

10 Far More Interesting Themes for the ROTH REGATTA



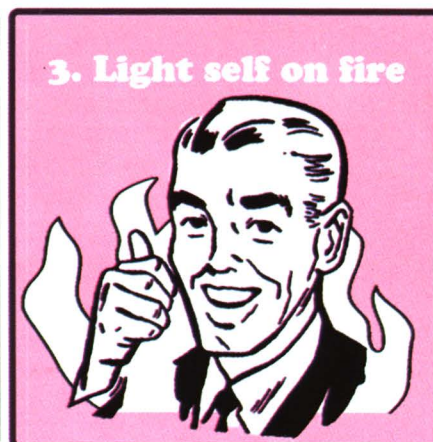
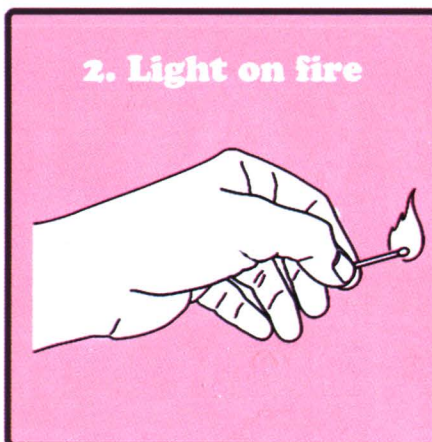
Our Undergraduate Student Government overlords have done it again; the pinnacle of every Spring semester, once the Streetlight Manifesto concert is all done and gone, is the thrilling duct tape-and-cardboard boat race across the Roth Pond: the Roth Regatta. And here is where our USG overlords failed to materialize the hype that should be associated with this wild boat race by giving it the profoundly boring theme of “Mainstream Fantasy.” So us here at the Stony Brook Press, considered by some to be an interesting and exciting lot, offer our masters a list of Far More Interesting Themes for the Roth Regatta:

- 1. Boats** (canoes, sailboats, aircraft carriers; possibilities are endless with boats)
- 2. Roth Pond Geese** (among other waterfowl)
- 3. Duct Tape and Cardboard** (duct tape, card board)

- 4. Sea Algae** (chlorophyta, rhodophyta, charophyta)
- 5. Mediocre Owen Wilson Movies** (you see *Drillbit Taylor*? Imagine if that movie was a boat)
- 6. Cups** (coffee mugs, beer steins, mason jars)
- 7. Fun** (???)
- 8. Failure** (failed exams, letters of recommendation you never received—instead of just being sad, you can build a boat AND be sad)
- 9. Bread** (did you know the Mongolians used bread to make their boats? You didn't? What are you stupid or something?)
- 10. Slightly Less Mainstream Fantasy** (*Conan*, *American Gods*, *Tales of Symphonia*)

HOW TO MAGAZINE

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FEATURES



05
LIFE OF THE SB ADJUNCT
 A look at the lives of the part-time PhDs and professors here at SBU



07
PHOTO ESSAY - LONG ISLAND'S LOST HISTORY
 Joseph Ryder takes you on a photo tour of some of LI's history that's been lost to time and development.



09
THE CHOICE TO DIE -
 In-depth with some of those involved with a lawsuit that will determine whether there's a right to determine the terms of your death

A Bro in Need	04
Under the Hispanic Umbrella	11
Plants in a House	12
To eBook or Not to eBook	13
Bike Club Spins Outta Control	14
Princess Can Save Herself, Asshole	15

CULTURE

Nostalgia Goggles: XFL, TMNT	17
Kendrick V. Kanye	18
Clothes & Music But Mostly Clothes	19
Sexxx	20
Stay Inside, Watch Summer Movies	21

NEWS

These May Be Presidents	01
The 1,000 Piano Steps to High Tabler	02
Paris Hilton's Dog Died	02
Stony Brook™	03

OPINION

Oliver and Company	23
How to Not Cover Sexual Assault	24
LIRR, You Steel Framed Bitch	25
(Foreign Language) ³	26

SPORTS

Sports People Doing Bad Things	27
Legal to Kick Ass	28
Puck Off	29
Ladies of the Sports Ball	31

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 ROOM 236, STUDENT UNION
 SUNY AT STONY BROOK
 STONY BROOK, NY 11794
 EMAIL: EDITORS@SBPRESS.COM

Hey man, students are people too.

Anecdotes From Our Pissed-Off Reporters

On a sunny day in mid-April, members of the university senate sat in a dimly lit room of the library, participating in what had been labeled a “Town Hall Meeting.” A broadcast journalism student, there to film her senior project, went to introduce herself to the suits at the front of the room. Could she set up her camera in the back? No. So she couldn’t film a town hall meeting, a meeting that by law should be open to the public? No. Another journalism student sitting in the room saw the encounter. She went up and also introduced herself. Could she take notes on the meeting? No. Could she sit in and not take notes? No.

Those were the answers from Vice President of Communications Nicholas Scibetta. The meeting was a closed one, and no student media would be allowed to report.

One eager reporter waited outside of the conference room door for senate members to exit, armed with a pen, a pad and more than a few questions. Scibetta, upon leaving, spotted her, rolled his eyes and said, “Come on. Can we please be professional about this.” When she asked for a business card, he opened his suit-jacket and said while miming reaching for a something, said, “Sorry. I don’t have any on me.” When she asked how to contact him, he told her to contact someone else. This is just one example of university administration putting themselves above students.

We requested records. Records Access Officer Douglas Panico, whom we were to email for the desired documents, slapped us with another time extension—this time it was 60 business days, atop the initial 20-business-day time window and five-business-day acknowledgement period.

Granted we did ask for a slew of files, but that’s almost three months of twiddling our thumbs.

Well I wasn’t having it anymore. On May 4 I emailed Panico, demanding that he meet with me. And he agrees: tomorrow at 2:30 p.m. My associate and I strolled past the lively Staller Steps, then through the heavy doors of the administration building. On the second floor (the main floor), we stood in the hallway in front of the RAO’s office space. That’s when my associate activated the recording application on his smartphone, and we advanced on our prey.

I spotted Panico, shook his hand and filed into the conference room he invites us into. We sat down, as did he and his assistant, Allison Matos. “Okay, I’m here because I’d like to expedite this records process,” I said. They ramble on for a while, both defending the lengthy extension. Panico began to explain to me why every acknowledgement receipt I received was on the fifth business day when he became suddenly interested in my associate’s phone, resting on the table.

“Is that recording?” he asked.

“Yes, it is,” my associate grinned.

“I demand that you turn that off right now. Or you can leave.”

My associate and I look at each other and then at Panico. “Actually, according to New York State Law,” my associate grinned even more. “Only one party must be aware of a recording.”

I manage to redirect his attention for two or three minutes (while we’re still recording). But he eventually returns back to the recorder: “Turn that off, or get out.”

“Look,” I begin to say, “let’s just turn it off for—”

“Get out of my office, or I’m calling the police.” He got up, pushed in his

chair and glared us down until we exited the conference room.

Anger is a word. What I did was an action. Actions speak louder than words—I stormed out.

Some members of the Stony Brook University administration are continuously out of reach. They claim to make themselves available to students but are endlessly unavailable. Administration’s lack of assistance is not only disrespectful, but it hampers students’ learning process. “When will the administration learn that having a journalism school on campus means having reporters on campus,” said one journalism professor. They don’t respond to e-mails. They hold closed meetings that by law should be open to all students, members of the press included. They denounce recording conversations. We do not want to make sweeping generalizations about all administration employees. Of course some are more than helpful, willing to respond to student inquiries with knowledge and enthusiasm. Some, however, seem to have forgotten that as a member of Stony Brook University, they are first and foremost participants in academia and the pursuit of higher knowledge. In this pursuit, they have failed their students and it must stop. We encourage all students to actively pursue information, even if those that stand in the way are the very ones who should be working alongside of you. Go get it. It’s yours. And enjoy this issue of The Stony Brook Press.

Sincerely,
**THE STONY BROOK
PRESS**

The Rollout Roundup: Campaign Announcements & What They Reveal

Jessica Opatich



marcorubio



The race for 2016 has officially begun, but in these early stages, absent of any real policy debate, we are left to analyze the carefully choreographed art of the presidential campaign announcement; first Ted Cruz, then Rand Paul; next came Hillary; after that, Rubio. Here's how each of them announced their candidacy and what it says about each candidate.

TED CRUZ (R) Republican Senator from Texas

Reigniting the Progress of America.

THE ROLLOUT: Tweeted message at midnight on March 23 with a 30 second video followed by a speech later in the day at Liberty University in Lynchburg, Virginia

WHAT IT MEANS: Cruz's announcement, the first in what is sure to be a crowded Republican field, allows him to get a head start with deep-pocketed, conservative donors. Cruz did not attend Liberty University and he's not from Virginia, which might make the venue a confusing choice for his campaign announcement, but it makes sense when one considers how he's packaging himself. He's making a strong appeal to an Evangelical Christian conservative base which he believes make up a powerful silent majority of voters that, if moved to the polls, could propel him to the White House.

QUOTE: "Imagine instead millions of people of faith all across America coming out to the polls and voting our values."

RAND PAUL (R) Republican Senator from Kentucky

Defeat the Washington Machine. Unleash the American Dream.

THE ROLLOUT: Speech at the Galt House Hotel in Louisville, Kentucky on April 7

WHAT IT MEANS: Paul, a conservative with some libertarian tendencies, has rapidly ascended to a leading role in the GOP since his first term as senator in 2010. His views on foreign policy, climate change and immigration fall closer to the center than some of the more staunchly conservative members of his party, but his views on spending, the national debt and same-sex marriage follow the

party's conservative ideology. His presentation focused on his outsider status; previously, Paul was a practicing eye-surgeon and, despite his father Ron Paul's three failed presidential bids and his own senate seat, Paul wants to shake up Washington and distance himself from the stagnancy and chicanery that middle-class Americans associate with Washington insiders.

QUOTE: "Today I announce with God's help, with the help of liberty lovers everywhere, that I'm putting myself forward as a candidate for president of the United States of America."

HILLARY CLINTON (D) Former Secretary of State

It's your time.

THE ROLLOUT: Online video announcement on April 12

WHAT IT MEANS: Clinton, arguably the most well-known politician in the race, went small: she posted a video that some mistook for a YouTube ad and some felt was a refreshing depiction of America. Clinton didn't appear until the end of the video, in which people across various demographics were all shown getting ready for something new in their lives. Clinton is not known for firing up a room like Obama or Marco Rubio, so she once again avoided a large public rally. She's just one of the regular people in her video that happens to be preparing for something new—the presidency. Clinton is trying to be fresh when she's anything but and she's trying to present herself as someone who's not so out-of-touch with the lives of everyday Americans, even after being a first lady, a senator and the secretary of state.

QUOTE: "Everyday Americans need a champion and I want to be that champion so you can do more than just get by, you can get ahead and

stay ahead because when families are strong, America is strong.

MARCO RUBIO (R) Republican Senator from Florida

A New American Century.

ROLLOUT: Speech outside the Freedom Tower in Miami on April 13

WHAT IT MEANS: Rubio came all the way up from City Commissioner to Speaker of the Florida House of Representatives to junior senator from Florida. He chose the Freedom Tower in Miami, once a processing facility for Cuban immigrants fleeing Fidel Castro's communist regime, to highlight his own history as a son of Cuban émigrés. Republicans are hoping a Latino-American like him will attract minority voters, many of whom voted for another young, polished speaker with an immigrant background in 2008—Barack Obama.

QUOTE: "Just yesterday, a leader from yesterday began a campaign for president by promising to take us back to yesterday. Yesterday is over and we're never going back."

BERNIE SANDERS (D) Democratic Senator from Vermont

A political revolution is coming

THE ROLLOUT: Press conference on Capitol Hill April 30

WHAT IT MEANS: Bernie announced just the way you'd expect a politician who has been in some type of government office since 1981 to announce, very low key and to the point. Sanders spoke of growing income inequality and the need for campaign finance reform. The big surprise? The longtime Independent is running on the Democratic ticket. He'll be directly challenging Clinton and definitely force her to move more to the left on certain issues.

QUOTE: "This is the debate over major issues facing the American people."

TABLER'S STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN

Ronny Reyes

It's common knowledge that Stony Brook University houses most of its artists in Tabler Quad, but what people do not realize is that the university forces the artists there to paint and play symphonies dedicated to President Samuel L. Stanley Jr.

The university has accomplished this through the Tabler Steps, with the steep and perilous path that tires all those who dare to climb it. Once students have made it to the summit, they no longer have the strength to fight off the university's secret service.

Now that students have wised up to Stanley's plan, the university was forced to create a new strategy to lure in art students, which has led to

the Tabler Piano Steps Project, a plan to repaint the steps to resemble piano keys.

"I know that if I go up I'm never coming down, but it's just so beautiful," said an art major who never came back down to give his name.

To add insult to injury the painting of the steps is to be completed by student volunteers and coordinators, all of whom are unaware that they are condemning their fellow students.

As the Piano Steps neared their completion, the university invited both Tom Hanks and Robert Loggia to reenact the scene from "Big" in which Hanks and Loggia danced atop a big piano key in a toy store.

Hanks realized that it would be impossible to recreate the scene on stairs, but it was already too late. Hanks and Loggia were never seen coming down from the steps.

On an unrelated note, Tom Hanks tweeted that he will star in a new movie, "Stanley Jr."

FAREWELL TO AN *American Hero*

Julianne Mosher



Tragedy. We are all living through hell as we succumb to this horrific event.

It is spring. Flowers are blooming, birds are chirping and the air has a fresh, cool breeze that awakens our souls.

But on April 22, 2015 the sunshine that warmed our faces clouded. The skies turned dark and the world came to a halt; Tinkerbell, Paris Hilton's beloved Chihuahua, passed away.

We cried. We mourned. We sat at

our computers re-watching episodes of *The Simple Life*. That adorable little puppy with the pink collar lived a long life of 14 years, only to break our hearts into a thousand tiny pieces.

The passing of this iconic animal makes us realize that we are clearly doing something wrong. Tinkerbell was probably worth more than all of us combined—and she was a fucking dog.

But maybe Tinker Bell deserved every penny. Every time she quivered, so did our hearts. Every time she

barked, our souls rejoiced. If you think about it, Tinkerbell may have been the only reason why we tolerated Hilton for as long as we did.

So here's to you, Tinkerbell. You were the real MVP.



I'm With the Brand

Jessica Opatich



Less than a decade ago, Professor Jan Diskin-Zimmerman, fondly known as Dini around Stony Brook University, met with her daughter, Catie, and the high-school guidance counselor. They went through the list of schools for Catie to apply to, but one specific college, surprisingly, had not been mentioned. So Diskin-Zimmerman, never one to keep quiet, made the suggestion. "I said, 'How about Stony Brook?' and the guidance counselor said, 'Ugh. No. You don't want to go there. You might as well go to Suffolk County Community College.'"

Stony Brook University (SBU) has struggled to become, as some called it in the past, "The Berkeley of the East," and it has tried to separate itself academically from lesser known public colleges and universities.

SBU recently turned to professionals from SimpsonScarborough, a higher education marketing and communications company whose clients include American University in Washington D.C., Syracuse University and the University of California system, along with more than a hundred other institutions across the country to help solidify the university's shaky and often inconsistent image.

There were a slew of logos. "There was the one that looked like sperm running uphill and then the one that looked like baby blocks," said Zimmerman, who has worked at SBU for 16 years. Now the logo is a flat red shield with white rays, borrowing imagery from more historic emblems and simplicity from Silicon Valley start-ups.

The earliest logo, not sperm but rather "stones in the brook," survived through several periods of university turmoil. In the early days, "most of the publicity was not favorable," said SBU professor Joel Rosenthal, author of the book *From the Ground Up: A History of the State University of New York at Stony Brook*. "The university was mostly content to lay low in the sense that there was a lot of town-gown hostility," said Rosenthal referring to "Operation Stony Brook," the 1968 drug raid that led to the arrest of 29 students and a new nickname for SBU: the drug store.

Today the image of the university rests mostly with one man: Nicholas Scibetta, the Vice President for Communications. Scibetta joined SBU in late January of this year and, according to President Samuel Stanley Jr.'s announcement, Scibetta is responsible for SBU's "overarching communications, brand strategy and visual identity." Scibetta and Dexter Bailey, Senior

Vice President for University Advancement, declined to comment on the branding initiative.

"They're trying to move away from that word, branding, and to the phrase 'image enhancement,'" said Dr. Kathleen Monahan, Senate Secretary and Treasurer. Monahan left an afternoon meeting on April 15 in the Frank Melville Library where SimpsonScarborough had made a presentation entitled "Stony Brook University Advancing the Image and Identity." A *Press* reporter attempting to cover the meeting was asked to leave. "They're looking at a lot of different populations," said Monahan.

SimpsonScarborough polled prospective students and local businesses on their perceptions of SBU. They polled peer institutions and alumni. They polled guidance counselors, the ones who can either steer students towards or away from the school, just as the one did with Diskin-Zimmerman's daughter, who ultimately did not attend SBU.

Presenters threw out possible focus words: smart, critical, curious, driven, friendly, fun, untethered, do-er and excited, according to a tenured professor who attended the meeting but did not want to be named due to the private nature of the presentation. SimpsonScarborough chose four points of differential aspects of SBU that make it stand out from similar schools, including: value, diversity, momentum and STEM (science, technology, engineering and mathematics).

According to the professor, presenters also introduced a phrase: "Stony Brook University unites an imaginative community in relentless pursuit of tomorrow's big idea."

This is not necessarily SBU's new slogan. "They're putting out some ideas," said Margaret Schedel, University Senate President of the School of Arts and Sciences. It's still in a "consultative phase," said Schedel. Funding for SimpsonScarborough was provided by an anonymous donor to the Stony Brook Foundation.

SBU is not the first, and it certainly won't be the last, institution for higher education to hire a company like SimpsonScarborough. "I think President Stanley is just getting around to seeing the problems he's inherited," said Diskin-Zimmerman. State schools have seen a large amount of funding reduction, and there's increased competition to attract the best students, faculty and donors, according to University Media Relations Officer Lauren Sheprow.

"Our brand is strong. We know it is," said Sheprow, who cited Stanley's phrase "access to excellence."

Past presidents had their own phrases, too. Shirley Strum Kenny, University President prior to Stanley, often said the university had come "so far, so fast." (SimpsonScarborough has also incorporated this message by focusing on the school's momentum.)

She says her most important goal was getting the school into the Association of American Universities, which is comprised of the top 62 research universities in the United States and Canada. The goal, reached during Kenny's tenure, is what she called a "turning point in the life of the campus."

Yet Kenny felt that building community loyalty stretched beyond rankings. "In the climb to national and international research greatness, undergraduate life was a kind of [an] afterthought," said Kenny. Under Kenny, SBU went from Division III athletics to Division I. The tradition of Red Fridays began, "Wolfie" was born and so was the marching band. "That silly red really created a sense of community," said Diskin-Zimmerman.

In early 2014, according to Sheprow, SBU began "looking broadly at brand identity" and building on the strengths of the university. It's about "brand value" said Sheprow.

SBU is just one of a growing number of institutions looking to sell itself in a climate where public funding has been reduced and reliance on private money is growing. "I assume we are doing what everyone else is doing; we are rarely leaders or innovative but we do go along with the pack of big schools," said Rosenthal.

For Kenny, the notion of a university as a brand is offensive. "As you can see, I was far more involved in improving the campus and campus life than in questioning of how to sell it," she said.

Elizabeth Scarborough, CEO and partner at SimpsonScarborough could not be reached for comment.

If anyone knows how to create a focused narrative though, it's Diskin-Zimmerman. "I have a passion for delivering a message" she said. Diskin-Zimmerman has been a director at the Food Network, a producer at News 12 Long Island, a director at CNN and an associate director for ABC News.

"I think it's time to say—let's put it in the hands of the real pros," said Diskin-Zimmerman.

QUEST FOR BRO-DACIOUS

Ronny Reyes



I felt alone in my pack until one bro messaged me: an Australian wolf going by the name of Craig. He informed me of the horrors of drifting apart from your bros, or mates as he calls them. Australia seems to have an even weaker WolfPack presence, but Craig is searching for the bros he lost or is currently losing, including a bro who tried hitting on his wife.

After experiencing several crashes on the app, I realized that WolfPack was a lost cause. So instead of relying on future technology to help me out, I went back to the past.

Br-Ocean's Not Quite 11.

In my senior year of high school I made a movie with my bros entitled *Quest for Bodacious* as a class assignment, and those guys were the best bros a guy could ask for. Even though I had not seen them in over half a year, I needed them to be my bros again.

