



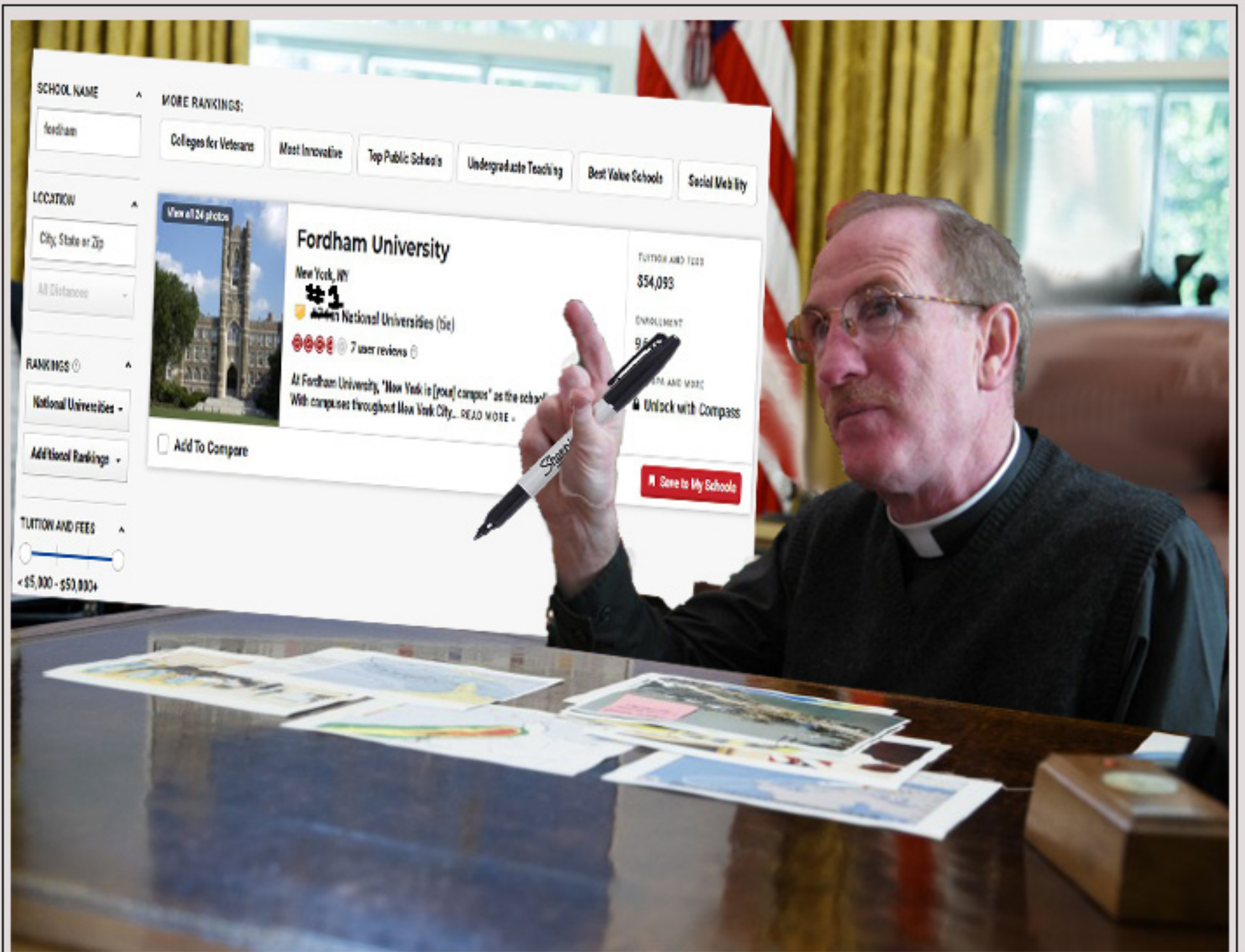
the paper

Vol LIV, Issue 2

fupaper.blog

Sept. 25, 2019

McShane: "We're Number One"





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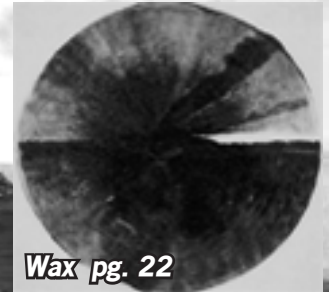
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the paper

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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 dead meme are you?"

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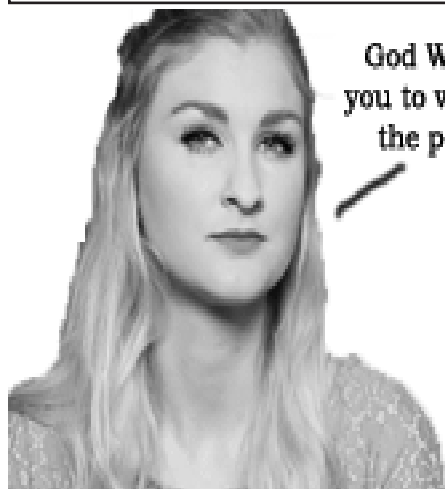
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Planet Remains in Flames; Young People Understandably Terrified

by Colleen McCann

Staff Journalist & Activist

As any teenager who's ever had to spend 30 minutes explaining to their parents how to reset a modem will tell you, younger generations often get stuck dealing with older people's problems. Perhaps there's no better example of this than the current state of Earth's environment—namely, the fact that it's gone to shit. Pollution, deforestation, lack of renewable energy sources, the hole in the ozone layer single handedly created by cans of hairspray in the 80's, you name it. People really dropped the ball when it came to taking care of the planet.

But on September 20, 2019, those kids and young adults lucky enough to get an excused absence from school (ahem) were looking to make a statement against this. Beginning some months ago with a single 16-year-old girl in Sweden named Greta Thunberg, the "Fridays for Future" movement—created to advocate for environmental reform all over the world—eventually blossomed into the so-called Climate Strike. As is true for many things in life, the event's epicenter was in New York City; beginning in Foley Square, an estimated 60,000 protestors—the vast majority of them being school-aged—carried out the march, culminating with speeches from celebrities and activists, including Thunberg herself. The turnout was astounding, not just in New York, but all over the world. Over 500 local iterations of the protest took place in the US alone, and countless more happened in cities worldwide. The message here is clear: the planet is dying, and young people are more scared than anyone, for good reason. Predictions have painted a bleak

Thousands skip school to save the world

picture of the coming decades—from the melting of the polar ice caps to the sheer enormity of all the trash that will accumulate in dumps, oceans and wherever else we decide to throw our garbage—and a good portion of our current lawmakers won't be around then. The responsibility of cleaning up the mess will fall onto the people born into the situation, not the ones who created it.



But before things reach that point, the climate protesters are looking to initiate preventative action. The timing of this protest was chosen for good reason; in three days from the writing of this article, the United Nations will hold the Climate Action Summit at the New York headquarters, bringing world leaders together to extensively confer on climate change

and what can be done to ease its harsh effects. Friday's protest came with a "list of demands," specific measures that the organizers and participants strongly urge the UN to discuss and enact come Monday's summit. The full list can be found at strikewithus.org, the official website for the strike. On the site, the demands have been categorized according to which facet of the environmental protection ideal each

one will contribute to. Some are to be expected, such as a plan to end the extraction of fossil fuels for energy and stop the destruction of the world's forests. Others are equally important, yet may surprise some people who have only considered environmental destruction from a certain point of view. The list notably calls for companies and governments to stay away from the lands of indigenous peoples, arguing that since they have far more reverence for the Earth than the rest of us, the decision to respect them is a decision to respect the environment as a whole. Behind this march lies a very thoughtful goal—one that young people are more than willing to champion and rally for. And rally they did.

One of the hallmarks of modern protests is the presence of diverse

and creative signs; the Climate Strike patrons didn't disappoint in that regard. Many chose to quote Thunberg herself, whose statement that "Our house is on fire" has become emblematic for the movement. Others admonished lawmakers for failing to implement environmental protection measures, with particular emphasis on Donald Trump's decision to pull the

The message here is clear: the planet is dying, and young people are more scared than anyone, for good reason

United States from the Paris Climate Agreement earlier this year. Some kids walked around with giant headshots of corporate executives with funny doodles drawn on the faces and made "Hot Girl Summer" jokes. One of the trademarks of "Gen Z" is the ability to respond to depressing shit with jokes and memes, and if the signs at the Climate Strike were any indication, global warming is something deeply disturbing in the minds of our generation. Thankfully, they actually want to do something about it.

Everyone Wins, Fordham Still Loses in Latest College Rankings

by Jack Archambault
Editor-in-Chief

In his annual address to the University community regarding Fordham's standing in the latest college rankings, Fr. McShane led with an old favorite: "I am writing to report on this year's University rankings, in which I'm afraid we've had mixed success." The Rankings Email always begins with this line, or some variation of it, such as 2018's "I am writing to report that it has been a mixed week for Fordham in the rankings," or 2017's tragic, "Unfortunately, Fordham dipped from 60 to 61."

In this year's Rankings Email, Fr. McShane pointed out that Fordham actually rose in most rankings, from 203 to 176 in the Wall Street Journal/Times Higher Education and from 148 to 141 in Forbes top colleges. The news was less peachy in the U.S. News & World Report, where we dropped from 70 to 74, the very same rankings in which we dipped from 60 to 61 back in 2017.

But what does any of it mean? Are we the 74th best college in America? The 141st? 176th? Or should we focus on being, as Fr. McShane points out, "the fifth highest-ranked Jesuit university in the country"? College rankings are much fraught-over, and from the standpoint of the colleges themselves, that makes sense. Rankings are an easy thing to point to and say, "School A is better than school B".

But what does "better" even mean, and how do U.S. News, WSJ, and Forbes make that determination?

To begin to answer that question, let's go back to 1988, the year that U.S. News began publishing their annual rankings of the top national universities. From 1988 to 1995, the company ranked the top 25 universities in their "America's Best Colleges" issue.

New York is my campus, Fordham is my school, & rankings don't matter

The list expanded after 1995 and is now separated into two main sets of rankings: national universities and national liberal arts colleges. Since 2008, Fordham has hovered in the 50s and 60s of the national universities rankings, peaking at number 53 in 2012 before beginning a steady fall that finds us in the 74th spot in the 2020 rankings (U.S. News dates their rankings for the year after which they are released).

So how are the U.S. News (and WSJ and Forbes) rankings calculated? Essentially, they score colleges in

year weighted average of ratings from top academics – presidents, provosts and deans of admissions – who rate the academic quality of peer institutions with which they are familiar on a scale of 1 (marginal) to 5 (distinguished)." This survey has been so poorly received by some that in 2007, a group of 12 presidents of liberal arts colleges sent out a letter urging their peers to refuse to fill it out.

As a result of this varying criteria,

each year. U.S. News, for example, puts out their best national universities, best liberal arts colleges, best historically black colleges and universities, and best colleges for internships, among others. The result of this is that each year, just about anyone can make a claim to being the number one college in something. The WSJ alone ranks UCLA as the nation's top public university, Harvard as the top private one, Penn as the top large university, and William & Mary as the top midsize public one. And what kind of person would I be if I didn't recognize Eastern Connecticut State University, the top public, midsize, standardized test-optional, rural, liberal arts college in America?

And if you're thinking, "That's ridiculous – no college would ever advertise an accomplishment so niche," I would direct you to the website of Agnes Scott College, which proudly declares itself the "No. 1 Most Innovative School in the Country."

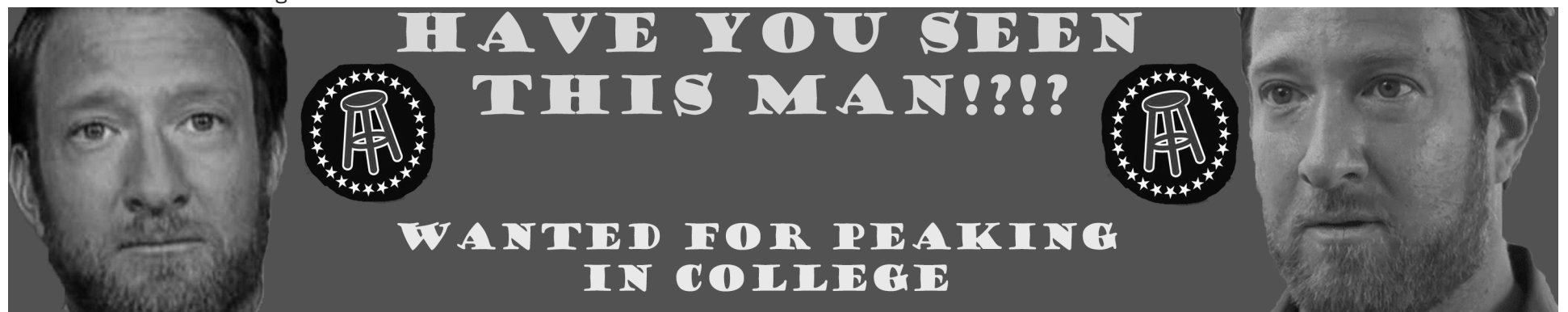
In all seriousness, none of this is meant as a jab at Eastern Connecticut State, or Agnes Scott, which I'm sure is quite innovative. Rather it is to say that college rankings, for all their prestige, are more or less pointless to the students already enrolled in those schools. I can understand why Fr. McShane, and other administrators, care about them. They can be a reflection of public perception, which does matter. But to students, other things – like finding a place you enjoy being and growing as a person – matter more. So here's my one suggestion for all of you who will be here next year: when you get The Rankings Email, read it and appreciate Fr. McShane's concern. Then say, "College rankings are an inexact science with far too much meaning attached to them," and throw it in the trash.



different categories. Common ones include faculty and financial resources, graduation rate, retention rate, and salary after graduation. These categories are all weighted differently. Forbes, for example, weighs on-time graduation rate as 12.5%, whereas WSJ weighs it as 11%. That may seem like a small difference, but it is important to remember that not all rankings use the same categories, either. For instance, Forbes considers student satisfaction (20%) while U.S. News looks at alumni giving (5%) and expert opinion (20%). According to U.S. News, the latter is determined by "a two-

year weighted average of ratings from top academics – presidents, provosts and deans of admissions – who rate the academic quality of peer institutions with which they are familiar on a scale of 1 (marginal) to 5 (distinguished)." This survey has been so poorly received by some that in 2007, a group of 12 presidents of liberal arts colleges sent out a letter urging their peers to refuse to fill it out.

