

the **free press** OCTOBER 2015  
a binghamton media group publication

**what's inside:**

**Making America Great Again  
The Girl That Cried During Her Brazilian  
MisterWives Concert Critique**



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# the free press

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# Letter from the Editor

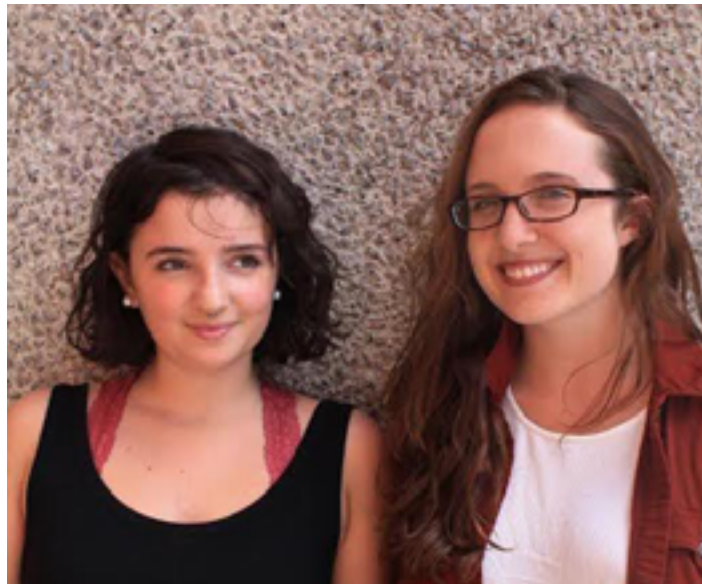
## The Binghamton Free Press is under new management!

I joined a lot of clubs when I was a freshman. I had an apprenticeship at WHRW, playing hip hop songs under the guidance of two metalheads. I got a bid at a coed frat. I went to a BU Acres meeting and learned the logistics of being a farmhand before I realized I didn't have any pairs of shoes I was willing to get dirty. I even went to some GIMs just to get the free pizza. But for all the listservs that I'm on, and for all the meetings I showed up for, the Free Press soon became my first priority.

What kept me coming back was the freedom: we are the only completely free-formatted, student-run publication at Binghamton University. Our mission remains to bring our readers a relevant and informative analysis of art and current events, and to foster the growth of our writers and their individual voices.

I'm happy to announce that we've combined both IMPACT magazine and the Free Press newspaper into one publication to make our October 2015 issue. Mycah brings us a thoughtful and informative news article about a ferocious South African coalition called the Black Mamba Anti-Poaching Unit. Maya shares her experiences navigating the NYC subway. Anonymous gets high, goes to class, and writes about it for us. Deirdre bears all in her glimpse of what it's like being a woman. Grant gives us a tasty review of the new Deerhunter album, Fading Frontier, and Max muses on Told Slant's album Still Water.

This year we were blessed to have such an enthusiastic, promising swath of fresh e-board members and staff writers. Meeting and working with them has truly been a pleasure. That being said, we hope you enjoy our October 2015 issue as much as we enjoyed putting it together for you.



Best,  
the Editorial Board at Binghamton Media Group  
Photo by Maya Wechsler

# On Cecile Emeke

by Zaudita Fender



Cecile Emeke is a British filmmaker of Jamaican descent that beautifully and unapologetically captures the black voice. She has a great body of work in which she showcases the diversity within the Black/African diaspora. Within that body of work is a series entitled *Strolling*, in which she and an individual stroll along various streets in the UK while said individual shares his/her opinion on issues such as race, class, gender, sexuality, and the multifaceted nature of these issues. It allows for a very raw and open discussion because nothing has to be sugarcoated, resulting in a rather honest delivery.

The episode of *Strolling* that I found most interesting was episode 4, when Ms. Emeke takes a stroll with Vanessa. In the video, Vanessa discusses an array of issues, the most intriguing being the issue of the typecasting of black actors and actresses and the angry black female.

In regards to typecasting, black actors are predominantly given stereotypical roles that comply with the mainstream definition of blackness. In the video, Vanessa talks about her audition for a role during which the director asks her to put on a more African accent, wanting her to sound more “bush” or more “slave.” Anyone in their right mind has to question, what does it mean to sound more slave? I sure have no idea and it was quite clear that Vanessa was also thoroughly confused. While not every actor may be asked to sound more “bush,” if one thoroughly examines the Fall TV lineup they will realize that black actors are almost always the drug dealers, the baby mommas or the sassy secretary. Two very popular shows at the moment are *Empire*, which I need to catch up on because the 23rd is right around the corner, and *Power*, which both have drug dealing as either the premise

or as a major component of the storyline. I’m not saying that people don’t identify with these characters or that one show can fully encompass a diverse group of people, but it is problematic when there is seldom a positive image of black people on television. Television should reflect the diversity that lies within the black community.

Another issue that was brought up in the video was the angry black female narrative. Whenever a black woman feels strongly about something or defends herself, she is automatically labeled as this angry black female caricature. There is no space for us to be indignant. We have to hide our emotions to make other individuals feel less threatened. But one has to question why the individual feels threatened in the first place. I personally have had a number of experiences where I am either defending myself or simply vocalizing my opinion and what

I say is trivialized because the angry black label gets attached. This is a problem because in order to avoid that stereotype, black women have to over-compensate in the presence of others out of fear that they will

be viewed as belligerent beings, forced into being someone they are not. Vanessa's episode is just one example of what makes Cecile Emeke both refreshing and necessary. She has successfully

created a platform in which blackness can be openly and freely discussed without the need for respectability politics and without the need to appease a mainstream audience.

