

“...the perfect example of free speech on campus.” - *The Ram*

the paper

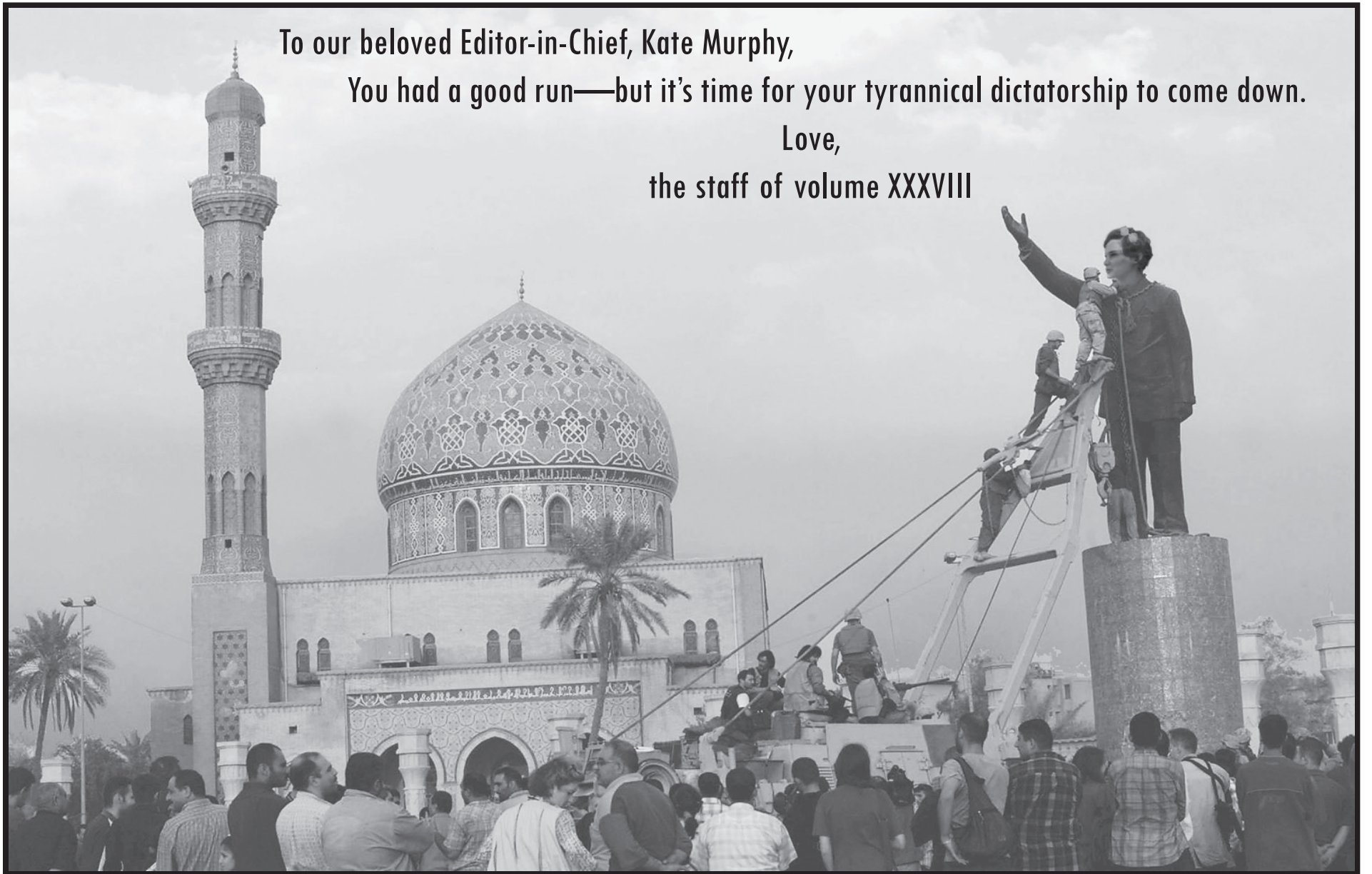
Fordham University's journal of news, analysis, comment, and review

Volume XXXVIII Issue X

December 9, 2009



RALPH NADER THE GREEN MONSTER



To our beloved Editor-in-Chief, Kate Murphy,

You had a good run—but it's time for your tyrannical dictatorship to come down.

Love,

the staff of volume XXXVIII

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So why not come down and write for us? We are a constantly evolving publication, and have been since 1972. And we try our best to second guess mainstream opinion and buck the system, even if there is no call to do so. But hey, writing isn't for everyone. Try reading a good book like *Full Frontal Feminism*, by Jessica Valenti. You might just learn something.

our aim

the paper is Fordham University's student journal of news, analysis, comment, and review. Our aim is to give the Fordham community fresh insights on old issues, new thoughts on new issues, and information that other campus publications may not be able to report. We do not claim to be a newspaper of record – facts, figures, and dates. Instead, we focus on the Fordham student perspective, on thoughtful analysis, and on the comprehension of the full scope of events, rather than staggered and straight news coverage. In short, our emphasis is on the obvious and active role of the student writer in his or her work. We also aim to provide Fordham students a less fettered venue for expression, something they may not be able to find at other student publications.

Basically, if we make you laugh, piss you off, or move you in some way, then we're doing our job.

If you don't like it, shut your pie hole (or come write for us)!

"What We Want For Christmas"

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news

Ralph Nader Is Better (and Taller) Than You Remember

Political Activist, Septuagenarian Speaks at Fordham

by Max Siegal
NEWS CO-EDITOR

It's been two years and three post-dated political figures since I first started this whole editor thing here at *the paper*. This time around, though, the weather obliged the visit of Ralph Nader, four-time candidate for president and activist since the 1960s, to Fordham University. The last two past-tense politicians, Mr. Gingrich and Dr. Dean, both arrived under the foreboding auspices of rain and thunder. The weather last Thursday on my way to the Keating 1st auditorium was not just pleasant, but unseasonably warm for December. Mother Nature smiles upon the Green Party, then. Or global warming is ruining the planet. Either way, Nader himself took the liberty of mentioning the two men during his introduction, commenting that they were "not very difficult to follow," eliciting laughter and applause from the audience. That, perhaps, is part of Nader's appeal; though his ideology is certainly progressive, he's not a part of either major political party. A maverick, one could say.

Not unlike Dr. Dean who came to speak before him, however, Nader delivered a message that was heavy with the stuff of active participation. One of his main rhetorical tools was the phrase "growing up corporate," which he used repeatedly to describe the world in which our generation, and the latter parts of his generation as well, were raised in, a world in which everything is predigested for us through advertisements and other media. He intoned the need for expectations and demands from the government and big businesses, services for tax dollars, active roles as citizens in a democracy, and quality products to consume. Astutely, Nader

pointed out that we give more power to consumer corporations without expecting much back in the same way we anticipate little from our government and, in both cases, receive an unjust share in return. "Didn't we win World War II?" Nader quipped before expounding on the great many governmental programs

commercialized society. He explained his thoughts on how individuality and imagination are at the very least becoming stultified, if not completely compromised. Impressing the example on the crowd, Nader noted that companies want students who are "trained but not educated," essentially morally

a room of twenty-somethings or under. "Freedom is a slogan empty of significance," he explained, "without the people's participation."

Audio glitches aside (those who attended did suffer a brief interlude when Mr. Nader took the stage due to some resonance feedback and the swapping of microphones), kudos where they are due – a big thumbs up to the students of the Campus Activities Board who threw this whole thing together in essentially nine days. Nader was not signed until last Tuesday, which gave CAB just over a week to plan, schedule, advertise, and execute the event, and for a cost around a quarter of what the Newt cost. In my humble opinion, any other club on campus planning a large event could learn a thing or two from their example.

What took me by surprise the most, aside from Mr. Nader's intelligent insight into American culture and politics, was his humanity. This was the first time I got the distinct impression from any speaker that he cared about the questions that were asked by the audience and wanted to make a real connection. The feeling was warm and fuzzy, and I liked it. Nader answered questions from listeners for as long as he spoke, almost two and a half hours in total. That's getting to the duration of a Springsteen live set, but he kept at it. Some answers did tend to draw on, but in a grandfatherly way. I mean, the man *is* seventy-five. But he was genuine and a refreshing change of pace. Indeed, he continued to surprise by donating a stack of books to the Walsh library, a sort of Ralph Nader civic life primer, with topics ranging from citizen responsibility to how the U.S. government works, none

of which were his own work. He did, however, stay to sign copies of his new book, a work of fiction (yes, *fiction*) entitled *Only the Super-Rich Can Save Us!*, in which billionaires like Warren Buffet, Ted Turner, and George Soros save America. It's not total bullshit, and I'm sure it reads better than a step-by-step Nader manual on how to fix the nation.

I was also lucky enough to sneak along during the post-talk reception, a quiet and intimate session in one of the nearby Dean's offices. Nader's demeanor didn't change, save perhaps for his hovering around the food, but a man's got to eat, especially after that long in front of a crowd. He's also quite tall, something I was not really expecting for some reason. The last time I remember having an opinion on the man was the 2004 presidential election, and I'm pretty sure I thought he was a douche. Being a petulant and completely uninformed sixteen-year-old, I was angry that Bush did-some-things and said-some-stuff and saw Captain Cardboard Kerry as a solution solely because he was a Democrat. Nader came in, though, and through the opinions of others, I absorbed the ideas that he fucked up the election for progressives everywhere. However, this time around, I was fortunate enough to have a second chance to fall in love with Ralph. Mr. Nader didn't really present anything new, but I don't think that he would say that he came to present anything new. Instead, he came to say things that needed to be said and that, in my opinion, I and my fellow students needed to hear. If you happen to share his political leanings, everything that he had to say almost seemed like common sense.



News Co-Editor Max Siegal posing with Mr. Nader. Despite what facial expressions might portray, neither were drunk at the time.

and privileges that Europe enjoys over the United States, including universal healthcare, more vacation time for workers, better public transportation, and cheaper education. "It's all about controlling expectations," he repeated.

Along the same lines of "growing up corporate," Nader presented the interesting consideration of the imagination or, more specifically, the destruction of imagination in a

flexible bad-decision robots.

Another one of Nader's repeated phrases was the very Ignatian notion of a person having a "fire in their belly," or a call to action. He later furthered this idea by noting the difference between knowledge and action, explaining that without a sense of injustice and a call to action, no justice can be attained. Heady stuff, to be sure, especially when coming from a 75-year-old man speaking to

editorials

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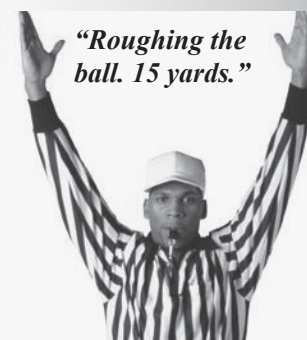
Williamsburg
Street Brawl, p.9



Interview with a
Lioness, p. 13



THE PAPIES
AWARDS, p.19



Year Under
Review, p. 24

Coffee With a Clergyman

An Interview with a Former Fordham Administrator, Civil Rights Activist

by Marisa Carroll
STAFF PRIESTERVIEWER

Father Daniel Mallette has been a crusader for civil rights since he was ordained in 1957. He has facilitated countless programs for urban youth, allocated hundreds of thousands of dollars in scholarship money for minority students, and even organized marches with Martin Luther King, Jr. (pictures of the two are proudly plastered across Mallette's office walls). On a personal level, he's a twenty-year friend of my old man and the pastor of his church, St. Margaret of Scotland on the South Side of Chicago. He and I discussed his four years as Lincoln Center's Dean of Minority Student Affairs between pews over the Thanksgiving holiday and black McDonald's coffee / tape recorder in hand, respectively.

You started working at Fordham in 1967. How did you get from Chicago to New York City?

I was working at St. Agatha's on the West Side of Chicago. It was the mid-1960s, and I was in constant battles with the new Cardinal, Cardinal [John] Cody. In the meantime, [priest and author Father Andrew] Greeley had just written another book, *A Profile of Catholic Higher Education*. He came to me and said that he'd been talking to the guys at Fordham, and they were about to open Fordham University at Lincoln Center. I had written a couple articles for a black-nationalist magazine about desegregating education, and Greeley suggested I try to get involved at Lincoln Center. I went and interviewed with the Jesuits, and they offered me the job. With Cardinal Cody, I thought I would have difficulty getting permission, but it took about 90 seconds for him to approve.

So all of a sudden I had permission, and I was appointed Assistant to the Dean of Student

Affairs at the Liberal Arts College at Lincoln Center.

What responsibilities came with that title?

At the time, they were just about to open Lincoln Center; the building was still under construction. It was the first freshman class coming in, and there were about 8 or 10 black kids; there wasn't many, out of a class of a couple hundred kids. So my job was to recruit black and Puerto Rican and poor white kids to the Liberal Arts College at Lincoln Center, to get scholarship money for them.

I was going from high school to high school in the toughest neighborhoods in New York, and I'd get the SAT scores, and any kid that looked like he had some fire in him—even if he had submarine test scores—is a kid I'd argue for on the admissions committee. I remember some English professor asked me, "Will you vote for my daughter?" I said, "Well, if you vote for Manny Cuevas, sure I'll vote for your daughter!"

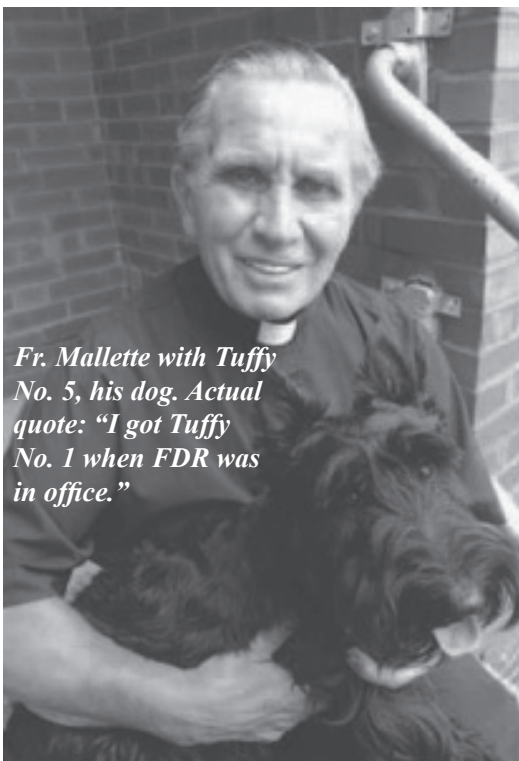
How long did it take you to get settled in New York? Were any individuals particularly helpful in realizing your goals?

God was so good. I hit New York on a Friday, moved into St. Thomas the Apostle Church, and at the very first mass I attended the local police chief Artie [Arthur] Hill spoke. Now it was a whole new kind of thing with Artie Hill, there weren't that many black cops with authority. He was a cop wearing a dashiki running the crime-ridden 28th precinct, a real interesting brave guy. He heard me curse, say "bullshit" or something like that, and we became friends from that moment. That was on a Sunday.

Then, by the grace of God,

one of the key guys at Fordham who knew Andy Greeley was [then University President] Father Leo McLaughlin, a wonderful guy with all these avant-garde ideas. There was so much turmoil between the conservative Jesuits and Leo, but he and I shared similar visions for bettering the student body.

Having just moved to New York and started working for a university for the first time, how did you secure the funds to pay for these scholarships?



Fr. Mallette with Tuffy No. 5, his dog. Actual quote: "I got Tuffy No. 1 when FDR was in office."

When the Jesuits hired me, there was talk of these millions of dollars of funding, but then it just all disappeared. So there I was and all the money that was going to help me bring in hundreds of students was suddenly gone.

By the grace of God, I met a Mr. Walter Hooke from the United Parcel Service. He and Father McLaughlin had been classmates in high school, and in the sixties he was hired by UPS to plunge the company into the new world, like it is now. He liked me, and I liked him, so he took me to meet with the CFO, and we got \$80,000 from UPS that first year.

We also had Donald Winkel-

man from the New York State Department of Education. Other guys would go to his office carrying all these kinds of charts arguing for funding, but I just presented to Don the way I run my life: chaotically. I just told him that we had a bunch of kids and a bunch of them were doing real well, and we made friends, and he agreed to look into our program. He just thought ours was great. He loved the way our kids were thriving, and he decided to help us out.

Were you able to gauge the response of other Fordham students to the students you recruited?

Well, I think I have a talent—scratch that, I don't think I have a talent for anything—but I think I can spot one person that I really like. So Maroon [the fraternity] was having a skiing weekend and I took ten kids from the poorest, toughest part of Brownsville [Brooklyn]. They had never seen a pair of skis in their life. So we get there, and it was all these white guys who had been coming there for years on the senior slopes or whatever. But my two guys get up there and come down like Olympic skiers! Everyone loved them for it.

I actually found more fighting within the administration than between students themselves. Certainly not everyone was welcoming, but that was a time that it looked like the world was ending. The Vietnam War was going on, Martin Luther King had just been assassinated, people were blowing up everything. It seemed like things were so crazy there and that craziness united the students. Every race was represented in students' Anti-Vietnam protests, and some white students became particularly involved in the civil rights movement through kids in my

program. There were even boy-friends and girlfriends of different races.

If things were going so well at Fordham, why did you return to Chicago?

All of the sudden I was rising in that they made me Dean of Minority Student Affairs for the Liberal Arts College at Lincoln Center, but I suppose I always wanted to be a parish priest. Moreover, I was a Chicagoan, and I was kind of sick of the bullshit of New York.

One of the craziest episodes that led to my leaving was that I went to Ike's Long Island City Cab Company and got a job as a taxi driver. I used to always be interested in priest workers and I said New York is so interesting, so I took a job as a cab driver. I would work on Friday nights, Saturday nights, and Sunday afternoons

At that time, every week a cab driver in New York was getting shot to death. Cardinal Cody gets me on the phone and says, "Are you out of your mind, driving a cab!? Can you imagine the embarrassment this would bring if you were shot?" So he offered me a job as pastor at St. Norbert's in Chicago, and I came home.

After you left, where did you expect the Fordham community to be with regards to race by 2009?

I hate the word diversity; I hate the word minority. We're such an unusual country, you know? In 1954, when the Supreme Court said separate but equal was unconstitutional I said, "Wow, here we go. It's gonna be a different world." But I don't know. There's so much hatred still. But who knows? I'm headed down in a few weeks to see two kids I worked with in Chicago finish up basic training, and when I talked to one the other day he said, "There's no black and white army, there's a green army." I guess that's what we have to keep working towards.

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British Scientists Screw the Pooch With Emails About False Global Warming Hype That Warm and Fuzzy Feeling? It's the Ice Caps Melting

by Lenny Raney
EARWAX EDITOR

A wise man once said, "exact science is not always... exact science." That wise man, of course, was David Bowie as Nicola Tesla (as Ziggy Stardust?) in 2006's *The Prestige*. This adage becomes particularly applicable when attempting to parse through the veritable mountains of data on climate change. The skeptics will point to some colorful chart highlighting the cyclical nature of something or other and use cryptic terms like "captain trade" and "gay liberals," and the alarmists will point to the fact that Antarctica is shrinking and that *The Day After Tomorrow/WALL-E COULD ACTUALLY HAPPEN* (sans the Jake Gyllenhaal-Emmy Rossum make out sesh and space waltzing... There's no love if we're all dead). All of us laypeople are stuck in the middle, unsure of who or what to believe, as is the case with most political issues. The vested interest in proving (or disproving) human contribution to climate change is palpable; some "experts" (henceforth in this article, the term "expert" should be taken with a grain of salt and a roll

of the eyes) estimate that gazillions (read: trillions, at least) of dollars are at stake.

However, up until recently, we thought that it was just the dirty politicians who were muddying the waters with their jargonistic doublespeak, crappy science, and misrepresentative claims. "Underneath all of this there is sound science somewhere," we thought. "If only the scientists could just report their findings and leave it up to us to decide without having to deal with all of the political bullshit," we lamented. Well, as it turns out, the scientists are lying, scheming, douche-canal as well. Two weeks ago, an anonymous internet superhero hacked the e-mail system of the University in East Anglia in the United Kingdom, exposing hundreds of correspondences between prominent climate scientists. Among other things, it revealed statistical tricks that could (and according to some scientists, should) be done to exaggerate effects as well as the particularly damning statement that "...the fact is that we can't account for the lack of warming at the moment and it is a travesty that we can't," made by a climate "expert." They also revert

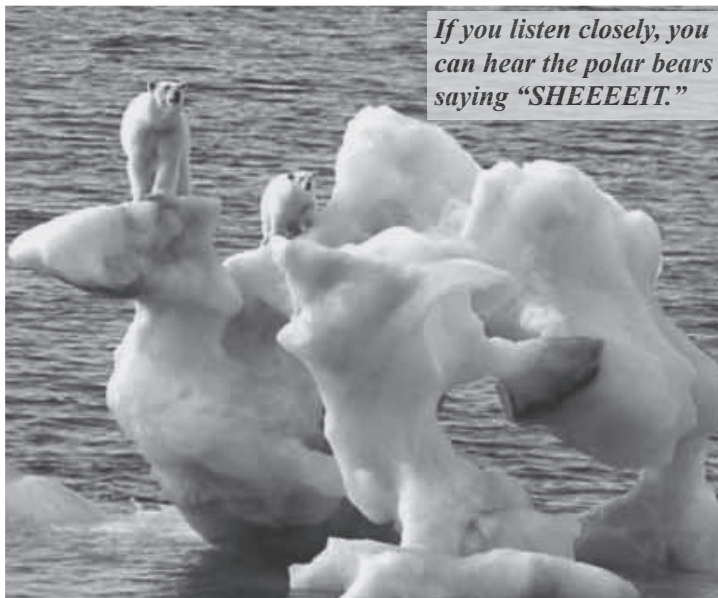
to petty name-calling, labeling skeptics as "idiots."

