit: Carol Moran

don't seek us," said Gordon. "We're pretty much on our own."


While Gordon is left to struggle on her own, Kelsey Sullivan, a senior on Stony Brook's volleyball team, said that the athletic department's advisers basically "run our academic lives."

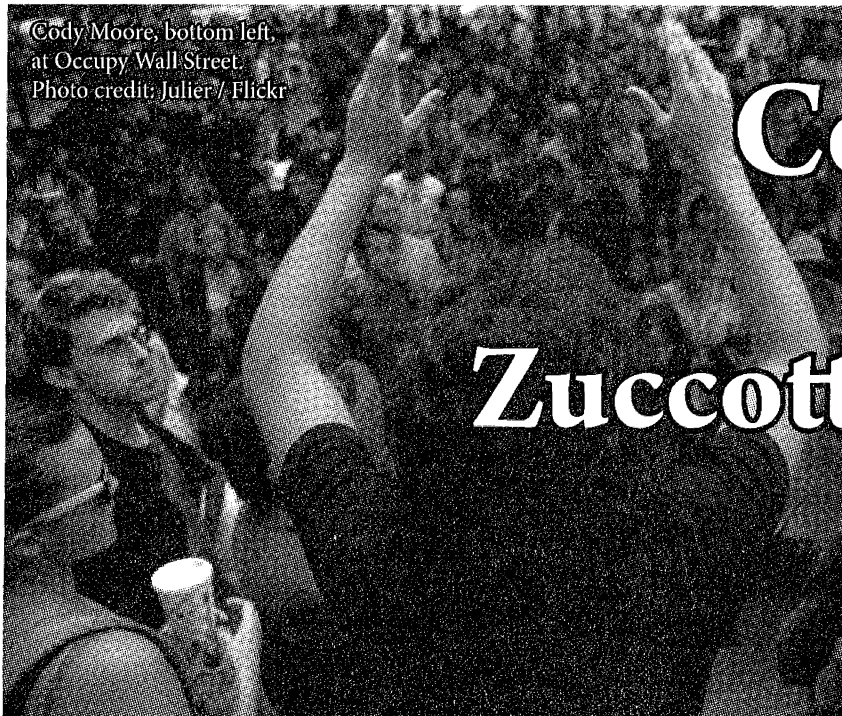
"There are people there to push you and make sure you stay on track," said Sullivan, who remembers that last year she was required by the department to spend at least 10 hours each week in the Goldstein Academic Center's study hall.

"If other departments wanted to provide that stuff, I don't see any reason why they shouldn't, but that's up to them," said Chen.

Samantha Tracy, an art major, has just started her first semester at Stony Brook and is already worried about a hectic schedule in the coming years.

"I'm nervous about the rest of my time majoring in art because it is one of the most demanding majors because of all the time it requires," said Tracy.

This semester she is only in one art class and is already expected to devote about seven hours a week to outside class projects. In the next three-and-a-half years this commitment will only increase. But because she uses paints instead of basketballs, she will never have the resources available to her that any Stony Brook athlete has come to expect. 



Cody Moore, bottom left,  
at Occupy Wall Street.  
Photo credit: Julier/ Flickr

# Connected at Zuccotti Park



By Trevor Christian

Cody Moore's information and technology team sat in a church-run community center, barely able to fit their laptops on the small table they were busily working at.

"We should get that statement out soon," quipped a college-aged man with a European accent to another protester who had just reported to him on the group's progress.

Next to him, Moore spoke casually about the 12 hours he spent in police custody the weekend before and the work he had done to keep the Occupy Wall Street movement connected to the Internet.

"It wasn't too bad," said Moore of his time in a police van and a jail cell with 40 other protesters on September 24th. "At least he turned the air conditioning on."

Moore, a technological systems management major at Stony Brook University who wants to become a computer science major, has spent his last two years in college as a part-time activist. His knowledge of the web makes him valuable in a time when many protests rely on social media to recruit new members and attract the news media's attention.

For the last year and a half, Moore volunteered for US Uncut, an organization that stands against budget and tax cuts and, according to its website, is not "in any way

related to circumcision."

Since the first weekend of the protest, Moore has been spending Friday through Monday at Zuccotti Park. He's worked with other activists to secure the Wi-Fi connections in the area and maintain the movement's website, a task that hasn't always been easy.

"We know someone brought down the site at one point," said Moore. While Moore isn't sure who carried out the attack, he suspects the FBI or CIA.

Fear of government action is a constant in Zuccotti Park, and Moore is one of the people the group turns to when a rumor is spread.

"I've helping out with all of the security and validity of information that's across the entire encampment," said Moore. This includes investigating rumors involving potential police action. Sometimes this work is done online, other times lookouts on bikes are relied on to alert the group to incoming police cars.

"We're looking into an application that would allow rumors to be shot down easily," said Moore.

The group Moore works with can already list a number of accomplishments, such as their creation of a site that processes anonymous donations, collecting more than ten thousand dollars and finding

companies that would donate server space for the movement's website.

"We're actually trying to get a server," said Moore, describing a plan to store records of general assembly meetings and videos of police interaction in a computer on site.

Back at Stony Brook, few other activists said that they met Moore, but many of them knew who he was.

"I talked to him once on Facebook, but that's it," said David Adams, a USG Senator and a member of a group that organized trips to Wall Street when the protests broke out.

Adams, who only spent part of one night in the park, was impressed by Moore's devotion and initiative. "He's really been doing this on his own," he said.

While Moore remains active in the protests, he's recently decided to take a step back. "Now I try and dip out if anything gets too crazy," he said.

Moore even took last weekend off because he needed a rest – and to catch up on his schoolwork. Moore has classes on Monday and Friday, but he hasn't been to many of them.

"Surprisingly, my professors are okay with it," he said, "as long as I keep up with the work."



“People care about this issue; they just don’t know it’s a problem,” explains Tia Palermo, assistant faculty member of the Department of Preventative Medicine at Stony Brook University.

She is referring to the current nationwide backlog of unanalyzed Sexual Assault Kits (SAKs), commonly known as Rape Kits. The projected estimate of SAKs that have not been tested to yield DNA profiles of potential assailants is around 180,000 throughout the United States.

Palermo heads the collaboration between Stony Brook University and an activist organization called Natasha’s Justice Project, which is championing this problem. Palermo, who has dedicated herself to the study of sexual violence, specifically in the Congo, was contacted by Natasha’s Justice Project and now is in charge of the research aspect of the project.

Their collaborative efforts are aimed at finding the exact number of unanalyzed SAKs and comparing processes and policies used by various jurisdictions regarding the backlog in order to discover which are the most or least effective.

This research includes surveying jurisdictions in New York State and interviewing law enforcement officials about such things as the number of

untested SAKs in their agencies, how those SAKs are currently being processed, and who is doing the testing.

There are differences state to state when it comes to deciding which cases get priority for testing. For example, Illinois has mandated that every SAK reported must be tested, whereas New York does not go by this policy. The goal is to see which policy best addresses and resolves the problem and to enforce that policy everywhere.

The systematic failures that caused such an extensive backlog consists of many factors, such as capacity restraints, limited staff, limited resources and the various cases that deem certain SAKs unnecessary, according to the group’s research.

Natasha S. Alexenko, founder of Natasha’s Justice Project, outlines other reasons for the breakdown. “Money is certainly an issue, as each rape kit costs between \$800 and \$1500 to process. Other important factors include a lack of consistency in the recording of data and a breakdown in communication between DNA labs and law enforcement officials.”

The National Institute of Justice published an exhaustive article on the backlog called “The Road Ahead,” which gave the examples of cases where the consent of the victim is the issue at hand, cases where prosecutors have not called for

DNA evidence, or cases where a suspect has not been identified as the situations in which SAKs will remain untested.

Conversely, cases known as “acquaintance rapes” can fall in this category because the identity of the alleged assailant is known, making DNA evidence unnecessary. Character biases or cases considered weak will also relegate their respective SAKs to the shelves of police stations, hospitals, or crime labs indefinitely.

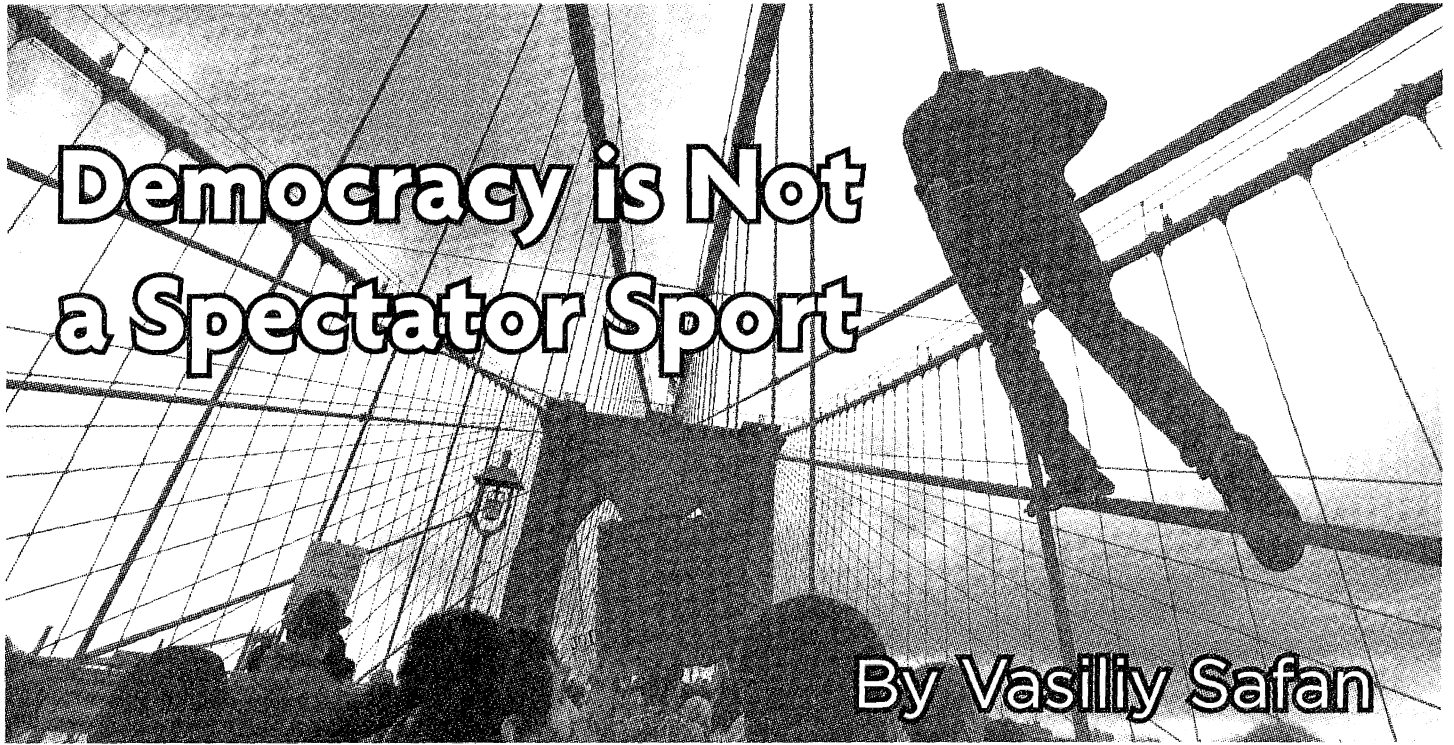
Palermo points out that some of these decisions are based on faulty logic. DNA can always be useful as corroborative evidence, to exonerate somebody who is falsely accused, or to test against CODIS, the record of DNA profiles of convicted criminals.

