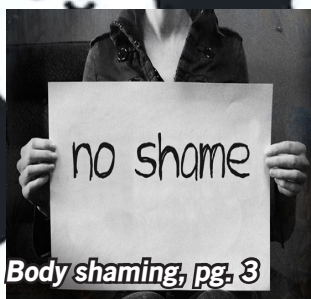


Sex, Drugs, & everything

the Jesuits don't
want you to know

THE
PAPER
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the paper

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the paper is Fordham's journal of news, analysis, comment and review. Students from all years and disciplines get together biweekly to produce a printed version of *the paper* using Adobe InDesign and publish an online version using Wordpress. Photos are "borrowed" from Internet sites and edited in Photoshop. Open meetings are held Tuesdays at 9:00 PM in McGinley 2nd. Articles can be submitted via e-mail to paper.fordham@gmail.com. Submissions from 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 sexy halloween costume are you?"

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HANG WITH US

MEETINGS

TUESDAY AT 9 P.M.

MCGINLEY 2ND

Ramhub

The SEction

Body Shaming in the Bedroom

by Anonymous

Staff Body Positivist

When someone is attracted to you romantically, you would think that he/she/they would think you're perfect in every way, shape, and form, right? Well, no. I certainly thought so, but I was in for a rude awakening. Really, it was super rude.

For a short time my sophomore year, I was seeing a senior. We met on Tinder, and our relationship was for the most part, only sexual in nature. I was far more attracted to him than he was to me. I would often sneak off to his rather messy and tiny apartment randomly during the school day. For some weird reason, he was always free. Looking back as a senior now, I think is super strange because I never have a moment to breathe. One day when I was over at his apartment, this guy was acting rather strange towards me. He was very aloof and inconsiderate.

We were kissing and he leaned back. He asked me what I thought his favorite feature of mine was. I told him that my exes and past hookups were often a fan of my derriere. He scoffed in my face. He told me that his ex was a swimmer and had a far more rotund behind than mine and it was well, nicer. He proceeded to say these degrading comments while we were together that day. While we were in the act, he had the audacity to call me fat.

Yes, he called me fat.

Body confidence has never come easy to me. Bullying during my middle school years still haunt me.

I am 5'3 and I weigh 120 pounds. As most people do, I carry some weight on

Why you shouldn't be an asshole to your sexual partners

my hips and belly, but I like the way I look. Body confidence has never come easy to me. Bullying during my middle school years still haunt me. My chest developed earlier than some others. Two girls I thought were my friends came up to me at a friend's birthday party and asked me what my bra size



was in front of several boys. In high school, I did not eat real food for three weeks before prom. I weighed less than 100 pounds by the night of the dance. I still look in the mirror sometimes and hate the way I look.

This guy saying I was fat revived these horrible feelings. As I was leaving that afternoon, he asked me what was wrong. I said nothing and left. Sex is such an intimate act and, for me, allowing for someone to see me

like that is extremely vulnerable. I am still affected by his words. It was just a reminder that I do not like the way I look sometimes. I let him see me in my most vulnerable state and he crushed my confidence.

My S.O. after him could never understand why I was so body

wrapped me in love and understanding, allowing for us to connect further. My last S.O. always complimented not just my body or beauty, but also my wit and personality. For the first time in a long time, I felt loved. He not only complimented my body, but also my inner beauty. He provided me with love and support that I so desperately needed. And although we are no longer together, he showed me that all of those people in the past are real jerks. I don't have to spend time with people who make me feel horrible about any part of myself.

Why are we going to shame people for how they look, act, or identify? It is just cruel—especially when they allow themselves to be vulnerable. We need to love and uplift each other, and most importantly, never call anyone fat! We are all beautiful. Beauty standards are archaic and damaging. Yes, it is hard to not compare ourselves to pictures in magazines and movie, but if we hold ourselves accountable we can work to change how we see beauty. Again, it is hard to do, but making a conscious effort makes a difference.

I am far happier with my body today than when I was a lowly sophomore. I can't believe that I ever listened to that guy, but I learned from the experience. And what happened to him? Well, let's just say that when he texted me a few months ago saying he wanted to hang out, I told him I am not interested in spending time with people who make me feel bad about myself.

conscious. He couldn't conceive why I always chose the lowest calorie option, why I had to run and exercise constantly, or why I couldn't stay at his parent's house for dinner. I didn't want to open up about my extreme appearance anxiety, but I had to. I told him everything: the middle school drama, the weeks of severe calorie deficits, the shitty senior. I let myself be vulnerable in a different way. He

A Treatise Against Grindr & its Disservice to the LGBT+ Community

by Anonymous
Staff Erstwhile Grindr

The first few weeks of college are a whirlwind for every new freshman. Endless parties, tons of new friends, and a chance to break away from whomever you were in high school. It's a fresh start, a place for reinvention and creativity. For many students, it's also a chance to explore their sexuality. For many straight students that may mean downloading Tinder or Bumble onto their phones. However, for many gay and bisexual men that exploration is often done through Grindr.

Dating apps, in general, are important to the LGBT+ community for a number of reasons. Firstly, LGBT+ people are estimated to be at most 5-10% of the population. This means that 90-95% of the people that an LGBT+ person might be attracted to would be biologically incapable of feeling anything romantic in return. Therefore, dating apps (such as Grindr but also Tinder and Bumble with certain settings enabled) serve as a way for LGBT+ people to know conclusively what their options are. In effect, they serve as "Safe Spaces" for LGBT+ people to explore their sexuality with like-minded people without the awkwardness or uncomfortability they may face in a non-mobile heterosexual-dominated space. In this sense, dating apps are in fact a boon for LGBT+ individuals. However, the way they are set up and work makes them downright unpleasant for these very same individuals.

LGBT+ people connect with each other through a number of dating apps; Tinder, Bumble, Grindr etc.... As previously mentioned, each of these apps have their own issues. With that being said, Grindr is by far the worst out of the bunch. Firstly, as an app targeted exclusively towards gay and

Racism and aggression prevent the app from being a gay safe space

bisexual men its userbase is obviously almost exclusively men. Due to the almost aggressive sexuality that our society dictates men should have, this makes Grindr a very, very aggressive sexual space. In addition, a large portion of the userbase is composed of older men. This would be fine, except that many (not a majority, but certainly a large minority) of these men send messages to college-aged users on this app. These messages usually

organs as their opening message to other users.

Although apps like Tinder and Bumble can also oftentimes be uncomfortable, especially for women, this level of sexual aggression is unique to Grindr. Furthermore, due to their status as a sexual minority, many white Grindr users feel more comfortable airing their racial preferences for sexual

glance, relatively unrelated factors can be correlated to each other because dating apps (and social media) in general feed off of people's insecurities. Specifically, whenever one gets a like on Instagram or a match on Tinder they feel a little happier, at least immediately afterward. People with poor mental health and sense of self, crave this sort of attention. And apps like Grindr, Tinder, and Bumble give this sort of momentary self-esteem boost to people. This is why even though Grindr is such a uniquely disgusting app, it still has such a large and active user base. This is also helped by the fact that there are no other really active gay-friendly dating apps in existence. For these reasons, LGBT+ people still use Grindr in large numbers.

However, this app has managed to squander its opportunity to provide a safe space for LGBT+ men, and instead serves as an active cesspool of racism and virulently-aggressive male sexuality.

act for sexual favors or sexual favors in exchange for cash. For example, a typical message from one of these individuals might be "if you blow me, I'll give you \$100.00". This might be okay to a lot of people, as evidenced by the popularity of sites such as www.seekingarrangements.com. However, it is certainly disconcerting to receive messages such as that on an app that is at least in theory similar to services such as Tinder and Bumble. On that point, users can expect to not only receive unwanted virulently sexual messages from older men, but from the general userbase as well. Specifically, many users send pictures of their sexual

partners on their profile. Specifically, a common phrase in people's bios on this app is "No Blacks/Asians etc... ". Again, this sort of active outward racism is rarely found on apps such as Tinder and Bumble. With this being said, why do so many gay and bisexual men continue to use Grindr?

Dating app usage amongst LGBT+ men can be correlated to the poor mental health and various mental illnesses (most commonly anxiety and depression) that many gay and bisexual men suffer from, due to societal pressures. These two, at first



Speak Up! Why Vocalizing Your Needs Is Important

by Olivia Langenberg
Features and Lists Editor

There you are, sprawled out on Mike from Finite Math's twin bed. You never thought you'd get here. What began as an innocent invitation to study has become a hot and heavy sexual encounter. Mike is hot as hell, so let's go full speed ahead. Plus, Mike insists he's really good at giving head. Alright, let's see what he's got. Wait, no. That ain't it. What the fuck is going on? Mike has no idea what he's doing. What are you gonna do? Lay there and just wait it out? Pretend you're into it? NO, you're gonna show Mike who's boss and tell him what to do.

Here's the thing. Sex can be incredibly awesome, incredibly awful, or kind of just, eh. It's super important to be transparent with your partner about what's going on. If it isn't working, say something! It's a complete waste of your time to just lay there and stare at the ceiling while Mike fumbles around, thinking he's an absolute boss. But, that being said, vocalize what is going well, too. If you're into the way Mike

A little awkwardness is better than bad sex

is nibbling on your ear, let him know. Odds are, he'll do that again in future encounters. So, if you let him know what he's doing wrong, HOPEFULLY he won't make the same mistake twice.

Know that you have a voice in your sexual encounters. It might seem a little uncomfortable to have to tell your partner that they're not quite pleasing you, but it's a far better alternative to having terrible sex.

So let's go back to the scene. Mike is there between your legs. Whatever he's doing, it's awful. Maybe he's using too much teeth. Maybe he has no concept of the clitoris. Nonetheless, you're a lifeless corpse in this situation. He thinks he's doing a phenomenal job, and you aren't feeling a goddamn thing. Here's what you can do. Say,

"Hey Mike, less teeth. Go a little slower." Then, when he gets it right, give him the affirmation. "That's it." Sometimes you have to spell it out for your partner.

Know that you have a voice in your sexual encounters. It might seem a little uncomfortable to have to tell your partner that they're not quite pleasing you, but it's a far better alternative to having terrible sex. You should genuinely enjoy the experience, not fake it or think that's the best you're going to get. Sometimes there just isn't chemistry there, and you can't help that. But if you really have faith in Mike from Finite Math, you've gotta have these awkward conversations. Expect the same from him in return! "Hey Mike is this good?" Not to mention, silent sex is so fucking weird. If you can't be vocal with your partner, maybe you're not having sex with the right person.

I don't want to shame people who have sex with many different people, though. You don't have to be sleeping with the same person in order to still

get what you want out of sex. If you want to have a one night stand with some girl from Tinder, there's no reason you can't tell her what's good and what isn't. If your main goal when hanging out with someone is to fuck, then cut to the chase and get what you want. "Hey Mariah, could you go a little faster? Harder?"

Writing this article is kind of a note to myself. The last sexual experience I had could have been largely improved if I would've opened my mouth and let the person know that I wasn't having a great time. Instead of sadly staring out the window of my Uber on the way home, maybe I could've been texting all my friends letting them know how amazing the sex I just had was. Please do yourself a favor and talk things out with the person you're hooking up with. Unpleasant sex? Not in my house.

