

2018

the
free press

arts & culture

the spring (cleaning) issue

free



DEAR READER,

Here we are, holding the last print issue of the semester. This past year was a lot to process: great new music, political turmoil, the #MeToo movement, and more personally, unspeakable tragedy at Binghamton. We've seen how resilient this student body is; we are opinionated and passionate and try so damn hard to enact change even when we don't feel listened to.

We wanted The Spring Issue to help us end the semester on a good note with some self care and reflection tips. While one magazine can't mend the exhaustion that a lot of us feel, it can certainly help. Check out some spring fever cures on page 8, or find a summery horoscope on page 18. If these aren't your thing, keep reading! We have a whole issue's worth of content that we hope will alleviate the strain of this semester, even if just for a little while.

Creating this magazine this year has been a blast, but unfortunately our time must come to an end. We're both graduating this semester, along with several other members of this e-board. We can't truly put into words how much this experience and this publication have meant to us, and how much it means to have people that care that we do it. So thank you, reader, for picking up a copy of the Free Press. We have truly loved working with this organization and can't wait to see what misfits come next.

With love,
Allison & Michael



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table of contents

- 4) **Meet the E-Board**
- 5) **What Kind of Flower Are You?** by Sophie Miller
- 6) **Loving the Skin You're In** by Helena Ojarovsky & Plamena Diulgerova
- 7) **Spring Clean Your Mind** by Hannah Burke
- 8) **Spring Fever Cures** by Colleen Fucigna & Sophie Miller
- 10) **Cuffing Season's Over; Now What?** by Liz Short
- 11) **If You Haven't Already Closed Your Eyes**
by Helena Ojarovsky
- 12) **Spring Playlist** by Paloma Thoen
- 14) **The Collective Niche** by Linda Zheng
- 15) **The "Wrath" of the Shoreline** by Faith Medina
- 16) **How to Smoke Weed** by Eric Gaccione
- 17) **The SA Supports Bigotry** by Michael Sugarman
- 18) **Horoscopes** by Helena Ojarovsky
- 20) **Vapid, Frivolous, or Vain?** by Madison Werner
- 21) **Isle of Dogs Review** by Sabrina Tenteromano
- 22) **Dear Hormones** by Michelle Zaurov
- 23) **My Last Will & Testament**
by Michael Sugarman

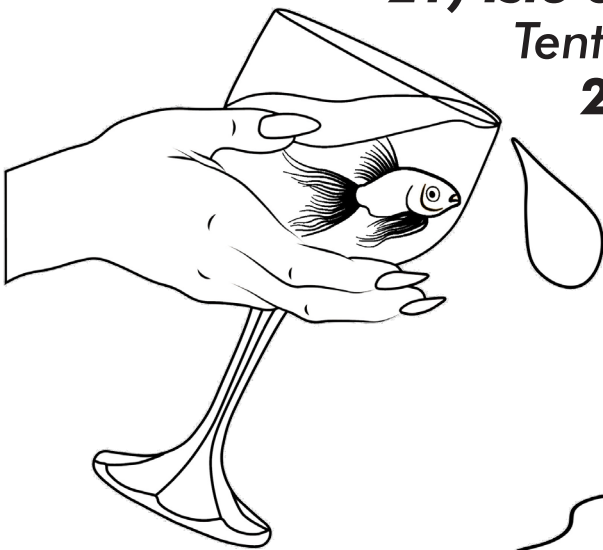


illustration by
plamena diulgerova

MEET THE E-BOARD

"what did you learn this school year?"

Michael Sugarman

Editor-in-Chief



"Do what makes you happy. Fuck 12."

Allison Young

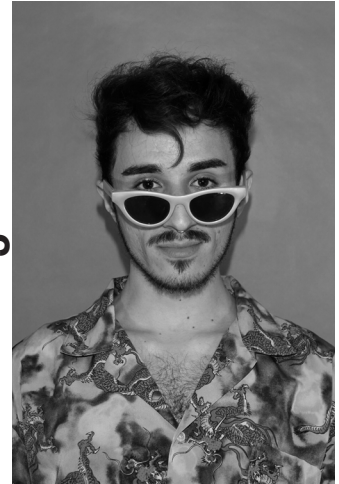
Publisher



"I became my own inspiration."

Kevin Sussy

Photo & Layout Editor



"Stand up and question injustices that you feel strongly about, especially the authenticity of an international student's denim 'Gucci' jacket (it was fake, she told me to fuck off)."

Plamena Diulgerova

Layout Editor



"Staying authentic to yourself and supporting the authenticity of people you love is really important."

Conner Torpey

Treasurer



"One dollar entry fee at the Rat is still one dollar too many."

Cassie Armon

Illustrator



"The most prized parchment in medieval times was from the vellum of a stillborn calf."

what kind of flower are you?

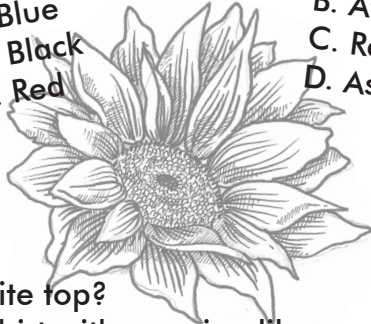
5

by sophie miller

It's officially spring and flowers are blooming everywhere. Take this quiz to find out what type of flower you are!

Favorite Color?

- A. Pink
- B. Blue
- C. Black
- D. Red



How do you want to spend friday nights?

- A. Staying in with friends
- B. At a frat
- C. Really drunk
- D. Asleep



Genre of music?

- A. Pop
- B. Rap
- C. Rock
- D. Indie

Favorite season?

- A. Spring
- B. Summer
- C. Fall
- D. Winter



Favorite top?

- A. T-shirt with a saying like "but first, coffee"
- B. Tank top
- C. Big sweater
- D. I'm always naked

How would your friends describe you?

- A. Sweet
- B. Loyal
- C. Funny
- D. Smart

Do you have a good relationship with your dad?

- A. No
- B. No
- C. No
- D. What?

What kind of pet do you want?

- A. Bunny
- B. Dog
- C. Cat
- D. Iguana

Favorite food?

- A. Salad
- B. Chinese
- C. Italian
- D. Sushi



What do you worry about most?

- A. My outfit
- B. What party I'm gonna go to later
- C. Global warming
- D. Schoolwork



How often do you cry?

