



The "I Can't Believe We're Doing an Alcopop Issue" Issue

According to a study completed by Wake Forest University's School of Medicine, mixing alcohol with an energy drink encourages binge drinking and increases the likelihood of blacking out, injuries, and the need for medical attention.

-The Villinovan

Students at Marist College have recently been making a caffeinated alcoholic beverage, otherwise known as Four Loko, their drink of choice. Four Loko, and its competitor, Joose, are known to give users a quick intoxication plus a high energy level. Because of this dangerous combination, Four Loko's have been dubbed "liquid cocaine."

-The Circle (Marist College)

The FDA has not approved the use of caffeine in alcoholic beverages.

-WebMD



FOUR LOKO
DON'T DRINK IT

According to a 2008 article in Time Magazine, the buzz achieved by Four Loko and all other alcoholic energy drinks gives the false sensation of alertness. They trick the mind into believing it's sober. Therefore, drinking one guarantees motor skill impairment, though the brain may not process it. The fact that a person doesn't feel drunk until after consuming the whole drink presents a massive safety risk... "The watermelon flavor is the only one that tastes decent," sophomore Daniella Carucci said.

-The Miami Hurricane

Phusion Projects recommends not drinking more than four cans of Four [Loko] a day, Minucciani said. However, that guideline is not on the drink's Web site or any of its promotional material. Competitors do not offer any guidelines on their sites, either.

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So why not come down and write for us? We are a constantly evolving publication, and have been since 1972. And we try our best to second guess mainstream opinion and buck the system, even if there is no call to do so. But hey, writing isn't for everyone. Try reading a good book like *Just Like Someone Without Mental Illness Only More So: A Memoir*, by Mark Vonnegut, M.D. 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 rapsclions 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)!

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news

Bronx Gang Targets Homosexuals In Hate-Crime Violence

New Yorkers Reel in Wake of Attacks

by Alexander Gibbons
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Outrage is pouring out all over New York City after the news broke that three Bronx men were brutally tortured last weekend by nine members of the Latin King Goonies. The men, who were targeted for being homosexual, were held hostage in a vacant Morris Heights home last weekend and subjected to acts of savagery for several hours. Eight of the suspects are in police custody.

Gang leader Ildefonso Mendez organized the torture upon hearing that one of the victims, a 17-year-old potential recruit, is a homosexual. Early reports claim the victim was lured into the abandoned apartment under the guise that he was attending an initiation ceremony. In actuality, it was kidnapping. The victim was seized and forced into the apartment where members of the gang, two adults and seven teenagers, waited.

What follows may be too graphic for some readers. The 17-year-old victim was subjected to brutal torture. Gang members shouted gay slurs at the victim as they beat him and slashed him with a box cutter. He was then forced to strip naked and was sodomized with a plunger as his assailants interrogated him as to the details of a relationship with a 30-year-old neighborhood man. A second 17-year-old affiliated with the older man was also kidnapped and beaten at the apartment.

Later that night, the 30-year-old was lured to the apartment. He was told that there would be a party, and that he should bring ten cans of malt liquor. Upon entering the vacant apartment he was slashed with a chain and sodomized with a baseball bat as one of the younger men was forced to burn his nipples and penis with a cigarette. The gang members then forced the malt liquor down the older

man's throat before dumping his unconscious body outside of his home. A fourth victim, the brother of the 30-year-old, was attacked and robbed in his own home.

The eight suspects that are in custody are being charged with kidnapping, robbery, unlawful imprisonment, and sodomy. All charges are being levied as hate crimes. Police are still searching for a final suspect, Ruddy Vargas-Perez, who remains at large.

Savage group beatings are characteristic of gang initiations, but this recent act was a cowardly and vicious reac-

tion to homosexuality. It was a cleansing of sorts, as the gang members thought they were actually punishing the young men. The event has left New Yorkers and city officials alike shaken.



Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly held a news conference where he explicated the methods of the Latin King Goonies. "These suspects deployed terrible, wolf-pack odds of nine against one," said Kelly, "which revealed them as predators whose crimes were as cowardly as they were despicable." Commissioner Kelly also included that The Latin King Goonies are not affiliated with

the Latin Kings street gang, which also operates throughout the Bronx. City Council speaker Christine Quinn said that she could not recall a New York City crime more villainous and disgusting. Quinn, who is openly a lesbian, remarked that the violence is "even more despicable because the victims were clearly targeted in acts of hate simply because they are gay." Mayor Bloomberg also condemned the attacks, saying that he "was sickened by the brutal nature of [the] crimes and saddened by the anti-gay bias that contribut-

ed to them...The heartless men who committed these crimes should know that their fellow New Yorkers will not tolerate their vicious acts, or the hatred that fuels them."

Bronx Borough President Ruben Diaz, Jr. also released a statement regarding the attacks. "The news of these hate crimes sadden us all, and I am grateful that the NYPD has moved so quickly against those responsible for these homophobic attacks. Bronxites will not tolerate any form of bigotry in our borough, and we stand together as 1.4 million residents to condemn these actions and to

oppose hatred in all its forms," said Diaz, Jr.

Several of the younger gang members involved in the attacks claim that they were forced by older members to take part in the violence, and were threatened with the same sort of violence were they to refuse. Confused family members, refusing to believe their sons could become involved in such sadistic brutality, have spoken out on behalf of the boys' innocence. The Morris Heights neighborhood is home to many gay residents. One, a 16-year-old named Natty Martinez, says she never had a problem with the younger members of the gang. "They were chill," said Martinez, "there was no beef." Whether or not the younger members hold their own prejudices is irrelevant, however. The violence and hatred that the gang is capable of when together is all too clear, and must be dealt with accordingly.

Community members have been encouraged to work with the police in apprehending the ninth suspect in the case. But even the victims were reluctant to speak to the authorities. The original target of the attacks initially told police and doctors that he was jumped and mugged. His injuries suggested otherwise, and the victim slowly released information that allowed police to piece together what happened that night.

Without the truth from the victims, police would be at a complete loss. The suspects made sure to cover their tracks, using bleach and paint to remove traces of the victims' blood. They also ripped up pieces of

carpet and linoleum flooring, hoping to eliminate all forms of trace evidence. A break came, however, when an anonymous individual slipped a note with information about the assailants to a police officer outside the Morris Heights apartment.

Such violence, ignorance, and hatred, especially at the close of Fordham's Coming Out week and just before the National Coming Out Day is a sobering reminder that we do not live in a city that is 100% gay-friendly. These recent attacks are only the latest in a frenzy of anti-gay violence throughout New York. Last weekend, a man was robbed and beaten outside of a gay bar in the Village by two men shouting anti-gay slurs, and last month a Rutgers University student committed suicide by jumping off the George Washington Bridge after his roommate broadcasted video of him kissing another male student over the internet.

Some leaders are encouraging solidarity between all in the wake of these incidents. The Rev. James Dusenbury, Senior Pastor of In The Life Ministries, an alternative place of worship that welcomes LGBT community members, emphasized the importance of unity in the wake of these attacks. "Today I charged the congregation not to cower and back down, to be proud of who they are, especially in these times," said the Reverend. Established four and a half years ago, In The Life Ministries is the only inter-faith LGBT organization in the Bronx.

"We can't correct bigotry," said Rev. Dusenbury, "We can't fight ignorance through sensitivity training...The best way to combat bigotry and homophobia is just to live your life. It's time for everyone to be visible, we're bank-tellers, we're postal workers, and we're just like you."

in this issue:

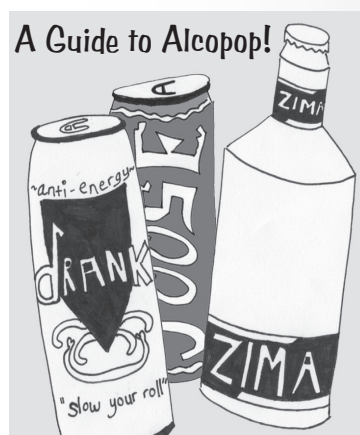
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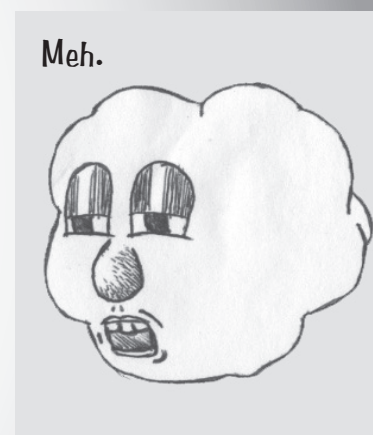
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features



comix



Rash of Gay Suicides Leads to Media Frenzy

by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

There is nothing new about the high rate of suicide among lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgendered (LGBT) youth, which is estimated to be three-and-a-half times that of the general population of the same age (and even higher for transgender youth and gay youth of color). In recent weeks, however, there have been a shockingly large number of high-profile suicides of LGBT teenagers across America. Most have been referred to as ‘bullycides,’ or suicides committed in response to bullying—in these cases, about the victims’ actual or perceived sexuality. ‘Bullying’ is often used as a euphemism to minimize the abuse that younger people perpetrate against each other, but bullying is just that: abuse. The reason LGBT youth have higher rates of suicide is not because they have intrinsically higher rates of mental illness, but because they experience higher rates of abuse (which can, it should be noted, lead to or exacerbate mental illness). It is long past time that this issue received the kind of media attention it’s getting now, but in the analysis of the wider issue of LGBT suicide rates, it’s important that we don’t forget the individuals whose deaths have sparked this recent con-

versation. Following is a list of just some of the teens who have killed themselves in recent weeks.

Tyler Clementi, 18—Clementi’s death was perhaps the most remarked upon, certainly in our area. The Rutgers University freshman was enrolled in a music program and was an accomplished violinist. He killed himself after two class-

nia middle-school student Seth Walsh was bullied extensively, and his school administration knew about it, yet did nothing. His parents had to withdraw him from school for home tutoring, but the harassment didn’t stop. Walsh was found hanging from a tree in his backyard on September 19. He was on life support for nine days before passing away.

tion or their gender identity and expression.” Barker never got a chance to organize the alliance; he killed himself on September 13 in Shiocton, Wisconsin.

Bill Lucas, 15—A high school freshman in Indiana, Lucas hung himself on Thursday, September 14. Classmates claimed that he was frequently bullied and at least one peer says that school administrators knew about the harassment and ignored it.

