

Spaghetti Festival Coming Soon

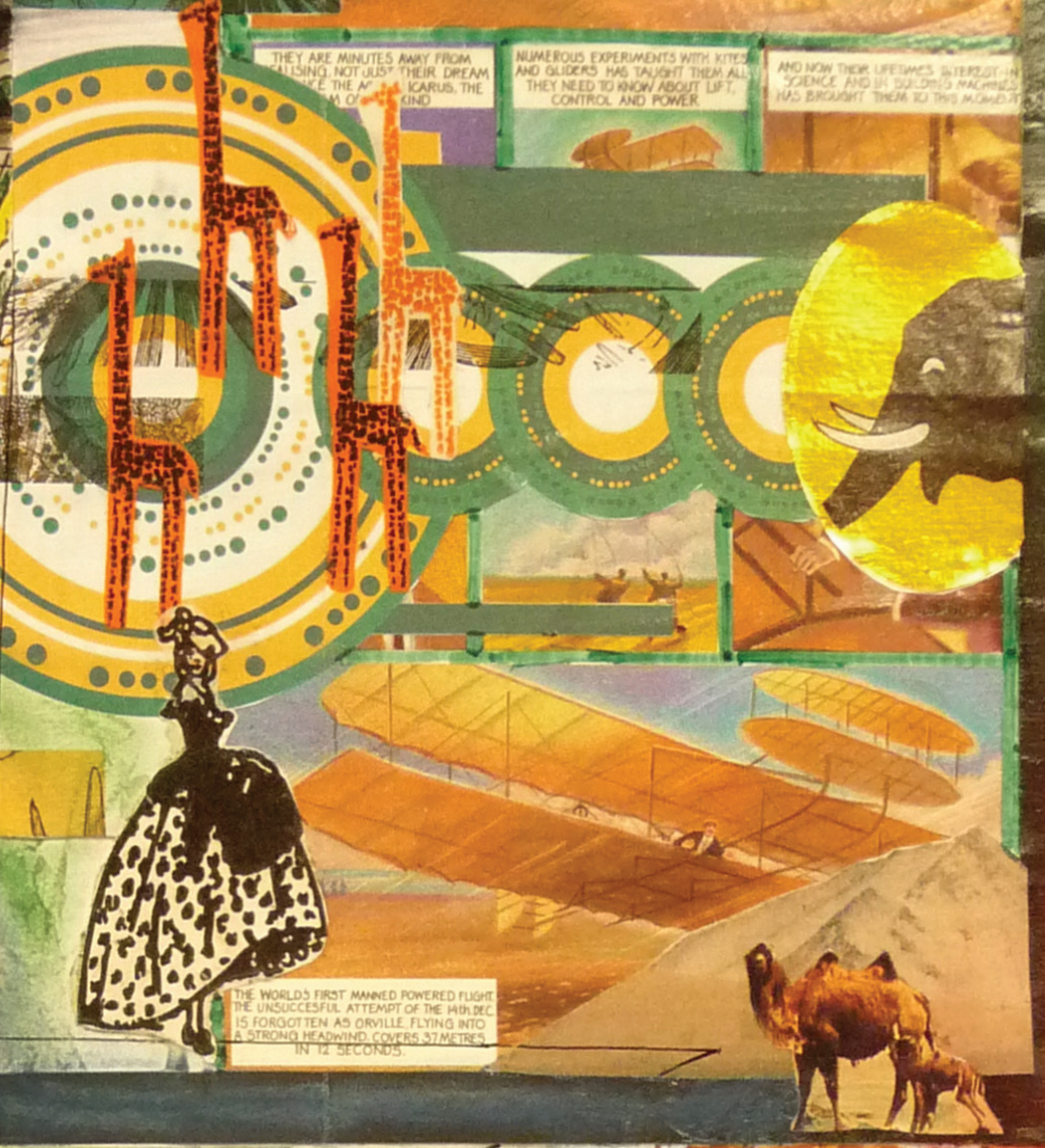
MOMENTS IN HISTORY THE WRIGHT BROTHERS

17th DECEMBER 1903. WILBUR AND ORVILLE WRIGHT SURVEY THE WIDE SANDY BEACH AT KITTY HAWK, NORTH CAROLINA.

THEY ARE MINUTES AWAY FROM REALISING NOT JUST THEIR DREAM OF THE AIR, BUT THE END OF THE AGE OF THE CAR.

NUMEROUS EXPERIMENTS WITH KITES AND GLIDERS HAS TAUGHT THEM ALL THEY NEED TO KNOW ABOUT LIFT, CONTROL, AND POWER.

AND NOW THEIR LIFELONG INTEREST IN SCIENCE AND IN SOLVING PROBLEMS HAS BROUGHT THEM TO THIS MOMENT.



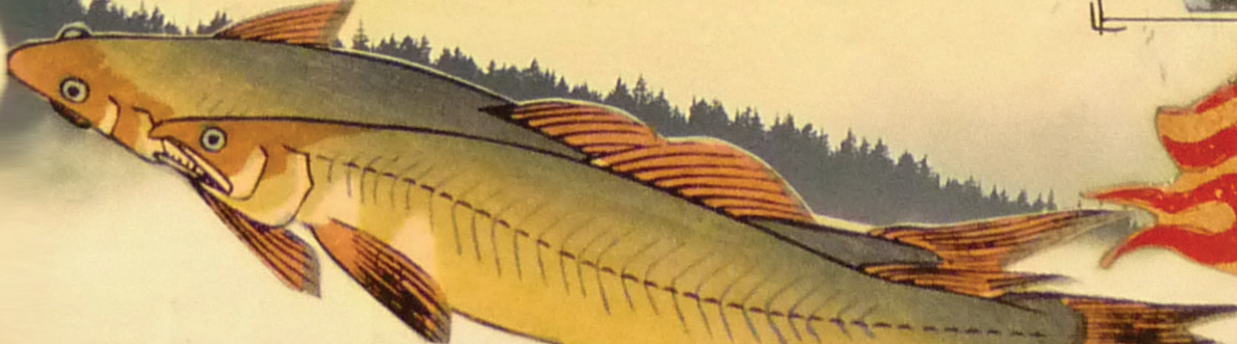
THE WORLD'S FIRST MANNED POWERED FLIGHT THE UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT OF THE 19th DEC 15 FORGOTTEN AS ORVILLE, FLYING INTO A STRONG HEADWIND, COVERS 37 METRES IN 12 SECONDS.



the paper

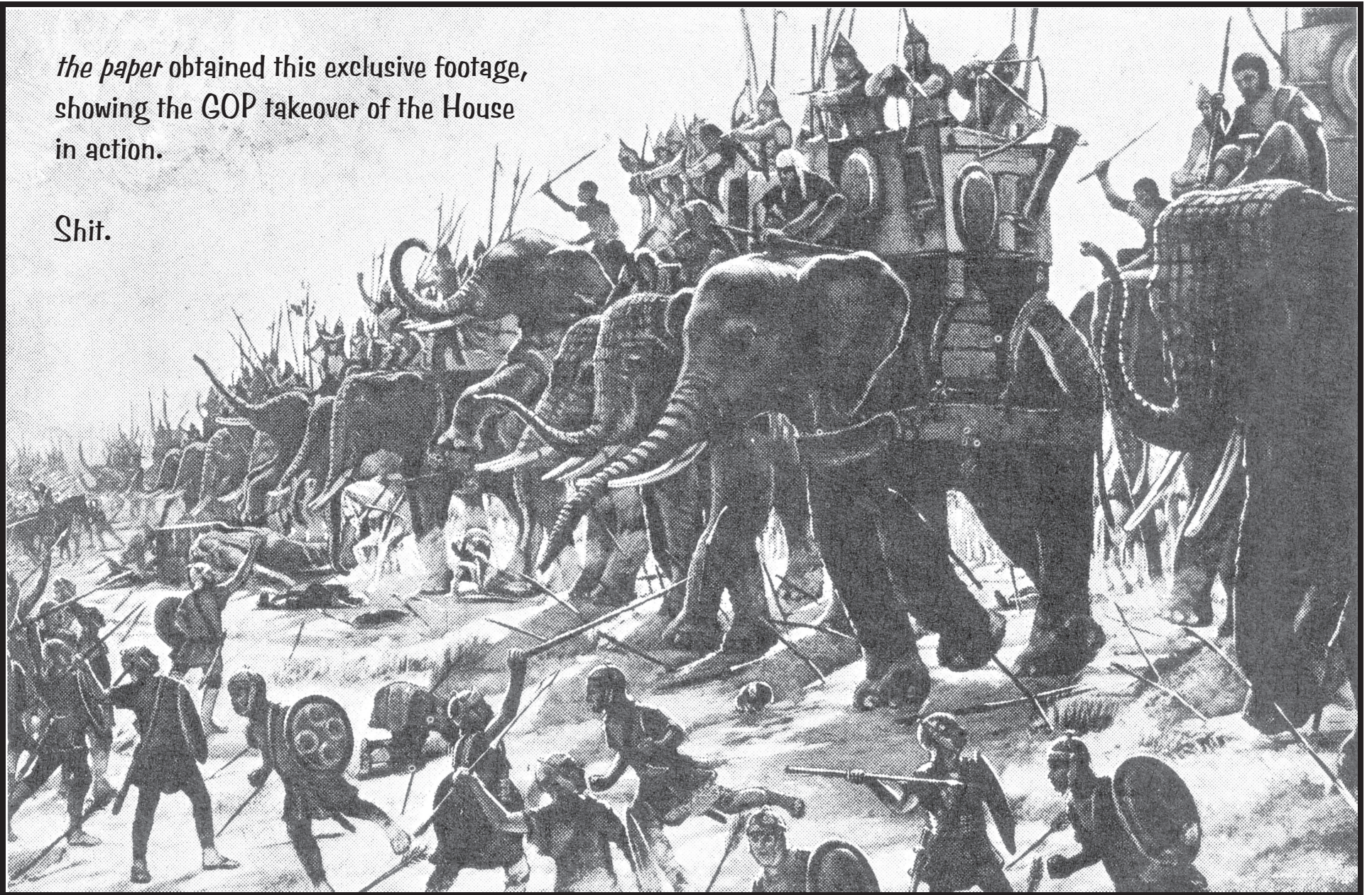
fordham university's journal of news, analysis, comment and review
november 17, 2011

Volume XXXIX, issue ix



the paper obtained this exclusive footage, showing the GOP takeover of the House in action.

Shit.



Every issue online and blog posts about everything and nothing. Check us out online: fupaper.wordpress.com

Fan mail? Hate mail? Write to us!

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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 *Decision Points*, by George W. Bush. You might just learn something.

our aim

the paper exists as Fordham University's journal of news, analysis, comment, and review. We are an entirely student-run publication, and have been since 1972. Our aim is to print compelling articles written by students in their own voice and from their own perspective. Yes, this means we allow things like cussin', and stories of substance-induced debauchery. But it also means we publish articles that examine issues on Fordham's campus and in the world from a critical perspective. We are not brown-nosers, nor a newspaper of record. We are a bunch of rascals who get together five times a semester to put out a rag that makes people laugh, cry, get pissed, and—we hope—makes people think. If you don't like it, shut your pie hole (or come write for us)!

"Hardship Overcome During Youth"

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news

Elections 2010: Democrats Apparently Got Lost on the Way to the Polls

Sixty House seats go to Republicans, conservatism prevails despite the numerous incumbent Dems

by Marisa Carroll
FEATURES EDITOR

This past election day, revolution shook Congress's rafters. Tired of health care disasters, public education failures, and trillions of dollars reaping little reward in Afghanistan and Iraq, we rallied as Americans. We showed our leaders that we believe in them and we believe in our country, but we also let them know that we need change. The People's voice rose from sea to shining sea, with enough young adults showing up at their polling places to put the 2008 presidential election to shame. Yes we did on November 2nd, yes we did.

Well, that is, yes we did if we are all members of the Tea Party. Or if we are all billionaires or lobbyists or virulently anti-LGBTQ, anti-woman hate-mongers who sit on our porches and reminisce on the good old days of Jim Crow. We did it, guys!

But let's not get ahead of ourselves. First, let us acknowledge that the Democrats weren't exactly wielding progressive change in Congress. Taking a look at Stupak or any other recent votes reflects stunted party cooperation and a failure to act on behalf of the public's needs. What's more, a sizeable portion of Democrats who were replaced by Republicans were conservatives themselves.

Precedence established, we can look to the area where the most major changeover occurred: The House of Representatives. Following the most expensive midterm election campaign in our nation's history, 60 seats turned from blue to red, bringing the Republicans to 239 seats and a solid majority. Voters turned out to express dissatisfaction with Obama and the Democrats from the West Coast to the South to the Mid-

west to the Northeast. Most surprising is that even though millions upon millions were poured into the campaign, a rash of little-known candidates, many of them Tea Partiers, defeated stalwart Democrat incumbents. Fourteenth-term incumbent Rich Boucher of Virginia was defeated by Morgan Griffith, former representative of Virginia's 8th who rallies for a constitutional amendment that says marriage is between a man and a woman. Oil tycoon and proclaimed "regular guy" Bill Flores defeated seventeenth-term incumbent Chet Edwards in Texas. Notably for those of us who think statements like: "Our children...are the prize for [the gay] community, they are specifically targeting our children," are absolutely unacceptable expressions of hatred, incumbent and Tea Party leader Michele Bachmann won her race in Minnesota.

Republican control of the House has pushed Ohio Representative John Boehner into the Speaker role. The man about whom The New York Times wrote: "Dean Martin comes to Congress" in 2006, Boehner is a tan, free-market-and-salmon-polo-shirt-enthusiast who has been minority leader since 2007. This isn't Boehner's first time catapulting the minority-Republicans into majority vic-

tory: he was part of the team that constructed the Contract with America in 1994. The Contract with America was a document released during Bill Clinton's first midterm election that melded conservative think-tank the Heritage Foundation's theory with Reaganite rhetoric. The result was a House flip very

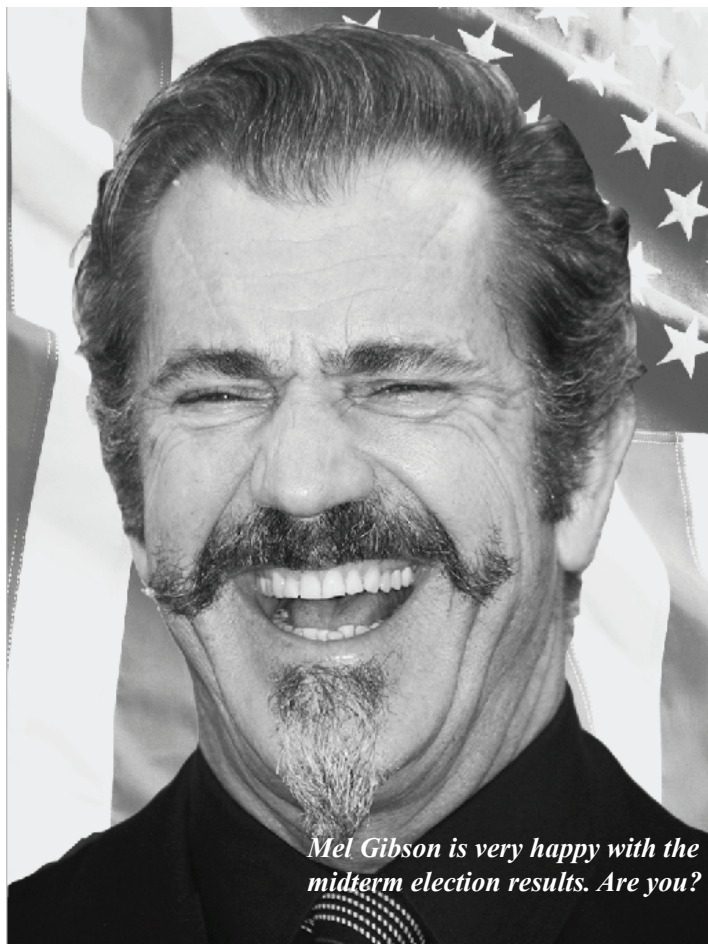
in highly-publicized races. Vocal bigots Sharron Angle and Christine O'Donnell both lost their races, hopefully preventing Angle from telling any more schoolchildren not to worry, that they don't look that Latino. On the other, more soul-crushing hand, AZ 1070 supporter, living wage opponent, and climate change denier Kelly Ayotte prevailed in New Hampshire. Tea Partier Ron Johnson defeated incumbent Russ Feingold in a surprise turnout in Wisconsin; Johnson's claims to fame include supporting off-shore drilling in the Great Lakes and getting all "Hey why are you guys being so jerky to BP?" before revealing that he once owned more than a hundred thousand dollars of BP stock. Marco Rubio won his Florida seat, and integration-opponent Rand Paul prevailed in Kentucky. Utah's Mike Lee replaced long-time Republican incumbent Bob Bennett; he pledges to repeal the constitutional amendment that grants citizenship to immigrant's children during his term. Most alarming, we the people of the United States are now represented by zero black Senators. (Insert joke about how post-racial 2010 American society is here.)

The GOP also made minor gains in governorships, painting seven states red on November 2. Ass-clown Carl Paladino

is not our governor, thanks to the gods and you, if you voted in New York. Sarah-Palin-endorsed Nikki Haley won in South Carolina, which presents the mixed bag of a woman of color wielding political power (Good!) yet proposing policies that victimize immigrants and women alike (Boo!).

Despite the victories of those who find immigrants totally scary, poor people totally lazy, and would rather let BP leaders reward their failures then set aside money for health care or public schools, a few encouraging trends emerged this month. A record number of LG-BTQ candidates were elected to offices from the Congress to statehouses and city halls. One of those candidates is Jim Grey. Despite Rand Paul's possession of a Kentucky Senate seat, the openly gay Grey is the mayor-elect of Lexington, presenting hope for the state's underrepresented citizens. Additionally, Rhode Island's David Cicilline is now the fourth openly gay member of Congress.

So now we welcome the onslaught of conservatives' "We've taken our country back!" rhetoric and hard-swallow the 2010 midterm results. We also must determine where to go from here. After running on a campaign of "What has Obama done for you?" the GOP majority can now actually prevent Obama from implementing improvements as opposed to just propagating that he has not. Barack Obama received sixty-four million votes in 2008, and even if twenty million of those were undecided before they voted, that leaves at least forty million Obama supporters. And so the questions remain: Where were they this November, and will the 2010 shock urge them to vote in 2012?



Mel Gibson is very happy with the midterm election results. Are you?

similar to this one—it occurred during the first midterm election of a Democrat president, influenced both dramatic change in the House and some change in the Senate and governorships, and represented conservative theory igniting voters (even in 2010, although exit polls reflected that just 23% voted to show their support for the Tea Party movement).

In the Senate, the Democrats lost 6 seats but maintained their grasp on the majority while the Tea Party reaped mixed results

Mike Lee replaced long-time Republican incumbent Bob Bennett; he pledges to repeal the constitutional amendment that grants citizenship to immigrant's children during his term. Most alarming, we the people of the United States are now represented by zero black Senators. (Insert joke about how post-racial 2010 American society is here.)

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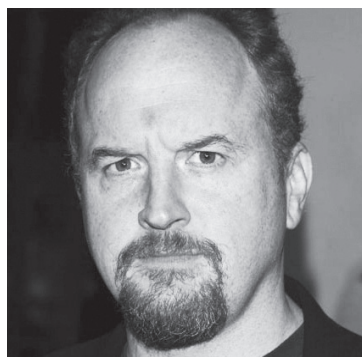
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Sometimes an Intercontinental Ballistic Missile Is Really a Phallic Projection of the Media's Subconscious

by Sean Kelly
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

The Internet loves a good conspiracy theory just about as much as it loves a celebrity nipple slip, and for many of the same reasons. Bloggers and truth diggers often see unexplained events and potential government cover-ups as the proverbial stray tit of the national mass media machine—a quick candid peek into something that is meant to be seen only by a select few and hidden from the public eye. When something with even the smallest grain of surreptitious character worms its way through the comment threads and twitter feeds of America's conspiracy watchdogs, the collective online masses simultaneously feed off of it and regurgitate it, repeating the cycle until all of the speculative vomit is collected into one giant trough and becomes the new food source.

Thus is the situation this week across the series of tubes we call the Internet. The tit: a missile-like object supposedly launched off the coast of Southern California; the puke trough: engaging theories ranging from alien spacecraft to submarine-launched intercontinental bal-

listic missile.

On November 8th, Los Angeles news station KCBS-TV's Sky 2 helicopter captured footage of a mysterious object soaring skyward from the ocean approximately 35 miles off of the coast. The video shows a large, long vapor trail ascending at what appears to be a vertical



angle from the horizon, with a flashing point at the apex that many are claiming is thrust from a missile. KCBS reported that the trail triggered calls to the Coast Guard and Navy regarding its presence, to which both organizations offered baffled responses. Former Secretary of Defense Robert Ellsworth appeared on the station and fed the nascent flames of conspiracy by stating that it indeed appeared to be an intercontinental ballistic missile fired from a submarine, possibly as a show of military force towards Asia (China, in particular).

Since the airing of the footage, the Pentagon and the Navy have failed to offer a prompt response explaining the phenomenon. In the brief lull, theories explaining the object have been springing up all over. Most speculate that it was either a missile test that the navy failed to properly announce or some type of atmospheric monitoring device launched by a private company. However, the net's most aggressive whistle-blowers are pointing fingers at China.

Perhaps the most paranoid theory surrounding the footage began with a post on CNN's iReport website, a news forum where users can submit stories and opinions. The post, likely submitted by an amateur user (and clearly labeled at the top as NOT vetted by CNN), was a nearly verbatim repost of a story that appeared on notorious conspiracy fanatic radio host Alex Jones' Infowars website. The story claims that the object seen in the footage was a missile launched from a Chinese submarine as a show of force in response to the US's current debt to China. Citing evidence that China's leading credit agency Dagong recently lowered the US's sovereign debt

rating (a sort of risk assessment based on the likelihood that a particular nation will default on its loans) in a rather strongly worded report, the story maintains that China launched the missile to send a message akin to a mafia loan shark showing up at your house with a baseball bat.

However titillating these explanations may be, the reality of the situation appears to be far less interesting than Alex Jones or his adherents may have us believe. While theories that the object in question is in fact an airplane contrail may seem like a half-baked platitude in comparison to the engaging international clusterfuck theories propagated by online conspiracy nuts that are currently flowing through social media and news forums, it looks like those bracing for WWII are in for a disappointment. A little research on the physics of jet contrails yielded some interesting results. First, there is the issue of the apparent vertical angle of ascension. Though it appears the object is coming straight from the ocean, a closer look reveals that this illusion is caused by the horizon, which is about three miles at sea level. Since the plane (AWS Flight #808, which had the exact same flight path as the contrail suggested and flew over Los Angeles at the same time

as the footage was captured) is flying straight towards the observer, the dissipated vapor trail miles back (which widened due to winds) appears wider, as if the plane was ascending vertically. Second, the contrail is actually comprised of two trails, one from each engine. Aviation science (and, more importantly, common sense) dictates that if it were indeed a missile, we would see a much more condensed trail.

All squabbling aside, the way in which theories surrounding the footage developed is somewhat fascinating to observe. The combination of a tardy response from the Pentagon, a short video clip and the open information-sharing capabilities afforded to us by twitter and anonymous news forums created a whirlwind effect that spun a rather unimportant story out of control. What truly pushed the frenzy over the edge was the attachment of the name "CNN" to the story. Had the text that appeared on CNN been seen as widely in its original context, it would have been promptly dismissed by anyone who knows Alex Jones' stances on world affairs. However, a trusted media outlet tag seems to be enough to validate any story in the eyes of many, whether or not the material has been touched by editors or news teams.