- A. Once a week
- B. I never cry
- C. I'm crying right now
- D. Once a day

results

mostly A's

You're obviously a **sunflower**. You've got a bright and sunny personality. People just get excited when they see you. You're carefree and always looking on the bright side. Everyone wants to be around you and comes to you for advice and a clear perspective on things. You're loyal to a fault and you definitely like Lana Del Rey.

mostly B's

You're a **succulent plant**. You don't need a lot of attention, or water (but don't forget to stay hydrated). You're different from those around you, but in the best way possible. You're tough and willing to put up a fight, especially when it comes to defending your friends.

a mix of letters

You're a **dandelion**. They pop up everywhere and can't be stopped (you can't be tamed)! While they're thought of as weeds, they're actually beneficial to things around them so don't be offended. In addition, they're very bright and cute. Lastly, people love making wishes on them: everyone is always wishing for someone like you in their life!

mostly C's

You're a **tulip**. Tulips come in many different colors which fits well with your ability to adapt. You're always willing to change it up and try new things. You're exciting and adventurous. You're also very kissable (insert tulip twolips joke).

mostly D's

You're a **rose**; beautiful, but you've also got thorns. You're romantic and loving, but you've got a darker side to you. That being said, you're someone people long for, everyone wants to be your friend. Who wouldn't want to receive a rose? You operate better in groups, specifically, groups of 12.

loving the skin you're in: a routine guide

I am a skincare freak and that's not the only kind of freak I am.

-Helena Ojarovsky

Dry/Combination

Good Morning!



Well + Lab Vitamin C Brightening Cream:

I have that flakiness right above my brows. My skin sucks this up.

Hawaiian Tropic Oil-free Sunscreen:

I do not fuck around. This goes on every morning because my two biggest fears are sun damage and crowded OCCT busses.

Goodnight!

Yes to Carrots Daily Cream Facial Cleanser:

Aloe vera!

Neutrogena Acne Proofing Gel Cleanser:

I buzzed my hair so my attention to my skin and any blemishes has greatly increased. Double cleansing is a staple of Korean skincare!

Neutrogena Acne Stress Control Toner:

Any blemishes I have are from stress. Shocker.

TonyMoly Clean Avocado Cleansing Cream:

Got this in Koreatown and it makes my face feel like actual butter.

Yes to Cucumbers Soothing Eye Gel:

Makes my bags feel special, nurtured, and designer.

Advanced Clinicals Tea Tree Oil:

Like Kill Bill, but for acne.

Tarte Maracuja:

A little goes a long way, just like nipple play.

Neutrogena Hydro Boost Serum:

Soul food for my skin.

Nature Republic Bulgarian Rose Emulsion:

Another Koreatown find; what I assume Lupita Nyong'o smells like.

Burt's Bees Herbal Complexion Stick:

Burns a little, but like the good burning. Like the stair-master and good sex, but you can walk afterwards.

My second-most-liked tweet describes how I, while inebriated, managed to respect my pores before I knocked out until 3pm.

-Plamena Diulgerova

Oily/Combination



Good Morning!

Shea Moisture African Black Soap:

Cheap, lasts forever, and does everything a man can't do for me: reduces redness, inflammation, pores, and is really great for breakouts and any cystic acne.

Clarins Chamomile Toner:

What happens in Sephora has lasting repercussions on my bank account, but anyway, smells fantastic, reduces redness, and somehow moisturizes!

Leven Rose Moroccan Rose Water Toner Spray:

Great for combo skin, and is super cooling. Mario Badescu, but make it Amazon.

Neutrogena Clear Face Oil-Free Sunscreen:

I like smelling like the beach. And Helena got me really scared of free radicals, so here we are. Perez Hilton reports that this is why Mariah is so skinny.

Origins Original Skin Matte Moisturizer:

Cooling gel texture, smells like grapefruit, moisturizes with matte finish, so it minimizes pores, shine, and functions as a makeup primer when I have time or a singular (1) ounce of care.

Goodnight!



Makeup Remover:

Simple Sensitive Skin wipes are for when you get back to your room at 3am and think your contact solution is a bottle of water and yeah you get the idea. Otherwise, I use Clinique Take Off the Day Cleansing Balm. It's a solid balm that melts into an oil cleanser which is great for oily skin, and emulsifies so it's easy to wash off.

Shea Moisture African Black Soap (again!)

Clarins Chamomile Toner (again!)

Leven Rose Moroccan Rose Water Toner Spray (again!)

Whatever rising moon I am says I enjoy routine, therefore all astrology must be factual and wow how did this twitter horoscope know that I put on socks today!

Leven Rose Jojoba Oil:

No matter how weird it initially feels to put oil on your face (think: Five Guys french fries), it actually reduces oil production because it's very similar to the oil your skin naturally wants to produce. Your skin recognizes the oil and makes less of its own!

First Aid Beauty Ultra Repair Cream:

The holy Mother of Moisture works overnight to reduce eczema, redness, dry spots and any irritation. A tub lasts me about a year and it's my favorite investment (also what I tell myself every time I buy Zara shoes).

spring clean your mind 7

by hannah burke

Spring is a time of new growth. Leaves are on trees again, maybe it will stop snowing. I'm not gonna make any promises, but like, there might be flowers eventually.

It's also a time of insurmountable stress. The impending doom of finals is just around the corner. What are you doing this summer? What did you get on the midterm? Have you started that paper yet?

But we're not going to worry! Let's focus on you. We're on the final stretch of this semester guys, it's gonna be ok. Summer is around the corner! But for now, let's spring clean your mind.

Start with a journal, planner, agenda, notebook, or whatever you call some paper where you write things down (please, no marketplace napkins):

1. Write down important dates: exams, papers, homework, due dates, club meetings, interviews, and the like.

2. Leave space for, or schedule, important needs: doing laundry, showering, eating, sleeping. Yeah, it seems dumb to track these things, but if you're in a bout of depression or stress, it's really easy to start neglecting yourself.

3. Seek out help if you need it, and make appointments for such: University Counseling Center, Decker Health Services, Dean of Students, and academic advising are all resources on campus that are here for **you**!

4. Write down your thoughts of the day (if you have time): how you're feeling, how

you're not feeling, any progress on things. Write down the good things that are happening, too.

5. Find out what works. Find out what doesn't! I was changing the layout of my schedule every week before I could find one I wanted to stick to. And even then, I can still change it. That's called freedom ladies!

6. Bullet journaling is bullshit. And it can stress you out way more than having a premade planner would. At least, that's what happened to me. But your mental health journey is all about trial and error, and it takes time. That's probably the worst thing in the world to hear when you want instant relief from your twisted mind, but it's the truth.

7. Sometimes you really need a break. You may think this is where the self-care portion of the manual comes in, but it's been here all along! Surprise! But face masks, ice cream, or just laying on the floor once in a while are all constructive forms of escapism.