Alexenko illustrates the importance of having the DNA profiles: “We know that people that commit sexual assault are often repeat offenders.”

Since many of the SAKs are years, even decades old, one issue that has arisen is notifying victims who may have emotionally moved on or may have families who do not know about their assault.

The article “The Road Ahead”

*Continued on next page →*



# Democracy is Not a Spectator Sport

By Vasily Safan

I was born in the Soviet Union, one of the least democratic powers at the time. A few years into my childhood, the wave of attempted democratization led to the collapse of the USSR.

I remember watching a live report on the 1991 coup d'état ("August putsch") by hard-line Communist Party members and trying to form an opinion on the situation. My parents explained it in a way a five-year-old would understand—if the coup succeeds, we would continue to have Russian television. If it fails then our programming will be in Ukrainian.

Thanks in large part thanks to mass demonstrations; I was soon a citizen of Ukraine (not the USSR) and watching my favorite cartoons in Ukrainian. Fast-forward 20 years and I am in a Brooklyn jail cell, with four strangers and a dozen cockroaches, reflecting on another massive demonstration. The difference this time is that I could appreciate the motivation behind and potential impact of civil resistance, which is why I had to participate. So what can a Ukrainian, moreover an ex-Soviet, possibly know about democracy?

I became a U.S. citizen just before the start of this semester, elated by the opportunity to participate in the most prosperous democracy in the world. At

the swearing-in ceremony, we were all encouraged to vote and get involved in our government, as we were now granted the same rights and privileges as natural-born Americans. I was excited to register to vote, but it is a bit misleading to say that voting would make me more "American." In fact, voter turnout in the U.S. 2010 elections was 41 percent nationwide of the eligible voting population and 35 percent in New York State, respectively. In other words, the majority of eligible Americans did not vote in 2010. I was dismayed by the apathy of my friends and fellow citizens, but just looking at the make-up of the U.S. Senate is enough to understand their frustration. Out of 100 current senators, 96 are white, 83 are men, and most are millionaires. Large groups of people are being systematically disenfranchised, and while the low voter turnout may be understandable, it is not acceptable to maintain a healthy democracy.

My interest in OWS was immediate, but it was not until I attended the October 1st march that I was able to commit to the movement. This was the Brooklyn Bridge march that resulted in over 700 arrests. I was walking to Liberty Square to check out the encampment, when I was swept up by sea of people. The group was diverse in all respects (age, ethnicity, gender, political

affiliation, etc.), but what united them was the outrage at the status quo and the desire to speak up and make a difference. The atmosphere was electrifying and empowering—we weren't mourning the corruption of our democracy but celebrating its rebirth, through this march and the many more that we knew would come. A protester in front of me described the feeling quite aptly with the sign that said "HOW COOL IS THIS?!" Invigorated by chants like "This is what democracy looks like!" we marched towards Brooklyn, when suddenly the march stopped.

The feeling of exhilaration turned to anxiety and fear as we began to speculate about what might be happening. Some people panicked and started climbing up the bridge structure toward the pedestrian walkway as police vehicles approached. My cellmate, an 18-year-old student from Long Island, attempted to climb his way to freedom, but had a change of heart when he saw the East River rushing beneath him.

In the midst of the hubbub, people on the walkway above us tried to use the "human mic" (a clever way to amplify sound wherein one person speaks in short sound bites and everyone within earshot repeats it) to communicate that the police started taking people away from

the crowd and arresting them. Someone with a smart phone told us that JP Morgan Chase had just donated \$4.6 million to the NYPD—unsettling news for a group of people protesting Wall Street’s role in our government. It was even more terrifying when another person informed us that we had no media coverage (“media blackout”)—this was around 5PM.

Imagine you’re barricaded on a bridge in a crowd of hundreds of people, with police on both sides, and you learn that they just received a hefty donation from a group you’re protesting to hold accountable. We refused to be demoralized, and in the spirit of democracy and perseverance we sang the Star-Spangled Banner as people were being hauled away. I had never been so proud to be an American.

To be clear, it is scary to be arrested for the first time, and the officers don’t make it any easier by treating you like a criminal. The filthy, cockroach-ridden cell, and lack of access to food or water, makes things even more stressful.

I was lucky, however, to share a cell with intelligent, caring, thoughtful and interesting people. They all had different reasons for being there; one lost his business following the financial crisis, another was a doorman who was frustrated that his benefits were cut despite increasing revenue for the building, and others were students like myself who wanted to see their government represent all of the people. For



Photo credit: Javier Soriano

many of us, it was not only our first arrest, but also our first time at a protest. The success of Occupy Wall Street movement should not be counted in legislations passed, but in people inspired— It serves to remind us that when people participate in their democracy, amazing things can happen. Indeed OWS sentiment has spread all over the world, including to Stony Brook University. If you are interested in participating in your government (student, state or federal), find the SBU branch of the General Assembly—regardless of your political orientation.

The OWS is just the democratic jolt this country needed (and the perfect gift for a new citizen like myself). Unlike the U.S. Congress, the General Assembly is open, participatory, diverse and tends to

come to a consensus – which may explain why American approval for OWS is far higher than that of Congress. Personally, it is the sense of camaraderie and unity that is most moving—the protesters made an implicit pact to be there for each other on the bridge, in jail and even afterwards as people resumed their regular lives.

Still, after 7 hours in captivity, our morale ran low. It was 3 a.m., and we were tired, hungry, thirsty and not entirely confident that we had made the right decision 12 hours prior. That all changed as soon as we walked out of our precinct in Crown Heights to find a group of supporters with banners, food, water, coffee and moral support. “Are we heroes?,” a fellow jail-mate asked me with a smile. It certainly felt like it.

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## Natasha’s Justice Project cont.

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emphasizes that “there are real people behind each and every one of the sexual assault kits that remain untested. It will be difficult for each one, regardless if they welcome a renewed investigation.” Questions remain difficult to answer on how to notify the victims, and, once notified, what instructions to give them.

Alexenko, who is also a rape survivor, was notified in 2008 that her assailant from the 1993 assault had been identified. A detective went to her house to inform her personally. “I hope that all victims of cold cases are alerted in such a compassionate

manner,” she said.

Both Palermo and Alexenko point out that one of the “big picture” problems in rape cases is the fact that many times victims feel stigmatized or ashamed when they report the crime.

“According to the US Department of Justice, sexual assault is one of the most under reported crimes, with 60% still being left unreported. Rape is one of the only crimes in which often the victim is also ‘put on trial,’” Alexenko said.

Knowing that most assailants are repeat offenders, it follows that rape cases

that remain unprosecuted, be it due to the backlog, resistance of victims or a combination of both, allow for the existence of completely avoidable crimes.

Palermo’s research for Natasha’s Justice Project is estimated to take at least a year before yielding conclusive results. Resolving the backlog entirely will likely take much longer and will entail more than just getting the unanalyzed SAKs processed.

“The most important thing we can do, as a society, is to educate ourselves about sexual assault and abuse,” said Alexenko.

# Gorge Yourself on Gore this Halloween

By Liz Kaempf

I'm not going to lie to you; I'm a little tired of feeling anxious and scared every second this time of year. Really, that goes for any time. I only had to see the extended trailer for *Paranormal Activity 3* to know that I don't want to feel that petrified when I try to go to sleep and a nut from a tree falls on my roof and I think it's a demonic spirit. They could be real! And if so, I don't want to know! So instead, I implore you all to join me by indulging your senses with some good old-fashioned horror story gore.

First things first, the 1982 version of *The Thing* is on my list of new disturbingly favorite things to watch. (The puns just never stop!) I am bold enough to admit to you that I have not seen the movie in its entirety. Frankly, I don't think you even need to. You just need to watch clips of it on YouTube with a friend of yours that has seen it and thinks you're not smart enough to grasp the context of the film on your own (#MarkGreek).

If you're a nonbeliever, then start with the Defibrillation Scene. It is easily the most disgusting two and half minutes you could ever experience in your entire life. Well, that and the first time you have sex. Eek! But I digress. If you are hard to persuade, allow me to elaborate in a relatively vague way that takes things completely out of context if you have not seen this clip or movie. Defibrillators, chest cavities with teeth, amputated arms, mutations, flamethrowers, upside-down, decapitated heads that grow gangly spider legs and more flamethrowers. In that order. In under three minutes. That's better than any grocery store instant ramen!

Now I know what you're thinking; "You gotta be fucking kidding." Believe me, folks, I would be nothing short of honest with you. This is 109 minutes of purely grotesque alien insanity. Green and yellow pus-spewing, screeching, burning, gargling, pissed off, infectious, oozing, explosive, alien body-snatching insanity. And with a protagonist named MacReady, played by the debonair Kurt Russell, how could you resist?

Next on the agenda is the underrated, bloody, monster orgy that is the *Feast* series. The first one is ultimately the best, and if I was not so invested in making you throw up all over your parents' new carpet, I would tell you to stop after one. But you know what I always say? Go big or go home! So you must watch all three in succession in one night.

I think my brain has systematically erased my memory of this disgusting, gut-wrenching horror movie spoof, but from what I do remember a large amount of people die. It sometimes plays out sort of like a fetish snuff film. There is a cornucopia of bodily amputations and an erotic, lesbian blood-covered mutant gangbang. Of course that's the part I remember best, right? Stupid brain! Oh, and also! This

nerd gets wounded and infected in the first film of the trilogy and he actually does make a girl in the movie puke! See, kids, there's fun for everyone!

Last, but certainly not least, I have to give a shout out to the zombie apocalypse happening over in the world of *The Walking Dead*. It goes without saying that zombies are terrifying, flesh-eating quasi-humans, but these are the best ones I've seen yet. Based on the graphic novel by Robert Kirkman, this AMC adaptation is on its second season and blowing away fall television viewers. With its combination of emotional drama and unexpected violence, these "Walkers" are giving binge-eating a whole new meaning.

