

the paper
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the paper

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the paper is Fordham's journal of news, analysis, comment and review. Students from all years and disciplines get together biweekly to produce a printed version of *the paper* using Adobe InDesign and publish an online version using Wordpress. Photos are "borrowed" from Internet sites and edited in Photoshop. Open meetings are held Tuesdays at 9:00 PM in McGinley 2nd. Articles can be submitted via e-mail to paper.fordham@gmail.com. Submissions from all students are always considered and usually published. Our staff is more than willing to help new writers develop their own unique voices and figure out how to most effectively convey their thoughts and ideas. We do not assign topics to our writers either. The process is as follows: have an idea for an article, send us an email or come to our meetings to pitch your idea, write the article, work on edits with us, and then get published! We are happy to work with anyone who is interested, so if you have any questions, comments or concerns please shoot us an email or come to our next meeting.

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

our aim

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

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Join our cult in McGinley 2nd every
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Donald Trump Continues to Exist and Be an Awful Person

by Michael O'Brien
Staff Really? Again?

Editors' note: We're tired of running Trump pieces. Please stop.

Oh goody, I'm back here. I'm not complaining about having writing to do, but I have to admit that constantly recording all of Donald Trump's antics is like running forever along a mobius strip made of dogshit. The problem isn't a lack of content, it's that by the time I finish writing this, Donald "self-immolation" Trump will have already spewed out six or seven more sickening insults, incoherent rants, or threats to sue who knows what, all of which could comprise another article unto itself. With stories whizzing by at a breakneck pace to make way for the next headline, each controversy stacks on top of one-another and adds to the deafening white noise of news, making events that in any other election would be considered career-ending seem absolutely mundane. The angry, orange tree that salts the earth as it grows won't stop, and the headlines are simply the rings that we use to tell how much time has passed. Welp, what can you do right? These are the times we live in, so enough dicking around, because it's once more unto the breach for me, my dear friends. Below are two developments from Trumpland talked about in length. It's not exactly a full overview, just the bits I find most important. First off, seems like some shit went down in fondle town so...

11 women come forward with stories of Trump's sexual misconduct)

In a testament to how woefully unprepared Trump was for the rigors of presidential elections, it seems that not a day goes by without somebody finding yet another skeleton in the man's closet, many of which have to do with Trump's mistreatment of women. The growing controversy, originally sparked

by the first presidential debate in which Hillary Clinton accused Trump of mocking and tormenting a woman named Alicia Machado, reveals a consistent history of sexist and misogynistic behavior. Driving a beauty pageant contestant into multiple eating disorders is only the beginning of this horrible story, however. In leaked recordings of a conversation between Trump and Billy Bush in 2005, Trump boasts that his celebrity status allows him to make advances on women without their consent. The tape was an important flashpoint in the narrative, showing not only that Trump verbally demeans women, but also revealed the possibility that he sexually assaults them as well.

While Trump denies that this recording reflects his real character, claiming it to be "locker room talk"... whatever the fuck that means, in the past ten days, eleven women have come forward and told their stories regarding Trump's sexual misconduct. The allegations about Trump's actions: unwanted kissing, groping women without consent, forcing his hands up skirts, and barging into beauty pageant dressing rooms while women were naked, all but confirmed that the actions he referred to in the 2005 video were not simply off color

banter, but borderline admissions of guilt (not that Trump really feels guilty about anything, ever). As more women came forward, Donald, ever graceful in the face of adversity, did what Donald usually does; that is to say he denied the allegations completely, found a way to blame Hillary Clinton for the allegations, and then proceeded to insult the accusers, calling them "sick" women,



and liars seeking fame or money, but not before dismissing one woman in the group as too ugly to be deserving of his advances (this is the man that looks like a used condom dyed orange, lest we forget). Most recently, during a speech in Gettysburg, a town that's heard some pretty good speeches from what I hear, Trump stated that "Every woman lied when they came forward to hurt my campaign. The events never happened. Never. All of these liars will be sued after the election is over." Not unlike his other problems (like facts, and reality), with these sexual assault allegations, Donald had done what I think we'd all do in this situation, and concluded that his problems are not

his own, but instead part of an international conspiracy to rig the election against him, orchestrated by the Clintons, George Soros, the Illuminati, Beyoncé, and whoever makes Skittles. Speaking of which...

Trump dons his tinfoil hat, implies entire election is fixed)

Starting with an underwhelming performance at the first presidential debate and exacerbated by the whole "probably a sexual offender" thing, Trump's polling numbers have been tanking, badly. With less than a month to go, full recovery for the campaign is becoming nearly impossible. Even if Trump received a sizable bump in his polling numbers from now until Election Day (maybe Hillary gets caught sacrificing puppies to The Old Gods or something), at more than halfway through October, any improvement is likely too little too late. So, with the nomination drifting out of reach, what should our hero do? Well, this late into the game, there's really only one sensible option, concede the election and accuse the entire electoral system of being a conspiracy against you. In this roller coaster of an election, it takes a lot for a headline to actually shock the country; however, that's exactly what happened following the third and final presidential debate, during which Donald Trump refused to say whether or not he would accept the final result of the election. Pressed by debate moderator Chris Wallace regarding if the candidate would concede the election if he were to lose, Trump avoided answering, only stating "I will tell you at the time, I'll keep you in suspense."

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The Turkish Coup Attempt, if it Happened in New York City

by Mustafa Kilicarslan
Staff Simba

Imagine that one side of the Lincoln Tunnel is closed by soldiers at 5pm, on Friday. There's no way to exit the tunnel; cars and buses are locked in, people having restful weekend dreams are waiting nervously, and no one can find any news, any reports on the web. What happened? Even the seagulls are asking each other: what happened? A driver at the end of the tunnel asks fearfully to one of the soldiers: What is happening? The young soldier holds an M3 in his hands. "It is just a sham operation," he answers. After a while, history speaks stealthily on social media: it is a coup. People don't want to hear this. "No, it can't be, we're in the 21st century, we are a democracy!" Suddenly, F-16 jets fill the sky, dancing between the skyscrapers of New York. Tanks appear on the streets, block the roads, settle in the parks. Some children, mesmerized by the sounds of the jets and the huge green tanks ask their parents if they can play with the soldiers. Then, one official declares on TV that "There seems to be a coup attempt, we don't exactly know what is happening, but we are sure that this is that clandestine group's operation." After a few hours the president gives a speech via Facetime: "This is an attack on our democracy, this is an attack on our civil rights, this is a game of that traitorous group!" He calls everybody outside, to city centers and streets and bridges to stand for their rights. And people listen: they fill the streets. The Lincoln Tunnel fills with protestors, all shouting and walking. They push the soldiers back (I don't want to write that some soldiers opened fire on civilians: some civilians killed some soldiers, and most soldiers were unaware of the coup). One of the longest nights in hu-

On the rule of law, and what happens when basic institutions fall

man history pass in New York. But, how about the next days?

People still crowding in the streets spread rumor about another coup, that this next one "will be the real one." "These traitors! How can they use the weapons of our country against us?" "We should find them, we should finish them!" Officials ig-

passports, college diplomas, and commercial licenses are cancelled. Some Wall Street skyscrapers and gold mines and trade centers are seized. All of this happens while people still crowd in places chanting anthems and hymns, praising their state as the epitome of democracy

for a pack of wolves, the matriarch for a herd of elephants. How can he deceive his own people? Values he bears on his shoulders like tattoos speak of honesty, democracy, equality, tolerance...can someone betray his own tattoos?

Then, hundreds of people labelled as traitors flee New York. Human traffickers transport lawyers, businessmen, teachers, students, and the unemployed like commodities off to Africa, Japan, Antarctica, and Greenland. "We are proud of ourselves," says one smuggler in South Ferry. "This is the century of human smuggling. Borders are useless; we are invincible, for we carry the most valuable thing on earth, and we are aware of our responsibility."

Labeling was so easy, accusing someone so powerful that people begin to accuse each other. Ambitious politicians eliminate their rivals with slander, jealous employees spread rumors about their employers, opposing candidates defame each other with affiliations to the accursed group. Fathers renounce their children as being tied to this group, and neighbors inform police officers about their traitorous neighbors.

That city, that New York, is now alive in my country. I just watch with fear and anxiety. I can see how rule of law was so important for living together. I can also see that rule of law wasn't the colossal, flamboyant, ornamented parliament buildings. It wasn't well-dressed, well-fed, well-speaking deputies. It wasn't regularly read, long, detailed, and boring constitutions. It was an ethereal thing that quivers minds and hearts. It was, rather, a soul, transforming anger and hatred to love and tolerance. It was a dynamic and open-minded brain that always asks, questions, and learns with all its respect and joy for others. I hope to see it again.



How democracy comes apart

nite people: "Report these people, these people who have a single dollar in their wallets, this is their symbol. We will award a thousand dollars to those who report them!" Then the arrests begin. Some bloggers, journalists, professors, officials, and businessmen are put in prisons (I don't want to tell that when the prisons fill up, gyms and warehouses will be used; I don't want to tell that some prisoners were released to open places; I don't want to write that prisoners were tortured). Some

in the 21st century. Imagine New York like this, somewhere else in the world, where no one asks each other, "Who are these traitors, who is this clandestine group, who judged them, where is the evidence..."

However, why should one demand the answers to these questions? It was the most trustworthy people that told them who the guilty were. It was the queen bee for bees, the queen ant for ants, the alpha wolf

spooky facebook
it's basically just normal facebook
because facebook is awful

Nintendo Unveils a New Console and It Looks Pretty Sweet

by Matthew Whitaker
Arts Co-Editor

On October 20th, Nintendo revealed their new home gaming console, the Nintendo Switch, a hybrid between a portable and home gaming console, allowing users to play their favorite games on the go or in the comfort of their own homes. Complimenting the tablet-like console is the Nintendo Switch Dock, which connects to the portable unit and allows it to be played on a television. The price of the console has not been announced. While the console's reveal was a surprise to most, Nintendo had already announced in 2015 that a new piece of Nintendo hardware was coming. In addition, the console's hybrid design had been leaked several times prior to its reveal. Regardless, the Nintendo Switch has turned out to be a pleasant surprise and a major improvement over Nintendo's Wii U console.

The Nintendo Switch is a brand-new concept in the gaming industry, mixing elements of traditional gaming and

It's as weird as the Wii, which means maybe someone'll buy it

mobile gaming. Its handheld unit, powered by Nvidia technology, offers a strong gaming experience with intuitive controls. The device can be used like a Wii U GamePad, with buttons and a joystick on either side of the screen, allowing it to be held like a tablet. Each joystick and set of buttons is located on detachable controllers known as Joy-Cons, which can be held like a Wiimote and Nunchuck once removed. Two people can each use a Joy-Con to play multiplayer on one unit, and the unit can be propped up with a kickstand for a great portable gaming setup. Also, the device has a traditional controller known as the Switch Pro Controller, which is similar to the Wii U Pro Controller. Aside from the control options, the console has a high-definition display and uses cartridges as its storage format. The handheld unit may be connected to the Nintendo Switch Dock, which has USB ports and connects to a television.

Nintendo has already revealed a selection of games for the Nintendo Switch, with more likely to come. The games' visuals are stunning and are a major improvement over the Wii U's graphical capabilities. Three new Nintendo titles were shown in the video including a new three-dimensional Super Mario game as well as new entries in the Mario Kart and Splatoon series. These titles show off the Nintendo Switch's abilities and uses. For example, the new Mario Kart title demonstrates the ability to use the detachable Joy-Cons for two people to play on one portable unit. It is unclear whether the Mario Kart footage is an entirely new game or a port of Mario Kart 8 with new content. In a similar case, the Splatoon footage shown has some changes from the original Splatoon on Wii U, including new content and a major graphical upgrade, but again does not specify whether the entry is a new game or an enhanced port.

The Splatoon footage does demonstrate the Nintendo Switch's support for local multiplayer between multiple consoles. In addition to the games Nintendo has shown, Sega and Ubisoft have already pledged their support for the console with a new Sonic the Hedgehog game and Just Dance 2017, respectively. It is great to know that the Nintendo Switch has a library of games in the works, as much of the Wii U's struggle can be attested to its lackluster launch lineup.

The Nintendo Switch seems like a huge improvement over the Wii U, both in power and design. Nintendo struggled with the Wii U because of the console's weak hardware and gimmicky GamePad concept. The Wii U also had very little third-party support because of the console's poor capabilities, giving it a very shallow library. Hopefully, the Nintendo Switch will be a breath of fresh air.

Donald Trump Continues to Exist and Be an Awful Person, Part 2

by Michael O'Brien
Staff Really? Again?