8. It's okay to miss things!! If you don't feel like going to your yoga class one week, that's fine! Try not to make a habit out of it, though. Once you miss something more than a few times, you might not ever want to go back.

9. It's good to dream. To make goals and work towards them. And to drop goals when you realize they're not worth it.

10. Sometimes things are out of your control! Just focus on what you can do now.

And that's it! Add things, remove things, and move things around to find what's best for you. Let the journey of self discovery begin!

spring fever cures

by colleen fucigna & sophie miller

A breeze drifts through an empty classroom. A teacher sighs as she counts the desolate desks. A few brave kids showed up to class today, but the rest are nowhere to be seen. The faint sneeze of allergies can be heard from down the hall. It's Spring Fever Season, and everyone is sick. If you find yourself unable to make it to class because the weather is just too nice and the thought of sitting inside is completely out of the question, try out some of these cures.

Bubbles

You can buy bubbles for \$1 at Michael's and it's a purchase that will change your life. Blowing bubbles outside with your friends is something that will make you feel genuinely happy. It's a really small simple thing that can keep you occupied for hours (I'm not even exaggerating).

Painting

While you're at Michael's buying bubbles, pick up some cheap paint. Sitting outside and painting is one of the best feelings in the world. You can paint on anything, cardboard from that box you never threw out, notebook paper, your own clothes. It's a cheap and easy way to create art.

Photography

When the weather is nice, pay close attention to your surroundings. You'll find things everywhere, girls in cute dresses, interesting shadows, flowers blooming in corners, sunspots, dreamy clouds. Spring is the perfect time to capture the beauty you see all over with your camera. You can be outside while simultaneously perfecting your Instagram feed.

Picnics

Grab some blankets and eat on the grass. It's a much-needed change from the neon green of CIW dining hall.

Pick flowers and put them everywhere

You'll just feel better.

The Nature Preserve

Binghamton's own nature preserve is a great way to escape campus without ever leaving.

Spend a few hours exploring nature. It's a wonderful place to escape. It's easy to get lost, but that's an adventure in itself.

If you're so stir crazy that you can't stand the thought of staying on campus any longer, here are some places to take a quick road trip to. Pack your sunscreen, a towel, and sunglasses and hit the road. Don't forget your spring playlist on the way there!

Dorchester Park, Whitney Point, NY - 25 mins.

A quick drive away, this spot is the perfect place to spend a sunny day picnicking and lounging by the lake. Get a group of friends together to come barbeque by the lake! The beach is open for swimming Memorial day-Labor day from 11:00 am to 7:30 p.m. You can rent paddle boards, kayaks, sailboats, and canoes for only \$10!

Salt Springs State Park, Montrose, PA - 30 mins.

Only 30 mins away from Binghamton, this spot is perfect for a spring day trip if you need a break from finals or want to take advantage of the beautiful spring weather! This state park is open to the public year round for free. Walk on the Gorge Trail if you'd like to see the waterfalls and swim in the water. There are endless trails here for hiking.

Ithaca Gorges, Ithaca, NY - 1 hr.

Ithaca is home to more than 150 waterfalls. If you're looking to swim in the gorges both Taughannock Falls and Robert H. Treman State Park allow swimming in certain areas. There are 12 options of waterfalls/State Parks to visit in Ithaca, so visit their website to be informed on the individual rules and fees of each. Make a day out of it and go shopping at Ithaca commons, view art galleries and thrift stores, listen to live music, and grab a bite to eat!

Watkins Glen State Park, Watkins Glen, NY - 1 hr. 20 mins

This park is open year round and you only have to pay a vehicle fee of \$8 if you visit mid may-november. Spend a beautiful spring day hiking the trails known for their breathtaking waterfalls! Or, spend the night camping out.

Green Lakes State Park, Fayetteville, NY - 1 hr. 20 mins

Craving a get away but don't have the cash to enjoy the blue waters of Aruba? This state park located outside of Syracuse is recognized for the bluest water in New York State! You'll be amazed that you're still in New York as you walk alongside the water and swim! This state park also requires a vehicle entrance fee of \$8, and you can rent a row boat for only \$7 an hour. This state park is open year-round from dawn until dusk.

cuffing season's over; now what?

why being single this spring
might not be so bad **by liz short**

Ah cuffing season. Cold weather, holidays, curling up with that special someone far from the all the snow, it seems so great... and then it's over. Warm weather rolls around and you find yourself single once more. I too found myself coming out of a year long relationship come mid March, and personally I call bullshit on that whole comes-in-like-a-lion-out-like-a-lamb thing. My end of March kinda sucked. But guess what, breakups always do. Whether they come after a year, two years, or even a couple months, it blows. Despite having what I felt was a very meaningful relationship, I bounced back quicker than I ever had. So here I am, all cocky with how good I'm feeling, hoping to impart some hopefulness onto you reading this.

First of all, let yourself hurt. Heart-break is the absolute pits, and trying to deny yourself those feelings just makes it worse. Take some time, cry it out, eat some junk food, mope. But, after that, you have to get up out of bed. Don't let the end of your relationship make you shut yourself away from friends and family, or let your grades suffer. You'll kick yourself for it, trust me. You can push through. Get rid of photos with them, avoid their social media, and frankly get rid of anything that reminds you of them. Out of sight, out of mind can really help. Hold on to yourself, be your own support system.

Now we reach a truly special part of breakups, the post-end realization. Maybe you didn't want to admit it, but you felt some relief when things reached their end. Hold onto that! There's a reason you feel that way, and more importantly, there's a reason why it ended. Don't psychoanalyze things, just accept the things that have happened and focus on yourself. You're a whole person



illustration by linda zheng

without your significant other! Take the newfound free time you now have to reconnect with friends and find new ones. Try something new, discover new music, bang out some serious schoolwork, develop your style, go to the gym like you've been talking about, even redecorate your space to give yourself a new outlook in general. Now's the time to focus on you and you alone. Somedays you really need to look at all the choices in front of you, decide which is the most selfish, and then do that. The best revenge is a life well-lived. Just be sure to seriously think through that drastic hair change. Dye jobs fade (eventually), a big chop might take a bit longer. But if it really makes you feel better, go for it! (I myself may finally get that nose piercing) Lastly, there are a lot of perks of being single. You save a shit ton of money, can be as selfish as you want, dress for yourself and yourself alone, spend your time a lot more freely, and you get the whole. damn. bed. to. yourself. Unashamedly enjoy the feeling when someone flirts with you. Look good, feel good. Go on and live your best life, cause you are the best partner you'll ever have.

if you haven't already closed your eyes **11** by *helena ojarovsky*

In a quest to have better mental health and to be a superior hippie human who eats smoothie bowls and enjoys going to the gym, I have started meditating using iPhone apps.

