

THE PAPER
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**Corruption pg. 3****DeadIt's, pg. 9****Boye Toye Troye, pg. 15****F & L, pg. 21-22****Earwax, pg. 23**

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.

"Name of Your Netflix Show"

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NEWS

The Panama Papers are a Huge, Confusing, and Important

by Luis Gomez
News Co-Editor

Explaining the biggest data leak in history

If there were ever a moment where journalists should congratulate themselves, the Panama Papers prove no better moment. The documents leaked from Mossack Fonseca, a Panamanian law firm, create the world's largest document leak ever. The documents themselves link shell company purchases to celebrities, corporate leaders, and even heads of state around the world. This story is big. Too big for any one writer, or news agency. So, let's break it down. Who is Mossack Fonseca? What were they doing? How did these leaks happen?

Founded in 1977 by German lawyer Jürgen Mossack in 1977, the firm partnered with Panamanian novelist/lawyer Ramón Fonseca in 1986. They eventually added a third director, a Swiss lawyer named Christoph Zollinger, but he wasn't cool enough to get his name on the company or something. The firm specializes in the commercial law, trust services, investor advisory, and international business structures, as well as international property and maritime law services. Basically, there was nothing on paper that Mossack Fonseca wasn't doing. Off-paper, they were being really shady. A leaked memo from one of the firm's partners stated that "Ninety-five per cent of our work...consists in selling vehicles to avoid taxes." Mossack Fonseca was also no stranger to international controversy. They were implicated in an Argentine money laundering scheme, the German Commerzbank money laundering and tax evasion charges, and supposedly had a hand in the ongoing Petrobras scandal in Brazil.

So, with regard to the information contained within the Panama Papers, what specifically was Mossack Fonse-

ca doing? Welcome to the wonderful world of extra-super-rich people and corporate finance.

Here's the deal. When a company makes a profit, they have to pay taxes on that profit. However, money that's reinvested into the company (for building new facilities or research & development, for example), isn't taxed. So, when a company or individual



has made a boatload of profit, they will sometimes buy a shell company to invest that money into, in order to lower their tax obligations. From a legal perspective, this is all perfectly fine. There's no law that says you aren't allowed to own a shell company for the purpose of avoiding taxes. The problem, however, lies in the fact that a) the line between tax avoidance (legal) and tax evasion (illegal) is often very thin and b) ethical concerns are incredibly easy to come up with. Plus, the ownership of these companies is often completely anonymous, meaning that someone could conduct some seriously shady business dealings without anyone ever knowing. Until now, of course.

Leaks of any significant magnitude usually have a central person somewhere: think Julian Assange, Chelsea Manning, or Edward Snowden. However, the Panama Papers were leaked by a consortium of journalists. Initially, the German newspaper Süddeutsche Zeitung (SZ) was contacted by a John

Doe offering them information. When all was said and done, the information provided amounted to 2.6 Terabytes of encrypted email, memos, images, and other documents. 2.6 Terabytes. Really let that amount of information sink in. By comparison, the Wikileaks document trove was 1.7 Gigabytes. That's nearly 1500 times smaller.

After SZ was approached by their anonymous source, they quickly realized that the scope of their leak was far too large for one organization. They enlisted the help of the International Consortium of Investigative Journalists (ICIJ) to help analyze the data. This analysis involved, according to SZ, "around 400 journalists from more than 100 media organizations in over 80 countries...[including] teams from the Guardian and the BBC in England, Le Monde in France, and La Nación in Argentina." Journalists met in Washington DC, Munich, London, and the Norwegian town of Lillehammer to initially map out their research approach.

The impact of this data is massive. Mossack Fonseca had clients all over the world, and thousands have been implicated in the leaks. World-renown soccer star Lionel Messi is in there. So is Simon Cowell. Even Stanley Kubrick shows up. A member of FIFA heading up an important ethics committee is in there, too.

What's more are the astounding number of world leaders that are named within the leak's files. The most notable: Icelandic prime minister Sigmundur Davíð Gunnlaugsson, Pakistan's prime minister Nawaz Sharif, Ukrainian president Petro Poroshenko, Argentine president Mauricio Macri, King Salman of Saudi Arabia, and United Arab Emirates' President Khalifa bin Zayed

Al Nahyan. Others include a personal friend of Vladimir Putin's, Columbian singer Juanes, and Jackie Chan. All told, nearly 14,000 clients and over 214,000 companies have been listed.

Now, what does this mean? Well, for the moment, lots and lots of denials of any wrongdoing. Nearly everyone who currently is listed in the Papers, including Mossack Fonseca itself, has confessed to doing nothing actually wrong, and from a legal perspective they might be right. The Atlantic points out that "Some of the activity uncovered in the Panama Papers will turn out to be illegal. But if past is prologue, then the majority of what we learn from the leak will merely be embarrassing for those exposed—showing them to be opportunistic and perhaps unethical, but not criminal." Essentially, the firm's main service was providing their clients with the ability to defy the spirit of tax laws without actually defying the written word of law. Most of those implicated will never see the inside of a courtroom, and those who do may have enough on their side to eventually be declared innocent.

So where does everything go from here? A few different directions are likely. Because most of those implicated in the papers will likely not face charges, this will become an embarrassing moment in their lives that they can move on from. For the few that will lose their jobs, their political office, or be convicted, the consequences are much steeper. Furthermore, legislation is now being introduced across the globe to address the kind of tax avoidance strategies employed by Mossack Fonseca's clients. The Panama Papers have revealed an exploitable loophole. Now, that loophole looks to be closing.

Another Primary Happened, Why Do They Matter?

by Adam Hamilton
Staff Primary

Kasich won New York! Or at least New York County. Manhattan proved an outlier as Queens native Donald Trump romped up a dominating 60% of the vote and won 90 of 96 delegates across New York on the 19th. This is great news for Trump, who had begun to see a slowdown in his campaign. After a Trump shut out in Utah and a searing loss in Wisconsin Ted Cruz seemed poised to put up a convention challenge, one which former presidential candidate Mitt Romney had previously pressed for. Trump, the only candidate in the race who has not been mathematically eliminated from winning on the first ballot, still needs to win hundreds of delegates to reach the 1237 votes he would need to win on the first round.

Ted Cruz, a master campaigner, has been organizing for months for just such an eventuality. The delegate selection process varies from state to state, but Cruz has been organized to ensure that as many as possible support his candidacy, even if they are bound to vote against him for at least the first ballot. Delegates are often bound to a certain candidate for a certain number of votes, usually between 1 and 3. After that they are free to vote as they please. That is why it is so important, especially as this contest is expected to be close. In South Carolina for example of the states 50 delegates, all of whom are pledged to Trump on the first ballot, Cruz's organization has ensured that over 40 of them will defect on the second ballot.

Cruz's efforts to spoil Trump's victory met little success in New York. A conservative politician, Cruz found little of the evangelical base that he has built his career around. The rest of the map

Editor's Note: Seriously I don't understand how they work

seems likely to favor Trump, and with the GOP's allocation rules his delegate lead should grow substantially. However, his loss of states such as Ohio and Texas mean that he will likely only win on the first ballot by the skin of his teeth if unpledged delegates support him. If not we

support throughout the campaign towards down ticket, local, democratic candidates and her network of New York politicians let her run a string of high profile media events. Gov. Andrew Cuomo's invitation of Clinton to his highly publicized sign-

her support from minority voters. Sanders did do well upstate, likely winning several congressional districts, and under the byzantine rules of delegate allocation will likely only lose a net of thirty delegates.

Unfortunately for the Sanders campaign New York may have closed the door on a comeback. Already well behind in delegates, the electors that will actually choose the nominee, Sanders needed a win, or at least a draw, if he wanted any hope of reversing the tide. Clinton's massive lead has mostly come from her victories in the South, where the democratic electorate has a large number of black voters who overwhelmingly embraced Clinton. While these states may not swing blue in the general they did give Clinton a healthy lead over Sanders that she furthered with New York. Sanders competitiveness in the remaining states, mostly the North East and California may close the gap, but democrat proportional allocation of delegate rules would need Sanders to have several massive double digit wins in states he is expected to lose in to start to close the deficit. Polls in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland all show Clinton safely ahead.

Clinton's camp could use the win. After losing 8 of the last 9 contests to Sanders and with the lingering controversy over the use of a private email server Clinton now sees momentum into the final stretch. Sanders could still win a few contests, but the delegate math has him against the ropes unless superdelegates, which have overwhelmingly flocked to Clinton, defect and support his campaign. Sanders has continued to claim that he will keep his campaign going until the convention. With Clinton still short of an outright win and high profile elections scheduled as late as early June it is not over for the Democrats just yet.



may have a convention fight not seen in decades where Cruz or some dark horse candidate like Paul Ryan becomes the nominee.

For the Dems, Clinton dominated her adopted home state, winning by double digits against the Brooklyn born Sanders. Clinton, who served two terms as Senator before becoming the Secretary of State, revelled in her home field advantage. Her

ing of a minimum wage increase helped share the spotlight. Sanders saw a state which demographically disfavored him. Despite several high profile endorsements by black leaders he was unable to break Clinton's support, losing 75% of the black vote and 63% of the Hispanic vote. These numbers proved key as Clinton won the state by 15%, largely thanks to



ISIS Abducts 7000 Gazelles Because Why Not

by John Looby
News Co-editor

What the fuck? I'm sorry, but what the actual fuck? Seriously ISIS? 7000 gazelles? Who in the hell needs 7000 gazelles? If you haven't heard this story because you don't furiously study the headline on the Reddit's "not *The Onion* thread", I'll explain it to you so you can join in my confusion and frustration. The ISIS members stationed near Rutbah have apparently been eating the gazelles living on the nearby wild-life preservation. The ISIS members, of course, do not actually hunt the gazelles as that takes legitimate effort and skill. ISIS instead has been drugging the gazelles, thousands of them. It might seem ridiculous to drug 7000 gazelles, but if you're being forced to retreat from a city you really can't afford to leave all that delicious gazelle meat behind so, then you have to drug and abduct an abundance of that delicacy. ISIS does a lot of horrible things but honestly this just seems super fucking

At this point, I think they're just lashing out for attention

weird I can't imagine that gazelle meat tastes even remotely worth drugging that many animals.



In order to catch these gazelles, ISIS was drugging water holes like a creepy member of a water polo team or you know, just a member of a water polo team. They then proceeded to load hundreds of the animals into trucks and drive them off into Syria. It's such an insane plot that you're taken aback in remembering that this is the same organization that so violently executes civilians as though it were a game that they were trying to win.

ISIS has been doing a lot of terrifying shit; just recently they froze 45 members of their own organization in Mosul for apparently being cowards. They took 45 people and locked them

in a morgue freezer for 24 hours until they died. Of all the ways you could kill someone, why freeze them? Last year they burned 45 Iraqis alive. They've got a weird thing for extreme temperatures, I guess. It's hard to imagine just how they decide to commit these horrific actions against the world.

The fact that when being forced to retreat from a city the ISIS forces decided that it would plan A should be kidnapping the fuck out of some gazelles really shows the irrationality of the group. What sort of normal person steals that many animals from a fucking reserve.? Also, is it stealing or animal-napping? Is it good that they did this instead of something horrifically brutal to humans?

Which is not to suggest that ISIS has cut down on their abundance of horrible fucked up actions. They sell children. ISIS has been abducting and selling Iraqi children at markets as sex slaves. Those that they haven't been

selling, they've been crucifying and burying alive, according to United Nations watch dogs in the region. Also, they use the kids as human shields, banking on the fact that Americans won't launch air strikes on places surrounded by children. It's an incredibly fucked up tactic. At some point, while selling children, they also decided they need 7000 stolen gazelles.

The world is a terrible, dark, and bizarre place. I can't honestly really wrap my mind around the fact that I'm having to report the fact that one organization is not only stealing thousands of animals off a reserve so that they can apparently eat them, but also making money by selling children into sex slavery, which appears to not even be making them enough money to buy food. ISIS probably won't stop making headlines for years to come but one can always hope that the next headline will be about the groups defeat and not them abducting 3000 elephants.

