

the paper

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

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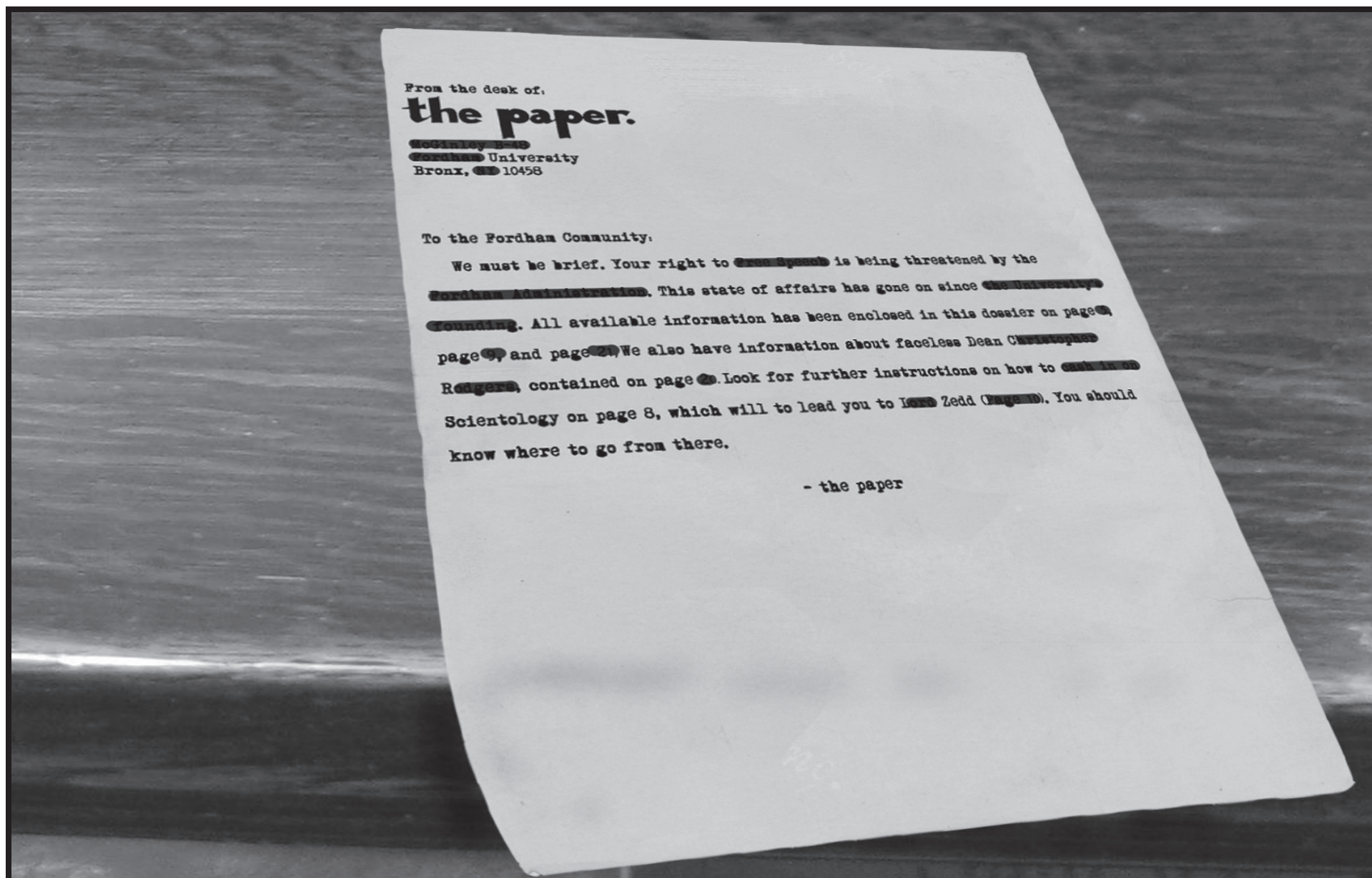
Off the Record



Important information on
Maroon Square,
pages three and nine.

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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 *Abraham Lincoln: Vampire Hunter*, by Seth Grahame-Smith. You might just learn something.

our aim

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

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

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

"*the paperhouse Rocks* compilation"

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Emily Tuttle (feat. the Great Lakes)

And a Special Thanks to

Dean Christopher Rodgers (feat. Bad-Decision Robot) *Note: This song is strictly "off the record."*

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news

Shifting Expectations for Maroon Square

As the Year Winds Down, USG Tries Moves Toward Compromise on the Free Speech Space

by Alexander Gibbons
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

In November, members of Fordham University's United Student Government, represented by USG President John Tully Gordon and VP Mike Recca handed off their Maroon Square proposal to the Student Life Committee (SLC). Maroon Square, for those students who have been living under a rock the past four months, was a proposal set forth by USG calling for a designated free-speech zone on campus. It was modeled off of similar free-speech zones on other campuses, many of them private, Jesuit schools like Fordham. The free-speech zone would allow students a location where they could hold demonstrations or open dialogues without having to go through Fordham's stingy demonstration policy, which, among other things, requires students to register a potential demonstration weeks in advance (it's within my own opinion that Maroon Square could also serve as a student/community hang-out spot, which Fordham desperately needs more of).

Gordon spoke with *the paper* about Maroon Square when USG handed off the proposal in the fall. "Rather than advocate changing the demonstration policy," said Gordon, "Maroon Square will be an enhancement to it." The idea was that Maroon Square would provide students and groups an easy way of expressing their ideas and opinions, especially if said ideas and opinions run contrary to administration policy or Fordham's conservative ideology. Of course, as the proposal was handed off to the SLC, it was met with an apprehensive, borderline paranoid response from the administration.

When asked to comment on Student Life's problems with the Maroon Square proposal, Dean Rodgers said, "I'm not sure it

makes sense for me, while I'm [continuing conversations with USG] to air that laundry right now, publicly." Lord knows why Dean Rodgers couldn't talk about the specific problems Student Life had with the Maroon Square proposal. Perhaps it has something to do with *the paper's* knack for constantly knocking on the administration. Maybe it's a general problem with transparency, or maybe it's just that any problems Student Life has with Maroon Square are ridiculous and unfounded, and to make them public would invite criticism from the student-body.

What follows are some of the reasons why the administration rejected the Maroon Square proposal. Note: this is in no way a statement from the Office of Student Affairs.

1. Maroon Square could potentially increase controversies or incidents on campus
2. Unanticipated activates take the university by surprise
3. The potential for controversial images to be displayed in public
4. The potential for hate speech to be voiced in Maroon Square
5. Potential for underutilization
6. Maroon Square may give unrealistic expectations of post-college life
7. Taking the administration and the planning process would deprive students of valuable lessons

If your head is pained after reading those excuses for legitimate contention, you're amongst friends.

The Route of Compromise

To protests on behalf of the

administration listed above have significantly changed the course of USG's Maroon Square proposal. The initial mission of creating an "enhancement" to the demonstration policy, rather than changing the policy has since lost steam. Now, as USG elections approach and current administration members get ready to graduate, focus has shifted primarily to changing the demonstration policy in order to make the process less daunting for students.

the paper recently sat down

with Dean Rodgers and John Gordon, Mike Recca, and board member Ian Gaylets have devoted huge amounts of their time to the cause. "What we're now looking to do," said Gordon "is make changes that are still significant, but not as overwhelming as the space itself." Basically, Fordham will see no free-speech zone this year, but *may* see some changes to the demonstration policy that make the process of registering a demonstration easier and more convenient for students. "We want the greatest benefit with the greatest amount of compromise," says Gordon.

USG's primary concern at the moment is to make *some* difference. Free-speech on campus has been a huge concern for the current administration;

Both USG and SLC expect to see some sort of resolution. The two groups will meet on March 24th, where both expect to meet some form of final resolution. "I don't think we would have entered into these conversations if we couldn't do something...unless we thought there was an outcome, a movement in positions," says Rodgers.

During the meeting Rodgers and Gordon repeatedly cited the importance of cooperation between groups on campus, especially student groups and administrators. "The credit I give to this years [USG] administration is that they say 'progress is important.'" Rodgers says this year's administration is a deviation from previous USGs, especially in their willingness to compromise. "It's in the sense of cooperation that we're trying to reach an attainable goal," says Gordon.

So the free speech zone is a bust. Rose Hill will not see a Maroon Square this year, and only time will tell what the priorities of next year's USG will be. Hopefully they'll continue the same fight led by this year's bipartisan USG administration. If not, students can at least look forward to some sort of change in the demonstration policy. Still, the prospect of a free-speech zone on campus was an exciting one. Any "progress" made that doesn't include such a zone will be bittersweet at best.

For *the paper's* view on the issue, turn to page 9.

An artist's rendition of Maroon Square. The administration insisted on the canon, for security purposes.



with both Dean Rodgers and John Gordon. Throughout the conversation, some of which Dean Rodgers declared "off the record," both Gordon and Rodgers spoke optimistically of compromise between USG and SLC. "The process has been collaborative," says Gordon. "One of the benefits of this process has been the approach on both ends. We went into this with the idea of deviating from the standard when it comes to addressing policy issues." The "standard" Gordon refers to here is basically loud, disgruntled opposition and outrage, a

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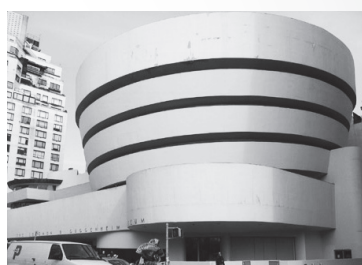
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Effects of Earthquake are More than Physical

Coastal Chile Plagued by Looting, Infection

by Sean Kelly
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

In the weeks following the February 27th earthquake that devastated the coastal nation of Chile, the true extent of the damage slowly became apparent. With a crushed infrastructure, an as of yet unknown death toll, approximately two million displaced citizens, and a "state of catastrophe" declared by Chilean president Michelle Bachelet a mere three hours after the quake had struck, the 8.8 magnitude earthquake left most of the central Chilean coastline, as well as in the inland metropolitan centers, in chaotic shambles.

Indeed, the extent of the physical damage was apparent from the beginning; collapsed bridges, crumbled buildings, and a decimated hospital in downtown Concepcion - the population center most directly affected by the quake - were all primary concerns in the days following the incident. However, after the rescue efforts subsided, the aftershocks and tremors stopped and the rubble began to be cleared away, Chile found itself faced with a new set of problems and clearer idea of exactly how the quake affected

all aspects of life for its citizens. Perhaps the most notable of these was the civil unrest that occurred in the hardest hit areas of the country. As was seen all too recently in Haiti, looting and rioting are common occurrences following a large-scale natural disaster when resources are short and government aid is slow to arrive. Chile was certainly no exception to this trend, and looting began throughout the city of Concepcion and its outlying suburbs almost immediately after the quake. Though

looting was mostly carried out by poorer Chileans (who suffered the most significant losses and were left without food, water, and other provisions), many of the perpetrators were middle-class citizens, looting electronics and liquor stores and carrying their spoils away in SUVs and minivans.

In response to the unrest, president Michelle Bachelet instated a curfew for all citizens and dispatched ten thousand

soldiers to the most affected areas to enforce it, as well as deter potential looters (not since the reign of Pinochet have soldiers been deployed domestically in Chile). Though the decision to dispatch the army was met with some concern from citizens, especially those who had lived



in Pinochet-era Chile, initial reports indicate that the military presence in the affected areas has helped to quell looting. In fact, following the highly publicized arrest of 20 looters in Concepcion, the local police forces offered a short amnesty period for looters and allowed them to return stolen items without the threat of arrest or prosecution. By the time the amnesty period had closed, local police and the Chilean military had gathered

nearly \$2 million (U.S.) worth of loot ranging from kitchen appliances to flat-screen TVs. In response to the voluntary compliance exhibited by the citizens of Concepcion, the army relaxed the formerly rigid curfew in the city.

Though civil unrest and looting were arguably the most pressing issues facing the affected areas aside from physical damage and displacement, other problems have risen to the surface as cleanup efforts have begun. Among other things, the public health of Chile has become a major concern within the past

several days. In Concepcion, a port city, rotting fish cover the piers and docks, and were scattered throughout the streets by the tsunami that struck the city following the quake, spreading infection as well as contaminating local water supplies. Though a massive inoculation effort is underway by Chilean public health services (mainly against hepatitis and tetanus), infection continues to pervade the most severely affected areas

of the country. Among the most common afflictions are diarrhea and dysentery due to the lack of potable water and widespread contamination. Additionally, the looting of pharmacies has left diabetes medication in short supply, exacerbating the pre-existing medical conditions of many residents.

Another major public health concern is the displacement of hospital patients from damaged hospitals throughout the country. In Concepcion, only one of the city hospital's 13 wards was operational following the quake, leaving ailing residents in impromptu field hospitals in the streets of the city. Though foreign aid services have assisted in the setting up of field hospitals, the facilities are still insufficient to accommodate the large number of displaced patients.

Though the physical damage that came as a result of Chile's recent earthquake was comparatively low, the residual effects continue to plague the nation's residents nonetheless. Buildings may still be standing, but the largest and most pernicious of Chile's problems are not found in concrete or steel, but rather in the social order and well being of its people.

Arson Suspected in Fordham Road Church Fire

Parishioners Show Resilience, Go About Business as Usual

by Kaitlin Campbell
ARTS CO-EDITOR

Police CAUTION tape cuts the sidewalk in half at the corner of University Ave. and W. Fordham Rd., blocking the entrance to St. Nicholas of Tolentine Church. The 100 year old church's majestic stone archway, now charred black, frames two singed solid oak doors swung wide-open to reveal a dark ruinous crypt that was a carpeted vestibule until 11 a.m. Friday morning, when a fire quickly spread throughout the church's front interior.

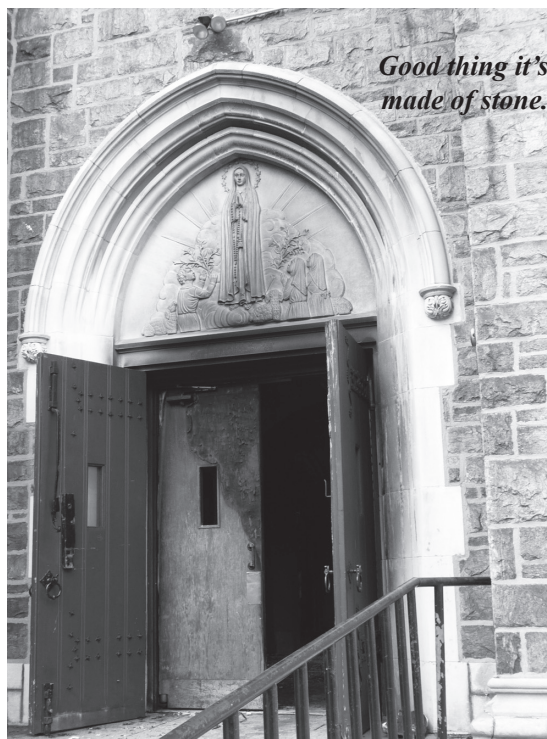
On its stone exterior, to the right of the fire-hose-soaked steps, a sign written in Sharpie reads, "ALL MASSES WILL BE CELEBRATED THIS WEEKEND. GO TO THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL GYM. 2336 ANDREW." On the plywood now covering a side doorway, another sign, "TODAS LAS MISAS ESTAN EN EL COLEGIO," directs parishioners to the side entrance of St. Nicholas Catholic elementary school, where arrows map a route down a flight of stairs and into the echoing basement gym. Sitting in rows of folding chairs facing a makeshift altar on the stage underneath a basketball hoop, the entire congregation of St. Nicholas were bowing their

heads for a final blessing at this Sunday's scheduled 11:15 English mass.

From a podium in the corner, the pastor casually makes administrative announcements - "We are not closed. We will hold all of the masses from now on, here. Please spread the word," and after a brief applause, adds, "Those with disabilities, the elevator is to the right directly as you exit the gym. And I don't want to see anyone who doesn't have a cane get in there." A uniform chuckle, and then church members lined up to shake Father's hand before walking upstairs and out onto the street - routinely out of context.

The apparently unaffected manner in which church members exited the gym - helping each other with strollers or grocery carts down the school's steps, gathering in circles to casually swap sale prices at C-town, and patting each other shoulders smiling before collectively dispersing into the neighborhood - resembles an underlying defiant resiliency that was present in stalwart on Friday morning,

waiting for an explanation from either the NYPD or 100 NYFD firefighters who extinguished the blaze and surveyed the damage to the church.



"I'm not going to become a member of another parish," said one. "We are going to fight for our church," said another. People were saddened, some even to the point of tears - but many were still actively steadfast, looking at you like you were crazy if you asked whether or not they'd still attend mass

there.

Attending mass though, was only one part of the large amount of services which St. Nicholas offers its community.

The Tolentine Zeiser Community Life Center has Day Care and Pre-K programs, transitional housing services, immigration & refugee services, a senior center and a food pantry.

They partner with the Knights of Columbus, who live across the street. Oscar Ramirez, a K.o.C who has been at St. Nicholas for a year, was squinting to see the firemen inside his parish - "There's no candles in the vestibule - they don't allow them, for the reason they're flammable." NYPD is still investigating the cause of the fire, suspected by some to be arson.

Ramirez recalls when, a year ago, he and the church's pastor found a man sleeping in one of the confessionals: "There's a lot of homeless people that sleep in the church." The doors of the church remain open until 3 pm on weekdays, and more liberally on weekends.

But although causes are yet

to be determined, and the church has been moved temporarily to the basement, no one seems to be particularly anxious. "I'm just glad we have this gym, for the weekend," said one of the lectors outside Sunday mass. A parishioner for 48 years, he mentioned he taught at Fordham Prep, and added, "Some of us actually go to Fordham on Holy Thursday...or Palm Sunday, or Ash Wednesday." Why? "It's less crowded - here, on the days when they're giving anything out to people so many come."

The church is enormous - once using both their upper and lower church for weekend masses. Though the lower church is no longer used, over 1,000 people attend masses each weekend from a congregation largely represented by Vietnamese, Dominican, Puerto Rican, Irish, and Mexican parishioners. "Anybody who is Catholic comes," explained one woman.

As this large and unique community gathers into smaller circles in the side-street next to their burnt-out church, there wasn't present a hint of anxiety - save for the little boy who stomped his foot on the ground and wailed, "Aww man, masses in the school gym? This means we can't pass notes in mass!"

FROM GHANA, WITH LOVE

Fordham's First Annual Africa Week Draws International Attention

by Nick Murray
STAFF HIPLIFE

If last spring you went looking through Bronx record stores for a copy of Ghanaian hiplife artist Kontihene's new LP, you would have had trouble finding it—not because it was too rare or obscure, but because it was selling out at a speed that would impress almost any American pop artist. And he's even bigger in Ghana.

In 2002, Kontihene's debut song, "Aketesea," won the country's Song of the Year award, and his Nyankonton remains one of the most acclaimed hiplife albums in the genre's brief history. Although Ghanaians have been rapping since the early 1980s, the hiplife scene emerged in the early '90s when Reggie Rockstone brought his Twi flow to hip hop and dance-hall-influenced beats (the word hiplife is a neologism combining hip-hop with highlife, another form of Ghanaian pop).

Now Kontihene and approximately 70,000 other African immigrants live in the Bronx, and during the week of March 20th through the 26th, Fordham is celebrating their cultures with the university's first annual Af-

rica Week. The series of events has been organized by the Fordham African Cultural Exchange has been front-page news on the other side of the Atlantic.

This marks the second time in recent months that the university has drawn attention for its relationship with the African continent. In January, the Department of Sociology and Anthropology donated thirty years of recently digitized vintage books and magazines to Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah University of Science and Technology.

Like Africa Week, the move was facilitated by the African Cultural Exchange and was covered by news organizations such as Modern Ghana and Ghana Web.

In regards to Africa Week, Dr. Mark Naison, a Fordham professor of African and African-American Studies, told the latter news organization, "We

feel we have a very special opportunity and a special responsibility to showcase African culture on our campus and the whole of New York State...and Fordham University is looking

it will begin with a community health forum on March 20th when most students are away on break. Because they fear deportation, many African immigrants avoid hospitals and medical treatment and thus "are dying slowly in their homes," Kojo Ampah, a social work major in Fordham College of Liberal Studies, explained at the Cultural Week's media kickoff. The health forum will give these immigrants free screenings and consultations.

The event will be followed by church service beginning at noon on Sunday at the Ebenezer Assembly of God on 181st and Jerome. When students return the next day, the festival will emphasize its theme with a lecture entitled "Women and Democracy in Africa," organized in coordination with the Bronx African American History Project and to be held at 6 p.m. in Walsh Library's Flom Auditorium.

On Thursday, the festivities will return to Flom at the same time for a lecture on African-Owned Businesses in the Bronx,

but the two days in between will include two of the week's most exciting events. On Tuesday, African chiefs will congregate for a day of traditional drumming, dance, and celebration.

"This kind of gathering normally takes place at the village square in traditional African societies, and we are trying to showcase that," Ampah explained. "It's more or less like a family reunion. There will be free African food, music and dancing."

The next day the university will host an African Movie Night featuring cinema from across the Atlantic. Ideally, the event will recreate the atmosphere of watching a film in Africa, where, Ampah says, movie stars "live next door and the people are able to interact with their favorite stars on daily basis."

The festival will conclude on Friday, March 26 with a fashion show and awards night including a hiplife performance from Kontihene himself. For more information, visit Fordham Africa Week or the Bronx African-American History Project on Facebook.



Kontihene:
Livin' the hiplife.

forward to welcoming thousands of people from all walks of life and around the world to witness the maiden event of this annual festival."

The festival's theme is "Culture and Democracy," or more specifically, "Using Culture as a Tool to Enhance the Growth of Democracy in Africa," and

Terrorist on Trial

Ensuring Justice in a Case Fraught with Sensitivity and Anger

by Lauren Duca
STAFF AMUURICA

In the middle ages, if you were convicted of a crime they tossed you in the nearest lake and decided whether or not you were guilty depending on if you sank. They also thought dragons were real. A few hundred years later, we here in the U.S. have figured some things out. We know that wizards only exist between the pages of J.K. Rowling novels, that it's okay to take a bath more than once a lifetime, and that it's best to work with a judicial system in which you're innocent until proven guilty. We're behind technology a good five years and it's possible to "get away with murder" on account of police not being allowed to burst into the homes of the suspected, search for, and seize necessary evidence. American rule of law is not perfect, but it's the best system, and it's the best because it's blind.