There are countless apps for meditation, wellness, and mental health improvement. I currently have 14 on my phone, mostly for research and my addiction to find the calmest most vaguely accented mediation guide.

My gateway app was **HEADSPACE**, an app with just a orange circle on a white background. The app included sweet little animations before each Basic 1 session. The guide, Andy, had a lovely vaguely British accent. Sessions began at 3 minutes and after a couple days offered meditations at 5, 10, and 15 minutes. I began to fall into a rhythm, listening each night before bed, allowing my mind and body to rest. I started looking forward to my nightly session. I was proudly becoming a meditation junkie. Then it happened. I finished Basics 1 and moved onto Managing Anxiety which was perfect because I have anxiety and shockingly college was not improving it. Just as I was starting to become mentally superior, a little box popped up that said "Subscribe Now." They even used the sweet little animations in the promo, damn them. \$12.99 monthly, \$94.99 yearly, and \$399.99 for one lifetime payment. Suddenly all future sessions were locked to me. I looked at other packs and it was the same deal. "Try a free session." A free session?! I want all sessions free! I'm a college student under a lot of stress in a pivotal moment of my life. I need all the help I can get, don't try take my few bucks away from me all so I can get just a moment of peace.

Next I scrolled through the Health and Wellness and downloaded all possible FREE meditation apps. Free is a loose term. Every single one I found from **Oak, Calm, Present, Aura, Breath, Zen, Inscape, and Brightmind** required paying for future sessions. Sidenote, I want to talk to whoever named these apps. At last, I had to accept that all apps wanted me to pay. So in true college student fashion, I found my favorite free bits and pieces from all the apps.

RELAX MEDITATION offers a vast amount of free sounds. These include Rain, Moonlight, Ocean, Orchestral, and Wind Chimes. You can mix and match these for a soothing listen. Just make sure a bathroom is near because many are water based noise and stimulate your bladder.

Auro allows you to pick what emotion you are feeling to find a tailored meditation session. You can pick Okay, Stressed, Anxious, or, my favorite, My Roommate Didn't Wash My Shoes After Wearing Them and Saying She Would.

MEDITATION STUDIO has an insane amount of very specific courses. I think this can be helpful if broad, more overarching mediation don't match what you are looking for. There are 14 meditations on Performance alone. But they also have ones on anxiety and happiness. They also do a 24 hours completely free in which I speed downloaded a bunch of courses. I hope these inspire you to start meditating and I double hope you see results.

spring playlist

by paloma theon

As this semester slowly comes to an end (thank goodness), one great way to celebrate is through music. I have compiled a list of my favorite songs of my that coincide with the hopefulness and beauty of spring. I hope that this playlist can help anyone stressed over final exams or projects, hang in there everyone!



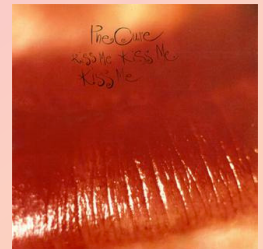
April Skies by The Jesus and Mary Chain

"April Skies" is one of those songs with an upbeat tone and you don't realize that it's a breakup song until you look up the lyrics. I love those types of songs.



Just Like Heaven by The Cure

Love is in the air this spring, even if you do not have a significant other, use this spring to love yourself!

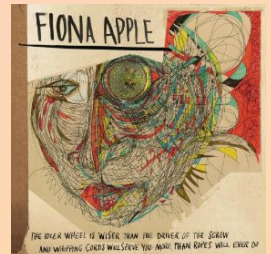


(Nothing But) Flowers by Talking Heads

My favorite song by the Talking Heads that just so happens to involve flowers, patting myself on the back for this one.

Anything We Want by Fiona Apple

After dealing with seasonal depression, Fiona Apple will be able to take you back to homeostasis with "Anything We Want".



Where This Flower Blooms by Tyler, The Creator

I rock, I roll, I bloom, I glow. Tyler, The Creator has had a massive comeback for his third solo album, "Flower Boy" in 2017. The progression that Tyler has had as an artist is actually moving and I am so happy for all the positive feedback he has received.





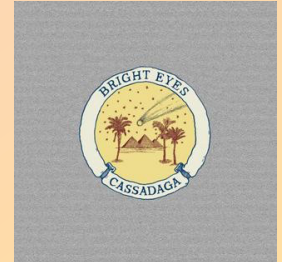
April Come She Will by Simon & Garfunkel

Sometimes songs are so gorgeous that they make me emotional. This is one of them.



Cleanse Song by Bright Eyes

Fun fact: "Don't forget what you've learned/ All you give is returned/ And if life seems absurd/ What you need is some laughter" was my senior quote in high school. This song remains one of my favorite songs by Bright Eyes, and one of my favorite songs in general. Spring cleaning might entail cleansing your thoughts as well as your surroundings.



April In Paris by Billie Holiday

This song is best heard on an April morning with a cup of coffee as it is raining outside.



Neutered Fruit by St. Vincent

"I ate flowers in the backyard/ Bought finely neutered fruit/ Shot a hundred arrows at a knoll/ A hundred sparrows blue". Annie Clark is a true poet and this song is full of springtime imagery.



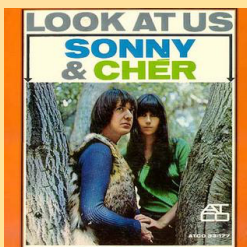
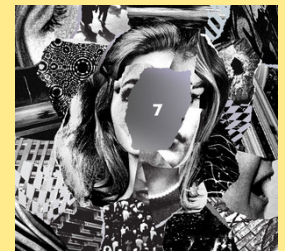
Diddy Bop by Noname

You might recognize Noname from Chance the Rapper's popular mixtape, Acid Rap, on the track, "lost". Her solo music is incredible and so is this song, it reminds me of springtime at the park when I was younger.



Lemon Glow by Beach House

New Beach House! Yay!



I Got You Babe by Sonny & Cher

This song is so sweet and makes me happy each time I listen to it, I hope it makes you happy too.



Chipped black nail polish, frayed ankle length pants, vintage suede jacket, faded flannel, jangling rings on each hand. I'm sure someone, or maybe even a collection of someones, just came to mind. If that's the case, then it's very likely you belong to or know someone within the collective niche. The "collective niche" was coined by a good friend of mine to describe the loners, artists, musicians, and other vagrants on campus who identify with indie culture.

