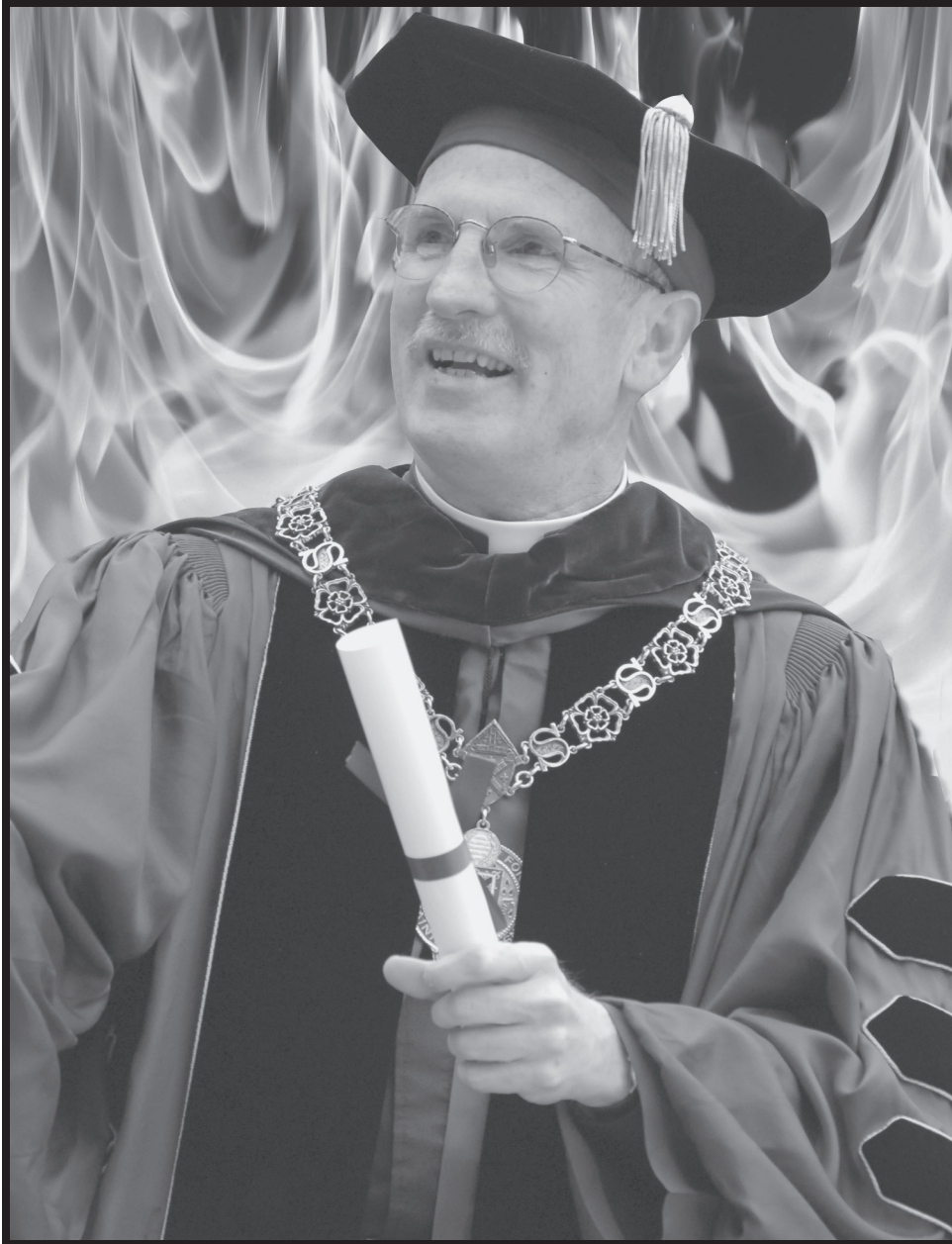


the paper

fordham university's journal of news, analysis, comment, and review
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THE END IS NIGH



“Oh, the flames? Those flames are meant to symbolize the largely chaotic and uncertain world that awaits every single Fordham Graduate. You see, we at Fordham believe that we should be teaching you right up until you receive your diploma, so we threw together this little symbolic lesson really quickly. Me ‘n Dean Rodgers just got up a little early this morning and got some kerosene down at the hardware store and covered the floors of Keating, lit up a spliff and let the nub do its business. As you’ll note, the ceremony went on entirely as normal, symbolizing how well a Jesuit education prepares students for life in a big and frightening world.”

- Fr. Joseph McShane, S.J.

Good luck, seniors. We know you’ll do us proud.

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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 *America’s Toughest Sheriff: How We Can Win the War Against Crime*, by Sheriff Joe Arpaio. 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)!

“Things we’ll put into our bodies on Spring Weekend”

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news

ARTIST POWER!

NYC Street Artists and Vendors Rally To Fight Unconstitutional Legislation

by **Mickie Meinhardt**
ARTS CO-EDITOR

The 9:30 a.m. air on West 25th street is cool, sunlight dappling weakly on brick residential towers, and were it not for the hundreds of protesters breaking the calm with cries of "Artist Power!" this would just another spring morning in Chelsea. But Friday, April 23rd, was hardly inconsequential: on this morning, hundreds of New York City street artists and vendors, all members of the group A.R.T.I.S.T. (Artists' Response To Illegal State Tactics), flanked the Chelsea Recreation Center to defend vehemently their right to display and sell their work in the parks throughout the city – a right that city officials have long been fighting against.

Every day dozens of artists stake out in Union Square, High Line Park, Battery Park, and Central Park to peddle drawings, photography, jewelry, and many other hand-crafted wares. Their vibrant stands are not only tourist magnets but a tradition beloved by city residents as part of the city's spirit. But they haven't had an easy time pitching camp. Since 1993, city officials in the mayor's office (both Giuliani's and Bloomberg's) and the Parks Department have been actively fighting the artists, trying to limit their range or eliminate them altogether in some areas. The early conflicts with Giuliani were primarily First Amendment-based; the favorite tactic was plentiful arrests of artists for "disturbing the peace," "incitement to riot," and "disorderly conduct." Robert Lederman founded A.R.T.I.S.T. in 1993 and began publicly questioning Giuliani about artist harassment; his efforts have gotten him arrested 41 times. Police often cuffed artists without reason, confiscating their

work and selling it at NYPD auctions. Tensions peaked in 1998 with a 65-consecutive-day run of arrests outside the Metropolitan Museum of Art, yet nearly all the charges were thrown out as clear violations of the First Amendment. A 1998 NY4 broadcaster questioned two artists on their amount of summons and convictions: 19 and 21 arrests, respectively, and 0 convictions for each. When asked about the excessive "reprehensions," Giuliani answered that most are dismissed because the courts "don't want to be tied up with [quality of life] offenses," making one question the point in dispensing them at all if the courts see them as so trivial. Several cases, Lederman's own lawsuit included, actually were fought and reached the State Supreme Court in a collective that became 1998's *Bach vs. City of New York*. Pre-trial news clips show Giuliani as the ultimate bureaucratic asshole, remarking that "for the sake of [their] fellow citizens" people in general, not just artists, cannot "do whatever [they] want to do whenever [they] want to do it." Because really, who needs freedom anyway? His agitation is apparent, and through the plentiful clips one realizes it was more of an effort to quiet the artists (who campaigned heavily against his administration for its entire 8-year duration) than to "clean" the city; the best evidence was a live radio broadcast when a man, calling to champion Robert Lederman, said, "I never

use words like fascist or racist loosely, Mr. Mayor, but I use them when I refer to you. You're the worst mayor the city has ever seen." Giuliani's professional response: "Why don't you stay on the line, give us your name and number and we'll send you psychiatric help, because you clearly need it." Ultimately, the court ruled artists were protected by the First Amendment; Lederman's cases helped overturn three laws and won four Federal lawsuits.

tendee of Fordham. A veteran of the previous decade's conflicts with more than a few arrests, his case was one of those incorporated into the *Bach* trial. Despite the change in administration, he says the problem remains the same. "It's a basic First Amendment right. We're not just 'selling.'" He advocates the same position Lederman does, that the city wants to remove artists in order to sell or rent the spaces to advertisers and other vendors like the Greenmarket or

designing and selling anti-Bloomberg apparel near Central Park since 2003, gentle lampoons that are neither offensive nor militant. He recently moved to the street in front of Bloomberg's apartment and said the mayor has always been a "good sport," even buying a buttons to show friendly cohabitation. The underhanded attempt to take his right away was a shock; "I never thought he would run again and then come after us, target the art," he remarked sadly.

If one were to judge by the protest alone, the artists would be easy victors. Lederman has an uncanny ability to raise a crowd, one of those loud and strong New York voices whose longevity in decrying a repressive system gives his colleagues faith and stability. "The city thinks all you care about is money. These are real artists, they care about their freedom, they care about the First Amendment," he said. "Artists are the real soul of New York City, the last remaining vestige of real freedom here, and Mayor Bloomberg wants to take that away." The explosive energy and vehement cries were augmented by the realization that this trial means the livelihood of hundreds of people. Limiting the artists is not just a matter of slightly clearer paths, or even of preserving a great part of the city's culture, though that is large consideration; in this time of elevated unemployment and job scarcity, taking away one of the few ways people can continue to support themselves seems contrary to all progress, and even basic human dignity. The ruling will not be made for another week or two, and until then the artists will continue as they have been, only with a knowledge that this could all disappear within a month.



When Bloomberg took office the artists were lulled into false security by assurances that he would not pursue them as his predecessor did. However, he soon reneged on those promises and adopted a more deceptive form of oppression; rather than making arrests, he and the other city officials sought to quietly change park regulations to cut artist numbers by 80%, eliminating them in all parks except Central Park, where only a small number would be allowed to set up after obtaining permits. Lederman began the Artist Power campaign, with bright signs on vendor stalls to raise civilian awareness. Several days before the protest, I spoke to Patrick Christiano, a vendor in Union Square and one-time at-

all over the city, waving posters with "First Amendment Not For Sale" and portraits of Bloomberg as Mr. Burns from *The Simpsons*. Citizens, too, came out to support this eclectic piece of New York tradition. "Artists shouldn't have to pay exorbitant fees up front; [this will] turn America into one big mall," said James Judy, a 30-year resident of Williamsburg, Brooklyn. Mitchel Balmuth, another veteran of the incorporated *Bach* case whose own case against New York State allowed artists to vend in the city's parks without a permit, spoke about the difference in Giuliani's ("I'll try to refrain from using Hitler analogies") and Bloomberg's ("milder but two-faced") campaigns. Balmuth has been

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A Whole Bucketful of Awful

Abducted Red Cross Workers, Pregnant 10-Year-Olds, And Three More Reasons to Lose Faith in Humanity

by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

Mahatma Gandhi once famously said, “You must not lose faith in humanity. Humanity is an ocean; if a few drops of the ocean are dirty, the ocean does not become dirty.” But, as Albert Einstein later noted, “Dude clearly wasn’t familiar with action-at-a-distance.” Humanity sucks; it’s SCIENCE. That’s probably why, when I tried to find a news item to analyze this week, I just kept coming across one soul-crushing story after another. There wasn’t much to say about them except, “Well, that makes me want curl up and die.” Instead of stretching that sentiment into an eight-hundred word article – which I could have done, mind you – I would like to present to you a round-up of THINGS TO MAKE YOU LOSE FAITH IN HUMANITY THIS WEEK, headlines courtesy of CNN. You’re welcome.

1. Europe: “UK Sorry for Pope-Brand Condom Proposal Memo”

The Foreign Office of the United Kingdom apologized this week for several suggestions an official made regarding the Pope’s visit. Aside from the titular proposal, the suggestions – described by Foreign Secretary David Miliband as “appall[ing]”

– included asking the pontiff to bless a gay marriage, apologize for the Spanish Armada, and – worst of all – set up a help-line for those who were abused by priests. “Many of the ideas in the document are clearly ill-judged, naive and disrespectful,” a Foreign Office spokesman added. It’s bad enough that we even need to suggest the Pope endorse

condoms or gay marriages, let alone a help-line for victims whose abuse he helped ensure. But when the British government is too afraid even to make such suggestions out of fear of being ‘disrespectful,’ you know we’re really in a bad place.

2. North America: “Whale Found Dead, Full of Trash.”

Scientists performed a necropsy of a young adult whale that was found floating belly-up off the coast of Seattle last week. They discovered “a disturbing amount of man-made materials” in its stomach, including a plastic bag, a golf ball, a towel, and

a pair of sweatpants. While the cause of death is unclear, scientists think that the location of the trash in the fore-stomach – indicating that it was consumed

Pope Benedict Condoms: Actually a really thing that exists. Like, you can buy them. Seriously.



less than a day prior to death – could be significant. Also telling is the loud “Wah-wahhh” trumpet noise the scientists heard afterwards. They believe it was God’s response upon hearing that humans had managed to kill this magnificent creature with lounge-wear.

3. Asia: “Promiscuous Women Cause Earthquakes, Iran Cleric Says”

Pat Robertson doesn’t have a monopoly on blaming victims of natural disasters for bringing it on themselves. In a Youtube video posted last week by an *anti-regime* protester

named “electionlies,” Cleric Hojatoleslam Kazim Sadeghi stated that, “When promiscuity spreads, earthquakes increase.”

By ‘promiscuity,’ he means “women and girls who don’t dress appropriately,” which may lead one to wonder why Iran has so many more earthquakes than, say, the Northeastern United States. But then one would be using ‘logical thought,’ which is known to cause tornadoes.

4. Africa: “Red Cross: Eight aid workers abducted in DRC”

There are a lot of terrible things about war (e.g. everything), but the abduction of neutral aid workers who are simply trying to aid refugees is probably up there with rape-as-a-tool-of-genocide and atomic weapons. Another reminder that there is no such thing as a civil war.

5. North America: “10-year-old’s Pregnancy Fuels Mexican Abortion Debate”

This story is a five-car-pile-

up of awful. Let’s just start with the coverage of the story, which is riddled with things like “a pregnant 10-year-old, allegedly raped by her stepfather...” Ten-year-olds cannot have consensual sex! There is no way this ten-year-old could be pregnant and not have been raped! I believe what these news organizations mean is: “a pregnant 10-year-old who was raped, allegedly by her stepfather...” There, that feels better. Except not at all, because there is a ten-year-old who was raped and is now pregnant! And it just gets worse: abortion is illegal after fourteen weeks in the Mexican state of Quintana Roo, where the girl lives, and she is now at the eighteen-week mark. This is most likely because state officials did not inform her (or her mother) of her reproductive rights. Never mind that the psychological consequences of continuing the pregnancy could endanger this girl’s life, or that the physical effects of continuing the pregnancy most definitely will – THERE IS STILL A DEBATE.

And that was this episode of THINGS TO MAKE YOU LOSE FAITH IN HUMANITY THIS WEEK. Now go find your own rock to crawl under. This one is mine.

Women Can Make Decisions For Themselves

Feminist For Life President’s Speech Lacks Tact, Rational Thought

by Grace Waltemyer
STAFF REAL FEMINIST

I am pro-choice. It was with this idea in mind that I attended the Feminists for Life presentation during Respect for Life week. Reading the website prior to the speech left me with one impression: Women only have abortions because society expects them to do so; if they could, they would keep the baby. In cases of rape, women should keep the baby to aid in the process of emotional healing (this only works in a small percentage of cases) and the only example of incest did not end in a pregnancy. And there it was, the old belief that women, no matter what, always want a baby.

There was a group of Women’s Empowerment members that decided to attend the speech together. We met beforehand to talk about the basic tenets of Feminists for Life and come up with questions if we could. We walked up to McGinley third in a group and waited for Serrin M. Foster, the President of Feminists for Life. I wanted to give this woman the benefit of the doubt and not judge her simply

on the website and lack of information it provided. However, the first words on my notes and out of her mouth were “Women are limited to the choice of abortion” followed closely by a quotation from Mary Wollstonecraft: “Nature in everything deserves respect.” These words began her hour-long idealization of the past. She focused on how much women such as Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell and other early American feminists concentrated on children and families in their fight. They did not want to forsake their children in the fight for women’s equality, said Foster. While that is all well and good, Foster also denied the extreme dangers of illegal abortions as a cause for the early American Feminist avoidance of the issue. She cited that the statistics given for deaths caused by illegal abortions are faulty and made-up by organizations like NARAL (which, coincidentally, she made sure to mention was started by two men). And the idealization of the family? This is a tired idea. For years, feminists have tried to equate themselves to men

by overindulging in the idea of childcare and household tasks and it has failed time and time again. I was unimpressed with Foster’s ability to quote from famous early feminists and felt that she glossed over important developments that have come about more recently in the feminist movement, such as the integration of men (which she spoke about only in passing). Her argument in the first half would have been better helped by concentrating less on an idealized version of the past and focusing her efforts more in current times and philosophy.

Foster’s next half got a bit preachy, and she began with the idea of population control and sustainability. People who have kept up on the abortion/reproductive rights movement will know that population control was part of the original motivation for the legalization of abortion. However, the feminist movement took and transformed the abortion debate into what it should be: a matter of women’s reproductive health.

At this point during the lecture, my notes and Foster’s points get a little cloudy. She

raised her voice, employing scare tactic scenarios with no backing – I remember hearing a story about two girls dying in a Philadelphia abortion clinic; according to Foster, they were “butchered and bled out on the floor.” They were left to die, and this all occurred within the past two years. I could find no such news story. The closest was an abortion clinic in Philadelphia where a man was keeping aborted baby parts in jars – I am still unsure of the validity of this story, as it was on a lot of pro-life blogs. Foster seemed to believe that women are being “butchered” by abortion providers left and right in this country. The statistics on this and other matters (such as the shelving of aborted but still living fetuses) are shaky at best and Foster did not have any sources to cite.

The one point I took away, and I left early because I could no longer stand having the words “butcher” and “bled out” screamed at me any longer (and I had another meeting), was this: women do not have abortions because they decide to have abortions. There is a lack in society that forces women

into the decision to have an abortion. I think this is ridiculous. It is just another argument that once again acts like women are not intelligent enough to understand for themselves and to decide for themselves what an abortion is and what it entails. Let women make their own personal and moral choices.

Also, stop simplifying the sides of the arguments. Foster said that women making abortion choices always feel alone because if they talk to their pro-life friends, they will tell them abortion is murder, and if they talk to their pro-choice friends, they will tell them there is nothing to mourn. This is a complex issue. Just because I am pro-choice does not mean I think there is “nothing to mourn,” and I have pro-life friends who would never call someone a murderer for getting an abortion. I disagree with Foster’s argument, that women get abortions because it is the “status quo” to do so. Not every choice a woman makes about her reproductive health has to do with society, and maybe it is time society recognized this.

Arizona's Newest Anti-Immigration Laws: A Little Slice of Fascist Dystopia in the American Southwest

by Sarah Madges
EARWAX EDITOR

On Friday, April 23rd, Governor Jan Brewer of Arizona signed SB 1070, the nation's harshest bill on illegal immigration that aims to identify, prosecute, and deport illegal immigrants. Introduced by State Senator Russell Pearce, the bill is intended to compensate for past immigration law failures by obligating police officers to determine immigration status – in other words, to instate racial profiling. Its provisions require police officers, “when practicable,” to detain people they suspect are in the country without authorization, and also makes it a state crime (a misdemeanor) not to carry immigration papers. Moreover, it allows people to sue local government or agencies if they believe federal or state immigration law is not being enforced. One part of the law even prohibits people from blocking traffic when they seek or offer day labor on the streets. A gypsy cab stopping to my anxious waving on Fordham Road would become grounds for interrogation (and arrest, if the driver was undocumented), if the law passed here. As Isabel Garcia, co-chair of the Coalition for Human Rights (Coalición de Derechos Humanos) comment-

ed: “We’ve criminalized work in the state of Arizona.” Basically, if you can’t prove your “right” to stand on “our” soil, you are guilty of trespassing. I can’t help but think of the dark joke people sometimes make about being arrested for “standing while black,” or the laws that allowed Nazis to ask anyone who looked remotely Jewish for proof of identification. The raids of Immigration and Customs Enforcement agents that descended on Arizona just two days after the bill was introduced don’t paint the most hopeful of pictures. Targeting van operators allegedly involved in smuggling undocumented migrants from Mexico, more than 800 federal agents and U.S. marshals with local police arrested nearly fifty people in the “largest-ever human smuggling case,” according to the ICE.

However, Arizona’s status as immigration bottleneck isn’t as stark or sudden as this law. Beginning in 1994, Arizona became the place to funnel all immigrants, meaning Arizona also became the state for anti-immigrant politicians to amass. The federal and state

governments essentially created Arizona as the laboratory for all anti-immigrant measures with the instatement of anti-immigrant Sheriff Arpaio (the sheriff in Maricopa County who has become the poster boy of anti-immigrants, the first to institute the 287g program that permitted agents to determine citizenship and residency even against



Sheriff Arpaio sends the posse after a suspicious character

federal protests of racial profiling) and extremist gang leader Russell Pearce who introduced this latest law. Unlike this bill, the first preventions were often militaristic deterrence-based measures such as Operation Gatekeeper in California, Operation Blockade in the El Paso area and Rio Grande in the rest of Texas, and Operation Safeguard in Arizona, which resulted in deaths of thousands of immigrants along the border. So those who defend these more

active measures by pointing out that Arizona is the main transit point along the 2,000-mile border with Mexico are correct: over 50% of all crossings occur through Arizona. With one of the most conservative legislatures and a border essentially owned by the federal government and the state government, Arizona has become the hot spot for traffickers, and for smugglers. The problem is that the anti-immigration force isn’t actually interested in the smugglers, as the ICE convictions of hundreds of immigrants uninvolved with smuggling (some were simply co-conspirators meeting smugglers) proves their ploy to eliminate immigrants simply for not being Amurricans.

Though there haven’t been many similar cases to this massive assault last Thursday (but there will be), the Obama administration has seen more deportations than any other administration, simply because he continues to follow the flawed concept that migration is somehow a law enforcement or national security issue, when it is clearly economic and socio-political. Arizona’s economy is in a deep downward spiral that is manifesting itself in budget cuts to education programs, Medic-

aid, and the Children’s Health Insurance Program with concurrent tax cuts to corporations and businesses. Yet somehow conservative leaders pinpoint the immigrants as society’s parasite, in spite of studies that prove undocumented labor represents almost a billion dollars in terms of a net gain (after subtracting all the costs associated with undocumented immigrants). It’s clear that Arizona has 12 million undocumented people because the skewed economy depends on it, and the state economies depend on them. In a weak defense of the climate of fear with its costly litigations Governor Brewer has created, she only mustered up that her decision was “by no means made lightly,” and that she felt it was the correct step to take “as we work to solve a crisis that we did not create and the federal government has refused to fix.” She can scapegoat her way to sympathy all she wants, but merely saying that “we have to trust our law enforcement” when interrogated about the racial profiling the law clearly requires is not enough. As protests continue throughout the state, we can only hope they stop arresting the people who keep the economy going and those who keep our morality in check by protesting such absurdly xenophobic laws.