Asher Brown, 13—Brown, from Cypress, Texas, was another middle-school student who was bullied extensively. His parents repeatedly informed the school officials, who now deny the repeated phone calls and e-mails. He shot himself September 23, after a fellow student kicked him down a

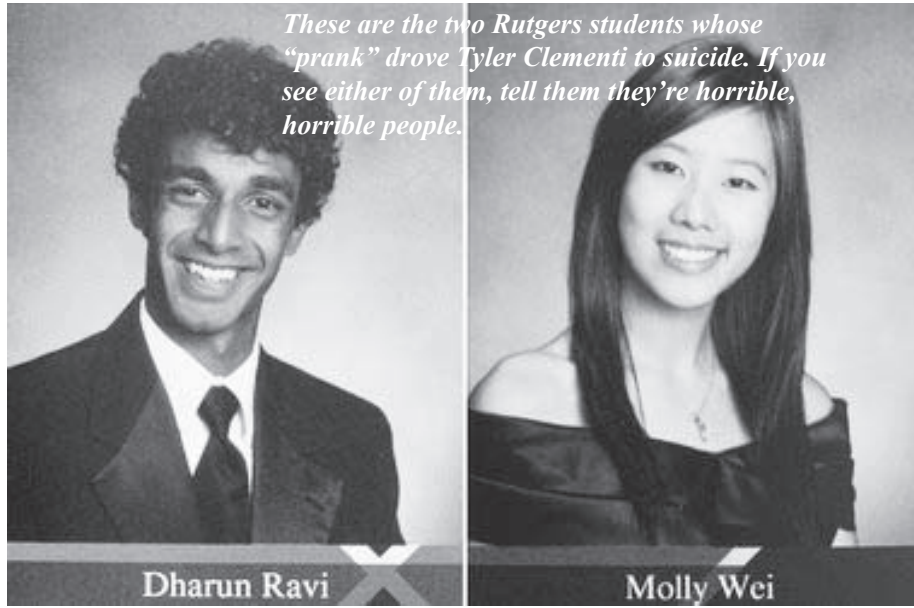
flight of stairs.

Zach Harrington, 19—A week after an ugly three-hour town meeting wherein the merits of recognizing October as LGBT History month were debated, Norman, Oklahoma resident Zach Harrington com-

mitted suicide. As LGBT blog QUEERTY notes, “A young man must already be facing some serious internal demons to contemplate suicide. But certainly hearing from members of your own small community that they think you are disgusting for the way you were born didn’t help.”

Justin Aaberg, 15—News of Aaberg’s July suicide broke September 14. He is one of four gay students to commit suicide in the last year in one Minnesota school district after being bullied. Still, the district states that “Teaching about sexual orientation is not part of the District-adopted curriculum.”

You’ll notice that not only were all of these young victims harassed, but nearly all of them were failed by the school officials and other adults whose job it was to protect them. Administrators should always act in response to bullying, especially in the case of bullying targeted at students who are members of marginalized groups. It is not hyperbole to note that if they fail to do so, these school officials are actively encouraging discrimination, abuse, and even death. Please help raise awareness about this issue and honor the memory of the above-mentioned young men by wearing purple on Wednesday, October 20.



These are the two Rutgers students whose “prank” drove Tyler Clementi to suicide. If you see either of them, tell them they’re horrible, horrible people.

mates secretly filmed him engaging in sexual activity with another man and streamed the video online. Clementi’s body was pulled from the Hudson River on September 30 after he jumped from the George Washington Bridge.

Seth Walsh, 13—Californ-

Cody J. Barker, 17—Barker was a high school student who loved history and singing, and attempted to start a gay-straight alliance at his school. Said his GSA mentor Maria Peebles, he wanted to help other students who were “targeted or ostracized for their sexual orienta-

Cock and Bull: Brett Favre, Deadspin, and Journalism Ethics

by Sam Wadhams
STAFF COCKSHOT

Professional athletes exist in a world outside of mainstream American values. Their raw athletic potential has been the locus of their lives since they were children, and the absurd contracts heaped on them by teams and fans allow them to live whatever lifestyle they want. Sometimes this is hilarious, like Ron Artest getting in trouble with the NBA his rookie season for trying to get a part-time job at Circuit City so he could get 20% off all his electronics. Other times this is tragic, like that whole Michael Vick dog-killing thing that everyone’s already forgotten.

But while the American public’s insatiable appetite for these living legends is what allows teams to pay them millions of dollars, it also means that when they screw up, it’s news. Modern America is celebrity-obsessed to an absurd degree, so when Tiger Woods turned out to have been taking Ambien and banging cocktail waitresses or Tony Romo dumped Jessica Simpson for being fat, America took notice.

And right now America is taking notice of Brett Favre allegedly (read: totally) sending unsolicited cock pics—pardon me, phalocentric nude self-portraits—to Jenn Sterger while she was a sideline reporter for

the Jets in 2008-09. Deadspin.com originally broke the story in August, though as an unconfirmed rumor posted by editor-in-chief A.J. Daulerio. The shit really hit the fan on October 7, however, when Daulerio got copies of the alleged artful nudes in question, along with several voicemails that sound a lot like Brett Favre looking for a booty call. With the voicemails and pictures of Favre’s penis, the media firestorm began in earnest. There is an ongoing NFL investigation; Brett Favre was questioned about it during an interview, and the story has become omnipresent to those who follow sports.

The possible consequences of this story are outrageous. Firstly, the NFL and the New York Jets could be hit with sexual harassment charges because a Jets PR person attempted to get Sterger in contact with Favre. Second, the NFL has been having a banner-bad year with women—two time NFL quarterback Ben Roethlisberger was suspended for six games for an alleged bathroom rape (his second allegation in the last 18 months), then his suspension was reduced to four. Inez

Sainz, a reporter, was allegedly harassed in the Jets locker room this season, leading to another media firestorm. Finally, for Favre, a suspension would not only break his consecutive starts streak (289), but, factoring in his age, would also possibly be a de facto boot from pro football, an ignominious end to be sure. This doesn’t quite have the potential to be Tiger Woods,

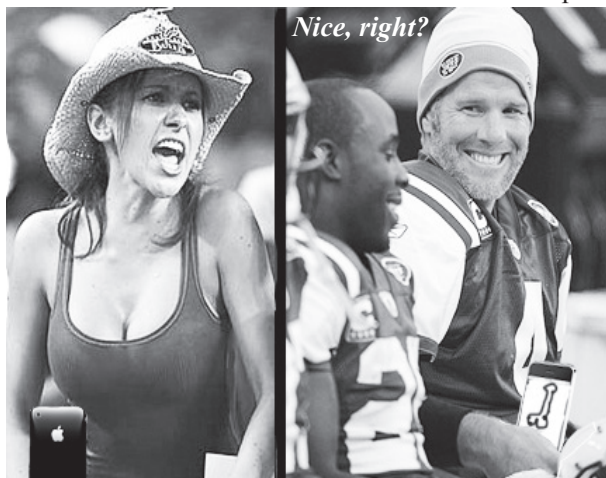
rights to those games. Should for any reason one of those outlets run a story contrary to the aims of a league, it would likely hurt them at the bargaining table and restrict their future journalistic access. This is why we see things like ESPN and LeBron James’ “The Decision,” which was essentially a televised press release disguised as journalism. Deadspin, while likely cooked up in someone’s basement, circumvents this. By having nobody to answer to, Deadspin can publish things like photos of NFL quarterback Matt Leinart drinking with a bunch of young girls, leaked MLB financials, and leaked photos of, say, athletes nude self-

pics.

So, Deadspin had become the go-to for sports journalism that the major leagues and companies didn’t want you to hear about. This means that, naturally, when the site got its hands on information that appeared to implicate one of the greatest football players ever and the New York Jets organization in a possible sexual harassment case, people were pissed. People were pissed for a couple of reasons. Firstly, old media sports vanguards like Michael Wilbon hate Deadspin. They hate that it doesn’t respect the

traditional lines between private and public lives of athletes. They hate that it doesn’t attempt to project the same carefully-crafted story narratives of other sports media outlets. And they hate that Deadspin will go to the wall on things that make them uncomfortable. Secondly, people were pissed at Brett Favre, but, having no way to digest or comprehend this anger, directed it towards Deadspin.

And maybe they’re right. Deadspin took aim at the private life of a father, grandfather, husband and hard worker, and something tells me it’s going to be an awkward string of dinners at the Favre household for a while. But at the same time, the NFL and media has exploited his good-ole-boy with an iron will storyline for twenty years, and it made them all Scrooge McDuck rich. If it turns out he was sexually harassing buxom young reporters, maybe he should be outed as a creepy bastard. Hell, in New York City if you get caught peeing in public too many times, you’re a sex offender. So is Deadspin subverting a corporate controlled media system that willfully ignores painful truths, or furthering our celebrity-obsessed Neanderthal culture at the expense of a man’s well being? Only one thing’s for sure, and that’s that we should probably all turn off the TV and go read some books.



but it’s still a major story about a major athlete that could have broad ramifications to how we view our sports idols.

But another part of the story is the little website at fault for everything, Deadspin.com. Deadspin, part of Gawker media, began as an alternative to the corporate-owned major sports outlets. ESPN, ABC, NBC, CBS and FOX all broadcast major-league sports games, and all negotiate a contract price for the

Welcome to the New Red Scare

FBI Conducts Extralegal Raids on Activists' Homes

by Marisa Carroll
FEATURES EDITOR

The FBI currently possesses my friend's high school poetry journals, a picture of his brother's girlfriend (framed), his family's electronic devices, and a federal van filled with other items seized after a twelve-hour search of his parents' home.

Stephanie Weiner and Joe Iosbaker are 30-year veterans of the anti-war movement. Both professors in Chicago, they are members of the Freedom Road Socialist Organization, an American socialist and Marxist-Leninist group whose members are "very active in movements fighting for justice, particularly in labor, oppressed nationality, anti-war and anti-imperialist, and student movements," as reports the FRSO's website. The FBI searched six homes in Chicago and Minneapolis on September 24 and subpoenaed about a dozen activists throughout Midwestern states. Warrants suggest the FBI believes the activists are tied to terrorist activities abroad, but the validity in those claims is questionable at best.

Raid victim and antiwar activist Steff Yorek calls the FBI's actions all part of "an outrageous fishing expedition." Searches for links between the progressive groups and the

State Department-certified terrorist groups the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC), the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP) and Hezbollah have so far been unsubstantiated, although the activists in question do have ties to anti-capitalist, anti-war groups in Colombia and Palestine. Further, an FBI spokesperson revealed to the Associated Press that there was no "imminent threat to the community" that sparked the September 24 raid-date, suggesting that Yorek's fishing metaphor is more fair assessment than fabulist reaction.

"This suppression of democratic rights is aimed towards those who dedicate much of their time and energy to supporting the struggled of the Palestinian and Colombian peoples again U.S.-funded occupation and war," FRSO's news service, Fight Back!, reported last month. Old-guard activists like Mr. Iosbaker, Ms. Weiner, and Minneapolis activists Mick Kelly, Jess Sundin, and Meredith Aby have been under government watch for decades, but report that government harassment has never reached this

peak.

"It's pretty hard to control the anger we feel," Iosbaker said at a gathering at Chicago's West Town Community Law Office at the end of September, where more than 80 progressives from the realms of union, anti-war, anti-capitalist, and social movements gathered to pledge their support. "All we ever did was work against the U.S. involve-

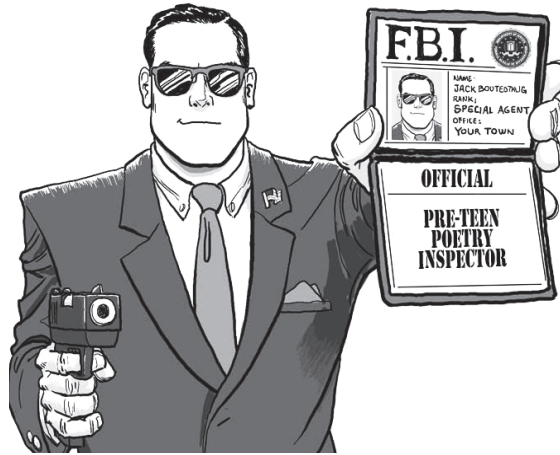
back to the McCarthy days, except with High-Def televisions panning in on figures refusing to be called "terrorists," not "communists."

