

THE PRESS



VOLUME 40 ISSUE NO. 2

Contents

What the Hell is a Gravitational Wave? By Chris Greening	Why Can't We Stop Looking Back? By Tuhin Chakrabarti
Resting Bitch Face Doesn't Exist, You Just Hate Women By Gabrielle Paniccia	Peeling Back the of Prefuse 73 By Dalvin Aboagye
If Only They Loved the Hood as much as They Loved Hood Culture By Gabi Santana	The Spooky Spots of Long Island By Jennifer Corr
Crueler Than Fiction: On Sacha Baron Cohen's "Who is America" By Joe Amendola	Out of the Valley and into the Alley By Louis Marrone and Conor Rooney Photos by Dalvin Aboagye
Save These Cute Little Salamanders, Man! By Nirvani Williams	Living "Crazy" By Katherine Hoey Artwork by Tess Bergman
A Sneak Peak at NYS Regents 2073 By Giselle Maronilla & Louis Marrone	Men in Makeup By Carine Green Photos by Megan Valle
The PS1 Classic: The Escalation of a Troubling Trend By Kevin Fuentes	Edible Derangements By Anonymous

Staff

Executive Editor Nirvani Williams	Managing Editor Dalvin Aboagye	Associate Editor Margaret Osborne	Business Manager Neda Karimi
Features Editor Conor Rooney	Features Editor Alosha Gusev	Multimedia Editor Megan Valle	Multimedia Editor Rachael Eyler
News Editor Andrea Keckley	News Editor Jennifer Corr	Opinions Editor Jeni Dhodary	Opinions Editor Joe Amendola
Satire Editor Louis Marrone	Satire Editor Giselle Maronilla	Culture Editor Quari Alleyne	Culture Editor Frank Gargano
Music Editor Sarah Kimura	Copy Editor Jordan Boyd	Copy Editor Justin Ligan	Copy Editor Donovan Alexis
Ombudsman Lei Takanashi	Minister of The Archives Jed Hendrixson	Lead Copy Editor Taylor Beglane	Web Editor Carlos Lopez
Distribution Manager Daniel T. Pinto		Science Editor Chris Greening	

Contributors

Katherine Hoey | Gabrielle Paniccia | Gabi Santana | Kevin Fuentes| Tuhin Chakrabarti
Carine Green | Tess Bergman

Letter From The Editor

We're rediscovering our roots, guys.

We haven't been curating as counterculture a magazine as we could be, but we've honed in on it in this issue.

I get it, though. It's hard to delve into taboos around sex, drugs, promiscuity and psychedelics, but voicing our perspectives, research and arguments are not shouts into the void. We're shouting loudly for free expression.

It's hard discussing our vulnerabilities, but everyone has their yellow paint. I came across a beautiful quote by a professor in the Netherlands, Alexandra Timmer. She said that Vincent Van Gogh used to eat yellow paint because he thought it would directly transfer happiness inside him ('cause yellow is such a happy color, my dudes). A lot of people thought he was crazy because paint is toxic, but Timmer notes that she never saw that.

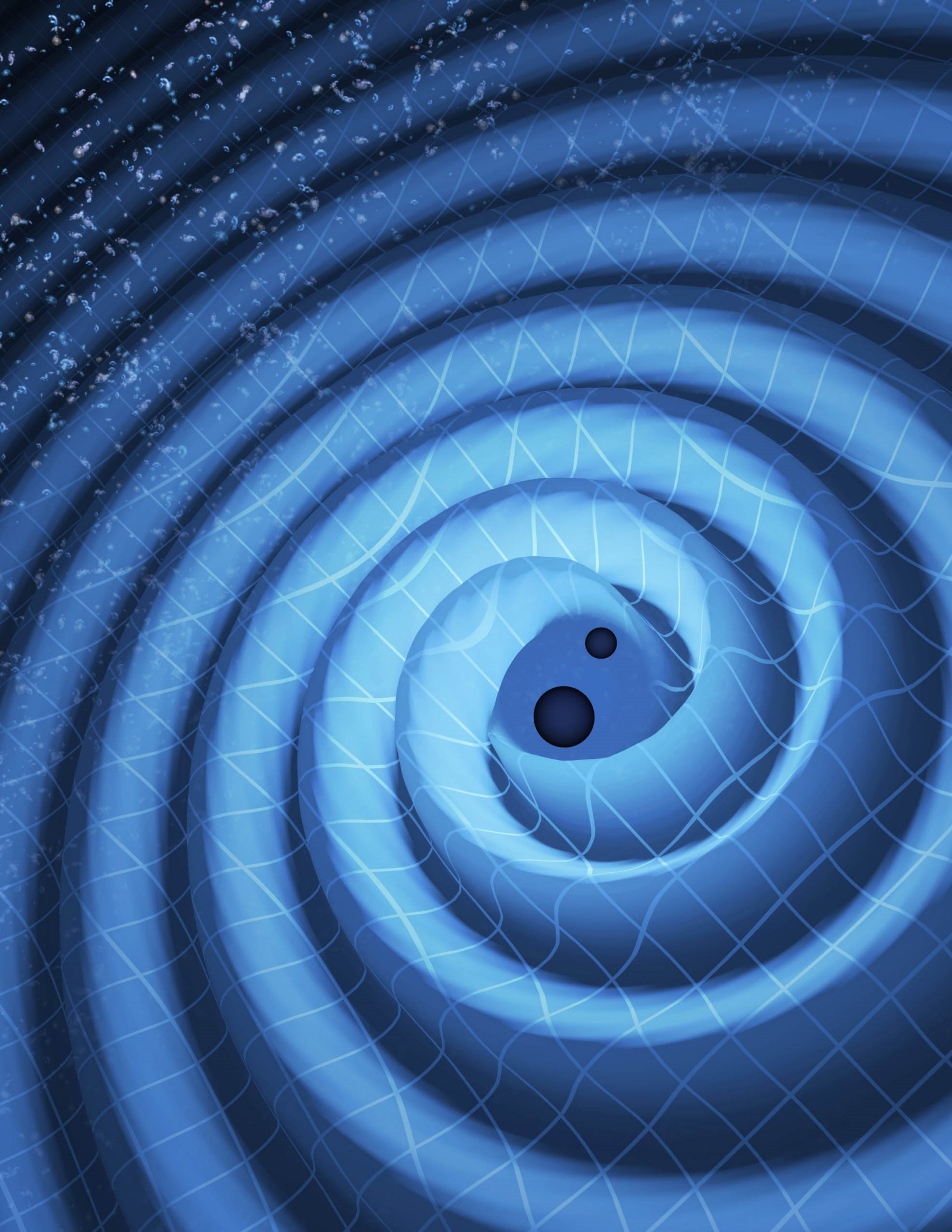
"If you were so unhappy that even the maddest ideas could possibly work like painting the walls of your internal organs yellow," said Timmer, "then you are going to do it. It's really no different than falling in love or taking drugs. There is a greater risk of getting your heart broken or overdosing, but people still do it every day because there is always a chance that it could make things better."

Life is a messy canvas. People hold contradictions and we write to flesh those contradictions out.

Gabby wrote about why we use the term "resting bitch face" while Tuhin explores exactly why our generation values nostalgia in music. And, boy, do we have an eclectic range of opinion pieces. We're also introducing fascinating science-based articles with that creative flair you know and love from us.

But don't take my word for it. Check it out for yourself.

-Nirvani



WHAT THE HELL IS A GRAVITATIONAL WAVE

CHRIS GREENING

September 14, 2018 marks the three-year anniversary of one of science's most monumental achievements to date: the detection of gravitational waves. It's an achievement that Albert Einstein believed mankind would never accomplish and it marks the beginning of a new era in astrophysics and maybe even humanity itself. Since the first detection in 2015, there have been five other conclusive detections. These results are leading to a bright future for some of science's darkest mysteries. Before we get into why this matters so much, let's discuss what the hell a gravitational wave even is.

Imagine throwing a stone into a massive lake, except this stone represents two colliding black holes and the lake is the fabric of spacetime. Now imagine the ripples traveling away from that stone at the speed of light. Finally, imagine standing on the opposite side of the lake and trying to measure these ripples, but by the time they reach you, they are a billion times smaller than an atom. Keeping with this metaphor, would you believe me if I said the lake was 1.3 billion light-years across? That's approximately 7,642,212,985,000,000,000 miles, and it means that, even traveling at the speed of light, it took the waves 1.3 billion years to reach you!

At this point you may be wondering how it's possible that scientists are able to measure a wave that's one-billionth the size of an atom. As I said before, even Einstein thought the task was impossible, and he's the one that predicted the existence of these things in the first place. Simply stated, a bunch of scientists working with the Laser Interferometer Gravitational-Wave Observatory (LIGO) were able to do it with some mirrors and some laser beams.

Before I get into a tale of two (neutron) star-crossed lovers, laser beams and black holes, let's take a step back and sum up centuries of hard work in one paragraph to provide some context to the discovery (these next discoveries are all incredible and important in their own right but are another story, for another article).

Our story begins with some cave-people discovering fire. Now let's fast-forward thousands of years to the 17th century, with Isaac Newton getting hit on the head with an apple. From here, he derived a crapload of calculus and called it a day with three laws of universal motion that supposedly dictate everything that happens in the entire universe everywhere. Now fast-forward another century and a half or so to the 1800s, when James Clerk Maxwell theorized that light travels as an electromagnetic wave (which encompasses visible light, X-rays, radio waves, etc). Scientists figured, "Hey, if light is a wave, then it needs some sort of medium to travel through, right? Let's call this medium the ether!" They were wrong. By the time 1887 rolled around, Albert Michelson and Edward Morley conducted an experiment with this newfangled apparatus known as an interferometer that Michelson had invented. It allowed them to get super-sensitive measurements (*wink wink nudge nudge* this is important) and with this apparatus, they concluded, "What the @\$%! There is no ether?! How is this possible?" Don't worry, Michelson, you're still gonna get your Nobel Prize. At this point in the story, scientists everywhere were reeling. Chaos ensued and the end of days was upon humanity. Doomsday had begun....okay, maybe it wasn't that extreme, but still, this was such an incredible failure — so incredible, in fact, that it's regarded as one of the most important failed experiments in science.

It took almost two decades for one hero to rise out of the ashes of the ether and explain how light travels throughout the universe. This hero is none other than Albert Einstein. We've finally reached the 20th century, and this arrival ushers in a new era of science that sets the tone for the rest of the century into the present day. Einstein was basically able to determine that the laws of physics are identical to an observer in a non-accelerating reference frame and that the speed of light in a vacuum is constant, no matter what. Going along with this, Einstein determined that the speed of light is the speed limit of the universe and nothing can exceed it. He called this the theory of special relativity. The main problem with special relativity was that it omitted gravity, which is kind of a huge deal, because as far as we know gravity is universal. After almost a decade of work, Einstein was eventually able to include gravity into his theory of relativity, which finally brings us to the foundation that gravitational waves rest upon: Einstein's theory of *general* relativity.

Preceding the theory of general relativity, it was believed that gravity was a force (thanks to Newton) and we basically took it for what it was. In the context of general relativity, though, the concept of gravity becomes slightly more complicated, but exponentially more interesting. Immediately following the advent of special relativity, a German mathematician (as well as one of Einstein's past professors) named Hermann Minkowski theorized that space and time are actually fused into one geometric entity known as the spacetime continuum. As quoted by Minkowski, "Henceforth space by itself, and time by itself, are doomed to fade away into mere shadows, and only a kind of union of the two will preserve an independent reality." As a side note, imagine being the guy that taught Einstein? Another notable quote from Minkowski is: "Oh, that Einstein, always skipping lectures... I certainly never would have thought he could do it." So don't feel bad about skipping a lecture once in a while — Einstein did it too and look how he turned

out, am I right? Anyways, Einstein was able to take Minkowski's theory of spacetime and combine it with a geometric interpretation of gravity, theorizing that objects cause curvature in the spacetime continuum, which we feel as gravity.

Einstein's theory of general relativity implied that massive, catastrophic events in the universe create distortions in spacetime that radiate outward from the source of EPIC DESTRUCTION (or creation, I guess, if you're an optimist). First imagine one black hole. Now imagine two black holes orbiting each other. Now imagine these two black holes SLAMMING INTO EACH OTHER. Sounds pretty catastrophic, right? It's events like these that create gravitational waves and it was a situation not so dissimilar to this that scientists were able to measure (from the safe distance of Earth).

As I said earlier, the gravitational waves that reach Earth are one-billionth the size of an atom and are impossible to notice by standard means. You aren't gonna be hanging out one day and be like, "Wow, I just felt the spatial dimension stretch and then compress" ... or maybe you will say that. I don't want to make assumptions about your life, but I can assure you that if this happens you should see a doctor, because those feelings are not from gravitational waves. To put it in perspective: If an atom was the size of the Earth, a gravitational wave that we can measure would be the size of a marble! Remember Michelson and his interferometer from before? And then remember when I subtly winked at you and nudged you saying it was important? Well, scientists built a GIANT Michelson interferometer for the sole purpose of directly measuring gravitational waves. The laser interferometer cleverly utilizes lasers, mirrors and the properties of light to get precise measurements, whether they're on the scale of your annoying lab partner smacking the table while you're trying to take measurements (you know who you are) or on the scale of gravitational waves rippling through Earth at the speed of light.

When I say giant, I mean that each arm of this interferometer is two and a half miles long! It's so sensitive, in fact, that engineers had to build two, on almost directly opposite sides of the country, to get any sort of meaningful measurement (one interferometer is able to factor out random noise from the other and the two together can cross-reference and fact check to ensure they're actually receiving gravitational waves and not just a car crash on a nearby highway).

The first gravitational wave that the Laser Interferometer Gravitational-Wave (LIGO) was able to measure has been so aptly named GW150914. Wow! What is this classification system? Probably something super technical, right? Nope! It means it's a Gravitational Wave discovered September 14, 2015, aka 09/14/15 thus... GW150914. In the three years since, LIGO has been able to detect five other conclusive gravitational wave events, four of which were binary black hole mergers. The most recent discovery LIGO has made was of a binary neutron star merger. The incredible thing about this event was that, unlike a black hole merger, the merger of the neutron stars emitted electromagnetic radiation (which includes visible light) as well as

gravitational waves. This means that not only did LIGO get gravitational wave readings, but other telescopes all across the Earth (and orbiting the Earth) were able to get electromagnetic readings that corresponded almost exactly to the reading made by LIGO!