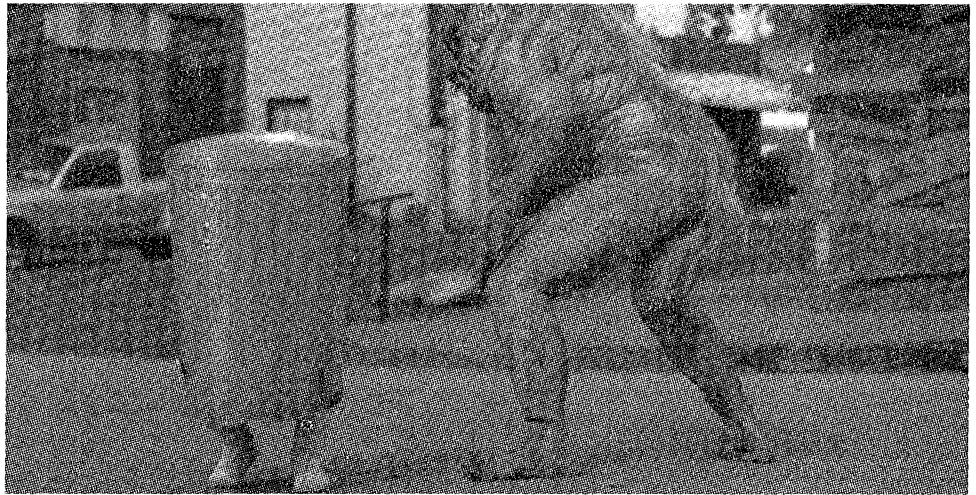
Out of the motley crew of survivors the show follows, there is a character for everyone to adore and at least one that viewers cannot wait to see get disemboweled by Walkers. I love Asian-American pizza delivery guy Glenn with his sweet



disposition and strategic planning, but I would not be opposed to passive-aggressive Andrea getting her arms and legs ripped off and munched on. Then there's Rick, the sheriff with a heart of gold, his wife, Lori, and his best friend Shane who was screwing his wife when they thought Rick was dead. How fun!

The character storylines are full of mental baggage and cliffhangers and stir that in with the last-man-standing, survival-of-the-fittest backdrop and you've got a recipe for decaying flesh-flavored disaster. With knives, guns and grenades (oh my!) it is not too late to hop online and watch the episodes you missed. Make it a spooktastic, vomit-inducing marathon of zombie proportions!

So forget about all those generic storylines, ghost movies and slasher flicks.



This Halloween should be all about binging on candy corn and watching monsters gorge on human flesh until you and all your friends feel uncomfortably sick. Just

make sure to test their blood with random electrical wires first to make sure they're not infected with the virus. You'll be glad you did.

## Ghosts Of Stony Brook

By Daniel Cashmar

### *Bus Loop Banshee*

The Bus Loop Banshee is a fearsome, multiplying creature of unknown origin. You may hear the whirrs and squeals of the Banshee while waiting for your bus, the horrifying sounds ringing through your ears. The appearance of the Banshee has become quite predictable—so predictable that it can be timed to the nearest minute. It appears to be a friendly Banshee as it acts as a harbinger of transportation.

### *Humanities Horror*

You may have seen chalk pentagrams drawn around the Humanities building. (If you haven't, let me know if permanent chalk exists.) The Horror is not easily defined, but it does have a distinctive smell—the smell of a man mixed with dipropylene glycol. Not much is known about the Horror; simply that its activity is usually around 6:50pm - 8:10pm every Monday and Wednesday.

### *Putnam Hall Poltergeist*

If you've ever been in Putnam Hall, you'll notice things aren't always the way they seem. If you've ever placed an empty bottle on a table and went back later to retrieve it, you'd notice that it had mysteriously vanished. The Poltergeist moves things when students are least expecting it. Every trashcan is mysteriously emptied each night and the Poltergeist lives on, inconspicuously, among the students.

### *Rape Trail Rapist*

This horrible deity exists only in the area colloquially known as the "Rape Trail." Walking through the trail, you'll hear movement and turn to locate it, only to see a moving bush. Sometimes it will jump from tree to tree and throw nuts at you teasingly. It is most powerful at night when our sight is limited, and it will haunt you with high-pitched cheeky clicks.

### *Roth Pond Revenant*

As we all know, Roth Pond is a man-made body of water. Periodically, the pond is drained in what is often thought to be a cleaning process to bring in fresh water. In fact, the Roth Pond Revenant lives underneath the pond, polluting the water and draining it slowly. The Revenant's defense mechanism is to poison the environment around it while sucking the water out of the atmosphere. It once roamed Stony Brook, infecting the air and sucking the water from the vacuoles of incapacitated students. A brave team of Stony Brook Faculty members assembled and buried the Revenant underneath a body of water. They couldn't find a way to destroy it so they have agreed to satiate it indefinitely.

### *Staller Succubus*

Perhaps the most terrifying creature in the history of Stony Brook's supernatural foes, the Staller Succubus still exists to this day. The name of the building hides its secret—"stall her." This is derived from the unfortunate truth that we do not have the technology or means to stop the Succubus yet. At night, if you walk past the men's bathroom, you can hear moans of terror as she sucks the life from them. Few men have freed themselves, only to find the money from their wallets missing.

# SBU STYLE FILE: A HOME MADE HALLO-WEEKEND

By Matthew Murray & Anna Too

**A**h, Halloween. The time of year where gaggles of girls gather around with cleavage on display like never before and guys cross-dress or look like nothing else but a mess. A recent trip to Party City proved this point almost too perfectly. Teeny boppers perusing the aisles and squealing at Playboy Bunny costumes surprisingly weren't yelling with dismay, but rather with excitement and inspiration (3 of the 5 girls purchased the overly-revealing costumes that their parents certainly won't approve of). The fact of the matter is that keeping it classy, while still grabbing attention, can be a daunting task for most, but there are ways to tackle the horrors of Halloween.

At press time, Halloween will technically be five days away, but for those who start the festivities early by throwing on their cat ears the minute Halloween commences, read as quickly as you can and rethink your strategy as if this were



Sofia Chernova, left, and her group of girlies had a blast making the costumes together and used Thanksgiving turkey pans for shells!

These girls bought American Apparel dresses and cut out felt letters to be the best and hottest Crayons for Halloween.



a game of *Battleship*. These days, the best way to strut your stuff on Halloween is to get creative. It isn't the generic Lady Gaga costume —you know the one with the red hooded bodysuit —that impresses people. Rather, what matters is that you took time and effort to be the best damn Gaga you could possibly be, rivaled by only that of the Lady herself.

Moving on from all things Gaga, the first step in nixing the store-bought costume and concocting your own is Google image search. Find the pictures of the person or character you want to be and use that for inspiration. Then ravage through your closet to find anything and everything that will work with the costume. No matter what you choose to emulate, it's likely you

won't be able to find identical items, but the picture should help you pinpoint the essence of the costume, narrowing down your choices of what exactly to wear. Then think about what you might still need and make the trek to Party City, photo in hand, to see if they have anything that will enhance your costume. If all else fails, or you are broke, Facebook ironically could save your life. Make a Facebook status asking if anyone has the certain items you'd need; you might be surprised by the responses you'll get. I once asked for a vacuum on Facebook and had it in my hands eight minutes later.

After compiling items for your creative costume, consider the makeup to be the second most crucial part of your best Halloween ever. Youtube is the best





These two cut their classic Hanes and just used the boxes of their racks of beer, a pair of scissors, and tape to become Beer Warriors. Creative and done last minute, nonetheless!

source for makeup tutorials, with over 31, 800 videos relating to doing it yourself. Whether you have chosen to be the Bride of Dracula or a last-minute Zombie Warrior, the makeup will give your costume the pop

The only thing this gentleman bought for his costume were the glasses at Ricky's for 4 bucks!



it needs and the wow factor it deserves.

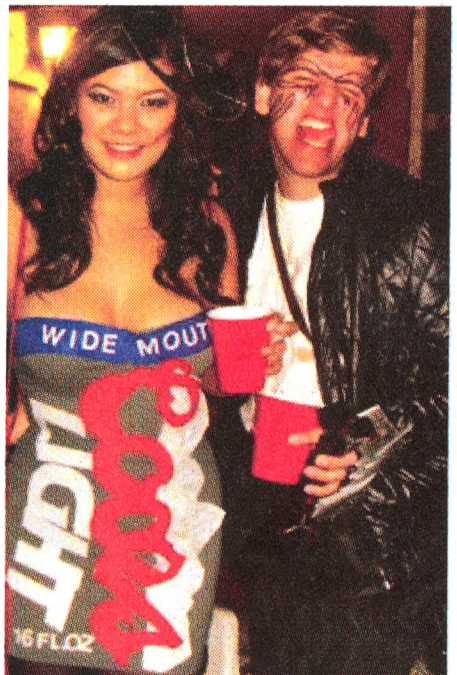
If you're not interested in just mixing a costume together like a spooky cocktail, consider *making* your own. Stony Brook Senior Sofia Chernova took the DIY route last Halloween with her friends, each girl dressing as a Ninja Turtle in what proved to be a difficult, but great, success. She bought a green dress from American Apparel and visited Michael's for the felt that she cut into geometric shapes and sewed onto the dress. It made for a costume that received more than a few compliments. "The hard part was to sew it because we had to with a needle and thread," she tells me. "The rest wasn't hard at all, though. We just had to look for cheap ways to do it, and it actually was a really fun thing to do with your friends. People also thought our costumes were incredible which might not have been the case had we bought the trashy Ninja Turtle costumes." Making your own costume is easier than it sounds.

Last but not least, another way to shake things up on Halloween is to recycle last year's costume. I take great pride in my tradition of being Batman every year since I was 13. If you choose this path, it is important to keep the costume looking fresh with the way you accessorize. I once

wore the costume with a Louis Vuitton belt and metallic Nike dunks; another year I donned a black mask and puffy quilted bomber jacket with the suit; and another year I rocked the cape with gold cat-eye sunglasses. Making these little tweaks to the costume goes much farther than most people would think. If you do reuse your costume, add an element of surprise to it. If you were a sailor girl last year, maybe this year it is time to whip out that costume and take it in a different direction. A corpse sailor girl with fake blood and an eye patch would be splendid.