# Make America Great...Again?

by Edison Alulema



You've had your fun watching the Donald Trump highlights during the GOP debate, but it's time to start thinking about the next four or possibly eight years after Obama's presidency. There are two major parties and a bunch of other smaller, hopelessly optimistic parties, so you have a lot of options. One of the clearest ways to find out what politicians are all about is to check out their paper trail. Not their possible shady late night transactions, I mean where their campaign money is coming from. In the very same way an escort can be bought for the night, a politician can be

very willing to go to bed with the highest bidder. With this in mind, the campaigns from this year's elections are reminiscent of broke college students looking for sugar daddies. With this filter in place, Donald Trump and Bernie Sanders stand as two figures free from the power of influence. However, the only clear candidate that stands out is Mr. Bernie Sanders. Looking at his list of campaign donors is truly humbling. With contributions from labor unions and other minority groups, Sanders hails as champion of the people. Trump, as the 134th richest man in the world according to

Forbes, also has little need to be subservient to the needs and wants of big business. In certain ways, he also supported certain leftist ideas such as a single-payer healthcare system. Unfortunately, Trump's stance has dramatically changed for the worse. Trump's words have reverberated throughout the homes of many conservative Americans, Ku Klux Klan meeting halls, and the clubs of neo-Nazi motorcycle gangs. It is becoming very apparent that many individuals feel right at home with his sexist, homophobic, Islamophobic, and xenophobic remarks. If you are comfortable with an America

that harbors growing anti-Islamic sentiment, is free of "Mexicans" (any migrant of color), and fans that happily gobble up his diarrhea of the mouth, feel free to vote for him. In that way, he can certainly make America great again. Under him, segregation might be re-instituted, or perhaps another Trail of Tears. With the United States' growing

minority and disadvantaged groups in mind, we need a candidate that can fully represent the diversity of our nation. The last thing we need is a slouch that will go to bed with any interest group that is willing to finance their campaign, and by this, I point to almost every single candidate that will be on the ballot this upcoming

election. If you've ever watched the movie, *Can Mr. Smith Go to Washington*, you will see the uncanny similarity that Sanders has to that young, naïve but well-meaning man that pledged his allegiance to the United States of America. If and when we feel that Mr. Sanders fails to fully represent the diversity of our great nation, rest assured --



## Flow

by Paola Diaz

Flow arts integrate dance and free flowing body movements to create expression with the use of props. To name a few: hula hoops, poi, staff, gloves, flow wands, batons, and the list goes on. A dance, exercise, a way to let loose and jam out, this form of art allows for beautiful and endless tricks lavished with physical, mental, and spiritual benefits, creativity and oneness.

Once the act of flowing becomes almost instinctive, naturally and without thought, flow-ers can get into the habit of flowing with whatever props are readily available; brooms,

pens, sticks, flags, juggling fruit, tossing and turning objects. Why do we possess this tendency to "flow" with such random objects? Perhaps it has to do with us being rhythmic beings, existing in a rhythmic and cyclical universe. As a hooper, I think about this all the time. I remind myself that my flow toy of choice is a circle. A circle, the most basic and fundamental shape, the shape of all things that make up the universe to the smallest scale. Cells, atoms within molecules, our own chemical, physical, biological composition. Round. Our DNA dances, curving up and down,

up and down. Electrons flow rhythmically, circling around their opposing charge, creating a harmonic balance. Orbiting like planets, moons, cycling like seasons, trends, the processes of life and death. Our human composition of mostly water; the symmetrical fluctuation of a wave, rippling through time. Neural oscillations communicate within ourselves and the exterior that is our world. Energy circulates. In respect to nature, things are random. And throughout the universe they flow! The circle of life. The patterns that these flow

toys make are captivating, becoming so attractive and appealing to the eyes that many times it becomes hard to look away. The patterns remind us of our own geometric nature. The trails demonstrate the shapes our bodies naturally create; with symmetry and balance, we are the Vitruvian humans that Da Vinci saw. The patterns become even more visually stimulating with reflective, LED or fire props, as well as through the use of multiple props or embracement of partner flowing, multiple people partaking and performing in the art together. Flowing becomes a meditative practice, to feel the wholeness of the body, to understand the space and positionality of ourselves, the interaction with the prop, the physics of naturally abiding

patterns, and the conditions of the environment. The relations and interconnectedness of it all is baffling.

Flow arts have progressively been growing. People can become hooked when they are open and willing to try and experiment with the art. A flow community has grown. We see this in parks, concerts, shows, camps, workshops, retreats. In festival culture the art is celebrated and flow artists are congratulated. Places like Burning Man, Nevada thrive with the art of fire spinning of all sorts. Social media has helped link flow-ers from around the world in groups such as "Infinite Circles Community," a page where hoopers share videos and other aspects related to their hoop journeys. The use of hashtags becomes a

quick resource to experience the art. #ShowMeYourTrails, #Stop-DropandFlow, #FlowArtsFriday. The countless websites for buying, selling, and trading flow toys make it easier to access the right prop. There's even a Hula Hoop Club right here on the Binghamton campus, a smaller flow community within the greater global movement ([hula-hooping@binghamtonsa.org](mailto:hula-hooping@binghamtonsa.org) for more info). Although there are basic moves within the flow arts when learning, the artist always has the freedom to take it in any direction they want, the elasticity to move and bend and play in any way. There are no rules, just the trust and guidance of one's own body. Everyone has their own flow.



