

The Paper

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

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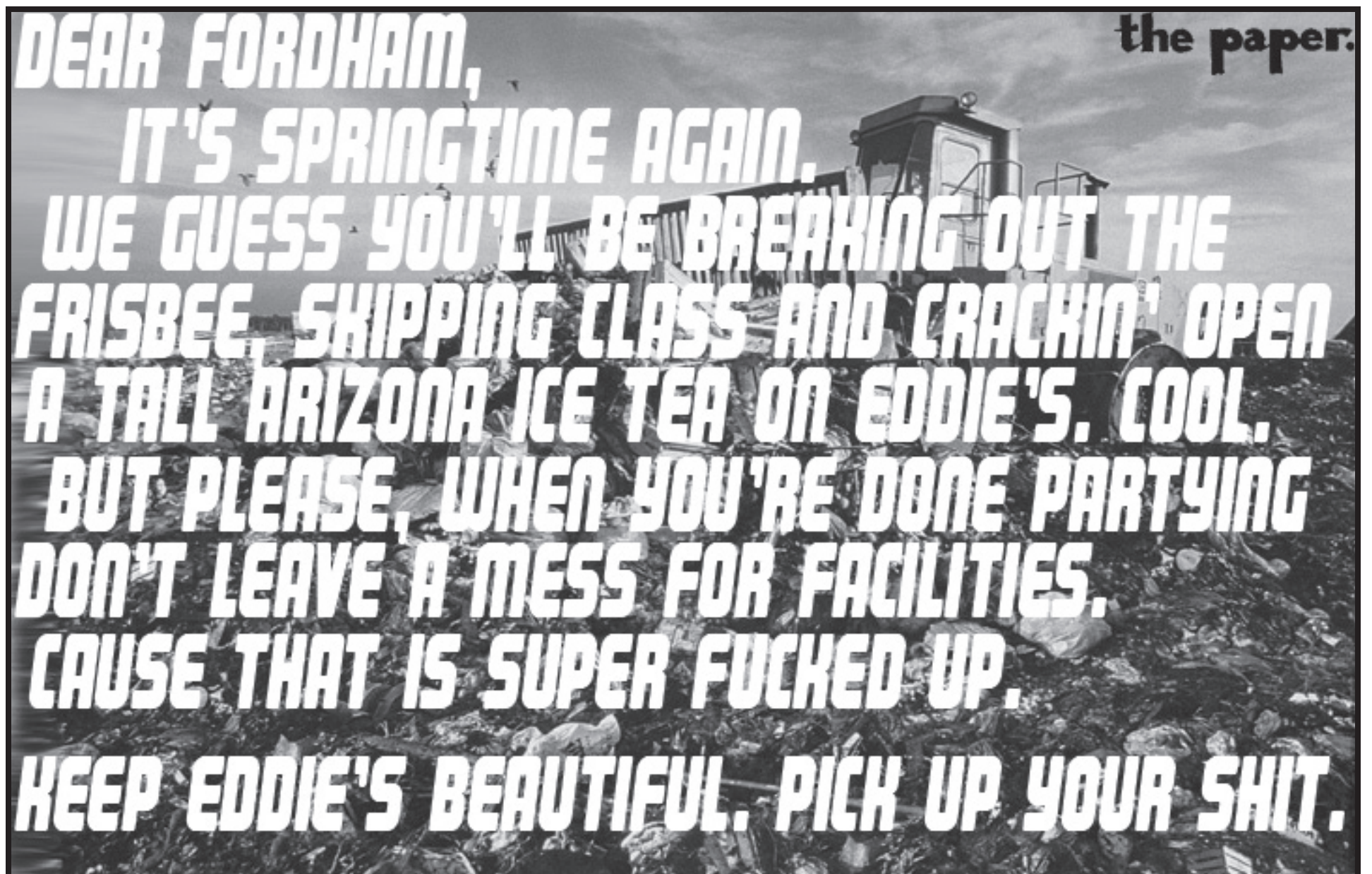
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Romance!

In Theaters April 14, 2010



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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 *Eternity Soup: Inside the Quest to End Aging*, by Greg Critser. 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)!

"Deepest, darkest secrets"

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news

CIA Clandestine Services Director Lectures, But Offers No Substance Fordham, USG Rise to the Occasion By Censoring Student Questions

by Sarah Madges
EARWAX EDITOR

On Thursday, March 25th, former CIA analyst/current pastoral associate Ray McGovern spoke to Fordham Anti-War Coalition members to brainstorm pertinent questions preceding the USG-sponsored Michael Sulick lecture. Both he and Sulick attended Fordham University, majored in and mastered Russian Language & Literature, and spent decades working for the CIA, but deviated paths when McGovern retired and began to expose the CIA, believing it is no longer what President Truman intended. For example, Sulick, as the Director of the National Clandestine Service, is in charge of “covert action,” a euphemism for unmanned drones deployed over combat zones in Afghanistan and Pakistan to search and destroy insurgents. Debra Sweet of the World Can’t Wait (an organization that repudiates the occupations of Iraq and Afghanistan) told us about Georgetown professor Gary Solis’s article in the Washington Post that claimed those CIA agents under Sulick’s aegis are unlawful combatants. As civilians, they lack uniforms and insignia, as well as clearance to participate directly in hostilities according to the Geneva Conventions. For the Q&A section of the lecture, McGovern suggested we address the immorality that accompanies this unlawfulness in terms of how just war theory (which requires comparative justice wherein the injustice suffered by one party must outweigh that suffered by the other) justifies drones in Paki-

stan, where 80% of those killed are civilians. After compiling a list of such questions, McGovern warned us to “anticipate him fudging [the answers].”

Good advice. It didn’t take long to realize Michael Sulick had no intention of answering any of our kinds of questions, ironic given that event promotions quoted the Gospel of John: “the truth shall set you free,” as Dan LoPreto (FCRH Class of 2011) pointed out to me. The truth of the CIA-trained guerillas who killed six Jesuits as well as thousands of civilians in El Salvador (while Fordham annually sends students to Fort Benning to protest such horrors) wasn’t mentioned. Nor was it said that the proposed counterinsurgency tactics in Iraq have been called “the El Salvador Method.” How about Sulick’s position’s role in dozens of covert coups, such as the 1973 overthrow of Chilean President Allende? Never touched upon. You’d think he’d complain about how difficult it is to fight terrorists using the tactics the CIA trained them (in the 1980s the U.S. helped train the Mujaheddin as they fought the Soviet Union, and in 1986 the CIA under Sulick built an underground camp at Khost, where bin Laden trained recruits in guerrilla warfare). But he never broached these truths.

Instead, the “Inaugural Lec-

ture on Leadership and Government Service” began with laudatory remarks about Sulick’s humanitarian relief efforts, service in Vietnam, and his 25+ years in the CIA. Here I’d like to make a few concessions. First, as a student-run event (before which the administration told student leaders to

Gordon received, it is infuriating that not one was asked and answered.

Moreover, never did Michael Sulick even mention words like “interrogation techniques” (he’d never actually use the word “torture”) or “Afghanistan and Pakistan,” which are current buzzwords in his specialized line of work. Instead, Sulick spoke vaguely about how cool it was to be the first CIA officer to alight in the Soviet Republics after 1991 and how the CIA didn’t issue super-high-tech cars, if that’s what we expected. This self-declared “Fordham boy” began with a shout-out to other CIA/Fordham alumni (clearly trying to raise a new army of CIA agents), like John Brennan and Ray McGovern. Without mentioning he and Brennan’s infamous waterboarding torture program, he began his lecture

by talking about the terrorists who “threaten to destroy our way of life,” and from there proceeded to gush about how his exposure to Dostoevsky at Fordham helped him charm Soviet informers. Rather unlike the CIA stereotype you’d apprehend, Sulick was familiar with the audience, joking that he fell asleep in the very room in which we were seated. He described his job as providing

the president secret information about security threats and overseeing “covert action,” though he never elucidated what that even meant. Amidst the palaver Sulick did discuss the changing realities post-9/11, and even talked about how the U.S. “removed the regime and restored the Shah [of Iran] to his throne” in the 1950s, though he didn’t clarify that this referred to the elected Mossadegh government that the CIA overthrew. Despite nods to his Jesuit upbringing, Sulick’s only acknowledgment of such morally dubious activities were brief mentions of the “moral compass” a job in the CIA required, and the fact that “public service requires sacrifice and tough decisions,” though he never provided any specific examples.

While you’d think during Q&A we’d learn details about exactly what Sulick’s been doing those three decades in the CIA, most of the hand-selected questions (Gordon screened the questions to limit irrelevant or inflammatory remarks, though it smelled suspiciously of censorship) were comparatively benign softball questions, asking, for example, what being in the CIA is like. When someone asked about the unintended loss of civilian lives from drone warfare, Sulick joked: “Security breach!” and didn’t answer.

The second time this provocative question slipped by bore even more telling results. A Fordham Ph.D. student had written: “Given the execution of civilians that the US technically sponsors, how do you define terrorism?” on his index card. However, Gordon truncated the (continued on p.7)



Sulick, looking mildly surprised that his audience expects him to talk about something substantive.

quell any protest planned), the lecture focused on how Fordham influenced Sulick’s career, not his policy decisions. Second, it is natural to avoid politically sensitive topics that evoke diametric opposition. Nonetheless, given the enormous influx of policy-centered questions that I know Executive President of Student Life Patrick Scotti, USG Vice President Mike Recca, and President John Tully

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Polish President Dies in Plane Crash

Top Government, Military Officials Also Perish

by Sean Bandfield
NEWS CO-EDITOR

The Republic of Poland suffered a devastating loss Saturday when a plane carrying the country's President, first lady, and scores of top military and government officials crashed while attempting to land at a Russian airstrip. All 96 passengers were killed, leaving the Polish government with the task of reorganizing its infrastructure and sending the Polish people into a state of shock and mourning.

Among the dead are Polish President Lech Kaczynski, his wife Maria, Chief of National Security Office Aleksander Szczyglo, Chairman of the National Bank of Poland Slawomir Skrzypek, and various other high ranking figures. The President had been en route from Warsaw to Russia in order to observe the 70th anniversary of the Katyn Massacre, in which over 20,000 Polish prisoners of war were executed by Soviet secret police.

According to reports, air traffic controllers at Smolensk airbase ordered the plane to divert to another airport because of dangerous weather conditions. However, the President's flight crew attempted to land at Smolensk despite the warnings. Why President Kaczynski's pilot chose to disregard the instructions of air traffic control

remains uncertain; pilots can only deviate from air traffic control instructions when they have very good reason to do so, such as the presence of an immediate safety hazard. Eyewitness accounts indicate that the airbase was blanketed in heavy fog, and the plane approached too low and too fast before breaking up among trees at the end of the runway.

Despite the loss of the President, the Polish government is not expected to suffer a great disturbance in operation. In accordance with Poland's constitution, the presidency has been assumed by Marshal of the Sejm Bronislaw Komorowski (the Polish parliament is composed of two houses: the upper house of the Senate, and the lower house of the Sejm). Polish law mandates that a new election take place within 60 days of the death of an incumbent president; Komorowski, who was already a candidate in Poland's upcoming presidential election, will have the responsibility of announcing exactly when that

election will take place.

Executive powers of the Polish government fall largely upon the prime minister. That position is currently held by Donald Tusk, who was not aboard the President's plane. But while the integrity of the Polish government is not in

Valasek described the loss as "the decapitation of the military services."

Suspicion quickly turned to the condition of the President's jet, a Tupolev 154 built in 1990. But despite any concerns about the plane's age, the aircraft had recently been refurbished and was operating well. Paul Duffy, a Russian aviation expert, explained to the BBC that many accidents in the region are not due to aircraft malfunction, but to lower adherence to safety standards on the ground: "The Tu-154 operates in regions with not very good air traffic control and navigation equipment, and in very difficult weather conditions."

Polish citizens took to the streets in mourning, amassing flowers and candles outside of the presidential palace in Warsaw and displaying the nation's flag from windows, donning them with black ribbons. Likewise, Russians expressed their sadness, leaving flowers outside of the Polish embassy in Moscow, and Russian Prime Minister Vladimir Putin pledged to oversee a com-

mittee that would investigate the cause of the crash (though Putin's authority over such an investigation might not instill the greatest confidence among Polish citizens).

Kaczynski was elected president in 2005, and held a fierce rivalry with current Prime Minister Donald Tusk, whom he defeated in the election. Kaczynski was not a widely popular president, especially among the youth of Poland. However, whatever the political opinions of the Polish people, they remain devastated by the incident, as was evident by the words of Polish citizen Magdalena Hendrysiak: "There is going to be a huge gap in public life in Poland. The most important people are dead."

President Obama responded to Kaczynski's death by remembering him as "a distinguished statesman" who "was widely admired in the United States as a leader dedicated to advancing freedom and human dignity." Even Prime Minister Tusk, who had a volatile relationship with Kaczynski, recognized the importance of his presidency and the severity of the disaster that took his life, calling it "the most tragic event of the country's post-war history." In relation to the unimaginable devastation Poland received during the Second World War, that's a powerful testament indeed.



President Lech Kaczynski with his wife Maria.

jeopardy, the Polish military suffered massive losses. The head of the air force, the head of the navy, and the commander of land forces were all victims of the crash, as was the military Chief of Staff. Tomas Valasek, from the Center for European Reform, explained that "the entire top military brass, including the chief of defense and all the services, were on the plane."

Popes Possibly Protected Pedophile Priests

Vatican Attempts to Deflect Blame... Again

by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

It's hard to say for sure what Jesus would do if he were around today, but there are a few things he definitely wouldn't do. He wouldn't strangle kittens, for example. He also wouldn't pee on your grandmother, or bomb hospitals, or blame advocates for different minorities' rights for the outrage surrounding allegations that he enabled child molesters. The Vatican, however, has done just that (the last thing, not the strangling kittens thing... as far as we know). In March, international allegations began to surface that reports of child abuse were ignored or concealed by higher-ups, including previous pontiff John Paul II and the current pope, Benedict XVI, previously known as Cardinal Ratzinger. Such allegations are nothing new within the Catholic Church, but the sheer scale of this recent scandal and the high statuses of those accused is definitely shocking news. The Vatican and some of its occupants disagree, chalking up the outrage to anti-Catholic sentiment.

On Friday, April 2, the Pope's personal preacher, Rev.

Raniero Cantalamessa compared the backlash to anti-Semitism. He quoted a letter purported to be from a 'Jewish friend,' stating, "The use of the stereotype, the passage from the responsibility and personal wrong to that of the whole reminds us of the most shameful aspects of anti-Semitism." The Vatican Spokesman Federico Lombardi later clarified that this was not the Vatican's official opinion, probably because he realized it was ridiculous. The Vatican waited until Tuesday, April 6, to share its own opinion, which managed to be even more despicable. The AP reported that the Vatican's defense claimed "accusations that [the Pope] helped cover up the actions of pedophile priests are part of an anti-Catholic 'hate' campaign targeting [him] for his opposition to abortion and same-sex marriage." If any words were worthy of a spit-take, it would be those.

Yes, instead of taking real responsibility for enabling child sexual abuse, instead of even fully acknowledging how awful and disgusting child sexual abuse is, the Vatican has rationalized the angry calls for ac-

countability by blaming it on women's rights activists and gay rights activists. Not only is the Church "pass[ing...] the responsibility and personal wrong to that of the whole [group]," (as the Jewish friend wrote) they're passing it to representatives of the same two minority groups they've been kicking around for centuries. They were so eager to defend themselves that the traditional Easter service even opened with a ringing defense of the pontiff. "[...]It's not Christ's fault if Judas betrayed him," Cardinal Sodano explained. "It's not a bishop's fault if one of his priests is stained by the grave wrongdoing. And certainly the pontiff is not responsible." If Jesus were still in his grave, he'd be rolling over in it; there is plenty of evidence that the bishops and pontiff are responsible, not for the straw man allegations the Cardinal created, but for finding out about "grave wrongdoing" and allowing it to continue.

The sheer number of accusations from across the Western world is pretty compelling in and of itself. Austria, Ireland, and the Netherlands are dealing with the revelations of wide-

spread child sexual abuse by members of the Catholic clergy, and direct accusations of negligence on the part of Benedict XVI or his predecessor in enabling widespread child sexual abuse have come from the majority of provinces in Germany (where the former-Cardinal Ratzinger is from); Ontario, Canada; and Arizona, Kentucky, Texas, and Wisconsin in the United States. Hundreds of victims have come forward so far in these cases, and many prominent members of the clergy are supporting their accounts of abuse and providing the evidence that partial blame lies with Pope John Paul II or Pope Benedict XVI. In Germany in the early 1980s, the then-Archbishop Ratzinger had a priest suspected of abuse transferred into his archdiocese. The man was allowed to continue with his pastoral work, although, according to the Archbishop, he was receiving therapy. As *Cardinal*, Ratzinger allowed charges of abuse from all over the United States to languish for years in the Vatican without any action being taken. He is being sued by victims in Kentucky, though the legitimacy of the

case remains in question as-- for some reason-- Pope Benedict XVI asked for and received immunity from prosecution by the Bush justice department. As for John Paul II, reports have surfaced that several bishops and archbishops wrote to him urging him not to promote a suspected-child abuser to the Episcopate. The Pope ignored their pleas and the priest in question worked in the Vatican until his retirement in 2004. Four years later, in 2008, he was arrested for molesting 13 boys in Ontario.

Whether or not the allegations prove true-- and, again, considering the number of them, there's a good chance that at least a few will-- the Vatican's remaining credibility should be destroyed in this scandal. The Church handled the accusations in the most reprehensible way imaginable: claiming to be the victim of prejudice and then shifting the blame to activists from the two groups that actually experience significant prejudice -- from the Church no less. That is definitely something that Jesus would not do.

the paper's Extra-Special un-PC "Let's-be-Critical-of-Israel" Section!



East Jerusalem Settlement Disputes Raise Eyebrows the World Over; No One Does Anything About It

by Will Yates
STAFF PUTZ

In December of last year, Nabeel al-Kurd and his extended family of 54 individuals were evicted from their home in the Sheikh Jarrah neighborhood of East Jerusalem. Jewish settlers had been granted the right by the Israeli Supreme Court to move in; they did so, destroying and stealing most of the al-Kurd family's possessions in the process. Nabeel set up a protest tent, in which he lived adjacent to the house until private security forces employed by the settlers destroyed it. Nabeel says he was repeatedly threatened and harassed by the settlers, and many families in the area have had their homes vandalized with painted Stars of David. The Nabeel family, which has lived there since the 1950s after being evicted from elsewhere, is one of 28 Palestinian families facing eviction in this neighborhood.

60 years after the creation of Israel, the expansion of Jewish

settlements is still contested in one of the most crowded and mixed parts of the nation, East Jerusalem. This land was never officially part of the state of Israel, but the Israeli government captured and subsequently occupied it, along with the West Bank and other Arab areas, during the 1967 war with Syria. As it is, East Jerusalem is very much an Arab neighborhood with a Jewish minority, but the Prime Minister and right-wing Israelis have plans to change that. This year has seen a huge push by the government in favor of slowing colonization of East Jerusalem, and the opposition by liberal Israelis, Palestinians, the international community, and the United States government has been louder than ever. The plan to take over the land has included evicting Palestinian families to allow Jewish families to move in and ordering the construction of a brand new settlement in the Ramat Shlomo neighborhood that would house 160,000 Jews,

nearly doubling their numbers in the neighborhood.

Last week there was yet another development as Israel approved plans to destroy the Shepherd Hotel, a famous landmark owned by a Palestinian family, and build homes there. This project is backed and funded by the Jewish-American millionaire Irving Moshowitz, a well-known supporter of the expansion into East Jerusalem.

While this kind of tension is nothing new, the latest unusual turn has caused an outcry from many different third parties. Recently, Ban ki-Moon, Secretary General of the UN, strongly condemned the existence of settlements, calling them illegal. Left-wing Israeli protesters and a host of international activists and NGOs have set up shop in these neighborhoods, calling for an end to expansion. The U.S. has been uncharacteristically harsh on Israel in the last month, calling for the settlement plans to cease

immediately, a striking divergence from the last two administrations' stances on the issue. Israel has been quick to show its offense at these remarks; Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu pulled out at the last minute from the landmark nuclear arms deal in Washington, dealing a blow to what has been one of Obama's biggest victories in office. The plans for the Ramat Shlomo houses were announced while Joe Biden was visiting Jerusalem, a clear attempt to show that the government was not backing down under international pressure. Hillary Clinton and other top officials have been scrambling to show that the U.S. is still squarely behind Israel. Clinton recently spoke at AIPAC, a powerful pro-Israel lobby in Washington, and called the administration's support for Israel "complete, unwavering and forever" to loud applause. An insider in the Israeli government, however, called the Obama administration "a disaster for Israel."

Meanwhile, Hamas and the Palestinian people have been attempting a new form of dissent: non-violent disobedience. President Mahmoud Abbas en-

tered into restricted parts of East Jerusalem and planted trees as a sign of the Palestinian presence there. However, the continued firing of rockets into Israel by Hamas from Gaza, often at the supposedly non-violent events, has undermined the validity of this new movement.

At present, change seems unlikely and the situation is at an impasse. Although nearly every major group and government expect for a handful of right-wing Israelis strongly opposes the expansion, it seems no one will take the steps to stop it beyond voicing opinion and returning to inaction. The reality is that doing anything beyond lightly criticizing Israel is not acceptable by an unwritten rule in international politics. Quiet opinion and inaction have been the tactics of critics of Israel since its inception, and it seems even a change in tone from Washington won't change that. For the Nabeel family and thousands of Palestinians who are seeing their homes, livelihoods and culture systematically wiped away, there is little hope beyond solidarity.

Obama Passes More Stringent Nuclear Arms Policy; Israel Remains Secretive Concerning its Nuclear Capabilities

by Sean Kelly
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

In a speech in the Czech Republic capital of Prague on Monday, April 5th, President Obama announced a plan to rework U.S. nuclear arms policy with the intended end of eventually making nuclear weaponry obsolete. The proposed strategy would significantly limit the scope of scenarios in which the U.S. could retaliate against aggressors using nuclear weapons as well as renounce further development of the U.S. nuclear arsenal, and is aimed at encouraging fellow nuclear states to begin the trek down the road to nuclear disarmament. Though Obama's strategy is undoubtedly a step in the right direction, it has nonetheless been met with criticism both from the left and the far right.

The central pillar of the President's changes to U.S. nuclear arms policy involves imposing tight restrictions on which situations would warrant the use of a U.S. nuclear attack. Under the conditions of the new strategy, known as the Nuclear Posture Review, the U.S. will pledge not to use nuclear force against nations that are in compliance with the Nuclear Non-

Proliferation Treaty (NPT) of 1970, even if the U.S. is first attacked by a compliant state with biological or chemical weapons. According to this plan, an aggressor state must first be found to be in violation of the NPT before the use of nuclear force can be justified.

Predictably, the conservative right has attacked Obama's plan as weak and dangerous to U.S. homeland security and military interests. Sarah Palin initially criticized Obama's proposed amendments to the country's nuclear policy last Wednesday on Fox News, comparing the president to a child poised for a playground fight who says "Go ahead and punch me in the face, I'm not going to retaliate." Obama responded appropriately, stating that "last I checked, Sarah Palin's not much of an expert on nuclear issues." Vying desperately for the last word, Palin went on to ridicule Obama for his lack of experience on nuclear issues with a lowbrow jab about his former job as a community organizer.

