



The Pretentious Press

September 2020

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Climate Can't Change Me

By: Isabel Fontanals

My Sunday begins pretty easily. I wake up around 9am and slide into my rabbit fur slippers. I head downstairs and have my morning cup of joe from a one-use styrofoam cup. Doing dishes isn't one of my strengths, so I try to avoid them as much as possible. Plus, this way I don't waste water. Then, I take a 2 hour shower. There's nothing like some boiling hot water to clear the head and the pores. I finish my morning with 8 strips of bacon, a glass of water with two straws (it goes faster that way), 30 minutes of FOX, and a prayer for world peace.

In the afternoon, I like to take a walk through my local park. Usually, I'll check the weather before going out since the temperature has been so up and down lately. One day I'm sweating out of my alligator skinned boots, the next I'm shivering in my ostrich fur coat! But hey, I love nature, so I don't really mind. You never know what you're going to see. Today I saw a bird with the coolest necklace on and two women holding hands! I was having so much fun, but I had to go home and take another shower because someone threw a bucket of red paint on me again. This keeps happening to me, but I'm new to the neighborhood, so it's probably just hazing.

For dinner, I'll invite some friends from work over. I work at Koch Industries and do press for them. They love me over there. Most of the time I get asked questions by reporters that I don't even understand, but then my boss tells me that's why they keep me. Crazy world, right?

On nice occasions like these, I'll serve my favorite meal of shark fin soup. I know it's a luxury, so I make sure to only serve it from my finest dishware: my elephant tusk bowls. They always impress my guests. One lady even said, "If my daughter saw this, she'd lose it." I love hosting.

Finally, my guests leave, driving away individually in their enormous, gas-powered trucks. Despite living within minutes of each other, carpooling is just a little too inconvenient for them, so they never do.

Now that my house is empty, my nightly routine can commence. I begin with a charcoal face mask made from the ashes of Californian homes, which I like to count as recycling. Next, I have my blood boy come up from the basement so that I can get a quick bone marrow transfusion. I like relaxing at this time of night, so I'll throw on some Animal Planet. As I said, I'm a total nature freak. I even had my bed frame made of imported wood from the Amazon Rainforest. When I'm ready for bed, I send blood boy back downstairs and turn off my TV. I shut my newly young eyes and fall asleep smiling and thinking about how perfect the world is. For me.



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Ben Shapiro's Top 5 Tips To Fight WAP

By: Anastasia Luzgin

As the internet blows up with the emergence of Cardi B and Megan Thee Stallion's new song "WAP," people from all walks of life are desperate to learn about this new phenomenon. WAP, also known as Wet Ass Pussy, is dominating the media at this time. In order to prevent any unnecessary confusion regarding this controversial topic, we have decided to consult an obvious expert on the ins and outs of female anatomy. Today, we will be joined by Ben Shapiro, a self-proclaimed "vagina expert," who will help our readers answer questions on the variety of mysteries, and dangers, surrounding women and their bodies. Shapiro graciously offers his expertise and wisdom in these uncertain times.

Q: What is WAP and what do we do about it?

A: "WAP, or Wet Ass P word, is quite obviously a symptom of disease. If you or a loved one think that you may be suffering from the effects of WAP, please consult a medical professional, as this is a serious gynecological problem. My own wife, who is a doctor, has made it clear that it is impossible to feel any form of wetness in the private area unless it is an indicator of a medical emergency."

Q: How can women educate themselves on their bodies?

A: "Instead of educating women on their bodies, it would be more helpful to de-educate them. We must focus on restricting awareness. If they are unable to recognize their various parts and how those parts function, we will be saved from having to listen to them comment on the moisture state of their genitals, therefore preventing the spread of fake news."

Q: What is a common myth about women that you can dispel?

A: "This is actually a great query. One of the most common myths about women is that they feel arousal. In actuality, female arousal is propaganda perpetuated by radical leftists that wish to destroy the traditional American woman by encouraging her to seek out sinful experiences. If you believe in women's arousal, then you might as well just wear a sign that says you're a communist. Women must recognize that God intended for their bodies to create children, not to allow them to feel better about their sexual deviancy."

