

THE | STONY | PRESS BROOK |



October 2016
Vol. 38 No. 3

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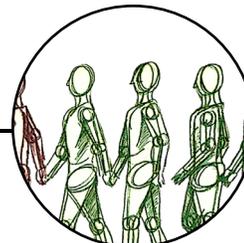
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Cover by Jay Shah

The Press is published monthly during the academic year with funding from the Student Activity Fee. Staff meetings are held in SAC 307k at 1 p.m. on Wednesdays. Contact us at editors@sbpress.com. First copy free, contact business manager for more

From the Editors

We fucked up. Specifically an editor who won't be named fucked up the scheduling and we had to spend an ungodly amount of time putting this issue together. A burden of love? Probably. We'd love to get paid for this but no one's offered to do it yet. And when we put the whole issue together we realized that we didn't have an editorial and more importantly, we realized that we didn't have a booze revooze.

And we definitely didn't have a page to spare for the booze revooze, so we came up with a solid solution to our Gordian knot. So for the booze-addled (and the legally over 21 crowd) here's a quick revooze of our executive editor's favorite booze, Bud Light Lime.

Okay, so let's get this out of the way: we totally forgot about this and had to pull this revooze out of our collective asses. The original plan called for St. Ides or Listerine, but we couldn't find either last minute, so we just scavenged the closest fridge for a cheap beer. And hidden behind some frozen cream cheese we found a single bottle of Bud Light Lime. Not only did we find the piss water-iest of piss water beers, we also decided to go the extra bargain-bin route and share a single Bud Light Lime between seven people.

We pulled out our trusty dixie cups and poured out a shot's worth of Bud Light Lime. It might just be the smoothest beer that's ever graced our lips.

First and Only Shot (we only had one Bud Light Lime):

"Like a cool ocean breeze on a Mexican beach crawling down my throat."

"I would imagine toilet cleaners would taste like this."

"It feels like there's a second layer of piss surrounding my gums."

"Tastes like 'bud'ter."

"I'm already getting tipsy."

Final Thoughts:

Everyone absolutely loved Bud Light Lime. This revooze is absolutely not written by the one person in the entire organization who loves Bud Light Lime, so we can swear that this is totally worth the 10 dollars you'll drop at the 7-Eleven across the train tracks.



thank yous

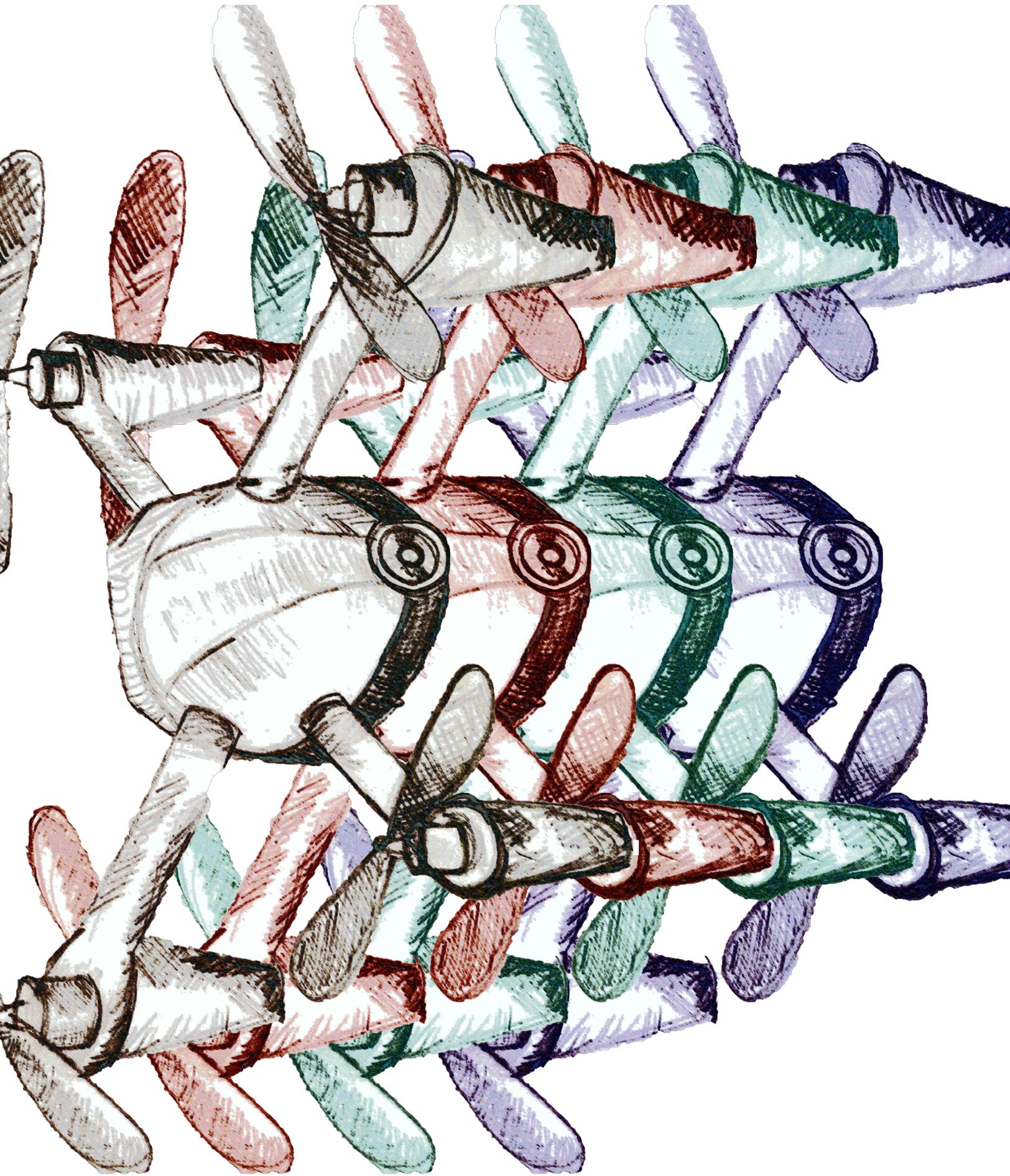
- Bud Light Lime
- Lucille 2
- Cutthroat Kitchen
- Vaccuums
- Mismatched Socks

fuck yous

- Kenneth Bone
- Negativity
- Swipes
- Cheap Erasers
- Pumpkin Pie

post postscripts

Aaron Carter needs to get off his high horse. He didn't actually beat Shaq at basketball. I'm 90% sure that it was all just for the music video. How much money did Shaq have to get paid to throw that match? We need answers.



DRONES! DRONES!!

DRONES!!!

CIARA DENNEHY

Madagascar, the island country approximately 300 miles east of southern Africa, is home to nearly 21 million people. Out of the entire population, 76.5 percent live below the poverty line, which is only \$230 per year. There is no way for them to afford healthcare. Even if they could, the remoteness of many villages makes them extremely difficult to reach. Many villages are inaccessible by car, and some villages may take between five and nine hours on foot to travel to each way.

This summer, Stony Brook University's Global Health Institute and Vayu, a company that builds aerial vehicles designed to transport materials over difficult terrains, used drone technology in Madagascar to improve the country's overall health care.

Veronica Tuazon, an undergraduate at Stony Brook University, studied in Ranomafana, Madagascar last winter. "As soon as I got off the plane at Antananarivo and through customs, children were coming up to me or banging on the bus window to beg for money," Tuazon said. "The majority of people living in Madagascar live in serious poverty. I visited a remote village that was a two hour hike from any main road, and the people there live in huts, harvest rice, and take care of their many children. Nobody had electricity, plumbing, or any type of technology for that matter. They live off of the resources that the environment has to offer."

Making History in Madagascar

Because of Stony Brook's Global Health Institute's partnership with Vayu, on July 27, 2016, for the first time in history, a drone was used to transport clinical lab samples from the remote village Ranomafana to the ValBio Research Center in Madagascar.

Dr. Patricia Wright is a primatologist, anthropologist and conservationist. She has spent nearly three decades studying the social and family interactions of wild lemurs in Ranomafana. Wright is the founder of Ranomafana National Park in addition to the Centre ValBio research facility in Madagascar (where the lab samples are sent). She was there when the first drone landed and described the excitement that overcame the villagers. She explained how the villagers were warned that a drone would be landing. They would have been scared if they had not received the warning, for many of them have never even seen technology before.

Children were coming up to me or banging on the bus window to beg for money.

Wright explained that the first trip was mostly to collect blood and stool samples in order to see what medications they would need. Some of the diseases they are testing for include Tuberculosis, Malaria and Guinea worm disease caused by a parasitic infection. "If we know what it is they are sick with, then we can work on getting them the right medication," she said.

Paving the Way to a Healthier Future

When most people think of drones, they probably picture a small, remote control Toys-R-Us piece of plastic that flies for 15 minutes then dies or gets stuck in a tree. The Vayu ones are a little different. The drones used in Madagascar are about the size of a picnic table, with a 40 mile flight range, enough to get the medical samples from the village to the ValBio Centre in Madagascar within only one to two hours.

When asked about the impact she thinks these drones will have on villages, Tuazon stated, "I think the drones will be extremely beneficial for these villages. At the research center, I had the pleasure of getting to know the three person medical team in Ranomafana that goes out on expedition for weeks at a time, all food and medical supplies on their back, and travel to these remote villages to provide care. These drones can help teams like the one at Centre ValBio have faster access to better medical supplies to continue their amazing work."

The drone is strategically made so that it can transport medical samples safely, so they are stored in the body of the aircraft and secured in. After all, the Vayu drones are meant for difficult terrain.

Advances in technology have been made for hundreds of years, and just when you think things can't get any more advanced, these drones come along and take things to a whole new level. Before this achievement, "Villagers would go to a traditional, witchy healer when they got sick and that wouldn't really work. Now they have access to real, modern medical care," explained Wright.

ARTWORK BY WINNIE WONG



CABARET

JAY SHAH

Their voices echo down a quiet hallway, laughter and German accents punctuating the din emanating from a nearby water fountain.

Inside a brightly lit room, a dozen or so students sit in a loose circle. They ruffle through thick binders, turning pages in unison. The group dissolves into chaos when a German word is too difficult to pronounce. Inside jokes and jabs are thrown across the room before the director brings calm. "Say it with me: Nol-Len-Dorf-Platz."

Pocket Theatre has been producing plays, musicals and shows at Stony Brook for decades, but this generation of thespians had to completely reset their plans after the rights to "Into the Woods" fell through at the last minute. A newly announced "Into the Woods" national tour forced Pocket Theatre to find a new show to perform, throwing weeks of planning into disarray.

"We cancelled rehearsals for 'Into the Woods' and met up with the production team," Kara Doyle, the president of Pocket Theatre, said. "We sat down and made the decision to move to Cabaret."

The director, Brian Bernhard, originally wanted "Into the Woods" to have artsy and magical overtones, but the move to "Cabaret" forced him to take his original ideas and envision them in a new context.

"I'm heavily into the design aspect of pocket theatre," Bernhard said. "The design plays off the actor and the actor plays off the design to create a unique relationship between the sets, the costumes and the props and the actors on stage—I really try to unify everything together."

This emphasis on design led to the decision to transform the audience's seating area into the Kit-Cat Club, the stage being built right in the center of the audience.

The show has dates from December 2 to 4.

ARTWORK BY WINNIE WONG

Cabaret is a sex, dark and fun provocative portrait of life in Berlin, at the turn of 1940, which is when the Nazis came in and took over. So it's a portrait of what life was like, at the moment, right before the explosion of the Nazis taking over and the Holocaust happening. It's not normalcy. It's this incredible tension in Berlin and Cabaret is trying to give you a slice of that, that you can digest. And it's giving you actual people, so that you can really feel the feelings of what these people felt, right before the Holocaust and right when it breaks.

- Kara Doyle



On playing Sally Bowles:

She devotes her whole life to the cabaret and a lot of what 'Cabaret' is, is watching Sally give too much to her job as a performer and lose everything else in the process.

- Kara Doyle



On playing Herr Schultz:

He's kind of a victim of the society as it's transforming into a more Naziist society. He's a victim of what's around him. Even though what he wants to do is marry the woman he loves, he can't because of his religion and the way he's being persecuted.