Black holes get their names from the fact that they're, you guessed it, black holes. With ordinary telescopes, it's really difficult to observe them because the gravitational pull is so strong that electromagnetic radiation cannot escape from its grasp, and telescopes are literally there to (greatly) enhance our ability to perceive and interpret electromagnetic readings. Without these readings, scientists were forced to make indirect measurements of black holes either by measuring the light AROUND the black hole, providing a silhouette, or through careful calculations of the gravitational influence it has on surrounding objects. This is where LIGO becomes key in discovering and measuring these nearly invisible black holes. Using the gravitational wave readings, we can now make direct measurements that further our understanding of the universe.

Laser interferometry is only going to get better from

here, and will dramatically further our understanding of the universe. Not only is work being done on LIGO to make it increasingly more sensitive, there is now talk of building an interferometer in space in the decades to come. The future of gravitational wave research is a promising one, and more and more scientists across the globe are hopping on board (or in this case....the wave). A new chapter in multi-messenger astronomy is opening and combined with light-based telescopes, there are going to be some incredible observations made regarding the universe, and our place in it.

Therefore, the advent of measuring gravitational waves is incredibly exciting because it not only provides strong evidence for Einstein's theory of general relativity, but it also opens up a whole new window to observing the universe around us. This discovery is a testament to the hundreds of thousands of successful and (maybe more importantly) failed experiments that humanity has conducted in the name of science and the progression of mankind. If telescopes allow us to turn our heads up to the skies and see, then LIGO has given us the ability to put our ears down and listen to what the universe is trying to tell us. •

RESTING BITCH FACE DOESN'T EXIST



...YOU GUYS JUST HATE WOMEN

GABRIELLE PANICCIA

“You’d look prettier if you smiled.”

Most women have, at least once in their lives, heard someone tell them that they should smile more. It’s a line usually delivered by some creepy old man who doesn’t realize that his comments are unwelcome, and at a time when there’s absolutely no reason why you would be smiling.

For those who suffer from resting bitch face, these kinds of comments may be thrown at you more often. Your stony, unamused visage may prompt random strangers to inform you how much your features would be benefited by a smile. Now, it’s safe to say it’s douchey to make a comment like that in the first place. Women don’t exist for the viewing pleasure of others, and they most certainly don’t have to pretend to be happy while taking the subway to work or shopping for groceries. It’s interesting, then, that the term for women who regularly don’t smile, and whose default face is unwelcoming, is resting bitch face. It’s facetious, sure, but we don’t have another term. It’s not an amusing play on some already existent word — that’s the only word we made.

Let’s take a minute to look at the roots of this word, most specifically at bitch. According to the Oxford English dictionary, a bitch is a “malicious or treacherous woman... outstandingly difficult or unpleasant.” The face of a bitch, then, would likely display similar qualities to the bitch herself. It would be a face that told you, at a glance, that the possessor of said face has looked at you, judged you and has decided that she has no desire to interact with you. From a feminist standpoint, the bitch rejects demure femininity in the place of not giving a shit about your opinions of her. It can truly be liberating, at times, to brand yourself as a bitch. It comes with the privilege of not giving a shit, because the explanation for you not giving a shit is that you are, quite simply, a bitch.

Claiming resting bitch face can similarly be liberating for some women. If you look unhappy, and people tell you that, you can easily claim that you have resting bitch face. But it’s important to start looking about what makes you claim it in the first place: the expectation that you should look welcoming, even when resting. The expectation that you should look amused and engaged — not for yourself — but for the pleasure of those who might be looking at you. This term, applied originally and almost exclusively to women, with its heavy reliance on the word bitch, paints a picture about how our society expects women to look and behave. It signals that it is aberrant to look unwelcoming; it is undesirable to appear disinterested. This decidedly female-skewed usage also points to our society’s reduced expectations of male appearance. Men are not required to look welcoming. A man who might possess a resting bitch face is instead told he looks stern, or stoic. If you doubt this, spend some time staring at busts of Roman Senators.

The pattern of female-associated words being derogatory relative to their male counterparts is not new. It can easily be seen in the words used to describe a single person; an unmarried woman has been branded a “spinster” or an “old maid,” where a single man, no matter how old, is heralded as a “bachelor.” That the possession of a resting bitch face — a female-associated word — is considered negative is therefore no surprise. But it’s striking the lack of a male equivalent word. There’s no widely accepted “resting douche face” for the man you’re at least 87 percent sure is named Chad. Even for those who may argue that the possession of a resting bitch face is a gender-neutral phenomenon, we still choose to call it a resting bitch face. Not a resting douche face. Not even a resting angry face.

So, no, resting bitch face doesn’t exactly exist. We just expect women to look like they’re going to put up with our bullshit. •



***If Only They Loved the Hood
As Much As They Love Hood
Culture***

By Gabi Santana

Fashion for me has always been about expression. Fashion is wearable art, often at one's own expense. Living in the midst of the South Bronx, I can tell you the Beauty Supply store has always been sandwiched between la farmacia and a Payless. Fruit stands crowd outside the entrance and the Bx11 bus travels up and down the adjacent street. With \$10 in my pocket, I can normally buy up to four or five items. One essential is always a brand new strawberry lip gel for \$0.99. It seems as if, with all the changes in the world, through every presidential election and hike in MTA fare, that same strawberry lip gel remained the same price with the same amount of gloss in my pocket.

Between the Bronx, Harlem and Washington Heights, the women of these areas possess a certain style. The things that make them appear "ghetto" are the same things that make headlines at Fashion Week. Givenchy's Fall 2015 ready-to-wear runway show, where the collections' aesthetics were described as "Victorian chola girl," epitomizes how high fashion designers capitalize off of urban fashion. With over-exaggerated gelled-down baby hairs, it almost seemed like Givenchy was making a mockery of what is described as the "Latin archetype." With an abundance of Asian and white runway models, it leads me to wonder what makes my baby hairs ghetto, while model Helena Severin's are high fashion? Exaggerated baby hairs, thick gold hoops, excessive gold rings and long claw-like acrylic nails — all of the above are regular to me. It's the look of the culture, a culture where we can't afford much so the only option is to make something of what you have.

I never considered this style of fashion to be a trend. Rather, it's been stylistic choices based on the level of surrounding resources. The beauty supply store, with a pack of hoop earrings for \$1, allows other young women like myself to amplify our looks on a budget. The elements of fashion that label me as "too hood" are the same pieces that receive substantial praise when appropriated by leeches. Taking into account the booming popularity of name plate necklaces, its growth in acceptance in modern society was puzzling for me, seeing as how I was taught to tuck it under

my shirt for interviews and other formal settings. With my own gold name chain being as old as me, I always interpreted it as a prideful aspect of being a Latina, specifically a Dominicana from the Bronx. However, now I can't seem to scroll through my Instagram newsfeed without seeing ads for gold and silver name plates, causing me to wonder, "Why the sudden popularity? Why the sudden mass consumerism?"



Whether it be Kylie Jenner sporting a durag while sitting front row at New York Fashion Week or Bella Hadid "revolutionizing" Jordans as an element of the model off-duty aesthetic, there is an evident pattern of white people claiming fashion pieces without giving credit where it is due.

Transferring between two trains and a 45-minute commute, I went to high school where a 16-ounce Poland Spring water bottle was \$2 and a bacon, egg and cheese was close to \$4.50. I knew I was in the midst of overpricing when I was surrounded by girls that were both lighter than me and had straighter hair. In extra small tube tops and gigantic bamboo earrings, it felt almost as if they were making a mockery of my normal. I knew I was in the midst of overpricing when I was surrounded by girls lighter than me with straighter hair buying these insanely overpriced breakfast sandwiches and rocking \$20 gold hoops from Urban Outfitters. I personally could never see myself spending a full \$20 on earrings I knew were at my disposal for no more than \$2. Seeing this was amusing yet puzzling. Seeing the expense that people went through to achieve the aesthetic of the hood led me to question why the fashion of my borough, of my neighborhood, of my environment was suddenly a "trend." Since when were big gold hoops socially acceptable? For the longest time, hoops were a quintessential element of fashion among Latinas and black girls of the Bronx and other urban areas, yet they had never been normalized then. Why is it that when a girl of lighter complexion, of 1A hair texture, or simply just white wears something, it is then respected in the fashion world?

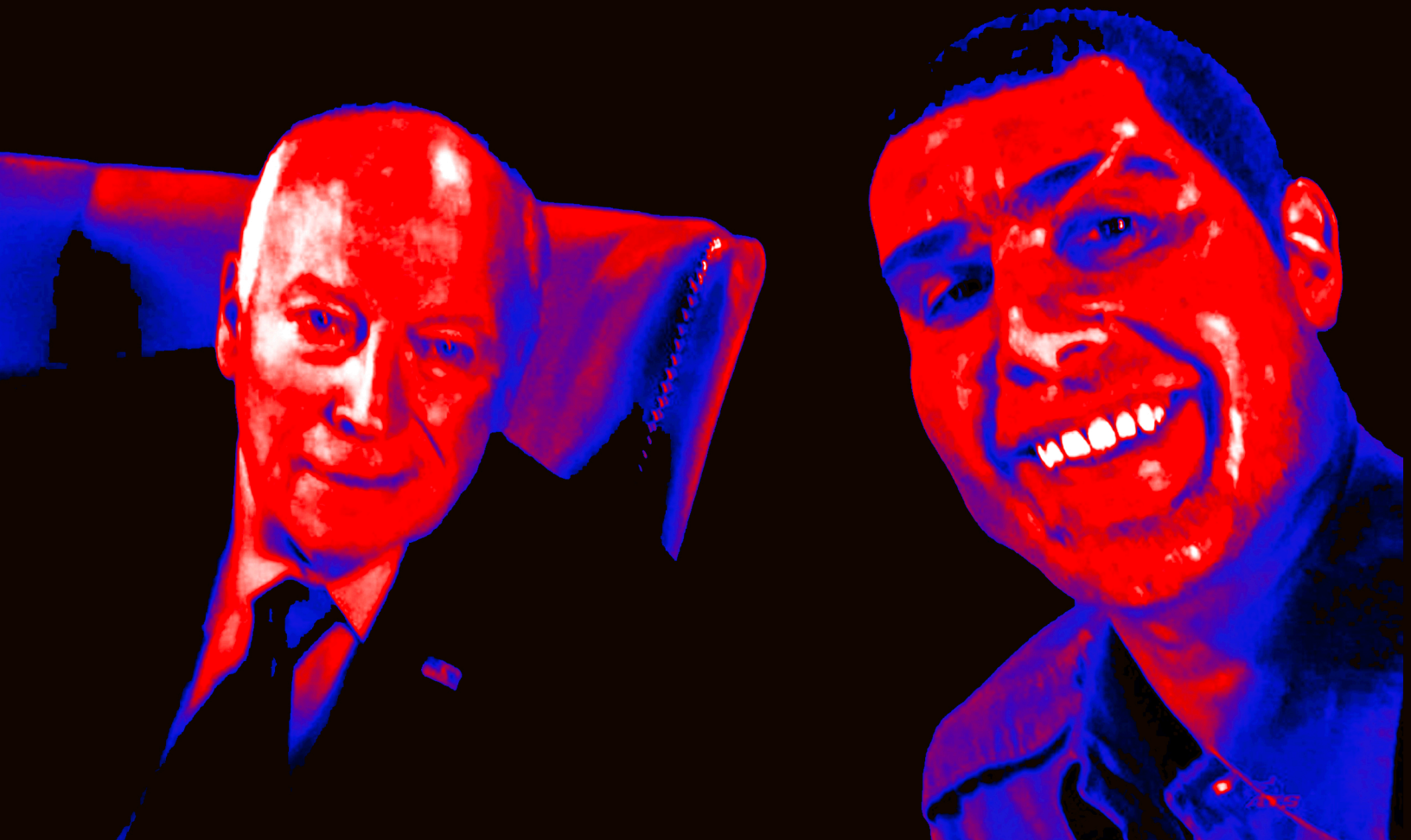
Even now with Cardi B performing at fashion week, now y'all like hip hop? •



CRUELER THAN FICTION

ON SACHA BARON COHEN'S "WHO IS AMERICA?"

BY JOE AMENDOLA



They say the truth is stranger than fiction, but it's crueler too.

At first glance, comedian Sacha Baron Cohen's "Who is America?" seems too ambitious for its own good. The show has come about in a time of unparalleled stupidity in our country's politics, to the point that it was billed "the most dangerous show in the history of television" by its host network Showtime ahead of release. This claim comes from the fact that Baron Cohen impersonated his characters to fool unwitting participants, getting them to play along in a number of interviews, mock counter-terrorism drills, children's videos and reality shows. What differentiates "Who Is America?" from a normal prank show are the high-profile, government figures he managed to fool, making the show essentially MTV's "Punk'd" with the country's ruling class caught in its crosshairs.

All satire that aims to encapsulate the totality of American culture's manic paranoia is chasing after an unattainable goal – like trying to sketch a map of the entire world without any glaring omissions. It would be easier to zero in on one single aspect, as others have done with our president or the ever-growing conspiratorial fringe-media industry. However, such programs elude the most crucial truth about our current cultural moment: The problem is all-encompassing and has been brewing all along.

The feverish minefield of 2018 America is not limited to one unhinged president or hyper-niche political movement, but rather the logical outgrowth of a country rife with inborn contradictions it has yet to honestly confront. Issues of race, class and resentment that fail to be addressed don't simply go away – they fester. When looking at the past three nightmarish years in American political culture from this perspective, it's easier to view our current clusterfuck as an ingrown manifestation

rather than a spontaneous malignancy.

"Who Is America?" attempts to capture this manifestation in all its ugly glory.