# The Girl That Cried During Her Brazilian

by Deirdre Sullivan

It seemed like a good idea at the time. Circumstances naturally pushed me to do this; I was about to embark on a lengthy trip to Europe, it was the peak of summer; I figured that it

would just make things easier to... maintain. The idea was first brought to my attention with a friend over conversation and a glass of red wine. Her animated disposition suggested assured-

ness when she said "You just have to do it. It's really not THAT bad". She assuaged my concerns by referencing a particular waxing company, European Wax, that has an exclusive patent-

ed kind of royal blue wax that would appeal to sensitive folks like myself. The color blue has a strong emotional pull for me. Soon I found myself reading a web article published by Cosmo entitled "10 Things You Need to Know Before You Get Your First Brazilian". This should have been read as a sign from the feminine deity of genitalia saying "DO NOT DO THIS!!". Yet, I somehow managed to convince myself that this would be a good experience, and I booked an appointment for the next week. It was a done deal in my mind, but there was still something lurking in my conscious that had nothing to do with my questionable pain tolerance.

Outside of my already neurotic temperament that lends to indecisiveness, part of my apprehension towards waxing comes from an illegitimate belief that partaking in hair removal would somehow make me a "bad" feminist. Navigating this world as a feminist is hard enough, and I look to my hair down under as a shield against a society that desperately wants my body to look like a hairless cat. Questions flooded my mind; "Am I removing part of my womanhood? Are my actions reflecting the consequences of stepping into the male gaze? The male gaze is powerful, and I was

not willing to do something to appease some bourgeois male capitalist agenda. Do young girls think that this is something they will have to do one day like some habitual rite of passage?". I walked into the waiting room the following week, looked at the composed faces of the women who would go in before me, and realized how much easier my life would be if I didn't have to question everything all the time. A few drawn out minutes passed by, until a woman with jet black hair and level of badass unknown to me said my name. I took a deep breath and followed her down a narrow hallway with deep mahogany flooring and a series crimson red-painted doors, convinced that I was entering the gateway to hell.

Clearly I don't know how to play it cool (especially when it comes to vaginas), considering the first thing she said to me was "it's going to be okay" and continued to coax me as if I were some five year old with a deep-seeded needle phobia getting their yearly influenza vaccination. As I stripped down to my half-birthday suit she gave me a run-down of what was about to happen to my naked flesh. She begun to stir the hot wax mixture with a ladle and I am fairly certain I witnessed her transform into the figure a

witch; cackling as she poured the concoction onto my skin. Lying down on the table with the essence of my sex engulfed in this patented blue sea of wax, she stripped off the wax, piece by piece, after it cooled. With each pull, tears flew to my ears and I cried out in agony "my beautiful vaginal!". At first she laughed, but it soon dawned on her that I was an atypical patient having an atypical experience. She would later remark that I was the only client she ever had, after years of working in the business, that actually cried. The woman dared to show me the remnants of what was once under the blue wax, (what once was mine), after it was all over as some form of consolation for my both painful and emotional experience. After cleanup, she went to offer me a coupon for next time, but then stopped herself saying "I don't think there will be a next time". She was right. I tipped the woman and walked out of European Wax into the driver's seat of my friend's car (she came for moral support). She burst into laughter when I told her I cried and proceeded to call me an asshole. I said that is true; an asshole I may be, but mine is hairless.



# Stoner Steve's Not-So-Sober Schedule

by Anonymous

Recently I decided to attend a full day of my classes (just one, by the way) completely stoned. While this may not be my proudest moment or something to tell my mom about when she calls me at the end of this week, it is, nonetheless, something I can now knock off my Bucket List. Regardless, my job here is to present to you the unadulterated facts of my experience. So, without further ado, here they are:

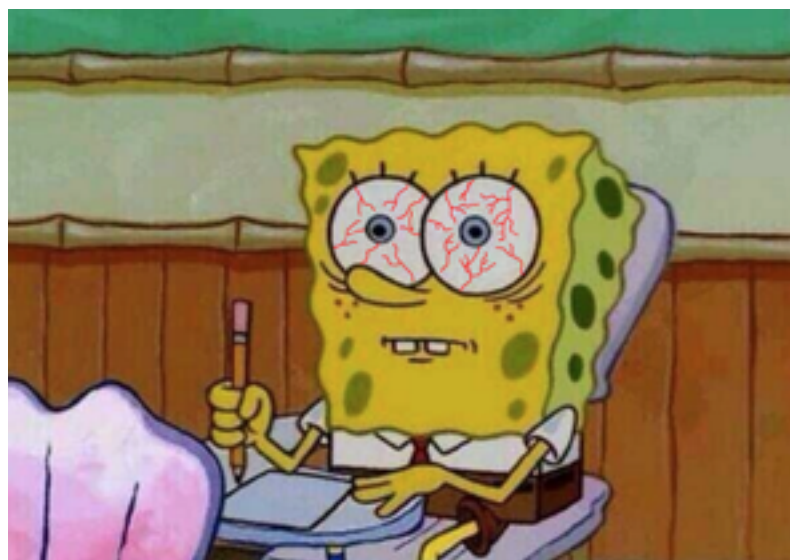
I began the day as I usually do, waking up at a totally decent time, but instead clearing an entire bowl pack by myself and then smoking some more with a buddy. By the time we finished up, it was time to head to my first class, a discussion session with a class body of about 20. Now, keep in mind: this isn't my first bull at the rodeo. And if you're planning on following in my footsteps, I recommend adequate preparation beforehand: Firstly, pack some snacks. The immediate side effect of Mary Jane's allure is an intense, bothersome hunger; and you don't want to be stuck in the same place for more than an hour with a loud, growling stomach. Second, plan out a solid block of time for your, uh, rituals. Nothing's worse than already feeling like everyone's eyes are on you and actually having every pair

look you up and down as you interrupt a class in session. Third, control your giggling. In the end, it will only draw attention to your person and, once that floodgate's been opened, the waters never cease to flow violently outward.

