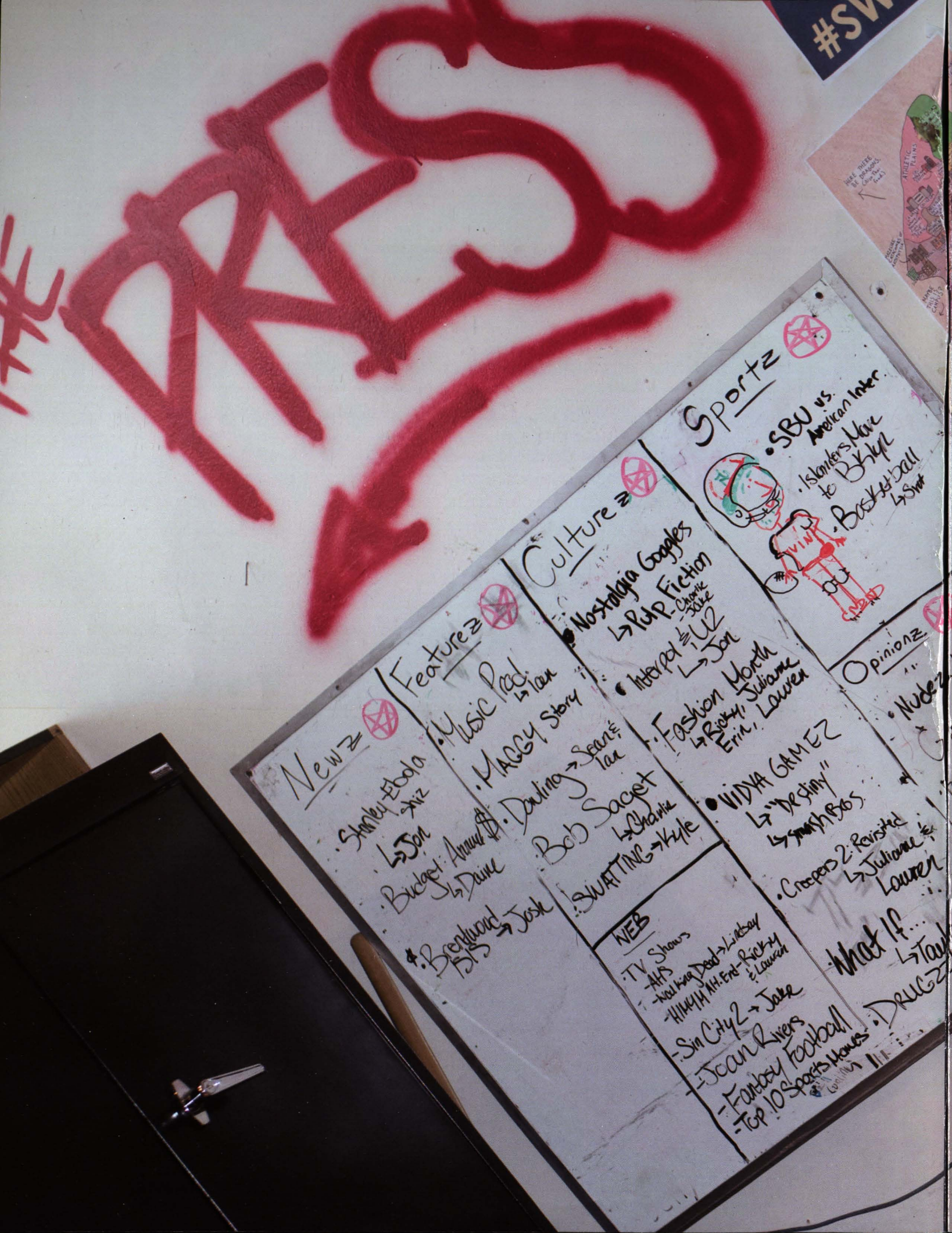


THE STONY BROOK PRESS





AUMENTANDO.

It's a new day for the Stony Brook Press, and there are gonna be some changes around here.

RASTI.

In the face of a bountiful blessing of new ideas, combined with a solid squad and a little help from a budget slash, we here at the Press have decided on a fresh idea for moving forward: total overhaul.

STEIGEN.

Since we're all about combining the excitement of iconoclasm with the warm fuzzies of nostalgia and reveling in our awe-inspiring legacy, we've reached a significant compromise regarding the future of our magazine.

AUGMENTER.

Starting from this issue and spanning into the foreseeable future, The Stony Brook Press will cease its life as a twice-a-month publication and begin anew as a monthly release instead.

STIJGEN.

Rest easy; this isn't a choice we made lightly.

EMELKEDIK.

In exchange for an extended schedule, we're offering our readers a fresh presentation, a greater emphasis on our strengths and, most importantly, a product packed with as much quality as we can possibly handle.

SURGENT.

You'll start to notice a few change in the coming months: longer and beefier features sections with a more diverse coverage of events, a more intense section for opinions and a higher level

STIGA.

RISE.

of participation for our readers. But relax; these are good things! An organization can only thrive if it plays to its strengths, which must be nurtured and given enough attention in order to live up to their full potential.

"To print feature articles, investigative reports, and incisive analyses, for the purpose of informing the campus community, promoting progress and inciting debate."

This is the mission statement of The Stony Brook Press. With our redesign and new staff, we feel that the direction we are headed will not only satisfy our own artistic egos, but also make for a more effective way to accomplish our mission and serve our campus community.

We've already learned from our short time running the ship that it requires a LOT in order to keep it afloat: supplies, good fortune, lots of paper, cash money and imperatively, a whole mess of elbow grease. So hopefully we can keep these high seas calm and deliver these crunchy spices to our beloved public.

Bear with us. We promise to kick a gratuitous amount of ass.

Love,
The Editors

A special thank you to Andy Mai, Aj Ka-e and Angela Pulice.

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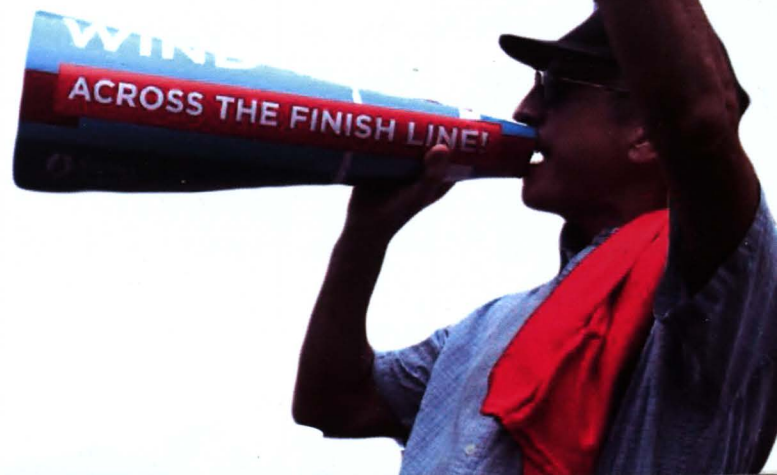
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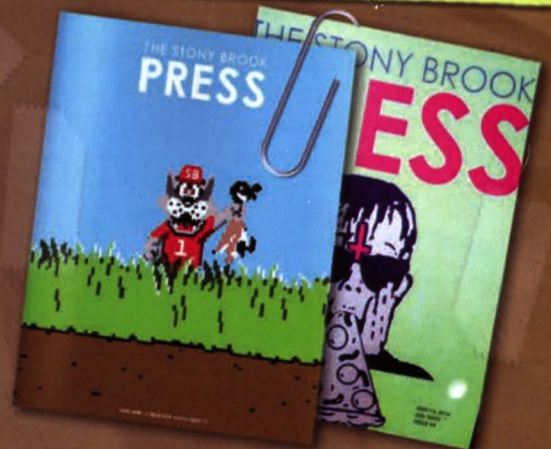
THE | STONY | PRESS
BROOK

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Dowling Residents Optimistic in Spite of Problems

IAN SCHAFFER & SEAN FISCHER
WITH ADDITIONAL REPORTING
& PHOTOS BY DAINE TAYLOR

As a new wave of transfer students were accepted to Stony Brook University, approximately 200 admitted applicants with aspirations of on-campus living found that there was no place for them on Stony Brook's primary West Campus.

Stony Brook's attempt to make space for them involves a neat deal struck with Dowling College in which the top two floors of the Brookhaven Residential Village, a 289-room, apartment-style dormitory located on Dowling's auxiliary campus in Shirley, have been rented out especially for them.

According to Stony Brook's website for the residence hall, residents are guaranteed housing on West Campus come fall 2015.

While opinions on their new housing situation differ, many residents of 'BRV' have found it difficult to find their place in the campus community while subject to what many consider an exceedingly infrequent shuttle bus.

Located approximately 18 miles away from Stony Brook University, a nearly 30-minute bus ride separates the Brookhaven residents from their classrooms. While these numbers seem relatively small, with many Stony Brook students and faculty commuting longer distances by car daily, BRV

residents without cars are given only five chances each day to catch the shuttle to Stony Brook.

The Stony Brook-bound buses begin at 7 a.m. and run every two hours until 1 p.m. with a final bus running at 4 p.m.

Getting back though, has proven more of an issue. Buses home become increasingly infrequent over the course of the day with the last two running at 7:30 p.m. and 10:30 p.m.

Jarred Ostrander, 19, a business major and transfer from SUNY Adirondack, expressed the frustration that he and others at Brookhaven have felt.

"I get out of class at 8:20 p.m. and I have to wait until 10:30 p.m. to leave," said Ostrander. "So I have to wait two hours and 10 minutes just to get on the bus, and then another half hour to 45 minute bus ride, so I wouldn't get back until 11 p.m."

Early in the semester, there was no 7:30 p.m. bus, stranding students with classes ending after 5:45 p.m. until 10:30 p.m.

According to Ostrander, he confronted those in charge of deciding the bus schedule early on. Ostrander asked, "Are you guys going to fix that?" Their response? "What do you mean fix?" "It doesn't work," Ostrander told them. "That's what I mean, it doesn't work. You've got to fix it." But budget concerns meant that no more buses could be added to the schedule after the 7:30 p.m. bus.

While Ostrander said that these gaps should, 'in theory,' be good for taking care of homework, it never quite works out like that.

"I have two hour-and-a-half breaks between classes, and I have that two hour gap, but I'm not thinking about doing my work during that two hours. I'm thinking about how I'm going to get home quicker, I'm trying to find a ride, and I usually do," he said.

That's where making friends has come in handy, said Ostrander, who doesn't have a car on campus.

But even with the availability of a vehicle, the physical distance between the school and the residence means that acting like a typical campus resident is more of an inconvenience than it's worth.

"There are kids that drive, but even if they have a break, they don't want to drive. They'd rather take the bus because it's free," said Ostrander. "It's time but it's not gas."

A similar sentiment was shared by Karen LaFortune, 20.

"You can't keep up because you're always waiting for a bus. You're dependent on a bus, so you could never come back and forth to chill with people on campus," said LaFortune, a Health Sciences major who transferred to Stony Brook from Rockland Community College in Suffern, N.Y.

LaFortune said that, sometimes the capacity and not the infrequency of the buses is the concern. "Sometimes we'll get on the bus, and if it's packed, they try to tell you to get off," LaFortune said. "What are we supposed to do?"

Though efforts have been made to rearrange the bus schedule around midterms, little more convenience has been gained.

"This whole week is supposed to be exam week," said LaFortune. "There are people taking orgo and chem and they're frustrated because they want to go home and study, but they can't because they're sitting there outside, waiting for a bus."

In addition to issues with transportation, the students at BRV encountered another recurring problem with the building's slow and spotty internet connection.

Senior Tom Tartaro complained that the internet is "a quarter of the speed" of the internet provided on West Campus.

