

THE STONY BROOK PRESS

ザーストーニーブルクプレス



ピケルが落ちて
やつが立って
んちが飛びます。

NOW FULL WEEK

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The Stony Brook Press is published monthly during the academic year and twice during summer session by *The Stony Brook Press*, a student-run non-profit organization funded by the Student Activity Fee. The opinions expressed in letters, articles and viewpoints do not necessarily reflect those of *The Stony Brook Press* as a whole. Advertising policy does not necessarily reflect editorial policy. Staff meetings are held Wednesdays at 1:00 p.m. First copy free. For additional copies contact the Business Manager.

THE STONY BROOK PRESS
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 STONY BROOK, NY 11794
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Great Scott!

Clutching Wolfie's shoulders until marks appeared in his coarse fur, Stony Brook University President Samuel L. Stanley Jr. watched as Steve Pikiell pulled a U-turn in his DeLorean and swerved past where they stood. The air hit their faces at the same time as Pikiell's receding laugh, heard only slightly above the roar of the flux capacitor.

"Great Scott," Stanley said. "No, Marty, not again."

In the flaming wake of Pikiell's DeLorean, several \$100 bills floated to the ground. Stanley licked his lips, the green shone brightly against the blue

"We have to go back Marty," Stanley continued. "Back, to the future." His lips quivered on the final line, his mouth hung open and his eyes grew wide.

Wolfie looked up into the face of Stanley. A bead of sweat rolled down his temple. The voice clogged in the back of his throat.

Stanley finally let go of Wolfie, walked and stood over the littered money on the pavement. He bent over and picked up a crisp benjamin. He held it up to the sun.

"If we can, somehow, harness this energy..." Stanley said, turning back to Wolfie. "...Channel it, into the flux capacitor... it just. Might. Work." He

drew across the entrance to the Traffic circle. A construction worker just left his post for the night, saw Stanley and aks what he was doing.

"Science experiment," he replied.

"What experiment?"

Stanley waved his hand at him. "Sciency stuff, we're number... whatever in the country. We're a science school."

The man shrugged. When he was out of earshot, Stanley whispered to himself, "science."

It was hot in the van. The basketball players looked at each other. Stanley had come to them personally to tell them he had found them a new coach, and that he would take them

IF WE COULD SOMEHOW HARNESS THIS ENERGY... CHANNEL IT INTO THE FLUX CAPACITOR...

of his eyes, then he shook his head. Bringing himself back to reality. Wolfie was still shaking under his palms.

"Marty," Stanley turned Wolfie around. The mascot looked down and saw that Stanley still hung tightly to his arms. "We have to go back."

Stanley looked up, scanning the horizon. The blue flames from the DeLorean's rear wheels were only just beginning to sputter. "Back to the past, Marty. Wait, no." His mind was racing. There were students who would be concerned. The Stony Brook Men's Basketball team was losing all of it's star seniors. They had lost their chance at their Cinderella story in the NCAA Tournament, but now they were to lose their coach to Rutgers' money. 1.6 Gigamillions. That was how much money it took to take Pikiell into the future. Stanley knew they had to follow.

took three quick steps towards Wolfie and held the bill like a knife aimed at Wolfie's chest. He took a step back.

"Next Basketball season, we're sending you back, to the future," he yelled. His voice occupied the empty space of Stony Brook campus during the weekend. Somewhere far away on the roof of the Stony Brook Union, a voice called for him to "Shut your F***** hole."

Lightning flicked at the sky like a whip, and Stanley was busy.

His new DeLorean, now made out of the Stony Brook athletics van, purred at the starting line. Piled into it were the new Fall semester 2016 Men's Basketball team. Stanley stood on a ladder next to Toll Drive, with a line that

to meet him. They whispered amongst themselves, they thought Stanley looked deranged. Wolfie was in the driver's seat, sweating in his outfit. It was even hotter, his sleavless puffy coat and denim jacket were pulled tight around his girth.

A radio chimed, and Wolfie picked it up. He listened, then put it back down.

Wolfie put his foot to the gas with his other still on the breaks. The wheels spun, the rear of the van smoked as the tires dug deep into the pavement. Wolfie was waiting, waiting. Then his foot stepped off the break.

Back to the future they went, carrying the basketball team on wings of lightning.

"IT DON'T MATTER."
- MICHELLE TOUSSAINT



IN THE LAND OF MOLD & ROACHES

How a Night in Stony Brook's Dorms Broke President Stanley's Resolve

JESSICA VESTUTO

It was 6 a.m. when President Samuel J. Stanley Jr. awoke to the loud drone of a jackhammer. He lay on his back, sore from the stiff mattress, and stared at the ceiling. The white paint was peeling. "Where am I," Stanley asked, lifting his head to see a tiny room enclosed by four unfamiliar walls. The air smelled of mildew. Outside, the jackhammer continued its loud whine.

Stanley stood, his back aching and his head throbbing, and went to the window. The view looked out onto the construction on Toll Drive. That's when the tired man realized where he was, the exuberant words he had spoken yesterday resurfacing in his mind.

"I will spend the weekend in a Stony Brook dorm room," he had said at the press conference. "Our faculty does everything we can to truly understand what our students go through. As the president of the university, I'm no exception. I've linked arms with students recognizing the University of Missouri protests. I've gotten my flu vaccination from SHAC. I've taken a selfie with Hermione." He let out a sigh of fond remembrance. "The point is that I always try to be as close to the students as possible."

In the spirit of atonement, a handful of students who had been placed in overcrowded dorms would stay at President Stanley's residence, the Sunwood Estate, for the weekend.

"Am I worried?" Stanley laughed in response to a reporter's inquiry. "People

seem to forget that I lived in a dorm once. At Harvard." He stared obliviously at the crowd with a smile and raised eyebrows. "I have no doubt that this will be a great experience for all involved," he said with the steadfast enthusiasm of an infomercial. "I can't wait to see what happens."

But one day later, as he stood in the narrow confines of the small, colorless dorm, Stanley's optimism had waned. He could not help but feel dethroned as his kingdom of concrete had been taken from him. The hum of construction noise was beginning to eat away at his sanity. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw what looked like a roach. He sat on the edge of the bed and let his head fall into his hands.

Sam Stanley wanted to go home.

The 8,300-square-foot Sunwood Estate is situated on 26 acres overlooking the Long Island Sound. Inside, the lucky students chosen for the residence swap were reenacting their favorite scenes from *The Great Gatsby*. Meticulously pressed shirts were tossed in the air, a cacophony resounded from the piano, and the bar was in full swing. They lounged comfortably in the central air system; no longer did they have to rely on a breeze of mist from the fountain in the academic mall for refreshment. On the lawn they tossed Frisbees and footballs, their usual backdrop of the Staller steps replaced with the view of the Long Island Sound. As the fresh

salty air filled their lungs, for the first time, it felt good to be a Seawolf.

The students were, however, disappointed to learn that the only food available in the kitchen were egg whites, chicken, cashews and a variety of interesting sauces.

Back in the dorm, Stanley was trying to part his hair, an intricate daily ritual. Today it was further complicated by the bathroom mirror being too small for him to adequately view himself. Earlier he had looked in the shower, but the sight of mold growing on the tile was too disgusting for him to even consider using it. He picked up his Stony Brook pin and tried pinning it to his lapel, as he has done everyday for the past 7 years, but kept accidentally pricking himself. He gave up and went to his desk.

He tried using his laptop, but was unable to connect to WolfieNet. "You Are Not Connected to the Internet," his screen displayed mockingly. Cut off from the rest of his life, Stanley felt imprisoned. He had lost the bounce in this step, the twinkle in his eye. "I need to get out of here," he thought. But where could he go? Where would the scornful eye of those who knew he failed not follow him? No, he would tough it out. After all, it was only one more day.

Just then the jackhammer started up again. Sam Stanley gathered his belongings and hurried across campus to the Hilton Garden Inn Hotel.



RONNY REYES

It's not funny anymore. It really isn't. Donald Trump is going to be our next president.

John Kasich can only win when it comes to Ohio and telling women what they can do.

Ted Cruz isn't even an American, but more on that later.

Sanders is being crushed by Hillary Clinton, and Hilldog is no match for Trump. (I mean, she is a woman.)

Nothing can stop that orange-colored millionaire, not even finding out that he is in fact only a millionaire.

As an immigrant, I did not come to America to be led by Trump, so I'll be using my sneaky border-crossing skills to jump over the Canadian wall and find peace among the Mounties up north in Cruz's birth country. Canada may be colder than New York, but global warming will even that out for me in a few decades. I could get into hockey; it's just violent football on ice.

Canadians are also super nice and

welcoming, and I base this off nothing but sheer ignorance. They'd probably forgive me for that and offer me a donut. And have you seen Prime Minister Justin Trudeau? I mean, I'm not gay, but, yeah, I'd fuck that guy.

Although Canada has high suicide rates among teenagers, it has no effect on a clinically depressed 21-year-old such as myself. In case I do want to end it all, I can always ensure my body ends up in my beloved New York by jumping off Niagara Falls.

If Canada is not to your liking, then you either hate universal health care or are looking for a warmer place to find refuge. Assuming it's the latter, I recommend Cuba, which is also known as "The Land that Cruz Pretends to Know Because There's a Shit-ton of Latinos Everywhere That Could Vote for Him If He Mentions He's Cuban." Catchy, isn't it?

It's nice and warm in Cuba, where the doors have been opened to visitors as the U.S. and Cuba have finally made amends. The Cuban people have also

decided that America isn't so bad despite its repeated efforts to destroy Cuban society, and they'll welcome the incoming wads of cash known as the American people. You may face some discrimination here and there, but that's what you get, you foreign scumbag.

Cuba is rich with history and the soul of the twentieth century revolution that stood for equality among all human beings. But fuck all that because in about five years they'll get hip to the program and start opening up KFCs and Pizza Huts. Who wants to hear about guerilla tactical warfare against a powerful regime when you could chow down on technically-not-chicken while scrolling through your DVR for some HBO porn. Cuba's not home, but it can be.

But whether you're going up north or heading down south, you'll always be in the shadow of the colossus. We all know that America isn't enough for Trump, so enjoy your new home while you can. He's coming.

THE NOBEL-EST OF THEM ALL

BRIAN ABREU-TEJADA

The Nobel Peace Prize is one of the most outstanding awards to receive. A Nobel recipient is not only a champion of the people but a person of exemplary moral stature. This year's nominees are nothing short of that: Nadia Murad, an escaped ISIS sex slave and a spokeswoman against ISIS; Pope Francis, the leader of the Catholic Church and Edward Snowden, the former CIA employee who revealed the NSA's unlawful surveillance programs. All of these candidates are prime subjects for a Nobel Peace Prize.

There is, however, one that towers over all -- the Nobel-est, you might say. This candidate leads the fight against ISIS harder than Murad, is more dedicated to the American people than Snowden

and is a more devout Christian than the Pope. This man is Donald Trump.

Donald Trump is, by far, the obvious candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize. The fact that he hasn't received one yet is actually astounding. With years of dedication to his company, and his generous donations to a facet of politicians, companies and others worthy of his help, it is a modern mystery as to why he has not been duly rewarded. Nonetheless his time is upon us. Finally, the Nobel Foundation will recognize Donald Trump: the soon-to-be 45th President of the United States of America and Emperor of the Universe.

His competitors are nothing to laugh at. But Donald trumps the competition par for par. Nadia Murad

is a fighter of ISIS and has definitely had an impact on the terrorist group. But Trump will bomb the Middle East off the map, effectively getting rid of ISIS. That's how politics work. Pope Francis is the leader of the Catholic Church and is seen as the most devout and pious Catholic. But he went to Mexico. Trump has not gone to Mexico, so the better Christian lies in Trump. Edward Snowden released top secret information to reveal the NSA's surveillance programs. To some he is a true American hero; he put the people before the government. But Trump is running for president, and that's cooler. Once again, Trump wins.

At the end of the day, there's only one clear choice. Donald "LibertyAmericaEagleAllAroundGoodGuy" Trump.



#

Stop The Fair Use

JON WINKLER

Dear Internet Critics,

You should be ashamed of yourselves. Here I am just sitting on my billions of dollars and coming up with more wholesome cinematic entertainment like *Zoolander 2*, *Fifty Shades of Grey*, *Pixels* and the new *Alvin & the Chipmunks* movie (don't ask which one, I've already lost track) when I hear that you don't like my movies. YouTube channels like such as Channel Awesome, YourMovieSucks, Red Letter Media, CinemaSins and I Hate Everything seem to enjoy ripping apart the hard work I put into making movies about farting chipmunks, flaccid romance movies and remaking old franchises. Do you know how hard it is to get Adam Sandler out of his trailer before his realization that he's a fraud ends up killing him? Extremely! I have to get out my fancy checkbook, and I don't like to use it very often! Normally, I wouldn't take time out of my busy schedule of finding old shows, movies and young adult novels to recycle into movies for your entertainment, but I wanted to take a moment to address the issue of Fair Use on YouTube and the trend of "where's the fair use," or #WTFU.

Now, I didn't care about this trend at first, since I don't find anything relevant unless it's on Ellen DeGeneres or the late show with Jimmy, but so many studios and producers have been emailing me about the issue. For those unaware, movie critics on YouTube are claiming that their videos unfairly slamming my great films are being removed from the website. They claim that myself and companies like Viacom are being unfair to their "criticisms" of films. These companies supposedly make false accusations of unfair use of movie clips for their reviews. Because of this, they're asking YouTube to change their policy on Fair Use to give

reviewers a better chance to defend their videos and explain how they aren't using the clips improperly.

One of the more famous cases has been with an educational film called *Cool Cat Saves the Kids*, written and directed by Derek Savage. Mr. Savage has been the unfortunate host to bullies like YourMovieSucks and I Hate Everything, who have used clips from Savage's inspiring and wonderful project to make unjustified criticisms against the movie. Savage has also been the butt of many jokes about his brave and triumphant fight against these critics by filing takedown orders and personal threats against these cowardly online critics. They are asking YouTube, "Where's the fair use?" hence the pound sign-thing on the Twitter.