When my first boyfriend broke up with me after middle school, I stopped listening to pop music and became the archetypical sad indie girl. Listening to Elliott Smith on repeat in the dark with big fat tears rolling down my cheeks, watching the coming of age film *Submarine* with Alex Turner crooning on the soundtrack, and binging Judd Apatow's short but well lived show *Freaks and Geeks*. My tiny tween heartbreak opened a door into a culture I never knew existed. It told me that I could be different, that not fitting in was alright because there were others just like me. Identifying with indie culture made me feel like I belonged.

I realize now in my 6th year of being a sad indie girl that belonging no longer feels safe, rather it feels like a constant competition. Being a part of the niche means having fruitless discussions about similar tastes in music or film with people who have no personality, when all you really want is some genuine connection. It forces you to realize that the artistic talent you have worked hard to cultivate just becomes another person's checklist of qualifications for deciding whether or not you belong. Worse yet, you always bear witness to the underlying tension between creative people whose egos have not grown accustomed to sharing the spotlight.

The whiteness of indie has also become ever prominent with time. Within these liberal spaces, it seems like other cultures are only celebrated when it is convenient for appropriation or in the form of two minute sound bites to show solidarity for minorities. But if solidarity is only to the extent of enjoying "Your Best American Girl," by Mitski, are indie minorities with heavily tangled cultural roots really afforded space for conversations concerning gender, race, sexuality, and class?

I will always have love for the collective niche. It has been my safe haven for so long because I could hide myself behind a thin veil of arbitrary pop culture references. But as I grow more tender and truthful with time and find the need to push this thin veil aside, I can't help but notice how difficult it has become to cram my awkward knees and elbows into such a space. I have always believed that the power of indie is in its ability to openly embrace outsiders regardless of who they are. I hope that it can return to that, but until then, the niche has work to do.

the collective

by linda

zheng
niche



the “wrath” of the 15 shoreline

by faith medina

Having lived on Staten (more like Satan) Island for eighteen years means that I’ve spent every summer of my life there up until now. The scorching heat, albeit perfectly contributing to the Satan pun, wasn’t actually the worst of it.

On the occasions that I was pried away from my computer, I’d go to South Beach. If you’re from Staten Island you probably know what I’m going to say next.

South Beach in and of itself is an enigma. From afar, it is picturesque, with views of the Verrazano and Coney Island. Up close is a different story: the sand, an array of cryptid objects glistening under the unforgiving sun; the ocean, full of as much disease as a Chuck E. Cheese birthday party, littered with the lifeless bodies of animals you’d prefer not to identify floating atop it. Despite the inherent disgust one feels upon gazing at the unsanitary sea-shore, it is actually quite nice. This says a lot about Staten Island, because if amongst your entire geographical landscape, a disease beach is a highlight, something must be wrong.

I love seeing the bewildered faces of upstaters when I tell them that our beaches have needles. By this, I mean there are actual hypodermic needles scattered around the sand. Many claim they don’t know how they appear, but I think we all have a clear image. It’s unfortunate that beachgoers are routinely sent to hospitals from stepping on this toxic waste, and call me a sadist, but I’m waiting for someone dumb enough to digest one of the many cursed sand objects. A personal favorite sighting of mine is a bottle with its original drink being of a very distinguishable color; however, the color of what’s left is drastically different. An example being an orange soda bottle, only it’s filled with something purple. Nobody knows how or why, but seeing as they’re untouched, no one asks either.

Pathetically, South Beach is considered one of the cleaner locations on the island. The entirety of the shoreline is polluted with needles, garbage, and even radiation. Yes, on our floating Island of garbage there is radiation- Gateway Beach has drums of it buried underneath. It is a Gateway to the end of your life essentially, seeing as Staten Island’s cancer rates are the highest amongst all boroughs. This beach is fortunately closed, now with park attributes planted above it- much like the landfill, which is slowly becoming a park as well. Nothing says enjoyable playground quite like the stench of hot, musty garbage.

Although Staten Island may be the epitome of trash with its only redeeming quality being a quick exit to Manhattan, I don’t believe I’d be the same if I had grown up anywhere else. Being an ‘outcast’, i.e. not a traditional straight Republican, means I was able to meet some of the greatest nonconforming individuals- my best friends. The bonds I’ve been able to create with others definitely outweigh all disgust I may have felt.

by eric gaccione

how to smoke weed: A Guide to Perfecting Pot Etiquette

Recent legalization of recreational marijuana in several U.S. states has caused a major spike in grass growers and mowers alike. While America is not the only country that has experienced a rapid increase in blunt blowin', it is the most significant. Harsh punishments and false propaganda about bud have been publicized to citizens for over half a century, with "reefer madness" cementing beliefs in the minds of soccer moms for generations to come. But now, with supplemental data and hundreds of studies being carried out, credible information about the causes and effects of spliffs or sploofs is finally being released. With that comes an influx of noobs who have the audacity to believe that lighting up is an activity lacking skill and patience. I'd love to see Neil Degrasse Tyson roll a backwood, get that shit to burn, correctly inhale the pinchie, and then talk to me about the theory of relativity. I don't think he could roll a filt, God forbid hold a conversation afterwards. And don't assume I'm judging. I was once the kid who couldn't handle their fair share of edibles, and often opted out of bathroom cyphes early, ready to call mom for help. That's why I am here to help, and offer advice to rookies on a few do's and don'ts when beginning to bake.

DO...

Pass Right

Right is right and left is wrong.

Throw 5s

If you took Don't be an AssClown 101 at college, or had good parents, you would know to do your fair share when partaking in activities, and to always give after you receive. The same goes for shmewking. Whether a hot box or a casual sesh, compensation for catnip is required.

Roll or Pack Your Weed Tight

How appealing does smoking a popped water balloon sound? This is the only comparison I could think of regarding a loose joint or L. When not stored correctly, doobies do not light, and usually fall apart. Be tender with your hot stick; TLC with your THC cannot be stressed enough. Plus, nothing ruins a ganja gettogether like not getting blitzed.

16



DO NOT...

Cough In The Bong

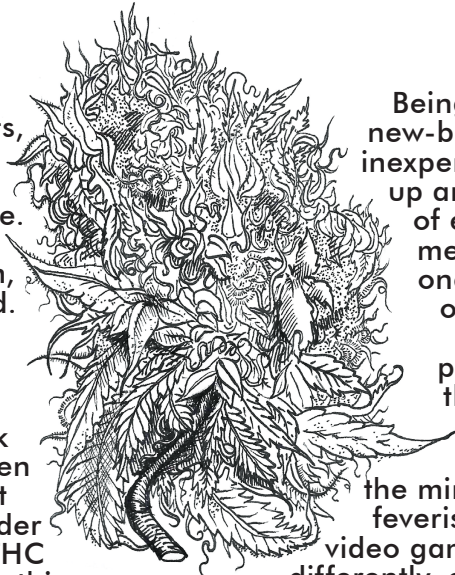
It's possible to explode from this one. I learned that in physics.

