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[the spooky issue]

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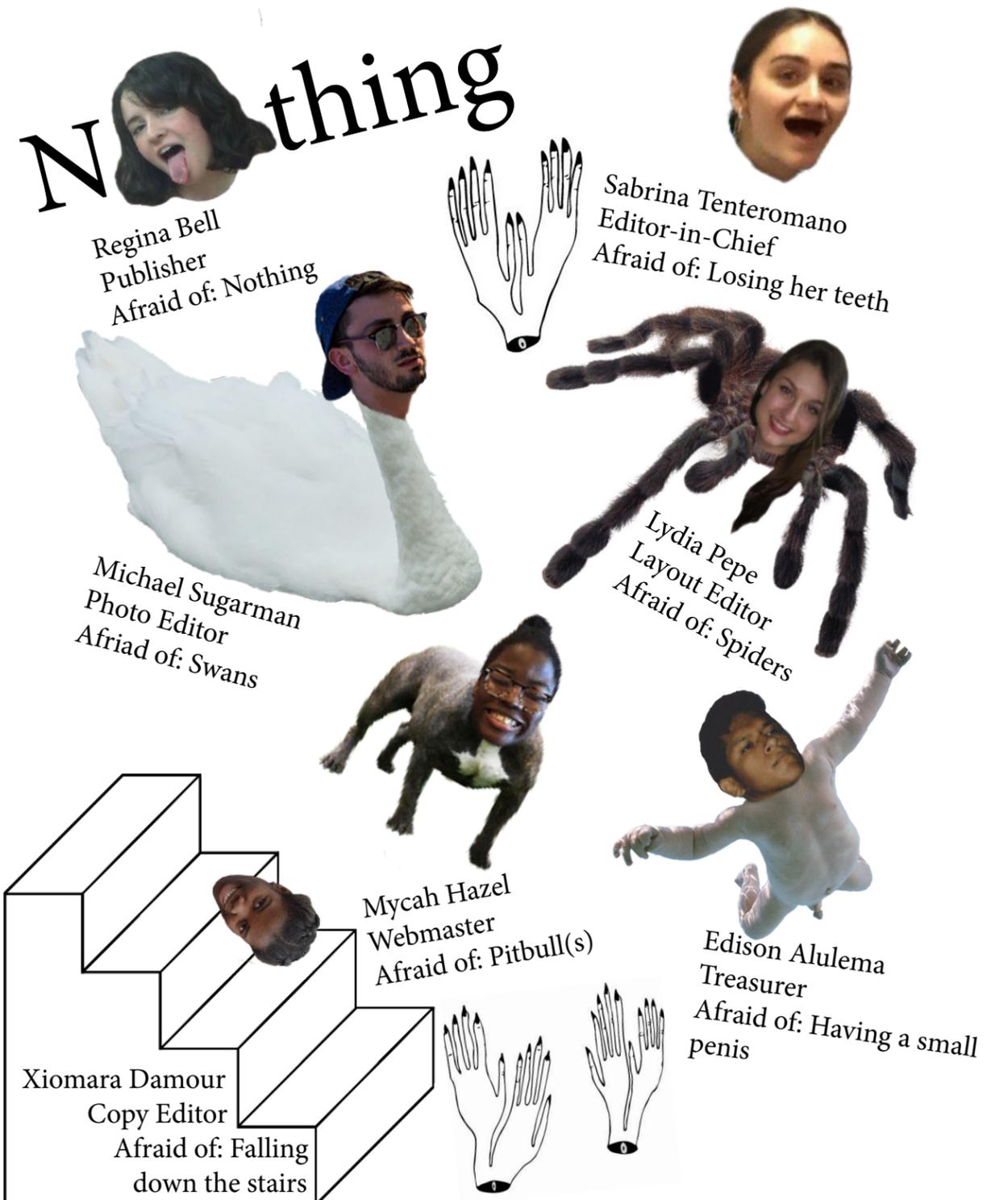
Dear Reader,

The editors and I are happy to give you the first ever Spooky Issue of Free Press. And as a nice preamble for your journey through our publication, I'd like to give you a list of particularly terrifying things to get you in the mood: stalking someone's Facebook in public and them coming up behind you, getting Toxic Shock Syndrome from tampons because it literally seems like a myth to most girls, that recruitment video by the Alpha Delta Pi sorority at Texas University, the German language, the future, getting hungry in the middle of a three hour class, sending a screenshot of a conversation to the person whose conversation you screenshotted, disagreeing with an Aries, being a dog and getting your nuts cut off, being a human and getting your nuts cut off, "We're all out of guac," and getting poisoned by your roommate.

ENJOY, SUCKERS

Regina Bell

Meet the E-board





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Binghamton: The Parlor City

by editor *sabrina tenteromano*

It was news to me to find out that one of the *official* unofficial names (that would be a nickname) of Binghamton is the "Parlor City". The name is as old as December 1873 and, according to barrypopik.com, is explained in a newspaper article from September 1875 to have come from the city's resemblance of "a handsome parlor carpeted with green velvet, its walls covered with the most magnificent landscapes by the Great Artist." The author of the article further writes, "The readers of the New York Daily Graphic will remember the fine pictures of the locality of which I write in the Binghamton supplement in the spring, and will believe me when I tell of the Parlor city....". Of course, this definition of parlor that the nickname refers to is that of a sitting room, or a room in a building for receiving guests. However, one might be inclined to consider a different, more specific definition of parlor as the rightful nickname of Binghamton: a funeral parlor.

Binghamton is also considered to be the "carousel capital of the world". I have not seen one carousel in my three years here. What I have seen, however, are funeral homes. And lots of them. Today, one can enjoy the facades of numerous parlor homes across downtown Binghamton, and even the entrails if tolerant enough to attend a party hosted by a fraternity living in one. However, what visitors may not know is that many of these houses were once funeral homes. There seems to be a funeral home on every corner of Binghamton. Some are clearly operating as such, while others fly under the radar as they have been converted into housing. Here I would like to present one home that encapsulates both iterations of the parlor:



storage (bodies????, coffins???? urns???)



wolfman frosted window



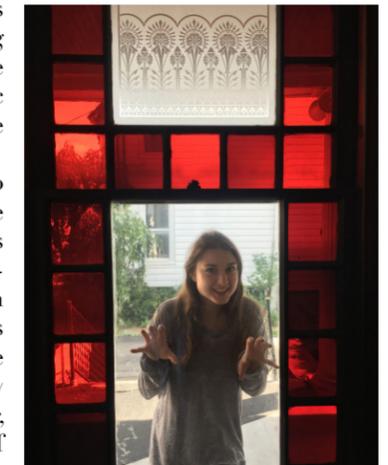
view from the staircase



lights in what was once the viewing area



one of many exterior columns



stained glass. frosted glass



coffin elevator featuring coffin at the bottom

A Hopeful Window to the Next Four Years

by ethan campbell

Jeffrey Melvin wakes up each morning, entirely loathing of his incumbency. He considers his shower the highlight of his day. The act of showering makes him entirely naked and without stress. Jeffrey does not wear a suit of falsehoods or a tie clip of untruths as he does each day at work. Instead, warm ecstasy runs over the sorrowed-man's body and it becomes impossible to differentiate where the shower water ends and the tears begin. The next step in Jeff's schedule is to summon the strength to step out of the shower. "Come on Jeff!" he weeps. "You can do this." Jeff steps out of the shower, without bothering to towel off. The warm water seeping into his pores is the sole daily phenomenon that Jeff can accurately predict. The rest of his day is an insane ride of completely entropic events, each one proceeding with barely a break between.