Because I am not George Clooney, I could not get the whole crew back together but I managed to meet up with two of them who went by the bro-names Big Meany and Lil' Def. It was not a good testament to our friendship that I almost got lost finding Big Meany's house, or that Lil' Def arrived an hour late because he was getting high with another bro.

Setbacks aside, my bros and I managed to reconnect as we argued and yelled in a McDonald's drive thru where we eventually settled on three McFlurries, the only desert a true bro should have.

As we feasted on the deliciously frozen snack, we traded tales of our shenanigans and misfortunes. Big Meany took the crown for his story about the mailman who stole his bike as he chased after the thief in his pajamas when he was six years old.

After arriving at a park near Lil' Def's home, we found two teenagers playing soccer, and Big Meany surprised me as he helped a young bro with his goal shots.

Big Meany and the young bro, whose name I intensified as James because of the number 10 Fly Emirates jersey he wore, bonded as they kicked the ball into the goal and I knew that Bro-seiden, the Greek god of bros, smiled upon them.

Love Thy Bros, No Homo.

I knew that Big Meany and James's bromance could not last, for the Male Deficit Model, a theory that explains why guys suck at friendship, states that mentor friends will not last. Not only are mentor friendships destined to fail, but so are activity friendships that are based on a singular interest or activity, which meant

that the soccer ball that bonded Big Meany and James was purely superficial. I realize now that Bro-siden was merely toying with their lives in the same manner as his brethren of Olympus did in the times of old.

Although WolfPack's design of using interests instead of activities to find bros has the potential to be a good workaround for the Male Deficit Model, it suffers from the negative connotations society places on men who look for other men. The app was even described to me as "Tinder for men."

The idea of a bro desiring to meet a bro being gay may be the source of male friendship's problem. According to the University of Missouri study, homophobia and masculine self-identity were one of the biggest contributors to why men have so few real friends. WolfPack may have the right idea even though it's plagued with crashes, but as Craig put it, "it will grow."

Despite Craig's prediction, I needed a bro now in order to save me from death itself. According to a study by Brigham Young University, strong friendships can increase your likelihood of surviving various situations throughout your life by 50-percent, situations like choking on a Snickers bar.

For this very reason I was glad to hear that Big Meany got accepted into Stony Brook University, which meant that I would no longer be bro-less. As I dropped him off that day, I no longer sang along with Rob Thomas on the radio as he sang, "I don't wanna be lonely no more," because I would no longer be alone again.

As I choked on my first bite of a Snickers bar and looked around for someone to help me inside the Psych A building, I realized I was going to die alone.

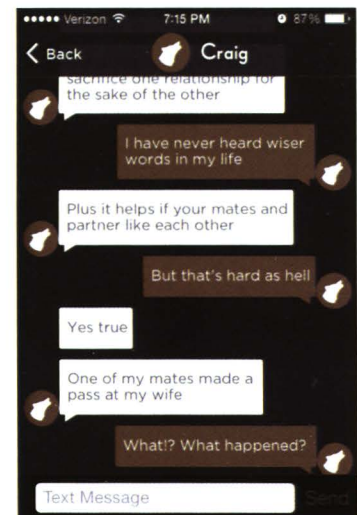
Even though I managed to perform the Heimlich maneuver on myself, the thought of dying alone forced me to reassess my life; I was bro-less despite attending Stony Brook University for nearly two years.

Unfortunately for me and my fellow men, we tend to have fewer friends and intimate friendships with each other than women do according to a 2000 study by the University of Missouri, but this lack of male friendship has not gone unnoticed.

In order to help bros find other bros, many apps have come along to help the bro-less. The latest of these innovators is WolfPack, a location-based app that takes your interests into account and finds other bros in your area with the same interests.

I knew WolfPack had the capabilities to help me find the bros I longed for, and it would alert me with howls every time I acquired a new wolf. Soon my pack had grown to 22 wolves, six of which I separated into a pack named "Seawolves." I decided to use WolfPack's Events feature to call my bros out for a game of pickup basketball, but no one came.

That's when I discovered that WolfPack is an app heavily used by Californians and lacks a strong East Coast presence. Where California hosts events like the Cherry Blossom Festival and Coachella, the only event I could find near me was "Goat Hunting with the Wolves" in Pittsburgh, PA. The creator of this event never replied to my "Is this real" comment.





PART-TIME WITH A PHD: Adjuncts at SBU

Kyle Barr

Sarah Azzara's time was precious, but she was genial nonetheless.

She laughed as she held up a large folder thick with students' work, work that would take her hours to correct. Her new office, where she plans to meet with students in one of her writing classes, is the first one she has had in several years of teaching.

"It's exciting," Azzara said. "It's the first time I've really had an office, even though it's shared."

She pulled up a spreadsheet with a group of highlighted names, saying, "I'm giving 30 minutes of help to each of these students."

"Giving" would be an odd semantic choice for regular professors to use, but in the case of adjunct instructors like Azzara, the part-time nature of their work has them often performing, willingly, more than is technically required by their pay.

Adjuncts are part-time professors who work at the college level. They are non-tenured, have little to no job security, and get paid a couple thousand dollars per class taught. Their income, when calculated, equals a rather low-paying job or even one close to minimum wage. They are labeled differently depending on the academic subject and department. They are called adjuncts, associates and contingents, words that amount to denotations of the same context

But semantics rule the conversation around part-time professors. The word "contingent" is the best way to describe adjuncts, as their pay, the number and type of classes they teach, and even whether they will have work in the next semester is contingent on factors they can't control.

Many adjuncts in the English Department were

graduate students who turned to part-time teaching when their graduate stipends ran out. Some earned their Ph.D.'s but never managed to gain a full-time position and have stayed in the same department that granted their degree.

"Particularly in humanities, the job market is really, really, really tough," said Jessica Curran, an adjunct professor in the English department. "There could be 700 applicants for one tenure-track position."

Once a graduate student at Stony Brook, Curran was hired as an adjunct to cover the costs of her degree after her stipend for the graduate program ran out. She received her doctorate in 2012 and stayed on. While some of her classmates have left New York looking for jobs at other universities, Curran has stayed at Stony Brook for her own reasons. "I'm local," she said. "My life has been here, and I've been here a long time."

According to the American Association of University Professors, more than 50-percent of faculty in higher education hold part-time appointments. 70-percent of all appointments are of non-tenure track positions.

At Stony Brook, the gap between the number of full-time and part-time instructors has tightened. In 2002, Stony Brook employed 487 adjuncts who made up 36-percent of overall faculty. By 2013, that number had jumped to 712, comprising 41-percent of all faculty.

Douglas Silverman is the general manager of human resources at Nikon and teaches as an adjunct in the College of Business. Like other adjunct professors' classes, base level classes taught by adjuncts for years have transformed into online classes. Silverman said he struggles to create a learning environment like that of a regular classroom.

"In a regular classroom, you can tell if they're not getting it," he said. "It's much harder online. Sometimes, it's like pulling teeth."

Adjuncts are required to join United University Professions, the faculty union at Stony Brook. Many adjuncts laud the union's success in providing one key piece of representation: Adjuncts who teach two or more classes receive health, dental and vision insurance.

Yet this victory occurred a while ago, or at least so long ago that the exact date of this deal's signing has been lost to memory. Warren Randall, the part-time concerns officer at Stony Brook's UUP chapter, said it could have been around 20 years ago.

A 2000 article by The New York Times gave the average wage for adjuncts as \$2,500 to \$5,000. That does not appear to have changed in 15 years.

Arthur Shertzer, president of the UUP chapter, called the situation for adjuncts "very difficult."

"There isn't a lot of leverage," Shertzer said. "They are at-will employees."

Shertzer blamed New York State and SUNY for the lack of change on adjuncts' position among New York colleges. "If the state would do what it's supposed to do, if they were truly committed to an affordable and accessible SUNY, they would fund us at a sufficient level to care for patients and educate students," he said. "It's really that simple."

Kevin Moriarity, the UUP chapter's academic contingents executive, said that he has never seen a full-time adjunct come to the union office to speak about his or her problems, and he has yet to see the effects of any union campaigns for contingents' rights.

"To be an adjunct only working at Stony Brook University, you could not sustain a lifestyle on Long Island," he said.

While the administration establishes a minimum for how much adjuncts are paid, individual academic departments are in charge of hiring, paying and evaluating their adjuncts and giving out teaching assignments.

Not all adjuncts are created equal. Celia Marshik, chair of the English department, and other adjuncts quoted said that part-timers in English get \$4,000 to \$5,000 per class. Meanwhile, adjuncts in the College of Business reported earning \$2,500 to \$3,500 per class.

The discrepancy could reflect the difference between adjuncts who work other, non-teaching jobs and those who don't. The College of Business website shows that its 35 adjuncts listed make up 40-percent of the overall business faculty. Many work full-time at jobs in business and teach only one or two classes per semester. Kristina Lucenko, associate director of the Program of Writing and Rhetoric,

“

At a research institution, research is an enormous component in evaluating and promoting faculty... They say it is practically the only component.

”



Adjunct in the Program in Writing and Rhetoric Matthew Miranda does double duty lunching and correcting papers in his cubicle sized shared office.

said that the program has 20 adjuncts. Most are postdoctoral students. A few are advanced graduate students.

Some adjuncts teach at multiple colleges, and the differences between colleges can be striking. Speaking of campus officials at Suffolk County Community College, Matthew Miranda, an adjunct in writing at both Stony Brook and Suffolk, said, "You can run a meth lab in their classrooms and they wouldn't even know it." At Stony Brook, he said, there's more personal attention to adjuncts' work.

While departments use a variety of job titles to describe their adjuncts, some, such as the writing program and the English department, do not list their adjuncts on the department websites at all. Marshik said this isn't a sign of disrespect. The problem is that the list of adjuncts changes semester to semester, and keeping the website current is difficult.

Other than the UUP, the other possible path toward change would be to bring concerns to the university's administration via the University Senate, a faculty-run organization. Historically, and based on protocol, adjuncts can't vote or run for office in the senate, and only full-time faculty and staff may participate at meetings.

Astronomy professor Frederick Walter was president of the University Senate from 2010 through 2014. While Walter said the senate does consider issues of interest to adjuncts, most adjunct issues are labor issues, which fall outside the senate's purview. While expressing compassion for adjuncts' difficulties, Walter said they are not part of the academic community. Tenured and tenure-track professors' work includes not only teaching but also service, such as serving on academic committees, taking on responsibilities within their departments and research. Of adjuncts,

Walter said, "You can't ask them to engage in service. The University benefits from full-time professors, not only in the classroom."

Semantics shape context. As more than a simple example, the word "university" shapes the conventions of the professors who work at such an institution. When instructors do not fit the mold created by that word, even if not by choice, they have less power. "We are not a teaching school," Shertzer said. "At a research institution, research is an enormous component in evaluating and promoting faculty."

"They say it is practically the only component," he added.

Adjuncts have a harder time accomplishing the same level of college participation as a full-time professor. But for many adjuncts, that doesn't stop them from trying. Curran has done writing workshops, taught yoga classes and held conferences with students. She lets students revise their papers, even though it means double the amount of work for a teacher already stretched for time.

Despite the seven years she spent getting her Ph.D., Curran said she still understands her situation is voluntary. "I knew it going in," she said. Her spouse provides some security should she lose her job, but it is not necessarily the case with other adjuncts, and Curran knows this.

She doesn't blame the departments. In fact, she believes the English Department is doing the best it can, but she has become disillusioned. Despite her strong standing, there is no guarantee that she will even have classes to teach next semester.

"You're always leaning on something for support," Curran said. "There's no sense of security... The life of an adjunct is based on the idea that you simply don't know."

LONG ISLAND'S LOST HISTORY: IN PHOTOS

Joseph Ryder

1. Camp Mills

Named after medal of Honor recipient Major General Albert L. Mills, Camp Mills, in what is now modern Garden City, was once bustling with nearly 40,000 transient troops waiting for deployment overseas during World War One. Now Garden City is still bustling, but instead of a tent city there is an upper middle class neighborhood and near the center of the former camp sits a park which is now accustomed to children playing rather than troops marching.

2. Roosevelt Field Airport:

Roosevelt Field Airport was once the center of the aviation world. The airport was the takeoff point for many historic flights in the early history of aviation, including Charles Lindbergh's 1927 solo transatlantic flight. Originally called the Hempstead Plains Aerodrome, in 1919 the airport was renamed in honor of Quentin Roosevelt, the youngest son of President Theodore Roosevelt who was killed in aerial combat over the skies of France in World War One.

3. Hempstead Plains:

Once the largest prairie east of the Allegheny Mountains the Hempstead Plains once exceeded 60,000 acres. In 1905 Belmont Park was created on the grasslands with a mile and a half track, the largest dirt Thoroughbred race course in the world. The grasslands are now covered with residential and commercial property spreading from Hempstead Village, Garden City and the majority of Nassau and some of Suffolk Counties.

4. Republic Aviation:

The Republic Aviation Corporation was once the predominant aircraft supplier for the Army Air Corp. and later the US Air Force. Now the site is home to a shopping center.

5. East Farmingdale Farms:

East Farmingdale was once home to farms as far as the eye could see with homesteads strewn about. Now a large portion of what once was farmland is cemeteries and "the mountain" in the background is the Town of Babylon's Dump and Incinerator.

6. American Venice:

Developed in the late 20's, American Venice was a section of Copiague modeled after Venice, Italy complete with gondola rides and all. The only remians are two pillars affixed with winged Lions.

7. Marconi:

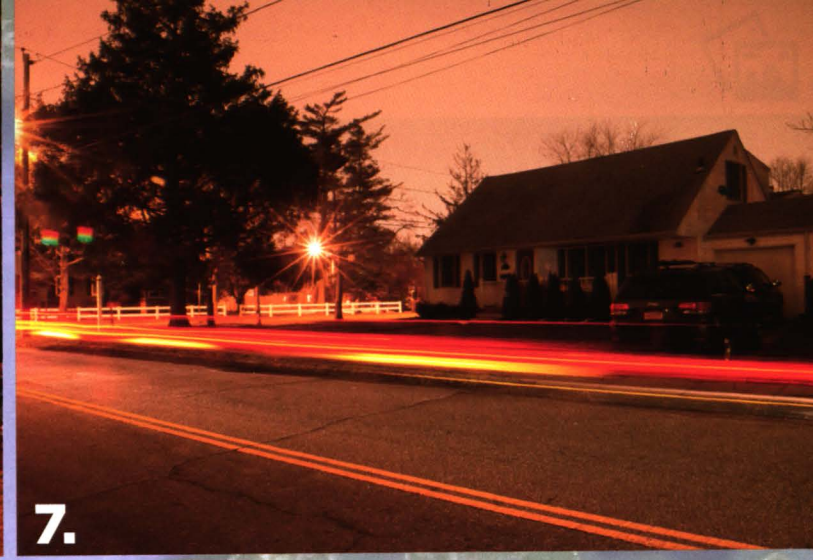
Located in the village of Babylon, the spot where Guglielmo Marconi helped pioneer radio and first communicated ships from his shore based radio station is now a quiet suburb.

8. Port Washington Sand Cliffs:

Since the 1880's over 140 million yards of sand has been dredged from the sand mines of Port Washington. This "Cow Bay Sand" as it was called accounts for 90% of the sand used to produce the concrete which built the sidewalks, skyscrapers, and infrastructure of New York City. Since ceasing production in 1989 the area has been redeveloped into a golf course.

9. The Belmont Estate:

The Republic Aviation Corporation was once the predominant aircraft supplier for the Army Air Corp. and later the US Air Force. Now the site is home to shopping center.





DYING WITH DIGNITY: A PATIENT'S RIGHT TO DIE

JOSEPH RYDER

Last year the story of 29-year-old Brittany Maynard swept through the country, introducing many Americans to the Death with Dignity Movement.

Maynard, who passed away on November 1, caught America's attention with her videos posted on YouTube documenting her final months and her advocacy for Oregon's Death with Dignity Act. Maynard was not alone in her fight for assisted death; in New York, others fight on for the right of terminally ill patients to choose to die on their own terms with a prescription from their doctor.

In February the New York nonprofit, End of Life Choices New York, along with several doctors and three terminally ill New Yorkers filed a lawsuit in Manhattan against state Attorney General Eric Schneiderman seeking to legally disassociate a doctor's aid in death of the terminally ill from aid in a suicide. If successful doctors would be shielded from prosecution for prescribing medication which, if ingested, would end a terminally ill patient's life.

Steve Goldenberg is one of the plaintiffs in the lawsuit and is currently dying of AIDS related diseases. "I've had to have toes amputated, I'm unable to swallow solid food, and have many episodes of pneumonia, wasting syndrome, cancer of the larynx, obstruction of my throat, and chronic severe pain, just to name a few," Goldenberg said in a statement. "I want to have some control, choice and dignity as I conclude this life and fight against my AIDS-related diseases."

Currently only five states in the United States permit aid-in-dying. In Oregon, Washington and Vermont, aid-in-dying is legal through legislative actions. In January of last year a state court in

New Mexico ruled that terminally ill residents have a constitutional right to obtain "aid-in-dying," in a case brought by two doctors seeking protection from prosecution if they provided fatal drug prescriptions to a patient. The courts in Montana did the same in 2009 when they ruled in *Baxter v. Montana* that doctors are authorized to provide aid-in-dying.

In New York there are currently three different pieces of legislation being worked on that aim to bring aid-in-dying protection to physicians in the state. The most recent is the New York End-of-Life Options Act, which was introduced by Democratic Senators Diane Savino and Brad Hoylman.

Although a step in the right direction, many supporters of the aid-in-dying movement realize that any of the proposed legislation will most likely not pass the New York legislature.

"Aid-in-dying doesn't stand a chance of passing in New York through legislation any time soon," said Dr. Peter Rogatz, the former CEO of Long Island Jewish Medical Center and Deputy Director of Montefiore Medical Center. "Aid-in-dying stands a much better chance of being legalized through court rulings like in Montana and New Mexico."

If legalized in New York, the process for patients seeking end of life medications would be modeled very much like Oregon, Washington and Vermont's system

according to Dr. Rogatz.

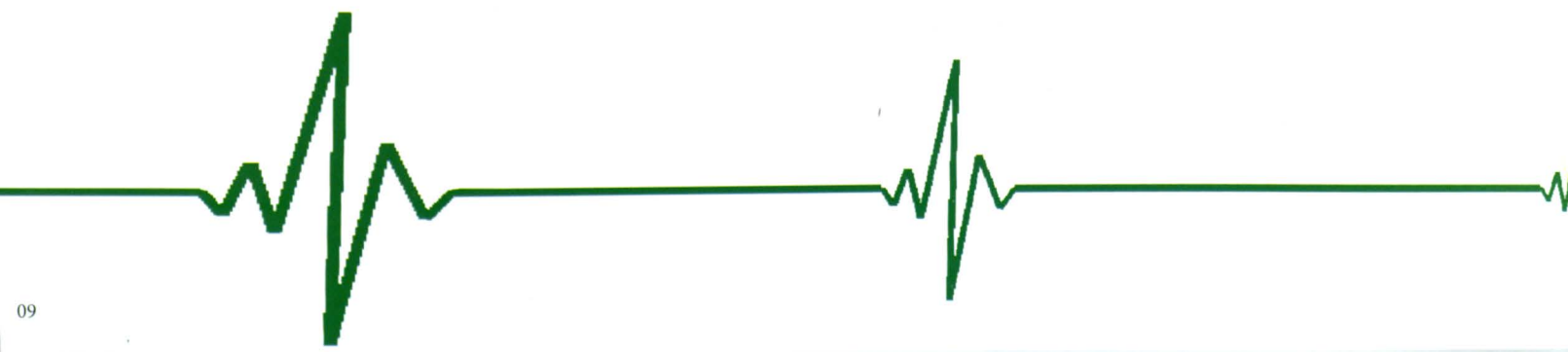
In all five states where aid-in-dying is legal the process is generally the same: the first step is for the patient to be shown to be fatally ill and have a life expectancy of less than six months. Two physicians must certify the patient to be terminally ill. The second step involves the patient making two oral requests, 15 days apart, and one written request. During these requests the patient must be witnessed by two individuals who do not have a stake in the patient's inheritance.

Along with these requests the doctor must ensure that the patient is competent enough to understand what they are asking for.

"Many terminally ill patients have some form of depression," said Dr. Rogatz. "We have to make sure that the patient understands their circumstances and really understands

"I want to have some control, choice and dignity as I conclude this life..."

what they are asking for. If the physician feels that the patient isn't mentally competent, whether due to clinical depression or otherwise, it is the



physician's responsibility to refer the patients to psychological counselling."

