


THE | STONY | PRESS BROOK |



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Pressing on... To New Horizons

"Well I was just gonna recite Bill Pullman's speech from 'Independence Day,' but I don't wanna do a disservice to Pullman. I've been a member of The Stony Brook Press for two years and I've never had more fun doing what I love at SBU than the fun I've had with you guys. Seriously, I love this magazine and I love everyone who makes it the special thing that it is. Thanks for embracing a moptop-haired weirdo from New Hampshire and making him feel like one of the cool kids. Culture Vulture, out"

- Jon Winkler

"I hate The Stony Brook Press. I hate it for collecting all the wonderful people I now call my friends in one club and hiding them from me for my first three largely friendless years at this university. I hate it for making me care about the news and my involvement in it. I hate it for letting my thoughts come out as opinion pieces for other people to read. I hate it for making me double down on my work ethic so that I can help deliver wonderful content in the form of an awesome magazine. I hate it because after four years of wanting to leave this place, it took The Press one year to give me a real good reason to stay. I hate The Stony Brook Press for how much I love it and how much I'll miss being there for them all the time."

- Carlos Cadorniga

It's been my greatest pleasure to have been allowed to serve you as a writer, editor, mom, mentor, friend and most of all, a member of this dysfunctional family. Of the three generations of The Press I've lived through, I'm truly honored to have been a part of and witness to how far we've come and what we've built together. Thanks for giving me a place to laugh, scream, cry, grow, fight as Claire Underwood, hang out with my lifelong friends and meet the love of my life. I'd be nothing without y'all. Thanks fam, rebel tonight, tomorrow and forever.

- Ricky Soberano

"When I found The Press I was a disaster. I had dug myself into a hole and I had no idea how I was going to get out. Then I met you guys and I saw how passionate you all were. Your passion inspired me to do better and now I've dug myself out of a hole and I'm graduating with an amazing GPA. I met some great friends and the girl of my dreams because of The Press and for that I am eternally grateful. Thanks guys it's been a blast."

- Adam Klein

"I could not summarize my time as an undergrad at The Press without thanking my BFF Beatrice Vantapool—the beautiful, ethnic, land-mermaid that brought me here (love you, bbygurl). Being art director was more than just having a fancy title to put on my resume. I was able to grow immensely as a designer (albeit self-proclaimed), and help conduct an entire magazine redesign. I've learned what an em dash is, and have heard horror stories of "inaccuracy F's". I will never take for granted the talent that The Press consists of, and I am entirely confident in the once-newbie staff members that have proven themselves capable of obtaining executive board positions. I'm gonna miss all of you, but I promise I'll still be around! It's been lit, Press fam."

- Holly Lavelli

"The Press made me a better person. The amount of crap I learned about myself throughout my different positions here really helped me grow as a writer, friend and journalist. This magazine changed my life and I feel #blessed to have been a part of it for five amazing semesters. Clairvoyant grandma, out!"

- Julianne Mosher

A PROTEST OF WORDS

KYLE BARR

Ross Barkan was once caught stealing a muffin from the SAC cafeteria at Stony Brook University, and he wrote over 1,000 words on why.

It was April 2010, and the financial crash was still beating a hole in the nation's collective consciousness. But only a college student, deep into student debt and conscious about nearly every purchase, could be so hot blooded about getting caught robbing a lunch tray.

"Why shouldn't a student struggling to pay for a meal plan and an education take a piece of food or a drink once in awhile to stave off the inevitable depletion of meal points?" he wrote in his piece in an issue of The Stony Brook Press. "...we are now told that we will be confronted with higher tuition, less classes, overcrowding, and a marginalization of our right to learn."

Barkan made headlines when he left The New York Observer, owned by Donald Trump's son-in-law Jared Kushner, after learning that editor-in-chief Ken Kurson had secretly reviewed a draft of a campaign speech for the Republican candidate, and then later that The Observer had endorsed him.

"It was a long, thought-out decision. I spent more than a week thinking about it."

To Barkan, the leave was not based on ideological differences with Trump but because of the news site's lack of independence.

There are two different kinds of dissent. Barkan once balked at the oppressive burden of college debt, but he also understands a different form of protest, one based in the professional world of journalism, of the ethics standardized and imprinted/ impressed upon the minds of young journalists: independence, accuracy, objectivity. This comes from someone who was once impartial toward straight journalism.

"I was sort of a disinterested journalism student in college," Barkan said. I was an English major. I did not do a lot of by-the-book, classic journalism. I didn't take too many journalism classes either. I was more of a satirist and someone who sneered at

the conventions of journalism."

But Barkan became a journalist, and an effective one at that. His professional pictures on Twitter, Facebook and LinkedIn show a clean-faced man in a black suit and tie. His act is clean, but Barkan's writing never left that edge. His standards for politicians were set high, and he came down on both sides of the spectrum, both when covering New York State elections for three years and then national politics for The Observer.

Barkan was a member of The Stony Brook Press from 2007 to 2010, where he was both **F e a t u r e s** Editor and **M a n a g i n g** Editor. He was an English student. He wrote essays about current politics. Barkan also wrote book reviews, such as the novel *The Abyss of Human Illusion* by the late Gilbert Sorrentino.

It often got more unconventional than muffins. Barkan wrote satire about race, religion, political events and even a piece branding the worst bathrooms on campus.

"You know, I have a lot of fond memories of The Press," Barkan said. "I met a lot of good people there. It was definitely a place I came into my own as a writer."

Barkan left The Press in Fall 2010 after he tried to become Executive Editor, but mostly he wanted to try something new. That same year, he founded *Spoke the Thunder*, Stony Brook's literary magazine. "I was so into literature and books, and I wanted Stony Brook to have something for that."

English Professor Patricia Dunn once wrote about Barkan's efforts to form *Spoke the Thunder* in May 2011, when Barkan had graduated from Stony Brook. "Ross Barkan has contributed much to our English Department," Dunn said. "In the spring of 2010, Ross, along with Josh Ginsberg, worked

tirelessly to begin a literary magazine for undergraduates at Stony Brook. Such an undertaking requires funding, a faculty advisor, a large staff, and much talent. His efforts paid off."

Barkan occupied that interesting space between journalist and writer. To an outsider, it seems like a muddled field with an unclear/narrow path. Barkan proved just how small that field can be. Particularly, Barkan had a propensity for political analysis, such as President Obama's proposal for a job's bill in 2010.



OBSERVER



Ross Barkan



Ross Barkan is a national political reporter for The New York Observer. He previously covered the first two years of the de Blasio administration, along with NYC politics.

Barkan looks at the situation around The Observer with as much distance.

"I felt that the Editor-in-Chief had crossed a line, but we're on good terms. I have a lot of respect for The Observer still. I had been thinking about this for a while before hand, but this was the end."

What Barkan didn't expect was how much attention his leaving would get him. "It turns out moving on has gotten me more attention than I could have imagined. There's already a lot of attention in controversies, and The Observer and what's happening over there. The calls started coming in."

In a way, it could have been the best career decision he could have made. He has been interviewed by multiple other media organizations, including CNN about his departure from The Observer, but he is now concerned. While The Observer did not pay exceptionally well, it paid for all his basic expenses. He expects he might have to freelance for a while and use some of the money he saved up.

"It was something I felt I had to do. I felt it in my gut, in my head. It was time to move on."

A LITTLE JAM WITH YOUR MEAL

JEDIDIAH HENDRIXSON

Despite eating alone most of the time, Barbara Werner has patented a way to make the most of her meal.

"I started taking myself out to dinner, but restaurants don't even realize what they do," Werner, founder of Musical Pairing, said. "They announce to the room that you're dining alone, and they clang the plates that aren't being used so loud. So I started putting my headphones in at dinner."

Musical Pairing is one of the latest growing tech phenomena not only on Long Island, but internationally as well. Musical Pairing has been featured in a Japanese issue of Elle and is soon to be showcased on German television. The combination seems both ordinary and revolutionary. Music and food both play extremely significant roles in our everyday lives, so why haven't they been paired sooner?

Werner's vision for her future business developed one night while eating a steak and potatoes dinner. "I was just eating something I'd had a thousand times before, but I realized my entire body language had changed. I was hovering over this dish, and then the track ended, and my mood was completely different," Werner said.

Werner, a chef prior to her business, knows her food. It was the music aspect that she began to inspect. Stumbling upon research from institutions like Oxford University that explored sensory science, she knew she was onto something. Werner spent the next two years researching the relationships between particular pitches and tastes, like heavy bass and lightly salted. Next, she started looking for patterns.

"Over the course of those two years, everything I ate I wrote down every ingredient. I would look at the music and if I found one that worked, I'd write down everything about the music, too," Werner said. "Then we overlaid mathematics on

the science, and we got consistent results."

Werner's app, available on iOS and Google Play, asks diners what meal they are having, their protein and side dishes, and runs an algorithm to determine music suggestions. A future version of the app, patent pending, will be able to access a user's music library and pair any song matches that they already have available with their meal.

The evident connection between hearing and taste isn't instantly recognizable to all, but it is obvious to some. All over campus, students and staff alike are constantly jamming out to music blaring in their earbuds. It's not hard to walk into a dining hall and spot even a few people waiting in line or already chowing down while bumping Rich Homie Quan or floating away on the voices of the Temptations. People don't always find the perfect song for their cheeseburger or insalata caprese, and Werner wants to change that.

Werner hosts a majority of her musically paired dinners at Ruth's Chris Steakhouse in Garden City but also travels to bring the experience elsewhere.

"It's all about elevating the dining experience," she said. "We only use four of our senses when we eat, and instead of searching for a sixth or seventh sense, utilizing the fifth one completely alters the meal." Werner has been impressed on numerous occasions by ringers at her events, chefs and jazz musicians alike who quickly catch on and have the intuition to play a song they know would go well with their meal over a song the app chose.

"Over the centuries, people just forgot about hearing [while eating]," Werner said about her hope for the reemergence of music and food. "For generations, courts would have the minstrels play and serenade them during dinner, it just made sense, and then it ended. In a way, we're simply trying to bring the minstrels back."



KIDNEY COURIER

KEVIN URGILES & MICHELLE S. KARIM

Dr. Frank Darras has a light meal, it has to be big enough to keep him going, but small enough to maintain focus as he enters the presurgical area. This routine is familiar and has not changed, even though Dr. Darras has practiced surgery for nearly 32 years.

"No matter what type of surgery I'm doing, big or small, I always play the operation out in my head like a video tape," Darras said, in his 19th floor office inside the Health Sciences Center. "I play out the steps of what I am going to do, how I am going to do it and always with the thought of what I would do if something goes wrong."

Dr. Darras is an older man with a tall and slightly bent frame and dark brown eyes the color of freshly brewed coffee. They look fatigued but attentive. He has handled well over a thousand kidneys and provides transplants for patients who have a history of kidney failure.

He was part of a kidney swap last month that involved synchronizing operations between patients in three different states. This kind of operation was a first for Dr. Darras and was Long Island's first multi-medical center kidney swap.

Tom Danz, 57, an East Islip resident, gave one of his kidneys during the swap to his wife. She has been in a battle with kidney cancer. Tom hoped to give his kidney directly to his wife, but previous tests showed that her antibodies would reject Tom's kidney.

Stony Brook University Hospital is part of an organ-exchange program overseen by the United Network for Organ Sharing, or UNOS, according to Dawn Francisquini, a Transplant Senior Specialist at Stony Brook University Hospital. When people like Tom Danz are not able to act as a biological match for someone, a UNOS database can help arrange transplants in multiple states.

On the day of the transplant, Angela Danz's new kidney traveled from Minneapolis. After the kidney transplant operation Angela's new kidney began to work in five minutes, according to Dr. Darras.

"The kidney was exactly as advertised," said Dr. Darras. "The whole team had this feeling of overwhelming satisfaction because there was so much that went into this one transplant and everything went as planned. It was like clockwork."

Robert Story, 42, is a Selden resident who was diagnosed with end-stage kidney disease when he was just 22 years old.

Before Story met Dr. Darras and received his fourth kidney transplant, he was undergoing dialysis three times a week for three and half hours. He underwent his first kidney transplant the next year, but it failed, forcing him to return to the dialysis machine. This went on for three years until he put

"I put myself in a state of quiet focus. Like a pitcher before a big game, or a quarterback before the Super Bowl."

himself on the Stony Brook University Hospital transplant list.

"I remember meeting with Dr. Darras back then," Story said. "He was very positive about me getting a kidney, but also told me it was hard to find one because I had three previous transplants and my antibodies were hard to find a match with."

Even though Dr. Darras has saved Story's life, as well as the lives of a 14-month-old baby who had to receive a kidney from an adult and the lives of many other patients, he still feels a hint of recurring nervousness that is

common before a surgery, he says. The job remains important to him, and he does not take it lightly.

"I always think of the operating room as the sanctuary where things have to go well, Dr. Darras said. "I put myself in a state of quiet focus. Like a pitcher before a big game, or a quarterback before the Super Bowl."

Dr. Darras would know a thing or two about what races through a pitcher's head before a big game. He did not plan on becoming a kidney transplant surgeon. "Growing up, I always wanted to be a baseball player, so when people ask me why I became a doctor, I always tell them it was because I couldn't throw a curveball," Dr. Darras said, with a laugh.

Dr. Darras comes from a very large Greek family in Chicago, Illinois.

"You know that movie My Big Fat Greek Wedding? Well, to me it's not a movie, it's a documentary," he says with a smirk on his face.

When Dr. Darras expressed his interest in kidney transplant, his family did not understand why he had picked that route.

"They think of medicine as either surgery or primary care. Transplant was not really something on their radar," Darras said.

Dr. Darras had lived in Illinois for 32 years before he found an opportunity at Stony Brook. By this time he was married and had three children. He says that Stony Brook won him over because it offered him a greater chance to teach residents, which he was very interested in at the time.

Finding the right donor is the majority of his professional struggle, Dr. Darras explains.

"When we see our patients, many of them have already started dialysis because they had kidney failure and are uremic (have abnormally high amounts of waste products in the blood)," he said. "So when they come to us, they have the option of picking a kidney from our list or choose to be on a waiting list for an unknown donor from around the country."

The waiting lists for kidney donors can be as long as six to seven years.

"Not everyone has a potential



donor and some of these things run in families. They might have blood pressure, diabetes or kidney failure," Dr. Darras explained.

Another issue Dr. Darras has to deal with is the donor's family agreeing with donating a fully functioning kidney as an act of kindness. Waitlists are also long because New York has a low percentage of people who sign up to donate their organs after they pass away, according to Francisquini.

Dr. Darras has been at the forefront of Stony Brook's effort to train people how to speak to others about organ donation and signing up to be on the donor registry, according to Francisquini. One of Stony Brook's latest efforts includes last October's Organ Donor Enrollment Day where Stony Brook and many other facilities around Long Island got over 600 people to sign the registry.

"He's there, actively enrolling people, advocating for the cause and right on the front lines," says Francisquini about Dr. Darras' involvement in organ donation awareness. "He doesn't let us do the dirty work."

Peter Androvich, 59, went on dialysis in 2006. He added himself to a long list of transplants at the University of California, Los Angeles, but eventually made his way back to Long Island. He was not able to find a matching kidney until he met Dr. Darras and now regards him as his savior.

"This guy is like a god to me," Androvich said. "I met Dr. Darras and he said, 'I can transplant you, I can do anything.' Which he did, and I got a kidney six months ago."