Great job, dudes. Just what the world needs: more ammunition for the vitriolic conservative degenerencia to load into their

search through www.science-daily.com), the skeptics are lining up to take pot shots at the movement, particularly at such a critical time leading up to the Copenhagen summit. "This isn't

tions.

So, what do we take out of all of this? Is this the end of the global warming movement as we know it? Have all of us whiny liberals, now outed as liars and schemers, been found out, giving the megacorporations free reign to drill the unholy hell out of every corner of this planet and the biochem conglomerates free reign to churn out infinite amounts of black smoke into the air and glowing sludge into our rivers? Hardly, no matter how much some would like you to believe. On the other hand, is this some vast conspiracy from far-right Limboners and Beckites to undermine progress? Even less likely. Some scientists, just like every other segment of the population, are dishonest assholes, and if this brings anything to the fore, it's that vested interest and lobbying is in serious danger of ruining science as we know it, and as one of the last refuges of the purity of knowledge, that is as worrying as any tidal wave dragging the head of lady liberty down Broadway or putting my life in the hands of a starship manufacturing corporation fronted by Fred Willard.



If you listen closely, you can hear the polar bears saying "SHEEEIT."

NRA-certified assault weapons and fire indiscriminately across medium-wave radio. Despite the fact that there are still literally thousands of peer-reviewed scientific journals on everything from the shrinking ice shelves to the migratory patterns of birds demonstrating a concerted shift in climate that is correlated with global industrialization (as can be easily viewed on a quick

a smoking gun, it's a mushroom cloud," notes climatologist and global warming skeptic Patrick J. Michaels (probably another "expert"), whose classy reference of Red Scare imagery is duly noted and deeply appreciated. Congressional Republicans have also recently sent a letter to the EPA requesting a halt to all climate-change initiatives in light of these revela-

NYC Homeless "Charity" Investigated as Fraud

by Sean Kelly
STAFF WATCHDOG

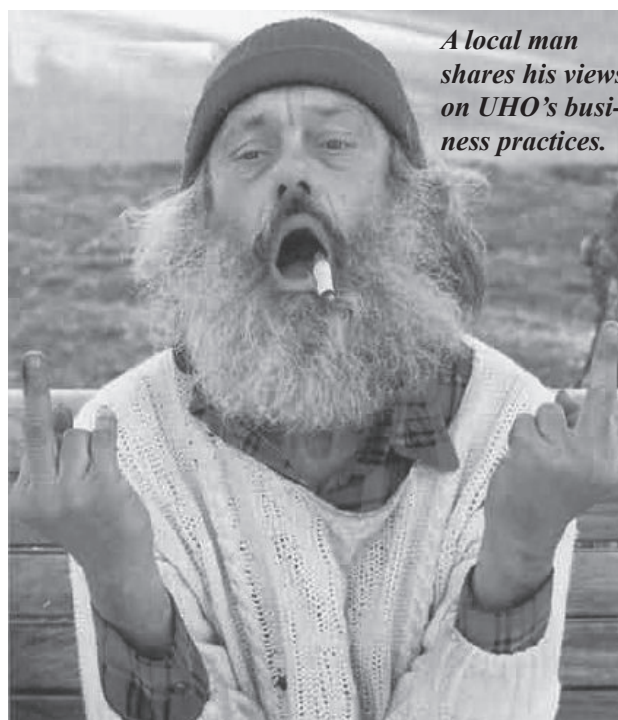
If you have ever found yourself walking in the vicinity of midtown Manhattan, you have undoubtedly seen the nearly ubiquitous blue-clothed tables featuring a large plastic water jug for donations and staffed by individuals bearing the name "UHO" (standing for United Homeless Organization) on nearly all of their clothing. If you've ever been solicited by the workers or even donated money to the organization, then you may have noticed that the workers' disposition is often brusque, sometimes rude, and usually not befitting of a charity worker. In fact, this behavioral discrepancy is actually completely understandable, since these individuals are not charity workers at all, but untrained homeless citizens literally plucked off of the street to work for and be exploited by the UHO, an organization that was recently revealed to be fraudulent, unethical, and downright corrupt.

On the 23rd of November, attorney general Andrew Cuomo filed a formal complaint against the organization and its directors Stephen Riley and Myra Walker, accusing them of misleading business practices, solicitation without a license, shady financial practices, and

abuse of their 501 not-for-profit tax exempts status, among other things. The 27-page complaint outlines the case against Riley and Walker in great detail and alleges a veritable cornucopia of unethical practices against the two directors.

Since 1993, the UHO has operated throughout mid-town Manhattan, setting up roughly 50 tables from Monday to Saturday, and approximately 30 on Sundays. These tables feature a large plastic jug in which passersby can deposit out-of-pocket donations and are the core of the UHO's operations. The organization claims unequivocally that peoples' donations are used to fund public services for the homeless, including soup kitchens, clothing distribution, and drug and alcohol rehabilitation programs. However, UHO neither funds nor provides any of these services. In reality, the donations collected from the public are pocketed by the untrained, unlicensed workers, with a fifteen dollar "shift fee" set aside to be given to the board of directors (consisting solely of Riley and

Walker, who use the money for their own personal expenses and benefit). The fifteen dollars per shift are essentially rental fees for table space and "official" UHO-branded apparel and merchandise, which provide the illusion of legitimacy and al-



A local man shares his views on UHO's business practices.

low the individuals working the table to line their own pockets with charitable donations. With this fifteen-dollar fee being collected from 50 tables six days a week and 30 tables one day a week, Riley and Walker brought in approximately \$5,000 per week in tax-exempt illegitimate income.

In addition to abusing their

tax-exempt status, misleading the public, and profiting off of people's charity, the UHO has also been accused of running their organization poorly, illegally, and with little to no financial oversight or responsibility. Riley and Walker, who act as

the entirety of the board of directors, violated numerous not-for-profit operation laws, had no system for overseeing the equitable distribution of funds collected by table workers, no means of keeping track of their internal revenues, and regularly underreported their revenues to the Office of the Attorney General. In the years between 2003 and 2007, according to the Attorney General Cuomo's report, the UHO reported annual earnings ranging from about \$60,000 to \$100,000 in its filing with the Office of the Attorney General. However, an investigation conducted by Cuomo's office revealed that even a conservative estimate of their actual revenues would be nearly three times the reported amounts. In keeping with their "don't ask, don't tell" financial

policies, UHO president Stephen Riley stated in a hearing that he had little to no knowledge of where this money went or how it was spent, since it was pocketed by table workers who are not required to record how much they collect in donations. The organization also erratically and arbitrarily distributes personal bonuses to workers who collect the fifteen-dollar shift fees from the table workers, disguising these payments as "stipends." These "stipends" are not used for any sort of organization related expenses (i.e. transportation, etc.), but rather are for the personal usage of those receiving them.

The conduct of the UHO is not only unethical and misleading but also exploitative and wholly irresponsible. Though the homeless individuals working for the organization receive money, it is collected under false pretense, namely that donations are going to legitimate, organized social programs for the homeless. Hiding behind a philanthropic and charitable façade, Stephen Riley and Myra Walker created an organization that deceived the public, exploited both the need of the homeless and the charity of citizens, and provided nothing more to the homeless than an organized way in which to panhandle.

FAKER THAN TRUTH

by Max Siegal, Sean Kelly, and Alex Orf
STAFF LIARS

BRONX, NY ~ Reports are circulating that Academy Award/Golden Globe/People Magazine's Sexiest Man Alive award-winning actor Matt Damon, who is coming to campus to film scenes for his upcoming movie *The Adjustment Bureau*, will be taking over the Fordham Men's Basketball program as head coach. When asked about this completely unforeseen decision, Damon pointed to the character he plays in the movie, a fictional congressman named David Norris who played basketball during his fake undergraduate time at (deep breath!) Fordham Univeristy. "I was moved in a very deep way as soon as I saw the great stone phallus that is the Keating bell tower," Damon said. "Plus, have you heard Daddy Mac's new album? A plan to make Fordham the top Jesuit university by 2016 *AND* a Grammy-winning rap artist? I'd rather snuggle up to him than that loser Affleck any day." The actor/coach did not discuss any concrete plans for turning around the Man-Rams' less-than-stellar record.

- M.S.

NEW YORK, NY ~ Last Sunday, on a visit to New York City to continue his crusade against evolutionary theory, *Growing Pains* actor and "noted evolutionary biologist" Kirk Cameron was violently assaulted by the American Museum of Natural History's Board of Trustees while walking to the D train station at 81st street. According to eyewitness accounts, Chairman of the Board Lewis W. Bernard was standing outside the station clad in a leather jacket, hair slicked back, with a cigarette dangling from his lips as Cameron approached. Bernard reportedly accosted the actor and activist followed by several other board members, whom Bernard referred to as "the Upper-West Side boys." The ruffians then encircled Cameron, hurling insults and shoving him around the circle before beating him unconscious with baseball bats and chains. Witnesses reported that the gang then rapidly disbanded when police sirens became audible, yelling, "Boys, the cherry-tops are on us! Let's make like trees and scam!" As of press time, Cameron was still unconscious at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital.

- S.P.K.

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN ~ Following reports last week that a Taliban detainee in Pakistan claims to have seen Osama Bin Laden in early 2009, a new string of alleged sightings have surfaced. Multiple witnesses from the Afghan province of Ghazni, where Bin Laden is reported to have been hiding out, claim to have seen the a man matching the Taliban leader's description stumbling around the outskirts of their small village in the early hours of the morning of December 3rd. One local resident came in close proximity to the man. He told military officials that the resemblance was uncanny and that the alleged Bin Laden, reeking of alcohol, asked the man if he knew where to procure any "old-fashioned Kentucky moonshine." Other witnesses saw the man fire rifle rounds into the air amidst slurred screams about "infidel troop surges," finishing with a hearty, "Nobel Peace Laureate! And they call me an asshole!" before collapsing in a drunken heap. By sunrise, the only traces of the man were spent rifle shells and a broken bottle of Russian knock-off Jack Daniels. U.S. military forensic labs are testing the bottle for DNA samples and fingerprints, but results are inconclusive.

-A.O.

Dubai World

Not a Middle Eastern Disney Franchise, a Nation- Crippling Investment Group!

by Eamon Stewart
STAFF EMIR-HATE

I have a vivid memory of a television program I watched about two years ago. Unable to sleep, I had risen early on a Sunday morning to make some breakfast and watch cartoons. Finding nothing worth watching in the way of cartoons, I began aimlessly channel-surfing. After a while I stopped on a channel I had never watched before. I could not believe what I was watching: the channel was playing an infomercial for the United Arab Emirates – not a specific company, not a product, *but an entire fucking country*. And it was not just the fact that I was watching an advertisement for a whole nation, but it was what was on the advertisement that was insane. There were plans that included a skyscraper two thirds of a mile tall (that would have tennis courts on top, for some reason), the famed "The World" man-made island archipelago, and a slew of other real estate ventures that even in pre-recession times seemed excessive and ultimately repulsive. Although the infomercial featured a smorgasbord of interviews with Middle Eastern men extolling the virtues of the future of their country, the infomercial

didn't indicate its sponsors or who exactly was financing and building all of this shit. Curious, I watched until the end to see what entity apparently had tons of money to burn was behind all of this. I was given my answer; at the very end of the program, I was thanked by Dubai World, the investment company that manages pretty much of all of the financial activity and expansionary programs for the Dubai government, not only for donating my time and interest to the program but also because I would now find the prospect of investing in the UAE to be completely irresistible. I had difficulty really fathoming what I had just watched, primarily because of the sheer absurdity of it but also because I had found a network that was playing *The Justice League*, diverting a large portion of my attention.

The memory of that program was reawakened when the economic shit began to hit the fan about a year and a half ago. Despite the troubles that were rocking most of the world's economy, Dubai World seemed to be a model of stabil-

ity and cohesion, announcing a new \$38 billion development program in October of last year. Speaking at a press conference for the program, Dubai World Executive Chris O'Donnell (no not the one from *Batman Forever*, although that would be kind of cool) uttered a statement that I'll assume he probably wishes he hadn't: "I'm sure most of you are asking why we're launching this, and you'd be mad not to question it. [But] the fundamentals in the market are too strong. There won't be a crash."

Oops. In the year since that ill-advised proclamation, residential real-estate prices have been cut in half, and many of the big-ticket development plans have been put on hold. Dubai's yearlong economic

es. Dubai World built up most of their recent revenue through the sale of government bonds, based upon the promise that Dubai would become unarguably the economic vantage point between the East and the West and that you better get a fucking piece of the pie while you can.

This was done under the impression that Dubai would first reach this position of economic importance, and then paying back those bonds would be exceedingly easy. Another oops. The economy was sapped up so badly and at such a rapid rate that repaying the bonds is, as mentioned before, presently impossible.

The ties between Dubai and Dubai World are further complicated because the economic



This is the Palm Jumeriah, a system of man-made islands made just like *The World*. It's about 640 square acres, has over a dozen luxury hotels / residences, and a monorail, costing \$12.3 billion in development alone. Holy fucking shit.

fallout challenges the legitimacy of their government. It was never a secret that Dubai World was the de facto financial wing of the state, but the fact that a single (and allegedly private) company can basically bankrupt a sovereign state's entire financial system raises certain questions about the appropriate relationship between business and state. Throughout their expansionary phase, the royal family

of Dubai served as cheerleaders for Dubai World, praising their economic practices and their push-to-shove of the country headfirst into the 21st century.

Frankly, you can't blame them for doing this. The government leadership, noting the conservative bent of most of their neighbors, saw the potential to bring their nation to the forefront of an increasingly important economy and make a shit-ton of money along the way. But in their drive to become an economic competitor with the West they allowed themselves to fall into most of the same traps and moronic practices that have plagued Western civilization for centuries. Presently, it appears that Dubai World's creditors will reject the plan to restructure \$26 billion of the \$60 billion it's estimated to owe. If that does happen, it will be back to the drawing board and Dubai World will be forced to try and find a way to eliminate some of their present expenditures. If that is the case, they might want to start with getting rid of those stupid infomercials.

slide seemed to culminate with the announcement just before Thanksgiving that Dubai World was looking to reschedule its debt payments to its creditors and that presently they would not be able to pay any of its debt for at least six months.

Dubai World had the reputation as being an omnipotent business entity, simply too big and powerful to fail. Its reliance on oil (like pretty much everyone else in the Middle East) was considered a blue-chip commodity, a solid defense of their business ventures that would not falter like the magical derivatives and subprime mortgages favored by the undisciplined buffoons of the Western World. Although this was the reputation that the company garnered, it turned out not, in fact, to be what was driving their ever-increasing expansion. In truth, Dubai World was falling victim to the problems that pretty much everyone else was: easy credit, speculation running rampant in a wildly unregulated market, and a government that showed far more enthusiasm than concern for their economic practi-

Fordham is Rolling

\$ in Cash? \$

A Former paper Editor Questions The Ram's Muckraking Skills

by Charles Hailer
STAFF I STILL READ *THE RAM*?

Fordham's budget has always been shrouded in mystery, and despite numerous requests from *The Ram* and *the paper*, Father McShane and his viscous pack of pencil-pushers have kept decidedly mum on the issue. At *the paper*, we've made use of that still air to gleefully and maliciously suggest that Fordham is sitting on a massive Scrooge McDuck-like chamber of gold coins where Fr. McShane and Vice President Jeffery Gray occasionally go for physically illogical dips. *The Ram*, on the other hand, dug through Fordham's cyber garbage and uncovered some journalistic nuggets for the ages, smelted into one two-thousand-plus word piece of "budgetary analysis" called "University Tax Returns Demystified" by Mike Burkart. Well, not only did I not know that our fair school's tax returns were myst-ed enough to be demystified, but I had a few issues with the article itself.

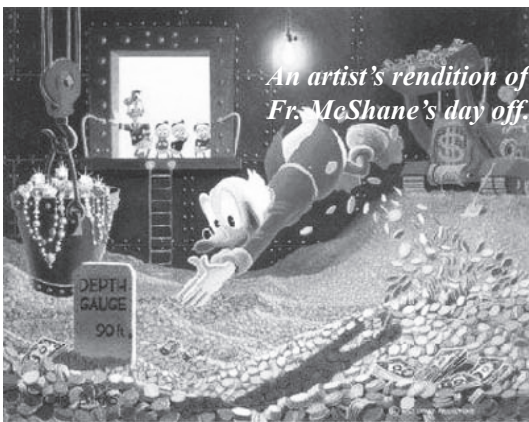
First off, according to our school's esteemed journal of record, Fordham University is sitting on one trillion dollars as we speak. That's right kids, one trillion dollars, or one thousand billion dollars, or one million million dollars, or the number one followed by twelve zeros, etc. In other words, *The Ram* has reported that they estimate Fordham's net assets to take up roughly 1/14th of the United States Gross Domestic Product (GDP). Maybe that's why they decided to let the security guards join a real union and earn a living wage? Maybe our new silver, space age McGinley Center is actually planning on taking off and exploring the farthest reaches of the cosmos? Who knows? I don't; I don't even go to Fordham anymore.

That being said, much like *The Ram*, I, too, can make guesstimations based on limited information, and I'm willing to bet that Fordham isn't the single largest private economic entity in America, and that whatever poor sap on *The Ram*'s copy staff was unlucky enough to be assigned this budgetary behemoth had long given up on reading the damn thing 1,300 words in. I'm guessing that our school's total net assets are probably something around \$1.077 billion. As they say in Africa, wrong lion, *Ram*.

Having just dedicated two

paragraphs to what most likely amounts to an honest mistake, let me get to the meat of my issue with the article: Burkart asserts repeatedly (employing the "Royal We") that *The Ram* is confident in our school's money management despite the complete and utter lack of transparency and the obvious snares in its ability to spend money on things that make sense, both morally and otherwise.

Burkart justifies this *Ram* optimism by citing Fordham's "improved operating metrics since 2000." Is there a business major in the house? What the hell does that even mean?!



An artist's rendition of Fr. McShane's day off.

Seriously, I've Googled it – nothing in non-Gordon Gekko-speak comes up. I'm assuming it means that, in totally not-for-profit kind of way, Fordham is raking it in. That said, this pious Catholic institution managed to grumble quite a bit before serving up a living wage to our security guards (paging social justice), and to this day pukes up very expensive looking plasma screen TVs everywhere with no explanation and zero reasoning. Speaking of plasma screen TVs and a giving workers a living wage, do you think that *The Ram* has noticed the fact that library is closed after 2 AM and that McGinley is now shiny and silver, but still not functional in the slightest?

Also, Burkart reveals that Coach Whittenberg was Fordham's highest paid employee (not to mention the recipient of the largest expense account). For those of you who read *the paper*, Coach Dereck Whittenberg was the man who led Fordham's already sub-par basketball program to a healthy 69-112 record over six seasons (woof). This means that Fordham's biggest personnel expenditure was also one of her biggest failures; I wonder if that doozy dented the "metric." Also, I don't know if it figures into "metrics" at all, but Fordham couldn't pay me to sit through its version of the Washington Generals get clowned on by mediocre teams from around the country. (And speaking of

things that don't make no sense, what the hell is this: "[Whittenberg received] more than 50 percent more than the other two employees' expenses combined." For a school with a trillion dollars in net assets, you'd think we had more than three employees, Mr. *Ram*.)

Beyond that new info, there's the fact that Burkart looked to a CBA student to comment on Fordham's sizable "operating surplus." While the kid offers up some relevant information on the matter, he concludes is moment in the spotlight with this: "I have no idea what the \$55 million auxiliary revenue means." Now, I'm not a journalist by any stretch, but when your expert source tells you he doesn't understand what something is, you should probably ask someone else, like, I don't know... an expert?

The final insult comes at the end when Mr. Burkart brings up Fordham's "affinity cards," which is apparently where banks issue cards with a school's logo on it, and then "these banks visit campuses, offering freebies to students who sign up for the cards." Meanwhile, greedy Fordham would get a small portion of the fees on the cards every time they're swiped. Who knew? Regardless, *The Ram* offers up a strong warning against Fordham from engaging in "usurious" practices, an argument that I'll give five points for diction, and minus a hundred for substance. In the previous section of the article, "Budget Highlights," Mr. Burkart brought up Fordham's \$76 million surplus, and then warned against the school engaging in usurious practices without really suggesting that universities are institutions that put thousands of kids into massive debt every year. It might be a bit of a stretch of the definition of usury, but come on folks, let's not lie to ourselves here.

In the end, you've got to salute *The Ram*'s shorts for actually digging around to come up with this thing, but it's horribly indicative of greater problems over at that rag. The willingness to rake the muck without actually flinging some dirt around is disheartening, because even with the millions of grammatical blunders and tragic semantics choices, this would be a better story if it didn't buffer its critiques in innocuous nut-washings of the administration.

REALER THAN FACT

by Max Siegal
STAFF SOOTH SAYER

BRONX, NY ~ On Thursday, December 3rd, Fordham Administration sent out a press release explaining that Men's Basketball Coach Dereck Whittenburg was to be "released from his contract effective immediately." In other words, Coach Whittenburg was straight-up fired. This comes as a bit of a surprise, given that the Man Rams are currently five games into the season (with a record of 1-4, unfortunately) with their next game on Saturday, December 5th. Executive Director of Athletics Frank McLaughlin noted that "it's a priority of the University to have a successful program in the competitive Atlantic 10 Conference," thereby saying indirectly that Whittenburg totally sucks. I'm not exactly sure what it is going to take for Fordham to have a competitive Men's Basketball program (better recruiting? more funding? updated facilities? more funding?) but I'm pretty sure that throwing a wrench made of shit into the fan isn't the right plan to make Fordham a winning Division I team. Then again, Whittenburg was the highest paid man here on campus at many of hundreds of thousands annually. Maybe they'll take some of that cheese and melt it over the lukewarm Men's program. Mmmmm, cheesy.