Sacha Baron Cohen, the veteran British prankster of "Borat" and "Da Ali G Show" fame, populated "Who Is America?" with a brand new cast of characters who each aim to puncture a different aspect of American culture in all its absurd archetypes. Billy Wayne Ruddick Jr., Ph.D., is a fringe right-wing conspiracy theorist – half-Alex Jones, half-Rush Limbaugh – and "citizen journalist" who runs TRUTHBARRY.org, an obvious parody of since-exiled conspiracy website InfoWars; Dr. Nira Cain-N'Degeocello represents the performatively-woke bourgeois liberal professor; Gio Monaldo plays the part of a lustful, expat playboy who sinks his teeth into the indulgences of American celebrity culture; the absurdly-named OMGWhizzBoyOMG! is a whimsical Finnish Youtuber who gets his button-up conservative guests to speak right-wing bromides into miniature toys. (It is absolutely as ludicrous as it sounds). As far as the results go, the show hits big and misses hard, like an MLB slugger with a 2.25 batting average and 48 home runs.

As Vox's Todd VanDerWerff noted in a critical analysis, the show often feels discursive and structureless.

"But I spent far too long in any given episode of Who Is America watching segments that simply went on forever, looking for something to say, then just sort of stopped, before moving on to the next bit," wrote VanDerWerff.

It is also hard to tell who exactly the butt of the joke is supposed to be in any given sketch, especially ones centered around left-wing figures. Billy Wayne interviews Vermont Senator Bernie Sanders, former Green Party presidential candidate Jill Stein and former Massachusetts Representative Barney Frank, but fails to achieve much

outside of frustrating them with his nonsensical misreadings of concepts such as climate change and the 1 percent. Perhaps providing yet another platform to ridicule the impenetrable stubbornness of baby-boomer conservatives was the goal—and it was certainly funny—but the segment ultimately felt bereft of the punch it was aiming to provide.

Cain-N’Degeocello, the show’s token left-wing proxy, aims to “heal the divide” mainly by making heartland Trump supporters uncomfortable, either by rupturing a married couple’s dinner by shouting made up indigenous prayers or sending an Arizona town hall into chaos by suggesting they build a mosque to bring tourism to their dilapidated mining town. In the mosque segment, the residents throw themselves into a frenzy at the suggestion of this, yelling in unison. At one point, a town hall attendee suggests that they merely only “put up with” the minorities already present in their town, let alone Muslims.

The mosque segment was instructive as far as it displayed the misapplied resentments of the displaced white working class – clinging to a flimsy sense of racial hierarchy that only serves the capital that harmed them in the first place – but this point only became evident in small spurts and is mostly discarded in favor of the spectacle of the chaos Cohen incites. The segment also misidentifies the culprits of American racism – narrowing the perpetrators to a stereotypical image of poor rural southerners.

Such hostility could be felt all across the country. One doesn’t need to venture out into the economically depressed southwest to find open racism and close-mindedness. Ignorance of such obvious facts have been a major failing of the post 2016-election heartland safari industrial complex, wherein affluently raised journalists parachute into “real America”

in search of meaning. In fact, one need not search far at all. In July 2018, a vile, racist rant went viral on social media. The incident took place in the Long Island town of Huntington, not Kingman, Arizona. A more thorough exploration into middle-class racism could’ve provided the same impact without resorting to tired caricatures. In doing this, “Who Is America?” misses.

But when the show hits, it hits hard, and the impact of “Who Is America?” comes almost solely from the character of Erran Morad.

Erran Morad is a comically macho former Mossad Agent (Israel’s intelligence agency). Throughout the show’s seven episodes, Morad refers to himself as a colonel, lieutenant, sergeant and captain, making him the perfect vehicle for the manipulation of a variety of figures. Using the Morad character, Baron Cohen manages to dupe former Vice President Dick Cheney; disgraced Alabama Senate candidate Roy Moore; guns rights advocates Phillip Van Cleeve and Larry Pratt, Georgia Rep. Jason Spencer (whose egregious participation in the segment caused him to resign from office) as well as a host of red-blooded Trump supporters from around the country.

Throughout the show’s run, Morad, somewhat bafflingly, gets Dick Cheney to sign a waterboarding kit, tests a “pedophile detector” on Roy Moore (who has since sued Baron Cohen), convinces a firearms lobbyist to make



a deranged children's video marketing guns to toddlers, and makes a number of conservatives take part in his harebrained defense schemes against undocumented immigrants, terrorists and other right-wing boogymen.

At first, it may seem as if the Morad character represents yet another opportunity for petty jabs at unwitting pawns. But Baron Cohen – whether it was intentional or not – achieved something far more revealing: he displayed the unflinching commitment to cruelty lying just beneath the surface of many Americans.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about the Morad character is just how little convincing he has to do in order to get his subjects to go along with his plans. Every other character in the show – whether it be Cain N'Degocello or Ruddick Jr. – relies on mere persistence and the withering down of their subject's patience. But Morad manages to sidestep this simply by approximating a most absurd caricature of masculinity and experience. He stands with a wide, imposing posture and dresses in gym teacher attire (gym pants and a muscle shirt with a whistle around his neck). Every other sentence out of his mouth is a preposterous claim (at one point he claims to have been a victim of 14 terrorist attacks and a perpetrator of three) and the segment's participants seem to believe every word, or at least be too afraid to challenge him on them.

When Morad insists that Jason Spencer drop his pants and shout slurs as part of a faux-counter terrorism drill, he obliges without hesitation; he achieves similar feats of emasculation with groups of xenophobic Trump supporters – the kind of righteous violence-obsessed, 10-rules-for-dating-my-daughter shirt-wearing middle-aged hysterics straight out of a local news comment section – by convincing them to participate in ridiculous, almost criminal acts of vigilante “justice.”



“Behind every war criminal, suburban petty-tyrant and shameless industry shill is a half-imagined middle school bully they are still trying to impress. Erran Morad is that bully.”

When hosting a group of suburban, seemingly well-off Trump voters, Morad solicits their opinions on immigration. They claim that there is “no vetting” even though that isn't true. When surveying another antifa-obsessed, less affluent-seeming group, the participants claim there to be “at least 58 terrorist training camps” throughout the United States. This also isn't true, but truth isn't the point. If you peel back the curtain of outsized fears of demographic change, terrorism and civil disobedience, you reveal a class and race-stratified society obsessed with maintaining their own vague baseline of supremacy over others – micro regimes of petty tyranny; millions of tiny anxieties pollinating our culture with resentment and a need to punish. This is what Morad's segments ultimately show, albeit in a hilarious, comedic context.

Every mistreated service worker, call center representative, poor immigrant and welfare recipient is a sign of a country that redistributes its hate downwards. Nothing exemplifies this better than the “mock quinceanera” scene from the show. In the segment, Morad gets a group of rageful, crime-obsessed men to stage an absurd sting operation in order to “trap” undocumented immigrants. The participants, red-faced at



the very thought of slight demographic change, almost get themselves arrested by staging this “quinceanera” in order to lure underage immigrants. That these men were willing to go to such great lengths in order to fulfill their sweeping sadism was one of the most revealing moments of the show. The entire ordeal was abetted by the presence of Morad, who urged them to put their inhumanity on display in the most preposterous way imaginable.

In viewing the first couple of episodes, it can seem baffling as to how Morad could possibly elicit such credulity from his guests, but the reason becomes evident as the series goes on: Behind every war criminal, suburban petty-tyrant and shameless industry shill is a half-imagined middle school bully they are still trying to impress. Erran Morad is that bully.

In the end, Morad proves to be the motor of the show. It is hard to say whether Dick Cheney really believes that Iraq would’ve been worse off had the United States not

invaded, or if he was actually as eager as he seemed to sign a waterboarding kit. It wouldn’t be surprising, of course; the government has historically been occupied by figures seemingly blind to the misery they create. But all it took for Cheney to display such opinions was the presence of a cartoonish, militaristic clown who merely appeared to be more of an “alpha” than he was.

If all it takes to display the bare cruelty and idiocy of such figures is a grown-up playground thug like Morad, then “Who Is America?” has achieved its goal. Perhaps the aim of this show was too ambitious, and maybe it wasn’t “the most dangerous show in the history of television.” But satire in the era of warped reality works best when it rips open the cupboard of mass culture, laying bare the dusty knick-knacks and regretful Polaroids of a society.

“Who Is America?” doesn’t rip it open fully, but it makes a dent. •



Save These Cute Little Salamanders, Man!

By Nirvani Williams

NR

Eleni Nikolopoulos had tears in her eyes as she glanced down at the slender, soft-skinned, blue-spotted salamander squirming in her palm, a native to her home in Montauk. “Salamanders are very secretive creatures,” she said, as the blue and white flecks on the salamander’s back glistened. “You have to go looking for them, but they’re here! It’s important to preserve them. We can’t build houses over their habitats.”

Nikolopoulos is an environmental educator at the South Fork Natural History Museum and Nature Center located on the East End of Long Island. She cares for tiger, spotted, Jefferson’s, blue-spotted and marbled salamanders, all native Long Island species. After the center closes at 5 p.m., she cleans their tanks. The amphibians represent a family known as the mole salamanders, since they spend most of their adult life underground, except for a brief early spring period where they breed.

“Historically, salamander habitats have been destroyed,” said Timothy Green, the Natural and Cultural Resource manager at Brookhaven National Laboratories on Long Island. “Tiger salamanders are endangered in New York largely due to development.” According to Green, tiger salamander habitats are only found on Long Island and were once located in both Nassau and Suffolk counties.

“There may still be one or two tiger salamander areas in Nassau, but for all practical purposes they are now found only in Suffolk County,” Green said.

Suffolk County is home to many mole salamander species because of the wetland habitats and vernal pools found on the southern end of the island. Vernal pools are small depressions in the soil that fill with water for only part of a growing season, typically in the spring and early summer. These unique habitats are critical for amphibians that need a place to lay their eggs free of aquatic predators like fish. Mole salamanders are closely linked to these mini-ecosystems and the preservation of these small bodies of water,

especially in private woodlots, is a major conservation goal.

“Salamanders return to the original pond that they hatched at to lay their own eggs, so if there’s construction or something obstructing them, they wouldn’t understand,” Nikolopoulos said, shaking her head. “They’ll just keep going back. Sooner or later, they won’t be able to lay their eggs and the species won’t be able to sustain itself.”

There are differing opinions on how developments have impacted the lives of salamanders. Stony Brook University built a Hilton Garden Inn over a huge patch of forest area for eastern red-backed salamander habitats in 2012. Caitlin Fisher-Reid, now an associate professor in the Department of Biological Sciences at Bridgewater State University, conducted research on eastern red-backed salamanders in Long Island at Stony Brook University for her doctoral research in 2013. Fisher-Reid said that because red-backed salamanders are the most common salamander species in the northeast that live in forests, they do not need vernal pools for breeding. “So, while forest destruction does impact them, there are plenty of forest patches on Long Island to sustain [their] health populations, even though it was sad to lose the forest on campus when the hotel was built,” she said.

Fisher-Reid published an article called “Parapatric divergence of sympatric morphs in a salamander: incipient speciation on Long Island?” in the *Journal of Molecular Ecology*, which Michael Schrimpf, president of the Ashley-Schiff Preserve, a nonprofit group formed at Stony Brook University, said shows evidence for genetic differences between different populations of salamanders across Long Island. “From a conservation perspective, this means that killing off some of these populations might reduce the total diversity of salamanders out there even if there are other individuals of that species elsewhere,” Schrimpf said.

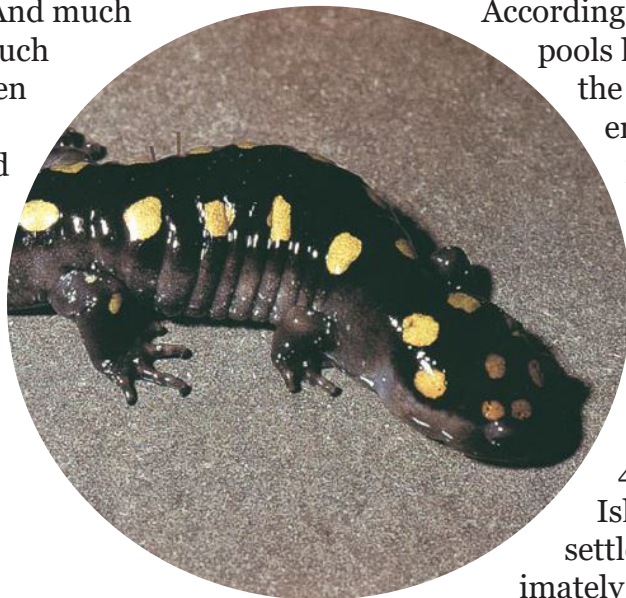
Kevin Jennings, wildlife biologist at the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (NYDEC), said that there aren't any cases where development has taken place within salamander breeding ponds, but said, "there have been a few where there has been development in adjacent upland habitat. In these cases, the developer needs to get an Incidental Take Permit from the Department if we determine that there will be an adverse modification of their habitat. Though more often than not, we require developers to move their projects, so that they avoid impacts to the pond and upland habitat."

Jennings explained that mole salamanders, specifically adult tiger salamanders, depend on upland habitat around their breeding ponds for much of their life history for shelter and foraging. "Most tiger salamanders don't travel any further than 1,000 feet from the ponds where they were born," she said. "And much of their time is spent much closer than that. So when upland habitat is lost around a breeding pond it limits the number of [salamanders] a site can support. Also, because tiger salamanders spend much of their time in burrows, excavating and/or grading at a site can directly kill these salamanders."

Jennings noted that some developers have gotten permits to develop land near breeding ponds, but that the loss of suitable upland habitat is minimized because the developers are required to provide mitigation that will provide a net conservation benefit to the species. "One such instance is on a property in Ridge on the northeast side of Whiskey Road and Randall Road," he said. "The [developers there] were allowed to clear some upland habitat,

but were required to build additional breeding habitat as mitigation."

In New York, salamanders historically occurred in a few isolated populations in the Hudson River Valley in Albany. They were also present in boroughs like Queens, Brooklyn and Staten Island in New York City. According to research collected by the New York Natural Heritage Program (NYHP) run out of the Department of Environmental Conservation, there are relatively few old records that refer to the historic distribution and abundance of salamander species in New York, but researchers agree that the number of available tiger salamander breeding ponds in New York has declined significantly and steadily during this century. Glaciers that advanced to Long Island and then retreated likely created over ten thousand kettle holes and depressions on the island, most of which contained small ponds that would have provided ideal breeding sites for mole salamanders.