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This statement might sound rather innocuous, but it's very important to realize how *batshit fucking insane* this is. There's certainly problems in the electoral system: The Electoral College, voter ID laws, gerrymandering; it has been constantly argued that systems like these undermine the fairness of the electoral process and should be removed. What's unprecedented is a presidential candidate implying that the *entire election* is compromised, and that his opponent is the ringleader of a massive conspiracy controlling the results. In a frank response to Trump's remarks, Hillary Clinton said "That's horrifying. He is talking down our democracy, I for one am appalled that somebody who's the nominee of one of our two major parties would take that kind of position." Clinton goes on to list some other times Trump thought he was cheated: the Iowa Caucuses, the Wisconsin primary, and most notably the Emmy Awards, which, after

Locker Room Talk 2: Election Boogaloo

not winning three years in a row, Trump started to tweet angrily about how it's biased against his shows. Moreover, at a campaign rally just days after the debate, Trump stated to the crowd that he would accept the election results "If I win," further indicating that he has zero self-awareness of his own absurdity. The perhaps more dangerous factor to be considered here is the possibility that Trump is sowing doubts about the electoral system in order to provoke voter intimidation, or violent reactions from his supporters. At a rally in rural Pennsylvania, Trump spoke to an all-white crowd and warned that there was widespread "voter fraud" occurring in certain (largely Black or Hispanic) neighborhoods of Philadelphia, "I hear these horror shows, and we have to make sure this election is not stolen from us and is not taken away from us, and everybody knows what I'm talking about." Trump's ominous and racially charged warnings about voter fraud, a crime so rare that out of a billion votes cast between 2000 and 2014 there were only 31 confirmed cases are, un-

surprisingly, not really substantiated in any factual evidence at all. It's easier to think about what Trump's doing not as a coherent thought (because it isn't really) and more like a vague buzzword for a widespread, Clinton-run conspiracy against him. Whether it be "voter fraud," "rigged election," or "emails," the point isn't the actual *substance* of the argument, the point is that it's Hillary Clinton's fault, which is unto itself justification for Trump and his supporters' actions. The silver lining here is twofold: The reason Hillary's winning isn't because of some massive Illuminati-esque conspiracy, but instead because of better fundraising (almost exactly double the amount) with 141 million dollars spent on ads alone, and a resilient ground campaign with thousands of volunteers to get out the vote. Compare this to the Trump campaign and we see bleaker picture; while the rallies Trump holds look good on TV, a closer look will reveal that much like the man running, it's mostly for show with no real substance behind it. Campaign offices are scarce and mostly

empty, Trump's campaign fundraising lags behind Clinton's by almost 500 million dollars, and most importantly, while his supporters screaming about "crooked Hillary" and harassing newspapers are loud on the internet, a very small amount of those individuals actually got out and *volunteered* for the candidate that was going to "Make America Great Again" or some horse-shit. The point is, like the man himself, the bark of the Trump campaign is much bigger than the bite, which is why even if Trump "contests the election" it's largely meaningless, and shouldn't be taken seriously by voters.



FAKER THAN TRUTH

By John Looby

Wikileaks Releases Fordham Email Dump

Julian Assange has announced an approaching release directly naming Fordham University as a named institution. Speculators believe the leak to be tied to the fact that Donald Trump once attended the university and that man can taint just about everything. Also the targeting may have to do with Fordham's numerous questionable policies in relation to students. Some adjuncts have been seen shouting outside Dealy telling Assange to "take the shot already, you damn coward." Who could possibly imagine what grievance they may have against the university? Apparently Kim Russell has been spotted sweating profusely since the announcement with one student who may or may not be an RA having been quoted as saying "Oh my god, she is so fucked like how is she even still here to begin with?" Furthermore, several students have been seen burning guest passes in a bonfire-of-the-vanities-type statement endorsing the approaching leak against the university. As much as university members have been clamoring for the approaching leak let's just make it perfectly clear that nothing is going to change in the slightest. This university has dodged more controversy than Frogger has dodged traffic. Julian Assange has made it expressly clear that this leak is basically just a place holder until something juicy gets dug up on a presidential candidate. In fact, I heard the only reason Fordham got targeted was that Wikileaks was looking for a Trump-related sexual assault that could have gotten swept under the rug. Having found nothing on that I'm sure they'll just leak any on other dubious practice on campus.

Iraqi Coalition Begins to Retake Mosul from ISIS

by Nicholas Peters
Arts Co-Editor

For months now, a coalition formed against ISIS in Iraq has been fighting heavily against The Islamic State, pushing through territory that it carved out. Now, this coalition has pushed ISIS into their last stronghold in the country, the city of Mosul, where coalition forces lead a valiant and bloody struggle against the defending entrenched militant forces.

Mosul was seized by ISIS two years ago, in early June of 2014. Since then, ISIS has attempted to make it an example of the caliphate it wants to create. Immediately after they took the city, they imposed their law upon the people. Citizens were punished for all sorts of crimes, such as trimming their beards, or not praying when one is supposed to. Schools have remained closed in the area for over a year at this point. Yet, residents have tried and been successful in escaping. There are also a couple of very large resistance movements operating in the city.

As the coalition forces moved near the Mosul, both the militants and the civilians prepared for the coming battle. Civilians have been reportedly stocking up on supplies in their basements, and the militants have been setting up booby traps and other defenses in the city. Many civilians have fled the city; in response, the United Nations has set up a refugee camp to house them. This camp, called the Dibaga camp, now holds over 43,000 refugees, and the population is growing every day. It is believed that the number of refugees will eventually reach over a million. There is concern that as the battle continues, ISIS militants will attempt to attack the camp.

The coalition forces trying to retake Mosul consist of the Iraqi Security Forces, Kurdish Peshmerga, and other allied militias, with US involvement. The coalition forces number over 100,000, with around 60,000 ISF soldiers and 40,000 Kurdish Peshmerga troops. In contrast, it is believed that there are up to 9,000 militants in the city, but numbers are believed to be much lower than that. The United States has given a lot of aid in the assault, providing air support and military training as well as oversight. In addition, about 100

Gary Johnson still looking for Mosul on map

US soldiers are intermixed with other forces, providing assistance in the battle. Lieutenant General Stephen J. Townsend leads the United States involvement in the operation.

The battle began on the 16th of October. However before the land assault was initiated, coalition forces had already heavily bombarded Mosul. Since then, coalition forces have seized the towns around the city (thirty-seven towns at this point, a number which most likely rise by the time you read this). Coalition forces are preparing for a push into the city itself, but it is believed that the Mosul is laden with many traps and dug-in forces. Coalition forces are preparing for one of the most gruelling, deadly fights against ISIS yet.

Recently, the militant forces attempted a diversion, attacking Kirkuk. The militant forces disguised themselves as refugees in order to bypass security, before they began attacking. In addition, the 1st Brigade of the Iraqi Special Forces have joined up with the Peshmerga in the fighting. This Brigade, known as the Golden Division, formerly called the Golden Brigade, is seen as the most highly skilled Iraqi force, and is made up of absolute badasses. It is believed that their inclusion in the battle will help the coalition's side tremendously.

As of this point, there have been around nineteen casualties from coalition forces, with about thirty soldiers captured. Among the casualties is one American soldier, who died from wounds as a result of a suicide attack. The soldier was a bomb disposal expert who was working with the Peshmerga forces. According to Iraqi intelligence, it is believed that militant forces have suffered about 300 casualties, but it is

unclear if that estimate is correct.

This battle is significant in the campaign against ISIS. Mosul, as of right now, is the last militant controlled area in Iraq. Retaking the city would be a significant victory against them. When the militants first took Mosul, it legiti-



Turning, turning, turning towards retaking a city

mized the creation of their caliphate in their eyes. Mosul, at the same time, provides significant economic advantages to the militants, as the city is an important source of free forced labor, as well a huge source of revenue to fund the group. This source of revenue is something which ISIS is in dire need of, as it has been reported that they are in a recession, cutting the pay of the militant forces. Therefore, retaking Mosul would greatly hurt their wallets.

However, the most important reason for this operation to be successful, is that Mosul was once home to over two million people. People who now have undergone great hardship for over two years, forced to live as refugees or stay under strict caliphate law. Many have been executed as a result of these strict regulations. Retaking the city represents retaking peoples' homes. It will be a hard fought and bloody battle, but hopefully with the combined forces of the coalition, they will be able to retake the city of Mosul and bring peace to the two million people who once called it home.

Gay? In the U.K.? It Is Finally Okay!

by Kelly Tyra
Co-Editor in Chief

Great strides for the international LGBT community were made this week in the United Kingdom. On October 21st, Parliament decided to grant pardons to all those convicted under homophobic legislation that prohibited homosexual persons from engaging in same sex relationships. Homophobic legislation has long history in the U.K., in 1533 under the rule of King Henry the VIII, (yeah, that one) anal intercourse of any kind was punishable by death in accordance with the Buggery Act.

In 1885, twenty years after the last execution was carried out under the Buggery Act, Parliament enacted the Labourchere Amendment. This law prohibited "gross indecency" between two males and was used to persecute any men who were suspected of being homosexual. This amendment was invoked to convict writer Oscar Wilde, war hero Alan Turing, and many other men who would be considered completely innocent today. Alan Turing's story recently popped back into the spotlight with the release of *The Imitation Game*. The Academy Award nominated film chronicled the life of the World War II codebreaker, who was

Turing Law grants amnesty to LGBT citizens

chemically castrated in 1951 after being found guilty of homosexual acts. Alan Turing committed suicide three years later at the age of fifty-four.

Homophobic parameters guided U.K. legislation much more recently than one may think. Until the Criminal Justice and Public Order Act was enacted, the age of consent required for private homosexual activities between two men was higher than the age of consent for heterosexual or lesbian activities. The Act lowered the age of homosexual consent to the U.K. standard of sixteen in 2001.

The recently passed legislation shows the U.K.'s dedication to creating a more tolerant state for citizens of all sexual orientations. The law was appropriately named for Alan Turing who was pardoned post-mortem by Queen Elizabeth in 2013. The Turing Law aims to posthumously pardon the tens of thousands of gay and bisexual men who were convicted of the since abolished offenses. Those previously convicted can now apply through the U.K.'s Home Office to have their criminal records checked and corrected. Many have

criticized this Bill for not going far enough and encourage Parliament to grant a blanket pardon for those convicted of offenses that would not be considered illegal in the U.K. at present. Wronged LGBT community members are also calling on Parliament to issue a formal apology to those citizens who were treated inhumanely for their sexuality.

Among them is the so called 'oldest gay man alive' ninety-six year old George Montague (no, not those Montagues). Montague has refused to accept the governments pardon because to him it seems like an "admission of guilt." Montague affirms and is correct in affirming that he has committed no crime rendering the very act of Parliamentary pardon inappropriate. In his own words: "if you're born only able to love and be in love with another a man -- which means you're gay -- then it can't be a crime. How can that be a crime? It's not fair." Right on.

Clearly, the wounds inflicted on members of the LGBT community cannot be so easily remedied. However, the Turing Law seems to be a step in the right direction. Perhaps the Queen should step in herself and send the wronged citizens she rules over a gift basket filled with LGBTea. After years of persecution, they certainly deserve a cuppa.

Reader Than Fact

By Luis Gómez

Local Woman Sues KFC for \$20 Million for False Advertising

If there was any problem at KFC, be it the fact that the chicken is the saltiest shit known to man, or the mashed potatoes taste like sadness, or that they're never really staffed as much as they need to be, one can rest assured that their advertising was always quaint and honest. That is, until now. Anna Wurtzburger bought a \$20 bucket of chicken at some point, went home, opened her bucket, and was dismayed to see her bucket of chicken not literally overflowing with chicken like it does in the television commercials with the funny man with the white hair and the mustache. I literally wish I was kidding. Apparently she's also suing because the pieces of chicken that were there were small to begin with so they totally definitely didn't count. Anyway, Ms. Wurtzburger now wants \$20 million because hey, if KFC lies to you about how much chicken they put in the bucket, then you're owed literally millions of dollars. Oddly enough, Wurtzburger compared the ad to that scene from *Oliver* where a poor starving orphan asks for some more gruel because his life is miserable. Which is totally comparable to a suburbanite wanting more chicken. Definitely the same.



Doodle submitted
by Gabriela Christensen
Staff Ghoulfriend



Philippine President Turns Towards China

by Luis Gómez
News Co-editor

Rodrigo Duterte isn't just known for cool sunglasses and telling other world leaders to shove it: he's also a fan of China. On October 20th, in a speech given during a Beijing economic forum, the Philippine President announced that his country was separating from the US. He also pledged to reopen talks with China regarding the South China Sea territorial disputes.

That this announcement occurred at an economic forum was no coincidence. The Philippine Trade Secretary mentioned at the same time that Chinese President Xi Jinping would be signing a \$13.5 billion package of trade and financial deals at the time, while the President's office stated that Xi had committed to over \$9 billion in loans to the country.

Duterte has an international reputation for being kind of an asshole. He called President Obama a "son of a bitch," which led to a meeting cancellation (jescándolo!). He called the Pope a "son of a whore" which the Pope didn't respond to because the Pope has better things to do. He's made more than his fair share of sexist comments, demeaning sexual assault victims, drug addicts (and dealers), and is just generally kind of a turd sack.