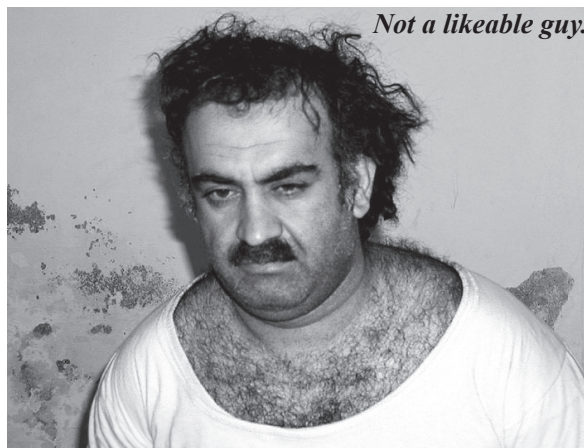
What that really means is that justice is dispensed with neutrality. But is it? Teachers are supposed to be unbiased and treat every student the same. Yet, there will always be that kid with the bad tooth-to-gum ratio, glasses, and a habit of whining that seems to get more time outs than everyone else. Why?

'Cause everyone hates him. He's annoying. No one gives a shit about him not wanting to go on the Rock n' Rollercoaster at Disney World during the class trip because he doesn't like fun. And it's really not helping that his peanut allergy is the reason birthdays can't be celebrated with cupcakes during recess anymore. Except, shouldn't he still be treated fairly? Is it enough of a reason for him to spend 15% more of his time sitting in a corner facing the wall?

Everyone hates Khalid Sheik Mohammed. I got shivers down my spine when I caught a glimpse of his picture – empty eyes glaring beneath caterpillar eyebrows and hipster glasses gone terrorist chic. He was the mastermind behind 9/11. 2,819 people died, 1,609 people lost a spouse or partner, and 3,051 children lost parents. We will never forget the day Khalid and his pals took a bite out of the Big Apple. He's despicable, and the nation despises him with good reason, but does that mean he doesn't deserve justice?

Attorney General Eric Hold-

er announced his decision to try Mohammed in a civilian court to a response of vicious uproar by Republicans and New York officials. They are arguing that he "should not be entitled to all the protections and privileges



Not a likeable guy.

a defendant receives in civilian court." Senator Joe Lieberman called "giving [him] the constitutional rights of an American citizen" "justice according to *Alice in Wonderland*." Cool pop culture reference, JL.

No final recommendation has been given, but the senior administration official announced that advisors hope a decision will be made before Obama leaves on an overseas trip March 18th. White House Press Secretary Robert Gibbs said the administration will

evaluate the options based on "New York City logistical and security concerns." NY police estimate that the cost to the city will exceed \$200 million for every year that the trial endures, in order to fund the installation of over 2,000 checkpoints in lower Manhattan.

Khalid is a sorry excuse for a person and \$200 million is a lot of money. Though the nation as a whole could spend every Saturday night for the next millennium ripping him a new one, I doubt they're eager to see tax dollars go to the treat-a-terrorist-fairly fund. But none of that

negates the implications of undergoing this reversal on the judicial system and American values. It only takes one exception to form a precedent of negating our present judicial tradition. Anthony Romero, director of the ACLU, accurately referred to trying Muhammed in military court as a "death blow" to our justice department and moral standards, and said that "if the president flip-flops and retreats to the Bush military commissions, he will betray his campaign promise to restore the

rule of law, demonstrate that his principles are up for grabs and lose all credibility with Americans who care about justice and the rule of law."

Senior Advisor David Axelrod has stated that Obama favors holding the trial in civilian court. And Holder expressed his confidence in the abilities of our court system saying, "The alleged 9/11 conspirators will stand trial in our justice system before an impartial jury under long-established rules and procedures." Khalid Sheik Mohammed is probably a little worse than the killjoy kid who gets on everyone's nerves. He should have to spend the remainder of his life sitting in a corner, eating caf leftovers, and watching that episode of *The View* with Donald Trump as a special guest on loop. Khalid is a disgrace to humanity. He'd probably be in Hitler's Top 8 and if Dante rewrote *The Inferno*, there's no doubt he'd be melting in the ninth circle. But that doesn't negate the fact that giving him a military tribunal over a civilian trial would undermine the current administration and our country's standing rule of law. Justice better keep her blindfold on.

FAKER THAN TRUTH

by Sean Kelly, Alex Orf, and Sean Bandfield
STAFF LIARS

BRONX, NY ~ At approximately 2:05 am on the morning of Sunday, March 7th, your roommate purportedly ate an undercooked HotPocket, proceeding bravely though the center was still slightly frozen. The HotPocket, which your roommate acquired while walking through TigerMart after leaving Mugz's at 1:42 am, was confirmed to have a recommended cooking time of two minutes thirty seconds on high power, as well as an additional minute of cooling time after being removed from the microwave. According to reports from your roommate and the other guy in the lounge at the time of the HotPocket's preparation, the frozen pizza-snack was undercooked by at least thirty seconds on medium power level. "I mean I had already taken it [the HotPocket] out of the packaging, and I wasn't about to throw it out, so I figured I'd just tough it out," said your roommate at 11:30 am upon being asked about his activities the previous night. "The edges were still pretty warm. It tasted fine, I guess."

-SPK

HOLLYWOOD, CA ~ Movie fans around the world were slightly disappointed today upon hearing that James Cameron, Academy Award-Winning Director of Titanic and big-time loser at this past Sunday's Academy Awards Ceremony, took his own life Monday. Cameron, 55, committed hara kiri, or ritual Japanese suicide, on board his private submarine, which he piloted into the remains of the Titanic. In the note he left behind to justify his actions, Cameron mourned for what he called "the film industry's inevitable decay," writing, "Why would I want to live in a world where nuanced performances and bold directorial styles are more highly valued than mediocre 'message' stories wrapped in the latest special effects technology? I mean, The Hurt Locker even has believable, three-dimensional characters!" Dozens of friends and former collaborators have expressed their sorrow at no longer maybe-sorta getting the chance to look like a blue cheetah, but will console themselves by choosing more interesting, intellectually stimulating projects instead.

-AO

HOLLYWOOD, CA, 2273 AD ~ James Cameron's latest film *Golden War Machines of the Universe* has set a new box office record for opening weekend ticket sales, raking in nearly 700 trillion quark-dollars from movie theaters across the Earth and Moon. Set in an exotic extraterrestrial world, the film follows a group of scientists as they travel across all of space-time.

The film has been James Cameron's sole project for over two centuries. The director was able to dedicate all of his time to the picture after his production company successfully wired his brain into the body of a robot, eliminating Cameron's need to waste time with common human functions. The director explained: "After my severed head was mounted on top of this mecha-body, I was able to put all of my time into my work, without wasting a moment eating, sleeping, or socializing with other people. Even when I was fully human, I'd only do two of those things anyway." The film has been a long time coming, and fans have speculated as to how the movie would turn out ever since its announcement in the 2060's; Cameron's vision was so ahead of its time that technology had to catch up before the movie could be realized. The film uses state of the art technology that actually transports the viewer's mind into the sixth dimension to provide, as Cameron states, "an experience that our monotonous plain of existence can't offer." Each viewer is given a razor-barbed electrode that is jammed into the brainstem to facilitate trans-dimensional visualization. The probe can never be removed.

Critics have called the probes a "gimmick" intended to cause hype and boost ticket sales, but fans see it as another example of Cameron's desire to push the boundaries of cinema. According to a Twitter News poll, 67 percent of moviegoers think that the movie has a chance to win Best Picture at the 345th annual Academy Awards in March. *Golden War Machines of the Universe* is Cameron's first film since 2010's *Avatar*.

-SB

TEA TIME

The Importance of the Misunderstood Tea Party

by Sean Bandfield
NEWS CO-EDITOR

For most students our age, the years of initial political awakening and later social consciousness were spent under a Republican president. During those eight formative years of Bushery, we witnessed the passing of governmental and Presidential policy and the backlash that often followed.

Most potent among these demonstrations of disapproval were protests against the war in Iraq; beside the more reserved and reasonable demonstrators were the inevitable crackpots and rabble rousers whose more ridiculous signs, effigies, slogans, and conspiracy theories, though often entertaining, likely didn't help the anti-war cause any more than they flattered Bush. Such is usually the case when large groups protest, and we saw plenty of that during the reign of George Dubyah.

If Bush's signing of the bailout package and Obama's signing of the stimulus deal were both reactions to the subprime mortgage crisis and the following recession, then the Tea Party movement formed as a response to what many people believed was irresponsible government spending. Concerned citizens the nation over, representing various socioeconomic backgrounds and intellectual capacities, began to protest against what they saw as the excesses of a big government that, if left to itself, would bleed them dry in taxes. But that was a year ago, and the Tea Party movement is still relevant; if anything about their existence is surprising, it's not that they formed in the first place, but rather that they're still going strong.

With the inevitability of a protest movement comes the probability that that movement will be misrepresented. To some extent, this has happened with the Tea Party movement; though Tea Partiers subscribe to the ideals of small federal government and fiscal conservatism, to call them a strictly Conservative entity would be an oversimplification. Though some core ideologies of the movement are also pillars of the American Right, the Tea Party is an expansive and national group of laypeople, and as such it doesn't fit as neatly into the Conservative category as some commentators might suggest. I discovered this for myself when I attended a Tea Party protest outside of Central Park. There

were no images of Hitler-bama or white-wigged Sons of Libery (as I not-so-secretly had hoped to be entertained by). There were no raving rednecks or screaming conspiracy theorists (actually, there was one conspiracy theorist, but he wasn't really screaming). The people I met there were exceptionally ordinary; some were more informed than others, but few



were anything like the ignorant, fringe-straddling Conservatives that have come to be somewhat associated with the movement. Many of the Tea Partiers were essentially Libertarians - some of them admittedly so - and one group of protesters identified themselves as "Hillary Clinton Democrats." The people at this demonstration, whether justified in their concerns or not, weren't a demographic that I had seen represented in the standard portrayal of the Tea Party movement.

Naturally, these metropolitan protesters could very well be of a slightly different (see: centrist) flavor than their southern and rural comrades. Classically conservative parts of the country have received a good deal of attention from Tea Party organizers, such as the Tea Party Express, a protest tour that travels the country to facilitate demonstrations and rallies in cities from coast to coast. A previous Tea Party Express ran almost exclusively in the South, which seemed to validate the idea of the Rightist slant of the movement. However, the upcoming Tea Party Express will visit cities in the Northwest and much of the Northeast, which indicates that the movement either expects support from more traditionally Liberal areas or is attempting to branch out and expand its appeal across the political spectrum.

This refusal to identify concretely with a set political party or side has become typical of the Tea Party movement. Many protesters insist that the movement isn't solely against

Obama, as many members express similar criticisms against spending under Bush's presidency. However, it's impossible to miss the rhetoric and ethos that seem to come right from the Conservative playbook; "Patriot" and "freedom" are words that decorate Tea Party writings and group names perpetually, and images such the Founding Fathers and other Revolutionary emblems are commonly featured on Tea Party websites. Now, it would be a mistake to infer from this observation that those leaning towards the left resent the idea of patriotism or don't value freedom (what's Liberalism without liberty?). However, the Tea Party movement makes certain use of these terms when forming slogans and rallying cries; they're potent ideals that appeal in a certain way to certain Americans, and their inclusion in the movement are neither accidental nor incidental.

Do these words and images prove that the Tea Party movement is simply a Right-wing engine after all? No - the movement shares many fundamental ideologies with classic American Conservatism, but it is a more broad and complex entity. What's more, it's still an entity that matters. In the beginning of the year, *New York Times* columnist David Brooks explained how the movement was gaining more support from citizens: "According to the new NBC News/Wall Street Journal poll, 41 percent of Americans have a positive view of the Tea Party movement. Only 35 percent of Americans have a positive view of the Democrats and only 28 percent have a positive view of the Republican Party." What's more, Brooks revealed that among "independent voters," more would vote for a Tea Party candidate in a general election than would vote for a Democrat or Republican.

No political movement can be summed up concisely without sacrificing accuracy. It would have been wrong to associate the anti-war protests under Bush as a strictly Liberal happening, just as it would have been wrong to appoint the most sensational and misguided of its participants as representative of the movement as a whole. This principle remains the same even though the group in question has changed; the Tea Party movement is the latest answer to the latest political climate, and like the protests that we experienced during our political awakening, it is bound to be misunderstood and misrepresented to some degree. However, it will be in our best interest to understand the movement now for what it is and what it aims to do, as the Tea Party's influence may become very important to us in the future.

Clean Up Sodexo

For the Sake of Social Justice and Your Tummy

by Mickie Meinhardt
ARTS CO-EDITOR

Fact: Fordham's food sucks. The caf barely qualifies as sustenance, requiring multiple plates of things you don't really like and don't feel satisfied after eating to make a 'meal'; the Deli and Grille grow old and fester when you realize they sell nearly the same things and none of it could ever be described as quality; the Ramskeller is for overpriced cereal and Stouffer's (and let's not pretend Dagger Johns really exists). It's nearly impossible to get anything worth eating on campus, something we all figured out about two weeks into freshman year and have swallowed as one of the shittier parts of college that we'll bury as soon as we move to an apartment and can buy our own food. The real problem, though, lies more with Sodexo, the food-distributing company Father McShane so wisely sold his soul to, than it does with Fordham (sort of).

Sodexo is a French contracted food distributor, one of the largest in the world, with products in over 30,000 sites in 80 countries, including private corporations, government agencies, schools from elementary through university, hospitals and assisted-living facilities, military bases, and correctional facilities (meaning we get the same food as nursing homes and prisons). It has an enormously well-funded public relations division and exerts massive amounts of energy promoting its image, likely in an attempt to mask its shitty food. We've all seen the colorful banners of fresh fruit and vegetables that DO NOT EXIST but still encourage us to eat healthy, the themed "international" days that are either salmonella-ridden seafood, probably paella, or little turds of General Tso's that taste exactly like they look. We fill out the comment cards with nothing but complaints, yet never see an improvement – Sodexo is largely concerned with mass production and not at all with satisfaction. It has been criticized worldwide for its protracted image of "happiness" and "diversity," neither of which it provides. However, while a lack of "happiness" only amounts to making college students fat and/or crap every 45 minutes, their "diversity" issues

extend into numerous allegations of racism and unfair wages against the company.

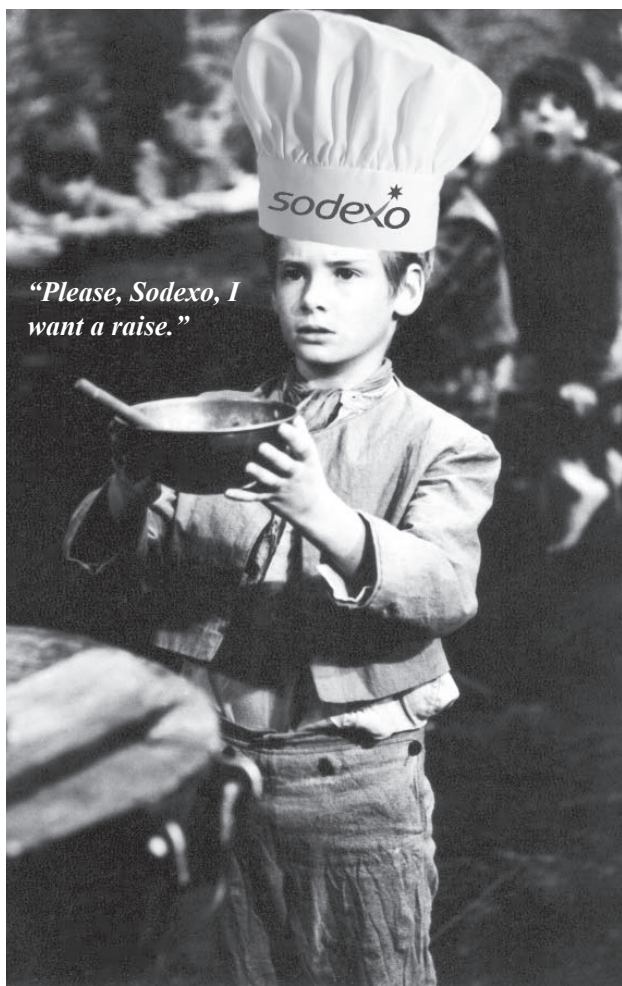
CleanUpSodexo.com is a website devoted entirely to revealing and correcting the underhanded practices of the international company. By posting violations of the supposed standard of "social responsibility," they reveal Sodexo's continued hypocrisy. Among Sodexo's false claims are: a "commitment to health and well-being," "leadership for diversity and inclusion," and a "longstanding policy of non-retaliation that

more places turn to cheap food for cost cutting (Side note: the owners, the Bellon family, are the 305th richest people in the world). Yet it continues to oppose unions for its 355,000 employees.

Sodexo has also faced innumerable claims of discrimination and unfair treatment to its workers. Black employees had long faced segregation and barring from promotion within the company, so much so that in 2005 they filed a race-bias suit for grievances from over 3,000 workers between 1998 and 2004. The case settled for \$80 million in favor of the employees and made Sodexo agree to strict diversity improvement stipulations, but the improvements have been minor and discrimination cases continue to rack up. A recent example is that of Lyonel Dieujuste, a Haitian immigrant working at Ramapo College of New Jersey. Dieujuste was a cook for seven years and an elected steward (meaning he takes grievances to Sodexo management on behalf of the workers) who brought up complaints from many of his fellow employees that they felt discriminated against for being black or speaking Spanish. Soon after, management questioned him about his background

and immigration papers, then inexplicitly fired him. Lyonel supports family back in Haiti, family that are in dire need after the recent earthquake, yet the company refuses to reinstate him even though at the recent shareholders meeting in Paris the officials had a 'moment of silence' for the victims in Haiti and announced they "recognize that a large number of [their] employees are Haitian and take part in their sorrow and in the pain of their families." Right. But Lyonel doesn't count since he might say what's really going on, right?

Between being unable to afford to take sick days and facing little possibility of either promotion or unionization, Sodexo perpetuates the cycle of poverty by employing so many and treating them as expendable parts in its profit machine. For information on how to help improve conditions (for both the employees and your gastrointestinal system) go to www.cleanupsodexo.org; if we pay for it, we can help take part in changing it.



"Please, Sodexo, I want a raise."

ensures employees can safely report their good-faith concerns without fear of retribution." In reality, Sodexo's workers are paid about \$8.27 an hour, meaning they make just over \$17,000 a year – not enough to afford the health insurance the company offers and about five grand shy of the U.S. poverty line. Workers scrape to make ends meet unless they are unionized, a practice the company fights so heavily that this January a group of workers and union organizers from the U.S., UK, and Europe traveled to the company's headquarters in Paris during the annual shareholder's meeting to protest for higher wages and fair treatment (results are unknown, as no contracts or statements were made).

Higher wages are a necessity, especially for schools and university employees who don't have jobs for three months of the year during summer vacation. The company has more than enough money for increases – last year it raked in \$20 billion in profit, and the current recession has actually boosted the company's revenue by 7.1% as

REALER THAN FACT

by Sean Bandfield, Sean Kelly, Alexander Gibbons, and Alex Orf
STAFF TRUTHERS

WICHITA, KS ~ We all know that wearing a chicken suit comes with certain inherent hazards. Small eyeholes and mouth slits restrict vision and respiration, and plush chicken feet can severely limit agility in life-threatening situations. However, one more risk can now be added to this list: drive-by shootings.

Robert Hatter, like any honorable mascot, took his life into his hands and nobly put on a chicken suit in promotion of a Burger Barn in Wichita, Kansas. While Hatter publicly attended to his chickenly advertising duties, a car pulled up beside him and fired two rounds. Hatter was hit in the leg, and the car took off. His injuries were minor – the weapon was a pellet gun – and he returned to his culinary post in honor only three hours later.

While Hatter is no doubt a hero, he wouldn't call himself lucky. "Lucky is the wrong word," he said in good spirits. "I'm very fortunate. Very fortunate." Thanks for clearing up the confusion, Rob.

While Wichita police have yet to apprehend the shooters, they believe that they might be connected to another recent drive-by incident. In the past year, shootings of Wichita mascots have risen from none in 2009 to one in 2010.

-SB

NEW YORK, NY ~ Chef Daniel Angerer of Chelsea's Klee Brasserie recently expanded his menu's selection to include cheese produced from his wife's breast milk. Touting the new item as "Mommy's Milk Cheese", Angerer has incorporated the new dairy treat into several of his menu items as well as posted the recipe and cooking method on his blog. The avant-garde chef stated that the milk used to make the cheese reminded him of the cow's milk that he used to drink as a child in Austria, and that the finished product is strikingly similar to raw cow's milk cheese, only slightly sweeter. According to Angerer, two gallons of his wife's breast milk yielded approximately two quarts of Mommy's Milk Cheese, which can serve a number of functions in the kitchen and be served with anything from beets and romaine to cooked porcini mushrooms. The decision to use human milk in the production of this new cheese was hailed by PETA, who have long spoken out against factory farmed dairy products and have repeatedly appealed to the Oedipal side of the Ben & Jerry's company, petitioning them to use human breast milk in their ice cream products

-SPK

COLUMBIA, MO ~ A SWAT team busted into a Missouri home, claiming to have knowledge that led them to believe there was a large amount of marijuana on the premises. Upon entrance, the SWAT team encountered a pit bull, which they promptly decided was "uncontrollably aggressive." The team shot and killed the dog, continued on into the house, and shot another dog they encountered, this one a corgi (which are about 12 inches long and absolutely adorable). All of this happened in front of the homeowner's seven year old child. SWAT members then arrested Jon Whitworth, suspected drug dealer. The SWAT team expected to find large amounts of marijuana ready for distribution on the property. They also expected Whitworth to be armed, which he wasn't. After searching the home, police officers found a small amount of marijuana, a grinder, and a bowl. Whitworth is being charged with possession of drug paraphernalia and child endangerment, because, as everyone knows, a father who smokes pot is a greater risk to his child's health than a SWAT team that discharges firearms into said child's dog's head.