Once you have those three down, it's pretty much a game of killing time and censoring your more abstract thoughts. For example, throughout my discussion, I had many fine points I felt compelled to share, such as the fact that Mary Rowlandson was probably a stuck-up bitch or that Cabeza de Vaca sounds more like something you'd order at a restaurant instead of a Spanish explorer, but I didn't offer to share anything of that rather extreme nature. Something interesting to note is that I did feel more confident in my answers, even if

that confidence wasn't exactly well placed. My biggest anxieties stemmed mainly from the paranoia that everyone present somehow knew I wasn't the absolute definition of sober – coherent, yes; but sober? Not quite.

I might not be the most objective source, but I definitely feel positively towards the implication of a certain amount of both recreational as well as medicinal marijuana, especially in the cases of those who suffer from anxiety and other mental disorders. In my honest opinion, it relaxes the user and even stimulates appetite without having to sacrifice the better part of one's motor skills. My final valediction on the matter remains: if you're gonna go to class high, at least do it the right way.



# I Am Woman, Hear Me Roar

by Mycah Hazel



In the wake of dentist Walter Palmer's return to his Minnesota practice -- less than two months after his killing of the popular Zimbabwean lion, Cecil, reached news sources in America -- it is important to question the degree to which individuals are able to utilize wildlife reserves around the globe as grounds for illegal hunting. In one South African region, however, a coalition is ensuring both the protection of wildlife and the preservation of South African culture. Camouflage pants and dirt-

stained combat boots are commonly appropriated to male soldiers. In the South African region of Balule, however, camouflage and combat boots collide with coils and cornrows to uniform the female-led Black Mamba Anti-Poaching Unit. Founded in 2013, the unit serves as an investigatory force, scouting the region for poachers, who kill or capture game illegally. The unit has since expanded its surveillance from the western portion of Balule to the entire Balule region.

"Many people don't know that a woman can do this job," twenty-two year old Winnie said in an interview with Julia Gunther, whose recent photo series on the Black Mambas, part of her collective work entitled "Proud Women of Africa," has given the coalition much acclaim. Together, these women work as an unarmed coalition seeking to protect the "big five": lions, leopards, buffalo, elephants, and rhinos -- the most sought after animals in legal trophy hunting. "We will show them that we can

do it. We are proud of it. When our children grow up, they will know the big five and love and respect this nature." Winnie is one of the staggering twenty-three women that make up the twenty-five member unit. The Mambas are particularly protective of the rhino, whose poaching is stimulated by the demand for the rhino horn, a status symbol in countries such as Vietnam and China. The Western rhino has already been declared extinct by the International Union for Conservation of Nature in 2011, the primary cause of extinction identified as poaching. Using VHS and GPS transmitters, the Black Mambas are able to keep track of the rhinos in the region and assure that Mambas are in those respective areas in order to keep an eye out for poachers. "Poaching is very bad. It is important that animals live. The next generation must know the rhinos and elephants in life. If poaching is allowed they will only see these animals in a pic-

ture. This is not right," summarizes twenty-six year old Lukie, in a point that is important in understanding both the mission of the Black Mambas and what separates the group from other conservationist units. When the Mambas are not patrolling the reserve, they are teaching students about the animals they protect. Through its Bushbabies Environmental Education Awareness program, the Black Mamba unit educates the public on wildlife preservation. They remind the public that the preservation of wildlife is not just an ethical matter but an ethnic one, in that respect for nature is important to the South African heritage. "I would like to apply for a job at Kruger National Park so I can help people understand nature," says twenty-seven year old Belinda, who hopes to use her position as a Black Mamba to gain experience to further her career in conservation. "On my off days, I teach the children in my community to understand nature; it

is important to not kill animals." The Black Mamba Anti-Poaching Unit has been rightfully awarded for its actions. This past summer at South Africa's Rhino Conservation Awards, founded by the South African Department of Environmental Affairs and the Game Rangers Association of Africa, the Black Mambas won first prize for "Best Rhino Conservation Practitioner." Additionally, on September 7, 2015, they were granted the "Champions of the Earth Award" -- the top environmental award granted by the United Nations. Since their founding, snaring incidents have been reduced by a whopping seventy-six percent and several arrests of detected poachers have been made. Regardless of their commercial respect, however, the Black Mambas are still in need of uniform, food, and mechanics. Links to donation pages, fundraisers, and merchandise (coming soon) are located on the unit's website: [www.blackmambas.org](http://www.blackmambas.org).



