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the paper

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

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 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 e-mail 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 e-mail 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.

"What T-Pain song are you?"

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Contributors

Rachel Poe, Reyna Wang, Declan Murphy, Luis Gomez, Looby's Loob, Nick Peters, Scott Saffran, Michael Sheridan, Matt Whitaker, Anna Passero-Koennecke, TPain, CAB, Cleo Filis, Jack McClatchy, Dunkin', Dean Rodgers, TPain again, Birds, Brendan Batcheller, Word 1997, Adobe Photoshop, A Phantom Air Conditioner, A Stinky Hotdog, Fake Ads, Suits, Drake Bell, A Rogue Pair of Scissors, Sid from Ice Age

roman

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Blood in The Water: Sharks Close in on Trump and Friends

by MJJM

Executive Editor

It's that time of the month again folks! In the endless cesspool of controversy and scandals surrounding the administration of President Donald Trump it can be hard to recognize the fact that in any other presidency, these scandals would be career ending. Personally, I completely understand if one chooses to tune out all of the controversy, and "check out" from the news cycle, so to speak; there's only so many times you can say "this will be the end of Trump's career" before you yourself start to question if the President will ever truly suffer the consequences of his action. In addition, there are very little historical examples as to Trumps behavior; this is completely uncharted territory, and it is easy to become fatigued. Despite this, I feel as if it is our duty to follow these stories with diligence, as if we forget about the controversy, that is inadvertently letting Trump off the hook for behavior that in any other situation would be considered despicable.

With all that being said, the controversy surrounding the adult video star Stormy Daniels could very well be Trumps Monika Lewinsky scandal, and while we could argue until we're blue in the face as to whether or not having former sexual relations with Daniels impedes President Trumps ability to lead this country; much like the Clinton Administration, the sex scandal is more indicative of President Trumps moral fiber (or lack thereof), and his willingness to lie about anything and everything. In the words of It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia, at times it appears that Trump is "in complete denial about every aspect of his life." While Trump vehemently denies having

Who knew the 2016 Election would result in a reenactment of Jaws

any sexual relations with Ms. Daniels, or even knowing who Daniels is, it is apparent that the FBI and The DOJ think differently, as just this week, the



office and home of Trumps longtime lawyer and confidant Michael Cohen was raided. In the process, thousands of documents and recordings were seized by law enforcement which could shed light onto just how much Trump truly knows about the situation. While the Justice department has been sparse with details as to what exactly the raids were for, the US Attorney for New York has announced that Mr. Cohen was currently under criminal investigation for a litany of charges including but not limited to: bank fraud, wire fraud, and unreported finances tied to Trump's presidential campaign. In addition, the Feds have

also seized recordings between Cohen and the former lawyer of Stormy Daniels. While these recordings do not confirm that Trump had an affair

with Daniels, or that Cohen brokered a hush deal with the porn actress, it does confirm that Trump had some interaction with the woman in question. In the legal world, audio recordings can be a touchy subject, especially if one of the two parties had not consented to being recorded. Nevertheless, if recordings exist between Cohen and Daniels former lawyer, a man named Keith Davidson which could shed light onto their relationship, said recordings could be a goldmine for prosecutors. While discussing the recordings, a CNN legal analyst stated "If all that stuff gets recorded, then they are in deep hurt because if it was just oral between

them, it could be a conspiracy of liars, but the tapes undermine that." With these recordings in hand, the Stormy Daniels story shifts from an alleged tacit verbal agreement into a concrete example of Trump and his associates using intimidation tactics to suppress information about the President.

So, what can we as casual observers take away from this story? And how does it fit into the larger narrative of the Trump Administration? For starters, it shows that law enforcement smells blood in the water, not only regarding Trump himself, but also his close-knit band of associates. Documents such as these confirm a narrative that many analysts and pundits have picked up on since day one of Trumps presidential journey, the narrative that in almost all cases, Trump chooses his associates not on skill, competency, or even political views. Instead, Trump values loyalty to him above all else, and installs associates based on whether they are willing to protect him from the prying eyes of the media and the law. Cronyism? Yes of course, but surprising? Not at all. This obsession with loyalty sheds light onto why so many of his associates are willing to take the brunt of media and legal criticism, or even become criminals themselves. All of these behaviors go towards protecting Trump, either from the outside world, or perhaps even Trump himself. The question then is why? What do these associates have to gain from constantly being embroiled in controversy? As more and more associates jump ship from the Trump administration, it appears that some are asking that question themselves, and only time will tell if this house of cards begins to collapse.

FAKER THAN TRUTH

By Christian Decker

Paul Ryan Takes Job at Fitness Modeling Center

Paul Ryan has recently announced his unwillingness to seek re-election in this upcoming election cycle. Sources report that this is due to the fake that he can't win reelection because of his "unwillingness to grow a spine and actually stand up for something in his miserable existence." Many will remember the viral pictures of Speaker Ryan pumping iron at your local run-of-the-mill gym trying to get some sick gains. As a result of this photo, supposedly, conservative modeling agencies have been clamouring to use him for their propaganda pictures.

Most notably, Speaker Ryan has chosen to work for a modeling agency owned by Sinclair Media, a conservative broadcasting group responsible for hundreds of your favorite local news networks. This modeling company is famous for Tomi Lahren's "I'm gonna shoot my vagina off with this gun" picture that circulated on Twitter.

Ryan will be shooting many different kinds of shoots for this company, doing manly things because anything besides "hunting, eating raw steak, and overcompensating for your penis are not manly enough for this country", according to representatives at Sinclair. Speaker Ryan has told us that he's excited to be entering into this new chapter of his life by going into professional modeling. "This is a big step for me, since my wife left and took the kids and I fail at everything else, this is the only recourse that I have. Stay tuned for more information regarding Paul Ryan's latest exploits.

The Ax Arrives: Political Strategist Speaks at FU

by Andrew Millman
News Editor

This past Monday, Obama's campaign manager and chief strategist during his first term in the White House, David "The Axman" Axelrod, came to speak to students at Fordham's campus. Located in the Keating 3rd Auditorium, the seats were filled up with some even having to stand. Invited by the Fordham College Democrats, Mr. Axelrod spoke about his role in politics and how he got involved in the first place. At a young age, he witnessed a speech that then-candidate John F. Kennedy gave to the people of New York. Mr. Axelrod contends it was after this speech that he decided to get involved with politics.

At the ripe old age of 9, he worked in the office of a local Democratic senator, and later changed to Republican some years later, saying that he hoped to support the best candidates for the job. To Mr. Axelrod, party did not matter so much as the character and quality of the person running. He stated that this was one of the biggest draws to former President Barack "Commander-In-Chief" Obama. He told us that he thought of Obama as a very charismatic and genuine person who wanted to bring people together. He mentioned, however, his disappointment that the gap between Democrats and Republicans was ever widened by the Obama presidency. Axelrod contends that he was hopeful that Obama's previous ability to cross the aisle and negotiate, but was disappointed.

Mr. Axelrod's biggest win at the White House was the day that the Affordable Care Act passed. He remembered crying in his office because of all the people that would be helped by it. He recounted a personal story about his daughter who, when she was very young,

David Axelrod is cool beans.

suffered from serious and recurrent seizures that at one point went up to about 10 per day. The doctors were unable to tell Mr. and Mrs. Axelrod what was wrong, and as the bills piled up, his insurance would not cover all of the cost. He recounts that he had to pay about \$1,000 every month for these hospital expenses.



He remembers talking to President Obama about the risk of passing the Affordable Care Act. Facing obstinance from the entirety of the Republican party at the time and an approval rating threatening to drop by a ton, Mr. Axelrod informed the President that it might be a bad idea to pursue his healthcare agenda. President Obama assured him that the Presidency was not about approval ratings but about doing the right thing.

After Mr. Axelrod did his own speech, we moved on to a short question and answer session. The first question Mr. Axelrod was asked is about what his biggest regrets or disappointments were during his long career. He responded that his biggest disappointments were people he'd helped get into office, whether Democrat or Republican, that turned out to not be who he thought they were. In other words, they didn't live up

to the hype. Another question that was asked was something along the lines of how the Democrats should be dealing with the President in the coming election years. Mr. Axelrod stressed that the Democrats should not be running on impeaching the President. He said rather, that the Democrats should focus on running candidates that have progressive platforms, and really focusing on the issues rather than just pointing out how Trump is bad and that you should vote for them. In fact, he used the word "idiotic" when it came to describing candidates who are going to run on that. He says it's better that we work on the problems that people are facing and not just trying

to impeach the President. As the last question, Mr. Axelrod was asked what he felt about drug policy. Mr. Axelrod believes that progressing towards the legalization of marijuana is on the right track, so to speak. Mr. Axelrod spoke about some of the potential advantages of legalization, including tackling the disproportionate amount of people of color in jail for weed-related crimes, and the increased tax revenue legalization could give back. He noted however, that we should definitely be careful to help people with drug-related problems and not necessarily encourage smoking, because he wants to look out for the kids.

Mr. Axelrod ended the night by telling the audience that we, the students, are the future. We have the power to impact legislation and to make change for the better no matter which side of the political spectrum we are on. These are idealistic words that will hopefully ring true in the upcoming years.

The United Nations Steps Up Youth Outreach

by Robin Happel
Copy Chief

Youth voices matter to the U.N.

As millennials, it is both our duty and our privilege to help older generations understand social media. And, out of the many exhortations to this end I have received in my life, by far my favorite has been the U.N.'s youth outreach efforts.

Since Fordham is registered as an NGO with the U.N., it's relatively easy for us as students to schlep ourselves to briefings should we choose to, which you should – and I'm not just saying that because I got a free sticker for promising to recruit more of us. U.N. NGO briefings are genuinely a really cool and unique opportunity, with topics ranging from poverty to AIDS Awareness Month to sustainable fashion. (They also gave me a free pin.)

This particular workshop was geared towards NYC college students and youth reps from U.N.-affiliated charities. We opened with a pop quiz on the U.N.'s Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs). Supplanting the Millennium Development Goals, the SDGs set ambitious targets for clean energy, social equality, and ending hunger by 2030. As part of the 2030 Agenda for Sustainable Development, the SDGs are sweeping in scope, with well over 150 target thresholds, and are arguably the most ambitious plan for global progress in human history.

Similar to the old climate activist mantra “to change everything, we need everyone,” Secretary-General Guterres stresses that youth involvement is critical to achieving the SDGs. (The Secretariat sees our generation “not as leaders of tomorrow, but as leaders of today.”)

Ben Dotsei Malor, Chief of UN Radio in New York, adores this aphorism. Like many within the U.N.'s Department of Public Information

(DPI), Malor believes that the U.N. should do more to actively reach out to millennials and Gen Z, rather than simply hoping we stumble upon U.N. news channels. This means more youth-led chat series, more public forums, and – of course – more social media campaigns.

Although many people follow U.N. politics, especially the recent clamor in the Security Council over Syria, relatively few Americans, especially our age, get this news from the U.N. directly. This is a source of some frustration within DPI, especially in an era when propaganda predominates. Recently, however, the U.N. News Reader app and SDGs in Action app have been becoming more popular, making DPI hopeful that an increased mobile presence may help raise awareness of both the SDGs and ongoing U.N. policy. DPI's pivot to video – many with star-studded casts, perhaps most fabulously Beyoncé for World Humanitarian Day in 2012 and again recently for International Day of the Girl – has also sparked increased interest in the SDGs.