-AG

Right to Strife

by Eamon Stewart
STAFF STILL ANGRY

On the national scale, fewer issues seem to be more divisive and difficult to pass legislation on than abortion. Difficult because of the extreme pro-lifers and pro-choicers, who would rather chant rehearsed incoherent slogans and beat each other with protest signs than having meaningful discussion and debate. Difficult because of the Supreme Court, who is content to alter prior rulings with new ones that don't give much in the way of clarity. And difficult because of all the individual state legislatures, each with their own set of criteria for what determines life, which kinds of procedures constitute murder and which do not, at what point the health risks are too dangerous for the mother, and so on. Perhaps it's better that the states handle this issue individually; maybe abortion is too complicated of an issue for our massively bloated and inefficient federal government to handle. That might be true, but it also allows loophole-riddled laws to pass at the lower level, endangering those who perform abortions or the women who choose to have them in whatever state they live.

One such bill looks prepped to pass, and if it does there's a

good chance it will fuck a lot of things up. Utah, the state known for its snow, its Mormons, and its inappropriately named basketball team, has approved a law that would criminalize a pregnant woman's "reckless" behavior if it results in a miscarriage. As unusual laws like this go, its precedent is a bizarre and unfortunate example of social ills: it is based on the case of a pregnant seventeen year-old who paid a man \$150 to beat her, hoping that she would miscarry. It is not clear what the exact situation of the teen was — whether or not she had utilized any medical resources, had consulted her family at any time about her predicament, or if she had been offered any counseling. It's debatable that the Utah congress, a heavily male conglomerate who have no understanding of the utter euphoria that must be experienced by every teen mother, acted properly by deciding that the best remedy for this kind of situation is to try the woman as a murderer (yes, that is possible and I'll get to it later).

This is the first case of potential criminal punishment

upon the mother. Other states have laws regarding induced miscarriages, but there are only legal repercussions against third parties (so in the above example, the man who received whopping financial compensation to beat up this poor woman would typically be the only one who could be tried as a crimi-



nal). This new law places legal responsibility on the carrying mother above any external parties that may be involved. The reasoning here is that the mother of the fetus plays the single greatest role in the well being of said fetus, so in any unforeseen issues that may arise, she should primarily be responsible. This leads to the two things that are going to piss off a lot of people.

First, the law opens up the possibility that women who break this law can be charged with murder. This becomes a

sticking point because the law applies to women in all stages of pregnancy — meaning that a "reckless" miscarriage could result in a murder charge completely independent of what trimester the miscarriage occurred in, leading us once again down the road to the wonderful and intellectually stimulating debate

of what exactly constitutes life, and therefore murder. This debate really could be a thoughtful and informative one if modern science and experts in the field were consulted, but it's based more upon the formerly mentioned psychotic pro-lifers and pro-choicers whom,

after hearing some snippet of information about fetal development from a similarly unreliable friend who shares their exact same view, adopt the point of view that life most definitely begins at week whatever and then proceeds to write this on a sign that they wave and hit people with at one of their rallies. One can only assume that Utah's congress is loaded with these kinds of people, because they're going to be arguing about shit like this in the near future.

Second, the definition of "reckless" that the law provides is the vaguest fucking thing you've ever heard, allowing loopholes to charge pregnant women whose miscarriages resulted from things such as not wearing seat belts in car accidents and returning to abusive spouses with murder. Instead of providing a woman with psychiatric care and counseling after she's had a miscarriage because her husband punched her in the stomach for the seventh time in the last month, she may be formally charged with murder. Euphemistically speaking, this is kind of really fucked up. And while some in Utah's congress have assured that this isn't the intent of the bill, the law still opens itself up for this kind of interpretation, meaning any overzealous prosecutor could take advantage of it as such. It amounts to lazy legal writing, which is something kind of disturbing considering that it's an already divisive issue.

So the national debate, which is already horrendous, is about to get even more stupid. We can expect to hear more about angry sign waving, more about indecipherable Supreme Court rulings, and more legal wrangling among the states over what defines life, murder, and humane treatment. Thanks a lot, Utah.

Scientology: Worse Than You Thought Prominent Former Members Speak Out Against the Church's Rights Abuses

by Alex Orf
NEWS CO-EDITOR

At some point in the course of high school, everyone has a run-in with a paranoid, conspiracy theory-spouting friend of a friend who loves to rant about everyone's favorite sci-fi fantasy multimillion-dollar corporation, Scientology. Mine came one night half-way through junior year: a skinny, grungy-looking fellow that accompanied my friend to a party struck up a conversation with me, and it wasn't long before he started ranting about how Scientologists are buying pharmaceutical companies to distribute drugs that don't work and killing anyone who speaks out against them. While I have not been able to confirm the accuracy of this dude's claims, recent revelations about the inner workings of the Scientologist hierarchy have created a picture perhaps less extreme, but no less frightening.

The stories about what goes on in the business that is Scientology started coming out last year, when the St. Petersburg Times ran a three-part series on the "religion" featuring lengthy revelations from Marty Rathbun and Mike Rinder, two former high-level church executives. The information they have revealed about the church's his-

tory and the present situation is, in a word, terrifying. At times it sounds like mediocre summer blockbuster political thriller about an evil corporation bent on bringing the U.S. government to its knees: a twenty-year battle with the IRS to gain tax-exempt status involving an Scientologist mole in the government agency, a Scientologist secret intelligence agency called the Guardian's Office, large scale smear campaigns, double-crossings within the church itself. But in the end, it is a story about one deranged man: current Scientologist leader David Miscavige.

Coming to power at the age of 26 after the death of L. Ron Hubbard in 1986 (in the announcement of his passing, Miscavige said the author/founder had "moved on to a new level of research"), Miscavige quickly consolidated power by stealing Hubbard's last writings from his competition. Once he possessed these "sacred scriptures," Miscavige quickly developed a little bit of a Jesus complex, proclaiming himself the anointed one chosen to awaken the world to the message of Scientology — and verbally or physically assaulting anyone within the church who suggested otherwise.

In fact, physical abuse seems to be the standard oper-

ating procedure inside the Scientology organization itself, filtering down from Miscavige through the ranks. Rathbun and Rinder admit both to being Miscavige's personal punching bags and beating on their inferiors — sometimes a slap on the head, sometimes as extreme as tackling someone down a flight of stairs — at Miscavige's command. The climate inside the church organization is one of complete, unquestioning obedience, and since Rathbun and Rinder have come forward, more "defectors" from Scientology have started sharing their experiences.

Two such defectors that have come forward are Chris and Christie Collbran, a married couple who were recruited as teenagers into Sea Organization, or Sea Org, an elite, Navy-esque corps that keeps the Church of Scientology running. The two met in Johannesburg, where they worked promoting and maintaining the Church of Scientology in South Africa. While there, Chris Collbran noticed the atmosphere of supervision through intimidation and its effect on himself and his coworkers, and began to grow disillusioned with the church's mission when he learned of his superiors lying to Miscavige about the small membership of the church in Johannesburg.

And it didn't help that his living conditions were unsustainable. Life inside Sea Org entailed working up to 16 hours a day, sleep deprivation, \$50 a week paychecks, and psychological and emotional abuse in the name of proving one's devotion to the church — the last point going as far as Miscavige forcing Sea Org members to play musical chairs to decide who would be relocated to other projects, or intimidating pregnant Sea Org members.

This kind of degradation occurred on all levels of the Scientologist hierarchy: Scobee, a defected former executive, explained of Miscavige's view of his subordinates, "He's the 'savior' of everything because he has to bail everybody out because we're all incompetent assholes... You don't have any money. You don't have any job experience. And he could put you on the streets and ruin you." In the Collbrans' case, their disillusionment earned them six months apart, both working menial labor jobs in Los Angeles, before they had to pay over \$10,000 in "freeloader bills" and turn in a written confession of all their transgressions. On top of all that, still-active members are expected to cut off all communication with any defectors; Christie's parents have not spoken to her since they learned

she was a "suppressive." Their superiors went so far as to deny their importance and contribution: church spokesman Tommy Davis claimed of defectors, "since they're removed, the church is expanding like never before, and what we see is evidence of the fact that we're definitely better off without them."

Addressing the claims of defectors, Davis has said that they are all lies, and that the former executives really just want to overthrow Miscavige and take control of the church. In addition, Davis has used confidential confessions from "auditing" sessions — interviews where Scientologists confess their transgressions in order to purge themselves of negative emotion — to fuel smear campaigns against them. In the face of serious accusations, Miscavige and Davis continue to preach the perfect happiness of Scientology and to spend hundreds of millions of dollars building and renovating churches. But despite their unwillingness to acknowledge their mistakes, the small minority from within Scientology willing to speak out against it without fear means that, hopefully, that dude from high school can stop worrying about being smothered in his sleep.

editorials

University Fails To Address Sexual Assault and Harassment

by Caroline Egan
STAFF JUSTICE

Remember the 5 minutes of sexual assault and rape prevention information we received during orientation?

No? I'm not surprised. The program Fordham adopted as a means to teach prevention is called C.A.R.E., which stands for Campus Assault and Relationship Prevention. You received a copy of the pamphlet at orientation, and if you are lucky enough to live in university owned housing you also received a little booklet that says "Preventing sexual harassment: What is sexual harassment? What should you do if an incident occurs? A statement of policy." This book features minimal information with selected words like "well-being" and "discuss" in maroon and enlarged font to emphasize their importance. None of these words are essential to understanding sexual assault; they are there just to make it more a dramatic pamphlet.

While flipping through the pages of this booklet, you will find a page dedicated to "examples of sexual harassment." Four short, ambiguous descriptions are listed. The answers are actually definitions of sexual assault. Assault and harassment are extraordinarily different things, yet the booklet does not indicate this at all.

Let's say you threw this pamphlet away or do not have one, so you go to the school's webpage to inquire about sexual harassment, sexual assault or rape. The logical locations for this information would be in one of two sections of the webpage: the health center or psychological and counseling services tabs. However, you find yourself out of luck after thoroughly searching these two parts of the site. Maybe it's in the Res Life section, or perhaps even security. At this point, the difficulty of finding the information is infuriating, especially for someone who has been a victim of assault. The search engine is your next best bet, but if you type in "sexual assault," the first result is Conduct Standards under the security page. The second is annual security report, followed by an outrageously offensive "How Often Do Women Falsely Cry Rape?" This is followed by a link to the handbook on criminal law exams. The fifth link is Sexual Harassment Prevention. By this point you have clicked more than ten times to find es-

sential information regarding a serious health and psychological threat on college campuses.

This link brings you to information mostly focused on policies at Fordham. Nowhere is there information about what to do if you've been date raped, the definition of date rape (a very common occurrence on college campuses) or how to help a friend who has been date raped or sexually assaulted. However, if you do need to know how many women have falsely cried rape, you will find that information fairly easily in comparison.

How is that possible?

Well sadly, my dear Fordham peers, the university has failed you. It has failed to educate and prevent sexual assault and rape from occurring on this campus. Have you ever noticed how there is no week dedicated to prevention? It is never even



talked about. The definition of sexual assault and how to prevent such traumatic experiences was mashed in between security information and Peer Education's drinking info session in Core Programming. The worst four hours of your life freshman year. Because of course, sexual assault and rape only happen when we are drunk.

Unfortunately, this is not just a problem at Fordham. This has become a nationwide issue. Universities and colleges are failing their students in taking sexual assault prevention seriously. Last week the Center of Public Integrity (CPI) launched the second series in a three-part investigative report on campus sexual assault, exposing what they call the "culture of indifference." This culture of indifference not only refers to the lack of disciplinary action taken against perpetrators of sexual assault and rape, but the serious lack of sexual assault training for security personnel, residence advisors and even the administrators who handle the judicial aspects of assault. Additionally, most schools do not

actively support efforts to educate their students about sexual assault and rape, and more importantly, prevent such things from happening.

With so much apathy present at the administrative levels of universities, the organization SAFER, which stands for Students Active for Ending Rape, has dedicated itself to helping student activist examine and take the proper and effective steps toward changing their schools programs. The website, safercampus.org, gives comprehensive information on, not only what constitutes a better sexual assault policy, but how to go about improving an existing program, complete with a massive checklist of areas to look at and two year plan that gives a week by week aide for students evaluating their programs.

In addition to guiding student groups through policy reform, SAFER has partnered with V-Day, a global movement to end violence against women and children, to form the Campus Accountability Project (CAP) that will use their database of schools policies to provide a clear view of how colleges are really doing to prevent sexual assault. SAFER's overall goal for this project is for "sexual assault policies [to] become one of the many aspects of campus culture that are rated and integrated into college ranking systems, applying even more pressure on schools to implement better policies." Accountability in schools needs to be an important part of our academic experiences.

Why is this important you may ask? Because no one, not a man or woman, at Fordham or anywhere else, should be sexually assault or raped. Sexual violence is a serious issue and at an institute of higher education, it should be considered intolerable and outrageous. One in four girls will be a survivor of rape or attempted rape by the time they graduate. ONE IN FOUR. This is a terrifying statistic. As a student body, we need to demand a better program and easier accessibility to more useful, comprehensive information on our school site in order that we may truly be "men and women for others" in an environment which promotes safety, support and respect us.

If you are interested in reforming Fordham's policy and prevention efforts, please contact Caroline Egan at: cegan@fordham.edu

the paper's view

march 10, 2010

A Third Party Argument for Free Speech On Campus

Little has been said about LUSG's Maroon Square proposal since it was handed off to the Student Life Committee in November. Like many previous issues on campus, Maroon Square failed to gain the attention of a large portion of the student body. We'd like to think this wasn't a result of student apathy, but since *The Ram* and *the paper* both ran lead news stories about the Maroon Square proposal months ago, we can't entirely debunk this.

It would have been nice if students had stepped forth, united, and voiced their support of Maroon Square (we saw *some* you at the USG meeting). The problem with this line of reasoning is there is no student unity at Fordham because there is no student community. A community of students requires a community space (An no, Fordham, the Ultimate Dining Marketplace and dorm lounges don't count). Maroon Square was the first step in creating such spaces on campus.

In the year 2010 it is wholly ridiculous for students at an upstanding university to not be granted a forum to publicly, freely, and spontaneously express their ideas and opinions. But it's not fair for *the paper* to blame the student body for the administration's trouncing of the Maroon Square proposition. It was, after all, SLC that prevented USG from establishing a free-speech zone. What we want to know is why.

The reasons that forced USG to give up the Maroon Square plan altogether are condescending and antithetical to Jesuit values. Administrators claim are scared a free-speech zone will invite hate speech to be expressed openly on campus. If anything, a free-speech zone would be an area where hateful prejudices can be confronted and denigrated. Were the free-speech zone did invite hateful contributors, those students would be held accountable for hate speech, which is not considered free speech, as anyone with a high school knowledge of Civics knows. Ignoring bigotry does not solve it, but confronting bigotry in a public forum invites the campus community to discuss these issues and advocate awareness.

Administrators think that without their guidance students are deprived of constructive

moral lessons, and their insistence on micromanaging every single aspect of student life is an open act of condescension. Students don't need to be babysat, and Maroon Square was supposed to be a place where students advocate and demonstrate on campus sans administrative pedantry.

Administrators think a free speech zone on campus would create an unrealistic outlook of post-college life, since there are demonstration policies in the real world. True, if the a group of protestors wanted to parade down Central Park West they'd have to petition city council weeks, maybe months in advance. But the plan also never called for the dismantling of the demonstration policy, so those students who wanted administrative aid could still seek it. Rather, Maroon Square is to provide a forum for more spontaneous protests, the kind which cannot give two week's notice—which *does*, in fact, happen from time to time in the "real world."

Administrators predict that spontaneous demonstrations and policies will take the University community by surprise, making ultra-smooth damage control necessary. This reasoning seems to have much less to do with any logistical or moral concern, but rather highlights their concern that, God forbid, a group of prospective students or investors witness acts of dissent or controversy on a college campus. Essentially, Fordham wants our campus looking pristine and collegiate at all times, kids. So shut the fuck up and go play Frisbee on Eddie's.

the paper will be keeping its sight on next year's USG administration, making sure they've got their priorities straight. Free speech is an issue at Fordham. Students need a location to gather and discuss campus, world, and community issues.

Hold your administration accountable, Fordham. Hold yourselves accountable. The final meeting between USG and SLC will be taking place later in March, after spring break. If any Fordham students want their opinions heard in the time between, we suggest you get to e-mailing. The Office of Student Affairs is a good place to start.

Kindle Kills Casual Conversation

Commuting Connections? Kindle Can't Compete

by Nick Murray
STAFF DUSTY TOME

Over the course of my life, I have for some reason, against all empirical evidence, deluded myself into believing that if I read interesting books and am seen reading interesting books, then interesting people— or, more importantly, interesting girls—will like me. Or at least find me interesting. I first tested this hypothesis in the seventh grade when I brought a copy of Michael Moore's *Stupid White Men* to English class. My teacher, an old, bearded man who would be intimidating if he weren't so funny, asked to see it. He then read aloud Moore's list of the first five women he saw naked. The philistines in my class were unmoved.

Nevertheless, I've continued carrying around my books and magazines, reading them in coffee shops and on subways, or, if I'm feeling particularly romantic, on park benches. I've read Kafka and Camus, G.W.F. Hegel and Judith Butler, *The Believer* and *Sports Illustrated*;

yet not a single person ever inquired as to what I was looking at until a couple of girls in the cafeteria saw a copy of Carl Wilson's entry in the 33 1/3 series— a monograph on Celine Dion's magnum opus *Let's Talk About Love*— sitting next to my hummus wrap.

"We're really big Celine fans," they told me before I explained that the book was the author's attempt to come to terms with his hatred of the songstress and understand the nature of musical taste. We had a nice conversation, but it wasn't exactly what I had always hoped for.

Despite this track record, I maintain that the symbolic function of books— though obviously secondary to their literary value— is still important. Beyond facilitating my nerdish fantasy (which is a scenario, I know, that sounds more like something out of a Cameron Crowe movie than anything bearing a resemblance to real life), words printed on paper have a certain essence that an

LCD screen, no matter how many pixels it contains, can never re-create.

Despite their reputation as a sign of isolation or loneliness, books are, at their heart, communal objects. A good book might be as fun to read as to give away. As much as you may have enjoyed it, you're sure its recipient will relish it just as much. Then, hopefully, they'll continue the cycle.

Ten Christmases ago, my cousins gave an aunt a copy of *Roger Ebert's Book of Film*. After I spent much of a recent Christmas at her house, in her library, devouring the entries, she gladly passed it on to me. To my knowledge, the anthology currently rests on a bookshelf a few feet from a friend's bed. During each exchange all that was offered in return was a conversation, and that was more than any of the givers could have asked for.

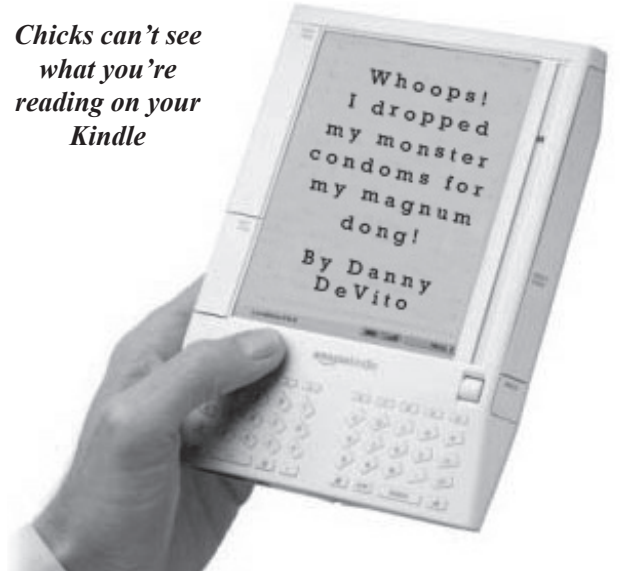
Looking back, I'm thankful that my cousins didn't give— couldn't give—my aunt a copy of the book on her Kindle. If

they did, that's where the book would still be: on her Kindle.

On the subway, too, books create a community— an unacknowledged community but a community nonetheless. In this community, you are surrounded by people about whom you know nothing yet who have, perhaps inadvertently, offered you a window into their thoughts. They may even be secretly hoping that you'll talk to them about what they're reading.

What, then, is the Kindle if not an oversized Game Boy for intellectuals and commuting yuppies? It may be useful or convenient or even stylish, but these facts only distract from the object's true nature. That's why, for me, the ebook reader will never replace the simple book, even if fans of a certain Canadian diva will be the only ones to notice.

Chicks can't see what you're reading on your Kindle



I-PAD: UNNECESSARY TOY OR UNNECESSARY

GADGET?

by Dan Yacovino
STAFF LUDDITE

OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG omgomgomg Steve Jobs announced something! Picture this: a revolutionary input method, svelte design and a base of users who will eat it up. Mix them all together and you have the iPhone launch in 2007. Cool huh? People were taken aback by the new phone, "multitouch" capacitive input and the one, lonely button. It was unheard of. Flash forward to 2010 and you have the exact same thing, except this time it's bigger. Not bigger as in hype, or in desire, but in physical size. Why bother?

Steve Jobs, a man whose company is lauded by artists, hipsters, men in suits on Wall Street, and the 20-something laptop-wielding demographic

released a product that would be something my dad would want. Weird. It is a gorgeous slab of technology, but outside of using it as a coffee table computer or novelty conversation piece I don't really see any use for it. How do you even type on the thing? You definitely can't stand and use a full hand, and you can't thumb it like an iPhone; it's just awkward to use. You have all the apps on the app store. That's cool. You can play Words With Friends, a Scrabble derivation, rather than break out your old dusty board games. That's also cool. But in the end it just proves that the iPad is only a wayward child lost in the void. It doesn't fulfill

a purpose— it just overlaps numerous sectors.

Apple's big thing for its new baby is its break into the ebook market, once dominated by Kindles and Nooks and other

promised each of the five top publishing companies that it would work on a 70/30 model and that ebooks could be sold around \$15 a pop rather than the \$9.99 that Amazon has been peddling. Now some would lament that the movement towards books on screens will kill the publishing industry, but honestly, how is a screen going to destroy a book? The vast majority of people prefer to hold a book, turn physical pages and make notes in the margin. The iPad will not unravel 5,000 years of written word no matter how much paper-enthusiasts whine and

moan, so shut up about it.