A Scout is Quiet

Landmark Boy Scout Abuse Case Brings to Light Organization’s Failure to Protect its Boys

by Bobby Cardos
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

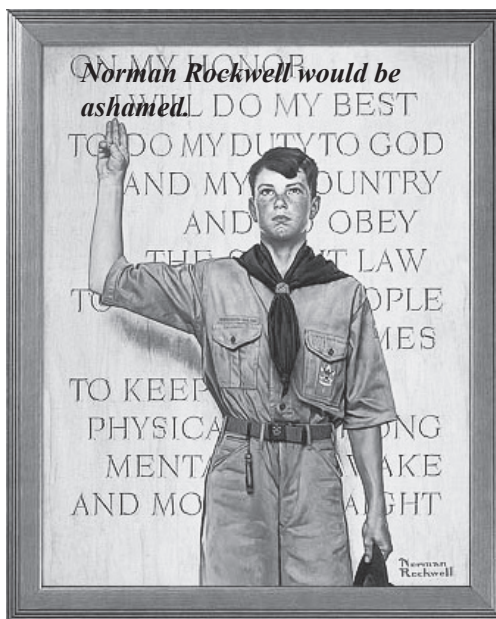
A Scout is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. These twelve points of the Scout Law have been ingrained in me and millions of other adolescent boys throughout the country. In a recent case involving the Boy Scouts of America, however, the organization leaders have disobeyed the whole dozen.

The Boy Scouts of America (BSA) have had issues with sexual abuse of scouts by adult volunteer leaders in the past, but in this case the organization has been ordered to award Kerry Lewis \$18.5 million, the most awarded in the history of the organization’s cases of scoutmaster abuse. According to Lewis’ lawyers, BSA allowed Timur Dykes to lead troop activities even after he confessed in 1983 to abusing up to 17 scouts; he was still allowed to attend troop functions, albeit stripped of his role as Scoutmaster. It was during this time that Lewis was abused. Only in 1994 did these allegations result in a criminal trial, where Dykes was sentenced to 18 years in prison. Out since 2005, he lives as a regis-

tered sex offender in Oregon. What makes this case a landmark one for the BSA isn’t just the hefty monetary compensation. A major factor in the plaintiff’s case was the use of 1,000 pages of “ineligible volunteer” (IV) files from BSA records. These documents are kept by the central BSA offices and keep track of every reported incident of scoutmaster abuse. The fact that the Boy Scouts have these records and this system in place puts them ahead of most youth organizations, as BSA lawyer Chris Smith states: “Hopefully, if their name’s in this file and there’s a file on them, they can never be involved in the Boy Scouts again.”

However, as exhibited in this case, the presence of these files does not necessarily mean that scoutmasters who abuse scouts will be ousted from their position. Further, the BSA do not report any of the information in their files to authorities, under the reasoning that, since their system operates on suspicion, some of the accusations will invariably be false and could ruin an innocent man’s reputation. And the system itself is only

functional after the fact, meaning that these records are only useful when abuse has already happened. When Nate Marshall, current overseer of the IV files, was asked if the files were ever used to construct or support a prevention or protection pro-



gram, Marshall succinctly replied, “No.”

The secrecy of the files was a fact that the plaintiff harped upon, claiming that by keeping these files secret, the BSA enabled more abuse to happen. Indeed, even as they removed Dykes from his position, the local BSA council never informed

parents that he might be a threat to their children.

To the organization’s credit, part of the BSA’s prevention effort is manifest in the paperwork and background checks necessary to become a scoutmaster. If Dykes never had a previous record, there is no way they would have been known that he was an abuser. However, it is obvious that the files, although a valuable resource, are really only a strong foundation for a system that has yet to be created. If these records are to be effective, they have to be acted upon swiftly and unequivocally. The fact that Dykes was able to remain in the troop for so long after accusations were made is egregious and unforgivable.

Keeping the records under wraps is also problematic. Sure, some of the accusations will be false, but an investigation would reveal that and clear the accused reputation. And while their desire both to err on the side of caution and to protect the wrongfully accused is noble, they ignore the fact that in order to do that they also have to protect the guilty. In a situation where the crime is as

horrendous as pedophilic sexual abuse, the BSA doesn’t really have the right to save the guilty to protect the innocent. Further, even if they do act swiftly and remove the abuser from the organization, if they don’t report it then there is nothing to stop the abuser from committing further acts of abuse in a different youth organization.

I am an Eagle Scout, and first started scouting as a Tiger Cub circa age seven. I’ve read about abuse cases within the Scouts throughout my scouting career, and have even seen an investigation take place after a new scoutmaster in my troop inadvertently exposed himself to a scout while urinating during a campout. However, to know that the organization at large has the records available to them, and still engages in a Catholic Church-esque policy of silence is demoralizing. After saying the Scout Law weekly for six years of my life, I see this case and run down the list again: “trustworthy, loyal, helpful, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent,” and there is nothing of these qualities in the BSA headquarters that allowed this to happen as it did.

FAKER THAN TRUTH

by Sean Kelly, Bobby Cardos, and Alex Orf
STAFF LIARS

CUPERTINO, CA ~ This past Thursday, Apple CEO Steve Jobs announced that, beginning this upcoming August, all Apple Store locations will be hiring full-time grief counselors for those whose hard drives have been irreparably damaged or otherwise rendered useless. The counselors, all of whom will be required to have at least five years' experience in psychiatric therapy, will be available for the full duration of each location's hours of operation, with additional availability on weekends for especially distraught customers. "We at Apple feel that the stresses of a crashed hard drive are far too much for the layperson to handle on their own," said Jobs at a press conference following the announcement. "We want our customers to know that no matter what happens to their Apple products, they will never, never be alone." According to a study conducted by the American Foundation for Suicide Prevention, the company's decision is expected to reduce MacBook-related suicides by nearly 38% once it is implemented.

-SPK

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY, BX ~ An anonymous tipper who drunkenly stumbled into a recent *Ram* meeting reported that an upcoming *Ram* "Point-Counterpoint" would address the paper's Comix section. The tipper noted that upon introducing the subject many staff members appeared "confused," and heard several statements to the effect of "the paper has a comics section?" Further confusion arose when informed that it was spelled "Comix." News Editor Patrick Derocher is quoted as asking, "Is that like when you spell 'punk' p-u-n-x? Does that make it superlative or something?" After consulting several issues of the Comix section, staff members reached a consensus that the "x"-spelling decidedly did not make the comics any funnier. "Maybe we could make the point-counterpoint just about the spelling," one said. Another worried that to reduce the point-counterpoint to just the spelling of "comix" would be too benign for the section, to which another replied, "Well, we've already addressed whether or not the basketball coach should have his job. It's either this or whether or not Loschert Hall should still be called Alumni Court North."

-BC

EYJAFJALLAJOKULL VOLCANO, ICELAND ~ Troubling reports having been pouring in from the regions surrounding the Eyjafjallajokull volcano, which began erupting Wednesday, April 14, causing massive transatlantic air travel delays. Though most eruptions have ceased, residents of the surrounding area continue to complain about what appears to be a spherical mass of magma resting atop the volcano's mouth. While some merely complain of the constant and surprisingly concentrated light it emits, others claim to be driven to what one resident described as "bizarro Satanic occultism and acts of pure evil." In addition, Icelandic meteorologists have noticed that the ash cloud appears to be expanding in all directions, "covering the land in a sickened darkness" instead of dissipating as they expected. No further official investigation has been pursued as of press time, but several YouTube videos of the ball of magma circulating the internet feature a guttural voice speaking in an unfamiliar language that Tolkienologists around the world have claimed is "the tongue of Mordor." These so-called specialists in the works of author and linguist J.R.R. Tolkien go on to claim that the volcano eruption has "announced the second coming of Sauron," the villain of the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. They speculate that he has been speaking to the world, and say he promises to "make the world [his] bitch" by "fucking burning shit, man."

-AO

HE SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS ONE COMING

Lebanese TV Psychic is Arrested for Sorcery in Saudi Arabia and Sentenced to Death

by Sean Bandfield
NEWS CO-EDITOR

In the United States, when we're annoyed by a television psychic or newspaper astrologer, we often wish that they'd just go away. We might lament the fact that they're allowed to feign supernatural powers in order to leech a few dollars off of an incredulous caller. We might even wish that there were stricter laws that prohibit such fraud. Saudi Arabians share our frustration toward conjuring, though for a different reason, and they aren't afraid to punish those who practice it. In Saudi Arabia, if you predict the future,

As shocking as such a sentencing – let alone legal accusation – likely is to the western world, the truly terrifying thing about Ali Hussain Sibat's situation is how common it is in Saudi Arabia. While the last (documented) execution on a charge of sorcery occurred in 2007, the Saudi religious police are a familiar presence in the country, as are the often unpredictable and brutal methods with which they carry out their work. The police don't just target those who practice "sorcery," but anyone who is seen to commit even the slightest of religious infractions.

spending a few hours in Mutaween custody, he was taken by the police to the hospital, where he was pronounced dead. While the Mutaween attributed his death to a "sudden heart attack," the man's family was, to say the least, unconvinced.

"Mutaween" is a more informal term for the Saudi religious police; the organization's proper title translates into the "Committee for the Promotion of Virtue and the Prevention of Vice." If their practices seem medieval, that's because they are. The Mutaween adhere to the tenets of Wahhabi Islam, a sect of the religion that follows the teachings of Muhammad

ibn Abd al-Wahhab. Wahhab a Muslim reformer whose life and teachings are a source of dispute for some historians, but he is generally believed to have lived from 1703 to 1792. Wahhab actively tried to remove the influences of more liberal Islamic ideologies, insisting that Muslims adhere to the strictest religious laws while discarding any teachings added to the faith after



read a palm, or flip a tarot card, you die.

Ali Hussain Sibat is a call-in psychic who enjoyed popularity on his television network. Sibat hosted a half-hour show, during which he would give spiritual advice to callers and look into their futures (or, you know, pretend to). It was during his stay in a Saudi hotel that he was apprehended by the Mutaween – the Saudi religious police. Sibat was in the country on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and is not even a citizen of Saudi Arabia – his show was broadcasted out of Lebanon. However, that didn't stop him from being arrested and sentenced to death for sorcery.

Though Sibat was arrested in May of 2008, news organizations didn't circulate the story until the end of last year. Upon news of his sentencing, citizens and organizations around the world petitioned the Saudi government to dismiss the charges, as did Sibat's wife and five children, who hoped that the Lebanese government would come to aid one of its citizens. Sibat was kept in almost total isolation, however, and everything seemed to indicate that the beheading would go forward as decreed, until early April of this year, when the execution was postponed. Sibat had escaped execution for the moment, but his future remained uncertain.

In 2008, a woman was arrested by the Mutaween, imprisoned, and told by a Saudi judge that she was a sinner and was "going to burn in hell." Her crime? Sitting in a Starbucks next to a man who wasn't her husband. The woman (who was afraid to release her full name) is an American citizen of Middle Eastern descent who had been living in Saudi Arabia for eight years, and had made the mistake of sitting in the Starbucks' "family area," where intimate contact—sitting next to a member of the opposite sex—can only occur between family members. Fortunately, her husband's access to political friends allowed for her release, but such a privilege is obviously not enjoyed by the majority of Saudi citizens imprisoned for similar "offenses."

Despite this imprisonment for seat-sharing, things could have gone worse. In May of 2007, a team of Mutaween officers stormed the residence of 28-year-old Salman al-Huraisi. The religious police arrested everyone in the house, citing al-Huraisi's possession of alcohol as their justification. Once in custody and handcuffed, the Mutaween beat Salman to death. A similar instance occurred when the Mutaween apprehended a cab driver, convicting him of driving a woman to whom he was not related. After

ter around the year 900. Specific bans were established against the practice of magic or sorcery, which Wahhab viewed as polytheistic.

Wahhab's disdain for sorcery lives on in the Mutaween, who patrol the streets with no designated uniform other than a badge, usually wearing a traditional white robe and red-checked head covering. They often arrest people upon the slightest suspicion of a religious crime, practically playing judge and police at the same time (there is no legal definition of "sorcery" in Saudi Arabia).

While some have noticed an increasing public backlash against the Mutaween, their presence remains strong, as is evident in the case of television psychic Ali Hussain Sibat. Though little word was heard about Sibat's sentence after his beheading was postponed earlier in the month, news of his situation was finally released this week: he will not be executed. Though Sibat will escape this saga with his life, the Mutaween continue to arrest people for crimes more appropriate for the dark ages. As long as this practice goes on, it takes no psychic to predict that an untold number of people will endure, and die by, similar perversions of justice.

Comedy Central Censors Their Bread and Butter

SOUTH PARK DEPICTS MUSLIM PROPHET FOR THE THIRD TIME; PUNDITS, EXTREMISTS LOSE THEIR SHIT

by Alexander Gibbons
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

If you approached Trey Parker and Matt Stone in 1997 and told them that their newly conceived cartoon *South Park* would later become a paragon for First Amendment rights the two producers would probably giggle in your face. *South Park* has always been concerned with satire, but every bit of social commentary delivered by Parker and Stone has always been done so with tongue firmly

tremist. Van Gogh was targeted for his 2004 film *Submission*, which criticized verses in the Koran that endorsed sexism and violence towards women.

Revolution Muslim also posted to their website the address of the Comedy Central office in New York as well as Stone and Parker's home addresses. The website claimed the addresses were made public for protest reasons. But the information, placed beside a picture of Van Gogh's dead body,

looked effect of Islamic extremism. Whenever an extremist group like Revolution Muslim or a particularly conservative cleric decides to chant about the supremacy of Islam or the evils of the Western World, they are instigating Islamophobia, feeding the fervor of wing nuts and xenophobes. In 2005, when news stations hosted images of violent protests following the Dutch Muhammad cartoons, Muslims were portrayed as a dangerous and volatile people, a



planted in cheek. As the creators aged, however, the politics of *South Park* became more elaborate and evident. Granted, the jokes got more obscene as well, but it became clear that Parker and Stone had something to say.

In their thirteen-year run, Stone and Parker have managed to piss of almost every conceivable culture, religion, and social group on earth. After the controversy following the *Jyllands-Posten's* publication of twelve editorial cartoons depicting the face of the Muslim prophet Muhammad in 2005, *South Park* released a two part episode titled "Cartoon Wars" criticizing response to the cartoons. Included within that episode was Stone and Parker's own depiction of Muhammad, which was censored by Comedy Central. The show had previously featured a depiction of the prophet in 2001, but that particular instance never generated any response or controversy.

Last week, the show's 200th episode featured an appearance by Muhammad donning a bear mascot costume. Following the episode's premiere, a New York based group called Revolution Muslim posted a veiled threat to their website claiming Parker and Stone would suffer a fate similar to Theo Van Gogh, a Danish filmmaker who was assassinated by a Muslim ex-

held grim implications.

Following the threat, Comedy Central heavily censored the 201st episode of *South Park*. Parker and Stone posted a statement on www.southparkstudios.com clarifying the nature of the audio bleeps present in the episode, announcing that they had nothing to do with the censorship and that the network was withholding approval of the episode appearing on the web. One monologue about fear and intimidation delivered by one of the show's main characters was censored entirely.

Comedy Central censored the show with the best intentions in mind—they sought to avoid any possible violence against members of their staff—but went about the process quite clumsily. Their censorship of the episode, especially the final monologue, which made no mention of Islam or Muhammad, only proves Parker and Stone's point that fear and intimidation have extremely paralyzing abilities.

Revolution Muslim has since been targeted for its actions. Unfortunately, as is the case whenever a mild controversy related to Islam erupts, the extremist group has, for many critics, become a broad representation of Muslims everywhere. This is an oft over-

damaging stereotype in a post-9/11 world. Now, Great Whites like Geert Wilders can spin Revolution Muslim's cowardly and asinine actions to point out some inherent problem in the Islamic faith.

As stated before, Revolution Muslim is a New York based organization. This means that its members are able to peddle their swill – they praise Bin Laden and celebrate the anniversary of 9/11 – because of our First Amendment rights. Extremism, it seems, retards those who embrace it. It's probable that the members of Revolution Muslim don't know the definition of hypocrisy.

The creators of *South Park* have decided to move on with their 202nd episode and drop the issue. The controversy is sure to affect their relationship with Comedy Central, however. The network showed little backbone throughout the ordeal and, in my own opinion, showed Parker and Stone a huge amount of disrespect in how they handled the situation. *South Park* is Comedy Central's most successful show, and the network benefits immensely from its presence. For the station to buckle so quickly, and for them to go behind the creators' backs to abort an episode through censorship is a sad reminder that fear sometimes trumps the First Amendment.

REALER THAN FACT

by Emily Genetta, Mickie Meinhardt, and Bobby Cardoso
STAFF TRUTHERS

ALBUQUERQUE, NM ~ At the start of its current season, *South Park* took on the Tiger Woods scandal with its usual delicacy. The episode begins with Eric and Stan playing a new video game: "Tiger Woods PGA Tour '11", which combines virtual golfing with virtual hand-to-hand combat between Tiger and his wife Elin. It's not making light of domestic violence, it's making light of the way the media makes light of domestic violence. How meta. No surprise that the serious, actual, real-life debut of Albuquerque-based D-Dub Software's "Tiger Woods Affair Tour 2010" elicited a similar defense. The creators of the "graphic" computer game (*AOL News* went there, not me) cite *South Park* as an influence and state that the game is "an interactive parody." Marketing director Max Baptist VIII (is this his real name? who fucking knows) sort of blew the 'social commentary' cover by saying, "We play off of what goes in reality and whatever we think is funny." These guys aren't, like, jerks though: "Our games are wild. But we have vowed never to depict rape, underage sex, or blood," Baptist clarifies. No blood! Hillary Clinton, give this guy a medal!

-EG

OXYGEN NETWORK, TVs ACROSS THE US ~ Despite the frequent nicknames of America's Cesspool or The Armpit of America, New Jersey has become the new reality culture craze. Yeah, *Jersey Shore* was funny, but it was also pretty sickening and really, how far can that theme really go? Apparently far enough that not only is the second season of *Jersey Shore* being tracked by vH1-ites the country over, but it's spawned a new TV show on Oxygen called *Jersey Couture*. The show is hailed as "fashion-centric" and follows the clientele of an apparently famous dress shop (god knows why) called Diane & Co. Run by the Scalli family, the apparel is resplendent in lame, ruching, beads, and rhinestones. The epitome of high-class glamour, no? The press release bills it as "the ultimate dress-up show where running the family business means having a flair for fashion." There's a new ad in the D train – one look and your brain sheds a tear for the future. Apparently, everything Mom told you about class was totally false: guidette is the new Chanel.

-MM

NEW YORK, NY ~ An agreement between over 3,000 New York City apartment-building owner and Service Employees International Union Local 32BJ averted the threat of a city-wide doorman strike. Negotiations over the pay of 30,000 represented doormen went up until the date the strike was scheduled to begin (7:00 am, April 21), leaving the residents in such apartment buildings worried that, yes, they may have to open their own doors, take out their own trash, wait for their food delivery, or—god forbid—hail their own cab. These are but a sampling of the horrors averted when the agreement was made that workers would receive an average 10 percent pay increase in exchange for attempting to lower their own healthcare costs. But the joke's entirely on the building owners, now that we have Obamacare.

-BC

Losing the Housing Lottery

A Look at Fordham's Stone-Age Lottery System

by Lauren Duca
STAFF SQUATTER

The word “lottery” usually refers to something that’s nearly impossible to win – you’re more likely to get hit by lightning than win in a state lottery. And while being struck by an atmospheric discharge of electricity doesn’t rank anywhere close to spiders or darkness on most lists of fears, the lottery is often something people line up to win. For only a dollar, you can purchase a 24-hour period of bloated “hey, it could happen” hope. This listless lottery wishing is a lot different when said lottery is for guaranteed housing, simply because the word “guaranteed,” unlike the word “lottery,” refers to something being “guaranteed.” So for the 150 soon-to-be sophomores who lost

Fordham’s housing lottery this week, there was an understandable amount of worst-case-scenario shock.

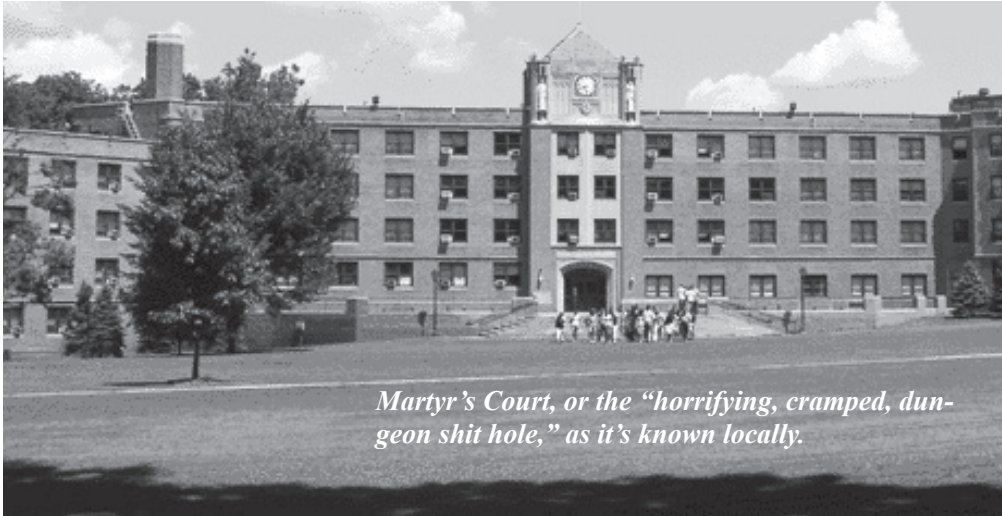
Faces soaked with sweat, tears, or a combination of the two filled Lalande lounge in Martyr’s Court last Tuesday afternoon. A borderline mosh pit began to ensue as students pushed their way towards the two sheets of baby pink butcher paper taped to the walls. Purple magic marker etched out lottery and room numbers. It seemed the entire thing had been designed by 7-year-old girls left to their own devices in an arts and crafts closet. A hush fell over the frenzied crowd as a voice yelled for attention. From the front of the room, Elizabeth Amico, who ran the lottery this year, announced that people would lose this lottery. Enter confusion: how could you lose?

