



The Pretentious Press

April / May 2021

The Pretentious Press is a satirical parody paper and none of the articles included are factual. *The Pretentious Press* does not reflect the opinions or beliefs of Pace University as an institution.

An Intense Review of Pace's Bathrooms

By: Isabel Fontanals

The powder room. The oval office. The shitter. No matter what you call it, you sure use it. One thing I've learned in my experience in pooping in public buildings, is that you cannot expect one bathroom to have it all. Sometimes you're going for that quick pee before class where comfort is not as important as function and efficiency. Sometimes you're feeling shy and don't need the glam of a big 5 or 6 stall room and are fine in an intimate 2 stall you know you're way around. Do not worry. In this article I have combined all possible needs and wants of a bathroom experience.

First things first, during my recent recon of Pace University's bathrooms, I was only able to go from 1st floor to the 3rd, as the rest were blocked off for "construction." Another FYI, I only checked out the girls restrooms. I apologize to the men, and then I immediately take it back. Now, onto only the only real field journalism to come out in a while.

Across From Student Center

6/10

You would think that this popular area would have more than just 2 stalls, but they decided against that and instead put 2 very funny toilets. I say funny because they flushed 2 times as I walked into the stall, but struggled to flush when I needed it to. Nonetheless, they were all solid flushes. As for the vibe of the bathroom, since it's located in a popular place, a lot of people can see you walk into the bathroom which for some reason is embarrassing. Very social toilet, good for networking and chatting with classmates, but would definitely not smoke a boge or have a heart to heart in there.

2nd Floor Off The Elevators

8/10

Though this bathroom is gloomy, it is not one that projects a negative atmosphere. Low energy, good vibe, perfect for a morning you're feeling particularly slow and you just want to chill while taking your morning poop. Only worry is that it may be busy, but I'd play that by ear. The flush is long but will get the job done and the water pressure from the sink is very weak but that's what you're looking for on one of those mornings. Color scheme is pastel pink and green, lighting is dark, and there's a chair to put your backpack on. This will bring you a calming presence, feel free to snooze when on the bowl.

3rd Floor East Side Near the Maria's Elevators

0/10

Fuck this bathroom. That bathroom is the bane of my existence. First of all I can never find it, and when I do there's like a million people in it. The door hinge is broken so everytime I open the door I hear this loud noise and think I just popped some chick in the forehead. The stall doors don't even line up so only like 1 are usable and once I saw a dead cockroach there. Also, for some reason it just feels loud in there? Like I'm not sure if there's even noise but it just feels loud. This bathroom is gross, I didn't try the sink because I didn't want to touch it but I'm sure it sucked. Fuck this bathroom, I hate this bathroom.

3rd Floor Science Department Bathrooms

10/10

This bathroom is one for the books. It is wonderful here. You walk into a long hallway stopped only by a large window where you can peer into City Hall, 44 Park Row, or the serene hot dog truck outside of Pace's entrance. Take a left and you'll see a long shelf to hold your bookbag and other belongings as you explore this beautiful room. The lighting is dull enough not to show all your acne in the mirror, but bright enough to not bore you. The color scheme is pastel green and will make your outfit pop in any mirror selfie. The toilets are classic with good flushes and the sinks are wonky but you'll forgive them. This is the bathroom of all bathrooms. Rarely used and under appreciated, please for the love of God, experience this. No matter what you're looking for in a bathroom, this has it for you.



The Pretentious Press

April/ May 2021

A Look Into A World Where Pace Has School Pride

By: Justin Greco and Rachael Summers

I stood in the rubble of One Pace Plaza. Blood. Blood everywhere.

Ever since The Great War, Pace Setters have been hunted down for sport. So many of our kind perished by the hands of the NYU overlords.

Looking at my fallen homeland, all I felt was pure anger. I was angry. Not only was I angry, but I was irritated. I was also enraged. Furious, even. I was also mad and resentful. I put my thesaurus away to let out a ferocious war cry.

All of a sudden, I felt something graze my temple. I looked in the direction of the shot. A line of purple snipers were pointing their bazookas at me. Perhaps next time I should conceal my inner darkness.

I had been spotted.