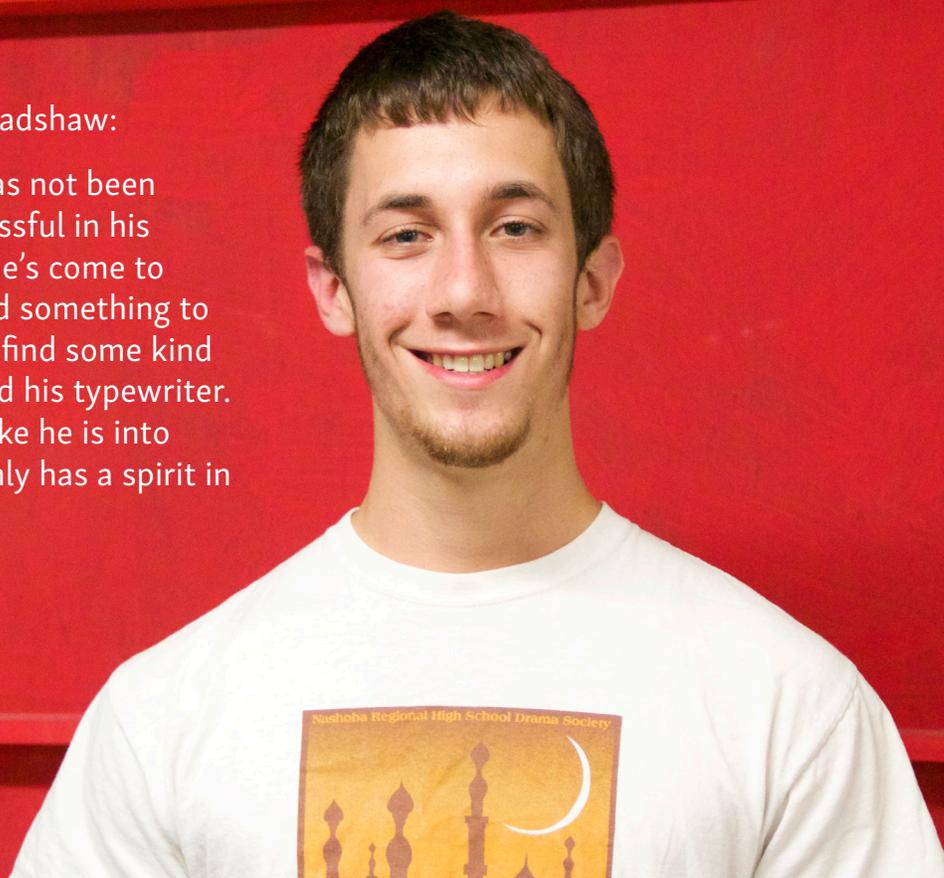
- William Melendez



On playing Clifford Bradshaw:

He is an author. He has not been altogether very successful in his authoring career, so he's come to Germany to try to find something to write about, to try to find some kind of success with he and his typewriter. Right now, it seems like he is into having fun. He certainly has a spirit in him.

- Tyler Plaskon



On playing Fräulein Schneider:

She's an old woman, and I've played a ton of old women, but it'll be interesting as the play goes on, because Fraulein Schneider does fall in love with Herr Schultz, but she has to pull herself away from that when she sees how the political climate is changing in Berlin.

- Courtney Taylor





THE UPSIDE DOWN

KEVIN MATYI

The tunnels underneath the academic mall at Stony Brook University have an almost mythical status. Most students seem to know something about them, but almost no one knows anything concrete.

Some of the more popular myths are that any student caught in the tunnels is expelled, and that the tunnels connect every building on the academic mall.

Despite the illusive nature of the tunnels, campus media shows that they have a storied history, with various mentions in the Statesman and other publications from the 1970's to the present.

Several of the stories confirm with official sources that the tunnels are for utility pipes like steam and electricity going throughout the academic mall, and that students are not allowed in the tunnels under any circumstances.

Some of the more interesting mentions of the tunnels include when a student died by falling into an open manhole and when Suffolk County police took a

student in the Red Balloon Collective, the communist club on campus, into the tunnels to escape students who were throwing rocks at them.

Clearly the tunnels are more than just a myth. But what is true, what is false and what has changed since they were last seriously reported on more than two decades ago?

Louis Rispoli, Associate Vice President Facilities and Services confirmed through an email to Lauren Sheprow, Stony Brook University Media Relations Officer, that the tunnels exist "under the academic core."

Rispoli also said that "The tunnel system was constructed in the 1960s as the campus was being developed. The main purpose then and now is as a route for all major utilities to our academic buildings. Within the tunnel system are utilities such as high voltage electric, high temperature hot water, natural gas, chilled water, high pressure steam and domestic water."

The University Student Code of Conduct

also confirms that students are not allowed in the tunnels. Page 16, section 5c states, "No student shall enter into or upon any restricted area...Restricted areas include but are not limited to tunnels."

Deputy Chief Bruce Redden of the Stony Brook University Police Department said that the University's policy on the tunnels was the police's policy.

"We have had incidents where people have been arrested down there in the tunnels," he said. "I'm sure that we've also had plenty of referrals for people found in the tunnels."

However, he checked the crime records and found nothing about the tunnels as far back as last February.

Redden also confirmed that the police patrol the tunnels on occasion, saying "I remember, while still working as a patrol officer, going down into the tunnels."

Outside of occasional patrols though, he said that "our officers go down there when we need to or if we receive a call

in reference to something that either has occurred or is occurring down there."

However, Stony Brook's tunnel system is far from alone. The 1982 Statesman article mentions that "SUNY at Albany has maintenance and delivery tunnels, used by all members of the campus, especially in winter."

Adam Janover, a 20-year-old Nanoengineering student at SUNY Polytechnic Institutes Colleges of Nanoscale Science and Engineering, a campus which started as a college at SUNY Albany, gave some insight to Albany's tunnels.

Clearly the tunnels are more than just a myth.

He said that the tunnels go throughout the equivalent of the academic mall, although the tunnels from the residential quads to the mall were sealed off, and also noted that no bikes or skateboards are allowed (although he said that people ignore this rule), maintenance workers frequently use the tunnels to get around in small vehicles, the tunnels are significantly warmer than the buildings and "often contain dry air," each academic building can access the tunnels via a basement entrance and the tunnels are well-lit and a safe way to cross campus alone at night or in poor conditions.

However, the Stony Brook tunnels are different. Sheprow confirmed that students were not allowed in the tunnels "because these utility systems are dangerous to the untrained. Therefore - for safety purposes - only authorized personnel are permitted."

Also, a sign on a door leading into the tunnels warns about asbestos. Probably not a good idea to go looking around inside.

1970

The first mention of the tunnels. The Planning Coordinator, Alfred Ryder, talked about the initial construction of the tunnels, including why the trenches were so deep at the library and so narrow near the Biology and science buildings.

The article also said that "The tunnel, which will be 10-foot-high and about 15-foot-wide, will house electrical and telephone circuits, as well as pipes for water and steam."

1972

The University was building "underground maintenance ducts" as part of an overhaul of the campus to allow for further future growth, which "will enable maintenance men to correct all utility problems much easier than they are now doing." A large part of the plan for the tunnels at the time was to connect all utilities to a single control panel so that it could be easily operated by a single person.

1973

One of the tunnels' most infamous moments. A student fell through an open manhole near the Earth and Space Sciences building and died of steam inhalation. At the time, the campus had several steam outlets because the steam conduits in the tunnels were already deteriorating, despite only being 10-years-old, according to the Statesman's editorial on the topic.

1984

Various sources cited that the tunnels had pipes for hot water and gas and that they "were not meant for pedestrian traffic" and restated that the tunnels go throughout the academic campus.

Robert Francis, vice president for Campus Operations, said that the hot water pipes carry water up to 375 degrees, the cold water pipes have water as cold as 41 degrees and the electrical cables carry "an excess of 33,000 volts."

A police officer quoted in the article said that anyone caught in the tunnels would be subject to criminal trespass charges and that the doors to the tunnels were alarmed.

"They're dark and they're not safe," he said. "If you fell or got hurt down there, no one would know."

The article also mentions that the Suffolk Police took a member of the communist organization on campus, the Red Balloon Collective, down into the tunnels in 1973 to avoid students who were throwing rocks at them while they arrested the student for participating in a sit-in. However, the students knew the various entrances to the tunnels, and so they met the police every time they tried to resurface.

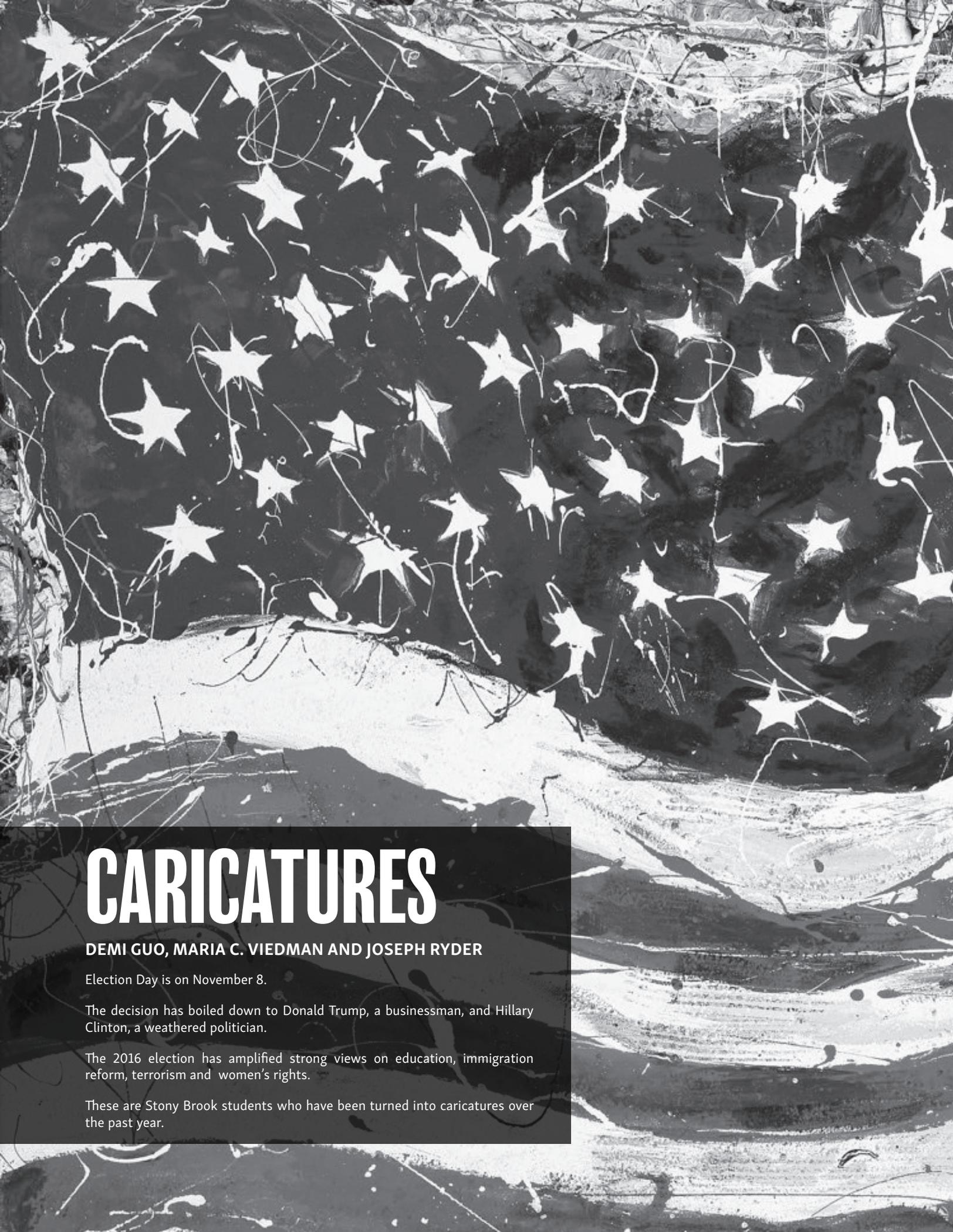
1991

This article confirms again that the tunnels are for utilities and not accessible to students. It also states that the tunnels are 16-foot-wide and 12-foot-tall with police officers patrolling twice during an eight hour shift and had recently been cleaned to make sure they were up to safety standards.

2009

A blog called The Basement Blog gave some more information, such as confirming that the tunnels are designed for ease of access to utilities. It also gives some description of the tunnels, such as that the steam pipes make strange sounds and cause the tunnels to feel like a sauna.