NEVERMIND THE BOLLOCKS. HERE'S THE STUDENT RIOTS

by Sam Wadhams
STAFF COCKNEY
TRANSLATOR

While the global economic recession has taken obvious tolls on our jobs and cost of living, it has so far avoided making too big an impact on our educational system. This is not the case for our neighbors in the UK, who have just seen the newly elected Conservative-Liberal Democrat parliament raise tuition by 40% while simultaneously cutting funding. Because this by any measure stinks like butts, 50,000 students took to the streets on November 10th, near the Conservative Party headquarters in Westminster, to protest.

Like all good protests, it eventually devolved into a riot, as students smashed windows and vandalized the Conservative Party headquarters, broke into the building and began hurling detritus (including a fire extinguisher, natch) at police below. Footage, which as a print publication we are unable to show you, is epic, a dramatically understaffed police force cowering against a building as literally thousands of angry protesters are smashing and destroying everything in sight.

As shocking as this level of violence in a first world, peaceful, industrial nation is, even more shocking is the circumstances surrounding it.

Throughout the day of the riot, Labour (maybe you'd be the majority if you could spell 'Labor') MPs were live tweeting things like, "It's a beautiful day to kick some ass." "Well done



our students, thousands outside the office getting stuck into the Lib Dem/Tory government over tuition fees." We at the paper, as the intrepid newsgatherers we are, have made contact with one of the rioters, Clegg Rottenbottom (pictured), who had this to say:

"'Is bean Anarchy in the U.K. it 'as. 'As you can sae, us young geezers 'ave taken to zees cuts loike the Queen Mum to a pair of bollocks. 'Eve been goin aggro, smarshin' windows an' stoebron's an' 'arrasin' the constabulary. Nahw, wa've done this to remoidn them chaps that we huniversi'y students are sick of yares of being told "you ain't as goud asus, join the loine, sign your naime." We're

proper brassed off by this, and until wa've managed to balance oure national budget, se''le the h'economic recession, h'address the shottage of taechers h'and h'attempt to se''le oure bru'al lingering clonial legacy, ware going to taiket to the strates and kape getting' mullered until we're arse over tit 'an causin' panic on the strates of London' loike if Chelsea blew it on the pitch."

It was allegedly supposed to be a peaceful protest, with students exercising their right to demonstrate against the skyrocketing university fees. But anarchists hijacked the event, initiating the most violent scenes of student dissension seen in Britain for decades. Far-left militants rounded up a medley of middle-class and younger college students, focusing violence at Tory HQ and causing thousands of pounds of damage. Effigies of David Cameron, Prime Minister of the UK and Leader of the Conservative Party, and Nick Clegg, Leader of the

Liberal Democrats and Deputy Prime Minister of the UK, were burnt while the mob cheered. A veteran of the Leftist anarchist group Class War, which has a history of violent skirmishes with the police, was spotted along with a number of animal rights activists (who were apparently lost?). Thirty-five demonstrators were arrested, and 14 casualties (including seven police officers) were taken to the hospital. The demonstration did begin peacefully, though. A group of students, lecturers, and supporters (including at least one Liberal Democrat MP) began with a march from Whitehall past Downing Street and Parliament. It didn't turn violent until demonstrators were halted outside Millbank Tower, the home to Tory Headquarters. There were only 20 officers lining that particular route, and were thus forced to watch helplessly as protesters charged the lobby and used chairs and fire extinguishers to smash the glass frontage to open the atrium to the entire mob. As rioters dismantled the building, others scrawled graffiti across Millbank and a war memorial, saying things like: "Fight back," or "Tory pigs." While concern was building that some would be pushed into one of the several bonfires the crowd started, the Metropolitan Police sent in hundreds of riot officers, and by 7pm the police

began to let the several hundred protestors sequestered in front of Millbank Tower out in ones and twos.

Although the official stance is that police presence was minimal because the powers that be underestimated the size and 'passion' of the protesters, there are rumblings in the British press that police intentionally understaffed the protest due to resentment about shrinking police budgets and overtime pay. Additionally, the march had been publicized for weeks, and still Scotland Yard only appointed 225 officers to hold off 50,000 protestors, apparently as their own form of protest. This means that pretty much fucking everyone hates the Tories. The Conservative Party's power in this parliament is unusual, as the current majority party is a coalition of Conservative and Liberal Democrats. The margin is small enough, however, that a Liberal Democrat and Labour Coalition could take over and appoint a new PM. Who knows though, this system's older than feudalism and their representatives wear wigs. It should be noted that with the tuition increase, it's now £9,000 to go to college in the UK, around \$14,500, which is still relatively cheap. It is unclear whether there will be further riots when the students discover that their elected representatives wear wigs.

INVISIBILITY CLOAKS...

NOT JUST FOR HOGWARTS ANYMORE

Bored scientists play with metamaterials, find they might be useful

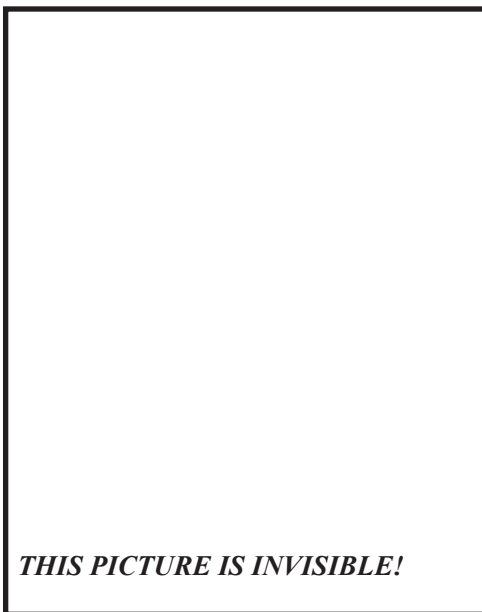
by Sarah Madges
NEWS CO-EDITOR

So, the Harry Potter series might be over, but the idea of an invisibility cloak might not. Five years ago researchers took what had been just a theoretical or magical possibility and made it...well, a possibility. That is, scientists began using an artificially structured "meta" material to manipulate light and electromagnetic waves in ways not achievable in nature. Even then scientists were spreading rumors about impending optical invisibility—now researchers are expecting more applications of these "metamaterials" in the next few years. According to Vladimir Shalaev, a metamaterials researcher at Purdue University, these potential applications include a "hyperlens" that could resolve objects smaller than the wavelength of light, as well as remote aerospace applications, smart solar power management, high-frequency battlefield communication, and INVISIBILITY CLOAKS (or something kind of like them).

But this isn't the first we've heard of metamaterials. As Martin Wegener, a physicist at the Karlsruhe Institute of Technology in Germany, put it: "People realized that mankind had only played with the electric component of light, and that it might

be a lot of fun to play with the magnetic component." Russian physicist Victor Veselago recognized this theoretical possibility in the 1960s. The idea is to create materials with a negative refractive index, which, in less-jargony terms, means an optical material that can bend the natural direction of visible and near-infrared light, and enable higher resolution optical imaging. Almost all materials encountered in optics, such as water or glass, have positive values, but many metals (such as silver and gold) have negative values at visible wavelengths, which induce opacity. In order to make a negative refractive indexed material, researchers had to design physical structures that would allow the electric and magnetic components to be controlled independently. Their result was a split-ring resonator that operates like a C-shaped electromagnet. With the help of a flow of light or other electromagnetic radiation, a magnetic field strong enough to arrange numerous tiny 3-D structures is produced, and the material becomes polarized and magnetized. These resulting electromagnetic metamaterials affect electromagnetic waves by hav-

ing structural features smaller than light's wavelength. However, the size of the structures themselves depends on the incoming electromagnetic radiation that produces the magnetic field. Simply put, the smaller



THIS PICTURE IS INVISIBLE!

the wavelength, the smaller the resulting structures—and the smaller the structures, the more difficult they are to fabricate. Even so, Dr. Wegener maintains that, although the type of lenses metamaterials could produce "are not so sexy," they may be "much more useful than an invisibility cloak." He's referring to metamaterials' ability to absorb an enormous amount of photons, which would make

them incredibly useful in terms of solar energy, where absorbing more light means producing more power. George V. Eleftheriades, a researcher at the University of Toronto, adds that metamaterials may help improve magnetic resonance imaging. By using these materials in the coils that generate and detect the electromagnetic fields in an MRI machine, the consequently improved signal-to-noise ratio would improve the contrast of images. Additionally, it may even be possible to use a metamaterial lens to shift the electromagnetic fields that MRI machines generate so that harder-to-reach body parts could be more readily detected.

Still, these optical oddities have a long way to go. So far metamaterials have mostly been used at microwave and radio frequencies, whose longer wavelengths make manipulation much easier. Ulf Leonhardt, a researcher at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland, enumerates these microwave devices' military applications, including cloaking devices that could simultaneously have the aerodynamic shape of a plane while concealing an object from radar. Dr. Leonhardt

claims that these metamaterials change people's perception of space, creating the illusion that something is in a certain position, when in reality it is somewhere else. A team at Duke University led by scientists at Pratt School of Engineering actually demonstrated the possibility of a working invisibility cloak on October 19, 2006. The cloak deflects microwave beams so that they flow around a "hidden" object inside with minimal distortion, making it appear almost as if there were nothing there at all. Such a device typically involves surrounding the object-to-be-cloaked with a shell, which affects the nearby passage of light. Dr. Shalaev proposed a similar design, which would instead deploy an array of tiny needles projecting from a central spoke in order to render an object within the cloak invisible for red light.

But, as the proliferation of polysyllabic physics-y terms and words like "possibility" in this article suggest, there's a lot of thinking left to do. The ideas are there, and the physics is there, but the realization of these ideas remains difficult. I mean, J.K. Rowling couldn't come up with an explanation for her invisibility cloak's manipulation of photonic material either.

There's Something About Mary-Jane: Reflecting on Prop 19's Failure

by Elena Lightbourn
COMIX EDITOR

If passed, Prop 19 would have allowed Californians 21 or older to possess, cultivate, or transport marijuana for personal use, and for local governments to regulate and tax the plant's commercial production and sales. The initiative, whose controversy quickly grabbed the nation's attention, lost on November 2, with 46 percent of the vote.

Although polls in the months leading up to the election indicated a rising level of support for California's legalization of marijuana, there was an ultimate shortage of supporter turnout, particularly youth. Prop 19 drew opposition from voters of every race, age, gender, income, and education level, despite backers' hopes that blacks and Latinos would support the measure, as law enforcement tends disproportionately to arrest minorities for pot possession.

Many critics argued that the initiative was poorly drafted and misleading. Although its proponents emphasized the benefits of regulating and taxing pot sales, it did not actually state how this would be done, leaving the matter up to local and state governments' discretion.

Prop 19, which would have prohibited "driving under the

influence," doesn't give a definition for exactly what that means. Why this is significant: A person who is completely sober could still test positive for THC because the chemical stays in the human body long after marijuana use. "The risks of legalizing something as important as marijuana were far greater than the benefits, and the benefits were far from guaranteed. If they are going to come back with something, it has to be a lot more tightly written," said Roger Salazar, a spokesman for the anti-Prop 19 campaign.

Perhaps one of the largest problems with Prop 19 is the simple fact that marijuana would still be federally illegal. Attorney General Eric Holder warned that if the proposition passed, the federal government would continue "to enforce vigorously the CSA [Controlled Substance Act] against individuals and organizations that possess, manufacture, or distribute marijuana for recreational use, even if such activities are permitted by state law". However, it is state law enforcement officers that make the most mari-

juana arrests; in fact, less than 1% of all marijuana arrests throughout the U.S. were made by federal officers in 2008.

Interestingly, anti-Prop 19 opposition included the alcohol



industry. The California Beer & Beverage Distributors donated \$10,000 to the "No on 19" cause. Steve Fox, the Marijuana Policy Project's government relations director, said in a press release: "Unless the beer distributors in California have suddenly developed a philosophical opposition to the use of intoxicating substances, the motivation behind this contribution is clear. Plain and simple, the alcohol industry is trying to kill the

competition."

In the months before the November elections, opponents of Prop 19 fed largely upon the fears of "reefer madness", depicting scenarios of a stoned, drug-addled America in print, TV, and radio advertisements. Many critics cited a need to address the still rather strong anti-pot sentiments and myths which turn off the idea of legalizing weed to many Americans.

Mr. Fox said, "You have to incorporate into the campaign more messages that are going to make people feel that marijuana isn't as bad as they think it is and that marijuana users aren't as bad as they think they are."

Steve DeAngelo, a leader in the medical marijuana movement, stated that "voters will not welcome cannabis into their communities until it is demonstrated that it can be done in a way that is not threatening to the health and welfare of their families."

Even though Prop 19 ultimately failed to pass, advocates for weed legalization still view it as an important step for the cause. Richard Lee, the founder of Oaksterdam University and the man almost singlehandedly responsible for Prop 19's existence, said: "The fact that millions of Californians voted to legalize marijuana is a tremen-

dous victory... we have broken the glass ceiling. Prop 19 has changed the terms of the debate."

"Marijuana isn't going to legalize itself, but momentum is building like never before among Americans across the political spectrum who think it's time to take marijuana out of the closet and out of the criminal justice system," writes Ethan Nadelmann, the founder and executive director of the Drug Policy Alliance.

Many Californian marijuana users feel no rush for the plant's legalization - on October 1, 2010, Governor Schwarzenegger signed SB 1449, which will make the possession of less than an ounce of marijuana a civil infraction (currently, it is a criminal misdemeanor). Abbey Kaufman, a 20-year-old San Franciscan who voted "yes" to Prop 19, said: "Right now, you can smoke as much pot as you want on the streets of San Francisco. If it had passed, marijuana would have been treated like booze and there would be a crackdown on public smoking."

In the wake of Prop 19's failure, Americans can expect to see California or other states like Colorado bring the matter of legalizing marijuana to elections once again.

FAKER THAN TRUTH

by Sean Kelly and Alexander Gibbons
STAFF LIARS

ASHVILLE, NC – For the third time this month, area seven-year old Timothy Hannsman was introduced by his mother to a man whom he was instructed to refer to as “uncle”. The man, Gregory Guillermo of Guillermo Landscaping and Non-Arboreal Gardening Services, age 43, was first introduced to Hannsman after the youth came downstairs at approximately 1:34 am on Saturday to find Guillermo and his mother, 41-year-old Agatha Hannsman, drinking wine and holding hands while watching a VHS copy of You’ve Got Mail provided by Guillermo. After inquiring as to the man’s identity, Hannsman was told by his mother to “say hi to Uncle Greg,” and to “go back to bed, sweetie.” “Uncle Greg looks nice,” said Hannsman in an interview the following afternoon, “Since Uncle Jack stopped coming over after getting in a fistfight with Uncle Joe when he saw him and mommy watching a movie that had nakey people in it mommy’s seemed really sad.” “Uncle Greg smelled like the bowling alley!” added Hannsman. The following morning, Guillermo reportedly made Mickey Mouse-shaped pancakes for Hannsman and told the child that he would “probably be seeing more of me from now on.”

-SPK

BRONX, NY - An area man was discovered to be converting Double-Stuffed Oreos into quadruple-stuffed Oreos last night at a local party. The man was found by two girls who proceeded to giggle, unbeknownst to the man, for several minutes. When confronted, the man denied claims that he had in fact been creating quadruple-stuffed Oreos and leaving the bare halves of the popular cream-filled cookies in the Oreo tray. After our source further perused the question the man exclaimed that the party was “a total nerd-fest,” later adding that all of the party’s female guests did not meet his standards for fornicating. The man then left the party alone and distressed. The party’s host contested the man’s claims concerning the party’s female guests were totally unfounded, and that said guests were actually “pretty fucking hot” and that he “might try to get some sweet poonani from that blond girl right over there.” The party lasted until around 3:30 am, causing four people to get laid.

-AG

MANHATTAN, NY - BREAKING NEWS. I’ve been stuck in this fucking bathroom for like, ten minutes. I’m at a party in SoHo right now for this internship my dad got me with this art gallery and I just went to the bathroom to go pee and the next thing I know I’m locked in! What gives?! I tried to jiggle the handle and everything. I think the handle is broken. I can hear people outside, but I think it’s just the same two gay dudes that were out there before. They’re talking about post-modernist photography or something, but I don’t know what that means and I don’t think they plan on going to the bathroom any time soon. I don’t even know anything about art—I just got this job so I could network. I really hope someone figures out that somebody is locked in the bathroom soon. I’m pretty hungry and all I’ve eaten tonight is, like, four saltines because I woke up late and didn’t really have time to prepare anything substantial. Man, what if I, like, died in here or something? That would suck. Well, no sense in wasting precious alone time. Might as well get a few good tugs while I’m in here. Oh shit, I think I hear someone at the door...BREAKING NEWS. I JUST GOT FOUND MASTURBATING IN THE BATHROOM.

-AG

NINE YEARS LATER AFGHANISTAN STILL IN THE SHITTER

Despite Ongoing Military Presence, Coalition Forces Face a Resilient Taliban and Political Corruption

by Alexander Gibbons
CO-EDITOR IN CHIEF

It’s been over nine years since United States forces began combat operations in Afghanistan on October 7, 2001. The Afghan conflict, which during the time of the Iraq War seemed to take a back seat in the eye of American media, has intensified both in violence and mystery over the past year. Now, just a week after the Obama Administration stated that American forces will probably be active in Afghanistan well into 2014 as opposed to 2011, Obama’s previously anticipated extraction year, America’s involvement in the war seems dangerously uncertain.

ing somewhere in the millions. Daudzai and Karzai use this fund to bribe local officials, elders, lawmakers, and even Taliban officials. The money is also meant to secure Iranian interests in Afghanistan, an act that runs contrary to most of the United States’ military activity of the past decade.

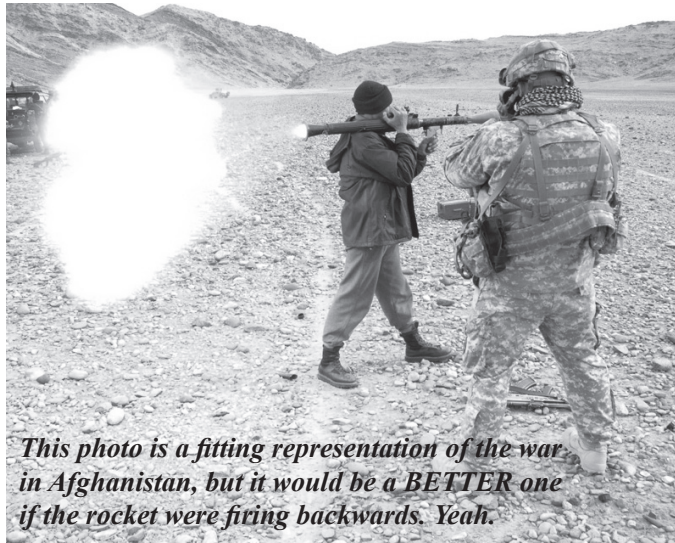
Alongside this is the estimated \$14 billion in U.S and NATO funding that has slipped into the hands of Taliban forces by way of corrupt Afghan or Pakistani agents. In early October, a NATO convoy transporting fuel and other non-lethal supplies through Pakistan was attacked by Taliban forces, leading to questions concerning

outpost in Khogeyani disappeared, along with their food, weapons, and uniforms, leaving behind only the charred remains of their police station. A Taliban spokesperson later claimed that the 19 police officers had previously been contacted by Taliban officials and were easily convinced to switch over to the Taliban side. Wavering loyalties are always going to be a problem for Coalition forces in Afghanistan; at the end of the day, the United States is still an occupying force in the country. The Taliban is local and as a result they can bribe or threaten local citizens and governments more easily than occupying forces.

2010 has been the bloodiest year for coalition forces in Afghanistan so far. An estimated 1,385 United States service men and women have died in Afghanistan since 2001, with 438 killed in 2010 alone. In terms of deaths caused by IEDs (improvised explosive devices), 2010 outshines the previous nine years, with 336 deaths being the result of IED attacks. This comes as a result of increased military activity in the province of Kandahar, where Taliban forces are thicker amidst uncompromising terrain.

Around 2,000 Afghani civilians have been killed as a result of the war in 2010. The majority of these deaths have been the result of Taliban or other anti-government forces, but at least 18% of civilian deaths in 2010 are the result of coalition forces. Since 2001, the number of civilian deaths wavers somewhere around 34,000. These numbers could prove inconclusive, however, as keeping track of civilian deaths in Afghanistan and Iraq proves an extremely difficult task. At the time of this printing, Wikileaks’ Afghanistan War logs were offline as the site undergoes construction. The files may have provided a number contrary to the official estimate of 34,000 deaths.

Recent peace talks involving NATO and Taliban forces produced little in the way of compromise or progress. For coalition forces to ensure the safety of their troops, either the United States or NATO has to crack down on government corruption in Afghanistan and meet allegations of double-dealing Pakistani agents with a more serious attitude. For now, however, the optimism fueled by the Obama administration’s predictions of an impending extraction date has mostly dissipated, and it seems that the United States will continue funneling troops and funds into Afghanistan for a prolonged period of time.



This photo is a fitting representation of the war in Afghanistan, but it would be a BETTER one if the rocket were firing backwards. Yeah.

Still hunting the Taliban, American and NATO forces are charged with the difficult task of gaining and maintaining the trust of locals throughout the country, especially as they wade through Kandahar, a dangerous region in Southern Afghanistan and the birthplace of the Taliban. In addition to this, recent incidents suggest that certain areas of the Pakistani government, to which the United States has been providing aid in exchange for military and security support, have been aiding Taliban insurgents. To put it bluntly, America may be financing its enemy’s war effort.

Afghanistan President Hamid Karzai’s current administration ranks amongst some of the most corrupt governments in the world. Aside from the obvious roadblocks that come when an occupying force tries to reshape the infrastructure of a nation in hopes of introducing western democracy and freedom to a largely fragmented country marred by tribal differences, political corruption can seriously stifle efforts. Last month it was revealed that Umar Daudzai, Karzai’s Chief of Staff, accepted a large bag of euros from an Iranian official, a bribe intended to buy the loyalty of Mr. Daudzai and, subsequently, that of Mr. Karzai as well. The exchange, which was witnessed by several Afghan officials, is only one of many, the collective sum of bribe money number-

security surrounding the supply road and the reliability of Pakistani forces. Just this weekend, another NATO convoy was attacked, this time just outside Kabul in Afghanistan. Eleven were killed, including five NATO service members and three Afghan police.

When Wikileaks leaked 90,000 classified Afghanistan war logs, it became apparent that elements of Pakistan’s intelligence agency were funneling U.S aid straight from Washington into the hands of the Taliban. Some accounts claim that Pakistani agents meet directly with members of the Taliban, helping them in training exercises and, on some occasions, helping them hatch plots to assassinate Afghan politicians. General Hamid Gul, an ex-spy chief in Pakistan, condemned the accusations and claimed the documents that pointed to Pakistan’s cooperation with the Taliban were unprocessed field reports.

But the prospect of Pakistan officials empathizing and siding with Taliban agents should not be a surprising one. U.S allies frequently shift sides in the ongoing war depending on the given advantages of siding with Taliban or Coalition forces. Just a few weeks ago, an entire Afghan police unit defected, leaving their guard to join Taliban forces. On Monday, November 1, all 19 police officers at an

KHODORKOVSKY...NOT JUST THE SOUND YOU MAKE WHEN YOU SNEEZE

Oil tycoon shits on the Russian government.

by Matt Winter
STAFF KREMLIN
GREMLIN

The Russian dissident and former oil oligarch, Michail Khodorkovsky, is awaiting the verdict for his show trial in Moscow. Khodorkovsky has spent the last seven years in a Siberian prison on a separate charge, and now that his sentence is running out the Kremlin is trying to keep him from seeing the light of day by adding fresh charges. The verdict should be ready by early December, but the outcome is far from uncertain.