Paul Ryan, Last Hope for Moderate-ish Republicans, Nopes Out

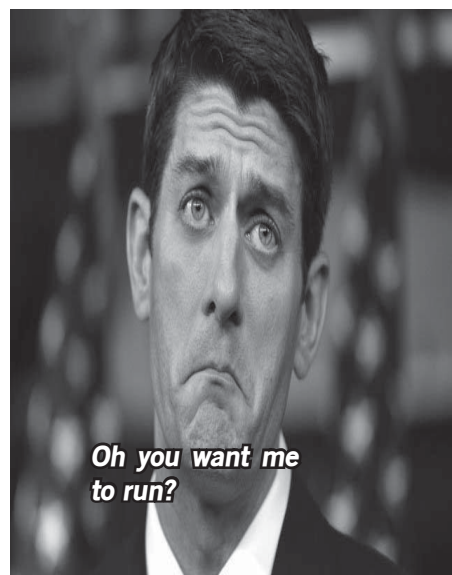
by Claire Nunez
Opinions Co-Editor

Let's be honest here, the Republican party is a bit of a mess right now. It seems as though all of the options for their nominee are extraordinarily frightening— except John Kasich, he's slightly okay, he just hasn't gotten much support. There has been a lot of speculation about a contested convention, meaning that the nominee will essentially just be someone picked out of obscurity. I have heard many people, from my mom to my political science professor to my roommates, say that they think Paul Ryan, the current Speaker of the House, will be the contested nominee. All of these people are wrong. Paul Ryan has announced he will not be seeking the presidential nomination despite all the hope that he will.

In early April, Paul Ryan told the press "I do not want, nor will I accept, the nomination of our party." He also told the press that he believes the next Republican nominee should be someone who is currently seeking the presidential bid. This has caused many

There's always Kasich, I guess.

Americans, chiefly Republicans, to find themselves confused mainly because they thought Ryan would cause Hillary Clinton's (most Republicans believe she'll be the nominee. I doubt they are



at all concerned about Bernie Sanders vs. Paul Ryan) campaign to stumble a little bit.

So, why do most people think he was running at all?

The answer is simple. Paul Ryan is considered a Republican with a decently level head. Donald Trump and Ted Cruz frighten off a lot of moderate Republicans. People do not want to be associated with Trump's words and they are scared of Ted Cruz, because well, look at his face. Paul Ryan was also the vice president nominee in 2012 for Mitt Romney, who was very popular amongst Republicans. Ryan's association with Romney would certainly help him if he sought the nomination, but he would also appeal to young people because of his age and his decently moderate views.

I am not going to lie, Paul Ryan would be a definite challenge to the Democrats. He is a well-spoken man with a lot of credentials and experience working on the Hill for someone so young. He has been in Congress for a long time and has some foreign relations experience. Ryan is also widely supported by his fellow Republicans. At first, his bid for Speaker was not accepted, but in October of 2015, his fellow House Republicans confirmed him. Since then,

his popularity with the House Republicans has grown immensely.

But, why is he not running?

Why do we have to keep badgering the guy? He probably does not want to be president right now or it is a huge House of Cards-esque plan, but I doubt that. Paul Ryan is young. He will have time in the future to run for the presidency if he chooses to. Maybe, he is scared that being a contested nominee will ruin his ratings with the American public and with Congress. There are so many different possibilities, but the only important information is that he will not be seeking the nomination.

The nomination as Paul Ryan suggests, may go to one of the three current hopefuls, or maybe there will be a huge turn of events. Who knows? I don't. All I know is, Paul Ryan will not be the nominee unless this is a huge political stunt— which could be a possibility. We will either be stuck with Trump, Cruz or Kasich or maybe there will be someone new. Again, who knows? We will find out in the summer, hopefully it works out for the Republicans.

FAKER THAN TRUTH

By John Looby
Spring Weekend Cancelled

In a bold but almost entirely inevitable move Dean Rodgers has moved to suspend Spring Weekend in its entirety. The only surprising thing is the reasons he stated as being behind his decision. "I'm just not emotionally ready for this, last year I saw so much vomit. It's been haunting me for months. The smell of four loko, whiskey, and bile is soaked into my nostrils. I cry every night at the thought of public intoxication." Upon hearing this I cried sympathetically, How could we do this to that bald beautiful man? No one deserves to deal with thousands of drunk college students all at once conquering the campus you call home, but then again Spring Weekend is an amazing time. Rumors are starting to swirl of riots breaking out on campus in the wake of this decision that would likely save many students from going to the hospital. The riots are anticipated to start at Martyr's Court to burn it to the ground and finally free freshmen from the oppression that building represents. On the other hand everyone who works at FUEMS literally cheered upon hearing the decision to cancel the event. Most were quoted as saying "Everyone is an asshole on spring weekend, the sheer amount of vomit that gets on us is disturbing, last year Sheryll almost drowned in second hand beer, that's what we call puke it makes us feel less disgusted with ourselves."



Being on FUEMS is Harder Than It Looks

by Anonymous
Staff EMT

"EMS on the air!"

We're on the air nearly 24/7, every day Fordham University is in session. Whether it be day staff or a duty shift, there are always at least two to four people ready to respond to emergency medical calls at any given moment. Most members become New York State certified Emergency Medical Technician- Basics. We cannot give our patients IVs, but we can put them on oxygen. It takes weeks to learn how to drive the ambulance, months of practical training and written class work to become an EMT, and it can take years to be able to lead the crew. Every hour is volunteered, and every item of our uniform is bought with our own money.

"I'm Fine."

They're my peers but they treat me like I'm an enemy. They shout, "You're trying to get me in trouble," but I'm not. We always try to allow our patients to refuse medical attention if they want to, but unfortunately that isn't always possible. If a person is not in the right mental state to sign a legal document, EMTs are legally obligated to transport them to a hospital for further medical care. I'm not the enemy; I'm just the

Surprise! Drunk people are rude af.

emergency medical service. I try not to make eye contact with them. I act like I don't know them, like I've never met them. Some recognize me. None of them ever say anything, but I prefer it that way. I prefer that my violent intoxicated patient does not remember what I look like.

But I want them to know that I remember them. I remember them screaming expletives at me and my friends. I remember them hitting the people trying to help them. I remember the looks of pity from other EMTs in the hospital. I remember the feeling of fear when I walk past my combative patients weeks later. I want them to know that I'm not fine. I'm not fine with the way I get treated, and I hope that they realize that the people they fight with are as human as they are.

Not a Drunk Taxi

Most patients are not intoxicated. The vast majority of them need to go to a hospital for reasons completely unrelated to substance abuse. Fordham students break their bones, get concussions, cut themselves on cans, slip on the ice, or lose consciousness during class. These patients always thank me. They are the people that keep me

ken arm. You will not get in trouble for having appendicitis. The Fordham administration deals with disciplinary issues not the EMTs; most of us have no understanding of the administrative process students go through after a substance abuse issue. That process has nothing to do with us, but what I do know is that no one has ever gotten in

"I remember them screaming expletives at me and my friends."

trouble for a bloody nose or a twisted ankle. If someone needs to go to the hospital for any reason, we will not be getting them in trouble for it.

There is a stigma surrounding collegiate EMS. Non-member students believe that all we do is take drunk people to the hospital, but it is so much more than that. It is getting a diabetic patient glucose when they desperately need it. It is splinting a broken leg. It is comforting a person in severe pain. Collegiate EMS is picking up your peers when they are down and trying to make the best of a bad situation.

An Open Letter to Public Safety

Thank you. Thank you for backing us up, for protecting us every step of the way. Thank you for the kind words of support at 03:00. Thank you for appreciating student EMTs and all we do for this campus. I cannot say that I agree with each decision you make, but I know that nothing bad will happen to me and to my patient as long as a member of Public Safety is there.

Public Safety patrols Belmont every night, looking out for students, making sure that they are safe. Public Safety drives students to and from subways, back from hospitals, and to their off campus apartments. They call for EMS when they know students need help, even when students do not know it themselves. Public Safety does so much for the Fordham University community that no one sees, and they deserve to know that everything they do is beyond appreciated.

Most of all, remember: Have fun. Be safe. Call ext. 2222.



person who sits across from you in physics class. I'm just the person who lives down the hall from you, and I just want make sure you wake up tomorrow morning.

Walking around campus, I walk past at least one former patient each day; it's part of belonging to an collegiate

going. They are the reason I like emergency medicine. I look forward to these patients, not because they I enjoy other people needing an ambulance but because I prefer their attitudes. They are grateful. They are what Fordham is really about: men and women for others.

You will not get in trouble for a bro-

Let's Get Andrew Jackson Off Our Money

by Rachel Poe
Staff Treasurer

No seriously he's an asshole

News broke this past week that Harriet Tubman, legit American Hero, was to replace Andrew Jackson, legit douchebag, on the twenty dollar bill. Tubman was a noted abolitionist and humanitarian who, after her own escape from slavery, made thirteen more trips back to the South to free approxi-

he was put on the bill in 1913, Jackson was still very popular with the public as someone who stood up for the common man against the elite. Ironic now since people like Donald Trump and Ben Carson are against the idea of replacing Jackson with Tubman on the twenty.

So why are these politicians so anti-

groundbreaking decision. The two dollar bill just isn't relevant to the daily life of most Americans and neither is Andrew Jackson. Putting Harriet Tubman on the two dollar bill is just like only acknowledging her during Black History Month. It's a nice sentiment but also is kinda terrible and not really addressing the real issues.

In addition to Tubman's placement, Treasury Secretary Jacob Lew announced that President Abraham Lincoln will remain on the front of the five dollar but the back which currently depicts the Lincoln Memorial will be redesigned to show historic events that happened there like Martin Luther King Jr.'s "I Have a Dream" speech. Alexander Hamilton will also remain on the ten dollar bill; whether this is because of the musical or his actual contributions to the American banking system is a little blurry. The back of the ten will now be "telling the story" of the women's suffrage movement, honoring women like Lucretia Mott, Sojourner Truth, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Alice Paul. This will probably be the next bill to be overhauled since ten dollar bills are actually the most likely to be counterfeited even though there are four times the twenties in circulation than tens. Surprisingly, or maybe not so surprisingly, these changes haven't stirred up the same kind of controversy as Harriet Tubman.

All in all, this marks the biggest overall of the images on our currency since 1928 when this concept of dead presidents and founding fathers was created. So it's about damn time right? Allowing women, especially women of color, to be on currency? I mean, we only make on average 79 cents to every man's dollar in 2016 so progress, right? Putting Harriet Tubman on the twenty is a step in the right direction for women and for African Americans. She's a symbol for fighting back against oppression and in a lot of ways, her work isn't done. Yes, Andrew Jackson was President of the United States and did some good, but too much bad is attached to him. The image of the common man against the elite is not what the majority of the population associates with him anymore. Harriet Tubman embodies that same concept but, you know, didn't do all the terrible shit that Jackson did. So I fully support the change, there's really no reason not to.



mately seventy more enslaved people making her arguably one of the most well-known conductors on the Underground Railroad. She also served as a spy for the Union during the Civil War, scouting terrain and recruiting slaves to be soldiers, and then by the time for her death in 1913, was an outspoken activist for women's right to vote. She managed to do all this while also suffering from seizures that were the result of an untreated blow to the head when she was a child- so again legit American hero and legit badass. Her replacement of Andrew Jackson will make her the first African-American to appear on U.S. paper currency and the first woman in more than a century. Obviously, this is awesome.

Well, actually, it's only slightly awesome because there's a catch. Are you even surprised? This is fucking America, there's always a catch. Not only is it going be years before we see Tubman on the twenty, but to make room for her on the front, Jackson is simply getting bumped to the back to be incorporated somehow in that image. Why is Jackson continuing to be honored like this when he pushed legislation that eventually led to the Trial of Tears, owned slaves, and was against the central banking system? Well, when

Harriet Tubman? I don't even fucking know, it all seems pointless, but Trump is claiming that it's all "pure political correctness." But what's wrong with actively not trying to be a dick? Placing Harriet Tubman on the twenty dollar bill is more than just trying to be culturally sensitive; it's an acknowledgement that the United States values more than just a bunch of dead white dudes with questionable morals. Trump also said while Tubman was fantastic, he would prefer to leave Jackson on the bill citing Jackson's "great history." So basically he's saying that Harriet Tubman is important, but she's not as important as Andrew Jackson, a president literally no one cares about.

Ben Carson then, in all of his Ben Carson-ness, said that Tubman should be put on the two dollar bill and bump off President Thomas Jefferson. Which, okay, when was the last time you saw a two dollar bill? Like was actually used one or received one in a monetary exchange not hanging on someone's bulletin board in their dorm room (like mine)? They are still in circulation but new bills are only released in random spurts, not exactly the most

Realer

Than Fact

By Luis Gómez

The Ram Made Themselves Jerseys

Saturday was a very long day. After spending the entirety of Thursday and Friday awake (no, really, I had a proper 48-hour day. Don't do it, kids), I walked into the print shop on Friday expecting to get some really important editor-type work done. And it was then, while I was busy photoshopping the fake ad on page 4 and wondering when exactly I was going to have the time to write my eight page theology paper that I noticed something. Off in the corner of the print shop were boxes with sweatshirts. Now, normally, random boxes appearing in the print shop isn't a weird thing, but this was a bit different. Usually the boxes have something like paper or cleaning supplies, not sweatshirts. So, obviously, my interest was piqued. And then, guess what! The sweatshirts were for *The Ram*. Now, this is weird, because *The Ram* is a publication that in no way necessitates swetashirts. And then I looked at the backs.