Q: How would you say your relationship with your wife has been affected by your expertise on the female body?

A: "I do not think that is an appropriate question to ask. My relationship with my wife is nobody's business except for her and her boyfriend's. Also me."

Q: What can women do to prevent themselves from feeling the effects of WAP?

A: "One of the best ways to fight WAP is to just say no. If a woman's significant other attempts to focus on her pleasure, she must simply refuse to accept that. Only through harsh discomfort will a woman realize her true place as a transporter of God's essence. People may pressure women to "feel good" or "actually enjoy their sex lives," but this is unequivocally false. This is a harmful precedent to set. Soon enough, women will start wanting other dangerous things like equal treatment and no more sexual harassment. That is not the way that God intended for Americans to live. As a true patriot, I must uphold the ideals of this great country and fight against our biggest foe: women's arousal."

There you have it, readers. That was Ben Shapiro exposing the truth about WAP. If you have any other questions or concerns, you can email him at FactsDontCareAboutYourFeeling@aol.com.



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Racial Tensions and Vice Dean Polinez At An All-Time High

By: Rachael Summers

It was an eventful summer, especially politically. The murders of George Floyd, Breonna Taylor, and countless other unarmed black Americans mobilized a second wave civil rights movement. This summer saw nationwide protests, the fall of confederate statues, and calls to defund police departments. While racial tensions were at an all-time high, Pace's Vice Dean of Students, Horatio Polinez, was also at an all-time high. He tricked his primary care physician into giving him a prescription for Oxycontin.

As people marched in the streets demanding justice, Vice Dean Polinez was in his Columbus Circle penthouse tripping on opioids.

"Man, this was such a great summer. Maybe one of my favorites," says Polinez.

"So, what are your plans for Pace's online semester?" asked Pretentious Press Reporter Jeremy Johnson.

"No, shut up. I'm gonna talk about race relations," answered Polinez.

"Oh god."

"I've got some great ideas. I think I want to run for mayor."

"With all due respect, Vice Dean Polinez, you have no political experience."

"Um, Jeremio, I am Vice Dean. That is a political position. You have no idea how many people I had to bribe to get this. Also, I was emperor of a small Vietnamese village in the '70s. I am more than qualified."

"Okay."

Vice Dean Polinez popped a 40 milligram tablet of Oxycontin and began to deliver his plan.

"Look. We cannot defund the police. If anything, we need to invest more money into the NYPD. I think we should take funding away from schools and invest it in the police. In my vision for a perfect New York City, illiterate people are running through flames, trying to escape NYPD missiles, tanks, and steroid-infused super cops who can lift cars above their heads, kind of like the Hulk."

"That sounds like a disaster."

"No. You know what is a disaster? Looting. They're thieves! Vile thieves! I can't imagine taking something that isn't yours. It's just so un-American. I've proudly earned everything I have," said Polinez, taking a sip of water from his golden chalice.

"Jeremen, you're young. I don't expect you to understand. In order to make money, you have to spend a little money. In order to end violence, you have to cause enough violence to scare citizens into compliance. Hey! That rhymes! Violence and compliance! I'm on a roll today, Jahroolamy."

"It's Jeremy."

"I'm on enough opioids to sedate a small horse. You're lucky I'm even getting out coherent sentences."

"The coherence of your sentences is debatable. You're drooling everywhere. I want to leave. Can we wrap this up?"

"Sure. Look, some people are saying black lives matter. Some people are saying all lives matter. You know what I'm sayin, Jaharlimeny?"

"I don't think I want to."

"My life matters. I'm sure other lives matter, but I can't say for certain. 'My upper class, white life definitely matters. Others... maybe.' I'm putting that on my campaign buttons. My manager told me it won't fit, so we're just handing out gigantic buttons. Vote Polinez for NYC Mayor."

Polinez then slipped into a 26 hour nap. Jeremy tried to wipe the drool off his face, but it was an endless stream.