Sexile: What to do when your roommate "needs the room"

by Zahir Quader
Staff Sexile

Hey readers what's up, it's me, Zahir. As you know this special version of the paper about Sex, Drugs, and Rock and Roll was invented by Marxists to sell auto insurance to the deep state. This article though is stuff to do when your roommate "needs the room." We all know that text, you're eating tacos on a Saturday night and your phone buzzes. You take it out and read the four magic words "I need the room." Your roommate is getting lucky, getting weird, taking the 9 o'clock train to Pound Town, with stops at the Bone Zone, Tremont, Melrose and Harlem 125th street. Now instead of playing Fallout New Vegas for the third time (#EasterEgg). You actually have to LEAVE THE ROOM! This concept while unheard of in modern society, can lead to some fun new adventures. This outside time can give you a whole new world to explore, you can go have a meal at Cosi only to realize the line is too long, then head to Urban only to realize the line is too long, and then

Zahir has some feelings about getting sexiled all the time

you can read this sentence and realize, the line is too long. Then you go back to Cosi only to wait a 45 minutes because they forgot your order so instead you decide to see what's lampus (New word just like Shakespeare, I am



a literary genius!) in the campus. Many of the banished have used this opportunity to explore and discover the darkest secrets of campus. Currently there is a search for the lost tomb of Father McShane, rumor has its filled to the brim with educational Jesuit

advice and \$10 Duane Reade gift card from 2015. It is said that those who stumble upon it are doomed to a 20 minute lecture about responsibility and Jesuit values. Even better though, this situation has given you the opportunity

to branch out and try something new (and real, I mean seriously everyone knows the only tomb on campus is that of Father Byron Antioch the Third). You can join lots of fun clubs and explore new hobbies, in an effort to really get to

know yourself. I personally recommend this new club, Dungeons, Sex, or Dragons. Besides mild food poisoning from all the sub-par food, all the new clubs and activities you have signed up for you get to meet lots of cool people and make lots of new friends (many of which you can invite to your Dungeon Game). Being around people with similar interests is quite rewarding and you will be able to make deep connections that last a lifetime. Also, I highly recommend the idea of starting a Twitter blog detailing all of the random ideas you have in your head, unless you were banned from Twitter because of that one thing you said about Kermit the Frog's involvement with the Panama Papers (I mean seriously he's green, money is green). The most important thing to remember about sexile though is that it is not permanent, and usually lasts about 5 minutes and after your experiences in the wild who was really the one who got lucky.

Why Are Queefs Edited Out of Porn?

by Anonymous
Staff Porn Truther

Whether you watch it or not, we have (for the most part) come to the general consensus that pornography creates unrealistic expectations of sex. The exaggerated, glamorized bodies (most porn actors have a strict diet and workout regimen, have plastic surgery, or use steroids), the ridiculous and improbable scenarios (my stepmom caught me having sex with the girl next door's goldfish and decided to join!) and the basic subject matter has been created for shock value rather than to accurately depict everyday sexual encounters. This has caused many people to confuse the performance of a porn star with what actually happens when you have sex. Many critics of pornography have pointed out the danger of this artificial illusion created by adult films. However, there always seems to be one common element of sexual intercourse that is neglected by both the mainstream porn industry and its critics: queefs.

For those of you who do watch porn, how many times have you seen or heard a queef that has been captured on film? Think about it. Really. Most likely, your answer is never. Not taking the films of the queef fetish community into consideration, your average, run-of-the-mill professional porn will not contain any queefs. Why? Because they are edited out.

Queefs, otherwise known as “vagina farts,” occur when air pockets trapped in the vaginal canal escape, creating a noise that sounds very similar to a fart, except it’s not a fart.

Before we delve deeper into this issue, let’s talk a little bit about what exactly a queef is and why it happens. Queefs, otherwise known as “vagina farts,” occur when air pockets trapped in the vaginal canal escape, creating a noise that sounds very similar to a fart, except it’s not a fart. Unlike farts, queefs have no odor because they’re just made out of air, whereas farts are a combination of carbon dioxide,

Happy Queefing!

hydrogen sulfide, and a whole bunch of other smelly chemicals. Queefing is extremely common, even though some women say they have never experienced it before. As a personal owner of a vagina, there is one thing I know about queefs for sure: once they start, there is no way of stopping them. Queefs are not like that silent fart you hold in during yoga and let out in teeny tiny



increments so the person behind you doesn’t pass out while doing a downward dog. There is virtually no way of controlling how or when it happens. They most commonly occur during sexual intercourse, because having something (fingers, guy parts, sex toys) repeatedly enter and exit the vagina causes a lot of air pockets to get trapped. They can also occur during exercise, or whenever the body is contorted in a way that allows air to get up in there!

Going back to porn, there is a plethora of things that get edited out of adult films, including but not limited to: “warm-up” talking between actors, laughing, crying, bleeding, sneezing, stomach growling (porn stars prepping for anal sex do not eat 4-12 hours before a shoot), Viagra popping, makeup retouching, farting, and choking

(when it’s it not intended). Can you guess what is the number one thing that gets edited out? Queefs! For a majority of mainstream porn, cutting out queefs has just become basic protocol for editors. However, the main reason that a director consciously has queefs edited out is simply due to the fact that they sound far too similar to farts, making them too unattractive for the glamorous world of porn. Maybe if they sounded as alluring as the other wonderful sex sounds they would make the cut. Additionally, porn actresses have shared that a majority of queefing usually occurs during the changing of sex positions, which is a part of porn that is already widely edited out due to time restrictions.

While we already know that pornography films create unhealthy, idealized expectations of sex (ideal bodies, ideal orgasms, etc.) the editing out of queefs, despite how common they are, has caused many people to think negatively of them. Most articles surrounding queefs refer to them as “shameful” or “embarrassing” events that need to be “recovered” from before sex can resume. Many people still confuse queefs with an actual fart. On the bright side, most people who were asked to comment on queefs for such articles said they don’t think anything of them; however, there still lies a significant group of people, men and women alike, who find them to be gross, embarrassing, and in some cases, unhealthy or unnatural.

All in all, it’s always good to remember that porn is not real: it is a business. Having sex should be enjoyable, without having to feel embarrassed about things that are 100% normal. Queefs are normal. Sex can be beautiful and romantic, and it can also be weird and laughable, but it should always be fun. Happy queefing!

Reader Than Fact

by Natalie Portman

My Night at Fordham

David and Jack were too scared to actually include this in their Suits article, but I’m here to set the record straight. Yes, Suits heard correctly that I hooked up with a member of the Fordham Rugby team while visiting a friend who went to Fordham.

My friend, an old neighbor from my pre-fame childhood, told me that there was only one place to go on a Friday night at Fordham: Mugz’s. After the Star Wars prequels, I was pretty recognizable, so I was surprised that I went relatively unrecognized at Fordham,. Usually, guys were always trying to shoot their shots and nerds always wanted me to hear their opinion on how the prequels ruined the franchise, like I gave a flying fuck what they thought. The bouncer, later identified simply as “Suits,” also didn’t recognize me. But, he must’ve been told by someone because he later kept referring to me as “Queen Amidala” and “Your highness.” For some unknown reason, there was a drunk guy running around and hitting all the girls with a big black dildo. I went to Harvard, not Yale, so I wasn’t used to this sort of tomfoolery. I kindly asked this “Suits” person to stop the drunk boy and apparently, the kid was one of Mugz’s bartenders and it was his night off.

Long story short, I went back to an apartment with an unremarkable guy, but we didn’t do anything more than make out.

Also, I should’ve won an Oscar for Jackie and you all know it.

The Clitoris Diaries and the Quest for Great Sex

by Anonymous
Staff Nympho

What's the best kind of sex? The results are in

I wish there was a right way to have sex—a perfect, works-every-time method for how to have the best sex of your life. A position? Type of partner? Emotional connection? There are so many articles claiming hook up sex is the best, but just as many saying relationship sex is the only way. I had to find out the truth.

This past summer, I orchestrated a kinky research project that experimented with every variable that defines sex: age, friendship, alcohol, protection, position, etc. I had been in long-term relationships for the past five or so years and only knew that deep, committed kind of sex, but there is so much more out there. I had never participated in hookup culture! Not exactly a bucket list staple, but it was an experience I craved before graduation. College is the only time in your life you're surrounded by hot people your same age; you gotta take advantage.

I went out into the world in search of good dick, and boy did I find it. In order to document my odyssey, I started a video series for my eyes only entitled The Clitoris Diaries modeled after the Vagina Monologues. These *dun dun* are their stories:

The experiment began with enthusiasm but was off to a slow start. I went a week with no success, and eventually reached out to a friend of mine. I was very upfront about what I wanted which took him off guard, but I think it was a breath of fresh air compared to the mind games of Mugz. So, my first college hookup was with a guy who grew up a town over from me. Weird at first? Yes. But not weird enough considering we hooked up 10 times in 7 days. It was rough, emotionless, and borderline hate sex, but it got

me hooked on hook up culture. It was invigorating, but I was still too hesitant to make a move on someone I didn't know. When Saturday night rolled around, I was drunk and glittery and reached out to a friend to set me up on a blind hook up. (Looking back on it, I don't know how I was ever ok with this but

One time we just did funny accents for half an hour! With each new partner, I came to the realization that I can't have sex totally devoid of emotion. I didn't need romance, but I needed the friendship. It was never just one night.

I only hooked up with one total stranger who I found on Tinder when I went home for a couple of days (I'm

bedframes, and accidentally leaving my granny panties at his apartment. I wanted to die. Scream, and then die. Thank goodness, he has a sense of humor. Oddly enough, he was the only one where I'd walk home imagining it could be something more, something other than sex and pillow talk. He's the kind of person you write poetry about when your mind wanders.

And then I had a pregnancy scare. Not a cute little one where your period is a day late, but a real one. Like who's-the-dad-and-period-a-week-late kind of bad and it destroyed me. I stayed up for 24 hours straight just staring at the wall and crying when I wasn't dehydrated from crying hours before. I thought through every scenario, every possibility, and all I could do was lie on the bathroom floor and wait. Something primitive and instinctual changed inside me: I was suddenly not the most important person in my narrative. Two days later, I got my period.

After that experience, it was time to end the journey. I am currently in a relationship again, and it's a whole different kind of adventure. It might be less exciting, but it's meaningful, vulnerable, and makes me feel whole without ever having felt incomplete. I haven't seen the whole spectrum of sex, but I've seen a good amount and I leave you with my findings:

1. Sex is funny! It's gross and wet and nothing is ever perfect. The best moments are laughing at mistakes together and offering total honesty. Being goofy makes it easier to connect with the other person, which often leads to better sex :)

2. There is no perfect way. The only tip I have is to know what you want and what you're comfortable with. There are SO MANY different ways to have a good time, which is way better than one perfect way.

Get out there, make friends, experiment.



desperate times). Anyway, he set me up with a friend of his, and we had a great night! We met up sporadically for the next two weeks after that, too. Hooking up with someone you don't know adds a whole new sensual nature to sex, not knowing what to expect from their hands or their words. The unpredictability makes every touch tingle with surprise, which only makes you want more. I got to know him through touch first, words after.

There were a couple people like this, where we became friends while hooking up and got to know each other through pillow talk. One guy told me about philosophy and music, another played me his own

very efficient). We went on a date, hooked up, but then stayed up until 8am talking about everything from love to pasta to Ken Burns. And then did it again the next night. It was a perfect 48-hour bubble of straddling that line between hot sex and love—it got hard to tell the difference. Also, that was the first time I ever used lube and WOAH, game changer! Buy lube immediately.

