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THE NEWARKER





This whole magazine is satire. Stop taking life so seriously. We are not making money off of it. No one would pay for this shit.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



Hello!! Bounjour! My name is Eloise, I am six, and I live at the Plaza Hotel! It is a marvelous place darling, you simply must come. It is absolutely one of the “going ons” in this town. Sometimes, I order room service to the room for my dog, Weenie and my turtle, Skipperdee. When the attendant comes to the door with our food, I like to play a silly prank called “Gotcha!” Basically, I wait until he knocks and then I open the door and “GOT-CHA!” Next thing he knows, he is covered head to toe in oobleck, the non-newtonian fluid! Nanny finds it *rather* awful, but I find it hilarious! No attendant comes more than once though. I wonder why. My mummy says that I am a charmer and she is from Europe! Anyway, come see my gorgeous portrait at the Plaza Hotel!

ART

Local Kid's Sidewalk Chalk Art Sucks

He even got the area blocked off for his amateur silhouette of a sprawled-out man. His use of numbered labels around the body was also distasteful, so I washed it off the sidewalk with a nearby water hose. The tasteless police then tackled me from behind, smushing my face against the pavement.

Avant Garde Tatoo Artist

A new wave of art has hit the streets: body art. Taiwanese-American artist Harry "Bang" Tsai has revolutionized the New York tattoo industry. Specialized in Chinese calligraphy tattoos, Tsai has a unique approach to his clients' requests. "I really appreciate the beauty of the varied line weights and the intricate designs, but I also understand what the characters mean. My favorite recent tattoo was "yinjing" (yīnjīng) on a client's forearm; I love the layers to jing. My client thought the phrase meant "eye," but that's actually yinjing. My client got "penis" permanently inked on her, but that doesn't take away from the aesthetic value of the characters." Appointments via BTatts.org, prices \$50-\$500.

陰莖

Is It Banksy?

People have been filling the streets of the East Side, hoping to catch a glimpse of what is rumored to be famed street artist and activist Banksy's most recent work. Dumped behind a trash can, it appears to be a piss stain on a white canvas. The brilliance of Banksy never ceases to amaze us and we are astounded by his creativity and continued dedication to calling out the unjust systems of our world. Art historians are now wondering if this Banksy masterpiece has anything to do with the grease stain on the pavement outside City Hall. Both stops are a must-see destination for New York natives and tourists alike.

FOOD

A Restaurant Review: My Mom's Fridge

This little hole of the wall in Midtown retains an authentic, home cuisine vibe, despite recent gentrification and buy out efforts. "Ma's" set-up is cozy, but exclusive; clientele must be blood related to executive Maria Gonzalez. As Gonzalez's youngest daughter, I was able to taste her signature leftover soup, ingredients including my microwave dinner from last night, vegetables marinating since last week, and "secrets." Equally high concept is the service. Patrons are encouraged to "graze" from the Frigidaire FF-HT1425V outside of regular dinner hours. Prices via barter system — "call home more often, sweetheart."

Underground Cuisine takes Backseat to On-The-Ground Cuisine

Underground cuisine is just so mainstream right now, so instead we'll recommend some fascinating

new on-the-ground cuisine. On the sidewalk right by Park Avenue, there's a banana that's been mush on the ground for two weeks now. Outside the bodega on 12th St, there's a salami sandwich someone dropped on his way out. Savor the fine notes of meat, saliva, and asphalt.

THEATRE

Phineas and Ferb: Live

Mom, Phineas and Ferb are having an existential crisis! In this gritty stage adaptation of the classic cartoon, things take a dark turn as Perry the Platypus, played by seasoned Platypus actor Orion Ashworth, accidentally kills his nemesis Dr. Heinz Doofenshmirtz with his venomous ankle spurs in the first 5 minutes of the play. The production then turns into a solemn reflection on grief and regret as Perry is fired from his position at The Organization Without a Cool Acronym (O.W.C.A), Phineas struggles with an addiction to Adderall, Ferb joins a street gang, and Isabella dies of tuberculosis.



My Uncle's Performative Allyship

See it live when I go to visit my Uncle Ted. He'll frantically turn off Fox News when I knock on the door and put on his rainbow socks. In front of his friends, he'll call Pete Buttigieg slurs, but in

front of me, he'll just say that he lacks experience. And of course, he'll call me "one of the good ones."



Brett's Flashmob Marriage Proposal

Be in Central Park on Wednesday to catch Brett and the flash mob he hired perform a choreographed performance to Beyonce's "Crazy in Love" for an excruciating 4 minutes. Brett will then propose to Wendy, his girlfriend of 3 months. Everyone will already be looking, and you'll be able to see the exact moment she realizes she can't really say no.

Hot in Herre: A Musical in Four Acts

Drama Desk-nominated playwright Garbanze SeCoya returns to Broadway with *Hot in Herre: A Musical in Four Acts*. The show, slated to debut in late July, centers on four adolescent teens navigating through life and adultery. *Hot in Herre* has already attracted buzz for its inventive score, which is composed of twelve different renditions of American rapper Nelly's "Hot in Herre." This includes the opening number performed by the whole cast, as well as the post-curtain call audience singalong. In early reviews, critics highlighted protagonist Helda's blues-inspired performance of the Grammy-winning hit as the

strongest moment of the show. However, director Garbin Bornstein's handling of abortion within the play has proven polarizing; and *Hot in Herre's* four previews received lukewarm reactions from audience members, who were puzzled by the inclusion of Nelly's 2002 hit in Act Three's climatic "puberty scene." *Hot in Herre* will nonetheless open at the August Wilson Theatre, replacing a musical with a similarly one-note score: *Funny Girl*.

CAMP

CuomoCon

Former governor, forever in their hearts. For one night only, a congregation of semi-liberal women in their mid 40s and 50s will gather to express their admiration for New York's own Andrew Cuomo. They'll be trading fanfiction, fanart, and of course, body pillows. To them, he'll always be the man who passed gun control laws. Just don't mention the last three years to them.

New York Sports Team Wins Something

We know you've all been waiting for it. The hope of sports success that once glimmered in this city has cooled down. The Knicks got Jalen Brunson but then lost to MJ's long lost son. The Nets assembled a superteam of all-stars but then all of the all-stars requested trades. The Jets were created. Jeter retired and the Yankees keep getting swept by the Astros. The Rangers exist but apparently so do two other NYC hockey teams? Don't get me started on the Giants. But all these failures to win big have resulted in a vacuum that has now been filled by New York's new winning sports team, The New York Newarker's,

the rec baseball team of the publication you are now reading! We have successfully beaten the only other team in the league, the Greenwich Geriatrics from Greenwich Village Old Person Home. Go team!

Newarker Editor Needs to Fill Space

Local editor confronts *horror vacui* after misguided storyboarding leaves unexpected white space. Readers invited to commiserate, as most have also misjudged relative sizes in their lives, or at least forgive editor for their poor planning. Harassed writer on deadline with unpaid journalism master's debt to fill space, but no promises provided. Metatextual humor of self-reference attempted, to mixed success. Fuck there's still a few more lines. What do I talk about. I write, I suck at improv. Quick! Someone shout out a word! Except I do not have an audience. I am in a dark room editing. What is the meme that is like this situation? The thing Kronk says in *The Emperor's New Groove*? I remember AKA I looked it up: "Oh right. The poison. The posion for Kuzco. The poison chosen to specifically kill Kuzco. Kuzco's poison." How do politicians filibuster? This is harder than I thought it would be. I guess my stream of consciousness is boring. How can I tie this back to Goings On About Town? Oh Right! My struggle is what is happening in town right now. One more line. I can do it! I am almost there, so close I can taste it. Done! Update: After justifying all of the paragraphs, I was not in fact done. In fact, I still had to fill quite a few more lines! To he honest, fuck this job. At least I'm getting paid! What!?! I'm not getting paid!?! This is "for fun!?" What have I done with my life. Okay now I'm done.



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

HENRY'S HOUSE BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

My name is Henry, and I am seven and three quarters, which means that I'm turning eight in three months. I know better than to only talk about what I want, like how Dad says Mom does all the time, but my parents figured out my birthday wishes anyway!

Last Thursday when Mom was running home late from work, Dad pulled out a bottle of Coke from his secret mini fridge and filled a cup for each of us. "Let's keep this a secret, kiddo," he told me while he took out the bendy straws. "Mommy always yells at me whenever I give you this stuff so late, but it's just us guys, for now. So, let's go watch some Spongebob before bed." Cool!

Dad and I had fun, but I guess Mom was right about the Coke before bedtime thing since I was still awake for a while after Dad tucked me in. But when Mom got home and she started talking with Dad, I overheard them speaking in code about my super secret birthday surprise! I couldn't hear everything perfectly since I'm a big boy and I sleep with my door closed now, but even if it isn't a surprise anymore, I know my eighth birthday is gonna be AWESOME!

"Steve, we need to talk about the split, there's only three months

until the papers are final," Mom said. Her schedule is always super busy, but she's putting in an order ahead of time for my birthday banana split treat at the cool diner with the spiny stools! It always has candles and sprinkles and everything on it and it's the BEST!

It was quiet for a second and then Mom said something sort of like "I think Henry deserves to be pri-mar-uh-ly" — sorry that's a big word and I had to sound it out — "under my custard-y." So it looks like my banana split is gonna come with a side of custard this year! Wow! How did Mom and Dad know about that time when I tried Maggie's custard at lunch the other day and decided it was my third favorite dessert of all time? Beats me.

