

the **free press** november 2015



"We ought to go back to the basics."

humans of binghamton

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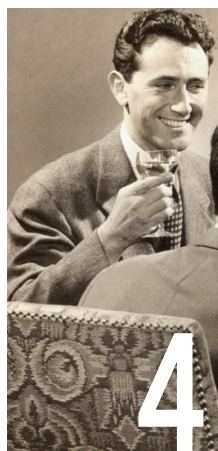
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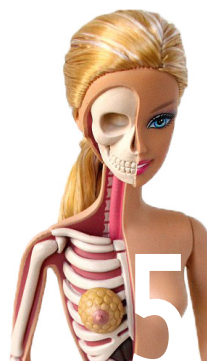
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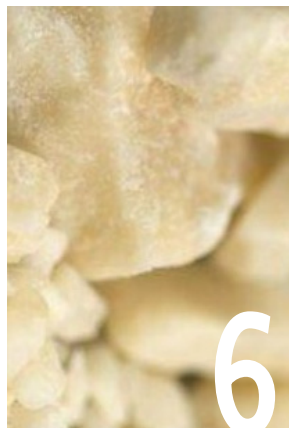
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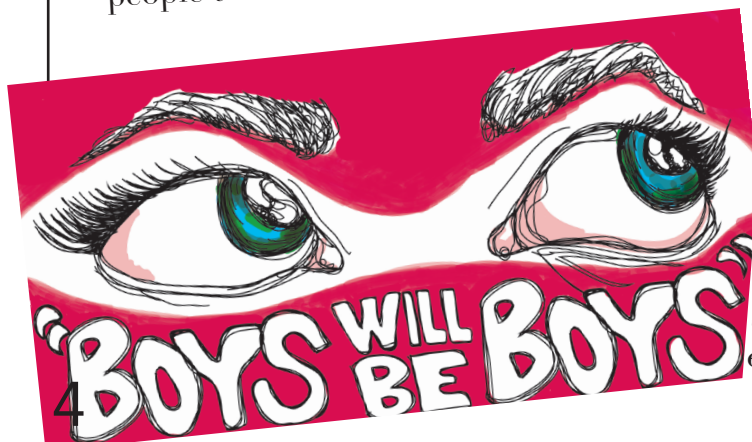
The Degrees of Assimilation in Frat Culture

by xiomara damour

During the fall and spring semesters of every year, across college campuses nationwide, thousands of male students undergo a transformation. For some this process lasts weeks, for some months and for others a year. Each student knows that it is happening to him, and in fact welcomes this change, seeks it out even. Regardless of the length of the change, each metamorphosis ends in him entering the same final form: a Frat Boy. The reasons behind this transformation varies from the need to be involved in an extracurricular activity to continuing a trend established by his forefathers to wanting to be that dude who knows what's going on for any given weekend. However, in order to become that person the "potential new member" must adopt the ideals and characteristics that are associated with being a Frat Boy. First and foremost, is the ideal of denying any feelings or actions that aren't deeply saturated in hyper masculinity. Anything that is remotely similar to such is met with heavy doses of words and phrases like "pussy," "lil bitch," and "stop acting like such a girl." This denial of such basic human reactions can, and often does, have adverse affects on these boys' relationships with women. When one spends time with people that have these sorts of views on feel-



ings and sensitivity, how can you possibly relate to fellow human beings that value those emotions and sensations? In my opinion you cannot, or rather, you can but when you have a group behind you that does not share those same sentiments, it is often difficult to be the odd one out. One then assumes this attitude as the "new normal" and continues to fall deeper and deeper into the rabbit hole of Frat Boy-itude. Another interesting aspect of the Frat Boy assimilation process lies in the name itself. When you think of a "boy", you often think of someone that is immature, unstable, and naïve as opposed to a "man" that is mature, stable, and wise. The fact that these boys are willingly stunting their own personal growth in order to fit into this mold is alarming and saddening. It seems to be that they are choosing to prolong their stay in boyhood instead of exploring the world of manhood. This makes one wonder what lies in the future for these boys, when they turn 30 will they still carry these ideals with them or does it not go any further than "boys just being boys"? Whatever the case may be, this lifestyle that Frat Boys choose to adopt contains emotional and relational ramifications.