They were jerseys. Numbered, position-labeled, jersey sweatshirts. I am really not joking about this. If I were joking about this, it'd be going in the Faker Than column, but that's not what this is. This actually exists. They have jersey sweatshirts for Assistant Editor. Why. Just...why.?



Internet Celebrity Is Kind of A Dick

by Nick Peters
Staff YouTuber

The world moves on completely unsurprised

Youtuber and internet celebrity Toby Turner currently is at the center of a scandal involving rape allegations. Toby Turner started his first youtube channel back in 2006, under the name Tobuscus, in which he did a variety of comedic videos. His started gaining popularity, and like all famous youtube celebrities, started creating other separate channels- a second channel dedicated to vlogging, and a third channel dedicated to video-gaming. In 2013 he signed to Disney-owned Maker Studios, a company which links famous youtube channels together. On his main channel, he has over 6 million subscribers, while his vlog channel has 2 million and his gaming channel has over 6.5 million subscribers.

In the past, Toby has been accused of many different things. There have been a couple of substance abuse accusations that have occurred. He has in the past been accused of emotional manipulation. The current set of accusations occurred when, in a Tumblr post on April 8th, by former girlfriend April Fletcher, who goes by the name AprilEff on Youtube, accused Toby Turner of emotional manipulation, cheating on her, drugging her, and rape. She discussed in the post a complicated tumultuous relationship that lasted roughly five years. She describes a very toxic relationship in which Turner would actively cheat around her, and treat her terribly. They split up multiple times but would get back together. She details a great deal of emotional manipulation by Turner. As well, she discusses Turner's drug use, which she describes as rampant. At one point, she discusses a night in which Turner drugged her with MDMA in a drink. She presents a

nasty cycle in which Toby alternated between verbal and emotional abuse and friendship. She tells that she decided to come out with her story after shopping in a Toys R Us and seeing a toy of Toby on it, calling him a hero. She said that she could not believe someone would call him a hero, and needed to let her story be known.

friends came out with stories describing Toby drugging them, yet others came out saying that Toby did not. There is no right answer to whether or not Turner did what he did. However, from all the accounts we have been given a clear image of his personality in his personal non-youtube life. Each of the people coming out, talking about Turner has shown him to be a

ing a lude gesture. Another commenter described his apartment as being covered in drugs and alcohol. As well, every person who is providing some sort of comment about Toby from personal experience has shown a man who is very unfaithful to his girlfriends, constantly cheating on them.

As of now, nothing recent has come out of the Turner case. Toby seems to have taken himself of the internet for the time being. He has not posted anything on twitter after the rape allegations, besides his response video to the allegation, which he made a pinned tweet. As well, his youtube channels are pretty much dead for the time being, as he has not posted since he posted his response video which was posted on his second channel, which is for his vlogging. One thing that I would like to take note of is his response to the Tumblr post came 3 days after it was posted, which begs the question of what took him so long. April herself though has kept an active social media presence, posting things in regards to her original post.

Toby Turner has involved himself in a huge mess of a situation. However, as of now, we do not know the truth about the entire situation and should not jump to conclusions. This story is much more complicated than it first seemed. Turner still appears to be a terrible and manipulative person, who treats his girlfriends poorly. However, even if he is an indecent person, given the complexity of these allegations and the fact that many of the statements given have been contradictory, there is no verdict on this situation yet. However, if anyone reading this has been the victim of or knows someone who is a victim of sexual assault, speak up. Sexual assault is a crime that is constantly not reported out of fear. Many are suffering with the trauma from it, and should speak up about it. No one should be afraid to tell the truth.

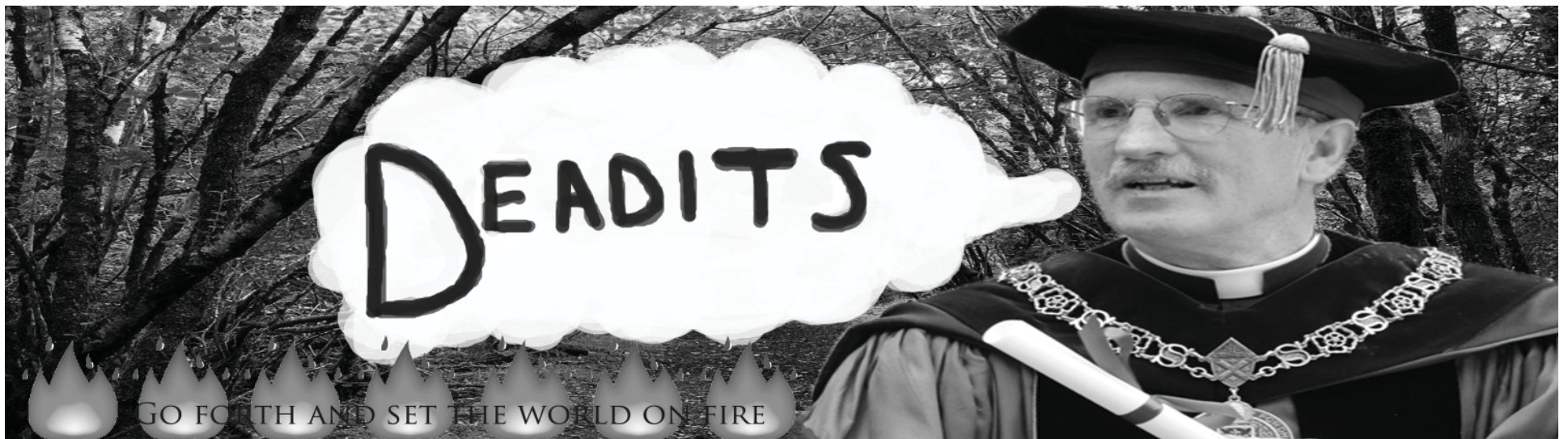


After this allegation, Turner released a very short response video, roughly lasting a minute. Turner, appearing depressed, states that he never "done anything without her consent". After April's Tumblr post a multitude of people came out with responses discussing Toby's character and their interactions. However, with each post, the story gets more complicated, as a couple of previous girl-

complex person, a word which many of the commenters described him as. He always needs attention from others and has been shown to be in constant need of peoples attention, going as far as one commentator put it to surround himself with yes-men. As well, each of the commenters has shown Turner to have a heavy alcohol and substance abuse. One commentator described kicking Turner out of a party one time for mak-

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Roll Credits on College but So What?

By Ali Glembocki
Deaditor-in-Chief

In full *paper* fashion, I'm writing this deadit on the day it's due (no shade to my *paper* fam—have you read that *New York Times* piece about the connection between procrastination and genius? I read the first paragraph and bookmarked the rest for later, I'm a virtuoso~*).

Anyway, I'm diving headfirst into this deadit with absolutely no outline or plan. This is an obvious metaphor for graduation, which is an obvious metaphor for everything: what happens after the end of the movie? What happens after the credits roll? That fade-to-black feeling always freaks me out in every situation we're conditioned to see as an ending. But the events in our lives aren't designed to be burned onto a compact disc and packaged for mass consumption. Only hindsight can show that the events we mark as endings are really just continuums.

Story time: when I was a freshman, I was terrified. Honestly, I was just terrified in general, but I was especially terrified of *the paper* kids. I saw them at the club fair with their cool outfits, amazing *paper* cover artwork, and free

the paper has changed me for the better

pregnancy tests, and was too scared to make eye contact!!! But from the start, they always invited me in and made the effort to get to know me, both as a writer and as a person. The culture of collaboration and support at *the paper* was like nothing I've experienced before, and also something that was often absent in my academic experience

free speech on a very often-restrictive campus, which I'm beyond proud to have been a part of. And for its editors and writers, it is the perfect place to fuck up gloriously and to learn. There are few places on this planet, let alone this campus, that will take you as you are. And when you tell them who you are, no matter how much the "are"

Okay, I'd be remiss to say that there are few places on campus that will take you as you are. I've been lucky to become a part of so many communities on campus that have shaped me for the better. I've often second-guessed my decision to come to Fordham during my stay here, but never the friends and families I've made. There's a lot of love here. And ****Peaches voice**** I don't have to make the choice.

State of the union: Emotionally, my eyes are little public pools right now. And physically, I'm in a laundromat because I like the smell and I like the metaphors: if you put something in the right place—no matter how much you think you fucked it up, how irreversible it feels—and you're patient, it'll feel warm and clean again. I promise, promise it will. Also, someone just walked up to me and tried to sell me a bootleg DVD of *Zootopia*. So, if you'd let me give some advice while simultaneously subtweeting myself: be patient, especially with yourself. Don't be afraid to work hard towards your goals, but be open to (drastic) edits and changes along the way. Goodbye, horses. Mad love.



at Fordham.

The paper is an essential platform for

changes throughout your college career, they listen.



Mark College in Hours or Memories, the paper is #timeless

By Zoe Sakas
Deaditor-in-Chief

Time is a lie, nothing is real.

It feels like it's been years since the last time I was in the print shop, when it was really only a few months ago that Ali and I passed the torch over to Siobhan. It is very strange to me that the same amount of minutes, days, weeks, months or even years can feel totally different depending on what's going on in your life. One Sunday afternoon in the print shop, when the editors realized that the Opinions section was one article too short, I went on a 700 word rant about time and how it isn't real and how it is insane how much it controls our life and how we function.

But now, as I am writing this with exactly one month left until graduation, I can see why we rely on our ability to measure out life in such a definitive way. These last few months have felt like years to me because of all the memories I have made in such a short period of time. Senior year will do that to you. Instead of staying in bed and watching TV, you decide to go do something exciting or hang out with your roommates who might not be your roommates for much longer. Or better yet, now even watching TV in bed becomes significant, as you might not be able to do that as often once you enter into the dark abyss ahead of you that is real life.

Imagine how overwhelming it would be to measure out life in memories, rather than in minutes. Sure, maybe that would be a more meaningful and sentimental way to do it, but it would make it so easy to get stuck or move too fast. I find some comfort in the fact that I know I only have one month left until I walk across Eddie's in a cap and gown. Knowing that no matter what happens in these next 30 days, I will still move on at that moment and start

a new chapter in my life (as corny as that sounds), is reassuring. This limiting factor, the measurement of time, lets me try and make as many memories as I possibly can to finish off my time at Fordham without having to worry about getting stuck in the process.

Although somewhat arbitrary and confusing, the measurement of time can also offer some perspective. This

print shop on production weekends take up more space in the memory jar that is my brain than all the hours that I wasn't there.

I came into Fordham from an all-girls Catholic school where you weren't even allowed to dye your hair an "unnatural" color. Needless to say, the second I got out of there I dyed the bottom half of my hair bright purple. I was the editor-

larious. I stuck with it because I knew that they were up to something important. It brought me out of my shell and gave me a platform to grow and mature into the passionate, outspoken person that I am today.

It's difficult to sum up what my experience at *the paper* has entailed, and even more difficult to explain how much it has meant to me. I got a lot out of the editorship itself: working on articles, coordinating production, and designing the covers. Developing my own writing style, and figuring out what I thought was important enough to write about, was a big part of it too. But as you might expect, nothing was more impactful than getting to know the people that I was lucky enough to work with. I don't know why or how, but the people that end up dedicating their hearts and souls (and entire lives, let's be honest) to *the paper* are the most interesting, talented, inspiring people at Fordham. From honest and meaningful conversations, to passionate ranting sessions, to watching the funniest and also most disturbing videos on YouTube...I couldn't have wished for anything more. Before getting too sappy, I want to throw in a personal thank you to all of the editors that I've worked with these last few years. You have made my Fordham experience something I can look back and smile at, and you've given me something to be truly proud of.

So, in the end, it doesn't matter if I've spent a day, month, or even a year away from *the paper*, because as much as I miss those long weekends in the print shop, *the paper* and everyone that is a part of it has become something internal – a timeless memory, if you will.



past semester has felt so long, but looking back at my time at Fordham, now I can see that in the four years I've spent here there are only a handful of memories that stand out. Of everything I have done in college, and of all the people I've met, being an editor and working with *the paper* staff is one of those things that leaves everything else in the shadows. Of the 14,000 days I have been a Fordham student, the 600 or so hours (yes, I pulled out my phone calculator) I've spent in the

in-chief of my high school newspaper, but I think our most interesting article was an interview with our math teacher, Sister Martha, asking her personal questions to get a few answers that we could all giggle at later on. Joining *the paper* my freshman year was one of the most terrifying, exhilarating, and important days of my life. I knew I wasn't "cool" enough for *the paper*, and I think the editors at the time put on a show at the first meeting to intimidate all the eager freshman, which I later found hi-

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Don't Judge A Book By Its Cover...Or a Publication

By Elena Meuse
Deaditor

It's weird to finally be writing this. In some ways I feel like I've been in college forever, far longer than just four years, and in other ways I really can't believe it's gone by so fast. I can still remember my first *paper* meeting in great detail: A huge circle of students sitting around in chairs and all over the floor (the type of crowd only the first meeting of the year can attract) and all sorts of really cool looking people suggesting really cool sounding articles. And me sitting there silently not saying anything.

