

Generator

magazine

Meet the new Freshman Class
President, Brianna Paganini pg. 3

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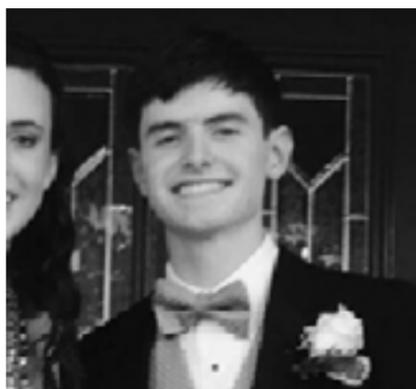
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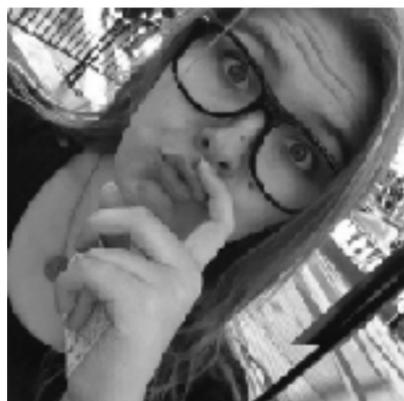
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Ruck You By Hayley Critchfield

It all starts with an idea. Brianna Paganini established herself as a leader long before her days at Marist College. Her sophomore year of high school, she decided to run for vice president of her class and won. For the next three years, she maintained that position, working closely with students and administration to create a sense of unity and school spirit among the class of 2015. It was in this environment of student government that she flourished and found a place to thrive. She says, “I’ve always had this drive to be the best I could possibly be - to reach for the highest and to attain the goals that I set for myself. I knew going to college I wouldn’t let fear stop me from doing what I really wanted to do. I had to keep reminding myself that I was capable and to just believe in myself.”

The road to the presidency did not come without its moments of turbidity. “Of course there were times where I thought I couldn’t do it, where I doubted myself. In those times I reminded myself of the moment when I was visiting Marist and I went to the SGA information table. I was inspired. I looked to my dad and said ‘Dad I’m going to run for president.’” And that’s exactly what she did. In retrospect she says, “This was a goal I knew in my heart I could achieve.”

The moment of truth

When asked how she felt seconds before the election results were revealed she replies, “I kept telling myself, ‘It will be okay if you don’t get it Brianna, it’s okay.’ I was hoping for the best but expecting the worst. My heart was beating out of my chest because I knew how badly I wanted it.” When the moment finally arrived to announce who had won the position of president and she saw her name and picture revealed, surrounded by friends and supporters as well as peers and fellow candidates, a powerful moment of reflection ensued. “I remember standing there, and I took this deep breath because in that moment I was so thankful, not only for the fact that I won but for the fact that I gave myself the opportunity to fail. I’ve always been so afraid of failure for whatever reason but I repeatedly told myself, pep talk after pep talk, ‘Brianna, you can do this.’ It was a proud moment for me. I was proud of myself for setting my mind to something, seeing it through, and achieving it.” This massive dream was becoming a reality right before her eyes. A few days later, level-headed and with

utmost humility, she reflected once more saying with an undeniable sincerity, “I feel so humbled and truly honored to be given this opportunity.”

What now? In addition to now being the freshman class president, Brianna has involved herself in a myriad of academic and extracurricular activities. She is majoring in communications, minoring in theater, and is a participant in Marist’s honors program. She is a member of Relay for Life, Honors Advisory Board, Residence Hall Council, Marist College Club of Theatre Arts, and last but not least, the National Society of Leadership and Success. She remarks, “I’m very passionate, and I won’t commit to something if I know that I won’t put one hundred percent into it.”

Fully aware of the responsibility that accompanies her role as president and of the inevitable challenges and obstacles she will face during her time in office she says, “I know that I will be willing and ready to handle them all - I am confident that we can work as one cohesive unit. I like to think of myself as a very persevering individual - I will give my all to a project and I won’t stop until it is exactly how it should be.” Assuming the role of freshman class president and all it entails has certainly become Brianna’s new project of choice, and it is a journey she is very much looking forward to embark on.

“I take a lot of pride in school spirit. I feel like Marist has so many opportunities to show your red fox pride. The possibilities are endless in which we can come together and create that sense of community. I look towards the rest of the board to pitch their ideas as well as towards my fellow peers. I am so excited to work with the rest of my board - to make Marist home.” Among her ideas includes pre-game freshman rallies – a way for all freshman to come together and bond. Her goal is to create different activities that pertain specifically to the freshman class in which they can converse with one another and see each other outside of the classroom, outside of the dorm buildings, and beyond the confines of their immediate friend groups. Describing herself as open minded, she reiterates the fact that she wants to hear as many ideas from as many people as possible. “The best way to create something great is to share ideas. Someone can say one thing and ideas can stem from that and grow

into something powerful with a great end result.

With an unshakeable optimism and diligent work ethic, there is no doubt that Brianna will leave her mark during her time as president and accomplish the goals she sets her sights on. Conducting herself with the student body’s best interests at heart, Brianna is a representative more than ready to cultivate positive change among the freshman class and beyond.

“We’re going to be spending the next four years together. Let’s get to know each other more than just as names and faces, but let’s actually form friendships and genuine relationships with one another. That’s

How many people can tell me how the game of rugby is played? Do you even know what it is? In some regions, it is a popular sport, but personally I went my entire life without knowing what it was until probably high school, and even then I didn’t know girls could play. When I came to visit Marist, I was ‘recruited’ to join the women’s rugby team. After putting off their constant attempts to get me to join the team my entire freshman year (it literally got to the point where a new team member would approach me daily), I decided to give it a chance this semester, the first of my sophomore year. And let me tell you something: I loved it.