# Keeping Politics Out of Our Vaginas: an Ode to Planned Parenthood

by Deirdre Sullivan



Summer 2015 ushered in a wave of progressive legal and social reform. We witnessed the Supreme Court decision that guaranteed equal marriage rights to LGBTQ citizens, a strengthening of the Affordable Care Act, and the removal of some public Confederate flags in many southern states following the racially motivated murders in Charleston, South Carolina. However, amid this awakening to a greater social consciousness was an insidious effort put forth by a conservative anti-choice group, the Center for Medical Progress, to defund Planned

Parenthood, a national organization that provides reproductive services as well as maternal and child services. The Center for Medical Progress (an arguably fraudulent name) garnered national attention after they released a secretly recorded and edited video showing Deborah Nucatola, the senior director of medical services at Planned Parenthood, discussing the methods in which she procures fetal tissue following abortions. As you watch the clips, it is obvious that the anti-choice group deliberately cuts important context out in order to strengthen their

argument. For example, one clip discusses a price range in relation to fetal tissue, with Nucatola referencing something elusive and unclear costing between \$30-\$100 "per specimen". The video purposefully eliminates the context that would enlightens us to the fact that Planned Parenthood donates fetal issue to biotech companies for the purpose of medical research, particularly with diseases like HIV/AIDS. The price range that Nucatola references is over shipping costs that are necessary for these biotech companies to pay in order to make sure that the

fetal tissue remains preserved and in tact, so that it can be studied effectively. Unfortunately, this kind of investigation was not done by many conservative figures and groups before they publically detested Planned Parenthood and cultivated a mass protest against the organization based on false pretences. What was essentially a sting operation against the health service provider, the Center for Medical Progress has managed to produce a witch hunt of sorts against clinics across the country. Prominent republicans have used this opportunity to emerge into the political arena as some kind of champion of morality and to appeal to the masses. Planned Parenthood, on the other hand, has had to deal with increasing hostility and government investigation (which, naturally, found no incidence of malpractice); all because of bogus claims.

Why is this worth talking about? The controversy itself centers around the age-old abortion issue, but conservatives have been reluctant to mention how Planned Parenthood services largely reflect cancer and STD screenings, with abortion only amounting to 3% of their total services provided. More importantly, these services are completely confidential. This confidentiality allows individuals to feel comfortable enough to receive contraceptive methods so that they can have safe sex

with their partners, have abortions to prevent an unplanned pregnancy from reaching full term, and treating and preventing cancer and STDs from spreading further or onto others. Defunding Planned Parenthood will not only weaken the rights of females to bodily autonomy, but prolong or prevent patients from being diagnosed with STDs and various forms of cancer. It will make unprotected sex a more frequent occurrence which will undoubtedly lead to unwanted pregnancies; forcing women to seek out abortions from other services that will likely not be as safe or confidential. This is why voting in midterm elections is important, folks. When Republicans gain a hold of Congress, action can be made against organizations like Planned Parenthood, who strive to help the general public without profit, on false notions that masquerade as legitimate.



# Train Trails

by Maya Wechsler

For people who have never taken the subway, trains probably seem scary, confusing, overwhelming, and vaguely pee-scented. These people are completely right. Living in Brooklyn means taking the trains everywhere; and, contrary to popular belief, you never learn to love the subway. The subway is, for the most part, a gross place. However, as unsanitary as trains may be, they have also (at least in my life) been a great source of entertainment.

A popular train show is called 'Showtime'- it consists of a group of young boys, aged from thirteen to about nineteen, blasting a speaker in the middle of the train (the more crowded the better), shouting, "WHAT TIME IS IT?? SHOWTIME!!"

Showtime begins with some break dancing and graduates to pole dancing and hat flipping. Whether or not they leave with any money, they always succeed in making every person over thirty fear for their lives.

I got to see a particular spectacle every day on my way home from school during my

sophomore year. At Canal Street in Manhattan an older man would get on the train, wearing a brown coat, green pants, and a general attitude of craziness. As the train went over the bridge towards Brooklyn, an overhead announcement would warn people to keep their belongings in sight at all times. This would, without fail, every day, prompt this man to begin his extremely loud, extremely articulate anti-government speech. Every single day, it was the same. I never actually got to hear how it ended, because my stop was twenty minutes later, with him still going strong.

I have, luckily, been extremely close to some very memorable train fights. My favorite was during my junior year, on my way to school, at approximately 7:30 AM on the Q train. A man got on the train, exuding bad vibes. You could smell it on him, literally and figuratively. He sat down, not causing trouble. A little while later, a woman and her young daughter got on the train. The young girl's bookbag brushed the man and the mother apologized- and he replied,

very loudly, "That's okay, just stop reading my mind!"

The entire train car, now having realized that this guy was off, backed away a bit. All except for a man who was already not having a good day and just wanted a seat on the train. He sat next to the crazy man, who began touching his face and hair. Man #2 told him to stop. Man #1 continued. After a little while, Man #2 stood up and announced to everyone on the train that "if this man touches me again, I'm going to punch him in his fucking face." Man #1 looked at him, and slowly, deliberately, stepped on his foot. The ensuing fight required five extremely burly men to separate the two and, after about ten minutes of similar shenanigans, bodily throw the crazy man off the train car onto the platform of 7th Avenue.

Having taken the train since eighth grade, these stories are only the tip of the iceberg. Over the years I've accumulated some really excellent examples of the MTA in action. Tune in next month for more.