To add to this, each company's puts out multiple sets of rankings



Felicity Huffman Sentenced for College Admissions Scandal

by Angela Zervos
Opinions Editor

The college admissions saga continues after award-winning actress Felicity Huffman was sentenced to 14 days in prison after pleading guilty to bribing a SAT test proctor \$15,000 to boost her daughter's score. Along with serving prison time, Huffman must complete 250 hours of community service, pay a \$30,000 fine, and spend a year under supervised release.

This case has been the most high-profile break in the 'Varsity Blues' controversy since the arrest of Lori Loughlin and Mossimo Giannulli back in March after paying for their daughter to attend the University of Southern California under the guise of a sports scholarship. Unlike Loughlin and Giannulli, who remained silent other than to contest their culpability despite the abundance of evidence against them, Huffman took responsibility for her involvement and even provided some insight into her reasoning for

How her testimony highlights problems with SATs and the U.S. college system

committing the crime.

In a letter addressed to U.S. District Judge Indira Talwani, Huffman expressed the internal conflict she faced when deciding whether or not paying for her daughter Sofia's test answers to be altered was the best decision for her future in studying theater. The actress had met with Rick Singer, the so-called "mastermind" college counselor behind the admissions scam; he suggested that boosting Sofia's SAT scores, particularly in math, was the only way Sophia's school of choice would consider her auditions. Huffman, concerned that Sophia's low scores would overshadow her acting abilities, took Singer's advice. She wrote in the letter, "I didn't want my daughter to be prevented from getting a shot at auditioning and doing what she loves because she can't do math."

This problem is relatable to many: the pressure placed on high school

students in particular to be "well-rounded" in all aspects of academia, regardless of interest in a specific subject. Not to mention the stress of creating a college résumé filled with noteworthy clubs and extracurricular activities. There has been plenty of discourse surrounding the unfair opportunities presented to wealthy students who can afford high-end test prep for standardized tests. While on the one hand, such tests provide an "equal" evaluation of students across the country regardless of socio-economic status, it's no secret that students from rich families have historically scored higher. Yet in the Huffman case, we see that the pressure of excelling in all areas of study affects even those who can afford top-notch test prep. The only difference is that when this prep proves unhelpful, the rich and powerful can simply alter the tests scores at their discretion.

"I honestly didn't and don't care about

my daughter going to a prestigious college. I just wanted to give her a shot at being considered for a program where her acting talent would be the deciding factor," Huffman wrote. This is a concern of most parents and students in the United States as they consider the unrealistic standards set by colleges for high school students to not only excel in every subject, but be able to demonstrate their ability to do so on a standardized test. However, this is an issue every student must and does face. Huffman was convicted for her attempt to remove this obstacle for her daughter, yet another problem that soils the college admissions process.

As more participants of the controversy are sentenced, we should consider how and if the conversation surrounding the SATs and the unfair pressures placed on students calls for change in the college admissions process.

Nothing is Sacred—Not Even Justin Trudeau

by Tyler Genevay
Staff Political Analyst

With American media outlets transfixed by this nation's ongoing 2020 campaign for the presidency and control of the Congress, attention was diverted this week to a scandal roiling the federal elections of our northern neighbor. Having led the government since 2015, Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau—known for his youthful charm, dazzling hair and boy-next-door looks—is vying for a parliamentary mandate to return his ruling Liberal Party to power in the October 21 election. He has spent his first term cultivating an image of himself and his party as the gracious stewards of a 21st century Canada that welcomes refugees, confronts climate change, steers global foreign policy from conflict and maintains a working relationship with an American president who shares few of the PM's goals—or his alluring, "bring-him-home-to-meet-your-parents-and-pray-he-proposes-at-dinner-because-those-babies-

Canadian Prime Minister blackface images surface

would-be-so-damn-cute" charisma.

With his approval rating hovering in the mid-30s following a federal corruption scandal that tainted his government, the Prime Minister is locked in a competitive race for a second term. Given the structure of Canada's parliamentary system, the Liberals had the edge in the election, buoyed by Mr. Trudeau's famed campaigning skills, a roaring economy and relative peace with the United States. Unseating the incumbent prime minister is a challenge for any opposition, and Mr. Scheer (opposition leader) has yet to have a campaign-defining moment to saliently differentiate himself and his party from the Liberals.

When the election officially began last week, most analysts predicted a narrow victory for the ruling party—and a race that was Mr. Trudeau's to lose. As of Thursday evening, it appeared that the Prime Minister might have lost it. On Wednesday, TIME Magazine published a

previously unreported photograph of Mr. Trudeau wearing blackface, robes, and a turban at an "Arabian Nights"-themed party in 2001; all of the future prime minister's exposed skin had been darkened. Immediate outrage roared across Canada, with many voters expressing disbelief that a leader who has made cultural justice a cornerstone of his premiership would have engaged in such contemptible conduct. The son of a former prime minister, Mr. Trudeau acknowledged it was him in the photograph and explained that his privileged upbringing left him with a glaring blind-spot. Pressed if there were more incidents of similar conduct, the Prime Minister admitted to applying skin-darkening makeup in a high school talent show, for which he also apologized.

As the news rocked the election, Thursday evening saw the publication of yet another video of Mr. Trudeau wearing blackface, in addition to an afro wig, that had not been

reported or acknowledged by the PM. The third such instance of the Liberal leader engaging in this racist behavior has led many Canadians to question if this was truly a "blind-spot" or if the Prime Minister had a pattern of bigoted behavior in his teens and twenties. Mr. Trudeau has temporarily halted his campaign, convening with his party's candidates to determine the best path forward, though he has vowed to remain as prime minister and as the Liberal leader. The scandal has left voters divided, forced to weigh whether the PM's current commitment to equality and his government's policy accomplishments matter more than regrettable incidents from his past. Even if Mr. Trudeau is able to secure a second parliamentary mandate next month, his reputation as a liberal beacon in a shifting world has surely been tarnished, as has his manicured image of what a prime minister ought to be.

FAKER THAN TRUTH

by Jacques Guillot

Fordham's Gloria Dei Choir disbands following scathing hit-piece

Campus Ministry announced that the Gloria Dei Choir, which previously provided music for the 8 P.M. Sunday Mass, has been officially disbanded. This is due to an anonymously written article, published in the paper, criticizing the choir for their controversial use of contemporary instruments instead of the organ and Gregorian chant. Campus Ministry has decided to follow the guidelines of Musicam Sacram as closely as possible, and they expect campus-wide belief in the doctrine of Transubstantiation to skyrocket from just 28% to over 95% by the end of October as a result.

Former choir members who have not already defected to Protestantism will serve as "Sacred Music Ambassadors," visiting churches unable to afford an organ to rebuke them for having subpar liturgical music. The physics department has built a time machine so Sacred Music Ambassadors can go back in time and ask early Christians to cease using any music in their Masses until the organ and Gregorian chant are introduced around the 9th century A.D.

The 8 P.M. Mass will be celebrated without music until there are enough funds to hire an organist and a choir of castrati. Until then, those who wish to listen to traditional sacred music are welcome to attend the 11 A.M. Mass, which everyone else who prefers such music already does. Campus Ministry has also announced that on-campus Masses will be celebrated only in Latin, and have issued a statement criticizing the use of other languages in the Mass. The paper reached out to Jesus Christ, who celebrated Mass in Aramaic, but He declined to comment.

(Re)Enter Brett Kavanaugh

by Sebastian Guccione
Staff Law Professor

Brett and Accusations Part II

Brett Kavanaugh has entered the national spotlight amid sexual assault accusations. If you're experiencing déjà vu right now, no you're not crazy, and yes, we've been here before. This past Tuesday, two New York Times reporters published a book containing both previously unreported and new details about sexual assault accusations against Kavanaugh and the chicanery of his confirmation.

As many will recall, Kavanaugh, now Supreme Court Justice Kavanaugh, was confirmed to the highest court in the land by the Republican-controlled Senate in October of last year. The significance of the Senate's historically close 50-48 vote was only surpassed by the extent of national outrage it ignited. All the controversy stemmed from allegations that Kavanaugh had sexually assaulted or raped several women, two of whom being Dr. Christine Blasey Ford and Deborah Ramirez.

During Kavanaugh's confirmation process both he and Dr. Ford appeared in a hearing before the Senate Judiciary Committee. Dr. Ford told the committee that in the 1980s, Kavanaugh, along with a friend, pinned her to a bed, groped her, ground against her, tried to remove her clothes and covered her mouth when she screamed. She cited notes from past counseling sessions where she described her assaulters. Kavanaugh, in the same hearing, denied all accusations against him, and described the efforts to pursue such allegations as a "calculated and orchestrated political hit." He cited calendars that he kept at the time, which he would use as an abbreviated journal.

Deborah Ramirez, a classmate of Kavanaugh at Yale University, had also made public allegations of sexual assault against him. The allegations were made prior to Kavanaugh's confirmation, and consisted of Ramirez telling the New Yorker that he had drunkenly and nakedly shoved his genitals in her face at an undergraduate dorm party.

During Kavanaugh's confirmation process, the vast majority of public

discourse was placed on Dr. Christine Ford, as she testified before the Senate Judiciary Committee and had 'stronger' allegations. As a result, Ramirez was often made light of by media outlets and even politicians.

So, why is the attention back on Kavanaugh now? New York Times reporters Robin Pogrebin and Kate Kelly released an article followed by a book, entitled *The Education of Brett Kavanaugh: An Investigation*, that provides many new details that corroborate Ramirez's overlooked accusations, suggest a larger extent to which the F.B.I.'s investigations of Kavanaugh were limited, and suggest that Kavanaugh was not truthful throughout his confirmation hearings.

In their report, Pogrebin and Kelly analyze Kavanaugh's Senate testimony, where he stated that "if the incident Ms. Ramirez described had occurred, it would have been 'the talk of campus.'" [Pogrebin and Kelly's] reporting suggests that it was.

The New York Times reporters go into detail how "[a]t least seven people, including Ms. Ramirez's mother, heard about the Yale incident long before Mr. Kavanaugh was a federal judge. Two of those people were classmates who learned of it just days after the party occurred, suggesting that it was discussed among students at the time."



Max Stier, classmate to Kavanaugh at Yale, also reported in the new book that he "saw Mr. Kavanaugh with his pants down at a different drunken dorm party, where friends pushed his penis into the hand of a female student." Although Stier reported the incident to the F.B.I, they did not pursue investigation.

As Pogrebin and Kelly notify in their report, a lack of F.B.I investigation is a common theme and not exclusive

to Stier's sighted sexual assault when examining Kavanaugh; "Ms. Ramirez's legal team gave the F.B.I. a list of at least 25 individuals who may have had corroborating evidence. But the bureau—in its supplemental background investigation — interviewed none of them, though we learned many of these potential witnesses tried in vain to reach the F.B.I. on their own."

An increasing amount of members of congress, such as senator Bernie Sanders, are now calling for impeachment: "[The details of Pogrebin and Kelly's new report] confirm what we already knew: During his hearing, Kavanaugh faced credible accusations and likely lied to Congress. I support any appropriate constitutional mechanism to hold him accountable." Similarly, senator Kamala Harris believes that "Brett Kavanaugh lied to the U.S. Senate and most importantly to the American people. He was put on the Court through a sham process and his place on the Court is an insult to the pursuit of truth and justice. He must be impeached."