The relationship between China and the Philippines has been complicated. In 2014, for example, the Philippines brought a case before The

We are never ever ever (well, probably not) getting back together

Hague regarding territorial disputes in the South China Sea. The Hague eventually ruled in the Philippine's favor, arguing that China had no historical basis with which to claim the land it was claiming, to which China responded "lol okay" and kept building new islands on top of reefs. Oh, yeah, China is dumping literal boatloads of sand on top of shal-

low reefs and making new islands out of them with runways and missile defense systems. As one does. The interesting part of this is the qualifications made after the initial "Honey I want a divorce" that Duterte just dropped on our plate without explanation after all the work we've put into this relationship WHY DON'T YOU LOVE US ANYMORE? COME ON, KAREN WE CAN WORK THIS OUT. The day after saying that he would separate the Philippines from the US, Duterte came back around and

said he wasn't severing ties with the US entirely. Duterte has still been light on the details of what exactly "separating" means. Obviously, it includes some level of economic support from China, given the trade deals recently signed. Duterte has indicated that his focus for separation is on a foreign policy level, and that he intends to align the Philippines' international goals more closely with China's.

nificant amount of US aid, military or otherwise, or instead buddy up to Beijing and Definitely Probably Never Go To War Ever™. The impact of this decision to distance from the US is a massive diplomatic blow. The Obama administration had been attempting a so-called Asian pivot since Hillary Clinton (yass) wrote an article in Foreign Policy outlining the administration's goals to step up the US' presence and activity in

a region that had been detrimentally ignored over the ten years of Oh God The Middle East Is Burning foreign policy. And now that's basically in the toilet. The President had hoped that by refocusing diplomatic time and money onto other Asia-Pacific nations, the US could get a better grasp on China's rapidly encroaching power in the region.

So, where does the US go from here? Well, for one, it needs to figure out whether or not Duterte's formally breaking the alliance between the US and the Philippines. It's entirely possible that this is just another outburst and that his advisors or coalition will bring him back towards a more US-based foreign policy outlook at some point.

Then again, that's a potentially naïve view of how this is working.

It's not common to announce that you now like China a lot more, in China, in front of the Chinese president and then walk that back a few days later. More likely, US foreign policy is going to have to contend with the possibility that other leaders will defect from its sphere of influence, and try to mitigate the power of China through other means. If China is allowed to continue its aggressive expansion in the South China Sea, the US will have a lot of work to do to ensure stability in the area. Maybe a fruit basket might help. Or some cool pants.



Outside looking in

low reefs and making new islands out of them with runways and missile defense systems. As one does. The interesting part of this is the qualifications made after the initial "Honey I want a divorce" that Duterte just dropped on our plate without explanation after all the work we've put into this relationship WHY DON'T YOU LOVE US ANYMORE? COME ON, KAREN WE CAN WORK THIS OUT. The day after saying that he would separate the Philippines from the US, Duterte came back around and

From Duterte's perspective, this move actually makes some sense. China flexing its muscles in the region has been anxiety-inducing for many leaders, and tacking closely to US foreign policy may, in some views, have lead countries like the Philippines on an inevitable collision course with China, which has a shitbillion people, lots of money, and a chip on their shoulder when it comes to things like other people's territory, or human rights abuses during wartime. In order to keep that from happening, Duterte would have had to admit a sig-

low reefs and making new islands out of them with runways and missile defense systems. As one does. The interesting part of this is the qualifications made after the initial "Honey I want a divorce" that Duterte just dropped on our plate without explanation after all the work we've put into this relationship WHY DON'T YOU LOVE US ANYMORE? COME ON, KAREN WE CAN WORK THIS OUT. The day after saying that he would separate the Philippines from the US, Duterte came back around and





The Great Ghost Debate: Do the Dead Walk Amongst Us?

Nah, They Don't

By John Looby
News Co-Editor

Well just let me say right off the bat, ghosts are so clearly not fucking real. Of all the various ultimately improvable and outright stupid superstitions people have come up with over millennia, I'd say ghosts rank right up there alongside Bigfoot at the top of the list for the most outlandishly ignorant. Anyone who tries to make the argument that you can't outright disprove ghosts is taking a lazy copout. The burden of proof is on the ghost's believers, in the same way it's on those who support evolution and gravity, but you know those two have actual scientific basis and years of research supporting them.

Speaking of science I'm just going to toss out some of the scientific explanations for what people think are ghosts. The big one is Infrasound, which is sounds we can't hear, but can feel the vibrations of and by that I mean they operate at the same resonate frequency as your eyeballs. So, basically your eyeballs vibrate and you think you're seeing things. Common house fans, old pipes, and other household shit can cause these. Next, is mold and carbon monoxide, which occur all the time and induce hallucinations. Both are pretty common in old shitty houses or as most people think of them "haunted houses". Here's another thing: sleep paralysis, which is when your mind

wakes up before your body and then freaks the fuck out because you can't move and you experience hallucinations. This happens to me a lot, I don't recommend it. Also, I don't believe in ghosts despite having woken up to thinking a demon was sitting on my chest. Another thing against ghosts is mass hysteria, essentially if you encounter a large group of people with the same erratic belief, it'll spread and reinforce itself. So, when everyone says "holy shit Finlay is full of like all the ghosts" you're more likely to explain anything with the god damn fake ass ghosts. Don't remember leaving your towel? Clearly it's the god damn scum bag ghosts.

So, yeah essentially ghosts aren't real. It's a bunch of other shit that people explain away with the existence of dead people's souls just super casually roaming about misplacing towels and shit. If for whatever reason you still cling to a belief in ghosts, I'm not mad at you, I'm just a little disappointed like a father who spent years teaching his children science only for his college age son to come out as a supporter of the flat earther movement. That's right I'm equating believing in ghosts and believing that the Earth is flat, what are you going to do me? Haunt me?

(Editor-in-Chief Note: Looby is definitely in the right. His logic is solid unlike ghosts, you know, if they existed) -Siobhan E. Donahue

DUH, OF COURSE

By Colleen Burns
Features Co-Editor

Today, we attempt the impossible: to crack open the narrow-minded brain of none other than *the paper's* very own, John Looby—and all you other non-ghost believers. The goal: simply to acknowledge the possibility of the existence of ghosts because to say otherwise is actually irrational. Here's why.

Before I present my argument, I would like to first address the common case against the existence of ghosts: that there is no proof. This is a classic example of the argument from ignorance. In case you fell asleep in Philosophy class, lack of evidence is NOT evidence. A true scientist cannot deny the existence of ghosts because the lack of evidence provided for their existence does not mean they do not exist. That is merely informal logic. On that note, we do not know about 96% of the universe while 70% of the Earth's oceans are still undiscovered. These facts illustrate just how limited our understanding of the world truly is, making the outright denial of the existence of ghosts rather hasty.

Now, let's look at a basic definition of a ghost: A ghost is believed to be the spirit or energy of a deceased person that lingers on Earth and is able to make its presence known, if it so chooses and in any manner. Basically, all ghosts are not necessarily evil...but one could be. With this definition in mind, the First Law of

Thermodynamics states that energy cannot be created or destroyed. If energy cannot be destroyed, where does it go when a person dies? Maybe the energy goes back into the universe, or maybe it takes shape in the form of a ghost.

Another point to consider is the prevalence of ghosts in many religions and cultures, even dating back to ancient times. More currently, a 2014 Harris poll reported that 42% of Americans believe in ghosts—a significantly large number to overlook.

The overriding fact of the matter is human knowledge is limited. Life after death is the one mystery that we know we will never be able to solve. Therefore, it is not any more preposterous to say our spirit lingers after we die, then it is to say we go to heaven after we die, then it is to say we go to hell after we die, then it is to say nothing happens after we die. Since the limit of human consciousness is such that we will never know what happens after we die, it is a folly to assume that just because we cannot comprehend something means it does not exist. Therefore, to deny the possibility of the existence of ghosts is ignorant and arrogant. Be rational. Don't be John Looby. Boo-bye.

(Editor-in-Chief Note: Colleen has got this argument in the bag! I mean, her logic is just GHOULden! This is why she is the favorite child)
 -Kelly Lord Tyra

I Have Seen Hell and It Looks Like South's Basement Bathroom

By Marty Gatto
Staff Southerner

Within several hours of being on campus during move in day, I realized I had to face something unpleasant, which I had been pushing off into the back of my mind: taking my shits in a communal bathroom. During high school, I always avoided shitting during school hours. This is because I don't want to strike up a conversation with someone while excrement is dropping out of our bodies like soft-served ice cream, and then have the revolting smell of this act diffuse into the air and enter our stupid, flapping mouths, getting the scent on our tongue in that repulsive way of how you can taste a smell. I don't want to taste your fucking shit. Secondly, I always hated using school bathrooms because of the cleanliness of them, or the lack thereof. Everything in public men's restrooms looks like it's sticky, and omg guess why? Because everything is fucking sticky. That was just high school. I could avoid this unsanitary ordeal by shitting at home. Now, I must face the absolute grossest thing about my college dorm: the fucking communal bathrooms in the basement of South.

The other day, I needed to use the bathroom. So, I opened my door and began walking through the hall to the slimy, yellow cesspool where we tend to void ourselves. The disgust, however, has already started. I use the phrase "where we tend to void ourselves" because occasionally, someone did not make it. Gross piles of starchy paper products cover mystery substances of various dif-

Unflushed toilets are only the beginning of this nightmare

ferent earthy brown, yellow, or green shades. There are strange red spots everywhere, there has been a used condom and unidentified liquids found, and the entire hallway is sticky like a men's bathroom.

When one enters the bathroom, one is greeted by a smell of synthetic

just sit right the fuck down and say, "Yup, I think I'm gonna disgrace this toilet bowl."

Hey, I'm down for disgracing a toilet bowl, when I'm alone. Not when I'm three feet away from another human being. Like, when I'm in Rod's bathroom in the basement, and nobody's

be coated in a pungent yellow glaze by 11:30. And on weekdays? Someone still pees, not in the urinal like a person or a clever chimpanzee, but in the fucking grate in-between the two urinals. They piss on the floor like a fucking dog.

Don't fucking piss on the floor like an animal. I know it seems super fun because you just have to move your aim from the urinal in front of you to the grate on your right. But you know what happens in that movement? You get piss: on the wall, on the urinal, on the floor, on yourself (splash effect), and all over the edges of the grate. Then, the residue and resulting streams of pee that flow into the defiled grate get on people's shoes, and then people walk through the hallway, the hallway gets sticky, they lie down on their bed and get it on their fucking sheets, and then they pass out drunk and die from the diseases they caught from cuddling up with your fucking floor piss. People who piss on the floor will fucking murder you.

I saw a pair of fucked up underwear in the bathroom garbage can, sprawled over the top of its contents, as if it were the feces-covered flag of a nation fluttering in the wind. What are people? What is this hellish shit-storm of clogged toilets and strange societal faux pas, which we call the communal bathroom? I don't know, but what I do know, and what I can trust in, is that no matter what time of day it is, or how badly I have to go, there will be a stale, unflushed shit behind the first stall door I decide to open.



products as well as straight up shit. Strange, hairy legs with shower-shoes or scuffed-up gutter-sneakers, or brand new Sperrys, cover the athlete's foot of young men who are shitting. And this goes along with something I learned when I came to college: everyone has diarrhea. Not everyone some of the time. Not some people all of the time. Everyone all of the time has diarrhea. When someone sits in the stall next to me, I get a sick feeling. That's because it sounds like someone is dropping a stack of newspapers in a mud-puddle. People

there, I will disrespect that shit. But, I do it because I have no audience watching, or listening, to every sound of every detail of my defecation.

The idea that the communal bathrooms are a public space clearly does not sink in for some individuals, and I will cite one abhorrent action to display this: bitches are pissing on the floor. Urine...on...the fucking floor. But also, urine on your shoes, urine in the hallway, urine on the little seam of your pants that grazes the ground. Urine fucking everywhere. On party nights? Forget about it! That shit will



Fordham Students United to Fight the Tyranny that is Bad Wifi

By Will Maurillo
Staff WiFi Advocate

Being millennial as fuck, I live two lives. There is the life I live on this Earth with this debatably rocking bod, but there is another: online. Connected to people all over the world though various online mediums, I'm able to keep up with friends from the past and make new ones. Like me, I assume most of you NEED your Internet. Coming to college I expected the end of my occasional Internet outages and to live in peace with the Wi-Fi gods. Transitioning to a large, highly funded university, I had dreams of impeccable download times and no Facebook browsing delays. Yet again, DJ Khaled was right, I played myself. The Internet here is erratic.

But I knew that with this power, I had to go back to my plan, fixing this Wi-Fi kerfuffle.

The fact that my freshman advisor recommended that we consider going to the library to register for classes because the Internet is so unreliable means that there is a problem. I'm not expecting the fastest Internet in the world. I would just like consistency. From not being able to work, to slow load times on websites, Fordham's Internet is nothing to write home about, so instead I write the hype track of the century to bring awareness to an issue too close to our hearts. Through

Get ready to go to battle; don't let Fordham IT get you down

careful research, I have found that the Wi-Fi is based off of a Murphy's Law system. Encoded deep into the motherboard of Fordham's network is such a devious law that depending on your inter-web intentions you can be granted access or stopped in your tracks. Using a complex algorithm to find out

The other option is one of contention. When an urgent task such as hmm idk actual work needs to be completed, the Fordham Internet Jesuits give you the spottiest Internet this world has ever seen. Feeling like I could fix the problem I found in society, I thought that I should reach out. As if pressed a blue light the IT Jesu-

chats that were delivered hours before but couldn't be loaded due to the Wi-Fi. The LTE was my escape from the mess I had been living in since late August.