CHICAGO, IL ~ What happened to the good ol' days of "Bump and Grind" and "Ignition Remix?" Grammy-winning R&B artist R. Kelly has just really lost his shit. We could have forgiven him for *Trapped in the Closet* (I mean, not really, but just go with it) but his new album, *Untitled*, which was released on December 1st, has two singles on it that really cross the line. "Religious" has him singing to a woman (of course), proclaiming that "there's something church about you" even though "all those times I lied / all those times you forgave me / I broke your heart and made you cry / cheated on you and you took me back." In short, the woman is a Jesus analog and he wants to fuck the Lord. Then again, I'm not exactly sure there is enough substance to dig that deep. During the second track, "Pregnant," (yes, that's right), R. Kelly croons that he "never felt nothing like this / she's more than a mistress / enough to handle my business / now put that girl in my kitchen [...] girl you make me wanna get you pregnant / lay your body down and get you pregnant / knock you up, pregnant, knock you up." Jesus-tap-dancing-Christ. I'm not exactly sure what kind of woman wants to hear that kind of proclamation from a man, nor have I really met a man who would feel the impulse to say that to a woman. But, more power for family values, I guess? He can apparently get away with anything and still sell thousands of records.

WEST POINT, NY ~ On December 3rd, Nobel Laureate for Peace and Leader of the Free World Barack Obama announced a surge of 30,000 U.S. troops for the War in Afghanistan. Just to repeat, the winner of the *Nobel Peace Prize* is sending roughly the population of Juneau, Alaska to war. We really can't make this shit up, people. Obama also noted July of 2011 with respect to a troop withdrawal. This is not a firm deadline for pulling U.S. troops out of Afghanistan, but the start of a process in which security is turned over to the Afghanistan government. It's like we can't get out before we go in harder? I'll just stop potential for boner jokes here.

LA CROSSE, WI ~ University of Wisconsin, La Crosse sophomore Adam Bauer was recently ticketed for underage drinking and fined \$227. Not a big deal, you say? WI police caught Bauer by creating a falsified Facebook account, posing as an attractive 19-year-old girl and friending students at local colleges who were under 21. Yeah, that's pretty much the same technique that authorities use nationwide to catch Internet pervs. At least three other students were fined as well. Another UW-L sophomore and friend of Bauer, a Mr. Tyrell Luebker, was quoted as saying, "I feel like it is shady police work and a waste of taxpayer money to have him [an officer] sit on the computer on Facebook when he could actually be doing police work," a work of circular reasoning that reminds us all of the merits of thinking before you speak.

editorials

The Feeling of Truth

by Bobby Cardos
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

I have this notion that literature has a lot to do with what it is like to feel something is true. It tries to transport you, to take you from saying, “When I die, I’ll go to hell,” to actually experiencing the terror that, say, Stephen Dedalus feels when Father Arnall explicates his own gruesome notion of the place in chapter III of *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Since I, like Richard Rodriguez, tend to think that literature’s primary subject is “what it feels like to be alive,” I think that these feelings of truth predicate some of the more important moments of our lives—or at least those moments of hyperawareness that we may or may not remember fondly later but will remember nonetheless.

These feelings are, of course, also extremely problematic. I don’t mean this in the sense of the objective truth that contrasts one’s own feelings of truth. Though that issue certainly exists, I can abide it, because Objective Truth is more something we conceptualize than something we experience. To exemplify by way of literature: take a novel—say, *Absalom, Absalom!*, because I happen to like it. Now, there is, objectively, a text titled *Absalom, Absalom!*, a distinct and immutable set of words written by William Faulkner: that remains the same. However, what I would posit is that when I read the novel, and my roommate or my professor or William Faulkner’s editor reads the book, we read a different book—which is a clever (or not) way of saying that a work is like one part of a two piece puzzle, and while it is a significantly larger piece than the reader, how one reader completes the puzzle versus another has an important impact. Put another way, what *Absalom, Absalom!* causes me to feel as true will in many instances be wholly different from what another person feels as true in reading the book. Even more banally: we’re all different.

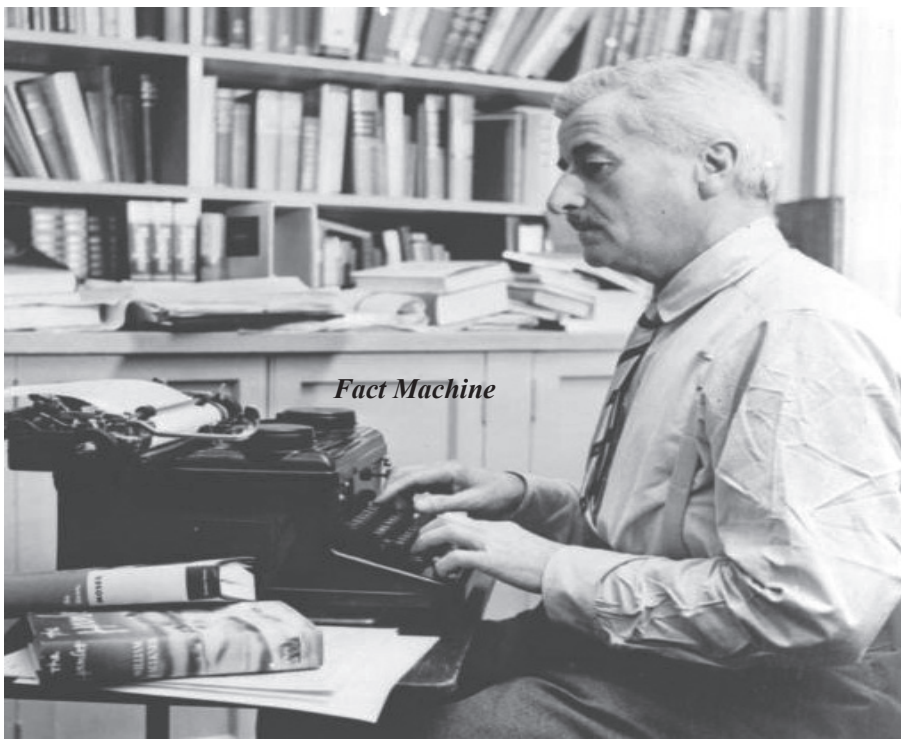
This is interesting—at least to me—but it’s not entirely the point (it would be a bit simplistic if it were). What I want to focus on here is the reader, the little piece of the puzzle that

completes the picture, and how the subject views the picture it has helped complete. To raise the levels of pretension, David Foster Wallace talks about this in a graduation speech titled *This is Water*, explaining that most people view their picture as a fairly obvious one—maybe the best or even the *only* one. I certainly am guilty of this. This is problematic for a few reasons that most of us can readily see, but maybe should be restated. Something obvious to us tend to be the most difficult and frustrating to explain to others to whom it isn’t obvious. We get annoyed without thinking that the reason they don’t “get it” is precisely because they have their own “obvious” interpretation, informed by their own myriad of things that comprises their existences. Most arguments about politics and social issues are fruitless precisely because they are rooted in the “obvious” perspectives of two people, and evidence or not, these perspectives are diametrically opposed.

My Close Reading and Critical Writing professor freshman

you to be aware of this feeling as well as the components of that feeling which caused it to be towards *that* truth instead of your own. Otherwise, dialogues lack integrity, because they are not dialogues at all, but rather hidden monologues, resulting in a communicative impasse.

This critical awareness is not only to the benefit of compassion but also forces us to consider the “webs of signification” that we ourselves are enmeshed in, and the fact that how we come to our beliefs and perspectives is largely on account of things of which we are unaware or simply cannot control. Thus, the only way to communicate with integrity is to try and be aware of just to what extent we are “free agents,” and to what degree that idea lacks integrity, more precisely the constructions, both internal and external, under which we are able to choose, for we are never *tabula rasa* long enough to make wholly free decisions. By the time we get the chance, our hardwired selves are already at work, if not driving then at least



year told our class before our first essay: “There are no right answers—but there are wrong answers.” This of course had to do with proffering textual evidence etc., but I think this idea can be easily adapted here. Wallace gives the admission that “a huge percentage of the stuff I tend to be automatically certain of is, as it turns out, totally wrong and deluded.” Again, facts and objective truth aren’t really the issue here. Rather, we communicate with “wrong answers” or truths when we fail to realize that people share our feelings of rightness towards myriad different truths, and in order to engage in dialogue with a person who is hardwired completely differently than you requires

leaning us in certain directions. It’s not that people can’t change, or that someone who thinks we should bomb the shit out of X-nation is justified because he or she was socially constructed towards that “truth.” It’s just that you have to know these things exist if you’re going even going to pretend to engage in honest discourse, or be able to understand and justify your own feelings of truth. Oftentimes the truths we are talking about are not, in fact, what we are talking about at all. Better put, “I have told you the truth as I know it. However, the truth as I know it has very little to do with what is true.”

the paper’s view

december 9, 2009

Hey Mr. Ram, Lay Off My Free Speech

Each week, we at *the paper* look forward to settling down for a chuckle-filled perusal of *The Ram*. While Volume 91 of *The Ram* didn’t have as many laughs as last year’s volume (compliment alert!), we choked on our proverbial King Cobra mixed with Red Bull and Pez (tastes just like Sparks) when we saw the subject matter recently debated in *The Ram*’s recurring feature “Point-Counterpoint.”

For those of you unfamiliar with Fordham’s journal of record, *The Ram* runs a feature in their Opinions section each issue called “Point-Counterpoint.” The name is pretty self-explanatory: each week two *Ram* contributors face off on a timely issue. One contributor argues for one side of the issue; the other contributor argues for the other side. Sounds awesome, right? Well... not really.

First, there was a “Point-Counterpoint” dedicated to United Student Government’s Maroon Square proposal (11/18/09). The proposal looks to establish a space on campus that will be set aside for free speech, including but not limited to student protest and dissent. Essentially, USG is asking for a free speech space on campus. Maybe it’s just because we’re the “perfect example of free speech on campus,” (according to *The Ram*!), but this proposal really has us excited. Finally, we have a USG promoting progress on our campus and using reasonable means to reach an end we all deserve: free speech. But wait. This is “Point-Counterpoint.” A counterpoint to having a free speech space on campus? In a college newspaper? Really? Really. The mind, it boggles.

In her “Counterpoint” piece titled “Present Options for Free Speech Remain Underutilized and Unappreciated,” *Ram* Copy Editor Emily Turek lamented that the vessels for free speech that we currently have on campus (she listed *The Ram*, *the paper*, and the community posting board as examples) are underappreciated, and therefore we do not *deserve* a free speech space. Her cynical and defeatist piece focused on the apathetic tendencies of some members of our campus rather than acknowledging what really matters: free speech as an essential part of the college experience.

Of all people on this campus, we, the editors of *the pa-*

per, understand that our student body has its fair share of apathetic students who would rather sing “Don’t Stop Believin’” in Howl every Tuesday night than ever raise their voice for something they actually believe in. But we also have our fair share of students who seem to really value their ability to speak their minds: from Progressive Students for Justice to Respect for Life, from *the paper* to the *Liberty Forum*, we think that there are a whole hell of a lot of people on this campus that *would* use a free speech space to passionately and respectfully champion their causes. We don’t pour countless hours into our respective clubs and publications because we want to prove we deserve such venues for expression, we do it because these clubs and causes define our college experiences. In the end, however, those students who don’t participate in clubs, don’t champion causes, and have never heard of a little leftist rag called *the paper* deserve the right to free speech as much as any us.

Beyond not *deserving* free speech, Turek argues, “Students should not expect to have unregulated free speech at all... We choose to attend a conservative, private university, knowing that it is not obliged to provide us any forums for free speech.” This is a line of reasoning that is all-too-familiar to student activists who have fought for free speech on our campus in the past. This is like saying, “Sweatshop labor is practiced by private companies, therefore we have no right to demand employees be paid a living wage.” Fuck, some of you people arguing against free speech on campus might actually think that! Just because we pay to go to a private school doesn’t mean we have to sit and watch as our rights are violated. They’re called rights for a reason, and they’re *ours* regardless of how we choose to spend our money. This should not be up for debate, and the fact that it’s being argued against in a *college newspaper* makes us feel almost as deflated as the tone in her article.

A week after this piece was published, *The Ram* published their final issue of the semester (12/2/09), featuring a “Point-Counterpoint” on political activism at college. My God, *Ram*! It’s as if you knew

Continued on page 11

The Girls of Williamsburg

Street Brawls: Volume 1

by Danny Miami
STAFF TOTALLY A 7

Note: This article appears online at www.streetbonersandtvcarnage.com. But he sent it here first!

First off, I would just like to state that the title of this story makes no sense. This story will only re-tell one instance of a street fight in Williamsburg and as far as I know, unless my life takes a turn for the awesome, I will never see two middle class twenty something babes succeed in kicking the living shit out of each other again.

My good friend and I had gone out on a Friday night with the usual hopes getting super drunk and ideally making out and/or getting the phone numbers of two 7's or higher. It is



There's more where that came from

not difficult to see that out of these goals only one is absolutely guaranteed.

We decided to go out in Williamsburg because as everyone knows, Williamsburg is teeming with good looking girls, i.e. 7's and above for those un-enlightened idiots who fail to see all of the merits offered by the 1-10 system. To sum up the night, we went to a bunch of bars looking for girls, found plenty, but didn't do shit about it. This insignificant fact was of no real concern since we were already well on our way to getting hammered. It was at this point that we realized that it was about quarter after three and the night was reaching its end. We proceeded to put our collective heads together (no homo) and figured out that it only made sense to go to Union Pool since we had already exhausted all of our other babe repositories.

When we arrived there we were met by a myriad of attractive girls. Right off the bat the DJ played "The Love you Keep" by the Jackson 5 which is probably the best Jackson 5 song. We decided to start dancing and use the "middle school dance" approach of picking up girls--simply asking a girl to dance for a song. I spotted a very cute short girl who I could

have sworn was giving me make out eyes. I started dancing with her and was surprised by her bravado; she waited all of two seconds before reaching into my coat to grab the shit out of my ass (always sort of a weird move on a girl's part). In any case I let her do it and before I had even had a chance to wipe, she looked up into my eyes and asked, "Hey you wanna make out?"

"Sure" I replied and she then met my lightning quick response with a confused facial expression which said, "Well of course he fucking said 'yes,' I *must* be drunk."

We made out for a few minutes in a booth and then we both sort of went our separate ways; we were both hammered after all, and plus, I felt that neither

one of us really wanted to talk to some wasted person who we would end up fucking anyway—we both subconsciously must have felt that it would be easiest if we just met outside when the bar closed. I found my friend and drunkenly said, "Dude, I totally made out with a girl."

"Yeah man, I saw. I just got a girl's phone number. I saw her sitting by herself at the bar and said 'Hey where is your friend? Mine decided to go make out with some chick, whatsup?'"

Then, like the stoked drunk asshole I tend to become after drinking a whole lot, I replied with an unbelievably annoying, "Oooooaaaaahhhh yeeeahhhh."

We then both looked at each other the way drunk dudes do when the possibility of getting it wet is within reach. A few minutes later when "last call" was announced I went to the dance floor to find the girl (whose name I never learned) to see if I could end up at her apartment. Surely enough before a minute had even passed, the girl came up to me and started dancing, but before I could try and make out with her again something out of the ordinary happened.

As I was about to try and kiss her, I saw that the girl noticed another girl out of the corner of her eye, a friend perhaps, and without so much of a warning, the girl reached back and threw one of the meanest right crosses I have ever seen in my life, which was directed right at the mystery girl. The contact made with mystery girl was

solid and it sent her careening face first into the bar which was directly to our collective left. I looked up, and before I could even think, "What the fuck!?! This chick is gnarly," like an action hero in bar fight from a shitty action movie, the enemy, while draped over the bar, picked up a shot glass and with all her female force smashed the thing right on the girls face. Needless to say I was mother-fucking speechless. First of all, this chick is made out of piss and vinegar. Second, shot glasses are fucking thick, and it takes some serious force to break one, especially on soft human flesh. The two girls then proceeded to lock arms and started pulling at each other's hair. Realizing that this chick was probably cut the fuck up I picked her up off the ground and pulled her away.

Once I put her back on the ground, she briefly paused and started smiling, looking at me with the same euphoric drunk face she had when she asked to make out with her. She proceeded to start dancing and could not figure out why I was not into it. After trying to grab my hands to start dancing, I simply said, "Listen, you are *not* O.K."

"Oh come on what are you talking about, lets daaanncccceee."

"No you don't understand, your face is fucking covered with your own blood."

And while still trying to dance to "Billy Jean" she said, "Oh stop being a pussy. You're craazzzyyy" and proceeded with her stupid emphatic dancing. Out of frustration, I grabbed a napkin from the bar, wiped it on her head and said, "Look, you are fucked up!"

That cute little make out face of hers all of a sudden turned into that painfully vulnerable about to cry face you make when you're a little kid and your brother takes it too far and actually beats the shit out of you. And before I could blink, she made an about face and ran to the bathroom followed by a flock of her friends.

I then look back up and see my friend standing there with the same baffled gaze as me. We stood speechless taking drinks from the same beer he had just bought. Finally I looked at him and said, "it is time to go-o-o-o." I did not want to follow this event to its logical conclusion, the idea of having to cheer up a girl after she just got a shot glass smashed in her face out of sheer and utter malice seemed entirely too fucking difficult for the sake of a shitty drunken lay. My friend agreed, and after re-telling the story about three times outside to people who heard what happened but did not actually see it, we got into cab and relished in our cumulative sense of self-satisfaction over the night we had just experienced.

Libertas et Phallus Dei

by Joe McCarthy
STAFF SCAB

If I may address the right wing for a moment, you reactionary mavericks, you champions of individual liberty—I'd like to address a certain idea that has been sitting silently at the heart of our idealistic schism, one that may shed some light on the question of labor. Here's the idea: there aren't enough islands on this ol' rock to harbor each and every one of you separately, so get used to sharing! I honestly believe any right-leaning responsible citizen would profit from some contemplation of this unwinnable solitude that—at its foundation—the credo of the Right seeks. I'm talking about very basic human nature, the 's' in beings: how's that for conservative!

But even islands wouldn't be enough—how, indeed, could the modern libertarian, conser-

mechanical work up until the Protestant Reformation during which a radical rift in work ethic 'tude took place. Ciocci postulates that we are shifting back into our erstwhile attitude of distaste for work. Why does he say are we moving in this direction, you ask? UNIONIZATION. I repeat, UNIONIZATION.

To paraphrase: UNIONS ARE DESTROYING YOUR CHILDREN'S WORK ETHIC AND MARGINALIZING THEIR CHANCES AT BUYING A TRUMP TOWER AND LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR NONE.

Is Ciocci on crack?! I've seen more palatable fascist spittle fly from mouths of *real* warlords. Jesus, Joseph, and Mary, how is this being printed on a college newspaper? I'll lead a rational conversation with a rational human being, but I'm screaming out loud for this de-



None of us want to work.

ervative, or republican strive for power in the workplace if he or she had no one to compete with? No, you do revel in multiplicity, but there can only be one highlander! (Shucks, I know.) Only one, and yet how do you organize (oh, that's right, you don't, hence the abyss sitting where the GOP used to be). Maybe if you organized yourselves somewhere along the lines of Anarchists (read: non-organized parties) you'd garner some sort of unification, for surely they've been more persuasive than all the Glen Becks and Chad Cioccis around the world in recent months.

But this tirade is about labor.

It's come to my attention reading the *Libertas et Veritas* column in *the Ram* that one Chadwick Ciocci is still finding ways to protect America's righteousness in 500-word bouts of diarrhea using only the three words: "lazy," "taxes," and "anti-capitalist." This time, though, he's talking labor. The column is entitled "Work Ethic," and you can find it in the December 2nd issue of *The Ram*.

Mr. Ciocci describes the history of work ethic in the West by way of Roger Hill's essay, "Historical Context of a Work Ethic," which describes civilizations of the West having a condescending view towards

bate. It should not have to be printed, it should not have to be fact-checked, it should not have to be argued in public discourse that we should be striving for *more* unions in America, *more* working-class collaboration, and *more* support from people like Chadwick and I who never have to pick up a mop if we don't feel like it. Again, and I've gone here before in this discussion, it is not altruism, it is not charity, it is not love, you don't even have to call it social justice if you're that heartless, what we're talking about is goddamn honest civic duty. Don't fucking call yourself an American or part of any country if you're not willing to take into account the poorest of the poor—not even *first* if you don't want, choose your own equation—but a complete abnegation of a socioeconomic class that needs protection puts you on the fringes of society.

Unions were the birth of honest work in America. After women and blacks, I cannot think of a larger class of Americans who were more disenfranchised during our brief history than pre-unionized laborers. In a time of mountainous unemployment, we need unions more than ever. This conversation is absurd. I'm going to go drink a beer.

Grinch = Countergrinch

Tis the Season... To Miss Christmas

by Elena Lightbourn
STAFF GRINCHED

I came to Fordham straight from a public high school in the Houston suburbs. Consequently, I expected Fordham's academic calendar to resemble those of Texas public universities, with winter break beginning early-to-mid December and lasting for over a month. I had long envied my friends who graduated before me and were already enjoying their breaks while I was still stuck in high school, and I just could not wait to get to college and experience these aforesaid ridiculously long, lazy breaks for myself, not to mention actually have more time to enjoy the holidays. Imagine my shock when, come finals of my first semester of freshman year, I discovered that my last final of the semester would be on the last day possible: December 22nd.

At first, I honestly couldn't believe this absurdity. Keeping students at school until two days before Christmas? At a Catholic school?! Maybe I had somehow read it wrong, but nope, wherever I checked seemed to confirm that, yup, I'd be stuck studying my ass off for virtually the entire Christmas season.

I told my parents, and they couldn't believe it either. In fact, for a while they thought that I was just trying to avoid coming home for as long as possible and sounded pissed every time that I had to remind them. Once I finally showed them proof via Fordham's website they nevertheless refused to accept this harsh reality and tried to get me to move my final to an earlier date, which we all know is pretty much impossible.

So, why am I writing about this? For the whole fall 2009 semester, the procrastinator in me avoided checking out the finals schedule up until last week and (big surprise) my last final once again falls on December 22nd.

