

# THE PAPER PALS







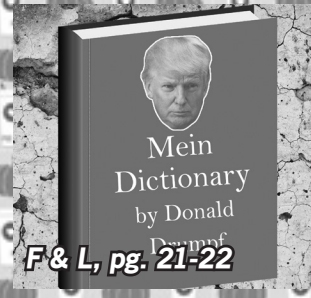
Mon(s)!(er)real, pg. 3



Orange Duck, pg. 9



Daddy Music, pg. 15



F &amp; L, pg. 21-22



The Mowgli's, pg. 23

## the paper

c/o Office of Student Involvement  
Fordham University  
Bronx, NY 10458  
paper.fordham@gmail.com  
<http://fupaper.weebly.com/>

*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 McGinley 2nd. Articles can be submitted via e-mail to [paper.fordham@gmail.com](mailto: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.

"Disney Channel Original Movies"

### Editors-in-Chief

Siobhan "Eddie's Million Dollar Cook-Off" Donahue  
Kelly "Cadet Kelly" Tyra

### News Editor

John "Dadnapped" Looby  
Luis "The Suite Life Movie" Gomez

### Opinions Editors

Melody "Stuck in the Suburbs" Knight-Brown  
Claire "The Cheetah Girls" Nunez

### Arts Editor

Matthew "Camp Rock" Whitaker  
Nicholas "Life is Ruff" Peters

### Earwax Editor

Reyna "Wendy Wu: Homecoming Warrior" Wang

### Features and List Editors

Rachel "Get A Clue" Poe  
Colleen "Zenon: Girl of the 21st Century" Burns

### Copy Chief

Emma "Princess Protection Program" Chioke

### Contributors

Scott Saffran, The Upside Down, Meredith McLaughlin, Sammuel Kim, Jenny Harris, Liza Smythe, paper parties, Abby Ponticello, Christina Aguilera, Megan Townsend, sexile, Luigi Lawson Schipano, the social construct of marriage, Tommy Gerity, Monique Dumaine, Theresa Amoruso, Estrellitas, Liam McKeone, Snapchat, Chris Jeske, Bitmoji McShane, Kaitlyn Clarke, OrgSync, Carly Johnson, 7/11 slurpees, William Maurillo, being sneaky, Declan Murphy, Jain, Scooby Doo, Mike O'Brien, Jack Archambault, VP Gray, rain, The Hex Girls, Arthoe Banach, the caf (surprisingly), fate, Carolyn Wolpert, Kenny Ortega, The Ram Line, the red line, OSI, Anna Passero-Koennecke & Athena, Marty Gatto, Warra Chan

**MEETINGS**  
**TUESDAY'S**  
**9 PM**  
**MCGINLEY 2ND**

**WE WANT YOU**

**TO JOIN THE PAPER**

**@FUPAPER**  
**THE PAPER**  
**@FU\_PAPER**  
**@FUPAPER**





# Montreal Moves to Ban and/or Kill a Lot of Pitbulls Just Because

by John Looby  
News Co-editor

## French Canadians are miserable people who don't deserve respect

French Canadians are assholes. I'm not saying this as an opinion; this is a matter of factual record. The province of Quebec consists of mostly uppity scumbags, who are always somehow surprised you don't speak fluent French. I live in Rochester and somehow French Canadians visiting here have the sheer audacity to speak French to me with a condescending tone while I'm at work. I'm used to old people giving me shit but not old people giving me shit in French. Now, the reason I'm describing the sheer level of French Canadian douchebaggery is not just because I believe that society as a whole has a moral obligation to acknowledge how shitty they are, but because of a recent bylaw that was voted on in the city of Montreal; the subject matter of said bylaw being essentially the right of pitbulls as a dog breed to exist within the city.

The law that was recently voted in would place a lot of arguably subjective and even outright cruel regulations on any of the pitbull-resembling dog breeds within the city. I say pitbull-resembling because pitbull isn't actually a dog breed in the way that hound isn't an actual breed of dog. What this means is that the law spreads its harsh restriction on to whatever breeds seem to have "characteristics" of a pitbull. Which is the sort of complete lack of specificity everyone wants in a law that sentences animals to die. That's right, thousands of animals will be killed once this law goes into action. Goddamn French Canadian pricks. The law outright bans the adoption or breeding of pitbulls, requires they be on a muzzle and short leash in public, requires owners to register them, and will seize the dogs of owners who fail to follow these

regulations. In case you didn't come to the natural conclusion of this, it is that any and all dogs resembling a pitbull which end up within a Montreal animal shelter will be put to death simply for existing.

Now this law did not come into ac-



*How dare you*

tion simply because some asshole in the Montreal government just didn't like the look of pitbulls, which in all honesty is a bit surprising knowing how people who live there normally respond to just about anything and anyone. The incident that led to this ban was the mauling and killing of a 55-year-old woman by a neighbor's escaped dog. I say dog because it has never in fact been confirmed if this killer dog was even a pitbull. Instead the city of Montreal rushed to fear monger and blame a breed of dog that has done nothing to deserve the negative social stigma attached to it. The notion of rushing to kill what amounts to be thousands of dogs within the city limits is an ultimately disturbing one. Not to say that a woman's death isn't tragic

but rushing to exterminate thousands of dogs is a narrow-minded act of cruel persecution.

Luckily, after numerous act of protest, a judge in Quebec's higher court has placed a suspension on the law, preventing it from going into action

until the wording of the law has been placed under further scrutiny. While this is certainly a plus, it really only gives these dogs a few months until the law comes after them yet again. After all, this law is not entirely without precedent within Canada; the neighboring province of Ontario managed to pass into action a similar bill recently. Calgary as well has a bill targeting pitbulls, albeit one much more reasonable in both wording and execution. While these laws may have been designed with the safety of citizens involved, they in fact target more innocent life than they could hope to protect.

The very notion that it is a specific dog breed with a predisposition toward violence is an idiotic one and one which actual scientists have proven false in study after study. For lawmakers to act as though they are qualified to speak toward the behavioral psychology of dog breeds is a painstakingly naïve act. Dogs, just like people, are the product of the environment they grow up in and not some genetic predestination.

I speak from experience. Since I was born, we've always had hunting dogs, usually two at a time. To suggest that these dogs are naturally driven to hunt and kill things just makes you a fucking idiot. They might have fantastic noses, but at this point, after we've raised them, all they want to do is lay on the couch. We once had a bloodhound that would lie on the ground so that smaller animals could crawl on him. Such a killer. Perhaps most importantly, my brother recently adopted and rescued a pitbull named Mojo from a shelter. She's an adorable and friendly dog who's more likely to fall asleep in your lap than even bark. If Rochester had a ban like the one currently up for debate in Montreal, this dog would have been dead before she could have even found a home.

The problem with these dog bans is that they operate under a presumption of guilt that simply has no basis in reality. Why put innocent dogs, animals whose whole psychology is built around building loving and empathetic bonds, to death because one dog was raised poorly by someone who was, in all honesty, probably an asshole? Dogs deserve homes and in all honesty, I'd prefer it were my home (#200dogranch2k16). They shouldn't be put to death so that those in charge can feel as though they're being proactive or protecting us. The people who need to be proactive and protective are the rest of us to insure that legislation like this doesn't come to pass here in the United States or anywhere else for that matter. Outlawing a dog probably sounds like some ridiculous bullshit from a dystopian teen fiction novel and that's because it is and it's the type of bullshit we can actively work to prevent.



# Prisoners Across the US Strike to Protest Slave-Labor Treatment

by Megan Townsend  
Staff Inmate

*In one voice, rising from the cells of long term solitary confinement, echoed in the dormitories and cell blocks from Virginia to Oregon, we prisoners across the United States vow to finally end slavery in 2016.* This sentence begins the statement released by the IWW's Incarcerated Workers Organizing Committee calling all prison workers to strike beginning on September 9th, 2016 (the 45th anniversary of the revolt at Attica Prison).

Thus began the largest prison strike in US history. It refers to the loophole in the 13th amendment, which outlaws slavery except as punishment for a crime. On September 9th, workers at the Holman Correctional Facility in Alabama, working with the Free Alabama Movement, did not report to work, and were quickly followed by workers in Florida, California, Michigan, and South Carolina. In Oakland, Portland, and other cities across the country people took to the streets and shut down roads to protest treatment of prison workers. Tactics range from not presenting for work to hunger striking, as well as physical rebellion and destruction of prison property. As of September 21st, there are 46 US prisons that have seen disruptions since the beginning of the strike. In Holman, the prison guards have joined the resistance and also gone on strike to protest unfair treatment of prisoners. Thanks to organizers working both inside and outside of prisons, the strike is able to continue, but it is incredibly time sensitive. It is not easy to get news of what is going on within the prison walls to the general public - prison slave labor has been kept harshly undercover since its beginning, and word of the strikes is most often suppressed in hopes that it

## “Made in America” has a few downsides, namely exploitation (Yay!)

will weaken without outside acknowledgment. Many prisons went into lockdown in response to strikes or protests, and ‘problem’ prisoners or leaders of the movement are being placed in solitary confinement, denied of access to communication, as punishment. Most mainstream media outlets are not covering the strike, which is why it is such a surprise to the general public. This is the same problem America

through the eyes and in the favor of the oppressors.

For some background on prison labor and why it is intrinsically unethical: wages for the average prison worker range from \$0.12-\$0.40/hour. All able-bodied prisoners are required to work. There are almost no safety regulations in the average prison workplace and their earnings

The prison population is already comprised of vulnerable individuals, with deep, systemic bias against the trans, queer, and immigrant communities as well as communities of color. The percentage of prisoners serving time for immigration offenses is 8.8% (recall: still significantly higher than sexual offenses, murder, or white-collar crimes). Our most vulnerable populations then continue to be marginalized and exploited in prison, as free laborers and disposable bodies.

It is impossible to even trace every American company that benefits from prison labor, but a few that are well-known are: American Express, Aramark (our very own food service provider!), AT&T, AutoZone, Bank of America, BP, Costco Wholesale, Fruit of the Loom, JanSport, Johnson & Johnson, Kmart, Koch Industries, McDonald’s, Microsoft, Motorola, Nintendo, Procter & Gamble, Quaker Oats, Starbucks, Target, Verizon, Victoria’s Secret, Wal-Mart, Wendy’s...

Prison Workers on strike need the help of people from the outside. Some things you, reader, can do: research, learn, and tell your friends. Visit [itsgoingdown.org](http://itsgoingdown.org) to see updates on the strike, as well as [SupportPrisonerResistance.net](http://SupportPrisonerResistance.net). Boycott companies who use prison labor, help support social media campaigns (follow @for\_kinetic, @IGD\_News, @PrisonerSol541), write letters to prisoners (info on websites), and keep an eye on campus news for some organizing around the issue. The Prison Strikers are calling for a week of solidarity October 15-22, and we must show our support. The organizers say it best: “When we remove the economic motive and grease of our forced labor from the US prison system, the entire structure of courts and police, of control and slave-catching must shift to accommodate us as humans, rather than slaves.”



repeatedly faces - all of our popular news sources are connected to, or supported by, corporations. These same corporations are exploiting prison labor. The annual output of the prison labor industry is \$2 billion. American corporations are making their profits from this, which is why they don't want anyone knowing about it. NBC, CNN, *The New York Times*, and the news sources we rely most heavily on are continuing to shape our public narrative

carceration are drug offenses, with 46% of prisoners convicted on drug crimes (with only 8.3% for sexual offenses, 3.1% for homicide/aggravated assault, and 0.3% for white-collar crimes like embezzlement and banking/insurance fraud). This is disproportionate. And, most importantly, we cannot ignore that 38% of our prison population is black.

This issue is deeply intersectional.

## The Six Stages of Grief

1. Denial
2. Anger
3. Bargaining
4. Depression
5. Acceptance
6. Meme Trash

These facts were sponsored by:

**PSYCHOLOGY TODAY**

#dicksout





# Ethiopian Government Declares a State of Emergency Over Protests

by Siobhan Donohue  
Co-editor in Chief

To many, Ethiopia is known as the subject of the cringeworthy 1980's charity single, "Do They Know It's Christmas?". However, Ethiopia is home to over ninety-nine million people from more than eighty different ethnic groups. And right now, the government has declared a six-month state of emergency for the first time in twenty-five years.

This latest wave of protests began last November, although smaller acts of dissent have been happening around the country since 2005. The Oromo people, who make up 34.5% of the country's populous, along with the Amhara people, who make up about 27%, say that they are being oppressed by the Tigre people, who make up only 6.1% of the population. This sentiment led to anti-government protests in the Oromia and Amhara region of Ethiopia. In fact, during the Rio Olympics, a male long-distance runner from Ethiopia named Feyisa Lelisa made an anti-government

## Things are actually happening outside the US, you guys!

gesture as he crossed the finish line to claim his silver medal. Lelisa has since stated he is afraid to return home due to fear of government backlash, and is currently staying in the US.

The roots of these ethnic issues go back to 150 years of bloodshed in the region. Before Ethiopia's new constitution in 1991, the country was ruled by an ethnically Amhara dictator. However, ever since the overthrow of the military dictatorship, Ethiopia has been functioning via a "decentralised system of ethnic federalism". Recently, the government had plans to expand the boundaries of the capital city of Addis Ababa, which furthered ethnic tensions.

On the protestor side, activists and human rights groups claim that the government has killed over 500 protesters since November. The government is notoriously suppressive and severely limits freedoms of speech and press. Some of the dissatisfaction stems

from the fact that certain ethnic groups feel that the government has failed to give them all of their rights guaranteed by the constitution.

