

4 a good time, go to McGinley B-52

# the paper

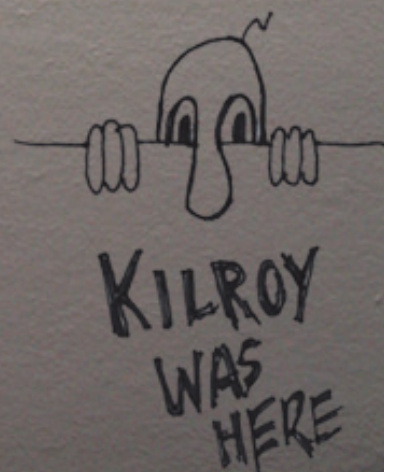
ADGZ

Volume XXXIX, issue iv  
September 29, 2010

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY'S  
JOURNAL OF NEWS,  
ANALYSIS, COMMENT,  
AND REVIEW



Dean Rodger's  
dream  
↓





“Hey There, Fordham, Mario Gabelli here. See that back there? That’s the Gabelli School of Business at Roger Williams University. Yes, I have another business school. Don’t you understand? That’s how this works. If you have a business school, and I want that business school, I buy your business school. I buy it up, and I name it after myself. Yes, that’s exactly what I do.”



Every issue online and blog posts about everything and nothing. Check us out online: [fupaper.wordpress.com](http://fupaper.wordpress.com)

## Fan mail? Hate mail? Write to us!

*the paper*  
c/o Office of Student Leadership  
and Community Development  
Fordham University  
Bronx, NY 10458  
[paper.fordham@gmail.com](mailto:paper.fordham@gmail.com)  
<http://groups.google.com/group/fordhampaper>

*the paper* is a product solely of the students. No part of the publication may be reproduced without written consent of the editors. The paper is produced using Adobe InDesign, Adobe Photoshop, Microsoft Word, and the incredibly hard work of the people to the right. Photos are mostly “borrowed” from Internet sites like: [www.google.com](http://www.google.com), [www.imdb.com](http://www.imdb.com), [www.nambla.org](http://www.nambla.org), [www.rollingstone.com](http://www.rollingstone.com), [www.cnn.com](http://www.cnn.com), and occasionally taken by us with an old Polaroid we found in the attic. Sorry mom, subscriptions are not available. Ad rates are unreasonable – don’t ask. Open staff meetings are held Tuesdays at 8PM at various locations in the McGinley Center. Articles and letters to the editor may be submitted via e-mail to [paper.fordham@gmail.com](mailto:paper.fordham@gmail.com), or scrawled incoherently with crayons on the inside of a Keystone Light 30-rack. Submissions are always considered, usually printed, and occasionally used to make origami rhinoceroses. If you do not wish your letter to the editor to be published, just say so. We do not advocate wussitude; all letters must be signed. We reserve the right to edit any material submitted for publication. We will, however, work with the writer and see that content is as true to the writer’s original as possible. We publish this rag ten times a year (five per semester).

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 *Goops and How to Be Them: A Manual of Manners for Polite Infants*, by Gelet Burgess. You might just learn something.

## our aim

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

“Craigslist ‘missed connections’”

### Editors-in-Chief

Bobby “Dumpster Diving Outside of Hollister” Cardos  
Alex “Guy Who Cared About Spiral Stairs at Pavement” Gibbons

### Executive Editors

Sean “Smoking Four Cigarettes Outside Former CBGBs” Kelly  
Emily “Girl in Banana Costume at Fetish Party” Genetta

### News Editors

Alex “Compare-Shopping for Ramen” Orf  
Sarah “Reading Goethe at the Yankees Game” Madges

### Arts Editors

Joe “Guy Who Keeps Drawing Dildos on Napkins” McCarthy  
Chris “Assless Chaps on 4-Train” Sprindis

### Features Editor

Marisa “Muttering to Self on D-Train” Carroll

### Earwax Editor

Nick “Incessantly Playing Oasis at Washington Square” Murray

### Comix Editor

Elena “Over-Lok’d on Eddie’s at 5pm” Lightbourn

### Copy Staff

Lindy “Yelling ‘Four More Years!’ on 38th and 1st” Foltz  
Sean “Moonwalking at President’s Ball” Bandfield  
Tom “Getting FUEMS-ed outside Martyr’s” Sliowski  
Liz “Girl Testing Toothpaste at Walgreens” O’Malley  
Sara “Jorts in Winter” DeSimine

### Contributors

Homcoming (sic), Ed Zukowski, Pumpkins, Joanna Lynn,  
10-gallon Ziplock bags, Matt Winter, Fuck Cats, Alexis Kedo,  
Lightning Balls, Rebecca Jennings, Chas “The Dog-Man” Jones,  
Lauren Duca, Action Boobs, Edible Moustache, Smirnoff Ice, Sam  
Wadhams, Brett Vetterlein, Max Siegal, Lauren Duca, Keegan  
Talty, Danny Casarella, Sam Stokes, Alex Levine, the Wretched  
Harmony



news

# AMERICA UNMOSQUED

## Proposed Mosque Brings Islamophobes out of the Closet

by Sean Bandfield

STAFF BEHIND THE MUSIC

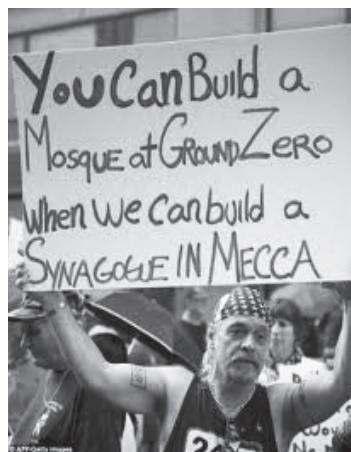
Perhaps it was bound to happen – the perfect mix of pluralism and suspicion, meeting head on in the worst kind of way. When I heard in late July that an Islamic cultural center was going to be built close to Ground Zero, I was ready to hear all types of condemnation and accusation from the bitter, the brash, and the easily confused. However, I was also prepared for the controversy to live out its week in the sun before sinking into the back pages and eventually out of public concern. That the uproar over Park51 has persisted so long and so strongly has revealed to me a part of our national psyche that I thought we had long ago outgrown, and has taught me a lesson that I was not happy to learn.

Despite the fact that people across the nation would simply not let this issue go, I was by no means shocked by the generally terrible arguments that the opposition brought against the project. I don't want to portray myself as a full fledged supporter of Park51 or even a champion of Islam – I have many criticisms of certain types of religion, and though I'm no expert on Islam, I wouldn't be surprised if some parts of the Qur'an struck me as objectionable. But despite whatever flaws I might find in Islam, the idea of a cultural outreach center dedicated to interfaith dialogue didn't seem like the worst idea. Given our cultural climate, I found myself taking much more issue with Park51's detractors and their arguments than with the center's supporters.

I can't help but think that a substantial portion of the backlash against Park51 was like a kneejerk reaction – an immediate association of Islam and Al-Qaeda that would dis-

sipate upon honest reflection. But the especially disturbing trend I discovered was not that people were merely conflating these two entities accidentally, but that many people simply refused to acknowledge a difference. A significant portion of the population has been harboring anti-Islamic sentiments for quite some time, equating Islam with Al-Qaeda, yet didn't feel comfortable voicing their feelings until there was a larger public backlash for them to join.

As time went on, the arguments against Park51 continued without improving. It didn't take long for detractors to claim that Muslims could have their "mosque" when we were allowed to build a church in Mecca – as if the United States shouldn't look to surpass the moral norms of Saudi Arabia, but only match them. The argument is rather like saying that we'll let Muslims vote here when women can vote there.



Added to this sad equation were a slew of accusations aimed at the organizers of Park51 and those who would use it. Popular was the declaration that the center was a "Victory mosque," a symbol of Islam's claim over the area that represented a checkmate in a game started nearly a decade earlier with the fall of the World Trade Center. This twisted thinking operated under the sick presumption that those who were

planning to build the center, as well as those who would use the facility – Muslim Americans, many of whom are New York City residents who watched the towers burn – would look back on the attacks not as a tragedy, but as a triumph.

After immersing myself in the arguments from either side, I decided that I couldn't get a complete picture of the issue without visiting the site myself. The walk from Ground Zero to the spot where Park51 will one day stand is a very short one – I filmed the walk and uploaded it on the internet to provide the curious with a good idea of the distance between the two sites. Once

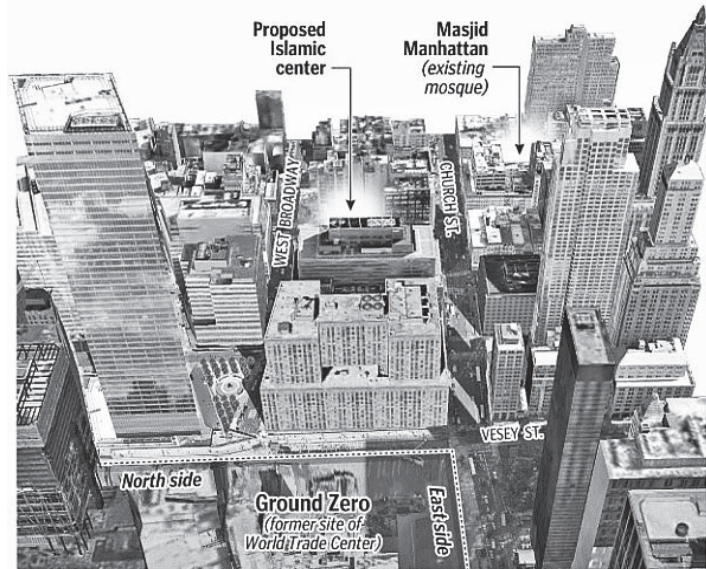
I reached the proposed site, I found several women standing outside displaying signs and shirts in support of the project. All around on the outer walls of the building and on the sidewalk were signs promoting peace, unity, and understanding.

I was happy to see such a positive display, but I can't say that part of me didn't want to see some fireworks from a confrontational passerby. Lo and behold, it wasn't long before I spotted a man walking down the street with an American flag draped over his shoulders, flanked by a crew with cameras and microphones, and clearly ready to give an address. One of the cameramen began interviewing him, asking questions that were almost certainly prepared between the two of them. At first I figured that this man was just a small time political pundit or an internet personality; I only began to understand

his agenda when he expressed that there were "1.5 billion people that live on this planet who are going to hell because they've bought into the lies of Islam." It seemed I would get my fireworks after all.

The man talked for about twenty minutes about how Islam is a satanic religion and

But understanding is not the same thing as excusing; we can recognize why people would react negatively to Park51 or demand its cancellation, but that doesn't make their reaction right. To quote Herbert Ouida, "Pain just sometimes causes you to lash out." Ouida, a resident of my neighboring town of River Edge, New Jersey, should know – he was on the 77th floor of the north tower of the World Trade Center when it was struck by the first plane. Ouida made it out – but his son Todd, who worked on the 105th floor of the same building, did not. Despite his loss, Ouida views the



how only Christians would attain salvation – typical evangelist fare. When he was finished, I couldn't help but ask him a few questions about the claims he made; eager for the sport of an argument, I spent quite a while debating him, yet found his responses to my questions about as unsatisfying as his initial speech. (Naturally, I also filmed this exchange for all of the internet to see.) Only later did I learn that this man was Bill Keller, a Christian televangelist from Florida who recently opened The 9/11 Christian Center at Ground Zero.

I can't begin to imagine the unrelenting torture experienced by those people who lost partners, parents, or children on that day. Their sensitivity to what goes on at Ground Zero strikes me as completely understandable, and it's neither my place nor my intention to judge them personally for their reactions.

backlash against Park51 as mistaken and misguided: "To say that we're going to condemn a religion and castigate a billion people in the world because they're Muslims... I don't think that's going to bring people together and cross the divide."

If we want to live in a society that celebrates diversity and recognizes the rights of all, then cross the divide we must. That divide in our nation is wider than I thought it was, and this controversy has provided a disturbing awakening. But if history has taught us anything, it's that sooner or later America remembers the promise it makes to all people, and allows them a place among the others that were once similarly misunderstood and ostracized. I can only hope that the same happens once again, and happens soon.

The videos of Park51 is on the paper's blog, <http://fupaper.wordpress.com/>

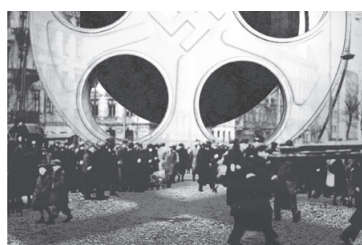
in this issue:

editorials



Fetish Party!  
p. 14

arts



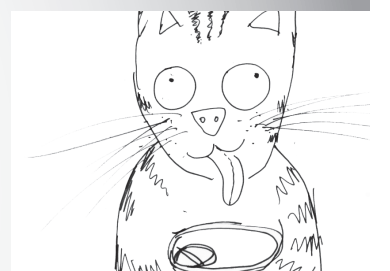
A Film Unfinished  
Review, p. 15

features



comedy podcasts!  
p. 20

comix



CATS!  
p. 24



# No Aid for HIV-Positive New Yorkers

## Gov. Paterson vetoes a bill that caps rents for victims of HIV/AIDS

by Alexis Kedo  
STAFF SHIT JUST GOT REAL

Shit got real really fast for New Yorkers—first there were ridiculously high rents, and then, on top of that, HIV/AIDS. And no, this is not a revival of that one Broadway rock-concert smash hit everybody went gaga for. This is a much darker tale, my friends. Much darker. In a decision that stunned everyone at Albany, our ever-stalwart Governor Paterson vetoed a bill that would have capped rents at 30% of the income of people who have symptomatic HIV or the AIDS virus.

More simply, the bill would have protected extremely ill New Yorkers from the added burden of being screwed over by their landlords. Many have already turned to public housing because of their inability to afford subsidized or Markey-rate apartments.

The decision will affect about 10,000 New Yorkers

and their families who already receive income support from HASA (the city's HIV/AIDS Service Administration). Many HIV/AIDS patients already say they can't afford to pay rents on top of their disability. For many tenants affected by the disease, as much as 75% of their income goes toward paying their landlord, leaving little left over for

basic necessities such as food, electricity, and gas. Not to mention health care. Which is kind of important in this particular situation.

"This is my most difficult veto," Governor Paterson said.

He emphasized his knowledge of the "history of inadequacy" of services the state government has brought to bear for those afflicted with disabilities and life-threatening conditions (Mr. Paterson himself is legally blind).

The Governor blamed the state's budget woes for his "difficulty," saying the bill would have cost New York 20 million dollars. However, the bill

would have split the costs between the city and state, thereby only slapping the state with 10 million.

Advocates for the bill are accusing Paterson of lying, saying he promised to pass the bill in 2009 and again this year. Mayor Bloomberg, however, praised Paterson's decision-making, saying the legislation would have made the city pony up more than 15 million dollars a year. Bloomberg, the city's richest resident, also upgraded his appraisal of the Governor's decision from "difficult" to "wise," saying such a mandate is just not the way to go in this economy. Finally, Bloomy said there was no other segment of the population who receives entitlement to housing assistance "based solely on a medical diagnosis."

So...why start now? Well, Bloomy, here's a few reasons. Advocates say the bill would have simply been an investment, keeping more sick people in stable, healthy living conditions and fewer people in the already-packed New York City shelter system. As a result of their improved situations, AIDS

patients could more effectively monitor their health. There would be fewer AIDS patients crowding the city's hospitals as well, lightening the burden of the public health care sector. In their view, the bill is a missed opportunity to save New York some precious dollars.

New York City has the highest AIDS-case rate in the coun-

tine Quinn, a Manhattan Democrat, said the Governor's veto essentially abandons the effort to protect some of New York City's most vulnerable citizens. Quinn said Mr. Paterson and Mayor Bloomberg have made "a terrible mistake." "We cannot ask people with AIDS in the city of New York who we are legally responsible to house in these cases to live on \$11 a day," she told The Wall Street Journal. If you can't imagine what \$11 a day looks like, ask a Vietnamese rice farmer.

Advocate James Dean (yep) was protesting the veto at a rally outside the Governor's Manhattan office on September 20th. Dean estimated that about 70% of his monthly income goes toward rent. "I'm constantly forced to rob Peter to pay Paul," he said, detailing how he has to alternate between paying the electric, light, and gas bill each month. Another protestor simply remarked, "They're killing us."

Both houses of the state legislature still have the option of overriding the Governor's veto, although most are saying it is unlikely, even with the Democratic majority.



A typical day for Gov. Paterson.

try, with more than 100,000 HIV-positive residents. Paterson inevitably ignored the political consequences of rejecting such a bill, which was supported on both sides of the aisle and passed with flying colors in both the state Assembly and Senate. Curiously, the Senate, considered the more conservative chamber, passed the bill twice with a more than two-thirds majority.

City Council Speaker Chris-

# Not Sleeping So Tight

## Bedbugs Bite All Over NYC, the United States

by Alex Orf  
NEWS CO-EDITOR

Millennia ago, when primeval man climbed down from the trees and moved into caves, he began to cohabit with a host of creatures that generally invoke shivers in the average New Yorker. Among the creepy crawlies among whom our distant ancestors lived was an annoying little shit of a parasite that has come to be known as the bedbug. *Cimex lectularius* (literally, "bug of the bed") traditionally fed on bats, rats, and other cave-dwelling mammals, but apparently developed a taste for human blood that became imbedded in its genetic code. Mention of bedbugs show up all throughout recorded human history, but until a couple of years ago the U.S. hadn't felt their effects since 1950s – courtesy of DDT, the wildlife-destroying pesticide that wiped out everything it touched. Now, thanks to increased international travel and a resistance to many traditional pesticides, bedbugs have returned to major U.S. population centers, and New York City is at the top of the list.

Though bedbug populations have been on the rise for the past decade, New York has recently seen a marked rise the number of reported cases. A 2009 survey by the city's health

department found that 6.7 percent of adults in New York – that's around 400,000 people – hired an exterminator to treat an infestation in the previous 12 months. This past summer saw bedbugs returning in even larger numbers and showing up in previously unexpected places, like the Times Square AMC Theater, a Lexington Ave Victoria's

Bugaway, a Bronx-based company, told me, "In thirty years in this business I never had a single bedbug case; for the past four years they've made up around 80 percent of my appointments."

At a fourth of an inch long, bedbugs are visible to the naked eye, but they rarely come out in the daylight and scurry

sites so difficult to eliminate is that unlike your run-of-the-mill cockroach infestation they can easily hide away in wood and cloth to escape the toxic fumes and will survive up to a year without a meal. To make matters worse, bedbugs and bedbug eggs can easily travel from one place to another on clothes, bags, and shoes – and it only

pricey) methods of getting rid of the bugs, from bedbug sniffing dogs that can locate the bugs' hiding places to steam and freezing treatments to a giant heat fan that essentially bakes an entire room to 120 degrees (which, let's face it, is way awesome).

The most important thing to remember in the event that you come down with an infestation of bedbugs is not to stress, as much of an inconvenience as they can be. As a bedbug specialist told readers in a CBS.com Q&A session, "It doesn't make a bit of difference to the bedbugs whether you worry or not. They're very selfish creatures." And if you do let it get to you, you might land in the offices of one of dozens of psychiatrists' offices that are now treating patients with bedbug-induced persecution complexes, which is far too expensive for the average college student budget. So if you think you're getting bites, check your mattresses, call your landlord, and get an exterminator in as soon as possible – and if not, don't make the same mistake as one Fordhamite who will remain nameless did and pick up a totally sweet couch on the side of the road. You never know what might be hiding inside.



This dog is TCB: Taking Care of Bedbugs.

Secret store, and offices in the Empire State Building. In the boogie-down Bronx bedbugs have been popping up everywhere, even in our beloved Belmont neighborhood; chances are, someone you know that lives off campus has had bedbugs in the past couple years. At present, however, there have been no official reports of bedbugs in any on-campus housing. An exterminator who works for

quickly to a hiding place when found. Despite the somewhat misleading name, bedbugs are not attracted to your bed, nor is it the only place they hide; they seek out body heat and carbon monoxide, both of which every human constantly emits. They feed on blood and are most active in the hours before dawn, biting their victims when they are sleeping and preferably immobile. What makes these para-

takes one to start an infestation. The good news is that, despite all the annoying, itchy bites and the social stigma that can accompany them, bedbugs are pretty harmless. Entomologists have recently done numerous studies on feeding diseased blood to bedbugs, and they have failed to transmit every one. And since their resurgence, exterminators have come up with a myriad of new (albeit slightly



# UH-OH! SALMONELLA-O'S!

## Egg Empire's slovenly negligence poisons thousands

by Sarah Madges  
NEWS CO-EDITOR

On Wednesday, September 22nd, Austin J. DeCoster apologized to a Congressional panel for necessitating a half-billion egg recall—the largest in history—and sickening over 1,500 people with salmonella. Austin DeCoster, called “Jack,” conceded that his family operation “got big quite a while before we stopped acting like we were small.” Given that it is one of the largest egg companies in the country, it’s a wonder he didn’t notice the fact sooner. Jack DeCoster heads both the factory farms affected in this recall, Wright County Egg and Hillandale Farms, and has a record of health, safety and employment violations (in 1997, then-Labor Secretary Robert Reich said conditions at his farm were “as dangerous and oppressive as any sweatshop.”). In fact, DeCoster’s farms were a primary source of the first major outbreaks of human illness from salmonella in the 1980s. New York and Maryland regulators even banned the sale of DeCoster eggs in their states until he allowed salmonella testing of his farms in the eastern US. This of course didn’t help Iowa, where he has five farms complicit in the current outbreak.