According to the NYHP, vernal pools located in sandy soils on the island contained different salamander species populations before European settlement. However, the vast majority of small ponds and woodland pools were either filled or dredged to make permanent bodies of water over the 400-year history of Long Island following European settlement. In 1984, approximately two thousand small

ponds remained on Long Island. Only about five hundred were surrounded by enough undeveloped land and suitably dry soils to support mole salamander populations. After 1984, the relatively few remaining ponds continued to be threatened with alteration or destruction as suburban development moved eastward across Suffolk County. Due to the great loss in habitat over the past century, researchers agree that a long-term decline in the number of salamanders in the state has occurred.



Even though salamanders may be inconspicuous creatures, they are incredibly important to our ecosystem. These amphibians eat disease-carrying insects and provide a key link between aquatic and terrestrial food webs. They may even aid in the global carbon cycle. A New York Times article about the role salamanders play in forest environments shows that, because salamanders consume small bugs that spend their lives ripping leaves into little bits and eating them, they reduce the amount of leaf litter from trees that produce an average of 47.5 percent of carbon. Additionally, some salamander species produce antimicrobial compounds and others are being studied to learn how humans might someday regrow limbs.

The NYDEC is trying to crack down on developers for building construction sites on salamander habitats. According to an article published in the Southampton Press in February, the NYDEC asked the Southampton Town Board to conduct a survey to see if there are tiger salamanders roaming in Riverside before they renovate the area. Officials said that the length of the study correlates with the length of a typical tiger salamander breeding schedule. While New York State's conservation department is taking a wide interest in these small creatures, local Long Island neighborhoods need to keep in mind that their actions can affect amphibians right below their feet. •



REGENTS EXAM IN U.S. HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT

The University of the State of New York
REGENTS HIGH SCHOOL EXAMINATION

**UNITED STATES HISTORY
AND GOVERNMENT**

Tuesday, June 13, 2013— 9:15 a.m. to 12:15 p.m., only

Student Name Warren Peace
School Name Sky High

The possession or use of any communications device is strictly prohibited when taking this examination. If you have or use any communications device, no matter how briefly, your examination will be invalidated and no score will be calculated for you.

Print your name and the name of your school on the lines above. A separate answer sheet for Part I has been provided to you. Follow the instructions from the proctor for completing the student information on your answer sheet. Then fill in the heading of each page of your essay booklet.

This examination has three parts. You are to answer **all** questions in all parts. Use black or dark-blue ink to write your answers to Parts II, III A, and III B.

Part I contains 50 multiple-choice questions. Record your answers to these questions as directed on the answer sheet.

Part II contains one thematic essay question. Write your answer to this question in the essay booklet, beginning on page 1.

Part III is based on several documents:

Part III A contains the documents. When you reach this part of the test, enter your name and the name of your school on the first page of this section.

Each document is followed by one or more questions. Write your answer to each question in this examination booklet on the lines following that question.

Part III B contains one essay question based on the documents. Write your answer to this question in the essay booklet, beginning on page 7.

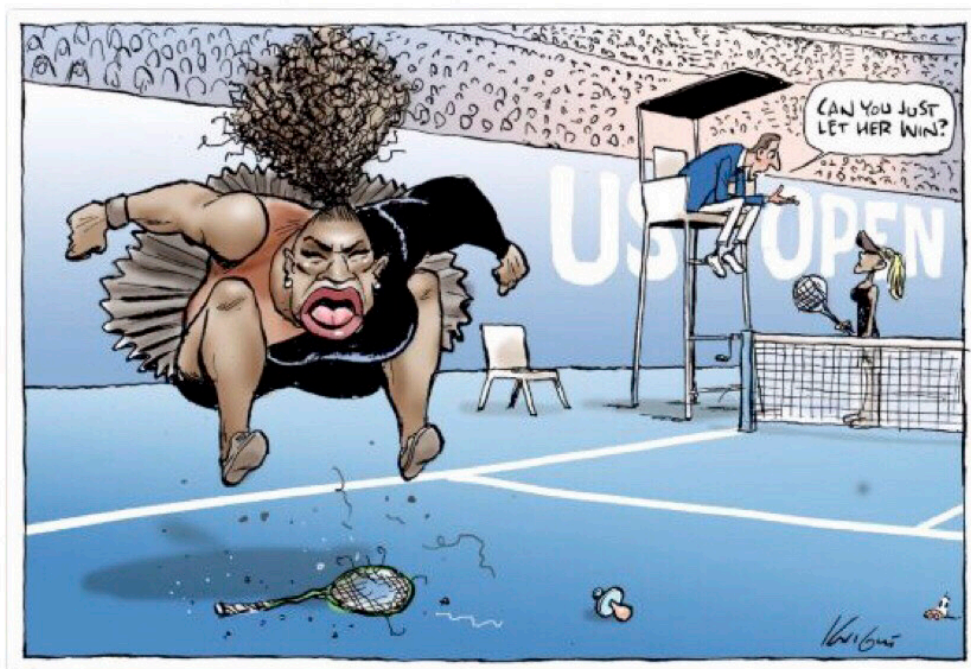
When you have completed the examination, you must sign the declaration printed at the end of the answer sheet, indicating that you had no unlawful knowledge of the questions or answers prior to the examination and that you have neither given nor received assistance in answering any of the questions during the examination. Your answer sheet cannot be accepted if you fail to sign this declaration.

DO NOT OPEN THIS EXAMINATION BOOKLET UNTIL THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN.

$E = mc^2$ Fucked



Base your answers to questions 33—36 on the cartoon below and on your knowledge of social studies.



Source: Mark Knight, *The Herald Sun*, September 2018

33 What is the main idea of the cartoon?

- (1) The feminists are taking over.
- (2) Asians aren't real.
- (3) Women, and especially women of color, were still discriminated against in the United States during the 21st century, simply on the basis of having a vagina. (Malala Yousafzai did not take a bullet to the face for this bull shit).
- (4) "nothing to do with gender or race," according to the artist.



34 The Age of Regret (2016—2020) was best known for what social phenomenon?

- (1) Toxic masculinity.
- (2) The death of democracy.
- (3) Memes.
- (4) All of the above.

memes = ????



35 Based on the cartoon above, what is **one** reason the *Herald Sun* published and defended this piece of work? [1]

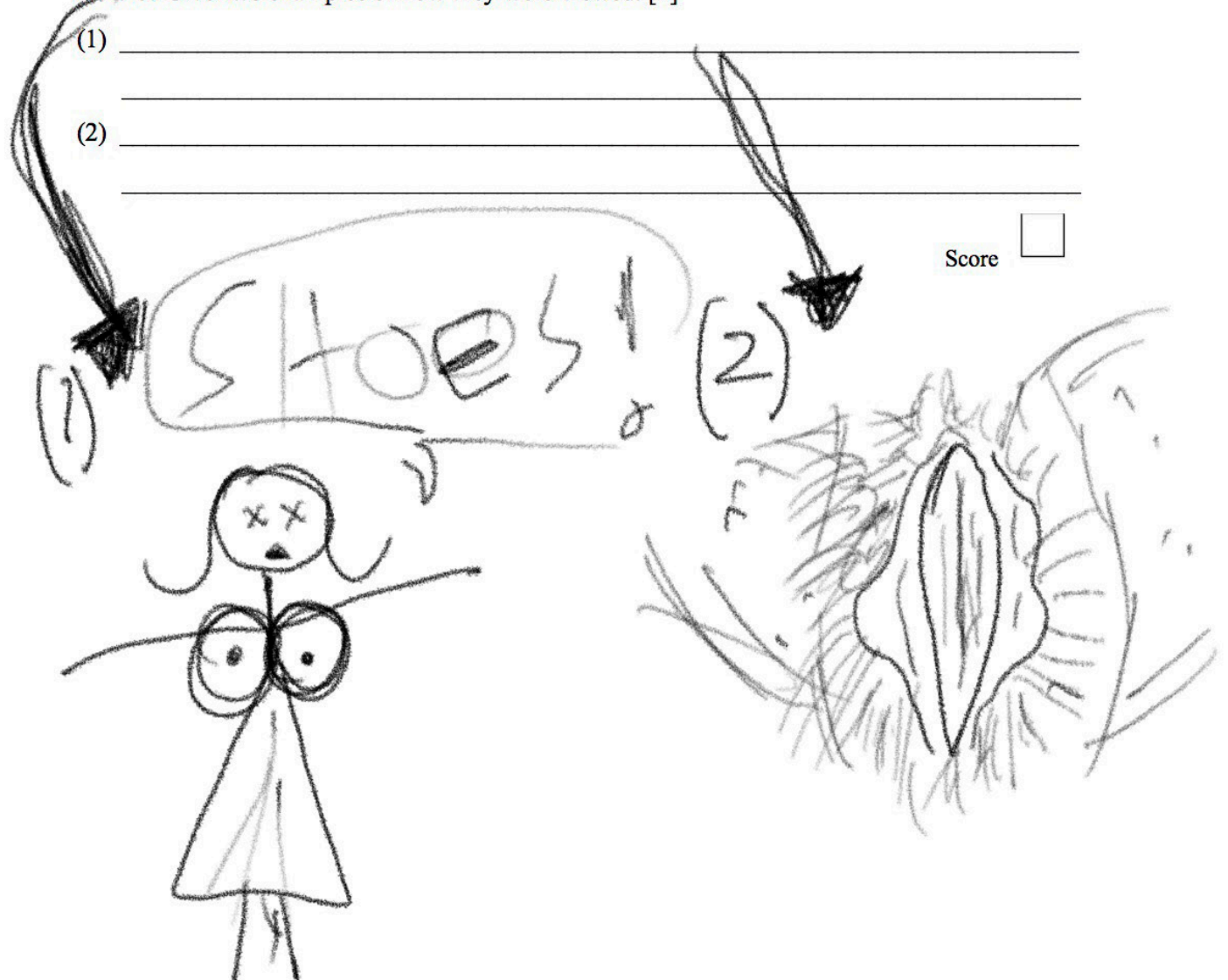
(1) ~~Due to the prevailing notions regarding 2nd wave feminism at the height of~~ Men aint shit

Score

36 According to this cartoon, how were women perceived in American society during the late 2010's? Give **two** examples of how they were viewed. [2]

- (1) _____
- _____
- (2) _____
- _____

Score



THE PS1 CLASSIC: THE ESCALATION OF A TROUBLING TREND



PlayStation

BY KEVIN FUENTES

The latest “plug and play” device to aim at consumers’ nostalgia have been unveiled in the form of the PlayStation Classic. This announcement was almost inevitable. Sega recently announced a Sega Genesis Mini for 2019 and Sony has surely been observing the success of both the NES Classic in addition to the SNES Classic. It is no surprise that Sony wants to join in on this trend. They kept the “Classic” in the title... have some subtlety, Sony! At a price of \$100 and with 20 games included, the PS Classic looks like a dream come true for collectors and fans of retro hits like Final Fantasy VII and Tekken 3. However, it also signals a concerning development with how major game developers have embraced this trend, especially when considering the faults of previous “plug and play” revivals.

Concern #1: The PlayStation Classic will probably be scalped to shit. Since the PlayStation Classic is being marketed as both as a limited edition collectible as well as a modern throwback, expect the following scenario when the device launches. People will buy the PS Classic en masse to then resell the product online at a notably larger price. When the NES Classic launched, scalpers flocked to online sites and retail locations to buy out most of what was in stock for the collectible. The result was that finding a NES Classic at its original price of \$60 was nearly

impossible unless you lived near the right place or were able to buy it online the exact moment a restock happened. The prices online for websites such as eBay and Amazon were absurd as well. The lowest prices online for quite some time were around \$180 (three



times the suggested price). As for the highest prices, it reached well above \$500 for quite a bit of time (the most absurd being \$1,000). Scalpers knew that some people would pay these high prices, unfortunately, and so the price gouging grew. Consumers were frustrated by how difficult it was to find a NES Classic at a reasonable price. There was enough outrage that Nintendo had to extend the period of availability for the console and they even brought back the NES Classic again earlier this year to give fans a second chance at getting it. Scalping may have experienced a slight decline during the transition from the NES Classic

to the SNES Classic, but it remained a prevalent issue for both systems. Over the course of several console generations, Sony built up an expansive fanbase that rivals Nintendo's legion of supporters. This is also Sony's first time selling a collectible of this type. With this in mind, Sony is now in the same spot that Nintendo was with the NES Classic. Sony can repeat the same mistakes that Nintendo did by ignoring a possible growth of price gouging before it is too late. In order to lessen the blow from scalpers, Sony must not underestimate the demand for the PS Classic.

Concern #2: Third-party scams are on the rise. For every plug and play throwback from a major gaming developer, there are ten times as many rip-offs. Some are easier to distinguish than others. However, the amount of imitation consoles that almost perfectly replicate the design of the originals is greater than you would expect. Consumers no longer as active in regards to gaming may fall for this trick. Those that want to get their fix of retro gaming at a cheaper price may also consider the option. A core problem within the gaming industry is that when a trend or fad is identified, it becomes widespread to the point where it floods the market. Motion-control gaming, the spread of MMOs and the old rise of poorly made third-party controllers serve as such examples. The idea of the gaming device market being flooded with plug and play knockoffs does not sound appealing in the slightest. But as more of these consoles are being made, this issue will continue to reappear.