Looking at the whole thing from a few steps back: if you want it, buy it; if you don't want it, don't buy it. Of course how many of us can afford to drop \$500 on a low-end model when we make the choice between beer and food at the end of the month? My bet is not many. It's that simple and all the hype and argument over the purpose of the iPad, the stupid name, the largified-iPhone-ness, are all moot points. Yeah it's cool, but it's not worth more than a bat of the eye. If it wasn't an Apple product then most people wouldn't care, but Steve Jobs and his patented Reality Distortion Field™ have a way of warping our needs and wants, effectively blurring the line between purposeful and pointless.



black-and-white tree-pulp substitutes. The Cupertino company played a tough hand during the announcement that put Amazon.com into a bind. Apple

Chat Roulette: Like The Russian Version, But With More Dicks

by Aly Kravitz
STAFF VOYEUR

So I was sitting at my friend's apartment on a typical Saturday night, waving at people across the room through the haze, deciding whether to make the trek to Pugsley's or just order and have it delivered—the usual. Suddenly my friend stood up and proposes we play a game of Chat Roulette. Naturally I'm excited—I love board games. You can only imagine my surprise when he plugged his computer into the TV and brought up a screen with someone else staring back at us. I leaned over to one of my friends who was waving emphatically at the bewildered guy surveying our party. "What is this?" I whispered in her ear. "Chat Roulette, duh," she whispered back. "Haven't you done this before?"

I guess I've been out of the loop on this for a while. It seems like everyone but me knows Chat Roulette, and has the crazy stories to show for it. Since that Saturday I've been intrigued by this website and all of the people that use it. If this is as foreign to you as it was to me a week ago, I'll explain. Chatroulette.com is a website where you get randomly assigned to another person to video chat with. You can enable the sound so they

can hear you speak, or you can mute it and type into a text box (you're "you" and the other person is "stranger," which automatically ups the creepy factor). Any time things get boring, or, more likely, things get sketchy and awkward, you can hit a "next" button and you get disconnected and connected to a new partner. This is Skype mixed with equal portions voyeurism and exhibitionism, garnished sporadically with a dash of good conversation.

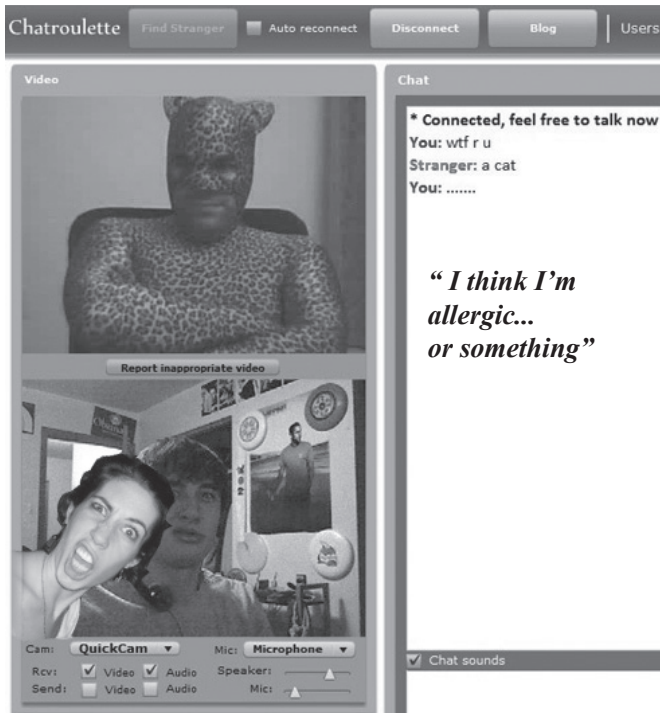
Every time I bring up Chat Roulette someone inevitably chimes in "yeah, that's the website with all the dicks." And, indeed, the website is best known for men masturbating on camera. Since Chat Roulette lacks the censors of sites like YouTube, pretty much anything goes. I mean anything—from stripping to debates on the finer points of Liberalism. And you could get connected to pretty much anyone. There have been multiple celebrity sightings, including Ashton Kutcher, the Jo-

nas Brothers, Justin Beiber and both Paris and Perez Hilton. What would you all do if Justin Beiber popped up on your screen? Tell him recess is almost over and then it's naptime? (Me too.)

in dire need of sunlight and real friends. We obviously made up a bunch of stuff, telling people we were from Finland, China, Australia or Poland. Most of them made stuff up too (except for one guy who was definitely

one nexts her she gets dressed and does it all over again? Maybe once she's already naked she just stays that way? I can't believe I'm even contemplating these questions! This site is ridiculous.

This may be old news to a lot of you, but since I just discovered it I'm still fascinated. On the one hand, it's hilarious—you see some funny stuff and have some interesting conversations. On the other hand, it's so creepy! Who are all these people and why are they sitting in the dark on a Saturday night on Chat Roulette? (Alright, alright—that may be a pretty dumb question for all those middle-aged men out there). Another scary proposition to consider is what's going to come next—Chat Roulette can now be added to the growing list of social websites that are connecting the world around us like never before. All I know is that, although it's an interesting experience, I'm probably not going to be going on it alone. I prefer living on the edge like my good friend Perez Hilton, who recently tweeted "I'm hardcore yo...I play Chat Roulette in real LIFE. I just walk around and chat with whoever like its nothing'. Word."



in Brazil and definitely didn't believe we were in South Africa). And of course we saw some dicks. One guy was in full masturbation mode when our camera connected to his—naturally we screamed like little girls and immediately hit next. He may have been a sick exhibitionist, but it must be said that he did an impressive job positioning the camera. The craziest one was

this Japanese woman that completely stripped on screen. She started with jeans and a shirt and ended with...well, nothing. I almost fell off my bed trying to push the next button, but a certain male friend (who will go unnamed) was holding the computer. Do you think after some-

Last night two friends and I decided to go on the site and see what we could come up with. We settled on my bed with a box of Thin Mints, my laptop, and high expectations. Chat Roulette did not disappoint. The majority of the people we got connected to were younger guys who looked

A Spiritual Meathead Contemplates the Self

by Chris Gramuglia
STAFF BRAINS'n'BRAWN

The other day I was doing my usual thing in the gym and moving around some heavy stuff, when, suddenly, I thought, Why am I doing this? Wouldn't it be easier to just sit in front of the TV and eat a stick of raw cookie dough instead?

Upon finishing up my last few sets I began exploring something I remembered from a high school psychology class--John Locke's *tabula rasa* theory. In short, this theory claims that all people are born with a mind comparable to a "blank slate" and develop logic and reason through our sensory input over time, a very "nurture" approach to the popular debate. At first I was a little disappointed. This theory seems to imply that the "Chris Gramuglia" that loves to lift weights, eat steak, and write sappy, romantic, overly-sentimental fiction is really not anyone at all, but an empty vessel shaped by random experiences--the Marxist ideal. The notions of destiny and fate all get tossed out the window, along with natural ability and intrinsic talent. You and me are the products of an environment that we have subconsciously absorbed during our lives. In essence, we are all

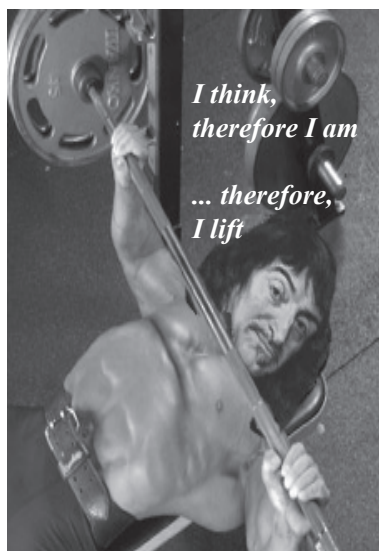
essentially *nihil ex nihilo*: nothing from nowhere.

I was quick to make this assumption, but after giving it some more thought while taking in the gorgeous winter landscape at Rose Hill, I began to see things in a different light. The "blankness" of the initial human mind, to me, is not blankness so much as it is a beautiful, limitless potential. I realized that our brains are so complex, and are such wonderfully intricate tools that what we are capable of as thinking, conscious beings, is an incredible freedom that can't be replicated. Even the most advanced supercomputer in the world can't compete with the processing speed and precision of the average human brain. After all, humans invented computers. I remember reading once in a book called *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man*, that technology is an extension of ourselves. Yet, it has never been able to replicate the human brain in a perfect, identical fashion.

Our brains evolved; there is no doubt of that, but in such a way that we can conceptualize the very fact that inside of our skulls there exists that spongy organ that makes us, well, us.

Given this notion, I started

to ponder awareness, not just of our surroundings and ourselves, but of our own thoughts. Yes, what I'm getting at here is quite simply, "thinking about thinking." It's difficult to conceive but it seems like there's sort of a Hegelian occurrence going on inside of us, in that I mean there is a master consciousness, and a slave consciousness. The slave consciousness, to me, is the one that tells us we're hungry, we want sleep, and that we want to get busy with some girl from physics, and the master consciousness is the one that says, we shouldn't eat because we need to lose weight, we can't sleep because we have a paper to do, and that the girl from



physics looks a little trashy, so we're going to hold out for someone better. What I'm getting at here is that, we are very much in charge of ourselves when we live consciously and with discipline. People who live unaware and act purely on impulse are indeed merely "blank slates" that have been scribbled on with the clashing crayons of their impulses and the environment. Mindfulness has been around for centuries, and when practiced to a great degree, seems to transcend much of what we assume about our own method of thought. In fact, the age-old practice of being mindful is currently used to treat a whole host of psychological disorders stemming from suicidal depression to substance abuse. In case it isn't clear, Wikipedia (oh, how I love it), provides the following explanation: "Described as a calm awareness of one's body functions, feelings, content of consciousness, or consciousness itself, it is the seventh element of the Noble Eightfold Path, the practice of which supports analysis resulting in the development of wisdom."

I also found something interesting in writing and mathematical reason as well. Have

you ever heard someone say something like "Oh, it was on the tip of my tongue." or "I just couldn't find the words." As I sit here and write this article, I type a few words, stop, take some out, look for some better ones, and continue. My feeling on this is that when someone searches for a word in their mind, or decipheres a math problem, they are no doubt searching for the electrical charge within a synaptic gap in their brain in which the answer is encoded, but that's just it--they must search for it. The "they" I'm referring to is, of course, the Self.

Try it next time you're mind seems to be running wild. Separate yourself from your own thoughts, slow down and ask what do these thoughts mean to you? With some practice, I think you'll see what I mean. I place special emphasis on the word "you", because this is the most important facet of what I am getting at when I talk about the Self. There lies a vast difference between our inner-Self and the rampant, uncontrolled thoughts we have and to conclude I'd like to say, in the spirit of Locke to all the "blank slates" wandering around, be mindful and so become the cultivator of your own soul.

American Apparel's Latest Ass-vertisement 'Best Bottom' contest is faux-gressivism at it's best!

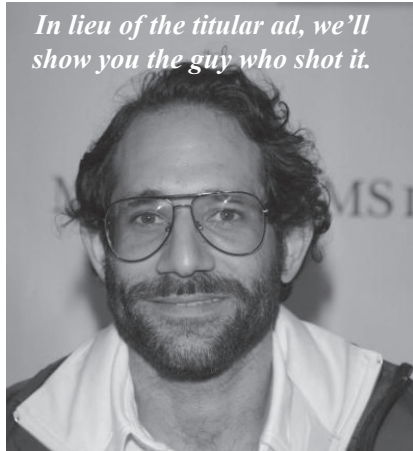
by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

Like Uggs and Tim Burton's work, American Apparel is something that we should have started hating a decade ago. That's the earliest year for which I could find a printed example of AA's skeezy ad campaign. Reads the copy from one 2000 ad, "American Apparel is a progressive and innovative manufacturer committed to producing quality T-shirts (and related garments such as panties) [...]". Above the text are two photographs of a scantily-clad, pubescent-looking girl—one of them with a man. That man is the company's CEO, Dov Charney. You'd think that appearing with your young, half-naked models would be a bad move as a CEO, that it would scare off potential investors and customers. But 2000 was a successful year for the company, marking massive growth for AA as a wholesaler and paving the way for its expansion into retail. Any concern about Char-

ney's sexual impropriety was subsumed by an appreciation for the company's vertically-integrated, humane approach to manufacturing. By controlling all aspects of production, AA avoids outsourcing jobs to overseas 'sweatshops' and instead employs its own factory workers, paying them a relatively high wage and providing benefits. Maybe ten years ago, the ethical cost-benefit ratio of supporting American Apparel was in the company's favor; but as the years have passed, it's become clear that those earliest ads were indicative of a deeply unsettling trend of sexual harassment within the company, tipping the ethical scale—in my opinion, anyway—towards a boycott.

The first sign that something was seriously fucked-up about Charney—you know, besides the ads—was in 2004, when he performed oral sex on a female employee in front of a reporter and then masturbated—again, in front of the reporter. The next

year, three sexual harassment lawsuits were filed against the company, all accusing Charney of using demeaning and sexual language. Two allege that Charney exposed himself. One accuses him of inviting the plaintiff to masturbate with him and reveals that he ran meetings in



In lieu of the titular ad, we'll show you the guy who shot it.

his house, wearing next to nothing. Another alleges that Charney asked for new employees with whom he could have sex. It was well-known that Charney did (and still does) sleep with his models, hence why so many

of the photographs used in the ads feature girls in bed; they were shot by him. It was clear by 2005 that Charney's ads were indicative of other, wider abuses of subordinates. His attitude about sexual entitlement filtered down through the company; other supervisors were accused of pursuing relationships with their employees and rewarding them with promotions. Still, many people continued to support American Apparel until last year, when a certain quote by Charney finally convinced a number of purportedly-progressive customers to shop elsewhere. "Women initiate most domestic violence, yet out of a thousand cases of domestic violence, maybe one is involving a man," Charney claimed.

American Apparel's current campaign searching for the "Best Bottom in the World" is only another tedious example of the CEO's low opinion of women. Taken with his pro-labor policies, it's clear why so many

people continue to shop at AA: they see Charney as their faux-gressive king. A faux-gressive, for those who don't know, is someone who's progressive in some areas and regressive in others, i.e. the majority of people who identify as progressive. This depresses the shit out of me. But the growing anger at American Apparel, exemplified by the recent protest in NoHo and the vandalism in Williamsburg, indicates that people are beginning to recognize the hypocrisy that Charney espouses. People are finally beginning to realize that American Apparel is not the only alternative to the Gap; there are other places to get a damn t-shirt, like, say, a thrift store. Thrifting has a net-positive impact on the environment, does not support *any* industry, and provides retail jobs for people in the community. Granted, it may be hard to find that neon-green full-body leopard they sell at American Apparel, but that is, mercifully, a good thing.

Where's The Violence?! Children's Television Gets Wussy

by Lauren Duca
STAFF MEGAZORD

My house experienced a devastating flood 2 years ago, and as a result there is a one single surviving picture of preschool me. It was taken on Halloween, and is simultaneously the most embarrassing and fantastic picture from my childhood. From left to right it features Kim (the pink Power Ranger), Kim, Kim, Kim, Billy (the red one), Billy, Billy, Billy, Zach (the black, and actually African-American one), Billy, Billy, Zach, Billy, Billy, Billy, Zach, Kim, Kim, and a cowgirl, with a clearly homemade costume featuring white tassels and an awful lot of denim. I'm the cowgirl. I wanted with every 4-year-old fiber of my being to be Kim. And the pouting "puss," as my mom often calls the exaggerated frown I still make upon not getting my way, is 86 times more apparent because everyone else's four-year-old face is covered by plastic masks (that they had a lot of trouble breathing in).

Everyone wanted to be a Power Ranger for Halloween, and in real life. It's understandable. They had all power animals, which they channeled by yelling, "MASTODON", "SABER TOOTH TIGER", "PTERODACTYL", "

"TRYCERROTOS", "TYRANNOSAURUS", and "WHITE TIGER!" (Bonus: circle the one that can be found at post-ice age zoos). They were so fantastic, their extant-versus-extinct inconsistency isn't important to all of us who were still ordering chicken fingers and fries from the kid's menu in 1993. Power Rangers were cool as shit. They even compensated for the cheesy writing of the show, which included lines like "Make a wish, jellyfish!" and "What's that smell? Oh, it's me. Weird though, I just took a bath last month." They were so well-received, producers attempted reproducing them fifteen times with Mighty Morphin' Alien Rangers, Power Rangers: Zeo, Power Rangers: Turbo, Power Rangers In Space, Power Rangers: Lost Galaxy, Power Rangers: Light Speed Rescue, Power Rangers: Time Force, Power Rangers: Wild Force, Power Rangers: Ninja Storm, Power Rangers: Dino Thunder, Power Rangers: Space Patrol Delta (okay, let's figure it out, the extraterrestrial thing is not making a difference), Power Rangers: Mystic Force, Power Rangers: Operation Overdrive, Power Rangers: Jungle Fury, and Power Rangers: Racing Performance Machines.

Despite being (retrospectively) extremely ra-

cial, the Power Rangers were violent, and colorful, and wonderful, and kids today have nothing like them. I have over seven years of babysitting under my belt, and I have yet to see a cool show for the pediatrician crowd. There is the occasional remake of a remake of a cool show on, but the main attractions include Dora the Explorer, Little Bill, and the attempted continuation of Barney, Curious George, and Clifford the Big Red



Dog. Basically, everything falls into three categories: dinosaur, mammal, and minority. And no one fights crime anymore. Every show

is about caring, sharing, learning, loving, appreciating, and being respectful. Basically, they are fucking boring. I mean, yeah, let's take into account that (hopefully) I'm not nearly as mesmerized by children's programming as I was when I actually fit into the child demographic. But none of these shows are "cool." Everything produced for the lollipops and colors-other-than-beige Band-Aid group is about morals and lessons. In terms of television for ages one through twelve, crime fighting is totally 90's.

There are all these stigmas and statistics. Oh, looks like a positive correlation exists between violent television and violence! Gosh, let's take it all off the air! There will be nothing bad in the whole entire world, because costumed heroes aren't kicking criminal butt anymore. Instead, we'll make shows featuring a child projection of Bill Cosby (that's Lil' Bill to all you non-babysitters). Razzle, dazzle, bleeble, blabble, values and ugly sweaters are what the children of today need,

right? No. Wrong. These kids are going to grow up and be just as lame as the shows they're watching. Yes, there were roundhouse kicks and hammer fist punches. But Power Rangers' basic message was: being awesome is awesome. And kids today won't know that. They won't even know what awesome is, and eliminating it from television accomplishes nothing.

There's something special about a show that compels 100% of a preschool class to attempt to dress up as its main characters, and 94.7% to succeed in doing so. And since we've all technically "grown up," it's safe to say the grand majority of our generation has enough self control to avoid butterfly kicking every other person who pisses us off. Yeah, violence is a problem. Violence will always be a problem; so will murder, drug abuse, and littering. And none of that is ever going to change. Okay, children's programming producers? Get the fuck over it. Let the kids of the twenty-tens have something other than an insanely awkward name for the decade of their youth. Put Power Rangers and other shows featuring color-coded crime fighters back in the spotlight, and give awesome a chance.

(Two) MEN FOR MAYER!!

by Matt Burns
and Keegan Talty
STAFF APOLOGISTS

Every summer, Bros pile into rented school buses with cases of Natty Light, dressed in LaX jerseys and adjustable, backwards-facing hats. They're off to Jones Beach Theater—a Bro Mecca—to see John Mayer. Yes, that John Mayer—creator of such songs as “Your Body Is a Wonderland” and “Gravity”; the John Mayer who prompts teenage girls to lose their voices and shirts and allows teenage boys to take advantage of said situation. Other than these facts, we were relatively unfamiliar with Mr. Mayer, so we decided to do a little on-the-ground research. *What is John Mayer's appeal?* We waited outside the bus stop on Fordham Road, and after paying a bus passenger \$20 to answer this question, he said: “I don't listen to that white boy shit.” So, instead, we went to the dorms.

“His lyrics make my heart melt, and I wish he were singing them to me,” said Corina Aparicio, FCRH '13, after attending Mayer's concert the last weekend of February. Personally, we couldn't identify with this because we have hearts of stone (OR because we think with our penises—same difference?); however, we can point out sappy bullshit when we see it.

Take one of Mayer's most famous songs, “Daughters.” In this song, he asks fathers to “be good to your daughters.” It has already been established that Mayer's core audience isn't the everyday workingman (unless the workingman is under the age of twenty, reads Cosmo, and listens to John Mayer). No, the real intended audience for this song, it's clear, is teenage girls with daddy issues. Every girl in America that has been neglected by her father will have Dad listen to “Daughters.” Then the father, in an effort to further ignore his daughter, will buy her some John Mayer tickets to shut her up. We're on to your moneymaking scheme, John Mayer, you sneaky bastard.

Truth be told, we like Mayer as a guitarist. His lyrics, however, are full of inane and frequent metaphors. Take, for example, his Grammy Award-winning song, “Your Body Is a Wonderland” (which sounds AWESOME on ecstasy). The song itself is an onslaught of metaphor after metaphor—all of them about sex. No wonder I'm not allowed to play it at my weekly SAA (Sex Addicts Anonymous) meetings. Seriously though, the reason that this music doesn't make sense to men is that we are more oriented towards the explicitly physical. Women tend to be more into such non-

literal sensual metaphors, and that is why Mayer's music attracts more women than are in those hordes in Axe Shampoo commercials. As men, we are tempted to hate Mayer because he is strange to us. We hate what we can't understand, and we can't understand the appeal of the twists and turns of his lyrics; we expect everything to be

He *is* arrogant, but you would be too if the biggest gamble of your life—dropping out of college to play guitar—actually paid off. So call him a womanizer if you want, but don't hate John Mayer for dating girls who most sorry little guys (i.e., us) could only dream about.

Really, he's a guy who has only the best intentions: “If I have a conversation with a really hot girl that lasts all night and she says, ‘Wow, I had no idea I was going to like you this much,’ that is the equivalent, for me, of getting laid,” Mayer told *Playboy*.

Does John Mayer need to impress anyone at this point in his life? Honestly, there are few pick-up lines better than, “Hi, I'm John Mayer.” He gets money, he gets girls—what is he playing for now?