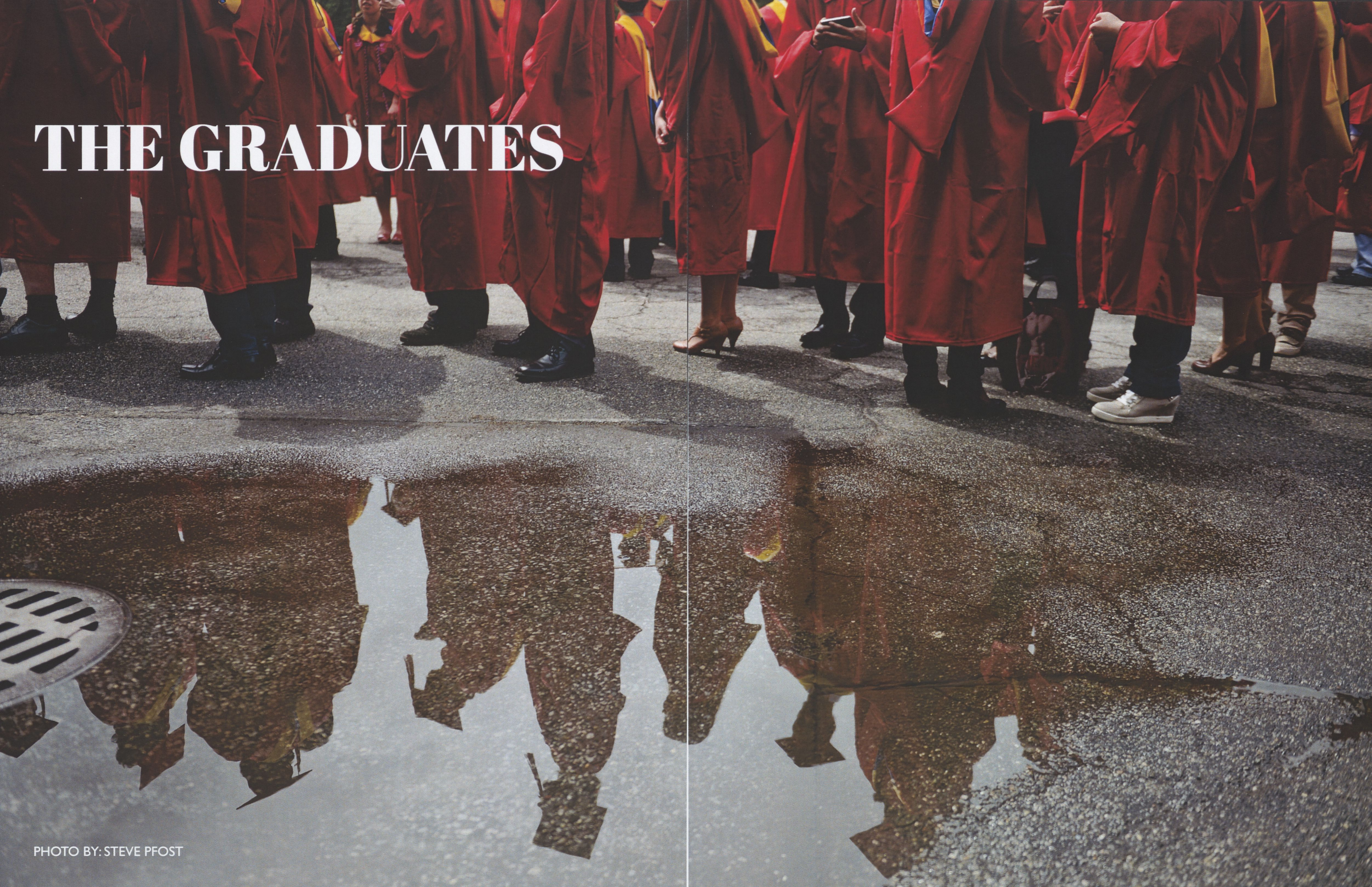
Dr. Darras sits next to a long list of transplant operations that Stony Brook Medicine has worked on since 2004.

There have been 22 kidney transplant operations so far and they average to about 75 every year.

"The donors are the heroes of the whole process," he says matter-of-factly. "No matter how hard we work, it doesn't happen without them."



THE GRADUATES





A JOURNALIST

SAMANTHA MERCADO

Post-college is always a scary thought for many graduates, but not many can say they'll be jump-starting a new chapter of their lives in Mexico. For Hanaa' Tameez, her journalism career will start in Mexico City this July as she enters a three month fellowship with The Wall Street Journal.

As a journalism student at Stony Brook, getting the opportunity to write for a big name publication like The Wall Street Journal is a big deal. "At first I was like 'Holy shit,' and then I thought, 'Okay, how do I tell my parents?' and then my third thought was like 'Holy shit,'" Hanaa' said.

As the current editor-in-chief of The Statesman, a journalism advisory board member and mentor, Hanaa's time at Stony Brook has revolved around journalism. "I think because I've been able to do a lot of different things and because I've had different experiences in the school of journalism and the classes I've taken, I really like everything," Hanaa' said, explaining that even though she writes for a campus newspaper, she is interested in all forms of new media, particularly investigative reporting.

"I really got interested in investigative reporting because I got invested in these stories for these people who didn't feel they had a voice. So they're minorities in that sense. And because I'm also a minority, I think it's really important to elevate minority voices, which is what I want to do with journalism," Hanaa' said.

Coming into Stony Brook, Hanaa' was sure she wanted to study journalism, but she said she was initially set to follow the broadcast track since she had four years of radio experience in high school. What made Hanaa' switch over to print was her time at The Statesman. "I think working at The Statesman all four years has given me a really good foundation, but it's given me a really good foundation to do whatever I want in the future."

Looking back on her time at Stony Brook, Hanaa' said there were a lot of factors that brought her to where she is now. One that stood out, she said, was her Journalism 320 class with Professor Wasim Ahmad. "I was really invested in learning in his class because I felt like I left class everyday learning something new which I don't think I had gotten

before, or I hadn't felt that in a really long time in school," Hanaa' said. She explained that the class challenged her as a student and a journalist, as Professor Ahmad pushed her and her classmates to pursue stories off campus and challenge themselves.

Hanaa's hard work proved to pay off when Professor Ahmad advised her to apply for the Chips Quinn Scholarship, which promotes diversity within the field of journalism. Wasim himself was a Chips Quinn scholar and told Hanaa' she would be a good fit for the program, which takes winning applicants' resumes and shows them to newspapers and media organizations across the country. After Hanaa' was accepted into the program, she got an internship at the Green Bay Press-Gazette. "I think taking 320 and getting to know Wasim and learning all those skills in that one semester set me forward," Hanaa' said. Professors like Wasim Ahmad and her freshman year professor and mentor Dean Miller are the ones that Hanaa' says made a huge impact on her.

Hanaa's passion for journalism is coupled with an affinity for the Spanish language and Latino culture. A double major in Spanish, Hanaa' said her interest in Latino culture began with the 2010 World Cup. After watching one of the games in her high school Spanish class, she became invested in the sport and set on going to see the game live. She said that summer was when she realized her love of journalism and Latino culture. "I didn't like not being there and not being able to tell the story I wanted to tell." From there, Hanaa's interest manifested through Latino music and telenovelas and even mastering the language- as much as a non-native speaker can, "I think I can get by," she said. "I can ask for a banana. I'll be okay."

Being heavily involved in the School of Journalism, Hanaa' said that one of her few regrets was not getting as involved in her Spanish department. Although she didn't get a chance to create as strong a bond with the department as a whole, she made meaningful ties with the professors she has worked with. Hanaa' reminisced on last semester, noting that her linguistics professor Lilia Ruiz Debbe was "like a mother" to her, especially through stressful times.

At the time of this linguistics class, Hanaa' had just begun her duties as Editor-in-Chief of The Statesman, a job that comes with an immense amount of stress and plenty of long nights. Hanaa' said there were many a Sunday night when the paper wouldn't get done until three o'clock in the morning, so getting up for her eight-thirty linguistics class wasn't always possible. After noticing Hanaa's absence and demeanour, Professor Ruiz Debbe took Hanaa' in and asked what was happening. "She was very sympathetic, but she was also very firm like, 'You know that this is important too you need to be here,' and so I really needed that kick in the ass," Hanaa' said.

With four years of memories and a degree under her belt, Hanaa' urged words of wisdom to incoming freshman: "You have to get involved in some capacity, in any way, because that's how you meet people." Hanaa' added that through her involvement on campus and within campus media she got to watch the university grow, something she said she'll miss once she's gone. "They'll tell, 'Oh Seawolves for life! You'll always be apart of it!' but you won't be because you won't be here everyday to see it grow the way I saw other things grow." As a journalist here at Stony Brook, Hanaa' said she's had some incredible experiences and memories that she wouldn't trade for the world.

"I loved every soccer game I shot as a photographer, I've loved every press conference that I've gone to, I got a media pass to go to Brookfest, I got to see the Arena as it was being built and all of these things are apart of Stony Brook history."

As far as plans for the future, Hanaa' said she won't stop at Mexico City. As exciting as the opportunity is, like many other graduates, Hanaa' is hesitant about the future.

"I've always been the type of person who is looking for the next thing, so I'm really excited to go to Mexico City, and I'm really invested in it but I also worry that's only three months. What am I doing in four months, what am I doing in five months?"

A VOLUNTEER

MICHELLE S. KARIM

When Mishell Ganchala was six years old, she moved from Ecuador to America with her mother and her sister. Despite the language barrier and the initial struggle of finding adequate housing, the 22-year-old is set to graduate college this spring with a degree in Health Sciences. She will be spending the next two years in Burkina Faso, helping the underprivileged.

Why did you decide to join the Peace Corps?

I feel like it was programmed for me to be honest. When you travel, you meet new people and help a community that needs your help in any way possible and that's how I found out I really like helping people. I went on two mission trips to Nicaragua and Honduras, so that's my passion. I want to help people.

How did your childhood in Ecuador change your understanding of the world?

If I had stayed in Ecuador, I probably would not have been the same person I am now. We all go through struggles that make us who we are. If I didn't come here and didn't see the struggle of being in a small place with a small mattress, I wouldn't have been able to understand what it is like to not have a comfortable bed. Even if you go to Ecuador now, you will see girls on the buses selling stuff. They think that they can't get an education or they don't have the resources to get an education. They don't think that they can be somebody because they grew up that way.

What are you most excited about doing when you first reach Burkina Faso?

My goal is to impact someone's life. We have a lot of resources living in America and even a simple thing such as having a friend to push you forward is important. I want to push the people and help them grow and get out of their comfort zone. I would especially want to work with young girls because men in that society have a lot more power. I want to be able to go up to those young girls and teach them to stand up for themselves. When I was younger, I had people to look up to and I want to be that person to those young girls.

Do you have a game plan for convincing the girls that they can achieve more in life?

The way I figured myself out was through yoga and that is how I would want to approach them. It would include small things, like, "Oh I can be more flexible now" but I want to tell them that they can do so much more. I want to guide them so that they will be able to make their own decisions in life. I want them to respect their parents' decisions as well but I also want them to say, "this is what I want to do."

What would you take away from this experience, two years from now?

Thinking about this makes me want to cry. Even if it is just one person whose life who you were able to change in the smallest possible way, that place will always have a part of you. It would mean the world to me - to have my visions for the community come true.



AN ARTIST

JORDAN BOWMAN & JAY SHAH

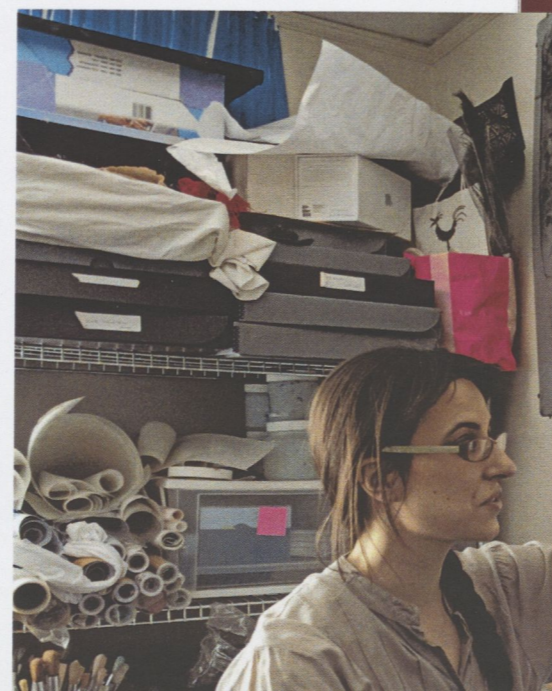


Victoria Febrer would draw with her mom, writing 'reloj' next to sketches of a clock and 'cordero' next to a little lamb. Her childhood in a family of Spanish immigrants and her time at Cooper Union's Visual Arts program heavily influenced her goal to transcend cultural divides through her art. But at Stony Brook, she developed as a teacher. Teaching art to a class filled with a variety of majors helped her show students how to critically analyze a situation and come up with a creative solution.



"My theme tends to be position and place. Where are we in the world, where are we geographically, historically but also culturally. A lot of that has in the past come out of being a woman. 'What is a woman's place in the world, what am I supposed to be doing right now?'"

"Stony Brook's programs offer competitive teaching fellowships which fund you while you are in the program. So what really drew me there, was that this seemed to be a program that rewarded my teaching and my activism by offering me a fellowship that would enable me to work as an instructor for three years and would allow me also the flexibility to maintain my other teaching positions."



"I became interested in how visual art can be used to communicate across cultures. Also, everybody had these calendars with seascapes of the country they were from so I think that's how I got into the idea of the horizon and the sea as representing home but also representing a journey."

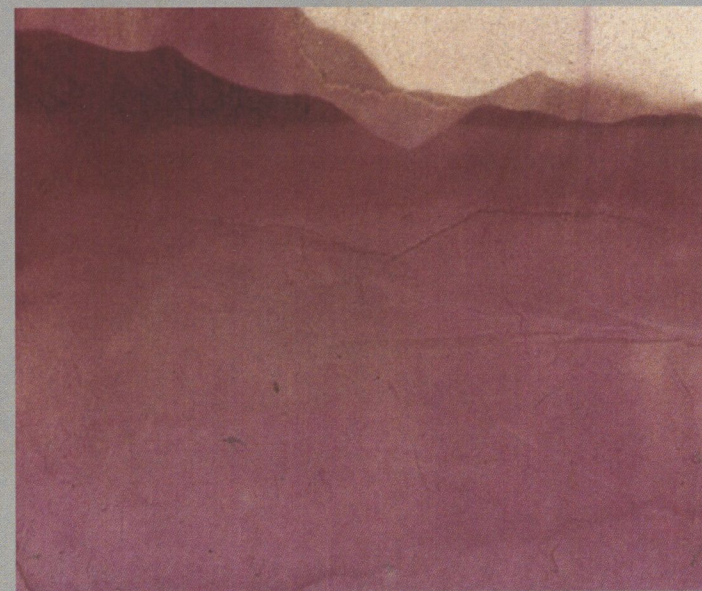


"I think I've been an artist from birth and that's just a part of me. I look at the world and I love working with color and light but I think teaching is really my vocation, my calling."



"Two blues, sky and water. You know, it's funny because some people don't always think of the sky as blue and actually some languages don't have a word for blue because sky is neutral."

"It's a visual effect caused by the yellow against the blue. It's always a flat area of color and these little effects you see where this line appears to have a highlight and then a shadow, whereas this one doesn't, all of this stacking is physical but it also through the phenomenology of the color. I don't like to use huge words but you know, color is an amazing phenomenon the way that we register and see it."



"When I was a kid, my mother taught me English and Spanish at the same time by drawing little pictures for me, and I think that's when I became interested in visual art. And this neighborhood is incredibly diverse in terms of country of origin but also language because it's not everybody coming from countries that just speak French or countries that speak Spanish it's like all over the world."





A TEACHER JANAEA EADS

Within the depths of my mind, beyond the library of recipes of international cuisine, the stacks of grammar (subjects on top of verbs on top of squished semi-colons and over-due periods), and through the shelves stuffed with anecdotes, stories, life-lessons, and memories, is a small box, made from vibrant red, Rajasthani silk, symbolic of my Indian heritage. Within this box are little things I've collected from my travels: a green leaf from the gardens of King Henry VIII, a crepe from France, a beautiful painting from Rome, a picture of a young girl from an orphanage in Peru, trinkets from Barbados and the Grand Caymen Islands, Patatas Bravas from Barcelona, Greek Delight from Thessaloniki, a vibrant orange that has managed to remain fresh and unblemished from the Amalfi Coast, and, of course, cloth from India and pictures of me at the orphanage I lived at for 5 years before I was being adopted and moving to the United States. Although I have had extensive travel experience, I crave traveling even more every time I step off of a plane.