Concern #3: Plug and play devices are limiting access to certain retro games on current gen platforms. Looking at the retro libraries for the Nintendo Switch and PS4, it is apparent that both Sony and Nintendo are not as interested as they used to be when it comes to bringing beloved classic ti-

ties to their current gen systems. NES games have only now arrived on the Switch with no sign of SNES, Gameboy or N64 titles arriving in the near future. The PS3 was not getting any love on the PS4 since that system nixed backwards compatibility while ignoring the large portion of retro titles from the PS2 era for most of its lifespan so far. The higher-ups such as Deputy President Jim Ryan at Sony addressed the demand for the feature by arguing that if implemented onto the PS4, it would largely be ignored by consumers. Which is funny since Sony recently improved their PlaySta-



tion Now service, a feature that allows users to now download and play games from Sony's past consoles at a yearly or monthly fee. Why was this service recently enhanced if Sony felt that consumers would ignore such a feature? All signs point to Microsoft as the cause for Sony's change in outlook as the Xbox One has received a lot of praise for its implementation of backwards compatibility. The subject of backwards compatibility brought upon more comparisons between the PS4 and Xbox One, to the extent that Sony felt like improving its service to avoid looking worse by comparison. Going back to Jim Ryan, he proceed-

ed to compare the classic PS1 and PS2 titles as looking ancient in comparison to Sony's latest console. He wondered why anyone would want to go back. So, why did Sony create a retro gaming throwback machine if the games all look archaic? Simply put, Nintendo was raking in that sweet, sweet nostalgia money. The success of the NES

'A NEW ERA IN SENSORY CONTROL'

PlayStation Power



PROVEN
QUALITY

TOTAL
COMPATIBILITY

SUPERIOR
DESIGN

THE NEW ANALOG CONTROLLER - TWICE THE PRECISION. DOUBLE THE CONTROL.

'A superb joypad - 9/10'
GamesMaster

'A lovely piece of kit!'
Official PlayStation Magazine

- Maximum sensitivity and 360° manipulation providing the most reliable, comfortable directional control ever.
- Enhanced play control and unrivalled accuracy with compatible software such as Porsche Challenge and Rally Cross when in analog mode.
- Compatible with all PlayStation software in digital mode.



AVAILABLE NOW - RRP: £24.99



Classic and the SNES Classic has led to a much-dreaded realization. Nintendo and Sony are now aware that there are hefty amount of consumers willing to buy a console solely for retro games. In order to ensure that there is a large demand for such products, bringing classic games to their current gen systems is seemingly an afterthought for both companies. Depending on the game, you may end up having to pay

up for these miniature consoles if you want to play it. This can be especially frustrating if you are uninterested in the majority of other games that come with the console.

Concern #4: Then we get to emulation concerns. The very nature of these console revivals is to have roughly 20-30 games included with no option to add more. This is problematic if a game that you are interested in is excluded from the lineup. Let's say that I wanted to buy the SNES cult classic, Actraiser. I am presented with three options:

1) The original SNES - Hard to acquire the SNES and even more difficult to get Actraiser at a reasonable price.

2) Mobile phone - If you had a phone back from 2004 while in Europe, I guess you're in luck. Unfortunately, you'll be playing an inferior version of the game.

3) Wii Shop channel - Has recently been shut down by Nintendo. A damn shame, since the Wii Shop channel had an abundance of retro games from various console generations. Now, if you still have money on your Wii account then there is still some hope. But you can no longer add more money, which makes the task of acquiring such a game near impossible in some cases.

Result: Essentially... tough shit. Get a SNES. The Classic iteration only has a fraction of the original's total library and Actraiser was an unfortunate exclusion. With Nintendo having no desire to get SNES content on the Switch, games like Actraiser may fade away forever. Classic PlayStation games are also going to face the same problem with how Sony is following in Nintendo's footsteps.

Unless you take emulation into consideration. Gaming ROM and emulator sites look to be the last hope for preserving masterpieces of the past from disappearing. For those unfamiliar with gaming emulators, they are a type of hardware or software that allows

for one's computer to behave like a specific video game console. ROMs are essentially computer files containing a copy of game cartridge/disc that require an emulator to use. These sites have their own slew of problems though. Emulation has received a mixed response from the gaming community as a whole since it is often com-



pared to piracy, making it a target for companies to weed out. Nintendo recently led to multiple ROM sites shutting down, including the long-lasting emulator and ROM site EmuParadise. The case of EmuParadise is especially shocking as the site has existed for 18 years, and was a go-to site in learning how to use emulators as well as to browse through games from the earliest years of console gaming. This is yet another sign of how Nintendo wants to keep its retro library locked down to generate demand for a collectible console that will only be around a year (maybe two, if we're lucky). I fear that Sony may follow suit on that.

The PS Classic has received a bit of a mixed response surprisingly. Some consumers are hesitant regarding the quality of early 3D gaming, especially when analog sticks are absent from the controller. Other consumers sim-

ply don't want to put up with another scalping fiasco. Lastly, there are just a subset of fans that are holding out hope that their favorite PS1 game will find its way onto a current gen console through a port, collection or a remake. Despite this, the PlayStation Classic will likely find its own measure of success. With a Nintendo 64 Classic rumored to be announced for 2019 and Sega preparing to embrace the trend that same year, these plug and play products are here to stay. Here's hoping that the companies behind them can address their faults.

Also, I know what I said... but I would pay up for a PlayStation 2 Classic without hesitation. Get on it, Sony. •

why can't we stop looking back?

Some friends and I are sitting in the car on a foggy night, listening to music and breathing slow. Everything is relaxed and the mood is set with some downtempo jams. As one of the songs comes to an end, I reach into my pocket and whip out my phone, turning around to ask for the AUX. I preface the song I'm about to play with an "I made this" and a "Let me know what you think." As the short snippet of audio is fading out, a confident utterance emerged from the backseat. I turned around, saying, "What?" although I heard them clearly. They repeat: "It sounds too clean. Make it sound dirtier. More analog." What does that even mean? I get what it means stylistically: It creates different perceptions of your track, therefore evoking different emotions and images in people's heads. This feedback got me thinking. What does this mean for our generation of music? Why is vinyl hiss being added to music instead of seen as an annoying byproduct? Why are analog hums and noise considered tools for producers? Why are vinyl sales so high? Why are we looking backwards so much? The answer is complex and there are a million and one factors.

"It sounds too clean. Make it sound dirtier. More analog."

It's been said in the press before, but could it be that millenials and post-millennials are facing an identity crisis? It may very well be the case. Of course all art is cyclical to an extent. Everything must come from something, and the evolution of pop culture and art involve tons of derivation from the past. These days, we are adding a new flair to retro. Clothing is undoubtedly influenced by trends from the '80s and '90s. For example, straight-fit mom jeans, an embracement of thrifting and a generalized passion for colors and styles of the mid '80s to '90s (pastel colors, primary colors, neon colors, nylon, velcro, etc). Music on the other hand is hard to pinpoint. Since launching a musical career has become more accessible, it's a saturated art form, making it harder to define into rigid styles. It would seem like popular music on the radio doesn't reflect any nostalgia, except for artists like Bruno Mars. However, the existence of a genre called "bedroom pop" exposes a nostalgia for what used to be.

Bedroom pop is a fairly new term for a genre that has existed for a while. It describes music that isn't made at an industry standard... music made by amateurs. It's not that the music is lazy — it is consistently striving for industry standard sounds — but it falls short because of technological limitations. The genre's identity is found in that struggle. However, this notion is somewhat romanticized. It is perfectly possible to make powerful sounding and industry standard music with nothing but a Macbook Pro. But the idea of bedroom pop is that it forms a unique connection between the listener and artist, the artist being on the same level as the listener, within the same unextraordinary

circumstances. The artist is no longer a specialist, a prodigy or an otherwise reverential force placed on a pedestal by the music industry, who attended music school their whole life and was fluent in their instrument by age eight. In bedroom pop, the artist is humanized. The artist could be anyone. This is all just an idea perpetuated by the genre, and like any idea, it is played on and used as a

“Why pretend to be an amateur musician?”

marketing tool. Specifically so, an artist called Clairo has recently emerged as one of the icons of the genre. Her songs are deliciously lo-fi and champion all the staples of bedroom pop. You can even hear the metronome clicking in the beginning of a couple of her songs, counting her in to record. However, it’s all an act. Her father is a music industry mogul and has certainly used his connections to secure his daughter’s rise to fame. Why pretend to be an amateur musician? Because it’s an act that sells. All the nuances of lo-fi productions feel like the past, when hisses and hums and crushed vocals were unavoidable. The cumulative effect of the romantic idealization of bedroom producers and their nostalgia-infused music sells fast and it sells well. But we still haven’t gotten to why it’s so appealing.

According to Alan R. Hirsch in his report, “Nostalgia: A Neuropsychiatric Understanding,” nostalgia is “a longing for a sanitized impression of the past, what in psychoanalysis is referred to as a screen memory — not a true recreation of the past, but rather a combination of many different memories, all integrated together, and in the process all negative emotions filtered out.” That is exactly why it feels so good to revel in the past with our art forms. It is associated with a time period, something that happened and that we know happened. There’s no mystery or uncertainty like there is with looking ahead at the future. To make music reminiscent of old sounds reminds us of a time period that we have idealized. Everything about that time period seems so certain in retrospect because we are here now. The problems of the past were washed away somewhat and we have newer issues facing us, so we forget about the existence of such worldly issues during our idealized time period of choice. For example, having a nostalgia for the ‘80s can make us forget about the threat of nuclear annihilation and Ronald Reagan. Naturally, the nuances of the past are washed over and what is good is remembered.

“Because it’s an act that sells.”

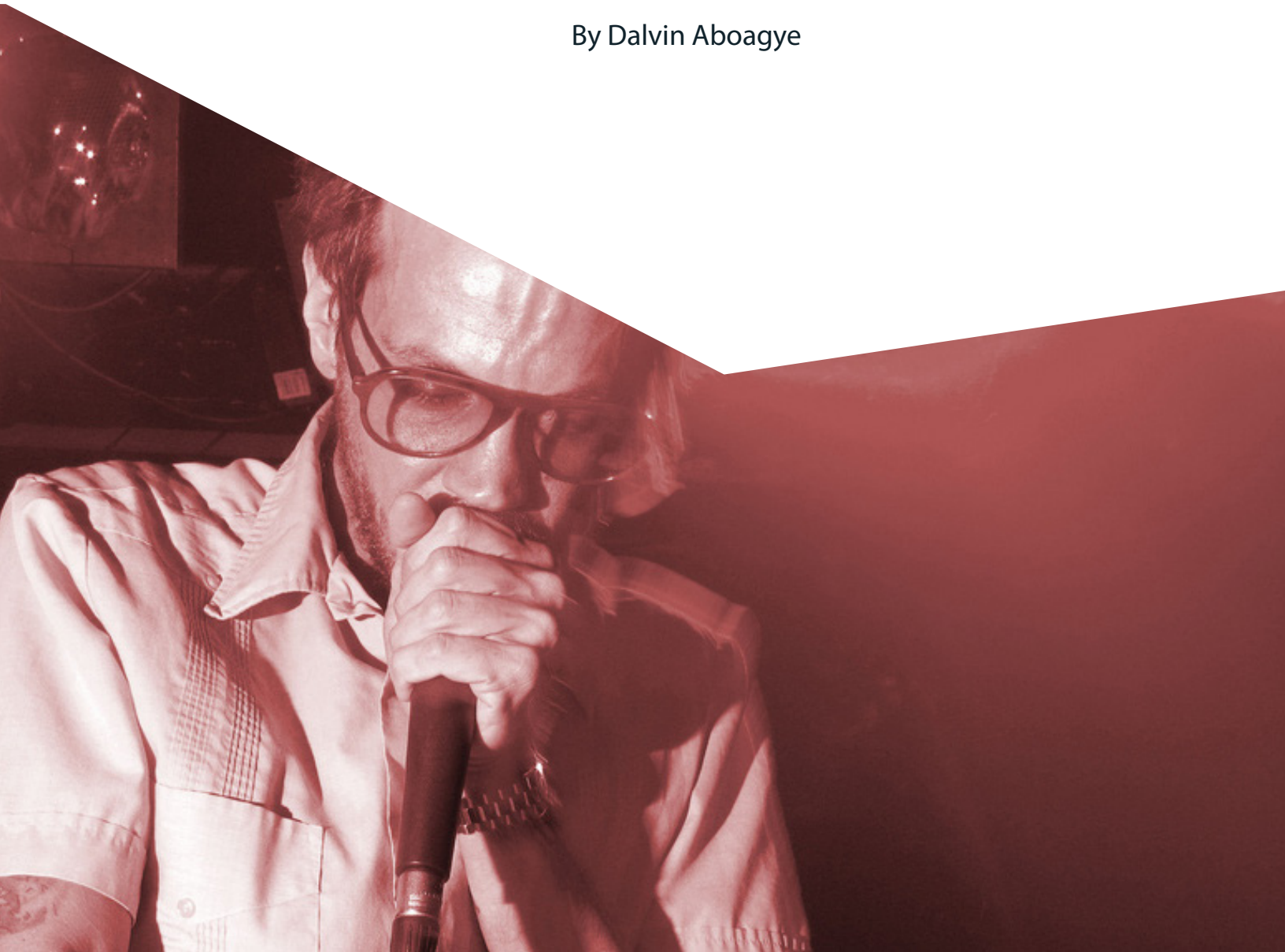
We look back because the present is scary, and the future is scary, too. It feels good to be wistful. In our frantic lives, our turbulent times, it feels wonderful to at least believe the past was less chaotic. It’s easy to dream up a perfect world in the things that already happened. •

by Tuhin

Chakrabarti

PRE ⁷³ FUUSE

By Dalvin Aboagye



For the past two decades, 42-year-old DJ Scott Herren's flipped the switch on numerous music projects, jumping from one alias to the next in a varied catalog of intricate beat tapes. Each new venture in ambient music is as gripping as the last as Herren deftly crafts impermanent melodies and hypnotic drum patterns. While the vibe might seem mysterious, especially with his slower tracks, he lays it all out everywhere else.

One moment he's glitching his way through boombap-inspired beats in Vocal Studies + Uprock Narratives, and the next he's pushing you into an auditory abyss in Forsyth Gardens.

Born in Miami and raised in Atlanta, Herren's affinity feels borderless, taking a little bit of this and that from the important locations in his life. The drowsy tones and booming bass of the Dirty South, the clean-cut polish of Miami EDM and the industrial grit garnered from his years living in New York City all worm through dozens of albums, EPs and collaborations.

His latest album "Sacrifices," released back in May under his genre-warping alias Prefuse 73, adds a familiar but welcomed chapter to his catalogue. At this point in the game, the twists and turns are to be expected, but still remain captivating. The arrangement on "Her Desire is to be Left Alone" has the signature dips and lingering melodies as its predecessors. The sudden switch ups are more restrained.