“My motivation is to prove people wrong,” said Mayer.

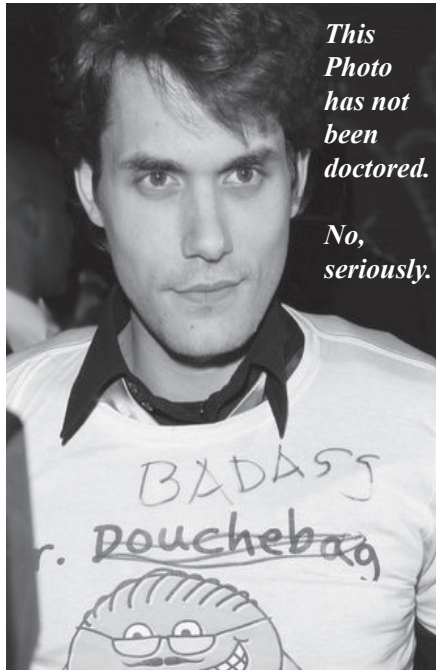
He wants to lose the Bro King, douche bag image he projects. And just like John McCain countered the jokes about his appearance and campaign by going on *Saturday Night Live* and making fun of them himself, John Mayer is trying to counter the douche bag image he projects by being the biggest douche bag he can be. “I've done away with feeling aloof and trying to seem suave and bulletproof. I've resigned myself to being slightly awk-

ward and goofballish,” Mayer told *Playboy*. It's that part of Mayer that everyone can relate to

When it comes to being an everyman, for example, Mayer enjoys the simple things in life: platinum records, foreign bidets and—one we *can* all relate to—internet pornography. Mayer actually tells *Playboy*, there are times he prefers “self-soothing” to meeting real people.

“This is my problem now: Rather than meet somebody new, I would rather go home and replay the amazing experiences I've already had.” Only John Mayer, it seems, is enough to please John Mayer, and he shows an awareness of this fact. John Mayer pulls no punches. He says what is on his mind

“You wake up in the morning, open a thumbnail, and it leads to a Pandora's box of visuals. There have probably been days when I saw 300 vaginas before I got out of bed,” he says. Truly this is something that men all over the world can identify with. It is uncertain where Mayer will go with his image in the years to come, but he seems determined to lose the douche bag connotation by being the most real guy he can, and we love him for it. Hell, we'll love just about any guy that can compare Jessica Simpson to crack cocaine and admit that he would “like to quit my life and just fuckin' snort you.”



This Photo has not been doctored.

No, seriously.

blunt and to the point.

But John Mayer is more than his music—so much more that few people can handle the pure brass balls this man possesses.

“You have to show that you don't take yourself seriously,” said Mayer in a March interview with *Playboy* in response to how he handles people who think he's a cocky womanizer.

YOU'RE NOT GETTING LAID FIVE SIGNS YOU'RE GOING HOME ALONE

by Chris Gramuglia
STAFF LADIES' MAN

Alright guys, let's face it. It's happened to all of us at one time or another: Some girl who looks better than she should shoots you a sexy look from across the bar, so, like a college Casanova, you can't help but stroll on over. Hell, you even drop a pretty good line on her—so good, in fact, that her slightly less attractive friends all giggle uncontrollably, nearly spilling their bay breezes on their skimpy dresses from Forever 21. You talk for a bit, and damn it, you're on a roll. Everything you say is nothing short of comedic gold; even that joke you made about how drunk your roommate is makes you seem like you're Rodney fucking Dangerfield.

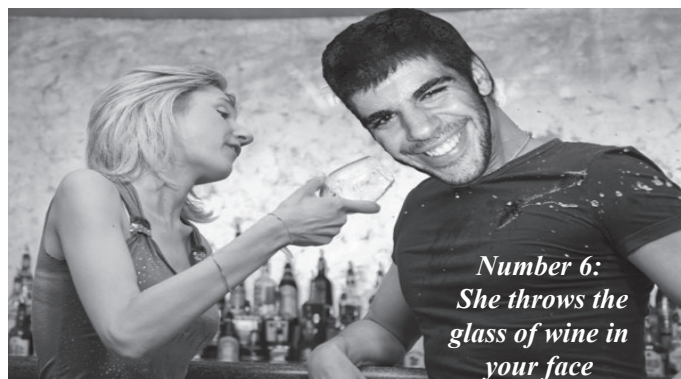
“Buy me a drink?” she finally coos into your ear, saying it in a way that makes your macho exterior melt away like an ice cream cake on a summer day. ‘Sweet—this chick is, like, totally “DTF”,’ you think to yourself as you slap down a twenty for a second round of bay breezes. Strangely, the second that little red straw touches her lips, she's less interested in

you, and now all of your jokes are bombing like Hiroshima.

She sips the drink slowly as her eyes dart around the room, and by the time the plastic cups are empty, she's like, “I have to go find my friend.” Yup, you've been screwed. The fact is, this happens far too often, especially at Fordham. But not to worry—here are five signs that I've compiled solely out of observation and personal experience that I think will leave you with at least a few more bucks and some dignity at the end of the night.

Number 1. Watch her after you buy her that drink. If she's protective of it—meaning she doesn't share it with her friends or, worse, another dude—then there's a chance she's for real. But if she sips half of it, and then starts letting her BFF get in on the action, well, you've been screwed. When a girl shares a drink that you bought for her with a friend, they're

most likely working together to get as drunk as possible for as free as possible. Crazy, I know, but I've seen it happen. Oh, and if she lets another guy have some of the drink, don't hesitate to grab it and throw what's left of it in her overly made-up face.



Number 6: She throws the glass of wine in your face

Number 2. This is more of a test than a sign, but it'll indicate early on what the deal is: When she starts looking all cute, and asks you for that first drink, simply respond, “Why don't you get this round, and I'll get the next one?” If she's genuinely interested in you, then she shouldn't have any problem buying you a drink first. Unless she's full of shit, or incredibly stuck-up, its not about who buys who the drink.

Number 3. Thumbs. I'm serious—watch her thumbs. All girls text like crazy; we know that. But if a girl barely looks up from her phone while you're talking to her and her thumbs are on the verge of sparking a fire, chances are you're getting screwed. She's either talking to a boyfriend or a booty call, or she's telling one of her friends how fun it is to use people like you for drinks. Get out of there before she continues emptying your wallet.

Number 4. Try to be aware of what's going on in the conversation. If you're doing all the talking and she's not volunteering much about herself other than that she, “like, totally hates living in Martyr's,” and then asks for a drink, it's probably her way of getting what she can out of what she deems a boring conversation. Screw it. Your love for eighteenth-century comedy and vintage James Bond movies might be boring, but that doesn't mean that you need to

buy someone a drink who has no interest in you. Get out of there.

Number 5. Keep an eye on her friends. If they're interested in what's going on and, more importantly, if they're interested in what you're saying, then you may be alright. If they're shooting you dirty looks or rolling their eyes, it's not certain you'll be screwed over, but the drink you just bought may turn out to be a waste of four-fifty. When the friends aren't buying what you're selling, they'll most likely pull the “We came together, we're leaving together” crap, leaving you with nothing but your right hand, some Jergens, and Fordham's slow-as-balls internet connection—surprisingly, not a good combination.

Now I should say that I'm certainly no expert on the art of picking up girls, nor do I condone gratuitous, drunk sex attained by way of mental manipulation. But I have noticed that the way things have evolved socially just isn't fair to us gentlemen. Yes, that's right—I said gentlemen, and in closing I'd also like to say that chivalry isn't necessarily dead—it just needs to smarten up a little bit.

Welcome to Snuggie City

by Emily Tuttle
STAFF BUCKEYE

I am a diehard Cleveland fan. My move to Cleveland at age four was one of the best decisions I've ever made. I love the food, the people, the music scene (yes, there is one) and, above all else, the Cavaliers. My rooms both at school and at home are completely decked out in Cavs gear. I have t-shirts, autographs, bobbleheads, bumper stickers, pendants, posters, calendars, a ceramic version of LeBron's jersey—you name it. I've been to innumerable games, cheering my ass off, and I've cried after every failed playoff attempt.

Lebron James is what keeps Cleveland together. Seriously. Driving downtown past one of our two large buildings (I'm sure many of you have seen the infamous "Hastily Made Cleveland Tourism Video" on YouTube) you are faced with a huge poster of Lebron throwing chalk in the air—his beloved pre-game ritual. Concern over his possible departure from Cleveland at the end of his contract has plagued Clevelanders from the beginning. We know the impact it would have on your opinion of us; we know that you already think living in 'The Mistake on the Lake' would be equivalent to hell. We have tried our hardest to support Lebron

and the Cavs in order to keep the one good sports team we have intact. This why the Cavs latest publicity ploy is so confusing and, well...so Cleveland.

Cleveland is known for the voracious nature of its fans. We have been deprived for far, far too long. So, in lieu of any actual championships, Cavs fans decided to set their own record. 20,562 fans wore Snuggies simultaneously for a full five minutes before the Cavs game against the Detroit Pistons on Friday, March 5th, achieving a Guinness World Record for most fleece blankets worn in one place. These particular fleece blankets were maroon, bore the Cavs logo, and had arms. Over twenty-thousand Clevelanders in one place clad in backwards robes—the backwards robes that make any who dare to don them immediately resemble cult members. Yep, that's exactly the publicity that Cleveland needed. Great.

One of the saddest parts about all of this is the excitement and joy that having set a record brought Cleveland. Local newspapers ran stories days before, culminating in a *Plain Dealer* article titled "Cleveland Cavaliers fans snuggle up to world record for most fleece blankets in one place." Cheers erupted at the end of the requisite five minutes— appar-

ently not in joy of being able to remove said garment, but in an honest celebration of some type of achievement in a sports arena. Even the players took part in the festivities. Promotional material for the event featured Anderson Varejao smiling contentedly while lounging in a Snuggie on a massive black leather couch. He even sported it during warm-ups. Lebron, like any good team captain, forced Snuggie-less rookie Danny Green back to the locker room, saying, "Rookie, put on your Snuggie. And keep those knees high. Don't trip." Of course, there was the anticipated d-bag in the crowd wearing a Pistons Snuggie. And you know what? We won the game. Which pushes our winning streak to

six— pretty impressive. But that's not what the media will remember.

Immediately after our accomplishment for the ages, the barrage of insults started. Most sports writers took this as the final nail in our coffin. Blogs lit up, most notably with triumphant New Yorkers claiming that there was no way Lebron could stay in a city as embarrassing as ours. The unrestrained comments that were posted on certain blogs proved to be particularly harsh: "At least Cleveland will have some kind of award because they will not get one in sports"; "Wow, Cleveland truly has nothing better to do, cute"; and "Stupid is as stupid does" seem to best sum up the majority of opinions.

Yet despite all of the silliness, I think that the joy Clevelanders found in wearing a backwards robe speaks loads about the city. There seems to be something wrong with the most recent title hatefully bestowed on Cleveland—*Forbes Magazine's* Most Mis-

erable City in America.

Now, *Forbes* loves, loves, loves to hate Cleveland. We've been featured on many of their lists, including "America's Fastest-Dying Cities," "Worst Winter Weather Cities," and "America's Most Stressful Cities." But I don't know about "miserable."

I think the Snuggie event was perfect proof of our ability to find happiness in the most mundane aspects of life. *Forbes'* declaration that "Cleveland secured the position [as Most Miserable City in America] thanks to its high unemployment, high taxes, lousy weather, corruption by public officials and crummy sports teams (Cavaliers of the NBA excepted)" doesn't exactly prove their point. Yeah, the economy's crappy. A lot of people struggle to get by on a daily basis. But, to me, calling a city 'miserable' denies them the dignity of being able to overcome their struggles, and even celebrate life's little things in hard times. So, for my birthday this year, I will be asking for a Cavs Snuggie. I will wear it proudly, only regretting that I was not at the Q on the night that 20,000 Clevelanders shed the title of "Most Miserable" and rejoiced in something as odd but strangely uniting as a fleece blanket with arms.



MARGINAL(LY MORONIC) NOTES

by Bobby Cardos
CO-EDITOR IN CHIEF

I take really bad notes. To elucidate: When I came to college I bought five empty single-subject notebooks for my five single-subject college courses. Now in my junior year, I still employ four of these same notebooks, the fifth still mostly unfilled but also unnecessary, as I only take four classes now. Indeed, there are entire courses with less than five pages of notes. More striking than this overall paucity of notes is the straight-up dearth of useful notes. Most of the ink on my college-ruled pages is about things decidedly non-academic: comments uttered as asides from teachers, odd remarks from classmates, and things I thought about instead of the material being lectured on. The notebooks are also put to uses disparate from the subjects they were designated for.

The result of this is that my notes are typically useless when it comes to actually studying, though sometimes useful when looking for a book recommendation or a de-contextualized snippet of wisdom or humor. There's a saying that the Hmong have that goes "*hais caj txub*

kaum txub," which translates to, "to speak of all kinds of things." Anne Fadiman explains its significance: "It is often used at the beginning of an oral narrative as a way of reminding the listeners that the world is full of things that may not seem to be connected but actually are; that no event occurs in isolation; that you can miss a lot by sticking to the point; and that the storyteller is likely to be rather long-winded." In that same spirit, I would like to share some of the more interesting notes I've scribbled in the margins over the years.

Re: Plato's allegory of the Cave: "Enlightenment is painful."

"Dogma: Am God"

"Our distance [from it] is what makes literature relevant. If we were in tune with it, it would be unnecessary/ reinforcement."

"Discovery of human truth is generally isolated."

Re: Italy during the Renaissance: "That's where the stuff was."

Title of a bad poem: "Poor translation in Nazi Germany."

"Mandrake root: looks like a person, but you sure can't have sex with it."

Song lyrics: "I want to become/ the newest song of Jesus Christ./ He will always be there."

Random margin quote: "If you see the Bhudda, kill him. He'll get in the way."

The only thing on an entire page: "It's the money and the fun."

"Knowledge = union of self and non-self (None of this MA self and self crap)."

"Nostalgia = Atlanta after Civil War."

A representation of absurdity: "Chalk, Chalk, Chalk, Chalk, Chalk, Chalk..."

Song Lyrics: "I'll show you/ hardcore truths."

From a page of notes passed during a Mock Trial competition: "approximately 197 9-year-olds in the audience tonight." We would later go on to lose this match.

Potential song title: "Arm Canon Man."

Another potential song title: "The Formal Angler's Society."

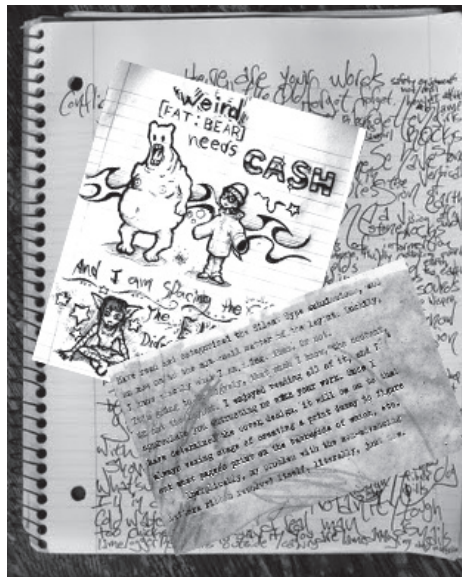
Quote from a friend: "Bring

me food until I die."

Context forgotten: "a much ridiculed and benign profession."

Song lyrics written during a Bio class about evolution: "I don't need my pinky toe, oh no."

Re: male birds: "elaborate plumage and outrageous behavior."



Potential band name: "The Melon Ballers"

"Is it old fashioned, or merely British?"

Above a tiny sketch: "Fishes n' Birds."

Ode to friend's beard:

"You've always been there/ you patchy mass of hair/ so excuse me if I tear when you're gone."

Re: poetry (especially in Latin America) as an exercise in futility: "We write in Latin America because, in Latin America, everything still needs to be written." – Carlos Fuentes."

"A poet is like a diver going to the depths to get a pearl." – Piñero"

Last line of a short story: "Someday, we'll be able to tell our children about this." First hundreds of lines: unwritten.

From a list of song titles: "Pornographic Failures."

"Anything worth doing is, at the core, an exercise in futility."

Potential band name: Shaggy Dog and the Groaners.

"Something like an over-written chalkboard."

"His arms windmilled, his legs kicked and in this manner he pushed himself up from the field and into the sky, parachute unopened on his back. Like a telephoto lens his peripheral vision expanded as he zoomed out on the patchwork quilt of fields directly below him, the empty one he was supposed to casually flow into, but had instead been plummeting towards."

arts

MICHAEL USLAN

THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE COWL

by Alex Kelso
STAFF BOY WONDER

We all have a dream – some innate desire we possess which may not be fully discovered until we're grown enough for them to be in reach. Michael Uslan knew what his dream was when he was 8 years old: he wanted to do something with comics. He loved comic books and adored Batman, growing up like many children of the sixties who watched the campy, silly Adam West TV series. Uslan's desire was to bring the dark, brooding, intense Batman he knew from his childhood to the bright light of mass audiences. Decades later, Mike Uslan has achieved his dream in ways he could never have foreseen. As a comic-book historian and movie producer, he was the first person to teach a course on comics at the accredited Indiana University and has been the executive producer for every Batman movie since Tim Burton's 1989 movie, *Batman*. His most recent masterpiece, the Academy Award-winning *The Dark Knight*, is his magnum opus -- and on Friday March 5th, he spoke at Fordham to a crowd of enthusiastic fans.

CSF and FTP co-sponsored the event where the movie master gave a talk on his experiences in both the movie and comic industries. He delivered an inspiring speech about the trials of opposition he faced while trying to fulfill his dream. He described the arduous and frustrating process of working with Hollywood, explaining the need to take risks and never stop trying in order to obtain your dream "When a door gets slammed in your face, you have two choices: go home and cry, or get up, dust yourself off, and knock on the door again. You knock on the door until your knuckles bleed, if that's what it takes," Uslan says. As a special guest,

Uslan had his mentor, friend, partner, and also a Fordham Alum, Benjamin Melniker. Mr. Melniker was his co-producer on both the Batman projects and other films, including *Where in the World is Carmen Sandiego?* He was also an executive for MGM during its heyday and worked on deals for *Ben Hur* and *Doctor Zhivago*. The event was a must-see for anyone interested in film production or comics. I had a chance to ask Mr. Uslan a couple of questions before his talk:

AK: What do you think is the future of the comic industry? Will print continue to be used as a medium or we will eventually only use digital media?

MU: It's like the movie industry: if you put out a great product a lot of people will see it in different ways. Some people like to see a movie in theaters [and] some prefer to buy DVDs. With all the new ways of getting media to people digitally, people will be getting comics on their phones, their computers -- but collectors like me will still want to tangibly hold the comic in their hands.

AK: Is the comic-book movie genre here to stay, or is it a passing fad?

MU. First off, comic books are not a genre. I've been fighting this battle in the trenches for thirty years trying to convince people that. Comic books do not equal superheroes. There are comedies, dramas, and many [other] kinds [of comic books]. They do provide a continuing source of great stories and rich characters, like plays or novels. It's all about storytelling and characters.

AK: Why do comics and comic-book movies have such a mass appeal?

MU: Comics have such a mass appeal because they are our modern mythology and folklore. They're ancient

stories, themes and stock characters in modern dress. They're [examples of] classic, adventure storytelling. Also they have a generational appeal. Parents and grandparents who grew up with comics have a chance to share this experience with their children and grandchildren. Comics are something that cross borders, cultures, and genders.

AK: What advice would you give to someone who is in pursuing a career in the comic/film industry as a writer?

MU: I have two pieces of advice: 1) go to the ten biggest conventions. All of the industry giants -- DC, Marvel, Darkhorse -- will have booths and tables. They set aside time to meet with writers and artists on a one on one basis. It's a good way to meet the editors in person and present your work. 2) The internet is fantastic. It's a great way to present your fiction/art -- start a blog, build a following and [then a] reputation. There are minimum thirty great sites about comics -- and comic companies troll these sights looking for new talent.

AK: Do you have a "favorite moment" in comics?

MU: That's the first time someone has ever asked me that. First I would say it was when I first started reading comics, starting with Archie, Casper, and Richie Rich. Second



would be when I discovered Superman and especially Batman. Batman, in particular, [affected me] because he was a superhero without any powers and I could relate to him. [The] third was when I discovered Marvel comics, because I realized that comics could mature and grow as I grew. [Another favorite moment happened] when I discovered graphic novels, especially Will Eisner's *A Contract with God*, Art Spiegelman's *Maus* --and then *Watchmen* [and] the whole deconstruction of the [concept of] superhero.

Mr. Uslan was a wonderful

speaker. Both the content of his speech and the tone he used illustrated the passion and love he felt for his job. It was inspiring to see and hear from a truly kind, warm, and friendly guy -- who happens to be famously respected. His works have impacted the American culture (as well as the International comic culture) in countless ways, influencing not only my life but also the lives of millions of others, bringing wonder and admiration to fans worldwide. Meeting and talking to him was an experience I'll never forget.

sad about all the things you gave up for Lent?

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the paper 'LIVE BLOGS'



THE 82ND ACADEMY AWARDS RED CARPET

by Emily Genette
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

Since our blog isn't especially active, we at *the paper* figured we'd do a running commentary on the Oscars and publish it after-the-fact, in print. Originally, we were going to 'live' 'blog' the actual ceremony, but thanks to the fuckwads at Cablevision and ABC, that will not be happening. Instead, intrepid reporter Emily Genette will be logging on to the AP Live site to observe the goings-on on the red carpet for the next two hours. (*Two hours, you guys? I'm not that intrepid.*)

6:00 PM

—Starting off these *two hours* is Anika Noni Rose (a.k.a. Disney's Frog Princess) and her AWESOME dress. Anything involving a mirror mosaic will always win my heart.

—I guess stars like being fashionably late, because there's sooooo much padding with all of these video segments. I refuse to comment on them; clips about a loopy fashion designer were not part of the deal.

—Time to get a soda from the vending machine!

—Oooohhh Amanda Seyfried's dress is gorgeous. And enormous. Why did we cut away? *To watch the Avatar trailer? For serious?* I'll be back when famous people start showing up.

—Zac Efron does not count.