"Are you crazy??" A voice called out to me from the rubble, "You're about to get us all killed!" A strong man with Pace-themed tribal tattoos emerged and beckoned me with him, "Come here Setter. You'll be safe with us. My name is Six. Six Nine."

The ever so strong, courageous, burly, powerful, rugged, hunk of a man Six Nine carried me over his muscular shoulder to Lower Presbyterian Hospital where our people were taking refuge.

"This is the last hideout we Setters have," Six Nine explained. "This hospital is our last hope."

Nurses were tending to the wounded Setters. As we were entering the main area, I saw a group of nurses wheel a Setter in on a stretcher - my comrade was suffering from a papercut.

A single droplet of blood gushed out of his deep, deep wound. I began to feel nauseous at the sight of the graphic injury. The room began to spin and I fell to the floor dramatically.

Darkness.

"Everett, wake up! It's me Dayanara from your UNV 101 class. Don't die! Please don't die! I'm in love with you?"

"What?" I asked, "Who are you?"

"I sat behind you. That's why you've never seen my face before." She put her hands over her mouth and quirkily laughed. I looked at her hands to see she only had two fingers.

"What happened to your hands?"

Silence.

Dayanara looked off into the distance in deep thought as if she was trying to solve a complicated math problem. Or doing her taxes. She ran her two decaying remaining fingers through her silky, mid-length, shiny, smooth, soft, deep-mahogany-brown hair. With her two fingers, she struggled to put her hair into a bun.

"This war has taken many things from me. It took my housing deposit, my caf money, and 8 of my fingers."

"I'm sorry about your fingers. And your caf money."

She smiled, "It's okay. I never even liked the caf food or my fingers."

I looked into her sapphire, deep, frosty, icy, pools of water eyes.

"NYU won't get away with this," I declared.

Then a NYU Tank burst through the hospital wall.

Their king, Timothée Chalamet, entered wearing an eyepatch. "I want all Setters rounded up immediately," he squealed.

That hunk of a man Six Nine stood up and his large muscles moved with him. "How many of our people must perish until you are satisfied?"



The Pretentious Press

April/ May 2021

A Look Into A World Where Pace Has School Pride

By: Justin Greco and Rachael Summers

"I won't stop until the blood of New York City's residents are pure and pulse only with that of The Violets. I already asked you to comply nicely. Take them!", he barked. The NYU goons began to herd the Setters together like farm animals.

We were loaded onto their father's sailboats and taken to NYU. Dayanara squeezed my hand. I felt her two bony, lifeless fingers grasp me as if I was the answer to world peace. Dumb two-fingered bitch.

"We'll be okay," I whispered.

She looked at me with her sapphire, deep, frosty, icy, pools of water eyes. I think this was love?

The sailboat stopped and we were escorted through Greenwich Village. Held at gunpoint, we began to walk at a Manhattan pace to the Arch. With each passing gourmet mustard store, I knew we were getting closer to the NYU lair.

Finally I saw it. The Washington Square Arch.

"This is it. Dayanara. Say your prayers."

"Actshually, I'm not religious but I am spiritual."

I let out an audible groan.

Once at Washington Square Park, Timothée Chalamet lined us up as if we were dogs. As if we were literal setters.

He made us all get on our knees and handcuffed our hands behind our backs. I could tell Dayanara was turned on.

"Dayanara if we make it out of here alive... I can do this to you someday."

"I would like that. I would like that a lot."

"SILENCE!!!!" Timothée roared like a small girl.

Out of nowhere, a random Setter from the hospital yelled, "I can't stand this anymore! You'll never silence the Setters! Go Pace Setters! Pace Setters go onward!!"

"Gun cocks" *Boom.*

Timothée unloaded both of his machine guns into the disobeyer's mouth.

"Anyone else have anything to say?" Timothée asked.

Six's muscles majestically jiggled under his tight shirt as he slowly lifted up his head, "Go Setters. Go Setters!"

The nurse next to him joined, "Go Setters! Go Setters!" The woman next to her joined in. Then the man next to her! Then the people next to him!

Dayanara used her two fingers to make a P behind her back as she chanted, "GO SETTERS!!"

Finally, I joined them, "GO SETTERS! YOU WILL NEVER STOP US SETTERS!"