Besides the gathering at West Town, activists have been standing tall for their targeted partners. Chicago activists formed the Committee Against Political Repression as a response to the raids, with the group focusing on dissecting the government's rich history of oppressing dissent—from the Smith Act to the Red Scare to COINTELPRO to the Patriot Act. Smaller protests have popped up at FBI offices and federal buildings throughout the Midwest and California this month, with more planned as the subpoenaed activists are called to trial.

The activist community is calling for progress and reform in light of the raids, but what has yet to be addressed is the quiet apathy with which we ingest this news. Of course the government raids activists' homes, we muse, smacking gum sticks of cynicism to keep down the nausea. But it is okay to feel sickened. It is necessary to share that we are uncomfortable, and that we cannot imagine a world where

warrants are followed and the FBI is accountable and we can rest without thinking that if you see something, say something.

To borrow from Jack Agueros, "The face of war is your face...in the mirror/ Wearing a sign that says , 'I let them do it, I agreed with my/ Silence.'" Through action we can save our partners-in-peace turned Prisoners of War. FRSO urges the outraged to call Attorney General Eric Holder and demand 1) the immediate return of all confiscated materials, 2) the end of grand jury proceedings against anti-war activist, and 3) the end to the repression of anti-war activists. Beyond that, contacting local branches of activist organizations—whether they are left or right or up or down—to hear first-person reactions to the government's actions is a worthy endeavor to say the least. In a time when all organizations are six-degrees-separated from a bullet point on the terrorist watch list (check out Jon Stewart's Rupert Murdoch to Osama bin Laden chain for a terrorist-by-association reality check), witness how groups are quieting, reflecting, or fighting back. Finally, talk about it: As Americans attending an academic institution, we are too privileged to stare in the mirror, silently accepting the face of war.



ment with Colombia and Israel, and we support the people for justice...These raids, searches and grand jury investigations are nothing more than an attempt to intimidate us and to intimidate the antiwar movement. We have done nothing wrong." It has been surreal to see familiar faces like Iosbaker's from the social justice community interviewed on local Fox affiliates—like a time machine ride

Schools Have Zero Tolerance for Common Sense

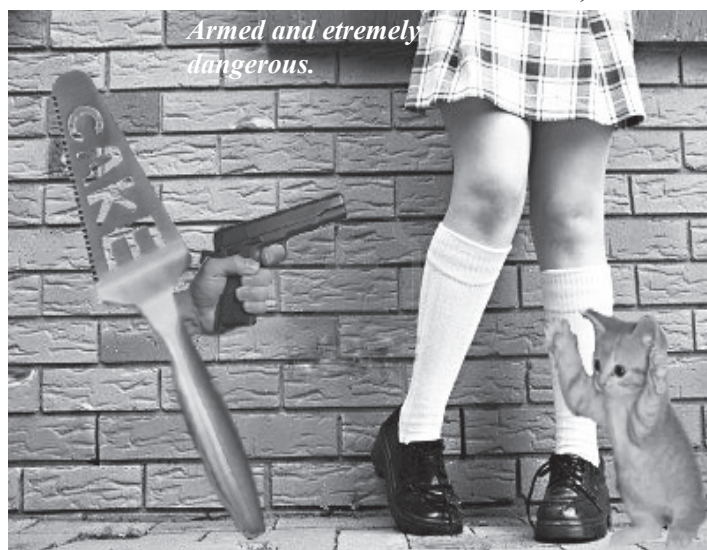
by Sean Banfield
STAFF 2ND AMENDMENT

It's a scenario feared by students and parents alike – when a student is found with a weapon in school. But last November in Florida, that's precisely what happened. Samuel Burgos brought a loaded gun to school in his backpack, but was caught before he could harm a classmate or a teacher. Since then, he's been expelled from school, and his case is awaiting evaluation from his school board. It seems justice has prevailed in this case – except that Samuel Burgos' gun was a plastic toy. And he never took it out of his backpack. And he's only eight years old.

Burgos is one of the latest victims of zero tolerance policies prevalent in American school districts. Burgos, who was seven-years-old at the time, was at home playing with his toy gun before hiding it from his brother in his backpack. When he took the bag to school the next day, he forgot the toy was inside. Instead of taking it out, he told a friend it was in his backpack, and eventually a teacher discovered its presence.

It was obvious to the school administration that the clear plastic gun was a toy; however, since it was loaded with two plastic pellets and capable of firing a projectile, the school listed

it as a Class A weapon, placing it in the same category as a firearm. Burgos was expelled, and has been home-schooled for the past year. School officials plan on meeting in several weeks to re-evaluate the case, though there is no indication that they also plan on coming to their senses.



As frustrating as Burgos' story is, the fact that there are many more just like it is boundlessly nauseating. These incidents span the Spectrum of Stupid, ranging from the nearly understandable to the stunningly dumb. On the less ridiculous end is the story of a sixth grader in Seattle who was suspended when a water-gun painted black and brown fell out of his backpack (the student was initially expelled, but the administra-

tion reduced his punishment in a rare moment of common sense). More upsetting is the account of an Arizona seventh grader, David Silverstein, who, after watching the movie *October Sky*, brought a rocket he fashioned out of a can of potato chips to school. The school confiscated the rocket, declared it a

weapon, and suspended him. However, these incidents aren't even as jaw-droppingly brainless as the case of a sophomore in Florida who was suspended for ten days after using nail clippers with an attached file in class; or the five-year-old in Pennsylvania who came to school on Halloween dressed as a fire man, and was suspended for the five-inch plastic axe that was part of his costume; or the third grade girl who was ex-

pelled after her grandmother sent her to school with a birthday cake and knife (her teacher used the knife to slice and serve the cake before diligently turning the weapon over to the principal).

In the wake of tragedies like the Columbine and Virginia Tech shootings, as well as all the lesser-reported incidents of school violence, zero tolerance policies seem like a good idea. School districts are willing to do whatever it takes to prevent future attacks, and concerned parents jump right on board. These policies usually differ from district to district, but they can be so severe as to exact infractions without considering the age of the students involved or their intentions. Such policies are literally blind, as was discovered by Zachary Christie and his family last year. The six-year-old Cub Scout brought a cutlery tool with a folding fork, spoon, and knife to his cafeteria. This violated his school's policy, and he was expelled for 45 days. Neither Zachary's young age nor the fact that his "weapon" was a fucking silverware kit seemed pertinent to his school.

Zero tolerance policies are meant to scare students into not even coming close to breaking them. Knowing the severe penalties that await even the smallest violations, students

are much less likely to bring a weapon to school, or so the hypothesis goes. However, the concomitant of this approach is painfully obvious when one looks at ridiculous stories like the nefarious nail clippers and the blood-curdling cake knife—stories that would be comical if they weren't so unjust to the students involved.

Hopefully, school districts across the country will come to the revolutionary conclusion that these cases should be treated on an individual basis; rather than deciding that students are guilty before they do anything wrong, it would be better to consider who the students are, how they violated school policy, and the intentions (or lack thereof) behind those violations. It's a struggle to imagine how our legal system can distinguish between the murderer who kills someone intentionally and the person who accidentally causes the death of another, but school administrations can't distinguish between the student who intentionally brings a loaded shotgun to school and the student who forgets to take a plastic toy gun out of his backpack. Maybe Samuel Burgos will be among the last children to suffer from this policy, the irrationality and injustice of which is obvious even to an eight-year-old. Sadly, I'm not counting on it.

FAKER THAN TRUTH

by Sean Kelly, Joe McCarthy, and Alexander Gibbons
STAFF LIARS

FORT DODGE, IA – Tensions are high in Fort Dodge today after the closing of the Olde Country Buffet on Horace Boulevard left the town of 25,000 with a heretofore-unprecedented gravy shortage. According to a press release from the chamber of commerce, the average gravy-to-blood ratio of Fort Dodge citizens has fallen to a staggering 414 parts per million, the lowest levels since the burning down of the Oak Street Golden Corral in 1977. The mayor’s office is currently torn on the issue—while members of the city council contend that it is too early to tap into Fort Dodge’s strategic gravy reserves, some feel that importation from neighboring Duncombe is only a temporary solution and that Fort Dodge residents are entitled to the stored-up gravy that their tax dollars paid for. Additionally, budget committee officials said in an interview Monday that application for the federal GravyAid program is too drastic of a move, and could result in economic ramifications that Fort Dodge is simply not prepared for. As of press time, Fort Dodge residents were still entirely unaware of that perfectly good jar of Heinz chicken gravy sitting in Lucinda LaMothe’s basement pantry.

-SPK

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY, BRONX - On Sunday October 10th, 2010 (10/10/10) at approximately 10:10 p.m., Queens Court-ers ran amok with excitement as resident Harold Quaab XXXXII serendipitously came across a lost Michelangelo painting in his walk-in closet. When asked for comment, Quaab purportedly “tucked his head into his turquoise hoodie, and began dancing around playing the flute like that fawn in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*.” His roommate, Jeff Wafflestein, has been the only liaison who’s spoken about the incident, and of the future of this once lost masterpiece: “Yeah, you and everyone and their brother,” he said, when told that Harold would not speak to reporters. “He’s a freak. I heard him talking into a device on his wrist about how ‘the mothership is finally coming for him’ and that ‘the final sign has been manifested.’” It is as yet unclear whether Harold will sell the piece as a plethora of prestigious collectors and museums wait on bended knee.

-JM

BRONX, NY - A local man was surprised to discover his milk had gone bad after tasting it while eating a bowl of Reeses Puffs yesterday evening. He claims that his roommate is responsible for the curdled milk. “Frankie is such an asshole, man,” said the victim, who wishes to remain anonymous for fear of retribution, “I checked the expiration date on that shit and it expired like two months ago.” The man went on to add that his roommate “leaves his shit all over the living room,” and that his feet smell terrible. “I don’t even buy milk,” he stated, “so I know it was Frankie.” The man declined to comment on why he did not notice the milk’s expiration date upon pouring it, but instead chose to elaborate on Frankie’s cleanliness or lack thereof, and how shitty the bathroom is. When reached for comment, Frankie only said that his roommate is “so full of shit and a total Gaylord,” adding, “just last week I saw him jerking off to hentai porn and that shit is nasty.” He then proceeded to pick the gunk out of his toenails, which he proceeded to leave all over the fucking coffee table.

-AG

bad case of syphilis

1940s human experimentation comes to light

By Sarah Madges
NEWS CO-EDITOR

For almost two decades Susan Reverby, professor of women’s studies at Wellesley College has researched the Tuskegee study, which many consider the most infamous case of covert US government human experiments. For those who aren’t familiar, the Tuskegee study is that terrible example every Bioethics class will inevitably bring up, until Reverby publishes her newest findings this January. That is, for forty years U.S. government researchers deliberately withheld medical treatment from over 600 African-American men who had syphilis, administering placebos so the men would believe they were receiving care. While Reverby was doing research on the man who headed the Tuskegee study, Dr. John Cutler, she came across a similar study he led—except instead of withholding treatment, researchers were actually inoculating syphilis; and instead of in the American South, this happened in the Global South, in Guatemala.

