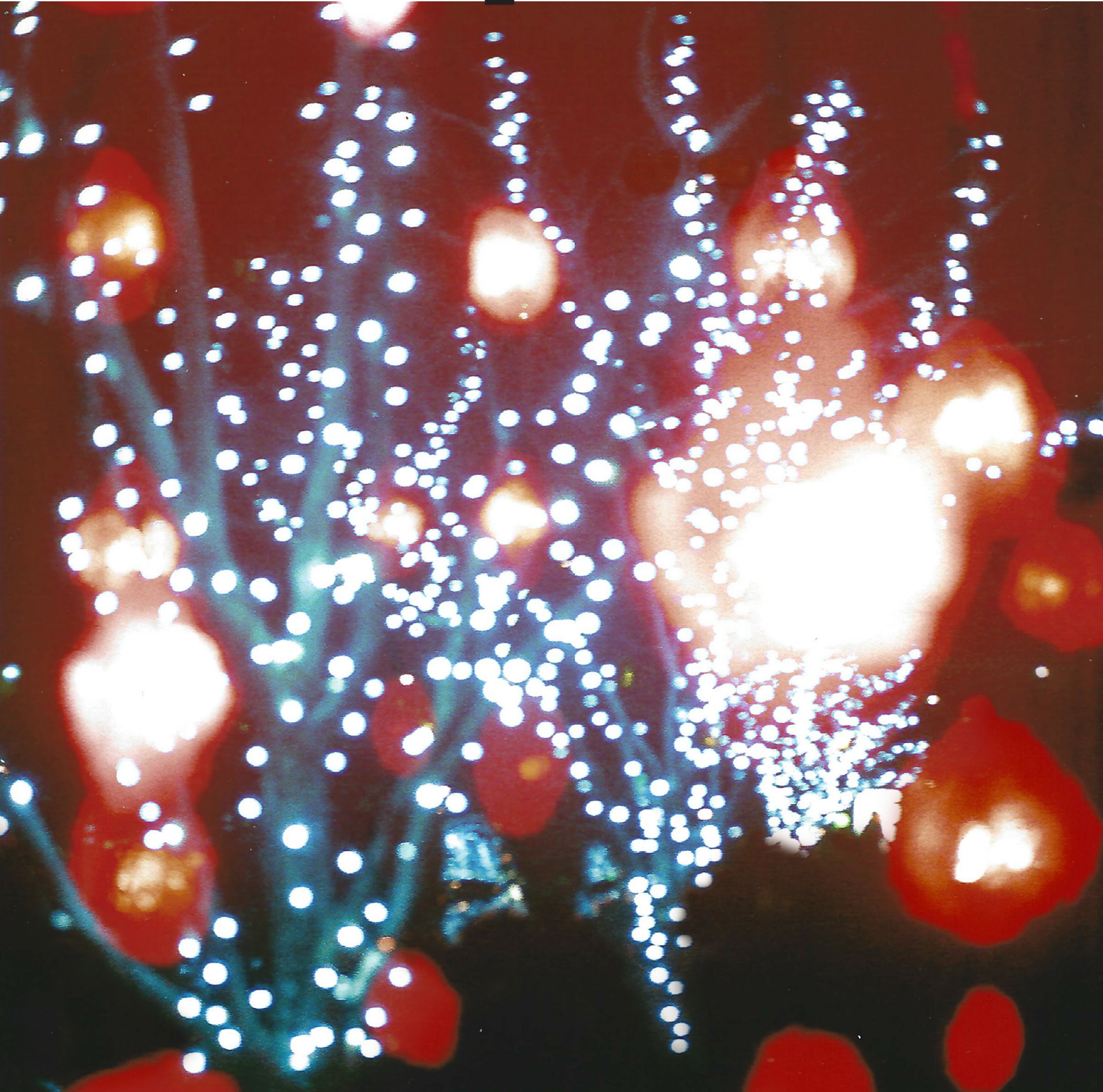


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IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED SINCE THE RELEASE OF OUR LAST ISSUE IT'S THAT ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE. IT SEEMS SIMPLE ENOUGH, BUT UNTIL YOUR COUNTRY ELECTS A FASCIST NAZI TO THE WHITE HOUSE, IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE.

I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SAY THAT THE LEFT ESSENTIALLY DID THIS TO THEMSELVES -- HILLARY CLINTON SHOULD HAVE NEVER RECEIVED THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION AND THE MEDIA SHOULD HAVE SPENT LESS TIME DUMBFOUNDED AT TRUMP'S CHARACTER AND MORE TIME TALKING ABOUT THE ACTUAL CONCERNS OF HIS WORKING CLASS VOTERS. BERNIE SANDERS IS OUT THERE, SOMEWHERE, SHAKING HIS HEAD AT THIS VERY MOMENT. THE SPARROW THAT WE SAW LAND ON HIS PODIUM IS REALISTICALLY DEAD BY NOW.

NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHERE I STAND, I'D LIKE TO WELCOME YOU TO OUR FINAL ISSUE OF 2016: THE APTLY-NAMED "DROWNING OUR POST-ELECTION ANGST IN CANDY CANES AND EGGNOG" ISSUE. I'M ACTUALLY QUITE PLEASED WITH WHAT WE HAVE THIS TIME AROUND. WE'RE BEEFING IT UP. KICKING IT INTO HIGH GEAR. TURNING IT UP A NOTCH.

NOVEMBER IS OVER, WHICH MEANS DECEMBER IS HERE. I'M DONE TALKING ABOUT THE THINGS I'M THANKFUL FOR.

XOX  
REGINA

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"Looking Through Pixel Forest," 2016, from "Pipilotti Rist: Pixel Forest," at the New Museum. Photo by Michael Sugarman.

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# thnks fr thnksgvng

Sometimes, it's the little things in life that mean the most to us. Sure, most people are thankful for things like their families or friends, but what are people really grateful for in their deepest souls? What are people thankful for deep in their hearts

by maya wechsler

Pot

That my oven has a chicken nugget setting so I don't need to waste my time with all that added effort

That my roommate gets the hint when I text her that I have an 'overnight friend'

For the little free samples Starbucks gives out so I don't have to fully commit to a big sized coffee

Coconut milk

The feeling of warm water hitting my skin

That I have an automatic water filter down the hall so I don't have to use my Brita

My heated car seat and my cool steering wheel

That last piece of gum in the pack when I think they've all run out but there's that last one hiding in the corner

When you drive home and you get to hear the end of the song right as you're pulling in

That Taco Bell closes at 2 AM

Blue Pixy Stix

Mangoes that are the perfect shade of orange (but not dining hall mangoes.)

Cupcakes because they're like cake without the commitment

Potatoes in their many forms

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Apple pies with just enough spice

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Warm clothes right out of the dryer

Drinking hot chocolate and mixing it with a candy cane after coming home from the cold

Life, even though it sucks, because I wouldn't be here without it

The people that sift through countless hours of our childhood TV shows to screenshot moments and make completely irrelevant memes out of them

Popping your ears after getting off a flight

The somewhat chocolatey milk after dunking the perfect amount of Oreos





illustration by blake rocca

This is Darrell Castle, the third party candidate you didn't hear about during the 2016 election, even though he's the nominee for the fifth largest political party in the United States. His party is the Constitution Party, whose mission is "to limit the federal government to its delegated, enumerated, Constitutional functions". However, after taking a closer look at what he wants to do as President, not only can you see why he wasn't considered a viable candidate for President but you also get to see why the Constitution Party is looked at as the Black Sheep of the political world.