I played softball for the majority of

A Comfort in the Darkness: A Review of Darlingside’s Album Birds Say By Meghan Jones

“Darlingside are doing something new in pop music...[covering] ground the Beach Boys, Beatles, Joni Mitchell, Pink Floyd, David Bowie, Talking Heads, Prince, Phish and Radiohead didn’t cover.” This impressive description is how the Boston Herald describes Darlingside. This folk/rock group consists of four thirty something guys who met in an a cappella group at Williams College and haven’t looked back. At the end of September, the group released their second full-length album, *Birds Say*. If you ever need some music to study by, or you just feel like listening to four guys with lovely voices and mad instrumental skills, check out the album. You won’t regret it.

Birds Say is much mellower than the band’s 2012 release, *Pilot Machines*. The album begins with “The Ancestor,” a song first released on *Pilot Machines*. The new version, though the words are the same, is slightly different. The band knows it’s a fan favorite, so they’ve moved it to a lower key and added a slowly building cello part before the gentle guitar that begins the 2012

my athletic career, so contact sports were foreign to me. Standing on a field where I didn’t have my trusty glove was also very foreign to me, and I felt lost without my equipment. As you can imagine, after a year of them begging me to come to practice, I was celebrated and cheered on like a hero...yeah right, I was just like every other person coming for the first time. We received introductions, and we were off. The first practice involved basic passing drills, which was interesting because in rugby, everything is thrown behind you and not in front. My years of being a football star did not come in handy (family picnic MVP six years and counting), because this game is uniquely its own. My wrist flip skills from softball did come in handy, thanks dad for making me pitch for a season, but other than that, my body was not accustomed to what was coming. By the second practice, I had hit the ground running, literally. This, my friends, is known as tackling practice. Both sides of

my body were one giant bruise. My hips looked like watercolor paintings; beautiful shades of blue, green, eventually yellow. Knees bloody, body sore, I still went out there as much as I could with a smile on my face. I was learning the rules quickly, and saw my first game, which fascinated me to no end.

But before I could get out on the field myself, I had to quit the team. Yep, this is how my amazing story as rugby’s potential new hero ends (or does it?). I was not accustomed to being a student athlete anymore, and I had gotten myself into way too much this semester. I plan on returning, trust me. I had never felt so much strength, attitude, or teamwork on a field, and it was an amazing thing to be a part of. If you are an ex-athlete dying to get back on the field, then I suggest you go and join the team. If not, I still suggest that you go and watch them play. You won’t regret it.

version. I actually enjoy the old version more; it’s more vocally complex than its successor, which trades some of the beautiful vocal harmonies for a fuller, more rock-like instrumental background with the cello and the electric guitar. However, it’s still the same song, with uplifting lyrics that tell a story of finding hope in the most hopeless of times.

Between the four of them, these insanely talented guys play acoustic guitar, electric guitar, violin, cello, mandolin, and banjo. They can also harmonize with the best of them. Throughout the album, the group manages to find a balance between showcasing their instrumental and vocal skills. “Go Back,” an extremely catchy track inspired by Marty McFly’s trip to 2015 in *Back to the Future Part II*, begins with all four guys singing gorgeously a cappella. “Harrison Ford” crams three and a half minutes with a bunch of rapid-fire lyrics, which tell the story of the world’s craziest job interview while set against a repetitive earworm of a banjo part. On the contrary, “Volcano Sky” begins

with a full minute sans vocals; it’s a haunting combo of electric and acoustic guitar, piano, and violin, a quartet of instruments that you’d really never expect to work well together; that’s the magic of Darlingside.

An interesting note about the unusual name of the band: it was inspired by the phrase “kill your darlings.” This phrase refers to the process, often undergone by musicians, writers, and creators of pretty much any kind, of eliminating a part of your creation you really like for the sake of improving the whole. The band invented “darlingside” as the noun equivalent of the phrase, modeled after “homicide” or “fratricide,” but then changed the “c” to an “s” because “we’re not super into death,” as band member Dave Senft puts it on the band’s website. This change makes the slightly morbid yet clever source of inspiration less obvious.

What’s the best track on the album? It’s probably a tie. Don’t miss “The God of Loss,” whose absolutely gorgeous

opening string part alone is enough to make the song a favorite. Also, if you're listening to the whole album, make sure you stick it out until the final track, "Good For You" (which bears absolutely no relation to the Selena Gomez chart-topper of the same name). This one showcases main singer Dave Senft's effortlessly fantastic voice (I say "main singer" because there really is no lead singer; all of the guys take turns singing and often all sing together) while also providing the album's best example of the quartet's amazing harmonies. It is also the track that the title of this article comes from. My only complaint about the song is that it's too short; after a very fast three minutes and forty-two seconds, "I-I-I want to be good for you" repeats and fades.

Don't worry, boys. You are very, very good.

The Modern Marathon

By Megan Kennedy

6.2—an obscure number that changes lives presumably without regret. Well... maybe a few.

I ran the New Jersey Marathon in April 2015 and it was an experience that *did* change my life; first time marathoners will preach that at you plenty of times. We love to tell stories of how we made it from mile 21 to 26. We might even tell you about an epiphany or an existential crisis we may have encountered along the way. While these little anecdotes are fascinating and tend to differ from marathoner to marathoner, they're not going to prepare you for what *actually* lays ahead.

When I crossed the finish line I had never felt so physically incapacitated and resilient at the same time. It's a bizarre feeling, like a runner's high mixed with near-death adrenaline, over exhaustion and muscle deterioration. The second you can actually see the finish line it kicks in, the tears might fly and you might rip off your headphones (unless you're me and forget you're even listening to music). But before you can even fathom the euphoria, learn

from the mistakes of runners who crossed that line before you. Talk to people who have completed a full marathon, chances are you won't be able to get them to shut up.

I'm constantly being asked what I would do differently if I were to commit to another marathon. First and foremost, training is everything. I remember talking to my Dad about his first marathon and laughing at the thought of him only ever having ran ten miles before race day. Ten miles. That's not even half of a marathon. Needless to say, he broke down close to mile twenty. I knew I didn't want that to be my story, but as it turns out the apple doesn't fall from the tree.