Throughout several panel discussions, DPI reps stressed the importance of finding unbiased sources of information. In the words of Jeff Brez, Chief of NGO Relations, each of us should strive to be “opinion makers, not opinion takers.” In our era of fake news, the U.N. News offices are a bastion of unbiased, up-to-date reporting. Felipe Queipo, an outreach officer with DPI, perhaps put it best in saying that the U.N. “has no bias – our bias is for

humanity.” Hawa Diallo, another DPI officer who formerly served as a peacekeeper and currently helps manage special events, similarly stressed the importance of our generation as “information multipliers” countering the spread of false stories and propaganda.

In addition to DPI officers, almost every panel discussion also included youth reps themselves, representing organizations as wide-ranging as the Women's National Book Association to Baha'i International Community. While seemingly slightly more than most briefings, it's worth noting that every DPI NGO briefing I've attended has had at least one youth rep as either a moderator or panelist. Putting young people in such leadership roles shows the U.N.'s genuine commitment to inclusion, beyond simply symbolism.

In short, although many of us have been subjected to varying levels of “how do you do, fellow kids?” by either prospective employers or professors struggling to seem like they understand Snapchat, the U.N. genuinely does take young voices seriously. Both its Youth Reps program within DPI and its broader Youth Delegate program, as well as its Major Group for Children and Youth, make it much easier for our generation to get involved in global politics than arguably any time in the past. Especially under the current Secretariat, our voices carry more sway than ever before.

As millennials, we have been blamed for killing so many industries – everything from diamonds to disposable cutlery. If we're powerful enough to take out fabric softener, is it really so much to ask that we at least make an attempt to take on global poverty?

**Reader
Than
Fact**

By Claire Nunez

NASA sends Sperm to Space

A lot of things have been sent into space— dogs, pizza, Legos, humans, sperm. Wait what, sperm? Like, was an astronaut just hanging out with Jill up there? Nope, NASA has begun sending frozen human samples of sperm into space. Yes, we obviously need to just send a ton of sperm into space, NASA. This is what my tax dollars are for, to fulfill your kink of sending sperm into space.

Okay maybe I am overreacting, I think NASA is sending sperm into space to see how the lil dudes respond to microgravity. Apparently, it is mad hard to reproduce in space. Many mammals that we have launched up there have been unable to successfully impregnate each other. With the prospect of possibly having human colonies on the moon or whatever, we need to obviously figure out how to get sperm to do its job correctly.

I rarely think about anyone having the sexual relations in space, but apparently those conditions are not optimal for biological reproduction. Sperm acts weird because of the lack of gravity in space. I guess if you are a sperm and your only power source is your tail, I don't think you will fare well against no gravity. To be honest, this seems like too much of a futuristic problem to be facing right now. I would rather Katy Perry's “E.T.” not be a reality yet.



Isle Of Dogs Is A Spectacular Commentary on Mass-Hysteria

By Katelynn Browne

Features and Lists Editor

From the stunning stop-animation to his dynamic characters, Wes Anderson has truly outdone himself yet again, in his latest film, *Isle of Dogs*. As a huge fan of Wes Anderson's work, as well as a huge lover of dogs, I was super excited when I saw the preview for this film when I went to see *Black Panther* (which, of course, was also brilliant.) And, I'm happy to say, my expectations were certainly met and perhaps were even exceeded.

Isle of Dogs takes place in the fictional Japanese city of Megasaki, where Mayor Kobayashi orders a decree in which all the dogs be deported from the city to be quarantined on Trash Island, due to an unprecedented outbreak of dog flu. Atari, the mayor's nephew, hijacks a small plane, and flies to Trash Island in order to rescue his pet dog, Spots. While there, he meets a group of other dogs who help him find his dog. One of the dogs in the group called Chief, slowly and begrudgingly begins to assist Atari in his quest, despite his being a stray dog who threatens that he bites, and eventually the two become close. In an epicly wholesome moment, Chief allows Atari to bathe him, and feed him half of the treat that he saved for his lost dog, Spots. It was a really adorable scene.

The film makes a clear commentary on the importance of language, especially in political settings. It is clear in the film that Mayor Kobayashi has managed to cause mass-hysteria regarding the spread of dog flu. He

100% would recommend

has the citizens, without seeming to think too much about it, quickly turn vehemently against their once beloved household pets. The only people who really oppose the anti-dog movement are students, and the scientist party,

He plays strongly on the anti-dog stance when running for re-election, and ultimately wins. Anderson critiques the use of strong, hysteria-causing political language in this side plot of the film, which is especially fitting during the

citizens to lose something that they ultimately love and cherish dearly. If we allow ourselves to become entrapped in the pitfalls of political-induced hysteria, we may fail to realize we are losing something that we value.

Another interesting commentary Wes Anderson makes is one that regards the double-edged sword of advanced science. On the one hand, scientists and the science party created a serum to cure dogs of the dog flu epidemic, and allow dogs to re-enter Megasaki. On the other hand, Mayor Kobayashi endorses the creation of military-grade robot dogs to replace his citizens' now gone pets. Here, Anderson carefully displays the dichotomy between science used to help and advance society in a positive manner, and science used to replace real pets with the cold metal shells of robots. In the end, medical science used to cure the dogs is what wins out in the end.

Of course, despite all these perhaps darker themes, Wes Anderson maintains his iconic whimsical and upbeat tone throughout the entire film. There is light humor sprinkled throughout the film, the voice actors are phenomenal - their comedic timing is always on point. The color palette is, as usual, gorgeous. The dogs were great. 10/10. I loved them so much.

All in all, *Isle of Dogs* was a fantastic little film. If you love dogs, Wes Anderson, stop animation, and trash island, you will love this movie. Please go see it.



who created a serum that would cure dog flu. However, Mayor Kobayashi rejects the cure, and fixes the election against the science party, by staging the science party candidate's suicide.

Trump era. The film illustrates what can happen when we allow a politician to create mass-hysteria over non-issues. In this case, Mayor Kobayashi creates an anti-dog hysteria which causes the

EVENTS

What: Earth Week: Gardening Day
Where: St. Rose's Garden (441 E Fordham Rd)
When: Friday, April 20 from 3-6pm
How Much: FREE
Why: Fordham Sustainability Committee needs your help saving our dying planet!

What: Second Annual Bronx Celebration Day
Where: Walsh Lot (in between Walsh Hall and Finlay Hall)
When: Saturday, April 21 from 12-4pm
How Much: FREE
Why: Support local performing artists playing great music, eat delicious food, and bond with members of the community!

What: Culture Shock: A Free High Line Festival
Where: The High Line (Meatpacking District, West Chelsea & Hell's Kitchen)
When: Saturday, April 21 from 1-7pm
How Much: FREE; register online
Why: Full day of music, art, performance, and horticulture! Wow!

Jesus Christ Superstar Resurrects NBC's Live Theater

by Jack McClatchy
 Staff Musical Evangelist

Ever since NBC has started airing live musicals on national television, I've either not watched the show or been massively disappointed. It nearly ruined *Grease*, *The Sound of Music*, *Rocky Horror*, and other shows so I was prepared to write off Jesus Christ Superstar when I saw the commercials.

I admit I'm a fanboy of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. I have the original recording on vinyl and listen to it occasionally, almost always blown away by what I hear. It's Andrew Lloyd Weber's best musical, and yes, that includes *Cats* (even though I don't quite like it).

Weber wrote the musical as a rock opera, or basically a rock musical without any spoken dialogue. Think *Tommy* and *Quadrophenia* by the Who, or *The Wall* by Pink Floyd. Basically, it's like traditional opera but with instruments used for rock and roll.

The musical is set during the last week of Jesus' life seen through the eyes of Judas Iscariot who ultimately betrayed him to the authorities. It is a notable exception to the notion that Christian rock is terrible (which I won't be getting into here).

In the original concept album released in 1970, Ian Gillian played Jesus, Murray Head was Judas Iscariot, and Yvonne Elliman was Mary Magdalene. All three of them gave stellar performances. It was quintessential early 1970's rock, rich in perfectly imperfect voices, funky basslines, and musical ornamentation.

So, how did a modern adaptation of a musical giant go? Surprisingly well, considering NBC's history of airing musicals live. I shudder whenever I think of *Grease*, *The Sound of Music*, or *A Christmas Story* (who the hell made that into a musical?), and I thank God they haven't tried *Rent* or *Les Misérables* yet.

Given my past experience with NBC musicals, I was prepared to hate this

Did NBC make a deal with the Devil?

adaptation of *Jesus Christ Superstar* on Easter Sunday. I watched with a critical eye, but could find few things that were glaringly wrong with anyone's performance.

NBC casted R&B star John Legend to be Jesus, and I was skeptical. Ian Gillian, who at the time was the lead singer for the hard rock band Deep Purple, was known for his screeching high notes in a way few other people can do (listen to *Highway Star* and you'll see what I mean a minute in).

I haven't seen Legend be able to do that, and he didn't when I saw the

spot on. I know it's hard to sympathize with the man who sold out the Son of God, but dammit Dixon made me feel for him.

Sara Bareilles as Mary Magdalene was also a very good casting choice. She sang with such precision and power that I would put her in dead heat with Yvonne Elliman, who all Mary Magdaelenes are compared to. Magdalene's songs serve a respite from the drama of Jesus' final days, and Bareilles did a fantastic job.

Another aspect that came out of left field was casting Alice Cooper as King Herod. This role is usually played in the campiest of ways (usually Herod joins a kick line of Go-Go girls) and is unequivocally gay. Cooper played an almost distant but curious straight man which was a breath of fresh air for me. Believe me, I love some campy humor, but to see a gay stereotype flipped on its head almost effortlessly was amazing to see.

Granted, Cooper did forget a line, but his performance was so good I can overlook it.

One problem I did have was the sound mixing. In the original recording, the instrumentation is almost competing with the vocalist as if a traveling band is following Jesus and the 12 Apostles. In the NBC showing, I had to listen hard to find the instrumentation which is a shame because I love it as much as I love the vocal performances.

I know sound mixing is hard to do, but I wish NBC did a better job in bringing the instruments to the forefront because it almost sounded barebones without it.

I think it's safe to say that *Jesus Christ Superstar* saved live musicals for NBC, considering all of the other ones have been sh*tting on the legacy of earlier performances. After watching *Jesus Christ Superstar*, I will still watch these live musicals on NBC, but not as skeptical as I was before watching this one.



show, but I was still impressed by his vocal abilities. His acting left a bit to be desired (the *New York Times* described it as "John Legend is worried"), however his singing was unique in that he didn't try to be Ian Gillian. He was John Legend signing like John Legend, and I can always respect a singer not trying to imitate someone else.

The real star of the show was Judas, played by Brandon Victor Dixon who was really known for replacing Leslie Odom, Jr. as Aaron Burr in *Hamilton*. He gave power and weakness when the music required it, and his acting was

Solo Trailer Proves *Star Wars* Franchise Will Never Die

by Katelyn Cody
Staff Galactic Reporter

Disclaimer: Everyone is entitled to their own opinions. I genuinely enjoy the new movies being released by Lucasfilm and I love seeing this new, younger generation of *Star Wars* fans get excited the same way I did when *The Clone Wars* came out. I am not forcing you to like the new movies, but please do not come at me saying I am not a “true fan” just because I actually liked *The Force Awakens*. The new movies do not make me love the original trilogy any less.