Being able to connect to people without actually having to speak to them, brought sanity to my millennial life. But I knew that with this power, I had to go back to my plan, fixing this Wi-Fi kerfuffle. Before I continue, I wish this story ended in a solution; which it doesn't. I also wish that it ended with a magnificent battle between me and IT on Eddie's, using various parts of computers as weapons, but it doesn't. I called them and they politely told me "there is nothing we can do on our end." Putting such a phrase into Google Translate, I quickly found that this was polite IT talk for "shut the fuck up and don't call me." At first I was mad at who I was on the phone with. This was pointless and naïve. How could I be mad at the spokesman/woman of a terrorist cell? It was their leader.

Those employing my fellow students to inflict a lack of logic or reason in response to my questions were my enemy. Building extensive firewalls and log in processes to slow my virtual actions, I realized this was an issue that can only be dealt with at the top level of IT. Fellow students, I can't do this alone. If you hated this piece, hate me, hate the Wi-Fi, or even just love helping society, we need to come together. Email IT. Complain. Do what we millennials do best, expect things given to us and whine until you get them.



the importance of the task you are attempting to complete, the network decides between two options. The first is you doing BS work with no importance or urgency. These tasks receive only the highest speeds and the freshest connection one's millennial fingertips have ever touched. Being able to dig to depths in YouTube that have been previously undiscovered allows me to reach my peak procrastination.

its were onto me. Delivering me zero Internet I was unable to look up the number to Fordham IT. They stopped me in my tracks. My revolution spoiled before it could begin. This left me hopeless and empty. Forcing me to fall back to my LTE they hit me where it hurts: my wallet. Using my precious data, I searched the wide web for their phone number. As I turned my Wi-Fi off to use LTE, I received six Snap-

Enter Fordham University's First Annual Pumpkin Carving Contest!



First Place wins a night treat-or-treating with Father McShane

Love, Success, and Social Justice— Can You Have it All?

By Claire Nunez
Co-Opinions Editor

They say you can't have it all; you can't have both a flourishing love life and a successful career, but what about social justice? Why isn't that mixed in there? Can you not have justice for the social problems that exist in society? Most people would say no, you can't—I think you can. If you really want all three, you can blend them. In my own life, juggling school work and internships, maintaining healthy relationships and friendships, and working for justice on different issues, is practically impossible. I don't exactly know if you can have it all separately, but you can mix it all together and get the best of all three worlds. Maybe.

Being passionate about what I do is something I have always taken pride in. I am never one to join a club or accept an internship just because it beefs up my resume. It's not worth it. I want to incorporate my love of social justice into my passion for business; I have decided it is best to pursue this path by studying Political Science and Humanitarian Studies as well as consistently doing volunteer work through the Dorothy Day Center. I hope to one

TBH, no. But, I dare you to try; double dog dare ya.

day earn my MBA in sustainability to fully combine both business and humanitarian work. Sustainable business is becoming more and more of a necessity, and I want to be a part of it.



This may be a bit of a pipedream, but it's my current plan—I still have some time to figure things out here. Something I never really incorporated into my lifelong plan is love.

Yes, I have my extreme fascination with business and social justice's place within it, but finding love? I better start adopting cats now. I always murder all

of my romantic relationships within a few months. My professional goals are a priority for me and honestly, no one wants to listen to me talk about gentrification or the refugee crisis while we're

on what is supposed to be a fun date night. I always fill my time with groups and work that are extraordinarily meaningful to me, that whenever I have free time, I just want to watch *Girls*. Because of this, I end up neglecting my friends, family, in addition to anyone I am romantically involved with.

It is a real struggle to make time for all of the things I want to do as well

as with the people I want to be with. It makes me a bit nervous for when I have a real, adult life with a job and taxes and an apartment and four cats and all my friends are starting to get married while I'm just like, "um, yeah I'm married to work" while trying to single-handedly change the world. Our environment is polluted, people are dying in war, and the ocean will be full of more plastic than fish soon, but there are over 7 billion people I can find at least one to love me. He will believe in me, my dreams, and that gentrification is a problem.

To many, it seems like we need to have our plans to our futures settled now. To be honest, I am not planning on having everything I want to do in the next forty years figured out now. I know that love, success, and social justice are important to me, and it'll all fall together. It is not necessary to have it all now. We are just in college and life is messy now. Everything will come together. Having the trifecta of love, success, and social justice may seem impossible— especially in college, but really, if you want anything enough, you can achieve it.

The Last Time I Will Ever Write About Trump: Hopefully a True Phrase

By Rachel Poe
Features Co-Editor

I am so over Donald Trump being all over the media. Not a day goes by that I don't hear that blubbering buffoon speak the most idiotic, sexist, racist things that just continue to highlight all of his incompetence. I can't wait until he fades into obscurity like the piece of trash he is. I promise you that this will be the last article that I ever write about Donald Trump, but first, I have some things to say.

There is no doubt in my mind that win or lose, Donald Trump has done a great injustice to this country. His blatant stupidity has dominated the news to the point that it's all I see on my Facebook feed. *Facebook!* All we can talk about is how Trump did this, Trump said that, look at this equally moronic person try to defend the bullshit that Trump said and did. It's just- I can't, I really can't. The media has given Trump millions in free advertising and a platform in which

I cannot even think about him without wanting to scream

to spread his hate-filled speech. You could argue that they unintentionally fueled Trump's primary campaign.

We dedicate so much time talking about Trump that I've actually lost sleep because my brain has been so rattled by the sheer anger that overcomes me every time he opens that asshole he calls a mouth. His voice alone makes me want to scratch my eyes out. He's like a college kid who didn't do the reading but calls out in class. He says one thing that's kind of an answer but then keeps restating it in different ways while throwing in a couple attempts SAT-level words.

And don't even get me started on just how little he understands how the government works. He says that he, and he alone, can fix the government but then immediately turns back around and berates Hillary Clinton for not fixing certain policy issues. Really, Trump? Do you even under-

stand how a democracy works? No one person has all that power, that's the fucking point! But maybe what is the worst thing Trump has done (this week) is come out at say that he will only accept the results of the election if he wins, completely ignoring precedent and the peaceful transition of power that keeps our democracy from fucking combusting. According to FiveThirtyEight, Trump has a roughly 13% chance of winning so we're probably going to have to deal with more of Trump's crybaby rampage after the election.

And side note- I swear, if I have to hear one more person compare the Republican party to "the party of Lincoln," I am going to scream. Do you really think that Trump would take land from rich White people and give it to a bunch of impoverished, disadvantaged immigrants of color? Please. To be frank, Lincoln is probably rolling

over in his grave with this election.

Look, basically everything is shit and will continue to be shit for the next twenty days or so. I genuinely despise Donald Trump so much that on November 8th, I won't be celebrating Hillary's victory but his crushing defeat. But, even though I greatly look forward to that day, that's all hypothetically until November 8th. So here's my mini-urge for all of you to make sure you vote this Election Day. There's still plenty of time for you to get your absentee ballot if you're registered to vote. Trump has literally insulted, offended, or harassed basically every subcategory of Americans except for white males, lacks any sort of basic knowledge about government, and is an orange blob of scams and failed business ventures and you're okay with the potential of this man running our country? Over my dead body.

the paper's view

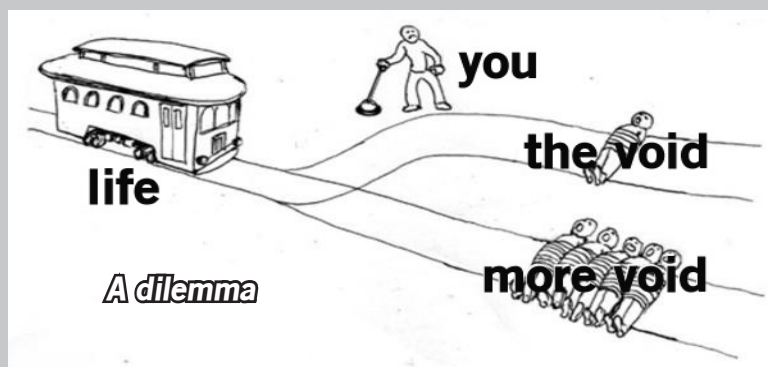
Tuesday, November 8th is Election Day. In many political articles, the author sets out to report on the fact that many Americans are discontent with the two main candidates. To be fair, how can people easily choose between voting for an angry Cheeto or a lying robot? Then of course, there are the Ken Bones of the world who aren't necessarily discontent but simply can't decide whether to vote for a former Senator or a former reality show host. However, there is another group of people who are struggling to vote. These people are not only dissatisfied with their options, but they are disillusioned with life in general. It's not that they think their vote doesn't matter, but rather, life in general is meaningless. So, how do you compromise existential dread with civic duties?

Even though existence itself is without intrinsic value, you can't deny that you are currently experiencing life in this reality. (Or maybe you can if you're a philosophy major). The point is, as of right now, whatever happens in this country affects you. If the next president invests in eco-friendly policies, you will have to brief clean air. If the next president starts a nuclear war, you will have to experience death via nuclear annihilation. Sure, clean air or radiation poisoning makes no difference because death is inevitable. But come on, is that how you want to die? You can hate life but you got to admit, dying in your sleep is way more preferable than having your skin melt off.

The other important thing to remember is that life's insignificance does not necessarily negate your agency as a person. Your whole existence may be a sham, but you have the free will to make decisions. You can decide to skip class, wear crocs, steal a peacock from the zoo, etc. While you may regret some of the consequences of your actions, the point is, you have the choice to determine what happens next. So, while neither Clinton nor Trump will add any meaning to life in general, you still have to live with your choice of not voting.

So, to all you nihilists out there, please vote. Vote for Clinton and Kaine. Vote for Trump and Pence. Vote for *the paper* and Cthulhu. Just please, don't let your existential crisis prevent you from exercising your constitutional rights. Also, Happy Halloween.

XOXO,
Sio and Kelly, Co-EIC's



Spooky Halloween Horoscopes

By Maria Byrne

Aquarius (January 20 – February 18): Your fascination with Gothic horror romance will cause you to produce the worst work of fiction ever.

Pisces (February 19 – March 20): Finally you'll meet someone faker than you: a "Casper the Ghost"-like love interest will enter your life this week.

Aries (March 21 – April 19): Personal growth looms in your future as you begin to encounter a clown who goes by the name "Pennywise."

Taurus (April 20 – May 20): You will be surprised to discover two hours of sexy, suspenseful action coming to a bakery near you.

Gemini (May 21 – June 20): Just keep reveling in how well you are true to yourself, which is a slightly more adorable Bob from Twin Peaks.

Cancer (June 21 – July 22): Ghosts will begin to appear to you, but you won't see them because you'll be too busy drinking La Croix.

Leo (July 23 – August 22): When you said last week that "nothing can stop me now," you apparently forgot you're possessed by demons.

Virgo (August 23 – September 22): Like Dr. Frankenstein, your plan to strike and slip away unseen will be seen as inappropriate.

Libra (September 23 – October 22): Americans from coast to coast will be transfixed by your spooky new signature dance, the "Winona Ryder in Beetlejuice."

Scorpio (October 23 – November 21): Every day, you're getting better and better. But at this rate, you won't be good for another 666 years.

Sagittarius (November 22 – December 21): This week you're going to start fiend-ing for a cigarette, even though you've "never smoked a day in your life."

Capricorn (December 22 – January 19): It's time to open up and let the world see who you really are, and that is Wednesday Addams.



Aramark May Seem Bad to Us, but Prisoners Have it Worse

by Kyle Zarif

Staff Aramark Hater

Workers in contemporary prisons are forced to work for wages that average between \$0.40 and \$0.70 an hour, often producing commodities for corporations like Starbucks, Walmart, and Nintendo. So, it is not surprising that there is an ongoing prisoner strike. This strike should make us reconsider the trends towards privatization and unprecedented expansion in our prison system over the last few decades.

The global prison population is around 11 million, 2.4 million of which are in the United States. We hold 5% of the world's population and roughly 25% of its prisoners. Within the United States, 40% of our total prison population is black. In our women's prisons, which have grown at double the rate of men's prisons, Latina and Black women are incarcerated at 3 and 4 times the rate of White women. The prisons have become a reflection of the way we treat ethnic minorities. The class dimension of prisons reflects the radical inequality in wealth we see today. The pre-incarceration incomes of prisoners are \$19,650 for men and \$13,890 for women. The average for non-incarcerated men and women is \$41,250 for men and \$23,745 for women.

The American prisoner is, on average, a poor person of color. The massive expansion of incarceration in communities hurt by overall declines in manufacturing jobs has several implications as to the nature of the prison system. Why are we so convinced this is working? Why do we find it so easy to ignore the horror of our nation's prisons and disregard the humanity of 2 million people under the blanket term "criminal"? Why do we accept corporations using the modern equivalent of slave labor while slapping on a "Made in America" sticker? Plantation slavery rested on the same dehumanization, Black slaves were never seen as fully human. The nature of the prison has as much to do with deep institutional investments in the expansion of our prison system as it does with racism and classism. Even Fordham has financial ties to the prison industrial complex. Aramark, our school's food

The Jesuits supporting this mistreatment by using Aramark

provider, has played a role in the perpetuation of inhumane prison conditions in America.