Dad wanted to split the custard-y evenly, but Mom was sure that she could make it mostly herself, so she told Dad that he could only take my custard-y on weekends and during the summer. I guess making a birthday custard takes a long time! When Dad isn't busy with my custard though he'll be making some for our dog, Max, too! It's so cool how Max can celebrate with us this year! Mom got upset since she cares a lot about Max and doesn't think Dad's custard-y would be good for him, but I'm sure Dad can find a good dog custard recipe.

After Mom and Dad argued

some more and decided to just ask their lawyer what type of custard he thinks is best, Dad then revealed something even better than a yum-my banana-split-and-custard combo at the cool diner with the spiny stools. "I'll be moving in with Mickey — y'know Mickey from the office — when the papers are done," he said. Who else could that be but Mickey Mouse? Mickey is a mouse name. No one names real people Mickey. So Dad is literally moving us ALL to Disney World! On my BIRTHDAY! Gee, I sure am the luckiest kid in the world!

I didn't get a lot of what other secret codes Mom and Dad were using that night, but later I think Mom found the Coke bottle so she yelled "STEVE DID YOU GIVE HENRY COKE AGAIN?" and Dad said "NO! He's FAST ASLEEP you can go SEE FOR YOURSELF!" So Mom started walking towards my room! I didn't want to make her feel bad about me overhearing the big surprise she was planning for me so I pretended to be asleep.

"Ugh... I guess you're right," Mom told Dad when she opened my door. My pretend-sleeping has worked! Mom kissed my forehead, softly closed the door, and told Dad to "stop sneaking that fizzy shit into my house, anyways." I can't wait for my birthday and all of the good things that are sure to come up!!

GOVERNMENT AFFAIRS
UNDERCOVER COFFEE



When we think of undercover agents, we think of the old-timey secrecy presented to us in high-action, blockbuster, over-sensationalized spy movies. We think of disguises, covert identity, and special gadgets only available to the highest-ranking officials.

However, it seems that modern espionage falls short. Secrecy, which you would expect to be a crucial element of the spying portfolio, has been inconveniently

forgotten by the new generation.

Take this undercover agent that I spotted the other day in [REDACTED], a classic New York tourist coffee shop. Way to make it obvious that you're not from here! He was dressed in [REDACTED], suspiciously hipster-adjacent and inauthentic. Almost too much so. He ordered a [REDACTED], and paid in cash. Who carries cash anymore?

He sat down and opened up his computer, which had no stickers from obscure bands only real New Yorkers would know about. He began to type away at something. I couldn't entirely see what it was, but it looked like [REDACTED]. Imagine doing spywork out in the open where anyone could be lurking and

see! There could have been potential government secrets at risk of being leaked right at this very moment. I leaned over to take a peek at his laptop. I saw him typing out an email to [REDACTED] with the subject line [REDACTED]. I couldn't believe my eyes. I was watching real-time [REDACTED] unfold!

Editor's Note: The author of this article has since gone missing. We publish this fragment in the hope that it may help locate eyewitnesses or other pertinent information. If you have any tips on this case, please contact the NYPD's tips hotline. Tips that lead to an arrest will be rewarded with one get-out-of-police-brutality-free pass, valid until Sergeant Capone "doesn't feel like Mr. Nice Guy anymore."

A RAP BY LIN-MANUEL MIRANDA IF HE WAS UNDECIDED
IN THE 2016 ELECTION AND NOT A DEDICATED LIBERAL

Lin-Manuel Miranda yeah that's my name
Undecided in this election and that's a shame
Year's 2016, it's lookin' tight
Future of the country not feelin' bright

Red or blue which way to go I can't decide
Watchin' the debates my eyes are super wide
Policies a novelty it's gossipy and comedy
Speaking your opinion you hear opposition audibly

Hillary's a woman super groundbreaking'
But in trouble she got her emails they be fakin'
Experienced in politics a head of state
Exactly like Jefferson it's almost fate

Now Trump on the other hand is really not wussy
He takes his opponents and grabs 'em by the pussy
Not much into gov and prefers to be rich
He says his haters out huntin' a witch

Who can say where the popular vote will flow
But let me say this we are in for a show
It's a truly crazy fight this lady and a sir
The biggest fucking rivalry since Hamilton and Burr

—LMM's Ghost Writer

LETTER FROM THE MALL

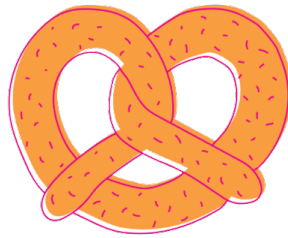
MOM, WHERE DID YOU GO?

An anonymous writer shares a struggle to which we can all relate
BY LOST BOY

No, like seriously. I was standing right outside Sephora waiting for you to get what you needed and I was waiting for, like, so long. I know I'm not normally allowed inside Sephora cause I take the perfume and pretend it's spraying out of my butt, but I had to know if you were still in there. And you WEREN'T! I didn't see any ladies in ugly purple coats inside- I'm sorry that's the only way I can recognize you. And the lady at the desk couldn't remember if she'd seen you and now I'm scaaaared.

Is this because I asked for a pretzel with extra cheese at Auntie Anne's? Mom, you know that they never give enough cheese for a whole pretzel and just eating a greasy pretzel on its own is LAME! I didn't want to cry and I wasn't actually crying about that, I was crying about what Miss Jones said to me in math class on Tuesday. I was just thinking about it

again in the line and it made me cry again. But you told me to be QUIET, Mom?! I have feelings TOO!

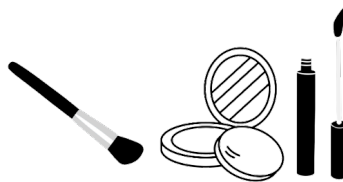


I'm just hiding inside a rack at Nordstrom right now. It makes me feel safe. I've been using this sweatervest as a tissue. It's on sale, so who cares anyway? All I'm saying is that Dad wouldn't do this to me. He takes me to the Cheesecake Factory when we go to the mall and he lets me have two lemonades. And he lets me sit in the front seat of his car! Are you jealous of him, Mom? Are you jealous of his hot new wife Julie? She wouldn't leave me at the mall! And she doesn't shop at Sephora, Dad buys her the good cool makeup from Armani.

I'm sorry Mom, I don't mean any of that. I'm just so hungry because you never got me my Auntie Anne's pretzel. My tummy hurts SO much Mom! And the trash smells bad so I don't wanna eat out of that, but maybe I will just cause it'll make you mad! If you get mad, maybe you'll come back and pick me up. I didn't do anything wrong, please just come back please please please. I didn't know that it was mean to call you a bitch! Dad taught me that word, I swear!

It's been three days now. I've moved from Nordstrom to White House Black Market to the Apple Store. I looked up 'Mom' on one of the sample iPads, but I couldn't find you. I saw the neighbor family shopping at Forever 21, but they didn't hear me when I screamed. The mall is blasting 'Roar' by Katy Perry WAY too loud!

It's okay if you don't come back, Mom. I like it here now. I actually WANTED you to leave, okay? Just you wait until all the candy I snuck into my room starts to attract ants. Have fun dealing with that. You'll never find where I hid it. Besides, I only have to wait, like, six months for Santa to come to the mall. He can be my new Mom. And just so you know, I just burped. Cause you are a big, fat loser! But I love you! I really do! Please say I love you back!



AN INTERVIEW WITH A DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE IN A RED STATE

Samuel Thompson has broken fundraising records. He has no shot of winning.

BY HOPE LESS

The last Democratic senator from Idaho was the legendary Frank Church, who was defeated in 1980. In the most recent senate election in the state, the Democratic nominee, David Roth, failed to break 30% of the total vote. We sat down with the current Democratic nominee for senator, Samuel Thompson, who is poised for an unprecedented performance on the back of a wave of grassroots support.

Interviewer: No Democrat has won a senate race in Idaho in almost fifty years, but if the polls are to be believed, you're headed for a very close race this November. Why are you the only hope for Democrats in Idaho?

Samuel Thompson: I'm just a regular guy. I'm not a politician.

Int.: Wow. There's the rhetoric that captured the hearts and wallets of a nation. That's inspiring and so rare to hear these days.

Thompson: No, really. I'm not a politician. I don't know why everyone keeps saying that. Please leave me alone.

Int.: Your campaign began with a moment captured in a viral video: you emotionally confronting incumbent senator Jim Risch about health-care at a restaurant and demanding better. Tell me more about that. What inspired you to such passion?

Thompson: Is that what this is about? I was talking to the waiter, not him! I was complaining about my undercooked steak.

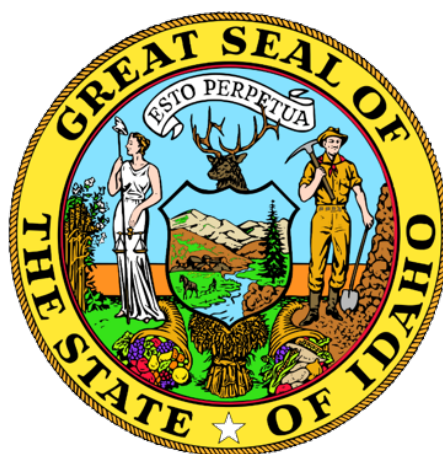
Int.: You talked movingly about your pre-existing condition in light of Senator Risch's support for repealing Obamacare.