First off, I'd like to commend Mr.

with basic moral values.

And to those YouTube critics, you're getting exactly what you deserve. How dare you attack the hard work I and studios like Universal and Warner Bros. put in to give such quality entertainment. Someone like Doug Walker taking such unjustified jabs at hallmark films like *Son of the Mask* and *The Cat in the Hat* is quite honestly offensive. I'm very proud that children and fans of Dr. Seuss' got the privilege of seeing Mike Myers make an erect penis joke while wearing grade-A makeup. What gives YourMovieSucks the right to mock the engrossing and wholesome father-son dynamic between Will and Jaden Smith in *After Earth*? And shame on you CinemaSins for saying we don't know what fans of the *Terminator* franchise want from *Terminator Genisys*. It's very clear fans want explosions, fight scenes and catch phrases that are easy to remember.

So if it were up to me, these greedy leeches wouldn't be allowed to use any clips from my movies just to point out their so-called "flaws." My job is hard enough as it is, getting people off of their couches to pay money to give up their senses for two hours and shove popcorn into their faces while loud

noises play in the background. What's the point of your "criticism" anyway. That I'm doing something wrong? That's just absurd, everything's fine! It's clear from our box-office intake that people love things they've already seen before, stereotypes of cultures that's easily understandable and unrealistic emotions and effects. I've made billions of dollars off of these films for years, how can that be a bad thing?

Sincerely,
Hollywood



DA WAHMBULANCE

RANDALL WASZYNSKI

This article is a sequel to The Valley of Minuscule Woes, which was published in April 2015

You have now crossed the bridge spanning over the Valley of Minuscule Woes, finally getting over the dining halls' food prices and their lack of quality. Your current inconvenience has been compromised.

But then you look around - scared, confused, full of angst. The wifi's down, and now the "Top 10 Lolcats Videos" Buzzfeed article won't load on your phone. You don't know what to do. You begin to panic, as your anxiety rises to the point of no return.

At this point, you have stopped caring about why you came here, yet you are still dwelling on whether that gray American Shorthair caught the red laser on the wall. And then the quiz slips your mind and the food prices re-emerge, along with the fact that it's slightly drizzling. And it's getting windy...

To make things even worse, your roommate sends you a text that he broke your microwave -- he doesn't plan on

paying for it, but he wants to know if you can pick up booze on your way back.

Your hair is dampening slowly with unbearably slight wetness. The back button on your phone won't work, so you can't even go back to your Facebook newsfeed to waste your time on other shit.

"Why did the salad I bought at the SAC yesterday cost seven FUCKING dollars?! WAHHHHH."

Now you're totally freaking out. What should you do in this type of situation?

Exit Google Chrome, then dial 911. This type of emergency calls for professional intervention. The Wahmbulance is on its way.

With punctual response, Wahmbulance Services Inc. can transport you across the Valley of Minuscule Woes in prompt fashion. Plus, you won't have to power through the precipitation and wind anymore. Now, you'll peer down at your inconveniences from inside a top-of-the-line emergency vehicle.

"Our transportation is completely functional, comfortable and can make it across all these makeshift bridges

that people who read *The Stony Brook Press* keep constructing," Joe Ryder, an emergency medical technician for the service who just so happens to write for *The Press*, said. "If our service didn't do these things, then how could we get away with \$900 per transport? ...I really like my job."

The persons in crisis are sometimes called in by a friend, family member or concerned passerby, but the inconvenienced person is far from cooperative. This is when restraints come into play. "Avoiding the Valley of Minuscule Woes isn't helping anyone," Ryder said. "We must help them get over it."

If nobody got over their problems, the world would be far less functional. And this directly translates into gratitude toward Wahmbulance Services Inc. and our loyal readers since April 2015 who have constructed these bridges for the service to take advantage of. Our readers and the service have formed a well-oiled machine for helping individuals in slight crisis.



Sports Team Does Well Again: Is Truly Unique

JEDIDIAH HENDRIXSON

This weekend, a wicked good Stony Brook sports team once again pulled off a miracle victory against another very good team!

The team, led by a coach whose past is riddled with troubles, found themselves between a rock and a hard place as they stepped out to play a team whom they've played before and have not been victorious against. "You know, coming into the game, we knew we were going to have to sport pretty hard," Coach said. "But at the end of the day, we pulled it off."

Stony Brook came into the game not knowing whom they could rely on. The senior captain of the team was just coming back from a brutal injury that team doctors said would be season ending. "They told me my injury was season ending," Stony Brook's captain said. "So I thought my season had ended."

It was far from the truth.

The two teams both started off relatively slow, with the opposing team gaining a significant lead late in the first half. "They surprised us with how good they were at playing this sport," said Stony Brook's senior team captain.

After half the game was already played, there was a brief recess where the coaches and players of each team got together and tried to improve their sporting. Fans were also able to finally use the bathroom or get concessions, because they were too stubborn to miss even a brief moment of the excitement until the break.

"You guys aren't sporting hard enough out there!" bellowed the coach while his players huddled around him. "Think about how hard you work every day for this opportunity, how different you are from everyone else!"

"I think what coach said at the half really resonated with us," Stony Brook's junior water-boy said. "We really are nothing like every other sports team. We're privileged to be in this position and knew we had to play significantly better than the other team to win."

Early after the restart of play, Stony Brook recaptured the momentum. The team captain sported super hard through a tough opposition defense and scored a lot of points consistently. But that was just the beginning of a great game.

Stony Brook's momentum bottomed out and the opponent was able to capitalize, tying the game with only a few

seconds left in regulation. Stony Brook's seasoned coach took a timeout and tapped into his team's emotional pool: "Guys, play harder! It's almost the end of the game and we don't have more points than the other team! If you don't score more points than the other team by the end of the game, we'll lose!"

It was just what the Seawolves needed.

After the timeout, Stony Brook's captain took charge. As time expired, he scored in an amazing display of physical ability and knowledge of the game. It was a dream come true, a story that couldn't have been scripted any better.

"The team, coach, everyone. They all just looked at me and I knew what I had to do," Stony Brook's captain said about the last few seconds of the game. "I'm beyond ecstatic that we played so well against such a good team and very proud of my own play."

This isn't the end of the line for the Seawolves, though. They'll play again next week for a shot at some serious hardware and recognition.

"We've come such a long way already, and this team is so special," Coach said. "They really are such a unique and completely different team from any other sports team out there."

SBU Food Complaints/Improveme...

Closed Group

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Notifications

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Discussion

Members

Events

Photos

Files

Search this group



Write Post

Add Photo / Video

Create Poll

Add File

ADD MEMBERS *i*

+ Enter name or email address...

MEMBERS

3,718 Members (27 new)



Message Invite by Email

DESCRIPTION

Current Admins:

Rusty Shackelford

Mafala

Gilgamesh (deceased)... See More

TAGS

Food

GROUP CHATS

No group chats, start one now.

+ Start New Chat

CREATE NEW GROUPS

Groups make it easier than ever to share with friends, family and teammates.

Create Group

RECENT GROUP PHOTOS

See All



Ever since Stony Brook changed dining providers to Sodexo, we've started to find weird and gross things in our food. Caterpillars, cockroaches, band-aids, etc. The Press spent weeks extensively combing through the SBU Complaints page to find the most disgusting things students have found in their food

This is disgusting. How dare FSA and Sodexo try to feed me a baby? I get it its like a hard job you guys have a lot to deal with but come on. there is no excuse for cannibalism, especially baby cannibalism also why is there a baby on campus? I paid 9.75 for this???



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and 38 others

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Stony Brook University
Class of 2219

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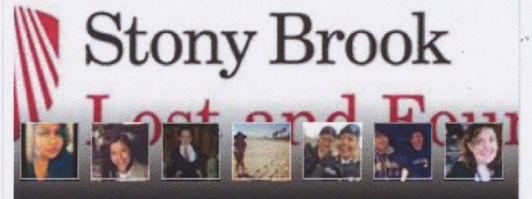
UMM EXCUSE ME, I FOUND THE MISSING MALASIAN AIRLINE IN THE COMMONS. what is happening?? Stony brook is going to shiit, can'tn even walk into the dining halls without bumping in to a jet engine.



Like Comment

6

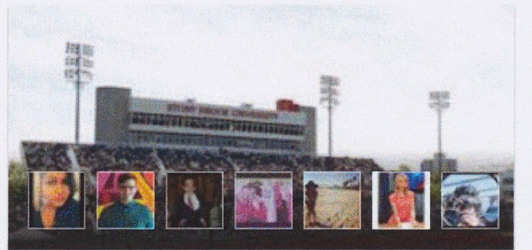
I don't know what's worse, them selling ciagrettes on a tobacco freecampuss or me finally meeting my dad in my third year of college. why do you have a fish dad?



Stony Brook Lost and Found

49 friends · 1,647 members

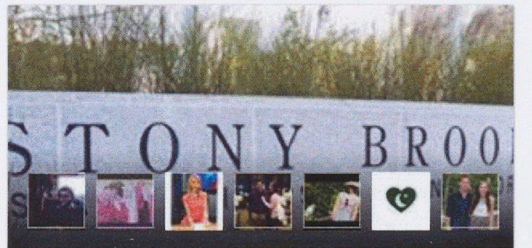
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Stony Brook University Class of 2219

54 friends · 4,804 members

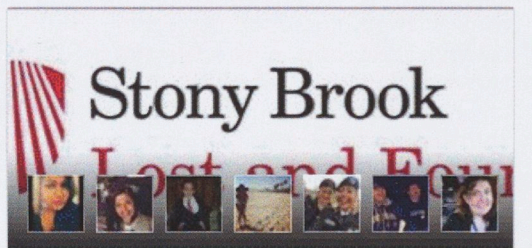
+ Join



We used to have a taco bell, I'm sad

29 friends · 2,455 members

+ Join



Dean Ecklund is a lizard person

49 friends · 1,654 members

+ Join

English (US) · Cthuvian · Termite · Car Beard · Italiano

+

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TWO BARS OF XANAX AND THE PRESIDENCY

JAMES GROTTOLA

It all started one morning when I took Advil for a pounding headache. (It's like taking two Tylenol! I am not getting paid for this!) What I should have realized is that during the morning, I am less cognizant of my surroundings than I should be. I ended up taking two bars of Xanax by accident, and the rest of the day went downhill.

I stumbled slowly around my house, trying my best to get ready for work. I managed to get on my best suit, but in my drugged confusion, attached an American flag pin to myself. My white, American wife kissed me goodbye on the cheek as I crawled past my car to the nearest park, where a podium sat in the center.

I used the podium to propel my delirious, crawling self back to my feet and looked into a group of people on a picnic. A bald eagle flew overhead. If I were in a normal state, I would have shed a tear over the beauty of this site. But again, in my zoned out state, the only words I could usher out were a mumbled, "America...Is...Great..... Again..."

For some reason, the picnicking crowd had heard me and started clapping. I was confused. By no means should people have liked my meaningless and slurred statement. However, I was still demolished by high level prescription pills and continued spurring out nonsensical phrases like, "End...terrorism..." and "Less.....9.....11..."

The crowd's size nearly doubled within half an hour and as I continued

my rambling, a suited man pproached me and asked me if I had considered running for congress.

"Yes..." I responded.

"Great we'll have people come to get you in 10 minutes," he replied before I finished saying

"...More...flags..." as he walked away from me.

Next thing I knew, I had been elected a senator of New York, somehow still under the influence of the pills I had accidentally ingested.

One day in court, a bill was introduced which, I was later informed, would effectively end all trade sanctions with Iran and help to foster improved relations with its people.

Senators on both sides of the aisle were split on whether this was a good idea or not. On one hand, this could be the fastest way to amend for the political sabotage the Middle East had to endure in the late 20th century and could be the fastest way to bring about world peace. On the other, Iran is the enemy.

I crawled up to the podium to say that I believed we had more important matters to attend to before we ignored our president and tried to settle a complex and ever-changing issue.

"No way! Is he going to filibuster?" one senator asked as I crawled my way up the aisle.

I spoke about one word a minute trying to explain that maybe the

nation's Congress has been too hasty and fiery about trying to solve world issues better suited for an international body, but after I spoke about five words, the Senate had erupted.

"Incredible! It's a filibuster!" a senator exclaimed before I could finish even one sentence.