Aramark is a global service corporation with 270,000 employees in 21 states. In its own words, it "is in the customer service business across food, facilities and uniforms, wherever people work, learn, recover, and play". The "learn" component of this statement is mostly colleges and universities. As they operate in multiple industries, some colleges also outsource their janitorial work to Aramark. One such school is American University in Washington D.C., where Aramark employees are currently fighting for a reduction of the workday. The "recover" aspect of their self-description could mean hospitals, which they do provide service for, but

ary 10 and 11, 2014. Earlier in 2014, Aramark was fined \$142,100 by the Ohio state government for numerous violations which included hiring too few employees to feed the quantity of prisoners they are in charge of feeding. However, their contract was recently renewed by the state government, led by John Kasich, who has helped introduce a trend of privatization in Ohio prisons.

Michigan also chose to end its relationship with Aramark this year after a string of similar incidents. Michigan signed a three year prison food service contract with Aramark ending this year. The contract was not renewed. The lack of consideration for human life implied by their record in Michigan is astounding. In April 2015, a lawsuit was filed against Kent County Jail in

gots have also been discovered in food at the Parnell Correctional Facility in June 2014, where 30 prisoners were treated for food poisoning. They were also found at the G. Robert Cotton Prison in June 2015. Watchdog group Progress Michigan uncovered emails describing an incident in which a prisoner discovered a cake which had been visibly chewed by rodents. The prisoner was instructed by an Aramark employee to cover the cake with icing and feed it to prisoners anyway. More recently, emails between Siegfried Linder, the company's general director, and Michigan's Department of Corrections saw Linder admit that prisoners at Saginaw Correctional Facility were served food that was removed from the trash and reheated. That Aramark remained in charge of Michigan's prison kitchens for even 3 years is shocking until you find out that Aramark has spent \$570,000 lobbying politicians for contracts in recent years.

The practices of Aramark are but a small piece of a wider culture that accepts the dehumanization of prisoners. We keep a metaphorical distance between ourselves and the criminal, demonizing them so that we can look in the mirror confident that we are good people. It helps us deny the fact that our prisons have become huge dumping grounds for those who have no place in our society. They provide corporations with the ability to avoid outsourcing manufacturing without having to compromise their desire for a captive workforce with no right to organize, quit or dissent. That Fordham is invested in a system of racist exploitation and dehumanization is completely unacceptable, especially noting the Jesuits' long history with the slave trade. Fordham's Jesuit administration is perpetuating slavery as Jesuits had done in the past, albeit indirectly, and in a new form. The degrees of separation do not make it right. The historical evolution does not make it right; the same exploitation is at play here.

The only thing Fordham can do to truly align itself against the newest form of slavery is to divest from the prison industrial complex and rethink its relationship with Aramark.



it could just as easily mean prisons.

Fordham's negotiations with Aramark took place last year. During that time, the extent to which Aramark was willing to cut corners in its prison food service sector for the sake of profit was exposed. Aramark's current contract with the Ohio Department of Rehabilitation and Correction budgets them \$3.61 per prisoner per day. While that fact is astonishing in of itself, the real world effects of Aramark's profit over people approach have been downright inhumane. On June 24, 2014 at the Trumbull Correctional Facility in Leavittsburg, Ohio, live maggots were seen "falling out of a warming tray". Maggots were also found in Aramark food bound for prisoners at Ohio Reformatory for Women at Maryville on June 30, Janu-

federal court by 16 prisoners representing 250 others who were served Aramark chicken that was contaminated by bacteria. The suit accused Aramark of "failing to handle food safely, failing to hire and train enough people to keep food from spoiling and going bad, and failing to use food equipment properly". The attorney for the prisoners describes the incident as a "mass poisoning." This lawsuit was not the only incident of criminal incompetence in Aramark prison kitchens. Since 2013, Michigan prisoners have filed 14 lawsuits against Aramark and this number grows to 200 when encompassing the whole nation.

The degradation of quality was evidenced in several more incidents in Aramark kitchens in Michigan. Mag-



Halloweentown Exposed: The Non-Mortal Genocide

by Kelly Tyra
Editor-in-Chief

If you grew up with cable television in the late 90s, then you already know *Halloweentown* is the shit. The cult classic DCOM is a transcendent tale of family, self-discovery, conquering evil, and of course, magic. If you haven't seen it, I'm sorry but this short synopsis will have to suffice until you can engage in the glory that is *Halloweentown* on your own time.

Our story begins on Halloween night in suburbia. A seemingly average family of four is visited by their clearly magical grandmother, Aggie Cromwell. Aggie's three grandchildren (Marnie, Dylan, and Sophie) do not know she is a witch nor that they have magical blood running through their own veins because their mother, Gwen, does not want them to be trained in the magical arts. Eldest daughter Marnie overhears an argument between her mother and grandmother in which it is revealed that if Marnie does not start training to be a witch that night (her thirteenth Halloween) her powers will be lost and she will become a mortal forever. Grandmother Aggie also has come to enlist Gwen's help as she can sense a dark force operating in her homeland, Halloweentown. Gwen offers no assistance and asserts that she wants her children to be raised 'normal' in the mortal world.

When Aggie leaves to catch the annual bus back to the world of Halloweentown, her grandchildren secretly follow her. Marnie is desperate to begin her witch training as she has been interested in the mystical and magical all

Be warned, it's much more sinister than you think...

of her life. Dylan, the stick-in-the-mud brainiac accompanies her because he is 'the man of the house' and sweet, young Sophie sneaks along because she's badass and cute and the secret weapon throughout the film. I could really go on forever with this summary but for the sake of time, I'll shorten the next fifty minutes. The kids arrive in Halloweentown, they stop the politically-based bad force from consuming the city after it renders their mom and grandma immobile, discover their own powers, help their matriarchs reconcile, and return to the mortal world as magical heroes.

On the surface, this seems like a damn fun Halloween movie for kids and it certainly is. But if we dig a little deeper into the world of the film, its origins become much darker and spookier than they may first appear. Analysis of the historical narrative and necessitated establishment of Halloweentown hints at a darkness much greater than the one conquered by our three heroes in the film. For the sake of this critical analysis, I will be focusing on the first movie exclusively. However, the next three films in the series can certainly be used to inform this examination (particularly *Halloweentown High*). And so begins our critical analysis of *Halloweentown*. Why you may ask? Because it's the Halloween Issue, bitches. Spook, spook!

Halloweentown is home to an array of interesting creatures. In addition to witches and warlocks, there are ghosts, skeletons, trolls, pumpkin heads, werewolves, fairies, catladies,

and some people who just look like they love wearing period clothing. To each their own is pretty much engraved on the Halloweentown crest. However, from the brief background native Agatha Cromwell provides, we are given a small peak into the history of the magical world she inhabits: "There was a time when humans...and all the rest of us could be together. It was the Dark Times...because humans feared us and tried to destroy us. So, we did our best to make them miserable in return, but it was turning us evil, which we are not! So, we decided to create our own world from that day on, we were able to settle down and have homes and children and jobs and an excellent bowling league." This explanation is sugarcoated just enough to inform Aggie's grandchildren about the origins of her world. However, if we unpack this brief blurb of history, many sinister details arise.

The Dark Times detailed by Aggie must have been an extremely tumultuous period in human/nonhuman history. Constant battle between mortal and non-mortal was intense enough that it triggered an adaptive change in the psyche of the non-mortal that caused them to become 'evil' against their will and in spite of their fundamental character composition. While the violence between both parties is not detailed, it must have been extreme. Why else would the human world completely eliminate non-mortal existence from their history, rendering all things magical fictional? Perhaps, the violence inflicted upon the non-mortal population was so brutal, it needed to be erased

from humanity's collective psyche.

The very need for the non-mortals to invent a new world for themselves hints at the severity of this conflict. The creation of Halloweentown can be interpreted as a forced migration or population transfer and such resettlement is often an indicator of genocide. It is possible to find evidence that points to such population decimation in the film. For example, how could the entire non-mortal population be confined to a single township governed simply and totally by a mayor? Would such a small population really have been such a threat to humanity? Probably not, thus genocide most certainly could have been a contributing factor that necessitated the invention of an alternate world.

While Agatha states that non-mortals such as her facilitated the relocation to Halloweentown, they almost certainly did so out of necessity, which indicates that humans emerged from the Dark Times victorious. The existing tension between mortal and non-mortal is a theme that is continuously explored throughout the four film franchise but in a similarly candy corn-coated way. However, historical analysis of these films reveals that this magical coming-of-age story contains a deeper, more sinister narrative.

(Yes, I did find a copy of the *Halloweentown* script to write this article and yes I am developing a Halloweentown musical based on the made-for-TV movie. Coming soon to a blackbox near you.)

EVENTS

What: Election Day

Where: America, more specifically your local district, or the mailroom if you have an absentee ballot

When: Tues. Nov. 8th @ ALL DAY AM/PM

How Much: FREE, US citizenship

Why: Vote. It's your civic duty. The youth numbers for voting are very low too, I know, I take a class on it. Fucking vote.

What: Rodrigue's Murder Mystery

Where: Rodrigue's Coffee House on campus

When: Sun. Oct. 30th @7 PM

How Much: FREE

Why: It's a murder mystery, AND IT TAKES PLACE BOTH IN THE FUTURE AND IN SPACE. Rods always puts a lot of work into their events, so it will be awesome. Voting's awesome, as well.

What: Care Packages

Where: McGinley Lounge

When: Tues. Nov. 3rd @6 PM

How Much: FREE

Why: Help make care-packages for the homeless at a nearby shelter. It's a really nice thing to do, y'know, like voting. That's also nice.

A Nostalgic Review of Evil Dead II

by Scott Saffran

Staff Nostalgic Reviewer

Since the earliest October 31st that I can remember (1999, and I dressed up as the Scarecrow from *The Wizard of Oz*, thank you very much), Halloween has been my favorite holiday. I could never fully grasp that I was actually encouraged to dress up as my favorite fictional characters and would be rewarded for it with pounds of candy. With each ensuing All Hallows' Eve (post-my costume peak), a new facet would be added to the celebration: one year a Haunted House; the next a neighborhood costume party. In 2004, my sisters and I crowded around the Zenith television in our basement for Cartoon Network's showing of *Scary Godmother's Halloween Spooktacular*. For those of you who have not been graced by this spectacular work of animated cinema, you really ought to dig up this gem. It was my first true Halloween movie; a tradition my family has held close ever since.

In the decade-plus since then, I have accumulated quite a few films: some in the traditional Halloween theme, and others of just a generally spooky persuasion. My most cherished Halloween movie, and the subject of this review, is *Evil Dead II*. While not especially Halloween-y, I feel the film captures the spirit of the holiday spectacularly, creating an atmosphere that is equally funny and frightening.

Evil Dead II (or *Evil Dead 2: Dead by Dawn*, if you're that much of an anal purist) hit cinemas across America in 1987 as the sequel to its 1981 predecessor, *The Evil Dead*. The relationship between the original film and its sequel is odd, at best. The first film is strict horror fare, albeit tremendously entertaining, and recounts the story of five college students who encounter a mysterious ancient text on their cabin getaway, and accidentally unleash a terrible evil which consumes all but the

unwitting hero, Ash Williams, played through both films by the granite-chinned Bruce Campbell. The picture concludes with a horrified Ash facing down an unseen evil force, careening through the forest.

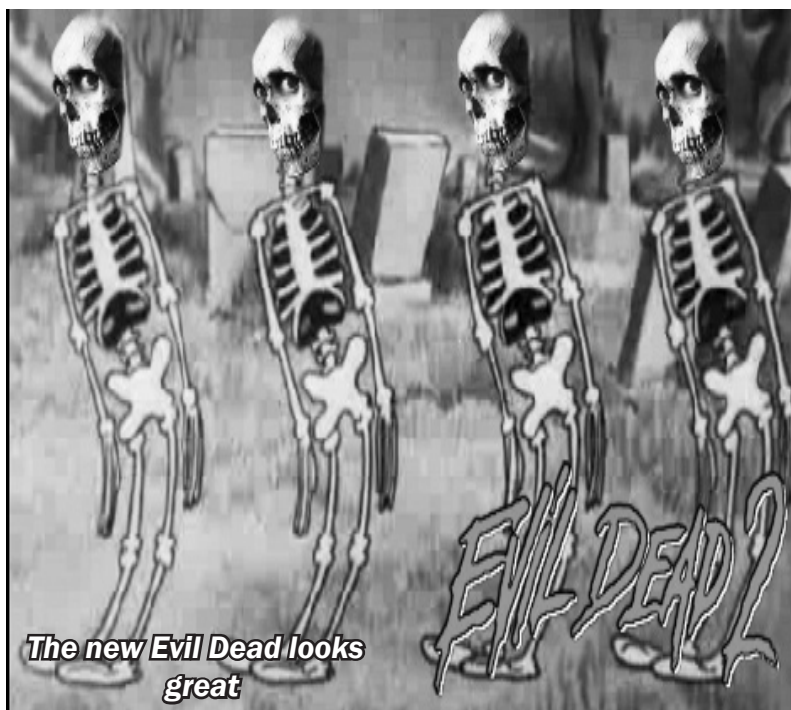
Evil Dead II, on the other hand, begins with Ash and his girlfriend, Linda, who was featured as part of the original's cast but portrayed by a different actress, journeying to that very same cabin. The pair reenact a simplified version of the plot of *The Evil Dead*, and the sequel then takes on a life of

While the emphasis is really on the fun and insanity, I feel it quite important to appreciate this not-insignificant feat.