Speaking of lube, we've come to the sexual mishaps section of this journey! Oddly enough, most of the mistakes and awkward moments happened to be with the same person, which SUCKED because he was the CUTEST OF THEM ALL. I'm talking ripped condoms, loud queefs, sneezing in his face, broken

SEX and the Campus

NEW YORK IS MY CAMPUS. FORDHAM IS MY SCHOOL.

*I couldn't help but wonder,
Was I hooked on hook-up culture?*



DRUGS



Drugs with Dog Filters: Snapchat Changes the Game for Dealers

By Anonymous
Staff Snap Lord

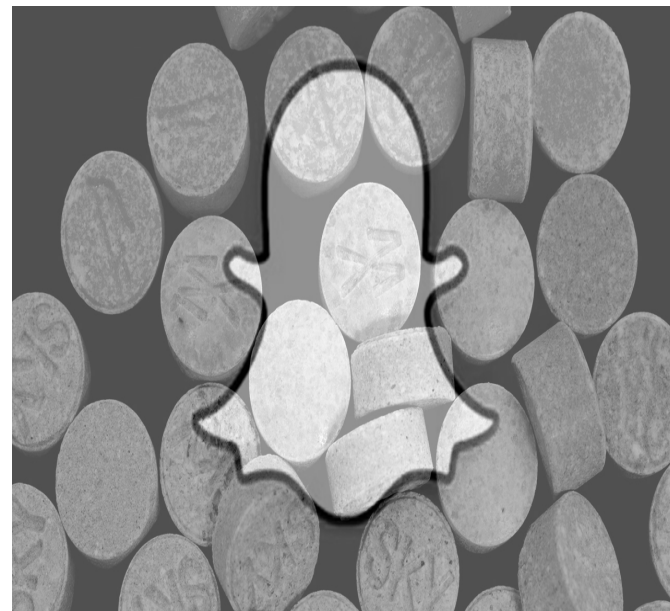
In the sentence after this one, I'm just going to define Snapchat in the simplest terms I can think of. Snapchat: a messaging app that allows users to share self-deleting captioned photos and videos, both privately and among discrete, one-way networks. Now, who do you think might want to use such an app?

Not that selling drugs on social media is anything new. Just look at group chats, Facebook Messenger, WhatsApp, and whatever else college students use and you'll see people pimping out their prescriptions like it was legal. Facebook Messenger even has a built-in function for sending and receiving payments. But usually drug sales on these platforms are one-offs, conducted by people trying to get rid of their excess anxiety medications, or selling Adderall to desperate acquaintances during midterms. Of all the apps out there, only one is the marketing tool of choice for full-time drug dealers.

Which, as I've suggested, is no big surprise. Snapchat is really convenient if you're trying to run an illegal business. In a lot of ways, Snapchat seems like it was made for buying and selling drugs. Dealers can advertise all of their products to all of their customers at the same time. Just post pictures. Then, wait for the private messages to roll in for individual orders. These one-on-one messages, which, in this context, include setting a time and place for the actual sale, disappear much faster than images posted in the story. In other words, there is no record of the specific transaction between vendor

Disappearing messages. Who might want that?

and customer. Besides, it's pretty hard to get caught so long as you have the common sense to use an alias and to not post any pictures of yourself.



Snapchat seems like it was made for buying and selling drugs. Dealers can advertise all of their products to all of their customers at the same time. Just post pictures. Then, wait for the private messages to roll in for individual orders.

and police would still have to get a warrant to raid specific accounts. All one has to do is maintain a certain level of suspicion of any new and unfamiliar customers. Grownups haven't found out about Snapchat yet. Shit, it's hard enough just to find your friends on Snapchat without getting their handle from one of your friends.

On the other end of the exchange, customers have a fully stacked menu at their fingertips to peruse at leisure. The dealer stories I've seen uniformly consist of pictures, one after the other, of weed, each labeled with a different strain name and captioned with quantities available for purchase (1/8 of an ounce to an entire pound), with corresponding prices. And it's not just weed. Along with additional paraphernalia (vape cartridges, dabs, edibles), one could buy just about anything on Snapchat from cocaine to LSD to prescription pills.

There are already a lot of sensational stories about drugs and Snapchat, from cautionary tales about the dangers of so-called "Snapchat pills" to misguided writings about how emojis can be made to represent specific drugs. I say

misguided because, in my experience, people don't really use these codes because they don't need them. Really, this is all just another consequence of opening the Pandora's Box of social media. Perhaps it was unpredictable, but just as surely as cameras begat porn, people were always going to use Snapchat as a platform from which to start their small businesses. In buying drugs it is the same as before; it has just lost a lot of the tedium and permanence of phone contacts and messages.

Drug dealing has always generated these sorts of covert, often symbolic, languages. To me, Snapchat just seems like the next evolutionary step in this kind of communication, of which there's a long tradition. Urban Dictionary will gladly tell you that a pair of shoes tied together and slung over a telephone wire signals a meeting place for drug deals. High school health teachers will tell you that this mixed need for advertising and secrecy is why illegal drugs tend to have so many superlative nicknames. You could even include those unscrupulous doctors who will write an opiate prescription for complaints of "back pains" or those frauds who marketed amphetamines as "diet pills." I don't mean to promote any of these things. Many of them I actively disapprove of. This is all just to say that when you make something illegal, people will get it where they can find it.

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Young Professionals and their Complicated Relationship with Adderall

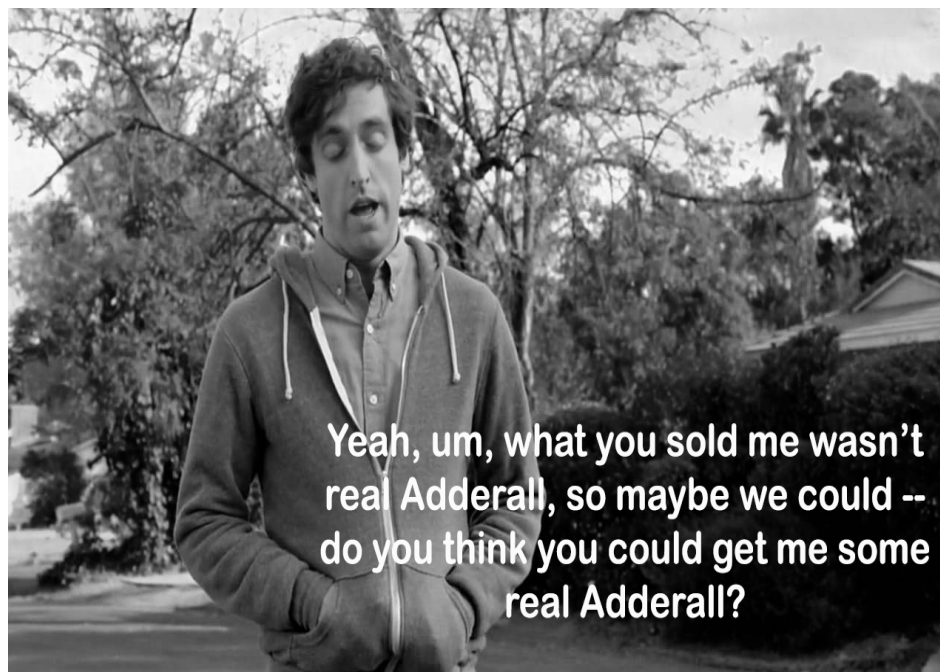
By Anonymous

Staff All-Night Study Sesh

Let's not beat around the bush here, the fact of the matter is that once in every college student's life, someone will prescribe or offer them Adderall. Its proliferation within the world of academia is so widespread that studies indicate up to 35% of all college students have at one time taken the medication, and it's not hard to see why. Adderall is derived from an amphetamine salt, which when taken in prescribed therapeutic doses is proven to decrease fatigue and increase cognitive control. As such, the drug is usually prescribed to combat the symptoms of ADHD and narcolepsy, the former of which has quickly become the most commonly diagnosed mental disorder in the United States. While in the past these disorders were commonly treated with a drug called Ritalin (scientifically known as methylphenidate), this medication is less immediate and requires a steady routine of small doses to achieve its desired effects.

This is not the case for Adderall, which if we're to be perfectly frank, is just a prescription version of methamphetamines. Its effects on the brain and nervous system are almost instantaneous, and speaking as someone who has used the drug, it's awesome. I was never prescribed Adderall as a kid, but I was prescribed Ritalin to combat some serious attention deficit issues—a point that only truly dawned on me when I realized years later that the big playroom full of toys I was going to once a week for several years was

Adderall: It's what's for dinner



actually my occupational therapist. Deep down, I had always known that my concentration and focus were not my strong suit despite the fact that I was never specifically diagnosed with a disorder. This, as it does to many students, just makes the prospect of the drug even more tempting. Once taken, working late into the night or even into the next morning feels like a breeze. Commonly known as the "study drug," Adderall is obviously used to decrease fatigue in order to get through that cram session for a test you have in twelve hours. Should you have studied a week before? Well yeah, but then again, would it really be college if you didn't complete things at the last possible minute? Didn't think so. When taken, Adderall feels like the pill from Unlimited; you

are smarter, faster, more focused, and you type at a rate that would make a court stenographer blush.

Then it wears off, and you are back to your old, spacey self. With that comes the reality of Adderall and its lesser-known cousin Vyvanse; it doesn't make you smarter and most likely doesn't make you more productive. It just makes you feel more awake and less miserable about being stuck in the library for another X hours. You see, despite having different effects, most drugs have similar reactions within the brain. For example, the release of dopamine creates a feeling of euphoria, among other effects such as the increase in concentration you feel when taking it. Many students try to justify their drug usage by telling themselves that Adderall is not "fun,"

and that they take it because they must get work done. However, the truth is that most students enjoy stimulants for the same reason they enjoy any other inebriant; they just happen to be studying at the same time. It was this reality that I had to deal with, and as my college career went on, I felt myself needing to reexamine my relationship with the drug, and I still do. Personally, I choose to stop studying while on stimulants because I feel that it creates a bad association in my own head in which stimulants equate to academic success. I am positive that if others were to do the same thing, they would realize that their grades are most likely going to stay the same, regardless of whether or not they were hopped up while doing assignments. But of course, I would be a hypocrite if I began to shame people for taking the drug because it does work, and sometimes it really does help grind out assignments and essays. At the end of the day, only you truly know yourself and your habits, and making a decision to take or not take medication is an extremely personal conversation that should not be taken lightly. The only thing I or anyone else can ask of their peers is to be careful. With some obvious exceptions, most things like drugs and alcohol are fine in moderation—just know when you're getting too carried away. Everyone has a personal vice, and knowing that vice is important to living a happy life. Whether or not you let it define you is completely up to you.



I'm Trying to Like Alcohol, but I Have the Palate of a 5-Year-Old

By Meredith McLaughlin
Arts Editor

What up, college kids? What's more rad than drinking, am I right? The thrill of it all, having a beer despite being two years away from the legal drinking age – it's the life. Who doesn't want to get a little buzzed and have a good time with their friends? Well I'd sure love to, but no matter how hard I try I just cannot stand the taste of alcohol.