In the days after the fall of the Soviet Union, Khodorkovsky made millions by jump-

ing into the newly privatized Russian oil industry. The company he founded, Yukos, did so well that at one point Khodorkovsky was the wealthiest man in Russia. Like most in his situation, Khodorkovsky probably cut corners in establishing his empire, but his company became one of the more respected in the country. Khodorkovsky's problems arose when, rather than keep quiet, he reached out to Russian communities. He gave vast amounts of his wealth to charities, including those working within journalism and human rights, which the Russian government saw as a grab for political power.



In 2003 Khodorkovsky, along with his business partner Platon Lebedev, were charged with tax evasion and fraud, and were sentenced to nine years in prison. Human rights groups as well as foreign governments, including the state department, raised concerns over Khodorkovsky's arrest. The evidence against him was shaky at best, and despite objections from abroad and an inconclusive trial, Khodorkovsky was convicted. For the past seven years he has lived in a Siberian prison, often reaching out to speak about Russian oppression.

Khodorkovsky rose to international prominence by writing to friends and journalists, lamenting the injustice carried out by the Russian ju-

dicial process. Over his years in prison Khodorkovsky has grown more and more able and willing to criticize the government in Moscow. An unlikely dissenter, Khodorkovsky has, by all accounts, undergone a transformation in prison. He entered prison merely as a former oligarch, but since has turned into a full blown human rights activist, and has become one of the most prominent dissidents within Russia.

The Russian government does not want Khodorkovsky to go free, as he might publicly speak out against them. As a result they have added charges to his indictment in a bid to keep

him imprisoned for at least another decade. The new charges claim that he stole oil from his own oil company. Few have doubts about Khodorkovsky's fate. The sole judge's ruling is due by December 16, and barring something astonishing, Khodorkovsky will be sentenced to as many as 14 additional years in prison. Throughout the trial the public prosecutor has been visibly frustrated and Khodorkovsky has easily defended himself against his accusations. In his closing argument he barely touched on the case against him, focusing instead on the greater implications of his imprisonment.

From the glass cage in which he is kept during his trial, Khodorkovsky has assailed the current political situation in Russia. In his closing arguments Khodorkovsky said, "I am ashamed to see how certain persons – in the past, respected by me – are attempting to justify unchecked bureaucratic behavior and lawlessness. They exchange their reputation for a life of ease and privilege." To Khodorkovsky, his trial is less about himself and more about the rampant corruption and increasingly totalitarian rule of Russia, which is exactly why Moscow wishes to keep him quiet. To Khodorkovsky, Russians are faced with two choices: either to get out, or to align

themselves with the regime.

Like many prominent dissidents, while famous abroad, Khodorkovsky's influence within Russia is unclear. By most indications Putin and Medvedev are popular among the Russian people, and increasing violence and tensions within Chechnya and its neighboring regions has caused the Russian public to be less skeptical of the increasingly autocratic government. For the most part, the Russian public has been willing to give up certain rights in exchange for security. Still, with time Khodorkovsky's words may be prolific. Few in Russia are as willing as Khodorkovsky

to speak truth to power, and he has the Russian government in a delicate situation. On one hand, Moscow cannot let him go free and accept a mistake, and yet by continuing to imprison Khodorkovsky they bring on increasing criticism. Khodorkovsky claimed, "They want to show: they are above the law, they will always accomplish whatever they might think up. So far they have achieved the opposite: out of ordinary people they have created a symbol of the struggle with arbitrariness. But for them, a conviction is essential, so they would not become scapegoats." A call for democracy from an oil tycoon seems extremely odd, but in today's Russia not even oil barons are safe from arbitrary rule. Khodorkovsky's criticisms have extended well beyond himself. Now he aims to take on the entire Russian government. In a fuck-you to Putin, Khodorkovsky said, "A country that tolerates a situation where the siloviki bureaucracy holds tens and even hundreds of thousands of talented entrepreneurs, managers, and ordinary people in jail in its own interests, instead of and together with criminals, this is a sick country." From within his cell, Khodorkovsky is awaiting his

Judgment—most likely he will be found guilty. However, his words may prove to be more important to Russia than the outcome of his trial.

HAIKU NEWS

by Sarah Madges, Tom Sliwowski, Joe McCarthy, Alexander Gibbons, Nick Murray, Alex Orf, and Marisa Carroll

STAFF JAPANOPHILES

New test shows that prisoner Claude Jones executed under Bush's governorship was convicted using a single piece of hair that wasn't his.

Jones was wrongly killed
DNA shmee-en-ay, right?
Thanks, Gov'nuh (Death)
Bush

Cruise Ship loses power and is stranded 200 miles outside San Diego for three days, forcing passengers to endure bad smells and SPAM sandwiches.

Fantasy at sea,
Quickly turns to a nightmare,
Should have went to Maine.

Secretary of Defense Gates says troops could remain in Iraq past 2011.

Slow troop withdrawal
Obama calls it progress
Spring Break Iraq '12!

Dick Van Dyke is Saved by Porpoises After Falling Asleep on Surfboard, is Aquaman.

Mary Poppins star,
Asleep at sea, almost drowns,
Fuckin' porpoises.

EPA subpoenas Halliburton over refusal to disclose drilling chemicals used in hydraulic fracturing.

Halliburton drills,
refuses to give info.
The EPA cries.

300 Women Raped Along Congo-Angola Border

The title pretty
Much says it all. Fuck the
world.
Now I'm kinda sad.

Scientists find out exactly how cats drink so goddamn fast.

Cats are so clever,
they drink water with physics.
The more you know, yeah.

Kiwi Blight Threatens New Zealand National Crop

Tainted kiwi fruits
In the land of kiwi folk
Blame foreign pollen

Citizens gather in Moscow to protest suspected government abuse of Russian journalists

Ruski muckrakers
seem to disappear often
Putin is to blame.

TSA plans to star using full-body scanners that essentially allow airport security to see you naked

Nothing like strangers
scoping your junk on the way
home for Christmas break.

Researchers come ever closer to perfecting cloaking technology, mutating the trajectory of light and playing with electromagnetic fields.

"It's invisible!
The magnetic field is up,"
he said. "It's a trap!"

Former President Bill Clinton Slated to Appear in "The Hangover" Sequel

The Hangover 2
Featuring Pres. Bill Clinton?
My dreams can come true!

-the Senator

-AG

-SM

-NM

-BC

-TS

-AO

-MC

Smokers won't quit, but they might die out

Cigarette Corporations Under Fire from World Health Organization, Governments All Over the World

by Kaitlin Campbell
ARTS CO-EDITOR

As you read this here and now, there's a whole huge conference going on in Punta del Este, Uruguay where Tobacco industry giants are battling World Health Organization cronies, adding or subtracting specific terms to a public health treaty known as the Framework Convention on Tobacco Control, which is designed eventually to stop everyone in the world from smoking. Or that's my understanding of the idea.

Light a cigarette, it's complicated.

The purpose of the treaty is to "reduce the use of tobacco products worldwide by putting in place measures to control tobacco demand and supply" — both by regulating how tobacco products will be tested for more degrees of harmfulness, and by dictating how cigarette companies disclose this information to the government and general, well, global public.

The conference is taking place in Uruguay because Phillip Morris International, one of the largest cigarette manufacturing companies in the world, sued that nation's government this year after a law was passed requiring that health warnings cover 80 percent of cigarette packages, and that brand package designs be limited to one generic, extremely harmful-looking pack.

Phillip Morris International thought these restrictions were excessive. The World Health Organization thought that the company's death toll was excessive. Phillip Morris International is a bunch of capitalists. The World Health Organization is a bunch of communists. This pattern of thinking has been acted out in the last decade, many times.

Cigarette companies have been suing the shit out of governments all over the world since 2003, when the Framework Convention of Tobacco Control came into force. And the World Health Organization has been mounting the pulpit each time, preaching good lungs for all, and hell to anyone who

Morris and British American and Imperial Tobacco are being vilified and conquered, resorting to some bizarre advertising techniques, even slimier "back door" lobbying, and of course, straight up lawsuits against entire governments.

Philip Morris and British American and Imperial Tobacco

black market with more cigarette restrictions in the European Union — explicating six minutes of car-bomb explosions (the black market is linked to terrorists!), heroin needles (and other drugs!), and high-intensity Hollywood conversations between cigarette-swapping gangsters (they'll kill you!) — after flashing their backwards PSA slogan: "Who's in control?"

The treaty's recommendations either to restrict or to prohibit the use of popular additives, like licorice and chocolate, not only have the big cigarette companies up in smoke, but tick off the International Tobacco Growers' Association, too. The additives that threaten the world's health by making "the initial smoking experience more pleasant, encourage experimentation, and make smoke less harsh," threaten the makers of burley tobacco, an air-cured leaf that has long been sweetened with additives, costing millions of farmers their jobs and devastating economies worldwide.

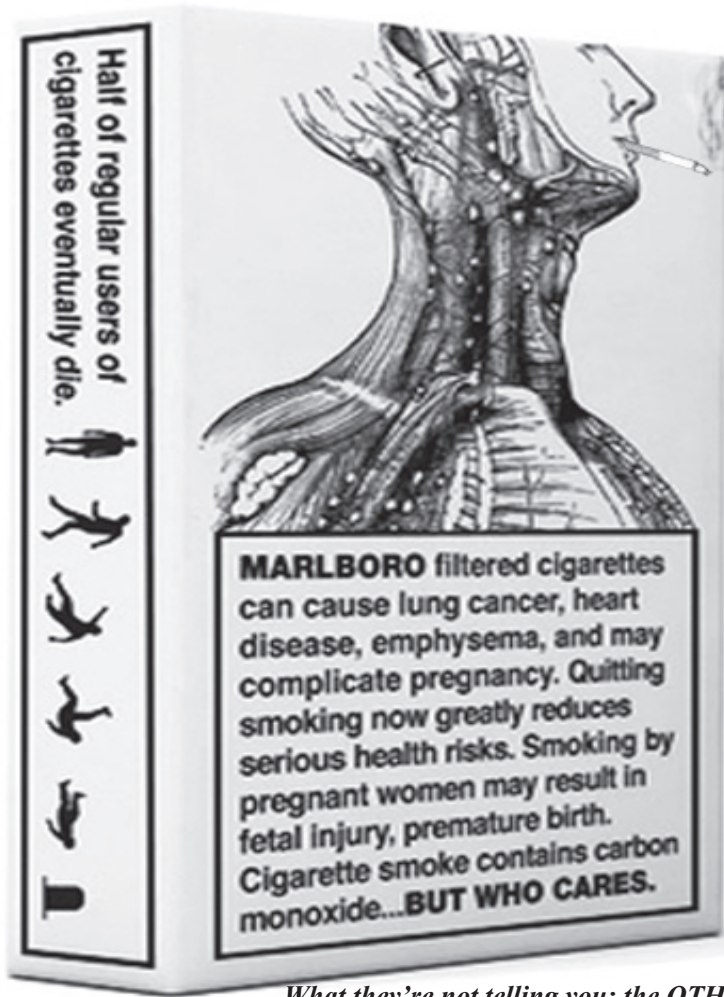
Burley tobacco is straight up 'Merican — 70% of it produced here, down south, and the other 30% produced in Brazil, Malawi, and Argentina — and is what gives any cigarette what could be described as a "full-bodied taste." Ironically, though, the cigarettes Americans smoke are the least "bodied" in the world, and Americans are the smallest body of smokers in the world now, thanks to the Family Smoking Prevention and Tobacco Control Act, which was passed as a law in June of 2009. Our cigarette regulations are more

ground-breakingly tight and heartbreakingly true to cigarette companies than any of the other petty banter they've held with other country's governments. With the exception, of course, of this current battle with the World Health Organization, and the 171 countries that ratified the Framework Convention on Tobacco Control.

If American smokers are increasingly becoming strangers in a smoke-free land, then I can only hope this new minority will be cool. We were robbed of cloves, and any other artificial or natural flavor other than tobacco and menthol, but we have unbridled electric smokes and non-menthol Newports now. Camel Lights got the Camel blues and died, but we're soon going to have Camel Williamsburg, a tribute to the "iconically hipster neighborhood," with the camel logo on the box standing in a city street next to the Williamsburg Bridge. And the Marlboro cowboy got killed and banned from the public's sight in ads, and Marb lights became "the gold box," but Marlboro will send you free hats and t-shirts if you order enough cartons and save the box tabs.

But even though Section 103 of the Family Smoking Prevention and Tobacco Control Act prohibits the "charitable distribution of tobacco products," I've met a lot of very generous criminals during my time at college. And while we stand outside for cigarette breaks to discuss all of this mess, the taxes we paid for our puffs directly fund the research and regulation that the FDA has on our product. And each time the price goes up, more hair is pulled, a few quitters quit, and the rest of the last of us will chain-smoke to make up the difference.

And now, I need a cigarette.



What they're not telling you: the OTHER half of smokers are immortal.

lights up.

Cigarette companies started aggressively targeting new customers in developing nations to account for all the quitters and corpses in Europe and America, and are currently winning, with worldwide cigarette sales rising two percent each year. But as more nations adopt this treaty, the world's first international public health treaty, leading companies like Phillip

paid \$5 million to a coalition of small store owners in Australia to participate in a media campaign against their government's proposed plan requiring that cigarettes be sold in plain brown or white packing to make them less attractive to buyers — the base-logic slogan being: "It won't work, so why do it?"

British American Tobacco posted a fear-mongering video about the dangers of a rising



editorials

Ram Runs Misleading Partisan Ad, Runs From Integrity

Any Statement from B.S. Org 'Feminists for Life' Has No Place in Our College's Official Paper

by Caroline Egan
Grace Waltemeyer
and Emily Genetta
STAFF ACTUAL FEMINISTS

We have disagreed with some of the things *The Ram* has published in the years we've been at Fordham, but nearly all of these things have appeared in the opinions section. This time, however, it wasn't a Chadwick Ciocci column that had us shaking our heads, but an incredibly insensitive full-page advertisement in the November 10 issue. The ad is by the national organization Feminists for Life, and it states, "They say I have a free choice. But with-

out housing on campus for me and my baby, without on-site daycare, without maternity coverage in my health insurance, it sure doesn't feel like I have much of a choice." Publishing such a statement for money is an entirely different thing from allowing conservative students a platform from which to share their views, and it is an incredibly offensive and shameful thing for *The Ram* to do.

This ad is pure propaganda—misguided propaganda at that—so why is it in our school paper, a supposedly non-partisan medium? A clue to the ad's origin is Feminist for Life's previous involvement at Fordham: the president of the organization, Serrin Foster, was the keynote speaker of last year's Respect for Life Week. Many on *The Ram* staff run in the same circles as those in College Republicans and Respect for Life, so we were pretty sure we knew what had happened. We asked a friend with connections to confirm our suspicions, and she did: Respect for Life paid for the advertisement at a reduced fee.

If the club had paid full price for the advertisement we would be a little less critical of how misguided *The Ram*'s decision was. However, this ad placement amounted to nothing more than a bit of extra cash, which is even more insignificant in light of the newspaper's extraordinary funding and normal ad fees. To publish something that shames and undermines any student who has made the difficult decision to have an abortion, and to do so for such a small fee,

is utterly shameful and reveals how nonchalantly *The Ram* decided to take a position on such a sensitive issue.

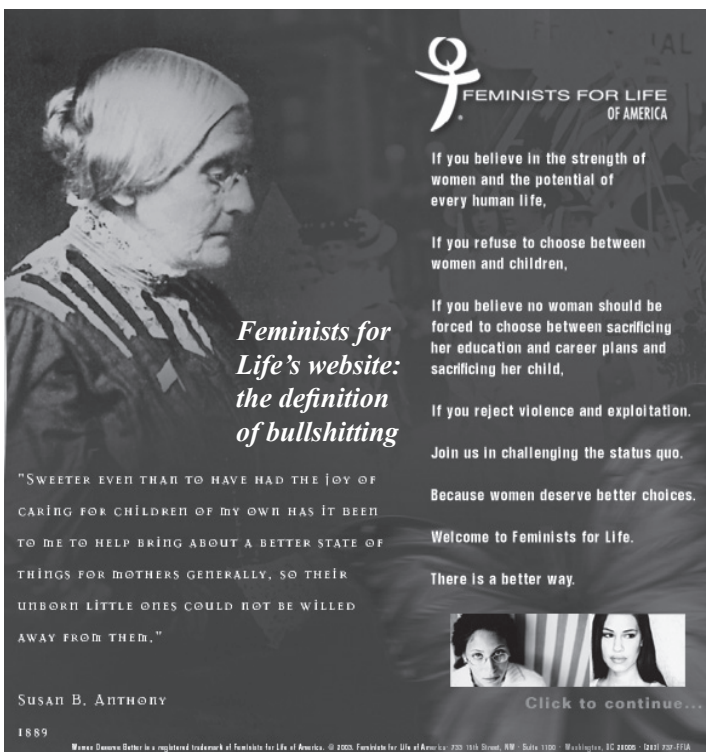
But enough about how *The Ram* failed. We need to use this precious column space to dissect exactly what was wrong with the copy of that ad, starting with the name of the organization that designed it. "Feminists for Life," where 'life' refers to valuing fetal life above women's lives, is oxymoronic at worst and disingenuous at best; the core of the feminist movement hasn't supported an anti-choice position since the first-wave, which is apparently the only wave

cases of rape or incest or when the mother's health or life is in danger. The organization further refuses to take a stance on whether or not to support contraception—an absurd position to promote in a college setting. Yes, we are on a Catholic campus that cannot provide any type of birth control for students, but that does not mean we should advocate against using it.

Finally, the organization outright ignores many of the important factors involved in the decision to have an abortion. They do not address the physical and mental difficulties that occur with pregnancy even when

one has the best possible health coverage. They don't discuss the incredible responsibility that pregnancy, birth, and child rearing entail; it can't all be ameliorated with free day-care. Their lack of empathy for women with unwanted pregnancies extends to all women when one examines their official statement on contraception: "Preconception issues are outside FFL's mission." That sounds suspiciously facile for a so-called feminist organization. Real feminist groups know that all of women's issues are interconnected, and being a single woman who is not pregnant or a mother is not free of difficulty. In short, Feminists for Life is not a feminist organization, it's ad is a lie, and we should not be fooled into thinking otherwise.

We're going to state the obvious here and bring this back to *The Ram*: A genuine news source cannot endorse the above kind of misinformation. The ad leads readers who are not educated about abortion to think women have them because there are not enough options in our society, rather than the truth: until 'society' can carry a fetus, only women and their doctors can adequately address the issues surrounding unwanted pregnancy. This issue is too important for *The Ram* to shrug off for a little extra money. It is at its core a matter of journalistic integrity to not provide misinformation about a subject that directly impacts the lives of the majority of its readers.



that matters to this organization (surely they send their apologies to Gloria Steinem and bell hooks.) Furthermore, not even all first-wavers agreed with this anti-abortion position. Margaret Sanger, a problematic figure for her racist views but also an important activist who founded Planned Parenthood, is conveniently ignored by Feminists for Life. Also ignored? The fact that feminists for choice (i.e. actual feminists, i.e. the ominous "they" referred to in the ad) absolutely support day care options and maternity coverage for women. We believe that women deserve as many options as possible, unlike Feminists for Life, which not only wants to erode women's reproductive rights but which supports Pregnancy Crisis Centers that systematically lie to women about the choices currently available to them.

Feminists for Life thinks that all women would enthusiastically embrace motherhood anytime a wayward sperm meets an egg if only they were given the support to do so. This is incredibly sexist. The group's positions veer into active misogyny, too, with their support of outlawing abortion even in

the paper's view

november 17, 2010

Poli - Sigh

We here at *the paper* have been going through all sorts of troubles lately. Just last week, we were blocked from going to the Caf by a towering wall of freedom and democracy. A scary white person tried to shake our hand, but we recoiled in fear, their teeth just too bright for our godless eyeballs to endure. Upon closer inspection, however, this looming gray fortification was not, as we initially thought, a parapet constructed by the dark lord Cthulhu, but was actually just the College Republicans' confusing tribute to the late President Ronald Reagan and the fall of the Berlin Wall. Lest we all forget about the horrors of communism and the, umm, relevancy of the Cold War, the College Republicans were there with a poorly constructed, poorly painted plywood replica of the Berlin Wall in what is pretty much the most stereotypically right-wing thing that has ever happened on campus since last year's absurd tribute. This excessive display, which reminded us a lot of the dick-wagging festival of the Sub-Saharan H'pti tribe, taught us about Conservatism's important role in the destruction of Europe's most backward ideology. This got us thinking: what's Conservatism's role on campus? Everyone knows Apathy reigns at Rose Hill. But, were we to brush aside the mountains of inebriated bros and she-bros, would we find a tiny Conservative hemorrhoid on Fordham's right butt cheek?

A former *the paper* editor recently called our attention to a little website called Campus-reform.org. According to the site's mission statement, Campus Reform is a site "designed to provide conservative activists with the resources, networking capabilities, and skills they need to revolutionize the struggle against leftist bias and abuse on college campuses," giving Conservative students "powerful new weapons in their fight for the hearts and minds of the next generation of citizens, politicians, and members of the media." Good God! Did you read that? *They're after our hearts and minds.*

Campus Reform provides a run down of Conservative presence on certain college campuses, as well as a run down of the Liberal presence that must presumably be run down, destroyed, and erased from history (like past opponents of conservatism). If contacted by a student willing to work with the site, Campus Reform will set up a profile of the given students' place of higher education.

We weren't surprised to

find a page already prepared for Fordham. Our humble Bronx chalet ranks #62 on Campus Reform's list of America's top 100 colleges (ouch?). Fordham is described as having "12 political organizations, 6 of which are Conservative and 6 of which are Liberal." The clubs in question? Well, on the Conservative side we've got our much loved College Republicans, the Right to Life club, The Liberty Forum, Young Americans for Liberty, and Young Conservatives of Fordham and The Federalists Society. And on the Liberal side? Amnesty International, Progressive Students for Justice, College Democrats, Pride Alliance, Rainbow Alliance (LC's version of PRIDE), and the Muslim Students Association, which, presumably, is labeled as Liberal just because they're Muslim. *the paper* was nowhere to be found on the list of Liberal groups, which we imagine must be the result of a clerical error.

For a Campus Reform profile to exist for a school, there needs to exist on that campus an oppressive amount of Liberal "bias and abuse." But for most Conservatives, just a smidgen of Liberalness is considered oppressive, and must be sacked to protect the sanctity of liberty and yadda yadda yadda. We're pretty sure, however, that to claim Fordham is marred by godless Liberalism is a load of hot air. Students should keep in mind that, year after year, the Women's Studies department runs into trouble when promoting "The Vagina Monologues," that there is no "Pro-Choice" group allowed on campus, that a free-speech zone (which would give voice to such absent parties) does not exist on campus, that Fordham's ROTC organization is one of the area's most prominent, and that our health center does not provide its students with condoms or birth control, which is pretty fucking Conservative if you ask us.

So what we have here is again Conservatives playing the victim, claiming an oppressed status at a university whose foundational structure—an antiquated interpretation of Catholicism—constantly aligns with and upholds their cause, and oppresses their so-called enemies in a battle over "the hearts and minds" of our student body (how's that for dehumanizing?). We know you're bummed because USG didn't give you the dough to bring Glenn Beck, but to claim conservatism's oppressed on our campus? Give us a break.