Transfer Robert Ward, a pre-computer science major, confirmed this with a connection test that returned an average upload and download speed of approximately 2 Mbps. Eight Mbps is typical on West Campus.

In fact, according to Tartaro, there was no internet access for the first two weeks of the semester.

Jarred Ostrander said that one Saturday, "I tried to do my Bio homework and everything's online; There's no Wi-Fi. I mean, there's Wi-Fi, but for the whole day, it was down."

The fliers in Brookhaven's halls say that the building managers blame residents' own routers for interfering with the Dowling-provided signal, going so far as to offer rewards for those who could identify people running these "rogue routers."

Though Ostrander, LaFortune and other residents stated that, in spite of what they see as a few relatively large inconveniences, the amenities that Brookhaven Recreational Village, and the community that has formed separate from West Campus is close knit.

Ostrander said it was 'nice' to see the other residents of Brookhaven on the academic mall.

"The kids from Brookhaven, we stick together kind of," said Ostrander.

The students on the Brookhaven hall council are especially enthusiastic about making Brookhaven feel more like a community.

Hall council president Caitlyn Walsh said, "I feel more a part of the campus here than I did at my previous university."

Walsh asserted that the quality of the rooms at Brookhaven, which all come equipped with at least one private bathroom, a kitchen with a full sized refrigerator and stove top, and other appliances, compares to those in West Apartments.

"Depending on where you live, our housing is much better than some of the older residential buildings," Walsh said.

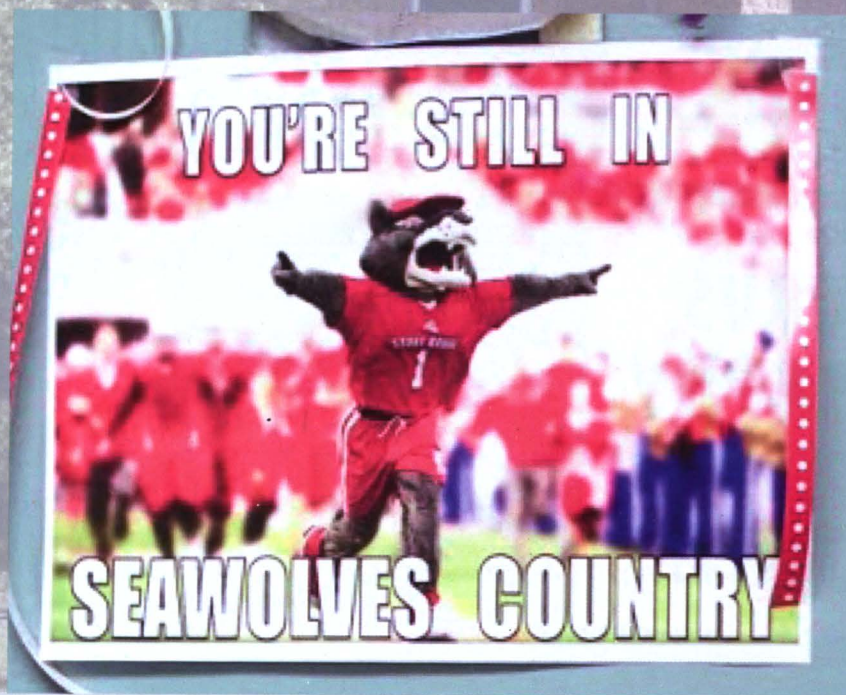
"We're trying to make it so that people don't instantly think bad things when they hear Brookhaven," she continued.

According to Walsh, Vice President Catherine Rodriguez and Secretary Serena DiLeonardo, many upcoming activities are planned to entertain Brookhaven's residents including autumn classics like pumpkin and apple picking at one of the farms not far from the Dowling campus.

The building's budget for events is the same as any other Stony Brook residence,

according to Rodriguez, but the three weren't aware what the dollar amount was yet pending an upcoming quad retreat.

"We have a lot of stuff, and when you're there it's fun, there's a lot of stuff to do," said Ostrander. "There's a volleyball net. It's quiet. It's low-key, it's nice. I plan on staying there until I get campus housing," he said. "If we got everything we wanted, and they really fixed the Wi-Fi, and we got buses every hour, and it really worked, I wouldn't mind staying there for the whole time [that I'm a Stony Brook student]."



GENERATION Y-NOT:

Making Bank Before B.A.

MAGGY
KILROY



“I’ll never forget the look of pain in my uncle’s eyes as he lay in a hospital bed with dengue fever. But more than that, I’ll never forget seeing the long line of people outside of a tiny clinic in India

email from the New York State Small Business Development Center for Stony Brook Entrepreneurs Challenge 2014. Having developed the initial product, Shah saw the opportunity to make a once aspiration into a tangible reality, reaching those who had inspired her. “I had this idea, and I wasn’t really sure what to do with it,” said Shah. “Ok, I developed this, but I don’t really know how to bring it to people or bring it to the market.” The competition gave her the opportunity to pitch a strategic business plan to what the email called a panel of “experienced venture funders, entrepreneurs and business services professionals.”

She met with advisors at the center who quickly turned the one-woman production to a team.

Shah won first place along with the prize of \$20,000. She went on to both regional and state competitions, where she added \$16,500 to her startup capital.

“I always saw myself as more of a scientist than an entrepreneur, but I think entrepreneurship is an inherent part of science,” she said. “In a lot of ways, the experiences I’ve had and the opportunities at Stony Brook, like being involved with the Small Business Development Center and having a chance to go and pitch my business plan in front of investors, made me realize that anyone could be an entrepreneur.”

In May, Mosquitos Be Gone LLC was approved by the state with 20-year-old Shah, listed as CEO.

waiting to get treatment for mosquito-transmitted diseases,” 19-year-old Ruchi Shah says to a crowd of women at the Forbes Women’s Summit in the spring of 2013. “Now I was 15-years-old at the time, and I was trying to think of ways I couldn’t forget those people and I knew I had to make a change,” she continued donning a black pantsuit accessorized with a slim braided crown pinned to her long black hair. “And that was when my journey began,” she said. As a sophomore at Sachem High School North, Shah discovered that some people are more attractive to mosquitoes due to certain levels of ammonia while creating artificial perspiration in her parent’s garage with lexan sheets and tubes from Home Depot. Turning down other universities like Northwestern and University of North Carolina Chapel Hill, Shah was accepted into Stony Brook’s prestigious Scholars for Medicine program right out of high school—admitting the 18-year-old into the School of Medicine. In the spring of her second year, Shah got an

RUCHI

Welcome to Colltures

Omid Esmaili’s iPhone buzzed to the “strum” sound at 6:45 a.m. He hit the snooze button once and the third alarm was only 15 minutes away. Today, he got a generous two hours of sleep. Esmaili spent the night tweaking line 263 of “colltures-new.” To non-techies, that would simply be editing the AutoFill feature for iOS 8, but for the young app-developer, it’s five hours of hard labor. Colltures LLC is in its seventh version as its over 3,660 users tap update on their smartphones.

“Colltures is an application that’s going to change how college works,” said Esmaili. “It lets you see a live feed of what’s happening on and off any college campus.” The first version opened to the University of Tampa, where Mr. Esmaili spent a semester “visiting” friends as he promoted the beta app.

Within three days, Colltures had 846 users. The app features purely collegiate social media—Zuckerburg without the god-complex.

Esmaili is the first person in his generation of his family to go to college.

“I didn’t know what to expect,” he said. He enrolled in the first school to peak his interest during the tour season. After two weeks, he realized it wasn’t what he wanted. With a heavy course load and superficial college antics, he had no time to go out of the way to meet new people with similar interests.

He continued, “I thought there has to be a better way to see a college’s atmosphere.” Listening to Asher Roth’s “I Love College,”

he realized, “I fucking hate this.” ‘That party last night was awfully crazy. I wish we taped it,’ Roth’s voice came over the speaker. “I was like, ‘Shit, why don’t I film what goes on at different colleges,’” Esmaili said. “But that wasn’t rational so I thought; why don’t I make an app to let people tell their own stories?”

He teamed up with his 16-year-old brother, Arman Esmaili, to create Colltures and enrolled at Stony Brook.

It became every freshman’s wet dream of how to virtually be in every club, cheer on every sports team and make it to every party—shoes on.

Users must have an .edu address to access various clubs, organizations and any other collegiate happenings.

Scrolling through the newsfeed, Brent Samaha’s selfie reads, “Staller Study Swag #wedonthaveany-swag” and underneath, Christian Bercy kicks a soccer ball “cheered” on by Mike Battey and Chris Johnson. Esmaili has met with potential investors from Silicon Valley to the Flatiron District and hopes to spread his user base with the latest version.



OMID

Isaac Doustar scrolled through his Facebook newsfeed when BuzzFeed's "This Woman Had Her Face Photoshopped In Over 25 Countries To Examine Global Beauty Standards" lit his screen. He immediately copied the link and sent it to Stony Brook alum, Bash Naran. "Dude, this is what Doucce does—we're an international [cosmetics] brand. That's our niche," Doustar furiously texted in the middle of reps at the campus recreation center.

Naran suggested that Doucce hold an event showcasing their own international spread. The "Discover Your Individuality" event is set to launch in February. Doustar started at the company founded by his father, Moe Doustar, in 2001 in the warehouse. A few years later he was named COO—one step from CEO, which he hopes to alleviate his father from in five years.

In his last year at as a business and economics, Doustar checks his email in HIS 368 "Wealth and Inequality in the Modern Corporate Age."

His deal with Glossybox, a subscription service for cosmetics and skincare products, closed earlier in the month.

"My laptop is always open. There's no clocking out," said the self-proclaimed workaholic.

Traveling back and forth from campus to meetings both in Manhattan, and at the company's primary office in Great Neck, Doustar sacrifices sleep for grades and grandeur.

Doustar described his typical week, "I have classes Tuesday and Thursday. I go back home Friday morning—early, spend the weekend in the office and have Mondays and Wednesdays to schedule meetings."

During the first meeting he sat in on, one of Doucce's mascara suppliers asked how long the young man sitting across from him in a suit and tie had "been in the industry."

18-year-old Doustar sheepishly admitted, "A couple months." "Where did you go to school?" questioned the representative. "I'm starting my freshman year in the fall."

With a look of disbelief, he said, "You're kidding."

At Doucce, Doustar directs photo shoots, tests products and plans marketing campaigns.

He has personally pulled in five partnerships and clients.

When his latest deal breaks, Doustar says he is anxious about taking a five-figure check to the bank.

"It's a little bit too high. How does that even work?" joked

Doustar modestly. "I've never had to deal with that.

"If you know what to do with your money, you invest it properly," he said.

Besides Doucce, Doustar has his hands and eyes on multiple investments and projects—but not without enjoying his success. Doustar says he's been spoiled and now needs a table and bottle service when going out.

"I think the problem is, everyone is going for something safe. Everyone is pre-med, pre-health, pre-something," noted Doustar. "You can't play life safe."



ISAAC

DAGNABBIT, SAGET

CHARLIE SPITZNER

Bob Saget: a name that usually brings wretches, sighs of discontent, and the occasional cheerful "oh" of recognition from those that've been out of the pop culture loop for the past decade. Though the man has garnered public ire through his reputation as a crass, filthy man with swears dripping off his tongue like strains of spittle, his answers to my questions were far less R-rated than the unsuspecting reader would expect. Still not exactly G, though (PG-13, I guess). He still found ways of throwing in the occasional "haha, Jews" bit and other flicks of occasional tasteless shit, but I guess there is no completely separation of the man from character. I was only allotted two questions thanks to time constraints, so I tried to pitch him my best heavy hitters.