That being said, there is a new *Star Wars* movie coming out on May 25th and I for one am pretty excited. A new trailer for *Solo: A Star Wars Story* was released on April 8th. This film will be the second independent film in the *Star Wars* saga released, after *Rogue One: A Star Wars Story* in December 2016. This new movie will tell the backstory of Han Solo, the lovable “scruffy looking, nerf herder”, from the original *Star Wars* trilogy, played by Harrison Ford. I do have to admit it was a little unnerving to watch the trailer and see someone else play such an iconic character, but from

what the roughly two and a half minute trailer gave me, I think Alden Ehrenreich will do a good job filling in Ford’s boots. He has the good looks and arrogant charm that made us all fall in love with Han in *A New Hope*. Suffice it to say, I am ready for some smirks and witty comebacks.

Besides Ehrenreich there are three more newcomers to the *Star Wars* family that make up the main cast. Donald Glover plays a young Lando Calrissian, played by Billy Dee Williams in the original trilogy. Glover is probably one of the most hyped about aspects of

Brb, naming my firstborn child Scissorpunch

this movie. He has such an immense, remarkable talent for practically everything that he does so it would be difficult for him to disappoint in this film. Emilia Clarke joins the film as Qi’Ra, a new character that not much is known about yet. Same is the case for Woody Harrelson’s character, Tobias Beckett. These are two well-known faces from other mega entertainment franchises (Clarke from *Game of Thrones* and Harrelson from *The Hunger Games*) that I am excited to see in a galaxy far far



away. It was a little perturbing to watch the trailer and see Clarke without her signature white blonde Khaleesi hair. On a serious note, I am very excited to see what is in store for Clarke’s character. I am loving the inclusion of new strong female characters in the *Star Wars* universe; we know they have always been there, but it is nice to finally see them on the screen.

Speaking of new characters, it was brought to my attention that one of the new aliens in the film is named “Therm Scissorpunch”. You read that right, that is its actual, real name and

I just do not know how to reconcile with this information. I mean there have been plenty of ridiculous names featured throughout the *Star Wars* universe, Salacious B. Crumb in *Return of the Jedi* for example, but I think Mr. Scissorpunch takes the cake. He also happens to be a giant lobster and I’m kind of hoping that this is just Lucasfilm trolling us and he will not actually be in the movie.

The trailer depicted just enough action and adventure to get everyone hyped to see the film. I was very excited to see shots of the Millennium Falcon, leaving me with questions of where this iconic spaceship will take the main characters. I wonder if there will be a lot of new planets and locations or if the filmmakers will revisit some of the places we know and love. Personally, I would like to see some of the story take place in Cloud City, since that location was so central to Han and Lando’s storyline in *Empire Strikes Back* (my favorite installment in the *Star Wars* saga).

But this review can’t be all positivity. I am a little concerned that Clarke’s character, Qi’Ra, is going to serve as a love interest for Han Solo, and I just really do not want that to happen. I am hoping that she will get to be her independent, badass self. I also know that there would be a lot of backlash against seeing Han with someone who is not Princess Leia, but people are allowed to have more than one love interest throughout their lives. Also, these are fictional characters. I just do not feel the need for their to be a romantic subplot in this film.

But when it’s all said and done, I cannot wait to find out how our favorite galactic smuggler came to be.

SHOWS

What: Women in Jazz Celebration
Where: McGinley Ballroom
When: Saturday, April 21 from 7-10pm
How Much: FREE
Why: Features renowned pianists, educators, composers, and vocalists.

What: Fordham Flava Presents: Watch Me Cook
Where: Rose Hill Gymnasium
When: Sunday April 22 at 4pm
How Much: \$3 tickets can be bought in McGinley
Why: Watching other people do cool things is fun

What: The Hot Notes Present: Jazzercise
Where: Collins Auditorium
When: Sunday, April 29 at 3pm
How Much: FREE
Why: What else are you gonna use those leg warmers for?

This Article is a Simulation: A Review of *Ready Player One*

by Christian Decker
News Editor

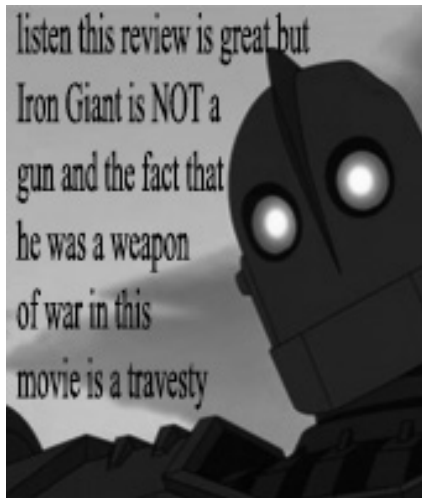
I wasn't very interested in seeing *Ready Player One*, considering I hadn't read the book nor was I very interested in the concept at all. I had also heard the book had some problematic elements when it comes to representation. Nevertheless, right before spring break ended my friend asked me to go see this with him, since he had read the book and thoroughly enjoyed it. I decided to go and see it.

The movie tells the story of a pseudo-dystopian America, where everything kind of sucks and people decided to stop fixing things in the real world. The escape for everyone is in a virtual reality video game called "The Oasis", in which you can do whatever you want and be whatever you want (if you've seen the anime *Sword Art Online* it's similar to that). The main plot surrounds a contest in which the game creator left behind a series of Easter eggs, after his untimely death, which, when completed, would give

Spoiler alert: this movie was aight

the would-be winner complete control over the game. Our main protagonist, Parcival (that's his in-game name), is what's called a gunter, someone who tries to figure out the Easter Eggs. Of course, there's an evil corporation and the heroes eventually win and romance and blah blah blah.

Despite how cliché this movie was, I enjoyed it. It essentially referenced a decent portion of my childhood with various nods to Star Wars, and other Spielberg movies (yes, he directed this movie), and even more recent video games like *Overwatch* and *Halo*. I'm also a big fan of underdog storylines. I mean



I think we can all relate to trying to fight against evil corporations who seek to take over everything we love and turn it into profits (hahaha too real...). Although the plot was very generic with the good guys winning, I did enjoy that something had a happy ending for once. As you get older, you tend to read a lot of books and see a lot of movies that either have very ambiguous endings, or just plain depressing ones. Having been watching

a lot of horror movies with my dad and brother, it was nice to see a nice cute ending. It's worth noting that I have an extreme love for all things video games. Near the end of the movie Parcival meets the avatar of the game's creator, and as the creator leaves, he tells

him "thanks for playing my game" I'm willing to admit that I teared up a little, please don't judge me.

Despite the fact that I enjoyed the movie, there were some glaring issues I had with it. For one the romance was incredibly one-dimensional, and I honestly wanted to throw up during any of the romance scenes. You don't meet someone like twice and fall in love, especially over a virtual game. It felt very forced and there was honestly no good reason for it to be included in the movie or even in the book. Another issue was that it changed up significant parts of the book according to my friend. Now I know to each his own but that bothers me. The last and worst issue, is the tokenization of the minority characters. Having the Chinese and Japanese characters playing as a ninja and samurai, is questionable at best.

If you can look past these issues, it's a very good nostalgic movie, and I'd give it around a 7 out of 10.

The Louvre is Human Culture

by Hillary Bosch
Opinions Editor

Going through art museums is like taking naps: if it's too short you're grumpy, if it's too long you're groggy and more tired. You gotta find that sweet spot of just how long you can wander through a gallery in order to maximize energy and ultimate art appreciation.

When my friend and I went to the Louvre we knew we had to plan accordingly. It's the largest art museum in the world, with 38,000 pieces of art spread across over 700,000 square feet, not to mention that the Louvre Palace was established as a museum over 200 years ago. Before that it was a royal fortress then palace! Much to my friend's dismay I was just as interested in the building as I was in the art objects, oops.

So we had to make sure we picked exactly what rooms and pieces we wanted to see. If you put each wing next to each other the museum would stretch for 8 miles! (Sorry I just can't get over how l a r g e it is) So we had to make an itinerary: minimum walking

This 8 mile museum has some of the world's best works

and gaping, maximum knowledge.

The first statue you need to see is the Winged Victory of Samothrace, circa approximately 150 B.C. Meant to be viewed from a certain angle, the winged statue of Nike perches on a ship's bow with wind whipping at her garments. The statue is right at the crux of a stairwell and is absolutely massive, impossible to miss.

After you are WOWED by the fact people could even make something that beautiful 2000 years ago, head on over to the Venus de Milo, circa 100 B.C., to get WOWED again. The armless beauty is truly something to behold in person. When you look up to see her face, you see a face of absolute confidence, clarity,



determination, and yet somehow relaxation. If she is reflective of her time period, now I understand how the ancients accomplished so much! What a determined woman.

Now it's time to go back a little further to Egypt and ancient Mesopotamia. The Louvre has a sphinx. Not a little one, it's real big, one of the biggest outside of Egypt. Dated 2600 B.C., again it's proof the ancients were far more hardcore than we are. I tried to carve soap once and failed. What the hell, I never would have survived before

1950. And then if you walk a little further you can find the Law Code of Hammurabi from 1792-1750 B.C.

Not only is it the oldest text from Old Babylon and one of the first inscribed social policies, it's ALSO CARVED INTO ROCK. Again, I couldn't even carve a nose into soap much less carve one of the most important socio-economic documents of the ancient world into a BOULDER.

The Louvre helped me to remember how talented and truly impressive humans can be. As an Environmental Studies major, I often settle into a comfortable state of despising anything related to the human race and their destruction of everything around them. So though it looks like a dumb statement, it actually is true. The Louvre is overflowing with the best humanity has to offer, it's easy to leave in high spirits. However, it would take at least three days to appropriately appreciate everything it has to offer, so if you intend to visit map out your journey for this trip... and your next one! You'll want to go back as soon as you leave.

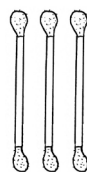


George Ezra
Staying at Tamara's.
Gabby Curran

On March 23rd, George Ezra released his second studio album, *Staying at Tamara's*. As someone who loved his previous work, I was really excited to see what Ezra had been working on since 2014. The end result was...pretty okay. Many of the songs sounded very similar to one another, featuring friendly acoustic guitar strumming, steady basslines and upbeat percussion. That's not to say that the songs are bad, but there were more than a few instances where I had to check when one song ended and another started. The songs' lyrics and melodies also didn't draw me in as much as they did in his previous album, *Wanted on Voyage*. The lyrics were cute and carried with them some nice messages, but didn't necessarily invite any deeper questioning into their meaning. They were pretty straightforward: "Only a Human" is about, well, how making mistakes is a part of only being human. "Paradise" is more or less about how the singer feels euphoric when they're with one particular person. This isn't an issue, but compared with some of his previous lyrical work, it's a bit disappointing. My favorite song off the album is probably "Saviour", which I felt sounded different from the rest of the album in that it featured more interesting harmonies and lyrics and reminded me of his previous work. The other songs aren't bad, but tend to blend together into an amalgam of bland, monotonous acoustic paste that's enjoyable to listen to, but unlike

Wanted On Voyage, leaves little in its wake to contemplate when the last song ends.