It is no secret to anyone who knows me that I'm not much of a partier. The one time I went to a party at one of the sports houses, I felt like a specter drifting between groups of people, feeling out of place yet unnoticed. Obviously, those big parties are a lot of fun; they're just not for me! So I never had a problem with feeling out of place there per se because I just knew it wasn't my cup of Guinness. It's when I'm at something I like, like a hangout with friends, where the feelings of alcoholic inadequacy start to nag at me. This isn't a peer pressure problem where I feel like I have to drink for the cool kids to like me. I just want to be slightly drunk and have a good time with my friends. But my God, at what cost? As soon as the cranberry vodka hits my tongue, I'm internally reeling! It doesn't taste good! And I know that alcohol isn't supposed to taste good, that's why you mix the hard drinks with juice. But where others can get over that hump, I find it hard to have more than a few sips. I also am a major goober who has no concrete idea of what being truly drunk is like, so for the whole night I'm like, "Oh am

Beer tastes terrible. Fight me.

I feeling it? Oh I'm feeling it!... or am I?" However, when it comes to liquors, I generally don't try to act like I love it. Everyone knows it tastes bad, so I feel no shame in asking for a liter of juice with my single shot. The same goes for beer, which I can safely hate in public since it manages to taste awful even with a low alcohol content. It's when I'm drinking wine that the real problems start to crop up.

to cultivating the lifestyle I want, but, not gonna lie you guys, it still tastes bad! All goofs aside though, wine has this specific persona attached to it that I've always wanted to emulate in a way. In my "formative high school years" my friend group didn't go to house parties and drink beer, nor were we looking at clubs and mixed drinks as something that seemed like a good time. And while we were (unfairly) judging those

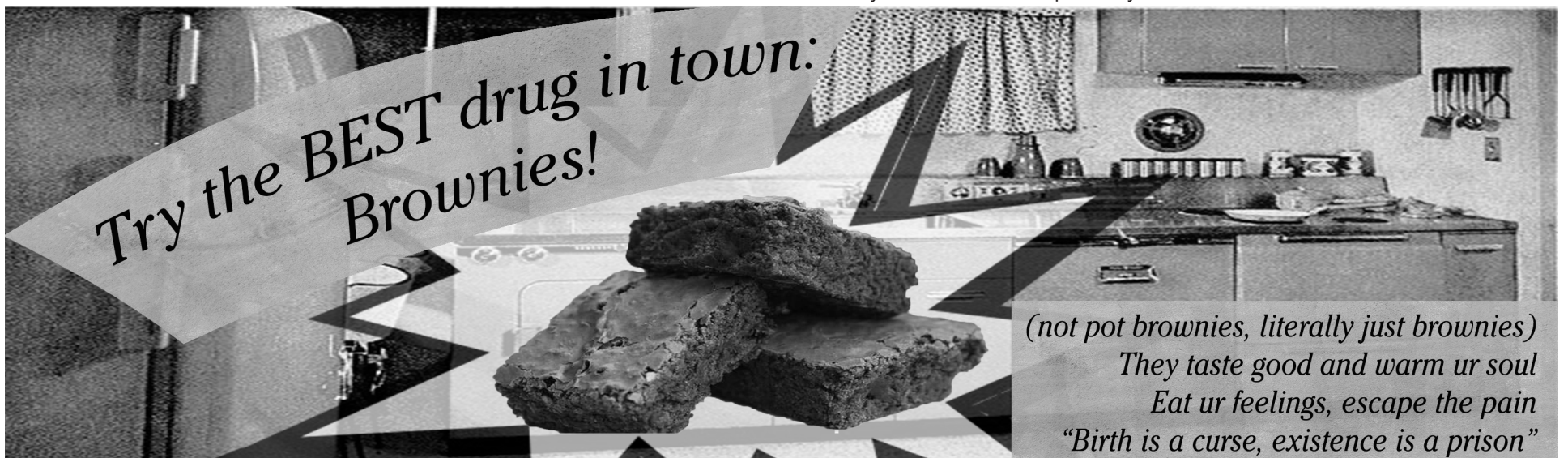
avoid. Wine is the drink for murderous widows and "wine moms"—two personas you invoke jokingly while secretly admiring their underlying individualism and confidence. "The women in my family drink Pinot Grigio at get-togethers you guys! I'm gonna drink Pinot Grigio too!" is essentially what my alcohol-related humor boils down to. I name drop Pinot Grigio all the time because it is the only brand of wine I'm familiar with. I have even been trying to drink the communion wine at church, to get used to the taste and closer to this ideal version of myself. Both at college and at home, I create this fake persona who says over and over again that she loves wine and asks for it whenever alcohol is being served. But when I get said wine, without fail, I find myself unable to enjoy the drink.

I know that no one likes alcohol for the taste, and I'm not going to turn away from drinking because being a little drunk is fun. I guess what I'm trying to say with this confession is that we really do live in a society that associates certain things with the lifestyles we want to emulate. And I know that's not exactly the hot take of the century, but for my own self-improvement, I want to let myself be okay with not loving wine. I just want to have who I want to be not be something that forces me to drink something I secretly don't love. So, for the future, I'm just going to embrace my unwavering love of milk.



No matter what job I say I want in the future, know that what I really want to be is the 50-year-old widow to a millionaire who mysteriously died and left me his whole fortune. I will be reaching my peak when I walk down the stairs of my ridiculous mansion, fur coat on and wine glass in hand, explaining to the authorities that I haven't seen my husband in weeks. The slight wine addiction is essential

pastimes, wine managed to slip out of our condemnation because it was associated with stuff we liked to do. Wine is the drink of choice when your ideal adult pastime is reveling in your self-described introverted-ness while reading a book on a Friday night. Wine is the drink that you have when *the ladies* are getting together to hang out and gossip, free of the scary social situations and loud EDM music you associate with parties you



Lets Take a Trip: Acid Edition

By Anonymous
Staff Hippie

I have always been fascinated by distortions of reality. Optical illusions, dreamlike sequences, and all things psychedelic prove that so much more exists than what we experience in the material world. Our imaginations are nearly infinite, but how do we unlock that creative subconscious? Some can do it more easily than others. Some prefer a little extra nudge.

I never thought I would try a hallucinogenic drug. I'm relatively straight-edge and a diligent student, and I thought experimenting with psychedelics would contradict this aspect of my identity. I had also been exposed to research on how certain drugs can trigger schizophrenia if a person already has a biological predisposition for the illness, to say nothing of the fact that everyone has heard horror stories of "bad trips" as well. And ultimately, I had no idea where I would even acquire such a

@fupaper: acid and LSD are the same

drug. Yeah, I had a weed plug, but could they double as my one-time trip plug?

Despite all the trepidation, I decided to try LSD. My close friend had tripped a couple times before and was excited to share my first experience with me. She bought two tabs off a reliable source and told me what to expect. Don't be afraid to verbalize what you're seeing. If you don't talk about it, it can feel isolating, she told me. She showed me an intricate pencil drawing she did the last time she dropped acid. I knew I was ready because I was more excited than nervous.

We drove to the beach around sunset, laid out a towel, and placed the tiny squares on our tongues. I could feel my heart racing from sheer eagerness. My friend told me it took up to an hour to kick in and that you have to be careful to not touch the tabs because the chemicals can

seep into your skin and get you high that way too. After some time had passed, I kept expecting a sudden change in my sense perceptions. I wanted my entire environment to shift into something you'd see through a kaleidoscope, but that didn't happen.

In hindsight, I know that my friend and I definitely tripped, but the strange thing is that it wasn't insanely drastic. It's possible that the tabs we took were not super potent, but I would rather it be that way than overly powerful. At one point, my friend and I were lying down and looking at the night sky. The beach was deserted and the sound of crashing waves seemed to envelop my body. There was nothing eerie about it. I felt at peace. The sand felt incredible between my fingers. The stars appeared to dance overhead and my friend and I swear we saw the body of a gigantic woman lying on her back in a distant rock formation.

We laughed and discussed

stereotypical high people shit like the universe and our theories about life. Nearly five hours had passed, but it didn't feel long at all. We sat on the beach a little longer in case we experienced any more visuals and then walked to a nearby diner where we feasted on burgers, fries, and milkshakes.

My experience with acid was exceptionally positive. I remember it fondly and am not opposed to experimenting with other hallucinogens in the future, although I don't want to make it a habit. If anyone reading this is considering trying a hallucinogen, I recommend doing it in a familiar environment with someone who has done it before. Just be safe and don't do it if you feel pressured.

Living in the Prozac Nation: My Experience with Antidepressants

By Anonymous
Staff Debbie

The decision to start taking antidepressants is not as easy to make as one might think. It personally took me over two years and two different psychiatrists to come to terms with the fact that I needed medication to get me through my bouts of depression and anxiety.

I suffer from moderate recurring major depressive disorder and anxiety, both generalized and social. I began seeing a psychologist at age 15 and continued seeing her for the next four years. My first run-in with the possibility of medication was in my junior year of high school, when a particularly acute bout of depression had me unable to see myself living for more than a couple more years. The first psychiatrist I saw recommended that I start taking an antidepressant at a low dosage, but the idea was dropped by both my parents and myself, each party reassuring the other that this was "just a phase" and that it would pass, in time. As my depressive disorder is recurring, it certainly seemed that way, and while I experienced other depressive episodes, none seemed as extreme as the one I experienced that

There is no shame in caring for yourself



year in high school until my freshman year of college.

By the time I'd begun my second semester at Fordham, I was seriously considering dropping out of college altogether because I could barely get myself out of bed in the morning, let alone see a point in continuing my studies and getting a degree. I was referred to a second psychiatrist, who prescribed me the SSRI (Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitor, a class of antidepressants) fluoxetine, known commercially as Prozac. I've been on it ever since, and while I'm currently in the process of coming off of it, it was incredibly useful--even vital--in my ongoing process of overcoming my depression and my anxiety.

The concept of antidepressants

scares people, and understandably so. Psychiatric medication in general has a sort of last-resort connotation to it. People fear that they won't be able to trust who they are anymore if they go on medication, that any happiness they might feel in the future will be entirely artificial and manufactured, a product of synthetically-preserved serotonin. People get anxious when they hear about a drug that will intervene with your brain's chemical balance or cause undesired side effects and addiction. It doesn't help that many people, doctors included, feel that antidepressants and other kinds of psychiatric medication are being overprescribed in the United States. I, like those closest to me, had all of these fears, which is undoubtedly the reason I decided not to start taking medication in high school when I could have. So, when I started taking Prozac about two years ago, I was apprehensive--and later, shocked at how much it helped.

While taking the medication, I was surprised at how much easier it was for me to recognize patterns of behavior within myself. I was able to rationalize irrational thoughts that had previously

felt undeniably real to me, and in turn, made it easier for me to be honest about how I was feeling. While Prozac alone isn't responsible for this change in perception, as I was also seeing a psychologist once a week, I know that it improved my emotional awareness and made my depression and anxiety feel far more surmountable.

It's important to note that everyone's experience with antidepressants is different. The way one antidepressant affects one person will certainly not be the way it affects someone else. Different classes of antidepressants exist and each combats mental disorders differently, so it's crucial that you do your research if you're making the decision to take one.