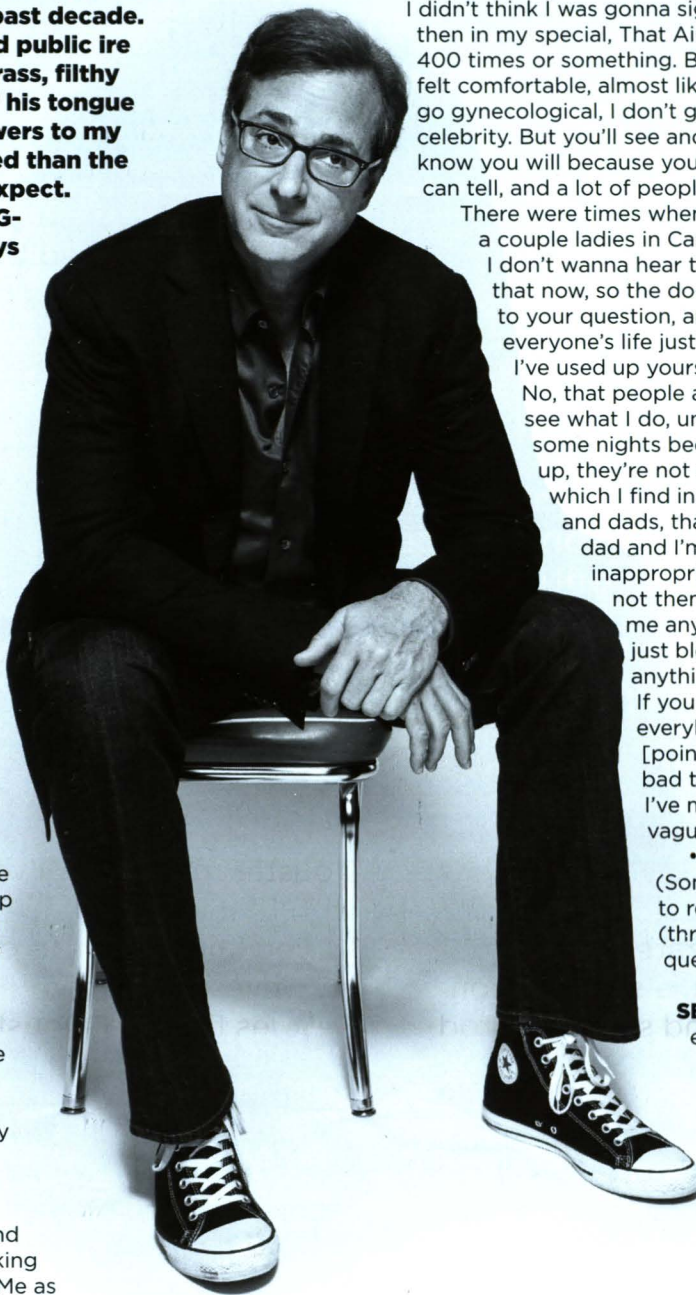
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SBP: Do you have a favorite story regarding maybe an angry parent or a guardian who thought that they were taking their kids to see Danny Tanner and they got Bob Saget?

BS: It's interesting because that didn't happen. When I started doing stand up I was 17, and from the time I was 21 to 27, I was at the Comedy Store, just doing stand-up and touring the country—working my ass off for a little bit of money here and there. Then I got into a Richard Pryor movie and then a TV show on CBS I was fired from, and then eight years of Full House and this video show, which were family programming, and you do what you get hired to do on family programming—I'm gonna get to your question, I swear. Everything I say requires a disclaimer, which makes it very hard to get to second base when you're me. I wasn't talking to you personally, just in general. Me as a guy.

SBP: So you're saying you don't want to get to second base with me?

BS: I don't want to get to any base with you. I don't want you to go run for my balls—

SBP: Well I don't gotta run, they're right there.



BS: They're not so close. I got two Sharpies that would mark you, so that everyone would know that it's you, forever. It'd be like the Scarlet Letter on your forehead. That you grabbed my balls and I marked you with a Sharpie. Put a Z on your head—it would be an S, because... that's my name.

Anyway, so I was doing comedy that was a little weird, always weird. So when people came to see me, nobody would bring their kids. Now families come and see me. The thing that made people think I'm all filthy is two things: one thing is The Aristocrats, which nobody should see out of context. I only told the joke twice in my life and I didn't think I was gonna sign the release for the damn thing. And then in my special, That Ain't Right, I said fuck a LOT. I said it like 400 times or something. But I had been doing it at NYU and so it felt comfortable, almost like a rimshot or a jazz rhythm. But I don't go gynecological, I don't go crass, I don't say the c-word—well, celebrity. But you'll see and make your own judgement, which I know you will because you're a very judgemental person, Charlie. I can tell, and a lot of people have been talking about you.

There were times when I went and toured again and there were a couple ladies in Canada who walked out because "ugh, I don't wanna hear this." I mean, it's been twenty years of that now, so the do-over is kind of complete. So the answer to your question, and what would've taken a lot less of everyone's life just now, and time is very, very precious and I've used up yours, is to stay in school.

No, that people aren't shocked anymore and once they see what I do, unless I'm really trying to be a little bitch some nights because I haven't been up doing stand-up, they're not shocked. Daughters bring their fathers, which I find inappropriate, sons bring their moms and dads, that's always fun. A daughter brings their dad and I'm like "what is going on here?" This is so inappropriate—I'm the one who's offended and not them. The people I offend just don't see me anymore, and when I get any hate stuff I just block it. I don't really care. I don't read anything bad because life's hard enough. If you want you can look around and think everybody's thinking bad things about you— [pointing at a kid in the corner] he's texting bad things about me right now. It's because I've met him twice, he's so over me. I think I've vaguely answered something you've said.

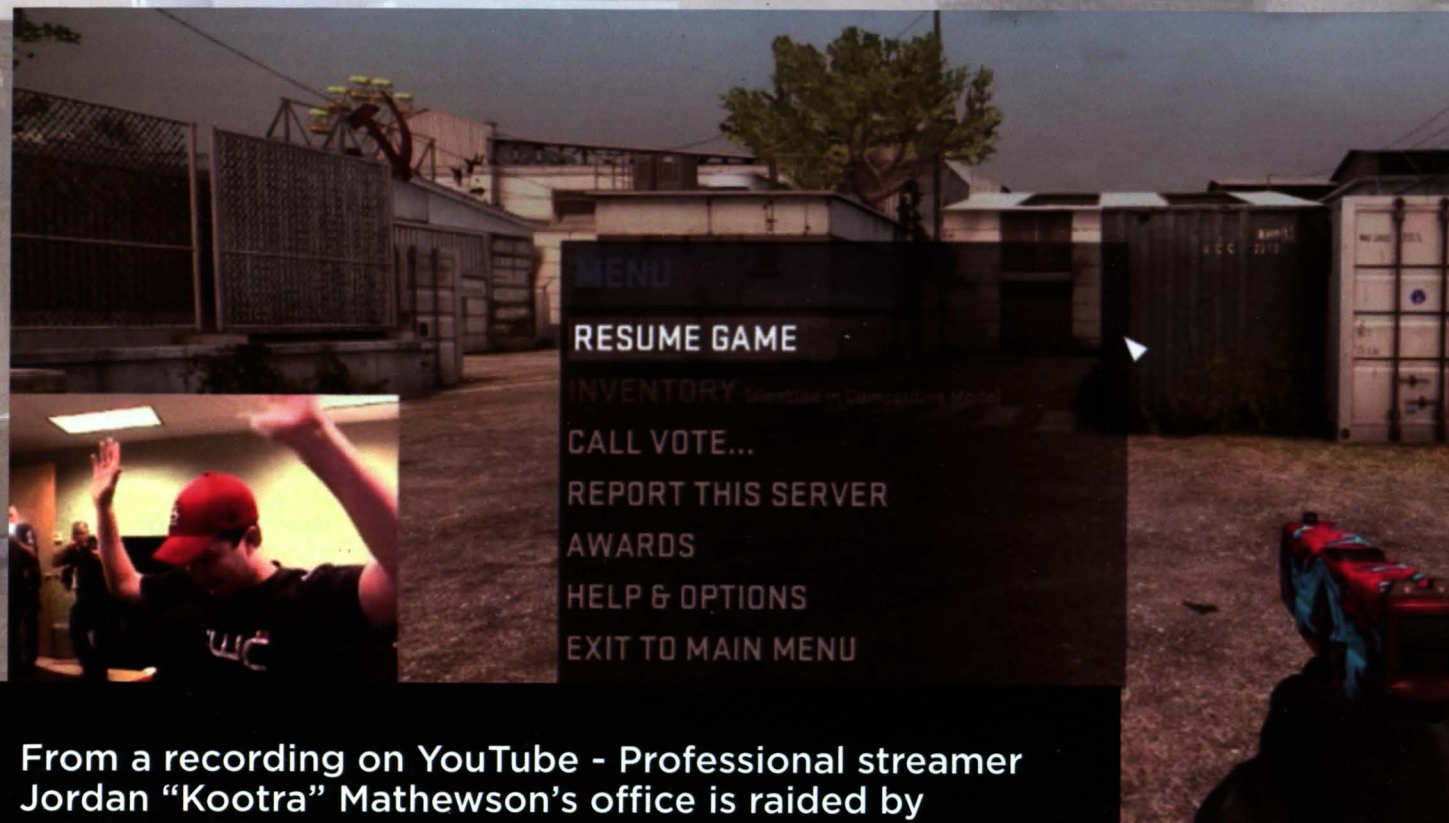
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(Someone signals that time is up. I have to react quickly; I promise to keep it short (three words) so that I can ask my final question.)

SBP: Which is a better love story in your eyes: Uncle Jesse and Rebecca or Dave Coulier and Alanis Morissette?

BS: Jesse and Rebecca, because it will last forever.

Don't S.W.A.T. Me, Bro!

KYLE BARR



From a recording on YouTube - Professional streamer Jordan "Kootra" Mathewson's office is raided by S.W.A.T. while his team continues the game without him.

Jordan "Kootra" Mathewson has been killed. At least, that is what his screen says. It shows his dead body zoomed out, lying spread eagled on the ground. Kootra flips from screen to screen while playing Counter-Strike: Global Offensive, showing his friends getting gunned down one by one by the other team. He stares on and rubs his nose as the notice calls up "Counter-Terrorists Win."

His head turns it towards the door. The Livestream is still rolling, and only Kootra can hear what is happening. He turns back towards the camera. "They're clearing rooms," He turns his head again. "What in the world, I think we're getting Swatted." Strangely, he doesn't seem afraid or angry. Instead his expression shows a cross between confusion and amusement. A second later, several police officers break open his door, guns pointed in his direction. Kootra stands up, smiling to himself as he raises his hands and gets down on his knees.

While cops are often a cause of anxiety on highways and at local parks, a police raid, especially at home, is simply terrifying. Swatting is the term used by pranksters who trace a person's residence by looking it up or by tracking their IP address, call up local police, usually using untraceable/disposable phones or Skype, and either take the role of a fake shooter or a concerned citizen that has heard threats of a shooting. The police come in full force, like they are trained to do, and find that the only sounds of shooting in the building is the digitized sound coming from a monitor or a television screen.

Swatting is the outcome of when a post 9/11 police force meets an online culture where repercussions are rarely felt. All a swatter really needs is a click towards Google, five minutes to look up what to do and a heavy grudge that's looking for an outlet.

"With the advent of Youtube more and more people are googling how to do things outside their knowledge base," said Assistant Dean of eLearning at St. Johns University and Stony Brook professor Edwin Tjoe, his head nodding because he himself has played Counterstrike in the past, and understands what communities crop up from these types of games. "Moreso, the younger generation in fits of anger will rage to the point of harassment, instead of self-reflection to get better at the game."