But when did this outbreak start? Several states saw an increase in cases of Salmonella Enteritidis (that’s its adult name) cases beginning in May, according to Dr. Christopher R. Braden, acting director of foodborne diseases at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in Atlanta. The numbers grew steadily throughout the summer until August, when more than 500 million recalled eggs gave the FDA reason to investigate. Both Wright County Egg and Hillandale Farms’ henhouses were besieged by flies, maggots, and rodents and had manure pits piled eight feet high. FDA officials also found that the water used to wash the eggs was positive for salmonella. With reason to actually look at his track record for once, Congressional investigators found that the toxic salmonella bacteria had actually been present for years prior to the outbreak. Despite all the egregious evidence, Peter DeCoster, Jack’s son and the farms’ chief operating officer, told the panel at the hearing on Wednesday that the likeliest source of contamination was a separate

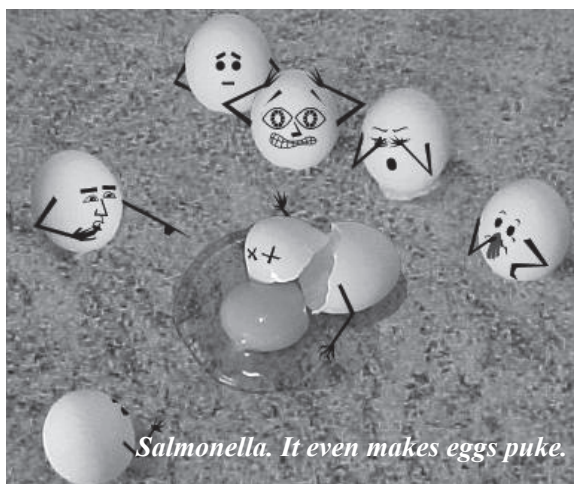
company (not that he’s playing “pin-the-blame-on-the-other-company”), a chicken feed supplier, and that some of the filthy conditions the FDA found were “standard practice” in the industry. Instead of a separate company, however, FDA inspectors went to a Wright County Egg feed mill in late August, finding salmonella in bone meal,

one end of the henhouses, and push all the gases, bacteria, ammonia, and viruses and even antibiotics out the other end, into the atmosphere. It’s not surprising officials found such slovenly conditions.

You might be wondering how something on this scale could happen in our post-New Deal America, but it makes sense—put simply, the FDA doesn’t have much authority at all. While the USDA is mandated by law to inspect meat at different plants, (they do a very cursory job, but I won’t get into that) the FDA is regulated by the honor code—someone tells the FDA what the best practices are, to, say, avoid salmonella infection, and the industries police themselves. In fact, a rule (not legislation, just a rule) from the FDA was proposed during the Clinton administration and only went into effect last month, which proves just how hard new regulations are to come by in the food industry. FDA commissioner Margaret Hamburg is urging the passage of food safety legislation to reform these grievances, giving the FDA

mandatory recall authority (by the way, as of now this recall is voluntary—it’s up to the supermarkets and restaurants who carry them—and not at all legally mandated), and setting up a schedule of inspections where officials actually go to food-processing plants (neither factory had ever been inspected by the top federal and state agencies responsible for food safety oversight, including: the FDA, the Department of Agriculture, and the Iowa Department of Agriculture and Land Stewardship).

The drive for cheap food has created a consolidated food production system. Because of it, the two firms responsible for this recall actually had a contaminated feed supplier in common. CAFOs, the cute acronym for factory farms, or concentrated animal feeding operations (any operation that has more than what’s called 1,000 animal “units”), are about feeding animals and getting them to market as quickly as possible, which requires mechanizations—feed additives, antibiotic use, etc. Naturally, the temptation is to cut corners—and this is the result. It only took three decades and thousands of cases of human illness for people to start to care.



a feed ingredient, and in feed given to young birds raised to become laying hens—proof that we shouldn’t just worry about what we eat, but about what we eat eats, too. This, of course, isn’t true only for DeCoster’s “farms.” Factory farms cram chickens into tiny battery cages that are then stacked on top of each other by the dozens. Workers have to pump clean air in at

# Ding Dong, This Local Witch's Political Career Is Dead!

## Corrupt Bronx State Senator Given a Run for His Money

by Emily Genetta  
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

Democrat Pedro Espada is the current Majority Leader of the New York State Senate and one of our most notable alumnus. Don’t expect to see his face on a giant placard in the bookstore anytime soon, though; Espada is a legend in local politics not for any particular successes, but because he is an exemplar of political corruption. At the moment, Espada—who represents much of the area surrounding Fordham as the Senator for the Bronx’s 33rd district—is under investigation by no less than four government agencies: the Bronx District Attorney, the New York State Attorney General, the IRS, and the FBI. This did not deter him, however, from running for re-election in the September 14 Democratic primary and losing spectacularly to relative political new-comer—and generally decent human being—Gustavo Rivera. Following his embarrassing performance two weeks ago (Espada garnered just 32% of the vote), *The New York Times* celebrated with a story titled “Primary Day 2010: A Little Less Sleaze in New York.” To really appreciate this monumental relief surrounding Espada’s defeat—something which, as members of this community,

we should all do—we have to step back and take a look at his glorious resume of fuck-ups.

Espada has been crooked for years. For the past decade, he

stollen fourteen million dollars from Soundview Health Clinic, including \$80,000 in restaurant bills—\$20,000 alone on sushi deliveries to his Westchester

well below minimum wage, as little as \$1.70 an hour.

To top it off, Pedro Espada is hardly a Democrat. The New York State Democratic Committee tried to eject him from the party after he teamed up with Queens Democrat Hiram Monserrate (whom you might remember as the guy who stabbed his girlfriend in the face) with the Senate Republicans in a power coup that shut down Albany for close to a month. He does not support the progressive policies of his party and is well-known to be in the pockets of city slumlords. He’s also a generally disagreeable human being: when protestors harangued him in front of the state capitol this summer, he responded by pulling money out of his pockets, crumpling it up, and throwing it at them.

It should have been a given, then, that Espada would lose spectacularly in the primaries two weeks ago, but local po-

litical commentators weren’t so sure. After all, his opponent Gustavo Rivera was a relative unknown, and people are loathe to vote for unfamiliar candidates even if the alternatives are d-bags like Espada. Thankfully, Rivera quickly picked up steam and name recognition with a flurry of endorsements from New York politicians who pointed to his community service and background behind the scenes in politics as reasons to vote for him and not just against Espada. In his career, Rivera has worked for U.S. Senator Kristen Gillibrand as Director of Outreach and was also tapped by SEIU to campaign for President Obama during 2008.

Yes, unlike Espada, Rivera is an actual Democrat, and his progressive politics are the proof. He ran on a platform of tenants’ rights, job creation, education reform, and support for marriage equality and reproductive access. His success in the primaries has just about guaranteed his place in the State Senate since the Bronx votes heavily Democratic. Still, if you’re registered locally, you should get out to the polls on November 2nd to ensure that the Bronx finally gets the kind of State Senator it deserves.



has been racking up tens of thousands of dollars in fines from the New York City Campaign Finance Board and the New York State Board of Elections for his illegal fundraising practices. These include using a non-profit community health center run by his son as a source for campaign funds (as well as the general expenses of an asshole). Over the years, Espada’s alleged to have

residence. There is little debate anymore over whether Espada really does live outside the district full-time: his Bronx apartment was found to be completely vacant and the other residents of the building have never once seen him go in there. As if unsure whether his impoverished constituents hated him enough, though, Espada has also (allegedly) paid some of his workers



# FAKER THAN TRUTH

by Sarah Madges, Joe McCarthy, Nick Murray, and Sean Kelly  
STAFF LIARS

**EVERYWHERE, THE MILKY WAY GALAXY~** In a surprisingly synchronized worldwide event, humankind realized that they don't need an iPhone, even if the iPhone 4 can solve a Rubik's cube's Rubik's cube, recite the Bible backwards, and enlarge your penis four inches in four weeks. Said one of the billions who realized the iPhone's overinflated worth, "I just want to hearken back to the days when there was a 160 character limit on text messages, and I couldn't search for reasonably-priced Indian restaurants in a 500-foot radius while I took a shit." "Those were simpler times," added another technologically-dazed man. As people returned to their senses (ones that didn't require 100+ stimuli), Steve Jobs and Blackberry president Mike Lazaridis held each other and wept for the first time since they invented an ersatz for tears in 1996.

-SM

**WASHINGTON, DC ~** Glenn Beck, conservative rabble-rouser of "Glenn Beck Program" fame, stormed the White House on Monday, leading an irate rag-tag mob of disillusioned empty-nesters and walking mid-life crises. Most donning Native American costumes as a tribute to the original Tea-Partiers, others sporting American flags and southwestern attire, the coup might have been mistaken for a massive federally sponsored game of Cowboys and Indians—if not for the impressive arsenal of shotguns and rocket launchers. At approximately 9 a.m., as the revolutionaries held off efforts made by the National Guard to the tune of "Indian Reservation" by Paul Revere and the Raiders, Beck himself went to make negotiations with the president of the United States. Bombs bursting in air, the red glare of rockets cackling at a socialist regime's downfall, choppers being felled and US cabinet members getting water-boarded, the windows of the Oval Office were the glass ceiling of Hell as tear-streaked president Obama posed the only rational question he could think of: "What is it that you want?" Beck, purportedly, remains cloistered with the president, and will not leave until he figures out this riddle. The death toll climbs by the hour and the Tea Party remains undecided.

-JM

**BRONX, NY ~** On Saturday, September 25, a bro in his early twenties was spotted outside the Rose Hill Apartments refusing the Smirnoff Ice that was being handed to him. The bro is understood to have been taking part in the drinking game "Bros Icing Bros," in which bros, upon being handed a Smirnoff Ice, are required to take a knee chug said Smirnoff Ice. However, this bro purportedly refused the drink, yelling out, "SLEEP DON'T DRINK NO ICES," and disappearing into a nearby crowd. Confusion ensued, most onlookers, themselves bros, seemed to be unaware that such a refusal was possible. "At first I thought I was being ice-blocked, only he lacked the ice with which to block me," remarked the instigating bro, before concluding that it would take a long time before being at peace with the night's turn of events.

-NM

**GUILDERLAND, NY ~** Receiving explicit instructions from his mother to do so following the discovery of a melted Nestle Crunch bar underneath the cushion of the new suede couch, area child Tyler Wyslowski retired to his bedroom to wait until his father gets home and sees this. According to preliminary estimates by his mother, Diane, it will be "a goddamn miracle if [father] Todd doesn't blow his lid the second he walks in the door," reported the 42-year-old immediately after sending Tyler to his room to think about what he did. "He knows he's not supposed to have candy in the family room," added Wyslowski. Based on a ruling from Tyler's father in a case earlier this month concerning leaving the hose on all day (resulting in one drowned azalea bush and a large mud patch on the front yard), the child is thought to be facing up to one week of chores and an approximated 27.653% reduction in TV time. When reached for comment, Tyler closed the door to his bedroom and began to shout that it "isn't fair."

-SPK

# Undocumented And Unafraid DREAM Act Fights Deportation of Immigrant Teens

by Marisa Carroll  
FEATURES EDITOR

Each year, thousands of children come to the United States without proper documentation. Approximately 65,000 undocumented youth graduate from US high schools every year, but their academic integrity does not buy them freedom in our country. Nor does military service—Iraq vets are coming home to deportation proceedings more and more often while the US's "war on illegals" intensifies.

While damning phrases like "baby droppers" and "illegal aliens" paint these youth as criminals on the lam, it's hard to imagine a five-year-old choosing where or under what circumstances she should live, let alone conspiring against the United States. That was the case for Myrna Orozco. Orozco's parents moved her and her siblings to the United States when she was four years old. An engaged student currently attending university, she excelled under the looming risk of deportation. Witnessing cases like that of Eric Balderas, a Harvard sophomore who was detained by immigration officials last June, Orozco decided she "could no longer watch as politicians gamble with my future and the futures of my friends, family, and strangers who are in the same position as I am." On July 20th, Myrna was arrested along with 20 other student activists in Arizona Senator John McCain's office. The students were conducting sit-ins at various senators' offices to urge them to support the DREAM Act. First introduced in 2001, the Development, Relief and Education for Minors Act hopes to protect the rights of undocumented youth. The bill would ensure deportable students who enter the United States as minors, graduate from US high schools, and have lived in the US for a continuous five year period, the opportunity to earn residency if they complete two years either at a four year university or in the military. Since currently alien minors can only obtain legal status through their parents, the DREAM Act would provide an individualized route for youth to earn citizenship while encouraging their career and academic success.

In lieu of her arrest, Orozco will be tried next month in D.C. Without documentation, a conviction could result in her direct deportation; the threat of deportation looms higher if she can't afford to return to D.C. for a trial and a warrant is taken out for her arrest. "America is my home, the country I would fight for, the country I would die for," she wrote in a plea to the president published in the "Dream Now: Letters to Obama" series. "Please help me remain with my family and friends. Please help me stay home."

Orozco found her voice in the Immigrant Youth Justice League, an activist organization dedicated to empowering non-

documented youths. Whether it be through sit-ins or rallies or "coming out" activities in which deportable youths bravely share their experiences, strength, and hope, IYJL pushes for legislative change and personal empowerment. According to the Dream Activist Undocumented Students Action and Resource Network, activist branches are thriving in all 50 states, including right here in New York. Most recently, IYJL has poured its energy into supporting the DREAM Act. The amendment was included in the Defense Authorization Bill along with a change in the Don't Ask Don't Tell policy and military spending. On Tuesday September 21st, with a 56-43 vote, the Senate turned down the Defense Authorization Bill and, along with it, the DREAM Act amendment.

What could have been a crushing blow to activists has instead fueled their rally cries of "Down, down with deportation...Up, up with education." At the "I Too Am America" rally outside of Roosevelt University in Chicago on September 22nd, students spoke on their dedication to keep fighting despite the Senate vote. "Yesterday, the futures of my friends and thousands of others were voted on by elected officials, so I will not speak to you about DREAM like it was just a piece of legislation," said one student to the crowd. She continued,

"Because yesterday it wasn't just a bill that was shut down... it was the people who sit next to you in class that you might not know are undocumented whose futures and dreams were shut down."

Another student, Enrico, said, "I too am undocumented and unafraid, and I will not be silenced. The DREAM Act didn't come up for a vote—the defense bill came up for a vote. The DREAM Act wasn't stopped—the defense bill was stopped. The DREAM Act isn't dead." Activists called for introducing the DREAM Act as



*This asshole will never be deported.*

a standalone bill, not stuffed in with defense bills or other legislation, since justice delayed is justice denied.

One New York City DREAM Activist, Flavia (who preferred not to reveal her last name), wrote on the IYJL blog lessons she learned from the Tuesday vote: "If you watched the floor speeches, you know that we learned a lot about different senators. We took notes. We heard them talk about procedure, about up and down votes, and a lot of them talked about wanting to discuss the merits of the DREAM Act, and only the DREAM Act, without a bundled package of reforms." It is likely that Senator Harry Reid won't return to debate on the DREAM Act until after the November elections, but don't expect a lull from IYJL. Flavia continued, "Fair enough. They want to talk about the DREAM Act, and just the DREAM Act? We'll take it. Over 70% of the country supports the DREAM Act. Corporations like Microsoft and Pfizer support the DREAM Act, universities from Harvard to the University of California support the DREAM Act, communities of faith support the DREAM Act, shoot, even Ricky Martin supports the DREAM Act. Let's triple our efforts. More phone calls. More actions." Undocumented and unafraid, they will ceaselessly continue their fight for justice.



# FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRED

## NJ Transit Worker Let Go After Burning a Koran on 9/11

by Sean Patrick Kelly  
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

On the ninth anniversary of the September 11th attacks, New Jersey Transit worker Derek Fenton stood outside of Park51, the proposed site for the much contested Muslim cultural center referred to by its opponents as a “victory mosque,” tore out pages from the Koran and set them ablaze in the street. Two days later, after photos of Fenton burning the pages surfaced in several area newspapers, the 39-year-old Bloomington, NJ resident was promptly terminated from his position at NJ Transit, where he was employed for 11 years.

Inspired by Florida Pastor Terry Jones, whose threats to burn Korans on the anniversary of the attacks caused a national uproar and provoked a response from President Obama, Fenton insists that he is a “loyal American” and was merely exercising his fundamental right to peaceful protest. However, NJ Transit, a government agency, disagrees. In an official statement, NJ Transit claims that Fenton’s behavior violated the agency’s code of ethics and that “Mr. Fenton violated his trust as a state employee and was therefore dismissed.”

Fenton’s firing has provoked strong reactions from both sides of the debate. His Bloomington neighbors have come out in support of his actions, calling him a family man and saying, “Good for him for burning the Koran; everybody’s entitled to their opinion.” Others, like Muslim Public Affairs Council Salam Al-Marayati, argue that Fenton’s protest is sound grounds

On the one hand, the burning of a Koran (or any sacred text, for that matter) is a heinously offensive action that should be discouraged in all circumstances and by all agencies, public or private. On the other hand, disagreeable as Fenton’s course of action may be, it is nonetheless a protected action under the First Amendment, and punishing his free exercise of First Amendment rights would not only be unconstitutional, but

construed as potentially undermining the public’s trust in the agency or as representing the sentiments of the agency as a whole. If a police officer, for instance, behaved in a similar manner, his or her actions could be seen as an impediment to his or her duty as an impartial and fair enforcer of the law. Since Fenton did not hold a position of comparable prominence or hold similar duties, his firing cannot be justified on similar grounds.



*Asshole (who still deserves his First Amendment rights, unfortunately).*

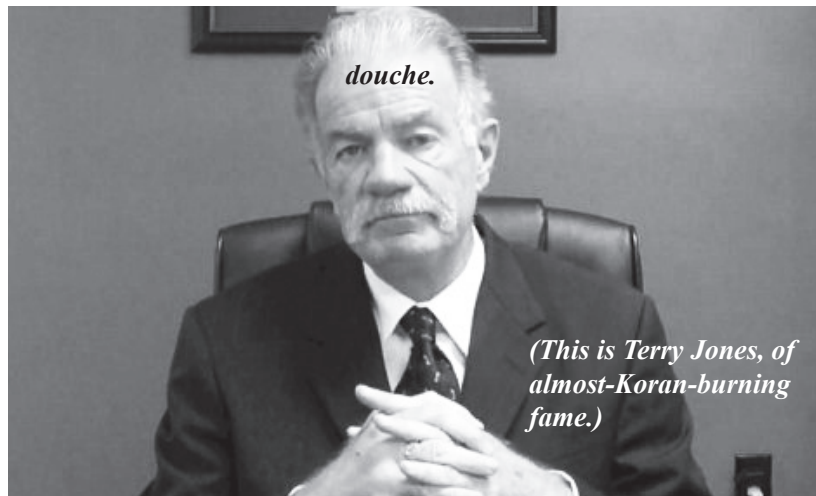
would undermine free speech rights in general.

Proponents of Fenton’s firing contend that, in the current political climate, volatile issues such as the controversy surrounding should be treated with an added degree of sensitivity. Conceivably, Fenton’s burning of a Koran could not only cast a pall on the Park51 opposition (as if they haven’t dug a deep enough hole for themselves by this point), but also sully the reputation of NJ Transit (being a state agency) and potentially provoke a terrorist attack on

Additionally, fears of terrorist retaliation on NJ Transit trains espouses the belief that nonviolent protest will automatically be countered with violent action—certainly not a sufficient grounds for punishing Fenton.

From the looks of things, it seems that the case will most certainly be brought to court, and with good reason—Fenton’s constitutional right to express himself was infringed upon by a state agency, and support for this transgression has permeated the New Jersey government all the way to the office of Governor Chris Christie himself, who described himself as supportive of NJ Transit’s action. The government of New Jersey supports punishing a citizen for exercising a right that they themselves exist to protect, a bold move in the wrong direction of First Amendment protection.

Despicable and irresponsible as his acts may have been, the government still has a responsibility to protect Fenton’s right to act as he did. To do otherwise would not only undermine people’s faith in their government to protect their rights, but would undermine the sanctity of those rights themselves.



*douche.*

*(This is Terry Jones, of almost-Koran-burning fame.)*

for termination, saying, “Those who would do such a thing would be unworthy of public employment.”

Still others, however, are in proverbial Limbo on the issue.

trains. However, such reasoning is quite a reach. Seeing as Fenton was not a representative of the agency (his job involved aligning train cars prior to departure), his actions cannot be

# REALER THAN FACT

by Sarah Madges and Marisa Carroll  
STAFF TRUTHERS

**UN HEADQUARTERS, NY** ~ Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad gave up espousing the non-occurrence of the Holocaust and actually made kind of a good point. At the United Nations on Thursday he noted that although we are all “very saddened” by the death of some 3,000 people on September 11th, 2001, “Up until now, in Afghanistan and Iraq, hundreds of thousands of people have been killed, millions wounded and displaced, and the conflict is still going on and expanding.” Then again, he has also claimed in the past that nuclear programs are “illegal and against our religion,” while simultaneously patting himself on the back for refining uranium to carry out his “peaceful nuclear program” (now with reportedly 16 different peaceful uses!) Oh, and during that same UN meeting on Thursday, Ahmadinejad might have said something about the US government being completely responsible for the attacks of 9/11. We held our own, though—the US delegation responded by leaving.

-SM

**VIRGINIA, US** ~ On Thursday, September 23rd, forty-one-year-old Teresa Lewis became the first woman executed in Virginia in nearly 100 years, and the first woman to be executed anywhere in the US since 2005. Despite claims that she was borderline mentally retarded with a Verbal IQ of 70 and Full Scale IQ of 72 (giving her the intellectual ability of about a thirteen-year-old), the state of Virginia deemed Lewis a criminal mastermind—“the head of this serpent.” The “serpent” she was convicted of was plotting with her young lover to murder her husband and stepson for their collective insurance money. That is, she didn’t even carry out the murder herself (it is debatable whether she could have executed—no pun intended—the plan herself), but rather hired two accomplices—21-year-old Matthew Jessee Shallenberger and his former roommate, 19-year-old Rodney Lamont Fuller. Both were sentenced to life in prison for actually doing the shooting, while Lewis got a lethal injection after a gourmet last meal of two fried chicken breasts, sweet peas, a Dr. Pepper and German chocolate cake. So it goes.