Jeffrey marches into his bedroom and puts on an all black suit, for each day is a funeral for smiles, laughter and happiness. Each button on his shirt is a battle, a struggle to keep going. Jeffrey bargains with himself: "I could stop here, I could stop here and get back into bed and hope this all ends." But he does not. Jeffrey is a strong-willed man. When he was young, he enjoyed hiking with his family. They would take long walks in nature and Jeffrey would feel at peace, the songs of the birds and the wind blowing between the branches would create a symphony in Jeffrey's ears. Euphoria would sweep over his young body as he became one with the trees and the birds and all of nature. Jeffrey had asthma however, and the hikes were physically demanding. Yet he powered through, for he knew the pay off, a view capable of bringing a grown man to his knees and making him weep as he stares into what could quite possibly be the face of God, was worth it. These days Jeffrey was not so sure whether the ends justify the means. He had not seen a bird in years.

Jeffrey is unable to eat breakfast, as he has run out of rations for the month. Lana Melvin, his wife, binge eats when she is depressed.

Unfortunately for the Melvin family, depression seems to be a guarantee for seven out of eight Americans over the age of fifteen. The man turns on his faucet and downs some sulfur laden water prior to stepping out of his door and commuting to work.

As always, the military convoy waits outside his door. The large, camouflage humvee is parked on his lawn, which has always enraged Jeffrey as he was hoping some grass would grow this year. Two men in military uniforms step out of the car, they are wearing flak jackets and helmets, each one armed with an AR-15 assault rifles. The guns gleam in the blinding glare of the sunlight, they must have been freshly detailed this morning. Usually the local elementary schools are responsible for assembling and polishing the military's weapons, but it's obvious these were done with larger hands, they must have called on the homeless population for assistance. Jeffrey submits to his daily pat down. The larger of the two men is juxtaposed with his gentler hands. After a thorough feel up, they elect not to do a cavity search. Jeffrey sighs with relief. He is tossed into the back of the convoy, and the car screeches down the street.

Jeff's commute is when he must battle the hardest against his suicidal tendencies. Usually he will wisely refrain from looking out the car windows, however this morning he feels a particularly abnormal amount of self pity and decides to take a glance. The streets are in tatters. Most sections of the city have become so abandoned that entire blocks are walled off with colossal metallic slabs. Once novel and inspiringly significant buildings now crumble and fall into disrepair. Their windows are shattered, some have come to ruin through rioting, while others have fallen victim to lady time. Brick walls have caved in and collapsed altogether, any important treasures said edifices once held have long since been looted. Ivy ensnares the city, as nature makes a final futile grab for the land mankind once stole from her. However the leaves are not an emerald green. They are sickly pale, adjacent to the color of particularly aged curds. The ivy traverses each

building, and sinks in between the array of cracks in the sidewalk. Wild mutts sniff the ivy roots for possible bugs, their ribbed bodies sufficiently communicate their lack of food. Rabid and famished, the dogs attempt to keep up with the convoy yet feebly collapse after a mere block.

The convoy rounds a corner and drives through grandiose obsidian gates. After having once felt like a giant in the abandoned sections of the city, the overarching watchtowers now shrink Jeffrey, as thirsty machine guns seem to stare at him. People begin to fill the streets again, the GI's hold most of them off with their riot gear, but some of them manage to smack up against the convoy. They weep and press their bodies to the windows, some try to hand their infants to the gunner sitting on top, yet he offers nothing but the tip of his boot. The windows become smeared with the oils of people who lack access to water to drink, let alone water to bathe with. One of the soldiers draws his pistol and fires two shots out the window and a body slides down the side of the convoy, leaving a bloody streak on the passenger's side door. The crowd disperses. Jeffrey's pager dings and he manages to hear it, despite a python having just been fired mere inches from his head. The message is from Lana and reads: "Susie (his daughter) still has a fever, beg your boss for the doctor or we will have to dig another grave come winter." Jeffrey holds back his tears. The doctor would never be allowed outside a mile radius from his boss.

Jeffrey finally arrives at his office. The military men yank him from the car and slam him into the dirt. Jeffrey stands, not bothering to brush himself off. He somberly climbs the steps and walks between the still extravagant entry way. The building is still a creamy eggshell despite the surrounding disparities. Jeffrey walks into the building and is escorted down the hall by two of his boss's honor guards. They open his office and throw him inside. Jeffrey looks up to his boss's freshly shined loafers. His gaze moves up the fine Italian suit adorning the man until he meets the oaf's beady eyes. "Good morning President Trump," Jeffrey squeaks.



capricorn

(Dec. 22 - Jan. 19)

appetite for conversation. Scams you over the phone, locates ur house, kills u before u report them. Very chic.



aries

(Mar. 21 - Apr. 19)

fun and unpredictable! Will take you and a few friends, amputate your limbs and try reassembling each person's body. Or maybe they'll make you walk through coals, you can't be too sure ;)



cancer

(June 21 - July 22)

v deep and emotional. Locks you in a bed and begs you for affection. Will be nice and feed you, but if u curve them, they pummel u.



libra

(Sept. 23 - Oct. 22)

the harmonious sister. You go on a spelunking trip with ur girls and she turns into a demon 40 meters underground, ok? Someone in the group prob sinned a lot beforehand.



aquarius

(Jan. 20 - Feb. 18)

honest and friendly. Uses Chinese water torture to either kill u or make u as crazy as them; don't try persuading them.



pisces

(Feb. 19 - Mar. 20)

dark, hunched over, hair a mess, you can hear them crying from a few yards away, all the typical signs of a Pisces. They slit ur throat with their coke nail.



gemini

(May 21 - June 20)

you appear in a house of mirrors and strobe lights, the Gemini appears to you in multiples. Eventually they kill u, cut off ur face, and construct two-faced mannequins.



virgo

(Aug. 23 - Sept. 22)

meticulous; u catch the Virgo staring at you on the bus. Exactly 12 hours later, u wake up in their dungeon. They cut a 1"x1" grid into ur body, carving out every section one at a time.



sagittarius

(Nov. 22 - Dec. 21)

always on the move; 'can't stop, won't stop'. Kidnaps randoms from the city, takes them to the forest. Here, the Sagittarius hunts each victim like a small game.

illustrations by editor,
regina bell



~Horrorscopes~

Boo! Did I scare u? OK, so here are the 12 Spooky Signs as their serial killer counterparts, completely dependent on each sign's essence (Sun Signs), ty~~

by dan mcmonagle



taurus

(Apr. 20 - May 20)

frustrated with unpaid wages, the Taurus quits her internship and moves to the countryside. She ploughs the fields by day, and massacres wayward travellers with various farm tools by night.