It sounded like a lawn mower. The NYU goons unloaded clip, after clip, after clip, of machine gun fire on us. The bodies around me looked as if they were seizing due to how much they were getting shot.

A bullet went through my Setter heart.

I looked into Dayanara's sapphire, deep, frosty, icy, pools of water eyes as I began to die.

"I love you." I whispered.

She was already dead. The bullets took her remaining fingers clean off.

I saw a light and ran to it. The Setter bloodline was no more.

In a cold sweat, I woke up in my 11k per semester Beekman dorm.

It was all a dream. Whew!

Then an alarm went off in the building.

"This is your fire alarm safety director... all Pace Setters must go outside immediately."



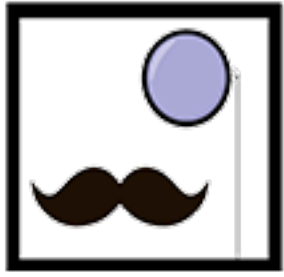
The Pretentious Press

April/ May 2021

Six Nine Fighting For Setter Independence

By: Justin Greco and Rachael Summers





The Pretentious Press

April/ May 2021

Jar of Fingers: Dayanara's Love Letter To NYU:

By: Justin Greco and Rachael Summers

Read to the tune of Christina Perri's Jar of Hearts

I know I can't take one more subway stop towards you
'Cause all that's waiting is regret
Don't you know I'm not your Setter anymore
You lost the Setter I set the most
I learned to live with half my fingers
Now you want me one more time
Who do you think you are?
Runnin' 'round removing fingers
Collecting your jar of fingers
Tearing Setters apart
You're gonna catch a cold
From the ice inside your soul
So don't come back for my fingers
Who do you think you are?

I hear you're asking all around
If my fingers are anywhere to be found
But my remaining fingers have grown too strong
To ever fall off my hand
I've learned to live with half my fingers
Now you want me one more time
Who do you think you are?

It took so long just to gain my sense of touch
Remember how to put back the sense of
touch in my fingers
I wish I had missed the first time that I held a
pencil
'Cause you broke all my finger bones
They'll never come back
I don't get to get my fingers back
Who do you think you are?
Who do you think you are?
Who do you think you are?