After returning from studying abroad in Rome last spring semester, I immediately began searching for programs that would allow me to go abroad again. After exhausting Google and my boyfriend's help, we both stumbled across WorldTeach, a program that was born out of Harvard's Center for Undergraduate Volunteer Service, and one that provided opportunities to teach English all over the world. I knew that since I was graduating, I would be completely poor, so I wanted to find a program that would

not cost me anything to volunteer. That's when I came upon the Marshall Islands. Sweet and salty Pacific air engulfed my nostrils and a Plumeria breeze assaulted my skin, shocking me into realizing that if the prospect of simply going to this country had such an effect, then I should pack my bags and move there. I decided to apply to live on an outer island of the Marshall Islands, a location that will most likely not have Internet or many ways to contact home, for a year. I will be living on a strip of sand, in the middle of the swallowing Pacific, living off of fresh fruit, fish, and rice. I will have the privilege of spending my days teaching English to bright Marshallese students and learning about Marshallese culture. However, even with these opportunities, I am the most frightened I've ever been. I have never thrown myself into a situation of such unpredictability and have never stretched myself so far out of my comfort zone. I know the best way to prepare for this experience is to be mentally prepared, and I have spent the past two semesters trying to do that. Each day, it gets harder to think about all the things that I will be leaving behind, but I know that this experience will really be one of the best ones of my life. I will have the opportunity to share my love of the English language, something I have built during my time at Stony Brook, and I will have a chance to finally have time with myself. Without any of the ties that technology and school give me, I will truly have the chance to reflect on my life. I think this is a perfect gap year opportunity before returning to Boston, MA and attending law school, and I might even try my hand at culinary school.





TRUMPING 'ROUND THE WORLD

JANELLE CLAUSEN

It seems like almost everyone knows billionaire business mogul Donald Trump. Trump has stirred conversation here and abroad, much of it negative. Many of the foreign students we spoke to found Trump's politics shocking yet strangely familiar. He is employing tactics that have been used in many countries throughout history. The potential endgame of a Trump presidency, however, seemed to concern them all.

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Brazil: "This Type of Leader Spreads."

Ana Ribeiro, Sasha Botelho and Allan Franco, a group of Brazilian students, said they spent a whole night discussing the possible consequences of a Trump presidency. The American economy could collapse, they said, if Trump's hostilities against immigrants reached a fever pitch.

"The country attracts the greatest minds," said Allan Franco, a chemical engineering major. "It would be really bad."

Donald Trump, known for misogynist comments, praising America's strength, and saying he's fighting for the country, reminded the group of Jair Bolsonaro, a conservative Brazilian congressman running for president in 2018.

"He claims he's not corrupt and everything and just doing good things for the country, but I mean when you have someone in power who is homophobic, racist, all those things, that's not good for the country," Franco said.

Bolsanaro is famous for controversial remarks, like telling politician Maria do Rosário she was not worthy of being raped and calling "bandits" the "cancer of the country." He also strongly supports a military state. However, the group said Trump could be worse.

"I would say (Trump) is more dangerous. There's more power behind him," said Sasha Botello. "The United States has more power than Brazil."

And while elections in the United States may be far, they see a Trump election starting a wave of extreme

politicians coming to power.

"This type of leader spreads," said Ribeiro.

"If he wins here, people like Bolsanaro will grow stronger," Franco added.



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Venezuela: "He's a Businessman."



Cecelia Celis, a sophomore photography major at the Fashion Institute of Technology, sees a concerning parallel between how populists Hugo Chávez and Donald Trump rose to power.

Celis said that in Venezuela, the government appealed to the poor. Meanwhile, in the United States, Donald Trump is targeting the middle class, working class laborers, and the many people who have seen their manufacturing jobs disappear since the 1990s. indeed, Donald Trump is promising them incredible change. But both sides have also taken to blaming others for their problems.

"He's saying that immigrants are

ruining the United States," Celis said. "What the government from Venezuela did and what the government from Cuba also did is blame people from the outside for hurting them. It's just the same thing. It's the same idea, the same propaganda... It's just taking it out on a minority."

Celis said her own country improved thanks to people with different minds who brought new technology and perspectives to the country. So what if the United States indeed elected Donald Trump as President?

"Good luck," Celis said. "He's not a politician. He's a businessman. And businessmen think about their own well-being."



India: "Canada Respects Immigrants."

Relations between India, the world's largest democracy, and the United States, the world's longest democracy, date back to 1946 -- a year before the former even scored independence from the British Empire.

The ties have warmed even further in recent years, with the two nations signing cooperative agreements on climate change and security. President Obama's second visit there in 2015, when he was a chief guest in India's Independence Day ceremonies, marked a high point.

But Rahul Bhaya, 22, senior computer science major from Ajmer, India, sees a Donald Trump presidency as something that could send this relationship crashing down. He said that when Donald Trump began blaming India for stealing American jobs, it flooded Indian media.

"His claims are not true. India has al-

ways been supportive of the U.S., so his hate is not justified," Bhaya said. "And I feel blaming the entire country is not good. He's being racist in a way."

For him, a Donald Trump presidency is not simply an "if." Between his brother's tarot-like card predictions and Professor Helmut Norpoth's model forecasting a Trump victory, his entire family is worried.

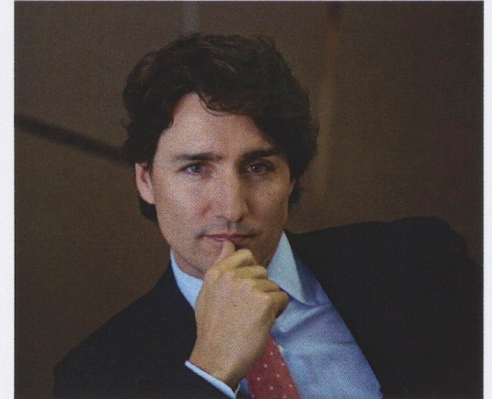
"My parents think if he becomes the president, their dream of their child working in the U.S. would be over," Bhaya said. "I have a job offer in California in hand, but they think I would just not be allowed to stay in the country if he becomes the president."

His brother, a Stanford graduate who has resided in the United States for five years, applied for Canadian citizenship and will be moving to Toronto in October. His work visa needed reapplication every three years, Bhaya said, and the wait for citizenship in the United

States was about ten years.

Now Bhaya is also considering moving north too. The message he's receiving is that the United States does not care very much for immigrants.

"Canada respects immigrants," he said. "The U.S. doesn't."



Pakistan: "Rational, Sensible Voices."

Arooba Farooq, 21, a journalism and political science double major, has almost never seen something quite like Donald Trump.

"I know there are pretty crazy people, even in Pakistan. Many politicians are beyond crazy," she said. "But they are quite politically correct. They wouldn't just say anything that comes to their mind."

The worst politician in Pakistan she saw was Altaf Hussein, who defied political conventions. She said he gathered huge mobs, encouraged violence, and even got drunk before singing during speeches. But at least now, Farooq said, they have reached a tipping point, where people inside his party started revealing details about connections to intelligence agencies, and lavish spending.

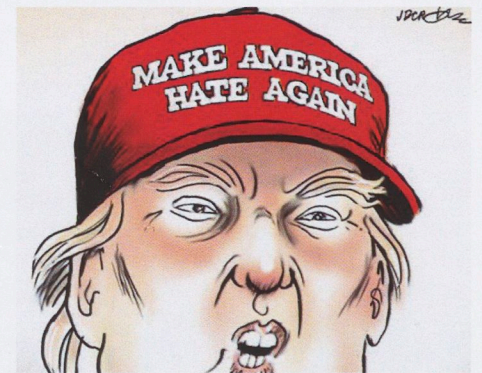
Here in the United States, Farooq is feeling pressure. Terrorism dominates the headlines and Republican presidential candidates focus heavily on it. She cited Trump's response to the Brussels terrorist attack (he said if such an attack happened here he would close the borders and utilize torture), his call to ban all Muslims from the country, and his praise of possibly killing Muslims with bullets dipped in pig's blood. She also noted that Muslims are suffering the most from these terrorist attacks, bearing the brunt of casualties and media scrutiny.

While his comments do not help the tension, his other speech and what he's inspired in others are concerning to her.

"He's not just a threat to Muslim communities, but he's also a threat to other minority groups," she said.

But Farooq doubts he will step foot in the Oval Office.

"We're more likely in America to die by a bolt of lightning than by a Muslim terrorist, so I think we need leaders at this time that unite people rather than dividing them," she said, "and I know that the rational, sensible voices of America will prevail."



Donald Trump, with nearly 1000 delegates following him, is marching confidently towards the Republican National Convention in mid-July. John Kasich and Ted Cruz, his Republican rivals, stand virtually no chance. Trump is less than 300 delegates shy of becoming the Republican presidential nominee. While many of these students indeed know the populist Republican frontrunner, most seem to hope they will never know him as President Donald J. Trump.



COMBATING COLLEGE SEXUAL ASSAULT

SAMANTHA MERCADO

Parents send their children to colleges and universities for a safe and contained educational experience, but college campuses are rapidly becoming hunting grounds for sexual assaults. SUNY campuses especially have faced rising sexual assault reports within the past five years, according to New York State's campus crime website. Incidents such as the recent 'forcible touching' assault, where an unknown male entered an all women's bathroom in the SBS building and attempted to 'forcibly touch' a graduate student, are raising fear and a need for increased actions. With the numbers rising against them, many Universities, including Stony Brook, are making an intense effort to promote awareness and prevention of sexual assault.

It's hard to pinpoint one reason behind the climb in sexual assault numbers. Center for Prevention and Outreach intern Michelle Milner says the blame is on a culmination of things.

"Rape culture is a major issue, just in the world. I believe that rape is too normalized through rape jokes, etc. I think that if we don't normalize rape so much and we intervene quicker when it could be happening than there will be less occurrences of it," Milner said.

Suffolk County Assistant Police Chief Eric Olsen explained that sexual assault is never an easy case to handle "because it's such an intimate crime there's a lot of emotions involved." Sexual assault cases on college campuses are especially difficult to handle because they doesn't always fit into the traditional 'rape scenarios' many people were told to be wary of. According to the National Institute of Justice, Bureau of Justice Statistics, nine out of every ten victims of sexual assault know their attacker; students are more at risk from their own classmates than they are from a stranger in the night.

To combat the growing fear and threats of sexual assault, Stony Brook

has implemented an abundance of programs and advisors for students to get the information they need to stay safe. One of Stony Brook's newest additions to their sexual assault prevention and advisory team is complainant navigator, Samantha Winter.

"As the Complainant Navigator, I am a confidential resource on campus for anyone (student, staff or faculty) who has experienced interpersonal and/or sexual violence. I provide advocacy and support to survivors and discuss resources and reporting options available both on and off campus. If someone decides to report the incident, I will accompany them through that process (whether institutional or criminal)," Winter explained.

Winter is the middle man that the University was missing in previous years; a confidential guide for victims who aren't quite ready or may not know what to do after being assaulted. Winter also acts as an advocate for prevention. Within the Center for Prevention and Outreach (CPO), there are programs in place to educate students about sexual assault. CPO intern Michelle Milner said she's seen the prevention programs in the department receive widespread support. Milner said that a big part of the sexual assault problem is ignorance on the part of bystanders.

"Perhaps not knowing what to do in a situation when someone sees it happening, that's why teaching bystander intervention is so important, because if you can identify the problem, you can act against the problem."

Fighting against the problem and promoting prevention is an uphill battle, but the real strife comes when assaults are carried out on campus and the victim must decide what to do next. Stony Brook's system is set up so that any victim has options to choose from if they choose to report their assault, although they are not obligated to. "It's about the victim's right to have

their case treated the way they want it to be treated," Olsen said, explaining what the process of reporting an assault is like for victims. Victims can pursue criminal charges against their attacker and follow police procedure, but not all cases end with the victims' perpetrator

behind bars, as sexual assault cases are increasingly difficult to prove. Victims also have the option to deal with the assault internally through the school. Stony Brook has something called the Office of Community Standards, which is an office that "receives, investigates, and resolves alleged violations of the University Student Conduct Code" according to their website. The Office of Community Standards is an alternative to legal action and allows victims to still prosecute their attacker and demand punishment without the aspect of law enforcement.

While this is a good alternative for victims who don't want to get involved with the police, skeptics say that there are real drawbacks to pursuing an internal case through the school. Since the Office of Community Standards works with internal investigations of cases like sexual assault, the board members who oversee the disciplinary hearings are not law enforcement officials or lawyers, but administrative officials. Stony Brook's Title IX department and the Office of Community Standards have been under scrutiny since the wake of the Sarah Tubbs rape case of 2014.

Sarah Tubbs, a former student at Stony Brook, filed disciplinary charges within the school against her attacker after she claimed the police department didn't offer her the help she needed. Tubbs has said in past interviews that school officials forced her to personally prosecute her attacker, which is a violation of Title IX. In light of the Sarah Tubbs case and her lawsuit against the school, Stony Brook is one of 11 colleges and Universities in New York with pending Title IX investigations.

With controversy and skepticism circling Stony Brook's Title IX department, the University police department maintains that the school and the police department work under a 'zero tolerance' rule when it comes to sexual assaults. The SUNY system also maintains that it is doing everything in its power to promote awareness and prevention.

PHOTO: YAWEN TANG





STRUGGLE FOR TAP INTENSIFIES

REBEKAH SHERRY

When Michael Brasile first came to Stony Brook in the fall of 2014 as a Biology major, he was excited to be in college and eager to get as much out of his experience as possible. But he quickly learned that Biology was not for him, and for the spring 2014 semester, he planned his schedule with a computer science track in mind.

"I didn't realize how much I liked computers until I came here," Brasile said.

Brasile planned to switch from his biology major to a minor in Information Systems and double major in applied math and computer science. He did not officially declare these changes in his academic progress because students have to complete a certain amount of prerequisite courses before they can declare majors in computer science, applied math and information systems.

Brasile was taking those prerequisite courses on top of his Biology courses during the Spring 2014 semester and was surprised by the series of emails he received urging him to check SOLAR. He knew he had more than enough credits to qualify for TAP (New York State's financial aid for New York residents), so he wasn't bothered by the emails.

When he eventually received a TAP decertification message on his SOLAR account, he immediately went down to the Registrar's office to plead his case and explain that those courses were necessary for him to take before he could declare his majors.

"They told me there's no way," Brasile said. "This happens; there's nothing we can do."

Brasile's situation is only one of hundreds on campus. This past February, dozens of students lined up outside of

the Registrar's Office to plead their cases only to find that it was too late, and they would have to come up with the extra money somehow to register for next semester's classes.

Brasile's situation is lamentable, and there's no sign that things will improve for students who depend on TAP assistance. This year, new regulations will make it even harder for students to qualify for TAP. Minor credits will no longer count as being TAP applicable, meaning that students will have to take 12 credits of major or SBC/DEC requirements.

"I think the effects of the new regulations will be devastating in some cases," Undergraduate English Advisor, Margaret Hanley said. "It puts students who depend on aid at a marked disadvantage."

The new regulations also make it harder for students to enrich their educational experience with minors.

"We have students who have completed their SBCs and now have major requirements and minor requirements to fulfill, and I think they are cornered," Hanley said.

Many students simply don't understand why minor credits aren't being counted towards TAP.

"I don't see why minor credits don't count," Brasile said. "You're still going to school and it's going to show up on your diploma."

Brasile managed to get his schedule to comply with TAP requirements this year, although he did end up dropping his Information Systems minor over the Winter 2016 session. Now, he is facing the possibility of graduating early, something he isn't thrilled about.

"The new regulations really messed me up, because I wanted to minor in music," Brasile said. "Now I either have to declare another major and take 21

credits a semester, or graduate early."

Stony Brook is only one of hundreds of schools in New York being affected by these changes to TAP. But with Stony Brook's high rates of international and out-of-state students, both of whom can't qualify for TAP, we are among the least affected.

"This is a New York State issue," Hanley said. "Students should be outraged."

While some students are upset or taken aback by the regulations, others, such as Matthew Delatorre, are teaching themselves how to work the system.

Delatorre came into Stony Brook as a freshman mechanical engineering major in 2014. He took classes over the winter and summer to lighten his course load, but when he realized that would leave him under the 12 credit requirement for future semesters, he declared a minor in studio art. Luckily, he double checked the requirements and seeing that only majors count switched his minor to a major.