Thompson: I said, "I'm go-

ing to have a heart attack if you can't cook a medium rare steak."

Int.: Then you said, "That's it, I'm going to Washington," meaning you were running.

Thompson: I meant I was going to the diner across the border in Washington state if they couldn't grill properly.



Int.: Some Democrats who have won in conservative states, people like Joe Manchin, Jon Tester, or Mary Peltola, have moderated on key issues such as gun rights, taxes, or even abortion. Is that how you would behave if you were elected?

Thompson: I don't know who those people are. I don't follow politics, or party lines, or anything like that.

Int.: "I don't follow [...] party lines." It looks like Idaho is in for a fiery senator in the mold of famous mavericks, such as the late John McCain or his Democratic counterpart, Joe Lieberman. Let's move on to your campaign strategy. You've refused to debate Senator Risch— why?

Thompson: Why would I debate him? I have nothing to say to the guy.

Int.: Is that a sign of the polarization in today's politics, or a startling display of courage? Instead of a tra-

ditional campaign strategy, however, you've led a more lowkey "front-porch" campaign, focused on meeting and talking to ordinary Idahoans, in grocery stores, cafes, and farms.

Thompson: I just talk to people like normal when I do errands. Everyone talks to people.

Int.: For example, one moving ad showed you talking to your therapist about your own struggles with depression — a brave show of honesty about mental health. Talk me through the decision to run that ad. Was that poll-tested, or from the heart?

Thompson: How do you have my therapy sessions? Is that even legal?

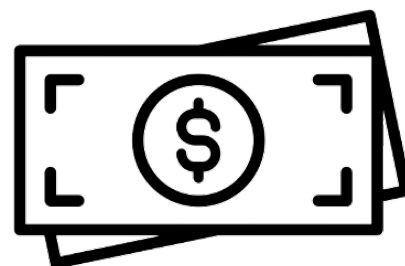
Int.: You've declined traditional fundraisers, or even an Act-Blue account, showing your independence from corporate and out-of-state money. Despite that, you've raised over thirty million dollars, mainly in small donations.

Thompson: Please stop mailing me money.

Int.: Political analysts say you have the best chance in decades of winning as a Democrat in Idaho, but it will be a close race. Do you have a closing message?

Thompson: I didn't ask for this—

Int.: But yet you're called to it. Echoes of Shakespeare and former Arizona senator Mo Udall. Thank you for your time, and best of luck this November.



SHOUTS AND MURMURS: A TALE OF TWO OFFICERS



Stomping out his cigarette before entering the precinct, Officer Murray Murmurs begrudgingly prepared to meet his new coworkers. His gray stubble comprised most of a beard—he hadn’t shaved since he left New York on account of being a grizzled cop. He entered the precinct to be immediately greeted with an eager smile from a young officer who introduced himself as Officer Sheldon Shouts, Murmurs’s new partner. Shouts looked to be about 21, had a potbelly, a jovial smile, and a hopeful demeanor that no Southerner has a reason to have. “Don’t worry bud, I’ve been on the force for about a year now, and nothing gives you experience like getting a gun straight out of high school.”

Clasping his hand on Murmurs’s shoulder, he said in his boisterous voice, “I was just fixin’ to head out on a patrol, why don’t ya come along with me bucko?”

Murmurs grunted in approval. Being a cop in New York was lousy enough, so being a cop in Shreveport, Louisiana had to be soul crushing. After pulling out of the station, Shouts began blast-

ing country tracks from one of the possible million white midwesterners dressed up as cowboys.

The crackle of the police radio came to Murmurs’s rescue. “10-12, we’ve got reports of a narcotics operation on 3rd and Oak Hill.”

Shouts threw Murmurs a smirk and slammed a U-turn. “Time for the big boys to roll in,” Shouts announced as they reached the house, possibly referring to the fact that Shouts himself was a rather big boy. Without knocking, he kicked in the door to reveal the suspect: an elderly white man with a few potted plants. “Looks like we’ve got ourselves a regular El Chapo on our hands. Reach for the sky jackass!”

For the first time in years, Murmurs was surprised. No way the police got away with this, even in Louisiana. The man raised his hands. “There has to be some sort of mistake, I have a medical card. I have gout.”

“That’s what they all say,” Shouts snapped as he pushed the man to the ground.

“I’m not a criminal, I back the blue!” the man said, pointing to a “BlueLivesMatter” poster on his wall.

“Do I look blue to you? I’m a white guy, dumbass,” Shouts said as he cuffed the suspect.

This was an extreme overreach of power. There was no way Shouts could get away with this, Murmurs thought. Not only did people respect the police here, but the police didn’t respect the people. Though Murmurs thought it impossible, a slight smile grew on his well-worn, grizzled face.

Shouts turned to the potted plants on the table. “DRUGS!” he shouted. He unloaded his gun’s magazine into the plants. *BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG!* The pots exploded as Shouts’s gun clicked empty. Shouts turned to Murmurs, “Drugs kill people. Unless I kill them first.”

Murmurs was speechless. Shouts was a remnant of the past of policing, when cops shot first and asked questions later. The Golden Age. Murmurs had left New York jaded and disillusioned, as though all hope had been lost. But yet, it was right in front of him, in the form of a young Officer named Sheldon Shouts. That night, when Murmurs went to the local tavern for a pint, he drank less excessively than usual. Justice was not quite dead like he thought it was: it was just hiding in Middle America this whole time.

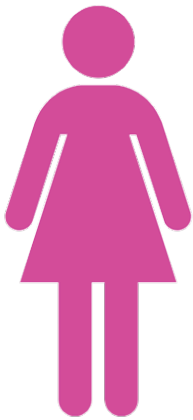
REVENGE!

SEXISM HURTS PEOPLE. IT ALSO HURTS WOMEN

We were not prepared for these findings.

BY SHAW O'VINIST

Prescott Danniroman III was taken aback. One moment, the Aspen, Colorado native was conversing normally with his friend and neighbor Tucker Lange-Suzuki. The next, Lange-Suzuki makes a sexist remark. Danniroman's memories of the offending comment are fuzzy. Perhaps it was a "small dick" joke, or a "roast beef vagina" reference. But nothing about the way Lange-Suzuki's statement made him feel was forgettable. "I felt so small at that moment because of my friend's casual hatred. And so, so defeated," Danniroman remarked as he sat in his spacious living room.



But Danniroman quickly realized that he was not alone in his discomfort at the joke. He and Lange-Suzuki may have been the only people within earshot of each other's words, but there was a woman standing beside them who heard the entire exchange. Danniroman has chosen not to reveal this woman's identity, but what Danniroman can specify is the way her bushy eyebrows furrowed after Lange-Suzuki's remark.

"Boom — my eyes were opened. I felt pain on her behalf, just like I would for another human being," Danniroman continued, tears welling up in his eyes. "Thus began my realization that the damage of casual sexism reaches way beyond decent society."

This "decent" American society that Danniroman references is, of course, permeated with gender-based hatred. Men are bombarded with ads advertising penis-lengthening pills while scrolling the internet. They face discrimination in child custody battles. They're even unjustly labeled as "stalkers" by women in their local communities. "It's so unfair. All I did was wear my favorite jacket on a chilly day," Danniroman says, gesturing to his oversized black trench coat hanging nearby, "and happen to traverse the same path that my ex-wife takes to work every morning. And suddenly I'm a creep? It's because I'm a man, isn't it?"

But on a larger scale, scholars conducting modern studies on sexism in America often forget to look beyond humankind towards another demographic: Women. "Sometimes, it can be hard to gather data from females — I mean, the female population. They have a natural distrust of numbers and surveys due to a biological lack of understanding," said Carl McArthur, Professor of Sociology and Gender Studies at Tufts University. "But my colleagues and I are making breakthroughs as it relates to this area, even in our personal lives."

"Once, when I was teaching my morning class on sexism in the media, I noticed that while each and every person had a desk to sit at, all of the women in the room had to squat on the floor," McArthur commented while sipping coffee from his mug that read "Women Are Man's Best Friend." "I realized that these girls should be encouraged to participate in discussions on gender-based hatred, since they'd observe men facing it in their daily lives. So I gave all of them pats on the head when they said something insightful during the class, which



is uncharacteristic of the breed."

The collective process of understanding the way that sexism affects both people and women is still ongoing. But men like Danniroman who have woken up to this phenomenon are resolved to teach others exactly how harmful gender-based bias can be.

When asked for comment on the mass waves of harassment Black women such as Megan The Stallion face online after suffering assault at the hands of men, Danniroman was taken aback, asking: "Black people can be women too now?"

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

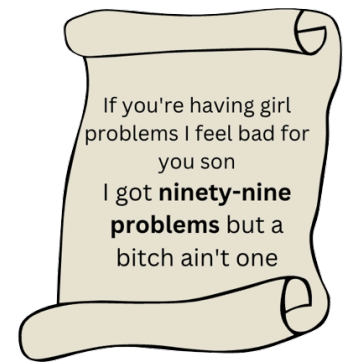
A tribute to the mountain of a man.