The government on the other hand, has characterized protestors as "organized gangs" and has disputed the figures claiming hundreds have been killed. On October 2nd, an anti-government demonstration at a religious festival turned deadly as government forces intervened. The government claimed only 55 people died, despite the opposition saying more than a hundred died. After the October 2nd demonstration fallout, Ethiopian Prime Minister Hailemariam Desalegn said, "A state of emergency has been declared because the situation posed a threat against the people of the country." Later on, state run media agencies reported that the government has to "deal with anti-peace elements that have allied with foreign forces and are jeopardising the peace and security of

the country." Essentially, the protestors are being accused of being a security threat.

According to NPR, the United States "has expressed concern about excessive use of force against demonstrators in months of deadly protests in Ethiopia." However, the U.S. still sees Ethiopia as a strategic regional ally, especially in concern to combating terrorism. Meanwhile, Ethiopia depends on the U.S. for aid. So far, while the U.S. has spoken out against the Ethiopian government and relations are overall strained, formal diplomatic ties have not changed.

Economically speaking, the instability in the Oromia region can severely impact the global market. 60% of Ethiopia's GDP is due to the Oromo people. If Ethiopia falls, not only will there be economic fall out in an already impoverished region, but it will add on to the volatile situation that countries in the Horn of Africa already face.

# Clowns Are Super Terrifying And Now They Crave Human Flesh

by Theresa Amoruso  
Staff Stephen King

So America has a clown problem. And I'm not just talking about the upcoming presidential election. Like all things that are irrational and absurd, the clownpocalypse began in The South. The first sighting was reported in Greenville, South Carolina. Much like our own Dirty South, The South of the U.S. is a wild place. Clowns are trying to lure kids into the woods with candy, which is exactly the kind of situation your mother warned you about. Seriously though, how the fuck do we have a clown problem? This is some real-life "American Horror Story" bullshit.

There are a few ideas as to where these clowns came from. My own theory is that this is the U.S. government's way of subtly conducting a Purge. One frightened citizen, Kate Courter, said "I think that they're aliens sent to be forerunners of world domination and also the apocalypse. I know this because I am a clown expert." Well we can trust her, folks; she's an expert.

Most people fear the clowns, but some genuinely pity them. Concerned

## Okay, maybe not exactly, but they're being creepier than usual

clown connoisseur, Michael Rinaldi, states, "I like clowns. I feel bad for the ones who dress up to do kids' birthday parties because they're probably losing business." And he's right. According to my calculations, as I am also a clown expert, the rate at which chil-



dren are requesting clowns to perform at their birthday parties is decreasing drastically. Another clown enthusiast, Samantha Knice, asserts: "We need to have a movement for clowns' rights. But only real clowns." How are we supposed to discern fun clowns from murderous clowns? I'll tell you. You don't. Just stay the fuck away from clowns in general. Kevin Johns expressed his fears when he said, "I was already

afraid of clowns before this whole fiasco started. And now I have an actual reason to fear them." You're damn right Kevin. I wasn't scared of clowns before this shitshow. But give anything a machete, even a bunny rabbit, and you bet your ass I'll be terrified of that bunny rabbit. In the midst of the mixed emotions of fear and pity, we have unique individuals like Adrian Lee, who proudly says, "The clowns really turn me on." You do you, Adrian. We've all got our things.

My favorite part of the clown fiasco is how they're starting to infiltrate college campuses, like at Penn State this past weekend. News of the clown sighting spread through the campus like wildfire. Within minutes, the entire student population left their dorms to go clown hunting. This actually made my night. Because fuck the clowns. I think we should all just go clown hunting. I don't think we have to worry

though, because let's be honest, we live in the Bronx. I don't care who you are, but if you're dressed as a clown and are parading around the Bronx with a weapon, you're going to get shot. Monica Morra, a distraught freshman who claims to have lost sleep over this issue, says, "I can't go back to Long Island. The Bronx is the only safe place left." I never thought I would agree with this statement, but she's right. I'm also from Long Island and I refuse to go home anytime soon. The clowns have taken over my hometown. Monica also stated, "If I see a clown, I won't hesitate to run it over with my car." You and me both, Monica.

Just a side note: if any of you dress up as clowns for Halloween you better believe I will go after your ass, pepper spray in hand. But let's be real here for a second. One of these psychos actually killed someone. Can you imagine your cause of death being from a murderous clown? I certainly can't. My advice to you all is to arm yourselves, comrades. The clownpocalypse is upon us.



# FAKER THAN TRUTH

by Luis Gómez

## Climate Change Declared Victorious; Humanity Doomed

Climate change was declared the winner of a decades-long battle for Earth's future yesterday, after Hurricane Matthew slowly approached the US' east coast. Noted climate scientist and UMass Amherst professor Raymond S. Bradley said in an interview that "I...I just...I thought we had time. I mean, empirically we didn't, but I thought that maybe, just maybe, the Paris Agreement would do something. I thought that we could actually try and stifle this. Maybe someone could have..." At this point, Bradley began to cry and could not finish the interview.

Bill Nye, the purported Science Guy, released a statement on twitter. The statement reads, "Listen, I've been talking about this shit for years. I've been going on talk shows, and doing god knows how many bullshit Facebook videos about the same goddamn problem. And you know what? The fact that climate change has now actually won isn't surprising. I don't care. Fuck all of you." The statement was accompanied by a picture of Nye posing with billionaire Elon Musk, as they both were climbing into a Falcon 9 rocket and giving everyone the finger. Presumably they will go live on Mars.

Governor Rick Scott of Florida said of this loss, "Honestly, I don't even believe in climate change, but at this point why does it matter. We're all going to die anyway. Might as well get my Mad Max cosplay a bit of airtme."

Climate change could not be reached for comment, but my garage flooded yesterday so I guess that's its way of saying it's proud.

# Trump Foundation Shadier Than a Forest

by Declan Murphy  
Staff Investigative Reporter

This past week, New York Attorney General Eric Schneiderman ordered Donald Trump's charitable organization, the Trump Foundation, to cease activities in New York.

Schneiderman pointed to fundraising activities that the Foundation conducted in New York as the basis of the shutdown. According to the Attorney General's office, and corroborated by a *Washington Post* article, the Trump Foundation did not have the proper authorization to raise funds in New York; it had failed to properly register as a charitable organization.

While this order to cease is based on a particular incident, the Trump Foundation is surrounded by similar and, in some cases, more severe scandals. These accusations concern not only the Trump Foundation's failure to register properly as a charitable organization in New York and elsewhere, but also alleged misuse of funds. The financial records from the Trump Foundation indicate that Donald Trump has used foundation funding to buy items for himself, including a massive portrait of his own face.

Most notably there is the allegation of bribery by the Trump Foundation to Florida Attorney General Pam Bondi. Bondi had been making motions to investigate Trump University on the basis of fraud for some of its courses. (Trump University, a for-profit university, has been characterized by some as a scam—charging exorbitant fees for courses that many deemed ultimately

David Fartenhold, your Pulitzer awaits

worthless.) However, weeks later, the Trump Foundation made a \$25,000 donation to Bondi's re-election campaign. Bondi ceased to pursue any charges against Trump University. The causal link between those two actions has been difficult to establish, and may or may not constitute bribery. However, the use of the Foundation's funds for a political campaign, accompanied by the Attorney General's decision not to prosecute, certainly paints a nefarious picture.

Even if the other charges are false,

efforts, and much has been made over its scandals, perceived or otherwise. It also demonstrates an unwillingness by the state of New York to afford Mr. Trump slack, even for a native son. Further, it opens the door to further investigation of the Trump Foundation, and even possible class action suits by several states. In other words: it's not looking good for the foundation.

There is also the matter of Trump's expressed desire to entrust his assets to his children, instead of a blind trust (as is customary). The Trump Founda-

tion would be a part of that. This immediately jeopardizes the integrity of any hypothetical Trump White House, and while not entirely illegal, would cast into doubt the ethics of any policy decision. At the risk of editorializing, however, a Trump Presidency would be its own sort of nightmare.

Of course, the Trump Foundation has received a lot of press attention and scandal, but lest we forget the Clinton Foundation is equally not trusted. Many accuse the Clinton

Foundation of being a way for the Clintons to profit off of their political clout, through paid appearances and otherwise. And, likewise, the Clinton Foundation is in the hands of a relative—Chelsea Clinton.

Let's put it this way: there is enough to be suspicious of either foundation. New York, however, has been able to point to specific violations by the Trump Foundation. The Clinton Foundation remains untouched. We'll see if that holds true, but for now, it's important to be vigilant and critical of pseudo-political nonprofits of all stars and stripes.



there is reason to believe that the Trump Foundation was operating illegally in New York. *The Washington Post* report verifies that. Whether through negligence or malice, the Trump Foundation continued to fundraise even when it did not have the legal authority to do so.

This is not expressly a political move on the part of A.G. Schneiderman, but during a highly politically charged election year, it has political consequences. For one, it adds to the air of illegitimacy that surrounds the Trump Foundation. The Foundation itself is more of a liability than a boon to Trump at this point. Little has been made of its charitable



# The VP Debate Happened, and America Cringed

by Mike O'Brien  
Staff Moderator

Beige. Vanilla. Who the fuck is Tim Kaine?

These were the adjectives my fellow students used to describe the vice presidential debate between Hillary Clinton's VP Tim Kaine and Donald Trump's Mike Pence, a riveting television event described by *The Daily Show* as "two pairs of khakis fighting each other". Hot off the heels of the dumpster fire that was the first presidential debate, and dangerously close

## White bread wins, democracy loses

tive candidates in a way that would sound somewhat coherent to a voter despite perhaps lacking in substance; compared to the incoherent yelling of Donald Trump, both of these candidates looked prepared, calm, and rehearsed, even if Tim Kaine took a few too many espresso shots before jumping on stage.

With all of this said, here's some takeaways from the debate written by a guy who is trying (and failing) to really give a shit about this.

### 2. Tim Kaine needs to chill

Tim Kaine was unusually jumpy on Wednesday night, despite having the upper hand in material, public opinion, and reality. In stark contrast to the first presidential debate, it was the Democratic candidate who did most of the interrupting, cutting Mike Pence off numerous times during the event. Much of this "jumpiness" could be attributed to the revelations regarding Trump's tax returns that were released by *The New York Times* that week; as a result, Kaine relentlessly battered Pence on the matter, bringing up the issue in arguably inappropriate situations (like North Korean nuclear deterrence). Nevertheless, Kaine fulfilled his purpose at the debate; painting Pence as an accomplice to Trump, unable to defend his actions on numerous occasions.

### 3. Pence forgot who his running mate was.

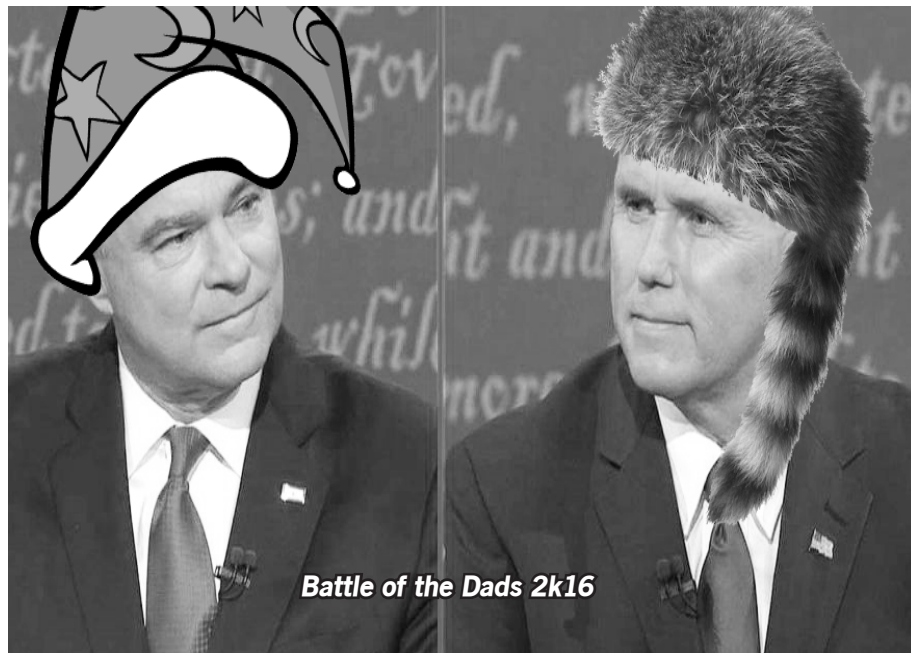
My biggest takeaway from Wednesday's debate was undoubtedly that Pence seems to be woefully uninformed on who his running mate is. Every accusation made by Kaine was vehemently denied, Pence silently shaking his head and scowling during the Democrat's attacks. From calling Mexicans rapists to the plan to ban Muslims from immigrating, Trump's VP could only claim the remarks were taken out of context or claim that the remarks were not said at all, despite video recordings of his running mate proving otherwise. Pence was between a rock and a hard place for this debate, and if post debate news coverage is to be believed, opinions of Trump were not changed.

All in all, despite Tim Kaine "winning" the debate, Wednesday's meeting was largely a polite formality and will largely be forgotten (including by yours truly). I phoned this article in, it's hard to write about an event with so little impact on polls or public opinion and still maintain a guise of quality journalism, that is, however, if my writing was ever quality journalism (it wasn't). In conclusion; the debate was mostly nothing, and this article is also fittingly mostly nothing.

Now if you'll excuse me, it's time to drink, because lord knows I won't be capable of tolerating the second presidential debate sober.