Let's start with his pick for a Supreme Court nomination, Herbert Titus, an 80-year-old man. Not only is he far older than any other Supreme Court Justice appointed before him, but nominating him would be kind of counterproductive. Justices are appointed with the intention that they'll last a while, that's why most are appointed in their 50's or early 60's. Nominating someone in their 80's is like someone finding out their friend needs a new phone and recommending they get a telegraph; it will go unheeded and shows the very poor judgment of the person who suggested it.

Darrell also wants to end the Federal Reserve, the central bank of the United States, an idea that Senior Editor of CNBC Mark Koba shuts down as incredibly misguided. Getting rid of the Federal Reserve and returning to the Gold standard would lead to far more harm than good, especially because there "may not be enough gold to go around to back up the dollar" and leaving the Treasury Department in charge could be potentially dangerous because "the Fed currently has legal independence from the White House and Congress, but if the decisions were made by the Treasury, that economic autonomy could easily disappear." Also the idea of getting rid of the Federal Reserve without replacing it with something is

# darrell castle: the real worst presidential candidate

by kevin brown

even worse, because while the United States had gone through approximately 22 recessional years, including one depression since the Federal Reserve was put in place, the 100 years before the Federal Reserve's existence saw approximately 44 recessions and six depressions. So yes, the Federal Reserve does have its flaws, but if I could liken getting rid of it to anything it would be this: imagine you have a toilet completely overflowing with shit, so to solve the problem you get a new, far superior toilet, one that works. However, after a while, you discover that this new toilet does have the capacity to get clogged as well, and has indeed gotten clogged a few times. So in response, you decide to go right back to the shit covered old one that everyone forgot how much they hated. If that doesn't make sense to you then yeah, maybe the federal Reserve is for you.

However, the most infuriating thing by far about Castle is his tax plan. As he so casually states in the Q&A section of his own website, "I have proposed a taxing system whereby taxes would be apportioned to the states as the census dictates. If my state of Tennessee had two percent of the nation's population, for example, it would be liable for two percent of the budget. [...] States would be free to collect their revenue as they see fit. Alaska might tax its natural resources and Florida might tax tourism. In Nevada, it would obviously be gambling." This doesn't work for SO many reasons. First off, it's not that simple; as of 2016, Florida is the 3rd most populated state, but it's also the 38th richest. Conversely, Connecticut is the 29th most populated state, but it's also the 5th richest. This discrepancy between population and income is a common characteristic of about every state and is the main reason that a plan like this cannot work. In fact there are only two ways a plan like this could work: 1. If the census was done with complete accuracy with zero margin for overcount/ undercount error, every person in every state paid their taxes and everyone made enough money to pay their massive fair share while still having enough money to live, or 2. If Castle's plan all along was to ruin America so bad that everyone would be forced to flee the country for economic security, leaving Darrell Castle behind as he triumphantly crowns himself king and French kisses the Constitution.

Look, my point is simple: the 2016 election was all about third party candidates. People were looking for an alternative choice, and there was a big reason Darrell Castle wasn't given the media coverage of Jill Stein and Gary Johnson: he's insane. So the next time you decide to complain about America's politics, at least remember we have enough sense to never let assholes like this get even close to the White House, unless they schedule a tour through their congressman like the rest of us.

by brandon bocanumenth

The first time I attempted suicide I was 15 years old. This was the first of numerous attempts.

This is not a story most people know about me. If you know you me, you would have never guessed this as I am always joking around and smiling. People that know me see me in constant laughter, always making a joke of everything. I don't care if you look at me differently after learning this, I am still the same person. I am not sharing this personal story for likes, shares, or attention. I am sharing this because there is a need for people to understand what a Trump Presidency really means to all the people like me. I just want them to at least hear my message and TRY to understand. I am not here to argue, just to try to get people to understand. \*Just because you voted for him does not mean you are homophobic, racist, or Islamophobic, it just means that you're fine with supporting a culture that is\*

He is not a pro LGBTQ+ President.  
People do not understand what it means to grow up in a hate culture.

A hate culture is not one that necessarily promotes hate towards one particular group, however it is a culture that does condone it. It's a culture that teaches you their intolerance is not the problem, but rather your differences are the problem. This hate you experience is a burden you remember and carry with you for the rest of your life.

Staten Island is conservative, but it is much more progressive than when I was growing up. I've been spit on, threatened, made fun of, etc. However when I was just in middle school I remember walking home alone one night from my friend's house. I remember the feeling of terror that swept over me when a glass bottle was heaved at my head. I remember the feeling of lying on the floor panting as a car screeched away. Out of all these memories the one I remember the most is the sound of a voice yelling "You're going to hell faggot".

A hate culture is one where you would rather hide the bleeding from your head than tell your parents you're gay, out of fear of how people in your community would react.

A hate culture is one that teaches you to hate yourself. It is one that introduces you to the feeling of depression, eating disorders, and the thoughts of suicide at such a young age.

Going away to college was the first time in my life I ever met others like me. It was the first time in my life that I have ever felt comfortable with who I am. The first time I felt comfortable to talk about mental health, sexuality, racism, Islamophobia, etc. The first time in my life I ever felt truly proud of myself. It was the first time I ever almost joined a Fraternity, before being rejected when it was discovered that I am gay. It was also the first time people have ever attempted to jump me because of my sexuality. It was also the first time in my life I was sexually assaulted.

A hate culture is one that tells you that a man cannot get raped, and that there is no point in attempting to tell anyone because no one will believe you.

It was however the first time I took a position in an LGBTQ+ organization. The first time I

realized I could make an impact. The first time I realized I could help people who were in a position I was in not too long ago. It was when I made a promise to do everything in my power to make sure no child had to go through what I went through. As a child I used to blame myself for the things that happened to me, until I realized I was not the one at fault.

A hate culture is what allowed this to happen.

Vice President-elect Mike Pence has already confirmed that President Trump will roll back on all the LGBTQ+ protective bills Obama has put in place. These bills made it illegal to discriminate against LGBTQ+ members. This is the same Mike Pence who as a Governor supported a bill to take funding away from HIV/AIDS relief and put it towards the medieval practice of conversion therapy. The same man who has written an open letter to businesses asking them to not hire any LGBTQ+ members, because this promotes their “lifestyle”. Trump and Pence are the same men who oppose marriage equality. The same men who now have the Senate, the House of Representatives, the Presidency, and soon the Supreme Court. These are the men who regardless of their own beliefs, promote hate culture.

I sat with my LGBTQ+ organization and LGBTQ+ professors during the election results, unsure of all the possibilities to come. The saddest moment of the night was having our friend, an older lesbian professor who was an activist in the LGBTQ+ movement, look at us with tears rolling down her eyes, choking out the words “I’m sorry....we failed you”.

I’m sharing my story because I am tired. I am tired of seeing Facebook posts from people saying they don’t want to see people whining about Trump. I am tired of seeing people saying it wouldn’t have made a difference whether Hillary or Trump won. I am tired of people saying life will go on. The reason I am tired is because these are all people who won’t be personally affected by these decisions. People whose social lifestyles will stay the same. People that will not face discrimination. People that can go to the bathroom they choose without being stopped. People that have always had the ability to get married.