DON'T LIKE THE PC POLICE? ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN WHY YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE

by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

It's after Halloween, so you know what that means: It's Christmastime! Store managers are hanging garland around the cash registers, that one adult contemporary radio station is playing treacherously Christmas songs, and someone on Fox News is going to start sounding the alarms about the War on Christmas. This war is unique in military history for being the only seasonally-fought war, and though no one's sure *exactly* when it started, noted scholar Vick I. Pedia points out that it wasn't acknowledged until the 2000's, when "shit got real" (paraphrase). It's now in full-force: anti-Christmas troops, sometimes called the P.C. Police, are launching "Happy Holidays" word bombs and staging strategic advances by putting menorahs next to Christmas trees in drugstore windows sometimes. Their ultimate goal is to destroy the importance of the largest religion in human history and also ruin American culture.

Except, of course, not at all; this is a misconception. As a P.C. Police captain, I would like to take this time to explain to you what the "politically correct" offensive is all about and why, if you still disagree, you're a fucking asshole. (In case you were wondering, 'asshole,' while not polite, is most definitely politically correct. It's based off of a universal disdain

for waste instead of a semi-universal disdain for a class of human, like women ["pussy", "cocksucker"] or homosexuals ["faggot", "cocksucker"] or the disabled ["retard", "retarded cocksucker".] I encourage you to use it whenever an insult is required. Other acceptable insults include shitstain, shithead, dipshit, shitwad, fuckwad, bumblefuck, pisshole, douchewad, douchebag, shitbag, scumbag, anus face, asshat, ass rod, poopboot and more creative variations thereof.)

Let's start with a recent seasonal example: the county council of Lancashire, U.K. voting to reverse a previous decision to use the term "gingerbread people" at the local elementary school instead of "gingerbread men." I think everyone can agree, first and foremost, that the council needs to quit dicking around and focus on real issues instead of bringing to vote what terminology should be used to describe the cookies at the elementary school. That is not something that needs to be legislated, and it should be noted that the decision to do so was not originally the idea of the P.C. police. Rather, the council originally voted to call the cookies "gingerbread people" as an anti-P.C. "joke" in order to "amuse people" (do they mean 'men?'). After careful consid-

eration, the council decided to "revert to common sense" because the cookies "were clearly men—they were not wearing skirts" (quotes from the *BBC Online*, not *The Onion*).

Yes, everything ridiculous going on in the previous paragraph is the result of excessively *anti-P.C.* forces, but that's not really why I chose this anecdote. Rather, it's the laughably absurd quotes; they're a perfect example of why so-called politically correct language is necessary: the relevant characteristic of the social majority—in this case gender—is still considered the default, even to the exclusion of logic (pants= men!; cookies have genders!). By itself, it's not a big deal, no. As one tiny example in an endless barrage of comments normalizing the (white, able-bodied, heterosexual, Christian) male, however, it is incredibly important. It's the way inequality is

ubiquitously and pragmatically enforced: by positioning anyone different from this norm as the less-important 'other.'

It's not just basic logic that people who are underrepresented constantly in public and private life (in everything from national media like TV Shows and ads to products like 'skin-colored' band-aids and male cookies to one-on-one hypothetical discussions of 'some guy') marginalizes them. There's also a plethora of psychological and sociological research to back it up, not to mention the entire sub-field of linguistic anthropology, which examines just the effect of language on social norms. All of it leads to the undeniable conclusion that small acts of inclusion are vital to equality. Saying "Happy Holidays" isn't reducing the importance of Christianity so much as it's raising the importance of other religions and even atheism (after all, everyone gets a

winter 'holiday' thanks to Christmas.) Basically, it's your fucking social obligation not to say "Merry Christmas" to every person you meet starting December fifteenth.

If, how-



Happy holidays,
asshole.

TOMORROW IS TODAY (I JUST WOKE UP)

by Sam Wadhams
STAFF FUTURENAUT

One of the most difficult things for a man to find in his life is perspective. The day, between the ring of the alarm and the clink of the bottle, is so fraught with stress and the minutiae of day-to-day life that any impetus to step back and see what it all means is buried. Fortunately, through an incredible excess of leisure time, I have developed perspective, and have come to one startling conclusion: I live in the future.

Now, as a nation, our space-age Cold War media made a lot of promises about "the future"; that we would all be doing the Mashed Potato on Moon Colonies, that we would fly in our cars, and that corporations and our growing military industrial complex would usher in a utopian age out of the bowels of their research and development labs.

This has not, as much, been the case. Our military industrial complex has left us morally bankrupt, and our corporatized political machinery has left us financially bankrupt. Our modern age is wound so tightly in

fear that it is almost impossible for us to see the spectacular age in which we live.

Take video phones. Sure, any ignorant asshat in the Jetsons' writer's room could have thought of a phone that was both video and audio, but was that jerk smart enough to think we'd have video CELL PHONES? That we could video chat with anyone in the world from almost any populous location? I think not. I'll trade mobile video phones for a flying car any day. I'd crash a flying car.

How about Wikipedia? Certainly it has troubling veracity and an over-focus on pop culture, but by sheer volume it represents the single greatest compendium of human knowledge in history. Wikipedia, for whatever the hell it is, makes the Library at Alexandria look like a dentist's waiting room.

Microsoft has created an Xbox accessory that lets people play video games by moving. Sony has 3D televisions you can put in your living room. The U.S. military has planes without pilots that can execute tactical strikes anywhere in the world,

and that's just the crap we know about. Marty McFly can keep his self-lacing shoes (which, coincidentally, were also just invented).

Things, real, actual things you can hold, are on the way out too. Books, music, film, art, these things have become packets of data that can be blasted across space rendering physical media irrelevant. Record shops, bookstores, Blockbuster, these businesses are sinking under the weight of an era in which having things is no longer a prerequisite for using them.

All of this is just consumer technology, stuff you can go and pick up off the shelf and put in your pocket and take home. This is stuff that's so thoroughly vetted, polished and boring they'll trust it to schmucks like you and me. This isn't even the cool stuff.

Scientists at Brown have created programs that allow paralyzed people to move a computer cursor, open email and play Pong (not beer pong, collegians) with their thoughts, and that was FOUR YEARS AGO. Combine this with ever-present

wi-fi and we're only a hop, skip and jump away from full computer mind-melds, cyborgs and the destruction of humanity. We live in scintillating times.

Invisibility is becoming more and more possible as scientists create cloaking devices that can alter, duplicate or shield objects from visible light. Just recently scientists in the UK have created a model they say can shield tiny objects from near-infrared light, but this can be scaled to a practical size.

And what do we denizens of the future drink? We drink caffeinated, processed alcoholic beverages in electric colors that come from mysterious factories and contain no natural ingredient. This is straight up Huxley.

Fortunately, we won't need to be sober, as our overlords at Google are currently testing cars that drive themselves along the highway; all the better to ferry us home from our Loko-induced stupors and to report to Google the stores we frequent.

So what does our future/present mean? How does the impracticality of drunk driving a flying car and the horrific



leg-scalding effects of jet packs affect our perspective on a futurism that will never be, but a future that is?

An *ex-papierian* once told me that he figured that the invention of 3D porn, in all its irresistible glory, would reclaim Times Square from the Disneyfication and return it to its seedy former glory. This may or may not occur, but the ability of technology to shape our landscape cannot be underestimated. Ideas like autonomy, independence and liberty are being recast in the light of a superconnected, digitized world. The American impulses of frontiersmanship and gumption are being buried by our love of pirated movies and social media, and we're not even paying attention.

So as a man who has spent a great deal of time analyzing our present and our predicted future, I have to ask; fucking magnets, how do they work?



WHY I'M NOT ON FACEBOOK

Student Tells Zuck to Book THIS Face, Man

by Guillermo Garrido-Lestache
STAFF 'BOOK BURNER

"Really? Wow! That's weird, hahaha..." is the common response among fellow students when I reveal—often unwillingly—that I don't have an account in *the* social network (or any of the others, for that matter). Before the reader starts assuming the usual stereotype that I'm a moralizing, pretentious jerk who lacks either the ability to socialize or an actual social life, I ask you to read my article. If by the end of it you still think the same way, good for you, and I hope you keep enjoying the wasteful use of your (both leisure and class) time with the multiple offers of pointless activities made available to you by Mark Zuckerberg.

As a few may have noticed, the title of this article resembles that of a book by British analytic philosopher Bertrand Russell, substituting '(a) Christian' with '(on) Facebook'. We could very well say that this substitution has taken place in our society. Like Christianity, the Facebook faith is based on the idea of a supreme entity that exists beyond the real-in the virtual realm of internet, where one is not subject to the limits of the space-time continuum. Its worldview stresses the role of the individual as merely a member of (and *for*) society, owing himself to others to the extent of having to expose his entire life: his friends, his opinions, his likes and dislikes, his affiliations, his activities, his status and his mood. Facebook has become our confessional booth and our psychotherapist at once, yet offering no solution (wait, does this make it any different from the priest or the therapist?). The moral claim it sustains is that we are saved by Facebook from the terrors of isolation and social outcast.

But just as it is foolish to think that everyone who lived before (or who lives now without) Christianity is evil, it is equally foolish to think that

everyone who lives (or lived) without Facebook is isolated and antisocial. As hard as it was to argue for that foolishness in the times of Christendom, such is the case today in our Facebookdom. We must belong to its faith or accept our condition as heretics subjected to inquisition by our peers, who try to find out if there is something wrong with us. Of course, the wrongness cannot be on the side of the majority. However, just as Christianity has its Devil, the social network has its spiders waiting for us to be entangled in the web and its logic of interconnectivity. They wait until we have been pulled by social gravitational forces to that massive black hole of identity-disintegration that is Facebook beyond the point of no return. When we're there, right where they want us to be, they make us their prey without us being able to realize.

But who or what are these spiders?

In an exercise of alarming inconsistency—due to the absolute opposition with Russell—I'll mention here French postmodern social theorist Jean Baudrillard. In his book *The Illusion of the End*, Baudrillard confronts the Hegelian idea of the end of history that is so popular today and dismisses the Marxist concept of the dustbins of history. History isn't going anywhere, and what doesn't work in the past is not dismissed by society but is kept in the collective unconscious and

reformulated in its otherness in the future. Baudrillard uses the example of communism, which reportedly died with the fall of the Berlin wall and the eventual collapse of the USSR. This led the way for the folie à deux that is democratic capitalism to be established as the one and only option (and goal) for the whole world. However, communism has reappeared in a new, deformed mode in the other. He is not referring to the new left which has evolved from the comfy privileged environment

of its otherness in today's socio-economic system. Again, I'm not referring to the so-called 'fascist' character of the Bush administration (or the current one) and its violation of individual and group rights; that would merely be a superficial similarity. I am talking about an inverse analogy of the natural status of the phenomenon of fascism; not as ideology or policy anymore. This deeper presence of fascism today has its foremost exponent in Facebook. Indeed, the idea of an extensive archive

containing all the possible information about the private lives of people has its origin in the Nazi government, and was an essential feature of its ideology.

This view is best expressed in Visconti's film *The Damned* (1969), where a character who is a member of the SS says "we know everything [...] these are the most complete archives ever to be conceived. This is the secret Germany. Nothing is lacking [...] Can you believe it? You see, it's not very difficult to enter into the lives of people. Every German citizen today is potentially one of our informers. The collective thinking of our people is now complete. Don't you think that is the true miracle of the Third Reich? [...] Nothing is impossible in this Germany". Replace 'German' with 'American' (or 'world') and 'Third Reich' with 'democratic capitalism' and it sounds like a CEO of a multinational corpora-

tion praising the utility of Facebook. The availability of personal and private information to corporations through Facebook is well-known and proven, so I won't extend anymore on this. I'll just ask: remember the spiders? Guess who they are now. With this I'm not accusing the creators of Facebook of being fascists. And I'm not condemning Facebook users for condoning or supporting fascism. What I do believe is that Facebook is an element of social oppression (another similarity with Christianity). Besides, my main concern with Facebook is not political, but existential and humanist. Are we not deposed of our humanity when we are expected to constantly respond to an authority that has the power to remove us from the social order when we don't abide? Don't get me wrong, I understand the convenience and usefulness of Facebook in various aspects of social life. Nevertheless, I doubt whether it is worth to lose embedded aspects of human nature such as individuality, privacy, specificity and physicality.



of American colleges. No, he is talking about an underlying cultural phenomenon: the fact that communist practices and ideals have aroused in the corporate world, particularly in worker-corporation relations and the internationalist worldview.

In a similar vein, I believe that fascism, after its supposed death in 1945, having been universally declared as a failure by the allied forces in the Yalta Conference on behalf of humanity, has also returned out

ing [...] Can you believe it? You see, it's not very difficult to enter into the lives of people. Every German citizen today is potentially one of our informers. The collective thinking of our people is now complete. Don't you think that is the true miracle of the Third Reich? [...] Nothing is impossible in this Germany". Replace 'German' with 'American' (or 'world') and 'Third Reich' with 'democratic capitalism' and it sounds like a CEO of a multinational corpora-



COMPULSIVELY OBSESSING OVER BEING OBSESSIVE-COMPULSIVE

AN EDITOR SHARES HER OBSESSIVE THOUGHTS



by Sarah Madges
NEWS CO-EDITOR

This past Tuesday I agreed to write an Edit, thinking I'd explain the apparent drunk-prank-phenomenon of slathering honey on a drunken heap of a friend's face, and then placing shaved pubes on top—called "Gorilla Face"—and other such escapades young hooligans perform. I soon realized, however, that most of the pranks out there suck (like, "Let's draw a dick on his face with a Sharpie! He'll be so confused hahaha!"). While brainstorming another topic and pacing around my kitchen I noticed a bunch of dirty dishes that hadn't been placed in the dishwasher, even though it was empty. And then I opened a drawer (just because) and noticed tiny chocolate brown pellets of poo scattered near our six-box collection of aluminum foil. "Katie, will you take a look at these feces?"

"Sure!" my sister Katie piped back, dutifully coming to observe the turds I found. She couldn't be sure if they were cockroach droppings or mouse poop from the rodent I could've sworn I saw scurry across our living room the other day. I rushed to the trusty Interwebs. Shit, were the pellets about 1/8ths of an inch long with

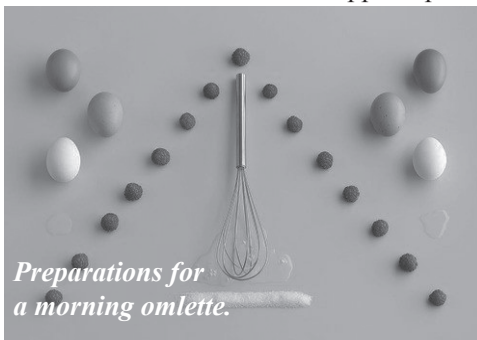
ridges?? I neglected the dinner I was making to clean up what had to be mouse poop with the Clorox disinfectant wipes I keep conveniently on our counter and sighed in relief, my heart's palpitations slowing to their normal rate.

It was about then that I realized I have quite a few little rituals that could perhaps provide an amusing Edit—something about apartment paranoia or the like. It didn't take me long to collect examples. The move-in to our apartment this summer coincided with the departing tenants' last days of a bed bug extermination. Accordingly, for the first few days after we moved in we kept most of our belongings in plastic bags, and arranged our furniture with a five-inch buffer zone between them

and the baseboards. We might also have scrubbed down the floors and walls and furniture with alcohol, even after the last extermination treatment. And my roommate Kaitlin might also have concocted a plan to be perpetually drunk so that if any vestigial bed bugs bit us, they'd die instantly. After building five quality pieces of Scandinavian furniture, the two of us remained vigilant and leapt to our

feet any time we saw any kind of bug. Our typical procedure was to take a picture with my digital camera, zoom in, and then look up at least twenty examples of bed bug images on Google. We found ourselves arguing about whether or not heads and thoraxes were segmented at least a hundred times before we collapsed in disinfected, hopefully un-infested heaps at about six in the morning.

Last night my mother called me because she was hopped up



on Percocet, cleaning the kitchen and washing the windows at ten at night. "I'm a housewife now, Sarah!" she exclaimed, referring to how she spends more time cleaning and washing windows, etc. and enjoying it than when she had a job. She modulated her voice and said, less ecstatically, "I think I have O.C.D."

Skip to this morning when

I was still compiling a list of things to include in my article. "What other things do I get weird about?" I asked fellow editor, Chris.

"What about your emergency hairbrush?" he asked, referring to the fold-up brush I keep in my purse at all times. It never occurred to me that I do get rather compulsive about its usage. I also organize my bookshelf by genre and keep every journal I've filled since seventh grade in a box, in chronological order.

I also keep every letter ever given to me in five four-inch binders and have a collection of "memory boxes" filled with bottle caps and other useless items, and... That's when I pieced it together: my dad micromanages every second of his day, beginning with his necessary morning ritual of a four o'clock bike ride and a reading of the entire newspaper; and Mom just realized she cleans compulsively; and here I was recycling bottles and loading the dish washer at two A.M. while a party was still raging in my apartment.

"I think I might have O.C.D.," I told Chris, saying the words slowly so that they achieved the proper gravitas.

"Yeah," Chris agreed, too

quickly for my liking. "Wait, you *knew*?"

As soon as I got to the print shop, I looked up the symptoms. Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder is an anxiety disorder characterized by uncontrollable, unwanted thoughts and repetitive, ritualized behaviors one feels compelled to perform. Apparently if you have it you often recognize that your compulsions are irrational, but you feel unable to resist them. Obsessions and compulsions include excessive double-checking of things (like locks or appliances), repeatedly checking in on loved ones, spending a lot of time washing or cleaning, arranging things "just so," accumulating junk such as old newspapers and magazines you don't have any use for, and fear of contamination or contaminating others. Finding that most of these symptoms matched my own behavior—which I'd never considered anomalous—I announced to all the editors in the print shop my new finding. No one was the least bit surprised by my discovery.

"You all knew?? And nobody told me???" I guess this is how I came out of the O.C.D. closet... after organizing it.

IN THE LAND OF MILF AND HONEY

by Chris Gramuglia
STAFF CRADLE ROBBED

It seems like the list of archetypes in pop-culture is never-ending. We've seen centuries of villains, heroes, heroines and even that sassy friend in rom-coms who always says something like, "Girl, you should, like, totally tell him you're pregnant." Her sassy asides and witty remarks are limited to scenes in shoe stores or impromptu lunches at *Au Bon Pan*, but you've seen her. If you haven't, sit down for a screening of *Confessions of a Shopaholic* or *The Switch* and keep your eyes peeled. Nonetheless, each and every one of these memorable characters possesses something wonderfully distinct about them—an aura that makes them pop off the page or the screen.

The character that piqued my interest recently, however, was not the quintessential companion in the rom-com, or the lurking psychopath, or even the Hugh-Jackman-hero with the fuel-injected biceps that saves the day, everyday. It's a much more subtle type of character that traverses genres as a fixture in novels, movies and even T.V. shows. If you haven't figured it out yet, I'm talking about the *MILF*. That's right, I said it; I'm talking about the best "moms-

I'd-like-to-fuck" in pop-culture.

I remember how much finagling it took to get my parents to grant me permission to accompany my brother and his friends to a screening of *American Pie*. I was ten, sitting in the theatre listening to John Cho and that other guy rave about Stifler's Mom. "Dude, that chicks a MILF." Cho remarked nonchalantly.

"What the hell is that?" That other guy—who apparently never got a call back for *Harold and Kumar Go to White Castle*—was standing there, perplexed.

"M-I-L-F," Cho retorted in the tone of a frat-boy on Viagra, "mom I'd like to fuck!"

And with that, the MILF suddenly went mainstream.

There were brief glimpses of the MILF in Greek mythology—the first being Oedipus and Jocasta, gross as it was—but the 1999 film was the first to rocket her into the public domain. Now, the term MILF has been used in television on such shows as *Weeds*, *30 Rock* and *Scrubs*. The concept itself was no doubt the inspiration for the Fountains of Wayne song *Stacy's Mom*. "I know it might be wrong," the song went, "but I'm in love with Stacy's mom." Let me be clear: after watching the music video as a fifteen-year old, I was

in love with her too. Jennifer Coolidge's character also made reoccurring appearances in the following *American Pie* films to the delight of audiences. After all, who didn't cheer for Finch while he got busy with Stifler's Mom in the second installment? I sure as shit did, especially after that nasty bathroom incident in *API*.

In any regard, I'd like to share some personal favorites of mine—three MILFS in pop-culture that have recently taken the character to new heights. The list has to start with Jane Seymour's portrayal of Kathleen Cleary in *Wedding Crashers*. Although technically a cougar (cougars make the first move, whereas MILFs are typically sought after by a younger friend of her son or daughter), Kat Cleary embodied the forbidden sex-appeal of the MILF and also the ability to make certain that her husband, Secretary Cleary (Christopher Walken) was completely oblivious to her behavior. The scene where she insists that John Ryan (Owen Wilson) feel her recently enhanced breasts is textbook MILF. Boyishly uncomfortable, Ryan obliges, later remarking to Jeremy Grey (Vince Vaughan) that, "Claire's mom just made me feel her hooters." The domi-

nance she exhibits over him in the bedroom is essential: it emphasizes why the MILF is so taboo. Mrs. Cleary knows she's hot—almost inaccessible—making her encounters with John all the more risqué.

Second on the list is Mary Steenburgen's character in *Step Brothers*, Nancy Huff. Slightly older than the average MILF, Nancy manages to break up fights between Dale (John C. Reilly) and Brennan (Will Ferrell) while looking pretty hot the entire time. The most clear evidence of Nancy's MILF status comes from Dales "fear" of her coming on to him. At one point he worries, "Suppose Nancy sees me coming out of the shower and decides to come onto me[...] I'm looking good, got a luscious 'v' of hair going through my chest pubes down to my ball fro[...] She takes one look at me[...] and grabs my wiener." Dale's anxiety about such (amazing) events showcases the intimidation associated with having a hot older woman lurking about his house, but also a subtle desire for some kind of encounter with her.

Last on the list is Nancy Botwin from *Weeds*. Played by Mary-Louise Parker, Nancy is a widow who, instead of doing something—I don't know—le-

gal to support her family, turns to selling drugs—specifically weed. If you need me to explain to you why the thought of an attractive, older woman dealing drugs is positively titillating you should have your head examined (both of them). In one episode of *Weeds* aptly titled *Milf Money*, the neighborhood begins craving what they call the new "MILF weed" and business soars. Again, a smoking hot forty-something year old woman who does illegal shit with a seductive smile on her face simply has to be on this list.

So that's it. Those are my top three MILFS from the past few years, but this is not to say that MILF culture is losing its steam or that these are the only three. I came across an article called *The Milf Era is Over* while putting together this short list and in it the author suggested we use other terms like BOIRS (Business Owner I'd Respectfully Seduce) and 3B'S (Baby Boomer Beauty). Rather than harp on how lame these names are, I'll reaffirm that the MILF is still going strong, and that the next time you're mowing her lawn and she asks if you want to meet her for lemonade in the kitchen, you should totally say yes.

CORE-PE DIEM

CORE CURRICULUM SEIZES LOVE OF LEARNING AND WON'T LET GO

by **Laurend Duca**
STAFF SMARTY PANTS

I'm a nerd, and not in the sexy Halloween costume way. I do things like get excited about especially precise metaphors, sometimes I even read books no one assigned me to read, and once I even went to the library for fun. (Most of the time) I'm not topless, wearing pigtails, knee socks, and half a plaid skirt, but I enjoy discussions in my 8:30 ethics class, as long as I've had at least twenty ounces of coffee beforehand, and I'm actually a little excited to write the ten-to-twelve page paper due Monday morning for family psych. The point is: I really love the actual school part of school (...and the un-school part, but that's irrelevant). I am actively involved in the classes I like, in and out of the classroom I do my work and am always prepared, not for a grade, but because I genuinely enjoy expanding and sharing my philosophical, psychological, or literary knowledge— whatever the case may be. I invest 110% of myself into dynamically understanding objective subjects and developing personal viewpoints on subjective ones. But then there are classes like Latin, where I do as little as possible and sometimes less.