### 1. Pence kept it together with no material.

Let's give credit where credit is due, attempting to defend Cheeto Hitler on national television is like trying to bail out the Atlantic ocean with a beach bucket; and despite this insurmountable task, Governor Mike Pence managed to keep his cool under pressure, responding to questions with a calm and sedated tone that could only come from a man who governs over the vast nothingness that is the state of Indiana. In the end, however, Pence's calm demeanor was for naught because as we've previously established, Trump's antics and opinions are borderline indefensible, and by simply existing as Trump's running mate, Pence was painted as an accessory to his bullshit.



to the second showdown, one could be forgiven for not giving a single flying toss about the groundbreaking arguments and discussion that ensued over 90 minutes on Wednesday night. HOWEVER...I actually completely agree, I don't give a shit about this debate, who would? By the time you read this article, the second presidential debate will have already happened, making this entire article for naught. Hell, 40 percent of Americans can't even name the vice presidential candidates, let alone care about what their position on North Korea's nuclear program is.

But I digress, when taken out of the context of this absolutely batshit insane election cycle, the meeting did serve as a reflection of what the presidential debates would look like if this election was a somewhat "normal" one; with two (relatively) civil contestants making the case for their respec-

R e a l e r  
T h a n  
F a c t

by Meredith McLaughlin

### Nazis Killed Pepe the Frog

Two issues ago I wrote about the alt-right, and their penchant for taking good memes and trumping them up to meet their white supremacy standards. While the alt-right has been successful in harassing Leslie Jones and spoiling the 2015 Hugo awards, they finally claimed their first casualty on September 27: Pepe the Frog. The Anti-Defamation League has categorized Pepe as a hate symbol for the alt-right, placing him with such classics as the Blood Drop Cross and the Confederate flag. While I can understand why the ADL came to this conclusion after seeing all the Pepe Hitlers that the alt-righters pulled out of their asses, I have to wonder whether declaring him as a hate symbol was the best thing to do. The ADL marking Pepe as a symbol of the alt-right solidifies their hold over our beloved meme, and takes away a staple of internet culture away from us. I know it's hard to say goodbye to such an icon, but Pepe isn't really gone, he lives on in our hearts and in our minds. We will all remember Pepe as the satirically sad frog who dotted our preferred social media walls with Rare Pepes. But don't forget the people who abused him and used his image to spread their hate, don't forget those who TOOK Pepe from our meme loving arms and slapped an ill fitting Trump hairdo on him and paraded him around as their sick mascot. Remember 09/27 as the first and last day that the alt-right ruined an internet icon for the rest of us non-white supremacists. Maybe in a few years he'll come back in a beautiful resurgence of memes from the past. But for now, goodbye Pepe. You were a rare glimmer of light in this dank, dark world.



# The Philippines is Trying a New Drug Policy: Murder

by Jack Archambault  
Staff Death Squad

## How does someone this crazy get elected?

For once, a politician is making good on a campaign promise. Only this time, that might not be such a good thing. Philippine President Rodrigo Duterte, who based his campaign around eradicating his country's illegal drug trade, has employed secret police teams and death squads to kill anybody they suspect is associated with the drug trade. These extrajudicial killings, of which there have been over 3,000 since Duterte's inauguration on July 1, and people's reactions to them have brought to light a complicated dynamic between Duterte, Philippine citizens, and the international community.

To fully understand this story, it is necessary to know a little bit about the Philippine President. Duterte is no stranger to politics, having held positions as a member of the Philippine House of Representatives, Vice Mayor, and finally Mayor of Davao City, where his infatuation with death squads as a political tool was born (more on this later). His brash and unapologetic style drew the support of Philippine voters this election year, as his promises to fight a drug trade that has been fueled by decades of government corruption is seen by many as a necessary response to a growing problem. Among other things, Duterte has likened himself to Hitler, saying he would be "happy to slaughter" three million drug addicts, and during his run for the Presidency, Duterte routinely made uncouth comments regarding rape victims, homosexuality, and foreign leaders, even calling Pope Francis a "son of a bitch." If any of this reminds you of a certain orange boy that may or may not be our next President, well, it probably should. But Duterte is going further than even the Donald

ever would (hopefully). In the past three months, Duterte's extreme brand of justice has begged the question of which is more dangerous: drugs, or the fight against them?

The three groups responsible for the majority of the killings are the Philippines National Police (PNP), unidentified vigilantes, and highly organized state-sanctioned death squads. In fact, Duterte has given permission for anybody to "go ahead and kill them yourself," in reference to those involved in the drug trade. Killing criminals at all is enough to make many people cringe, but Duterte has exceeded this, encouraging a Purge-like environment in his country.

There is no question that illegal drug use is a major issue in the Philippines. A 2015 study by the Dangerous Drugs Board found that 1.8 million Filipinos use illegal drugs, and political rhetoric has caused this number to grow to as high as 7 million. Duterte's agenda is based around killing all drug users and dealers within six months, but since most shabu (crystal meth) users don't run around in matching jerseys, getting

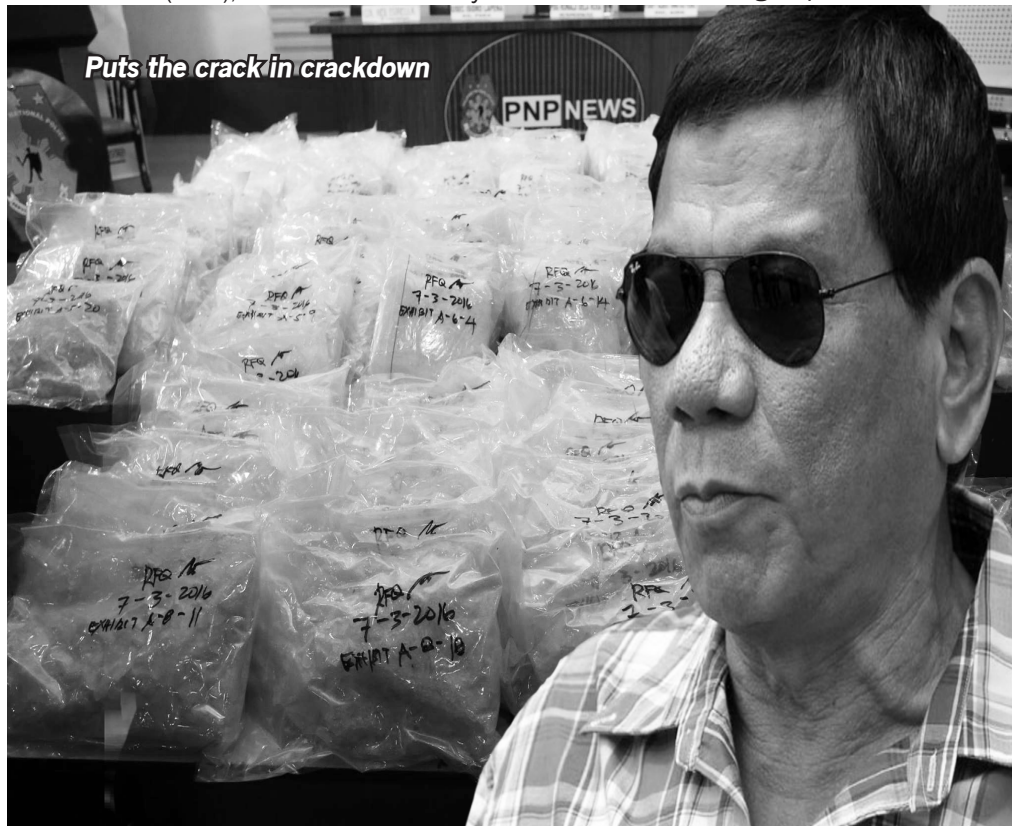
the right people has proven to be a bit tricky for the secret police squads, which is where things really start to get scary.

The prevailing system of justice in the Philippines has become to kill first and ask questions later. As such, it is no surprise that many Filipinos, especially those whose family members have been

of police corruption and indicate that democracy and rule of law have gone out the window under the Duterte Administration.

The use of death squads to fight crime is nothing new for Duterte, who utilized the 300-person Davao Death Squad (DDS) during his time as Mayor of Davao City. This group killed over 1,000 people in Davao

City between 1988 and 2013, and Duterte admitted to being part of it in a 2015 television broadcast, a statement which he later retracted. Duterte's approach has, astoundingly, not fazed Filipinos in the slightest, with an approval rating of 91%. (Just for reference, the highest Post-WWII approval rating in American history, that of George W. Bush in September, 2001, was one point lower at 90%.) Despite such support from



Puts the crack in crackdown

his countrymen, Duterte's actions have not been met with the same enthusiasm from other world leaders. The United Nations and Human Rights Watch have been especially quick to condemn the President, and as a result, Duterte has threatened to leave the UN. Furthermore, he has "dared" the UN, European Union, and United States to withdraw their aid from the Philippines. Well, let's just hope he doesn't up the ante, because everyone knows you can't turn down a triple dog dare. Incidents like this point to a larger trend



**SONIC FOR PRESIDENT**  
I mean honestly, at this point, who even knows. We're all going to die anyway.





## First Foray into Fordham's Bar Scene Goes About How You'd Expect

by Christopher Jeske  
Staff Blue Goose

Weeks ago, I sat alone in my room, perusing Craigslist in search of a third roommate in hopes of lowering the housing fee on my tuition. In a startling burst, the door flew open, and my roommate Michael entered, visibly excited. "Yo, bro. We're going out tonight." I began to sweat profusely. I should say, I continued to sweat profusely. Since entering my air conditioned room on the first day, I had been as slick as the catastrophic 2010 BP oil spill. I was filled with dread.

In truth, a drop of alcohol had never graced my lips prior to my arrival at Rose Hill. Everything changed that fateful night. Michael led me out of our dorm and onto Fordham Road. When I inquired about his planned method of alcohol acquisition, he confidently replied that he intended to request the aid of a desperate older fellow. As we approached the Best Buy, he selected his target. "Watch this," he said, swaggering toward a scruffy, middle aged man and his canine companion who sat nearby, calmly sporting sunglasses and holding a bucket of change in his mouth. Amused, Michael crouched next to the pup. After ordering me to take a picture, he deposited a dollar in the dog's dangling bucket. He then turned his attention to the man. "Can you buy me a handle of Jameson?" he blurted, cash in hand, extended towards the gentlemen. The dog owner quickly snatched the twenty and headed in the opposite direction. The pup remained at our side, perhaps understanding his role as the collateral of this transac-

### Binge drinking: always better in theory, also when no one is fighting

tion, perhaps unable to see or move due to the sunglasses resting on his snout. Thirty four minutes later, the man returned with a single tall boy Straw-Ber-Rita. Apologizing for the store's shallow inventory, he handed Michael \$2 in change. Confused, but satisfied, we carried on.

I have chosen to spare you the details of the consumption of that Straw-

clared. "What?!" I exclaimed, "I'm a senior!" "Yeah right. I've never seen you around here. Listen, if this really was a Fordham ID, could I do this?" He began to aggressively bend the ID. I stood there mortified, knowing I would face a \$30 replacement fee if it broke. He choked up on the card and attempted to apply more pressure. As his forehead began to perspire, he

et of his hoodie. "I come prepared though," he told me, spritzing himself liberally. The bar itself looked more like a shoebox than anything else. Children were pressed against every wall, screaming and jumping to the likes of the Jonas Brothers and the Chainsmokers, violating fire codes left and right. I tried to move closer to the bar, but I found myself stuck. It seemed as though the gallons of spilled beer had transformed into a thick glue, holding me in place by my shoes. Then, a boy wearing an upside down visor turned away from the bar and raised his pitcher of beer. With the ferocity of a Spartan he screamed "HA-RAM-BE!" into the air. Within seconds, the entire bar had joined in the chant. Michael, having watched this boy unify the entire bar by the means of an exhausted meme, unloaded a massive blow on his right cheek. The meme enthusiast collapsed in an instant, igniting something of a brawl. The commotion rose to such a level that the bouncer guarding the bar's second door awoke from his slumber for the first time since our arrival. Irritated, he grabbed Michael by the shirt and dragged him out of the building as members of the crowd desperately reached to land punches on him. I frantically followed them out of the door. Michael sat on the sidewalk, apparently having been pushed. The tired bouncer struggled to feign interest as he demanded that "[Michael] and [his] friend stay away from The Duck." We have found it exceedingly easy to comply with his request as time has passed.



berita to avoid incriminating myself. But for the sake of this story, assume the entire Straw-Ber-Rita was finished without gagging or choking.

Later, Michael and I decided we were prepared to face the bars. We soon discovered that we had less to face than previously expected, being denied entrance from the first two establishments we approached. At the third, a place by the name of 'Orange Duck,' we had more luck. The bouncer, a large Italian man who resembled a meatball resting on a barstool, forcefully requested our Fordham IDs. Seeing mine, he scoffed and grabbed it from my hand. "This is fake," he de-

admitted defeat. "Alright I'll let you go this time. But listen, we're trying this new thing on Tuesday – it's a drink up from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. Cover's \$2 for girls, \$20 for guys. Tell your friends okay?" "Sure," I said as he applied a temporary Spider-Man tattoo to my hand. I looked at him inquisitively. Ashamed, he explained they ran out of stamps shortly before my arrival.

I crossed the threshold of the bar and was immediately blasted by the stench of sweat and the body heat of at least 100 disgustingly drunk teenagers. A fellow bar-goer overheard my laments and casually removed a full bottle of cologne from the pock-



# Fordham Aborted Pro-Life Students Right to Free Speech

by Reyna Wang  
Ear Wax Editor

A day after the Fordham screening of the new documentary *HUSH*, which claims to be a “liberating conversation about abortion and women’s health,” this headline surfaces on studentsforlife.org: “Another Catholic University Fails its Pro-Life Students.” Unsurprisingly enough, it contains an email from the speaker at the screening, Eve Silver, that spews more than a few lies about what really happened at the documentary screening. As a participant in the peaceful demonstration organized by FSU, SAGES, and Women’s Empowerment as well as an attentive viewer of the film, I’ll recount this story how I saw it, and let’s be real—there is no way of presenting information.