When I finally did propose an article (or even show up to another meeting for that matter) it was second semester and I had to walk up to the editors at the end because I was too terrified to suggest anything in front of the whole group. My idea was to write about how gross the cafeteria was (groundbreaking, I know) and mercifully they let me do it even though I think we can all agree the last thing the world needs is another freshman whining that her chicken tenders are cold. So I wrote the article, then wrote a few more, and two years later I ended up being one of those editors who got to choose what went into *the paper*.

Looking back, I understand now what I had such a hard time figuring out when I first became an editor: Everyone's opinions deserve respect.

During my time here, I've had a lot of friends ask me why we run some of the articles we do. Our sections tend to be a mishmash of different topics – from the sobering and serious to the ridiculous and bizarre. Some articles are extremely well written, others take a bit more editing, and some really weren't meant for everyone to understand in the first place. Over the years, I grappled with this idea of running such an eclectic collection of articles. Does it

Every opinion matters-- even the ones that seem like they don't

invalidate a "good" opinion when it's printed alongside a "bad" one?

It's that kind of thinking that's threatening the entire concept of higher education. The idea that certain opinions are "correct" and "deserving" and others shouldn't be heard at all. We're moving away from intellectual discourse and instead deciding that we already know what opinions we should hear before we even hear them. It's not about proving a point; it's about positioning your point within an already accepted framework of thought where

garbage, we'd publish it right alongside that "hipster garbage" because that's the way this works. There's a huge difference between disagreeing with someone and dismissing them, and that's why picking and choosing articles that "fit" is such a slippery slope.

What are we so afraid of? Is it really that horrible to be confronted by something that you disagree with? Is it really too much effort to flip through a couple pages before you find an article you enjoy reading? Can a publication only make valuable points if it abstains

can't handle other people's thoughts, it's about an administration too apathetic to look beyond a colorful cover at the content within. It's about me going to Career Services as a sophomore and being told maybe I should keep *the paper* off my resume because it looks bad. (Who would have thought having editing skills would actually help you get an editorial internship?) When everyone rages about how sensitive the youth of today are, maybe they should start questioning what policies and attitudes fostered the environment that made them that way. If administrators and staff are so quick to judge an entire group of students, can they really be surprised when students turn around and do the same?

When you look closely, *the paper* is a pretty diverse group of writers and editors. Over my time here I've worked with people from a variety of different political, religious, and ideological persuasions. It never mattered that we didn't agree on everything because we were united in the most important thing: we all loved to write and we were all interested in self-expression. Looking back, I understand now what I had such a hard time figuring out when I first became an editor: Everyone's opinions deserve respect. Whether you firmly disagree with something or just simply think it's unimportant, it's not your right to tell another human being to be silent. Instead, you should explain your own ideas and why you disagree. It's important that people keep talking instead of just refusing to hear one another. It's important we consider ideas different from our own even when we're repulsed or angered by them. And it's important we let awkward freshmen write silly articles about the cafeteria because expressing yourself is intimidating and sometimes the silly stuff is just the start.

If there's one thing that I've learned from my time here at *the paper*, it's not to take myself too seriously. Sometimes I write about the significance of freedom of speech on a college campus, and other times I write about struggling to chew my caf burrito. Often I find it's hard to tell which article is more important. Probably the burrito.

from photoshopping penguins having sex into the background of its photos? Is the packaging more important than the opinion inside?

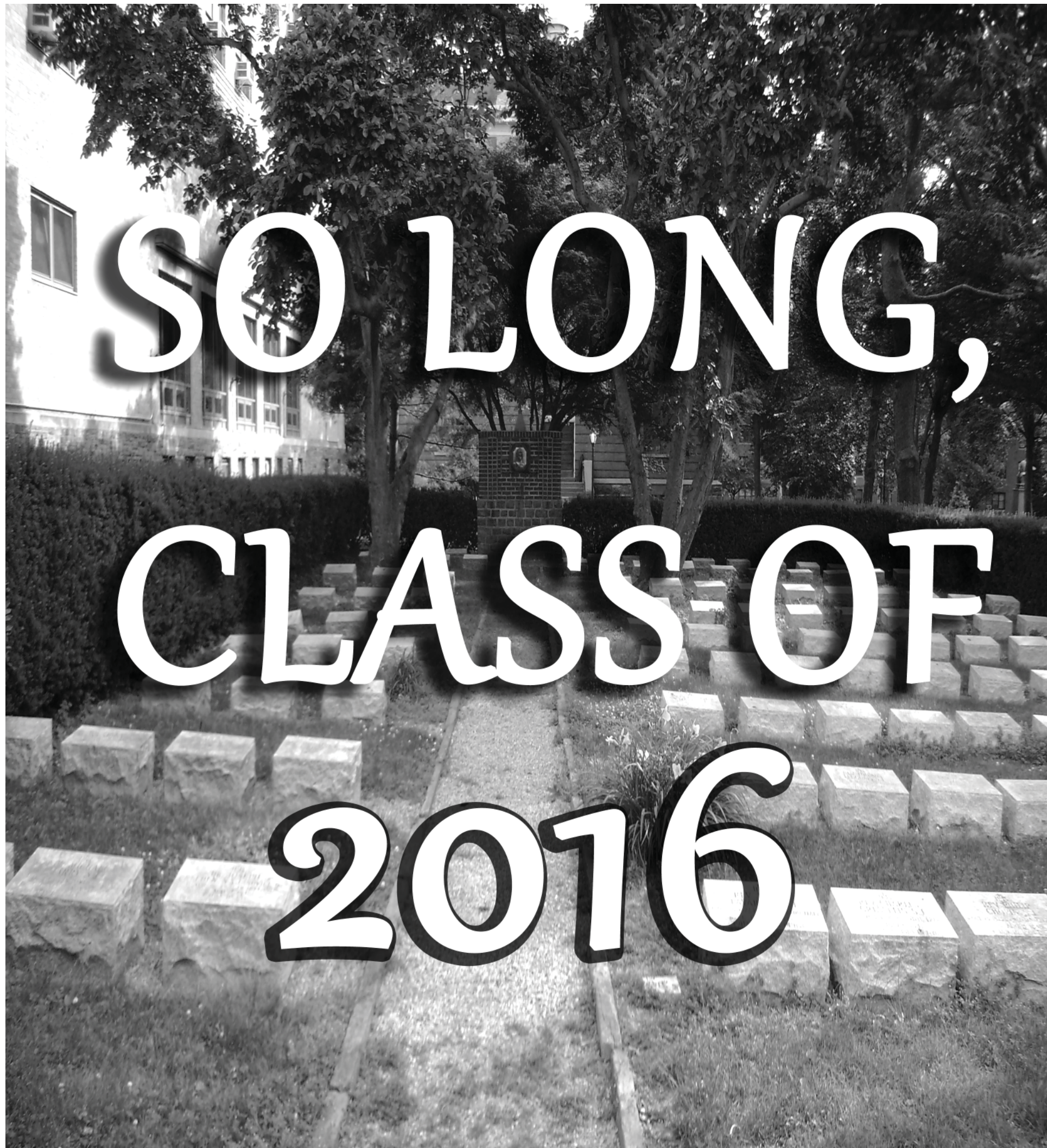
Honestly, to say you are victimized by an opinion contrary to your own viewpoint is absolute bullshit, and I don't care who I offend in saying that. At the same time, claiming you can't take an opinion seriously because of the person giving it or the publication printing it is absolutely ridiculous and suggests you struggle to think for yourself. No one should ever have to apologize for explaining a logical viewpoint just because someone else disagrees with it or doesn't like the way it was presented. Everyone has the right to be heard and considered, whether what they're saying is controversial, frivolous, or just more of the majority's ideas reiterated.

And this isn't just about students who



you'll easily blend in with the crowd. If you reiterate the opinions of the majority, they'll praise you for being smart and brave. If you say something contrary, you'll probably get called ignorant.

I'm sure a lot of people would be quick to point out that the paper itself tends to sway liberal and a lot of the articles we publish could easily fit into that cookie cutter "look-I-went-to-liberal-arts-school-and-now-I'm-alternative" aesthetic. But the point isn't to shut out those people either. The point is to publish everything and anything, because part of being college educated means being able to decide for yourself what information is valuable, instead of having a selection handed to you on a silver platter. If someone wanted to write about how they thought the paper sucked and only printed hipster



SO LONG,

CLASS OF

2016

the paper's Shout Outs

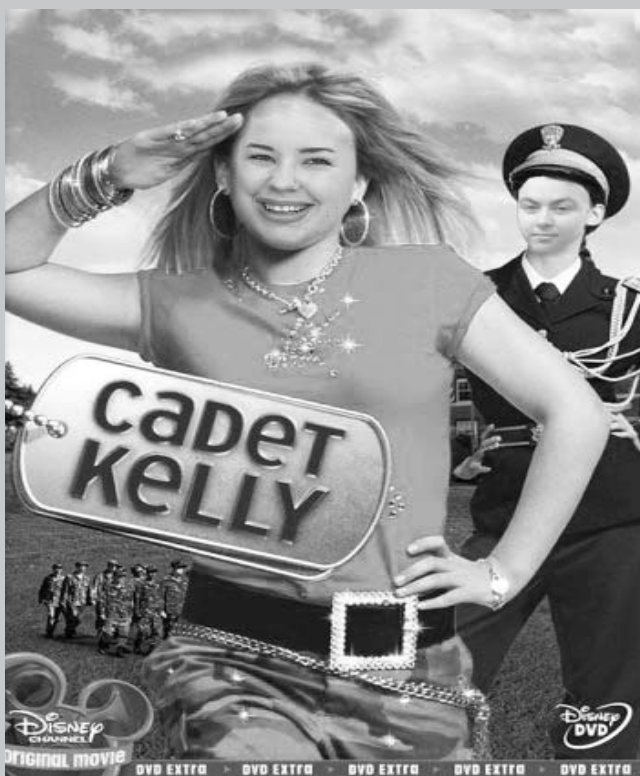
Wow, I can't believe I have completed one semester as editor-in-chief of *the paper*. I've only manage to cause minimal damage. Yeah! Anyway, I would not have been able to get through this semester without the amazing people who work with me on these issues every two weeks give or take. So, a huge shout out to all of the advice and guidance given to me by the deaditors. Even though I'm going to miss all of you, congrats on graduating from/surviving Fordham!

To my editorial board, y'all the best group of people a lizard disguised as a college student could ask for. Shout out to Luis for spearheading the upcoming website and addressing the HostGator issue. Shout out to Arthur for your IT knowledge and also for working on the soon-to-be-launched website. Shout out to Matthew for literally being the most dependable person I've ever met. Shout out to Looby for writing half the issue when we're short on articles. Shout out to Claire for helping me with the budget and answering my questions. Shout out to Melody for taking initiative when parts of *the paper* are left to the wind and need to be done. Shout out to Michael for being my secretary/listening to my train of thought during meetings. Shout out to Reyna for always coming through, whether it be needing another article or another person at the coat check. Shout out to Lisa for making time for *the paper* even with your busy schedule.

It would be remiss if I didn't also give shout out to our copy editors! Shout out to Rachel Poe and Nick Peters for choosing to chill with us in this weirdly dry basement room every production weekend. Your photo-shops and editing help is greatly appreciated. Also, shout out to Colleen Burns for helping with the coat check. Seriously, thanks to everyone who showed up to that last minute fundraiser. We're slightly less in debt than before! Finally, shout out to our readers. If you're still reading this after our last issue, then bless you.

I actually want to give one more shout out to Kelly Tyra. She's my co-editor-in-chief and has still been there for *the paper* despite being so far away. I can't wait for you to come back in the Fall. Wow, I can't believe it, one more semester of *the paper*. God help us all.

XOXO,
Sio



Top Ten Bathrooms At Fordham

By Gabby Gillespie

I dedicate this list to hypochondriacs everywhere. I used all of the bathrooms on campus so you don't have to.