I lied to my parents, saying I was going to sleep over my friends while I snuck to NYC by myself to participate in the Equality March. I had the privilege to watch this March turn into a celebratory Pride Parade. To have to watch a celebration of differences revert back to a fight for equality breaks my heart.

After all this I am still the same silly joking boy you know, always sharing the best memes on Facebook (if I do say so myself). I will still always have a smile on my face and will always treat people kindly, regardless of their beliefs. Most importantly I will always have hope for the future.

I am not scared for myself. I am a proud gay POC. I am scared for the LGBTQ+ and Transgender American children. No matter who you are I want you to know that regardless of what is to come, I will always be here for the LGBTQ+ community and for you. I truly love you all.

I will never give up until there are no more children who have to grow up in a hate culture.

**#notmypresident**

Feeling the way I do right now as a straight white middle class male, I cannot imagine the way women, Muslim Americans, people of color, and people in the LGBT community must feel. In the coming decades as we deal with the fallout from this nuclear fuck up the voices of people in those groups are going to be more important than ever. We need to promote widely available intelligent discourse informed by the experiences of the people from these communities. We can only recover from this ideological cataclysm if we listen to minority groups, as only they have a fundamental understanding of the biases present in the status quo. The only remedy for a hate like this is compassion and education, only love can drive out hate. The path to redemption as a country depends on the young having an appropriately adverse reaction to this appalling failure in the character of this nation. This man winning is a green light for hate and ignorance. The voices of minorities are in massive danger of being subdued and disregarded. The best thing those of us with privilege can do in this situation, and in life is to be allies to the marginalized.

Understanding that my voice is not among those under threat of being stifled, and that I could never fully comprehend the extent of the situation due to my background, here are my thoughts on the state of this country.

## an open letter to the closed minded by aidan stack

There is no respectful disagreement this election cycle. I cannot respectfully disagree with your support of this man because your opinion is disrespectful. It is disrespectful to the human condition, it is disrespectful to all notions of compassion and rational thought. I do not respectfully disagree with rampant Islamophobia, I do not respectfully disagree with the sexual assault of women, I do not respectfully disagree with the KKK. A vote for him is a vote for these ideals, whether you understood that when you voted for him or not. The reviving of these ideas is a toxic algae bloom of ignorance and we're already choking on it. You are on the wrong side of history, you are on the wrong side of rational, compassionate thought. We may have seen some progress with racism in the public rhetoric, but it is clearly alive and well inside the voting booth, and all of us have a civic duty to do everything within our power to keep that hate confined to a ballot box.

Growing up has been an exercise in the destruction of any pride or fondness I once held for this nation. When I was kid I loved America. We are the country that went to the moon, kicked Hitler's ass, we celebrate our nations birth with fiery airborne explosions; what eight year old isn't on board with that? But later, as a preteen I learned about slavery and its nauseating details, the three-fifths compromise, the Trail of Tears. I rationalized that back then all governments were committing what are, by today's standards, atrocities, and that as horrifying as those things were, I could

be proud of my country in modern times. Then in high school I learned all the truths about this country that they don't put in textbooks. I read about the MK Ultra program, the sterilization of Native American women without their consent or even their knowledge, the reality of institutionalized racism and how prevalent it is to this day, and any fucking thing the CIA has ever done. I watched unarmed black teens murdered mercilessly by an ever more militarized police force. I discovered that despite a well-intentioned plan for our country to be a representative democracy, corporations and lobbyists have more of a say in our laws than any constituency. I was shown that our government is blatantly spying on American citizens under the unbelievably ironic guise of securing our freedoms. Knowing all of that, I could not regard our institutions or government with anything but revulsion. At this point I had one last flickering ember of patriotism, and that was in the American people. I really did feel that most Americans, at the very least, meant well. That changed in the early morning on November 9th. I have been protected from the harsh realities of this country by my own privileges, and the sugar-coated story we are fed in history class. This election proved that a significant portion of this country is comprised of people who are either ignorant, or hateful enough to appoint this lecherous ape as our head of state. As someone empathetic to the struggle of the marginalized, I can no longer in good conscience take pride in this nation. I am still proud of the Americans who are innovating, creating, and striving to change the world, but I can no longer say I am proud of this country as a whole entity.

I now know that the way progress will be actualized in our laws and culture is when the older, scared, bigoted voters die out. Even with hope that one day our kids will live in a more tolerant America, there is no realization more disheartening than learning that our most potent agents for change are cancer and coronary disease, that as a country we can only progress by the weakness of our hearts, and not by the strength of them.

Despite this condemnation, I am not advocating that people abandon ship. A lack of pride is not a lack of hope. Activism now ensures that when our generation takes the reins we will be many orders of magnitude more intelligent and empathetic than our predecessors. 2016 has made it glaringly obvious that progress is going to be glacial. It will always be three steps forward, two steps back. That metaphor is depressingly apt here because with that climate change denying dung beetle leading us a glacial pace will mean a rapid regression into irreversible oblivion. Real change is a brutally slow process, and not one without casualties. This is not a nihilistic argument for complacency or quitting in the tug of war for change. There has never been a more appropriate time for activism. The only silver lining that can be salvaged from this scrap heap is the mobilization of young people, under the guidance of those from the older generations with more open minds. If our country is to have its day in the sun tomorrow, it will do so standing upon the hearts and minds we change today.





# holiday dinner guide

by iris french

College is stressful, but for a lot of us, our cramped dorms and shady apartments are a refuge from the craziness at home. For a part of the year, we get to live in a world where authoritative judgment doesn't exist. We get to enjoy a world where no one judges the faded stamp that reads "SOBER" on your hand come Sunday morning. A world where scavenging for dropped quarters in the Union Market is a group activity rather than a solo shame. Yet, that world starts to crumble as soon as the temperature drops and one is forced to remember that holidays exist. We at BU Free Press fully understand this struggle and have created a helpful guide on how to make it through those lovely family dinners over the holidays.

1. Double check all relatives are blocked on social media. Your cousin Jenny might not be too pleased to see that you've been tweeting about her snaggle tooth.
2. Keeping up with dad's new girlfriends is hard. Keep a cheat sheet handy so you don't confuse names.
3. Plan ahead. Prepare a powerpoint in advance on why your degree choice is valid.
4. Smile and nod.
5. Put thumbtacks in your shoes so you're distracted by a different kind of pain.
6. Burn your tongue, it'll make mom's 'famous' pot roast a bit easier on the taste buds.
7. Hide and seek is always a fun party game. Make it more interesting by not telling anyone you're playing. Basically, just hide.
8. If Aunt Martha hits the Zinfandel, you hit the door.
9. Visual meditations tend to be helpful during stressful times. Take a deep breath and visualize Sister Jude interrupting your mom's rampage by welcoming you to Briarcliffe.
10. Find a safe space in your uncle's cold, dead eyes.
11. Make sure everyone believes you have a bad cough. It'll come in handy when your cousin tries to spark a conversation by showing you some 'sick memes.'
12. I've heard percs go quite nicely with a russet potato dish.
13. For those who've come out of the closet, I suggest going back in it. No really, physically hide in a closet. (See Step 7)
14. An Irish coffee is universally acceptable regardless of your heritage.

## briefly noted

Courtesy of publisher Regina Bell, Free Press was able to get its hands on an advance reading copy of Ellen R. Malcolm and Craig Unger's novel *When Women Win*. The book, dedicated "to those who dare to change the world" revolves around EMILY's List, a "powerhouse political organization" launched by co-author Ellen Malcolm that is responsible for majorly increasing the number of women elected into government roles. The Organization now three million members strong turned 12 Democratic women in the House into 110 Democratic women, took the Senate from a status of 0 women senators to 19, and introduced 11 women governors to the nation.