Last Friday President Obama apologized to Guatemalan President Alvaro Colom hours after the disclosure that government researchers purposefully infected 696 Guatemalan men and women (including soldiers, prisoners, prostitutes, and mental patients) with syphilis and gonorrhea from 1946 to 1948. Likewise, Secretary of State Hillary Clinton stated that the study “was clearly unethical,” as the Public Health Service, the National Institutes of Health, the Pan American Health Sanitary Bureau, and even the Guatemalan government actually sponsored the study.

Though the intention was to determine how the then-new penicillin might be used as a prophylaxis, Dr. Cutler’s team went about it in a horrific way. Juan Funes, the director of sexually transmitted diseases (then called venereal) in the Public Health Department in Guatemala, who had also been trained in the U.S. by the PHS, met up with Dr. Cutler in Guatemala, where prostitution was legal. Because it was permissible to bring prostitutes into prisons for sexual services, they began the experiment using prostitutes to infect prisoners, and subsequently gave out antibiotics as well. But when they couldn’t

create enough infection, they started to do inoculations, which requires actually creating an inoculum. The bacteria that causes syphilis can die when it’s in the air, and therefore has to pass through liquids and body fluids (hence it’s sexually transmitted). Using ground-up testes of syphilitic rabbits, the doctors scraped prisoners’ arms in a prison, an insane asylum, and an army barracks. Ideally they looked for men who had long foreskins that they could pull back in order to scrape the head of the penis, where they would leave the cotton ball of inoculum for about two hours in hopes of transferring the infection. At one point they even did spinal taps to get the inoculum in.

And, yes, this was an unregulated period of time; proper research protocol wasn’t instated

We do know that not every prisoner complied; at one point, Dr. Cutler actually complains about a guy who ran away with the piece of cotton still attached to his penis. There were also many prisoners who refused, thinking all the blood draws would weaken them. They were given iron pills with their inoculum. Moreover, it isn’t known how many people died, save for one who died from epilepsy. However, many of the people in the insane asylum had epilepsy—the PHS actually gave them Dilantin as treatment so they’d be allowed to do their study there.

This is all Susan Reverby has uncovered so far. Last May she submitted the research she compiled at the History of Medicine meetings in Rochester, Minnesota. “I was on the last day of the last session on a Sunday during the semester, so there were

maybe twenty people in the audience,” Reverby said in an interview, adding, “my colleagues were pretty horrified, but, you know, historians are—I don’t mean to say we’re jaded, but people understand that this has happened in the past.” In other words, fellow historians asked what she was going to do with it and didn’t feel otherwise compelled to tell anyone. Reverby, however, decided to interview David Sencer, a retired physician who was the director of the Centers for Disease Control when the Tuskegee story broke out. When she asked him to verify if the medicine listed in the notes were correct, he was horrified by what he found. He sent it to the CDC, who gave it to their leading syphilis expert; it went on up the chain of command to the NIH, the State Department, and eventually the White House.

It took a couple months for this information to pass through so many hands, and the coming months will tell whether President Colom takes the case to international court, how Obama will compensate for this atrocity, and even if any children or anyone from the study are alive, possibly still afflicted by these contagious diseases. Maybe someone will make a B movie about it—whatever happens, something this corrupt can’t go unaccounted for.



until the mid-1970s. And, yes, it was a treatment study with the ultimate goal of curing those infected with penicillin, so technically there was no illegality. But it isn’t as if no one was aware of how immoral the study was—a colleague wrote to Dr. Cutler: “The surgeon general says, ‘Well, we couldn’t do this in the United States.’”

No, you couldn’t do that in the U.S. President Colom won’t stand for it to go unaddressed either. Colom called this a “crime against humanity,” and is pushing for an international investigation. Rightly so—though exact numbers are still unclear, the Centers for Disease Control suggest that about a third of those infected weren’t properly treated. We can’t be sure whether Juan Funes followed up within the Guatemalan Public Health Service to provide help. It’s also what these government doctors were telling the men they used for experimentation, as so far the only records found are Dr. Cutler’s notes.

Polls Claim Paladino Most Likely to Win Name Calling

others claim this is called "politics"

by Angela Pokorny
STAFF POLITIKER

"I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take it anymore!" This reference to the 1976 film *Network* was adopted as an official campaign slogan by GOP New York State governor candidate and multi-million dollar Buffolonian real estate mogul Carl Paladino. After an overwhelming victory against Rick Lazio in the primaries on September 14th, Paladino laid stink eyes on his next victim: Democrat Andrew Cuomo (the son of former New York Governor Mario Cuomo). Afterwards, he decided to give New York State residents the sincere promise of "Going into Albany, and taking everybody out with a bat."

On October 18th Hofstra University will be opening its doors, as per usual, to this entertaining verbal show-

down that has already started its shit on the streets. Attending this televised debate (which will air live at 7 p.m. on News 12 Long Island, Westchester, Bronx, and Brooklyn) will be Paladino (R), Cuomo (D), and five other gubernatorial goobers nobody really gives a flying-fuck about: Kristin Davis (Anti-Prohibition Party), Charles Barron (Freedom Party), Howie Haskins (Green Party), Warren Redlich (Libertarian Party), happy Jimmy McMillian from the "Rent is Too Damn High Party" (no joke), and possibly Mike "The Situation" Sorrentino.

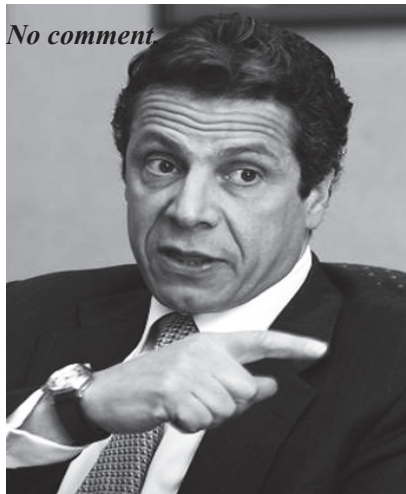
However, New York residents (especially Hofstra students) may be a little disappointed when an expected "Yo Momma"-esque smack talk debate turns out to be a little boring. This is because recently Paladino has been the only person coming up with clever one-liners about his main competitor. His most recent term of endearment given to Cuomo, "Cuomosexual," is in reference to his alleged extramarital affairs. Cuomo responded with boring tactility: "Let's not degrade the process and let's not demean the state and let's not turn people off with baseless accusations or negativity when we should be talking about [the people] and not us."

Another name Paladino gives to his rival, "Status-Cuomo," targets his belief that he is just another no-good Albany

insider. "[Andrew is a part of] everything we don't want in Albany," he said. If that wasn't enough, Paladino continued: "Also, he has a huge ego and a huge amount of arrogance in him." Cuomo (the brother of Fordham Alumni and ABC Correspondent hottie Chris Cuomo), recently endured similar statements Paladino made in person at a press conference held inside John Jay College this past Monday. However, the Democratic nominee decided to take his accusations with "two grains of salt," and was only able to react to Paladino's recent name-calling by sadly saying they were "very, very, strong accusations." This response is obviously way too weak for the GOP candidate, and will most likely not stop him. Even on days when Paladino is not feeling as inspired to invent another clever appellation for Cuomo, he has no shame in using the non-original but always effective go-to diss of "dirty politician."

Even after countless amounts of unfair nut punches by the Tea Party conservative, Cuomo (who is the boyfriend of Food Network star Sandra Lee) maintains a hippie persona as though no words are strong enough to instigate a release of machismo and get him to take it outside: "I said at the beginning of the campaign, I will not engage in the name-calling, and I will not be brought into the gutter." Then he yawned.

Even though a recent approval ratings poll shows Cu-



No comment



"Pete Rose!!"

mo (who is the ex-husband of a Kennedy) still has an 18-point advantage over the Republican, many of his supporters are worried his unwillingness to come up with better smackronyms to Paladino's trash talk may hurt

him after the Hofstra debate. In Cuomo's defense, he still managed to scrounge up some serious faith and endorsement cheddar from conservative New York politicians, such as Staten Island Borough President James Molinaro and New York City Mayor Michael Bloomberg.

But is Paladino all talk and no game? Whatever he is, he claims this will be his "first and last time running for public office," but that the other candidates will not be able to do what he can. "I have an agenda," he says. "It is going to start with the budget process, and we're going to take down the size of state government by 20% in the first year." He also believes that the "fraud, waste, and abuse" in New York's Medicaid and other systems are "rampant" and "need to be corrected." Basically, if elected, he wants to flee Albany immediately following the clean-up of Spitzer's spunk and Patterson's visionless decisions.

Speaking of Governor Patterson, how does he feel about the current election for his seat in office? Well, during the Korean-American Parade two weeks ago, he turned a blind eye to the verbal political slam by praising the Tea Party (a movement of which Paladino is considered to be a part of) as being "a good thing." At least our very own Bronx borough President Ruben Diaz, though an amateur to the name-calling game, gets an "A" for effort by enthusiastically referring to Paladino as: "A complete and utter nut job!"

So how will next week's Hofstra debate turn out? Well, if Paladino's predictions are correct, it will not be very exciting considering the fact he believes Cuomo does not have the "Cojones" (the Mexican/Puerto Rican/Cuban/South American word for "Balls") for a fierce debate.

However, he does not feel this is due to his big bully persona. "He's not afraid of me," explained Paladino during a recent in-

terview. "He's afraid to come out and answer to the people about how he stands on the issues." He then proceeded to walk out of the room, taking a bat to anybody who was in his way.

REALER THAN FACT

by Sarah Madges and Alex Orf
STAFF TRUTHERS

SEATTLE, WA

James Burns has been fuming over a certain sub-par alternative rock band for quite a while. And on October 5th, he finally did something about it. Irritated that Weezer still gets Pitchfork and Punknews coverage while other 90s one-hit wonders like Better Than Ezra have dutifully disappeared, Burns formulated a roundabout plan to determine why the media still cares about a band, who is, as Burns put it: "kinda like the Insane Clown Posse, but with guitars and Buddy Holly glasses." A Seattle tabloid published his proposal to raise \$10 million to bribe Weezer to disband—or \$12 from each of the 852,000 people who bought *Pinkerton*. His "platform" sticks up for Weezer fans, who he claims are in "an abusive relationship" with Weezer, constantly disappointed by the poor quality of their songs. It seems most people who bought *Pinkerton* have not responded, as his online petition at ThePoint.com has raised \$96 so far. Weezer's drummer Patrick Wilson, however, has responded in a Tweet: "If they can make it 20, we'll do the 'deluxe breakup.'" Our minds and money at work, people of America.