leo

(July 23 - Aug. 22)

that type of killer with a bunch of henchmen, v external reinforcement type. U can play mind games with them; just think of drew Barrymore's ex-bf from *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle*.



scorpio

(Oct. 23 - Nov. 21)

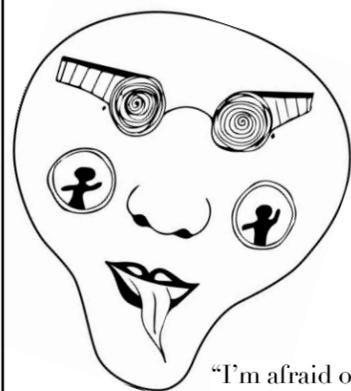
real fkd up, real dark. Dominatrix who murders their 'puppies' in-session. They thoroughly enjoy torture but also wanna get insta famous.

what scares people

by maya wechsler

Horror has become so established in the mainstream that we barely even acknowledge it anymore as something that people might try to avoid. Fear has become fun to us. But is that because things like American Horror Story genuinely scare us and we're used to it? Or are mainstream horror films and common scares distractions from what really disturbs us? I interviewed some people and asked what scared them. Many of them answered "Sodexo". Other people said things that spoke more to psychological fears. A lot of people's fears seemed to hint at a fear of being alone, and a fear of reality not being what they thought it was. What is it about being alone that makes us so uncomfortable? Is it the lack of interaction with other people,

or is it just being forced to confront and explore who you really are? Shows like Orange is the New Black and Law and Order have emphasized how solitary confinement is often used as cruel punishment. Being alone for long periods of time can drive people insane. So maybe the fear of being alone and the fear of unbalanced reality go together. On the other hand, fear of an inaccurate reality is pretty scary by itself. Once you start to think about how you never really know if what you're seeing is what everyone else is seeing, your basic existence starts to feel a little shaky and your mind starts coming off at the hinges. So with that in mind, here are some things kids in Bing-hampton are scared of.



"The idea of being lost somewhere, especially somewhere in the city. Like, stranded with no money or anything."

"The biggest thing that I'm afraid of is change. I'm the kind of person who can only function when comfortable. When I'm super comfortable with something and it drastically changes, it's hard for me to handle mentally."

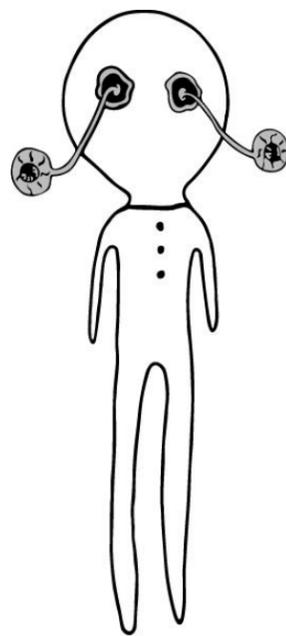
"I'm afraid of losing my memory. Because you can't tell someone absolutely everything that has happened to you in your life, and if you forget or if you die then all your experiences are just wiped out forever like they never happened."

"Waking up to find out that it was all a dream. That my whole life was a dream."

"Other people's deaths scare me. My own death doesn't scare me because I don't have to worry about it."

"Thinking that you're doing everything right and then failing and not realizing where you screwed up."

Did you see your fear on here? No? Just think about it when you're alone or falling asleep.



illustrations by abby meyer

The Ritual of Lost Consent

by connor siemer

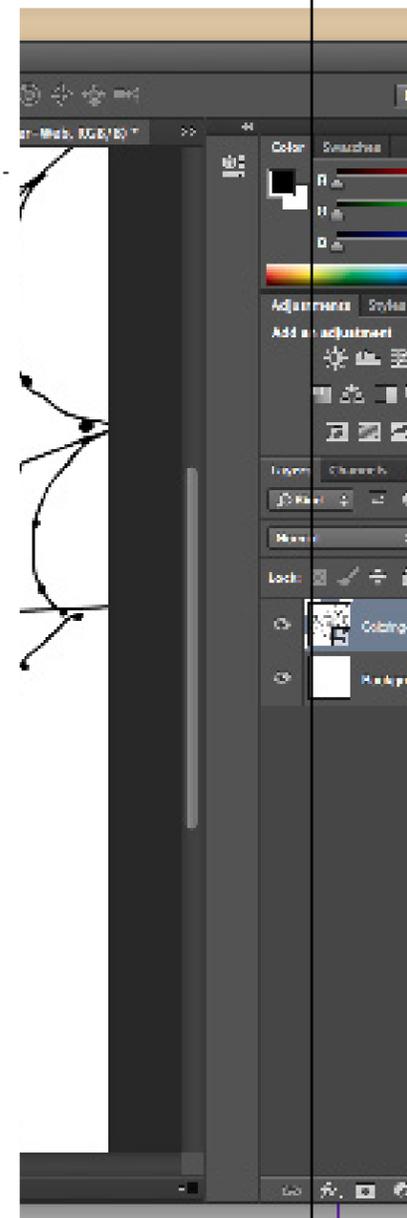
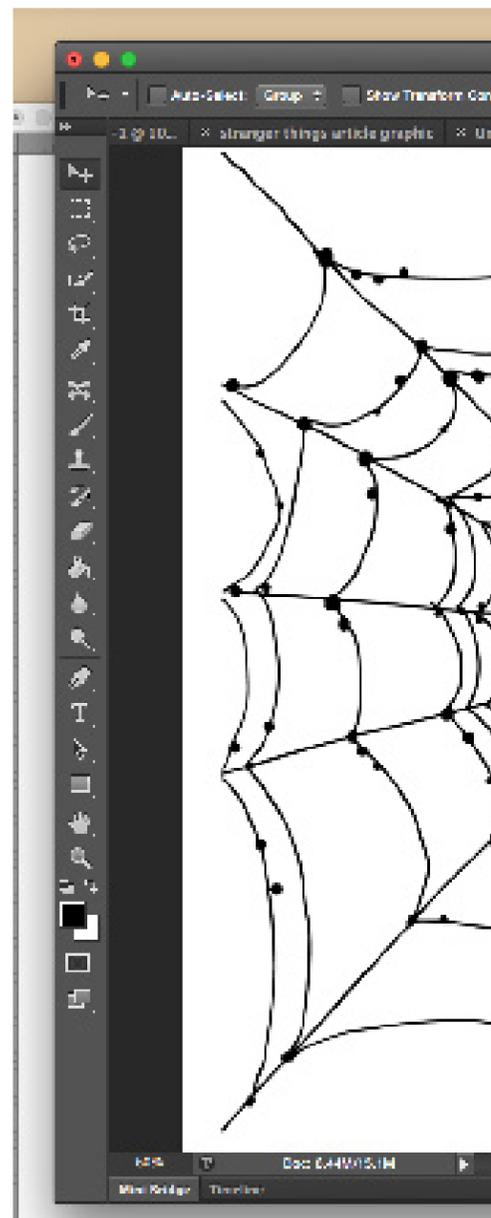
She wore black pool noodles, jeans, a teeshirt, heels, and nothing else, except her name, "Izz Tatabug". He wears a backwards cap, and his hair sticks out like a scarecrow.