The Facebook event for the screening was created by Respect For Life and described the documentary as “neutral” and “pro-information.” But by virtue of hosting the event as Fordham’s pro-life club, the documentary screening cannot be neutral and unpoliticized, even if it claims to be. With this in mind, members of Women’s Empowerment researched the film and found the information presented in it to be selectively included from a pro-life perspective.

This is where the title of the article, “Another Catholic University Fails its Pro-Life Students,” becomes laughably, if painfully, inaccurate. Respect for Life, a university recognized club at Fordham, was able to hold a school sanctioned event to present information of their choice in a manner of their choice—in this case, through the screening of *HUSH*. However, when Women’s Empowerment, a feminist club that is still not officially recognized by Fordham despite years of “negotiation,” and FSU+SAGES attempted to do the same—in this case, by standing outside the entrances of Keating with sex-positive signs and handing out cited information about abortion that we thought was purposely left out of the film—it has to be in the form of a student organized demonstration, and we were stopped by several people, including Fordham’s Public Safety, who scrutinized us regarding our permission to be

## Good thing *the paper* won’t *HUSH* them up

expressing our views in this manner, despite getting the demonstration pre-approved by the administration. When we barred no one either physically or psychologically, Silver accused us of showing up “in full force carrying signs and intimidating students from entering to view the *HUSH* film screening,” as if the free speech of Fordham’s pro-life students were under attack.



It is incredibly apparent that Fordham, indeed a Catholic university, gives full support to its pro-life students, providing them with the resources they need to publically express their views. It is also incredibly apparent that Fordham fails its pro-choice students, while “pro-choice” is not an inherently an un-Catholic view. But even if it were, Fordham in its Jesuit mission statement claims that it “welcomes students, faculty and staff of all religious traditions and of no religious tradition as valued members of this community of study and dialogue” and “guarantees the freedom of inquiry required by rigorous thinking and the quest for truth.” By restricting the freedom of inquiry of students whose views do not align with the anti-choice movement, Fordham is failing to welcome these students as valued members of the community, whose first priority is thus not that of study and dialogue.

The *HUSH* documentary tries desperately to portray itself as non-political and simply pro-information, but

from the beginning, it fails to hide the pro-life stitches holding together its cherry-picked patches of information regarding women’s health. Though I have not researched nearly as extensively as the makers of *HUSH* claim to have done, there are many indications that *HUSH* argues on the basis of pseudoscience. I could explain these to you at length, but a quick Googling of the film with some basic

discr

etion for bias will tell you all you need to know. After the screening, the floor was opened up for a Q&A with Silver, who was featured in the film. In regard to

this segment, she remarked: “The protesters had a big laptop and used it to try to prove false various speakers in the film, asking me about them and denying their logic. I said I would answer questions asked in an orderly fashion, questions that had relevance to the film and were not of a religious or personal nature.” But the truth was, Silver was dismissive even of objective questions that were directly related to the film. For instance, *HUSH* repeatedly accuses national health institutions, such as the American Psychiatric Association and the National Cancer Institute, of withholding information regarding the link between abortion and breast cancer from the public. However, there is no explanation whatsoever as to what incentive these institutions would have for hiding this information. When I inquired about this missing element, my question was dismissed as “political” and “irrelevant” to the film, and several other audience members, even some members of Respect for Life, received similar dismissiveness

in response to valid questions.

But from the accusation of “filling out their evaluation forms before the film began” to the ridiculous jab about the “big laptop,” what bothers me above all about this whole situation is how petty it has become. What should’ve been a discussion about a serious issue resulted in a petty argument whose ultimate goal was not to seek truth but to paint the opponent as the more biased party. The dualistic political faction-ing of every issue that affects Americans is perhaps our biggest obstacle to solving them, and the responsibility of having a productive conversation despite these divisions belongs to members of both “sides.” Knowing that we were in a space hosted by Respect for Life, perhaps my friends and I in FSU+SAGES should’ve considered ways to express our views that would make us seem less hypocritical, guilty of the exact dogmatism of which we accuse them. Though our frustrations were valid and our accusations of the use of false or biased scholarship in the film were essentially irrefutable, perhaps we should not have presented them in such a barrage as soon as the floor was opened, consuming a space that belonged to everyone. Most of all, I regret that after the film, there were people from Respect for Life who genuinely wanted to hear more about our dissenting views, but we left and discarded the rare and valuable opportunity to have a productive discussion. I so often hear people say that it’s useless trying to convince a pro-this person to believe in a pro-that movement, but maybe if we focused on discussing rather than convincing, it wouldn’t be so useless. I know this article didn’t really end the way that it began, but neither did my experience with this whole *HUSH* documentary screening situation.

So tldr: Fordham does not provide equal means for free speech to all of its students, the documentary *HUSH* poorly conceals its pro-life intentions under a pro-woman veil, and no matter what we believe, it’s more productive to listen to those who disagree with us than to prove that we are right.

# Bottling Up Your Thoughts and Feelings Is Not Worth the Stress

by Liza Smythe  
Staff Feeler

## Time to pop the cork and let the tears flow

Something my friends, family, professors — really anyone that has ever met me — has told me is that I am not the best with my emotions. It's not like I am a sobbing mess all the time, or punching walls; I'm the complete opposite. I keep everything cloistered within me. The inside of my brain is just filled with bottles and bottles of emotions, just lined up against the wall. They have always been there, all neat and tidy—until now.

I have always been a loner by nature. To an extent, I live mostly in the world in my head. I have always been this way. When I was younger, I created mythical worlds that never made sense to my friends, parents or teachers. In middle school, I wrote ridiculously long stories that were just anecdotes from my life construed in a way that was something of magic realism. I continue to dream situations from my life into something that is just characteristic of the fantastic. I find myself in class sometimes playing out situations on the stage in my mind. I am constantly processing. I am constantly thinking. I don't think there has ever been a moment in my life when I could say that there was nothing much going on up there.

**Tell people how you feel about them before you lose them... as cliché as it may sound, just do it.**

My mom constantly asks me what I am thinking about and I almost always reply with the blanket, "nothing." The truth is, I am just taking everything in and processing it, and then placing the bottle on a shelf with like thoughts. I have been told that I don't talk much, but when I do, it is something that is pretty insightful. Um yeah, it better be of great value I've probably been curing that thought in my brain for six days— or probably longer. In most circumstances, I just think everything through until there is nothing left to process. This probably

sounds awful, it really isn't that bad. I mean, I come up with a lot of cool ideas and solutions to problems for myself and for others, but at the same time I spend so much time up in my head that I am not always in the real world.

Even though my deep thinking really helps me solve problems, it has become overwhelming for me to keep everything I'm feeling inside for so

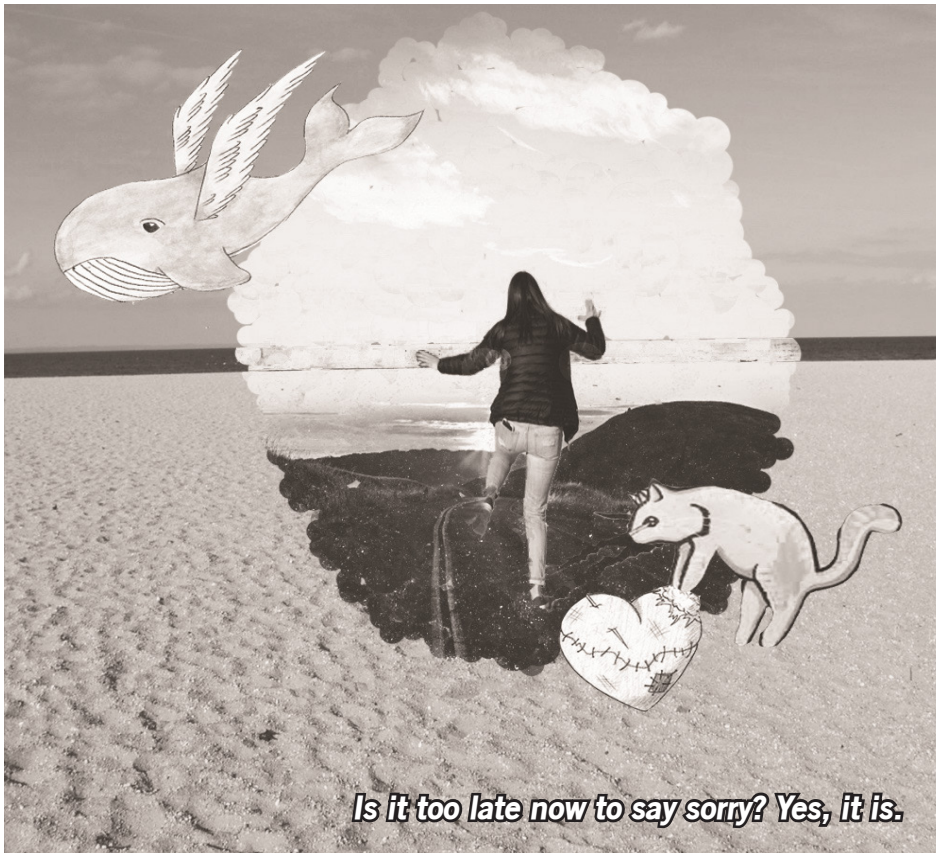
in a temporary state of euphoria. I felt so secure with myself and my happiness because of all the excitement that I forgot about the downright shitty place I was in. I denied that someone so close to me was dying, my relationship was crumbling faster than ever, and that I was pushing myself away from those who love me. It wasn't until I lost my grandmother and then a month later my romantic relationship

ably wouldn't constantly feel like I've been hit in the face with a brick flying towards me at 80 miles an hour. That's a weird analogy, but that's how much it hurts sometimes, except, like, a lot more. Feelings are weird.

I wish I was more open; I obviously can't change my past but I can change my projection into the future, kinda. I owe it to myself and to my loved ones to tell them how I feel about them. I tell my friends I value their support and love and humor and just their friendship overall; I try to text my mom every day with a quick update about my life and that I love her; I call and text my aunts and cousins to make sure they're doing well. I wish I was more open in my romantic relationships in my past, but I try not to regret ending things for that reason. All I know is that feelings and emotions are important and I owe it to myself to share them just as people I love share with me.

I don't regret anything that has happened in my past; it has all made me who I am right now. I am just going to offer up one piece of advice to you all: make sure you tell everyone how you feel about them; don't be afraid to open up. It is scary, just trust me, I know how difficult it is. Sometimes it takes talking to someone on the outside—this can be even more difficult. This is something that I do, for myself and it has helped me open up to those I love and care for. Just let yourself be a little vulnerable, you'll be stronger for it. Tell people how you feel about them before you lose them, it could make all the difference. As cliché as it may sound, just do it. I may still be cleaning up all the shattered glass and mopping all my emotions off the floor, but expressing them with words rather than just rampant thoughts, has made cleaning everything up all the easier.

*Editor's Note: Counseling and Psychological Services is available to talk to anyone feeling depressed or anxious. CPS can be reached at (718) 817-3725; they are a great resource for students to talk.*



*Is it too late now to say sorry? Yes, it is.*

long. I am not going to lie, I've had a pretty rough summer. I've always been one to struggle with my anxiety and that is something that cyclically comes back to haunt me, my grandmother was suddenly diagnosed with cancer and we soon lost her, I was in a long distance relationship that was just so tough for us to manage, and I had a falling out with someone close to me. It was really rough. I kept all my feelings of anxiety, sadness, anger, and depression decently closeted. My friends didn't know, my family didn't know, my boyfriend at the time didn't know. I was the same happy, bubbly, and sweet person on the outside, being eaten up by the emotions inside me.

When I came back to Fordham, I was

deteriorated, that I just felt all of the bottles in my head fall to the ground and shatter, all of the thoughts I have had for years just mixing and pouring out. I sobbed on my bed for about three hours with my roommate and best friend, just letting everything pour out. There were apologies, and angry strings of sobs about my newly created ex— and some about an old one from way too long ago, and just some anecdotes that were just rough to tell.

My facade of happiness and ditziness was gone. All of my security was gone. I honestly still can't process everything that has happened in the past few weeks. All I know is that if I had just shared myself a little bit more with those around me, I prob-



# There is No Running Away from the Problem of Catcalling

by Meredith McLaughlin  
Staff Marathon Winner

Every other day, the mid distance squad of the track team does a five mile run through the Bronx. A little while ago we took the “scenic” route through a park, and as we were heading back we had to go under this bridge. I’m not the best runner, so I was a few feet behind the rest of the group as we’re running, and as we passed under the bridge a guy who was walking past stopped and whistled at us. I turned to look at him (be-

**It’s just basic social skills: You don’t harrass women for being in the same space as you.**

cause I love taking the bait and being a moron) and to be honest there’s nothing more unsettling than a middle aged man whose face is cloaked in darkness whistling at you while you pass him under a bridge.

Now I’m not writing this article

## No activity is to mundane or routine for street harrassment

because this is, an epidemic that plagues me and the people I run with every day. It rarely happens. But when it does you gotta wonder why guys catcall people when they’re running. When people run they don’t look cute, they look sweaty and gross and determined as hell. Women who wake up in the morning and go out to run are not looking for your greasy comments. When you’re trying to push yourself and keep up with the group the last thing you want to hear is a man say “Ooh, look at the pretty girls,” to his dog when you pass by. That shit will throw you off a little bit when you’re me and you react to everything that happens around you. It’s just basic social skills: you don’t harrass women for being in the same space as you.

It costs zero dollars to stay in your lane and not say anything, but for some reason this is still an issue women have to deal with. What goes through the mind of the catcalling male? “Glad I woke up today :) These college ladies are running by, really hope they like me telling them to move those legs as I drive by in my car.” No one needs that in their life. No one

has ever asked for that. If I look like I’m ready to vomit on the side of the



road and I hear someone tell me stuff like that, without a doubt I will daydream about vomiting on them.