At the end of it all, I'm grateful that I made the decision to go on Prozac. I highly doubt that I would be the person I am today had I not gone on medication for a while. While it didn't by any means cure me of my disorders, it was an enormous help in learning to live with them--and in learning that there isn't any shame in going on them if they are needed.

the paper's view

Welcome to the paper's special edition: Sex, Drugs, and Everything the Jesuits Don't Want You to Know!!!

You may have noticed this issue is a little different from our usual News, Opinions, Arts, and Ear Wax format. That's because we really wanted to spice things up in time for Halloween, and do something never previously done at the paper. This issue is Claire's thought baby – **an edition all about the Fordham community and the taboo subjects that need our attention.**

Instead of news pieces, you'll find striking articles related to sex, dating, and relationships. Instead of the usual opinions articles, you'll be reading about drug and alcohol culture on college campuses. Instead of our entertaining arts pieces, please enjoy a mixed bag of varying topics that our dear Jesuits probably have nightmares about. Instead of the musical reviews of our Ear Wax section, read at your own risk the haunting ghost stories of Fordham University.

Don't forget to read about you! That's right! Earlier this semester, we asked the Fordham community to take a completely anonymous survey, so we could collect some data about the habits of the student body. This aim of this survey is to provide **an honest assessment of the life of Fordham students**, especially regarding topics that we often don't talk about openly.

And oh boy, did y'all deliver - from stories about Murphy's Field drug trips to anonymous library bathroom sex. This survey just proves what everyone knew about Fordham students already: we know how to get WEIRD.

That said, when reading this issue, be open-minded and non-judgmental because these are real stories and articles that took a lot of courage to submit. But hey, Halloween is fast approaching, and no one's stopping you from having a good time. By the way, this publication is not an endorsement for illegal behavior—we're already pushing the envelope a little bit.

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!

Claire, Colleen, & MJJM

Bob and Judy

ON DRUGS

This week's questions come to us from David in Chicago

Q: Is alcohol a drug?

Judy: Of course it is. It's always been Bob's drug of choice. Well, unless you count his Cialis addiction.

Bob: The only drug I know of is the feeling of satisfaction that comes from wiping the sweat off your brow and the dirt off your hands at the end of a hard day's work. I haven't gotten drunk since that day Judy and I had our fifth date. I woke up the next day and she had a diamond ring on her finger and was making wedding plans. I proposed on accident, and every day since I have been attempting to end my misery. I hate Judy.

Q: Why are queefs edited out of porn? They're my favorite part.

Judy: Real talk, Bob used to make fun of me for my queefs. But then I realized that this is how God made me. #Queefs4Jesus

Bob: I don't understand why women do anything.

Q: Are men trash?

Judy: Yes

Bob: No

Q: Do you have children?

Judy: Yes

Bob: No

If you have questions for Bob and Judy, email *the paper* at paper.fordham@gmail.com



An Interview with a Friend, Classmate, and Addict

By Anonymous
Staff Loyal Friend

While it can't be denied that plenty of Fordham students come from difficult backgrounds, the dominant atmosphere is still one of privilege. It's easy to ignore how differently things could have turned out after high school. For me personally, it is surprising to see how many of my former classmates have ended up using hard drugs.

It was for this reason that I decided to interview a friend who recently returned to Pennsylvania where we grew up together. Near the end of high school, she moved to the Midwest for rehab, and over the course of several years became addicted to meth. I wanted to ask her about her experience, and specifically about the decisions or thought processes that lead to it, given how foreign these choices are to the average college student. So, after forgetting to do the interview two weeks ago while on acid, and one week ago while we were locked in my apartment with a gram of coke and no key to get back in if we left, I decided to conduct it this weekend over Facetime, where we wouldn't be able to offer each other such distractions.

* * * *

What kind of upbringing would you say you had?

"I feel like my mom was pretty permissive and my dad had to parent me a lot of the time, however, he wasn't allowed to because my parents were divorced and I was forced to live with my mother. But actually, a pretty good upbringing."

When did you start drinking or using drugs and why?

"I started drinking when I was thirteen. For fun."

How did you get into hard drugs?

"The first hard drug I did was oxy, which I was prescribed. At first it was for pain, but eventually there were leftover oxy and I did some of those when I wasn't in pain. Much later, when I got out of rehab for abusing Klonopin, I got with a boyfriend who really got me bad into oxy. He also introduced Gabapentin and percs, we did a lot of Xanax—he was real into pills. And he liked to smoke the oxy.

"I never ever expected myself to become an actual addict."

After I smoked a hard drug I was ok with it, and that's when I started not giving a fuck about smoking meth."

Did you consider yourself the sort of person who would do hard drugs before you tried them?

"Fuck no. Even after I tried them, no not at first. But especially not before I tried them. I never ever expected myself to become an actual addict."

Why do you think you didn't expect yourself to become an addict?

"Because my parents taught me better. My dad was very against everything—even drinking. And my parents just taught me to judge those people like they were pieces of shit, and that I would never be like them because I'm that much better."

What was your relationship with drugs like when you were homeless?

"Whatever was available to buy we bought it. After me and my boyfriend broke up, my mom sent me to the hospital for having committed suicide a month previous with him. I was pronounced dead three different times. After I got out of the hospital I started dating another guy. We were homeless together for almost a year. During that time we were using pretty much every day. He really liked coke, and turning it into crack, and smoking it. We started selling a lot of weed. A lot, like pounds upon pounds. During that time we got to know dealers who knew where other drugs were and where the connects in Vegas were. So, we went to Vegas a bunch of times and every time we went on benders, like so much fucking crack and pills. After he broke up with me I was still homeless and I started doing meth on my own."

From what I can tell, meth is your drug of choice.

"At this point, yeah"

Can you describe what it feels like?

"It makes me very creative and outgoing. It makes me have more ideas in my head. I'm not as depressed. And also, it made me skinny. That's honestly one of the biggest parts about meth I hold onto that I still want from it. Not only does it make me skinny because I don't eat when I'm on it, but it also makes my image of myself a lot more beautiful. I find my-

self more...pretty"

How was being a female addict different from being a male addict?

"Men who are addicted to meth tend to get very angry and very horny uncontrollably. I've seen people who were on amphetamines get to the point where I think they're going to rape me or somebody else. I think it just intensifies your emotions and men don't like to have any other emotions than anger. They don't feel comfortable expressing them."

Did you ever have any sort of privilege or deficit because you were a woman as a drug addict?

"Yes, I feel like not only were men more willing to give me drugs, but that they felt like that would get them closer to getting in my pants. And also because men assume meth makes women just as horny as them. I did often run into that where guys were trying to use me by giving me their drugs."

Having known her my entire life, I would say she is intelligent. However, for various reasons, her parents were inaccessible when it came to things like her abuse of pills in high school or issues with depression and anxiety. It was in high school when her mother sent her to the Midwest to put her through a program for troubled young girls, where her addictive tendencies flourished.

What portion of the people you encountered during the height of your addiction would you say suffered from some kind of mental illness, even if just depression or anxiety?

"Probably like a good 80%. A lot of people I knew got sucked into it, and their depression and anxiety was the

reason they were sucking themselves into it."

How long has it been since you did meth?

"A little over three and a half months."

Why haven't you done meth in three and a half months?

"The first two months I was clean were because I couldn't find it here, but for the last month and a half I've truly not wanted to do it anymore."

In general, are you happy? Completely honestly.

"No."

Are you happier than you were when you were using?

"I'm more proud of myself and confident, but definitely not. I feel like I was happier when I was on meth. But that's only when I was on meth. If I ran out, I was so unhappy."

What's your favorite animal?

"Puppies. Not dogs—puppies."

* * * *

Having known her my entire life, I would say she is intelligent. However, for various reasons, her parents were inaccessible when it came to things like her abuse of pills in high school or issues with depression and anxiety. It was in high school when her mother sent her to the Midwest to put her through a program for troubled young girls, where her addictive tendencies flourished. While I did want her to get treatment, my own experiences have told me that having supportive parents is one of the most important factors in recovering from addiction. Most people are afraid to tell their parents about their addiction, or their parents are unprepared to handle it. This is why education about addiction, as well as mental illness, is imperative.

It is easy to pretend that terrible things don't happen, not just to one's family members but to oneself as well. These issues are often trivialized through a perceived distance from them. But the fact is that they happen, and when they do, it's much easier to seek help when you know the people you love will take you seriously and won't shun you.



Internet Fetishes: Woolies and Insects and Trees, Oh My!

By Gabby Curran
Copy Editor

Human sexuality. It's a pretty straightforward concept, isn't it? At least, it can be. Over the course of our evolution, we've depended on some variant of it to reproduce and to express love to each other. Because sexuality comes in a variety of flavors, it can manifest itself in some pretty strange and unconventional ways. One of the more eccentric of these means is fetishism, a form of sexual pleasure experienced through engaging with a particular object or activity. While fetishism might seem niche because we don't tend to talk about it seriously in our everyday lives, it's far more prevalent--and diverse--than one might think. The advent of the internet has also allowed for people with the same or similar fetish to connect and swap experiences and material with one another. Here are just a few of the wackier fetishes I've stumbled across online and read about:

1. Wool fetishism ("Woolies")

Has the thought of pulling your favorite sweater on aroused you? No? It has for these people. People with a wool fetish--known diminutively across the Internet as "Woolies"--feel the most sexual gratification when they are covered head-to-toe in cable-knit clothing. You'd think this would be a fairly rare fetish. I had personally never heard of it before I read about it, yet it seems prevalent enough to have entire websites, like WoolSpace or WoolFreaks, dedicated to it. Bring

Y'all really out here fetishizing anything huh

on the cold weather for these folks; they welcome any opportunity to wrap themselves up in fuzzy clothing.

2. Insect fetishism (formicophilia)

Unfortunately, *The Bee Movie's* romance between Barry and Vanessa isn't as far-fetched as you'd hope. People with formicophilia, an insect fetish, lust after the creepy-crawlies that are so reviled by many. One user on Reddit with the fetish explains that cockroaches specifically entice them because of an accidental sexual experience they had with an infestation in their first apartment. Some formicophiles are more specific--those with melissaphilia are aroused by bees, wasps, and other stinging insects. According to Kinkly.com, a website that concerns itself with any and all topics related to sex, melissaphiles experience the most intense sexual gratification by getting stung on their genitals. Ya like jazz?

3. Vore (vorarephilia)

One of the biggest memes on the Internet nowadays, those with vorarephilia, often shortened to "vore," are aroused at the idea of consuming or being consumed by another person, or watching a third party engage in these activities. The popular website KnowYourMeme actually has an entire article dedicated to vore in which it explains the various categories that exist within the fetish, including soft-vore (where the prey consumed remains alive and may be released), hard-

vore (where the prey is more violently consumed), same-size vore (where the consumer and the consumed are of the same size), and macro-vore (in which the consumer is much larger than the consumed). Neither parties need to be human. In fact, the furry community--a group that enjoys dressing up as anthropomorphic animals--once had a now-defunct website featuring furry-oriented vore illustrations. Bon appetit, I guess.

4. Tree fetishism (dendrophilia)

The term "tree hugger" takes on a whole new meaning for this community of fetishists. Dendrophiles are aroused by trees, and often experience gratification through physical contact with them. Some theorize that the fetish has roots in the fact that trees were often considered symbols of fertility in ancient cultures. Dendrophilia even has media representation. British electronic band Metronomy, for instance, features a love story between a man and a pile of tree litter in the music video for its 2014 song "The Upsetter." Talk about a case of morning wood.