-SM

**Man Buys Entire Fordham School for (Relative) Pocket Change**

**BRONX, NY** ~ If you’ve been checking your my.fordham email (as we all do religiously), you’ve heard that Fordham’s Coloring Book Academy is putting away the Crayola for good. Thanks to the gift of Mario J. Gabelli, CBA ’65, Fordham will now be home to the Gabelli School of Business. Sounds great, right? Fordham is pretty cash-strapped these days and Gabelli—Bronx native cum philanthropist—seems like a pretty straight-up cool dude. The one problem is the price: Gabelli’s “generous gift” of 25 million dollars is paltry compared to what it would cost to buy a school at, let’s say, any other major university in the country. Other things that cost 25 million: one-twelfth of the price paid to rename University of Chicago’s business school two years ago; one wing of one department at Harvard Law; one half of Oprah’s home located near Georgetown; one sixtieth of the US’s annual military spending; 25 of J.D. Salinger’s toilets; 1 LeBron James relationship breakup; 5,000 hours with one of Eliot Spitzer’s diamond hookers; the reward for killing 500 Kurt Cobains; the exotic wildlife at Hearst Castle (elephants! zebras!); and one trip to The Cheesecake Factory with Father Joseph McShane.

-MC



# IT'S MY TEA PARTY AND I'LL CRY IF I WANT TO THE BITCHCRAFT OF CHRISTINE O'DONNELL

by Sam Wadhams  
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Two gloomy specters have hovered over the American psyche of late—Justin Bieber and the Tea Party. Though the relative merits of each are debatable, their culture significance is not. Bieber's prominence is such that *paper* former editor-in-chief Matt McDonough's Tumblr, Bieberpuns, was featured on *Time* magazine's website. At no other point in human history could a collection of crude photoshops featuring two-bit puns about a child pop star make it on that site.\* This is a jarringly painful idea, that We The People can be so transfixed by the human equivalent of a shiny object.

The second actor, The Tea Party, and its Bieber, Christine O'Donnell, are not so easy to pigeonhole. The Tea Party movement is many things. It is concerned citizens joining together to make themselves heard in the political arena, and reactionaries congregated to try to tear down a government they view as foreign. But more than anything else, it represents a sad therapy session, a promise of a big step backward in an ever-changing world. The subtle promise of Conservatism is maintenance of the status quo. It is no coincidence the Tea Party continually harkens to the 1950s, a time of glossy-eyed idealism and American excellence—nevermind all the segregation and simmering national tension. But there is no longer a Cold War. No post-war boom where huge swaths of land can be turned into functional, affordable housing. A national economy that, you know, produces things. To at-

tempt to live in the America of the 1950s, a time when most of our readers' parents were just children, is akin to one of our beloved Jesuit priests behaving just as he did when he was 14. This fundamentally unsound political platform, combined with rampant anti-immigrant, homophobic, "that there Hus-

dissatisfied, average-Joe conservative voters (with spectacular amounts of never-discussed corporate funding). What this means is that there's no coherent party strategy, and the grumpy masses are free to be steered in the direction of cheap hucksters and disastrous political blunders. Which returns us to the

mice with human brains, and finally, in 1998, asked, if the theory of evolution was true, "Why aren't monkeys still evolving into humans?"

But being a rube isn't the same as being a huckster; if she were simply a fool she would be another drop of water in an endless morass of political retarda-

ty," and won her primary by not so subtly intimating that her opponent was gay.

But Christine O'Donnell is Trash, and America seems to know that. With any luck, and barring a total meltdown, she will be trounced in November. But this is meaningless. Sarah Palin was laughed out of Washington by an angry mob and still has a daughter on TV, her own show pending, and a paid gig commentating on Fox News. Palin quit being the Governor of Alaska—a real, honorable political gig—to shill her brand of who-fucking-knows-what conservatism à la Joaquin Phoenix in *I'm Still Here*.

If Barack Obama had O'Donnell's past, he would be sent out of politics by rocket ship. But instead, the Republican party has said that Americans shouldn't care about her past and instead focus on the issues—the exact opposite stance they take with, well, Democrats. These are people who are dramatically opposed to Obama's agenda, yet their main attack point is he has watered it down. Make no mistake; the Tea Party is a huddled mob of vicious dupes, hell-bent on excising everything out of the American character that they view as foreign. This is the new Know-Nothing Party, and they are dangerously bad for American discourse. And most ironic of all, they are causing a civil war that is destroying their party from within. God bless them, and remember: vote Palin 2012 in the primaries.

\*It should be noted that these are, in fact, hilarious.



sein Obama's a Muslim" sentiment, represents the worst parts of the American character. These people are vicious rubes, avid Fox News aficionados, panicky white folks terrified by the notion that America won't continually be restocked with Puritan refugees sailing from England. But the tremendously powerful political anger the Tea Party has is being wielded about as deftly as you could expect from people that can't read the print on a birth certificate.

You see, kids, the Tea Party is not an actual political party, but instead a loose amalgam of

charming tale of one Christine O'Donnell, who, Sarah Palin excluded, is as cheap a huckster as they come. O'Donnell, running on the standard Tea Party platform of less taxes, smaller government and "fuck brown people," has become a fascinating case study in Tea Party politics. At first she was known for her staunchly anti-masturbatory stance...then it came out she practiced Witchcraft in her teens...then she upset Wiccans by shitting on witchcraft. She also has publicly stated she thinks Joe Biden has tapped her phones, scientists have created

tion. O'Donnell is also a fraud. Despite being for the "working class" "regular," she has never worked a regular job (preferring neoconservative Think Tanks). She lied about being a college graduate for years, has filed frivolous lawsuits, and shadily dodged bankruptcy. She owes the state of Delaware \$11,000 in back taxes, listed herself as doing "odd jobs" on her campaign application form, and currently lives in a townhouse paid for with campaign funds. That last part, by the way, isn't particularly legal. This is a woman who Karl Rove has called "nut-

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 and cheapest (!) coffee, tea, and espresso on campus (and it's all Fair Trade!).



Hours:

Sun: 8pm-Midnight

Mon-Tues: 10am-Midnight

Wed: Noon-Midnight

Thurs: 2pm-Midnight

Fri: 10am-6pm

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



# editorials

## A CASE FOR ENDOWMENT TRANSPARENCY

By Brett Vetterlein  
STAFF WELL-ENDOWED

Endowment transparency has been quite the buzz phrase in the student movement over the last few years— at least it seems to have become one since I joined the “movement” three years ago. And there’s good reason for that: the endowment is basically the savings account of the university, although instead of being invested in one bank, it is put in various banks, corporations, bonds, mutual funds, etc. The goal, to put it simply, is to make money. The endowment gets returns on its investments which can be used in the university’s operating budget to hire new teachers and staff; to build new buildings, dorms, and athletic facilities; or simply to be put back into the endowment and reinvested.

So why do we care? Because it’s our school, our reputation, and because our tuition is an investment in Fordham. Just like Fordham, we want to see our money used for the right purposes, so we want transparency. We want to know that Fordham isn’t invested in a company like BP, which caused major and most likely irreversible environmental damage to the Gulf Coast, or in Xe (formerly known as Blackwater), the private military contractor that profits off of two unjust wars in the Middle East.

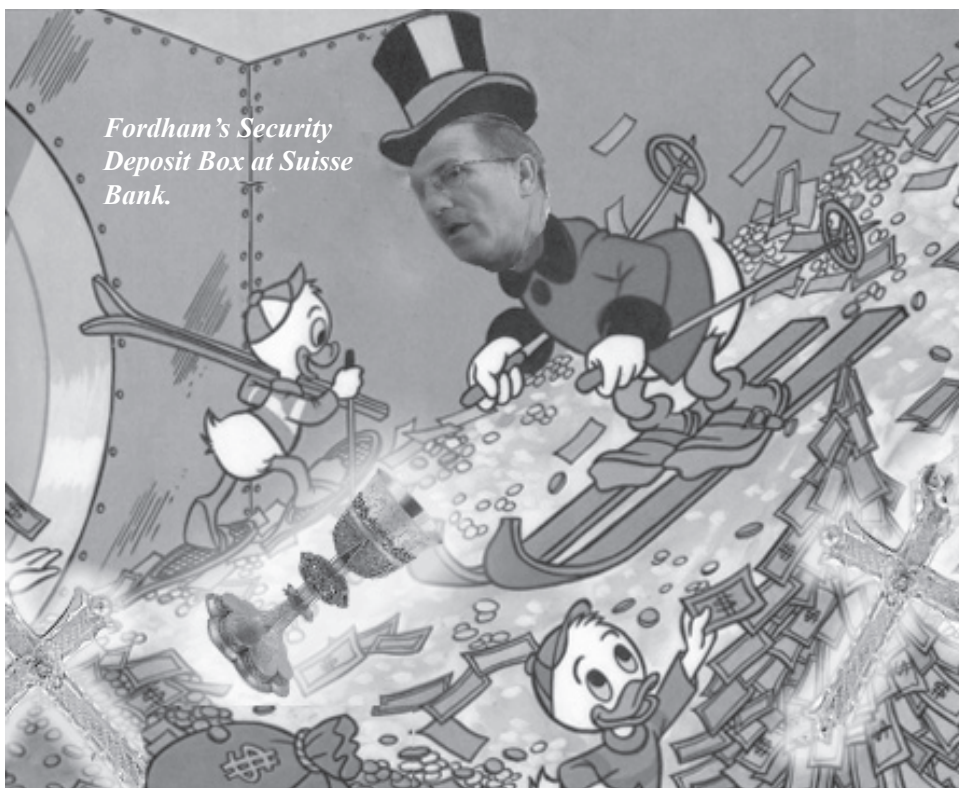
Fordham is a private school and thus has no legal obligation to show us the endowment. I’ve asked about transparency, and the administration has answered that it has no desire whatsoever to let us know how our and the university’s money is being used. Transparency movements are huge undertakings that usually end in compromise at best and a standstill or backpedaling of the campaign at worst. Ask the students from Take Back NYU, the New York University student group which occupied a building last year demanding transparency and wound up getting arrested, suspended, and almost expelled.

I believe we should have transparency, but I also know

that here at Fordham University, at this point, that is next to impossible. On top of that, even if we actually get transparency and find out Fordham is invested in a company with terrible environmental practices, then we would have to launch a whole new campaign to either get our university to divest or to write up shareholder proxies and try to change the company from within. Both could be long and arduous processes; we’d ultimately have to organize two different movements simultaneously or one right after the other.

Instead of trying to find out what is in the endowment or

the students will know where it is and what it is being used for. This empowers us and the university community in general by demonstrating that we have the power to put forth a productive and beneficial initiative with some of Fordham’s money, instead of simply watching it sit in the bank. Second, we will have done significant good for people who need help. Fordham is a university that seeks to create “men and women for others” by giving students the tools to make other people’s lives better. By investing its money in credit unions or community banks, Fordham will have provided a degree of economic empower-



where the budget is invested and then trying to change it, we students are suggesting a better alternative: let’s have Fordham move the money out of the big corporate banks and into credit unions and community banks. This practice is called community investment. It would require Fordham to take its cash assets— mainly those of the endowment and of the operating budget (i.e. the “checking account” of the university used to pay wages, salaries, bills, and so on)— out of whichever corporate bank it’s invested in (Bank of America, Chase, etc., the same banks which helped cause our current economic recession), and reinvest it into Community Development Financial Institutions, namely credit unions and community banks which specialize in providing financial services like loans and credit to individuals and small businesses from low-income communities

By doing this we are accomplishing a number of things. First, because we will have arranged to move the money, we

ment to the Bronx, an area that has historically been disempowered on several levels. Finally, this will allow Fordham to send a message to the corporate banks, their CEOs, and the rest of the financial industry that we don’t have to use their system that only privileges those at the top.

In short, it’s time to move beyond simple requests for transparency. If we want a more democratic university, if we want a better economic system, if we want justice for the Bronx, then we want community investment. We want Fordham to move its money out of the big banks and into our local community.

*If you’d like to get involved in moving Fordham’s money, stop by McGinley 2<sup>nd</sup> on Mondays at 6pm to meet with Fordham for the Bronx, the subgroup of Progressive Students for Justice dedicated to social and economic justice for our community.*

the paper’s view

september 29, 2010

It’s a Beautiful Day in the Neighborhood

Well, shit, Fordham. We at *the paper* had ourselves a hell of a summer. It was so lax we even postponed putting out this rag until basically a month into school. Yep, while *The Ram* was hard at work asserting that only freshman read *the paper* and being a majorly condescending bummer to you kids with the long distance relationships, we were putting away some crispy Stellas on a roof and singing Donovan songs until we just about puked with camaraderie. Because what we *wanted* to do was take a fresh look. It was warranted after all: a fresh new year, fresh new staff, fresh new freshmen. Maybe we could write about unicorns and getting up early to go for a run. We really did. We wanted to drink away everything our Jesuit education taught us.

But we failed (though not for want of trying). At first, it was nice, seeing all those people come back to our quiet little Bronx, kindred spirits we would one day share a degree with. But for all the Fordham students leading completely respectable lives (to whom we say: keep on keeping on), there are always those assholes. And they’re always the loudest people, aren’t they? Those people who completely ignore any attempts by members of the local community (often called “locals”; often meaning “blacks and latinos”) to communicate with them and then spend their evenings causing a ruckus, keeping up the neighbors, and generally going around like the Belmont community is the eighteen to twenty-one-year-olds’ equivalent of a Discovery Zone.

This comes from a particular “inspiration,” if you could call it that. We were at a bodega after a night on the town, procuring some cheap and tasty three dollar subs. Ahead of us in line were a group of young males waiting impatiently for their sandwiches, some of them calling the man making their sandwiches a “queer,” apparently under the belief that this would somehow alter the laws of physics such that their sandwiches would cook more quickly. When we confronted him on the rudeness of this, we were offered a personal meeting with him and his friends over the issue “outside.” Ninety pound drunklings that we were, we declined the offer.

Though this in and of itself is offensive, the worst came when we went to pay. We apologized for the disturbance

and inconsiderateness of the previous customers. Instead of taking our apology, the clerk completely dismissed it, saying “They’re customers...that’s just how people are.”

The clerk’s jaded perspective was troubling to us, because we know that a significant part of his clientele consists of Fordham students who help to affirm his conception of how people are. Sure, some of it is the drunkenness, or the greater psyche of the Northeast that’s averse to interaction with strangers, but neither of those things excuses using slurs against a man who’s simply doing his job. And we can’t help but think that it’s precisely because Rose Hill is in the Bronx, and a majority of the people living here come from a lower socioeconomic class than the majority of us who are attending such a fine university, that this behavior is considered acceptable. Granted, we didn’t keep focus during the entirety of our core orientation, but we’re pretty sure that this is antithetical to the whole “men and women for others” thing that lies at the roots of our Jesuit education.

So, for all you new freshmen, and all the upperclassmen who apparently missed this fact, please note: we live in a real neighborhood. Fordham is not a state school in the middle of nowhere, nor is it the central school of a college town. Really, we’re still in the early stages of being a primarily residential college, and maybe that means we’re still figuring out how to coexist with the community. But that’s still no excuse to treat community members like they’re sub-human, to call them “queer,” or to keep the neighbors up all night with drunken gallivanting. We’re not saying don’t gallivant. By all means, traipse away. Just remember that there are people whose time here far surpasses your own, and just as you (rightfully) expect guests to be courteous and respectful when staying in your own home, it is your responsibility to live up to similar expectations while at Fordham, rather than harvesting cynicism and destroying those expectations. Don’t be afraid to talk to your hosts, either; they’re nice people, not as dissimilar from you as you’ve been taught to believe by the people who sucked air through their teeth when you told them you were going to school in the Bronx



# Crass Participation: On When to Shut the Fuck Up

by Lauren Duca  
STAFF "DOCTOR"

Some people, usually overly-eager teachers or your mom, may have told you in the past that "there are no such things as stupid questions, only stupid answers." Not true. That statement itself is a stupid answer to a stupid question of whether or not there are stupid questions, so don't you dare take it as some sort of informal permission to be stupid. Have some self-respect and take a second to think before you raise your hand and muse aloud about whatever pops into your head. And, while we're on the topic of what's in your head, there's really no need to share every bit of insignificant trivia you've ever stumbled upon with your class. Yes, you happened to be feeling cultured yesterday, and on your way into your building, you grabbed a copy of *The Times*. And yes, the first article you turned to contained some adorable blip of cultural literacy that you're excited to run around mentioning to as many groups of people as possible. If it relates to what your class is discussing, by all means, raise that hand with pride. If it can be made distantly relevant by a string of abstract A to B to C connections, keep your mouth shut.

I love philosophy. I'm con-

sidering making it my major, which might prompt you to ask, "Who the hell is this girl, who wants her parents to pay 50,000 dollars a year so she can wonder about the meaning of life, to tell me anything?" Don't ask that—it's a stupid question. In any case, I was sitting in my ethics class as we were beginning our unit on utilitarianism, and my professor mentioned the trolley scenario. The trolley scenario, if you're unfamiliar with it, is a hypothetical situation often referred to in ethics classes. A trolley is coming down the tracks, about to kill five people. You are standing near a switch that, if pulled, could divert the trolley to a different track, killing one person instead. Do you pull the switch? The point of this hypothetical scenario—as is the case with nearly any hypothetical scenario proposed in an ethics class—is to hone in on the essential principles of a given moral theory. Why am I explaining something so painfully obvious? Because immediately after this bit about the trolley, my professor branched off into a parallel situation, where you are a doctor and there are five mildly injured patients and one severely injured patient. You can give all your time to the one and save her, or divide it amongst the five, save them, and let the

one die. It was at this point that some kid raised his hand and asked, in all seriousness, "What about the other doctors?"

That's a stupid question. Now let's talk about stupid comments. First off, familiarize yourself with the idea that your class is not a conversation between you and your professor. If you'd like to have a one-on-one conversation with your professor, by all means go annoy the shit out of him or her during office hours. During class sessions, however, if your professor says something, it is not directed specifically at you, and if you are responding to every word out of your professor's mouth like the two of you are sitting down to coffee, chances are everyone else would like to pour an entire cup of it over your head. My psych class, like most, is rather large. I'd say there are at least fifty of us. The majority sit, listen, and take notes, but there is one kid who has input for literally every other slide off the power point. We talked about the hippocampus, a part of the brain associated with memory, and he asked whether that's what Drew Barrymore damaged, in "you know, that movie, the one with Adam Sandler where...like...she's his girlfriend? But then she like, ...I don't know, something hap-

pens, and she loses her memory, and he keeps taking her out. Oh! It's called *50 First Dates!*"

Now that is undeniably irritating, but at least he's trying to be funny; it's pathetic and annoying, and if I could I'd take away his privilege to ever talk again I would... but his motives are more endearing than those of the kid who is trying to seem smart. This is what I was ranting about earlier with *The Times*: keep your auxiliary intellectual information to yourself. Sharing it does not make you seem worldly or informed but pretentious and annoying, and I honestly couldn't care less about the labor strike you are trying to relate to slavery right now, you irrelevant ass-flop. Please stop prostituting the bit of cultural information you've obtained and internalize it for your betterment instead.

If I seem like a phenomenal bitch right now, you are prob-

ably one of the offenders listed above, and the way I see it, it's better to be feared than loved by people like you. So you can whine about it, or you can seek self-improvement. Dr. Phil McGraw once said, "You can't change what you don't acknowledge." He's a fat imbecile who doesn't understand the basics of psychology or dieting, but here I think he may be on to something. Want to participate in class, without fear of being an aggravating little parasite? Don't try to be funny or smart. Don't try to be anything. Listen to the discussion and respond to what your professor and peers are saying. Otherwise, kindly shut the fuck up.



**PLEASE THINK BEFORE YOU INK!**  
MURDER OF THE DILEMMAS OF TATTOO PLACEMENT

by Rebecca Jennings  
STAFF TUFF CITY-ZEN

I recently heard a statistic claiming that the area around Fordham University has the highest number of tattoo parlors per block in New York City, the state, and/or the country. I don't remember specifically because it probably wasn't true, but it reminded me of a certain something I have been mulling over for the past few months: my decision to finally cave in to the temptations and clichés of the collegiate world and get inked.

During my senior year of high school I'd often hear rumors about so-and-so's new tattoo, a so-and-so who you'd never expect to get one. I'd have to look twice when I caught a glimpse of a black cross on a guy's arm, a trail of stars on a girl's shoulder, or (in one case) a pair of red lips placed dangerously close to a teammate's down-there area. In each scenario, it was like they were inviting everyone around to judge their major, life-altering decision. What do you say to someone who's just told you they've got a pair of RED LIPS on their VAGINA? (And then proceeds to show you). WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT?

Somehow none of this stops me from wanting a tattoo. It's something I have a hard time explaining to people like my mother who can't comprehend the possibility of seeing a daughter's ink when she's wearing her wedding dress, or people who have already expressed their sentiments to me on the tattoo debate: that they're impractical, will end up saggy and wrinkly, are a waste of money, are painful, and are something that in five years you'll want to rip off your body. All perfectly sound reasons for most people to stay the hell away from those sketchy upstairs parlors. I have my own issues, however.

The biggest problem for me isn't the decision of whether or not to get one—it's the where. It seems as though every area on my body is unsuitable for a tattoo. Especially because I'm female, it's particularly difficult to find a spot that will not change drastically in the next twenty years and is not deemed "trashy" by society. Oh, and one that won't show on my wedding day. Allow me to elaborate:

**The Upper Arm:** Although a relatively practical area, all I can think about are either tribal

armbands (so not acceptable for a white blonde girl) or those tats resembling Ed Hardy T-shirts on Harley-driving Hulk Hogan types. Plus, I think you should have a pretty good set of guns before you go calling attention to that area.