At first, I had a great training plan. Two maintenance runs a week with one longer run that progressively grew in distance. But then the winter happened. Snow fell and I would be running ten plus miles on a treadmill. And then Spring came and allergies bloomed faster than the flowers could grow. Three weeks before the marathon I was scheduled for my final distance run—the twenty miler. I was all set for it. I had a utility belt of Gatorade and water with side pouches filled with Goo. Then, halfway through my run, my phone dies. The GPS is gone, the music is gone, my only means of emergency communication is gone and my only option is to stop at mile ten.

Days later my allergies kick in and I'm bed-ridden for over a week. By the time I recover from violent allergies, it's only a week until race day; meaning there isn't enough time to recover from a twenty mile run. I'm screwed. The furthest I ever managed to go was fifteen miles, and you better believe I was proud of those fifteen when I conquered them. But days before the race I was a nervous wreck. My Dad assured me that youth is the greatest advantage you can have on the course even in the absence of proper training. Was he right? Well...that's debatable.

If there were one thing I could stress to a future marathoner it would be to tackle that final run. Without it, you're left with self-doubt. You'll hit mile 16 and think, "Well shit I don't even know if my body is capable of going any further than this." Save the self-doubt for mile twenty-two, when you're really pushed past your limit.

For me, everything went downhill after mile twenty-one. The pain in

my quads was excruciating to the point of amnesia. They say that women tend not to remember the pain of childbirth. Well, I'm not entirely sure if I accurately remember the pain of my last 5.2 miles. From a logical standpoint, my problem was that my muscles had not been trained to heal themselves past fifteen miles. My body was in shock. My muscles were breaking down at an alarming pace. But I ran on. I refused to walk no matter how much I wanted to. Heck, I even cried. And weirdly enough I wasn't able to produce tears. It wasn't just exhaustion eating away at me at that point; it was self-doubt. I had to face my demons not knowing if I was physically capable of making it to the end.

A marathoner runner will say that a lot, "face my demons." Basically, it's the feeling of despair a lot of first timers experience towards the last six miles. I've heard stories of people questioning their own existence. But for me, it was a lot more specific than that. It was like I was time travelling to the lowest points in my life. Watching events happen to me over and over again. And then out of nowhere I had this overwhelming urge to hug my mom who was waiting for me at the finish line. I was never a momma's girl but in that moment she was all I wanted. And my Dad too. I remember thinking how much I wanted him to hold my hand.

If there is anything else that can be taken away from my marathon experience it would be to know that while your family loves and supports you fully, you're ultimately out there alone. They can't help you from the finish line.

A marathon is a battle both historically and figuratively. It was a battle in 490 BC between Athenians and Persians. But today, it's a battle between you and yourself.

NOW ADVERTISING:

By Alex Stephenson

As I lead the way outside Leo Hall into the cool fall air, the scent of summer lingers, unwilling to relinquish the sweet aromas of grass and flowers to musky leaves. Senior Chris Pollack follows me as we sit on the stonewall, enjoying the last rays of heat the sun has to offer as we begin our conversation.

While Chris calls Illinois his home state, he grew up in Bogota, New Jersey. Chris is a Communications major with an advertising concentration here at Marist College. Interestingly enough, advertising happens to be "the family business" as he puts it. "My mom works for a magazine that covers advertising so I grew up hearing and seeing a lot of ads and that's how I grew to love it," Pollock starts out.

Pollack had his humble beginnings at this same company, Ad Age, writing a couple articles and covering a few events for them. When his old boss went to work for an agency, talented Chris was offered more internships and was able to expand his network of connections, opening up some incredible opportunities.

A few such opportunities have included advertising agencies such as KBS+ and Johannes Leonardo. In KBS+, Pollack worked in two different "arms" of the company: the Agency division and the Spies and Assassins division. Now while Chris may not have been going undercover on a mission to assassinate anyone, he was working with creative technology. Chris also got to work with Johannes Leonardo in NOHO, who cover such

Warped

By Hayley Critchfield

So tell me, what do you think of when you hear 'Warped Tour'? Some people think "Unintelligible music and a bunch of goths beating each other to death" according to some research. Well, my friend, never have you been so wrong. I will admit, it's no Coachella, but even I was surprised to see how different it was to my expectations. Yes, I know, this year I lost my WARPEDginity, and now you get to hear all about it.

CHRIS POLLACK

companies as Adidas originals, Trident, Trip Advisor, and Sony PlayStation.

During the school year, Chris works at the Help Desk, helping students and faculty alike with any issue they may have. Long time friend, Senior Cassie Carroll, describes her friend Chris as "an incredible person who makes a great fix-it man and an even better friend," she says. "He puts his all into everything he does



whether it be learning to play ice-hockey or working for Johannes Leonardo agency. He never fails to surprise me with all his talents!" she exclaims.

While this all sounds cool and straightforward, Chris didn't always know that he wanted to go into Communications. In fact, he originally came to Marist as a Computer Science major! The two couldn't be farther apart, and yet Pollack made it work as only he could. Pollack said he was so thankful he had the computer science background and was actually able to apply it in his advertising

career.

Despite Pollack's love of communications, I would not be painting an accurate picture of Chris without mentioning his deep love of soccer. "I'm on an intramural soccer team here at Marist," Pollack explains. Together with his roommate, Pollack plays five to six times a week. He loves combining fun with exercise. "I'm a better finisher than I am a passer, so my roommate wants to move me to striker," he explains, getting excited about his favorite pastime. He also rides a motorcycle, it being his main form of transportation around campus... and a pretty awesome one at that.

Still set to graduate on time, Pollack also managed to study abroad. He went to study in Florence last semester and also managed to visit Germany, England and Switzerland, along with other Italian cities. Pollack describes it as a fun challenge. "Just getting to see how other cultures live was an amazing experience," he says. Chris also confessed that, "In true form, [he] went to several soccer games" whilst abroad.