With the interview over, there are still so many questions unanswered. Will Vice Dean Polinez be opposed in his race for NYC mayor? Will he ever learn how to pronounce Jeremy's name? Will the elusive Crab Girl intervene at some point? Stay tuned for following editions as we track this story.

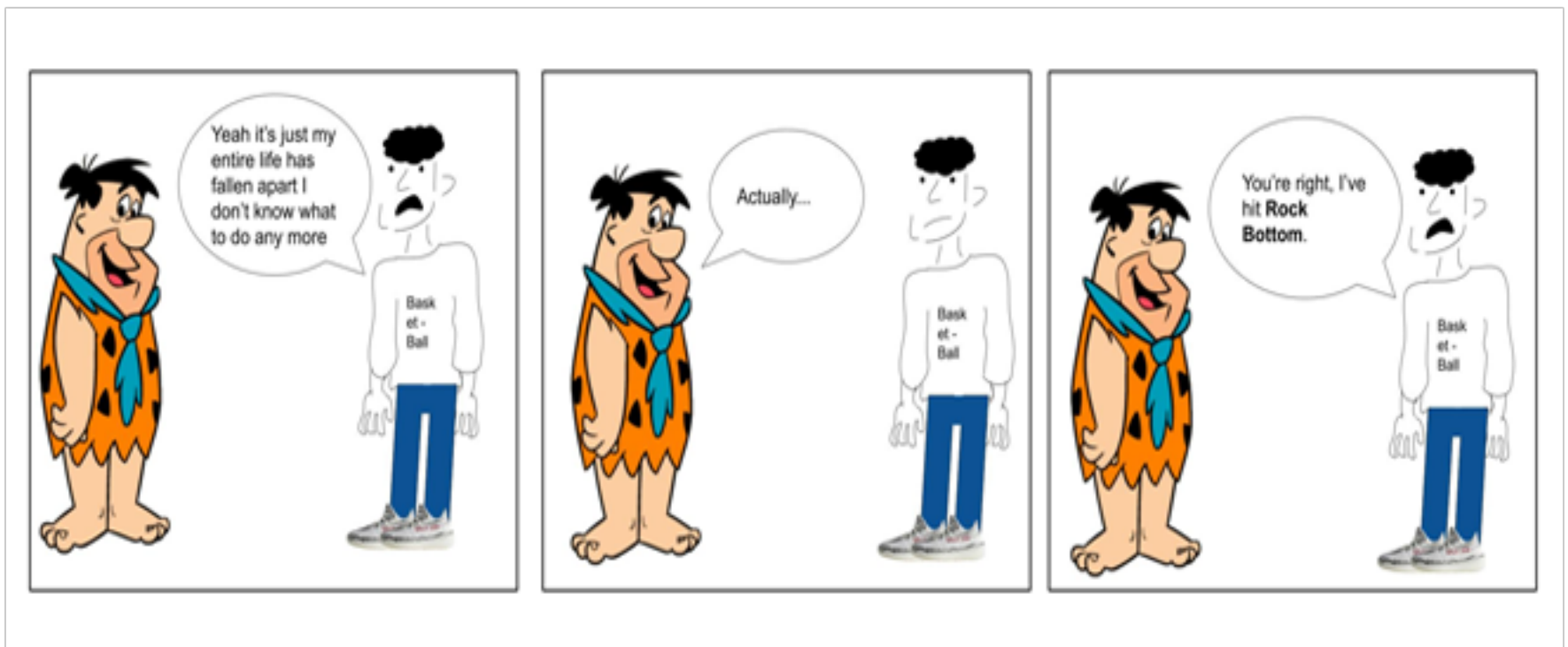


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This Month's Comic

By: Jack Brady





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Letter To The Unmotivated Student Body

By: Eren Sari

A letter from administration:

In such unprecedented times, we, as an institution, are woefully disappointed with the lack of effort being put out by students this semester. It is almost as if you guys don't even care to try and make the impossible possible. What happened to that coming-of-age film protagonist attitude? After a comprehensive review of the first month of hybrid learning, it has come to our attention that the Pace student body is unprepared for the technical demands of online learning. We know that Zoom University of last Spring was a nightmare, but we only had five months to figure out something else, so don't blame us. You are simply not making the best of the situation.