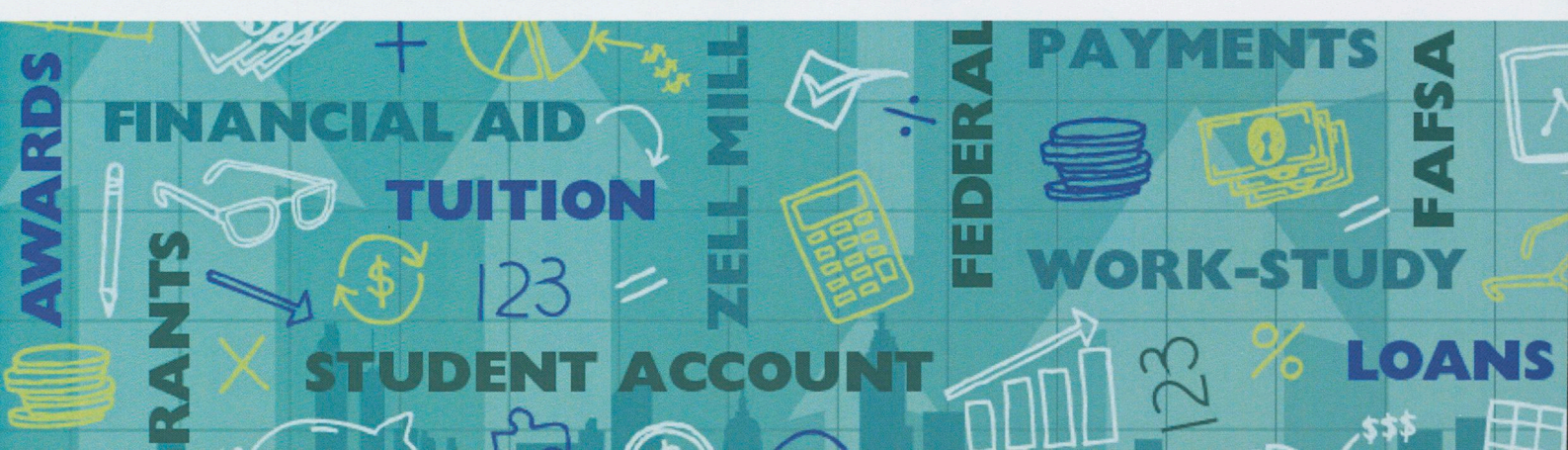
"At orientation, we came in knowing nothing," Delatorre said. "Without orientation, we couldn't even register for classes. They didn't have that for financial stuff."

Delatorre is not a TAP recipient, but he does receive federal loans. He did a lot of his own research on government financial aid requirements.

"Information is there if you look for it," Delatorre said.

Brasile adds that advice he received in high school going into to college complicated his situation.

"As a result of completing SBCs in high school, I can't take them now to get the TAP," Brasile said. "Now I'm thinking maybe I should have not done that."





seeing HEARTBEATS

MICHELLE S. KARIM & KEVIN URGILES

Naveen Mallangada was looking forward to spending his day doing research inside the Division of Cancer Prevention at the Health Science Center before he entered the tunnel.

The frigid February air was not enough to kill the excitement the sophomore felt as he walked towards his lab, but the decrepit grey walls that shape the underpass connecting Stony Brook University's East hospital campus and West undergraduate campus drained his emotion.

"I realized that this underpass is one of the only ways students and faculty get to either campuses," Mallangada said. "It should be an entrance that inspires or at least invigorates people, not depresses them."

Mallangada decided to take matters into his own hands. He began Heartbeats of Stony Brook, a beautification project that aims to add color and vitality to a part of campus that students describe as lackluster, according to Mallangada.

"A lot of people say that we have a pretty ugly campus," said Valli Lakshmanan, a senior engineering science major who volunteered for the project. "During the winter it's especially dull, so it's nice to see that someone like Naveen and a good amount of people on campus work towards making this place a little bit more exciting."

The project's plan is to paint a simplistic heartbeat at each entrance of the underpass, and a more abstract heartbeat underneath the underpass that can be open to interpretation, according to Mallangada. There will also be minor details painted onto the walls, and the color scheme will be three shades of red and white. Three fourths of HeartBeats of Stony Brook is already completed, but the hospital side will be done once the bridge that leads to

the Health Service Center is rebuilt.

"I viewed the two campuses as the two hearts of the campus because that side of the campus has a lot of students who study Biology and Health Science," Mallangada said. "Making it a heartbeat gives it a more symbolic meaning than just making a bridge."

Judith Grieman, Chief Deputy to the President, and Timothy Ecklund, Dean of Students at Stony Brook University, reached out to Mallangada after they saw the renderings he made on Microsoft Powerpoint of what the underpass will look like when finished.

"They wanted to make sure that this wasn't just something up in the air," said Mallangada. "When they saw I already had 4000 handwritten signatures, it became a project that had some clout and they said they were going to push for it. The university responds better to physical signatures than electronic ones."

Grieman had a positive feeling about the project since she sat down with Mallangada last Fall.

"I thought it was a terrific project that personified the connection between all areas of the campus," Grieman said. "He really had a vision and it captures who we are as a community."

Greiman was one of the first people to put the project into motion, Mallangada said. She helped Naveen figure out any obstacles that might prevent Heartbeats of Stony Brook from taking off.

"Not only did she approve of the project, but she was the one who got the logistics down, talked to the right people and got it going," Mallangada said.

Students on both sides of campus also reacted positively to the project and showed their support on Facebook by liking the project's page and signing up



“I viewed the two campuses as the two hearts of the campus because that side of the campus has a lot of students who study Biology and Health Science. Making it a heartbeat gives it a more symbolic meaning than just making a bridge.”

to volunteer on a Microsoft Excel sheet Mallangada made.

“Some of them were like, ‘Let’s paint right this second,’” said Mallangada. “I wanted to get the proper permission before I began, but they kept telling me that no one would complain if we just started.”

Nearly 250 volunteers signed up and they encompassed a wide range of majors, according to Mallangada. Ideally, 10 volunteers would show up every hour to avoid having a crowd of people blocking the tunnel. “I told them 10, knowing we could handle 5,” said Mallangada. “I tried to create a buffer because I know people are busy, so by making the number 10 I had a better chance of getting at least 5 to come in at any time.”

Volunteers began painting the first strokes on the ailing wall in mid-April of this year, more than a year later than the February day that made Mallangada step into action.

“I don’t think little over a year is a long time because this is a pretty big project,” said Greiman. “This plan had to fall into the context of weather and other construction that is going on in the east campus. Anything in a highly visible part of campus had to be done well.”

Paul Marato, Senior Project Director of

East Campus Facilities, helped organize the resources necessary to actually start painting. This included a scissor lift, painting supplies and ground workers assigned to make sure that everything goes correctly and who could also operate power tools if needed.

Marato was not available for a comment.

“This is my first time working with students on a campus job,” said Joe Parascandola, a hospital ground worker assigned to power wash the underpass walls and man the powerlift. “I have to say they seem to be learning a lot more hands of stuff than they would in their classes, and they are a pretty organized and diverse group of kids.”

Naveen spent weeks trying to figure out the best paint to use because the school urged that cheap paint would fade quickly. He eventually settled on the red and white semi-gloss, latex-based paint because it helps keep graffiti and dirt off the wall.

“These projects are giving the university an incentive to upkeep their campus better,” said Mallangada. “In my case they let me get the best resources I could because to them this was more than a student project - it became an art piece that represents us.”

saving the sea lions

TIFFANY HUANG

In a pool shared with two others at the Long Island Aquarium and Exhibition Center, also known as "Atlantis" or "LIA," lives a young three-year-old full of sass, playfulness, and puppy-like humor all packed into a dense, little 60-pound sea lion named Nila. She was saved off the California coast two years ago. Today, she lives her with her two best friends, Bunker and Java, under the care of her trainer, Nicole MacDonald.

32-year-old Nicole MacDonald, a Stony Brook graduate with a degree in Environmental Studies, is one of the senior trainers at the LIA, where she has worked for almost 7 years. While she has many responsibilities in her daily work schedule, ranging from taking care of the animals' food, to outreach programs, MacDonald, along with other trainers, helps the Channel Islands Marine & Wildlife Institute (CIMWI) in Santa Barbara, California, where the sea lion population is experiencing an Unusual Mortality Event (UME).

CIMWI, a nonprofit corporation under National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), is known for rescuing and rehabilitating marine mammals. In the last three years, the NOAA National Marine Fisheries service has declared an UME on the sea lion pups and yearlings who have been found dehydrated, emaciated, and underweight along the Southern California coasts. Recent NOAA findings and investigations indicate that the event is largely due to changes in the pups' food supply. Climate change has shifted their prey, schooling fish, further offshore. As a result, mother sea lions do not receive adequate nutrition, and are forced to wean their pups earlier than they normally would. These pups, however, face the same problem of obtaining sufficient high-quality food sources, develop different viruses and infections, and wind up washing ashore.

MacDonald and her director of animal training Candyce Paparo came across Nila about two years ago. Nila was one of the pups rehabilitated at CIMWI that were deemed un-releasable for "lacking

central survival skills," meaning she had trouble eating in front of other sea lions. After her health was restored, she was still smaller than other sea lions pups, weighing at almost half the average weight for healthy pups her age. They also discovered that she expressed interest in humans and what they were doing, a dangerous habit for wild animals.

"On top of food concerns, Nila may have been left by her mother for being a runt of her litter, or too weak because she was so small. It is also very possible that the malnutrition at a young age has stunted her growth," MacDonald said. After spending five days with Nila at CIMWI, MacDonald and Paparo decided to take Nila home to the LIA. The three flew in a FedEx cargo plane, where Nila slept calmly for the entire flight. "She was the perfect sea lion baby during the flight," MacDonald said, laughing.

Upon arriving at the LIA, Nila was quarantined for 30 days, a standard procedure for new arrivals at the aquarium to prevent any potential diseases from spreading. Fortunately, Nila has adapted very well to living with Java and Bunker, who were already residing at the aquarium. MacDonald says that Bunker, the female, was very excited and friendly towards Nila, and they quickly became best friends, swimming and playing together. Java, however, was scared of Nila initially, often found barking and avoiding her. As a large

15 year-old 405-pound male sea lion born at SeaWorld Orlando, it has been many years since he has seen a sea lion as small and young as Nila. After a brief adjustment period, Java warmed up to her. Now, they are frequently found cuddling, especially during the colder months when Nila would lie on top of Java's back for warmth.

MacDonald has been working with Nila for the last two years, developing her relationship with her through regular care, teaching husbandry and medical behaviors, and tricks such as dance moves, spins, and salutes. Some of Nila's favorite things to do involve "hose play," where she chases the hose water with her trainer. She often invites Java and Bunker to play with her as well, biting and chasing them playfully and throwing some of her favorite toys - a hockey stick and a shovel - around. Nila loves playing, splashing, and eating ice cubes. MacDonald says that Nila could be heard vocalizing to claim them as hers, before the others got to them.

The LIA calls all its animals "animal ambassadors": representatives of their wild populations. MacDonald hopes that these stories of their animal ambassadors, such as Nila's, will reach visitors. "I want our guests to care not just for the animal they are looking at, but for all animals," MacDonald says, "whether it is furthering science education, promoting advocacy, or even recycling more. I want to encourage awareness and conservation education."



PURPLE NEVER FADES

JON WINKLER

It's official: 2016 sucks. We have a piece of uncooked chicken cutlet running for President (and winning), the biggest superhero movie of the year was a total bust and we've lost two of the most important musicians of the twentieth century. On top of losing the rockstar from Mars back in January, the world lost arguably the most genre-bending and musically-gifted artist in pop. But for those worried about the current generation simply passing him as another guy their parents liked and making obligatory #RIP posts on social media before switching right back to putting "Panda" back on their iTunes playlists, don't worry: Prince made sure that he'd last forever.

Prince's work ethic alone would still make him one of the greatest artists of all time. He released an album a year, from his 1978 debut *For You*

(which he released at age 20, by the way) to the 1982 breakthrough 1999. In fact, he only broke that album-a-year streak from 1982 to 1984 so he could make an album and a movie called *Purple Rain* (perhaps you've heard of it). While other performers took time to build anticipation for their albums with controversial interviews or erecting giant statues of themselves, Prince simply laid out his work for all to take in, love it or hate it.

The one lesson music fans, musicians and artists should take away from the Purple One is something simple: do it yourself.

The credits on a Prince album were usually pretty short, considering he wrote, played and produced nearly every single one of his songs at his esteemed Paisley Park Studios. Whereas most album or song credits

are a laundry list of multiple producers and songwriters while the singer is waiting for the lyrics to show up, Prince represents the best definition of a pop musician over a pop star. If Prince didn't break musical molds the way he did, you would've never heard "Can't Feel My Face" or "Somebody That I Used to Know" break through to pop radio, or Justin Timberlake would be stuck making boy band music for the rest of his career, or Pharrell Williams would've never taken a meeting with Jay-Z to produce. Hell neither would've Kanye. Those artists, along with countless others, were inspired to be independent because of Prince, a man never working for anyone but the muse in his head.

Dear Ricky,

DEAR RICKY: I've always been a very high-achieving student, but now that I'm graduating I feel lost. I'm waiting on a decision from a graduate program and have no idea what I'll be doing next year. Graduation should be a happy time, but it's also making me feel very anxious. I've always defined myself in terms of academic success, so now I'm not sure how I should define myself. Any advice? Thanks!

DEAR GRADUATE: First things first: know that it is perfectly normal and fine that you feel lost right now. You've been in school for about 17 years now and you're about to jump into new territory. Take the anxiety and change perspective to that of the upcoming uncertainty is a new challenge. It's a choose your own adventure time!

In terms of defining yourself, don't be scared - this is great! It's a sign of your progression as a person. Find what you enjoy doing outside of academics and exploit it. It helps to change your normal routine. This can simply be by trying different foods or doing a different form of exercise or exploring a place you've never been to before. I also recommend reading books that challenge your way of thinking. Try "The Alchemist" "Between the World and Me" or "Eat Pray Love."

One of the most efficient ways to find yourself is to travel. When you travel, you are the rawest version of yourself. What matters is what you want to do at that very moment. You can be whoever you want to be and by the end of it, you'll have a better idea of who you really are.

-Ricky



WE'VE GOT THE JAZZ

JORDAN BOWMAN

When I used to think about jazz, I would picture a cityscape from the opening of an old, boring black and white Woody Allen film. I was young and I was ignorant, but jazz was never introduced to me as a defining part of American music culture. Long before I knew jazz music's importance, I knew Hip-Hop, and, at the time, knowing how to recite 50 Cent lyrics was more important than knowing who Miles Davis was.

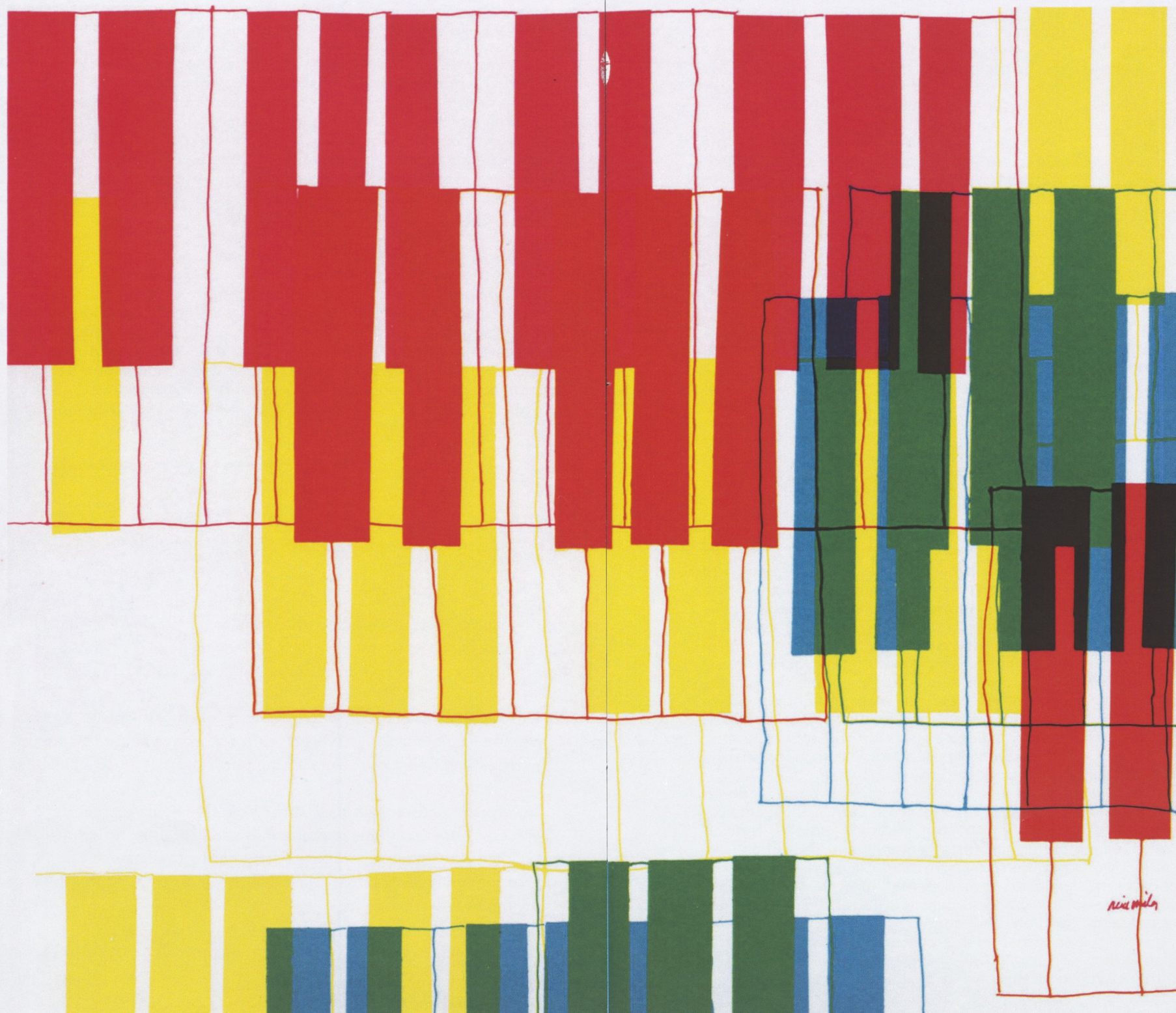
I can now say that Miles Davis embodies the essence of cool. During an interview with Arsenio Hall in the late 80's, Davis wore a brightly colored track jacket, slicked back hair and shades darker than obsidian. During the interview, Davis took a sip of water as Hall leaned forward and asked if the word "legend" ever becomes burdensome. Miles rubbed his neck, pondering the question, and with his classic gravelly voice replied, "I don't like that no... cause I'm not finished."