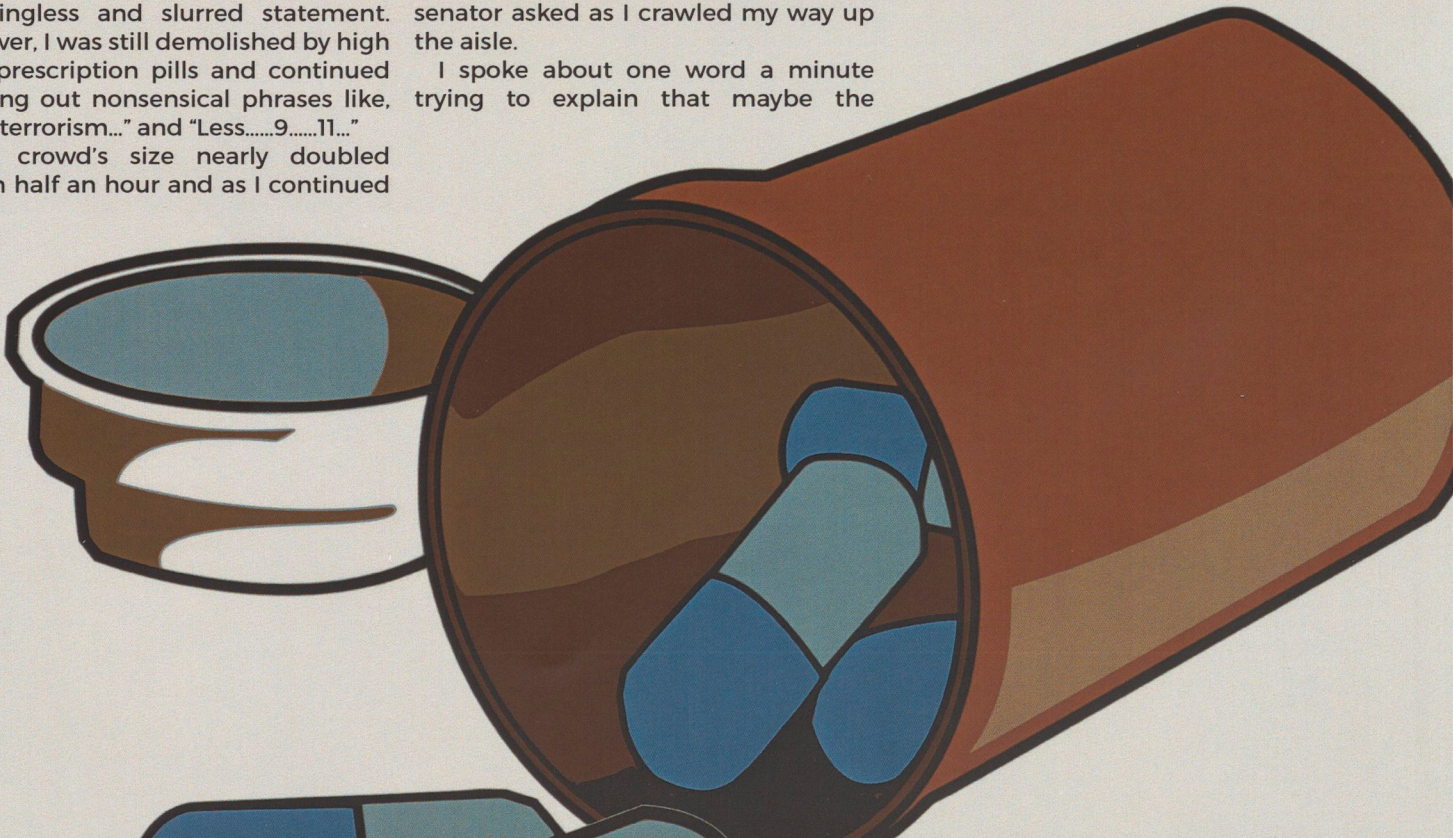
According to reports that I read after I had come down from my extended pill high, I had filibustered for six whole months, even through congressional recesses and Christmas. News media called me a hero and politicians from both sides said I would become the new face of American politics.

"He's a genius," Mitch McConnell said in one interview.

"He embodies the American spirit better than any other man could," Nancy Pelosi said in another.

Somehow, through my extended high, which slurred my speech and thoughts for months, I had become a critically acclaimed bipartisan politician.

I'm not sure what's next for my political career, but Meet the Press says I have a good shot of becoming president a few terms from now.



FIRE EMBLEM VS. NINTENDO: A REVIEW

CARLOS CADORNIGA

The wait is finally over and the battle can finally begin. At last, gamers all over the world can figure out who would win in a fight: Corrin or that plumber dude with the 'M' on his hat.

The full version of Nintendo's highly-anticipated fighting game, *Fire Emblem vs. Nintendo*, has finally been realized with the addition of classic and beloved video game character Corrin, and I'm bringing you the lowdown on how well this game plays.

The rules are simple. Choose any character from the large cast of *Fire Emblem* that everyone knows and loves (or one of the more obscure fighters) and battle it out. Beat your opponent and try to send them flying off the screen. Do that enough times to whittle down their lives and claim victory, or play a point-based game where you can rack up your kills in a timed match and boast the bigger

number by the end.

The gameplay is fluid and lends itself well to any player. Similar to installments in Nintendo's undersold franchise, *Super Smash Bros.*, players can execute attacks with the A and B buttons while holding the control stick in any desired direction. Attack until you build up your opponent's on-screen percentage. The higher the percentage, the farther they'll fly until you knock them out. It's compatible enough for players of any skill level, but presents deep complexity that more advanced fighters can exploit. Visually, the game is rather stunning. Even the cartoonish appearances of characters are brought to virtual life by the Wii U. But the game truly stands out with how well it boasts the titular *Fire Emblem* cast.

From Marth to Ike, from Lucina to Robin, from Roy to fan-favorite Corrin, this game permeates with the look and feel of the classic tactical

RPG franchise. It's a wonder that the game ever started off with so few *Fire Emblem* characters to begin with, but it was a relief to see that the developers kept adding more after it was released. Though the game was released back in 2014, it never felt truly complete until this year when Corrin was released as DLC after popular demand. Along for the ride are some of Nintendo's lesser known projects such as *Star Fox* and *Metroid Prime*. It even has a couple of Mario characters as a nice homage to the company's original mascot.

Fire Emblem vs. Nintendo has a little something for everyone. Players have plenty to explore with accessible yet challenging gameplay, polished graphics, more *Fire Emblem* than you can shake a sword at and an exploration of less popular works for the Nintendo hipsters of the world. *FE* fans, rejoice, because this is the perfect fighting game for you.

MY DRUG DEALER ONLY ACCEPTS WOLFIE WALLET

My old drug dealer seriously hooked it up. He always had a stash on deck, and his herb was fire. It was so devastating for me when he got snitched on. I had to find a new connect.

It isn't too hard to find a dealer on campus, but one that's reliable is a needle in our collegiate haystack. And it's really stressful. My boys and I are all tryna burn, and no one in any of our contact lists has a solid source.

But fortunately for me, my boy heard about this guy who works the drive thru at McDonald's. His alias is "The McG." He has a strict protocol on how business goes down, but that's fine. You have to use the drive thru, and you order one "McDub" for each gram you're tryna cop. He mixes up the packaging so his boss doesn't catch on, but he'll usually



use an apple pie container or the paper packaging for a small fry.

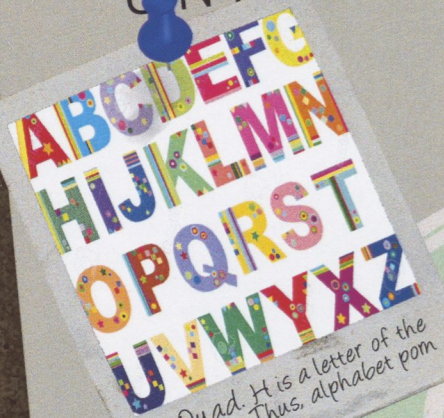
But the most important policy The McG stands by is paying with Wolfie Wallet, the campus-ministered prepaid debit account. It's convenient that Wolfie Wallet is offered as a payment option at McDonald's, but more importantly I'm no longer troubled with the burden of always carrying around cash when I pick up, as I had to do with my last dealer.

Wolfie Wallet is operated through the Faculty Student Association at Stony Brook University, and they're all about more money flowing through the system. "Why would we screw over McG?" an employee in the association's marketing department said. "His tree is mad stank, yo."

#

STONY BROOK UNIVERSITY

PORN MAP



H Quad. H is a letter of the alphabet. Thus, alphabet porn



Roth: Being the tech nerds you are, you strive to make sex bots



Mendelsohn: All the construction around the quad gets you wet and wild



Kelly: You guys love your Food Porn

MENDELSONN
The only thing harder than spelling your quad's name is how hard you get hearing those sweet sounds of construction all around you



Commuters: You guys are into kinky car stuff

COMMUTER?
You spend so much time in your car that you wonder what it does when you're not around...

Check Out Our New Scratch & Sniff Page Design!
Here is the breakdown of the top porn categories beloved by the different quads here at Stony Brook

We've done exhaustive polling to find out what you're actually watching when you tell your roommate you're "studying"

Tabler: You guys really like Jackson Pollock. Let's just say you like to splatter more than just paint on each other...

Roosevelt: After all the action that happened in Stimson College you guys started really fetishizing elevators. Now all they can think about is wet, hot elevator action.

Roth: Being so close to the tech and science buildings has given you guys a lust for cybernetic lovers and sex bots

Kelly: Ya'll weirdos have an unhealthy obsession with food if you know what we mean.

H Quad: There's only a specific type of person who would go out of their way to sleep with a letter.

If you use the elevator to shoot porn movies, please clean up after yourself.
Thanks, The Management

Roosevelt: You like to get down while you go up

AN INTRODUCTION TO NIHILISM

JAMES GROTTOLA

If you're reading this, it's because America, or perhaps even the world, has fallen so far into disarray that we're all but one presidential election away from becoming a total warmongering dystopia.

You've probably heard Nietzsche's name. You've probably pretended to be familiar with his philosophy to impress somebody you like or to look good when talking to an elder, who is also just as uninformed as you are.

If you've given up hope just as much I have, you're probably saying to yourself "Wow! I have grown tired of living in a society that idealizes emotional closedness and fetishizes sporting events to get out of having meaningful conversation with peers! I should consider nihilism!"

I'm here to guide you through that feeling.

Nihilism is not easy water to tread. You need somebody with at least four years experience in being a nihilist to train you for at least a one page article in a college magazine before you can even consider becoming a nihilist.

The most important thing about being a "Millennial Nihilist™" is to separate yourself from all mortal attachments except for your iPhone or a MacBook, if you're feeling old school.

Nothing matters. Your life does not matter. The lives of the people around you do no matter. But good content on social media matters. You should be cracking jokes on the hour about Donald Trump's campaign represents humanity's lust for representation in an age where there is no higher power that cares about us. God died long ago. Your government just wants your money so they can impose their own flawed ideals upon the rest of us and your family™ keeps breeding to create a purpose for themselves that they ultimately regret as your debt piles higher and higher.

However, it's also important to not make yourself appear "cringe edgy" (also ™). This is often mistaken for nihilism, but it is not nihilism. It's a byproduct of the internet that makes kids who used to hate their parents think they're cool by making meme pages on Facebook and also talking about how they've lost the will to continue living a meaningful existence while maintaining a healthy social life and a GPA above 3.0. But anyway, back to the nihilism.

Next, you must accept that we will depart from this Earth and there will be nowhere™ to go. Now, nowhere™ can comply entirely with whatever belief system that you still hold, although that wouldn't be "trü nihilism™." Basically, you just need to be like "yeah whatever, mom" all the time, even when you're not feeling "yeah whatever, mom."

Actually, this should be one of your attitudes at all times.

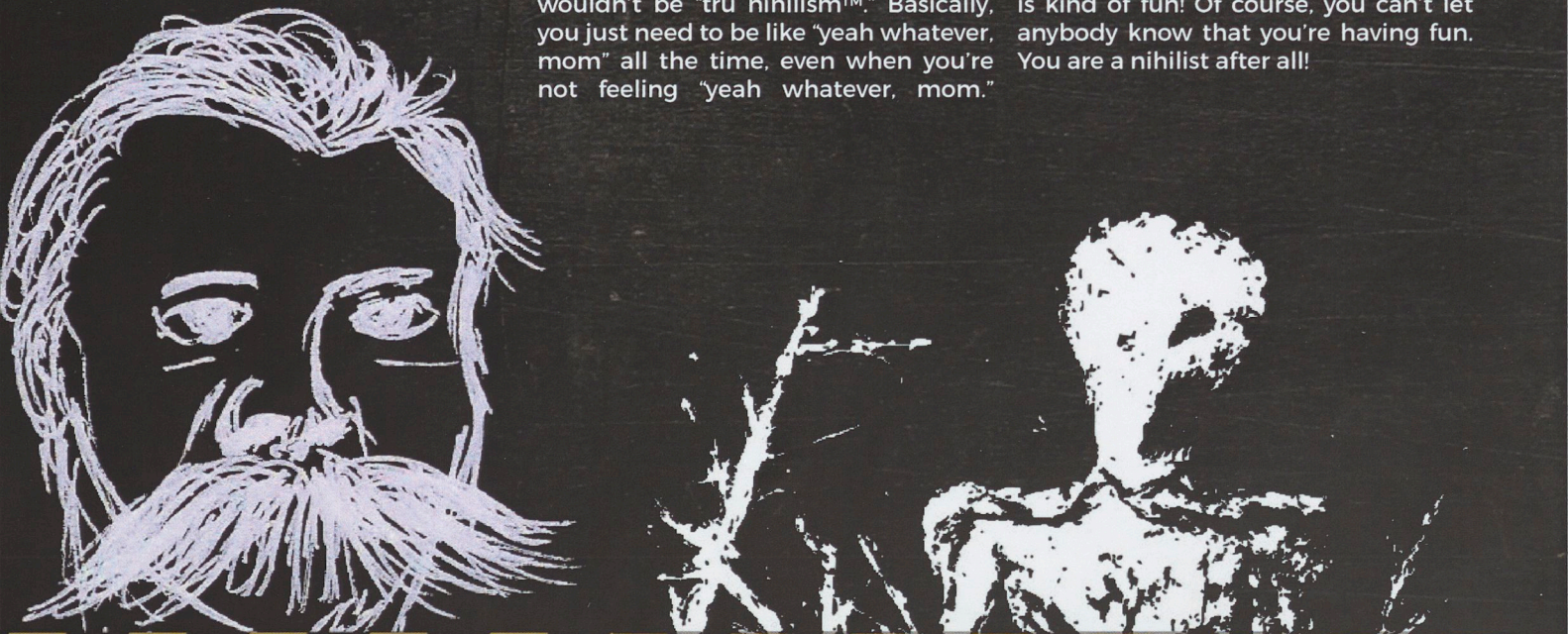
Now remember, you don't actually hate your mom. That would make you "cringe edgy™." You've simply grown tired of your mom's baseless optimism and her foolish idealism in a world that doesn't give back to its own inhabitants and can only muster the energy to respond to her with, "yeah whatever, mom."