Creating your own costume DIY-style, choosing garments from your wardrobe and throwing it all together, or recycling and reinventing last year's costume are all great ways to have a killer time on Halloween. But remember first and foremost, Halloween is about having fun. Wear what you want to wear and use this night to be the person you are or the person you want to be. A smile and a laugh can't be purchased at Ricky's, but they complete any costume you choose to wear. And that will be your best Halloween costume ever!

The editors of the Style section know how to DIY. Searching through his closet, Matt found a puffy bomber, ripped a Hanes white tee, wore a studded belt as a gun holster and had rocked a handheld sword weapon to be a '2030 Rebel.' Anna used a gray dress and a lot of time cutting felt and sewing the features of a Coors Light can on her dress.



# Culture

## Axe Cop: Bad Guy Earth

By Evan Goldaper

If you spend any time reading webcomics, there's little doubt that you've been exposed to *Axe Cop*. Two years ago, 29-year old artist Ethan Nicolle began drawing stories invented by his five-year old brother Malachi. The two created one of the most creatively bizarre universes in comics, with machine gun T-Rexes, exploding lemons, bat warthogs, moon ninjas, and whatever a "liborg" is. The series instantly acquired a massive fan following: it was like nothing anyone, including myself, had ever read. The webcomic is ridiculous and funny and consistently clever, and certainly worth a look.

However, many people felt the joke got old after a while. In webcomic form, the

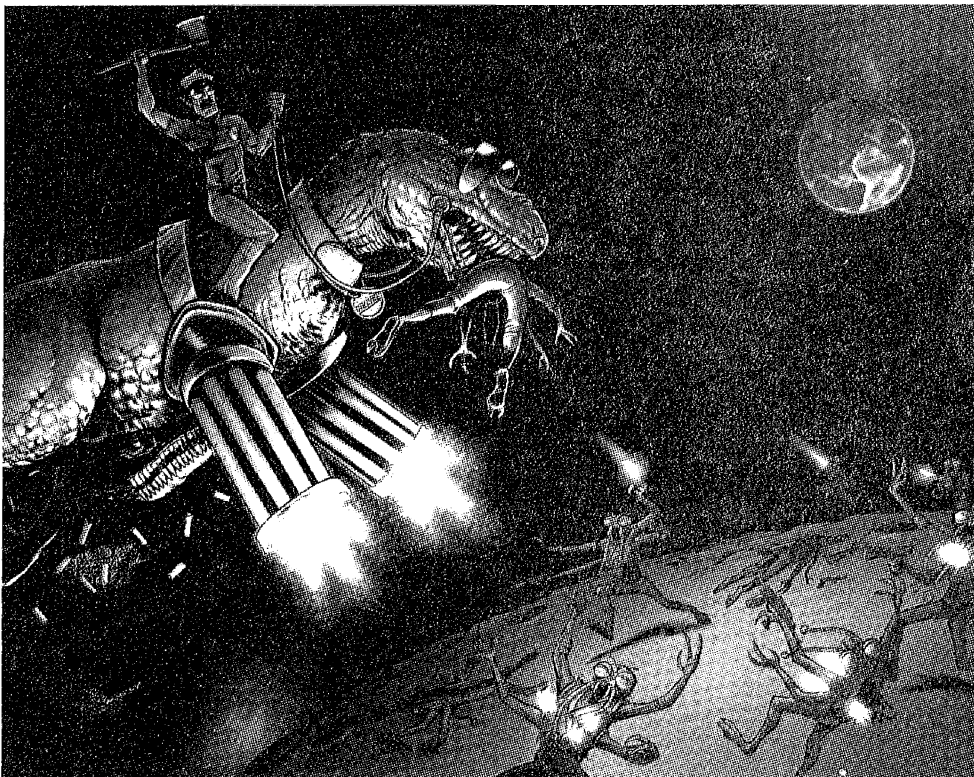
story often moves slowly, and after a while there is too much of a buildup of toilet humor for most people I know. I never stopped reading, but I know several people who did. But all this changed when *Axe Cop* got picked up by Dark Horse Comics. Ethan and Malachi created a print-only series called *Bad Guy Earth*, which was released this month in a deluxe trade paperback edition. And it was completely awesome. Without a doubt, *Bad Guy Earth* is the best comic book I've read this year.

In *Bad Guy Earth*, the intrepid *Axe Cop* and his sidekick Dinosaur Soldier are under attack from not only evil psychics from outer space but also the "normal police," who are convinced that *Axe Cop*

is breaking all the cop rules. For the first time, *Axe Cop* is presented with villains who pose a real threat, and the story is long with a humorous twist on every page. How do you beat a space ship? With nunchucks made of semi-trucks! How do you defeat a sorceress who rides a gorilla who rides a lion? By turning into a fire minotaur! The logic in this comic is this level of crazy throughout, and there is literally never a dull moment. If you can read a scene in which a planet of baseball players takes on a planet of Vikings without smiling, you are a strange and sad individual.

Ethan pulled out all of the stops with the art: every character, even minor alien bad guys, have more style than any crowd scene I've seen in anything in DC or Marvel. This is also the only episode of *Axe Cop* to be presented in full-color, which definitely helps with the light-hearted tone. The comic is really a joy to read and look at, and I cannot recommend it highly enough.

If you've already purchased the individual volumes of *Bad Guy Earth*, the trade paperback version offers a few extras. In addition to the advantage of having all the episodes together, Ethan has also provided a massive making-of section that features sketches and plot outlines of how the comic came to be. Considering that *Axe Cop* is written like no other comic, it's fascinating to see how Ethan is able to bring a young child's ideas to life. His sketches are incredible, and certainly worth the price of the collection if you have any interest in cartooning. And if you haven't read *Bad Guy Earth* yet, seriously, what are you waiting for? If you don't read it, the bad guys win!



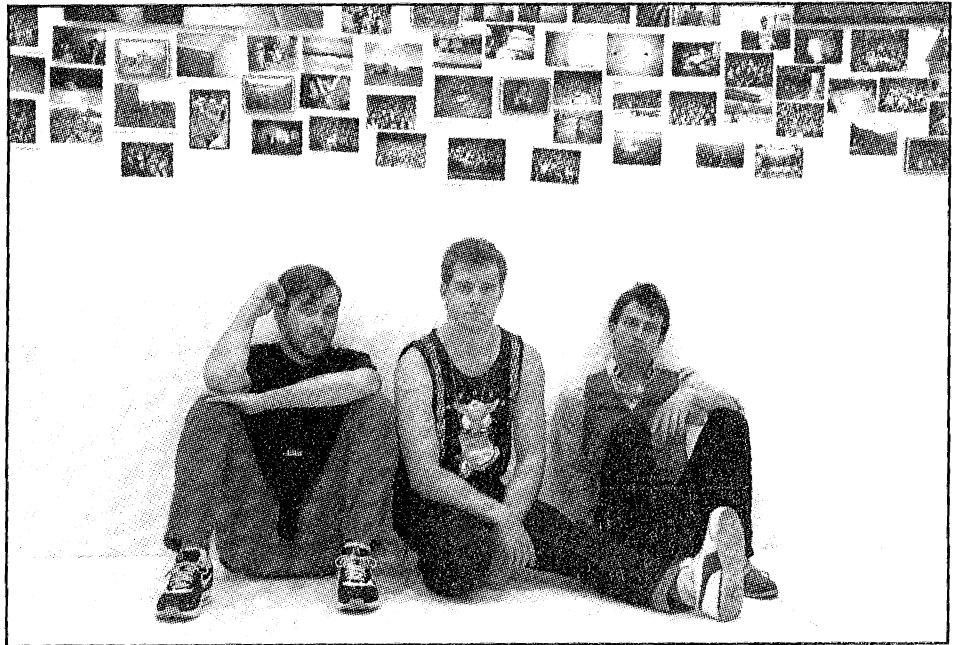
# Rock Knows No Borders: An Interview with The Frontier Brothers

By Arielle Dollinger

**H**ipsters and rappers alike gathered at the UCafé on Monday for the third RockYoFaceCase event of the fall semester—one which served as a prime example of the biweekly concert series' growth since its beginnings.

The “Hip-Hop and Hip-Ster”-themed night featured five acts: Jay Rano and Ugly Danger representing the hip-hop sphere, and Cyberbully, The Frontier Brothers and Hello Jupiter representing the hipsters. This longer-than-usual line-up (the event usually showcases only three acts), along with the two-stage setup and out-of-state artists, marked the showcase's progression.

The Frontier Brothers hail from Texas. The group, which was in town not only for RYFC but for the CMJ Music Marathon in New York City, is no stranger to the Stony Brook campus. The band has played RYFC before, and played Brookfest in 2010.



Frontier Brothers drummer Travis Newman, keyboardist Brett Moses, bassist Nick Lagrasta and guitarist/vocalist Marshall Galactic sat down with The Press after their set to talk about their own music and their perspective on the music scene in general.

The band began when Moses and Galactic, who went to school together from third grade on, were inspired by an annual arts festival that they attended. The two were bored, they said, and decided to write songs about robots. They performed the songs at a coffee house, and so the band's roots were planted. Galactic's brother, Newman, came home from college because he wanted to play drums. They've been together for the last five years.

The members couldn't decide on the proper way to categorize their music, though, when pressed, they said that “p(art)y-punk”

or “anti-slacker rock” were two viable classifications.

“We've never started with the sound,” Moses said. “We just started with the people; the chemistry that we have.”

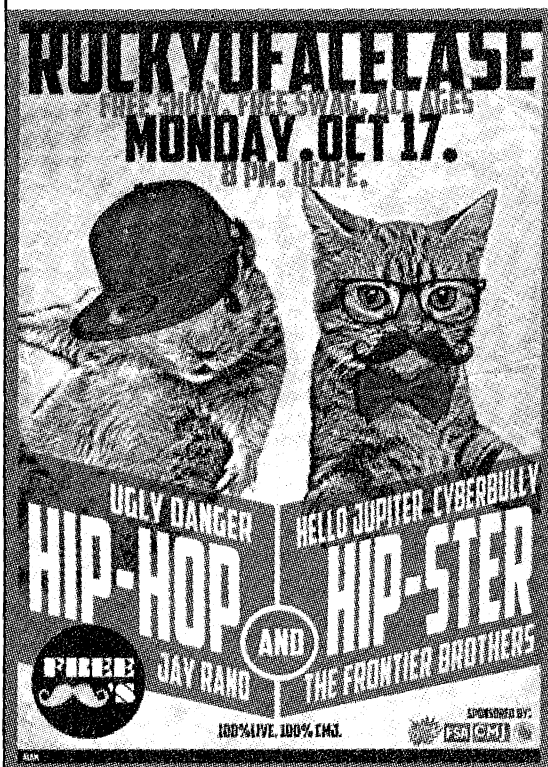
They draw inspiration from both the live performance aspect and their collective belief that music should be not a form of escapism, but a tether to reality. “There's been a trend of escapism in pop music,” Moses said.