Jazz, much like Davis back in the late 80's, is far from over; it still manages to move forward, constantly transforming and constructing new ideas all while pushing the boundaries of music. If Hip-Hop represents the attitude of African American music, and R&B is the heart, then Jazz is the embodiment of freedom within the cultural landscape. A genre that was birthed from strife and turmoil essentially stitched together the fabric of American music for decades.

Kamasi Washington, a jazz musician and recent collaborator on the multi Grammy nominated album *To Pimp a Butterfly*, said, "Even a lot of people who are fans of music might not be familiar with jazz. [The thing is] they are actually, and just don't realize that like, the elements of Robert Glasper [for example] are in J Dilla, and A Tribe Called Quest. They're in there, and you like that -- so many of the samples you hear, and so many of the things that people gravitate towards, are jazz. You just didn't know it was jazz because it was called something else."

It wasn't until I reached my late teens and I found Q-tip sampling jazz loops for A Tribe Called Quest that I realized jazz belonged to my culture or was even having a conversation with my culture. When I first heard "Jam," a track off of *Beats, Rhymes and Life*, I saw my neighborhood, I saw my friends riding bikes around the corner and chugging quarter waters like there was a permanent drought on the block. The music was still being filtered through the lens of hip hop but it was dope and Tribe made jazz into something tangible, not just the soundtrack of Woody Allen films about Manhattan.

On "We've Got the Jazz", Q-Tip rapped over a



beat more relaxing than a pile of Egyptian cotton pillows and said,

*"The tranquility will make you unball your fist
For we put Hip Hop on a brand new twist
A brand new twist with a whole heap of mystic
So low-key that you probably missed it
And yet it's so loud that it stands in the crowd."*

Back in the day, I understood jazz was important to music the same way Vincent Van Gogh is important to art, which basically meant that I didn't know shit. I knew *Starry Night*, but I didn't know much else back then. I was aware of my ignorance but it scared me once I realized how important jazz actually was. Exploring the genre that gave birth to Hip-Hop, my first love was kind of like doing an archeological dig through the depths of musical history.

I started listening to John Coltrane a little later and then I discovered *A Love Supreme*. That album defined jazz for me: it was energetic, it was ambitious, it revealed something in the genre that I wasn't aware of. I think the thing that was hard to define may have been a sense of soul.

Coltrane said, "My music is the spiritual expression of what I am - my faith, my knowledge, my being. When you begin to see the possibilities of music, you desire to do something really good for people, to help humanity free itself from its hangups. I want to speak to their souls." *A Love Supreme* chiseled its story onto the stone of my mind, forever imprinted, forever changing the idea of what jazz means to me.

Thelonious Monk, a famous Jazz musician, once said, "I say, play your own way. Don't play what the public wants. You play what you want and let the public pick up on what you're doing, even if it does take them fifteen, twenty years."

In one scene of a documentary titled *Monk: Straight, No Chaser*, Thelonious Monk and one of his saxophonists are looking over the music notes for the song "Boo Boo's Birthday." As his band mate questions him about the music, Monk stares at the sheet music curiously, as if he's almost unsure of his own creation. The third take starts, and then a few seconds later, they stop and the process repeats.

Jazz is imperfect, a collaborative effort that can burst into chaos, but it often births great pieces of music.

The music can climb and then fall, creating melodies that evolve into a kaleidoscope of sound. Jazz was rebellious at a time when structure ruled music; it strove to break the bounds of all the ideas that defined music in America.

Is Classical Music Dead?

MATT BOOSE

What happened to classical music? Is it dead?

The idea that classical music has no relevance in today's culture has by now assumed the status of a foregone conclusion. It's not hard to imagine why. If anything, it seems that the burden of proof lies on its advocates to show that it still matters.

Although it's undeniable that classical music is struggling to find wide audiences, the idea that it is dead is a pernicious half-myth. Worse, it is a malicious judgment that discourages already unfamiliar and indifferent listeners whose lives may have been otherwise enriched by listening to the greatest composer of all time (Beethoven).

The generalization that classical is dead relies on a skewed understanding of the tradition. Classical music has always been changing. When Beethoven wrote *Grosse Fugue*, his most bizarre and experimental piece, critics were so confused by what they had heard that they condemned it, saying that it was incomprehensible noise. It wasn't until the early 20th century that critics began to recognize it as one of the composer's greatest works. The now folkloric story of the premiere of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* drives at the same point: when the composer's ballet about Russian pagan worship was first performed, audience members were so disconcerted by its violent, abrasive orchestration that they nearly started a riot.

The "classical -music -is -dead" trope is most persuasive when one regards classical music, as its undertakers often do, as an abstract, monolithic entity rather than a complex, evolving, and diverse tradition. To me, there's is, I think, a common and misleading idea of what classical music "sounds like" that evokes the image of powdered white males training falcons at the Palace of Versailles. In all probability, this impression is based on some scattered pieces from the common practice period (1600-1900) that have become familiar in mass culture (Pachelbel's Canon comes to mind). But the concept of classical music as background noise for aristocratic dinner parties from the 18th century is inaccurate. It doesn't take into account the past century and a quarter of modern classical music since the tonal experiments of Debussy. Nor does it reflect the subtle distinctions in style between composers, periods, and movements. If you're not familiar with classical music, make no mistake: Bach, Mozart and Tchaikovsky sound nothing alike.

But what is to be done about the glaring fact that classical music just isn't popular? It doesn't sell. Classical radio stations, such as the excellent 91.1FM WSHU, rely almost exclusively on listener support to operate.

Here, too, there comes into play a prejudiced understanding of how classical music should be assessed. Is it fair to judge that an artistic tradition is no longer relevant because it lacks commercial reception? Maybe, instead of proclaiming the death of classical music, we can be honest with ourselves and say: "classical music is not, nor was it ever, nor will it probably ever be, massively popular." And that's fine. It was never meant to be pop music.

Perhaps the greatest injustice done by the dismal half-myth of the death of classical is that it obscures the fact that, relatively speaking, classical music has never been easier to get into. With streaming services like Spotify, new listeners have gigabytes of recordings readily available for them to discover. Anyone with an interest in classical music can find a wealth of helpful information online. For live music, Stony Brook students have one of the best classical music venues on Long Island right at their doorstep. The Staller Center is a great place to hear classical music on the cheap. The Emerson String quartet, one of the most esteemed string quartets today, gives regular performances there. The university also has two great orchestras, the graduate level Symphony Orchestra and the undergraduate University Orchestra, that each perform several concerts a year.

Admittedly, getting into classical music in 2016 has its challenges. The sheer abundance of readily available recordings in today's information economy has made listening to music something of a background activity. The elitist connotation that classical music carries is no help, either. There's no getting around it: classical music is a bit stuffy. There are a lot of French names and abstruse terminology. Many of the compositions are long. The church-like concert etiquette can seem pretentious. There is, sadly, no way to discount these snobbish trappings. But if a culture of elitism surrounding the music exists, it shouldn't dissuade anyone from listening to the music itself.

Naysayers have been proclaiming the death of classical since, at least, Stravinsky - probably much earlier. But if Stony Brook's thriving performing arts center is any indication, the tradition is far from dead. Cliché as it may sound, great art never dies; to think of classical music as timely or untimely in 2016 is missing the point entirely. And contrary to popular wisdom, the information age has not spelled the death of classical. If anything, today might be a better time than ever to discover it.

FINALS COME BACK, YOU CAN GIVE YOUR TESTS TO ME

CARLOS CADORNIGA

I wrote this about a week after handing in various pieces of my senior project: a seven-minute video and 2800-word written piece that both have to be as close to finished as possible. I wrote this with deadlines for a 3000-word feature piece, a 4-minute audio piece and a functional website for my aforementioned senior project looming over the horizon. I wrote this having constructing and stressing over constructing each of the projects over the course of the entire semester, excluding the many tedious assignments that I had to put together in the meantime. With each of these time-consuming and anxiety-inducing projects eating up my life, I often find myself becoming incredibly nostalgic for the classes I took that featured final exams. Those classes, which collected all of my stress in one or two weeks, instead of having it hang over my head like a personal raincloud that accompanies me wherever I go.

I used to take a lot of "regular" classes, which I define as a simple lecture structured with two or three 2-3 lessons a week and, quizzes and tests interspersed throughout. I'd have readings and nightly assignments to handle which were as simple as

just sitting down to answer some questions on a sheet. Then at the end of it all, I would take a couple of weeks to cry over the impending final exams or essays that I hadn't prepared for ahead of time and somehow muster up the courage to crack down and get things done. Compared to classes for my journalism major, i.e. my journalism classes, there was(?) is far less structure to guide me along.



Of course, there were certain checkpoints to deal with in the beginning. I'd write a simple news story here and interview at least five people there and even mess around with a camera every now and then. Every week, I would learn a new technique for my reporting and apply it as best as I could. But when it gets to the nitty-gritty of journalism classes, I need to be working towards the final project from day one. Each story I have to put together requires a lot of prior research, interviewing, keeping up with current events relevant to my topic and knowing how to make all of that into a story that only I can tell. And it isn't exactly as simple as having a syllabus that spells out the entire semester. I've had to have proper journalistic story proposals and argue

a good reason for those proposals all within the first three weeks of class. Then I have to move forward and pray that people will speak to me for interviews or that it doesn't fall apart.

My progress in these final projects relies on both my legwork as a journalist and the availability of countless sources each for differing stories. If I can't speak to someone, there's little I can do other than pester them into making time for me or moving on to someone else altogether.

I'm sure students with finals in a foreign language or organic chemistry are probably reading this with some confusion. Having months to handle a project and effectively starting vacation as soon as class ends without suffering through finals week sounds like a pretty sweet deal. But when tedious assignments and several final projects start piling on, you'd be surprised how often the anxiety they cause can really stress you out. I used to love only having something as simple as an essay standing in between me and my precious vacation. But with all the effort I exert to even try and stay on top of them, I'd rather just take finals. Ggive me a scantron and a blue book any day.

IMPORTANT

 USE NO. 2 PENCIL ONLY 

- EXAMPLE: -A- B- C- D- E-
- ERASE COMPLETELY TO CHANGE

NAME _____

SUBJECT _____

DATE _____ HOUR _____

TEST RECORD	
PART 1	
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 **SCANTRON FORM 882**

1	A	B	C	D	E	11	A	B	C	D	E	21	A	B	C	D	E	31	A	B	C	D	E	41	A	B	C	D	E
2	A	B	C	D	E	12	A	B	C	D	E	22	A	B	C	D	E	32	A	B	C	D	E	42	A	B	C	D	E
3	A	B	C	D	E	13	A	B	C	D	E	23	A	B	C	D	E	33	A	B	C	D	E	43	A	B	C	D	E
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8	A	B	C	D	E	18	A	B	C	D	E	28	A	B	C	D	E	38	A	B	C	D	E	48	A	B	C	D	E
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CRICKET BASH

JOSEPH RYDER

On the athletic fields besides the North Parking lot emotions ran high as Stony Brook's Cricket Club hosted its annual Cricket Bash Tournament. Eight teams participated in this year's event, four of which were composed of Stony Brook students.

In the tournament finally, the Chapin Chargers, a Stony Brook graduate student team, ended the unbeaten streak of the CC All-Stars, an undergraduate team.

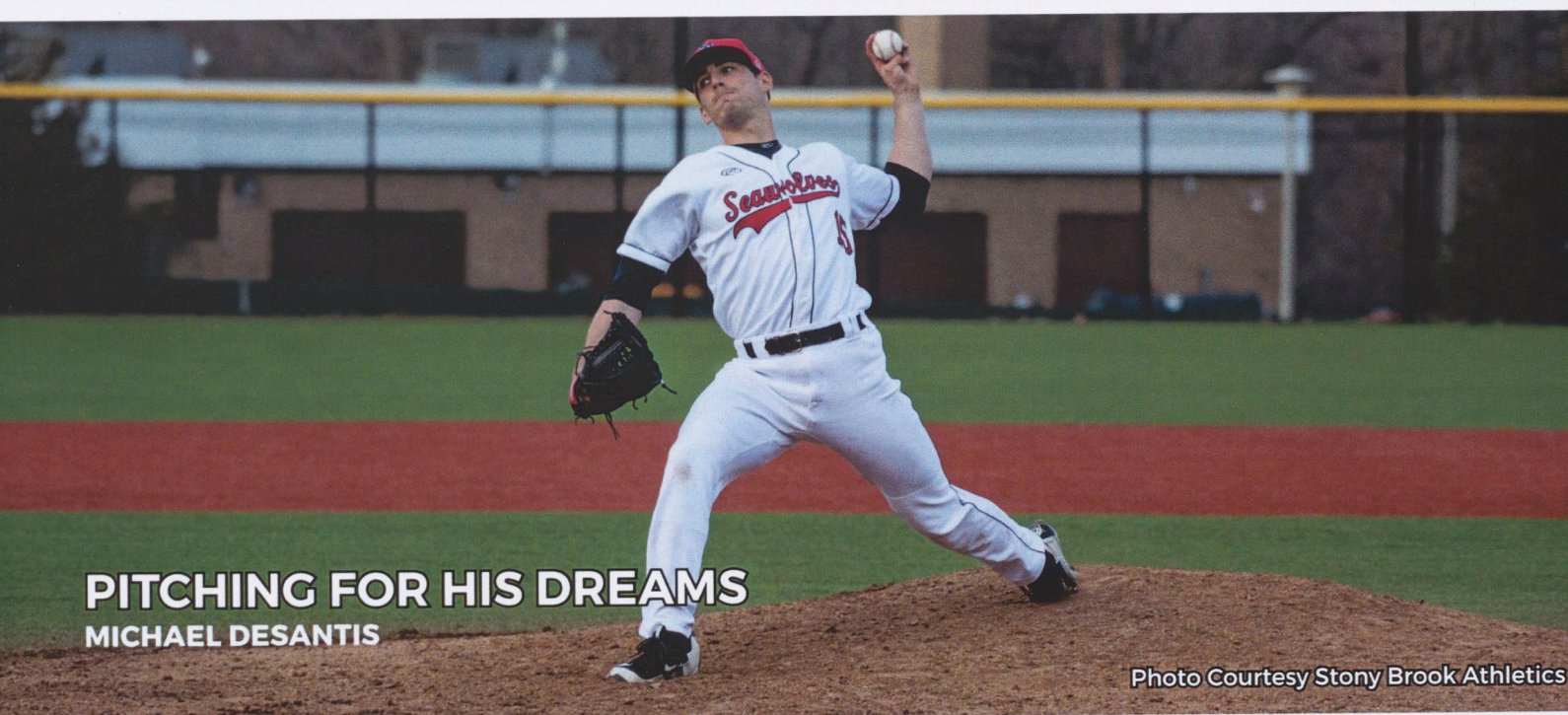
"Cricket is very popular here," said club Vice-President Jerin George, "We're growing and looking to play more competitively next year."