Chris Pollack is a friendly, well-rounded and talented individual. He has high hopes for his career and his life, and I'm sure I'm not the only one with no doubt that he will succeed at anything he puts his mind to. Good luck in all your future endeavors Chris, stay amazing!

normal. People just like us with colored hair and band tees. Now, to the aristocracy we probably looked like hoodlums but that is a matter of opinion, to which I think they are wrong. We were instantly hit with a wave of music in all directions. Because our favorite bands didn't play until later, we had some time to wander around and check out some interesting music.

I saw sixteen different bands play. Found some new amazing bands like PVRIS, We Came As Romans, Mallory Knox, and then heard some old favorites, like blessthefall,

Pierce the Veil, and Escape the Fate. Overall, it was a successful outing. And it's not just for the typical 'punk' or 'hardcore' person. Looking at me, you wouldn't think I liked this type of music either. I have blonde hair, I wear Marist hoodies, I have no facial piercings (aside from the eight in my ear), but this is the music that I have in my headphones when you walk by me. This music isn't a stereotype, it's not for 'scene kids' or 'goths' or 'hoodlums'. Music is universal.

And the stories you hear are phenomenal. People were selling self made brands with beautiful back stories, that often had religious undertones (yes religion, like the Christianity kind). I joined an animal rights activist group, I met painters and aspiring musicians. I ate good food and I participated in games to win prizes. There are so many more reasons to go to Warped than moshing, and getting high, and dying of heat stroke (although yeah, there was a lot of that). You meet people with stories, granted they are people that may have a blue and purple mohawk, but they are the nicest people you will ever meet. So before you even open your mouth about how Warped Tour is so *insert something derogatory* just think about the fact that

all music festivals are practically the same: a group of people gathered in one place at one specific time to listen to the music that they absolutely love.



I am a Gartlandian By Krista Piccotti

I can hear you trembling at the sight of my title. Gartland, who lives in Gartland? Who dare goes there? It is where the gremlins hide in cracks beneath the floor, and cobwebs crouch in unlikely corners. There is mold, I know, mold! It is infested with infectious disease. It must be approached with the faint voices of tiptoes so the floor doesn't dissolve into gritted pieces beneath your feet. I know you've heard these vicious rumors, which is why you are gritting your teeth. And you are thinking "I hate Gartland."

Dear Gartlandians, while I sympathize with you that yes, Gartland has its personal problems, I criticize you on your lack of patriotism. I will admit our rooms are small, and a disproportionate size to the amount of furniture we are supposed to cram in them. Our heaters bulge out beneath the window occupying valuable space that could be used for

a bed, or a dresser, or standing around and breathing. We are highly flammable, as we do not have sprinklers. My house in particular has an indistinguishable rotting sort of smell that comes and goes as it pleases. Not to mention the nearly mandatory requirement to shove your desk beneath your bed, or the construction work. Yes, let's talk about the construction work that is boisterously clunking next to my window. That's right, I have the pleasure of living in E-block; in other words my neighbor is the infamous Gartland reconstruction. Have I mentioned, it's a lovely view.

So, yes, it is fair to say that Gartland has a few subtle faults here and there, but it is my home. And I can say that truly and honestly that Gartland is not just where I live, but worthy of the title home which establishes a sense of comfort and belonging.

What Gartland lacks in space it makes up for in memories. The lack of space forces us to put our creative minds together in the rearrangement of furniture,

and playing Tetris with pots and pans amongst other items we've attempted and, might I add, successfully crammed into small spaces (these are important survival skills right here). We spend most of our time in the kitchen; eating family dinners, family breakfasts, and assorted baked goods. And it's almost okay that we consume so many calories from eating all the time because we have a little bit of a walk to all of our classes to burn it off. Plus once we decorated the place it started to look a lot less a deteriorating infrastructure. Gartland is ours. In the most personal and intimate way possible. I would not trade Foy or Upper and Lower New for my fantastic family. They are a family that understands the struggles of Gartland. One day, I imagine the six of us, my housemates and I, sipping tea and reminiscing over the fond times we spent here. I am proud to be a Gartlandian.

Coming to College in a Relationship By Grace George

Everybody knows those people who come to college with a girlfriend or boyfriend. In the beginning, the relationship seems feasible, but what happens when life goes on, and the significant other is not there to be a part of it? College is about the experience as much as the education, so it would seem wise to enter college like a clean sponge ready and able to soak up as much as possible. This may seem harsh but being in a relationship automatically means that you are off the market, but the sad part is the market just got a whole lot bigger. The relationship won't work if no effort to see each other is made, so there goes your weekend when you could have been making lifelong friendships. We all know the old phrase; he is off the market so for the purposes of this article let us equate college to a huge street market and your hometown to a small farmers market. The diversity and size of the huge street market is going to exceed that of the small town farmers market. Therefore, to draw a connection to our little metaphor, why would someone come to college already having bought something from the farmers market? Why not shop around in the huge

street market? All metaphors aside locking in on one person is a big gamble; the significant other may be the proverbial "one" or standing in the way of find the "one".

Relationships are hard work and time consuming. Many college students do not have an abundance of time and when they do, most students don't want to spend it traveling to see their significant other. A romantic relationship is not the same as a friendship, there needs to be physical contact (not specifically that kind, get your head out of the gutter), and Skype is not a replacement for being physically together. Not to mention with distance come the fear of the unknown. What are they doing? Who are they doing it with? From this, we have jealousy, there is a reason it is called the green-eyed MONSTER, and it is not pretty. Jealousy can turn calm levelheaded girls in to psychos stalkers and guys into macho possessive lunk heads.

There are those rare couples that can say that they married there high school sweetheart, but they are in a small group. According to a blog article by Brandon Gaille, marketing expert and top business blogger, he says that less than 2% of peo-

ple marry there high school sweetheart and 19% of that less than 2% went to college. Meaning that the likelihood of the relationship reaching marriage is statically against you especially if you are going to college, not to mention the fact that, the younger two people are when they wed, the higher statistical likelihood it will end in divorce. This may be because at a young age it is hard for a person to distinguish between love and lust, and love and freedom. In addition, many couples are not equipped for married life or have a romanticized version of marriage, either way, the final result won't be pretty

What everybody has to keep in mind, is that in 50 years, you do not want to look back on college and think that you regret not playing the field and having different relationships. College basically guaranties you a 4 year buffer where you are an "adult" but not really, why not live these 4 years to the fullest? Do not be afraid close one door to open up another one.