He needs money for school and school for money. She foamed rohypnol from her mouth. He takes a blue pill incase she's ugly. What had choked her from the tiles? The silence, or the-inability-to-breakit.

She tells him to call her, "Ms. Spider". He doesn't think much about her, he needs those books. He's gonna be a doctor. There are so many cockroaches that as they eat each other, the walls and ceiling drip with their crunchy-slime shells. He says "yes" when she offers him a drink, but can't smell it because of a confusing stench that reminds him of his longest night. The one he spent in the dizzy fraternity, in a swamp of his vomit of vodka'd down hose water.

Miss Spider's black pool noodles have rotted to goo. Now, he foams on her table worse than she did. She didn't know how much to give him. She doesn't care. She wraps him with three rolls of fly paper, her scummy duct tape. She feasts on his moist insides, and sucks out his guts. She drains him, and fills up on his life. He dies. Then,

she got pregnant and blew up like a balloon from her head, giving birth to a million more.



10 Terrifying Tales to Tickle your Terror Gland this Halloween

by francis mcneill



The leaves are changing, Pumpkin Spice is in the air and Wal-Mart has had Halloween specials going on since August. It's that time of year again, folks. By the time you're reading this there should be about four feet of snow on the ground, so if you opt out of dressing up like a kitten with daddy issues or Jake from State Farm and decide to stay in instead, this list is for you. Personally I'll be naked, painted blue and dancing around a campfire to ward off evil spirits from this campus. You're welcome.

10. Next (2007)

Next starts off this list even though it's not classified as a horror movie, though the argument could be made otherwise between Nic Cage's haircut and the notion of your life being in his hands. If you're looking for a cheap thrill with stakes that don't matter and no internal logic, then you've found it.

8. You're Next (2013)

I don't know what's worse, being trapped in a house with psychotic masked murderers or my whole family for a night, though to be honest sometimes the two go hand in hand. Lucky for us, this movie strikes both chords in a beautifully bloody symphony of horrific deaths and CGI done right. With a strong female lead, death by blender and even a painfully obvious twist ending, this movie's got everything you need.



9. Mystery Team (2009)

A personal favorite of mine, this is far more a comedy than anything else, but it still captures a certain disturbing image of what it's like to be young, naive and hopeful in this soul-crushingly uncaring world. Don't worry, there's still plenty of murder and at one point there's even the sickening sound of someone's face boiling. Throw Childish Gambino into the mix and what's not to love?

7. The Invitation (2014)

If you're more for the psychological torture then look no further. This is a simple, yet deeply nuanced, depiction of a reunion between old friends with a storied history, but something isn't quite right. This movie pushes and pulls and twists its audience in every direction imaginable and leaves you with a harrowing emptiness the likes of which you probably haven't felt since Chipotle put all-natural cruelty-free E. Coli on their menu.

6. Tusk (2014)

This modern masterpiece is Kevin Smith's first and, by far, most successful take on the horror genre. If you're looking for an artful blend of body horror and psychological thriller then *Tusk* is without a doubt the way to go. And if you have a reasonable distaste for Justin Long then this film will satisfy all your fantasies of slowly dismembering him and putting him back together in the form of some grotesque affront to God.

5. Click (2006)

Arguably Adam Sandler's last good movie, *Click* starts out as a typical comedy when a mystical Christopher Walken hands Sandler a device that can control time. Talk about a universal remote, eh? Sorry. Anyway, this movie is on this list because it slowly, almost imperceptibly changes form so that by the end you don't even recognize Adam Sandler as he rips your heart right out of your chest and leaves it to die in the rain.



2. Idiocracy (2006)

Here's another movie that was intended as a comedy, but what's so scary about this one is that it becomes closer and closer to reality with every thought that Donald Trump tweets. Visionary Mike Judge used Luke Wilson against all odds, considering he's Luke Wilson, to exaggerate and exemplify the problems that we as a nation faced at the time so that we could address them before we end up in the worse-than-apocalyptic future that the film's name comes from. Unfortunately, ten years after its straight-to-TV premiere, this movie is more relevant to our current state of affairs than it has ever been.

1. Scooby Doo (2002)

This movie has still managed to scare me half to death all 13 times I've watched it this month. Hands down the most horrifying movie I've ever seen, if not ever made, I'll make this recommendation with the disclaimer to watch at your own risk. Side effects may include sleepless nights dispersed amongst nights where you'll wake up in a cold sweat, screaming and sobbing uncontrollably as a result of the traumatic nightmares that will stick with you for the rest of your life.

4. The Cabin in the Woods (2012)

In all seriousness, this is one of the best movies that's come out in the last ten years. If nothing else on this list tickles your fancy then this no doubt will, it's truly a movie that everyone can appreciate. If you want to watch the horror genre flipped on its head and turned inside out through its asshole then this is the movie for you. The conventions that define the genre are taken from a previously unseen perspective that still manages to meet your traditional expectations of a cheesy horror film while robbing you of the experience but replacing it with one you've never known before.

3. Sleepaway Camp (1983)

This film is a perfect microcosm of the 80's B-movie horror subgenre from its high-school level acting to the middle-school level dialogue. You might think you have the end figured out in the first five minutes, and maybe you do, but there's an even more twisted twist waiting just around the corner. One aspect that will definitely catch you off guard however is the terrifically terrifying make-up and prosthetics work. All \$350,000 of this movie's budget must've gone to the ridiculously graphic and overdone death scenes, since they clearly didn't spend a dime on anything else. Except maybe all those short shorts.