Fordham's motto of "New York is my Campus, Fordham is my School" has now been criticized a countless number of times, but for me and many other Fordham students, New York City is the main reason that we attend this school. Like I said before, I grew up in Houston and so had never experienced the holiday season in New York City (or any place where it snowed, for that mat-

ter). I wanted to go ice-skating and ogle at the giant Rockefeller Center tree, damnit. Last year, I tried to take a positive look at the fact that my final fell on the 22nd and thought that if I was stuck here for that long, at least I'd be able to do Christmas-y shit in New York, but sadly, this didn't turn out to be the case. When I took time off studying, my friends had finals to study for. When my friends wanted to go do something in Manhattan, I had a final the next day. A few days into finals, many people I know had begun to leave for home, and campus was deserted by the last weekend. I had never wanted so badly just to go home - to spend some of the Christmas season with my family rather than alone in the library - in my entire life.

Remember when you were a kid and Christmas took absolutely forever to come? It's interesting how, when you're stuck in school up until the very last couple of days before Christmas, it tends to fly right past you. When I finally made it home after my last final, I had two days to watch movies, listen to my mom's constant reminders of what Christmas really means, take corny family rides in the car to "look at the Christmas lights," make cookies, shop, fight with my brother, and wrap gifts before the 25th, and suddenly the holiday season was over.

For all of 2009 I had really been hoping that I was probably just unlucky last year and would get out of school earlier this year, but I suppose I'm going to have to make the best of my situation. And so, I am going to take a leaf out of Buddy the Elf's book and be absolutely-lutely obnoxious for the entire month of December. I've decorated my door, I've set up a tree in my dorm, and I've had my iTunes Christmas playlist on repeat. I will make cookies and build snowmen. I will watch *A Christmas Story*, *Elf*, *Christmas Vacation*, and *Home Alone*. I may have been once again screwed over with a shitty finals schedule, but that's not going to stop me from reveling in the Christmas season this year. Oh, and I really hope Fordham makes the finals dates earlier in the future.



By Chris Gramuglia
STAFF AXE MURDERER

Christmastime is full of traditions. It's these traditions that make Christmas synonymous with that warm feeling in your belly and that rare level of joy that truly only come once a year. Sometimes they can be family oriented, like going to your grandma's house every year for a Christmas Eve dinner that consists of seven different types of fish. Or maybe it's just something weird that you've been doing since you were a kid, like sleeping on the living room couch next to the decorated tree. Everyone's got their own parts of Christmas that they love and even as the season draws ever closer, I can't help but be a little eager to renew some of my own.

Ever since I was a little kid I was taught that putting up a fake Christmas tree was a borderline desecration of the entire celebration, and strangely it always seemed to make sense to me. Why someone would go to their local Wal-Mart two days before Christmas and buy a boxed up, pre-decorated artificial Douglas fir or blue spruce was beyond me and still is. There is something about bringing home a real tree and decorating it with ornaments that have been recycled from years passed that can't be matched with plastic, cardboard, and cheesy pre-attached lights.

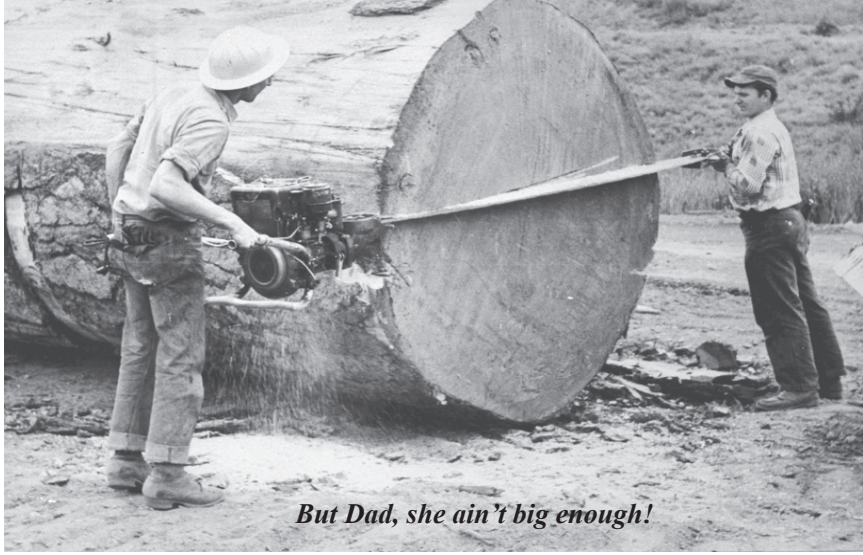
As far back as I can remember my family has religiously gone to the Jones Tree Farm in Shelton, Connecticut to chop down our own prickly, pine-scented memory. It's the same every year, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

We usually wind up leaving Westchester an hour behind the agreed upon departure time. "Get out of bed!" my dad shouts from the foot of the stairs. My older brother is already dressed and ready to go, but at the same time is complaining that he'd rather be somewhere else, while my mother packs as many random snacks as she can into our Jeep to get us through the long, cold day of searching for the right tree. I wake up and dress in long johns and several layers because, as far as my inner-child is concerned, I'm going on

an adventure in the wilderness.

On the car ride to Shelton every Christmas song from "Feliz Navidad" to "Jingle-Bell Rock" plays at least twice, and my mother and I count how many trees we see strapped to the roofs of cars that are headed in the opposite direction. Last year was close to two-hundred, and I'm hoping that record is shattered this time around. The two canine members of my family, Gus and Lulu, are squirming anxiously between me and my brother in the back seat, covering us in strands of white dog

to the baler and writing someone's initials on the trunk, we head toward the center of the farm to what the people at Jones have named their Christmas village. In the center sits a huge bonfire surrounded by mostly children who are tossing woodchips into it with delight as they watch them glow bright orange in the flame. The smell of chocolate chip cookies and apple cider lingers in the cold December air, and there are small shops all around selling decorations and a host of other holiday items. I sit on a log by the cackling fire,



But Dad, she ain't big enough!

hair.

We arrive around noon and wait in a line of cars that goes up a long dirt road to a grass parking lot where people are having what looks like tailgate parties all throughout. We find a spot close to the opening, and after sipping on some hot cocoa and enjoying some of the treats my mother brought, we head out into the forest. My brother insists that he carry the saw that we were given to cut down a tree of our choosing as we pass up tree after tree and press forward. There's a light snow on the ground, and my dogs are running through it causing it to spray up as slush around them. Finally, we come upon it--the perfect tree.

It's about ten or eleven feet high, and there are no bare spots. The tree is a rare example of perfect symmetry in nature.

"I bet you can't chop it down in under a minute." My brother taunts me as I gaze up at this year's tree.

"Gimme that saw," I say. I kneel down and squint my eyes to avoid the falling pine needles. I start sawing madly, and after about ninety seconds my arm feels like it's going to fall off.

"Here, finish this off," I laugh to my brother.

After dragging the tree back

sipping on cider and munching on cookies from the stand by the entrance to the "village" in a state of complete bliss, looking forward to the night of tree-decorating that lays ahead.

Once the tree has been fastened to the roof of the Jeep with the use of some impromptu knot-tying, we head out of the tree farm with a new pewter Jones ornament for our collection. It's small and metallic and different from the ones that they gave away last year. I doze off as we get farther and farther away from the farm, the sounds of the tree's needles scratching the roof of the Jeep echoing in my ears.

My yearly trip to Jones Tree Farm has become a central part of my Christmas tradition, and despite being twenty years old, I'm still looking forward to it. Apparently, I'm not the only one either. My dad recently tore his Achilles tendon, and when I questioned his willingness to make the trip he firmly responded, "Oh no. We're still going."

I suppose it wouldn't have been so bad though had the trip been cancelled. I could always just go to Wal-Mart. I hear their Christmas tree department is top-notch.

Q: IF THE INTERNET TOLD YOU TO JUMP OFF OF A BRIDGE, WOULD YOU DO IT?

A: Yes

by Lauren Duca
STAFF TECH DINOSAUR

Courtney Love once said, “I used to do drugs, but don’t tell anyone or it will ruin my image.” Unfortunately for Courtney, everyone found out. In the public eye, she became the woman who had called cocaine “really evil coffee,” (sort of like arson is really evil double parking). As such a respected public train wreck, Courtney Love did not expect to facilitate any further tarnishing of her previously sterling reputation. Then one day, with lipstick smeared all over her face, she created a Twitter.

Courtney had an argument with designer Dawn Simongrangkir over how much she should pay for clothing. Frustrated and confused by numbers, Courtney did what any rational, washed-up, has-been widow of a self-murdered heroin addict who considers rehab a second home would do. She tweeted that Dawn used to be a coke dealer. As she described her antics in the past, Courtney “found her inner bitch, and ran with it.” Only this time, she ran and then stumbled ... right into a libel lawsuit. In a previous case, Courtney stated, “I am god and my lawyers are my 12 disciples, so don’t fuck with me.” Apparently, she wasn’t especially worried. She and her 12 lawyers seem sort of removed from the spectrum of the real world. In fact, the entire case appears to be another wacky, tabloid-worthy, celebrity-made charade. But it’s not. Amanda Bonnen, a real person, was sued for a similar infraction. She told a friend over Twitter, “Who said sleeping in a moldy apartment was bad for you? Horizon Realty thinks it’s okay.” Horizon realty proceeded to sue her for \$50,000 in damages. But there are no precedents to determine if Amanda is guilty for anything more than being snippy.

Advances in technology

force the law to adapt, and it’s always years behind. When Shawn Fanning made Napster in 1999, he created a way for people to share files and also number of legal battles, some of which have yet to come to a close. Now, the social media is forcing the spheres of free speech, privacy, and accountability to collide in ways they never have before.

The most fundamental split is whether the web should be

and it’s considered playful. If you push someone off a cliff in Minnesota, it’s considered murder. The problem with the internet is not so much lack of gravity as lack of privacy. Jeffery Rose, a law professor at George Washington University, cited the problem as, “a world without anonymity.” He explained that privacy protects “the ability not to be judged out of context on the basis of isolated snippets of information rather than genu-

is not how miserable, sad, lonely, pathetic, depressing, or lonely the life of this blogger is--it’s a matter of privacy. The insults were petty, not defamatory and libelous (as should have been required); the court order was excessive and invasive. Free speech is worthless if we can’t use it to rail on skanks.

For us born late enough in the 21st century to have had a curfew (and maybe even a bed time) for the New Year’s Eve that marked the turn of the millennium, the internet is a fixture of communication. We “post” everything. There’s this compulsion to share every minute detail of our lives with people we sort-of know. “Katie is class till 11:15, then the caf, and maybe a

old days” when people did cool stuff like play marbles and stick ball (with actual sticks), the internet was a military research project. Generation X, the baby boomers, and the members of the silent and G.I. generations also had insulting comments to make and rumors to spread. They were bitches and assholes, just like we are; the only difference was they had to use the postal service or telephoney weren’t spilling their guts on the world wide web. Talking smack by word of mouth is so last century.

Technology is Usain Bolt, and the law is all the other Kenyans that are never going to be fully caught up, no matter how fast they sprint. With the introduction of the social media, Usain just got a serious leg up. In the attempt to close the gap, precedents will be created that will redefine the modern meaning of free speech. No one would join a “The Government Controls My Life, And It’s Awesome Cause I Can Hardly Even Think For Myself Anymore” fan page, and it will be difficult to keep the necessary freedoms in tact while simultaneously creating the restrictions necessary to provide protections. If that fails, the grape vine will be the only safe way to talk about sluts, moldy apartments, and drug dealers. Then of course there are the issues of property, international trials, and co-worker disputes, which are presented by the social media. We can only hope the law sets us up a well-weighted balance of free speech, privacy, and accountability on the internet, cause we’ll have to deal with it until they make that chip that gets implanted in your brain and transmits your thoughts in a literal live feed to others’ brains via sound waves or whatever other method of communication Steve Jobs has on planned out on a file in Pages.



considered an extension of space or it’s own separate realm. There are countless questions. For example, does property include digital content? You may have been hoping for Grandpa’s souped up Cadillac, but who’s getting his MySpace? Since internet communities cross borders, issues may occur on an international level. Where is the Englishman who called a New Yorker a “bloody wanker” via Twitter being tried? And how are co-worker disputes to be interpreted when they are documented on a networking site? If one of the employees of Tino’s Totally Terrific Taxidermy writes another employee saying that he’d like to stuff her beaver, does that count as sexual harassment? Is Tino liable?

Laws, of course, apply to the internet, but how? You can push someone off a cliff on the moon,

ine knowledge.”

In August of last year, an anonymous blogger created a site called “Skanks in NYC,” using a Google subsidiary. Clearly angry about not having being laid in a while, the user wrote about a middle-aged cover girl saying, “Yeah, she may have been hot 10 years ago, but is it really attractive to watch this hag straddle dudes in a nightclub or lounge? Desperation seeps from her soul, if she even has one.” The old slut offered Google a lap dance in exchange for the name of the vengeful blogger (not really); when they turned her down she got a court order and forced them to comply. There’s a lot of jealousy-worthy people in the world, and if you’re even finding items of envy in the half-century club, the green monster is definitely going to win. But the point here

trip to the bathroom--drank a lot of water this morning. —about a minute ago.” Half the time, no one is even pretending to be exciting. If you’re going to announce exactly what is going on in your life, at least be in the limo on the way to a concert you have backstage passes to or doing something that at least isn’t part of your weekly schedule. Since every little bit of the mundane is thoroughly covered, it is nearly guaranteed anything that scores even a 5 on a scale of 1 to “mildly interesting” is going up for the acquaintances to see. So the difference between our thoughts and opinions and the thoughts and opinions of those folks that make up the old people population is that now it’s all in writing, or...typing. It’s documented and official, and that’s where accountability is introduced. In the “good

Hey Mr. Ram, Lay Off My Free Speech

Continued from page 8.

you punched us in the gut last week and you wanted to do it again. The headline of Greg James’ “Counterpoint” says it all: “Political Activism is Unnecessary and it Should Not be Forced Upon Students.” Wait, what? Was Greg James forced at gunpoint to hold an aborted fetus poster outside of the Caf or something? One week after reading Turek’s ode to an apathetic student body, Greg James provides us with an article fearing that our school is devolving into a state of “activism for the sake of activism.” So now we need to worry about too much activism? What the hell, peo-

ple?

James goes on to argue that student leaders promote “forced or bandwagon activism,” while he argues, “Students should decide on whether or not they truly want to get active.” Listen, Greg James, CBA ’12. We at *the paper* are about as active as students get on this campus. (Yes, journalism can be activism, too—something you seem to misunderstand in



your article.) We lock ourselves in the basement of McGinley for the sole purpose of stirring up student activism for 72 hour intervals several times each semester. I don’t know what club leaders you know or what kind of drugs they are slipping to the student body, but could you please write us a letter to tell us how these club leaders are tricking students into becoming politically active for the wrong

reasons? We are dying to know. (Also, we had no idea that activism led to “a poor GPA.” But we’ll shake your hand at the Dean’s List ceremony anyway.)

As 2009 comes to an end, the reigns of both *the paper* and *The Ram*’s editorial staffs end as well. In the spirit of all things year-in-review, we at *the paper* ask next year’s *Ram* editors to please be a bit more... discerning when choosing next semester’s “Point-Counterpoint” topics. We love debate, we love argument, but you’ve got it all wrong, Mr. Ram.

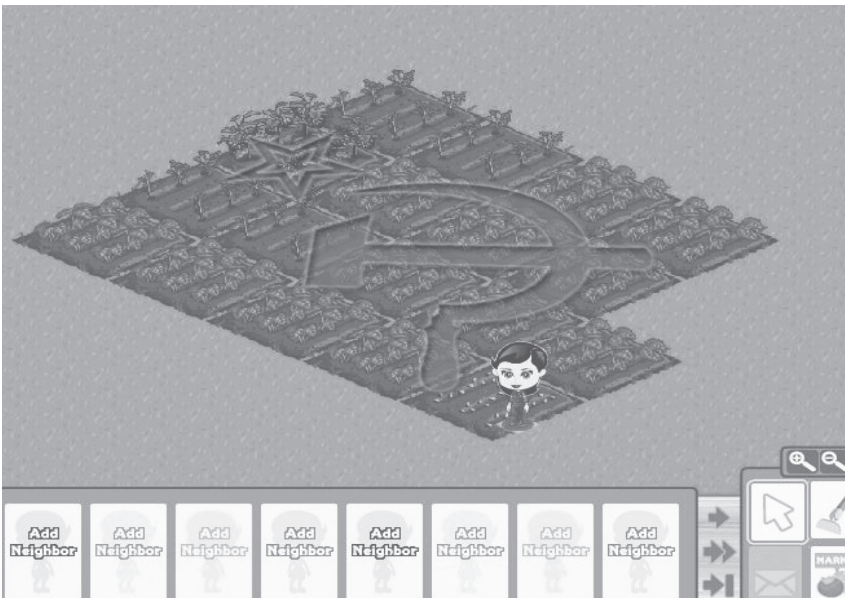
SEND ME A CFM, CFMRADDE?

by Dan Yacovino
STAFF BROLETARIAT

Since its inception in June 2009, FarmVille has quickly achieved the title of Most Popular Game on Facebook, enthralling over sixty million Facebookers worldwide. FarmVille was born of the earlier game Farm Town, and the parent company Zynga co-opted the idea and deceptively plastered advertisements for the game all across Facebook. Players drawn into Zynga's watchful fold begin with their politburo-approved tract of land generously graced with a meager plot of strawberries that they must nurture and harvest to earn more coins. Players must associate and work together with other FarmVille comrades to expand their farms in order to plant and harvest more. Each crop cycle graces the player with a wider selection of fruits, vegetables, and decorations for them to dedicate even more time meticulously arranging to get that perfect look and feel.

Each time a player levels up the focus is moved from simple, fast-growing plants to goals further off in the future moving the community into five-hour

plans—constantly working and checking their crops incessantly, which in turn brings in more profit to Zynga. Each farmer constantly works on their farm in order to advance their standing. The more time the farmers stays on FarmVille the more able they are to double, triple



or even quadruple their output. The stronger Zynga becomes the more it can expand into the iron-curtained realm of scamtastic Facebook gaming swallowing up similar games creating satellites that all feed one another.

Recently the desolate frozen tundra of Facebook gam-

ing has been the talk of the intertubes concerning how the game companies make money: tricking players into buying in-game currencies to make their farms or cafés or jetmen fancier. However, buying upgrades is not a simple cash transaction; no, that would involve

the games going through credit checks and paying the card companies' fees. Instead, like any perfectly normal Nigerian prince, players must complete a free trial for a company such as Netflix. Paying for more than what they thought they were going to receive (honestly, spending forty real dollars for fake in-

ternet currency? Are you out of your gourd?) traps the mark into a subscription to something that they really don't want. "Oh boy, free movies for a month! It must be time for me to fire up that ol' Rokubox to clear *Outlander* out of my Instant Queue," you might be thinking, but I hope that you don't plan on forgetting about that subscription. The average person completing these free trials forgets about it the second the month is over. Their cards are still charged on a monthly basis but the account remains completely unused giving absurd amount of money to the companies who play along with the scamming games.

However, if America can take down the Soviets with an arsenal jam-packed with Reagan, Pope John Paul II, David Hasselhoff and insanely expensive missions to low-orbit then taking down these scams should be a piece of cake, shouldn't it? The problem is that they're completely legal. The end user signs up for the free trial and just forgets about it and companies like Netflix pay Zynga to keep pushing people into debtor's gulag. Prepare yourself for

hours upon hours on the phone trying to get out of a program that you willingly signed up for (eerily rings a modern-day bell, doesn't it?). Numerous articles have cropped up on the blogs recently about telling your kids to stay away from these games and make a list of "known scammers" hidden amongst the good, true, American games on Facebook.

However, these games in cahoots with companies are the ones who make the most money on Facebook, allowing them to expand and draw in more users to rake in more profit. FarmVille brings in so much money that Zynga can create YoVille and Mafia Wars and Café World and FishVille and OhMyGod-HowCanAnybodyPlayAllTheseWorld, creating their own little ecosystem—kind of like a black hole—that is impossible to escape. So I beseech you, good people: do not fall for these scams. Play your games, build your farms, adopt that ugly duckling, and piss away even more time in front of your shiny new MacBook than you really should. Just do me a favor and don't spend money on something that doesn't count in the real world; buying FarmVille coins won't get you drunk.

ADDERALL 'EM UP

Disclaimer: the paper in no way, shape, or form condones the activity in this article. In fact, it's definitely a bad idea. But it happens on our campus, so here's an unabashed account.

by Rita Lynne
STAFF APOTHECARY

"Hey, I'm ____ I'm friends with ____, who gave me your number because you may have some Adderall."

I receive a text like this every day of the week. This is in addition to the dozen or so of regular and new clients that are my friends who learned I sell and decide to try it out.

It all began around this time last year. I mentioned to two of my older friends that I had a large surplus of Adderall I would not be using. This is when my existence as I know it at Fordham changed. During the spring semester I would only sell to older friends and their friends. It opened up who I knew at Fordham immensely. Initially, I saw it as the economic means to an increasingly expensive cigarette habit, but now I can go weeks without taking any money out of my checking account and can fund almost everything I do. Really, my parents are going to question how I buy expensive things without them being on my bank statements.

Even before the semester began, "Yo girl, you still in business this year?" "Can I pre-order 15?" There was the time in early September when one of my regulars, who lives with two other clients, called "Hey, we were just talking about Adderall and you, how much we love both of those things, why don't you come over? Oh also, bring your prescription or what you can sell of it." After leaving their house my bottle of 25 pills had been wiped out in a matter of minutes.

When I am low on supplies I tell clients when I should be getting my prescription filled again and the day before or of I am bombarded with "Do you have your new prescription yet!?" I have different bottles in my room for what I need to use every day and what I estimate I will use over the next few weeks and one for what I can sell and on the days I do not use the prescribed dosage those go into that bottle and a text is sent out to someone who had asked for a specific milligram tablets. One of my clients watched me pour piles of pills in baggies in front of her astonished eyes as I pointed to a pile of pills, "That's 65 dollars right there." It's quite the lucrative business.