If readers can look past Malcolm as just another individual that grew up entitled and went on to become successful, it will be harder to look past the glaring one sidedness of her novel. Taking into account the conservative household Malcolm grew up in, it is not surprising that she would join the Democratic party as an adult. Her book, however, suffers at the hands of its one sidedness; by omitting Republicans from EMILY's List and isolating many Republican readers she generalizes, and thus condones, the Partisanship. While the bipartisan nature of politics in America is not the sole reason for the current state we are in, it is considered by many, including myself, to be largely accountable and the source of a number of other problems.

Still, *When Women Win*, integrating interviews from figures like Hillary Clinton, is undoubtedly a dramatic page turner that provides an inside look at the political engagement of women. It's insight spans from the launch of EMILY's List in 1985 through the "heartbreaking losses and unprecedented victories" that bring us to the politics of today. It is my hope that one day books like *When Women Win* will lead us to see the first woman President elected in the United States. It is then that the last glass ceiling will truly be broken and we can say that women have won.



**WHEN WOMEN WIN**  
EMILY'S LIST  
AND THE RISE OF WOMEN  
IN AMERICAN POLITICS  
Ellen R. Malcolm  
with CRAIG UNGER

# cuffing season: an abridged history

by xiomara damour



**Cuffing Season**, for those who are unfamiliar, begins during the Autumnal Equinox and ends with the coming of Spring. Over this approximately seven-month long period, members from every level of the gender spectrum seek a temporary companion to make the passing of fall and winter a little less lonely. To remedy this issue, many of us flock to our respective App or Google Play stores and proceed to download as many dating apps as our poor smartphones can handle. Maneuvering these apps during cuffing season may not seem like a big deal but the numbers don't lie. According to Jimena Almandares, the chief product officer of popular dating app OKCupid, "Historically, we have observed that bad weather is great for online dating activity, as people spend more time indoors". The dating pool during this time of year is full which means more chances at finding your one true cuff but also more chances of receiving a 'Super Like' notification from that one weird kid in your Anthropology discussion session that doesn't talk.

What is it about this time of year, you may ask, that makes single people realize just

how single they are? I think that I can chalk it up to one answer: the cold. The steady dips in temperature that occur during Cuffing Season make us all want to dive into the sheets for extra warmth and everyone knows that having an extra body underneath those sheets just makes temperatures rise even higher. Beyond this primal reason for the urge to find a mate this time of year, the fact that Cuffing Season coincides with multiple major couple-y holidays such as Thanksgiving, Hanukkah, Kwanzaa, Christmas, New Years Eve and Valentine's Day also plays a large role in its single awareness. Who doesn't want to make the trek back home during these breaks with their newly minted bae by their sides? Having such a companion would make all of your family's awkward questions about your future just a little more bearable.

If you're not into partaking in the Cuffing Season festivities, however, instead try your best to use this seven-month long period to focus on yourself. Cuffing Season doesn't have to be about finding a human teddy bear, it could also be about self-reflection and inspiration. Many great works of art and literature have been written in the winter time because of the many changes in scenery and the feelings that this period evokes. Whatever you choose to do this Cuffing Season, remember that, in the words of Supermodel of the World Rupaul Charles, "If you don't love yourself, then how in the HELL are you gonna love somebody else?"





pizza prose  
 i dedicate these next lines to the dominos delivery guy  
 how can i say with words how grateful i am for your existence  
 that red-and-blue no-nonsense logo,  
 and how you always call back 20 minutes or so later,  
 keeping me on the edge of my toes  
 you're the best delivery option because sometimes you're the only deliv-  
 ery option  
 but that doesn't make me love ya any less  
 i mean, i still get that medium 2-topping pizza,  
 guiltless spinach and anything but soda  
 when you pull up to my house, your headphones bounce against your  
 tshirt,  
 might be a polo, who am i to tell? Who am i to judge?  
 my head swims through questions  
 what was your night like?  
 i hope i gave enough tip  
 do you ever get sad?  
 oh, domino's delivery guy  
 maybe we can hang out sometime,  
 smoke and order dominos for the shits, the gigs  
 i just want to know you better -- kushly

cat



nip

penis prose  
 It stares at me, glaring and squinting that one angry red eye. It drools too, eager to devour me. Or, more likely, eager for me to devour it. This insistent little limb, sorry, I probably shouldn't say little, this perfectly average sized appendage is greedy in its hunger. It doesn't lack for love at the soft and untested palms of its owner, and now his angry red eye stares at me too, ready to chew me up and spit me out. But I'm not ready. I know what he wants and it's not me, body and soul. Just body, no soul. And it's a shame too, because I've got more soul than I know what to do with and it's all bottled up inside me, carbonation tinkling against the green glass. It's an acquired taste, one that you sip, but too many people take gulps and get upset when it's not what they expected. I can't help it and God, why would I? Sip slowly so it lasts the afternoon and you don't get a stomach ache.

~ Written about an ex-boyfriend and his angry little dick -- MJ

## how to make unstuffed mushrooms

1. Shake and wake a small, blonde, bowl-cut daydreamer on Thanksgiving morning.
2. Stir in six to eight cousins
3. Pour a heavy helping of wine into the party cups
4. Cook on a low simmer of dares
5. Put a lid on it and shut them inside for 1 1/2 hours.
6. Pick out the daydreamer and roughly squeeze him to do something funny.
7. Let him mix the cranberry juice and seltzer
8. And substitute a tipsy aunt's cup with the new drink
9. He'll quickly sip the half cup of wine.
10. Watch for a wince at the awful taste of Yellowtail.
11. Wait for a reddish blush to rise on his yellow mushroom head.
12. See step eight and nine repeat two times
13. Mind the tangy, bitter liquid as it fills the boy's belly.
14. If all has gone well, he should trip down the stairs.
15. Bast the newly cleaned, wooden floor in orange, red, and brown upchuck, peppered with bits of turkey.

## the fragile heirloom

I did not break  
that ancient vase  
clay layered by tradition.  
It broke itself,  
with stressful sighs  
and wasted trees. I have glue  
and resource-  
but quickfixes  
and ready remades  
can't hold dirt. So, tell me how  
can we trust it  
with life?

## kid christmas

Scrooge and Grinch  
grew up too fast.  
My dad, the kid,  
never grew up at all.  
I was young  
once too, until  
my brother proved  
that Santa wasn't plausible.

I asked the Kid,  
an anti-scoogemite,  
if he knew Santa.  
He looked away,  
that reminded me of a jolly elf.  
Then he popped an egg from his noggin,  
a passé precocious thought:  
"Yes, I know his spirit,  
(but I wouldn't say I know the man of Santa."

Then I thought of the people of Santa.  
How we dress in red!, and green  
mistletoe hangs like the scent of pine.  
Everywhere, we partake in  
sticky, mint handshakes  
and watch as they  
transmute into untracked  
snow.  
Perfect for tricky-slipping down the road.