Most republicans in congress, and notably the POTUS, believe that any attempt to sully Kavanaugh's reputation is a political move to fight back against the increasing presence of republicans in the Department of Justice. Last Sunday, President Trump tweeted out that "the Radical Left Democrats and their Partner, the LameStream Media, are after Brett Kavanaugh again... they want to scare him into turning Liberal!"

As calls for impeachment and contrasting opinions on Kavanaugh continue, it is a civic duty of the people to stay informed and read any relevant primary resources for themselves. Kavanaugh is 54 years old, extremely young by SCOTUS standards, and none would disagree that if left to serve, he will have a large impact on law and the morality of the country.

Sharpie Gate: Trump, Meteorologist-in-Chief

by Taylor Mascetta
Staff Weatherwoman

In a regular society, mistakes are made—it's a natural human phenomenon. Perfection may be something we strive for, but it's impossible to achieve. People have to learn to take their mistakes, apologize for them, and use it to improve themselves in the future. Unfortunately, this isn't a skill President Trump has seemed to master yet.



For the past few weeks, America has been dealing with a little problem called Hurricane Dorian. The category five hurricane has been an absolute monster. The Bahamas were completely ravaged in the storm—parts of the pristine oasis were left an absolute wasteland. After it gobbled up those islands, Dorian barreled towards Florida. While parents scrambled to prepare for the hurricane, students hoping for school closure meme-d the storm, spamming Tiktok with videos depicting the storm's "anticipated" arrival. Except, the storm never came to the Sunshine State—instead, it arrived towards the unprepared Carolinas. While chaos reigned over in those three states, Alabama stayed relaxed and unharmed.

Except, according to President Trump, Alabama was also in the middle of a weather crisis.

When Dorian came to the U.S., Trump did what he does best—ran straight to social media. He tweeted "In addition to Florida—South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, will most likely be hit (much) harder

We have entered the Age of Post-Parody

than anticipated. Looking like one of the largest hurricanes ever. Already category 5. BE CAREFUL! GOD BLESS EVERYONE!"

The tweet left millions of Americans scratching their heads. According to the Birmingham National Weather Services, Alabama was not going to see any impact from Dorian. Who were they supposed to believe—a credible scientific source or the

House responded to the criticism, still defending the president's claim. The NOAA released a statement saying that NHC models "demonstrated that tropical-storm-force winds from Hurricane Dorian could impact Alabama."

All jokes aside, the entirety of "Sharpie Gate" illuminates a deep-seated issue hidden within the Trump administration—its inability to admit he has done wrong.

Everyone makes mistakes—that's what makes us human. It's up to us to own up to them and learn from a misstep. But, to Trump, a mistake discredits his image. As president, he wants to keep a tight grasp on his authoritative impression. Perfection is key to preserve a powerful image to his foes—with the Democratic debates heating up, President Trump needs as much credibility as possible. His avoidance of mistakes, however, is what's diminishing his credibility in the first place.

President Trump, however, doesn't rely on all of the facts—he says what he wants to hear. Whenever he states or tweets something, it's his own cold, hard truth. When anyone fact-checks or disproves his claim with evidence, he uses the classic "fake news" accusation. He is striving for perfection but is not doing what is necessary to be seen as such. To stay credible, you must stay factual. A Sharpie and a proven untrue fact will not come in handy.

The biggest casualty of Sharpie Gate, however, are all of those who were affected by the hurricane. Dorian was a CATEGORY FIVE STORM: it was the strongest hurricane to ever hit the Bahamas in history, the second strongest Atlantic hurricane on record, and claimed the lives of 43 people. Along with that, many parts of the Bahamas have been left completely devastated. Thousands of citizens have lost their homes and entire livelihoods. Everyone seems to care more about poking fun at the president or making memes about the storm rather than helping those who need help. Instead of trying to convince everyone that he is right, President Trump needs to turn his gaze to rescue efforts and helping communities rebuild—no sharpies required.

president himself? Needless to say, the entire Internet was confused.

In a normal situation, Trump would have addressed his mistake, apologized and moved on. Unfortunately, he did not. Enter Sharpie Gate.

On September 4, during a press conference, Trump showed an image addressing Dorian's path of destruction. A white circle surrounded Florida and parts of Georgia, but viewers were quick to notice an extension. The southeast corner of Alabama was circled with what was unmistakably black Sharpie. It looked as if someone quickly drawn over the state seconds before the conference went live.

Naturally, the Internet was set ablaze. The situation was deemed "Sharpiegate" and Twitter was filled to the brim with memes mocking the president. People used "sharpies" to alter aspects of Trump's life—they gave Melania a smile, gave him bigger hands and filled up the audience at his inauguration speech. The White

Realer
Than
Fact

by Christian Decker

Idiots Attempt to storm Area 51

Many of us have seen the memes of everyone planning to Storm Area 51, which is a real place apparently, to look for the secret aliens that the government has supposedly hidden from us. Well as it turns out in this the darkest timeline, some people actually did attempt to raid area 51. There were many alien themed events going on on Friday such as Alienstock, a concert. One of the clips going viral is the news report of a local news channel with some kid Naruto running in the background into his destiny, which is honestly pretty hilarious. But, if you think about how stupid this whole thing is, it's actually a startling diagnosis of the American condition.

Apparently, several people have been arrested, including several YouTubers, for trying to illegally enter the base. The guards must be having a field day. It does, however, raise the question of what actually is contained within Area 51. It's most likely experimental Air Force technology, but who knows? Perhaps there is some secret doomsday weapon that the CIA is containing to be used to start the end of the world.

The point is that we'll probably never know, and in the mean time, there are better things that we should be putting our time and energy into, like climate action.

Stoking the Flames

by Noah Kotlarek
News Editor

Around 4 a.m. on September 14th, ten drones flew over Saudi Arabia sinking a total of nineteen missiles into Aramco oil processing facilities in Abqaiq and Khurais. Fourteen of the strikes destroyed storage tanks, three damaged processing trains, and the remaining two did not hit any infrastructure or equipment. Thankfully, no one died in the attacks; though the number of injured remains unknown. The attack halted half of Saudi Arabia's daily oil production, representing five percent of global production. Saudi officials and business leaders expect production to return to baseline by the end of September and will tap into reserves to maintain current export levels.

The aggressor of these attacks is currently being debated. The Houthi rebels of Yemen were quick to claim the attacks for themselves. The Houthis, belonging to the Zaidi Shi'ite branch of Islam, have had an ongoing animosity with both Saudi Arabia and the United States of America. Since 2015 a Civil War has been raging between the Houthis and the Yemeni government led by President Abdrabbuh Mansur Hadi. The Houthis claim to be fighting against the government in defense of the Zaidi population (1/3 of the total population), against corruption in the political system, and against a reduction in subsidies that the Zaidis depend upon. On a religious level, the Houthis are opposed to Salafism, a Sunni reform movement that references the early years of Islam for guidance in the practice of the faith. The Yemeni government, on the other hand, claims the Houthis simply want to overthrow the republican system. So why would the Houthi's attack Saudi Arabia? Saudi Arabia, with intelligence

Ten Drones attack Saudi Oil Facilities

and logistical help from the United States, has led pro-government interventions in Yemen. These interventions include bombings, naval blockades, and the deployment of foot soldiers. For this, and for the presence of Salafism in Saudi Arabia, the Houthis resent the Saudis.



Yet, both Saudi Arabia and the United States deny that the Houthis are the ones behind the attack. The Saudi government and U.S. Secretary of State Mike Pompeo point to Iran as the aggressor. Satellite imagery suggests that the drones are of Iranian manufacture. Within Iran's accusers, there are two main camps: those who believe the drones flew directly from Iranian soil and those who think the supposed Iranian drones were launched from Yemen with assistance from Iran. Iran's tensions with the United States and Saudi Arabia escalated recently with the termination of the Iran Nuclear Deal (Joint Comprehensive Plan of Action). The Trump Administration has responded by imposing further sanctions on Iran. The French foreign minister, who earlier this week was unwillingly to accept Iran as the aggressor, now says the Houthi claim lacks credibility. Regardless, at the

next UN General Assembly France will attempt to diffuse the situation between the United States and Iran and ultimately reinstate a nuclear deal. French President Emmanuel Macron is set to meet with Trump and Iranian President Hassan Rouhani in the coming weeks.

Clearly, the implications of these attacks are not isolated to the two Arabian facilities. Nor are they limited diplomats and global superpowers. The temporary destruction of half of Saudi Arabia's oil production affects the wealthy and the poor across the world. On the day of the attacks, oil prices jumped 20%, the highest single day surge since the Invasion of Kuwait in 1990. A dire future was expected . . .

Heightened prices would cost citizens more to refuel their cars as well as raise the cost of producing (and thus buying) a plethora of petroleum products consumed by people on each side of the economic spectrum. But to Aramco's surprise, assessments revealed less damage than expected. The state-owned processing company was able to resume production at 2 million barrels per day on September 16th and predicts full operation to resume in less than a month.

Though production will return to normalcy, international relations will not. On Friday, the Pentagon President announced the deployment of a "moderate" amount of additional American troops to Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates as well as technicians and air and missile defense equipment. After this announcement the media made it seem as this was a huge measure but according to Frank Gardner, the BBC's chief Security Correspondent, the move is not so invasive or aggressive.

Iranian Commander Major General Hossein Salami responded to the U.S.'s claims that the deployment was not so large, "Whoever wants their land to become the main battlefield, go ahead. Be careful, a limited aggression will not remain limited. We will pursue any aggressor." These resources were requested by Saudi Arabia and the UAE to deter Iran from attacking. Iran's foreign minister Mohammad Javad Zarif, calls the United States' actions "posturing" and maintains that the attack was not carried out by his country. US Secretary of State Mike Pompeo calls the attack an "Act of War." But in keeping with his claims that Iran did not in fact strike the Arabian facilities Zarif warned the United States, "I'm confident that we will not start one (a war), but I'm confident that whoever starts one will not be the one who finishes it."

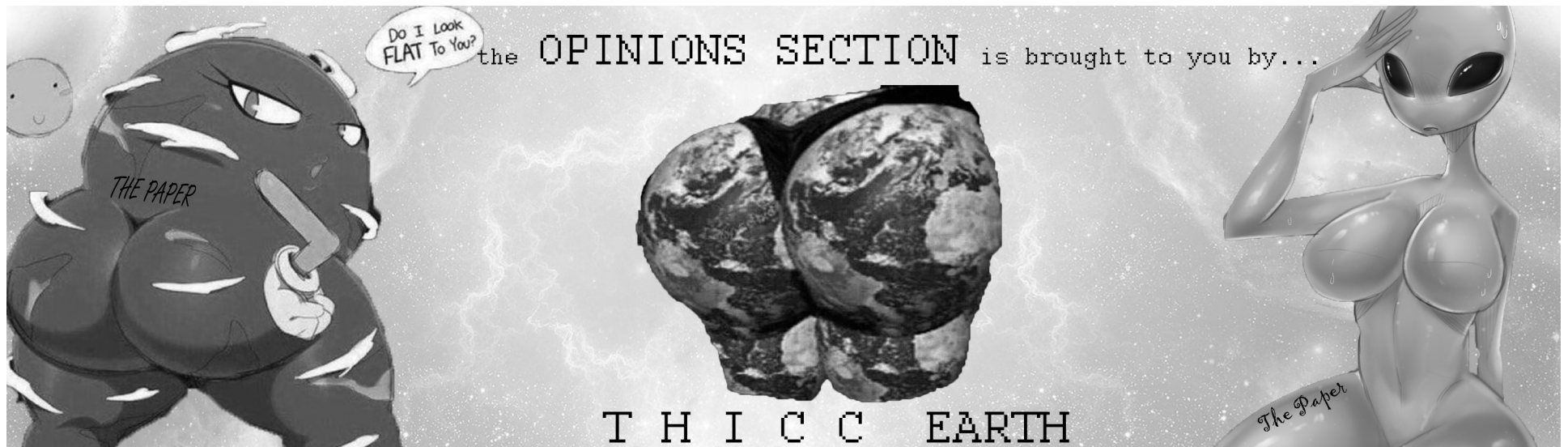
Iranian President Hassan Rohani urges foreign powers not to deploy troops as that would be an "arms race." Iran intends to propose a Gulf peace initiative at the United Nations General Assembly on Tuesday. Houthi rebels also have expressed to the United Nations that they would cease attacks on Saudi Arabia so long as Saudi Arabia and the United States ceased Yemeni intervention.

Until now we will just have to wait and see what comes out of the General Assembly meeting and who the majority of foreign powers will blame for the attacks. These complicated foreign affairs knotted by the ropes of religion, oil, territorial control, and money never have a simple solution. As Fordham students and human beings sharing a planet it is our responsibility to make ourselves aware of the worldly happenings so we can better understand one another and work towards harmony amongst our colleagues and fellow strangers.

Gene Simmons'
Man Milk

KISS MILK
1 Gallon

Lick It Up!!!!