The club currently is not receiving funding from USG but George says he hopes the club can receive funding for next year when the club will join the American College Cricket Association (ACCA).

"We could really use the funding," George said, "Right now we are entirely member supported."

To join the ACCA the club will need to pay dues along with their equipment and travel. George says that the rapidly expanding club should be considered for a budget by USC.





PITCHING FOR HIS DREAMS

MICHAEL DESANTIS

Photo Courtesy Stony Brook Athletics

This year, Tyler Honahan is hoping to fulfill a lifelong dream of his: make it to the MLB.

The senior left-handed starting pitcher is hoping to follow the paths of former Stony Brook pitchers Joe Nathan, Tom Koehler and Nick Tropeano, the three most successful former Seawolves in the big show.

"I've had MLB aspirations since I was five years old," Honahan said. "I've always wanted to be able to play professionally and I hope I get that shot after this year."

Honahan chose Stony Brook despite having gone to middle school and high school in Colorado after his family moved there in 2006. He grew up in Rocky Point, New York, so he said choosing Stony Brook was a good opportunity for him to go back home.

"I went to a couple of showcases and Stony Brook was there," Honahan said. "They ended up calling me, and I liked what I saw, the facilities and [Joe Nathan Field]. I love being back at Stony Brook. It's a great school, great academics, great baseball."

Honahan had a shot to realize his dream last year when he was called by the Baltimore Orioles, but opted to finish his degree.

"If I have a strong rest of the season, I think I have a shot to get picked," he said. "I wouldn't really care what team, any team that's going to give me a shot to play baseball."

Honahan started pitching around the age of 10 after playing at first base and in the outfield. He stopped playing those positions after high school in order to focus on his pitching at Stony Brook.

He's used his college years to develop his changeup and curveball, which

complement his low-90s fastball.

"Hopefully, I can use those three pitches as a professional," Honahan said. "I just try to hit corners and command the zone with my fastball."

His best season came during his sophomore year in 2014, when he went 7-2 with a 2.89 earned run average and 55 strikeouts.

Honahan has struggled during his senior year thus far, with an ERA over six. He's not worried, as he said that the team has some conference games left for him to improve his statistics and reach seven wins for his third straight season.

The right-handed Koehler went 17-19 with a 4.87 ERA during his career with Stony Brook, and is in his fifth year with the Miami Marlins. Honahan has already surpassed Koehler's win total with Stony Brook, and lefties are a more valuable commodity at the major league level.

"[Koehler's] a great guy, I would love to be in the situation he's in now," Honahan said. "He talked to the team before this season and I really took a lot from him. He gave me one quote, 'If you feel 70-percent, give 100-percent of that 70-percent' and that's stuck with me this year."

Stony Brook Head Coach Matt Senk has been crucial to Honahan's development over the past four years, both personality and skill-wise.

"Tyler's a very hard worker," Senk said. "He has a desire to win. Sometimes, when things don't go well, he's a little tough on himself. Overall, Tyler's been very enjoyable to coach."

Honahan has credited Senk for helping him mature as a person throughout his time in the baseball program. "I was a quiet, to-myself little

kid coming in here at 18-years-old, and now being 22, he's helped me out a lot," he said. "I'm thankful for him taking me under his wing these past four years."

Honahan's experience at the college level has primed him to help aid in the development of younger pitchers in the program, such as freshman right-handed starter Bret Clarke.

"We always emphasize to our young pitchers to keep an eye on what the guys that have been here for a few years are doing," Senk said. "Whether it's directly by Tyler talking to Bret or indirectly, [Clarke] watching [Honahan] go about his business, Tyler's been an influence on a lot of our young pitchers."

Throughout the four years Honahan and fellow senior pitcher Tim Knesnik have spent on the team together, they have formed a brotherly bond.

"It has been fun sharing these last four years together," Knesnik said. "The biggest things we have learned and taught each other is the ability to just have fun outside of baseball. When we are on the field, we will compete harder than anyone, but when we get back to the hotel, we are always having fun and messing around with our third roommate, Tim Kranz."

One of Honahan's fondest memories dates back to last season, when Stony Brook won the America East Championship after falling just short the previous two years.

"We had a great season, a great bunch of guys," Honahan said. "It was probably one of the more memorable Stony Brook experiences that I've had, and I'm hoping to get another ring this year."



THE FEASIBILITY OF AN ICE RINK AT STONY BROOK

MICHAEL DESANTIS

Stony Brook University has no plans to build an on-campus ice rink despite the success of the ice hockey club and students' desire for improvements to campus life.

"Hockey is an extraordinarily expensive sport to run," Stony Brook University President Samuel L. Stanley Jr. said at a media conference. "Before we can add another expensive sport like that, we would have to make sure it would make economic sense."

Ronald Parr, the head of the commercial and industrial division at Parr Organization, estimated that the cost of a 4,000-seat indoor ice rink would come out to \$20 million. The organization constructed the Twin Rinks Ice Center at Eisenhower Park.

The ice rink would generate ticket sale revenue from the school's club ice hockey team, which has found yearly success. The team has won four straight Eastern States Collegiate Hockey League Championships and finished this past season as the number-two ranked team in the American Collegiate Hockey League, which extends nationwide.

"I think the hockey team is awesome," Stony Brook's Director of Athletics Shawn Heilbron said. "I can't tell you how many people come up to me and congratulate me on our hockey team, and I say, 'I wish I could take the credit for them.'"

An on-campus ice rink would make it easier for the ice hockey club to become an NCAA team and generate more student attendance at games. The team currently plays at The Rinx in Hauppauge, which is about a 15-minute car ride from campus.

"I think it'll create sort of a culture and environment that will keep students on campus for the weekend," Pete Hall, a former Stony Brook ice hockey player who graduated from the university in 1989, said. "I've seen it firsthand that

"Student life on the weekends is dead, everyone goes home. There should be more activities that will make people want to stay on campus."

some of the teams we played against that had rinks on campus had students that stuck around on the weekend, and the hockey rinks were filled with students."

Title IX serves as another hurdle in making the men's ice hockey team a part of the Athletics Department. Heilbron said that if the school made another men's team NCAA, it would

likely need to add three women's teams to compensate. He is considering field hockey, rowing and equestrian as potential women's teams to add, but wants to ensure that any new program would be successful.

"I don't want to add a sport just to add a sport," Heilbron said. "It has to make sense for our program as a whole. We have to have a facility for them, but we also have to be able to win and be competitive."

Even if the team doesn't go NCAA, it still has proven that it could put a schedule together each year against other schools' club teams.

Stanley has concerns that if the school were to enter the NCAA, it would have trouble finding competition in the northeast. "There's a limited number of schools throughout the country that play [hockey]," he said. "So you really have to look very hard and understand how that economically, it would make sense."

The northeast region of the United States is a hockey hotbed, however. In the Atlantic Hockey Division of Men's Division I Hockey, there are currently 11 teams that Stony Brook could play whose schools are accessible by bus. Those include Holy Cross, Mercyhurst, Canisius, Sacred Heart and more. "In the northeast, the popularity of hockey is tremendous," Heilbron said.

Hall said that the idea of building



PHOTOS: JOSEPH RYDER

an ice rink on the campus has been floating around since the 1980s. "I did a lot of research at one point and someone offered to build a rink on campus and it got turned back late 70s, early 80s."

Whether it remains a club team or joins the NCAA, Hall said he believes that a 4,000-seat arena would fill out for the ice hockey team's games.

"I think the students would be extremely supportive," Hall said. "If you could put a team on the ice that could compete like Stony Brook can... Students go to see winners."

The men's basketball team made school history this season as it went to March Madness for the first time before falling to Kentucky 85-57 in the first round. Students consistently packed out Island Federal Credit Union Arena while the team made its historic run.

"You can do the same thing with an ice hockey team as Stony Brook did with its basketball team," Hall said.

The hockey team using an ice rink on Stony Brook grounds wouldn't be its only use. Campus life may benefit as well by opening its ice to the students, providing an alternative to the Recreation Center.

"Student life on the weekends is dead, everyone goes home," senior finance major Susana Polanco said. "There should be more activities that

will make people want to stay on campus."

Hall has seen activities such as recreational hockey, curling and broomball played firsthand at ASU. "Quite honestly, [the rink] is not just to go to games, it would become part of the recreation life," Hall said.

Ice-skating would be another activity offered by an ice rink at Stony Brook University.

"I think if you open up recreational ice skating, that would definitely attract people and help campus life out a bit," freshman psychology major Sophie Peterfreund said.

A \$30-40 increase in student activity fees may be necessary to fund the rink's construction and upkeep.

"Personally I don't think that's a huge deal because if ice skating were available, I wouldn't mind," Peterfreund said.

Polanco said that while she would be okay with paying additional fees, she doesn't think everyone would. "It would be awesome to have an ice rink though."

Students would also see an increased athletics fee as a result of the school supporting an NCAA ice hockey team.

"I would be reluctant to do that in this point and time," Stanley said. "From an economic standpoint, I don't see [an ice rink] happening."

In order to determine whether an on-campus ice rink would be economically beneficial, the school would have to conduct a research study. The costs of construction and maintenance of the rink and, potentially, the ice hockey team, would be factors. The school's financial return would largely come from ticket sales and renting the venue to the public, if the university opted to do so.

"To my knowledge, there hasn't been a formal study done on hockey," Heilbron said. "I know it's something that's always out there as a question, so I think to say it'll never happen would be very shortsighted on my part."

The cost of an indoor ice rink on state property would be high, and the university would likely have to rely on a donor.

"We've had people identify themselves and say they can raise the money," Heilbron said. "It comes back to President Stanley and what his vision is for the university."

To support an ice rink and an NCAA hockey team, it would cost the university and its students money, but the potential result would be another successful school team and additional campus life options.

RAY BOLDEN: THE NEXT BIG THING

JIM FERCHLAND

Stony Brook sophomore wide receiver Ray Bolden took his talents from Moorpark Community College in California to the east coast, immediately showcasing his offensive prowess in his first season in the Colonial Athletic Association (CAA).

He finished second in the conference with 68 receptions and had 765 receiving yards (fourth in the CAA). He had five touchdowns (sixth in the CAA) and averaged 11.3 yards per catch (fourth in the CAA) in the 2015 season. In eight of his 10 games, he had at least five receptions for 50 yards or more. In three of those games, he recorded at least 6 catches for 100 yards or more. Even though, it was his first season, Bolden said he can improve.

"I've always been my own biggest critic, and I really do think that has and will continue to add to me as a player," Bolden said. "Until then I'm just looking to get better."

His statistics at Moorpark almost match those he recorded with Stony Brook, so it explains that he's ready to play at the highest level. In ten games at Moorpark in the California Community College Athletic Association (CCCAA), he had 802 receiving yards and five touchdowns. He was ninth in the league with 60 receptions and 19th in the league in receiving yards after his freshman year.

He is also a Texas resident, where football has a huge market. He led Euless Trinity High School with 410 receiving yards, and was a second team All District 6-5A, which is an accolade expressing how well he played in his community. But he chose Moorpark because of his position.

"No program following the close of my senior season was willing to take a chance on me as a wideout, every program at some point brought up the plan to make the transition from wide receiver to defensive back," Bolden said. "So I was advised to take a year to play on the JUCO (junior college) level and prove to programs I could not only play the position but excel at it more often than not."

He excelled at football in junior college, and when he transferred to Stony Brook, it was not primarily because of football.

"As for making the move to Stony Brook, it was more so just a blessing, a second chance at my athletic career

and education," Bolden said. "During my first few games at Moorpark, coaches took notice of my play and the offers, visits, phone calls, mail, all the things I didn't get to experience in high school started coming my way."

Coming out of a junior college program, Bolden had a self-focused mindset. When arriving to Stony Brook, he maintained the same mindset. After meeting the group of wide receivers, that completely changed.

"I really just wanted to add to the feel of family and not disrupt what was starting to be built," he said. "I really just wanted to do whatever was asked of me, that just so happened ended up being asked to take on somewhat of the number-one guy so I did my best to do so."

Wide receivers should develop chemistry with their quarterback in order to give the team a chance to be prolific. Redshirt sophomore quarterback Joe Carbone said that

Bolden was vital on the field and plays a significant role in the team's success.

"Ray was a consistent and reliable target who could get open in all different kinds of situations," Carbone said. "Ray is a vital part of our offense. He is one of the main pieces that allows our offense to click. We consistently work together throughout the offseason and there are not too many people like Ray Bolden. He's a special guy."

Bolden's main focus on football is execution. When the team is clicking, Bolden loves seeing his teammates happy.

"I enjoy seeing my teammates just enjoying success," Bolden said. "Coming back to a smiling sideline is the best thing to me as a player and I'm sure I could speak for everyone when I say that. Then knowing that you basically prove your staff right with play calling, and belief in the players they have out there is a great feeling as well."





GYMTIMIDATION, DEBUNKED

KERRY MURPHY

Gymtimidation. The term has recently come into pop culture to express a fear or nervousness about going to the gym. This is something that I, a regular on the elliptical and treadmill at the Stony Brook Recreation Center, would agree with in most cases when it came to going downstairs to the weight room. Nothing scared me more than the thought of people watching me work out. My brother has always been into lifting and has been trying for years to get me to go work out with him. Yet this insecurity always stopped me.

I was curious about weightlifting, and to finally settle my curiosity, I decided that I should try it. I set a mark: for two weeks, I was going to try and stick to a weightlifting and exercise program. My journey began where most journeys begin: internet forums. Thankfully, before I found myself in misinformation, a friend told me to look into the Stony Brook Strength Club, because they had resources that would be able to help me.

The Strength Club is a club for athletes of weight training sports including Powerlifting, Olympic Weightlifting, Crossfit and Bodybuilding.

"The Strength Club was a huge resource for me," said Jason Iannelli, a powerlifter and Strength Club member, on just starting out. From the start, Iannelli found the members of the club helpful, along with the books, training programs and videos that

became available to him.

The Strength Club has a beginners' guide that one can access from their Facebook page that offers debunking myths and links to different webpages that can help lead to the safe and correct information from people who are very passionate about what they do.

"It's hard as a beginner to sort through what's accurate and what's not," Sam McKay said. McKay is the Vice President of the Stony Brook Strength Club, as well as a competitive powerlifter. "We have a lot of good information on the Strength Club page."

One of my biggest concerns with attempting strength training was finding time in the day for it. I had assumed that working out would take at least two hours a day that I did not think I would be able to budget for.

According to David Karpf, a powerlifter and Strength Club member, it is best for beginners to commit to a workout regimen they know they can accomplish. "It doesn't have to be five days a week," he said. "There are plenty of three-day a week plans for beginners."

McKay echoed Karpf's point, saying that most people can accomplish their fitness goals by working out three to four days a week for an hour to an hour and a half. "That's a possible amount of time to commit to something," he said. "It's something that most people can

find time for."

So with my program and schedule laid out, I was off.

The first day I went into the Rec center, instead of making my usual turn to go up the stairs toward the treadmill, I stepped into the weight room. The second I stepped into the weight room, fear swept over me. The old fear that everyone would be looking at me came over me, and I wanted to turn around. Yet once I got started, I started to realize how everyone was focused on his or her own workouts.

"People are going to do what they want to do. You can't spend your time correcting everybody. You wouldn't lift," said Karpf. This was the most surprising part of my time in the weight room. I realized that the fear that had kept me away for years was irrelevant.

"There's a whole insecurity issue where a lot of people," Iannelli said. "It's good to have that mindset that if anyone is paying attention to you, they're not doing the right thing. It's not going to affect your training any more or less, but if anything, it'll hurt them."

"Nobody is going to be staring at you because you don't fit in, because, newsflash, no one fits in when they go to the gym. Nobody belongs there. Everybody is doing it for some reason. Everyone has their own goals in mind."



ASSERTING DOMINANCE

How the Stony Brook Women's Lacrosse Team Developed into a National Powerhouse

MICHAEL DESANTIS

Stony Brook University's women's lacrosse team is consistently one of the best in the nation. Five years ago, that would have seemed like a pipe dream.

Through 2009-2011, the team had posted an 11-35 record. Ever since former Stony Brook Director of Athletics Jim Fiore hired Joe Spallina to take over the head-coaching job, the women's lacrosse program has found annual success. The team has gone 80-17 during Spallina's five-year tenure.