BY MISS TAKEN

For as long as humankind has graced the earth, evil has stalked close behind, an ugly, oil-slick of a shadow that we cannot wash our skins of. But despite all the darkness, there has been light: brave heroes who cut away at the horror and excess to fight for what matters in life. There is one man in particular who stands above the rest. One man who has fought furiously for reform, standing against the iron wall of state injustice. One man who has demonstrated incredible patience and courage in the face of danger. One man who at the start of his iconic protest address seared into our collective memory the famous words: “There is no more lovely, friendly, and charming relationship, communion or company than

a good marriage.” Simply timeless. Of course, the man I talk of is Martin Luther King Jr. To those fighting against injustice, he is an inspiration. He had a dream that there wouldn’t be indulgences. He was a protestor, he was a reformer. He was also the name-sake for some civil rights protestor from the 1960s. A German priest, Martin Luther King was a compassionate custodian of his community. He rejected the status quo, risking his own imprisonment, for the hopes that one day, our children could achieve salvation. He brought light where there was darkness, encouraged friendship and community where there was not, unless you were Jewish, in which case he believed that you

should be kicked out from the country. He was, in every sense of the word, the only man that could have ever authored the Ninety-five Theses. While he may have been excommunicated by the Pope, he has not been excommunicated from our hearts. The man. The myth. The legend. Martin Luther. R.I.P., King.



NEXT BIG THING FOR SILICON VALLEY: ZEKE MILLER

A trip to the beating heart of America's innovation economy.

BY SALLY KAHN

Move over Mark Zuckerberg and Elon Musk, it looks like there’s a new tech prodigy on the block. Meet Zeke Miller, the self-proclaimed tech-wiz from a suburb of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, whose prowess in the world of technology has left experts in awe. Also known as The iPad Kid™, Zeke has proven himself to be a force to be reckoned with at only 9 years old. According to his mother, Zeke’s tech journey started at a young age. “Zeke was a whiny kid,” she re-

calls. “I got him his first iPad when he turned 3. It was either that or the prescription meds to calm him down, and I didn’t feel like going to the pharmacy every two weeks.” Little did she know that this seemingly innocuous gift would set Zeke on a path to tech stardom. While most kids his age are wasting their time playing pee wee soccer and hanging out at the playground socializing with peers, Zeke is instead focused on fulfilling his career goals. “I want to be a pro

gamer when I grow up,” he told us. The job doesn’t seem so far-fetched for him, as he has already clocked in over 700 hours of online gameplay just over these last 3 months. Stats like these have helped him land on the Fortnite leaderboard and secure a spot as a speaker at this year’s 11th annual MinecraftTwitchCrossingCrush Con. “It’s rare to see this kind of commitment to the art of mobile gaming. I can tell this kid is going places. He already has the per-

ma-hunch,” says Wendell Pierce, Zeke’s Fortnite duos partner. “While most of my friends have sold their souls to the suits, Zeke still has the grit and passion that gives me faith in this next generation,” the 47-year old proclaimed.

Similar to the incredible innovators before him, Zeke cuts through archaic corporate conventions in exchange for efficiency. While Zuckerberg has the hoodie, Zeke has his tablet, sticky all over from bits of Gushers and with Cheez-Itz crumbs stuck in the gap between the device edges and its case. Keeping these snacks close by at all times allows him to cut out time at the dinner table. Wasting time there takes him away from his work and prevents him from engaging in useless conversations. The small-minded older individuals in his household are out to get him down and decrease his productivity, but he doesn’t let that stop him.

A talented multi-tasker, Zeke always makes sure to make leverage the most out of his time. We saw him plugging his homework into ChatGPT, watching youtube videos, and raging with words no one ever expected a 9-year-old to know on a discord call, all while still securing a victory royale in Fortnite. The other 4th grade slack-

ers he knows can’t keep up. “Those words be good. ChatGPT makes those words be ballin’,” he told us while watching ChatGPT do his weekly vocabulary worksheet.

Despite his busy schedule, Zeke still makes sure to give back. His skills reach beyond the world of innovation and into charity for others, too. Twice a year, Zeke makes the pilgrimage across state borders to help those suffering from digital poverty in Missouri. “My cringe nana can’t work her breathing machine. My mom makes me go talk to her and fix it. I don’t like it but she buys me McDonalds and all the V-Bucks I want afterwards because she doesn’t understand the buttons, either.” Few can match Zeke’s commitment to advancing the common good.

When asked about his role models, Zeke cited gaming personality PewDiePie, his favorite youtuber, Alph@K!llerMa\$culin3Ars0nK!ng and Andrew Tate as inspirations He explained that they’re all “really cash money swag” and that “those liberal camper bots can’t handle their crazy alpha dubs.” These thought leaders have led him to new intellectual heights, and have inspired him to ask tough questions that advance today’s key conversations. As Zeke himself asked on his personal subreddit r/TheRealTruth,

“was JFK actually assassinated by the mole men of Abraham Lincoln’s secret underground army in order to help create the dark web behind our school’s firewall to help us out Hillary Clinton as a robot lizard?” The ensuing dialogue with his 7 enthusiastic followers, or “my boyz,” as he calls them, is working on answers as we speak.



Spurred by ambition, Zeke’s next business moves reportedly include investing in new technology to further his home office productivity even more by reducing the time he has to spend on pointless breaks. He hopes to obtain a hanging water dispenser “like those used by hamsters,” Zeke said, and get a catheter, too. Spaces he told us to watch include “iFunny NFTs” and “FortPro,” which he indicated was a novel cryptocurrency for elite Fortnite gamers in the startup stage. Should we be excited to see where this luminary tech leader goes next? The answer is an obvious yes, of course.



WHY WE THINK BETO O'ROURKE SHOULD RUN AGAIN

You heard us.

BY THE DNC

We know you've heard of him. The Texan famously ran in 2018 for US Senate against Ted Cruz. Then he ran in 2020 for president. Then he ran in 2022 for governor. He's clearly proven he can be the candidate. His filing paperwork is perhaps the best out there with all the practice he's had. He's just so experienced. We know that 2024 is going to be our — oops, we mean his — year.

We here in New York City know our politicians. We've had a lot of them, and we're really good at choosing the best ones. When tragedy struck our city in September 2001, we were lucky we had picked Rudy Giuliani to be our mayor. He made us feel so safe and cared for. And ever since, we've only picked real studs: Michael Bloomberg, Bill de Blasio, and Eric Adams. Only the best get picked by us. That's why now we're going after Beto.

Why Beto? He just turns us on — politically, of course. His bold

rhetoric dominates our attention. We salivate for the curves of his robust centrist positions, especially when he puts the perfect progressive-sounding angles on them. His impromptu speeches in random everyday locations still smoothly slide into our dreams years after. Oh, if only we could see him aggressively mount a cafe countertop again and exclaim to us about why we need to grab gun control by the collar and bring it home with us. We still can't believe how confidently he said he'd take all the AR-15s away. In America? So naughty!

Perhaps only Jon Ossoff could top Beto, but he's already taken. Unfortunately, even us at the *Newarker* don't have the power to split him from his current DC fling. Come on, the "Senate" can't be that serious? We've moved on from him, okay. He was never meant to be — our star signs must not be compatible. We know Beto ran for Senate too, but that was just a youthful in-

discretion of his. We forgive him!

You may be asking what office we think Beto should run for. We'd like to see him in any position! We just want to see him once more. We want to see him grace the cover of *Vanity Fair* again — that soft rustled hair, confident and sly gaze, those strong western jeans and country feel. We want to see the buttons of that gorgeous sky blue dress shirt of his stretched to their limits as he travels from event to event, putting in the work arousing the American people to a better and brighter future. For us New Yorkers, he's just so mysterious and exotic. It's as if he's straight out of one of those movies about how the other half of America that we've only flown over lives. We've never had something like him before!

We are dead set on Beto. We used to obsess over his quirky campaign trail vlogs, and will shamelessly do so again. Him driving in the Texas countryside, the window rolled down and his arm softly draped on out, his other hand firmly gripping the steering wheel, the wind rushing by as he coyly entices us with his vision for how we're going to write our happy-ever-after American future together. It makes us squirm just thinking about it. Don't even get us started on how he teased us with his dentist's appointment Instagram Live video. The intimacy of how he let us into his life was just so captivating. He's so good at sharing his full, authentic self. Beto's just not like any other candidate. Please Beto, please run again!



I WAS SOLD TO ONE DIRECTION

BY Y/N

I woke up Saturday morning thinking it would be just another boring day at the mall with my friends when suddenly my mom burst into my room and told me to come downstairs immediately. I jumped out of bed and put on leggings and a t-shirt. I threw my hair into a messy bun, put mascara on to accentuate my blue orbs, and ran to the kitchen.

"We can't afford to have a daughter anymore," my mom said, "so we have to sell you!" "Why would you do this to me!" I yelled.

"Pack your things really quickly, and Mr. Simon Cowell here is going to take you to your new owners," my mom said.

Crying, I ran to my room and started throwing my clothes into a suitcase. With all my books, I could barely close it! I went outside and got into the car with Mr. Cowell. "Don't be sad," he said. "You will be helping out some new guys on my contract."

We got to a huge mansion and walked inside where there were five totally cute guys waiting for us. "We're One Direction," said the Irish one with blonde hair.

"Who?" I asked.

"We're a band. You don't know who we are?" he asked bewildered.

"I don't listen to music. Books are all I need. They're all I have," I told him.

"Well, I'm Niall, it's lovely to meet you," he said. He pointed to the rest of the boys and introduced me to them one by one. "This is Zayn, this is Liam, and this is Louis," he explained.

I shook all of their hands and introduced myself. "I'm

Y/N. Who is that guy sitting in the dark corner?" I asked.