Herren's last project before this was a collaboration with Fudge, consisting of him and Boston rapper Michael Christmas that resulted in the 2016 album "Lady Parts." Hip-hop isn't unfamiliar territory for Herren; in the past he's worked with heavyweights like MF DOOM, Mos Def, Ghostface Killah and others. Between that and playing at shows like the now-defunct LA electronic music showcase Low End Theory, the brief distractions have given him time to breathe and rethink

his process.

We hit up Herren back in June to ask about how he's progressed over the years and about comparing himself to others in your genre.

You just came back from playing a few shows. How was that?

I played two in LA, and those were great, and then the one in SF was just really weird. I played this, like, really big space and it just wasn't promoted. I mean the space was huge and it was weird to just play in a space where you know usually a lot of people show up and then it's just like, it was just weird. Just because of the sort of money I could tell they put into hiring me and then the amount of money they spent promoting it was like zero. So I mean, I really think I was in San Francisco and not a whole lot of people knew I was there.

You were one of the last performances of Low End Theory this year. How did that performance feel?

Yeah, in LA. That was great. Yeah, there's like eight more or so. Kinda crazy. I've been playing Low End since it started. I was thinking like I might've played one of the first ones in LA, I can't even remember. I remember when it started just going out there kind of regularly and the fact that its ending is kind of bittersweet, you know? It's gone through its kind of ups and downs, I guess.

The guys that do it — Daddy Kev and DJ Nobody and Gaslamp Killer who isn't a part of it anymore — all three of them really did a great job of just kind of making like every single Wednesday of every week since they started dope. It's really hard to think of like when they didn't bring somebody out on that bill. It's kind of unbelievable 'cause that doesn't really happen anywhere else.

Your latest album “Sacrifices” follows in the footsteps of your previous work. When did you switch up styles from a produced sound back to what previously would’ve been called lo-fi?

To be honest, I think it’s the technology that I had. I used to only work with analog hardware, not because it was cool but because that’s just kind of what I learned on and just kept on using it. So I never really used or leaned on computers as anything more than the recording process. But mostly everything was made on hardware and then I would record on computer when I was like on the very end of it. This [time] in particular I had a really stripped-down studio, and I wasn’t living in the city or anything, I was just living upstate for almost a year. I was just sort of stuck with like my laptop and a bunch of controllers — some analog stuff but nowhere near like almost 100 percent of the record being completed that way. So I think that, added to the lo-fi aspect of the earlier records, this was done mostly like inside of a computer for time.

During a time when a ton of producers have endless options at their fingertips, why do you think some are flocking to a more bare-bones sound?

I don’t know ‘cause I hear so much different stuff. I think it’s really easy with technology to make a lot of sounds, and like people that are brand new to it just to make a pile of loud-sounding records. With the limitations you have with sort of analog and lo-fi, in a way you have no choice of how the sample bitrates are and what like connects. With technology everything is much easier, there’s like way less limitations. You can connect everything a lot

easier and I think that’s the biggest difference between those sounds.

You have a pretty storied history with hip-hop via collaborations with rappers and other producers. What inspires you to explore different genres?

The original thing is — and the thing that’s sort of undeniable — the background that I come from. The first music I was ever able to make and the people that I was around and what I listened to when I started was hip-hop. I wanted to make hip-hop records but the thing was when I started I didn’t have like the right kind of tools. I didn’t have sequences, I didn’t have anything. I just had samplers and tape decks, instruments, nothing to make what I wanted to make.

That definitely shaped the fact that I was bringing in all these other influences. Things were kind of taking off then like post rock and just stuff that wasn’t as indie rock, like things that were adding more influences into it. I just started ended up making music that was in-between those lines. That’s sort of

the way it happened. Just sort of a natural progression, I’d say.

Do you see yourself maintaining that relationship with hip-hop?

I think under the name Prefuse I’ll stick to like beats and various forms. I think I’ll always do that because it’s kind of an addiction. Making beats is the sort of thing that’s impossible for me to not do. Even if I’m working on something very quiet for another project, I promise you the outtakes will always have like me making a fucking beat out of that really cool part ‘cause I’ll be like, “Ah, that’s dope,” and then I’ll be like, “Wait, that’s not what this is.” So I have to like have a little bit of restraint. Like I said, I’m an addict. I always sort of beatbox my way through a melody even when there’s not a beat there. It’s strange. I’m pretty strange. It’s similar with most beat makers, or most people



who do any kind of electronic that usually has some sort of beats in it. I don't know, but there's also a lot of electronic music that I just don't listen to.

What are some creative projects that have piqued your interest?

Well, I've always been attracted to things that I don't understand. Instead of disliking things I don't understand, I always like to just listen to and I just have repeated listens. I like this dude William Basinski, and I like Grouper. I like just very strange atmospheric music because I always wonder, "How in the hell did this turn out so pretty?" 'cause it sounds so dirty. I think a lot of my other influences I sort of wear on my sleeve but stuff like that inspires me. Just stuff that I can't figure out. It's just sort of a mystery.

What are the some influences you draw from?

I don't know. I think a lot of friends. Like a lot of people think we sound similar. I don't know if it's exactly pulling. I think we all come from a similar place.

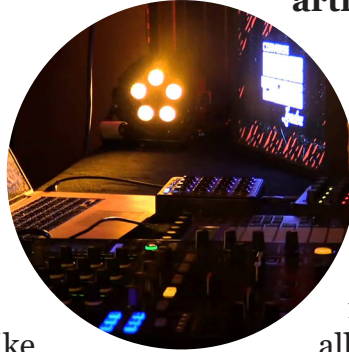
People like Teebs, Dimlite

— nothing that's ever been purpose. People compare me to Flying Lotus non-stop since he came out. That would be impossible because I was making music already and then he came out. I saw him and loved what he did but it wasn't as if he was ripping me off or vice versa. Those things just sort of happen. People say that, they compare, contrast, but there's so many things that people say that I just do not sound like. I just don't think I sound like Flying Lotus in any era. I just think you could be like that sounds kind of like him but together as a whole, I think we kind of just do two different



things. I always sort of been into him in that sense.

Why do you think people like to lump artists together like that?



I think it's because a lot of the people that they say sound like each other sort of stay away from like trying to be convincing. With electronic music or hip hop, most people that compare all us aren't doing like EDM — EDM music that sort evolved post 2008 or whenever it got really big. You know, Skrillex big. The thing is this stuff has nothing to do with that shit. There is no huge fucking drop, and if there is a drop it's completely confusing. I think it comes from more of a straightforward blend of like beats, style, just the crazy side of Aphex mixed with like Dilla beats. That's sort of a way to like think of it as a fundamental. That's not the direct combination. I'm just saying that that's something that would make more sense.

What differences or similarities do you see from region to region?

I think its always pretty different for every place. I think every spot when you break it up, there's always like five people that just are out there. They're just totally doing their own thing like blending in a lot of modern classical elements and then hip-hop elements. Just straight over-the-top hip-hop. It's just everything. Or even if it's over the top, it'd be like still over the top but blending in all these other elements that just counteract with everything. A lot of people are thinking of new ways to make music always.

Do you ever see yourself playing around with other genres or just circling back to the familiar?

I wouldn't mind doing something with a

legacy rapper that's still interested in doing something. I would love to do just a project and it doesn't have "weird" or anything like that. Just like a project with like Pharoahe Monch or someone like that — something just ridiculously dark and visual. I think that he would be the perfect person, I just don't think he would want to. I think he would just be like, "Nah, I'm cool," but I'm just assuming. I don't know.

Your music tends to blend well with any situation. What mood are you trying to convey to other people through your music?

I think that would make sense. I think makes total sense. Since that was the way that was made, just being sort of isolated. The title's kind of like draw your own conclusion but it's sort of direct. When I was telling you about the technology that I had was really stripped back 'cause I was living upstate for a minute, it was like I had to sacrifice so much shit I would usually just grab for with my right hand, put it in front me, tap that in, I didn't have any of that. I'm like, "What the fuck do I do." So it took a lot of like thinking and holding back. I could see how everything could just submerge into your environment, in a nice way. In a non-obtrusive way 'cause I have a lot of records that do the total fucking opposite of that. I've albums that are probably just the worst hangover music you could ever imagine. •





The Spooky Spots of Long Island

Jennifer Corr

Long Island may just be a small island, but its history is rich. Long Island was originally home to indigenous tribes, such as the Lenape and Merrick. The population of the indigenous tribes was eventually replaced by colonizers and immigrants in the 1600s. As time passed, Long Island was split into two counties: Suffolk and Nassau. Now, this plot of land is home to over seven million people.

Throughout the years, establishments like Kings Park Psychiatric Center have opened and closed. Roads like Sweet Hollow Road and Mount Misery Road in Melville and Huntington, NY have become the subject of paranormal investigations. An old mini golf course, Village Green, in Ronkonkoma, is now abandoned, becoming the place for photoshoots and late-night hangs.

My friend Melissa Reiner and I decided to go explore these places on a warm night in mid-September.

Kings Park Psychiatric Center

The first place we checked out was Kings Park Psychiatric Center (KPPC). KPPC was a psychiatric asylum that held thousands of patients. Some of the patients suffered terrible conditions.

That which was once among the largest psychiatric centers in the U.S. is now a park. Many of the buildings still stand. Hospital beds and patients' records are still left in the buildings, collecting dust since it was last used in 1996, when KPPC closed.

The weather and curious visitors have taken a toll on the buildings, however. Most of the windows in Building 93, the largest building, have been shattered. The walls are covered in graffiti. Asbestos has contaminated all the buildings. According to the documentary film, "Shadows of Kings Park: The History of a Long Island Asylum," by Bryan Sansivero, KPPC was originally located in Brooklyn, NY and opened in 1895. However, the asylum had to relocate because





of overcrowding. The state took ownership of the hospital and moved it to Kings Park in Long Island.

KPPC became a self-sufficient community. Patients were given jobs, such as working on the farms that produced livestock and crops that would feed the community. Staff would put on carnivals and other events to make the patients feel at home.

Children also lived at this hospital. A good portion of the children, according to the documentary, were abandoned or homeless. Others suffered mental disorders.

In 1954, the population at KPPC reached almost 10,000 patients, making it one of the worlds largest psychiatric facilities at the time. Doctors and the federal government began to take interest in treatment and research. Medications were given to patients to change brain chemistry. For serious disorders, doctors began performing lobotomies, which involves severing connections in the brain's pre-frontal cortex, and electroshock therapy.

All in all, KPPC was a nightmare for many of the patients.

Walking around the abandoned hospital grounds, you could almost feel a dismal energy.

"I find it very intriguing how the island I live on has so many places that make you think: What happened here?" Melissa said. "The vibes are sad, actually mostly with the asylum, as I know a lot of what went on when the place was open, due to the fact my mom had worked there at a point in her life. Any spirits stuck there are likely not very happy ones."

Melissa and I did not have much time to explore, as the sun was setting and this abandoned hospital is not a place you want to be when it gets dark out.

We interviewed a security guard, who wishes not to be named since he did not have permission from his department to engage in interviews. He told us that KPPC is a major tourist attraction. According to him, people come every night from New York City to explore the grounds and even go into the abandoned buildings. Of course, the park also attracts curious teenagers.

However, he said, the downside to this

abandoned psych center's popularity is that it attracts people with bad intentions. There have been cases where people wait inside the building for teenagers or explorers just to beat them up. There are people who also set off booby traps, planting bombs and milk cartons filled with knives to hurt security guards and those who want to explore the buildings.

"This place attracts all different kinds of people," the security guard said. "We have some very interesting circumstances once in a while. We had a guy who actually climbed a tree in front of Building 93 [the tallest building at the abandoned hospital] and he kind of wasn't allowed to be up there. The police had to come in. He wasn't coming down under anyone's authority."

The security guard has not been in any of the buildings himself. Ghosts are not the reason for the security guard's hesitation. According to the guard, the buildings are infested with fleas, snakes and rats. He also told us about how the park has been overcrowded with deer who will attempt to attack people if their young are nearby.

All in all, "ghosts" are not the scariest part of KPPC. Any explorer can be terrorized by confrontational deer, crazy people or an aftereffect of asbestos and fleas. Those who trespass into the buildings can also get a mean ticket if caught.

As we explored the property, Melissa told me about an experience her friend had exploring inside KPPC buildings when they were in high school. According to Melissa, the friend witnessed several doors slam by themselves. The friend felt as if they were being chased out of the building.

Michael Cardinuto, the founder and head of Long Island Paranormal Investigations (LIPI), said that he and his team have investigated the abandoned building and caught a few electronic voice phenomenon (EVPS). EVPs are sounds found on an electronic recording.

"We have investigated KPPC many times and had a few unusual experiences such as banging sounds from within the building, a few Class D EVPs [electronic voice phenomena], but over the past few years I

feel that it has been extremely quiet there," Cardinuto said. "Probably due to the many people that go in there destroying the building."

The most we noticed on this adventure was a bright light shining through the window all the way at the top of Building 93. Was it people getting high? Was it a ghost? Only the spirits (or the rats and snakes) wandering around the hospital will know.

Sweet Hollow Road and Mount Misery Road

Sweet Hollow Road, located in Melville, NY, is known for being a very eerie place to drive through. The roads are narrow, dark and surrounded by trees. To make matters worse, there is a cemetery located on the road and an eerie bridge with several legends around it.

According to the website of LIPI, there are a few legends associated with this road. The first legend was that there was a boy who committed suicide on the bridge, and if you look up while driving underneath it, you can see three corpses hanging from it.

Another legend is about a "lady in white." According to this legend, a woman named Mary and her boyfriend got into a fight while driving when he pushed her out of the car (other versions of the legend suggest she jumped out of the car). Tragically, she was hit by another oncoming vehicle and killed. The legend says that if you drive down Sweet Hollow Road you will see Mary either on the side of the road or in front of your car.

The saddest legend is that a bus full of children fell off the bridge, killing everyone inside. Supposedly, if you leave your car in neutral under the bridge, the spirits of the children will push your car out from under the bridge to safety. It should be noted that there are no record of this bus crash and that there is an incline under the bridge, which would explain any movement of the car.

