

We Are

ALL

F♥RDHAM.

the paper
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#erasehate



the paper

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the paper is Fordham's journal of news, analysis, comment and review. Students from all years and disciplines get together biweekly to produce a printed version of *the paper* using Adobe InDesign and publish an online version using Wordpress. Photos are "borrowed" from Internet sites and edited in Photoshop. Open meetings are held Tuesdays at 9:00 PM in Rodrigue's Basement. Articles can be submitted via e-mail to paper.fordham@gmail.com. Submissions from all students are always considered and usually published. Our staff is more than willing to help new writers develop their own unique voices and figure out how to most effectively convey their thoughts and ideas. We do not assign topics to our writers either. The process is as follows: have an idea for an article, send us an email or come to our meetings to pitch your idea, write the article, work on edits with us, and then get published! We are happy to work with anyone who is interested, so if you have any questions, comments or concerns please shoot us an email or come to our next meeting.

So why come write for us? We are a constantly evolving publication, and have been since 1972. We provide an outlet of expression otherwise unavailable to Fordham students. Writers are free to say whatever they want, whenever they want. We are also pretty cool people, to be completely honest. So please come hang out with us. You'll have a good time, we promise.

our aim

the paper is Fordham University's fully student-run, free speech publication. Our aim is to challenge our writers and our readers: we want to make you think. We provide an outlet for all students to express themselves, whatever their passion may be. Whether it's commenting on a social issue, writing a factual news article, making people laugh with a humor piece, composing a personal narrative, giving advice or ranting about something that makes you feel a certain strong way – we have a place for you. Because of our platform as a free speech newspaper, we tend to push the boundaries of university journalism by talking about important social issues, expressing otherwise silenced voices and opinions, addressing Fordham policy and administration, and starting serious conversations about what is important to our student body. Here at *the paper*, we encourage creativity and uniqueness, spark dialogue and discussion, and foster a community where students are free to fully express themselves.

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Introducing Find McShane!

We'll be hiding this cheeky bugger in each issue.
Keep an eye out;)

the paper // meetings Tuesday's @ 9pm // Rodrigue's Basement



Trump Summer Extravaganza 2016: What You Missed

by Michael O'Brien

Staff Toupée

As the summer packs up its belongings and departs for a nice long vacation to the southern hemisphere, the students of Fordham University return to campus with fond memories of hometown friends, barbecues, days spent at the beach and the tranquil serenity of not having two response papers due on blackboard at midnight (sorry I'm projecting). Therefore; it is quite fitting that to kick off the new semester, we at *the paper* will now soil those nice memories by reminding everyone of all the horrible, soul-crushing, cringe-inducing shit that Donald Trump did over "Summer '16". While one could write an entire book listing every questionable or outright disgusting action committed by everybody's favorite orange and yellow colonoscopy bag, we have instead chosen to recap three events that best encompass "The Don's" traits as a human being and presidential candidate.

1. That Time Trump Racially Profiled a Judge

Through partial (or full, depending on who you ask) fault of their own, the label "Trump Supporter" has devolved into a synonym for "racist xenophobe". While one could somewhat entertain the idea that "not all Trump supporters" are bigots and that the calls to "Fuck those dirty beaners" heard at rallies by the crowd are indeed just a small, vocal minority in the larger Trump supporter base, there is an unavoidable reality that all Trump supporters are supporting a presidential candidate that has on multiple occasions shown xenophobic, or even fascist tendencies including but not limited to: suggesting the United States ban all Muslims from entering the country, forcing would-be immigrants to take a "Values Test" to

Of Monsters and Campaigns and Media and Men

see if they would "respect America", being endorsed by a former KKK grand wizard, and of course, channeling his inner Jon Snow to propose a giant and impenetrable wall along the southern border to defend against Mexican rapists and thieves, just in case you forgot. The campaign's racist undertones were intensified, when in June Mr. Trump publicly attacked Federal Judge Gonzalo P. Curiel, claiming that that due to his proposed border wall with Mexico, Judge Curiel would be unfairly biased while he was presiding over the lawsuit filed by the former students of the now shuttered "Trump University". Trump argued that due to the judge's Mexican descent, Curiel would possess a "conflict of interest" when handling the case. This overt statement of racial profiling drew the ire of Democrats and Republicans alike and served as evidence that Trump's party was losing control of its candidate. In fact, instead of backtracking from his initial statements, Trump doubled down on the statement during an interview on CBS's "Face the Nation" by indicating that Muslims would be similarly biased in the courtroom. When host John Dickerson stated that the United States, a nation of immigrants had a tradition of not judging individuals by their national heritage, Trump replied that "I'm, not talking about tradition, I'm talking about common sense, ok?". Trump's statements on this racially charged "common sense" are quite disconcerting seeing as appointing federal judges is one of the President's many responsibilities.

2. That Time Trump Insulted a Gold Star Family

Our next stop on this salt fueled train ride takes us to late July. The

Democratic National Convention was in full swing, and the donkeys were doing their damndest to convince the country that perhaps the most powerful nation on the planet should probably be led by an actual adult instead of an angry manchild. One of the most powerful speakers to take the stage was the father of a Muslim soldier who had died serving as an Army captain in Iraq. With his wife standing beside him, Khizr Khan chastised the presidential nominee, stating that Trump "consistently smears the character of Muslims" and that the candidate had "sacrificed nothing and no one" and is incapable of serving others, only himself. Trump, always graceful in the face of criticism, decided to lash back, stating that Mr. Kahn delivered the entire speech because due to the family's Islamic faith, Mrs. Kahn was not permitted to speak at the podium. In a later interview, Mr. Kahn stated that his wife had not spoken at the convention because talking about her son's death was too painful for her, he went on to say that Mr. Trump was "totally void of decency because he is unaware of how to talk to a Gold Star family and how to speak to a Gold Star mother". Despite not speaking at the convention, Mr. Kahn stated that his wife had co-written the speech that was presented at the Convention, a speech that, unlike the one given by Mr. Trump's wife Melania, was not at all plagiarized. I understand that journalism is supposed to be objective, so let it be stated that objectively, "The Don" got out-fuckin'-played.

3. That Time Trump Backpedaled on Immigration and Everyone was Displeased

It might not be a surprise that Trump's grandiose immigration plan

has been quite a divisive topic in the American political dialogue. Despite "The wall" being less an actual proposal for border control and more of a repugnant meme that needs to die, Trump continues to insist that his plans for the wall are very real, and will be paid for by the Mexican Government. However, it has become rather apparent that Donald Trump's fiery speech is more bark than bite, as shown this August, in an attempt to appear more electable, the candidate slightly softened his immigration stance, claiming that there needed to be a "fair" approach to dealing with the eleven million undocumented migrants in the United States. The change of tone aimed to attract more non-white and on the fence voters but ultimately backfired. Trump's rhetoric was not nearly moderate enough to attract would be voters scared by his hardline policies; at the same time, however, his wavering on immigration angered the more dedicated Trump fanatics who saw the backpedal as the candidate betraying his followers.

Donald Trump's inflammatory statements and campaign bumbles are numerous and often; much like a water slide at a sewage treatment plant, the ride down the summer of 2016 was shitty, and the conclusion won't be much cleaner. Even if the candidate loses the election we can most probably assume that Tiny Hands will pop back into the news headlines claiming that he was cheated out of the nomination, and that the entire election was rigged. However, until that time, the only thing left to do is watch, listen, and contemplate how we will survive if the Trump-Pocalypse comes to fruition.

Be excellent to each other, Fordham.

Trolls With An Agenda: What You Should Know About The Alt-Right

by Meredith Mclaughlin
Staff Politically Correct

Ever since Hillary Clinton accused Donald Trump of promoting the ideals of the “alternative right,” the group has been shoved into national spotlight. But what really is the alt-right? On the surface the alt-right is a pretty interesting combination of angry young white guys who probably helped doxx the victims of Gamergate and slightly older white guys who think reverse racism is real. Some alt-righters can be found raging against sjw culture and complaining about how society is “too pc” nowadays. They’re not your grandpa’s conservatism: they use memes to push Trump into the oval office and use the word “cuckservative” to describe those on the right who ain’t pro-white enough. They’re nostalgic for the times where you could tell a “make me a sandwich” joke and it would be the wittiest thing anyone’s heard all day. If you recognise any of these traits it’s probably because you’ve seen it all in the comments section on Youtube. This is understandable, considering the alt-right movement used to be found scattered throughout obscure message boards and blogspots. However, with the movement being in the public eye more often, it’s time to look beyond the crooked Hillary memes and see what the alt-right truly represents.

Many people believe paleoconservatism and the alt-right share many core values, and they aren’t wrong. Paleoconservatism is a specific sect of the right that focuses on nationalism and non-intervention from the United States. Their adversity to immigration stems from their suspicion that immigrants aren’t able to conform to western culture. They would rather have the U.S. practise isolationism than get involved in world events, and they think

White males somehow disadvantaged...

mainstream republicans are focused on building an “empire” than protect the nation’s interests. Now if you want to make an alt-right group, you have to take all of that, multiply it by five and add three cups of neo nazism and a few teaspoons of 4chan.



What makes the alt-right different from the other fringe conservatism groups is their use of the internet. One major alt-right figure and writer for Breitbart.com, Milo Yiannopolous, often cites the youthful energy and online presence as reasons for why their group is gaining notoriety. Because so many alt-right members love to provoke people online, the movement itself is becoming more well known. To the alt-right, memes are the gateway drug that gets young white men hooked on anti-semitism and Alex Jones. Once brought into the alt-right way of thinking, new followers learn that our social justice society has been tricking them into feeling guilty for being white, and that their “culture” is actually under attack by immigrants and

african americans. “The Alt-Right’s success can partly be attributed to its protagonist role, whereas White Nationalism was always viewed as the antagonist. The Alt-Right has made White Identity cool again, and White America has been desperately seeking such.” says Hewitt Moore, from alternative-right.blogspot.com. The alt-right gives its followers a sense of heroism because they’re defending the Western culture from being erased.

But... does western culture really need defending? When was the last time you were ostracised for being a christian? When did the study of greek philosophers and roman emperors suddenly become esoteric? Are hamburgers considered “ethnic” food now? There’s this very paranoid atmosphere that follows the alt-right because they seem to think the United State is ten seconds away from turning into Northern Mexico. The deeper you go into alt-right websites, the more clear it is that they think being white makes you a super smart, super special snowflake.

Now you could compare them to skinheads (and considering how many of them believe the Jews control the economy, it’s not very hard.) But they’re not dumb like skinheads,

ok? As Yiannopolous puts it in his article “An Establishment Conservative’s Guide to the Alt-Right,” “Skinheads, by and large, are low-information, low-IQ thugs driven by the thrill of violence and tribal hatred. The alternative right are a much smarter group of people — which perhaps suggests why the Left hates them so much. They’re dangerously bright...” (Yiannopolous) He follows this up with some classic 19th century-esque scientific racism: “Asking people to see each other as human beings rather than members of a demographic in-group, meanwhile, ignored every piece of research on tribal psychology.” (Yiannopolous) Explaining racism as being a natural tendency that we can’t avoid has obviously never been done before; we are dealing with true scholars here.

These beliefs make it clear why the alt right support Trump so much. The appeal to Trump is that he says what needs to be said! He’s not in the pocket of the politicians! And for a group of people who think immigrants will wipe them out and have no respect for the mainstream republicans, Trump is a big deal. And while I can’t say with conviction that Trump is an alt-rightist himself, he isn’t doing much to call them out on the whole white supremacy thing. Trump is seen as being a mouthpiece for the likes of Milo Yiannopolous and Alex Jones, and he doesn’t want to waste their vote. All in all, the alt-right is a really loud group of racist bloggers who are trying to troll America, and we’re kind of playing into their trap. They never had any real influence in politics, and they probably never will. Even though it seems like Trump is “their” candidate, there’s a decent chance that Trump is using them just to gain more votes. It’s not like he recently hired the CEO of Breitbart.com to help his campaign, right? (spoiler alert he definitely did.)



The best thing ever.
Again.

That’s right, punks. We took out your headphone jack. Fuck you.



French Towns Ban Burkinis, Controversy Ensues

by Melody Knight-Brown
Opinions Co-editor

So it's hot and it's summer, and you just so happen to be in France. What do you decide to do? Go to the beach of course, except there's one problem. You are a Muslim female in a country where more than thirty towns have made it illegal for you to wear a burkini. What is a burkini? It is a burka bathing suit specifically designed for and almost exclusively worn by Muslim women for whom it is against their religion and customs to appear in public with as much skin a normal bikini or one-piece bathing suit show. In keeping with the style of a normal burka, the burkini covers everything except a woman's hands, feet, and face.

So what's the big deal? Usually, especially in the United States, we hear stories of people getting in trouble not wearing enough clothing not covering up too much. The problem is that this is not the United States; it is France, a country that prides itself on secularism.

What happens when personal choice and secularism clash

Many think that the country is using this ban as a cover to target Muslims. In 2004 France passed a law banning the wear of all and any conspicuous religious signs in public school. While the ban doesn't specifically mention any one faith, this law is largely considered to be targeting the headscarves worn by Muslim girls. In 2011, France banned the public wearing of a burka. Now in 2016 and France is at it again; targeting women of Muslim faith. The burkini ban was established after the attack in Nice on July 14, 2016 in which 86 people were killed and over 400 were injured. ISIS/ISIL claimed responsibility for the attack. The burkini ban was soon adopted by more than thirty towns as a response to growing terrorist concerns.

While this isn't the first time and surely not the last radical measures and sentiments have followed terrorist attacks (look at the U.S.'s military budget before and after 9/11) this time

there is a lot of international criticism of the ban as Islamophobic. There is also worry that the ban, which includes a €38 (\$42) fine, will only propagate ISIS/ISIL's claim of a war against Islam and serve to further radicalize potential terrorists. However defenders of the ban claim that it is not just a defense of France's secularism, it is also a defense against regressive, misogynistic practices. This is not a new idea. There is a lot of debate about whether or not the burka is an expression of religious freedom or a symbol of female oppression. On the one hand there are definitely sexist customs in Islam and given the restrictive nature of a burka and the fact guys don't wear them, burkas are arguably one of them. On the other hand, many women who wear headscarves state that it's their choice to wear one. It's an interesting debate, one you should definitely ask your philosophy professor about, but back to France.

On August 26, 2016, France's highest administrative court ruled against the ban stating that mayors do not have the right to ban burkinis. As the director of Amnesty International Europe said "By overturning a discriminatory ban that is fueled by and is fueling prejudice and intolerance, today's decision has drawn an important line in the sand." However, this is not the end of the story. Several mayors have reportedly chosen to ignore this ruling and continue enforcing the ban. France's Prime Minister Manuel Valls has also said that he supports the burkini ban, as does the Nicolas Sarkozy, the former French President, who purportedly is planning to run again for president. The entire situation is still very convoluted and complicated and it has yet to come to a final conclusion and given France's precedent of banning headscarves and burkas it seems likely that the courts ruling will not stick.