The blog also states that the outer limits of the tunnels are Staller Center for the Arts, the Engineering Quad, the Computer Science building (now the old Computer Science building) and the front of Kelly Quad. The blog also alluded to "tunnel runners" who have learned the tunnel system well enough to navigate it and know the potential dangers, such as avoiding the extremely hot steam pipes.



CARICATURES

DEMI GUO, MARIA C. VIEDMAN AND JOSEPH RYDER

Election Day is on November 8.

The decision has boiled down to Donald Trump, a businessman, and Hillary Clinton, a weathered politician.

The 2016 election has amplified strong views on education, immigration reform, terrorism and women's rights.

These are Stony Brook students who have been turned into caricatures over the past year.





UNEDUCATED

Mo' Tahir - "Being a student at Stony Brook has allowed for me to be involved in several minority organizations. I've been on campus for four years and have personally seen stereotypes negatively impact these minority organizations. Events that the student body used to love such as Latin Weekend, Black Women's Weekend, and the Homecoming step show have been met with limited resources and support and thus have become less prominent events on campus. To see these powerful events dwindle through time has been especially sad for me."



ILLEGAL

José Hernández - "When I would go to the mall at 'expensive' stores they would treat me different than others who were mostly white to the point that I had no service at all. In school I was told to just apply to community colleges because all Hispanics just go there. And at work I was told to watch my mistakes by my boss (a white guy) because I was an illegal immigrant, which I'm not."



ASKING FOR IT

Lauren Weisburg - "I've had a lot of experience with the stereotypical sexism. Like, I should take cat calling as a compliment, and somebody actually told me that I look like I'm 'really asking for it in that top' and stuff like that. I actually tried doing a protest in my school to teach proper sex ed and consent in health class to all sexes and genders and in reference to all relationships, and the principal took it away and said it was inappropriate."



TERRORIST

Jaskirat Singh - "Well, besides being called a terrorist and stuff, a lot of Sikhs, especially recently, have been victims of violent hate crimes. Because some person, who has no idea who we are, thinks we are Muslims and furthermore that we are terrorists. Maybe they think they're protecting the country. I guess that's the extent of ignorance. People are scared, but they don't know what they are scared of, so it's easy to point at someone who looks different and assume."



CHINATOWN GANGS

DEMI GUO

德華武館



KIUNG FU

Once the grounds of a Chinese-Italian gang affair, the storefronts and doors of Bowery are crammed together in a wall of reds and greens. Jerry Wong first turns toward a storefront.

He buys grapes, greets the grocer as he weighs them and makes a turn into a sliver of the wall that only the trained eye can see. This next turn is through a door. Then it's up the sunken stairs to the third floor where the grandmaster is waiting.

He passes the bag to the grandmaster, Eng Tak Wah, one of the last inheritors of Lower East Side history. There are some things that will never be seen in gluten-free New York again, or at least seen running open in the streets: death contracts between martial artists trying to open their schools, Little Italy's men calling "Hey buddy!" from their perches by Columbus Park, the meager women distributing their sons to grandmasters. "Don't let him become a bad boy," Wong's mother said the day she took him to his own master, Grandmaster Wai Hong.

Wong was too young to understand in the 70s and 80s, when martial artists signed documents to properly welcome a newcomer who wanted to start a school, that no proper master was allowed to open a school without a fight to the death.

But to prove one's worth in the Kung Fu world over and over was always a given, even before masters like Eng and Wai, Wong's master, brought them into gang-ridden New York. This was true even before Eng decided to privilege his students with a taste of Fu Jow Pai—the only Kung Fu of its type in the world—and provided students with a home, not only in his one-room studio on the third floor of a sliver in the wall, but also in their own bodies.

"It's like learning a sign language," Eng said. "Training your body. Learning a story."

Fu Jow Pai goes back to the "third quarter of the 1800s," according to Fu-Jow Pai: Tiger Claw System, a 50th anniversary compilation of Wai's research by Eng and the Fu-Jow Pai Federation, Inc.

tracing back two generations of master-and-student, it was an old Shaolin monk who taught Wong Bil Hong, a Cantonese martial artist, the Black Tiger System, or "Hark Fu Moon," the precursor of Fu Jow



Pai. In China, a country where martial artists were bodyguards and, in the 1800s, anti-government rebels, these teachings were carried out in secret. The relationship between a master and student had always been exclusive, with each master choosing few or even one student to carry on their own unique brand of Kung Fu—but with the secret societies butting heads in political warfare, the monk's name has been lost to history.

But the new generation of Chinese-Americans is different, Wong said. Now, the younger students want to just look at their phones. Their attention spans are too short to willingly hold a horse stance for 20 minutes.

In Chinatown, where the culture of Wai's Kung Fu was exacerbated by survival—when every young man had to learn or

be beaten by the Chinese gangs—Wong wonders why young Chinese-Americans dissociate themselves from Kung Fu.

Maybe it's because of pride, maybe it's an association of China, the country, with obsolete things, maybe it's a determined farewell to Chinese stereotypes. It is a matter of Chinese-American identity in 2016.

It's the lack of support from parents, Chuck Yuen, a Jow Gar master, said.

The world was different in 1957, when Wai opened up his school. It was impossible to walk into the deli without speaking the Toisan dialect. Walking down an alley meant getting shanked. Women were sparse. Little Italy held Canal Street. Chinese people could not walk into Italian territory.



“You could stand at the corner of Elizabeth and see all of Chinatown in one day,” Wong said.

But it’s different now. Tourists swarm Chinatown’s half of Canal Street. Gentrification is setting in, and instead of holding onto Fu Jow Pai in its entirety, Eng peters it out to his students. It keeps them coming back, satisfying their impatience. But if they leave, they take with them every secret of the age-old martial art.

Roberto J. Funes was a cop before he was a disciple. He was a soldier before that. And even before that, he was just a kid from Crown Heights. Now he swings a cane in Chinatown. The black ink of his tattoos gleams once in the din—screaming the Warrior Ethos in a quick mantra of “I will always place the mission first, I will never accept defeat, I will never quit, I will never

leave a fallen comrade”—before his arm swoops back towards his shoulder. He has been practicing under Eng for three years.

Bill Carnay remembers Jan. 12, 1992. The retired Marine was, in some ways, looking for peace alongside the discipline, integrity, respect and honor. He spoke to a friend before doing what he does now—striking with a cane, dipping and breathing into a horse stance. That friend was the person who helped him find this part of Chinatown in 1992. “That,” he says, “is when I met this man.”

To learn Kung Fu is to find inner peace, Eng said. You get “more discipline. Respect from the neighborhood.” And for veterans like them, it is a way of learning catharsis rather than simply finding it. Some people, he said, they sit in the bar. “They drinking. They want to escape. No way to run.”

But for his students, they learn to heal themselves.

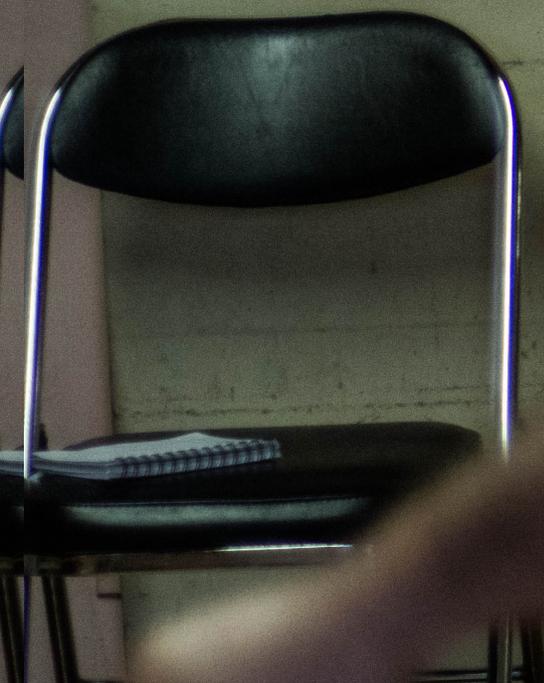
“Everything has gotten better,” Carnay said. He practices at least from five to 10 minutes a day. In the dim light of Eng’s Bowery studio, he leads. He tells Joseph Orlando, a student, which way to strike his cane, how to strain his triceps just enough for a punch. Between long eyelashes, silver hair and a soft voice, he looks every part a man who has found peace with himself in Kung Fu.

“It’s a quest for knowledge,” he said. “Then you go back to the beginning and you learn even more. I have a lifetime to go.”

Funes learned Tae Kwon Do in Korea, in ‘89 to ‘90.

Eng has taught him different styles:

BLACK BELT



美國 北螳螂武術學院
PRAYING MANTIS MARTIAL ARTS INSTITUTE

Certificate of Appointment
Praying Mantis Martial Arts Institute
1988



自設通佛牌
春李佛

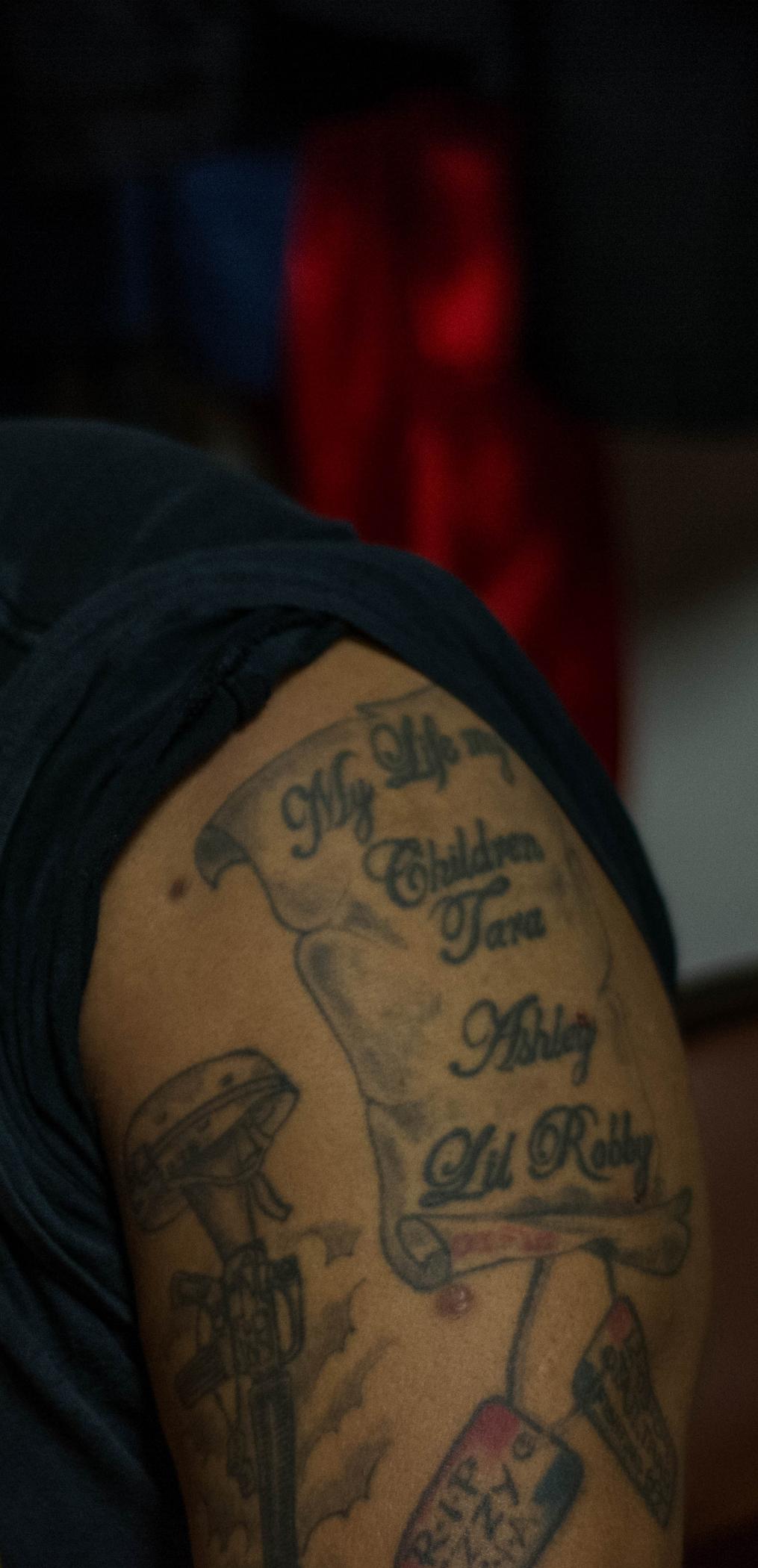
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30	31						





KING FU





Shaolin, Hung Gar and Fu Jow Pai. "I feel privileged," he said, "to be able to think about all the masters in the past who practiced it."