Favorite Track: "Saviour"

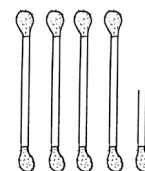


Kamelot
The Shadow Theory
Anna PK

The Shadow Theory is symphonic power metal band Kamelot's twelfth album, a third with newest vocalist Tommy Karevik. This album follows the previous one in turning from the dark operatic tones the band used to be known for to a more power prog metal tone better suiting Tommy's lighter vocals, though it still maintains its symphonic roots. This album takes a faster pace, with lyrics that are catchier, if perhaps a little simpler, than usual for the band. While the album is not technically a concept album, it has a strong futuristic cyber dystopia theme throughout. Songs such as "Burns to Embrace" examine both the

despair and hope of human nature in a world where the human kind is dying out, where the choices are death or giving up one's body, and possibly identity, to have their mind preserves in a supposed digital paradise. On the flip side, there are songs such as "The Phantom Divine" taking place from the perspective of the ones who have created this reality, showing both its genuine desire to save the human race and make life better, while also the high of power that comes with such control. In addition to these, songs such as "RavenLight" depicts the feelings of uncertainty and vulnerability felt by many people in more everyday life. The album is bookended by instrumental pieces and songs proclaiming "I am the Empire," to bring the album full circle. The album is wonderfully made, instruments and vocals all combining perfectly except where dissonance was intentionally added to jar the listener. Tommy's vocals hold both the power and the vulnerability necessary to convey the full emotional range of this album. The album's intensity is maintained in both their heavier and softer songs, and each song maintains its own clear identity. It is a wonderful listen for any who enjoy the power metal genre.

Favorite track: "Static"



Kacey Musgraves
Golden Hour
Robin Hoppel

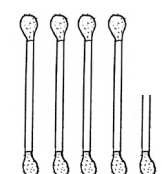
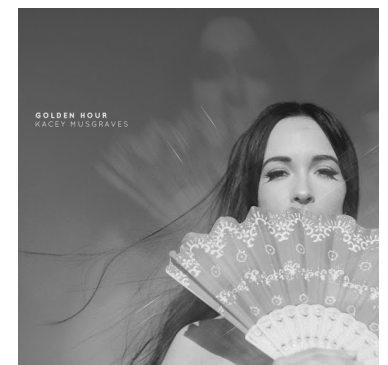
First of all, I'm not ashamed to admit that I stayed up for the midnight release of this. Kacey Musgraves is a top-tier road trip soundtrack, second only to John Denver, and since I drive from Fordham to my hometown in east

Tennessee at least twice a year, I'm always looking for more Musgraves on my airwaves.

Kacey's newest album is something of a mellowing of her twangy, country-with-a-twist style. In songs like "Space Cowboy," she showcases the clever wordplay that first made her famous, while creating a sort of spacey, transcendent vibe similar to Kesha's "Rainbow". Musgraves' brand is the Southern mythos of songs like "Dime Store Cowgirl" and, while this album strays somewhat from her more traditional odes to small towns and summer beauty pageants, *Golden Hour* still remains firmly rooted in Graceland with tracks like "Velvet Elvis." Songs like "Butterflies" and "Rainbow" further echo the effervescence of "Silver Lining" and other past hits, perhaps most famously "Follow Your Arrow" from the 2014 Grammy Awards.

Although little on *Golden Hour* is really a surprise, in short, Musgraves has proven herself to be much more than a one hit wonder. To dedicated bluegrass fans, her range and originality is reminiscent almost of Dolly Parton, and Musgraves herself cites Queen Dolly as a primary inspiration. Like Parton, Musgraves is also often a voice of tolerance in an industry prone at times to right-wing polemics. Taking up the mantle of the Dixie Chicks, she doesn't shy away from the South's social struggles, and pushes back against the demure, good girl persona that is so often expected of female country artists.

Favorite track: "Rainbow"



Who's excited for Spring Weekend? I sure am.



timeflies? I dont know her

i aint calling u a truther

make dat booty work tpain

megan

he can buy me a drank anytime

t-pain save us from the pain of finals





Hey little paper queens! I've been watching a lot of reality tv lately which often keeps me from actually doing my homework, so I wanted to know what my fellow editors have also been wasting their time watching. So..tell me, what's your favorite reality show and why?

Dance Moms

I had no idea that my then-9-year-old neighbor would get me hooked onto a reality TV show, yet here we are. Watching the show grow from a potato-cam documentary about the stressful lives of competition dancers to an over-the-top petty and so-obviously-fake-but-still-good reality TV show has been one of the greatest thrills I've ever experienced. Not only is the drama between the moms and Abby Lee Miller enthralling, but the dances are also pretty fun to watch. Who knew that something as simple as studding costumes could cause so much heartbreak and commotion?

Also, Brooke was the best dancer on the team, hands down, and I miss her and am bitter that she didn't decide to go to Fordham for college.

Meerkat Manor

One of my favorite TV shows growing up was Meerkat Manor. I was ~obsessed~ with Animal Planet all through elementary

school, and probably way too emotionally invested tbh. This remains the only reality show I've watched where there was a non-zero chance of one of the protagonists being eaten by a hawk #drama.

Mark Zuckerberg's Senate Hearing

Face it, this is the right answer. I'll admit, I'm not 100% sure what Facebook is in so much trouble for, I always kind of assumed they know every minute detail about me anyways, right down to the number of hairs on my chinny-chin-chin. (Zero. The answer is zero. Sad.) But I'll be damned if it wasn't fun to see Zark Dinkenberg squirm like a weasel for ten hours, sitting on a booster seat (really) while getting grilled by the big boys. Lark Fuckernerd is gonna be sorry that he ever sold my personal information to Stalin when I get my hands on him. I know I just said I didn't really care, but now I'm getting FIRED UP!! (Please copy and paste this message to your Facebook page, we need to spread the word about Tark Scrotusberg's EVIL CORRUPTION!)

Naked....AND Afraid

I don't really watch reality shows, and I have no idea if it's still running but Naked and Afraid was a landmark. Watching two underprepared naked people learn to hate each other while

slowly succumbing to millions of bug bites might be as close as we're ever going to get to watching the actual hunger games. It is a spectacle like no other.

Keeping Up With the Kardashians

I love the Kardashians so much so that I want to call myself Klaire. There is just something about their extreme boringness that I love. Also, like, the Kardashians taught me what highlighter is. I never knew that cheekbones existed before I started watching America's first family in Calabasas. Do I want to be a Kardashian? Yes. Am I going to marry Rob to do so? Heck no. Some dreams are never meant to come true.

The Shas of Sunset

Honestly, I think that the Shas of Sunset is objectively the best reality show on TV. I mean, it's got everything: drama, real world issues, people cheating on each other...It's great! I used to watch it with my family a lot too because it's really funny to watch all the shenanigans that go on, but somehow you also get invested in the lives of the people on the show. I don't know, they can be cool people sometimes. Reza is the best though. He's the funniest person and he looks like someone you would genuinely want to be friends with and hang out with. Also, when Gigi told people that he had a sex tape and it almost ruined his relationship, I think

anyone who watched the show would agree that we hated her for a long time. I mean, then again, she did have issues with alcohol or drugs or something like that. To be honest, I think I know way more about this show than I should know.

Jersey Shore

We're going to Jersey Shore, BITCH! I used to secretly watch Jersey Shore in my bedroom and change the channel when my parents came in to check on me. There's nothing quite like watching a bunch of incredibly Italian people from New Jersey getting drunk and screaming at each other. I've been watching the reunion, and.. it doesn't quite live up to the good ol' days, but they're still up to the same antics- getting trashed in the middle of the day and falling in the street.

Catfish

I watched Catfish for the longest time, even though almost every episode is the same. I'm in love with both Nev and Max, so that made me stick around for a little too long. Almost every episode resulted in the person who wrote into the show being catfished. I expected it, but I think I got excited to see who was going to be the person that opened the door to reveal themselves. Plus, I LIVE for the showdown they'd have when the victim would realize they weren't talking to the person they thought they were...

the paper's view

The End is Nigh

The end of the semester is coming in hot. I am shocked that the semester went by so quickly. As editors and critics of what is going on around us, we have seen a lot goin' on. There has been a lot with Trump, a lot with campus administration, some arts stuff, and just the regular junk that usually goes down normally.

At the paper, we had a new squad of editors and it was-- I am not going to lie-- difficult at first. Everyone had to learn how to use InDesign and Photoshop, what to look for when editing, and how to generally run a section. I can proudly say that all of my editors have grown tremendously since January. They have become stronger writers, powerful artists, and comedic heroes. Our publication has begun to evolve. It is beautiful to watch and see the creativity in the hands of this new group flourish.

I started at the paper my freshman year and it is something very cool to watch. I never really thought that I would be the bo\$\$ a\$\$ b*tch I am currently. I love the paper and I am so glad that I joined it. It is just such a beautiful group that continues to love and support each other without judgement or question. I am so thankful for the people I have had the opportunity to create with.

As I think about our next semester of issues, I am excited. Our editors and writers are excited to meet new faces and hear new opinions from the Class of 2022. We will surely miss those editors of papers' past, but we really look forward to our publication's future.

xoxo,
Claire
Editor-in-Glee

The face you make when you forget to write your paper view.....



love,
MJJM

Ask Bob and Judy

Giving advice to a lost generation

Q: Going to a good Catholic school keeps me on the right path. How can I stay godly over summer break?

Bob: Lock yourself in a room for the entire summer with nothing ungodly to tempt you. Allow yourself nothing that could possibly give you any pleasure. You know what they say, next to godliness, loneliness.

Judy: Religion is the opiate of the people. Do drugs, skinny dip, blow a stranger, read books about witchcraft, then come back well rested and ready for Jesus.

Q: Hi old people. Why are you so lame???

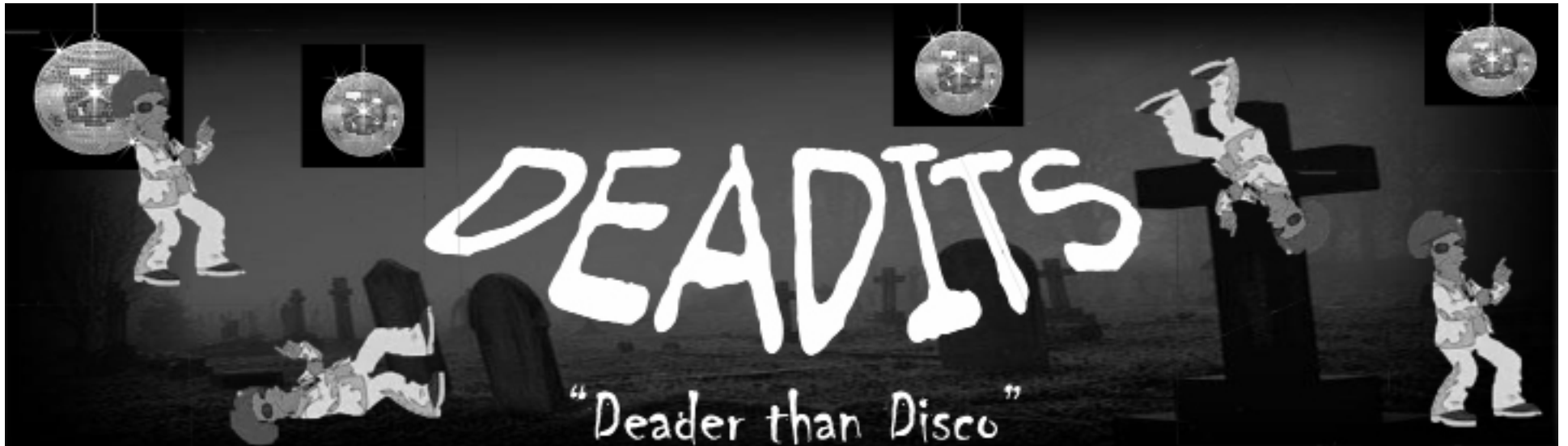
Bob: Well, I would hardly consider Judy and I lame. I am part of a whittling club and I spend many long hours on the pond, fishing to my heart's content. Judy belongs to a quilting club, and she's out of town every weekend at quilting shows. I usually sit and whittle until she comes back. And so I ask you, sir, who's lame now?