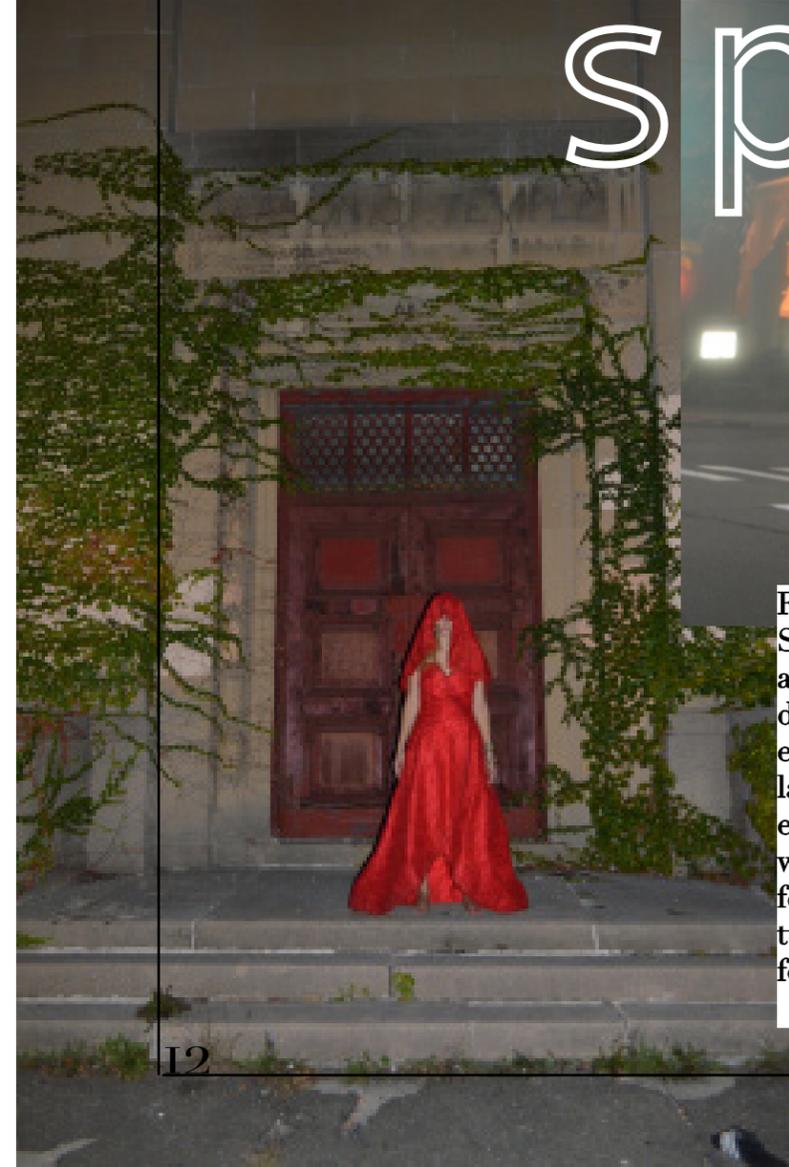
spooky



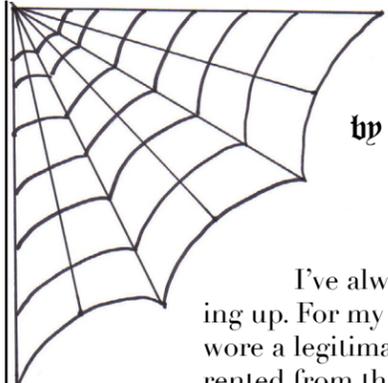
bing



For this photoshoot, Photo Editor Michael Sugarman rolled out Free Press' own industrial grade fog machine to blanket the streets of downtown Binghamton. To power the device he ended up short circuiting about fifteen street lamps, creating a mile-wide blackout that resulted in a 10-car pileup on Route 17. Luckily there were no fatalities although several victims suffered minor injuries. But anyway -- these photos turned out so great that no one pressed charges for the offense. Cheers to Michael Sugarman, a free man!



photos by editor michael sugarman



costume play

by editor regina bell, photos by editor michael sugarman

I've always been into dressing up. For my birthday this year, I wore a legitimate ball gown that I rented from the vintage shop next door with transparent plastic heels and a lace shawl. I've always thought, you have so much control over your own appearance, so why not have fun with it? That's why I reached out to the Cosplay Club here at Binghamton for our Spooky Issue. I wondered -- how do the people that dress up all year round dress up for Halloween?

Cosplay -- COSTUME PLAY -- is dressing up and pretending to be a fictional character. For the most part, cosplayers dress as characters from video games, comic books, animes, and sci-fi movies. Nerd stuff. But

here at Binghamton, as I came to find out, the Cosplaying community revels in more than just their costumes.

Less intimidating than the Live Action Role Play (LARP) Club, as they claim, the Cosplay Club takes pride in their vast set of interests. Their meetings are less about how to make costumes and more about celebrating the art that they love so much. They play games, have bake sales, and for the most part, geek out.

Michael Sugarman and I dropped in on one of their meetings to photograph them on a Tuesday night in September. Dressed up they were. And spooky? Forget it. I was crawling out of my skin.



amanda murphy



jennifer almy



steven castrignano



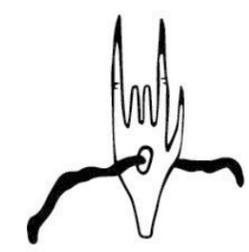
phil rizzuto



marybeth smith



alison lan



rayquan telpha



jennifer gordon



drew neale

STRANGER THINGS

I have officially dedicated 13.28 hours of my life to watching *Stranger Things*. Well, technically 14 hours after watching episode six for a third time with my best friend Shae. This is the first show I have officially binge watched, and then watched again within two weeks. Usually I try to be patient with television, give myself time to go over each episode and prepare for the next. However, with *Stranger Things*, I found myself curiously beginning episode one at 4:00 pm, and anxiously soaking in the finale at midnight. Maybe it's the experimental synth soundtrack or the authentic, softly worn out '80s clothes, but something about *Stranger Things* makes it both unlike anything I have seen before, and nostalgically familiar.

Stranger Things tells the story of three young boys and a mysterious girl, named 11, relentlessly searching for their missing friend, Will. What starts as a small town's desperate hunt soon turns into a much more dire circumstance when strange men in suits, hidden listening devices, and conversational Christmas lights reveal a much larger universe.

Stranger Things is a refreshingly original sci-fi; it's not a desperate, moneymaking revamp, nor is it based off of a novel. However, its creators, the Duffer Brothers, packed the script and cinematography with references to their favorite authors and films. Each episode is designed to feel like the chapter of a Stephen King novel, opening with an ominous boom while the title envelopes the screen. Ross Duffer had the young actors watch the classics referenced in *Stranger Things* for them to get a feel for the show's aesthetic. Winona Ryder's character (Will's mother, Joyce Byers) even had her hair modeled after Meryl Streep's in *Silkwood*. From the dramatic close-up of the typewriter that parallels a scene from *Jaws*, to the clumsy crusade down the town's

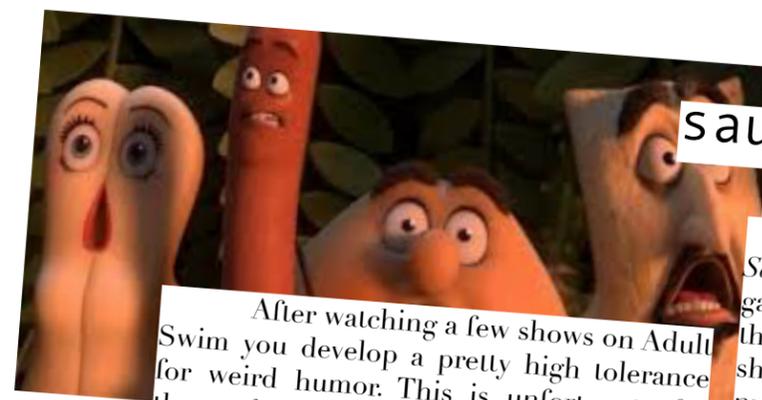
railroad tracks as per *Stand by Me*, *Stranger Things* is a smorgasbord of '80s homages to the watchful eye.

The creators of the show truly took advantage of all aspects of cinema. They drive the plot through carefully planned lighting, a compelling soundtrack, and raw acting. For example, when Joyce Byers sets up an elaborate spider web of Christmas lights to try and communicate with her missing son, the set transforms into a hauntingly beautiful labyrinth of color that emulates desperation. From that point on, each time there is a scene in the Byers home, the viewer is slapped with the painful reminder of Will's disappearance and the efforts of a mother who will do anything to find him.