He wants to pass it onto his four children. But for the meantime, he said with a half-smile, he wants to practice it and let them see that he is doing something with his life.

He strikes a strong figure against the filtered light of Eng's windows—when he throws his punches (slowly, ever so slowly, to control the way his muscles clench), the Warrior Ethos, a part of the Soldier's Creed, flares black under the tattoos dedicated to his fallen comrade.

Orlando's parents met in Sunset Park, at Eighth Avenue. At the age of 31, he is the youngest in the studio on Tuesdays. He has moved between Elmhurst, Freehold and Morganville in New Jersey, and now lives in Manhattan. But he has come back to Eng's place, where he started as a shy teenager drawn into private lessons by parents and a lion dance performance.

"It's always been a part of my life," he said. It's useful and practical, especially now that he is an actor, working on movies like the 2013 "Snowpiercer" and the 2017 "Okja." But still, he said, "it's an art. And the arts usually tend to get sidelined."

On Sundays the studio is full. There are at least 15 people crammed into one room. At least Eng has a studio. Schools like Wong's, run by Wai, practice outside in Columbus Park, where Chinese people were once forbidden to enter.

Everything is clutter—the students, the paintings on the wall, the plants and the wooden dummy at the window; and even more so in Eng's office, where between chairs and piles of stationary, the wall by the door is marked with the heights of his growing students since 2013.

There are children, high schoolers, young men like Orlando and middle-aged men like 48-year-old Funes. Regardless of the children lying on the floor with their phones, regardless of the space they share, people like Orlando return.

They come back.

A HAUNTING

ANTOINETTE ACOSTA, JANELLE CLAUSEN
AND ALYSSA MOLANO

A rotting corpse garbed in green and a blood sprinkled white plaster mask emerges from foggy darkness, sledgehammer in hand. A man with a fake gun creeps through body bags hanging from the ceiling of a narrow hallway. A zombie tour through a dead living room, butcher kitchen and a bloody bath tub awaits.

Beyond there, at a fridge with bloody entrails, a woman with red hair, gory cheek bones and blood coating her otherwise white uniform growls. Her face is slightly yellowed, complemented with red spatter, as she holds a hand axe. Then comes a guttural hiss from a powder-faced man in a ripped green coat with gloomy red paint on the edge of his mouth. His expression is sullen.

The Dark Colony is the biggest attraction, a 10 minute rendezvous in the woods that calls for nearly half of the cast members. It tells of a cult living in the woods after they were banished by the Huntington Station townspeople from the early 1800's. The dark, backwards, shanty living spaces promises a chilling and disturbing experience.

These are just some of the horrifying scenes—along with Dr. Bane's Klownitorium and Shack of Screams—one can expect to see at the Restless Souls Haunted House Complex, that opened on Oct. 14. It's sandwiched between three places: a church, Walt Whitman High School, and, of course, a real graveyard cemetery that visitors can see while waiting on line to enter the forest.

"It's a 200-year-old cemetery," Aidan

Finnegan said. "It rounds out the creepy natural atmosphere that sets us apart from most other haunted attractions."

Todd Iredell, 46, was the man that started it all six years ago. As a member of Huntington Station's West Hills United Methodist Church (UMC), one of the few LGBT-friendly churches on Long Island, Iredell suggested starting the Restless Souls Haunted House as a way to fundraise for the church.

"It's a small church," Iredell said. "They were having some problems financially. We were at a meeting and I said, 'I know what to do! We'll have a haunted house and everything will be okay.'"

It wasn't until Iredell met Aidan Finnegan, 19, that the small fundraiser grew to the three attractions that they have been working on, while also working twenty hours a week for the past seven months. Alongside Iredell and Finnegan, other collaborators include their third partner, Anthony Zero, and Iredell's wife, Colleen.

This year, all proceeds will be donated to the West Hills UMC for the construction of an elevator that will make church handicap accessible. The "Small Church with a Big Heart" that focuses on revitalizing youth will also receive benefits. "All are welcome," the members of the staff said.

Restless Souls Haunted House is a major operation, usually featuring around 45 actors and 65 volunteers. The basement's costume room has numerous props like costumes, dolls, face paint, a tombstone, bloody pumpkins, and a six foot green tentacle. The caskets on set are real: a

local 80-year-old woman and Dracula lover volunteered to creep out of one to scare visitors, staff said.

One of these 45 actors is Wayne R. Carty, holding a fake brown cat with flashing red eyes as he spoke. Carty, an Oyster Bay resident, has been in the acting industry for over 20 years. He has played the role of Santa Claus multiple times in addition to his scarier roles. Now retired, he is a public leader and speaker in West Hills UMC. He portrays a menacing zombie here at Restless Souls and might even be on the Walking Dead television series next season.

Before assuming this horror role, he worked a decade for the Bayville Fire Department's haunted attraction. Hurricane Sandy caused over \$20,000 in damage to the performance equipment in 2012. Now, Carty is busy getting into character for his new role.

"Wcheeouououooo," Carty said, his signature zombie dialect accompanied by direct eye contact with his victim.

For this event, Carty carries around a medium sized flashlight and a walkie-talkie in case of an emergency, adding yet another role to his acting resumé: Zombie security agent. He clearly enjoys working with all of the actors for this event. He can be caught smiling when he is not busy sneaking up to unsuspecting targets.

"As with any large event, we have to be prepared for anything," Finnegan said. "We're all just here to have a great time and support a great cause."



GHOSTS AT OLD BETHPAGE

REBEKAH SHERRY



The Hewlett House, built in the 1800s, was home to several members of the Hewlett family and their slaves.

It is dark and foreboding from the outside, even on bright sunny days. The house is painted white, weathered away by years of wind, rain and snow. Its blue shutters open up to broken and dark windows. A peek inside of the house from the front porch reveals a dusty sitting room and a faded but elaborate Victorian-era couch on one side of the room. Across from it is an unused fireplace.

In the dining room there is an unfinished cross stitch sewn by Phoebe Hewlett in 1787 reading, "When I am dead and laid in grave and all my bones is rotten, when this you see remember me so that I may not be forgotten."

This house, considered to be one of the most haunted houses in the village, is rarely open to the public.

Old Bethpage will be holding its Halloween Haunted Tales events on Oct. 21, 22, 23, 28, 29 and 30. There will be ghost stories, fire jugglers and the famous Coney Island Circus Sideshow.

Joanne Graves, a retired historical interpreter from the village, used to conduct spirit hunting tours around the village. On one tour of the Hewlett House, a fellow historical interpreter was explaining to the group how the Hewlett's slave quarters was upstairs in the attic. After the tour, a girl came to Graves and told her that during the presentation she felt someone's hands running down her body and touching her inappropriately.

The girl was black, and Graves' explanation was that slave owners back in the day felt they could take advantage of the black women they owned.

Perhaps this ghost singled this girl out because he felt he could take whatever liberties with her.

"I was really pissed off, like how dare you think that you could just do that?" Graves said

As she was telling this story Ken Arena, another worker at the village, exclaimed that he felt something touch his head.

Graves began recording supernatural occurrences at the village about 20 years ago. Over the years she's collected an arsenal of different ghost tracking devices: two voice recorders, a k2 ghost tracker, a device that picks up differences in electromagnetic waves, a thermal gun, as ghosts tend to be around in colder areas, and a laser grid gun. Supposedly ghosts standing in front of the lasers can be seen by ordinary people.

Graves agreed to meet with me and attempt to contact some of the spirits.

"Captain Charles," Graves called. "Are you there? Or is it you Lewis?"

As she said Lewis' name, the lights on her K2 meter fluctuated for a second from green to red. Later, as I was listening to the audio I recorded from our session I noticed a interference with my recording. There was a high pitched electronic, almost buzzing, sound at times as we walked through the house that almost always coincided with fluctuations in Graves' K2 meter.

As we walked through the house, Graves recalled a friend of hers taking a picture of the house and seeing the face of a screaming child, supposedly a little boy, in the window.

"Is there a child here with us?" Graves

asked. The K2 meter fluctuated from green to orange. "If you come really close to this grey box, you can make all the lights light up, all the way up to red."

After a pause, the K2 meter did light up all the way. At the same time, my audio started buzzing again.

As we continued trying to speak to the little boy, there were times when the clicking and buzzing in my audio interference gets louder and more noticeable.

"Did you touch the back of my head, little boy?" Arena asks.

The meter goes up to red and orange.

We continue to the second floor of the house. There is one point in my audio after we open the door to one of the closets in the house where the buzzing interference gets extremely loud, almost louder than our voices.

Although we didn't hear any voices, that day Graves told me of several instances where she would listen back to her recordings and hear voices.

She told me one story where a fellow worker at the village was absolutely taken with a portrait of a man named Jonathan in one of the houses.

"She kept going on about how handsome he was," Graves said.

A few months later, she captured a recording of someone saying, "Johnny, so handsome."

Graves describes the spirits as people with sensibilities similar to our own.

"Imagine you're in a big room full of people. You're going to choose to talk to people who seem open and approachable."





THE OCEAN VOID

RONNY REYES

Ever since I was a child, I could see the damned at the bottom of the ocean. If you ever preyed upon your fellow human being, if you betrayed the one person whom you promised your loyalty to, if the pain of the innocent was the only thing that brought you joy, then you were condemned and thrown into the ocean, where the weight of all your sins would drag you to the very bottom of the black ocean floor. Without light, the condemned lost what little humanity they had, and the sinners became beasts who fed on each other.

And I could see it all. No matter how deep the ocean floor was, my eyes could pierce through the darkness of the cold, blue waters and bear witness to the actions of these monsters of the deep, these Wicked Ones. Before he died, the old shaman told me that I was given these eyes for a reason, and so I became a storyteller whose only tale was a cautionary one. Every day I would stand in the middle of the island and warn everyone of the fate that would befall them if they were to sin. But because no one could see the things that I could, my words fell on deaf ears. And so everyone lived their lives believing that the sinners who were thrown into the ocean would merely drown, ignorant of the true hell taking place just a mile off shore.

Simon was the most likely to be thrown into the ocean, for his rebellious attitude and disrespectful nature earned him a reputation as a sinner despite never actually committing one of the three sins. He had fallen into the ocean the previous year going after an enormous fish that could have fed his family for a week, and while everyone believed that that would be the ending to the story of the rebellious young man—yet another cautionary tale to tell—Simon's body did not sink. There were no sins to drag him down; the young man was innocent.

But his innocence garnered him the hatred of all those who did not wish to admit that they were wrong about him. In their eyes, Simon had cheated God's test. And in my eyes, he would soon be forced to fail God's test. So I warned him. I begged him to listen, to leave the island and sail off somewhere, a place where they did not throw their sinners into the ocean. But he wouldn't listen.

"If they want me to die at the bottom of that God-forsaken sea, then let them try," he said. "I have done nothing wrong. I have committed no sin. No matter how many times they throw me, I will never sink."

It was true. Simon had the weight of no sin to drag him down, but they found another way to sink him. While he slept, they went into his home and tied two rocks around his ankles. Although he lacked the weight of sin, those two grey stones would be enough to pull him down into the home of the damned. Once I discovered what they had done, I used Simon's ship to go into the ocean and try to find him. And what I soon found was Simon at the bottom of ocean, trying his best to remove the anchors and escape the depth, but he was not quick enough. The Wicked Ones had already reached him, and all at once, they smothered and strangled him until I could see nothing but a pile of beasts on the ocean floor.

Despite their cruelty, neighbors were able to look each other in the eye and go on with business as usual. I believe that the shroud of night hid their faces from each other, that way no one could know who was responsible for the innocent man's condemnation. During Simon's funeral, the guilty were able to stand before his parents—whose grief had aged them and greyed their hair—and offer them not an admission of their guilt but condolences for having a child who sinned and needed to be thrown into the ocean.

Simon's parents, Vivian and Kamez, asked me to see if their child was truly lost in the depths, and I told them that the Wicked Ones had already gotten to him. I could not lie, nor could I tell them the sins of their neighbors. The revelation that their friends, their neighbors, killed their innocent son would bring down the wrath of Vivian and Kamez onto the guilty. If they were able to throw at least one person into the ocean, then that person would sink and invite the revenge of a loved one onto Vivian and Kamez, whose other children would then go on to avenge their parents. A never ending cycle of hatred and vengeance would consume our home and destroy the island that throws its sinners into the ocean. So like everyone else, I remained silent, promising myself that I would take the truth to my grave. But the town's darkness returned a year later.

