

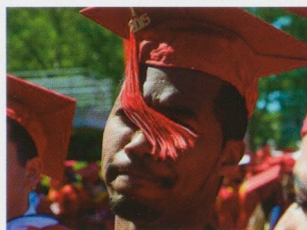
THE STONY BROOK PRESS



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BackinModernDay...

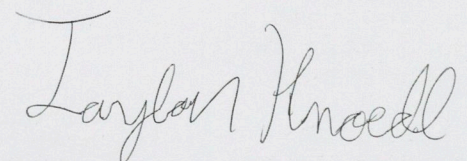
In the time of my tenure at *The Press*, during the age of Mafala as we call it; a period of administrative transition marked by the death of former office fish and deity, Gilgamesh—I was an overworked production manager, then eventually I became a cranky managing editor.

In this time, through the work of myself and my colleagues, *The Press* became the magazine I always wanted to write for. The primary task at hand was of course magazing, but that isn't what I primarily think about when looking back on my days with *The Press*. I recall frequent trips to the Union roof as we gazed at the skies and stars with cunning wits and hazy minds while considering other private outdoor areas. I remember holding a "strict two" of *Smash Bros* matches which devolved into "we'll do the magazine tomorrow" and long, dangerous bike and board rides through the Setauket neighborhoods in the pitch black of the witching hours of nite—shit you would find on my Tinder profile if I had one. But I don't need one. All the people I would swipe right on are right here, writing for this magazine, staying after-hours in our rugged office doing more than just journalism and writing, all of the time. Literally, all of the time. This solid squad called *The Press* came here to produce something awesome. And then we ended up as friends in the process. The Press fills a niche that you may not find everywhere else. There will always be a newspaper informing the good people of that real real. But to find what I found—what my colleagues have found, is something that isn't greater than ourselves, it is ourselves. Our staff doesn't just come in, pitch stories and leave. We don't leave. We spend the day together. *The Press* was my fraternity. Instead of

carrying bricks in my backpack and enduring bro-a-thon parties; I spent weekends tucked away in a sticky basement office layouting a magazine while listening to *Thomas the Tank Engine* remixes into the wee hours of the night. You don't even need to be a journalist. I'm certainly not.

The Press took people like me in—folks who don't want to just churn the news machine. I could write about flying bears, and a few Wpages down you may find an investigative critique of the student government. We know better than to take ourselves too seriously. There's enough of that in our harrowing university lives already. Yet, these same personalities are dedicated to informing the people of the horrible happenings in this world. You can make it here with news ink in your veins, or you could be into movies, or you're some budding satirist who needs clips for applying to *The Onion*. Whatever you do, you've got a friend in *The Press*. I found this place by chance and made some of the greatest experiences of my life so far in it. There are people there who want to meet you. That is why your name is in the staff box. Go to them. Make nice, make friends, and make something fucking awesome.

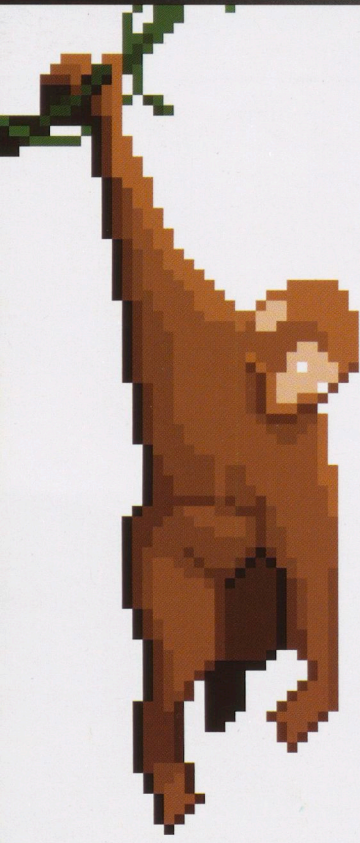
Taylor Knoedl,
Managing Editor
The Stony Brook Press



If you are reading this editorial, then I am gone; far away on distant shores East of the heart of darkness. I am living out my senior semester in the deserts of Kenya. Behind, I leave the modern world. *Project M* with busted-ass controllers that cause input lag despite Crt TVs, the aroma of the succulent—more succulent than your girlfriend Union Commons fried chicken, and most importantly; *The Stony Brook Press*. This damned magazine you hold in your hand right now. The magazine that took over my entire time at this wretched university. A girlfriend literally left me over this magazine. I've cried over this magazine and I sport a growing salt and pepper hair style because of this magazine. I regret none of these things. And now I write you, in a self-indulgent yet informative editorial to bid farewell. As per tradition. And so I indulge: Two and a Half Years Earlier... I was a strapping young idiot with a satchel slung from my shoulder filled with notebooks and journalistic ambition. Not that I knew what any of this meant. I just liked writing crazy shit. *The Press* likes when people write crazy shit. So who-be-know it, I pitched a story to the editors about what university life would be like if flying bears overtook the food chain. Who-be-know that, I found the story published two weeks later. *The Press* became my extra curricular activity, but in the days to come, it would become much much more.

Herc and Leo Check Out

Michelle S. Karim



Unless you have been living under a rock, you probably know that Stony Brook University has been sued by the Nonhuman Rights Project (NhRP), an organization that fights for animal rights. Chimpanzees Hercules and Leo came under international spotlight when a Manhattan Supreme Court Justice granted them a writ of habeas corpus for the first time in history, which means that the chimpanzees have the right to question their detention in the premises of Stony Brook University. Here are some key points in the ongoing case:

WHO :

Hercules and Leo : The 8-year-old chimpanzees detained on the premises of Stony Brook University to aid locomotion studies and research,

Steven Wise : President of the Nonhuman Rights Project and attorney at law, Wise spent more than a year trying to get supreme courts in New York to hear the lawsuit after being rejected from the Riverhead Supreme Court in December 2013 after filing the original lawsuit. Finally, the case was taken up at the supreme court in Manhattan this year.

Barbara Jaffe : Manhattan Supreme Court Justice who granted a writ of habeas corpus to the chimpanzees—this is equivalent to treating the chimpanzees as beings capable of defending their position in a court of law.

Christopher V. Coulston : Assistant Attorney General of New York State, representing Samuel Stanley Jr., the president of Stony Brook University, whom the case has been filed against.

WHEN :

The initial lawsuit was filed in December 2013, but Steven Wise had to refile the case in Manhattan when the preliminary case was thrown out of the courts in Suffolk County. Wise explained in an e-mail interview that he could “see the difference” after filing the case in Manhattan. On April 21st of this year, Justice Barbara Jaffe ordered the ‘habeas corpus’ writ, but just 24-hours later, on April 22nd, crossed out the term ‘habeas corpus’ from the writ. In an interview with *The Stony Brook Press*, Wise said that, “The judge’s action in crossing out ‘& Habeas Corpus’ does not affect the case. The Order to Show Cause issued under New York’s Habeas Corpus Statute is entirely adequate, for which we are grateful to the Judge.”

There was a hearing on May 27th where judge Jaffe called the proceedings “interesting.” The defendant and the plaintiff were asked to e-file their submissions to the court “before or on June 10,” according to the transcript of the court hearing posted on the Nonhuman Rights Project website.

This is still an ongoing case,

In a phone interview with one of our reporters, Wise said of the chimpanzees that, “They are autonomous beings, and they have the right to have an autonomous life. The whole purpose of habeas corpus is to release people who are being held against their will. The two hour hearing mostly consisted of “procedural obstacles” because the attorney general was “saying that we filed in the wrong county, which we showed the judge that we were right, and she seemed to agree with us”,

Wise said.

During the hearing, attorney general Coulston said that, “I think these rights that have evolved related to human interest that’s an important thing that we would lose. Petitioners at some point said that imprisoning a chimp is maybe worse than a human being. I worry about the diminishment of these rights in some way if we expand them beyond human beings.”

The NhRP does not know about the current state of the chimpanzees at all. According to Wise, the organization fears that Hercules and Leo are not allowed to go outside and are forced to stay inside. Wise also said that the problems that the chimpanzees are facing are most likely akin to human beings in captivity—not able to see their own species and not being able to roam around at their free will.

Presenting his case, Steven Wise brought some key examples of oppression throughout history, at the hearing. “We had a history doing that for hundreds of years saying black people, slaves, were not part of our social contract we can enslave them, but we’ve already been down that path. It doesn’t work. It’s not right to say that if you’re not part of the social contract, therefore you lose all protections, you can simply be enslaved,” Wise said.

In a 33-page decision on July 30th, Justice Barbara Jaffe ruled that the two chimpanzees have been denied habeas corpus “for now.”

This decision was prompted because Justice Jaffe is bound to follow the previous determination of a state appellate court in the case of another chimpanzee, Tommy, whose case is now before the New York Court of Appeals pending the NhRP’s request for further review.

At the New York County Supreme Court, Jaffe said, “‘Legal personhood’ is not necessarily synonymous with being human ... Rather, the parameters of legal personhood have been and will continue to be discussed and debated by legal theorists, commentators, and courts and will not be focused on semantics or biology, even philosophy, but on the proper allocation of rights under the law, asking, in effect, who counts under our law.”

However Justice Jaffe rejected the procedural barriers placed by the Attorney General of New York and stated that the NhRP had a valid case to present on behalf of the chimpanzees.