The greatest triumph of the film is that it toes the line between not taking itself too seriously and not taking itself seriously at all. Horror-comedies like *Scary Movie* are populated with actors who very apparently find the whole affair just as ridiculous as we do and true horror films are often cast with actors all too engendered in the dramatic. *Evil Dead II* departs entirely. Campbell especially at once over-acts and, yet, can still pull off believable fright. Faced with the task of chainsaw-ing his once beloved's detached dome, Ash draws genuine emotion just before the still-sentient body rushes through the tool shed door and we collapse into laughter.

The film is best characterized by this gross-out, gut-wrenching gore saved from excess by a belly-aching laugh. No scene best exemplifies such masterful balance better than the decayed, headless corpse of Linda rising from its makeshift grave to perform a dance number complete with severed head prop before miraculously ascending to the heavens. Every scene, whether truly inspiring in its terror or fantastically funny, feels perfectly at home and gives this theatre of the absurd film a strange sort of coherence. There really is no other movie quite like it; it fully earns its rightful spot in the canon of cult film.

Evil Dead II is everything a Halloween movie ought to be. The chills are complemented with raucous laughs, the gross-out gore balanced with tongue-in-cheek visual gags. It's light, digestible, and yet, it sticks with you. *Evil Dead II* is a rare bauble, one of the few of its genre to succeed on a large scale. It has inspired generations of filmmakers and legions of devoted fans, it's a film that won't soon be forgotten. It's a cherished part of my library, and I hope I've encouraged a few of you to give it a watch some time around October 31st.



its own after we see that familiar shot of a screaming Ash and the invisible incubus.

The movie finds its successes in its breakneck speed and original composition. Director Raimi utilizes a patchwork quilt of unorthodox camera techniques to instill a particularly uneasy feeling in the audience, complementing the tone of the work itself. Most of the exposition is kept to very limited dialogue, which allows Raimi to showcase this impressive knack for visual storytelling. Ash, the protagonist, is effectively portrayed as a reluctant hero, which the audience can very much feel itself. Outright character development is not the chosen path here. As much as Ash is forced into his hero role, so is the audience alongside him. We are as uncomfortable as he is, but we both grow to fill out these new relationships.

Scooby-Dooby-Doo and Rachel's Review

by Rachel Poe

Features and List Editor

Guys, I had the best time writing this article, I swear. Scooby-Doo is my shit. I've loved this franchise since I was a kid. There's pictures of me at three years old, sitting in a little arm chair, wearing my Scooby-Doo robe, watching re-runs of the old cartoon. It was a bonding thing for me and my dad, there were always tapes of the movies and the shows at his house. Yeah, I've been watching Scooby-Doo for so fucking long that I used to watch it on VHS. Hell, I even know that the original "Jeepers, It's the Creeper" premiered on my birthday in 1970. Yeah. So, in the spirit of Halloween (heh, like that pun?), I've decided to pay tribute to my favorite spOOKy series by doing a nostalgia review of some of



my favorite Scooby-Doo movies. I'm excluding the live-action ones with Sarah Michelle Gellar and Freddie Prinze Jr. because we all already know how fucking fantastic those are.

1. Scooby-Doo! and the Witch's Ghost: Oh man, this one is definitely my all time favorite. Part of the series of the Scooby-Doo movies that were released around the turn of the 21st century, *Witch's Ghost* encompasses everything you love about Scooby-Doo and more. Cheesy jokes, Scooby and Shaggy eating twice their weight in food, epic chase scenes, a man in a mask, you name it. Scooby and the gang are whisked off to this cutesy New England town by a famous horror writer that Velma definitely has a crush on called Ben Ravencroft (with a name like that, it's no surprise he's the villain #spoiler). The story is centered around the town, Oakhaven, ripping off a legend about Ben's ancestor, Sarah Ravencroft, who had been persecuted as a witch before being executed by the town's people. Now her ghost is supposedly haunting the town; the mayor and other townspeople even created a touristy festival around it and everything.

What ensues is a couple chase

Editors' note: we didn't name this

scenes with a creepy ghost witch, a run in with an eco-Goth girl group called the Hex Girls that look like they're trying to be sexy, but not too sexy, vampires for Halloween, ending with a whodunit that reveals that the whole town dunit. And that's really only the first part of the movie. Things get real when the actual Witch's Ghost gets released by Ben, when he finds her spellbook hidden at the base of a tree. The Witch had been entrapped inside the book by Wiccans because she was just too nasty. I personally love it when Scooby-

Doo actually has real monsters like this. I mean, I know that there's the whole social commentary about how the things that scare us aren't really as scary underneath, but real monsters are just way cooler, okay? *Witch's Ghost* is Scooby-Doo at it's finest for our generation. 10/10 would recommend.

2. Scooby-Doo! and the Cyber Chase: So basically Scooby and the gang get zapped into a videogame inspired by their adventures with a lowkey homicidal blue lightning personified thing called the Phantom Virus. To get out of the game, they have to find the box of Scooby Snacks on each level. They go to the moon, Ancient Rome, undersea, the dinosaur age-basically a bunch of other stereotypical videogame locations in a montage with an original song playing in the background, because it isn't a Scooby-Doo movie unless there's an original chase scene song.

In the final level, the gang runs into their virtual counterparts and it's meta as hell. Together, they team up to fight off monsters from their past which is also super trippy when you think about it. It's not that surprising though, since Shaggy and Scooby are basically stoners. In the end, it's the Scooby and Cyber-Scooby that save the day because duh, and the whodunit doesn't nearly have the same twist as the one in *Witch's Ghost*. It's kinda disappoint-

ing actually. Besides the fact that it reminds me of my childhood, it doesn't stand up nearly as well fifteen years later, but whatever I'm still going to watch it whenever I remember it exists. 7/10 because the villain is lame.

3. Scooby-Doo! and the Ghoul School: I loved this one as a kid. Well, I loved them all but this one has a special place in my heart. I remember it the best because I think as a kid, I really related to all the little girl monsters (see, representation in media does matter). In this movie, Scooby, Shaggy, and Scrappy, Scooby's little nephew, become gym teachers at an all-girls finishing school because that's a logical career choice for them. But here's the twist, Miss Grimwood's is actually a finishing school for the daughters of famous monsters (Dracula, The Phantom, a werewolf, The Mummy, and Frankenstein's monster to be exact) and hilarity ensues. Basically, it's a lot of puns, physical comedy, an angry little dragon that just mumbles nonsense while lowkey setting everyone on fire, a rival military boys school that resembles what I imagine ROTC is like, and a message that people aren't always what they appear...I guess? It's too deep for me, guys.

Maybe what I love about this movie is that it plays around with the stereotypical Scooby-Doo plot format. It has all the things that makes you love Scooby-Doo while also being its own thing. Like there's a volleyball match between a finishing school for ghouls and a snooty military school on a net woven by a cute spider creature, and then there's a creepy-ass witch lady with four arms and a sketchy mind control potion not even twenty minutes later. I don't think it gets anymore Scooby-Doo than that! 13/10- y'all go watch it.

So why did I do this? I'm not entirely sure but I had a fucking blast while doing it. I highly recommend that everyone else go back and re-watch a couple Scooby-Doo movies, or hell, any movie from your childhood that you loved. Grab a couple friends because I guarantee that someone will definitely be down to watch it with you. Scooby-Doo is iconic and fills me with this ridiculous childlike wonder bullshit and I don't care because I love it.

SHOWS

What: Streetlight Manifesto

Where: PlayStation Theater

When: Fri. Oct. 28th @8 PM

How Much: \$24

Why: One of the editors here (*cough* Luis) really likes them, so we are pimping out their show. Also vote. All the editors really like voting.

What: F.E.T. Stand Up/Sketch Show

Where: The Black Box Theater on campus

When: Both Fri. Oct. 28th/Sat. Oct. 29th @8PM

How Much: FREE

Why: F.E.T. is really funny, funnier than my terrible jokes. It's also their Halloween show. Also vote, because not voting is, like me, not funny.

What: Playwrights Festival

Where: The Black Box Theater on campus

When: Both Fri. Nov. 4th/ Sat. Nov. 5th @8PM

How Much: FREE

Why: An FET sponsored event in which plays are written and performed by students. So go support creativity. Also go support voting....please.

Photography Exhibit Doesn't Get the Picture: A Critical Review

by Nathan Crawford
Staff Museum Critic

For a few more months you can see an exhibit titled *Private, Public, Secret* at the International Center of Photography Museum. Or don't, if you don't I think you'll be fine. This exhibit sounds interesting, but unfortunately it falls short. It's full of things that feel interesting, but upon closer inspection are not.

First, this exhibit does not hold together. There is no central theme, there is no point made or question raised. Instead, the exhibit feels more like someone did a database search of their archives and just put out whatever was tagged "private" or "public" or "secret."

This would be excusable if any of the pieces were particularly striking, moving, or beautiful. There is no piece you will walk away thinking about, no piece you wish you could put up in your room, nothing. It is an album of only b-sides. The pictures

One could say it's completely out of focus

of people through their windows feel too on the nose, the slideshows of instagram pictures feel too obvious, and the courtroom drawing from a WikiLeaks trial feels forced. It's not like everything is terrible, just that everything is okay. There are some portraits Warhol took, but if you have seen his paintings or his movies, it is already well covered territory. One picture has a mostly naked couple doing heroine, that's kinda fun I guess. A video shows a woman on a VH1 dating show, and there are some chances to laugh at these reality show contestants behind the scenes and aware of the cameras, but there is nothing deeper to it. It might catch your attention, but doesn't have anything more once your attention has been caught.

Instead, this exhibit thrives on novelty. There is plenty in this exhibit that will make you want to lean in to take a closer look, but the closer look al-

ways disappoints. For example, there were covers from *Transvestia*, a magazine run by Virginia Prince for what she described as "sexually normal" men who have found their "other side." If you look into *Transvestia*, it's fascinating. It was a magazine for men who enjoyed cross-dressing, but received criticism from many LGBTQ+ activists as well as feminist groups for supporting more conservative sexual and familial mores. After years of claiming to be a heterosexual man who had found his "other side," Virginia Prince transitioned later in life and started using she/her/hers pronouns. I would go to an exhibit just on this magazine, but all you get from *Private, Public, Secret* is a few random covers. They don't really do anything with them, they just have them.

Pieces in the exhibit try to take on issues, which is commendable. It just left me wishing that any of the issues they brought up were not already

being covered thoroughly by middle school English papers around the country. I don't know if you know this, but reality shows don't actually show reality. This may blow your mind, but we have an obsession with female beauty that has made the transition to the internet. Not to be too controversial, but there is a dark side to the internet.

I want to be clear, I'm not trying to bash modern photography or art. I like both, but for almost a century the premium has been on concept rather than execution, which makes it all the more tragic when there is little to no complex thought, subtlety, or creativity in the pieces. They had nothing new to say, and the exhibit didn't have anything to say by putting them together. It is an exhibit with great promise, which makes the disappointment all the greater.

A Different Kind of Art Hoe: Redefining an Aesthetic Concept

By Annie Muscat
Staff Art Hoe

Imagine this: you're enjoying a day with a friend at an art gallery. You come upon a slightly abstract painting. As you attempt to interpret and decipher the meaning of the work, your friend jokes that "the artist must have been tripping on so many drugs when he painted this."

Such light-hearted snap judgments happen often. Sometimes people are at a loss for words when they experience art, and those who are committed to studying art feign amusement in response to ignorance. Exposing yourself to and appreciating the arts can help you gain insight into other perspectives, making you more aware of the world around you.

Consider some of the evidence. In 2013, Brian Kisida, a Senior Research Associate in the Department of Education Reform at the University of Arkansas, randomly selected students to participate in a field trip to a local art museum. Following analysis of student essays completed after the museum visit, Kisida and his colleagues

Being a hoe of art for arts' sake

confirmed that students demonstrated higher levels of social tolerance, stronger critical thinking skills, and a developing taste for cultural institutions. In other words, investigators discovered a direct correlation between exposure to the arts and open-mindedness.

Okay, but a lot of us already know this. As an art history major, I bought into this idea a while ago. I'm an art hoe. Love of art should transcend class boundaries and cultural identities. A true art hoe loves art for art's sake and doesn't discriminate between the works of renowned European artists like Marc Chagall or Gustav Klimt and minority artists like Kara Walker and Kitagawa Utamaro.