Let's Try This Again: Revisiting a Childhood Hobby

By Annie Muscat

Staff Ballerina

I am pretty confident that nearly everyone reading this can resonate with this scenario: you're in middle school and your parent is driving you to some sort of practice. Maybe it's dance or soccer or piano class, what have you. You're begging to be taken literally anywhere else. You just want to quit. You bargain with them like you're bargaining for your goddamn life. You're tired of committing so much time and energy to this activity. It's exhausting, there's too much pressure, and you just want to hang out with your friends and loiter in the nearby Taco Bell parking lot.

All of this to no avail. You're dropped off and forced to endure the first ten minutes of practice with puffy eyes and a pout. No one asks, but they don't have to because they know. They performed the same ritual yesterday. If this mental image hits a little too close to home, hello there! We, along with thousands of others, had the same upbringing, I suppose. So much for being unique...

I spent nearly thirteen years of my life dancing. The dance studio was my second home. I should have paid rent, but I assume the immense monthly tuition my mom paid was a form of rent. At its most intense or in performance preparation mode, I spent a solid 20 hours a week in the studio. My toes were perpetually blistered from pointe shoes. I found bobby pins in bizarre places. And I owned too many leotards than was socially acceptable.

Maybe all of this would have been alright if my studio, and many dance studios, as I have come to

learn, weren't a breeding ground for toxic thinking and insecurity. At times, I was convinced that my ballet teachers believed we all wanted to become professional ballerinas. That was far from the truth. Most of the time, there was more emphasis on doing the most pirouettes and having the highest leg extension over feeling strong and beautiful. I don't even feel

promise, leading these dancers to improve and go on to receive leading roles. This cycle continued, leaving most of us overlooked and feeling dejected. It even led us to compete against our friends and make hurtful remarks we didn't truly mean.

My teachers, shameless "dance moms," and studio politics led me to lose sight of why I loved dancing

once my second home, was pure relief. Eventually, I found myself longing to be on stage. I watched my sister perform and was envious, even though I knew she was experiencing the same insecurities I had. She eventually quit, too, as did many people I know. This is far from a distinctive experience.

Five years after quitting ballet, I am a senior in college. I am across the country from the town I grew up in and years removed from the frustration I developed towards dance. Not to mention, as an existential crisis-ridden senior, I find myself wanting to take advantage of every opportunity I can.

For these reasons, I rather impulsively auditioned for Fordham's *Jetes*, a student-led ballet team. Dancing in the auditions alone was almost indescribable. The best word I can use is *liberating*. Not only was I returning to dance of my own volition, but also no one was making me feel inferior. In fact, quite the opposite, I felt beautiful and strong and encouraged by those around me. Returning was as familiar as riding a bicycle. It was as if I was *reclaiming* ballet. Much to my excitement, I made the team! And taking regular classes has been both empowering and downright fun.

To wrap up my saga, I strongly recommend returning to something you once grew to resent. You have grown since then and your context has evolved. Don't get me wrong, don't force anything or place yourself back in unhealthy environments or headspaces, but there was probably a time when you loved it. You are in control now.



the need to discuss the pervasive body dysmorphia we almost all experienced. Unfortunately, ballet and eating disorders go together like peanut butter and jelly. (But make sure you get sugar-free jelly or you'll get fat).

When auditions rolled around, they felt pointless (no pun intended). We dancers already knew who was going to get what parts. Favoritism was rampant. It became a negative feedback loop. Our teachers watched and corrected the students who showed

in the beginning. Ballet is a gorgeous art form and an essential form of self-expression. I could relay my emotions through movement. It was therapy. Despite these positive attributes, the stress was overwhelming and I finally quit dancing during my junior year of high school. It was like a long-anticipated exhale.

It took me years to realize how bittersweet quitting was. My resentment had grown so intense in my last few years that leaving the studio,

Sorry, But *The Office* Just Isn't Funny

By Nora Hogan
Staff Toby

The Office isn't funny. There, I said it.

Before you get your pitchforks out, let me explain myself: *The Office* is not a true comedy. It's nothing more than a compilation of failed punch lines and misogynistic jokes followed by an awkwardly-placed fourth wall break. At this point, you may be asking me, "If *The Office* isn't funny, then why do so many people love watching it?" Well, I argue that most people who "like" *The Office* do so in order to conform to a societal norm.

In my freshman year of high school, I watched all nine seasons of *The Office* on Netflix to see what all the hype was about. It seemed as if the entire world had a "Beets, Bears, Battlestar Galactica" Redbubble sticker on their Hydro Flask. Like any 14-year-old girl, I just wanted to embody ~the norm~. So, after my parents said that they would not finance a fancy metal water bottle, I decided to start watching *The Office*. So, for the following two months, instead of doing homework, I watched the show for hours on end.

Over the duration of my viewing experience, I think I laughed maybe once when Angela threw her cat into the ceiling during the fire drill episode, and at a select few pranks that Jim pulls on Dwight throughout the series. Other than these select moments, every other "funny" scene simply made me cringe. Remember when Michael forced Oscar to kiss him to prove that he wasn't homophobic, but then continued to ridicule Oscar's sexuality throughout the rest of the

Please find something else to stan

Any attempt that the show's creators made at trying to address serious issues like race, sex, or sexual orientation pretty much resulted in an awkward laugh or a disgusted reaction from me.

Now, I'm all about the politically incorrect joke. I love *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*, which is possibly the crudest show that has ever aired

objectification of women particularly comical.

Then why is *The Office* so popular? I believe that this phenomenon is a direct result of the power of White Girls™ worldwide. (To be clear, you don't have to be Caucasian or female to be a white girl. All you have to do is a) wear fashionably-cropped mom jeans unironically, b) have a

Birkenstocks in 2010, they were either your unwashed, elderly pot-smoking neighbor or another outcast of society with an athlete's foot problem. Back in 2010, white girls were rebounding from the Britney Spears era of the early 2000s, automatically placing the Birkenstocks brand at the bottom of the theoretical totem pole. However, in the following years, while unconsciously sensing the rise of hipster culture (e.g. craft beer, Warby Parker glasses, etc.), white girls decided to make the shoe brand a part of their collective personality. After this shift, everyone and their mother started wearing Birkenstocks, but it didn't stop there. Birkenstock became a personal brand for many. Today, you can even find "You BirkenROCK" embroidery on Etsy. Seriously. But, I digress. *The Office*, along with its unfunny siblings *That 70s Show* and *Friends*, is an integral part of every white girl's Netflix list; therefore, it must be funny, at least by societal standards.

For those of us who are able to partially exist outside of the confines of society's crushing influence, we know the truth about *The Office*. It's just not funny. So, the next time that you feel the urge to rewatch the series for the millionth time, resist it. Join the resistance. Although our overlords may be clad in athleisure, armed with AirPods, and enjoying a completely harmless TV show, in the words of Public Enemy, "You gotta fight the powers that be."

That
70s
Show

F.R.I.E.N.D.S



the unholy trinity of bad sitcoms

on television. However, a difference exists: *Always Sunny* is funny because it's so bawdy and outrageous that you can't help but laugh. *The Office* fails at satirizing sexist and racist office-place behavior because the scenarios presented in the show are too similar to reality. Especially in light of recent social movements, it's hard to watch an episode today in which Michael hits on Pam or makes a sexist joke without thinking of the #MeToo movement. Maybe we're becoming too politically correct as a whole, but I personally do not find the

Starbucks Gold membership and c) like your own Instagram pictures for maximum clout.) Although white girls may be mocked universally for being seemingly "basic", they largely influence society by making certain aspects of pop culture a part of their collective personality. I wish I were kidding. White girls control what's hot and what's...not. Don't believe me? Take the sudden popularity of Birkenstock sandals as another example of the power of white girls. If you saw someone walking down the street in a pair of

We are all witnesses

Adam Nathaniel Peck @adamnpeck
Replying to @notcapnamerica
this man on the right did witness



DanielTM @danielm
Replying to @f14cc0wofw14cc
His bitch ass lifting a finger when she asked who's gone through a drill
lmaooo he was mad as hell



Meg the Pony @Meaghanpaige... · 11h
Replying to @weekend3warrior
Y'all I'm ded



Alex H Photo @AlexHilbertL · 1d



I Have a Hydroflask. I'm Not a VSCO Girl. Yes, We Exist.

By Erin Stehler
Staff Thirst Quencher

It wasn't supposed to be this way...

All I wanted was a water bottle to keep my beverages hot or cold for an extended period of time. At what cost? I take a sip only to hear a chorus of sksksk from my roommates and acquaintances. I did not ask for this. I just wanted water. I am sick of being shamed simply for having the water bottle of VSCO girls. I have never made a friendship bracelet on it. In all seriousness, I actually now have a second water bottle for when I leave the room because I don't want to be THAT girl. Why have we created this environment for ourselves? I don't understand the big deal surrounding this specific water bottle.

It's a great water bottle. Every day I fill it up, and if I don't drink it all, it is still cold in two days. Your Swell can't do that. Plus it holds more water than most water bottles, so at any given time I am probably more hydrated than you. Is that what makes a VSCO girl? Hydration? Sign me up. All I want is to hydrate freely without the judgement of strangers on campus. I cannot be the only one who thinks it's weird to harass people about the type of water bottle they use. That said, I understand making fun of their friendship bracelets because that shit's weird. But a water bottle is just a container. They're all roughly the same, and we all use them. The only difference is the brand and that mine is probably better than yours. These water bottle elitists can get out of here with their opinions and technicalities. Us non-VSCO-girl hydroflask users need to stand together. We did not

spend \$39.95 to be pushed into the shadows or publicly shamed. I have never owned a shell necklace and I refuse to be compared to someone who does.

I'm just out here trying to discern what does and does not make a VSCO girl a VSCO girl. The lines seem

about good vibes or the importance of coffee. I would ask my roommates but I'm almost certain one of them has a "life happens, coffee helps" sticker, and I'm afraid I would have to disassociate immediately to uphold my status. Please let me know. I'm just a confused girl lost in a VSCO

assortment of friendship bracelets and scrunchies. I don't understand where this surplus of bracelets is going because I refuse to believe anybody has that many friends. Also, apparently VSCO girls drive Jeeps. I drive a Corolla, so there's that. To be honest, I did wear scrunchies at the end of high school when they were still trendy, but my scrunchie days never overlapped with my hydroflask days, so I think it's fine. While I'm on this tangent, another thing I'm mad about is wearing long shirts as dresses. VSCO girls ruined it for everybody. Why did we have to take that away from ourselves? They should take one for the team and wear things that nobody wants anyways. Pocketless jeans? Throw 'em to the VSCO girls. I'm fine without wearing t-shirt dresses; it's just that we have so few comfortable clothing options to begin with. All I'm saying is if we coordinate with the VSCO girls, we might get a better deal. I don't know why we feel the need to deny ourselves of comfort just because a girl in a choker did it first. That said, I'm much braver in writing and will almost definitely give in to the pressure.

Am I a VSCO girl? I'm undecided and still don't think I fully understand the concept. I can't actually figure out why these girls relate to VSCO at all. Am I willing to sacrifice my dignity to drink water in public? Probably not. Anyways, I hope anyone who joined me on this journey feels more enlightened on the enigma that is the VSCO girl.

HEY GIRL



GO AHEAD, DECK OUT THAT HYDROFLASK



:)

unclear and I'm here to learn so that you don't have to. First of all, I am unclear whether stickers on the water bottle increase or decrease the level of VSCO. I've gotten mixed reviews on this subject. On that note, if stickers on a water bottle are VSCO girl fuel, somebody let me know whether or not I also need to remove my laptop stickers. I think I'm safe because I stay away from pastel colors and don't have any that say anything

world.

I have been doing some in-depth Urban Dictionary research on this topic. To further separate myself from the true VSCO girls, here are some other things that VSCO girls reportedly have that I do not have. One of those terribly overpriced square backpacks, for example. Those don't look like they could fit a notebook or laptop in them, so I choose to believe they're filled to the brim with an

Freshman Year Sucks. That's It. That's the Title.

By Katelynn Browne

Arts Editor

It's safe to agree that freshman year is the absolute worst (apologies to any freshmen reading this, but it is for many). I think a lot of this has to do with the high expectations set by parents/older people and The Media™ who told you for years that college is going to be "the best time of your life", a perception that is usually crushed within the first few months of getting here. Of course, a lot of us don't really expect that things will be perfect, but the idea of what college should be is one that still persists, consciously or subconsciously.

I think that colleges can do a lot more in order to alleviate what freshman year ultimately becomes - a time in one's life that is ultimately marked by strange socialization, loneliness, confusion, and a general uncertainty about one's purpose and future. What irks me the most when reflecting on my freshman year is when I think about how lonely and

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if orientation wasn't the WORST

isolated I felt from others, and how I felt that I was the only person experiencing this. Every time I looked on social media, I saw pictures of people from dorms hanging out in massive packs and going out every weekend, while I sat quietly watching in my childhood bedroom, feeling unwanted and unsure how to connect. What I didn't know at the time, though, was that those people were feeling just as isolated and desperate to make friends as I was. And hardly anyone talks about this!