He does not see this as a positive thing, and Galactic agrees.

“I think literature should bring you closer to life rather than farther; rather than away from it,” Galactic added. And that applies to music as well.

Meanwhile, Moses admitted that he feels that “most people in bands probably have ‘Peter Pan Complexes,’” meaning they enjoy the crazy hours and being on the road, despite the lack of stability.

The group is currently working on a new album, which it expects to release later this year.



# Real Estate: Days

ALBUM REVIEW

By Nick Statt

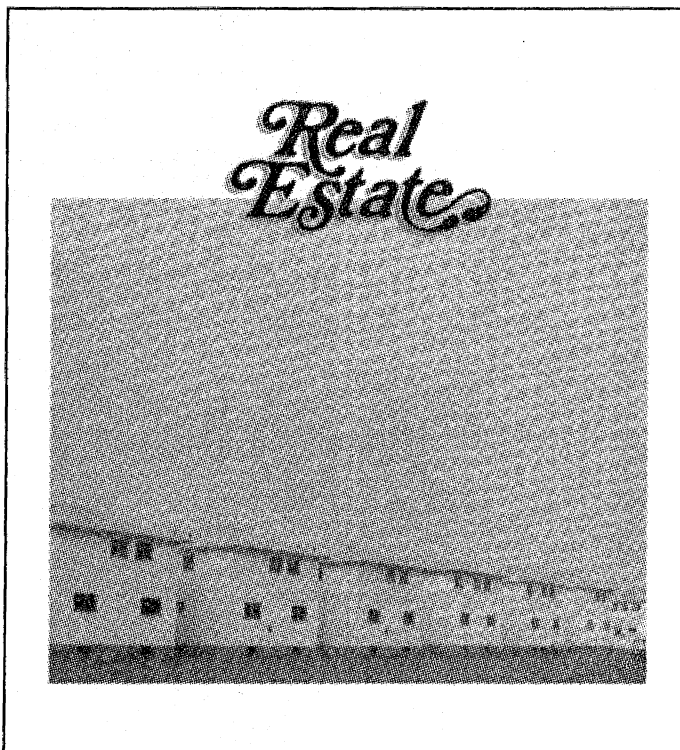
It's one thing to hold back for effect, to keep things simple and low-key to help accentuate the nuances and let every component breathe. But it's another thing when that effort falls flat into boredom. Real Estate's self-titled debut album did just that, with barely a third of the album's 10 tracks able to rise above its hushed hum, and the repetitive riffing of "Fake Blues" as the only trues earworm still unshackled from obscurity.

Flash-forward two years and the members of Real Estate are now New Jersey's indie kings of surf pop and "jangly guitars," a term music reviewers can't resist from using. On October 17, they dropped their second delivery in the form of *Days*. But this follow-up LP is significantly more powerful, so much more emotionally driven that you'd be hard pressed to find anything on it that wouldn't have seemed out of place on their debut. The key is in the aesthetics, and Real Estate has crafted one of the best cold-weather albums ever to fill the October air.

*Days* is no longer than its predecessor, neither in timestamp nor track number. But that makes the leap for singer/songwriter Martin Courtney and crew that much more apparent.

Right out of the gate, "Easy" shatters your conception of the group's talents with an unbelievable crispness and energy, as if the song title itself were a reference to

how effortless the group was able to raise its game from a minimalist, shoe-gaze rehash to the distinctive, emotion-driven pop bursting from *Days*. Starting with a head-bobbing, poppy energy, the track swings to an impressively serious tone, as Courtney's vocals and lead guitarist Matthew Mondanile's sweeping, chorus-



drenched guitar simultaneously swallow and seep through you.

"Green Aisles" is a hazy, floating track that stomps out monotony by encompassing itself with layer upon layer of conalescing guitar. It's the perfect lead into *Days*' first single, "It's Real," a track that will floor any fan of the band's debut with its undeniable improvement. When Courtney's reverberated chorus of woah's transitions to the

song's bridge, the moment is nearly breath-snatching, leaving you pondering where all this emotion and energy could possibly have come from.

By track five, the sullen "Out of Tune," you start to realize that all of the songs on the album are, like the debut, roughly the same speed; every track's drum part is more or less interchangeable. But it's that structural consistency that makes the diversity of these tracks, a diversity that the debut lacked, that much more astounding, especially when you're lulled through the instrumental "Kinder Blumen" and transported two decades back with "Wonder Years."

As the closing track, "All the Same," eases into its instrumental break around the three-minute mark, all you hear for a levitating thirty seconds is a near-perfect guitar part laying brick and mortar all around itself. Mondanile's equally satisfying complimentary guitar snakes inside, joined by the vibrant notes of Alex Bleeker's bass moments later. The whole song feels as if it's about to peak, but then it just stays...for four minutes, until it winds itself down in a calculated tempo spiral.

When *Days* wraps up with that seven-minute track, that's when the supposed repetition, lack of variety—everything you think of as a potential shortcoming of the album—becomes part of one near-perfect idea; possibly a photograph, be it the sunlit Jersey turnpike Courtney drives down on "Out of Tune" or the green expanses of his Garden state childhood in the chorus of "Easy," with 10 different angles and exposures.

Whatever current is channeling underneath *Days*, it's clear that Real Estate have mastered, in a way no indie band today can, the mantra of less is more.

PRESS  
RATING

9.5

# The Three Musketeers

By Joshua Ha

## MOVIE REVIEW

*The Three Musketeers* follows a long line of movies that put a darker twist on classic tales of old. When D'Artagnan finally meets up with Athos, Porthos and Aramis, it is even revealed that they are no longer musketeers. Disgraced after a mission gone wrong, the former greats are all disillusioned drunks. Athos quips, "We were the musketeers. Now we're just...us."

Not to say it is a dark film at all. In fact, for the most part, it is probably one of the more light-hearted romps out there. It is with at least a bit of amusement that I think of the people who might have entered the theater drawn in by the title of the film. It's far different than even the previous motion picture renditions of the classic Alexander Dumas novel. If you need to know one thing about this film, know this: *The Three Musketeers* is daring in

how far it strays from its namesake, even by today's standards.

The film starts off with the titular three musketeers – Athos (Matthew Macfayden), Porthos (Ray Stevenson), and Aramis (Luke Evans). Working alongside Milady (Milla Jovovich), they seem to form some sort of 1600s special ops force for France. The opening scene shows the three (four?) musketeers on a heist job, trying to grab the plans to some strange super weapon made by Leonardo Da Vinci. The plot starts going when Milady (surprise!) betrays them and gives

over the plans to the villainous Duke of Buckingham (Orlando Bloom). Going back to a resemblance of the plot of the book, the film shows D'Artagnan (Logan Lerman) attempting to join the musketeer organization, with enough sword skills and bravado to be labeled a weapon of



mass destruction. In the meantime, the Cardinal Richelieu (Cristoph Waltz) and his aide Captain Rochefort (Mads Mikkelsen) plot to start a war that would tear Europe apart.

The similarities to the book end with the naming of the main characters. We truly can't expect much else than a visual and stylish extravaganza from director Paul W. Anderson, of the *Resident Evil* series—and what an extravaganza it is. Staying true to Anderson's "steampunk" vision, we are treated to images of man-of-wars hoisted up by hot air balloons. Oh,

and they carry lots of guns, almost all of which inexplicably miss the target when in the hands of villains. It's an Anderson film—what did you expect?

I must say that the action choreography was some of the best I've seen in a film. While much of the action is derivative (there is a very clear reference to the iconic *300* battle scenes), it is executed well and in such a way that the viewer can both appreciate its complexity and see it clearly enough to follow along. I was initially taken aback by the raw amount of fight scenes—it was a bit alarming that the film had to show each character kill someone at the beginning before it identified who exactly that character was. In the end, you have to give credit to the director for sticking to what he does best.

The character development is somewhat lacking—though the story translated into film leaves little room for that to occur. D'Artagnan is not the usual vulnerable, emotionally unstable, insecure newcomer/young hero. He enters the fray with bravado and is already equipped with a full arsenal of physics—and gravity-defying moves—that would make even Legolas jealous. The bad guys are bad from the start, and Athos, Porthos and Aramis

stay true to their quiet, self-assured forms the whole movie. I suppose some of the blame here could be laid at the feet of the script, which contained some laughable parts, such as when an angry sort of museum head honcho says, "I want these musketeers dead. I want them dead!" (I think he was telling the truth the second time.) Even so, the script isn't quite as bad as most reviewers would have you believe—it has some witty parts and some

*Continued on next page →*

# Deadmau5 in Da House

By Siobhan Cassidy

The lights. The bass. The mousehead. Deadmau5, who is number four on DJMag's top 100 DJs, puts on a show like no other DJ/producer.

The award-winning producer Deadmau5, or Joel Zimmerman, performed an unprecedented six shows in a row from October 4 to 9 at Roseland Ballroom as part of his "Meowington's Hax" tour (which is named after his cat, Meowington). The previous record was held by Rage Against the Machine, with five consecutive performances at Roseland in 1996.

Mau5 was about 30 feet up in his booth, overlooking the 3,000-person crowd. He was like a puppeteer, at his computer making it all happen.

The crowd was hypnotized with the mixture of new and old songs. I was front row and up close and personal with mau5 and Sofi. Though the view was incredible



from any angle, the mind-fucking light show was best seen from the back.

It was a visual masterpiece. The lights, visuals and the bass took the audience through a virtual adventure with ease. It was well orchestrated and cued up. The hundreds of thousands of mini lights

stretched across the back of the stage formed retro graphics seen in 1990s video games, like Super Mario. The visual during "FML" was like a 1980s arcade game. It was a scene viewed from the inside of a car, driving through a virtual world surrounded by what looked like digitized upside down icicles. We slowly picked up speed and the icicles began zooming past us, synchronized with classic laser-sounds: *Pew-pew, pew-pew*. Then the bass dropped: *Bom, bom, bom*. The crowd flung their arms in the air in synchronization with the 130 beats per minute.

My body ached for the next 24 hours: I had bruises on my arms and chest from bumping to the bass against the railing. And I slept the following night for 18 hours, with the beats raging through my head, and my foot still tapping to "Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger."

## The Three Musketeers cont.

parts that fit perfectly.