"There are ethical concerns aiding in a patient's death," Dr. Rogatz continued. "But by ensuring the patient's competency and understanding of their predicament, the physician can minimize his or her ethical risk."

The third step in the process is for the doctor to write a prescription for the life ending medication, usually phenobarbital. From there it is the patient's choice whether to fill the prescription and ingest it. About a third of patients who receive a script for the medication either don't fill it or don't take it. Many patients fill it as a way to keep their options open as their health deteriorates.

One of the biggest opponents to aid-in-dying legislation are the Orthodox religious communities, the Roman Catholic Church being the most outspoken opponent in New York. The church recently spent tens of thousands of dollars in Massachusetts to persuade voters from approving what they branded "physician-assisted suicide." In large part due to aggressive ads paid for by the church, the ballot only failed by a scant 2 percentage points.

Opposition also comes from a large portion of the medical community. The American Medical Association and the National Hospice and Palliative Care Organization are both against a physician's aid in the death of a terminally ill patient.

The AMA states in a release available on their website that "allowing physicians to participate in assisted suicide would cause more harm than good. Physician-assisted suicide is fundamentally incompatible with the physician's role as healer, would be difficult or impossible to control, and would pose serious societal risks."

But according to Dr. Marcia Angell, a senior lecturer at Harvard Medical School and a former Editor-in-Chief of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, assisting a terminally ill patient

die on their own terms is a display of compassion on the part of the physician when there is nothing more they can do to treat the patient.

"I'm an old physician and I've seen people die painfully and forced to soldier on when all they wanted to do is pass away," Dr. Angell said. "I've always believed in this cause. It's important that patients have self-determination in regard to their care."

According to supporters of aid-in-dying, one of the most pervasive tactics employed by opponents is to brand it "assisted suicide." The terminology used in the debate over aid-in-dying is extremely important according to David Leven, the executive director of End of Life Choices New York. The patient is not committing suicide according to Leven, only hastening what is rapidly inevitable.

"The patients taking these medications are not suicidal, they don't want to die. They would prefer to keep on living but they don't have a choice, they are going to die," said Mr. Leven. "An analogy can be drawn to those who leapt from the World Trade Center on 9/11. The people who jumped out of the World Trade Center had a choice to make, either burn and asphyxiate to death or leap from the building. I don't think any of us would say they were committing suicide simply because they made this choice for themselves at the very end of their lives, knowing they were going to die; it was only a matter of how. That is what aid-in-dying is about, a choice people make at the very end of their lives for themselves."

Progress has been slow but noticeable. Since 1997, aid-in-dying has been legalized in five states and legislation is in the works in

numerous other states besides New York including California, New Jersey and Maryland.

"I've seen lots of progress since I started practicing medicine," said Dr. Angell, "I think aid-in-dying will eventually come to all states. I believe that the case of Brittany Maynard has helped shine a light on the issue and gives the cause a newfound vitality by putting a beautiful young face on the issue. This isn't just important for the elderly, and her case helped show that."

Recent polls have suggested that public opinion on the issue has shifted over the years and now a majority of Americans support aid-in-dying. In a recent NPR-Truven Health Analytics Health Poll, 55 percent of respondents favored a physician aided death compared to 45 percent which opposed it.

Support is gaining traction in the medical world as well. While the AMA is still against aid-in-dying, the American Association of Medical Students and the American Medical Women's Association have come out in support.

David Leven put it best: "When you look at this issue what it comes down to is individual choice. If you don't want to make that choice then don't, but don't stop others from making this decision which might be right for them so that their suffering can be ended on their terms. This is a right which should be universal for terminally ill, mentally competent patients."





Hispanic (adj.)

KEVIN URGILES

I grew up in a community where your barber was Dominican, your neighbor was from some oddly-named town in Venezuela and your closest friends ended up being the people who rooted for the same South American soccer team as you during the FIFA World Cup. Not everyone was Hispanic, but there were enough of us around that whenever I blasted Daddy Yankee's latest hit from my uncle's 2005 Ford van I could be sure someone else was enjoying that music too.

Two years ago the U.S. Census Bureau estimated that roughly 54 million Hispanics were living in the United States, but counting the Hispanic populace remains problematic because the term "Hispanic" represents a vague characterization of Spanish-speaking people.

By U.S. legislative definition, anyone with a Spanish-speaking background can identify themselves as Hispanic.

The word "Hispanic" was adapted into the U.S. political vocabulary in the early 1970's, and ever since then a 13-year-old Filipino boy with grandparents from Spain could fall under the same category as a grandmother from the Dominican Republic.

Originally this overlapping of Hispanic people benefited the Hispanic community because anyone outside the Chicano, Mexican-American, Cuban and Borinquen/Puerto Rican category no longer failed to be recognized as a Spanish-speaking minority. Hispanics felt that being recognized as a more

inclusive group of people would help their causes for equality and gain media attention and financial support at a time when African-Americans were also rallying for publicity and resources.

But as Hispanic culture, no not Chipotle, began making its way into American lives, the term diverged from one that presumably helped the people it labeled into one that carried stereotypes.

A team of psychologists at the University of Aberdeen recently published an article in the journal *Psychological Sciences* that explains "the process of repeatedly passing social information from person to person can result in the unintentional and spontaneous formation of cultural stereotypes."

The study notes that when humans talk to each other they generally try to remember information through association. Unfortunately, in doing so, humans can also disregard key details that may be necessary for a complete understanding of a topic.

Dr. Douglas Martin, lead researcher in the Aberdeen study, said the word "Hispanic" may facilitate stereotype formation since it is already a large association of distinct Spanish-speaking nationalities.

"Social categories, such as 'Hispanic', are a useful way of simplifying our complex social environment," said Martin. "Our brains seem hard-wired for such simplification, such that even though we rationally know that people are unique individuals, we still tend to group them together based on some

existing or perceived similarity because it is more cognitively efficient."

So what kind of information associated with the word "Hispanic" is being consumed and shared by the public?

A 2007 analysis by the *Pew Research Center* shows that 22,823 immigration stories were filed that year, making up 4.8 percent of what was on the news, reflecting the media's growing awareness that the 2008 election would be influenced by Hispanic voters. Based on the Pew research and the Aberdeen study, the U.S. population began talking about immigration policy, a key issue in the 2008 presidential race, and associating it with the people most affected by it: Hispanics. "There's a lot of assumptions that can be made against that population, whether it be low-income, undocumented or Spanish speaking only," said Frank D. Sanchez, the Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs at the City University of New York, talking about how students tend to face these stereotypes the hardest. "And there will always be these inferences unless you can have a deeper understanding of who Hispanics make up," Sanchez said.

The problem with the word Hispanic goes beyond stereotypes and could also cause discrepancies in the accuracy of multitudes of sociological researchers' data.

Warren Sanderson, a professor at the Department of Economics at Stony Brook University who understands how micro and macro research is executed, explained how the word "Hispanic" is obstructing when studying complex topics, and is really only useful when researchers are tight on time or resources.

Sanderson said the term Hispanic is useful when gathering data on broad subjects, like population, because it is "less expensive". This means that it costs the researchers less time and effort to complete a study because it links outcomes to a single term. Unfortunately, the economic use of the term leads to skews in research that relies on more specific categorization.

For example, studying diabetes rates in a Hispanic population would suffer from using the word "Hispanic" because a Cuban family of four may incorporate more sugar into their diet than a Bolivian widow. This could be due to income differences, culture, etc. In this case the word Hispanic groups two drastically different people under the same umbrella. This could lead to inaccurate data that brings



unnecessary or negative changes if taken seriously by policy makers or other officials.

But the word "Hispanic" should bring the community together, right? Doesn't it unite all Spanish-speaking people into one large family besides when the FIFA World Cup is on?

"I don't think that it unites people", said Lynda Perdomo-Ayala, department administrator in the Department of Pharmacological Sciences in Stony Brook University's School of Medicine, who serves as the Hispanic Heritage Month Lead Chair at Stony Brook University.

Perdomo-Ayala grew up in a time when being Hispanic meant being a family that pushed for equality and justice, but now lives in a time when it means little to nothing.

"If it united people, we would have a stronger presence," said Perdomo-Ayala. "We certainly have the numbers, but we never see any action because your generation has been ingrained with biases against other Hispanics already, so there is no cooperation."

I thought hard about what Lynda told me after I left her office. Hispanics seemed to get along well when given a bird's-eye-view, but then I remembered another side to growing up in Corona, Queens. I remembered the fights that broke out when someone called a Dominican a Puerto Rican, or when a Bolivian made fun of a Mexican who had trouble reading the definition of photosynthesis out loud in class. It started to make sense.

A BASTION OF LIFE IN LIFE SCIENCES: THE STONY BROOK GREENHOUSE

JASMINE WIBISONO

For a building named "Life Sciences," the dusty brick exterior and grey, poorly-lit interior doesn't exactly scream life. Hidden within its dark and cold walls is the entrance to a quaint box of sunlight full of actual living things.

It seems counterintuitive at first: why would you need to go down to a basement to get to a greenhouse? As you descend into the basement, the lights dim, and your intuition tells you that you aren't going to find a greenhouse by going further away from the sunlight.

You enter the greenhouse through a set of dingy swinging doors into a transitory space, where fresh plants are juxtaposed against an industrial background. In one corner there is a set of moist concrete steps. As you walk up the stairs, you slowly immerse yourself



in the warm sunlight emanating from all directions.

Head up another set of steps and you're immediately hit with this overwhelming smell that you can't place. It's not a bad smell, but it's so unique it's confusing. You begin to explore the different scents; some are earthy and deep, others are light and fresh. Like a tree itself, the greenhouse has a main trunk that branches off into several bays. Some of these bays are overflowing with life, while other bays are more barren and dirt-filled.

As you continue to dissect the scent down that main branch, you'll find a plant labeled *Amorphophallus titanum*, better known as the Corpse Plant. The Corpse Plant stays dormant for years, growing underground. Every seven to eight years it will grow a single leaf. Following the appearance of the leaf, the Corpse Plant will finally bloom, opening up a single flower that gives off the stench of rotting flesh. It's a rather large plant, reaching up to 3 meters in height. Though the one in SBU's Greenhouse isn't nearly that big, it has grown a singular leaf, and Mike Axelrod is waiting in anticipation for his favorite plant to reach its full form.

Axelrod has been the head curator of SBU's Greenhouse for well over 20 years.

Should you ever find yourself curious enough to explore the greenhouse, more likely than not you will find him happily bustling about, tending to plants or interacting with students who gravitate towards him.

There's not much traffic coming in and out of the building, but the students that you do see have the gait of rushed ants. Of the handful of students that do make it down, or rather up and down, to the SBU Greenhouse, most of them are biology students, according to Stony Brook University's website. You can see them trickle along the south side bays which houses the evolution of plants.

Students in the Sustainability Studies program like Environmental Humanities major Jessica Kaplan take this trek often. She summarized her experiences getting in touch with her green thumb by saying that "there's so much to learn from growing your own vegetables or flowers and it's such a



rewarding experience."

"It's challenging, fun and tangible and it seems to be my niche in life because I do love it." Axelrod beamed as he spoke about his role as head curator. "People don't really know [about] us because we're hidden behind the wall," says Axelrod. "I would like all students to know that this is a facility that's for them. They're welcome as long as they have the plants as their main reason to come here."

Marc Fasanella, a professor at the Sustainability Studies Program, holds a class called Agro-Ecology in the greenhouse. His first impression was that "it was kind of underutilized for a big research university," which led him to creating classes that integrate its facilities. Fasanella says that the biggest challenge is its location, which makes it difficult to keep a constant eye on the progress of projects. "It's hard to split the class time since it's a 10-minute walk from where I teach" he said.

"Agriculture isn't something you can create a formula for: the only way to learn how to garden is just to do it," Fasanella said regarding his Agro-Ecology course. "I just pushed them off the diving board; here are some seeds, go get some dirt from outside—see what happens."

As you take in the collage of foliage for one last time, you feel weirdly refreshed from being inside the greenhouse. As you emerge back into the open ground, the shift from green to gray is jarring to the senses.

Whether it is simply just looking at different plants, for educational purposes or for research, Axelrod encourages students to come and just "hangout" at the greenhouse. "It's an opportunity that everyone is welcome to."





The War of Two Worlds: Reading in Digital or Analog

MICHELLE S. KARIM

As Joseph Mandarino turned to speak, he tore his eyes away from a glowing Apple Macbook and whirled around on his revolving chair. A stack of old newspapers lay on his table at the entrance of the Health Sciences library, and he furrowed his brows for a couple of seconds.

"With hard copies, I do not have to worry about the different types of formats of textbooks that my device might support or the glare of the screen," Mandarino said as he helped a student access the online research sources. Ironically, Mandarino--a junior computer science major--thinks that people buy online versions of books because they are easily accessible. "I'll live, but by no means is it a preference because I like holding the physical paper in my hands," he said earnestly.

In a study conducted by the Pew Research center in 2014 it was revealed that around 41 percent of tablet owners and 35 percent of e-reading device owners said they are reading more since the advent of e-content. 42 percent of readers of e-books said they are reading more now that long-form reading material is available in digital format.

According to the Pew Research study which measured statistics on online versus print readership, "about seven in ten Americans reported reading a book in print, up four percentage points after a slight dip in 2012, and 14 percent of adults listened to an audiobook."

Janet H. Clarke, a researcher at the library at Stony Brook University, takes into account the positive traits of e-reading. "Having books, reading materials in digital form means they can be searched faster and easier. We can do things like word searches that used to be done manually before. Now this work can be done instantaneously, which greatly improves research." However, she fervently argues that people doing word searches online would only skim through the material and not look into the entire subject matter at hand.

Dr. David T. Hsu, an assistant professor at the Stony Brook University School of Medicine, finds that reading and uploading scientific papers online is the growing norm.

As he sat in his minimalist office with a neat stack of books at the corner of his long table, a closed Macbook and the latest iMac screen saver changing in the background, Hsu pointed out, "Books are not as up to date as they take time to get published." Like Clarke, he agrees that libraries are convenient for people in certain fields and after a thoughtful pause, added, "My

friends in nonscientific fields, such as classics, have to refer ancient texts so they need to go to libraries to refer to physical copies of books as many are not available online."

In 2012, another Pew Research survey found that one-fifth of American adults "have read an e-book in the past year." This number increased following the holiday season increased selling of tablets and other electronic readers. 2011 and 2012 saw a massive rise in different types of e-reading devices as more people were buying them because of ease of access and availability.

"Digital media has a 'coolness' factor," Clarke said with a laugh. "Technology makes people feel they are on the bleeding edge, or at least more modern than their parents."

The Pew Research survey was conducted by Princeton Survey Research Associates and their national sample size was 1,550 adults aged between 18 and older living in the Continental United States.

Christopher McCarthy has no qualms about expressing his views on any matter and spent an hour talking about the subject enthusiastically. "I like books but I'm not a big reader" the senior mused. Although he claims he has better things to do than read anything--both online and in print-- he argues that given the choice, he would always go for a physical copy of a text.

"We gotta take a break from that," the health science major added concernedly, citing the back lights in electronic devices as harmful. "I don't have a smart phone and I don't have a television because I made a decision to pluck out electronics from my life."

In the brightly lit office of the campus recreation center, Dominique Popescu excitedly assessed the situation at hand. A minor pause later, the graduate psychology student promptly made her case that electronic devices for reading materials are definitely a matter of convenience, but there is a bigger picture. "This is like a zeitgeist movement; it's the times. Younger people in this society grew up with technology. For older people, it comes down to a matter of convenience--my brother and I bought my mother a Kindle for Christmas; so we're influencing a lot of that."



DIRTY HANDS, RUSTY CHAINS

And a Whole Lot of Hart

JAY SHAH

Moving from person to person, bike to bike, giving advice and getting her hands dirty, Jennifer Everhart never stays still at the dingy bike workshop in the Stony Brook Student Union basement.

A small entourage trails behind her, like a flock of ducklings following their mother— they're barraging her with questions, asking for help, but for every problem she solves, two more pop up.

"Sorry, we're just crazy busy tonight," she says between breaths. "It's spring, so we've got lots of students coming in to fix their bikes."

Everhart is the president of the Stony Brook Freewheel Collective, a campus club that teaches students proper bike repair and maintenance. The club has had a strong presence on the campus for more than a decade, but it got its start in a Huntington basement over 14 years ago.

"A couple of grad students from the ecology department used to go dumpster diving for bikes. They'd fix it up at someone's basement and bring the finished bikes on campus to give away," Everhart says.

This small community eventually grew into an established organization on campus. They now receive funding from the Graduate Student Organization and aid from the University Police Department (UPD).

But while the club teaches students bike repair on personal and donated bikes, Everhart, like most students who join, doesn't have a mechanical background.

Everhart, a 29-year-old archaeology graduate student, grew up in western Ohio, or how she puts it, "way out in the middle of nowhere."

She learned how to ride bicycles at a young age, and eventually she developed an interest in mountain biking.

She began the graduate program at Stony Brook University in Fall 2008, just a short time after that she joined the collective.

"I got started about halfway through my first semester of grad school, I was biking to the hospital through the



parking garage and I got a bad flat tire, completely blew out the wheel," Everhart says. She found out about the club when she came to school "grumbling" about the costs of repairs, until a graduate student told her about a repair-shop on campus.

While she was an avid bicyclist, she didn't have much experience with repairing bikes. Everhart took to the strategy of learning by doing and it's the strategy many in the club have to take due to a shortage in people with mechanical backgrounds.

Every time a new person walks into the bike shop, Everhart greets them with a smile but refuses to shake their hand. "I have way too much grease on my hands," she says.

Everhart repeats this dance every week because of the constant influx of new members joining the club to repair bikes and meet people.

Dasha Korolev, a 21-year-old history senior from Georgia, recently joined the club and enjoyed the "hands on" aspect of the repairing, but she felt a bit directionless without assistance from one of the mechanics.

David Hewitt, a 28-year-old chemistry graduate student from Brooklyn, says that he thinks Everhart is "really cool" but he felt a little irritated after spending a lot of his time waiting for advice from Everhart or one of the other mechanics. Although he is learning, it takes a lot of time.

"It's a commitment," says Everhart. Although the club does try to hold workshops to train new mechanics, it's difficult to find people who are willing to put in the time and effort to be able to help others.

Another problem comes from a unique aspect of the club's relationship with the UPD.

While patrolling the campus, UPD

tickets bikes that look abandoned. After 30 days, the UPD takes the bikes and stores them. After 30 or more days, UPD gives these bikes to the Freewheel Collective.

The collective uses these bikes for parts or, if they're in good condition, as a bike that students could repair and take for themselves.

"People will come to us saying that their bikes got clipped and we do our best to find them," Everhart says, but more often than not the effort is in vain. A lot of these bikes aren't found due to the "massive amount of bike thefts around campus" according to Everhart.

There is also an issue over not having enough supplies for all the club members, Everhart says. "Once in a while, we get people who are unhappy we don't have bicycles or we don't have a part they want."

She estimates that the club is able to give away close to 30 bicycles per semester, but this isn't always enough.

Even without the bikes and parts, the club is able to provide a unique service to the campus community: offering tools and advice on repairing personal bikes.

"Right now it's just triage; we do the same four repairs over and over again," she says. "Flat tires, squeaky chains, rusted chains, and bent derailleur pulleys."

While she spends a lot of her time with the graduate program and helping people at the collective, Everhart still manages to get a lot of biking in to her schedule.

On most days she will ride her bike to the campus from her home. Even if it's raining, she'll "keep biking."

"I actually don't know how to drive. I don't own a car," Everhart says. "It is on the bucket list though."

The State of WOMEN IN GAMING

Ronny Reyes



“I love video games. I love going back to them because they’re a good escape from normal life,” said Alice Quiros, president of Stony Brook University’s Gamers Guild club.

Quiros is not alone in her passion for gaming. According to the 2014 Essential Facts report by the Entertainment Software Association (ESA), an industry trade group of the video game industry, over half of all Americans play video games. However, U.S. computer and video game unit sales growth has continued to fall over the last five years and is nearly half of what it was in 2008.

With growth steadily decreasing, computer and video games are now falling behind casual/social games that are being played on mobile devices and are now the most popular genre in gaming, according to the ESA report.

“People are moving away from consoles, and we’re seeing a movement towards tablets and touchscreens,” said Anne Deger, 33, a teaching assistant of video and computer game history at Stony Brook University.