“Efforts to extend legal rights to chimpanzees are thus understandable; some day they may even succeed ... For now, however, given the precedent to which I am bound it is hereby ordered that the petition for a writ of habeas corpus is denied...”, Jaffe concluded.

On hearing the decision, President of the NhRP Steven Wise said, “The Nonhuman Rights Project is looking forward to promptly appealing Justice Jaffe’s thoughtful and comprehensive decision to the New York Supreme Court, Appellate Division, First Judicial Department, which unlike Justice Jaffe is not bound by the decision of the Third Department in Tommy’s case.”

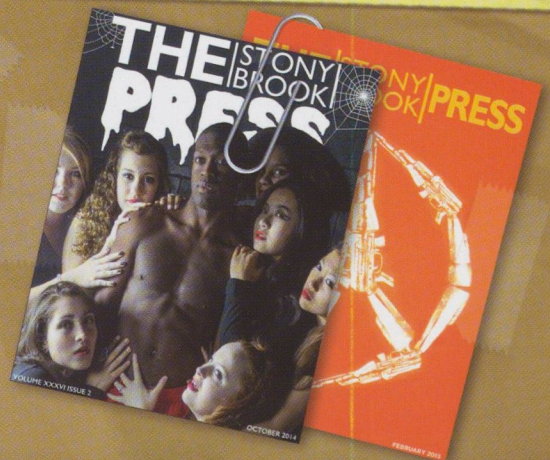
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Taylor Knoedl

Kyle Barr

The Stony Brook Student Union has a long history of leaks, creaks and being old. But that's because it is old, which explains the early portion of the aforementioned list. For these reasons, the Union is due to be gutted and rehabilitated.

In 1969, the Student Union Building was built, and was described to contain "facilities designed to meet the cultural, recreational and social needs of the students" by the original construction plan pamphlet published in 1966. The Pritchard Gym formerly held this informal role, which made the Union the first building designated for student life.

Norman Prusslin, the Director of the Media Arts Minor as well as a former DJ for the University's FM radio station WUSB, shared an expanse of historical knowledge about the Student Union Building.

"By the time of Fall of 1970—that was probably the first year that everybody who was going to be in this building actually was here," Norman tells me from the high-traffic main lobby highway of the Student Union. He notes some of the organizations which called the Union their home, including student government (called Polity at the time) which resided in today's FSA office, a bookstore below the Uniti Cultural Center and a bowling alley and recreational room around the corner in club alley, among many other quaint fixtures which don't exist today.

The Union, was always a sort of MegaBlocks castle in its inefficient design. Nowadays, we see that as defective air circulation, pipe explosions which flood the media wing, and unused arrowslits on the roof; but the Union had a number of other sloppy design flaws way back when. A well-known fixture to the campus in regards to this sort of poor design was the Bridge to Nowhere—which went in the direction of the library but connected the Union to nothing. By 1978, the bridge was finally connected, "but it didn't go into the library," Norman points out, "it made a left at a 90 degree turn right into the second floor of the Staller Center." A hardly formal ceremony was held during this bridge connected by former university President John S. Toll, where he was pied in the face by a student wearing a gorilla costume. In 2003, Norman reminisces, "literally right

after graduation, the bulldozers came and knocked the bridge down." Despite it being convenient, Norman said the bridge was still dangerous with its own absorbent-concrete induced weather system. "It would rain... and then three days after it rained, if you walked under the bridge, it started to rain."

Before the Recreational Center landed from Mars in 2012, the bridge which leads to the roof lead to the Union parking lot where it acted as a main entrance to the building for many students. In this, students would enter through the eternal "not an exit due to construction" marked doorways we see today into the hallway in front of the Women's Center. This hallway, instead of leading to a Starbucks (as the indie coffee monolith wasn't monolithic then) there was the End of the Bridge restaurant. At the beginning of the 1980 academic year, the End of the Bridge became the primary on-campus bar due to the phase-out of dormitory bars in that same year, according to an article in *The Stony Brook Press* by Melissa Spielman. The restaurant went on to host concerts that were broadcasted on WUSB.

The Union wasn't always the hip joint we know it as today. An article in *The Statesman* published in 1971 describes a year anniversary proceeded by doubt regarding the building's place as a center for the campus community. Robert Reisman, the article's author discusses an "apathetic climate" towards student activities in the Union, pointing out the many construction sites on campus contributing to this (during this period, the Melville Library and Chemistry were both under major construction). Though there were efforts in place to provide activities for students at the Union, such as art workshops led by Susan Goldin. Goldin suggested that student involvement was "a slow process" which "requires an informal approach."

With union, the Student Union has reached this point over the years. Clubs and organizations have provided community for

their respected niche groups (some more broad than others), while activities and community centers have historically done similar. Though a record store is now a craft center, the Rainy Night House cafe is an abandoned fraternity/sorority office, fart contests just aren't a thing anymore and the fireside lounge lost its flame—the Union is still a place of community for some. After the early 1990's, the construction of the Student Activities Center posited itself as the technical primary point of student life while the Union took on "not a secondary role... but a complementary role," Norman says. Despite this, the Union remained as a home to many students. Goldin's point of student involvement being a "slow process" has been demonstrated over the years. Now the blood of the Union's various niche communities boils thick. And now they're all losing their home.

As the infrastructure of the Union building slowly crumbled, the space the students occupied established a personality of its own. The club rooms became distinctive, unique and became in all but on paper, theirs.

By January 2016, those clubs will be losing that space. According to Howard Gunston, the Director of Facilities, Operations and Reservations, most clubs will be moved to the Student Activities Center (SAC). The Student media organizations are expecting to move into a new media wing in SAC 307, while the Union's club alley will be moved to SAC 010A.

"The Union is old and decrepit," said Lauren Fetter, the Executive Editor of *The Stony Brook Independent*. "I feel like everyone sees the union as the red-headed step-child, in a way—everyone knows it's there, but no one really wants to interact with it until they have to."

Space was also limited. *Blackworld Magazine* has been working in the same room as *The Stony Brook Independent* since last year and the confining space curbed some of their activities.

"Being in the Union has limited us from having consistent meetings do to the fact that we have to share space with the Independent. The space was very small and kind of killed our morale to have meetings" said Marshall Wayne Cooper, the executive chief editor of *Blackworld*.

But being old had it's perks. Those clubs which have used the rooms for their Union activities have had enough time to leave a deep mark into the walls and atmosphere of their space.

Like that of short rows of bookshelves buckling under the weight of fantasy and science fiction novels, the dim lighting and the dark ambience of the Science Fiction Forum. The room models what club members like about their favorite mediums, the tone and mystery of unfathomed places.

While they watched their room fall apart, especially the old book shelves which buckle under the weight of the volumes, president of the Sci-Fi Forum Ted Gervais has fond memories of the Forum.

"The room and the building both have a lot of character, so I'd hate to see them go," he said.

playing *Super Smash Bros.* in Animated Perspectives club room.

"I am really going to miss being able to relax in our club space at any point of the day as well as pretty late into the night," said Justin Schaller, president of Animated Perspectives.

But for some, the gutting of the Union will mean a total destruction not only to their work and living space, but to their entire club.

The Craft Center currently understands that none of their materials such as their potter's wheels or any of their crafting supplies will be moved to a new work space, and that when the Union's renovations are done, there will be no space reserved for the craft center.

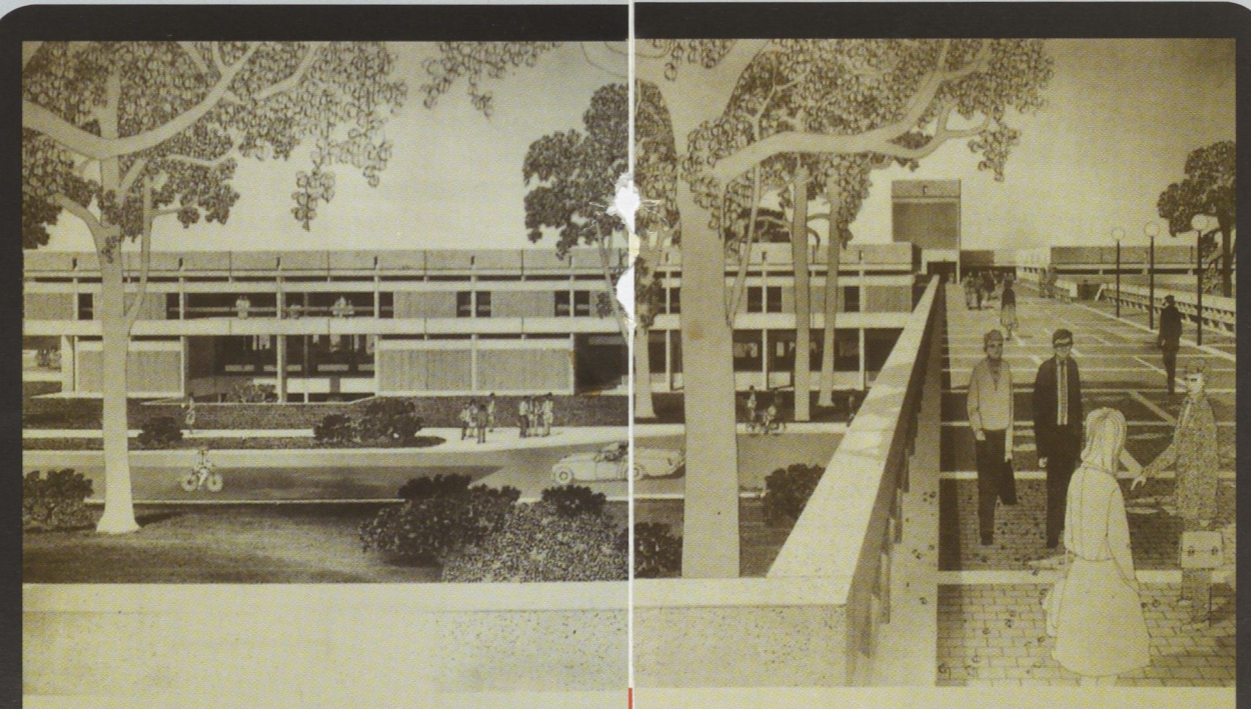
"I'm heartbroken," said Craft Center member since 1991 Dale Krongel as she sat behind a potter's wheel, her hands splattered with clay. "This was my therapy, this was my second home."