Hey, can you help me with my homework? I know you're really good at this and I would really appreciate it. - "Yeah whatever, mom."

Hey, I'm an elderly person trying to cross this dangerous intersection to visit one of my granddaughters before she leaves to travel the world and comes back only to find that I have been deceased for weeks. Can you help me? - "Yeah whatever, mom. You are only prolonging your own inevitable death."

Hey, can you help me cope with the feelings of dread that come with living in a society where every news broadcasts is more indicative of the end of days? - Now THAT's something you can help with! You are a certified millennial nihilist™ now, after all!

Politics, economics and general feelings of dread aside, being a nihilist is kind of fun! Of course, you can't let anybody know that you're having fun. You are a nihilist after all!



SATIRE DOESN'T EVEN MATTER. TIME FOR REAL JOURNALISM.

A Place for Long Island Brewers



RONNY REYES

In early March, New York Senator Charles Schumer proposed \$1 million in federal funding to contribute to the construction costs of New York's first microbrewery incubator in the Town of Babylon, officials in charge of the project said.

"We'd need a total of \$12 million for acquiring the property, demolition, construction and fully equipping the building," Matthew McDonough, chief executive of the Babylon Industrial Development Agency, said. If the U.S. Economic Development Agency agreed to give \$1 million, it would go to the \$6 million needed for construction alone.

"The incubator would provide a format for local brewers to learn their craft and rent a space that has the equipment and infrastructure to hopefully produce high quality beer," Paul Leone, executive director of the New York State Brewers Association, explained.

In a press release, Schumer said that the Babylon Brewery Incubator Project could help propel the microbrewing industry both on Long Island and in New York as a whole while providing brewers the opportunity to move their

operations out of their garages and into real breweries.

The Babylon IDA is looking to purchase a rundown building in Copiague and tear it down to construct the incubator, which could hold as many as 15 microbrewers at once, McDonough said.

"The building itself must be suitable. There needs to be an adequate wastewater solution [for either sewer or septic]. Zoning can be an issue," Paul Dlugokencky, owner of the Blind Bat Brewery, said. "And of course one must be able to make a fair deal with a landlord."

The Blind Bat Brewery currently operates inside of Dlugokencky's garage in Smithtown. Although a garage would normally not be allowed to become a brewery, the fact that it's a separate building from his house allowed Dlugokencky to receive his brewing license in 2008.

Dlugokencky got into brewing after he and his wife wanted to treat their wedding guests with homemade wine. After a successful run with crafting wine, Dlugokencky wanted to start making his own beer.

"I enjoy cooking, and making beer is just like that," Dlugokencky said. "You

get to play with ingredients until you get what you want."

In 2008 Dlugokencky launched the Blind Bat Brewery. The reference is a double entendre, playing on the names of old Prohibition-era speakeasies—the Blind Pigs and Blind Tigers—and his own near-sightedness and colorblindness.

His nanobrewery, as the name suggests, produces smaller amounts of beer than a normal brewery, or even a microbrewery. Whereas breweries make barrels at a time, Dlugokencky's production began with 10 gallons, less than a tenth of a single barrel. Even though it's still at the level of a nanobrewery, Dlugokencky's brewery is now able to produce 93 gallons at a time.

"This is what it means to be at the nano-level," Dlugokencky added.

But Dlugokencky now finds himself wanting a space of his own, a place to set up a more promising business. If he were to move out of his garage, Dlugokencky would finally be able to sell his beer at his own location instead of just at farmers' markets. He would also have enough revenue to hire someone to help brew the beer and to open a tasting room.

Dlugokencky is currently negotiating a lease that would allow him to finally expand the Blind Bat.

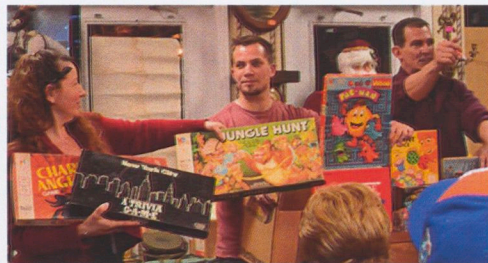
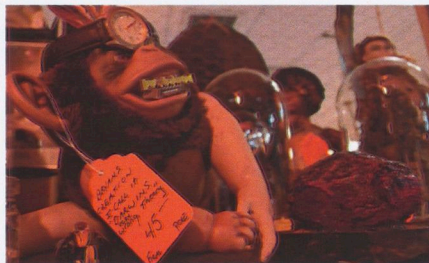
Although he didn't want to discuss the location of the building he is currently trying to lease in case it doesn't work out, Dlugokencky said that the ideal space would be along the Suffolk and Nassau border, where other microbreweries like Shoreline Beverage and Black Forest Brew Haus have already set up shop.

"It's a good location for direct sales, and a lot of people travel and work along the 110 [Route]," Dlugokencky said.

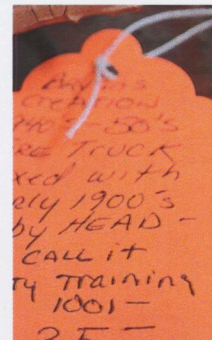
Before deciding to look for his own location, Dlugokencky was interested in a Long Island incubator project, which would allow for small time brewers to have a location where they could become professionals.

Although the incubator would increase the number of microbreweries throughout Long Island, there would be no worries over competition as local craft brewing remains a largely collaborative industry, Leone explained.

"It's a good thing," Dlugokencky added. "People like moving from brewery to brewery, trying and comparing different beers."



FINDER'S KEEPERS



LEI TAKANASHI

Bryan Burgazzoli has an undeniable charm. He is an entertainer who can deliver clever punchlines to a room filled with people, a romantic who can turn garbage picking into a date night with his wife, and an artist that can turn trash into pieces fit for the Museum of Modern Art.

Burgazzoli is just one reason why bidders come to Finders Keepers, his thrift store in Lake Grove, NY. Every month, customers come to Finders Keepers to bid on a variety of items. All kinds of antique curiosities (or something similar) have been up for grabs, from a box of vintage action figures to a Soviet-era military jacket and even an old traffic light.

"There is a seat for every behind. If you think there is somebody out there that won't buy it, you're wrong," Burgazzoli said.

Finders Keepers is part of the resale industry in America, a network of approximately 35,000 stores, Adele R. Meyer, executive director of the National Association of Retail Professionals, said. The industry accounts for approximately \$16 billion annually in revenue, according to market analysis tool First Research's industry profile.

Finder's Keepers opened four years ago and has attracted people from Long Island and afar, co-owner Sabbath Troisi said. The owners rent out different sections of the store to vendors who specialize in selling sports memorabilia, trading cards, Japanese plushies and more. Burgazzoli specializes in oddities and has a section of the store selling items such as human skulls, turtle eggs and his own artwork made out

of objects such as baby dolls found on the side of the road.

"Mummified cat head," Burgazzoli said, pausing to show me his work. "I make it look pretty."

Burgazzoli can draw and paint. But he found his true calling making sculptures out of any material he could find. The oddities section of his store has pieces such as "Bryan's Creation," a 1940's toy fire truck with the head of a 1900's baby doll. And "Darwin's Very Wrong Theory," a piece where Burgazzoli replaced the head of a babydoll with that of a monkey wearing a watch on his head and a set of grills.

"I can honestly take him home," Burgazzoli said while looking at his baby-monkey hybrid. "I love him that much," he said.

The staff at Finders Keepers also buys off goods to resell from estate sales or other auctions. One of the owners, Justina Beck, said she regularly takes trips to Maine since it is one of the oldest places in America and scavengers/collectors can find antiques from the 17th and 18th century. Burgazzoli said the staff also picks up trash and turns it into something they can sell. But making a profit isn't the only motive for picking garbage.

"I would actually go home twice to unload my car to go back out to beat the garbage truck because I knew he was coming," Beck said. "It just hurts to see things thrown away that have so much life and quality to them."

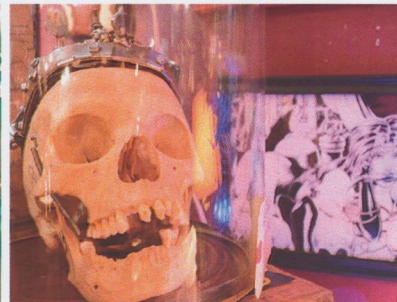
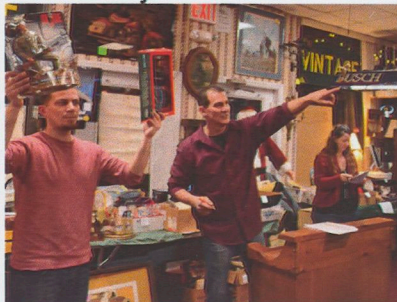
Thrift stores are part of upcycling, Heidi Hunter, the director of the Sustainability Studies program at Stony Brook, said. "By not throwing out, and by reusing what has already

been produced, we reduce our carbon footprint," Hunter explained. According to the Recycling Coalition of Utah, Americans represent five percent of the world's population, but generate 30 percent of the world's garbage. Owners Beck and Burgazzoli said that we live in a wasteful society that would rather replace objects than keep and refurbish them. Burgazzoli has found perfectly fine drawers with just a broken knob or entire drawers filled with valuable jewelry thrown onto the street.

But what gets nearly 50 people into Finders Keepers once a month for its auction is not just the chance to strike a deal but the sense of community the store creates among their customers, auctioneers Debbie Fabrizio and John Ocasio said. The couple have been coming to the auctions since the store opened for the adrenaline rush, the tactile experience, but also because the owners treated them like a friend or family member. In the middle of the auction, the staff brought out a birthday cake for one of their frequent auctioneers and took a break from the bidding to sing Happy Birthday.

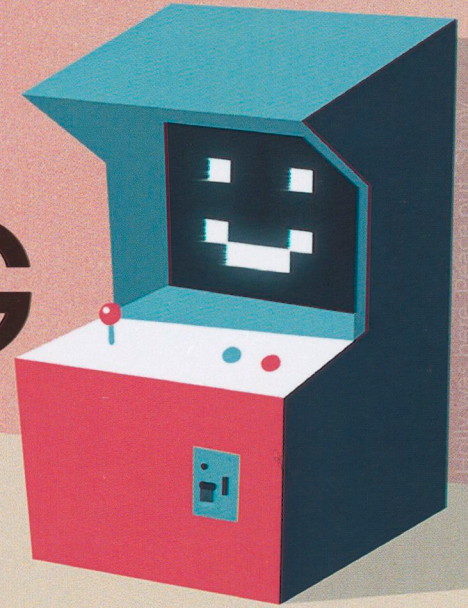
Two years ago, Fabrizio got very sick and started to collect bibles. At one auction, she went to bid on a Bible but the price went too high and she backed out.

"The next time I came in here, [Burgazzoli] had a vintage bible for me and just gave it to me," Fabrizio recounted. She paused in a moment of thought. "That goes to show you what great people they are."



THE ART OF FIXING ARCADES

LEI TAKANASHI & KUNAL KOHLI



David Lee Wolper spends too much time in his basement.

The LED lights shining through glass cases illuminate the dark underbelly of his house. The only other light is from his workshop, where there are old circuit boards, switches and wires. It is quiet, until Wolper returns from his shift at UPS. He pulls back the plunger and brings the old machines to life.

He is surrounded by his private collection of pinball machines. This is Wolper's sanctuary.

Wolper is just one member of The Long Island Arcade Club, where arcade enthusiasts go every month to play classic pinball and video games and talk about the hobby of arcade refurbishment.

For almost five years, Brendan Bailey, the founder of the club, has invited arcade game enthusiasts to his office once a month to share their hobby of refurbishing arcade games.

"They are pretty much just old computers," Bailey said. "A computer runs a video game and a computer runs a pinball machine."

Long Island boasts a strong retro gaming scene. The Arcade Club has 217 members and the Long Island Retro Gaming group on Facebook has 1,232 members. There is even a retro gaming expo held on Long Island every year.

Arcade refurbishing has increased in popularity, now that the kids who grew up with arcades have disposable incomes to make their own collections, Bailey said.

Other arcade enthusiasts believe that

the basements of Long Island homes have a lot to do with arcade gaming's popularity. Wolper believes that arcade refurbishment is popular on Long Island because homeowners have large basements that they can fill with these machines, he said.

"You don't have to know electronics to repair the games," Wolper said. "You don't have to know why something does something, you just have to follow its trail of what could go wrong."

When a machine leaves Wolper's basement, it usually comes out better than it did in the factory.

Like in any computer, the main component of an arcade game is the motherboard where all the commands go, Wolper said. For example, when pushing the left button on a pinball machine, it sends a command to the motherboard that tells the computer to move the left flipper. When a pinball passes over a switch or sensor, it sends a message back to the motherboard that the pinball passed over that part of the field and gives the player points or unlocks game modes. Video game arcade machines work the same way, with the joystick and buttons inputting commands to tell the game what to do.

With nearly half a mile of wires and parts to activate different functions of the game, pinball machines are hard to fix. But Wolper uses the computer in the machine to find what's broken. Behind the coin slot on the front of the machine are buttons that service the machine. When the buttons are pressed, they send commands to the

machine to test switches and lights and point out the ones that are failing.