Why do I take Latin? I've been asked that quite a few times, and sometimes I respond by saying I'd like to be able to impress the person behind me in line when I click the "Latin" language option on the ATM in Vatican City. (It's real, Google

it). But that joke's gotten old, and the real reason is that exit level Italian, where I was placed, would have had its way with me, and I simple couldn't take it. I'd gotten through 5 years in high school with a lot of glitter glue and colorful maps, which I wisely labeled "Italia," and so presented with a diagnostic quiz on day one of Italian 2001, *I sono corruto*, (which is Italian for "ran the fuck out of the class room").

Anyways, here I am now, in my third semester of everyone's favorite dead language. For every class we have to translate a chapter of *Eutropius's Breviarium* and get called on to translate at random. I translate only the first sentence and then volunteer. It's brilliant: appearing eager while actually being lazy. I *did* once study for Latin for 128 minutes straight, but by 'studied,' I mean, 'watched *The Dead Poet's Society*.' They say "carpe diem" a whole lot in that movie, which I'm pretty sure literally translates to "seize the carp."

My professor last year told us that we could look cool at cocktail parties by waiting for somebody to say "carpe diem," and then responding, "Quam minimum credula postero," which means, "Seize the day, trusting as little as possible in the future." But since the closest I've ever gotten to a cocktail party is mixing vodka and diet Pepsi in a martini glass, I don't think that phrase is going to come in handy for me any time soon. So then, what am I going

to use Latin for? Yeah, I choose to take it, but how about, well, any other language? How many times do you hear "adults" say, "I learned Spanish in college, but it's all gone now." It's all gone. Unless you're constantly interacting with people who fluently speak Spanish, that's what happens— it fades when you "grow up," along with your tolerance for loud music and propensity for having fun. I'm not saying learning a language isn't valuable. It totally is, and there should always be the option to take language classes, but why do I HAVE to take them? My Italian teacher used to write "in bocca al lupo" on top of all of our tests. It means, "in the mouth of the wolf." It's an idiom, which means 'good luck' for Italians. And, honestly, I'm going to need a whole lot of luck to finish Latin with a decent grade, because right now doing any work for that class is about as enjoyable as being in the mouth of a wolf.

My gripe extends beyond language classes. Last year, to satisfy my natural science requirement, I took environmental physics. Environmental physics, as the name implies, is the application of physics to the environment. So you may think that some sort of previous physics would be required in order to take the course. It wasn't, yet we were expected to have knowledge of an entire year of high school physics. I'd taken that entire year of high school physics, so I was fine, but the rest of the class didn't do so well

with the hour and fifteen minute kinematics tutorial which was intended to carry us through the entire semester. I earned myself an A minus by scoring a series of high D's and low C's that got curved up because everyone else's grades were their age plus or minus five. In order to compensate, the professor assigned a series of extra credit projects, which were presented during class. One girl, in order to prove the existence of global warming, actually made a power point that included pictures of tearful polar bears floating around on ice cubes. I'd sign in and then pretend to be leaving for the bathroom, and just not come back.

I have to admit, that felt wasteful. Those were expensive naps I was taking, if you consider the actual cost of each individual class being skipped. I felt guilty, but I was getting nothing out of it. I hate Latin, but I need to be there to write down translations so I can memorize them for our quizzes. At least there's some sort of extrinsic motivation in that. But there was absolutely no reason to sit through environmental physics, and when a student who loves the school part of school as much as I do is leaving class, there's definitely something wrong.

I'm taking an art history class on Bernini next semester to satisfy my 3rd EP (don't even ask, Seniors.) It's going to be a lot of work, but I almost can't wait for it to begin. I went to the Borghese gallery this summer, and I've never been so drawn to

any sort of material art. I'm not one of those people that stands and stares in appreciation at a couple of geometric shapes on a canvas. In fact, sometimes I think abstract artists and rich people have conspired to make the rest of us feel stupid when we're uninspired by bullshit things like bits of aluminum foil glued to a mattress. Maybe that's art— who am I to say?— but this was truly beautiful. I had to be dragged away from *Apollo and Daphne*. I fell in love with Bernini, and I am excited to learn more about his work to satisfy my own curiosity, to develop a new lens through which to view sculpture, and to share my knowledge with others.

I want to learn, Fordham. I want to grow and go and set the world on fire. I want to dedicate myself to every class that comes between me and the real world, but I'm having a lot of trouble doing that when those classes are the bane of my existence. I understand that we need to be well-rounded, that we need to "get a taste" of everything academia has to offer, but I've gotten 2.75 semesters worth of "a taste" of Latin, and I'm starting to feel nauseous. I can say with some conviction that I will very definitely never ever use Latin or environmental physics in a real world setting... except maybe when I need to figure out the best way to light my copy of *Eutropius's Breviarium* on fire.

Porn—Crazy, Crazy Porn Adventures in The Underbelly of the Internet

by **Matt W.T. Hat**
STAFF

Sunday night – the time during the collegiate week in which papers are hurriedly written, procrastinated studying is finally taken off the back burner, and for those lucky enough to not be bothered by Monday classes (lucky assholes), it's a time to catch up on sleep after a week-end of festivities.

Then there's Google Trends. Like YouTube, StumbleUpon, Facebook, or chatroulette/omgle (RIP), Google Trends is one of those select websites which can be used and abused for hours on end, transforming the ambitious, unsuspecting student into a slave to the complex and omnipotent attraction that the internet so valiantly radiates. Even the most auspicious of you have more than likely found yourself ready and raring to read one or two of DesCartes' Meditations on your bed, when you swear you can hear your laptop quietly whisper, "Why don't you come have a seat over here. I have the Facebook message logs."

But, I digress. I'm not here

to lecture you on the best way to occupy yourself with StumbleUpon, how to avoid those hungry trolls, how to join those already under the bridge, or how to play Farmville. No, what I am here to describe has a far greater impact on the internet in its entirety, and it all started with Google Trends on that Sunday night. That's right, I'm speaking of The Great Porn Crazes of 2006 and 2007.

Unbeknownst to many, an odd phenomenon is accessible when researching anything sexual—from your common, household pornographic terms to virtually every word submitted to Urban Dictionary including but certainly not limited to: Mr. Hands, Cleveland Steamer, and the infamous alligator fuckhouse. The various shock videos, obscure sex acts, and simple, poorly named innuendos that are filed away on UD all seem to be traceable to one of two distinct points in time within the past four years. But the analysis available in tracking these trends goes even further. Upon noting that there have been two Great Porn Crazes (in

the beginning of 2006 and the end of 2007), I also noticed that 2girls1cup was most popular at the end of 2007 in both Norway and Richardson, Texas, while penis came to its highest popularity of all time in the beginning of 2006, and is cherished by the Indonesians.

Now, there must have been some catalyst, some underground force that began this. The usual internet groups were, as expected, not willing to collaborate in my research. From Anonymous, Ebaum's World, and SomethingAwful, I got many helpful remarks such as: "LOLOLOL I TROLL U," "287000000 GET!!," and links to horrible, horrible things. So it was up to me again to finish what I began. Upon comparing the two porn crazes by including every term from a given directory site using Google Trends, I found the catalyst, the missing puzzle piece, and the spark that brought the 2006 craze into being. Taboo as it is, I was startled to see the results for anal fisting on google.com/trends, as you will also likely be shocked at the sudden depravity that seems to

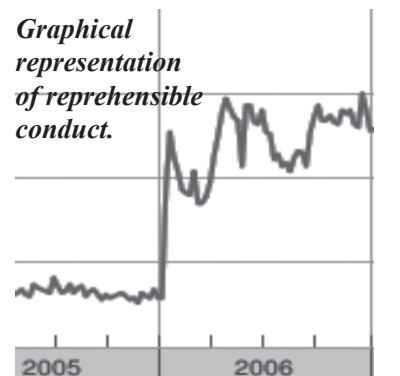
have suddenly enveloped mankind at this time. So, during your next hopeless and pathetic Sunday night, before collapsing catatonically onto Facebook or StumbleUpon, you will see like I have seen that in all veracity, we are due for the largest of all internet phases to ever plague us.

At this rate, during 2011 or 2012, Google trends will show far greater numbers for The Third Great Porn Craze than were ever accounted for by any previous phenomenon of the internet. The combined vichyssoise of everything brought to the limelight by the internet will be dwarfed by the sheer number of shock sites, online fetish-site passes, and tidal waves of free trials that will most likely divide the internet by zero in mankind's final, horrific tribulation. But fret not my fellow peers; see how we can make a stand against the inevitable aftershock that will undoubtedly stand in our wake, for I am from the internet and am well-versed in the protocol for such emergencies. There's a simple procedure that can be followed to

avert most internet disasters and it goes something like this:

- Step 1) Hide yo wife.
- Step 2) Hide yo kids.
- Step 3) Hide yo husband.
- Step 4) ????
- Step 5) Profit.

With no one to participate in the craze there will be none; you can keep your useless Farmville accounts, your beloved, shoddy YouTube vlogs, and your sick obsessions with drunkenly stumbling all over the internet to learn how to make your life better while you ironically spend too much time on your computers to do that anyway. For when our time comes, we will be prepared to combat the unexpected result of too much anal fisting, and it will be a glorious day for humankind.



Fear and Sanity in Washington, D.C.

Timothy Bridge hitches a ride from Huffington to D.C. rally

by Timothy Bridge
STAFF

On August 28th, 2010, Fox News pundit, radio show host, and moronic idiot Glenn Beck held a rally in D.C. entitled "Restoring Honor". The point of the rally was to encourage America to turn back to Beck's version of God in order to save it from the brink of Socialism/Totalitarianism/Marxism/Maoism/Fascism/Naziism—in short, to stop the destruction of the American values which the Founding Fathers put forth in the name of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. An overhead estimate of 87,000 was supposedly not accurate enough for Beck, who claimed there were really 600,000 plus people in attendance. I guess he won a "How many gumballs are in this jar?" contest in the fifth grade, therefore making his count more reliable than any professional company's.

A few short weeks later, political comedian, *The Daily Show* host, and head of the self-proclaimed "Best Fucking News Team" Jon Stewart announced that he would be holding a rally in D.C. as well, called "The Rally to Restore Sanity." Subsequently, eleven P.M. time-slot-sharer and political satirist Stephen Colbert of *The Colbert Report* announced his "March to Keep Fear Alive". Together

the two got a permit, forcing them to settle on one rally: "The Rally to Restore Sanity and/or Fear". The rally got national attention—even Oprah got in on sending her audience to the rally. People seemed to be torn about the idea of Jon Stewart, a comedian, leading people into a lighter, less angry place. The people of America have every right to be disappointed with the way the nation is handling the economic situation: with an ineffective, polarized congress, an increasingly less enthused and rousing president, and a rising Tea Party movement which flirts with crossing the line from passion into pure anger, hatred, and racism. But it would be lot more politically productive to live in a society where everyone discussed things rationally, instead of loudly.

I myself was intrigued by the idea of the rally, and, since I am a fan of *The Daily Show*, I decided I had to journey down to D.C. So at three in the morning on October 30th, me and some friends Ram Van-ed into the city (still in somewhat of drunken stupor) and took a train out to Citi Field, where Ariana Huffington was nice enough to offer us and about 3,000 others a free ride to the nation's capital. The bus ride provided a nice four hour rest, and upon arrival, I was energized enough to join

what was predicted to be about 100,000 on the National Mall. So I whipped out my "Legalize Gay Pot" sign and readied for intense amounts of entertainment.

Upon arrival, it was clear that the estimate was a bit smaller than the actual crowd in attendance. After squeezing my way through the throngs as far as I could, I was only still barely able to see the second row of big screens projecting the goings-on on the stage in front of the Capitol Building. Looking around me, I noticed a pattern: the signs being carried were either shots at Glenn Beck, Sarah Palin, Christine O'Donnell and

Fox (Faux) News in general, or a mandate to legalize marijuana. It was wonderful.

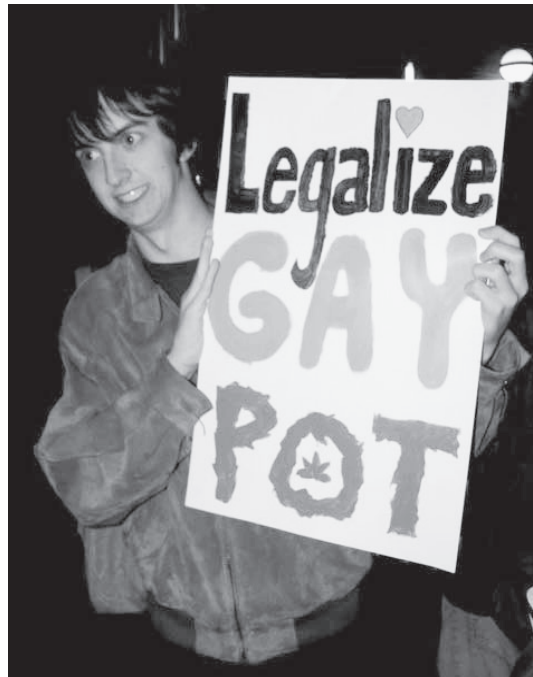
Then the rally began, and I started to wonder if it was really being hosted by Jon Stewart and Stephen Colbert or by all the guests they'd invited. There was music provided by The Roots, John Legend, Yusef Islam (formerly Cat Stevens), Ozzy Osbourne, Kid Rock, Sheryl Crow, Jeff Tweedy, Mavis Staples, 4Troops, The O'Jays, and Tony Bennett. Law & Order actor Sam Waterson read a witty poem written about fear by Stephen Colbert, SNL classic character Father Guido Sarducci gave a goofy benediction to begin the rally, and *Mythbusters* hosts Adam Savage and Jamie Hyneman lead a stupid little experiment all before anything got started.

Overall, the rally was a comedy show. Any insinuation of it being a political rally or a call to action is just silly. It dealt with current issues with comedic rhetoric from Colbert and a mock award show for leaders

of "Fear" and "Sanity". It refuted the insinuation that all Muslims were evil by bringing out Kareem Abdul-Jabar, and the insinuation that all robot were evil with a cameo from R2-D2. It only got serious at the end, with a twelve minute speech from Stewart, which was inspirational, rational, and in no way jabbing the right or the left but ridiculing those who think the only solution to the problems our nation is facing is by yelling and blaming one side or the other. It makes sense. As Stewart said, "We know, instinctively, as a people, that if we are to get through the darkness and back into the light, we have to work together. And the truth is, there will always be darkness. And sometimes the light at the end of the tunnel isn't the Promised Land. Sometimes, it's just New Jersey."

Essentially, we need to be rational. We need to strive for settling in New Jersey lest we overshoot and end up in Arizona, and that fascist America is not the country our forefathers envisioned.

Ed. Note: Last issue's "The Rent is too Damn High" article was wrongly attributed to Timothy Bridge instead of Matt Winter, the actual author. the paper recoils in shame.



THE SPECTACLE IN THE DARK

by J.K. Lolling
STAFF SPOOKY-SCARY

The day was finally over, and having no idea what was in store, I was thanking the fucking Lord. An afternoon of meeting with arrogant trustees, sniveling vice presidents, goonie deans and loutish boosters and I was absolutely burnt out. I told my secretary to go home for the day, locked the door, and pulled out a bottle of Old Overholt from inside my globe bar, which I keep for just such occasions. I took down the neck of the bottle of rye and began fumbling in my desk for the large bag of cocaine that had been confiscated from a freshman. The young man had been kicked off campus and placed on probation, but not expelled. I reasoned anyone who could get their hands on coke of this grade will go far in finance, and the alumni office needs that sort of people. I sucked up a pencil-sized line, took a long swig of Overholt and threw my head back in pure ecstasy. This may have been excessive, but my occupation is stressful, and when you eliminate masturbation a man's options for relief become limited.

I awoke from my blackout around 2 a.m. The bottle of

whiskey was smashed against the wall, but the size of the puddle beneath glass showed me little had been wasted. I, on the other hand, was very wasted, but at fifty-k per student, I could afford spackle. I took another pull of cocaine, removed another bottle from my bar and slipped the booze and some confiscated drugs into the pockets of my vestments. It was time for me to tour the grounds.

It was late on a weeknight, so those pitiful lemmings squandering their parents' money on cheap booze and the opportunity to copulate were mostly off in bars or fast asleep. I let myself into my favorite building, a domineering stone monolith whose handsome phallicism always brings a twinkle to my scrot, and began to meander at a comfortable pace. I spent some time walking through the beautiful corridors, swilling whiskey and doing key bumps off the long end of my crucifix, when suddenly I was struck by a rustling behind me.

"Boo, I'm a spooky fucking ghost you jive motherfucker"

I turned around to challenge the wayward and obviously misguided student, only to be struck by the veracity of my

interloper's claim. He was, in fact, a spooky fucking ghost.

"Yo you asshole, I just told you I'm a spooky fucking ghost. What the fuck you got to say to that?"

I was struck. Though I spent much of my time considering the role of zombies, immortal men and ghosts in my life, I had never expected to see one with my living eyes. Assuming I was dreaming, I took a healthy whiff of my crucifix to clear my senses, but the ensuing rush confirmed my waking state.

"Wh-what do you want?" I stammered, reluctant to validate this situation by engaging.

"I want yo ass, you honky old motherfucker, now gimme some of that whiskey,"

The ghost had a compelling manner, and I have made it a policy to avoid upsetting the supernatural, so I acquiesced. The ghost took a generous pull and handed me the bottle.

"Finish that shit," he told me, and I obliged. "Jesus, get yo ass the fuck out here!" The ghost yelled, resonating through the darkened corridors.

"What's up Ghosty?" said Jesus, emerging in simple robes and glowing faintly from what had hitherto been a solid granite

wall. "How're you doing?"

"I'm living, Jesus, you wanna do some of this cracker's coke?"

"You know, Ghosty, I'm all set," Jesus said, smiling. "Eh, maybe just a little guy."

Ghosty, Jesus and I spent the better part of an hour polishing off the rest of the confiscated cocaine. Between thunderous pulls and discussions of our emotionally distant fathers, Ghosty (whom I had gradually discerned may have been Holy) and Jesus jabberingly explained to me why they were here.

"Daddy-O," Ghosty said, "We need your help to kill the fucking Devil."

"I don't understand," I told them. "How do I help killing the Devil?"

"The **Fucking** Devil," Ghosty corrected.

"How do I help killing the fucking Devil?" I repeated.

"He lives right in this building," Jesus told me. "And we need you to burn this mother to the ground."

Jesus and Ghosty explained to me the complex, convoluted reasoning behind this to me, and though I had some trouble following, I didn't feel as though I was in any place

to question what could only be called the literal Word of the Lord. So, at their insistence, I kicked in an office door and began heaping papers and furniture into the center of the room. With Jesus and Ghosty encouraging me I used the file for sophomore Richard O'Dell to light up a fresh doobie, and then I torched that motherfucker. I repeated the process in some select offices and then, pulling my collar up against the cold and my returning sobriety, I returned to my office to straighten my affairs for the next day.

Closing down my computer I noticed one errant email from my Dean of Students, saying simply

"Father- That coke we found is cut with at least half PCP. I did two lines and spent the entire afternoon tripping balls and tongue-kissing my dog. Stay away."

As I looked out towards the flickering edifice that had been the pride of our academic institutions and heard the far-away whistle of distant sirens, I sighed deeply and decided: Tomorrow was going to be a no good, very bad, day.

arts

AMC gory matters here

by Sean Bandfield
STAFF MUSTACHIOED
ZOMBIE

The folks at AMC are living the life these days. With critically acclaimed shows like *Mad Men* and *Breaking Bad*, a legion of top quality writers and actors, and a host of awards, they're on top of their game and they know it. The recent acclaim and subsequent confidence is probably what led them to decide to broadcast *The Walking Dead*. "Screw it," they said. "We're gonna make a show about zombies."

The Walking Dead chronicles the efforts of police officer Rick Grimes and his fellow non-undead cohorts to survive in a post-zombie-apocalyptic America. (Anyone not wanting to read a brief synopsis of the show thus far should skip this paragraph and the next.) In the first episode, Grimes awakes from unconsciousness in a hospital, only to discover, a la *28 Days Later*, that his town has been taken over by zombies, who have most courteously left a mass of blood and chewed flesh in their wake. Grimes gets taken in by a father and son team of zombie-killers, eventu-

ally using his police access to equip them with guns and supplies from his abandoned station. From there, Grimes goes his own way in search of his wife and son, heading to nearby Atlanta and the quarantine zone he believes to be there. Upon entering the city, however, Grimes is ambushed by a horde of the walking dead – or "walkers," as they'll come to be called. He narrowly escapes into a nearby military tank, but his horse doesn't get away in quite one piece. With Grimes apparently trapped, a voice calling for the "dumbass" in the tank crackles on the radio, and the credits roll.

In the second episode, Grimes escapes the tank and manages to meet up with a band of survivors struggling to fight off the continuous onslaught of the undead. Meanwhile, on the outskirts of the city, another group of survivors – including Grimes' former police partner – do their best to maintain their makeshift community while keeping watch for walkers and trying to find other survivors through the radio. In the city, Grimes establishes himself as the group's new leader and helps them to break free from

the zombie-infested streets. As the second episode ends, Grimes and his team head out into the countryside to see who else they can find.

Although the show is only two episodes in, it demonstrates great potential. Certainly, the production is film worthy – the zombie make-up is very convincing and increasingly gory, enough to placate even the most demanding and seasoned of horror junkies (myself included). The acting, for the most part, is also notable, although the second episode wasn't totally without some melodramatic performances and overacted clichés.

Most notable, however, are the characters and writing, and in excelling in these respects, the show mirrors much of AMC's other programming. For a show about zombies, *The Walking Dead* is surprisingly human oriented, and accordingly it distinguishes itself. In a market agog with vampires and other forms of the paranormal, and with zombies enjoying a popular resurgence as of late, *The Walking Dead* could easily follow form and focus on the characters' mere instinctive urge to survive, or could

merely exploit 1,001 gruesome ways to dispose of the undead. However, the show goes beyond these all too typical approaches, instead examining the human struggles and complexities that result from, well, a zombie takeover.



The first episode, for example, is surprisingly slowly paced; not boring, but not overly energized in the way we might expect from such a show. This pacing allows the viewer to spend time with the characters,

like the father and son who take Grimes in. We learn that the man's wife has become a zombie, and we see the dilemma between his need to kill the walkers and his inability to harm his wife, living or undead. In the second episode, Grimes has to neutralize racial tensions in the group that arise between a black man and a very one-sided racist (whose lack of depth as a character is a weak point in the episode). As this is going on, survivors in the other group who had certain relationships with Grimes, not knowing that he's still alive, become romantically tangled with each other.

At its core, *The Walking Dead* is a show about people in an extreme circumstance; in this case, that circumstance just happens to be a zombie apocalypse. Since the show is still in its beginning stages, there are many issues yet to explore, and certainly room for improvement. So although it's too early to make any conclusive judgment on the merits of the show, the first two episodes, despite their shortcomings, certainly provided an agreeable introduction to a show that has a lot of promise.