-SM

ALSO IN WASHINGTON STATE

On September 27th, the military court at Joint Base Lewis-McChord held a hearing about five American army soldiers who, while intoxicated by drug use, randomly killed Afghan civilians and failed to report their abuses for fear of punishment. The testimony came the same day a videotape in the case leaked, showing Specialist Jeremy N. Morlock, one of the complicit soldiers, giving an investigator detailed accounts of the killings without any apparent emotion. When asked if one of the Afghans killed had any weapons on him, Specialist Morlock replied: "No, not at all. Nothing. He wasn't a threat." Including Specialist Morlock, four other soldiers are accused of possessing dismembered body parts and around 70 photographs of dead Afghans. Some of the images even show them posing with the dead or holding up Afghans' skulls, though all five defendants have said they are not guilty. When asked about the use of illegal drugs in his unit, Corporal Quintal shrugged it off as something that occurred on "stressful days, days that we just needed to escape." Specialist Morlock's lawyers were similarly casual, commenting that the case merely reflected a "failed policy" in Afghanistan, NBD.

-SM

TELEVISIONS ACROSS THE COUNTRY - In the final stretch until midterm elections in November, candidates all over our great nations have been pulling out all the stops in hopes of gaining an edge over their opponents. At this stage in the game smear tactics run wild, but about 30 candidates in both state and national elections have stooped to new levels of despicable: ads have been popping up accusing opponents of giving jobs away to China, and in extremely xenophobic and racist terms. Ohio congressman Zach Space, for instance, accuses his Republican opponent Bob Gibbs of supporting free trade laws that allow jobs to leave the country—an ad that features a large Chinese dragon flickering on screen while a voiceover says, "As they say in China, 'xie xie, Mr. Gibbs!'" Pointing out how or why ads like these are awful, offensive and a complete red herring would be like coming to your house and beating you over the head with the bamboo stalk, so I'm just gonna let this one speak for itself.

-AO

FRAUDULENT FOOTBALLERS

by Sam Stokes
STAFF DON CHEADLE

The country of Bahrain's national soccer team was looking for this season to be a big one, hoping to garner success and generate even more public interest than ever before. Well, they certainly got that second one down.

So clearly officials were ecstatic when offered a chance to host Togo for an exhibition match. Bahrain played well on their home-turf and upset the prominent African team three to zero, making for an ideal start for the Bahrainians. "The Boys Are Back In Town" started blasting and a party montage totally ensued.

Unfortunately, Togo officials called to inform Bahrain that they had no idea who the team they had played against was. When they had supposedly been playing and losing in Bahrain, the Togolese team was in fact on a bus coming home from Batswana...

"Bahrain? It's Togo?"

"Hey Butt munch! Yo need a tissue?!"

"No, I was calling to say--"

"You need a tissue. Yo yo yo guys chill, Togo's calling! Haha yeah, I'll tell em' Haha alright. Chill chill I'll tell him--"

"Excuse-"
"Yo, um Togo?"
"Yes?"
"Keith says SPLADOW BOII!"
"Yeah alright listen, that wasn't our team"
"...haha...what?"

Needless to say the Thin Lizzy stopped there, probably replaced by bongos with some secretive horn stabs as a bus of imposters drove away from Bahrain, richer and more do-able men.

Bahrain was in shock, as it has been confirmed that they had in fact gone through the proper channels in setting up the match. The signatures had all appeared valid. They had paid all of the team members and coaching staff the agreed-upon sum... and they had been totally played.

To put this in full perspective, the Togo team is by no means unknown. Due to their

competitive record, and, sadly, to the amount of scandal and conflict that seems to haunt the team (including a tragic incident last January when separatist rebels ambushed the team bus in Angola and killed two team members), the team has a



certain level of celebrity. They are no David Beckhams by any means, but the idea of any respectable national club not to recognize a bunch of strangers as playing dress-up is unreasonable (and, I'm not going to lie, kind of racist—I didn't want to say it, Bahrain, but we are all thinking it.).

So not only did this group of people convince a modern

sovereign nation that they were an internationally known sports team, but these non-professionals also played a game on an international level in front of a stadium full of supposed fans. Each player was paid a sum of \$300 and each coaching staff

member \$1,000 (alright, not your standard George-Clooney-caper-flick kind of money, but that's still badass!).

The best part about it, though, is that they were bad at soccer. Not picking up the ball and burying it bad, but still, as the match dragged on it should have been more and more obvious these were not professional athletes. The Wall Street Journal has one Bahrainian official quoted as saying, "The players were not fit...we thought it might be because of the heat or Ramadan." Seriously?

Well, the manhunt did not

last long. Turns out that a former team manager, Bana Tchanile, had tried this ruse once before at a low-level tournament in Egypt in July and was caught. But hey, you can't just go around labeling everyone who has tried to impersonate an African national soccer team as a prime suspect. If you did that, at Fordham alone you'd have like hundreds of people in hot water, am I right? Well, the guy confessed and is taking full credit for it all now.

An act so cinematically dickish is, in a way, amazing. The odds of this caper working out are incredibly slim, and being part British I feel my opinion can be held on high authority on questions of soccer and taking advantage of foreign countries. Something so complexly stupid and ballsy should not actually be able to work in real life, and I guess the moral of the story is that in the end it never does, but those few seconds on the pitch are totally worth it.

Now whether or not Tchanile has learned his lesson after two convictions is unclear. The nation of Bahrain, on the other hand, clearly has: none of this reporter's many calls wondering if they would like to play the 1992 U.S Olympic Basketball team have been returned.

RED SLUDGE ATTACK!!

by Alex Orf
NEWS CO-EDITOR

With only three months left until we get the hell out of this decade, the Aughts are shaping up to become the decade that future generations will look back on as the time when nature and acts of God actually started conspiring with humanity toward our mutual destruction. Sure, there have always been natural disasters, and since the Industrial Revolution we've been more or less actively pursuing the eradication of our lovely planet, but never before have the two melded so seamlessly in a veritable orgy of destruction.

In such a terrible and turbulent decade, 2010 has been the radioactive cherry on the shitstorm cake. Mother nature has continued to rage all year through a plethora of earthquakes, tropical storms, floods, and tornadoes in Brooklyn and Queens (?), among other places, killing thousands and displacing thousands more. We, in turn, have responded with two of the worst ecological disasters of the decade: the BP oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico, and, last week, a tidal wave of red sludge in Hungary that destroyed villages, killed at least four people, and destroyed the ecosystems in and around the Torna and Marcal Rivers.

The spill occurred Tuesday, October 5 when a reservoir wall at an alumina refining plant in

Ajka burst, sending an estimated 185 million gallons of caustic red sludge out into the surrounding area. The deluge ran through several towns, destroying homes and rising chest-high in some areas. Officials estimate that the corrosive toxic goo has left four people dead, five missing, and over 120 suffering from severe chemical burns. Overall, over 7,000 people have been affected by the spill, either through injury or displacement.

The Hungarian government has responded swiftly to the disaster, declaring a state of emergency and dispatching multiple HAZMAT and emergency response teams to Ajka and the surrounding areas. The teams have been concentrating on rescue and cleanup, literally trudging along in the slow process of attempting to make the affected areas habitable again. The most difficult aspect of the cleanup—and the most problematic for the future of the region—is what to do about the farmland, forests, grasslands and waterways affected by the sludge, which has wiped out all flora in its path and rendered farmland unusable. Currently the government has proposed replacing the affected soil, but with over sixteen square miles of land affected the costs would be very high.

Even more problematic are the two waterways affected by the spill, the Torna and Marcal Rivers. The red sludge has

killed all aquatic life in the two rivers and turned the water red, effectively reenacting the First Plague of Egypt. Hungary and half a dozen nations to the south are very concerned about the sludge in the waterways, as the Marcal empties in to the Danube River, the second longest river in Europe with one of the continent's most diverse ecosystems. If the highly corrosive sludge reaches the Danube the results would be catastrophic for region's ecology; currently hourly tests show that the river's pH levels have not been affected, and cleanup teams from all over the region are trying to come up with tactics to dilute, slow, or stop the advancing of the red sludge.

The aluminum plant that caused the spill had been inspected only weeks before. Though it remained on a list of potential problem sites in Hungary, nothing was done to rectify its problems. Currently the plant is hiding behind official inspections to deflect any wrongdoing—much as BP tried to displace their failings in the Gulf disaster. Until corporations that pollute and destroy our environment can be held responsible for their failings and blunders, we'll just have to cross our fingers and hope that nature will win out before we suffocate, bomb and corrode ourselves to death.

Haiku News

by the paper

STAFF JAPANOPHILES

We here at *the paper* have bunches and bunches of news stories we'd love to share with y'all, but in our paltry six pages we can only cover a fraction of them. To rectify this, we've decided to present you the rest of the news fit to print in seventeen syllables apiece:

Silk Road Palace Closes

A freshman shed tears
The old woman lost her spot
The day the Franzia stopped

-Nick Murray

Sun Chips Bags Change Back to Less Environmentally Friendly Packaging Because Customers Dislike Loud Bags

Sun Chips bags sound soft
the earth sheds a single tear
we hated the noise

-Emily Genetta

Russian Journalism students release a striptease calendar for Putin's Birthday; Other Journalism students release calendar of clad females questioning him

Russian students strip
Beckon Vlad to come hither
clad students question

Bobby Cardos

North Korea introduced to heir apparent Kim Jon Um

Glorious new man,
So short and brave and supreme

You wear funny suits.

Virgin Galactic's private spaceship makes first solo flight.

A leather tycoon,
To the cosmos he ascends,
Gonna' be richer

-Alexander Gibbons

South Korean Preacher Commits Suicide Over Unbearable Pain

"Happiness preacher"
in Korea kills herself
God-fucking-damnit

GOP Gubernatorial Candidate for NY Offends Gays in Speech

Paladino says
being gay is not valid.
Yeah, he's gonna lose.

-Emily Genetta

Google Creates and Successfully Tests a Self-Driving Car

Car don't need a driver
to get you to your house
The future is now

-Alex Orf

Chicago Bears Beat Carolina Panthers in Square 23-6 Victory

Carolina thought
They could stop us but heck no
Da-a-a-ah Bears.

-Marisa Carroll

editorials

The Ganj - Father

by Anonymous
STAFF DOESNT INHALE

Three weeks ago, three brothers converged at a familiar little house in New Jersey with a simple plan: to get their grandfather high. I was one of those brothers. Now before you accuse me of corrupting the elderly, hear me out. There were several reasons for getting my grandfather higher than James Franco in "Pineapple Express": most were medical, some were practical, but mostly - it was just plain fun.

Let me give you a little background information before I continue. Last September my grandfather, 69 years old and a smoker for at least 50 of those years, had what we all thought was a stroke. It turns out it was Glioblastoma Multiforme, an aggressive form of brain cancer (think Ted Kennedy, or that red scare octopus propaganda - except tumors instead of tentacles and instead of wrapping around the world it was his brain). While that seems like a pretty big bummer (understatement) for us, when we finally told my grandfather he seemed pretty

let down himself. "Brain cancer huh? Always thought it would be the lungs." Almost to say "Damn, I've been working on this whole lung cancer thing for almost 50 years now!" I guess he's been expecting it for a while and that made coping a lot easier.

So back to the main attraction. For years now my grandfather has been making off-hand remarks about wanting to "try that weed". After his second or third seizure, I finally brought some literature up to them, (them being my grandparents and my two uncles that live with them and help take care of things), that essentially said that marijuana has been shown in scientific studies to not only help prevent seizures, but also help prevent the growth of (and sometimes shrink) the exact type of cancerous tumors that my grandfather has. Wanting anything that might help him live until Christmas, and another family member confirming that there were indeed studies and it was not just me trying to get grandpa high, my family agreed that getting some weed for him might be the best bet.