I hesitate to insult the reader's intelligence by pointing out the obvious inconsistencies in Palin's attacks, but their absurdity does deserve a closer look. First of all, Palin grossly

oversimplifies the strategy with her playground comment. The analogy implies that Obama is taking a weak "turn the other cheek" stance toward homeland security and that the proposed tightening of restrictions on nuclear retaliation will embolden potential aggressors to attack the U.S. There are two clear problems with this line of thinking: first, it neglects the fact that the plan leaves several loopholes open for extenuating circumstances (such as whether or not the aggressor state is in compliance with the NPT at the time of the attack), in which case the full strength of the U.S. nuclear arsenal (comprised of nearly 6,000 operational nuclear warheads) could be used and, second, it essentially equates nuclear non-proliferation to an invitation for attack (which is blatantly false since most of the world's nuclear states are bound by the same treaties as the U.S.). Additionally, with regard to Palin's attacks on Obama's experience with nuclear policy, we are left with the classic "pot calling the kettle black" conundrum. Surely, Obama's former position as a community organizer did not

afford him much experience with nuclear issues, but neither did Palin's position as mayor of Wasilla (see page for contrary evidence).

Though Palin's attacks are spurious and almost laughable, there nonetheless are issues with the strategy itself, specifically with its treatment of NPT noncompliant states. As of now, there exist four countries that explicitly do not abide by the NPT provisions: North Korea, India, Pakistan and Israel. Even Iran is considered a compliant member of the treaty (though they have been found to be in violation many times). It is not terribly surprising that India, Pakistan and North Korea have not signed the treaty, but Israel's non-signatory status presents a problem. Since its inception, Israel has maintained a policy of deliberate ambiguity and opacity with regard to their nuclear programs. This leaves Israel as

the only nuclear-capable ally of the United States that is both an undeclared nuclear power and non-signatory to the NPT. If the President is truly serious about reduction of nuclear arms and putting constraints upon their usage, then why is Israel's ambiguity towards their nuclear arsenal tolerated? As an ally of the U.S., should Israel not be bound to comply with similar, if not the same, rules that the U.S. does? The ignoring of Israel's unsettling refusal to declare themselves a nuclear state seems to weaken the overall clout that the President's recent actions may carry and detracts from the legitimacy of the new strategy. If Obama is indeed concerned with reducing the world's nuclear arms stockpiles, then U.S. allies should be expected to do the same and to not withhold information about their nuclear capabilities.



Despite ongoing attempts at peace negotiations, Netanyahu continues to tell Palestinians to "talk to the hand."

FAKER THAN TRUTH

by Holden McGroin, Bobby Cardos, and Sean Kelly
STAFF LIARS

NEW YORK, NY ~ In a press conference, a spokesman for the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) expressed his outrage at the widespread child abuse by Catholic priests and the Church's apparent cover-up. "It's inconceivable to me that this is happening," said Charles Donahue, NAMBLA spokesman. "The fact that for twenty years priests have been jerking off little boys unsupervised, and nobody fucking called me? We couldn't have like, joined forces? The Pope invited the Anglicans to return to the Church, what about the pederasts? When will we be welcomed home? Hell, the one guy, in Wisconsin, he molested two hundred deaf kids! Deaf kids! Do you know how dexterous a child who speaks sign language is? And parents just left him in charge. The Pope covered it up! These guys are getting off too easy." Donahue then drove off angrily in his van that had Falkor from *The Neverending Story* painted on its side.

-HG

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY, BX ~ In a recent foray into his Latin-English dictionary, *Ram* columnist Chad Ciocci learned the meaning of the words "Libertas et Veritas." Ciocci is reported as saying that the discovery came about quite by accident. "I was at my bookshelf, deciding whether or not I wanted to start Karl Rove's new book or reread my favorite Bill O'Reilly tome, *Culture Warrior*. That's when I noticed my old Latin dictionary from freshman year, and got curious." He claims he was "totally shocked" to learn that he was supposed to be writing about liberty and truth. "I always figured I'd write about my feelings, you know? Just let my gut tell me what was going on with politics in the country and how to fix it." To date, the young Republican of CPAC fame has been spouting Fox News-style conservative talking points with thoughtless eagerness and frightful adamancy. When asked if how his revelation would change future columns, Ciocci was firm: "The format and nature of my column will not change. A conservative is nothing if not strong headed. Before long, I'll forget I ever knew what Latin was. And if I don't, I figure I can convince myself that my knee jerk reactions are true."

-BC

WASILLA, AK ~ In a shocking turn of events, UN weapons inspectors have discovered a vast cache of nuclear weaponry under the small town of Wasilla, Alaska. The discovery came on the tail end of a heated standoff between president Barack Obama and former Wasilla mayor Sarah Palin regarding the recent changes made to U.S. nuclear arms policy, in which Palin repeatedly ridiculed the President for his lack of experience with nuclear policy. According to UN inspectors, the Wasilla arsenal was built in the mid-1950's for its strategic position in proximity to Eastern Russia and, since its inception, Wasilla's mayors have been carefully selected by the U.S. state department based on nuclear expertise and espionage experience. "During my time as Wasilla mayor, I safeguarded our clandestine arsenal to the best of my abilities, and kept an ever vigilant eye on the Kamchatka Peninsula and its surrounding cities," said Palin during a press conference following the discovery. "I can see Russia from my house, and have had my finger on the trigger ever since."

-SPK

Fighting to Let the Grass Grow Freely

California Moves Closer to Legalizing Marijuana

by Elena Lightbourn
CHIEF COPY EDITOR

After 73 years of pot prohibition in the United States, California is looking at the possible legalization of marijuana as soon as late 2010. Yet few Americans are aware of exactly how and why the controversial plant became illegal in the first place. The cannabis plant was grown in the United States as early as the 1600s, primarily for its usage as hemp; the United States Census of 1850 counted 8,327 hemp "plantations" growing cannabis. In the early 1900s, the large influx of Mexican-American immigrants triggered tensions between small farms and larger farms using cheap Mexican labor, which only grew as the country moved into the Great Depression. Recreational cannabis use became associated with these Mexican immigrants, as they brought the plant with them and were known to smoke it; it also later became associated with black jazz musicians. And so, it is in fact racism that came to give birth to marijuana's illegal status in America.

The prohibition of weed in the U.S. has little to do with its actual effects on those who smoke it and lots to do with the efforts of two men by the names of William Randolph Hearst and Harry J. Anslinger. Hearst served as a member of the US House of Representatives, was a publisher nicknamed the "Father of Yellow Journalism," and also happened to be a notorious racist. He was well-known to have a hatred of Mexicans stemming from Pancho Villa's seizure of Hearst's Mexican forests during the Spanish-American War. Some also argue that hemp, as an extremely versatile and easy-to-grow fiber, was a threat to Hearst's newspaper empire, as his factories were designed to make paper only from wood pulp.

Anslinger was the Assistant Prohibition Commissioner in the Bureau of Prohibition and later appointed as the first Commissioner of the Treasury Department's Federal Bureau of Narcotics.

"There are 100,000 total marijuana smokers in the U.S.," Anslinger once said, "and most are Negroes, Hispanics, Filipinos and entertainers. Their Satanic music, jazz and swing,

result from marijuana use. This marijuana causes white women to seek sexual relations with Negroes, entertainers and any others."

By publishing many stories fabricated by Anslinger, Hearst worked with him to leading to marijuana's prohibition in the Marihuana Tax Act of 1937. In fact, Hearst is credited with bringing the word "marijuana" to the English language through his sensationalist campaign.



While The Marihuana Tax Act of 1937 did not make illegal the possession or use of cannabis, it taxed those dealing with the substance so heavily (\$100 per pound of hemp) that most stopped using or producing it. Since a person seeking the tax stamp would have to incriminate his or her self, this violated the Fifth Amendment, and the 1969 case of *Leary v. the United States* ruled part of the Act to be unconstitutional.

In 1970, Congress passed the Controlled Substance Act, which listed marijuana in the Schedule I Drug category – the most tightly restricted category of drugs. This made possession of marijuana illegal on a federal level.

In 1996, California became the first state to legalize medical marijuana with its Passionate Use Act, which decriminalized medical cannabis by enacting laws that allow regulated cannabis consumption, possession, cultivation, and distribution for medicinal use. Currently, the use of medical marijuana is legal in 14 states: Alaska, California, Colorado, Hawaii, Maine, Michigan, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New Mexico, Oregon, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Washington, with requirements for obtaining a prescription that range from chronic pain to cancer. Now, thanks to businessman and activist Richard Lee, who led the effort to collect 690,000 signatures to get a pro-pot initiative on the California ballot, non-medical weed may actually soon be legal.

On March 24, 2010, the California Secretary of State announced the qualification of

the Regulate, Control, and Tax Cannabis Initiative for the November ballot. If passed, Californians 21 and older will be able to legally possess up to an ounce of marijuana and/or grow whatever amount can fit in a five-by-five foot plot. It will also allow local governments to decide whether to allow sales and tax the proceeds, similar to the current regulation of alcohol and tobacco. However, California wouldn't exactly turn into the stoner free-for-all that it may sound like. Former Los Angeles Deputy Sheriff Jeffrey Studdard emphasized the safe and responsible regulation of cannabis, stating, "The initiative will toughen penalties for providing marijuana to minors, ban

possession at schools and prohibit public consumption."

Even those wary of the legalization of weed cannot ignore the potential economic benefits from the act; a California Board of Equalization analysis estimates that legalizing and taxing pot could yield \$1.4 billion in revenue for the state yearly.

Opponents of Regulate, Control, and Tax Cannabis 2010 include the state Republican Party and the California Police Chiefs Initiative. However, unexpected supporters of the initiative include members of the organized labor community, the California NAACP and some members of the law enforcement community.

On a national level, support for the outright legalization of marijuana has seen an increase. In 2008, 35% of the public said marijuana should be legal and 57% said it should not, while a recent national survey conducted by the Pew Research Center for the People & Press finds that 41% of the public thinks marijuana should be legal and 52% think it should not. In California, several polls have revealed that a public majority favors the Regulate, Control, and Tax Cannabis initiative, with the state's widely-respected Field Poll showing that 56% of voters support its passage.

Richard Lee, the 47-year-old activist behind Regulate, Control, and Tax Cannabis, said, "[The initiative] is a historic first step toward ending cannabis prohibition. I've always believed that cannabis should be taxed and regulated and that our current laws aren't working."

Collateral Murder in Baghdad

Leaked Video of Two Reuters Employee Deaths from U.S. Military Fire Raises Critical Questions

by Alex Orf
NEWS CO-EDITOR

According to the official military report of July 12, 2007, U.S. soldiers had taken fire from enemy combatants in a suburb of New Baghdad and responded with return fire, assisted by aerial support from several Apache helicopters. In the ensuing fire-fight, two Reuters news employees, photographer Namir Noor-Eldeen, 22, and driver and assistant Saeed Chmagh, 40, were killed. Although Reuters attempted to investigate the deaths of its two employees and filed a lawsuit to have the video record of the event made public under the Freedom of Information Act, no further details of the event were ever released and the military stuck to its story.

That changed on April 5, when government watchdog and self-proclaimed “whistle-blower” website Wikileaks.org released a classified military video documenting the attacks of July 12 from an Apache helicopter gun-site. In the video, Noor-Eldeen, Chmagh, and nine other unidentified people are seen walking down a Baghdad street; the Apache gunman identifies the Reuters employees’ cameras as rocket-propelled grenades (RPGs) and reports the two other men carrying weapons as “five to six individuals with AK-47s. After Noor-Eldeen takes a picture leaning out around the corner of a building, the two helicopters in the area open fire on the group of eleven men standing aimlessly in the middle of the street, killing everyone but Chmagh, who lies wounded on the side of the road. As the Apache gunner says, “Come on buddy, just pick up a weapon,” a van stops

and two men get out to help the wound Chmagh. The Apaches once again receive permission to open fire, killing Chmagh, the two men and riddling the van with bullets. When ground troops arrive on the scene, they discover two injured children in the van.

Rather than admitting their mistake and apologizing for the accidental killing of innocent civilians, the U.S. military and the Pentagon have instead focused their efforts on justifying the soldiers’ assault on the supposed insurgents. Capt. Jack Hanzik, a spokesman for U.S. Central Command, said of the footage, “[The men in the video’s] age, their weapons, and the fact that they were within the distance of the forces that had been engaged made it apparent these guys were potentially a threat.” A military investigation of the event held soon after the attack found no fault in the soldiers’ conduct, asserting that the rules of engagement were not violated; the same report also failed to mention that Noor-Eldeen and Chmagh were found among the dead “insurgents.” In contrast to the investigation, retired Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Schaeffer said on MSNBC that, from the evidence in the Wikileaks video, the first rule of engagement – that a combatant who commits hostile acts or shows hostile intent may be engaged using minimum force necessary – was violated. The emphasis, he said, is on “minimum force”: though the helicopters claimed that they were taking fire, the video plainly shows that the men on the ground show no signs of

hostility.

Classified documents have further contradicted the official story of the attack perpetuated by the U.S. military. Julian Assange, co-founder of Wikileaks, said in an interview, “We know from classified documentation that there were reports of small arms fire in the general vicinity. This was not an ongoing battle... there was no positive identification of who the shooter was.” In addition, no soldiers had been hurt or even fired on

claimed. The man driving the van, who remains unnamed, was in fact taking his children to tutoring classes. Out of compassion he stopped to help a badly wounded man, and since his van had no markings to suggest it was a friendly vehicle, he and his friend lost his life and his children were wounded. This month, an Icelandic journalist found the children, who are still suffering from medical complications due to their wounds. They have never received any

works damage control for the military, allowing Pentagon Correspondent Brenda Starr to go unchallenged in repeatedly reminding him that the official investigation found no one at fault. Instead of offering an apology, or condolences to the families of the victims, she merely states, “This video is a grim reminder of the terrible things that happen in war.”

While the argument over where the blame lies could go on indefinitely, the media and the government remain, for the most part, silent on the most pressing issues the footage presents. Amidst all the denials of fault on the part of the soldiers, no military or Pentagon official has given any indication why Namir Noor-Eldeen and Saeed Chmagh were not listed among the dead in the report – and more importantly, why their families were denied financial assistance for three years.

Additionally, no one on either side has mentioned the innocent men who died trying to help Chmagh. On an MSNBC panel discussion, Brett McGurk of the Council on Foreign Relations continually stressed that the U.S. military’s primary goal at the time of the video was to protect Iraqi citizens, and that no soldier acted outside of protocol. As of this printing, 139 journalists have died in the Iraq War – 119 of them Iraqi journalists – and the Iraqi civilian death toll is estimated anywhere from hundreds of thousands to one million dead. Perhaps its time for the U.S. military to rethink its approach to “protecting” civilians and to take responsibility for the devastation it causes.

The remains of the van that stopped to help Chmagh.



– a direct contradiction to the military’s story and the shifting story of the soldiers themselves. In the course of the video, the Apache personnel say that they were taking small arms fire, then RPG fire, then later a soldier from the ground unit claimed that the Apache had been taking fire from insurgents on a roof. Why the men who were allegedly engaged with a hostile enemy could not correctly identify how they were “attacked” is unclear, but it lends little credibility to their version of events.

Furthering the contradictions is the truth of the men who died trying to help Chmagh, or “picking up bodies and weapons,” as the Apache personnel

offer for assistance from the U.S. military, which at the time refused even to evacuate them to the nearby military hospital, taking them instead to a local Iraqi hospital.

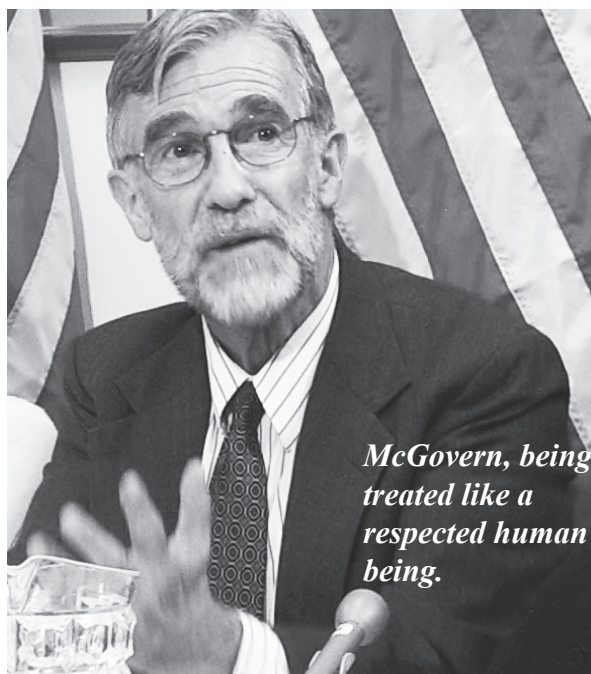
Much of the media attention received by the leaked video has focused on the question of who, if anyone, is at fault for the deaths of the Reuters employees and the innocent Iraqi civilians. Besides Assange, who blames the soldiers and their “video game mentality, where they just want to...get their kill count up,” no one in the mainstream media has dared to throw any accusations at the government. During CNN’s three-minute coverage, Wolf Blitzer even

Continued from pg. 3

question and simply asked what the CIA’s definition of terrorism is, begrudgingly re-phrasing it only when required. Sulick hesitated: “Well, I have a Fordham colleague here who was also in the CIA...” and invited McGovern onstage to answer the question for him. McGovern began: “You have to distinguish between good terrorists and bad terrorists,” designating the U.S. and those supporting our interests as good terrorists and those who don’t as bad. The audience stiffened, but McGovern didn’t let up. He recounted a conversation he’d had that morning about the Church’s inconsistencies in light of the priest sexual predators article on the front page of the New York Times, and in light of the kind of predators McGovern intended to address at this Jesuit institution’s lecture—drone predators. Interrupted and shooed offstage, McGovern went to his seat and

yelled a challenge to Sulick to answer the question. Seated in front of McGovern, Mike Recca (USG Vice President, in case you forgot) turned around and told him: “You’re an asshole.” (It should be noted that Debra Sweet went on to blog about her experience at the lecture, as she too was inflamed, and Mike Recca responded. Given the opportunity to recognize that he is a mere college kid posing as a politician and has no business calling a former CIA analyst an asshole, Mike instead apologized for losing his temper, but maintained that McGovern is still an asshole. Fordham represent!) Outraged, Debra joined in: “What’s terrorism?—He’s in charge of fighting it!” In attempt to halt their hostility, Gordon limited

the forum to Fordham students, but again had to correct himself: “current students” when he realized it had been a Fordham



McGovern, being treated like a respected human being.

student’s question. Paradoxically, he went on to take a question from a 2008 grad, and so the questions ended with a standing ovation and my disillusionment.

I was stunned – not because of the incredible insight Sulick provided, but because of those very facts and questions that were deliberately omitted, even censored by the very person attempting to create a free speech zone at Fordham. After the lecture, McGovern granted me a quick interview, noting that “the unusual procedure of requiring index cards” was the first he’d experienced at Fordham. He also pointed out the absurdity of the man in charge of counter-terrorism being unable to define terrorism himself. But what annoyed him most was that “the sanctity of life wasn’t allowed in the discussion.” Fr. McShane and Michael Sulick both had emailed invitations for McGovern to speak at the event,

and he told me what he would have said actually given that chance. He’d addressed similar issues about CIA intelligence out of a Judeo-Christian view at SUNY the night before, and met with two atheists that morning who caustically criticized Catholics for being “so big on the sanctity of life for the first nine months,” but losing concern for the boys molested by priest predators or the civilians killed from “hellfire” missiles fired at “suspect militants” in Pakistan. “What about the sanctity of life?” McGovern asked solemnly. “When we spare the speaker the necessity to answer, there’s a clear sign that there is no answer.”

If there’s any way to sum up this charged lecture, it’s this: Two “assholes” addressed a sea of students on March 25th – one omitted the truth and was given a standing ovation, and one exposed the truth and was told to sit down.

INSANE in the WEIGHT GAIN

A New Jersey Mom Obsessed with Getting Fat has Big Plans for Herself

by Lauren Duca

STAFF PREFERS SALAD

In *Roamin'*, Shwayze sings, "I'm a breast man, face man, leg man, ass man." It's weird, in his epic quest to get high and womanize, he left out "belly man," which is how 600 pound Donna Simpson describes her 150 pound husband, Phillippe Simpson. Donna, a 42-year-old from Old Bridge, New Jersey, is the fattest mother in the world, and it took 30 medics to help deliver her daughter. But her "fantasy" to be the fattest woman in the world requires her to gain another 400 pounds (approximately 3.2 Backstreet Boys). Right now, her dress size is a woman's XXXXXXXXL, or a tent's medium, but she's looking to add a few Xs. Donna realizes that this is a lofty goal and says, "running after [her] three year old keeps [her] weight down." By running, she means shuffling less than 20 feet at a time, which is as far as she can move before becoming winded, and needing to sit down. In order to attain her goal, Donna has started the Michael Phelps diet. She's counting calories, and making sure she consumes 12,000 a day, six times the 2,000 an average woman takes in. You ate an en-

tire pizza when you were drunk one time, but eight slices are just an appetizer for Donna. It takes 70 pieces of sushi to satisfy her in a sitting, and she spends over \$750 a week on food. How does she afford it all? By taking sexy pictures of herself. Pulling boxes of baklava out of her fridge during her interview with Fox, Donna talked of all the men who sent her food to help put her put weight on. One fan even gave her his credit card number so she could stock her fridge. Donna Simpson said, "They adore [me], just as they do a woman of normal size." It's true; the only real difference between Donna and a woman of normal size is 450 pounds.

Donna isn't alone in her active attempt to be unable to fit into clothes made for humans. "Gainers," as people like Donna call themselves, consider purposely putting on weight to be a liberating activity. Many "feedees" say they like "making a statement with their weight because it challenges our stereotypical notion of beauty." Others just gain for pleasure. For Donna, "more fat means more sex appeal." The site which features Donna includes "tiny" girls on gaining journeys. They

post videos of themselves trying on clothes that no longer fit, who at over 200 pounds, feel especially self-conscious, and modestly write in their bios, "I know I'm a little on the small side right now." Like Kellye, who listed her weight as "250

Together (FAT) size is an "axis of oppression." But there's a difference between not buying into the stick-thin ideal and eating enough food to feed all the starving children in Uganda. Obesity is a health risk. Being overweight dangerously affects

suicide." While intentionally gaining massive amounts of weight is fairly sure to be fatal, it's far from honorable. Fat discrimination is openly expressed, especially toward overweight women.

But Donna Simpson is unaffected by people speaking out against her big dreams. "I'm not harming anyone," she said, referring to her gaining. And she isn't, except for her three-year-old daughter, who won't have a mother when Simpson dies in a few thousand hamburgers or so. If she can't walk more than 20 feet at 600 pounds, 1,000 will surely induce immobility. For Donna, big is beautiful, and apparently, so is bedridden. 400 pounds away from her dream, Donna is just a third the size of the fattest woman who ever lived: Rene Scarfa, an 1,800 pound 49-year-old also from New Jersey, who could have easily eaten Donna. Scarfa died last year, but Donna will continue to scarf down food in her memory. Meanwhile, belly man Philippe will be using his wife as a beanbag chair as the two decide which room it's best for Donna to be stuck in when she can no longer fit through doors.



pounds and counting," and described her stretch marks as a "built-in reminder of how every pound [she's] gained has changed and shaped [her] body so beautifully." She is quite literally earning her stripes on the website.