In order to combat this shift, the computer and video game industries have looked for new ways to expand, and women might be the answer. However, the Gamergate controversy

that took hold last summer and continues on Twitter with the hashtag #gamergate brings some concerns about the persistence of sexism and the lack of women in video game culture.

“Tech, overall, is very male dominated since its inception as it is in the STEM field. The video game industry strayed even more because of the perception of it as a male pastime,” said Belinda Van Sickle, CEO of both Women in Gaming International, an organization that helps women build a career in the gaming industry, and GameDocs, a game industry service provider that specializes in strategy and marketing.

Although the participants of Gamergate have been accused of being misogynistic, they claim that all they are fighting for is ethics in video game journalism, as several tweets suggest that the news media got the facts wrong in several cases and that they are conspiring against gamers.

“There is no ‘News Media,’” said Paul Schreiber, the Undergraduate Director of Stony Brook University’s School of Journalism who teaches a course on journalistic judgement and ethics. “Journalists just have to try to present the truth as best they can no matter the fall out.”

Even though they consider the

argument of a media conspiracy unrealistic, advocates for women in gaming like Van Sickle are afraid that the controversy could have scared women away from the gaming industry.

A 2014 summer survey by the International Game Developers Association (IGDA), a professional association for computer and video game developers, revealed that 76 percent of game developers are men, and that a large number of these men admitted that being straight, white males “put them in a position of privilege.” The survey also indicated that many women complained about a frat-boy culture, which included inappropriate sexual or discriminatory jokes.

The number of female game developers is about 22 percent, according to the IGDA survey, and is actually more than double the amount of primary female characters in video games, which was estimated at about 10 percent in a census of the video game world by New Media & Society, a peer-review academic journal that publishes papers in the field of communications.

“My favorite female character? There’s not a lot,” said Wendy Gil,



a Studio Assistant at the New York Institute of Technology who works with the university's animation studio for film and game development.

The characters she decided on were Samus Aran from the Metroid series and Sheik from the Legend of Zelda series, both of whom were believed to be male when initially introduced in their respective games until the story eventually revealed that they were female.

But the underrepresentation of women in gaming may be at a crossroads as the IGDA's survey also indicated that of those who said they were students, 30 percent of them identified as females. Although the number is low, it is nearly three times as much as the amount documented in 2005.

The IGDA does not know whether this number demonstrates either a bias against women or a continual rise of women in the gaming industry that may increase the number of gamers by appealing to a broader audience.

"The typical gamer was this guy in his mom's basement with a face full of acne, who was nerd-looking [with] poor social skills. Now it's a regular person," said Gil.

Gil has experienced several stereotypes about being a female gamer and game developer. She says that video games reflect what consumers want because the priority for the industry is to sell and make as much money as possible, which has also led to the notorious oversexualization of women as a means for the industry to profit.

"Oversexualization is everywhere and video games happen to be one more medium," she said. "Demand

leads to content."

Despite the "sex sells" mantra of American business, Deger argued that the content in video games are not necessarily geared towards a key demographic, but are instead influenced by the developers themselves.

If games are greatly influenced by the developers, who are predominantly male, then the industry does not reflect the rising number of female gamers, who now represent nearly half of all gamers, according to the ESA report.

"The market is expanding, yet [the industry] has not changed to meet the market," says Van Sickle.

According to her, the gaming industry cannot serve the market on hardcore consoles anymore, and the

“Oversexualization is everywhere and video games happen to be one more medium ... Demand leads to content.”

video and computer game industries have to stay competitive or risk losing to new forms of gaming that appeal to a wider market.

"I believe in morals and right and wrong, but this is a business issue. If you don't grow, you lose," said Van Sickle.

But others like Quiros warned that if the industry pushed too much, they might receive blowback from the gaming community and participants of Gamergate. The latter had been credited for harassing Intel into removing its ad campaign from

Gamasutra, a game-developer magazine that posted an article advising the gaming industry to appeal to a broader audience in the wake of the Gamergate controversy.

Intel released a statement in the fall on its newsroom page that despite the advertisement pull, the company does not support movements that discriminate against women and that it values diversity as a part of their corporate strategy.

When it came to diversity in the workplace, the IDGA survey found that less than half of the respondents reported that their company had an equal opportunity hiring policy, and about 40 percent said their companies did not consider diversity when hiring.

Intel has since made a huge turnaround, as it announced earlier this year that it would invest \$300 million to encourage more diversity in technology fields, which included funding programs to support a positive representation within the gaming industry, according to a statement on its newsroom page.

Despite the negativity that has engulfed gaming over the last eight months, gamers like Quiros and Gil do not believe that it is fair to label gaming as sexist, and gender should not matter in gaming.

But change may be necessary if video and computer games want to regain their growth in sales and compete against mobile gaming.

"More people are playing games now," said Deger. "Gaming isn't sitting in the basement or in your room anymore. It's everywhere now."



Rhianna Pratchett - Writer of Tomb Raider (2013) and upcoming Rise of the Tomb Raider

CULTURE NOSTALGIA GOGGLES PRESENTS:

XFL

CHARLIE SPITZNER

“Are you ready for some football?” WWE owner Vince McMahon cemented his place in professional wrestling history a long time ago for being the one who took wrasslin’ out of little arenas and airplane hangars and county fairs and slapped it on TV for the enjoyment of a national, and eventually an international, audience. He also has a reputation for being thick-headed, sexist, and ruthless, almost to a fault, when it comes to his competition and interests. I mean, the man created his own bodybuilding federation, the WBF, out of a personal fascination, almost on a whim-- an

organization that ended up tanking and costing the wrasslin’ tycoon a whole cargo of cash in the process.

I’m honestly not too sure how he expected that organization to make any money in the first place, but the glistening world of bodybuilding entrepreneurship might have its tiny intricacies that I, a dull and sullen outsider, might not realize. His next mainstream extra-wrestling investment was a little organization called the XFL, meant to match and challenge the NFL (I don’t even watch football and that idea seems ludicrous). It seemed like Vince had everything he needed to succeed: a budget, a network deal, the promise of live-action sports mixed with pulse-pounding and over-the-top “sports--” what’s not to like? How could that fail? How could that fail in the X-TREEEEEEEME early 2000’s? What could happen?

Well whatever did happen was crippling, and the organization never made it past its first season. Maybe real sports nerds didn’t like the “fake” sports nerds invading their turf; maybe the latter weren’t satisfied with the lack of suplexes; maybe the half-sports/half-nerd crowd that wrestling draws wasn’t enough to sustain an alternative market like that-- or maybe it could be

that a personal interest in a subject doesn’t instantly make you an expert on running that kind of business.

Finally, and you’d think most importantly, is the content and... I don’t know what to tell you. It was football. You were just watching football. It was claimed that the XFL would “loosen the rules” and allow for a more exciting form of gameplay, but was still just a football game. What can you really do to the game of football without turning it into something exploitative



like the Lingerie Football League or something exploitative (but awesome) like Mutant Football League? Maybe the football market is only big enough for the single, dominant entity that it consists of today. Maybe folks don’t want more football because they realized

that one football was enough football. Maybe, and most likely, they really wanted suplexes and Super Kicks the whole time to make the game less boring. If that last one was the case, and that happens to sound like your bag, then I highly recommend this little niche thing called “anime.”

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

(THE MOVIE)

TAYLOR KNOEDL

Back in my day a man slapped on an athletic-mat foam costume with an animatronic head to be a Ninja Turtle. Back in my day it was 1990 and these turtles had a little bit of character to them—four of those obnoxious bastards who just wanted to be American teens and indulge in the extremes of East/West American culture (pizza/surf lingo). I remember these turtles from a time before they went all *Skylanders* on us and became monster-esque abominations spawned by the villainous eye of Michael Bay. Fuck you, Michael Bay. Who do you think you are? You know who you are. You know what you are...

I mean, I’m sure Bay’s turtles said cowabunga, ate pizza and hung out with their weird older friend Casey Jones who lacked his own peers and acted as the cool guy with even

wittier catchphrases for a bunch of misguided, mutated teens—but I’m being nostalgic here. Sure, Michael Bay’s elevator scene was real cute. But about 13 years after its original inception I spent rough half-hour-or-so intervals in my dad’s red 1999 Chevy Astro conversion van watching the “Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles” on a 10’



by 10’ old CRT ‘shut-up-back-there, I’m-driving’ television set on VHS cassette.

These turtles, in their extremely realistic costumes and their Chuck-e-Cheese animatronic father, Splinter, brought together the wacky-tacky late 80’s with time-relevant product placement and the Spider-Man talent

of being witty and kick-ass at the same time while maybe riding a skateboard or being the Italian-American aka New York ‘downtown’ epitomization.

The point of the movie is to beat the Shredder, who is something of a garage-workshop Halloween costume. He’s characterless, evil, and wears an aluminum can hat and an insulated foil car sunshade for a cape. He’s also wearing Michael Jackson’s thriller outfit. I don’t know about Michael Bay’s Shredder, but he’s probably a CGI robot that turns into something else.

Enough about Michael Bay, though: the 1990’s Shredder recruits villains from the high school job fair and is like “fight these turtles I hate and their rat” and they’re all, “yeah okay, we’re pretty impressionable.” Plots don’t matter though because the Ninja Turtles squad up with Jones and April O’Neil and they

fight for honor and pizza and family.

In Michael Bay’s version of the movie the garbage compactor explodes then turns into a robot car. In that order. Why? Because Michael Bay is a jackass. And I didn’t watch Michael Bay’s version of the movie.

TALENT V. SOCIETY: KENDRICK V. KANYE

Jon Winkler

Disclaimer: I love Kanye West. I think he's one of the most innovative and enjoyable pop culture figures of the 21st century. However, if someone put a gun to my head and demanded I choose the most important rapper alive today for people to listen to, I'd have to vote against the Louis Vuitton Don. Note how I said "rapper," as in musical performer rapping against all other rappers in the world today. I can't comment on Kanye vs. Kendrick when it comes to style or production, but as far as being a rapper and a rapper alone, Kendrick has to be given more attention than Kanye.

Lyricaly, Kendrick has brought more original material to the table in the past five years than Kanye has in over a decade. Since his acclaimed 2010 mixtape *Overly Dedicated*, Kendrick has had a clear theme to his rapping. Born and raised in Compton, California, Kendrick spoke about life in the midst of gangster hell: shootouts, drugs, flawed morals, love and surviving. Take "Ignorance Is Bliss" from *Overly Dedicated*, where Kendrick both glorifies and explains the fault of gangsta rap. Kendrick can also take his narrative and apply it to other mediums. Case in point, "Swimming Pools (Drank)," the tale of trying to stay away from liquor in the midst of a great drinking song. No matter what the subject, Kendrick still has a straight

theme: introspective observation of dark themes found in rap.

When Kanye came out with his (still brilliant) debut, *The College Dropout*, it was an introspective narrative about a self-professed style nerd in the working world trying to be cool in the time of mainstream gangsta rap. However,



PLAYER 1

there were some distracting detours on the record, like the silly body anthem "The New Workout Plan," or the tribute to R&B grooves "Slow Jamz." The same can be said for *Graduation*, which features more confessions about the trauma of fame, but is thrown off by goofy songs, whether they be good ("Barry Bonds") or bad ("Drunk & Hot Girls"). Ironically, one of Kanye's most

popular songs actually throws off the vibe of one of his best albums. "Gold Digger" does not fit into the narrative of *Late Registration*, and even Kanye himself has admitted he threw in the song as an obvious radio gimmick. Even in his recent music, Kanye can't stay focused. Take "Black Skinhead" off his recent album *Yeezus*, where he compares the importance of Malcolm X to his leather black jeans.

The problem with Kanye West is that he distracts himself too much. One minute he's making powerful statements about the new racism in America, the next he's bragging about his fashion line. What cripples Kanye is his own desire, saying many times that he's the Michael Jackson of rap. Remember who Michael Jackson was: Mr. Disney, gleefully starring in Pepsi ads and smiling for his adoring army of fans. If that's the direction Kanye wants to go, it's going to be even harder to take him seriously. Kendrick is no bullshit and not pining for radio play. He says what he wants to say however he wants to say it, and with no filter. He's also not just blunt all the time. He plays on words, uses metaphors and a more cinematic style of music. There's nothing ridiculous or overblown about Kendrick Lamar. He's just there with a powerful message. That's more than enough reason to remember him in 10-20 years.

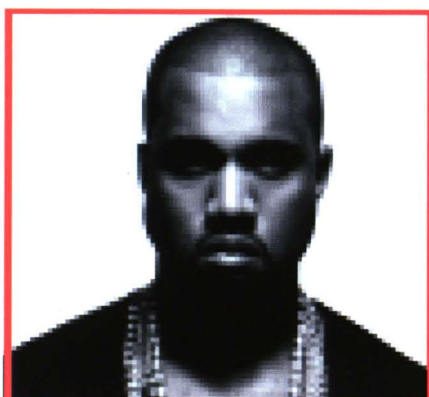
James Grotolla

Admittedly, I'm not a huge rap fan. I've always had an interest in the genre, but never really expanded outside of what was hyped. That being said, I believe that Kanye West is more culturally relevant than Kendrick Lamar, but exclusively in the short term.

Both *Yeezus* and *To Pimp a Butterfly* are incredibly socially important records that have long lasting implications about race in America, a concept which has yet to be explored to its fullest extent.

I honestly think that Kendrick's record blew Kanye's out of the water, and you can find my tweets about how cool I thought *Yeezus* was when it first came out, but I think that there's something about the persona that Kanye portrays that makes more people pay attention to him. It seems like his deserved arrogance has a certain attractiveness and entertainment value that the

American people just love paying attention to.



PLAYER 2

We live in a time when the realization that Kanye's marriage to

Kim Kardashian is viewed as a "power couple," and that Kanye is being viewed as more than just a rapper in America, but also a public figure. Whether I think he's the right person to pay attention to or not, Kanye is just the rapper on people's minds right now. Whatever he does or wears seems to be newsworthy, and his message is going to reach a much larger audience than Kendrick.

I genuinely think that Kendrick has a much better way of portraying his ideas than Kanye does, and the messages of both artists are critically important to the nation's social environment, but it just seems like Kanye is the person America's obsessed with in the rap world. My hope and prediction is that Kendrick becomes more relevant than Kanye with future tours and further promotion of his newest record. But for now, Kanye reigns.



BROKE KID FASHION: FESTIVAL SEASON

RICKY PATRICIA SOBERANO

In case the numerous Instagram posts from Coachella haven't completely blown your phone into oblivion, just so you know, it's festival season. Most are too cool for Electric Daisy Carnival nowadays and prefer to be hippies in the original festival stomping grounds for Mysteryland, where you listen to the same genre of music as EDC. Some prefer more music than festival life itself, so Governor's Ball and Lollapalooza are their go-to. But, there are a few lucky ducks out there who are going to the supreme god of festivals, Burning Man.

Regardless of which festival you go to, the ticket prices are horrifyingly expensive. Let's hope you don't have travel costs as well. On top of that, your preferred choice of insured pleasure probably isn't cheap either. So the last thing that you want to think about, but the first thing you're most concerned about, is coming up with and paying for an outfit. Fear not, here's a list for any theme you're going for that's relatively less pricey than usual.



Bohemian Bullshit

Although Coachella has come and gone, many still wish to copy a lot of the bohemian type of outfits. It's easy to sprint over to Free People and buy everything they sell, but you're better than mainstream crap like that. Try boohoo.com for pieces under \$30. Nastygal is always cheap too. Even Aeropostale has converted their logos into wearable and dirt-cheap clothes

worthiness. So scroll and roll out. That kimono isn't gonna buy itself.



Leather Lover

So, personally, frills and crochets aren't my style. Leather, all black, wife-beaters and boots are my go to year round and for every occasion, including this one. If you want to channel Joan Jett into your wardrobe for a bit (or for life) then start taking notes. Gypsy Warrior is a rad place for cheapo rockstar apparel. Brandy Melville is chill, too, as long as you're down for their one size fits all strategy. Jac Vanek has a bunch of graphic tees to throw your leather or denim jacket over. Now go off into the world and embody the spirits of greatness.



Streetwear Scandal

If an outfit that can be worn more than one is your preference, then wearing streetwear from head to toe is probably your type. Get ready to flick your wrist with graphic tees, snapbacks and sneakers on. Snapbacks are in every sporting goods store but run over to Champs, Lids or Zumiez if you need somewhere to start. For sneakers, Converse and Vans are comfy classics. Stan Smith's by Adidas are on the sneakerhead, fashionista side and are pretty cheap in comparison to most sneakers out there. The dopest but affordable tees can be found at Rad.co. It's artsy, crisp and takes stabs at pop culture in a good way like no other. Nala LA is a good one

because they express everything we secretly want to about every relevant trend and celebrity. Shop Private Party does the same as Nala LA only on the sexier side. The ultimate badass brand is Married To The Mob whose clothes have sayings that annihilate the limits and embrace personal freedom with a pinch of feminism. Basically they give no fucks. And with that note, get to stepping.

Naked Sorta



Considering it's summer, clothes aren't necessary. In New York State, you can legally walk around the city topless. Period. In case you don't wanna go completely nude, then go cover the "girls" and "asset" with a swimsuit. It's acceptable at beaches, it's acceptable on boardwalks and it's acceptable at festivals. Pacsun, Billabong and Rip Curl aren't necessarily cheap, but it's with the assumption that you'll wear it at the beach or pool as well. Covering your boobs can also be done with more glamorous flare too. Try Patricia Field. If you're willing to spend for something that will make you go "Ohhhhhh!" by how fabulous it is, then Kandi Gear has you covered.

Left Shark



Because, why the hell not? Who wouldn't wanna be the notorious half-time show shark from Katy Perry's performance? Find it on indiegogo.



ASK A SEMI-PROFESSIONAL PERVERT: A HAPPY, HEALTHY, SEXY CULTURE

DAKOTA JORDAN

April was Sexual Assault Awareness Month, and after a few weeks of excellent events on campus that highlighted issues surrounding sexual assault, I thought I would take a moment to address some of the questions I have gotten about consent culture and sex positivity, both of which are vital parts of fighting back against sexual violence.

WHAT IS CONSENT CULTURE?

Consent culture means making sex all about saying "YES!" It's also about knowing what you are saying yes to. For many people, "no" is a big part of sex. The idea a partner may say no to sex or a specific sexual act is a constant worry in many sexual encounters. Consent culture works to change this so that all participants can be safe and happy during their sexual encounters.

HOW DO I MAKE CONSENT CULTURE PART OF MY SEXUAL HEALTH AND IDENTITY?

Ask questions! Stay informed! This is key! If you don't feel comfortable talking openly with your partner, you shouldn't be having sex with them. Sex can be fun and very fulfilling for many people, but communication is key! Talk to your partner about what you would like to do and what safety measures you want to take. Talk about pregnancy and STI prevention and let your partner know about preexisting health problems or concerns. If there is something you or your partner does not want to do, talk about alternatives.

ISN'T THAT AWKWARD?

No! It doesn't have to be. Communication can be sexy and actually lead to better sex. Don't be a robot, feel free to express yourself openly and honestly before and during sex. If you have a sexual request and your partner is not interested, ask about other options. Be open to hearing each others wishes and opinions in bed, and you may be surprised at the fun you can have.

WHAT ELSE?

Consent culture is also anti-rape culture. That means being open and honest and non-judgemental. Don't shame people for their sexual choices while refusing to feel shame for your own. All consensual sex is good sex. Conversely, non consensual sex is never OK. Rape is wrong. If you see something, say something. You should also be mindful of who can consent and when. A drunk person cannot consent to any sexual activity. If you see a person who cannot consent being assaulted, do something. There is no excuse for raping someone.

Got more questions or comments?
Email me @ semiproper@gmail.com



Summer Movies: The Hype Train's a-Rollin'

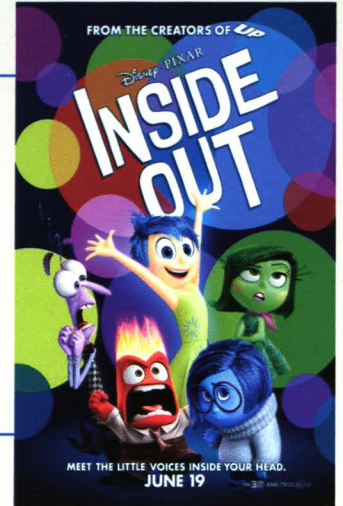
Jon Winkler, Carlos Cadorniga, Jay Shah

Summer is just around the corner and that means millions of people will need an excuse to stay indoors with air conditioning for two hours. Thankfully, cinemas are still open (for now) and will be chock full of new movies for the public to soak up. We took a look at the ones we think will trend on FaceTwitGram or something.