1. **Bepler Commons:** I'm not sure what ivory looks like, but I know that it is white and fancy and is probably what this bathroom is made out of. If elephants had to die for this bathroom, it was well worth it, as this restroom is a testament to architecture and hygiene.
2. **McGinley 2nd:** This bathroom is a hole in the wall, hidden in the wooden paneling on the second floor of McGinley, presumably so only the worthy may enjoy its spacious sink space and bright mirrors.
3. **Hughes 5th Floor:** This can is in the professor's offices at the top of Hughes, so it requires a certain amount of professionalism to blend in among them, but that effort will reward you in skylights and hand lotion.
4. **The Bookstore:** The deep reds of the walls of this overlooked ass gasket convey a certain majestic aura. Having the cleaning supplies out in the open may not feel luxurious, but you'll never be able to deny its cleanliness.
5. **McGinley 1st:** Maybe I'm partial to this bathroom because it was my first non-residential piss at Fordham, but the Blade air dryers, the kind-of-looks-like-granite sinks, and the prime choice selfie lighting puts this one on my shortlist.
6. **Keating 2nd:** This particular pot to piss in offers a really unique window design that lets in a lot of natural light. The little ram fountains are also a nice touch.
7. **JMH 1st:** Although JMH as a whole is sort of a shitshow, the spacious stall space and options of Blade air dryers and paper towels makes this a democratically positive loo.
8. **Cosi:** The Cosi bathroom is the least disappointing part of Cosi. I appreciate the general aesthetic of it, a little more high-concept than your average John.
9. **Duane 3rd:** This bathroom is like JMH's, but inside out. For the beauty of the building as a whole, they sort of gave up when it came to the classroom floor's bathrooms. I know the Theology department is housed here, so maybe it's some sort of penance thing?
10. **McGinley Basement:** This just has this air of crappiness about it. Maybe it's the smell of sweat from the gym next door or the fact that every time I use it, there are wet papers towels just left everywhere, as if they have some unknown purpose.

You've Helped Me Grow But *the paper*, I Am Your Father

By Caitlin Hufnagle
Deaditor

So it's a Sunday evening and I'm sitting here trying to figure out how to approach my *paper* article. There's nothing too out of the ordinary here. As a serial procrastinator, writing my articles at the very last minute isn't anything unusual. Maybe it's my perfectionism that keeps me from being more proactive about getting things done. I tend to be a very anxious person, and putting something out there for people to see is nerve wracking because it's a representation of yourself that you have no control over once it's out in the open. It's never been that I've been unsure of my opinions per say—it's more so that I know that I have absolute control over the words I choose to present myself and my ideas with during the writing process, and that's a stressful idea. What if I don't do as well as I could have? What if I don't present my idea in the best light and it just seems stupid? What if my humor falls flat? Or worst of all, what if no one cares what I have to say?

These questions are always running through my mind when I sit down to write something, and right now, the self-doubt is pretty deafening. This article is my deadit—the capstone of my time here at *the paper*, my final testament of snarkiness and dry humor. It has to be good. I've been thinking about my deadit a lot lately, and always try to put it towards the back of my mind because it stresses me out. And though I'm looking forward to it, graduating stresses me out too. Leaving the comfort of the print shop, of Fordham's campus, and of the classroom just aren't topics that I'm excited to think about. A lot is going to change in my life during the next few months and that's a scary prospect, even if I'm excited to move on and start forming what's going to become "my life".

But then, once I put it into perspective, I realize that I've changed a lot over the four years I've spent at Fordham, and specifically during the time I've spent in the windowless torture dungeon lovingly called "The Print Shoppe". I attended my first ever *paper* meeting when I was 17 years old during my second week on campus. I went with my new friend Elena, who was a girl who lived next door, who had weird sense of humor

and borderline unhealthy obsession with nail polish and makeup just like me. She has become one of my best friends and is a fellow deaditor, who I've been lucky to spend so much time with during my college career.

I was so intimidated by the "paper people" at that first meeting that I didn't attend another meeting until my second semester. They seemed so confident, so willing to put themselves out there. I, on the other hand, had just graduated from a high school where my senior class consisted of 56 girls and where I spent the majority of my time anonymous. I don't think anyone really got to know me, and part of it was my fault—I wasn't comfortable enough with the fact that I had things to say. Weird things. Silly things. Serious things. Sometimes-questionable things. But these things were important to me, and that should have been a good enough reason for me to share them. I'd always been this way, and it always bothered me. I hated being shy, but I didn't know how to fix it.

Then, during my freshman year, I started to come out of my shell. I shared more of myself with people and didn't worry as much about what they'd think or if I'd fulfill their expectations. I'd always loved writing things, but I'd never felt anywhere near comfortable enough with sharing my writing, because as soon as the words on my screen become printed words in 2000 copies of a newspaper that is distributed across my whole campus, you lose some control over how your voice is received. Still, I continued coming to meetings, and occasionally stopped by at the print shop, and got to know these "paper people" a little better. They turned out to be pretty cool. They cared about what I had to say—heck, they went out of their way to include me in the editing process when I'd been nothing more than the club's equivalent of the awkward kid sitting alone in the corner of a party. Seriously, I attended every meeting but never spoke...Anyway, one day in the print shop I decided that I wanted to write something. So I went to Liz and Gibson, then editor-in-chiefs, and told them that I had an idea for an opinions article about gender-specific toys. I nervously babbled about my idea, but they were so friendly and encouraged me to write. I never actually ended up

writing this article, but I did write one a few weeks later about a weird experience I had at a restaurant. It wasn't terribly hard-hitting, but it was a start.

The next semester I became co-copy chief with Elena, and the semester after that the News co-editor, which I retained for the next two years. Over the course of those two and a half years where I was an official member of *the paper* staff, I became increasingly more comfortable with my voice, and my right to share it. I wrote an article about bananas, because they're cool and also arguably the best fruit. Why? Because I liked the idea, and *the paper* gave me a place to develop my ideas. Even though those ideas were about how the current banana breed consists of genetic clones destined for a brutal massacre at the hands of a fungal disease that destroyed its noble predecessor banana. I've also written many album reviews, countless concert reviews that usually consisted of me getting too excited about bands that I like, and lots of news articles on topics ranging from Iraqi child marriage laws to Russian spy dolphins. And I've thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. I've figured out what kind of writing I like best and how I like sharing my voice—usually through a cocktail of dry humor, sarcasm and sassiness. And more and more, I've become willing to share my thoughts in a non-written way. And I have to thank *the paper* for the large part of it, and the wonderful people involved in it, played in that process.

I'm still a perfectionist, I'm still very anxious about putting my voice out there, and I wouldn't say that I'm outgoing. But I'm not anonymous, I'm not afraid to share my opinions about things, even if I might have dismissed them as strange in the past. The friends I've made at *the paper* helped me to embrace my weirdness, and I doubt they even knew it. So, thanks, fellow *paper* weirdos. Don't ever change.

Now, I'm not saying that this process was the most graceful to say the least. This is the point in my deadit that I must take some time to apologize to the Music Hall of Williamsburg, Ms. Kelly of Finlay Hall, and deaditor-in-chief Gibson for having to text my mom that one night. Growing into myself and the person I wanted to be was a bit of a rough process, and *the paper* played

an integral role in that by allowing me a space to not only figure out what my voice sounds like, but also to realize how important it is for me to share.

When I think about all the change that I've undergone in the past few years, I realize that I really shouldn't be that scared to move on. Sure, I'll miss it here a lot, but I'm ready to try new things. *the paper* has been a huge part of my college experience, and of just me in general. Honestly, looking back at the person I was when I attended my first *paper* meeting and was too scared to even participate, I can barely recognize myself. And I don't think that's a bad thing. If anything, I'm even more "me" now than I was then, and that's something I am incredibly grateful.

You probably thought this sappy deadit was over, now, didn't you? Well, no. I have a little story to share, and the most fitting place for it is in my deadit. Two years ago, on April 20, 2014, *the paper* gave birth to a baby girl named Jicama and I want to tell you how it all started. Myself and current editor-in-chief Siobhan were hanging out over Christmas break. She was a freshman and we were chatting about *the paper*, and I remarked about how we get a lot of weird emails to our account, like stuff from the farmer dating website "Farmers Only." I was also thinking about how all *the paper* staff seemed so close. They had so many inside jokes and, as I was about to embark on my first semester as an editor, and I wanted to do something that we could all bond over. So, I got us pregnant. I went to babycenter.com and signed us up. It asked for a baby name and I picked "Theram" not really thinking much of it. Eventually, the whole staff found our week-by-week pregnancy updates to be highly entertaining. I thought it would be funny and it was. So, mission accomplished. Eventually, the question of parentage came up, but I kept my mouth shut...I didn't want to pay child support, you see. This caused some problems because some people mistakenly interpreted the baby's official name to be proof that our fellow Fordham publication was behind it. My bad. At one point, I realized Siobhan and I had kept it a secret for so long that I might as well just reveal it in my deadit. So, in short, I AM YOUR FATHER.



Troye Sivan: From Youtube Video To EP

by Claire Nunez
Opinions Editor

I feel as though the age of the major pop star icon has ended. There are so many artists that release one song and then fade into music oblivion, never to be heard again. It seems as though the days of young people carrying the lunch boxes with the faces of big stars like Katy Perry, Justin Timberlake, and Britney Spears on them are over, but I think that they're not over. Troye Sivan has been called the "next prince of pop" by *Elle* and a "21st century pop culture icon" by *Dazed*. The Australian artist's first album was considered a breakthrough in the pop music scene, but why? What makes this former YouTube sensation the next big thing? The answer is a little bit more complicated than it may seem.

Troye Sivan is a part of one of the first groups of YouTube personalities. The South African-born, Australian-raised, began posting singing videos to his channel in 2007, but he did not gain much traction on the web until 2012 when he began posting video blogs. As a young boy, he acted in films like *Wolverine* and starred in the South African movie, *Spud*, but his passion for singing never died. He continued to post videos of original songs to YouTube, but it was not until he posted a video about coming out as gay to his subscribers, that he gained immense internet fame. Since then, Troye Sivan has earned 4 million subscribers, and over 200 million total views. Troye took a step back from the YouTube community after releasing his EP, *TRXYE*, in 2014. He began to post more singing

You won't get this far with Vimeo...

videos and Q&A sessions rather than the goofy collabs and vlogging that he used to.

In late 2015, we found out why Troye made this sudden shift.

Troye Sivan's debut album, *Blue Neighbourhood* (yes, it is spelt this way-- he is Australian after all) was re-



leased. The dream pop album was a huge success, hanging out at the top of the charts all over the world. His entire *Blue Neighbourhood* tour was sold out-- in Europe, America, and Australia. Troye Sivan was invited to perform one of his top songs, "Youth" on *Ellen* as well as *The Tonight Show with Jimmy Fallon*. He has had immense success for his debut album and it has only been about six months since its release.

The real question is: why has this happened? How has Sivan had so

much success with an album that is, yes, incredible, but nothing super different?

A lot of his success can be contributed to his fans (that means me, go @ self *self-five*). YouTube is one of those websites that has fostered incredible communities on and offline--

my friends and I would constantly discuss videos by our favorite vloggers a few years ago. Everyone I know seems to have a favorite YouTuber and constantly supports him or her. I have friends who have never missed a local Tyler Oakley event or who have Zoella's Instagram updates constantly flooding their phones. YouTube-- when it was more popular-- allowed for young teens to connect to someone that they had never met over something like makeup, music, style, or travelling.

For a time, these YouTubers were

able to provide for themselves only with their channels and Twitter accounts; however, when their audiences began to grow up and log off and they, themselves, began to grow up too, they moved in different directions. Grace Helbig, for instance, still posts every week, but she has published a few books and has a show on E!. Helbig is still popular online, but she forced most of her fans off their laptops and out of their beds into the real world-- kind of. Troye Sivan is no different. By producing an album, he lured a lot of his fans onto the dance floor with his upbeat songs and youthful messages. He relates to the shift from being a teenager to being an independent young adult, something most of his fans are currently going through.

Troye Sivan has made the jump from being a face on YouTube to being a face and a voice, well, everywhere. He brought his fans into the real world and has, in a sense, used YouTube as a springboard into the music scene. Musicians always say they would never be where they are today without the help of their fans. Troye Sivan can truly attribute his fame to his subscribers. There is no way that his awesome album would have gained as much success as quickly as it did without the help of all of us. We are the ones that have and will cause him to become a prominent force in the music world-- that was not meant to sound cocky, but it is the truth.

If you're not a fan of Troye, I highly suggest looking him up because he is a lil' cutie.

EVENTS

What: Gayla Pride Dance

Where: Campbell Multi-purpose Room

When: May 4th, 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M.

How Much: FREE

Why: Celebrate the last day of classes with the Pride Alliance! Allies welcome.

What: Spring Weekend

Where: Bingo (Keating 1st), Shawn Johnson (McGinley Ballroom), Campus Movie Fest (Keating 1st), Spring Show (Rod's), Rose Hill Rush (Outside McGinley), Matt & Kim (Martyr's Lawn), Aidy Bryant (Fordham Prep)

When: Mon. April 25th to Sun. May 1st

How Much: FREE

Why: Do you really need to be convinced to attend a week long of free events which culminates into a three day bender?