The idea is that gaining weight is a form of freedom. For the members of groups like Fat Underground and Fat Activists

blood pressure, and can cause gallstones, diabetes, breathing problems, and heart failure. Even the National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance (NAAFA) argues against gaining for health concerns. It's difficult to relate to. Can we compare gaining to smoking? Kurt Vonnegut once referred to "smoking heavily" as a "fairly sure, fairly honorable form of

Tensions Swell In South Africa Following White Supremacist's Murder

by Alex Gibbons

CO-EDITOR IN CHIEF

In recent months, South Africans have been gearing up in preparation for the 2010 World Cup. The choice of South Africa as a host for the 2010 extravaganza, which will bring teams and fans of varying national and ethnic backgrounds to several host cities throughout the nation, marks the second time in two years that a major sporting event was hosted in a controversial location (I'm looking at you, 2008 Summer Olympics). The problems of South Africa are numerous; widespread poverty and a deadly AIDS presence alone make selling South Africa a difficult task.

Despite these social ills, lavish stadiums and training facilities have been constructed throughout the country to serve visiting teams and fans. And, as was the circumstance in China, many of these new facilities have been built within the direct vicinity of poverty-stricken regions of the country. What's more, a third major issue may further complicate the task of marketing South Africa. In past weeks, following a series of grim incidents, the racial tensions that have long haunted South Africa throughout the nation's history threaten to spill over onto the main scene. The implications this possibility holds for the World Cup - which will place various peoples of

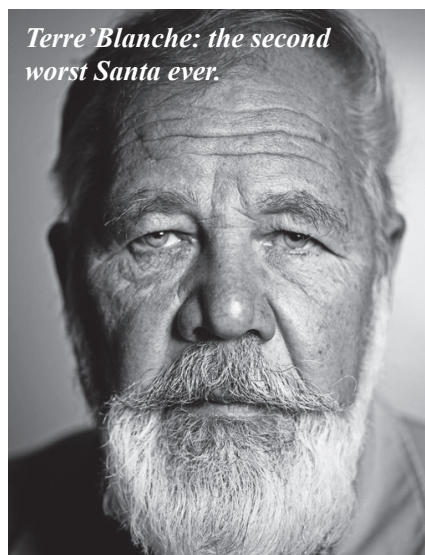
different creed and color in close quarters, many of them already prejudiced (athletically or otherwise) - are harrowing.

One cannot exactly pinpoint just when racial tensions in South Africa began to flare up. Tensions reached a volatile climax early this month, however, with the brutal slaying of noted white supremacist Eugene Terre'Blanche (whose name literally means "White Earth") by two of his black farm hands. Members of the Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging (AWB) party, which Terre'Blanche founded in 1973, say the killing was the result of growing tensions between blacks and Afrikaners in the country. Afrikaners believe that blacks in the country were encouraged to attack white farmers, pointing to the struggle song "Shoot the Boer," often sung by members of the African National Congress (ANC), as a logical example of said encouragement. The farmers, however, claim the murder was perpetrated over a wage dispute.

In 1973, a young Eugene Terre'Blanche has just founded the AWB after the far-right Herstigte Nasionale Party proved too moderate for his own bigotry. The AWB grew to become a strong presence in South Africa during discussions to repeal apartheid in the country. Terre'Blanche, who preached

about a separate white Utopia, threatened the country with insurrection and civil war if the segregation that gripped the country's legal system was ever repealed.

Terre'Blanche's penchant for violence was not confined to just his speeches. In 1991,



Terre'Blanche: the second worst Santa ever.

when then-South African president Frederik Willem de Klerk, who had just freed Nelson Mandela from prison, appeared in Terre'Blanche's hometown of Ventersdorp, the white supremacist lead AWB members in a infamous protest known now as the Battle of Ventersdorp. Police descended on the AWB, shooting ensued, and three AWB members were left dead.

Three years later, after Apartheid was repealed, AWB members entered Bophuthatswana during a coup to defend the

interests of President Lucas Mangobe, who resisted reincorporation into an integrated South Africa. While present, AWB members were observed by television crews and photojournalists indiscriminately killing civilians. The AWB's involvement, it became clear, was more about the anarchic environment and the lack of law and order that would allow them to randomly and viciously kill blacks. (Today, AWB members who protest that Afrikaners are regularly terrorized due to their ethnicity conveniently ignore the AWB's history of terror.)

It is true, however, that white farmers are often the target of deadly attacks, and since 1994 over 9000 attacks on white farmers are speculated to have taken place in the country. The South African Human Rights Commission, a committee charged with monitoring human rights violations in the country, estimates an average of 2,500 deaths have occurred as a result of these attacks. Farmers' organizations contend the death toll to be over 3,000.

Terre'Blanche recanted much of his violent philosophy after being released from prison in 2004. He had served three years of a six-year sentence for the attempted murder of a black security guard at a gas station; the guard was left physically

handicapped and brain damaged. Following his release, he remained outside the spotlight. His abrupt death on April 4 would introduce his legacy, and that of the AWB, to many foreigners for the first time.

As his murderers were sentenced last week, crowds gathered outside the courthouse expressing opposing views concerning Terre'Blanche. Black protestors, disdainful of his legacy, were kept separate from Afrikaner mourners; a fence of barbed wires separated the two crowds. The two farmhands were convicted of murder, robbery, and crimen injuria, a South African law that prohibits the intentional injury of another's dignity (Terre'Blanche's body was found with his pants stripped off).

Almost immediately following the murder, AWB spokesmen called for Terre'Blanche's death to be avenged. The party quickly retracted the calls for retribution, however, and South African President Jacob Zuma recently called for peace and calm in the wake of the murder. The death has had strong polarizing effects in the country and has left an air of uneasiness between ethnic groups. With just two months before the commencement of the 2010 World Cup, the South African Government is doing as much as possible to divert attention away from these glaring realities.

editorials

Munch on These Cookies, LaX House

by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE
CO-EDITOR

People need to have shitty food every once in a while, or maybe more than every once in a while. I, for one, need it pretty much all the time, and I'm not talking about pizza or cheap Chinese food, either. I'm talking about deep-fried Oreos and giant sandwiches called "Heart Attack"s. Sadly, there was no eatery in the area brave enough to provide us with mozzarella-stick-topped-cheeseburgers... until quite recently. Munchiez not only wants to sell you delicious comfort food, it wants to sell it to you while you're intoxicated, and that's beautiful, really.

You know who else deserves to eat shitty food once in a while? Puppies. They deserve your pizza crust table scraps every so often. They also deserve a warm home and cuddles and love. They do not deserve to be the unwitting face of a bro-tastically sexist Facebook group, but

this campus, they've resorted to the age-old tactic of body-shaming. Except it's all just a joke, you guys!

Another part of the group's description, which was edited out this past Sunday, April 11th, is evidence to the contrary. It contained directions for the group's members: if they saw a girl eating at Munchiez, they were to take a picture of her and then post it to Facebook. Clearly, this was not some joke about the number of hot girls on campus; no, the "ironic" misogyny was, until recently, accompanied by a directive to its members to actually go out and harass any chick disgusting enough to eat fabulous fried foods.

Perhaps part of the reason this directive to snap and post photos was deleted is because of an incident that took place this past Saturday night. According to several people, a group of Fordham women went into Munchiez to get some deliciously awesome foodstuffs, and a man actually tried to take pictures of them. He had to be

ized by the general public since well before Alanis Morissette came around, but even by the colloquial definition, that Facebook page is not ironic. It is not possible to act like a sexist asshole out of "sarcasm" or "cynicism" because the consequences of those actions are the exact opposite of what "sarcasm" or "cynicism" mean. You cannot shame women about their bodies and call it clever social commentary. That should be painfully obvious to everybody with the capacity for critical reasoning, but for some reason (supposedly) grown-ass adults agree with elementary school bullies that "it was just a joke" allows you to get away with anything. The really scary part is that this aforementioned group of 'adults'—specifically, the supporters of that facebook page—aren't just the LaX boys.

Right after it was created, KEEP GIRLS OUT OF MUNCHIEZ had eleven members. The following day that number shot up to the two-hundreds and now, just a few

the paper's view

february 3, 2009

"Fordham: A Parent's Wet Dream, A Student's Worst Nightmare"

As you may well know, this past Sunday was Fordham's beloved Accepted Students Day. A time when the weather is pleasant and mild, the food at the Ultimate Dining Marketplace is slightly better than normal, and there are several locations throughout campus where current students can slip in and sneak out *h'orderves*. Campus is full of eager parents and students either shy or texting on their cell phones, and you can't get anywhere without swimming through a sea of parents and high school kids, and their questions of, "What year are you? What's your major? Do you like it here?"

While this was happening, we at *the paper* were hard at work throwing our homespun blend of news, analysis, comment and review together. As the youngsters and their folks wandered around the campus and our basement to look for Dagger John's, we were thinking the whole production was so picturesque it made us sick.

No, it's not because we don't like parents or prospective students or beautiful days or even Fordham. But seeing them as we walked to the McGinley basement to be locked in for an indefinite number of hours recalled our own visits to Fordham as prospective students ourselves, which in turn recalls our current perspective on Fordham. Like most colleges, what you see on the tour is invariably different from what you experience once there.

But we thought about the crucial pieces of information that any prospective student has the right to find out beforehand, rather than suffer a truly rude awakening after already paying their tuition. A prospective student might be interested to know that our beautiful campus doesn't allow free speech. They may also want to know that the student government representative that was supposed to be the leading bastion for free speech on campus censored both a respected grown man and a plethora of meaningful student questions during what should have been an insightful lecture with CIA member Michael Sulick (see p.3). It would be good to know that organizations like Women's Empowerment, Progressive Students for

Justice, and PRIDE Alliance are consistently under-funded, a reflection of Fordham's interpretation of "Jesus Values."

It should also be mentioned that while in our dorms they will be infantilized through RHA and their dormitory policies, and should they even *manage* to have sexual intercourse between the forbidden hours of 3:30am and 6:15am, they will in *no* way be aided by Fordham in protecting themselves from STDs or unwanted pregnancy.

Also noteworthy would be that Fordham is only now getting its act together with sexual assault response (Though that at least is being taken care of). Or how Fordham's treatment of alcohol consumption effectively amounts to pretending it doesn't exist, and the penalties for being caught drinking are severe enough so as to make the problem even more dangerous.

Students who really want to get involved with clubs and other on campus advocacy would love to hear that their programming will bottleneck in a bureaucratic labyrinth called the Office of Student Leadership and Community Development, and that much of their time will be spent in frustration, harassing adults to put through paperwork that would enable them to, you know, lead students and develop communities on campus.

Now, we know, we know: we're bitching—*again*. It seems like that's all we do, doesn't it? But, believe it or not, the truth is that we at *the paper* do love Fordham. There is obviously something here beyond the limitless supply of beer and three dollar subs that has kept us here and involved on campus. It's precisely because we care about Fordham that we make complaints about it. Because romanticizing Fordham isn't going to make it any better, and while it makes sense to put your best foot forward—especially for prospective students—we can't forget that there's a foot behind it. And feet, as is their function, walk, meaning that eventually the ugly things about Fordham will always come out, and the only real way to address that is to change them, improve them, and make this place a university where we put both feet forward.



KEEP GIRLS OUT OF MUNCHIEZ [Join](#)

Wall Info Discussions Photos Video Events

Basic Info

Name: KEEP GIRLS OUT OF MUNCHIEZ
 Category: Organizations - Advocacy Organizations
 Description: Munchiez is a tasty spot but it is a true threat to the crop of females at fordham.
 Privacy Type: Open: All content is public.

Recent News

News: Munchiez is now open!

Screenshot of the group on Sunday night. "Privacy Type: Open: All content is now way more public"

that's just what the guys in the Lacrosse house have done with their pooch. The dog, blessed with the name 'Natty Light,' has its own Facebook profile and recently created KEEP GIRLS OUT OF MUNCHIEZ, the goal of which is to shame women from ever indulging in deep-fried Oreos. "Munchiez is a tasty spot but it is a true threat to the crop of females at fordham [sic]," reads the group's description. To illustrate what they mean by a "threat to the crop," they've chosen a 'before' and 'after' photo of Jessica Simpson; she was skinny before, and 'after' she's, what, a size eight? The bros seem to be deeply concerned that the handful of women they find aesthetically pleasing won't be aesthetically pleasing to them anymore. So, to protect their God-given right to ogle other students on

escorted out. Did this come as some sort of shock to the LaX guys, that their shit-witted facebook joke actually spurred someone to harass women this way? In their attempt to distance themselves from the incident by editing the page, the guys overlooked one tiny thing: the entire group promotes harassment of women.

It doesn't encourage the organized kind of photo-sharing shaming, no, but it promotes the kind of public discussions of women's bodies that shame them into conforming to a certain body type. It also actively tries to scare a specific group of people (half of the population) away from a private restaurant with the imperative, "KEEP GIRLS OUT" And, no, doing it "ironically" is not a mitigating factor... because that's not what the word even *means*.

"Irony" has been bastard-

days after its creation, there are *three-hundred and ten* Fordham students and grads who are members. Roughly two-fifths of them are women.

The sexist antics of a couple of bros who name their dog after beer will never merit a single word in this publication, but the participation of hundreds (hundreds!) of other students in these same antics absolutely does. *Three hundred and ten* Fordham-ites publicly agree that threatening, harassing, and shaming women is some kind of postmodernist joke, and that is news that is truly worthy of sharing with the broader Fordham community. Do with that info what you will. And then go get yourself some fried Oreos, goddamnit, because you deserve it.

WAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE

A TOUR OF EMMANUEL COUNTY, GEORGIA

by William Dudley
STAFF
SOUTHERNCOMFORTER

In the novel *Absalom, Absalom!* by William Faulkner, Quentin Compson, a young man descended from the old Mississippian aristocracy, arrives in Cambridge for his first year at Harvard. His fellow classmates, intrigued by his background, ask him to, "Tell about the South. What's it like there. What do they do there. Why do they live there. Why do they live at all..."

I've fielded many of the same kinds of questions since coming north for college. I come from a small town in Emanuel County, Georgia, where blatant racism is very much alive, education is of secondary consideration to other pursuits (such as mud-bogging and deer hunting), and nearly 30% of the population lives in poverty. It is little more than a haven for shit-kickers and good-old-boys of diverse sorts.

Living in the South has afforded me some memorable experiences, however. For example, the first thing I tell people about my town is that 2009 was the first year our local high school held a prom for both black and white students. Once the dance was finally integrated, everyone in the school administration

gave themselves a big pat on the back for ushering in a new era of solidarity at the school. Congratulations, assholes- you finally overcame. It only took fifty years to catch up with the rest of the country.

Racism and homophobia are prevalent in all social strata and generations in South Georgia. Kids I knew in Boy Scouts went about at camp with their "nigger knockers" (big sticks) and spoke to no end about "fags" and "queers," who are perhaps the only people more dreaded than blacks. Our neighbor's granddaughters refused to swim in our pool because we allowed black friends to use it.

Given the destitute and undeveloped nature of the area, the locals often resort to the most bizarre forms of entertainment to pass the time. Teenagers congregate in Wal-Mart parking lots to listen to loud country music and show off their Chevy Z-71s, which are fully outfitted with dog kennels, 12-foot antennas, and John Deere bumper stickers. Others meet up on the sandy river banks to get drunk and dare each other to swim across the murky, alligator-infested waters (a kid

actually died trying this).

Another Southern phenomenon is that of the uncertified contractor. Basically, this is the idea that because one owns a hammer and can drive a nail reasonably straight with it, he can, without proper qualification, be a carpenter. This results in scenarios like the pickup full of guys with chainsaws that showed up at our house one afternoon claiming to be "tree surgeons." Soon after moving to Georgia, my family fell victim to this phenomenon, big time. We made the mistake of hiring two "general contractors," the Mills brothers, to remodel our home.

The Mills brothers were

it should be noted, works fine until the bag fills up with water and bursts). They used lumber and fixtures they had hanging around their barn rather than buying new hardware, and quit when my parents called them into account. It should also be noted that these same men started fights at little-league games and had wives who were involved in embezzlement rackets. Also worth mentioning is that upon going bankrupt when said embezzlement was discovered (and prosecuted), they did what any person in such a pinch would do: that is—and I swear I am not making this up—set fire to their own house to collect the insurance claim.

preachers and holy rollers, like how Jesus never drank wine (they say "fermented grape juice," which is, the last time I checked, what wine is), and that dinosaur bones are the remains of lizards and rodents that were swelled by the waters of the Great Flood.

My relationship with the South is somewhat tortured and not just a little complicated. On one hand, Georgia's home and, admittedly, I've been imbued with a certain measure of Southernness—you'll find me in the cafeteria some mornings chowing down on grits, see me pouring peanuts in my Coca-Cola, hear me using expressions like "I'm fixing to," and catch me whistling "The Bonnie Blue Flag." On the other hand, I often tell people that if anyone in the CSA had had half a brain, they would've been fighting to get out of the South, not keep it. So when someone asked me several weeks ago, "Why do you hate the South?" I, like Quentin Compson, could only reply, "I don't hate it. I don't. I don't! I don't hate it! I don't hate it!"



Just Faulk'n around in the Wal-Mart parking lot

the picture of ineptitude and unprofessionalism. These were the men who, instead of replacing our leaky water pipes, simply mended them with plastic grocery bags (which,

I could go on forever with every quirk, idiosyncrasy, and outright backwards aspect of my home territory. Volumes could be filled with religious "facts" I've been told by local

ROGUE ORTHODONTIST DEFINING THE SEAS

by Danny Miami
STAFF
SEAUNICORRESPONDENT

In a defiant gesture, renowned American orthodontist Dr. P.W. Vaarnsworth has refused to halt his controversial orthodontic procedures on the narwhals who inhabit the northeastern waters off of the northern Greenlandic coast. Dr. Vaarnsworth, who first gained worldwide notoriety in the mid-seventies with his introduction of the first teeth-correcting brace system for chimpanzees, has been cited as saying, "the chimps were just step one. Since then I have been expanding my research into all species of animal which need corrective treatment for excessive malocclusions [improper bites]. It is with the narwhal that I will truly leave my footprint on the illustrious history of orthodontics."

The narwhal has long been known for its large helical tusk and has been a source of fascination for Inuit mystics and scientists alike. Its scientific name, *Monodon Monoceros*, is derived from Greek and literally translates into "one-tooth one-horn."

The scientific and conservationist community first became

aware of Dr. Vaarnsworth and his work on narwhals in 2008 when an article published in the *Scientific Journal of Greenland* cited an extremely troubling decline in the male narwhal population. Initially, the scientific community attributed this to a decline in Greenland halibut, the staple of the narwhal's diet.

After further research, however, it was determined that the halibut population was actually growing. It was only in 2009 when British researchers working in the field discovered that the male population had re-

observed a small metal fitting that looked like a single brace. After cross-referencing the brace with various orthodontist offices around the world, the brace was tracked to its home in Piscataway, New Jersey—Dr. Vaarnsworth's base of operation.

As it would turn out, Dr. Vaarnsworth's talents in the field of oral correction far exceeded the imagination. Through a yet undisclosed procedure he and his crew of faithful assistants have been systematically patrolling the waters of Greenland, "correcting" the narwhal's fa-

haps more importantly, why," said Dr. Rodriguez, who had once been a peer of Dr. Vaarnsworth's in orthodontics school. "I swear he used to not always be like this. I remember when we were roommates he would have night terrors in which he would incessantly yell, 'Narwhal! There is still hope!' I never thought anything of it, but now I see how mistaken I was." Dr. Rodriguez refused to answer any more questions.

Once these events came to the attention of the National Narwhal Conservation Society there was a massive outcry denouncing the inhumane procedures. In a recent press release the NWCS said, "Dr. Vaarnsworth has performed the equivalent of torture on these poor, gentle mammals of the sea. [...] He cannot possibly understand the repercussions that such a procedure will have on the number of narwhals worldwide." By "repercussions," the NWCS was referring to a recent paper published by one of its members in which it was explained that without their tusks, the male narwhals would appear to be unsuitable as mates to any self-respecting female narwhal. As

a result, the study claims, reproduction is down. In fact, at the time this paper went to print, no narwhal birth had yet been recorded in 2010.

Recently, two of our intrepid reporters, Kathleen Elizabeth Murphy and James Jerard Campbell, were sent over to Greenland to see if Dr. Vaarnsworth would be willing to defend himself in front of the press. Our reporters returned with a very chilling-- albeit brief-- interview with the now notorious Doctor.

When asked why he was pursuing the narwhal orthodontic procedure with such vehemence and whether he understood the potentially disastrous effects such an operation would have on the animal's population, Dr. Vaarnsworth only replied, "Narwhals! For Christ's Sake! People speak of them as though they were a creature born directly from the Gods. This is ludicrous. When I see those dreadful abominations I only see a forsaken porpoise who was cursed with a wildly mal-aligned tusk. I can hardly sleep knowing that such dental imperfection can exist on this planet."



mained relatively steady. They found that the confusion was the result of male narwhals being confused for females as a result of the males not having their usual 7 to 10-foot-long tusk.

Immediately the scientists

mous tusk.

"I don't understand how such a procedure is even possible. There is no scarring or even visible discomfort among the narwhal population. I just don't understand how or, per-

MORE ABOUT THAT LION CHEETAH, TIGER WOODS

DADDY WOODS, LONG DECEASED, LEARNS HIS SON IS A SEX PANTHER

by Aly Kravitz
STAFF FELINE SEXPERT

I've never been a huge fan of Tiger Woods. Aside from the fact that I enjoy watching golf about as much as I enjoy watching grass grow, I've always found him rather bland. Perhaps golf doesn't lend itself to explosive displays of passion in the same way that basketball or football does, but still, he could show a little more emotion than the occasional fist pump. Well, the recent revelations involving the sports icon have caused me to look at Tiger in a different light; it's not that he doesn't have passion, he just reserves it for activities other than golf activities that include having kinky sex with multiple mistresses while his wife, Elin Nordegren, is at home with their two kids.

For those of you who may have missed the scandal currently rocking the sports world, here are the lurid details: on November 27, 2009, at 2:25 am, Tiger crashed his SUV into a fire hydrant and then a neighbor's tree when pulling out of his driveway. That much is for sure, but after that the story gets fuzzy; Elin allegedly smashed the window of the car with a golf club to get Tiger out, although some argue that she was chasing him with the club

following a fight. The fight may have been sparked by a story that had run several days previous by the National Enquirer claiming Tiger was having an affair with Manhattan hostess Rachel Uchitel. That the situation was so nebulous was precisely why it attracted so much attention—everyone was asking questions but no one, especially not Tiger, was offering answers.

Then the mistresses started to crawl out of the woodwork. The current count ranges from 15 to 17, depending on who you ask, and includes Jaimee Grubbs, 24, a cocktail waitress; Jaime Jungers, 26, a Las Vegas model; and Loredana Jolie, a former Playboy model. The affair became XXX rated when three porn stars joined the group: Holly Sampson, Devon James, and Joslyn James. Joslyn recently posted explicit text messages Tiger sent to her during their 31-month affair on her website, sextingjoslynjames.com.