You’re supposed to be uncomfortable when you’re running. It’s that uncomfortable feeling that makes you feel like you’ve accomplished something. But getting shouted at by a sleaze on the sidewalk turns that uncomfortable success feeling sour, and that’s the worst feeling of all.

There is a difference between catcalling and actual motivation, though. The person who whistles at the group

when we are jogging along can step back about 800 feet, but the person who says “woo, go Fordham!” is giving me the quality content I live to see on these streets. Showing support for the school and the track team is a genuinely nice thing to do, and it makes you feel like you’re part of the larger Bronx community. I can’t speak for everyone, but hearing someone tell me to keep going while I run can give me that mental boost that I need to push myself. Catcallers like to hide behind the word “compliment” when they’re defending their rudeness, but an actual compliment is when someone takes the time to motivate you while you’re running, not when they tell you you have nice legs.

People appreciate being complimented for working hard, not getting degraded for walking down the street. Whether you’re running, walking, standing, or just existing in a public place, no one has the right to harass you for being there. It’s 2016, guys. It’s time we as a society moved on from catcalling.

# Sorry If I’m Not As Pretty As I Look On Snapchat

by Colleen Burns  
Features Co-Editor

Since its creation in September 2011, I have believed that Snapchat is the most revolutionary form of social media because it does not conform to the like-crazed, follower obsessive, fake happiness performing platforms of many other popular social media sites. For example, Snapchat does not instigate social competition over the number of friends, likes, views, retweets, or shares a user receives because it simply is not designed in the same way as other social media sites. Only Snapchat users know how many friends they have and how many people have viewed their Snapstory.

Even more groundbreaking, Snapchat does not have a “like” button that is central to many forms of social media. This dreaded “like” button is simultaneously hated and loved by many social media aficionados, as the number of likes received is deemed an important factor in determining

## Snapfilters reinforce unrealistic beauty standards

coolness levels. I, for one, know I spend too much time debating the perfect picture, caption, and hashtag combination all for a predetermined “cool” amount of likes. Simply stated, Snapchat relieves all of the pressures of this social competition.

In one sense, Snapchat also reduces the pressure to portray a perfect, happy life on social media the way Facebook and Instagram do. Instead, Snapchat cultivates the idea of sending silly faces and funny captions that disappear in ten seconds or less. Most Snapstories are probably videos of your roommate doing something embarrassing, pictures of Netflix beating out homework once again, or a documentation of the wonders of Aramark food. Meanwhile, most pictures on Facebook and Instagram are probably of you and your friends posing for the camera somewhere that is not nearly as fun as it seems.

To say Snapchat is a revolution-

ary form of social media because of these features or even lack of certain features is an accurate statement...or so I thought. About a year ago, Snapchat introduced a new component to sending selfies: Snapchat Lenses or more commonly known as Face Filters. Snapchat Lenses allow users to add special effects to their selfies. Some Snapchat Lenses shape a face into a cute animal, provide rainbow puke, or make face swaps.

I am sure we can all agree that these Snapchat Lenses are extremely fun to use, but there are several Snapchat Lenses that transform a user’s face into one that meets society’s beauty standards. Please note: I am not referring to the Snapchat Lenses that give users over-the-top sparkly makeup as a joke. I am talking about the flower crown lens that erases all blemishes and makes eyes bigger, the gold butterfly lens that Photoshops jaw lines and makes skin tanner, and the

filter that digitally corrects any flaws regarding facial structure.

Maybe you did not even notice the lens airbrush your skin or Photoshop your jaw line because of how subtle the changes are, but I bet you noticed that you felt prettier using those specific lenses. Through these lenses, Snapchat is inadvertently dictating our perceptions of beauty, and I am not okay with it. What kind of positive self-image are these Snapchat Lenses promoting? I could be dead tired with a high fever and snot running from my nose and still look amazing when I use the gold butterfly lens. If I allow Snapchat to “fix” my flaws and imperfections in photos, how will I feel about myself when I look in the mirror and remember they still exist? Snapchat may have made revolutionary steps in aspects of social competition, but Snapchat is far from progressive in promoting positive self-image and realistic perceptions of beauty.

## the paper's view

Best if performed in the Key of G Minor:

Here's the story of a publication  
Whose editors racked up a shit ton of debt  
All of them had hearts of mold, a real non starter,  
One of them was named Loob

Here's the story, of new Fordham students  
Who for some some reason hated Sly Stallone  
Their rage for him was uncontrollable  
Would they hate him alone?

Till the one day when the students went to Club Fair  
And they found the twelve moldy guys and gals  
They learned that they were allowed to print "Fuck Sly"  
That's the way they all became *the paper* pals.

*the paper* pals,  
*the paper* pals,  
That's the way they became *the paper* pals.

Occasionally issues have been pulled  
Due to face-sitting pics that offended God  
However, now they just fuck up OrgSync forms  
They still offend God, though

Sometimes the editors worship lizards  
Because deep down they are all just meme trash  
Now they moved on to roasting each other  
And never having cash

Except Sundays when they order Estrellitas  
And they say that death is inevitable  
Together they are wine mom, dad, and 10 kids  
With contributors they are *the paper* pals.

*the paper* pals,  
*the paper* pals.  
That's the way they became *the paper* pals.

Ooh! My nose!  
Sio & Kelly  
a.k.a. Mr. & Mrs. *the paper*

"Well, all day long at school I hear how great Looby  
is at this or how wonderful Looby did that!  
Looby, Looby, Looby!"  
-Luis Gomez

# Horoscopes

by Kyle Zarif

**Staff Madame Zeroni**

## **Aquarius (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18)**

You'll do fine on a test but then you'll tell everyone that you think you failed until you get the test back and see that you did fine. Congratulations, you played yourself.

## **Pisces (Feb. 19 - Mar. 20)**

Life is not a fairytale and no one needs to hear that more than you.

## **Aries (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19)**

Try to find a fun way to dial down your insufferable narcissism, perhaps by listening every once in a while.

## **Taurus (Apr. 20 - May 20)**

The stars will guide you to a reckless spontaneity. The moon will coax you back into a mundane sadness.

## **Gemini (May 21 - June 20)**

Take a walk in the woods; explore your natural surroundings! Mostly to forge a connection to nature but also because all of your friends secretly hate you.

## **Cancer (June 21 - July 22)**

Your luck is about to run out, sweetie.

## **Leo (July 23 - Aug. 22)**

A great opportunity will present itself to you but you won't notice because you'll be busy talking down to someone.

## **Virgo (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22)**

Your vertigo will be cured this week.

## **Libra (Sep. 23 - Oct. 22)**

Your week will probably go fine, but wear a tin hat 24/7 just in case.

## **Scorpio (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21)**

You will meet the love of your life this week. They will appear in the form of a emotionally downtrodden scarecrow. Don't be alarmed...

## **Sagittarius (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21)**

Let your friends drag you to Mugz™, you'll have a great time!...or probably just a good time...at the very least you'll learn to keep your expectations low.

## **Capricorn (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19)**

Play a game of Monopoly with your grandmother. She fucking deserves this.



# This Entire Election has been a Sexist Hellish Nightmarescape

by Rachel Poe

Features Co-Editor

When I started writing this, I was going to compare Donald Trump to this kid who was in my biology class in tenth grade who would try to cheat off my labs and, when I called him out, told me to go make him a sandwich since women only belonged in the kitchen. Back then, I was disgusted that some boy thought that he was better than me even though I was clearly the more competent one in this situation. It was frustrating but luckily, I had enough self-respect that I didn't let it get to me, nor did I let him get away with it. I told him off then promptly ignored him for the rest of the year. (Joke's on him - he was later expelled).

But Trump has surpassed the level of a high school bully. Since the primaries, Donald Trump has been spewing hate-speech without consequence; one could even argue that it's what gave him an edge since he severely lacked any hard policy ideas. He's been insulting Mexicans, Muslims, and African-Americans since he announced his candidacy for president, but for the purpose of this article, I'm going to be focusing on Trump's vulgar remarks towards women. I just want to make it perfectly clear that I believe that all of Trump's derogatory remarks should disqualify him from the presidency but in light of Trump's recent bullshit, I'm going to be focusing on just this special brand of Trump stupidity.

## Guess what? Donald Trump is a pig but this isn't surprising

In case you've been living under a rock, a video of Trump from 2005 was leaked on Friday of him and Billy Bush - yes, a relative of Jeb! - degrading women. A short summary is that Trump believed that he could make moves on women, despite those women being married, because he was a star. Trump believed that he could just "grab 'em in the pussy" because he could "do anything." Yup, that man could be one of the most powerful people in the world in less than a month.

Trump's disgusting language aside, the kind of mentality that goes along with it is too problematic to ignore. It's violent and selfish, completely disregarding the fact that 1.) Trump was married himself at this time and Melania was pregnant with their son and 2.) these women could, you know, not be interested in his advances. I know that it's too much to ask for Trump's tiny brain - to match his tiny hands - to wrap around the idea that a woman could be uninterested but really, who would be okay with being groped by a giant Cheeto?

Clearly, this isn't Trump's first time taking heat for his comments about women. He continuously calls Rosie O'Donnell a pig and let's not forget his response to Megyn Kelly when she called him out about it during one of the Republican primary debates. Trump alluded to Kelly's menstrual cycle by saying "blood was coming out of her ears, coming out of her wherever" because

claiming a reporter is on her period because she called you out on your bullshit is the mature, presidential way to handle it. Also, it just came to light that Trump called 1996 Miss Universe winner Alicia Machado "Miss Piggy" and "Miss Housekeeping," referring to Alicia's slight weight gain after the competition and her Latina background. Then, because he's just a dick, he "invited" a bunch of reporters to watch and put her weight under a microscope. And then called most of the reporters overweight too.

But the icing on the cake would definitely have to be Trump's comments about his own daughter: "If Ivanka weren't my daughter, perhaps I'd be dating her" which is just - ew. He also, when asked about what his one-year-old daughter Tiffany had of mom and dad's, only talked about her legs and that they would have to see if she would have her mother's breasts. His one year old child. I shouldn't have to tell you, that's not normal.

Trump is a slimy, narcissistic, misogynist pig, whose disrespectful comments about women have been consistent since the 1990s. This is more than an issue of Trump just saying mean things. If Trump has no respect for the people he could potentially lead, then how can we trust him to protect us, to not treat us like second class citizens? I personally cannot respect someone who lacks any sort of common human decency. To Trump, women are

nothing more than their looks and that he is fully justified in exploiting and objectifying them because of his celebrity status.

Trump has since tried to apologize for the incident saying that he "not a perfect person" before spinning the whole thing into a slam on Hillary and Bill Clinton. As if he couldn't get more disingenuous, Trump was clearly reading off a teleprompter during his "apology," breaking his usually candid behavior. Whether this was an attempt to seem more presidential or a decision made by his campaign so he didn't say anymore more stupid shit is unclear, but nevertheless, Trump has never seemed less sincere. If he really felt bad for his actions, he would have owned up to his bullshit without attacking his opponent.

Trump's campaign has been taking blow after blow since the beginning of October and now seems to be scrambling. Trump is continuously trying to drag Bill Clinton through the mud by bringing three of his alleged assault victims to the debate on Sunday. Sorry, Donald, but last time I checked, Hillary was your opponent not Bill. Sexually assaulted women shouldn't be used as props in one man's war against another. That's low, even for you Donald.

So fuck you, Donald Trump. Your wife and the roughly 157 million other women in the United States deserve better.







## Can You Please Stop Hating on My Rad Dad Music?

by Kaitlyn Clarke &  
Carly Johnson  
Staff Dad Defenders

This past weekend marked the 40th anniversary of legendary pioneering punk band, the Buzzcocks. Part of the initial wave of punk rock to come out of the U.K. in the 1970s, the Buzzcocks are akin to iconic bands such as The Sex Pistols and The Clash. Their indisputable legacy and pop sensibilities are responsible in part for the creation of other highly regarded musical groups like Hüsker Dü and Nirvana. In celebration of their anniversary, the Buzzcocks played a mind-blowing 3-hour long set at New York's own Irving Plaza, and with the return of the band, brought the return of their fans, some of whom have long since seen their heyday. When looking around the crowd, one could see that the audience was comprised of mostly older folk, with a few young adults scattered throughout; including an older man who dropped his glasses in the middle of the mosh pit and then proceeded to crawl around on the floor for twenty minutes looking for them using the flashlight on his phone (to no avail I might add). The lack of a more youthful audience at the concert got me thinking about what happened to the appreciation of classics by contemporary music listeners. It makes sense why the audience was predominantly populated by people who were alive during the height of the Buzzcocks' career, though it still begs the question, how does today's youth view music of the past? When asked this question, a particular individual, whose anonymity

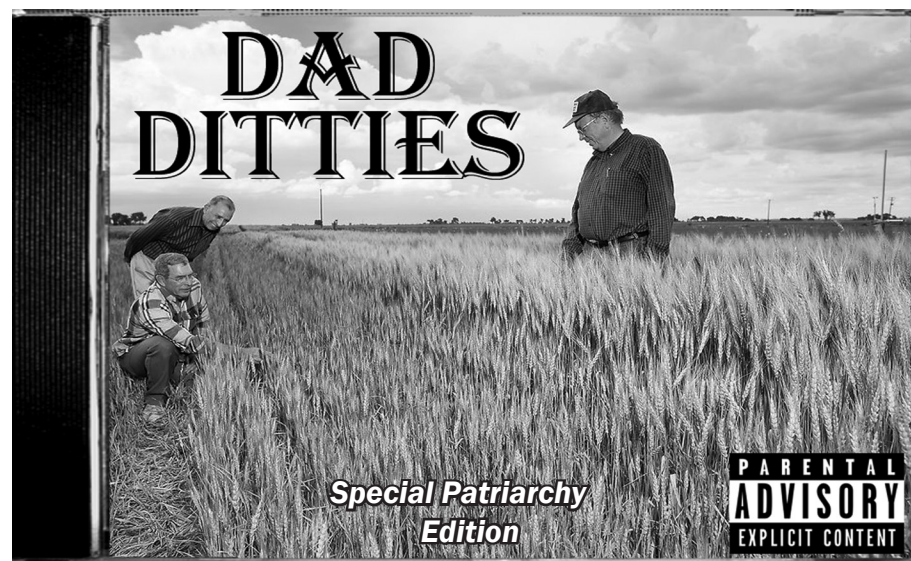
### It's not sad to rock out with dad

will be preserved due to fear of retaliation from angry dads, alluded to the idea that this music was "dad rock" and therefore inaccessible or unappealing. While this individual's views are not necessarily indicative of an entire generation's attitudes towards music of the past, the popularization of

makes the assumption that only dads listen to this music suggesting that it has become irrelevant. Let's begin by discussing the incorrect assumptions of the users of this terminology; the music of yesteryear is not only accessible, but also appreciated by individuals across the vast spectrum of age and

vinyl of 2015, and Led Zeppelin came in slots fifteenth and sixteenth, but people who dismiss pre-'80's music simply as "dad music" fail to recognize that we would not have modern music without it. A prime example of the past's influence on present music is hugely popular neo-psychedelic rock band Tame Impala, whose latest release, *Currents*, received praise from critics and audience alike; founder and front-man, Kevin Parker, has cited the music of Pink Floyd as a major contributing factor to Tame Impala's psychedelic sound. Or just think of the White Stripes; Jack White's gritty and bluesy sound must give credit to the likes of guitarist Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin. Jimi Hendrix, guitar legend, shattered conceptions of what it meant to play the guitar, forever altering the course of rock music and undoubtedly influencing musicians for generations to come. British punk, Palma Violets, the contemporary garage rock band all owe their entire sound to The Clash. On the same note, Saves have cited '70s rockabilly heroes The Cramps as an influence; the list of influential artists from this period goes on and on.