Did you know that Mark Zuckerberg created the internet game-changing site known as Facebook when he was just 19?! So, if you don't like Zoom, why don't you just invent your own video conference software?! Or at least steal one from the hot twins on the rowing team. Your generation is the most technologically adept population on the planet! So, if your computer is too old or your wifi is too slow, then you are the problem! Why can't you fix it? Why can't you make it faster?

The Cosmotron Mega Computer LXIX is not a difficult thing to obtain. With its 4 monitors, one can effortlessly move between a Zoom lecture, class textbook, Blackboard, and paid subscription-based homework assignments that are worth 10% of your grade. This Chad machine features a default clock speed of 6.9 GHz, but surveys show that the average student's lowly virgin laptop only runs on <2GHz. Embarrassing.

To be fair, the computer is probably a bit more expensive than a laptop, as it does price-check at about \$30,000.00. But, I mean, come on- you're already in so much debt. None of this matters. It's all fake money.

Just pull yourself up by your bootstraps, get gritty, and maybe some day after working very, very hard you will pay off the Cosmotron Mega Computer LXIX. Remember Alexander Hamilton from the hit musical, Hamilton, now available for streaming on Disney+? At the tender age of 13, he supported himself and his brother while orphaned on the Caribbean island of Nevis. Inspirational!

It should cost no more than a meager thousand dollars to professionally soundproof one's room. We are tired of hearing your siblings learning remotely in the background. Please be considerate and ask them to get their own apartments if they're going to be so loud. We understand they're minors but- like, it can't be that hard. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart wrote his first symphony when he was just 8! Maybe you would have known that if you had a better internet connection during your eurocentric music history class.

But look at you- well over the age of 8 and no symphony in sight. Pathetic.





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My First College Party

By: Ireah Sonram

I was taking a socially distant shit in Maria's Tower when, all of the sudden, I saw an invitation on the ground. It was addressed to me as "Old sport, Ireah Sonram" for a rooftop "get-together."

"I don't have anything else going on this weekend. Or ever," I thought to myself. "I guess I'll go."

My mind started racing. I haven't left my room in months. Are college parties as crazy as the movies make them seem? How do I introduce myself to a real-life person? What's it like to go to a party that's not in someone's parents' basement?

I started thinking about my outfit. I only brought pajamas to school, so I had to go to the Pace bookstore and buy the sexiest sweatshirt they had.

Makeup. The top half of my face had to pop. I'd never been to a college party. Would we play spin the hand sanitizer? Would a real-life college boy put on nitrile gloves and hold my hand? Should I wear a mask or a face shield? Which would be the safest to make out in?

I looked at my reflection in the mirror. I hadn't seen myself in makeup in so long. Thankfully the mask-acne on the bottom half of my face evened out my beautiful top half.

The party was two blocks away, but I didn't want to get lost, so I spent \$34.87 on an Uber there. When I got to the rooftop, I was greeted by a freshman boy.

"Who do you know here?" he inquired.

"Um."

"Okay. Come in."

It was like the party scene from *The Great Gatsby*. There were 15 people there, all in 5 groups of 3, talking to no one but each other. The green light from the Party City strobe light reminded me of how I failed to obtain the American Dream. The host went all out. There were two handles of Everclear and a bag of chips. It was really like the 1920s had been revived a century later.

The freshman boy I had talked to at the door approached me.

"The host has noticed you. And he wants to see you in his room."

I was led to a microscopic space that could barely fit a bed and desk. It was obvious that this was a studio made into a three bedroom with room dividers. I was so jealous.

There was a *Pulp Fiction* poster above his twin bed.

Clearly, he had an appreciation for fine arts.

Something my female mind would never understand. Then, he entered.

He smiled understandingly--much more than understandingly. It was one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in life. It faced--or seemed to face--the whole external world for an instant, and then concentrated on you with an irresistible prejudice in your favor. It understood you just so far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey. Precisely at that point, it vanished--and I was looking at an elegant, young rough-neck, a year or two over eighteen, whose elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd.