Beyond the Boob: A Commentary on Society's Sexualization of the Female Body

by Carlotta Shambles

My identity as a woman is marked by a number of things. I wear makeup sometimes, I wear dresses, I don a heel every so often. I even get monthly reminders of my womanhood.

But it is also marked by being the subject of comments that sexualize me and my body, and tell me how to be as a sexual being. As Ms. Margaret Atwood says, the female body is a hot topic. In her satire "The Female Body" she writes, "I get up in the morning. My topic feels like hell. I sprinkle it with water, brush parts of it, rub it with towels, powder it, add lubricant. I dump in the fuel and away goes my topic, my topical topic, my controversial topic, my capacious topic, my limping topic, my nearsighted topic, my topic with back problems, my badly behaved topic, my vulgar topic, my ... topic that is scuttling along the sidewalk as if it were flesh and blood...." To bring this into the literal, what follows are accounts from myself, and other women of comments that have been made to our faces regarding our bodies, or how women in general should carry themselves (although any comment made to one, is a comment directed to all, no?).

"I HEARD YOU HAVE A BUSH"

The fact that the state of my short and curls was even something that was brought up to me perpetuates the idea that my body hair should be a particular way. News flash: if my short and curls want to be long and curly, they can be.

"YOU'RE ALMOST ONE OF THOSE REALLY HOT LARGER, SEXY, CURVY GIRLS"

This suggests that I am, with my naked body in front of you, neither big enough, nor thin enough for you. Did I mention the bare all aspect of this situation?

"IF YOU'RE GOOD AT SOMETHING DON'T GIVE IT AWAY FOR FREE"

This issue is about pleasure being something that can only

be felt by men. Regardless of whether or not I'm "giving" anything, if I am retaining some sort of pleasure from an act that is what counts. Think outside the bun, guys!

"HEY, CAN YOU CLOSE YOUR LEGS"

Would this ever be said to a man? Why are my open legs revealing something while a man's are not?

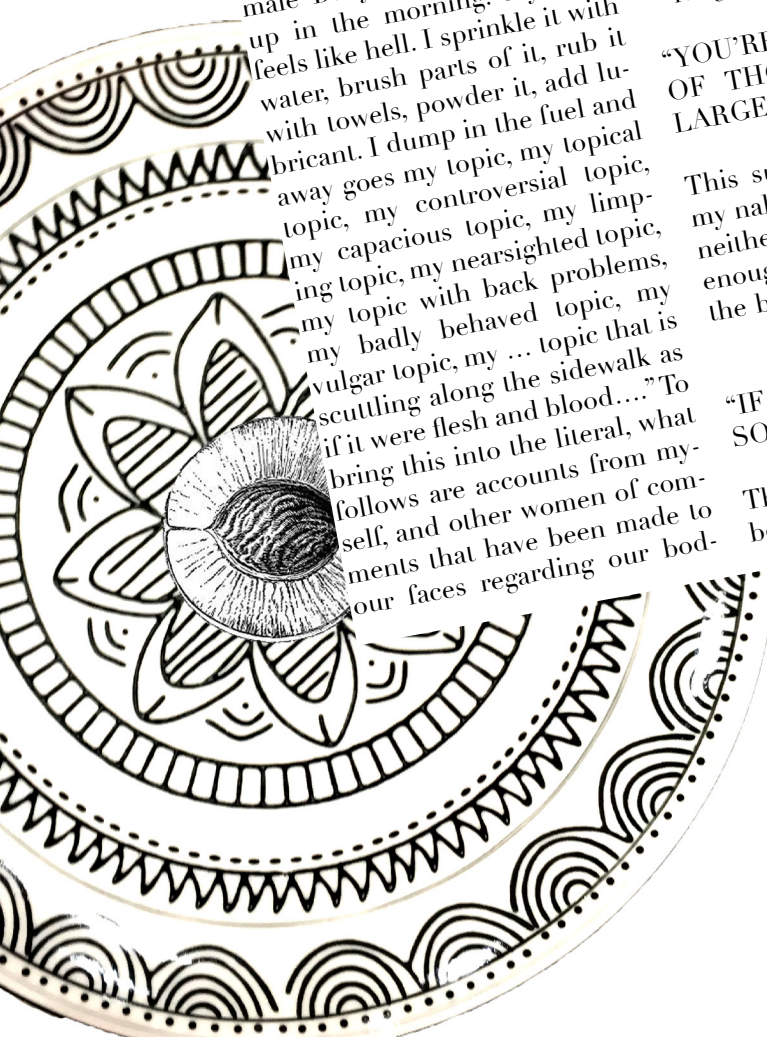
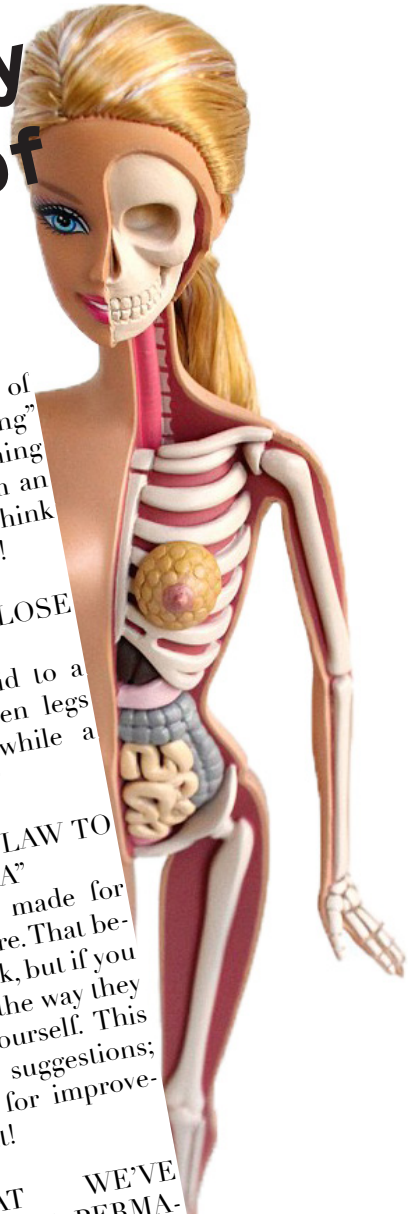
"IT SHOULD BE A LAW TO WEAR A BRA"