6:30 PM

—Monique! Yes, let's pick up here, because I love her so hardcore. I love how passionate she is about *Precious*, and I love her dress, and I love the flower in her hair. Most of all, I LOVE that this lady doesn't shave her legs!

—Why does Carrie Mulligan always make that squinty lemon face? I want to like her, but this prevents me from doing so.

—Ryan Reynolds looks more like Jason Lee than he should. Fact.

—Tom Ford directed a movie? Why? Also, where have I been? —I really like Sandra Bullock's dress... unless that's velvet at the bottom. Is that velvet? I hate velvet. I also hate her wilty hair. Hate, hate, hate.

—Lee Daniels brought his daughter? Awwwww. How perfect is that? I'll tell you: very.

—And his daughter is *fourteen*? She is the most elegant-looking 14-year-old I've ever seen. Emily circa 2003 is jealous, and she deserves to be, because she shops at Hot Topic.

—Steve Carell is here because he is "presenting Best Animated Feature with Cameron Diaz". Regardless, I heart him.

—I really wanted to see *The Hurt Locker*; you guys, but

every time I tried to persuade someone to go with me, s/he was all, "Oh, I've seen that one already!" Fuck that. Now I look like a fool 'cause I don't even know what a *Hurt Locker* is.

—Who is that— oh, Lord, that's

high? I'm guessing not, because that dress is probably scary as fuck when you're stoned.

—Sarah Jessica Parker looks like poop; Matthew Broderick deserves so much better (i.e. me)

my eyes. This water-color mess is no exception.

—Ohhhhhahahahaha. Heh.

Charlize Theron has big, bright roses on her boobies. I love it when pretty people look stupid.

—The inanity of this is starting

like her dress, because she simply should not be here.

7:30 PM

—Jeff Bridges designed his tux?!? Thumbs up.

—I wish I were watching *The Big Lebowski* right now.

—The nutritionist is baaa-aack!

"Sandra Bullock works out every single day, ladies and gentlemen! [*wags finger*]" Why aren't we more like Sandra Bullock?!?!?

—Kristin Stewart doesn't look slimy for once! In fact, she looks good! Ok, who just said, "Homegirl could use some bronzer"? Show yourself.

—Interview with Sandra. Question that

needs to be asked: What's with the hair, homegirl?

—ZOMG Taylor Lautner! Sorry, Taylor; my heart still belongs to *NSYNC.

—This is the first time I have ever seen or heard (or heard about) the actual (read: non-Sandra) star of *The Blind Side*. Kind of a major omission now that I think about it.

—Take off the sunglasses, RDJ. By the way, your wife looks fabulous in that striped sequin dress.

—"Hello, Keanu!" screams our host. It's almost time to start, right?

—WOAH, Ms. Miley Cyrus. What is with that ratty WEAVE? And the BRONZER? And the FACE?

—Now that Miley has opened her mouth, I really hate her dress; it clashes with her brazen stupidity.

—Ohh noooo RDJ is wearing sneakers!

—Am I the only one who thinks Gerard Butler is ugly? Yes? Okay.

—Knee-jerk reaction to Kate Winslet's dress: Mother of the Bride. It's the slightly mismatched two-piece thing, I think.

—I really hate to say this, but Cameron Diaz's dress is what Sandra's dress only wishes it could be.

—Gabby! She got ready by listening to a mix-tape that her friend gave her and by eating cookies. Suck on it with your suck-y little face, Carey "I went to the gym" Mulligan.

And with that... I'm out.



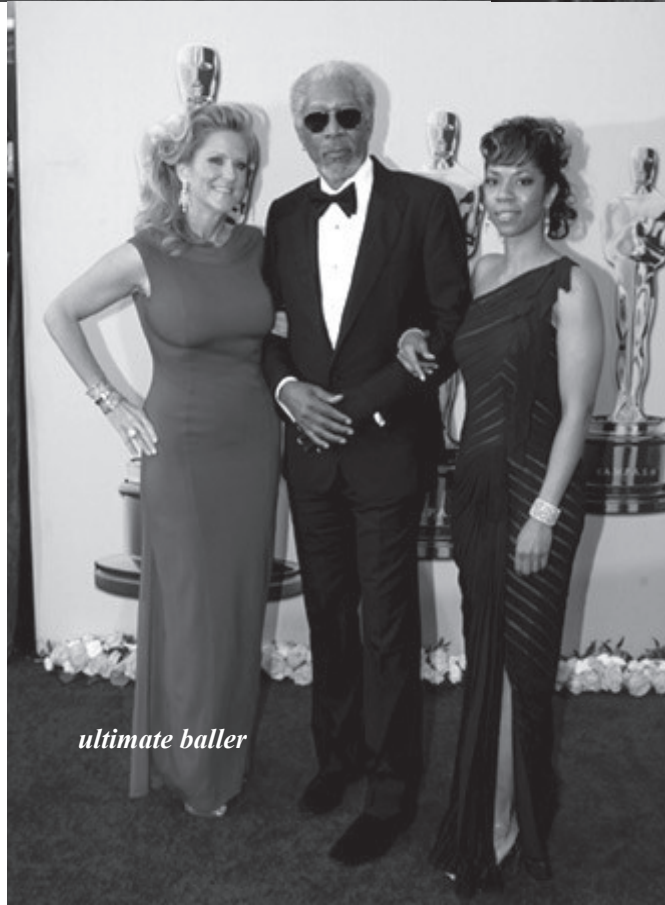
AHHHH



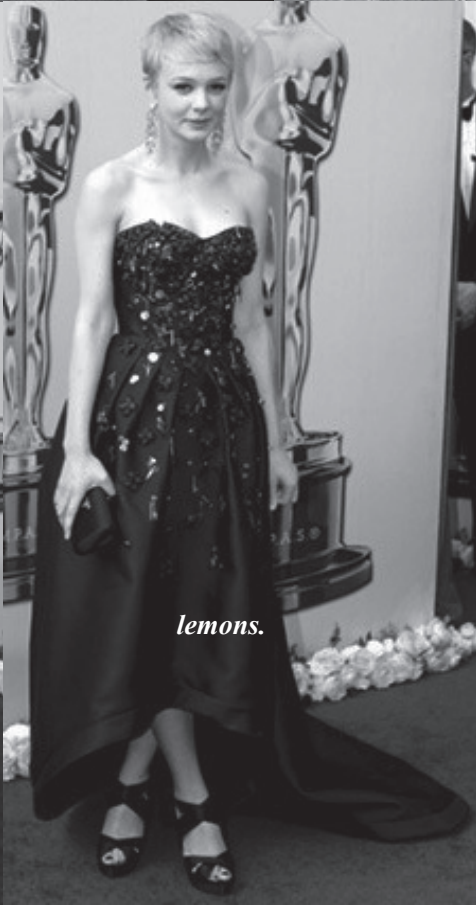
sourpus



I am everything that is soulless and evil



ultimate baller



lemons.

Miley Cyrus? I hate how much I love her dress. Except for the bustier— no bustiers at seventeen.Why is she here?

—Oh, CHRIST, it's Morgan Freeman. I wonder if that younger woman is the step-granddaughter with whom he cheated on his wife. Oh, you didn't know that? Sorry for ruining his voice for you forever.

7:00 PM

—The people at AP are interviewing a nutritionist, and it is boring. I did not come here to be lectured about fish oil.

—WOAH, Vera Farmiga! That dress is swallowing you whole! Hmmm, you sound like you're on something right now. Did you pick out that dress while

—Carey Mulligan! Lemon face! The bleached hair does not help dispel thoughts of lemons.

—Wait, *why* did Lemonface just say she has little forks and scissors on her dress? It confuses me, but I feel like I might actually like it.

—They're interviewing Tom Ford now. I just remembered the ad campaigns that he used to run. Yeah, he looks like the kind of tool that would sell clothes by having a naked woman iron shirts for a man.

—I love Helen Mirren, but it must be said: this dress is just a diluted version of the fabulous frock she wore the year that she won.

—I also love Maggie Gyllenhaal, but her clothes always hurt

to wear on me...

—James Cameron. Meh. That's the only thing I have to say about him.

—Queen Latifah looks fab-u-louuuuuuuuu! Do I sound drunk right now? Because I'm not.

—But I wish I were. —Cut back to Gabby Sidibe! Yes! This woman is elegant as fuck.

—Christoph Waltz reminds me how much I didn't care about *Inglorious Basterds*. It inspired neither liking nor loathing. It was just... more Tarantino. Yawn.

—Ugghhh-- *literally* more Tarantino with this interview. Can I go drink now?

—Why does J,Lo get invited to the Oscars? Really. I refuse to

Curiouser and Curiouser

Jim Burton's Alice in Wonderland

by Mickie Meinhardt
ARTS CO-EDITOR

"People say 'When did you read the books?' and I can't remember when I [did] because I knew more about it from music and pop culture and other artists and writers and illustrators, you know, it just comes up in a lot of people's work and it just shows you that there's something that he tapped into that just bypasses the brain and goes right into the subconscious, somehow."

So said director Tim Burton of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*, the famous novel he recently adapted into one of the year's most highly anticipated films. And he's right – *Alice* is one of the most widely known stories, permeating culture so much it seems to step beyond the book, becoming a figment of the eternal imagination; his fantasyland concept resonated so accurately that 'wonderland' was even added to the English lexicon. Burton is not the first to find a deep connection with the story, he is simply the most recent. However, as the well-known master of film eccentricity, he also seemed the most appropriate.

Burton's adaptation is a slight tweak from the original storyline, a sort of sequel with no predecessor: it is Alice's second trip, though she has no memory of the first, and in the interim Wonderland has fallen to the tyranny of the Red Queen. The journey is Alice's coming of age, beginning with her intended engagement party, which she flees from rather than give an answer to her unsatisfactory suitor. She falls down the rabbit hole (again) and begins the adventure to answer the question of her identity; literally, as there are some who are unconvinced she is the 'real Alice', and figuratively, as the various tests she is put to to rescue her friends and save the kingdom require her to step out of passive childhood and "reclaim her muchness", as the Mad Hatter postulates.

Breakout actress Mia Wasikowska is fairly perfect as Alice, oozing naiveté and impetuosity (no stockings? headstrong Victorian wench). She holds tight to the falsity that she's in one of her recurring dreams (actually suppressed memories of her first trip), denying the famous hookah-smoking caterpillar's prophecy that she will fight the monstrous Jabberwocky – the beast in Carroll's famous nonsense poem of the same name, a brilliant synthesis on Burton's part. Her green character actually borders

on annoying until she (re)meets and befriends the Mad Hatter, who explains the gravity of the situation. Slowly, she loses the stubbornness and gains some grit, fleshing out into a heroine figure by the story's end.

However, while Wasikowska holds her own as the title character it is the silver screen chameleon, Johnny Depp, who as the Mad Hatter fulfills the expectant reputation the film has garnered. Depp and Burton have a long-running artistic partnership that goes beyond actor-to-director – previous collaborations include *Edward Scissorhands*, *Sweeney Todd*, and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* – and the dynamism shows in *Alice*. The Hatter at first seems a bipolar lunatic, spewing an endless stream of nonsensical queries between flashes of multiple personalities, but as the film progresses it yields the disparity between Depp's Hatter and the Hatter of the book; while in the novel he



is just another insane character in the world of perpetual madness, in the film he is almost a narrator and the source of emotional involvement, guiding Alice mentally and geographically through the land. To prepare, Depp researched the conditional effects of mercury poisoning, a 19th century affliction common among hatters (the toxin was used in the making of felt hats), characterized by a eerie skin pallor and reddening of the eyes, cheeks, and nose, that caused erratic behavior, emotional instability, insomnia, memory impairment, and irregular heartbeats. Make-up took care of the physical characteristics but the frenetic emotions and frequent lapses into deep depression or anger were all Depp, further cementing his status as one of Hollywood's most proficient actors. While he has done eccentric (*Pirates of the Caribbean*) and crazy (*Sweeney Todd*) before, as the Hatter he retains neither the frantic, ADD

motions or sinister mind of those previous roles; he is beautifully fluid, with graceful, almost dancerly mannerisms and natural segueing between capricious idiosyncrasy, painful depressive memory, and momentary unexplained anger. Without the Hatter the story would have run the risk of falling into chaos – while it is a beautifully artistic creation it slightly slackens in plot stability and Depp provides the necessary coherence.

It should go without saying that the creative aspects in *Alice* are utterly fantastic – it has come to be expected that a Burton film will revel in exemplary attention to aesthetic detail. The familiar characters – Tweedle Dee and Dum, the Blue Caterpillar, the Red Queen, the Hatter and Hare – are all true to form, echoing the universally well-known elements of the novel. Yet he expands the Wonderland universe to more than just whimsy, adding darker undertones that make this not quite a child's movie; in one scene, Alice must jump across severed heads that rest in the moat to reach the Red Queen's castle, and the Hatter himself would undoubtedly frighten children rather than inspire transitions to adulthood, not to mention the withered portions of utopia that have been scorched by the tide of the Red Queen's armies. The makeup is also extraordinary; Depp's morphs along with his quicksilver mood swings and the Red Queen (played by Helena Bonham Carter) sports a bulbous fabricated head (because she's egotistical, get it?). The integration between actors and computer animation is seamless and accolades are due to the cast for shooting almost the entire movie on green-screened sets; they didn't actually know what the film would look like until viewing post-production clips.

Altogether the film deserves credit for an enormous feat of creative power, materialized into a production of the imagination, the plot and basic concept are too well-known to be groundbreaking, and frankly don't quite weigh in against original Burton screenplays. However, the adaptation is unique and materializes well, especially considering the frequent failures of deviations from well-loved stories. His immense talent for materializing the imagination and twisting the borders between childhood and adulthood once again shines through, especially in this coming-of-age tale. And while I *did* see it in IMAX 3D and am thus fairly biased, it will be fantastic on any medium; kudos, Burton. You've done it again.

the events and show list for the week before...

SPRING BREAK!



Hey Fordham -

Raise your hand if you're super-pumped for Spring Break! Did you? Gullible's always been on the ceiling for you, huh? Well if you still decide to go out later, here's uh....

What: *Transmit – Transit* by Hatuey Ramos-Fermin

When: Mar 3rd – May 7th, 5-9 pm

Where: Longwood Art Gallery at Hostos Community College
450 Grand Concourse

HOWMUCH: \$0

Why: The exhibition, curated by Ricardo Miranda-Zúñiga, addresses the notion of traveling in the Bronx. Mr. Ramos-Fermin presents a multimedia installation focusing on issues of migration, access and globalization. He has worked more so as an investigative journalist or documentary filmmaker. Ramos-Fermin has logged several hours of video interviews with livery cab drivers, he has visited several dispatch offices, diners, gas stations, car repair shops... the local spaces of the drivers. Over the last several months, he has engaged with the livery cab community to learn of its reality, document it and create an engaging portrayal that is both attentive and serious. The final outcome of his investigation is not an investigative article or film, rather it is a rich installation that attempts to capture the hardship and diversity of the trade.

What: *Sunday Night Stand Up*

When: 8pm ever Sunday

Where: Three of Cups, 83 1st Ave & 5th

HOWMUCH: \$0

Why: Laugh for free - maybe - at comedians they call "fresh," "rising," "freshest," "risingest," "woman," "funny." And etc. Three of Cups features comedians that have been featured on Comedy Central, MTV, The Onion, VH-1 and Conan O'Brien. On Conan O'Brien?! On TOP of Conan O'Brien? No, not that we know of.

Who: Woods and Real Estate

When: Friday Mar 12th

Where: Music Hall of Williamsburg

HOWMUCH: \$15

Why: The past year-ish has seen an explosion of excellent surf rock, trending away from the electronic shoegaze toward earthy acoustic solidity. Real Estate and Woods both have proven favorite children in the most recent litter of bands that have popped out of the genre's womb; Real Estate is a fuzzy splash of suburban summers, riding the wave of low-fi popularity but without pretension; they have honest simplicity in lyrics and sound, resplendent with uncomplicated twangs and a drowsy, sunshine-drunk rhythm. Woods is a fantastic complement, the same soft low-fi acoustic echo lapping up against the eardrums. They're less surf and more pastoral, but just as loose, dappled with sliding chords and snaps of snares. Also, both put on excellent love shows – especially with spring is just around the bend(er).

What: Spring Break

When: Fri Mar 13th – Mon Mar 22nd

Where: Jersey.

HOWMUCH: \$20

Why: We got couches, we got hammocks – there's a pull-out, and a grill. We got poker – and coat-hooks. We got free booze, we got stolen booze, we got no booze. Pool parties – beach parties – sprinkler parties – parties that have water there – mineral water.

JC SUPERSTAR COMES TO JERSEY

by Brigh Gibbons
STAFF LIVES IN JERSEY

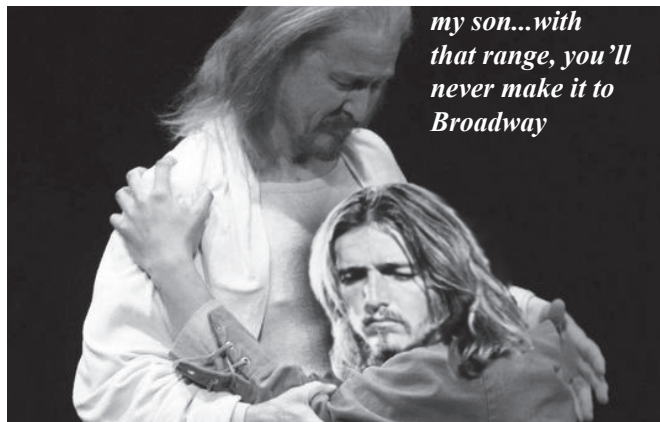
A couple weeks ago I witnessed a touring production of Jesus Christ Superstar. I'm not quite sure if it was through Broadway or not, I would assume the latter because the majority of the cast was made up of, for the lack of a better word, nobodies. To further explain, the actor with the most reputable resume was a man who made it to the top 52 contenders of the 2007 season of American Idol.

Now I'll be honest here, Jesus Christ Superstar is my favorite musical of all time. That's right, I have a favorite musical. In fact, my relationship with the show began not too long ago, in the fall of 2006, when my own high school decided to put on a production. A show of such caliber was sort of a final curtain for Mr. Nearly, the well-respected theatre teacher that had been in charge of our drama department for over twenty years. He decided to move to South Carolina with his partner/lover/pianist to start a dinner theatre, but I digress.

My good friend Charlie Tripp was in charge of the stage managing and had lent me the

original recording in efforts to get me to go to the show's opening night. Needless to say, I fell in love with everything about it. The music: fantastic rock & roll; the singing: better than Broadway; the storyline: I had heard it before. Funny enough, I have Charlie and Jesus Christ Superstar to wholeheartedly thank for my born again Christian beliefs (it's funny because Charlie's Jewish).

Flash forward to December of 2009, my mother (god bless her soul) had been pestering me about what I wanted for Christmas, and after a few days of not giving it any thought, my friend Stephanie Pennacchia (of FET fame) told me that Jesus Christ Superstar, or JCS as the hip theatre kids like to call it, would be playing in New Jersey in February. Needless to say, I notified my mother and, sure enough, on Christmas day I had four crisp tickets to New Brunswick's own State Theatre. I know what you're probably thinking, how



did they land such a popular city as New Brunswick? I unfortunately only have a bit of an idea: murder.

With all of that out of the way, I must say that the show was terrific. Having made sure to bring with me three of my closest homosexual friends in an effort to get their theatrical expertise, they concluded as well how remarkable the production had been.

The show opened up with... care to take a guess? The overture, and in an interesting decision by the director, the entire song was acted out, most definitely a first for JCS. To sum it up in just five words: Slow-motion Jew on Roman fistcuffs. After the semi-awkward opening, the play opened up to

perhaps one of the greatest songs of the show, "Heaven on their Minds," a four minute-long vocal-driven opus, showcasing the extremely talented and backstabbing Judas Iscariot.

Other stand-out roles included a marvelous Mary Magdalene, and after investigating the playbill I soon learned that this was the very first show the actress had ever been a part of. Boy, was I surprised! Grand vocal range, fantastic stage presence, and a great body all contributed to one of the show's highlights. Her singing in "Everything's Alright" gave me goose bumps, and "I Don't Know How to Love Him" sent shivers down my spine (and genitals).

The Peter was also a surprise, as I had never once seen such a fat actor playing a role that wasn't Thénardier in *Les Miserables*. Needless to say, "Peter's Denial" presented the inward struggle of a very complicated character with delicate ease, something often difficult

in a staged performance.

Which brings me to Jesus.

First of all, the main point, or at least one great thing about a good production of JCS, is the fact that the ongoing struggle between Jesus and Judas Iscariot isn't supposed to be one-sided. In fact, many of the best productions have the actors playing Jesus and Judas switch off every night, as a way to show that the voices and power behind the characters are evenly matched. It is an effort to show humanity in a character that many God-fearing Christians would most likely resent.

My Jesus was 66 years old. It seems that the director decided it would be an interesting move to have the original film version's Jesus – from 1973 – play Jesus in a stage version in 2010. I'm not saying Ted Neely *didn't* do a terrific job, for a senior citizen he was fantastic, but all I'm saying is at times, I could definitely tell that there was a 66 year old playing a role designed for someone exactly half that age. Luckily, the very noticeable age difference did not do enough to hinder my deep admiration for such a quality production.

the paper **EATS:** A spontaneous Food Review Section, in 3 parts.

I Sold My Soul to Mexican Brunch

By Elena Lightbourn
CHIEF COPY EDITOR

I wander the East Village on an early Saturday afternoon, still nursing a hangover from the previous night, and after a while I'm inevitably hungry. I've already sold my soul to Chipotle, but today I find myself craving more authentic Mexican fare. Luckily, one of La Palapa's two locations lays a mere two blocks from the 6 train Astor Place station at the corner of St. Mark's Place and 1st Avenue. Having seen the restaurant on lists of the best Mexican restaurants in New York City, I've been itching to try the place for what seems like forever. Upon inspecting the menu posted on the door I realize that La Palapa only serves brunch on weekends from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; after almost deciding to just return at some other time when the full menu is available, I end up going for it and enter. After all, the

brunch menu, which features a slew of traditional Mexican breakfast offerings among other things, definitely caters to my hungover Saturday afternoon tendency to want eggs (thank you, Ultimate Dining Marketplace).