Judy: Yeah, quilting shows. *wink-wink*

Do you have a question for Bob and Judy?

Email us at paper.fordham@gmail.com





K. Bye.

By Luis Gomez
Deaditor in Chief

I honestly don't know what to say. Like, I've had this word document, the one I'm typing into right now, open for about a week. I knew what I wanted the title of my deadit to be before I knew what I wanted my deadit to say.

Part of me doesn't want to summarize my time at the paper, because summarizing it means it's really over for good. It's like signing a yearbook eight hundred times, every word a reminder of the time you spent with people you genuinely admire and love making something you deeply cared about, even if (or especially because) nobody else did.

I guess that's someplace to start. The fact that nobody except the people on the paper really give a shit what the paper means is honestly the most incredibly liberating aspect of the entire publication. That fact alone means that we were ultimately allowed to do things like have fun and make a mistake and photoshop some Mad Max stuff onto our cover. Y'know, all the stuff The Ram can't do because it has to be the campus' Proper Journal Of Record. But the paper? We got to do fun stuff!

I think being part of a publication that didn't take itself too seriously helped open my eyes about what journalism and media could be. I had, like many people, this assumption that the news was made by people who lived in some gilded tower full of Oxford-comma wielding cappuccino-sipping editors who probably smoked too much and made vague pronouncements about free speech

Sometimes less is more for a title ok? It's also a reference ok? Get out.

and America or whatever. But that's not what journalism is, really. What this whole industry is essentially trying to do is tell stories and advocate for the voiceless. I think that last bit feels more and more important to me

It took me a while to get comfortable at the paper. I think I showed up to meetings for the first three months of freshman year before I felt comfortable actually writing something. Sometimes I reread the

basement that you also love.

Becoming co-editor in chief was a bit of a shock. I hope I did okay. It was weird being handed the keys (and by keys I mean two pieces of paper) to this little institution. The paper kinda went from being a major part of my life to being my life, and that's probably sad but it's true. I love this thing, and I love everyone who I ever got to work with on it.

Really, what I'm trying to say is thank you. Thank you to Ali & Zoe for giving me my first job on the paper, and teaching me all the weird little quirks that InDesign uses to wreck your evening. Thank you Kelly & Siobhan for giving me my first promotion, and showing me what running the paper could mean. Thank you to every single editor I got to work with this last year – Declan, Rachel, Michael, Matthew, Hillary, Reyna, Emma, Anna, Scott, and Meredith; every single one of you deserve more thanks than I can ever give. Thank you to Michael Jack for doing basically whatever we asked. Thank you to Claire & Colleen – y'all got this. Thank you to John and Nick, who somehow put up with all my news editor bullshit and all my co-EIC bullshit plus all my roommate bullshit at the same time. Thank you to anyone who's ever written for us. Thank you to everyone I ever got the chance to talk to because of this weird little publication. Thank you to anyone who's ever picked up an issue of the paper or checked us out online.

Thank you. I love you.

Now let's go make some weird shit.



as time goes on. Journalism has to be advocacy, by its very nature, or else it risks being the caricature that we so often see: reporters and editors schmoozing with the powerful to gain access at the expense of, y'know, literally everyone else. The fact that the paper didn't hold itself to that lofty ideal of What Journalism Should Be and instead focused on what we could do in our time together to make Fordham a more open, informed, and meaningful place.

earlier stuff I wrote in these pages and think to myself, "Wow. You were awful at this!" Because I was! The paper made me better, at writing and at understanding how a story gets told. It made me think more about how I wanted to communicate the thing I was talking about. As I got better at writing, I picked up other marginally useful skills, like navigating the weird intricacies of Photoshop, or finding the best spots on campus to cry after spending eighteen hours in a horrible

Looby Loob Doo And The Mystery of The Free Speech Publication

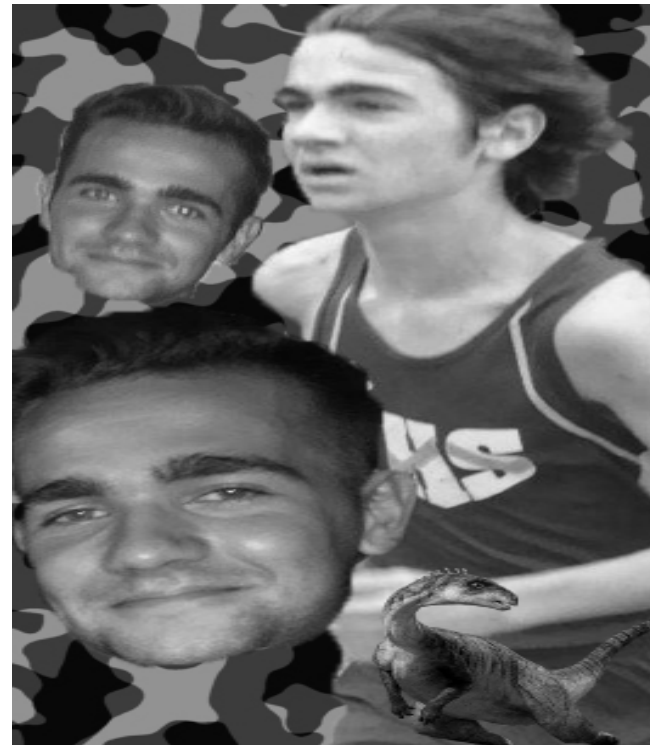
By John Looby
 Deaditor in Chief

I've been thinking about how to start this article for years. I don't mean that as hyperbole. The first time I read a deadit I was a freshmen and the editor for the News section. I'd spent months reading articles about depressing news all over the world and nothing hit my heart quite as hard as raw emotion poured into these articles. I was nervous that I would never be quite as devoted as the staff writing these articles. Then the months went by and I fell in love with the paper and eventually the day came where I had to give up being a co-editor chief (shout out to all my incredible co-editors through the years, but especially actual real life talented journalist, Luis motherfucking Gomez), leaving the paper felt like tearing a piece out of my heart. I haven't come back to the print shop since I turned the lights off on my last day. I don't know if I could ever take another last time in that place.

I just can't move on. (Did the paper break up with me?) The hours in that place have launched some of my closest friendships in all of my time here at Fordham. We developed into the most tightly bound and largest group of friends I've had in my life. I have two group chats just for this group of friends. We have such a large group of devoted friends that a splinter cell for those who care about superheroes had to be created to avoid bothering the others. I'm sure that to a lot of people that seems like a fucking weird thing for weird people,

This is not a real mystery book, but you can donate to our GoFund Me

but I've never felt as so in touch with a group of people. The paper has become my family here at Fordham. I have never met a group of friend with such an incredible breadth of deep cuts. Every obscure reference feels like an act of love. To know someone so well enough that you're willing to describe the flash in Justice League as



Ezra Miller playing Andrew Garfield's amazing spider man without fear of judgment is to truly trust and be trusted.

the paper for me is and always will be remembered as a place where I could truly express myself in any comma free manner I chose. I once argued for an entire article that left

shark could become a new messiah in what was clearly a way too elaborate way of getting to the fact that I think most sports entertainment is just so overly important to this country. WHO NEEDS MILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO THROW A FUCKING BALL. (Says something about this problem that there is no way of determining what

sport I'm referring to). What I'm getting is that the paper gave me a voice. Was I at times perhaps screaming nonsense in the void? Yes, absolutely, but at a school so tightly restrictive as Fordham it's nice to be able to rant about all the stresses we're forced to endure like whatever the hell reason I had to hide my mini fridge for in Walsh. The paper is the single greatest outlet for expression I have encountered at Fordham. The paper has earned itself a

reputation on campus that when a member of the admin signs his email vaguely man shaped bag of pigeons no part of it is considered strange. This is a freedom I never knew I needed in life.

I love the paper. I'm not sure I've made that clear. From the bottom of my heart I owe so much of the joy I've

experienced at Fordham to everyone involved. I want to list some highlights of and confessions about the people I've worked with here. Anyone left off it's a word count issue, you know how it is. (I will deny anything in this paragraph.) Declan Murphy is a saint and I wanted to be his friend since the first time he contributed to the paper (mission accomplished?). Michael Sheridan makes me feel uncultured and I respect it to be honest. Michael Jack Jack Michael doesn't get the credit he deserves and I'm not just saying that because we look alike. Nick Peters has single handedly reignited (with assistance from the Scott Saffran) my passion for comics and can mostly spell the word definitely. Matt Whitaker memes are art. Colleen Burns, ghosts might exist and I think you might be able to end the weird nihilist thing the paper "accidentally" starting doing. Claire, you're rocking the game right now. Anna, how about those commas though? Rachel Poe, thanks for young justice and coming into the paper running. Luis motherfucking Gomez, first and foremost we are the peak game of cover designs. This is the hill I will die on. In all sincerity thank you for the assistance over the years. You'd think I would stop pitching cover designs I couldn't make at some point. You made this paper a collection of journalists instead of "journalists".

I guess this is how it ends. My final paper article. Goodbye. My heart aches.

And please keep me posted on Looby's facial hair.

Dean Rodgers

Christopher Rodgers
 Assistant Vice President and Dean of Student Services
 FORDHAM UNIVERSITY



Can We Start The Meeting Now? No, Michael We Can't

By Michael Sheridan
Arts Deaditor

We will never start on time and that is because of your pestering

The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, almonds, and having meltdowns when meetings didn't start exactly at 9:00. This will be my legacy at the paper which I got to be a part of for a combined 5 semesters during my Fordham career (yes I'm counting the semester I was in Rome). As a young timid sophomore, I was desperate to join a club – any club – in order to avoid my near friendless freshman year. Relying on the advice given to me by Orientation leader a year before, I decided to see what the paper was all about. I started out being far too nervous to say anything at all during the meetings, but the third issue, I found the courage to actually pitch an article about a Picasso exhibition being held at MoMA (of course I wrote for the art section). In only a few months, I had been asked to become the editor for the features and lists section, which according to my resume meant that I conceived ideas and created images for two sections Fordham University's bi-monthly, free speech publication while managing a team of contributors, ensuring that all submissions were appropriate and handed in on time. It was during this time that I felt that I really became part of the paper staff. I certainly must have made an impression with my sometimes aggressive and always whiney pleas for the other editors to submit their list entries.

Yet, in my mind perhaps my favorite semester of the paper wouldn't be until the spring of junior year (after having

gone abroad in the fall/ side note, us study abroad kids never shut up about studying abroad). It was during this semester that I was finally promoted to arts editor, which had been my goal since I started at the paper. But

events, I really started to become great friends with my fellow editors during this semester. Some of my fondest memories stem from this semester, from roasting the editors (I had to beg them to roast me), to forming a club

in my college career.