Although I mostly sell to friends, I will occasionally get a text from someone who is a

friend of a friend who gave my number out. This is when I feel like a drug dealer. The texts from people with only digits attached to their identity (other than their order) end up having the best stories and interactions when we agree on where to meet and how to identify me. There were the two boys with whom I almost engaged in a heated argument about my price-



ing in front of the library who almost made me never want to sell to strangers again. But there are also the types who are just hysterical, "I'll be in plaid flats." I asked him, "What are flats?" My phone buzzes: "You know, the shoes girls wear that look like ballet shoes kind of?" How did this kid not know what flats are if he arrived decked in

Vineyard Vines?! Most of my interactions consist of giving the client the product, explaining how to take them, when to, with what (drink water consistently and eat after taking), how long it will be in their system, etc., but as my relationships with clients become more personal I tend to check in with them, see where their head is at and what they will be

One particularly priceless moment that demonstrated how intricate and personal my clients' orders are and their quirks played out after smoking on Eddie's. Prior to break I had sold to a client who gets a discount for reasons I no longer remember, and while in transit (a.k.a. the plastic baggy in my bag full of product) a few pills were crushed. Walking back to where I was meeting this client I worked out the mathematics out loud to my friend. "Well she got 8 10's and 2 20's, so normally that would be \$32 but because she only has to pay \$2 for 10s and I have to give her 2 freebies and she asked for one more, but she already paid me \$5. I'm going to say \$26, because I cannot do math right now."

That's right, I allow my clients to pay me back later because some kids at school live pay check to pay check. Hey! In order to keep track of all of this I have a white board in my room with all the amounts people still owe me.

And that's fine because as of today I have \$90 in my secondary wallet (hey, you can't walk around with that type of cash, it's dangerous) that is put aside for fun purchases like a purse or something I can reward myself after a large amount of product is sold.

needing Adderall for. With this information I am able to help them decide which type and how many milligrams to take. Some will feel the need to rationalize their usage, others call me a goddess or a savior (really, I responded to a desperate late night text for Adderall and the client said, "Where are you, my savior?")

arts

THE LIONESS OF PANJSHIR

by Lenny Raney
EARWAX EDITOR

California via Afghanistan artist Ariana Delawari does it all. She's acted in television shows like *Entourage*, *ER*, and *The Sopranos*. She hangs out with David Lynch. She paints, she writes, and as evidenced by her debut album, *Lion of Panjshir*, she plays a mean tune (Check out the review in Earwax). *the paper* had a chance to talk shop with her about music, the Taliban, recording her album in her parents' house in Kabul while being protected by armed guards, and good ol' Dave.

Lenny Raney: Tell me about the process of making this album. Was it as difficult as an undertaking as it sounds?

Ariana Delawari: It was probably more difficult than it sounded to be [laughs]. It was a really intense, very challenging process. The second I decided I wanted to make it in Afghanistan every door opened, and I was amazed at how supportive everybody was about my decision. But the second we got there, things got very difficult. I think that the fact that it was my debut album was a gift, because I was naïve enough to not understand how difficult it is to make an album technically even in the States. Things can go wrong, you can lose tracks; you know, all kinds of things. You know, Afghanistan doesn't have very much electricity in general. My parents do have electricity [her album was recorded at her parents' house], but no matter who you are the power would go out a lot. So the power went out several times and we had a generator, and we'd use it, but it made a lot of noise, which was fine, we decided that if there was any background noise we'd just make it part of the charm. But then, the generator blew! Also, there was this time I ate this salad and got some horrible bac-

terial infection, so I came back really sick. And then when we came back to L.A. there were all sorts of other challenges as well. The Afghanistan portion, though, was much more challenging than you could imagine.

LR: On several songs on the album, you use instruments native to Afghanistan and other central Asian countries. Was that the original plan or was it something that arose out of being in Afghanistan?

AD: No, that was it. I mean, the only reason to record there was to work with the *Ustads* [roughly translated, *Ustad* means "teacher," referring to the Afghan musicians she worked with] and the instruments they play. We had this long list of possible songs, and when we got there we started jamming with them. The other songs on the album that don't have Afghan influence were recorded here [in the US] and planned around what we had already made.

LR: The *Lion of Panjshir* was the nickname of the Afghan freedom fighter Ahmad Massoud who helped drive the Soviets out of Afghanistan. Why did you choose this as the album title?

AD: Actually it used to be the name of my band. This album sort of became a solo project due to me having a vision that became more personal, and when it did, it didn't feel right to call myself that anymore, because it is more of an homage and I didn't feel like I earned that name. What he did for that name is so incredible that I didn't want to give the wrong idea. Also, my own name, Ariana, was the original name of Afghanistan, so I felt like that would be more accurate to my own authentic voice and my ancestors are from Panjshir, so there's that as well.

LR: It's obvious from the lyrical content of *Lion of Panjshir* that you feel that the Taliban have intruded on the rights and freedoms of the Afghan people. What direction would you like to see the country going in the future?

AD: It's really sad, because

was imposed on these people that wasn't borne out of our culture and the young people who aren't getting the right education, I think that's the main problem right now. There's just... I don't even know where to begin, and there's so many issues. You know, it's an international

problem, and I hope that globally we can help, because ultimately it doesn't matter how much we pour into that country, if the people are gaining the tools necessary to fend for themselves, it's like putting a bandaid on something but not really getting to the root of it. I think it's going to be a combination of international forces, Afghans from the West returning to

weren't there, the Taliban would take control rapidly, and not just of Afghanistan but it would have a major impact on the surrounding nations. I don't think that our president is a war monger, I think that this is a very challenging situation and I think he is trying to clean up the mess of horrible international policy.

LR: So sorry about making you have to talk about that! I know it must be difficult to talk about, so let's lighten it up a little bit. What was it like working with David Lynch?

AD: David is obviously a genius, and being able to work with him I've found he's such a great person to be around. You know, he's so inspiring and it was just the easiest experience for me. Everything he said I totally agreed with. All of his suggestions on sound and how things should change were so helpful. His ear is incredible. His ear for sound is spot on and it was just an amazing experience.

LR: OK, last question. So you have the television career and you've had the debut album, what can we expect from you in the future?

AD: Well, I'm working on a bunch of things. I'm working on a documentary right now with David's wife, Emily Lynch. She came to Afghanistan and documented us making the album. We're also taking it farther than that. It's also about the story of my parents and their story and what they've been doing for the last seven years and their roles reconstructing the country. I'm also writing a screenplay that's related to Afghanistan and I've been writing a lot of new music for my next album.

LR: Well thank you very much for spending so much time with us, Ariana. It's been wonderful.

AD: OK, awesome. Thank you!



with generations and generations of war, youth have not had the same education that my father had growing up. I mean, you're growing in a society where the girls haven't been able to go to school, but even before that, I can't even imagine during the Soviet invasion and the civil wars and then the Taliban... and in that kind of war women are widows and children are working because they don't have a father and have to take care of their families, you have such a high illiteracy rate. I think the problem is that you're looking at a country with so many refugees as a result of this fundamentalist regime that

help and share their skills and Afghans within the country to really take leadership and find solutions through unity and not hating each other just because of some ancient tribal difference.

LR: The revelation of President Obama's Afghanistan plan has left some people jaded and the rest confused, what was your take on it?

AD: Well, I honestly, I want to say that I'm a pacifist and don't condone war, but being in Afghanistan and seeing what a mess it is, I think that unfortunately, some sort of presence is absolutely necessary, because security is the biggest issue. Unfortunately, I believe that if we



Dear Sirs and Madams,

It has come to *the paper's* attention that Cormac McCarthy's typewriter has sold for some \$254,500. Frankly...we don't have this money. And if we are to make any negotiations with said buyer, we need your help. *the paper* can be found "selling coke" in the corner at Tinkers Tuesday nights, or you can come to our meetings beforehand, 8 p.m. in the Ramskeller.

Cheers,
the paper

Emily Dickinson Presents:



the paper's

Events List

Emily has inspired me to read the dictionary. I've been in charge of this section for almost a year without knowing what the word "event" even means. No one here really knows how to spell good, but I feel this particular lapse of ignorance is disingenuous to our readership. Well, here you go: an event is "something that occurs in a certain place during a particular interval of time." Like a tornado or something? I don't know. Maybe we'll never know. Oh, well. Hey, it's been fun, Fordham - I'm moving to Paris to study books and shit. Later [goes to get a d coke and peaces out]. -JM

What: Emily [Dickinson]'s Birthday Bash!

Where: Bowery Poetry Club & Café

When: December 10th, 6 pm

How Much: FREE

Why: It's the Belle of Amherst's 179th birthday, and New York poets, musicians, and admirers will blow out the candles for her. There will be a HUGE cake, made with Emily's own recipe for everyone to enjoy while the rock band Elysian Fields recites the poet's letters in front of artistic projections of her hand writing. There will be recitations of Dickinson's works and a short featured film by The Lower East Side Girl's Club, *Emily: The True Story*. Your presence will be your present to the deceased, and you're guaranteed to leave with other-wor(l)d(l)y party favors.

What: Holiday Markets at New York City Parks

Where: Bryant Park, Union Square Park, and Central Park

When: Daily through December 24th

How Much: Price of love for family, friends, and free-market capitalism.

Why: Christmas is coming up, New York City is classically festive during the holidays, and you can find the perfect useless trinket for those special someones this Christmas. Bryant Park becomes an old-fashioned European market, and there's free ice skating on The Pond. At Union Square Park, you can get a discounted meal at Whole Foods, Sushi Samba, and Blue Water Grill. And if you go to Central Park, you can take super-cute pictures with friends, holly, and ivy - then throw them in frames and use those as gifts.

What: Urs Fischer: Marguerite de Ponty Art Exhibit

Where: The New Museum

When: Continuously Wed. - Sun. 12-6 pm

How Much: \$8

Why: When I saw the exhibit, the preparatory information I got was: "For his first large-scale solo presentation in an American museum, Urs Fischer has taken over all three of the New Museum's gallery floors to create a series of immersive installations and hallucinatory environments." Because I feel like it would be cheating to say more, for your sake, I won't. Don't get high before you go. Have a trippy afternoon, and keep in mind you'll be able to smoke a cigarette when you get to the top floor.

What: The Moth StorySLAM

Where: Housing Works Bookstore Cafe

When: December 17th, 7 pm

How Much: \$7 range

Why: The Moth, a not-for-profit storytelling organization, was founded with the hope of re-creating the art and enjoyment of story-telling. At StorySLAMs, you can tell your story in front of a panel of three audience-member judges, or you can sit back and enjoy everyone else's words.

THE MEAT PUPPETS

PRIME RIB OR SLOPPY JOES?

by Eamon Stewart
STAFF MEATBALL

It's been a strange journey for the Kirkwoods. When brothers Curt and Cris formed the Meat Puppets in the early '80s, they began as a generic punk band that slowly integrated elements of folk, country, and psychedelia into their hardcore template, a decision that led them to be pariahs in the alternative community. They might have been relegated to the annals of obscure '80s indie bands had it not been for Kurt Cobain, who famously invited them to play at Nirvana's Unplugged performance. That exposure, although giving the band their long deserved fame, also was a double-edged sword, as they suddenly had enough availability to crack and heroin to drive Cris Kirkwood insane and break up the band. The hiatus period produced different results for the pair, as guitarist Curt kept himself busy, releasing a series of albums with different bands while Cris ballooned to more than 300 pounds, lost all of his teeth, had at least two people die from drug overdoses at his house, was shot in the back by a mall security guard, and spent two years in jail.

With all of that to consider, it was sort of amazing when it was announced that Curt and Cris were getting the band back together to tour and record and release new material. That announcement came almost four years ago, and it has come to fruition as the band has now released two albums in that time and toured extensively. The concert they played at the Bowery Ballroom the day before Thanksgiving was the second time they had played in New York City in as many years, and not coincidentally also the second time this author had seen them live.

There had been one drastic change in the band in the space of those two shows, the replacement of drummer Ted Marcus with Shandon Sahm, a veteran of the Austin music scene. Sahm seems a better fit for the band's style, as his improvisation allowed the songs to stretch out in a way that Marcus' concise drumming didn't. Curt took extended guitar solos on most of the songs, frequently displaying his technical prowess and reminding the audience

that aside from J Mascis he was the best guitarist of the '80s indie scene. Cris, who is presently the ugliest person on the planet, was the most energetic of the three, effortlessly weaving his sturdy bass lines in and around Sahm's rhythmic presence. Vocally, things were firing on all cylinders as Curt's trademark yo-yo singing was on full effect and the harmonies between him and Cris were clean and succinct. In short, the band played and sounded about as good as they possibly could have.

Their set list was pretty much on target too. The band generally played older crowd pleasers and their most main-

was exceptional, he especially shined on "I'm A Mindless Idiot," as he used pretty much every guitar effect on his extensive floorboard, integrating volume swells, tapping, and picking. The inclusion of "Backwater" was a bit of a surprise as it is often the case among one hit wonders to resent the one song they become known for. This wasn't the case, as the band played with the same abandon and recklessness as the rest of their set. "Lake of Fire" seemed a logical way to finish up before the encore as probably the closest thing they had to a second hit, and it allowed Cris and Curt to put the overdrive and

distortion on their guitars all the way to ten. The encore included one more surprise for the night, as Ted Marcus returned to play with the band for two of three songs. His presence, although a nice gesture, really only served as a reminder of why Sahm was a better fit, as his drumming wasn't as powerful or freewheeling as Sahm's. Sahm returned for the final song of the night, an 8 and a half minute version of "Attacked By Monsters," which about halfway through turned into a blob of bizarre guitar



stream songs but threw in enough surprises not to bore the audience. The early portion of their set was mostly upbeat and fast paced, getting the crowd moving and bouncing around. Sahm and Cris owned much of this part of the show, as Curt's guitar work detailed the onslaught of sound provided by the rhythm section on songs such as "Touchdown King" and "Station." It was during the seventh song (an eight minute version of "Up On The Sun") that Curt seized control of the performance and retained it for most of the show. As far as song choice, the only pure dud was the lone cover they played, a lifeless version of "Wasted Days and Wasted Nights" that even the band seemed bored by. Thankfully after this ended the band played their best stretch of the night; "I'm A Mindless Idiot," "Backwater," and "Lake of Fire," playing at least six minute versions of each. On a night when Curt's guitar playing

sounded. Unfortunately, it was the only point of the night when Curt's otherwise spot on playing turned into self-indulgent wankery. What made it permissible was that it was the final song of the night, giving him a little more leeway to do whatever he wanted. When the auditory assault came to its conclusion, the band casually put down their instruments, and without a word to the audience, walked off stage. The night had ended.

I couldn't feel happier for the Kirkwoods. The amount of energy they showed on stage would be impressive for guys in their twenties, but these were guys who were fifty and had managed to survive despite their well documented taste for hard drugs (and in the case of Cris, being shot with a gun). They should really be dead, but they're not, and they're bursting with life. And now that they've found a drummer who's a terrific fit, they look poised to keep on the right track.

Tim Burton at MoMA

A Fantastic Inking of American Imagination

by **Mickie Meinhardt**
STAFF PAPER ICON

It is an ink-pen drawing with sparse red-and-yellow watercolor accents, an animalistic thing lacking a discernable body or appendages. It is purely wild, and its words float haphazardly across the paper:

"make faces in mirrors-
I foam at mouth-
Women's nightgowns help me ani-
mate-
I draw pubic hairs on Barbie dolls-
I use mayonise instead of pencils-
I beat up my wife even though I'm
not married-
I animate in pancakes because they're
easier to flip.

This is a drawing in the middle of the MoMa's Tim Burton art exhibit, a small piece of the extensive collection on display until April 26. The assemblage ranges from Burton's high school doodles to watercolor outlines of his unreleased *Alice in Wonderland*; it is a comprehensive career portfolio, fantastic to behold and a revealing insight into the mind of one of America's favorite filmmakers.

Tim Burton began his career sketching and making short, unreleased stop-motion films while bored out of his skull with tedious apprentice-level animation at Disney in California. He finally breached obscurity with *Pee Wee's Big Adventure* in 1985, and jumping to *Beetlejuice* in 1988, igniting his acclaimed career in the realm of the unusual, the strange, and the fantastic. He is now famous for his love of macabre, blending ghoulish morbidity with a child-like sense of whimsy, a unique style wholly unlike any other filmmaker to date that puts him in a class all his own. Yet though Burton has become a household name in cinema his other artwork is relatively unknown.

The exhibit is in two parts, one in the lobby and basement showing a few drawings, various film posters, and personal photography projects. The second part, located on the third floor, displays the breadth of his artistic endeavors. It is well designed; the first floor provides a perfectly portioned taste of the collections to come: a little of the recognizable Burton cinema and a little of the unknown with a series of oversized Polaroid photo series he designed, assembled, and shot himself. The first, "Blue Girl," is perfect Burton macabre. A blue woman with blood red hair poses in front of cascading velvet, her "sewn together" appendages

and black sunglasses eyes leaving no doubt as to her otherworldly residency. It is a haunting exploratory presentation of Burton's beloved theme, the beauty of death; in some pictures she hold a rose, in others, an equally-blue baby stuck with nails. As Lydia Deets says in *Beetlejuice*, "The living ignore the strange and unusual. I myself am... strange and unusual." I keep this in mind as I move on to the second series "Unnatural History." The setting is a rocky desert, stark but captivating; each picture has something colorful, strange, and blatantly out of place. The first is a cerulean deer whose bubblegum antlers protrude into the dusky sky, followed by a Pepto-Bismol pink tree with blackend seahorses hanging from it in the center of

iceberg whose tantalizing tip adorned the first floor display. The monsters flail tentacles and knash sparse pointy teeth, yet they are not frightening. Rather they all seem struck with a sense of self-horror and disbelief; they are the monsters from under the bed and behind the stairs displaced from hypothetical existence into our reality, as fearful of us as we were of them as children. Next was my personal favorite, the "Character" series. It is as it sounds: a social commentary caricaturing recognizable human stereotypes, pointing out our innate absurdities. He shows how human nature easily invites ridicule, the grossness of the figures reflecting Burton's "creature-based notions of character." Mostly drawn during his Disney stint, they reflect a trapped creativity through witty puns and plays on words: "A full bottle in front of me or a frontal lobotomy" is a man lovingly eying a bottle of wine, and "Undressing a woman with eyes" shows distended eyeballs removing a woman's dress.

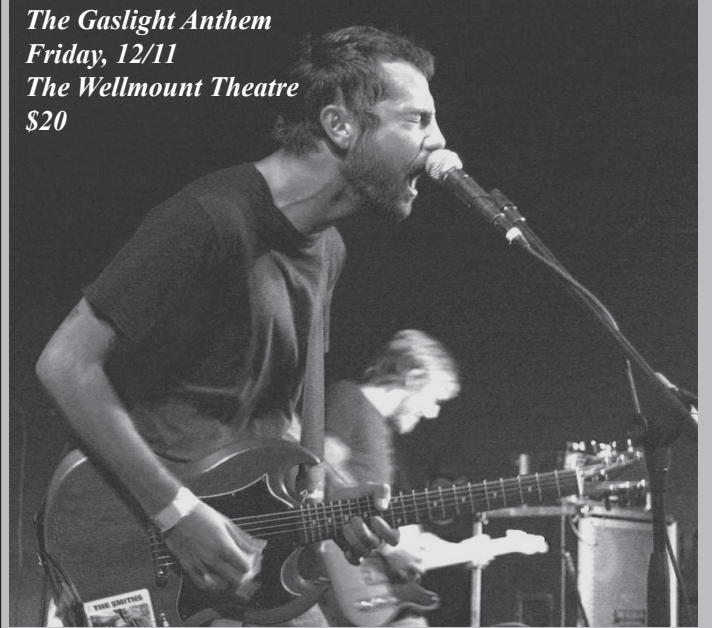
The final and largest section is a conglomeration of effects from his most famous films including elementary character drawings, props, and even handwritten notes from Burton himself. An instruction on *Beetlejuice* stresses the extreme character parodies of Charles and Delia Deetz, to create

"my human story with life-shattering consequences (life, death, greed) not a 'picture-land'"; for *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* a brief letter to Johnny Depp requests the addition of the line "Everything in this room is edible, even I'm edible. But that's called cannibalism and is not acceptable in most societies." The exhibit closes with pages from the poetry book *The Melancholy Death of Oyster Boy & Other Stories*, a collection of brief rhymes captioning drawings of strange, unusual, and slightly deformed children.

Strange? Oh yeah. Insightful? Absolutely. Presenting a Burton rarely seen, the exhibit is worth every minute and every penny, definitely one of the greatest I've ever seen; it is a dive into fantastical depths of imagination rife with skeletons, sand worms, curliques, and black-and-white stripes, challenging us to refute our inner childish animal. "Why not" indeed.

a glassy, placid pond. They have a sense of "what if?"; almost a challenge of sorts; what if sunflowers can grow from solid stone on barbed wire stems? Why not? This is a central Burton concept repeated in the artwork to come.

To enter the main exhibit one steps through a grotesque creature's mouth into a hallway in Burton's stylistic black-and-white stripes. Several flatscreen TVs play an animated short series called *Stainboy* about a small, oddly-shaped child superhero whose only power is the ability to produce a gray stain. It is full of animated violence, yet itself is not "violent." *Stainboy* himself is adorable - a perpetually smiling mute - and introduces Burton's fascination with blurring the lines between childhood and adulthood. The hallway then opens into a maze of several rooms blanketed with drawings ordered chronologically from 1971 until the present. The first is the "Creature" series, the bottom half of the



Welcome to college. College just started for the semester if you haven't noticed, and now is the time for a brief glance at all the shit we didn't have time to read. That said, it is a terrible decision to go to any shows in the ensuing weeks. A terrible, terrible decision. But as seasoned paper readers know, we here at the paper have a little hard-on for the bad decision Robot, who roams the campus feeding on reason and logic, catching students unawares and throwing them into an abyss of ill-advised dreams and bad decisions. Rock on. -JM

Who: Lissy Trullie
When: Monday, 12/14
Where: The Mercury Lounge
How Much: \$13 adv/ \$15 door

Why: Lissy Trullie is a burgeoning revival of old school solo-rock-bitch awesomeness. Based in our good 'ol NYC, she's gained recognition playing around the city for ridiculously cheap prices considering her explosive talent - her low, slightly deadpan vocals top dancey new-wave chords that are hyphy yet deliciously not 'pop,' and she is oft compared to a more feminine Velvet Underground. Go because it's only \$13 and you can ooze douchey hipster cred by saying you saw her "before she was really famous."