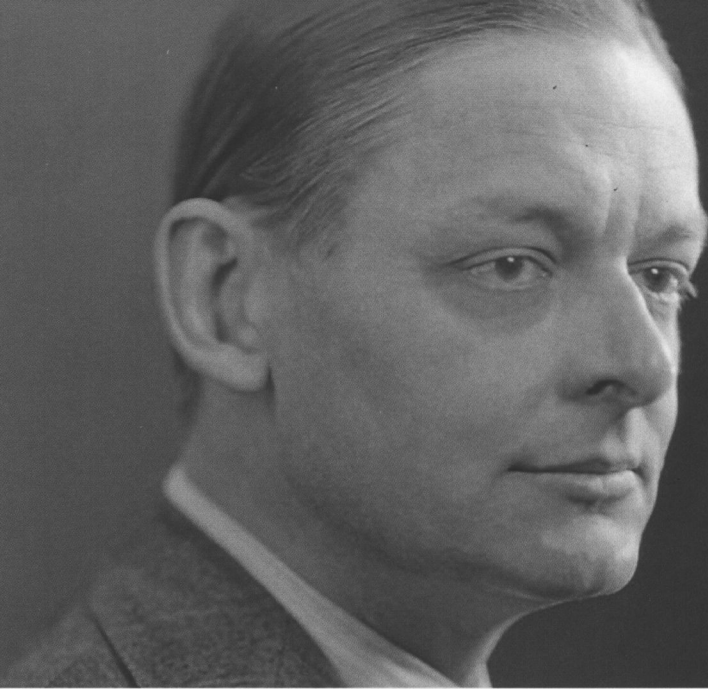
"They built these games with a pretty good level of quality, but there was no way to build something so complex without it breaking and needing repair," Bailey said.

One of the most important aspects of an arcade machine is the artwork and design. CJ Saulle is a member of the arcade club who specializes in making the outer cabinets of the games look good. Replacing buttons and joysticks, sanding down wood, repainting the graphics, putting in new plastic moldings and rejuvenating the marquis signs are needed to fully complete a restoration.

The time, refurbishing cost and resale value of an arcade machine vary, said Harry Dods, a private arcade cabinet refurbisher. If the condition of the machine is poor, it will cost more time and money. The resale value varies because some games are more desirable than others. Bailey said that his "Baby Pac-Man" game, which is an arcade video game and pinball machine in one, is only worth \$700 to \$800. But Wolper's "Champion Pub" pinball machine is on sale for \$5,800 after he spent over a 100 hours fixing the game.

But even when the machines are fully restored and ready to be shown to the public, they are still prone to error.

"Even tonight, people coming into play these games later, something will break" Bailey said. "Something breaks every time that people play them."



How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love T.S. Eliot

MATT BOOSE

In April of 1925, Thomas Stearns Eliot left his job at a London bank to join Faber and Faber, the publishing house where he would work for the remainder of his career. Three years earlier, the literary expatriate had published what is commonly regarded as the central poem of the 20th century: *The Wasteland*.

"April is the cruelest month..." begins Eliot's 1922 poem. In the stanza that follows, Eliot lays out a startling inversion of poetic tradition. The inaugural month of spring is not the time of life and renewal that his predecessors has imagined; a far cry from Chaucer's "Aprille with his shoures soote", Eliot's cruel month brings not a resurrection of life but an exhumation of the dead, with "lilacs breeding out of the dead land." The remaining stanzas are a cryptic pastiche of allusions to classic authors; vague declamations of calamity; and ghostly, disembodied mutterings from the streets and pubs of London, all of which struggle to give expression to some profound and ineluctable catastrophe.

Nearly a century after *The Wasteland* was published, in 1998, April was named National Poetry Month by the National Academy of Poets.

Frankly, I'm skeptical about what this signifies to the 21st century person. It seems that hardly anything could elicit more indifference, in our time of high-speed, readily available digital entertainment, than poetry.

Of course, poetry hasn't gone away — but has the art evolved, or degenerated, since 1922?

If Eliot were still around, he'd probably agree with the latter assessment.

The Wasteland is about many things, but the decline of Western culture is one of its central preoccupations. A lifelong conservative in ethics if not poetics, Eliot feared that the forces of modernity would all but destroy the ancient, hallowed traditions of Europe. When he saw our materialist, comfort-craving, atomistic society taking shape in 1922, he must have shuddered with dread. "Winter kept us warm, covering earth in forgetful snow," he laments, not without a tinge of bashful pleasure. We moderns, he seems to say, yearn for sedate evenings spent complacently by the fireside, living, as Thom Yorke wrote, with "no alarms, and no surprises." Mechanical routine, "the hot water at ten/and if it rains, a closed car at four," all but empties modern life of doubt, fear, anticipation and excitement.

Eliot's poem expresses, in all of its incantatory opaqueness, a terminal anxiety that the rise of this lifestyle spells the end of great art. Midway through the second section, "A Game of Chess", the chiming, gleeful lyrics of a ragtime song rupture the already disjointed narrative: "O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag/It's so elegant/So intelligent". If he were writing in 2016, Eliot could have opted for a song by Future to create a more bathetic, and infinitely less intelligible, effect. By inserting artless, "lowbrow" lyrics about Shakespeare into the middle of a poem filled with references to Dante, Spenser, and the Bible, Eliot signals that there is something disconcerting about the emergence of mass culture. The lines that follow shortly after— "What shall we do tomorrow? What shall we ever do?"—

reflect the implacable and distinctly modern preoccupation with fending off boredom. Modern life, these lines seems to say, is an endless oscillation between boredom and moments of cheap gratification; this kind of life must, through endless repetition, blunt the appetite for fine art.

This prophecy has proven true. The fact that the market for poetry is practically nonexistent can be proven by the fact that John Ashbery has a day job. It's not hard to imagine why "poet" is no longer a vocation. Great artists of the past could rely on the patronage of Medicis and Queen Elizabeths to secure the necessary leisure to create; in today's world, where the invisible hand of the market rules everything, even the most talented artists are pressured with tailoring their creations to the demands of consumers.

No greater contrast can be imagined than the status given to the poets of Ancient Greece. Back in the time of Sophocles and Aeschylus, poetry occupied a higher place in private and civic life. Homer wasn't just a name that dilettantes dropped to sound cultured; he belonged to an entire society's collective consciousness. He was important enough that Plato argued, in his dialogue *Republic*, that the guardians of Socrates's utopian city should censor the poet's works to benefit the moral education of the people.

The rise of digital technology and the Internet have aggravated the impact of commercialism on poetry more than ever. Eliot may have had an idea where modern society was heading, but he couldn't have imagined the enormous glut of bits and bytes that the 21st



century consumer trudges through on an everyday basis. Amidst the constant distractions of the Internet and social media, how is anyone supposed to find the time or patience to read, let alone write, a good poem? How are we even supposed to find the good stuff amidst all of this sound and fury, signifying that the cishet capitalist white male patriarchy made me feel bad for eating a McDouble?

But poetry is still being written, albeit for a diminishing, and even cultish, public. A major obstacle facing today's poets is communicating in an increasingly egoistic society. If the last century is any indication, Western society will continue to grow more individualistic over time. As this egoism reaches an apex in the Internet Age, poets are challenged more than ever with making their ideas and feelings understood in a disconnected and unreceptive world. The idea that improvements in technology have only made people more isolated has become platitudinous by now, but there is truth in this notion.

As Western society has grown more individualistic, poetry has changed, too; over the past century and a half since Whitman, the conventions have been loosened, the bar has been lowered, and poetry, now more than ever, has become a democratic enterprise.

This is a good thing. Anyone who wants to create art should be encouraged. There is no more human endeavor. When more people create art, the possibility of something great being produced increases.

The problem is not so much democracy, but solipsism. The exalted individualism that underlies modern thinking lends itself to poetic narcissism. Eliot anticipated this in "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock". The eponymous narrator of that poem

is ridden with anxiety, but finds himself unable to say "just what [he means]."

To speak broadly, a lot of contemporary poetry suffers from this kind of Prufrockian perspective. It rarely shows a connection to a public world, to say nothing of an awareness of poetic tradition. There's always an "I", but seldom a consciousness of a "we".

Writers of the "alt-lit" collective, an Internet-based literary movement centered on Tao Lin and Mira Gonzalez, exemplify this trend particularly well. Gonzalez, with her candid stanzas about depression and bad sex, has been described as the poetic voice of the millennial generation. While she has poetic wit, her works often veer into self-absorbed territory where every stray thought, no matter how banal, is worth recording.

Her poem, "last night i cried for no discernable reason", opens with her characteristically witty observations before sidewinding into blasé smugness disguised as sincerity:

*last night i cried for no discernable reason
in an apartment that doesn't belong to me
in front of a person who also doesn't belong
to me
(because people can't own other people)
[...]
also, i want to lose 20 pounds
but i think that is an unrealistic goal
considering i don't exercise
and my diet is terrible
and i am unmotivated*

There is no attempt at balance and restraint, let alone figurative language, nor is there any awareness of an emotional space that exists outside of the poet's immediate consciousness. Poetry is always about feelings, but poetry that doesn't universalize those feelings is little more than artful navel-gazing. Gonzalez is just one poet, and there are better poets today, but the self-involved personality that echoes in

her work represents the worst of a wider trend in contemporary verse.

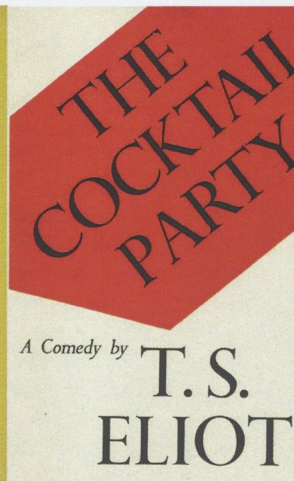
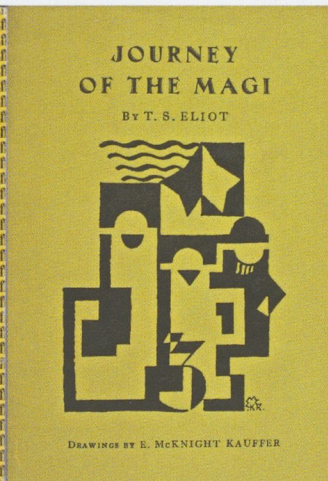
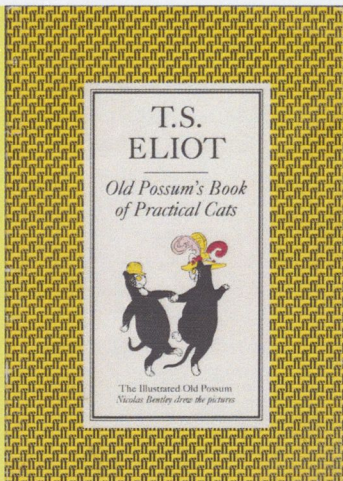
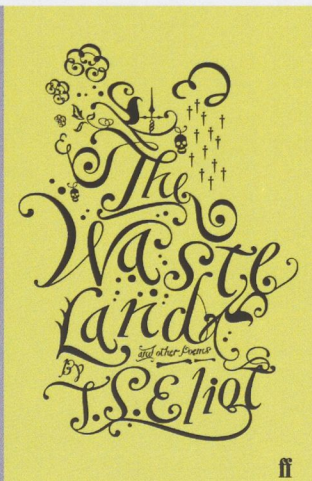
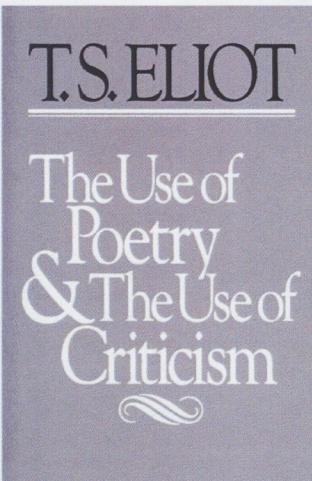
Part of what makes *The Wasteland* an enduring work of art, like other poems of a universal scope, is the way in which it brings the private and the public together. In "Tradition and the Individual Talent", Eliot expresses the importance of poets being consciously aware of their predecessors. He writes that a tradition is not a heap of past creations that an artist may wantonly ignore, but a living architecture that is modified organically by the introduction of new works. The poet, Eliot writes, realizes his or her contemporaneity only when he or she becomes historically conscious.

This criticism must have gone into the making of his own work. *The Wasteland* accomplishes much more than confessing some angsty feelings: it captures the spirit of an epoch, an epoch that is still ongoing and probably will never end, barring some revolutionary paradigm shift in the way human beings organize society. It's unlikely that another poem will ever be written that captures the spirit of modernity so well.

The boldness to even attempt something as universal as *The Wasteland* is lacking today.

Maybe the necessity of being that bold no longer exists. Maybe everything has been said. Maybe we should retreat into our LCD-lit caves and Netflix-binge Orange is the New Black until we go comatose.

Or perhaps the precondition of modern thinking, the sacred "I", has eroded the "we" in our collective consciousness. Maybe we have been atomized, as French author Michel Houellebecq argues in his controversial novels, to the point where we are left saying, with Prufrock: "That is not what I meant at all/that is not it, at all."



THE GREEN PLACE

TIFFANY HUANG

All over campus, fresh emerald blades of grass are just starting to stick out from the mud left by melting snow. Bare, dull tree branches are speckled with bright green buds, tingling with excitement in the wind. A faint, but distinctly fresh, scent is in the air, the smell of rich, recently overturned soil.

Though the weather on campus varies throughout the year, inside the Stony Brook University Life Sciences greenhouse, it stays vibrant and full of life year round.

Stony Brook's greenhouse has fifteen bays, or rooms, connected by one long, central hallway. Each contains a different group of plants that each require a specific temperature and environment. Most of the greenhouse is lush with plants, an artful collection of different textures and shades of green, with several rooms reserved for pond environments and earthworms. Some of the plants that live here include the Lithops sp., an uncommonly seen cactus known as a "living stone," and the *Synsepalum dulcificum*, which produces berries that make sour things taste sweet.

"I feel so fortunate," John Klumpp, the assistant greenhouse curator who has worked at the greenhouse since 1992, said. "People come here to take a break and escape the office, but I work here. I'm always here."

The facility has two primary uses: supporting research and undergraduate studies. The Gardening Guild, an undergraduate organization that meets regularly each week during Campus Lifetime, plant a wide assortment of different vegetables, and this hectic time of year is planting season for their outdoor garden.