The Summer of 48 Emily Hathaway

This summer, I had 48 love affairs. They only lasted a few days, perhaps a week at most. I admit, some were better than others, but all were worth the time spent on the couch, swathed in a blanket, or sitting on the beach, my toes sandy and tan. My affairs were, of course, with books.

When the spring semester ended, I was determined to devour as many books as possible in the four short months of summer I had. I rushed off to the library and came out with heavy piles of books. I made a mental checklist of which books I took, how long I'd have to read each one, and which books I'd check out next time. Yes, I am that kind of reader.

I was voracious because I had lacked the time during school to read what I wanted. But that summer, I was swimming in young adult novels and enjoyed every minute of

it. I get a fair amount criticism that I don't 8nd my free time reading classical literature. I'm an English major who doesn't whip out some Shakespeare or Fitzgerald at a moment's notice? Honestly, I don't. Not all the time. Young adult fiction is one of my favorite genres; the plot lines and the characters are imaginative and fun. They make me feel free, and this past summer, I needed to feel free. I love school, I really do, but the prodigious amounts of homework had weighed me down. The books I read were intricate and exciting. They were filled with the clever humor that's hard to come by. And as the summer evolved, they reminded me that book boyfriends are the only ones worth having.

I don't think I've ever read that much in a short amount of time. I would speed through the chapters of a particular book,

absorbed in the story despite my tired eyes. When I'd finish, I would close my eyes and revel in the lasting moment of the book. Then, of course, I'd sift through my pile and pick up the next one. The books I read covered so many sub-genres of YA, from paranormal to manga to good old-fashioned romance. All of them give me joy in the way that classical literature can't. They give me the feels (only YA readers understand this term) and satisfy my book shimmy needs.

I carry these 48 books close to my heart because they remind me of who I am. I am a girl who loves reading YA books, and I'm not ashamed of that. I am the one with the Epic Reads tote who book shimmies off into the sunset, with her book boyfriends folded between the pages and her heart on her sleeve.

From Jon to Trevor By Salvatore Isola



"Bullshit is everywhere," proclaimed the historic host from his comedic seat of authoritative reason. On August 6, 2015, the evening Jon Stewart declared these words to the nation during *The Daily Show*, a substantially larger audience tuned in than normally, since this was no ordinary broadcast. This show marked Jon's final episode, and unlike most viewers of this historic program, I watched the show hours before its airing, live as it taped, at the studio.

Certainly, enough has been said about Jon Stewart, his final show, and his 16-year tenure as host of *The Daily Show*. Two months have passed since his last broadcast, and the show now has another host: Trevor Noah, a South African comedian who is continuing Jon's characteristic "war on bullshit." However, there have been little mentions of these shows from the perspective of an audience member, who witnessed more of an inside look than the public watching from televisions at home.

All the late night comedy shows offer complimentary tickets for audience members, and anybody who has watched a live television taping can confirm the difficulty of attempting to obtain free tickets to any ordinary taping, let alone a historic final taping. Due to determination, constant web refreshing, and the right combination of fandom, obsession, and unhealthy amounts of free time, I acquired a single ticket for

the August 6 show only a day before the show, while en route to New York to see the August 5 taping. Since individuals are permitted to attend a live taping of this show once every six months, I abandoned my original plans to see Jon's last show, live from *The Daily Show* studio.

To ensure I could gain admittance to the taping (because tickets are overbooked to guarantee a full house), I arrived at the studio shortly after seven in the morning, eight hours before tickets would be distributed. As expected, there was a line of fellow fans in front of me (some of whom camped out overnight), and over five national news crews on the scene. From there, I played the waiting game, which, for the record, can really wear you out. Around five that evening we were finally ushered inside to seats that corresponded to our spots on line. I was seated to the left side of the desk, and even while seated, we waited even more. Around 5:45, a warm-up comic came out and encouraged the crowd to laugh and go "apeshit crazy" for the entire show, as there is no audience filler added by the editing department. Finally, after ten minutes at the mic, the comic introduced Jon Stewart, to a rupture from everybody in the audience.

Before the final broadcast began, Jon answered some audience questions. One individual asked Jon what was the craziest thing he ever did while younger, noting as an example, waiting over twelve hours to attending this television taping. Jon recounted hitchhiking through the East

Coast to see Bruce Springsteen live in concert. He then foreshadowed (and basically confirmed) a rumor in the minds of everybody in the audience by saying, "hey, wouldn't that be a coincidence if he happened to show up here tonight," pointing to the musical instruments set up behind him. He also answered other questions pertaining to following one's dreams, if he has any intention to be a correspondent on John Oliver's *Last Week Tonight*, and how by stepping down to spend time with his family he is casting a bad light on every other late night host.

After transitioning to his desk and having a quick chat with the writers, the floor manager signaled the start of the show with the iconic trumpet opening, inviting us to go apeshit crazy, and we did, for the entire hour of the show. The content of the final episode has been mentioned numerous times in various outlets, but the internal execution of the episode was seen only by those present at the taping. During the opening sketch, where dozens of correspondents over the years came back to say goodbye to Jon, including current correspondents, who faded further back behind the great stars that appeared from the wings of the studio, such as Lewis Black, Kristen Schaal, and Steve Carell. On the completely other side of the studio, other past correspondents appeared behind green screens set to various New York City locations, while the previous crowd scurried away so the stage crew could set up for a bit in that very spot. Then, correspondents appeared

at the desk, one-by-one, from Wyatt Cenac to John Oliver, and Stephen Colbert, the final two for whom the crowd gave standing ovations.