What: Rose Hill Rush

Where: Outside McGinley Center

When: Fri. April 29th, 4:00 P.M.

How Much: FREE

Why: Race to the finish of this Fordham 5K, and receive a free tank-top for your efforts! There will even be free water, ain't that swell?

The Music World Mourns Prince's Loss

by Brian Conway
Staff Music Lover

On April 21st, the entire world fell into a collective shock. Sitting in the student lounge at McGinley swiping through my Instagram, I found the news out through the barrage of time-line tributes, but I just couldn't believe that one of the greatest artists to ever live, Prince, was dead.

Now I'm not going to pretend like I knew the man's entire discography from front to back, but throughout my time listening to music Prince has left a huge mark on me. I've always been captivated by the allure of 80's pop and the glitzy out of control party that seemed to define that decade. It was a time of outlandish fashion, hazy nightclubs, block parties, and lots of heavy drugs. But at the forefront of that movement was Prince, and he was leading the charge with a purpose.

Prince's musical career is impossible to define, but if you're going to attempt to narrow it down to something you should end up at the word "expression". The musical giant never allowed himself to be censored or compromised, something that would be exaggerated much later into his career. But early on, you can see just how much the artist left it all on the line for the sake of expression. Take the cover of his second album *Prince*, for example, as a shirtless Prince with a blank stare on his face is just begging you to form some opinion about him; to either reject this (at the time) fairly unknown artist or to attempt to buy into this fresh funk/RnB sound.

There was a great deal of rawness during that era, with Prince's next album *Dirty Mind* fusing that funk sound with a new wave and rock sheen that

He will always be remembered

would go on to eventually be perfected. All of this was sprinkled with his controversial on-stage persona, a pioneering style that featured everything from thongs to bodysuits to high leather boots. Prince was quickly breaking down boundaries of what the prototypical male rock star was supposed to

was supposed to be and is without a doubt the best album to come out of that decade. But to box *Purple Rain* into one decade is unfair, as it stands on its own throughout music history. Its combination of pop, rock, funk, new wave, and RnB is unmatched. From the second you hear the opening sermon-like monologue of "Let's Go Crazy" you know you're in for an experience. And the album never lets up throughout its 43:51 minute running time, which could serve as a "best of Prince" in its own right. "Darling Nikki", "I Would Die 4 U", and "When Doves Cry" are just some of the all-time great songs included, with the latter being perhaps Prince's most iconic record. And let's not forget about the closing track "Purple Rain" a highly emotional 9-minute romp through love and longing that, since the singer's death, has been seen as Prince's "Man in the Mirror" so-to-speak.

After the massive success of *Purple Rain*, Prince continued putting out hit albums and solidified his legacy as an all-time great, even going so far as to make the soundtrack to 1989's *Batman* - which may be the most badass musical



look and sound like, and was doing it all while putting out some of the most unique music ever heard up until that point.

Those that did appreciate what was forming during those early years were rewarded with hits like "1999" and "Little Red Corvette", songs that showed the staying power of this eclectic personality. But all of the experimentation and image molding were finally brought together to create his magnum opus and true masterpiece, *Purple Rain*. The record, the first to be officially credited with his backing band The Revolution, served as the soundtrack for the 1984 movie of the same name which starred the rocker.

When I heard *Purple Rain* for the first time, many years ago, I was blown away. Not only was it everything that I imagined the 80's were, but what it

move ever.

But after an ugly war between Prince and Warner Bros. in the early 90's over the distribution of his music, the artist did what only Prince could and changed his name to a symbol, prompting the public to regard him as "the artist formerly known as Prince". He continued to put out music at a rapid pace with 2015's *HITnRUN Phase Two* being his last.

An artist as unique and powerful as Prince will never come around again. He was the embodiment of musical spirit and rock sensibility, with a lust for the exploration of the human self. He was a mysterious enigma who challenged the world to listen while he fought for artistic liberation. In the words of the great one himself, "I'm not a woman I'm not a man, I am something that you'll never understand."

A Concert Worth Paying For: Avett Brothers and Carlile

by Colleen Burns

Staff Concert Connoisseur

Going to a concert is strangely similar to going to college; both are overpriced but hold some of our best memories. When my friend needed to attend a concert for her music history class, I jumped at the opportunity to do something fun in the city. We decided to buy tickets to see the Avett Brothers with opener Brandi Carlile because we were on a time crunch and a budget (tip: never buy concert tickets and assume there won't be an extra twenty dollar "service fee"). The concert was at Madison Square Garden, adding an element of excitement to our adventure, as I had never been there. Another thing I had never experienced was the Avett Brothers and Brandi Carlile. I had never heard of them and knew zero songs but was excited nevertheless.

I didn't know what to expect seeing a band that originated in 2000 and described itself as a mixture of folk, rock, indie, and bluegrass. In fact, I didn't expect much. All I knew was that my sister was insanely jealous that I was seeing the Avett

Brothers, and she's the type of person who somehow managed to know about Mumford and Sons pre-*Little Lion Man*. Regardless, I thought I was better off having low expectations and being pleasantly surprised.

The first thing I noticed about the concert was the audience. These musicians attracted the most varied age group possible. I would estimate a third of the audience was made up of high school and college students who only seem cool because they're not into today's music. Another third was made

For once, something above expectations

up of couples in their late twenties or early thirties trying to have a romantic date, and the final third of the audience was made up of devoted fans who were 40+ years old. I shouldn't leave out the fact that some of the 40+ crowd brought their children, creating an age range of still young enough to purchase kids' meals to so old I worried they couldn't actually hear the music.

After making split judgments on every person surrounding me in the audience and taking in all the sup-

makes it even more unique, while also having an amazing range. Seriously, I was concerned for her larynx at times. Likewise, the Avett Brothers' voices are so well-blended and compliment each other perfectly in their harmonies. I honestly could not decide which brother has the better set of pipes!

The next aspect of these artists' music that made the concert entertaining was their lyrics. I finally understood why practically every couple in New York was at this concert. It's because the lyrics were so deep (hello perfect date night)! However, these artists are more than lyricists; they are storytellers. Every word is carefully thought out to perfectly capture their stories. Much like the entire sound, the lyrics were not overdone or corny, bringing a sense of freshness to their music.

Finally, Brandi Carlile and the Avett Brothers seemed to leave an impression of honesty. Their noticeable genuineness was the final aspect that made me love this concert. I could tell that every musician on stage was completely focused on sharing their songs with fellow music enthusiasts and having a good time.

Their passion for their music was literally infectious, and no one in the crowd was caught having a bad time.

I may not have known a single word to a single song at this concert, but it will definitely stand out in my memory. This concert did not have techno music or jaw-dropping special effects or obsessed fan girls (similar to the many concerts I have previously attended). However, it did have some really talented musicians who poured their hearts and souls into their songs. And a cello. The cello was cool.



It's the Super Avett Brothers!

posed glory of Madison Square Garden (which appeared to be a pretty average stadium to me), the concert was finally about to start. To my surprise, I found that both Brandi Carlile and the Avett Brothers were really good! I loved everything about them, but specifically three aspects of their music struck me as impressive.

The first aspect that made this concert so memorable was Brandi Carlile and the Avett Brothers' killer voices. Brandi Carlile has both a rough and powerful quality to her voice that

SHOWS

What: Robert Glasper, Taylor McFerrin, and Marcus Gilmore

Where: Blue Note Jazz Club

When: Sat. Jun. 25th

How Much: TBD

Why: It's a great play with a crazy twist, performed by your fellow Fordham students!

What: Oddisee

Where: Brooklyn Bowl

When: Sat. Jun. 12th

How Much: \$15

Why: You could learn a powerful lesson about American culture.

What: Erykah Badu

Where: Coney Island Amphitheater

When: Wed. Aug. 3rd

How Much: \$45

Why: Listen to the beautiful voices of the Fordham's choir!

Vaxxed Is Axed from the Tribeca Film Festival

by Kirsten Anastasio

Staff Cinematic Doctor

On March 26th, the documentary *Vaxxed: From Cover-Up to Catastrophe* was pulled from the Tribeca lineup due to sweeping criticism. As the title suggests, it is a didactic tale that exposes the alleged connection between the MMR vaccine and autism in young children. Similar to the sidelined anti-vaccine movement, the documentary references the British medical journal *The Lancet* that suggests this link. Namely, a study that was debunked six years earlier. Through the use of dramatic cinema, featuring interviews of parents paired with eerie music, *Vaxxed* aims to decrease vaccination rates of a proven protection against highly contagious Measles, Mumps, and Rubella diseases. The controversy in the Tribeca screening is palpable.

At the end of April, the Tribeca Film Festival will grace its namesake neighborhood of Lower Manhattan

Preventing false information from spreading

for a fourteenth year. Since its inception, the festival— popularized by cofounder and actor Robert De Niro— has arguably established itself as an East Coast forefront for investigative documentaries. Whether to enact social change or entertain audiences, the genre's appeal is predicated on its thought-provoking effect. However, in light of recent events, there is a point in which persuasive rhetoric borders one-sided propaganda.

While the anti-vaccination feature rightfully acknowledges the *Lancet*'s retraction, it hides the fact that the medical license of the author, Dr. Andrew Wakefield, was revoked due to the study's ethical implications. The ex-doctor also cowrote and directed the film. So, to no surprise, many members of the film community responded with clear disapproval of the announced showing on the festival's closing day. "[*Vaxxed*] threatens the credibility of not just the other

filmmakers in your doc slate, but the field in general," said fellow Tribeca filmmaker Penny Lane. In the past decade, the New York festival, and other similar film events, have garnered a growing level of credibility. Moviegoers buy tickets in order to educate themselves on some issue that perhaps their day-to-day obscures. Moreover, if a festival like Tribeca were to house such a film the overall degree of trust would most likely drop. Or, even worse, fraudulent statistics would be perceived as the reality. So, why was the film picked up in the first place?

In response to initial disputes, co-founder De Niro conditioned his support for the showing by stating that although he was "not personally endorsing the film" he wanted there to be a discussion surrounding the topic. For the actor who has a child with autism, he brings up a good point. At this time, the cause of

autism and most mental disabilities are unknown; a troubling concept to anyone. It is critical that all possible leads should be extensively examined. The film's argument revisits a long-disproven claim that makes it a damaging, irresponsible use of the cinematic platform. A study published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* found, after examining about 100,000 five-year old children, that the MMR vaccine was not associated with the disability. In contrast, the medicinal treatment, like others certified by the Center of Disease Control, does prevent outbreaks associated with debilitating symptoms and death. It was evidence such as this that caused 72 year-old De Niro to pull the film.

The documentary has taken to local independent theaters since its drop from the festival. Currently, *Vaxxed* can be seen at the Angelika Film Center in downtown New York City.

Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt? More like Unbreakable Kimmy...This Is Good TV

by Gabby Gillespie

Staff Bunker Enthusiast

I have emerged from six-and-a-half hours in a bunker to tell you about the new season of *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt*. After a freshman year featuring a takedown of SoulCycle, a musical ode to black penis, and Jon Hamm as a crazy kidnapping reverend, I was ready for more of Kimmy and Titus and all of the other inhabitants of their wackier NYC pretty much the second the first season ended. Finally, that wait ended on April 15, and creators Robert Carlock and Tina Fey surpassed season one by being wildly hilarious along with tackling darker themes.

And it's so so so good. Kimmy Schmidt deserves to stand next to her foremothers Leslie Knope and Liz Lemon in the comic heroine pantheon. Now that we're already a season deep, the unique absurdist voice of the show feels more natural. It helps that the series is made for bingeing, as you can disappear into this primary-colored rabbithole where robots are slowly replacing people and there is a Pizza Rat Boulevard. Now that we know the lan-

You're guaranteed to break out in laughter

guage of the show's comedy, Fey and Carlock can push us farther.

One of the strongest parts of this season is the rotating door of guest stars which features appearances by Fred Armisen, Jeff Goldblum, and my personal favorite, Amy Sedaris. Tina Fey steps in front of the camera as well for a few episodes, featuring a solid few minutes of her drunkenly whipping and naenaing. The bench is deep on this show, but I'm going to give special MVP award to musical director, Jeff Richmond, who followed up *Pinot Noir* with "Bunny and Kitty," a series of songs that all sort of sound like 90's classics, and a musical episode of showtunes from fake shows (such as Rodger's and Hammerstein's "Croon Crone Croon"). I think it's time to demand a *UKS* soundtrack.