My breasts are not made for your viewing pleasure. That being said you can look, but if you have an issue with the way they look keep it to yourself. This girl isn't taking suggestions; there's no room for improvement!

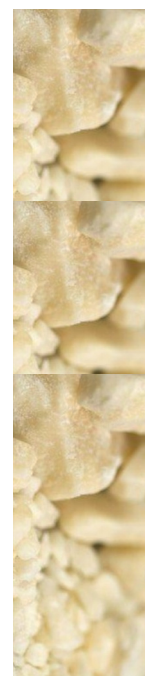
"NOW THAT WE'VE FUCKED I HAVE A PERMANENT IMAGE OF YOUR NAKED BODY IN MY MIND... I KNOW WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE UNDER THOSE CLOTHES"

(continued on page 9)

Amber Rose and Blac Chyna use their celebrity platform on the red carpet at this year's MTV VMAs "to paint a picture of what everybody already says about [them]" to empower women and convey an anti-slut shaming statement. →



Story Ideas Pitched by a writer who accidentally mixed up his cocaine with crack cocaine. And heroin. And speed. And bath salts.



by Anning Wang

Two brothers, Beef Slabchest and Chester Grizzlechin, search for a sea creature known only to them as “King Prawn” in the Bermuda Triangle. Little does Beef know, **Grizzle isn’t actually his brother, but an agent of said sea creature assigned to take down Beef.** Little does King Prawn know, Grizzle becomes a double agent and is now working against King Prawn. Little do both men know, King Prawn is actually a giant robot created by the government to protect the Atlantic Ocean from sea terrorists. Are you as excited/confused as I am? You bet!

Megatron and Optimus Prime settle their differences and set up a small bakery in a suburban Ohio neighborhood. There they face many struggles, including gaining acceptance from their respective sides, protecting the world, and baking the perfect cheese danish, ‘cause man, baking is really hard.

FBI Agent Birdman is pulled out of retirement to catch the one foe who eluded him for 40 years: the neighbor’s dog, Tootsie (named affectionately after Dustin Hoffman’s character in the movie of the same name who is somehow still alive). They play a dangerous game of cat and mouse and eventually clash on top of the Empire State Building. IN SPACE! ON A JET PLANE! PILOTED BY STEVE URKEL! ON ANOTHER JET PLANE! PLAYED BY JEFF BRIDGES! AARGGHH!