5. Car fetishism (mechanophilia)

Internet sensation and pompous asshole Tai Lopez once said, "Here in my garage, just bought this new Lamborghini here." I can't imagine what mechanophiles, people sexually attracted to cars and other vehicles, must have made of it. While enthusiasm over vehicles isn't unheard of and

seems especially prevalent among the rich, mechanophiles take it a step further by feeling aroused at the thought of your average planes, trains, and automobiles. A case involving a man under the pseudonym "George" was reported in a 1992 issue of "Sex and Marital Therapy," wherein George's parents bought him a car he eventually developed sexual feelings for, going as far as masturbating by the car's exhaust pipe to experience gratification. Va va vroom.

6. Small space fetishism (claustrophilia)

You've heard of claustrophobia, the fear of small spaces, but do you know its other extreme--claustrophilia? Yes, the desire to be confined or engage in sexual acts in a small space is a thing. Why one would experience arousal at the idea of being squeezed into a minuscule room is a mystery to those who don't belong to this community, but claustrophiles are all about it. There even exists special bondage-wear for those lovers of small spaces called "sleepsacks." Think sleeping bag, but far tighter and restrictive. Cozy!

While these fetishes are certainly bizarre to those outside of their respective communities, at the end of the day, they're just a manifestation of the bigger strangeness that is human sexuality. And as long as they're not hurting anyone in the process, there's no point in kinkshaming--after all, it's all a matter of preference.

EVENTS

What: The Fall Concert
Where: The University Church
When: Friday, Oct. 26.
How Much: Free!
Why: Womens Choir and University Choir are gonna rock the house with their prime vocals.

What: Family Weekend
Where: The whole school
When: Friday, Oct. 26th-Sunday, Oct 28th
How Much: Free
Why: Spend time with your family on this beautiful campus while you anxiously look at the trees and internally beg for them to start dropping leaves even though you've accepted the dire future of the environment.

What: Harry Potter: a History of Magic
Where: New York Historical Society
When: Until Jan. 26th
How Much: \$21
Why: Remember why you loved Harry Potter so much with this detailed showing of costumes, art and lore from the beloved franchise.

Drag Queens, Drag Kings, and Transphobia

**By Anonymous
Staff Pro Gender Equality**

Friday night, Fordham hosted its first ever drag show in Pope Auditorium at the Lincoln Center campus. As a trans masculine person, I was hesitant to go. Drag has a long and controversial history in the queer community. On one hand, drag allows people of all genders to explore and experiment with their gender identity. On the other, it enforces gender stereotypes, and paints trans people as costumes that can be taken on and off. Despite all of this, I felt compelled to go after reading about the petition started by a Christian group to shut it down (which at my last look had around 13,000 signatures). I wanted to support my fellow LGBT people at Fordham, and this felt like a good way to do it. So, with four friends (including another trans man), I made my way to Lincoln Center for a good time. I have to say I enjoyed most of the show. It was a fun and positive space for many people to express themselves. However, it was clear that most of, if not all, of those running the show were cis-gender people. About half way through the show a cis woman was introduced as a 'bio' queen. While her performance was energetic, the term bio queen did not escape my notice.

Many transphobic commentaries today use the term 'bio woman' or 'bio man.' Trans-exclusionists often use biology to verbally harass trans people online; telling them that they are not biologically the gender that they identify as, so they cannot be that gender. My trans friend and I gave each other a knowing glance and braced ourselves for the worst. We seemed to be the only people that felt uncomfortable in the room. Her performance was quick though and nothing too cringe-y, except for the term used to describe her. It would

Reflecting on the recent drag show at Fordham

have been easy to put behind me, so I could enjoy the rest of the show, but things took a turn for the worse when one of the hosts decided to read a statement from the Rainbow Alliance.

As much as Fordham likes to think it is, it has never been a good place for trans people. Many trans students, myself included, constantly feel alienated and forgotten about on campus.

keep these harmful stereotypes out, they should have read the letter first. If they wanted to sound meaningful it shouldn't have been after they had their 'bio' queen perform. They could have called her just a queen or even a cis queen. In fact, after some googling, these types of queens are often called diva queens or faux queens. Despite that, the show decided on bio queen.

As much as Fordham likes to think it is, it has never been a good place for trans people. Many trans students, myself included, constantly feel alienated and forgotten about on campus. Both campuses have at least one gender neutral bathroom, but not in common, public areas. Trans

students who live on campus are not allowed to room with other students of the gender they most closely identify with. The few queer spaces on both campuses mostly cater to cis gays and lesbians, which is great, but leave no space for those who are not cis-gender.

I am very happy that Fordham allowed a drag show to happen on campus. I am happy that many people were able to explore and express their identities. I want to let all the drag queens and kings know that I loved their performances. I hope that this becomes a tradition for future queer people at Fordham to enjoy. I highly doubt that those in the Rainbow Alliance

and Fashion for Philanthropy meant anything to be seen as transphobic. However, those running the show must do better to acknowledge and stop transphobic themes from making their way into the show in the future.



The letter was written with good intentions, but the road to hell is paved with those, isn't it? They acknowledged the history of transphobia and misogyny in modern drag, but the letter felt half-assed to speak bluntly. The letter felt as if they were trying to cover themselves in case someone say, wrote an opinion piece calling them out on the terms they used. If those behind this show wanted to

What Does the Bible Actually Say About Being Gay?

By Robin Happel
Copy Editor

How different would modern Christianity be if we thought that Jesus was more than friends with John? This fairly hot take was put forward by King James (of “King James Version” fame) at the Privy of Council of 1617. Called “Queen James” even during his lifetime, his falling out with the Catholic Church occurred for fairly obvious reasons, and one of his main motivations to re-translate the Bible was weakening Catholic authority. (Oddly, he didn’t bother to take two specific sentences out of Leviticus, but we’ll get to that.) Like Constantine and countless other rulers before him, King James saw the

Bible partly as a political tool, and the tens of thousands of changes his translators made were just a single step in the centuries-long game of telephone between our modern translations and what was spoken to Moses on the mountaintop.

Should we believe the Bible literally? That depends on who you ask. As someone with Quaker ancestry, I personally believe that God can speak to us as individuals. (Also, parts of the Bible low-key imply vampires and sea monsters are real, and I don’t know what

to do with that.) Some Quaker sects have had openly gay leadership since at least the 1960’s, and other religious orders are similarly coming around to more nuanced views of gender and sexuality. If you believe that the true path is word-for-word teachings from the time of Moses – which is totally valid for you, just again not what all Christians believe – it’s worth considering what those teachings actually were, word-for-word. (It’s also worth maybe never shaving or eating shrimp again, but that’s a separate discussion.)

Two of the most famous verses used against LGBTQ people are Leviticus 18:22 and 20:33. Hebrew, like Latin, doesn’t always follow a strict word or-

Your excuse for homophobia is groundless :)

der or super clear prepositions, so exact translation is complicated. One possible interpretation is “man shall not lay with man on a woman’s bed,” which isn’t really all that relevant, short of a very specific type of roommate drama. Once we move from Hebrew into Greek – and I can feel that I’m already losing you, but the grammar part is almost over – translation becomes even more complicated. Before such shifts, the original pronouns in Hebrew implied a much more fluid understanding of gender. Some of the earliest Greek translations seem to ban abusive or coercive relationships and thus, don’t match up with our modern ideas of

increasingly recognized as potentially positive portrayals of same-sex devotion.

What did Jesus himself have to say about all this? Not a lot, unless you read “eunuchs from birth” as code, in which case he literally said LGBTQ people are born that way. He also once healed a same-sex couple, although again this relationship likely didn’t meet modern standards of what it means to be gay. Notably, Jesus also warned against overly literal readings of Christian teachings. And, according to Paul, Christ’s ordeal on the cross overturned the old laws of Leviticus, if anyone wants a theological defense for wearing a wool-lined coat this winter.

But what about weddings? In the Middle Ages, the Catholic Church performed something similar to civil unions between men. Although not necessarily romantic, such rituals, similar to adoption of adult partners throughout American history, likely could have functioned as a form of marriage for gay men denied other avenues. What does the Bible have to say about marriage? Very briefly, it’s... not always ideal, especially

for women. In the 1960’s, Christianity was used to defend bans on interracial marriage, and even today “Christian marriage” is defined in ways that harm many, especially young girls. Far from everyone agrees with such views, however. In my hometown in rural Tennessee and elsewhere, many of us are humble enough to know that, at least in this lifetime, we’ll probably never know exactly what goes on in the mind of God. In the absence of that, it’s up to us to love our neighbors as best we can, and protect the dignity of all people. Also, I’m definitely going to keep wearing polyester, so as the Pope says, who am I to judge?



same-sex love. And, finally, the story of Sodom is arguably more about hospitality codes than desire.

To some Biblical experts, several such passages are colored by local suspicion of Egyptian or mystery religions, and don’t really fit gay people outside such cult practices, for whom worshipping a lizard god isn’t a typical Friday night. Notably, tombs of high-ranking Egyptian officials include portraits of men kissing, indicating that LGBTQ people were perhaps relatively accepted in ancient Egypt, and celebrated rather than condemned, as in many other cultures before British colonial law. In recent years, Ruth and Naomi, or David and Jonathan, are also

SHOWS

What: Amateur Night at the Apollo
Where: The Apollo Theater
When: 7:30, Wednesday, Oct. 31.
How Much: \$22-\$34
Why: .You could be able to say “I saw *insert future famous name* at the theater before they were famous!

What: Robert Glasper Trio
Where: Blue Note (131 West 3rd Street)
When: Until Sunday, Oct. 28th
How Much: \$30-\$45
Why: .Check out Robert Glasper jam some RnB tunes on his keyboard.

What: Armenia!
Where: The Metropolitan Museum of Art
When: Until Jan 13th
How Much: Admission to the Met (so like a dollar
Why: Because in the next issue we will be giving you an exam to test your knowledge on Armenian art history from the 4th to 17th century and you’d better be prepared.

The Keating Bell Tower Heist

by Anonymous

Staff Ding Dong

It's just about 2am, and the oppressive summer air was giving me as much trouble as my acrophobia was while I climbed the steps of Keating's forbidden bell tower. I really hadn't even climbed all too far yet before my fear kicked in, so I tried to distract myself by reliving the moment we got in. But, then, my subconscious reminded me that it was shitting itself over this supposed height drama and told me to focus on not making the statistically improbable move of tumbling to my death. Maybe I'd think about the break-in once I was safe and at the tower's oh-so desired summit...

Fortunately, I soon got a break from my irrational fear. One of my partners in crime, who I'll call Bill, had turned into the first floor of the bell tower. None of us had expected there to be anything in this campus monument other than just stairs, more stairs and maybe some grand room furnished with a bell and accompanying hunchback. The

Fordham's best kept secret EXPOSED

soft, orange glow from the old lights above faded from Bill's bare back as he entered a boiler room. One fear was then traded out for another. This first room was veritably creepy, nearly lightless, and damp. As our compadre, who was asked to be called, "Beppo", recorded the scene on Snapchat, I couldn't help but think we'd all soon end up in a snuff film. We quickly left, and continued to shuffle, shirtless and sweating, up the rusted steps.