In between the logistical texts arranging their secret rendezvous, Tiger sent Joslyn messages like "I want to treat you rough. Throw you around, spank and slap you," "Hold

Tiger was all about rough sex and domination, and he wasn't afraid to let them know.

The sports world has been obsessed with the whole affair ever since the morning after Tiger's crash. With all the trysts, testimonies and treason being discussed by reporters you may think you're watching E! instead of ESPN. As each mistress opens up about her sordid affair with the golf god she gets her fifteen minutes before being bumped out of the limelight by the next one. The discussion at the moment is swirling around a recently

was it to insert audio clips of his deceased father's voice?), it all seems pretty obvious. This is just conjecture, but my guess is his thinking went along the lines of "people worship the ground I walk on, let's find me some whores and have a good time," and his feeling is now regret—that he wasn't more careful about hiding his activities. What has he learned? Sexting women who are not his wife = bad idea. Much better to call them and say it all in person.

Tiger is making a return to his sport this month after a four-month hiatus, and all eyes are on him. Elin isn't in attendance at the Masters in Augusta, but if Tiger feels lonely during the tournament he could always drive to nearby Atlanta, where Joslyn James is scheduled to dance at a strip club. The question on everyone's lips now is will he rise above the scandal and assert his status as the best golfer in the world? Or will the screw-ups in his personal life translate into his game? One thing is for sure: no matter how many trophies he takes home, he will never be able to polish his tarnished character. He's lost support, fans, and endorsement, and I haven't lost my original opinion. Like I said, I've never been a huge fan of Tiger Woods.



"I want to find out what your thinking was, I want to find out what your feelings are, and did you really hold her down while you choked her and fucked that ass that you 'owned'? 'Cause what the fuck, Son?"

you down while I choke you and fuck that ass I that I own," and "Have you ever had a golden shower done to you? Just morbid curiosity." In case she forgot the dynamics of their relationship he provided a gentle reminder, texting her, "You are my fucking whore." These are just the beginning—judging by the accounts from all of the mistresses it appears that

released Nike ad featuring a broken looking Tiger staring remorsefully at the camera while the voice of his dead father says he "is more prone to be inquisitive, to promote discussion. I want to find out what your thinking was, I want to find out what your feelings are, and did you learn anything?" Besides the fact that the video is incredibly creepy (whose idea

Environmental Ethic Circling The Drain

South Bathrooms Find Innovative Ways to Waste Water

by Keelin O'Donoghue
STAFF FLUSHED

Growing up, my father's favorite joke (aside from "Hey, pull my finger.") went a little something like this:

Dad: Is your (insert household appliance/ fixture) running?

My confused friends on the phone: Yeah, why?

Dad: Then you better go catch it!

On Monday, March 29, 2010, the handicapped toilet on the fourth floor of the north wing of Alumni Court South flushed for over twenty-four hours, giving students and the university ample time to run and catch it.

The toilet began flushing at approximately two p.m., just as I was walking past the bathroom to leave the building for class. I notified the custodial office around six p.m. upon my return to my dorm. They assured me someone would be right over. The following morning, the toilet was still flushing. At one p.m. I called custodial yet again to let them know no one had showed up.

"Hold please... Yeah, we're not responsible for that. Call fa-

cilities."

Now, Fordham, why would you tell me (and every other girl on my floor who called after I left a letter on the door with the phone number) that someone was on his way if that is not your department? Because of this miscommunication, the toilet flushed twenty hours longer than it could have. Twenty hours: that is nearly an hour longer than it would take to watch the entire first season of *The O.C.* in one sitting. Twenty hours of unnecessary flushing—welcome to the F.U., bitch! This is apparently how it's done in Bronx County.

It takes the handicapped toilet in Alumni Court South approximately five seconds to flush. According to conserve-water.com, the average toilet uses 4.16 gallons with each flush. Now if you figure the toilet is flushing 4.16 gallons every five seconds, and there are 72,000 seconds in twenty hours, then in that twenty-hour period, the toilet flushed 59,904 gallons.

This is simply appalling. Other words that come to mind: wasteful, disgusting, shameful, embarrassing, upsetting, absurd,

selfish, FORDHAM. Go Rams!

Now, let's back-track to 2 P.M. on March 29th, because the figure above does not take into account the 4-hour period between the time I left the building and the time when I returned (which is another approximately 11,980 gallons bringing us to a grand total of 71,884 gallons... I mean... if anyone is counting). I separate the two because I blame the twenty hours of

population, myself included. In a rush to get to class, I did not call up any department when I first heard the toilet flush because the girls who did it were still screaming in the bathroom. I assumed they would call. And if they did not, then surely, some other passerby or resident on my floor would... right? Wrong. No one called. I should have known better considering the environmental apathy of our campus and student body.

We are Fordham. We are wasters of water with no regard for the environment.

After I called the custodial office at 6 P.M., I did what every concerned citizen does in crisis — I made posters! All year long, I have



non-stop flushing fun on Fordham's offices but the first four hours on the Fordham student

found multiple faucets in our bathroom dripping nearly every time I enter. For seven months,

I kept my mouth shut and just made it my secret duty to turn them off every time I walked by the bathroom: you know, saving the world one tap at a time.

In my poster-making frenzy, I found out (from studies done on nakedscientists.com) that if a water drop is one tenth of a milliliter and it drips every ten seconds, then a dripping faucet wastes about 36 milliliters of water an hour. If you multiply it out for the whole year, it is about 315 liters a year, which is one or two baths full, just from one leaking faucet.

Don't get me wrong, I love excessive water use just as much as the next gal. Baths are the best. I have even considered renting a room at the Bronx Park Motel at its rumored hourly rates just to submerge myself in forty gallons of the rapidly depleting resource. I am not a green saint, but if I am going to waste water, I am going to do it on luxurious things I actually get to enjoy. So this is my plea to the student body: enjoy your (sometimes) hot showers to the fullest, but please, turn off the tap and call facilities—not custodial— at (718) 817-4830 if you find a toilet flushing.

The Fires Below

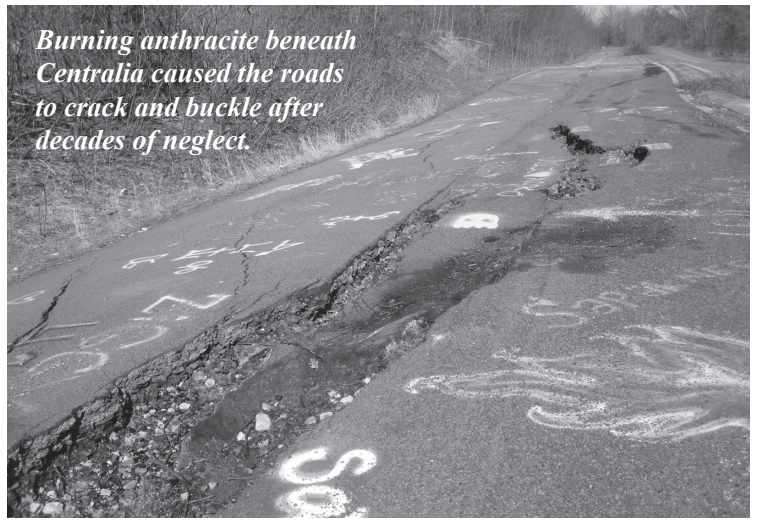
A Neat Little Slice of the Post-Apocalypse In Centralia, PA

by Bobby Cardos
CO-EDITOR IN CHIEF
Photos by
Grace Waltemyer
STAFF WITNESS

The first thing I notice is that, like any place given the label “ghost town,” Centralia doesn’t feel particularly eerie or empty. This is thanks to the two groups of people already present when Grace and I parked our car, armed with a high-end video camera and a digital camera. We parked on a hill that overlooks the “town” of Centralia and is adjacent to two well-maintained cemeteries. The hill is replete with openings and pipes billowing white smoke and a smoldering odor from the burning anthracite beneath us. We walk down the hill towards the few roads of the small town, walking by sunken concaves of land and over a flattened, tall, dead grass that covers most of the open land, except a well-kept house at the bottom of the hill-- the only house on the en-

tire block. I didn’t find out about Centralia until I had already come to Fordham through my friend who passes by it on his way to Bloomsburg University. If you didn’t already know, Centralia was a coal mining town in Pennsylvania. In May of 1962, the mine caught fire when town firemen were burning trash in a landfill. The landfill was near an old mine entrance and caught a vein of anthracite on fire, which quickly spread to the rest of the mine. The fire burned for almost two decades before townspeople noticed health issues from the higher amount of carbon monoxide and dioxide in the air and that the ground beneath was as hot as 170 degrees in some areas. In 1981, the ground beneath a young boy collapsed and he was only saved by the quick work of his cousin. The fire continued burning, causing foundations to sink in and opening up a section of road along Route 61. In 1984, buyouts were offered to towns-

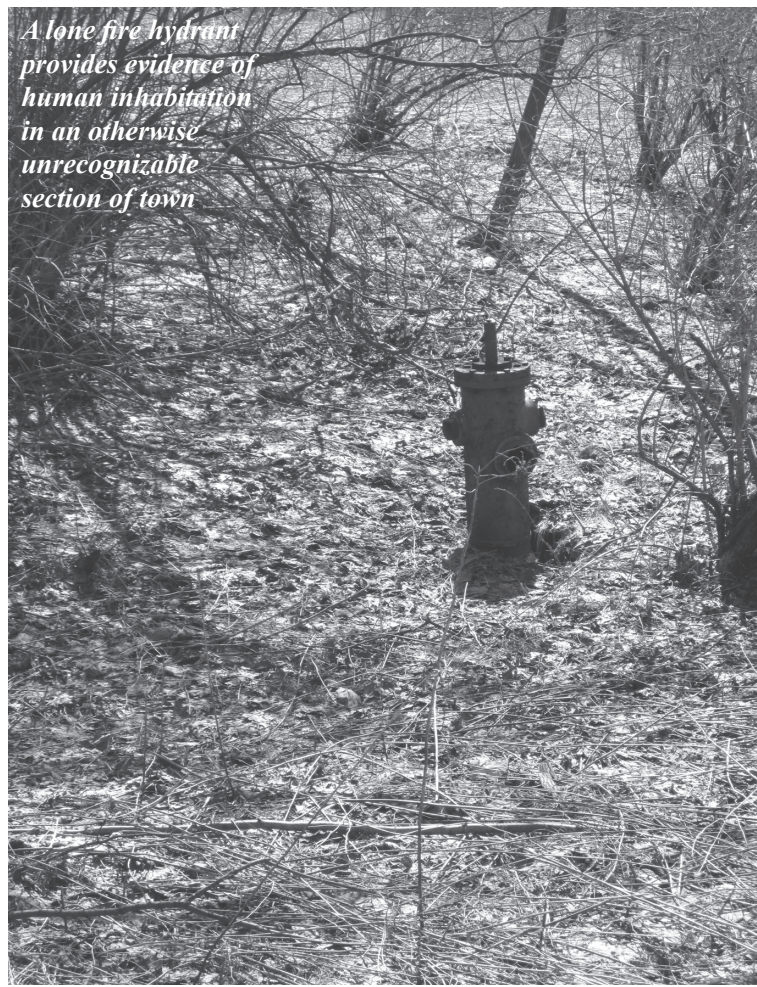
people so they could relocate, and in 1992 the government claimed eminent domain on Centralia and condemned the town, demolishing most of the remaining buildings. Despite this, there are still five homes standing which residents refused to leave. The fire is still burning, and estimates state that it could continue burning for another 100 years or more. I’ve always been intrigued by Centralia, and when the opportunity to visit Centralia with my friend Grace over Spring Break arose, I jumped on it, and one day, after driving an hour to Allentown to pick up Grace,



Burning anthracite beneath Centralia caused the roads to crack and buckle after decades of neglect.



Desolate streets are an all too common sight in and around Centralia



A lone fire hydrant provides evidence of human inhabitation in an otherwise unrecognizable section of town

and another hour and a half on Route 61 to get to Centralia, I found myself and my friend in the place that I’d thought on and off about for the last three years. Once you get down from the hill and onto the roads, Centralia feels more-- forgive my use of the word-- authentic. Without the camera snaps and video cameras (from others; ours are, of course, acceptable)—without the spectacle of the smoke itself—you start to focus on subtler, more interesting aspects of the town. The roads are already being reclaimed by nature; a fire hydrant sticks out from the ground that presumably once had sidewalk or macadam on top of it. There are occasional hints of driveways that lead up to open areas, formerly houses and their foundations, some of which have caved in and opened up to billowing smoke,

with tiny black spiders that dart in and out from underneath the matted overgrowth. The curb of the street adjacent to us has descends to the street that imply former driveways, but there are no driveways, sidewalks or houses, except for one surprisingly well kept home, complete with a car outside. When Grace and I go back up the hill to look at the cemetery and the old, rerouted section of Route 61, there are more tourists pulling up and walking around. It’s this that reminds me of the odd tourism we are participants of. Centralia is still inhabited, albeit sparsely, and we are exploring the place that they have chosen to continue to call home in spite of its desolation as a novelty, like others pull off at Roadside America or other tourist traps. But we are not invited; we simply show up.

On the blocked section of Route 61 we come across two high school age kids who are spray painting the road. They tell us they live nearby, and come here from time to time to tag the road and hang out. As we walk down the stretch of road we see much of this graffiti, mostly of the “bathroom wall” variety (i.e. the phrase “free BJ’s,” followed by a phone number). It’s a shame to me, who could see the stretch of road being used by graffiti artists to hone their craft. After we walk down far enough to see where the road has opened up and is also emitting smoke, we turn around to go back to the car and go home. We’ve spent over two hours at this hint of a town, and by the time I get home I’ll have driven for over five hours and 300 miles. As I wrote this I remembered a scene from Don DeLillo’s novel *White Noise*. Protagonist Jack Gladney and Murray Jay Siskind go to visit a tourist site: The Most Photographed Barn in America. Once there, Murray comments as he watches all the tourists with their cameras: “No one sees the barn.” With this he sums up the purpose of all tourisms, including my own, acknowledging that what we see is not a ghost town, but rather the things we’ve read about it, the accounts we’ve heard from others—in a word, the mythology. With this article I perpetuate that mythology and add to it.



NATTY LIGHT DOESN'T HAVE A RAG...

BUT PBR DOES!

THE PAPER'S PBR CAT SEZ:

WHATEVER YOU DRINK, WHATEVER YOU WRITE OR DRAW, YOU'RE WELCOME TO CHECK US OUT

EVERY TUESDAY AT 8 PM IN THE RAMSKELLAR!

Ecce Monstrum

A Philosophical Approach to The Resurrection, Miracles and Zombies

by Chris Gramuglia
STAFF
CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST

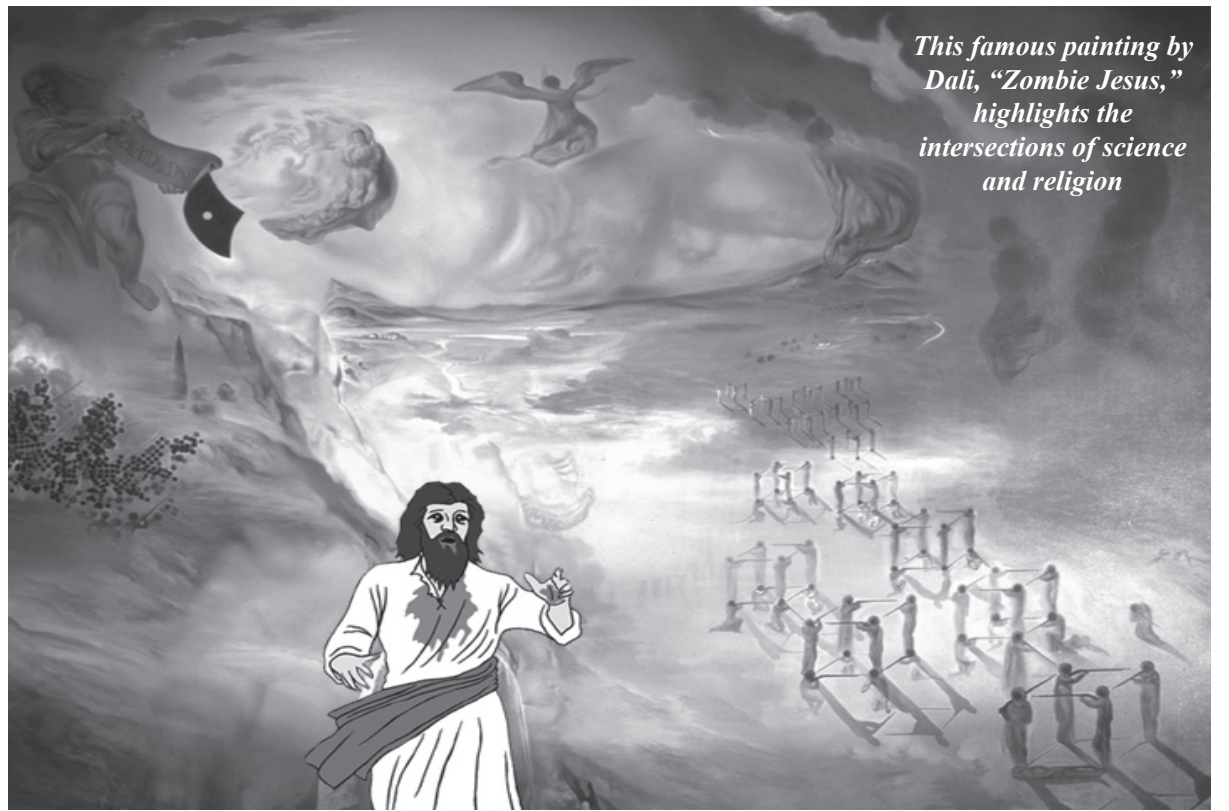
“Happy Zombie Jesus Day!”
This was a Facebook status I came across several times between egg hunts on Easter Sunday. (My mother still hides eggs for me and my older brother.) Despite discovering this unsettling, yet apparently common view of Jesus Christ being a flesh-eating, rabid, zombie, I still managed to have a meaningful holiday. However, I would like to mention that calling Jesus a zombie in many ways refutes the perceived ‘impossibility’ of his resurrection. Zombies, as far as I know, have never existed or been proven to exist by any scientific evidence. I’ll even admit that it is highly unlikely that a virus exists that would kill then resurrect in a way that causes victims to hunger for brain meat and puke blood all over the place. Think *28 Days Later*—entertaining, but really quite absurd.

I would still like to place the idea of perceived impossibilities like zombies and divine resurrection—miracles, if you like—under the scientific microscope. True statements depend on two things: definition and verification—an idea from David Hume known as the Verification Principle. An example of this would be the definitive statement, “all objects obey gravity by falling to the ground,” and the verification, “that rock obeys gravity.” This law is proven through making a claim (definition) and then testing its veracity (verification), making it seem like a valid principle for the basis for what truth is. However, this principle does not meet its own criteria: it can neither be defined nor verified, so, according to Hume’s

own logic, it is irrelevant. Our so-called ‘scientific laws’ operate in a similar way as seen in the following ambiguities.

Our scope of scientific knowledge extends a mere 13.5 billion light years into space. This is as far as humans have been able to venture. What is beyond remains unknown. Yes, I’m saying that there may be an undiscovered part of the universe, in which objects could actually ‘fall’ directly upwards. Another way of understanding this is to look at Einstein’s theory of special relativity. In short, physical laws are relative to their observers, not fixed, as many would assume. Earth may even still appear to have order in its physical laws since Einstein’s breakthrough, but as author Dinesh D’Souza writes, “If Einstein’s conclusions about relativity, space-time and curved gravity seem bizarre, the discoveries of quantum mechanics show that we ain’t seen nothing yet.”

Quantum mechanics, a relatively new field of science, seems to suggest that our perceived notion of material things is actually quite illusory and not very reliable when it comes to true reality. Some interesting questions inevitably arise. Is matter comprised of particles or waves? The answer is both. Is Dean Rodgers bald and mean? Perhaps not all of the time. To us, matter is solid and objects appear to have depth and dimension, when really they are mostly empty space. All matter is comprised of atoms, which are in turn comprised of quarks. This has, of course, been discovered by experimentation, but no one



This famous painting by Dalí, “Zombie Jesus,” highlights the intersections of science and religion

has ever seen a quark on its own without altering it first—the sneaky little bastards. It’s something called the Heisenberg uncertainty principle, which states that no phenomena in the universe can be observed without changing it first, implying a link between us and, well, everything. I can only imagine how all those materialists must feel.

The spiritual teacher Deepak Chopra alluded to this principle nicely in his debate against Sam Harris when he said, “We are the universe looking back on itself.” He then went on to explain that if no sentient, material beings are around to see an object, it simply can’t exist, illustrating a subtle, overarching interconnectedness of everything in our universe. Michael Shermer, editor of *Skeptical Magazine*, came to Harris’ aid by presenting a mighty counter-argument. “That’s just a load of woo-woo,” he declared matter-of-factly. Uh, way to go, Mike.

It is completely logical to as-

sume that humans are products of the universe and have somehow grown to witness the source of their material existence through a convenient chain of events. Put simply-- you are the universe, and the universe is you.

Dizzy yet? No? Good, then let’s talk about the observer effect. This phenomenon of quantum mechanics explains that the exact positions of physical objects cannot be known definitively and that everything exists in a state of superposition. In other words, the most logical scientific explanation for this is that everything is moving, and also standing still.

There’s more to this than science though. Immanuel Kant presented a similar idea in his Critique of Pure Reason. Kant believed that the universe exists of ‘noumena’ and phenomena; noumena being actual reality and phenomena being our perception of it. Think of it this way: a dirty, disgusting can of “Stack” malt liquor may appear

to contain twenty-four ounces of Satan’s piss, be cylindrical, and taste like crap, but these are only internal perceptions that occur in our brains. The actual reality of the can and its contents may be wildly different. The carbonation, the awful taste, the color, and the drunkenness, all exist inside the mind, not in the “Stack” itself. Arthur Schopenhauer, a philosopher and advocate of Eastern thought, also agreed, coining the phrase, “The world is my idea.”

So, to avoid any spacing issues, I’ll conclude by saying that I can’t prove that Jesus came back from the dead through divine resurrection and, statistically, it does yield substantial doubt. However, considering that science claims to be the study of observable nature and has since knocked itself on its own ass by proving that most of the real universe is unobservable, miracles, eternal life, and yeah, even zombies, remain possible.

A PRO-CHOICE VOICE

THE COUNTER-OPINION TO 'RESPECT FOR LIFE' WEEK

by **Caroline Egan**
STAFF FREE SPEAKER

It's that time of the year: Eddie's is densely populated by students skipping class for much-needed Vitamin D, the flowers are all in bloom, and, of course, white flags are planted in the ground indicating the number of 'babies' 'killed' this year by abortion (read: 'women'). Respect for Life (RFL) week is the staple event of the club by the same name. Annually, the members of the club guard Alpha House lawn for an entire week, flyer buildings with misleading facts about abortion, and hold events that advocate the denial of a woman's right to make her own reproductive decisions.