Smoke More Than You Are Ready For

Being a newcomer can seem like a new-bummer. As with most things, if inexperienced, take it slow. Throwing up and passing out are side effects of excess smoke intake. And trust me, when everyone is blazed, no one is going to want to take care of you. Know yourself (666666) and ease into the treasured pastime. Please, put it down, or they'll make you eat the roach.

Freak Out

Herb can do a lot. It relaxes the mind and soul. It also makes you feverishly engrossed in your favorite video game. Cannabis affects everyone differently, choosing to sometimes turn on users. If feeling panicked, do not jump to conclusions. Going berserk will only make you feel worse. If you feel the need, talk to someone (preferably who has experience) and let them calm you down. Sit back, enjoy. Eat a burger or something. Mindset is key in life, and essential when high.



the SA supports bigotry

by michael sugarman

So let's talk about the Binghamton Review...

It's been about a month and a half since the SA sent out an email to the entire student body "denouncing" the Binghamton Review and its homophobia in particular. And yet, what has actually been done in that time? In that email, the SA made such bold claims as, "We are appalled this blatantly hateful content was produced on campus at the expense of students and community members who fall subject to such bigotry," and, "Our members are with you and here for you." That's all well and good, but what does it mean? What change does making a simple statement actually affect?

That's the problem with the SA and our school's administration in general. They love to be seen as "progressive" with these sorts of blanket statements, but refuse to make any sort of substantive change. Time and again, the administration has avoided responsibility, even going so far as literally moving their administration's office, and have even gone out of their way to persecute those students who try and affect change themselves, such as when students putting up posters to protest this very issue were met with police rather than any real response from the administration.

As someone who's shared an office with the Review for about a year and a half, I'd like to think I have a slightly more nuanced view. Some members of their publication are what they claim to be, which is simply conservative-leaning students. They're generally polite and professional, and any interaction I've had with them has been overall pretty positive. However, there are also those who are exactly what the Review has proven themselves to be: hateful, backwards, and bigoted. I've heard some of the most awful things being said in that office, from disgusting slurs to entire groups of people demonized and being told they have no right to exist. I wish there were a real conservative publication on campus, because I think that is a valid viewpoint that should certainly have a voice, but the fact of the matter is that voice is not and will never be the Binghamton Review. For every sane and ratio-

nal voice in their organization, there is a bigoted coward hiding behind a pseudonym, and those rational members have allowed this hateful rhetoric not only to continue, but to be submitted and published.

So what is there to do? Even if every single student were to boycott and refuse to read any further issues of the Review, it wouldn't affect anything. They would still get their money from the SA, which, by the way, is no small amount. They print at least once a month, which is more than twice the amount we do, because they have the funds. The only people who can make any sort of substantive difference are the SA. I don't know if I believe the Review should lose their charter or get kicked off campus, on the basis of freedom of the press, but I do think the Review should at least lose some of their funding. At the very least, something needs to happen so they're not "getting away with it," because as it stands now, nothing bad actually happened to them. After the email was sent out denouncing them, the Review published an "apology" on their facebook page, but from their latest issue, it's clear that their apology is a pile of shit. While I would never recommend picking up an issue of the Review, check out the latest letter from the editor, because it's so painfully evident that they don't care, and will continue to spew out their hateful garbage until someone (the SA) actually does something about it.

The SA has a budget of about 2.8 million dollars to spend every year. Clearly, this is not an issue of budgeting, though some of that would definitely be better spent going to campus services such as the counseling center, for example. The issue is that the way the SA spends their money reflects them as an organization, and Binghamton as a school overall. The SA may not itself be a bigoted organization, but with the way the SA spends their money, they do literally support bigotry, which is not something that I and many other students are comfortable with. ***Shouldn't the Student Association represent students?***

horoscopes *by helena ojarovsky*

Aries: This summer after weeks in the sun you'll happen to see the back of your arm above your elbow. What's that? A new mark. You rush to the doctor. Bad news: it's a brand new form of sun related disease all because your sunscreen was only SPF 560. Good news: they name the disease after you.



Taurus: Looking for love? Well look no farther than your local zoo. While perusing the monkey exhibit you'll meet an exciting new mate. They are funny, speak four languages, and love to take you to tapas bars. As the summer closes your heart is broken to discover your lover was just two teen monkeys standing on top of each other in a human suit.



Aquarius: As the water sign you'll spend all summer at the beach! Your good friend is getting married and the bachelorette party is at a house right on the water! The drinks are flowing and the stripper arrives. Your other clumsy friend jumps on him, his head hits the corner of the fireplace. The stripper's dead. You clean up the blood and try to push the body into the ocean. It comes back. Uh-oh. You're actually in the 2017 movie *Rough Night*. Your summer fares as well as the movie did in the box office.



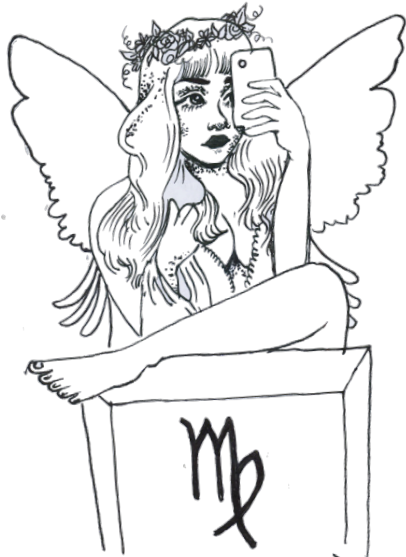
Gemini: Your entire summer will be spent pulling Play-Doh out of the carpet. Is this karma? You know why.

Cancer: You meet Rihanna. That's all. Oh, and you bathe exclusively in Fenty Body Lava.

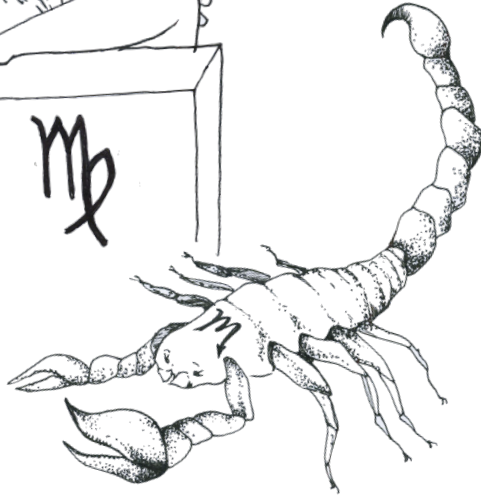


Leo: You find yourself an internship at Last Week Tonight with John Oliver. Your job is to perfectly arrange the balloons every time John announces something fantastic. But everytime he does it's a false alarm and just makes a point about another terrible fact of the world. You get to pop each and every balloon and clean the mess up. This will look great on your resume.