Samsung's Newest Phone has a Hidden Feature: Violently Exploding

by Carly Johnson
Staff Android

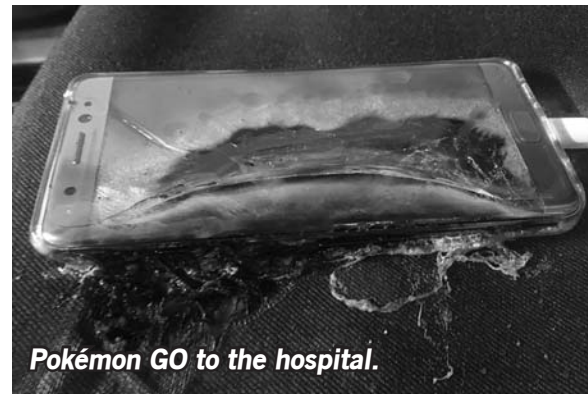
As if people didn't have reason enough to hate Androids (why do you have to be that person that makes the group chat green?), the new Samsung Galaxy Note 7 poses threats not only to your involvement in group chats, but now apparently to your safety as well. This phone is being recalled after multiple reports of the phone exploding while in use or charging. One incident reports a phone explosion setting a man's Jeep on fire. Now maybe this was just karma for owning a Jeep, but other stories also support the fact that we shouldn't be friends with Android users because they will try to kill us with their phones.

Don't worry though, because the US Product Safety Commission is looking out for all of you Android users: they tweeted "Stop using @SamsungSupport Galaxy #Note7. Full statement: <http://bit.ly/2cAiKBP>," because what better way to reach the growing number of smartphone users than through a blunt social media post? Hopefully this caught people's attention, oth-

Probably not what they meant by "hot update"

erwise I'd suggest incorporating a bit more humor into twitter announcements.

Although the situation seems bad, it is still important to recognize the good that can come out of it. Anyone who wants to up their popularity lev-



Pokémon GO to the hospital.

el can go out and buy one of these bombs and not be lying when they say that their phone is blowing up. There is also potential for a new marketing campaign here, Samsung: rein people in by advertising for a phone that "will always be blowin' up." Hey, it may be misleading, but they wouldn't be lying.

On the other hand, the whole Galaxy

phones exploding could be the window to a conspiracy theory that's most likely true: Flo Rida is the founder and president of Samsung, and purposely had his company engineer phones that would blow up in order to promote his song featuring Akon called "Available."

The evidence is abundant: in the second verse of this song, he sings "And if your man blow up your phone, turn off your ringer, girl." He's explicitly admitting to witnessing girls' phones blow up. Also, "Flo Rida" has seven letters, and the Galaxy Note 7 is the phone. And it's worth noting that if you rearrange the letters in "Miami, Florida" (Flo Rida's hometown) you get "South Korea," which is where Samsung was founded.

Now where does Akon fit into all of this? This connection is a bit harder to identify, but his involvement is undeniable since he is featured on "Available." It turns out that Akon was also featured on Joey Galaxy's "Around My

Way." That's right - Joey Galaxy, as in Samsung Galaxy? Don't tell me it's just a coincidence.

If you step back and look at the whole situation, it's actually quite an ingenious plan. Not only is Flo Rida making bank by running one of the leading companies in the technological industry, but he's using this power to subconsciously incline people to buy his album R.O.O.T.S. And keep in mind, he's doing all of this with no one realizing until now. Now he's a businessman if I ever did see one. It wouldn't be surprising if he became a professor at Gabelli in the next few years. Thanks, technology, for shedding light on the truth.

Keep in mind, though, that the phones still don't get as hot as Fordham's un-air-conditioned dorms. Let's just add the Samsung Galaxy Note 7 to the list of hot things that blow up: discussions in Faith and Critical Reasoning, Kourtney Kardashian and Scott Disick's breakup, soup in blenders, bands with creative differences among the members, the list goes on and on.

FAKER THAN TRUTH

By John Looby

**Fordham University
to Close its Doors in 2020**

After much deliberation university officials have finally come to a decision as to when to end the art installation commonly known as Fordham University. As much of the student body should be aware this isn't actually an accredited institution as much as it is a postmodern Avant Garde commentary on college life. The installation has developed over the years updating the décor to reflect the changing landscape of the American system of higher education. The most recent guest policy is an obvious metaphor for the difficulty of the barriers to friendship as a young adult in college. Even the Fordham football team is a commentary on the false prestige placed upon college athletes regardless of whatever actual talent the team may display.

Most administrators seem to agree that 2020 is the most appropriate time for the installation to close its doors. Father McShane himself commented "We believe that are commitment to the piece has fostered an appropriate level of discussion about college culture in America, but mostly I'm excited for the campus sized recreation of Dr. Seuss's writings we've got planned as the next installation."

The Grinch, Green Eggs and Horton is expected to open in 2021 following the relocation of all current students to the University of Houston where they are expected to become a part of an installation entitled "What if your life was a lie and your degree was a sham?" It is truly a beautiful age for modern art.

Nate Silver & FiveThirtyEight Will Save Us All

by Declan Murphy
Staff Data Analyst

Using data to make sense of nonsense

Nate Silver is changing the game in politics—for better or for worse.

For those of you who are unfamiliar, Nate Silver is the head of FiveThirtyEight, a site that analyzes data and aggregates results to predict a variety of things. FiveThirtyEight covers topics ranging from sports wins and losses to economic forecasts, but what it's most known for is its election and campaign coverage.

update the ever changing picture. Silver also, somewhat controversially, adjusts these results to reflect any 'house biases'. That is to say, Silver looks at the results of polls in context of any political leanings or standard data deviations to correct for any sources of potential error or bias. Then he weighs polls based on reliability, factors it all in to algorithms, and spits out a (more or less) holistic picture of what's going on with the electorate.

of others.

Both sides have valid viewpoints. The court of public opinion, however, seems much less divided. Silver has become a bona fide celebrity. When, after the Republican convention, Silver's "Now-cast" said Trump would win the election, it made headlines. (The Now-cast, it should be noted, does not reflect the long-term forecast, which still has Trump losing. It was merely the result of a post-convention surge in polls.)

Silver also started a podcast, FiveThirtyEight Elections, that has sat in the iTunes Top 100 podcasts since it began in January. In fact, during the primaries, Silver's podcast frequently made the top 10. Which is to say that Silver has become a sort of icon in the world of numbers, a hard-data guy with an easy to read take on the elections.

FiveThirtyEight is polling for the Internet era. With so many sources to draw upon, and all this information at our fingertips, it doesn't



Thank God for polls

FiveThirtyEight first came to prominence in the '08 presidential election, and while it has stayed relevant, this is perhaps the height of FiveThirtyEight's importance. Of course, election years come with a predictable boost in traffic—but this election has been anything but predictable. The constant gaffes of Donald Trump, as well as the continual resurgence of investigations into Hillary Clinton's emails, have created a chaotic and ever-changing public opinion. With its constantly updating polls and predictions, FiveThirtyEight has capitalized on this trend.

Strictly speaking, FiveThirtyEight does not create polls—it aggregates them. Silver takes in results from a number of pollsters and universities to

It can be quite effective, if one agrees with his methods. Silver and his proponents argue that the sum is greater than the parts—that by incorporating the results of multiple polls, Silver creates the most thorough snapshot of what's happening nationwide. (It's also worth noting that, due to his number of sources, Silver's presidential predictions also includes the odds of either candidate winning each state—something that national polls can't efficiently recreate).

But detractors say that he undervalues the work of pollsters, is hasty to dismiss sources of 'bias' in polls, and profits from the work of others. Silver creates nothing new, in their view, but is all too quick to dismiss the findings

make sense to consult a single poll anymore. Indeed, the people who trot out single polls often point to the ones that support their own interpretation of events. It's how Trump and his supporters spin things to make his chances seem greater. (For reference, as of this writing, FiveThirtyEight puts Hillary Clinton's chances of winning the election at 71%.) But there's a danger to it too. Devaluing the work of individual polls may someday rob Silver of his sources of raw data. If Silver wants to stay a leading voice in politics, he'll need to start recognizing that he can't do it alone.

Pokémon GO Continues Annoying People

by Anastasia Lacina
Staff Pikachu

When Pokemon Go was released in the United States in this July, it quickly became a global phenomenon. Despite its initial technical issues (shout-out to that “Our servers are experiencing issues” screen I’ve seen a billion and a half times), Pokemon Go has become one of the most used apps of 2016, and it’s been downloaded more than 500 million times all over the world.

If for some reason you’ve been living in a cave for the past two months, here’s the basic premise: Pokemon Go is an augmented-reality app which uses a smartphone’s GPS capabilities to pinpoint your location and the location of randomly-placed, artificial “pocket monsters”. A player can catch Pokemon – and add them to their collection – by using Pokeballs, which can be acquired from Pokestops (similarly randomized landmarks that double as shops for all your Pokemon needs). Players can also conquer gyms and place their own Pokemon to defend their team (#TeamMystic). But the real goal of the game is undoubtedly to Catch ‘Em All™ - a familiar phrase to us veteran Pokemon trainers. By obtaining at least one of all the original 151 Pokemon, a player can complete their Pokedex and win ULTIMATE POWER. I mean, not really, but you get the point.

Basically, if you don’t play Pokemon Go yourself, you almost definitely know at least 30 people on your newsfeed who do. It’s pretty difficult not to know about it.

But even though the game is fun as dicks and also has the added benefit of promoting social and physical activity, a substantial portion of the general public continues to complain about it. And not just random old men on porches, shaking their fists and yelling, “Get off my lawn, ya damn kids!”, but actual people in our actual lives who we care about.

Even though it’s been two months, it still seems like every time I check my Twitter feed, there’s a story about the “Pokemon Go problem” – with complaints including everything from trespassing, to child molestation, to finding dead bodies. Pokemon Go has been blamed for it all. But the truth is that most of those clickbait headlines

Chill, it’s not as awful as you think

you’ve seen have been completely and thoroughly debunked by Snopes. Chicago kids getting stabbed after wandering into a bad neighborhood in search of a Scyther? Not true. Florida teen murdering his younger brother to get his 2200 CP Dragonite? Nope. Man causes 15 car pile-up while trying to catch a Pikachu in



the middle of a highway? Fuck no.

Now, there has been a problem with people playing the app while driving. But app’s parent company, Niantic, has recently introduced updates which dissuade people from playing while driving or otherwise distracted, and developers have been looking into ways to improve their safety measures even more in the future.

So, real talk. Pokemon Go is extremely fun. It isn’t truly hurting anyone, and it has given people with social anxiety, depression, and other mental health problems a reason to go outside, enjoy the sun, and get some exercise, as well as meet new friends and learn more about their community.

And if this is the case, then what’s really behind this adamant dislike of Pokemon Go that we’ve seen circling around the Twittersphere? I think there are two explanations. One is that haters are gonna hate – which is a phrase that is now backed by actual science (what a time to be alive). Justin Hepler and Dolores Albarracin – psychologists from Illinois – took a group of 2,000 people and calculated their average dispositional attitude. Turns out that people who have negative attitudes towards some things tend to com-

plain about most things: even if it doesn’t even affect their lives. In other words, haters gonna hate. Some people who dislike Pokemon Go do so for no reason other than hating “the next big thing.”

But the larger answer, I believe, can be summarized in a mid-July issue of the Washington Post. The front page? “POKE-POCALYPSE!” Subtitled? “In less

than a week, the augmented-reality app Pokemon Go has hooked millions of users – and left many non-players baffled by its popularity.” In other news, pre-millennial Americans can’t understand another technology-driven social fad that’s attracting their kids and grandkids. Forbes contributor Kevin Murnane has speculated that a large part of the vitriol directed at Pokemon Go is just a subset of the existing condemnation towards young people: that we’re “clueless, self-absorbed morons who have [our] heads buried in our cellphones.” And some of that may be true. Now, hear me out: as a generation, we have created an entire social community, powered by new technology – and this is a concept that is completely and utterly post-modern. Nothing even vaguely similar to the technological and sociological revolution of the past 20 years has ever happened before. Our communities are basically centered on the Internet and on social networks: which, despite what our parents may say, isn’t a bad thing. It’s just different from anything they’ve ever known or seen before.

The science-fiction author Douglas Adams once said: “Anything invented after you’re 35 is against the natural order of things.” And Pokemon Go just happens to be one of the things that falls within that bracket for a majority of Americans.

Realer

Than Fact

By Luis Gómez

North Korea bans sarcasm because Kim Jong-un fears people only agree with him ‘ironically’

Full disclosure: I’ve stolen this headline from The Independent, because goddamn that is a really good headline. Second of all, North Korea has apparently banned sarcasm, because, again apparently, they noticed that nobody likes the government, not even the country’s citizens. Now, when someone lives under a suppressive regime, they can’t be openly critical of that regime. In many cases, people turn to sarcasm as a way to air their grievances while maintaining the air of being in favor of whatever it is you’re criticizing. This was assuredly the case in North Korea, where the central government keeps a tight lid on information, what can get in, and what people can say. Given the regime’s propensity to blame literally everything evil on America, one of the popular and now-banned expressions like “This is all America’s fault!” now qualifies as unacceptable criticism of the regime. State security officials apparently held a series of provincial meetings to make sure that people don’t use sarcasm at all or else they’ll be in hella trouble, which in North Korea means permanent imprisonment. So there’s that.

Side note: There’s a really good documentary on Netflix called The Propaganda Game that follows this Spanish filmmaker as he goes around North Korea with this Argentine guy that works for the regime. It’s an interesting look at the messages North Korea sends to its own people, and to the outside world, and what gets lost in between.

Convicted Rapist Brock Turner Gets Out Early

by Rachel Poe

Features & List Co-editor

"How fast Brock swims does not lessen the severity of what happened to me, and should not lessen the severity of his punishment. If a first time offender from an underprivileged background was accused of three felonies and displayed no accountability for his actions other than drinking, what would his sentence be? The fact that Brock was an athlete at a private university should not be seen as an entitlement to leniency, but as an opportunity to send a message that sexual assault is against the law regardless of social class." - from the letter read by the victim directly to her attacker, Brock Turner, at his June 2016 sentencing.

In January 2015, two Stanford grad students were riding their bikes past a frat party when they noticed a couple off to the side, behind a dumpster. Upon closer inspection, the two students realized that the woman was not moving and confronted the man on top of her. After a short interaction, the assailant, later to be identified as Brock Turner, turned and ran away from the scene. One of the grad students chased Turner down before tackling him, while the other checked to make sure the woman was alive. The woman was breathing but she was unmoving as she lied there with her dress hiked up, her necklace tangled around her neck, and her underwear shoved down her legs. The victim, a 23 year-old woman who had gone to the party to spend time with her little sister who was home visiting, would not know she had been assaulted until the next morning when she awoke.

Brock Turner at the time was only a Freshmen with a swimming scholarship at Stanford, or at least, that's all anyone could focus on. This case be-

Actual human trash fire proves white male privilege is still a thing

came more than just a heinous, disgusting, and violent crime against an unconscious woman, but a media circus fueled by elitist privilege. The narrative surrounding this case told the world that the only life that was being ruined was that of a private school swimmer on the Olympic track, completely ignoring the profound impact



tally assaulting this helpless woman. Alcohol is never an excuse to force yourself upon another. This is a pathetic cop-out, really. And although Turner did end up being convicted of three felonies - assault with intent to rape an intoxicated woman, sexually penetrating an intoxicated person with a foreign object, and sexually penetrating an unconscious person with a foreign object - the real outrage came when Turner was only sentenced to six months of jail time and three years' probation instead of the six years requested by the prosecution. Judge Aaron Persky thought that jail would have a "severe impact" on Turner because it wasn't like he had raped someone and had a severe impact on them or anything. (Did I mention that Persky was also a Stanford alum? Yeah. Let that sink in.)

that that night and trial would have on his victim. Remember her? The unconscious one? The one Turner forced himself upon? Covered in scrapes and bruises and with leaves tangled in her hair and dirt and abrasions inside her vagina? What about her life? Her potential? She doesn't deserve to have her life derailed so easily like this, the victim never does.