To be fair, I did love my final semester this fall as well. Even though I was perhaps "a bit dick-ish" at times, to quote a fellow editor who shall remain anonymous, I really loved getting to spend time with my friends every Tuesday night and during occasional production weekends (also shout out to Matt for really carrying the Arts section last semester). Although at times I was exasperated by the long super hero discussions, the Trump rants, and the existence of Luis, overall, I loved every minute of it. the paper will always remain one of my best memories of Fordham and I will never be able to eat almonds or attend an exhibition at the Guggenheim without thinking of it. Thanks for all the memories fellow editors. Keep reading the paper and definitely make sure not the miss Giacometti retrospective opening on at the Guggenheim on June 8.



more importantly, it was this semester that I felt like I was part of the paper family. Despite my constant jabs and rarely showing up to paper parties or

within the club (with current EIC Claire Nunez), and trying to make sense of the world in the wake of Trump's 100 days, it was a crazy and amazing time

STARRING

MACKLELL JORDAN

KEN GIRAFFEY, JR.

AND

SEAGUNA WILLIAMS

ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER AND TIM RICE'S

ZOO JESUS CHRIST!

perstars!

LIVE IN CONCERT

NBC

AS JESUS

AS MARY MAGDALENE

Farewell to The Paper Pals

By Matthew Whitaker
Arts Deaditor

Four years have passed already? Wow, time flies when you're making memes. Though, the best of that time was spent working on the paper and having fun with The Paper Pals. To be honest, when I first joined the paper I didn't know what to expect. I remember going to the first meeting in the second semester of my freshman year and finding out that I could write about anything I wanted. I was so excited, since I had a lot of ideas that normally wouldn't make it out of a conversation in the cafeteria. On my first production weekend, I got to hop right in the trenches, editing articles and learning Photoshop. It was a blast, and I decided to stick with it. In fact, I never missed a meeting after that. Spending time at the paper exposed me to so many new ideas, viewpoints, and backgrounds. I really wanted to become an editor, and in the first semester of my sophomore year, I joined the features and lists squad. Soon after, I became an arts editor, and managed my beloved section for two years. Every minute in the print shop was a wonderful memory, mainly because of The Paper Pals.

Initially, I didn't think I'd make some of my closest friends at Fordham through the paper. While I would enjoy my time working on it, after production weekend wrapped up I wouldn't really give it much thought. That changed in my junior year, when we started having Paper Parties during each production weekend, full of silly shenanigans and the all-important

Thanks for the wonderful memories-- and yes they were great

snacks. Whether we were watching Scooby-Doo, playing board games, or listening to music, we all became closer friends and learned so much about each other. This made our time in the print shop so much more fun and helped add pages to everyone's

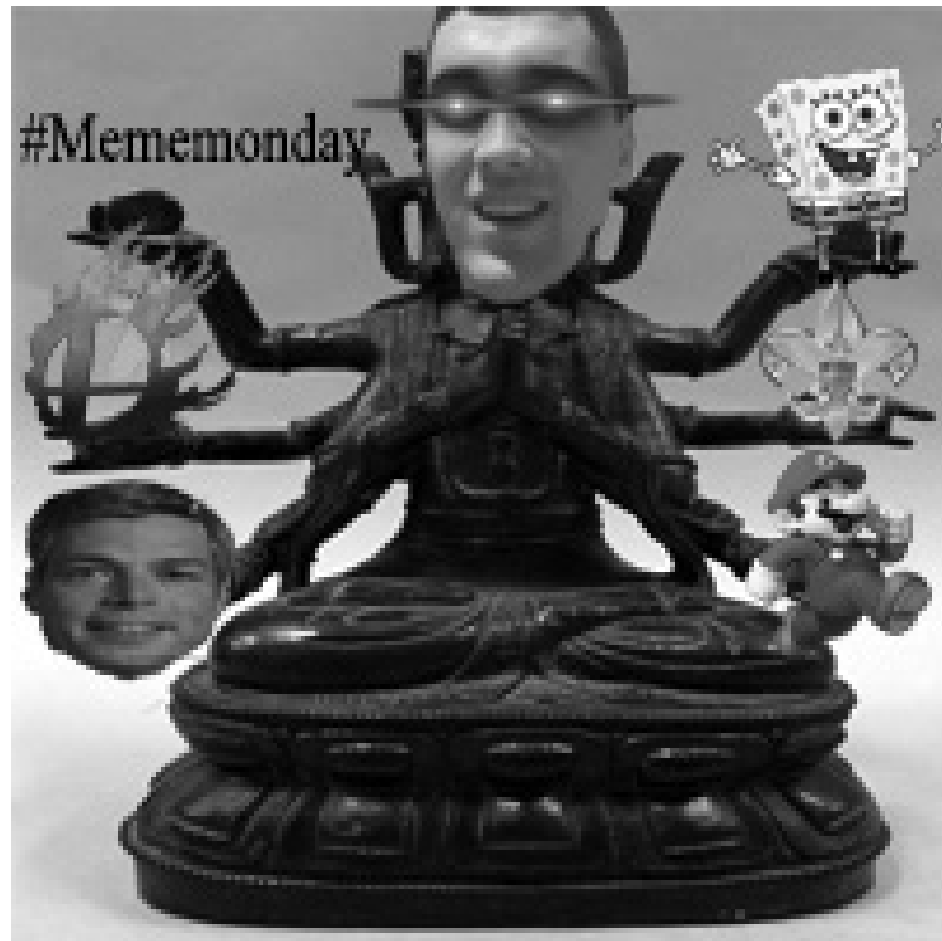
giving back for all the great times I had with you all.

Sometimes between classes, I walk into the print shop to read some issues we made together. Every time, I notice that no matter where I am standing or looking, I have a memory

the couch, I remember copy-editors straining their eyes to catch mistakes in printouts of each section. Walking out the door, I remember us heading to the Metro North station to travel to White Plains and see Thor: Ragnarok after production on a Friday. The print shop will always be my favorite place at Fordham, and I enjoyed every minute I spent in it.

Now I couldn't go through my entire deadit without mentioning Meme Monday, could I? Doing Meme Monday was always a ton of fun, and I was so happy to have the chance to share memes with the Fordham community. Meme Monday was originally supposed to be a one-time event, so I can't believe I was able to keep it going for two years! I'm glad I was able to pass it on after my time with the paper, and I know it's in good hands. Aside from Meme Monday, I always loved making memes for The Paper Pals, from the many war memes to making fun of Multi-Factor Authentication.

Anyway, being part of the paper has always been the best part about Fordham for me, and it's thanks to all of you. Thank you all for making my time at Fordham so special. I have so many memories of all the great times with The Paper Pals to hold on to after graduation. I'll always remember the fun we had together.



roasts. (I never got roasted...) Even beyond the Paper Parties, our other adventures, like our Logan trip and PaperFest, are memories I will never forget. PaperFest was my way of

about that spot. Standing in the center of the print shop, I remember all the conversations and discussions we'd get into when we turned our chairs away from our computers. Looking at



FRED ROGERS 2020
WE CAN FIGURE OUT THE DETAILS LATER

paid for by the PAC to resurrect Mr. Rogers



Declan is About to Get Mo' Bounce'd in Real Life

By Declan Murphy
News Deaditor

That's what happens when you graduate. You turn into Iggy.

How did I get started with the paper? The same way I did everything at Fordham: chaotically, and with little planning involved. Like many of you, I scrambled to sign up for and try every club I could as a freshman. I remember being enticed by the weird but welcoming energy of the paper, like some avant-garde collective pulled from the pages of a Jack Kerouac novel. My interest was always casual – I was far too inexperienced at Photoshop to help on any design issues, so I slowly worked my way in through Earwax reviews and the occasional op-ed.

By my junior year, though, I was a 'regular'. In what I would learn was a time-honored tradition, I was essentially drafted into always writing for news, as they were frequently scant on contributors. After writing for nearly every issue in the fall, I was asked to join as a copy editor the following semester. A few weeks later, with some slight staff changes, I was bumped up to Features and Lists. By the end of the semester, I was the News co-editor with Nick.

I've joked this before, but my time on the paper has been a series of unexpected and entirely unplanned promotions. As a copy editor, I imagined it to be a light time commitment, more of an excuse to joke around in the print shop. That's why I didn't mind too much switching up to F&L, in which my literal job was to make jokes and inane Photoshops. When I was bumped up to News, I was genuinely shocked. They wanted me to take this seriously?

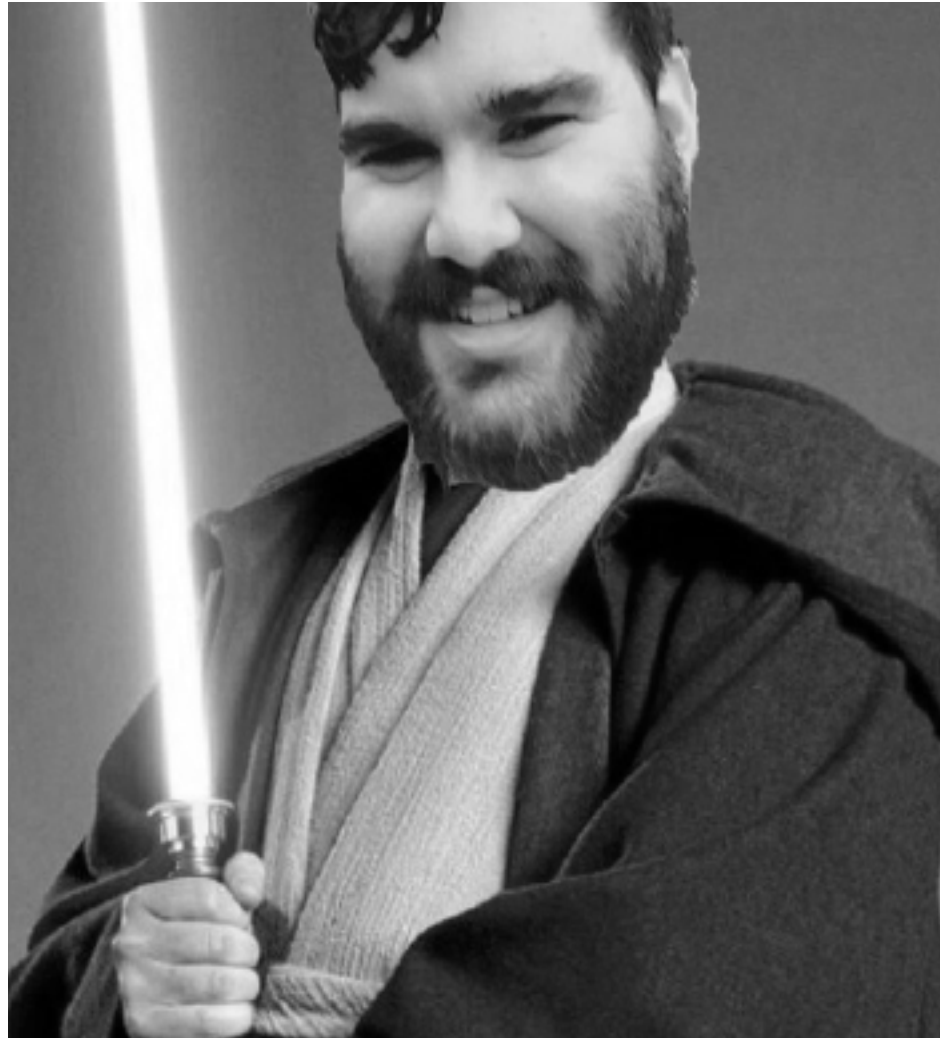
To be fair, we never took it all that seriously. That isn't to say we didn't work to put together an excellent issue every time – I'm very proud of many of the pieces the News team published, and our continued willingness to be a voice of dissent and discussion. But it was never a slog. This was no Spotlight, even at our news-iest; it was, at our most productive, Parks and Rec.