The Duffer Brothers ensured that the soundtrack was not only authentic, but also a medium through which to drive the plot. Too often films or TV shows hide behind a banger soundtrack because they can afford it and need something to distract the audience from how horrible the cinematic work is (eh hem, *Suicide Squad*). The music perfectly soundtracks the performances from a remarkable cast, who besides Wynona Ryder, was relatively unknown. Though there isn't enough space on a page to give every actor his or her due credit, I'd be doing the show a disservice not to commend the younger actors for holding their own each episode as the main characters. It's clear why against all warnings, the Duffer Brothers chose to tell this story through the eyes of these kids rather than the adults.

Stranger Things is the epitome of the magic that happens when brilliant writers, incredible actors, and a diligent production team come together to create truly entertaining television. It is planned; it is not messy or predictable. So please, listen to your friends who have probably been on your case to watch this show--the only one I have seen recently that asks its audience to decipher between the monsters we can see, and the ones that lie within.

by allie young



sausage party review

by max steinbach

The intentionally un-PC humor in *Sausage Party* and, to a lesser extent, the vulgarity for vulgarity's sake, are what truly make the film feel dated. The early 2000s saw many shows that could provide very smart and funny satire at times but were also super not PC (thinking *South Park* and even *The Simpsons* at that time). *Sausage Party* feels a lot like a lost relic from that era.

After watching a few shows on Adult Swim you develop a pretty high tolerance for weird humor. This is unfortunate for those who want to watch *Sausage Party* because weird humor is the only thing there that's going for it. In addition, the weirdness is portrayed in a very predictable way with jokes entirely based on shock value and lazy stereotypes.

At one point, a character comments on an outdated stereotype being shown. This line makes it seem that Seth Rogen knew exactly what type of movie he wanted to make. Have you ever seen a shitpost account on Twitter that is way too obvious about what it's trying to do so it ends up being more annoying than funny? Well that's exactly what *Sausage Party* is like.

I'll admit there was at least one scene toward the very end that was pretty funny and unpredictable, but not enough to save *Sausage Party* from its stale humor and rape jokes.

Upon reflection, I realized that I actually did enjoy the movie, in a kind of fun nihilistic way. When the food items finally discover the truth of what the humans, whom they think are gods, do with them once they are purchased (or "taken to the great beyond"), the film crescendos into madness. *Sausage Party* deals with the complex theme of the role that religion plays in society. I guess Rogen's take is that religion prevents anarchy in the absence of formal laws. But what was he thinking with those rape jokes? Seriously?!

The reason I'm focusing on the film's political incorrectness instead of just writing it off as another lazily written comedy is that it seems intentional, rather than a result of ignorance. This makes me wonder what Rogen's intentions were. Maybe he just wanted to piss people off in a fun way. Maybe he thought the blatantly offensive jokes would contribute to the specific anarchic tone that he was going for. Analyzing this is kind of like trying to understand the motives of the kid in your philosophy discussion who gets off on playing devil's advocate-- to which the answer is, "who really cares?"

Something also worth noting is how tired the general concept of the film is, something kind of creepy and vulgar disguised as children's entertainment. We saw this in the early 00's with the musical *Avenue Q*, and a little bit later with the MTV2 series *Wonder Showzen*. In 2011 that concept was artfully executed in the YouTube video "Don't Hug Me I'm Scared", and then beaten to death by the video's ongoing sequels. This concept was even played with in the movie *Ted*. I think *Sausage Party* just brought us to the point where that formula has become an overused trope.

In case this wasn't clear, *Sausage Party* is not a good movie. Its humor relies wholly on shock value, outdated stereotypes, and genre clichés. That being said, if you can find a high quality stream I recommend getting drunk and watching it with your roommates when you're snowed in.

Jared Leto reinvented the role of the Joker like Heath Ledger before him, but no one knows that--

by connor torpey

The marketing leading up to *Suicide Squad's* release (besides lacking a consistent tone) was focused on one central character: the clown prince of crime himself. The Joker is one of the most recognizable cinematic villains of all time and he puts most comic book heroes to shame in the familiarity department. The marketing campaign made the Joker's first return to the silver screen since the Dark Knight akin to the second coming of Christ. Everyone had their eyes on Jared Leto to see if he could pull it off. Could he even come close to Heath Ledger's Oscar winning performance? Could he reinvent a role once again like the Mark Hamill's and Jack Nicholson's before him? Well the short answer is yes.

But no one knows that.

A bit of an explanation is in order. If you haven't heard *Suicide Squad* had so much cutting done during production that the original screenplay is practically unrecognizable. The biggest, and most disappointing, causality is the Joker with half a dozen of Leto's scenes being cut from the final product. Leto himself has come out stating his own disappointment in the final product with the audience and critics alike unsure of what to think of his performance. That's not to say the reaction has been negative, it really hasn't been, but most people agree that Leto didn't match up to their expectations.

However, I respectfully disagree with those people. While there wasn't as much of Mr. J as I would have liked there certainly was enough for me to safely say that he tapped into a part of the character that no one has ever seen before. Jack Nicholson was the comic book Joker come to life, not too dark but not too light-hearted. Mark Hamill was all of that but better. Heath Ledger created a physical manifestation of anarchy who was the antithesis of empathy. Cesar Romero was just an absolute joy to watch and I love everything about him. In addition, Jared Leto and David Ayer found something new that had never really been explored before, the sadist.

I like to think that if Heath Ledger's Joker could cause all the chaos he desired without killing anyone he would, death is only a means to an end for him. Pain is the end for Leto's Joker on the other hand. That "I'm not going to kill you I'm just going to hurt you really really bad" line carries more weight than people give it credit for. He purposely puts Monster T, played by the one and only Compton, in a situation that makes him so terribly uncomfortable by tossing his girlfriend on top of him and then proceeds to graciously place some lead into his skull. He revels in the mental and physical pain of those he crosses paths with which is, frankly, a take that I find more terrifying than even Ledger's performance.

So why isn't this a huge talking point, it's an approach that has never been done before and that alone is worth noting even if performance was as subtle as, well, Cesar Romero's (still love you Cesar). Leto's performance was certainly good, at the very least for most people, so why is this not a bigger deal? Well, Leto's sparse screen time made him an afterthought to the audience. This leads to the second point, Leto's performance is nuanced in numerous ways and the conclusion I've drawn comes from an analysis of his facial gestures, tone of voice, those genuinely terrifying eyes (they're actually really creepy straight up), etc. Yet even lovers of cinema as an art would probably barely notice simply because why would anyone analyze an afterthought.

Overall, I implore you to give the Joker a little bit more thought. My argument is only so strong but I saw a spark every time Leto was on screen, there's an aura to his Joker. An aura that is simultaneously extremely similar and strikingly different from those that took the mantle of the clown prince of crime before him. So give *Suicide Squad* a viewing (or a second even) and pay a little extra attention to those crazed eyes. There's something truly chilling about them to me but the uneasiness they instilled in me was not a fear of old but rather a new type of horror. A horror of a man who doesn't want to play devilish pranks, hatch evil schemes, or even invoke chaos but instead wants to feel every prick of pain he causes to his victims. And I can't wait to see THAT Joker again.