Inside Out (June 19)

Disney and Pixar team up once again to deliver "Inside Out", a new animated feature that serves to introduce audiences to the little voices inside their heads. The film follows adorable personified emotions within people's minds that guide them through everyday lives, particularly the emotions of one girl named Riley, who's settling into her new San Francisco home.

Disney/Pixar, in welcome tradition, have put forth a film of vibrancy and originality. A bright and colorful cast (headlined mostly by NBC comedy veterans like Amy Poehler and Bill Hader of SNL fame and Phyllis Smith and Mindy Kaling from "The Office") bring to life delightful fairy-like characters that, despite their singular emotional alignments, explode with personality. As a humorous-looking introspective piece, "Inside Out" looks to reach out to all ages and give everyone's little inner voices voices of their own.



Ant-Man (July 17)

Marvel will pretty much swallow cinemas whole when "Avengers: Age of Ultron" hits theatres in early May. So how do they plan to follow up what'll most likely be the biggest movie of the year? With Brian Fantana from "Anchorman" shrinking to the size of a bug and stealing stuff.....only Marvel. The latest comic-book adaptation tells the story of Dr. Hank Pym (Michael Douglas), whose groundbreaking research is being snatched up by government sleaze Darren Cross (Corey Stoll). Pym's plan? Recruit droll thief Scott Lang (Paul Rudd) to suit up, shrink down and steal back Dr. Pym's research.

"Ant-Man" has been in the news lately for its former crew members, specifically writer/director Edgar Wright, ("Shaun of the Dead," "Hot Fuzz," "The World's End") who left the film due to creative differences despite having "Avengers" writer/director Joss Whedon call Wright's original screenplay "the best script that Marvel had ever had." It may seem odd to see Paul Rudd as a superhero, and "Ant-Man" isn't exactly Marvel's hottest commodity. Then again, Marvel made a talking raccoon and a giant tree megastars on-screen, so it's hard not to be interested.

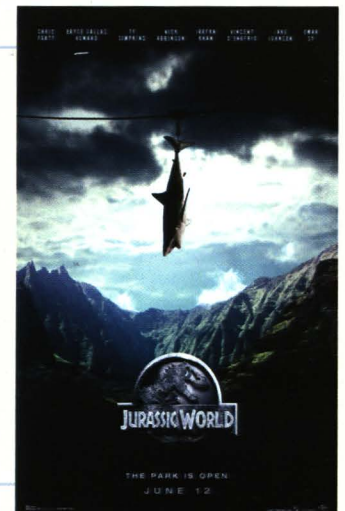


JULY 17

Jurassic World (June 12)

Last year, the world experienced the return of the King of Monsters ("Godzilla") and giant robot dinosaurs ("Transformers: Age of Extinction"). Seems like dinosaurs are creeping back into movie theatres, so it's time to take another trip to Isla Nubar. The legendary island is now a fully-functional theme park filled with attractions from millions of years ago. However, attendance has been lacking as of late (because people these days are apparently more attached to Instagram feeds than FREAKING DINOSAURS), so one of the park's executives (Bryce Dallas Howard) decides to genetically manufacture a totally new dinosaur. This doesn't seem too logical to raptor trainer Owen Grady (Chris Pratt), but his suggestion falls on deaf ears. Unfortunately, the new dinosaur escapes containment and starts wreaking havoc.

22 years after "Jurassic Park" helped bring CGI to the masses, "Jurassic World" hopes to bring it all back for dinosaurs. After many years of giant robots fighting and superhero origin stories, it might be a nice change of pace just to see dinosaurs trying to kill each other. Diversity, am I right?





Magic Mike XXL

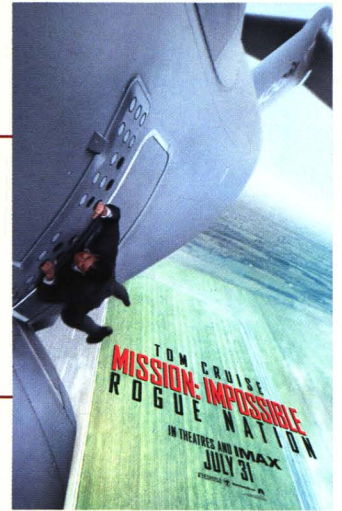
Continuing this summer of sequels, Magic Mike returns in all of his shirtless, buff, dance-heavy glory with a larger package. In "Magic Mike XXL," Mike and his merry band of sexy male strippers go on a road trip to Myrtle Beach for a stripping convention.

That's pretty much it so far. With the film still two months away, there's still room to generate hype. Although at this point, it's safe to say that this soft-core porno will have plenty of slick dancing and skins vs. skins action that people would expect (perhaps even crave) from a movie like "Magic Mike".

Mission: Impossible - Rogue Nation

Ethan Hunt and his team are back in the fifth installment of "Mission Impossible." In what could be their most dangerous assignment, the agents face off against the Syndicate, a rogue organization trained specifically to destroy the IMF, the very agency Hunt works for.

Like a fine wine, the "Mission Impossible" films seem to inexplicably get better with age. With nary a dull moment, the trailer alone is packed with slick action and daring stunts that would entice any moviegoer. To follow up an awesome predecessor like "Ghost Protocol" is a rather tall order, but one wouldn't try without thinking they could succeed. From the looks of it, "Rogue Nation" stands a chance of doing so.



Terminator: Genisys

As Judgement Day approaches ever closer, with all of humanity happily wearing Skynet incorporated smart watches, it seems like some powerful god-king named Arnold Schwarzenegger has decided to spit in our faces and star in another "Terminator" movie.

Why not? With all the shit Schwarzenegger's been going through, he needs your money a lot more than you do.

A terminator has been sent back in time to kill Sarah Connor, but it's different this time. Really, it's different. In a befuddling tale of alternate timelines and cliched one-liners, Connor races against the clock to stop Judgement Day from happening. Does she succeed?

Nah, probably not.

Ted 2

Mark Wahlberg is covered in semen, a teddy bear has sex with a human being and Seth MacFarlane will abuse your nostalgia for cheap 'laughs.'

Remember "Ted"? That movie with the "Flash Gordon" reference? Well, it's got a sequel and it's zanier than ever.

Ted's trying to be legally recognized as a real person because he wants a baby or something. I'm betting things will turn out okay, but they're going to need another problem for the third movie that's inevitably going to be released. Maybe Ted can go to space.

Watch it if you want to, don't if you don't. I don't care anymore.



ted is coming, again

june 26



Daily, Nightly and Weekly: Is It Even A Contest?

Ronny Reyes

When Edward Snowden opened the folder to find a picture of John Oliver's junk, it was clear that Oliver had made it.

Oliver, the charmingly British political satirist, has overtaken the satire news genre by blending the perfect amount of humor and journalism. This was clearly evident when he not only interviewed Snowden, but also had him explain the NSA's breach on the privacy of Americans by informing us that the NSA obtains the nude pictures that we send through texts and emails.

With *The Daily Show*, *The Nightly Show*, and *Last Week Tonight* airing together, it seems like we have plenty to choose from to satisfy our need for news satire, but Oliver's *Last Week Tonight* may be the only one worth watching anymore.

Because *Last Week Tonight* is aired on HBO, Oliver has a lot more freedom than *The Daily and Nightly Show*. Oliver is freed from the shackles of advertising, which is something he made clear in his episode about native ads when he praised Mountain Dew and immediately called it the most disgusting thing ever manufactured.

Although Jon Stewart and Larry Wilmore have poked fun at corporations before on their shows, they still have restrictions placed upon them by Viacom, the mass

media company that owns Comedy Central. These restrictions also include who they can and cannot interview, but Oliver was given permission to interview whoever he wants since his program's premier. This is a freedom he took to the extreme when he traveled to Russia to meet Snowden.

Stewart is one of America's most beloved entertainers, delivering punchline after punchline for over 25 years. *The Daily Show* is losing Stewart later this year and replacing him with Trevor Noah, a South African comedian who is in a bit of hot water after sexist and anti-Semitic comments were found on his Twitter account. *The Daily Show's* future is unpredictable at best.

The Nightly Show with Larry Wilmore is hardly worth mentioning. It consists of Larry Wilmore, former *Daily Show's* Senior Black Correspondent, serving up his opinion on a specific news issue, discussing the issue with guests and playing a game of *Keeping It 100*, which involves him asking his guests a series of controversial questions and rewarding them if he believes they are telling him the truth.

Wilmore's presentation is bland. His guests are either dull or funnier than him and *Keeping It 100* is the only thing keeping the show alive. *The Nightly Show* tried its best

to be different from the show it replaced, *The Colbert Report*, but its jokes are so weak that you kind of wish Wilmore went back to the *Daily Show* and let Stephen Colbert return.

The Daily and Nightly Shows are simply losing their edge, and *Last Week Tonight* has become a phenomenon that cannot be stopped. With a combination of TV, DVR, on-demand and HBO GO, HBO's online streaming application, season one of *Last Week Tonight* raked in an average of 4 million views, putting it on par with the long-running HBO talk show *Real Time with Bill Maher*.

Now in its second season, Oliver has successfully attacked big tobacco with Jeff, the diseased lung in a cowboy hat, the failing infrastructure of America with a parody of an investigative cop drama, and the NCAA with a video game depicting their exploitations of college students. Despite airing once a week, the laughs are enough to keep you going until the next episode, and with the announcement of two more seasons of *Last Week Tonight*, there will still be plenty of Oliver to give you that fix of televised news satire you crave.

The Failure of *Rolling Stone*

KYLE BARR

When did Rolling Stone fail?

Did they fail when they published the story "A Rape on Campus," a longform journalism piece written by Sabrina Erdely about a gang rape at a University of Virginia fraternity party? Was it when the editors failed to fact-check the piece to make sure a party even occurred on that night? Did they fail when Erdely sat down with a young woman claiming she was raped without even talking to her accusers? Was it when Erdely pitched the idea to Rolling Stone's editors?

Does it matter now that everything is out in the open? The fact is, their failure means more than a simple breach in journalistic ideals. They have set back the effort to hold rapists accountable for their actions on college campuses. They have even destroyed one of the last bastions of narrative journalism.

How could they fail so bad? This is Rolling Stone! Once, this magazine was the native home of writers like Hunter S. Thompson. It was first class among a sea of edgy and flavorful magazines

that found new ways to tell stories in journalism. This period from the '60s through the '70s was a golden age of investigative journalism. This was a time when it wasn't just important to relate the stories, they had to read with a certain tone of voice, with story-like composition and attempts to show a different viewpoint that the reader had become accustomed to seeing.

Heartbreakingly, the UVA Rape story had that. It was interesting and provocative. It related its relatively miniscule event to the larger controversy of rape culture in modern society and the failure of institutions to keep track of and crack down on it. You can't view the story through Rolling Stone now, but inside were sprinkled lines of a song that went back to the roots of UVA, where certain lines were not only misogynist, but violent in their depictions of sex.

It all worked; before the story was revealed as fraudulent, protesters at UVA were lining up in support of such an article. If the purpose of writing is to comfort the disturbed and disturb the comfortable, then the piece had done more than its work.

But it failed. It failed so hard that the roof came crashing down on Erdely and her colleagues. For a magazine that is barely holding onto

its legacy where other magazines like Esquire have completely shoved it down the toilet, this failure to keep up with the need for fact-based reporting has set everything back.

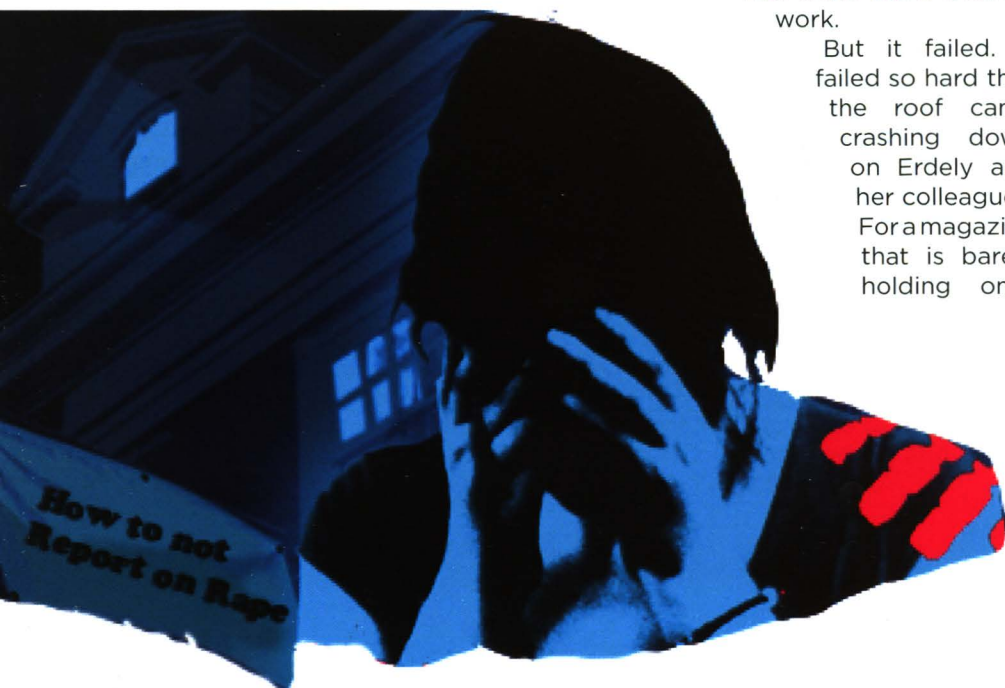
Who does the interesting long-form pieces now? Right now it is probably Vice. While they have more than their share of click-bait, they have had some great pieces of both video and print investigative pieces. The people who can't even pay their reporters a living wage and who supplement every piece of hard-won and intriguing journalism with something mind numbing are the leaders in investigative journalism.

If the internet is killing print, then journalism is killing its long-form style. While the constant new attempts at journalistic startups has media experts chomping at the bit, they hardly have the capital to fund foreign exhibitions, or even long-form pieces at home.

That is not to say you cannot find it. Sites like Longform.org catalogue the best of long-form journalism into an easily accessible site. The quality of work and workers is still there, and while we are missing the time when journalists could also be celebrities, the writing is still just as good.

But there needs to be an outlet to champion it. So far, there is no outlet I, as a reporter, can fully get behind. It saddens me to the core. As a journalist who can only hope to reach the high shelf set by writers like Thompson, Ernie Pyle, Norman Mailer and so many others, the idea that there might not be a home to that style of writing has me huddled in a fetal position.

Rolling Stone, you failed your readers and the victims of rape, you failed me. You failed everyone.





Dear LIRR,

TO MY DEAREST LIRR,



I don't know how to tell you at first, but it easier and easier as the years have gone by.

THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SAY FOR THE LONGEST TIME: TO BE HONEST, IT'S SOMETHING THAT I THINK I'VE FELT EVER SINCE THE BEGINNING; I NEVER REALLY KNEW HOW TO TELL YOU AT FIRST, BUT SOMEHOW, YOU'VE MADE IT EASIER AND EASIER AS THE YEARS HAVE GONE BY.

YOU MIGHT'VE GUESSED IT BY NOW, BUT I'M PRETTY ANGRY. YOU'D THINK THAT AFTER ALL OF OUR DAYS TOGETHER, YOU'D BE ABLE TO TELL. BUT THEN AGAIN, I'D HATE TO THINK THAT YOU WERE SELF-AWARE OF HOW MUCH YOU FRUSTRATE ME. AND YES, YOU ARE THE REASON THAT I'M ANGRY, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW WHY.

IT'S NOT THE LOOPING SAFETY ANNOUNCEMENT YOU DRONE AWAY AT 6:15 IN THE MORNING. IT'S NOT YOUR MORNING TRAINS THAT ARE ALWAYS LATE. IT'S NOT YOUR ABRUPT DELAYS THAT PREVAIL THROUGH RAIN OR SHINE. IT'S NOT YOUR STATION WAITING ROOMS THAT END UP LOCKED AND CLOSED ON SNOWY WINTER NIGHTS. IT'S NOT THE PENN STATION TRAIN DELAY KEPT ON A CONSTANT WATCH WHILE THE STONY BROOK TRAIN IS QUIETLY FORGOTTEN. IT'S NOT THE TRACK WORK YOU EXPECT ME TO KNOW THAT MAKES ME WAIT FOR A BUS THAT DOESN'T ARRIVE.

IT'S THAT YOU WOULD ASK ME TO PUT UP WITH ALL OF THIS AND HAVE THE NERVE TO TELL ME THAT I DON'T DO ENOUGH.

YOU TELL ME THROUGH THE ABSURD PRICE OF ON-BOARD TICKETS, PUNISHING ME FOR MAKING A MAD DASH TO MEET YOU AT THE STATION AND BARELY SLIPPING THROUGH YOUR DOORS IN TIME, THROUGH THE "THANK YOU" AT THE END OF AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF MY SUDDENLY-CANCELLED TRAIN AS IF I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL, THROUGH THE DAYS WHEN THE ATTENDANTS DON'T STAMP MY TICKETS ON MY FIRST TRANSFER, ONLY TO RUIN IT BY THE TIME I REACH MY LAST STOP. AND ABOVE ALL, YOU TELL ME THROUGH THE FARE HIKE PLAGUING MY COMMUTE AND THE MONEY YOU LEECH FROM ME WITHOUT ANY INTENTION OF GIVING BACK.

I'M NOT WRITING TO BREAK UP WITH YOU; I DON'T KNOW IF I'M READY FOR THAT. I'M WRITING TO YOU BECAUSE, LIKE I SAID, I'M ANGRY. I WAS PROBABLY ALWAYS ANGRY AND MAYBE YOU'VE KNOWN THAT FOR A WHILE NOW, BUT I'VE FINALLY DECIDED TO TELL YOU BECAUSE IF OUR RELATIONSHIP IS GOING TO GO ANYWHERE, THEN YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF CLEANING UP TO DO.

I'D SUGGEST STARTING WITH THE BATHROOMS, BUT YOUR PERSONALITY SEEMS FAR DIRTIER.

**YOUR DEVOTED PRISONER,
CARLOS CADORNIGA**

*Your Devoted Prisoner,
Carlos Cadorniga*

Learning TWO Foreign Languages at a Time:

Crazy

or

疯了还是勇敢

BRAVE?

Shan Lin

미친 또는 용감한

Have you ever tried living in a foreign country while learning a third language? As crazy as it may sound, it is not Mission Impossible because people at Stony Brook University are enjoying it, including me.

Being a Chinese born-and-raised girl for 22 years, I have never imagined that one day I would be studying the Korean language in America. Two years ago when I just got to the States I could not even understand the Starbucks cashier because she spoke so fast! But now I have a bunch of American and Korean friends. Yes, the magic of language!

Indeed learning a foreign language through another is something hard to imagine, but when I first started my KOR111 class a year ago, I found myself actually enjoying the challenge it brought to me. I got an A- in the class, which encouraged me to claim a Korean minor and continue my effort on it.

For me languages are just tools for talking to the world, so you do not need to be a perfect speaker. What is important is understanding, since behind language there is culture. Americans like to use casual words and call others by their first name even when talking to older people, but that would never happen in Korea because their grammar has specific rules regarding conversations between seniors and minors. It is these things that make it interesting to learn languages. You can really see through unique cultures and compare them with each other, which provides new perspectives and expands your horizon.

I found it fascinating that many Americans think that speaking good English is a piece of cake and sometimes take it for granted; if a foreign student speaks fluent English, no one will offer a compliment. But the truth is living in a strange country and trying to blend in is definitely not easy. Many of us feel lonely and ignored, and most of the time it is due to the feeling of inferiority about speaking English, but it is a great idea to try to learn another language through English because it offers a fresh understanding of people around you. There is always a bigger world out there which deserves to be explored.

Jiajian Ding, a senior student from Beijing, was drawn to his Japanese class when he was a freshman. "I met lots of friends who shares the same interests and keep in touch with me till now, which is amazing. The great thing is that we can communicate both in English and Japanese."

Making friends from all around the world is another fair reason to learn another language. After all, people tend to show kindness to those who speak their native language. That matters at a college since most of the students only hang out with their "own people." Language is one of the best tools for bridging the gap between various groups of people.

It is understandable that sometimes foreign students choose to learn another language to fulfill the DEC requirement, but it turns out that many of them didn't drop it after one semester. Ke Hsin, a freshman from Taiwan, explained that: "I have difficulty in speaking (Korean). I can't pronounce or use grammar correctly." "Then why not give it up?" I asked. "I think I really found something interesting in it. It's a process of discovery. I like it," she said.