If you talk to pretty much anyone who hasn't been an orientation leader, the consensus regarding orientation is that it fucking sucks. I feel like orientation is such a missed opportunity for people to make genuinely good friendships and lasting connections if it was just structured in a way that facilitated better friend-making and socializing. Although some few, lucky people do make really good friends through their orientation

groups, I think that most people end up parting ways with their orientation friends within a semester or two, with some people not even acknowledging their old orientation friends. So many freshmen hang out with their orientation groups out of fear of not knowing anyone, despite not really clicking with their orientation friends.

So how could we make orientation a better place to meet people? I think that if the school devised some kind of system that could match people based on interests and formed orientation groups that way, rather than randomly selecting 12 people would be one interesting way to start. Orientation leaders are really good at reminding freshmen the importance of joining clubs, but I think many students don't really realize how important it is to be a part of clubs until you're in one where you actually connect with people well and feel like you're part of a community. I think that it could be good to have a sepa-

rate club fair during orientation and require freshmen to join something. I know people don't want to be forced to do anything but I think it could increase the likelihood of freshmen finding their communities in college earlier, rather than later.

That being said, I think the most important thing is to put yourself out there and try a bunch of clubs and meet as many people as you can. You never know who might be super rad, or even your best friend for life. I know it's easier said than done, but do the best you can and know that if you're feeling lonely, it'll pass! It's just a matter of time :)

The Area 51 Raid Will Reunite This Generation

By Henry Hittle

Staff Alien Advocate

Area 51 - a secretive government facility in the Nevada desert that only few know the inner workings of. Also known by its official name "Nellis Air Force Base," the facility operates within the U.S. Air Force's Nevada Test and Training Range, just north of Las Vegas. The on-the-books purpose for this facility is to test highly-classified experimental aircraft, such as the famous SR-71 Blackbird reconnaissance plane. As it is well known, however, many believe there is a concealed purpose of this facility: to store and research alien lifeforms and alien technology. This theory was first introduced to the public in the 90's by supposed former USAF contractor, Bob Lazar, who claimed to have been stationed on the base. Many conspiracy theorists, curious tourists, and desert junkies have flocked to the small town of Rachel, Nevada, making it a hotbed for trespassing, UFO sightings, and abductions. The State of Nevada has even recognized the significance of the base, naming a nearby roadway the "Extraterrestrial Highway," while

Solve loneliness by Naruto-running directly into danger

locals opened up the "Little A'Le'Inn" restaurant and inn.

This past June, Matty Robberts created a Facebook event titled "Storm Area 51, They Can't Stop All of Us," in which attendees are encouraged to Naruto run into the base. While it quickly stormed the internet as a popular meme, there is something to be said about the cohesive effect the event could have. Despite the advent of social media, Generation Z and millennials are considered the loneliest generations. A study performed by YouGov showed that 30% of millennials reported they "always or often feel lonely," higher than any other group.

What could be causing this? The fact is, society is more divided than ever. Political polarization has even made friends see each other as enemies, as Republicans and Democrats increasingly view the opposing party as a threat to democracy itself. The dividing lines don't stop there. Some love bodybuilding, while others enjoy anime. Some like Coke, others like Pepsi. Yanny or Laurel? White dress

or blue dress? Does Central Jersey exist?? Is a hot dog a sandwich???

These pressing matters divide, polarize, and isolate our generation, creating an emotional pain that only one thing can solve: a raid on Area 51.



For decades, Americans have demanded to know what goes on in the clandestine facility, with no answers being provided by a government that is supposed to work for the people. On September 20th, this will be no more. We will come together to stop the oppression of big government, and once and for all release our extra-terrestrial brethren that have been wrongfully imprisoned.

Over 2 million people have pledged to attend the event, the hotels and campsites surrounding the base are booked solid, two festivals have been planned, and even Arby's will be catering. We know they're scared. The FAA has imposed flight restrictions, the FBI is surveilling attendants, and the Air Force has sent in extra manpower. So, Kyles, Karens, anti-vax kids, furies, weeps, and every other group that makes up our beautifully diverse generation, get your redbull ready, practice your Naruto run, and brace yourselves for the event of a lifetime. Just as the storming of the Bastille did for the French and Woodstock did for the 60's, Alienstock will unite us in a common bond of demanding government transparency, and of course seeing them aliens. Remember, they can't stop all of us.

*P.S.... Please, please, please don't even bother trying. It's not gonna work. The Air Force has already trained their personnel in counter-Naruto techniques.

the paper's view

Since this is the issue that will be on newsstands during Family Weekend, I feel like I have an obligation to explain myself. Or rather, to explain ourselves.

I can imagine a parent's shock, visiting their child a month into their first semester of college, only to pick up a copy of the paper thinking it's The Ram, and see their kid's name in the byline of an article titled "Why Are Queefs Edited Out of Porn?" For the record, that's a real article from the "Sex, Drugs, & Everything the Jesuits Don't Want You to Know" issue that was on stands during last year's Family Weekend. At the very least, this issue should be a bit less shocking than that one.

Regardless, if you're a parent visiting Fordham for the first time and you happened to not only pick up the paper but make it all the way to page 13, where you're reading this, here's what I'll say to you: just like, chill.

If your son or daughter chooses to spend their Saturdays in college by making fake ads for Gene Simmons' man milk (ahem, Christian), it might mean you've raised a pretty weird kid, but it doesn't mean they're sully themselves to future employers. Don't believe me? Well, I saw a few of our former editors a couple weeks ago, and at least three of them have jobs. So take that for data.

Is it every parent's dream to see their child write for an alternative college newspaper that lets them use the f-word with reckless abandon? I'm not a parent, so I can't say for sure, but I'm guessing not. But if you do open the paper to find out that this is how your child has chosen to spend their time in college, well, I'm like, 80% sure there are worse things they could be doing.

Jack

Hey families! Welcome to Fordham! If you're a sibling or parent who decided to pick up our paper thank you. I promise the tone of this publication does not represent Fordham education. For a lot of new students Family Weekend is an oasis in the desert that is the first semester. Everyone acts like college students are adults but my first semester I felt like a little baby. Would any adult buy Chipotle and Ben 'n' Jerry's twice a week, as I did? Definitely not a self-respecting one. But college is all about changing and growing. You're not supposed to be an adult when you first got here. I for one have only just reached one of the adulthood milestones.

By the time you read this, I will have already turned 21. That's right, fools, this week I will have transcended from my lowly state as a second class citizen, as a child, into the hallowed halls of legal alcoholism. On Monday you might have seen me sauntering through the aisles at Cherry's, two bottles of Pinot Grigio in hand. You might have even seen me confidently place the bottles at the counter and gleefully show the clerk my id; legally, no one could have stopped me.

Not going to lie this past year has been a year of *growth,* I finally got my drivers license over the summer. I am not a good driver, per say. My uncle says I "take too long to make decisions on the road," and that doing that "puts other drivers in harm's way" or something. Apparently you can be overly cautious? I really don't know why the proctor passed me but here we are. But getting my driver's license and turning 21 has me finally feeling like an "adult." All I need to do is learn what a "check" is and I think I'll be set.

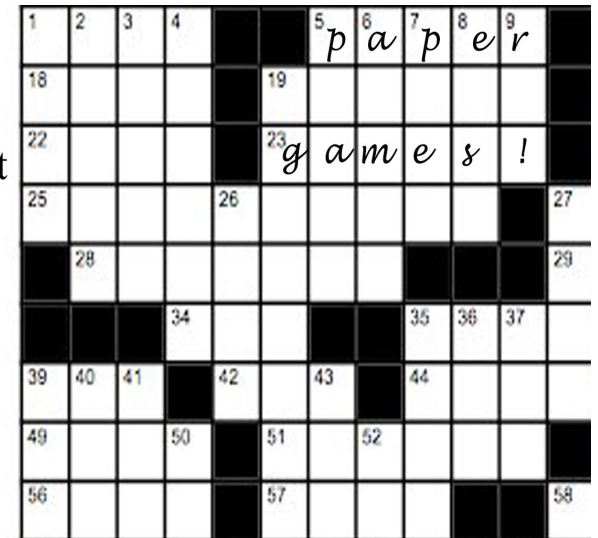
For a while in college I would stress about not being on top of things or not feeling like an adult. But no matter if you have your life planned for years to come, or if you're still figuring out your major, just hang in there because adulthood will come for you no matter what. Time marches on and we all must let go of our childlike wonder.

Meredith

Across

5. Fordham's dopest publication

23. Word search and Sudoku, for example



the paper Word Search!

Try our fresh word search! I know what you're thinking, "where's the word box?" Fear not, our word box can be found in the "Contributors" section on page 2! There you'll find the 24 words and phrases we've hidden in this letter labyrinth



Quit Complaining About GrubHub

By Matt Rosa Ruane
Staff Chicken Wrap

Recently, there has been a significant amount of complaining about the whole GrubHub ordering system. Some people have claimed they had arrived to receive their orders, only to realize the cooks hadn't begun to make them yet. Others have said that by the time they arrive, their order has already been thrown out for whatever reason. I am here to set the record straight. In order to better serve the valued readers of this publication, I personally sought to use and truly experience what students at Fordham have been up in arms about to better be able to deliver the truth. You may not like the truth, you may not agree with the truth, but my single experience with this system should be, at the very least, a standardized benchmark for how my readers perceive the GrubHub ordering system. Now, I will share my own experience.

It was half-past 10 on a cool September night. I had awoken from a deep slumber that often follows a four-class Tuesday schedule. With hunger in my belly and determination in my eyes, I looked down at my phone. I shuffled through to the GrubHub app and began the biggest test of my own sanity I would have that day. Seeing that it was a Tuesday night, Urban Kitchen was the way to go. Like any normal person, I ordered a chicken wrap with no sauce and added some avocado. I also got small fries and a 22 oz fountain drink, knowing that cup shall runneth over with Minute Maid fruit punch. Popping in my earbuds, I started my trek across campus to the void that is O'Hare. The weather? Too breezy for September. The music? Loud enough that I couldn't hear my thoughts. The vibe? A'ight.

I walked into Urban, expecting the place to be entirely empty. I mean a Tuesday night at roughly 10:40, how could anyone else make the kind of life mistakes I made to get me to this moment in time? I was wrong. I couldn't have known, I was just a boy then. A sea of walking dead filled the room. Everybody there was just as exhausted as I was, and yet simultaneously desired the kind of nourishment only Urban could fulfill.

We're all going to keep using it anyways

Meal swipes and DCB were worth a person's weight in gold in this apocalyptic land. Some, like me, entered soulless and alone. Others stood with their comrades in arms, hoping suffering together was better than suffering alone. I, believing my GrubHub order had secured me a higher status in this arena, was promptly proven wrong being told they were "working on my order." This is where my struggle began.

Five minutes had passed. At first, I attempted to stand stoic and strong

this hell I had subjected myself to.

At this point, another 10 minutes had passed. With my phone dead and very little to do, I began to ponder life and her most pertinent questions. What am I doing with my life? Am I wasting valuable time I could be using to achieve wonder? Why am I actively choosing to fuck myself with the sheer amount of debt I'm gonna be in out of college? Typical questions college students ask themselves every day. Also, the new Joker movie? I can already tell that



in the face of this news. I looked straight ahead, attempting to focus on the goal, rather than the boredom that was eating away at my mental health. My strength had held up so far and I intended to stick through it for the payoff.

Another three minutes had passed and I was beginning to lose myself. In an attempt to distract myself, I began to play 2048. I had not even considered opening this app for the previous five years of my life. I had truly hit rock bottom. Glancing at my battery, I realized I had a precious few moments left of relative comfort in

movie's gonna absolutely wreck my state of consciousness. I'm expecting the kind of life contemplation that a movie like American Beauty gave me. Honestly, without my phone, I'm starting to really feel enlightened by the kind of stuff I'm thinking about.

Okay, it has been a total of 25 minutes and from a purely customer service standpoint, I'm quite peeved. Like, why would it say "10 minutes no-line" on the app if it's taken double that and the line is thick as ever? I'm not even mad, I'm just disappointed. I'd be cool showing up later, just don't make me show up, then wait for four

years. Be honest. It's like when you tell someone, "I'm 5 minutes away" when you're really a solid 20 minutes out. When I do that, the instant relief is insane, but you know the person who had to wait is gonna be pissy. Just be honest.

Alright, 30-minute mark. David Foster Wallace was full of shit. The whole, "other people might have it worse" is too theoretical for me. Unless someone starts hemorrhaging blood, it is impossible for someone to be more upset with life than I am right now. I recognize how selfish I am right now, but to be fair so is everybody else. As much as everyone says that we should be more aware of

"David Foster Wallace was full of shit. The whole, 'other people might have it worse' is too theoretical for me."

the plights of others, I sure do feel like everyone in this Urban is being just as selfish as I am right now.

Finally, 32 minutes and 37 seconds later, I got my wrap. I stroll out to the front of the bookstore and open that wrap to get what I wanted: nourishment. I take my first bite, expecting to taste God's tears. Extra sauce and no avocado. I broke down crying.