"That's a bad idea," Liam said. "His name is Harry, but don't get your hopes up for love. He's as dark as they come." But just as Liam was saying that, Harry looked up at me and we locked orbs. I felt chills run down my whole body. Startled by the connection, I had to look away. Just then, Simon came back to show me to my room.

"While you are here, you are to help clean and cook for the boys, but you are not allowed, under any circumstances, to fall in love with any of them. Do I make myself clear?" Simon asked.

I gulped, thinking of Harry's electric green orbs. "Okay," I said anyway.

For the next week, I cleaned, cooked, and did chores for the boys. Niall would say hello and ask how I was doing, Zayn would give me a shy wave, Louis would tell me a joke, and Liam would dance for me. But Harry wouldn't acknowledge me. If he saw me cleaning a window in the foyer, he would walk out. If I was preparing dinner in the kitchen, he would not enter. It was almost like he was scared of me. One afternoon, Simon Cowell came to the house to remind the boys of their concert that night, and he said I could go if I wanted to. He got me front row tickets!

~Harry's POV~

Y/N was beautiful. I know she's insecure, but I just don't know what for. She's just perfect. During my Night Changes solo, I tried to make orb contact, but she was too busy reading her book to notice me. She's just not like other girls.

~back to Y/N's POV~

After the concert, I went backstage. I hope they don't ask

me questions about the concert, I accidentally read through the whole thing! Luckily, they were too tired to chat and we sat quietly in the limo on the way home.

When we got back to the mansion, I decided to go to sleep. When I got to the hallway where my room was, I heard a "wait!" I turned around and Harry was jogging towards me.

"I'm sorry I've ignored you for the last week. The secret is I'm in love with you, but that scares me because I know you would never feel the same way since I'm so dark and mysterious and a bad boy," Harry said.

I stood there shocked before I regained my voice. "How dare you! I'm just trying to do my job and you ignore me for a week! You have not once tried to talk to me! I think you hide behind your bad boy mafia persona because you are scared of your own sensitivity!" I yelled at him before running into my room and slamming the door.

~Harry's POV~

"Oy! What'd ya do to her mate?" Zayn asked me, having overheard the door slam.

But I didn't respond. I can't believe I blew my chance with Y/N. I took a few deep breaths and knocked on her door.

"Go away!" her voice came muffled through the door.

"Please! Give me a chance!" I begged.

She opened the door. "And why should I do that?" she said.

I looked into her orbs. Her blue to my green. "Because I think we can make it through," I said.

Out of nowhere, Niall runs up and punches me! "Why are you trying to steal my girl! There's a couple million in the whole wide world! Find another one,

she belongs to me!" Niall said.
"What the FUCK Niall!" I said.
"I'm in love with Y/N! She's mine!"

~Y/N's POV~

"Guys! Stop! You're better

than this!" I shouted. Both Niall and Harry stopped and looked at me. "Niall, you're wonderful, but Harry is the one for me."

"Okay, I accept that, but I will

always hold a special place in my Irish heart for you," Niall said.

I let Harry into my room and I rocked him and we made some special midnight memories. The end.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR TOTE BAG DIVISION

Beneficial for you
Upstanding citizen
Yes you should

Terrific vibes
Original accessory
Thriving social life
Excellent reading comprehension

Bountiful health insurance
Affordable canvas
Glamorous receptacle
Success is in your future



YOU WILL BUY A TOTE BAG



UP AND COMING

STROURS: THE GLOBAL PHENOMENON

Paper straws are so out

BY THE TURTLES

Restaurants around the country have taken a brave, collective step in combating the horrors of climate change. Serving plant-based food, composting, recycling, and using paper straws are all deemed too insignificant these days. Our planet is dying, and every step must be taken to save our species. Instead of such performative motions as reducing food waste, some restaurants will instead be offering a communal straw to all patrons. The straws will be made of sustainably and ethically harvested bamboo that will be shipped to various restaurants through cruelty free messenger pigeons. The messenger pigeons only consume organic, locally sourced berries and seeds.

This communal straw — lovingly nicknamed Strour (straw + our) — is symbolic of the fact that climate change is a global problem that must be dealt with through teamwork. Climate change cannot be solved unless we all come together as a more impactful union, ded-

icated to solving this crisis. Strour also encourages the spread of mono, which leads to fatigued patrons using less resources and exiting the labor force. Strour will be first implemented in factory and mining towns to rob those climate-wrecking capitalist companies of their labor.

Families, strangers, and enemies can now all bond over their restaurant experience. Strour must be fought over in a gladiator match to the death on the restaurant floor. The loser must hand over Strour to the victor, who will then be able to divvy the reward among his allies. Patrons are encouraged to form teams that can then attack others with more power, similarly to how we must all work together to combat climate change.

Instead of only receiving a Strour if you request one, Strour shows how much you value a straw in your dining experience. Just as we must prioritize our consumption of the earth's precious resources, the Strour teaches patrons what exactly

must be valued in their own lives.

Unfortunately, a recent sale on Strour has led to its more widespread implementation. Ceul Trei, a college student living in Manhattan, remarked, "At this point, it feels like every restaurant I go to has Strour. A fast food place down the street had a guy using one as a bong while he stuffed un-ethically raised meat into his mouth. I don't want to solve the climate crisis if other people are too!"

At a local brewery, a few restaurant patrons were willing to speak about their experience with Strour. River Berry Jewel Swift, a frequent Strour user (possibly because of her background in wrestling and MMA), said that "I think Strour has changed my perspective on climate change. I need to use more resources than everyone else."

Strour costs \$899.99. Or, they can be paid for in installments, preferably using Bitcoin or Dogecoin. It is very important that these methods are used. Paper money will not be accepted, you fucking tree killer.

MUSIC INDUSTRY CRISIS? A CAPELLA SINGERS CAN SOUND LIKE YOUR INSTRUMENTS NOW

AI is taking jobs and scaring people, but so should this

BY AN INSTRUMENTEUR

On a sunny spring afternoon a week or so ago, I found myself wandering up to a college capella performance in the park on a nostalgic, slightly masochistic whim. Long gone are my college days when the best scene on a Tuesday night was merely a sonic potpourri of "doo-doo-doo's" and "ooo-wheeee-18

aaa's," but like a moth to a flame, those singers in the park drew me back in despite my best efforts.

But something was off in that performance. Someone was off, and his name was Ethan. Ethan is a tenor in the NYU Piddlewinks, and he is pushing a capella where it's never gone before. Sure, beat-

boxers stay in their lane, and vocalists like Ariana Grande can produce impressive whistle tones, but Ethan... Ethan sounds exactly like real instruments, timbre and all.

At the start of each song, Ethan would enter a trance, unhinge his jaw, and inexplicably release a sound exactly like that of a guitar. And

then a trumpet. A synthesizer, a harp, a grand piano, a slightly smaller and lower quality piano. It was miraculous and horrifying at the same time. Ethan could easily pass for an instrumentalist, you know, a real musician, and I would be none the wiser. Since when was a musician's nightmare suddenly reality?

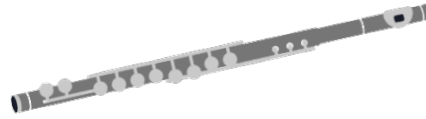
After the performance, I had no choice but to go up and question Ethan about his methods.

"I 'unno how to describe it," he told me. "I'm self taught, but the process is sort of just an a capella thing, sorry. Don't worry about it."



Despite his initial refusal, I kept

prodding Ethan about it until all I got out of him was a strange code consisting of meaningless syllables and abstract musings on the human body. He claimed that his a capella friends were catching onto the new technique "just fine," signaling



to me his flagrant ignorance of the brewing music industry crisis of his own design. Ethan fails to realize the power of his creation, and he does not seem prepared for when it outpaces his ability to contain it.

"But Ethan," I begged, "what's going to happen to the real musicians? Are you just going to put them out of work?" Ethan took a breath, dropped his carefree fa-

cade, and said, "Yes, they will suffer at first. But not to worry, new jobs in the music industry will emerge. The instrumentalists can become my personal assistants instead." He concluded his remark with a smug chuckle, followed by an ominous electric bassline.

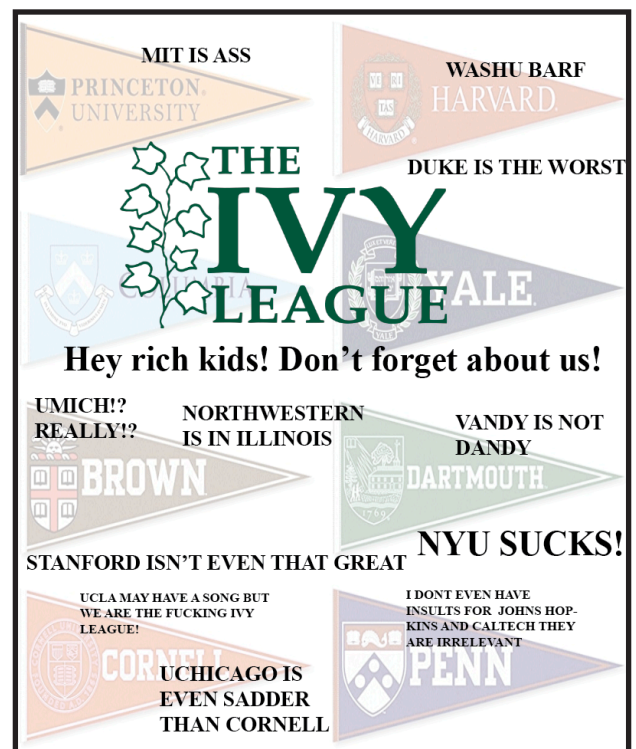
Friends, I say with great regret that we should have been keeping an eye on those a capellists while we still had the chance. Without the ethical oversight of broader society, a capella now threatens honest, hard working instrumentalists around the world. So next time you see a band or hear a live recording, appreciate the real musicians behind those moments while you still can, as soon the finest orchestras in the world will consist of nothing but Ethans.