EVERYBODY'S SHORE IS TRYNA BE JOISEY

by Dan Yacovino
STAFF DANNI SWEET-HEART

I'm one of the first to defend MTV's *Jersey Shore* as quality television; it's not for the merit of the characters but for the sole comedic value of their actions. Also, it's because I enjoy recognizing places along the Seaside boardwalk that I know from childhood beach vacations. The lovable cast of liquored-up misfits club-hopping, crying and brawling amongst each other and various inebriated enemies has garnered top ratings for MTV for the past two seasons across two states. If there's one thing TV execs love more than the latest Nielson sweeps ratings or heaps of cocaine, it's a show that causes drama.

The brains behind *Jersey Shore* and various groups representing Italian-Americans have clashed in the past for the cast's use of the word 'guido' and depiction of Italian-American culture. But leave it to the Canadians to push the envelope. While the *Jersey Shore* invokes the pounding thud of techno beats and an orange-tinted world, our neighbors to the North have creatively named their new spin-

off *Lake Shore*.

While groups fumed over the Italian-American stereotypes *The Situation* and *Snookie* might have been spouting, the racial generalizing has been fully endorsed by *Lake Shore*'s creators. The promotional video for the show introduces "The Turk," "The Albanian," "The Pole," "The Lebanese," "The Jew," "The Italian," "The Vietnamese," and "The Czech"

sexualities in a show that would be more akin to *The Real World* than *Jersey Shore* -- but "shore" is in both titles so that's a moot point.

The Canadians aren't the only ones to latch on to the *J-Shore* bandwagon. Triple threat actor/singer/rapper Tyrese Gibson has casted his Asian-themed reality show *K-Town* in hopes of channeling the MTV hit. The cast includes an overly muscu-

personalities) to draw a mental connection between MTV's hit and any new program with a semblance of similarity. Los Angeles will house these eight "beautiful Asian-Americans with lively, strong, and unique personalities between the ages of 18 to 30 with equally interesting life stories and perspectives to share" as the casting call describes them. Though, if the LAPD is anything like the Seaside Heights police department (and let's be honest, this is one of the biggest threats to the public well-being since the riots) all officers will sure be on watch for these original characters.

For the purists out there you can always reconnect with your favorite Jerseyshorians before Season 3 kicks off (and say goodbye to Sammi Sweetheart, kids). America's darling Snookie and J-Woww have been offered a gig (which J-Woww was later kicked out of) for a spin-off series based on their lives together as friends looking for a juicehead guido to accompany them to romantic locales such as half-price tanning days and the liquor store. The proposed Snookie Show

can always attract you literary types as well since the guidette/starlette is penning the Great American Novel to be released in January (that's a spin-off too, right?). (DJ) Paul(y) DeVecchio will also be gracing our televisions now that filming for Season 3 has finished. Following the Voice of Reason as he spins his way across the U.S. and even over the Canadian border, Pauly D will entertain crowds, go clubbing and flirt with the ladies -- because none of those things will get old flying solo.

All in all, the MTV staff is trying to squeeze blood out of a stone now that Angelina is done for, Sammi Sweetheart walked off in the middle of filming season 3 of *Jersey Shore* (I really hope Season 4 takes place in Naples or Sicily or something) and Pauly D is over 30 now. But when in doubt, go North. *Wicked Summer* is currently casting from the pool of 18-30 year olds that fill up every other MTV show, but the twist being they don't pronounce their Rs. On the other hand they might just play a rerun of *Real World Boston* and see if anyone notices, though most might prefer it.



as characters that we will learn to love and love to hate over the course of the show's season. Rather than stick with one racial stereotype, *Lake Shore* generalizes multiple races and

lar gentleman and (vertically) down-to-earth young lady clearly meant to inspire flashbacks of *The Situation* and *Snookie*, (who, each in their own right, have made a killing off their, um,



TASTEFUL BUSH

George Dubya's Memoir a Real Snooze

by George Washington
STAFF EXPENSIVELY
TOLLED BRIDGE

Friends and fellow citizens,

The period since a new citizen was elected to office, to administer the executive government of the United States, having been not far distant, the time has actually arrived for the former executive George W. Bush to release his reflections on time served. It appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of book purchases by University students, that I should now apprise you of the review I have formed. I beg you at the same time to do me the justice of being assured that this review has not been written without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen and his country; and that in critiquing this memoir, which might imply political partisanship or "acting like a total jerk," I am influenced by no zealous requests by Matt Lauer to be interviewed regarding Matt Lauer's interview with Kanye West regarding Matt Lauer's interview with George W. Bush, nor deficiency of grateful respect for Barbara Bush's past kindness, but am supported by a full conviction that this step is compatible with both the author and the populous.

The acceptance of George W. Bush in the office to which your suffrages "twice" called him (Even I know that the use of voter caging in 2000 was outrageous, and when I was president people owned slaves!) have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. Knowing this, I constantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power to return to my retirement and begin reviewing presidential texts, a field from which I had been reluctantly drawn. Now that I am firmly dead and free to spend my hours reading and blogging, I was able to declare I wanted to spend yesterday noon exploring "Decision Points"; but the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence impelled me to abandon the idea. So instead I downloaded the e-book and listened to the former executive

himself extol upon his history.

With a cavalcade of horns and drums ushering in the spirit of Patriotism, Bush's southern drawl carries us forth into a world of superficial reflection. He indulges his coming-up tale as one of a scruffy son of Midland, Texas; which, while he arguably did grow up in Midland, Texas, does not acknowledge at all whom his father is. In fact, when describing his decision to apply to Yale University, he complains that he was fighting against the insidious wiles of Yale's acceptance boards, his middling grades and poor family ties most likely preventing him from entering the world of University; this struck me as odd considering earlier in the book, he went on and on about how his grandfather and father attended Yale, which

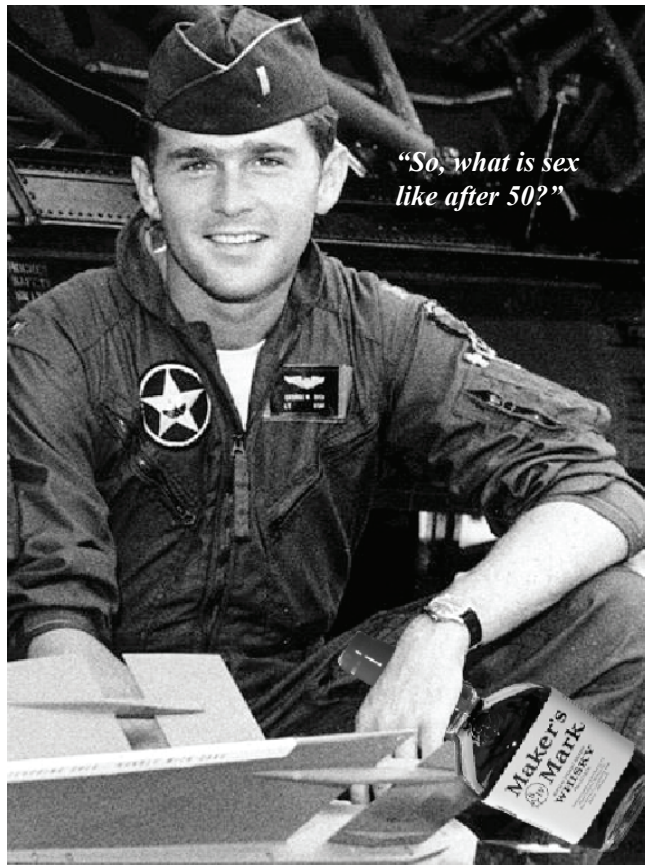
dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports; the mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. But did he really need to on so much about the born-again Christian thing? I needn't rant about my relationship with His Greatness to soak my parchment and please my publisher. Even his most outrageous drinking tales are utterly tiresome, so much so I had to down a Lok to get excited to read poorly constructed lines like, "I had worked up a thirst, which I quenched with multiple bourbons and sevens. As we were eating I turned to a beautiful friend of mothers and dad's and asked a boozy question: so, what is sex like after 50?"

Perhaps the book is dull because, as Bush so plainly identifies, the personal stakes of his presidency were not very high. Bush writes, "Even if I lost I would still have a wonderful life: my family loved me, I would be governor of a great state, and I would never have had to wonder what might have been. 'When my time is up,' I would tell friends, 'my dance card is going to be full.'" Speaking as George Washington, I find that apathy quite a bit vile. Further, Bush's descriptions for why he chose to run such as, "I felt a drive to do more with my life, to push my potential and test my skills at the high-

est level," and, "I had watched dad climb into the biggest arena and succeed—I wanted to find out if I had what it took to join him," I greet with the deepest dissatisfaction. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of obligation deserts the executive's office?

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man, who views it in the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations; I anticipate with pleasing expectation your reading my review and deciding not to purchase George W. Bush's "Decision Points." By taking my advice, I will impart in you, my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

Peace out,
G.W. not-Bush



Whassup Ya'll -

Speak more Spanglish, check out the sweet architecture on campus and in our neighborhood once it snows, at which point you can really see the defined lines of the buildings. If you haven't spent at least ten minutes stoned on the corner of East Fordham Road and Bathgate watching the color progressions of the blinking AudioMaxx sign, you're missing out on the best free entertainment around. If you're still bored, you can get all up in that city down there and check out Cuba, Soul Music, Poetry (Spanglish there too). Keep things goin'! - K.C.

What: Cuba in Revolution

Where: International Center of Photography

When: Now until January 9, 2011

HOWMUCH: \$8

Why: Come see this collection of 180 photographs documenting The Cuban Revolution of 1959. Tracing the movement from the triumphal entry of the rebels into Havana on January 1, 1959 to the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961 and the Cuban Missile Crisis of October 1962, this exhibition shows the tremendous influence of photography in recording and encouraging the revolutionary movement in Cuba. Of the rare vintage prints are Alberto Korda's famous portrait of Che Guevara "Heroic Guerrilla" and never-before-seen images of Che's death in Bolivia in 1967. Viva Castro.

What: DON'T GIVE UP ON ME: A TRIBUTE TO SOLOMON BURKE

Where: Bowery Poetry Club

When: Sunday Nov. 21, 9pm

HOWMUCH: FREE

Why: You'll hear songs and feel the sentiment of the Southern Style Easy Sleazy Bluesy Solomon Burke, be treated to good old fashioned Southern cookin', enter to win a church hat, and get down and dirty to the juke joint music that will drive your blues away. And then go home for Thankstaking.

What: Friday Night Poetry Slam

Where: Nuyorican Poet's Café

When: Every Friday, 10pm

HOWMUCH: \$15

Why: These poets represent a twenty year tradition of badass slams, and their team has consistently won awards, gaining national recognition all the goddamn time. This is one of those events that you must go to before you graduate/move/lose sophomore interest in the wonderful world of New York City. Bring a notebook, get there early, and if you want to participate in the slam, sign up at 9.

What: The Rosary

Where: Mt. Carmel Church, 188th St.

When: Every day at 4pm

ANDHOW: With beads and time

Why: Plentiful grace, and blessed piety. Clinky radiators, cold pews. Echoing murmurs, and a hint of musk. No ruckus, no nonsense. All puro.

Chewed Up, Shameless Always Hilarious

by Alexander Gibbons
CO-EDITOR IN CHIEF

Comedian Louis C.K. approaches comedy writing with an interesting and specific creative process. After the comedian has developed a strong and solid comedy set (say 90 minutes of material, after he's toured and performed his bit and perfected the set and gotten comfortable with the material), he'll shoot a comedy special. He films his set at a theater somewhere -- usually at a pretty large but austere venue -- and then, after the filming process is over, he scraps the material. C.K. throws out all of his jokes, the jokes he's been practicing and refining for a year, and begins working on fresh material. Presumably, the process ensures that his stand-up act will never grow stale or recognizable and it keeps the comedian on his toes and relevant. It also ensures that C.K. will never latch on to any standby or trademark jokes, and his audiences will never call out requests and disrupt his sets, as Richard Pryor or George Carlin's audiences would.

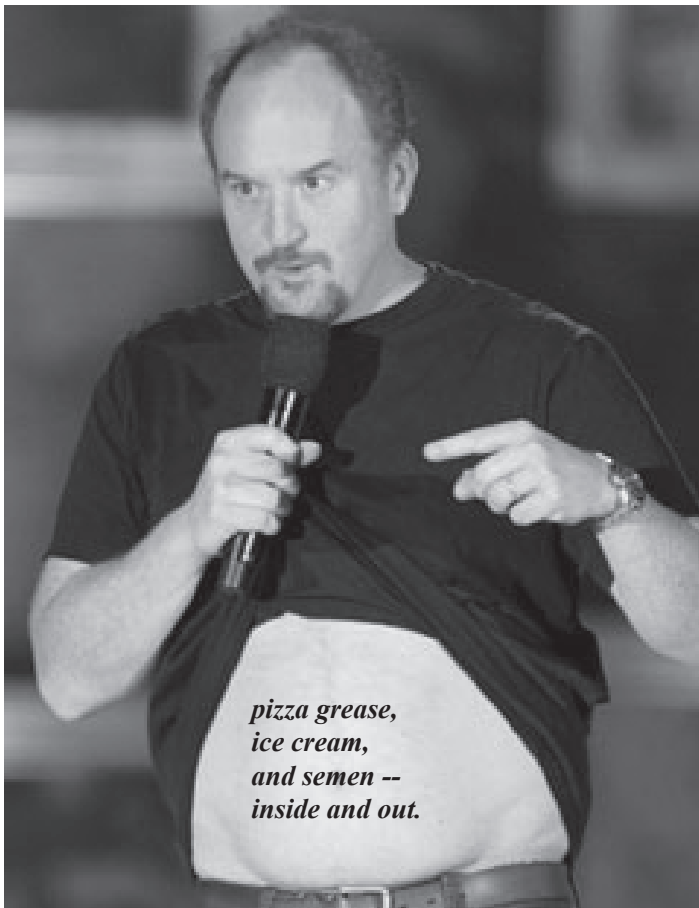
Hilarious is C.K.'s latest stand-up special. It premiered at the Sundance Film Festival last January as the festival's first stand-up comedy film submission and became available online the video site called Epix last month. The fans lucky enough to get tickets were able to catch a viewing of the special at the IFC center in the Village, but others will have to watch it online or wait for the film to hit Netflix or HBO.

Aesthetically, *Hilarious* looks exactly like C.K.'s previous stand-up special. As stated before, the comedian shoots his specials in large and austere theaters. There are no elaborate stage sets or themes, just C.K. sweltering under an array of lights in his usual black t-shirt and jeans ensemble.

Material wise, *Hilarious* is somewhat of a departure from the comedian's previous two specials. Though C.K. has been infusing his routine with a patented brand of uncomfortably honest dialogue for several years now, his newest batch of material is noticeably more pessimistic and deranged. This is because C.K., who is now 41

years old, is freshly divorced. Whereas his previous stand-up specials talked about the doldrums of married life and the difficulties of being a father, *Hilarious* focuses largely on C.K. trying to re-assimilate himself into single life. As the comedian puts it, being divorced and single at 41 is like "finding a bunch of money in a currency for a country that doesn't exist anymore."

For 84 minutes C.K. waxes on everything from hitting your kids to masturbating as a counteraction for the shame of eating too much ice-cream. These two topics are good examples to observe how the comedian works. With the former, C.K. discusses his frustration with other people's children, beings he has and will never have any love for. The bit takes a small turn for the serious, however, when



*pizza grease,
ice cream,
and semen --
inside and out.*

C.K. talks about parents hitting their kids, which he condemns in a strange moment of paternal indignation. Immediately afterward, however, as members of the crowd begin to react in agreement, C.K. admits that he often, as a matter of reflex, will wish that parents would hit their kids. C.K. will let a lot of his liberal affectations shine through his scatological rhetoric, but he always brings his routine back around to something disgusting, like excessive masturbation or what the comedian calls "shame glaze," a combination of pizza grease, ice-cream, and semen.

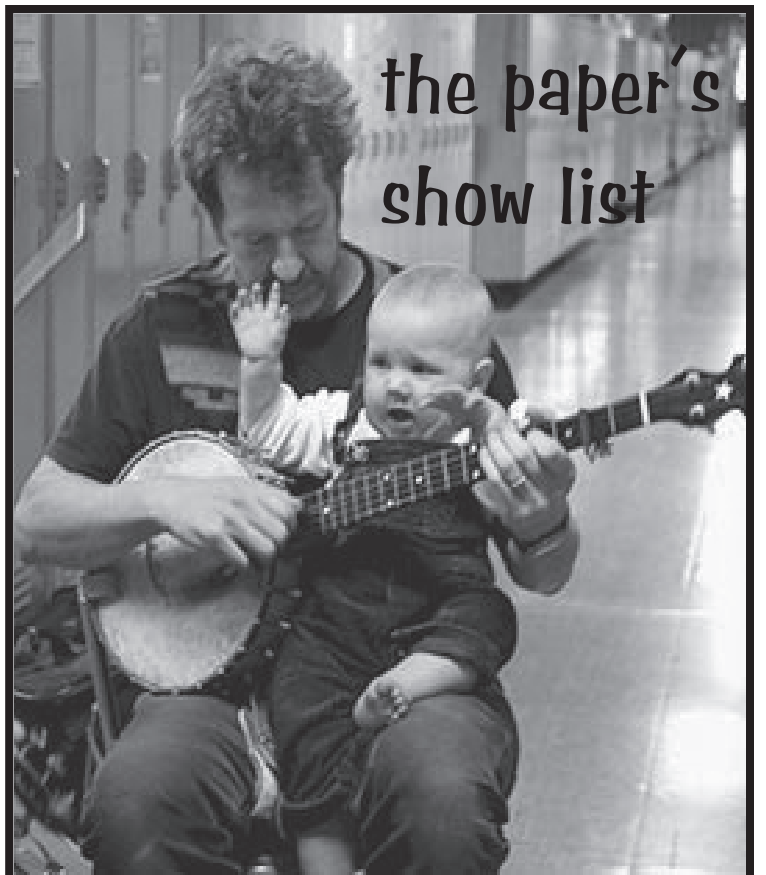
Hilarious also shines light on C.K.'s growing fame. At 41, the comedian has been doing stand up for over twenty years. His prominence has risen significantly, however, in the past few years. At the beginning of the decade, C.K. was still a relatively obscure comedian -- writing for *The Chris Rock Show*

and directing amazing box-office failures like *Pootie-Tang* (which, to this day, remains among this writer's favorite cult films). Now, though, he is one of the biggest names in comedy, widely respected as one of the most insightful and influential working comedians. *Hilarious* reflects some of that rising fame. As the comedian takes the stage, he is met by a screaming crowd of mostly young audience members. It seems that as the comedian grows more and more famous, he has attracted younger fans to his brand of comedy. This is interesting, since most of C.K.'s comedy deals with the day-to-day of a disheveled 41 year old father.

It's unclear how C.K. reacts to this newfound attention, however. Maybe this was only because I was watching *Hilarious* with a pair of ultra-high tech AKG 55 ohms headphones, but throughout the film, audience members can be heard talking to each other. At one point in the film, C.K. breaks his stride to tell two audience members to "back off." This sort of presence was missing from C.K.'s other stand up specials. It also constitutes a major transgression in stand up etiquette. A rowdy or zealous audience member can destroy a performer's concentration and completely derail the momentum of a joke. And

although the material is strong throughout, the crowd can at some points be distracting and ends up being the film's biggest flaw.

In the end, the most compelling aspect of C.K.'s routine is his brutal honesty and extreme self-loathing. *Hilarious* is definitely worth a watch for fans of the comedian's material, but may prove too strange for first-timers, who are better off introducing themselves to the comedian's career with *Chewed Up* or *Shameless*. C.K. is currently touring, no doubt refining a new routine that will eventually find its way to a new special. His T.V. show, *Louie*, has been picked up for a second season and is probably currently in some stage of development. I think you should watch it, and I think you should watch *Hilarious*. Louis C.K. is a very funny man. I would watch him bathe.



Above is what happens when you google "babies playing instruments." Of course, this is completely different and unrelated to the band, the Babies, who are featured in one of the shows below. They opened for Titus Andronicus at Fordham last year, and I missed it due to being on a different continent. I do wish, however, that someone started teaching me banjo at a young age because now I'm 21 and totally don't know what I'm doing. I wish I were this baby playing the banjo.

-C.S.

What: White Suns

When: Friday Nov. 19, 8pm

Where: Liz Hogg's Basement (401 17th St. Brooklyn)

HOWMUCH: TBA

Why: I went to high school with the guys in White Suns and the frontman actually graduated from Fordham a few years back. They've been playing excellently devastating noise rock for years and are finally starting to get recognized for it. Always putting on a great live show, it's worth going out to see them if you get the chance. And this is your chance.

What: The Babies, The Beets, Total Slacker

When: Friday Nov. 19th, 8pm

Where: 285 Kent Ave. Brooklyn

HOWMUCH: \$8

Why: Taking place in a splendid warehouse venue that, unlike the Glasslands next door, you DON'T have to be 21 to get into, Friday's show has an un-beet-able lineup featuring Cassie Ramone of the Vivian Girls' latest project. If that doesn't tickle your fancy, you must not be very ticklish.

What: Nicki Minaj

When: Thursday Nov. 25th, 7:30pm

Where: Hammerstein Ballroom

HOWMUCH: \$89

Why: Because who really wants to spend Thanksgiving with their family, especially when the Harajuku Barbie herself is performing in our home city? Minaj will presumably be playing songs off her upcoming *Pink Friday* and hopefully some of the tracks that made her two major mixtapes so great.

What: Ben Kweller

When: Saturday Nov. 27th, 8pm

Where: The Rock Shop

HOWMUCH: \$20

Why: Ben Kweller is a spazzy folkster-meets-indie rocker with a beautiful carrot top to boot. With lyrics like: "Sex reminds her of eating spaghetti, I am wasted but I'm ready," how can you not get all pubescently excited about this show? Also, I once saw him do a cover of the Ghostbusters theme song, and it was amazing.

What: Matt Skiba (Alkaline Trio), Brendan Kelly (the Lawrence Arms)

When: Saturday Nov. 27th, 8pm

Where: Mercury Lounge

HOWMUCH: \$16

Why: The lead singers of Alkaline Trio and the Lawrence Arms playing a solo show means that really douchy fans will show up, hear great music that doesn't sound much like the main bands, and get pissed. Skiba and Kelly both have surprisingly decent solo work, and this is the way to see it.

MUSE, TWILIGHT, & A TON OF ROCK N' ROLL

by Danny Casarella
STAFF SOLD OUT

Over 10 million albums sold worldwide. 3.5 million more sold with *The Resistance* as of September 2010. Countless nominations and awards, including greatest riff of the decade ("Plug In Baby") and the O2 Silver Clef Award for best live band (Presented by Roger Taylor and Brian May of Queen). Selling out Wembley Stadium in 10 minutes. This is only the tip of the iceberg of the resume for the band that is Muse. And I can guarantee a good number of people have never thought twice about them or given their music a listen. Pathetic.

I mean, come on. What more can someone want from a band? Wembley Stadium holds 90,000 people and can contain an additional 15,000 in standing room. 105,000 total, and Muse sold it out in 10 minutes. But I guess that's only ok to most people.

Or someone may say, "Oh yeah, Muse, I've heard of them before, weren't they in the *Twilight* movies? Yeah, I really like that one song that's in the movie when they're playing baseball." A part of me died the day I heard their music being used, for two reasons: one, I knew one of the

greatest bands of today was going to be reduced to "that band from *Twilight*" and two, I was sitting through that god-fucking-awful movie.

My point is that Muse deserves so much more respect than they are given here in the United States. We worship the made-for-radio garbage that is pumped out like "Whip My Hair" and "Baby," but Muse, who has been compared to and held in the same esteem as the likes of Radiohead, Queen, and more, is brushed aside without a care.