Godzilla takes a job at a local bank, trying to pay off the possible trillions of dollars in property damage he accrued and the deaths of trillions of people. He gets into lots of wacky hijinks along the way, including eating half the population of Hawaii after a drunken binge at some point.



The cast of Glee struggle to survive the zombie apocalypse as well as getting into zombie regionals, because it is now a thing.

Quantico.

The entire cast of Reservoir Dogs replaced by actual dogs wearing the skins of the actors from the movie covered in dog food. Steve Buscemi will be played by a chihuahua.

The aliens from the movie “Aliens” in a Friends-style sitcom. Sigourney Weaver plays the stern landlady the aliens always get in trouble with.

train tales

by maya wechsler

PART 2

“This paper is full of articles that will not disgust you, but this is not one of them.”

I have one train tale that towers over all others, and this is the story I share when I am trying to describe the wonders of the MTA subway system. During my junior year, an SAT tutor had decided to take my entire class out to a fancy brunch in Manhattan. We were all to meet him across from Columbia at 11 AM, formally dressed. Half asleep, I was on the 1 train at around 10:30 when a group of people got on, all dressed very nicely in velvet capes, top hats, dresses, suits, etc. There were about seven of them. They proceeded to serenade us, harmonizing, smiling, and dancing; it was one of the most pleasant train experiences I've ever had. A half hour later, I arrive at the restaurant, in a wonderful mood due to the train performance. A short time later, two of my friends arrived, in a considerably worse mood than I was. When I asked why, they described their morning commute to me. Fair warning: if you're a squeamish person, turn back now. Hopefully you have not eaten in the past few hours. This paper is full of articles that will not disgust you, but this

is not one of them. They both boarded the train, immediately noting a horrific stench. Upon looking around, they noticed what appeared to be human feces on areas of the floor and seats. The train was empty of civilians, except: in the corner they were greeted by the lovely sight of a man jerking off. They would have needed to pass him to go through the train car, so they waited one agonizing stop before switching train cars. They walked into the next train car, thinking their unpleasant experience was over. After about thirty seconds of peace, the man came through the train car, and brace yourselves — took a shit into his hand and threw it at my two friends. Amazingly, it did not hit them. So, while I was being serenaded by classy train singers on my way to a fancy Manhattan meal, my friends were having poop and semen thrown at them. Just one of the many reasons I love living in New York City.





Can You Guess The Presidential Candidate by Their Hairline?

by regina bell

Did you know that hair parted on the left side is perceived as more masculine and assertive, while hair parted on the right side is perceived as more sensitive and effeminate? Did you also know that a wispy, honey-tone monstrosity of a blowout is typically associated with racism and an overwhelming sense of male privilege? Hairlines are more telling than you think; that's why this'll be a piece of cake. See if you can match the presidential candidate to his or her hairline

2

4

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- 1. BenCarson
- 2. Carly Fiorina
- 3. Donald Trump
- 4. Rand Paul
- 5. Hillary Clinton
- 6. Jeb Bush
- 7. Bernie Sanders

(continued from page 5)

I have a lot more to offer than my body.

“DO YOU THINK OLIVIA BENSON IS AGGRESSIVE?”

And here we have the classic “woman with typically male characteristics is aggressive while her male counterparts are just described as assertive” perception.

“EVERY TIME YOU WEAR HEELS I THINK YOU WANT TO STEP ON MY DICK”

The root bias of this, I’d have to say, would be the misconception that women wear heels/makeup/do anything cosmetic with the male in mind. But again, as with the idea of pleasure, it’s not all about the male.

I’d like to thank the individuals who provided these sweet, sweet nothings. Still, these comments--rather the ones said to me-- I let seep be-

neath my skin, even if just for a moment. After a certain point however, the benefit-of-the-doubt I’d allowed for these situations later faded and I had what I suppose would classify as a revelation. I climbed out of a hole dug out by believing there was any truth or value behind those statements. When I could see the world around me again it was painted: Let me do what I want with my body without scrutiny and commentary. Everyone’s entitled to their opinion. Think what you want. But don’t tell me what I am. Or what I should be. I am a self-serving creature and this isn’t selfish of me; my body is mine.