Adjacent to Sweet Hollow Road is Mount Misery Road in Huntington, NY. According to LIPI's website, it got its name from early settlers who were frustrated by the road for being steep, rocky and impossible to farm on. Native Americans warned them that

the grounds were cursed. There is a legend that there was a hospital on the grounds in the 1700s. It is not clear if there are any records of this hospital. One patient, Mary, set fire to the hospital three times. After the third time, the owners of hospital decided not to rebuild. Legend has it that Mary is buried on the grounds.

Today, Mount Misery Road has a dead end that leads into a trail through the woods. Many who have explored Mount Misery Road and the trail have seen shadow people and glowing orbs. People have also heard sounds of laughter and screams of terror and felt a sense of dread exploring the sight.

Melissa and I started out by exploring Sweet Hollow Road around 11 p.m. The road, which has no lights and is surrounded by trees, was dark and I had to put on my brights.

It was not my first time there. One time, my friends and I saw three cars parked on the side of the road and when we got to the end of the road, my radio went static at the red stop light. Nope. We were out of there.

After driving down Sweet Hollow Road, not really seeing anything too creepy, we began looking for Mount Misery Road. That's when we stumbled upon an abandoned bright red schoolhouse called the Old West Hill school. There was a light on in the school house. When Melissa got home she looked it up. Turns out, that school house has not been active since 1912. It could be a museum or a house now, but there are no online records that I could find of what the building is used for today.

We drove around for a bit more, looking for Mount Misery Road, when we decided to use the GPS on my phone. The GPS took us on a long haul, making us drive for about ten minutes. Eventually, it did something quite weird. The GPS told us to park on the side of the road and walk through the woods for 17 minutes. We were not doing that. Then I remembered that you could cut through the nearby park, which worked fine. It only took us two minutes to get there.

We drove down the dark and mysterious Moun Misery Road, which ends with a

dead end surrounded by forest. We were going to explore the woods, but when I got out I felt a really bad energy. My instincts were telling me this was not a good idea. We also heard a scream in the distance, which is part of the legend.

"I can't say for sure if the rumors are all true or not," Melissa said. "A lot I've read about it seems like myth, but the roads do give off that 'something bad happened here' feeling."

Cardinuto said that he and his team have investigated both roads for over 15 years.

"Over the past 15 years we have had many unusual things occur at Mount Misery Road, not so much Sweet Hollow," Cardinuto said. "It's mainly in the woods where the road would have kept going."

Village Green Golf Course

The Village Green Mini Golf Course in Ronkonkoma was a childhood staple for anyone who grew up on Long Island. I personally remember going with my summer camp. It was the coolest place. The mini golf course was Wizard of Oz-themed and there was always the best birthday parties there.

According to the secretary of the Ronkonkoma Chamber of Commerce, Kevin Hymes, a new owner purchased the golf course in 2013 and abruptly closed it in 2014. Melissa believes some of his business choices, such as making the golf course more suitable for little kids rather than teenagers, could be the reason for its sudden closing. Hymes personally remembers going there for fun since the 1970s.

Today, many parts of the golf course still remain there, but it has become overtaken by nature. Other parts have become home to spiders. It is a sad, but eerie, place to be. An abandoned memory of mine and many others' Long Island childhood laying abandoned out in the open.

"I also had a lot of memories attached to the miniature golf course — and seeing it in shambles was a depressing sight," Melissa said. "That place was a landmark of the island." ◦

A close-up photograph of a wooden surface, possibly a piece of furniture or a wall, featuring white graffiti. The graffiti includes a lightning bolt symbol at the top, the text 'FROM THE ALLEY NOT THE VALLEY' in a bold, yellow, outlined font, and a large, stylized white outline of a radio or speaker with the text '.F.M.' inside it. The wood grain is clearly visible.

**FROM THE ALLEY
NOT THE VALLEY**

By Conor Rooney & Louis Marrone

Original Photography By
Dalvin Aboagye

Additional photos courtesy of various.



“This is a station that knows it’s weird, bizarre, unorthodox, and both embraces and subverts it at the same time.”



You wouldn't have any idea that it exists if you didn't know where to look. Packed away haphazardly under the J/M/Z in the Bedford-Stuyvesant neighborhood of Brooklyn sits a small alleyway — locally referred to as “Punk Alley.” Teeming with life, its sides are lined with wholly independent shops and custom artwork. One peek down its long, narrow corridor and you're greeted with vibrant colors, a half-assembled mannequin, trinkets for sale in several scattered baskets and music emanating from at least one (probably several) storefronts. The businesses are housed in shipping containers, and all here have been repurposed into shops with makeshift doors and windows. Though the stores are transient, right now there's a used book store (where you might be hard-pressed to find anything over a few bucks), a used record shop (specializing in the sale and collection of rare surf rock), a cassette-based experimental noise record label and, of course, KPISS: the resident pirate radio station.

KPISS is as much a community effort as it is an independent one. It's community-driven (most of the shows consist of local DJs, hosts and artists) and independent in that it's fully self-sustaining (every official member of KPISS must pay a small membership fee). While it's not hosted on a traditional FM radio station, it lives online at kpiiss.fm, and across most internet radio streaming services.

Despite the emergence technologies and services that one might assume would detract from traditional radio's audience, it remains popular within the U.S. What sets internet radio apart is its non-reliance on federal regulations and a low overhead. KPISS operates within these parameters, and Sheri Barclay is the ringmaster. KPISS features a variety of content, from music to talk shows to whatever they want. Local DJ Jonny Katz described his passion for it best: “I also respected the feel of KPISS... something you could join while doing it by yourself. If you have access to the space

then you really have an unlimited amount of ideas to try out.”

I'm walking down Broadway on an early morning in May. The sun hasn't yet made the day unbearable. I'm on my way to meet Sheri; we agreed to meet at the studio. I'm a block or two away when the streets start coming to life. It's one of the first nice days of the year.

The studio's exterior is mostly plexiglass. The panel above the studio window is painted to resemble a radio's dial, complete with knobs for AM, FM, volume and balance. Inside, leg room is sparse. The walls are lined with various pictures and other assorted objects such as a Lisa Frank-esque picture of a unicorn, an old Pepsi advertisement hanging above the DJ, an unopened fun-pack of colorful toothbrushes and, of course, a framed picture of our patron saint Tom Jones.

“Everything you see is custom built,” Sheri says with a sense of pride. “There was no floor, just dirt. We built all of this pieces at a time.”

“So where do you want to do this?” she asks me as she finished troubleshooting a recording session. She steps through her makeshift door and into the alley. She has long brown hair and is wearing a brown jacket over a shirt from one of her favorite local strip clubs.

I'm not particular. “Anywhere, honestly,” I say.

“Okay, well, grab your stuff. I have an actual office down the street. It's in a pizzeria.”

She had a quid pro quo with Milly's Pizzeria down the block.

Sheri is an interesting character. At 35, she currently lives in Brooklyn doing freelance audio work for podcasts, radio stations and media companies and brands. As a kid in Edmonton, Alberta, Sheri was exposed to the world of alternative artistic subculture. “I grew up in Canada, and I was introduced to the DIY scene at about 15 years old,” she says. “DIY in Canada is really serious, because Canada doesn't have

a culture, you really have to make your own everything.”

As we sit there and continue eating, I ask her about a moment there that really stuck with her.

“Do you know Nardwuar?” she asks. “He created this whole thing from scratch and he started out on college radio. I saw him at an all-ages show at a community center when I was 15. It was organized, run and attended by 15 to 18-year-olds, and all promoted with flyers.”

Canadian national treasure Nardwuar is perhaps best known for his off-the-wall and goofy interviews with artists. It’s entertaining, sometimes absurd, but always unique. It’s that very same blend of goofiness and eccentricity that Sheri infused into KPISS, making it so absurdly enjoyable in the first place.

From there, Sheri eventually developed an interest in audio mechanics. She volunteered at various radio stations around the area, learning the basics and then some.

In 2003, Sheri moved to Brooklyn, a crown jewel of arts and culture. “I caught the tail end of that 90’s Williamsburg bohemianism,” she quips. Once here, she began making her way through a variety of freelance gigs, but her interests lay in getting in with East Village radio, or even better, New Jersey’s own WFMU.

Turns out that was easier said than done.

Sheri began really thinking about the systematic structure — and largely male-inhabited — world of pro-radio. The limitations, technique and approach seemed outdated and almost pretentious. She wanted to create a space for the people who thought outside the box—a place where creativity could thrive. “I wanted a place where you still had to have an idea, y’know?” she tells me. “I’m not a snob about that stuff, and I hated that feeling of

going through a hazing process and having to prove to someone how cool I was.”

KPISS’ very name is, in many respects, the embodiment of what it is. “When we started, so many people thought I wouldn’t get away with calling it KPISS,” she says. “But I had to do something to shake it up and get people’s attention. I’m from Canada, so the phrase ‘take the piss out of something’ really resonated with me. You’re kind of making fun of something and inverting it at the same time.”

And that’s one of the keys to KPISS’ appeal: it’s self-aware. This is a station that knows it’s weird, bizarre, unorthodox, and both embraces and subverts it at the same time. Existing in self-aware, let-me-be-serious-for-a-second New York City culture, this unpretentiousness approach was and still is refreshing. “Canadians can get away with that more than anything,” Barclay says. “We have that ingrained capability to be transparent and goofy in a way that maybe Americans can’t. That helps me a lot with what I’m doing.”





August 29th at Union Pool

BANDS

DJS

KPISS.FM

KPISS.FM

3 YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY

and Benefit to bring the turntables back to kpiiss!

DJs!

Bad Conditions
Record Grouch
The WigDoc
Sheri Barclay

Bands!

Chorizo
Chorizo Slim and the Boogie Blues Band
King Pussy Face
Sam Kogon
S The Supplicant

Go-Go!

Anna Copacabana!

Prizes!

Only \$10!

  Sponsored by Brooklyn Brewery and Turntable Lab



“When we started, so many people thought I wouldn’t get away with calling it KPISS. But I had to do something to shake it up and get people’s”



S. THE
SUPPLICANT



SEX IN
MECHANICALVILLE

KPISS exists during a time where terrestrial radio isn't the only major player in the media game. We're living in a new media landscape where we have seemingly endless mediums and opportunities to discover new music or to listen to our favorite shows. The rise in popularity of streaming services and the emergence of the entire podcasting ecosystem provide consumers with a whole new world of choice. Still, traditional radio remains strong. According to Nielsen (a company that monitors entertainment data within the United States) 90 percent of American consumers listen to terrestrial radio on a weekly basis (this number was 96 percent in 2001). Still, radio is now forced to compete for the same audience within an increasingly segmented consumer population. Its voice is one of many in a crowded field.

For a long time, though, radio's influence was pretty unwavering. One DJ's opinion on a record or artist could send a record soaring to No. 1, influence the flavor music of the day and even make or break a career. But this makes sense. The music industry model was about as linear as the series arc for "Lost." The artist recorded the music, the music was pressed onto wax and those records were sent to either record shops around the country or to radio. Touring existed, but whether or not your music caught the ear of an influential DJ could determine the cities you visited, the crowds you drew — or even if you toured at all. According to the same Nielsen report, 49 percent of Americans still use radio to discover new music, but the market is fractured. This leaves 51 percent of the audience utilizing other means to discover new music (including independent radio).

In a post-internet world, independent radio has been pushed underground and, in some cases, online. Internet radio has been around for a hot minute, and its low overhead means that anyone — literally anyone — can start their own internet radio station. Free from restrictive federal regulations, it's a free-for-all. All you need is a microphone, a computer and access to a decent internet connection.

For Sheri, keeping independent radio alive meant operating out of a storage unit no bigger than a midsize sedan.

"With corporate radio, I think they'll vanish as we know them in five years, or at least be sold off to Latino communities," she says. "They listen to the radio more than anyone and because of that, there's more ad revenue."

"Here's the thing... we're all competing for the same niche audience. Sometimes it gets a little confusing," Sheri says as she finishes her slice of pizza. She's referring here to the ecosystem of local internet radio stations such as Radio Free Brooklyn and The Lot Radio. In some cases, Sheri has seen some of her DJs bring their talent to other local internet stations. "Again, it's competition... but we're also in the same boat. We can help each other even though there's that fierce competition for the same niche audience. It's KPISS, but there's no literal pissing contest."

Sheri insists on keeping KPISS as connected and true to the community as possible. "One show is a whole bunch of Dominican guys talking shit with each other, and another is feminist comedians, another show is about surfing, another show is about two black chicks who are goth and their experience being goth," says Sheri, gleefully. This commitment to quality diversity is what sets KPISS apart from the slew of other internet stations. It can be a tricky balance to come into a neighborhood — particularly anywhere in NYC — as an outsider and not disrupt things. These days, with the burden of gentrification on the shoulders of native locals, business owners need to put great effort into finding ways to both benefit themselves and the community they've settled upon. Deeply embedding that community within the fabric of KPISS was one of Sheri's primary goals.

Beyond this, the natural, genuine feel that these shows, and the station at large, have great empathy and humanity to them. But even Barclay admits that it can be hard to

maintain this quality. “It’s really not enough to just come on with your cool Spotify playlist of X-ray Spex and Kendrick Lamar and just talk about your job. I’m not trying to say that people don’t do that on college radio, because it happens — and it sucks. That’s the one thing that a lot of people don’t want to admit... sometimes freeform radio sucks. And it’s kind of cheap therapy for whoever does it.”

As the interview wraps up, we walk outside back towards the alley. It’s later in the day now, and the sun has become hidden by a wall of clouds. Truthfully, on this street, the light is always obstructed by the overhead tracks. It just seems darker now. We say our goodbyes.

As I walk away with the photographers, I replay the experience in my head. As a whole, this has proven to be a deep dive into a small, yet potent pocket of the East Coast DIY scene, one that’s seen the fabric of its community tried over the past several years as venues like Death by Audio, Shea Stadium and Aviv shutter. Even Palisades — a former staple in the DIY community — shuttered in the summer of 2016 during an after-hours party. Located directly across from Punk Alley, it recently reopened as an upscale Italian restaurant. Yet KPISS holds on, and doesn’t inhabit that faux bo-ho world that we see in shitty Sundance films or Off-Broadway plays. Rather, it’s something far more powerful. It’s a world where ideas matter over capital. It’s a world in which diversity is treated as a strength, not a chore.