Most of the actors are unknown, which is a good thing for an aspiring franchise. Logan Lerman has been one of the better child actors of the previous decade, and the last time we saw him was in *Percy Jackson & The Olympians: The Lightning Thief*. He plays his part with energy and does a good job of portraying the character's cockiness and confidence. Macfayden and Evans do their parts justice, and Stevenson as Porthos does an excellent job of infusing comic relief. As for the evildoers, *The Three Musketeers* bucks the trend of giving us "grey" villains who could be anywhere from devils to misguided angels mattering on perspective. No, these baddies are

bad, and Waltz, Mikkelsen and Bloom take no chances in letting the audience misunderstand that.

Special attention should be given to Orlando Bloom's acting. His performance as the Duke was quite good; I'll give him that. However, I felt like he was sometimes overcompensating, which may be a result of playing so many heroic roles. Everything the Duke does is villainous, and when he talks we hear the silky, serpentine voice of a universal scoundrel.

This film is meant to be bewildering in its far-flung ideas and anachronism, so I can forgive the filmmakers for the helter-skelter use of guns. Obviously no one in the crew remembered that you shouldn't

bring a knife to a gunfight, or else poor Athos, Porthos and Aramis might have found themselves hopelessly outmatched. Something that did throw me off, however, were the prominent British accents in a movie set in France.

*The Three Musketeers* is a fine film. The technical aspects of the picture are wonderfully done, and the actors seem to have fun in their roles. If you want a film full of action and a more-than-serviceable plot, this may be the one for you. Sure, it's not deep, and it's definitely not true to the book, but you could have deduced that from the trailer. The ending makes it clear that a sequel is in store—and I don't dread that prospect.

# Everybody Cut Footloose

By Lauren DuBois

MOVIE REVIEW

Whoever pegged the new *Footloose* as a remake put the wrong label on it, because the 2011 version of the beloved 1984 classic is more like a modernized update.

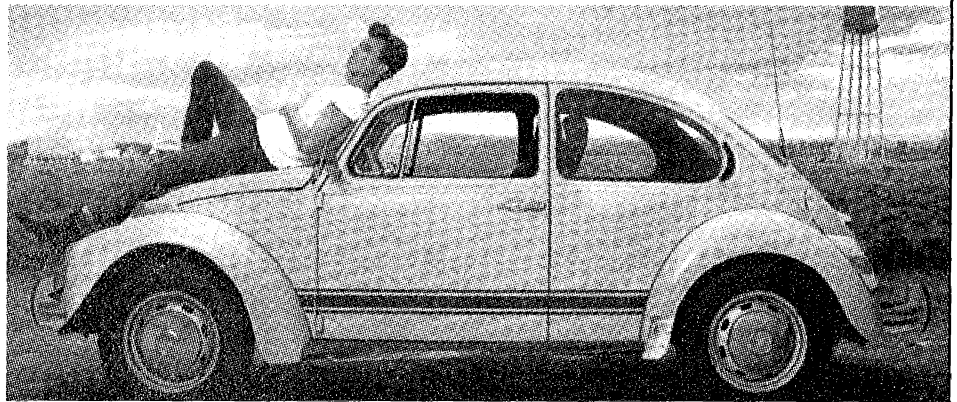
There's really not that much of a difference between the two movies. The "remake" is fairly allegiant to the original script, and doesn't really change anything as much as it tweaks it and gives it a more modern twist. However, in some ways, it does fall short of the original's ability to really speak to its audience.

In the original, high school senior Ren McCormack (played by Kevin Bacon) moves from Chicago with his mother to the small town of Bomont, Utah after his father leaves the family. In the update, Ren (this time played by newcomer Kenny Wormald), is moving from Boston to live with his aunt and uncle in Bomont, Georgia after his mother dies of leukemia. The one thing both Rens have in common is that by Bomont standards, they are trouble-making hell-raisers. Ren arrives in town three years after five seniors were killed in a car accident, causing the town, led by the Reverend Shaw Moore (in the original, John Lithgow, and in the remake, Dennis Quaid), to pass laws against rock and roll music and underage dancing, which doesn't sit well with the Reverend's rebellious daughter, Ariel (Lori Singer in the original, *Dancing with the Stars* alum Julianne Hough now).

Most of the little stuff remains the same in both films though. Ariel is still fond of a pair of red cowboy boots her father hates, Ren still drives a yellow VW Bug, and country boy Willard (Chris Penn in the original, Miles Teller in the update) still learns how to dance to the classic Deniece Williams dance-friendly number "Let's Hear it for the Boy."

The only major noticeable difference

between the two versions is how the film opens. In the original, the film opened with Ren's arrival in town after the opening credits, amid allusions to the accident that caused all the laws. The update begins with a group of high school seniors at a party, and after a night of drinking, the very real scene of the car accident that killed the five



students happens. It adds a more emotional element to the story, and introduces another crucial plot point earlier on. In the original movie, Ren learns that one of the students killed that night was actually Ariel's older brother Bobby. In the update, this fact is revealed early on, at the very same meeting where Reverend Shaw and the town council move to enact the laws against dancing.

Aside from this fact though, the two films are virtually the same. A few scenes are moved around and tweaked, and the music and types of dancing have changed. There is no question that this film is set in the present day, which is where the original tends to still stand just a little bit stronger. Some of the morality lessons that were a part of the original's charm are lost in a movie set in a modern age of Internet and cell phones—both of which didn't yet exist in the lives of the original Bomont High School senior class.

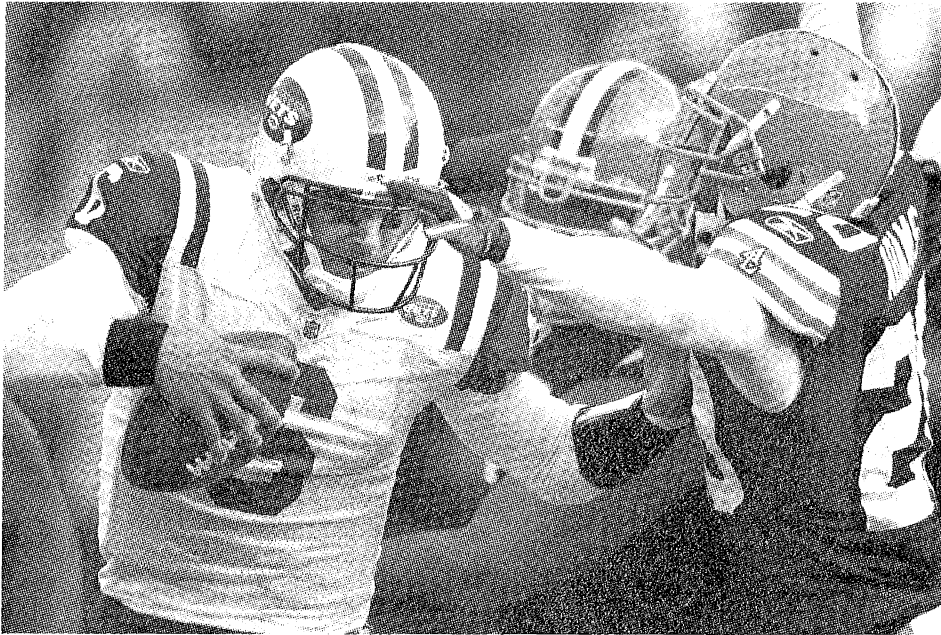
Naturally, the cast has changed and no one from the original makes a cameo in the update. The casting of the original is a bit stronger. Kenny Wormald does a decent job of holding his own as Ren, but his skills need to be amped up a bit more before he can really hold a candle to Kevin Bacon. His most obvious work needs to be on fixing his accent. Wormald's Bostonian accent slips in and out in the film, a shame because he is a native Bostonian, which should have added more authenticity to his character's background. However, he can definitely dance, and perhaps this skill will

help to further his career. Julianne Hough makes for a likable Ariel, Miles Teller is an endearing Willard, and Ziah Colon is an okay Rusty (originally portrayed by a very young Sarah Jessica Parker). Overall they did a decent job casting this film, sticking to the tradition set by the first of plucking actors out of either complete or virtual obscurity, save for the adults, who have been established for some time and perhaps serve as the only true star appeal as a result.

Overall, the "remake" isn't horrible. Naturally it does not stand up to the original's classic appeal, but the way it sticks to its roots gives it a new appeal that will perhaps let it speak to a new generation of misunderstood teens who just want to dance. As long as another version isn't released in another 20-or-so years trying to appeal to a third generation of teens, the *Footloose* legacy will remain safe.

# Holding Pattern

By Matt Maran



The Jets are not off to a great start this season. There were very high expectations, and thus far the team has not performed as well as most thought they would.

NFL Hall of Famer and former Jets quarterback, Joe Namath, recently said that Jets Coach Rex Ryan was "too damn nice to his players." Namath is in the Hall of Fame for one great game in which he guaranteed victory, becoming the first mainstream star the NFL had ever seen. His career numbers were horrible. Rex Grossman has a better career TD-INT ratio and Quarterback rating. Ryan responded to Namath's criticism by saying he doesn't care, and neither does most everyone else.

Namath is famous for guaranteeing the Jets would win the Super Bowl. Before the season Ryan made a similarly bold claim, promising that his Jets would win the Championship this year. Ryan wants to leave his 'footprint' on the New York Jets franchise. You might not get the pun in the last sentence, so let me fill you in. Last year, a story broke that Rex Ryan's wife was starring in a foot fetish video. I will take this time to make as many jokes as possible:

-Rumor has it that Rex Ryan runs his team like a toe-talitarian dictator.

-The Jets were supposed to do very well but now there are unexpected circumstances afoot.



-I feel bad for whoever the next Jets coach is going to be. I would hate to follow in Ryan's footsteps.

Quarterback Mark Sanchez has not been able to lead the Jets' offense as effectively as fans would hope. Sanchez is perhaps best known for following USC Football legend Matt Leinart at the popular university. You know, Matt Leinart. College football legend. Heisman Trophy Winner. Now: third-string quarterback for the Houston Texans. Great story!

Plaxico Burress spent the last two years in prison and is now back on the field with the Jets. He hasn't played spectacularly thus far, but it's always nice to see a rags to riches story.

The Jets have already lost to the Patriots and will be playing their only other competition in their division, the Buffalo Bills, in their next game. (I refuse to even mention the Dolphins as a part of the division.)

The Jets still have time to turn things around, and it should be fun to watch.



# The Marriage Issue

By Colleen O'Connor

So, every time somebody finds out that I'm queer, or that I'm part of the LG-BTA on campus, or that I identify as some variant of queer, I get this question: "What do you think of gay marriage?"

I was enjoying dinner with some friends when the same-sex marriage act was passed in New York over the summer. The table erupted into cheers when the news came in, and I got the sense that I was supposed to be cheering, too.