# iMPACT!

The Arts and Media section of free press

## Review: Deerhunter- *Fading Frontier*

by Grant Herson

You would think that it would take a lot to really rattle someone who has endured so much already. Bradford Cox has battled with Marfan syndrome, loneliness, sexual confusion, and abandonment issues his whole life, but after being struck by a car in December of 2014, he is back with a new Deerhunter album and a new lease on life. *Fading Frontier* is the band's seventh studio album, due out October 16. It has been almost two years since Deerhunter released their noisy nocturnal album *Monomania*. Although I have recently turned around on *Monomania* and feel that it is a welcome part of their discography, the album left many fans wanting more in the vein of *Microcastle* or *Halcyon Digest*. For those worried that Deerhunter was going to continue in the same direction of noise, garage rock heavy direction of *Monomania*, have no fear because *Fading Frontier* is a far more lush, dreamy, colorful,



and above all optimistic record. *Fading Frontier* starts off with "All the Same," which features hazy guitar work and vocal hooks that were notably absent from *Monomania*, and from there, continues to just suck you in: if there's one thing the album has working in its favor, it is the flow. Each song seems to trickle into the next indistinguishable at times. The album is full of little soundscapes, most notably on songs like "Breaker," "Snakeskin," and "Ad Astra," that seem to conjure up images of

leaves changing, skies opening up, and waves of cool blue and orange hitting you. Lyrically this is Deerhunter's most poppy and optimistic release to date. When you combine the lyrics with the guitar work's dreamy soundscapes, a lot these songs sound like little epiphanies. You can definitely hear Bradford Cox's new lease and value of his time on earth in songs like "Living My Life" and "Carrion" which makes this album a rather personal listen.

The overall length of the album and the length of individual songs is one area that I think the album comes up short, even though I feel that these songs will definitely be expanded upon and fleshed out more in a live setting. The vast majority of songs have such colorful landscapes that I wish they would drone on a little longer, maybe in the same vein as some of their earlier work like *Cryptograms* or

Weird Era Cont.

There are definitely some stand-out moments that expose Deerhunter playing with their sound. This can be seen at the end of "Leather Wood," "Snakeskin" and "Ad Astra." I just wish they brought noisy jam and ambient sessions more to songs like "All the Same," "Duplex Planet" and "Carrion," which are still some of my favorite tracks off the album, but probably could have been contenders for some of my favorite Deerhunter songs ever.

Another area where I think the album fumbles is that it comes off as too soft or fluffy at times. If you were to show this album to someone who had no idea who Deerhunter was and showed them Monomania or even Microcastle they probably would probably come to the conclusion that they were different bands. While I do like the dreamy and colorful nature of the album I think I would have enjoyed a bit more bite to it. All that being said, Bradford Cox

and company prove yet again that they are one of today's most consistent and quality bands. Fading Frontier is sonically bright, vivid, and warm. Lyrically the album is surprisingly upbeat and poppy. While Fading Frontier does not necessarily reach the heights of albums like Microcastle or Halycon Digest, it is still a much-welcome part of their discography and only makes me more excited for the next Lotus Plaza or Atlas Sound album to drop.



## Turkuaz: The Funk You've Been Waiting for

by Allie Young

If you need a funky, soulful, and unique addition to your music library, then Brooklyn's nine-piece groove band Turkuaz could be just what you're looking for. Turkuaz modernly interprets artists like The Talking Heads and Stevie Wonder to form a sound unlike any other's.

The group fills a room (quite literally) with guitar, bass, trumpet, keyboard, tenor sax, bari sax, drums, and a tasteful dose of tambourine. Between a gamut of instruments and four strong vocalists, this band

creates music you can't help but dance to. The group rotates vocalists, featuring Dave Brandwein on zealous tracks like "Monkey Fingers" and "The Rules", and Josh Schwartz on slow-groove tracks like "Pickin' Up (Where You Left Off)". Though the lead vocals are always accompanied by the female duo Sammi Garrett and Shira Elias, their eased yet powerful voices are also featured as solos.

Each time I have seen them live, I'm overwhelmed by

the quality of their performance. Turkuaz executes upbeat and layered music with precision that allows an audience to give in to their infectious energy. During my senior year of high school, I was lucky enough to participate in a workshop with Turkuaz. With as much enthusiasm as if they were back at the Brooklyn Bowl, the band graciously performed in our small, farm-town school auditorium. They were eager to give advice, tell stories, and quite simply, jam out. That same weekend,



Turkuaz played a gig at Ithaca's restaurant and bar, The Haunt. Recognizing me from their workshop, several members of the band made sure to find me after the show. Turkuaz is not only comprised of incredibly talented musicians, but admirably

good people.

The power funk band is expected to release their newest album, *Digitonium* on October 2, 2015. Only one single has been released, but it provides a promising outlook for the rest of the album. If you can't wait for

*Digitonium*, be sure to check out Turkuaz Live at Southpaw for a taste of their remarkable live energy. Turkuaz is making revolutionary contributions to the genre of funk, and if we're lucky, this is just the beginning.

## The Stanford Prison Experiment

by Nolan Cunningham



In 1971, Stanford University professor of psychology Philip Zimbardo conducted one of the most profound and disturbing human experiments in the history of psychology. In his experiment, Zimbardo created a realistic prison simulation in which male, college student volunteers role-played as either prisoners or guards to test the hypothesis that inherent personality traits are the cause of abusive behavior in prisons. In *The Stanford Prison Experiment*, director Kyle Patrick Alvarez recounts this disturbing historical reality, testing not only the sanity of the experiment's subjects, but we the viewers as well. The first moments of the film fly by and we are immediately thrown into the claustrophobic bowels of the interim prison used in the

eponymous experiment. While it is difficult for test subjects and viewers alike to take the experimental role-playing seriously at the start, it is the actors' body language and Alvarez's attention to detail that capture the uncertainty and anxiety that spiral into a trying madness faster than anyone, even Zimbardo himself, would have expected. Rebellion, conflict, and inadvertent psychological torture ensue to reveal the nature of the prisoner-guard dynamic, simultaneously revealing an underlying philosophical commentary on choice, free will, and humanity. The experiment tantalizingly draws on only to reveal that its metaphysical breadth encapsulates the experimenters as well, manipulating the minds of everyone involved. While the ex-