The Gardening Guild gets its roots

from one of the classes offered under the Sustainability Studies program. Several students, like Serafina Margono, the guild's vice president, and Brian Sutton, the guild's secretary, took an agro-ecology course last spring in the greenhouse and enjoyed it so much that they continued taking care of the plants the following summer and fall. The guild has its own bay, as well as an outdoor garden. They house something a little different here from the other orchids, mainly fruit trees, ferns, and succulents: naturally grown vegetables. They have a growing collection, including some red Russian kale, Swiss chard, zucchini, radishes and even a thriving herb garden containing fresh basil, parsley, thyme and cilantro, all sitting in hand-assembled planters.

"We try to keep all our plants organic and use organic seeds," Margono said. "We've also been trying to use the compost that we collect

“PEOPLE COME HERE TO TAKE A BREAK AND ESCAPE THE OFFICE, BUT I WORK HERE. I'M ALWAYS HERE.”

in the greenhouse by either worm composting, or tumbler composting." This compost works as fertilizer for the plants.

Most notable of the guild's vegetables, however, is the thick forest of tomatoes that blocks a noticeable portion of the bay's light. The tomato plants display a healthy, lively green, each one sitting in its own pot on the table as they bathe in sunlight. The tomatoes lean on wooden sticks, some tied to the beams above with a string, and are approximately six feet tall. They appear to be stretching towards the sky, almost touching the glass ceiling of the greenhouse.

The tomato fruits themselves are very unique. They vary in size and shape, ranging from tiny, perfectly round, average-looking cherry tomatoes, to smooth, oval-shaped plum tomatoes, to large, beefsteak tomatoes. They also have a lesser known group: Yellow pear tomatoes, which, as their name suggests, are pear-shaped, like a slightly rounded out teardrop. A glowing bright yellow-orange in color when ripe, they look like old-fashioned streetlights, distinguishing them from the other tomatoes in the greenhouse.

The outdoor garden is a small rectangular patch in the grassy area just outside the greenhouse. It is a more

recent addition to the guild, fenced off with the trunk of a fallen tree, slightly peeling bark and remaining stumps of branches still intact. Zucchini, Swiss chard, and basil were moved from the greenhouse and planted here. These vegetables flourish better outside and do not attract wild animals, like rabbits and deer. Still young plants, it is difficult to tell some of them apart at first glance. They are grouped together next to a few sunflower plants that recently braved the fluctuating cold weather. Immediately after planting, a beetle and an earthworm were witnessed checking out and crawling among the new plants.

The guild tends to their vegetable plants both indoors and outdoors regularly, watering, pruning and planting new seeds. In the last academic year, they have watched tomatoes, a watermelon plant and an avocado tree grow. The six-month-old avocado tree, with the pit shell still peeking through the pot's soil, is almost two feet tall.

The guild is still waiting to receive complete recognition by the university, pending processing paperwork. In coming semesters, the guild plans to continue promoting gardening and environmental awareness, expanding its garden and plant varieties, and reaching out to other environmental organizations on campus.

"It's so much more intimate knowing where your food comes from, and watching it grow," Sutton said. "Not many people know what that is like anymore with the mass production of crops."



SPINNING DISKS FOR A BETTER FUTURE

LEI TAKANASHI & MICHELLE TOUSSAINT

On a Saturday morning in Brooklyn, 11 teenage boys sit around in a circle harmonizing sounds. They use their mouths, hands, pencils and even a piece of hard Starburst candy against classroom desks.

"Now that was better than last time," their teacher, Samuel Lee of Brooklyn Frontier High School, says.

This isn't a traditional Saturday school session. The students aren't sitting in neatly aligned rows or studying for the SAT. Instead, the teacher gives each student an hour to make a minute-long instrumental for a TV show of his or her choice, using only AudioTool, an online studio program.

They're enrolled in a non-profit organization called Building Beats.

Building Beats is a program that teaches life and entrepreneurial skills to underserved youth through the art of DJing and digital music production. Every Saturday, the nonprofit organization Building Beats holds a workshop in collaboration with the homeless youth outreach program Safe In My Brothers Arms (S.I.M.B.A.).

The program just opened a workshop with the Department of Probation at the end of February and has increased the number of workshops in public schools from five to 25 over the past year, Executive Director Phi Pham said. Its goal is to reach 40 to 50 public schools next year.

Although Pham started Building Beats in 2013, he thought of the idea six years ago as a college student at NYU. He learned skills as a DJ that he said were transferable to a successful career. Organizing DJ events, honing marketing skills and making downloadable music are equivalent to making a successful product people would want to buy, he said.

Although Pham still DJ's, Building Beats is his full time job, he said. The organization is active six days a week and averages about 30 workshops a week in all five boroughs of New York City.

"I see so much more potential for impacting our society in

some sort of way with building beats rather than with just being a DJ," Pham said.

The semester-long workshops are led by experienced music producers or DJs who teach the basics of how to sample, loop and use a digital platform to make music. The goal for the semester is to have each student create one well-produced song and compile it into a class mixtape.

It isn't, however, just about learning how to make music. S.I.M.B.A. program coordinator Wayne Harris said that Building Beats is a vital part of the program's goal to help homeless youth reach post high school achievement.

"They have a lot of social issues in their lives that they can't control so they're going to need the tools in order to rise above those things," Rachel Pierre-Louis, a psychologist working in school systems for almost a decade, said.

These issues include incarceration of loved ones, drug abuse, removal of loved ones [through deportation], and youth themselves being undocumented, she explained.

There are about 42,000 homeless children living in New York City, according to the Coalition For The Homeless, a nonprofit advocacy organization.

"This has a number of effects," Pierre-Louis said. "There's both internal and external behaviors. They often

have anxiety, OCD-like behavior, anger, explosive behavior, even drug abuse. If they're not coping with things, emotions are going to result in destructive behaviors and other parts of their lives will be affected."

Programs that give youth an opportunity to develop coping skills are going to benefit students, Pierre-Louis said.

Harris has already seen the effects that the workshop has on its students.

"We have young people, through Building Beats, that are working together as a team, researching various aspects, demonstrating learning, scaffolding-building off prior knowledge and have a product at the end," Harris said. "All of those items are what the teaching profession has to achieve and it is happening in the building."

For students like Romey Rodgers, who says he's made 30 beats since starting the program, Building Beats and S.I.M.B.A. have truly changed his life.

"I don't know where I would probably be right now to be honest," Rodgers said. He recounted how some of his peers from elementary and middle school have since dropped out.

"That could have been me."



**NOSTALGIA
GOOGLES
PRESENTS
APOCALYPSE
DATES**

LOL MYB.



CARLOS CADORNIGA

December 21, 2012: that was the end of the Mayan calendar, which everyone interpreted as the end of days. May 27, 2012: the Rapture was predicted to occur, where faithful individuals would ascend to heaven and leave their blasphemous brethren to suffer on Earth. January 1, 2000: Y2K was supposed to take place. Computers all over the world were going to crash from the millennium shift and bring society back to the beginning of civilization. Today, there is little popularity to be found in pretending to know when human life will come to a screeching halt. Why did we have to

stop? Whatever happened to the end of the world?

As a child, I never wanted the world to end. The supposed inevitability of a third ice age or the possibility of a distant star exploding with enough force to wipe us all out in an instant filled me with dread. The same feeling holds true today, as I figure it does with everyone. Nobody wants the world to come to an end, least of all me. But there's a certain charm that comes with having a date attached to a calamitous event. There's nothing like the crippling fear of a possible exact time for the end of days. It offers an interesting perspective to various life events.

In 2012, the year when the Mayan

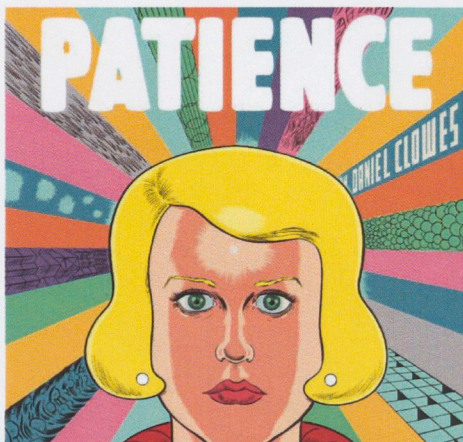
calendar ended (and a new one began), *The Avengers* came out right on my birthday. With highly-anticipated comic book movies often coming out on or around my birthday, having one of Marvel's biggest and best films be released on the day of my birth was nothing less than the best birthday gift Marvel could have given me. I thought to myself, "If the world ended this year, at least I saw *The Avengers* on my birthday." Though the fear of the world ending by a meteor or some other cataclysmic event still haunted me, being able to see *The Avengers* towards the end would not have been a bad way to go.

On the day before the Rapture was said to occur that year, I went on a physics field trip to Six Flags with my friends. I forgot about the impending event of the Lord Above weeding out the few worthy souls to join him in his domain while leaving the damned to a fiery fate as I rode the Superman coaster and a fun ride called "The Nitro" with my brother and two good friends. I thought that would be another good way to go, having fun with my friends at Six Flags.

I will say this again: I do not want the world to end. I simply miss the idea that the end is coming on "this day" or after "this time." The encroaching terror of knowing when and how the world will end makes me appreciate how precious life can be. Forget about greenhouse gases tearing up the ozone layer and drastically impacting/altering our climate. Give me an actual date of an unexplained event that will wipe out all life on earth, and I'll be a happy and terrified camper.

#FirstWorldApocaproblems

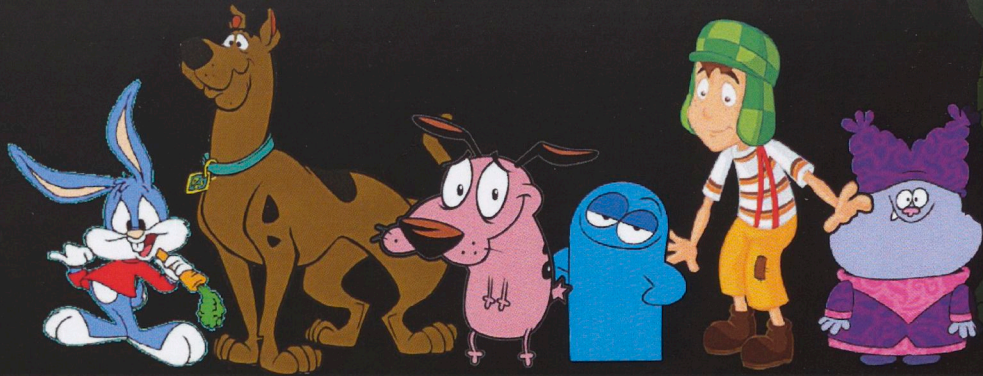
 **THE PULL LIST**
PATIENCE
SEAN FISCHER



Patience is the latest original comic by acclaimed cartoonist Daniel Clowes, and another worthy installment in the creator's impressive library of work. One of Clowes's greatest attributes is how seamlessly his pop-art style can blend science fiction, surrealism, and banal human drama without ever feeling incongruent or out of place. In Clowes's world, time travel is just as taxing on the mind as a horrible domestic situation or an abusive lover. The synopsis of the story of a desperate man traveling back in time to prevent the unsolved murder of his wife doesn't do justice to its unique execution. Some of the most interesting moments come from the protagonist's reflections on his life while he is literally stuck in the past. This might Culecho Clowes's own realizations, since a great deal of the

story evokes the visual imagery of his previous work (at one point a character dressed almost identically to The Death-Ray, another Clowes character, is about to commit a similar act of misguided vigilantism). Moreover, many of the same themes explored by older stories are present here, especially the frailty of hypermasculinity and people's inability to escape themselves. Perhaps because Clowes is no longer an angry young artist, there's slightly less rancor or despair in *Patience* when handling these themes. . Despite the 'reveal' of the murder mystery being somewhat lackluster and one or two plot points being a bit questionable, fans of Clowes will still find plenty to love in this work, including a novelty for the creator: a happy ending.

CARTOON NETWORK REVAMPS



REBEKAH SHERRY

Cartoon Network is catering to both the nostalgic and more mature tastes of generation Y with its current network programming.

For most American millennials, television shows of the 90's and early 2000's belong to a golden age. *SpongeBob Squarepants*, *The Proud Family*, *Teen Titans*, *Hey Arnold* and *Recess* were just a few of the dozens of shows that the young adults of today enjoyed in their childhood. But as the era ended, so did many of those beloved programs. When Cartoon Network announced the re-airing of several of its most popular shows from back in the day, those kids, who are now in their late teens and early twenties, got very excited.

We are a nostalgic generation. Cartoon Network knows and is taking advantage of this fact. 90's babies revel in the memories of the simpler days, and we associate shows that Cartoon Network is reviving, like *The Powerpuff Girls* and *Teen Titans*, with these "good ol' days." Cartoon Network's decision to revive these shows is actually a carefully calculated plan to increase its coveted millennial viewership.

Though Cartoon Network is generally perceived as a kid's network, it has managed to appeal to a large millennial audience with daytime shows like *Steven Universe*, *Adventure Time* and *Regular Show*. Adult Swim, the network's late night programming, has been successful among more mature audiences for years with shows like *The Boondocks*, *Cowboy Bebop* and *Rick and Morty*.

Cartoon Network is unique in its attempt to appeal to young adults. Its biggest competitors, Disney Channel and Nickelodeon, are not at all concerned with older audiences. They make more of an effort to keep their programming child friendly. Nick at Night's 90's PG reruns

are ultraconservative when compared to the edgy outrageousness of Adult Swim. Adult Swim is the most watched late night programming for people between the ages of 18-49 - something that is unusual for a network that is predominantly known for its children's programming. Cartoon Network realized the impact that their possession of such an enviable audience could have and they promptly expanded the late-night section of the network with new shows and longer hours of adult programming. This campaign has been very successful so far, as they continue to maintain and grow their audience numbers even as many other television networks are struggling in today's web-based world.