Go try things you never imagined before, and you will be surprised with yourself. After all, that's what college is about, right?

Latest Trend in Sports? A Criminal Record

Jim Ferchland

If there is any form of bad behavior that can defame one's reputation, it's being criminalized. This frowned-upon scandal has become much too common, especially in the National Football League. Multiple players have been charged with discouraging acts like New England Patriots tight end Aaron Hernandez, Minnesota Vikings running back Adrian Peterson, Baltimore Ravens running back Ray Rice, Dallas Cowboys defensive lineman Greg Hardy and Florida State quarterback and projected first overall NFL Draft pick Jameis Winston.

NFL Commissioner Roger Goodell has spoken to the media on how the NFL has amended its policy on conduct and behavior. At first, it was a lenient four-game suspension. Now, the individual can only play unless they are reinstated or cleared from their charges. Otherwise, they are not allowed to be present on team facilities.

When these incidents were occurring rapidly, the NFL was being heavily criticized and degraded, to where the league was presumed to be filled with "an army full of criminals and thugs." Goodell was not content with the reputation the league received. The NFL has aspirations to make the league prolific, professional and

responsible. Goodell wanted to make it conceivably clear that no violence or other act of assault would be permitted or condoned in the league.

Domestic violence is responsible for 85 of the 714 arrests of NFL players since 2000, according to a collection of data assembled by USA Today. The most significant case that pushed the league's tolerance overboard was the Ray Rice incident. There was clear and sufficient evidence from a New Jersey casino elevator camera of him punching and then knocking out his now-wife Janay Palmer, who did not press charges. The day the Baltimore Ravens organization saw the video, they immediately terminated his contract and released him.

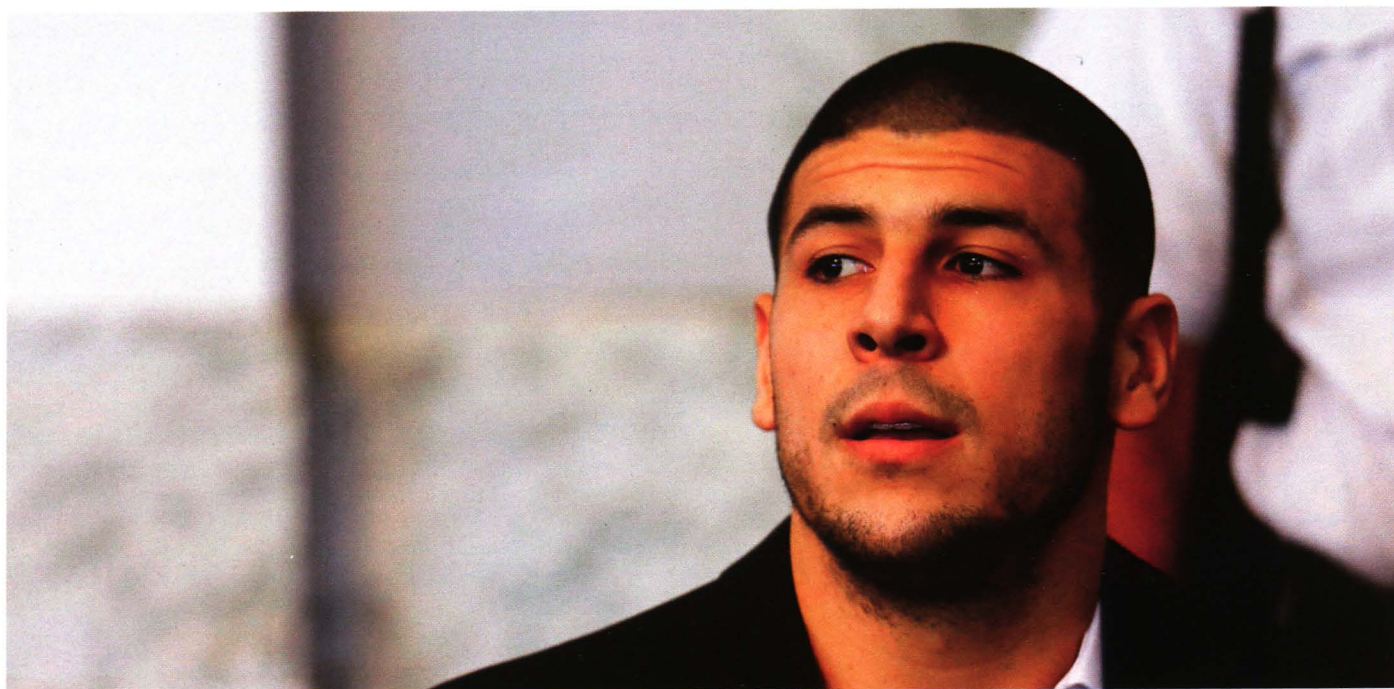
Patriots tight end Hernandez was previously sentenced to life in prison after facing multiple accounts of first-degree murder. He was convicted of murdering 27-year-old semi-pro football player Odin Lloyd back in 2013. Hernandez also has been shunned by the New England Patriots franchise.

Former Vikings starting running back Peterson was one of the top players in the NFL. He had been deactivated from the Vikings on accusations of child abuse in Texas. He allegedly whipped his 4-year-

old son repeatedly with a "switch." Peterson stated that he used this kind of punishment as discipline. He was suspended, and the Vikings agreed to not play him until he was cleared of his charges. He has now been reinstated into the NFL and wants a big contract from Minnesota.

Cowboys defensive lineman Greg Hardy brutally abused his former girlfriend and threatened to kill her. He faced two counts of assault charges and was later released by his former team, the Carolina Panthers.

Florida State quarterback Jameis Winston was accused of sexually assaulting a woman but was cleared from the case last year. Now, the woman is continuing her quest for justice and is suing Winston. Earlier in April of 2014, Winston was caught shoplifting in a Florida supermarket, stealing up to \$30 worth of crab legs. He faced a two-game suspension from his baseball team, 20 hours of community service and had to pay for the crab legs. It's going to take a long time for the league to fix its soiled reputation and prioritize its future issues in order to handle them responsibly. Criminal activity may still pop up in the future, but the NFL needs to try its best to prevent it or else it will cause even more damage to its image.



THE FIGHT FOR LEGALIZATION IN NEW YORK

MICHAEL DESANTIS

Mixed Martial Arts is preparing for one of its biggest bouts in a long time: the battle for the legalization of professional fights in New York. The Ultimate Fighting Championship and other promotions were banned from hosting events in the state in 1997 and New York is currently the only state that hasn't legalized the sport yet. Amateur fights are legal, however.

For the sixth year in a row, the legislature's upper chamber voted in favor of legalizing MMA, 47-14. The state assembly now has to pass the bill for MMA to be legally recognized in New York. To get that far, the bill must pass through the Committee on Tourism, Parks, Arts and Sports Development, Codes, then Ways & Means and finally Rules.

That may seem like a tall hurdle but UFC officials are cautiously optimistic that 2015 may be the year. The new Assembly Speaker, Carl Heastie (D-Bronx), is a known supporter of MMA. He replaced Sheldon Silver (D-Manhattan) who resigned after facing federal corruption charges. Silver was strongly against legalizing the sport.

The UFC brought in its own star power in an effort to persuade politicians to vote in favor of legalization. Ronda Rousey, the UFC Women's Bantamweight Champion, visited the state capitol building to meet with Governor Andrew Cuomo among others. Cuomo is interested in the sport and the positive economic impact it could have on the state. A report by HR&A Advisors, Inc. states that \$135 million would be attained by three upstate and two downstate UFC events, along with several events by other promotions.

There would be no shortage of stud

fighters the UFC could bring in to fill venues such as the Barclays Center and Madison Square Garden. Rousey would likely love to fight in New York when one considers her efforts to get the sport legalized in the state. Light Heavyweight Champion Jon Jones and Middleweight Champion Chris Weidman both come from New York. Assuming none of them lose their belts before the UFC is able to host events in New York, those three defending their

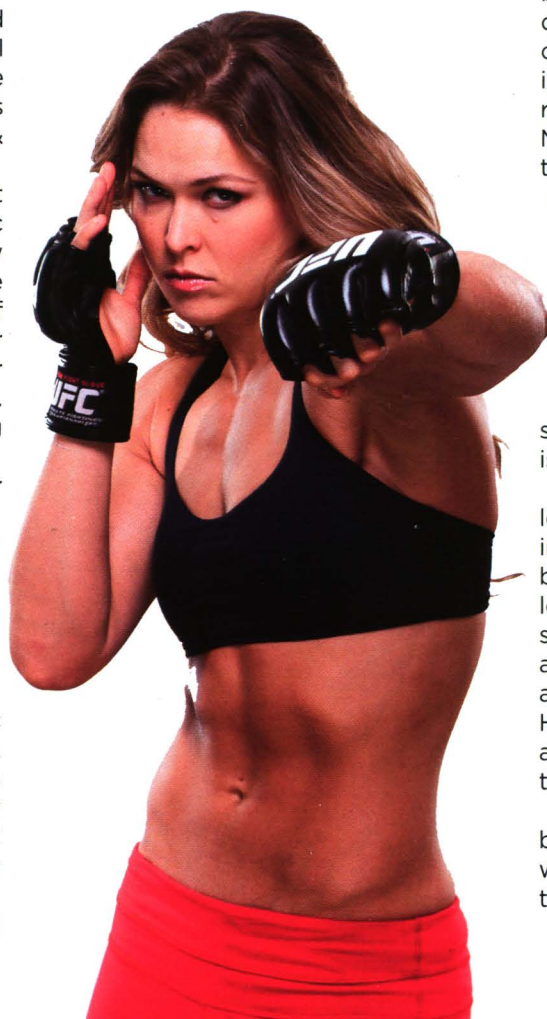
champion statuses would make for a stacked card. Other New York fighters that are likely itching to compete in front of a home crowd are lightweight Al Iaquinta, middleweights Eddie Gordon, Costas Philippou and Uriah Hall, featherweight Dennis Bermudez and more.

The main argument against MMA in New York is concern for the fighters' safety, as well as some who consider the sport too violent and barbaric. While the UFC has had over 6,000 bouts with no severe injuries, questions about the head trauma risks competitors face have arisen. Athletes in sports like football and hockey also risk serious injury. Like those sports, MMA has a trained referee monitoring the safety of its athletes at all times during matches.

The most common potentially serious injury in MMA is eye-pokes. One of the worst cases of that in recent memory was Daron Cruickshank being poked in the eye by KJ Noons in a fight last December. Cruickshank needed surgery to repair a torn tear duct, but is back to fighting since the incident.

Anderson Silva suffered a broken leg when he snapped his tibia in two in a rematch against Chris Weidman, but has since fought again after a long recovery. While those injuries sound bad, the fighters have been able to compete again relatively soon after their respective injury occurred. Hockey and football players have arguably faced worse career and life-threatening injuries.

All of that taken into account, it will be interesting to see what happens with MMA legalization in New York this year.



Making Moves in the Offseason

Michael DeSantis

The playoffs may be going on, but that doesn't mean it's too early to start analyzing what moves NHL teams should make this offseason. The Islanders will be looking to build on the success of this season with another successful set of summer transactions.

To start, General Manager Garth Snow should look to extend some of the players that were an integral part of the team this season. Anders Lee scored 25 goals this season, the second most on the team behind John Tavares. Lee will be a restricted free agent following the playoffs, giving the team more leeway with getting him signed. Snow would be remiss to not sign Lee to a multiyear deal and lock him up long term. Brock Nelson had a successful sophomore season, scoring 20 goals. Nelson should receive similar treatment as Lee with a nice raise and extension.

While Michal Neuvirth hasn't been a brick wall, a full season as the Islanders backup may do the team well. Backup goalies shouldn't be given large contracts, so Snow should give Neuvirth two years at the most.

A lot of young players are soon to be due for raises. Kyle Okposo, Ryan Strome and Frans Nielsen have one

but Snow should start looking at his options regarding them. Okposo, who has the potential for stardom in the NHL, will be due for a big payday, as he's only made \$2.8 million the past few seasons.

He should earn about \$5.5 million. Strome, another young stud for the Isles, should receive a multiyear deal as well. Strome is arguably the second-best forward on the team behind Tavares, putting up 50 points for the team. Nielsen's situation is unclear, since he is currently the longest tenured

Islander and underpaid at \$2.75 million. Nielsen is above average on both sides of the puck and supplies veteran leadership, but he may have to take yet another hometown discount.

The Islanders have some very good young talent waiting in the wings. Forwards Michael Dal Colle and Joshua Ho-Sang and defensemen Griffin Reinhart and Ryan Pullock will all be looking to make the roster next season. It's a bit of a reach for the two forwards, but it's likely that Isles fans will see Reinhart and/or Pullock with the Isles soon. Assuming Snow doesn't re-sign aging veteran Lubomir Visnovsky, one of those young defensemen will take his place. Whoever doesn't replace Visnovsky should replace Brian Strait, who has become the bane of many Islander fans for his lackluster play.

Not much to say regarding trades, because I don't think the Islanders will try



to acquire any big names this offseason. They may try to trade Michael Grabner, however. After posting 34 goals in his rookie season, the speedy Grabner has had trouble replicating that success. With the signings of players like Mikhail Grabovski and Nikolay Kulemin, the writing may be on the wall for "Grabs." Snow may shed some salary by flipping Grabner for a draft pick.

While it doesn't seem like it on paper, many Islander fans would argue coaching has held the team back. It will be interesting to see what happens with the head coach, Jack Capuano. Fans feel the Islanders had success was in spite of him, and would have clinched the playoffs long before they did with a better coach. Throughout the year, he's made questionable decisions regarding the lineup, like playing Strait over youngster Calvin de Haan. Assistant coaches Doug Weight and Greg Cronin may see pink slips after the Islanders special teams struggled throughout the regular and postseasons despite solid personnel.

Josh Stavrakaglou

The Rangers have everything going for them right now. They finished with their first Presidents' Trophy since their Stanley Cup winning 1994 season, beat the Pittsburgh Penguins in the first round in five games, and the timely return of Henrik Lundqvist between the pipes. But regardless of this season, where do they go during postseason?

The mid-season trade actually panned out with the acquisition of Keith Yandle after fans were cursing Glen Sather's name for trading off top-prospect Anthony Duclair. However, there are a lot of unanswered questions buzzing about the Blueshirts possible moves since there's honestly not much wiggle room in terms of draft options.

First off: they need to figure out their power-play situation. It's no secret that they are better at killing off a penalty than capitalizing and scoring when their opponent is short-handed. They need to explore the option of snagging a few free agents rather than stocking up on the veteran team members they seem to gravitate towards. Dan Boyle, who is now 38, signed a two-year, \$9 million contract last July, and even though he brings guidance and experience, it leaves some of us asking what else could have been done with

that \$9 million. Boyle was known to be lethal in helping the San Jose Sharks take control during the power play, but that isn't the case for the Rangers.

We were biting our nails off for fear of losing Mats Zuccarello, who had been taking reduction in pay simply because he loves this team.

Martin St. Louis has made clear he wants to finish his career in New York and has even agreed to front-load his contract to make him more "cap friendly." It would help reduce the monetary blow and potentially free up cash flow to grab some talent.

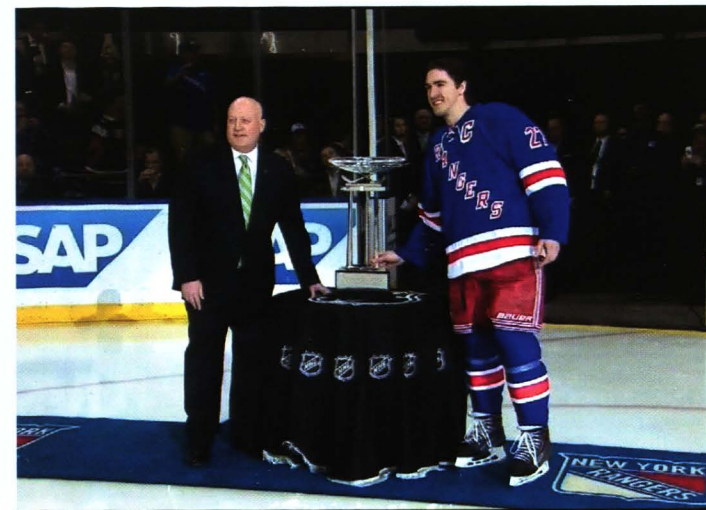
It's a common feeling among fans that trading off Tanner Glass would free up money and welcome Dylan McIlrath up from the Rangers AHL affiliate Hartford Wolf Pack for \$800K rather than \$1.45 million for Glass.

The Rangers are working with a \$10 million salary cap and have nine players left to sign. If they traded Boyle, Talbot and Glass, that's roughly \$7.4 million opened up. Trade that for a 1st or 2nd round pick and that opens up \$800K. That roughly resolves the salary cap issue for resigning Hagelin at about \$3 million a year and leaves an estimated surplus of roughly \$14.4 million. That cap

disappears if they sign St. Louis at \$4 million, Derek Stepan at \$4.5, and Fast and Miller at a combined \$3 million.

Cam Talbot has also proven himself to be a starter and not the backup benchwarmer he was prior to Lundqvist's injury this season. There is a rumor floating around that Talbot may be traded off for one of Edmonton's 1st round draft picks, which would be doing right by Talbot as he deserves to be a starting goaltender. Goalie prospect Mackenzie Skapski needs more ice time against someone other than Buffalo, and as much as we love Cam, he's a powerful bargaining chip.

With Duclair off the roster, the Rangers have no prospects left that haven't already seen farm team ice, and a fresh young face out of college could bring a definitive surge to push them even further for the coming season. Without a chance to snatch a draft pick, we are looking at the same team as this year with no new variables to strengthen the lines. It will be a more of a question of who they keep rather than who they get.





Women In Male-Dominated Sports

Ricky Patricia Soberano

As young women all across New York City prep for a Saturday evening out on the town, Taylor Davidson is discussing the gaping hole in her hockey skate with her male hockey team.

The 29-year-old brunette from Kentucky grew up with gender normalcies that surround being a woman playing a male dominated sport. Disrespect from her team was not present whatsoever among the stench of old sweat and rubber. Those they play against differ in comparison.

"More often than not I'm treated like a normal player out there," said Davidson. "But you definitely get the guys who target you because you're female."

Davidson said the aggressive types aren't the only ones that treat her special.

"You also get the guys who, I don't know, you hit them in front of the net and they won't touch you," said Davidson. "You're still a lady in their eyes."

Danielle Eberhart sympathized with this mentally. The 21-year-old weight lifter said that her father and brother believed that her sport, competitive weightlifting, was a man's thing and that "guys are gonna think you're scary." She proved them wrong four weeks ago in her first competition.

"My dad came to my competition and he said, 'Wow this is actually really cool. Good for you,'" said Eberhart. He changed his mind after seeing her and the full community of women.

In 2010 the Obama administration removed a loophole in the Title IX law that had previously allowed individuals to bypass aspects. Title IX is a comprehensive federal law that prohibits discrimination on the basis of sex in any federally funded education program or activity, according to The United States Department of Justice. The percentage of women participating in sports in 2012 was 48 percent, despite the differences in funding and respect due to gender norms in comparison to the majority

male sports as cited within "The Inequality of Sport: Women < Men" by Valerie Hanson.

But physical differences do affect the quality of performance for women versus men. Several studies have shown that, biologically, men are stronger because they have more muscle fibers, are structurally larger and have higher testosterone levels that affect athletic performance.

To Nancy Hogshead-Makar, the founder and CEO of Champion Women, which provides legal advocacy for girls and women in sports, all sports are male dominated. She said sports defines masculinity.

The former Olympic gold medalist went on to say that "girls' and women's sports participation helps break down the stereotypes that hold women back, demonstrating to themselves and the world that they aren't emotionally or physically weak."

According to the International Olympic Committee, the percentage of women who participated in these

past Olympic Winter Games was 40 percent, with the Summer Olympics coming in with 44 percent. Hogshead-Makar said that the Olympics market women and men equally but sponsors do not. It may almost resonate with the Davidson and Eberhart's drive to compete despite gender norms.