Grown ups and all, fall for the season.  
(We incent people to buy this  
culture, fragile as rudolph  
red ornaments, to bask in its glow.  
Like wise men  
caring for a manger baby.

poems by connor  
siemer

our lord, our savior,  
she is so sweet:  
pop goddesses

Dan McMonagle

**I**n an era when we use “wholesome memes” as a countercultural means to expel a seemingly ubiquitous feeling that every moment equates to an existential crisis, those baby boomers love to spout “God is Dead!!” I mean, are we forgetting that Jesus was the first wholesome meme? And just look at the media we consume, right? Right??

Turn on CNN and you can find Betsy McCaughey, T\*\*\*p Supporter, touting that our liberal candidate Clinton supports women that produce lyrics like I came to slay b , when he f me good, I take his ass to Red Lobster. Maybe Betsy with the bad politics has got a point. I myself was raised as a faithful Catholic boy, yet even through my years of after school religious education, I can recite more lines from Britney Spears’s Gimme More than from the Apostle’s Creed.

However, contrary to the opinion of Evangelicals obsessed with the apocalypse (see: the second coming of Christ), I’ve come to list the religious motifs in 2016 that some of our female faves have sung into the Goddess-less pop music continuum. Each divine inspiration injects another dose of Judeo-Christian values into our wonderful secular nation:

### **Britney Spears, *Glory***

*“Your gravity has got me bowing in devotion.”*

### **Meghan Trainor, *Thank You***

*“Let’s drink up all my champagne problems”  
“All in my DMs, leaving messages Whoop,  
head spinning like an exorcist”*

### **Banks, *The Altar***

*“And so I’m left behind until he cursed my sorrow,  
But I know I’m Mother Earth, I see the weather.”*

### **Lady Gaga, *Joanne***

*“Hear my sinner’s prayer, I am what I am”  
“I bow down to pray, I try to make the worst  
seem better, Lord, show me the way”  
“Dude in a lab coat and a man of God  
(Come onto mama, come on, mama)  
Fought over prisms and a forty-day flood  
(Come onto mama, come on, mama)”  
“Shots were fired on the street, By the church  
where we used to meet, Angel down, angel  
down, Why do people just stand around?”  
“Take my hand, stay Joanne, Heaven’s not  
Ready for you, Every part Of my aching  
heart Needs you more Than the angels do.”*

### **Beyonce, *Lemonade***

*“Her shroud is loneliness, her God is listening:  
Her heaven would be a love without betrayal.”*

### **Solange, *A Seat at the Table***

*“I’m gonna look for my glory, yeah I’ll  
be back like real soon”  
“Don’t touch my pride, They say the  
glory’s all mine”  
“We live in an imperfect world, You know, only  
God can judge me, that’s how I look at it.”  
“Everybody is always talking about peace, but,  
as long you find peace in what you doing then  
you successful, and that’s what people don’t  
realize. See, you got do stuff till where you can  
go sleep at night. Cause the glory is, is in you.”*

# off the grid

By sidney ogunsekan

I think it was my during my senior year of high school that I decided to delete my Facebook account. I was only logging in about once a month, and just didn't really feel the need to keep it around anymore. Twitter, Tumblr, and any other social media still relevant in 2013 soon followed.

Expectedly, I lost contact with a ton of people. The dozens of people whose lives I had instant access to dwarfed into 20 or so strings of digits in my phone. Not having a web presence in the 2010s basically meant that you didn't exist. And for a while it certainly felt that way. I wasn't plugged in anymore, had no idea what anyone was up to, and only garnered sparse bits of information from people that I would run into during my day-to-day. But while the number of relationships I had with people seemed to decrease, the quality of those remaining rose exponentially. It was charming to see who actually made an effort to contact me after making the switch.

Initially, it was all super weird and I felt like I was going to live friendless and unhappy forever. But after a while things started to pick up. Probably the first change I noticed was the return of the element of surprise. When you're wired into to a myriad of social networks, you get to see the ins and outs of everyone's lives. All the ups, (most of) the downs, and everything in between. There's something kind of neat about catching up with a friend you haven't seen in a while and genuinely learning new things about them as you reconnect.

I think I read a quote somewhere (probably Reddit tbh), which described social media as "a place for you to compare your bloopers to everyone else's highlight reel." And in a way that kind of made sense.

I was always seeing photos and videos of people traveling and doing a ton of really cool shit, while I just sat around doing homework and going to the occasional concert every now and then. Not having a means to compare myself to others was something that I really needed at the time; I could move at my own pace...do my own thing.

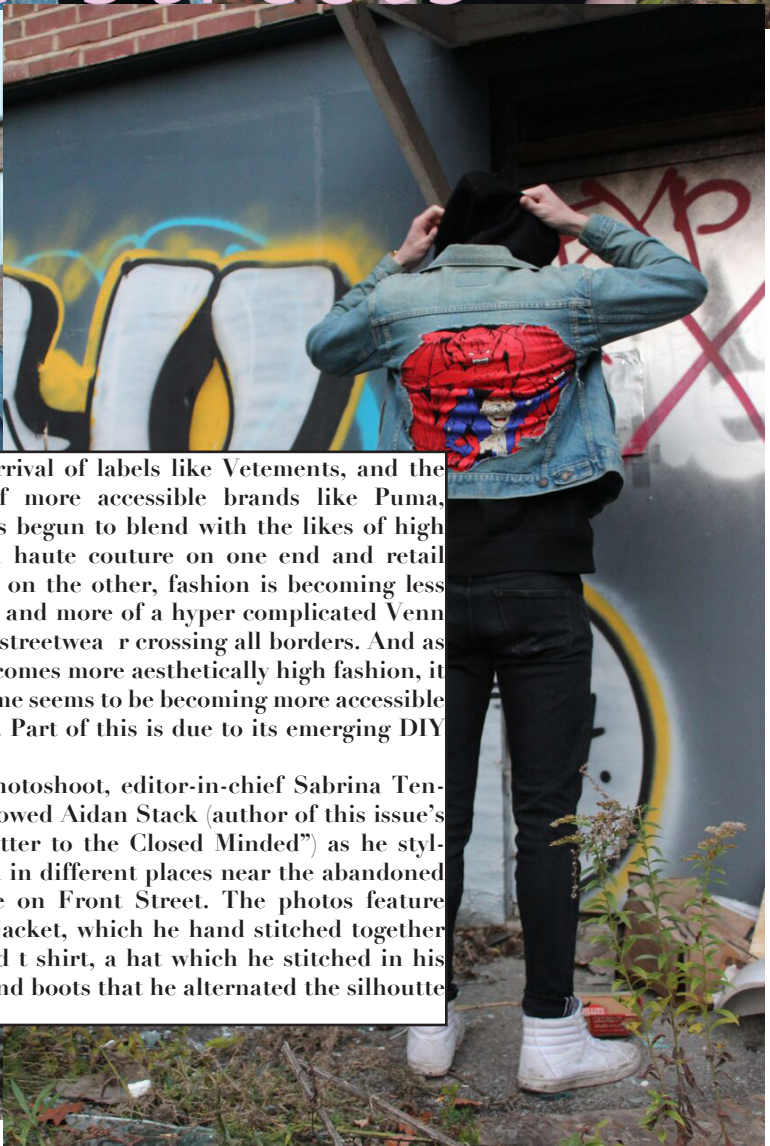
I'll admit; it does suck not hearing about parties or other cool events going on. But word travels through the grapevine and I usually end up finding out one way or another.