periment snowballs out of control, its implications on authority, abuse, and human behavior are impossible to ignore. However tense the experiment may get, the film is not without faux pas. While *The Stanford Prison Experiment* is wrought with tension and intense psychological curiosity throughout, the climax of the film is anything but climactic. In fact, it hardly feels like a climax at all. Although the pacing is unsettlingly unusual, it is important to keep in mind that this is a true story told as it actually happened. This may not make for an ideal pace, but it serves to preserve its realism. Throughout the film, reality is questioned and insanity looms heavily in the halls of the prison. Tim Talbott's screenplay and Kyle Patrick Alvarez's directorial

precision garnered two awards at the 2015 Sundance Film Festival for its disturbingly realistic portrayal of the 1971 experi-

ment. In the words of Consequence of Sound's Justin Gerber, *The Stanford Prison Experiment* is "so disturbing, intense, and

believable that it's easy to forget we're watching a movie."

# MisterWives Concert Critique

by Jeremy Isabella



If you haven't forgotten already, an up-and-coming young pop band headlined a concert on our campus at the start of the semester for the "Shindig at the Fountain." MisterWives, a six-piece from New York City, are strikingly similar to the band that played last year's 'Shindig,' Rubblebucket. Both acts boast a powerful brass section and each has an incredibly energetic maverick female lead vocalist. The strongsuit of MisterWives' live show has got to be their frontwoman, Mandy Lee, who pranced around the stage with swagger, wearing what ap-

peared to be a painter's costume. The crowd certainly was feeding off her energy -- she was undeniable. The rest of the band performed well too, but I still found it impossible to fully enjoy the show for one glaring reason. I'm going to sound like a grumpy old man for saying this, but it must be said: that show was way too fucking loud. I know I'm not the only one who thought that way either; I saw people in the crowd struggling to talk to their friends during the show. This has become a growing problem with live performances that no one seems to be

talking about. The same principle of "the louder the better" has already taken a toll on recorded music -- look up the "Loudness War" -- and it's starting to ruin certain concerts. It seems like bands that are too loud often have no idea how loud they are. The guitarist will bob his head and make a face while he plays a nice riff, but he doesn't realize we can't hear him as he's being drowned out by the rest of his band. That's what bums me out the most, is that I thought this band was actually pretty good and I would willingly see them in a different setting, but they

were so loud they just sounded like one massive wall of (mainly low-end) sound with little sonic space between the instruments. "Just wear earplugs or move to the back of the crowd," some will say. Maybe I will, but I shouldn't have to remove or

distance myself from the experience to enjoy it more. This isn't a matter of taste or opinion, this is a public health concern. I love listening to music and I want to keep doing so for as long as possible; I started writing album reviews in this magazine

because of how much I love music. We need to turn down the volume to save our ears and continue to enjoy great music. This is a discussion we need to start now before we can no longer hear each other speak.

# Riot Grrrl Revisited: Revolution Girl Style Now

by Deirdre Sullivan

In a time where women artists are often chastised for not identifying as feminist, it is difficult to imagine an era where the confluence of feminism and pop culture was at once rare and frowned upon. In the summer of 1991, a group of women living in Olympia, Washington joined forces out of shared experiences of sexism and discrimination and sought to channel their feminist beliefs into an accessible art form. A little band named Bikini Kill was born, and the rest is history. The band recently revisited their riot grrrl roots, unearthing old but largely unknown material into a re-release of their first collective body of work, "Revolution Girl Style Now". The initial demo tape was released in 1991, recorded by members Kathleen Hanna, Kathi Wilcox, Tobi Vail, and Billy Karren, the day after a house party with the equipment still in place from the night before. Kathleen Hanna, the lead singer

of the band and a co-founder of the third-wave feminist Riot Grrrl movement, has taken on the role since 2012 of spearheading a career-spanning re-issue series of Bikini Kill material under the band's own record label "Bikini Kill Records". The re-release will be available September 22nd for purchase and includes three unreleased tracks "Just Once", "Playground", and "Ocean Song", that echo the band's roots in the Pacific Northwest and their link to the grunge scene that defined 90s alternative music. More doomy than Bikini Kill's most iconic hits such as "Double Dare Ya" and "Rebel Girl", the new tracks have more in common



with the initial music produced by their contemporaries, Mudhoney and Nirvana. A limited edition reproduction of the original cassette with the same bright red artwork is available along with options for vinyl and CD purchase. It's awesome, and I think y'all should give it a listen.

Now, after nearly 25 years, Bikini Kill's anthemic verses of revolution still cultivate a following of feminists who believe in the

ideals set forth by the original riot grrrls years ago, as Kathleen once said, "because I believe with my holeheartmindbody

that girls constitute a revolutionary soul force that can, and will, change the world for real".

# Review: Told Slant-Still Water

by Max Steinbach

The week before I began my freshman year of college I would stay up late every night watching movies. When the movie was over, I'd usually just sit on my couch for a half-hour or more, thinking about how fast life is moving and feeling totally overwhelmed about everything.

That's the feeling I get when I listen to *Still Water*, the first LP from Brooklyn-based lo-fi/bedroom-punk band, Told Slant. Frontman/drummer, Felix Walworth sings with delicate immediacy, as if they could break down in tears at any moment. Sometimes though, they crack, belting lines like "But who's gonna kiss your undressed chest when I'm gone?" with a tone of legitimate desperation that makes you want to give them a hug and tell them everything will be okay. These intimate and revealing lyrics provide the album with a type of emotional power that keeps you invested in Felix's struggles



with relationships and concerns for the future.