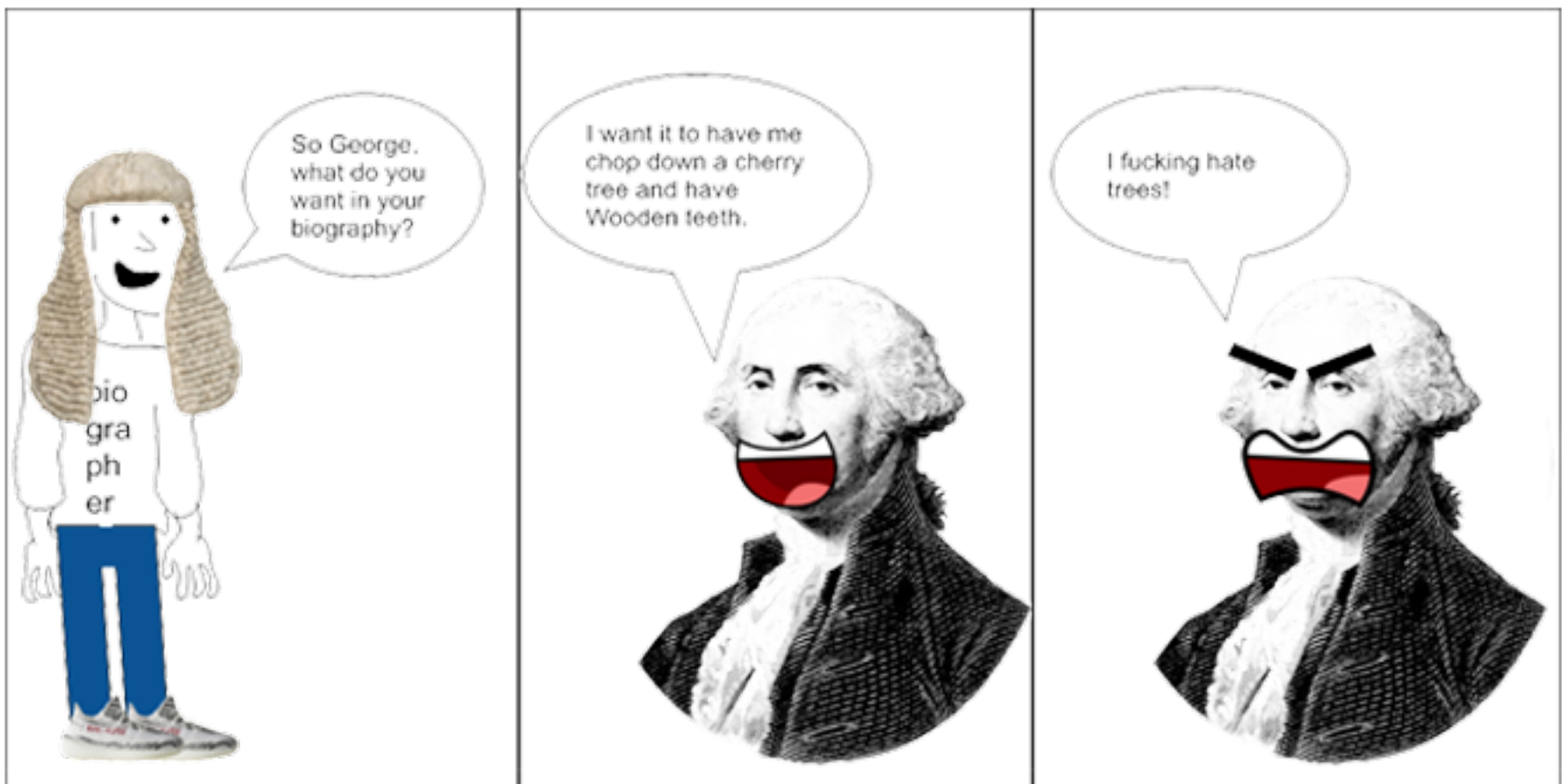


The Pretentious Press

April/ May 2021

This Month's Comic

By: Jack Brady





The Pretentious Press

April/ May 2021

Why Legalised Pot Made Me A Better Writer

By: Padmshree Acharya

I've always loved writing, as a kid I dreamt of becoming the next Louisa May Alcott but I never had what it took to be a great writer. I tried everything, fountain pens, dark academia outfits, I read Salman Rushdie and pretended like I understood everything. I even tried injecting coffee into my bloodstream, but nothing worked. Then two weeks back, my life changed forever. The State of NY legalised pot and I realised this is what I needed.

"Pot should not only be legalised but also industrialised as a school supply! All students taking Composition (ENG 110) must buy cannabis from the school. First you must purchase your \$400 textbook, get the access code from that, type it backwards into your browser, spin around 4 times, email me your social security code, and then go to the guy in the corner of the bookstore. He'll help check you out" Says Vice Dean Polinez. I decided to smoke the strain he was selling at the school bookstore.

Hits blunt

I could see a million different words floating around and I grabbed them all and ate them, my brain was full of words before I knew it. I started writing like never before, no literally with both my toes! My cat turned the pages as I wrote.

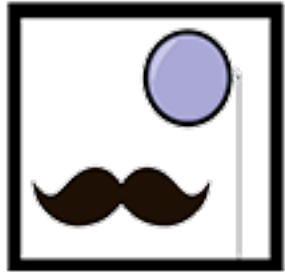
She's a hoe by the way. She tried to lock me in the freezer once and stole my ice cream. She even pretends like she can write better than me did I ever tell you about the time when she tried to lock me in the freezer and steal my ice cream.

Nevertheless, the creative side of my brain finally started working with 100 hundred percent efficiency. I could feel all the cells in my body working at once. I could write fifty articles in just one hour! I finally had different responses for discussion board replies and they all made sense!

My heart is racing. I think this was laced with something. What is this Pace brand weed? Hold on. Let me check the label "Polinez's Petunia Protrusion Stain Weed Attempt #7. Do not smoke if pregante or if human bein."

Shit.

I think this was just Adderall.