Virgo: You become horribly addicted to lip balm. You stockpile EOS. Your house is filled with Baby Lips. The sun beating down as you sunbathe every day dries your lips faster than an oven. Your lips are now conditioned to crave that sweet slide of whatever lip balm is made of. Those tiny shards cutting your lips keep you hungry for another geometric shaped container. You suffer from parched pucker.



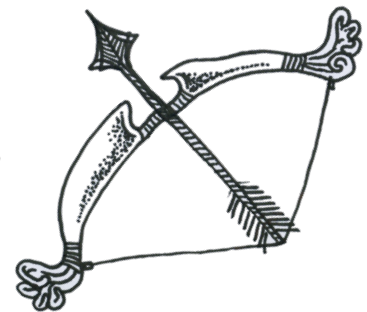
Scorpio: Your roommate starts leaving miniature hand held telescopes around the room. Eventually a nautical hat appears in the corner. Next, an old and wrinkled parchment paper map detailing a sea route to find aromatic spices finds a place on the wall. A week later your roommate has disappeared with only a wooden compass on your desk. A note attached says "find me."

Capricorn: Your Spotify playlist refuses to play any music except white mediocre rappers. Hey, good for them for getting on Spotify. Also, their Instagrams are full of them posing on a bench in full vintage PVC Adidas track suits.



Libra: You wake up on the first morning of summer with all the skills to survive a zombie apocalypse. You karate jump out of bed, you make your breakfast out of any surviving food from the garbage, you only dress in browns and greens with boots with sensible tread even at the beach. They call you "overly-prepared-zombie-kid."

Sagittarius: You are forever sent those holiday themed dirty text messages. And they all include an appropriately holiday themed photo of your high school principal. The content of the photo itself might not be appropriate. Think smallest bathing suit known to man.



Pisces: Your life becomes a never ending podcast. All your meals become packaged subscription boxes thanks to Blue Apron. Your bed is a light as air Casper mattress so comfortable you never leave it. Marc Maron becomes the voice in your head.

vapid, frivolous, or vain?

Confession: I've never tried
a Starbucks' drink that wasn't black coffee.
Sub-Confession: I used to be proud
of that, and say it often.

Isn't that terrible?

if you wanna be cool, the first thing ya need
to do, is convince the teenage
girls to stay far far away
--remove all the female characters,
or something—I'm not sure what works best,
I'm not cool.

I just know the things that teenage girls like
are instantly trash. Starbucks and fashion,
Justin Bieber,
the Beatles back in 1964,
Bob Dylan, Dylan O'Brien, I could
keep going, but I won't.

like, consider this:
the world is addicted to caffeine,
and Starbucks is selling it crammed
with sugar and cream and artificial
colors, on a terrifying scale.. yet,
it's still frivolous
to be interested, somehow. it's Gossip
Section News when they update
their menu, and not
a Stock Alert.
all because the teenage girls care,
and that means no one else can.

and I shouldn't care about
things, cause when we go vegan, it's trendy
and loses all meaning.

by madison werner



I shouldn't like that, I shouldn't do this,
I should just stay away.

Did you know, that when women enter a
work field en mass, the starting salary goes
down?

I think I understand then, why
there's that quiz, from a random gatekeeping
guy,
whenever we try to like Star Wars,
or Pink Floyd, or anything else teenage girls
tend to avoid. If we touch it, it's ruined.

anyways, I should just get over it.
buy an overpriced coffee with edible glitter.
try to forget everything I love looks worse
because I loved it.

it's a(n American) dog's world: 21 a review of *Isle of Dogs* by *sabrina tenteromano*

I entered the theater under the pretense that writing a review of Wes Anderson's latest film *Isle of Dogs* would be easy. This would be a typical, classic Andersonian tale gloriously executed à la *The Fantastic Mr. Fox*. Let me state up front: it checks off in every sense of the aforementioned. Even the music by Alexandre Desplat is as usual at once eccentric and charming lending beautifully to the jerky, quaint, porcelain eyed puppets. Wes Anderson and his team have proven they will kill it every time in the art department. Where the film goes wrong however, is in its appropriated version of a dystopian Japan and its underdeveloped characters.

The dogs' speaking American English is ridiculous in that delightful Andersonian sense, the writing shining its brightest in its coy dog related puns. We as human viewers are in the dogs' world and are explicitly told this. For this reason we can understand the dogs while the humans are subtitled. The idea is there, and it's interesting; however, the film allows the concept to give way to a privileging of English over Japanese. Still further, the dogs' speech is performed by American actors (whose faces are resembled in the dogs--this could be arbitrary, but it is evident that Anderson prefers to work with the same white cast regardless of what characters he writes).

What makes this so troubling is that all the important, plot driving details are relayed through English speaking characters. Even signage like "Trash Island Decree" is boldly stated in English. This is a film made for English speakers at the expense of Japanese culture.

For Anderson, every choice is one made with aesthetics in mind. Subtitles are not exempt from this scrutiny--they are a part of his *mise en scene* as is made very plain by his usage of Japanese subtitles at times--and the choice to sacrifice them (or include them in Japanese) for the sake of English speaking viewers is detrimental. Moreover, Tracy Walker, an American exchange student in Megasaki with a giant orange afro dressed in her Sailor Moon esque costume, is the voice of the youth against the decree. She acts as the sole active (human) savior while, the boy the story's plot centers around, Atari's bravery and passion come off as unintentional and passive in

reversing the Decree. To add to this, Atari's dialogue is condensed to simpler phrases we can understand the gist of without translation. The same is done with most of the Japanese in the film. The resulting characters are ones we, despite obvious attempts to pull at our heartstrings, lack real empathy for.

The subplot of the film, the love story between Nutmeg and Spots, also remains quite shallow in its attempts as we never really learn much about their individual backstories so why their coupling should make us feel anything remains to be seen (or felt, I guess).

Their texture (love that fur!), and kitsch names; and in respect to the overall symmetrical editing and shot composition Anderson historically utilizes creates a playfulness within which Anderson flourishes. Still further, the Japanese text, sumo wrestlers, and sake bottles that compose the aesthetic of the film--literally in the case of the bottles which stack to form a wall in one scene--feel more like cheap props than homage.