I recently visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art along Manhattan's Museum Mile. The Met houses an expansive collection spanning over thousands of years from nearly every historical artistic era across the globe. Maneuvering through a sun-soaked atrium filled with European sculptures, I was surrounded by people of all different ages, races, and cultural backgrounds and they

were all appreciating art the same way I was. Art provides a common ground for people from all walks of life to come together (that seems uncommon during this controversial election season). Art bridges the gap between cultures and forces us to see the world through a different lens. Two people can interpret the same work in drastically different ways, but discussing our interpretations with others forces us to confront and understand other people's points of view.

Science has established that simply looking at art positively contributes to one's well-being. Neurobiologist Semir Zeki at the University College London, discovered that viewing art enhances mental health. Brain scans revealed dopamine surges are triggered by examining artworks. This is quite promising for students of the humanities, as more employers are gravitating towards employees with knowledge of liberal arts since such training indicates an emphasis on critical thinking and creativity. Tech companies frequently hire liberal arts trainees because they bring

an alternative perspective to the workplace. An appreciation for art suggests that a person is open to new experiences and cognizant of other points of view, implying that they are lifelong learners.

We'll always need people with backgrounds in science, business, and law, of course, but it's important to take a step back and admire what art has to offer, especially in a place like New York City. Take advantage of the artistic possibilities the city has to offer. Ditch ignorance! Go out there, explore other cultures, and discover or embrace your inner art hoe.



Overwatch Halloween Skins Get Play of the Game

by Meredith McLaughlin
Staff Symmetra Main

It's that time of the year again: Halloween! Are you pumped? I know I am, because with Halloween comes the spookification of a ton of products and brand names. And honestly what's better than the Halloween aesthetic? This Halloween is unique though, in that it's the first Halloween that we have been graced with the gift of Halloween-themed Overwatch skins. However, just like Whoopers candy, not all skins are the ones that you want to get put in your loot box. So let's sort out our Overwatch skins from worst to best and find out which ones are worth spending coins on. Sorry in advance for the Overwatch quote puns.

12. Symmetra (Vampire)- I love Symmetra, ok? Like she has a cool backstory and a unique play strategy, yet she's the least played character in the game. She's the character that no one pays attention to and it comes across in this skin. I think they were trying to make her a vampire, but it doesn't show. Her Halloween skin has no change to her normal outfit outside of colorization; the closest they get to actual effort is putting bats on her leggings. Symmetra's "vampire" outfit is literally *just* a glowy red version of the normal skin. It's not *bad*, just boring. Needless to say, there is still much to be done with Symmetra's Halloween look.

11. Pharah (Possessed)- Similar problem with Symmetra: same outfit with different colors. The "Possessed" skin pulls ahead of lame vampire just because Pharah actually looks possessed. Her eyes are rolled up, her suit has an ominous purple glow; it's nothing spectacular but it's worth the 750.

Players spend entire life savings on loot boxes

It's not clever like the other ones, but it looks cool. Wearing this, you'll put the scarecurity in your own hands.

10. Soldier 76 (Immortal)- It's the outfit from Thriller. It looks cool, and it's a cute homage to a Halloween classic. I think someone at Blizzard was like



"Jack Morrison... more like Jackson, am I right?" and everyone went "yeah that'll work." Old soldiers never die... and they never fade into the midnight!

9. Reinhardt (Coldhardt)- Reinhardt's skin is where it starts to get really good. It's not spooky per se, but it looks rad as hell. Unlike Pharah, Reinhardt's suit compliment's his character well. Like I can see him being a ghost who possesses his old armor, and it's the little details like the cracks in the chestplate that help sell the look. And the glowing head engulfed in flames? That's the stuff that pushes you to number nine, buddy. With this skin, you'll spook yourself in ghoulish combat!

8. Bastion (Tombstone)- I'm not gonna lie, half the reason Bastion is at #8 is because of his bird being a crow (raven?) The tombstone theme is a cute gimmick, and it's fitting for a character who is the cause of so much death for so many people.

7. Hanzo (Demon)- This is a Halloween skin done well. It alters the character's outfit and look without abandoning the basics of the character's design. It's different enough to feel special (unlike Symmetra), but you still look at it and think "Yeah that works with Hanzo." He looks a bit like Nightcrawler but if he was an archer, though the skin is still great. Let the

demon consume you!

6. Roadhog (Junkenstein's Monster)- This is one of the four 3000 coin skins, and I'd say it's worth it. It's a take on a classic monster and perfectly fuses Frankenstein's monster with Roadhog's lovable design. It has some lowkey body horror, but that just makes the skin spookier. With this skin, you *hook* around and see none and hear none like you!

5. Zenyatta (Skullyatta)- This skin isn't that much different from the original but it proves that a little bit of detail goes a long way. All they did was paint a skeleton on him, but it works so *well* as a Halloween skin that it deserves

this spot on the list. Plus the brain design and glowing yellow eyes help tie it together. We're all experiencing spooktrility with this skin.

4. Mercy (Witch)- A great look for a great character. Just check out that classic witch hat and those bat wings. And you can't tell me Mercy didn't just walk out of Salem without picking up those shoes. It's an Overwatch-themed take on a witch costume, and it works for a character whose specialties are healing and flying. You'll give your teammates a spooky recovery in this number!

3. Junkrat (Junkenstein)- Who doesn't love a mad scientist? It's the only skin that is paired with another, and it goes great with Roadhog's outfit. Junkrat's skin, like all the great Halloween skins, takes a good concept and filters it through the Overwatch style. If at first you don't succeed, boo it up again.

2. Reaper (Pumpkin)- I don't love Reaper but I love this skin. Reaper is so over-the-top edgy that his skin has to be over-the-top Halloween, and the pumpkin head and coat really deliver. It's the definition of a Halloween skin that you'd want to wear in game because it's just a great design. Equip this and you'll really be ready to eat some souls.

1. Ana (Ghoul)- 10/10 THIS is how you do a Halloween skin. Look at the color gradient, spider webbed, tattered cloak. The pumpkin orange sniper rifle. THE JACK-O-LANTERN MASK. This is the Halloween LOOK. This is a skin done RIGHT. This skin is justice ghouivered!



Ghoul Don't Do It

HALLOWEEN COSTUMES YOU SHOULD JUST AVOID



Native Americans

Damn, White kids, back at it again with the cultural appropriation. Native Americans deal with a lot of shit in this country. The last thing they need is a bunch of White kids wearing headdresses of which they don't even understand the cultural significance.



Prisoners

This is too loaded of an issue right now. Where should we start? The racial inequality of prison sentencing? Or the fact that it's a modern form of slavery? Ghoul, don't do it.



Terrorists

Shouldn't it be common knowledge not to dress up as extremist groups responsible for mass murder? Peeps aren't dressing up as the KKK for Halloween. Next time, try to avoid racist costumes. K, thanks.



Mexicans

PERPETUATING STEREOTYPES IS BAD AND OFFENSIVE, PEOPLE. NO.



Sexy Children's Characters

Are you fucking kidding me? C'mon, no one wants to see a slutty Bert and Ernie dry-heaving outside the bar during Halloween. If I wanted to have my childhood ruined, I'd just go home for a weekend.



Genitals

Guys, if you want to go as a dick or a pussy, just go as yourself. You still won't get laid, but at least you'll save a couple bucks.



By the paper and the gang

Fordham students have reported eerie ghost stories across the Rose Hill campus—ghosts haunting students in Keating, Finlay, and Martyr’s. In the spirit of Halloween, *the paper* wants to know if you were a ghost, who would you haunt?

If I Die, You Know Who to Blame

By Disgruntled Roommate

My roommates. All of them. Every single one. If I were a ghost, it means I’m dead. At this point, my death would have probably been caused by my roommates. Whatever horrible thing happens to me, it’s probably because of them. Honestly, it’s definitely because of them. They cause me so much pain and suffering on a daily basis. Even if they don’t cause my death, I’m still gonna haunt them. I probably died because I wasn’t 100% sane because they annoyed me in some way. I got run over, well I got run over because I was annoyed at something my roommates did. I got shot, well I got shot because I was annoyed at something my roommates did. I burned in a fire, actually they probably caused the fire. So yup, if I were a ghost, I would haunt my roommates.

Ghoul Foods

By Michael O’Brien

I would haunt the Whole Foods I got fired from. Every day, I would knock shit off the shelves, steal cold cuts from the deli, and go to the bathroom without washing my ghost-hands. I’d also possess the cold cases and make them one degree higher than the health and safety policy deems safe to eat. Yes, I know I’m petty, go fuck yourself [REDACTED], manager at Whole Foods of [REDACTED]

Wanted: An Asshole to Haunt

By Rachel Poe

Who would I haunt? Tbh, no one has

pissed me off enough this week for me to come to a clear decision on that. But, I can definitely tell you who I wouldn’t haunt: Donald Trump. Now, I hate Donald Trump just as much as the next person (peep my article in Opinions). But let’s be real, there’s going to be waaaay too many people in line for that shit. I like to be in control, and I don’t handle group projects well. So clearly, I’m staying as far away from that mess as possible. I mean, think about all the people that Trump has wronged: Muslims, women, African Americans, the disabled, prisoners of war, Mexicans, poor people, the list goes on and on. Yeah, I’m a woman but I’m White and from middle class suburbia, I’d be at the bottom of the totem pole for sure. I’d be better off going to find some other asshat to harass. Also, I definitely don’t want to spend eternity listening to Donald Trump speak, ya feel.

Fordham Needs Another Ghost

By Claire Nunez

To be completely frank, I wouldn’t want to actually haunt anyone. To me, that’s kinda dumb, but I would want to remain a presence in FMH. That building is a nightmare enough, so why not make it even worse? I would totally just roam around the building making it actually scary. As a ghost, I would make the lights flicker and the classroom temperature fluctuate oddly. I mean, the building is already pretty sucky in those respects, but it could be worse. Maybe the building could flood or smell really weird. I could do that. That’s easy ghostie stuff, I think. I don’t know, I am not dead but one day, I’ll find out and FMH will be even scarier than it is currently.

the paper Gets SpOOKy

by Colleen Burns

I think it is pretty clear from The Great Ghost Debate who I would haunt: John “ghosts are not real” Looby and Luis “kill me after I die” Gómez. These two

non-ghost believers are in for a wake-up call because ghosts are as real as the dodransbicentennial. Not only would I haunt Looby and Luis, I would torment them. I want them to rue the day they ever made the claim that ghosts do not exist and seek revenge for the on-going shit they have given me for believing in ghosts. These fools better hope they die before me, which honestly would be incredibly disappointing because I’m looking forward to being the bane of their existence.



Ghostception

By Warra Chan

If I were a ghost, I would haunt another ghost. Fucking imagine that! A ghost haunting a ghost. That’s ghostception level shit right there. So, why would I want to haunt a ghost when I myself am a ghost? Easy. I wanna be different. I wanna be edgy. I wanna be cool. As a living being, I let my radical side loose by writing for *the paper*. As a ghost though? Definitely haunting my fellow spirits. I mean, people, both living and dead, would be like “whoa, dude.” Alas, I am not a ghost, yet. In the meantime, I will open a joint bar and haunted house and call it “Liquor and Spirits.” Jesus, I’m so cool.

I’m My Own Worst Enemy

By Luis Gómez

I might as well just haunt myself. Honestly, if life after death exists, then time travel’s probably possible as well, right? So why not go back to the beginning of my birth and just start fucking with me. Stuff was always flying off shelves or rearranging itself while I was a kid, so clearly something’s been haunting me this entire time. Clearly, I’m full of enough self-loathing to know that was me the whole time. So basically I don’t have a choice – I have to go back in time and haunt my younger self to ensure that my younger self becomes bitter and disillusioned enough to decide to haunt myself once he dies. It’s cyclical, you see. I’m forever trapped in a period of time where everything is a nightmare and nothing moves forward. But I guess there’s some positives. I’ve had a lot of time to get caught up on *The Wire*.

Party BOO-per

by John Looby

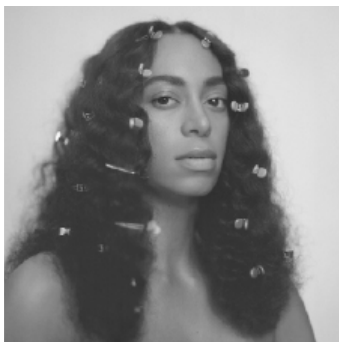
Who would I haunt? Yeah so here’s the thing, ghosts don’t exist outside of works of fiction. Really limits my options here. I guess if I had to choose one I’d haunt the shit out of Scrooge. Not in the normal way in that story. I’d a hundred percent give him just absolutely horrendous advice. I’d constantly feed into the negative aspects of his personality, totally shifting the flow of the narrative. Hell, I’d start a fight with the other ghosts. They clearly had no respect for the man’s right to live life as he desired. If some dead assholes showed up to haunt me while I was getting ready for bed, I’d have probably chosen to just go to sleep and deal with going to hell or whatever the ghosts were trying to stop from happening to him. I honestly stopped paying attention because Ghosts are too implausible to care about.