"I think the biggest thing when you take over a program that's not successful is changing the culture and the approach of the athletes, the day-to-day operations and the way things are being run from top to bottom," Spallina said. "I focused more on what made me successful prior to coming here."

Spallina led the Adelphi University women's lacrosse team to three consecutive NCAA Division II national championships prior to joining the Division I level with Stony Brook.

"[Spallina's] a great coach now and in his past history," senior defender Alyssa Fleming said. "I knew I would get along with his coaching style. He makes you work your hardest and gets every ounce out of you."

Stony Brook has built a solid program

that focuses on defense, which has helped it win three straight America East titles. In that span, the Seawolves have statistically had the best defense in the country each year, as they've allowed the fewest goals per game total.

Stony Brook's defensive proficiency has allowed it to focus on generating more offense from the likes of junior attacker Courtney Murphy, sophomore attacker Kylie Ohlmiller and junior midfielder Dorrien Van Dyke.

"We've become a much better team on draw control," Spallina said. "When we win the draw, we can control the ball and play at our own pace, which has allowed Murphy, Ohlmiller and Van Dyke to get more touches on offense."

Murphy led all Division I players with 85 goals in the regular season and Ohlmiller (38 goals, 37 assists) had the second most points in the America East conference. Van Dyke had 45 goals and 16 assists.

"All of our attackers are incredible," redshirt senior defender Maegan Meritz said. "Just when I think [Murphy, Ohlmiller and Van Dyke] are at their peaks, I see them do crazy stuff."

Stony Brook's location provides Spallina with an advantage in terms of recruiting top-tier players, since lacrosse is a staple of Long Island.

"We haven't made it a secret that

we love Long Island kids and they're a huge part of our success," Spallina said. "On my way home, I pass five high schools that play high-level lacrosse. Those girls have an opportunity to play lacrosse in their backyard at Stony Brook."

In addition to talent, character is the most important aspect that the program looks at when recruiting players.

"I think the biggest thing for us early on in our recruiting is that everyone wants the five-star lacrosse player," Spallina said. "We're okay with taking the three or four-star lacrosse players with a five-star work ethic and work on developing them into a five-star player."

Murphy has become one of the team's five-star lacrosse players due to her offensive capabilities. Spallina was impressed by her abilities and sent her an email during summer after her sophomore year of high school in hopes of recruiting her.

At first, she had actually wanted to go to school as far away from home as possible. Murphy's father made her check out Stony Brook and listen to Spallina's pitch.

"Once I got here and listened to the plans and promises [Spallina] was making me, it was pretty impossible to turn down," Murphy said. "Currently,

LEFT: Stony Brook's Kylie Ohlmiller scores a goal in the second half of Stony Brook's 16-6 win over Jacksonville. CENTER: Players from Stony Brook's Women's Lacrosse team celebrate after freshman Mackenzie Burns scores her first career goal as a Seawolf during Stony Brook's win over the Jacksonville Dolphins. RIGHT: Junior attacker Dorrien Van Dyke scores a goal during Stony Brook's win over the Jacksonville Dolphins. Photos: Joseph Ryder

I think staying on Long Island was the best decision I could have made. I get to come home every Sunday and get my laundry done and Coach has lived up to all the promises he made me."

Even though the team has found success every year during Spallina's tenure as coach, his players see this year's squad as the best that they've been a part of.

"I feel like every year, we've been getting better and better ever since [Spallina] came," Meritz said. "I think it's the most talented team we've had. When everyone works together, it's the strongest team."

Spallina believes that what sets this year's team apart is its experience, rather than its attitude or skill level.

"Last year, the girls endured a lot of great experiences, like beating top-five teams," Spallina said. "With great power comes great responsibility, and being able to live with that pressure, we've been able to adapt to that this year."

The team does have a higher skill-level than it did a few years ago, which has blended with the girls' experience.

"When Spallina first got to our team, we had to rely heavily on hard work and desire," Murphy said. "Now that we're able to recruit higher profile players - when you mix that with our work ethic - that is what makes us

capable of competing at such a high level."

The team had a rough start this season, going 2-3. All of its losses were to ranked opponents in Florida, Northwestern and USC.

"We had a rough start in the beginning, but we've moved on past it and learned from it," Fleming said. "Those experiences are going to help us in the future."

"We've become media darlings in the sense we've kind of come out of nowhere."

The losses have helped the team learn its lessons and rebound. Since the loss to USC, the Seawolves have won seven straight games.

"Our team is heading into this last stretch of games extremely confident," Murphy said. "We hope to carry this confidence and winning throughout the rest of the season and into the postseason."

There's a high level of chemistry and unison on the team, which helps it overcome hurdles.

"The team genuinely cares about each other," Spallina said. "When they step on the field, they're united, and there's no individual goal that trumps the team goal."

Establishing the goal of becoming national champions was once a tall order for a team that Spallina had to take over in a scorched-earth fashion. The support that he's received from Director of Athletics Shawn Heilbron has been instrumental to the program's growth.

"It's been a great thing that we started almost from scratch; we've become media darlings in the sense we've kind of come out of nowhere," Spallina said. "Heilbron has been phenomenal. He texts right after games, he pays attention and cares. That attitude from the top resonates down to our players, and it's a great culture."

Mertiz says the team's success comes with a target on its back.

"We always have a ton of people who aren't going to be on our side, so we've just got to prove them wrong," she said.

ASH TREE

KRISTOFER BARR

Heart wakes me. I can feel it bleeding like a sea into some barren place far from me --- far, far away from the ash tree. Heart thumps and I feel like a post, heart beating and beating me into rough, trodden soil. Worms crawl against burned, aching skin. Wind and sound barely reach me, feeling like they have come from far, far away from the ash tree. The pain starts at heart and races, spreading from my center, radiating with heat. I would moan but mouth is dirt as well.

I don't want to move. Movement is life and I am dead - I know this as ravens know the sky and wolves know the forest. I know where I belong.

Yet impulses run through fingers - I still have fingers, some but not all. There is new pain that awakens when I try to move two middle fingers of my left hand. I clutch it, move this hand, squeezing the dirt. I lick lips dry as salt. Eyes I don't want to open but they fold of their own accord, greeting me with soil-sodden light, warm distantly. The left eye is dark, however. I reach my good hand to the socket and it is gone. Autumn leaves float stilled on the air and one lands on my face. I blow it and the dirt from mouth. With agony I shake skull and arms and legs from dirt. I turn towards the ash tree.

Steel, stone, soil. I am compelled by the elements of life to survive beyond the rending of my flesh. Bone, blood, belief. These are the parts of me I have to sacrifice. Far, far, away from the ash tree horses beat their hooves of bone, shod in iron, cresting the wake of each gallop like the breaking of waves. I know these pale horses ride for me. And the men that ride them in their mail coats huddle themselves in the wool of their animals making, crouched against the autumn cold.

Stakes in the ground raise the wan light of the torches. White chalk on the ground, configured in patterns swirling around the ash tree, cavorting in symbols only I can see, beckons to and repulses me. My one eye drowns in them, but I must look away. The flames of the torches dance to the sound of drums still beating like heart from moments past, before the ritual's completion.

The bones of my many brothers and my many brother's many sons litter my feet and crack and break brittle as I crawl towards the ash tree. Their empty blackened skulls stare at me accusingly but to them I pay notice little. Blood weeps from deep in chest, soaking through my armor and mail, bathing the ground and the bones beneath me. Blood drips from tongue and lips and the inside feels hollow and stricken. Air flows from between broken teeth in gasps.

I approach the ash tree. I approach the tree with no more leaves, burned and twisted. I approach the two leaking bodies of my enemy's sons, hanged at the neck from a mottled branch. Ichor, venom, lies drip from my enemy's sons and this I am at least gladdened to see. I hear the horse's hooves grow nearer, growing closer and closer to the ash tree like the rise of a tide. I have no time to mourn my brother's losses or my own. Work is not yet done. Price is not yet paid.

I reach the base of the ash tree and embrace its blooded soil. I take it in my hands again. Breath steaming in the cold grey, misted air, I stare up and up at the ash tree and heart beats fit to break from chest. The drum lies to the side abandoned amidst the bones of my brother's youngest son and it I take, dragging it towards me with broken hands.

Obey, I say. Obey, ash tree. I give myself to steel, I say. And with a short, curved dagger I cut myself. I give myself to stone, I say. And I beat two small stones together. I give myself to the earth, I say. And with lips frothed with cold and thirst, I partake of the blooded soil, cupping it in rent hands, and choking it down swollen gullet.

The lines of chalk begin to move, just as they did before. They eddy and flow and become like rivers, gliding beneath me and ash tee.

I have bone enough, I say. And I take up my brother's bones and beat them on the drum. The flames dance and sway to the beat. I have given blood aplenty, I say. I believe and I demand the destruction of my enemies, all of them, the ones who took to the killing of my daughter, her husband and her

son, who were of my blood, the end of my line. I demand the blood price. I scream at the ash tree. Heart races screaming with me.

I point to the hanging bodies. I have given you his sons, I scream, and with his blood I demand as I did before you took all from me the price, the blood price, as has been paid in blood and blood again. Give me, ash tree, give me vengeance on my enemy!

I feel earth as it moves and I move with it. The tree rages, curling and twisting with the winds, spinning its twin hanging refugees like dancers on a wedding day. Leaves leave ground and climb through the air and dance with them in the maelstrom. I am animal, lips foamed in rage and sickness, body torn and empty.

I gave you everything, I say, louder, louder than the hooves of the creatures and their masters flowing into the grove with the ash tree. I gave you all! My life and my brother's life and the lives of my brother's sons! I am old and cannot pay the blood price in return, the destruction of my enemy's armies, the destruction of his clan and all his bloodline. Blood for blood I demand the price! All of him for all of me. Finish what you started!

The animals beat closer as heart beats fleeting. My enemy's horses stir in the wind, wild and afraid as their masters. They reach closer and closer to the ash tree. Yells, screams, pain. I hear it all but for a moment.

Limbs are torn from me. The one eye remaining falls from my socket and spins into the wild winds and I see everything, the bones, my enemy, mail clad and afraid as he should be. The flames burn bright and brighter. My form is wrecked and broken, skin and blood spinning off into the sky and the earth and the wind howl like a mad, crying beast and asunder a thousand times over is the world torn.

...

They would later find nothing of the scene but bones. Bones around a blackened ash tree.



DON'T YOU DARE HIDE

RONNY REYES

I was only four-years-old when I first met the rug of black sun.

My parents came across it somehow and decided to take it home, thinking that it would fill our living room with a sense of intercontinental culture.

It was a simple rug, one with a striped pattern in both horizontal and vertical directions. The horizontal stripes were colored a dark brown, and the vertical stripes were simply white. Triangles, squares, and circles found themselves littered across the rug, each of varying size and shades of grey.

Such an accessory would definitely make one's family glow with culture, the type of culture that let others know that the owners of such a rug had traveled throughout the world and picked out that specific rug because of its rarity and worth.

Truth be told, my parents just found the old rug lying somewhere in a bodega, collecting dust and providing sustenance for a family of moths, but the rug of black sun was in surprisingly good shape for a piece of wool that was treated as nothing more than trash on sale for 8,000 sucres. My father, being the genius businessman that he claimed to be, got it for only 5,000 sucres, a little less than a dollar at the time.

And so the rug of black sun came into my house, prominently hung in a glass frame as though it were one of Picasso's lost masterpieces.

My parents called my two older brothers and me to admire their latest acquisition, but my reaction was different from my brothers'. Both of them looked at it with unimpressed eyes as though they were already accustomed to the trivial purchases of our parents, realizing that the rug was just a passing trend that would soon be replaced by another impulse buy from another roofless bodega.

On the other hand, my eyes widened and tears began to fall. The horrifying rug brought about the greatest sense

of fear in me, greater than the fear I would feel inside the hole I was destined to fall in, the airplane that would carry me to a new continent, or the people who would mock me for the color of my skin.

I screamed and yelled, knowing that the rug would steal my soul if I kept looking at it for even a single second longer, so I ran away to my room.

As I dried my tears, the image of the rug burned itself into my memory, and I realized exactly what had caused all



those tears and all those screams to come out of me.

What I feared was not the brown and white stripes, nor the little, grey shapes that filled the rug.

What I feared was the black circle in the center of the rug, a circle with a smiling face—created by two, white, doughnut-shape eyes and a white smile. That smiling face was like an eclipse, a bringer of death that brought destruction onto those who dared to look at it for even a second.

My living room became a forbidden place, one that needed to be avoided at all times. Every day, I would dash

across the room that housed the rug of black sun, making sure that its eyes would never land on me as I imagined myself running so fast that I would appear as nothing more than a blur.

"Damn. I almost caught him," the rug would say.

Although my parents were frustrated by the inconvenience of my reaction to the rug, they never took it down. It went together with the ambience of the room much too well.

And then one night, the rug of black sun came knocking at my bedroom door.

"Let me in," he asked in a deep baritone. "Let me inside."

"No," I yelled as I hid beneath my sheets. "Go away."

"I won't. Can't you see what I am," he asked. "Can't you see what I really am? You keep calling me the rug of black sun, but you're wrong. I'm not a rug. I'm a blanket."


"You're a rug," I replied. "You're a liar and a rug."

"You hide underneath your sheets to protect you, but they can't protect you. Only I can protect you. So let me in. Let me lie there with you and protect you from the real monsters. You can hide in me, and I will destroy anything that gets near you."

"Go away!"

I began to cry as the rug continued to knock at my door, and then his knocking turned into a rhythm, a drum, for his song that would be sung every night until my next birthday.

"Don't you dare hide from me," he sang. "I will protect you, always. If I wanted to, I could crawl through this door. Am I a blanket or a rug? There's only one way to know. So let me in and embrace me. Then you'll know what I am. Am I a blanket or a rug? There's only one way to know. Don't you dare hide from me, and always remember. I will protect you, always."



Giddy Up

I have had a friendship with a want to be cowgirl for
eight years and each year she becomes more striking.
She has helped me through all of my problems and dried my suffocating tears.
Never once did my mistakes change her opinion of me.
I have always been to her liking.
I have to admit, she provokes my nerves.
She is feisty, has the tendency to be melancholy,
is a word twister and she can do a three-sixty in months.
Although she can infuriate me, there is not a time when
I don't enjoy her company. Our friendship is stronger than any man
I have let hold my hand. In her art, her eyes, and heart I can see that our bond is
potentially everlasting; it is grand.

Sa, Say I Do

A marriage should be long and strong.
Either can do no wrong in love.
To face all obstacles that come along.
Means that love is love, when push comes to shove.
A man commits to a woman.
To stand by her in sickness and in health.
He says yes I will; yes I can.
It does not matter if she has no wealth.
But if I may be so bold as to say
If one cheats and lies, it dies.
The marriage may end that one sad day.
When the heart breaks it cries.
With true love there is no deceit.

COURTNEY GERACI



THE LAST SUNDAY IN MARCH

I have decided to rewrite the clock.
Scraping off the numbers at
half-midnight, or,
twenty-second September, or
the last phase of
the waning moon.
Failure has scrubbed clean the
markings on my calendar windows;
The day looks different in
empty white squares.
Sometimes my face feels strange, like
the things happening on it are
lagging,
the story I am telling
two steps behind
the tale as it happens.
Everything in my look suggests
the workings
of the past.
For months I'd avoided
the old haunts,
town square, schoolyard,
where people who
knew me once
would see me now
and know,
once more.
Every morning I find myself
missing the old faces —
not the names and speeches, but
the rounded chins and
square-framed glasses,
the sweat and sweetness,
silly innocence.
There was a time when
the whole world was my
best friend,
trees reaching out,
spring's warm embrace,
flies tearing my ankles like
friends sat around a feast.
Things are happening in
starts and stops again,
moons for car headlights,
lipstick bleeding onto glasses,
the thrill of
posh restaurants
where I can't foot the bill.
I am learning to take things
one day at a
time,
and the world is starting
to turn
again.