So yea, this isn't meant to persuade you into deleting all of your accounts and thrusting yourself into the offline abyss. Maybe just think about how you use social media and what it's really doing for you??? Like Vine, this too shall pass.





wearing the streets



With the arrival of labels like Vetements, and the rebranding of more accessible brands like Puma, streetwear has begun to blend with the likes of high fashion. With haute couture on one end and retail ready-to-wear on the other, fashion is becoming less of a spectrum and more of a hyper complicated Venn diagram with streetwear crossing all borders. And as streetwear becomes more aesthetically high fashion, it at the same time seems to be becoming more accessible to the masses. Part of this is due to its emerging DIY aspect.

For this photoshoot, editor-in-chief Sabrina Tenteromano followed Aidan Stack (author of this issue's "An Open Letter to the Closed Minded") as he stylishly postured in different places near the abandoned nursing home on Front Street. The photos feature Aidan's Levi jacket, which he hand stitched together with a thrifted t shirt, a hat which he stitched in his own design, and boots that he alternated the silhouette of. Enjoy.

## ALBUM REVIEW

# on *worry*, jeff rosenstock turns his focus outward

by max steinbach



Throughout his career as the frontman and songwriter of punk band, Bomb The Music Industry! (2005-2014), Jeff Rosenstock has been known to get political. When he's not venting about his anxiety or depression, his lyrics tackle themes ranging from problems inherent in the music industry, to the lack of authenticity in the punk scene. Rosenstock has also been known to promote his DIY ethic towards music, exemplified by Quote Unquote Records, the online record-label he operates. Touted as "the first ever donation based record label", all of the music released through Quote Unquote, including Rosenstock's own, is available on a pay-what-you-want basis.

On *Worry*, Jeff Rosenstock's second solo album (or third, depending on what you consider his debut), Rosenstock not only expands upon themes that should be familiar to longtime fans, but also manages to broaden his scope, dealing with larger political issues like gentrification, police brutality, and our unhealthy relationship with technology. On "Festival Song", one of the album's highlights, Rosenstock draws upon a familiar theme, lamenting the commercialization of punk

rock. He sings, "We organize through avenues they lace with advertisements so the ones we try to rage against are still lining their pockets," accompanied by chiptune drums and a chorus of "oh whoa whoa"s. Other highlights include "Wave Goodnight To Me" and "I Did Something Weird Last Night," some of the more poppy tunes on *Worry*. The album is loaded with fuzzy amp effects, catchy lead guitar lines, and a healthy sprinkling of glockenspiel. It's difficult to assign a specific genre to Rosenstock's music, aside from the broad label of "punk", but certain influences like Neutral Milk Hotel, The Beach Boys, and Sonic Youth can be picked out. Rosenstock even returns to his ska-punk roots on the short but sweet "Rainbow", which should delight fans of his pre-BTMI! Ska band, Arrogant Sons of Bitches.

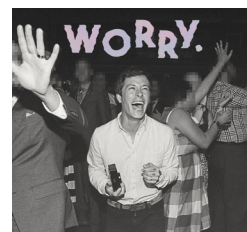
Rosenstock bemoans our technology-fueled anxiety on the Weezer-esque "Blast Damage Days" ("These are the Amazon days, we are the binge-watching age/ And we'll be stuck in a screen until our phones fall asleep"). On "To Be A Ghost..." he sings, "I rush to my phone because I don't want to feel alone", highlighting

that his concerns come from the perspective of a willing participant in this smartphone-culture, rather than a condescending outsider.

The emotional high-point of *Worry* comes from "Staring Out The Window At Your Old Apartment". The narrator of this song longingly imagines seeing an old friend who has since moved out of their neighborhood, which is now gentrified beyond recognition. With imagery like "Someone hung a decorative surfboard up where your records and movies belong," Rosenstock injects a personal type of sadness into the political issue of gentrification. On "The Fuzz", Rosenstock deals with the topic of police brutality, albeit in a way that is heavy-handed at times ("I can't stand feeling violent but it's hard not to sometimes, when the innocent get slaughtered and the guilty get a fine").

There's probably some irony in a white NYU graduate singing about gentrification and police brutality. However, Rosenstock's laments come from the nuanced perspective of someone who feels let down by the city he loves. Consider Green Day's latest release, *Revolution Radio*, a punk album bogged down by its vague politics (see: "Troubled Times"); Rosenstock's more nuanced politics, in contrast, provide *Worry* with a refreshing urgency. At shows leading up to the release of *Worry*, stickers were given out at merch tables, depicting the album's title with a design eerily similar to that of Trump's campaign posters. A title like *Worry*, especially when juxtaposed with overtly political imagery, perfectly sums up the collective anxiety of our nation during a turbulent election year-- a feat that I'm sure Green Day wishes they could still accomplish.

At times the lyrics on *Worry* can seem a bit trite, but Rosenstock's earnestness allows them to ring true. While *Worry* never quite reaches the emotional heights of Rosenstock's previous LP, *We Cool?*, it is nevertheless a biting punk album which, for the most part, seamlessly combines the political with the intensely personal.



# high maintenance

the series returns for its first season on HBO

The hilarious and pot-loving show, *High Maintenance*, written by married stoner couple Ben Sinclair and Katja Blichfield, shows us that anyone can have a joint, and smoke it too.

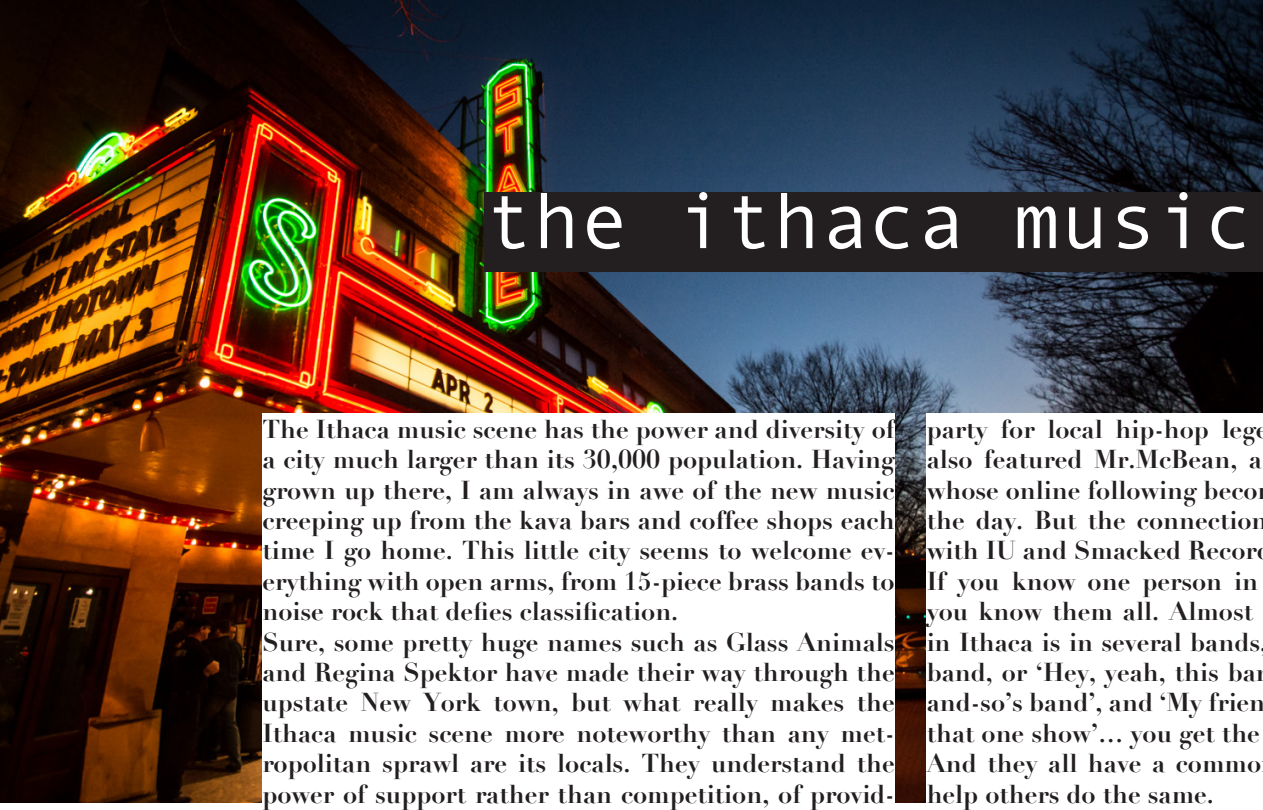
Before the quirky comedy was bought by HBO last year, *High Maintenance* was published independently on the video-sharing website, Vimeo. Each webisode is a ten-minute-long slice of life that introduces different and eccentric NYC characters who all have two things in common: weed and The Guy. The Guy (played by Sinclair) is a bearded Brooklyn pot dealer who blissfully bikes around NYC delivering not only greenery, but also good vibes, wisdom and friendship to his clients. Through The Guy, we get a glimpse of the daily lives of diverse and eccentric NYC characters and their inhibitions. The Guy's clients debunk our traditional definition of a stoner, ranging from grandfathers to successful and established adults to wealthy NYC youth. Ironically, we know nothing about The Guy - not even his name. All we know is that he's the friendliest yet careful dealer and raddest person in NYC. He's also not the protagonist - there actually is no real main character. In every episode, we're introduced to a new and erratic character with their own narratives, and a new situation that requires toking. I have to admit; I was worried HBO would turn the wry comedy into conventional indie cliché bullshit. But after watching the new season, I think the married duo managed to retain and simultaneously embellish the poetic and quirky aspects of the webisodes. Instead of focusing on one character, like the Vimeo vignettes, the episodes now have time to feature multiple characters and narratives, adding more dimension to each episode.