Bill's face lit up as he turned into the second room. An unpainted, crude foyer was marked by a welcoming etching: "this is the real pigeon room." Past this simple entrance was Fordham's hidden Hall of Fame. The Hall was painted completely in white, had slim, old-ass windows on each side and a very shallow closet. I scanned the room, reading all of the signatures of triumphant Keating scalers like "Big Dick Nick" of '15 and "Donnie T" of '65. No one from the "No Homo" Era dared to leave their John Hancock's

in the closet, so we naturally made sure to make it into a great shrine for Fordham's bravest, leaving tokens of our youth there.

After a while, we realized that lingering in the Hall of Fame bordered on being sacrilegious and continued



with our ascent. The next room we entered was perhaps the most bizarre: a large vat was placed at its center, which we figured was the actual bell. Shrugging, we turned back to the stairs and pressed on.

Finally, we'd reached what everyone dreamed of as the quintessential Bell Tower experience. A mechanical monster spun four spokes, which all, themselves, turned clocks on each face of the tower. Large windows gave perfect views of the Fordham grounds, and a bare, spiral staircase led to the true summit. Although my acrophobia was now howling at me, I dragged my body along with me as I marched in concert with Beppo and Bill to the tippy top. After using a spare ladder to get on top of the room housing the staircase, you could look around yourself and see the starry sky meet the cityscape, forming a glittering dome around the Fordham grounds which splayed out around you. Of course, I was too horrified to actually stand up, and physically saw none of this, but the Snapchats looked cool. As I hopped off the room and entered into the fetal position, I remembered how I got in... and that I wasn't going to tell anyone, even anonymously in *the paper*.

A Personal Perspective On The Recent Catholic Priest Controversy

by Anonymous

Staff Scandal Investigator

In August, a two-year state grand jury investigation of Catholic Church sex abuse in six Pennsylvania dioceses concluded. The other two dioceses in the state, Philadelphia and Altoona-Johnstown, had already had separate investigations. Attorney General Josh Shapiro held a press conference in which he said that over three-hundred priests abused more than a thousand people, although he noted that the actual numbers are probably much higher. One of the six dioceses was the one that I grew up in. The Attorney General's office released the grand jury report online to the public, and I reluctantly decided to read it because I have attended Catholic schools for my entire life, from kindergarten to today as a sophomore at Fordham who still regularly attends mass. Throughout this time, authority figures had always stressed that the Church had changed since the first wave of the sex abuse scandal in 2002, with anodyne phrases like "protecting God's children." I wanted to know if the Church had

A sobering look on the ripple effect of the Church's inaction

actually changed as it had promised.

The first thing I did when I opened the report was hit Ctrl-f and search for the name of my home parish. There were five results. The grand jury report is divided by diocese and each section includes examples of sex abuse cases that show a larger pattern of abuse and cover-up in the Catholic Church. One of the three examples for my diocese took place in my home parish. The accused priest had been flagged for "pedophilic behavior" while a seminarian, but the diocese ignored this and gave him several assignments over the years in which he would have interact with children. He worked at high schools and led the youth group at my parish for a time. During the time he was assigned at my parish, he sexually abused a 12-year-old boy he was supposed to be tutoring. He immediately admitted he was guilty, telling a diocesan official "please help me, I sexually molested a young boy," when asked about the incident after the boy's father reported it. The priest was sent away to a rehabilitation

center for other pedophile priests and the diocese downplayed the victim's pain, telling his family that the incident "may not be a horrendous trauma for the boy." Two years later, the priest was assigned to teach religion classes at a diocesan high school.

The diocese was forced to remove the priest from active ministry five years later after the victim's father continued to complain to the diocese, but he continued to serve as an active priest for two decades after the original incident. A month after the Boston Globe's "Spotlight" stories were published, the priest retired and spent the next decade living with a pension and healthcare from the diocese until he died.

The abuse happened in places I had inhabited myself.

This was just one of hundreds of similar incidents, but the fact that it happened at the same parish that I

grew up attending affected me in a much more visceral way. The abuse happened in places I had inhabited myself. The priest who was my church's pastor during my childhood came to the parish after the incident took place, but the victim had gone to the pastor to seek help. The pastor only reported it to his diocesan superiors and not to the police. Under current laws, he would be culpable as a mandated reporter. What should I think of this man who had been a role model in my childhood? The bishop who had confirmed me and the current bishop were both implicated in the cover-up (along with the cover-up of many other incidents). I remember the former giving a 40-minute homily during my confirmation about how video games were going to be the downfall of society. I think that pretty much sums up the hypocrisy and failings of the Church at the current moment.

An Interview with Fordham's Favorite Bouncer

By Jack Archambault and David Kennedy **Sorry, Simon, no hard feelings...**

(The full transcript of our interview with Suits can be found online at fupa-pap.blog)

It's the tail end of the 1980s in New Haven, Connecticut, and Daniel Morse's 4th grade teacher gives his class an assignment: create a business. Make it as creative and colorful as you want. That's how Dan came to craft Captain Dan's, the finest restaurant and bar in the Connecticut public school system – a creation that also carried a certain precognition.

30 years later, Dan, now 42 and better known as Suits, finds himself working at Mugz's, a bar on the corner of Arthur Avenue and 189th Street. It's a rainy Thursday night in October, and Mugz's is unnaturally tranquil. As a pair of bartenders sit at the counter, Suits stands over the jukebox in the corner, scrolling through music. He's drinking water. It used to be a Jack and Coke, but he kicked those out of his diet a while ago for his health. Having spent the last 20 years watching the door at Mugz's, Suits has done more than just endear himself to Fordham students and make a name as the premier figure in the university's bar scene. He has made Mugz's his home, a word that means just a little more to someone who didn't always have one.

"I had a rough childhood. My stepfather and I didn't really see eye-to-eye. We had a huge fight on New Year's. I lost my job, and he got mad ... we got into a fistfight and he threw me out of the house in the middle of a snowstorm in Connecticut."

Just 18 at the time, he ended up making it through the snow to a Connecticut dance club, where the owner offered to help him out. He started working there the next day. Dan spent

a few years working at the dance club and a series of gas stations, which is when he "caught the acting bug."

"Someone gave me the idea that I should try New York, so I moved to New York."

The Big Apple welcomed the aspiring actor the only way it knew how.

"I got robbed when I came to New York..."

Left without much money or a place to live, Dan took a pair of jobs at Rigoletto's on Arthur Avenue and as a messenger in Manhattan, all while doing auditions around the city to advance his acting career. But he was still Dan. Just Dan. Until he was gifted a set of suits.

"...I worked for Rigoletto's, and the owner says, 'I got some suits, would you like them? Y'know you're going into acting I thought maybe you needed some suits.' So I said, 'I'll take them off your hands, no problem.' I started wearing them. ... So I was doing an audition, in a suit, came back and I noticed [Bobby Zamboli, original owner of Mugz's] was getting jumped by a bunch of kids. And I ran out with my suit, and started ... wailing on 'em, throwing 'em left and right. And then all of a sudden, I'd just been walking around in my suits, nobody knew who I was, everybody was curious. And they just started calling me Suits, and the name stuck."

That was in 1998. In his 20 years as Suits, he has seen the area around Fordham grow and change.

"The neighborhood's actually gotten

quieter. Everybody's getting along, not too many kids getting robbed, beat up ... I guess you lose something ... You gotta lose the bad things to get the good things."

The bars have also undergone several eras of change.

"When I first got here it was only Mugz's, Howl, then there was University. And there was Clark's ... there was Gorman's, Tinker's ... So, there were a lot more bars actually back then than there are now."

But despite all of the change Suits has seen from the front door of Mugz's, there is one constant: college nights can be unpredictable. Case in point: Spring Weekend 2004.

"In 2004, they had Busta Rhymes for Spring Weekend, and after the show, kids were outside drinking and there was Busta Rhymes' guys, and they were yelling ... and a beer bottle came flying and hit a cop ... and things just went crazy, [the officer] called, got every police car in New York down here ... tanks, SWAT teams swarming the whole frickin' place ... had the helicopters flying around, shining the searchlights down ... just crazy."

While we could not verify the presence of tanks on Arthur Avenue that night, 2004 was a seminal year at Mugz's. A native Connecticutian, Suits has straddled the line between Boston and New York his whole life, bravely representing the Red Sox and Patriots in the heart of enemy territory. When the Red Sox beat the Yankees in 2004 and later went on to win their first World Series since 1918, Suits was around to

lead the celebration.

"...every Red Sox fan came out ... I'm going crazy, I'm running around. I'm like, 'I don't know what to do with my hands!' ... a Yankee fan comes in: 'Fuck all of you! Fuck you! Fuck you too!' I picked him up, threw him out, and everybody started partying again."

And while being in New York has caused Suits more than his share of grief from opposing fans, it has also provided the opportunity for celebrity run-ins.

"I had Chazz Palminteri ... Some of the cast of A Bronx Tale actually came into Mugz's. ... and the biggest name to have in Mugz's in 2005 was Natalie Portman."

Portman, fresh off of filming V for Vendetta, was visiting a friend who went to Fordham.

"...everybody was like, 'Suits do you know who you just let in? Natalie Portman.' So I'm like, 'Who's that?' So Queen Amidala. This and that and she's filming a movie called V, and I'm like, 'So that's her. Oh shit.' I said, 'Listen, she's human just like you guys. Let her be.' But I have to tell this story: So I'm at the front door, and I'm not paying attention to her, and I get a tap on my shoulder and it's Natalie Portman. She goes, 'Excuse me. There's a boy over there running around with a dildo and hitting me in the head can you tell him to stop?'"

So he did. In two decades on the corner of Arthur and 189th, Suits has seen a community grow and change. But through it all, he has one message for Fordham students:

"I'm gonna be here a long time, but I care about them. Make sure they go home safe. ... Suits cares for them."

No one can question that. Suits forever.





Hey friends! It's your lovely Features and Lists editors - we just wanted to make a few disclaimers about the results of the survey we sent out and the data represented below! First of all, all of the data submitted was 100% anonymous. Secondly, we received 164 responses, 34% from the class of 2019, 27% from 2020, 12.2% from 2021 and 26% from the class of 2022. In addition, 65.2% of respondents identified as women, 31% as men, and 3.7% identified as non-binary or preferred not to say. We recognize that our research methods may not paint the most accurate representation of the experiences of the Fordham community as a whole, but we still thought it would be fun to share our findings with you! Also, if you submitted a response - thank you very much!! Now LET'S GET THIS BREAD!