As a predominantly freshman crowd, there was quite a bit of misunderstanding. Early

on in the process, Walsh seemed a common selection, even for people who didn’t dish out \$2,500 for lottery number 1. But after only one freshman group was picked, the game changed. Everyone realized this was not going to be quite as easy as they thought. A solid number of disappointed faces walked away

sophomores, but more of them than ever were able to get into Finlay and O’Hare.”

In reference to post lottery, Amico said, “most people will do even better than in the regular lottery.” Clearly a factual statement, since people in the post-lottery did not receive a room in the regular lottery.



Martyr’s Court, or the “horrible, cramped, dungeon shit hole,” as it’s known locally.

from the Finlay lottery, but not too many expected they’d be rejected from O’Hare, what was expected to be the catch-all hall for the class of 2013.

Worried the number 13 is casting ominous misfortune over the entire class? Nearly an eighth of us soon-to-be sophomores ended up in post-lottery. Cast your suspicion aside, though, because according to Elizabeth Amico, not much has changed. While it seemed like more to those of us packed into the overcrowded sauna that was Lalande lounge on Tuesday, there were 75 pairs (150 students) who lost the lottery. Amico told me that while she “understands people are upset and stuff, there are no more students in post-lottery than previous years.” She places the cause for distress on “all the changes that are being made,” like Hughes closing and the new buildings being built. “Post-lottery usually affects mostly upcoming

So what does post-lottery entail? A re-entry into the system, which only guarantees a place to live, be it a box on Eddie’s. Roommates and hall preferences become just that, preferences. If not filling the space of withdrawals or transfers, expulsions, studying abroad, or living off-campus the unfortunate 150 have a chance of ending up in Martyr’s. So yes, 75 or so pairs of upcoming sophomores usually get pushed into post-lottery, and this year 75 or so pairs of upcoming sophomores got pushed into post-lottery, but the difference is what post-lottery means for them.

Prior to this year, the majority of the sophomore class ended up in the hall current residents describe as a “horrible, cramped, dungeon shit hole” and an “overcrowded stuffy cesspool, with rooms like closets.” To be fair, they hadn’t had hot water for 2 days when I was asking. Yes, people do live there

now. But while Martyr’s Court is notoriously the smallest and dirtiest place to live on campus, for this year’s sophomores there was a perk: basically everyone lived there. Given the obnoxious friend-, fun-, and cock-blocking sign-in policy, having everyone already in the same building almost made the closet-sized rooms seem tolerable. But this year, everyone won’t be there; in fact, part of the void will be filled with freshmen. Basically, it sucked this year, but it sucked for everyone. And now it just sucks for a select few, who look forward to fending off rats

and sleeping on garbage with only small number of other unfortunates.

But let’s put all this complaining about disgusting-undesirable-sub-par living conditions aside, and focus on how said conditions were assigned. Elizabeth Amico, screaming out assignments over hoards of people, was aided only by a small team equipped with pens and pencils. We entered our information online, so shouldn’t they be able to post results online, too? As Brian Kraker says in his critique, the “Dystopian Housing Lottery,” featured in *The Ram*, “While an online housing lottery could bring Fordham into the 21st century, it appears ResLife is willing to continue chiseling room assignments into stone for decades to come.” I spoke with Greer Jason, Assistant Dean of Student Life and Director of the Office of Residential Life, in order to ask why she was so content with

her stone-and-chisel method, and she explained to me that after the banner transition, which happened this year, ResLife needed time to understand and be comfortable with the new system. So let’s say an hour or so long tutorial on understanding and being comfortable with the new system was out of the question, didn’t the internet exist before the banner transition occurred? It did. Jason has investigated schools that currently have online systems, but it seems they are very expensive, upwards of \$100,000, a hefty fee considering our \$472,546,000 endowment, and \$408,903,000 of finances each fiscal year. In order to lose 2 students’ tuition to our yearly expense of \$396,050,000, real sacrifices would have to be made, like lowering the caf to Sodexo level 1, or only having running water five days a week.

In defense of the butcher paper/magic marker combo, Jason says, things used to be worse, which is always a great argument when commenting on quality. So the point being made here is: it’s bad, but not as bad as it once was, and it only seems worse because everything is changing.

As one of the last few to be given a room in O’Hare, I acquired a few ulcers alongside my fellow classmates who were not so lucky. Yeah, I have a room, pending Jason’s reading of this article. Shocked that I’m so bitter? I guess the best thing now is for all the housing lottery losers to go out and play the actual lottery. After all they’ve been through, one more helping of disappointment won’t kill them. And hey, maybe they’ll win. Then they can build their own dorm, and create an unnecessarily complicated system for placing themselves inside just for shits and giggles.

Rodrigue’s Coffee House is the only student-run space on campus. We’re here to provide a space for student creative output, or just to hang out or do homework. Rodrigue’s puts on free events—concerts, open mic nights, film screenings—and serves as a space for club programming.

So stop by to check out the space, see some live music, book an event, or just to enjoy the best coffee, tea, and espresso on campus (and it’s all Fair Trade!).



Hours:

Sun, Tues: 8pm-Midnight

Mon: 10am-Midnight

Wed: Noon-Midnight

Thurs: 2pm-Midnight

Located in Alumni House, between Queens Court and Alumni Court South

editorials

Friend of the Devil Why Fair-weather Catholics are Ruining our Fine Jesuit Institution

by Sam Wadhams
STAFF BIBLICAL

We're all well aware that much of our dissatisfaction with the college experience here at Fordham stems from our "affiliation" with the Catholic Church. It's the reason we can't cohabitate (sin!), there are no free condoms on campus (sinning!) and the reason the gays can't get health insurance (sinners!). But aside from these general religious appeasements designed to keep overbearing Tri-state dads from waking up in a cold sweat thinking of their sweet, virginal daughters getting a train run from the defensive backs corps of an unnamed sports team, how good are we with God? After all, our religious "affiliation" is one of the biggest selling points of our school. "The Catholic University of New York" we are. But I bet you knew that. And it's a smart play. If McShane wants to run up his multi-million-dollar developmental bar tab he's

gonna need a lot more than "Vinnie Lombardi puked on Martyr's lawn like 80 years ago." After all this is the Bronx, a place where former school Presidents had to pay off the mob to keep students safe (rumors, probable but unproven). It doesn't exactly sell itself.

So even if we are a privately owned university with a lay board of trustees whose claims of being "affiliated" and in the "Jesuit tradition" are about the same as saying *The Blind Side* is a documentary about Michael Oher, the Big Guy and his Pretty Big Son who's also Him still carries a bit of weight around here. And why not? Better Him than some made-up religion like Scientology or Buddhism. But while we preach our righteousness and don't let anyone (especially the gays!) bang, let us look at some other Bible passages relevant to our life here.

In Canon 1251, we're instructed (rather plainly) "**Abstinence from eating meat or another food according to the prescriptions of the conference of bishops is to be observed on Fridays throughout the year unless (nisi) they are solemnities...**" Unless this delicious (I lied right there) cauliflower burger is made out of some Super-Tofu, our very administration, our shepherd through the valley of darkness, is enabling

me, nay, encouraging me to sin! May God have mercy on their soul, both for the sin thing and the fact that this tastes like a hamburger-shaped dirt clod.

But what about 'the core'—the mandated classes the administration bestows on us like an iron-fisted Pharaoh? Surely something the University mandates be taken on pain of removal is without sin? Well, ya' wrong. In "Genesis," a little known book of the Bible (it's God's textbook!) we learn about Babel, a place where God says "**If as one people speaking the same language they have begun to do this, then nothing they plan to do will be impossible for them. Come, let us go down and confuse their language so they will not understand each other.**" Apparently Daddy Yahweh didn't want all the peoples of the world communicating. Doubtlessly, the constant groans and complaints from Fordham College students about the language requirement

us within churches, but singing and leading us in song. That's not submissive enough! Back into the box, lady.

What about Spring Weekend? How would Ecclesiastatetasteties, who says "**It is better for a man to hear the rebuke of the wise than to hear the song of fools,**" feel about the choice of bands like Yellowcard and Guster? Why not instead have McShane himself stand on the stage and bring us up one at a time to be emotionally broken and ridiculed in front of our peers? That's pretty much how Spring Weekend usually ends anyway. If that's not to your taste, how about our parents each bring us to McShane and say, as Deuteronomy commands "**This son of ours is stubborn and rebellious. He will not obey us. He is a profligate and a drunkard.' Then all the men of his town shall stone him to death...**" Though once again, stoned to death is usually how we end Spring Weekend anyway.

And the rules! Oh as an institution Fordham loves them some rules. But it's not just the no-free-speech zone, completely opaque budget, random rule changes and Candyland-esque judicial process. No, it's the flaunting of the rules! Why just today I saw Daddy Mac strolling around campus giving God the old triple middle finger. "**Do not cut the hair at the sides of your head or clip off the edges of your beard,**" God said to Mac as he trimmed his moustache. "**Do not wear material woven of two kinds of material,**" God said to Mac, though he looked dashing in what appeared to be a cotton-polyester blend (it was too hot for wool).

This evidence may only scrape the surface of our heretical, deviant, and mildly erotic administration, but it's enough. Heads must roll. I demand fore-skins (1 Samuel 18:25). An overhaul of our administrative system is imperative. Cancel languages. No more woman teachers. Any non-virgins married in the University Church are to be immediately stoned to death by the hooligans of Martyr's court. The time for lazy, fair-weather Catholicism has passed. We must destroy the Golden Ram.

Also, next semester I'll be paying my tuition as Romans 13:8 commands "**Owe no one anything except to love one another, for he who loves another has fulfilled the law.**"

This guy either wrote the Student Handbook, or is the mascot of some U.K. 'football' team we found on Google. Who knows.



is our inner goodness telling us we're going against God's will. Is it because they want us to spit in God's face? Am I pregnant with Rosemary's baby?

And equality! Everyone knows that a man who lays with a man as he would a woman deserves to be strung up by hairy bald men with Skoal-stained teeth, but are our standards fair? Liberals, dissenters and communists ask "why the gays?", while real biblical scholars ask, "why just the gays?" In 1 Corinthians 14:34, "**Women should be silent in the churches, for they are not permitted to speak, but should be submissive, as the law also says.**" This would seem to fly in the face of my female-taught mandatory theology class (nothing personal, Kubicki) where not only was a woman instructing

the paper's view

april 28, 2010

"Summer. Kids."

We here at *the paper* are anxiously waiting for the days of our last exam. There is a terror in this waiting. Fordham students will be dredging through the joy-ridden swamp that is final papers and exams. There will be nights spent furiously typing until the break of dawn, Adderall binges and entire days spent where the only food you've eaten is one banana. There will be night sweats and too much coffee. And there will be awkward, last-minute encounters with professors and deans who may be perfectly nice people any other day but who will ultimately be, for the next three weeks, associated with the most vile and disgusting murders and thieves in history.

The trials of the next two weeks will be laborious. And the reward, Summertime, also demands that we get jobs or internships to remind us that misery still exists. Some of us, Fordham's senior class, will be looking for real-people jobs. But even the monstrous task of molding oneself into a functioning and contributing member of society cannot dampen the fantastic essence of Summertime.

In times of great stress we remind ourselves of better days. We need to do this (it's in our DNA) in order to persevere through the muck of the day-to-day. So we invite you, as you read this, to remind yourself of the bliss that you will encounter at the end of your road. There was once a YouTube video, infamous around Southern New England, that depicted a young man, large in size and strength but diminutive in oratory skills, doing just such a thing. In the video, his eyes swell with passion as he runs through a list of his own dog day pleasures. "Blunts, mini-blunts, wine, beer," he says, assigning a finger to each sub-category of fun. "It's gonna be real."

Now, we all don't necessarily agree with that hero's description of Summertime fun. But his style is pure. Listing awesome things we enjoy during the summer, this must surely be the best way to encapsulate the lucid feeling of the season. Sitting in the bed of a red Ford truck and drinking a Chillzone from your lo-

cal Cumberland Farms. That is Summertime. The piano solo from "Layla." Summertime. Block parties, rooftops, Battery Park. All Summertime. But only mere words! Each elicits a nostalgic longing but nothing more. To truly experience the essence of the reaping, we must all stand trial by fire.

One of those trials, believe it or not, is Spring Weekend. Spring Weekend is like a jar of toxic glue underneath the sink, or your father's Glock 57. It's super fun, but when challenged, when approached without the proper amount of respect, or when handled without the safety, it can be deadly. Spring Weekend will ruin you. It has felled some of the greatest college stereotypes in the history of college, and it will cut and cast you aside like chaff. There is no denying this. It is a cruel and disgusting joke Fordham plays on its student body every year. There will be kids, kids everywhere. And parties, never-ending Bachalian feasts that will run throughout the night. And at the end of it all, when the inside of your head feels like the yoke of an egg, there will be the cold and loveless return of responsibilities.

When things are said and done, you won't even be able to count the innumerable list of bad decisions you will make this weekend. You'll probably drink your weight in alcohol on a stomach full of nothing but Sodexo burgers and Dippin' Dots (yo get on those Dippin' Dots!). You'll try new things and meet people you've never seen before. Some of them will become friends, others may punch you in the mouth and rob you blind. Dean Rodgers will hassle you off of Eddie's and will probably break up whatever sweet party you decide to attend.

We say this not to put a damper on the approaching ceremonies. They will be fun, and we'll all bask in the fun times that happen when you're drinking at eleven in the morning on a beautiful day. We just want to warn you. Respect the weekend. Arm yourselves and prepare for the rumpus, and then the impending aftershock. Because *here*, at *Rose Hill*, shit is about to get real.



Senior Edits
We Love You All Dearly...
Now Get The Hell Outta' Here

The Paper Is...

Former Editor-In-Chief's Reflections on Four Years At This Freakin' Rag

by Kate Murphy
**TOO OLD
FOR TINKERS**

It was raining on club fair day my freshman year, as it had been since I arrived at Fordham, so the club fair was relocated to the McGinley Ballroom. I was homesick and rain-soaked and nervous as I walked into the giant, cramped room with table after table of groups whoring themselves out to potential new members. I was already familiar with *the paper*; my older brother Connor, a senior at the time, had been writing for it since he was a freshman, so I decided to introduce myself to the people manning the table. What I didn't know then was that this was not just some publication, not just some club, and these weren't just some people; this was my gateway into the sick and twisted world that was and is *the paper*.

I know everyone says that college flies by, but four years later and that day couldn't seem further away. As my final days at Fordham dwindle down, I've avoided really thinking about the past four years and the impending doom that is the real world until now. (I guess, you could say, shit is getting real.) I've been trying to write this, my goodbye to *the paper*, for the past three days, but I can't seem to articulate how soul-crushing it is to say goodbye to what was the single most important part of college for me. So for three days I've been typing words and paragraphs, only to delete them, just to come to the realization that there really is no way I can put into words how much the *paper* and the people

who make it up mean to me.

In the time between that club fair and today I have spent countless hours locked in the windowless basement of McGinley Center with some of the best people I have ever met putting together this leftist rag that many on campus probably don't know exists. I have written thousands and thousands of words on everything from feminism to reality television, yet writing these last couple hundred words has proved nearly impossible. In writing my last article for *the paper*, I just keep thinking about all of the stuff that I will never write about again.

For example, I will never again write about the lack of free speech on Fordham's campus. From the limited posting policy to the battle to get a free speech space on campus, *the paper* provided me with the soapbox on which to stand as I tried to make students just a fraction as pissed as I was (and am) that our school essentially treats us as children who can't be trusted to speak our minds, who are little more than a potential embarrassment in the face of prospective students and alumni.

In a similar vein, I will never again write about the billions of bizarre and misguided orders that the Bad Decision Robot (what up, Bill?) spouts out. The BDR is that robot in the basement of Keating that decided it was good idea for Fordham to harbor pedophile priests, to pay their security workers less than a living wage, to pay washed-up Newt Gingrich thousands of dollars to basically restate the plot to *Goldeneye*, and to not fund the Vagina Monologues.

The list goes on. I'll never

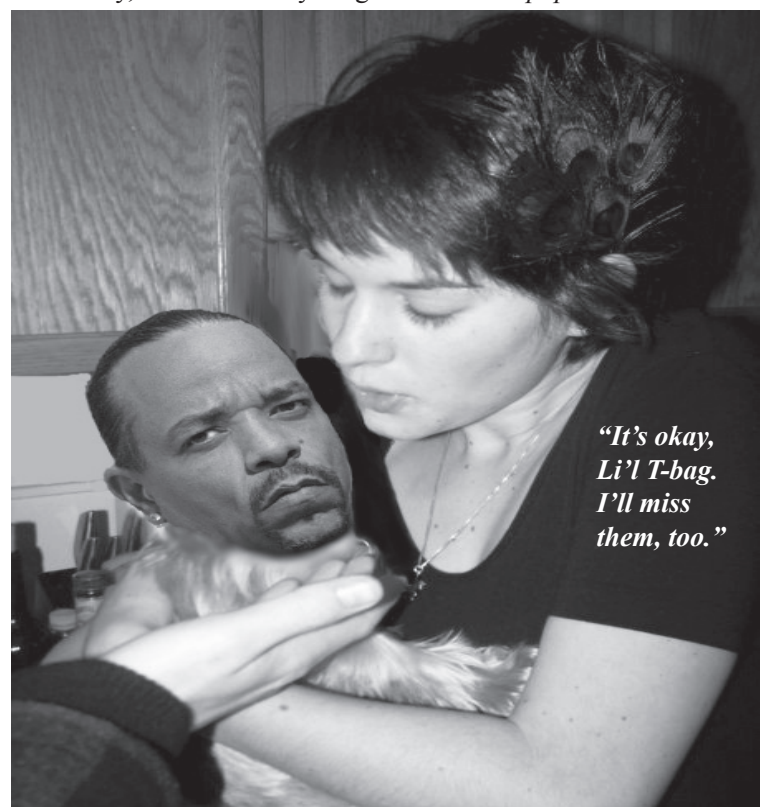
write another Show List as I did each issue when I was Arts Editor. I'll never write another Exec as I did when I was Editor-in-Chief. I'll never write another 800-word rant begging my fellow students at this school to complain and get pissed off and demand that this school be a better place. But that's the thing with *the paper*: as I leave Fordham, I won't ever write about these things again, but *somebody* will. I leave *the paper* with some of the most capable, smart, and funny complainers I know, and I trust they will do the same when their time to leave rolls around. There will always be some people at *the paper* bitching and complaining and educating their classmates.

In the end, it's so hard for me to say goodbye to *the paper*, not because I can't write about these things anymore, but because it was so much more than just a publication in which I bitched and complained and poured my heart into. *the paper* was my life at Fordham. *the paper* was Annie and I going to the Lower East Side for the first time my freshman year with Matt McD as our guide. *the paper* was seeing Molly death stare the print shop bros and totally wanting to have the same power one day. *the paper* was all of the Facefuck parties. *the paper* was Maciej and Jen Jen encouraging us to drink Sparks all day Saturday instead of working on the issue. *the paper* was watching Ben Jones eat a banana split for the first time. *the paper* was parties at Bill and Benny Mac's house on Bathgate. *the paper* was Chris and Joe singing "Forever Young" at Bathgate as the cops were entering to break up

the party. *the paper* was calling anything that was lame "McCain 08" for the month leading up to the 2008 election. *the paper* was Keeran and I watching *Law & Order SVU* for eight hours at a time. *the paper* was every bad movie we all ever watched together while drinking Natty Light at Pete, Charles and Keeran's place. *the paper* was Hiroko Saki and The Jesuses and Phallus Dei. *the paper* was completely mythologizing Pete's voice beyond the point of recognition. *the paper* was Rolly Donnegan. *the paper* was Wadhams writing an "article" on the cardboard of a 30 rack. *the paper* was Lenny watching on in horror as I yelled at freshmen I was playing beer pong against at Tinkers (and then joining me). *the paper* was our potluck dogpile at Bobby and Orf's apartment. *the paper* was, essentially, almost everything

worth remembering when I look back at these four years.

I used to come up with ways in my mind that would allow me to never have to say goodbye to *the paper*. I used to think, "Hey, maybe one day all of us will start our own magazine together and it'll be just like it was." Soon after comes the crushing realization that we have to grow up. We have to move on. (And in all honestly, who in the failing print industry would invest in a couple of kids with a track record like us?) So while I'm ready to graduate and I'm ready to move on from Fordham, it's nothing short of heartbreaking to think that I will never pull an all-nighter in the print shop again with those people. But I'm a glass half full kind of girl, and I could not feel luckier to have been a part of the freak show that was, is, and always will be *the paper*.



the Unofficial Record:

Chronicling the College and my College Years at *the paper*

by Max Siegal
**TOO OLD
FOR TINKERS**

It was during the production weekend of the October 2009 issue of *the paper* when then-Editor-in-Chief Kate Murphy and I were discussing metal filing cabinets. What you may or may not know is that the print shoppe shared by *the paper* and *The Ram* in the bowels of our scallop-roofed McGinley Center (room B-whatever) is filled

with many of these clanging steel drawers, some painted in the hideous yellow and green hues of the 1970s. And if you do know about these cabinets, what you may or may not know is that most of them contain old issues of *The Ram*, like *really* old issues of *The Ram* from our parents' college years, back when that publication used to be a respectable piece of engaging collegiate journalism. These are literally just overrun copies, as

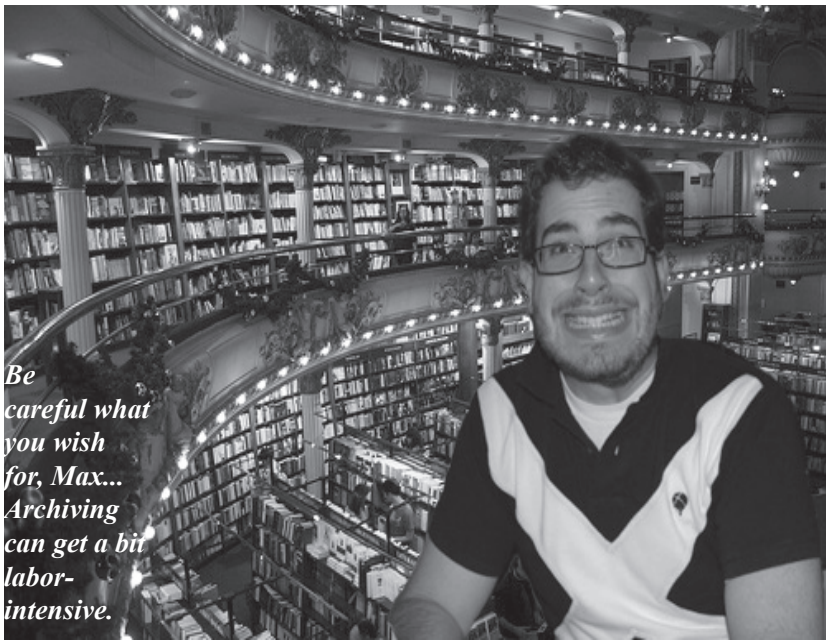
each issue and volume of *The Ram* is formally archived in smelly gold-embossed maroon leather books. A few of those old drawers, though, cradle with gentle loving kindness the sole historical collection of *the paper*.