That's, of course, what really mattered. I stayed with the paper for as long as I did, and through whatever weirdness was going on

that week, because I was laughing my way through it with my best friends. I didn't mind spending 12-15 hours a weekend in the print shop because it felt like we were just hanging out. (This was especially true in the fall, where waiting our turn to use Photoshop made for long unproductive stretches.) In one of our sillier moments of useless procrastination, we literally stopped production to record a single episode of a podcast, discussing what fictional

me nostalgic. You'll notice that none of these are breaking hard-hitting stories, but alas, I was never much of a reporter.

- A full-page back cover during the halcyon days of the Unicorn frappuccino, proudly proclaiming "Smash the Statebucks";
- Matt's house in White Plains, and Hillary's first ever snowman just moments before Secret Santa;
- The knowing glances shared among cunning liars in a game of



drugs would be the best. Needless to say, there were not more episodes.

I can't put into words how much my friends at the paper have meant to me, even though that is what I'm supposed to be doing. Instead I'd like to present a weird collage of memories, a scrapbook of silliness and randomness. These are the things that make me smile, things that make me laugh, some that make me cry, and some that make

Secret Hitler;

- Getting lost in Harlem after BOTH the D and 4 trains were shut down; my phone dying literally as soon as I called the Uber; and all this just so we could see Logan in theaters?
- Staring at the clock on Martyr's lawn until I felt I could move again, totally unaware that Timeflies was already starting, after an eventful pre-show brunch;
- Loud and obscene

conversations in the caf at 1:00 in the afternoon;

- A party where we inexplicably decided the theme was flannels, and then took a bunch of punk-looking photos against a brick wall;
- "Maybe the true [blank] was [blank] all along";
- Nick, Rachel, Luis, and I deciding that the only way to properly talk about our current crises was to turn off the lights and take turns holding a candle to speak;
- "Mo Bounce";
- The 5th, 8th, 10th, and 12th time we watched the Infinity War trailer;
- During finals, me managing to write 1000 words on Dante while Nick and Rachel watched Civil War in the background;
- St. Patrick's Day 2018 (RIP me);
- Giant-sized Jenga at Clinton Hall, which I managed to make collapse every time;
- "Our icebreaker today is: are you ice or breaker?";
- Pages and pages of incomprehensible roasts;
- Michael Jack leaving a fan at my apartment that literally saved my no-AC-having ass all summer;
- The war with my archnemesis Br**** Ly***;

Last but not least, signing our final issues like yearbooks, trying to act like we weren't sad. Let's be real: we were. The point is, it's hard to say goodbye. It's hard to imagine that someone who was always there – a quick text or a five-minute walk away – will be out of arm's reach. That's hard to come to terms with. That said, I will never be anything but grateful for the memories I've made over the past few years. I'd like to thank my fellow seniors – Luis, Looby, Nick, Rachel, Michael Sheridan – for suffering through the madness with me (and, in some cases, contributing to my madness). You all are amazing, talented people, and I sincerely hope we never lose touch.

No matter what, though, as they famously said in Casablanca: "we'll always have the print shop."

The Self-Roast of Nick Peters: A Story of Nick and the paper

By Nick Peters
News Deaditor

Nick *definetly* cried-- that's why it took him so long to send this in

Well this is it I guess.

During sophomore year I decided to join the paper on a whim. One of my friends, Luis, had been trying and failing all year to get a bunch of our friend group to join this wonderful newspaper club. Eventually I caved in and decided to take the bullet.

I did have some interactions with this newspaper before then. In the early weeks of my first semester Freshman year, I picked up an issue. After laughing at some of what I was reading, and not being able to nail down whether or not it was satire, I thought about joining. I didn't. I also accompanied a friend to a meeting that second semester, but never went back.

Finally I joined, almost two years into my Fordham career. I went to a meeting and signed up for a bunch of articles. I was terrified the first time I ever went to the print shop, imagining an actual professional print shop with a giant printing press ripped straight out of the 1700s. I'm a little dumb sometimes. I still went in despite my stupid fear.

It was the best choice of my college career.

Since then, I have been a copy editor and a staff writer, a Copy Chief for a week until I became an Arts Editor with Matt, and then a News Editor first with Rachel (TEAM DEFINETLY) and then with Declan (TEAMNEWZ). And now I'm a deaditor. I also picked up a Treasurer position for the club along the way, which Siobhan and Kelly thought would be funny to give to me. I'm totally not bitter that this deadit is the first time the fact I held this position for more than a year has ever been referenced in anything paper related. Not bitter. At all.

I loved every second of working at the print shop, every aspect about working on producing the best possible section, and all my failures in doing so. From photoshopping and Microsoft painting some lovingly crafted fake ads to typing in interesting and hilarious captions and headlines, to even just banging my head against a wall trying to figure out InDesign, to writing the events

pages for arts and the fakers for news, all of this accompanied by our random bored hijinks in the shop. I've done a lot that I'm proud of here. Making the paper was hard. It was stressful. But I loved it because I had freedom and fun in making it. At the time, I would sometimes really hate going to the print shop. It would get in the way of my life. Now I miss it.

I have had many memorable experiences creating articles as well. I went slowly insane watching and

which was a lot more stress than you'd imagine, but I'm still proud of what I had created for the time it ran.

However, the best parts of the paper wasn't any of this. It's every single person in the club. These are some of my closest friends, as we slowly morphed from editors into a family. And a damn awesome one.

There are just too many fantastic memories with everyone. All the paper parties every production weekend, (which eventually became

really didn't. I loved how we would go to see movies together. There's the fact that I live with both former Editor-in-Chiefs, Luis and Looby. And then there's all the little things. Things such as just texting in our group chat, or the spinoff group chat that some of us were exiled to because we talked a little too much about movies and superheroes. When I would be alone over break, our dumb conversations would keep me sane.

Let's also not forget about our roasts of each other. Me roasting another editor (I'm sorry Papel Roe) led to the creation of a roast of me. These jerks eventually put over thirty different points on it, although a few were just acknowledging how long the list was. I keep it in my room now.

One day really jumps into my mind when I think about this group. During our last Christmas Paperfest, we had a secret Santa. I remember receiving a bowl sized mug with tequila shots and a bunch of other goodies in it. And then we signed everyone's paper covers, writing personal notes to each other on them. I was happy-sad looking at what my friends wrote for me. These were people who get me. I didn't have a lot of close friends growing up, and the ones that I did I never felt knew me. These guys did. I haven't really told anyone but I cried when I got home.

This deadit hurts to write, because this means its over. It would be stereotypical to say this not the end, because it is. But hey, sometimes things need to end. But you know what, I'd rather have had an amazing experience end, than to have never gone on it. And the best part is, the friends I've made will always be there. I mean, I'm writing this deadit while some of them are in my apartment right now watching a movie.

I guess this is goodbye. The last sentence I ever want to write for the paper is this. I love you guys.



then writing about every Superbowl ad from two Superbowls ago. I wrote a very long interview with Scott, where we discussed my newly found love of the strange world of professional wrestling which he helped me get into. I revisited my childhood when I watched and reviewed a horde of Godzilla movies. Heck, I wrote a Mac and Cheese recipe this summer that's delicious and everyone reading this deadit should try making it. I also started and ended a bi-weekly news column called the Damage Report

every weekend, and then every week). Going to Rachel's old and new apartments, going to Michael Jack's apartment, having people at my apartment. Hanging out, playing board games, having movie nights, getting ready to go out. Traveling up to White Plains to Matt's house for Paperfests, (side note: Thank you Mrs. Whittaker for your delicious cooking. Your brownies and other deserts kept us alive during production). I loved when we would get Sangria at Estrallitas, although my bank account

Rachel Has A LOT of Feelings So Here They Are

By Rachel Poe

Opinions Deaditor

If you know me, then you know that I transferred to Fordham after an extremely rough freshmen year at a little college in the middle of corn fields and a retirement community. Coming in for my sophomore year, I knew I would have to make changes if I was going to enjoy my time here. I signed up for maybe twenty different clubs but only one stuck. The paper was filled with the same kind of opinionated, dorky-ass people that I had been missing from my life. I started writing for them, started crashing production weekends, forcing them to like me and be my friends.

Then junior year rolled around. I was officially an editor and I was living by myself off-campus. I literally have no idea how this happened, but I started to invite people over to mine after production and thus paper parties were born. We would gather in my living room, around my coffee table that we painted one weekend, and drink and laugh and make memories. In the midst of everything else going wrong in my life, there was always this light coming our times together.

And like that I had a family at Fordham. A small group of assholes who like to play board games and watch movies about re-animated T-Rex's with Paul Walker's brain. We fought, sure, pissed each other off. A lot. But isn't that what a family is for? At the end of the day, I love you all and wouldn't know what to do with myself without you guys in my life.

So, now I'm going to take a moment to say something nice about everyone else because who cares about me? (You know there's too many of us when I have to check the fucking GroupMe to make sure I have everyone, god damn.) ((I'm making jokes so I don't get too emotional #holla))

To Kelly and Siobhan, Mom and Dad, lights in my life- I don't think I can thank you two enough. You made me feel special and important and never failed to bring a smile to my face. Thanks for your guidance and your encouragement and your shenanigans. I miss you guys!!!

To Luis and Looby, our (mostly) fearless leaders, thanks for being assholes

Did she cry writing this? Maybe. Okay, yes.

but like the good kind of assholes, you know? Y'all drove me and the rest of the paper to be better writers and journalists. Somehow, the admin thinks we're credible now and I think we all owe that to you guys.

To Colleen- COLL, my rock, my love, one of my oldest friends at Fordham. I miss you so much! Come back from France now pls, they've had you long



enough. You've put up with me as your co-editor twice now and honestly, shit would not have gotten done without you. Not only are you a great friend but positivity radiates off you and I hope that never changes.

To Declan- Holy fuck, you amaze me. You're driven and so intelligent and just an all around awesome person and friend. There's no one else I'd want to host a shitty little podcast with. I would say I'm sorry for roping you into the mess that is the paper and my life, but I would be lying.

To Nick- Oh, Nick Peters, somehow, we went from trying to kill each other in News to being best friends and I honestly wouldn't have changed any of it. Thank you for always being

there for me, even when I'm being an asshole (a.k.a. 90% of the time), and I promise to always be there for you.

To Michael Jack Jack Michael- Honestly, I don't think I can describe how proud of you I am. You've grown up so much in these past couple years and I'm, like, not afraid of giving you responsibilities anymore! Yay! Improvements! You're a pain in the ass but

Meme Lord. Matt, thank you for all of your kindness, your light-heartedness, and your mom's fantastic snacks. Whether it was during production or a paper party or even just a well-timed meme in the group chat, you always make me laugh. You're a great editor and an even better friend.