Since what seems like forever, sex has been a taboo subject. This seems to be the origin of the problem here. The shame associated with nudity has created a culture that tosses words like “slut” and “hoe” around playfully landing on women who don’t consider the human body and


its functions to be taboo. Rejecting the restrictions placed on women by social customs seems, oftentimes, to result in degradation of the women, and their bodies. And that ain’t right.



He dimmed the message, looking gravely ahead at the canopy of trees and parked cars. They taunted him. He would have to trek six blocks out of his claimed street. Not too far. Certainly, it wasn't as far as the Kissy-Kissy-Goo-Goo squad mission which brought him almost twenty blocks out his way. He sighed. The setting sun illuminated his grimace, giving his face the soft orange glow of a Jack O' Lantern.

He wrote back solidifying his appearance at the coup. He weighed his options. Should he take the back roads, he'd reach the Skinny Applers from the rear, but would it take more time getting there? Should he take the main roads, he would arrive earlier and meet with Malto. He, however, loathed the main streets for their danger and visibility, as well as crossing them being directly against his parents' demands. But, even now, he could see Malto snickering at his lack of resolve. Uncaring of what Malto thought and deciding that time was short, he chose the main road.





His mother was handy and his father was thoughtful. He owed the ship to both of them. His mother for welding it and his father for having the idea in the first place. And both of them, again, for letting him ride it down the block.

He named it Daisy Pusher, and had fittingly placed a potted ten-inch daisy at the center. Really, it was a sunflower, though he cared

pirate hat, doubling as an excuse to wear his eyepatch, which he needed to straighten his slightly lazy eye.

He sat on his pillow, rattling down the mild hill, thinking how good life was as a Butterfly Pirate, a name granted to him for the floating swagger of his vessel. He



Captain Bouquet

by Connor Siemer

little about such innocuous details. Truly, its majesty lay in its materials. Comprised of two Radio Flyers back to back, the hull of his ship was almost two feet in length and half a foot in width. For dramatic design, and an ingeniously safe braking system, the back wheels had been replaced by wheels three times the diameter of the front. His mother had hooked up a pull-brake near the pedals next to the steering wheel, which forced a piece of cardboard and rubber into the top of the two back wheels. He also wore a mandated helmet fashioned like a

flipped open his Multi-Purpose All-In-One tool, handed down from his brother. It said the time and held a bottled message. It read:

Dear Captain Bouquet,

We're planning a coup on the Golden Skinny Apple Juicers. They've neglected our demands for their tart nectar. The lazy eyed Salamander waits there for us... A word of caution should you choose to come, your brother will be there, though we are unsure who he sides with.

Signed,

Matlodextrin

ARTIST REVIEW



I spent most of my formative years locked in my bedroom listening to any and all music I could get my hands on.; from Duke Ellington to Queen to N.W.A. and everything in between. I became a musicophile. I learned many things in my bedroom throughout those years, but one thing in particular that I learned was the power of soul music. I love soul. To me, nothing can hit you in the gut quite like a good soul song can. The raw emotion permeating the vocals, the honeyed melodies that you can almost taste, the control it takes over your body there is nothing like it. Even if you don't particularly like the genre, I have a tough time believing that anyone could hear Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell belt out the chorus of "Ain't No Mountain High Enough" and not at least hum to it. When you hear a good soul song, it almost feels like you've known it your whole life. Like it's already been apart of you on a cellular level.

Enter Hiatus Kaiyote. This Aussie quartet made up of Nai Palm (guitarist and kickass vocalist), Simon Marvin (keyboard), Paul Bender (bass slapper) and Perrin Moss (drums) bring to life some of the most soulful music I've heard since I discovered Erykah Badu's *Baduizm* album.

"When you hear a good soul song, it almost feels like you've known it your whole life."