**The Wrist:** In general, I think wrist tattoos are seriously cool... it's just that they're so out there, so in your face and hard to cover. Gisele Bundchen, Leighton Meester, Jessica Alba and Scarlet Johansson's wrist tats started a mass trend, but the fact that notorious überbitch Kristen Cavallari has one makes them much less appealing.

**The Back of the Neck:** I find that older or middle-aged people have a serious problem with neck tattoos. They think they're gross. I, however, like how they look, especially on a girl, because it's like a little surprise every time she ties up her hair. And there are a lot of pros: it's not really going to change over time (back of the neck wrinkles?), it's easy to hide, and you don't have to look at it every day—you can almost forget that it's there.

**Upper Breast/ Chest:** Now this is where we get into trashy territory. Here's my dilemma:

how low is too low and how high is too high? What about the sideboob zone? But then again, pregnancy and old age hold drastic consequences. I wouldn't want my Chinese symbol for "peace" (joking) to look like a Jackson Pollock in 30 years.

**Back:** The upper back has become a go-to spot for classy celebs like Jenna Jameson, Megan Fox and Ronnie from *Jersey Shore*. But for some reason, the lower back tattoo (a.k.a. the "tramp stap") has this inexplicable slut stigma attached to it that I, for some reason, cannot understand. Personally, I think red lips on the va-jay-jay should be considered the tramp stamp. After all, what place besides the lower back is more discrete, less likely to be deformed, and won't show on my wedding day? Lower back tattoos are perfect for the times when you actually want to show off your tat: at the beach or in bed. They're sexy! And I hate that I can't get one without being called white trash.

**Down-there:** True story: while on vacation in Barbados with some girlfriends we met a British guy who told us his nickname was Gooch (I know,

right?). He said that one night, after many a drink, he decided to get the word Gooch... on his gooch (look it up). Then he showed us. And now, with the recent trends of Vajazzling and vadge-dying (I wish I were kidding), tats in that domain are probably on the rise as well. Ouch.

**Foot:** The fact that I've heard millions and millions of times how much of a bitch foot tattoos hurt like is enough for me to steer clear of ever getting one. Plus, I don't know about anyone else, but my calloused, sandal-tanned and wider-than-average feet aren't exactly my best feature. It's sort of the same reason I wouldn't get my navel pierced.

Am I the only one who worries about these stigmas? Recently I've come to the conclusion that I care too much about other peoples' opinions and judgments, which sort of makes me not cool enough to get a tattoo in the first place. For now, I suppose I'll stick with my totally rebellious ear piercings and blame my tattoo-less body on the unusually lax New York safety laws.



# CAUGHT RED-HANDED

## MARXIST SHOPLIFTING: ONE WAY TO UTILIZE YOUR WHITE, MIDDLE-CLASS PRIVILEGE

By Tom Sliwowski  
STAFF STICKY FINGERS

The most important thing you need to know about Marxist shoplifting is that it isn't done for personal gain. Getting free shit is a nice little side effect of sticking it to those damn capitalist pigs, but you need to remember that this whole idea of "personal gain" is an evil capitalist idea in which we've been conditioned to believe. When you shoplift, you need to keep your true goal in mind and remember that you are acting as a foot-soldier for the worldwide Marxist revolutionary cause; you are attacking evil corporations; and, above all, you are subverting this giant fucked-up greed-based system we've all had the misfortune of being born into.

I started shoplifting two years ago in the banal depths of suburban New Jersey. One day, my friends and I got high, went to Walmart, and realized we were broke. Naturally our insatiable hunger for Cheetos and Fanta got the best of us and, with much apprehension, we pinched those tasty snacks. Only later did I start reading excerpts from *Das Capital* and cross-applying my blossoming kleptomaniac to Marxist revolutionary thought.

During my shoplifting career I developed specific guidelines for this brand of thievery. First, you should only steal from big corporations [*ed note: no, you shouldn't*], because they're evil and abuse the hell

out of the proletariat masses. If you're stealing from little mom-and-pop stores you're a) not furthering the revolutionary cause and b) generally being a dick. Second, don't only steal shit you need—you're not doing this for yourself, you're doing it for the workers of the world.

So if you see a pack of gum and have an opportunity to slip it into your pocket, DO IT [*ed note: please don't*]. Remember, every penny you steal from asshole CEOs subverts their greed and fucks with their income. Third, practice whenever you can. Going to Target to get school supplies?

Steal anything small enough to fit into your pocket/purse [*ed note: nope, still don't*]  
—all those pens, erasers, highlighters and shit are overpriced anyway, and you have to be vigilant all the time if you want to help the workers and crush the greedy pigs.

So if you've read this article thus far, you're probably thinking to yourself, "Wow, what a shitty article. This writer's a douche. Shoplifting raises prices for other customers and communism sucks." Though first two parts of this comment are probably completely cor-

rect, you're dead wrong if you believe the latter two. Here's why: all these giant stores have a whole fucking protocol for shoplifters—it's called "shrinkage," and they cover these costs. IF, however, enough of us brainwashed consumers wake up and start doing this on a mass scale,



we can totally subvert the system and strike a mighty blow to the mass market industry. If big business tries to make up for shoplifting by raising prices for other consumers (which they might do, those greedy fucks) then they're just being themselves and John Doe will very likely choose to shop locally rather than at Walmart (which is a very, very good thing). Additionally, you need to understand that any apprehensions you have about Marxism, communism, socialism, labor unions, etc. are just the results of you being brainwashed by

the cold leftovers of Cold War-era propaganda in which our fine government (working with big business, as always) tried to justify Americans' empty, banal consumer existences by saying that defining ourselves with the shit we buy is actually freedom and wayyyy better than what

I was right. Since that day, I have not bought a single pack of gum, I've gotten a free issue of *TIME* magazine, and I am currently scoping out the building so I can walk out with a gallon jug of Arnold Palmer unnoticed. Getting high and shoplifting is, by the way, loads of fun [*ed note: we cannot verify this!*]  
—that rush you feel as you walk out the door has no equal, and the golden silence of alarms not going off soon becomes your favorite sound in the world.

The most important thing you must remember about shoplifting is that you'll only get good with practice, and the only way you'll have the motivation (and metaphorical balls) to practice a lot is if you constantly remind yourself why you're doing this: you are subverting the system—your role is similar to that of all those kids who do loads of community service to make themselves feel better about being born into privilege. The only difference is that, rather than directly helping those in need (which seems a lot more virtuous but is as effective as a band-aid is for a compound fracture), you're taking a stand against the very agents of oppression that cause poverty and exploit social disadvantage in the first place. So I call you to action: shoplifters of the world, unite [*ed note: not on our account, please!*] Dedicate the spoils of your exploits to the revolutionary cause, aid the oppressed workers, and stand up to the greedy capitalist pigs!

those damn Ruskis were doing. But buying shit doesn't make you free, it enslaves you; money doesn't liberate you, it puts you in chains.

So why am I writing this nugget of wisdom? Because as soon as I found out there's a Walgreens within walking distance of the Fordham campus, I got really baked and walked on over there. I snatched a pack of gum, made sure the undercover store security didn't see me, and walked out triumphantly, confident that I could outsmart the underpaid, oppressed employees who work there. And

## An Imagined Scene In Which I Vaguely Encounter Myself In A Semi-Public Space

by Bobby Cardos  
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

In a New York City office building there is a man sitting in a bathroom trying to take a shit. He has the seat all lined with toilet paper to keep a layer of separation between him and the germs that almost certainly lie festering on the toilet seat. He is glad the bathroom is empty because it is a violent shit that he has to take, liable to make all kinds of loud and quite frankly uncouth noises. All ready and raring to go, he readies himself to let out this cavalcade of excrement. But just as he's about to open the rectal gates, the door opens and the hard raps of leather shoes come across the linoleum floor and into the other stall. He clenches, waiting to see if it's a piss or a shit next to him, thinking that if it's a piss he can just wait it out. Because what he doesn't want is to let out this big, embarrassing, spraying splurgy sound that's going to

reflect on his character in some weird sort of anonymous way.

Meanwhile in the stall next to him stands this guy with the leather shoes that make hard raps on the floor with his trousers unzipped and his penis out in his hands, just waiting there, not waiting because he doesn't have to piss but because he doesn't want those first few spurts to be noticeable, wants to get the the constant stream of urine with as little mediation as possible, but not sure he is ready yet. Because he has a hard time pissing when he knows someone can hear him and precisely for this reason: because if he just pisses in these little spurts for a while or if the stream is weak and forced then this guy in the stall next to him is going to think he's some withering old man with a bad prostate and probably impotent to boot (and what if this is all a sign that he does have a bad prostate and is only a few years away from

secretly popping Viagra during dates?). So now he's standing there, still waiting for it to be ready but it not happening, not happening exactly because he is thinking about it so much, but he can't not think about it, and he can't just leave and find another, maybe empty, bathroom because that would confirm everything that the guy is definitely thinking about him. And the guy sitting next to him ready to shit but unable to is still clenching and hoping the guy will just leave soon, not hearing anything because he's thinking about this potential oppressively loud sound he's got inside him, waiting to come out if only he'll let it that he doesn't even notice the sound of not-pissing happening next to him, inches from his person.

So the two of them sit and stand, respectively, keeping up their anonymous appearances by withholding their bodily wastes and their collectively

decided to be unseemly sounds, unable to release but likewise unable to just up and leave, and this standoff between these two

cripplingly self-conscious contemporary adult males continues for an embarrassingly long time.





# Evicted, Not Convicted

## Trying to Reason With ResLife

By Chris Gramuglia  
STAFF WEARS A WIRE

Yet another year at Fordham has ended and you've cleaned out your sweltering room the best you could, triple checking to make sure you've packed everything for the long journey to good ole home, sweet home. You finally go back to your family and find each member elated that her little scholar has arrived intact. Summer begins, and you realize how boring home is when compared to the vibrancy of college life. Then something arrives in the mail from your beloved venue of higher learning and debauchery! The maroon Fordham logo on the envelope fills you with warmth and admiration as you tear it open. Inside is a letter from The Office of Residential Life—"Reslife", as you've come to know it. While scanning the page, your mood changes from one of nostalgia and joy to one of deep, searing annoyance, confusion, and pain (just think of a bee sting to the nuts.) The dollar sign at the bottom of the page stands next to that massive yet totally arbitrary number, grinning at you like a cocky bank robber. Reslife is demanding payment for damages to your room. Why? *Because Reslife aims to harp on bogus fines.*

During my junior year I lived in Arthur House. At the close of spring semester I was fined \$838 for the year-long massacre that took place in my apartment. I wasn't given a bill, though, but a list of adjectives which included "disgusting" and "hideous." At this I couldn't help but laugh: this description was one place where Reslife was spot on. Nice work guys! Considering that my



roommates also incurred similar fines, drinks must have been on Reslife that night; the total for our hell-hole was a sky-high six grand-plus.

Recently I met with the Area Coordinator for Integrated Learning Communities Amy Harper to talk about these fines. "Why didn't I receive a detailed list of where each and every dollar of my money went? Why not show me that?" I suggested, still nauseous from losing such a huge amount of money.

"I don't have the play-by-play," she responded. "I can't give you specifics." Is that because the 'play-by-play' doesn't exist? Or is it because Reslife *always* pulls their fine amounts out of a mysterious, omniscient ass instead of following what is stated in their own handbook? One has to wonder...

After agreeing with me earlier in our discussion that I was charged a large amount of money, Ms. Harper continued to dodge my questions as

to where exactly said money was going with regard to the repairs and maintenance. She then implied that the fines were meant to "teach us a lesson" and climbed atop a moral soapbox by accusing me of not caring that people had to clean up our mess— what nonsense. Because of my secret love for the art of arguing, I recognized Ms. Harper's words immediately as the fallacy of *petito principii*, or "begging the question." She injected her own opinion of me into our discussion and used it as a premise to justify the fines. Fortunately for her, we weren't in a courtroom, and she managed to get away with it.

During another part of our discussion she pointed out that, "The fines aren't as bad as they could have been had you been living in the city. We gave you a break." Excuse my bluntness, but I nearly shat my pants in her office when she made this arrogant remark. It is pure opinion, and when I brought this to her

attention she shrieked, "That is NOT an opinion! It is a stated fact!"

"I'm not raising my voice," I sighed, my hands folded in my lap. I would like to point out that a claim such as, "fines are higher in the city" is not a reasonable axiom merely because it was stated by someone in a position of authority— even the great Amy Harper. Also, most city landlords ask for a deposit prior to damages, rather than demand compensation after residents have already moved out. The "we gave you a break" B.S. and the guilt-laying tactics that Reslife has trained its staff to employ are getting pretty tired, if I don't say so myself.

To some this may sound like whining, and perhaps it is. You might say that we were wrong and deserved to get fined. "But what about the four human sized holes in the walls, the broken toilets, and the golf ball-sized dents in the refrigerator that contained diseased,

rotten chicken?" I fully admit to all of this. Let's not forget the doors we ripped off and cabinets we broke either, just for good measure. However, this still doesn't change the fact that I wasn't given a receipt for the money I handed ResLife. I'm sure some of our number crunchers in CBA would agree that it's simply bad business ethics to not account for as much money as possible in a transaction. Apparently The Office of Residential Life bases its own ethics off of those of the character Eric Gordon in *Billy Madison*: "Business ethics... Well, uh, the thing about ethics is uh...ethics are um..." How strikingly similar both philosophies are!

I was told to e-mail Elizabeth D'Amico asking for specifications regarding where my money went, but let's be honest: it wouldn't have done the people Bernie Madoff was stealing from any good to write *him*, so I'm going to let that one pass.

Ultimately, I suggest that students look at the inner-workings of Reslife through a more skeptical lens, one that might expose some of the shifty practices going on in that basement office. What so many of the Reslife staffers have neglected to consider throughout the years is that they are dealing with rational, hard-working individuals in the prime of their intellectual development, not mere wallets wearing leather sandals. I think I speak for most when I say that Rose Hill's student body has retired from bullshit and desperately wants to know what's happening (or not happening) in the basement of Loschert Hall.



# Abandon All Hope, Ye Who Enter Here

## Student Advice Special

By Sam Wadhams

### STAFF EATS FOUND PIZZA

Hello freshmen! By now you're settled in your smelly, cell-like residences with your hate-to-party or always-partying roommates. Your parents have left you and gone home. Odds are if you're Catholic, they're moping; if you're Protestant, they're turning your room into a home office. I saw you walking around with your parents on freshmen move-in day. Your dad was wearing a pastel polo, sunglasses, and khaki shorts and your mother a blouse and skirt. You looked clean. It looks like your high-functioning liver is still properly processing toxins in your body. This condition will not last.

So now that you're off in the world to live out your college movie fantasies, you have to be feeling pretty good. You're a big boy/girl now. Congratulations. But with the sudden onset of near-adulthood comes **great some** almost no responsibility. Still, you have questions. *Do you think this fake ID will work?* (Probably) *How do I hook up with that girl?* (Dazzle her with bright colors) *What generic posters will give the appearance of depth to my bland personality?* (*Scarface* and *Dark Side of the Moon*) *Where can I buy drugs?* (Keating 100, ask for Chris)

Now that the question and answer part is over, here are some facts (seriously) that you may not know unless you have older siblings or are overly anal

(in terms of your personality.) You're welcome, you ingrate fucks.

Natural Light is the cheapest beer there is. You will drink a lot of it. Tall boys get warm and are gross. Forties are for people who just think they understand irony.

Yeah, the caf stinks, blah-blahblah. You should have been here when I was a freshman. I should have been here when the old seniors were freshmen.

There are tunnels under Eddie's where they used to wheel cadavers when Fordham still had a medical school. Spoooooooooooooooooooooky.

Someone knows how to get onto the roof of almost every building. The school will kick your ass if they catch you, but you will make out with anyone you bring there.

Your R.A. is probably just a sophomore, and not that mean or scary.

Your freshman floor friends will not be your friends for all of college.

People you know will get kicked out, drop out, and fail out. Don't be those people.

If you don't smoke cigarettes already, college is a foolish time to start.

Cigarettes are delicious, especially when you're drunk.

If you're going to be real dumb and run from security, get off campus. If you're running from your dorm security guard, it's probably best not to come back.

Mommas, don't let your

babies grow up to be cowboys.

I'm pretty proud that you were the backup quarterback at West Valley High School when you guys went to State. But just me. Nobody else cares at all.

When you graduate, there will be a bottom of the pile position open in whatever you want to do. Writing. Stocks. Shark Biology. Be the most qualified for that spot when you graduate and you'll have your dream job in a couple of years.

That bottom spot will probably suck.

Intern. Fifteen hours of class is not a full week's schedule. Now you know.

U2 is probably never coming back.

No means No. Wear a rubber.

Very few of your favorite college memories will involve a television.

College isn't coming back later in life. Don't half-ass it.

No classes on Wednesday mornings.

Somebody has to bite the bullet on the top bunk if you ever want to have fun in your room.

Term papers, finals > mid-terms > tests, special projects

## Student Advice Special



> solo presentations, quizzes > going out drinking with your friends > group presentations > other homework.

If your girlfriend's parents dislike you based on reputation, you can still visit by lying about your name while you're in their house. If you've already met them, a better back story will be required.

Pick a good book and read it, it'll make you less of a goon.

Punching people in the groin has gone out of style. Don't be that guy.

There are a lot of twins on the football team. This is because Tom Masella will often tie one twin to the Metro-North tracks on game day to motivate the other.\*

Taking the MetroNorth is like punching the Statue of Liberty in the face.

Being a little gross is good for you. A dad who can clean the gunk out of a sink was once someone who found a whole pizza under his bed. And ate it.

Learn the names of the

people who run the TriBar. Be friendly and respectful. Life just got easier.

Pugsley's is a lot more of a cultural landmark than a tasty and affordable pizzeria (see: University, Bellini's)

Lacrosse is a fun sport, not a unifying cultural movement.

Everybody gets written up at least once. Don't be a nerd, but don't think you're a gangster because you can't have a beer without making a ruckus.

Sleep don't drink no beer.

So now you know more of what you need to know and can be a successful, arrogant freshman who willfully ignores my advice. But it's okay, soon you'll be an ennui-filled sophomore, a vaguely capable junior, and, eventually, bitter and terrified senior.

Go with God.

\*less true.

# HOMECOMING

## A FORMER EDITORS THOUGHTS ON COMING HOME TO AN EMPTY HOUSE

By Max Siegal

### STAFF CLASS REUNION

**Editors' Note:** *This piece was produced by an alumnus of both the paper, and our fine university after heartily enjoying the homecoming festivities on eddies and in Dagger John's, Adhering to the philosophy of In Vino Veritas (something very close to our hearts here at this rag), we have decided to print this article in full, sans copyediting, proofreading or corrections.*

This is about Homcoming, and therefore about nothing.

This is about homecoming, its partly a pissing contest. You see people that you weren't really friends with or never really liked and you have to have the whole "so what are you doing?" conversation because you're stuck in line still buying drink tickets like a fucking asshole. They're all in your face like "yeah, I'm doing some shit

that you don't care about and I never was interested in, but I make it look like I'm enjoying myself and making more money than you." My response to this sort of interaction is usually taking one of the pumpkins that Sterling (née Sodexho) put out even though it's a fucking hot-as-balls September day and shoving the gourd IN HIS FACE. Newsflash: If I didn't want to be associated with you before graduation, I really don't give a shit now. You are really dumb. FOR REAL. (insert picture of Antoine Dodson). Also, if you're a guy, your penis is small. If you a chick, you've put on weight.

Also, you're probably going to run into a gang of current students. I choose not to look upon them with ire or disgust, an air of superiority shoved right up my bottom. It's not they know nothing or haven't done as much as you, but it's more like that they're on their way to be-

ing where you are now. Time will pass. Instead, take these fledgling graduates under your wing, give them advice, as beer-soaked as it may be, and let them know that "the real world" is just a cardboard platitude and a false milestone. The world after Fordham is what you make of it, and as long as you're not a total fuck up, it won't be fucked up. As long as you put yourself into your endeavors full-stop, something decent will come along. A Fordham degree is worth at least the paper it's printed on, and it's some pretty nice paper. Nice and thick, with a study feel in the hand, even if it's all printed in Roman Catholic.

But if you do it right, Homecoming is a wonderful reunion of friends. We're all lazy people and its not as easy as we want to be to keep in touch and stuff. But for one weekend in the early Fall, most everyone comes back to the Bronx and

it's honestly really nice. There are all of your regular friends; the satellite people who sort of revolve around your people and occasionally overlap in orbit; the girls that you really wanted to have sex with but never could because you were always her straight gay-best-friend and spent more time talking about skirt pleats than sucking face; the people who you had class with but can never remember their names, so you make awkward general comments and ask vapid questions that have answers like "good," "great," "yeah, I'm in the city," or "still at home," or, in other words, irrelevant. Back to those people that you never fucked, though. The thing is, as hard as you might try, you're better judgement will tell you that she still isn't interested in the sex, and you should listen to Jiminy on that one. He'll steer you right.

If you're lucky, you'll run into a professor or two who's

had a beer or a glass of wine and you'll share a heartfelt, if not somewhat shallow conversation about what you're doing now. But it's nice seeing your former educators in this light. If you're really lucky, one of the clubs that you used to belong to will be having an active afternoon on campus and you'll get to participate in all of your Homecoming revelry and drunken good joy. If you're unlucky, you'll step on a child that belongs to some middle-aged alum who had nothing better to do than drive their minivan into the poorest urban county in America. But let's not be drunk while writing this: it is a curmudgeonous twat waffle that does not enjoy the yearly autumn convocation of their fellow Fordhaminians, at least for the first few years. Don't come after you're 25, then it's sad.

Also, this is the second article I've ever written that does not include a jewish joke.