Following Colbert's heartwarming gratitude remarks that choked up Jon, every correspondent in the building ran up to Stewart and jumped and hugged him, shouting "made him cry!" During the commercial, when all correspondents left, Jon stood up to regain himself, to the encouragement of the audience, while the makeup department retouched any makeup that was washed away during Colbert's moving, unscripted segment. There then was a prerecorded segment featuring the insides of *The Daily Show*, during which we watched the television monitors along with Jon.

Stewart's final piece behind the desk discussed the bullshit that is prevalent everywhere in American society. When uttering the phrase, "bullshit is everywhere," Jon peeked at his wife and children, slightly ashamed for cursing in the presence of his kids. His wife, smiling, gestured that he could continue. The speech in its entirety felt like a sentimental reflection of the show and the events discussed by Jon, and by the time the conclusion was noticed, one could detect how every audience member was on the edge of his or her seat, indicating their deep admiration and respect for a man who in many instances was the media's voice of reason. This was especially true for the final goodbye, where it felt that every word was another moment closer to no longer having Jon as the host. Nobody in attendance wanted the show to end, but this realization came after the stagehands disconnected the desk from the wiring, moved it to a corner of the studio, and covered it with a sheet, indicating Jon would no longer sit behind there.

However, this sadness present in the audience was exterminated the moment Jon fulfilled his prophecy and introduced Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band. In this room of roughly 200 people, the audience screaming matched the sound of a Springsteen concert at a packed football stadium. He performed "Land of Hopes and Dreams," while the audience jumped and sung along. For many of us in my section, though, it was difficult to decide where to look. In front of us was Bruce Springsteen playing in an intimate

setting, but to our right was Jon Stewart and his wife and children, dancing and smiling together. The battle of where to direct our attention caused great mental anguish. Following this song and a chant of "BRUUUCE," Jon, his family, and all the correspondents and workers on *The Daily Show* danced as Bruce Springsteen jammed away to "Born to Run." When he finished, the crowd was in a frenzy, and Jon, too overwhelmed with emotion, simply stated, "thank you — goodnight."

"September 28, 2015. From Comedy Central's world news headquarters in New York, this is the Daily Show with Trevor Noah." This prompt in the studio



was immediately followed by thunderous applause and cheering. Our beloved *Daily Show* was back, and we were the first audience to cheer on the new host for his premiere.

Once again, I obtained tickets for another legendary television taping, and even more fortunate was the fact that this experience required only two hours of waiting. The load-in process reciprocated the same procedure implemented while Jon Stewart served as the *Daily Show's* host. However, once inside, the studio had been significantly changed; most notably, the set and audience seating were rotated 90 degrees clockwise. Regarding the set, significant aesthetically-friendly and technological advances brought *The Daily Show* more connected with the 21st

Century. This gave the image for us fans in the audience that Jon Stewart's same old show and its integrity would not be compromised; only its image would be slightly revamped.

Due to this being the premiere show, there was a substantial amount of waiting while in the studio before the taping began. When the producers noticed the audience growing impatient, they teased us by reducing and subsequently increasing the volume of the background music playing as we waited. Applause grew when the volume decreased, and booing ensued with each additional song.

After one of the longest 45-minute periods I had to endure, a fresh warm-up comic came out and raised the audience energy. He cued us on multiple occasions by instructing us to jump out of our seats and shout wildly whenever he said "Trevor Noah." Of course we complied and surpassed his expectations. Hey, it was the first show, and we had to deliver a spectacular first impression to viewers at home. Fifteen minutes later, the stage manager signaled that it was time to bring out the host, so the comic said the name "Trevor Noah" one final time.

The young South African host greeted his first studio audience to a roaring standing ovation. Trevor genuinely thanked us for attending the show and being present to support him. However, there was a strong anxious hint. He informed us that it was our personal responsibility to react loudly to the entire program, and if the show was to be cancelled, it would be entirely our fault. No pressure at all.

Similar to every other late-night talk show host, Trevor did a Q&A session before the taping began. For his first show, he accepted only three questions, and I was among those to ask. I told Trevor that I was present at Jon Stewart's final show, which concluded with a performance by Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band. I asked him how he was going to top that for his first show. The crowd gasped in disbelief. Everybody assumed that I was establishing a ridiculously high standard that Trevor would not reach, which basically I did. He laughed with incredulity that somebody asked such a question on the first night before responding that it would build up gradually. He said that he would do the show and

slowly build up a reputation, and after 16 years, he might get there.

The stage manager immediately cut off the Q&A right after my question and decided to begin the show. In his slick suit, Trevor walked to the desk and quickly talked with the writers before the iconic trumpet opening on the screens played. Much like the show during Jon Stewart's tenure, the audience was not shown, so wearing my bright red Marist shirt that day was a waste.

As we expected, this version of *The Daily Show* was the same as Jon Stewart's program, although Noah announced that the same show, but without Stewart, was weird. He said that it was like the family lost a father and gained a stepfather, who was black. After he paid tribute to Stewart and acknowledged the new but same program, Noah announced his plan to continue Stewart's "war on bullshit."

Noah's first major topics of discussion were the Papal Visit and Speaker of the House John Boehner's decision to resign from his position. This was all discussed in the same manner in which Stewart would have examined such subjects, but with a more blunt penis joke. The rest of the show, much like Jon's final episode, has been discussed extensively since its airing, so to save being redundant, I will mention moments that were only witnessed in the studio that day.

During the commercial breaks, there was the standard meeting with writers at the desk, but one overenthusiastic fan in the audience waved at Trevor continuously throughout the entire break, and when he pointed and smiled back at her, she broke down in tears. Additionally, when discussing Boehner's resignation, Noah required two re-takes of a certain segment, where he mentions the Speaker's accomplishments while holding his position, ending with, "he deported taco Tuesdays from the cafeteria menu."

He stuttered one of his lines, which went mostly unnoticed, but after the interview with Kevin Hart, he spoke the same lines twice. Why twice? Continuity errors. The first he spoke perfectly, but the desk lacked the script and pen that were present during the entire show. Noah warned us that continuity experts would scrutinize the show and find it weird that in one scene the script can be seen, whereas it cannot be seen in the one following.