In April 2014, a swatting took place in Long Beach, Long Island. 17-year-old Rafael Castillo had been playing a match of Call of Duty. Another player called up the local police on Skype, pretending to be Young Mr. Castillo and said that he had killed his mother and would kill more people. The police broke down the door to his home while Rafael was still playing, not knowing what was going on.

Long Beach Police Commissioner Michael Tagney remarked that the system for Swatting was "very sophisticated. Unfortunately, it's very dangerous."

What is causing so much grief and what allows the swatters to be so effective is that while local police forces have, over time, become increasingly militarized, the federal government has done little to aid departments in dealing with cybercrime.

The war on drugs and anti-terrorism efforts have changed the mindset of many local police stations. After a congressional mandate in the 1990's, police stations have been receiving surplus military grade hardware including automatic rifles, armored trucks and even grenade launchers. At the same time, the number of SWAT raids have increased dramatically in recent decades. According to criminologist Peter Kraska, the number of SWAT raids is in the realm of 50,000 to 80,000 per year.

Most Swatters use techniques to fake phone numbers, such as Skype or other spoofing techniques to mess with the 911 tracking system. Sometimes swatters are placing calls from states and even countries

away.

Swatters have already targeted multiple celebrities including Clint Eastwood, Tom Cruise, Miley Cyrus and Justin Bieber.

In terms of internet celebrities, swatters have targeted several live-streamers and internet celebrities including nothingtv's Jordan Gilbert, Creatures LLC, Starcraft 2 streamer Swifty and Minecraft mod Craft-Bukkit creator Wesley "wolvereness" Wolfe. Another livestreamer, Alexander "Whiteboy7thst" Wachs, was swatted, and when the police found 30 grams of marijuana inside the house, they arrested him anyway. At this time, only a few swatters have been arrested, and most have only been so because of continuous and repeat offenses. Matthew Tollis was arrested Sept. 12 in connection with a Xbox Live group called TeAM CrucifiX or Die which has used Skype calls to carry out a number of internet pranks with varying degrees of severity including several bomb threats, according to ABC News.

Internet culture is born out of anonymity, and when one someone gets a sense of animosity against another player or a desire to prank those with some sort of public image, there is hardly any way to stop it other than the luck to realize what is happening and the time to contact the police before the assault starts.

"I was watching his (Kootra's) Twitch feed as it was happening," said Professor Tjoe, who also had a warning for other people who continue to stream on Twitch. "People who are performing on Twitch should consider masking their IP's so no one knows who they actually are to avoid swatting."

Kootra seems so calm as the police picks him off the floor. Cops circle him as others search the room. Thousands of people watch through Twitch, posting comments, mostly different flavors of shock. They sit him up on the floor. One cop asks in the voice of a man doing his best Jack Bauer impression, "What about this is funny to you?" Kootra sounds like he is laughing when he says "What, I'm not doing anything that's funny."

7/11

Excuse Me, Sir Randy Waszynski

Most would think the crime scene is the 16-by-11 dorm room harboring 15 drunk college students, but fingers should be pointed elsewhere.

Sauntering diagonally across the Jake Starr Cafe parking lot, his gelled, jet black hair glimmered as he approached the illuminating green, red and orange sign that read "7-Eleven" above the storefront. He halted at the corner of the building by the dumpster as the man who accompanied him entered the store.

7-Eleven is a convenience store chain with over 7,800 locations in the United States and 50,000 total around the world. It is the largest operator, franchisor and licensor of convenience stores.

In fact, the 7-Eleven that the man with jet black hair who wore all black stood outside of at 1001 N. Country Road, had over 2.4 million total sales in 2013, according to the online directory of U.S. businesses and enterprises. This location is almost directly across the tracks at the Stony Brook train station on the university's campus. Eight of the top 10 grossing within the company's chain in the U.S. in 2013 are located in Suffolk County, according to an article from Newsday last February.

One of the mentioned stores in the article is located at 3000 N. Ocean Ave. in Farmingville, and its total sales last year peaked at more than 2.7 million, according to the directory. Therefore, relatively, the Stony Brook location's revenue is not far off.

"That's wild," said Mark Borek, 59, who comes to the 7-Eleven in Stony Brook a couple times a week. He also said that the store being across the street from a college campus "definitely has something to do with it."

There aren't any other convenience stores nor grocery stores within walking distance of the school's campus. And it's the only place to purchase beer 24 hours a day, so Stony Brook students flock here.

The man with the Elvis-esque hairstyle slid his hands into the pockets of his hoodie -- of which the sleeves were cut off at the shoulder -- and inspected the sign posted on the brick wall that read; "No Loitering."

His blatant disregard toward obeying the sign is not an uncommon sight. According to Borek, the loitering here isn't prolonged, but there's a lot of it. Brian, 21, a senior at Stony Brook, from Rockland County, NY, who would only speak upon anonymity of his last name because he bought alcohol for underage students moments before, concurred with Borek. "There's plenty of loitering" here, Brian said, while he held two six-packs of beer -- one being Dos Equis and the other Samuel Adams IPA -- for his own use in separate translucent plastic bags each imprinted with the 7-Eleven logo.

A common term known around Circle Road (the main road on the university's campus) is "shoulder-tapping," which entails people under the age of 21 standing in the parking lot asking customers of age to purchase alcohol for them. It's a well known term because, frankly, it's not a peculiar sight -- at this convenience store,

particularly. When asked about the store's policy regarding shoulder-tappers, Karen, a manager at this 7-Eleven, said, "we ask them nicely to leave."

"We also group-ID" when multiple people whom walked inside together are buying alcohol or tobacco products, she added. And when asked about fake identification, she said, "we deny it" and "we take it away."

Regular customers, like Mohamed Elbarkatawy, 19, a Stony Brook student, backed up the manager's claim regarding fake IDs. "If it looks fake, they'll say no," he said.

After about five minutes, the man with jet black hair jerked his head in the direction of the door to see his friend clenching a 12-pack of Bud Light. They nodded and strolled past one another in a nonchalant manner, the one dressed in black continued into the convenience store, and the other waited outside as if they had switched roles.

The only difference is when the man in black went inside, he had his eyes and position locked toward the ATM. When he returned outside, the two continued back in the direction where they initially came from.

Between 8 p.m. and 9 p.m. on Friday, September 12, when the man with jet black hair orchestrated his scheme to score some beer, there were never more than four empty parking spaces of the 15 total in this 7-Eleven parking lot. And "probably six out of 10" people are buying alcohol here, Brian said.

Students of age at Stony Brook University make use of this 7-Eleven to purchase alcohol for themselves and their underage peers, despite the matter of legality. And this 7-Eleven inadvertently provides this service.



NOSTALGIA GOGGLES

Charlie Spitzner **Pulp Fiction: 20 Years Later** Jakub Juszczuk

The last time I took the helm for the 'ol Goggles cruise to yesteryear, was to talk about one of the biggest bands to ever exist; Nirvana. If it is possible for a bunch of kids who were still suckling on momma's teat when Cobain died, to feel nostalgic for something they were hardly alive for, it is possible for you to get those sweet purple hazies about things gone by if they meant something to you at a specific point in time. But it's important to keep in mind that you were probably a pretty shitty little gremlin thing while you were having those thoughts about "finally finding good music" or "realizing that this was the real shit and computers aren't instruments because fire scares me and I am horrible at embracing new ideas."

The Pulp Fiction nostalgia trip is similar to the Nirvana one in a lot of ways; initial exposure usually occurred sometime during the pre-teen/early teenage years, the introduction of more adult themes to a youngster used to more squeaky-clean forms of entertainment, and the unnatural obsession with something that most normal people would agree is just "pretty good."

To clarify, after exposing the young mind to something new that excites them beyond belief, it's natural, if extremely annoying, to see said mind take that exhilarating thing and try to make it a part of their internal DNA, so that they might hope to be as interesting and thrilling as they think the product their consuming is.

This is what leads to 14 year olds donning flannel shirts and power chords like it's their connection to God, and leads other 14 year olds to wait on pins and needles for days on end until they hear one of their friends to say, "what" in passing conversation, their cue to recite Jules' entire execution speech in front of all their friends; fellow impressionable minds that are both confused, yet excited by these lines their hip friend has no doubt practiced in front of his mirror a few dozen times. Kids watching Pulp Fiction start to think that they know things about swearing and violence and surf rock and heroin, something that might annoy other fellows who've seen the movie and just take it in like they would any other form of entertainment. Folks who would consider such rabid behavior "abrasive," or "obnoxious," or "trying too hard."

So remember: it's okay to like Pulp Fiction. It's okay to like swearing and surf rock and violence and drugs (well... sorta), just keep your references to the Royale with Cheese to a minimum. The amount of groans and disdain coming from the room after making them listen to Vincent's opinions on foot massages for the thousandth fucking time won't be the movies fault, it'll be yours.

Had you been born yesterday you would still have heard about Quentin Tarantino's iconic masterpiece Pulp Fiction. Although Tarantino made Reservoir Dogs in 1992, it was Pulp Fiction's release in 1994 that granted him recognition across not just in America, but the world. In this work of art, the viewer finds the quintessential definition of Tarantino's style. Love it or hate it, you have to have a reaction.

So, what is one-of-the-most-talked-about movies of the cinematic history even about? Truth be told, it's about nothing...and yet everything. The film tells several stories of the crime world of Los Angeles, California. Jules Winnfield (Samuel L. Jackson) and Vincent Vega (John Travolta) are two hitmen on the job, hired by the powerful boss Marsellus Wallace (Ving Rhames) to retrieve a mysterious briefcase. In another story, Vincent is asked by Marsellus to take out the boss' wife Mia (Uma Thurman) while he does some business in Florida, while another story finds boxer Butch Coolidge (Bruce Willis) accepting a bribe from Marsellus to lose a fight.

Many of Tarantino's films are told in a non-linear manner. Pulp Fiction, however, takes the non-linear aspect to a whole new level. The stories intertwine at least once, forcing you to watch the film more than once in order figuring out the chronological order of events and discover something you hadn't notice to first time. It is a truly rare ability for a filmmaker to make their work re-watchable for an infinite number of times and yet Tarantino succeeds.

Pulp Fiction is one of those movies in which everything works well. The stories, apart from being such a joy to watch, are magnificently written. The dialogues and lines themselves make the film, arguably, the most quotable motion picture ever made.

The characters of the film are just as colorful as their lines. Although the entire cast deserves to be mentioned for their wonderful work on screen, a special shout-out must go to Samuel L. Jackson, who adds even more humor and drama to the film. One moment, you are laughing at his response to Vincent's behavior, the next, you get goosebumps hearing him quote a verse from the Bible. Not many actors are able to pull off such a change so well, and yet Tarantino's manages to deliver.

Music is a very important part for any Tarantino film. Tarantino, like always, personally chose the music for each scene before (and at times during) writing the script. The opening credits are accompanied by the explosive "Misirlou," which perfectly expresses the movie's style and prepares the viewer for the excitement to come. The songs Tarantino chose fit perfectly with what happens on the screen making Pulp Fiction to be a pleasure to watch and listen to.

Despite all of its obscenities, graphic violence, vulgar language and perversion, Tarantino's greatest film is likely to find fans literally everywhere. It is a truly groundbreaking film that should be celebrated, cherished and recognized for its existence alone. This year being the 20th anniversary of its release, it is only fair to look back on the influence that it had for the cinematography. And no matter what happens with it in the future, one thing is certain: we'll always have Pulp Fiction.



‘Couture’ Fashion Week:

A Needle to the Heart of Fashion

ERIN DWYER

“Every year, the women of New York leave the past behind and look forward to the future. This is known as New York Fashion Week.” – Carrie Bradshaw, *Sex and the City Movie*.