Who: The CunninLynguists
When: Friday, 12/11
Where: Highline Ballroom
How Much: \$15

Why: This Kentucky trio is quintessential Southern rap (if dirty, loud-based rap can be quintessential). There are laments of living down-in-the-dirt and workin' for a dolla, there are gunshots, there are tinkling piano segments interrupted by drum staccatos; it's what rap should be, what it used to be before T-Pain and R. Kelly popped a cap in their own genre. For anyone appreciative of early Outkast this will hit that early '00s place in your heart; fairly unknown as yet, they have a distinctive beat that would make for a solid live show unlike anything on the scene today.

Who: The Gaslight Anthem
When: Friday, 12/11
Where: The Wellmount Theatre
How Much: \$20

Why: Do you sometimes even a little bit wish you were born adrift on the high seas or during Elvis's heyday or in Jersey? If so—or if not—Gaslight Anthem will make you nostalgic for something, even if you can't put your finger on it. In a couple sweet years they put out two albums, *Sink or Swim* and *The '59 Sound*, and one E.P., *Senor and the Queen*. They have an incredible amount of energy in concert, will pick you off your feet and swing you right into what feels like a rock and roll-surgency, authenticity-striving cultural movement. If Bruce Springsteen were born in 1980 this is probably what he would sound like.

Who: The Fiery Furnaces
When: Saturday, 12/12
Where: The Bowery Ballroom
How Much: \$15

Why: In case you missed the free show last Saturday at Rodrigues (meaning in case you are an idiot), here's your last, also-pretty-cheap chance to catch the Furnaces while they're still touring around here. I stood 3 feet from Eleanor and Matthew Friedberger for the entirety of the show and cannot laud them enough; the charming lowbrow vocals lovingly soar over jarring experimental tempo collages, enveloping the listener in a low key yet captivatingly enthusiastic progression. You are entirely remiss to pass them up (again), especially when a) it is only \$15 and b) they loved Fordham and asked to come back next semester. Yeeuuuuuhhhh.

GOING OUT WITH A BANG: APOCALYPSE MOVIES '09

by Nick Murray
STAFF NOT-RELATED-TO-BILL

As the awards season begins and we shift our attention to the inevitable slew of middlebrow romances and Auschwitz pictures, it's a good time to look back and note that this has been a pretty good year for movies. There have been films both for those who enjoy watching Nazis get attacked with baseball bats (*Inglourious Basterds*) and those who spend their idle afternoons browsing *Cute Overload* (*Up*). Without further adieu, here are two unexpectedly remarkable movies in theaters now.

Paranormal Activity is a slow-paced horror movie that accurately captures the mood of last year's stock market crash. The movie begins on the tail of the housing bubble. Micah—a day trader who works from home—and Katie have moved into their new California housing development, probably a little too soon considering Katie has yet to tell her boyfriend (“engaged to be engaged”) that a demon haunts her life.

Upon learning this, Micah takes it upon himself to record this phenomenon on film. Despite an expert's warning, empirical evidence, and common

sense (that one thing missing equally in horror movies and economic collapse), he seems to believe that this will make the demon will go away. Katie knows better but plays along. As the demon grows angrier, the nights grow tenser.

I have yet to see a truer representation of expression-era angst on film this year. It captures both the impending sense of doom and the idea of the faceless, omnipresent oppressor. As Micah switched the camera to that grainy green nightvision and the couple got into bed, the audience felt the closest approximation to what those on floor of the New York Stock Exchange must have felt when the opening bell rang during the first weeks of the crash.

Then we have *2012*, the apocalypse movie to end all apocalypse movies. John Cusack stars as Jackson Curtis, a failed writer and father with the chance to redeem himself

as the world ends. Meanwhile, Adrien Helmsley, the government scientist who first warned of the crisis, begins to question the ethics behind the govern-

However, contrary to my thesis, the film's implications are more geopolitical than economic. The most compelling scene takes place when Cusack's Curtis realizes that California's destruction is only moments away and in his limo picks up his estranged wife and kids to bring them all out of state. The Earth's surface is literally cracking under their back tires, but they make it to the airport where Curtis has rented a plane.

The family flies low over their crumbling city, so low that as two glass skyscrapers collapse into each other, they must fly underneath. Without irony, I must admit that this is the most poignant sequence I have seen on screen all year. Obviously, this recalls the collapse of the Twin Towers, except that in this fantasy version the plane misses and the heroes make it out alive.

As provocative as this is, the scene's real power comes in how it contextualizes the movie as a whole, thereby revealing its challenge to the dominant leftist ideology. While so much of the world has been destroyed over the last ten years, we have taken comfort in the belief that the destruction has come from somewhere, for someone's purpose. Radical Muslims destroyed the World Trade Center, deregulation and greed caused the economy to collapse, and on and on. Hurricane Katrina might provide the best example of this, the left blaming the destruction on the government, the Evangelical right blaming it on a vengeful God.

2012, on the other hand, suggests an inevitability that both these belief systems deny. There is no cause, no God, just imminent, unstoppable destruction. In regards to leftist ideology, the film challenges the environmentalist belief in a oneness with nature. Here, nature is not our brother or our mother, but an impersonal causer of havoc. Then when the plane flies between those towers, it suggests that destruction may be inevitable not just in nature but also in the material world that we have created.

If anyone knows what to make of this, let me know.



ment's survival plan. The idea was for a diverse crowd of the planet's best and brightest, you might say, to board a small fleet of arks that would ensure their survival. Inevitably, these spots went to the highest bidders.

In considering the economic content of *2012*, we should keep in mind Slavoj Zizek's observation that it would be easier to imagine the end of the world than the end of capitalism.

Adventures in Wonderland (Queens Edition)

by Lindy Foltz
CHIEF COPY EDITOR

The misunderstood borough of Queens is a veritable adventureland, and a pleasant 4 ride with a mere single transfer away from the Belmont neighborhood, far more accessible from our nether-dwelling than lower Manhattan or Brooklyn.

Transfer to the 7 at Grand Central to Long Island City. In Hunter's Point, Gantry Plaza State Park, a cluster of restored cranes, railways, and an industrial plant, features floral gardens and docks that protrude into the East River, offering completely unobscured views of Manhattan. A few blocks east, Vernon Boulevard features a quirky selection of restaurants, bars, and shops.

Further east, Long Island City proper contains a vibrant art scene of studios, galleries, and small museums, a quirky and homey alternative to Chelsea. Defining the atmosphere are the web of elevated trains and 5 Pointz, a collage of artisanal graffiti muraling the walls of a large warehouse of studios. A few blocks away is the most prominent artistic institution in the neighborhood, P.S. 1. A satellite of MoMa, P.S. 1 is devoted exclusively to contemporary art.

North of Long Island City on the water are Queensbridge Park, with views of the Queensboro bridge and Roosevelt Island, and Astoria Park, with views of the Triborough Bridge and Ward's Island. Midway between the two is Socrates Sculpture Park, an incredible outdoor collection of bizarre art installations. Astoria, incredibly diverse and refreshingly largely untouched by the uniformity of the gentrification, houses a large Greek population and its accompanying cuisine and culture. Ditmars and Astoria Boulevards and 31st Street are the primary commercial avenues.



Jonathan Safran Foer's Amazing Spectacular (and Illegal) Life

by Joe McCarthy
CO-ARTS EDITOR

It's nice to know, after all the modernists have gotten too old (or drunk (or despondent (that is to say, drunk))) to speak to our age, that there are a few earthly specimens left in the wake of this terrible idea called Post-modernism—specifically human beings—more specifically American human beings—but most specifically young American human beings—who are taking the time to *think*. One such human in my opinion is Jonathan Safran Foer.

Apparently, you either love'im or you hate'im. U.K.'s *The Times* claimed that he had, with his first novel, *Everything Is Illuminated*, “staked his claim for literary greatness,” while an article in the *New York Press* called him a fraud and a hack. This is hardly an all-consuming account of this strapping young writer's chutzpah—his literary influence is almost impossible to ignore. And his acceptance of this fame has been impressive. He lives in Brooklyn with his wife and two kids, has taught as a visiting professor at Yale, and is currently a professor in

the Graduate Creative Writing Program at NYU. He's got two considerably impressive novels under his belt, has written an opera not to mention plenty of short fiction, and has just recently, at the age of 32, written his first work of non-fiction, *Eating Animals*.

I saw Foer the other week at Hunter College for a reading of this newest contribution. The energy in the room and downright adoration of the audience was the polar opposite of book readings I've attended of Foer's contemporaries. It's almost frightening to witness youthful vigor silencing such distinguished writers as Colum McCann, winner of the National Book Award, who tried but was unable to fully express his esteem of Foer in his introductory remarks.

Foer is unimaginably artful In Real Life. I think that is a

mark of a good writer. It is not only the style and beauty of his prose that will convert the 21st century to his writing, it's his

of the honesty in his writing.

And that much more capable of instigating a public discourse. That is, in fact, what his newest

book is all about. While preparing to become a father, Foer describes the transition as a period of filing, straightening his glasses, and deciding to write a book about eating animals. He'd been a vegetarian on and off since adolescence and wanted, once and for all, to forge a definitive stance on the subject, for his self and for his child. He spent a good deal of time visiting small farms and

stance on the issue of eating animals is completely pragmatic. “96% of this country agree on the issue of the abominations involved in factory farming,” he said, “—There is no issue that 96% of our country agrees on!”

Most impressive was Foer's comportsment to the spectators' questions. He handled us as a class, was humble, did not in any way proselytize: answered an elderly woman that his son would eventually make his own decisions regarding meat and probably rebel, told a young woman that if meat did work for her body then he couldn't say it, told a young man who asked why he didn't compose the polemic in fiction that art has no use and that is why it is beautiful. Somebody asked if he'd received any threats from the meat industry. He hadn't but was slightly anxious about the issue, citing an eight-year battle Oprah had to go through with the meat industry. A public stance against the factory farming industry is a precarious one, especially in light of Bush era laws that deem anyone and everyone in that category a terrorist. Given that, Jonathan Safran Foer is my favorite terrorist.



Domestic Terrorism

goddamn honesty. He writes about things that hit nerves, embarrassing things, neurotic things—his grandmother's sex life, his own sex life, his own averageness. And so, when you find him at a podium speaking about his art, there is nothing to be unconcealed. You've already read it. That is not to say that Jonathan Safran Foer's life is an open book, but only that he is so much more impressive and empowered in person because

factory farms, trying to glean an honest account of how and why we eat animals. His refreshing viewpoint on the whole ordeal is that food is inextricable from culture, memory, and storytelling. To paraphrase, he posed the anonymous question to us with regard to Thanksgiving: Is it the turkey itself that evokes the emotion and beauty of the ceremony, or is it the fingerprints on the apron, the togetherness, the sounds of the kitchen...? Foer's

Wes Anderson Wears Courdory

by Alex Gibbons
FEATURES EDITOR

When I caught *Fantastic Mr. Fox* at my local multiplex I was surprised that on the film's opening night the theater was fairly sparse. Only about a fourth of the room was filled. What I wasn't surprised to see was the overwhelmingly bookish nature of the crowd; there were only two or three Red Sox hats peppered throughout the crowd. Like the film, the corduroy presence was overwhelming. Hell, even my mom, my date for the night, was sporting a light brown corduroy jacket.

The film was preceded by a flurry of unbelievably terrible trailers *Alvin and the Chipmunks: The Squeakwal*, *The Tooth Fairy* starring Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson, and some Dreamworks disaster called *Despicable Me* were among the trailers the studio felt should be marketed before *Mr. Fox*. I knew the film was a kid's movie, but I didn't know the studio would go as far as to assume people above the age of 8 might be independently interested in this film. My mother was especially offended by the trailer for *The Tooth Fairy*, a film where The Rock, playing an NHL hockey player, becomes, *you guessed it*, the tooth fairy. Oh joy. America rules.

I attributed the low atten-

dance to the fact that Wes Anderson's films can be alienating. His aesthetic is very precise, and since he broke onto the scene thirteen years ago with *Bottle Rocket* his movies have seemed to appeal to a smaller demographic with each release. After all, the man's kingdom is built on corduroy and tweed, pop-rock and heavy saturation. He's got an ear for dialogue, a good eye, and an interesting reliance on symmetry. Behind each Anderson film, however, is an insatiable addiction to melodrama.

This is certainly not a bad thing, but it is the reason some will find *Fantastic Mr. Fox* to be annoying, pretentious, and snobby. I thought it kicked ass. Then again, I do love me some Wes Anderson.

Fantastic Mr. Fox is a very light-dare I say-heart-warming movie. Simply put, it makes you feel good, though it remains a safe distance from the cutesy appeal often utilized by Pixar films. Somewhere between the warm colors, the stunning stop-

motion animation, and the innocent dialogue, I found that I had completely surrendered to the film. It is Anderson's second screenplay collaboration with writer/director Noah Baumbach, who co-wrote *The Life Aquatic with Steve Zissou*, and their teamwork shows. The film drips with the same sort of informal, bric-a-brac dialogue



that made *Life Aquatic* a very funny, but, very underappreciated film.

Anderson's last film before *The Fantastic Mr. Fox* was *The Darjeeling Limited*, his ultra hip, ultra bland 2007 melodrama that I hated a lot. *The Darjeeling Limited* was a saccharine and ridiculous attempt at maturity. It had moments of humor, but the movie was dominated by a heavy-handed plot concerning the spiritual journey of three very sad and emotional brothers. Each line in that film

was delivered as if it were the greatest and most profound line in cinematic history. It was an example of a film that faltered for being too personal, and was a sad point in mine and Wes Anderson's completely imaginary relationship.

The Fantastic Mr. Fox is a welcome relief. It sees the writer/director returning to a reliance on funny and believable dialogue. Ironically, the dialogue is delivered by small anthropomorphized animals.

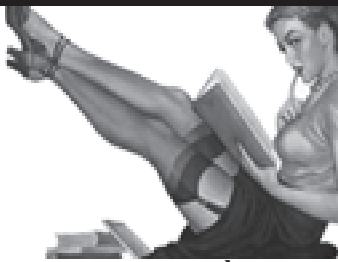
Anderson reached into his big bag of celebrity associates to make *Mr. Fox*. The cast is headlined by Anderson newcomers George Clooney and Meryl Streep but supported by veterans Bill Murray, Owen Wilson, Jason Schwartzman, Michael Gambon, and Willem Dafoe. The voices were all recorded outdoors at a farm to enhance the atmosphere of the film. And it works. *The Fantastic Mr. Fox* is unlike any other stop-motion animation film ever made. It flows and sounds like a live-action film, despite being confined to the limitations of in-studio

animation.

Mr. Fox also triumphs for being a children's film that doesn't come off as one. Whereas studios like Pixar and Dreamworks pander to children and the parents that bring them to the movies, *The Fantastic Mr. Fox* is simply a Wes Anderson film with no swears, drugs, or sexual content. Expletives are replaced throughout the film with variations of “cus.” So, instead of Bill Murray's Badger character saying to George Clooney's Mr. Fox “*Are you fucking with me?*” the audience hears “*Are you cussing with me?*” It's a clever nod to the frequent use of expletives in daily dialogue and the frustrations of writing dialogue sans naughty words.

In the end, I'd rather have the basis of my review not be “If you like Wes Anderson films, you'll like this movie.” However, I think that most people who go to see this film will decide whether they like it or not before the titles credits roll. Yes, *The Fantastic Mr. Fox* is a very tweedy film. People who derive pleasure from constant rants on how indie or hipster culture is will find a plethora of ammunition in Anderson's latest project. To those jerks, I can only encourage that *Mr. Fox* be approached with an open mind, as it is an enjoyable flick that benefits from being seen in theater.

the paper's big list



What The Paper Will Be Doing



During Our Reading Days



by *the paper*

**STAFF OF MILLIONS
SEVERAL**

What is the point of Fordham University's reading days? We here at *the paper* often contemplate this question toward the end of the semester. We think that most Fordham students like to take the phrase "reading days" and replace the word "reading" with "binge drinking." It is an unfortunate occurrence, but no matter how much free time you give college students to study, they'll still find a way to fuck it all up and end up studying at the last second anyways. Because of this, some students see reading days as a huge waste of time that only elongates the semester and keeps them from enjoying themselves and their respective politically correct multi-cultural winter celebrations. *the paper*, being the leading source of unbiased objectivity at Fordham, has compiled some of the ways our editors spend their reading days. Are reading days useful? You make the call, Fordham!

Reading

I don't try to be a whiner. Okay, I'm Jewish, so maybe that's a stretch. (Is that joke getting old yet?) However, I do know that as much as college is a glorified sleep-away camp for grown-up teenagers, it is also a lot of work. As a senior, I can personally attest to that, especially this semester. That's why, for the first time since freshman year, I'll be spending each and every single day before finals either in the library or at my desk with my face in a book or at a computer. The first time around, I just didn't know any better, a bright-eyed and fresh-faced frosh hoping to get real good grades. After that novel experience of being crazy over-prepared, I had my time to fuck around, Fall reading days spent enjoying crisp air hinting at Winter, Spring reading days lazily sunning myself on Ed-dies. This time, though, it's different. Fordham doesn't want to let me get to the coast-tastic second-half of my senior year without paying my dues. I don't worry, though, because I've got the wonderful grace period before exams to mangle my brain with the work I could have theoretically been doing since late October. Just remember to turn down that fucking music and STOP SENDING ME TEXT MESSAGES.

By: **Max Siegal**
NEWS CO-EDITOR

Hopping into a wormhole—I

hope

By the time this rag drops into your hands, any single one of us has, at most, thirteen days to complete any studying, paper writing, or catching up to do before making the trip home. For the less responsible (i.e. me), this is rather a lot of work. So I have decided that I'm going to locate a black hole (or see if the Large Hadron Collider as managed to make one yet) and jump on in. If theoretical physics are correct, there is at least something resembling a chance that this black hole will, in fact, be a wormhole—a glitch in the fabric of space and time, for the uninformed. My hope is that I can be transported to somewhere/time earlier in this semester, and I and my past self can double team all the work I'd been assigned (or at least maybe I can convince that self to stay in and do it himself while I go out and have all the drunken shenanigans he was supposed to engage in). Should this prove impossible, maybe I'll be transported even further back, and prevent myself from even coming to college at all. That would be right lovely. I could be a taxidermist or a construction worker or some other Southeastern Pennsylvanian Blue-Collar-esque job that pays bank at the expense of backbreaking labor.

In the event that the whole wormhole/black hole correlation turns out to be wrong, then I guess I'll just die from death by black hole, which apparently consists of snapping in half repeatedly until vital organs are severed and you die. Fortunately, this happens in about several fractions of a second, so, you know, BFD.

By: **Bobby Cardos**
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Look For A Job

College is over for me on December 22nd. My plan was to give myself a Christmas present that consisted solely of not worrying about real world shit until after New Years. Ha! As if the specters of 10% un-

employment and pushy parents anxiously awaiting the opportunity to turn my bedroom into a "media room" looming over my head for every waking moment of my life would allow me such solace. Nope, when I'm not studying for finals I will be prowling monster.com, craigslist, and public restroom stalls for any not-too-demeaning piece of work so I can move out and start being a grown up. It's only at this point in your life

calorie a day beer diet, I've managed to stay quite skinny this semester. My goal of reaching 130 pounds has gone unseen. It's time to get jacked. I'm going to spend my reading days lifting everything in sight and guzzling as much Muscle Milk as my tiny little abdomen can hold. Hopefully, rather than seeing my puny muscles because there's nothing to hide them, I can actually put some curvature to my limbs and core.

days, I'll be injecting protein into my butt. Come finals time, I'll use my new biceps to propel my pen forward and ace everything in sight with a blur of muscle mass. If only they made protein-whisky, then I'd really be somewhere.

By: **Chris Sprindis**
ASSISTANT EXECUTIVE
EDITOR

Trying to Recreate that Music Video by The Verve

Few bands have had such a tumultuous history as The Verve, who, in their decade long run, have split up three times. Their latest breakup, which happened earlier this year, has yet to be reconciled. Not many people like them, either. As far as I'm concerned, the Britpop band only released one song, "Bittersweet Symphony." The image of that drug addled man, his cheeks gaunt and sinking into his face, walking down the street while throwing his shoulders into the bodies of sidewalk denizens has stuck with me since I first saw the video on MTV2.

My reading days are usually spent with my head buried in mundane (that means boring) books. I am a dedicated college student; my life is dominated by my studies. My psychiatrists, however, have encouraged me to let loose, to get out there. So instead of studying day and night,

I will instead be spending my reading days on Lexington Avenue, walking down the sidewalk and forcing my shoulders into the sternums of businessmen and women walking by. Periodically I will look back at one of my victims and cast a snide look, but most of the time my gaze will be directed straight ahead, as if there were a camera filming my progress. It shall be most satisfying.

By: **Alex Gibbons**
FEATURES EDITOR

This guy: Totally Skinny. Am I Right? Am I right?!



when you realize just how demeaning the words "entry level" really are. Damn it, I went through all of this work just to start all over again at the bottom of the ladder! A peasant's salary it is, but at least I can live my dream of taking public transportation everywhere, living in a 600 square foot one bedroom with five roommates, and paying for it by getting coffee for a 24 year old junior assistant who is shuffling papers for a 28 year old middle management stiff. Bright days ahead!