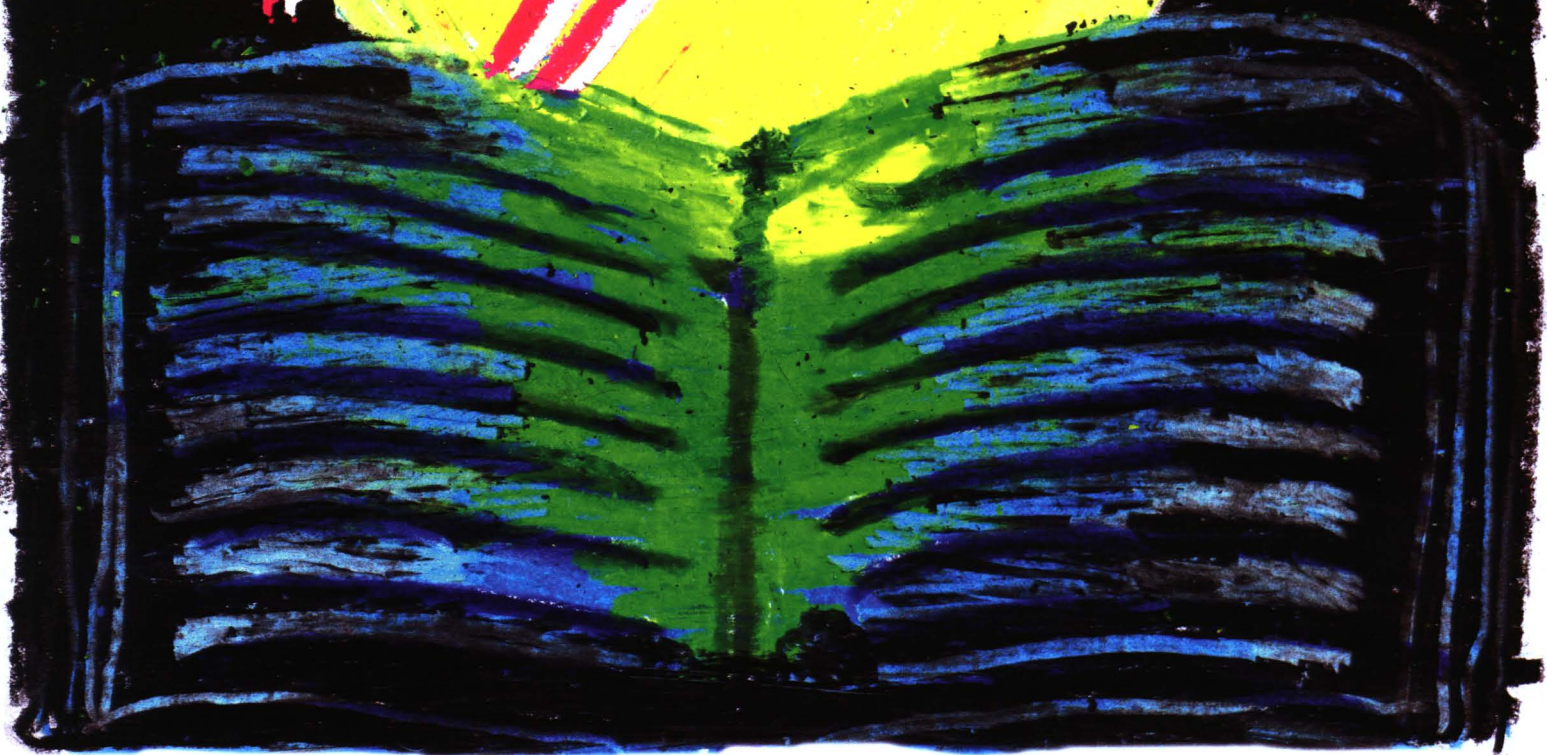
"People don't compare a heavyweight boxer with a lightweight boxer- they are different in every way," said Hogshead-Makar. "But you wouldn't say that the lightweight boxer is not as talented or not as good as the heavyweight, based on the fact that the heavyweight is stronger, bigger and more powerful."



The **1**STONY **1**Press
BROOK



Literary
Supplement





Noelle

MICHELLE MILNER

On the first muggy day of summer,
I pulled out my last wiggly tooth and hid it under your pillow.
Convinced the silk pillowcase would protect it better.
The Tooth Fairy's deep pockets favored your home.
The next morning, you gave me \$5.

Down sidewalks littered with saturated worm corpses,
Pavement slick with chunky oatmeal guts,
We splashed our sandals into lonely puddles,
Our weekly pilgrimage past the condemned Salvation Army,
The whisper of charity's past cooing in our ears.

We danced down the aisles of the drugstore,
Sashaying past tampons and pregnancy tests,
And contorting our faces in magnifying mirrors
As we giggled at the cashier's leathery skin.
Her wrinkles dug deep canyons around her lips.

You bought baby pink lip gloss to share,
Lip-smacking sticky bubblegum sparkles.
Our pouty lips puckered in a truck's reflection,
Hazy overcast low-light muting the glitter.
Your mother wiped off your lips on the drive home.

My legs grew prickly as nights passed,
Deep roots sprouting coarse new grass to mow.
I fumbled with new tools to make them smooth again,
Your hands declared I was a newly grown cactus,
While you remained a low-hanging peach.

School blew away the heat in a faithful gust,
Placing us in wooden pews at the church.
We all rolled the waistbands of our skirts in the bathrooms,
While the nuns signed crosses on their chests
To ward off the infernal thoughts of impurity.

They divided the class between sex characteristics.
Boys were guarded from tales of crimson bloodshed
As girls became aware of maturing bodies,
Reminding us of the vast emptiness of our wombs,
Sacred inns with fillable vacancies.

I picked at lonely dandelions in the playground's field
While I watched you hang upside down on metal bars.
Gravity's coercion revealed a thin tank top,
Such flimsy armor compared to my underwire.
The budding flesh weighed heavy on my chest.

We raided your mother's closet of business-casual garb,
Drowning in oversized wine-colored blazers and slacks.
I slid on a pair of white high heels and draped pearls on my neck.
You discovered the coveted box of make-up placed high on the shelf.
Talcum powder billowed in clouds from a large white puff.

I ran my fingers through your golden-spun hair.
Fine clumps gathered between finger's spaces.
I lifted your diary from between your mattresses
To find your explanation of your pallid face
And the bony junctures of your ribcage.

My answer swirled in flushed water,
Floating chunks of yellow corn and potatoes,
Preceded by the unmistakable choir of retching.
After each meal, I hid behind the door helplessly
While you scrubbed your throat with your toothbrush.

I followed you to your psychologist appointments,
Playing board games as the adults spoke slowly.
Turgid succulents in clay pots lined the windowsill,
Blocking our view of the other children playing kickball.
We revelled in the sips of coffee we stole from the counselor's mug.

PERRENIAL PANIC
LINDSAY ANDARAKIS

What if I don't pass?
What if I don't win?
What if I can't remember?
What if I don't fit in?

What if I can't make it?
What if I can't say I'm the best?
What if I can't shake it?
What if I can't ace the test?

How about the future?
How about the past?
How about my peers?
What if I come in last?

I don't think I can dress the part.
I don't know if I'll come off as smart.
My resume is the shortest one.
If I'm out at the bar, what if no one thinks I'm fun?

So what if you don't.
So what if you can't.
There's always a way out
And ten thousand ways back in.

Take the minute and take a breath.
You'll be surprised how much better you'll do at the rest.
Instagram, Snapchat, Facebook and Twitter,
Sure know how to make anybody a quitter.

Drop the class.
Take the break.
Lose the job.
Whatever you do, don't make it fake.

UNTITLED
CHARLIE SPITZNER

When are we going to shut up about Elvis?
We've HAD Elvis.
We set aside big rooms in shiny painted-steel
buildings for Elvis.
Huh? You're dead, Elvis.

My friend from Erim Port owns an authentic x-ray
originally meant to diagnose the fractured foot of
Elvis.

He owns a hall of coffee tables and hopes that
one day he'll find that familiar hair between his
metatarsal and phalanx so he can strike down
vending machines and metered parking and be more
like Elvis.

Elvis.
Elvis Elvis.
Elvis Elvis Elvis, Elvis.
Have you ever, even once, stopped by with flowers,
Elvis?
I'll tell YOU something, Elvis:
You made sparks in the radio and put a stain under
the seat of our car.

UNTITLED
CHARLIE SPITZNER

we invited them;
caught as snakes coiled sloppy about oak bark
relaxing in squeeze just below the
sanded globe at the furthest bedpost

saved from opium dreams
to glean our acrid fields,
taken as crass knockers--

{ The Road to Ruminati0n }

ANTOINETTE ACOSTA

The sky follows wrath
Where no soul bares intensity
The sun is quite there
What no sense can see
What a sensation
Unbeknownst to
Insatiable
Feelings from the dead!

The light is charming
A mission set sail
Years ago and they
May proclaim that it

Was in modesty
Of a new life in
A new place that holds
Dear an idea of

Culture love with some
Affirming gestures
And a scheme to make
A procreation

State of affairs for
He who has been left
Behind suffers most
Of what becomes un-

Known to he or she
And thus life has been
Ceased not from new life
But for old life it

Remains a symbol
Of an idle mind
And a rock heart which
Knows sleep and no sun

Which does not follow
He or she but it
Rather annoys

Fantasies

ACID MACRO AEON

They are not all erotic.
The early twenties bring about visions
of a different kind
and they happen
all the time.

I want to
destroy sometimes
& do more than breathe
& run away for a week
I very often feel that where I am should not be
where I am.

My favourite one yet
is the Kerouac
no car no phone no one
just a scroll in a canvas bag
slipping away
in suburban wilderness
the one where I lose my modern life
as I cover my tracks
into the woods.

I imagine my pants would be bloodied
as if I had
endured a war
since I won't concern myself with
Gaia's monthly gift
my hair matted
or shaved
and possessions few
I would attempt to sleep in stores
steal from the Man
maybe sell what is left of me
from my old room
but yet
I always see myself
returning

It's always the easy way out,
isn't it, Brain?
Is running away
better than being
comfortable?

Why do you torment yourself?

One should not deserve
such mental spectacle of demise
on their yearly anniversary
of a successful
sperm-and-egg union

Sometimes
feeling stupid and indulgent
should be
okay





Photos by Iris French

CORNERS

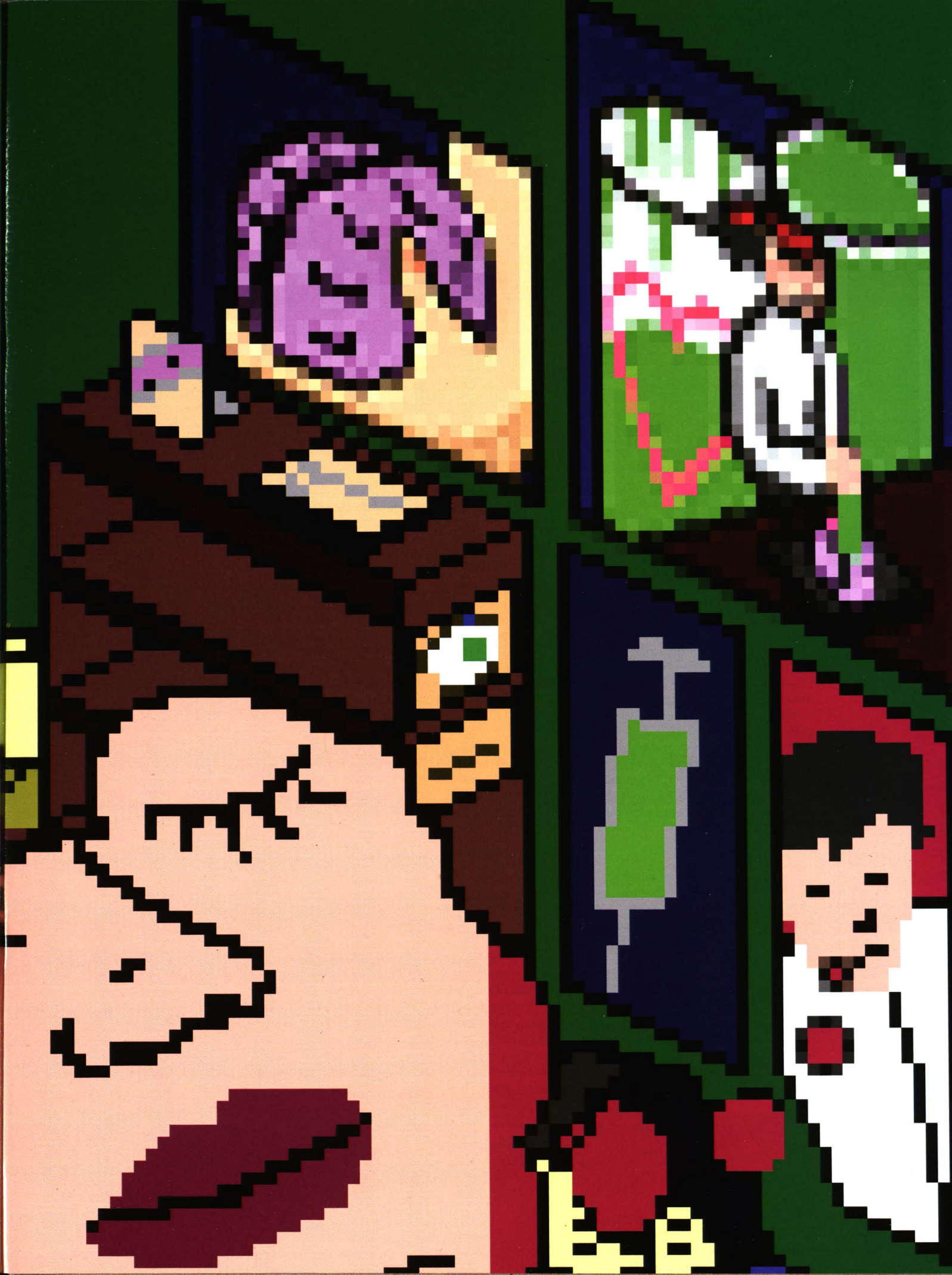
IAN SCHAFFER

IF IT WAS ENOUGH TO SHOW IT JUST ONCE AND NOT AGAIN,
WED ALL BE LIVING BLISSFULLY DUMB
IN THE CORNERS OF OUR HEADS
AND WATCH THE WAY YOU LET ME WATCH YOU
WITH NO NOTION OF A SOLITARY LIFE
THERE WERE TWO PEOPLE IN THAT CORNER
AND YOU EYED ME AND YOU
"HOW DO YOU LIVE?"
I LIKE TO LEARN
AND TO ME, THIS WAS THE LIMIT
OF THE QUESTIONS I COULD ASK

THE COGHORK MACHINCATIONS OF THAT PRETTY LITTLE HEAD
AND YOU ANSWERED, AND I WAS CONTENT.
TELL ME ABOUT YOUR CORNERS,
HELL, TELL ME ABOUT YOUR WALLS AND YOUR FURNITURE.
IT MIGHT TEACH ME SOMETHING ABOUT MY OWN

HERE'S MY CORNER
I SHOWED YOU AGAIN AND AGAIN
AND YOU DIDNT LIKE IT
HELL, YOU DIDNT LIKE MY WALLS OR MY FURNITURE
I WANTED TO DO SOME RENOVATIONS,
BUT YOU LET ME SEE YOUR CORNER JUST ONCE
SO HOW CAN I KNOW WHAT TO CHANGE
TO SUIT YOUR NEEDS,
TO MAKE IT MORE LIKE HOME,
WHEN I CAN SCARCE REMEMBER
WHAT YOUR CORNER WAS LIKE?
SHOULD I HAVE TO?

IS THIS MY CORNER,
OR OURS?





THIS IS IMPOTENCE

KRISTOFER BARR

Just fucking trying to
Write some poetry
Yes, write some fucking poetry
Write some motherfucking poetry
See, I keep trying
To write some poetry
But the words stick
Not around but inside
Myself, being
That I'm fucking incapable
Of writing a single fucking line
Of fucking poetry

By the Mesquite Trees

MICHELLE MILNER

Afternoon sun bore down on my back as I kneeled over my makeshift water purification system. I salvaged what I could and poured it into the jug, brought it to my lips, and drank. My parched lips, cracked and burned, felt some fleeting relief as I blinked out towards the desert road. I couldn't believe it. Only three months ago the streets had been full of dutiful workers stumbling breathlessly to their next job or an icy glass of lemonade at Bobo's breakfast café. The roads no longer exhaled the grey breath of passing trucks and cars, some with native plates and others donning their own country's identification, driven across the border with the hopes of a different world. I took another drink and squinted through my cracked lenses, a single bead of sweat falling from my brow. I never thought that the American Dream would end like this. I bet they never did either.

Slowly, I walked down the dusty sidewalks littered with abandoned respirators and facemasks, some professionally made, some handmade. The draft picked up one and flipped it, revealing a dark red underside, misted with blood. I shuddered, my pace quickening as I sidestepped around it.


It had been days, maybe weeks since I heard human voices in my own reality, not the ones that filled my headphones on an old CD player. Sound was owned by the world around me. The wind whispered solemn hymns through the summer air, ominous and tremulous as it snaked around overgrown mesquite trees. In the distance, I could hear heavy paws thumping onto the concrete, accompanied by a lonely jingle of collar tags.

"Here, boy," I beckoned.

Bounding around the corner came a large dog, golden fur turned brown, matted and pressed into dirty tendrils, shielding its eyes. It was extremely emaciated, bones clearly present through its skin. It stalled at my feet, presenting a large gift for me. Upon a closer look, I could easily recognize it as a human's radial bone. I winced. Even though I had been surrounded by such death and decay for months, I could still not dissociate a person from his or her body. I thought of that person lying in agony, perhaps not even fully dead before the neighbor's dog came for a snack. I kicked the bone away from me and watched the abandoned best friend so eagerly went to fetch it.

I walked another mile before finally reaching my destination: a CVS. As expected, the windows were in shards, and the electric door was smashed. I carefully crawled through the opening. Instantly the stench of death and steamy, rotting flesh invaded my nose, assaulting my sense of smell and rendering me useless. I fell to my knees as I began gagging. They had come here for their last salvation, trying to salvage what was left of cough medicine and sedatives. I re-adjusted my surgical mask and pulled my shirt over my nose and mouth, trying to battle the odor. My heavy boots sludged through stagnant liquid on the floor, a combination of vomit and liquefied organs. I dared not look.

I finally reached my target: large jugs full of chlorine bleach. I attached a powerful carabineer around the handles and lugged them out of the store, keeping my glance straight ahead, horrified at what I might see on the ground.



THE HUMAN CONDITION: A PLAYLIST FOR THE OUT OF STEP DAY

MARCO PONZO

.....

TWENTY SONGS TOLD BY TWENTY ARTISTS, COMPILED AND FELT ON A NIGHT DRIVE WITH A COFFEE AT THE DOCK OF THE BAY. SONGS YOU CAN LISTEN TO AFTER READING SOME NIETZSCHE AND MEDITATING DEEPLY THROUGH A DIRTY BUS WINDOW. HAVE FUN OUT THERE, EVERY DAY ABOVE GROUND IS A GOOD DAY.

HOOKER WITH A PENIS - TOOL
HANDS AROUND MY THROAT - DEATH IN VEGAS
FORCED MARCH- EARTH CRISIS
PROSTITUTIONALIZED - DOWNSET
SAPA - ABUELA
THE MADNESS - ACTION BRONSON
ZZZ TOP - AESOP ROCK
GHOSTS: SECOND VARIATION - ALBERT AYLER
TELL IT TO THE MOUNTAIN - ANIMAL COLLECTIVE
BUCEPHALUS BOUNCING BALL - APHEX TWIN
WHY CAN'T I BE ME? - ARIEL PINK'S HAUNTED GRAFFITI
DEFAULT - ATOMS FOR PEACE
GUILTY - THE BAD PLUS
DIARY OF A TAXI DRIVER - BERNARD HERMANN
LET 'EM HAVE IT 'L - BIG L
THE DEVIL IS IN THE DETAILS - BOARDS OF CANADA
EVERYTHING REMAINS RAW - BUSTA RHYMES
ALWAYS THE HARD WAY - TERROR
ALTO 2 - KAORU ABE
ROAD TO PEACE - TOM WAITS



Art by Kat Gu

The Life of Samuel Chase: A Haiku

Andrew Carrieri

In old Maryland
Samuel Chase led the rebels
Towards independence

On the Supreme Court
Chase brought much controversy
And he was impeached

But in the Senate
The justice was acquitted
And so he served on

He stayed on the Court
Until 1811
When he met his fate

At age 70
The stormy patriot died
Ending an era

Bad Bisexual Blues

DAKOTA JORDAN

I HAVE NEVER TREATED A GIRL RIGHT
OR TAKEN ONE ON A DATE
BUT I HAVE WORKED MY MOUTH
AND HANDS
AGAINST SO MANY
I WISH I COULD
JUST TAKE SOMEONE TO A MOVIE

The Problem With Fat Boys

DAKOTA JORDAN

IF I HAVE TO EXPLAIN
"CUNNILINGUS"
ONE MORE TIME
I MAY HAVE TO DO A LIVE DEMONSTRATION

A SLOWLY ROTATING PIECE OF SHIT

KRISTOFER BARR

"This world is a slowly rotating piece of shit," said the man, out-loud, to himself, but not too loudly, for it was a good phrase, or at least it sounded good, and the man sat down on a bench in the middle of the world and wrote it down in a notebook because he didn't want to forget it later.