Now, we aren't (completely) stupid, we asked the oncologist first whether medical marijuana

would help or clash with any of his meds. (Probably and no, respectively). When we tried to get him a prescription, we were smoke-blocked. Apparently in New Jersey, while there is legal medical marijuana, my grandfather's cancer just wasn't cancer-y enough for them - he was still able to eat at least one meal a day and his brain cancer isn't painful. It's not enough that the tumors have made it so he can no longer read, remember some basic vocabulary, or even follow a full conversation at 100% - he needs searing cancer pain and to not be able to eat breakfast.

Being the good grandsons we are, we took it upon ourselves (with a little financial incentive), to smoke our ailing grandfather up.

My oldest brother's job was to procure the leafy green medicine in question (since he always had the best bud and the most disposable income). My

next older brother's job was to teach an uncle to break up and roll our grandfather's "special cigarettes". And my job was to make sure he smoked it right, no matter how many tries it took (2, but that's just because I smoked the first join myself to test the product. Final analysis: sweeeeeet).

We arrived at grandpa's house - oldest brother arrived with more weed than I've had the pleasure of holding at one time, (I'm poor and have never needed a month's supply of weed in one go, back off). He was paid for his services by a kindly uncle (coincidentally a Fordham alum) and left early. Under the attentive eyes of my uncle, (and the envious eyes of myself), my middle brother began rolling a spliff - that's a mix of marijuana and tobacco for those of you reading this article while looking down your nose. He is struggling a bit and recommends we just make a gravity bong instead - think stoners making a bong using the physics of a vacuum and the magic of water. A short argument ensued about how fucked-up that would get grandpa that got cut short by my cop uncle walking in - "Well here's your

problem, your rolling papers are too small." My middle brother grumbled a bit, obviously not used to rolling and takes apart a cigarette to try again. Success!

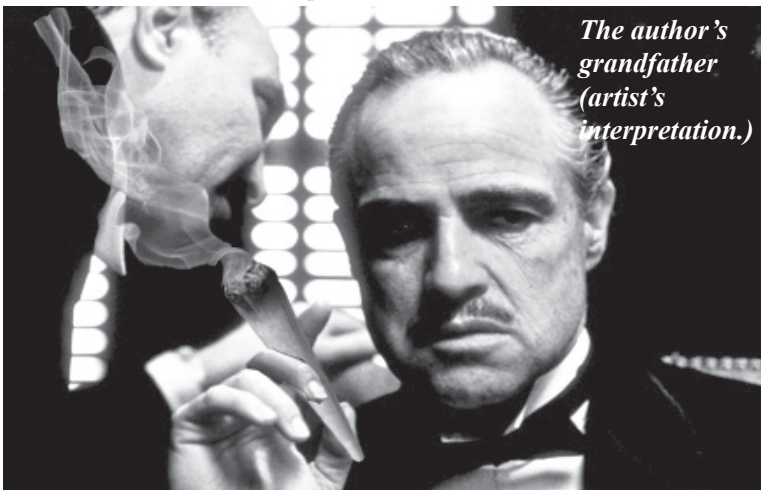
We bring the cigarette to my grandfather who appears to be getting cold feet about the whole affair. My brother headed out and I smoke our Frankenstein cigarette to show my grandfather it isn't poison or going to make him crazy - yeah, he has some weird ideas about weed.

Flash forward to the next day, I've rolled another spliff to get my grandfather used to it. While waiting for his designated weed time, 11:30 so he can eat lunch and then be ready for his 1 o'clock nap, my grandfather discussed his apprehension with weed. Apparently he was afraid he was going to lose control or get too dopey (too late grandpa). Then he told us that he never smoked weed (which is believable since he was a mar-

ine) and then he tried to tell us that no one smoked weed when he was younger. Apparently the 60's never happened according to grandpa. My grandmother quickly informed us that he wasn't crazy, rather in their area in the 60's there were more boozers and acid users and not so many stoner-hippie types.

So after assuring him we'd be there and I'd smoke too so he wouldn't get too bad, we all go outside like some sort of twist 4th of July barbeque and I spark it up for him and pass it off. 1, 2, 3 heavy hits and he's fine, but he won't pass... my grandfather is bogarting the jay. Between drags with glass eyes, my grandfather informs me that I "really oughta quit this junk, it'll make ya stupid," then he took another big hit. Only a grandfather can smoke weed at the same time as lecturing you like a PSA announcement.

I left that day very pleased (and high), knowing my grandfather would be a little happier and should be getting better. I just got a call the other day, apparently Grandpa burnt through his month supply, (a week and a half ahead of time), and is now eating a short stack of pancakes a day as well as turning 1/4 of all conversations he has towards pancake related subject. While I can't condone others giving drugs to relatives - if you ever have the chance to smoke with your grandfather, you take it.



The author's grandfather (artist's interpretation.)

the paper's view

october 13, 2009

On Loko

We here at *the paper* follow a pretty regular schedule of pain and self-destruction. Every two weeks we get together and lock ourselves up in McGinley B-48, where, over the course of 48 hours, we put together the self-righteous liberal rag you currently hold in your very hands. Naturally such a lifestyle produces a great amount of stress, making leisure time both rare and cherished. So when we finally get a few hours to unwind, we like to go for the gusto.

Which brings us to the point of this installment of *the paper's* view. Though this issue contains the regular amount of poop/dick jokes and the obligatory serious article or two, it is also festooned with images of Four Loko. Now, you may find yourself pondering the question: "why on earth would *the paper* associate itself with a poison as concentrated as Four Loko?"

To tell you the truth, we really don't have an answer to that question. We still can't believe we made an issue acknowledging (note: not praising) alcopop. But a little voice ingrained somewhere deep in the lizard part of *the paper's* collective cerebral cortex urged us to hold fast to our gut feeling, which was a feeling of intense pain and anguish as a result of all the Four Loko's we drank on Friday night.

You see, when most of us were young pups just adjusting to the stupors of college life, we looked to a drink called Sparks+, a fantastic blend of alcohol, taurine, caffeine, and what we can only guess were Smarties, to keep our malnourished bodies awake (and drunk) all night. Since then, however, the manufacturer of Sparks+ has acquiesced to FDA requests and stopped making the beverage. You can find cans of "Sparks" around the neighborhood, but the flavored ale lacks the caffeine that made Sparks+ so volatile (if you search really hard you can probably still find some, by now, two years old cans of Sparks+(mum's the word)).

Without Sparks+ we were all a little lost. Instead of the all-night ragers we used to rely on for cathartic release our drinking bouts became lame slumber parties as we one by one succumbed to the somnolent side effects of plain old

booze. Most of us were in bed by ten. So, naturally, we were all a little more than enthralled to discover Four Loko one night a year ago as we danced like morons at a former editor's chic (read: stinky) Brooklyn apartment. In fact, we got so lok'd that one of our editors had to skip his family reunion the next day for want of more Four Loko.

But Four Loko and Sparks+ are two very different beasts. The Loko contains wormwood, the chief agent in Absinthe. As a result, Four Loko proved to be dangerous and extremely addictive. Soon we were bringing the multi-colored nectar wherever we went. At Thanksgiving, it was lemonade Four Loko instead of sparkling cider. Our Ceder manischwitz? Dalet Meshuggah. At Sunday Mass? Well, let's just say ol' J.C.'s blood sugar levels were off the charts. And since each Four Loko variation had a Vitamin Water flavor that corresponded in color, it wasn't long before we started disguising our tasty nectar and loking in the Rose Hill weight room. We had problems.

Which is why, though it's hypocritical and contradictory to everything this issue seems to suggest, we must implore you, dear reader, because we love you so very much, to never drink Four Loko again. Consider this an intervention of sorts. We see you at Tiger Mart, holding your Four Loko and your 6-pack of Bud Light Lime (Seriously? Lime flavored beer?). You're only hurting yourself Fordham. Most of you are adults, and a lot of you will soon be graduating and going off to find jobs in the real world. You need to realize that drinking sugar water mixed with malt liquor and wormwood is not normal. And neither is that seizing pain in your chest.

But, we know: this is college. As college students most of us will place ourselves in the most ridiculous and idiotic situations for even the stupidest of reasons. Which means that, for better or worse, most of us will probably taste the demonic juice that is Four Loko at least one more time. So, Fordham, if you ever find yourself clasping tight a 24 oz. can of Four Loko, please, please drink responsibly.



MARX



COUNTER-MARX

READER KATHERINE WHITE RESPONDS TO LAST ISSUE'S "CAUGHT RED-HANDED" ARTICLE, ORIGINAL AUTHOR TOM SLIWOWSKI COUNTERS

by Katherine White
STAFF REBUTTAL

To whom it may concern:

As an ardent anti-corporate activist and supporter of social change, I feel I must reach out to Mr. Sliwowski with the sincere request to **cease and desist**. Your article is an example of the forces that destroy the legitimacy and power of the real anti-corporate movement.

There are many objections that can be made to Mr. Sliwowski's article. Here are a few:

First, as was demonstrated during the 1999 Seattle World Trade Organization protests, the illegal actions of a few can ruin the actual power of a group. Demonstrators succeeded at shutting down the meeting

of the WTO, a decidedly evil group dedicated to removing barriers to world free trade (i.e., environmental protections, fair labor laws, etc.) However, due to the actions of a few rogue anarchist groups who smashed store windows and vandalized buildings, the entire movement was portrayed in the press as violent and morally reprehensible. These were misleading statements, printed in the *New York Times* without the clarifications requested by leaders of the peaceful sectors of the demonstration movement (so much for the impartiality and reactionary sentiments of the fourth estate). By resorting to destructive, irrational actions, these "black bloc" vandals totally undermined the legitimacy

of the movement.

Second, Mr. Sliwowski overestimates the ability of shoplifting to change, well, anything. Stores will not allow their profits to slip away through the five-finger discount route: they would simply respond by installing more cameras, more security guards, and more security devices. If that didn't work, corporations such as Wal-Mart, which hold huge political sway, would most likely lobby for increased prison sentences for shoplifters – and, in the age of privatized prisons, would most likely win them.

Third, Mr. Sliwowski paints himself as some sort of rebellious freedom fighter rather than an opportunistic, privileged college student. He is clearly not

shoplifting to fuck the system – if that were true, he'd be stealing the most valuable items possible and giving them to people who can't afford them. No, Mr. Sliwowski "got really baked" and "snatched a pack of gum." He has also apparently "gotten a free issue of *Time* [Magazine]" and has master plans to steal a gallon of Arnold Palmer Iced Tea. Sounds suspiciously like he just doesn't feel like paying for groceries.

Mr. Sliwowski is obviously the owner of some substantial class privilege, given his childhood in "the banal depths of suburban New Jersey." He'd better be able to transcend his cushy upbringing by doing things that actually make a difference. My personal suggestions? Boycott stores

whose policies are reprehensible. Attend lectures and read books written by people who have come from the front lines of anti-corporate activism. "The Battle of the Story of the Battle of Seattle" is a good place to start. Oh, and write articles that motivate people positively.