# DUNGEON MASTERS

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT LOLA VON AWESOME CRASHES A BDSM PARTY

**By Emily Genetta**  
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

This article is not about *how* I wound up at a fetish party—that’s an unimportant detail. I may have lost a bet; or I might secretly do this sort of thing all the time; or, perhaps, I had just found out that a second of my high school friends was engaged, and I was pretty drunk at a bar and in the middle of a mini quarter-life-crisis when a Seriously Attractive Lawyer (SAL) asked me if I wanted to go to a fetish birthday party for a friend of his and I was all, “You know what? YES! Yes I do!” Or none of the above. All that matters is that I somehow found myself in a bar on the Lower East Side last Saturday night being introduced to a woman in a latex nurse outfit.

“This is the birthday girl, Mistress Alex,” SAL said.

“Hi! I’m... Emily...” I immediately regretted not having come up with a badass alter ego. It wasn’t an issue of anonymity (clearly); rather, I fear I will have precious few opportunities in my life to go by a nom de porn. Surely I could have made up something even mildly acceptable on the spot, like Lola von Awesome or Tits McGee... I hadn’t finished processing my disappointment when I made my next mistake.

“Why don’t you two chat while I get you a drink?” SAL asked, turning to me. “What do you want?”

“Um... a vodka cranberry?” I may have imagined it, but I thought I saw Mistress Alex give me a curious look over her tumbler of scotch as SAL turned towards the bar. Suddenly I was at a loss as to how to initiate a conversation with her, so I blurted out the first thing that came to mind: “Happy birthday! How old are you?” Strike three.

“I’m forty,” she said, sighing.

“Oh wow! You don’t look forty!” This was, at least, the truth. Her face was still completely unlined and didn’t appear to be surgically altered. Then again, even her blood-red lipstick and bleach-blonde hair somehow appeared natural. This is the general effect of latex outfits: they make everything else look utterly normal and organic in comparison.

“A few minutes ago I could still say I was still in my thirties.” She smiled and shook her head. “How old are you?”

“Twenty-one.” She nodded as if this explained a lot. “This is my first party,” I added, to explain the rest.

After a brief silence, I picked up a glossy five-by-seven card

lying on the table. “Must be pretty cool to have your face on promotional material, huh?” I casually asked Mistress Alex, turning it over in my hand. “And both sides, too!”

“Oh, that isn’t me.” Apparently there are a lot of pretty, middle-aged blonde dominatrices in the city.

“Really? Hmm. Well you look like her! Or she looks like you! Or-- I mean, it’s a compliment.”

“No, thank you,” she sipped her scotch. “You know who you look like? You probably get this a lot...”

Zoe Deschanel? Anne Hathaway? (It’s the bangs) “Who?”

“Sasha Grey.”

“Huh. I don’t know that I’ve gotten that one before. But thanks!”

wearing those freaky contacts that make your eyes look huge. He was sticking them very close to the face of a girl with giant woolen pigtails, who was slowly backing away.

“Oh.” I looked around again. “Wow! Is that-- what is that?” I figured I’d run with the n00b thing and so, even though I had read something in *The Voice* once about human carpets, I pointed quizzically to the man lying on the floor in front of the bar.

“Oh, he’s a human carpet. His whole thing is having people stand on him.”

“Very cool,” I nodded.

“You should go try,” Mistress Alex suggested. I looked down at my four-inch heels and suddenly flashed back to high school physics class. We

I was relieved when SAL came back with my drink. “You ladies been having fun?”

“Mmmm!” we both nodded. The truth, of course, was that we’d been having pained small talk like any strangers at any party. This is the real secret of fetish soires: they can be as banal as any other gathering, except everything is slightly more awkward because of the circumstances. Case in point:

“Why don’t you take off that coat?” Mistress Alex prompted me as I chugged my sissy drink.

“Oh. I-- huh-- yeah?”

“Here let me take it for you,” SAL offered. Realizing I was the most clothed person in the room other than SAL and a few other guys in business suits (that’s a fetish, natch), I removed my trench coat. Like a

ing Halloween for those get-ups I really could not get away with wearing at other times, like a grape suit. That’s what I was two years ago, and you know why? Because you can’t even get away with being a bunch of grapes at a fetish party. You *might* be able to get away with a sexy banana costume in a dungeon, though...

But I had not thought about that. When I called SAL the day before asking what exactly I should wear, he sent me the virtual invitation, and I puzzled over what it meant. “FETISH!Gothic Lolita/ Steampunk/ Rivethead/ Latex gatophilia/ DRESS TO IMPRESS!”

“I’m pretty sure I only know what, like, half of those things are... is ‘gatophilia’ a cat fetish?”

“You don’t *have* to dress like that, you know,” SAL offered. “I mean, they’ll charge you more, but... you can just wear a dress.” I considered this and still remained entirely unsure what kind of dress that should be.

“What kind of dress-- what-- would I be the only person there wearing a dress?”

“Eh, maybe. You never know.”

So I decided to compromise: I wore the only semi-fetishy lingerie I have (garter belts= pin ups= fetish, right?) and put a trench coat over it just in case I lost my nerve. Once I was prompted to hang up the jacket, though, I realized I felt much odder standing there looking normal;

social norms are funny like that-- they change.

And so I stood there in front of SAL, Mistress Alex, and her boy toy, and considered how much *less* awkward I felt. It was the perfect atmosphere to be naked in-- besides Mistress Alex telling me I had “nice tits”, no one seemed to notice I was indecent. I had entire conversations about politics, in fact, without one drunk frat boy trying to grab me. Between that and the four other vodka cranberries, I was feeling super awesome by the time SAL introduced me to his friends Chris and Megan.

“They’re both masochists, but they got together anyway and they’re just a great couple,” he informed me. “But they don’t know how to hurt each other. So I’m going to show them.”

I sat back on a sofa-- between an elderly man named Mister Anthony and his fiancée, who seemed to be about my age-- and watched my date show some girl how to properly paddle her man. And you know what? It wasn’t that weird at all.



“I mean, actually, you sort of have different faces...”

“Yeah I haven’t really gotten the sexyface down yet,” I nodded. Our conversation drifted out again and so I turned my attention to her companion who had been so quiet that I almost forgot about him. “I like your dress!” I told him, fingering the material on his open-assed butcher apron. “Is this latex?” He nodded silently. “Hmmm!” I looked around desperately for something else to talk about. “Seems like that guy likes latex too!” I pointed to a man in a full-body latex devil outfit who was doing a strange half-dance a few feet away.

“Oh God.” Mistress Alex took a sip of her drink. “Don’t talk to that guy. He’s crazy.” I laughed, but she cut me off. “No, seriously. He gets kicked out a lot.”

“Uh... oh... Wait, how do you know it’s the same guy?” His face-- other than his eyes and nose-- was covered in latex too.

“His eyes.” I looked harder at devil man and noticed he was

once had a math problem relating to the amount of pressure an average-sized woman exerted when she wore heels of different heights. I forget the formula as well as the answers; what stayed with me was the fact that airplane manufacturers had to start using higher-grade materials in the ’60’s because women’s heels were puncturing the floors.

“I... don’t... my heels are pretty high. I don’t want to puncture any organs.”

“Don’t worry,” she reassured me. “He’s a pro.” I realized she meant this literally. And so I hobbled over to the bar and stepped onto of the human carpet, careful to put as much weight on the bar top as I could. For the entire ten seconds I was awkwardly perched there, I pictured an airplane crashing. Would SAL defend me if I were sued for puncturing this man’s liver? I cringed and tottered back to Mistress Alex and her boy toy. “I... couldn’t... ugh.”

She laughed. “You’re a sub, huh?”

classic pervert, I was half naked underneath.

I should take this opportunity to state that I am not a fan of wearing lingerie outside of the bedroom. No, not even on special occasions. I’ve never been to a college lingerie party (though I once considered putting on my old lady bathrobe and crashing one) because the mere thought of it makes me despair: a bunch of drunk twenty-year-olds standing around in their under things while nursing Natty Lights, the females sucking in their stomachs and wondering if they should let some guys touch their boobs and the guys pumping their guns and wondering if they should just touch some boobs. The whole thing reeks of sexual insecurity. Hell, even Halloween has taken on that sort of vaguely sad aura the older I’ve gotten; instead of wearing stupid, outrageous costumes, chicks my age put on underwear and animal ears, perhaps because it’s the only time they feel free to dress like sluts. I prefer dressing like a slut on other days of the year and sav-



# arts

## A BLACK & WHITE FILM OF THE GREY AREAS OF THE HOLOCAUST

by Sarah Madges  
STAFF NEWS CO-EDITOR

In 1954, East German archivists discovered Nazi-staged propaganda film fragments from the Warsaw Ghetto in a concrete bunker outside Berlin. In 2010, Israeli director Yael Hersonski resuscitated this 1942 footage (simply called *Das Ghetto*) in her documentary, *A Film Unfinished*. On August 18, 2010, I went with a couple friends to this film-of-an-unfinished-film's premier at the Film Forum on W. Houston Street. In creating this bleak black-and-white compilation of original footage and personal testimony, Hersonski met with and interviewed five Jewish survivors who actually experienced the filming firsthand those 68 years ago. But *A Film Unfinished* isn't like a typical documentary, or even like the poignant testimonies of Holocaust survivors you've probably come across in your lifetime. In order to capture the survivors' raw emotions, Hersonski invited survivors to attend individual screenings in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv under the notion that having each survivor watch the footage alone on a big screen in 35 millimeter would facilitate complete focus on the film, so that it was "just them and the images." And strangely,

despite the large audience at the inaugural showing of the film, I'm certain every one of us also felt as if it was just us and the images throughout the stark and philosophically provocative 90-minute documentary.

*A Film Unfinished* is a comprehensive and penetrating look into the morally murky depths of the now infamous Nazi-produced film, *Das Ghetto*. Shot over 30 days in May 1942, (only two months before deportations to Treblinka began) *Das Ghetto* is an hourlong silent film that juxtaposes random images of starvation and death with scenes of luxury. *A Film Unfinished* contains

every reel of this found, including a long-missing reel found in 1998 containing a half hour of outtakes showing the extent to which scenes in the film were staged. Having relied on the film as an authentic record of the ghetto, historians had to revise interpretations with this addition that revealed the manipulations of the camera crews. Over and over, in multiple takes, we

see well-dressed Jews attending elegant dinners and events while heartlessly stepping around the dead bodies of fellow Jews left in the street. Hersonski's presentation of such callous scenes of "everyday" life in the ghetto gives witness to the Jews who were unwilling but complicit actors, both afraid and in denial of what was in store for them.

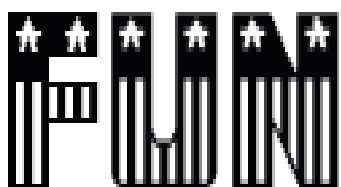


Moving methodically reel by reel, Hersonski intersperses footage with impressions from multiple survivors, representing both the victims and the oppressors. Though one of the complicit cameramen, Willy Wist, dodges around the truth in a taped excerpt of an interview, others like Adam Cherniakov, the head of the Jewish Council (who lent his apartment to stage

several scenes for the Nazis), and ghetto commissioner Heinz Auerswald provide meticulously detailed reports of the ghetto, shedding light on the restrictions on Jewish life and the methods of the Nazi filmmakers. These confessions coupled with the survivors' reactions elicit mixed emotions, and they are as grueling as they are indispensable to our understanding of the Holocaust. During one testimony, a woman asks, "What if I see someone I know?" and covers her face that is bathed in the flickering of the elapsing atrocities as she continues to watch a film, as we continue to watch the film. Another woman, while watching men and women forced at gunpoint into a ritual bath, begins to cry, managing to say something to the effect of: "When it was happening, I couldn't cry. But now, I am human again, and I can cry."

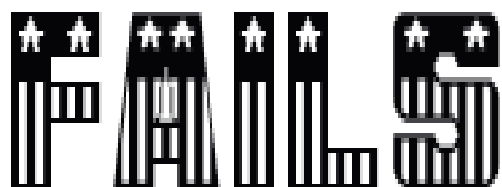
Hersonski thus gives space for the recollection of memories, engendering pathos that speaks to the human experience, while grounding us to the past in a way that static images in a history book cannot. As

Hersonski said: "That's what cinema does. It puts you in a darkness and transports you to another reality." Using a whirling projector to divide reels, *A Film Unfinished* reminds us that this other reality was once our reality—the blank faces of Jews sinking into emaciation that we see actually existed. Of course, the footage is wrenching and often painful. We see wan, skeletal figures shoved down a makeshift chute into a mass grave, we see barely-suppressed tears, we see young women forced to pose next to the corpse of a beggar. It is mostly these still, mute images that do the talking for the film and carry the emotional truth of the Holocaust. But in spite of how emotionally taxing the film was, I think it's something everyone needs to see. The next generation won't ever get to know Holocaust survivors, and even this generation learns to regard the Holocaust merely as a textbook example of something incredibly fucked up. *A Film Unfinished* holds a mirror up to the horrors of the Holocaust, forcing us to see, and reminding us to bear witness. If no one is left to do so, what kind of propaganda will we believe next?



by Sean Patrick Kelly  
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

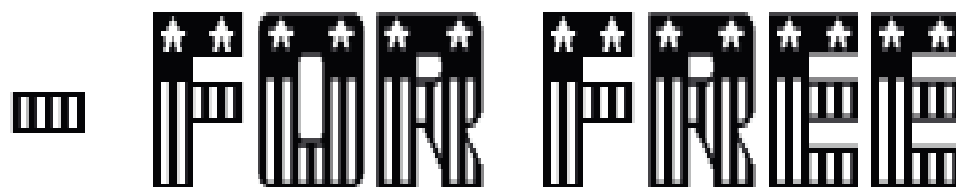
June 15<sup>th</sup>, 2010: officials and event staff at South Street Seaport were gearing up for yet another free summer concert featuring Drake; Ninjasnik; and dashing, longhaired man-children Hanson. Presented by *Paper Magazine* and Ray-Ban, this was to be just one of many free shows to take place at the Seaport's Pier 17 throughout the course of the summer, and indeed only one of a huge number of free concerts taking place throughout the city at places like the Williamsburg waterfront, Prospect Park, and Central Park. Given the popularity of the artists (owing in part to copious number of Gen Y-er's yearning to see a Hanson finally past the age of consent), the expected turnout was high—around 10,000 to be exact. But when the crowds began to gather around 3 pm, officials quickly realized that their initial estimates were far too conservative. As the hours wore on, a crowd of approximately 25,000 fans amassed at the pier, anx-



ious for the show to begin. After only one song from Ninjasnik, the NYPD deemed the situation unsafe and shut the show down early.

Predictably, chaos ensued. The mob became angry (as mobs often tend to do) and unleashed their Canadian rap-deprived fury upon Pier 17's tourist trap of a shopping mall, becoming generally loud and disorderly and tossing glass bottles everywhere. Some of the more adventurous or the crowd climbed atop the building and perched themselves on awnings and balconies, which quickly degenerated into hurling tables and chairs into the crowd from the Pizzeria Uno restaurant above. Fights broke out, mace was sprayed and the mixing board for the event was torn asunder by the fans' murderous paws, prompting the NYPD to peg the incident as a "near riot."

Fast forward to July 25<sup>th</sup>: the Williamsburg waterfront is to be host to an installment of Jel-



lyNYC's pool parties free concert series, featuring No Age, Lightning Bolt, and the newly reunited Cap'n Jazz. Perhaps the lineup was too good to be true,

or perhaps atmospheric water vapor condensed into drops heavy enough to fall to the ground

(most likely the latter), but, either way, it started to rain heavily. The show was moved to nearby Brooklyn Bowl, which



has a capacity about ten times less than that of the waterfront. Lines stretched around several

blocks, and the venue filled up faster than people could leave the waterfront. Thousands of disgruntled and moist concertgoers were turned away from a show that many had waited hours to see and were left to wander the streets dejected.

With as many free concerts as there were in New York this summer, the occasional clusterfuck seems entirely unavoidable (the fact that the entire Celebrate Brooklyn series went off without a hitch is rather mind-blowing in and of itself). In the case of Drakegate, overzealous fans and an undersized venue came together to form a perfect storm of event failure, whereas in the case of the Lightning Bolt failure, weather got the better of the show. But even though these highlighted failures are the exception rather than the rule, audiences still seem to be overly demanding and perpetually unhappy when it comes to free shows.

Whether the gripes are related to venue choice or artist lineup, the people for whom these concerts are being presented are largely unappreciative of the work that goes into booking, producing and executing these events.

A look at the notoriously nasty comment section of BrooklynVegan provides a perfect account of how free events are rarely appreciated and often mercilessly derided. When this summer's lineup for the Jelly pool parties was announced, every show was blasted as lame and badly booked, with one anonymous gem stating that "you can enjoy this if you want, but just know that it was way better last year." (Insert hipster joke here.) True, there is a responsibility on the part of curators and bookers to put on a good show with current and respectable artists, but the fact that these events are free seems to imbue audiences with a sort of sense of entitlement even when they are often more difficult to produce than a show that charges admission.



# the paper's EVENTS



And taking Lincoln Center by force and rendering its tripartite superstructure an apocalyptic funhouse crack-den, its fountain an ashpile of grand pianos and Maestro teeth, the four renegade apostles took rest in the street canopies made of the natty beards taxi drivers and pedestrian prophets fallen in the ancient rubble; and finding their desperate new world saved, and seeing that it was good, they resolved to do away hence with high society, and expensive cocktails that didn't taste yummy, and lint rollers, and lousy jazz, and Freak Folk, and fancy wedding cakes that didn't taste yummy; and bathed in a new primordial stew wrought out of the tears and vomit and butt-sweat of failed artists who lay slain glad in manholes. Go down, hence, God told them, and tell the people what to do. Tell them what's up.

-JM

**What:** Matisse: Radical Invention, 1913–1917 (see pg 18)

**Where:** MoMA

**When:** 7/18–10/11/2010

**How Much:** \$12 (or free Fri 4-8)

**Why:** see pg 18

**What:** A BRIGHT NEW BOISE, a new play by Samuel D. Hunter

**Where:** The Wild Project, 195 E. 3rd St. between Avenues A and B

**When:** Wed, 9/8 @ 8:00pm – 10/2 @ 10:00pm

**How Much:** \$15 or “pay what you can” on Wed

**Why:** Samuel D. Hunter is a rising playwright who has taught at Fordham. “A Bright New Boise” is his third play he has put out this year in New York. The synopsis: “A disgraced evangelical from rural Idaho is forced to take a minimum-wage job at the local Hobby Lobby craft store in an effort to re-unite with his estranged son. But will this miraculous reconciliation happen before the Second Coming of Christ?”

**What:** Agentanything.com

**Where:** New York City

**When:** Anytime

**How Much:** Make at least \$10 per errand

**Why:** Recently created website Agentanything.com offers college students the chance to make some extra cash running simple errands (called “missions”) for rich idiots—I mean, generous New Yorkers. I ran one errand so far delivering a reserved bottle of wine 8 blocks away from the wine store, and made 20 bucks. It's very simple. You find an errand you think you can tackle (by a given time on a given day) and accept it, after which you are emailed the exact coordinates of the delivery and the client's phone number and email address. Once you complete the mission, you confirm so on the website, the client confirms, and the money is sent to your Paypal account. Easy, easy money in da bank for all us broke idiots.

**What:** Union Square Greenmarket

**Where:** Union Square

**When:** Every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday

**How Much:** however much you want to spend

**Why:** The Union Square Greenmarket, one of many around the city, offers a wide range of products that are cheap, healthy, good for the farmers, and great for the environment. From traditional produce to artisanal cheese to craft cider, there's something for any taste and any budget. And here, your eggs won't have salmonella, so buy up. Just don't break them on the subway home.

# Hot, stupid WASPS Getting Ripped Apart Still Fun

by Keegan Talty  
STAFF ALSO BOOBS

I remember when I first saw the trailer for *Piranha 3D* and wrote it off as a film that shamelessly hopped on the 3D bandwagon. There have been so many movies made solely because producers believe that we have an insatiable crack-like addiction in our retinas to 3D that I could not be bothered to

give *Piranha 3D* a second thought. However, due to viral marketing, *Piranha 3D*, would not leave peacefully. There was a video on FunnyOrDie.com that urged the Oscar's to give *Piranha 3D* awards. That, coupled with the fact that Adam Scott (*Step Brothers*, *Party Down*, *Boy Meets World*), Jerry O'Connell (*Stand By Me*, *Crossing Jordan*, *Kangaroo Jack*) and Paul Scheer (*Human Giant*, *The League*, *VH1's Best Week Ever*) were noted in the video, convinced me to check it out. The video offers a few remarks about what goes on in the movie (more

on that later), creating very specific Oscar's for scenes that could only exist in *Piranha 3D*. It shows you many of the actors in the movie, quite an impressive cast, especially when you consider the two porn stars. Seriously, take into account the nude underwater make-out scene. This is the closest thing we've got to 3D porn, and, let's be honest, we're a moneyshot away from someone thinking that'll be awesome in 3D.