Throughout the trial, Turner only accepted responsibility for being too intoxicated, never owning up to bru-

Turner's own dad even claimed in a letter that "[Turner's] life will never be the one that he dreamed about and worked so hard to achieve. That is a steep price to pay for 20 minutes of action out of his 20 plus years of life." Yes, his father actually called a rape "20 minutes of action," belittling the pain and suffering his son caused a woman and her family, belittling the pain and suffering of countless other rape and sexual assault victims. That's a pure example of the ignorance caused by privilege. Turner and his father probably don't understand what it's like to be afraid to walk home by yourself, or to get catcalled on the street for just wearing shorts- wearing anything really, or to be seen as just a sexual object, as only "20

minutes of action". To not be seen as a fucking human being that deserves respect.

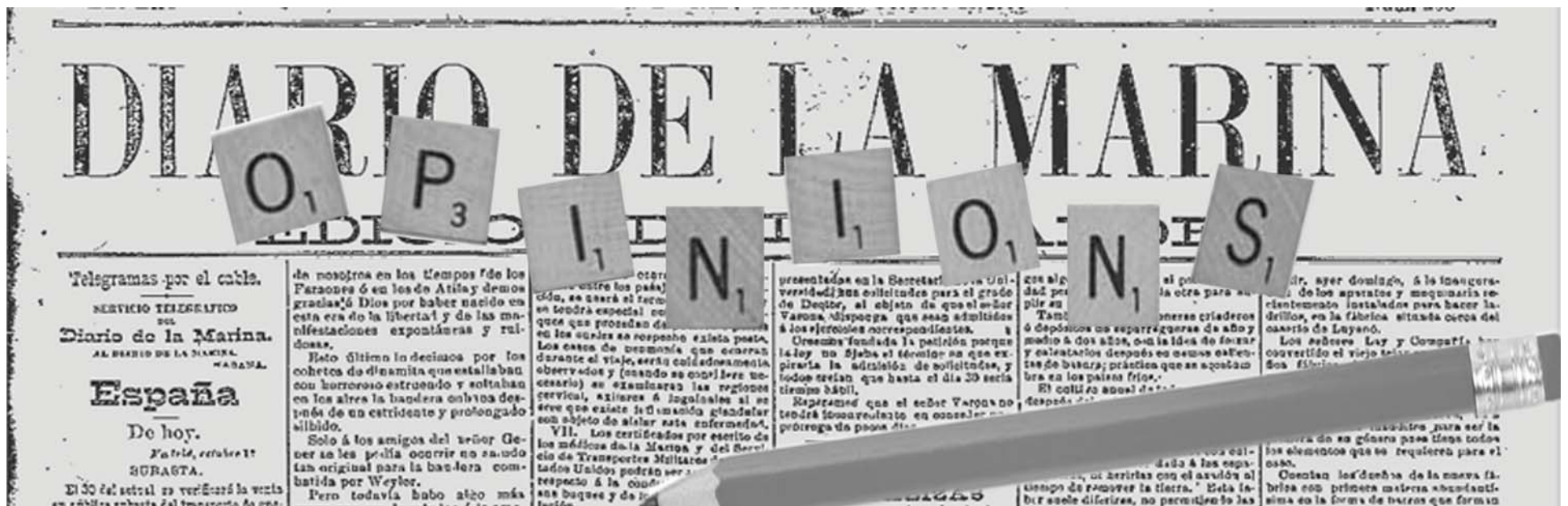
And because this case couldn't get any better, Turner was released from jail on September 2nd, after only serving 3 of the 6 months he was sentenced to. In California, sentences can be reduced by 15% to 50% due to an imitates' good behavior. Turner has since returned to his home in Ohio and proceeded to register as a sex offender, a title that will never go away. In addition to his new label, Turner has been permanently banned from participating in any USA Swimming events so bye, bye Olympics. (Maybe take note, NFL? That's how you deal with domestic abusers and rapists.) Judge Aaron Persky has gotten his just deserts as well. In addition to serious campaigns and petitions to recall Persky, but he has since been removed from another sexual assault case and has ceased hearing criminal trials.

In the end, the main focus of this case has always been on Turner and Persky and the lack of justice served, but we must give credit to the victim. She may not feel like this most days as a result of what has happened to her over the course of the past 21 months, but she is incredibly strong and brave and deserves your respect. The victim has decided to remain anonymous throughout this media storm but her full letter to Brock Turner can be found online. I highly recommend you read it because she articulates all the things wrong with this case with more poise and precision than I ever could. In an interview with BuzzFeed, the victim said that she hoped that "this will wake people up." This act of violence was not caused by "alcohol culture" on college campus, by how many drinks the victim had, or by what she was wearing (a simple cardigan and dress) but by the poor decisions made by Turner that night. So fuck you, Brock Turner. Have fun with all those armed protesters outside your house.

MoMA

Spend three hours with your friends asking "Is this art?" even though we already answered that question for you.





The Bakers Gon' Bake, Bake, Bake

by Kyle Zarif

Staff Baking Connoisseur

OK, so for reasons that may soon become apparent, I feel the need to preface this article with two statements. 1. If you are looking for an objective take on the merits of *The Great British Bake Off* (GBBO), then you can fuck right off because I cackle in the face of objectivity. My opinion on this show is rooted in a very specific experience of it. 2. I would consider myself a fairly rational person. I can usually balance my priorities and like to think I have a fair idea of what's important in my life. This is how I would describe myself under normal circumstances... but this week presented me with one of the largest challenges to my sanity and sense of self that I have thus far encountered. This week, my frenemy informed me, in her greatest act of sabotage yet, that *The Great British Bake Off* had returned for a 7th season.

For those of you who are unfamiliar, GBBO is a TV baking competition apparently crafted by Satan. Each week, the bakers' weaknesses, strengths, and shitty personality traits are revealed while they slave over increasingly elaborate desserts. In a surprising move from the country that basically invented capitalism, there is no prize money. These amateur bakers have to push themselves to their emotional and physical limits for a purely symbolic prize. The previous winner recently baked a birthday cake for the Queen! So yeah, the stakes are

And I'm just gonna watch for seven seasons don't mind me

incredibly low. The judges are Paul Hollywood, also known (by me) as the Simon Cowell of baking, and rapidly aging Galapagos tortoise Mary Berry. All joking aside Mary Berry is 81 years old and my motivation for living. If this terrible description didn't sell you on GBBO, please let me elaborate, *The Great British Bake Off* is so good that it nearly destroyed my life.



The year is 2015; the month is August. I am hanging out with some friends watching TV, and one of them suggests we watch the Food Network, perhaps some *Barefoot C?* But that wasn't good enough for my frenemy, who will remain nameless. She had the nerve, the gaul, the audacity, to recommend we watch *The Great British Bake Off* instead. It's really good, she said. The cakes look so delicious, she said. From this underwhelming

introduction, I was expecting a basic baking show. Instead, I watched GBBO, and I was instantly changed. We watched a few episodes and then I said I was tired and left my friend's house. Little did they know, I was going home to watch every single episode of this show. I didn't tell them at that time that the GBBO triggered something deep within me, a dark

force which I did not know existed. About 24 hours later I had finished the only season of GBBO available on Netflix, and was told by my frenemy that there were FIVE other seasons that I could find elsewhere. How could she do this to me? I actually could have killed her right there. How could she have known this sickness would seep into every fiber of my being and envelope me in an overwhelming helplessness and an unwanted knowledge

of the process of bread making? She couldn't, and that's why she's my frenemy and not my enemy. As the days went on, I became less and less familiar with the person I was becoming. I had the capacity to watch completely boring British people bake for hours and hours a day. I not only knew what a Swiss Roll was, but I had very strong opinions about how they should be made. When classes started all I could think about was that one episode in season 5 where Diana sabotages Iain's Baked Alaska and he throws it away and gets eliminated and then Diana goes home anyway because of an "illness" and also because she is SATAN. I would take 4 hour homework breaks to watch a 70 year old Scottish man fuck up Tiramisu. My life was falling apart. A few weeks later, after finishing ALL of the episodes, I went to clean up the wreckage of my academic career...and wait for season seven.

If you are to take anything from this devastating story, it should be that you, nor anyone you love, should never, under any circumstance, watch *The Great British Bake Off*. It ruined my life and it will surely ruin yours. I wouldn't wish the maddening introspection that stems from doing nothing but watching the former colonizers of the world critique frosting as "too informal" on my worst enemy. It's too late for me, as the first episode of season seven is open on my laptop right now. Don't save me, I don't wanna be saved.

Don't Mind Me, I'm Just Admiring the Cena-ry

by Scott Saffran
Staff John Cena

Around a better part of a month ago, John Cena, the face of the WWE and wrestling in the United States, told a very compelling anecdote in the ring, as part of a “promo” segment. Cena spoke of his mass-appeal success and crossover breakthrough in the past several years as part of movies *Trainwreck* and *Sisters* and hosting the Espys and the Teen Choice Awards. Too often, Cena remarked, has he been asked by reporters and talk show hosts when he will leave the wacky world of wrestling now that he's mainstream. Though used as part of a storyline to hype a feud prior to an important pay-per-view event, the notion of wrestling apart from mainstream culture is a reality many pro wrestling supporters have come to accept over the past few decades.

Pro wrestling's boom period took place between 1984 and 1990, riding high on megastar Hulk Hogan and the fruits of competition between the World Wrestling Federation (now WWE), the National Wrestling Alliance (Yes, that's the NWA and it's responsible for getting me in some serious trouble), and World Championship Wrestling (WCW). As the likes of Hogan, “Macho Man” Randy Savage, Andre the Giant, Ric Flair, and Dusty Rhodes won the hearts of the nation, promoter Vince McMahon was almost supernaturally possessed in his pursuit to make the WWF the only show in town. With *Wrestlemanias I-V* setting live event attendance records and the superstars pulling in block-busting merchandise sales, the inevitable crash hit

Wrestling is cool and I don't care what you think

the industry hard. 1992's steroid scandal and Federal investigation of the WWF and McMahon family seemed to sour the nation on the idea of sports entertainment. Those once the heroes of many limped bitterly out of a courthouse, defeated and exhausted.

Still ever so incensed, Vince McMahon made one last bid in the mid-90's to take out the WCW, his lingering com-

Wars and would fuel another massive boom in the industry. As 2001 turned the corner, Vince took the throne for himself, finally squashing his rival and buying out WCW. Never one to ease the throttle, the now-WWE would continue its edgy programming throughout the early 2000s in its self-proclaimed Ruthless Aggression Era.

of Attitude and Ruthless Aggression Eras. What was once a proud contest of real life superheroes had devolved into some vile monstrosity, a theatre of the absurd and the embarrassing. A move to PG TV did nothing to resurrect the ratings of the good old days, and the WWE was once again plodding along just as they were in 1992.

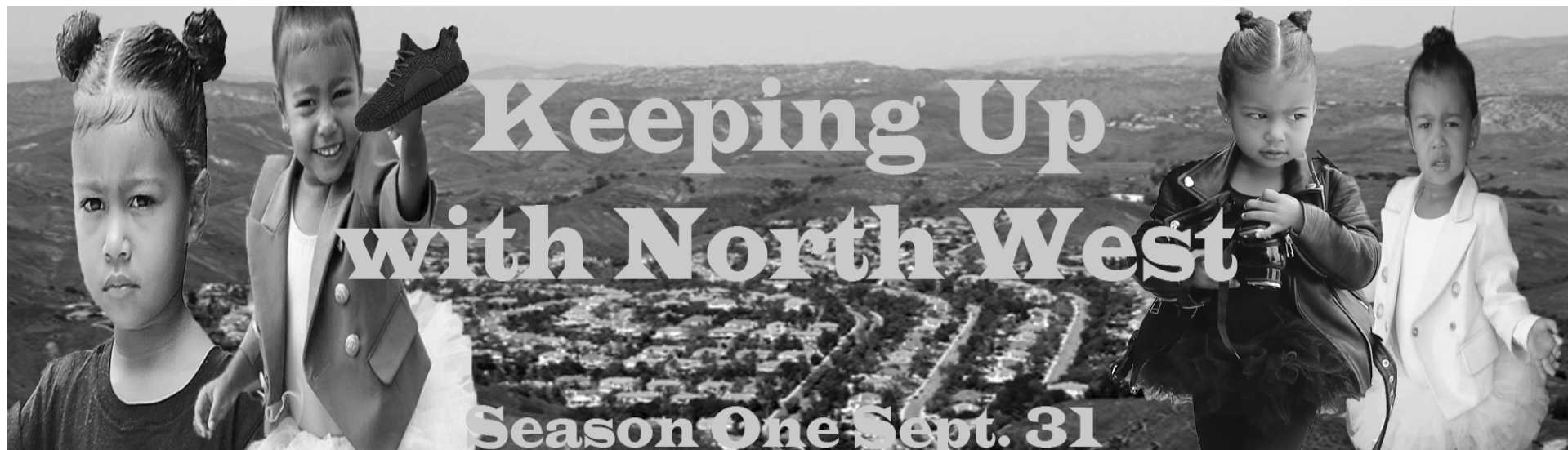
It was around that time, say 2008 or 2009, that I came into my own as a true fan of professional wrestling. Distinctly against the wishes of my parents, I would sneak a few minutes every Monday to watch RAW in my basement. Every few weekends, I'd even get to go to my friend's house and binge hours of old tapes and DVDs. From the very beginning, it was engendered within me that pro wrestling and the WWE was something of which to be ashamed. I could never watch freely; I was barred from talking about it at the dinner table. Even when I could scare up a WWE Magazine, it would miraculously disappear a few days later. I was a backroom wrestling fan, hiding my passion from the public at all costs.

So how has this come to pass, that I spill out my passion for my peers to see? I stopped caring about public opinion. I took every “That's fake, you know” in stride, each “It's so stupid” as it came. I turned my insecurity into confidence and started to wear my passion across my chest. I found wrestling fan friends and made friends wrestling fans. I wore my t-shirts out in public. I've accepted that pro wrestling teeters on the precipice of cultural relevance, and I've forged that into pride.



petition. Born on the back of edgy 90's counterculture, the WWF began an Attitude Era of crude and lewd programming championed by the next generation of megastars, “Stone Cold” Steve Austin and The Rock. The fierce battle between WCW and WWF would come to be known as the Monday Night

Now coasting on stars like Edge, Batista, Undertaker, Triple H, and Shawn Michaels, this would cost the WWE, even as merchandising machine John Cena rose through the ranks. Fans tired with the product and more were dissuaded from tuning in by the legacy of obscene programming left in the wake



Colin Kaepernick Polarizes the Public

Two staff members take a stand/seat

National Disrespect?
by **Faustino Galante**
Staff Pine Rider

As free as he may be, Colin Kaepernick is not brave. I know what you're thinking, "If you think you're so tough then why don't you go do what he did?" Two reasons: first, I've sat on metal benches way too many times while riding pine in high school soccer, and second, even though I may disagree with many decisions made in Washington, I respect the country I live in.

On August 26th, 2016, San Francisco 49ers quarterback Colin Kaepernick decided to stay seated for the Packers vs. 49ers preseason games' National Anthem. When asked about the stunt in a post-game interview, Kaepernick explained, "I am not going to stand up to show pride in a flag for a country that oppresses black people and people of color." He went on to specifically condemn police brutality against African Americans and demonstrated his support for the Black Lives Matter movement.

Since Kaepernick's decision to take a stand (or should I say a seat) for African American rights, a fierce debate has spread over whether his stunt was justified. Various athletes such as the Denver Broncos' linebacker Brandon Marshall and U.S. womens' soccer star Meghan Rapinoe have come out to support Kaepernick by also taking a seat. Others instead have voiced opposition to the quarterback's actions. John Totorella, head coach for team USA in the World Cup of Hockey, ex-

“Causing controversy is not an act of bravery and does not necessarily bring change.”

plained that he would bench any Kaepernick copycats. Ray Lewis, former Baltimore Ravens Pro Bowl running back, also questioned Kaepernick's motives (disclaimer: I understand Ray Lewis is not in the best position to question another NFL players motives).