So, even if you are opposed to listening to music that is more than 20 years old (although if you are, you're an unseasoned listener and should fix the problem immediately), you are obligated to respect all it has done for today's world, not only musically, but also socially and politically. "Dad music" is a vital aspect in the inception of today's music scene and deserves to be recognized as such.



the term "dad rock" or "dad music" has made it apparent that the expression needs to be addressed.

In order to combat the negative stigma that accompanies the term "dad music," one must first define it. The aforementioned individual broadly applied the term to music created before the 1980s, or in other words, music produced during the time when our generation's parents were in their adolescence, more specifically the 1960's and 70's. This definition is problematic not only because it is lazy and unimaginative in its design, but also because it

experience. I have never failed to meet adolescents, young adults, as well as dads, who all enjoy artists ranging from Cheap Trick to Simon and Garfunkel to The Rolling Stones. This exemplifies the timeless nature of this genre of music, thus ascribing the listeners to only one generation is an under representation of the music's breadth and grasp.

The ubiquitous presence of pre-1980's music in today's society demonstrates its relevancy rather than the lack thereof. Not only is it still enjoyed regularly, Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* was the eighth highest selling



## EVENTS

**What:** Halloween Dog Parade

**Where:** Tompkins Square Park

**When:** Sat., Oct. 22nd @ 12pm

**How Much:** FREE

**Why:** Dogs, in Halloween Costumes, in a Parade. ARE YOU KIDDING ME! DO YOU NEED A WHY, DO YOU REALLY NEED ONE?!

**What:** Dessert Festival

**Where:** Dobbin St. Brooklyn, NY

**When:** Sun., Oct. 23rd @ 12pm

**How Much:** \$15

**Why:** Their slogan is "Because Dessert is always a good idea." They've already sold me on it.

**What:** Peace-A-Party

**Where:** McGinley 241

**When:** Tues., Oct. 18th @ 4:30pm

**How Much:** Free

**Why:** Sponsored by CSA. You will be writing letters for charity. This event is for a really good cause, so go if your a nice person. Seriously. They also have free pizza, but don't go for that, you jerk.

## Star Wars Is a Capitalist Money-Making Dream

by Scott Saffran

### Staff Action Figure

Star Wars is the cultural phenomenon of cultural phenomena. Its seven movies have grossed over \$6.5 billion. The franchise sold for over \$4 billion during the 2012 sale to Disney. Star Wars has come to consume our cinemas, book stores, comic shops, department retailers, and mostly importantly, toy stores. Star Wars toys are merchandising unlike any other. Film and design enthusiasts fawn over the intricate costume and set design, and marketing specialists' pupils turn into dollar signs. Star Wars merchandise pulled in a reported \$32 billion, even before the Disney acquisition. Put simply, Star Wars is toyetic. Each character, no matter how minor or obscure, is uniquely designed and impressively marketable. Boba Fett has about five lines in the entire saga, but has sold no less than one metric shit-ton of toys. Even I have a little Dengar action figure, the dude with the diaper on his head who never speaks once.

Prior to the acquisition by Disney, the Star Wars property carried on an uneven existence. Comic books and novels kept a consistent stream over the forty-or-so years of existence, but the six movies and handful of television shows were few and far between. The market for merchandise over this time, both retail and resale, had been comparably inconsistent and unpredictable. Movie releases often saw stock fly off shelves and resale prices skyrocket, yet *Episode II* product lingered on the pegs like a bad aftertaste. These valleys can leave toy shelves barren of Jedis and Stormtroopers, or absolutely flush with the brand new, highly articulated or retro-style Rebels and Imperialists.

Back in 1977, during the release period of the original Star Wars film, Kenner Toys (RIP) sold a box of cardboard cut-outs of action figures with the promise that the still-in-production toys would be shipped to purchasers at some later date. Drove of people

### Unsurprisingly, it's owned by Disney

actually bought them! The toys sold so well in both cardboard cutout and actual plastic form Kenner began to build its brand around the line and drove the Ohio-based toy manufacturer to become one of the leading toy licensing powerhouses in the world up until their oh-so-untimely folding in 2000. Inspired by that initial success, now with each new movie or television series comes a wave of toys based on characters old and new.

Since the production of the phenomenally successful *Episode VII: The Force Awakens*, Disney and Star Wars

sons), but still new toys, clothes, and accessories lined the shelves at every Target, Wal-Mart, Kmart, and Kohl's. Though the Star Wars merchandise train has charged on mostly without fail for the past forty-or-so years, is this current model sustainable? Does the Star Wars monstrosity have what it takes to cash in on brand new products every single year with at least comparable success? The answer is probably going to be yes. I mentioned earlier that Star Wars is toyetic, and that's what most of their success has been built on. Everyone wants a Darth Vader toy be-

cause he's a friggin' space samurai and that's just the coolest thing ever. While the critical and financial success of the *Rogue One* film is months away from determination, new droid K-2SO has almost single-handedly ensured a victory in the toy section. And for a film franchise that does about five times its box office take in merch sales alone, that's really all that counts.

Star Wars fatigue can only be a product of a lack of innovation. The beauty of the universe is not that every single character can be a marketable action figure, but that every single character is so unique, so fresh on their own that they're deserving of their own action figure. If the Disney monolith fails in continuing the legacy that George Lucas and Ralph McQuarrie built in designing and inspiring compelling characters, they will fail in the toy aisle and in the cinema, and, in turn, they will fail to reap those monstrous financial rewards. In truth, Star Wars toys are as much a part of the saga as the films; they have facilitated a physical relationship with fans and fanatics that has built the brand into the largest cultural experience in the world. It has become a multi-media experience unlike anything the world has ever seen.

My parting thought? The Ewoks were as much a way to sell toys as any other Jedi, Sith, or Stormtrooper. Don't hate on Wicket W. Warrick!



*Dengar's Diaper Dome*

execs have hinted at a continuous cycle of films until the year 2020. With each new movie comes the promise of new toys. Initiated last September prior to the release of *Episode VII* was "Force Friday", a merchandise extravaganza where all licensed *The Force Awakens* products were simultaneously released to the joy of fans worldwide. Brand new action figures in the classic four inch scale, four-foot-tall dolls, cardboard standees, hoodies, shirts, posters, POP bobbleheads, lightsabers, NERF guns, and much (much, much, much) more took over about every corner of every retail store across the face of this planet.

To continue on the ever-lucrative trend, Friday, September 28th, was 2016's iteration of the spectacular. Granted, it wasn't met with the same level of excitement (for obvious rea-

# Dating Naked Is Great to the Naked Eye

by Liam Mckeone  
Staff Nudist

*Dating Naked* is better than *The Bachelor*. There, I said it. Before everyone swooning over *The Bachelor's* newest and latest hot single Ben Higgins comes charging to his defense, let me tell you why you should care way more about *Dating Naked's* most recent pair of lost lovers looking for a partner, David and Natalie.

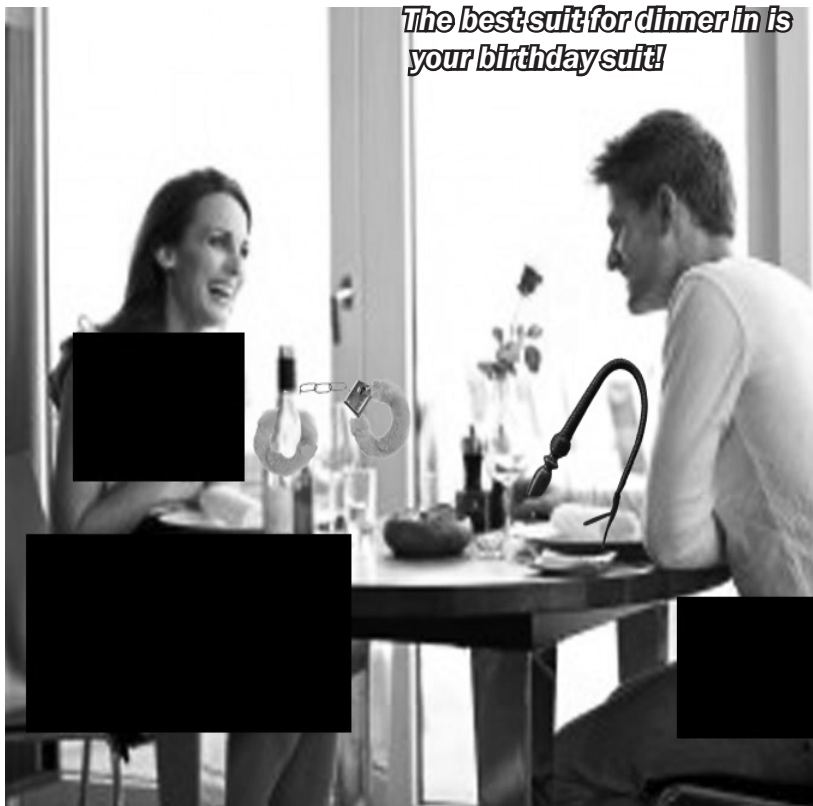
The concept of simply dating naked is revolutionary, an idea containing many more layers than simply one guy trying to find the right girl. With two main contestants, a male and a female, everyone is interested. We get to examine both dynamics of the relationships side-by-side and have a greater appreciation for the differences between a male contestant and a female contestant. This also means that participants of both genders get to try their hand at winning over each of the two main contestants. With a larger variation in people comes a larger variation in strategy, making for extremely entertaining reality television. Going on dates naked moves outside the bounds of cliché dating, putting both the viewers and contestants in the uncomfortable situation of dealing with everyone naked. When naked, people feel exposed. That feeling is clear in the faces of the participants in *Dating*

*Naked*, making for a much more interesting viewing experience. Instead of trying to psychoanalyze the twitch on Ben's face as he hands his latest interest a rose during their date, we get to enjoy the discomfort of the contestants as they try to have a normal conversation in the nude.

The dates that the contestants go on in *Dating Naked* are far more interesting than *The Bachelor*. While gimmicky, the various activities that they participate in, whether it's a physical activity like basketball or a dinner on a boat thirty feet offshore, make for awkward

## Get in the spirit by watching it nude

and embarrassing interactions, which are more believable than other reality TV shows. Nobody wants to act awkward and uncomfortable on national TV, yet here David is, struggling to connect with his potential partner as he flails about on the soccer pitch trying to score a goal. These situations are certainly more comedic than *The Bachelor* dates, which are set in a much more stereotypical dating environment, like a candlelit dinner in the moonlight. While the bachelors get to go to some cool places, like Wrigley Field and Mexico City, the concept of the *Dating Naked* contestants consistently staying in the same place makes for better



*The best suit for dinner in is your birthday suit!*

television. When the contestants become more comfortable in their environment, that's when their true selves tend to come out. It's seen all the time in real life: someone seems nice until they get more comfortable in their surroundings, and suddenly they become the Wicked Witch of the West.

By far the greatest part of *Dating Naked* and the aspect that separates it from any other dating reality show, not just *The Bachelor*, are the nights after the dates. They supply all the contestants with copious amounts of alcohol for reasons that I don't question, and

allow all the current participants in the show to drink like fish before they all break out into a huge fight. Keep in mind, there are usually six horny and drunk singles in their mid-twenties, consuming all the free alcohol they want and living under the same roof for a whole week between episodes. So, you can imagine, things get pretty personal. They don't have to be naked during their time at the main house, so that particular factor of the social interactions is absent, but it still makes for quality entertainment. It can lead to all sorts of confrontations: women walking in on the male contestant kissing another girl and flipping out about it;

guys getting all moody and angsty when they see the female contestant flirting with someone else; and even people taking their clothes off specifically to spite everyone else. It's worse than if you got all the housewives from the *Real Housewives* shows and put them all in a room with bottomless wine to gossip and scream at each other.