"Its terrible for the kids," said longtime member Joanne Coppola. She said that the craft center was an excellent form of therapy for the students, especially those stressed with the hard sciences and maths subjects.

"Everyone has issues in their lives. This was a great way to relieve the stress."

In many ways, the transfer of clubs out of the Union is more than a simple change of scenery. It is an act of leaving behind a legacy. *The Stony Brook Press* was forced to move from their old quarters in the bottom of the Union Basement after administration found the room's heater wasn't working. For many Pressians, leaving that space was heartbreaking. The room had a history that was manifest from the graffiti strewn walls to the random knick knacks on shelves preserved like ancient relics to a forgotten culture. They were moved into one of the upstairs rooms, and now were made to move again.

The future is muddy, it is hard to tell at this point whether the new spaces allocated to clubs will fulfill their needs, but the most they can hope for is to keep the same culture and personality that has kept each new generation of students coming by, then never leaving.



Life After Stony Brook: With Jenna Marie

Ronny Reyes

As she pours extra buffalo sauce on the customer's cheese-steak sandwich, Jenna Marie is not exactly doing the work that is expected of someone with a political science degree.

Although Marie's ambitions go further than making sandwiches her entire life, she has become one out of every six graduates with a bachelor's degree who was underemployed in the U.S. last year, a trend that continues to grow, according to the Economic Policy Institute, a nonprofit think tank based in Washington.

With the job market's demand shifting to require more than a four-year degree, graduates are either embracing that demand by applying to graduate school or accepting a less-than-ideal job in order to pay off their student loans, which is now estimated at over \$1-trillion by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York in its 2015 Quarterly Report on Household Debt and Credit.

"I needed to start paying back in November. I had to pay around \$300 a month and I didn't even dorm," said Marie, one of the few people in her family to earn a four-year degree.

In order to begin both paying off her debt and saving money for graduate school, Marie began looking for any paying job that would hire her, yet she found herself unemployed for a three-

month period that she spent jumping around from interview to interview with no avail.

"I wasn't worried in the beginning, but I did feel relieved when she finally found something," said Marie's mother Adriene O'Toole, 59.

The first job she found was at a nearby branch of the make-up production company Estee Lauder in Melville, NY.

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, she works for the office's safety department as she distributes

After replying to a Craigslist posting and a short interview, Marie found herself a second job working at Charleys Philly Steaks inside Smith Haven Mall in Lake Grove, NY.

Now she wears a black cap and apron every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday as she stands for hours beside a red wall that reads "100% Certified Awesomeness."

"Toppings make the day go by fast," Marie said half-jokingly as she sorted the tomatoes and stared at the almost empty food court that was typical of a

Thursday afternoon.

In order to distract herself during slow days, Marie immerses herself into any task delegated to her, and she tries to do as much as she can by herself.

"She doesn't like it when people take her job," said Alysa Descetto, a fellow employee at Charleys. "She'll want to broom and do toppings and not let you do any of it."

When the monotony of working six days a week gets too tiring, Marie finds motivation in her eventual entry into graduate school.

"At least I know I'm working towards something. It's not an endless abyss at Charleys [Philly] Steaks," she said.

It's about to be a year since Marie graduated from Stony Brook University and started working, and she is now financially stable and has

"At least I know I'm working towards something. It's not an endless abyss at Charleys [Philly] Steaks"

and sorts employee questionnaires, often creating graphs based on the results. According to Marie, most of her work is made up on the spot by the department's administrators.

"It's really based on their whim," she said.

But because she decided to take on her debt and savings plan by herself, Marie needed two jobs to reach her financial goal.



been accepted into the University of Glasgow in Scotland to study international relations and global security. When she starts attending classes there, her student loans will go back on deferment, but she will now be taking out even more loans to pay for her new tuition.

According to the New America Education Department Policy Program, the typical graduate student borrowed over \$57,000 last year. On the other hand, the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that people with graduate degrees earned about \$300 a week more than those with a four year degree.

When Marie initially searched the job market after graduation, she noticed the significant pay gap between jobs in the field of political science that required a bachelor's degree and a master's degree, which further convinced her that a master's degree was the way to go.

Yet employment can still be elusive to those who have attended graduate school. According to Raynee Gutting, a Stony Brook University teaching assistant who earned her political science Ph.D. this May, several of her fellow students who graduated this year applied to nearly 45 jobs before finding any form of employment.

"Entering the job market is a stressful endeavor even with a higher degree," said Gutting, who was recently hired as a visiting assistant professor of political science at Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles.

With Marie's leave scheduled for September 10, the realization of being one step closer to her master's degree created a mix of excitement and anxiety within her.

"It'll be a challenge, but If you don't do stuff that scares you, then what's the point," she said.





The Lives and Times of Collectors Kingdom Kingdom

Ian Schafer

For 33 years, Collectors Kingdom sat facing Jericho Turnpike in Huntington Station, open doors ready to welcome the curious passer-by, enthusiastic child or life-long collector. According to the regulars and employees who called the shop a home away from home, the store's massive collection of comics, games, toys and books meant that being bored was rarely an option.

This was not lost on 20-something Michael Bradley, who upon his return from a failed mission to become a minister in Oklahoma, found himself face-to-face with Collectors Comics', as it was originally named, open doors, not as its owner, a title he would carry for 26 years, but as a repairman. In his alter-ego as a manager at Home Depot, Bradley cut a deal with Silvio Luca, the shop's owner, on new carpeting after appraising damages sustained in a recent flood.

It was around this time that Bradley had started to grow a firm appreciation for the comic book as an artform. He was there to witness the rapid rise of the graphic novel, spurred by Art Spiegelman's *Maus* amongst others, and the huge success of DC Comics' adult-oriented limited series like Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons' "Watchmen," Frank Miller's "The Dark Knight Returns" and Neil Gaiman's "Sandman."

This boom carried along with it the rise of the specialty comic book shop.

It was just a few years prior, in 1982, when Luca unlocked the doors to

Collectors Comics for the first time. He'd bought the shop on a whim when his son's interest in comic books had surged. But the surge was not long-lived, and by 1989 the manager of the shop was making a poor effort of keeping the business afloat. But Bradley, now a regular at Collectors Comics, had made an impression. Luca offered Bradley, who he knew as business-minded and experienced — if not in running a comic book shop, at least in running a business — a manager position.

Bradley accepted with little hesitation.

Over the next five years, Bradley, who was only in his mid-20's when given control of the shop, was determined to prove himself. With fruitful business decisions, like his 1992 large-scale purchase of "The Death of Superman," a comic that marked a peak for comic books sales, Bradley had shown Luca that he had great plans for the shop.

Over dinner and a handshake, Luca made Bradley another offer — the shop for Bradley's meager \$2,000 savings and payments out of the register over the next 10 years. Bradley, once again, jumped at the opportunity.

In his past, Bradley had hit roadblocks in working for other people, but it was 1994 and the comic shop, newly renamed Collectors Kingdom, was his.

Bradley's kingdom would eventually, to the right, supply action figures from his childhood and beyond, and to the left comics — new releases and back-issues extending into the 1930s to '50s

"Golden Age" of comics.

Statues and busts of favorite characters would be placed in glass cases and on shelves, waiting for the high-rollers of toy collecting to bring them home. And there'd be sports memorabilia and trading card games, the latter of which would prove monumental in Collectors Kingdom's evolution.

Bradley had a knack for picking out what the next big thing was, and year after year, convention after convention, from "Magic the Gathering" to Tamagotchi, Bradley's keen eye kept the supply high for the most in-demand items.

This served Collector's Kingdom particularly well in 1997 when a trading card game freshly imported from Japan would rock pop culture and the shop.

"Pokémon."

For employees, friends and relatives of Michael Bradley, that word was synonymous with Collectors Kingdom's peak.

The intense popularity of Nintendo's television, card game and video game 1-2-3 punch meant collectibles shops like Bradley's had to be ready for a new kind of customer and new level of patronage.

Lines formed out the door whenever there'd be a new shipment of cards. Now it was no longer men and teenage boys, the typical connoisseur of comic books, but mothers and their children — boys and girls.

The changing dynamic, while welcome, was significant enough to annoy the regulars, who sardonically referred to the mothers who'd arrive in the shop to sate their children's Pokémon needs "Pokémoms."