So right now, look at the formula: you've got an ambiguous movie title offering guaranteed gore scenes, a comedic cast, and girls with daddy issues. If this alone is not convincing enough, then look deeper. *Piranha 3D* is a remake of the 1978 *Jaws* parody, so you know you can expect some ridiculous, over-the-top scenes. *Piranha 3D* brings on some veteran talent. Richard Dreyfuss comes on to play an almost exact replica of his character in *Jaws*, and Christopher Lloyd plays a wacky marine

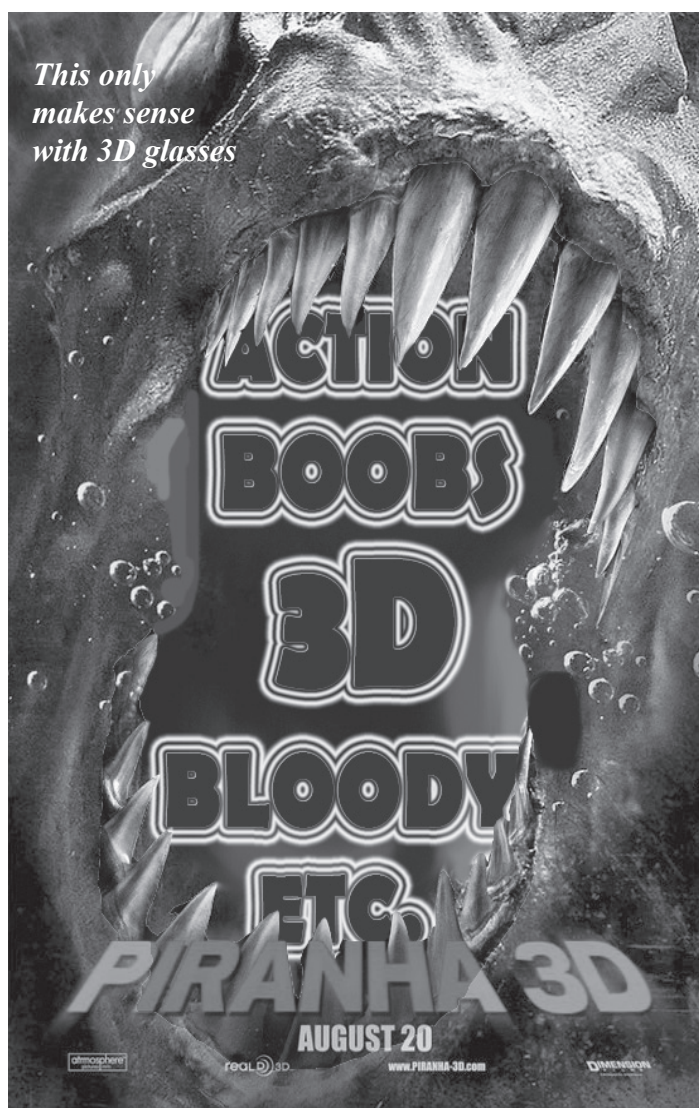
biologist. *Piranha 3D* comes from the producer of *300*, and the director, Alexandre Aja, directed a number of horror films, including *The Hills Have Eyes*. Also, did I mention the porn stars?

All things considered, *Piranha 3D* is a pretty straightforward film. Pointing out the obvious, it is a B-movie horror film throwback that is full of caricature acting, crazy casual-

rick Jones (Jerry O'Connell), the director of *Wild, Wild Girls*, similar to our *Girls Gone Wild*. Derrick needs a local “sand rat” to show him all the hot spots, and offers to pay Jake cold hard cash, not to mention the fact that he will also be up close and personal with *Wild, Wild Girls* Danni (Kelly Brook) and Crystal's (Riley Steele) boobs. Jake accepts and bribes his siblings to stay out of trouble. He heads

out to Jerry's boat when he runs into Kelly, to whom Jerry takes a liking and offers a spot on the boat. Jake learns that Jerry has the ability to “charm the pants off any girl,” which makes Jake feel really uncomfortable. Skip ahead to a few tequila body shots and some crazy spring break fun and you can guess what happens: piranhas attack, and it is fucking brutal. Also boobs.

Let's face it. You don't want to watch this movie for the gripping storyline or the character rela-



tionships. These are minimal and take away from the gruesome death scenes. Where else can you see a body get cut in half, the top half sliding off the bottom half like in a cartoon? What about someone's head being crushed in between two boats? And as Adam Scott suggests in the viral marketing video, how about a *Piranha 3D* Oscar for “Best Penis Being Gobbled and Spit Out Comically in 3D?” These are only some of the highlights, but there is much, much more. So if you are looking for a mindlessly merry, trashy B-movie horror film, then I highly recommend *Piranha 3D*. The movie hits it's marks and delivers on every aspect it promises. Aja takes the boundaries of “too far” and shoves them in your face, going for the most epic, gross out scenes imaginable, and if you're into that kind of thing you will not be disappointed.

*Piranha 3D* takes place at Lake Victoria in Arizona, in a tiny town that sees an explosion of college kids coming for spring break. Just before all the fun starts, an earthquake splits the earth's floor and creates an underwater chasm that leads to a subterranean lake that has housed prehistoric piranhas for the past 2 million years. Jake Foster (Steven R. McQueen), the protagonist, is a Lake Victoria local and son of the sheriff (Elizabeth Shue). Poor Jake is stuck babysitting his two younger siblings, while his mother is out blowing up everybody's fun. Jake's duties prevent him from making moves on Kelly (Jessica Szohr). However, things take a twist when Jake meets Der-

Also, boobs.



# HIPSTERS STILL LISTENING TO ROCK! DOING DRUGS! HAVING SEX

by Sara DeSimine  
STAFF POMPADIZZLE

Let me preface this review by admitting that I am not a devout Of Montreal fan. My musical attachment to the band is pretty casual; it's more of an

on-again, off-again flirtation than a committed relationship. But after repeatedly hearing grandiose tales of their flamboyant live sets, (and yes, mostly intrigued by the promise of sex, drugs, and

unbridled dancing) I shelled out thirty bucks for a ticket to see Kevin Barnes and his outlandish troupe.

The show began abruptly with a spotlight shining on a dapper black man in a three piece suit. He spoke with a voice that matched his attire and introduced the opening act, Janelle Monae, gushing with charisma. The jumbo-tron behind the stage flashed a picture of her head, wearing a crown studded with miniature skyscrapers and floating in space. This body-less image started monologuing some futuristic gibberish about robots talking over the world (the theme of her album *The ArchAndroid (Suites II and III)*).

At first everyone was all for it, but people soon started getting antsy. The speech finally ended with Moane and a pair of black-bodysuit-clad backup dancers bursting on stage. Monae, a petite woman with a young face, sported easily the best pompadour I have ever seen. I personally was content simply admiring her gravity-defying hair, but once she started twisting, shouting, and singing, I couldn't take my eyes off of her. She commanded people to dance. And they did. For the entire hour-long Afro-dance-punk-funk set. And it was awesome.

And for a second I almost forgot I was there to see Of Montreal. However, (don't worry) I was quickly reminded, when Of Montreal took the stage in record speed (seriously, it was some Harry Potter shit). The strobe lights flashed, the crowd violently mobbed the stage, and suddenly Kevin Barnes was front and center, looking like

a the epitome of a cracked-out zombie rave girl (sunken eyes, sparkly eyeshadow, neon spandex, and a fishnet crop top). The equally cracked-out looking, sweaty, drunken, glitter-covered crowd roared.



*You! Bang freely!*

I suddenly found that my feet were not touching the ground and I was being squished midair between two heavily perspiring, heavysset men in full rave mode. Luckily, I was able to escape death by sweaty-stomach-suffocation in time to enjoy their second song, "Coquet, Coquette." Backup dancers filled the stage



*You also need 3D glasses for this one*

in multicolored headdresses and bodysuits. Lights flash in shades of pink and orange. I found myself haphazardly singing along to the chorus and unleashing my seizure-like dance moves with little concern for my neighboring crowd-mates. I was officially enjoying myself.

Barnes continued to belt songs off of their new album, *False Priest*, supported by a psychedelic army of fish-headed robots, skulls, angels in silver bikinis, faceless checkerboard-clad aliens, and lots of metallic lobster claws. "Sex Karma" was a crowd favorite, as dancers wearing disfigured pig masks took the stage and started gyrat-

ing on and around Barnes. The audience followed suit, turning the floor into an orgy of skin and sweat.

As the set went on, melancholy was occasionally substituted for disco. Flashing lights

stood still and colors dimmed from bright reds to gloomy blues. Barnes woe-fully sang "Casualty of You," bringing crowd members to a slow, pulsing sway. As the floor slowed down and the adrena-

line started to fade, people started to realize how uncomfortable they were. A trickle of semi-battered attendees fled from the front of the stage to the balcony.

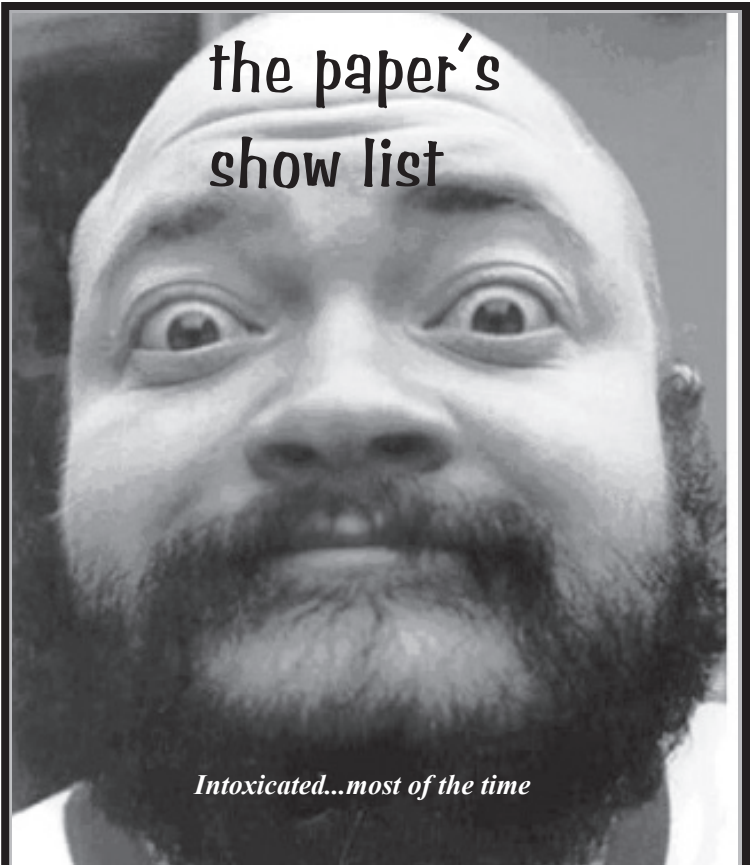
To bring back the energy, Monae emerged from behind a pair of dancing alien bobble-heads to join the band onstage for "For Our Elegant Caste."

The crowd began violently pulsating. A nearby couple giddily sang the lyrics to each other ("We can do it softcore if you want / But you should know I take it both ways"). It was kinky, to say the least, onstage and off.

To the dismay of many people around me, Barnes brought the set to a close before playing most of the band's older hits. But, once again, the band reassembled for their encore with impossible swiftness. Along with Monae and her band, Barnes, his seven bandmates, and all of their dancers piled back onstage and performed a trio of Michael Jackson covers. At first the crowd seemed stunned, but by the end of "Thriller" everyone was chanting along. Less talking and more dancing ensued as they played "Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'" and "P.Y.T." As the final song ended and the lights dimmed, the crowd cheered and fled (surprisingly calmly).

And so went my first of Montreal experience! It included all the sex, drugs, and dancing that was promised, with a little MJ thrown in for kicks. So yeah, I'm thinking this officially moved my relationship with Montreal from casual to hot and heavy. And Monae's awesome pompadour was just icing on the already delicious, flaming spectacle of a cake.

## the paper's show list



*Intoxicated...most of the time*

Hey! Hope you all enjoyed your homecoming weekend are at least beginning to begin to recover. Above is El Duce, the alcoholic lead singer of the Mentors, and while I absolutely cannot condone 99% of anything he's ever said, he gave one knee-slappin' funny interview in a documentary about Kurt Cobain's death. Apparently Courtney Love offered El Duce \$50,000 to shoot Kurt in the head. He didn't take the money, but he sure wishes he did. Or should I say wished, because shortly after the interview he was killed by a train while intoxicated. Go watch the documentary *Kurt & Courtney*. Go see these shows below. It's all relevant because it's all about music.

-CS

**What:** Best Coast, Male Bonding  
**Where:** Music Hall of Williamsburg  
**When:** Thursday, 9/30 8 p.m.  
**How Much:** \$15

**Why:** Best Coast is one of many bands riding the lo-fi surf wave, but their lead singer Bethany Cosentino sets them apart from the pack. The band was a favorite at last summer's Pitchfork Music Festival, their album *Crazy for You* has cracked critic's lists and the Billboard Top 100 alike, and, hell, even Bill Murray was spotted watching Best Coast at South By Southwest. Bill Murray, guys.

**What:** Rodrigue's Student Music Showcase  
**Where:** Rodrigue's Coffee House (between Queen's and South)  
**When:** Friday, 10/1 8 p.m.  
**How Much:** FREEEEEE

**Why:** Fordham students playing their music! Fair trade and organic coffees and teas! Free love! Rodrigue's opens its doors Friday for Fordham bands to show off their latest and tastiest riffs. Like an open mic, but with more people playing at the same time and longer sets. Should prove to be pretty fantastic.

**What:** Big K.R.I.T., Curren\$y  
**Where:** Santos Party House  
**When:** Tuesday, 10/5 8 p.m.  
**How Much:** \$20

**Why:** If you make the trip downtown for this one, you'll catch two of the South's most exciting rappers. K.R.I.T. is the relative newcomer in this double-bill. His last two mixtapes (2009's *The Last King* and the recent *K.R.I.T. Wuz Here*) show him as being strongly influenced by the late Pimp C both on the mic and behind the boards. Curren\$y meanwhile has been bouncing around NOLA record labels for over a decade, finally releasing his first official album, the woozy, excellent *Pilot Talk*, earlier this month.

**What:** Laura Stevenson and the Cans  
**Where:** Europa Night Club  
**When:** Saturday, 10/23 8 p.m.  
**How Much:** \$8

**Why:** Laura Stevenson and the Can's first Brooklyn show since the return of their US tour where they lost all their money, lost guitars, broke their amps and had their van hit all after the first two nights. Her tasteful blend of folk music with punk spirit offers a range of sounds from the tenderest of ballads to fast, loud punk sing-alongs. The music is spot-on, her lyrics are far from just thrown together, and her grandfather fucking wrote "the Little Drummer Boy." Go see her. Maybe buy her a new guitar.



# ANIMAL KINGDOM: A REVIEW OF 2010'S MOST EXCITING CRIME DRAMA, WITH ONLY ONE ANIMAL METAPHOR

by Alexander Gibbons  
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

*Animal Kingdom* is the first feature film from Australian director David Michod, and it's a fantastic debut. The film, which focuses on a family of criminals, once feared and untouchable, but, at the film's start, quickly unraveling, is a fresh, almost completely original approach to the crime genre that saturates cinemas worldwide. Expect no lavish gunfights, dangerous hold-ups, or elaborate car chases. You won't find them here. The thrills in *Animal Kingdom* are derived from its heavy plot and the stellar performances of an ensemble cast of Australian actors, most of whom will be unrecognizable to American audiences, save for Guy Pearce.

*Animal Kingdom* is not concerned with the crimes its main characters, who are notorious armed robbers, commit. Our only glimpse into the armed robberies for which the brothers are feared and hunted comes during the film's opening credits, through a series of grainy still images made to look as though they were grabbed from security cameras. We see masked men in various stages of stealing money, each pointing their guns at a cowering victim whose fate we do not and will never know. We see no violence, nor hear shouts of intimidation. But the ghostly projections allow the audience to form a detached opinion of the robbers before being introduced to their private lives. We view these criminals in their most base and terrifying elements. It's as if Michod wanted his audience to learn about and see these criminals the way a

citizen of Melbourne would, raw and devoid of all glamour.

At the film's start we are introduced to Josh, our protagonist, played by James Frecheville in his film debut. Josh sits on the couch, staring at a game show on T.V., his mother passed out next to him. Only, wait, she's not passed out. She's dead. Paramedics appear on the scene and Josh calmly tells them that his mother has overdosed on heroin. In the next scene, Josh quietly and awkwardly tells his grandmother over the phone that her daughter is dead and that he needs her help to arrange a funeral, all the while flicking peanuts across the table, as if he's just shooting the breeze. His aplomb is confusing, and it is not immediately clear to the audience whether Josh is just intensely introspective or completely empty of all emotions, a sociopath. This uncertainty greatly affects the film and has the audience constantly questioning Josh's motivations.

After his mother's death, Josh moves in with his grandmother, played by Jacki Weaver, and two of his uncles. He's got four uncles in total, Barry, Darren, Craig, and Andrew, alias "Pope." They are played, respectively, by Joel Edgerton, Luke Ford, Sullivan Stapleton, and Ben Mendelsohn. These four brothers are our criminals. Well aware that every criminal's rope must eventually run out,

they are intent on getting out of the game. Barry, the most mature and realistic of the four, has already done so. He's got a wife and child to look after and plays the stock market to take place of the extra cash he'd be making by robbing convenience stores. Craig and Darren live with their mother, and Pope is in hiding. He's been targeted by the armed robbery unit of the Melbourne

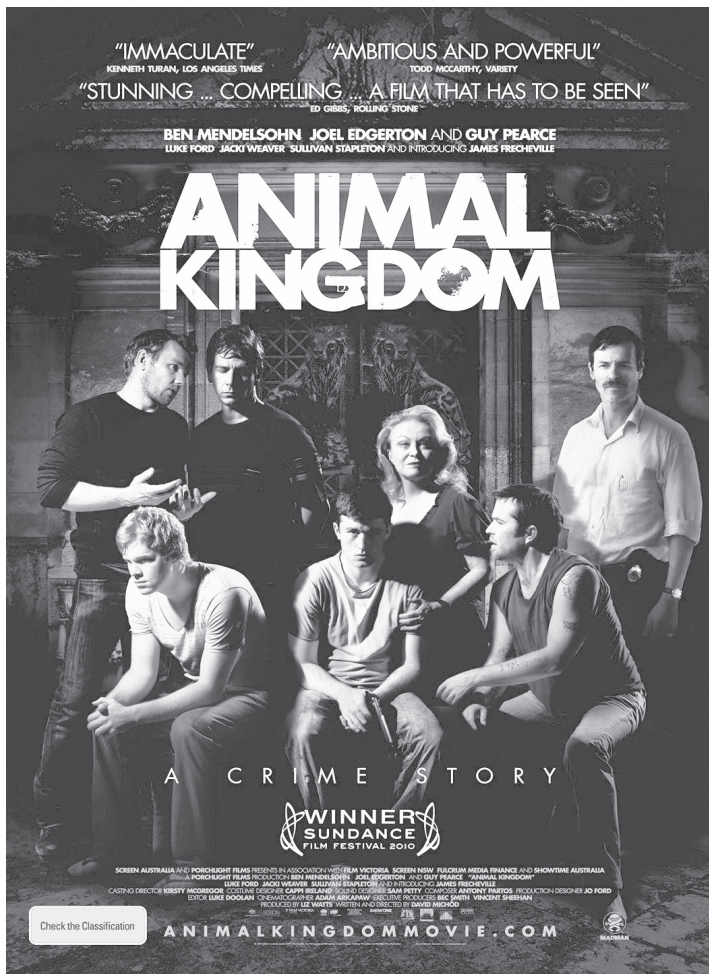
stretched thin between the police and his uncles, targeted by police who want him to testify and his uncles who want him to demonstrate his loyalty.

Each performance in the movie is incredible. The brothers are believable portrayals of grown men still wracked by sibling rivalry. They each fill their own niche in a family obsessed with honor and dominance so well that anyone with siblings can actually relate to the behaviors and interactions of the brothers. Which is strange, considering their status as criminals. Frecheville's brooding, bumbling presence is a little understated and I believe has to be influenced at least a

But the film's strongest performances come from Jacki Weaver and Ben Mendelsohn. Weaver is a lioness, and as the family's matriarch she's constantly waiting in the background, careful to avoid the particulars of her sons' lives, willing to do anything to protect the wellbeing of her boys. Mendelsohn gives probably the most intense, terrifying effort on screen since Daniel Day Lewis in *There Will Be Blood*. He is equal parts deranged and immature, a grown child whose insecurities manifest themselves in moments of destruction. He's a powder keg, bad for everybody. But he's the oldest, and his younger brothers, too scared to stand up to him, follow his every order.

I'm excited to see where Michod's career goes after *Animal Kingdom*. His directorial presence in the movie is quite limited. The film itself is not overly stylized. Instead, Michod relies on slow zooms, sweeping shots of the Melbourne landscape, and a quiet soundtrack to create a foreboding atmosphere that seems to suggest that somewhere there is always something absolutely terrible happening. The film's real strength lies in its screenplay, also penned by Michod.

It seems that crime movies these days can go one of two ways. There's the frantic, hyperactive shoot-em-ups where huge budgets allow for cars that explode from the slightest impact, incinerating the big-breasted actress inside, or the Scorsese-esque crime dramas that chronicle the life of a criminal or criminals, glamorizing crime for an hour or two with heavy style and a soundtrack of pop music before concluding, somewhere within the last 20 minutes, that crime doesn't pay after all. *Animal Kingdom* takes neither route. Sure, the crime is there, somewhere, but it is more a catalyst, a fire to light under the feet of deep characters to make them squirm and panic. It's, though this is probably said too often about too many movies, an important film



police force, and rumor has it the cops are using vigilante justice to put out of commission criminals they cannot nail with hard evidence. After a brutal and unprovoked murder by the cops, Josh is plunged into a series of events that has him

little bit by the fact that he's a newcomer who has yet to discover all of his skills as a performer. And, of course, there's the always-reliable Guy Pearce as Homicide Detective Leckie, comfortable here in his native Australian drawl.