Inside, the restaurant's inviting, dimly lit earth-toned dining room is decorated with various Mexican scenic paintings. At two p.m., things seem to be going pretty slowly, and the host seats my party right away. After a couple of minutes the friendly server brings water and waits for our order, but it's only after an additional ten minutes of perusing their menu that I finally decide to try the huevos rancheros with salsa verde. The brunch menu boasts no shortage of authentic-sounding offerings, with appetizers from chalupas con chorizo casero (described as "little boats" of corn masa with homemade chorizo, guacamole, black beans, queso fresco and

crema") to platanos con crema (fried plantains with cream – mmm). A substantial breakfast selection, staples like tacos and quesadillas, and a small array of sandwiches and house specialties also grace the brunch menu's pages. Vegetarian options like mollotes and enchiladas are available and labeled as such.

The downside of brunch at La Palapa, unfortunately, is the lack of free chips and salsa that one comes to expect at Mexican restaurants – at the price of 6.95 on the appetizer menu, it's a bit too steep even for self-proclaimed chips-and-salsa junkies like me. However, in the end, this is probably a good thing, as I tend to overload myself on chips to the point where I cannot finish the actual meal I order anyway. After our order is taken, I notice a couple at the table nearest us delightfully sipping on frozen margaritas and feel a pang of envy at their le-

gal drinking status, and about 15 minutes later our server returns bearing food. The huevos rancheros plate is a heaping layer-upon-layer creation of black beans, crispy tortillas, guacamole, eggs, queso fresco, and cream partially submerged in the center of a shallow pool of green tomatillo sauce. At first look the amount of food seems a bit questionable as to whether or not it would be substantial enough to leave me truly satisfied. I contemplate, and nearly go through with, ordering a side of rice... However, before I'm even close to being done, I definitely feel full.

I am not the biggest fan of guacamole on anything other than chips. I usually find its flavor and consistency overpowering, but the guacamole on the huevos rancheros perfectly complements the eggy, beany flavors in the dish. The tomatillo sauce is hearty – warm, just salty enough, and slightly spicy,

but still not spicy enough for my taste. Not a problem: the huevos rancheros also come with three different and equally great salsas and I take advantage of this fact accordingly, sampling each. One's a piquant habanero; another, a tangy green variety; the last, some type of smoky red (I fail to ask what type each actually is, but I do appreciate having choices).

Overall, the service at La Palapa was great and not once did I feel rushed. La Palapa's atmosphere is ideal for a meal with friends, parents, or a casual date (as more people came in, the restaurant grew a bit noisy). Since most meals will set you back \$10-20 plus drinks and tips, it's definitely not something I can afford to eat every weekend, but nevertheless worth it. The restaurant's locations happen to be in Manhattan's more interesting neighborhoods, and I have not had a better Mexican breakfast since I was in, well, Mexico.

MOMOFUCKYOU

And Your Haughty, Overpriced Cuisine

by Max Brown
STAFF STICKIN' WITH
THE MAN

Valentine's Day had to be good – or at least better than my girlfriend's birthday when we went out for drinks with her friends and family and I tried my very best to schmooze as I nursed each new glass. Then there were problems - so for Valentine's Day my plan was foolproof. Momofuku Ko, a new restaurant in the East Village, Zagat's "best newcomer" of 2009 and the magnum opus of the infamously radical New York super-chef, David Chang was the destination -- if I could really get a reservation, and not spend any money during March. True to Momofuku Ko's carefully calculated exclusive mystique, the reservation system was a real pain in the ass. The registration opens at 10:00 a.m. on their website, first-come first-serve, and reservations are gone by 10:01. The place has twelve seats. I nearly pooped my pants when I got one.

Momofuku Ko is Chang's most recent frustratingly "hip" addition to his restaurant empire, spearheading a new generation of culinary-hipster pomp. As understated as the website describes - "we try and serve delicious American food" -- Ko's food is more accurately a global synthesis focusing on Asian and French styles. The

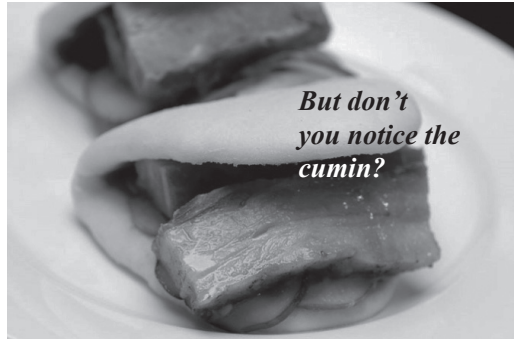
menu is a fixed-price 10-course experiment in taste-bud molestation.

But David Chang fascinated my girlfriend and me. In a recent interview, Chang stressed his desire to make fine cuisine more accessible to everyone. In opposition to the forced flash of his new masterwork, we couldn't help but notice the slightest strain of noble intention peeking through the restaurant's polished veneer of cool. The reservation system, though aggravating, is an effective tool to even the food-frenzy playing field where those with special connections or lots of money win. Granted, Momofuku Ko is not fucking cheap - but anyone who can scrape together the funds for a special occasion, and a quick draw of a mouse can eventually secure one of Ko's only twelve coveted seats.

As Valentine's Day drew near, our curiosity grew. Was Momofuku Ko's secrecy shtick just another smirking wheeze of hot air, or their way of preserving a good thing now made available to the normal food-loving public?

And we went to find out.

The unassuming entrance was marked only with a small title on its glass door and opened into a spartan space where backless wooden stools faced a long counter behind which chefs wearing baseball caps busily cooked for the hour's lucky twelve. Sensing that the restaurant's supposed "casual" crowd



But don't you notice the cumin?

wouldn't be so casual, we dressed up – and made the right choice. The woman sitting next to us had on the biggest fucking diamond ring I've ever seen: so much for equal-opportunity eating.

The food was great, but the chefs were cold. They worked mechanically, only speaking to patrons to recite extravagant descriptions of the plates they prepared. Closest to us was Andy, a New Yorker with wide, unblinking, cocaine-eyes and a backwards baseball cap. He moved in the kitchen like a robot. "You guys seem pretty intense," I said. Looking up he only responded "It doesn't feel intense," and then conceded, "We're all working to 'turn over' the restaurant."

I pressed on, determined: "How'd you get this job. Did

you audition?"

His interview had been to cook in front of David Chang only three months ago.

"Did you go to cooking school?"

"I've been working in restaurants since I was 16. Somewhere along the way I guess I just figured it out," he quipped.

The music came from an iPod in the corner of the room full of Beach Boys, Dylan, and Beatles tunes. "Who chooses the music, everybody?" I asked Andy.

"David Chang," said Andy—he continued to use Chang's full name throughout the night in the little I got out of him. I asked him about the menu:

"We change it every three months."

"Do you all collaborate on it, like in a think-tank?"

"No, we just work."

That night Andy prepared, among many other strange but delicious dishes, "crispy chicken skin and Italian black truffles atop pasta with snail sausage." The strangest of his dishes was by far the foie gras shaved over lychees.

We started to feel unwelcome. Maybe we were being too forward - the other chefs seemed to be staring at us. Had we drunk too much wine? Did they think we were reporters, agents of infiltration or usurpers of cool?

We paid the bill, grimacing, and left under the watchful eyes of David Chang's protégés. The first thing my girlfriend said as we left was "that would be a good place to walk into with a bomb." Despite all Ko's woes, we had connected with one another underneath it's scrupulous gaze. My Valentine's dinner had, in the way it needed to, accomplished its aim.

Sadly the answer to our question is not, at least right now, as simple as David Chang might hope. Our Valentine's Day dinner at Momofuku Ko cultivated mixed feelings. We felt less welcome there than in establishments with stricter dress codes and longer histories of culinary accolades. Perhaps in his other restaurants Chang's bullshit haute-cuisine-for-the-people mantra might be less convoluted by the bullshittery of fine dining in New York City. Because the lengths Chang has had to go to in order to let (almost) anyone into Momofuku Ko, and the nature of exclusivity (especially in a place like the East Village) seem to be working together against him -- damning his said original purpose. The staff radiated an unsheathed, hostile sense of entitlement that, despite even their surprising and fantastic menu, was not palatable. Whether or not David Chang suffers from the same phenomenon is simply irrelevant.

Yo, Man, Just Roll That Shit UP

How Pizzacone Reinvents the Pie

by Sean Patrick Kelly
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

If you are like most Americans, then you must undoubtedly be campaigning – nay, fighting tooth and nail – to change how pizza is consumed in this country. Sure, the freezer aisle of your local mega-mart is full of alternative pizza solutions (APSs): Bagel Bites, Pizza Rolls, Hot Pockets and etc. But these items merely provide an illusion of variety. In reality they are all plagued with pernicious functional fixedness, and relegate novel pizza-consumption techniques to the level of mere snacking (just take a look at how many APSs come only in the form of bite-sized pieces). It seems that the archetypical slice continues to operate as the Platonic form of pizza-in-general, and all other options are only poor reflections within that form.

But -- there's a light at the end of a tunnel. One small restaurant in midtown Manhattan has taken the onus upon itself to reinvent the wheel and give



I like my pizza like I like my men... rolled in dough

the slice a run for its money. That restaurant: K! Pizzacone (located at 325 5th Avenue at 32nd street), which opened its doors for the first time to throngs of food-writers and curious onlookers on Feb 22nd. A tiny walk-in place with brightly painted mustard-yellow walls and blown up high resolution shots of their eponymous product (the pepperoni pizzacone photo in the middle is marred by a black hair perched on top of the cheese... just sayin'), K!

Pizzacone has been the subject of discussion among pizza ludites since its opening was first announced.

Though K! Pizzacone had generated a significant amount of buzz here in New York, the concept is old news in many other parts of the world, namely Portugal, Brazil and Italy. Former Portuguese banker-turned-franchisee Ingo Pinto first took the concept to New York saying, "If it worked in Italy, it will work here." Pinto, manager and

co-owner of the latest location in midtown, saw pizzacone restaurants during various business trips to South America and Europe and was surprised that they weren't in New York.

Before you ask, the answer is "Yes, a pizzacone is exactly what it sounds like." In its most raw form, it is a slice of pizza housed in a cone – its defining mark is the par-baked pizza crust cone. The cones are baked in Connecticut and then shipped into the city several times per week. To order one, the eager customer approaches the counter (which is set up almost like a Pinkberry topped their yogurt with meat) and is confronted immediately by a wide array of possible fillings, ranging from sausage to jalapeno peppers and including such oddities as bananas foster and scrambled eggs. All pizzacones can be made to order – but you can steal an idea from the menu, like pepperoni and mozzarella, vegetarian tomato and basil, or scrambled egg and bacon. Whatever you select is then mixed together with mozzarella cheese in a bowl (much

like the smooching process at Cold Stone Creamery, if Cold Stone topped their ice cream with... meat), and the gooey amorphous mass is stuffed into a cone lined with either pesto or tomato sauce. The entire apparatus is then baked for five minutes in a special oven complete with cone racks (*editor's note: I want one*) and put in a happy-meal-like box. A small pizzacone goes for \$4.90, and a large for \$5.90 -- much more expensive than the standard New York slice, but novelty always charges a price.

But K! Pizzacone is somewhat remarkable, because their taste and freshness are not totally eclipsed by novelty appeal. Granted, the ubiquitous greasy, floppy flat slice that can be obtained on just about every block of the city has a uniquely satisfying flavor that is difficult to match. The pizzacone manages to simultaneously compete well with standard New York pizza while avoiding stepping on any toes. The concept is innovative, the ingredients are fresh, and it tastes pretty damn good to boot; what's not to love?

New York City museum Exhibits

the paper's guide to high culture in new york!

What: Miroslav Tichy Exhibit @ The International Center of Photography

Where: 1113 Avenue of the Americas

When: January 29-May 9

Here's the deal. Miroslav Tichy has been photographing women from his hometown for over forty years now. His technique? Some may call it unconventional. Most call it voyeurism. That's right, most of Tichy's body of work consists of photographs taken without the subject's knowledge. Tichy also makes his own cameras. Out of cardboard. Some say his diy mindset allowed him to take so many pictures, as most of his subjects probably thought of him as nothing more than a man trying to take photographs with his magical space camera.

What: Museum of the American Gangster

Where: 80 St. Marks Place

When: Forever!

This shrine to America's most violent heroes comes complete with prohibition era antiques and an authentic speakeasy. No word on whether that comes with alcohol, which would probably be moonshine or basement beer poisoned by the government if the place really were authentic. There's sure to be plenty of guns, however, which means the place satisfies at least one American desire.



The place isn't just limited to gangsters of the twenties, however. The exhibit features the mugs of infamous New York criminals, like Carlo Gambino, Stephanie St. Claire, and Ellsworth "Bumpy" Johnson. True story: I've never heard of any of those people. Admission \$10.

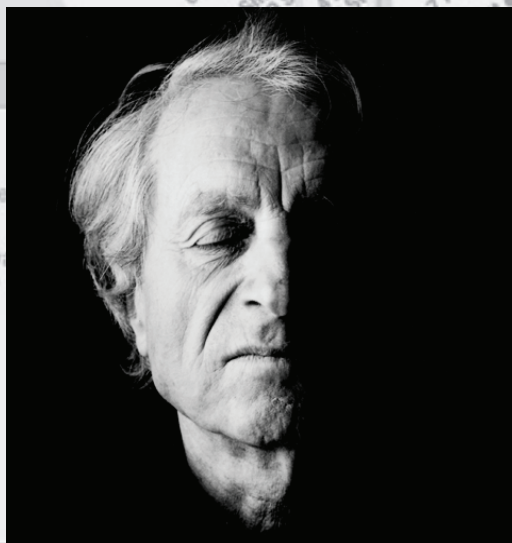
What: Charles Addams's New York @ The Museum of the City of New York

Where: 1220 Fifth Ave.

When: March 4- May 16



Charles Addams is a legendary *New Yorker* cartoonist who drew the cartoons that would later inspire the many "Addams Family" adaptations. Addams's portrayed New York an eerie and whimsical metropolis, many times adding a supernatural element to his drawings for good measure. When it comes to awesomely creepy, Tim Burton's got nothing on Charles Addams. A special section of the exhibit is dedicated to the evolution of the Addams Family throughout the cartoons. His renderings of New York are a treat for anyone into Gotham cityscapes. Admission is \$10.

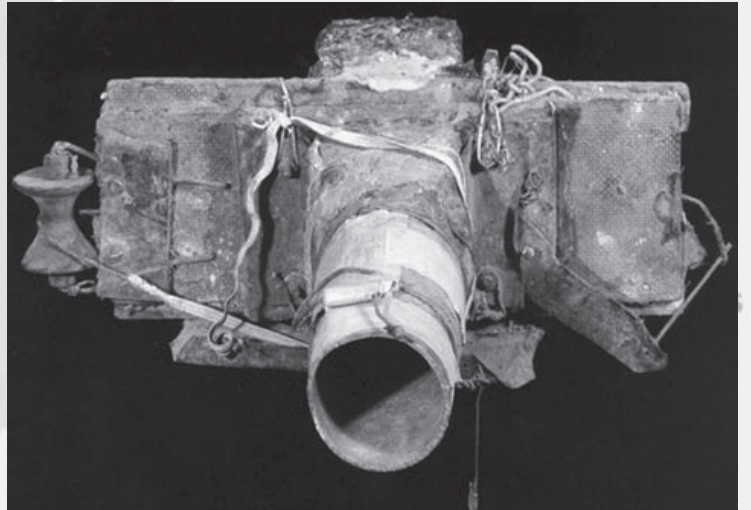


What: "Skin Fruit: Selections from the Dakis Joannou Collection" @ The New Museum

Where: 235 Bowery

When: March 3- June 6

Charles Foster Kane ain't got shit on Dakis Joannou, a billionaire art collector from Athens who boasts one of the worlds largest contemporary art collections. Joannou is loaning 100 works from his personal collection to the New Museum for his first exhibition in the United States. I guess art collection exhibits are like show and tell for really rich people. I'd watch out if I were Joannou, however. These type of settings always seem to attract clumsy but lovable klutzes. It's inevitable, some yutz will be admiring a priceless vase, trying to impress some cute girl no doubt, when suddenly he steps back, bumps a mannequin covered in dildos and sets of a chain of events that leaves \$20 million worth of modern art destroyed. Student admission is \$8.



What: Iannis Xenakis: Composer, Architect, Visionary @ NYC Drawing Center

Where: 35 Wooster St.

When: Now- April 8

Iannis Xenakis lost his left eye after a bomb exploded on top of him during WWII. That's pretty badass, especially when he began his career as a composer/architect. Xenakis was a leading figure in the avant-garde movement. He developed spectacular building designs, many of them inconceivably abstract and impossible to construct with modern equipment. For his compositions he would transpose parabolas and mathematical equations into musical notes, creating new and exciting sounds. Admission? We don't need no stinking admission. This one's free, kiddos.

the paper's big list

Why The Administration Won't Give us a Free Speech Zone

by *the paper*
STAFF OF MILLIONS
SEVERAL

We here at *the paper* have been tirelessly trying to figure just what would possess the Fordham administration to pass on USG's Maroon Square proposal. We've seen the printed document. That thing was *classy*. We're talking laminated cover, metal fasteners, and *bullet-points*. Thing was the works. In addition to that, and, as we've said time and time again in this issue, free-speech on a college campus seems like a given. You'd think that a college that is trying to move "ever upward" would invest more in its student's liberties. But, as we learned recently, the Maroon Square proposal has been waived and replaced with "compromise." Basically, the good guys lost. So in order to make sense of this confusion, *the paper* has asked its think-tank (re: our editorial staff) to think of the most logical reasons why the administration shot down USG's proposal. The results follow:

Subliminal Threat Implied by the Color Maroon

Let's face it. Maroon isn't well-liked. Nearly nobody names it as their favorite color, but naturally, maroon has been Fordham's color since God-knows-when. Wine, red velvet cake, blood... what do these things have in common? They're maroon. What does that actually mean? I don't know, but what I'm really getting at is that USG should re-outline their proposal using a different color: blue.

"Why blue?" you ask. As I stated six seconds ago, maroon is the color of blood and war—exactly what, thanks to the "Maroon" in the title "Maroon Square," does OSCLD subconsciously believe will happen if Fordham implements the space? Blue is known to be a calming color, so its usage will convey a message of peace to OSCLD and the Fordham administration, as opposed to the violence, anarchy, and imminent massacres implied by a Maroon Square.

Blue is also a very "New York" color. Think about it. The Yankees: navy *blue*, white. The Mets: *blue*, orange, white, and black. The Islanders: navy *blue*, orange, and white. The Giants: *blue*, gray, red, and white. New York State license plate color scheme: *blue*. Columbia University: Columbia *blue*, white. New York State Flag background: *blue*. Jay Z's favorite color: "*blue* or light green" (accord-

ing to the all-powerful Internet). The AMERICAN FLAG, because we be reppin' the States to the rest of the world: red, white, and *blue*. If Fordham wants to truly reflect the motto: "New York Is My Campus, Fordham Is My School," then implementing a *Blue* Square would clearly be USG's most logical goal in their next push for a Fordham Marijuana Advocacy Demonstration Area.

by Elena
Lightbourn
CHIEF COPY
EDITOR

Communists!

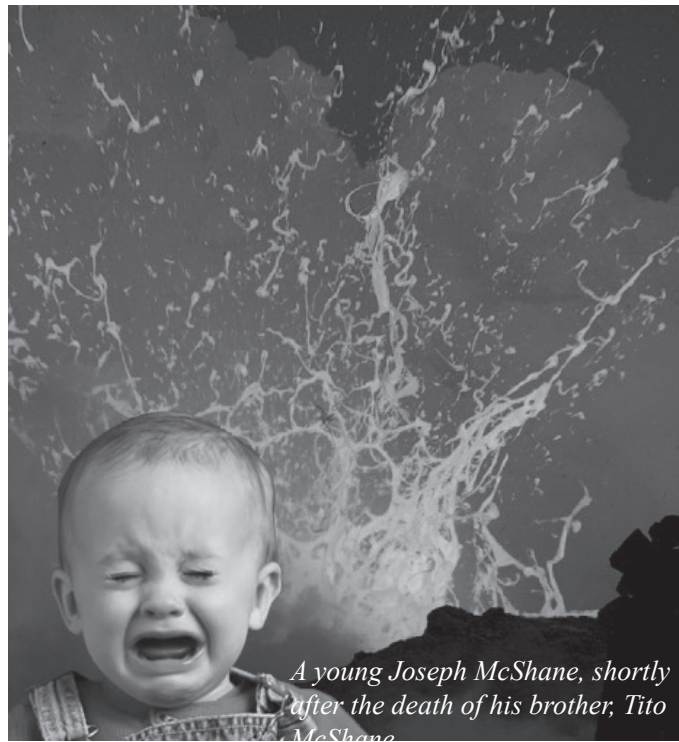
Free speech, public spaces, "community" action... Sure, you red bastards thought you could pull one over on the Fordham administration. Well, I'm here to tell you that you were wrong. Dead wrong. Don't think we weren't on to it from the beginning; you approached us innocently enough, talking about pleasant subjects like "rights" and "freedom", but we smelled something fishy before you even walked in the room. What, aside from anarchy and low morals, does freedom of expression lead to? Communist propaganda, that's what. If we open a free speech zone on our campus, we're basically laying out the welcome mat for the Reds. You say it's our responsibility to "uphold students' rights", but what about our responsibility to guard your young, porous, China-doll fragile minds from filth and obscenity? Are we to abandon that duty and invite in an inevitable deluge of seditious literature and Soviet lies? Well, students we're calling N.I.M.B.Y. (Not In My Back Yard) on this one. Communism has ruined young people abroad, and we'll be damned if we ever let that happen here at home. Our founding fathers did not fight to build this country just to have it signed away and sold out to the communists, and we fully intend to follow their example here at Fordham. So next time you're lambasting the powers that be for "ignoring" your rights, just remember this: you're doing exactly what the communists want you to do.

by Sean Patrick Kelly
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

Opening Up A Portal to Another World

Opening up a portal to another world is a possibility anytime

you make a square. I learned this from the not-so-classic Nickelodeon cartoon *Chalk World* and also from that award-winning foreign film *Pan's Labyrinth*. The folks in the administration are cultured people, so they no doubt watched both of these things and came to the same conclusion. Then do you know what they thought about? *The Lion, the Witch, and the Ward-*



A young Joseph McShane, shortly after the death of his brother, Tito McShane.

robe. Do you guys remember that one? Yeah, neither do I, but I do remember what was on the other side of the titular wardrobe: Narnia. Yes, it's scary to think that you can open up a wardrobe and find yourself in a whole different world, but it's not so scary if that world was constructed by noted Christian C.S. Lewis. But what if, instead of opening a closet onto Jesus-Lion, you tapped a brick in Diagon Alley and found yourself in a pagan wizarding world? Exactly. The administration thought about that, too. They also thought about how high they would sound if they tried to explain this. They figured it would be better to say nothing and let us assume that their reasons for opposing the Maroon Square are really ethically and epistemologically complex, but I am here to reveal the truth. And I swear I'm not high.

by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

Everything is O.K.