With these new customers, Bradley realized, he'd need to change the very male face of the shop.

At a mall convention in 1997, Bradley entered conversation with Jade Torres. She didn't know quite what kinds of comics she was into, only that she wanted to find out. Bradley, as per usual, was ready to oblige with a copy of "Johnny the Homicidal Maniac," a favorite independent comic amongst those with a darker sense of humor. She took to it right away, and by the end of their conversation, Bradley was offering Torres a position at his shop, which she gladly accepted.

Her feminine touch, she and Bradley both hoped, would make the shop more welcoming and more prepared for clientele outside their norm.

It worked out quite well, when year after year, more girls continued to



Michael Bradley with a small selection of Collectors Kingdom's stock. Photo courtesy of Collectors Kingdom IndieGoGo page.



The new comics wall. The first stop for the regular Wednesday crowd.

Photo courtesy of Collectors Kingdom IndieGoGo page.

wander into the shop even well after the Pokémon boom.

Beyond just employees, Torres and Bradley shared a bond much like family. Jade considered Bradley a brother, a sentiment shared by fellow long-term employee, Matthew Orsini.

Orsini was around 17 when the Pokémon craze hit, but at this point, he'd been employed at Collectors Kingdom in some capacity for four years. At age 13, he found himself regularly creating excuses, like having enough quarters to play a few rounds of arcade games, to meet up with the welcoming Michael Bradley to talk comics and get recommendations.

Orsini came around so often that Bradley started to pay him in comics to help out around the shop, but Orsini continued to work there well into his twenties, and when tragedy struck, it was Orsini, along with Bradley's younger brother Steven, who primarily ran the shop in Bradley's stead.

In 1999, Bradley was struck by a car while crossing the street near his apartment on New York Avenue in Huntington. The accident left both legs broken, along with one shoulder and knee.

This accident, Steven was sure, shortened his brother's life significantly.

It was after the surgeries, which saw rods inserted in both of Bradley's legs, that Orsini began to notice a difference in Bradley's behavior. The once on-point and business savvy Bradley began missing opportunities and became more sluggish.

A side-effect of the accident, Bradley had become dependent on opiate painkillers.

Bradley, according to most, would never be the same after the accident, but it did very little to change the nature of Collectors Kingdom.

Through the following years, the store struggled silently, with an air of success brought on by Bradley's endless strive to make the store welcoming and well-stocked. While the shop was not necessarily failing, money was tight, and Bradley's personal funds were dwindling, due in part to his addiction, but mostly due to his desire to always keep the store's supply of toys and expensive statues current.

When his addiction finally caught up to him, Bradley made a decision. He packed some things and left with little fanfare for Maryland, where his father had lived since the early '90s, and checked himself into rehab.

This came as a shock to the still-young Orsini, who hadn't been exposed to that world, but he knew Bradley had done what was needed, even when Bradley would shrug off conversations about his problems later on.

While he'd slipped back into his addiction a few times over the next few years, by January 7, 2015, Bradley was two-months clean, and looking ahead.

Collectors Kingdom, by all appearances was also looking ahead, if at least to Wednesday, when the weekly readers would come in to pick up their new books. But those books and every book in the store, would never be read, because on January 7, 2015, in the early morning, a fire broke out in the Jericho Turnpike comic book shop.

The store was gutted. The collection, estimated to have been worth nearly half a million dollars, was destroyed.

The blaze tore through part of the stripmall, damaging five shops in total.

Fingers were pointed, and Bradley felt blamed for the fire, which fire marshals had said originated in his shop.

Bradley took the blame hard, and was already

struggling with depression linked to his prior injury and substance dependence, but Orsini and Torres would not believe that Collectors Kingdom was dead.

As far as Orsini knew, he was the first person on Bradley's doorstep. Bradley's housemate initially protested — Bradley was curled up in the fetal position and didn't want to see anyone, but Orsini had left work early to see Bradley and was determined to alleviate some of his friend's panic. He convinced Bradley to come out of the house and, over breakfast at Dunkin Donuts, they formulated a plan.

Within six days of diligent driving through the commercial areas around Huntington Station, Bradley had found just the place to rebuild, a location that shared a shopping center with a GameStop and a pizza place, an ideal spot for a comics shop.

In the meantime, he'd work out of an auxiliary location, stocking the store with his own minimal supply, accepting donations and buying whatever collections he could still afford.

Jade, in the meantime, was planning a benefit. There would be artists, music and cosplayers — enthusiastic fans dressed as their favorite fictional characters — and would take place on Free Comic Book Day, an event held nationwide on the first Saturday of May and one of the biggest sales days for comic books shops. She also opened up a crowdfunding effort using the GoFundMe service, hoping generosity would win out over adversity.

But Collectors Kingdom wouldn't make it to May. On April 6, 2015 Michael Bradley died in his sleep after checking into a hospital. He was 48.

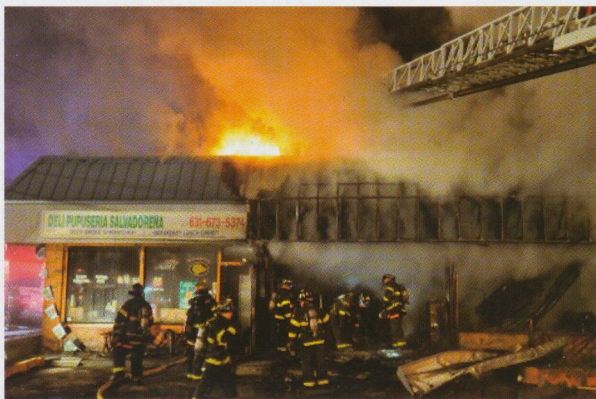
Without Bradley, plans to continue Collectors Kingdom halted.

Doctors didn't have a definitive answer on what caused Bradley's death, only speculation that it involved complications with his depression medication, which he'd been prescribed for years, but needed particularly in the aftermath of the fire.

The cause of the fire also remains unclear, but speculation says that faulty wiring was the culprit, and according to Bradley, lights in the stripmall often flickered and the restaurants surrounding his shop often had to run extension cords to meet their power needs.

A lawsuit was in the talks but fell through after Bradley's passing. Steven, now in charge of Bradley's estate, along with lawyer Tim Wan, a Collectors Kingdom regular who'd been working on the case pro-bono, think a strong argument could still be made against the shopping center's landlord.

Though Collectors Kingdom and Michael Bradley are gone, they're certainly not forgotten — by his family, by the employees who considered Bradley their brother and the store their second home, or by the regulars who'd spend hours each Wednesday passing time over discussing comics with their favorite shop owner.



The fire which gutted Collectors Kingdom and surrounding shops

Photo courtesy of Steve Silverman/The Long Islander

The Youth of Ambodiaviavy, Madagascar

Kevin Urgiles

Student from Ronomafana C.P.P. - Students typically learn basic reading, mathematics and French in their early years of study. Unfortunately some students only get this far because reading and counting are deemed enough as skills needed to survive in the real world by some parents who require their children's help in rice fields or zebu herding.

A boy stands on the remnants of a bridge in Ranomafana looking at people below him fish and enjoy the sun. Bridges are generally destroyed by natural disasters such as cyclones in this area of Madagascar.



Children play a few meters away from rice paddies. Rice is a staple food in Madagascar. Environmental conservation is a big issue in Madagascar so terrace farming is slowly being implemented in areas where rice is produced to help with these efforts.



populus de Caprice

Madagascar is the fourth poorest country in the world so mirrors are not exactly a top household commodity. As such many children, and adults, have never seen a good quality image of themselves. As I went around taking picture of the people my new Malagasy friend, Andry, told me to show them the pictures I took because they enjoy seeing themselves and their friends. Many children were shy at first, but this boy wanted to be in every shot I took.

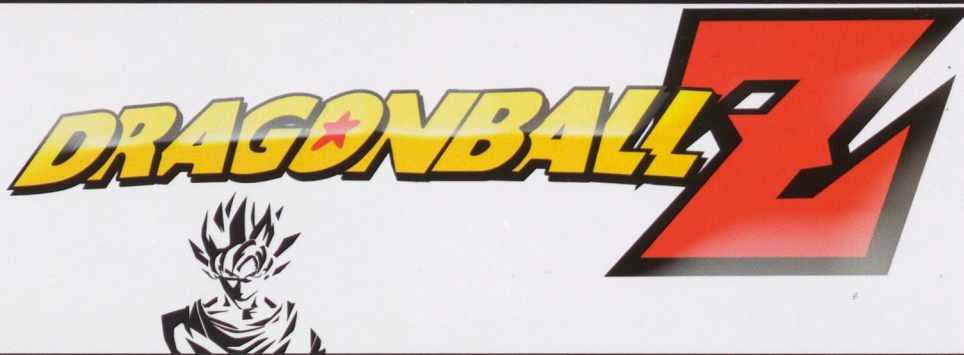


A soccer player entertains a group of kids and the adults in Ranomafana.



en de Paris

NOSTALGIA GOGGLES PRESENTS:



Ronny Reyes

Disclaimer: I will not be explaining any terms, techniques, or characters because you should already know what I'm saiyan. Hah! I'm hilarious. Ok. I'm outta here. Peace!

As heaven, hell, and Earth joined forces to provide Goku with enough energy to create the ultimate Spirit Bomb, I rejoiced at witnessing the incredible defeat of the universe's greatest threat, Majin Buu.