Kate and I were talking about establishing some sort of actual archive for old issues of our beloved publication, as there had been no such thing for decades worth of volumes.

We were both disappointed that some old copies were missing, most likely because care had not been taken to put away some for snoopy and adoring future generations or because some of those snoopy and adoring individuals were assholes and did not replace old papers that they took out to read. Bemoaning the lost copies, the two of us began the age-old perennial tradition of senior year armchair philosophy. As two of the sparse

three seniors on staff, Kate and I started in on thinking about our futures, graduation, life after college, and wasted youth, all while neglecting our editor-ing responsibilities.

Now, I know that it's mostly obligatory for graduating seniors to wax nostalgic about their Fordham years, and I'm not going to let anyone down. However, I'll refrain from inside jokes and stories that only a *(Continued on Page 11)*



Be careful what you wish for, Max... Archiving can get a bit labor-intensive.

(Continued From Page 10) few people will understand and keep it more general. As much as college has been, for many, a time for being a fuck-up, that always never cut it with me. I had my fair share of mistakes and clowning, but more so than anything else, Fordham was the place that gave me a chance to get it right. I was a lazy douchebag in high school, the kid who

thought he could get by on being “really smart” and did little to be involved (save for writing for the school paper, duh). However, I graduated with mediocre grades and a lame list of things of things that I didn’t accomplish because I couldn’t be bothered with trying. However, coming to Fordham allowed me to prove myself a hard worker, and I did. Academically speak-

ing, I’ve loved my classes, most of my professors, and especially the American Studies program, which I’ve felt since the very beginning was somehow tailor-made for me. I’ve been able to shoot my mouth off and meet people that I never would have otherwise here at *the paper*, and have had a great time doing it. I’ve been a part of New York, by working, eating, and just being there, and I love it. I’ve also been so very lucky enough to have met my close group of friends (whom I always just lovingly refer to as “my people”) who have always held me down and who I hope to be close with for many years to come.

As a writer and editor for *the paper*, I’ve come to terms that my work has been largely anonymous. This is not something that I begrudge-- it’s a fact; a name next to a headline is not something that most pay atten-

tion to, let alone remember, and I certainly haven’t been a part of *the paper* for four years for the fame and recognition. I have sat next to people on Ram Vans reading my articles, seen people before class and on Eddie’s and walking around campus with open *papers* in their hands, and I have watched them point, laugh, scowl, and spark conversations with others. And I know that the vast majority of them neither know nor care who wrote which article, and that is really beside the point. In a time where our age group is accosted both by older generations and by one another, *the paper* is a sounding board, a soapbox for those of us who care to have an opinion and voice it. What is important is that I know that people have had *reactions* to what we write. And to be honest, when I am recognized for something that I’ve written, even when it is by a fellow *paper* comrade or by one of my friends, it is a really humbling experience.

And this brings me back to

the archiving project and the discussion that I had with Kate. So much of what we do and what we are is fleeting and it is oftentimes a difficult consideration to have to face. Indeed, even if my time at *the paper*—including these very words— is unheeded by so many people, it doesn’t matter to me. I know that I’ve put a whole lot of myself into four years of writing, editing, and publishing, and I’ve got the issues to prove it. I’ve put some of myself down in black and white, just like all of the people I’ve gotten to know during my time at *the paper*, and just like decades of people did before me and (hopefully) many more will do afterwards. And when the newsprint has yellowed and become brittle with age, I know that there’ll be some nerd at Fordham thumbing through old issues of *the paper* and maybe, just maybe, he’ll read our names.

Knowledge, Transcendence and that Motherfuckin’ Chicken

by Lenny Raney
TOO OLD
FOR TINKERS

It was nearing the end of the fall semester of 2008. I walked into my classroom on the second floor of Dealy after having battled through over ninety minutes of traffic. I sat down exasperated and agitated, partially because I had just remembered not having done the reading for this class and partially because I’d just spent several hours sitting down in a cramped car seat only to spend another several hours sitting down in a stiff, uncomfortable desk chair. Directly behind me was a profoundly attractive, yet completely uninterested girl sifting through her pages of notes on today’s reading. “Great,” I pondered indignantly. “The perfect representation of my failings as a college student (both social and academic) is literally confronted with the uneven neck line of my haircut right now. Who honestly cares enough about a boring ass slave narrative to actually write pages of notes on it?” To my left, however, was respite. The seemingly always distracted yet infinitely compelling hipster type directly to my left was talking to the girl on the other side of him about some seriously inane bullshit. “This guy seems awesome. I’ll bet he’s a fucking blast to get drunk with,” I thought. (I was right. You better visit me down south next year, Joe McCarthy.)

Then, he walked in. Typical professor attire, uneven glasses, and slightly off-kilter gait on full display, the man who would drastically alter my college career (and life trajectory) in a mere matter of moments was standing at the head of the class. “OK class, so to-

day we’re going to start talking about Olaudah Equiano. Could you please pull out your books and ask any questions you came across while reading.” Oh, Dr. Gogwilt. The man was a certified genius and a great professor to boot. He made even the most boring readings interesting. And that voice: it was so... soothing. It made you want to fall asleep. Not in a bad way at all, but kind of like listening to Mozart’s serenades when you’re tired. At this point, the anger from the traffic was fleeting and I was ready to learn a lot about the reading I didn’t do.

With the magenta mechanical pencil that I had courageously asked to borrow from the archetype of my shortcomings some classes ago unsheathed and ready for warfare, and the paper I paid far too much money for in the bookstore looking ever-so-deserving of being written on, I was ready to explore the disturbing and inspiring exploits of this Equiano guy. Then, I noticed it: the tree directly outside of the window I sat next to was losing its final leaves. I had watched this tree turn from green to brown and brown to barren day by day for the last few months. This day was different. There was something about seeing the tree in this state that sent my mind off on the most ludicrous of tangents. I was no longer in class listening to one of the best professors I’ve had at Fordham lecture about something that I most likely could have really benefited from learning. I was somewhere else. There was something transcendental about this daydream, and not in a new-agey-magnetic-power-crystal-chakra-charm bullshit way either. I was going to be changed by it, I could feel it.

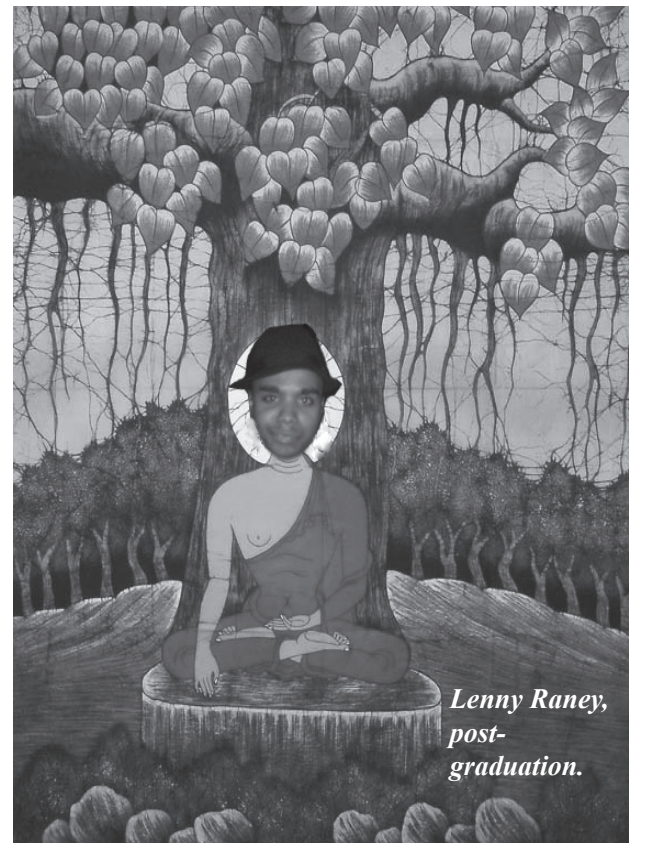
To this day I have a hard time fathoming what I looked like to an outside observer for the next few moments, but I’d gamble it’s something like when a man first sees the woman (or man-- PRIDE, what up?) he’s going to marry, or perhaps when an evangelical Christian makes the connection that the Mayan calendar could actually be a reference to the biblical end times. It was pure, dumbfounded, unrestrained elation. In the few precious moments that followed, everything I had learned thus far and everything I had yet to discover would be put into a context I had yet to fathom. I finally figured out that the stuff of life was really the absence of knowledge. Curiosity is the only real motivator and the journey to discovery is the source of all joy and all pain. Relationships with people, interest in ideas, and the pursuit of knowledge only flourish when there is growth to be experienced.

Now, to you, these ideations may sound like the sorts of cliché folk wisdom that Mr. Miyagi told the Karate Kid while he balanced on a stump, and that’s perfectly fine. I had read enough philosophy and watched enough tawdry cinema at that point to have heard these sorts of things time and time again. But, it was as if everything in the world suddenly made absolutely no sense, and because of that fact, it was infinitely more interesting and understandable. I know that sounds like too humdrum of an experience to be considered one’s defining moment in college, but hear me out. Aren’t moments like that precisely the reason we go to school, or for that matter, involve ourselves in any sort of mind-expanding or personal growth activity? During that short time, I felt myself

growing and improving as a human being in real time. It’s a bit ironic that it didn’t occur while writing an essay or taking a test or in conversation with faculty or peers, but I’ll take what I can get.

So, in retrospect, was that moment worth the four years, one hundred thousand dollars, lost sleep and stomach lining, and endless hours of commuting? Possibly. But, within the context of the formation of many great friendships, the acquisition of serious amounts of knowledge, and plenty of character development, I must say that having that sort of occurrence really completed my college experience. So thank you, Professor Gogwilt. While I carry the cacophonous pulchritude of the Indonesian puppet show and the proud history of the Igbo people wherever I go to this day, it was actually a solitary instance of zoning out in your classroom that perfected my college career. And thank you Fordham, for so much and so little.

Quick shoutouts: To the bros of *the paper*: Even though you wear your jeans tighter than most girls I know, you are the



Lenny Raney, post-graduation.

manliest motherfuckers I’ve ever met, and I hope we stay close after I’m gone. I wouldn’t want to be one of those “hipsters who sells coke Saturday nights in Tinkers” with anyone else. To the bras of *the paper*: I love you all dearly and if I were a rogue Mormon, I would marry you all and treat you like the queens you are (And then make an HBO series out of our story starring Bill Paxton and the blond chick from *Boys Don’t Cry*.) To the one and only, my Boss Kate Murphy, I love you like the slightly younger parents-would-have-to-have-literally-gotten-busy-the-day-after-I-was-delivered sister I never had, and I can’t wait until you come down and visit me in New Orleans so I can show you how good I’ve gotten at namedropping your uncle to get laid. And, last but not least, to *the paper* itself: keep fucking that motherfucking chicken.

DRUNKARD'S DREAM CARDIOLOGIST'S NIGHTMARE

by Chris Gramuglia
STAFF BRAVEHEART

When was the last time you had a Heart Attack? No, not that thing where your chest hurts and you crap your pants—I'm talking about one of the many available items at Munchiez, the new eatery that recently squeezed its way onto Arthur Avenue. The appropriately named "Heart Attack" is a combination of dietary no-nos like cheese, ham, and sausage all thrown onto a white roll, and it requires that one have their health insurance card handy while indulging. Patrons who are feeling particularly self-deprecating may also opt for a bagel instead of the traditional white roll. If only our delicate arteries could talk...

Munchiez has managed to cause a wide-load of controversy lately through its purveying of ass-enlarging foods like fried Oreos, Nutter-Butters and its array of hoagies whose names all begin with the word "Fat"—an idea taken from the Grease Trucks of Rutgers University who became famous for their signature sandwich, "The Fat Bitch." The new dive was even the inspiration for a brovinistic Facebook group that mandated that Fordham's female students be banned to ensure that they don't get fat from the greasy fare. The group not only had the phrase "tasty spot" in its description, but also unfortunately encouraged, as Staff Feminist Emily Genetta put it, "the kind of public discussions of women's bodies that

shame them into conforming to a certain body type." I couldn't agree more and, sadly, it seems that the group also put the establishment itself on the map in the Fordham community. I can see the bright blue storefront from my apartment window, and business really appears to be booming. Whether it be time for breakfast, lunch, or a stoner's dinner at 3 am, Munchiez has succeeded in attracting the blacked-out, junk-food seeking, college kid. In short, Fordham's got the "Munchiez."

Considering that proprietor Vlad Petric seems to have capitalized on the idea that any publicity is good publicity, I'm going to attempt to deconstruct one of his culinary monstrosities known as "The Fat Drunk" right here in *the paper*. Taken apart, "The Fat Drunk" can really be understood to be about four or five moderately unhealthy meals forced onto a single hero for the consumer's gluttonous convenience. I don't know about you, but with my busy schedule I definitely don't have time to eat healthy—especially not three times a day—making the Drunk a perfect choice for me.

Upon first getting the sandwich back to my apartment, I slowly unwrapped it from its aluminum foil

cocoon and, while letting the array of aromas creep into my nostrils, could almost feel my heart began to work overtime—just think of that fat kid from your high school gym class during the mile run.

I sighed deeply before taking my first bite, ignoring the consequences of what I was about to do. The first thing I tasted was the chopped steak and cheese. I'm estimating that there were about four to six ounces of steak with two slices of cheese—or about five hundred calories. Next of course, was the unmistakable crunch of chicken fingers, three to be exact, yielding another three-hun-

dred and fifty cellulite-packed calories.

As I took a moment to check my pulse, wipe the sweat from my forehead, and detach my lips from the sandwich, I was surprised to see a long string of cheese hanging off the side—the remnants of the three mozzarella sticks sneakily tucked inside. Taking into account the mozzarella sticks, we are now at one-thousand, one-hundred and thirty-five calories. Most would consider this an absurd amount of food to imbibe in one meal, but don't worry, it gets worse. My "Fat Drunk" was garnished with half a dozen French fries scattered about its interior, barbecue sauce, and then of course there was the bread itself. This heaping hunk of hedonism wasn't completely devoid of nutritious morsels though. I managed to find a few shreds of lettuce and about three-fifths of a tomato sliver lingering in the flaky aftermath, making it clear that Munchiez knows the importance of getting one's veggies. Finally, I arrived at a grand total of around fifteen-hundred calories, as well as a potentially irreversible food coma fried in a newfound loss of self-respect. Good thing I had a few Four Lokos chilling in the fridge to help me

numb the pain.

I suppose the question here is, who really gives a shit? After a long night of drunkenness a crispy, cheese-injected reprieve is just about the best damn thing in the world, so why not chow down, right? I couldn't agree more but, by the same regard, we live in a country in which obesity is no longer referred to as a condition, but an epidemic. Chubbiness has become America's bubonic plague, and there seems to be no cure in sight. In fact, many are taking advantage of Uncle Sam's growing gut, as seen in fast-food meals like KFC's new "Double Down", the sandwich that uses fried chicken for a bun. It sort of seems that things like expanding waistlines, cankles, and sleep apnea are all becoming marketing tools rather than things that most people typically want to avoid. I mean, eating fifteen hundred calories in one sitting just doesn't seem okay. So, not to go all Michelle Obama here, but unless we want the bookstore to be forced to start selling quadruple XL sweatshirts, or for Eddies to be given a maximum occupancy, I suggest we (girls AND guys) use extreme discretion in our consumption of Munchiez foodstuffs. Oh, and the next time you find yourself stumbling around the tri-bar looking for a quick bite, just remember: no one likes a fat drunk.



Girl, You Must Be Trippin' Flavor Trippin', That Is

by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE
CO-EDITOR

"She went flavor-tripping at home," my roommate began, "and she's going to--"

"She did *what*?"

"Flavor-tripping, Dude."

"Is this like the cool new thing that kids are doing that I don't know about?" I asked.

"Yeah, pretty much." Flavor-tripping, she explained, is what happens when you eat after taking a certain berry, or a tablet you can buy on Amazon that's made from said berry, and rubbing it on your tongue. "Then everything tastes different!"

The only thing is that it isn't exactly 'the cool new thing'; once something has been covered by *The New York Times* (let alone *the paper*), it is no longer new or cool, and the NYT got a load of this shit nearly two years ago. In fact, as stated in the May 28, 2008 article, "The miracle fruit, *Synsepalum dulcificum*,

is native to West Africa and has been known to Westerners since the 18th century." But it fell from the public consciousness after the Food and Drug Administration rejected the possibility of using the berry as a sugar substitute, and until quite recently flavor-tripping was only a 'thing' among rich yuppies, who could afford the highly-perishable \$2+ berry. Still, it's a 'cool, new thing' among the proles thanks to (what appears to be) the recent availability of the freeze-dried tablets online.

"So anyway," my room mate continued, "she's bringing some back. Wanna do it?"

"Is it... *legal*?"

"They sell it on Amazon!"

"Right, right. It's just the word 'tripping,' that worried me."

So this past week, after my roommate and her friend bought some lemons, limes, grapefruit, goat cheese, and salt-and-vinegar chips, I went flavor-tripping.

It wasn't that trippy, but then again I did have a major cold.

"These chips just taste like salt-and-vinegar-and-sugar."

"Maybe it's because you're stuffed-up, so your brain is, like, projecting what flavor it expects onto the food," my roommate suggested.

"Or, actually, it just hits some people harder than others," her friend explained. "And, yeah... this goat cheese just tastes like goat cheese and sugar."

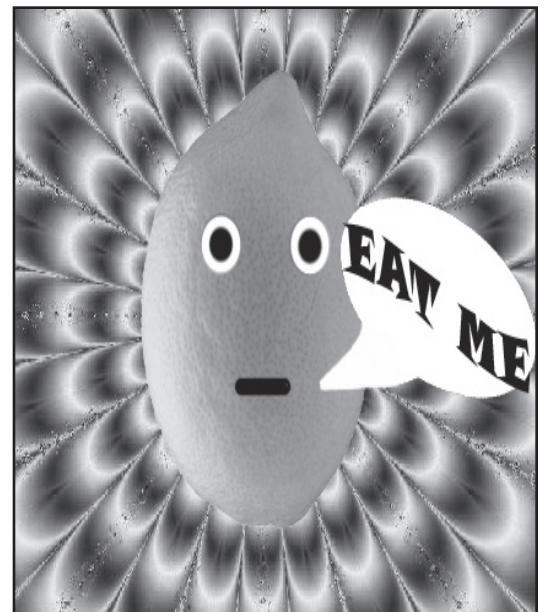
"And Yuengling still tastes like Yuengling," my OF-AGE roommate remarked.

It definitely did affect the taste of the citrus fruits for me, though not necessarily in a good way. I mean, if you like your grapefruit to taste like spoonfuls of straight-up sugar, you might be pretty psyched, but I like my grapefruit to taste like grapefruit. That's kind of why I eat it. The lemon wasn't as disgusting-

ly sweet, though; I could even feel the sting of the acid though I couldn't quite taste it. I ended up eating an entire lemon, and I sort of think that made the whole experience worth it, just because I can now say I ate an entire lemon. Crossing that one off the bucket list.

As far as drugs go, *Synsepalum whateverwhatever* is probably the most boring one out there. On the other hand, it's also the healthiest one out there: think of all the Vitamin C you can get from eating a half dozen lemons! It might also get little kids to eat their vegetables, but what kind of sad people would they grow up to be if the only thing they could

stand tasting was sugar? This is probably why the FDA didn't approve the extract as a sugar substitute-- they were worried about developing our palletes. Either that or it causes cancer in huge doses like *Sweet 'n' Low* does, in which case my attorney would like you to remember that I never specifically told you to try it.



Even Domino's Does It Better

Don't Sell Me Anti-Choice Crap and Call It a Pizza

by Marisa Carroll
STAFF AD COUNCIL

I've never been one to watch horror movies, mostly because of the fear of everything that pulses through my weakling veins. I jump up erratically with any surprise *thump*, I pull friends out of movie theatres if a character is tortured, and in general I have a pretty difficult time watching organs being torn out of unsuspecting bodies. I have the most trouble with chase scenes. I know that I will be just as skilled at running away from an insane murderer as I am at running away from my deadlines and commitments— not very. Handicapped by six years of chain smoking and a laundry list of anxiety disorders, I could maybe be chased for a mile or so until I wound up keeled over next to a dumpster, alternating between popping Xanax and dry heaving.

This is why I was more disturbed than usual by Domino's Pizza's latest series of ads. No, not the fairly spectacular "Domino's: Made of Pizza Now, Not Just Garbage" campaign, but the chain's new search for pizza "holdouts." The ads claim to feature "pizza bounty hunters" searching for Americans who have stubbornly refused to indulge in Domino's new, not-so-shitty pizza. "We want to convert some of these last holdouts personally," threatens the grizzly-voiced narrator as black-and-white mug shots of a few holdouts flash on the screen.

These ads are obviously silly, scripted, and shouldn't make me fear being chased by a maniacal Domino's employee (although this probably does happen every day for non-Domino's related reasons). Still, they evoked in me the fear of the chase I experience every day with advertisers trying to sell me their garbage. Thanks to my Google search history, Facebook interests box, and a minimal amount of online shopping, I feel like a "holdout" for products I've never wanted, and that doesn't even take into consideration the bombardment of advertising I face walking down a city street.

In stating this, I'm not trying to take a crotchety, Andy Rooney-style stance against the troubling banalities of the everyday. Advertisers prey on consumers in the economic Circle of Life; Fuck it, I watch *Mad Men*, I get it. But I can't deny it troubles me when the same tactics that are used to sell me pizza are also used to influence how I decide to ensure my health. Take, for instance, the ads for crisis pregnancy centers that so often pile up alongside interstate highways and my Google toolbars. Crisis pregnancy centers are generally religiously-affiliated anti-organizations posing as impartial information centers for women. You may have seen their popular billboards, which ask questions like, "Think you're pregnant? Need help?"