Shoplifting and other pointless actions simply make it easier for the establishment to marginalize peaceful activists, perpetrate police brutality, and stop necessary change. Unless you're stealing and distributing microwaves, walkers, or medical supplies, you really need to think about what you're doing and if it will change a damn thing (here's a hint: not a chance).

Sincerely
Katherine White, 2013

!LONG LIVE GLORIOUS MARXIST REVOLUTION OF THE PRIVILEGED WHITE PEOPLES OF THE SUBURBS!

by Thomas Sliwowski
STAFF RE-REBUTTAL

I recently read the strongly-worded response to my previous article on the advantages of using shoplifting as a Marxist revolutionary tactic. Despite being based on an absolutely absurd claim—that I should do something helpful rather than steal shit—the letter did bring up a few points worth responding to. Some of them actually seem reasonable but are nonetheless completely and unequivocally wrong.

Ms. White opens by stating that active revolutionary forces undermine "real" anti-corporate activism. What she failed to mention, however, is that this passive-aggressive mainstream variety of corporate activism doesn't work at all. Ever. Disinterested protests, minor boycotts, and furious blogging really don't further revolutionary goals; rather, they serve only to trivialize the movement as a whole.

Furthermore, she states that when some activists attempt to undermine the system, the media tends to portray the group as a whole in a negative light, despite efforts by (oxymoronically self-identified) passive activist leaders to prove otherwise. This enlightening fact shows that the mass media are working with Corporate America (obviously—they're often

corporations themselves) and are interested only in preserving the status quo. It's not very surprising that they suppress any news that is pertinent to the revolutionary egalitarian movement. As a result of this, we, the anti-corporate revolutionaries, must both ignore what the mass media says about us—as they will never portray our cause in a

her letter, Ms. White claims that corporate retaliation in the form of beefed up security is a reason to back down. I addressed this issue in my original article (positing price inflation as a possible reaction) and explained such reactions from corporate stores would work to our advantage because average consumers would most likely

subversion are ineffective at best and counterproductive at worst.

Paragraphs four and five of her response letter reek of *ad hominem* arguments, which are quintessential examples of sloppy, ineffective rhetoric and are generally considered to be irrelevant in any formal debates, but because my article was more of

which brought it into existence. Ms. White calls me to "transcend my cushy upbringing" to actually make a difference. To this I ask: What difference has she made? What steps has she taken to topple the oppressive regime that is Corporate America? She suggests that I boycott stores, but in this age of widespread apathy and rampant materialistic consumerism, what does one gain from boycotting other than an inflated sense of self-righteousness? How do these boycotts contribute to our incessant quest for liberty and equality? Ms. White says that in order to be authentic, I ought to "[steal] the most valuable items possible and [give] them to people who can't afford them." I would absolutely love to embark on such an endeavor, but this would require significant planning and a cohort of dedicated active revolutionaries. Perhaps one day she will come to realize that we must remain vigilant in our pursuit for freedom and equality, that we may need to take drastic steps to crumble the oppressive structures

in society, and that neither public opinion nor individual pasts will ever be more important than achieving our revolutionary goals.

Fuck the system now and forever,
Thomas Sliwowski



positive light—and apply Lenin's concept of Dual Power to create alternative decentralized news outlets which will simultaneously undermine the existing media structure and serve to re-educate those who have been misinformed by the mass media.

In the third paragraph of

opt-out of shopping in overpriced (yet paradoxically cheap) commercialized Alcatrazes and instead chose local businesses, thus subverting the corporate structure. Furthermore, I would argue that the massive political sway that corporations hold in government has allowed them to ensure that legal means of

an entertaining self-parody than a formal proposal, I will nonetheless respond to them.

In becoming aware of both the Marxist struggle and the inherent banality and emptiness of the "American Dream," I have effectually trampled on my past and declared war on the mass ignorance and flawed values

Loco For that Loko



by Thomas Sliwowski
STAFF OVERLOK'D

The course of college drinking was changed forever when some medieval monk perfected beer. Up until then, wine was the libation of choice when kicking it back with Bacchus and that probably sucked; it has a far too dreamy drunk to be a suitable party beverage (that's why only banal pretentious yuppies drink it now), and it stains clothes too easily, which makes next day regrets all the more bitter. Beer has been a strong contender since some monk got it right because it's delicious, awesome, and gives you a happy drunk. But we're in the 21st century now and we, my friends, have experienced another world-changing revolution in college drinking. The discovery of Four Loko by some guys from Ohio State has placed our lucky generation on the cusp of an alcoholic revolution.

Four Loko is the shit. It costs \$2.77 at Beer City and it gets you fucked up. A 23.5 oz. can is packed with 12% alcohol, caffeine, guarana, taurine, and wormwood (the active ingredient in absinthe) in a fluorescent solution available in eight nearly-palatable flavors; this is hands down the most alcohol-related bang for your buck you will ever get. However, not all quasi-legal alcoholic concoctions are created equal. Because Four brewing company was started by clever frat-boy types and not Bavarian beer connoisseurs, some of their flavors are fucking rancid. When looking

for a Four Loko flavor, you want a taste which will cover up the third-rate malt liquor this beverage is swimming with. Furthermore, you'll want it to taste tolerable (because "delicious" sets the bar way, way too high). This is mostly so you can chug them on any given street corner near Beer City like the hard-ass you fancy yourself to be, but also because you don't want some shitty acrid/bitter/cough medicine taste coming back up when

texted to ask about their favorite flavor said fruit punch, and I personally find it to be absolutely wonderful in every way. The taste is subtle enough to avoid overwhelming your taste buds but successfully covers up the liquor taste. It tastes sort of like how jungle juice should, and it coats your throat with an artificial imitation berry taste that could almost be described as delicious (it grows on you).

relatively light flavor palette of cran-lem meshes very nicely with the satisfyingly earthy taste of pizza.

Orange

This flavor can best be described as "decent." It's really not that good, but it's not bad either... it kinda just 'is'. I'm not too crazy about generic fanta substitute-flavored malt-liquor beverages, but some people like it. Get it if you want, or not. Whatever.

UVA (Grape)

I've been thinking about this flavor for nearly twenty minutes and I just can't understand why they don't call it "grape." It tastes like Welch's grape juice, only carbonated and with strong cheap liquor undertones, but it's not as bad as it sounds. It's actually surprisingly good, though on the way back up it brings back too many awful memories of Robotripping in ,like, 8th grade. It could be a lot worse, and Four Brewing Company has done a fairly good job at avoiding the cough-syrup taste that artificial grape flavors usually have, but I just don't fucking know why it's called UVA.

[Editors' Note: "Uva" is Spanish for "grape"]

Lemonade

This flavor is utterly reprehensible. It's fucking awful. The lemon tastes like lye and citric acid, and it gives me heartburn. The malt-liquor is very noticeable and I didn't even finish it. Fucking rancid, dude. Don't

buy this flavor.

Blue Raspberry

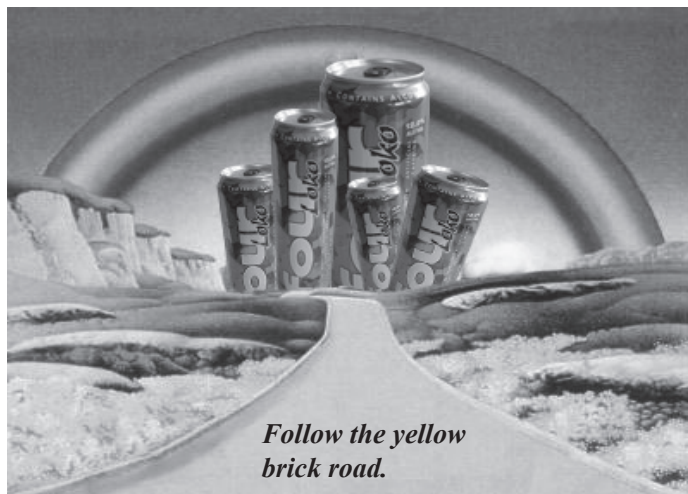
This flavor is the easiest to down because the sweetness and tartness of the flavor completely cover up the liquor taste, but it really has no intrinsic value. Also, it makes your tongue blue which, depending on what you do after drinking Four Loko, might seem awkward, childish, or both.

Watermelon

This is a watermelon Jolly Rancher in liquid form. It's sweet, and you don't taste the alcohol that much, but the novelty of drinking a sickly sweet malt-liquor beverage gets old after like seven or eight sips. Try it once, just so you can say you've had every flavor.

All of you who religiously log on to the Four Brewing Company website already know this, but there's a delicious new flavor coming out: Lemon Lime. Personally, I'm ecstatic about this. I'm wondering whether it will be more Sprite-y, Gatorade-y, or something totally new that Four came up with. Either way, it's probably going to be fucking delicious (their newer flavors have been generally better). So I can't wait.

On a side note, Four Loko will not be banned in the state of New York. I texted ChaCha and they said there's no evidence it will be.



Follow the yellow brick road.

you inevitably puke after loko number 2.5. Thus, I have sampled the fare and taken a survey so unscientific that Charles Sanders Peirce, who invented the scientific method (...yeah I'm drunk right now and browsing Wikipedia for fodder for this article), is most definitely turning in his grave.

Fruit Punch

This is the go-to flavor when you're feeling overwhelmed by the selection at TigerMart. Absolutely everyone I drunk-

Cranberry-Lemonade

With the exception of one girl I interviewed, who claimed that cran-lem tasted like tacos or left a taco-y after taste (I don't remember which), most people rate this flavor very highly. Unlike Lemonade, its first-cousin, cran-lem doesn't taste like industrial lemon-based cleaning fluid and can actually be quite enjoyable. Additionally, this is the flavor I would most recommend if you're looking for a Four Loko to pair with drunk-eating at Pugsley's—the

REFRIGERATE AFTER OPENING: A HEARTFELT PLEA

by Sean Kelly
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

"Refrigerate after opening"—that short caveat stares at loyal condiment connoisseurs from the bottle and jar of all of his or her favorite add-ons, from mustard to mayo, queso to French onion dip. Sure, we mechanically follow the stern instructions printed thereon, but who among us has given serious consideration or thought to the *whyness* of this perfunctory yet necessary action? Like the little tab on mattresses that warns us not to tear it off presumably for its own sake (though dire consequences can ensue; refer to Mick of "Pee Wee's Big Adventure"), condiment users tend to shrug off the friendly reminder as something that just has to be there lest the company be sued by some vile mayonnaise-sucking human jackal who came down with a case of the shits after leaving their economy tub of Hellman's out in the sun all day.

But alas, there is a point. More than just avoiding law-

suits, these purveyors of condiments sweet, salty, creamy and zesty truly do have the consumer's best interest in mind. A simple survey of a neglected kitchen cabinet full of forgotten goodies (like my own) reveals a stinky, juicy treasure trove of evidence as to why obeying the bottle is almost always the prudent course of action.

Mustard

You know when you wake up and find your eyes almost sealed shut by those little, unidentified crusts of something-or-other? Leaving mustard out at room temperature for extended periods produces a frighteningly similar effect in and around the cap. The rim becomes absolutely saturated with mustardy little buggers, and the spout is sealed tight with a plug of dried yellow goop which, when expelled via squeezing, shoots onto an innocent sandwich or hotdog like a tank shell into an orphanage. The product beyond this unsavory sabot fares

little better—watery, discolored and, above all else, disheartened best describes it. The tart zest is gone, and with it the true soul of the mustard.