It's been about 19 years since the finale of *Dragon Ball Z*, yet the Dragon Ball franchise continues on with countless video games, movies, cameos, and *Dragon Ball Z Kai*, another television adaptation that sticks closer to the original source material. I won't mention GT because it's only redeeming value is Super Saiyan 4 Gogeta.

Unfortunately, it seems that every game is just a constant repetition of the series, forcing players to repeat every fight in the *Dragon Ball* universe, including ones we never even cared about. The movies are alright—not including the live-action “Dragonball: Evolution” film because it is one of mankind's worst mistakes alongside the Shake Weight and Ask Jeeves.

And although I appreciate *Dragon Ball Z Kai* and its efforts to introduce *Dragon Ball Z* to a younger generation, there was very little for long time fans to enjoy. But all that changed within

a year.

Last August, the U.S. was treated to *Dragon Ball Z: Battle of the Gods* in theaters. Despite it having a lot of inside jokes and a strange new villain, it was a great film for veteran fans to enjoy as we witnessed a new Super Saiyan form. Then came another film this spring, *Dragon Ball Z: Resurrection F*, which brought back the iconic Lord Frieza with a brand new transformation. The film will air this summer in the U.S.

And finally, on July 5, the world will be introduced to *Dragon Ball Super*, the true sequel to *Dragon Ball Z* that

takes place a few years after the Buu Saga. Unlike *GT*, *Super* will see the involvement of the series' creator Akira Toriyama, putting at ease fans who worried that it would be another flopped sequel.

Since *Dragon Ball's* first introduction to the world in 1984, we've seen it change and grow over three decades: from its origin as an action adventure heavily inspired by *Journey to the West*, one of the four great classical novels of Chinese literature; to the introduction of aliens and wizard aliens (two completely different beings), to the grudge match involving androids that were actually either cyborgs or organic beings, and ending things off with the latest revelation of yet another god in the *Dragon Ball* storyline.

To those who have never watched or read the *Dragon Ball* series, this may sound completely ridiculous, which it probably is, yet the formula works. The storyline is filled with memorable villains, badass anti-heroes and a goofy yet awesome protagonist who sticks with us until the end.

All in all, I'm glad that Toriyama was able to get us to accept that Goku was an alien because it made *Dragon Ball Z* what it is today, one of the greatest action shows on the planet. And please don't pretend not to know what the *Dragon Ball* series is because it's not going anywhere. Just like the characters in the story, it refuses to stay dead and only comes back stronger.





ARReSTeD DeVeLOPMeNT

Why Season Four Worked and How the Future Looks Bright

Carlos Cadorniga

IT'S OFFICIAL.

New episodes of the cult classic comedy *Arrested Development* will grace the Netflix binge-watching experience by next summer. As a big fan of the Bluth family's misadventures, I've been anticipating this continuation of season four's uncharacteristically dark, silent ending.

These days, it's always a relief to hear that *AD* isn't dead, especially since its future is perpetually uncertain. However, I've felt my share of discontent with the latest installment.

Since its untimely broadcast demise in 2006 after only three seasons, many adoring fans were dying to know what would become of it. The last second of season three teasing the possibility of a film left audiences insatiably hanging for seven years (or about two if you binged the DVDs in high school like I did). When we could finally know what became of the Bluths in a new Netflix-exclusive season, it was finally time to see if this show could keep to its acclaimed comedic reputation. The results—while well-received critically—weren't entirely up to normal Bluth Company standards.

The major charm behind *AD*'s early years was the variety of hilarious situations jam-packed into every episode. While Michael and his son George-Michael fought over the latter's ethics teacher, Lucille began learning to live with her newly-arrived Korean son that she forgot she adopted. The cast as a family working in tandem to generate laughs was original and endlessly entertaining. It was always a treat to see each Bluth off in their own awkward situations and seeing how these stories would eventually interact. While season four still followed this format, it took a questionable approach.

This time around, every episode concentrated on a single Bluth coping with the aftermath of their public disintegration, with family interactions either too minimal or too subtle to notice or simply non-existent. Suddenly, this cast so used to leaning on each other had to stretch their stories across 25-40 minutes all by themselves. Unfortunately, this "panned-out story" plan didn't exactly pan out. While Will Arnett, a seasoned comedy veteran, certainly managed on his own as GOB, younger stars like Alia Shawkat as Maeby saw far less interesting stories. Overall, we received a strange disjointed comedy with some episodes being remarkably funny and others being sluggish and dull.

I've seen fans rant and rave about how this botched a once-pristine masterpiece. More dramatic disappointees will even go so far as to deny its canon to its predecessors. I'm no avid hater of the fourth season, but even I could see this considerable dip in quality when it came to this ensemble cast being split up. I'm sure the turbulent schedules of the actors was no help either, as some Bluths got more concentration than others while others simply had no time to be in it (see Tony Hale in *VEEP*. Seriously, he's great). The show returning after a seven-year hiatus was already enough to make fans wonder if it could still talk the talk, but returning with a completely different format almost felt like making a huge mistake. But I'm pretty optimistic when it comes to *AD*, so I don't necessarily see this lackluster season as a bad thing. If anything, it's an excellent precursor for what's to come.

It's almost ironic that the Bluths hit hard(er) times while split up in a season for a show that has seen better days. Michael was willing to resort to sleeping with a family frenemy for money, Tobias and Maeby both accidentally became registered

sex offenders and George-Michael's silly app blew up into an enormous scam that he stumbled into the center of. Yes, for a wealthy family who lost everything, they somehow managed to make their lives even worse. That's what makes this and any future season of *AD* potentially brilliant.

With season four, we've seen proof that each Bluth is a hopeless disaster when separated. Together... well, they're just one big hopeless disaster, but they're still together. Because aside from breakfast, the most important thing to the Bluths should be family, which is something they need to remember in season five. Utilizing the meta-humor that the show is known for, the statistically least entertaining season serves as a proper catalyst for any continuation, declaring "We know this doesn't work, so we're gonna work on it."

Of course, I can say none of this definitively. For all we know, next year's episodes might not live up to this theory. Maybe the restructured version of season four will be better than the original product, become the best season and completely debunk my understanding. Regardless, I still have hope for the Bluths coming together once more and delivering the laughs they once doled out in spades. For a show that knows itself so well, I'll remain excited to see how they keep it all together.





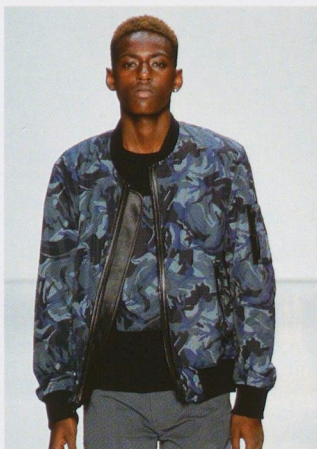
New York Fashion Week: Men's

Jordan Bowman

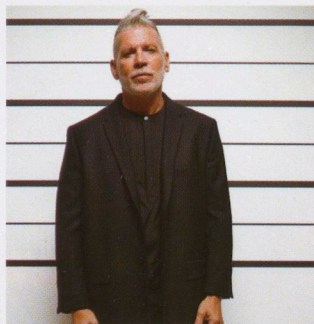
The Council of Fashion Designers of America (CFDA) officially announced a few months ago that the first ever "New York Fashion Week: Men's" would be exclusively presenting menswear collections, which should be big news for guys everywhere. In actuality, most men don't give a fuck. Men mostly just want to look good so they can impress women, so that's why I looked over thousands of images from the latest collections to try and find the coolest brands worth looking out for.

Ovadia & Sons Public School

This new collection is hard to describe without sounding like a massive fanboy, but it is incredible; almost everything in the show is worth buying, depending on how much money you have in your bank account. The collection was so simple and skillfully styled, one of my favorite looks in the show being a blue camo bomber jacket paired with grey trousers and black sneakers. The entire showing exuded effortlessness and appeal, and was a good signal for guys who want to know what men's fashion is going to look like in the upcoming months. It's also important to note that R. Kelly, the Frank Sinatra of RnB, was in attendance, and if he gives your brand a co-sign, you know you're doing something right.

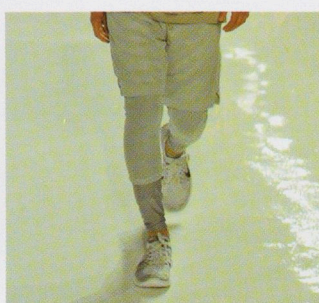
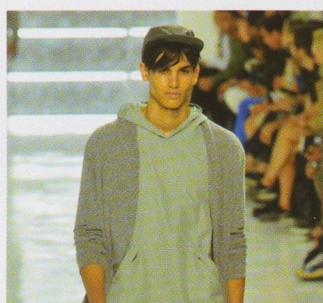


Maxwell Osborne and Dao-Yi Chow, the designers and creative geniuses helming the Public School brand, just created another amazing collection. They used a police lineup as the backdrop for their new Spring/Summer collection, which only incorporated three primary colors: black, blue and white. The presentation showcased Public School's classic minimalist styling accompanied with sharp tailoring. If there's anything we can learn from Public School, it's that less is sometimes more when it comes to menswear.