The "help" they offer does

not include birth control, information on preventing pregnancy, or guidance for where one can safely terminate a pregnancy. Often, their help *does* include spreading misinformation, such as the claim that abortion is linked to breast cancer. This can prevent women who might otherwise have gotten an abortion from doing so, but moreover it insinuates that women do not need to be fully informed about the choices to

Last December, Mayor Shelia Dixon signed into law a bill that punishes crisis pregnancy centers that do not honestly inform potential patients that their services are limited. As Jennifer Blasdell, executive director of NARAL Maryland states, "This law will empower women by giving them full information up front about what to expect from a limited service pregnancy center. This provision does not ask a facility to provide any services they find objectionable, but only asks them to tell the truth about the nature of their services."

If this groundbreaking local law is successful, it could be a monumental aid to women, especially those deprived of accurate sexual education. Unfortunately, the Catholic Archdiocese of Baltimore is defending CPCs' right to mislead and, therefore, threatening women's health and my personal sanity. The Archdiocese is suing the city to get rid of the law and protect CPCs from writing "not an abortion provider" on their ads.

With this move, the Archdiocese is climbing deeper into a well of hypocrisy. Legislatively, their past actions have pushed to limit the free speech of doctors,

nurses, and clinic employees who wish to share information on the perfectly legal subject of medical abortion— examples include the seventeen states which mandate counseling sessions for women considering abortion that emphasize the procedure's negative aspects and twenty-four states that require women to "think it over" for at least twenty-four hours between their first clinic visit and getting the procedure (from the Guttmacher Institute). On the other hand, the Archdiocese hopes to protect the freedom of hateful, misinforming speech in crisis pregnancy centers' advertisements.

As the company owned up to in their recent ad campaigns, for years Domino's sold a product that tasted like cardboard and off-brand Ketchup as if it was the best pizza in the whole wide world. They misinformed consumers, but with a few recipe changes and wacky ad campaigns, Domino's and the American people are totally BFFs again. Unfortunately for anti-abortion crisis pregnancy centers, women's health is not a fucking pizza. It is ten kinds of reprehensible to misinform people about their rights, let alone to do so under the banner of the First Amendment. Regardless of the Archdiocese, I hope other local governments will follow in Baltimore's path and promote the honesty that saves lives.



which they are legally entitled.

As a result, many rational people have taken action to prevent these ads from misleading others. The most vocal political campaign on this issue can be found in the city of Baltimore.

TUTORING IN THE BRONX

CONFRONTING RACE AND CLASS IN THE CLASSROOM

by Eric Horvath
STAFF FREEDOM WRITER

Sanouse teases me a lot in class. If he knew I was writing this article he would probably ask me what he usually asks me: "Why you read and write so much?" I return the favor by trying to teach him how to divide eighteen by three.

I started tutoring at Public School 59 in March. It's been nearly two months of getting up at 8:30 on Tuesdays and Fridays to help out Ms. Roth and Ms. Schragne's third grade class. I remember looking for the building on my first day, at the corner of 182nd Street and Bathgate, a ten-minute walk from campus, and feeling completely lost.

"Excuse me, but could you tell me where Public School 59 is?" I asked the crossing guard.

"Yeah. It's right here." She pointed to the building that was fifteen feet behind her.

"Oh Jeez, that's embarrassing. Thank you."

I slinked away from the crossing guard, mildly embarrassed by how provincial I was— the Lax house was the

furthest down Bathgate I had ever been.

The classroom is small. There are too many desks to put them into rows. I sit in the back on Ms. Roth's swivel chair, because I'm lazy at 9:30 in the morning. If I'm not rolling over to Duane or Michael's desk I'm usually stationed next to Sanouse.

"I want to go home," he said on one of the first days I talked to him.

"Alright, it's like only ten o'clock though. It's almost the weekend. Be patient," I replied.

"Nooo, I want to go back to Africa."

"What?"

"I want to go back to Guinea, that's where I was born." (Guinea is a country on the western coast of Africa, sandwiched between Senegal and the Ivory Coast)

"Oh, so you meant you wanted to go back to your home-home?" I asked, surprised.

"Yeah. I been there once when I was four. My dad said we gonna go back soon."

You can tell that Sanouse's parents aren't native English

speakers by his accent. The choppiness of his speech seems like that of a foreigner learning English as his second language. Regardless, whether he's repeatedly asking me, "Why you read so much?" or rattling off a sequence of nonsensical questions that only a nine-year-old could get away with, like, "You like Pokemon?", "You watch Spongebob?", "You like George Lopez?" (he has this odd fascination with George Lopez), it's evident that Sanouse's family background doesn't preclude him from being a precocious American kid.

Cherub-faced with short black hair and rolled up sleeves, his behavior and dress (a school uniform) is in line with the rest of his class. Like Anthony and Jose, he's quick to dismiss a math problem as "the easiest thing in the world" and then go onto the next problem which will then become the newest "easiest thing in the world." Like Xavier and Natalio, he's prone to whine and not be able to sit still, especially after thirty minutes of "reading workshop."

I am comfortable enough to

tease Sanouse, and I feel as if I know Destiny, Tanya, Lizmeri, Debryanna, Nijah, Coralis, Xavier, Jose, Lee, Natalio, Sidi-ki and Zedekien fairly well. I sit in class and joke with Sanouse that "if eight times six is the easiest thing in the world, how come you can't figure it out?" He looks at me with a mischievous grin and, as only a child could do, successfully diverts the conversation to something absurd like George Lopez.

I realize that in the classroom, aside from the teachers, no one is white. Sixth semester of college and the realest encounter I've had with race is in a third grade classroom. I don't think the kids are old enough to racially discriminate against each other, but if it were ever to get to that I know saying "Obama" to Sanouse would fix everything.

"O-Bama. O-Bama," he says in a slow, inspiring chant.

"Why do you love Obama?"

"I don't love him; I just like him. My dad loves him," Sanouse replies, too nuanced for a third grader.

"Okay, what do you like

about him?"

He points to a girl in class, "She Michelle Obama. You Eric Obama. I'm Obama."

I can't help but laugh.

"But, seriously, what's so great about him?" I gently prod, hoping for a response as humorous as calling me Eric Obama. He shrugs. He has no real response. He grins, and for one of the first times ever, I've stumped him. He just really likes Obama.

I like Obama. I think of my own political leanings, preparing myself if he reciprocated the question. I consider how Sanouse doesn't know—or give a damn—about deficit spending or foreign policy. My understanding of Sanouse and his class is finite; I am not black or Latino, and I grew up in the suburbs. I will never like or take pride in Obama the same way he does. No matter how many times I make Sanouse laugh, or help him with multiplication, or watch George Lopez, there will always be that unbridgeable gap in understanding.

MISTER FATHER MCSHANE, TEAR DOWN THIS BUILDING! (BECAUSE MARTYR'S BLOWS)

by Brigh Gibbons
STAFF MARTYR

I believe it is time for our school to destroy the building presently known as Martyr's Court. For too long the administration has shrugged off the idea of the dormitory's destruction, and due to the opening of the new dormitories on campus, there is no reason why this place should exist any longer than I am a student (you've got two more years, Fordham).

After much consideration, I have come to the conclusion that for Fordham to allow Martyr's Court to still be inhabitable come next fall, they must want their students to be depressed. There is no other answer I can find in the world, for if they gave a damn about the well-being of their students, we

would see changes. As a quick tangent, I would like to further explain this aforementioned lack of administrative changes: our cafeteria is still terrible, the deli is still not open as long as the grille, the library still closes, the ongoing war on parties and fun is still being waged by security on students; however, none of these flaws outweigh the fact that Martyr's Court still exists.

How is it that Fordham deems it not only necessary, but also fun to destroy the hopes and dreams of the majority of an entire class year after year after year? I did not come back to Fordham as a sophomore to live worse than I did as a freshman (and I lived in Queen's Court, for Christ's sake). I did not think it could be possible to fit two grown men into a shoebox,

but when I arrived here back in August, I got to experience it firsthand. I will try not to dwell on the fact that the room conditions are worse than those at Guantanamo Bay; I have many more reasons for my hatred of Martyr's. First of all, why does my shower curtain have a glory hole? Seriously. Why do some of the fire extinguisher cases not have fire extinguishers in them? Why do other fire extinguisher cases have more than two extinguishers in them? Why are the study hall couches so filthy that you can see an outline of grime every time you stand up? By allowing this building to exist, Fordham is allowing freshman year (and apparently middle school) to happen again.

Although Martyr's might not have too many "broken win-

dows" per se, it is a perfect example of neglect being treated with even more neglect. Years of sophomore turmoil have translated into Martyr's being labeled as a shit heap, and it is in turn treated as such. Much like Hughes Hall, infamous to the entire community as the "freshman party dorm," Martyr's is also associated with doing drugs, drinking, fucking (loudly), and not recycling. How can we begin to measure this? I believe I already commented on the glory holes, but we can even go further. Martyr's is the kind of place where people use boxes of Franzia to keep their windows open. Plus, the study lounge garbage cans have been overflowing with Natural Light cans and handles of Potter's since September. Oh, college....

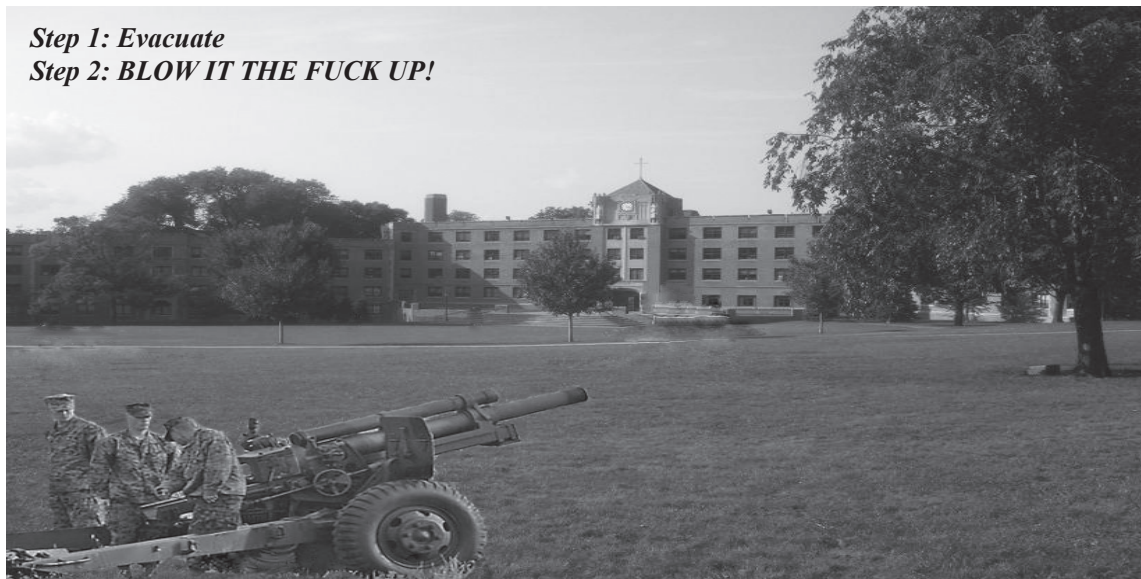
Recently, there have been rumors of possible plans to transform Martyr's Court (or at least part of it) into a freshman dormitory. The administration believes that by converting it to freshman living, the incoming class will have no idea of its "let's party at everyone else's expense" attitude and perhaps improve living conditions for all. This would make sense if we didn't have Hughes Hall to prove otherwise. It has long been a freshman dorm, and yet year after year residents can be found hard at work making it a shit show.

Also, the genuine lack of morals and manners inside the halls of Martyr's Court can also be blamed on the fact that there are just too many people here. Due to the fact that your entire class is in one building, Residential Life's puritanical policies towards guests of the opposite sex need no consideration. What does that mean for the sophomore class of Fordham University? Herpes. Everywhere.

Martyr's Court is a terrible building, and it detracts from almost every aspect of college life at Fordham. Why would Fordham want an ugly building such as Martyr's to be one of the first major buildings seen while stepping off the Metro North? With exceptions to Walsh and JMH, Martyr's Court takes the cake for being the most depressing-looking building on campus. Fortunately, my major reasons for attending this school did not include its aesthetic features.

And so I therefore call on Fordham to do what it should have done years ago: get it out of here. Expand Martyr's lawn, put in a small pond, turn the land into a small park, or even build a new dormitory. With every swing of the wrecking ball, and every brick of dynamite, our quality of life will improve.

Step 1: Evacuate
Step 2: BLOW IT THE FUCK UP!



Dum Yer'self Down!!

How Awful Movies Can Give Your Brain A Much Needed Break

by Sean Kelly
EXECUTIVE
CO-EDITOR

Watching and enjoying horrible films certainly has a unique allure for many individuals. Laughing at shoddy special effects, pointing out painfully stale and trite clichés in the character's dialogue, and laughing at the director's supposed ineptitude gives movie connoisseurs and dilettantes alike a smug feeling of satisfaction and superiority as they mercilessly deconstruct what they perceive to be a failed attempt at cinema and think about how they would never even think of creating something so tawdry and amateur.

Fair enough.

Tearing apart something that is genuinely terrible is, at the most base level, lots of fun. And why shouldn't it be? From elementary school playground teasing to political satire, human beings spend a solid portion of their lives amusing themselves and others by bemoaning the awful (and we at *the paper* are certainly no strangers that). But when all is said and done, what is the intended end of watching

a bad movie just to point out the obvious and accepted fact that it is bad by phrasing your complaints in several different ways? Though it is undeniably entertaining to rip apart something awful that probably shouldn't have been created in the first place, doesn't it sort of miss the point? It seems as if it would be much easier and much more rewarding to give your cerebellum a short siesta, dumb yourself down a bit, and resign yourself to the fact that even though whatever you're watching is objectively awful, it's probably, on the superficial level, totally bitchin'.

So give it a try! Turn off your ironic filter, accept the internal logic of whatever piece of crap you're watching, and let your most base desires run rampant for an hour or two while watching bad computer graphics and unrealistic explosions. Here are a few suggestions to get you started:

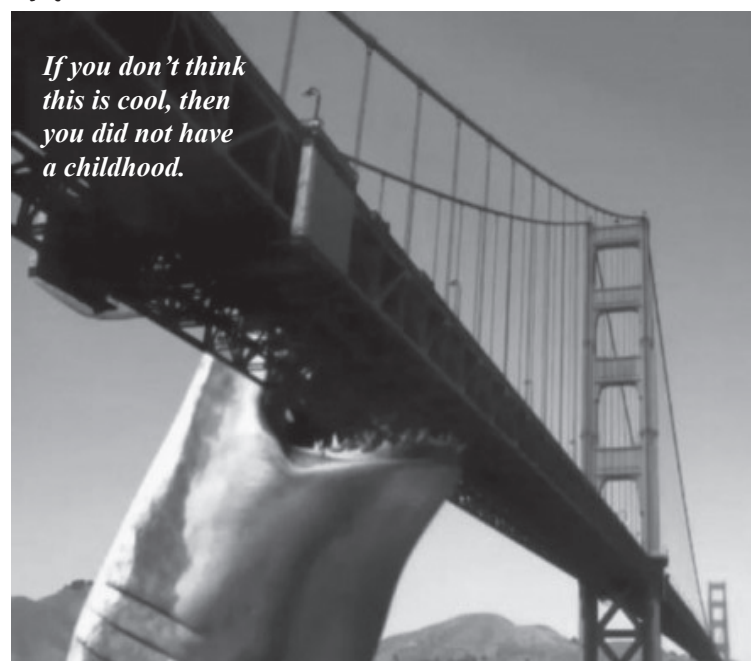
Mega Shark vs. Giant Octopus

The premise of this movie seems like something a fifth grader would scrawl in the margins of his notebook during

math class, and for that reason is definitely worth watching. Basically, two prehistoric monsters, the titular mega shark and giant octopus, are discovered buried in ice by a couple of scientists in a submarine. The beasts are freed when a whale breaks their icy prison, and chaos ensues along the California coast when an oil rig is torn to bits by the disgruntled cephalopod and a plane is snatched out of the air by the very hungry shark. Yes, it's dumb, but seeing a shark flying through the air at 35,000 feet and hewing a 747 in half with its gaping maw is, for lack of a better word, fucking brutal, and watching this scene violently jerks your dormant inner child out of time-out and gives it a chainsaw to play with in the backyard. It's fun; it's dangerously fun.

Killer Klowns From Outer Space

Aren't self-explanatory titles just the best? KKFOS centers around a group of aliens who look like... well, clowns, who land in a small, indistinct town and go straight up 'nanners on the poor inhabitants. The creators of this gem spared no expense in sticking to the circus



If you don't think this is cool, then you did not have a childhood.

motif: a big-top shaped spaceship, popcorn cannons, and the alie - excuse me, "klowns" - curious habit of encasing victims in cotton candy and drinking their blood with crazy straws all coalesce to form a work full of agonizing cliché, almost desperate adherence to an unapologetically tacky theme, and rampant dumb awesomeness that gives the viewer the sense that everyone involved in the writing and execution of this film were trying to please a control group of twelve-year-old wres-

tling fanatics with a penchant for burning ants with magnifying glasses. Essentially, it's the most fun you can hope to have watching a B-horror movie on a couch by yourself in the dark.

Blacula

The greatness of the eponymous portmanteau says it all. Dracula bites an African prince, prince wakes up a few centuries later and chews up half of LA while funk music plays. Great idea, or BEST idea? Watch and decide for yourself.

arts

WHITE PEOPLE STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND RAP Even If Post-Racial Attitudes Beg To Differ

by Nick Murray
STAFF ROBBIN(' THE)
HOOD

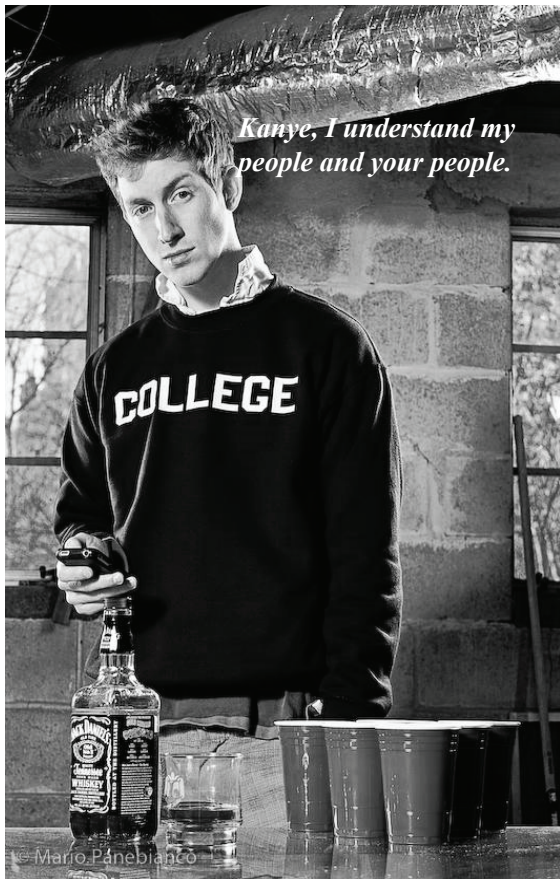
In last week's "Earwax," my *Paper*-colleague Keegan Talty reviewed Asher Roth's newest mixtape, *Seared Foie Gras with Quince & Cranberry*, giving it three and a half q-tips and calling the rapper "an ideal performer to convey the message [of post-racial society]." Yet even though the author believes our society has become post-racial (congrats, guys!), he felt it necessary to mention that the white Roth "represents a minority in the hip-hop realm" and, in a passage left on the proverbial print shop floor, that "gangsta rap" is primarily made by and for "black people."

Post-what? But let's not go there just now. I first heard of Roth a couple years ago when his freestyle over the beat to Lil Wayne's "A Milli" started generating some buzz on the hip-hop blogosphere. Over the song's three minutes and forty-nine seconds, Roth calls out rappers for owning "a seven series and a brand new peacoat" but not "donat[ing] to charity," insinuates that all rap stars are self-centered, and posits himself as the champion of "my people who can't afford hampers."

In a rap game where adjectives seem to exist only in the superlative, this remains one of the most self-righteous tracks I've ever heard. Ironically, or

perhaps fittingly, Roth, the rapper who *took a stand* against indulgence, less a year later hit the big time with his single "I Love College," the ultimate celebration and glorification of white upper-middle class indulgence.

Calling this music a "high-class and well-educated brand of hip-hop," shows a cynicism



Kanye, I understand my people and your people.

towards both education and hip-hop. Roth's rhymes are predictable and uncreative, especially in comparison to "gangstas" like Gucci Mane and Z-Ro, the type Keegan oddly dismisses as patronizing. Unlike these artists' recent output, Roth's raps are not smart or creative but instead are branded with signifiers that suggest "high class." These include everything from the mixtape's bougie cover and title, to rhymes boasting about Mario Cart skills, and yes, the rapper's skin color.

However, I'm not writing this article to single out Keegan and his poor taste. Rather, his

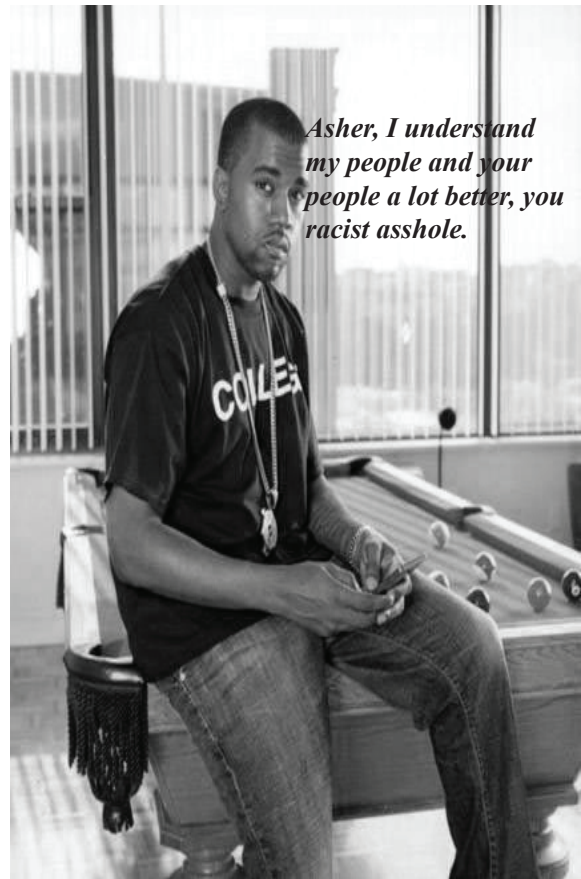
review got me wondering, what *do* we mean when we talk about society or pop music as "post-racial." It's clear what we don't mean. We don't mean that the systemic privileging of white people has come to an end. Nor do we mean the same in regards to the structural disadvantaging of peoples of color. And we certainly don't mean that race no longer matters. If there's anything Keegan's review proves, it's this.