Their sound is categorized as future soul meaning it embodies the essence of what soul music is at its heart and borrows elements from genres such as pop, hip-hop and electronic music. When I first listened to "Nakamarra," the Grammy nominated single from their 2012 debut, *Tawk Tomahawk*, I was blown away. Not only is the instrumentation and arrangement so spectacularly crafted but Nai Palm's narcotizing

hiatus kaiyote is the future of future soul

by aaron schwartz

voice is a rare gem in the digitized music age we live in now. My amazement didn't stop at just "Nakamarra." Their songs "Breathing Underwater," "Jekyll," "Molasses" and "By Fire" (all from their 2015 sophomore effort, *Choose Your Weapon*), are equally awe-inspiring. When you listen to them, you quickly understand why music gods such as Prince and Questlove have given Hiatus Kaiyote their sacred co-sign. I'd be remiss if I didn't mention the songwriting. Just reading the lyrics to the first verse of "Molasses," the descriptive imagery so expertly put together is astounding. As a musician myself, I understand how difficult it can be trying to articulate your feelings in a unique, attention-grabbing, honest way. When good lyrics come to you, it's a gift and Hiatus Kaiyote is very gifted. This band is a rare breed in this day and age when every song you hear sounds the same as the one before it. Yes, of course there are other artists out there that are making different music but different doesn't always mean good. Hiatus Kaiyote is different. But they're also good. Really, really good.

Movie Review Round-Up

By Pat Bartholomew



Black Mass

Before watching this film, I had no idea who Whitey Bulger was. Unfortunately, this film doesn't give too much insight into who Bulger was. Johnny Depp as Whitney Bulger is amazing and frightening at the same time and Joel Edgerton is great as John Connolly. Other stand out performances include Jesse Plemons and Rory Cochrane as Bulger's gang members. While the other performances by actors like Kevin Bacon, Corey Stoll, Benedict Cumberbatch and the others are good, they unfortunately do not have much presence in the film. Another complaint that I had was that the film took major narrative turns throughout and was not entirely focused.

Final Verdict: Rent It!

The Martian

Out of the movies that I watched this past month, this was definitely my favorite. It may be my second favorite movie of the year behind "Inside Out". Everyone is great in the film, especially Matt Damon, who gives his best performance in years. Everyone else in this star studded cast does a great job as well. This movie had me on the edge of my seat. As soon as I walked out, I felt incredibly happy while singing along to David Bowie's "Starman".

Final Verdict: See It!

Sicario

I'll start off with the performances of the film. Benicio Del Toro is fantastic in the movie and Emily Blunt is also really good. Josh Brolin almost steals the movie. "Sicario" is well shot and I wouldn't be surprised if it was nominated for the Best Cinematography award. However, I felt like the script was missing something, but I can't put my finger on it. Maybe it's just that I feel that with performances this strong, the script should've been a little stronger than what it was.

Final Verdict: Rent It!

Crimson Peak

If you're looking for a frightening horror movie to go see for Halloween, then you might want to look elsewhere. But, if you do want to see a very twisted drama with elements of horror in there, then you should see this movie. This movie is directed perfectly by Guillermo del Toro, and the design of the film looks absolutely amazing. Jessica Chastain's performance is absolutely stunning. Tom Hiddleston and Mia Wasikowska were also really good as well. Charlie Hunnam was alright in the film, but I felt that his character could've been played by any actor. The main problem with this movie is the lack of horror. The film isn't nearly as scary as the trailer makes you believe; most of the scares are in the trailer. In fact, pay attention to the first few minutes of dialogue and then you'll soon catch on to the fact that it's not a horror movie after all. Also, I figured out the big twist in the movie while watching the trailer. Lastly, the film feels like it drags on for another half an hour when it really did not need to.

Final Verdict: Rent It!

Big Sean Takes Bing

by Mycah Hazel

It's one thing when a concert satisfies your expectations, but it's another thing when a concert goes above them. This past week, Binghamton University saw yet another hip hop great take the stage at its annual fall concert: Big Sean. The October 15th show also saw performances by rapper Cozz and EDM artist Adrian Lux, who both did their part in hyping up the crowd as it came closer to primetime. Once primetime hit, however, Big Sean wasted no time giving the Events Center a performance to remember.

Big Sean's performance surpassed my expectations. While I had no doubt in my mind of attending, given my fondness of Big Sean's most recent album, *Dark Sky Paradise*, as well as my interest in some of his music of the past, I did not expect him to perform as actively, engagingly, and intimately as he did.