Aside from this re-take, there were no errors that required fixing for the entire 30-minute program, which is incredible, especially for his first show. Following the Moment of Zen and the stage manager's confirmation that the taping had concluded, we all applauded Trevor for a successful and hilarious first episode. However, when all was said and

done, those early nerves reappeared. Before the audience was unloaded, Trevor thanked us for attending the first and last taping of *The Daily Show* with Trevor Noah.

From start to finish, I greatly enjoyed Trevor Noah's first show. Though Bruce Springsteen did not make an appearance, Noah gave America a fantastic first impression that he possesses the wit, comedic ability, and informed insight to successfully continue the beloved political satire program that Jon Stewart created. The hosting torch of *The Daily Show* has been passed from Jon to Trevor, and the return of the program means only one thing for us college students: we once again have a trusted news source.



Banned Book Reviews: Catch 22

By Rodney Rogers

What is the difference between the provocative and the obscene? When does a work of art that challenges your sensibilities become an exercise in upsetting people? Who gets to make that distinction in the first place? The answers to these questions are imperative to understanding what differentiates great art, which challenges audiences' convictions in order to broaden their mind, from pulp, which is shocking and offensive for the sake of being shocking and offensive. Great works of art can be graphic. They can be upsetting and disturbing and filled to the brim with ideas that do not easily fit into polite society. The same can be said of shock value crap. When the difference between the two is ignored the result is the ostracism of creative genius. This is a tragedy. Brilliant literary works such as Joseph Heller's *Catch 22* often face this problem. When indecent details are mixed with unpopular opinions the knee-jerk reaction of the "moral guardian" is to dismiss and disenfranchise work that could be of a great benefit to society. Unfortunately, *Catch 22* is one of those works.

So what's it about?

Catch 22 tells the story of a John Yossarian, a bombardier (professional bomb dropper) serving in the American air force at the tail end of world war two. Yossarian, a drunken, amoral womanizer, spends the novel desperately trying to get himself grounded in order to escape the peril of flying missions over Axis controlled Italy. Yossarian finds himself trapped by superior officers that care nothing about their soldiers (his commanding officer keeps deliberately raising the number of missions his men must fly in order to make himself look good) a bureaucracy that treats human life as an expendable resource, and friends and peers that think him insane for being scared

and depressed that he could die at any given moment. As the novel progresses, the insanity of the situation becomes more and more obvious as the protagonist finds himself contending with a mess officer, who bombs his own squadron (as per a contract he struck with the Nazi high command), a man who is declared legally dead despite the fact that he can walk and talk and has a pulse, and a squadron commander, who will only see people in his office while he is not in his office. Eventually Yossarian attempts to go AWOL and escape the horrific bureaucracy that has claimed the lives of most of his friends.

How banned is it?

Catch 22 was banned by an Ohio school board in the 1972 and challenged, but not banned, by a Texas school board in 1979. The book is perhaps one of the most iconic antiwar novels ever written and was a prominent protest symbol in the 1960s. The book is still a rallying point and a popular choice for antiwar protestors.

Why was it banned?

A whole lot of reasons really. For starters the novel contains graphic violence, graphic sexual content, and I think, every curse word in the English language. The novel is also vehemently anti-war and frequently mocks the ideas of patriotism, honor, and glorification of the military. The book also contains references to alcoholism, drug use, rape, and prostitution. Yossarian and his pals have a lot of nasty things to say about their commanding officers and the war itself. *Catch 22* seems to be an assault on the idea that there is any redeeming quality to warfare; it also makes great pain to paint World War two, a conflict Americans seem to take pride in, as a brutal and despicable affair no better than any other struggle in human history. Also, it could be argued that the story glorifies running away from

the army, which is no doubt something the government would not like to promote.

My two cents

Catch 22 is a crass, sometimes grotesque, and often deeply cynical book. It mocks many beliefs that people hold sacred and is graphic in its word choice. It is also one of the greatest American novels ever written and a profound and important argument against war. I can understand the argument behind not teaching the book in high school, but I will never agree with it. *Catch 22* challenges ideas that need to be challenged and ask questions that need to be asked. As uncouth as it may be at times, *Catch 22* is a beautiful and compelling story about the endurance of the human spirit, and a prudent warning against blindly accepting what those in power will tell you. It is, in my humble opinion, the best book of all time.

Kicking Back in Some Fresh Kicks

BY: Erika Thompson

Sneakers are no longer considered just workout wear. From Nike to Adidas, shoe designers are starting to bring athletic vibes to the forefront of women's fashion. The sneaker trend is perfect for those who do not feel comfortable in heels, or are just opting for comfort in general.

While booties or flats may be the safest way to finish off skinny jeans and an oversized sweater, Roshe Runs or Nike Air Max's give off a unique ambiance and helps keep your look relaxed and cool. "Sneakers have a way of making outfits look more intentional and put together," says Mackenzie Kramer, a senior fashion design major at Marist College. "It's a true misconception that sneakers are just for boys or for sporty girls; I think one of the best looks is a dress paired with a pair of bright sneakers. It gives a simple outfit an unusual and funky vibe."

Sneakers are also great for those who commute. "In my office, the dress code is pretty relaxed, so I will dress up a pair of New Balances for work. It's nice that I don't have to change out of my comfy commute shoes because I have already styled them in a professional way. I love to throw on skinny jeans, sneakers, and a blazer for an effortless office look," Natalie Zaleski, a Marist senior explains. This gives the trend more power, as sneakers are appropriate for both work and play. Sneakers not only look awesome, but also are actually a lot better for your feet. Studies show that it is unhealthy to continually wear heels and wedges because gravity



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brings all a person's weight onto the ball of their foot. Sneakers make sure the weight is evenly distributed throughout the whole foot. Just another bonus to rocking cool kicks in your everyday style! Want to ease your way into this trend? Grab a pair of Converse high or low tops. These shoes have remained classics for what seems like forever, and work well with almost any look.