So there you have it. While these shows air in completely different times throughout the year, there will be a point when you must ask yourself whether to watch *The Bachelor* or *Dating Naked*. It sounds dubious that this might be an actual dilemma

to have, but trust me. I thought the same thing until it happened to me. You'll know the answer when the time comes. Watching naked people awkwardly interact is always more entertaining than watching the next really dreamy guy choose between literally fourteen different beautiful women. Why would you want to watch two people sipping wine in a Jacuzzi when you can watch two NAKED people roller-skate down a hill and then drunkenly fight about it afterwards? Make the right decision. Choose *Dating Naked*.

# SHOWS

**What:** Clams Casino with Lil B

**Where:** Playstation Theater

**When:** Thurs., Oct. 13th @ 7:30pm

**How Much:** \$37.50

**Why:** Why would you not want to see the based god? Also Clams Casino is a good producer. I think. I don't know people hate my taste in music. Apparently this is Clams' show though, so if you like him, go.

**What:** Chvrches

**Where:** Terminal Factory

**When:** Sun., Oct. 16th @ 7pm

**How Much:** \$39.50

**Why:** Most people go to church on Sunday, there is this concert too. I don't know if it counts as church though. I needed something that isn't hip-hop, I mean I could have put two hip-hop shows here. Awkward.

**What:** Jain

**Where:** Rough Trade

**When:** Wed., Oct. 12th @ 8pm

**How Much:** \$10

**Why:** I listened to her today in the print shop. She's really good. Like really good. Watch the music video for "Come," trust me its really trippy.



## Fashion Wars: Episode MMXVI - The 90's Strike Back

by Abby Ponticello

### Staff Honorary 90's Kid

The classic defense invoked by mothers since the beginning of time has once again come around to haunt us. In our futuristic year of 2016, fashion seems to be moving more and more in the direction of throwbacks. The scrunchies and chokers that have been collecting dust in my basement since my sister outgrew them in 1998 have once again become trendy items. For the cutting-edge modern teenager, selecting an appropriately fashion-conscious ensemble requires no further effort than tuning in to an episode of *Boy Meets World* or taking a nostalgic flip through the liner notes of the first Spice Girls album. And being the hip New York-affiliated college students that we are here at Fordham, we seem to have been bitten particularly hard by the nineties bug. Strolling across campus during the period when classes change over, one is confronted by a plethora of cropped shirts paired with high-waisted bottoms, a shocking number of Doc Martens, a sea of denim, and enough flannel to clothe a stadium full of lumberjacks. In other words, Jen-

### Can't wait until The 80's Awaken...

nifer Aniston is rejoicing somewhere over the fact that her Rachel Green character from *Friends* is once again a modern style icon.

The trend of wearing chokers in particular has reached the status of an epidemic.

For the past few years, the choker has gradually been making its way back onto the fashion scene. Today, they are *literally* everywhere. What's interesting about the choker is that it actually has quite a long history in popular fashion that dates back far beyond its iconic revival in the 1990s. The concept of the choker was born in the 1790s in Revolution-era France,

when women tied red ribbons around their necks as a tribute to those murdered at the guillotines. Over the course of its history the choker has served as a trademark garment of prostitutes, a famous accessory for ballerinas, and

an important symbol for high-society aristocrats. However, the garment's most notorious turn in the spotlight was in the nineties. Iconic celebrities ranging from Gwyneth Paltrow to Britney Spears rocked the classic look at every high profile occasion imaginable.

Recently, A-list celebrities like Kendall Jenner and Rihanna have become champions of the choker craze. After a few decades away from the public eye, chokers have once

again begun to symbolize one's fashion forwardness.

Luckily, the popular nineties trends that have made their resurgence in today's fashion have so far been limited to classic pieces like the choker, denim jacket, and Doc Marten shoe. This is something to be glad about, because for all of the fun and whimsical ensembles that the nineties had to offer, there were also definitely a host of things that had better be left forgotten in the far, far back of DJ Tanner's closet. If aggressively low-rise jeans or tinted sunglasses reappear on the scene we'll all know for sure that we've gone just a step too far. But the way I see it, there are definitely worse style eras that our generation could've chosen to revive. I mean... the eighties? Chokers are one thing, but if someone tries to bring back shoulder pads in a few years I, for one, will be rioting in the streets. However, for the time being, I think it's safe to say that we can all kick back in a crop top and a pair of striped Adidas and enjoy reliving the years of our babyhood.



## Manchester by the Sea Sails over the Competition at NYFF

by Declan Murphy

### Staff Seaman

One of the major problems with film festivals is the exponential factor of word-of-mouth promotion. Early releases, especially those that have debuted at other festivals, are *expected* to be better than others, and audience members tend to agree with the perception of the film that had generated prior to the screening. Take, for instance, festival darling *Steve Jobs*. The movie premiered at festivals last year to widespread acclaim, even serving as the centerpiece of last year's New York Film Festival. But after disappointing box office returns, the reputation of the film had petered out by awards season.

So I must say, with some trepidation because of the aforementioned biases: *Manchester by the Sea*, one of the Main Slate films at this year's New York Film Festival, will almost certainly win an Oscar.

*Manchester* is a powerful and beauti-

### You should definitely "sea" it

ful film, mired in tragedy. The premise—a teenage boy is adopted by his uncle after losing his father to heart disease—may seem familiar, but the execution is anything but. It's an unromantic portrait of loss; moments pass by in silence, and the grief is addressed with all the terse reserve that its New England setting suggests.

It's also anchored by incredible, Oscar-worthy performances. Casey Affleck is silent, pained, joking, and caring at various points in the film, with equal success. He brings a brooding nobility to his rough, workmanlike character. The supporting cast, including Michelle Williams, do excellent work as well. It's a simple script that says as much in its pauses as in its words.

*Manchester by the Sea* is the third feature by writer / director Kenneth Lonergan. Lonergan's other two features are similar indie dramas, but he's also served as a writer for the film *Gangs*

*of New York* and the off-Broadway play *This is Our Youth*. Lonergan has a gift for dialogue; as mentioned, the film uses its text sparsely but effectively. It successfully avoids many of the dead-parent clichés. Resolution does not come easily; the two do not learn a 'valuable lesson'; no one is expected to be alright by the end. It is tragedy as tragedy manifests in real life: imperfect and messy.

I was lucky enough to attend a talk-back with Lonergan, which was also illuminating. Lonergan discussed *Manchester* in context of his other work. It certainly feels like a culmination. Here, Lonergan fully develops themes established in his other works, most notably the importance of location. His earlier *Margaret* was fully integrated into the New York skyline. Here, New England provides the backdrop, including the titular Manchester-by-the-Sea. Luckily, it swerves to avoid making a mockery

of the outer Boston accent, and instead embraces its dialect. The freezing winter, the nearby sea, and the repressed Northern culture all play parts in the drama, and it pays off incredibly well.

It's also, oddly enough, quite funny. Casey Affleck's Lee Chandler is sarcastic, caustic, and brief. His interplay with his teenage co-star is an exercise in brevity and wit. Lee Chandler is utterly unfit to be a parent, and his awkward banter rings true.

*Manchester* is profound, heartfelt, and just all-around enjoyable. It's easily the highlight of this year's NYFF. While Kristen Stewart's *Shopper* may draw in plenty of its own acclaim, *Manchester by the Sea* has the accessibility to permeate the public consciousness and the staying power to become a classic. I cannot recommend *Manchester by the Sea* more highly.

# The Meadows v. Global Citizens: Dawn of Music

## Meadows Festival

by William Maurillo

### Staff Family Emergency

Kim's robbers, how could you be so heartless? Coming into The Meadows I expected a fall Coachella vibe filled with a full range of music fans, instead I got Kanye merch shoved down my throat and a whole lot of 15-year-old pot smoking, teenage angst, Upper West Side, and mosh pits. My main reason for going to The Meadows was to see Chance the Rapper, Mac Miller, and Kanye West. Having never attended a music festival before, I allowed my mind to wander on what to expect in the weeks prior to the festival. I thought that music festivals consisted of a hippie flower child vibe filled with love, happiness, and J passing. I couldn't have been more wrong. People at The Meadows were so triggered and hostile for such bonding. The musicians were bomb, singing to the masses on what seemed like a crappy schedule put together by people who specifically wanted you to miss out. To start my day, I went to Mac Miller to "find a big butt bitch, somewhere get my nuts kissed." Miller was in my opinion too focused on *Divine Feminine* and didn't pay enough credit to his older songs, specifically, "Donald Trump."

Leaving the Ariana Grande lovey dovey filled Mac Miller stage I went to see Chance. Chance the Rapper's performance was better than expected. It filled my paralleled love for *Coloring Book*, as well as a weird Bob Ross ZOOM vibe that I didn't know could be combined or possessed. Chance brought my mental age down to what seemed like a fetal stage which allowed for an amazing performance, filled with puppets and straight bangers from an

## Directed by Zack Snyder

assortment of all of his albums. Kanye will always act like Kanye. Other than showing up thirty minutes late and leaving early for a family emergency, Ye lived up to the hype. Playing fire song after fire song, he was the god that he knows he is. With a stage setup that made me hate him and love him at the same time, Kanye West's music will never sound as good as it did to fireworks and artsy lights creating trippy shadows and hype. Overall, The Meadows... "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Family emergency, I have to stop the show,".

## Global Citizens Festival

by Nicholas Peters

### Arts Co-Editor

On September 24th, 2016, in Central Park, thousands upon thousands of people crowded around each other to enjoy a collection of various talented artists and various influential speakers for the Global Citizens festival. Global Citizens is an organization run with the intent to help make the world a better place with a bevy of goals in order to accomplish it. It brings together politicians, celebrities, and everyday people together in order to accomplish this. The festival is a celebration of Global Citizens, as to go you have to have helped out with the organization in a bunch of ways, including tweeting at world leaders. You could also go by knowing someone who did this and had an extra ticket, or buy it off of someone who did this.

The lineup was headlined by Rihanna, and included Kendrick Lamar, Metallica, Major Lazer, Cat Stevens, Ellie Goulding, Usher, Demi Lovato, and

many others. Each set ran for various amounts of time, with some like Kendrick, Metallica, and Rihanna running for a lot longer than others. Kendrick especially went through a bunch of his big songs as well as two songs from his friend Schoolboy Q. It was awesome.

I was happy though, not just that I saw my favorite artist in concert (Kendrick Lamar), but because as a whole it was really fun. Okay, also because I saw Kendrick in concert. But all the performers were so good. It made me a fan of groups that I thought I wouldn't be fan of (Metallica). Despite the 50,000 people, the fact that I could barely see the artist, or the lines for everything, it was just a good time. Being at a concert with such a large amount of people gives off an amazing energy.

**THE MEADOWS**  
MUSIC AND ARTS FESTIVAL → QUEENS · NEW YORK



*Zack Snyder wasn't actually there*

**Follow the paper on  
Snapchat!**

**Scan the ghost, not  
the shopping list.**





# The Trump Grammar Guide

Brought to you by:



## Trump University



### PRONUNCIATION

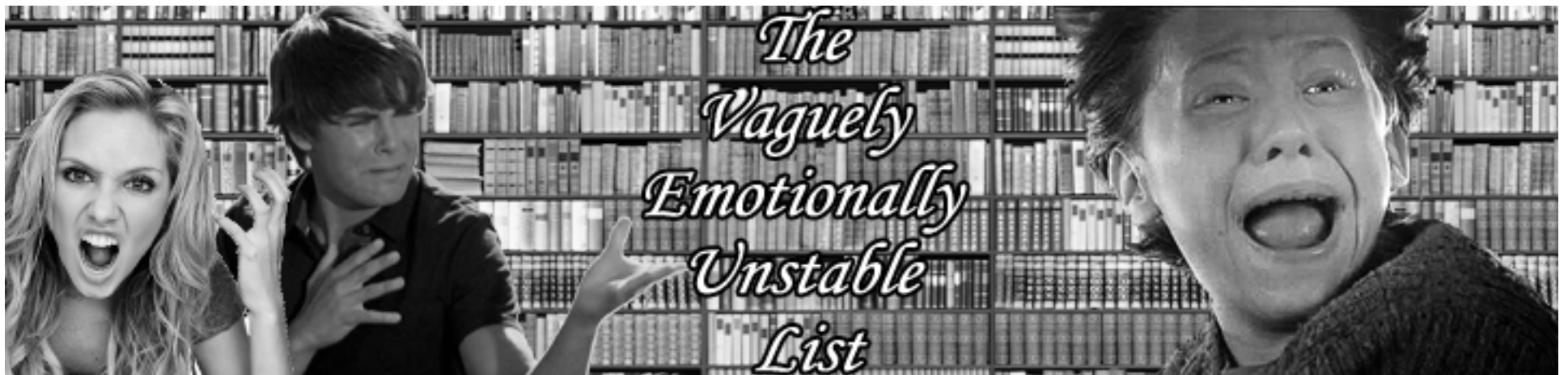
1. ***Nevada***: pronounced  
Nuh·vaa·duh
2. ***Huge***: pronounced huuj
3. ***China***: pronounced Chiig·na
4. ***Tanzania***: pronounced  
Tan·zayn·eea

### VOCABULARY

1. ***Bigly***: the highest possible amount something can be  
See also: my hands
2. ***Tens***: secretary, trophy wife, big boobs  
See also: Melania Trump
3. ***Non-Tens***: dog, pig, Miss. House keeping  
See also: Alicia Mechado
4. ***Daughter***: the only Ten you can look at but can't touch  
See also: Ivanka Trump

### PRO TIPS

1. “Very” can be used only followed by another “very.” It is an appropriate modifier for everything.
2. \*sniff\*
3. For variety, add the suffix “ly” to your favorite adjective, and it instantly becomes an adverb.