As a dedicated and passionate proponent for choice, I clearly have a big problem with RFL week. In addition to the outrageously offensive nature of the imagery intended by the flags on Alpha lawn, RFL schedules events that show the chauvinistic and controlling nature of the anti-choice movement.

This year, in alignment with nation anti-choice groups, the RFL club has booked

Feminists for Life (FFL) to be their keynote speakers. Under the guise of feminism, FFL appropriates feminist language (e.g. 'empowerment') to gain a more progressive appearance while really perpetuating reproductive oppression. The concept of a pro-life feminist is an oxymoron; a feminist is someone who believes in and advocates for the cessation of sexist oppression, and denying women the right to choose upholds this oppression. Prominent feminist bell hooks has famously explained that, "a woman can insist she would never choose to have an abortion while affirming her support of the right of women to choose and still be an advocate of feminist politics. She cannot be anti-abortion while affirming her support of the right of women to choose and still be an advocate of feminist politics." FFL is as radically 'pro-life' as a group can be: even in the cases of rape, incest and the endangerment of the woman's life, they believe abortions should be forbidden.

The FFL lecture

purports to be on how the pro-life stance is really the pro-woman stance. But the destruction of reproductive freedom and the denial of rights for women is as far away from pro-woman as possible. This is especially true for any group that denies women the right to abortion even in cases of rape, incest, and possible death. Nothing that denies a woman the right to make her own educated decision about her reproductive system is—nor will it ever be—pro-woman.

In addition to scheduling speakers, dialogues, and planting the white-flag garden of death, the RFL club has asked everyone to join them for

No comment
necessary



the perfect end to their glorious week: going to an abortion clinic in the South Bronx for "prayer, witness and counseling." I do not presume that the RFL club participates in the louder, more intrusive or violent forms of harassment that occur outside of abortion clinics, but I believe that 'witnessing'—or holding a vigil right outside of a health center—and offering 'counsel' in order to influence women's private, personal medical decision is a form of intimidation and, thereby, harassment. The 'counseling' part is especially problematic, as the concept indicates that the counselor has, in some way, a greater knowledge than the counsel-ee (absurd considering the expertise of an undergrad.) Even the 'prayer' part reeks of this kind of supposed-superiority, which is antithetical to the idea that women are intelligent enough to make moral decisions for themselves. They are not making such decision from a completely uneducated place; despite what anti-choicers may think, these women *are* aware of

what they're doing. There seems to be no equivalent consideration on the part of anti-choice protesters. Women have abortions because it is something they need to do for themselves or their families, and only they are qualified to determine what they need.

The RFL club only respects life when it's convenient for them. Time and time again anti-choice groups show incredible concern for the dependent being growing inside of a woman's body—rarely by choice: nine out of ten women obtaining abortions do so because contraception failed—and little, if any, concern for the needs of the woman who will need to (at least) carry that fetus for nine months, no small task. So when you look at those flags planted in the ground this week, please consider the brave women who make life-altering decisions based on whether they are able to carry or care for a fetus or child.

ANOTHER WAY: A TRULY CHRISTIAN APPROACH TO ABORTION

by **Sarah Madges**
EARWAX EDITOR

As the Respect for Life club hosts pro-life lectures and workshops this week at Fordham, it's interesting to note that regardless of their efforts, New York City has been dubbed the 'Abortion Capital of America.' New York state established itself as the country's abortion refuge in 1970 when it passed the most permissive abortion law whose ancillary industry began posting blunt ads like one that asked: "Want to be un-pregnant?" Accordingly, the pioneering New York Right to Life Committee of 1967 and likeminded institutions haven't had many legislative wins, and today New York has the highest abortion rate in America. Moreover, one of every ten abortions is performed in New York City. In 2000, there were more abortions were performed on minors, more repeat abortions, and more late-term abortions (over 21 weeks) in New York City than anywhere else in the country. Ten years later, the rate hasn't staggered, as the non-profit Guttmacher Institute's 2006 reproductive and sexual health report showed a 4% increase in the teen birth rate and a 1% rise in abortion

rates. Thirty-four major clinics in New York City each perform more than 400 abortions a year, and, more recently, the Bronx has trumped all other boroughs with an abortion rate double the national average. According to the city Department of Health and Mental Hygiene, the South Bronx has the highest rate of teen pregnancy in New York City, with 15% of girls ages 15 to 19 pregnant in 2005 as compared to 9.4% for all New York City girls the same age. Additionally, over half of the 80% of accidental teenage pregnancies end in abortions.

In light of this upwards-inclined abortion rate, how has the pro-life movement evolved? According to a Gallup Poll taken in May 2009, U.S. citizens appear to be shifting their views on abortion, as 51% now call themselves pro-life, and 42% pro-choice. And as numbers of abortions increase, different anti-abortion approaches have too. One wing of pro-lifers called 40 Days for Life began to peacefully protest abortions in 2007, diminishing the harsh and gruesome stereotypes often attributed to anti-abortion groups. The 40-day campaign cites Biblical history wherein God used 40-day periods to transform communities (think Noah and

the flood). Beginning on February 17th was the largest spring 40 Days for Life campaign ever. Before it ended on March 28th, the campaign toured 167 cities from coast to coast as well as some locations in Canada, Australia, and Northern Ireland. The organization's modus operandi relies on community outreach, constant prayer, fasting, and vigil outside of abortion facilities. One such facility was Dr. Emily Women's Health Center, which protesters earmarked in light of the Bronx's status as abortion capital. From February 17th to 28th platoons of pro-lifers crowded the center for eight hours each day, wielding rosaries and signs reading "Abortion Stops a Beating Heart" and "Before I formed you in the womb, I knew you" (citing God rather than the Bible, suggesting some privileged relationship with Him). These were in stark contrast to older slogans like "Abortion is murder" and "Baby killer!" President of the Christian-based Expectant Mother Care Frontline Pregnancy Centers, Chris Slattery, explained that the group "offer[s] prayer, literature, roses and chocolates" to women entering the clinic. Even with such gentle gestures, however, pro-life representatives didn't hesitate

to dub clinics like Dr. Emily's "abortion mills" or to target an area they call "abortion row" in Queens.

While it's great that there are campaigns such as the 40 Days for Life campaign that attempt to tone down their anti-abortion rhetoric, these groups don't exactly deserve praise for their sensitivity. The 40 Days website states the group's objective as drawing "attention to the evil of abortion...to turn hearts and minds from a culture of death to a culture of life," as apparently authorized by "His plan." No matter how many chocolates or flowers they give a woman, simultaneously implying that she is evil won't exactly make her receptive to their "peaceful" message. Additionally, signs that say "Pray to End Abortion" are loud and unsubtle enough, even if the sign-holders themselves aren't. Self-righteous groups like 40 Days play up their empathy and holiness, claiming they've saved people from "lives of regret." Maybe that's so (though I still have no idea how they determined that they saved 532 babies' lives this year, as the website boasts but doesn't elaborate on), but they also fail to consider how the people going to these clinics feel when faced with flailing banners

admonishing their behavior in whatever "nicer" language now used. Getting an abortion isn't a split-second decision—it's unlikely that someone is going to pull a Juno and turn around to buy a slushie should she hear someone sweetly sing out, "They have fingernails!" This is something women think over for a long time, and seeing such suggestively caustic placards is just going to make them feel worse for still going through with the procedure. (And even if they haven't mulled it over for a long time, they probably aren't likely to be swayed by a few select phrases anyway). Furthermore, this form of protest keeps the unhappily pregnant women alienated and reproved, putting the fetuses at the frontline. No consideration is taken for the women's emotional wellbeing, livelihood, or unique personal experience. These groups may thrust fistfuls of pro-life literature and sweets at women and believe that this is what God-approved outreach entails, but they will not be taking a truly Christian approach so long as they fail to truly reach these women.

arts

Freshly Brewed and Still Percolating Blend Cafe: open and open-minded

by Kaitlin Campbell
ARTS CO-EDITOR

With its subtly chic façade encasing its Starbucks-sleek interior, the newly-opened Blend Café on East Fordham Road hardly blends in. Located in between a Shell Station and a barber shop and situated among well-worn bodega storefronts and neon Pizza signs, the coffee shop sticks out, seemingly sticking its nose in the air. But behind the professionally pristine face, the café's underlying concept matches the name. As owner Bill Fleming puts it, the space gives an "opportunity for Fordham students to 'blend' with the local population," and more organically represent our presence in the Belmont community.

Borne from the vision of Suzanne Fleming, FCRH '96, and brought to life by husband and owner Bill Fleming, CBA '95, The Blend Café opened on March 17th and has since emerged in its adolescent state as a curious destination for students.

As a curious student myself, I decided to take a walk, and "see what the place was all about." Filing behind a 20-something year-old couple in matching plaid, I walked into the clean, spacious front-room, naturally focusing on the white-board menu of Espresso blends, teas, and specialty drinks that hung on the wall behind a counter display case of pasties, desserts, salads, and saran-wrapped deli sandwiches. I ordered an iced coffee, paid my expected \$1.75, and turned in circles entertaining my seating options along the high-stooled bar which lines the windows and walls of the echoingly-large, empty, tiled room.

"You should definitely check out the back," suggested one of the two employees behind the counter – a junior at Fordham, and a friend and roommate of Fordham students (who was hired, he explained jokingly "because he has barista experience").

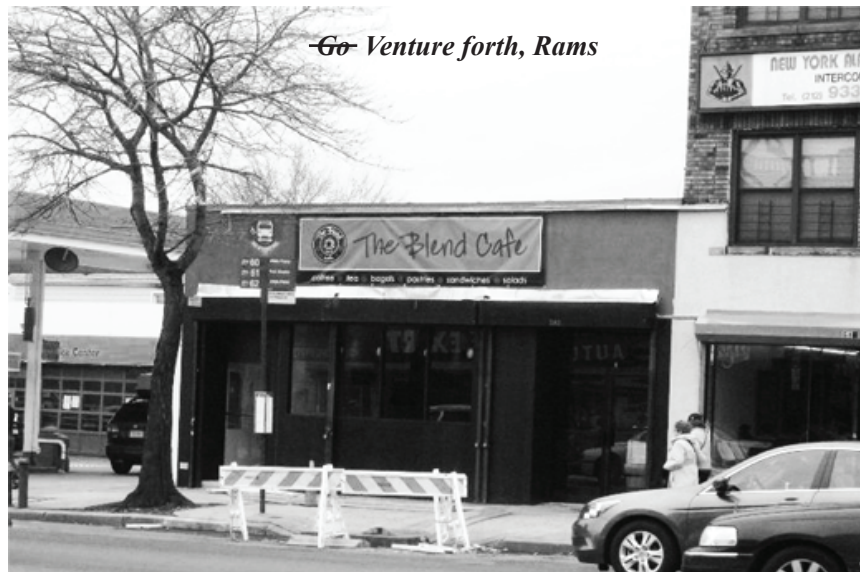
I peeked to the left of the counter, and saw a surprisingly expansive hallway which lead me to a large back room, dimly lit, full of squeaky black leather couches, and lined with tables and booths with built-in power outlets. The place was empty save for three grad students who sat at tables in the corner, plugged into headphones or text books; using the free Wi-Fi on open laptops. Even though, from my seat on the couch, I could see the BX 12 eclipse the view

of Imperial Carpet across the street, I could no longer hear the bustling activity of East Fordham Road over the mundane drone of Top 40 radio playing quietly through the surrounding speakers. I wasn't sure if I felt cloistered away from my presumed Bronx reality, or more comfortably and permanently immersed in it.

It turns out that the back room I was sitting in could very well produce these two feelings, as it is designed to be a quasi-rented space – so that, if requested, exclusive events can be held in the back while the front remains open for local business. It's the small stage installed in the back Café lends itself to completing this designated multi-purpose area.

"We sent out an e-mail to all the club leaders," explains Fleming. "I've talked to some people who are interested in putting on events like open mic nights, karaoke, comedy nights – any sort of suggestion from you guys, we're willing to entertain." Noticing the lack of non-alcoholic opportunities for Fordham night-life, and citing Fordham's disadvantage to schools like NYU and Columbia who have neighborhoods facilitating cultural involvement, specifically artistic expression – Fleming opened the Café, with

dent art on the walls," explained the girl working the counter. Though it is students artwork wanted for the walls, and student /friends of students staffing the place, almost all of the food



Go Venture forth, Rams

and even the coffee come from local businesses.

The coffee comes from Cerini Coffee on Arthur Ave – which is Fair Trade and very tasty (which I say not exclusively comparing it to Green Mountain Caf Coffee). Pastries and desserts are from Artuso's pastry shop on 187th, and the sandwiches and salads are from Mike's Deli (fact) in Arthur Ave. market. "We don't think it's wise to try and beat these people [in quality] who have been doing this for generations," says

The Blend Café that was so clinically idealistic, that I initially wanted to have sympathy for them. Just looking at the place, if you're standing outside Imperial Carpet about to

cross the street, you can span a gaze from the preciously gaudy White Castle to the familiar and illogical Christmas lights inside Pete's, then to the ever-solicited and always busy University Grocery, past school bus yellow and always greasy University Pizza, barber shop, then – what? It's almost as if you want there to be a maroon-and-white sign on the door, to aid your struggle of trying to make sense of unspoken connection to Fordham you're clearly noticing and don't really know how to articulate. "I

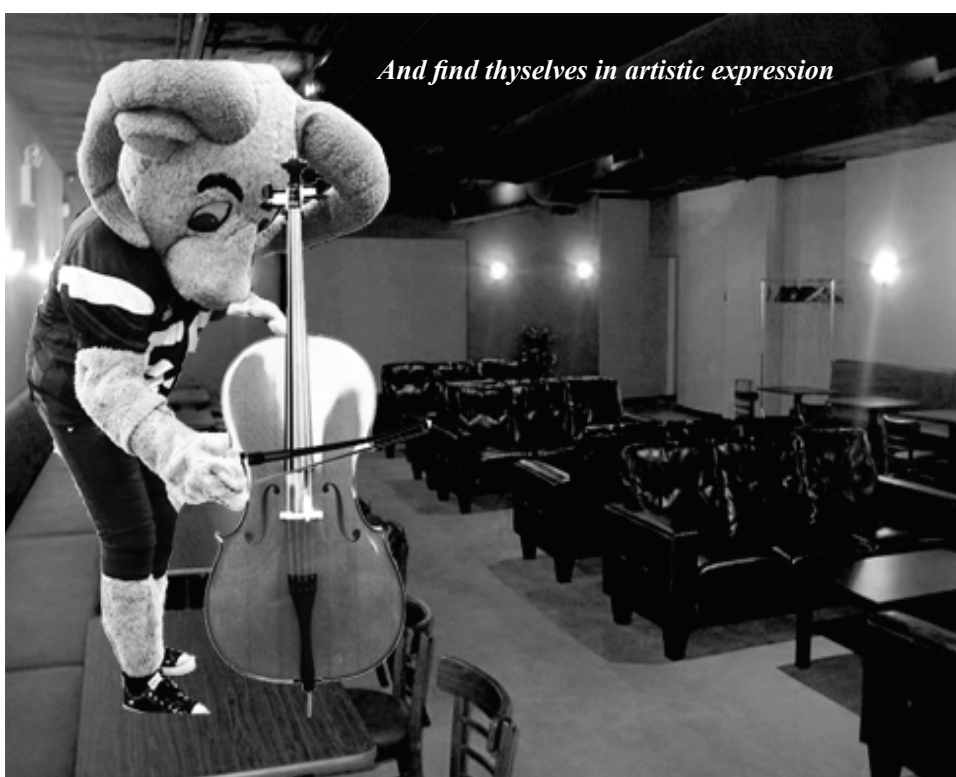
think," –stutter – "that's, for" – stutter "us." And of course it is, just like every other local business we support 'round here – this time, the difference is, we might be able to share a different Fordham with the neighborhood that isn't only expressed through GO RAMS posters in bars, or empties of Natty on the sidewalk. This, I think, is the goal of The Blend Café – and it is maybe because I've only known the debauched, bar-hopping, roof-partying, and late-night gallivanting culture of Fordham weekends that at first I gave the idea a big "Pssst."

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After I left, another iced coffee in my hand, I was mentally nodding in acceptance of its base role as a convenient to-go coffee or sandwich stop and useful off-campus study space that would offer later hours than the library and comfortable production atmosphere. But I wasn't yet convinced that the cultural and artistic forum it seems to be hoping for would flourish beyond its present hopeful brainstorming stage. My main reason being – we already have Rodrigue's. And, of course, we already love Rodrigue's. I brought the similarities between the goal for The Blend Café and the already existing Rodrigue's Coffee House to the owner, who accepted and agreed they were almost the same. "We'd be willing to work with Rodrigue's, as they probably know better than us what Fordham wants – how? Not sure – but this space is going to ultimately be created by you guys, since it's here to be whatever you guys want." And considering the pros to Blend – its late-night weekend hours, off-campus accessibility to grad students and apartment-owning undergrads, and it being a neutral meeting place for both students and faculty – there are unique differences that do not overshadow nor pale in comparison to what Rodrigue's offers. But Fleming brings up a desired aspect of Blend that Rodrigue's already has -- a unified body of Fordham students fashioning for themselves a designated space to hold events that they all want to happen.

This will be difficult to establish in a new place, but I don't want to believe it can't happen. Outside of the administration red-tape and iron gates, there is more time flexibility and fewer offices to visit for approval stamps. But The Blend Café does not intend, nor could possibly become another Rodrigue's. And I don't think they're trying to be.

The direction for the potential of The Blend Café very much depends on the Fordham populus – this is why the owners e-mailed the club leaders. They are relying on word of mouth and their Facebook page to spread the word about events. And they have long hours – opening as early as 7 and closing as late as 11 on weekdays and 3 am on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. The Blend Café, though still budding, is nevertheless worth a curious visit for a cup of delicious coffee and a conveniently-close Arthur Ave. pastry. And is definitely worth opening your mind to its unique potential – because we know it's had to have already caught your attention. It's too much the opposite of an eyesore not to.



And find thyself in artistic expression

back-room and stage with the hopes of fostering a new kind of off-campus artistic forum, unique to Fordham and the Belmont Community.

Refreshed from my gone-in-a-flash iced coffee, and curiously energized, I sauntered out of the quiet and dim back-room, and back to the bright front. Save for a sparse collection of earth-deco stone wall plaques, the off-white walls were starkly bare. "[Bill] wants to have stu-

Fleming. The Blend Café aimed at supporting the neighborhood by bringing the best quality items available around Little Italy and making them a block or two more accessible to students and faculty. Basically, it's a little extra for a little less walking from campus. And an amalgamated display case of places off-campus that students may have already passed on their way to campus.

There was something about

– and it is maybe because I've only known the debauched, bar-hopping, roof-partying, and late-night gallivanting culture of Fordham weekends that at first I gave the idea a big "Pssst."

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It is your God-given,
red, white, & blue-blooded right
to write for the paper.
Tuesdays at 8,
Ramskellar
and now we present the...

W E N T S

L I S T

Look, there's shit going on. I can tell you what, when, where, howmuch, and why but I can't promise that the weather will be nice -- because I am a woman. And women's history month was in March, so...April is the cruelest month.
-K.C.

What: Andrew Cornell Robinson: *Bloodlines*

When: April 10 - May 2, 5-8:30 pm

Where: Eyelevel BQE, 364 Leonard Street, Williamsburg

HOWMUCH: \$0

Why: A multimedia exhibition installation, *Bloodlines* explores history, identity and class by resurrecting ancestral figures and casting them in a series of humorous queer scenarios. "Works include photography, ceramic and mixed media sculpture, printing and apparel. Robinson's engagement with material and mythologies articulates his own revision of the world and points a queer eye on assumptions of normalcy and power which we've inherited and continue to perpetuate today," says the website. Far out, yo.

What: *Yo Miss! Teaching Inside the Cultural Divide vol. 1*

When: Fri April 30, 7pm

Where: Nuyorican Poet's Café, 236 East 3rd Street

HOWMUCH: \$15 advance/\$20 door

Why: What happens when a middle-aged teaching artist survives a near fatal car accident and collides with the oncoming traffic of Hip Hop culture? Find out - Judith Sloan, playwright and seer will tell you.

What: MillionTreesNYC Tree Giveaway

When: Sat April 17 - Sun April 18, 10 am - 3pm

Where: Wave Hill House, W 249th Street and Independence Ave, Bronx

HOWMUCH: Duh.

Why: They are giving away trees. All you need to be is a home/property owner with access to water, and you'll get a tree. Trees weigh approximately 30 pounds and stand 7-8 feet tall. It's a first-come, first-serve basis. Go get trees! Keep them alive! They're going fast! (No, but really.)

What: Reconciliation

When: Mon - Thur, 12-12:30 pm, Sun 8-8:30 pm

Where: University Church

HOWMUCH: Depends.

Why: I think you already know.

Happy Birthday to Shoe Party-crashin' Doc's 50th

by **Mickie Meinhardt**
ARTS CO-EDITOR

Imagine for a moment the ultimate badass: who wears dark skinny Levi's and aviators, puts out cigs on people's forearms, and who kicked down your front door, once. You've never seen this person bleed or eat or cry. The badass also has a motorcycle. What footwear would said (possibly imaginary) person choose to shod themselves in? Doc Martens. No contest. An iconic image of the early British and American punk scenes, Docs were the uniform of The Sex Pistols, Pete Townsend, and CBGB, and slowly grew in popularity from their unknown birth on April 1st, 1960 to a counter-culture mainstay on their recent 50th birthday. Their history parallels the combined evolution of fringe music, fashion, and social groups and has given them a globally-recognized reputation as the original anti-mainstream symbol.

To commemorate the anniversary, the brand has launched a massive, multi-pronged campaign. As expected, a limited edition of the famous 8-hole, 1460 boot is available (for a paltry \$200) in standard black or cherry red -- but now with new gold laces and rivets. You could spend more money than you need to on those shoes, no doubt many crazed aficionados will, or you could just get free mp3 downloads from their website instead. To chronicle the boot's connection to music history, Docs partnered with new artists and directors to produce ten music video covers of famous punk bands, perpetuating the leather-rebel image of their originals.

As of now only three are available; the remaining 7 will debut periodically from now until November 1st. The first release, the Noisettes covering "Ever Fallen In Love With Someone You Shouldn't've" by the Buzzcocks, easily triumphs over the other two. This British band is one of the best noughties-era debuts, lead singer Shingai Shoniwa having all the deep intensity and societal-fringe aesthetic of any 80s

skinhead (the British social group, not the neo-Nazi fascists), trumpeting potent throaty chords infused with jazz and blues. Hold out for October, too: Black Rebel Motorcycle Club is covering the Pogues. Granted, these videos are blatant product placement - hard to miss all of those Doc-feet close-ups - but it's a provocative concept that nonetheless produces (or hopefully will produce) epic video-covers.

One part of the somewhat shameless promotion not seen in print is a controversial and fairly distasteful ad campaign: each of the 4 ads show a dead, white-robed musician: Kurt Cobain, Sid Vicious, Joey Ramone, or Joe Strummer, all sporting Docs amidst heavenly clouds. The outcry was enormous, especially from a furious Courtney Love, and Docs issued a public apology after promptly firing the ad agency. Though the brand claims the agency produced the ads without corporate approval, that claim is contestable (little white lie to save face, perhaps?). The ad's sentiment may be comprehensible - Docs are classics because they last forever - but the ethical implications of the images are debatable at best.