Since most of us have significantly less fashion connections than Carrie Bradshaw, arguably one of the greatest female television characters in history, we are forced to consider the more civilian alternatives. This is presented to us in the form of Couture Fashion Week, an hour long show in the Crowne Plaza Hotel ballroom.

Couture Fashion Week is a small runway event in Manhattan that runs concurrently to Mercedes Benz Fashion Week. It shows off the collections of smaller designers, rather than big ready-to-wear designer names.

As an exchange student from New Zealand, I was utterly enthralled at the opportunity to witness an illustrious New York fashion show, just blocks away from where Monique Lhuillier was sending her pieces down the catwalk. Imagine, a runway show in the heart of the city that houses Moods fabric store, Parsons School of Design, and both of Christy Turlington's legs. Attending a New York City fashion show would surely be on a whole new level to the already high quality New Zealand Fashion Week. Unfortunately, my couture fashion week experience left me unable to take Carrie's advice of reconsidering my views on the past and present, as I ended up paying \$45 for the opportunity to laugh at clothing my five-year-old cousin could have made.

The potential at the beginning of event created a façade of legitimate fashion. Upon our arrival in the Crowne Plaza, we were swept past various mannequins displaying decadent couture dresses, ex-models selling Chanel inspired paintings and stressed event managers in flowing black outfits. The ballroom was decorated with luxurious chandeliers, with a violet lit runway snaking through rows of chairs. We were ushered to our seats, and sat down to marvel at a stick thin model in a stunning black evening dress posing with notable guests for photographs. It seemed as though the show had everything; a group of grumpy musicians in the front row who we suspected to be of C-grade fame, Blair Waldorf wannabes, and sparkly blazers galore. Instagram was the social media platform of choice; girls wasted no time letting their online acquaintances know their current whereabouts. The air was filled with fashion related chatter and Chanel No. 5. We were ready.

After an unprofessional 20 minute delay, the first model pouted and stepped up to the violet path. My mouth opened. Questions flowed through my mind; how did the designer think this was elegant? Why do the seams not meet at the back? Can that monstrosity of a print even be defined as fabric? The hideous non-fabric was the focus of the collection, and was woven through the badly tailored pieces like an unwanted metaphor. The clothes certainly weren't

couture, they were streetwear tops shown with \$10 leggings from Target. The audience members who had paid \$200 for a front row seat were either in a state of utter despair or were uncontrollably giggling.

Model after model came out showing off increasingly hideous and badly fitted outfits; they didn't look too impressed with what they were wearing either. The finale walk gained a very half-hearted clap from the audience. We sat back, smirking at our companions and hoping that the next designer would provide us with something that would make our ticket prices worth it.

The collection put together by the second designer was even worse. The metaphorically woven fabric of choice was white with a hideous blue sea-creature design. More smirking occurred as the models walked out, and the section ended with another unimpressed clap. A semi redeeming performance by a beautiful jazz singer occurred between the second and third designers; we were provided with a small amount of heart-warming magic when she sung 'New York, New York'.

The third designer was thankfully slightly

“ It seemed as though the show had everything; a group of grumpy musicians in the front row who we suspected to be of C-grade fame, Blair Waldorf wannabes, and sparkly blazers galore.”

better; her evening wear looks were certainly closer to couture than badly made streetwear. However, the lack of opaque fabric around the chest region was slightly problematic. No good fashion show attendee is adverse to an occasional boob flash, but an entire collection with only netting around the upper torso is a little too far. The way the dresses fell also resembled fashionable maternity wear; further illustrating the fact that none of the couture fashion week designers really understood the concept of flattering the female figure.

We left the show feeling underwhelmed to say the least. I felt as though I had let Carrie Bradshaw down by settling for what I had believed to be an adequate alternative to the glamorous invite-only events.

If you're a female with a passion for Instagram-centric fashion, just sell your soul to sneak into a Mercedes Benz Fashion Week show. Don't subject yourself and your wallet to the sheer embarrassment of so called 'couture', unless you have a thing for mismatched seams and clothes that make size zero models look like the sea creatures on their blouses.

ASK A SEMI-PROFESSIONAL PERVERT: ON ETHICAL PORNOGRAPHY

DAKOTA JORDAN

Q- So, what is ethical porn? Why should I care about porn so much?

A- Porn is super awesome. Masturbation is good for health, it can reduce stress, it can relieve cramps, it can help you sleep and lots of other good things. Really, masturbation is just all around good stuff, and porn can be a big part of that. Not all porn is good porn. Some porn is made by companies that mistreat workers, refuse to use barriers and reduce certain body types and ethnicities to racist stereotypes and bad cliches. However, there is plenty of good porn out there. Porn that is sexy, feminist friendly, queer friendly, body positive and still super fun to fap to. The trick is learning to do a little research. I can help out with that last part.

If you like videos, try The Crashpad Series, Queerporn.tv.

If you like comics, try Chester 5000 XYV, Starfighter.

If you like sexy stories, try Nifty.org, Literotica

If you like "real" people, try Reddit Gaymers Gonewild, Reddit Gonewild, Reddit Alt Gonewild

Also, you can always tweet or email for more recommendations on sexy stuff.

Ask at semiproperv@gmail.com or tweet at [semiproperv](https://twitter.com/semiproperv)

DRUGZZZ

Weed. If you're going to enjoy it, do it right. With all the methods and contraptions for indulging in bud this day and age, it's important to know how to do so safely and responsibly too. While typically safer than the more prevalent alcohol, there are still some hazards associated with weed that are typically ignored.

First off, it may be worth it to reconsider your method of ingestion. Sure, you could light up that joint, or maybe even share a large bowl, but that hot smoke is anything but good for your lungs. If you consider yourself a consistent smoker, it might be worth it to invest in a vaporizer instead. With a selection from portable and cheap to stationary and efficient, these handy devices will help you get more out of your bud, while also giving your lungs an easier job. You could always give edibles a try as well, but unless you know how to prepare it or live in a state where recreational usage is permitted and sold, it's likely not an economic choice.

Secondary, while arguably more important, is your mental health and attitude towards the drug itself. While many people do use it responsibly and within reason, it's important to put your relationships, studies and health first. It's often too easy to see it as harmless when you compare it to other drugs of choice, which often leads people to use it often. Instead, try enjoying it as a reward for taking care of yourself, you'll save money, have a lower tolerance, and always have more to share, which for lack of a better word, is awesome.

Now weed isn't only for recreational users, there's a list of reasons behind its increasingly common medical usage. I'm sure if you yourself have smoked yourself or seen someone indulge, the one thing you might be familiar with is

THC induced munchies. This occurs due to the cannaboid's effect upon the hypothalamus, increasing the appetite of users dramatically. Luckily, this effect allows patients receiving chemotherapy to keep a healthier body weight despite the harsh effects of cancer therapy. In addition to the endless appetite, weed has long been known to act as an analgesic and a pain-killer. While less effective than opioid prescriptions, weed is known to reduce pain with little to no risk of addiction; a stark contrast to the overly prescribed and lethal addictions of drugs such as oxycontin. Besides the lovable THC, many medicinal marijuana users find relief from their symptoms through CBD, Cannabidiol, a molecule seen to reverse the psychoactive effects of THC. Ranging from comparable treatment to modern antipsychotics for Schizophrenics, to reduced social anxiety and depression in some individuals, CBD as it turns out, is becoming an increasingly useful medicine, according to anecdotal evidence. Most well known for its use in the treatment of Dravet syndrome, a rare epileptic disorder that begins in infancy, CBD has been said to reduce the amount of seizures experienced dramatically. In some cases, the chemical's been shown to reduce the seizures in children from hundreds weekly, to less than a handful in the same time.

So the next time you light up, keep those pro tips in mind. A very promising medicine should be handled with care to assure our government and ourselves that it can be used responsibly. You can help set this image and reduce this stigma by keeping your priorities straight and your health in check, so enjoy.

Thank you for smoking,
Ms. Token
&
Lijman

SEAN FISCHER'S PULL LIST

MegaheX Simon Hanselmann

I recall that during last year's San Diego Comic Con, the news I was most excited about had nothing to do with the latest Avengers film or the Batman and Superman crossover. Instead, it was independent publisher Fantagraphics' announcement that they would be releasing a hardcover collection of Simon Hanselmann's stellar series Megg, Mogg and Owl. Finally, MegaheX is upon us in all its degenerate glory. The book features most of Hanselmann's comics published on his Tumblr, girmountain, along with stories featured in various alternative anthologies such as Smoke Signal and Gangbang Bong. So in addition to the stories written exclusively for this collection, fans will find material they haven't read before. For the uninitiated, at first the book seems like a crude, yet well crafted comic focusing on a group of anthropomorphized stoner owls, cats and wolves with a fixation on genre, as indicated by the book being designed to resemble a boxed set for a bad sitcom. But there's an underlying darkness that comes to the forefront as you continue to read. As the characters refuse to confront their flaws by abusing drugs and each other. At times the series can be uncomfortable to read due to the intimate nature of the book, which is accentuated by Hanselmann's hand drawn style, but there's also a warmth that comes from this style, and despite their flaws it's obvious that Hanselmann at least loves these characters. Hanselmann's greatest talent is how natural and effortless he makes his layouts seem. But there's an attention to detail in regards to his pacing that makes the book all the more engrossing which draws you in, despite the discomfort you might feel while realizing how pathetic and troubled many of the characters are. The new stories in the collection alone make the series worth picking up, especially one involving a drug trip that features art from other alternative creators like Sammy Harkham, Jonny Negron and HTML Flowers. Whether you appreciate dark humor or damn fine cartooning, this is certainly worth picking up.

THE LAK BEAT

Gotham Central

Ed Brubaker
Greg Rucka
Michael Lark
et. al

With the show Gotham premiering soon, I thought it would be worthwhile to revisit the comic it takes a good deal of its inspiration from. As implied by the title, the series is a police procedural that follows various officers attempting to solve cases in Gotham City, which tend to overlap with the more colorful criminal elements like The Joker, Mad Hatter, Mister Freeze etc. The main strengths of the series lie in its dedication to character development and attention to detail. Little elements like the department requiring a bureaucrat working in the office to turn on the Bat-Signal when necessary (since officers can't legally condone a vigilante such as Batman) helps to develop a believable world for these officers to operate in. The detectives are well fleshed out in their own regard, with characterization that rivals a series like Law and Order: SVU. Again, in this case the little details like a rivalry between officers on the night and day shifts, help define the world in the series. Authors Ed Brubaker and Greg Rucka are obviously in their element here. By writing complex stories that utilize Batman's rogue gallery in ingenious ways. They manage to get readers to sympathize with these officers so effectively that the book manages to make you resent Batman, who effortlessly brings down several of the criminals the officers meticulously attempt to track and arrest, while showing no empathy for the common cops and their struggles. Michael Lark's gritty art helps ground the series and set a more serious tone that Brubaker and Rucka attempt to establish, and it's clear Brubaker and Lark work extremely well together, as also can be seen in their other collaboration on Daredevil. A few complaints I have about the book are that, by the end, it begins to lose its way, especially in one issue that's a forced tie-in to the DC event Infinite Crisis, and how pessimistic the ending of the series is, perhaps due to it being cancelled prematurely. If you think you can stomach an ending that's a bit on the depressing side, this is a fantastic series that's certainly worth checking out since it's been collected in trades.

The Battle Plan: HvZ

Jay Shah

A man walks past me, reloading his NERF Blaster. A group of resistance fighters discuss strategy: how to move around while avoiding the infected. The volunteer zombies are putting bandanas on their head. This is the group of test subjects for Stony Brook's Humans vs. Zombies minigame, a way to get more people aware of the game's existence, and a practice run for the longer event planned in October.

Andrew Quaranto, a Senior Environmental Studies major, is one of the organizers for this semester's HvZ events. He described the event as a "giant game of tag with NERF guns." The organizers and moderators add missions as a way to "change things up for the game, and to advance the plot we have going."