Everything is O.K. Nothing is ever wrong. Creating a free-speech zone would only be a waste of space, as there are no social ills and no wrongdoings that would ever need addressing. Everything is perfect at Fordham, in New York City, America, the World, Universe, and everywhere. Try some soma, relax, it's delicious. How about some beer? Maybe you should just go to tribar, for-

get about everything and drink your worries away. If something were ever wrong, the administration would let you know, and even then they would probably have the issue resolved by the time the news got to you. Seriously, guys. Everything is under control.

In the event of an emergency, Fordham has taken the liberties of injecting a small device

into the base of every student's spine. When triggered, the device will release a small sedative that will instantly "deactivate" students for the duration of any emergency situation. When students awake, equilibrium will have already been restored by the loving Fordham Administration. Your administrators love you, Fordham students. Talking hurts. It's dangerous and bound to cause discomfort. Your administration acts with your best interests in mind. Everything is O.K. Everything is fine. Everything is O.K.

by Alex Gibbons
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Geocentrism

"Oh circle, she is so divine. Her curve is round, unlike the line." This may seem like a complete non sequitur given the topic of this list entry, but this is a short poem written by an anonymous poet about, of course, the circle. Because of its symmetry, the circle has always been considered the perfect shape: a symbol for the total symmetry of the divine, a Christian symbol for eternity, and the sleeping eye of God (see: Genesis 1:2). As a Jesuit institution, I am not at all surprised at the administration's opposition to a Maroon Square. I mean, really? The believed perfection of circles kept us egocentric fools believing in a geocentric universe for years. Fr. McShane and co. are simply trying to uphold Catholic tradition.

Sure, you might call this antiquated, citing the Copernican revolution that taught us that maybe the universe didn't have to be organized in a way that revered the circle in order to revere God. But you do realize that it took until 1992 for the Catholic Church to officially ex-

onerate Galileo for his "crimes" of being "false and contrary to Scripture" by suggesting heliocentrism. Things take time. And Catholics are big on ritual. Who are we, the mere student body (that keeps the institution economically afloat) to demand a complete abandonment of Church doctrine? Advocacy for such an impure shape as a square just couldn't happen at an institution of higher learning, and *shouldn't* happen.

by Sarah Madges
EARWAX EDITOR

Fr. McShane's Psychosomatic Response to the Color Red

It's a good thing Fr. McShane isn't red-green colorblind. If he were, that would cause him to constantly confuse his most favorite and most feared things. It's well known that Fordham's president's favorite thing in the world is money. Hell, we've given him our fair share of it. But did you know that even seeing the color green gets Daddy Mac salivating and panting more than Pavlov's dogs in a wind tunnel of wind chimes? True story. The guy's avarice skyrockets to the point where he's been seen hoarding freshly watered grass in hopes of converting it to "McShane Dollars" and spending is on extravagant Applebee's-quality dinners at Dagger John's. Again, we've all spent dollars x 1000 here, so this seems pretty obvious. What you may not know, however, is that red conjures up his deepest and most ingrained of fears: lava.

That's right, Fr. McShane is afraid of lava. This happened when the guy was living back in Waikiki, playing what he thought was a harmless game of "the floor is made of lava." He and Catholic playmates wandered away from the path, and ended up losing his little brother Tito McShane to the molten abyss. As he looked on in horror, he was forced to continue jumping from solid rock to solid rock, until he could get away from the danger. He never seemed to be able to let it go. Making a Maroon Square, which he would inevitably have to walk on, would cripple the guy, reveal him jumping from backpack to blanket to protector in a psychologically high stakes game of "the floor is made of lava," this time out to take his life. This is too potentially embarrassing towards our figurehead for Fordham as an institution to risk such a slip up to occur, perhaps in front of the people from U.S. News and World Report.

by Bobby Cardoso
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Hey Fordham! It's spring! That means: Eddie's will be littered with humans and their litter, we get a break (and another one for Jesus!), all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, class attendance will plummet, bathing suit clad-biddies will lie out whether or not it's sunny, day drinking, and the most important event of the year takes place: Spring Weekend: an entire 72 hours devoted to cruisin' and boozin' regardless of how shitty the band is (you'll be too fucked up to know what music is anyway). This year we got MGMT. I mean, that's no Guster (I make a joke!), but the Brooklyn duo's been pumping out of movie soundtracks, dorm rooms, and even Mugz's for months now, so they've gotta be something special, right? Plus, psychedelic synth-pop electro-rokk begs for campus's contagion (spring fever) to break out full force. That, and hallucinogenics.

-SM

JOANNA NEWSOM

Have One on Me

Discs 1 & 2 by Sarah Madges

Disc 3 by Kaitlin Campbell

(STAFF SUPERFANS)

If someone asked me what I thought of the movie *Titanic*, my first thought would be "It's long." While Joanna Newsom's newest album, *Have One On Me*, splits 18 songs over three discs with 14 lasting over six minutes, that same word could never be my default descriptor for an album with so many descriptions contained in its own storied



symphony. *Have One On Me* introduces a singular style of songwriting, giving the diverse instrumentation and breadth of *Ys* a musical makeover that diminishes the polarizing effect her sprawling fables often had. Touring bandmate Ryan Francesconi's arrangements coupled with Joanna's newly assertive and soulful timbre,

don't create a new sound on the album so much as deepen the one that first set her apart from other femme folk-rock musicians. (Though I suppose her allusive narrative lyrics and squeaky nymph voice also aided this distinction).

"Easy" begins the album with Newsom's slow, clear voice that juxtaposes the staccato strings and powerfully punctuated piano triads, while drums, a chirping flute, and horns lend a thicker pop song tonality atypical of her work. The succeeding eleven-minute title track nods back to the serpentine structure and expansiveness of *Ys*, while the smoothness that now substitutes Newsom's characteristically squeaky voice has a perfect marriage with the legato languidness of the harp. The lyrics recall Newsom's playful poesy: "Here's Lola—ta da!—to do her famous Spider Dance for you!" Syncopated hand claps follow as the song surges with the Bulgarian kaval (an open-ended shepherd's flute) from Joanna the Raconteur, to Joanna the Boozer: "I was drunk and half-dead...Don't you worry for me! Have one on me!" The following ditty, the euphonic and childish "81," features only the harp and her sweetly sweeping voice that lacks the gravitas her sentiments suggest. The ironically titled "Good Intentions Paving Co" stands apart from the rest with a bluesy chords progression and flounce, followed by the less impressive "No Provenance." The contrapuntal "Baby Birch" features the harp as point and Francesconi's electric guitar as counterpoint, blending an acoustic, tambura (Bulgarian lute), banjo, mandolin, and a soprano recorder to form a rewardingly rich texture beneath her simpering voice.

Though still a staggering work, Disc Two is the least stunning of the three discs,

beginning with the short and sweet "On a Good Day." The understated, harmony-rich "You and Me, Bess" heralds the epic "In California," whose melody and theme of lost love is revisited in Disc Three's woebegone track, "Do Not Suffice." The harp and vocals gradually broaden with the orchestral majesty of prior songs, highlighting Joanna's subdued lamentations that persist in the stirring lovelorn voice-and-harp ballad, "Jackrabbits." "Go Long" is another tribute to Newsom's new approachability as it ambles forth with a stoical harp that provides the perfect foundation for Newsom's vaguely lugubrious and metaphoric lyrics. Only at the song's end do other instruments thicken the lonely texture, but even then the effect is beautifully forlorn. Finally, "Occident" regains some of Newsom's gumption, beginning with the fervent exclamation: "Mercy me, the night is long!" Even with just catchy piano chords and hushed wire brush drum beats as accompaniment, Joanna's passionate register gives this cogent plea a life that trades pathos for sheer earnestness. So ends the first hour + of *Have One On Me*, proving that while this isn't for casual listening or background noise, it also isn't as pretentiously unpalatable as some have said before of her yelping voice and anachronistic lyrics.

-SM

"Soft as Chalk," begins Disc Three, combining different instruments' dialogues to contrast the organized melody with folkloric instruments as a continuous piano melody creates a rapport, seemingly answering her call: "Whoooo is there?" Next comes the soothing "Esme," the starkly punctuated "Autumn," and the quaint fable "Ribbons Bows," which are nostalgic of her 2004 album, *Milk-Eyed Mender* in recycling themes of nature through her harp compositions dynamically punctuated by a string quartet, mandolin, and tambura. But just when you secure a certain sound or narrative, she abandons the fabled quality and forbids us to turn the song into an esoteric

myth or epic poem. The nine-minute penultimate parable, "Kingfisher," showcases Jim O'Rourke's collaboration, as he influenced her addition of eastern instruments like the kaval, which mimics a kind of Kingfisher bird's cackling caw. At our journey's end, the last track, "Does Not Suffice," does in fact suffice. Appealing back to "Easy," the album's theme of coping with existential unavoidable fizzes out in the scene's honesty "of how easy [she] was not," as she packs away her delicate clothes and leaves a lover. Her voice is toned to truth without a trace of pathetic desperation just as the song itself is "stripped down," slowly adding strings until the dizzying climax. Before dissolving into repeated lalas and crashing chords, she provides a concrete image of the last line's desolation: "everywhere I tried to love you is yours again and only yours." The expansive violins fade into a "blank and rinsing" sound of completeness, tying the album together in spite of any imperfections and its wide-ranging compilation of styles.

-KC



HIGH ON FIRE

Snakes for the Divine

Eamon Stewart

Enough with degrading High On Fire to just being some stoner metal band. Yes, Matt Pike's previous band, Sleep, was one of the more important bands to popularize stoner metal. But it's been seventeen years since the

release of Sleep's *Holy Mountain*, and the idea that Matt Pike is still writing and recording in the same vein is absurd. Nobody refers to Brian Eno's solo work as glam rock because of Roxy Music's sound, and the body of Pike's work shouldn't have to be classified in the same way.

Perhaps a fairer critique that Pike will have to deal with for the rest of his recording career is comparing everything in his discography to that album. Because of *Holy Mountain's* sudden and indelible impact, fans will always yearn for more of what could have been and perpetually hope for a return to that sound.

Pike apparently resolves this issue by giving a huge middle finger to all of his backwards-looking fans. *Snakes For The Divine* is High on Fire's fifth studio album (one more than Pike ever did with Sleep) and eliminates all of the elements from Sleep's sound that had permeated previous records. The amplified



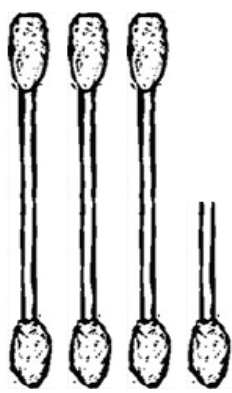
blues-based guitar, perpetually down-tempo rhythms, and the lazy vocals littered with marijuana references have been replaced with a thrash-based sound that emphasizes

the visceral and violent. Greg Fidelman, the album's producer, revived the stagnating careers of Metallica and Slayer on their more recent albums, and injects that same energy and sense of urgency to this one. Whereas previous High on Fire albums tinkered with production and the instruments' sounds from song to song, each song here carries the same sonic pummeling. Pike, who usually alternates between his angry growl and modal voice, now almost exclusively growls at the listener. In short, this album is much more energetic and pissed off than prior ones, as if Pike is doing everything he can to forget the relaxed, bonged-out vibe he created so well with Sleep's discography.

For most of this album, the songwriting also matches the band's intensity. The opening title track has a classic thrash intro that would even make Kerry King smile. The first single "Frost Hammer" (a reference to Celtic Frost, one of the more brutal bands in metal's harsh history), builds into a delightfully melodic and vicious crescendo. And "Holy Flames of the Fire Spitter" demonstrates the band's ability to write songs that add an easy flow to the violence typical of the genre. While lacking the structural complexity of *Master of Puppets*, it highlights the complicated guitar riffs and progressions the band impressively ties together in a fundamentally sound way.

Snakes For The Divine intends to be violent and loud throughout, and succeeds. While it certainly isn't about to redirect the crass canon of metal music or inspire legions of converted followers, the intensity of the production and general quality of

songwriting make it worthwhile for anybody who has an ear for metal.



GORILLAZ
Plastic Beach
by Will Yates

Paul Simonon, Snoop Dogg, Lou Reed and The Lebanese

National Orchestra for Oriental Arabic Music are just a portion of the unlikely collaborators on the latest album by one of the most collaboration-heavy music groups ever.



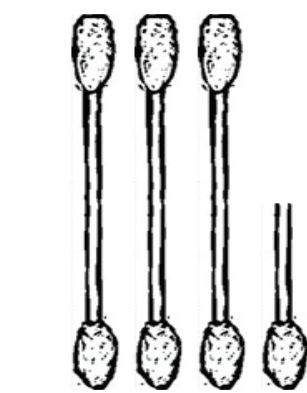
Actually, it would be untrue to call Gorillaz anything other than a loose collection of musicians, producers, cartoonists, and actors who have converged in various combinations only three times in the last eleven years. Fortunately for us, when they do converge, they end up making some of the weirdest, most likeable and downright cool music out there. Plastic Beach is, of course, no exception. It rises to the hopes of longtime fans and also to the expectations of those of us who were simply mesmerized the first time we heard "Clint Eastwood" in late 2000. It centers around "the melancholy of buying a ready-made meal with loads of plastic packaging around it... this detritus that surrounds the celebrity voyeurism," as Damon Albarn, the mastermind behind the group, describes it. Whether or not that exact image comes through on this sometimes-poppy, sometimes-orchestral album is debatable. That being said, there is clearly some kind of ecological message in the lyrics, although, strangely, it doesn't seem to be an entirely hopeless or even negative one. It seems to be less about pollution and destruction than the substitution of plastic with the natural order. The tracks themselves follow a very linear movement, so I'm unsure if many of them will be able to be the kind of vastly popular stand-alones such as "Feel Good, Inc." and "Dirty Harry" that Gorillaz made in the past. It begins with an organ-heavy and surprisingly mellow track with Snoop Dogg telling the future's children to not give up on the world. "White Flag" follows with a fun Lebanese intro and the aggressive verses of London-based rappers Bashy and Kano. It really starts to feel like the Gorillaz we know with

Albarn's melancholic-droll-through-a-megaphone routine informing us of environmental catastrophes to come on "Rhinestone Eyes." "Stylo" is the track that will surely become the popular hallmark of the album, with its slow-rising electric warbles, and the always soft-spoken Mos Def spitting about some kind of electronic apocalypse. What steals the song is the rough crying of '70s R&B crooner Bobby Womack, now 66, who feels strangely welcome on a song that could be classified as club music. The next few tracks sound pretty standard with a few exceptions, namely "Superfast Jellyfish," an unabashedly goofy track about sea creatures and breakfast cereal. An unexpected joy comes up with "Some Kind of Nature," featuring Lou Reed's leathery, warm voice encrypting messages about the degraded state of nature and the disturbing realities with which we are somehow able to live. Although it's hard to identify the exact center of this work, its nebulous, wandering qualities befit a semi-concept album about pollution and apathy. From the genre-bending guest appearances, the soaring orchestral overtures, the ocean sound effects on each track and other idiosyncratic touches, it holds its own as a very fresh piece work amid a sea of tired beats and clichés that characterize pop music. It may not spawn the popularity of previous albums, but it's clear Albarn and the rest of his hugely creative crew are still at their best. From what I can tell, Plastic Beach is proof positive that the Gorillaz we've known for a decade are pushing the limits of music and art.

ones, highlighting the sampling their sound is usually ripe with. The mosh-level beat set by "She's The One" continues through "Surfin' Coffin" and "Not at War," the former of which is punchy and banging and impossible to remain motionless throughout. The latter is a big fuck-you to relationship bullshit, jumping up and down and screaming: "You said you wouldn't dance no more/ You ask me what I came here for/ Not a war."

What really makes the album stand out, however, is the vocal addition of Anita Sparrows of the Soviettes. Drummer Ian Vanek cited '60s girl groups as a major influence on their sound, and described the new course as "something we've always wanted to do, a direction we wanted to grow into". Sparrows chimes in on most of the tracks, most notably "Surfin' Coffin," a particularly nostalgic track that pays homage to beach rock without losing the blurry distortion, and "\$100 Dollar Remix," a slower version of the original (which first premiered on the 2007 album *Skuffed Up My Huff*) which softens with the new vocals. Sparrows also has her own track, the final song, "Alone In the Basement,"

performing, and touring. With this new sound they cultivate, they'll certainly be around for a lot longer, continuing to scream into their telephone microphones and harkening back to a time before Autotune was cool.



JAPAN'THER
Rock 'n' Roll Ice Cream
by Mickie Meinhardt

Brooklyn duo Japanther first threw their fuzzy, hip-hop-infused hat in the garage rock ring in 2001, and have since become notorious for insanely energetic live performances (beer showers, mosh pits, lots

of sweat). They manage to combine rusted, shredded bass and heavy drums with a hyphy back beat without being kitschy; you could never accuse them of 'pop'. Nor are they riding any sort of trend wave, having thrived for eight years in a music scene where longevity is notoriously difficult to attain. They've released more than a handful of EPs and CDs (eight are widely available for purchase, though the smaller and more obscure ones are more difficult to procure) and have shown no signs of losing any steam or growing stale. Their latest album, *Rock 'n' Roll Ice Cream*, steps into new territory with a new female vocalist, and could arguably be considered one of their best yet.

The album opens with "She's The One," a high-octane ode to the female counterpart to a life of cigarettes and beer in loud suburban basements. The signature Japanther deeply-hazed bass takes a backseat to a hot-footed beat track; as the danciest track on the album, it works wonderfully as the opener. The vocals bark over a minimal tambourine and confront a subject atypical to Japanther. While the actual word "love" is never uttered, the lyrics' simplistic emotions: "and when you go I hope you're in tune/ and that you rhyme" make it obvious that that's the subject.

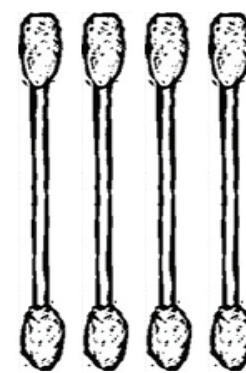
The album is dancier than their previous ones, highlighting the sampling their sound is usually ripe with. The mosh-level beat set by "She's The One" continues through "Surfin' Coffin" and "Not at War," the former of which is punchy and banging and impossible to remain motionless throughout. The latter is a big fuck-you to relationship bullshit, jumping up and down and screaming: "You said you wouldn't dance no more/ You ask me what I came here for/ Not a war."

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a beautiful acoustic version of "She's The One." Japanther is also a big fan of collaborators, and features poet Eileen Myles' haunting recitation over reverb in the second track, "L.A. Ura Mystery." However, vocalist Matt Reilly will be the only live singer for the time being - Sparrows is a Californian, and most Japanther shows are in the New York/ East Coast area.

Brooklyn has a vibrant music scene, but it's an unfortunate fact that bands die just as quickly as they rise there. In spite of this impediment to success, Japanther is one of the few that has managed to not simply survive but to thrive, continuously producing,

performing, and touring. With this new sound they cultivate, they'll certainly be around for a lot longer, continuing to scream into their telephone microphones and harkening back to a time before Autotune was cool.



Five Bands Pretending to Be Other Bands (and sometimes doing a better job):

Wild Honey Pie-The Pixies

Twelve minutes into *The White Album*, The Beatles give us "Wild Honey Pie," a tune rooted in camp folk but contradicted by the vibrato guitar and thumping drums that enter halfway through, interspersed with Clapton guitar solos and Lennon's acoustic compositions. The Pixies, on the other hand, begin their *At the BBC* compilation with a version recorded at the height of their Surfer Rosa/Doolittle peak. And it rocks.

-NM

Bitches Ain't Shit-Ben Folds

After the harmonized whispers "bitches ain't shit," you notice that, yes, that's really a Ben Folds cover of Dr. Dre. The chorus of benign voices paradoxically blend with harpsichord tones and synths. Hearing him speak-sing with such earnestness: "It's my little cousin Daz and he's fuckin' my hoe. I uncocked my shit. I'm heart-broken but I'm still locked" is too good.

-SM

Hey Ya!-Matt Weddle

Whether you loved the upbeat craziness of Outkast's Hey Ya! or hated its obnoxious repetition, this rendition will please both camps. Matt Weddle has a solemn, heartfelt voice that melds with the melody of his acoustic guitar as he manages to make a song people love dancing to a song people love crying to. All the flippancy is lost as he actually articulates the lyrics with sincerity: "Why are we so in denial when we know we're not happy here?"

-SM

Mr. Grieves-TV on the Radio

Back before they were critically acclaimed, genre-defining indie rock gods TV on the Radio were just dudes from Brooklyn that liked making crazy, pretty music. This cover takes the Pixies' a-rhythmically tempo-changing pile of chords and smoothes it out into an a cappella spiritual. Supported only by a metronomic snap, the band turns even the most flippant of Pixies lyrics into haunting elegies. And they sound pretty fucking gorgeous, too.

-AO

Lithium-The Polyphonic Spree

Who ever thought a choral symphonic rock band with upwards of 13 members would cover Grunge King Kurt Cobain's "Lithium"? Well, they did. Where Nirvana's version is replete with fuzzed out guitars and Kurt's gravelly voice, this one features an offensively happy-go-lucky piano line, violins, and an electric guitar over which the vocals perfectly harmonize. Even with such twee pop levity, the chorus rocks with roaring distorted guitar chords and their interpretation of screaming, which is almost angsty and definitely perfect.

-SM

The Comic

