

# REVIEWS

## Don't hold your breath for *Don't Breathe*

Hold your breath, don't make a sound. He might find you, and if he does then you're dead.

Get in, find the money, get out -- that's all it was supposed to be.

A robbery gone wrong leaves three teens with these thoughts at 2:30 a.m. in *Don't Breathe* as a killer stalks their every move.

Rocky (Jane Levy) and her friends Alex and Money (Dylan Minnette and Daniel Zovatto) are a trio of Detroit teens who pass the time by breaking into and robbing houses. It's not all for fun of course, the three are trying to get enough money together to bust out of Detroit and flee to the sunny shores of California. (Who wouldn't? It's Detroit.)

After discovering the score of a lifetime, they decide to rob a blind veteran (Stephen Lang) living alone in an abandoned neighborhood, sitting on a six figure cash settlement he won when his daughter was killed by a reckless driver.

Easy right? That's what they thought.

While scoping out the house Alex makes the observation that it's a moral grey area to rob a blind guy. Money retorts, "Just because he's blind don't make him no saint."

He was right.



Once inside the teens discover the horrors that lurk within and spend the night trying to escape the fortress while being hunted by a mad man who takes every chance he gets to try to kill them.

The film had its heart-racing moments and there was never a lull, but it just didn't captivate me. And short of a few jumps here and there, I didn't feel scared. *Don't Breathe*, while occasionally making my heart pound for a second or two never made me hold my breath.

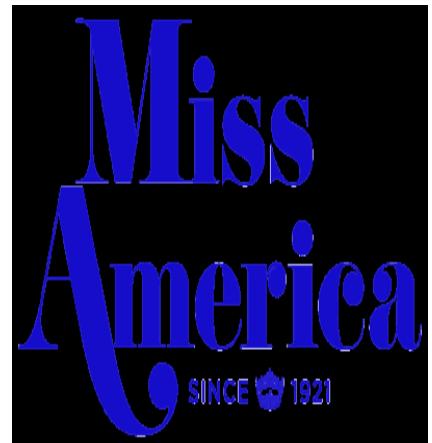
It wasn't without its twists and turns, however the stakes keep getting higher and Rocky's hunter more menacing as the teens uncover something so horrific they and the audience never could've seen it coming. In the end though, it fell flat.

The ending, the last 15 minutes, really disappointed me. It was predictable and never really seemed to end. It went on and on in what seemed like a neverending sequence of catch and release for the sake of achieving a 90-minute run time instead actually furthering the plot. Ultimately, it just left me feeling unsatisfied. Will I sleep tonight? Yes.

Will I be visiting abandoned homes in Detroit anytime soon? No.

*Don't Breathe* is worth the watch, just not \$10 at the box office.

--Russell Glass



## 'Miss America' is entertaining, but not influential

Miss America: a night filled with overwhelming tears of joy and disappointment, some interesting talent performances and the nerve-wrecking question portion.

This is the pageant world.

Based off ABC's live show which aired on Sept. 11, it's hard to really see what would make contestants have actual impact.

Generally speaking, this is the first and last time the American public will hear of these beauties, unless of course they are involved in a scandal of some sort.

But is that what makes them influential? Or what it's all about?

## Endless goes beyond expectations

At midnight, Aug. 18, Frank Ocean fans were dumbstruck.

They had been watching a weeks-long live stream that featured Ocean intermittently hand-crafting a plywood spiral staircase. If you were lucky, you caught snippets of new music echoing through his enormous warehouse. It was raw, stylized and, frankly, mundane.

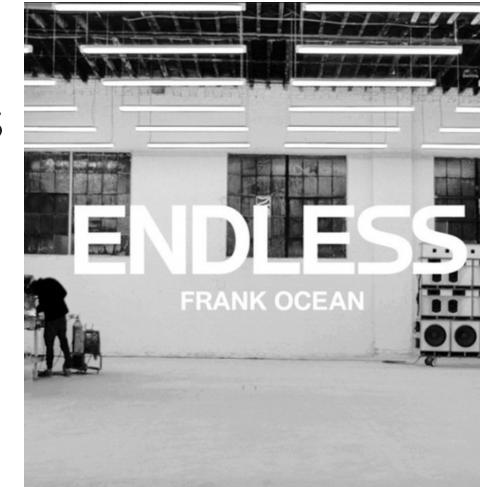
At 11:59 p.m., the camera followed Ocean as he gingerly stepped up to the top of his creation, walked back down, then the stream went black. Seconds later, a new "visual album" from Ocean appeared exclusively on Apple Music: *Endless*.

There was a moment in which fans held their breath — this couldn't be the *Channel Orange* follow-up that they had held out for four years. The music was only available in a 45-minute supercut of Ocean's staircase-building process. There were only a handful of tracks that sounded somewhere close to a complete musical idea. They fluttered in between blips of freewheeling demos, cavernous atmospheres, and cool sonic landscapes.

Right off the bat, this isn't the old '70s-inflected Frank Ocean that we all grew to adore. This is the sound of Ocean coming into his own as an individual artist, almost in real-time. The bleak visual portion of the album is a love letter to the process of crafting a piece of art at your own pace (an idea that drove Ocean fans insane in the expansive time since his acclaimed 2012 debut).

It's difficult to pick stand-out tracks — in addition to deciphering where one ends and the next begins, you'll have to actually Google what the songs are even called. For that reason, I've just decided that *Endless* is better experienced as one entire musical piece.

The guest list here is eclectic, to say the least. Grammy-nominated R&B singer Jazmine Sullivan adds subtle rays of sunshine to this otherwise subdued album through her backing vocals. Radiohead's Jonny Greenwood adds



finely detailed guitar work to the Isley Brothers Cover, "At Your Best (You Are Love)." Meanwhile, left-field indie guitarist Alex G introduces listeners to the acoustic sound they will soon become very familiar with on Ocean's actual follow-up, "Blonde."

Yes, two days later, Ocean dropped *Blonde*, the album fans knew they were waiting for. Excitement came overflowing from social media, critics raved, etc.

This all left *Endless* in an exceptionally weird place. What was to make of it at this point? It couldn't have just been, as rumored, to fulfill Ocean's contract with Def Jam so that he could release music independently. It effectively buffered the almost insurmountable hype surrounding his return, but as an art piece, it was far more sophisticated than just that.

In all honesty, we may never figure out *Endless*, and that's not a bad thing. If anything, it exists as a vibey companion piece to *Blonde*. It's hauntingly beautiful fragments of songs are blended together across 45 minutes and reflected through Ocean's kaleidoscopic musical vision.

Though it ultimately functions as a stylistic bridge to *Blonde*, *Endless* stands on its own as an interesting artifact in Ocean's comeback canon.

--Zach Green

For me, no. Although their hard work in preparation for the pageant is important, not counting hours upon hours of volunteer work as well, it still doesn't make much of an impact on the American public.

For example, according to the Miss America official website for state and local competitions, the talent portion alone is 35 percent of the composite score, and is actually, the biggest deciding factor of Miss America, but they only get a minute and a half per contestant to actually show the talent.

To me, that sounds like the most important part is whether they have the vocal or

dance or baton twirling training, (yes I did say baton twirling, I'm looking at you Miss Texas 2017) to represent the United States.

The seemingly superficial nature that is the pageant world, in this instance Miss America, is more catered towards high value entertainment than actually trying to change the world through "world peace."

Trust me, it's really entertaining and empowering to watch these women have the confidence to answer and manage to all of the stress the competition desires, but it's just entertainment.

--Samantha Winn