Street Style Crush: Kelsey Bradley By Erika Thompson

Walking around a fashion-forward campus like Marist, you are bound to see cool and interesting looks you'll immediately want to try. I recently saw Kelsey Bradley, a senior journalism major, walking around campus between classes. I couldn't help to notice she had on the perfect fall layering outfit. Ripped jeans, Chelsea booties, and an oversized thermal shirt are the perfect way to bundle up this fall, without being overdressed. She polished off her look with a cool utility jacket to battle the cooler breezes. This look is perfect for going to class, running errands, or just hanging out with friends. Major fashion points, Kelsey!

Chelsea boots are a must have for this fall and winter season. They pair well with almost anything and are super comfortable. Kelsey's are a rich brown color, which makes them work well with any color – including black! (Because that rule about black and brown not being a thing is so false!) They help dress up otherwise casual outfits, but never make them look over the top.

Kelsey's free spirit attitude is translated into what she wears. Pairing wardrobe staples together so effort-less-ly is what makes Kelsey the ultimate style crush. Girlfriend even has her mini-bun on point! She's #fashiongoals for sure.

Q: From where do you draw your style inspirations?

A: I don't know that I have one place that I draw from; I think everywhere. I take in what I see everyday and take little pieces of that and translate those into something I can wear. I also love being comfy.

Q: What's your must-have item in your closet?

A: My denim shirt. I wear it almost everyday. It looks awesome with dresses, skirts, leggings, and colored pants!

Q: Who is your celebrity ultimate style

crush?

A: I would say one of the Olsen twins. I love to layer clothes together, wear oversized shirts, and I really adore their color palettes. I am a fan of neutrals because they can be mixed and matched easily.

Q: What advice do you have to girls when dressing for fall?

A: Wear what you feel comfortable in because if you're comfortable and confident you will look great, no matter what you're wearing!



If you've ever swung by the student run fashion boutique Mporium in Donnelly or seen a Marist College Fashion show, you may have noticed that Marist has a very acclaimed fashion department. The fashion students get unique internship opportunities, chances to meet famous designers, and unparalleled experiences with New York Fashion Week.

But these aspects of the fashion program are often forgotten among Marist staff and students alike, who tend to associate the department with shopping for clothes and the study of which belt matches better with which sweater. But after an in depth investigation, it is clear that fashion is a whole lot more than a well put together outfit.

President of Fashion Inc. and a manager of Mporium, Junior Peter Najera refers to fashion merchandising as "business with a twist in the retailing world." While business isn't something most people would associate with fashion, Najera explains that math is actually a huge part of his major—so much so that he picked up a business minor, which is common for many in his field.

"You might hear someone say 'I'm in principles of retailing,' and then you hear retail, you think store, but really that class [Product Development] is a lot of merchandising math. If you're a fashion merchandising major, the retail math is one of the biggest things you have to do. You take it in several courses and you work on it throughout your career at Marist. And once you actually are looking for a job, a lot of employers make you take retail math tests to evaluate your skills and see if you can analyze sales and analyze what your markup and discounts are to see if you're making a profit. There's a lot that goes into it," Najera says.

Another field that you may be shocked to hear is associated with fashion is psychology. This comes into play when students who want to be buyers for companies study what the consumer wants in a product. "You have to take a vision that a designer comes up with on paper and turn that into hard merchandise that you see in stores. You have to research pricing, you have to look at sales in the past to see what sort of pricing will work. And you

Fashion Incorporated By: Sarah Franzetti

have to analyze your target market and learn about psychographics, demographics—there's a lot of psychology that goes into fashion merchandising...because we are a really big consumer driven industry," says Najera.

Knowing what the customer wants is a huge part of business, which has many overlaps with the fashion industry that are often unrecognized. Even professors don't always realize the challenging coursework of fashion students and what it entails.

Najera recalls, "In my advertising class we were going over SWOT analyses, (a business and communication tool which stands for Strengths Weaknesses Opportunities Threats), and our professor made an assumption that if you were a fashion student in our class you didn't know how to do a SWOT, which is something you learn how to do as a fashion merchandiser from day one, because you need to be analyzing all the parts of your business."

Just starting off as a fashion merchandising major, Freshman Jacquelyn Kaiser also recognizes the amount of work that goes into her major that often goes unnoticed. In addition to the business aspect of it, Kaiser says that, "The most difficult part is knowing the "language" of fashion, and using the proper vocabulary when describing the current trends. For our first presentation, we have to analyze the fashion shows, so it requires a lot of research."

When asked if she believed that fashion majors are underestimated, Kaiser replied, "I do think that some people may think that fashion is easy or doesn't require much effort, but this is definitely not the case. There is a big academic side of fashion, both in merchandising and design. The fashion students, especially design, are under a lot of pressure in the spring-time, because they are preparing for the Silver Needle Fashion Show, which takes place in early May at the Hudson Civic Center."

Najera echoes Kaiser by saying that, "I do think it's underestimated. People don't realize, especially in America, how big the retail industry is. It's a multi billion-dollar industry...if I'm not mistaken it's the second biggest industry in our country. There's so many different things that go into the fashion industry...People just look at a fashion major and sometimes

they think of like someone who loves the Kardashians and wants to be a stylist and just who wants to be a shopper and its not about that. To become a real, true merchant, you have to understand everything from sourcing and production of whatever you're making... you actually have to be pretty knowledgeable to understand all the business behind the retail industry and you have to be really focused everywhere you go about observing trends and seeing what the next big trends will be.

As Najera looks back on being in Kaiser's shoes as a Freshman, he says his professors warned him how intense fashion can become. He may not have realized it then, but now Najera understands. "It's not just an easy way out of something, if you're majoring in fashion it's not just something you should do for fun." With that, it's time for the stereotypes surrounding fashion majors to go out of style—after all, that type of thinking is so last season."

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Thanks for Reading!