Possibly the best part of the entire celebration is the company's Youtube video, documenting the history of Docs through photos and interviews with various music and art personnel -- very much worth the 10 minute duration.

Docs debuted on April 1st, 1960 (hence the 1460 name of the standard 8-hole boot; it's the British birthdate) in Northampshire, England, and their durable air-cushioned sole became instantly popular among the working-class British. Apparently shortly thereafter, counter-culture groups began to adopt the shoe as a statement

against hippies and as a symbol of their "proletariat" roots. Photographer Gavin Watson, remarked, "It was basically a 'fuck you' to the hippies. You aren't going to wear boots, you're not going to shave your head and wear tight working jeans... so that's what we're gonna do, because we're not middle class and we're not hippies". In the 80s, punks adopted them to eschew mainstream society and send a clear message of "we aren't like you, middle class."

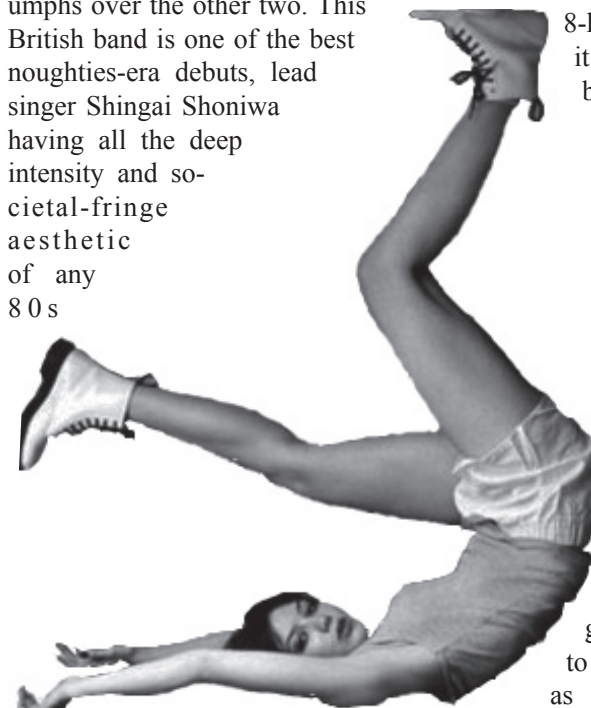


The Clash says: "Stoner bashing time"

"People have got to understand, punk isn't this thing with safety pins and loud guitars and nihilism and negativity, we were never about that! It was about empowerment and individuality and freedom" said Don Letts, a DJ and director. Doc Marten boots were a part of this individuality. To many they represented something outside of society, like themselves, something street and anarchistic and "fuck you, this is who I am."

In the 90s, Docs somehow became mainstream, debuting new colors and styles to cope with their huge demand. Iconic girls started wearing them: Thorna Birch in *Ghost World*, Drew Barrymore in *The Wedding Singer*, and Kate Moss all the time. The working-class symbolism morphed into street culture: economics aside, you still didn't fuck with people who wore Docs.

Walk through New York City for more than 5 minutes and you're bound to see at least one pair of Docs, although likely more. New York is the boots' hometown in America. Not only are they an extension of attitude and personality, but they also perform their original function as well as they did when Doctor Marten first sewed leather together with rubber in the 50s: they're strong, comfortable, and they last. They've become classics. And will always be just as fucking cool.



WHICH CAME FIRST, GAGA OR THE EGG?

by Lenny Raney
STAFF DEADITOR

I am going to get shit for this. I've already been called a "hater" for my views on Lady GaGa, but so long as Interscope Records continues to peddle her fiercely mediocre music and rehashed image, I will peddle my fiercely mediocre critique and rehashed arguments. I've largely stayed quiet on Lady GaGa for the last several years as I found her innocuous at the very worst (almost all of her music) and even mildly entertaining at best (her VMA outfit), but the "Telephone" video was the straw that broke the camels back. In the words of fellow *paper-azzo* Chris Gramuglia, it's a "musical tumor." I could write an entire article on how terrible that video was, but I've always preferred broad strokes, so let's discuss GaGa in general.

Her image never grew on me the way it did many of my friends, but I could recognize that at the very least she was better than Britney Spears, Miley Cyrus, and the ilk. I mean, she is openly sexual. No longer is the repressed sexuality of Spears' Catholic school girl get up convincing pre-teen girls that innuendo is the only way they can be sexy. Homegirl is showing her cooch in her music videos! How liberating! Except, Christina Aguilera broke that boundary just 18 months after ...*Baby One More Time* was released with her aggressive sexuality and raunchiness on *Stripped*. But what about her cool outfits?

Nobody else has ever been as fashion forward and out there as Lady GaGa. I mean her whole aesthetic is out of this world, right? Perhaps, but at least in the opinion of this curmudgeonly hater, Kate Bush, Grace Jones, and Madonna covered the whole "lithe 20-something in a wacky outfit toying with popular conceptions of female sexuality" shtick before GaGa was even born.

Take for instance Kate Bush's video for the song "Babooshka." It features a 22 year-old Kate wearing in turns a low cut Lycra catsuit and thong bikini pirate/army officer getup (complete with weapon and thigh knife sheath) and using a cello as a dancing partner while telling a story about a woman adopting a *nom de plume* (Babooshka) to trick her husband

into revealing his cheating ways. She dons a black veil (which she removes in slo-mo in purely symbolic fashion) and an ornate headdress made of shiny metallic sequins and gold wire. Wacky headwear? Songs about "bad romance"? Cheesy symbolism? Sound at all familiar? Perhaps the only real difference between this and a lot of GaGa's videos (besides the quality of the accompanying music) is that Kate Bush actually wore pants for some of the video.

Speaking of not wearing pants, Google Madonna and look at the first two images. Now, repeat for Lady Gaga and look through the first ten pages. They're almost the same person, except one wears a lot of spray tan and the other was around 25 years ago. The eyebrows, the yellow hair, the shiny outfits: it's uncanny. I mean hell, Grace Jones, who is known for her crazy outfits, erratic on-stage antics, ostentatious hair,



and hyper sexuality (getting the theme here?) actually had an album named *Fame* come out in 1978. Was GaGa's *The Fame* simply an homage on the thirty year anniversary of its release? Inadvertently, perhaps. I wonder if Grace got any royalties. I may not be religious, but that old Ecclesiastes adage, "What has been will be again, what has been done will be done again; there is nothing new under the sun," seems particularly apt here.

What's perhaps even more disheartening is the quality of the actual music. In a recent interview with NME, M.I.A. said that Lady GaGa's music sounds like "20 year-old Ibiza disco," which is probably the most apt description I've heard yet. The music itself sounds like Tiesto and Basshunter got together and

made an album of B sides. To her credit, GaGa's vocal ability deserves much better. Unfortunately, the same can't be said for her lyrics. I think it may have been comedian Jim Gaffigan who said that our generation is so lazy that sooner or later our usage of language, already con-



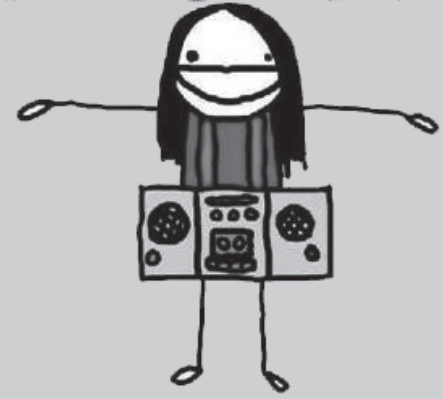
versationally shortened from sentences to clauses, clauses to single words, and single words to abbrevs, will invariably end up becoming monosyllabic phonetic utterances and grunts. I give you Exhibit A:

R a h - r a h - a h - a h - a h !
R o m a - R o - m a - a h !
G a - g a - o o h - l a - l a !
Want your bad romance" (Gaga, 2008)

The fact remains that everything Lady GaGa is doing now has been done by better singers and better performers who wrote better music when it was much more subversive to question pop culture's status quo in the manner she attempts to. Her album sales and feverishly cultish appeal seem to benefit from a cultural amnesia where everybody has somehow forgotten the contributions of Kate Bush, Madonna, Grace Jones, Cher, and Debbie Harry sufficiently enough to believe that her shenanigans haven't all been done before. Nonetheless, it seems that she has successfully poised herself as a misunderstood vanguard of some sort of "anti-pop," an iconoclasm of the squeaky clean, purity-ring-clad, doe-eyed innocence of '90's and early 00's pop music. As a result, the public has anointed her a groundbreaking genius who is well ahead of her time both sonically and aesthetically. Unfortunately, she is nothing more than a hodge podge of cut rate recreations of the artistic output of some of the most fantastically creative women (and men: Boy George, David Bowie, etc.) of the last 30 years.

In short, my real problem with Lady GaGa is not the menstruation symbolism of her VMA outfit, the cigarette glasses, or even the music itself, it's that it's all not only taken seriously by the public, but also considered completely original and meaningful. If anything at all, she is a plagiarizing style-biter posing as a tribute band, and where I'm from, that kind of shit doesn't fly.

SHOW LIST



So the sun finally came out and campus is once again resplendent with jorts and frisbees. In the sprightly spirit of warm weather we've got Real Estate, the best beach rock band around right now, as well as our lil' campus' own Battle of the Bands - vote for the Spring Weekend opener from among your uber talented friends (and musically-inclined paper editors!). -MM

Who: Real Estate, Family Portrait

When: Friday 4/16

Where: Monster Island Basement

How Much: \$9

Why: The past year-ish saw an explosion of surf and beach rock, ranging from light-n'-easy to distorted and grungy. Heading this upsurge is Real Estate, a New Jersey- born and now-Brooklyn-based foursome whose hazy melodies twang as heat shimmering off pavement. Their suburban roots yield lyrics of summers past, producing mental images of barefoot bike rides and flat soda; muted drums and resonating cymbals clash together like so many windchimes with guitars thick and muggy as August air. It's easy but never lazy; they have a vibrating energy, like skateboarding over bad pavement, and put on excellent live shows - as sleepy as the album can sound, this band is far from somnolent.

Who: The Flaming Lips, Stardeath and White Dwarfs

When: Saturday, 4/17 OR Monday, 4/19

Where: Mid-Hudson Civic Center

How Much: \$40

Why: The Flaming Lips have more than 20 years playing psychedelic astro-pop music, a healthy duration of success that should be incentive enough to go see them. Their multi-layered spacey tracks swell and burst with bubbly echos, neon laser riffs darting in between. Their vocals seems to float and soar, making the space references wholly valid. Beautiful music aside, the band is also notorious for live performances as bizarre as their lengthy song titles; costumes, complex light and video displays, and even puppets have earned them a spot on Q magazine's "50 Bands to See Before You Die". As their cosmic name implies, Stardeath and White Dwarfs is a perfect complement with high-voiced, deep-bass, experimental electronica. The tour is really an extension of the two bands' recent collaboration on a remake of Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*, released in late December. Epic album, epic duo, epic show.

Who: Municipal Waste, Toxic Holocaust

When: Thursday, 4/22

Where: Knitting Factory Brooklyn

How Much: \$14

Why: Now, I'm not much for thrash metal music - I bruise easily - so this show listing doesn't have my loving accolades. However, I'm betting there's quite a few of you who like to get hammered and throw your bodies around in a vortex of flailing fists; thus Municipal Waste, a veteran of the mosh-inciting set. Lots of belled vocals, heavy chords, and angry beatings (on the drums, although people have been maimed at shows as well). So if you're into all that, this is definitely the show to hit; with 4 albums and 8 years under their belt, Municipal Waste has, for all purposes, defined the metal sub-genre this decade.

Who: Fordham Battle of the Bands!!!

When: Friday, 4/16

Where: Rodrigues Coffehouse

How Much: FREE

Why: Remember those high school friends that dragged you to mediocre local shows in an Elks lodge or some place equally faux-wood and water stained? Well this isn't that. It's a lot better. These here college kiddies can actually play their instruments and don't cite grindcore as an influence. Plus the winner gets to open for MGMT on Spring Weekend, and if you're going to be in a sun-baked drunken stupor on Martyr's Lawn listening to them you might want to have a hand in voting. Rodrigue's has had multiple unbelievably epic shows this year, and, as always, it's free.

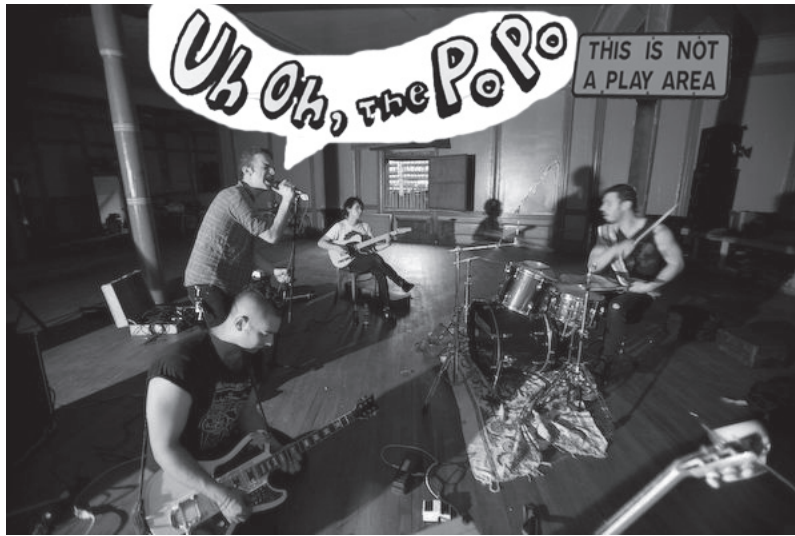
Fun-Police Bust Market Hotel

Good Times Stop Rolling

by Sean Kelly
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

As anyone who has ever attended a show at the Market Hotel knows, Bushwick's favorite DIY spot is a charmingly squalid hotbed of illegal activity, noise violations, and fire safety practices that would cause even the most seasoned fire marshal to break a sweat. Indoor smoking rooms (which expand far beyond what could be referred to as a room), a "look the other way" BYOB policy, and floors that seem as though they are mere seconds away from collapsing under the weight of sweaty beer-soaked revelers are all regular sights that give the venue its unique allure and lead the soberest of attendees to keep their keesters clenched tight waiting for the Johnny Law to bust in and put the lid on the fun. Even standing on the platform of the nearby Myrtle Ave. stop of the J train, music and shouts can be heard clearly through paper thin walls and rickety windows, leading those standing outside to wonder "how in the fuck is this place still operational?"

Apparently, Market Hotel



patrons weren't the only ones who could hear the music.

This past Easter Sunday, the NYPD clamped down on the under-the-radar festivities that make the Market Hotel what is, and in a big way. According to the New York Press, a raid involving over twenty officers took place during a Golden Triangles and Darlings show in the early morning hours of April 4th following a tip that the venue was serving alcohol without a liquor license. Officers stormed the venue mid-set, ordering all inside to vacate immediately and shutting down the venue indefinitely.

Though this incident is un-

doubtedly the most severe legal blow that the city has dealt to the Market Hotel to date, it is not the venue's first brush with the law. Last June, a troupe of plainclothes officers entered the Market Hotel without a warrant, detained patrons, made threats under the pretense of the building being condemned (it was not), and asked proprietors where the "drugs and guns" were. Due to the illegality of the search, concert promoter Todd Patrick (who owns the venue) was able to successfully avoid any negative repercussions stemming from the incident, allowing the Market Hotel to remain operational.

Even though the venue managed to successfully shirk police action in the past, it appears as if things may not end as favorably this time around. Since police entered with a warrant and found sufficient evidence to slap the Market Hotel with a liquor law violation, Patrick and his associates now have much more to deal with than threats and intimidation. The NYPD will undoubtedly keep a close eye on the Market Hotel in the future, making another attempt at an illegal revival on the part of Patrick highly unlikely and, for the time being, causing shows planned for the Market Hotel to be relocated to legal and not-so-legal venues alike, most to Williamsburg's Shea Stadium.

In spite of the vast array of difficulties that the future holds for Todd P and the Market Hotel, there may be an upside to the situation nonetheless. According to his website, the promoter is attempting to use the incident to finally turn the venue into a legal "licensed community space", which Patrick insists has been the long-term goal of the Market Hotel since its incep-

tion. Patrick says that he and his associates have consulted with lawyers and architects regarding the reopening of the venue, which is apparently completely feasible should the proper funds be raised (Patrick conjectures that something on the order of \$100,000 would be necessary). Since the Market Hotel's closure, Patrick has entreated fans, fellow promoters and other DIY venues throughout the city to rally for the venue's cause by holding fundraising events and concerts, a strategy reflective of the Market Hotel's grassroots operational structure.

But even with a legal team, architects and a fervent support base behind him, there are still several undeniable obstacles to Patrick's successful reopening and legitimizing of the Market Hotel, particularly a very unhappy Brooklyn Community Board 4. Since Community Board 4 is in charge of making liquor license recommendations to the NYS Liquor Authority, the Market Hotel's forced closure on the grounds of a liquor law violation does not sit well with the board's members, who tend to frown upon venues that circumvent the law.

Ke\$ha Carries Crunk and Vampire Weekend Plays the Djembe

Listeners Say What???

by Nick Murray
STAFF LIL' TRUTH

"Little Jon, he always tells the truth." You probably already knew that, but if you've walked across Eddie's at almost any point in springtime, you've probably heard Ezra Koenig, lead singer of Vampire Weekend, say it anyways -- clearly enunciating every syllable of their third single, "Oxford Comma." Lil Jon, of course, is best known as the face—and more importantly, the scratchy, syrupy, ever-enthusiastic voice—of "crunk," an electronic party-rap that came out of Atlanta in the late 1990s and became popular in the early 2000s. (He's less often known as one of the sub-genre's main producers and creative agents).

Ke\$ha too would likely vouch for Jon's honesty. And while she never comes out and says it as plainly as Koenig, her club music owes a certain debt to Jon's club music, something she sort of acknowledges in her first single, "TiK ToK," poorly enunciating the phrase "errbody gettin crunk." I can't imagine I was the only one to guffaw upon first hearing this line. Crunk? Really? In 2009? Six years after "Yeah!" seven years after "Salt Shaker," and eight years after "Get Low?" According to Wikipedia, crunk has since split into, "eurocrunk, crunkcore, crunkczar, and aquacrunk," not to mention trance crunk and

crunk&b.

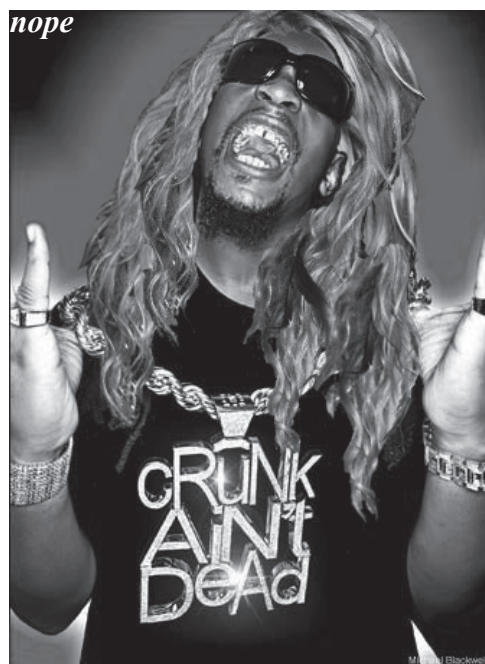
Despite Ke\$ha's Nashville origins, I imagine "TiK ToK" sounds something like a more pop version of the first of those sub-sub-genres, eurocrunk. The always dependable Dr. Luke and boy genius Benny Blanco both align with Swedish-pop mastermind Max Martin, and Blanco has remixed for, among other artists, French-ravers Justice.

However, Ke\$ha carries on crunk's legacy not so much with her songwriting as with her defiant attitude and party-centric worldview. Her very good but perhaps very top heavy debut album sequences songs titled "BlahBlahBlah," "Hungover," and "Party at a Rich Dude's House" back-to-back-to-back and has deep cuts which are energetic enough to serve as possible lead singles. Both Lil Jon and Ke\$ha's partying are apparently relentless. Yet this does not mean that their aesthetics totally coincide. Lil Jon probably did party relentlessly. I'm not so sure if that's the case with Ke\$ha.

In this sense, it's not that no one can party harder than Ke\$ha but that no one can employ the party aesthetic into her music more than Ke\$ha does, at least without it becoming *License to Ill*.

This is evident not just in her use of the word crunk, but in the way that she bathes her music

in club/house/techno, hip-hop, and just about everything except influences from her home in Nashville, creating what can only really be described as pop throughout her album *Animal*. She uses auto-tune heav-



ily, pushing the thin and treble sound (scientifically engineered to sound pleasant) until it begins to grate.

She's aware of this, and its part of the fun. She's aware that she overdoes the auto-tune just as she's aware that crunk is dead, and that no twenty-three-year-old white-girl-pop-star with any self-awareness would put a dollar sign in her name. Hell, she even does it because that's how self-aware (and self-confident) she is.

Still, one wonders if this distance and this appropriation is not just another example of her advantage for being able to mainstream rougher music by smoothing their edges and making them accessible to a larger

new market. And here Ezra Koenig and co. again will become relevant.

On their eponymous debut album Vampire Weekend did not at all shy away from their smooth-edged privileged life—song titles include "Mansard Roof," "Oxford Comma," and "Cape Cod Kwassa Kwassa." "I see you, you're walking 'cross the campus," Koenig sang, and we listened as we, well, walked 'cross the campus. Yet despite—or cynically because of—widespread critical approval, some challenged the band's "musical tourism" and the aesthetic that the band themselves dubbed, in a phrase truer and more to-the-point than anything its critics could come up with, "Upper West Side Soweto"

With this year's *Contra*, the band directly challenged these critics, practically asking them to repeat their claims. "In December drinking horchata," the album first track, "Horchata"

begins, "you look psychotic in a Balaclava." Rather than concede anything, the Columbia grads stood their ground, kept the African influence, and popped their collars higher than ever.

While critics continued beating their drum (presumably not a djembe) Robert Christgau wrote in his apologia for the band, "as it happens, the kind of cross-cultural re-appropriation that's kicked up so much nonsense around Vampire Weekend is also the process by which, for example, captive Arab girls juiced the harem music of dynastic Egypt, or classically trained Creole sight-readers spread jazz, or four Liverpool speed freaks beat Chuck Berry, rockabilly, Tin Pan Alley, and skiffle into a noise rude enough for the Reeperbahn."

So, pushing this thought further, perhaps we can say that some pop critics have, in the cases of both of these artists, problematically diminished their achievements in an attempt to defend, if not make sacred, the works of other artists who did not have equal access to the pop landscape. I think this is something even our sage Lil Jon could agree to, since, after all, what is the hook of "Salt Shaker" if not an appropriation of a line in DJ Jimi's 1990 bounce tune "Where They At?" And, you know, he always tells the truth.