It is truly bizarre how such a mediocre quarterback's decision to sit during the National Anthem created

such a media frenzy. Despite the fact that Kaepernick holds valid opinions about the way African Americans are treated in the U.S., his decision to stay seated during the national anthem was completely uncalled for. Kaepernick's intentions were rooted in causing controversy and not change and completely disregarded the unifying nature of the National Anthem.

Causing controversy is not an act of bravery and does not necessarily bring change. Just look at Donald Trump. He is using controversial publicity stunts to garner attention, piss off the far left, and rally the far right. Similarly, Colin Kaepernick is using a careless publicity stunt to grab the attention of America, piss off the far right, and rally Civil Rights enthusiasts who do not understand what the National Anthem stands for. If Kaepernick truly wanted to make change he would do more than just sit down. Although Kaepernick did donate money to charity shortly following the incident, it was primarily to clean up his shattered public image resulting from his stunt. There were alternative ways Kaepernick could have voiced his opinion. For starters, in an age when the news is always on television and more than 320 million people have Twitter, Kaepernick could have taken advantage of those outlets to voice his opinion. Kaepernick could have also used this year's Presidential Election to transmit his opinions through politics. Sitting down is not a way to get things done, especially when in doing so you are disrespect one of America's important traditions.

As a huge Buffalo Bills fan, I can't help but get teary eyed whenever I watch Whitney Houston's rendition of the national anthem before Super Bowl XXV (the "wide right super bowl"). Thurman Thomas cried, Andre Reed bowed his head, and Jim Kelly was absolutely speechless. The beautiful anthem was even more unifying because of the fact it was given just days after the U.S entered the Gulf War. What happened to this nationalism? We went from Hall of Famers crying to mediocre quarterbacks sitting. One might argue that times have changed and that Kaepernick's stunt was necessary to fight for Civil Rights. Well, for those of you

who argue this, learn your Civil Rights history. The racial climate in the early 1990's was a lot worse than today. Just a month following Whitney Houston's anthem, the Rodney King riots erupted. Times were tough, but guess what? Everyone on both the Giants and the Bills stood up with their hands on their hearts during that anthem. They respected this country and understood what the National Anthem stood for.

Because Colin Kaepernick's intentions were rooted in controversy rather than change, and looked to undermine a key unifying tradition in American sports, it was at best impolite for him to sit during the National Anthem. Colin needs to open his eyes and recognize what a great nation we live in and what the National Anthem truly stands for.

Right to protest?

by **Warra Chan**
Staff Sitter

I have never been a football fan. I can't tell you what a linebacker does or how many timeouts each team gets per half. However, as of August 26th, I can tell you that I have a favorite team and even a favorite player: Colin Kaepernick of the San Francisco 49ers.

As you may know, Colin Kaepernick became an overnight icon for the Black Lives Matter movement after refusing to stand for the National Anthem. His actions though, have cause a furious debate amongst traditional and social media outlets and even amongst people in the world of sports. However, this outrage is bullshit and the fact that people are even mad about this reveals deeper issues within American society.

First of all, Kaepernick has been accused of being "disrespectful". This is ludicrous and hypocritical. Somehow, a twelve-year-old Black boy can be shot for playing with a toy gun and no one gets arrested for it, yet refusing to stand up during a song is disrespectful? Also, Kaepernick is part-Black. Are you seriously going to tell me that a song, whose third verse is, I shit you not, "Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution! No refuge could save the hireling and slave, from the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave." Say what you want about "People were racist back then! That

was the language at the time! Things are different today!, the fact of the matter is, this country has never respected people of color. Racism hasn't ended. For fuck sake, there have been so many blatantly racist incidents in the news just this year and we're only nine months in! Also, when people protested in Ferguson, the criticism was that the protestors weren't being "civil" and they should follow Martin Luther King's "civil disobedience" model, if they want to be "respected." So, if anything, Kaepernick is abiding to that shitty White criticism.

Second of all, the fact that people are getting upset over Kaepernick exercising his rights, a.k.a. what the flag fucking stands for, reveals a deeper issue. Let's face it, America, specifically the privileged White America, has a blind patriotism which will eventually lead to our own demise. Look, it's great to love the country which has given you so much, but if simply sitting down during our National Anthem somehow disrespects our entire country, one, how weak do you think America is, and

“America has a blind patriotism which will eventually lead to our own demise.”

two, does this mean we should never criticize anything even tangibly related to our country? Well, fuck that noise. Our flag may stand for "Freedom" and "Justice," but that only applies to Anglo-Saxon, wealthy, rich, Protestant, cisgender, heterosexual males. Ask the Black families stuck in a cycle of poverty due to police brutality and redlining policies if they have freedom and justice. Hell, ask the Native Americans whose graveyards are being turned into an oil pipeline about justice. My point is, American has problems. A lot of the red on that flag is blood of people of color.

So, in conclusion, America is racist and we need to actually take action. Until then, let Kaepernick bring attention to the cause in any way he damn well pleases. After all, that is his right as an American.

Movie Critics and Moviegoers Disagree on Summer Films

by Briana Scalia
Staff Moviegoer

Critics cannot always be right; just because their career involves reviewing movies does not validate their opinions. However, the casual moviegoer usually bears a critic's thoughts in mind, and a film buff might enjoy discussing said thoughts with their friends. More often than not, the opinion of the critics does not differ too drastically from those of the fans, with a few expected exceptions. While reviews are not always the recipe for a film's success, it bears enough weight on the average moviegoer that films boast about positive critic scores, going so far as to display Rotten Tomatoes' "fresh" rating on their blu-ray covers. However, this past summer movie season strayed far from the norm. While many critics would agree that this past season was not an achievement for film, box office numbers, and therefore fans, would highly disagree. Therein lies the question of what fans value in a movie versus what critics deem more important.

While there were several indie movies and the occasional original, small budget film, the main events of the summer season were franchise movies, such as *X-Men: Apocalypse*, *Suicide Squad*, and *Captain America: Civil War*. Of course, there were several other movies, but

Maybe see the film instead of reading the review?

these three managed not only to achieve some of the worst critic ratings of said franchise, but also a respectable amount of money at the box office. Though there are hundreds of movie critics, and dozens of well known critic websites, Rotten Tomatoes has the title of being the most well known movie review aggregator, and will be referenced here throughout.



X-Men: Apocalypse received a 48 percent and *Suicide Squad* received a measly 26 percent, both considered rotten by the site, meaning that they were poorly con-

structed and overall unenjoyable movies. However, *Captain America: Civil War* received a 90 percent, and was deemed wonderful beyond expectations by most critics. Normally, these kinds of reviews would be enough to wreck a film's opening weekend, or make it the highlight of the movie season. But last summer, most audiences seemed to agree that while *Captain America's* third entry was entertaining, it lacked originality, sticking to the safe route of Marvel's typical decisions. On the other hand, *Suicide Squad* was being readily defended by a majority of DC Comic's fans, despite its overwhelmingly negative reviews. These drastic changes in opinion of quality leave many wondering why the schism between fans and critics has recently grown so large.

Some theorize that a major difference between critics and moviegoers is the search for a diverse cast and crew. *Captain America* had a cast that was primarily white male, with a few women and fewer people of color. In contrast, *Suicide Squad's* cast was half

women and half people of color. Though this might not seem important to those not familiar with a typical film audience, these attempts at diversity could have greatly boosted the audience count, and therefore the box office numbers, by attracting a wider range of people. According to *The Wrap*, about 34 percent of people in the theatre admitted they would not have gone to see the movie had it not been for the cast of the film. African American and Hispanic moviegoers played a huge role in the positive fan reviews of the film, approximately 84 percent. Another aspect could be the commitment to the original source material, comics for *Suicide Squad* and the original shows and movies for *Star Trek*. Director David Ayer had reportedly stated that his take on the movie was "for the fans," leaving the movie what some might consider inaccessible to casual fans or moviegoers who know nothing about the characters beforehand.

Whether there is one cause, multiple, or none at all, moviegoers are currently feuding with many critics. While some could argue that this is just the work of desperate fans trying to save a floundering movie, fan reviews and box office numbers would counter that critics should reevaluate their film rubrics.

Stop Photoshopping Pictures of Your Infant

by Kelly Tyra
Co-Editor-in-Chief

This summer, I bought a couple of cacti. I felt the need to nurture something but preferred an organism that could thrive on neglect just like its momma. As I happily forgot to water my prickly pals, some of my peers signed up for the big leagues and decided to have real human babies. Cool.

I tracked their pregnancy progress on social media perusing their opinions on midwives, preggy pilates, and curbing cravings all the while munching on pita chips and pudding in the faint glow of my laptop. As their babies grew from the size of a grapefruit to the size of a watermelon, my cacti expanded a few nanometers. One by one, the balloon bellies popped, a baby appeared, and things started to get weird.

As I scrolled by these mini-humans on Instagram, Facebook, and Twitter,

They will be subject to societies beauty standards soon enough

I noticed that their squishy baby faces more often than not had been filtered, edited, and even Photoshopped. While this struck me as simply strange at first, the more I thought about it, the more it hurt my heart.

In this digital day and age, I doubt that many millennials are printing physical copies of their baby's pictures as many of our parents did for us. Instead, they are creating digital memories and mementos, cataloguing them on the wide wide world of web.

As we all know, the lives we seem to be leading on the internet are often very different from the mundane realities we face everyday. The internet gives us the opportunity to edit out all of our insecurities and imperfections. This is arguably not the healthiest habit and it is one we have already begun to pass on to future generations.

When you Photoshop a photo of your baby to share on your Facebook wall you are sending a message that this *infant* does not fit into your pixel perfect online life. At first, it may seem natural to edit your babies picture just as you would edit a photo of a particularly sexy caprese salad or a bomb-ass selfie. However, years from now when your child looks back at these photos on their iPhone 15s, they won't see the sloppy, simple, *human* imperfections that we see (and love) in our own baby photos.

Don't get me wrong; I love seeing pictures of your babies. I love seeing them covered in pasta sauce or stepping on the beach for the first time or playing with your puppy. Partly because those are moments that my cacti and I will never share. But mostly because those photos are celebrations of your

life and the life of your family and I'm a sucker for that shit. However, you don't need to edit out your baby's neonatal acne and douse them in a Nashville filter for me to smash the like button.

If we want to create a better, more accepting world for future generations we need to teach them self-acceptance from the goo-goo-gah-gah get go. We need to show them that they are perfect as is and need not edit their appearance nor personalities to fit both in the real world and online. Perhaps this is a lesson we should also learn ourselves.

But hey, I don't have any children, yet. And my cacti are hanging on by a thread so take my advice with a grain of salt. Just remember, a picture is worth a thousand words. When your kids grow up, what will these picture say?

the paper's View: We Must Erase Hate

On September 3rd, three sophomore residents in Finlay Hall were the victims of an anti-LGBT hate crime. While the NYPD have determined that the message crudely scrawled in permanent marker on the students white board does not constitute a bias crime, we at *the paper* completely disagree.

This act, no matter the circumstances under which it was performed, is an expression of exclusion and discrimination targeted at members of the LGBT community. What may seem like a trivial action has the ability to alienate members of our study body and creates a hostile living environment. Imagine having to walk through the halls of your dorm unsure if the person you just passed publically criticized you for something as trivial as your sexual preference. You would not feel safe, respected, or comfortable in your own home. That is simply unacceptable and unfair.

We at *the paper* have dedicated this cover to all members of the Fordham community who have been made to feel unwelcome at this university in recent months. We hope to remind you that we, and so many others, stand by you no matter what you look like, what faith you practice, or who you love.

We invite all of our readers to hang this cover on their own office or dorm room doors as a sign of visual solidarity with those who have ever felt unwanted or unwelcome at this school. By doing so you are supporting the idea that every person on this campus has the right to freely express themselves without fear of discrimination or ridicule.

Being a member of the Fordham community is a privilege each of us earned through perseverance and hard work. By accepting a place at the Jesuit University of New York, we agreed to uphold the highest standards of respect, responsibility, and compassion. It is time to do so. If you hear someone make a prejudice comment, do so. If you see fellow members of our community being persecuted for being true to themselves, do so. If you have the opportunity to stand up and embody the ideals instilled in us as men and women for others, do so.

This university belongs to us just as much as we belong to it. We have the ability to change the social climate on campus for the better and must take advantage of that by standing together in times of discord. We are **ALL** Fordham. Let's act like it by erasing and eradicating the hatred that has haunted our halls for far too long.

Love always,
Siobhan & Kelly

*"Great spirits have always
encountered violent opposition
from mediocre minds."*

-Albert Einstein

BORE-OSCOPES

Aquarius (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18)

Your Ram Van will be stuck in traffic due to rain. And you'll forget your headphones.

Pisces (Feb. 19 - Mar. 20)

Some bitch ass friend of yours will suggest *The Godfather* for movie night and you will have to sit through (and pretend to appreciate) the whole damn thing.

Aries (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19)

Get all dolled up and head out to Mugz on a Tuesday night! No one else will be there and Suits will try to make small talk.

Taurus (Apr. 20 - May 20)

Refresh your Twitter feed all you want. No one has anything new, original, or interesting to offer (except the paper, @fupaper).

Gemini (May 21 - June 20)

Urban Kitchen will run out of salad at noon but no one told you that! Have fun waiting on line just to be disappointed.

Cancer (June 21 - July 22)

In your Monday class, the professor will read directly from the text-covered PowerPoint slides.

Leo (July 23 - Aug. 22)

Enjoy your plain baked potato.

Virgo (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22)

Your hot tinder date will talk about their favorite podcasts for three hours.

Libra (Sep. 23 - Oct. 22)

Field trip! To the Westchester Campus :/

Scorpio (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21)

The cafeteria is packed and the only seat left is next to your freshman year neighbor. Don't bother to pull your teeth, not even your screams can completely fill the awkward silence.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21)

Pick up a copy of *The Ram* and read it at Rodrigue's. #justkidding #nobeef

Capricorn (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19)

Ask any Finance major for an opinion on anything. You will be able to feel the sparkle dull in your eyes in seconds.

Leaking Walls and Grimy Showers: Moving Up is Still Pretty Low

by John Looby
News Co-Editor

I have lived in pretty shit circumstances since I got to Fordham. We've got a beautiful campus here; the dormitories on the other hand leave much to be desired. My first year here, I lived in the anti-luxury that is the basement of Jogues; two years later that hell hole still leaves scars on my very soul. My second year, I took one rung upward the ladder of Fordham squalor into the basement of Finlay. While there may not have been cockroaches, I did have the pleasure of being downwind from several literal piles of trash, which meant that trying to air the room out was basically an exercise in futility. Now a junior, I've finally moved onward and upward into Walsh. I mean upward only in the most literal fashion. Although I'm on the tenth floor, living here is still pretty fucking shitty.