Humans vs. Zombies is a weeklong event that's taking place this semester between Oct 16 and Oct 22. Humans can use NERF guns, darts, and socks to protect themselves from zombies. When most inevitably turn into zombies, they can infect the remaining humans by tagging them. The event starts with everyone as a human and an individual is chosen to be the Original Zombie, randomly from a small pool. Over the course of the week the infection spreads and by the end of the event, the remaining humans are fighting for their lives against a huge zombie horde.

WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN HVZ:

- 1) It's a giant game of tag with NERF guns. Who wouldn't want play?
- 2) The campus turns into a battlefield, buildings acting as safe zones, while most of the campus is a free-for-all between the two sides.
- 3) You fight and defend bosses like the Hamburglar and the Burger King, among others.
- 4) Missions that range from assassinating special NPCs to a King of the Hill style game, where both sides compete over control of a point.
- 5) You get to sneak around the campus at night, either hunting resistance fighters or shooting the infected.
- 6) The infected wait outside buildings to pick off solo players while the Resistance creates convoys to get across campus.
- 7) Late night hunting parties, where humans group up to find and destroy zombies.

8) The Final Stand, the last mission, where a small group of humans fend off a horde of zombies as they move towards an extraction point.

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU'RE IN:

- 1) Sign up for the text service that tells you about special events, like missions.
- 2) Make sure to have your HvZ ID with you while you're playing.
- 3) Grab some friends or classmates and set up convoys to move around the campus.
- 4) Meet new people and set up ambushes for the humans as they move around campus.
- 5) Humans, make sure your NERF/Dart weapons are approved by the mods.
- 6) Zombies should have their bandana wrapped around their head while they're playing.
- 7) Both sides have NPCs that can be killed as they perform random tasks.
- 8) Jason Gregerson, a veteran player, had this advice to give, "Check over your shoulder, look around corners, and stick together."



photos by Kevin Urgiles



THIS IS WHERE I LEAVE YOU



Movie Review by Lauren Klein

A comedy with heart, *This Is Where I Leave You* shows the complexity of life, love and family. Judd Altman (Jason Bateman) is having a shitty year. He has just found his wife sleeping with his boss, lost his job and become a miserable shell of a person. Enter a phone call from home.

His father has passed away and Judd is summoned back home to attend the funeral with his mother (Jane Fonda), his sister (Tina Fey) and his two brothers (Corey Stoll and Adam Driver). His father's dying wish was to have his family stay under one roof to sit Shiva, a weeklong mourning period in Judaism when those related to the deceased are basically housebound. Along the way, the past weaves in and out, giving us glimpses at the lives of the Altmans and what the word a family really means.

I really liked this movie. It is one of those rare films that mixes bellyaching laughs and heartbreaking moments. It closely resembles real life. Nothing is nice and neatly packaged, no story arch is clean and no character was truly good or bad. It shows the real messiness of life.

Maybe it's because I saw my father sit Shiva when my grandparents passed away (Shiva is only observed by the parents, children and siblings of the deceased). *This Is Where I Leave You* stirred a lot of memories. My house filled strangers drifting in and out, murmuring their condolences while depositing yet another pan of food on the kitchen counter. So while I was laughing and crying with the rest of the theater, I couldn't help but think of my own family: our complications, the loss of my grandparents and our lives all crashing and colliding as we tried to figure out how to mourn. Granted, we are not nearly as funny as the Altmans, but we're pretty damn close.

I give it four out of five stars, and extra kudos to the director and writers for keeping it real.

What.....The.....Tusk?

“Tusk”

Movie Review by Jon Winkler

Picture if you will a young movie critic walking into the movie Tusk, written and directed by Kevin Smith. This critic is a big fan of Smith's films, ranging from the slacker classic Clerks, to his meditation on love in Chasing Amy, to his ridiculous road trip/buddy movie Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back. The critic believes that Smith is a man of comedy and infinite nerd wisdom, so he expects Tusk to be some kind of nerdy comedy.

Now picture that same young critic walking out of the movie Tusk. That critic is...confused, to say the least. Sure, he laughed on occasion, but he was more confounded at the cinematic mash-up that he just watched. This is the result of Tusk, a film that will certainly have fans of Smith scratching their heads by the end credits.

Based around Smith's SModcast 259 entitled “The Walrus and the Carpenter,” the film follows podcaster Wallace Bryton (a mustached Justin Long). He and his buddy Teddy (The Sixth Sense star Haley Joel Osment, older and chubbier) host “The Not-See Party” show, where people send in embarrassing videos of themselves to be discussed on the air. Wallace, a former struggling comedian turned semi-rich/semi-famous jerk, takes a trip to Canada to find a star for his next show. When that plan goes south, he finds an ad posted by an old man looking for company in his lonely estate. That old man is Howard Howe (the sophisticated but scary Michael Parks), who claims to have seen D-Day with Ernest Hemingway and survived being stranded on an island with nothing but the company of a walrus. Unfortunately for Wallace, Mr. Howe is not all he seems to be, except for an obvious walrus fanatic. He finds them astonishing, intelligent and far better than humans. So much so that he wishes to be amongst walruses again, even if that means he has to make one...out of Wallace.

The star of this movie is clearly Mr. Parks, who was equally disturbing in Smith's exploitation of the Westboro Baptist Church, Red State. He's sincere and well spoken, but sinister and unsympathetic to human beings. He gets juicy material from Smith's writing, and his disheveled face is all the more creepy. Long's Wallace is a great horror movie character; a loud, rude jerk that gets what's coming to him in such an extreme way. Smith does a great job revealing Wallace's character by using flashbacks to moments with Wallace's girlfriend, Ally (the gorgeous Genesis Rodriguez), who misses the wimpy failing comic and hates the cocky a-hole that Wallace has become. Regardless, Smith also ends up scoring one of the biggest stars in the world as a supporting character. Who is it? No spoilers, because it's too good to give away.

Tusk has a lot of great parts to put together, but Smith wasn't able to pick what kind of movie he wanted to make. On occasion the film can be disturbing in its visuals, especially in the scenes with Wallace and his captor. Then, there are moments that are funny, but in a strange-funny and not joke/punch line-funny kind of way. The laughs are more from how bizarre the movie is than from actual jokes. Some scenes also stretch out for too long, so much so that a good 10-20 minutes could be cut and not damage the story. Smith may be trying to build suspense and terror, but the film is just too bizarre to be considered horrifying. When the film ends, Tusk ends up looking like a passion project for Smith and less a commentary on social issues like his typical fair. In fact, with its crazy scientist mixing species, terrified subject and grotesque final product, Tusk seems like Smith's parody of another infamous creature feature: remember The Human Centipede? Yup, I went there. Kevin Smith seems content with the bizarre story, and his actor's trying to out-awkward each other. But this leads to Tusk not having a clear genre. It seems like Smith wanted to put this freaky story on film and not use his nerdy comic imagination to expand and make it seem more complete. Tusk isn't a bad film, far from it, but it would've been really interesting to see one of Hollywood's leading comic-book men (no pun intended) go full horror on a project. Until then, feel free to bask in the WTF-ness of Tusk.

Final Verdict: 2.5 out of 4 stars



In Spite Of Victory, Derek Rose Disappoints at World Cup of Basketball

Tsvetan Panov

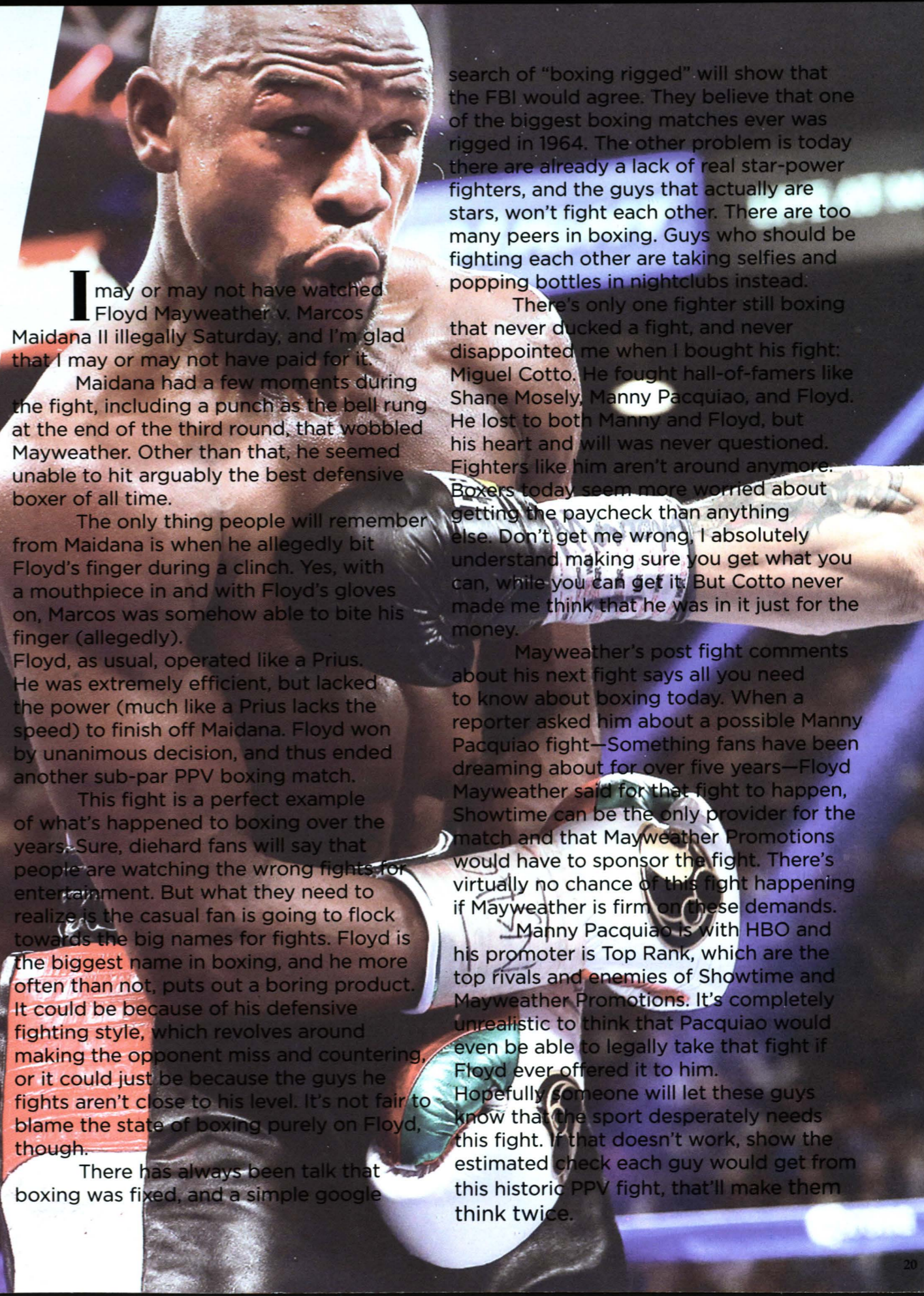
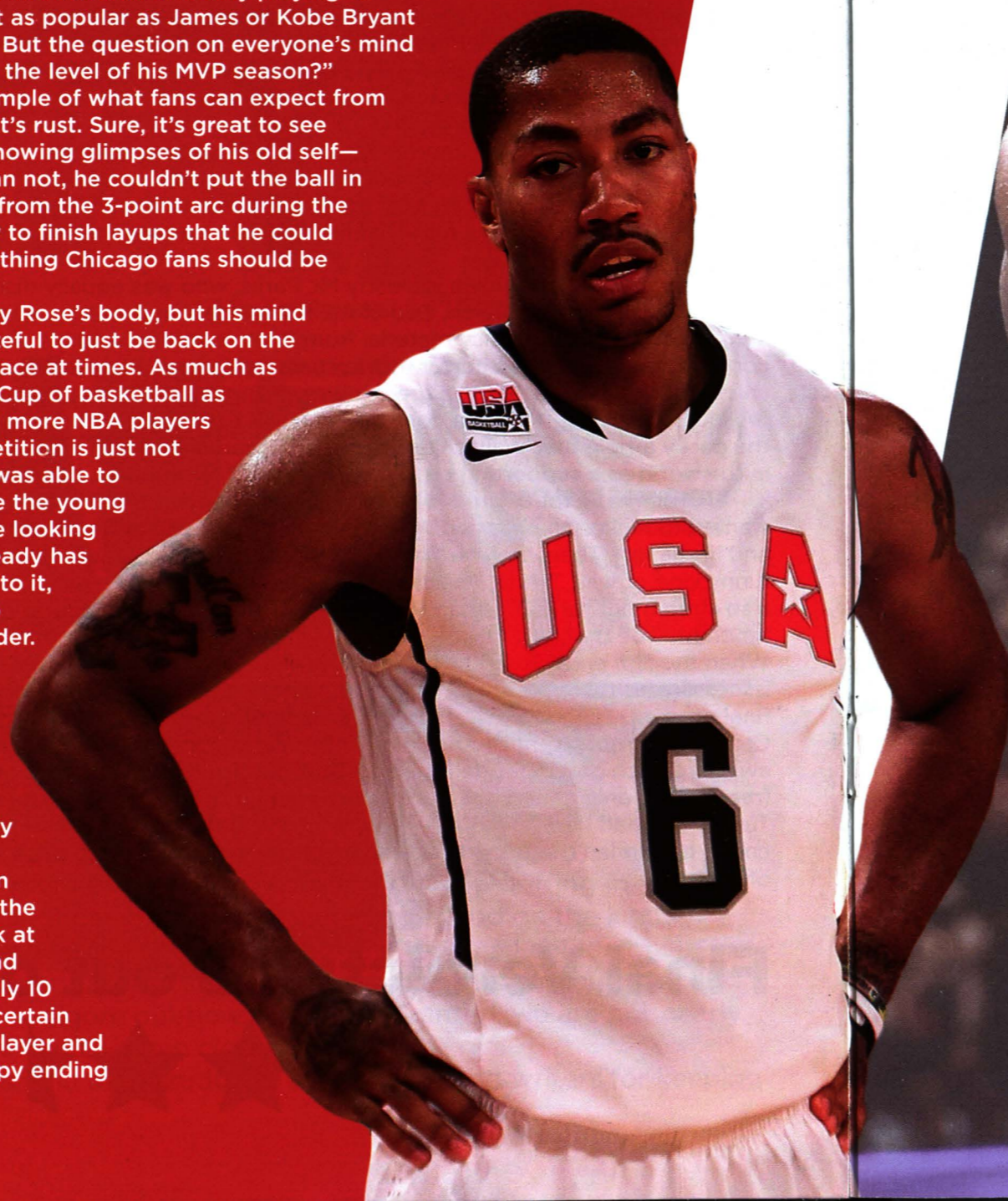
After the U.S. team's domination at FIBA, all eyes turned to Rose. Another gold medal for the USA basketball team, which just shows why the NBA is considered home to the best players in the world. Even without more prominent names like LeBron James, Kevin Durant, Carmelo Anthony or Kobe Bryant; the USA team managed to blow out every one of their opponents and clinched the gold with a 129-92 win over Serbia.