## Shadow Bathers: A Look into the Development of Henri Matisse

by Sam Stokes and Alex Levine  
STAFF FART HISTORIANS

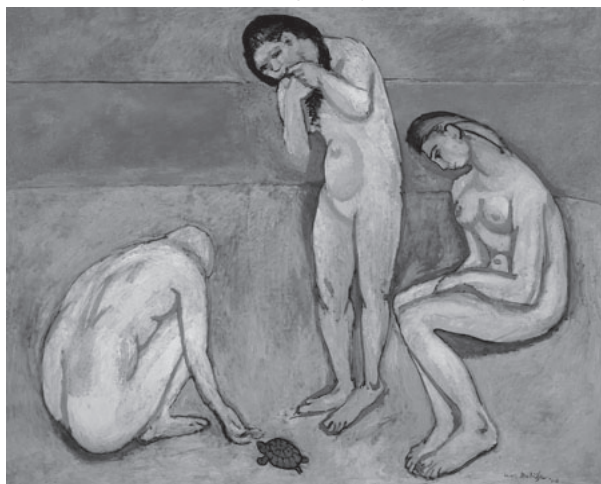
The current exhibit "Matisse: Radical Invention, 1913–1917" at the Museum of Modern Art allows for a rare insight into a period of the European master otherwise left understudied. Room after room reveals another dynamic aspect to his work, forged from both the adversity he faced in the art world and his attempt to truly represent his subject.

The exhibit is accessible and aesthetically pleasing enough to be instantly engaging to the untrained viewer. Yet to those familiar with Matisse, it's comparable to a family scandal. To one who has a general understanding of Matisse's body of work, it's like re-finding those "Men's Exercise" magazines in your grandfathers attic all over... that's right your grandpa's gay.

Nah just kidding... They were your dad's. The gallery begins with his earlier work. The stage is set.

We see first hand classic trademarks that will weave themselves consistently throughout his career, specifically, we see him manipulate space in works such as "Bather" and "Bathers with a Turtle." The former depicts a naked man wandering in a canvas of blue that leaves one unsure where the sky ends and water begins. "Turtle" has one of the central characters sitting, and only upon closer examination does one question if she is levitating in free space. However, in the latter there is something different. Besides the overtly dark tone the painting takes due to its ritualistic set-up of three nude women feeding a turtle as one eats her hand, we can see the process by which these women came to be in the stray marks left visible. The

discarded forms are not merely smudges, but rather distinct characters in themselves which add substance and dimension to these otherwise mysterious nudes. The color palette Matisse uses is never inviting, but at first it is perhaps neutral. However, the rubbing away and obscurity



of line detail, in features such as the face, forces the viewer to feel unsettled, in response to the ambiguity.

This trend of Matisse-ian norms encasing unique experimentation is the true starting

point as the gallery goes on to cover the painter's career from his return from self-imposed exile in Morocco to his departure from Paris in 1917. Paintings stand juxtaposed on the wall, reaching the same goal through different means. For example, in one portrait he may convey some sense of growth through a rapidly developing pattern on a dress, whereas in "Portrait of Olga Merson" he achieves it through smudging the colors of the women's face, leaving her in a constant state of transition. Not only does the gallery allow us to see him considering the same theme, but even the same subject.

There are numerous works in which Matisse portrays the same exact subject (women, scenery, or other invariably French-looking things). Works such as "Jeannette I," "Jeannette II," "Jeannette III," "Jeannette 4," and "Jeannette 3D Imax" are all clearly busts of

the same women. They vary only slightly in basic facial attributes, but somehow each attest to a different aspect of the women ("Jeannette 3D Imax" speaking to her kick-ass side). They do not progress in a manner in which each is a better representation than the other, but rather to highlight a single aspect that needs to be individually studied.

The exhibit, "Matisse: Radical Invention, 1913–1917" (open till October 11) is a rare insight into an understudied period of one of the twenty-first century's greatest painters. Brilliantly, the canvas mirrors his career and artistry. Works such as a discarded form surrounding a bather and a smudge on the face of a Parisian woman derive distinctly from the same artist but each represent a unique part of him that needs to be appreciated. These ten years were a period of extreme self-discovery in which Henri Matisse deliberately and systematically grew into his role as a European master.



# All-Stars at Yankee Stadium: All Rap and No Baseball

by Danny Casarella  
STAFF RENEGADE

In the middle of September, 45,000 New Yorkers experienced one of the greatest events in rap history. Twice. Eminem and Jay-Z finished up the first leg of their "Home and Home" tour in Detroit and made their way to Hova's home turf for the second half. After hearing all the stories of the Detroit shows, expectations were high. They were not only met but also exceeded. Boasting a running time of nearly 5 hours and a star-studded guest list, the two juggernauts of rap somehow managed to add another notch to their already stellar careers.

A little bit before 9pm, the lights drop. The crowd goes wild. The beat starts. Walking up a set of stairs from under the middle of the stage comes Marshall Mathers himself. Em begins with "Won't Back Down" off of his latest album *Recovery*, nowhere near one of his more popular songs, but the perfect song to start with in my opinion. After dealing with personal loss and drug addiction, Eminem himself won't back down. What better way to assert his authority from the start? From there, Eminem goes on to combine his next 4 songs, "3AM,"

"Square Dance," "W.T.P.," and "Kill You" basically into one extended song. The back and forth with the newer and older material seemed like a dubious idea, but Eminem delivered them flawlessly. A few songs later, the night's first big guests arrive. Em's crew and best friends, D12, join him on stage for a few of their hits together, including "Fight Music" and "Purple Pills." In their final song, "My Band," Eminem

initially after Proof's death. After rattling off a few more hits, Eminem's next guests showed up which, including 50 Cent and Dr. Dre. Of all the guests for Eminem's set, none received a reception like Dre. The crowd at Yankee Stadium was livid as the Doc ripped off some of his own classics such as "The Next Episode" and "Nothing But a G Thang." Eminem went on to finish his set with "I'm Not Afraid" and came

as Kanye left, out came Swizz Beatz for his collaboration on "On To The Next One." After that, Jay performed a string of hits by himself, including "99 Problems" and "Big Pimpin'." Next came one of the best parts of Jay's set. He dedicated a small block of songs to all the fallen solders of rap, especially his good friend, B.I.G. After a well-done cover of "Juicy," Jay-Z went into "A Dream," his emotional, powerful trib-

it would have been easy to be overwhelmed and not come out the top dog of the night. Not Jay. As simply as he walked onto the stage in his classic black shades and fitted cap, Jay took command of the stage and owned it the entire night.

The most defining moment of the night came about a third of the way into Jay-Z's set. Performing "Renegade," Eminem came back out onto stage to join Jay for his part in the song.

"Never been afraid to say what's on my mind/ at any given time of day/ cause I'm a Renegade/ Never been afraid to talk about anything (anything?) anything." It got me thinking about the two artists and which one would be considered THE renegade of rap today. However, it isn't fair to try to crown one as the king of modern day rap.



stopped the music and asked the crowd to sing along with "the real singer of the band, Proof." Proof was Eminem's best friend who was shot down and killed in 2006. His death forced Em to grow. Gone is the Eminem from the 90's with the bleach blonde hair and crazy on-stage antics including Jason masks and chainsaws. All that is left behind is a driven man. A focused man. Focused on delivering the greatest music for all of his fans and recovering from the abyss of drug abuse he fell into

back on for "Lose Yourself" as an encore. Lights up. I'm ready to die a happy man. Oh shit, wait, we're only halfway done. As impressive as the list of special guests was for Eminem, it didn't even hold a candle to Jay-Z's, which rattled off guest after guest, from start to finish. Only one song into his set, Mr. West entered the building, and joined Jay for his verse in "Run This Town." Kanye then stayed on for 4 more additional songs, including their "Power" remix and "Monster." As soon

ute to Biggie. Then, the guests resumed. Mary J. Blige took the stage to an overwhelming reception from the crowd. Following her was Drake, and after him, with possibly the greatest reception of the night, Beyonce. After this string of special guests, Hova finished out the concert by himself with power hits such as "Empire State of Mind," ending with "Encore." The most impressive part of Jay-Z's set was simply his command of the stage. With all of the special guests in his pocket,

What makes them so different is what made it absolutely perfect for them to perform together. Eminem's music will always focus more on pain and overcoming obstacles, while Jay will focus on...well, basically being a fucking boss. But the combination of these up and down feelings are exactly why these two can call themselves the renegades of rap. And they didn't leave anything behind on that stage. Anything? Anything.



HI. ODYSSEUS HERE  
DRINK DEEP, FORDHAM,  
HOMECOMING TASTES  
SWEET (THOUGH IT  
TOOK FUCKING  
FOREVER TO GET BACK  
- I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD  
HAVE JUST TAKEN A GYPSY  
CAB ONCE WE GOT LOST  
ON WEBSTER, YOU'RE  
SUCH A TIGHTWAD...).  
LUCKILY WE MADE IT BACK  
JUST IN TIME FOR THE  
PAPER MEETING:  
TUESDAY 8PM  
MCGINLEY 2ND  
~O.





# the paper's guide to comedy podcasts

Here at *the paper*, when not making dick jokes, there's a high chance we're with our arguably classier mistress: public radio. Name dropping Ira Glass or Terry Gross will probably get you laid in these parts, as will explaining some pop-science you heard on the latest episode of *Radio Lab*. But when it comes to straight-up comedy, the well of public broadcast can seem awfully dry. We dig Garrison Keillor's parody biscuit company ads as much as the next group of college students, but when we're in the gym, on the train, or avoiding writing our articles, alternative comedy podcasts are the way to go. Enjoy our recommendations for free, funny audio that isn't *Car Talk*.



### WTF With Marc Maron

Legendary stand-up Marc Maron kicked off his radio career a few years back with Air America's *Morning Sediton*. After getting fired, then rehired, then fired again, Maron took his idiosyncratic brand of broadcast to his garage and started podcasting. Maron waxes neurotic in each show's intro, but the interviews are *WTF's* main draw. Maron has access to alternative comedy's heroes (Bob Odenkirk, Scott Aukerman, Maria Bamford) and villains (Dane Cook) and captures equally fascinating interviews with each camp. The key is Maron's deep understanding of how show business works: namely, whether you think a comedian is a genius or a schmuck, if he has any success he must have worked pretty damn hard to get there. Take two recent two-episode epics: in the first, he talks to the generally despised Carlos Mencia and tries to get to the bottom of why he is so generally despised (surprise, Mencia seems to be a real jerk); in the second, Judd Apatow takes Maron through his entire career and helps explain how a comedy-obsessed kid from Long Island became America's biggest movie producer. Check out the episode with *Reno 911's* Thomas Lennon to learn how to write studio films to pay the bills while maintaining alt-adoration or the one with stand-up Rob Delaney for tips on keeping funny while kicking clinical depression's ass.

### The Comedy Death Ray Podcast

Scott Aukerman and BJ Porter met while writing for *Mr. Show with Bob and David*, the David Cross/Bob Odenkirk sketch program that defined a next generation of comedy. In 2002 they launched a weekly showcase at the LA branch of the Upright Citizen's Brigade Theater called Comedy Death Ray to harvest their particular brand of alternative humor. CDR mainstays include Zach Galifianakis, Louis C.K., Patton Oswalt, and probably everyone else who has made you laugh in the past five years. Aukerman and Porter started podcasting a weekly version of the stage show, *Comedy Death Ray Radio*, in 2009. The podcast melds conversation with sketch and improv games, resulting in episodes so packed with content you have to listen twice to catch all the jokes.



### Jordan, Jesse GO!

Jordan Morris and Jesse Thorn are college buddies from the great state of California. After graduation, Jordan moved to LA to write jokes and Jesse kept broadcasting their college radio show, *The Sound of Young America*, which is now nationally distributed and plays Sundays on WNYC (does this mean we should do *the paper* forever?). A few years back, the pair reunited to hang out and record a podcast. Talk of bunny calendars and silly named actors abounds, but the pair's killer timing and obvious affection for each other make even the most banal conversations cackle-worthy, tugging the same heartstrings as those pulled when you're shooting the shit with your oldest pals. Guests like Paul F. Tompkins and Paul Scheer deliver, but the show also introduces you to less well known comics like W. Kamau Bell and Moshe Kasher. In fact, the show's best all-time guest might be Gene O'Neill, who has no ties to comedy but is just a hilarious dude Jordan and Jesse know from college.



### Stop Podcasting Yourself

Like *JJGo*, *Stop Podcasting Yourself* is a "couple of white dudes talking" podcast. But unlike Jordan and Jesse, Graham Clarke and Dave Schumka are Canadians! They are therefore different! Spending time with Jordan, Jesse, Dave, and Graham is anything but repetitive, in part because *SPY* has an ever-rotating list of segments, from the standbys like "Overheard" and "Stuntcasting" to the ultra-weird like "Road to Guitar Hero" (in which the boys update us on their Guitar Hero ability). Another plus of *SPY* is the exposure it provides to our northern neighbor's comedy scene beyond Dave Coulier and everyone's favorite human, Norm MacDonald.



### I Love Movies with Doug Benson

Doug Benson loves movies. Doug Benson loves comedians. *I Love Movies with Doug Benson* brings together his two loves (and probably his third, marijuana) each week, putting comedians on stage to talk about what they have seen, what they have liked, or, often most entertainingly, what they utterly despised. Although usually recorded in LA, the show heads east to the New York UCB theatre often, so be sure to check the website for future tapings.



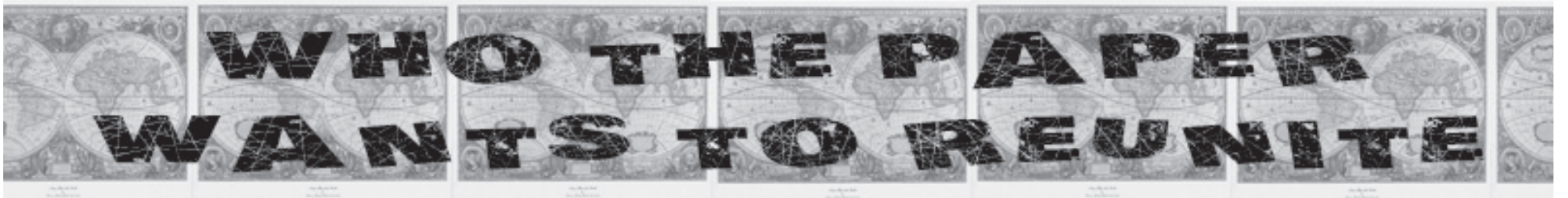
### The Field Negro Guide to Arts And Culture

W. Kamau Bell is a stand-up comedian and self-declared race educator from San Francisco. Vernon Reid is a musician from the heavy metal band Living Colour and was named #66 on *Rolling Stones's* list of greatest guitarist. These giant, deep-voiced men meet every so often to share their insight on what's up in politics, arts, and culture.





# the paper's big list



by *the paper*  
**STAFF OF MILLIONS SEVERAL**  
 Last week half of *the paper's* editorial staff watched the band Pavement reunite in Central Park, and this past weekend we all were treated to the spectacle of drunk dads and Fordham grads returning home to their alma mater. These nostalgia-fests behind us, we wondered what else should be reunited (and it feels so good).

**Pangea**  
 Even more than I want the Spice Girls to get back together and release a Taoist remix of "2 Become 1" called "3 Become 1," I want to see Pangea get back together. We can talk about the globalization of our world today and the awesome power of our interconnectivity and the wonders it does for our free market economy, but that's all talk. What if all the countries in the world were actually back together, like in the good old days—Paleozoic-and-Mesozoic-era style? Forget cross-country road trips... we could have cross-countries road trips! We could reminisce about the romanticism of cruise liners and messages-in-a-bottle while stoners get high and concoct conspiracy theories about the ocean's plot to subsume us all. The single enormous ocean would be like our own community swimming pool in which we can pee and play chicken. America would have an easier time determining how other countries should govern themselves—we could just absorb those countries and their backwards ways. Israel and Palestine might blush and admit that whole Intifada bit was a little silly, and spread out to their hearts' content. If only we could have world-piece, maybe we'd have world peace!

by Sarah Madges  
**NEWS CO-EDITOR**

**Eminem and His Crippling Addiction to Drugs**  
 So many great artists destroy their careers by refusing to curb their recreational drug use. Hendrix suffocated on his own vomit, Lenny Bruce died alone in a bathroom with a needle in his arm, and Prince convinced himself that the Internet is evil and only puts numbers in your head. Marshall Bruce Mathers III, aka Eminem, probably understood this, which is why he quit the drugs, went to rehab, and got straight and sober. A new man—no longer the weird white guy whose hair would force you to assume him to be a member

of the Aryan nation if he weren't always surrounded by a gaggle of large black males—Eminem used his newly developed focus to jump-start his waning rap career. And then he released two god-awful albums.

I'm not saying that I want Eminem to continue down a path of self-destruction that will almost surely end with him dying in an extremely unattractive fashion, because that would make me a terrible person. All I'm saying is that I miss the old Eminem. "Love the Way You Lie" is a terrible song. When I listen to Eminem, I expect there to be at least five dick jokes, four references to his butt, a slew of violent lyrics aimed either at complete strangers or his ex-wife Kim, and a substanceless shot at some conservative politician. And if it takes some illegally obtained pain-killers, a ball of Afghani opium, and a bottle of Patron to make that happen...well, shit. I'm a terrible person.

by Alexander Gibbons  
**CO-EDITOR IN CHIEF**

**Mommy and Daddy**  
 I want Mommy and Daddy to get back together. I've asked Santa bunches of times but he only brought me a puppy and a nerf gun and the puppy Charlie ate the nerf gun and then I only see Daddy on Thursdays. We eat pizza and watch wrestling. It's nice.

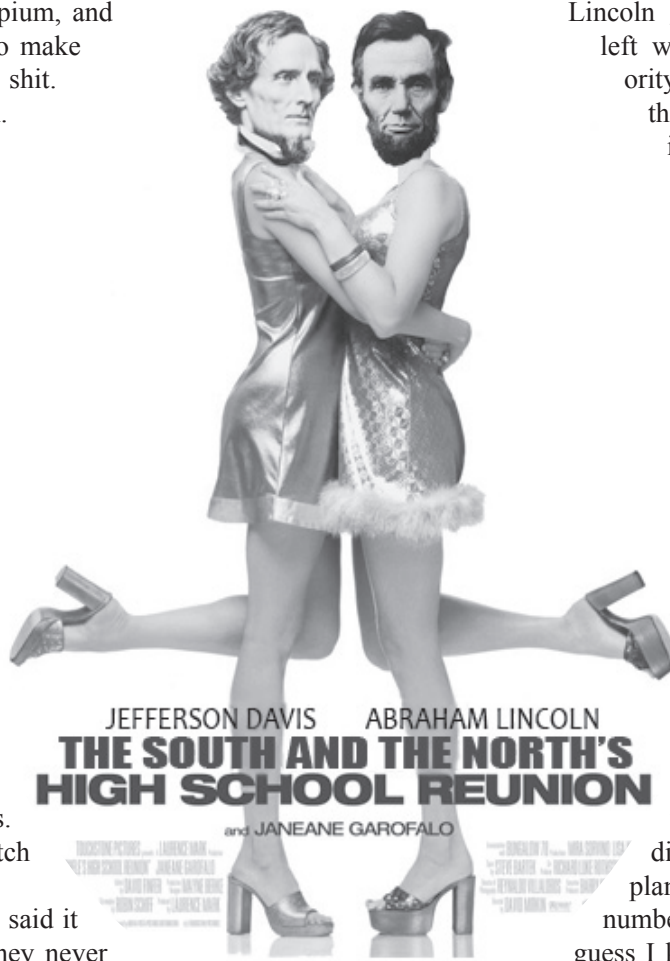
I know that they said it isn't my fault but they never tell me why and all I want to know is why they can't be like Chris's mommy and daddy anymore. I asked my teacher Ms. Katie and she just gave me a hug and an Oreo but then I dropped it but she said it was okay. At recess Jimmy says Daddy is gonna find a new lady to be my Mommy but I tell him he's wrong all the time. Why can't Mommy and Daddy just be like they used to?

by Timmy  
**STAFF GO BACK TO BED, TIMMY**

**My Childhood Dreams and Me; Also, NSYNC**

When I was eleven years old I fully expected to be living in New York City by this point in my life, making my living as a Broadway actress. Well... one

out of two, right? Certainly my child self would give me some credit for having a sweet city apartment, even if it is in the entirely wrong borough. She'd be less forgiving of the fact that I'm a sociology major though, because what the fuck is that? And she would have a point. As I draw nearer to graduation, I'm beginning to think she wasn't completely off about our career choice; I'd rather be doing something creative. Writing counts—maybe even writing about sociological shit counts—but acting is just so much more fun. At what point did I decide that I had to do "serious" things, and why, at that point, did I not at least go all the way and pick some serious things that had career potential? I would like to see myself reunited with my



childhood dreams, because I think they're far more logical than whatever it is I'm trying to accomplish right now.

My dreams went far beyond career and location, however. I also had a plan to marry Lance Bass of NSYNC. That might have worked out if he hadn't been so inconsiderate as to be gay. So listen, Lance (because I know you read this), can you at least get the guys back together? You owe me that much for being so damn selfish. You owe me that one little bit of happiness, that kind afforded by wearing Limited Too belly shirts to (what was then) the First Union Center with your name written all over my body in marker, standing up on my

stadium seating just to finally catch a glimpse of you in person and nearly peeing myself. Call up JT and make this happen; if Beyonce can do the old band a favor, I know he can too. Kthanks.

by Emily Genetta  
**EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR**

**The North and the South**

I know what you're thinking: the North and the South already got back together. They, like, totally shook hands across the Mason-Dixon line way back after Abraham Lincoln "fixed" the country in 1865. And that might be true in your liberally educated Northeastern mind. But let's be real: there are folks who still call the Civil War the War of Northern Aggression. Shit, the south didn't even become The South until after the Civil War. It was a pretty rough breakup:

Lincoln got shot, Davis was left with this huge inferiority complex for losing the war. If you had any idea how much Ben and Jerry's the guy went through during that time, it'd break your heart. Believe me, the South tried to win back the North's favor, but it was never good enough. The North just raised its nose while the South shuffled along with its head down, wondering if maybe they could get a pity date from the West Indies, but they had other plans or gave them a fake number or something. So I guess I kinda wish the North would just lay off the South, stop criticizing their ways and calling them white trash and stuff. It doesn't have to be a date date. It can be really noncommittal: a cup of coffee, maybe lunch, and afternoon stroll. Just something.

by Bobby Cardos  
**CO-EDITOR IN CHIEF**

**Destiny's Child: The Writing's on the Wall Era**

Throughout my entire life, I have owned somewhere around 12 CDs (some of which are too embarrassing to mention here) so, until I discovered illegal downloading, listened to the few CDs I had in my possession constantly as a kid. The very first of these was DC's second release—*The Writing's on the Wall*—which I received for

Christmas one year (along with my first portable CD player. Efficin' awesome) and that album is the only one to which I still listen. This has to mean something.