I walked into Urban that night as a boy, filled with whimsy. I left a man, broken by time and defeat. So overall, I'd give that experience a 6/10. Listen, it was a pain in the ass and they fucked up my order, but if it was a restaurant I would still tip them. Maybe not 20%, but at least 15%. So stop bitching about the GrubHub app, we're all gonna keep using it because otherwise, we'd have to deal with additional social interaction which is no good either! Au Revoir!



IT Chapter 2 is So Scary It's Good

By Liv Langenberg
Opinions Editor

Pennywise is back and better than ever, baby! Twenty-seven years of hibernation does an evil clown good, let me tell you. *Wink.* Now, let's get one thing straight. I don't like horror movies. I'm a whiny little bitch, for one, and I'm not a huge fan of blood and gore. That said, I'm probably not the most qualified person to write a review about *It Chapter Two*, a horror movie. Am I going to do it anyway? Duh.

So if I don't like horror movies, why did I go see this one? Thing is... I think Pennywise is one of the funniest and most frightening villains of all time. If you've seen the moment in *It Chapter One* where Pennywise does that little dance for Beverly, you'll know what I'm talking about. I saw the first movie rather belatedly, and I found it extremely terrifying, yet thrilling at the same time. If you're not familiar with the story, I'll give you a quick run-down. It takes place in a town in Maine called Derry, which doesn't actually exist, but is like most small towns on the East Coast. We're introduced to two brothers, Bill and Georgie. Georgie reaaaally wants to go play outside, but it's raining, so Bill doesn't want to. Thus, our little friend Georgie, clad in a cute yellow raincoat, goes out to play with a paper sailboat. Fun! Unfortunately, the sailboat falls from his tiny hands and falls into a storm drain. But don't worry! The sailboat has been caught by our good pal, Pennywise, who was hanging out in the sewers. He tells Georgie to come closer and proceeds to bite his arm off and drag him

(so good it's scary? Whatever, watch the movie)

into the darkness. Oop. Big brother Bill is SO upset, obviously, and blames himself for the ~mysterious~ disappearance of Georgie.

Eventually, we find out that Pennywise has been hard at work

for now, and they promise to return to Derry if the clown ever surfaces again. Which he will.

That's where we are at the beginning of *It Chapter Two*. It's been twenty-seven years and our "Losers Club"

reason for you to go to the theaters and pay my friend Pennywise a visit. Rather, I'll let you know what I thought of it. To set the scene, it was about 9pm on a Saturday night, I had just taken my first shower in several days, and my roommate barged into my room to tell me that we were going to the movies. Next thing I know, I'm at a theater in a strip mall by Yankee Stadium ready to have my shit rocked by my favorite dancing clown. I'm a little bitch, remember?

Let's just say that I was squirming around and squealing the entire three hours of the movie. That's right, three hours. Get yourself a catheter if you can't sit for that long because you BETTER NOT get up and leave while Pennywise is hard at work entertaining you. Supposedly, there's a good number of people who didn't enjoy the movie, thinking they relied too much on special effects and less on actual terror. They've got a point, but I was still absolutely horrified. Bill Skarsgard is terrific at playing Pennywise, and I love the adult cast versions of the Losers. I'll admit that this film included way too many weird zombie-like versions of *It* that didn't make sense to me. Nonetheless, I left the theater feeling thoroughly entertained, uncomfortable, and scared, so I'd call it a win. Plus this was Bill Hader's first horror movie. How can you hate on that? All in all, I liked the movie, but the first "chapter" was definitely better. I'm sure we can all agree on one thing, though: The devil works hard, but Pennywise works harder.



terrorizing several children in Derry. He appears as each child's biggest fear, creating sick mind games that leave them absolutely horrified, naturally. That's the thing—it is a supernatural evil being, so it can take all kinds of forms. Pennywise, The Dancing Clown, is only one of his forms, though definitely his favorite. Clowns are a classic fear, after all. Once some of the kids realize the same thing has traumatized them all, they band together, calling themselves The Losers Club, and vow to defeat It. At the end of the first movie, they've succeeded, at least

is all grown up! All of them have left their hometown, except for Mike, who has remained in Derry as a library assistant. The movie opens with a really disturbing scene where a gay couple is beaten by some dickhead homophobes, and one is thrown off a bridge, only to be finished off by good ol' Pennywise. (This was in the book, just so you know.) Mike senses that his childhood terror is back, so he calls all the Losers and tells them to get their asses back to Derry. I mean, c'mon, they promised.

I'm not going to tell you the rest of the plot, because then, there'd be no

HOROSCOPES

Signs as:

“Items Found at Area 51”

Aries: Ted Cruz’s Zodiac confession

We been knew...

Taurus: BerenSTEIN Bears

Your stubbornness will prove to be an asset this week.

Gemini: Naruto kid behind the reporter

This week you will peak. Literally, this is the best you’ll EVER be

Cancer: Mothman

You will find love this week. You are irresistible.

Leo: The Pamphlet

Know your place...

Virgo: Bigfoot

You knew the whole time that he was real...but now...

Libra: THE Naruto (the man, the myth, the legend)

How does it feel to be a god in the modern age??

Scorpio: The X-Files

This week you will get into some heated conversations (about Star Trek tho)

Sagittarius: Alien Bae

Love can be found in the strangest of places. Overcome your cultural differences

Capricorn: New Vines

You’re not the same but you’re still pretty funny.

Aquarius: Space Jam Sequel

Not the hero we need but the one we deserve :)

Pisces: Kyle MacLachlan
Keep Portland weird.

A Review and Commentary on the AMC Original *Preacher*

By Christian Decker
News Editor

My dad and I have found that we have a penchant for both the absurd and obscene that can sometimes enter into modern television. Over the past few years my brother, my father and I have descended into the chaos that is the horror genre and found new and exciting ways to completely destroy ourselves mentally. That being said, none of that compares to the absolute batshit craziness that is AMC’s *Preacher*. Just a heads up, SPOILERS.

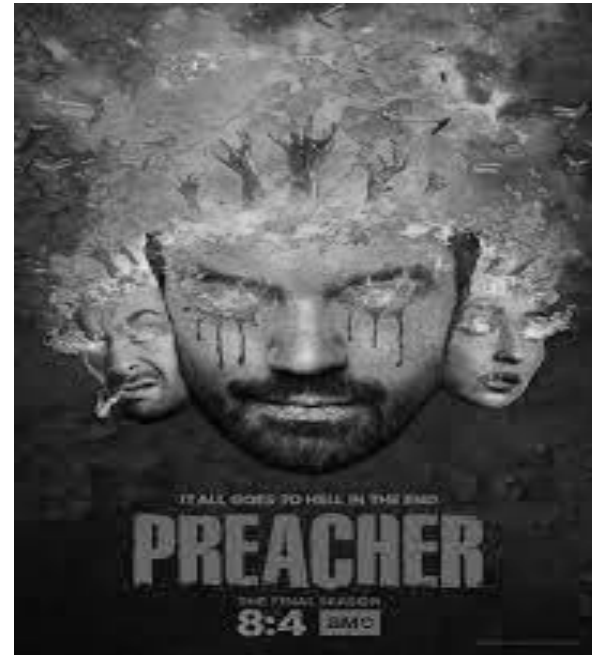
I don’t think I’ve ever watched a show that is so messed up and patently offensive in my entire life. The sheer audacity to tackle some of the problems and subjects that we often face in this world in the way that it does is honestly astounding, and for me quite refreshing. The show is based on a comic book of the same name. It follows the story of Jesse Custer, a retired bank robber, who is trying to redeem himself from his life of crime by returning to the church where his father was the town preacher. His girlfriend, “Tulip” O’Hare, tries to bring him back into the fold by offering him intel on the man who betrayed them, and caused them to lose their unborn child. Already an interesting plot, right? It gets better. They are also joined by an Irish vampire; you read that correctly, a vampire named Cassidy, who crash-landed in the town after being ambushed by a group of vampire hunters in a plane flying overhead.

The show gets its main focus from an entity called Genesis, the offspring between an angel and a demon. Genesis gets free from its container in Heaven where it makes its way down to Earth and plants itself inside Jesse. Genesis gives the host the power to command anyone to do what the host wants. For example, if I told you to jump off a bridge, you would do so without hesitation. The one problem is that sometimes the commands can be taken too literally or be said accidentally, which lead to consequences like one guy cutting his own heart out of his chest in front of his mom. Now you see what I am talking about. Jesse struggles to comprehend if this gift of his is somehow God’s plan for him, a chance at redemption and to help his

Blood, Guts, and God

small community. This leads to the revelation that God is missing. He left heaven, and no one knows why.

That is the basic rundown of the first season. The subsequent season gets a little more complicated with the introduction of the Grail, which is essentially like a Christian Illuminati, and other characters that throw wrenches into the mix.



As I mentioned before, where this show succeeds is both in fantastic acting, and in some cases just pure shock value and “I can’t believe they just did that” moments. For example, another main/side character is Eugene. Eugene’s defining trait is that he has a gaping hole where his mouth used to be. We are led to believe that the reason for this is that when he was rejected by a girl, he took a shotgun and shot her in the head and then tried to kill himself. Pretty awful stuff, but an otherwise sweet kid. Later on in the show, we find out later that the girl shot herself because she could not bear the thought of Eugene, who was her friend at the time liking her. Eugene did then tried to kill himself, but never told anyone what really happened. It is honestly a heartbreaking story and for Eugene it never really gets better, at least where I’m at in the series. What is interesting to me is that Eugene always seems to have this ray of perpetual optimism around him, despite his difficulties, the constant bullying from his classmates, and

the fact that he accidentally gets sent to hell. Such joy in the face of overwhelming pain is an admirable quality that I did not expect to find in a show like this.

Perhaps another startling example of a shock value moment is that Jesus has a direct descendent and his conception is shown in startling detail. This is part of the function

of the Grail, to use this messiah and the person to guide humanity after the Apocalypse. There is only one problem, for lack of a better term, this “messiah,” is mentally impaired after years of inbreeding. All of the Grail members call him Humperdoo. It is perhaps one of the most, “did they really just do that?” moments in the entire series.

Did I mention Hitler is there too? Bold choice, not withstanding the fact that he then becomes the ruler of Hell after the Saint of Killers shoots Satan in the face with his pistol. Too much to get into now but it’s a pretty badass scene.

In addition, the show is just really funny, I mean many of the jokes are obscene, but my god Cassidy is hilarious. There are so many body parts that go flying and people exploding in the grossest fashion and it’s honestly just amazing to behold. Not to mention that the leader of one of the Grail chapters is perhaps the funniest character ever because he says everything so seriously in a deadpan voice, including phrases such as, “you look like you went down on a monkey.”

Sure, it may not be the greatest show on television, but it brings a lot of new and interesting concepts to the table that I’ve never really seen or experienced before in such a nuanced way. Perhaps I also liked it so much because it was a fun thing to watch over the summer with my dad. Either way that shouldn’t stop you from experiencing this wild thrill ride of blasphemy and learning about yourself and learning about how people look for redemption. 10/10

Seawall/ A Life is an Emotional Rollercoaster

By Hope Guzzle
Staff Theater Critic

It was 5:15 on a Thursday when I was leaving theology class; I realized that I had nothing to do, so I decided to check out what was going on in the city that night. Of course, there were lots of galleries open, shops having sales, and great restaurants to check out; but I was in the mood to see a show. I thought I may want to see *Wicked* or *Hamilton*, something with large production value and was a relatively feel good show. Instead I saw a play with a two person cast that discussed human nature through stories of death and life; so basically the same thing. *Seawall/ A Life* are two separately written monologues performed by Tom Sturridge and Jake Gyllenhaal respectively. These stories are not woven together but rather performed individually and separated by an intermission.

When I first heard the premise, I was not sure if I was going to love the show, but I knew I would enjoy both \$39 tickets and Jake Gyllenhaal.

I was pleasantly surprised to walk out of the theatre greatly impressed by not only the quality of acting but also the beauty of the monologues. Sturridge plays a man overcome by grief after the loss of his six-year-old daughter and Gyllenhaal becomes a son who is not sure if he is ready to become a father.

Because both actors are completely alone during their hour I had my reservations about if the acting would cross out of deep and into campy. I will say that Jake Gyllenhaal could dump trash on me for an hour and I would say I thoroughly enjoyed myself, however both actors genuinely did a phenomenal job with

You'll laugh, you'll cry, and you'll love every minute

the scripts that they were given. Both captured different aspects of human nature and what it means to live a life and held the audience's attention while doing it. In combining both realistic anecdotes, solemn stories, and stunning delivery *Seawall/ A Life* takes the audience on an emotional rollercoaster like one I had not experienced in a long time. Due to the nature and style of the show, I was surprised by the two large



names gracing the stage, but after seeing, I can see why both actors took time out of their schedules to perform this show. Overall, I would say that this show was one of my favorite play I have seen in a long time. It mixed traditional monologues with innovative staging and engaging acting.