One night, someone shook me awake. I opened my eyes to find that it was Simon. In the entire history of our town, no one had ever returned from the ocean floor. In losing their humanity, the Wicked Ones were unable to find their way to the shores and back on land. They were trapped, wandering forever in the darkness of the ocean floor. But here he was, Simon, standing in front of me. His body was bruised and pruned, purple and wrinkled like an old raisin. With its scars and mangled tissue, Simon's body told the story of the Wicked Ones who had gotten to him—how they beat and clawed his body, attempting to gouge out his eyes and tongue. They ripped apart his hair, hair I once envied, and every last eyelash was plucked from his now blood-red eyes. To me, he seemed half-fallen, trapped between a state of man and Wicked One, but he was still Simon. My eyes still saw Simon.

"How are you here," I asked.



"I need your help," he replied, ignoring my question. "Tell me where my boat is. I need my fishing line."

"Not until you tell me what you plan to do with it."

"What are you thinking," he asked. "Are you worried? When I was down there, I wanted to find all those who threw me into the sea, tie them up all together, and throw them into the sea. That was the one thought that kept me alive for the past year. I survived the Wicked One's torture. Every day they brought me to death's door, but they never wanted to kill me because it would mean the end of their fun. Do you know what it feels like to be killed a hundred times but never die?"

"So you wish the same pain onto them?"

"Not anymore," he answered. "I realize now that I should have heeded your warning and left this island. That's what I plan on doing. But first I need your help. I need you to help me free a Wicked One."

"Why would you ask such a thing from me? No one knows their cruelty better than you. I saw how they ambushed you. I see how they feed on themselves. The Wicked Ones are capable of nothing but cruelty. Why would you want to free one?"

"Because one of them freed me," he answered. "One of them pushed the others away and broke the stones that anchored me to the bottom of the sea. She saved me. Is that what a Wicked One would do? To sacrifice oneself is to be human. That is why I choose to sacrifice my vengeance for her freedom. Your eyes let you see them, so you must know that such an action warrants a chance for redemption. Although she still is a sinner, she is no longer wicked. So will you help me?"

I could not say no to this man. If a Wicked One had in fact saved Simon's life, then

a chance at redemption was the least I could offer. These eyes let me see into the depths, and after years of witnessing nothing but the worst in humankind, a single act of selflessness had been committed in the place where no light could ever reach. Perhaps this is why God gave me these eyes, to find someone worth saving.

So Simon and I went off on his boat and began to peel his fishing line in half, doubling its reach into the ocean. We peeled each line again and tied the four pieces together, certain that although it was now fragile, the string could touch the ocean floor.

With my eyes, we found the Wicked One that had saved Simon, and we cast the line and watched as it sank lower and lower until it reached her. She looked up and grabbed the line with both hands. And her accent was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. Although her skin was pitch black and her eyes a pale blue, she began to resemble a human being the closer she came to the surface. Her skin became smooth and its natural almond color, her hair no longer resembled the algae of the sea as it regained its dark luster and silk-like texture, her eyes came to life with the color of honey-like amber, and her lips softened and became as bright as rubies. As she climbed, I could see her sins washing away, being left behind on the ocean floor. She was human.

Then I saw that below her, where the line towards salvation began, other Wicked Ones began to climb. But unlike her, as the Wicked Ones ascended, they remained the same. They were carrying their sins with them, and their weight began to put greater strain on the line. Simon's savior began to panic as terror and damnation began to take their grip on her.

She climbed faster and faster, but the

Wicked Ones were much too quick and caught up with her. Simon yelled at her to ignore them, to continue climbing, for she was the only one of them absolved from sin. The Wicked Ones would either be trapped on our boat or sink trying to reach the shore, but something took hold of her—fear.

She began to kick those beneath her, sending them back into the darkness. She kicked wildly, angered by these sinners who threatened to steal her redemption. As Simon witnessed her rage, I could see that his faith in her was broken. She was no longer the wicked angel who had saved him from perdition. Every kick she gave, every sinner that fell back into the ocean, slowly erased Simon's belief in her salvation. And so her wild kicks were too much for the thin line to handle, and it snapped. Simon's savior shrieked in horror as she plummeted back into the void along with all those still attached to the line. And as they fell, the shadows began to swallow them, and they slowly disappeared into the darkness of the ocean floor, a darkness so deep that I could no longer see them.

I said farewell to Simon, who sailed off in silence. And I watched him disappear into the horizon, to a place my eyes could no longer reach. I realize now that my eyes were not meant to be used to judge the wicked, but simply to bear witness. Although I can no longer peer into the darkness of the ocean floor, I can still hear something. From time to time, on especially cold nights, I can hear the voice of Simon's savior, praying for a second line to make its way into the ocean floor. I remember how she looked, how she kicked, how she screamed, and now, how she prays. She is human.





SPEEDY ORTIZ

JAMES GROTTOLA AND LEI TAKANASHI





Stony Brook University's Graduate Student Organization brought in rockers Speedy Ortiz and Rick from Pile earlier this month for the first Stony Brooklyn show of the semester.

Rick from Pile opened the show at the LDS Center with a great solo set performing some of Pile's best cuts and some new solo material. Speedy Ortiz headlined the show and played a powerful hard rock set with songs like "Dvrk World" and "Tiger Tank" from their past two albums Foil Deer and Major Arcana.

After a great show we were fortunate enough to get a chance to sit down with Sadie Dupis of Speedy Ortiz with our friends at WUSB. You can check out the interview below.

Question: For making Foil Deer, you locked yourself up for like a month in your mom's house, apparently?

Sadie: And it wasn't like a dungeon set. I did go visit my mother in the woods and I wrote the record there mostly.

Q: How was the writing process for that?

Did you have a lot of songs beforehand or did you write the entire album by yourself?

S: There were like two songs that predated that month and then the rest was a lot of me. There's a beautiful lake where my mom lives. I'd go swimming, write a song, maybe go walk a dog, write a song. I tried to write like three songs a day and then we'd pick the best ones.

Q: That's cool. How was that process, of you writing these songs and then interacting with the rest of the band? Is it democracy, is it "I wrote these songs, they're mine, we're doing them."

S: Yes and yes. It's both things.

Q: A lot of songs revolve around melody and it's really interesting. Is that what you focus on more, is it just what you focus on more, just creating melodies?

S: When I write the songs generally I write by recording so I'll make a demo that's pretty fully fleshed-out with all the other instruments on it. And when we'd all meet up, we'd started to figure out what's working and what should be changed and

what would be better if like the part was changed.

Q: I have a question about your safe space policy.

S: Yeah! They posted it at the show tonight. That was really cool.

Q: I've heard other people talk about it. I know some bookers who've been using it at their shows.

S: Yeah. I've seen a few venues have started since we came either start posting policies or either to post a phone number that physically shows.

Q: What's the backstory behind that? Was there a reason or did you just think it was appropriate or necessary, or...?

S: As someone who attends shows regularly there've certainly been instances in which I felt unsafe in the crowd and didn't know what to do or how to get help without escalating the situation, so I let things go or left the show, even. And then as you start to build esteem as a musician, you wind up knowing

people with venues; or you're performing yourself, and you know who to talk to and how to get help. I think our basic feeling was: we have this privilege of knowing how to get to security at any given time and might as well post a phone number so that if anyone's experiencing a problem at the show, we can get them in touch with the right people, or bring them backstage if need be. So, we made a hotline number that forwards to all of our phone numbers as well as any to our manager, or send an engineer who might be with us. And that way, if someone is experiencing a problem in the crowd they can get in touch.

Q: The policy's actually been emulated by bands like Modern Baseball and expanded upon with bands like PWR BTTM and mandating—

S: Gender-neutral bathrooms, which I love.

Q: So how is this kind of role of acceptance like a kind of responsibility for artists in indie music, where we're a more accepting crowd?

S: Modern Baseball and PWR BTTM are two for sure. I know I wanna say Say Anything might have done this or at least they contacted us to try to figure out how to set it up. I think obviously it's not either necessary or viable for every person on tour to set up a hotline. If you're on tour, just yourselves, like four musicians playing in a band, you're not gonna see someone's text from a stage. But if you've reached a level where you do have a bit of sway, basically to tell them you just sort of demand this. I always think it's important, if you have any platform, to use it to better other people's lives, and that's sort of why we've been wanting to do this. And it's been cool to see certain venues, not just even in the US. In Europe and the UK as well, we'll meet with the people who run the venues and they'll say they've never even considered doing this; but now we've instituted our own phone line, or they'll start posting their own policies or who to talk to if you do need help.

Q: Well, I want to talk about Sad13. What made you want to do a solo release?

S: I had a month off. That was really it.

Q: *laugh* that's a pretty good reason.

S: Yeah, I had a month off from touring and being on the road all the time is like I can't write on the road at all, so I wanted to use my month off well, and it turns out I made a record.

Q: Great, what would you say the themes of the record are?

S: Concern, women supporting one another, tearing down heteronormative BS. What else, what else? Surviving abuse, what other cool themes? I use some cuss words. MIDI.

Q: But where do the themes come from? Are they from personal experiences, just things you think about a lot?

S: Personal experiences are collective experiences that are often perceived as personal that may be derived from systemic problems.

Q: I'm assuming that you think it is important to battle these issues, but how do you feel that music can help battle these issues?

S: Yeah, I certainly gravitate towards political music, especially to have some of these subjects approached in a more pop format. Because I think a lot of the punk bands that have been important to me, it's more common to hear about these sort of things in punk bands or these bands that come out of DIY scenes. But you don't necessarily hear it in radio pop, and not that this is like a radio pop record, because I made it myself in a bedroom, but this is kind of a send off to a lot of the radio pop I grew up loving, and that maybe thematically it was troubling in hindsight.

Q: I guess one thing I wanted to touch in is in May, you guys sold out Warsaw with Hop Along?

S: People were making out at that show. Everyone in the crowd was making out. I didn't make out with anybody.

Q: As a band that started in the DIY roots, did you ever have an "a-ha" moment when you realized that you were a band with influence and people were listening to us?

S: I don't know, I think that it has been a slow build. I've never felt like we level-jumped, in a sense. We tour all the time and the tours get bigger because we don't ever go home. Warsaw was really a cool show, though.

Q: How does it feel to play to a thousand people in Brooklyn?

S: It's pretty cool. But they're all making out, and I'm just sitting up on stage like "I'm lonely."

Q: So if you had to choose between—

S: Making out and playing for a thousand people?

Q: Not what I was going to ask, but I guess that, too. If you had to choose between the DIY hotspots right now, you have Brooklyn, you have Philly and you have Mass, which one's your favorite?

S: I don't know. I kind of moved to Western Mass. because I liked a lot of bands in Boston, which is kind of counterintuitive. But I got a job in Western Mass., so I went there. But Pile was a band I looked up to, Krill, RIP, Kal Marks is still, I think they're on tour right now. There were so many really great Boston bands in 2011 when I first moved up there, but I moved to Philly this year because there are so many bands there that I've been obsessed with, like Spirit of the Beehive or this band Old Maybe's really great. Every time I go to a house show in Philly, maybe I know two of the five bands on the bill, and the other three bands are all sick, and that's an exciting thing to be a part of when I get home.

Q: Is there anyone else that we should be checking out right now, do you think?

S: From Philly?

Q: Just from anywhere, any bands that you really like right now?

S: Well, Old Maybe's really cool, they're a Philly band, this band Empath from Philly's great, Allison Crutchfield has a new solo album coming out, I think, in January.

Q: P.S. Eliot shout out.

S: I just saw P.S. Eliot playing in a basement to 20 people the other night. It was so cool. Who else is awesome? This band Melkbelly from Chicago, didi from Columbus, those are all of the bands I like.

Q: What's next for Speedy?

S: Well, we're taking a lot of time off because Mike and I each have solo projects. We have our next record written, hopefully we'll record that before too long. I do know what it's called, but I haven't told my bandmates.

TAKIN' IT EASY

JEREMY WOLFE

I've been a student at Stony Brook University for three full years, yet it is only recently that I've begun to take notice of a particular situation. I live in West Apartments, about as far away from the Student Recreation Center as you can possibly be, but I persist in walking there about five times a week with two of my suitemates to work out.

After a few weeks of this cycle, I began to notice a pattern. The two of them, engrossed in whatever conversation they were having, would end up a fair bit ahead of me because of our different walking speeds. It usually doesn't bother me all that much, but when they make a special effort to turn around, walk past me in the other direction, just so they can turn around and pass me again, I feel that something has to be said.