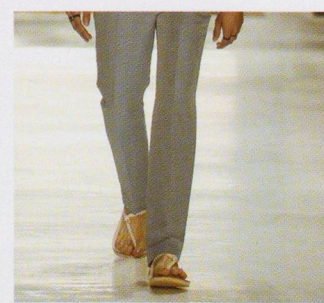
John Elliot + Co

This latest collection looks kind of dusty, and I mean that in the most complimentary way possible. You have to understand the aesthetic that John Elliott is trying to present, showcasing a more worn-out look to his clothing. The presentation mostly incorporated an olive green, grey and black color palette, along with a slight military influence. Of course the collection still included the classic staples, such as layered slim fitting hoodies and sweatpants, that we've all come to expect from the brand.



Perry Ellis

The Spring/ Summer collection managed to incorporate athletic sportswear pieces with sharply tailored suits. Ignoring the fact that Perry Ellis attempted to make some abysmal athletic wear, this is still a dope collection. There was a bright mustard yellow suit that was oddly appealing despite my fondness for all things simple and subdued. The colors within the rest of the collection were perfect along with the slim fitting outerwear pieces and suits. As long as you ignore the athletic pieces, this new runway collection from Perry Ellis was something worth looking forward to.



BETSEY JOHNSON'S BITCHIN' NEW DANCE WEAR

Julianne Mosher

Growing up as a dancer, I wore out my tutus. It was acceptable for the cute four-year-old to wear a pink, frilly skirt with her sparkly ballet flats... Who would have thought that nearly 15 years later, it would become a fashion trend?

Betsey Johnson is a renowned fashion designer who not only incorporates radical prints from the 60s, 70s and 80s, but also gives every woman the chance to be a punk rock star just like Lita Ford.

She's almost 73 years old but this fashion icon still does her branded cartwheel into a split at the end of each fashion show - leading to her stint on ABC's *Dancing with the Stars* last summer. She tangoed and did the cha-cha in the most clutch fashion that all her fans drooled over.

Now, practically 10 months after she appeared on TV, Betsey has teamed up with another legendary company—but one that little tap dancers, ballet princesses and dance moms all know called Capezio.

Dancewear has always been so boring. We either wear a pink or black leotard, boring-ass tutus or yoga pants from PINK. We needed some individuality in the dance studio and thank God Betsey came through because now these dancers can look punk, pretty and powerful as we plié, chassé and pirouette across the floor.

The new line includes sports bras, dance bags, leggings, tank tops and loose fitting crop tops that will make any dancer feel cool. However, the biggest - and most expensive of the bunch - is the adorable tutu dress typical of any Betsey gown... a tube top seamlessly stitched together with

a sparkly, frilly skirt.

Now speaking from the perspective of someone who's been dancing since she was potty trained, who grew up with no knowledge of style, the outfits are something that every dancer needs. The pieces are colorful, form fitting and just the right amount of lace to give an edgy but feminine vibe yet follow the movements of the performer.

Johnson's collection varies in price running from \$30 to \$50 with the exception of one tutu dress that is only \$125. For Betsey pieces alone, the value is extraordinary.

But let's be real—the best part of this whole combination is the fact that Dance Moms spawn and child-Sia impersonating Maddy Ziegler is the poster child for all of this fashion greatness. It's about time us ballerinas became punk.

**“In the 60’s
there was a
look. In the
70’s there was
a look, and in
the 80’s. Now,
it’s a free-for-
all.”**

Betsey Johnson





The Pull List Presents: Arclight

Taylor Knoedl

As a not-so-aficionado of comics, I have three main qualities that appeal to me; something not back issued volumes deep, has a killer aesthetic and is not superheroes. So to pick up the first issue of *Arclight* with the androgynous Sir Arclight posed in fluffy renaissance fashion mixed with bone-plate armor and a concave vampiric-looking face—all done in soft water color pencil on the cover seemed like it would pique my fancy. Maybe it will pique yours too.

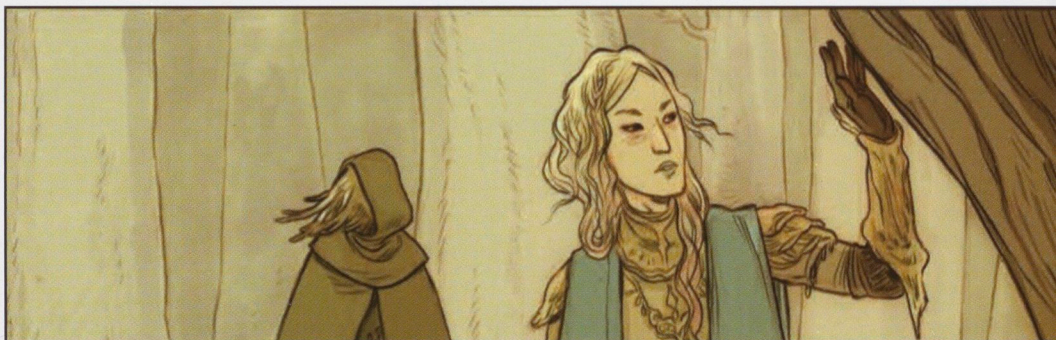
Writer Brandon Graham is well-paced in world building of this series, which leaves a sense of calm as it develops. The reader mustn't struggle to understand the concepts he introduces. The first issue begins with Sir Arclight and the Lady, a woman who embodies a humanoid creature made of branches, traveling the wilderness apparently investigating some sort of magical disturbance. Why all of this is happening is not explained, the reader simply steps into a part of the story surrounding these two characters, and explanation is naturally developed with the passage of time.

Marian Churchland's illustrations present a wide, significant world in soft tones and a thick air. Landscapes are vast and without clutter, with space reserved for a concentrated urban environment which contrasts to the vast isolation of the wilderness. The colors used are soft and dull; everything appears relaxed. The depiction of natural lighting in the overall tone creates a living atmosphere, despite

the scene at times showing no actual life. Churchland's pencil strokes aren't done with tension, but instead gentle precision. The color scheme allows for sudden contrast to appear when blood makes an appearance in the panels. Not combat blood, necessarily; blood magic—such as the Lady's blood goose she created in #1.

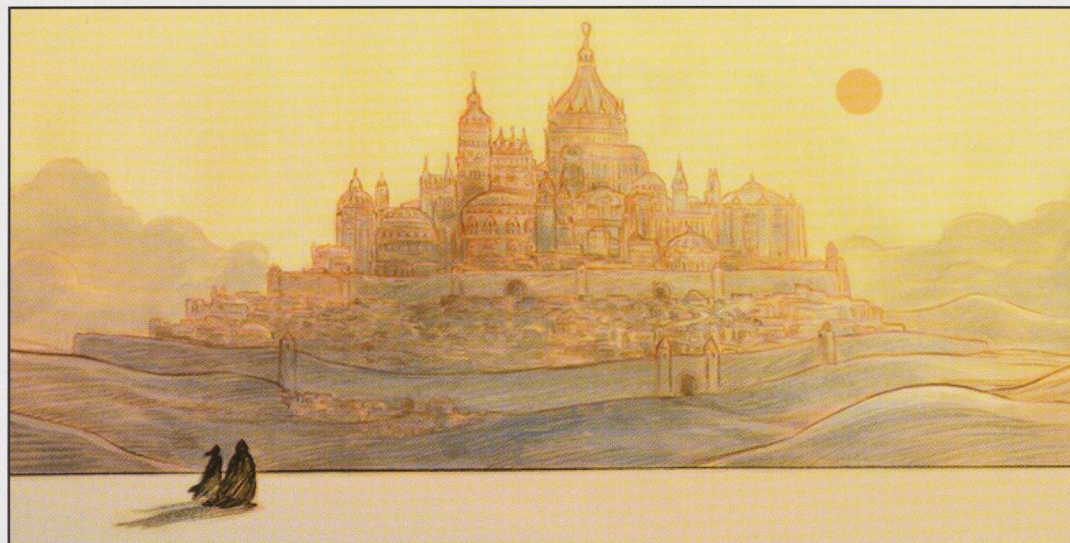
Blood is a precious thing in *Arclight*. I

other fantasy worlds, such as a travel palace made of bones. Graham presents these unique ideas without delving into the bore of elaborate lorecraft. He makes his own world which Churchland depicts beautifully. Neither the content nor the style lets *Arclight* fall into the category of just another fantasy comic.



mean... Well... Blood is used for blood magic, which seems to be the opposite of death magic, introduced in #2. I suspect even body-snatching to be a part of one of these schools of magic, as the branch-humanoid that holds the mind of the Lady seems to have suffered. Her and Sir Arclight are borderline renegades in their ventures, as they are viewed with disdain with characters associated with the woman whose body is implied to have once belonged to the Lady.

Arclight has an interesting take on fantasy elements mixed with rugged science-fiction, and there isn't a clear overall mimicry of



In times of harsh winters, changing leaves and coffee, sweaters and all that dumb shit; you probably don't have time to play video games. Well, many of us at the Stony Brook Press wish to offer some brief cop-out time that can be fulfilling. Below is a list of games that don't take a heavy investment to enjoy. So enjoy.