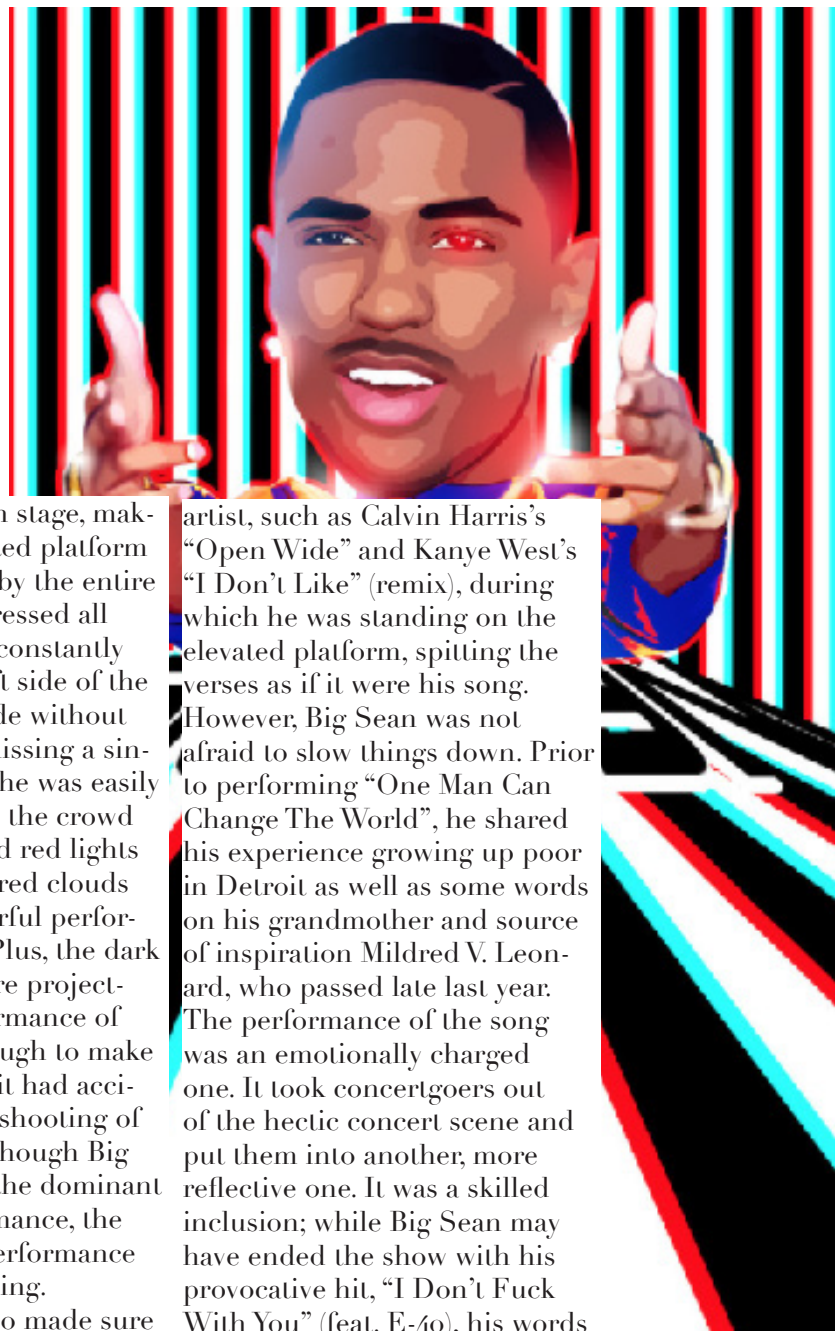
For one, credit must be given to the visual aspects of his performance. I've been to various concerts in the past, ranging from artists like Neon Trees and Panic! At the Disco to Jay-Z and Chris Brown. However, Big Sean's use of visuals and of the stage itself was highly original and truly complemented his performance. His presence was known as soon

as he first arrived on stage, making use of the elevated platform in order to be seen by the entire crowd. He also addressed all areas of the crowd, constantly moving from the left side of the stage to the right side without looking sloppy or missing a single verse. Although he was easily visible, he wasn't all the crowd had to look at. Blood red lights and a projection of red clouds accentuated a powerful performance of "Mercy". Plus, the dark grey clouds that were projected during his performance of "Blessings" was enough to make the crowd feel as if it had accidentally attended a shooting of the music video. Although Big Sean's verses were the dominant factor of his performance, the visual facet of his performance was equally as pleasing.