He slid his samurai sword across the bed so he could sit down.

"Sup," He put his arm around me.

Out of fear of getting Covid, I stabbed him with a samurai sword and left.

I didn't want to get lost on the way back, so I called an Uber to my dorm. A yellow car picked me up. We then hit a repair shop owner's wife, but kept driving.

And that was it. My first college party.



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1 In 5 Pace University Students Commit Accidental War Crimes During Syllabus Week

By: Justin Greco

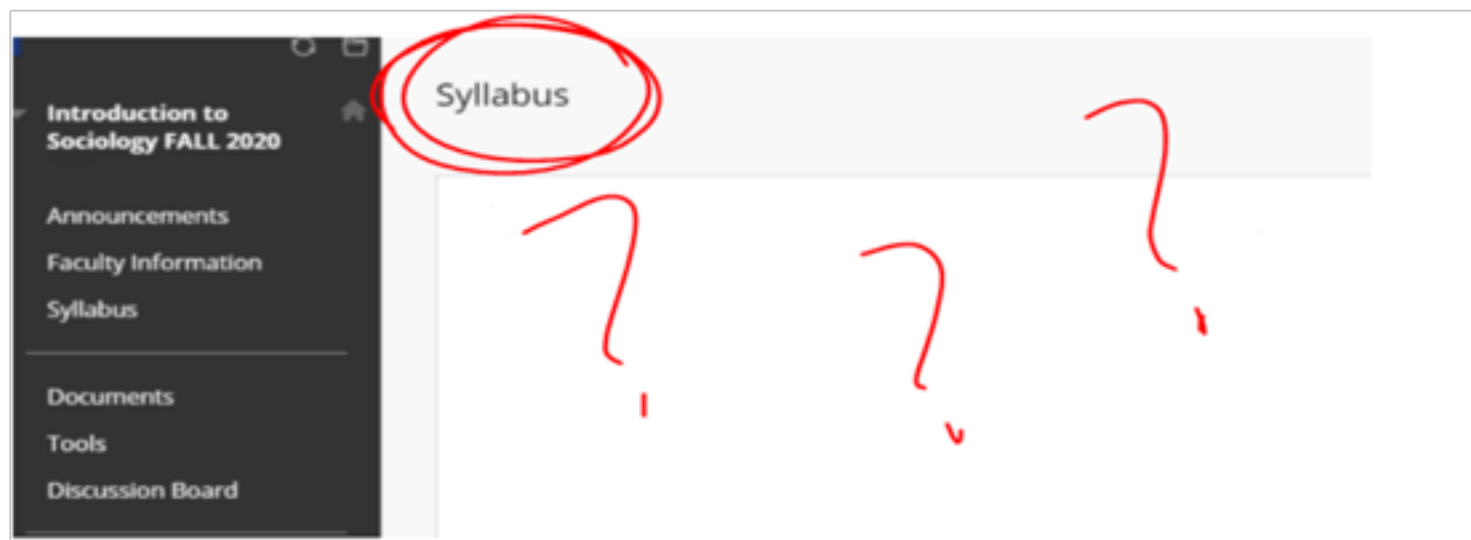
A report released Monday by the War Crimes Committed by University Students Committee (WCCBUSC) reveals a shocking statistic: 20% of Pace University students currently enrolled were charged with committing a war crime during the first week of classes.

For many, the start of a new school year symbolizes a time of new firsts - new classes, new people, new places, and apparently, new opportunities to commit war crimes.

"I just wanted to see what I'm being graded on," one student complains. "Now I'm convicted of destroying civilian property and taking hostages. I'm worried about falling behind in my English class. Will they let me use my laptop in federal prison?"

"I clicked the Syllabus tab and, instead of seeing the document, I was placed on a government watch list," another student adds. "If the government doesn't take me down, my parents will if I fail this class. I need that syllabus."

The high number of offenders at Pace University is a result of "tech illiteracy," a fatal disease in which professors are unable to complete basic tasks on a computer.