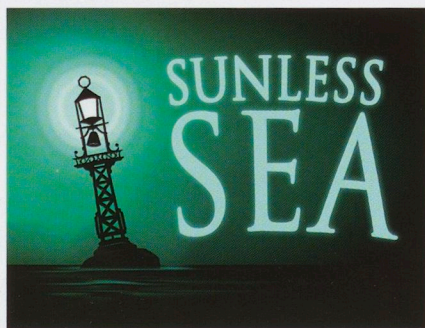
THE STANLEY PARABLE

Ian Schafer

This is the story of a man named Stanley, something you'll be sure to know by the time you've restarted *The Stanley Parable* for the umpteenth time trying to find every last ending, grab all the achievements or go through that one door you noticed on your last playthrough but skipped over. A first-person exploration game in the style of *Gone Home* or *Dear Esther*, *The Stanley Parable* is ideal for the semester's limited playtime. Spend 20 minutes with the game and you're bound to discover something you didn't find in your last 20 minute session, all while feeling accomplished that you've "finished" at least one



of the game's potential plots. In the end, it shouldn't take more than four hours of playtime to get all of the "reasonable" endings. I say reasonable because there's a few that require some surreal nonsense to achieve, but nonetheless are totally achievable with dedication and a Google Search.



Kyle Barr

I have seen three of my characters die in *Sunless Sea*, and none of those deaths were very pleasant to watch. One died of lack of fuel, only drifting along. In another, my crew cannibalized each other. In another a racketeer gang killed me and my crew for getting caught with an illicit box of souls. Every death is a learning experience, and every time you go out further, deeper into the unknown and deeper into madness.

Sunless Sea is a game of sailing in the dark reaches of the "Zee," where Victorian London had fallen into an underground sea somewhere in between the surface and Hell. It is a game of the tiniest details, like the small notices that pop up to tell you of the smell of blood on the wind or a blue light far off in the distance, and the immense, like finding an island of warring rats and guinea pigs, where you MUST choose a side, or the slipping of your own sanity. The Zee is so endless, that when a character dies, it only means another opportunity to go out and explore in a different way.

As an open world game, it is perfect to play some, leave for a while, then come back to. There is always something new and interesting to see. The writing is just the perfect mix of black comedy and lovecraftian sensibilities. The sailing can sometimes get dull, and the ship is annoying to control in combat, but this game is perfect for anybody wanting to scratch that roleplay itch.

BROTHERS

— a Tale of Two Sons —

Taylor Knoedl

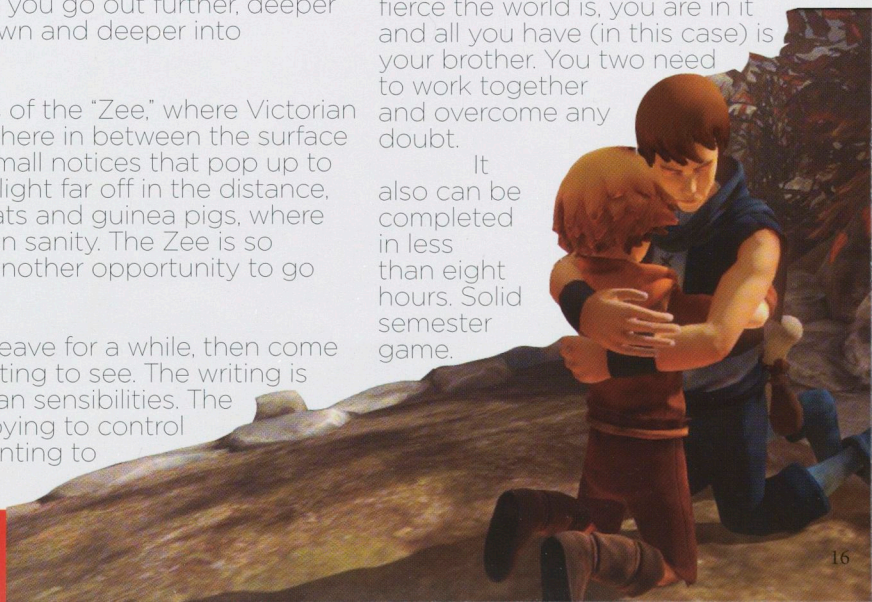
It's a multiplayer game between your left and right hand that demonstrates the importance of being whole not just in a video game, but in life. The wholeness isn't within one person, but two people who must work together when they are put in a situation where they only have each other. Sounds a lot like life, doesn't it? Crazy.

Brothers: A Tale of Two Sons is a brief A-to-B adventure game with puzzles that revolve around this separate hand/separate character concept. At its most basic form, one brother is big and the other is small—thus, each character has their own role in the environment they must overcome.

The younger brother will often be pitted into ridiculously scary situations because of his stature. Because he's smaller, situations arise where a tight-space must be filled, or a frail root must be clung onto (despite root monsters attacking from a cliff wall). The other guy is just too big, even if he's brave.

Brothers is a game about desperate measures. It's about suddenly being thrust into your role because you're needed. It doesn't matter how fierce the world is, you are in it and all you have (in this case) is your brother. You two need to work together and overcome any doubt.

It also can be completed in less than eight hours. Solid semester game.



GOSH DARN JURY DOODY

Lindsay Andarakis

As most of us graduate college and transition into adult life, we often find that it is not a very smooth transition; learning how to manage banking crises calmly when we get charged obnoxious amounts for overdraft fees and don't have any money to begin with, or having our parents doubt our every move because they simply don't think we can handle the insurmountable task of being an adult as good as they can yet, when they were 21-years-old, they definitely made way better decisions than you do now; feeling the pressure of student loan payment deadlines that threaten to ruin my credit score for life if I cannot pay them immediately on time. To add another fun activity to participate in during adult life, you receive the dreaded letter in the mail, one that you thought may never actually come: it's time for jury duty.



For a meager \$40 a day that I highly doubt I'll ever actually receive, I am held captive by the Town of Southampton Village Justice Court.. As I sit in the clockless, windowless room, the only clue as to

Facebook really are the cocaine of today's youth; when we can't catch up on or update our own feed we become irritated, confused, antisocial and fidgety human beings.



Instead of being in this prison, I should be training for the half marathon I have coming up, selling multiple items I own worth \$40 or more on eBay, celebrating my friend's birthday, drinking a cup of coffee and reading a newspaper at a location of my choosing etc. I could be in my room singing, recording and uploading a song to my SoundCloud page, having a much-needed phone call with my much-too-far-away Brooklyn boyfriend, or chatting with a family member in Hong Kong, London or Paris, brushing my pet Beagle, cleaning my house, or jumping out of a plane; forced to hear Kelly Ripa's shrill laugh and Michael Strahan's deep chuckle when all I want to do is unplug the television in the front of the room and listen to my iTunes. I can't wear headphones because those weren't allowed either, because clearly this was a high security case in a high security building in

is preventing me from eating the bagel I just bought and the coffee in my cup holder that won't be hot when I get back to my car. I bite my nails and watch people rearrange their outfits again and again, yearning for their beverages and freedom, but instead getting served with some bureaucratic bullshit. I have recognized and acknowledged at least four local faces. The woman in front of me stating that she just moved here and couldn't believe she was summoned for jury duty so quick in a new town. Another woman was just served with her second Town of Southampton jury duty summons in less than one year's time, still not guaranteed that after today the crucial civic duty would be fulfilled. There are children to be cared for, meals to be prepared, errands to be run and shopping lists to be crossed off.

Yet, here we all sit. Collectively groaning about the inefficiency and wastefulness of the town we all share and love, sitting and waiting until we can finally be dismissed and go about our lives. The case was, in fact, dismissed af-



"I have no alerts, tweets, Snapchat stories or precious text message conversations. Only myself, my solitary, ugly thoughts and about 50 other bleary eyed fellow jurors."



what time it is or planet I'm on is the TV airing Rachel Ray's cooking show, which I know starts at 10 a.m. I sit and wonder what better activities I could complete on this rainy Tuesday. I realize that my cell phone is locked in my car and it becomes clear to me that Instagram and

Hampton Bays, New York. Cut off from all communication, I have no alerts, tweets, Snapchat stories or precious text message conversations. Only myself, my solitary, ugly thoughts and about 50 other bleary eyed fellow jurors.

This stupid commitment

ter two hours and fifteen minutes of sitting idle and filling out paperwork. Oh well! At least I had a sultry Zooey Deschanel printed on the cover of Cosmopolitan's June issue to keep me company. What a glorious morning.



GRATEFUL DATES

Charlie Spitzner

The sight of faded tie-dye, the aroma of stale weed, the sticky and repugnant feeling of vomit and forgotten acid tabs sticking to your feet; one wouldn't normally associate these specific physical sensations with a dead country, but the situation at hand makes it strangely appropriate.

GratefulDates is one of those sites that just pops up along the side of the ol' social media road, oversized backpack and sunny disposition in hand as they beg you for a ride to the next town over while you ponder the likelihood of getting stabbed to death over a good deed. My response to the situation, as it is for most situations, was "sure, let's see how much fun I can have."

When it comes to these kinds of situations, like signing up for a dating website designed to specifically gear towards fans of The Grateful Dead, Phish and other miscellaneous jam bands, the best approach is to set a lofty goal and see what kind of mishaps and memorable happenings you can find yourself tangled in along the way. My own personal goal was to A) befriend a drug dealer and B) make as many puns about weed as I could at their expense during our courtship to see how long it would take them to get sick of my ass, but I encourage readers at home hoping to get themselves involved in a similarly bizarre situation, to also consider one of the many viable and meaningful alternatives suited to this very strange manner of wasting time, including:

- learning about hippie/festival culture
- upping your hitchhiking game
- finding actual meaningful conversation with other human beings who share similar interests
- joining a cult
- etc.