Vinyl: Materialism For Your Listening Pleasure

by Andrew Craig
STAFF 33 1/3

Vinyl records - they look cool, they feel cool, they sound great, and they've been established as the musical medium of choice for hipsters. And it seems that damn-dirty hipsters like me are actually making notable economic impacts with our LP purchases. Sales of vinyl records have been climbing steadily for the past several years - increasing by 89% in 2008 and another 35% in 2009. Compared to iTunes and CD sales, however, this growth is very small. In 2008, 1.88 million records were sold total, as opposed to the 428 million CDs (but seriously, who still listens to CDs? The last one I bought was *American Idiot* by Green Day in, like, middle school). Even more contrasting, 1 billion songs were downloaded digitally in 2008.

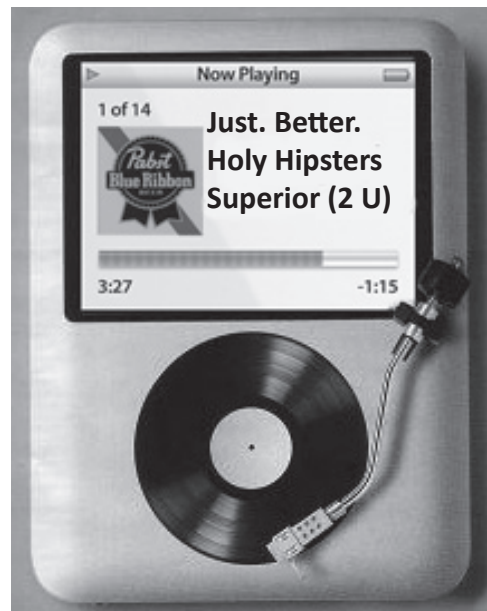
So basically, vinyl sales were approximately .00125% of all music sales. But this minority status only encourages the hipster's sense of musical self-importance, so don't be surprised when that homeless-looking guy at Tinkers who's wearing women's jeans says,

"Oh, you like Animal Collective? Yeah, *Merriweather Post Pavilion* is one of those albums that you just have to hear on vinyl," and says it proudly.

Jokes aside, though, vinyl's resurgence is legitimate. The growth is notable enough for stores to adapt accordingly. Along with the smaller record stores found in Greenwich and the East Village, Barnes and Noble has been selling records for a while, and Best Buy stocks them in about 50 of its stores, including one in the Upper East Side. I've seen record players at several large electronic stores, that weren't vinyl-to-mp3 converters as had been more usual to see years ago. Even in Rochester, New York, my hometown cultural wasteland of sorts, I was even able to find one at my local BJ's (that was an awful idea to purchase it over winter break. Have you ever tried to carry a 25 lb. record player through Penn Station, onto the subway, and then down Fordham Road? No? Good. Don't.)

This interest in vinyl for young listeners stems from an insatiable desire that digital music can't satisfy. Passion for sound quality is obvious (and it really does sound better, given

the proper equipment), but it would seem as artistic value of albums is what truly drives sales. Think about your favorite band. When they release a new



album - one that you have been looking forward to for months, or even years, one that you've been reading about and frantically YouTube-ing live performances of - are you content just sitting at your desk on the release date to download an invisible copy from iTunes or find a torrent online? While that could be the case, most enthusiastic musical purists would say "no."

My roommate's favorite band is Pearl Jam, and he bought a CD copy of their album *Backspacer* on the day it was released. My brother's favorite album is *Demon Days* by Gorillaz, and he excitedly bought the deluxe edition CD/DVD of *Plastic Beach* when it came out a few weeks ago (of course, he would have gotten the vinyl instead, had they released it). I have a friend who absolutely refused to listen to Vampire Weekend's *Contra* until she had a physical copy of the CD in her hands, even though it had been available for listening on the

band's website days before and leaked online even before that. This kind of dedication to and passion for the artistic value of a given album is what draws me to records, even if digitally download it is so much easier. Plus, record covers can be artwork in and of themselves; liner notes from CDs and lyrics or art printed on the insides and backs of record sleeves have an appeal

all by themselves, and usually complement the musical aspect of the album quite nicely.

These qualities do come with a larger price tag, though. LPs are more expensive than a CD or download of a new album, but they frequently come with a digital download of the music in addition to the actual record.

In continuing this trend of vinyl resurgence, Hachette Audio announced several months ago that David Sedaris' most recent audiobook *Live for Your Listening Pleasure* was to be released on vinyl. The album artwork features a sultry-looking woman laying on a white shag rug, surrounded by records as a decidedly nostalgic take on the release. In an interview for the *Times*, Maga Thomas, senior vice president for digital and audio publishing at Hachette, said that the attraction to the idea lies in its quirkiness, as Sedaris' audience is "very attuned to irony and [will] find this funny." So even if it may be cheaper or easier to listen to your favorite song or audiobook (as we all must have) on CD, vinyl is just better. That's all I need to say: Just. Better.

Cue more hipster jokes

Joanna Newsom is Perfect

by Alex Orf
NEWS CO-EDITOR

In St. Louis, MO, where I grew up and went to high school, the market for the kind of musicians and bands that I liked was pretty small. For young music devotees like myself, there were two options: go to tiny venues and basement shows and hope for the best, or, if you're skilled enough at lying to your parents, drive the five long hours up Highway 55 to Chicago, where every tour in the history of time has passed through. The dedication it takes to make such a journey signified the highest level of fan-dom, so much so that the question, "Who would you drive to Chicago to see?" became a sort of shorthand for asking a person's favorite band.

While I never felt the need to make this particular trek in high school, this past spring break I found myself in a comparable predicament. Joanna Newsom, the harpist/singer/songwriter/genius much lauded by *the paper* and perhaps the only artist I would walk cross-country to see, was playing at Town Hall in Manhattan; I had a ticket, but I would also be in St. Louis the day of the show. Determined nevertheless, I decided seeing a complete stranger for an hour and a half was far more important than spending three more days with the family and friends who (probably don't) miss me

(as much as I'd like to think) and booked a flight back early Thursday, March 18. By some miracle, I actually made it back to New York with time to spare, and arrived in time to catch the set of Newsom's completely unremarkable opener, whose name I can't recall and who I will not discuss any further.

After about a half hour between sets, Newsom entered the stage alone and proceeded to play "Jackrabbits," a gentle, understated track from her phe-



nomenal new triple album, *Have One on Me*. As the last notes of the song rang out, Newsom's five-piece band joined her on-stage and dove, or rather crept, right into the new album's title track, a twelve-minute epic that starts with only Joanna and her

harp before jumping between tempos and keys, interweaving themes, and spinning a tale involving daddy long legs and whispering Jesuits.

After the near-standing ovation following "Have One on Me," (the average applause break lasted about two minutes, the longest going just over four) Newsom moved to the piano to play two more new songs and a deeper cut from *The Milk-Eyed Mender*, her first album: "Easy," "Soft as Chalk," and "Inflam-

matory Writ," respectively. Newsom executed the first two effortlessly, no small feat for songs clocking in at over eight minutes each. Her updated take on "Inflammatory Writ" took the unadorned honky-tonk piano of the original and made

it rock, adding steady support from the drums and guitars, with violin flourishes and vocal harmonies keeping it buoyant; of all the songs played that night, "Writ" seemed to be the only one where Newsom forgot about the pressures of performing and just had fun, laughing with and making faces at band members during the instrumental breaks.

Returning to the harp for the remainder of the set, Newsom shifted the mood with "Kingfisher," a dramatic eleven-minute parable that features the most impressive use of dynamics I've ever seen from a live performer. Aided by her talented band, Newsom wove quiet stretches so delicate that the dramatic explosions of melody and percussion felt earth shaking. After another older song, the tongue-in-cheek "The Book of Right-On," and the gently flowing "Autumn," a hum of violin strings announced the start of "Emily," the first track off of Newsom's 2005 masterpiece *Ys*. The nine-minute minisuite turned out to be the finest performance of the night: the prominence of the electric guitar and insistent pounding of the drum set toms added an edge to Newsom's fable of meadowlarks, astronomy, and "the sweetness of being." At its best moments, "Emily" became a violent blending of harmonies and

counter-harmonies that washed over the audience before, like a break in a storm, all instruments fell back and Newsom's voice cut through.

Newsom closed out her set with "Peach, Plum, Pear," an oddity that she has transformed, in the seven years since it was recorded, into an affecting, intense, and captivating song. She walked off stage to a standing ovation, and walked back on before the applause had died down to play "Baby Birch," which functioned as the perfect afterthought to such a dynamic and varied concert.

While I had seen Newsom once before and immediately fallen under her spell, this night I had arrived more skeptical, especially of how her new album would translate to a live performance. What I witnessed in the hour and a half that followed proved that Joanna Newsom is the rare kind of performer whose songs sound *better* live than they do on an album; where the official recordings are beautiful, provocative, but highly polished, her live performances find the songs crackling with more vibrancy and a little rougher around the edges. This sort of imperfection is, to me, the mark of an artist at the top of her game, breathing into her songs so much life and beauty that not even she can quite control how they come out.

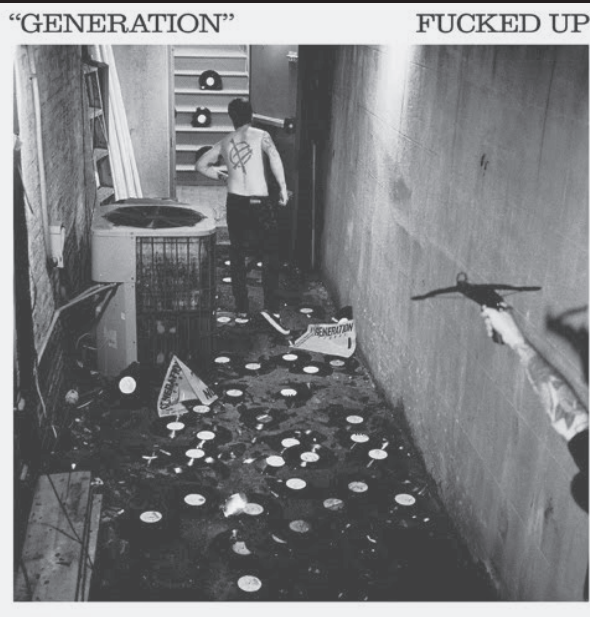
the paper's guide to

RECORD STORE DAY

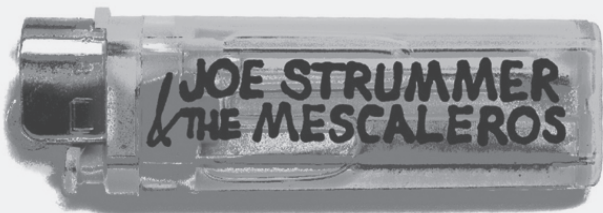
Since 2007, the third Saturday of April has been deemed Record Store Day, an occasion for audiophiles to stand in solidarity with independent record stores throughout the world. Conceived by Chris Brown, employee of record store chain Bull Moose, the event represents a collaboration of the 700+ record stores in the U.S., and hundreds of similar stores internationally. To celebrate, stores across the country hold special in-store events and artists and record labels release limited edition singles and records, as well as vinyl reissues of classic albums. In an age where digital downloading and pirating has supplanted physical releases, it is refreshing to see this event triumph and show that there are still people who place a high value on music and the community it is meant to create. Below is just a small sample of what will be available this Saturday, April 17th. A complete list is available at <http://www.recordstoreday.com/Page/836>.

Fucked Up - Daytrotter Sessions 7" (Matador Records)

This limited 7" (1700 copies) of Fucked Up's *Daytrotter Sessions* (their session and more at www.daytrotter.com) is not just exclusive to record store day; there are also 11 different covers for the release, 10 made in tribute to specific participating record stores throughout the country, and one generic cover. As luck would have it, one of the tribute covers is aimed at Generation records down by Washington Square Park (pictured left). Add that sense of exclusivity to the fact that Cybals Eat Guitars (fronted by Fordham alumnus Joseph D'Agostino) is billed for a live in-store performance for the date, and you have yourself an afternoon.



GLOBAL A GO-GO



Joe Strummer & The Mescaleros - Global A Go-Go reissue (Hellcat Records)

Clash frontman's second solo effort gets re-released for the first time on vinyl. Though this album has been available since 2001, it is still worth making note of if only for the reason that it's now springtime and *Global A Go-Go* is a beautiful summertime listen. The angst of Clash tunes give way to songs that are strictly feel-good and which also have a semi-world music sound, making it perfect for laying back on Eddie's or kicking back a few beers on a roof somewhere.

Participating Record Stores in NYC:

Bronx:

Harmony Records: 1625 Unionport Road
Record's n' Stuff: 66 Westchester Avenue

Manhattan:

A-1 Records: 439 E. 6th Street
Academy LPs: 415 E. 12th Street
Black Star Music & Video: 352 Lenox Avenue
Bleecker Bob's: 118 W. 3rd Street
Bleecker Street Records: 239 Bleecker Street
Deadly Dragon Sound: 102-B Forsyth Street
Disc-O-Rama: 44 W. 8th Street
Downtown Music Gallery: 342 Bowery
Etherea: 66 Avenue A
Fat Beats: 406 6th Avenue
Generation Records: 210 Thompson Street
Gimme Gimme Records: 325 E. 5th Street
J&R Music World: 23 Park Row
Kim's Video and Music: 124 1st Avenue
Other Music: 15 East 4th Street
Rebel Rebel: 319 Bleecker Street
Record Runner: 5 Jones Street
Rock and Soul Records: 462 7th Avenue
Village Music World: 197 Bleecker Street

Brooklyn:

Academy Record Annex: 96 N. 6th Street
Basement Mix Records: 439 Crescent Street
Earwax Records: 218 Bedford Avenue
Halcyon the Shop: 57 Pearl Street
Sound Fix: 44 Berry Street
Record Express: 523 Fulton Street, Brooklyn

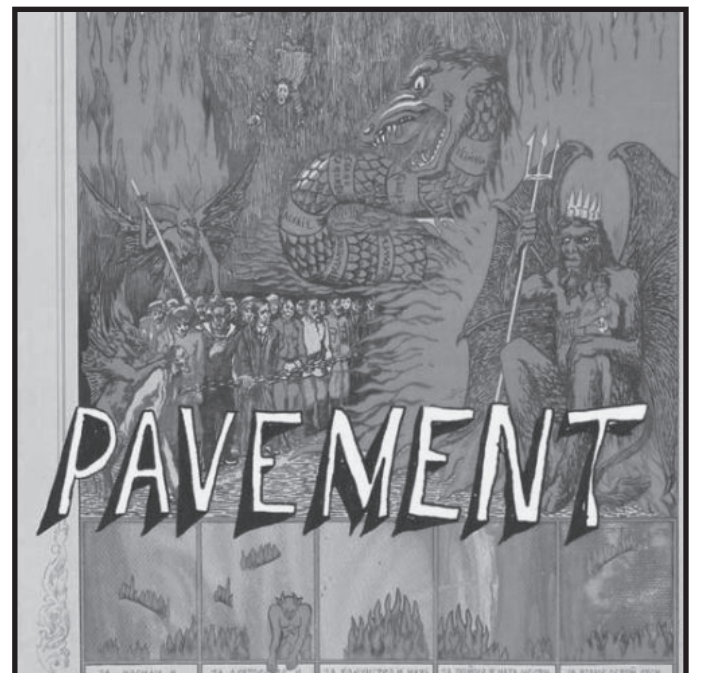
Blur - Untitled 7" (EMI)

This 7" will be Blur's first new single since Think Tank's "Good Song" in 2003. Though Damon Albarn reunited with guitarist Graham Coxon last year for a few tours, he has mostly been busy-ing himself with other projects like Gorillaz and The Good, the Bad, & the Queen. It should be interesting to see how such forays into hip-hop, electronic music, and minimalism influence the songwriting style designated for Blur in the past. Unfortunately, this new and limited (only 1,000 copies will turn up at participating UK stores) release does not indicate a full album release, but at least we get two goodies to slake our thirst for the next...seven years.

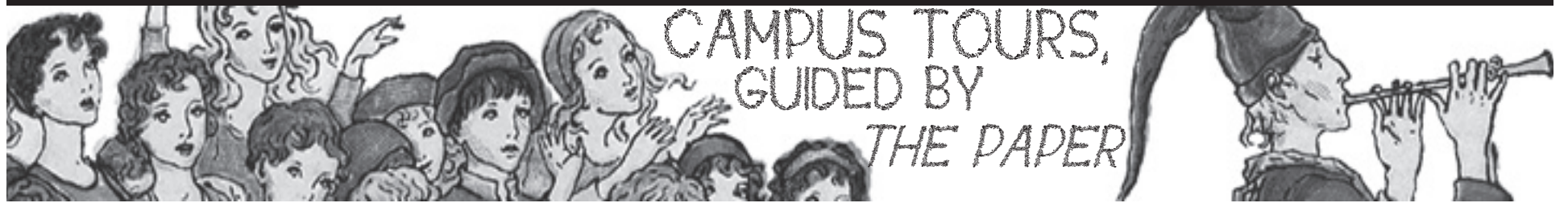


Pavement - Quarantine the Past: Best of Pavement 12" (track listing selected by winner of Record Store Day contest) (Matador)

First the worst, second the best? Well, not exactly in this case, as the first place winner of the contest to guess the track list of Pavement's greatest hits compilation *Quarantine the Past* got an all expenses paid trip to see the band play at Central Park this September. However, the second place winner gets their own claim to fame in that the track list they guessed actually gets pressed in a limited press of 1000 12" Records, for sale on record store day. The edition will also feature a tweaked version of the artwork by the band, at least slightly different from that pictured.



the paper's big list



by *the paper*
STAFF OF MILLIONS SEVERAL

Ahhhh. Springtime. Can you smell it? It smells like the stench of Planet Wings mixed with the scent of monkey poop blowing downwind from the zoo. Suck it in. Hold it. And release.

The arrival of springtime brings back, for many of us, fleeting memories of our first encounters with Rose Hill. We here at *the paper* got all nostalgic on everyone's ass when we saw the mass of prospective students that visited the Boogie Down in order to get a glimpse of our gated collegiate paradise. And while Rose Hill is never more photogenic than after a fresh blanket of snow covers the campus, Spring is the best time of the year to sell Fordham. The weather is perfect, the flowers are budding, the trees are green, and those goddamn ginkgos by the library haven't begun to smell like shit yet.

But while Rose Hill's aesthetics are perfectly crisp for a sale, *the paper* seriously doubts the competence of the salespeople. We're talking here about the tour guides, Fordham's soberest batch of over achievers. *the paper* has recently come into possession of several testimonials (from anonymous sources) citing the unsatisfactory quality of Rose Hill tours. We ourselves are nonplussed by the list of Rose Hill hot spots missing from the regular tours on campus. So, in order to better serve the community, *the paper* has compiled an infallible list of must see Fordham locations. Enjoy:

THE ULTIMATE PEE-SPOT

To facilitate the comfort of your Keating Steps experience, we realize the need to for a 24 hour bathroom, especially for those late (and very bladder-challenging, knowwhatah-mean?) nights. Just 50 feet from the edge of the steps can you find Fordham's most well-hidden and rebellious pee-spot. The sloped garden on the left of the patio steps (looking at Eddie's from Keating) has two perfectly famished bushes that create an inner-cove spacious enough for all shapes and sizes of college students, while still hiding each shaped and sized bare ass from the view of anyone walking along the path of Eddies. It is important to note that this spot may be catered more toward females, as an all-fours position is more comfortable and practical for the procedure you should follow at said pee-

spot. The pee-ready desperate student should look both ways before climbing the small stone divider to scuttle down the dirt hill. Then, turning to face Keating, can crouch amidst the shelter of the Security Bushes, peeing in a perfectly clean stream that naturally flows downhill, and away from your shoes and pants. Sorry, no toilet paper yet. But enjoy.

by **Kaitlin Campbell**
ARTS CO-EDITOR

Celebrity DNA Hunt

Matt Damon, Michael Douglas, Shia LeBoeuf; the veritable cavalcade of celebrities that have visited our campus is quite staggering. But more important than the time these stars spend here is what they leave behind. I'm speaking, of course, about their genetic material.

Whether it's hair, skin flakes, fingernails or something more sinister (if we as a student body were lucky enough to host the sordid liaisons of the Hollywood elite), visiting celebrities have left a breadcrumb trail of DNA all over our lovely campus. All we need to find it are some black lights, elbow grease, and a troupe of prospective freshman that are willing to get their hands dirty.

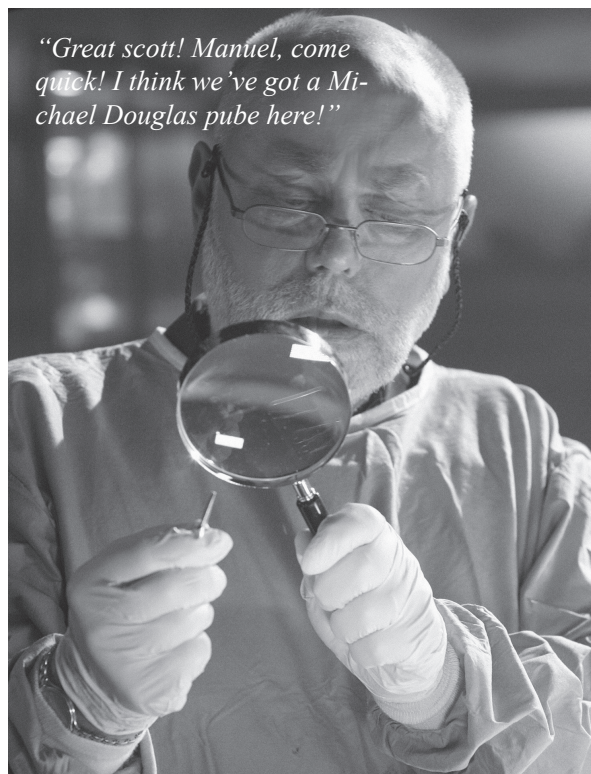
The tour would begin in Keating, where the stars of the silver screen have graced us many a time with dead skin and rogue hairs, and continue all the way to the Walsh Library lawn, where Michael Douglas planted his DNA encrusted feet in *Solitary Man*. All the while, the wide-eyed and slack-jawed high school seniors would be scouring the ground with tweezers and magnifying glasses for their own special souvenir to remind them of their riveting visit and show them just how important the Rose Hill campus can be.