# The Vaguely Emotionally Unstable List

by the paper staff

## Mid-Semester Check-in!

Congratulations! You've made it to the six week marker of the semester!! We at *the paper* care about you in every aspect...so, how's your semester going? Do anything fun? Have any breakdowns? We want to know!

### My Life is a Horror Movie by Colleen Burns

How's my semester going you ask? Right now my semester is like watching a horror movie. The music is progressively getting more suspenseful—midterms are quickly approaching. The protagonist is alone in a dark, empty house and hears a noise—I'm hidden away in the corner of the third floor of the library, and the noise is my mom calling me, asking how studying is going. You keep yelling at the screen, "DON'T OPEN THE CELLAR DOOR!"—I keep yelling at myself "JUST WRITE THE FREAKIN PAPER!" The protagonist stupidly ignores all instincts and opens the cellar door anyway—I go against my better judgment and procrastinate the paper due at midnight. The killer unsurprisingly hacks the protagonist to pieces and hides her corpse in the cellar wall Edgar Allan Poe "Tell Tale Heart" style—the eventual anxiety of writing two term papers, collaborating with other people in a group presentation that counts for 20% of my grade, and studying for midterms kills me. I die, and my roommate gets a 4.0 GPA.

### Korean War Part II Kim Jong-Goupil

So far my semester is going great? College classes as of now are nothing new or nothing that I can't handle. The main transition for me is from my queen sized, single occupant, sole life form room, to my smaller dungeon with the 38th parallel DMZ running right

down the middle of the room. Just inches away, a not so wild, not so majestic Guido is posted up watching me breathe and exist. Similar to the Korean conflict, we are seconds away from going to war. Though he doesn't know this, if I find his water bottle on my half again, he will receive a quick jab to the throat collapsing his voice box. Never having shared a room before, I feel like I need my primary school teachers telling me to share, but they aren't here. It's me vs. him. Only one will survive. And that WILL be me. With subtle acts of aggression like taking all his drinks and using all of his expensive tissues, I will drive this imperialist from the motherland.

### The Mines of McGinley by Erebor

"We cannot get out. We cannot get out. They have taken the Caf and Thebaud hall. Rogers and Arcuri and Rusel fell there.

The pool is up to the wall at Walshgate. The Watcher in the Water took McShane—we cannot get out. The end comes soon.

We hear drums, drums in the deep. They are coming."

### The Sad Tales of a Junior by S A D B O Y S

I mean honestly. At this point is that even a question we need to ask? It's going like shit, okay? My semester is a complete and utter waste of energy and time, and all I'm getting from it is the chance to bitch about it in this fucking section. My classes are shit, my professors are either too invested or not invested enough, and I still somehow have 8:30s even though I'm a junior. I haven't had more than four hours of sleep in the last three weeks. Yesterday I sat on the floor of my bathroom for forty-five minutes and just stared at a wall. On top of it all, this is the semester I'm

supposed to "find myself" and "figure out what I'm going to do with my life" and "get a job, son, we don't want you in the house anymore." I mean, really. I deserve better than this. I'm special. I'm important. I'm also very humble, as you can clearly tell. No, you shut up. GOD.

### An O'Hare Kid by Claire Nunez

Honestly, my semester has been great. I have a Wii in my room and a stash of lime flavored tortilla chips under my bed, so how could it be better? I mean, shit has hit the fan and I can't turn it off because someone then vomited in the shit air-stream and now I can't see anything. I'm just trying to keep it from staining my brand new rug. Honestly, it's cool though because I can sit on my bed, eat spaghetti, play Wii Sports tennis and pretend to be athletic. It's cool. Oh, I just found the switch. The fan is off. Alright, I'm gonna go find a mop and some sanitizer.

### My Immortal 2 by Warra Chan

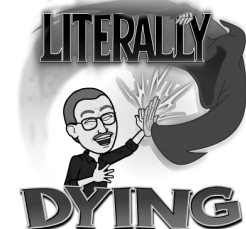
They say that light travels 299,792 kilometers per second, but I think it's still too slow. Because my life is still so dark despite everything I love bursting into flames. How's my semester going, you say? Have you ever watched a car crash in slow motion? Have you ever witnessed a loved one take their last breath? What do you mean it's only been six weeks? Is this what it was like when Rome fell? The Ottomans? When I say #RIP, am I being ironic? Sometimes I wish I was a vacuum... empty inside and yet at least my problems would disappear. I know it's only one semester, but do I deserve to feel this way all the time? Maybe that's what makes me be me. After all, would a weeping willow still be beautiful if it didn't weep?

### I Just Went for the Free Coffee by Michael Jack O'Brien

The hooded figure stood over the altar holding a silent vigil. In one hand, a scalpel used to strip the flesh of the unsullied, in the other, the countless expired ID cards of those who had fallen to the altars dark purpose as New York State's only fully operational Bloodforge. The room was quiet, as if mourning the light that had been long absent, further corrupting the institution's purpose. On the bannister overhead, McShane oversaw the ritual with sullen eyes and wondered to himself "When did we fall so far into darkness?" only to realize the darkness was always part of us all along. But yeah, the Rodrigue's meeting was great.

### It Could Always Be Worse by Sio Donahue

My semester is going well. I mean, as well as it can be. Sure, I'm stressed 24/7, my classes are hard, and I'm losing my sense of self. But it could be worse. I mean, I could have been doing my senior year at the University of Damascus. Or I could have been born in a place where women aren't allowed access to an education. I could have looked like Steve Buscemi. Overall, despite all of my problems, at least I live in a highly developed country (for now) and attend a prestigious university. Seriously, there are so many worse things in life than being suffocated by midterms, clubs, dying relatives, and the dismaying economic reality of millennials. So, my semester is going well. I'm fine.





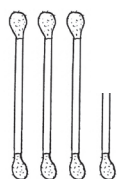


**The Mowgli's**  
***Where'd Your Weekend Go***  
 By Jenny Harris

The Mowgli's are best known for producing indie pop music that usually includes both a tambourine and a clap-backing track. Basically this band makes very, very, very happy music, and their third album, *Where'd Your Weekend Go*, did not stray from this overly optimistic path. Fittingly, the majority of the album is super upbeat and danceable, but there are also two slower songs thrown into the mix. These slower songs, "Arms & Legs" and "Open Energy," showcase some of The Mowgli's better songwriting with more nuanced and original lyrics, but also break up the general flow of the album in an awkward way. The rest of the songs revert to the Mowgli's usual repetitive song structure. These songs are so repetitive and catchy that you know approximately 70% of the lyrics after the first listen. Despite, or perhaps in spite of, a lack of songwriting prowess, these songs are all just plain fun to listen to or to sing at the top of your lungs. The best tracks off the album are "So What," "Bad Thing," "Spiderweb," "Freakin' Me Out," and "Monster." "Spacin Out" is a highlight track that has a jazzy sound and includes a brass section, which is relatively new territory for the band. This album is the Mowgli's next step in trying to make the world, or at least the world that is made up of indie music listeners, a happier place. Listening to it will

certainly put you in a better mood, so in that way, this album is a success.

THE MOWGLI'S WHERE'D YOUR WEEKEND GO?



**Green Day**  
***Revolution Radio***  
 By Luis Gomez

It's said that history doesn't repeat, but it rhymes. In unrelated news, Green Day has a new record out. It's okay. Now I know you want me to go into more depth, but really that's basically all I can tell you about it. It's an okay Green Day album. The band's had an... let's say interesting time since *American Idiot* came out. They followed it up with *21st Century Breakdown*, an album that wasn't great but that 14-year old me loved. And then they had the world's least interesting triple album with *¡Uno!* *¡Dos!* *¡Tré!* which nobody liked, because they were dumb. And now we come to *Revolution Radio*, which in many ways

is a return to form. It doesn't disappoint, but it also doesn't have any of the emotional highs of tracks like "21 Guns," and that's fine. It doesn't sink to the boringness of some of the tracks off *¡Uno!*, but it also doesn't have the single power that drove American Idiot or their earlier stuff to fame. Thematically it's very similar to their earlier work. There's an undercurrent of "I'm mad as hell, fuck the system, punk forever" that's been in Green Day's music since the band came into existence. The tracks even sound similar; the album's lead single "Bang Bang" has this radio announcer start thing that the band did on "East Jesus Nowhere" back in 2009, and there are a few chord progressions that sound like Billie Joe rewriting parts of *American Idiot*. Mike Dirnt is still there ooo-ing harmonies in the background. Basically, if you were waiting for Green Day to continue existing, they are, in fact, still around.



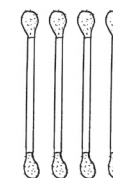
**Daniel Lanois**  
***Goodbye to Language***  
 By Tommy Gerity

What do you associate with the sounds of a pedal steel guitar? For many of us, we'd think of the twang of country music or the soundtrack to any SpongeBob SquarePants episode. In other words, our associations with this instrument are typically things we regard as either silly, trivial, or just depthless. (One of the first articles I ever read in the paper was a review in which the writer explained that s/he had listened to a Tim McGraw album for the sole purpose of crucifying it.) On *Goodbye to Language*, Daniel Lanois attempts to dispel these uninformed assumptions about his most favored instrument.

Working with collaborator Rocco

DeLuca, and using just pedal steels plugged through synths, Lanois even challenges the reigns of the freeform genre "ambient music" which he appears to be operating in. Whereas most ambient work is soothingly ignorable, tracks such as "Deconstruction" and "Later That Night" confront listeners with their ambiguous mood, snaking between tinges of hope and pangs of deep blue. "Time On" pulsates and even breathes an exhausted sigh towards its completion, and we are left to wonder whether it is one of relief or sorrow. Perhaps a departure from language is simply due to the fact that whatever Lanois is attempting to convey can only be felt through an instrument, but could never be properly deciphered in words. Each work here carries a burden, yet lilts like a spirit.

Lanois is most famous for his work as a producer on classics such as U2's *The Joshua Tree* and *Achtung Baby*, as well as Bob Dylan's *Time Out of Mind*; rock pieces that won awards and amassed major fanfare. Those days are long gone, but Lanois' continues to prove his worth as an extractor and manipulator of sound



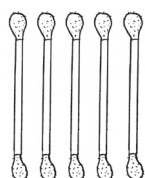
**Mykki Blanco**  
***Mykki***  
 By Kaitlyn Clarke

*Mykki* is the long anticipated debut studio album of genderqueer experimental hip-hop artist Mykki Blanco; it is a fresh, exciting, subversive album that redefines what femininity means in a predominately male genre, and it gives representation to the LGBTQIA+ community. Produced by director and singer-songwriter Woodkid, along with

Jeremiah Meece, the album features 13 tracks of genre-bending and deeply personal music. Before beginning a career in music, Mykki wrote and published poetry, some of which appears on the album. "Interlude 2" features a stark and industrial soundscape layered with a reading of a poem about the desire for love and intimacy that ties in the themes of self-love and acceptance.

The album as a whole maintains a euphonious continuity while allowing each song to develop a distinctive sound. Considered her most accessible work to date, *Mykki* includes lush melodic pop melodies, like in "Highschool Never Ends" (Feat. Woodkid) and "Loner" (Feat. Jean Deaux), as well as forceful and driving beats influenced by classic hip-hop, revealing some of the Southern rap influences that stem from her upbringing in North Carolina. The track "Fendi Band" perfectly demonstrates this abrasive nature and showcases the punk sensibilities that distinguish Mykki's sound from her contemporaries. The final song off *Mykki*, and one of my personal favorites, is "Rock N Roll Dough," a severe yet engaging anthem about Mykki's experiences being in the underground art scene in New York.

Long time listeners and new fans alike will be enthralled with the exuberant confidence and poignant vulnerability that Mykki presents to the world in what is hopefully the first of many groundbreaking studio albums.



**Grouplove**  
**Big Mess**  
By Marty Gatto

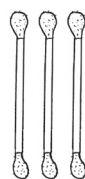
Grouplove's *Big Mess* is an interesting album to follow the hippy-inspired

indie rock artist's previous album, *Spreading Rumors*, released three years ago. Up to this point, Grouplove has been an eye-catching act because of how different they are from the status quo, and because of how they use that difference to make fun, nonchalant, and exciting music. *Big Mess* lives up to this reputation in some respects, but it does skimp on uniqueness of sound in many tracks, which is what makes or breaks Grouplove's music.

The album starts off with one of its best tracks, "Welcome To Your Life." It's a casual, colorful song that includes a nice beat accompanied by good releases of guitar strums and a catchy, calm chorus. "Welcome To Your Life" is a good intro, since it encompasses many of the techniques the album goes on to utilize.

Many cliché sounding, rather bland songs or parts of songs are riddled throughout the album, and the second track, "Do You Love Someone," is a perfect example of this, given that it is crisp but blander than the previous track. It sounds like the type of song you'd hear during a commercial for sunscreen.

*Big Mess* has its hidden treasures, however, such as the catchy rhythms in "Enlighten Me," or the song "Good Morning," which is reminiscent of the "Macarena" for its quickly flowing wordy chorus, or the raw attitude in "Traumatized." Ultimately, though, *Big Mess* is not what I would call a perfect successor to the Grouplove legacy, because when a track isn't cliché, it embraces a tone that is, in most cases, too cold for Grouplove's style, which generally flourishes in what is fun and fizzles in what is dark.



# THE CYBERPUNK'D PLAYLIST


DEATH GRIPS  
Eh





GIRL PUSHER  
Tobacco

CRYSTAL CASTLES  
Alice Practice





ARISTOPHANES  
The Mirror



# the paper game



## How to Play

- 1.) Cut out a McShane Bitmoji to use as your playing piece. →
- 2.) Roll a die.
- 3.) If you land on (+) move forward. If you land on (-) move back.
- 4.) Play to win.
- 5.) Brag regardless.