Honestly, I have no idea what Destiny's Child's first album was like. Survivor was alright, I never really got into anything they released past that, and Beyonce releases a few catchy songs here and there, but *The Writing's on the Wall* was the shit. Absolute late 90s girl-group perfection. And so, for some time the album was my soundtrack. Destiny's Child may have been singing about stuff that I didn't fully understand being a 10-year-old and all, but I knew those lyrics well.

I am sad to say that despite my early obsession with Destiny's Child, I never got the chance to see them live in any of their 26 different lineups. LeToya, LaTavia, Kelly, Beyonce: I beg you ladies to stop what you're doing, get over your personal issues, reunite, and perform a show as the original Destiny's Child singing songs off *The Writing's on the Wall*. PLEASE. I'll be there.

by Elena Lightbourn  
**CHIEF COPY EDITOR**

**The Hillendale High Class of 1984**

Man, do you remember Donny McCallan? That kid was totally the class clown. He was always asking Mrs. Woodruff a question she had just answered, like he hadn't heard. She would get so mad! Wasn't it him who hung Principal Hurley's underwear from the flag pole right before Prom? And Barry Gleason, the quarterback for the Hawks: he took us to States that year. Oh, and Sherry Labinowicz! She was so cute. Head of the cheerleading squad, too. I wonder how she's looking these days. I heard that she's recently divorced. She's got kids. Maybe I could see if they want to do a playdate with my son. Wow, look at Ryan Jordan's Facebook page. He's put on some weight. I used to see him in the gym all the time. Seriously, dude had like an eighteen pack. Man, we seriously had the best class ever. Those were really the best days of our lives. "Glory Days," for sure, like the song—actually, I think that was our class song too! I should go see if I still have a copy of that album somewhere...

by Chas "Dog-Man" Jones  
**STAFF THE DOG-MAN**



Thursday - \$35 (Union Square) tickets    Sep 21 - Pavement Tix 9/23 - \$38 (new york) tickets    Sep 21 - Pavement (2 tickets)

wn) general    Sep 21 - Pavement - Friday 9/24, below face - \$40 tickets    Sep 21 - Pavement Ticket Field 9/22 Wed

Pavement Tix Thursday 9/23 - \$30 (Brooklyn/Midtown)    Sep 21 - Pavement Tix 9/23 - \$38 (new york) tickets    Sep 21 - Pavement (2 tickets)

Sep 21 - 2 Pavement Tickets for 9/21, 75% off purchase price    Sep 21 - Pavement TONIGHT (9/21) - \$30 (Midtown V

Sep 21 - 2 Pavement Tickets for Wednesday, \$35 OBO - \$35 (manhattan/brooklyn) tickets    Sep 21 - 2 pavement tickets tonight

Sep 21 - Four tickets for Pavement tonight 9/21 - \$4

# EARWAX

**D**ear Summer: I know you're gonna miss me.

Dear Schoolyear: I know you're gonna have a love/hate relationship with me.

Dear Freshmen: I know you're still trying to figure out exactly what *the paper* is. Congrats on making it this far. You've now reached the section in which a bunch of us review a batch of recent record releases.

Dear Freshman-Who-Approached-Me-in-Tinker's-and-Asked-Me-If-He-Could-Review-Jazz-Albums: Yes! And sorry I was sorta belligerent.

Dear the Rest of You: Welcome to Earwax. I hope you like indie rock as much as we do.

**Grinderman**  
*Grinderman 2*  
**Bobby Cardos**

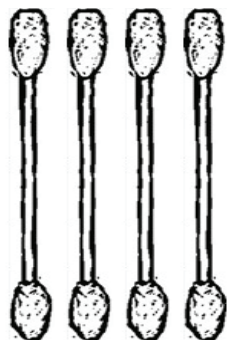


Given their musical kinship and total membership cross-over, it's difficult to parse Nick Cave's recent output between the Bad Seeds and Grinderman, and the usefulness of such an endeavor is equally difficult to see. The critical reaction to Grinderman has focused on Cave's (admittedly notable) presence as a guitar player and the stripped down, "raw" aesthetic of the songs. While this was perhaps appropriate for Grinderman, the second effort finds their songs and album production more cohesive. They don't sound like the Bad Seeds *per se*, but the aesthetic, both sonically and lyrically, is there.

The record starts with "Mickey Mouse and the Goodbye Man," a song that narrates a violently sexual murder committed by two brothers: "We sucked her and we sucked her dry." The song sets the tone that pervades the album of driving bass and drums topped by noisy guitars that switch between the angularity of post-punk and an overblown wall that recalls arena rock in the best way possible. "Heathen Child" starts with synth oscillations that wouldn't be out of place on a horror film soundtrack and sketches a character that would be the perfect

antagonist for such a film. Lyrically, *Grinderman 2* is as lewd, violent, and depraved as anything Nick Cave has done—in many ways uncomfortably so coming from a 53 year old man and a band of similarly-aged men, men whose backing vocals place Cave among kindred spirits. His suggestion becomes that he is not the exception in his lechery. Rather, the exception is only in his willingness to admit the lechery. But it is reductive to suggest that *Grinderman 2* is just about being a dirty old man. The album addresses a range of introspection. "Evil" is a reversion to naïve youth, chasing around women, quick to throw out whatever sentiment comes to mind: "O baby baby baby! Who needs the stars? You are my star! Who needs the moon? You are my moon!" The driving song is frenetically drummed, as if to illustrate the feeling. More than just an old man trying to relive his youth, Cave is looking back to a time when he saw life as much more simple, when just a warm body could relieve him from the "broken dream" he finds himself in. This makes sense coming out of "What I Know," a musical departure in which a fragile Cave sings about coming to understand disillusion throughout his life, eventually realizing, "Hey I know/ a million things/ are gonna/ happen to me/ in rooms that are much like these./ It will never be enough." Though sexual experience is his subject, the narrator's age broadens the scope to a wider disappointment in life's inability to satisfy, especially as one gets older.

On a basic level, *Grinderman 2* is appropriately titled. The album doesn't really transform the band's sound; the lyrics, even when introspective and sentimental, are nothing particularly new for Cave (after all, "Vortex," from their debut, was so tender it was practically chaste). It is rather an album in which the band solidifies its sound. Not as charmingly sprawling as *Grinderman*, *Grinderman 2* still rocks hard and stands out as surprisingly fresh.



**Deerhunter**  
*Halcyon Digest*  
**Ed Zukowski**



Ever since flagship shoegaze band Deerhunter announced their newest album via a suitably cryptic website and a fan-printed poster campaign back in July, pretentious assholes everywhere have been holding their collective breaths to see if Bradford Cox can once more deliver the goods. After all, splitting his time between creating new music and touring with Deerhunter and his side band, Atlas Sound, he has frequently been called the busiest man in the music biz. Between the two bands, he's put out five full-length albums in the past three years alone. No one can keep up that sort of schedule. The guy's got to burn out and have a tragic (read: hilarious), drug-fueled, on-stage breakdown eventually, right?

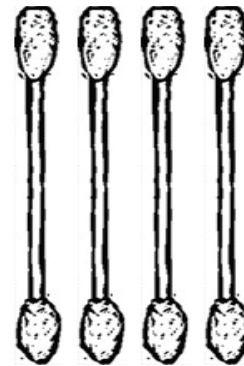
Well, if *Halcyon Digest* is anything to go by, apparently we're going to be waiting a while. In their newest album, the band maintains the haunting, ethereal sense of nostalgia that permeates most of their earlier work, but for the most part sheds the atmospheric instrumentals that comprised much of *Cryptograms*. In a lot of ways, this is Deerhunter's most accessible album. The guitar tone is a lot cleaner with much less reverb than usual, and most of the songs are far more conventionally structured than those on previous albums. It's a great starting point for someone who has never heard any of Deerhunter's other stuff. Hell, "Basement Scene" sounds like something you might hear in a car commercial in a couple months.

Deerhunter's music has always seemed a little hazy and out-of-focus, and despite the more straight-forward songwriting, *Digest* never once comes close to being simplistic. From the mysterious first notes of opening track, "Earthquake," to the ethereal ending of "He Would Have Laughed," the album never quite reveals

what it has up its sleeve. The cryptic lyrics and eerie distance of the music create a sense of dreamy otherness. At the same time, however, there's something intensely familiar about the music. It's really very difficult to describe; it's the musical equivalent of déjà-vu. Although it's all so obscured and surreal, it just clicks in your mind and you know exactly what Cox is getting at.

While all of the tracks are great, there are definitely a few highlights. "Desire Lines" is incredibly catchy and provides the album's most concert-friendly track. "Memory Boy" begins with a blast of upbeat synth and is without a doubt the peppiest song Deerhunter's put out in a while. The album's standout track (and, consequently, first single), however, is "Revival," a short, faster-paced song that perfectly encapsulates everything that makes the band such a hit. "He Would Have Laughed" provides a powerful and suitably uncertain ending for the album; Cox's bewildered repetition of "Where did my friends go?" is simply spine-tingling.

Although, I don't think *Digest* is quite as good as *Microcastle* or *Cryptograms*, it's still by all means an incredible album. The quality of the record is a testament to Cox's raw talent. Few musicians are as prolific as he is and among those that are, none have maintained anything near the level of quality of Deerhunter and Atlas Sound.



**Katy Perry**  
*Teenage Dream*  
**Nick Murray**



It seems unnecessary to begin by telling you that Katy

Perry was big this summer. Almost ten years after she began recording her debut Christian rock album, the—like it or not—singer-songwriter has spent the last the last few months dating a rock star, getting banned from Sesame Street and, oh yeah, hanging out at the top of music charts across the world. Now, just as we finally began to refreeze our popsicles, she's released *Teenage Dream*, her second major label LP.

The album begins with three consecutive Dr. Luke/Max Martin pop triumphs. The title track opener has the structure of the duo's past production hit "Since U Been Gone" but with the explosive rave synths co-producer Benny Blanco mastered earlier this year on Ke\$ha's "Blah Blah Blah." The song is wonderful. Without nostalgia—"Don't ever look back," she tells the object of her affection—Perry sings of youthful hope she feels when with her lover.

"Last Friday Night (T.G.I.F.)"—a post-hangover anthem that follows the previous song's "no regrets" mantra and ends with an unexpected E Street Band-aping sax solo—then the ubiquitous but fun-as-ever "California Gurls" complete the album's opening trifecta. From there it moves on to "Firework," in which verses build up toward the chorus's towering vocals and obvious, dramatic synths, synths that unfortunately overshadow the firecracker 80s that precede them. The song recalls, in fact, Kelis's "4th of July (Fireworks)" but falls short both in ambition and execution.

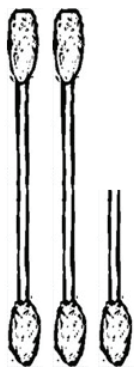
By sequencing it next, Perry nicely emphasizes the love-it-or-hate-it spontaneity of "Peacock" (the hook in its entirety: "I wanna see your peacock-cock-cock, your peacock-cock"), but here's where the album starts to derail. "Circle the Drain," tries to come off as personal, presumably revealing details about her relationship with Travis McCoy ("You fall asleep during foreplay/ Cus the pills you take are more your forte"), but instead feels like boring TMZ fodder. After that the album drags through two more Gottwald/Martin tracks, and two Tricky Stewart collabs—the latter of which, "Hummingbird Heartbeat" does push the sound of both artist and producer in an interesting direction—before coming to an unexpectedly downtrodden conclusion in "Not Like the Movies."

Whereas her previous album, 2008's *One of the Boys*, contained a more thorough exposition of her confused individualist/hedonist approach to feminism, *Teenage Dream* sees Perry working through everything our culture promised her through adolescence. Her music at times embraces these promises—as in the liberatory title track and playful pop surprises like the "Hey Mickey"-esque vocals-over-drums interlude on "Peacock"—but also struggles



through the realization that some of them aren't coming true ("Pearl," "Not Like the Movies").

Although the tunes sometimes don't hold up, Katy Perry again proves herself to be one of the most zeitgeisty artists in pop. She peppers her lyrics with phrases like "epic fail" and discusses, among other things, the exclusively modern predicament of party pictures from the night before being posted to the internet. On a larger level, the aforementioned pseudo-feminism and fixation with youth match similar trends across our age. But the best quality of *Teenage Dream* may be that you don't have to think about any of this to enjoy it. Just dance, sing along, and try to find desserts that won't melt so easily.



**Weezer**  
*Hurley*  
**Joanna Lynn**



To paraphrase Lil Wayne from Weezer's last album, *Radi-tude*, "the unusual is the fucking usual" for Weezer. *Hurley*, their new album, is then the band's usual, whatever that means. After their aforementioned collaboration with Lil Wayne on "Can't Stop Partying" and Rivers Cuomo's attempt at rapping in *The Red Album*, the peculiarity of the title and cover of the new release will not be a surprise for true Weezer fans.

Lost fans will recognize actor Jorge Garcia, who plays Hurley on the TV series, as the center of the cover art. The cover comes from a candid picture of Jorge and Rivers, taken backstage at Lopez Tonight. The hairy yet lovable actor's face leaves fans not knowing what to expect from Weezer's eighth album.

How can the album disappoint with the great opener, "Memories"? The song is an instant anthem for the bros and nerds alike and will have you singing along without realizing. Also, the new music video features the Jackass guys going all out, reliving their "memories," or what is left of their memories after the brain damage they are sure to have suffered from their stunts.

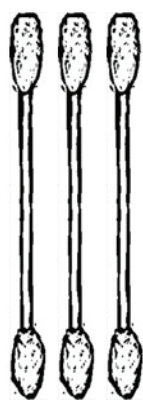
The boys—or should I say men—of Weezer are still able

to grab onto the feeling of being a nerdy, teenage outsider they had in the beginning, sixteen years ago, with the song "Trainwreck." Lyrics that start out about not updating blogs move towards wanting to "crash a Diddy party in disguise." Mr. Cuomo and the band have not lost their "I am just as uncool as you" vibe, but we all know rock stars are hiding behind those Buddy Holly glasses.

The artistic masterpiece of the album is probably "Unspoken." The song departs from the other tunes and focuses on a more melancholic side of Weezer. The lyrics "Our life will be broken/ Our hate will be unspoken," properly represents one of the more serious songs on the album. Less serious, on the other hand, is "Where's My Sex," a song about the woes of losing a sock. "Unspoken" is mostly acoustic with even a little recorder playing at parts and is able to tug on your heartstrings, whether you are an angsty teen or not.

If you want to be poetic, you can apply the entire album to the college experience. The closing song, "Time Flies," reminds us, "time flies when you're having fun" and "the harder I go, the more I realize/ time flies," which can be perceived as a wise reminder to value your time in the Fordham bubble. By senior year, we will all have memories, missing socks, and will be wondering how the time flew by so fast.

Overall, Weezer has created a matured version of past albums. Some critics may disagree, but Weezer can still produce head-bobbing songs that bros and geeks can enjoy together. Although lacking some of the creative juices behind the lyrics of their first few albums, Weezer has grown up, and so have their songs.



**The Thermals**  
*Personal Life*  
**Matt Winter**



Guitar, bass, drums, and a mic stand. According to the Thermals, that's all you need. Contrary to the increased overproduction in music, The Thermals are the quintessential pow-

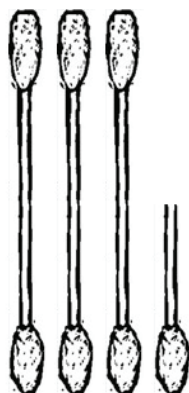
er trio. Loud and often scratchy, there are few moments in their songs that aren't full of sound. Thees Portland pop-punkers dropped their newest album, *Personal Life*, on September 7.

*Personal Life* opens with the track "I'm Going to Change Your Life" and ends with "You Changed My Life." The album is all about love, and this marks a different style for the band. Instead of fast-paced songs, like "Our Trip" from *Fuckin A* or "We Were Alive" off of *Now We Can See*, *Personal Life* is full of slower, brooding tracks. The Thermals are at their best when front man Hutch Harris is energetic or angry—part of the reason why *The Body, the Blood, The Machine* was their best album. *Personal Life* is missing the feeling of the angry diatribes against U.S. imperialism and religion that made the last album so great. Instead of sounding angry or energetic, Harris sounds solemn or dejected for most of the album. It's not that The Thermals can't pull off songs with more space; it's just that they are better when they are flying through chords and Harris is giving the lyrics his all.

It's a good album, just a little disappointing based on how great their last few were. It lacks the pep and energy of these previous efforts. From top to bottom it's easy to lose interest because of the lack of show stoppers. The instrumental work is still on point, and the increased space lets more guitar work shine, but the tempo stays down for too much of the album. When you think of The Thermals you think of liveliness, but *Personal Life* isn't as lively as one would have hoped.

One of the stand out tracks on the album is "I Don't Believe You." On this one The Thermals return to form. Its fast paced chords and drums and "whoas" liven up the album and give it some staying power. There are some other better songs like "Your Love is So Strong" and "Powerlies." What these songs have in common is how Harris delivers his lyrics. He doesn't hold back. Instead, he tells you how he feels and doesn't try to tone it down. Harris's song writing skills are undeniable, and as a whole, the album reads as a monologue coming directly out of his head.

If you are a Thermals fan or are looking for some angsty punk love songs then *Personal Life* is the album for you. It isn't close to the best work The Thermals have done, but it definitely has its moments. *Personal Life* is worth a listen, but hopefully the band's next effort will be better.



## the paper's list of songs and albums you missed this summer

It's hard to describe how good summer music should sound, but, as is often the case, you know it when you hear it. Everyone has their summer classics (for me, Big Pun's "It's So Hard," OMC's "How Bizarre," and anything released by Cash Money Records between 1996 and 2000 will do), but every summer a ton of great new music gets released too, and unfortunately, we aren't around to cover it. The following may not all be considered summer music, but they all came out this summer and they all get the official paper seal of approval.

### YG - "Toot It & Boot It"

Okay, we're a little late on this (the earliest youtube dates to summer 2009), but so is everyone. After someone finally teaches you how to dougie, go look up Toot It & Boot It. YG's rhymes are simple but perfect for gliding over the beat, a slow-burner anchored by a deep bassline and a scratchy piano line sample.

### Best Coast - Crazy for You

Like many indie bands these days, Best Coast makes Beach Boys-influenced rock, only these surfer-stoners prefer bowls to blood. Lead singer Bethany Constantino's vocals are direct and to the point and combine with the music below to form a sound that's hazy, lighthearted, and fun. Just like your summer.

### Willow Smith - "Whip My Hair"

This was only released a couple of weeks ago, maybe making it more of an indian summer jam, but how could we not include it? Perhaps inspired both by Rihanna and teen girl group Pink Dollaz across town, Will Smith's nine-year-old has made a song that bangs more than it jerks and really makes a lot of sense, cus who has more swag than a preteen girl?

### Gucci Mane - Mr. Zone 6

"I spent my winter in jail so I'm ballin' all summer," says Gucci on "Georgia's Most Wanted," and he's not lying. Releasing two of the year's best and most lyrically dense mixtapes, the Atlanta trapper-ternt-rapper picked up right where he left off. If you spent the summer in the Midwest or the South, you probably heard at least "Normal" blasting out of clubs and cars. If not, here's your chance to see what you were missing.

### Robyn - "Hang With Me"

The hardest part about nominating something by Robyn is deciding what to nominate. There's *Body Talk Pt. 1*, the first of her ongoing trilogy of EPs; then there's "Dancing on My Own," the lead single of that EP and the obvious choice for this feature. Then if neither of those do it for you there's *Body Talk Pt. 2*, the EP which contains the version of "Hang With Me" selected here. On "Hang With Me," Robyn sings of both the promise and the nervousness that comes with relationship entering into uncharted waters, and she gets bonus points for bringing down Webster Hall with the debut of this song in one of the summer's best concerts.

### Lil B - "Rich Bitch"

Lil B's New York City debut was worth the price of admission for the banter alone. At one point he yelled, "I come from Berkeley. I'm just a hippie trying to live my life," and thus summed up his "based" ethos fairly well. "Rich Bitch" is classic B. It's funny, offensive, and completely baffling to those not familiar with the rapper's style (the song title refers to Lil B himself). Oh, and it goes hard. Thank you based god.

-NM

### Julian Lynch - Mare

The third album by New Jersey native and budding ethnomusicologist Julian Lynch is an exercise in innovative minimalism and cool self-restraint. Lynch, with an impressive background in music theory and staggering composition abilities, has sacrificed big sound and flashy displays of talent for an intimate, soporific feel that showcases Lynch's prodigious songwriting and multi-instrumentation while still retaining the fuzzy bedroom-recorded textures for which he is known. The album is brought to life by the occasional burst of exuberant synths placed artfully among thick washes of horns, nylon string guitar, and gentle drums.

-SK

### Lower Dens - Twin-Hand Movement

Jana Hunter's new project takes from the best of reverbed infused guitar pop, delivering soft but memorable melodies via Hunter's barely-there vocals. She eschews the lackadaisical West Coast nostalgia that currently dominates the genre and creates a darker, but more heartfelt space, with instrumentals that take you through tunnels and songs that lay you down gently.

-BC