There was one name that fans were looking at more than any other though: Derrick Rose. The former MVP of the Chicago Bulls has been the talk of the tournament, after having missed nearly the entire last two seasons and only playing 10 competitive games. Rose is arguably just as popular as James or Kobe Bryant because of his explosive attacking style. But the question on everyone's mind is "will he ever get back or even close to the level of his MVP season?"

This tournament has been an example of what fans can expect from him once he's back on the court, and that's rust. Sure, it's great to see that he is looking healthy and at times showing glimpses of his old self—driving to the basket, but more often than not, he couldn't put the ball in the hoop. Statistics show Rose shot 1-19 from the 3-point arc during the FIBA World Cup. Paired with his inability to finish layups that he could do in his sleep a few years ago, it's something Chicago fans should be concerned about.

The injuries have affected not only Rose's body, but his mind as well. It's clear that he's extremely grateful to just be back on the court, but he's also looked a bit out of place at times. As much as promoters have tried to push the World Cup of basketball as having vastly improved as well as having more NBA players in foreign countries than ever, the competition is just not as hot as it is here in the USA. America was able to dominate with what are considered to be the young stars—the second tier of players, who are looking to make names for themselves. Rose already has a renowned name, now he has to live up to it, which only puts more pressure on him to come back not only healthy, but as a leader.

It's great that the Chicago native was able to go through the whole tournament without showing any real fatigue, but he hasn't really been tested. He was a reserve point guard, playing limited minutes, often when the game was already decided. He wasn't physically tested, only prepared for competitive play. It's the same issue as last year, when he looked healthy and motivated during the preseason, only to throw brick after brick at the basket, struggle to handle the ball and ultimately tear another ligament after only 10 games in the regular season. Nothing is certain and all we can do is speculate, but as a player and a real role model, no one deserves a happy ending more than Derrick Rose.



I may or may not have watched Floyd Mayweather v. Marcos Maidana II illegally Saturday, and I'm glad that I may or may not have paid for it. Maidana had a few moments during the fight, including a punch as the bell rung at the end of the third round, that wobbled Mayweather. Other than that, he seemed unable to hit arguably the best defensive boxer of all time.

The only thing people will remember from Maidana is when he allegedly bit Floyd's finger during a clinch. Yes, with a mouthpiece in and with Floyd's gloves on, Marcos was somehow able to bite his finger (allegedly).

Floyd, as usual, operated like a Prius. He was extremely efficient, but lacked the power (much like a Prius lacks the speed) to finish off Maidana. Floyd won by unanimous decision, and thus ended another sub-par PPV boxing match.

This fight is a perfect example of what's happened to boxing over the years. Sure, diehard fans will say that people are watching the wrong fights for entertainment. But what they need to realize is the casual fan is going to flock towards the big names for fights. Floyd is the biggest name in boxing, and he more often than not, puts out a boring product. It could be because of his defensive fighting style, which revolves around making the opponent miss and countering, or it could just be because the guys he fights aren't close to his level. It's not fair to blame the state of boxing purely on Floyd, though.

There has always been talk that boxing was fixed, and a simple google

search of "boxing rigged" will show that the FBI would agree. They believe that one of the biggest boxing matches ever was rigged in 1964. The other problem is today there are already a lack of real star-power fighters, and the guys that actually are stars, won't fight each other. There are too many peers in boxing. Guys who should be fighting each other are taking selfies and popping bottles in nightclubs instead.

There's only one fighter still boxing that never ducked a fight, and never disappointed me when I bought his fight: Miguel Cotto. He fought hall-of-famers like Shane Mosely, Manny Pacquiao, and Floyd. He lost to both Manny and Floyd, but his heart and will was never questioned. Fighters like him aren't around anymore. Boxers today seem more worried about getting the paycheck than anything else. Don't get me wrong, I absolutely understand making sure you get what you can, while you can get it. But Cotto never made me think that he was in it just for the money.

Mayweather's post fight comments about his next fight says all you need to know about boxing today. When a reporter asked him about a possible Manny Pacquiao fight—Something fans have been dreaming about for over five years—Floyd Mayweather said for that fight to happen, Showtime can be the only provider for the match and that Mayweather Promotions would have to sponsor the fight. There's virtually no chance of this fight happening if Mayweather is firm on these demands.

Manny Pacquiao is with HBO and his promoter is Top Rank, which are the top rivals and enemies of Showtime and Mayweather Promotions. It's completely unrealistic to think that Pacquiao would even be able to legally take that fight if Floyd ever offered it to him.

Hopefully someone will let these guys know that the sport desperately needs this fight. If that doesn't work, show the estimated check each guy would get from this historic PPV fight, that'll make them think twice.



uncommoditize: how modern luxury is killing earth & people & everything

Taylor Knoedl

The Earth is, and has been, dying. This death is being guided mostly by human hands. But it is a gradual and subtle process.

We don't suffer the loss of our home being taken from us because we are unaware that it's happening. One is distracted by all the little details that consist of being a person in our modern society. There is getting a degree, there is getting a job with that degree, there are bills, mortgage, etc.

Between worrying about this struggle for existence, we are provided technological "luxuries" such as iPhones and computers and junk which help grant us a sort of solace. In our time spent being in love with our things a lot is missed, such as the cost to make these things. There is an inherent ignorance towards sourcing, in which the production of a thing is seen as a result without a process.

Uranium is a means to the end which is radioactive energy—"clean" energy (some bullshit). Uranium can be found in the northern portions of New Mexico and Arizona and a little bit into Utah which is the Navajo nation. There was this absurd idea proposed by the U.S. government that there were no people living in this region. But this is a blatant lie, for the land is Navajo, and yet it is still considered

an ideal site for uranium mining. So the mining companies bring the jobs and backs the Navajo people into a corner, which promises a bright future at the cost of unmentioned radiation and disparity.

Leona Morgan, a native of the Diné of the Navajo nation, spoke on the matter at the Wang Center here at Stony Brook University. She shared an anecdote of her home of Dinétah. She spoke of the disaster that occurred in Churchrock, New Mexico. Here occurred the biggest nuclear accident in U.S. history. The local water sources had become completely contaminated. People would come to Morgan in order to ask her why the water hurt them when they went in it.

There are current plans by Uranium Resources Inc. to have in situ recovery of uranium in Churchrock. During this process, the minerals are dissolved and pumped to the surface for extraction—a process similar to hydraulic fracturing.

Morgan's organization, The Eastern Navajo Diné Against Uranium Mining, which consists primarily of Diné youths, work against these projects that put their native lands at risk of unchecked nuclear development. Despite the nuclear development being targeted onto less-populated lands, the radiation can still spread.

Similarly, on the events of the 2011 Fukushima nuclear reactor meltdown, former nuclear executive of Nuclear Energy Services Arnie Gunderson who blew the whistle on this company after discovering radioactive material in an accounting safe, notes the spread of the fallout during an interview on Democracy Now!:

“You’ve got radiation being detected 60 miles to the north in a Navy helicopter, a hundred miles to the east on a Navy aircraft carrier,” He indicates how the radiation from the Fukushima plant is bleeding into the ocean daily.

Where uranium powers energy, energy powers production and production is growth and that is what we’re all about. Nuclear power provides “over 11 percent of the world’s electricity as continuous, reliable base-load power, without carbon dioxide emissions,” according to the World Nuclear Association.

This “clean” energy production is considered attractive, despite the fact that radioactive waste takes hundreds of thousands of years to decay. Not to mention the risk of radioactive leakage. The Fukushima disaster having been the result of an earthquake damaging the reactors. The World Nuclear Association estimates about 20 percent of nuclear reactors are built near fault lines. Gunderson indicates how these nuclear reactors, all built by General Electric, have been deemed by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission to be flawed designs which should have never been implemented since 1972.

This is the basis of “growth:” to recklessly develop in order to efficiently produce and provide commodities for our modern consumer lifestyle. The growth is stimulated by consumption of materials and use of labor. These things combined, create the abstract of capital, which is apparently important for success of human society.

This foundation is efficient for what its objective is. But completely ineffective in a broader perspective. Providing for consumption presents a sacrifice. This is the law of equivalent exchange. In order to create something, something of equivalent exchange must be sacrificed.