The Pretentious Press

April/ May 2021

The Parting of the Rona

By: Sophia Tan

As your reign of terror finally begins to lift,
In my weak mortal body, I feel a shift
Pfizer flowing all through my system
Time to activate main character syndrome

Clouds parting, temperatures rising
All my hoe clothes coming out of hiding
To pop out to the bars, to the clubs and functions
Crying in the bathroom to someone I just met
About how Brad still hasn't texted back, girl dump him

The world is my oyster, the possibilities are endless
Might fuck around and go sit in a coffee shop, I guess
To be by myself, but not by myself for like four hours
With my laptop and \$7 latte, having so much fun
Literally not interacting with a single person

Oh, to feel the rush of getting ready for a party again
Ubering 30 min to some random dude's house
Then standing around on my phone all night
And tweeting "my life a movie fr" before heading out

All I want is to be cramped in a room, with no fear of danger
From sharing a single water bottle with like 5 sweaty strangers
Entering the mosh pit with no regard for my life
Getting my toes stomped on by a drunk dude named Craig
Who spills beer on my shirt and vomits on my leg

Can't wait to finally hug all my homies, no homo
Then make deep passionate eye contact
Before kissing them on the mouth, still no homo tho
Then run off into the sunset together, no distance between us
In a post-rona world, nothing can make us feel sus



The Pretentious Press

April/ May 2021

F*ck This Club, My Roommate Made Me Do It

By: Kaylie Leitner

Three long years later, my silence can finally be broken. I, Kaylie E. Leitner, hate The Pretentious Press and its ring leader Rachael Summers. I was only a mere sophomore when my roommate, Rachael Summers, forced me to join this club and be its treasurer.

"Sure," I said, "I'm sure it won't be too much work."

Cut to: a year later. Rachael has tied me to the radiator in our dorm and is forcing me to submit budget requests. The only food I was allotted was Chartwells pizza at our bi-monthly club meetings. The only person I was allowed to talk to was Jimmy Woods-Corwin when I submitted my budget requests. My mother was worried sick about me. I would signal to the people in the Gehry building for help, but my messages were never received.

I've witnessed so much go down in this club. They had four secretaries in the span of six months! I watched them interrupt classes with hide and seek tournaments and shove papers in people's faces against their will. Meeting after meeting, I was forced to watch the same Saturday Night Live skits. Before each meeting, Rachael would put a shock collar on me. If I didn't laugh at least 16 times per meeting, I would be shocked until I began to foam at the mouth. Rachael would then tell everyone in the club that I have rabies and that they should point and laugh. So much terror. I gave away my weekends for SDACA trainings, even though I never learned anything new. I watched our club get into arguments with every single other club on campus over the smallest things.

During this time, I was also attacked by a "Crab Girl" which was 100% my roommate Rachael Summers in a red morphsuit. My shoes were stolen and my soup was violated.

After living in a dorm with this narcissistic monster during the Covid-19 lockdown I wanted a break. But she put a gun to my head and forced me to move to Bushwick with her. I signed a lease where I pay 100% of the rent because she, "doesn't believe in money." What does that even mean?

The room that would be my bedroom is her "writing space" where she goes to "untangle the mysteries of the universe" and "forever change the fabric of Pace with [her] genius articles." I sleep in the room that was meant to be a kitchen pantry. There are no windows. The only thing I have is a desk, a calculator, a blanket, and my only clothing is Pretentious Press merch. I do have a flip phone with one phone number. That is of course that of Jimmy Woods-Corwin for when I submit budget requests.

But graduation is a week away and I know I will soon be free. Rachael insists that she will still be in the club post-graduation but I know all current members have filed restraining orders against her, especially the secretaries. So many secretaries! Rachael isn't even allowed within a 5 mile radius of Pace's campus. Security is armed and stationed at the Fulton Street Papaya Dog, The Oculus, and The South Street Seaport where she frequently contemplates the meaning of life. Dogs have been trained to catch her scent which is really just a mix of my blood and green Four Loko.

I long to see the sun and bask in its warmth. Smell the fresh beautiful NYC air and walk shock collar free.