Post-raciality, then, only involves people of color tangentially, only as the object of the guilt that no longer needs to be felt or the burden that no longer needs to be borne. Post-raciality is a phenomenon that only directly involves white people, and in this sense Keegan was right in calling Asher Roth its ideal representative. However, he's far from the only example we can cite.

A couple weeks ago in this space I wrote about Ke\$ha's crunk influences, and her records certainly deserve to be mentioned again in this discussion. Consider "Tik Tok," which not only invokes crunk but also summons P. Diddy then dismisses him before he can mumble anything but a couple generic syllables. Miley Cyrus's "Party in the U.S.A." fits too. In the same gesture by which Roth transformed those "who can't afford hampers" into his people, Miley Cyrus is able to transform "the Jay-Z song" into her song. All the better that she has since claimed to have never actually listened to a Jay-Z song, as neither Jay nor his music matter here.

Perhaps now that we've rid ourselves of illusions of post-raciality, we can go back and look closer at a topic I only touched on above—the differ-

ence between music (or anything, I guess) being smart and being branded with certain class signifiers. I should begin by saying that the two don't have to be mutually exclusive. Vampire Weekend, the other focus of my previous article, obviously attests to this. In fact, part of what makes Vampire Weekend



Asher, I understand my people and your people a lot better, you racist asshole.

so interesting is how, especially on their most recent album, they manage to flip those signifiers (diplomat's sons, Richard Serra, sweet carob rice cakes, etc...) into something subversive and contrary.

However, most artists aiming highbrow have neither the skill nor the tact of Vampire Weekend. Returning to hip-hop, the distinction I'm talking about can be seen in the examples of—and the reception to—two rappers who signed their first major label deals within the last year: Drake, whose style is usually described as "lyrical," and Gucci Mane, who is often con-

sidered, in the words usually on point Wendy Day, "not-so-lyrical."

To one familiar with these artists, this contrast makes little sense. Gucci's verses, for instance, contain a level of craftsmanship rarely seen in contemporary hip-hop. This doesn't properly translate to the brief couplets my word limit would restrict me to quoting. However, such isolation does not take away from the creative description and intricate internal rhythm of lines like "Clip same size as Nia Long, clip long as a pringles can/ Four-five desert eagle on me, you'll think I'm an Eagles fan/ Toni Braxton sniper rifle make you never breathe again."

So why do so many listeners consider this dense imagery not-so-lyrical but find Drake's monotonous flows and dull punchlines intelligent? There's no one single answer, but the manner in which the latter brands his music and image with signifiers and a certain surface-intellectualism that serve as catnip for those who consider themselves *enlightened* hip-hop fans, allowing them to listen to rap while insisting that the south killed hip-hop. Maybe it can even be their song.

Paper Baby knows
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a scary place.
warn the neophytes!
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Marina Abramovic

The Artist is Present Naked

by Lauren Duca
STAFF COPPED A FEEL

I went to see “The Artist Is Present”, the performance art exhibit by famed exhibitionist Marina Abramovic, just a few weeks after its opening, so I was there early enough that most people hadn’t heard about it yet. I could see faces light up with the question, “Are they... really naked?” They were, and they were blocking the entrance to the remainder of the gallery. Reenacting “Imponderabilia”, a performance Marina originally underwent with former partner Ulay (Uwe Laysiepen), two performers, chosen at random from a group of 38, stand facing each other, just close enough that it is impossible not to brush against at least 2 body parts on the way through.

Initially, the atmosphere is haunting. Abramovic’s voice echoes through the retrospective, “Art is beautiful, artist is beautiful,” repeating sporadically. A daily routine becomes a grisly ritual as she brushes her hair on a giant screen hung in the center of the room. There are three videos are projected on a wall. In one, Abramovic lays on a bed, head back, screaming. Next to it, she shakes her nude body violently, head covered, attempting to reach a point of exhaustion and transcend physicality. In the third, she says random words, testing the bounds of her memory, seeing if it will run out. The sounds combine in a creepy cacophony.

In the far corner is “Rhythm 0,” which consists of a table featuring 72 objects. A saw, a whip, condoms, a rose, a bottle of nail polish, and wine are among them. In the center there are instructions, “The following are to be used on the artist as desired.” Abramovic’s body was her medium, as she stood unresisting, and allowed people to use the items on her as they pleased. A slide show near by features pictures of patrons writing on Abramovic or pouring liquid over her head; one woman gently applies blush to her cheeks. Before beginning her performance she said, “I don’t want to die, I just want to get as close to the edge as I can.” And she got pretty damn close, the chat card relaying a story of a man who cocked the gun and held it to her head. The exhibit includes over 50 works from the past 4 decades. Many of which are reenacted, while

others are displayed through photographs and video. In perhaps the most grueling, two performers sit, back to back, their hair typing their heads together. Close by, a projector displays a nude Marina and Ulay in one of their many collaborations: the two cannot see one another and must hold up a mirror without using their arms, cooperating so that it does not fall and break.

In another piece, “Rest Energy,” Marina grasps the bow of an arrow Ulay pointed directly at her heart. Together, they explored their relationship to time, space, and each other. Eventually they began to consider themselves a “two-headed boy”, which they referred to as “that self,” a name which arose from a performance entitled “Relation in Space” where they ran in orbits, combining male and female energy. Ultimately, Abramovic and Laysiepen created a hermaphroditic state of being, that then lead to their “death self.” They explored the individual’s ability to “absorb” the life of another, breathing into each other’s mouths, in increasingly larger breaths. They passed out after 17 minutes. After working together for nearly 12 years, the two decided to part ways.

“making a case for resurrecting art that yearns to vanish”. But she has only partially succeeded in this endeavor. The videos are mesmerizing, but they are of course not the same as an actual performance. An audience cannot participate with a performer whose actions are being replayed and projected on a wall. And the reenactments feel almost stale. Marina herself is re-



enacting “Nightsea Crossing,” in which she and Ulay sat across a table, staring into each other’s eyes until no longer physically able. Here Marina stares in the eyes of many people, one at time. Sitting in a wooden chair, in a long-sleeved, floor-length red dress, Marina plans to stay until May 31st, at which point she will have endured 716 hours and 30 minutes of performance. Perhaps she’ll transition from evening gown to sweet pants midway through. Maybe switch out the chair for a couch. Walking past her in the 2nd floor atrium, a man yelled out, “Hey! Hey Marina! I just saw your tits.” A large portion of Marina’s work is based on “feeding off the energy of the audience.” It seems his energy wasn’t the brand she was interested in, as she



With The Great Wall of China as their final stage, they each walked for 3 months from opposite sides to meet in the middle and say their goodbyes. After leaving Ulay, Abramovic continued performing on her own, in other works also featured in the retrospective. Her overall intention in this exhibition is to prove that seemingly ephemeral performance art can in fact be preserved. She’s

did not react. The general public reaction appears to be, “naked people or whatever, cool.” What was once “transgressive” and “poetic,” seems to be lacking in heat. Perhaps things would be different with a more appreciative crowd, people actually intrigued by performance art who are not just strolling up to the 6th floor because the Tim Burton exhibit sold out on free Friday.



Hey Readers,
Listen – we all almost died underneath McGinley to give you this here issue. And if there’s an event we should all celebrate and recognize as important, it’s the compilation of this beautiful black, white, and sometimes red-all-over piecemeal package of “the Fordham student perspective.” And if there’s an event we should recognize after that it’s Spring Weekend – which, to remind you, is this coming weekend. The remaining events on this list only reflect the views and opinions of the author. She can’t give you any more views or opinions after this. Have a great summer, Fordham.
-K.C.

What: Otto Dix exhibition
When: Now until August
Where: Neue Galerie, 1048 Fifth Ave
HOWMUCH: \$10 students
Why: See pg. 17 for a review of the whole bit. Too lazy? Well it’s basically what all the fine German or Austrian art patrons from Neue could gather from every source in New York And Beyond on Otto Dix – put on display in 4 different rooms for 4 different artist themes.

What: Showdown on Wallstreet
When: Thur. April 29th – 1:30 pm
Where: 1:30 in Keating or meet at 2:15 at library gate
HOWMUCH: This is a CAUSE!
Why: To be un-biased: Americans deserve an economy that works for all of us, not just Wall Street. Join the Northwest Bronx Community and Clergy Coalition, the AFL-CIO, National Peoples Action, and other members of the Fordham community to take action. York is facing a \$9 billion budget deficit that it proposes to close by cutting aid to schools, to health care, to public employees, to state parks, to housing – to almost everything that our state needs to thrive. There is a discussion in Keating 319 before students and staff will make their way down to Wall Street as part of a nationwide demonstration.

What: World Voices Festival of International Literature “Translation Slam”
When: Fri. April 30th 8 pm
Where: Bowery Poetry Club, 308 Bowery
HOWMUCH: \$10
Why: “Back for the third year running is the fast, fascinating, and fun Translation Slam. Borrowed from our friends in Montreal, and fine-tuned to a New York bent, the Translation Slam puts translators in the spotlight in a duel to the literary -- not to say literal -- death. Joining us for tonight’s tussle are Thomas Pletzinger from Germany and Martin Pollack from Austria, who will be translating Cathy Park Hong, and Assaf Gavron and Barbara Harshav, who will tackle the work of Alex Epstein.”

What: SPRING WEEKEND
When: THIS WEEKEND
Where: WHEREVER YOU ARE
HOWMUCH: HOW MUCH YOU WANNA PAY
Why: DON’T ASK QUESTIONS

OTTO DIX TEACHED ME DOITCH

by Kaitlin Campbell
ARTS CO-EDITOR

“Ich soll die auste llungen auf Deutsch” explained skinny cheerful tour-guide in the echoing marble lobby of the Neue Galerie. “The tour will be in German,” whispered friend Sarah into my ear, as one of many summarized translations she would breathe on me during the next hour of our tour of the museum’s most prized works and its featured Otto Dix exhibition.

Ten minutes into the tour, staring at Gustav Klimt’s portrait of a woman whose hesitant features are lost on a plane of ornate golden décor, I looked around at the group of nodding German speakers, and realized how entirely foreign I felt in a place seeped in two cultures I know relatively nothing about.

Sarah had invited me to the Neue Galier – New York’s museum of German and Austrian art – to accompany her on what we can call a “German class field trip.” Aimless and intrigued, I agreed to go with so little expectations that some could call me “unprepared.” And I was very much unprepared – I do not speak German, I had only seen Otto Dix

paintings in European history textbooks and I had no broad concept of German and Austrian art. But even against all of these odds, and even though I left the museum half-running out the door whispering to Sarah “let’s get out of here, get some Spanish food, and fucking relax,” I was intrigued enough to want to return to the Otto Dix exhibit and spend more time in each of the “zimmers” showcasing the four themes his work encapsulates.

The first of Dix’s themes the exhibition addresses I his traumatic experiences as a soldier in World War I. Through a narrow sloping entrance of bare, black sheet-wood, out of the gallery’s otherwise guilded and pristine second floor, I walked past the white graffiti “Dix” into a dimly lit and dreary room full of small framed visions of face-wounds and dismembered limbs; charcoal and blood-red watercolor. Although many critics automatically consider Dix’s World War I paintings as “anti-war,” the artist’s intention was to portray war at its grim reality without an agenda. As someone who fought in the Battle of the

Somme, the bloodiest and longest battle of the war, Dix’s portrayal, especially in his painting “The Trenches” show the extreme and disillusioning reality of his memories and experiences.

Directly above the room full of World War I inspired paintings, there is a collection of Dix’s work that captures life in the Germany he remembers from before the war. Painting



“Portrait of Anita Berber”
by Otto Dix

seemed these paintings provided a botched but complete narrative of Dix foreshadowing the fate of Germany. One painting, styled as a family portrait, depicted a husband and wife holding a baby whose demonic face was only highlighted by its contrast with the young daughter beside him staring directly out of the painting and holding a small red flower, placing it on the wriggly baby’s lap. Some interpretations say the baby is suppose to represent Jesus – and according to German legend the flower held by the girl, the small red wildflower (when seen in pairs of three) is symbolic of the stigmata. Other interpretations, of course – say the girl handing the red flower to the baby represents the entrance of socialism into Germany.

Another eerie foretelling from Dix’s brush strokes is his simple winter landscape painting of a hill and graveyard near his native home – the dead, stark, bareness of winter, and the addition of the graveyard (something that didn’t actually belong in the real-life hill) – was his way of expressing the moment he felt “Germany died,” and that was the winter the Nuremburg Laws

were passed. Although the fourth and finally room in the exhibition was not nearly as informative and fascinating as this third room quasi-historical narrative – it was the most artistically and aesthetically pleasing. Perhaps his most famous portrait, that of the dancer Anita Berber burned bright red into the foreground of the surrounding but equally as erotically intriguing paintings around it. The snakelike, sinful poise of Anita and the burning dark red shadow behind her outline were enough, according to the tour-guide, for Dix to communicate the fleeting life this young dancer lived because of her passionate and therefore fast-extinguishing lifestyle – as “a candle burning on both ends.”

This painting, along with the others I was briefly able to digest, burned a stamp of interest onto my previously ignorant and aimless brain. I will definitely return to spend more time outside the confines of a German tour I couldn’t even understand – and I suggest everyone else also give this exhibition a visit.

As I scanned the room, it

during the Weimar Republic, Dix returned from war not initially interested in depicting what he just cruelly encountered, but wanted to bring back to life a Germany he was nostalgic for – thus this “theme” that the first room in the 3rd floor gallery contained was to show case portraits and animate depictions of the Germany he remembered from before the war. Among the paintings in this room, hangs his famous *Sunday Stroll*, a crude caricature depiction of a German aristocratic family presumably, well, taking a stroll on Sunday.

When I entered the next room we were all ushered into on the third floor of the gallery, I thought that the Dix exhibit had ended because the styles there encapsulated there – those of his “golden Weimar years” -- varied so intensely. Here hung all of Dix’s allegorical and religious paintings, as well as landscapes and nude portraits. As whispered in my ear from Sarah-the-translator, the collection also included work from the 1920’s when Dix work became focusing on protesting the rise of the Third Reich.

As I scanned the room, it



Let’s be real. The rest of your time here you’ll be desecrating Eddies or stumbling around off-campus on the way to Black-out City, or some combination of the two. So instead, here’s a list (in no particular order) of the extremely epic festivals you can catch this summer when there’s a little extra dough rolling in your jorts pockets and you miss your bros.

What: Bonnaroo
When: June 10-13
Where: Manchester, TN
How Much: \$250 for a 3-day pass, camping included
Why: Bonnaroo is probably the best summer festival with tickets still available. Headliners are Jay-Z, DeadMau5, LCD Soundsystem, Dead Weather, Phoenix, Stevie Wonder (whoa), Conan O’Brien, The xx, Regina Spektor... and about 150 other bands. Three days of music, booze, illicit activities, splashing in fountains and mud wrestling. OH, and Ben&Jerry’s named one of their new flavors after it, Bonnaroo Buzz, a sweet as fuck combination of coffee, toffee, and WHISKEY. The fest is notoriously pretty ridiculous: my friend found a dead body there last year. Not lying. Definitely worth the money considering, and it never gets a bad review. Bonnaroo.com

What: Lollapalooza
When: August 6-8
Where: Grant Park, Chicago
How Much: \$215 for a 3-day pass
Why: Lollapalooza used to be a touring festival that popularized a lot of 90s bands Then it died and now only hits Chicago one weekend per year. Equally as ridiculous and heavy on the awesome as Bonnaroo, its headliners this year include The Strokes, Lady Gaga, The Arcade Fire, Hot Chip, Spoon, Chromeo, Gogol Bordello, Stars, and Wavves, among many others. And it’s NOT in the sweltering deep south in the middle of the summer. Lollapalooza.com

What: Sasquatch Music Festival
When: May 29-31
Where: The Gorge, Quincy, WA
How Much: \$70 per day
Why: The Gorge has been voted one of America’s best outdoor amphitheatres, a grassy little bowl right next to a mountain lake that’s every stoners dream. Sasquatch started in 2002 when the then-big-name touring festivals were dying out and there was a huge void in the festival scene, especially in the Pacific Northwest. It’s staying consistently awesome with this year’s line-up, including Pavement, MGMT, Passion Pit, Band of Horses, Broken Social Scene, Public Enemy, and DJ Z-Trip as well as most of the major headliners from the Coachella/Bonnaroo/Lolla sets. It’s also a green festival; hard core recycling and carbon-neutral. Sasquatchfestival.com

What: Lilith Fair
When: various dates from June 27 – Aug. 16
Where: cities throughout the U.S.
How Much: \$50ish
Why: Lilith Fair is an all-female music festival started by Sarah McLaughlin in the late 90s to raise money for women’s charities and earned more money than any music festival at the time. It’s returning from a decade-long hiatus with a kick-ass set list including Erykah Badu, Gossip, Tegan and Sara, A Fine Frenzy, and Janelle Monae, along with a ton of performers from the original founding tour. And seriously, if you’re balking because it’s all female performers... you’re a fucking moron. It is a touring festival, so line-up changes depending on your city, but it’s also only \$40 for general admission. Lilithfair.com

What: Mountain Man Music Festival
When: July 24
Where: Saratoga Springs, NY
How Much: \$35
Why: see “Bigfoot Want Music”, pg. 18

What: Warped Tour
When: all summer
Where: middle America
How Much: \$40ish
Why: Remember this? So middle school. So Blink-182 and the first time I crowd surfed. But now it’s full of scene pre-teens, tear. This shouldn’t be your bag of chips for so many reasons.

BIG FOOT WANT MUSIC

Mountain Man Fest *Might* Be Awesome

by Sean Kelly
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

As the summer music festival season kicks in to gear, the heavy-hitting and well-established festivals such as Bonnaroo and Lollapalooza are announcing their lineups, preparing for a veritable deluge of fans, and sizing up their whopping price tags before the first days of the summer reach us. But in the shadow of these giants, there is, in the preliminary stages of development, a fledgling festival that, if all goes according to plan, has the potential to shift the big, ostentatious and expensive music fest paradigm.

Mountain Man Fest, slated to take place on July 24th in Saratoga Springs, NY, is currently raising funds and booking acts for what can only be described as a Herculean undertaking for the festival's promoters. Sponsored by Underwater Peoples Records, to whom many of the acts are signed, the festival's current lineup includes a diverse array of artists from across the country, including such gems as noise rockers HEALTH, Canada's Islands, Woods, Real Estate, Alex Bleeker & The Freaks, and Seattle experimental group Pill



Wonder, among others.

So, what exactly is it that sets this festival apart from all others? Sure, the diversity of the artists and the unconventional locale (Saratoga Springs usually only sees the occasional large acts at its local performing arts center, as well as the annual two nights of Dave Matthews Band that has plagued the city for nearly a decade now) certainly make the festival quite unique. But it's the way in which the festival (or, more accurately,

prospective festival) is funded that truly makes Mountain Man Fest something new and innovative: if indeed things work out as visionaries Shane Frasier and Gabriel Stinson plan, then Mountain Man Fest will be the first ever music festival funded entirely by fans, with no money up front.

Frasier, a Saratoga native, had the idea for a music festival anchored by diverse and emerging talent stewing in his brain for years before acting on it. Late last year, Frasier compiled a list of around three hundred prospective bands, and began contacting them one by one without any investors, reserved space or definitive date in mind, a strategy that would make most concert promoters shudder. After getting a few notable acts to sign on for the project and receiving support from Underwater Peoples, Frasier teamed

up with local resident Gabriel Stinson to make their idea a reality. The two started a page for the festival on Kickstarter.com, an online fundraising platform with a unique "all or nothing" fundraising philosophy (that is, all funds must be raised by a certain date before all donors are charged), and are currently in the process of raising the necessary monies before the May 12th deadline. Though supporters can make donations as low as \$1, a full day's ticket will cost you \$35, while \$250 will get you backstage passes, lounge access, a table and all sorts of cushy amenities to boot.

Though the project is ambitious and the guerilla fundraising tactics are off to a rather auspicious start, Mountain Man Fest is by no means a definite. For the festival to happen, a daunting \$65,000 dollars must be obtained from fans that have no guarantee as to whether or not the festival will even happen. Initially, fans seemed somewhat skeptical about where exactly their donations would be going (the comment thread on BrooklynVegan's article on the festival was fraught with those of little faith bemoaning the costs and the unconventional fundraising methods). However, Frasier and Stinson allayed the

fears of prospective donors by posting a breakdown of the necessary expenses, which includes nearly \$49,000 for band fees alone, on their Kickstarter page.

Aside from bringing the independent promotional attitude to a completely different level and relying on the dedication of fans for support, Mountain Man Fest also has the distinct advantage of bringing burgeoning artists from many different genres to a single place that would otherwise never see music like this. Although the scenic beauty and proximity to nature are certainly wonderful things, this particular region of upstate New York has been plagued for decades by what could be described as a cultural drought. The local music scene is little more than a desultory mix of bar cover bands, high school students imitating stale post-hardcore and screamo and a (paradoxically) thriving and annoyingly upbeat group of ska-core bands comprised of high school marching band horn sections, and the region rarely (if ever) receives an opportunity to be exposed to the more experimental and unconventional music being created all over the country. If Mountain Man Fest can manage to get off the ground, that just may finally change.

KICK-ASS: BLOODY, DISGUSTING, AND OBSCENE

Just the Way Your Mother Likes It

by Alex Gibbons
CO-EDITOR IN CHIEF

I first became familiar with the work of Mark Millar, writer and producer of *Kick-Ass*, about a year ago when I picked up *Civil War*, a series Millar created for Marvel that pitted the characters of that universe against each other in a spandex crazy super brawl. My next encounter with Millar's work was *Kick-Ass*, a self published, ultraviolent and obscenity ridden foray into to fantasy of every adolescent comic book fan. I liked it. Millar embraced a garish style, writing a blood soaked mess full of f-words and c-words with no regard for the expectations of mainstream producers and critics. Millar was so dedicated to his own vulgarities that he raised the production funds for the movie version of *Kick-Ass* himself in order to ensure the adaptation was as faithful to the source as possible.