By far, the most impressive trick the shows pulls off is its emotional balancing act. The show is about a girl who spent fifteen years kidnapped in a bunker. That's really fucking sad. Yet it's a comedy, and the show regularly pulls humor from the premise, such as Kimmy being stuck in the 90's or being

stuck as a thirteen-year-old. The show would not work if it denied how fucked up Kimmy's life is. This season is about how Kimmy being constantly sunny and unbreakable can have its own set of issues, and how that can facade the darkness underneath. While individual episodes' lessons can be too on the nose, the show really gets an emotional pay-off in the slow builds over the course of the season which culminate around episode eight and are worked out in the finale.

Kimmy's not the only one who grows up this season. Titus Burgess further exemplifies his insane range as Titus Andromedon's depth is explored through a super sweet romantic arc. Also, Jane Krakowski proves she will continue to be hilarious even as Jacqueline learns to be less self-centered. Even Lillian goes from kooky landlord (of an apartment building and definitely not a tugboat...) to more of a sage mother figure.

As a work of comedy, the show is brilliant and is bringing something very special to current television. But the

show goes beyond being simply hilarious by investing in the emotional truth of its characters, most notably its lead. If you haven't seen this season yet, your next six and a half hours should consist of nothing else. If you have seen it already, you should really be rewatching it, at least until you learn the words to "Stoop Crone".



Looby Seeks To Be Angry, But Ends Up Finding Love

by John Looby

Staff News Co-Editor

I'd be lying if I said I was a fan of Southern culture. Really truly lying in a way that most people would probably consider offensive or at the least in extremely poor taste. I'm from upstate New York, actually upstate; I can stand on the end of American soil upstate. So it follows that I fucking hate the South. I hate the weather, the culture, and their goddamn accents. I'm sorry but if you have a Southern accent, I have immediately lower expectations of your intelligence; actually I'm not sorry at all. You fuckers lost the Civil War so, I'll say whatever I damn well please.

Okay well now that I've cleared the air on where I stand, I should clarify just why I'm venting about the dirty South. Recently Netflix released a really god-awful trailer for a show called *The Ranch*. I assumed that given its release date was April 1st that it was fake and Netflix was just making an April fools day joke. I was wrong. This is an actual show that someone at some point said, "Yeah sure fuck it why not death is inevitable. We can churn out garbage television and pollute the earth with filth".

Everything about this show is bad. It's a collection of terrible clichés and the most wildly inconsistent accents ever encountered. If these men are all from the same family why in the hell are their accents so fucking different? Are the children of the family sent away to some far away location to grow up until they acquire a foreign accent, and then and only then allowed to return to this horrific ranch? Ashton Kutcher honestly sounds like halfway through every scene he remembers he's supposed to be a Southerner and then half-heartedly spews out the vocal equivalent to an

Spoil Alert: The dinosaur dies of an orgasm

STD.

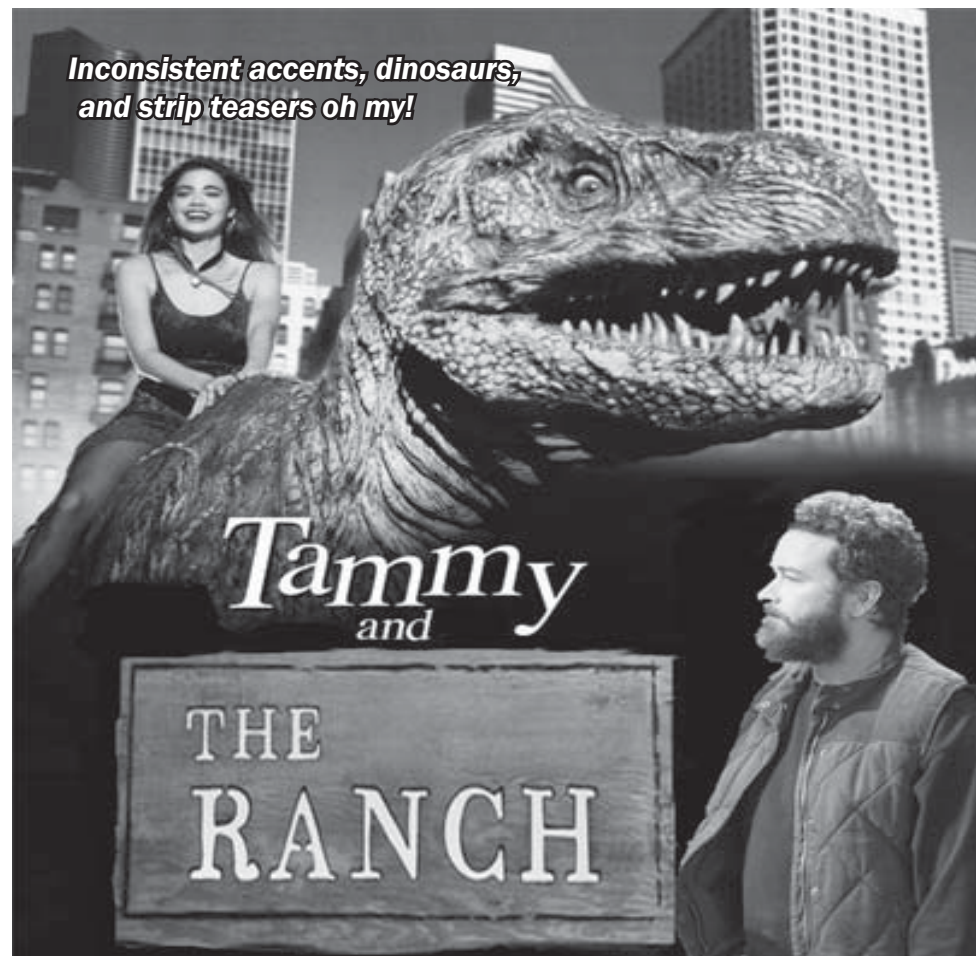
I couldn't make it past the first episode of this show. I tried to do it. I really put my heart and soul into this and I just couldn't. I was supposed to be reviewing this show but instead I watched *Tammy and The T-Rex* because literally anything is better than *The Ranch*,

Let me quickly summarize the plot of this movie and by quickly I mean in a drawn out and likely unclear fashion. The movie opens with Denise Richards at dance practice. She is clearly not a trained dancer, but everyone else there is. She should have been cut from this team. Enter Paul Walker, they are dat-

with both of them holding each other firmly by the dick.

The fight ends, then some shit happens, it doesn't matter the important thing is that Billy decides that now is the time to murder Paul Walker. So, he beats the shit out of him with a bat, puts him in his trunk, and then breaks into the least secure wildlife preserve ever. PAUL WALKER THEN GETS FED TO A FUCKING LION. It's honestly super fucked up. Also, while all of this is happening a mad scientist builds a robotic T-Rex, which he seems to want to have sex with. This scientist then puts Paul Walker's brain in the T-Rex. The Paul Walker T-Rex then goes on a revenge killing streak in which he cuts a man's dick off. The dinosaur calls his girlfriend on a payphone and then kidnaps her. They communicate through charades and then as far as I could tell fuck in a barn. The police violently execute the T-Rex. Denise Richards then takes the Paul Walker brain, hooks it up to her computer and strip teases for it. That's the movie-an actual movie, I love the world.

Anyway so that's my review of *The Ranch* I guess. The show fucking sucks, so you should watch *Tammy and The T-Rex* instead. I'm going to write and direct the reboot of this movie and sell it to Netflix because clearly if they'll green light Redneck Ashton Kutcher they'll have to take literally anything pitched to them. The creative standards are so low that anything must seem genius to them. What I'm trying to say is that Netflix should give me money for my shitty writing because I had to suffer through 30 minutes of garbage from them.



Inconsistent accents, dinosaurs, and strip teasers oh my!

even a movie most people would consider to be absolute trash. If you ask me though *Tammy and The T-Rex* is a cinematic masterpiece. This movie ascends beyond just being a bad movie and moves into the territory of batshit insanity that seals it as true art.

ing kind of, it's actually kind of unclear. At one point he eats the flower he gave her, just fucking chomps down on that thing. So then her ex-boyfriend Billy shows up, Billy is super punk rock and also a full blown fucking sociopath. Paul Walker and Billy fight and it ends



Obituaries



Palombo's

Palombo Bakery on Arthur Ave, 10 years old, closed unexpectedly, surrounded by crying Fordham kids who just want a late-night cannoli. It is survived by DeLillo's, Egidio's, Marrone and others, even though they are not the same. Sad face.



Beer Cave

Beer Cave's liquor license expired this spring. We hope that it will be renewed in 3 months' time; for now, switch your underage alcoholism to donut addiction at the DD next door.



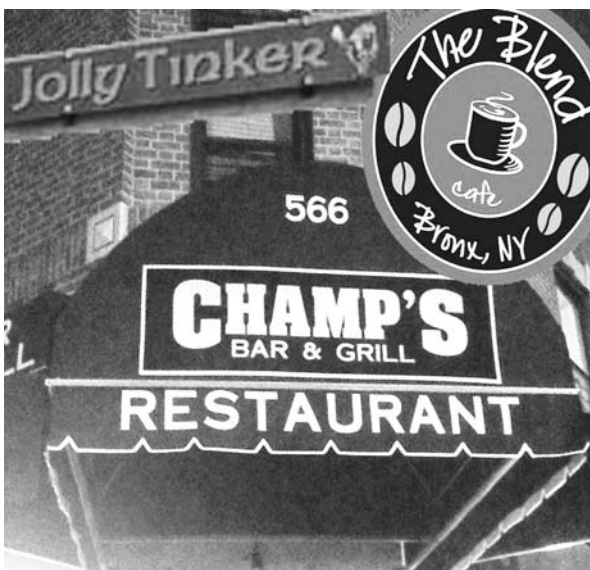
Pete's Cafe

The beloved Pete's Cafe, opened for thirty-plus years, is still burning in the memory of Fordham students. Pete's is survived by his older brother Simon (of Deli & Co.). R.I.P.



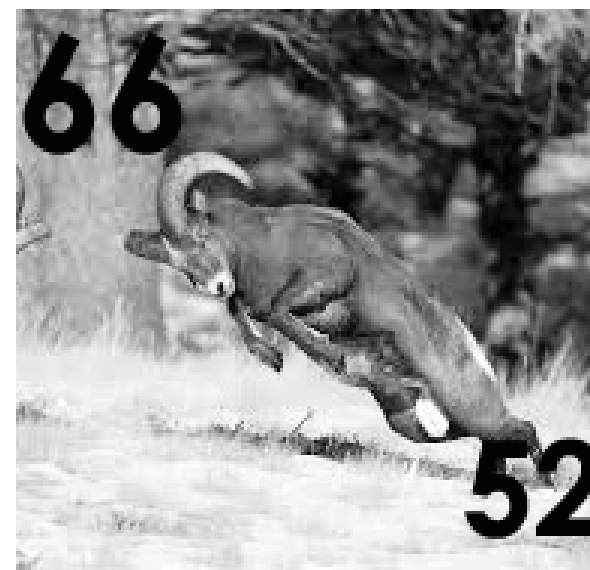
Sodexho ← (Actual spelling)

In failing health for many years, Sodexo was finally taken off life support this semester. While everyone will miss the caf cookies, a new baby whose name no one can remember or pronounce, Aramark, will be taking its place.



Fordham's Bar Scene

Our options for alcohol are getting smaller and smaller. While Tinkers and The Blend are technically still open, they might as well be dead, with one of them trying to follow the law and the other kicking out a certain sports team.



Fordham Rankings

Down we go again! (Or up, depending on if you're a glass half-empty or half-full person). Fordham fell (rose) from best-ever 52nd place to 66th, tying with U. of Pittsburgh and Brigham Young. Hey, we're as good as Mormons.



BY the paper treasury staff

We at *the paper* were pleased to hear the news that there will finally be some diversity on our money! While Harriet Tubman is an excellent choice to replace the slave-holding Andrew Jackson, we had some ideas of our own as to who deserves to be honored on our currency.

**American Royalty
by Siobhan Donahue**

I would put Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen on the \$100 bill. First of all, they probably only have \$100 bills. Second of all, they are twin national treasures. Imagine having to work with Bob Saget and Dave Coulier as a baby? Wouldn't you want to die? Obviously. Yet, Ashley and Mary-Kate powered through. Or how about the fact that every time they threw a party, they invited you! They were probably the only people who bothered sending you an invitation for anything. They also solved crime! And who else learned geography from film masterpieces *Winning London* and *Passport to Paris*? Also, everyone has an inner Olsen twin. Are you pink? There's Ashley. Blue? Hi, Mary-Kate! Neither pink or blue? Don't worry! MK&A have four siblings for you to choose from! Basically, the Olsen twins are a double rainbow on a cloudy day, so they should be on our currency.