This is where the story should have stopped, but it didn't. I woke up the next day and could not get the story out of my head. What did Sturridge mean by "not yet"? Were those polaroids supposed to be knocked over? Were the cellphones supposed to go off? I could not stop thinking about what exactly it was the show

was trying to tell me. So I did what any broke, budget-conscious college student would do and a bought ticket for another night.

As I took my seat for this performance, Tom Sturridge walked out on stage with his case and two beers, which was nothing new. During the last performance, both he and Gyllenhaal were on stage before the show officially began. However, what was different this time around

was that he did not follow the same exact choreography that he did in the last. He would walk around and sit down sporadically; at one point when the audience got really quiet he told them that they should keep talking as he was "still waiting for some people". Touches like this were ones I was expecting, while I managed to get my answers to my questions about the polaroids and cell phones, I got so much more out of it. The small differences between shows exemplified how intimate the show was. The audience was crucial in setting the tone for show and they allowed for seemingly small moments like this to occur. These moments allow the audience to

feel a connection with the actors, a different connection than one would get with a larger show.

I know it is not possible for a lot of people to see this show not once, but twice, however if you can go see it you would be doing yourself a favor. Sadly, the show is only running for a few more weeks, so if you cannot make it not all hope is lost. Both actors recorded the entire show and are putting it on Audible. So even if you don't want to shell out the money for tickets you can just use a YouTuber's Audible code and listen to it. You don't have an excuse, so do yourself a favor and watch the show.

EVENTS

Family Weekend

What: Sibling Sleepover Mini Golf
Where: Edward's Parade
When: Friday, September 27 @ 8:30pm
How much: \$13 per ticket
Why: Because beating your siblings at mini golf is a good way to remind them that even though you're at college, you're still in charge.

What: Game Day Lunch
Where: Edward's Parade
When: Saturday, September 28 @ 11AM -- 2PM
How much: \$20 per ticket
Why: Enjoy some of your favorite pregame foods and tailgate activities while getting pumped up for the big game!

What: NYC Style Brunch
Where: McGinley Ballroom, Second Floor
When: Sunday, September 29 @ 10AM -- 12PM
How much: \$28 per ticket
Why: Nothing says "I go to school in New York" like a Sunday brunch. It also gives your parents a chance to take a million photos for Facebook. Should be fun!

Let Horror Movies Be Dumb Again

By Ashley Wright
Arts Editor

Lately, there has been this trend in horror movies where they feel the need to clarify why they're scary. But what the writers, directors, and producers don't seem to understand is that the same rule applies to horror and comedy—if you have to explain it, you are probably doing it wrong.

While there are a slew of recent movies that are guilty of this, the most glaring example is Blumhouse's horror sequel, *Happy Death Day 2U*. Of course, there are plenty of recent movies that fall into the same trap, but I only got around to watching the second *Happy Death Day* this weekend, so it's the one I currently have the most issues with.

Don't get me wrong, the first *Happy Death Day* was dumb. Like, real dumb. But it also knew it was dumb, which is



Because I'm right and someone needs to say it

why it worked. No one was buying their tickets in the hopes of exploring the possibilities of quantum physics and parallel universes. *Happy Death Day* delivered exactly what was expected—a sorority girl going absolutely batshit as her annoying birthday-themed ringtone looped in her own personal hell. It was perfect.

Unfortunately, *Happy Death Day 2U* seemed to forget everything that made its predecessor work. Not only did they rehash the same storyline (like, literally the same storyline. Tree, the main character, is reliving the EXACT SAME DAY as the first movie), but they added convoluted science to it for no reason. I mean, I guess I can't say for sure that no physicists were watching as some bizarre form of research into how a time machine could somehow result in a time-loop and alternate

dimensions, but I highly doubt it.

I have other gripes with the movie, too. For one, they open with Ryan, a relatively minor character from the first movie, going through his own time loop. This approach could have been interesting; following how two different characters process the same weird situations, but they don't follow through. Ryan only "loops" the one time, before Tree starts her loop again.

I also didn't like how, by having Tree live through Monday the 18th again, all of the progress from the first movie is made essentially pointless. Why do we care about Tree making amends with her father, breaking off toxic relationships, coming to terms with her mother's death, and finding love if it's all erased? The first movie was about Tree growing as a person, the second movie tried to revert her back to the girl she was before.

Tree even comments on this in *Happy Death Day 2U*, stating how she rationalized the first loop as some

cosmic event meant to help her grieve her mother. Only to find out, *sike*, it was just some dumb college kids and an experiment gone wrong. Now, she has the choice of returning to her original timeline (you know, the one with all her progress) or remaining in an alternate one where her new boyfriend is dating someone else, her mom is still alive, and her previously murderous roommate is still one of her best friends. So, essentially this movie is giving Tree the same choice as the first one but now she doesn't have to do any of the work.

So, we need to let horror movies be dumb again. If you go back and watch the classics—*Scream*, *I Know What You Did Last Summer*, *Friday the 13th*—you'll see what I mean. You don't always have to know the "why". Sometimes, it is as simple as a crazy person who wants to kill a bunch of dumb teenagers.

If it ain't broke, don't fix it.

A Picture is Worth 1000 Words...This One is Worth 600

By Noah Kotlarek
News Editor

Guys, we may have the next Da Vinci on our hands



(Above) The Arts section would like to present you with an original work of art,

commissioned by our very own Noah Kotlarek. Originally titled "Crying Girl with Blue Hair", Mr.

Kotlarek's art truly speaks to the depth of human emotion. While the paper prints in black

and white, a colored edition of this work can be found online at fupaper.blog.

Smithsonian Magazine's Annual National Museum Day

By Katelyn Cody
Copy Chief

On Saturday September 21st, Smithsonian Magazine held their annual National Museum Day in which hundreds of museums and cultural institutions across the country partnered with the magazine to offer free admission. Being the history nerds that we are, my dad

and I decided to take advantage of this opportunity and visit as many museums in New York City as we could in five hours. We chose the Museum of the City of New York, the Jewish Museum, the Cooper Hewitt Smithsonian Design Museum, the Smithsonian Museum of the American Indian in New York, and Fraunces Tavern.

We began our journey on the Upper East Side with the Museum of the City of New York, which ended up being my favorite museum. It documents the history of the city from its founding as New Amsterdam in the 1600s to its current status as the backdrop for political change and activism. My favorite part of the museum was how interactive it was. Rather than only walking from gallery to gallery looking at old photographs (they have a great exhibit on display

Exhausting? Yes. Worth it? Also yes.

right now of photographs from the aftermath of the Stonewall Riot, I highly recommend), attendees are given the ability to create computer models of plans for future affordable and sustainable housing, to use a switchboard or sewing machine to learn about the labor movement, and



even to ride a virtual reality bike to experience what the city would be like with improved bike lanes.

Next, we headed down a couple blocks to the Jewish Museum, a relatively small museum that was nonetheless moving. One artifact on display that caught my eye in particular was a menorah carved out of wood by a man imprisoned in a concentration camp during the Holocaust. I thought this piece truly embodied the theme of perseverance and strength of cultural identity at

the museum.

Next, we ended up at the only non-history museum of the day, the Cooper Hewitt. This museum showcases American works of contemporary art and design. The main exhibit on display focused on the intersection of design and nature; including works such as, iridescent ceramic ware from the 1800s and sustainable clothing featured in past fashion week. This was another museum that really tapped into interactive features; there was a room where you could design your own wallpaper, which would then be projected onto the walls in the room.

To round out the day, we traveled all the way downtown to Bowling Green to visit our last two stops. The Museum of the American Indian blew me away with the amount of artistic detail present in each of the works on display. One interesting aspect of this museum was that in its temporary exhibit on the history of Taíno culture the signs documenting the history of indigenous peoples and the cards that explained the artifacts were written in both English and Spanish, something I hadn't encountered before.

We ended our day at Fraunces Tavern, the one place that my dad, being a U.S. history teacher, was most excited about visiting. This small building on Pearl Street seems like just another old converted home, like many of the buildings in Lower Manhattan. However, the tavern has seen a lot in its 300-

year history. Most notably, it was where the Sons of Liberty planned the New York Tea Party (yes, we had one too, suck it Boston) and where George Washington bid farewell to his officers at the official end of the American Revolution.

This experience got me thinking about how important it is to make institutions like these more

This experience got me thinking about how important it is to make institutions like these more accessible to the public

accessible to the public. If it hadn't been for an event like this, I most likely would not have visited any of these places because even with a student discount I would be set back about \$15 at each museum. Hopefully, the popularity of this event will demonstrate how vital it is to offer free admission more often throughout the year.





Your Social Media Family You Know Who They Are



Your Grandmother - Facebook

You used to spend a lot of time with it when you were younger but now you just check in from time to time to make sure they aren't dead.

Your Cousin - Instagram

All she does is talk about herself and just seems to be everywhere, but honestly all you want is for her to shut the hell up.

Your Alt Right Aunt - Twitter

All she does is cyberbully Hillary Clinton while spreading theories about George Soros trying to bring down the government by recruiting an army of Mexicans to convert the masses to Islam

Your Dad - LinkedIn

Constantly asks you what you are doing with your life and how much more successful your friends are while suggesting various job opportunities. "I'm figuring it out, let me be! If I need help I will come to you!"

Your Uncle - Tumblr

Has a questionable past. Tried to clean up his act but now he just sucks.

Your Little Brother - Youtube

Obsessed Minecraft and Fortnite. He knows a little bit about everything and is generally a good time but don't dive too deep or you will end up somewhere strange.

Your Aunt's Creepy Boyfriend - 4Chan

Only real nutjobs would associate with this guy. Even looking in his direction would probably implicate you in some felony. You are forced to deal with him because of your Aunt. You avoid him as much as possible but somehow it always leads for him.

Your Little Sister - Tiktok

Obsessed with Pop music and always wants to show you her new dance moves. LOOOVES Ariana Grande. Can be pretty funny in small doses.

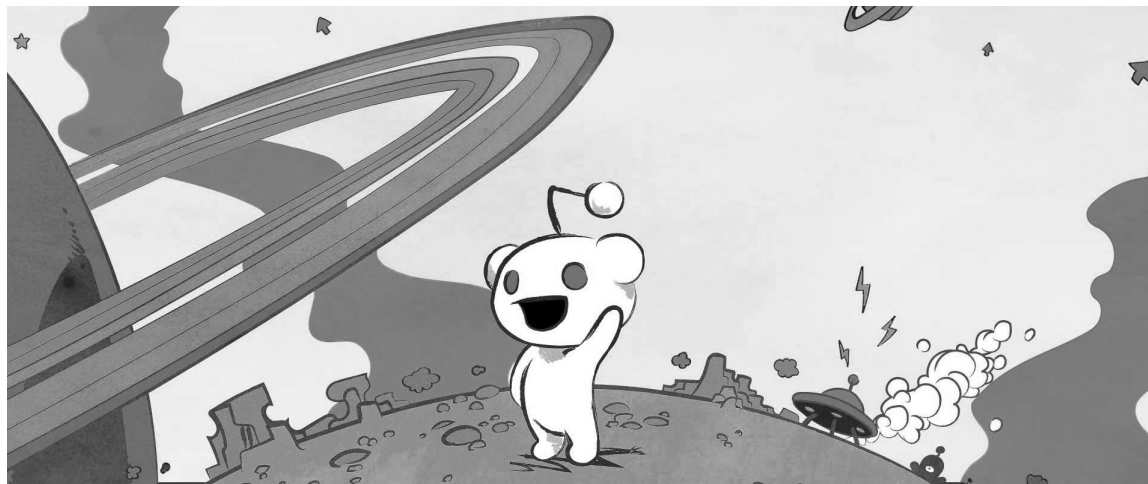
Your Mom - Pinterest

Plan's your wedding 10 years in advance and always has something to say about the latest crafting trend. Whenever you show her something she shows you someone who did it better.

2nd Cousin Steve - Snapchat

He used to be around all the time and was actually pretty cool but now it feels like an obligation to hangout with him.





Subredditors by our Editors :D

Hey dudes and dudettes hows it going? In honor of the historic raid on Area 51 and those who got lost in the chaos to find the secrets of Victoria, Obama's last name, and who let the dogs out. I decided to Naruto run my way to the greatest repository of human knowlege and the thing that most likely inspired these true patriots and their crusade to Clap Dem Alien Cheeks. So I asked my fellow editors an equally historic question. If you could create your own subreddit what would it be about?

**r/bigorsmall?
by Bigorsmallguy69**

That's big or small, not bigor's mall, and it would be pictures where you're not quite sure if one thing is really big or if the other thing is just really small. For example, there might be a hand holding a yo-yo that looks abnormally tiny. But is the yo-yo tiny or is

the hand huge? Or 15 people all standing comfortably on a skateboard. Is the skateboard enormous or are the people all miniature? Sound off in the comments.