Honestly, this happens to me a lot. I live in Manhattan when I'm not on campus, and as you can probably imagine, my slow walking ways are not particularly popular there either. I'm no stranger to judgmental looks and passive aggressive comments. I don't really mind, and it usually doesn't bother me, as I enjoy my slow walking ways. There's nothing here I want to change. I am a slow walker. I'm proud of it. Always have been, always will be.

That isn't to say that I won't walk quickly when I need to. I understand the need to get somewhere promptly, or to cross the street quickly so as not to impede traffic.

Trust me, I get it. But I have a hard time understanding those with a constant need to get where they're going as fast as possible.

I hate to be reduced to using clichés, but I feel that people really do need to "stop and smell the roses" every once in awhile. While I dislike the phrasing, I feel that the message is important. Life isn't about where you're going. By that logic there isn't any more to life than just being born and dying at the end. To me, walking slowly is an expression of the need to experience life as it happens.

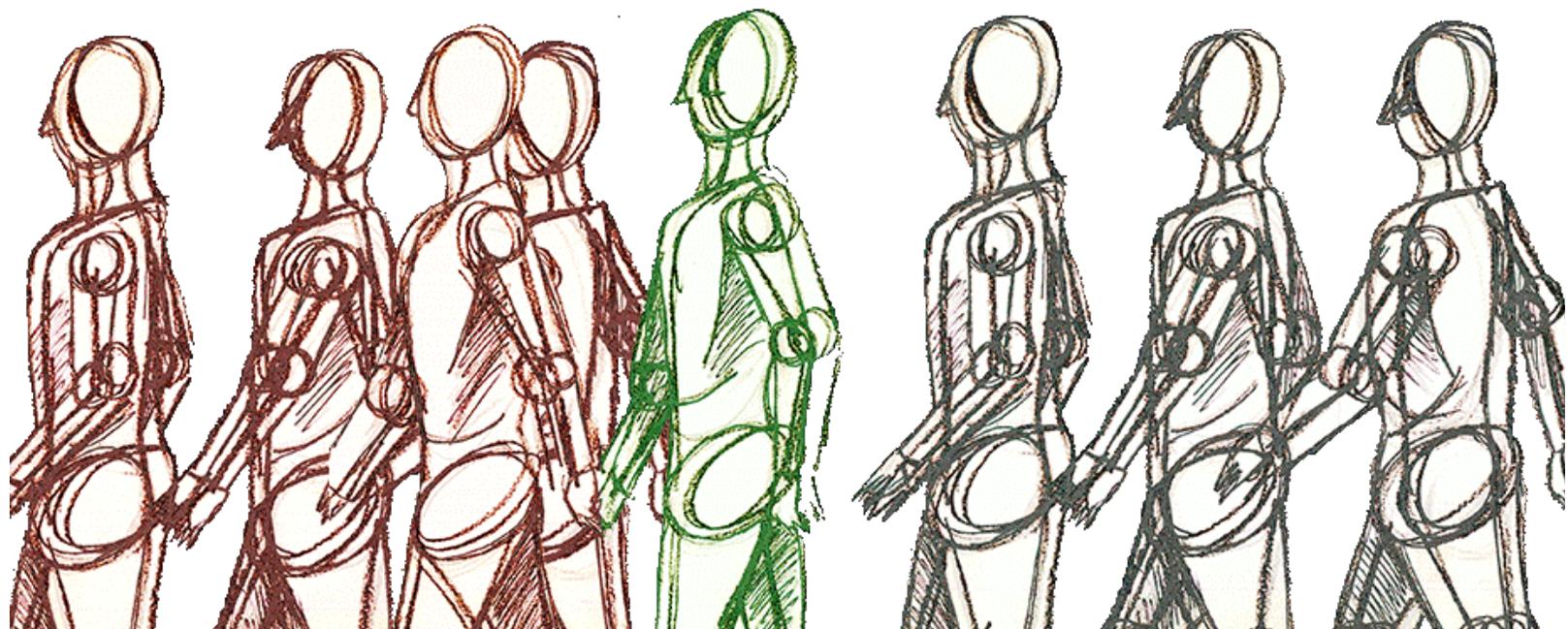
I encourage all of the fast walkers out there to just try slow walking once, get a taste for how the other half lives. Leave for class or wherever you're going five or 10 minutes earlier than usual and just enjoy the ride. Figuratively, of course. Riding a bike is a totally different can of worms that I just won't go into right now.

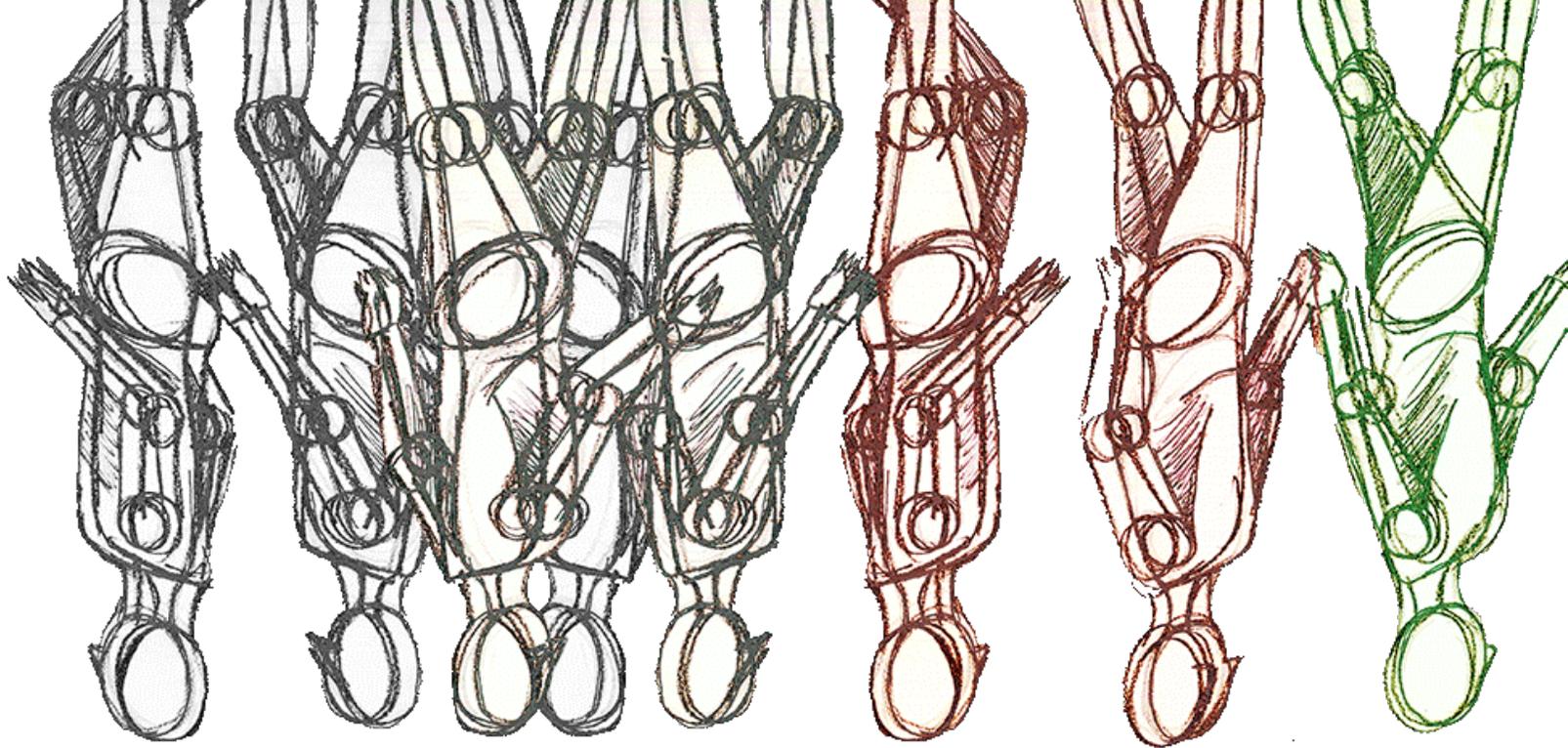
Listen to music, look up at the sky, notice the people around you as more than just impediments and obstacles that block your way. Seriously, just do whatever you want. If you're doing it right, there should be no pressure whatsoever, no right way to do things. There's a lot to see, so much to appreciate that just can't be done if you don't take the time to notice it. We might not have the most beautiful campus here, but with the right point of view it can be something worth appreciating.

I've also found slow walking to be a great stress reliever. It's just a good way to relax. In my admittedly minimal experience with fast walking, I noticed that walking became something more of a chore, rather than an experience. Fast walking was stressful. I felt all of the stress of needing to be in one place while not actually being there. Actually writing that out makes it sound kind of ridiculous, but trust me, it was a lot more stressful than it sounds.

I'm sure you know the feeling, when you have class and a midterm in five minutes and you overslept and are just leaving your room. That's the kind of situation that constant fast walking encourages. At that point, I would just encourage using Stony Brook's bike share system and saving yourself the stress and trouble (at least on campus).

Personally, slow walking makes me feel as if I have a measure of control over my life that I didn't have before. I would say that, in my meager experience with fast walking, I was at the mercy of my schedule, not the other way around. It might sound ridiculous, but accommodating for my slow walking tendencies in my everyday life gave me better time management skills and just straight up made me a happier person. I can really appreciate the extra time to think, to de-stress, to appreciate the world around me. It really goes a long way. Slowly but surely.





GET OUTTA MY WAY

LEI TAKANASHI

If you are under 30 walking at the speed of a 70-year-old on a crowded street it is best for you to step the fuck off the curb or this planet.

Speed Walking is a skill that develops in cities such as Tokyo and New York but should be used everywhere. Why waste time walking a short distance at an incredibly slow rate when you can get to your location faster by just adding more effort to your stride.

Some may argue that walking is a leisurely action that should require minimal effort. But does speed walking require that much more effort compared to regular walking? You are literally extending your stride more and moving your legs at a slightly faster rate. Why not do this instead of just dragging your feet along a floor to go to class?

It gets even worse when a group of people

walk slowly. Add groupthink to the mix and suddenly your group of young, spry friends begin to take eight minutes to walk one New York City block. One block should take less than a minute to walk. More than that and you are wasting precious time.

If you are one of those groups that walk in a line taking up an entire sidewalk, boy do you need to get smacked in the face for that disrespect. Do you think you are in *Sex and The City* or some shit? No one is lifting their sunglasses checking out your bumass squad walk slow as fuck down a sidewalk.

Now, before you dismiss me and characterize me as the cranked up White Rabbit from *Alice and Wonderland*, let me give you some background about my beliefs. Growing up in New York City, walking proves to be an efficient and effective mode of transportation. New York's grid system is simple to understand

and makes it easy to simply walk in a straight direction and get somewhere in minutes.

I remember I first had this revelation of walking being a fine mode of transportation while I attended middle school on 23rd Street in Manhattan. I was only allowed to take the bus and it never came. I was able to walk 55 blocks and usually beat the bus during rush hour or get home in the same amount of time it would have taken to ride the bus. Since then if I had the time, and if the distance were less than three miles from where I was, I would consider walking instead of taking public transit.

And although I hate slow walkers, one thing that we can both agree on is that walking allows you to take in what is around you. You discover new places, experiences and sights by just performing a minimal human action.

ARTWORK BY WINNIE WONG

THE DEATH OF THE PRE-ORDER

NOAH BUTTNER

The thought of paying for something before it has been released seems ridiculous nowadays, but oftentimes video game companies begin selling their products months and sometimes years in advance--today, consumers are willing to hand over their money after only seeing a trailer with no guarantee that the game is going to hold up its end of the deal. This has always been an issue, but with the rise in price of most video games, the effect is being felt now more than ever before.

Recently, games like *The Division*, *The Witcher 3: Wild Hunt* and many more have become the subject of scrutiny due to their trailers not accurately portraying the finished product. *The Division* was announced at E3 2013 and soon afterwards a gameplay trailer was released that depicted features that didn't show up in the finished product. Similarly, *The Witcher 3: Wild Hunt* was originally shown off with better graphics than what was seen upon release. While it is understood that video games are subject to change during production, these trailers are often followed by the option to pre-order the game at full price while the consumer has to wait months on end to receive their game. These pre-orders usually hook consumers by promising exclusive content, so there is a choice: buy the game before it comes out, or miss out on content. "It's a lot more confusing than it used to be," said Travis Verbil, an avid gamer and friend of mine. This decision is hard for a lot of gamers who don't have the financial freedom to purchase ahead of time.