When there is a demand for new smartphone models, materials must be harvested and then manufactured in order to be created. Labor must be involved as well, which often lead to harmful exposures—be it radiation or carbon

emissions.

In the shadow created by the ivory towers of the commanders of commerce, life is too dark and quiet to notice this disparity endured by the Navajo nation people; by the Japanese who were forced from their homes as a byproduct of innovation, and all other “invisible” groups. All we can see are the ivory towers themselves—the creation of humankind’s supremacists. They can be so awe inspiring that we’ve become distracted from the horrific basis which created these products.

Seeing only the ivory tower, life appears okay. But life isn’t okay. At the cost of having romantic hours with technological cop-out, and the struggle of school, work, etc. which keeps us “growing,” the place where all life grows, the Earth, is dying.

This is a quiet topic, though. “Leaders” of the world don’t address it because it would be contradictory to the priority of economic capital. The common people don’t address it because we live in such a grandeur comfort that to take away the freedom to do whatever we think we want would be inconvenient. With so much comfort and so little pain, there is no sense of anything being broken.

Either our luxurious comfort protects us from knowing any pain to ourselves, our planet, or our human kin; or they protect us from being too bummed out about how powerless we think we are.

Growth is a powerful tool for feeding pride—a hunger which can satisfy one’s basis of existence. The feeling of being successful as something novel in itself reduces its process to a means to the end.

In reaction to the nuclear meltdown at Fukushima, the Japanese government enacted a cleanup effort which had a primary service to economy instead of ecology.

Japanese interpreter, Rachel Clark, explained these events at the Wang Center. She described how there was an initiative to scrape about a foot-or-so of top-soil off the immediately contaminated areas around Fukushima in order to remove the radiation. The waste was then stored in bags



which have roughly a three-year life spans. This stimulated jobs in Japan and led to thousands of garbage bags filled with radioactive dirt sitting outside people's homes.

These various tactics, which establish a mesh of economic success overlay the fact that the planet is being decimated. There is a limitless creation happening because it is being perpetrated by exploitation. Labor and nature are what suffer here directly. Many of the nice things we have today we shouldn't have, but this exploitation make them available by force.

And so here we've come to a pass. To act or to not act. To continue our rental on life or to have it be our own—to fight for it. For the fate of the planet is one that shouldn't be held by few.

In the history of these sort of things, rallies have led to actual change in administrative policy. When people walk the street marching with a resolve for justice in them, they spark a feel that all humans have—kinship. A march is an engagement of a shared agitation as well as a direction for change in what a group of people commonly consider to serve to the betterment of society that which they are an integral part.

This fight is happening right now. Over 400,000 people gathered on September 21 in the streets of New York City to demonstrate the injustices they, and everyone in the world face before the UN Climate Summit, two days following.

Director of the Stony Brook Sustainability Studies program, Dr. Heidi Hutner, together with about seventy Stony Brook students and faculty expressed the importance of this march, "It's the beginning of a bigger advocacy, and we hope through that, there will be changes. Hopefully it will not take too long because we don't have any time to waste.

"We don't have time. We have to do it now."

Hutner points out that the massive turnout alone shows that there is thought in the right place, which means "people will vote, people will notice in the press, and people will be educated."

Education which shows there is a problem and clears the invisible matter which brings the disparity all these groups face to the forefront. The Diné must fight to keep Uranium mining off their land, the Japanese are provided jobs that profit off the fact that their country has experienced one of the worst nuclear meltdowns in recent history.

It is education which eliminates the fragmentation of climate change. It binds the disparity of these groups into one whole system. With education bound in kinship, we won't wait until the effects of climate change happen in our own backyard.

Instead of sacrificing the quality of our air, drinking water, food, etc. in order to have an iPhone; we could sacrifice the iPhone, or the automobile, in order to have these clean, pertinent-to-survival necessities.

The clean-necessity based lifestyle is in competition with the commodity-tempting, highly aggressive industries whose hunger is bottomless, whose promises are only fit for their vision; a chance to live in their world. A world where growth is measured in consumption.

Industries can easily dominate because their initial competition is a seemingly stagnant entity; an entire ecosystem. Though, it reacts stronger than it ever had, in the form of super-storm Sandy or typhoon Haiyan. But these are still isolated events which draw relief efforts that repair destruction in order to return to business-as-usual instead of remodeling our habits.

The idea of change is now the fight for change. There is no quiet transition to what is in our best interest as a global society. We as the humans of this dying world must end our own suffering now. It is in solidarity of our fellow human that this change could be had.



South Shore Extremism: A Long Islander's Conversion to Radical Islam

Joshua Stavrakoglou

As a veteran of the Iraq War, I find terrorism in all its forms, vile. Religion in my own particular view only furthers collectivist thinking, and downplays logical thought. I will never stand in judgment of anyone's beliefs as we are all free to choose our own path, and no group should stand and be judged for the deranged and insane acts of a finite group of extremists.

When confronting religious terrorism the last place one would think to look would be on Long Island.

Brentwood was the town I called home for 18 years. A town with roughly just over 60,000 residents known for its large Hispanic community that makes up 65% of the population is known for "The Green Machine", its multiple New York State award winning marching band. The town is not exactly on the Department of Homeland Security's radar as a hotbed for homegrown terrorism or religious fanatics.

Marcos Alonso Zea changed Brentwood's image on October 18th, 2013 when he was apprehended in London attempting to link up with Al-Qaeda in Yemen. Zea, or "Al Zea" as he was known after his conversion to Islam, is of Guatemalan and Colombian ancestry which, in Brentwood is not unusual, his sudden interest in homemade weapons, The Anarchist Cookbook and disposable silencers, discovered through federal investigations however was of definite concern. Zea also allegedly attempted to help send his then 18-year-old friend, Justin Kaliebe, travel Yemen in January 2013 following his own denial of a travel visa by British officials. Kaliebe was later arrested trying to travel to Oman and was charged with attempting to provide support to a terrorist group.

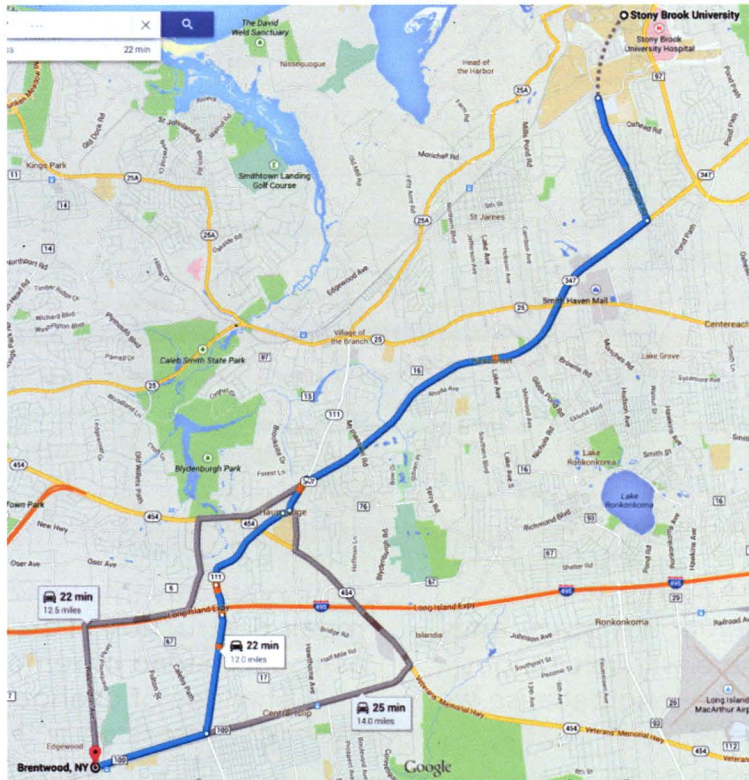
A law enforcement official familiar with the case expressed feelings with Yahoo News stating that the two are not part of a larger terrorist network operating in New

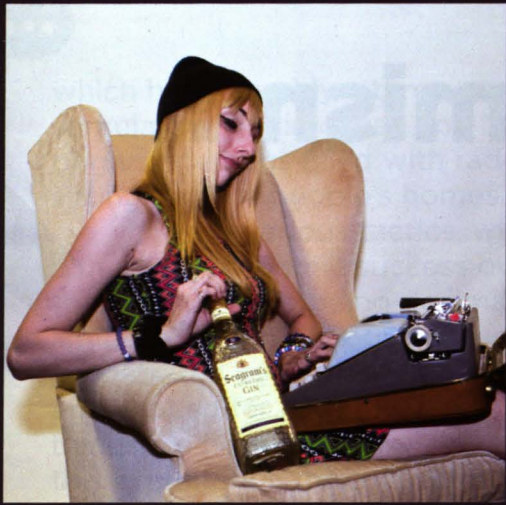
York, and that they were disillusioned and brainwashed by propaganda, and not necessarily recruited by Al-Qaeda. "This is all lies. All fake. I raised my son, I know who he is," says Sandra Zea, Mother of the accused, speaking out after the October 2013 hearing with Yahoo News. Her son Marcos was facing charges that include conspiracy to commit murder in a foreign country, and two counts of attempting to provide support to a terrorist organization among other charges of obstruction to which he had

pleaded not guilty. He has since changed his plea to guilty on one count of obstruction and one count of providing material support of terrorism.

Zea's computer was seized by federal agents, who discovered a downloaded magazine Inspire, the English language magazine of Al-Qaeda. This "journalist" turd has articles such as "How to Build a Bomb in the Kitchen of Your Mom" and "What to Expect in Jihad." After reading through these articles myself, I am laughably disgusted. The blatant tone of this piece of trash as well as its graphics looks like a horrific angry teenager's newsletter. All of these articles are freely available through

open sources and even include e-mail addresses asking for article submissions! To be frank, the quality of the writing is deplorable and redundant regardless of its content. "What to Expect in Jihad," from the September 2010 issue outlines how to cope with depression and states "When coming to a land of jihad it important to speak the local language fluently". Articles such as these deal with issues such as full cultural assimilation and full dedication to the cause of Holy War. Zea was ultimately sentenced to 25 years behind bars and will have to live with the implications of his ludicrous actions.

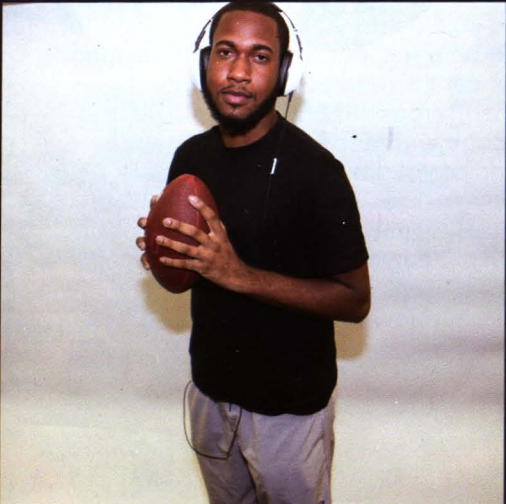
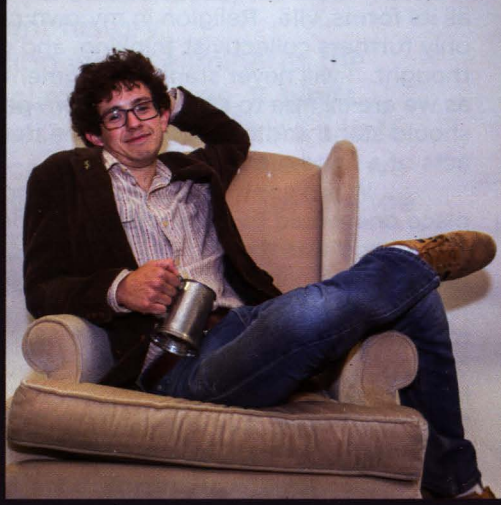




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