Don't Breathe Review

by pat bartholomew

In an interview with Comingsoon.net, Fede Alvarez, the director of the horror film *Don't Breathe* mentioned that the movie is a stark contrast between his previous film, the remake of *Evil Dead*, and this film. He mentioned that film critics criticized *Evil Dead* for being too gory and for being a remake of a horror classic, which is why he started getting involved with *Don't Breathe*, because it was an original film and had less gore than *Evil Dead* did. After viewing *Don't Breathe* and reading the interview that Alvarez did, I felt the film is not only supposed to be the opposite of *Evil Dead*, but that it is supposed to be the exact opposite of how modern horror films are made today.

Don't Breathe is presented in a traditional three-act structure, however, the film seems to contain more differences in each act than initially presented. The first act mainly follows our three main characters and their lives as they prepare to rob a blind veteran. The backstories of the two male thieves, played by Dylan Minnette and Daniel Zovato are shown, but aren't given as much detail as the other thief in their trio, played by Jane Levy from *Suburgatory*. The dialogue that is present in the first act feels clichéd and often crude at times. However, I feel the second act of the film realizes the faults of the first act.

Once our protagonists break into the house and the blind veteran, played by Stephen Lang from *Avatar*, a lot of tension between our characters is revealed, but a lot of dialogue is removed. It was almost as if Alvarez, who co-wrote the film with Rodo Sayagues, had heard the complaints for the first act and switched up the second act of the film to be the exact opposite. Alvarez wanted us to focus more on the tension that was present in the film and not pay attention to what the characters were really saying. However, the third act features elements from both acts, as there's more dialogue and the same amount of tension that was present in the second act.

As far as the actors' performances go, the two major standouts were Jane Levy, playing our main hero Rocky, and Stephen Lang as our villain. Levy shows her character's strengths and vulnerabilities perfectly and I hope that this performance leads others to take another look at this actress on the rise. Lang, on the other hand, plays the villain known as The Bling Man, as a tragic character. You almost feel sorry for The Bling Man, but ultimately you come to terms with the fact that he is mentally insane and undeserving of your sympathy. As for Minnette and Zovato they're alright, but don't stand out as much as Levy or Lang.

Final Verdict: See It!

Hip-hop has progressively become more difficult to put in a box. While we have cool dances and sicker production, we also have artists with questionable literacy topping the charts. Song after song, we try to pinpoint who is the greatest rapper alive and, most importantly, who is saving hip hop from failure. However, what doesn't get nearly enough attention is performance, which helped build hip-hop in the first place. Recently, I had the opportunity to see two of the most influential people in hip-hop: Drake, at Madison Square Garden on August 6 and Kanye West, at First Niagara Center on August 27. We can keep arguing about whether hip-hop is dead or alive, but based on these shows, performance in hip-hop is more alive than ever.

Disclaimer: Due to the majority of Drake's Summer Sixteen performance being mostly his own songs, I've excluded Future from this comparison. He deserves his own article, doesn't he?

performance & hip hop: saint pablo vs. summer sixteen

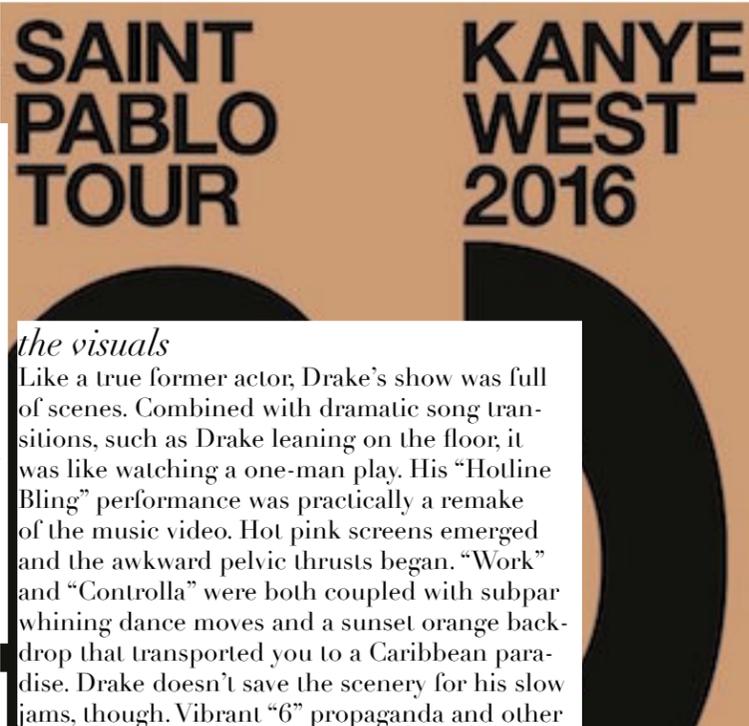
by webmaster, myrah hazel

the vocals

Whenever Kanye enters an event, it's normal to wonder what he'll say. When Kanye enters a concert, however, there's no need to worry about how he's going to rap. As his performances of both his new tracks ("Real Friends", "Blood on the Leaves") and old tracks ("Jesus Walks", "All Falls Down") proved, the same fervor Kanye puts into the statements that make him Kanye, he puts into his performances. While memes may call Drake "soft", his performance style is anything but. It's cocky, it's confident, it's the energy of a guy who knows anything he's featured in will blow up. While Views tracks like "Weston Road Flows" and "Hype" showed his confidence in elevating his city, his pungent vocals in "Back to Back" and "Energy" reflected the brashness with which he embedded his name in hip hop.

the scene

The hip hop fashion scene isn't as blatant as other music scenes, but it's not nonexistent. The differences between Drake and Kanye's concert scenes were intriguing. Both concerts featured classic nstagram badies with sick contour, high-waisted leggings or jeans paired with crop tops and their respective "Saint Pablo" and "Views" snapbacks. However, Drake's concert featured far more women in dresses and high heels. Yes, you heard me high heels. Trying to spot heels at Kanye's concert was basically like playing "Where's Waldo." The Kanye scene was much grungier baggy shirt dresses, oversized flannels, caps. Yeezy should really consider looking at his fan base for casting calls. Among both crowds, nonetheless, the fan support was real. The homemade tees and lengthy merch lines prove that hip hop isn't all about who's the "greatest" but whose performance can spark a movement.



the visuals

Like a true former actor, Drake's show was full of scenes. Combined with dramatic song transitions, such as Drake leaning on the floor, it was like watching a one-man play. His "Hotline Bling" performance was practically a remake of the music video. Hot pink screens emerged and the awkward pelvic thrusts began. "Work" and "Controlla" were both coupled with subpar whining dance moves and a sunset orange backdrop that transported you to a Caribbean paradise. Drake doesn't save the scenery for his slow jams, though. Vibrant "6" propaganda and other flashing images of his city were frequent. Kanye's visuals were not as all-encompassing. However, his acclaimed floating stage made up for the lack thereof. Kanye's stage made sitting in the stands feel like being in the front row and being on the floor well, I can only imagine. The floating stage wasn't just fitting with the whole "Yeezus" bid but fitting for the whole "I-spent-bank-on-these-tickets-so-I-better-see-your-face" bid. Greatly appreciated, Ye.



spookycute

choice Instagrams with Halloween flare by FP's (@buttrepress) editors, Sabrina (@sabinairr) and Regina (@latetoeverything)

@dk.gordon think barbed wire, sex, and porcupine needles

@henrikaau for spooky cute, "smokey" paintings

@stephenkleinstudio if you've seen Kanye West's video for "Wolves" you know Stephen Klein; he directed the music video that also doubles as a Balmain campaign. "Mr. Klein is unmercifully seductive" (Ruhi La Ferla, The New York Times), but his work is even more so. Be sure to check out his posts of his photos for Vogue.