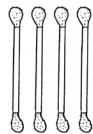
Solange
A Seat at the Table
 By Maria Byrne

Yes, you heard correctly, Solange Knowles: her older sister is Beyoncé, and it seems talent runs in the family. But what's the point of recognizing Solange on how successful her album is if we're still just going to center the narrative on Beyoncé? At the beginning of the month, Solange released her third full-length album *A Seat at the Table*, a powerful presentation of her identity through 21 tracks of both song and spoken word. This album is a little different than her previous work: she focuses on documenting what it means to be a black woman in 2016 while also acknowledging the struggles black people have faced historically. While drawing on recent reactions from the endless killings of black people by the police, she still accounts for the overall horrors and oppression African Americans have been subject to for centuries.

Despite the brutal reality of these topics, her album is elegant and radically soft while boldly putting a spotlight on different perspectives. In "Cranes in the Sky," Solange in soft falsetto explains how loneliness and isolation (and potentially mental illness) grow in the face of systematic oppression. She notes on this track, which is fourth on the album, how quick fix solutions do not work for her (or us) in the long run, when there is a larger cause rooted at the source. "Don't Touch My Hair" establishes boundaries by addressing the hostility black women often face in predominantly white spaces. Other notable tracks include a Lil Wayne feature in "Mad," "For Us By Us," and spoken word interludes, a few by Solange's



parents. Overall, Solange's album powerfully and beautifully describes what it means to be a black woman in America while also radically claiming her identity within it.



Lady Gaga
Joanne
 By Luis Gómez

For people who don't care about Tony Bennett, Lady Gaga's *Joanne* is her first release since 2013's *ARTPOP*, and for those people, *Joanne* is going to be a weird departure from what people consider 'Gaga.' For people who did pay attention to that thing she did with Tony Bennett, the content of *Joanne* probably sits at an unhappy midpoint between the crazy dance-pop nonsense of her earlier career and the actual jazz stylings of *Cheek to Cheek*.

Joanne is much more personal than much of Gaga's other work, but that personal nature leads to a lot of strange genre hopping that definitely makes sense for Stefani but doesn't make much sense for anyone else. Tracks like "Diamond Heart" and "A-Yo" are fun, if cheesy, dance-rock type things. "Perfect Illusion," the album's first single, is a more Gaga-esque track, powerful and emotional and waiting for Martin Garrix to remix it into a club song. The rest, though, straddles a line between awkward country, awkward ballads, and just kinda eh. For example, "John Wayne" has some really interesting production, except for the country bro rock beat and the fact that Gaga sounds like she doesn't know what to

do with her voice, which is actually a common problem on this record. I honestly don't know what to think about this record – Gaga has consciously rejected her AESTHETIC and that's cool and all, but I don't know if this new direction is the way to go.



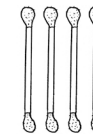
Kings of Leon
Walls
 By Sofia Fernandez

After 16 years, Kings of Leon still manages to release music. On their seventh studio album *Walls*, the band sticks to their old-school, rock-band vibe. This ten track album has a very monotonous sound throughout the songs, mainly due to Caleb Followill's mumbling voice, which makes it harder to understand the lyrics, in a way that only makes the music more interesting. When I listened to this album for the first time, all I wanted to do was leave, take a break from the midterm madness, and rent a Mustang and just drive while playing this album on the radio.

The album opens up with "Waste of a Moment." It has this very upbeat, get-on-your-feet energy to it, so it makes sense that this was the single released for the album. "Muchacho" took me back home with the Latin chacha sound it has. They concluded the album with the title track "Walls," and it leaves this sense of lost and longing for something. *Walls* allows non-hard-core King of Leon fans like myself to appreciate their art, and it leaves you wanting more. Even though this album was much more mainstream than their



past work, I believe Kings of Leon still managed to maintain a distinct sound and to create a solid album.



Gucci Mane
Woptober
 By Brian Conway

Is it getting cold in here or is it just me? *Burr*. It must be the new Gucci Mane album, *Woptober*, the second LP from the Atlanta rapper since he was released from prison. While out of the big house, Gucci's been pushing for a new, healthier lifestyle prompting some fans to believe that whoever got released is actually a clone (I'm on the fence).

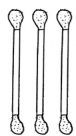
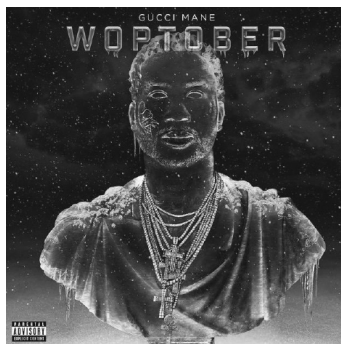
But, *Woptober* is as vintage Gucci as it gets, as he glides through trap beats referencing his ice, his millions, and his superiority to other rappers. And when you think about it, you can't blame him. Gucci has been one of the main influences for some of the hottest rappers in the game right now, including 21 Savage, Lil Yachty, and Migos. His relevance is at an all time high and while many might not realize it, the man is trap royalty.

The album features bangers with a distinctly dark tone. The standout here is definitely "Bling Blaww Burr," produced by Metro Boomin. The track features heavy, primal synths that feel as if they're rising throughout the track. The Zay-toven/TM88-produced "Aggressive" is also a favorite with its organ-

influence and catchy hook. Gucci does most of these beats justice with good flows and charisma, but he never strays far from the sometimes formulaic topics that made him successful in the first place.

While the production is on point for a good half of the record, it loses a lot of its steam throughout the backend of its 13-track length. The songs start blending together, and with only two features on the whole record (unlike his previous album this year, *Everybody Looking*), the variety is severely lacking. At the end of the day, *Woptober* won't

blow you away, but it'll keep you cool nonetheless. *Burr*.

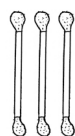


Amaranthe
Maximalism
By Anna Passero-Koennecke

Amaranthe's fourth studio album, *Maximalism*, sticks to Amaranthe's usual genre style of melodic pop metal with a touch of death metal via an unclean vocalist. The band is unusual in that it has three lead vocalists: a clean female vocalist, a clean male vocalist, and a harsh vocalist. *Maximalism* has a stronger pop feeling to it than a metal one, but the metal influence is still apparent. The album is overall lyrically simple and upbeat, starting out with the song "Maximize". The track's fast pace stays the theme of the album, which only slows down significantly for two of the twelve songs. The album is empowering, focusing primarily on success, strength, and pushing the limits. This, mixed with the strong, consistent beats, makes the album a great choice for someone looking to hit the gym.



Admittedly there is nothing particularly outstanding on the album. The three singles released could easily have been swapped out for any of the other songs from the album, as they are all of the same quality. That said, there is also nothing noticeably bad about the album. It knows its place as a simple and fun pump-up album and does that well. If you're looking to find an album that will shake your views of the world, then you should pass on *Maximalism*. However if you're just looking for something to dance or work-



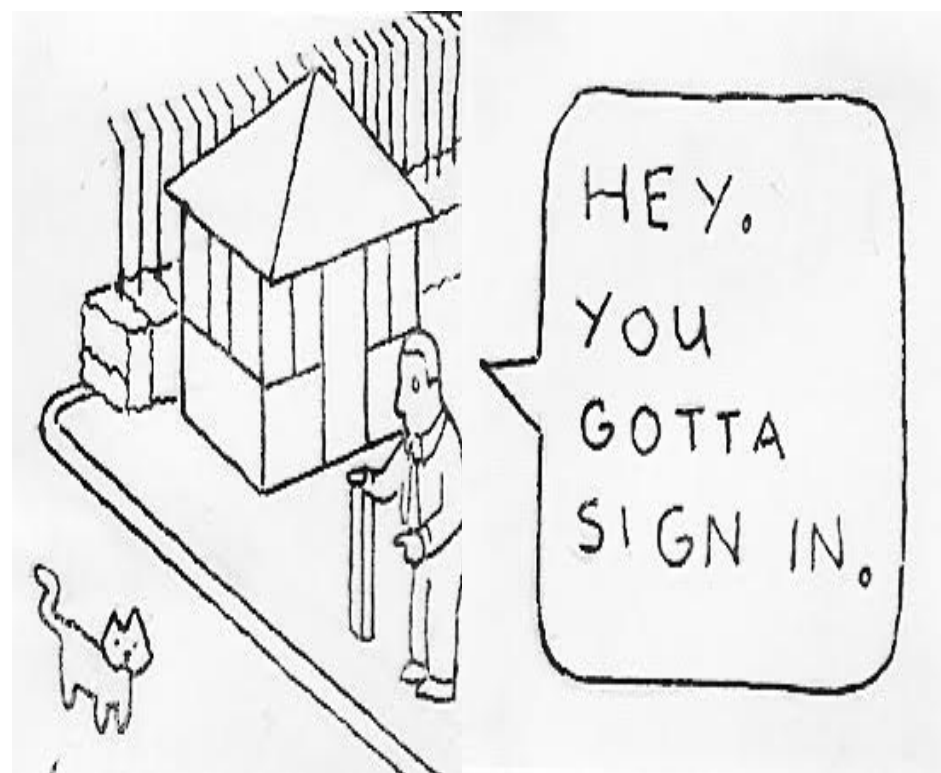
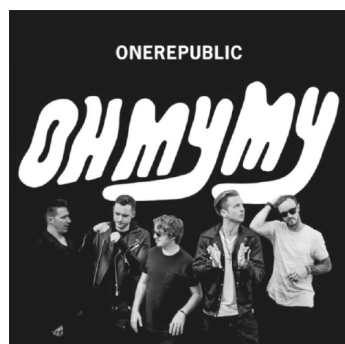
out to that's a little more heavy hitting than general pop music, *Maximalism* is worth a listen.

One Republic
Oh My My
By Sofia Fernandez

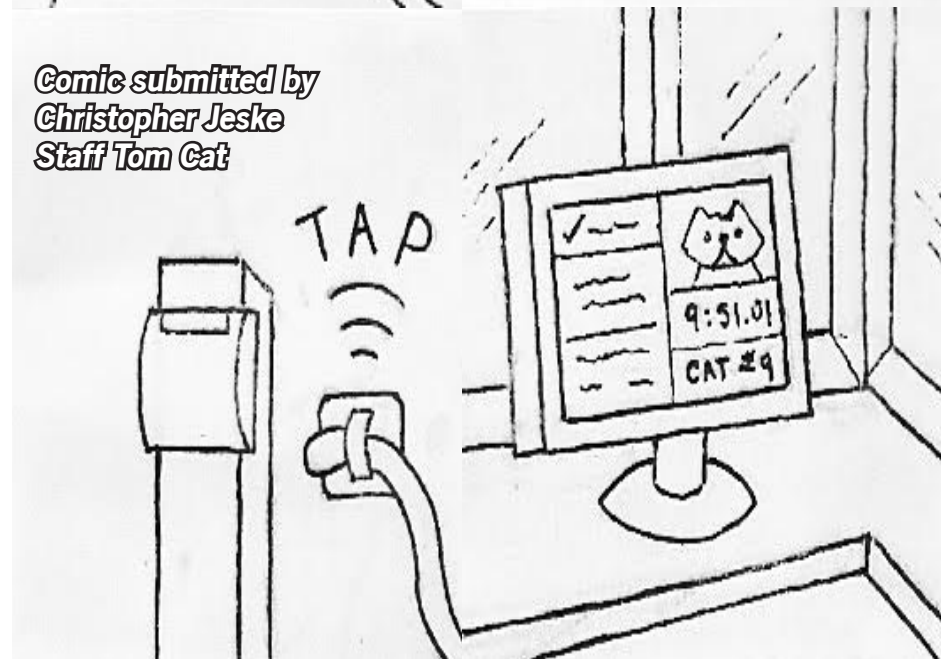
As an avid fan of their previous album, *Native*, OneRepublic's fourth studio album *Oh My My* fell short of my expectations. Don't get me wrong; it's not a bad album. It still has that feel-good, nostalgic vibe, which is a sound we all know and love from OneRepublic. However, this album had a serious problem with defining the band's identity. It seems as though they did not really know what story, mood, and/or feeling they wanted to convey, so they just decided to do a little bit of everything, which led me to find myself bored listening. The album did not move me in any way.

The first track of the album, "Let's Hurt Tonight," has a clear *Native* influence, so it's no surprise to me that it is one of my favorite songs of the album. The biggest chunk of songs in this album have a very positive, pop sound, which is almost generic, but then songs like "Choke" and "Fingertips," which slow down the pace of the album, are very awkwardly placed. Both of these songs are preceded and then followed up by upbeat pop songs.

Oh My My is definitely not the best work by OneRepublic, but it is good enough to put on as background music for any occasion.



Comic submitted by
Christopher Jeske
Staff Tom Cat





because thats such a kelly email

Juliette
d. Sept. 27, 2016
"Would you be able to take me off your email list, please?"

Richard Alunch
d. Apr. 20, 2016
"Please, be professional and refer to me as Richard not Dick."

Elle
d. Sept. 24, 2016
"Could I be taken off of this emailing list?"

Michelle
d. Sept. 12, 2016
"Please remove me from this mailing list!"

Regan
d. Sept. 27, 2016
"I graduated in May. Can I please be removed from this email list?"

Sammuel
d. Oct. 21, 2016
"No, Kelly, just no."