Not only are the episodes twice as long, but they're also twice as weird (in the best way). I'll tell you right now, there's an episode devoted to the emotional/sexual experience of a dog towards its hired walker. Yeah, it's bizarre.

I'm also obsessed with the soundtrack, which has always been an indie/folk/electronic vibe. Drummer of the indie rock band "Grizzly Bear," Christopher Bear, created the "hypnotic electronic score" for the new HBO season. Aesthetically poetic montage shots are accompanied by trippy electronic sounds (like Ratatat) to alternative indie (like Porches) to minimalist funk (like Vulfpeck). Whichever state of mind you're in, *High Maintenance* is ideal to start from any episode. Sit back, spark up (or don't) and get ready to encounter the diverse city stoners.

by michelle  
zaurov



# the ithaca music scene

by allie young

The Ithaca music scene has the power and diversity of a city much larger than its 30,000 population. Having grown up there, I am always in awe of the new music creeping up from the kava bars and coffee shops each time I go home. This little city seems to welcome everything with open arms, from 15-piece brass bands to noise rock that defies classification.

Sure, some pretty huge names such as Glass Animals and Regina Spektor have made their way through the upstate New York town, but what really makes the Ithaca music scene more noteworthy than any metropolitan sprawl are its locals. They understand the power of support rather than competition, of providing platforms through which artists can present their medium.

Local organizations such as Ithaca Underground and Smacked Records have given a voice to genres previously underrepresented in Ithaca. IU focuses on bringing punk and experimental music to the masses, and Smacked Records is the reason why Ithaca's hip-hop scene is gaining popularity. From small community centers to bars packed with electric youth, both organizations utilize the gamut of music venues available in the small town to book shows and spread their music.

Though wildly different in the music they promote, IU and Smacked Records are still connected. Artists such as Eyukaliptus and Lunagram, electronic producers under the Smacked Records label, had some of their first live shows through IU. This web of connections gives artists the opportunity to grow in a flourishing and uniquely supportive environment.

Parker Callister, a three-year volunteer with IU, says it is an integral part of the Ithaca community. "It's a place for the youth to get their music heard," he says. "The whole all-inclusive ideology is what makes Ithaca Underground succeed. It's always looking for new ways of expressing yourself."

Callister attributes the professional opportunities IU has to offer its volunteers, who market, photograph, and run the shows, to its recently acquired nonprofit status. "They were able to apply for grants to get new equipment to put on bigger, better shows," he says. "They were able to bring more shows and book them faster and more efficiently."

Both IU and Smacked Records pride themselves on the diversity of their music. Despite IU mostly showcasing harder rock, they recently hosted an LP release

party for local hip-hop legend, Sammus. The show also featured Mr. McBean, a Smacked Records artist whose online following becomes more intimidating by the day. But the connections neither begin nor end with IU and Smacked Records.

If you know one person in the Ithaca music scene, you know them all. Almost every musician you meet in Ithaca is in several bands, or knows people in that band, or 'Hey, yeah, this band is a side project of so-and-so's band', and 'My friend joined after they met at that one show'... you get the idea.

And they all have a common goal: make music, and help others do the same.

Artist, producer, and trombonist Elliot Mangini (AKA Thaelo), though new to the Ithaca scene, has gotten a glimpse into what unifies the kaleidoscope of the city's musicians. "Everyone in the scene is really trying to grow and support each other," he says. "It's nice to be able to talk to other artists about what venues are good for what, and what it's like to interact with other venues." The venues in Ithaca are as abundant as the musicians who bring them to life. There are bars like

The Haunt, The Dock, The Range, and Lot 10, which host larger, more well known bands; there are restaurants that fill your evening with just the right amount of background noise; there is The State Theater and Cornell, which host the banger concerts. But of course,

when all venues are full, there's always the street.

If it's a warm day in Ithaca, New York, there's bound to be someone playing music on The Commons (the city's downtown hub). I myself even played an outdoor show this summer with my brass band, Fall Creek Brass Band. While music particularly thrives during the summer with Ithaca Fest, Grassroots Festival of Music and Dance, and the outdoor Summer Concert Series, you can expect quality music year-round.

Maddy Walsh, front woman of Ithaca rock band The Blind Spots, says she believes being surrounded by a constant flow of new music is what drives her band, and many others, to create. "There aren't a whole lot of places in the country where music is so universally cherished by people of all ages," she says. "You'll see the same dancing fools at hip-hop shows, old time shows, punk shows, rock shows... It's really pretty incredible."

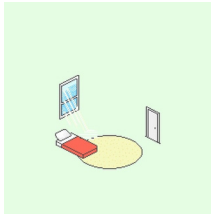
Whether hip-hop or punk, rock or folk, the Ithaca music scene is overflowing with sound. It stretches into homes, extends its diverse embrace, and gives life to emotions too powerful for words alone.

*It's a place for the youth to get their music heard*

# 2016 jams

from the depths of my spotify playlists to your hearts

by sidney ogunsekan



**Florist- The Birds Outside Sing**  
A super cozy folk/electronic album, *The Birds Outside Sang* is an intimate project by Emily Sprague describing her road to recovery after a hit-and-run cycling accident in NYC. The influences here are far reaching: it's filled with beeps and boops that feel like they could be in a Nintendo

game, along with gentle acoustic guitars.