By: **Lenny Raney**
EARWAX EDITOR

Getting Jacked

Despite being on a 10,000

I'm sick of looking in the mirror each day and easily being able to count my ribs poking through my chest. I want pecs, and I want them bad. I eat a lot, but I still live with the fear that I may fall apart at any moment. Perhaps I've been blessed with a truly bitchin' metabolism, but something doesn't seem right. How much I eat combined with how little I do should leave something to show, but it hasn't.

The Age of Buff has come. No more will I wear size small shirts as though I could swim in them; I'm going to fill them out. Push-ups will see no end. Every branch will be a pull up bar. As others inject knowledge into their heads on reading

the papies

2009 was tough...

...the paper is here to help



The Papias is an award show born under punches, an extravagant year end celebration of a year that was, presumably, something. Each year, we here at *the paper* catalogue the most important events that happened in our big blue world. It is a tradition as old as time, as mankind has been recognizing the happenings of each year with empty commemoration full of boring and forced commentary since the Babylonian Code. The Papias tries to be something different. Think, the Academy Awards, except applicable to everything in the world and with poop jokes. So, in silent convocation, in thanks for this year of our lord 2009, *the paper* hereby presents the 2009 Everything Awards, aka, *The Papias*. Enjoy.

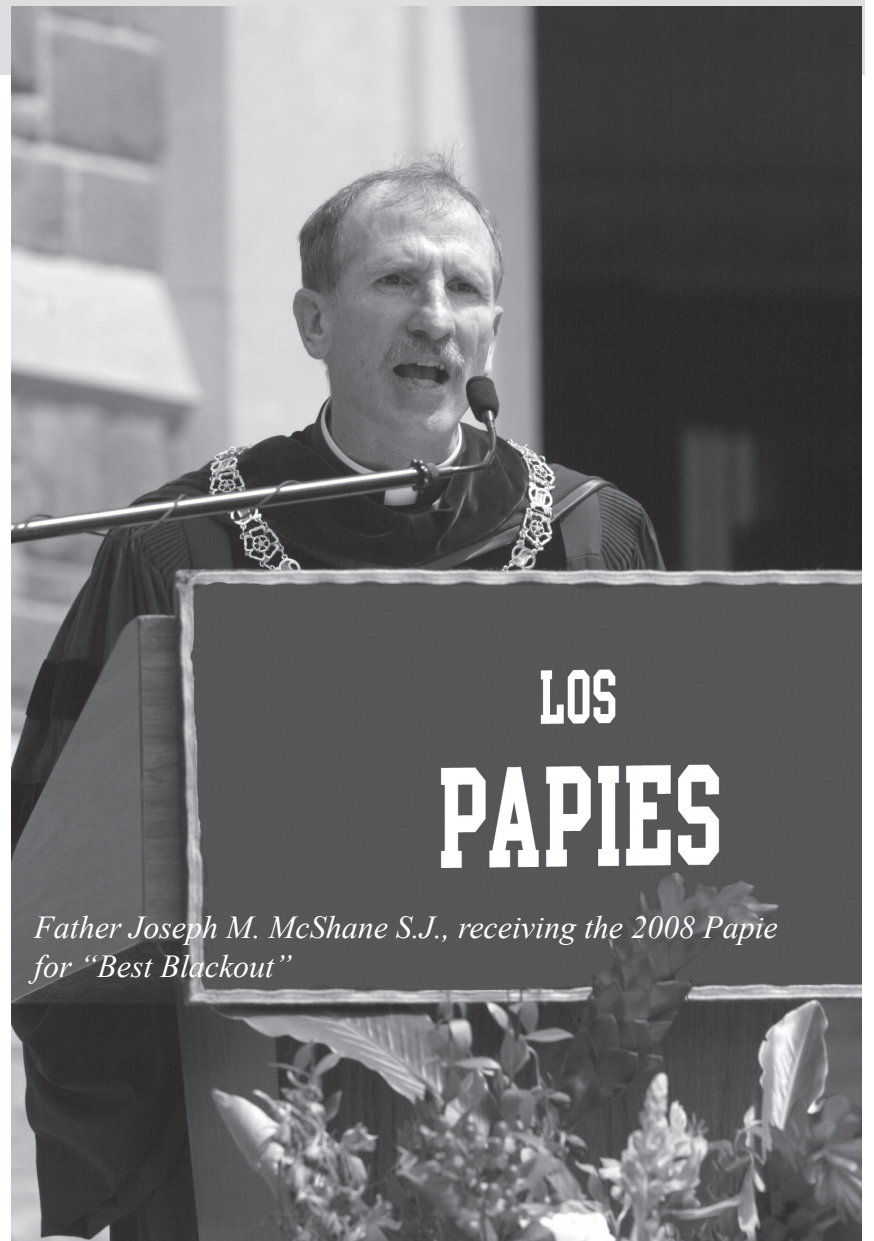
xoxo,
the paper

Most Egregious Misappropriation of University Funds: Newt Gingrich.

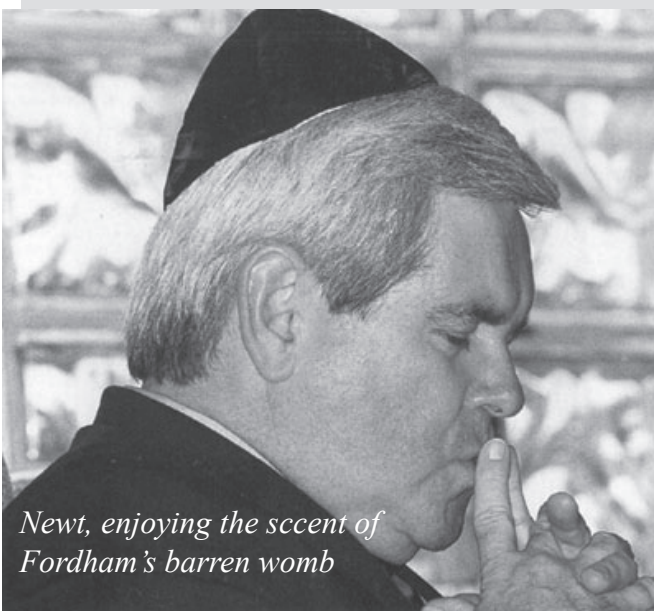
“Is Newt Gingrich at Boston College? No! Is he at Georgetown? No! Where is he? He's at Fordham!” Noted theologian Fr. Joseph M. McShane, S.J. was heard to have said that right before the Earl of Chadwick Ciocci gave his own introduction to the political super-fuck-up. Really though, Gingrich banked one student's tuition--or a campus employee's salary, depending on the angle you want to take--for his hour long speech (Fun fact: \$40,000/60 minutes = \$666.66/minute) in which he went from “making fun” of liberals by restating their ideology to claiming that pulp spy and conspiracy novels were real life. And sure, it was a laugh and all, except that those funds could have gone to clubs like Fordham Experimental Theatre, Global Outreach, or really just about anything. Oh, and there was also

the fact that people actually believe some of this shit.

**Runner Up:
McGinley
Center's Paint
Job**



Father Joseph M. McShane S.J., receiving the 2008 Papie for “Best Blackout”



Newt, enjoying the sccent of Fordham's barren womb

Best Subatomic Particle: The Quark

2009 was a fantastic year for our tiny friend the quark. The quark worked hard all over the universe to maintain the fundamental laws of physics, and acted as one of the main constituents of matter for a record 14 billionth consecutive year. Quarks from Cassiopeia the Andromeda galaxy showed unwavering reserve and commitment in their work, and fought ardently against their virulent enemy, the antiquark. Though they faced many a cosmic tribulation this year, quarks of all varieties (with special recognition going to the charm, up, bottom and strange types) continue to keep our universe together, make up our physical being, and providing the necessary fodder for nearly everything that we see and touch. Cheers to you, little subatomic darlings.

Runner up: the Lepton

Continued on the next page...

Best Promotional Offer of the Year:

Free Can of Pork and Beans With the Purchase of a Home

For the past month, Tennessee-based modular home retailer Clayton Homes has been offering a tantalizing deal to those who buy one of their models: a free (yes, free) can of Van Camp's brand pork and beans in tomato sauce. That's right; buy house, receive can of pork and beans. For free. You actually don't have to pay for the pork and beans. They give it to you. Now, I know most of you are probably thinking, "so, what's the catch?" or "what stupid survey do I have to take or what annoying company mailing list do I have to sign up for to get the pork and beans?" Well, dear consumer, there is no catch. All that one has to do is simply purchase a place of residence, and the pork and beans are all yours. God bless America.

Runner Up: Federal "Cash for Clunkers" program



Best Celebrity Coming Clean Moment

Now, I have no shame saying that I love John Mayer. He quite literally coached me through a number of teenage romances with his albums of catchy, if not contrite, pop guitar music. And there's a real market for that stuff. However, with his newest album *Battle Studies*, Mayer finally gets honest. A verse of the first single "Who Says" goes like this: "who says I can't get stoned? / call up a girl that I used to know / fake love for an hour or so / who says I can't get stoned?" We've all known that Mayer's previous work ("Daughters," "You're Body is a Wonderland," "Flip-flops are Cool and I'm a Virgin") was total bullshit meant only for the use of smoothing out awkward romantic situations, but he never admitted it. Now, with the truth out there, he can get to making more of the quality blues-influenced pop that will take us into our easy-listening 30s. OMGZ, thank the Lord college isn't over yet.

Runner-up: Sarah Palin for unintentionally showing us her true colors in her new book *Going Commando Rogue*.



David Carradine, fatal victim of chicken-choking

Best Non-Michael Jackson Death: David Carradine

Sorry, Farrah. Move over, Mr. McMahon! Aside from the King of Pop's big sleep this year, the death of perennial ass-kicker David Carradine on June 3rd wins *the paper's* vote. Found in his Bangkok, Thailand hotel room with one end of a shoelace tied around his neck and the other around his penis, Carradine's demise was ruled by Thai forensic experts as accidental death involving autoerotic asphyxiation leading to an autoerotic fatality. A rather anticlimactic end (har har har) for a man who could have ostensibly kung fu'd the shit out of the entire police force that came to investigate his death even though he was a ripe and pruney 72 years old. I'll always remember how you talked about banging Uma Thurman in *Kill Bill*, Dave. Rest in peace.

Runner-up: Jon and Kate Gosselin's collective dignity.

Best Paranoid Conservative Nightmare: Death Panels

2009 was a big year for Conservatives. After working as hard as possible for eight years to draw as many comparisons to the Evil Empire from the *Star Wars* series, Conservatives across America finally had an opportunity to play the righteous victim. The most ridiculous example of annoying Conservative fear-mongering came from 2008 Republican Vice-Presidential nominee Sarah Palin, who, presumably, has not gone away yet. This summer, in response to President Barack Obama's attempt at health care reform, Palin voiced her concern over the President's fondness for "Death Panels. Unsurprising to any sane American, these "Death Panels" constituted no part of President Obama's plans, and were wholly a result of Palin's strange imagination. The way Palin saw it, America's greatest natural resource, it's smelly geriatrics, would fall prey to Obama's Death Panels, a group of bureaucrats who would decide which old farts got dead and which ones would have their spinal fluid sucked from their necks by Joe Biden. Ridiculous, yes, but the paranoia fell on eager ears and became integrated in anti-reform rhetoric, actually slightly improving Conservative idiom which usually amounts to a series of enraged gurgles and strange farting noises.

Runner Up: Reparation Payments



Lucy, an unfortunate victim of Sarah Palin's retarded imagination

Best Appearance by Wrinkled Irish Men at Fordham

In the bleary, early morning hours of March 6, hundreds of Fordham students, alum, faculty, and strangers who had illegally purchased Fordham I.D.s from capitalizing students gathered on Edward's Parade to witness what was possibly the most mind-boggling occurrence to happen at Fordham in recent History: U2, the most politically charged band of the 80s, playing shitty music on Keating steps. Legions of boozed, bloodied, and, well, completely stoned individuals gazed up at Fr. Joseph M. McShane as he cast his arms over the crowd and delivered a ridiculous speech concerning Fordham's superiority to Columbia and Georgetown (whose students were most likely nuzzled warmly in their beds or studying for their mid-semester exams) just before the band took the stage at 8:00 A.M. Fordham students were encouraged to maraud through the night preceding the show, doing all sorts of bad craziness, and then force to recoil back to productivity immediately after the concert, as The Bad Decision Robot, that bastard of Fordham bureaucracy, scheduled this little charade in the middle of mid-terms. Heck, at least Fordham has some flamboyant picture of Bono to slap on their brochures for the next two decades.

Runner Up: Father McShane's extended family at Fordham's Commencement



U2 panders to some drunk, stupid assholes. We were totally there.

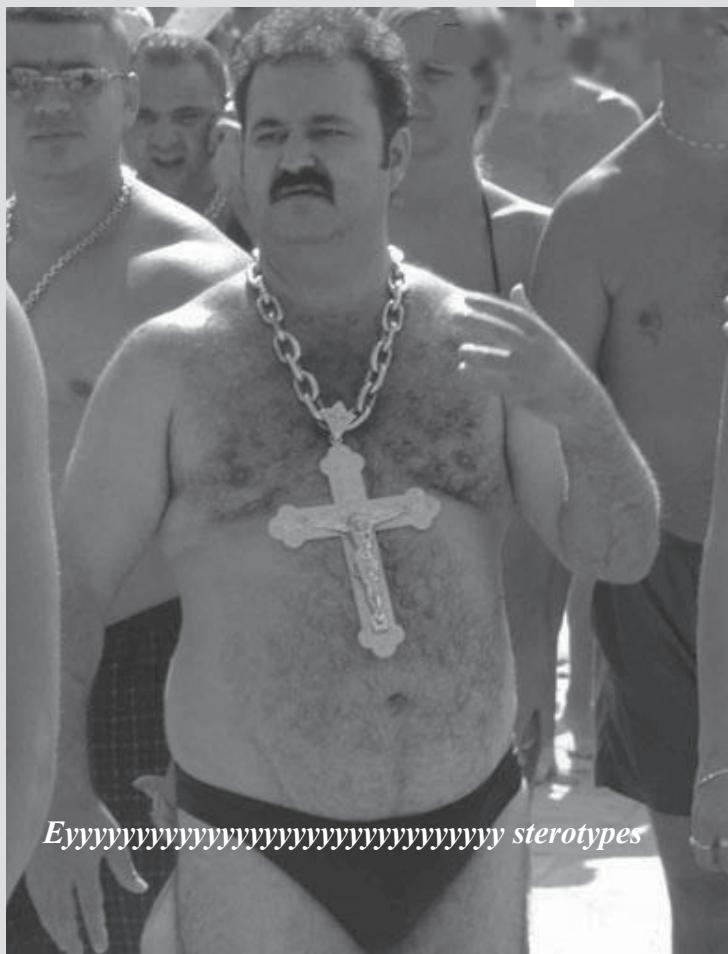
Best Threat To Books

With America caught in an ongoing war on terrorism, run-ins with Somali pirates, and North Korea threatening nuclear warfare, 2009 has not been a quiet year for firearms (if there is ever a quiet year for firearms). Yet despite all of these, the most potentially detrimental development does not require an upper-level military office, or even a gun license. All it requires is an Internet connection and a credit card. Technically developed in 2007, the book-mass-murderer Kindle finally made its way into the trigger-happy hands of America's literary public enemies through non-black-market proliferation on Amazon.com. This E-Paper display promises free Internet access and the eternal abolishment of those annoyingly cumbersome archaic tomes of the past. Parchment? Obsolete next to this shining LED beacon of progress! Kindle can search, highlight, and bookmark downloadable content; it even dog-ears for all those nostalgic bookworms who feel they could never part from their tried and true favorite novels. In an increasingly print-unfriendly economy, Kindle is the front-line machine gun handler, showering the written world in a spray of liquid pixel bullets and laughing as they penetrate the spines of their weaker corporeal ancestors.

Runner Up: Stephanie Meyers

Best Album: Daddy Mac – Vatican III

Father McShane's gangsta rap alter-ego proves that the smash debut *Get Canonized (or Die Trying)* was no mere fluke. Featuring the singles "This is My Body" and "Indulgences," *Vatican III* is a polemic against the papacy, exemplified outside the album through his refusal to take his international tour to Rome and the pejorative statements Tweeted @VaticanCity on a day-to-day basis. His life as a public figure is as significant to his music as the beats and rhymes on his album. He often blurs the line between art and life, using the same content matter from album tracks such as "Job Got His Just Desserts" in his weekly homilies at Fordham University Church, where he goes by the humbler name of Noted Theologian Fr. Joseph McShane, S.J. This life as performance art is what takes his album over the edge, making his music infiltrate our collective unconscious.



yy stereotypes

**Runner up:
Lady Gaga – The Fame Monster**

Best Reality Show We've All Been Waiting For:

MTV's *The Jersey Shore*

MTV knew they had a market for guido-related programming with the runaway successes of "True Life: I'm a Jersey Shore Girl," "True Life: I Have a Summer Share," and, let's be real, that one couple from "True Life: I'm Getting Married." So MTV finally gave in to America's deepest, darkest desire and gave us a low-rent version of the *Real World*, called the *Jersey Shore*.

While the *Real World* combines eight diverse, horny, vapid strangers living in one beautiful mansion/apartment/loft, the *Jersey Shore* follows six horny, vapid Italian-American twenty-somethings living in one old and dilapidated shore house. For the sake of brevity, we at *the paper* will list off five reasons why this show is the best. (1) One guy calls himself "the Situation" because his abs are, in fact, a situation. (2) They work at a t-shirt store, selling things like booty shorts with "I love the Situation" airbrushed on them. (3) One young woman claims to have "invented the freakin' poof." (4) One of the guys literally says, "Once I arrive, it's gonna be like, 'Alright, I'm here.'" Um yeah, that's probably true. (5) These women will call you a slut if you get in a hot tub in your thong underwear, but if you wear a thong bikini, "that's a bit more classier."

Runner-Up: *The Littlest Groom 2: Back in the Habit*



Well, bras and bros, it's been real. This is my last issue, and not only will I be passing the torch on to the lovely Sarah Madges for the 2010 calendar year, but I'm also going to be graduating at the end of this semester. It's been real, Fordham. If you've enjoyed reading half as much as I've enjoyed writing and editing (doubtful), then I'd consider my short run a resounding success. A big thank you to everyone who wrote for me, everyone who entertained the thought of writing, and everyone who read 'Wax at all. Whether it was in the caf sitting against the windows in the solo seats, in your dorm when you were procrastinating, or on the shitter in the basement of Keating, I really appreciate it. Anyways, on to business.

For this issue we have the weird but slightly awesome Bob Dylan Christmas album, fame monster Lady GaGa's *The Fame Monster*, and the newest effort by gangsta rap artist Gucci Mane. We also have a very special treat for you. I had the chance to speak with singer/songwriter Ariana Delawari about her upcoming album *Lion of Panjshir* (the interview can be found on page 13 in the Arts section). Featured in Earwax is a review of the album. Finally, in celebration of the end of the noughties, we have replaced the usual illegal download section with Decadewax, which compiles lists of our editorial staff's top five album picks of the last ten years. Happy holidays, and have a great break!

BOB DYLAN
Christmas In The Heart
by Mr. Brigh City

I have given up on trying to understand Bob Dylan, and I hope everybody else follows me on this one. This Christmas, for his thirty-fourth studio album of his career, Bob decided to put together his favorite Christmas music from growing up as a young Jewish boy in Minnesota. By featuring

several musical styles ranging from traditional arrangements to more unorthodox rockabilly and polka-inspired songs, he either has a great sense of humor, or is just bat shit crazy. Being such the selfless project it is, the record's royalties in both America and Europe will be donated to non-profit organizations and food banks throughout the world, mainly Feeding America and the United Nations' World Food Program.

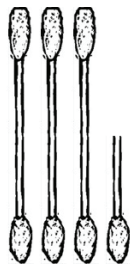
As it turns out, the greatest songwriter of the past fifty years gives a fuck about poverty. Maybe he isn't that crazy after all. In fact, when first announcing the album, Bob stated on his website that it was a tragedy that "more than 35 million people in this country alone—12 million of those children—often go to bed hungry and wake up each morning unsure of where their next meal is coming from." After I saw him speak with such conviction, I knew this was the kind of album that deserved to get the public's attention, for not only its consciousness of injustice in the world but also the surprisingly good music it features.

Although Bob does not take much of a formal departure from the songs' traditional arrangements, I can assure you that what is performed is done so with careful precision and tremendous musicianship. Featuring a seven-voice mixed choir for backup, as well as a full band featuring mandolin, accordion, and steel guitar with additional violins and cello, the music is superb. The album's first single, "Must Be Santa," in an upbeat polka-style, is my personal favorite. To really appreciate it, however, you'll have to watch the accompanying music video, Dylan's first since 1997's *Time Out of Mind*.

It is difficult to find tracks that really stand out against the

grain of the album, as they all celebrate the Christmas spirit in a clean, joyful manner. While it is true that I have never heard these songs sung quite like the way they are here, it has begun to grow on me exponentially with every listen. After all, why shouldn't Bob Dylan have a Christmas album? Many of his contemporaries made worse holiday-dedicated records (Joan Baez's *Noël*, Woody Guthrie's *Feliz Navidad and other Spanish Carols*) and few dedicated their proceeds in the classical Christian belief of charity, a word central to yet often left out of the Christmas season.

Should you purchase this album? Of course you should! It features 15 classic songs that most will already know by heart, and its wonderful production value and energy will keep you singing along from start to finish. I just hope that my mom won't mind giving ol' Bing a rest for a little while during Christmas morning so that I can give my family the gift of a little *Christmas, In the Heart*.



ARIANA DELAWARI
Lion of Panjshir
by Lenny Raney

Every great album has a great story behind it. For Afghan transplant Ariana Delawari's new record, *Lion of Panjshir*, that story may be one of the most enthralling of the last few years. It involves AK47s, octogenarian virtuosos of dying instruments, eccentric film directors, and MTV's late nineties softcore experiment *Undressed*.