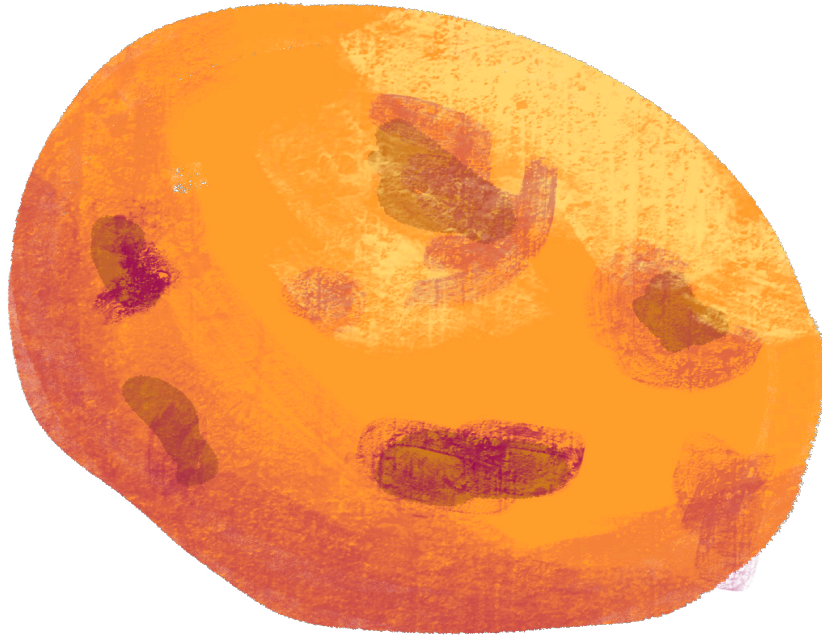
A SEDUCTION ATTEMPT

I saw you across the room
 Looked real pretty on the dance floor
 Where are you from? Didn't want to assume.
 Duuude no way! I just hiked through Ecuador!
 So, what brings you here?
 Did you have to escape?
 Was it actually that severe?
 Or is it one of those things
 Where are the stories fake?
 Wait no. That's not what I meant;
 Ah shit, my bad. Yeah, no—my mistake
 It's just that's what mom always says
 But dude that's crazy. Is it really true?
 (that y'all didn't have
 any shampoo)
 and **didn't fuck with my boy Chavez??**

- the drunk guy who totally
 understands Venezuelan diaspora



THE CRITICS



BOOKS

SMALL POTATOES: A REVELATION

You're never gonna read this.

BY POTATO LUVR

First domesticated in Peru between 8000 and 5000 BCE, potatoes have been a staple food for cultures as diverse as the Irish and the Bolivians for hundreds of years. But what about the parasites that infect them? Paul P. Poliveras explores the history of potato blights, paralleling scientific discovery and historical record to light new paths in the narrative of *Solanum tuberosum*. Poliveras, professor of agricultural sciences at the University of California Berkeley, has....

God, why am I even writing this. You are never going to read this book. You're never even going to read this review! You're just going to toss this issue of the *Newarker* on your bedside table along with all the other half-read *Newarkers* that you're just going to let rot until your

enterprising fourth-grader daughter runs off with them to cut out the "pretty pictures" for her scrapbook and then you're going to get mad at her because you "weren't done reading them." Don't kid yourself. All these reviews recommending you books from tens of magazines written by hundreds of book reviewers, all gone to waste on idiots who only read pop culture garbage on their phones anyway or parrot summaries of books they know exclusively from TikTok. Why don't you just shove your thrice damned Shakespeare and Company tote up your ass! They call this audience the literary elite, but I know damn well none of you have read a real book in years. You haven't even finished a full magazine since you were at the dentist's office, and they forgot

to tell the hygienist you had arrived so you sat there for five hours flipping through a copy of *People!*

You subscribed to the *Newarker* to prove to your birdbrain wife that yes, honey, you're still using that fancy little piece of paper Harvard begrudgingly gave you twenty years ago and you haven't let your brain "melt through your ears." Hell, your nephew gifted you this exact edition of *The Potatoes: Blights and Brethren* last Christmas and you still haven't even cut the pages. Yeah, I just made a *Great Gatsby* reference. Not that you'd know, because you were asleep during that senior year "seminar" at Choate Rosemary Hall after going too hard at Greer Worthington's sweet 16 in the Hill House basement. I actually read the book unlike you snot-nosed prep

school ivy league imbeciles, and I went to a public school in Indiana!

Whatever. It's fine. You should read this book. Put it right next to all the other books I've reviewed on your shelf at the 16,000 square foot family summer cottage in the Hamptons, next to "A New Age: How to Manage Your Budding Screenager" and "A Gentleman's History of Door Fastenings." Put it

on the top of your to-be-read pile. Or better yet, put it on the bottom! Then you could actually reach it. Actually? We all know you're going to regift the potato book to your son who's taking agricultural classes at Harvard, who's going to give it to his girlfriend because he forgot it was their anniversary, who's going to finally dump it in the garbage where it belongs after she runs off

with her tenured thesis advisor. You know what, cut the shit and just recycle it. You're on the neighborhood sustainability advisory committee, you might as well actually follow some of your own goddamn advice. And this copy of the *Newarker*. Clear your conscience, you oil-invested schmuck. I saw those ExxonMobil stocks in your portfolio. Don't bother trying to kid yourself.

TELEVISION

BLUE'S CLUES: MY SEARCH FOR STEVE

A humble writer's recommendations
BY CASSIE DIRECTOR

For almost 30 years, the television series *Blue's Clues* has remained central to the American zeitgeist. Blue is at the height of her eternal career as a non-aging animated animal. Yet, she can't run production on her own. Every episode of *Blue's Clues* needs Steve, its flesh-and-blood host. Sadly, all Steves will someday perish. When this inevitability of the human condition comes to pass, who shall Nickelodeon bring to the forefront of children's educational television? As the world's foremost expert on cartoons about dogs, you may know me from my groundbreaking essay "Sharp Claws: Police Brutality and Government Corruption in *Paw Patrol*," here are my picks for the next Steve to grace the silver screen.

First and foremost, Maggie Smith would lend *Blue's Clues* serious credibility and gravitas. *Blue's Clues* has also yet to have a female host, so the 88-year-old Smith will help the series combat both sexism and ageism in its hiring practices. She might even bring extra viewers to the program in the form of fanatical now-adult fans of her *Harry Potter* appearances as Minerva McGonagall.

If parents don't want to expose their kids to Britishness, Lil Nas X or his business associate The Devil would both make a suitable Steve. Episodes often revolve around colorful characters such as Blue, Magenta, Green Puppy, and Periwinkle, so why not throw the full rainbow in the ring with these queer icons?

Furthermore, we could play the great game of *Blue's Clues* with a crime solving expert. I propose the ghost of actor Ronald Howard for the role. Born in the early twentieth century, Howard was best known as Sherlock Holmes in the 1954 TV series of the same name. Experienced in playing curious detectives, Howard's ghost would be perfect for helping Blue solve developmentally-appropriate puzzles for children. Because most of his living career was bit parts and B movies, his current prospects are looking pretty dead. He would most certainly accept the role.

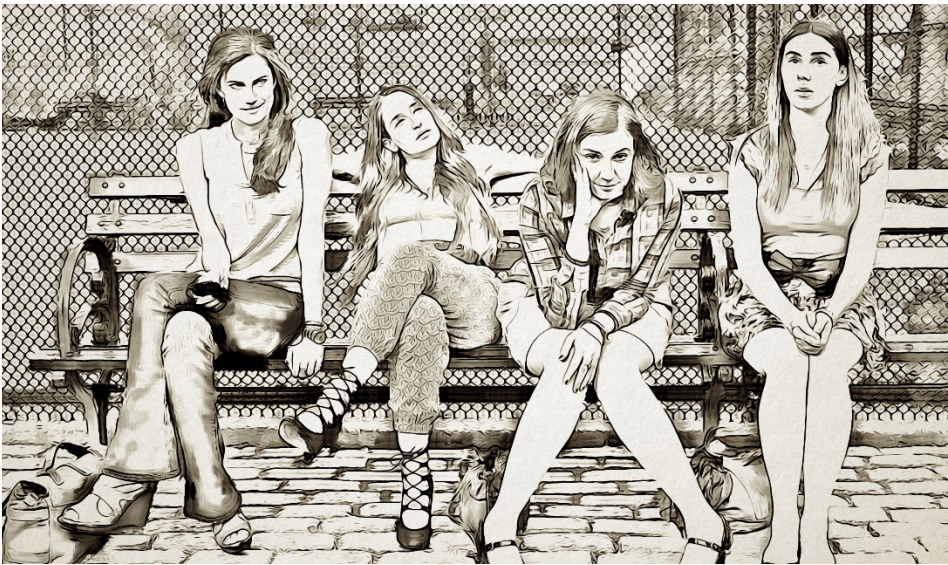
If summoning a ghost proves too difficult for the studio, an ungodly beast with the heads of all of the Spice Girls would do nicely as the new Steve. Scary, Sporty, Baby, Ginger, and Posh would fit

right in with pre-established spice characters like Mr. Salt, Mrs. Pepper, Paprika, Cinnamon, Sage, and Ginger. Perhaps one of them could even be Baby Paprika's real mother in the evolving infidelity plot.