The most notable example is the recent failure – one that I sadly purchased– that is *No Man's Sky* by developer Hello Games. There were many factors that contributed to the overall implosion of *No Man's Sky*, but the most important factor was the lies of founder Sean Murray. A Reddit post by user AzzerUK was made shortly after the game's release and it highlighted the many features that were claimed to be in the game but were absent. Among these missing features were system-specific



gravity, ship diversity, faction wars and realistic day-night cycles. "Hype" was also an important factor in the failure of *No Man's Sky*; everyone imagined the perfect space exploration game. The malicious part of all of this is that the game's Twitter account, @NoMansSky, has been silent since two weeks after the game's launch. It seems as if Hello Games advertised the perfect game and delivered a \$20 indie title, slapping a \$60 price tag on it just to make money. The company is now under investigation by the Advertising Standards Authority in the United Kingdom.

It boils down to good will and trust between video game companies and the people that buy their games. When the initial trailer comes out, the consumer is left to make another decision: do I buy this game because I trust that it will be amazing, or do I wait to purchase it until

it's gone on sale or it has had a chance to be reviewed? For many, that choice is hard. "I've noticed that due to the advancement of the internet and Twitter and the way [that] people can talk about things instantly," Travis said, "that hype has become a more popular marketing tool than it had been pre-Twitter or pre-Facebook." Hype can be considered not only the excitement that builds as a game's release date approaches, but also the buzz that the publisher generates in order to increase sales. Not only are games being sold before they're finished, but they are being marketed through trailers that are not often an accurate representation of the purchasable product.

Now this happens constantly in movies: a scene or a line of dialogue will be shown in a trailer and it will never make its way to the final cut. When moviegoers don't



see that scene, they don't feel cheated necessarily; there is an understanding that trailers are released up to a year before a movie comes out and that the film's editor has the final say in what makes it into the movie, whether it be to fit a runtime or for plot purposes. But with video games, these trailers are followed by sales. Seth Schiesel, a former video game writer for the New York Times, said, "It can be borderline deceptive, when you have game trailers that don't reflect the gameplay in any meaningful way [...] It really is a dance between the publisher and the consumers."

Game pre-orders were not always so subject to scrutiny. Ten years ago you had to pre-order a game to ensure that your retailer would order an extra copy for you. If you didn't pre-order a game, chances were you couldn't get it on its

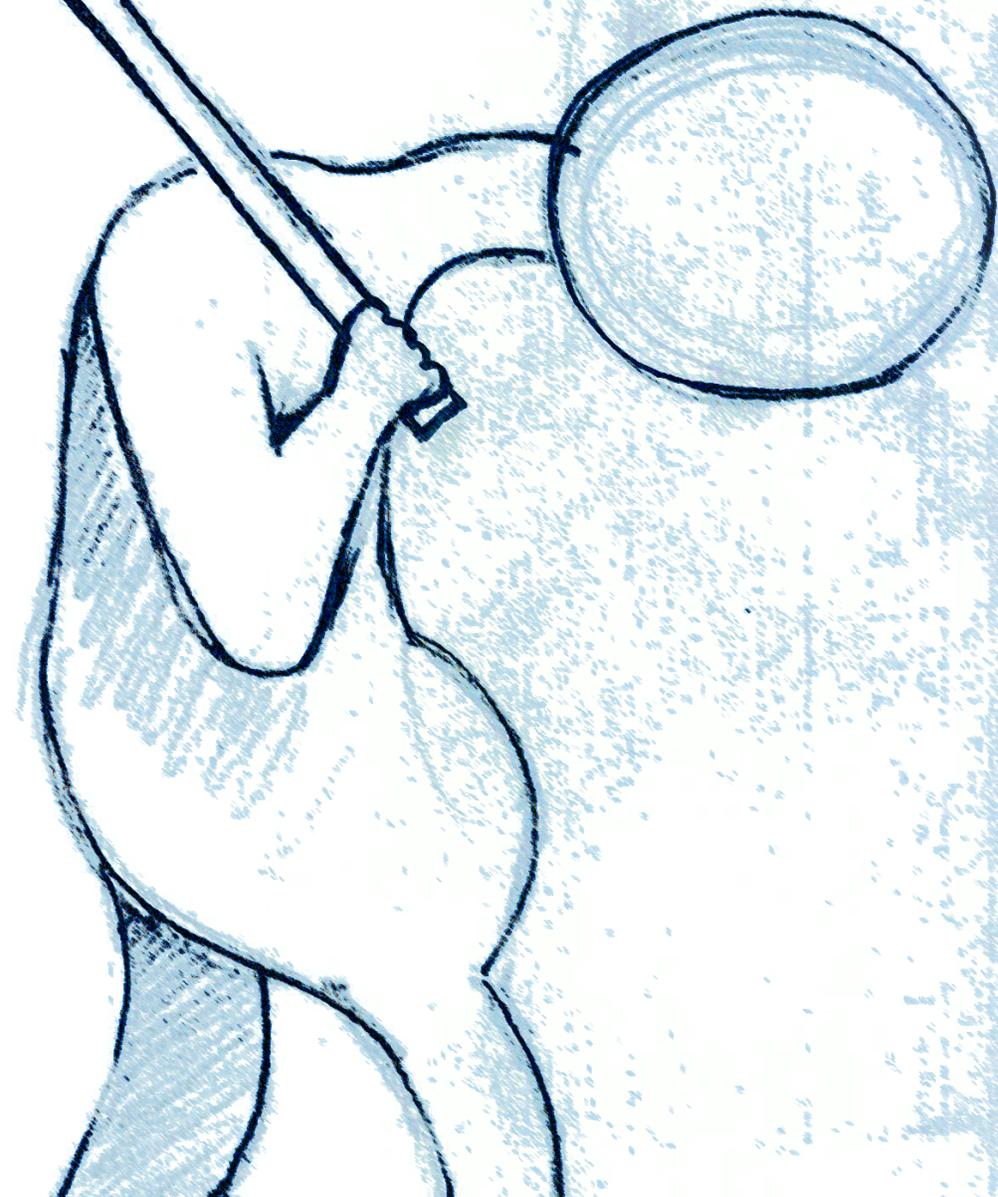
release date. With the popularization of digital media, alongside the fact that video games are more respected as a form of entertainment, consumers would be hard pressed not to be able to find that new game on the shelf. And even if they couldn't, they could always download it off of the internet for the same asking price. Now the practical reason for pre-orders has disappeared: "Pre-orders today are meant to make the company money faster," friend and long time video gamer David Graver said. "The company shouldn't profit off of anything that's not the final product." Many who aren't willing to put their trust, or more importantly their \$60 plus tax into the company, find that these ad campaigns that video game publishers spend millions on should be taken with a grain of salt.

Today, now that you are unlikely to miss a

game's release date and it is impossible to run out of copies of the game, consumers have been increasingly delaying the date at which they purchase the game. There is no reason not to wait until you see the finished product, whether it be through actual in-game footage, or through popular video game streaming services like Twitch. There is always a way to see the game before you buy it. Trailers nowadays are simply not representative of the final product, or at least they seem that way. They take advantage of consumer hype to increase their sales. "If you're smart enough of a consumer you can tell," said David.

It's easy to be smart. Don't buy a game before you see the finished product.

**WHO
VOTES?**
by KERRY MURPHY



ARTWORK BY WINNIE WONG

When I was a little kid, learning about the democratic system in my first grade classroom, I could not have been more disappointed to learn that it would take until I was 18-years-old to vote in elections. My six-year-old self was astonished that the country would not trust me, but looking back I understood why.

Voting is a big decision, one that shapes the lives of me, my family and the people in my neighborhood. As I grew older and closer to the age of 18, I started to learn about how few people of my generation actually voted- and it astonished me.

In the last presidential election, according to census.gov, only 38 percent of people aged 18-24 went out and voted, whereas the older generations were all around 50 percent or better. It appears that the older you get, the more likely it is that you will vote in the elections. In 2014, during the midterm elections, only 23.1 percent of voters aged 18-34 went out and voted for the important Congressional and local positions that were up for re-election. For a generation with so many opinions plastered everywhere this is disappointing.

Scattered across Facebook feeds and Twitter timelines, one sees the constant promotion of the idea that the older generations have left us with a washed up economy and a corrupt government. Whether this is true or not, statistically speaking, more than half of these people who complain did not vote in the last presidential election. Even fewer in the midterm election. Yes America has made mistakes, but if you do not vote you only add to the problem. If you are given the opportunity to voice how you feel about

legislation or representatives, and yet choose to not vote – you’re allowing the system to continue. Your silence isn’t a protest, it’s just ignorance.

Voting is the most direct way that we can communicate with our varying sectors of government. When we vote, we give our opinion on what sort of policies we want to see in our everyday lives, and the person we trust most with the job of deploying those ideals. Every system that we’d need to go through in order to impact change in our nation has officials that are voted in by us. Every penny that’s spent on taxes is a result of a body of national, state and local legislators that we vote in. Every bit of road construction traffic that we get stuck in on the way home is a direct result of the government and the officials that we trusted to better our cities and states. How we handle things like foreign policy, immigration, health care and education all come from voting.

Now this “we” did not always mean what it means now. The “we” that now represents the voting population has always been a constant battle throughout our history. This is because people saw the importance and the necessity for the greatest possible representation of our population to express their opinions in these elections. People dedicated their lives to working towards making sure that we have the right to vote. African-American men did not get the right to vote until 1870, with the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. Women did not get the right to vote until the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment in 1920. Eighteen to 20-year-olds did not get the right to vote until 1971.

Suffragettes like Susan B. Anthony and

Elizabeth Cady Stanton petitioned, protested and fought to make sure that women would be allowed to have a say. Martin Luther King Jr. led a walk in Alabama from Selma to Montgomery to protest voting rights issues. When the protesters reached Montgomery, people were shot and attacked on what was later called “Bloody Sunday.” People risked everything they could to demonstrate that voting and being able to voice their opinions mattered.

You can sit on social media and see how many flaws there are with the U.S. democratic system, but if you do not voice your opinion it will stay that way. If you want change in this country, if you want the legislation you flood my timeline with, then get out and vote. It’s the only way that the country will hear you. Complaining to your followers means nothing if you do not try and change it.

This coming Nov. 8th, when you inevitably decide if you’re voting- remember that so many people count and depend on your vote. If you are given the right to share your view, use it to shape and help the people who are unable to vote.

Remember that you’re not only voting on who will be president, but on state legislation and congressmen. Remember how many people had to fight to get you into the polls. Remember how in 50 years or so, the newest generation will be looking at our decisions as a nation. Remember how you feel about the world now, and work to change that for the future. Remember that your neighbors, your future children and your fellow Americans need you to vote. If you have a voice, use it.

ALL'S NOT WELLS FARGO

FRANK GARGANO

In early September former Wells Fargo CEO, John Stumpf, was outed by Federal Regulators as the mastermind of a scheme in which the company covertly registered members for additional "ghost accounts" as an excuse to charge customers extra monthly fees to maintain accounts they weren't using, all just to hit their monthly quotas and fatten their yearly bonuses.

From an early age, our parents did their best to instill in us the value of the dollar. When we were young, most of us got our first jobs and felt a boost in responsibility. What board members at Wells Fargo took it upon themselves to do is sick.

Wells Fargo reported to CNNMoney that they fired 5,300 employees over the last few years due to the scandal.

In the scheme, employees would take any random person and move money from their pre-existing account into the newly created one without their knowledge or approval. Then the company would be able to charge them for insufficient funds and overdraft fees, because there wasn't enough money in their original account to maintain the minimum balance. On top of this, employees would write false applications for credit cards and pursue the victims for annual fees, interest charges and overdraft fees on a card they had no idea they ever signed up for.

The company is being hit with the most sizable fine that the CFPB has ever issued since its founding in 2011: \$185 million in fines and another \$5 million in refunds to customers. As part of the settlement issued to Wells Fargo by the CFPB, the bank must make drastic changes to both their sales practices and internal oversights.

If I was in the same position as a Wells Fargo customer, I would definitely take some form of legal action. But not as an individual. Against a giant corporation like Wells Fargo, I wouldn't really stand a chance in court. However, many of the now former Wells Fargo customers have decided that the \$185 million penalty

issued to the bank isn't enough of a recompense and have individually taken up legal action against Wells Fargo. Mike Feuer, a Los Angeles City Attorney, was quoted as saying, "Consumers must be able to trust their banks." A condition of the settlement from L.A. that they have to abide by is to alert all California members to review their statements and shut down any unwanted accounts.