The premise of *Kick-Ass* is that Dave Lizewski (Aaron Johnson), America's most average comic book fan, gets fed up with reading about superheroes and decides to become one. It's not a particularly new idea; Marvel created Frank Castle and DC has Bruce Wayne, both individuals without superpow-

ers. But Castle and Wayne have unlimited resources, money, weapons, and yet to be developed gadgets, which are, in a way, sort of super. Millar took a teenage comic book fan, gave him a \$75 scuba suit and a pair of batons, called him Kick-Ass and made him fight crime.

Predictably, Lizewski is physically ruined in every encounter he has with lowlifes. One particularly choppy, violent, and exhausting scene pits Kick-Ass against four muscle bound men. The fight that ensues is ferocious. Kick-Ass flails about clumsily, refusing to submit under the criminal's blows and punches. His own fighting style is a series of random body movement—he'll swing a baton randomly and just happen to connect with the bridge of a thug's nose, for instance.

Though he eventually drives the thugs off, Kick-Ass is left a bloodied mess, bruised and exhausted and struggling to remain vigilant. And here is where the allure of *Kick-Ass* lies. Lizewski is like Peter Parker, respectable, good natured, charming, and innocent. Unlike Peter Parker, though, who can incapacitate baddies while delivering packaged wit, Lizewski is an awkward, self-conscious boob who, no matter how suc-

cessful a night of crime-fighting is, always gets his ass whopped. This nerdy and awkward machismo is what pushes the fantasy forward.

Enter Big Daddy (Nic Cage) and Hit Girl (Chloe Moretz), a father/daughter costumed hero team who shoot, stab, mutilate, and explode criminals as part of their crusade against crime. Both characters are a delight to see on the big screen. Cage stomps around in his Big Daddy gear, delivering lines like he's Adam West while Moretz (who is thirteen years old) spits expletives (at least one c-word) and cuts up foes three times her size in an over sexualized, Catholic school girl ensemble.

Whereas Kick-Ass typifies one extreme of the hypothetical real-life superhero—the heroic and noble punching bag—Big Daddy and Hit Girl represent the opposite spectrum, the ruthless and chaotic vigilantes out for blood. Millar makes us choose, we can have our inexperienced punching bag with a big heart, or our calculating dogooders who solve the criminal issue with cold extermination. It's one or the other, but there can't be any Peter Parker.



What follows after Big Daddy and Hit Girl's introduction is violent spectacle after spectacle. For this reason, your grandfather would probably consider this movie morally bankrupt, like Roger Ebert and most other antediluvians. Yes, *Kick-Ass* is violent. The movie has marketed itself on the de-based content contained within. But the violence is fun. It's loud and poppy and colorful. In one scene Hit Girl disposes of twenty some-odd mobsters as she shoots, cuts, and punches her way through a penthouse. Her victims are arranged like video game baddies, some of them hilarious, most of them hapless, and each of them an excuse for her to display ultraviolence or call one of them a cunt (fuck

Barbie, my daughter's growing up with action figures).

The movie's main weakness lies in its unwillingness to hold back. The whole attraction of *Kick-Ass* is its absurd attitude. But the movie does such a good job at anesthetizing its own violence that, when the audience is presented with the climactic showdown the hilarious, over-the-top ending comes off as a logical conclusion to the preceding events (rarely do I find myself thinking "oh, a jet-pack with a mini gun attached, I should have expected that"). But is it worth the admission? Sure, it's a pretty fun time, and a movie that is very hard *not* to like, which is more than I can say for most new releases these days.

FEMINISM ON FOX

by **Caroline Egan**
STAFF BLADE OF
EQUALITY

Feminism is rarely mentioned in a positive light on any mainstream TV show, let alone one of the most popular and innovative of the year. How rare then that a show like *Glee* exists, its hilarity combined with an ability to touch upon important social issues. Each episode of the hit show does not simply hint at but truly addresses real complicated issues, including bullying, eating disorders, teen pregnancy, sex education, LG-BTQ rights, and now, with its Madonna episode, feminism.

The episode starts with a discussion of gender equality and the need to respect women throughout the glee club. To highlight the everyday pressures that teenage girls face in trying to find their own voice and identity, the show decided to use Madonna's independence, strength, and confidence as its theme and inspiration.

Amongst the heavy issues discussed in the episode, it started with Rachel confiding in the rest of the glee girls about a guy not understanding her reasons for not wanting to have sex.

While some of the girls claim they never say no, "solving" the problem right there, the sassy and powerful Mercedes proclaims how much she anticipates being able to anger a man by saying no. Tina sighs in discontent, telling the rest of the girls "we just have to accept that guys don't care about our feelings." This is accompanied by Tina's boyfriend, Artie, telling her that "the whole goth look is over" and if she's going to be seen with him she must look the part. Talk about objectification!

Then, Quinn (a character who is pregnant and was kicked out of her restrictive Evangelical home for it) tells Mr. Schu, the glee club's coach, that "women still make 70 cents to every dollar that a man earns for doing the same job" and explains how this attitude begins in high school, hinting that she is more socially aware than her stereotypical public perception

as a dumb cheerleader lets on. Additionally incorporating this statistic, the show underscores the importance of its male char-

acters learning to walk in women's shoes in order to understand their feelings and achieve gender equality. While the men of the episode were called out by their glee club teacher as being disrespectful, bullying, and misogynistic, the first solution seemed to be convincing the guys to sing Madonna's "What It Feels Like For a Girl" in order for them to better connect with a woman's perspective.

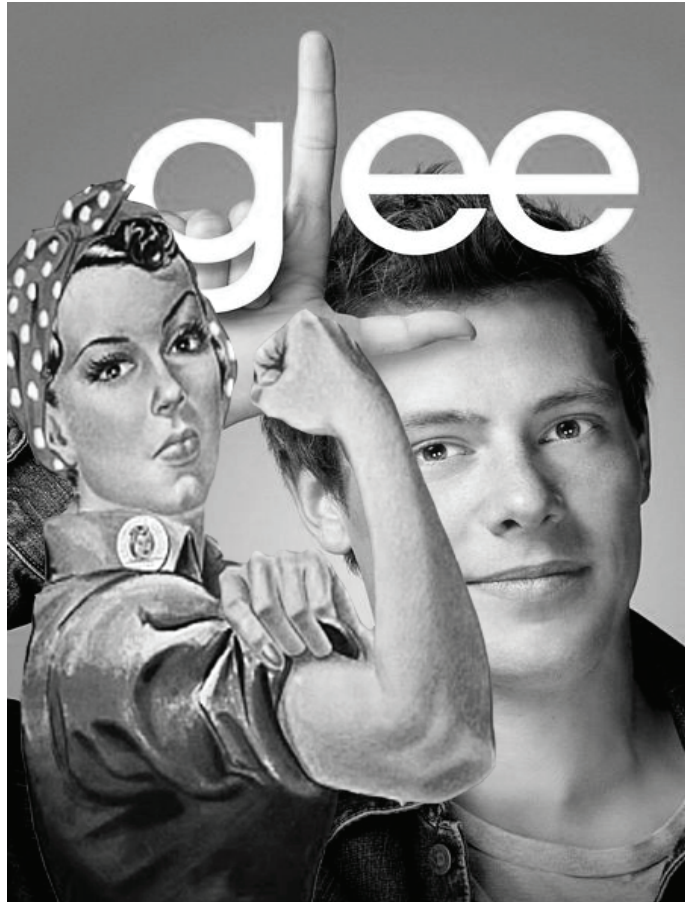
After calling "hey girl!" at Tina in the hallway, she shouts back with one of

the greatest feminist lines in recent history: "My eyes are up here. I am a person with feelings. Get out of my grill. I am a powerful woman and my

growing feminism will cut you in half like a righteous blade of equality!" Tina turns the other way with a sense of strength and refusal to let any guy attempt to change her for his personal gratification. In reaction to this wielding of a 'feminist blade of equality,' Artie apologizes to his lady and assures her that he was out of line for asking her to change.

For most, it may seem silly that I praise *Glee* for mentioning feminism or addressing issues like misogyny and sexism in our daily lives, but the fact is not everyone realizes that a love interest or significant other has no right to dictate who you should be. The mention of feminism on a show like *Glee* shows the continuing strength and relevance of the movement; the next great feminist leader could have learned about the movement and the word through *Glee*. Making feminism look cool (because it is!) and relevant through daily examples of gender inequity is something I have waited to be present in pop culture for quite some time.

So thanks *Glee* for recognizing how badness the 'feminist blade of equality' has been and always will.



Thom Yorke Severs his Radiohead

by **Andrew Craig**
STAFF ERASERHEAD

Thom Yorke took to the stage at Roseland Ballroom with his new band Atoms for Peace on April 5th playing an exclusive show on their brief tour. The band played two shows on the 5th and 6th which both unsurprisingly sold out in a matter of minutes. Yorke's fanbase is enormous, and this was evident as soon as I arrived at the venue: by the time I arrived at 5 the line was wrapped around two and a half blocks outside of the venue full of over-eager fans waiting for the door to open at 8. How did anybody even have a chance to become super-fans of this newly formed band?

Beginning as Yorke's side project from Radiohead this past fall, the band wasn't given a name until late February, when their two-week spring tour was announced. Atoms for Peace shares a name with one of Yorke's songs referring to Eisenhower's policy for peaceful nuclear energy use on his 2006 solo album *The Eraser* and features Radiohead producer Nigel Godrich, Beck/R.E.M. drummer Joey Waronker, percussionist/multi-instrumentalist Mauro Refosco, and Red Hot Chili Pepper bassist Flea.

The opening act of the first Roseland Ballroom show was DJ Flying Lotus - an artist



whose electronic influences parallel those in Yorke's music. For any fans of Adult Swim, Flying Lotus is the creator of the music that accompanies the snarky minimalist text in between shows. And for any fans of the show *Tim and Eric Awesome Show, Great Job!*, you simply have not lived until you have heard this man mix his sweet electro beats with Steve Brule's drunken shouts of "sweet berry wine!"

Atoms for Peace then took to the stage to perform a complete track-by-track run-through of

Yorke's 2006 solo album, *The Eraser*. Thom danced to the music throughout the entire show, grooving all around the stage, only to be upstaged in enthusiasm by bassist Flea. Even at the piano, Yorke was swaying to the rhythm as the music filled the venue.

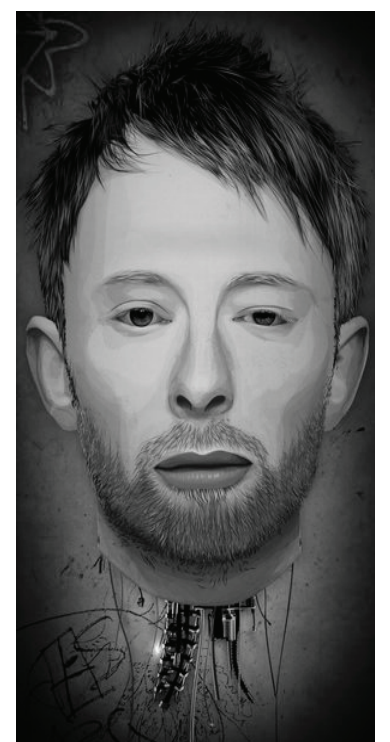
The Eraser is filled with stark, synthetic melodies and lonesome, sorrowful lyrics "Don't walk the plank like I did/ you will be dispensed with/ when you've become inconvenient," (though the band turned this idea on its head with their

upbeat dancing and arrangement of drums, electric and bass guitar, and a melodica that Flea played on "Skip Divided").

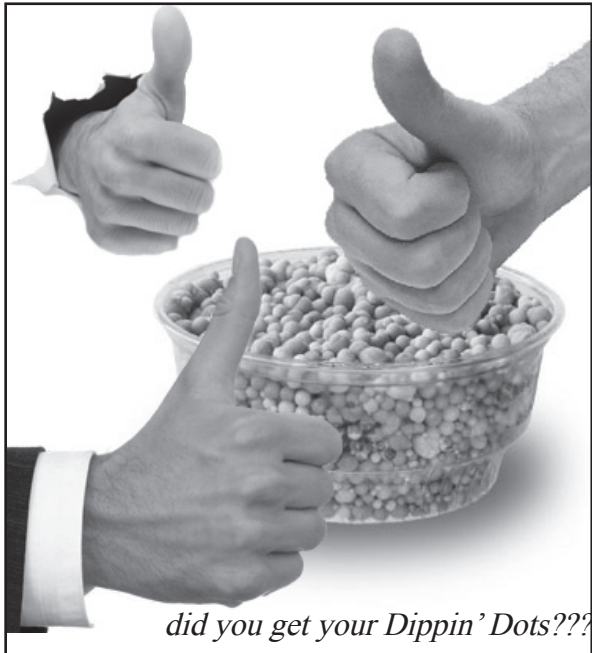
After working their way through all nine songs of Yorke's solo album, the group left the stage, returning after a short break to play an encore of several new songs (a couple that had been played only a few times at other shows, one brand-spanking-new one that Thom said was as of yet untitled, and two lesser-known Radiohead songs ("Everything in Its Right Place" and "Paperbag Writer"). "Now we're really gonna fucking freak out," Yorke said before closing the show with the two songs from his October single *FeelingPulledApartByHorses*.

I left slightly disappointed despite the brilliant performance. While Thom's solo work seemed to take on a new life with the live performance, and he treated the audience to glimpses of what will hopefully become a new Radiohead or solo album, he didn't play any of the Radiohead megahits that have made him so famous. There was no "Fake Plastic Trees," "Street Spirit (Fade Out)," "2+2=5," or any of the crowd-pleasers that I've dreamed of seeing at a Radiohead show. But I, along with most everybody in the crowd, I imagine, had to remind myself that this *wasn't* a Radiohead

show. Yorke is experimenting with a personal project, and the music that he played was a reflection of that. It's no coincidence that the two Radiohead songs he chose are two that draw heavily on electronic influences. And both because of and despite the fact that I am a maniacal Radiohead fan, I accepted that while I wanted to see a live performance of my favorite Radiohead songs, that wasn't the goal of this project. This is something new—not worse, not better, just...new. Different and thought-provoking and brilliant in a way that only Thom Yorke can pull off.



the paper's guide to surviving spring weekend



did you get your Dippin' Dots???

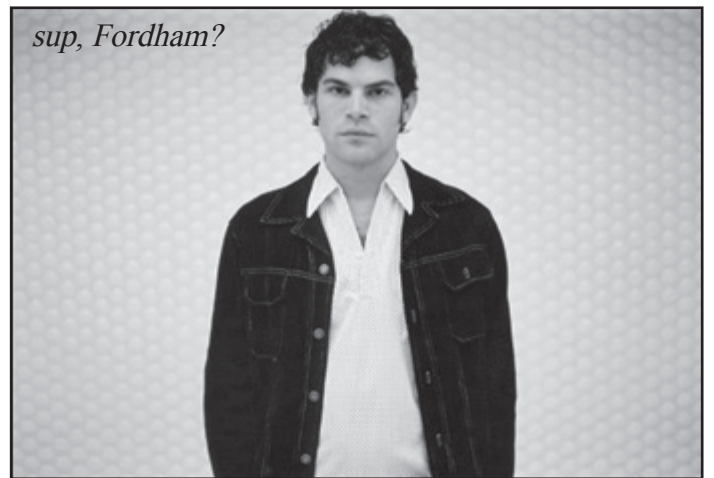
Spring Weekend. What a wonderful time of the year. Every spring, as the weather begins to improve and as students begin caring less and less about their school responsibilities, Fordham likes to throw a little banger to remind us all that this is college and at college, ridiculous things happen. Spring Weekend, for freshmen or transfer students who have never experienced the madness before, is the one weekend of the school year when anything, no matter how heinous and depraved, is perfectly acceptable. Parties rage way too long, bros get way too drunk, and people in banana costumes run wildly around campus. No matter what your take on decadence is, Spring Weekend provides something for everyone to enjoy. Most notable? Dippin' Dots. And there will be Dippin' Dots. Here's just a taste of what the coming weekend holds.

Rodrigue's Free Lunch - Friday @ 2:30 pm

Hey, did you know the fantastic, talented, and really nice folks over at Rodrigue's give out free lunch every other Wednesday of the semester? If you didn't, that means you've been missing out on a crapload of free Pugsley's and or Tino's. But don't despair! Seriously. Step away from the ledge, Guy Drama. If you missed free lunch this semester, you can check out the feast Rodrigue's will be throwing down this Friday outside the coffee shop. Those cool cats will be kicking off Spring Weekend right, handing out free slices of delicious Pugsley's pizza. Hell, Sal will probably be there blowing on a trumpet or something. Make sure to say hey to the staff of *the paper*. This free lunch is bound to be one of the only moments we will be sober.

DJ Earworm - Friday @ 10:00 pm

We had a lil' piece on DJ Earworm a few issues back but in case you forgot... he's the mix artist that compiles the Billboard top 25 songs of each year into an artful composite video and song. Despite his depreciative summation of, "Basically, what I do is take a bunch of songs apart and put them back together again in a different way", his craft is a lot more fine-tuned. It's not easy to not just splice, separate, speed-up and slow down 25 different songs into a new track (with a separate, equally as challenging video), especially a new track that is in itself a complete song - which is where DJ Earworm is different from Girl Talk. Granted, this was not done overnight, but the kind of music knowledge required to produce such tracks guarantees sizeable turntable skill. And with the concert set in a parking lot and not the acoustic-slaughtering gym (we all know Girl Talk sounds better than he did here) this will be an epicly spun set.



sup, Fordham?

Saturday's Extravaganza on Martyr's

Penrose

Penrose have been playing at Rodrigue's, in Philadelphia and NYC throughout the past year, and are comprised of Tom, Pat and Dan Murphy, brothers and Fordham students. The power trio is just that: a powerful trio. Between Tom's hard hitting drums, Pat's tight, fuzz-laden bass and Dan's oftentimes screaming guitar, the brothers put forth a wall of sound that, depending on the song, can recall Led Zeppelin or Mogwai. Their presentation as a band makes it hard to believe they've only been performing as a band for just over a year, and their set, like all their sets, is sure to move some air out on Martyr's Lawn this Saturday.

MGMT

There seem to be two schools of thought regarding MGMT for Spring Weekend: 1. "AWESOME FUCK YES". 2. "Well, I mean this is better than Guster so I guess they're cool...". The former is generally those who know "Kids" and "Time to Pretend" from drunken dance parties and the latter is condescending douches who have to complain about the Spring Weekend band no matter what. Whether or not you love them now, you probably thought, "This is pretty sweet" when you first heard them two years ago. *Oracular Spectacular* is an illusory celebration of youth, addressing both its immaterial imaginations and fleeting frolics with the perfect melodic composition for all kinds of raves. Overplayed now, yes, but that doesn't change the fact that the duo of Andrew VanWyngarden and Ben Goldwasser gave the music scene a huge kick in its current direction.

The just-released *Congratulations* is not the same. Not even close. It's an exploration into spooky, lofty arias that could be from an electrified Rocky Horror on a TV version of an acid trip. Those in the aforementioned first school of thought, those who know maybe four MGMT songs, the "catchy" ones, will find this album boring or "weird". But that's the greatest part: the experimental route the band took AFTER reaching top-of-Billboard status shows they have no desire to pursue studio-produced popularity but rather to push the bounds into electro-glam rock, like former tour mates Of Montreal or psychedelic masters The Flaming Lips.

Average Girl

Average Girl recently appeared at Rose Hill when they opened for Titus Andronicus. The trio lists such influences as Uncle Tupelo, Modest Mouse, Springsteen, Lucero, and Townes Van Zandt - which give a pretty accurate summation of their sound. But if you want to know how Average Girl makes you *feel*, just think of drinking whiskey, and illegally dancing on Tom Waits's wooden porch before he comes home. And when he does come home, he'll be totally cool with it. They put on such a fun show you'll want to get drunk if you're not already. And by that I mean they'll make you want to get drunk *and* hang out with them.

finally, a spring weekend band that dresses like Fordham students...



the paper's big list



by *the paper*
STAFF OF MILLIONS SEVERAL

The old standby “Mo Money, Mo Problems” is antithetical to Steve Forbes’ belief that capitalism will save us all. I believe it was Karl Marx who first uttered those words. The occasion was a friendly dinner meeting between Adam Smith, godfather of free-market capitalism, and Marx. Point is, the more money one has, the more likely they are to get into some sort of mess. Tax fraud, robbery, and conspicuous consumption are all evils that lurk close behind mass wealth. To solve this problem, I keep my pockets and bank accounts relatively sparse. Sure, I keep enough change for walking around. But we’ve found that most of the problems of having no money can be solved by having really rich friends. Being lazy is sweet.

BY PROTECTING US FROM FREEDOM

Capitalism is the key to saving the world’s economy, and the economy is the most important thing in the world after... well, money. It’s unfortunate that America is the only country that seems to have such successful exploitation—I mean, cost-benefit analysis—down pat. Don’t believe me? Look at the facts: we’re in the worst recession in decades! That means it’s working, guys! I know economic talk can be high falutin and hard to understand, but I’m here to tell you that the more inflated our power elite and the more down-trodden our working class and welfare system, the more we know that capitalism is really working! The real crisis here isn’t capitalism’s free markets and wealth development, but this crisis of confidence from those Commie

Democrats preventing us from truly embracing the system that will save us all—all of us being about 10% of the population (But who really cares about the rest? They’re losers, and like our most American sport, baseball, there is no crying in capitalism). When free people

in free markets have the free energy to solve problems and meet the needs and wants of other free people, they turn scarcity into abundance and develop the innovations that drive economic growth. I can’t tell you how because you wouldn’t understand my sophisticated jargon, but it basically comes down to lotsa freedom to do lotsa cool stuff. Mmm, smell that free free freedom. Smells kinda like old paper, ink, and cocaine. Breathe it in, and inhale our future.

by Sarah Madges
EARWAX EDITOR

IT’S ALREADY SAVED US -- YOU FUCKING OBAMUNISTS

Anyone who’s having financial problems just isn’t working hard enough, and they deserve whatever they get. You shouldn’t just be able to walk into where the government lives and be, like, “I’m a recovering crack head. This is my retarded sister that I take care of. I’d like some welfare, please.” Because that goes against the laws of nature: Social Darwinism, or something. SO STOP RE-DISTRIBUTING MY (parents’) WEALTH! GET A BRAIN YOU MORANS!

by Emily Genetta
EDITORIALS CO-EDITOR

BY SAVING US FROM FACING OUR TRUE SELVES

Capitalism – among the many other ways it will save us from some invisible, unforeseen, felt-in-the-gut enemy -- will save us from ourselves. How would you be able to live

able to relax after work! What would we do without work? We wouldn’t be able to make any money! What would we do without money? We would need to make friends! How would we make friends if we didn’t have any money? We wouldn’t! What would happen if we didn’t have any money or any friends or any coffee or any booze or any work to do? We would only have ourself! What’s wrong with that? EVERYTHING.

by Kaitlin Campbell
ARTS CO-EDITOR

BY INVESTING IN PIXAR

Ok a y , here’s what we’re going to do. We’re going to take all of the money—all of it—and invest it in Pixar films. It’ll work, just trust me. I’ve been watching that shit since Toy Story in ’95. And like a true capitalist enterprise, they’ve never failed, ever. Both Toy Story films cost \$90 million combined to make. You know what they grossed?

blah, blah, blah. Just look at that romance between WALL-E and EVE—and hey, they were able to re-colonize the earth after all. I mean, we’re all going to see all the films anyway, so we know

the children of the children of investment bankers, and so on. This does not include: almost everyone else.