The site itself is nothing too gorgeous, your usual Web Design 101 setup to make an ugly-yet-functional website usable and presentable enough to not turn away potential users. Sign-up for GratefulDates presents the usual get-to-know-me fodder of age, sex, location, what kind of people you're hoping to meet, etc. but as this is a site for the aging Deadhead and amateur hippie, the most emphasis during the profile setup was placed on music preference and concert etiquette (obviously important when trying to find a soul mate—how could you live with a person who prefers to stand in the back of the venue while you prefer the sweet audio nectar of feedback and hippie screams at the front?) I doubt that preferences like that mean too much to the average person, but I suppose an abnormal concept can only survive under abnormal conditions.

Decked out with a fresh profile, a fresh picture that conveniently makes me look presentable while still hiding most of my face (never CAN be too careful), and a fresh sense of excitement, I took the dive into GratefulDates' choppy seas with no knowledge of its depth, span, or danger at my

disposal, eager in my journey to find excitement and mild amusement. Sadly, however, bemusement was a temptress unbound...

YEAR: UNKNOWN

DATE: UNKNOWN

LOCATION: GRATEFULDATES

STATUS: LOST AND BEWILDERED

This land, one I expected to be warm and loving and peaceful, has fallen under; it is now home to a sun that never stops baking its land and boiling its seas, to winds that shatter glass through the power of their owning gusting force, and is the residence of not one single living soul. The question arises: has this place been conquered, or abandoned? I have no answer, only a single observed fact: no person remains here in this place. Suited for triumph and leisure rather than adventure and plunder, I drag myself through the muck of hardened mud, against the shrieking winds of the scorched landscape and find myself atop a mountain, within a little cave marked with a sign displaying a single word: Online. Within this cave I can see to other corners of this country and, driven to this option through raw loneliness and desperation, I peer into the void and see a single figure: it is myself. Unwilling to accept this foul, this UNFAIR reality I see through the glazed pupils of my red and agitated eyeballs, I convince myself into an ultimatum: I will remain in this cave for one week and stare into this hellishly black void once a day. I wait... and wait... and wait... and see nothing new besides lines and spots cancerously digging themselves into my face, a freshly-slackened jaw, and a recently-malformed torso and set of limbs that would never so much as catch the eye of a well-aged mortician used to sight of death.

I expected bemusement.

I was promised fun.

END TRANSMISSION.





THE MELANCHOLY LAUGHS OF JON STEWART'S FINAL EPISODE

Kyle Barr

You didn't expect the announcement that one night on February 10, 2015. Those words hung impossibly in the air: Jon Stewart. Leaving *The Daily Show*.

In hindsight, you can see the progression of Jon Stewart's decision to leave. You could see it in the way he looked at Bob Odenkirk when he joked about how long Stewart had been doing his show. You could see it in his progressively greying hair and in the way he wouldn't so much joke about but shout at what he considered the bullshit in American society. While you couldn't read his mind, the decision Jon Stewart had to make about leaving the show had to be one that stewed in his brain. It was a long-time coming.

During Stewart's last episode, previous correspondent and future host of *The Late Show* on CBS, Stephen Colbert suddenly goes off prompter. Stewart absolutely squirms like an ant under a child's thumb as he knows what's coming, and doesn't like it. He looks so passionately agonized as Colbert tells him how much he has affected the people around him by elevating their careers and giving an example of how to give their satire its

biting edge. He is smiling, in pain, and he is crying.

There was a genuine melancholy to *The Daily Show's* last episode with Stewart at the helm. He brought on all of his old correspondents, who hugged before one commercial break. Even his behind the scenes crew all got their small moment of attention. This was not so much a celebration of the 16 and a half years of *The Daily Show's* run, but a funeral one might give to the leader of a group of freedom fighters.

What can we see about the impact of Jon Stewart? Base numbers don't give him much favor. No matter how much the media has talked about *The Daily Show* and Jon Stewart's part in it, his influence has always been in question. At the height of his popularity, his show pulled in a total of approximately 1.3 million viewers towards the end of its run. To put that in perspective, Jimmy Fallon's *The Tonight Show* has 3.7 million viewers on average each night.

His audience was young, almost restrictively so. A Pew Research survey said 74 percent of *Daily Show* Viewers were between 18 and 49 years of age. Another Pew poll said that just as

many people trusted it as there was those who distrusted it.

Just the fact that his name has always been in the news explains just why people cared about Jon Stewart. Enough that his promoters and detractors at the political, media and street level all had an opinion about the weekday satirist. During the final episode, they brought in people Stewart has lambasted like Hillary Clinton, John McCain and even the oft maligned CEO of Arby's Paul Brown, to give their own sarcastic send off to one of their sharpest critics.

His popularity is more than just imagined. For such an opinionated man, Jon Stewart still managed to appear humble. He rarely allowed interviews, even as his show winded down. He constantly denied biographies, and he hated seeing anybody give him praise or remembrance. He hated the idea that anybody called his show a news show.

Stewart was so adamant that it wasn't such. His constant mantra was that the show was a comedy show. In some ways it was true. For all of the examples of him taking on the regime; how he helped bring an end to CNN's *Crossfire* after appearing on



“He looks so passionately agonized as Colbert tells him how much he has affected the people around him by elevating their careers and giving an example of how to give their satire its biting edge.”

their show and his support of the bill to help cover healthcare costs of first responders of 9/11. Yet, his crusades did not always bring direct change. Such as, his bringing Larry Cramer to the show to absolutely stomp him in an argument did little to change Cramer’s content or demeanor on *Mad Money* or the whole of CNBC’s financial coverage.

There are other crusading pundits out there. Bill Maher has his own left leaning following, while just as many people support news pundits like Fox’s Bill O’Reilly and Sean Hannity. If you take it all in like some big vacuum of the media space, it seems like the world has gone and cracked itself in two. The divide between two almost identical ideologies has never been wider. The news has not stopped

its blunt force trauma of the American identity. Politics and news have both become about entertaining the audience and less about creating a worldwide discussion.

But what separates Stewart from any other satirist or late night commentator was his simple honesty. He was the entertainer that told truth as he saw it while so many other news people slid into entertainment. You could disagree with him, in some ways he encouraged it, but he never said anything he did not necessarily agree with.

There has rarely been such trust between the audience and a show host. Before the last episode aired, Lewis Black, a longtime correspondent and commentator on *The Daily Show*, called Stewart the “Walter Cronkite of

his generation.”

Stewart would most likely hate that description but in some ways, it is completely true.

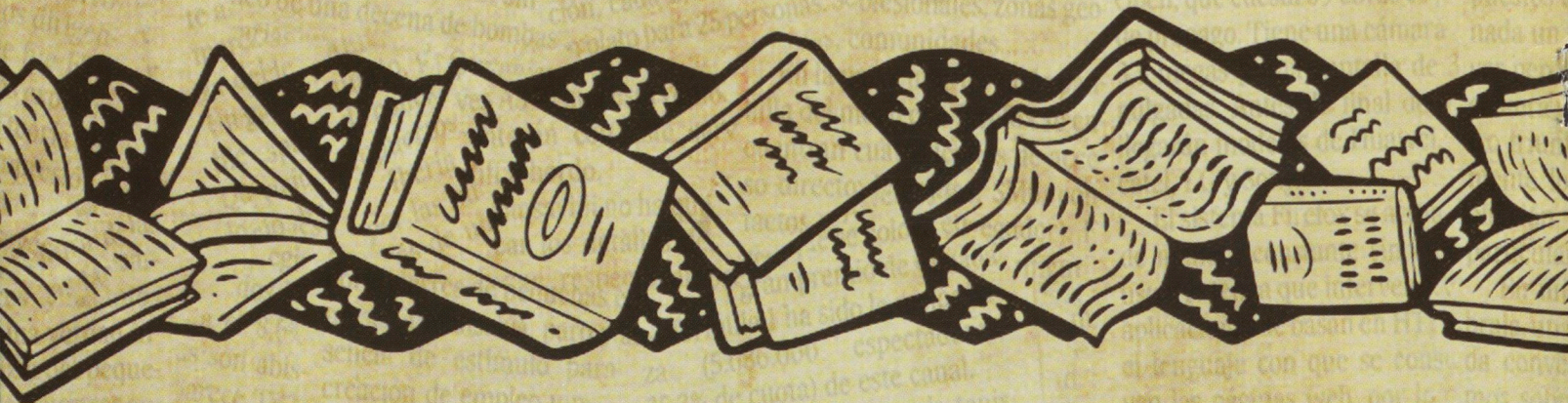
Jon Stewart’s last show happened just after the Republican primary debate hosted on Fox. His show wasn’t able to lampoon on the obscene number of politicians harping on the same talking points. But in a speech he gave to his audience, he described his career as merely a discussion with his audience, one that is truly never ending. In his last words, he warned about bullshit in all the forms it comes in, whether it’s obvious, or it is cleverly hidden.

“Bullshit is everywhere,” he said. “The best defense against bullshit is vigilance. So if you smell something, say something.”

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