I've had the pleasure of seeing Muse twice in the last seven months, once at Madison Square Garden and once at The Prudential Center in Newark. My reasoning for dropping so much money on two concerts in such a short span of time? Muse is THAT damn good live. Both shows were a part of *The Resistance* tour, and both began in the same dramatic way. Three towers that loomed overhead from just about the ceiling down to the stage began to illuminate as the lights dropped. As an eerie orchestra began overhead, figures were projected onto the towers, and the electricity in the air was almost too much to han-

dle. Then, the intro to the first single off of *The Resistance*, "Uprising," dropped. The tarps covering the towers fell, and all three members of Muse were 50 feet above the ground in the middle of these towers as the



"We loooooove Twilight"

crowd looked on in amazement.

From there, it was song after song, as Muse rattled off what might as well have been a greatest hits album with tracks such as "Supermassive Black Hole" (Which was extremely popular

BEFORE *Twilight*, you asses), "Hysteria," and "Starlight" just to name a few. What really sets them apart from most other bands is their ability to adapt and change live performances. Even though they stay consistent with the songs they play at each live show, Muse never simply plays their songs as you would hear them from an album. They add twists and extra riffs to them, further exemplifying their genius and creativity.

The defining moment of each concert, especially the one at Madison Square Garden, came during the

same song. This was "Time Is Running Out," a song that even the most casual Muse fan recognized. Each time as the chorus began with "and our time is running out" the crowd went insane, turning into a giant wave

as literally every person in attendance began to jump up and down and sang along. I have been to many concerts at Madison Square Garden, but never have I seen crowd interaction like I did here. The intensity in the building was an appropriate match to the intensity Muse gives back to all of their fans.

It is safe to say that Muse is one of the most underrated bands of today. Sure, you have your Passion Pits and Phoenixes and other good bands that fly slightly under the radar, but none of them have quite achieved the level of success that Muse has. Some day though, I feel safe to say, they will finally break through in the States like they have throughout all of Europe. When this day comes, I'll be rocking out on my air guitar and singing along with the amazing voice of Matt Bellamy, just like I always have. Hopefully you'll be there to join me.

Oh, and on a final note. Fuck *Twilight*. For real.

[Author's Note: Please don't take this article as a personal attack. If you genuinely do not like Muse, I respect your opinion and taste. I will not apologize for my comments on *Twilight* however.]

Classic Kick Out Pop Nostalgia in Philadelphia, Guided by Voices

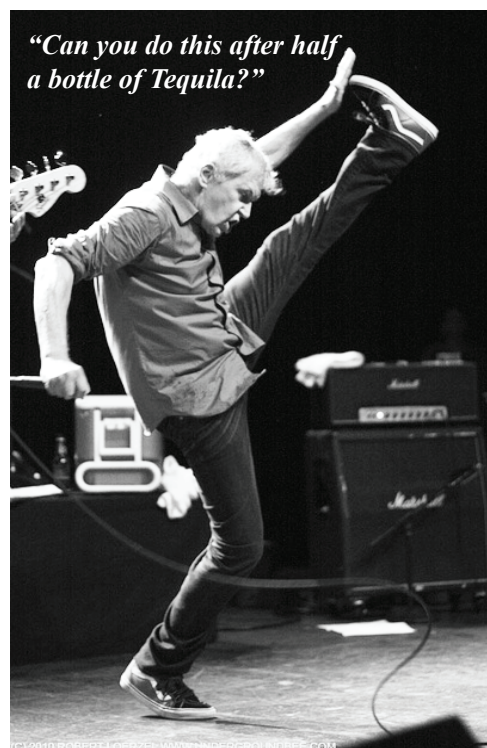
by Bobby Cardos
CO-Editor In Chief

A long, bizarre, confusing fake public service narrative played over the speakers of the Trocadero Theatre in Philadelphia, PA, it's relevance only indicated by random cuts to the repetition of the words that brought everyone there: "Guided by Voices." Finally, the fluorescent sign behind the drum kit lit up, bearing the staple phrase "The Club is Open." Thus began what was unequivocally the greatest show I've seen.

Guided by Voices and Pavement are probably the two most important bands for me, the bands that have framed my music listening since discovering them in high school—which means that 2010 was a pretty great year for me. As with Pavement, I remained willfully ignorant, refusing to read show reviews or watch YouTube videos. I knew exactly what I needed to know: Guided by Voices was playing in their "classic" lineup and only playing songs from that era (1992-1996), the period which brought us their best

albums: *Propeller*, *Vampire on Titus*, *Bee Thousand*, *Alien Lanes*, and *Under the Bushes Under the Stars*. There literally could not be a bad song in the setlist.

The band itself was in-



"Can you do this after half a bottle of Tequila?"

credible. Though all the classic members are hovering around the fifty year old mark, the band's live energy was, if anything, more pronounced than when they were thirty-

something indie rockers in the early 90s. Mitch Mitchell, who was never without a cigarette in his mouth, jumped and spun around like an adolescent imagining his rock and roll dreams. Greg Demos, dressed in red-striped flares and a vest, looked like he came straight from the 70s British Rock scene. And Bob Pollard can still kick higher and drink harder than pretty much anyone who's been in music for the last 30 years. Indeed, for most of the members, the tour was a chance for them to enjoy the success that they missed out on. Every member except Pollard left the band after *Under the Bushes Under the Stars* to return to their careers. Though GbV was starting to

see success, indie rock still didn't pay well enough to support the families most of them already had. You could see their unbridled joy just in being on stage again, and it was

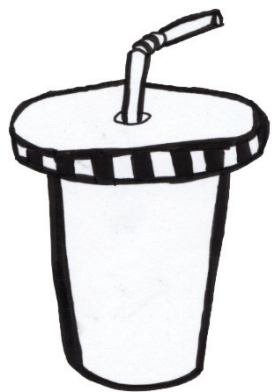
as infectious as their songs' melodies.

There is a sheer brilliance in the translation that occurs between GbV's albums and their live show. Tinny, well-crafted pop songs that recall the Beatles and 60s bubblegum pop become huge, fist-pumping rock anthems, almost every word shouted in unison back at Pollard. You could see the truth in what Pollard has often claimed, that Guided by Voices always wanted to be a big rock band. Indeed, their act would have gone off just as well in an arena (though it would be unfortunate to experience them in an arena instead of the modestly sized Trocadero).

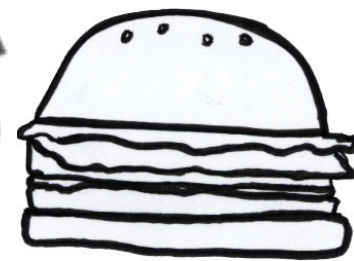
By the end of their third encore, Guided by Voices had played 39 songs over the course of two hours. It's hard to pick highlights with a setlist chock full of some of the best pop songs written. "Don't Stop Now" (a.k.a. "The Ballad of Guided by Voices") was beautiful to watch as the audience passed around and quickly finished the second half of Bob's tequila. Tobin Sprout and Pollard's co-written songs sound-

ed incredible, singing "Quality of Armor" complete with A Capella vocal harmonies. And "Game of Pricks" remains one of my favorite - and the saddest - one and a half minutes of music.

I would argue that GbV - at least this manifestation of GbV (the quality of their music takes a dive after *UtBUtS*) - is the best live act that's happened in recent memory. Some of that may be the importance I place on the band, but I still don't think it's too much of an overstatement. At the very least, it's a good reminder that people - even people with a discerning musical palate - want to see a big, cathartic, rock show, that sometimes you just need to spill some beer, throw up your fist, and sing along. For me, it was, quite simply, a pure moment, two hours when nothing else existed, when nothing was thought, only felt. Such moments are rare to come by, whether at a rock show or in day-to-day life, and I can think of no better praise than that.



CHEAP EATS

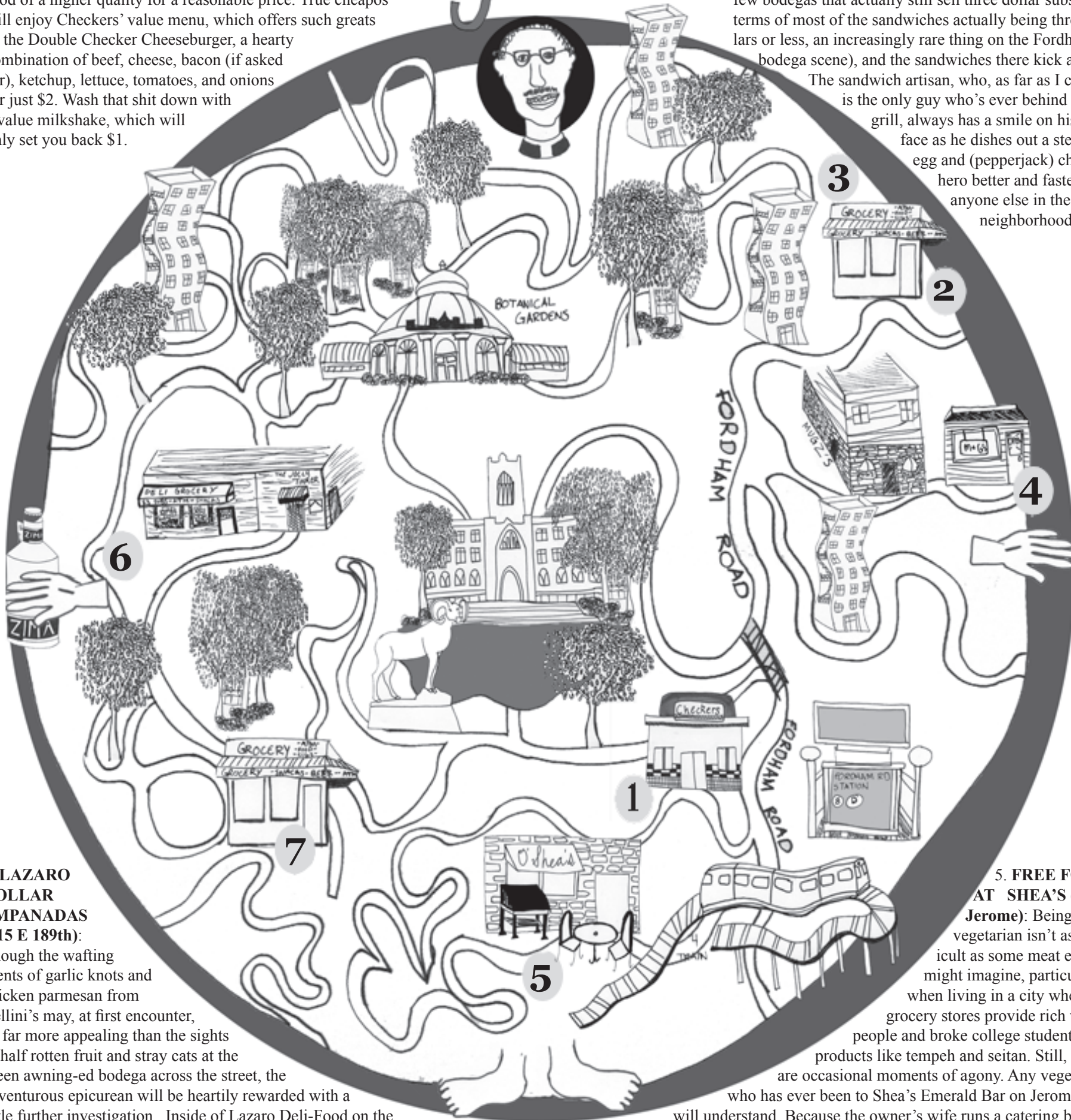


the paper's
guide

1. CHECKER'S (385 E Fordham Road): If there is a God, then He, Jesus, and Krishna get their eat on at Checkers. Conveniently located on the corner of E. Fordham Road and Webster Avenue, Checkers offers cheap and greasy fast-food of a higher quality for a reasonable price. True cheapos will enjoy Checkers' value menu, which offers such greats as the Double Checker Cheeseburger, a hearty combination of beef, cheese, bacon (if asked for), ketchup, lettuce, tomatoes, and onions for just \$2. Wash that shit down with a value milkshake, which will only set you back \$1.

2. 24 HOUR TOBACCO GROCERY (666 East 187th Street): It's slightly off the beaten path of bodegas, but the extra steps to 24 Hour Tobacco Grocery are definitely worth your while. They are one of the few bodegas that actually still sell three dollar subs (in terms of most of the sandwiches actually being three dollars or less, an increasingly rare thing on the Fordham bodega scene), and the sandwiches there kick ass.

The sandwich artisan, who, as far as I can tell, is the only guy who's ever behind the grill, always has a smile on his face as he dishes out a steak, egg and (pepperjack) cheese hero better and faster than anyone else in the neighborhood.



3. LAZARO DOLLAR EMPANADAS (615 E 189th):

Though the wafting scents of garlic knots and chicken parmesan from Bellini's may, at first encounter, be far more appealing than the sights of half rotten fruit and stray cats at the green awning-ed bodega across the street, the adventurous epicurean will be heartily rewarded with a little further investigation. Inside of Lazaro Deli-Food on the corner of Hughes Avenue and 189th Street is a small glass case illuminated by a single heat bulb that, at the right time of the day, is filled with delicious, freshly made beef, chicken and cheese empanadas, all for the price of one measly little dollar.

4. M&G RESTAURANT (2390 Arthur Avenue):

M&G's is the closest thing we have to a diner south of Fordham Road (it can't be called a diner proper because it's not open 24 hours, but these days even Webster's isn't open all the time). The menu's pretty much the same as Pete's Cafe, but the food is better executed and a little cheaper. It's a cozy place with the griddle right behind the counter, and the white linoleum walls and floor give it a true diner aesthetic. To add to the authenticity, they were even closed briefly early in the semester because they failed health inspection. If that doesn't appeal to you, then perhaps food isn't your thing. I recommend the Spanish omlette.

7. JAMAICAN BEEF PATTIES (Just open your eyes! They're everywhere!): Compact, flaky, beefy, spicy, NOT pricey – Beef patties are everywhere. These punches of protein come plentiful and cheap. Look for the golden pocket in the display case at University Pizza, Pugsley's, any pizza place within range of Arthur Ave., even Campbell Hall Café (flex dollar beef patty!) and expect to pay \$1.50 - \$2.50 for what this writer considers the perfect carnivore a meal-on-the-go.

5. FREE FOOD AT SHEA'S (2960 Jerome):

Being a vegetarian isn't as difficult as some meat eaters might imagine, particularly when living in a city where grocery stores provide rich white people and broke college students with products like tempeh and seitan. Still, there are occasional moments of agony. Any vegetarian who has ever been to Shea's Emerald Bar on Jerome Ave will understand. Because the owner's wife runs a catering business, heroes the size of a small person regularly appear by the entrance and, if it's a nice night, someone is likely to fire up the outdoor grill to cook some burgers and dogs. Meanwhile, I head home and eat some of that tempeh. It's sad and lonely, but the tears add a nice flavor.

6. BREAD TRUCK OUTSIDE THE TINKER'S DELI (387 Bedford Park Blvd):

Tinker's Deli (real name: Bedfork Park Gourmet Deli) is awesome enough as it is, stocking some of the best Mozzarella sticks in the area. However, nothing compares to the ecstasy of leaving the deli or Tinker's itself and finding the Prince bread truck parked outside delivering a batch of fresh bread. Simply ask one of the men for roll, and they'll provide it for you no questions asked. It took us a few free rolls and a lot of empty stomachs to figure out that the best time to catch the truck is around 3:45 A.M., but now we're letting you in on our secret.

EARWAX



Surprise! You weren't expecting to find Earwax for another two pages, were you? Well, due to this issue's special photography section, we've been bumped up, but never fear, we're still bringing you the album reviews you've come to expect. We still love Kanye West, we still love indie rock, and we still love Kid Cudi because he samples that indie rock and thus makes "true hip-hop." Speaking of true hip-hop, we should also thank Rodrigue's Coffee House for their showcase for local rappers. Great work, dudes!

Kanye West

My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy

Keegan Talty

When Kanye West performed "Runaway" off his new album, *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*, at the MTV Video Music Awards, he claimed that it was an apology for his previous upstaging of Taylor Swift. His actions became a famous

internet meme for a while, inspiring t-shirts and spoof websites. Clearly, the success of his first three albums had fed into his ego, leading him to produce and record an album,

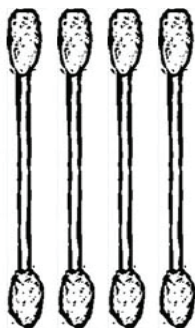
808s and Heartbreaks, which turned out to be a pretentious piece of garbage. It seemed that Kanye had fallen off, suffering under the impression that he could wake up in the morning and piss excellence. However, Kanye's MTV incident proved to be a reality check. He wrote and performed "Runaway" for Taylor Swift, an apology of sorts, admitting that we've "been putting up with [his] shit just way too long."

Kanye also decided to begin releasing a new song every Friday until Christmas, calling these days G.O.O.D Fridays, and true to his promise, every song has been a return to his old form. I became more and more excited for each record. Eventually, Kanye announced a release date for his upcoming album and unveiled an album cover that apparently qualifies as high art. Unfortunately, many of the album's songs were drawn from the G.O.O.D Friday series.

The album, on its own, is incredible. As they appear on the album, the old songs are much refined. Kanye frequently involves big name collaborators such as Jay-Z, Kid Cudi, Raekwon, and Common. Swizz Beats appears on several songs, but his parts seem to come down to awkward yelling. Kanye includes Pusha T on nearly every song, and there are additional appearances from Rihanna, Nicki Minaj, J. Cole, Lupe Fiasco, Mos Def, Lloyd Banks, Ryan Leslie, and CyHi da Prynce. Kanye's ability to gather such a spectacular cast does not stop there. On the completed version of "All of the Lights," Kanye brings in a shitload of artists to sing harmony. Where else are you gonna hear The-Dream along with Elton John?

Just like the free releases, the album does not disappoint and serves as a perfect apology for his past failures. The clean version of *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy* leaked last week, sparking an outrage from Kanye, though he began the G.O.O.D Friday series partly in anticipation of such an event. The

only disappointing songs on the album are "The Joy" and "Who Will Survive in America?" because, honestly, those songs just plain fucking suck. Seriously, "Who Will Survive in America?" is just a Screwed sample that doesn't make much sense here. If it weren't for these two songs and the fact that a lot of the songs had been previously released, the album would be just about perfect. Even if Kanye continues to embarrass himself in front of the entire nation, I will forgive him every time if he keeps making music this good.



Kings of Leon

Come Around Sundown

Sam Wadhams

When the Kings of Leon came to prominence, they did so on the strength of their signature sound and interesting backstory. The group played a stripped-down, southern, garage rock like a meth-era Creedence Clearwater Revival, and they started as three brothers and a cousin roaming the American south with their preacher father. Like most origin stories, this is a probably a half-truth polished with bullshit, but it played.

But in the seven years since their debut, *Youth and Young Manhood*, and five since their spectacular *Aha Shake Heartbreak*, the Kings have become bona fide rock stars, complete with all the overexposure and bloat that title produces. Their most recent album, *Come Around Sundown*, is significantly better than 2008's masturbatory arena-rock *Only By The Night*, the album that launched them to megastardom and caused Pitchfork Media to brand them Y'all2. While the oversized OBTN was full of reverb, swagger, and grandeur; *Come Around Sundown*, forsakes those qualities for a spacious, liberated feel. On certain tracks (for instance, hellraisers like the first single, "Radioactive," and the stellar "No Money") their experimentation can find the cock-rock edge they always ironically carried in their back pocket. But by the same token, their musicianship doesn't always keep up with their imagination, leaving them with tunes like the languid "Celebration" and the generic "The Face."

If there's an overarching motif on *Come Around Sundown*, it's defeat. The band seems worn out and drained, lacking both the frenetic immediacy that made their first two (and half of their third) albums absolutely gripping and the (however regrettable) now-is-our-time swagger of *Only By The Night*. The whole thing sounds like a contract album. They were due to produce something for their label, RCA—and they'd be

damned if they didn't—but this sounds like a band that needs a cold beer, some hot food, and a shower.

The Kings of Leon have the capability to create incredibly interesting spacy, haunting songs (the hidden track, "Talihina Sky," on their debut is very near perfect). No song or lyric



so perfectly captures the album as "The Immortals," which would rejuvenate the quiet-loud dynamic of grunge, only the quiet is mostly snare drum and generic bass

and the loud sounds like Coldplay with a distortion pedal. To seal the deal, the lyrics are clichés as boring as, "The open road, the path of greatness/ It's at your fingers / Go be the one that keeps on fighting/ Go be the stranger/ Just put your foot in front the other/ Crow like the rooster."

This was the band that used to sing incomprehensibly so their mothers wouldn't hear lyrics like "On our knees/ we'll feast on the sex show." There's nothing douchier than the music critic who hates on a band for becoming successful, but there's also nothing douchier than bands that suck, so

we're even. There's potential in this album. Overall it's a lot of throwaway material, but in moments a fantastic band shows through, and I hold out hope for the better record that they might want to make.



Cee-Lo Green

The Lady Killer

Alex Gibbons

Cee-Lo Green is one of today's most accomplished rap-

per/vocalists. By this I mean that, unlike many of his peers, Cee-Lo can rap well and, when called for, belt out amazing vocals. His latest album, *The Lady Killer*, makes particularly good use of Cee-Lo's prowess as a singer. Green, along with a gaggle of producers, seems poised to make love right to your earholes. The listener shouldn't be afraid, however. The artist comes equipped with his trademark croon, which is the vocal equivalent of very expensive European chocolate. Shit melts in your mouth. It's fucking beautiful. Cee-Lo could sing something god-awful—something by Ke\$ha, perhaps—and the noises produced would still sound awesome. His voice is basically the love child conceived from the vocal chords of Pavarotti and Ella Fitzgerald.

Okay, so Cee-Lo is a modern day god amongst vocalists. That much has been established. But can the guy put out a good album? Hell yes, he can. What are you, a moron? Are you unfamiliar with the man's extensive track record? Guy drops platinum hits like O.J drops evidence. And on this album he's not alone. The *Lady Killer* brings together Cee-Lo's creamy vocals and the masterful production of greats like Fraser T. Smith and Grey Area. The result: a very solid, very enjoyable album.

At first glance, the most notable thing about *The Lady Killer* is the presence of hit single "Fuck You," which dropped in August and became a bit of a summer jam. I'd say that "Fuck You," for all of its commercial success, is the album's weakest track. Sure, it's fun and it's catchy, but in comparison with the album's other songs, it seems pretty simple.

The album really gets going on tracks like the Smith-produced "Cry Baby," a song that sounds like an up-tempo Motown tune, replete with background strings and a baritone sax to compliment Cee-Lo's tenor.

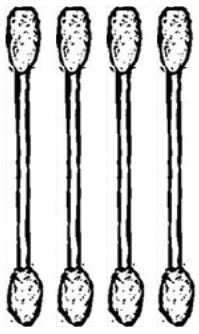
Then there's "Love Gun," which continues the secret agent theme established by the album's opening skit "The Lady Killer Theme." "Love Gun" pairs Cee-Lo with the sultry voice of Lauren Bennett, who effectively parallels Cee-Lo's vocals. With a groovy guitar riff and blaring brass, "Love Gun" sounds like a really good James Bond theme song.