On top of firing 5,300 employees, Stumpf stepped down from his position following his confirmed involvement in the accounting fraud scandal. His confirmed payout originally was \$123.6 million, but Wells Fargo recently reported that Stumpf has forfeited his outstanding stock awards/options worth approximately \$41 million in response to the scandal. Stumpf also agreed to forego his salary while Wells Fargo conducts an investigation.

What's interesting is the scheme itself isn't too well thought out. If someone like Stumpf, a man with a multi-million dollar net worth, was the ringleader, one would think that he would've organized more carefully so that it would not be so easily uncovered. There was probably a board meeting that occurred when investigations began possibly resulting in a group consensus where Stumpf decided to be the scapegoat and bow out with a fat payout. But once he hit court and faced multiple prosecutors, his image was tarnished and his payout was diminished. On top of Stumpf's departure, the former retail-banking head Carrie Tolstedt also left the company and is forfeiting her stock options; a combined worth of \$19 million.

When I was first applying to college a big thing that influenced my decision was how much it would cost me. I remember filling out hundreds of scholarship forms: applying for any and all scholarships. Financial aid helped out somewhat, but most of the cost came out of my pocket. Tuition and dorming weren't even all of the costs. A dorm room needs sheets, books, food, mini-fridge and other things

that just added onto the cost. I paid for it with money I've had since birth. And I know I'm not the only person at Stony Brook University who's been in this situation.

Now imagine that your bank bill, for some reason, went up a couple hundred dollars. The original rate was manageable. This new one is out of your range and you're stuck paying for it since you have no time because, like a typical college student, you're swamped with homework and classes. Raised monthly rates and all the unpaid fees on a card that you didn't know existed or signed up for, brings your credit score down.

But this isn't this a Wells Fargo problem and not something people who belong to other banks should be worried about? Well, a report from S&P Global recommends that people keep an eye on their accounts for any unusual changes in payments or balance. S&P analyzed consumer complaints and reports that were similar to what happened in Wells Fargo and found that there were similar complaints in different major banks.

These are just claims at this point, but it's not too bad of an idea to just be wary of statements. For college students in a similar situation as I described, be wary of your bank statements and make an effort to keep track of your finances to ensure that you're not scammed out of your money. Try to be informed as possible about different terms when it comes to your bank account, and do some research about which bank suits your needs the best.

Scandals like this occur every day, but most of them aren't caught ever or until it's too late. Wells Fargo just happened to be too careless when they covered their tracks. It sucks when you put your trust in someone to take care of your money and they screw you over just to line their pockets with what's practically your money. A giant bank cheats the little guys, and the executives line their pockets.

NOT A NO TO PEACE

MARIA C. VIEDMAN

The citizens of Colombia, a nation terrorized for more than 50 years by a Marxist-Leninist-rebel group, gathered on Sunday, Oct. 2 to vote on a referendum for or against what would establish peace between the Colombian government and the FARC (the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia).

The peace treaty had already been formally signed by President Juan Manuel Santos and the FARC leader Rodrigo Londoño, a.k.a "Timochenko," days before on Sept. 26. But this became a humiliating deal after 4 p.m. on Oct. 2, when the world witnessed Colombians narrowly reject the plebiscite 50.21 percent to 49.78 percent. 62.59 percent did not vote at all.

The 197 articles written in the 297-paged plebiscite would have implemented many changes:

- Agrarian reform, which entails that lands owned by farmers could have been seized for the FARC's usage.
- FARC would have become a political party.
- The FARC would not have been charged for the crimes they've committed with not only narcotics but terrorism as well—none of them would have gone to jail or would have been punished.
- The leaders would have been given seats in the Colombian congress and the right to hold public officer positions (which would increase the taxes of the nation since they have to be paid the same salary senators are paid, which is 40 times more than the minimum wage) even though they've committed crimes against humanity recognized by International Criminal Court.
- FARC would have been given personal zones where they could continue their narcotics business without punishment for having such a business.

Most of the Colombians who voted "no" expressed that the 197 articles were too much for a peace treaty and would make it seem more of a surrender of the nation than peace.

"While I didn't vote, I was siding with "yes" because I want there to be peace in my country, but at the same time, I was siding with "no" because I didn't really read the agreement and have no idea what is included in the agreement," Jinet Monsanto, a 34-year-old psychology major, said. "I was with both sides, but I feel like "no" is a just, democratic decision and I am happy with it."

Yesica Leguizamon, a 24-year-old Chemistry major, was more opposed to the agreement.

"I was against the plebiscite because it wasn't fair," Leguizamon said. "I don't think that we should forgive them [the FARC] because while yes, there should be forgiveness, the forgiveness that they are asking for includes giving them a seat in our congress, positions that should be earned, not given. They've caused so much harm to Colombia and I don't forgive them for that. I am still completely against the agreement."

I, like these two fellow Colombians, was and still am wholeheartedly against the "peace" deal. This peace treaty had everything except for peace because it required every single Colombian to surrender to their rule.

This treaty would have been a step into Castro-Chavismo (communism) and would have resulted in Colombia resembling Venezuela and their socialistic society within a few years. The agrarian reform is the first step into communism because it's exactly how Venezuela started off before it wasn't just farmland that was being seized, but residential homes, also.

The FARC has committed murder and assassination and has pushed Colombia so far behind that just the thought of having this inhumane group be a part of Colombian politics breaks me inside. Colombia is a valuable country because it is rich in so many resources that most nations lack, but because of the FARC it is unable to them. Tourism is dangerous because of them. Even leaving the cities is dangerous because you can be easily kidnapped by them.

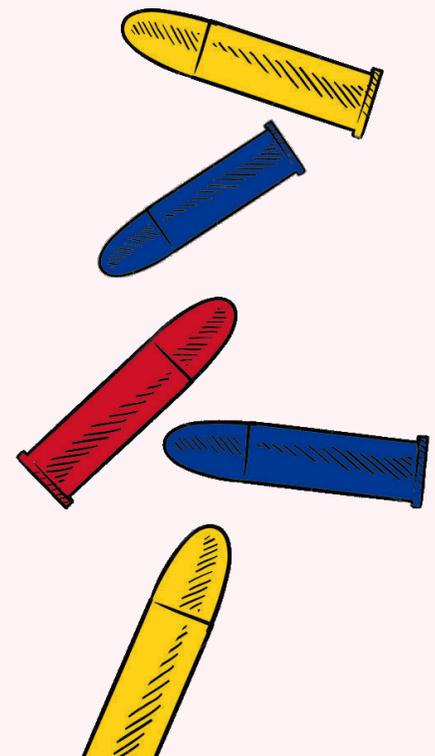
Juan Manuel Santos, while he thought he

was doing the best for Colombia, did the exact opposite. Yes, peace is very much needed, but not with the concessions they required from Colombians. Santos stepped down to the FARC's level and shook hands with the devil while Colombians continue to suffer under their watch.

According to Colombia.com, the FARC sent out flyers to all the farmers in Putumayo that stated, "Farmer friends, we DEMAND THAT YOU VOTE FOR "YES" and warn all communities that do not support us with their vote to this peace process, will receive from us all the repression and we will take severe measures against all those who identify as promoters of "NO." That is why many of the absentee voters were farmers threatened by the FARC in that if they didn't vote "yes" and voted "no," they would either kill them or their family members.

And Santos doesn't care about that. He doesn't care about justice in Colombia because he agrees with their communistic ways. He doesn't want peace, he wanted to give control to the FARC. So, to know that he was awarded the 2016 Nobel Peace Prize on Oct. 7 is annoying to see because while yes, his agreement would have created a permanent cease-fire, there wouldn't be peace at all. He should've been given the prize if his peace agreement was beneficial to Colombia, which it was not.

I was one of the 50.79 percent of voters who voted "no," and I don't regret it at all.



EN GARDE

MICHAEL DESANTIS

Braulio Trejo rhythmically bounces back and forth in full white gear on a lazy Monday afternoon. He wears a silver fencing cage-mask with his sabre in hand. He occasionally thrusts his weapon at his sparring partner as he helps to teach her. While it is apparent that Trejo is holding back, it is also obvious how skilled he is at his craft.

It was a normal day for Trejo. The former first baseman wanted to try his hand at a sport other than baseball and was introduced to fencing in his freshman year of high school. Trejo, now a junior at Stony Brook University, has been jousting with a sabre ever since.

"I decided to give fencing a shot, and I've liked it ever since," Trejo said.

Trejo's passion for the sport is evident based on where he currently stands with the Stony Brook Fencing Club. The 20-year-old owns the titles of the club's vice president and captain of the sabre team. He has undoubtedly pulled his weight in the eyes of his peers.

"[Trejo] helps me with a lot of things I need to take care of," Sly Rahimi, the club's president, said. Some of those duties include being a leader, helping Rahimi with the club's formal business, finding good equipment for the club and teaching newcomers. "He's definitely a vital member."

As good of a mentor as Trejo is, the skills that he passes down to the rest of his sabre squad would be moot if he wasn't a gifted fencer himself.

"His fencing skills are well out of the water of the rest of us," Rahimi said. "He's at a much higher level than us because we started [fencing] with the club, whereas Braulio has been fencing consistently even before the club. He's the best sabre that we have."

Trejo is not limited to sabre, either.

His teammates have expressed their appreciation of Trejo's proficiency in the other two weapons: épée and foil.

"He's beaten people in other weapons and shit," junior sabre fencer Andres Carvajal said. "When he's doing a bout, everybody is watching, because he's very entertaining."

For all of Trejo's abilities as a fencer, the club's coach, JD Allen, sounded most impressed with his mental fortitude.

When he's doing a bout, everybody is watching,

"[Trejo] fenced at Brentwood High School," Allen said. "It's an area where kids could either do really well, or fall into terrible paths. While Braulio was going to practice after school, he had classmates who could have been going to a gang. Braulio really prevailed using fencing because it gave him the determination and the camaraderie that others seek in worse areas. Braulio is probably too nice to be in a gang anyway."

While Trejo's decision was never in doubt, walking down the right path has allowed for a lot of positive memories in the sport. His favorite was when he was a senior in high school and had won gold medals in back-to-back years at the Huntington Relays, a competition where a team of three fences to 45 touches, or points.

"Standing on the podium and having people cheer at you and knowing that all those practices you've been to were worth it..." Trejo seemed to fondly recall.

Trejo still has time remaining in his

collegiate career, but he isn't ready to give up fencing after his time as a Seawolf concludes.

"I plan on fencing as long as I can," he said. "Maybe when I'm 60 years old, we'll see."

Once he graduates, Trejo plans on staying involved with the Stony Brook Fencing Club as long as he can. But that doesn't mean he intends to stop fencing competitively. Trejo said that he may enter into a division of the United States Fencing Association that will allow him to continue challenging others.

For now, Trejo is focusing his passion for fencing on the Stony Brook group, and his teammates have noticed.

"Braulio loves this sport," Carvajal said. "If you watch videos, you'll see that he gets really into it."

That dedication is what makes Trejo such a good captain and leader, Allen explained. "Being that it's a club team, incoming freshmen or seniors could come in and want to compete, but have never picked up a weapon before. If you don't know how to hold a weapon in the first place, someone will get hurt. Under Braulio's supervision, no one will get hurt," he added.

Rahimi, the co-captain of the sabre team, attributes the squad's success to Trejo's ability to keep a positive aura about the group.

"He helps rile up the team, lift their spirits and makes sure to keep track of their progress and help them with what they need," Rahimi said.

Upon realization of Trejo's love for the sport, the positivity he brings to everyone on the team is not a shock.

"Fencing means a great deal to me," Trejo said. "It's a lifestyle."



PHOTO BY DEMI GUO

RULES

In fencing, a point is scored when competitors successfully land a jab on their opponent's body depending on the weapon being used.

SABRE

One's entire body above the waist is a valid target, except for the weapon hand. Even one's mask can be slashed at. The blade has the shape of an X or Y. Double touches either result in neither fighter earning a point, or the fighter who had priority earns it. Priority goes to the fighter who was the most recent to block an attack, or was the first to move off of the starting line.

FOIL

Only strikes to the torso are legal. Arms and legs strikes do not count. Double touches and priority follow the same rules as sabre. The sword is flexible with a rectangular blade, and weighs under a pound.

ÉPÉE

The whole body is a viable target in épée matches. Double touches are counted as points for both sides. The blade is three-sided.

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