Big Sean also made sure that we knew we weren't in the Events Center for a radio reproduction, but for a display of his artistry. Just as he performed songs that have been blasting on the radio since 2011, such as "My Last" (feat. Chris Brown) and "Ass" (feat. Nicki Minaj), he also made sure to include songs from his mixtapes. He offered a fair share of songs from his 2012 mixtape *Detroit*, keeping it real for his ride-or-die listeners, and blessing the ears of newcomers. He even offered performances of songs where he was the featured

artist, such as Calvin Harris's "Open Wide" and Kanye West's "I Don't Like" (remix), during which he was standing on the elevated platform, spitting the verses as if it were his song. However, Big Sean was not afraid to slow things down. Prior to performing "One Man Can Change The World", he shared his experience growing up poor in Detroit as well as some words on his grandmother and source of inspiration Mildred V. Leonard, who passed late last year. The performance of the song was an emotionally charged one. It took concertgoers out of the hectic concert scene and put them into another, more reflective one. It was a skilled inclusion; while Big Sean may have ended the show with his provocative hit, "I Don't Fuck With You" (feat. E-40), his words on his family life, and life itself, still resonated.

While this year's fall concert probably fell in the midst of midterm mania for most students, it was definitely worth taking your head out of the books. Big Sean is both a talented rapper and a skilled performer—a much-needed combination in a hip hop culture where even the most skilled artists are dropping like flies. Anyone with respect for rap music should definitely see him live in the future.



The Broadening of Television

by Allie Young

When I received a Facebook invitation to see “**Broad City LIVE!** at Cornell”, I wasn’t sure what to expect. Trusting the fast-paced wit, forwardness, and rawness of the show, I purchased a ticket and hoped for the best. The night of the event came, and my friends and I enjoyed being mistaken for Cornell students as we took our seats. The stage consisted of only three armchairs and a table, two for Ilana Glazer and Abbi Jacobson, and one for their interviewer. Once the two women walked on stage, the energy of the sold-out Baily Hall simultaneously relaxed and electrified; it suddenly felt as though we were all sitting together in their living room rather than a concert hall.

The two creators and stars of Comedy Central’s hit show *Broad City* discussed its origins, incredible cast, and unique take on sexuality in television. Glazer and Jacobson met at the Upright Citizens Brigade Training Center for Improvisation and Sketch Comedy founded by Amy Poehler, Matt Besser, Ian Roberts and Matt Walsh. After a couple years of taking classes, the two wanted to “make something more tangible...something we can send our parents a link to,” and thus *Broad City* was born. Starting as a web series, the show was marketed

through blogs and websites, and the contagious nature of their comedy spread. Glazer and Jacobson decided to utilize a professor’s connection to Amy Poehler, who agreed appear on the finale of the web series. Following the success brought by Poehler’s appearance, they were able to sell the show to FX, and eventually to Comedy Central where Amy Poehler now serves as an executive producer. Glazer and Jacobson’s genuine disposition shined through as they finished each other’s sentences and recalled the early days of the show. The honest nature of *Broad City* is perhaps its most admirable quality, a feat achieved through a cast of true friends reenacting the mishaps of their past.

Eventually, the topic of *Broad City*’s unapologetic sexual content was broached. When praised for not condoning misogynistic content, Ilana chuckled, stating how sad it was that a show is considered special for portraying healthy sexual relationships. She brought up crucial points of how women’s sexuality is approached on television in a concerned, yet humorous way; she managed to address issues in dire need of acknowledgement without lecturing—not unlike the writing style of *Broad City* itself. For example, the argument between Abbi and

the man she’s sleeping with in the famous pegging episode was written to show difference in character, not to mock someone’s sexual preference. Glazer pointed out that TV shows rarely show women receiving oral sex. Furthermore, female orgasm is significantly more censored than male orgasm. Glazer and Jacobson laughed about how they had enough footage of women receiving oral sex to compile them into an ad for the show. The two women also recounted the ridiculously extensive efforts they had to go through just to show the coloration of public hair behind a blurred-out vagina.

Broad City challenges us to stop defining other people’s sense of femininity and sexuality. Rightfully so, the show is up for a third season. Finally television is offering content that reinforces confidence in finding what you want, while accepting the normality of not having a clue what it is. In the words of Ilana Glazer, “**Anything that doesn’t hurt and gives you pleasure is fucking fine**”.



impact

november 2015



big sean
takes bing