**OUR TOP 5 FAVORITE PLACES
Y'ALL HAVE DONE THE NASTY**

1. UNIVERSITY CHURCH
2. Fordham Prep
3. ALPHA HOUSE
4. Lombardi Field House
5. McGinley



**Of 161 respondents,
64% are sexually active;
and 36% are not :(**

**Of 163 respondents,
35% have had
a friends with
benefits relationship
and 65% have not.**

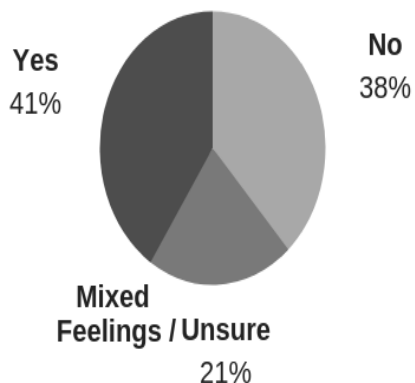
**65% of respondents are not 21
years old, but 87% of respondents
consume alcohol**



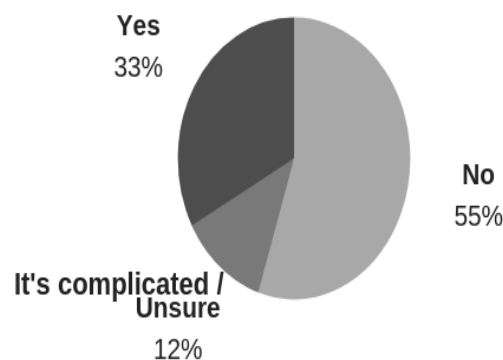
Fordham's Favorite Drugs

1. Weed — 62.2%
2. PSYCH, 34% haven't used drugs
3. Over-the-Counter Drugs - 11.6%
4. LSD/Acid — 8.2%
5. Cocaine — 6.8%

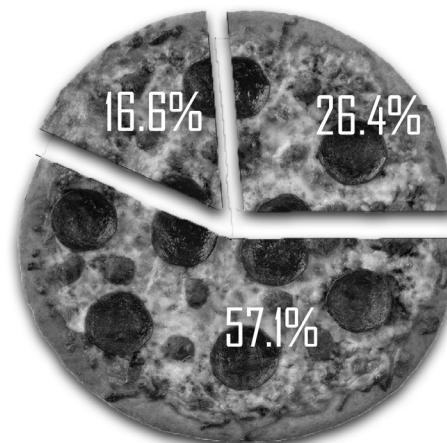
**Do you support our
administration?**



**Do you believe Fordham
allows real, free speech?**



Do you think Jesuit values are important?



**Of 163 respondents,
57.1% believe Jesuit values
ARE important, 26.4% said
they MAY be important,
and 16.6% said they are
NOT important.**

We asked...you answered.

Here are some of our favorite story submissions from our survey.

I did have sex with my former roommate in the room, but she was also having sex. And it was not our room.

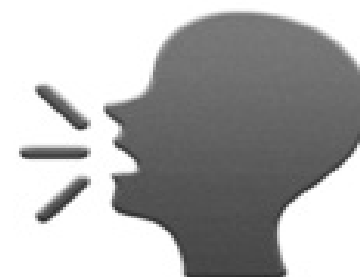
Yo, Bros Hill second floor from summer 2017- spring 2018 was an absolute trap house and I loved it. I never did any of the drugs but I swear the floor had a thin layer of coke over it.

I have IBS, so taking drugs orally doesn't really work for me ya know? So I gotta hit the snortski or do the old prison suitcase.

I'm a trans guy and I'm sick of Fordham's disregard for queer students. They pretend to care when it's convenient but dismiss us when it's not.

On-campus psychological services are inadequate. The wait time for therapy is absurd especially considering what an urgent matter mental health is.

I burned my throat the first time I used a dab pen



I nosebled in my partner's mouth. We're still going strong so that's pretty dank.

Got crossed on Eddies with a small group, a raccoon started running around us and one person decided to chase it. No one got rabies but it was pretty funny to see the raccoon womping across the lawn.

My ex cheated on me with a metro north train conductor. Who knew you could ride the D by taking the Metro North?



The Drunkard and the Bell

Claire Nunez

Edgar Allan Poe used to live just about 15 minutes from Fordham— you can still see his house if you take the Bx9 a couple stops up. He actually wrote the poem, “The Bells” about Fordham’s bells in the church. Given this, he might’ve been familiar with this story about Queen’s. Queen’s Court is a rather haunted residence hall (it is the oldest Residence Hall in the Northeast), as I am sure many of you know, but this story is especially morbid. Please stop reading if you don’t want a macabre story haunting your dreams.

So, way back when, Queen’s Court was a home for Jesuits and scholars. There was this one guy who was, well, not too scholarly. He was a drunkard— very much like Poe. Many drunkards used to sleep in Queen’s Court because they couldn’t make it home. This one guy was so drunk and rowdy that the Jesuits decided to punish him. Their decision was to have him wake up and ring the church bells every morning. This would prevent him from, you know, staying up all night drinking. And guess what? This didn’t work. The guy comes back at the crack of dawn, and hobbles up to the church tower to ring the bells. And the bells did not stop ringing. Several Jesuits ran up the tower only to find the man hanging from the bell tower. He had tripped and accidentally hung himself from the ropes in the bell tower. He supposedly haunts Queen’s Court and the church to this day, but also inspired Poe to write some shivering lines:

“Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright”



The Haunted Dorm

Christian Decker

It’s time for a spooky ghost story. As if it wasn’t bad enough living on the same floor as a bunch of Gabelli bros, there were freaking ghosts in Faber. When my roommate and I first moved in, he lost his keys on the first day of orientation, I lost mine the second. It was a real great time in my life. About a week later, my roommate found his key ring with a big chunk ripped out of it. It looked as if it had been bitten off! He eventually recovered the key later on with nothing out of the ordinary happening to it but the spooky events

We would often hear weird noises in our dorm that had no discernable place of origin, and sometimes the X-box in our room would turn itself on, and by sometimes, I mean often — it was really freaky. It doesn’t help that Faber is built directly next to a small cemetery that contains the graves of past Jesuits. I have full confidence these graves are real despite what people say. Other than the weird noises there was no violent threats by the Faber ghost or ghosts or things moving on their own that I know about. Nothing really adverse to us happened except that my life went to shit second semester hut ghosts can’t control that right? Right? Right?!!!!



Martyr’s Moaning Myrtle

Jack Archambault

Martyrs’ Court is a depressing place to live. Throw in the fear of walking in on a dead child in the shower, and you’ve just described hell or something close to it. As the story goes, one of the showers in Martyrs’ is haunted by the ghost of a young girl with blonde hair. Unsuspecting students never see her feet beneath the curtain and are shocked to find her staring blankly ahead when they pull it back. She never speaks or makes any acknowledgement of a student’s presence, and eventually she disappears into thin air. Residents have also reported hearing showers turn on of their own accord and hearing a child’s laughter (presumably the girl’s) wafting through the walls. Nobody, however, knows who this girl is, how she died, or why she haunts a shower stall.

Having spent my freshman year in the luxe accommodations of Martyrs’ Court, I never came across any ghosts, but that doesn’t mean that Martyrs’ Moaning Myrtle didn’t affect my life. In the winter of my freshman year, the story of the girl in the shower began to spread around the dorm, causing a good number of people to develop a fear of entering the showers. That could never be a problem, right? All I will say is that if there’s anything worse than living in a cramped,

haunted freshman dorm, it’s living in a cramped, haunted freshman dorm in which everyone is so scared of showering that they simply refuse to. While nobody I know ever saw the showerly specter, she indirectly caused my waking moments to be filled with more dread, feter, and funk than actually seeing her ever could. So, my final message for anyone living in Martyrs’ is this: while ghosts may be scary, smelling like sewage is undoubtedly worse.



Most Haunted Campus in America

Colleen Burns

As someone who likes to keep her third eye closed, I wish someone had told me that Fordham University is practically the most haunted campus in the United States. Seriously, that should be on the brochures and application materials along with the average class size and retention rates. It’s just like with selling houses! If your house is known to be haunted, you legally can’t deny that paranormal activity to potential buyers. Therefore, I should be well informed about where I’m going to be living for four full years. I’m not saying that I would not have attended Fordham if I’d known that every single building on campus is haunted...but like maybe I wouldn’t have gone to a school that used to be a war hospital!

If you don’t believe me just spend a night in Keating basement. By day Keating is an iconic landmark of Fordham University with its memorable gothic architecture. But by night Keating is a terrifying hell storm of unset-

Sexxy Playlist

unsettling spirits and poltergeists. Let's just say there's a reason why *The Exorcist* was filmed in Keating. However, if you really want to experiment with the other side, all you need to do is live in Finlay for a year. Disclaimer: this does not mean you won't come in contact with ghostly beings in other sophomore residence halls because O'Hare is also known to be haunted.

Furthermore, Finlay Hall used to be Fordham's Medical School and the basement held the school's creepy cadavers. While the lofted rooms today are used for a third bed, they used to be observations decks for dissections of said cadavers. In fact, there are many accounts from students who report a weight or hand on their throat or feeling like they cannot breathe in the middle night in addition to tugging on their toes almost as if the students were the cadavers!! Seriously, if you're afraid of ghosts like me, you probably shouldn't attend Fordham University because this shit is real.



Print Shop Poltergeist Katelynn Browne

Many a late night has been spent in the print shop by members of the paper, as well as the Ram throughout the years. But few know the story of the ghost who occupies the print shop...For those of you who don't know, the print shop is in the windowless basement of McGinley. In the early 2000's, a former editor of the paper was working late one night when the lights suddenly went out. She tried to turn the lights back on - to no avail, and went back to her seat to wait out what she thought was a power outage.

When she returned to her seat, she felt what she could only describe to us as a cold hand on her shoulder. The lights immediately turned back on - but the sensation of the hand did not leave. She looked behind her to see a man with hollowed eyes and no mouth or nose. She told us that seconds after she saw his face, the lights flickered, and suddenly he was gone. For a year, she believed that perhaps she had imagined the whole thing - maybe she was overtired and had fallen asleep. That is until she spoke with another editor who described a similar instance - he too was working late in the print shop when the lights went off and he encountered by a similar horrifying presence. Some editors now believe that this creature may live in the dark room and prey on the exhaustion of students in the early hours of the morning. So be sure to stop by the print shop during production weekends :O Maybe you'll see a ghost!

Reawakened RA George Kite

There are supernatural horrors that stalk the hallways of Fordham, the ghosts of deceased students and faculty. Among them is said to be a ghost who is feared by even the most fearless: The Eternal Residence Assistant who haunts the residence halls of Fordham, forever trying to doc people even in death.

No one knows who the Eternal RA was in life, but he was certainly the most committed of RAs. The story goes that he was so committed to his job that after overhearing some kids saying they would sneak their friends in through the window, he went onto the roof to lookout for them. When he saw the kids approach the window, he bent over the roof to look at who exactly they were, only for a gust of wind to tip his balance and send him falling to his death.

Ever since, students at Fordham have reported strange occurrences. Some say that in the showers, the water will suddenly become scorching hot or ice cold, which is the Eternal RA's anger at you for spending too much time in the shower. If you play trap music above 75 decibels, you might receive strange feedback from the speaker, which is the Eternal RA trying to yell at you from the grave. Another night, a troublesome student used his JUUL in the dark of his dorm room, only for the JUUL to explode, giving him nasty burns that looked kind of like a pair of hands reaching to his throat.

One student even reported hearing knocking at his door and someone saying, "What's going on in here?," only to find that no one was at the door. That student never got a full night of sleep as long as he slept at Fordham University.



Let Me Blow Ya Mind -
Eve

Smooth - Santana

Closer - Nine Inch Nails

True - Spandau

Sexy Back - Justin
Timberlake

Sledge Hammer - Peter
Gabriel

We are the Boyfriend
Stealers - Brojob

God is a Woman - Ariana
Grande

Careless Whisper -
George Michael

Hot Dreams - Timber
Timbre





Meetings
Tues. @ 9PM
McGinley 2nd