So why won’t capitalism save everyone else? It’s simple, because *everyone else* doesn’t deserve to be saved. Work harder, people. Or at least get born to better parents. In the mean time, stop complaining and let me enjoy my *liberitas*. Sorry, the *veritas* hurts. Thanks for the surplus value, suckers.

Nick Murray
STAFF NUTTSACK DOUCHINGTON III

Reparations Money Market Funds
 By Lenny Raney

Think about it. I mean with factory farming driving down the price of livestock and the real estate market in the crapper, the whole forty acres and a mule deal just sounds stupid. So, I suggest this. Give every black person in America (yes, including Halle and no, not including Tiger) 50 grand to invest in short term securities. Hell, if we’re lucky

Goldmann Sachs just might not bet against us now that they’ve learned their lesson (yeah right). We can learn about the financial institutions designed and operated explicitly to keep the black man down and willingly participate in the continuance of the oppressive status quo. I mean, technically we’re The Man now, dog, with Barry’s iron Leninist fist strangling all of the power, life, and liberty out of good red-blooded white America, we might as well take advantage of the financial situation, right? I mean, you’d do the same thing. WE PRESIDENT NOW, and if we screw it up, we can just roll TARP out again: Time’s up Assholes, it’s Reparations Payday.

by Lenny Raney
STAFF

GET OFF MY LAWN!

What’s with all the hootan-haney!? I fought in Korea for this here country, an I ain’t just gonna let a bunch of godless, no morals havin’ LIBERAL PINKOS denigrate Jesus’ favorite economic model. He was all about bootstraps, and pulling yerself up by them. Yep, my pop used to sit on me on his lap an’ say “Rolly...capitalismshermafugaloosh.” He drank, often. Anyways, capitalism. It’s great.

by ROLLY DONAGAN
STAFF HERMIT

Steve Forbes, seen here in dinner attire



with yourself if you could not take a small share of your profits that you’ve made and spend those profits on goods that will only further enhance your salvation from yourself. What would we do without coffee? We wouldn’t be able to get to work! Booze? We wouldn’t be

\$725 million combined. And it only goes up from there—no pun intended. Every film winning awards, every film making serious fucking bank. And they’re so cute. Have you seen WALL-E? Yeah, I know, “environmental critique, allegory for self and planetary destruction,”

they’re going to make all kinds of outrageous profits. Investing in this shit is like killing two birds with one stone, making us able to walk around all-mustachioed like Rich Uncle Moneybags as well as placate our mild hints of fear about consuming ourselves into self destruction.

Like Buzz Lightyear, we’ll be taking our economy (and our wallets) “to infinity, and beyond!”

by Bobby Cardos
CO-EDITOR IN CHIEF

Us? Who the fuck is us?

Us all? Fuck *us all*. More specifically, fuck you guys. Capitalism will save *me*. As you guys go about going to your protests and doing your community service and editing your little newspaper, capitalism will have me living large—I’ll be driving Bentleys, sipping Cognac, and lounging by the pool while it jerks me off with its invisible hand.

Seriously, you really think capitalism will save us all? Of course it won’t, and that’s the point. This includes, but is not limited to: stock brokers, investment bankers, the children of stock brokers, the children of investment bankers, the children of stock brokers,



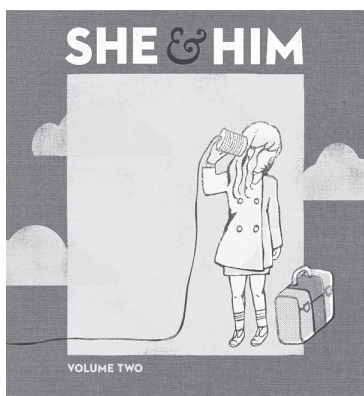
I've got some good news and some bad news. The good news is M.I.A.'s coming out with a new album June 29th (and by the sounds of her eccentric single "Born Free," this is a wonderful thing), Joanna Newsom's reinventing the wheel, or rather "the Book of Right On" on the upcoming Roots album, Sonic Youth recorded a sweet no-wave soundtrack for the French film *Simon Werner a Disparu*, and Record Store Day was a huge success, with 1,400 participating stores and many more releases to be enjoyed even if you didn't make it to a store (check out pitchfork.com to listen). The bad news is that as much as the good news (and this section's list entry) might ready you for flip flops and summer sangrias, it's about time for finals. So you should probably listen to Chopin etudes and Bach sonatas and lock yourself in the library until you forget there ever was such a thing as sunlight. Have fun!

-SM

SHE & HIM

Volume Two

Bryant Kitching



Last year saw groups like Animal Collective and Dirty Projectors reach new heights of creativity and renown. Broad audiences were not only exposed to, but embraced genres that a few years ago might have been deemed "too weird." Don't get me wrong, I loved *Merrweather Post Pavilion*. But when every band this side of Williamsburg is trying to re-write "My Girls," it can become nauseating. Enter She & Him, the retro-folk brainchild of actress/indie goddess Zoëy Deschanel and M. Ward. Like a much-needed vacation from the endless stream of lofi/surf/noise/punk/haze groups that are popping up like moles these days, She & Him's style is si-

multaneously the group's most amicable attribute and their biggest limitation.

Their new record, *Volume Two*, exemplifies that. It maintains the same idea behind 2008's *Volume One*, so if the retro, squeaky-clean vibe wasn't working for you then, it certainly won't now. As you might expect, the songs ooze early 60s country-rock influences and sound like recordings from Sun Records. The album opener "Thieves" is a melancholy ballad about estranged lovers, and contains lines like: "a love like ours is terrible news." However, the next track and first single, "In the Sun," saves you from the romantic bleakness, shining almost as brightly as the previous single: "Why Do You Let Me Stay Here?" A prime candidate for a second single, "Don't Look Back" features a catchy chorus and especially heartfelt lyrics.

She & Him is a band stuck in the past (in the best way possible), which is why the track "Sing" seems out of place. Its opening line itself: "talking on the phone, and watchin' Cribs" is enough to cause a double-take. That little speed bump aside, tracks like "Home" and "Lingering Still" strengthen the rest of the album. The final track, the a capella lullaby, "If You Can't Sleep," aptly closes the album with Deschanel's comforting voice. *Volume Two* does have legitimate standouts, but its two covers are more enjoyable than any of the originals offered. Making the song their own, Ward and Deschanel trade vocals so perfectly on the NRBQ cover, "Ridin' In My Car," that one might think Deschanel penned it. The second cover, "Gonna Get Along Without You Now," originally written by Milton Kellm in 1951, sounds as if Kellm wrote it with Deschanel's cuteness and subtle sass in mind. She's the girl next door in skinny jeans and a "stupid 1960's haircut," to quote *500 Days of Summer*, and sounds almost as if scientists genetically engineered her to make indie-lovers swoon. But cuteness aside, Deschanel actually knows how to write a damn good song, following her formula of one part romantic conundrum, one part sassy female narrator, plus a retro coun-

try-rock soundtrack and a dash of M. Ward.

If you're looking for a nice, sweet record that conjures images of sunny days and simpler times, then look no further. If you're looking for something to set the world on fire, then I think you're in the wrong place. While *Volume Two* avoids the dreaded sophomore slump, I can't promise that I'll be listening to it a few years down the road.



WOODS

At Echo Lake

Bobby Cardos



Over the course of the Woods' five albums, they've managed to craft a distinctly haunted sound that transforms fairly simple chord progressions into something both weird and encapsulating. With Earl's eccentric vocals slightly distorted and airy and G. Lucas Crane's tape manipulation underneath the songs, it's no surprise that the band once referred to themselves as "Woods Family Creeps."

At Echo Lake, their follow up to last year's excellent *Songs of Shame*, continues to explore the sound with which they've become associated. Most songs are rooted in an acoustic or clean electric guitar, mixed low such that it can just be heard, as if to provide cohesion by implication. As the songs progress, instruments step in and out of the mix to accent the song. This is best exemplified

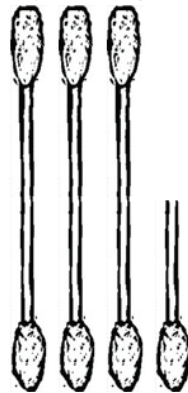
by songs like opener "Blood Dries Darker," "Suffering Season," and "Death Rattles." The first starts on a one-chord stomp before opening up to an acoustic progression covered by bass. An electric enters twice during interludes with a tremolo picking a melody throughout before cutting out to a grungier guitar with a second solo. A reverb-heavy piano supports the chorus. Double-tracked drums on "Death Rattles" show Woods' wonderful use of stereo, creating an odd sense of space when verse endings find the snare bouncing between headphones. A twelve-string guitar enters the interludes, and the end sees the addition

of shakers and a third guitar. Their mixing in general is a refreshing departure from the now popular "loud at any volume" method applied almost ubiquitously to popular records. Their quiet parts are actually quiet, the loud ones, well, loud.

But if there is something meticulous in the crafting of their sound, *At Echo Lake* also shows relaxation in their craft. "From the Horn" serves as this album's almost obligatory loose instrumental jam. While it is much shorter than previous jams, it still displays the band's cohesion where the track itself is without direction. If you listen closely at the end of "Get Back" you can hear a conversation: "Is that a song?"... "It is now [laughs]." Even without this dialogue, you can hear that the recording is a first take by the brief mistakes on the drums and the guitar's undecided ending.

Penultimate song "Deep" continues the carefree aura, as Earl hams up the vocals on what serves as a simplistic song, even for Woods. The album ends with "Til the Sun Rips," a mostly acoustic number ending in tape noise.

At Echo Lake falls just shy of 30 minutes, and while it has some real gems on it ("Blood Dries Darker," "Death Rattles," and "Time Fading Lines"), the album doesn't hold the same quality throughout as on past records. "Deep," though playful, is still too campy to get into. "Til the Sun Rips" seems to reference "Time Fading Lines," a much stronger song, and "From the Horn" doesn't hit the same highs as *Songs*' "September with Pete." Though I think the album sounds awesome on the whole, the songs don't hold up to the band's past quality releases. But if they're simply trying to continue to exist making music no better or worse than before, they're doing swimmingly.



METH, GHOST, & RAE

Wu-Massacre

Nick Murray

Since the Wu-Tang Clan first "formed like Voltron" in 1993, the group released five albums as a group, over fifty albums as



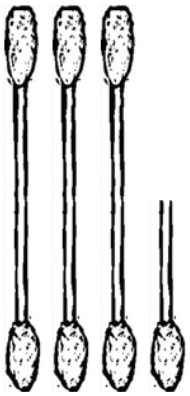
individual artists, and slews of compilations and mixtapes documenting all that was recorded in between. In many ways these last seventeen years—complete with official clothing lines, films, and GZA recommending that you diversify your bonds—have felt like a Wu-Massacre.

On the album that officially bears this title, the three Wu-Tang MCs making the most interesting music as of late—Method Man, Ghostface Killah, and Raekwon—unite and feed off the momentum that drove last year's *Only Built 4 Cuban Linx... Pt. II*. But while the sequel to Raekwon's mafioso-rap classic clocked in with a beefy runtime lasting over 70 minutes, *Wu-Massacre* is a brief affair. With only ten songs and two skits, you can listen to the entirety of this album in the same time it would take you to take a shit. Despite the triple billing, the album's three stars appear on only three songs together. (For those counting along, that's only one more than on *Cuban Linx Pt. II*) Nevertheless, it remains coherent by giving the listener almost exactly what one would expect from this kind of album.

Ghostface sets the scene in the way only Ghostface can. He opens the "Smooth Sailing" remix by rhyming: "Behind those mahogany walls/ Indoor pools with steel doors/ Flipping eggs over here in my silk drawers," providing every detail necessary, and then throwing in a few more just for the poetry of it. On "Pimping Chipp," the album's only solo track, he tells the story of a pimp whose "family was poor" and "drove a '68 Caddy with the fur on the door." In fact, *Wu-Massacre* is all about these kind of stories, whether they take place in the third or first person, and whether they concern the life of a pimp or the joys of falling in love. On "Our Dreams," our heroes rap about the latter, backed by a RZA beat heavily bearing the influence of the late J Dilla. "We, go together like, Martin and Gina, but/ She get uptight when we fight like Ike and Tina, so/ Love her or leave her alone, like I ain't need her though/ A minute later I'm back, like I ain't mean it, yo," says Meth on one his more inspired quatrains.

With tracks like this, the rappers embody not only char-

acters like Pimping Chipp, but also ones by the names of Method Man, Ghostface Killah, and Raekwon. For this reason, because these characters are so entertaining—and because the rhyming behind them is so consistently solid—*Wu-Massacre* is an enjoyable amalgamation, even if it doesn't do anything we haven't heard before.



DELOREAN
Subiza
Lenny Raney



When did music stop being fun? It seems everything has to have some deep-seated meaning or make some self-referential point nowadays. There are distinct occasions where I just don't care about things like lyrics or whether or not the song is destroying fidelity by participating in the Loudness Wars. I don't know about you, but sometimes I just want to kick back and listen to some tunes. Enter Delorean. They are a quartet from coastal Spain who make joyous washed-out dance music. They sound somewhat like a collaboration between Cut Copy and My Bloody Valentine.

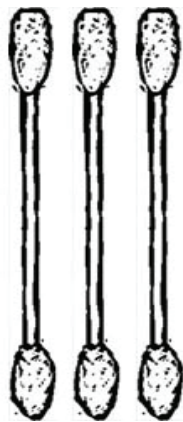
Their album, *Subiza* (likely a nod to Ibiza), works on so many levels. Upon first listen, it sounds like a little bit of a blur, but the attention to detail is actually very impressive. The generous use of what sounds like analog synthesizers and old school Roland drum samples invokes an underlying sense of nostalgia to each and every song. On "Endless Sunset," which starts off sounding vaguely like a Panda Bear outtake, Delorean create an incredibly danceable mood using swirling synths and harmonized vocals. I can't for the life of me make out what they are saying, but that doesn't really matter as long as it keeps making me want to tap my toes.

The next track, "Grow," is particularly reminiscent of the aforementioned Cut Copy. When I hear this song I think glowing orange sunsets, a pair of surfboards leaning against a shack made of wicker, and maybe a few Abercrombie & Fitch

models saying successions of short sentences punctuated with words like "dude," "brah," and "gnarly." The last part was perhaps not the best selling point for the quality of the song, but I'm trying to create visuals here, damn it. After all, The Beach Boys were surfer rock too.

One of the standout tracks, "Infinite Desert," is a mid-tempo jam that slowly builds into a tribal-inspired hip shaker. In many ways, these songs reek of the nineties. I honestly wouldn't be surprised if one of the many audio tracks that make up the omnipresent walls of synthesizer isn't actually also used in 90s classics like "The Macarena" and "Scatman (Ski Ba Bop Ba Dop Bop)." Don't worry—it's not at all as terrible as it sounds. If anything, it will make you want to watch reruns of *Rocko's Modern Life* and find your Skip-It and pogs.

The album as a whole is remarkably consistent, which is a little bit of a double-edged sword. If you love the first track, you'll love the remaining eight. If you don't, well, maybe you should skip the whole thing. However, I can't really see how anyone could dislike this sort of music—the kind that is so unbearably infectious and non-threatening that it's only a matter of time before you'll be nodding your head or shaking your ass.



BLITZEN TRAPPER
Destroyer of the Void
James Wayne



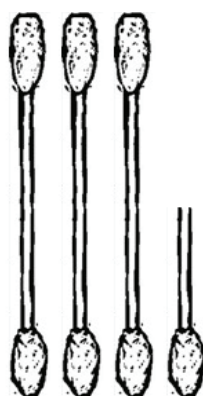
When Blitzen Trapper's fourth album, *Furr*, was released in 2008, it received a great deal of fanfare and praise around the music world. The album helped the band gain national attention, even landing them thirteenth on the *Rolling Stone* list for best albums of the year. *Furr* is a folksy trip through Americana landscapes and fairy tale lyrics. Blitzen Trapper's new album, *Destroyer of the Void*, continues along that same vein. While the band doesn't stray too far from their roots, their fifth release finds ways to continue to surprise and inspire even the

most diehard Blitzen Trapper enthusiasts. My only complaint is that at 45 minutes, the album is too short.

The album harkens back to the great Americana bands of the past, stirring up thoughts of Wings, The Doors, and even Wilco. Blitzen Trapper's seamless mix of electric and acoustic guitars creates a sense of duality in their songs without confusing or challenging the listener. Take, for example, the standout song, "Love and Hate." With six musicians in the band, the song stands on the edge of raucous, but never crosses over to diminish the laid-back folk rock for which Blitzen Trapper is known.

From the album's outset you get a sense of the band's classic rock influences. The title track kicks off the album with soft vocals that sing of wayward sons and rolling stones. The song proceeds to transform twice throughout its six minute runtime, which is reminiscent of Paul McCartney's iconic ballad, "Band on the Run." True to Blitzen Trapper's form, *Destroyer of the Void* has a cohesive mix of fast-paced rock songs and acoustic folksy stories. While the album doesn't have any low points to speak of, it certainly has some highlights. The excellent "The Man Who Would Speak True" tells the tale of a man who is cursed with a flower for a tongue, and is riddled with a brash harmonica, whiskey references, and homicide of loved ones. What more would you expect from Blitzen Trapper? Later on the album is the sparkling duet, "The Tree," which features Alela Diane, and the brilliant "Evening Star." While these songs are quite different ("The Tree" is a soft love ballad, and "Evening Star" is a more upbeat song with a funky bass line), they both encapsulate what Blitzen Trapper is: a band that creates positively infectious songs replete with metaphors and sing-along choruses. The album ends with the piano ballad "Sadie," whose title and style could be a reference to Bob Dylan or even The Beatles.

Comparing Blitzen Trapper to some of the best rock acts of all time may seem bold, but I believe that *Destroyer of the Void* will at least evoke thoughts of these great bands. So go out and buy this album after its June 8th release, or go see them live in concert—I know I will.



School's Out for Summer! (That is unless you're starting the Summer Session...)

Well, kids. Less than two months until the summer solstice, less than one month until the last day of classes, and less than a week until spring weekend means lots of songs for chilling out and day drinking. Here's a list of the best reasons to roll down your car windows, sunbathe, run through sprinklers, or totally trash your shore house.

"Lemonade": CocoRosie

Beginning with a lethargic and bassy piano melody and an almost metronomic electric drum beat, Bianca "Coco" Casady's idiosyncratic voice cuts in to jumpstart the song: Jazzy horns end every verse before the chorus picks up the beat and Sierra "Rosie" Casady joins Bianca in harmony. Meanwhile Bianca delivers the poppy melody: "Too hot inside, too hot outside/ Lazy days when you said just go for a ride," in a voice much like the lemonade after which the song is titled: mostly sweet with a slightly jarring bitterness. -SM

"When I'm With You": Best Coast

It isn't just because the music video features vocalist Bethany Cosentino lazing around on the beach with the Ronald McDonald mascot that I picture slow-rolling waves and sandy beaches whenever I hear this lo-fi surfer rock song. The song starts as laconically as any summer day, accelerating to an anthemic pulse with bright drums, distorted guitar chords, and Bethany's exanimate but sultry swoon: "When I'm with you I have fun." And when you're with this song, you'll have fun too—with or without Mickie D's. -SM

"Don't Call Me Whitney, Bobby": Islands

With a voice as easy-to-swallow as a smoothie, Nicholas Thorburn begins this rollicking ditty with a perfectly aestival melody, wonderfully bookended by happy-go-lucky "doot doot"s and the persistently peppy acoustic guitar strums. It's quick enough not to make you impatient, and catchy enough to last in your head much longer than the album does (which itself is an ideal summer listen). Definitely meant for a drive to the beach, or a return to the sea (Get it?? that's the name of the album! I made a funny!). -SM

"No One Does It Like You": Department of Eagles

Lazy, eerie voices harmonize voices over a plunkety and penetrating bass line to form the support for the catchy but simple melody Daniel Rossen carries to the chorus with ease. The consistent 1-2 rhythm of the drum lends itself to toe-tapping or steering wheel drumming, and is beautifully oneiric enough to make you drift into a daze or a doze somewhere. -SM

"Range Life": Pavement

"Don't worry/we're in no hurry./ School's out/ what did you expect?" just about sums up why this song is perfect for summer. Images of adolescent hijinx and making playful jabs at the Stone Temple Pilots and Smashing Pumpkins over meandering guitars are just a few reasons this song lives up to the "Slacker" genre that Pavement supposedly fathered. -BC

"The Aristocratic Swells": Beulah

An electric guitar climbs up and down the pentatonic scale to begin this perfect sunshine pop song. Ideal for driving an easy 30mph down suburban streets on your way to something new, the harmony is reminiscent of the simple synchrony of the Beach Boys and the Beatles with a lighthearted hand clap percussion to keep things exciting. -SM

"Home": Edward Sharpe & the Magnetic Zeros

It begins with a cheerful whistling before Jade Castrinos breaks through the sweetness with soulful croons she trades back and forth with bluesy-voiced Alex Ebert. They sing together on the chorus like they were meant to be together not just romantically, but musically too, and the guitar's chugging complements their euphony and the carefree trumpet blasts. The break features a cute dialogue between the singers whose story about falling in love you can only picture in front of a burning summer sunset, and is followed by one last perfectly singable chorus. -SM

"Mr. E's Beautiful Blues": Eels

A romping opening lick on the guitar with the caramel-smooth bass offset the too-many-cigars (but always in tune) wheeze of Mark Oliver Everett. The steady pulse of drums with two deep croaks punctuate E's every repeated "Goddamn right it's a beautiful day," as he affirms in an ironically disinterested tone: "Uh huh." The arpeggiated riff continues throughout, giving your head something to nod to while the lyrics give your lips something to sing along to. -SM