*Still Water* also deals with gender-identity, a very relevant theme in a scene where queer musicians are becoming increasingly visible. On the track "Lack," Felix laments their gender-dysphoria and the struggles that come with navigating social situations while also figuring out who you are ("I don't want to be a boy/ and you don't want to be a girl/ I hate the way your friends make me feel I was not myself"). The refrain, "I am not

what I want to be," on the track "I Am Not," is a rally cry of sorts for Felix and all those who are still discovering themselves and where they belong in this confusing world. Although released in 2011, *Still Water* didn't gain attention until 2014, when Told Slant was signed by Broken World Media. The band's lo-fi production and adorable lack of overt self-awareness sets them apart from their "emo revival" label-mates. With their

layered electric guitar melodies and lo-fi production, Told Slant bares more similarities to early Modest Mouse or indie-fave Alex G.

If you're in the right mood, *Still Water* is an especially cathartic listen. It's free on Told Slant's bandcamp page, so check it out. It's best listened to in a dark room by yourself, or on the long walk to Science 3 with the snow blowing in your face.

# SKELETON RECOMMENDATIONS:

by Larry Burnham

## Political Leaders Past & Present

If you liked LBJ during his democratic regime, you might also like Bernie Sanders, up-and-coming candidate for the Democratic Party's presidential campaign. Much like how LBJ started a war on poverty and instilled various different programs to help aid those impoverished, Bernie holds similar ideals and plans to raise minimum wage, close the wage gap and shatter the glass ceiling, incorporate community-based programs, and many, many more ideas once elected. All in all, if you're a screamin' liberal like this writer, Bernie's your guy.

## Colors

If you liked the vibrancy and power of the color red, then you might also like the color magenta. Coming from the red color family, magenta is getting much of what you already asked for with red: both colors make bold statements and command the attention of those who happen to rest their eyes on the colors' liveliness. However, when it comes to red, you are beheaded on the spot, unable to plead innocence, whereas magenta offers you mercy, comfort, even. If these colors were your relatives at Thanksgiving, red would be your drunken uncle ranting on about the shit luck the Mets have had lately, whereas magenta would be your kind aunt who sneaks you some wine and a crisp ten-dollar bill under the table. Those matters of opinion aside, consider magenta the next time you have to buy something.

## Alcoholic Beverages

If you liked the dull sting of beer as it crawls its way down your intestines, then you might also like rum. Despite what a Budweiser commercial might have you believe, the majority of educated folk do not, in fact, enjoy drinking beer. While it is a great way to tally-mark and tiptoe your way into drunkenness, it is neither swift nor savory. However, if you are intending to broaden your alcoholic experiences, I would suggest rum as the next viable candidate. It's a good midway point between the teeth-grinding slosh of beer and the nail-biting scorch of whiskey, all while maintaining a general dullness and a conjuring of images of old-timey pirates and the brief period of time we thought it was cool not to wash daily. If you are planning on making the switch, rum is paired best with a dark soda, like coke or root beer, and, oddly enough, potato chips (just trust me on this one).

# Summer Movies Ranked

by Pat Bartholomew

Over the course of the summer, I only saw nine films. Surprisingly, this is the biggest number of movies that I saw during the summer in a long time. So, in honor of this personal achievement, I've decided to rank the nine films that I saw this summer from my favorite to my least favorite.

## 1. Inside Out

As the only movie that I saw twice in theaters, it featured great animation, great writing and great voice work from everyone involved. This movie will make you laugh, cry and think. It's my favorite of the year so far and Pixar's best since "Toy Story"

## 2. Mad Max: Fury Road

With amazing practical special effects, music, direction and performances by Tom Hardy, Charlize Theron, Nicolaus Hoult and Hugh Keays-Byrne as the villain, it makes the movie a definite must-see even if you hadn't seen the other Mad Max films.

## 3. Ant-Man

I went in with low expectations, mainly due to my loyalty to Edgar Wright, but this film surprised me with its' writing, performances, action sequences and the inside jokes. This film surprised me immensely, making it my favorite Marvel movie of the year.



#### 4. Straight Outta Compton

I'm not all that into rap music, but I really enjoyed this movie for the most part, which included strong performances by O'Shea Jackson, Jr. as his father Ice Cube, Jason Mitchell as Eazy-E and an underrated performance by Paul Giamatti as their manager. The only major problem for me was that it focuses too much on Ice Cube's departure from N.W.A. and his comeback.

#### 5. Avengers: Age of Ultron

When watching the first Avengers, I had a fun time. While watching the sequel, I was having a good time, but depressed at times. Everyone brings their best to the movie, and the jokes are better, but it's not nearly as fun as the first movie.

#### 6. Mission: Impossible – Rogue Nation

I'm not the biggest fan of this franchise, but this film helps when you actually see it on the big screen, it featured some great performances by almost everyone involved, with great action sequences, good humor, but with an underwhelming villain, it makes this entry my favorite entry so far.

#### 7. Jurassic World


Despite some plot holes and clichés throughout, the film is definitely fun to watch over again for the effects and the performances from the leads.

#### 8. The Man from U.N.C.L.E.

It's hard to review this movie because I had never heard of the show it was based on, and I may have fallen asleep during the film. It looked great and Henry Cavill was surprisingly good in this film, everyone else is either laughable or underused.



# Humans of Binghamton



I like to go-yo and play the harmonica. I like to make choo-choo train sounds. I like to see things in real time. Not through a lens because you're not seeing it on first impact. It's filtered. You don't get to experience it for what it is, and for each individual it is what it is.

-Victoria Valvis

Photo by Paola Diaz