You see, Ariana Delawari is a television actress as well as a singer/songwriter, and having been featured in everything from *ER* to *The Sopranos* to the aforementioned *Undressed*, she's picked up a few powerful friends along the way. One of these friends happens to be David Lynch, who signed her to his record label, David Lynch MC and Manimal Vinyl (WTF?), and funded the recording of *Lion*.

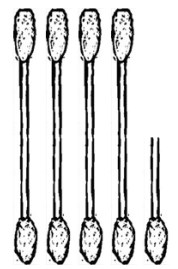
Seeing the rapidly deteriorating situation in her home country, in 2007 she requested that it be recorded there. "At this particular moment," she says, "I had the feeling that things were shifting—that I may never have the chance to record there again." So, with the help of fellow Lions of Panjshir band members Max Guirand and Paloma Udovic, she set out to Kabul to set up a studio in her parents' home. There, *Lion of Panjshir* was recorded in 2008 with two armed guards (AK-47's) stationed at her front door during the process. The album was later finished in Los Angeles by none other than Lynch himself, who actually produced a song on the album.

As far as the actual music is concerned, what would one expect an album that is the product of such an undertaking to sound like? Luckily for us, it is breathtaking. Delawari does it all in these eleven tracks. She belts out a gruff rock ditty about San

Francisco (aptly titled "San Francisco") as the opener yet sings several tracks in her native Dari. On these songs, she is backed a band which utilizes instruments native to central Asia such as the Indian Tabla drums, an Afghan lute-like instrument called a Rubab, and most impressively, a cello-like bowed instrument called a Dil-ruba, which is played by one of

its last masters, the 88-year-old Ustad Ghulam Hussain.

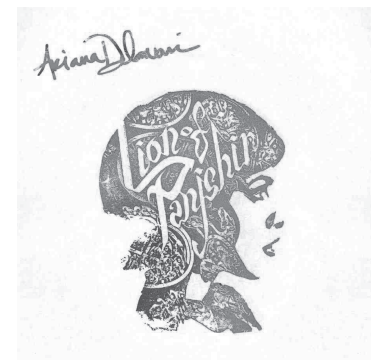
The most striking part about this phenomenon is that despite how disparate the cultural influences, both the traditional Afghan songs and the Western folk and rock songs sound entirely genuine. On the David Lynch produced "Suspend Me," she sounds like a slightly more disaffected Neko Case, and on "Laily Jan," she sounds entirely authentic and immersed in her Afghan roots. On the best track of the album, "Be Gone Taliban," she, as the title insinuates, tells the dastardly villains to GTFO her hood in the most frighteningly pulchritudinous fashion possible, with echoed utterances and vocal runs hovering above guitars, a wall of strings (both continental and central Asian), and both standard rock percussion and Tablas. It is the perfect wedding of West and East. This is a damn good candidate for the album of the year, and given the recent Obama shitshow re: Afghanistan, it seems to be all the more pertinent to the current zeitgeist.



LADY GAGA
The Fame Monster
by Max Siegal

Now, I'm not proud a person. I have no guilty pleasures, for there is no guilt in my soul. Okay, I'm Jewish, so maybe that's a lie, but I couldn't give a shit about what you have to say about the new Lady GaGa album *The Fame Monster*. I quite literally stumbled upon her first record a few months ago, thinking pretentiously that it was good only for a few hit singles and a bunch of garbage tracks that would be funny to insult. However, the special edition of *The Fame Monster* (bonus tracks = more awesome) is a fucking thunderstorm of club-ready tracks, some dashes of hip-hop influence, and, believe it or not, a real showing of GaGa's vocal range. She even plays the piano. Not bad for a guido chick named Stefani.

The Fame Monster was originally going to be a re-issue of Lady GaGa's first album with a couple new tracks attached. However, it ended up being a two-tiered deal, with a two-disc edition that had both records and a solo eight-track EP. I got a copy of the EP from my sister the Saturday after Thanksgiving. That is just over a week ago as of deadline. I have literally gone through the album on my computer and on my iPod over forty times.



But let's not mistake obsessive overindulgence of a pre-eminent pop/gay icon for enjoying a quality product. *The Fame Monster* trades hip-hop influences for a more '90s feel with raps beats replaced with synthesizers on most tracks. "Alejandro," an ode to, or perhaps rejection of, a



dead Eastern European S&M warehouse. But that brings me to another point, and perhaps the most significant one. Lady GaGa sings pop music, yes, but more importantly, she is an *entertainer*. That's what she does, and holy shit, does she do the goddamn thing. Her persona and her music are as big as her enormous stage props and wigs. And that's what makes her a great pop entertainer.



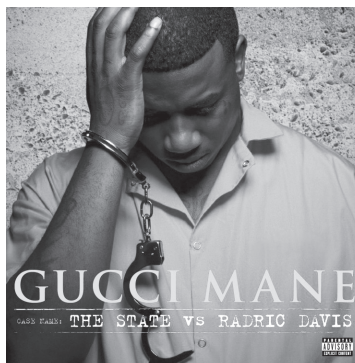
AWESOME

GUCCI MANE
The State vs. Radric Davis
by Alex Blalock

I fell in love with Gucci Mane two summers ago when my friend returned from Atlanta with what he called, "dirty Southern rap." In the past Gucci's music has been simple—a

heavy beat under sometimes-mindless lyrics, sprinkled with the occasional "Ay! Ay! Okay!" or "BUR!" Gucci tends to rap about less familiar subjects such as "the trap," being icy, and getting "geeked up." However, today Gucci Mane is #6 on MTV's "Hottest MC's In The Game" list, and his new album, *The State vs. Radric Davis*, released on DecemBURR 8th, has introduced this artist to the mainstream hip-hop music industry.

The album's first single, "Wasted," revealed a new, more radio-friendly Gooch with a catchy chorus that had people who had never heard of "Gucci Mane La Flare" singing along. Gucci's second, and in my opinion less successful single, "Spotlight," features Usher, an artist who seems incredibly unlikely to work with Gucci Mane. In fact, the collaboration results in an almost uncomfortable juxtaposition of Usher's booming R&B voice and Gucci's gruff vocals to create a song that is so Un-Gucci it sounds like a single off of Usher's next album instead of his own. Gucci shows

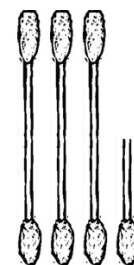


more of his old self with his third single "Heavy," an ode to his chains that finally acknowledges the title of the album and his recent arrest in the lyrics, "And I just got out of jail / yeah they tried to Michael Vick me / I gave my lawyer half a mil" / and told him "Come and get me!" The fourth single, "My Worst Enemy," is a soul-baring confession in which Gucci acknowledges his beef with Young Jeezy rapping, "The day they tried to murder me / the day I can't forget about / And I don't wish no death on homie / just want him to hear me out."

Other notable songs are "Stupid Wild," featuring Lil' Wayne and Cam'Ron, as well as "Bingo," featuring Soulja Boy Tell 'Em and Waka Flocka Flame. Both songs reflect a more traditional Gucci sound and feature popular artists that enhance both songs to make them "trap-penin'" by Gucci's standards. Other flattering collaborations take place on the tracks: "All About the Money," featuring Rick Ross and, "Kush Is My Cologne," featuring Bun B, Devin the Dude and E-40. "Lemonade,"

one of the five songs Gucci raps alone on, features one of the hottest beats I've heard all year, making it my favorite track off this album. In the song Gucci jokes about wanting everything in yellow, while children sing the chorus, "Lemons on the chain with the V-cuts (x2) Livin' out of shame with my feet up (x2) Lemon Purple Wayne sitten them freeze cup (x2) Lemons on my face watch 'em freeze up (x2)."

Other favorites include "Gingerbread Man," featuring Gucci's good friend OJ Da Juiceman, and "Volume," featuring Wooh Da Kid. Both songs contain hardened lyrics that reflect Gucci's days in the trap and remind older fans of the Gucci Mane they know and love. In conclusion, *The State vs. Radric Davis* is an incredible mix of fresh beats, featured artists, and Gucci Mane's Southern bravado which creates an album that introduces Gucci Mane as a hip-hop star and guarantees him a place in an industry in which he was unsure he belonged.



DECADEWAX: The last decade of music in review

STAFF TOP FIVE LISTS FOR THE 2000's

What can we say about the last decade? A better question, perhaps, is what *can't* we say? Everything that could have possibly happened, happened. Rap went mainstream, got huge amounts of airplay and became terrible, rock lost its hold on the charts and also became terrible, and pop initially saw a concerted shift away from the teenybopper boy band fare of the nineties, which rose back to prominence with the emergence of the Disney Channel Pre-Teen Popstar Factory. Also, Hot Topic taught disaffected youth exactly how rebellion shouldn't be done.

We also saw the decline of the CD and rise of the Mp3. Napster, iTunes, and torrents gained mass popularity, leading to the RIAA losing its collective shit and suing old grandmas and poor college students for millions of dollars, just for the fierce backlash to cause more harm than good. Sites like MySpace music and PureVolume allowed every 17 year old with a wall poster of chords and a \$100 guitar to assault the ears of anyone with an internet connection.

The female solo artist became the standard in the 00's. Lady GaGa, Beyoncé, and Rihanna were amongst the most lauded. In Britain, dub, grime, and eventually dubstep filled our heads with some of the most moody and riveting

dance music anybody could conceivably groove to.

Oh, and the hipsters. Who could forget the hipsters? The upper middle class suburban kids from the suburbs graduated from high school and moved to the big cities, adopting the DIY culture with none of the DIY-ness and the bohemian aesthetic without actually being too poor to afford a nice lifestyle.

Pitchfork and Tiny Mix Tapes became the wady, pretentiously written tomes of religious worship for the 16-25 demographic as gentrification reached its vicelike appendages out from the Lower East Side and Prospect Park all the way to East Bushwick and Harlem.

Lest we not forget the glorification of thug culture that has had hip-hop in a vice grip since Lil' Jon's first utterance of "YEAAAAAAAAAAH!" The good stuff was driven underground, and the internet has made it easier to access, but when people are making a bigger deal out of a new Lil' Wayne album than a new Raekwon the Chef album, you have a genre with a sickness.

Lastly, we cannot overlook the prevailing theme of the decade: premature death. The King of Pop left us, but there were many others: Joey Ramone, Aaliyah, Left Eye, Elliott Smith, George Harrison, Layne Staley, Jam Master Jay, Joe Strummer, and Luther Vandross. Pour out a 40, homies.

- KATE MURPHY**
Editor In Chief
5. Destroyer - *Destroyer's Rubies*
 4. Neko Case - *Blacklisted*
 3. The Strokes - *Is This It*
 2. Portishead - *Third*
 1. The Flaming Lips - *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots*

- BOBBY CARDOS**
Executive Editor
5. GY!BE - *Lift Yr Skinny Fists*
 4. The Walkmen - *Everyone Who Pretended to Like Me is Gone*
 3. The Microphones - *The Glow Pt. 2*
 2. Radiohead - *Kid A*
 1. Yo La Tengo - *And Then Nothing Turned Itself Inside Out*

- CHRIS SPRINDIS**
Asst. Executive Editor
5. Atom & His Package - *Attention! Blah Blah Blah*
 4. The State Lottery - *Cities We're Not From*
 3. Defiance, Ohio - *Share What Ya Got*
 2. Against Me! - *Reinventing Axl Rose*
 1. One Reason - *All Rivers Run South, All Roads Lead Home*

- MAX SIEGAL**
News Editor
5. Buena Vista Social Club at Carnegie Hall
 4. The Black Keys - *Rubber Factory*
 3. Jay-Z - *The Black Album*
 2. Lil' Wayne - *Tha Carter III*
 1. Damien Rice - *O*

- ALEX ORF**
News Editor
5. St. Vincent - *Marry Me*
 4. The Hold Steady - *Separation Sunday*
 3. LCD Soundsystem - *Sound of Silver*
 2. Joanna Newsom - *Ys*
 1. The White Stripes - *White Blood Cells*

- JOE MCCARTHY**
Arts Editor
5. Good Luck - *Into Lake Griffy*
 4. Hiroko Saki - *Beauty Gives Me A Boner*
 3. Brand New - *The Devil and God Are Raging Inside Me*
 2. Against Me! - *Crime*
 1. Gaslight Anthem - *The '59 Sound*

- ALEX GIBBONS**
Features/List Editor
5. Ted Leo & The Pharmacists - *Shake the Sheets*
 4. Kanye West - *College Dropout*
 3. Brian Wilson - *SMiLE*
 2. The Flaming Lips - *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots*
 1. Radiohead - *In Rainbows*

- LENNY RANEY**
Earwax Editor
5. Interpol - *Turn on the Bright Lights*
 4. Outkast - *Stankonia*
 3. Amon Tobin - *Supermodified*
 2. Boards of Canada - *Geogaddi*
 1. Madvillain - *Madvillainy*

- LINDY FOLTZ**
Chief Copy Editor
5. Muscles - *Guns, Babes, Lemonade*
 4. Wilco - *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*
 3. TV on the Radio - *Return to Cookie Mountain*
 2. Mirah - *You Think It's Like This...*
 1. Joanna Newsom - *Ys*

- MICKIE MEINHARDT**
Copy Staff
5. Brand New - *Deja Entendu*
 4. Modest Mouse - *Good News For People Who Love Bad News*
 3. The Arcade Fire - *Funeral*
 2. Girl Talk - *Feed the Animals*
 1. Death Cab for Cutie - *Transatlanticism*

- KAITLIN CAMPBELL**
Copy Staff
5. Joanna Newsom - *Milk-Eyed Mender*
 4. Wu-Tang Clan - *The W*
 3. The Arcade Fire - *Funeral*
 2. Andrew Bird - *The Mysterious Production of Eggs*
 1. Destroyer - *Destroyer's Rubies*

- MARISA CARROLL**
Copy Staff
5. Devin the Dude - *Waitin' To Inhale*
 4. Sufjan Stevens - *Illinoise*
 3. Missy Elliott - *Miss E... So Addictive*
 2. Animal Collective - *Sung Tongs*
 1. Brendan Benson - *Lapalco*

YEAR UNDER REVIEW

the paper sports



We've come to the end of it. Apparently this little spinning ball of dirt has made it around the sun one more time, and as per usual it's done it faster than in ages and ages hence. As those of us born in the '80s prepare to enter our fourth decade on this planet, it seems only fitting that the year under review be a decade.

took the team over, only to miss the playoffs for the first time in fifteen years. But the next season, the Yanks spent the cash, brought (or bought) the talent, and closed the decade with another series win. They're getting old, but bookending a decade isn't too bad.

FOOTBALL:

RAY LEWIS KILLS A GUY

Ray Lewis may very well be the defensive player of the noughties, but what's even more impressive is how hard it is for people to defend themselves from being stabbed by him. Lewis was indicted for the murder of Jacinth Baker and Richard Lollar but took a nice little walk when almost all of the critical witnesses changed their stories. On a completely unrelated note, Ray Lewis is very intimidating.

S A I N T S COME MARCHING IN

Hurricane Katrina represents one of the lowest moments for any American city in history. Not since the Brits burned Philadelphia or the Great Chicago fire has a city been so devastated, and for the 2005 season the New Orleans Saints couldn't play any games at home. So when they opened up the Superdome, having already sold out season tickets, and crushed the Atlanta Falcons, it was a sign that the Big Easy wouldn't so easily be put down.

WHAT'S UP DOG?

No mention of football in the 2000's would be complete without a word on Michael Vick. When it turned out Vick had been a major player in a sizable and long running dog fighting kennel on his property, people were shocked. Then two years later, they weren't, and he's since come back as an NFL charity case and sucked it up. Moral of the story? None.

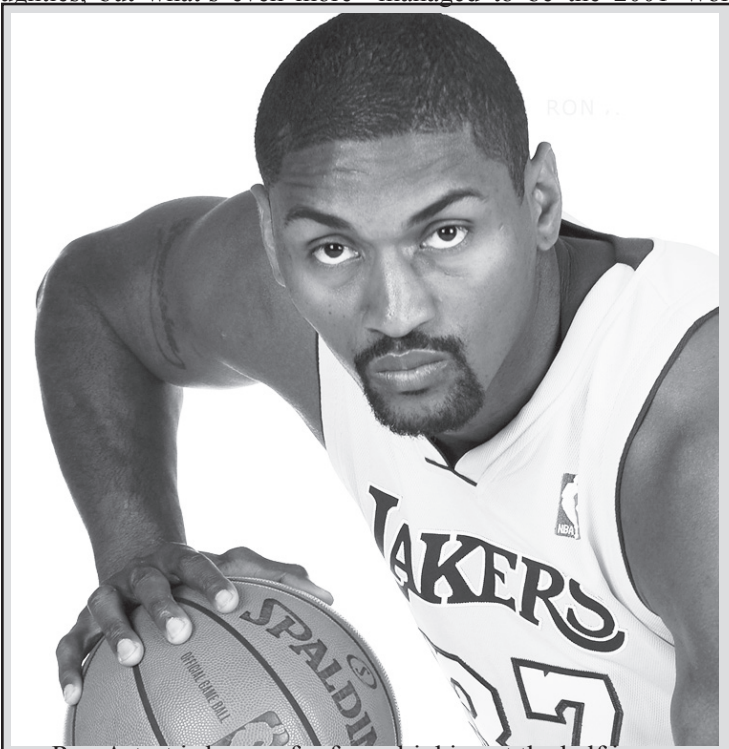
BEISBOL:

DAMN YANKEES

The Yankees dominated the second half of the 90's, winning four World Series in five years. Then they kinda shit the bed, losing to the Marlins and Diamondbacks in championships and the Red Sox in the infamous 2004 ALCS. Joe Torre was more or less let go, and Joe Girardi

BIG BAD UNIT

Randy "The Big Unit" Johnson secured his reputation as one of the greatest pitchers of all time during this decade, as the huge, gawky redneck managed to be the 2001 World Series Co-MVP and over a 21-year career has held only a 3.29 ERA with 4,875 strikeouts. Aside from his baller stint with the Yankees and tearing it up for the D-Backs in his time there, Johnson simply managed to be a brilliant game manager for the duration of an two decades.



Ron Artest is known for from drinking at the half in games, playing dirty on the reg, being a great defender and once climbing into the stands to punch a fan in the face because another fan threw a soda at him. His rookie season he applied for a job at Circuit City to try and get the employee discount. He once attended practice in a bathrobe. He was suspended because he asked for time off to recover from promoting an R&B album. Ron Artest, we salute you as our Role Model of the Decade

Ricky Williams still has a pound brick of pot buried somewhere in Australia. Andre Agassi was a meth head. Turns out Lawrence Taylor was coked out pretty much all the time and used to send hookers to opposing quarterbacks on game night. Mikey Phelps got snapped taking a big ole' bong rip, and pitcher Tim Lincecum got nabbed with pot just days after his Cy Young award. Whether this says more about our athletes or our culture is irrelevant, all I know is, don't tell the kiddies.

Another big thing of the 2000's was rape accusations. Kobe. Roethlisberger. Duke Lacrosee. None of these cases went to trail, and each are representative of either a rape culture in athletics or a growing willingness to claim rape in search of money and fame. Both of these are incredibly dangerous, absurdly negative things, and we will need to get to the bottom or suffer the consequences.

Anyhow, that's the decade, and this is my last misguided missile of a missive from behind this tiny, wooden sports desk. If you want to write about sports, you're certainly SOL, but if you've read even one of my droning, incoherent articles over the past year or so, I'd like to thank you from the bottom of my black heart. Go Packers.

-Sam Wadhams

BURNING BRIGHT, A FICTION

*And what shoulder, and what art?
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand, and what dread feet?*

It was dark. There were two of them: a man, and a woman. The woman was beautiful, tall, blonde, graceful. The man was handsome, fit, and confident. On any other day they would be the envy of the western world, but not tonight. Tonight their shrieks and howls pierced the night sky like lightning, the storm of their discontent resonating off the trees into the neighborhood. It had been Thanksgiving, but not a very happy holiday. The electricity had long since changed in the air, the barometer of a family's joy falling like Christmas snow. It became too much; the man left, amid a flurry of violent accusations, shameful reprobation from the woman he once loved. Think of the children! Won't somebody please think of the children!

But instead he leaves; his car is big and dark, moving like a shadow through the thick Florida night. Then the peace is shattered, graphite and titanium fly through the rear window, and the car lurches and squeals and jumps into a hydrant, into the news cycle.

She pulls him out, into the street, a hysterical Swedish harpy. She drags him to the ground, clawing at his face and neck, the furious tornado of a woman scorned. He lays there, exhausted from fear, adrenaline, and drink, flat on his back, shoeless, snoring into the night.

Next of course, were the sirens, then the cameras, those flashing bulbs shining into those dark corners normally hid away from prying eyes. The peace, the tranquility of a small family rent and then, finally, torn to pieces.

Soon we knew what he had done, the words he had shared with his lovers were thrown into the open, shouted in the town square. They learned that the clean, quiet man of honor was both more and less than he appeared to be, and their jaws filled with lather, and spittle flecked from their lips as they condemned him.

They condemned him for his dishonor, for his perversion, for his foolishness. The condemned him and then condemned each other for their efforts. They spun and rattled and flailed, their ignorance only compounded by their enthusiasm, the scent of blood thick in their mouths.

But then, like a flash of lightening, it was gone. The momentary, violent illumination into the unlit chambers of our own hearts was so swiftly sucked back into the night we can only wonder if it was there at all. The man who seemed a machine, who sat at the top of the world and dined with kings on plates of gold was undone, if only for a moment, and then, humbled, beaten, and shamed, he threw down the sash, and closed his curtains.

He had failed, for a moment, to be the perfect man, a walking testament to the unchained excellence of the human condition. He had risked all he had on his vice, and he had lost mightily. Their golden automaton had malfunctioned, leaving others to carry the unbearable burden of our own doubt. For a moment, the copper man, the vessel of our admiration, and his pale, golden wife, children in tow, sucked us in, only for a moment, to their private lives, to the cool winter of their discontent. And we beat, with voyeuristic intensity.