Sitting here in my thinking chair, contemplating the many faces of Steve, I can't help but wonder if any of these perfect casting choices could actually do the role of Steve justice. Then it hits me, in a sudden moment of clarity and brilliance. Who else wears a green shirt and khaki pants? Who else has brown hair? Who else could break the fourth wall if warranted, nay, necessary? Who would the studio not even have to pay? I've been looking in the wrong places. The true Steve isn't from our world. He comes from the world of cartoons: Norville "Shaggy" Rogers from *Scooby-Doo!*. He was hiding in another dog-centered cartoon all along. He may not be the live-action Steve we originally wanted, but he is the licensable, non-unionized Steve we need to keep *Blues Clues* at the innovative forefront of educating America's young, younger, youngest, and young-at-heart.

I'M GOING THROUGH SOMETHING RIGHT NOW

A comprehensive review of HBO's Girls
BY DEFINITELY NOT LENA DUNHAM



It's been said that we are living through a golden age of television. From streaming service darlings like *Ted Lasso* to regular network programming like *Abbott Elementary*, it's hard to debate the fact that we've been gifted some amazing morsels of TV recently. The lovable and altruistic characters on these shows are surely aspirational for us viewers at home, but I can't help but feel a bit judged by them. They're so perfect that for us less divine beings, watching these shows starts to feel less like entertainment, and more like when your mom sends you a video of your more successful sister on Facebook showing off all the snack bar acai bowl greek yogurt avocado toast perks she gets at her Silicon Valley "social media research" job. Someday she'll understand your art history degree student loans were worth it.

Where is the show for those who don't necessarily have ourselves figured out yet? *Young Sheldon* is great for settling down with a nice

warm cup of herbal tea and a bottle of melatonin gummies, but what about those of us who'd rather enjoy our shows with a vodka on the rocks and a Domino's pizza in hand? What about those of us whose iPhone screen has been cracked for three years, not because we don't have the money to fix it, but because we think it's quirky not to. Okay, maybe we actually don't have the money, but it is quirky! Those who reject the "traditional" family values imposed on us, and instead prefer avant garde and secretly one-sided polyamorous relationships, which sound like cheating, but are definitely not? He promised me he loves me just as much as the others! Nothing on TV today can quite capture that essence like HBO's *Girls*.

Now, I know what you're thinking — You can't be serious, that show ended in 2017, surely there have been other, more relevant shows since then — and sure, there are other shows about bad people,

but I challenge you to give me just one that more accurately depicts the unique and difficult challenges of being an insufferable white woman with a tendency for poor decision making. *White Lotus*? I'm not rich enough for that. *Succession*? I can barely figure out how to use Turbo-Tax. *Fleabag*? I'm not British, and the only priest I know is definitely not hot. HBO's *Girls* is the only show to really understand me. They go through everything I do, but somehow end up handling all of it much worse, providing some comfort in the idea that maybe I am doing better than someone out there. I'm just in my crazy era right now, okay?

While characters like Leslie Knope and Jeanine Teagues make me feel like a hot pile of garbage left out on the curb, the characters of HBO's *Girls* would never do that to me. Compared to them, I come off like a shiny new penny. Sure, I stalked this guy on LinkedIn and Venmo after he held a door open for me at work, but it wasn't as bad as when Marnie had sex with a man while he listed off all of the things he hated about her. And yes, I've slept five hours on the F-train after indulging too much at an indie absinthe bar, but that's nothing compared to the time Shoshanna accidentally smoked crack in a club bathroom thinking it was weed. None of us are perfect, but the characters from HBO's *Girls* make us feel at least tolerable.

HBO's *Girls* has been there for me when I needed it most. The dark period I struggled with depression after accidentally sucking my hamster up the vacuum cleaner? Hannah helped me through that. When I broke my leg hopping the turnstiles at the station because I spent all of my money on extra diamonds for my Love Island game?

Shoshanna tended to my wounds.

When I got scammed by a bot online and gave them my mom's credit card information so her identity got stolen? Jessa told me it would be okay. And even when I got caught cheating on my boyfriend with his estranged father that abandoned him as a child? Marnie held my hand.

With all that HBO's *Girls* has

gotten me through, it's hard to believe that I only started watching it three months ago. I honestly don't remember what I did before, and I hope I never have to go back to those dark days. Unlike those smug, glamorous bitches in *Sex and the City*, I feel like the characters in HBO's *Girls* have become true friends to me, and might actually

be better than my real friends. At least they don't go on a girls trip to Nashville without me because I have an outstanding warrant for destruction of private property in Tennessee. I can see them whenever I want, and they're always there to welcome me into their delightful den of insufferable debauchery with open arms. I've never felt so seen.

MOVIES

“APOCALYPSE” REVIEWED

*One director's brilliant reimagining of *Apocalypse Now* with an entirely queer cast*

BY SOMEONE WHO APPRECIATES A VISIONARY

A *Apocalypse Now* is often heralded as a triumph of cinema. It was the prolific *Los Angeles Times* reviewer Charles Champlin who described it “a noble use of the medium and a tireless expression of national anguish.” But to visionary theater director Antony McCaster, the classic film seems deeply problematic.

While some dubiously claim that Francis Ford Coppola's juxtaposition of horror and exhilaration serves as a powerful critique of imperialism and the Vietnam war, the film is most striking in its lack of queer representation. McCaster's theatrical reimagining, *Apocalypse*, solves this issue by wondering what a harrowing river journey through war-torn Cambodia would look like if it had an entirely queer cast.

Many critics have argued that film and the stage should focus on the oft-untold stories of queer history, like in Ken Sawyer's 2015 musical *Hit the Wall*, which re-creates the events leading up to the Stonewall riots. This claim, however, ignores the fact that there ar-

en't that many stories to tell about gay people, because they weren't invented until 1998, with the premier of NBC's *Will and Grace*.

Even if directors did write original scripts, that sure sounds awfully boring to review, and not nearly as subversive as taking an existing story and changing around a couple things here and there. In contrast, McCaster's *Apocalypse* dares to ask if an off-Broadway production in a small theater in Midtown Manhattan can garner a whole segment with Tucker Carlson.

While McCaster largely sticks to the original film's script, he does make some important changes when translating Coppola's film to the stage. Most won't finish watching the original film — it is a grueling 2 hours and 33 minutes long — but it's obvious to any viewer that *Apocalypse Now* is a shamelessly pro-war film, on account of the fact that it is about war. In contrast, McCaster's reimagining brilliantly subverts its source material's abashedly pro-war stance by having every charac-

ter turn towards the audience at the end of each act and repeatedly yell “WAR IS BAD! WAR IS BAD! WAR IS BAD!” for a little over two minutes. We haven't seen theatrical innovation like this in a long time.

Despite McCaster's genius changes to the script, the production suffers from several embarrassing hiccups. Worst of all, post-opening night interviews revealed that the actor playing Lance is, in fact, married to a woman. While the actor claims to be “bisexual,” he's not that flamboyant, so we're pretty sure that doesn't count. We hope that future performances return the play to its queer-centering roots, which are central to the piece's uplifting and timely message.



HOT ONES STUNS

A reunion of biblical proportions

BY JENNY SIS

In recent years, YouTube content has been slowly acknowledged as capable of producing art that is just as potent as any other medium. Perhaps no YouTube program showcases this more than Christopher Schonberger and Sean Evans' series *Hot Ones*. Host Evans has put the metaphorical and literal heat on many celebrities, but this critic would argue that the series reached a peak of intensity and drama this past week. For the first time in series history, Evans hosted three guests of literal Biblical stature: Adam, Eve, and God.



Sean Evans is always a thoughtful and deft host, but this reunion was particularly difficult for him to navigate. The three guests were clearly uncomfortable around each other, and a fiery exchange broke out before any hot sauce was even consumed. God continued to drop names of his new friends like Noah and David, and stated: "Yeah, Sean, I learned how to make actual good humans after my first attempts

went so... horribly." Eve tried to stand up and leave immediately, and God just quipped, "Oh, I don't even have to banish her this time!"

Once the interview actually started, though, it went smoothly at first. Evans, as always, did his research and took time to promote his guests' current projects. He asked Eve about her tell-all novel *The Snake that Tempted Me*, where she discusses her experiences with deception, rejection, and apples. Evans also complimented Eve on her body positivity movement through her Instagram account @Genesisister00, saying "I think it's so wonderful that you teach young men and women to not be ashamed of their nudity." Said God in response, "Well, they wouldn't be ashamed if you hadn't-." He was cut off by a bout of cursing due to the Scoville six-hundred-and-seventy-six thousand Eye of the Scorpion wing he had just consumed.