First and foremost, my shower spews up grime and just blatantly doesn't drain. By the end of a ten-minute shower, I'm standing in knee high filth water. I say filth because I really don't know nor do I care to think about what the mess that floats in the water of my shower consists of. My roommates and I have put in multiple work orders in an attempt to escape drowning in the black abyss of shit and squalor. The work order was responded to once; they cleaned the top of the drain and told us there was nothing they could do because fuck us, I guess. I'm not a trained plumber, but I'm fairly certain that things are supposed to go down the drain not out of it like some fucked up reenactment of *The Shining* in which my feet get stained with what-

Fordham housing is only comparatively better as a Junior

ever putrid substance of the week the drain gods have chosen. Broken shower aside, the other bathroom exists in perpetual darkness. I don't mean that as a metaphor; the lights are broken because life is meaningless and we should just embrace the dark void now. At least that's what I've gotten out of

their taste in music because holy fuck country music is a blight on the history of man. In Walsh, your roommate's music will find you and it will kill your will to live. Apparently, even the floors are super thin or maybe I'm just living beneath a herd of shitface drunk elephants who communicate through an

building. At this point, I'm of the honest belief that we are at most a month out from the tenth floor of Walsh transforming into a swamp with its own indigenous population of reptiles. These reptiles would be large and certainly carnivorous. I imagine we'll be fighting them off with the piece of shit "chairs" in my living room.

My whole hearted expectation/fantasy for this year is for Walsh to collapse into anarchy akin to J.G. Ballard's *High Rise*. By this I mean the various floors will go to war with each other in order to gain access to better circumstances and roaming parties of scavengers will stalk the halls presumably in search of a functioning shower. I'm surprised this hasn't happened in years prior. Who could live in an apartment building and not want to establish floor based war bands? Personally, anytime I see someone use the elevator to go to anything below the fifth floor of garbage shacks, I want to start an uprising against the lower floors for making me 30 seconds late to class.

Walsh is meant to be the big step up we all look forward to after two years of living in super shitty underclassmen housing, but it seems in college housing we're doomed to live in a society where luxury is based upon terms of relative squalor. After all these years, I guess I'm just going to embrace the mess until the Walsh floor wars erupt and I can express my resentment by seizing all the couches and chairs on my floor so I can sell them and afford the rent to live off campus like an adult and not have to get dirtier by taking a shower.



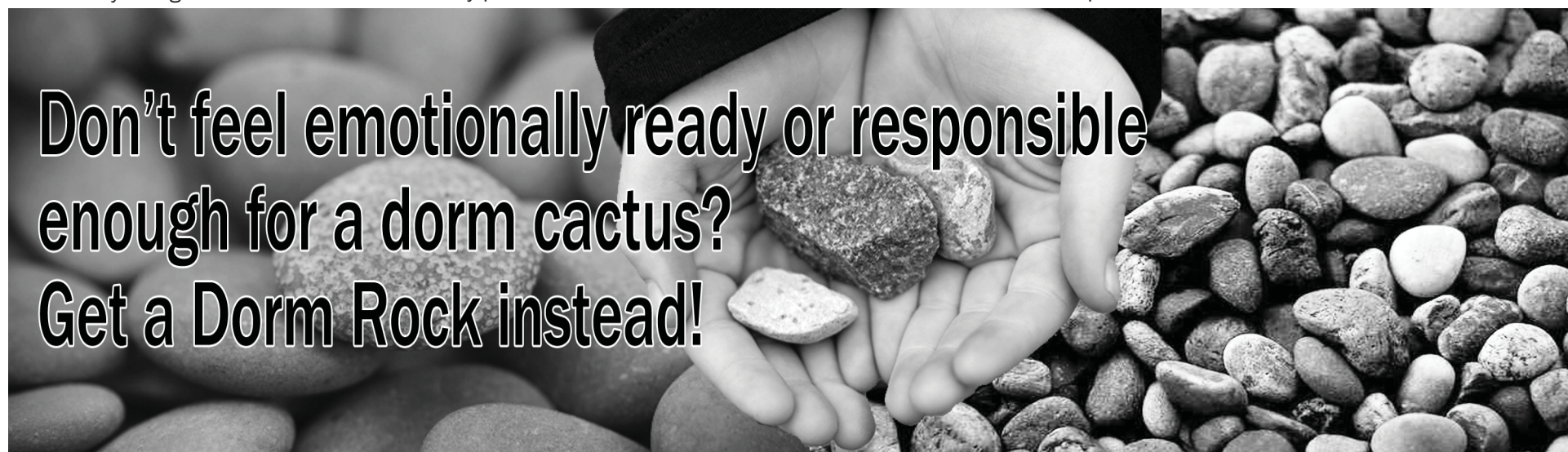
the multiple unanswered work orders.

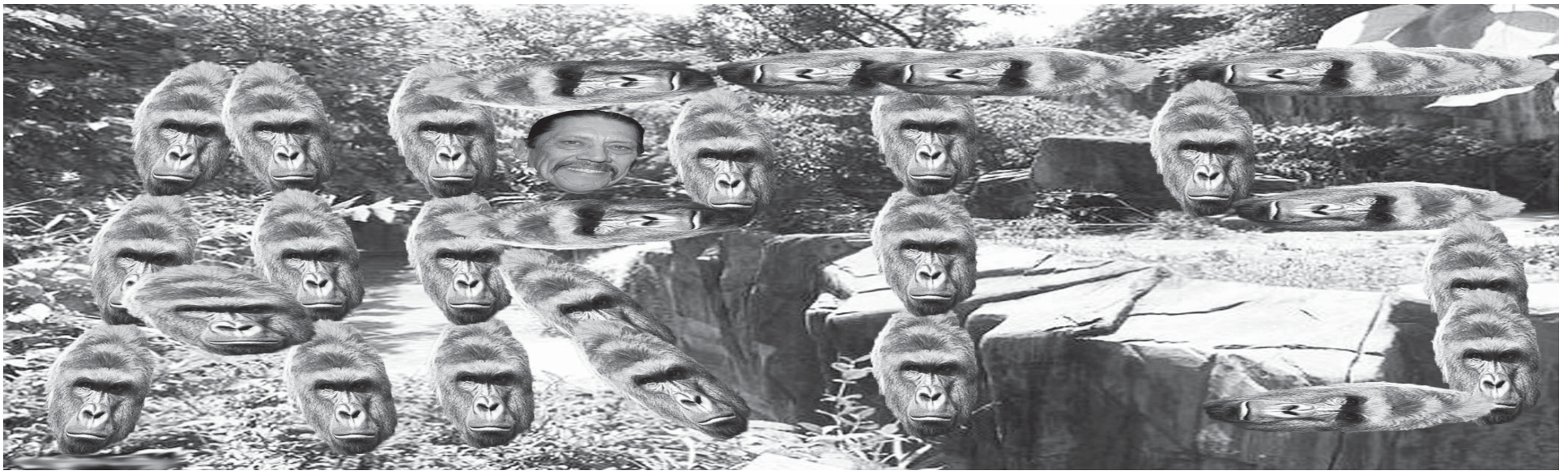
Bathrooms aside, the walls are uncomfortably thin. If you really want to know the intimate details of your roommate's lives, move into Walsh. And by intimate details I mean whenever they masturbate or have sex because privacy is a lie. I'd recommend you evaluate any potential roommates based on

elaborate series of stomps or maybe fuck those guys.

The walls may be thin but also apparently they leak water, a lot of it too. I woke up to a flooded hallway and not just a damp carpet; there were puddles in the hall. I could see my reflection in them; I looked like the type of person who would live in a flooded apartment

Don't feel emotionally ready or responsible enough for a dorm cactus? Get a Dorm Rock instead!





Atlanta Pilot Soars Over Other Pilots During Pilot Season

by Nathan Crawford
Staff Pilot Patron

Pilots are weird. Plenty of quality shows have sweaty, awkward pilots. What becomes more important than the episode itself is what is promised for the future. Using that as a standard, Donald Glover's new show *Atlanta* put up a formidable performance with its premier.

Atlanta follows an aspiring rapper and the people surrounding him. The show is not autobiographical, but still close to home for Glover (the rapper Childish Gambino) who grew up near Atlanta. The show premiered with a block of two related episodes. In the first, the main character, Earn Marks (Donald Glover), discovers his cousin Alfred (Brian Tyree Henry) has a budding rap career as Paper Boi. Earn vies for manager while Alfred remains skeptical. At home, Earn has an ambiguous relationship with a woman named Vanessa. They have a child together and sleep in the same bed, but she has started dating other people. This further stresses Earn, who is already having financial troubles.

The show is billed as a comedy. While this does not feel entirely accurate, the show certainly contains funny elements. Alfred's friend Darius (Keith Stanfield) gets a laugh almost every time he talks. He is a major stand-out and the funniest part of the show so far. There are also consistent laughs from background characters, painting a vivid and comedic world. Earnest is funny, however only in pockets. This could disappoint those drawn to the

Wow! A pilot that isn't awkward!

show because of Glover's standup or time on *Community*. He is funniest with Van and his daughter. With them, Earn has license to be more vulnerable and silly than out in the world. Hopefully in future episodes Earn's home life will be explored more, as it is shown as a funny and genuine element in the show.

Glover has said that he wants *Atlanta*

play between ideas of blackness and masculinity, family, and music while also critiquing current law enforcement (not for police brutality, but the overuse of police as a cure for all social ills).

I don't think this show is entirely a comedy because it also highlights elements of drama and politics; though it does have a lot of comic relief. The

of the show pertains to Alfred and his relationship with violence. Paper Boi makes his name partially because he shoots someone and his music career cannot be separated from that fact. Out of this rise enough complications to fill their own article (and hopefully the FX series). One is that he now lives in fear, as he sees people following him and he does not know if they are fans or killers. Secondly, he is not comfortable becoming a role model, as he is unable to explain to children why they shouldn't shoot people.

The most interesting scene in the entire show happens when a waiter tells Alfred how glad he is to have another rapper that is willing to kill someone, a throwback to "real rappers," of whom Paper Boi is purportedly one of the last. While the waiter says this, Alfred seems both proud and uncomfortable. The kicker comes when the man tells Alfred not to let him down, adding that he didn't know what he would do if Alfred let him down. Alfred cannot escape the violence. People are as excited by his violent brand as his song. He is left in an unfortunate goat rodeo that should make upcoming episodes must-see television.

After the first two episodes, I would encourage anyone to watch *Atlanta*. The groundwork is laid for this to be one of the best shows on television. That said, I don't see myself going back and rewatching these first two episodes for fun anytime soon.



to show what it is like to be black in Atlanta, and more broadly America. This partially explains why Earn is sillier at home, as being a young black man in Atlanta, he is forced to put up an unflappable front so no one tries to mess with him. I am not the best suited writer to talk about the racial elements of this show, but I would be remiss in ignoring that this show does look at the inter-

fact that the writers of this show can balance the interplay of the three elements is great, thoughtful, and skillful.

These two episodes really show *Atlanta*'s potential. I cannot wait to see Earn develop as a father and manager. Beyond that, I was left yearning for more with Vanessa, something which adds promise will be coming.

Currently, the most interesting part

EVENTS

What: Special Olympics Day Volleyball Game vs. Duquesne

Where: Rose Hill Gym

When: Sat. Sep. 25th, 1:00 P.M.

How Much: FREE

Why: Come support the Special Olympics in an exciting game!

What: Brooklyn Book Festival

Where: 209 Joralemon St, Brooklyn

When: Sun. Sep. 18th, 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.

How Much: FREE

Why: Books are the gateway to knowledge...or Harry Potter.

What: President's Ball

Where: Lombardi Fieldhouse

When: Fri. Sep 23rd, 9:00 P.M. to 1:00 A.M.

How Much: FREE

Why: It's a great opportunity to dance your pants off.

Five Movies to See, Five Movies to Skip

by Scott Saffran

Staff Film Aficionado

Five to See

1. *The Beatles: Eight Days a Week*

The Beatles. Ron Howard. THE GOD-DAMN BEATLES. I'll do my best not to devolve into obsessive laudation of the Fab Four, but nothing can be promised. Ron Howard has compiled this ever-enticing documentary covering the 1962-1966 touring years, and reportedly features rare and unseen footage. As few and far between as they come, this is an officially licensed work produced with the cooperation of both living members and the spouses of the deceased as well as Apple Records. Highlights look to be remastered versions of their legendary performances at Shea Stadium and the Hollywood Bowl. Though documentaries are certainly not my forte, it is near impossible to give *Eight Days a Week* anything but ringing recommendation.

2. *Sully*

Larry Crowne aside, I cannot recall a time Tom Hanks has let me down. Now, this might be cheating as the film did hit September 9 and has a complete collection of reviews, but I'm sure you'll let it slide. Based on the astoundingly true story of the pilot who landed a commercial aircraft in the Hudson River, my initial reaction to production of this film was something similar to "How is there remotely enough narrative to fill a feature-length film?" Well, apparently there is. And apparently it's quite good. Moral of this story; Tom Hanks cannot fail given the role of a mustachioed navigator faced with disaster.

3. *The Magnificent Seven*

A remake of a remake sounds as defeating as the prospect of a *Man of Steel* sequel, but with Antoine Fuqua at the helm and a who's who of actually entertaining action stars filling out the cast, I think this might turn out far better than, say, *Ben Hur*. Despite cramming in enough gun play to fill the full run time of *The Ten Commandments*, a simplistic story should benefit in spades and could set this all-star blockbuster action-adventure-Western to come out far ahead of a befuddled disaster like *Batman v. Superman*. It won't touch its predecessor, but *The Magnificent Seven* will likely win the

There's a *Stork* difference between them...

hearts of many and the box office for this month.

4. *Snowden*

Steeped in sensation, Oliver Stone's biographical thriller comes off as laughably pseudo-serious for the first few moments of its initial trailer. Then, about halfway through, Nicholas Cage snaps into frame, and it all fits into place. Something better tailored for a *Tales from the Crypt x House of Cards* crossover, *Snowden*, if anything else comes across as wildly entertaining. Certainly neither award winner nor blockbuster, Edward Snowden's legacy should be perfectly at home in this weird-and-wild caper.

5. *Queen of Katwe*

Next in the almost-infinite parade of inspirational "Based on a True Story" Disney flicks, *Queen of Katwe* should succeed where many have stumbled; the trailer on its own managed to rip out my heart, stare right in my soul, and demand my tears. Though it will certainly be painfully predictable and intensely saccharine, it won't be bad, as assured by stars David Oyelowo and Lupita Nyong'o. The only crime tied to this picture's name is Disney's anemic advertising campaign; it's a shame this will pass through theaters with minimal fanfare.

Five to Skip

1. *Storks*

Pronouncing itself as the brainchild of the studio behind smash-hit *The Lego Movie* at every chance made available, *Storks* looks to be more of a toddler-pleasing limp through its hour and forty minutes run time. *Storks* boasts an A-list cast featuring Andy Samberg, Kelsey Grammer, Jen Aniston, and Key and Peele, but will undoubtedly squander this impressive star power with a poor script and incoherent story. Stay away at all costs.

2. *Masterminds*

As inviting a cast as Kristen Wiig, Zach Galifianakis, Owen Wilson, Jason Sudeikis, Kate McKinnon, and Leslie Jones may be, recent romps with this supposed cream of the comic crop have been far more sour than sweet. Though director Jared Hess is partly responsible for the legend that is *Napoleon Dynamite*, this overly-saturated

turn is distinctly lacking in that indie flair which drove earlier successes. Initial trailers promise far too much toilet and nether regions humor than could ever be reasonably expected and the result will surely be another disappointment to trickle out of 2016.

3. *Bridget Jones's Baby*

I've never seen *Bridget Jones's Diary*; I've never cared to see *Bridget Jones's Diary*. If you liked the previous film, I'm certain you'll enjoy this. For those who tend to steer clear of paper-thin romcoms, continue to do so. While I to scratch my head, pondering why this was so hotly demanded fifteen years after the first, it'll pull in a respectable payday and then unceremoniously fade into the fog of obscurity.