The problem is that I don't care about marriage. My passion for it was fervent in my earlier days of self-actualized queerness, but the more time I have spent out of the closet and in my community, the less I find myself caring. In fact, my feelings on the topic have shifted from ambivalence to annoyance. You'd be annoyed too if every day you were asked your opinion on a topic that continually diminishes in importance to you.

It's not marriage's fault that it's become the benchmark of mainstream gay acceptance. It's just that somewhere along the line, there was an unseen decision made that marriage was the thing we wanted most. We want to get dressed up in white and walk down the aisle, surrounded by our friends and family so we can say our vows, cut the cake and then get our guests boozed up on the dance floor. We want that. It's just that somewhere along the line, it was decided that as long as everyone could do that, the fight for equality was over.

It's because marriage is nice. It's idyllic—it's the picture on the final page of a story with the words, "And they lived happily ever after," written under it in script. The problem is that marriage isn't the end of the story by a long shot.

There's an overabundance of homeless LGBT-identified kids out on the streets; they make up 40% of homeless youth. The



centers that help them are underfunded and their numbers are small. Gay marriage won't fix that.

It's still perfectly legal to fire a trans person because of their gender identity. Gay marriage won't fix that.

We've got that phenomenon called "corrective rape," too. It deserves its own column. It certainly won't be fixed by marriage.

These are only a few problems that LGBT people face—there are others. I don't blame you if you haven't heard of them; it's because everybody is talking about marriage. If some other problem comes up in the papers, it's usually related to marriage. It's become a behemoth, eclipsing everything else we're fighting for.

Did you hear much from the Human Rights Campaign about GENDA earlier this year? GENDA stands for the Gender Expression Non-Discrimination Act, and it passed through the New York Assembly before being quietly shot down in the Senate. It would have made it illegal for a person to be fired based on their gender identity. How many people did you see standing on street corners, telling you to call your

senator to pass this bill? How much coverage did it get from the mainstream media?

I recently spoke to a colleague who argued that gay marriage was a good thing, because it would further acceptance of the LGBT community. But which parts of the LGBT community? I don't see transgender characters on TV shows the way I see cisgender people. I don't see any widespread outrage over the fact that children are being thrown onto the street by uncaring parents. When we privilege one right over every other, are we really fighting for equality?

It is exhausting, trying to tell this to people over and over again. They don't understand why I and so many others can't be satisfied with what the heteronormative majority sees fit to give us. It's because we shouldn't be fighting for these rights in the first place. We should have a right to a home, a fair shot at a job, to use the bathroom without harassment.

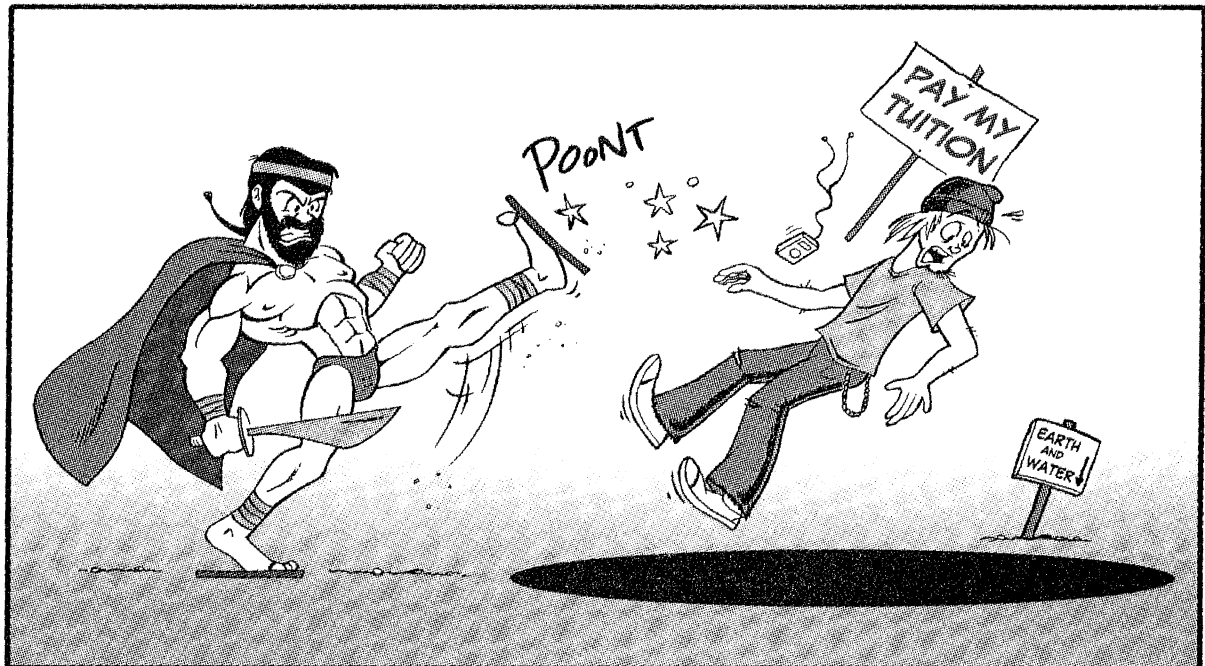
Until everybody understands that marriage will not fix everything, we continue to push forward. I only hope that sooner or later, we'll get more help with it.

# THE COMICS SECTION

THE BORING ROCKS by Evan "SG" Goldaper



## "OCCUPY" PROTESTS THAT WENT POORLY



#occupysparta

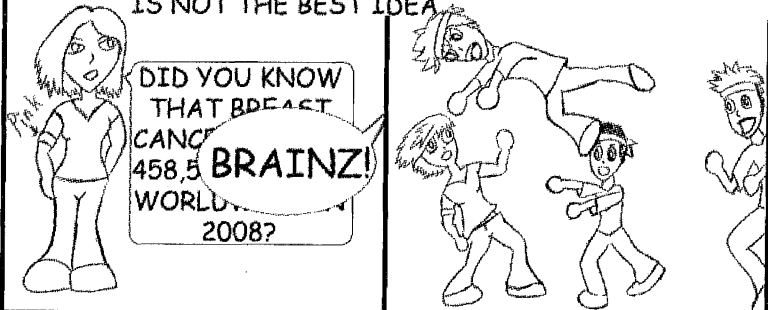
Tom G.

# THE COMICS SECTION

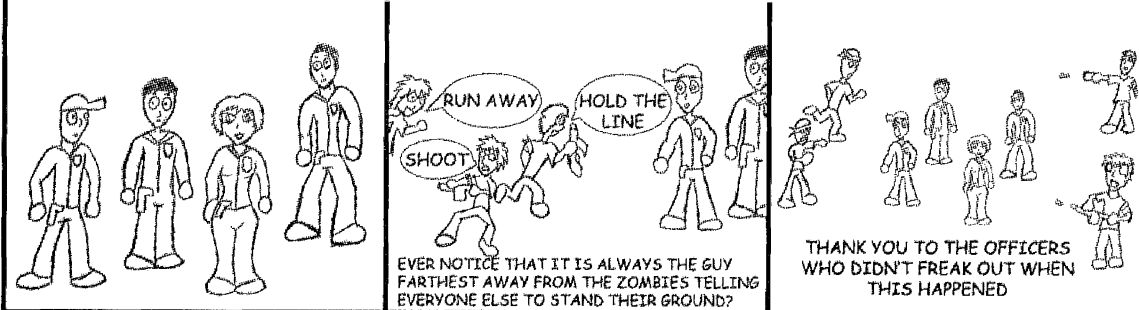
By Chris Kordiak

**SO NOW THAT ANOTHER GAME OF HVZ IS OVER HERE AT SBU, WHAT HAVE WE LEARNED?**

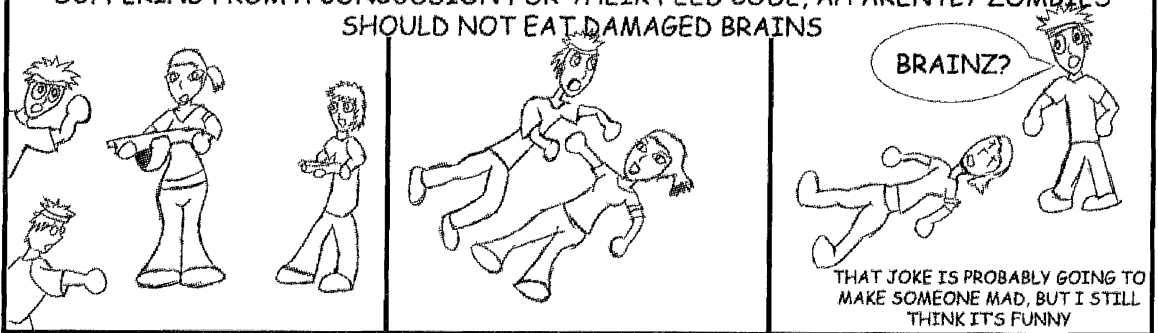
WE LEARNED THAT USING PINK ARMBANDS TO IDENTIFY PLAYERS DURING BREAST CANCER AWARENESS MONTH IS NOT THE BEST IDEA



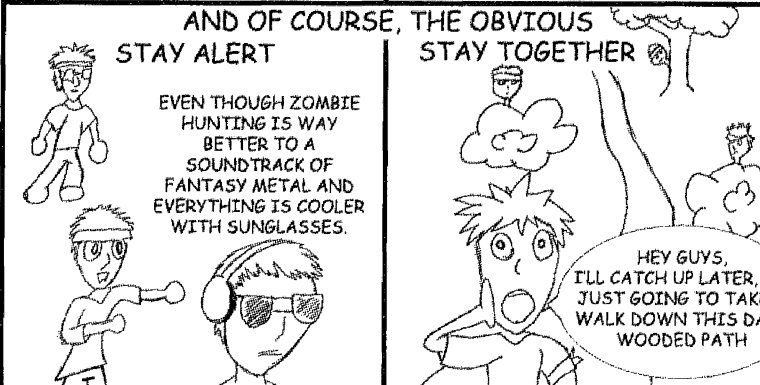
WE LEARNED THAT IT IS NOT A GOOD IDEA TO YELL "SHOOT THEM" AS YOU RUN THROUGH A GROUP OF POLICE OFFICERS



WE LEARNED THAT IT IS CONSIDERED BAD FORM TO ASK A HUMAN WHO MIGHT BE SUFFERING FROM A CONCUSSION FOR THEIR FEED CODE, APPARENTLY ZOMBIES SHOULD NOT EAT DAMAGED BRAINS



AND OF COURSE, THE OBVIOUS STAY ALERT STAY TOGETHER



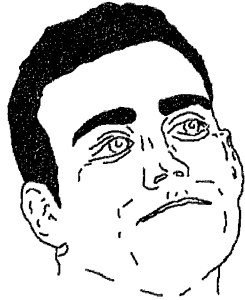
AND FINALLY, BEING A ZOMBIE ISN'T THAT BAD, ALTHOUGH THE HIVE MIND DOES DO SOME STUPID THINGS (LIKE PLAY A LIVE ACTION VERSION OF SNAKE).