There were only two issues with this episode. Firstly, God's searing intensity did throw off the set lighting and also burned out the eyes of several crew members. As Eve snidely put it, "He just always has to have the spotlight, doesn't he?" The more important weak link, though, was Adam. He was quiet and squirrely for most of the episode, quietly nudging Eve and muttering whenever she spoke out against God. At one point, after consuming a wing lathered in Bhutila Fire Hot Sauce, he finally made his voice heard. I think you just have to see the transcript for yourself:

Adam: Eve, babe, you can't say this stuff on YouTube! How are we supposed to get back into Eden?

Eve: Eden?! Eden, Adam? You still wanna get back into that hippie-dippie dump? We're stewards of the whole goddamn Earth, not just that dumb little garden.

God: Adam, I told you she's a bad influence...

Eve: YOU CREATED ME, JACKASS!

Adam: You can't call God a jackass!

Eve: Adam, are you seriously on his side? He's the one that made a big tree right in the middle of everything and then told us we couldn't eat it. Treating us like we're children!

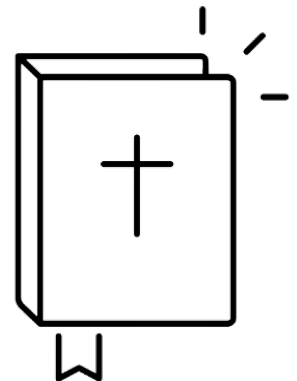
God: You are my children...?

Adam: I keep telling you, G, it was all her fault! I only ate the fruit because she told me to!

Eve: Oh, it seemed pretty delicious to you at the time, babe!

Adam: Sean, do we have any ribs?! I'm sure my wife would love some ribs! They're JUST LIKE HER!

Art, there's no other word for it. Pure, unfiltered art. The human experience as only the first humans can deliver it. As Eve sprayed Tears of the Sun hot sauce into Adam's eyes and God livestreamed it to his Facebook, I shed a tear. I could see that Sean Evans was in awe of the moment he had created for all of us. Admittedly, he might not have been fully aware of it. His eyes had also been seared out by God's light.



CRICKETING'S NEW STAR

He still has a long way to go

BY JIMINY

British cricketer Jensen Wallace has recently been making considerable waves in the cricketing world, becoming the youngest batsman in history to lead a squad to an ICC Men's T20 World Cup victory. But fans and officials alike are missing a core deficiency in his game: he's not a cricket, not even in the slightest.

Yes, the sport has a long history of allowing for non-cricketers to compete at the highest levels, but never before has a player been so brazen in their non-cricketness as to not even attempt to click their limbs together or sing the traditional mating songs.

Wallace has flaunted this militant humanity free from criticism for far too long. The rest of his

team heroically destroyed a dozen farmlands this year despite Wallace's "conscientious objection" and nobody even cared that he refused to carry diseases and parasites into the farmers' homes through his feces. He's not even doing the bare minimum. If any other player had refused to eat the famous dish of decaying insect larvae served at the annual T20 World Cup celebration dinner, they'd be crucified—Wallace, however, hasn't even received so much as a slap on the wrist (Yes, the wrist! Crickets don't even have wrists! Unbelievable...)!

The International Cricket Council has faced pushback for their decisions in the past, most no-

tably when they first voted in 1975 to allow grasshoppers to participate in international competitions, but at least grasshoppers still chirp and have antennae. In the years since, the sport's standard of cricketness has decreased substantially, to the point that many, including myself, question whether the sport should just be renamed entirely.

Wallace's recent surge in popularity is emblematic of the long-term degradation of the insect values which have been at the heart of cricket for centuries. He's earned countless awards and charmed many fans with his play, of course, but one female cricket fan Maisie Byrne couldn't name a single attribute she finds attractive about the man who won't even look her way.

"Strkreeeee-strkreeeee strkreeeee-strkreeeee," said Byrne before hopping away into the twilight pitch of the dead of night. I couldn't have said it better myself.

POETRY FOR ALL

One fish

Two fish

Red fish

Blue fish

Nah, no, no

No red fish

No blue fish

Yellow fish

Go libertarians



-Anonymous

CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

Each week we provide a cartoon in need of a caption. You, the reader, submit a caption, we choose three finalists, and you vote for your favorite. Caption submissions for this week's cartoon, by Stock Man, must be received by Wednesday, November 6th. The finalists in the November 13th contest appear below.

We will announce the winner, and the finalists in this week's contest, in the November 20th issue. Anyone age thirteen or older can enter or vote. To do so, and to read the complete rules, visit <https://sites.dartmouth.edu/jacko/>

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



THE FINALISTS



"This isn't the Newark Airport..."

Natalie Halsey, Boston, MA

"Did they teach you to sniff out Cocaine yet?"

CJ Tebben, Seattle, WA

"I'm from New Jersey" "I'm sorry."

Brandon Abusio, Philadelphia, PA

THE WINNING CAPTION



"I'm just saying, you have four perfectly good legs and a tail. Think of the benefit you derive from each one individually versus the benefit I would derive from eating one. It's simple egalitarian utilitarianism. Read Rawls."

Jonas Rosenthal, Denver, CO

ESPER WOLF

Unleash the animal.

13-IN-1:

SHAMPOO

CONDITIONER

BODY WASH

BUBBLE BATH

SLEEP AID

MUCINEX

BIRTH CONTROL

THERAPIST

IMAGINARY GIRLFRIEND

NETFLIX SUBSCRIPTION

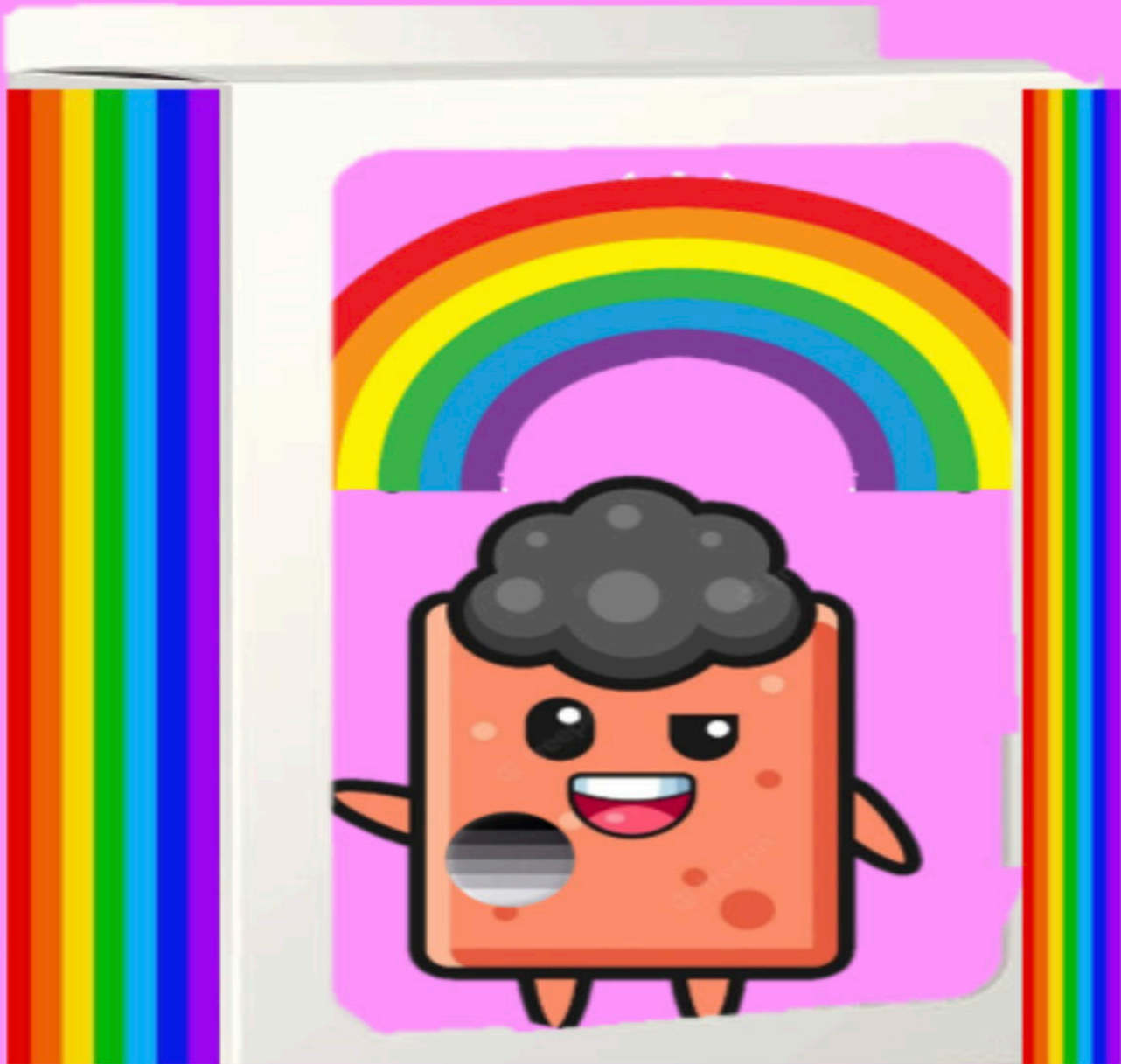
A WARM HUG

APPROVAL OF YOUR ART DEGREE FROM COLLEGE

YOUR PARENTS SAYING THAT THEY'RE PROUD OF YOU



Introducing BRICK BOY!



He's CIS, he's STRAIGHT, but he
was at STONEWALL!

An ALLY, but like, he's not GAY!

You can still buy him for your kid!