With the increasing number of movies being shot in out midst, this addition to the Rose Hill tour is sure to only become more exciting as time goes on, attracting students and burgeoning celebrity DNA collectors from all ends of the country.

by **Sean Patrick Kelly**
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

The Real Cemetery

Fordham likes things that look like what they aren't: "edible" food; buildings that people takes classes in (Freeman and JM); suitable, not-condemned housing (Hughes); a parking garage that wasn't built on the remains of the dead. Oh, what's that little prospective neophyte? You haven't heard that last one? Well, that's swell, I love when you make my job as a volunteer tour guide challenging. Remember that cutesy lil' cemetery over yonder by the tennis courts? Well that's false. Actually a bit of a pet cemetery, but we won't go into that... could ruin our image, you know, zom-



bie birds or Jesuits roaming the campus... preposterous. What was I saying? Right, parking garage. You see, this fine piece of property wasn't always a glorious bastion of concrete and steel finery. There was once a far inferior landscape here, with *grass and trees and aesthetically pleasing landscaping*. And tombs. But we couldn't have our fine campus falling behind on architectural progression, so we had all that nonsense razed and smoothed over with tarmac. It's just such a modernist addition, blends beautifully with the new Soviet-style dorm buildings. The bodies... well yes, of course they were moved... what kind of question is that? You don't think we would actually leave them there, do you? To stew in Hades realm, nursing vengeance for the desecration of their ancestral ground... this isn't *Poltergeist*, things like that don't happen. Heh, heh... of course we moved the bodies...

by **Mickie Meinhardt**
ARTS CO-EDITOR

Keating Steps

While Keating Hall is Ford-

ham's trademark building, appearing on university-issued greeting cards and brochures for prospective students, the numerous steps leading up to its front entrance are never given proper air time during campus tours. Keating Steps is the absolute best place on campus to have the worst time on campus. Want to dump your boyfriend? Tell him to meet you on Keating Steps—you can chain-smoke and you don't really have to look at each other. It's raining? Why not whine about your now-ruined shoes and being marooned on some academic building's steps? Having a nervous breakdown? Just stare at Eddie's monotonous expanse and the slow-ambuling students until your vision blurs over, your mind becomes blank, and the ennui settles in. Having a nervous breakdown *and* it's raining? Even better. Keating Steps' tall awning allows you to cry and stay dry! Not only that, you can experience cognitive dissonance, as the steps lead up to a gorgeous building, yet are littered with testimonies of vagrant nights: cigarette butts, eating-your-feelings-chocolate bars, empty beer bottles, etc. Keating Steps is ideal for running into the exact kinds of people you don't want to run into, ensuring that you enjoy absolutely no aspect of your time moping there. Heck, every time I go, I'm either harassed by pro-

spective students' parents asking if the doors behind me are open or have to endure a bunch of bros having a smoke sesh and students leaving class in a whirlwind of complaints or cigarette smoke. So any time you want to be a grumpy gargoyle, head to Keating Steps.

by **Sarah Madges**
EARWAX EDITOR

The Sexiest Spot on Campus

Ladies and Gentlemen, I'd like to direct your attention to the steps of Larkin Hall, which sits just next to the Walsh Library. This picturesque building houses Fordham's Biology department, and the now defunct entrance that faces East Fordham Road is the location where I will be sexually pleasuring all of your progeny this fall.

I'm sorry? You missed that last part? Oh, excuse me. I was merely pointing out the location on campus where I will be robbing your young, virginal daughters of their well protected v-cards and where I'll introduce your sons to their first homoerotic experience, planting a seed of doubt that will probably

torment them well into middle age.

This is also the exact location where, two years ago, I fingerbanged the shit out of Jane McFoley. Man, that was awesome. Her boobs were like *this* big. BOO-YEAH! Hahaha, this guy over here knows exactly what I'm talking about.

Don't worry, parents. I see some of your faces, and I know you're worried about the sexual exploits of your children. But I assure you, the superfluous amount of sexy time your offspring will be partaking in is *totally normal*. And, though my monstrous frame implies otherwise, I'm actually quite a gentle guy. So, when you write that check for 40k a year, I hope you'll be reassured by the fact that at least 10k of that will pay for a ticket to the bone zone. *This* bone zone. *points suggestively to crotch*

by **Rolly Donagan**
STAFF VIRGIN

Uhhhh...McGinley Center?

"Okay, listen up, kids! We're about to step inside McGinley Center of the Universe, home to the Ultimate Dining Marketplace, those elusive commuter students, and, most importantly of all, God himself(also known as OSCLD). Check out our newly-renovated-only-to-be-demolished-within-a-few-years lobby! Here is where you will routinely experience feelings of guilt as you pass yet another one of your friends trying to raise money for their GO! trip or some other worthy cause only to tell them that, OMG, you don't have your money with you right now (while you, in fact, either *do* have it or know very well that even if you did, you'd be saving that money for Howl's later tonight anyway). Next stop: the campus bookstore. As a freshman, here you will waste lots of time waiting in line and lots of money on Fordham hoodies that you will no longer wear come sophomore year. If you head downstairs, you will finally realize what the hell Fordham's talking about when they call themselves a diverse campus AND you might even stumble upon the University's two top-secret eateries- one even serves alcohol! Upstairs is the magic van that takes you to Manhattan without your ever having to set foot in a subway station—oh, and OSCLD. What does OSCLD stand for, you ask? Uhh...umm... well, looks like our time's up!"

by **Elena Lightbourn**
CHIEF COPY EDITOR



Above you see pictured what some may call a “ghetto blaster,” not named so because it bombs any ghettos. Ghetto blasters are stereo systems that have a booming bassy sound and come in various colors, which are all gradations of black. They also have some other fun bells and whistles like unnecessary flashing lights and included shoulder straps to ease the strain of sharing your music with the hood. According to stereotypes (which are always 100% accurate), only people who listen to hip-hop and gangsta rap use ghetto blasters, which means that Nick Murray and Keegan Talty own ghetto blasters. Read on for their sweet reviews, among others.

-SM

WHITE HINTERLAND

Kairos

Lenny Raney

Portland native Casey Di-enel has the sort of pipes that music theorists dream about: ones with effortless control, versatility, richness, and purity. Over the past four years she has had four releases, first as Casey Di-enel (*The Wind-Up Canary* in 2006) and then under the name White Hinterland. *The Wind-Up Canary* was precisely the sort of whimsy and twee that was getting

minor popular acclaim at the time with Regina Spektor’s *Begin to Hope* and The Blow’s *Paper Television* getting serious radio play. She changed things up

with 2008’s *Phylactery Factory*, which exhibited some of the coffee-shop-friendly aesthete that Canary, et. al, possessed. However, it also forwent the coy playfulness of Regina Spektor for the smoky jazz maturity of a Norah Jones or Corinne Bailey Rae. Not content with simultaneously flipping the script and maintaining an astonishingly high-quality level, she decided to record her next album, 2009’s *Luniculaire EP*, entirely in French. Now on her most recent effort, *Kairos*, she



has created something entirely new. It seems to borrow a page from the popular songbook of Pitchfork-approved acts like the aforementioned Dirty Projectors and even Animal Collective, yet still manages to sound entirely fresh.

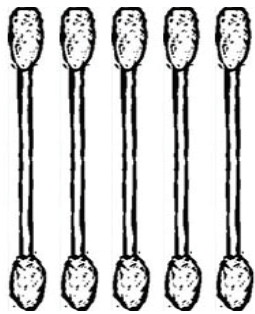
Dienel, along with collaborator Shawn Creeden, has devised a minimalist sample-heavy sound that maintains the pulchritude of *Phylactery Factory* despite the abundant use of synthesized sound and vocal samples. “Icarus,” the first single and opening track, features a lot of echoes and reverb, which create an open-aired atmosphere from nothing more than a kick, a snare, an organ, a sparse guitar lick, and a few layers of Dienel’s voice. Think Dave Longstreth recording in an empty concert hall after being told to chill the fuck out with the vocal runs. After highlights like “No Logic” and “Amsterdam,” which generally follow the same MO, we reach the final two tracks, which are nothing short of pure magic.

“Huron” actually seems to draw at least somewhat from the very same dark London back alleys where moody electronic music pioneers Burial and Tricky might have found inspiration. The percussion reaches pretty deep into the dub plate;

it uses its own echo to create a sort of perpetual cascade of clicks and soft crashes. Then there is that voice. My goodness. At one point in the song different tracks of her voice create the melody, the countermelo-

dy, and the harmony in addition to singing the lyrics. Finally, we have “Magnolias,” which like the rest of the album, features little else besides a single instrument, a single sample, and her voice. Behind minor key electric guitar arpeggiation and a sample that sounds vaguely like a harp or prepared piano, her voice meanders around, weaving its way above and beneath the arpeggios for about three minutes. For the last two minutes this song quietly erupts into a triumphantly hushed and hopeful beauty of a verse about

heaven and love and magnolias (it’s a metaphor, I think) that is unreasonably effective. I love this album. I love this woman. And, even though I know her next album is probably going to be drastically different (the “influences” section of her MySpace contains nothing but a YouTube video of “Protect Ya Neck” by The Wu-Tang Clan), she has sufficiently earned my trust enough so that I can confidently say that I will love it as well.



ALCEST

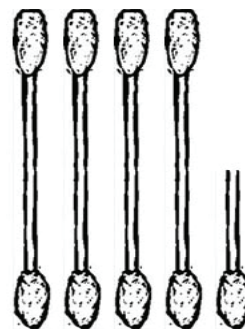
Ecailles De Lune

Michael Ziari

After three years in the studio, Alcest returns with another top-notch effort. Their first album, *Souvenirs D’un Autre Monde*, was Neige’s solo project. Creating a completely new style of music, he wrote and recorded each individual part of the album. Neige is a very talented and respected player in the French black metal scene, and his solo work especially earns him this distinction. This rings particularly true on *Ecailles De Lune*, which Prophecy Productions released on March 29th. Alcest is best described as indie shoegaze with a splash of post-punk heavily influenced by black metal. In other words, there’s a lot of distortion, droning riffs, pedal experimentation, and incomprehensible vocal lines. Typically, two fuzzy rhythm guitars play together to add an amorphous quality to this resulting sound. The new release’s opening track, “Ecailles De Lune (Part 1),” has no difficulty grabbing the listener by the heart from the get-go. Neige often illustrates some far away imaginary fairyland in his solo work, and this album is no exception. But whatever his theme, the music is beautiful and heart-wrenching. Several layers of heavily distorted guitars tremolo and create a wall of sound, which is a prominent fea-

ture of black metal. The blast-beat drumming (also a staple of black metal), the tasteful use of bass, and Neige’s high and usually indecipherable register voice blend together to create a unique experience that everyone should try at least once. As is the case with any musician, Neige’s sound has evolved since his last effort. “Ecailles De Lune” is

packed with emotion that can be clearly heard in Neige’s black metal style shrieks, which exquisitely complement some of the heavier break passages (most notably on “Ecailles De Lune (Part II)”). But just when you think you can’t stand it anymore, a clean guitar interlude interrupts the chaos, and a poppy punk melody follows. Words fall short of describing this album’s exquisite and unexpected beauty. Clearly the album was written to be listened to in one sitting, as each song flows into the next seamlessly. For example, the third track, “Percees De Lumiere,” is a complex composition with perfectly calculated consonances and dissonances. In an empowering departure from the ordinary, the melody takes you to an atmosphere of nostalgia whose flowing storyline captivates the listener so that they feel what Neige must feel. Replete with hypnotizing melodies and harmonies, *Ecailles De Lune* is a must-have for any audiophile, regardless of whether you can appreciate harsh vocals. Happy listening!



ASHER ROTH

Seared Foie Gras with Quince & Cranberry

Keegan Talty

Asher Roth, creator of the beloved and most overplayed college song, “I Love College,” dropped his new mixtape: *Seared Foie Gras with Quince and Cranberry* mid-March. The title and album cover suggest a bit more of a debonair image than the brew-pounding, weed-smoking party boy that has been associated with Mr. Roth. Unlike his last mixtape, *The Greenhouse Effect*, presented by DJ Drama and Don Cannon, DJ Wreckineyez hosts *Foie Gras*.



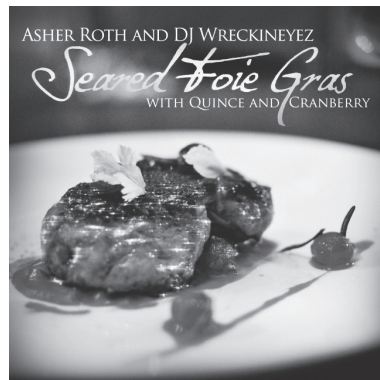
The mixtape brings back beats not produced by, but “served by” Will.I.Am and Timbaland, as well as a plethora of other servers including Kanye West, Ryan Leslie, and Travis Barker. Roth collaborates on some popular beats, such as Camron and Yeezy’s “Down and Out” and Ryan Leslie’s “Diamond Girl.”

The album itself is a giant dinner party, with invitations extending to artists Talib Kweli, Blu, Pac Div, B.o.B. and the like. Diverging from his last record, *Asleep in the Bread Aisle*, Asher Roth creates a musical atmosphere that’s a lot

more laid back than earlier efforts. Even so, his lyrics follow the same old method that you can expect from him: words that rhyme or sound alike placed in the same line rather than at the end of each bar, seamlessly connecting verse after verse. I have to be honest—I originally thought that this mixtape was awful. But after a few more listens, I came to the realization that it’s just different, and the listening experience really depends on the context wherein you listen to it.

Just in time for the start of the beach season, the music is a lot mellower. I cannot picture myself listening to it (save “Rik Smits” and “Fuck the Money” ft. B.o.B, which was originally on the May 25th mixtape by B.o.B.) lifting in the weight room or hanging out at a rager. Wreckineyez includes a lot of DJ scratches, which can get annoying at times, but as a whole he exudes a very retro hip-hop persona. Asher Roth’s flow has smoothed out, and his lyrical prowess has definitely improved. For those hip-hop lovers who know him solely as the “I Love College” guy, expect to be blown away by this album in comparison. Asher Roth, one of XXL’s Top 10 Freshmen of the Hip-Hop Class of 2009, proves to be one of the top of his class with this mixtape (keep in mind that he is in cahoots with B.o.B, Charles Hamilton, and Wale).

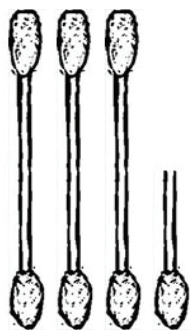
His collaborations with some of the more renowned artists prove that the kid has talent. The entire mixtape depicts a high-class and well-educated brand of hip-hop, if the image of the five-star restaurant meal on



the cover or the culinary reference in the title didn’t tip you off. It is extremely different from the gangsta rap, which has been more popular in recent years.

“Sour Patch Kids Remix” features Talib Kweli and Blu and stops about 30 seconds in for an announce-

ment: Talib Kweli welcomes the listener to the “post-racial society” which ties together the ideals of the type of hip-hop that he and Common try to employ. It is a more accepting hip-hop that doesn’t patronize the listener; instead it delivers the message that the passion of the MC is more important than image. Asher Roth is an ideal performer to convey this message because he represents a minority in the hip-hop realm. With the support of many great and established artists, Asher Roth may be the one to help popularize this broader range of hip-hop, and it all starts with the first course: *Seared Foie Gras with Quince and Cranberry*.



DJ Drama & FABOLOUS

There Is No Competition 2: The Funeral Service

Nick Murray

Lil Wayne eats rappers. Fabolous, a little more traditional in style and vernacular, murders them. On *There Is No Competition 2: The Funeral Service*, he and Gangsta Grillz’s DJ Drama murder a slew of the hottest tracks that artists from Rihanna to Wacka Flocka Flame put out in last few months of 2009 and the first few months of 2010. Call it death by 1,000 punchlines.

Fabolous is well suited for such a task. His previous studio album, last year’s *Loso’s Way*, was a passable effort for a major label rap release, containing a few choice cuts and the excellent “Throw It In the Bag.” However, it had trouble forging through the nihilism produced by the endless stream of “You’re highest title, numero uno/ I’m not that little pregnant white girl but Juno” punchlines. On a mixtape, over other rappers’ beats, that burden of creation is lifted and an endless stream becomes the main draw.

On *The Funeral Service* Fab’s lines range from the topical “As suspect as R. Kelly with Girl Scout cookies” to the kush-oriented “It’s been a hectic year/ So we sit and get fried, call it weed electric chair” to the sports-themed “Big money on deck like A-Rod’s next at bat” to the playfully weird “My shit’s bananas, like a monkey’s number two,” and that’s just on the first half of “I’m Raw.” When he asks: “If you could have Beyonce, would you take Solange?” you can practically

hear the tweeters and message board commenters hitting their ls and os.

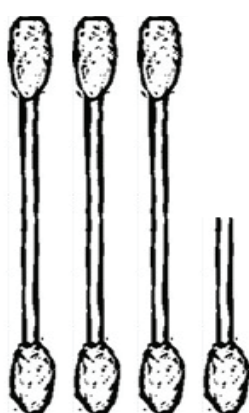
Eventually one begins to wonder where a rapper like Fab fits into today’s ever-changing rap landscape. If we’re looking at the backpack/trap fault line, Fab wears his jeans baggy, and on *There is No Competition* he selects beats that suggest his street leanings. However, this scene has hardly embraced the rapper, particularly since the rise of the south-decentered rap away from the five boroughs. Fabolous, meanwhile, sounds comfortable over slowed-down Atlanta trap bangers like Flocka’s “O Let’s Do It.”

Although—or perhaps because—his verses are more technical and more clever than those that Flocka offers, he hardly kills the Gucci Mane pupil. Home field advantage might, in fact, give Flocka the edge on the “O Let’s Do It” beat. Perhaps Fabolous’s closest allies in the rap game these days is Lil Wayne and the crew he’s assembled at Young Money. Regardless of hip-hop topography, their presence can be felt throughout this mixtape.

Of course, any post-2007 effort to confront rappers on their own beats immediately invokes Wayne’s *Da Drought 3*, the track-killing mixtape that effectively killed track-killing mixtapes. Moreover, the Young Money rappers have been the latest to popularize the punchline-heavy style that Fabolous also employs, only most of their punchlines wouldn’t even suffice for the weak *Funeral Service* guest spots of Paul Cain and Freck Billionaire.

Along with occasionally incorporating a Young Money-style ellipsis into his rhymes, Fabolous also mocks the practice with quadruple-entendres like: “You might get your ass fucked, pause, no homo.” While this certainly constitutes a master-

ing of the technique, will it, as Fab promises, kill it? Probably not. If anything, it may perpetuate the style showing what can happen when used by a quality rapper. Even if it would be premature for Fabolous to advertise his undertaker services on Craigslist, he figuratively kills it, and in doing so makes a great tape.



MGMT
Congratulations
Will Yates

Oracular Spectacular has been called one of the best works of the year/decade/all time. I agree with some of these designations, as some are obviously knee-jerk responses to its popular success. Some people called it shit because others called it the best thing ever. There are only so many ways a band such as MGMT can grapple with runaway success, and following up a first huge hit can create mixed opinions. One option is to simply keep it up, ignore the people that call you sell-outs for signing with Sony, and roll out twelve-odd awesome psych-pop-folk songs that you can dance to. Another would be to strip away the synths and beats and sing about how freaked out and guilty you feel about your fame. Unfortunately for Fordham’s Spring Weekend attendees who might have hoped for the acid-tastic pop that made



them huge, MGMT chose the latter route with their new album, *Congratulations*.

Only nine songs long, the instrumentation is notably different, favoring drum kits and female back-up singers over the warbled, über-catchy electro hooks and pop beats a la “Kids” and “Time to Pretend” that shot them to stardom. The long, layered jams and Flaming Lips sound effects undeniably point to remnants producer Pete Dinklage of Spacemen-3 fame left. It really only feels like the band we know because of Andrew VanWyngarden’s telltale paranoid falsetto voice, which sounds more and more like a little kid’s as it progresses. By turns whimsical, cynical, and subdued, *Congratulations* centers on lots of references to selling out, the pressures of becoming hugely famous and the weight of expectations. All in all, a lot of *Congratulations* is simply slow-tempo freeform despair, but there are a few nuggets within the album.

“Flash Delirium” is the best track and on par with their previous releases. Basically a ballad about bad acid trips, it runs the gamut of weird, from Zombies-style organ to a flute solo that would fit into a Disney log ride, all ending in a screaming crescendo. The in-between parts are pretty sweet, and you could almost dance to it if you were pretty fucked up. The music video is also a must if you’re out to see what Wes Anderson on shrooms would make. Other solid tracks include “Someone’s Missing,” which picks up to

a great doo-wop pace only to end too soon, and the mostly-instrumental 12-minute “Siberian Breaks,” which is more or less the kind of music I hope they continue producing if they stay in this acoustic vein for long. The album ends with a well-orchestrated eponymous track, again mostly about being wiggled out by fame, but choosing to enjoy it anyway. With the simple strumming and soft organ swoops, it’s a little reminiscent of the simpler parts of *Oracular* such as “Pieces of What.” *Congratulations* feels a

little abrupt and a little lost, but overall it’s a natural outgrowth from their success: a world-weary trip for a band that’s been tested to its limits.



Songs That Would Most Upset One Were One Undergoing Audio Attacks

According to an AP report, American Marines have employed tactical playlists, or “audio attacks,” to filter out Taliban insurgents from a farming community in Marjah, Afghanistan. When rebel forces engage with American soldiers, an armored vehicle’s “powerful speakers” blare rock and heavy metal (including Metallica, The Offspring, and Thin Lizzy) loud enough to be heard two kilometers away, and don’t stop for hours. “Taliban hate [this] music,” one sergeant said. “Some locals complain but it’s a way to push them to choose [sides]. It’s motivating Marines as well.” The songs are riddled with threats to the Taliban resistance, but one officer promised there are no obscenities— “but we tell them they’re gonna die.” Here’s a list of songs that many couldn’t endure at maximum volume for even the song’s duration.

“Barbie Girl”: Aqua

“Hiya, Barbie!” a brusque voice calls out. “Hi, Ken!” undeveloped larynxes reply. So begins the electro-pop atrocity that’s as saccharine and superficial as the Barbie doll about which they sing. It’s like listening to a horrendous radio commercial for Barbie’s many novel features (wrapped in plastic! it’s fantastic!) that was appropriated way too much budget money, and evokes way too much irritability.

-SM

“All the Things She Said”: T.a.t.u

We all know those chubby-cheeked chipmunks: Alvin, Simon, and Theodore Seville (of Alvin and the Chipmunks). Remember their female counterparts/on-and-off girlfriends, the Chipettes? Turns out they’re actually two Russian chicks squeaking out homoerotic songs, like this 2000 classic annoyance.

-SM

“It’s A Small World After All”: Robert & Richard Sherman

This song makes me think of clogged nasal cavities and that terrible tutorial-to-other-cultures ride at Disney World. I never wanted those two things to mix. “There is just one moon/and one golden sun./And a smile means/ Friendship to every one./ Though the mountains divide/ And the oceans are wide/ It’s a small world after all.” So it shouldn’t be hard to track you down and kill you.

-SM

“Who Let the Dogs Out”: the Baha Men

Everyone knows rhetorical questions are useless (does everyone know rhetorical questions are useless?). I guess 2000 was a bad time for music, as that was the year the Baha Men unleashed their repeated-ad-auseam rhetorical question: “Who let the dogs out?” and called it music. I don’t want to know what one’s mental threshold for hearing interminable Bahamian barks of “Who? Who?” is.

-SM

“Dirty Little Secret”: the All American Rejects

Cookie cutter pop rock band, the All American Rejects, reached into the communal jar of teenybopper-friendly clichés and released their reject: “Dirty Little Secret” in 2005. Almost as bad as their impotent love ballad, “Swing, Swing,” this song actually is as bad as the medieval torture device, “the pear of anguish,” (a way cooler song title anyway) which breaks jaw bones. Slowly.

-SM

“Crazy Bitch”: Buck Cherry

“You’re crazy, but I like the way you fuck me” is the last line and essentially the lyrical thesis of this song. If the gravel/nasal vocals exuding overt misogyny wasn’t enough to make you stab Q-tips in your ears, the shameless riffing that overlaps predictable distorted guitar and creamy blues will. Culminating in masturbatory wah-wah pedal soloing, you have to ask if the band is getting laid at all, let alone in the manner described.

-BC

“She Hates Me”: Puddle of Mudd

No. I hate you.

-SM