**r/SprayApparatus
by a Pool Slave**

My dope and excellent subreddit would be about the pool I worked at over the summer. It would be chronicling guest complaints about things I had no control over, like the fact that the drainage in the bathroom didn't work. I'm not a plumber, Colleen! I can't fix that for you! I know on the surface this subreddit doesn't seem like a great idea since only my co-workers and I will get the jokes but I can only hope those outside of my town would revel in our stories. Long live the Spray Apparatus.

**r/TrueHistory
by a History Buff**

Historical revisionism is one

my least favorite things on the planet. Everyday some asshole white supremacist, is like "EuRopE WaS AIL WhiTe AnD PerFEct," and it makes me want to die because not only is it not true it's used to justify the racist agenda of inbred rednecks and armchair academics who fell like they've been dealt a bad hand in life. People always love twisting history to fit their own agenda so I would probably be arguing with incels online. And I swear to God if I hear "We never learned about this in history class," I'm going to flip shit.

**r/KEWLROCKZ
by a Rock Star**

I find lots of cool rocks while listening to AC/DC and I have always wanted to find a group of like-minded people who enjoy the same activity. KEWLROCKZ would be about just that: people who love to rock out while finding cool rocks. We could compare cool finds and share music. The biggest thing, though, is

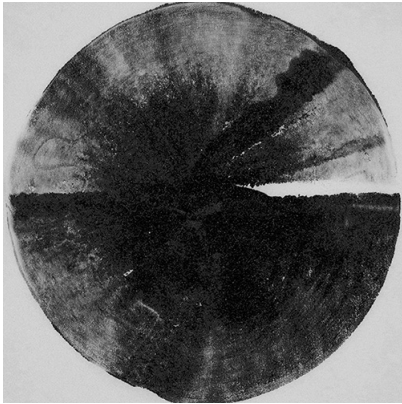
Rockstarz (thats what we call ourselves) need a place to get away from the normos who know nothing of our craft because sometimes we just need a place to rock out.

**r/Altrightsenpai
by Charlie Kirk Chan**

Hi everyone, my name is Charlie and I love anime but I also love Making America Great Again. I always wanted to find a group that blended my two loves. Imagine a place where we can discuss how Naruto is a metaphor for the conservative struggle in America or how Doki Doki Girls Club shows the true colors of feminism, but lets be honest Yuri is the cutest. What I want most though is to have people agree with me on how Moon Prism Power is the MAGA of the anime world and Sailor Moon is obviously the DJT of the Anime, she wants to make the Moon great again of pete's sake. Also Ben Shapiro senpai please notice me.



Cult of Luna
A Dawn to Fear
Christian Decker



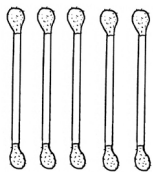
Atmospheric metal is by definition an odd and ethereal listening experience. I regret that I only just now discovered Cult of Luna. *A Dawn to Fear* is absolutely soul-crushing, and pretty much helped fuel my melancholic mood all day. Cult of Luna takes its post-metal prowess to new heights on a different plane of existence than the rest of us. The beauty of this album comes from its simplicity. Although I love technical proficiency, there is also beauty in not playing too many notes and just picking the right ones.

A Dawn To Fear combines the screaming and agony that defines much of atmospheric black metal and combines dreamy guitar riffs with some occasional head banging sections. In some songs, there's even a little bit of clean singing. The title track is in an almost Gregorian Chant style, which leads into a heavy blood-pumping doomy section. The first two tracks, "The Silent Man" and "Lay Your Head To Rest," will simultaneously

make you want to curl up and die and paradoxically power through the rest of your day. The track "Lights on the Hill" perhaps captures this impossible duality the best with incredible minor key riffs that you really just don't want to end from start to finish.

Cult of Luna proves here that metal can be an art form and not just gross and disgusting lyrics. There's something in the pain that you hear in the vocals combined with the atmospheric that just stirs something inside your soul. I can't wait to hear more.

Favorite Track: "Lights on the Hill"



Charli XCX
Charli
Olivia Langenberg

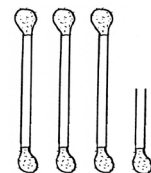


Everyone's favorite electro-pop princess has blessed us all with a new album! This 15-song self-titled release will surely have you popping molly and floating into the abyss at the club with your girlfriends. Charli went hard on this one. That is, she collabed on this album with some iconic artists- I mean, she somehow dug Sky Ferreria out of the hole she's been trapped in for years. That's gotta count for something. Believe me, I was all in from the beginning. I was absolutely bopping down the street to the first half of the album, but I got pretty bored by the end.

All of Charli's albums are like this for me. She's got a handful of bangers that I bounce along to in the shower, then she's got some duds that I immediately skip when I'm on shuffle. I admire that she's so committed to experimenting with beats, auto-tune, and entirely random melodies, but sometimes it just really does not land. I was psyched for "2099," her second collab with Troye Sivan, but to be frank, it's awful. It is so inferior to their first hit, "1999," that it truly pains me. On the other hand, she's got "Next Level Charli," "Silver Cross," and her shining star "Gone" that genuinely smack.

Is the entirety of *Charli* worth your time? Nope. Is this the best album of the year? Definitely not. That being said, I still dropped \$75 to see Charli at Terminal 5 next month, so take that as you will. When she gets it right, it's awesome. But when she gets it wrong, it's... so wrong. Nonetheless, *Charli* has been a consistent for me on my daily commutes, even if I have to skip half the album.

Favorite Track: "Gone"



Weezer
"The End of the Game"
Jack Archambault

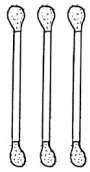


Weezer's new single "The End of the Game" from their upcoming album *Van Weezer* is mostly enjoyable, inoffensive, and pretty good. Unfortunately, that also makes it the type of song you forget about five seconds after it ends.

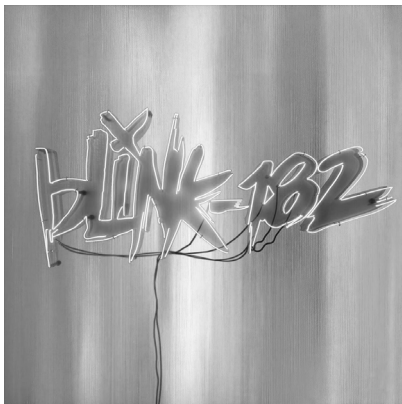
"The End of the Game" features more metal riffs than most Weezer songs, at least ones of recent vintage. It is certainly a departure from the poppy notes and whimsical lyrics of some of their newer songs like "Can't Knock the Hustle" or "Thank God for Girls." Lead singer Rivers Cuomo describes Van Weezer as "*Blue Album-ish*", which "The End of the Game" certainly is. It deviates from that album's offerings, however, in that it simply isn't as catchy, unique, or fun to sing along with.

This single is better than some of the music Weezer has made the past few years. While I don't necessarily dislike anything about *The Black Album* or *Pacific Daydream* (and enjoy *The White Album* and the covers-only *Teal Album*), Weezer's best albums are their first two. As much as fans might wish for a return to *The Blue Album* and *Pinkerton*, it feels safe to say more than 20 years after their releases that it's never going to happen.

Is that bad? Well, yes and no. As someone who loves those two albums, I would love to see the band put out something that good again. But just because they might not reach those heights again does not mean Weezer is incapable of putting out good music anymore. *Van Weezer* might end up being a solid album, but if "The End of the Game" is any indication, it'll be merely pretty good. As Weezer fans, that's just something we'll have to learn to accept - if we haven't already.



Blink-182
Nine
Destin Piagentini



To anyone paying attention, the slew of singles released prior to Blink-182's new *Nine* might have seemed like a setup for an album that would abandon anything that gave the band its much-beloved legacy in favor of cashing in on a more modern, poppy, and radio-friendly sound. Thankfully, this isn't the case.

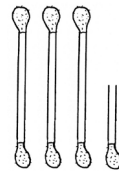
Being Blink-182's eight studio album (ninth if you count the demo record *Buddha*, just as the band has), *Nine* is clearly an era unlike any before for Blink-182. An improvement from 2016's *California*, Blink's *Nine* relies more on familiar (but catchy) guitar riffs and a greater influence from Alkaline Trio's Matt Skiba. Skiba's influence on this record is hard to understate, and he feels even more committed than Blink's very own Mark Hoppus at this point. Any song that sees Skiba taking lead is guaranteed to be one of the better songs on the album.

The first thing that might surprise a first-time listener with the very energetic and powerful opening track "The First Time"—a track that will have you remembering the good old days of the self-titled album—is the gravity of the lyrics. One of the best tracks on the album is by far "On Some Emo S**t." The instruments and lyrics come

together to create what is one of the darker songs in Blink's discography, and there is definitely something to be said for the harrowing bridge instrumentalization that hammers home the song's impact.

It's not all good, though. The songs that were singles really bring this album down. All of them (excluding "Generational Divide" and maybe "Darkside") feature some of the laziest songwriting in the band's history. The singles, particularly "Blame It On My Youth," cast a dark shadow on what came close to being an album that could rival *Enema of the State*. Instead, we have an imperfect album that, admittedly, has more pros than cons, but is still imperfect. So, Blink fans, when you next hear that the band's putting new music out, be scared, very scared — it could go either way.

Favorite Track: "On Some Emo S**t"



King Princess
Ain't Together
Abbey Delk

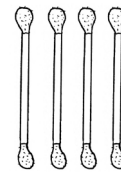


In the age of casual flings and ghostly lovers (though not of the Bronte variety), 20-year-old pop artist King Princess longs for a return to old-fashioned love—or at least a firmly-placed, super adhesive label. Two weeks ago, the Brooklyn-raised artist released her EP *Ain't Together*, named after one of its singles. Both the single and the EP serve as a teaser for her

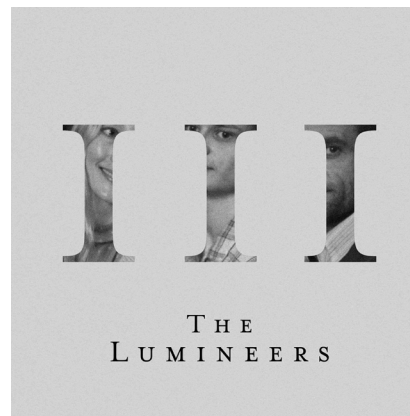
upcoming debut album, *Cheap Queen*, set for release October 25. King Princess has already received acclaim for several previous projects, notably her 2018 single "1950", and this newest batch of songs continues her trend of drawing inspiration from her romantic struggles in our modern era. Her musical ethos? To advocate not only for high quality music, but also for the LGBT community. As she told *Vulture*, "I will talk about being gay till the sun comes up. But I'm only interested in good music. I don't care if it's gay or straight."

Ain't Together represents King Princess's conflicting feelings towards romance. As the title track—a smooth acoustic guitar pop number featuring Father John Misty on drums— suggests, the singer has become wrapped up in relationship struggles many of her peers of the same age know well. As she sings in the chorus, "We say 'I love you' but we ain't together/Do you think labels make it taste much better?" Not to mention the cheeky, "I ain't chill at all" before the refrain. The rest of the songs reflect a similar emotional state, an attempt to balance the persona of a relaxed party-girl type and a deeper longing for affection and commitment. If the rest of the album follows suit, we're in for a treat.

Favorite Track: "Useless Phrases"



The Lumineers
III
Tyler Genevay

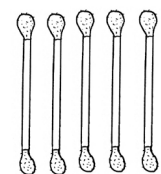


For those unfamiliar with The Lumineers' trademark sound, their third studio effort, *III*, will provide a graceful introduction, captivating audiences with a searing brilliance that pangs your being like a blushing gust on a frosted January morning. Fans of the band's eponymous debut album and their acclaimed sophomore effort, *Cleopatra*, will recognize a dynamic shift in the lyricism and storytelling of *III*. The subject of all 10 songs is the Sparks family. Each generation is damned to struggle with the sorrow wrought by alcoholism and the abiding certainty that lineage is far from the only trait passed from mother to son.

Produced with a cinematic scope, *III* reckons with a history of mournful promise, eulogizing the Sparks family's collapse into vices of body and mind through resonant anthems that bleed with a knowledge and a confidence so deeply associated with The Lumineers' rhythmic, bounding style. Grappling with such tectonic traumas does nothing to sully the album's toe-tapping, heart-pounding exuberance, a goodness that makes a musician of us all. It is a resplendent effort, igniting a burning desire to know and to hear and to be more—and to grieve for the Sparks with the band.

Eerily grounded in our current climate, *III* will challenge you to confront a world of addiction that thrives in the moonlit alleys of this nation's vast cities as fruitfully as it does under the shadow of your cul-de-sac's wide oak or in the fading neon of motels on the outskirts of nowhere. The melodic ritual of The Lumineers reverberates uninterrupted—steady, illustrious, and broad—to guide you back to a campus you never left, and yet...aren't you riveted by the distance you've traveled through those headphones?

Favorite Track: "Life in the City"



We got our own alien From Area 51!



nav qamuᑕHa'
(i love the paper)