4. *Miss Peregrine's Home for Peculiar Children*

While I am unfamiliar with the book on which this film is based, the names Eva Green and Tim Burton never fail to pique my interest. Initial inspection promised a fantasy version of the X-Men (which seems conceived exclusively to be directed by Mr. Burton), but the ensuing theatrical trailers squashed any hope that had been previously born within me. A cavalcade of chaos tying together various gifted youngsters, time travel, Nazis, what appears to be the Slenderman, and Samuel L. Motherfuckin' Jackson, even the trailer is far too muddled to be decipherable. Though a surprise hit may lay beneath the layers of the ludicrous, the outset spells a fate not unlike *Alice Through the Looking Glass*.

5. *Blair Witch*

Though early reviews seem a bit inspired, this "surprise" sequel to the found footage cult favorite won't do anything to reinvigorate either the horror genre or the oh-so tired found footage trope. *Blair Witch* fans will likely squeal with the prospect of the franchise finding some life, and horrorholics will surely find some fun, but for the general filmgoer this is an evening better spent at home with the original *Blair Witch Project* popped in the Blu-Ray player.

Games, Dames, and Acromobiles. Oh My!

by Blu
Staff Performer

A new type of show has emerged

While mindlessly walking down a street on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, I decided to compliment a passerby on her beautiful and nerdy dress. Unexpectedly this led to her telling me about a show she was a part of happening a week later. The card she gave me was a curious one as on the front was a picture of various nerdy icons, and the word

“silks” written on the card along with the name of the show, “Games, Dames, and Acromobiles.” Having no idea what this meant, but having plenty of free time, I decided to attend and let what would happen at the event be a surprise. As it turns out, even if I had researched the event, nothing could have prepared me for the strangeness and wonder I experienced that Saturday night.

Travelling to the show, I found nothing particularly interesting about the surrounding area.

Just a dark Brooklyn Street, next to an assortment of nightclubs and fancy-looking bars. The building of the event wasn't much better, just a two story, unremarkable red brick building with one small door. The inside had a high ceiling but lengthwise wasn't much bigger than a classroom. The room was packed, making it hot and a little hard to see. All of these things put together made me start to question why I had decided to come, and then, the show

started.

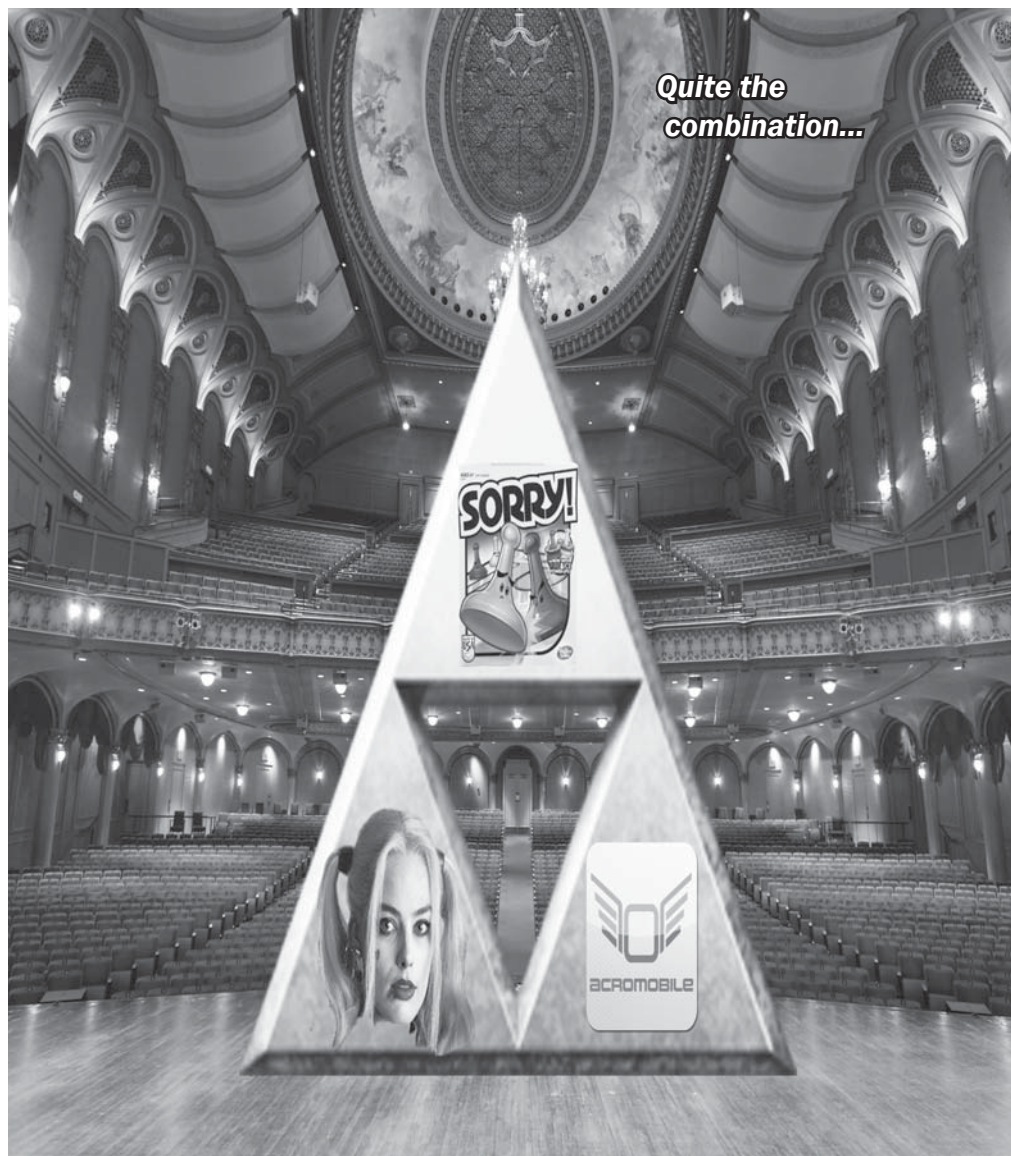
Out on the small stage appears the girl I had met on the street, only this time, dressed as Harley Quinn, the infamous crazy clown girlfriend of the fictional comic book villain, the Joker. A hoop falls from the ceiling, and Harley starts to sing and dance a twisted love ballad to a pretend Joker in the room, all while suspended in the air. This was

dressed up as a tree dance elegantly and innocently until her bark started to come off. We were read terrible Harry Potter fan fiction from a girl's diary, and were taught scientific facts from a girl dressed like a white circus pimp, who was also juggling. No matter how strange the show got, I could not stop myself from laughing. The performers managed to be goofy, lighthearted, and

believable, all while remaining skilled, elegant and inspiring. It was a small show, and it played to a very particular audience, but it was a magical performance nonetheless.

I was sad to see it end and even sadder that I had not recorded it, until I talked to the strange girl who introduced me to the show in the first place. As it turns out, she was not just a performer, but the show's producer. Through her I learned about the strange acrobatics done by many of the performers and of other similar shows in the area.

Why would I tell you about all this you ask? Well for all those of the nerdy persuasion who enjoy a strange night now and again, this October “Games, Dames, and Acromobiles” is returning! And guess who's joined among the list of performers. So whether you come for the fun or your favorite color-themed Paper writer, look us up and tell people how you spent your Saturday night watching a female tree strip for you in a small Brooklyn building.



SHOWS

What: Death Grips
Where: Terminal 5
When: Fri. Sep. 16th
How Much: \$32.50
Why: Why? Because you're noided.

What: Weird Al Yankovic
Where: Radio City Music Hall
When: Sat. Sep. 24th
How Much: N/A
Why: Why? There's a part of you that still really wants to see Weird Al... only if it's cheap.

What: Bad Boy Reunion
Where: Prudential Center
When: Sun. Sep. 25th
How Much: \$50
Why: Because maybe if you're lucky Diddy will smack you too.

Oh Hello! Check Out This Great Show!

by Anneliese Weinhardt

Staff Laughter Lover

It's no secret that plenty of artists draw inspiration from New York City. For some, the lights and sounds of the streets at night spark their next creative endeavor. For others, it's the graffiti and other visuals that plaster the sides of skyscrapers. For Nick Kroll and John Mulaney, it was two seventy-something year old men shopping at the Strand bookstore, both buying their own hardcover copies of Alan Alda's autobiography. Kroll and Mulaney were looking for ideas for characters to play as they hosted a comedy night in the East Village, and when these gentlemen caught their eye, they were led to create Gil Faizon and George St. Geegland. They were so successful at that comedy night that Kroll made the pair recurring characters on his sketch comedy series, the *Kroll Show*, and *Oh, Hello* was born. After a series of viral sketches, Gil and

Old people make everything funnier

George are jumping off of the screen and back onto the stage. *Oh, Hello* begins previews on Broadway at the Lyceum theatre on September 23rd, fresh off a national tour that included an off-Broadway run that New York Magazine said gave *Hamilton* a run for its money as the hottest ticket in New York City. Yeah, it's that good.

So, who are Gil and George? They're two old, crotchety upper-west siders with a passion for corduroy clothing and tuna sandwiches. In a recent interview, Kroll described his character Gil as, "the type of guy to bring beverages to the bathroom," while Mulaney describes George as, "the type of guy you'd catch going through the coats at a party." I can't explain why, but when you see these characters in action, those descriptions just make sense. *Oh, Hello* tells the story of their journey into show business after receiving a letter stating that the apartment they've

shared for over thirty years is about to lose its rent-controlled status.

This past March, I attended the opening night of the Chicago stop on the national tour, and I can't remember the last time I've laughed that hard. I'm serious. I think I left the theatre with more toned abs than when I walked in- however, I reversed any progress I made at the Salt and Pepper Diner the next morning. Kroll and Mulaney transformed a bunch of two to three minute sketches into a one hundred minute play, and not a single minute went to waste. While the script had me in stitches with Gill and George's breakdown of key theatre tropes and dream ballet sequence, some of the gems of the night were simply improvised. Through pranking audience members and taking audience questions at a press conference, the two covered the birds and the bees, their history with their old pal Bernie Sanders, and called

someone out for filming vertically on his phone (he deserved it, by the way. It's 2016, film horizontally PLEASE).

Now, luckily for you, if I haven't sold you on this show, you can get a better idea of our boys Gil and George for free at youtube.com/comedycentral. However, if you end up spending a night watching all of their online content, or a paycheck on Broadway tickets, don't say I didn't warn you. If you want to treat yourself to a pair of tickets, they can be found at ohhelloshow.com. You'd better act fast, though- the show only runs fifteen weeks and closes January 8th.



Stranger Things: Explaining the Hype from the Upside Down

by Annie Muscat

Staff Netflix Enthusiast

I'll admit it, I wondered too, what's so great about this new series that *Forbes* calls "the best Netflix original so far"? After the undeniable mess that was *Fuller House*, can we ever really trust Netflix again? I'm here to lay out the facts about *Stranger Things* so you'll understand where all the praise comes from. Then you can decide for yourself whether it's worth your precious time. (Spoiler alert: it is.)

In case you've been living under a rock, *Stranger Things* is a science fiction drama centered around some downright peculiar events in a small Indiana town in 1983. When a local woman's son is seemingly abducted, she frantically searches for answers about his disappearance, launching an investigation that reveals a corrupt government program, terrifying unearthly beings, and a girl capable of extraordinary things. If that doesn't already pique your interest, there are other elements that make this show truly outstanding.

I'm guessing most of you were not

Break out the Christmas lights and pop some Eggos in the toaster

alive-or even conceived-during the '80s, but everyone loves a blast from the past. *Stranger Things* evokes a sense of nostalgia for the "good ol' days" of shoulder pads, Jordache jeans, and mullets. Extremely authentic set and costume designs transport the viewer from the present day. Even the cinematography echoes 1980s color grading and ditches the modern-day "shaky camera" effect in exchange for 30-year-old filmic trappings. The opening sequence uses a popular typeface from the 1980s (the exact font Stephen King used on the covers of several of his renowned fantasy and horror novels) and was lensed to create the effect of a flashlight shining through film: creating just the kind of high contrast image you'd have seen in television shows of the time.

And as if nostalgic cinematography, sets, and costume design aren't enough, the soundtrack is awesome. Songs by The Clash, Jefferson Airplane, David Bowie, and other synthetic, psychedelic rockers play throughout the season, furthering the 1980s vibe.

Casting also contributes to the show's acclaim with 1990's icon, Winona Ryder, delivering an intense performance as a distraught mother. The phenomenally talented child actors, including up-and-coming 12-year-old actress, Millie Bobby Brown, round out the impressive cast. The writers clearly take character development seriously; each character has a depth that creates immediate sympathy.

Perhaps the most rewarding aspect of the show, however, is its allusions to other films of the period, such as *Polltergeist*, *Alien*, *E.T.*, *The Shining*, *The Goonies*, and more. These references are not always subtle, however they may be missed by less seasoned viewers, making it fun to speculate about the source of a particular scene.

The suspense and mystery of *Stranger Things* leaves the viewer on the edge of their couch wanting more. It manages to be shocking and frightening without jump scares or gore, an increasing rarity in modern horror. Astounding computer-generated imagery enhances scenes of action, while stay-

ing true to the 1980s setting. Lovers of special effects, nostalgia, and intriguing plotlines will not be disappointed. The show currently only consists of one season containing eight episodes; yet, Netflix confirmed that a second season will premiere in 2017. If I've managed to convince you why *Stranger Things* is extraordinary television, great! If not, that's too bad. There's always *Fuller House* and *Jersey Shore* reruns. Just do yourself a favor and check it out. Come on, fellow millennials, what are you waiting for? Let the binge-watching begin! The first season is easily binge-watchable over a weekend, but truly hardcore Netflix junkies can marathon the show all day. If that sounds like you, I applaud your dedication, but also, get a job.

STRANGER
THINGS

You Don't Have to Hate Your Parents to Listen to Punk Music but It Helps

by Olivia Distefano

Staff 13th Apostle

I guess you all have to know a little bit about religion because you enrolled in THE Jesuit university of New York, but seeing Modern Baseball live is actually what Father McShane suggests you do instead of going to mass.

I'll begin by mentioning that one of the band members, Jake Ewald, started off the concert by kicking out a person wearing a "Make America Great Again" shirt. Jake is not only a talented musician, but also better at sniping than anyone in the overfunded army for our beloved nation. If you already know a little something about Modern Baseball, then hit me up and I'll help persuade FAFSA that you deserve more merit aid because honestly I do consider you, yeah you, my best friend for life. If you don't know anything about Modern Baseball, well that is why I am here.

This band is Christmas, Halloween, and Thanksgiving all in a single entity. If you are still reading this, then please take a short pause and listen to the song "Your Graduation." Okay, back? Yeah you're welcome. Back to the point, seeing this band live makes a person concentrate. Every second of the music uttered by each individual member is composed with such poise and confidence that it will have any person

"This band is Christmas, Halloween, and Thanksgiving all in a single entity."

in a mix between raging jealousy and absolute awe. Punk music is always associated with a negative connotation by everyone who doesn't delve into its

glory, but even a country fan (I don't know how Darwinism hasn't got rid of you) can appreciate its talent.