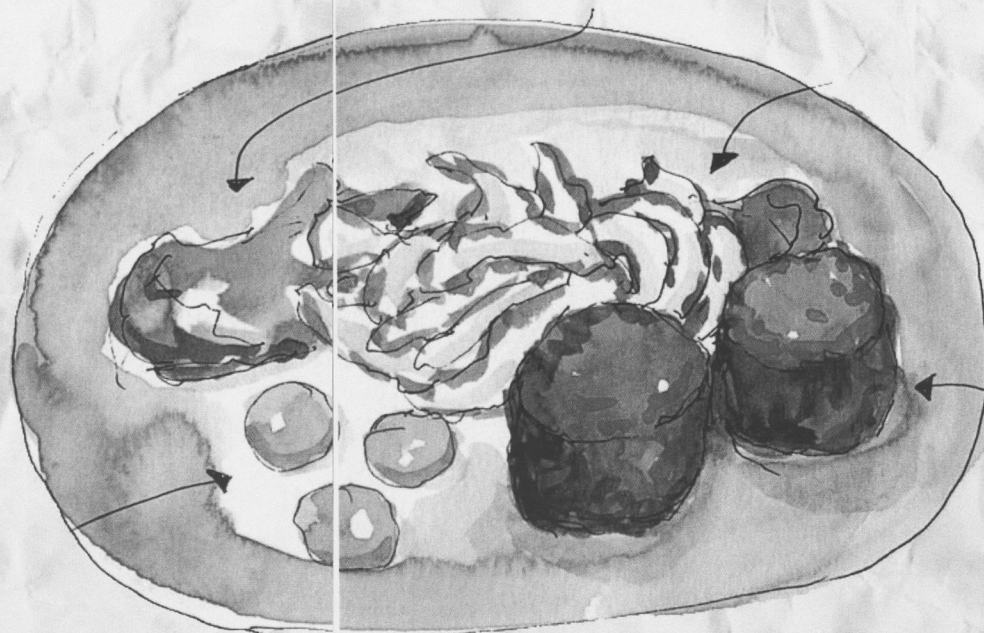
THOUGHTS OVER DINNER

She says she's not ready to be
in a relationship right now. I don't
understand that phrase —
Are you not lonely enough, not
wanting to be loved enough?
I have been drinking but
something in it doesn't sound right, like
when my ears ring at night and I
keep it a secret, because
I don't think I want to know why.

Dinner with friends is great because
if the conversation goes sour, you
focus on the food, and if the food
is ghastly you focus on the conversation.
That's always important to me, to have an
out, an
escape plan always set in mind. I left my
friends to
go to the bathroom, I am desperately ner-
vous, at all times.

We order the drinks, we
laugh the right laughs, we
hit a pause and return to the food. Every-
thing is going
according to plan. I like this role, the
socialite, or the heiress, or the
star in the sky locked in a larger constella-
tion. Being alone
makes me start to twitch, but
I work to keep my face perfectly calm.

A joke is told, the next
roll of thunder, laughter —
Sometimes I contribute after
thinking through what to say.
I like this, casual warmth, spring morning
sensation;
my feet shake beneath the table but
my grin looks very good.



SUNDAY WALK

There is something inherently
sad
about Sundays, the way the week descends
like music
to its final notes.

I hate
that I am always walking,
considering
the distances like
theoreticals
in my mind.

I wonder if the snails should
pity or envy us,
the ease with which they can
tow around all that encompasses
their little lives.

Then again, we have the option to
leave home
if we'd like;

I wonder if they ever
yearn
for the same.

In my family home we had a
problem
with slugs, incessant intruders on
pink summer nights.
My dad would show us kids the way that
salt
dries their skin bare, sears out the life
from their collapsing forms.

My siblings and I would watch on
in wonder,
asking if maybe we
could pour the salt
this time.

Twilight sun between buildings,
caught across telephone poles —
light of changing, light of decimation,
the dawning of the moon, or the
turn
of a new planet.

An old love told me that life
was different
at night;
I can't possibly stand
those kinds of sayings anymore.

Wet gravel gnaws at my shoe's soles,
wearing me away
from the bottom up.

I used to like this feeling, the constant
walking,
scratch of sidewalks,
starry night.

Time
is slipping out from under me —
I'm beginning to fear I may
fall
off the Earth.

COURTNEY TAYLOR

A voice cries out in the wilderness, moaning like a doleful ghost up the hilltop from down the slope. My eyes get blocked by clouds of dust, curtains of earth glinting. Bright, white. Heat. There is no smell here but dry earth.

About a hundred yards down the slope, I can see it. A purple cloth tied around the bole, flapping low and rapid, forlorn. The curtains go back and forth. It shows between the curtains, sheeting across the slope. Like an upside down smile, showing and not showing, shuttered between bands of it.

The voice cries out again. The ghost, the ghost. I start walking down the slope toward it. For a little while there is no sound and no feeling but the specks of dust gathering between my back and shirt.

When I'm about halfway down, I see clouds start to mass up gray and primordial. Then the ground starts turning dark in little spots, slow at first and spreading like a Fibonacci. The sky flashes. I run down the slope, getting nearer and nearer to it. The ground plashes under me.

When I get to the tree, I can hear it again. Rain slants against the tree, biting into it. It's broken up, glinting at intervals, like spider silk. Then it picks up and smooths out into a bluish sizzle. It sputters and crackles against the dead wood, electric. The sky flashes. The profile of the tree jumps out against the flash, black. I hear it again. I don't want to but I get down in the pit. He's there, huddled over and whimpering, head topped with thorns. There is nobody here to watch him die.

The sky flashes. Shalom, he says to me. And he shuts his eyes.

MATT BOOSE





BUMPER STICKER PSYCHOLOGY

KYLE BARR

There was a dead moon at the end of the interstate.

It sat so low in the sky. From behind houses, buildings and trees it disappeared. On the straightaways it returned. Every slight turn on the road brought it across the car's windshield in a broad arc. It was a stationary target on a long and unending range.

It wasn't a full moon, but less of a crescent. It looked as if something had torn pieces from it. It was fixed so stolid in position, jacked up to that loose space among the black of a starless, clouded night. A horror film without the dread. Like the moon, somebody had replaced it with melancholy.

Sweet melancholy for the cars along that interstate, a stretch of pavement housing shells of metal and shells of people. Cooped up into hurtling boxes with their radios turned up high. There were so many ways to ignore the world along a highway. Take away the life, the homes, the stores, and remove the people to an enclosure where they bake in emotions. Put them into a state of Schrodinger-like design, halfway in between place and home, neither anywhere nor really in their seat, somewhere far enough away.

It was a dead moon. Its face could have had an orange color, but instead it had faded like a fall leaf decaying on the forest floor. It was brown then, so deep it was wet there in the sky. So low it could not hold itself up, ripped apart and thrown to the edge of the world.

And there were characters, of course. So many it becomes disconcerting. Every single one of those people may fear so many different things. Their worried faces are hidden behind black glass and headlights. Nobody is a person then. Everybody becomes personified. Those people in the cars around faceless, dehumanized. Like ants, like watching ants. The one that was braver than the rest moved in and out of lanes. The depressed, or the old, or the paranoid, or the panicked driving at the just the legal limit. The missing, the lost, just pass by. Each could be a story, but they can't. They are as alive as their cars, cocooned and hibernating in metal and leather.

Every plot is defunct; they fly away much too fast. Every element and metaphor disappears down an exit.

The 'I' dies with their stories. The 'I' is as much as any one of those other cars. Pointless enough to play bumper sticker psychology, as pointless as calling a brown moon dead.

The 'I' was there. Somewhere in between the cushion and the dashboard, engulfed in loud music, turning that space into a sweat box of sound. Dehumanized and given purpose, moving from point A to point B. Given the task of following a moon that will never come any closer.



NATIONAL ANTHEM

RENATA TSYMBALYUK

They were heading west, endless miles of highway blazing under the wheels of the powder blue Impala. The worn leather seats stuck to the bare skin peeking out of the girl's white summer dress. She looked out the window at the seemingly infinite New Mexican desert drowned in red by the setting sun. They'd been on the road close to a week now, passing by strip malls and gas stations in search of the place where the sky glowed at night and the famous danced with the rest.

She turned toward the man on her left. Blue eyes, square jaw, he gripped the steering wheel. She stared at the window behind him for several moments.

"You hungry?" he asked.

He veered right, not waiting for an answer, and several minutes later they stopped in front of a small diner. Flickering neon signs advertised double supreme burgers and milkshakes. Gravel crunched under her white sneakers as they made their way toward it.

"What can I get you?" The kindly waitress asked.

She was in her late 50s with exaggerated red lipstick.

"Double supreme burger for

me, order of fries and a vanilla milkshake for the lady," the man quickly answered.

She brought their food out. The girl watched the man bite into his burger.

"How are the fries?" he asked. "Remembered they're your favorite."

She hated fries. He reached over and grabbed one, dunking it into ketchup.

"Good, aren't they? You want a drink? I could have one, but I'm driving."

He continued on, looking at her in between bites. She looked through him at the window. It was dark, and the neon lights cast flickering shadows on the gravel.

"We should settle in for the night."

He pulled a few crinkled bills out his pocket and dropped them on the table. She hardly touched her food.

A few miles down was a seedy motel, all grimy white paneled walls and vacancy signs glowing blue. He jiggled the key and jimmied the door open, revealing a queen sized bed with white sheets and yellow wallpaper. She stood under the unsteady stream of hot water in the shower. She thought about her parents. Her father had

wanted her to go to college, get an Associate's degree and work in an office somewhere, taking calls and making appointments for rich men in suits. Her mother wanted her to go to church, get a husband, and have small children who would make macaroni necklaces and draw on the walls. She wondered what the purpose of it all was.

"What's taking so long, doll?" the man called from the room. "Get over here so I can see those pretty blue eyes," he said in a way that had nothing to do with her or her grey eyes.

They hadn't known each other long but he had a car and she had soft hands and pretty hair, and after his lady love left him, he was quite lonely. So they went, off to the golden coast, hoping to discover whatever it was they were missing.

That night, their small bunny eared television flickered. All over the country, bunny eared televisions were flickering. This national phenomenon was the first of a series of peculiar events which led to the end of all we know. The next morning, as they had their toast and coffee, orbiting satellites were picking up signals of unknown origins. While the man tossed their duffels into the trunk, government





astronomers and mathematicians had confirmed the signals were extraterrestrial. By the time they pulled up into a gas station a hundred miles away, President Nixon was giving a national address about our newfound company in the universe. The man stopped to smoke a cigarette.

"...hope to form friendly relations with our galactic cousins. We have much to learn from them, and we can only hope they are willing to educate us..." Nixon's voice blared from a nearby radio, cutting through the smoke like a razor.

The entire country was abuzz. Tens of different diners, countless plates of fries, yet the conversation never changed.

"Maybe they'll teach us interstellar travel. Maybe they'll end world hunger. Maybe they'll tell us what the purpose of it all is."

When these mysterious visitors finally presented themselves, their fat, bristly faces were on every television set in America. They weren't what we expected. They weren't completely alien as to be entrancing, nor were they beautifully angelic. They were simply ugly.

After the great reveal, the talk changed.

"They're so small and hairy. I have a bad feeling just looking at them. They're probably up to no good."

They called themselves the Tralfamits. They spoke fluent English and Chinese. They claimed their own planet had been in plentiful harmony for tens of thousands of years, and they had come to share their secrets with the Earthlings. Soon, their ambassador, a particularly fat and hairy Tralfamit, was holding biweekly meetings with the Congressional Committee of Energy and Natural Resources, claiming to know of a cheap sustainable power source.

Their planet, which was 4.8 million-light-years away from ours, had four moons and two suns. They picked up on one of the many radio signals we were always sending out, and reached us in roughly five months. They had no use for weapons, prisons or mirrors on their planet. Free education was universal. All citizens were first class citizens. They claimed to have the highest standard of living among all civilized races of the universe. We gave them a truly patriotic welcome. Protests emerged, stuffed muppets burning, "Go Home Ugly Aliens" in bold black letters against white backgrounds, American flags

waving in the background.

Perhaps they deemed us hopeless. Perhaps they were just sensitive. Perhaps they found us bloodthirsty and malicious. Perhaps they were too. The girl and the man were sitting in the car when it happened—a high pitched hum, followed by complete and utter silence. Soft white snow began to fall, despite the summer heat. The car wouldn't start. The girl got out and touched the snow collecting on the hood. Not snow after all, but ash.

She watched as he dug around the hood, black oil staining his hands. Fruitless efforts—the car was long gone. The man walked over and grabbed her hand in his. He smiled.

"Just you and me now, doll."

She looked at him, at his pretty blue eyes which she knew had never once seen her, and let go. Wiping her greasy black hand on her white dress, she grabbed her sneakers and continued walking west. The setting sun cast her shadow on the highway, a shadow much bigger than her, bigger than anything she had been, but not bigger than the vast plains of land that lay ahead.



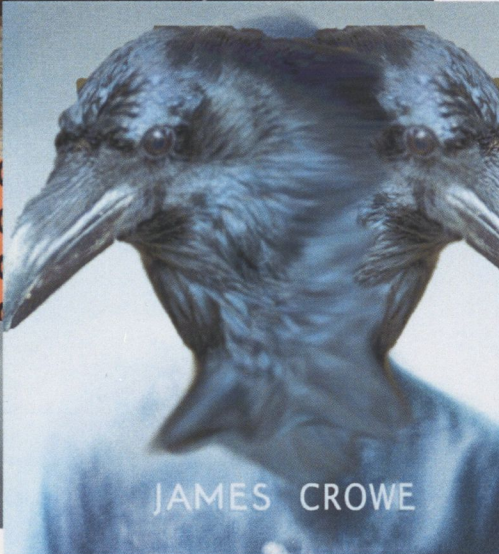


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DAVID CROWIE

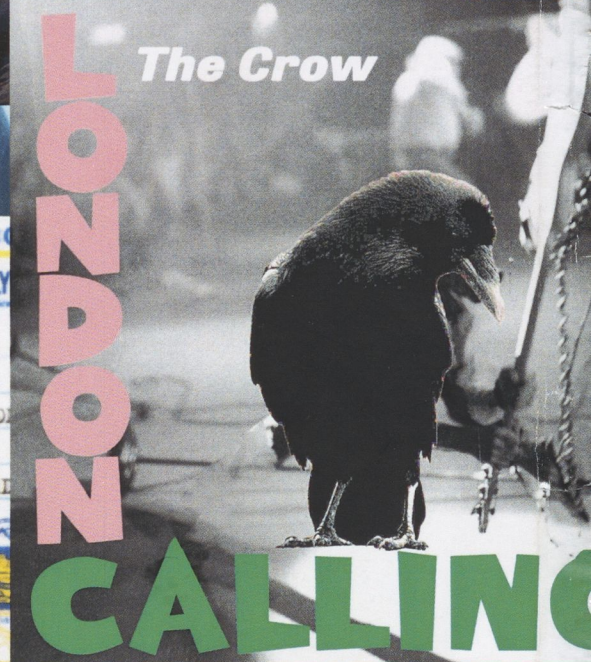
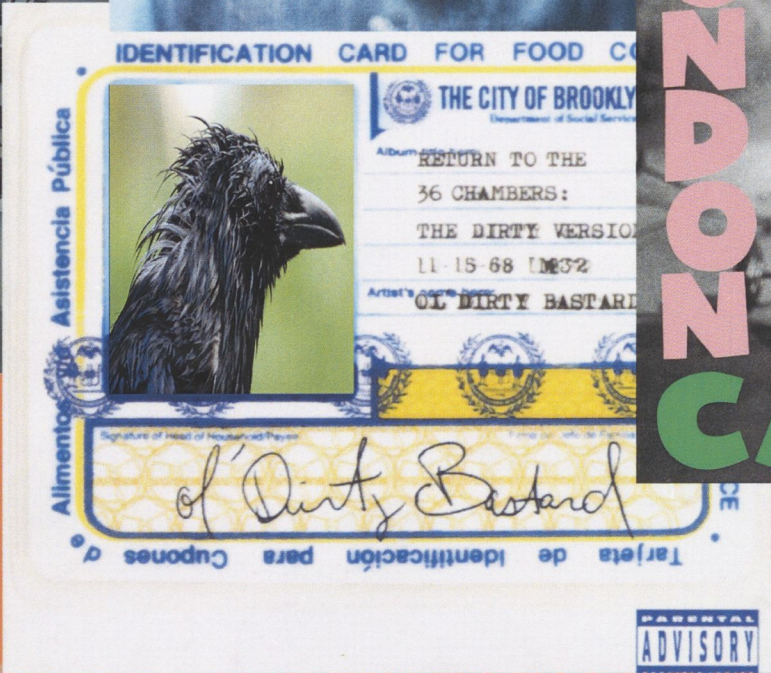
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