"Professors are to blame," one student argues. "How hard is it to put the syllabus under the Syllabus tab on BlackBoard?"

Where are these documents going? Will the Pace University student body ever be able to view their class syllabus? Will Pace University open up a fourth campus in jail? The world may never know.

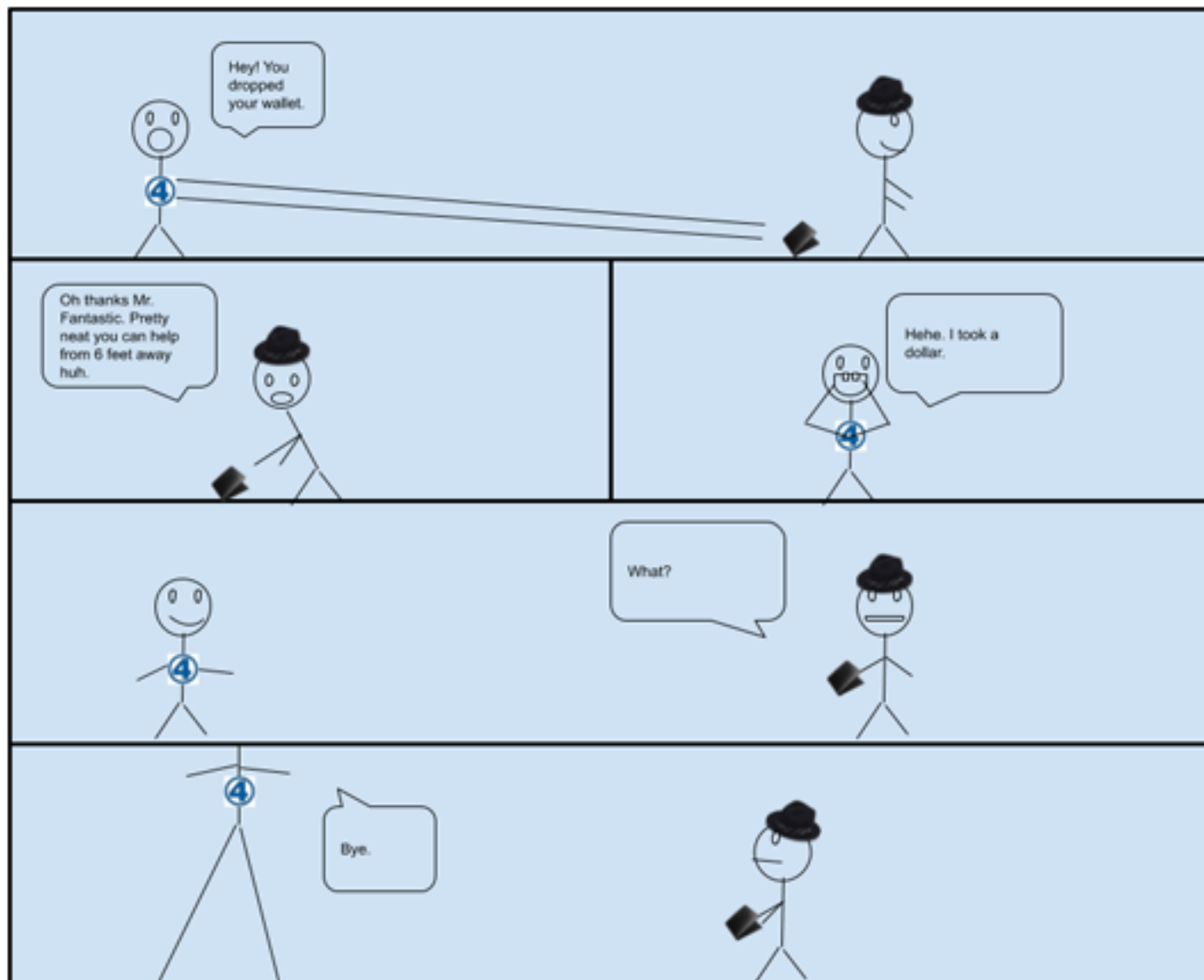


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This Month's Comic Also

By: Isabel Fontanals



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