YOU KNOW WHAT I SAY?

Kristofer Barr

Asked in parlay
I but home a day
This acquaintance, you know
Apporacheth may
Hello, he say
So-ray, I say, yes Say
Don't remember your nayme
Worray not, son
They Say to May I
Would like to know how
Thou goest, you know
And I Say, yes Say, well
Bizzay, terribly so
Going mad, you know
And they Say, yes Say
In a good way or bad way?

And you know what I Say?
Yes, Say
Madness, you know
Is like
Coming Home
But, so-ray, I say
I shant be able to stay, kay?
Kay? Kay!
Useth correct language, eh?
Its O-kay, o-kay?
For you, son, I do pray
And I say, I Say
I am happay to have
Meeteth you
Today
And finally goeth he away

A Cup of Blood

Kyle Barr

Commander of the Citadel Sancho D'Avila held the cup of wine up to his nose. His nostrils flared, and he narrowed his eyes. There was something in that look, like a wolf in heat.

He held the cup up to the men sitting around him.

"This smells like blood," he said. There was something in the tone of his voice, as if he was just noting the weather.

The men around him watched their commander. Their faces were set into frowns. None of them touched the cups set in front of them. They looked amongst their number as if somebody in the group knew how to react. One man fingered a cross strung fervently around the crease of his hand.

There was red in that cup, and maybe some man had filled their commanders cup with another beings life, but then, the commander was painted with blood. It was crusted into his mail and dripped from his armored breastplate onto the floor. It was on his face too, already starting to darken as it dried. The men stayed silent.

The Commander dragged back his cup and wafted it by his face. He pursed his lips, then laughed. He sniffed, smiled and drank.

One man, Rodrigo, opened his mouth to speak, but the man next to him quickly put a hand on his shoulder, and shook his head. The general didn't notice, or he pretended not to.

The screams could be heard even from deep within the citadel. Whispers of pain echoed within the fortress' long stone halls. Outside the city of Antwerp burned, possessions were taken and their owners killed. Women were raped by the hundreds. It was the anger of thousands of Spanish soldiers taught to kill with efficiency. The fury of soldiers told to kill without pay for weeks. Foreign soldiers should not be stationed in a foreign city. Here they were. They regrouped with another company outside the city, then came back to sack it. They killed all the German defenders.

Commander of the Citadel Sancho D'Avila was drunk, on what, Rodrigo did not know. He wasn't sure he possibly could know. He wasn't sure if he wanted to know.

There was something in the way Sancho D'Avila stood. It was slow, but not stolid. He wasn't hurt either. He moved like a snake preparing to strike. His eyes locked on Rodrigo, who felt the hairs on the back of his arm stiffen.

You can hear of such men. They tell you stories and you are supposed to awe at brutality. You are supposed to pray that you should never meet such a man.

{ "Everything, for that one moment of time,
was calm." }

And then you lord tells you to serve one.

The Commander strode his way around the left side of the table until he was opposite from Rodrigo.

"I have made you all rich," he mumbled, his mustache was so drenched with wine that it looked red in that dark chamber. He talked slow. There was something in that voice.

"I have taken this city for you, my friends. You are rich now. I will soon take you outside and show you the carts loaded with spices, with quilts. The Dutch hoarded their stuffs, did you know? They brought it from all over the world just so they could keep it here." He licked the top of his lip, and seemed to like what he tasted.

The men slurred their thanks. Rodrigo sat, looking deep into his cup.

"Rodrigo!" The Commander's voice was hoarse. He had been shouting commands all day, yet in that chamber his voice was a roar.

Rodrigo looked up.

"Do you hope to find a women at the bottom of that cup?" He came around to the other side of the table until he was directly behind him. Rodrigo kept his face forward.

His voice became quiet again. "Well, if you do, then you might as well drink. Best way to see what you're looking for." The Commander looked up at his men, hoping to find them laughing at his joke. They stared at him.

Rodrigo pouted. "This is my wine from my stores. I own this citadel."

One man clenched his cross in his fist, moving it to the palm of his hand.

"Another gift to you," the commander sighed. "Aren't I generous?"

He put his hands on Rodrigo's shoulders. There was something in the way that the Commander groped his shoulders. He was light, like a fathers palms on a young man's shoulders.

"Look what we have done."

"You have done," the words felt like they leaked from his mouth. In that instant he was afraid. More afraid than witnessing a line of arquebus fire in his direction. He felt the hands tighten ever so slightly on his shoulders.

The room was silent. It must have been minutes, it must of been. There was something about that silence, it lasted seconds but felt like years.

"WE have done. Rodrigo." D'Avila sounded different. He seemed almost sad. "You forgot to call me lord. Next time, you shall call me lord."

D'Avila released his shoulders and walked back to the head of the table.

He held his head low. It was then Rodrigo saw a man. Things he never could have noticed. The balding spot on his head, the small scar just behind his cheek. Something deep had cut there.

He raised his head, and he saw his eyes. There was no longer a man there.

"I was wrong, it was not a gift." He picked up his cup and swirled the drink around. "We took it. This Citadel was ours, it was always ours. We look down on the rest of the city from here. It would have been ours. It was going to be ours. We took it."

Rodrigo tried to speak, "I, my lord..."

"My lord!" He yelled. Rodrigo clenched the side of the table. "You say it." He laughed. "You are weak, you all are. If you had qualms for what we did then kill your lord. Kill who you are sworn to. Do your duty to god, if you cannot do your duty to me. Do you not hold a sword? Then be a soldier and kill."

There was something in that stillness. Everything, for that one moment of time was calm. The air stunk of sweat, but now it did not taste of blood. Rodrigo was disgusted, but all that bile, all that stench had retreated. Somewhere it went.

Rodrigo raised his cup. "Drink, please. Take what you want."

The men drank. Rodrigo picked up his cup and tilted it down his throat.

It tasted like wine. Just wine.



Art by Kat Gu

WRITING A CHARACTER (AN EXCERPT)

By Carlos Cardoniga

"It's a rainy, monochrome night," the circle narrated. "I'm a detective off-duty and dressed in self-established uniform: a white button down with a lazy necktie and suspenders clipped onto my wrinkly brown pants. I observe the outside world from my water-speckled window in my one-floor office. The city I've buried myself in is the kind where dreams and dreamers come to die, and crimes are barely worth a passing mention in the daily news. What I provide for this decaying suburb is a meager attempt at washing away some of the filth, for no city deserves to wallow endlessly in its waste. Not even this one."

"At this moment, however, I'm simply pouring myself a glass of scotch with two ice cubes. With one swift gulp, my eyesight becomes foggy; my steps become staggered and shaky. As I stumble into my chair, I struggle to get my desk in order, paper having toppled from neat stacks into a scattered layer of scribbles. These scribbles are each a part of different case files. All of them were solved; a missing girl, a stolen necklace, even a murder or two! There's nothing I haven't seen and not a case I haven't closed."

"Yeah," he exclaimed. "Yeah, that's it!"

"But you don't want just a regular old mystery. We need to provide me, the detective, with a challenge. There's nothing more exciting than a seasoned detective coming across something he has never seen before. What you want are puzzles."

"Puzzles, huh?"

"That's right. Mysteries within a mystery! My trail of breadcrumbs must wind and bend into a complex maze to traverse all the way to the killer's doorstep."

"Killer?"

"Serial killer, to be exact."

"But he's already solved murders, hasn't he?"

"Ah, but serial killers are different than those who murdered out of spontaneity or a spouse whose had just about enough of their significant other. Their minds have been altered to a point where the most heinous act of taking a life is a habit. Can you imagine the kind of twisted thinking that runs through the brain of a serial killer? The complexity and psychology are already there. You simply need to get it down in writing."

"Okay," he said, slowly grasping what this all meant. "So how do we start this?"

"To further add to the sickening mindset of Mister Serial, he must send me a message. Make it a photo of a victim, a mysterious phone call, or if you're feeling especially sinister, a body part. Attach to it a cryptic note along the lines of 'Shall we play?' or 'Riddle me this.' Trinkets and baubles are especially necessary for me to put together. Thus the game commences."

"Uh-huh. So...how about this?"

"The rap on the door pulls me away from my drunken haze. With less of a stumble to walk with than before, I make my way over to answer it. I open it to see no one in sight when a small unmarked package on my doormat catches my eye. Raindrops were splattered on it and seeping into the cardboard. I step outside to look in my immediate area. To my disappointment, no one is in sight. Whoever left this box here was now far and away. Closing the door behind me, I bring the package back to my desk, pushing my files aside to avoid getting them wet."

"Clever," I find myself thinking as I examine the box closely. "The rain *would* be enough to wash away his prints, especially a rainfall this heavy."

"The box is soggy enough that I could've easily ripped it open with a little effort, but the alcohol swirling in my head and the exhaustion that came with the late night made me reach for a box cutter. I'm lucky enough that I don't drunkenly cut myself as it slices through the taped-up slit easily and I flip each cardboard tab to the side."

"Then I reel backwards and promptly vomit."

"Inside is a right hand, cut just below the wrist, with tips of each finger sliced off and replaced with bloody fingertips of five different skin types with jagged, amateurish stitching. The wrist is raw and red, with hints of rope burn embedded into it. The end of the stump is wet not with water, but fresh blood dripping from the jagged bones."

"I gave myself a chance to sober up to deal with the freshly cut body parts that were just delivered to my doorstep. I close it momentarily to relieve myself of the terrible stench wafting from the point of separation."

"Five victims," I began thinking. "No, six. Hand from one, fingers from five others. Killed... maybe hours ago. Hours, really...? Maybe not dead, though. Just missing a few things. Hopefully."

"It takes me quite a while to look inside again and examine the thing, anxious that the hand of Frankenstein's monster could jump up at any minute to strangle the life out of me. I put on a plastic glove to remove it from the box. The hand itself is a pudgy one. The fingertips matched their locations on the hand, but were of varying sizes, making it look freakish."

"Who could have left this here? Was it the very culprit? Maybe even a messenger? And to leave it at my doorstep so shortly after the deed was done, how brazen! Not only was this person fiendish, but he was rather confident! Whoever put this here wants to be chased. He's looking to

have fun with this.”

“I turn it over to examine the palm. Hardly a speck of normal skin remained untouched by the blood drowning it, which came from the message violently carved into it.”

“YOUR JUSTICE IS SERVED.”

“The message isn’t as terrifying as the sudden realization when I looked closely. I recognized the handwriting.”

“Thus begins my detective story,” the circle concluded. “I examine each part, discover the victim’s motive, all while battling against a personal demon from my past. From there, my investigation will culminate into an ending that no one shall expect and will leave jaws on the floor.”

“Maybe not,” the writer muttered. His finger was dry of ink.

“I’m sorry?” The circle retracted the entire scenery like a vacuum, returning the environment to its snow-white blankness.

“I dunno...mysteries sound kinda hard.”

“Hm.” The circle’s voice betrayed no real emotions. “I understand. The intricacy of each clue, the grueling exemplification of each suspect making them each plausible enough to be a killer, and the twist! Readers will be trying to put the clues together by themselves; how could you possibly throw at them the unexpected when they’re trying to expect something? It can all be quite overwhelming.”

“Yeah.”

“But you’ve not yet lost your will to write, have you?”

“No. Just...maybe something a little simpler?”

“Very well.” The circle sounded as compliant as it did mysterious. “No logic in overwhelming the senses when short and simple can abate one’s appetite! Any ideas?”

“I guess...how about a love story?”

“Ah, love! So wonderful...yet so dangerous. Like the roaring fire, it invites you, making you feel safe and warm in the embrace of the heat. Yet coming too close to it could reduce your heart to ashes, nigh-impossible to return it to what it once was.

“And to think of love’s different shades! Desperate love, unrequited love, secret love, forbidden love! The possibilities are endless! Why, love seems like the perfect thing to write about! I’ll let you take the helm on this one!”

“Okay. Let’s see..”

Once more, he dipped his finger into the circle, making it giggle again. Instead of spatters, however, he began with a curve.

The circle grew again. From within, the ululating noise of an office telephone filled the void.

THE HARD WAY

By Quinn Adikes

“Still humping the American Dream, that vision of the Big Winner.”

-Hunter S. Thompson

James woke up in a cold sweat. His face was glued to the passenger window of the car and as he slowly began to peel his face away he felt himself grow nauseous from the blurring lines on the road. The dashes designating a separation between lanes morphed into one continuous, twitching line. And it didn’t help that Ricky was hammering through the night at breakneck speed, either. James could not remember what he had just been dreaming about, but in that brief space between the regaining of consciousness and the opening of his eyes, he halfheartedly hoped to wake up somewhere else: next to the fire place in a rustic ski lodge overlooking the Swiss Alps, on the beach of some tropical island with an umbrella topped daiquiri in hand, or even in his bed. Instead, he found himself on the Jersey Turnpike, in the passenger seat of Ricky’s dumpster-on-wheels, sitting amidst a stinking graveyard of discarded water bottles and cheeseburger wrappers. James fidgeted around and closed his eyes in a feeble attempt to fall back asleep, but the coughing and rattling of the little car soon implanted itself deep within his consciousness and the idea of one more nap was quickly swept away. Frustrated, he rubbed the crust off of his eyelids and sat up, staring forward at the night sky and the endless road that screamed towards him.

“What time is it?” James asked, turning to Ricky.

“Do I look like a clock to you?”

“Well you never bothered to fix the one in here and my phone is dead, so right now it would be nice if you could be one.”

“We’ll get there when we get there.”

"Holy shit. I just want to know the time."

Ricky sighed. "Ok, fine." He shoved his knee under the steering wheel and began searching his pockets. Digging deep, he jerked his leg to the right and the car began to rapidly swerve towards the median. James snatched the wheel and righted their course.

"Jesus Christ, you idiot," a voice from the back seat yelled. James turned around to see Chris wide awake wearing a look of terror.

"Everybody calm down," Ricky said, pulling his cellphone from the depths of his pocket. "We're almost there. It's 12:43 by the way. A.M." He turned off of the turnpike onto an exit. The car continued in silence for the next twenty minutes. Suddenly the trees flanking the highway began to give way to vast bodies of water.

It was a ritual for the boys and their group of friends: they would be sitting in some basement on a Tuesday night, the dead of winter and not a thing to do. Suddenly somebody would come up with a brilliant idea: "let's see if I can get comped a room in A.C. tonight." This proposition was always followed by general enthusiasm, but there also would always be one naysayer: "I can't afford to go to Atlantic City; my car insurance is due this week." This was always met with general name calling and harassment; the naysayer's masculinity would be called into question and somebody would openly mock the fact that he just actually admitted to being broke. Eventually, however, the reluctant party was always convinced otherwise. "Just don't gamble," somebody would reassure him, but they all knew that was going to be impossible.

"Oh man, I can see it," said James. A massive glow began to creep over the dark horizon.

A passing billboard caught James' eye: a heavily doctored spread of a busty blonde in a black bikini. She was running her hands through her thick, curly, golden hair and it was flowing back as if a breeze had flown through the studio at that exact moment. Her tan and slender body was offset by a huge tribal tattoo that ran down her side. The billboard read: NASTY NICK'S GENTLEMAN'S CLUB... 100% AUTHENTIC GIRLS. James fixed his eyes onto the authentic blonde until the billboard peeled



itself past his view, but this did not disappoint him because he was now met with an even greater sight. Amongst an array of neon lights was one prominent sign that read: WELCOME TO ATLANTIC CITY. This was always James' favorite part of the trip. Sure, you could show up during the day, well rested and ready to take on Lady Luck, but that took the fun away. To get the true experience one must cross that threshold from the real world at night, or even better, in the wee hours of the morning. A.C. appeared to be a city just like any other during the day, but it was when the sun went into hibernation that the town really sprang to life; driving through the city at 1 in the morning after hours of being on the road created the effect of a fish in the neon sea. The car was soon swallowed up. They looked out of locked windows as if on a concrete safari. A stray pit bull, a crackhead, a prostitute; they were all foreign sights to the boys.

The car waded through glitz and shit until the destination was reached: Donald Trump's Taj Mahal. The Taj stuck out like a sore thumb; white plaster and cheap gold paint surrounded by an army of shining glass monstrosities, adorned with onion domes to give it that authentic Indian look that one would expect to see in New Jersey.

"Let's do the valet this time," Chris said.

"Are you going to tip him?" Ricky asked, "Because I'm not."

"Don't be such a peasant. Besides, didn't you hear about the guy that got robbed in the parking

garage last week? Some junkie knifed him in front of his family and made off with the guy's wallet."

"What a world we live in." Ricky said, rolling his eyes and turning into the parking garage, away from the shimmering entrance of the Taj and the luxurious safety that it promised.

"Dickhead," said Chris.

"You do you realize that you have to pay for the parking garage too, right?" said James.

"This is true," said Ricky, "but I'm a gold member here. I'm pretty much royalty, and royalty gets free parking." He whipped out his gold card and flashed it at the automated toll booth. The gate opened. Ricky parked and the boys unloaded their bags from the car. As they stepped into the casino, it would have been easy to mistake them for a pack of wandering vagabonds sporting dirty jeans and band shirts. James gave himself a minute to take it all in. He listened soothingly to the melodious chime of the thousands of slot machines before him. Casinos had an effect on James that was not at all different from flies to a bug zapper.

They needed to ditch their bags and they needed to ditch them fast. Ricky made the arrangements with the front desk and within minutes they were on their way to a suite on the 70th floor. The room, of course, was on the house.

"God damn this room is nice," said Ricky, trying on a robe from the closet. "I think I'm going to order room service, I'm starving." He opened the mini-fridge and pulled out a bottle of French mineral water.

"Don't drink that," said Chris, "they charge you like 20 dollars for one of those." But Ricky had already cracked the cap off and begun lustily chugging the water.

"You guys go on without me, I'm going to hang out here for a while," said Ricky. He picked up the room service menu and began fingering through the pages. "Steak tar-tar. What is that anyway? Maybe I'll try it." Chris looked at James and shook his head.

"Let's check out the floor, I'm itching to hit a blackjack table or something."

"Ok," said James.

When they got on the elevator Chris turned to James and said: "I don't understand it, he makes the same amount of money as I do. I mean, we've both worked at the same restaurant since high school, I don't understand how he has money to blow like that. He comes here like three times a month. By himself. It doesn't make sense. At first I figured: 'ok, maybe he's one of those trust fund kids, you know, parents are loaded or something.' But then he invited me over his family's house, and he never invites people over... it's a fucking dump, just like his car. And then I figured that maybe he was some kind of gambling prodigy, maybe he played poker and killed it or something, but then we played one night at Chris' house and he was one of the worst card players I've ever seen. I wouldn't be surprised if he had never even played poker before that. I don't understand it."

"Me either. He wasn't always like this, though. Just within the past year. He turns 21 and all of a sudden he's a degenerate gambler."

"He's so full of shit. If I squeezed him it would ooze out of his ears. That reminds me, though. How do you plan on playing tonight? You still have Danny's I.D.?"

"Yeah," said James, flashing the card to Chris.

"Still got the birthday and everything memorized?"

"Yes, Chris. I might be underage but I'm not an idiot."

"Just trying to help, they fuck you real bad if you get caught using one of those. Huge fine and good luck ever coming back to a casino again after that."

"I know, I know."

"Just saying," said Chris, nudging James in the ribs.

The elevators let out at the game floor. It was now 2 A.M, but that did little to deter the hysterical swarms of gamblers. It was easy to lose track of the time. Flashing, jingling slot machines lit up the massive room like a Christmas display. Cigarette smoke hung tensely over roulette tables like a grey and dense fog. Black leotards indiscreetly clung to the bodies of cocktail waitresses, skillfully balancing trays of beer and liquor around the crazed masses.

A shout. A cheer. Clapping. James looked across the room past the slot machines and saw a table of celebrating craps players, maniacally jumping and pounding like animals. Someone must be rich now, he thought. His instinct told him to get in on the action. He bounded for the craps game, but as James turned a corner, making his way through the maze of machines that blocked his way, he ran headlong into a slot player.

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