@aleia_ flare spooky with an 80's flare

@aestheticenrichment art curator posting spooky cute art through Halloween

@teratology makeup inspo you really need to be inspired by bc there's no way you're actually doing it

@arvidabystrom some s&m vibes, but also a lot of edgy pink shit which weakens sabrina at the knees

@butterflybabegallery if you're into woodland/forest witch type shit

@StellarLeuna Australian Stellar Leuna is an exhibiting artist and illustrator. Her work is spooky but her instagram is spookier.

@brookecandy if you want to be a slutty gorilla this halloween

@lydia_pang_ makeup inspo, she's "gothpig" on snapchat but she's definitely more goth than she is pig/i dont see the pig but i definitely see the goth

IO Top Ten Scream Queens

by kevin brown

Courtney Cox

(*Scream, Scream 2, Friends, Cougar Town*)

While best known for her work on *Friends* and *Cougar Town*, Cox's portrayal of the character Gale Weathers in the horror franchise *Scream* is worthy of attention as well. Gale is smart, tough, and capable, which makes it obvious why she's one of three characters who survives to the end of all four movies.



Sharni Vinson

(*You're Next, Step Up 3D, Bait 3D, Home and Away*)

Over her fifteen year-long career, she has successfully made the transition from troubled teen on an Australian soap opera to the badass heroine in *You're Next*. Not only does her character have a charming girl-next-door attitude but when shit hits the fan, she has no problem with switching into survival mode. By the end of the film, she has arguably a larger body count than any of the other killers.

Emma Roberts

(*Nancy Drew, Hotel for Dogs, American Horror Story, Scream Queens*)

If I made this list six years ago, Roberts wouldn't have even crossed my mind as a potential scream queen. However, she has made a name for herself in the horror and horror-comedy worlds of television and film. Roberts' roles have ranged from playing the victim, the killer and even the final girl. Weirdest of all, she's actually really good in each of these roles.

Janet Leigh

(*Psycho, Touch of Evil, The Fog, Halloween H20: 20 Years Later*)

The original scream queen. Her role in Alfred Hitchcock's film *Psycho* is iconic and led to her receiving a Golden Globe Award for Best Supporting Actress and being nominated for an Academy Award. Her performance was gratuitously sexual, but considering censorship back then, what she got away with made her a trailblazer for introducing scandalous content into film.

Kathy Bates

(*Misery, Titanic, About Schmidt, American Horror Story*)

Kathy is not the victim, she is the killer. Whether it's kidnapping her favorite author or playing an immortal racist, she owns every second the camera is on her, and gets awards in the process. She puts the queen in scream queen.

Jamie Lee Curtis

(*Halloween, True Lies, A Fish Called Wanda, Freaky Friday*)

My personal favorite for many reasons. While her mother, Janet Leigh, invented the scream queen, Jamie Lee Curtis popularized it. Her character set the groundwork for all future scream queens in the coming decades, and most important, she plays her characters with a certain quality many horror movie characters are missing: humanity.

Heather Langenkamp

(*A Nightmare on Elm Street, A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors, Wes Craven's New Nightmare*)

I like to consider Heather "the poor man's Jamie Lee Curtis". Her character in *A Nightmare on Elm Street* is identical to Jamie Lee Curtis' role in *Halloween* in almost every way. She's a smart, pretty, teenage girl with a bright future, who's thrust into a situation where her friends are being murdered by an outside force that she must stop. The main difference is that while Curtis' character was more predictable in her attempts at protecting herself, Heather's goes full throttle and makes Home Alone-style traps.

Sheri Moon Zombie

(*House of 1000 Corpses, The Devil's Rejects, Halloween, The Lords of Salem*)

Rob Zombie's wife, lead actress of choice, and inspirational muse. While her films have never achieved the level of critical acclaim that the other actresses on this list have, there's a sort of endearing quality to her indifference to this. She makes movies that she and her husband want to make and I find that awesome.

Sigourney Weaver

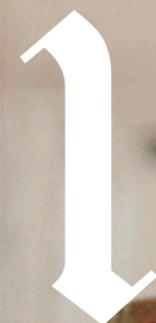
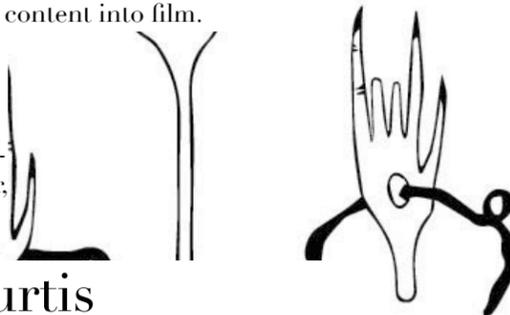
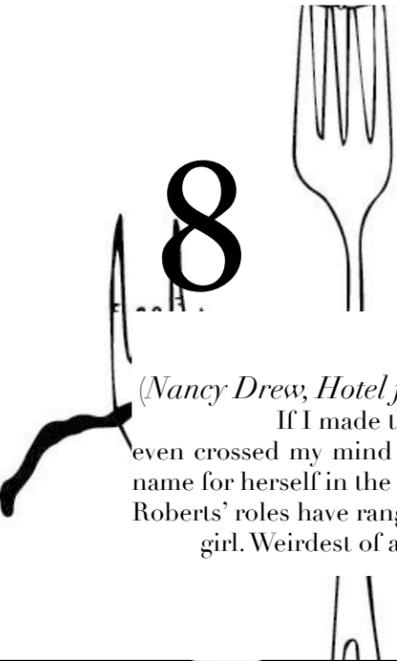
(*Alien, Aliens, Ghostbusters, Gorillas in the Mist*)

While many of her recent appearances in horror movies are either cameos or just incredibly brief, Sigourney is forever known for her breakout role as Ellen Ripley in *Alien*. She slays in this role, simultaneously showing off her acting chops while killing genetically modified alien predators. The only reason she isn't number one is that the *Alien* films began to abandon their horror roots as the series went on and became more action based.

Neve Campbell

(*Party of Five, Scream, Scream 2, Wild Things*)

The number one best scream queen. Taking the classic "scream queen formula" and adapting it for a modern-day audience, her character, Sydney Prescott, is the ultimate badass and the staple of the *Scream* franchise. She's outspoken, quick witted, and has killed four out of her seven potential killers throughout the series, making her the perfect final girl.



I fucking killed him.



@holdencaulfieldvevo