To Michael- The only reason why I make it to our class on Friday is because of you. I don't think I could handle a two-hour seminar on Friday afternoons without your snark. Even though you've never come to one of my paper parties (which, like, rude), it wouldn't have been the paper without you and your endless articles about art. I've learned more from you than Fordham at this point.

To Anna- I feel like I have to once again thank you for the Philosophy Club party incident and for that time I locked myself out of my apartment and you broke your ID trying to wiggle the door open, so I could get inside and stop my insanely overwhelming panic attack. Yeah, you've been there for me at some of my worst moments and we're still friends. Seriously, who's paying you? Is it my mom? It's totally my mom...

To Scott- There are few people I get as excited to see out as you. You always make me laugh and put up with my weirdness, especially when I'm being drunk and stupid. I'm still mad that you never come to paper parties anymore but it's fine. (No, it's not. Be in my life. K thanks.)

To Claire- Girl, you've been killing it from day one at the paper. One of these days you're going to take over the world. Never forget that.

To all the new editors- you guys are the future of this little shitty publication we care so much about. Treat it well, keep its integrity, and put yourself into it. I can't promise it will always be rainbows and sunshine, but you have a family here. Cherish it.

And with that, I say peace out, Fordham! George Washington, get ready.

you're my little brother so I can say that with love.

To Hillary- LITTLE! I love you and you're one of the best things this weird-ass publication has brought into my life. I still think of that night we played pizza box and we both revealed that we had friend-crushes on each other, it literally made my year. You're amazing and paint my world with glitter and dope ass poetry.

To Meredith- Mere-Bear! I feel like I've watched you blossom at the paper. You shine rainbows and memes and I love it. There's no one else I would trust with the future of the paper, I know you're only going to keep making it better and better.

To Matthew- Bow down to the

Anna Found Her Place at *the paper*-- Even If It Took A Minute or Two

By Anna PK
Copy Deaditor

Moral of the story: listen to Luis, ALWAYS

I joined the paper late in my college career. After being prodded since my Freshman year by various friends, I finally started writing for the paper in my first semester of Junior year. By second semester I found myself Copy Chief and with a great new group of friends. Even better, I was able to indulge my desire to work with others on their writing, and through that improving my own. A little over once a month I would cram myself into a small McGinley and edit the writings of our many great contributors. I got to learn the many voices of our writers, and did my best to maintain these lovely voices while shaping them into the articles that hopefully

As I have told the lovely people now in charge, who have ever so patiently waited for this to come in, I am not the best with my words when I get all sentimental

many of you readers have enjoyed. Working for the paper has cemented my desire to continue helping others with their writing, and for that I will be eternally grateful.

In addition to working with the voices of others, the paper truly let me explore my own. I have been

able to write about a multitude of my seemingly unrelated interests, from makeup, metal, social issues, and, possibly my favorite, why my roommate should really, really let me have a giant omnivorous lizard. It is hard to imagine getting the same

friends and memories, and being without it this semester has left me directionless, wondering what to do with all my sudden free time (apply for jobs, the answer is apply for jobs). If I had known all the great relationships I would form and fun I would have I

bugging them to join, listen to them). I have been trained in the art of several different board games since joining, and have spent seemingly never ending nights engaged that managed to less than seamlessly combine politics, the arts, and ever present memes, and am quite sad to see these times coming to an end.

As I have told the lovely people now in charge, who have ever so patiently waited for this to come in, I am not the best with my words when I get all sentimental and feel myself chocking up a little. It seems that feeling which makes it hard to vocalize words also makes it difficult to write them. For some reason. Even though the throat has almost nothing to do with my hands' ability to type. Emotions are nonsensical like that. Luckily, I have been have assured that my lack of words can be made up for with a large picture, which is worth about a thousand or so (hardy har, I know the joke is just cheesy at this point). While I may not be able to convince my professors this technically puts me over my word count, I hope you all will accept the excuse. I will miss my time here greatly, but always remember it fondly. I am forever grateful to have had this opportunity, and will you all a fond farewell and great (except you, who knows who they are). Please enjoy the photo selected to make up for my lack of proper words.



level of freedom and encouragement to talk about all these different topics anywhere else.

the paper gave me many great

would have joined when Luis first started asking me to come way back in Freshman (to any Freshman or Sophomores who have a friend



Sporps with Scott Will Live On Forever and Ever

By Nick Peters
News Deaditor

Our only sports column ever was done by Scott and Scott only

I think the strangest part about writing this is that I still can't believe I actually even started writing for a Fordham campus newspaper. I waited until the beginning of my junior year to even try. I have some pretty vivid memories of my first paper meeting: one, I was terrified and two, I had way too many ideas. I actually managed to get two articles in my very first issue. The first was a very pretentious pre-review of a month's worth of films and the second was a really embarrassing opinion piece about how much I loved wrestling. It's okay, I had thought, I just wanted to get it out of my system. No more wrestling from there on out. If you know me at all or have followed my work for any period of time, you're probably laughing right now. It's okay; I am too. I have continued to write a LOT about wrestling since that pitiful article and I am very happy to report that it was not all garbage. I remember meeting our incredible editors from last year, Siobhan and Kelly, but I actually don't remember meeting what would become my real paper fam for about a year.

I'm not exactly sure how best to go over my time with the paper and the wonderful people that make it up. I guess I'll just run through some fond memories. I remember the first time I got to hold one of my printed articles in my hands, enchanted by an incredible John Cena Photoshop. I remember where I was when I got the email asking me to be a copy editor – standing in the living room of the yellow house near Pugsley's.

I remember our incredible paper Brunch during the Spring Weekend last year, especially the dumb amount of mimosas I imbibed. I remember my

that featured a pretty intense snowball fight. I remember sitting on the stools outside of Blue Goose with Rachel Poe. I remember finding out John

green and blue. I remember Declan wearing an awesome vintage Star Wars shirt and instantly wanting to be his friend because of it. I remember being terrified of Meredith and her Moth Man Memes. I remember being shocked and thrilled when Luis read my first Sporps column and laughed out loud. I remember Hillary enthusiastically telling me her dad loves Stone Cold Steve Austin. I don't remember much about Michael Jack Jack Michael. I'm still trying to wrap my head around him.

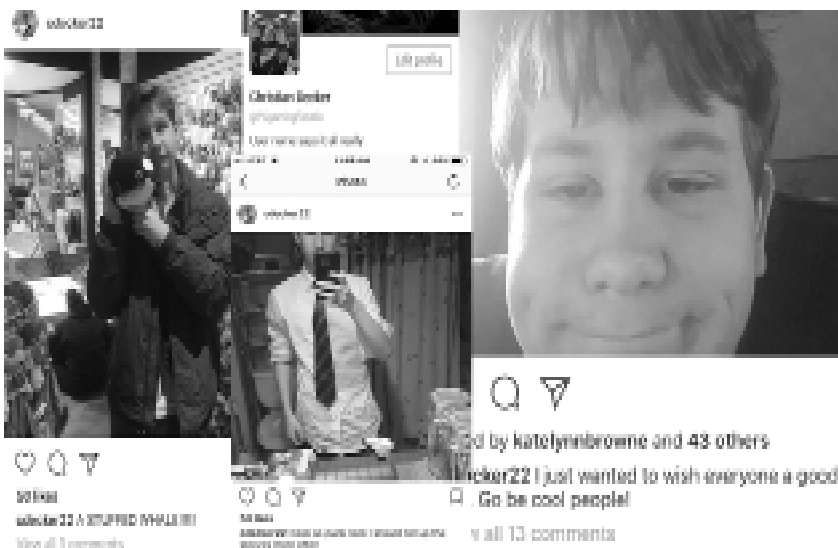
I'm not really reaching all that far back for these memories; they're still pretty fresh. But that's not the reason I'm writing them down. I don't want to ever forget these people and these memories. So I guess this "deadit" is more so a record than anything.

I'll close with a final thank-you to everyone for your friendship, your time, your interest, your support, and – most importantly – your being part of the paper. This was one of the best decisions I've ever made, and not just at Fordham.



first attempt at a Photoshop ad – for some senior night basketball game (the joke is truly not worth repeating). I remember each time our incredible Matt Whitaker invited us over to his home, specifically our most recent trip

Looby had a real-life tattoo (and it and his new one are fantastic). I remember the day Nick Peters told me he realized he liked wrestling. I remember Colleen telling us that every time she eats M&M's the last two need to be



48 likes

cdecker22 When you're Catholic but Black Metal is life (yes I know Slayer isn't black metal) #blackmetal #halloween

A Soft Spot for *the paper*: Melody and the paper

By Melody Knight-Brown
Opinions Deaditor

She learned a lot

When I first joined the paper it was an eclectic group of individuals who although different in many ways (race, political orientation, gender, sexual orientation, etc.) were alike insofar as they were incredibly kind, thoughtful, and generous to each other, to those of aspirate opinions, and especially to those seeking some sort of family here on campus. Like a family we supported each other in our individual lives and endeavors as we branched out to explore other parts of our college careers and then twice a month, we'd come "home" to the print shop to spend an, at times miserable but for the most part enjoyable, 72 hours locked together in the McGinley basement.

When we graduated Mom (Zoe) and Dad (Ali) and the rest of who I still think of as my seniors, I thought this community who continue in the same vein only with new people, and it did to a degree. The paper still provided a home for those searching for one but it also became cliqueish and insular. If you did not give your life wholly to

the paper you were in many ways not part of the "group." If you did not have the same beliefs about things

you entirely or not at all, and I having always been busy with other things felt myself slowly pushed out. The



and people, if you did not subscribe to the new paper clique, you were judged and rejected. It swallowed

final straw was when I started hearing people were being explicitly excluded from so-called paper parties or paper-

events. Because they weren't paper people. Whatever the hell that meant. It was a different group that the one I joined and I wanted nothing to do with this new creation. So I left. But

I still have a soft spot for the paper I remember and the one I know it can be. The one of free speech on a highly censored campus. The one that despite being of free speech took a stand against certain viewpoints that were intolerant or hurtful and worked with those writers to try to find less offensive ways to express themselves. We need that more than ever in this social political climate and I'm sure the paper has always been the only space I've seen on campus where that is even a possibility.

Shoutout to Our Deaditors

Dear Deaditors,

Hey there. How is goin', bein' a senior and stuff? Is it weird? It is totally weird for us. We don't really know where or how to start. Well, I guess we'll miss you. Your ultimate creativity, generosity, humor, and intellect have made the paper what it is currently. Let's not act for a hot second that creating this publication has not been completely controlled chaos. Those late Sunday nights in the dismal McGinley basement, those unnecessarily late 250 word articles, the completely irresponsible Saturday nights on the town, the late start to all of our meetings, the "polite" conversations with our best pal, Dean Rodgers. These are all a part of our "creative process." At the end of the weekend, we could always have a tangible paper product that we could be proud of or use for warmth in our fireplaces-- that we very obviously do not have.

You guys are not just friends; you are also mentors to us creatively. We have had so many memories with each other that really don't need to be spilled out here. We are eternally grateful for your friendship, time, and your writing. We are inspired by your individuality and courage to work on this publication. It is not easy to work together sometimes, but hey, we did it-- rather successfully.

Thank you for giving us such a great publication to work with and for big shoes to fill. We are excited to carry on the paper's legacy. We promise, you will not be disappointed.

xoxo,

Claire, Colleen, MJJM and the rest of the paper

ETL: EDDIE'S, TAN, LAUNDRY

UNCENSORED