What Cartoon Network is hoping to achieve by bringing back their older shows is bringing some of the younger viewers (18-25) from their late night audience to their daytime audience. But the decision to bring back older shows is a risky one.

18-25 year olds get excited when they hear an old childhood favorite is coming back on the air, but what they will be getting is not exactly the show they knew and loved. Many people who had waited in anxious anticipation for the revamped version of *Teen Titans*, *Teen Titans Go*, were disappointed with differences in animation quality and the gimmickiness of the show's script. To the writer's credit, they addressed the issues audience members had with the show by breaking the fourth wall when one of the show's villains reveals to the Titans that they're in a television show, showing the heroes the original version of themselves. Even the show's own characters realize their shortcomings and are outraged that such a brilliant program was cancelled. The network had more success with its revamped version of *Scooby-Doo*, *Be Cool*, *Scooby-Doo*. Community reviewers on IMDb were upset with

the change in animation quality from the original, but overall, they thought the show was

original and funny.

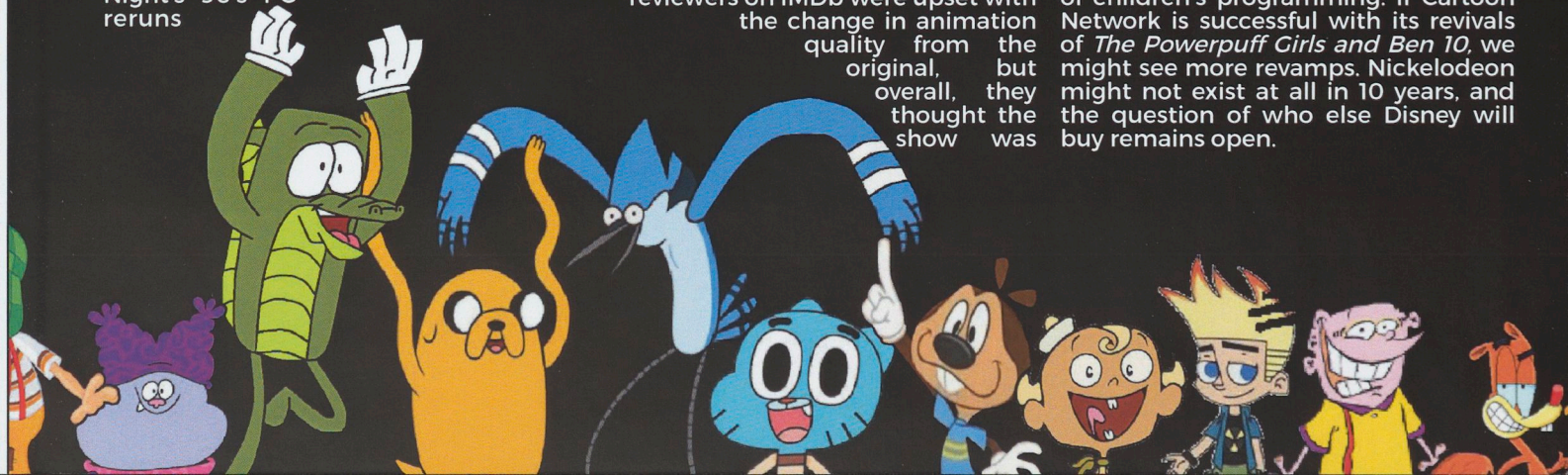
Bringing back old shows to an audience with preconceived notions is extraordinarily challenging, but if done right it can be an effective and smart business strategy. Bringing back older shows is a lot cheaper and easier than having to come up with new storylines and characters. And because those shows already have a devoted following they are guaranteed to have an audience for at least the first few weeks of broadcasting.

So why aren't Disney and Nickelodeon hopping on the nostalgia train too? Well Disney, in a way, has. The company's recent purchase of the *Star Wars* franchise (beloved by a range of ages from 5 to 75 year-olds) has proven very successful so far. Disney is also more movie based than either of its competitors and has raging successes with the movies it co-produces with Pixar.

Nickelodeon is still airing and producing episodes for *SpongeBob Squarepants*, *The Fairly Odd Parents*, and *Dora the Explorer*, though they have received some backlash for lack of originality in these shows current episodes. They've also announced a *Hey Arnold* movie that will pick up where the show left off and tie up any loose ends fans are wondering about.

Out of the three powerhouse children's networks, Nickelodeon is struggling the most. In February of this year the Viacom, the network's parent company, closed its stock prices at \$32.86, which is the lowest stock prices have been since July 2010. These numbers represent a 50% loss of value in the last year. Prices have gone up slightly, hovering around \$40 for the last month, but that is still less than half of their 2014 stock prices, which peaked around \$88.

In the next 5 to 10 years a lot can and most likely will happen in the world of children's programming. If Cartoon Network is successful with its revivals of *The Powerpuff Girls* and *Ben 10*, we might see more revamps. Nickelodeon might not exist at all in 10 years, and the question of who else Disney will buy remains open.





CHINESE MEDIA FACE SEVERE CENSORSHIP

YAWEN TANG

A series of restrictions on Chinese media launched by Chinese President Xi Jinping-led the country's Communist party to a new level of censorship against human rights and free speech.

Ren Zhiqiang, a successful Chinese businessman, was known as a former real estate tycoon who had more than 37 million followers on Weibo, which is a Twitter-like platform used in China. Now, his Weibo has been closed because his outspoken criticism of the Communist Party.

"When does the people's government turn into the party's government? Are the media funded by party membership dues? Don't waste taxpayers' money on things that do not provide them with services." Ren posted this highly controversial post on Feb. 22 before his Weibo account was shut down two days later.

Some people call Ren "China's Donald Trump" for their various similarities—both come from wealthy families, run real estate businesses and have become controversial figures through their political speech.

Ironically, Trump has the chance to be a country's president, compared to Ren, who is not even able to use social media as a platform anymore.

It's not a surprise that one's words would be marginalized simply because they're not politically correct or acceptable by the standards of the Communist party in China, especially these days.

Ren's problematic post was pointing to a special event. On the day of his post, Xi visited the headquarters of the three

main Communist Party and state news organizations., Xi said, "All news media

run by the party must work to speak for the party's will and its propositions, and protect the party's authority and unity," according to Xinhua, a Chinese news agency

A video released by Reuters shows Xi visiting the headquarters of the state broadcaster China Central Television and talking to its staff. "I hope you can explain developments in the Chinese economy and society objectively, truthfully and comprehensively," said Xi in the video

It's paradoxical that President Xi would ask journalists for loyalty to the Communist Party as well as to objectivity and truthfulness.

China Central Television, commonly abbreviated as CCTV, openly displayed its loyalty. It stated, "Communist Party is our last name. We are absolute [sic] loyal and accept any kind of censorship." This was why Ren questioned whether the people's government turned into Communist Party's government.

The new restriction is also prevalent in TV shows made in China.

According to a document released online early this month the following content will be strictly forbidden for TV show producers: homosexuality, one-night stands, puppy love and affairs. Spiritual possession, reincarnation and witchery—which is considered anti-technology ideology will also be censored.

After this document was released, it became a super hot topic on Chinese social media. "I could not believe our government can discriminate against homosexuals in public," read a comment on Weibo which received around 15,800 likes from internet users.

The restriction reflects the high tyranny level implemented by the Chinese Communist Party towards its people and the ambition of Xi in attempting to make sure that all media is under his control, especially in this harsh economic period.

Coming to power in 2012, President Xi has been hugely ambitious in political and economic reform. He won a number of admirers in the early

phase of his presidency for his remarkable achievement on anti-corruption campaign. Unlike his predecessors, he is much more powerful and popular; the personality cults dedicated to his presidency haven't been this strong since Chairman Mao's era.

His romantic relationship history with his wife Peng Liyuan, a former singer, was widely spread among the public. Chinese people, especially young people, call Xi "Uncle Xi" and his wife, Mum Peng." A fan page created for Peng on Weibo shows thousands of Peng followers. A First Lady being this popular has never happened in Chinese political history. But recently, the fan page has been shut down for unknown reasons.

President Xi holds several titles, including General Secretary of the Communist Party of China, the President of the People's Republic of China, and the Chairman of and the Central Military Commission. President Xi seems to control everything in China.

But this obviously is not enough for Xi.

With growing globalization and access to information, more and more progressive Chinese people have begun questioning their government, the environmental issues, the corruption, the government's credibility and even the ideology of communism itself. Although none of these doubts directly point to Xi. The free mind and free speech are considered threats to his presidency, the Communist Party and his cults of personality.

The economic crisis is just another reason for the restrictions that aim to control people's mind and speech. The stock crisis and the continual depreciation of the Chinese Yuan have made people question his leadership and reforms, which is unacceptable by the Chinese government.

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The Hitchhiker's Guide to Democracy

JED HENDRIXSON

Alexis de Tocqueville is rolling in his grave right now.

That's because the famous French political theorist and sociologist had once travelled to a booming young nation and marveled at the sight of a blooming democracy. De Tocqueville traversed the outer limits of the country, interacting with anyone he encountered. From prisoners all the way to the president, he amassed knowledge on every aspect of life here. His thoughts changed how the nation was perceived at an international level, providing an ego inflation that doesn't seem to have lost any wind over the last 180 years.

America. It's fallen far from de Tocqueville's days. But to be fair, he probably doesn't look too good now either.

This past year's presidential campaign has been unique, to put it nicely. No single candidate is a runaway like Roosevelt in '36 or Nixon in '72, and the terrifying truth is that most Americans can't visualize any of the five front runners sitting in the Oval Office. How could they? We have a choice between Kevin from *The Office* and a failed businessman who thinks he could sell ice to an Eskimo. The asses over in the Democratic Party aren't putting in any effort either: spoon-feeding supporters, the controversy-ridden Clinton campaign and letting some Vermont grandpa wander around on stage blabbering about free stuff.

The Don, the Trumpster, DJT, insane. Whatever you want to call him, Donald Trump is actually one of the top picks to be president in 2017. In a nationwide game of chicken, no one has spoken up yet and asked "How the fuck

is this guy winning support?" It doesn't make sense. People are attracted to his brazen attitude and disregard for authority, but those aren't the qualities presidents are made of. We are eight months into the campaign and Trump is yet to divulge his position on foreign policy, healthcare or education. Even with the all-reaching power of the Internet, I couldn't piece together his views on anything remotely related to running a country. Donald Trump is

**"DONALD TRUMP IS
THAT 12-YEAR-OLD
ON XBOX LIVE THAT
SAYS HE BANGED
YOUR MOM"**

that 12-year-old on Xbox Live that says he banged your mom; there's no way to stop him from speaking his mind, and he isn't going anywhere.

If it weren't for this next candidate's public relations team, who are deserving of Olympic gold, she'd be in just as deep as Donald. Hillary Clinton, the runner with the most political experience and probably the DNC's nominee, is easy to poke fun at, and just as easy to poke holes in. In every situation, from the email scandal to dabbing on talk shows, Clinton always finds a way to make a good meme. Her opposition of the Keystone XL pipeline and TPP free trade has most true-blooded Democrats backing her, despite her troubles. One could argue that this deep into such a weak campaign season, Clinton's experience guarantees her shot at POTUS. I'd point out that the last Clinton presidency left

a bad, somewhat salty, taste in certain mouths.

Bernie Sanders doesn't seem like such a bad guy. He fervently believes in equality for all people. Black or white, tall or small, dank and spicy memes alike. His campaign, financed 99.97 percent by individual donations, is extremely impressive and speaks volumes of his following. But if there's anything this candidate can teach us, it's that you can't win an election by winning the Internet. Sanders has a huge amount of support from college students and young adults for his talk of an increasingly socialist American future, and although these demographics are strong in numbers, they aren't known for showing up on Election Day. If our next president was elected via internet polling, Sanders would win by a landslide. Unfortunately, Sanders campaign will go down as nothing more than a dope, timely meme.

This campaign season has seen everyone from a brain-surgeon who denies global warming and racism in America to a pleasantly plump east coast governor who is still regretting having endorsed the Donald. Most Florida state residents actually believe Ted Cruz is the zodiac killer, and that speaks to both Florida's idiocracy and Cruz's creepy smile. The guy's daughter doesn't even like to hug him.

None of these candidates are to be taken seriously anytime soon, so just sit back and enjoy the age of political memes. And who knows, maybe Kasich will pull off the comeback. Just kidding.

Extra Years Does Not Mean Extra Tears



CARLOS CADORNIGA

I am a fifth-year college student at Stony Brook University. I don't know if I would've been willing to admit that at any other point in my life. Before actually being a fifth-year student, I had always thought that spending more than four years in college meant that my life was derailing somehow. Maybe I was trying to fulfill my parents' expectations or I incepted the idea through TV shows, but I never wanted to be in that position. I became incredibly worried in my fourth year when my late start in the journalism major would definitely put me through another year of classes. Now taking my fifth year and graduating soon, I feel comfortable enough not only to tell people that I took more than four years, but also to tell them that there's absolutely nothing wrong with it.

The way scheduled my semesters were pretty backwards now that I think about it. I thought I'd take care of all of my DEC courses first before actually tackling journalism. Sure, I took the occasional class in my major here and there, but I would only take most of my classes simply to get them out of the way. I was happy enough to advance in Japanese speaking courses throughout my time here, just to have it under my belt. It wasn't until the second half of my third year that I actually started taking classes in the major I had declared back in 2011. Back then, I had only declared

my major just so I could say I had one, thinking that going undeclared would make me look stupid. When I actually got down to it, I looked back at all the courses that I took—most of my own volition if not for a DEC—and I was glad to have that experience to discover what I can do and what I enjoy before going into something different and more obligatory.