**Ideal Listening Scenario:** Drinking tea in your bed on a sunny (but super cold) Sunday morning.



**Archy Marshal- A New Place 2 Drown**  
So this is kind of cheating since it technically came out in December of 2015, but it's worthy of a spot here. Probably better known as King Krule, Archy Marshall released a hip-hop influenced project with his brother. Archy's lyrics feel like poetry on this album, and his production is top notch. If you're even remotely a fan of his guitar-based stuff, do

yourself a favor and check this out!

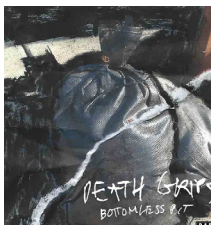
**Ideal Listening Scenario:** Drunkenly walking through a parking garage during heavy rain.



**Devendra Banhart- Ape in Pink Marble**  
I think this might be the most relaxing set of sounds I've heard all year. I was studying one night and decided to throw this on after vaguely hearing Devendra's name somewhere, and it was a borderline therapeutic experience. I think I had unknowingly looped the entire thing like 4 times before going to bed - it's that fluid. What we have here is just

super chill folk with really interesting tinges of electronic instrumentation.

**Ideal Listening Scenario:** People-watching in a rustic coffee shop somewhere.



**Death Grips- Bottomless Pit**  
Not for the faint of heart, experimental-hip hop collective Death Grips released a new album this past spring. Though still as crazy and hard-hitting as the rest of their back catalogue, it's probably their most accessible project since *The Money Store* in 2012. Like most of Death Grips' discography, there's no

real way describe this thing. Just make sure you're in a safe place when you crank this bad boy up to 100.

**Ideal Listening Scenario:** Dying



**Angel Olsen- MY WOMAN**

A record sure to reach the top spots on most end-of-year lists, *MY WOMAN* is best described by my roommate, and more so the fact that he solely listened to this album for 3 weeks straight at one point. He could probably write pages about this record, but we think that it'll speak for itself. Angel Olsen's emotion seriously comes through on this album: you can genuinely feel the anguish in her voice. My favorite part is the climax in *Sister*. (Song of the year anyone?)

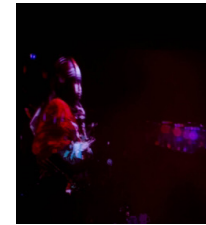
**Ideal Listening Scenario:** 3 Weeks Straight



**Parquet Courts- Human Performance**

Punk outfit Parquet Courts has done it again on their latest record, *Human Performance*. Often learning towards the political/societal in their lyrics, Parquet Courts takes a cold hard look at New York City and the world beyond. Instrumentally, this album doesn't really doing anything too groundbreaking, but it excels at what it's supposed to be - just straight up awesome rock.

**Ideal Listening Scenario:** On your 48th floor balcony staring out into the city.



**Deakin- Sleep Cycle**

Often labeled as the ugly duckling of Animal Collective by the internet, Deakin has released his long-awaited solo project entitled *Sleep Cycle*. And it blows Animal Collective's 2016 release out of the water (tbh. While still maintaining that "water insect" aesthetic that some have used to describe AnCo, Deakin really branches

off into his own on this record. It's filled with beautiful arrangements, layered vocals, epic builds, and much more.

**Ideal Listening Scenario:** Getting lost in a forest, saying "fuck it", and just falling asleep on a patch of lakeside grass.



**Vulfpeck- The Beautiful Game**

Funk gods Vulfpeck bursted into the scene in the early 2010s with their infectiously goofy D.I.Y home music videos on YouTube. Their latest release takes all the funky goodness they've honed over the past 5 years and pushes it even further. It's been a while since I've listened to an album this...happy. It almost compels you

to stop whatever you're doing and dance.

**Ideal Listening Scenario:** Dancing in your room alone.

# your 2016 unconventional christmas playlist

By lindsey mcclafferty

Honestly, I kinda hate Christmas. But that's just because I work in retail and Christmas merch appears in September, and Christmas music starts playing (and repeating) on December 1st. To make your holidays a little more interesting, here are 10 songs you won't hear while browsing hand towels at Target:

01

**Sufjan Stevens: Did I Make You Cry on Christmas Day? (Well, You Deserved It!)**

"Did I make you cry on Christmas day?  
Did I let you down, like every other day?"

06

**LCD Soundsystem: Christmas Will Break Your Heart**

No, Sufjan Stevens, THIS SONG is what made me cry on Christmas day.

02

**Kanye West: Christmas in Harlem**

If Yeezus is Jesus, then isn't every Christmas song a Kanye song?

07

**RuPaul: I Saw Daddy Kissing Santa Claus**

The holidays don't have to be a drag.  
But maybe they should be...

03

**The Killers, Elton John, Neil Tennant: Joseph, Better You Than Me**

I know Jesus is the reason for the season, but I think there are other sides of this story to consider. You're a teenager, your girlfriend is pregnant, and you swear you didn't do anything...so yeah, better you than me, Joseph.

08

**Mariah Carey, Christmas at Rockefeller Center 2014: All I Want For Christmas is You [mic feed]**

All I want for Christmas is for Mariah Carey to just pass the mic to Ariana Grande already. Listen to this if you need a good laugh, or just want to feel better about yourself this holiday season.

04

**Simon & Garfunkel: 7 O'Clock News/Silent Night**

Drug overdose. War. Murder. Protest.  
Christmas night is anything but silent.

09

**The Rugrats: Rugrats Chanukah**

If you're anything like me, you learned about the eight nights of Hanukkah from a group of talking babies. Let this episode never be forgotten.

05

**The Shins: Wonderful Christmastime**

A classic Christmas jingle, only Indie.

10

**Jay Brannan: Dear Santa**

'Tis the season for self-deprecation.

politics

President-elect Donald Trump considers burning American flags an act of terrorism

Russia is removed from the UN Human Rights Council

But, they awarded Stephen Seagal citizenship



by Free Press editor in chief sabrina teneromano and publisher regina bell

Alaska is warming up twice as fast as the rest of the continental US even though we were all hoping it would be Florida to go down first

Heroin epidemic is SWEEPING THE NATION.



#liberaltears trends

The Queen's offer to restore British rule over the US thanks to Andy Borowitz



David Shrigley's monstrous thumbs up, "Really Good," appears in Trafalgar Square following Brexit

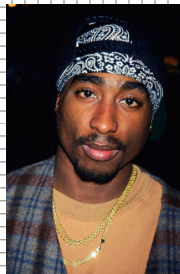
"Neoliberalism" is making its round on our timelines

whack

lit

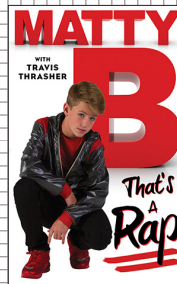
Binghamton University plans to be a smoke-free campus by 2017

This year marks the 20th anniversary of Tupac's death



The death of the Miami Marlins young star pitcher Jose Fernandez, who died in a boating accident the weekend of the 24th

Kodak Black is released from prison



They're giving book deals to everyone, even 13-year-old rapper MattyB

Kim gets robbed at gunpoint in her Paris hotel. I guess none of us are safe

Brad and Angelina can't die but they can get divorced



Gucci Mane and Keyshia Ka'oir are now engaged

pop