The Pretentious Press

April/ May 2021

A Founder's Farewell

By: Rachael Summers

It is with a heavy heart and light feet that I say goodbye to my child, The Pretentious Press. Much like the birth of Athena, this newspaper sprang out of my skull in a full set of armor. And it has been my honor to make major mistakes with it in the same way most parents do with their children.

The paper has most definitely been a source of stress, but more than that a source of joy. But even more than that, a way to boost my ego which I can't get enough of. In all seriousness, starting this paper forever shaped more than just my Pace experience. It really did change my life. Being in the position of President / Editor in Chief for three years taught me so much about leadership, teamwork, and all the other corporate buzzwords.

I have so many people to thank for enabling me to do this. First, Pace University for accepting this as a new club and for providing the funding to make this happen. Secondly, everyone who has worked with me on the paper throughout the years. Kaylie, go back to your pantry I'm not done with you yet. Isabel, your grandma is still the sluttiest woman I know. Jack, Justin, and Sasha ... I have all the world's faith in you for next year and I'm excited to see what you do. To all the members of the club who've already graduated, stop reading this and move on! You're an adult now. Don't reflect on your college experience! But also thank you for your help. To everyone who has ever contributed or attended a club event, every person's input and participation matters, so thank you. Thank you to our SDACA advisor Jimmy Woods-Corwin and thank you Jonothan Danziger. I may have started this club but the student body's participation and reception of it made it what it is. So to everyone who has ever read our paper (whether we shoved it in your face or you picked it up at your own will) thank you.

I don't want to leave this on a note of thank you's, because again this is about me and the fact that I'm graduating and the fact that I have most definitely peaked while running this paper. Below (in no particular order) are my favorite memories of the club over the last three years. It's been an honor to serve as Pretentious Press President. I do expect a pension plan for holding this position.

1. The Crab Girl Attack- No, I am not the Crab Girl but I was able to report to the scene right after it happened. For those of you who weren't there in December 2018... a mysterious and Marxist, half girl half crab, poetry-spewing creature, burst out of the Birnbaum library bathroom to steal shoes and soup. It was crazy. There's a video about it on our Youtube channel. Link on our website.
2. The First Hide and Seek Event- A bunch of college-age kids playing hide and seek on a Friday night? Yes. Sending out notifications through Remind while hiding behind the podium in a dark lecture hall is a memory that will define my college years. After the first one we went out to dinner in China Town and getting to talk to so many new people was very cool.
3. The Rachel Dratch Event- Our faculty advisor Jon Danziger went to college with SNL alumna Rachel Dratch and was able to get her for a Zoom Q and A. This was definitely a highlight of the spring 2020 lockdown for me. My favorite part of the event was when Selini Drakos' (PP class of '20) bird was screeching while resting on her head. Selini's mic was on mute but I would've given anything to see a Zoom speaker-mode screen cut from Rachel Dratch to a screeching bird.
4. Leading Club Meetings- Maybe I just like being at the center of attention, but this was great. The pre-Covid time in-person meetings were a blast. I derived so much joy from forcing people to watch the same SNL skits over and over again. The smell of Chartwells pizza and burning wires from Kaylie's shock collar is so nostalgic for me.
5. The laughter- I have to end this on something cheesy. But every time someone laughed made this club worth it. So many smiles, so many jokes, so so many secretaries. When I started this paper at the beginning of my sophomore year I was severely depressed but the laughter, friendships, and joy this club gave me helped bring me out of that darkness. For that, I love you all. To everyone who has yet to graduate Pace, please take good care of my child. To the class of 2021- congratulations and let's get f*ck-ed up!



The Pretentious Press

April/May 2021

This Month's Advertisement

By: Jack Brady

*Tired of boring food? Try Spegaggtii
by Pretentious Press*



Keep Up With Us Over The Summer!

Thank you all for a great year! We can't wait to resume in the fall. To read old editions or apply to be on the team, check out our website: www.pretentious.press

For other inquiries contact us at pretentiouspress@gmail.com

Instagram and Twitter @PacePretentious

Staff: Padmshree Acharya, Jack Brady, Justin Greco, Sasha Sackichand, Jay Servedio,
Sophia Tan

Farewell and Congradulations to: Isabel Fontanals, Kaylie Leitner, and Rachael
Summers

Faculty Advisor: Jonathan Danziger