The album's climax, at least in my opinion, is Cee-Lo's cover of Band of Horses' folk rock "No One's Gonna Love You." This shit is the album's coup de grace. The ensemble is a musical orgasm, if you will (This whole review started with the suggestion that the artist is making love to yr ears, remember?). Like he did with Radiohead's "Reckoner," Cee-



Lo takes the already substantial original recording and makes sweet, sweet, silky-smooth love to it. The end result: a beautiful rendition that will touch you in more places than one.

This shit is HOT. Buy it.

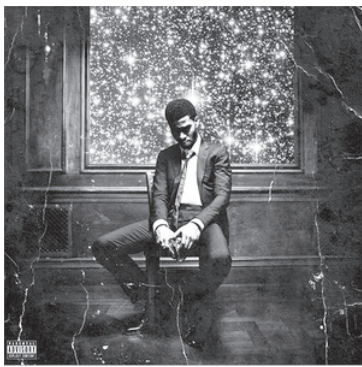


Kid Cudi
Man on the Moon II: The Legend of Mr. Rager
Timothy Bridge

It takes a lot to be Kanye West's favorite artist. For one, it helps to be on the man's label. Also, one would have to be very good at making hip-hop music. Kid Cudi, thankfully, is both of those things and has just released a his sophomore album to prove it.

On *Man on the Moon II: The Legend of Mr. Rager*, Cudi lyrically, musically, and thematically eclipses 2009's surprise hit *Man on the Moon: The End of Day*. While his first album delved into the artist's deep, intricate, and sometimes just plain depressing mind and dreams, *Mr. Rager* shows us Cudi's view of reality, drugs, women, and the darkness associated with this crazy world. Emo rap is hard to make without it ending up as some contrived, crazy, auto-tuned mess (see: *808s & Heartbreak*) or boring, repetitive bullshit (see: Eminem's last four albums). However, Kid Cudi proves that the genre can exist and flourish; with his smooth, moaning vocals he provides an intelligent view of a past seldom revisited and a present seldom explored.

The record begins with a reference to "In My Dreams" a track from his last album, then moves into the upbeat "Scott Mescudi vs. The World," on which he sings, "What up?/ How's everyone doing?/ You are now in the world I am ruling," before passing it off to Cee-Lo Green.

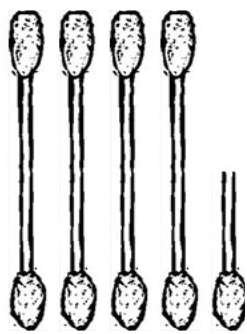


On the token Kid Cudi weed song "Marijuana," the MC spits over a haunting piano line, talking about how weed keeps him "level up in [his] crazy head." On "Mojo So Dope" he explains that he "lives through words, not metaphors," reminding us that his style deviates from the normal hip-hop way. He's not trying to make catchy music or come up with clever punchlines, he's making true hip-hop music. "Erase Me" tells the story of a girl who can't get Cudi off her mind and features a verse from Kanye accompanied by thudding drums and a simple guitar

riff. "Wild'n Cuz I'm Young," on the other hand, examines the rapper's drug use.

As the album progresses, Cudi's mood moves from upbeat and happy to comtemplative as he becomes intent on finding a new way to experience the highs of life. On "MANIAC," he samples St. Vincent's "The Strangers," continuing the indie fixation he showed on last year's MGMT and Ratatat collabs. Nearing the end of the record, he gets real with the solitary "All Along," a song that, in all honesty, is beautiful. Depressing, but beautiful.

The album as a whole is a wonderful thing for hip-hop, a genre that is having trouble finding a direction. This represents a turn away from a lot of the overly auto-tuned bullshit out there. As for the Kid named Cudi, he closes the work with "Trapped in My Mind," singing, "I'm trapped in my mind baby/ I don't think I'll ever get out." For the sake of his artistry and the future of hip-hop, I hope he stays there, finding new things to explore in the future.



Marnie Stern
Marnie Stern
Nick Murray

In a way, Marnie Stern's new, self-titled album is about the limit of words alone, how even when they are able to describe something accurately they still tend to miss something. The album begins with "For Ash," a eulogy for her once boyfriend. It contains only one run-on sentence of a verse, a verse that can't bring itself to say anything concrete about its subject no matter how hard it might want to. Marnie sings about "the sky and the trees" and "the big and the sad" and the stars pulling everything and everyone apart, but not much more. Meanwhile, her ecstatic, finger-picked guitar and Zach Hill's furious drumming say what the vocals can't.

This thematic interest is kind of funny because live, the New York City-based singer/songwriter/guitar player won't stop talking. "How many times do I have to say I need a peen in the vajeen until someone hits on me?" she asked at show ear-

lier this year. When I saw her at Bowery Electric, she was encumbered by a sore throat but still discussed, for instance, how that previous inquisition led to an angry phone call from her mother.

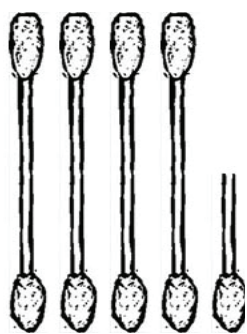
"Cinco de Mayo" seems to attempt to express the same loss that begat "For Ash." Again, a tension between the tangible ("You will always be here! And here! And here!" she repeats) and the intangible ("I'm shouting it out to the Gods") makes the song at once lovely and difficult, and confusing in a way that comes



across with remarkable clarity. Marnie's vocals are backed—and sometimes overtaken—by her two guitar lines, one finger-picked, the other consisting mainly of drawn-out power chords, Hill's frantic drumming, and a strong but subtle bassline. None of the instruments, it should be noted, take sides in the aforementioned struggle.

In fact, Marnie's rapid fire, both-hands-on-the-fretboard guitar work stands out on every song. She both fills her music with as many notes as possible and plays every one of those notes as if it's the most important one she's ever played. In fact, the guitar might be the only thing able to talk faster than she.

Although these things are nearly always present, *Marnie Stern* shouldn't be reduced to the limits of language or the related dialectic between the real and the abstract (another example: the "Risky Biz" opening line, "These markings I make, they're a lot like love"). This is a complex work from a woman with a lot to express. Even the song titles (for instance: "Female Guitar Players Are the New Black") make statements. But despite there being much at stake on this album, it is never weighed down by its subject matter. This is, afterall, the woman who wasn't afraid to say words like "peen" and "vajeen" onstage. That sense of humor doesn't quite transition over to the music, but that confidence does. Marnie Stern may not be confident in the ability of language to express everything she'd like it to express, but she certainly seems confident in her ability to make a sophisticated album that goes harder than most New York indie releases you're likely to hear this year. And, as it turns out, that's exactly what she's done.



the paper's list of songs we'd like to dedicate to Rivers Cuomo

First things first, if you're not yet following us on Twitter, change that (@fupaper). Now that that's out of the way, our list topic comes from an internet feud started when we politely asked Rivers for a review copy of his band's new album. He then started following us* but blocked us before we could ask him to hang out in the print shop with us. Internet beef ensued, and that beef has culminated in this list.

The United States of America - I Won't Leave My Wooden Wife for You, Sugar

"Now listen, [Rivers]/ and try to understand/ that tying you is fine,/ and whipping you is grand./ Now I just can't tell you how much fun it's been./ You make me feel twenty-five again." I feel I've made my point.
-BC

U.N.L.V. - Drag 'Em 'N' Da River

No list of great hip-hop diss tracks should lack U.N.L.V.'s brutal attack of cross-sh for the rest of the decade. Bringing things full circle, Juve would eventually rap over the "Drag 'Em 'N' Da River" beat on his last album for the label.

Cam'ron - Hate Me Now

In the clusterfuck of turn of the century Roc-A-Fella/Queensbridge beef, Cam's outstanding "Hate Me Now" Nas diss often goes unrecognized. "Shorty, stay in your place/ Before the AK's in your face/ Take your daughter, R. Kelly/ Have my way with her face," he raps. Hopefully, our feud doesn't reach that point.

Smash Mouth - Why Can't We Be Friends?

But seriously, why can't we? We didn't mean any harm to Rivers, we just wanted an advance copy of his new record. We were going to give his band free coverage in our hallowed pages for God's sake. Just as "Why Can't We Be Friends?" served as Homer Simpson's entrance music for his fight against Dredrick Tatum (admittedly, he uses War's probably superior original), we want to send the song out to the dude who was in that Happy Days music vidoe. You're not that bad, Rivers!

Trey Songz - LOL :-)

Because of Twitter's centrality in this affair, we'd love to dedicate to Rivers this social networking anthem. We'd also like to send him a twitpic saying, "Come and hit this," but because he blocked us that's no longer possible. So Rivers, if you're ever in the Bronx for the weekend let us know, or just come by our print shop in the basement of McGinley, where you'll always be welcome.

Waka Flocka Flame - TTG (Trained To Go)

If I could do any of my Earwax reviews over, it would be the abomination I wrote about Waka Flocka as my insides slowly crossed the threshold that separates drunk from hungover. Because I can't re-review the album, I'll just take this opportunity to dedicate one of its better tracks to RC. Thematically, there's a slight connection, but the main point is that Weezer (or any act) starts making music like this, all hypothetical Twitter beef will be forgiven.
-NM

Buddy Holly- It [Weezer] Doesn't Matter Anymore

I'd like to intertextually teabag Rivers Cuomo by dedicating to him a song by the icon he has for decades narcissistically evoked through his yuppie boy-face and horn-rimmed glasses (not to mention a song that actually bore the rock pioneer's name). "We'll say we're through and you won't matter any more," sings Buddy Holly. Oo— ee— oo, you look just like that guy from that band that started getting shitty after the Blue Album and then petered out into oblivion.
-JM

* **fupaper** the paper
@RiversCuomo and we mean shitty in terms of quality of music, not quality of .mp3
24 Oct

* **fupaper** the paper
@RiversCuomo hey were trying to write a review of yr album but we can't find a leak, only a few shitty .mp3s. can u send it to us? thanks
24 Oct

** Rivers Cuomo (@RiversCuomo) is now following your tweets (@fupaper) on Twitter.

the paper's big list



by *the paper*
STAFF OF MILLIONS
SEVERAL

We here at *the paper* may seem like a gaggle of liberal-arts-studying, canvas-bag-carrying, new-era commie bastards, but let's get real: We have a serious Four Loko habit and need to stock up before the coming Alcopocalypse (They're going to shop shipping to New York, everyone! Gather your Lokos, gather your wives, and get to thy cellar with quick'st pace!) Inspired by "Party Down's" Ron's brilliant Soup R' Crackers scheme and every episode of "It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia" ever, here are a few ways we are going to get rich quick.

INSANE CLOWN PASTA

Let's be honest—the novelty noodle market is a bit lacking in variety these days. Sure, you've got your cartoon character shapes and, if you're lucky or at a bachelorette party, some penis-shaped macaroni may rear its ugly head in your mac n' cheese. But pasta enthusiasts can only handle so much Spongebob in their Kraft dinner before the fun wears off. What pasta needs is something to stir up the pot, and who better to do it than Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope.

The boys of the Insane Clown Posse have immortalized themselves on CD's and tee shirts; now it's time to do it in noodles. Insane Clown Pasta, which will be produced in conjunction with the fine people at Annie's, will feature hatchet guy, faygo bottle, and other great shapes fun for all ages (and damn tasty, to boot!). Obviously, the juggalo market will be cornered before boxes even hit the shelves. Rowdy fledgling juggalos will entreat their mothers to go for the colorful and eye-popping packaging, vowing never again to touch another "fuckin' lame ass" bowl of Scooby-Doo mac n' cheese ever again. Seeing as it's from Annie's (organic, whole wheat, blah blah blah), the mom's will undoubtedly oblige, even if it is just to shut the little pukes up for five seconds. Additionally, the partnership with Annie's will thrust the product onto the shelves of Whole Foods locations nationwide, enabling any and all with disposable income looking for something witty to bring to their potlucks to purchase it ironically.

God bless the free market.
By Sean Kelly
CO-EXECUTIVE EDITOR

BANDFIELD'S RAW MEAT PET SCULPTURES

We've seen everything from pet clothes and pet spas to pet carrying bags. Any time a new luxury item hits the pet market, some horde of rich idiots just gobbles it up—which is why it's time for a new class of pet pampering product. I present: Bandfield's raw meat pet sculptures.

The customer will have his or her selection of the finest raw ground meats; beef, chicken, and venison will be the standard, while exotic meats like zebra, alligator, elephant, snow leopard, and bald eagle will be available at an increased price, and "miscellaneous" will remain an option for those interested in a reduced rate. All ground meats will come with a certificate of authenticity detailing the animal's pedigree and country of origin, guaranteeing the meat as genuine and of the finest quality (regrettably, no certificate can be provided for "miscellaneous" meat).

After selection, a staff sculptor will meticulously form the meat into a remarkable likeness of the customer's pet. After the sculpture is complete, the customer will have the choice of either preserving it in a plastic-based varnish or taking it home un-lacquered to be enjoyed with family, friends, and the lucky pet (Bandfield Meat Sculptures Inc. can not be held responsible for illnesses that may result from the consumption of raw meat).

Mark my words: raw meat pet sculptures are going to take over the bourgeois pet world like a plague. They'll be the hottest things since Pat Salami Portraits—which I'll have to invent before my raw meat sculptures hit the market. But fear not, for the day draws ever closer when pet owners across the nation will be able to pay the ultimate tribute to their beloved creatures with raw meat, premier artisanship, and questionable legality.

By Sean Bandfield
STAFF MEAT'S THOMAS
KINKADE

MAKING MONEY

I'm going to make money. I know what you're thinking: isn't that just counterfeiting? Yes, that is—but that's not what I'm talking about. What I'm talking about doing is making my own money. But thing about my money is that it will be super fucking cool. Have you seen American currency? It's boring. Yeah, sure, they added a few colors to the new bills, but that's small change compared to how my money is going to look. My money is going to have all kinds of shiny shit on it, and feature timeless American figures, like Fonzie. Put that in your jukebox and hit it. My 20s will glow in the dark. I'll have a 45 dollar bill, just because. Did I mention my coins would be in the shape of triangles? Well, they will be,



and they'll be made of obsidian. People will be so enamored with money that the exchange rate will be like 7:1. Stores will have to start taking my money because no one will have any American money anymore, because (if it wasn't already clear) American money will just plain suck compared to my money. That's what people will say to store owners: "American money is stupid. Use this money instead."

With any luck, none of this will result in the collapse of the world economy through the realization that money is tenuous construct, and I will be rich on my own terms and in my own currency.

by Bobby Cardos
CO-EDITOR IN CHIEF

STONED ADVENTURE PLAYLAND

Ok, so when you get stoney baloney you probably have a tendency to sit in one place and stare in wonder at your fingerprints, but getting up and doing stuff is way better because weed makes every little trip to

the deli into an epic adventure. So this business is pretty much a giant elaborate old house with like a \$20 cover charge and many couches. You get lots of free dank weed there and eat General Tso's and pizza to your heart's content BUT—and here's the cool part—there's several Tommy Chong-esque guides there who, with gentle words of positive encouragement, get you to go on sweet adventures and do fun stuff. Because it's a huge elaborate house, there's gonna be lots of stuff to do such as: sit on the swing and have your Chonguide push you so you exert little if any effort, listen to awesome music while sitting on an indoor rollercoaster that coasts through various interesting old rooms, and jump on fourteen king-size

beds pushed together as your Chonguide encourages you to jump higher.

By Thomas Sliwowski
STAFF
DRUGS ARE
ILLEGAL,
YOU GUYS

TIME TRAVEL

Hipsters are everywhere and they are leaving their shit wherever they go. They are a bartering people, nomadic,

shifty. Upper-middle class by definition, they defy their socio-economic stratum by purchasing clothing that less than fifty percent of their age group deems worth the suggested price, thereby transforming the exchange value of such items and consequently—paradoxically, one might add—shifting the "cool" into mainstream. We see this happening all the time. But where is this marketplace? Is there a particular trading post, bazaar, black market where these exchanges take place? That is to say, where have all the skinny jeans gone?

We can safely say that, like a spider, spotted at the early morning of winter, wherever one hipster dwells, there are more. And that, amongst them, there is a hipster trading post. I have found all of them. From New York to L.A.; from Austin to Oregon; from Buenos Aires to Lichtenstein. I am a man with a plan. I will make a billion dollars. How I will do this: time travel.

This is how my business works. I travel westward, in a

private jet flown by my servant, Jiles, moving from time zone to time zone. I am stocked to the teeth. Skinny jeans, extra skinny jeans, jeggings, kilos of plaid, accessories like horn-rimmed glasses and visors and African pendants. I get all this from Hipsters who live in places more westerly than other hipsters. Everyone lives in a place more westerly than everyone.

I bring the clothes back to the people, back in time. That should be my slogan. I haven't thought of that until I just wrote it. They are stymied—how could such hip things have arrived so expediently? I am always waking up and having a cup of coffee a few hours before I set off. It is always earlier and yet I have grown a beard. I look like some mystic hipster guru, unbathed and shimmering in wisdom. I have so many dollars. They will never catch me.

Eventually it is a new day. Father Time trips even my own vintage leather boots. Jiles is faithful and will not stop flying. He thinks we are going somewhere. I told him it was Venice we were going to. "Venice is very far away," I tell him. "We are almost there." We must have passed Venice a thousand times. On the dashboard of the jet, Jiles has a picture of a cute little venetian boat floating down an old Italian alleyway. He thinks he will row that boat one day. Haha. Ha. Hahaha. I'm sorry. I cannot help laughing. We have passed Venice just so so many times.

By Joe McCarthy
STAFF H.G. WELLS

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

I don't know if you've heard, but our country is heading into the john. We have loads of debt, immigrants keep taking our jobs, and our president was born in Kenya for God's sake. Our new congress will help, but things don't look good as long as our liberal media keeps spewing their liberal lies. Thankfully, we have patriots like Glenn Beck who still tell us the truth and call a spade a spade. That's why when Glenn told me to put all of my money into gold, that's exactly what I did. Think about it, and it makes perfect sense. Our economy is so bad right now because the communist liberals made the real estate bubble burst, but a gold bubble can never burst. Gold is a solid so it can't even bubble! I know that the liberal media is spinning this to make it seem like sort of scam, but hey, more gold for me! I'm going to be rich!

By Nick Murray
EARWAX EDITOR

This is What Anarchy Looks Like Squats in Amsterdam

by Rosalind Foltz
STAFF EYES OF THE WORLD

Last semester, I studied abroad in Amsterdam and witnessed some turbulent times for the Dutch. In my short time in the Netherlands, the government collapsed over the withdrawal date of Dutch troops from Afghanistan, anti-immigration and anti-Islam sentiment was growing to a fever pitch, and, notably, smoking cigarettes indoors was outlawed. Furthermore, a ban against squatting was a'brewing. Squatting was as much a part of Amsterdam's reputation for radical tolerance as the Red Light District and the soft-drug vending coffee shops, all of which are in jeopardy in the increasingly right-leaning Netherlands.

The recent Dutch squatting movement began in the sixties, when the Netherlands faced a housing shortage and some landlords allowed their buildings to stand vacant and in disrepair in hopes of selling the lots at a high price after demolition. Authorities tolerated squatting in properties that had been abandoned for one year and had no prospective renters. Squatters would notify police and building owners of their presence, and an owner would have to take squatters to court for eviction. A squat was made official by the presence of a bed, a chair, a table, and a working lock. Amsterdam hosted 20,000 squatters at the peak of the movement.

In the eighties, the squat movement took a turn for the anarchistic. Symbols of anarchy sprouted up around the squats, and dealings between police and squatters became violent.

In October, the Dutch government banned squatting – squatting now carries a one year prison sentence. On October 1st, up to one thousand people in Amsterdam protested the criminalization. Clashes with the police led to violence and riots.

Last semester, I saw that the squatters, however few remained, added a unique dimension to the eclectic aesthetic of Amsterdam. Among the sparkling canals, picturesque bridges, quirkily leaning canal houses, and extraordinary Dutch architecture, the decrepit and unconventionally adorned squats were essential to Amsterdam's exquisite beauty.



In some squats, multiple stories were crammed with bold text, colorful patterns, and spectacular illustrations, stumbling upon them a surreal experience.



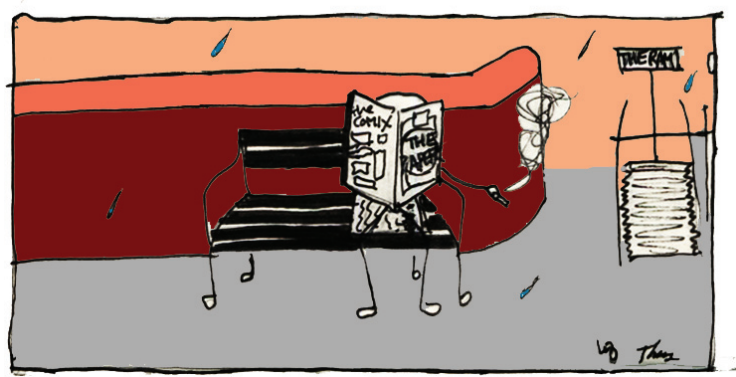
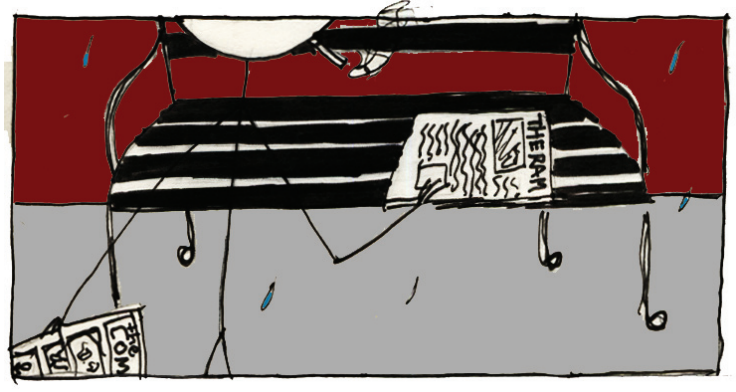
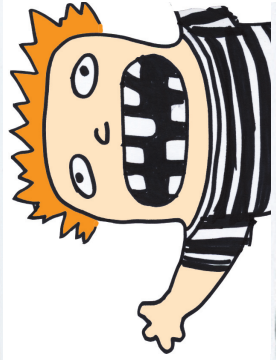
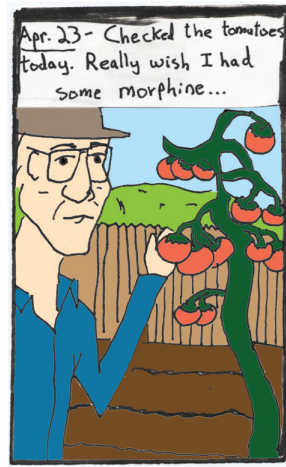
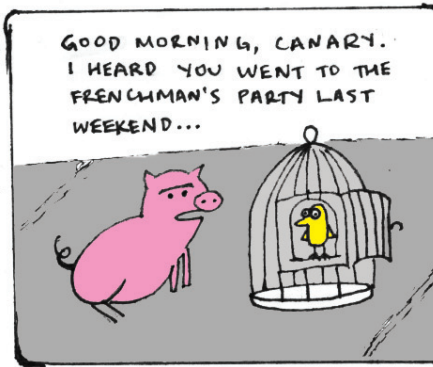
The door of my backdoor neighbor squat mostly advertised shows at a nearby venue but also offered the sentiments of Never Trust a Cop .org: "Don't panic, it's just anarchy." Word.



When squatting was tolerated, the only legal obstacle was physically getting in to abandoned buildings. Breaking and entering was never tolerated, so prospective squatters needed to avoid clashes with the law at that stage.



Squats often housed free shops, eateries, and space for music. This tantalizing book display would compel anyone to pick up some discolored (but free?!) French novels.



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