**Funny Money: Printed Pepe
by The Gnome Child**

There is no question of who should be on United States currency. Every piece of United States currency should honor dank memes. First of all, the one dollar bill should hold the Gnome Child, the original dank meme. The five dollar bill should have Ernie on the front, and Bert on the back, paying homage to the Dark Side of Sesame Street meme. As for the twenty, Spongebob should be hosted on it as Spongebob has been a great source of dank memes. Filthy

Frank must be on the fifty, as he is one of the dankest beings in existence. Of course, Pepe the Frog should be on the hundred dollar bill because he is the most iconic dank meme. The days of the American elite hogging our money is over...dank memes are the elite now.

**Scientists Control our Money
by Tom Cruise**

I would put myself on my money. Why, you ask? Because I'm Tom Cruise. I love me. You love me. Literally everyone on the planet loves me. Even if they hate me, they love me. I'm good like that. Oh, and also I've been subtly controlling the world for years. Yeah,



that's right. Scientology has granted me access to powers beyond your entire imagination, and nobody ever knew. You think *Oblivion* is just a mid-tier sci-fi movie? Wrong. It's a message. It's my end goal. And once I can get my face on the \$20, I'll be everywhere. And then nobody can stop me.

**You're Super Special
by Michael Sheridan**

If I were the secretary of treasury I would put a mirror on the \$20 bill. Yes that would be incredibly expensive and

potentially dangerous, but everyone is a special snowflake and deserves to be on our currency! What better way to honor the American people than to put everyone on our money! Millennials are super into selfies and money, making this bill super trendy. Just wait, this will catch on even if it does bankrupt the American government.

**Claire Nunez
by Claire Nunez**

In all honesty, I really think that I should be the new face on all money (why limit myself to a ten or a five?). I am a literal queen; I deserve to have my gorgeous face plastered EVERY-

dollar bill, it would obviously be President Thomas J. Whitmore. He is an inspiring, charismatic leader who protected our country, and the world, in its darkest moments. His speech rallying the troops was amazing, telling all of us this was our day to fight, that this was our independence day. He even flew a plane into battle while being President. HE FLIES A PLANE INTO BATTLE! HOW MANY PRESIDENTS DO YOU KNOW WHO WOULD HAVE DONE THAT! This is why he needs to be on the twenty dollar bill. He united the world against a very evil threat. He was the hero we needed when the aliens attacked.

**Mulan
by Anyone With Common Sense**

Is this even a question? Of course if anyone deserves to be on the dolla dolla bill y'all it's fucking MULAN. There is no better role model in history, ever, period. This chick fucking defeated cultural stereotypes, prejudice, bigotry, ignorance, the patriarchy, the government, the man, the system, the Huns and any and every other total evil in the world. All with an idiotic Eddie Murphy voice always on her case! It doesn't matter if she's animated, or not American; come on, it's time to make the money we all want to see.

**Cheeseburgers
by A Carnivore**

What better embodies the American dream than a delicious juicy fatty cheeseburger? A cheeseburger is the perfect metaphor for life: start with nothing and add on the layers! Layer your life with cheese, tomato, lettuce, more cheese, salt, and a toasted sesame seed bun. And more cheese. We think about food all the time anyway, might as well see it as we fork over our money. If the cheeseburger thing doesn't work out, I vote for bees on the dollar. That may be the only way we see them anyway in the future.

WHERE. Yesterday, my roommate sent me a video of her singing "Kanye Loves Kanye." Really, it should be "Kanye Loves Claire Because She's the Best Put Her on All of the Currency Ever." I just want my face with the Coachella Snap Filters everywhere. Is that too much to ask? Sorry mom, I'm not humble, I can't help it- I'm just that hot. #BowDowntoClur

**Best Prez in American History
by A Kid From The 90s**

If I could put someone on the twenty



Frightened Rabbit
Painting of a Panic Attack
By Lieutenant Looby

I've been listening to Frightened Rabbit since High School; their distinctly sullen tones have been confronting me with feeling weirdly sad at inappropriate times for the past few years. The *Midnight Organ Fight* was the first album that ever made me say, "shit am I going to cry?" The answer was no, but I at least considered it. *Painting of A Panic Attack* is a continuation of the band's streak of solid releases. The album continues the trend of making you feel like you're maybe going to cry and not understanding why you're so okay with it. The two biggest standout tracks on the album are "Get Out" and "Woke Up Hurting". I've listened to both tracks at least thirty times since the album dropped and they still haven't gotten old, which may just be because I'm irrationally fond of listening to people sing about the miserable experiences of their life.

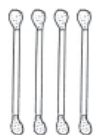
Aaron Dessner of The National produced the album, which seems like a natural trajectory since these two bands that have perfected the art of the misery ballad. The album is thoroughly enjoyable. The cohesion of these two bands' styles forms an album that sounds like exactly what should be playing when your significant other dumps you, and you're the lead character of an indie movie directed by Zach Braff. Which could be considered a bad thing mostly because this album can be a bit



formulaic in that it sort of just checks the boxes of sad Indie Music. Overall though, *Painting of A Panic Attack* is a strong album that does exactly what it set out to do.

For a while, it seemed as if the Lumineers had disappeared from the map without any explanation or anticipated return. With their sophomore album, *Cleopatra*, the band now has reason to remove themselves from any expectations of widespread intrigue or artistic success. After the unexpected popularity of their first single, "Ho Hey," from 2012's *The Lumineers*, the band clearly attempted to avoid the tropes associated with many sophomore albums. For example, the album neither embraces a pop sound, nor attempts to follow the blueprint of their debut. This thinking is probably a step in the right direction, but its actual implementation never reaches a level above mediocrity.

The use of dynamics and the entirety of the band, which made their debut so musically successful, is replaced by an unimaginative minimalism that is centered around lead singer Wesley Schultz. While Schultz's vocal delivery



The Lumineers
Cleopatra
By Tommy Gerity

seems to be improved, there's no other musical element that rises up to challenge it or push it to the next level. The album's singles ("Ophelia," "Cleopatra," and "Angela") and its final two tracks ("My Eyes" and "Patience") are the best of this work, though they're all comparatively weak compared to the band's output four years ago.

If *Cleopatra* leaves any mark, it will be that of further evidence in the case study that continually shows the failure of modern folk-rock in the pop sphere. This is to say that the few folk-rock/stomp-and-holler groups that have been able to achieve some sort of commercial success through their individual "early work" are subject to an artistic death on the arrival of this success. While there are glimmers of hope in the ideology as well as musical quality of much of modern folk, this feeling is the genre's fatal flaw. The expectation of a group, like the Lumineers, to strike a place of authentic musical revelation goes unresolved, and we are left hunting for the next band acting the same role. You're next Hozier. (Also, God Bless Prince).

bum can still be listened to. And *Junk* has moments that do actually work well. The third track, "Walkaway Blues" sounds really great, slowly building in intensity while incorporating a lot of disparate elements, while "The Wizard" is produced as if it's being played through a really old radio or something, which is pretty sweet. But then there's like...the rest of the album. The band said they were inspired by 70's and 80's TV shows in creating this album. The problem with this is that 70's and 80's TV was, with some exceptions, terrible. And the album is really torn between that supposed source of influence and, ya know, the present. Tracks like "Bibi the Dog" sound like they were trapped somewhere between Hotline Miami's version of the 80's, Discovery-era Daft Punk, and the actual 80's. "Moon Crystal" sounds like it should be intro music for a sitcom about a befuddled white suburban dad with his bossy wife and two kids. There's a creepy whispering lady in "For the Kids." I am not a fan of creepy whispering ASMR people showing up in the middle of a song unannounced. Even the middling tracks are kinda bad. A song like "Lazer Gun" could have been made like 80% better if Mai Lan, the guest vocalist, could get the coffee she ordered before she started recording because god she is bored. Actually, she's right. This is boring. And bad. And dumb.

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M83
Junk
By Luis Gomez

Here's the thing: calling your album *Junk* is a really good way to basically ask cynical douchebags with nothing better to do (read: me) to hate your album. Especially if the album isn't good. And hey, guess what! *Junk* isn't good. Now, keep in mind that "not good" and "bad" aren't synonyms. A not good al-

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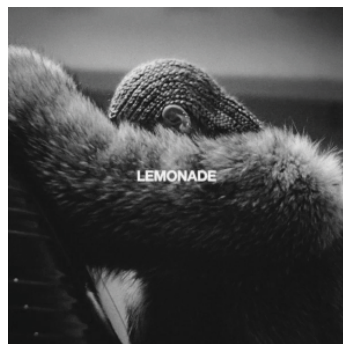
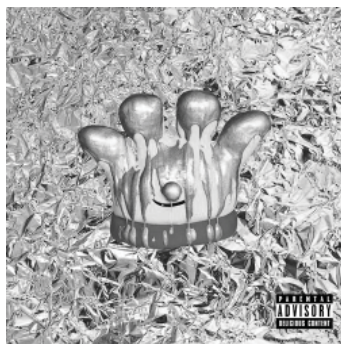


Hamburger Helper
Watch the Stove
By Lisa Calcasola

So this happened: on April Fool's day, Hamburger Helper joined in on corporate pranking and dropped a hip-hop mixtape called *Watch the Stove* with the warning: Parental Advisory: Delicious Content. With yummy lyrics like "all these haters salty, I'm too seasoned, homie," and "I been in the kitchen whippin', whippin' I've been cheffin', mixing with my left hand," Helper proves itself musically competent with that perfect dose of weirdness. Their al-

bum has five tracks: "Feed the Streets," "Hamburger Helper," "Crazy," "Food For Your Soul," and the aptly-titled "In Love with the Glove." The first track has nearly five million plays on SoundCloud and, according to one reliable Internet source, jokingly "compares the process of cooking a meal using Hamburger Helper to water whipping crack cocaine." You can use your imagination for that one, folks. Of course the Twitter and meme world went crazy. This album even grabbed the support of Kanye/Pablo, who admitted his lowkey appreciation of Helper's music. This is not the first time Hamburger Helper has pulled a kickass April Fool's prank: in 2014, it jokingly announced on its Facebook page that a new Hamburger Helper restaurant called "Helper Hut" was coming soon. This joke resulted in an actual pop-up restaurant that, tragically, only opened for one night. This music is highly recommended when you are cooking, eating, or just living, man. Hamburger Helper will help you no matter what your problems are.

upstaging Beyonce's awkward vocals. Inauthenticity is *Lemonade*'s main problem, and I'm not talking about her deciding to focus on race; the content comes off genuine and the tracks are well-written. However, aside from "PRAY YOU CATCH ME", "LOVE DROUGHT", and "ALL NIGHT", Beyonce's vocals are really lackluster. There's a lot of power behind her voice, but it has no aim or purpose. "FREEDOM"'s hook has Beyonce thrown into a washing machine with aimless fluctuation, possibly in hopes of substituting tangible emotion. "SANDCASTLES" is a factory made, albeit enjoyable drivel. "HOLD UP" has Beyonce trying her hardest to be Rihanna, and failing miserably. "DADDY LESSONS" sounds like a Kelly Clarkson B-Side, and "DON'T HURT YOURSELF" sounds like a bad rip of a Travis Scott track. I'm genuinely confused how fans can hear the performance she puts out on the intro track, which is stunning, and accept something like "DADDY LESSONS" as being a product that's just as good.



A rotten lemon

**Beyonce
Lemonade
By Arthoe Banach**

If you were planning on making lemonade with Beyonce's latest surprise album, you'll be sorely disappointed, as only a few songs aren't rotten. Of the twelve tracks, arguably the best one doesn't even feature Beyonce. James Blake comes through with some seriously soulful vocals on "FORWARD". The track is followed with "FREEDOM", sporting a Kendrick verse that's been fucked around with to better fit the atypical Just Blaze beat and prevent it from

THE PURE AND FAITHFUL PLAYLIST

GOD HELP THE GIRL
God Help the Girl



CHASTITY BELT
Seattle Party

PURITY RING
Amenamy

CRYSTAL CASTLES
Baptism

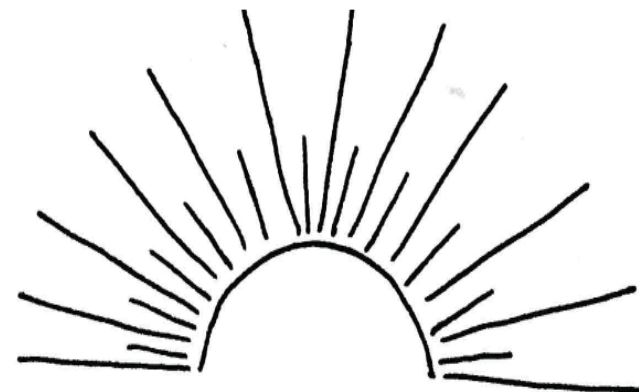




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