Society has become desensitized to the fact that most artists sound less appealing live, and people end up relying on distracting light shows and images to keep them entertained through a set. Modern Baseball is raw; each band member sets up his own amp and hurls his own instruments. The songs you hear live are the same, maybe even better, than the ones you hear through your headphones. The lead singer, Brendan Lukens, makes the whole-hearted effort to connect to the audience on a personal level. In between songs Brendan shares snippets of his life story, so that by the end of the concert, you see the whole picture of how he became the man he is today. The personality of the band is exposed through their well-constructed lyrics. They threw tradition out the window and adopted quirky styles, such as occasionally lacking a chorus and avoiding rhymes. The songs are not merely

played to entertain, they're made to make the audience feel like part of a community. Being in a small venue filled with people who share similar

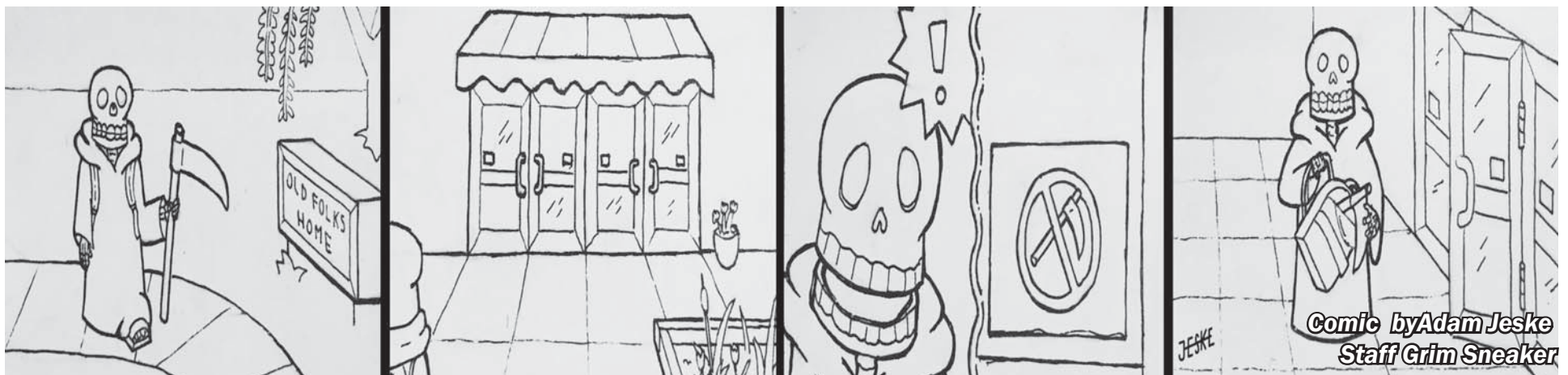
passions is one of the most comforting and priceless experiences. Joke's on you, both of those things are completely accurate. My sole reason for attending Fordham was actu-



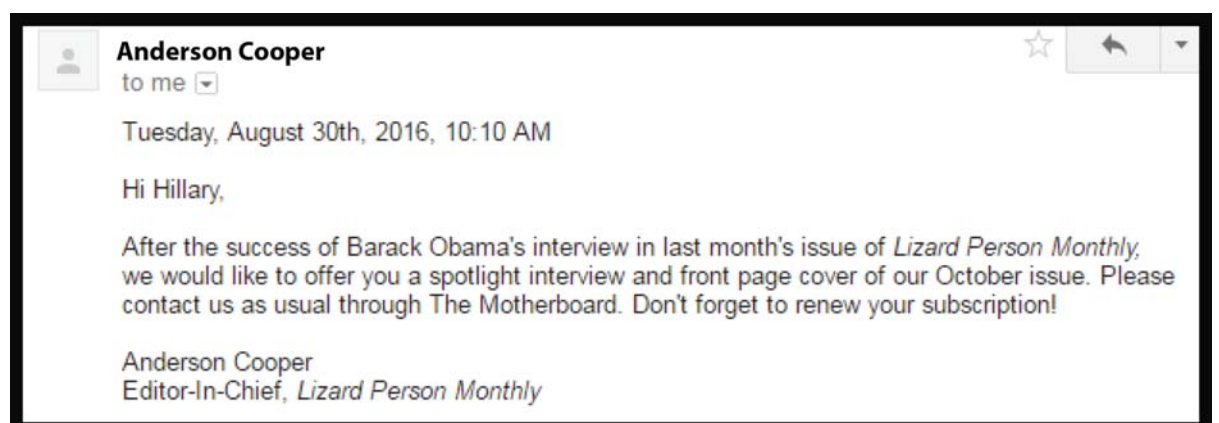
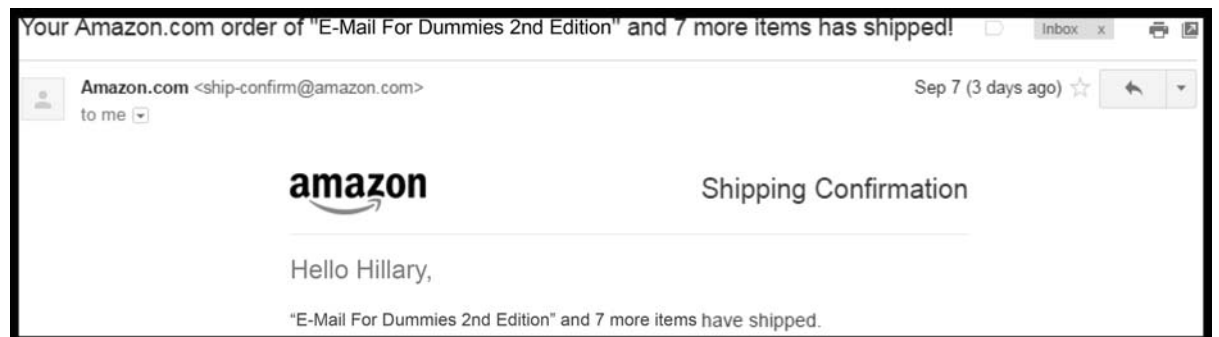
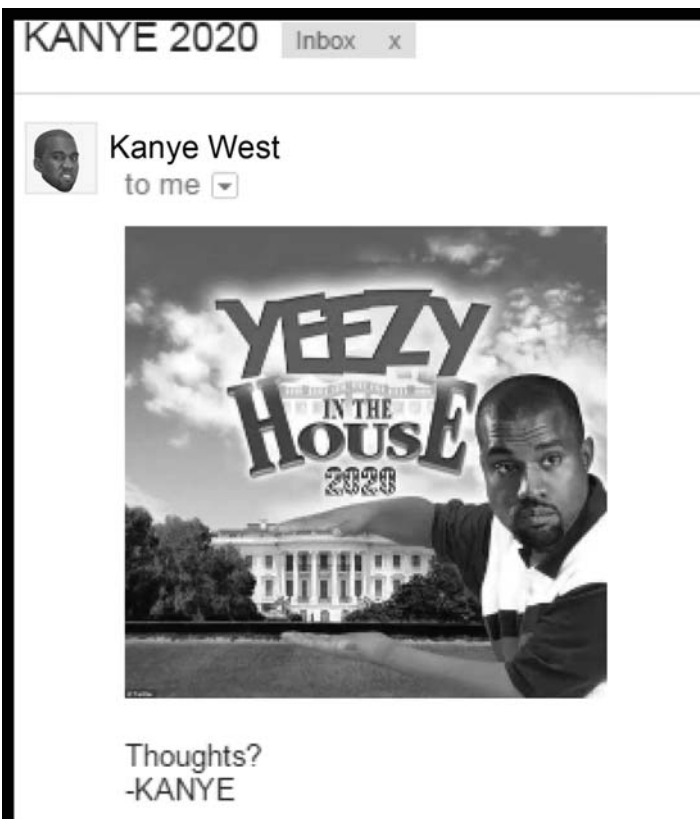
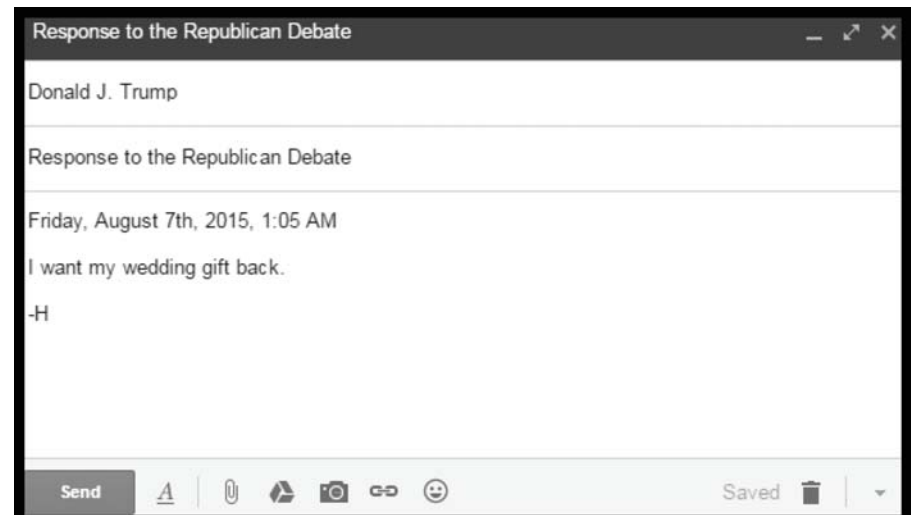
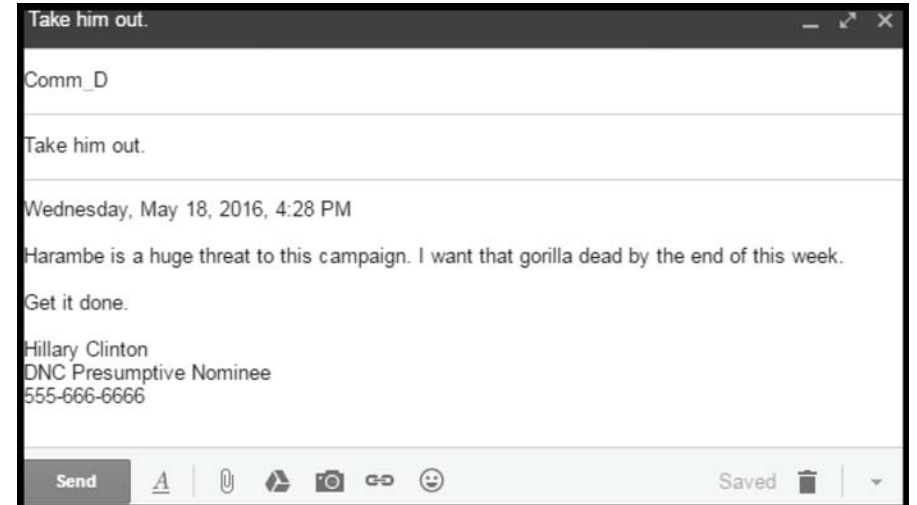
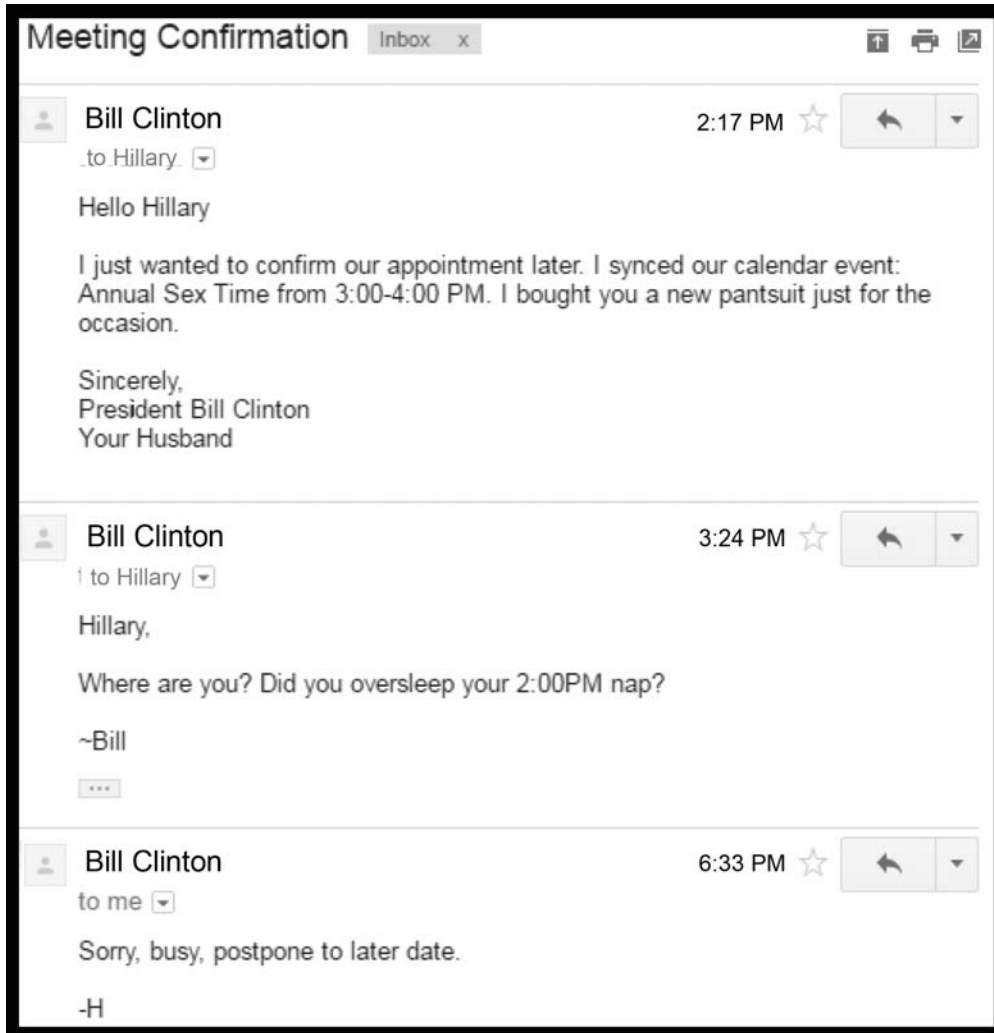
ally to ram (that was a fucking amazing pun) my opinions regarding music down the throats of my peers, while writing a lengthy text about how my concert experience is worth more to me than my unborn child (sorry I can't keep things pc). In all seriousness, and no sarcasm I swear, seeing Modern Baseball in concert is actually a requirement for graduating. Disclaimer: I wrote this from my penthouse (fourth floor) of my spacious (forced triple) castle (Martyrs) while some extremely courteous gentleman (major douche) decided to blast some G Eazy (straight trash).

Knowing that the band is not in the music business for the money, but for the pure love of making beautiful sounds, creates a genuine vibe in the venue. I'm not the type of person to judge an artist, but there is certainly no member promoting something like a shoe brand (Yeezys) for their own personal endeavor (sorry Kanye). At this point in the article you're either thinking "this girl makes some valid points and her music taste is probably crafted by Jesus himself" or you're writing me a strongly worded letter to ar-

ally to ram (that was a fucking amazing pun) my opinions regarding music down the throats of my peers, while writing a lengthy text about how my concert experience is worth more to me than my unborn child (sorry I can't keep things pc). In all seriousness, and no sarcasm I swear, seeing Modern Baseball in concert is actually a requirement for graduating. Disclaimer: I wrote this from my penthouse (fourth floor) of my spacious (forced triple) castle (Martyrs) while some extremely courteous gentleman (major douche) decided to blast some G Eazy (straight trash).



The Emails Hillary Clinton Really Doesn't Want You to See...





BY the paper staff

We at the paper believe that all love should be celebrated, even the love between a man and his wall. So we honored it the best way we know: Fan-Fiction! We recommend dramatic readings in your best Sean Connery impression for the full experience.

**Trump and the Final Brick
by Pepe-the-Trump**

The Great Wall of America was almost finished. Mexico had paid for every brick, now just one remained unlaid. Trump told the construction workers that it would be laid by none other than himself on live television. At 9:00 in the morning, the broadcast began. Trump gave a speech on how the Wall would Make America Great Again, and was handed the final brick by the Mexican president. The Mexican president then said, "I apologize President Trump, but we've run out of cement." Trump replied, "No problem, I brought something better than cement." He unzipped his pants and spread his love for America on the brick, and stuck it in the Wall. Smiling, Trump exclaimed, "With the Wall complete, only legal immigrants will be coming!"