At the end of the day, the production quality of *Isle of Dogs* is the same awe inspiring Anderson. Details like tumbleweeds resembling steel wool, an ocean that literally sparkles, cottony fog, and a beautiful sequence of sushi being prepared kept me in my seat. And, Tracy Walker's character is somewhat saved by the few seconds she speaks Japanese to her host mother. But I could not help but feel like I was complicit in this world; it is not, as it asserts, the dogs' world, but rather a world colonized by American ideas (i.e. the entire conflict of the film based in the cat over dog preference) and language. These concepts translate really nicely to the dogs' aesthetic, but on the Japanese characters it's alienating; they are foreigners in their own city.

FINAL VERDICT: If you're a Wes Anderson fan--or a lover of stop motion animation--go see it. If you're looking for a film with depth, and intricate and carefully constructed narrative and all that comes with (most notably absent here being fully developed characters, most notably present in its place being Japanese cultural appropriation), stay home.

22 dear hormones...

by michelle zaurov

I miss you. I miss watching Bella and Edward awkwardly kiss on the screen and softly cry to myself, yelling at my parents that they'll never understand true passion. Remember when we glorified love? It was such an elevated word – now relationships are synonymous with work, and all the other bullshit is a second thought. I miss lying to my parents about where I was to hang out with that boy that sometimes put his arm around me. I miss feeling my hairs flare up at the thought of skin-on-skin contact. The potential of a budding romance used to feel wild and unpredictable – now we all follow a formula. Step 1) insert 1 witty first liner, step 2) don't answer for 2x as long as they don't answer, step 3) send 1 snapchat but 0 texts for just the right amount of casualty, step 4) see step 2.

I miss feeling flushed and sweaty when secretly reading the PDF of 50 Shades of Grey on my cracked iPhone with my best friend in the cafeteria. Did that say flogging? Or flossing? Dude, look up: caning. Oh, sex – every year I grow more bored and scared of you. I miss bar mitzvahs where half of us had chicken wings stuck in our braces but were still waiting for the parents to leave so we could grind in a line on the dance floor to "Buy U a Drink." At least we all knew that each of us wanted to feel and be felt. I miss thinking if I walked out of my boyfriend's bedroom to go home, it would be the end of the fucking world.

What I miss more is being able to admit that. I miss reading Judy Blume's, "Are You There God? It's Me Margaret" and wanting to buy polka dot bras. I wish Judy Blume raised me and had told me that no boy would ever care about my polka dot bra – that it would end up on the floor of some boy's dirty frat house next to someone else's hair tie from last Tuesday that she lost under the bed. I miss being told "I love you" three weeks into a relationship that consisted of nothing sexual, rather than wondering if someone even likes me after three months of sex.

Hormones, I wish you weren't so fucking dated. It's too easy now for me to see a crush at a party and feel conditioned to pretend like they aren't there. I feel like we can all count our emotions on one hand. I traded you in for my pride, and I didn't think those were mutually exclusive. I hate how it's ok for them to occupy my bed or body, but how it's totally unacceptable for them to occupy my head and heart. I hate how simple it is for us to disappear from a relationship. Our skin became so thick that it's like a permanent wall our feelings can't wriggle through. I wish you came back for a second puberty so we can remember what it's like to uncontrollably, hungrily, and intensely feel something.

With deep nostalgia,

Me

my last will & testament

by michael sugarman

This past weekend at Moefest I got my face painted like a tiger. With my pink hair and the face paint, I possessed more than a passing resemblance to a circus clown, but who cares? I went as a juggalo for Halloween one year anyway. I went with the tiger because Cassie painted my face like a tiger at Moefest two years ago, where I proceeded to harness the raw, primal energy of the tiger and get one of the drunkest I've ever been, go downtown where I started several fights, Cassie and I pretended we were the band Wet (the headliners that year), and get back to campus before 3AM so I could be ready for wine tour the next day, all while keeping the face paint perfectly intact.

That's one of my favorite stories to tell because I feel like it encapsulates Binghamton at its best: open and inviting, full of opportunities for antics if you're brave enough to fully commit. That's how that whole year felt. I found a bong in the wall of my suite! I swam in the fountain! I photographed John Mulaney on acid by accident! Maybe most importantly, I joined Free Press.

Free Press as we know it today is almost entirely the vision of my italiana auntie, Regina Bell, god love her. Free Press's unofficial motto is "Anything for Content," and by golly did we make a lot of content. She ate Takis from in between her toes ("Taki-toes") for my snapchat story just because...?? I'm still not sure why. In the Free Press office, there's a giant gold mirror propped up on two computer towers that we stole from behind Salvo (Regina's idea). For our Halloween issue last year, Regina rented this beautiful red lace dress and she wore it down into the crypt-like basement of the funeral home I lived in last year. Regina Bell is Free Press, and in my opinion Free Press sums up the philosophy for best navigating these four-odd years: essentially, do shit. Because if you don't actively fight against it, actively go out and try and enhance this experience as best you can, this school and this administration and these winters will pull you under.

It sounds a little silly, but it's true. Joining Free Press is one of the best decisions in my four

years, not just for the actual work I did, or the experience I got, or even the people I met and got to work with (ok it might be that), but for the sense of control it gave me, the ability I felt to change what I was unhappy with, both in realizing my creative visions and creating something I could unequivocally say I was proud of, but also in a greater, Binghamton sense. I was the Free Press photo editor/editor-in-chief! I could do whatever I damn well wanted!

I guess that's what I'm trying to say. Even if you don't join Free Press (do), try to live like this school owes you something, because it does. If you're not satisfied with something, change it. Not happy with the house party scene? Throw your own, better ones. For the past two years I've thrown a BDSM-themed Valentines party, Leather and Lace. Legendary. This school and this town truly do have so much to offer, you just might have to look a little harder. If I can find a way to sneak into the Masonic temple dressed as Tobias Bluth on Halloween and stand on the roof overlooking Binghamton, painted blue and wearing nothing but a pair of cutoffs, so can you.

The other day I was getting sad thinking about leaving, and thinking about how for the people who were seniors when I was a freshman, the last people here who knew them and remembered their stories and their parties are starting to graduate. And in about three years, the same will be true for me. And yeah, that may be true, but that's just how it works. Sometimes it feels like Bing is dying, that everything's coming to an end, but I know it's just cyclical, that in three years you'll all feel the same way. And sure, this Moefest wasn't as fun as the one two years ago, but how could it be? I'd rather create those highs at least once than never come close in the first place. I know this sounds like a goodbye, but I'd rather it be a thank you. Thank you to Regina, and Lydia Pepe, and Sabrina Tenteromano, and all of my fellow e-Board this year, and all our readers, and most importantly, to everyone who does things, who makes things happen. Thank you. This is for you.

XOX,
michael