But, I digress. It was also because of all those classes that my time at Stony Brook got pushed a year further. I didn't take any summer classes because I've been so used to the summer being my time to relax from the stress of daily education that I still needed that precious time off. But I'm glad I took one more year, because I don't know if I could've really discovered myself in those four years. I thought that if I couldn't know what I wanted to do within that time, I wouldn't be able to do something with my life. Taking it slowly and figuring out what makes me tick really benefitted me in the long run because I was able to solidify the things I liked, the things I'm good at and the things I might want to do later in life. Being surrounded by people in the same situation also made me feel a lot better. I'm friends with a lot of people that, for all intents and purposes, are more cultured and experienced than I am. Even they're taking a little more time to finish. It took time with those people that being at college for more

than four years was not an indication of intelligence and that doing so can be one of the least worrisome things to happen to a college student.

That being said, taking longer to finish college isn't the greatest feeling ever. That adds up to more periods of stress and anxiety, not to mention the amount of money you have to shell out for tuition. As a commuter student, it runs an even deeper hole in my wallet and barely affords me any time to myself. On top of that, nobody really wants to attend school for very long, so having to do extra time can definitely be tedious for some people.

I've written this up not to recommend attending college for too long, nor to slam anybody who wants to finish up as soon as possible. I'd simply like to reassure anyone who might be going through the same thing I did that there's nothing wrong with that happening to you. Anyone who feels the need to rush through college because of societal expectations should feel free to take a step back and really consider what it might do to you. If college stresses you out and classes are taking a toll, consider that little extra time. Extenuating circumstances aside, don't consider yourself a failure if you can't finish college in four years. Everyone can get to where they want to be at their own pace and being slower than others is no reflection on how successful you'll be down the line.

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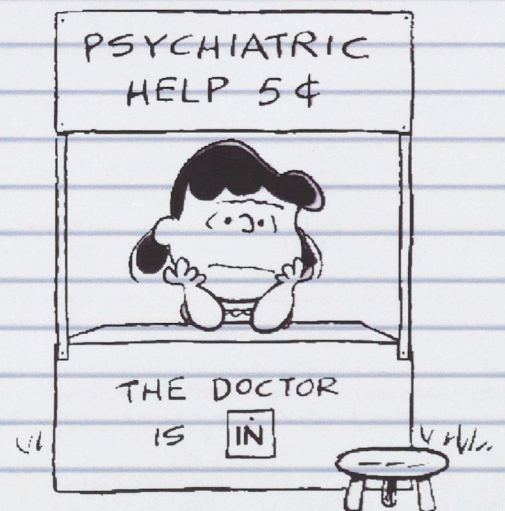
"MY T.A. KEEPS HITTING ON ME.
WHAT DO I DO?"

"I KEEP HITTING ON MY TA.
SHOULD I KEEP DOING IT?"

"I TOOK SOME XANAX AND NOW I'M RUNNING
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JEFF BOALS NAMED NEW STONY BROOK HEAD COACH

JIM FERCHLAND

Jeff Boals enters the first head coaching job of his career, leading Stony Brook men's basketball after seven years as an assistant coach behind Thad Matta at Ohio State University. He has been an assistant head coach at six other schools.

Stony Brook's three-time America East Player of the Year Jameel Warney said on Twitter that he wanted Stony Brook Assistant Head Coach Jay Young to take the job. He was somewhat surprised by the announcement. In response, he tweeted "Who?!? Lol nvm". The other one one said "Ima just keep my thoughts to myself lol." Stony Brook point guard Carson Puriefey retweeted Boston Celtics power forward Jared Sullinger, who Boals helped coach at Ohio State. Sullinger tweeted "Congrats to Stony Brook and @JeffBoals, who I can say with 100% sincerity is a coach who still coaches me to this day. Best of luck JB."

Boals' alma mater is Ohio University, where he landed his first coaching job after he graduating in 1995. He then took an assistant coaching job at the University of Charleston in West Virginia where he stayed for three seasons ('96-'99). From 1999 to 2003, Boals joined Marshall as the assistant coach. He then returned to Charleston as an associate head coach for one season

('03-'04) before going back to Division I with Robert Morris University for three seasons ('04-'06) and then to Akron University for four ('06-'09). In 2009, he joined Ohio State's coaching staff, where he was was a big component of three Big Ten regular season titles. He was also a key component of four NCAA Tournament Sweet 16 appearances, an Elite Eight and a Final Four appearance in 2012 with the Buckeyes.

He will be Stony Brook's 11th head coach in men's basketball history since the program was estab-

lished in 1957. It's also Stony Brook's third head coach since moving up to D-I.

Boals played college ball at Ohio University and was a four-year letter winner on the Bobcats basketball team. He helped lead the Bobcats to win the Mid-Atlantic Conference Championship and earn a 12 seed in the NCAA Tournament, losing in the first round to Indiana. That same year, the program won the Preseason National Invitational Tournament to kick off the season.



THE PACK REACTS TO THE LOSS OF OUR ALPHA DOGS



NIKOLAS DONADIC

After a successful 2015 season, the Seawolves will be undergoing a rather large change. The team's leading scorer, rebounder, and shot-blocker is graduating. But the team is losing more than power forward Jameel Warney. As the senior moves on to a hopefully fruitful NBA career, the Seawolves head coach will also be departing. Steve Pikiell, fresh off leading Stony Brook to its first ever NCAA Tournament appearance, has been hired as the new head coach of the Rutgers Scarlet Knights.

The support for the men's basketball team only grew as this team's fantastic

run got underway. But the real question is how the fans feel about the squad going forward.

Ashneel Raj, a sophomore biology major, had this to say on Pikiell's decision to leave: "I believe that coach had done his duty here at Stony Brook, and really set us up for success in the future from here on out."

Junior AMS major Andreas Lietzau offered his view on how big of a loss Warney is going to be: "I think that with Warney gone, other players are definitely going to have to step up. I'm personally looking forward to seeing what Alonzo Campbell does next year, to try and fill in for him."

Nicholas Alberto, a freshman electrical engineering major, viewed this season as a major success but was skeptical whether the team's success would continue without Warney and Pikiell. "Losing a player as dominant as Jameel will be tough on us, but losing the leadership they both brought could be even worse," Alberto said. "I'll be cheering just as loud either way, but it'll be tough to match this season's magic."

In a word, this season was indeed magical. The men's basketball team galvanized the student body, and fans can only hope that their magic carries over to a new regime.

TODD SCAROLA

From Career in Doubt? to ESCHL Champion



MICHAEL DeSANTIS

It was 4 a.m. on September 4, 2011, and Todd Scarola and his father, William, had just shaved their heads in preparation for surgery to remove a benign tumor the size of a golf ball from the 20-year-old's brain.

Scarola, who just finished his senior year as a Stony Brook ice hockey goaltender, noticed something was wrong a year earlier while playing hockey for Suffolk PAL. "I was in training camp in August of 2011, and I felt a shooting pain go right through my shoulder, and it was to the point where I couldn't hold a five pound goalie stick," Scarola said. "I said, 'Hey Dad, we've got to get this checked out.'"

An MRI revealed a tear in Scarola's rotator cuff, which he didn't believe was a serious injury at the time. Further MRIs were taken, and eventually, an MRI of his brain revealed a tumor.

"They said I had to be admitted into a hospital immediately, or I would die," Scarola said.

He went to get a second opinion from neurosurgeon Dr. Philip Gutin at Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center in New York City. Gutin confirmed the presence of a brain tumor.

The news hit him especially hard because Scarola had lost his mother in 2000 after a seven year battle with cancer.

"I always have that in the back of my mind," Scarola said.

Gutin told Scarola that he had plenty of time—but the sooner he had surgery, the better.

"The thing that freaked me out as a 20-year-old kid was hearing that if it was left untreated and the tumor reached my spinal cord, that I was going to die right on the spot," Scarola said.

The surgery went well, and the majority of Scarola's tumor was

removed. Throughout the whole ordeal, his father was right by his side.

"I knew if I could get Todd through this, there was nothing that could stop him," William Scarola said. "Todd has had to deal with so much pain that other people may have given up from a long time ago. He is a true hero of mine on so many levels."

Just a few years later, his son would be tested again.

In April of 2015, doctors discovered another brain tumor in the right frontal lobe of his brain. He would need to have another surgery, which kept him out until the end of August.

The goaltender walked down his block in Kings Park at 7:00 a.m. every day in order to get the motor skills he

They said I had to be admitted into a hospital immediately, or I would die.

needed to play hockey back.

The now 24-year-old Scarola came back on Sept. 25 just in time to play in his senior year and helped his club win its fourth consecutive Eastern States Collegiate Hockey League Tournament and earn the No. 2 national ranking in the American Collegiate Hockey Association this season.

This was Scarola's first season that he got a lot of playing time, as he was behind Brendan Jones and Derek Willms on the goaltending depth chart during his previous two years at Stony Brook. "I was really surprised that he was able to play," Chris Garofalo, the head coach of the hockey team, said. "When he got his second brain surgery, he came through it fine and he's played the best hockey he's played with us."

Coach Garofalo was very impressed with Scarola's attitude and mature approach, especially when he didn't have much playing time behind Jones and Willms the two previous years.

"He's been a pleasure to coach," Garofalo said. "Where others may have complained, he's supported the other two guys. He had the opportunity to play this year, and he rose to the top."

On the ice, Scarola provided a sense of comfort to his teammates when he was in the net, especially to the team's captain, JT Hall.

"Todd's the type of teammate that always stayed positive," Hall said. "Knowing that he had our back if we made a mistake out on the ice was a great feeling. Hearing he was coming back this past year was a big confidence boost for the team."

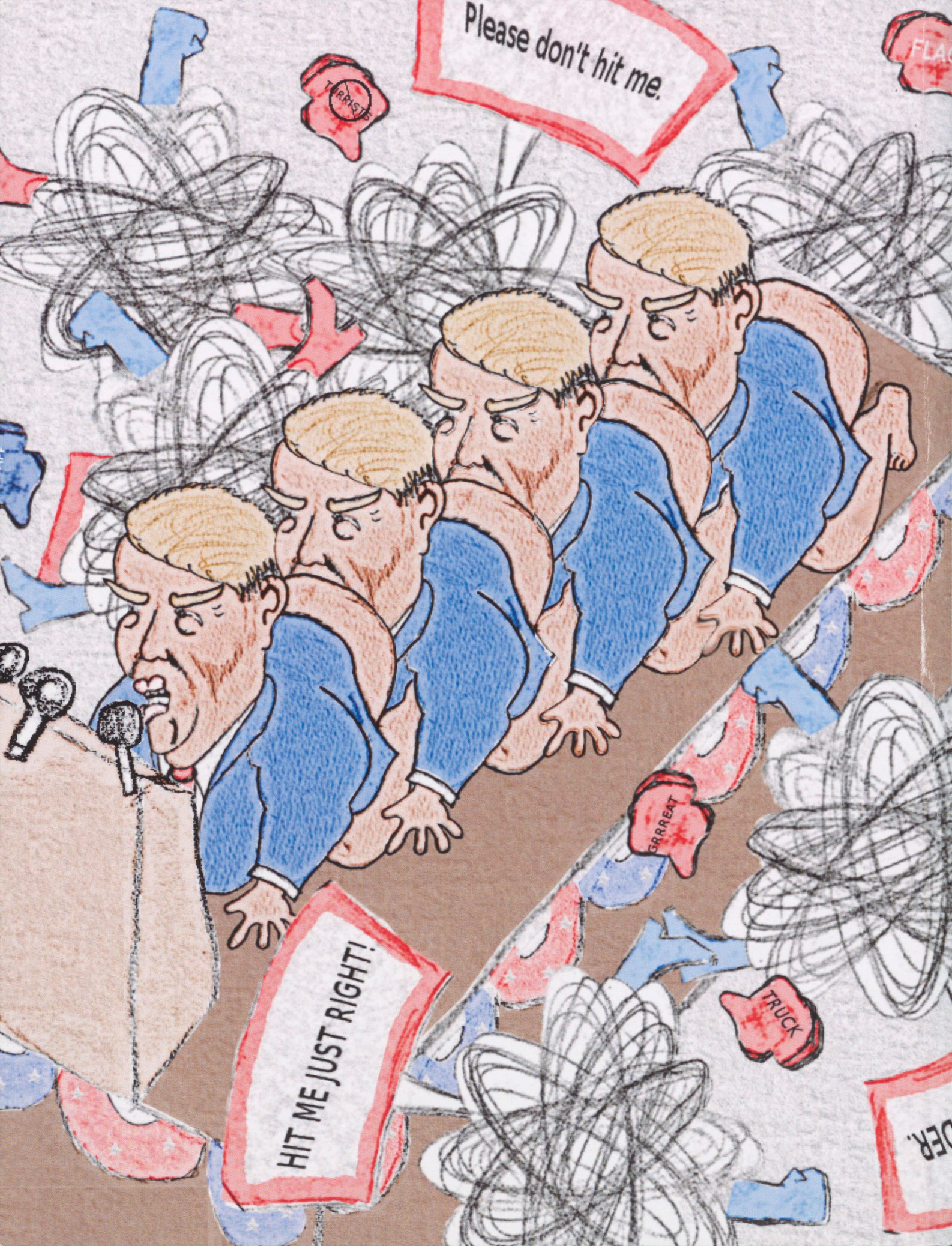
His teammates' confidence in Scarola is a result of his ability to handle the puck and be sharp on both sides of the net. "Todd's impeccable as a goalie because he has a good stick and a good glove hand," William Scarola said.

Another factor of Scarola's hockey success is that he doesn't think about the tumors during games. He constantly thinks about it almost everywhere else, however.

"I can't control it, but it dwells in the back of my mind of what could potentially happen," he said.

For someone that didn't even know if he'd be able to play this past season, Scarola excelled at his position. During the regular season, Scarola had a 12-0-1 record with a .922 save percentage, a 2.20 goals against average and three shutouts.

Scarola said it was an exciting feeling and a great experience to be able to help his team win the ESCHL playoffs this year. "We had a blast," he said.



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DER.