**Love Me Tender
by TrumpLuvr16**

There they were. Trump, and his greatest achievement ever - The Wall. The Wall was sturdy, and imposing. It made Donald flush a deeper shade of orange than usual, a color not unlike that of a Cheeto. This wall was special. This wall was unique. This wall caused a stirring in his loins, a heat that spread from his chest to his fingers to his hair

plugs. "Oh, god," Trump murmured as he dropped his ill-fitting suit pants and inserted his throbbing flagpole in a crevice in the bricks. They embraced, their passion rising to an apex of love. Trump screamed. The Wall, as ever, stayed silent.

**Well Laid Bricks
by TrumpDaddy39**

There is no stronger love than that between a man and his well laid bricks. The sweat, the tears, the more intimate bodily fluids that flow into the construction of an anti-Mexican wall. Just picture the grace of Donald Trump c a r e s s i n g each brick until the point of architectural climax. The look of pure joy that overcomes him as he lays down that brick that blocks a financially disadvantaged family from finding refuge. Let's be frank here Trump is going to fuck that wall. He is going to travel the length of that wall making sweet and tender love to the bricks, each one individually. The Mexicans won't cross the border but mostly because of disgust, I imagine Trump's O face is disturbing beyond belief.

**THE WALL
by JonSnowLover313**

It has been 3 days since the last attack by the horde. In that battle many of my brothers lost their lives', sacrificing themselves on top of the wall, dedicated to our duty of making our country great again, a duty we adopted when we took the orange. When the melee began, we heroically shouted "For the Donald", as we valiantly fought off the first waves. We knew if we faltered, the horde would cross the wall and take our women and children away.



We had to defend at all costs. Alas, the battle lasted many hours, but we held true until the end. After many hours, the horde cowardly limped away. We brothers stood there knowing that they would return, and we would defend the wall, for the Donald.

**Pilgrimage 2k16
by TRALLLOVER29**

As the man saw the wall fade into view, he realized that his pilgrimage was almost complete. The harrow-

ing journey had taken him 13 days to complete, but it was worth it. It was a journey he made every year. As continued is approach, he trembled with excitement, his fingers twitched, and his feet shook. The wall was glorious. He licked his lips at the sight of it, and pushed back his orange hair, attempting to make it look decent enough for what came next. As he arrived at the wall, he took a second and stared at it, admiring the great stone structure of it. He touched it, feeling its grooves and the cold stone of it, which to him alone felt warm.

**My Immortal Wall
by Im-With-H3r**

In the dead of night, Donald walked down the glittering path, illuminated by the neon signs bearing his name. Ever since Melania had stopped sleeping in the same wing of the house as him in 2006, Donald longed for affection, and at this time of night, he knew there was only one place he could go. Plagued by guilt and regrets, Donald needed to find comfort, he needed to find unconditional love.

When the guards saw him approaching, they scattered to give him his needed space. Donald strolled up to the wall, and caressed the cool stone with his tiny, orange hands. "Wall," he whispered, "You are so huge. So magnificent. We won so big. So big."

Suddenly there was a flash of burning bright light and Donald awoke in his bed. It wasn't the wall he had been stroking but his childhood teddy bear he cuddled with when the nightmares of his failed presidential campaign became too huge to bear.



Travi\$ Scott
Birds in the Trap Sing McKnight
 By Brian Conway

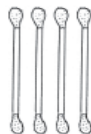
Houston-born Travis Scott is an artist, who for a brief period early on in his career, seemed to be lacking a true identity. He was criticized for latching onto other rapper's sounds. That was until last year's fantastic *Rodeo*, where he proved himself to be one the freshest faces in hip-hop, bringing with him an innovative sonic presence. His latest release *Birds in The Trap Sing McKnight* is the gradual progression of that familiarly dark, moody, southern sound, with at times a new, poppier edge.

The first thing that'll hit you when listening to *Birds* is how varied the instrumentals are. The maximalist beats fuse with a twisted atmosphere that feels overexposed and unapologetic but in a regal way. It's trap luxury and all of its drugged out glory, with standouts like the eerie banger "goosebumps (featuring Kendrick Lamar)" and the guitar-assisted "sweet sweet". The record isn't afraid to take risks and stray away from the trap sound that dominates radio waves though, as "pick up the phone (feat. Young thug & Quavo)" is a tropically lush yet sharp track that's up there for song of the summer.

Lyricaly, no one should put on a Travis Scott record looking for backpack-level wordplay, but even with that in mind, *Birds* leaves something to be desired. Lines like "And I'm swimmin'

out that bitch/Michael Phelps with the medals" are corny to another degree and sometimes feel lazy. But again it's all about the general vibe and melody with Scott, and that's displayed on the catchy hooks that litter this record, which are the main reason you'll come back to most of the tracks.

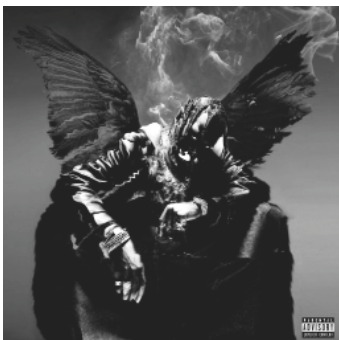
With *Birds*, Travis elevates his rock star status in hip-hop with a good mix of new and familiar sounds, giving *La Flame* fans a reason to feel satisfied.



Isaiah Rashad
The Sun's Tirade
 By Sofia Fernandez

It's been two years since his debut EP *Cilvia Demo*. Isaiah Rashad finally comes out of the shadows and releases his sophomore album *The Sun's Tirade*, which could be considered an open book to his past two years dealing, including his struggles dealing with depression and addiction. Even though both albums share a very late-night, storytelling vibe, *The Sun's Tirade* has a much clearer sound. This might foreshadow his intentions for his future and his career, which was in danger.

Top Dawg Entertainment threatened to drop him from the label due to his inactivity, which resulted from his addiction and depression. "Where u at?," the album opener, is a voicemail from

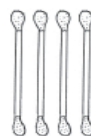


Top Dawg's co-president Dave Free insisting that Rashad should release new music soon.

In his hit song "Heavenly Father," Rashad raps "Now, I'm praying that I make it twenty-five/ They be calling doctors for my health/ And 'no' is kinda hard to say to drugs/ Cause I been having problems with myself." Two years later the seventh song on the album, "BDay," expresses how he made it to twenty-five, but it was hard to make it there and he still battles with substance abuse.

Kendrick Lamar, fellow Top Dawg rapper, joins Rashad in "What's Wrong." Here, both rappers are battling with their emotions and trying to take control over them. Rashad has exposed the complexity of his emotions and his thoughts. In "4r Da Squaw" towards the beginning of the album, Rashad is appreciating the recognition he has received in the rap industry and the monetary gains he's earned. By the end of the album, in "Dressed Like a Rapper," Rashad admits that being a rapper isn't as perfect as it seems, and he expressing the sacrifices it entails.

In *The Sun's Tirade*, Isaiah Rashad allowed the listener to take a ride through his mind and see what he experienced the past two years. This album solidified Rashad's place in the rap industry and leaves the listener hopeful for his future releases.



of Montreal
Innocence Reaches
 By Marty Gatto

In 2015, of Montreal brought us *Aureate Gloom*, a wildly gritty album full of bounce and catchy hooks as well as

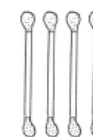
unforgettable interludes of guitar. Now, the band's lead singer/songwriter Kevin Barnes has just masterminded yet another fascinating, genre-bending album worth listening to: *Innocence Reaches*. *Innocence Reaches* is Barnes's interpretation of EDM through a psychedelic-folk style kaleidoscope, and while their performances may be flashy, with Barnes pulling stunts such as riding a horse while singing at a show and inviting Susan Sarandon onstage to spank a pig with a ruler, they should not distract listeners from the music, which proves to be both danceable and chillingly bleak.



Right from the start, the track "lets relate" gives a fascinating, spacey introduction with dark overtones and

bright revivals that gear up the listener for the album's single "it's different for girls". "it's different for girls" has catchy 80's pop vibes combined with EDM rhythms but is brought down by dark interludes of typical of Montreal strangeness. The album goes on to feature several of its most memorable tracks such as "gratuitous abysses," "my fair lady," and "ambassador bridge," all of which include some type of electro-funk components along with strong chorus and bold outbreaks of emotion.

The EDM genre, however, only stays pure and truly succeeds in colder tracks, which impressively break from Barnes's style and abandon his jazzy, energetic qualities. Even the lesser tracks, which seem unclear and unplanned, are saved by various peaks of brightness, anger, and sadness. It appears Barnes has shown his flair for stylistic experimentation once again. However, *Innocence Reaches* is still lacking in what many of his breakthrough albums had: simplicity.



Glass Animals
How to Be a Human Being
 By Hank Michels

Glass Animals expertly sidestep the sophomore slump in their latest album, *How to Be Human Being*, by evolving

their sound to new stunning heights. Their debut album, *Zaba*, released back in 2014, made a splash with its unique psychedelic vibes and the hit singles “Gooney” and “Black Mambo.” The album utilized natural sounds and vaguely weird lyrics to deliver one of the most memorable experiences of that year.

Regardless, I was cautious going into *How to Be A Human Being* because I felt like it would be too easy for Glass Animals to make an album that was derivative of *Zaba*. But they completely reinvented themselves with their new album. Where their previous effort oozed with themes of nature, *How to Be A Human Being* focuses on people and humanity.

Each song on the album tells the story of a different character that the band created. “Life Itself” is the story of guy who lives in his mom’s basement, “Pork Soda” is the rants of a homeless person, and “Poplar St.” tells how the innocence of youth can hide painful reality. Each song demands multiple listens to immerse yourself in the lives of these fictional characters.

Glass Animals have also replaced their laid-back trip-hop sound with poppier, more upbeat songs laced with hip-hop beats and powerful choruses. While that may sound disappointing to some, the band nails it in such a way that they maintain their distinctive style throughout every track. No two songs sound similar, either. “Life Itself” utilizes a Pakistani beat while “Season 2 Episode 3” is layered with 8-bit video game sounds, and “Cane Shuga” almost sounds like a remixed rap song.

How to Be A Human Being is a fantastic album and is easily one of the year’s best. Whether you are a fan of their first album or not, this one is more than worth your time.



**Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds
Skeleton Tree
By Devin D’Agostino**

Nick Cave’s fifteen-year-old son, Arthur, died on July 14, 2015. *Skeleton Tree* is many things, but at its core, it feels like a father grieving over the loss of his son. The album is raw; it’s exposed, unpolished, and vulnerable—full of emotion, heartbreak, sorrow, love, anger, denial, fear, and hope. A parent should never outlive a child.

If you’re a first time Bad Seeds listener, I’d suggest starting with one of Cave’s earlier albums (*Dig*, *Lazarus*, *Dig!!!* or *Abattoir Blues* come to mind). Still, *Skeleton Tree* is not to be missed. It is like nothing Nick Cave has done before. I listened to the album in its entirety the first time and would suggest that other listeners do the same. Individually, the songs may at first sound incomplete, but as a whole they tell a story. The album was purposely left unedited as a reflection of the pain of Cave and his family.

The first track, “Jesus Alone,” tells the tales of various human sufferings. The song starts off angry, with its distorted guitar and deep base. As it progresses, it evolves into a cry of desperation, ending in a relentless plea: “With my voice, I am calling you.”

The album reaches its darkest point during *Magneto*: “And in the bathroom mirror I see my vomit in the sink.” Cave seems lost, sick with grief and sadness, and unable to think, feel or remember. He lashes out for no reason and struggles to deal with his grief.

“Anthrocene” appears as a critique on the age of man, the Anthropocene. Capturing humanity’s destruction of nature, the track is accompanied by ambient noises of machines and industry, which give the song an even more desolate tone.

The album’s final song is the titular “Skeleton Tree.” The brightest and most melodic of the bunch, there is an undeniable feeling of hope in both the melody and the lyrics. The song ends

with Cave joined by a choir to rejoice, “It’s alright now.”

It is evident that Nick Cave has changed. The album feels different, conveying a sense of rage which morphs into sadness and desperation. Although he has faced a trauma like no other, Cave is beginning to come back to the world and move forward.



**SK8R
SONGR**

All Skaters Go to Heaven
IAN SWEET

Raising the Skate
SPEEDY ORTIZ

Skate Park
AJJ

Sk8 Or Die
TACOCAT

Wake Bake Skate
FIDLAR

Guys Who Sk8
THE AQUADOLLS

SPORTS

This week in the sports, the National Football Team of America played their arch rival the Super Duper Best Team in the Football of North Korea at Fordham University's very own Coffey Field. The game was held at two minutes to midnight and thus, was not widely attended. However, your friends at *the paper* were able to secure a seat in the press booth.

The game began with the singing of both countries' national anthems.

The Tourist Ambassador of New York City,

Taylor Swift, performed a stellar rendition of

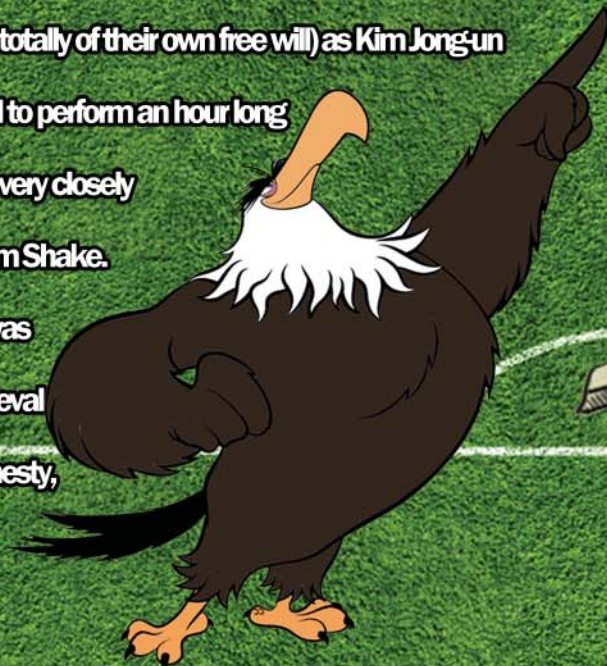
"The Star Spangled Banner" while North

Korea's national anthem "Party in the DPRK"

was performed by pop sensationist, Miley Cyrus.

The sporting game began shortly after. A walk-off homerun in the first quarter put the U.S. ahead with a score of 15-Love. However, after an intense face off, Football of North Korea made a fast break for the basket and alley-ooped into the lead. The North Korea fans clapped enthusiastically (and totally of their own free will) as Kim Jong-un himself took the field to perform an hour long end zone dance that very closely resembled the Harlem Shake.

The half-time show was outsourced to "Medieval Times" and in all honesty, it was pretty lit.



Unfortunately, many of the North Korean fans missed the outstanding performance because they were waiting for what seemed like forever in the Aramark snack line.

Soon, the second half began. Luckily, the National Football Team of America won the tip off and was able to move ahead of Football of

North Korea by a few boat lengths. President Obama celebrated the

advance by buying fresh-cut coconut

water for all. North Korea did their best to

fight back against the U.S. powerhouse

defense but Team Captain and Mascot

Dwayne 'the Rock' Johnson could simply not be

budged.

As the clock ran out, Kim Jong-un's hysterical cries could be heard all the way across campus and did not subside until one of his new commanders-in-chief purchased him a cotton candy. The triumphant National Football Team ran towards the victory bell as Football of North Korea sullenly took to the showers.

At this point in time, *the paper* staff realized they were not in fact at a football game but had

passed out due to heat exhaustion on Eddie's.

What a ride.