Corporate radio will most likely always have a place in society, but at the same time, unless it updates its systematic operations, independent media will take its place as king. Is that a good thing? A bad thing? Perhaps neither, and is it just a part of the media cir-

cle of life? Who’s to say?

KPISS isn’t re-inventing the wheel, nor does it claim to be. However, there is this great originality and an admirable spirit that shines through its speakers as you listen. KPISS is a 2018 version of a pirate radio station, and as a result, it can afford freedoms that traditional FM stations cannot. There’s a freedom to create new things, to experiment with different styles, and,

above all else, just be plain fucking weird.

After all, this is KPISS, but there isn’t a literal pissing contest.





Living “Crazy”



By Katherine Hoey

To the two pre-med students on the bus:

I'm sorry you had no form of entertainment today — no interesting patient story to share with your pre-med friends.

I'm sorry that no one was crazy enough for you and that you didn't get to look on in amusement while someone struggled to stutter a sentence, while someone paces and mumbles incoherently, while someone speaks in no order and makes no sense, while someone picks their nail beds until they bleed, or their hair, or eyebrows, or digs at their flesh.

I'm so sorry that you had no patients with blood soaked in their clothes, and that there were no suicide attempts or self-harm injuries, no mania-induced decisions that led

to the E.R. That you had no schizophrenic episodes or autistic meltdowns triggered by sensory overload.

I'm so sorry that us “crazy” ones didn't relapse today and that we took our medications this morning. And that we woke up and actually got out of bed and that we kissed our children, or mothers, or significant others; we made coffee and got to work on time.

I'm so sorry that we participated in life today and didn't end up in the hospital on your gurney.

I'm so sorry that you weren't able to analyze postpartum depression or multiple personality disorder. I'm sorry that you didn't get to theorize about tics or panic attacks or rumination.

Because with all those white tiles,
1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15...

And the fluorescent lights that flicker even with my eyes shut,
The dim hum of the machinery matching my heartbeat that goes faster and faster,
The wailing child in room three. I wonder if he's dying or was just born.
See, our minds are flooded. And I cannot focus.
I'm sorry that all these thoughts get in my head and when I'm there I cannot focus on what I am there for. I'm sorry if I come off as "crazy," I'm sorry that the way I sound might seem different than a "regular person."

I'm sorry that you only had "regular" patients today and that you only had a "regular" Wednesday shift.

I'm happy to hear that no one "crazy" was on your floor, though.
I'm happy that they didn't have to hear your stares or feel your words. Because it's our everyday: being "crazy."

We're not some TV special that gets to come in your room and sit on your stretcher or your bed.

You don't get to listen to our heartbeat and our thoughts and our fears. You don't get to just read our condition in our medical sheets. You don't get to just search through our files to find an answer.

Because it's not something like "Grey's Anatomy." And you're not one of the characters. And neither are we.

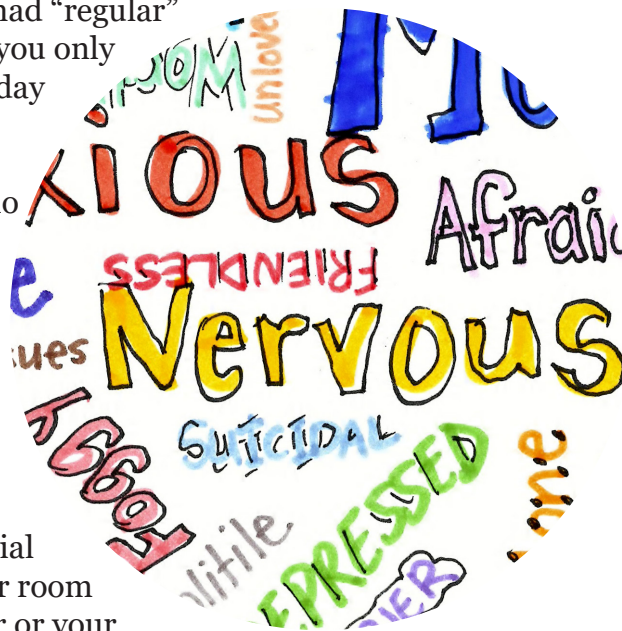
I hope you grow in empathy and understanding. And that you can better yourself for when a real crazy son of a bitch is locked down on your stretcher and I hope you know what to do in that situation.

We're not a walking textbook example to be

analyzed and discussed. This is real life and every story is different. I'm not a sweeping generalization of Borderline Personality Disorder. I'm just Kat, me.

It may not be that deep to you. But for me, it's a reminder that the scars on my flesh are deep enough, engraved on your reflection of me.

The moral of this story is: Don't go into medical school if you're insensitive and this is what it's like living "crazy."



Men in Makeup

By Carine Green

Photos by Megan Valle



Okay, so I won't bore you with a history lesson on makeup. I'll cut right to the chase: Men should be able to wear makeup, don't at me. Just kidding. However, in all seriousness, all men should be able to wear makeup. Many men—such as James Charles, Manny MUA and Jeffree Star—are advocating for the use of makeup by men in everyday life, while other figures such as RuPaul Charles, Harris Glenn Milstead, otherwise known as Divine, and many others advocate for its use by men in drag performance as well as the drag aesthetic. Nevertheless, we as a society are still divided on the issue.

I remember when I first began my journey with makeup, I started with a three-dollar L.A. Girl eyeshadow kit that I would wear to school. It was truly hideous, but at the time I loved it. However, for some, it was too much.

Like many of the male figures I admired, I would receive so much hate as I walked the halls of my school. People would shout things like “faggot,” or would grimace at the sight of me. They would push and bump into me purposefully, or worst of all they would watch and do nothing at all. They would make me feel worthless or ashamed for doing nothing more than expressing myself. When I began to move toward using concealer, foundation, eyeshadow, lipgloss, and other cosmetic products people judged me even more—they accused me of wanting to be a transgender woman. In hindsight I see now their judgments were hinging on the obscure idea of gender, I understand where they came from. However, that doesn't make it right. To combat the hate and bullying I received, I gave speeches and had discussions in my Gay-Straight Alliance, in my classroom, and anywhere my voice would be taken seriously. I made it my goal to spark conversations on gender, gender expression, sexuality, and most importantly, gender roles, in my small community of men and makeup in society. In such discussions, I was adamant about stressing the inclusive nature of makeup. Not only did this help

bring understanding to many who were confused about makeup as well as the ideas of gender, but it has also helped me become comfortable in wearing makeup regularly without fear or hesitation.

From my lived experiences I believe our biggest problem is that we as a society have drawn our gender lines for each sex and we live with the expectation that no one will live his or her lives outside of those expectations. It's basically the same thing done with sexuality, but I'll save that for another time. Anyway, gender should exist on a spectrum such that anyone should be able to do and wear what they like without fear of violence, harassment or anything else that would follow. If we look at our history, even though I said I wouldn't talk about it (sorry, I lied) we would see that many people first denounced women for wearing pants and men for wearing tight clothing. However, as time evolved these opinions began to subside and people became more accepting. Yet, here we are with makeup.

You wanna know what I think? I believe that things that aren't physically necessary for a specific sex should not be allocated to a gender. Things like sanitary napkins, bras, etc are examples of things necessary for a specific gender. However, for men and women to have separate teas, lotions, books, TV shows, and even colors is insane. Our society is legitimately obsessed with gender. Like totally insane. But still, I digress. Makeup, to me, is versatile and, by definition, is for everyone. A quick Google search would give you the definition of makeup as “cosmetics such as lipstick, powder, [foundation, concealer, highlight, highlighter, etc.] applied to the face, used to enhance or alter the appearance.” Its purpose is to enhance a person's natural beauty.

So whether it's a full beat for god, a subtle glam for the culture or some concealer for those dark spots, every person, every man regardless of his sexuality, should be able to wear makeup and enjoy it openly—because

at the end of the day, one's look is their preference. Their choice, not yours. So if you see a man in makeup you can: A) tell him he looks snatched and you're living for it B) you can ask him what brand he uses, or C) you can mind your business. Anyways, a man in makeup is honestly something that I would live for just so men could stop looking so patchy, dry, oily and uneven because when you really think about it, that is what is truly heinous. Sorry about it!

“When in the pursuit of the acceptance of a group of people for doing nothing other than existing as their genuine selves the idea of acceptance, love, and support are not options but rather requirements; prerequisites whose existence make it possible for both the prospect and reality of change.”

-Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi













Edible Derangements



ByAnonymous

It was a Sunday night about a month ago. I was at a friend's house.

Her friend was there too, and she brought some weed-infused gummies with her. My friend's friend was a bit obnoxious—didn't want to ruin her sleep cycle or some BS and decided we needed to take the edibles like ASAP. (It was like 8 p.m. and my friend's entire family was at her house).

Obviously, we didn't want to stay there, so we drove to a spot outside. I knew it was a bad idea; we had no way to get home. But I didn't want to look like a worried asshole, so I went along with it, figuring it wasn't really my responsibility to get us home anyway. We each had a nibble in the car as we drove to our destination.

It started out great. We were playing our favorite albums of the summer, talking nonsense and people-watching.

Then, it turned very very bad.

We started to get paranoid and figured it would be best to just go back to the car. The friend passed out as soon as we climbed in. We sat for a while, drinking water and trying to calm down.

I soon ceased being able to think using words; everything in my head was an emotion or an image. I started seeing shit. It was similar to static on a TV, but with moving horizontal lines. I couldn't talk. I didn't know how to communicate what I was seeing or feeling.

"It's so dark," I managed to get out. My friend became convinced that there was a cop in the car next to us, because it looked like they had a flashlight. She started freaking out because there was no way in hell we could act like nothing was going on.

She said the phrase:

"Either that's a cop or something very bad is happening right now."

The sentence echoed around in my head. I could still understand her, but I couldn't respond. My heart started pounding. I knew something bad was happening to me, and I knew it was because I'd eaten an edible. I felt like I was shutting down and couldn't do anything but watch as my body stopped functioning.

"Either that's a cop or something very bad is happening right now."

Someone was getting robbed? Someone was buying drugs? I didn't know what the bad thing was.

Then, all of a sudden, I felt like everything bad that could happen to me was happening to me in that very moment, all at once. Everything around me was evil—everything wanted to do me harm. I was in so much pain.

I saw a light inside of my body that started to dim.

My friend was awake, trying to talk to me. She willed the light to get brighter, and it did. I thought we were having some sort of nonverbal communication: The light cannot go out.

Nevertheless, we couldn't stop it; the light wanted to go out.

"Either that's a cop or something very bad is happening right now."

Every time I heard that phrase, the light got dimmer. It was like turning off lights in a gymnasium, one by one going out with a loud and final thunk.

I knew that the light I was seeing was my life. I thought that this is what it must feel like to die, and I figured that I was probably dying. There was nothing I could do to stop it.

I saw the cops come for us--for our bodies. I s

see my parents and my friend's parents run to the doors of the car. I was dead, and I was seeing the aftermath of how my death impacted the people around me.

"....something very bad is happening right now."

The "bad thing" was that one of us must have died. I didn't know who it was. Maybe it was all of us. I was seeing into the past, the present and the future.

I remember thinking to myself: you dumbass. Of all the ways to go, this is it? Taking an edible that was laced with god only knows what. I was sad and in pain. I just wanted it to end.

NO. I'm not dying like this. I'm not dying like this, I thought. I pulled my strength together and got a sudden burst of energy.

"....bad is happening right now."

The light got brighter. The fuck was going on? I saw the cops pull up again, and heard my friend saying:

"Either the cops are here or something very bad is happening right now."

Each beginning of the loop was a new round of a dangerous game. I willed the light to get brighter, and it did.

Brighter and brighter. It was like I was being recharged. My friend looked at me confused. What was happening? Why were we not dying?

"I don't know," I remember telling her. "It's getting brighter."

I realized that as I was feeling better, she was getting worse. She texted and called everyone that she knew to come and get us.

"....something very bad is happening right now."

One of us must have died. It must have been her.

Her dad came to pick us up and I knew we

were saved. I climbed in the car, sure that this part, at least, was real.

The loop had stopped, but I somehow got the notion that we all had died.

Her dad was carrying us on to the next life, driving us to the underworld like we were on the River Styx.

We were being reborn, travelling through the universe at hyperspeed, the stars just a blur of light next the windows. I wasn't scared anymore, in fact, I was kind of reassured

I was aware that we would get in a car crash in our next life. That's how we'd go, all three of us. It was like a game of chance and everyone in the universe would see how they'd die in their next life during their rebirth. Life is just a series of chances, I realized.

We got to my friend's house and I passed out on the couch. The next morning, I slowly regained consciousness. I felt better, but I didn't know if I was alive or dead. I opened my eyes and looked around.

I didn't know what had happened the night before. I was scared to move.

I slept some more. I didn't want to deal with reality; I didn't want to know what had happened.

When I woke up, I thought I must be alive. I was shocked that I'd made it out. I didn't know what had happened, but I was alive.

My friend came downstairs and explained that her dad had, indeed, come to pick us up last night. I didn't care. I was alive.

It took a few days to get back to normal. I was



shook. I didn't know what I had eaten, although the friend told us later that she got the edibles from someone who was terminally ill with cancer. I was mad that she had given that to us, and even madder that I took it.

My friend and I checked up on each other periodically during the next few days. We both felt pretty shitty for a while afterward. She had also thought she was dying but had seen her entire life flash before her eyes.

I've eaten my fair share of edibles and smoked my fair share of weed, but watching

my loved ones running to pick up my dead body, banging their hands desperately against the car window in an attempt to reach and to revive me, is not something I would chance seeing again.

It was a harrowing, horrible experience, but I felt like my friend and I had gone through something together. It might've been in our heads, but it felt real to us.

Every so often, I'll stop and think about how lucky I am to be here, to feel anything at all. And I'll whisper quietly to myself:

You're alive...

DOPE "MAGAZINE"

**The Press Is Located In The Third Floor
Of The SAC And Is Always Looking for
Artists, Writers, Graphic Designers,
Critics, Photographers and CREATIVES
MEETINGS WEDNESDAYS AT SAC 307K
12 P.M.**

THE-PRESS

VOTE IN THE MID-TERMS