BY CHRIS KORDIAK, WHO FOR ONE, ENJOYED THE WARM AND FUZZY FEELING OF THE HIVE MIND WHISPERING INTO THE HOLE IN HIS HEAD WHERE HIS BRAIN USED TO BE.

# THE COMICS SECTION

## Cubz

By Matt Willemain

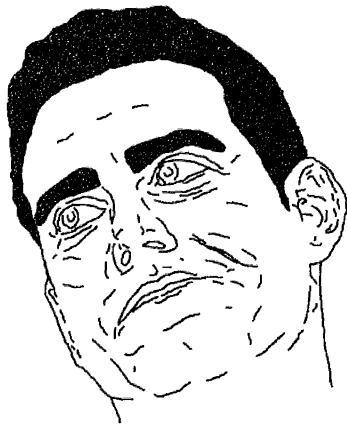


NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...



Wait, what? Me?

...OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...



...got to be kidding...

...OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...

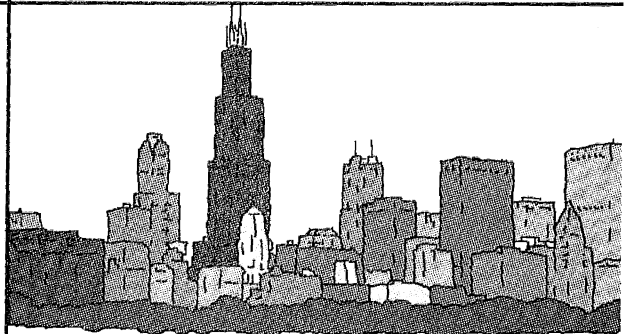
...the fuck out...



...OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...



...OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...



...OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

# THE COMICS SECTION

## A VERY SPECIAL HALLOWEEN SPORTZ

By, Dark Freak



Clowns don't do it for you?  
**Nope.**



What about the uncertainty of death?  
**Nah B.**

Well, I just heard Theo Epstein left Boston to be the Cubs' new President of Baseball Operations...

**Oh Jesus No!!!!**

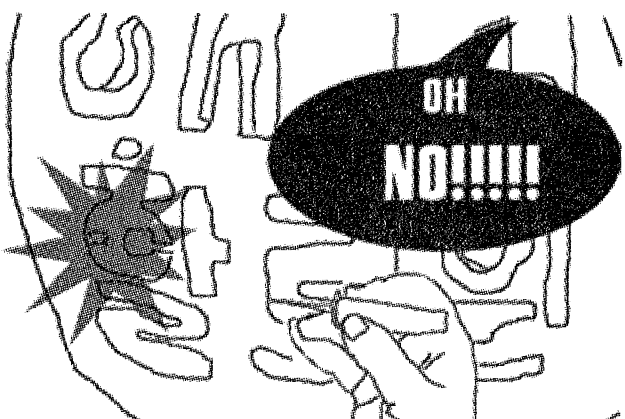
Hey man, you really don't get scared by anything?

**Never been scared, never will be...**

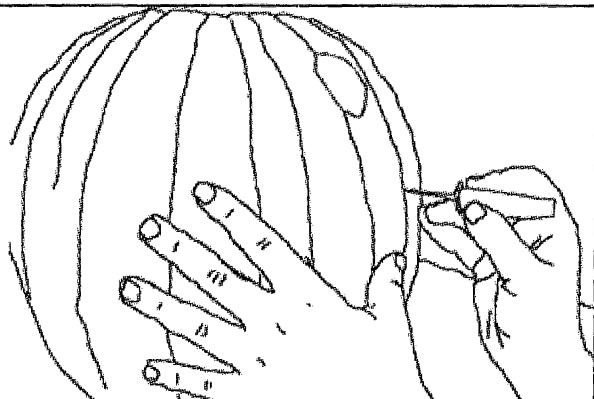


## FESTIVALZ

VINGENT BARONE

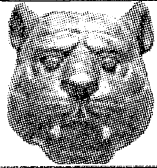


**OH NO!!!!!!**



**THE KOREANS WILL SEE RIGHT THROUGH THAT.**

"HAPPY HALLOWEEN"



# ASIAN AMERICAN E-ZINE

WWW.AA2SBU.ORG/AAEZINE

## Hindu Students Council Presents Garba 2011

by Yukie Kuang

On Friday, October 12, 2011, Stony Brook University's Hindu Student Council (HSC) hosted their annual Garba celebration in the SAC Ballroom.

Garba is a dance traditionally performed during the nine-day Hindu festival Navaratri (9 nights) and usually celebrated in the fall between September through November depending on the lunar calendar. This highly popular celebration of the year for HSC brought not only 350 Hindu students and families together, but also a myriad of students from different cultures and ethnic and religious backgrounds as well.

Though there was no dress code, numerous students were adorned in colorful fabrics and embroidery where the females wore Chaniya choli, a three-piece dress, and the males wore kafni pyjamas, a two-piece top and bottom.

As the celebration first opened its doors, students were reminded to take off their shoes. After prayer was given around a small table at the center for the Goddess Durga, an object of veneration, a small circle of students began to dance around in socks and bare feet to a fast paced set of

sounds. As the event carried on, more people around the room began to sway rhythmically in circles. Various rings filled the center of the ballroom with sparkling swirls of fabric made by graceful

end promptly at 11 and although the celebration felt short and students were disappointed they could not continue, this Garba was truly an experience. It was a place to make friends or enjoy the



Photo by Yukie Kuang

Prayers for the Goddess Durga led by the Executive Board of HSC.

movements and happy faces revolving, and high-energy was to be felt all around.

In the later portion of the night, samosas, kherr, a rice pudding, and sauces along with other vegetarian dishes were served.

Then came Dandiya, a partner dance using colorful wooden sticks, that students enthusiastically performed for the rest of the night.

The event was required to

evening celebrating with old ones, learn new dances, teach newcomers or exhaust yourself in the lively movements, and try new cuisine or eat comfort food. Even though it was a religious event, Garba was a cultural experience open to all.

HSC meets every other Wed in SAC 308 at 8:30. Email them at sbu.hsc@gmail.com

Photos are on SBU AA E-Zine online at

[www.aasquared.org/gallery](http://www.aasquared.org/gallery)



# ASIAN AMERICAN E-ZINE

WWW.AA2SBU.ORG/AAEZINE

## And It Only Took 9,582 Business Cards! Q & A with Designer Robert Ribaudo

Each summer LIFE takes over the Wang Center. This past August the Long Island Folding Enthusiasts decided to turn their love of origami into a tribute to the Charles B. Wang Asian American Center itself. For one LIFE member, an SBU alumnus now getting his M.A. in Math to become a teacher, that meant turning 9,582 red, black and gray business cards into the front façade of "Imperial Gates" and the "Tower to Heaven." The structure came to life with 1,400 or so perfectly folded cubes.

When Wang Center architect PH Tuan saw it, his eyes lit up. "My goodness, this is amazing. Who did this?" He was introduced to designer and builder Robert Ribaudo. Here Robert explains it all:

1) How many cards?

I didn't actually keep track of the cards while I was folding and constructing the model, but at the end I did some math on the different sections to determine the number of cards.

--For the two windowed walls, [light towers in architectural terms], found on either end of the building, each took 1320 cards.

--The red lattice work in front of the building took 2516. That took so much because of all the exposed surface area that was covered in red cards.

--The long wall behind the lattice structure was composed of 3 units with each 1000 cards, totaling 3274 cards.

--Finally, the pagoda, or Tower to Heaven, and the first piece of the structure I designed and built, took 2472 cards.

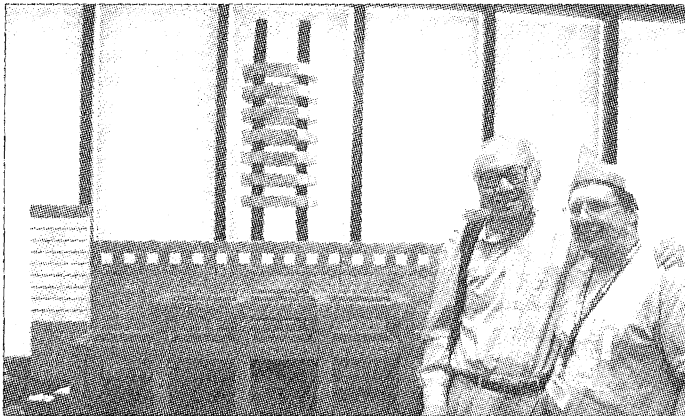
2) A business card seems too small for each cube. How many in each?

If you take a look at this site you'll see how it takes 6 cards to complete a basic cube.

[squidoo.com/businesscardcube](http://squidoo.com/businesscardcube)

The flaps that end up on the sides are what connect one cube to another. To give the building a smooth surface, another card is slipped over the exposed flaps remaining.

So the exact number of cards used on each cube is dependent on how many exposed surfaces there are. In the Wang Center, there are a few cases of cubes that are only 6 cards, with every face being used to connect to others for more support, to



Wang architect PH Tuan with Robert Ribaudo

the red lattice coming out and the pagoda especially, something everyone recognizes.

4) How long have you been doing it?

I first started origami in 1st grade when my resource room teacher showed me an origami book and helped me fold a crane. I thought it was a really cool thing you could do with paper. After I got my hands on a few more origami books, I was folding paper for class projects. It wasn't until high school that I started to do complex and very involved models. This led me to LIFE and I've been involved with them for 6 years. It's a great group from all backgrounds who enjoy origami from many different perspectives.

5) A little about yourself?

I attended SCCC and then Stony Brook and graduated in 2010. I'm now in SBU again working towards my Masters in Math.

I want to be a teacher and would love to work in a middle school setting. The math there is more hands on still, origami can be used to supplement material [geometry in most cases], and the students can learn what they can really do with math and the thinking skills behind it before it becomes too abstract in high school.

6) How long did it take to build this?

Overall, from May to June, I took about 3 weeks to do the design work, and then I only had one month to fold almost 10,000 cards and assemble them. Together with a few emergency fold sessions with LIFE, about 5 days before it was time to bring it to Wang, I was doing the finishing touches.

Anyone interested in origami, LIFE, or just wants to visit Origami Heaven next year in Wang, everything you need to know is at

[origamiheaven.org](http://origamiheaven.org)

# BE EVIL, DR. STANLEY FOR HALLOWEEN