Don't let spoiled mayo bring YOU down.

Ketchup

Ketchup is a true anomaly in the world of condiments—it basically doesn't go bad. Ever. Seriously. When was the last time you went to slather some delicious ketchup on a burger and realized that it was spoiled? Never, and I'd venture to say that you would be hard pressed

to find someone that has. A rigorous perusal of the Internet yielded nothing but questions as to the tomato-y concoction's spoilage, and Yahoo!Answers Canada informed me that ketchup really only goes bad if it is emptied into a bowl and left in the sun. (picnic goers: watch out)

Queso Dip

Prepackaged queso dip (mainly of the Frito-Lay persuasion) behaves in a manner somewhat similar to mustard when it passes its prime sitting on your counter or under your filthy futon. While the "queso" in the title might suggest mold or souring like most cheese products tend to do, this fluorescent orange goo is packed with enough preservatives to embalm

a large Siberian Husky, so what you really have to worry about is crusting. When queso dip dries at room temperature, the resulting product is more akin to crayon wax than anything else; it's pliable and somewhat flaky as well as incredibly stubborn on dishes. (even a good soaking in warm water has little effect on the queso's tenacity)

Mayonnaise

Unlike ketchup, mayonnaise *does* go bad. It goes very, very, very bad. Refrigerated and treated with tender loving care, mayo can keep just fine for a decently long period of time. But neglect your mayo and you WILL pay the price. When left out, mayo first develops an acrid, sulphuric scent (owing to its egg-based nature) and begins to discolor, with portions turning into a clear jelly. This gelatinous lump of festering awful is positively crawling with disease and will tear through your digestive system with a ferocity unknown to most non-samurai.

BEER MUSCLES

MILLER'S MACHO MARKETING IS JUST PLAIN WEAK

by Alexander Gibbons
CO-EDITOR IN CHIEF

I can't quite decide what the most ridiculous aspect of Miller Lite's current marketing campaign is. It's either a) their insistence on heteronormativity as an effective basis for an ad campaign, or b) the fact that their ads actually posit that Miller Lite tastes any different than any other light beer or, while we're on the subject, that Miller Lite tastes good at all. I think that it's important for Americans to once and for all admit that most of our domestic beers, save for a few treasured microbreweries, are just plain mediocre, if not completely terrible. Anheuser-Busch and MillerCoors each make bank by producing a wide variety of beers that all pretty much taste the same, and then pump millions of dollars into advertising campaigns explaining the difference in taste and calories amongst their bland, depressingly translucent brews. In the case of Miller Lite's latest campaign, the advertisements also serve to remind male consumers that they better not be caught dead with anything but a totally frosty Miller Lite, lest they be emasculated by a really hot girl bartender.

But back to that important sounding word I learned in my freshman-year sociology class: heteronormativity. The new Miller Lite ads seem to follow a simple formula. Several friends are enjoying themselves in a bar, all drinking Miller Lite. Another friend walks in. There's something peculiar about his getup, he's wearing a funny hat, stupid glasses, or carrying a flamboyant messenger bag. He orders a "light beer," and is handed a generic light beer by a very attractive female bartender. Upon delivering the beer, the bartender makes a remark on the customer's lack of masculinity in part because of the detail that sets him apart from his

friends, and the fact that he is not drinking Miller Lite (which I suppose also sets him apart from his friends.) Watching these new commercials, I can't help but think one of MillerCoors' many ad men finally struck gold with this simple idea: hey, if we make the guys who see our commercials feel like total dweebs for not drinking Miller Lite, then maybe they'll drink our beer!

and Miller Lite's overwhelmingly douche-y ad campaign plays right into the fears that are ingrained in the deepest parts of our cerebral cortex. Imagine if you will: four men, all of them real mensch, sitting around a plasma T.V on a blustery October Sunday, each clad in paraphernalia representing their respective team, and each trying to nurse a terrible hangover with a little bit of football. A com-

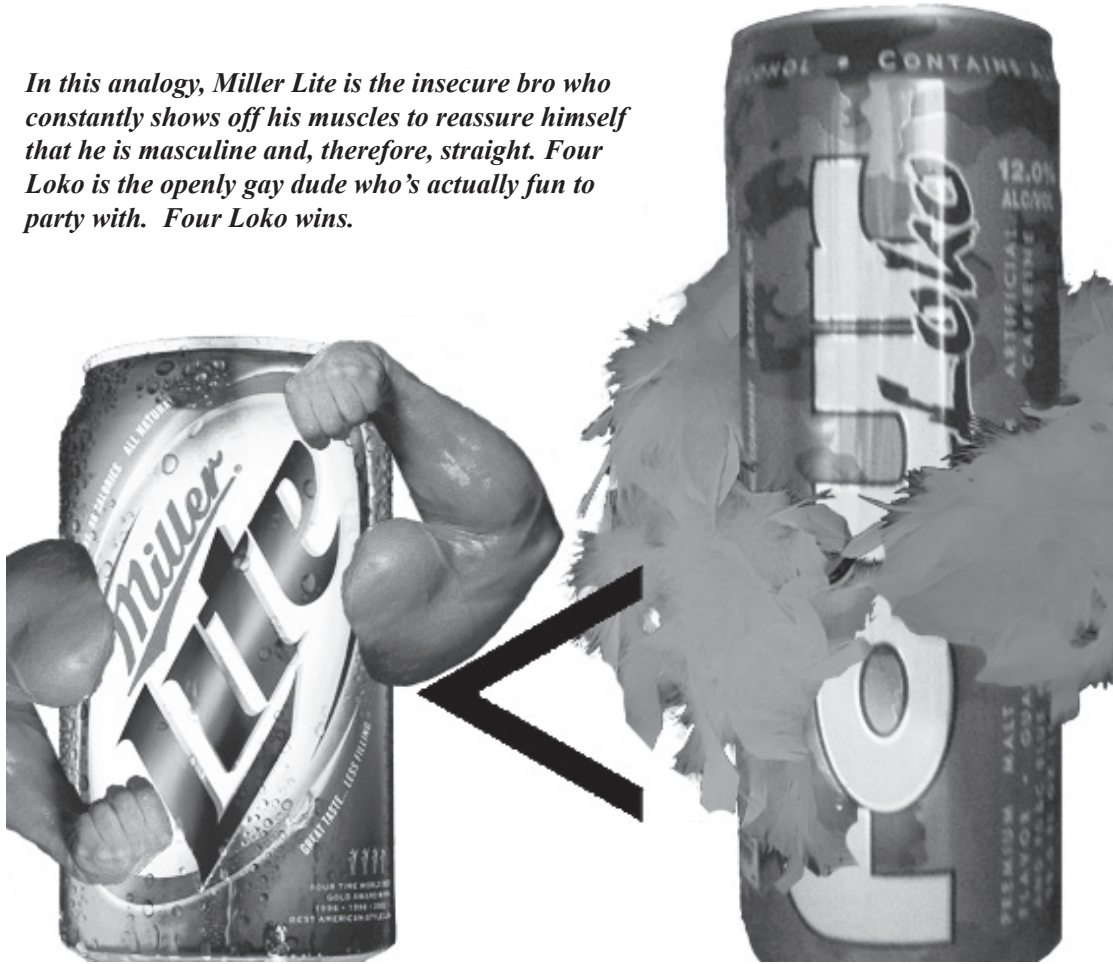
mercial comes on. Suddenly the television volume inexplicably raises several decibels. It's an ad for Miller Lite, and it goes as such:

that you are totally not manly enough to score a smoking hot babe such as myself. Also, further observation reveals to me that you are actually quite effeminate, as exemplified by your penchant for tattoos just above your back end, comically large sunglasses, and messenger bags. I must be getting back to my exciting job, but would like to cap this brief aside by making it absolutely clear that you

the vomiting begins, and soon the apartment is completely laden with bile and smooth, watery Miller Lite. The air grows thick with the stench of puke, and the concerned neighbors call the police, who respond en force. The boys are arrested on charges of obscenity and sexual deviancy, and they all lose the chic internships their dad/family friend scored them. Granted, this is a worst case scenario. Not every male between the ages of 15 and 35 is wracked by sexual insecurity and self doubt, but MillerCoors seems to think this is the case. In order to sell their (shitty) beer, they insist that Miller Lite affirms one's inherent manliness or has the power to instill a semblance of dudeness in one completely devoid of testosterone. Now, this is offensive and insulting at the same time but what I think is even more outrageous is the underlying claim in MillerCoors' ad campaign is that Miller Lite is tastier and more substantial than other light beers. In shilling their tasteless, vapid swill, MillerCoors pits their light beer against other, for lack of a better term, "gay" beers. One might speculate that Miller Lite is actually quite insecure, and that this "manlier than thou" sentiment is actually steeped in a destructive insecurity. Ergo, Miller Lite is gay.

In closing, I want to ad that most light beer is shitty anyways. So if you *have* to drink light beer (and I really don't know why you'd have to drink light beer unless you're totally broke) just drink a Natty Light. If Miller Lite is the insecure-secretly gay bro who lives next door and constantly pumps loud house music, Natty Light is like the cool guy who just likes to be nice to everyone and play X-Box. Give him your money instead.

In this analogy, Miller Lite is the insecure bro who constantly shows off his muscles to reassure himself that he is masculine and, therefore, straight. Four Loko is the openly gay dude who's actually fun to party with. Four Loko wins.



mercial comes on. Suddenly the television volume inexplicably raises several decibels. It's an ad for Miller Lite, and it goes as such:

Good afternoon, sir. I am a very attractive female bartender. As you can see, I am quite thin and have very buxom features. I couldn't help notice that you were not drinking a Miller Lite Beer, and that you instead opted for a generic light beer. Based on my observations, I have come to the conclusion

could never score a smoking hot babe such as myself, and that your racially diverse friends, who are all drinking Miller Lite Beers, have a far better chance of making whoopie with me.

BEST NIGHT EVER

COLLEGE KIDS DOING THE THINGS COLLEGE KIDS DO

As Told By Ginger
STAFF PARTAAAAAY

Homecoming weekend: a fall-time festivity that is a fraction of the debauchery of spring weekend. It's a great time of year! Maybe not all alumni who come back to campus plan on getting drunk, but I ran into quiet a few getting their drink on that Saturday night, a.k.a. The Best Night Ever.

The night started off when my friends and I were kicked out of the tri-bar for being sophomores, so we went to Tinker's to get "Jolly." We were greeted by the comforting smell of stale beer, and enjoyed searching for where we etched our names into the wall. It is always disappointing to see your name has been written over by some skanky harlot who shall not be named. We eventually commandeered a coveted table from a group of unobservant freshman that later gave us a nasty look. Soon, we noticed several overzealous and sexually charged freshmen were marking their territory and giving us quite a show. We laughed at their unfortunate situation and then left in search of bigger and better things.

We found ourselves having a lovely conversation outside with Jimmy about our mutual love for dogs, possible tattoo ideas, and about how much better the sophomore class is than the current freshmen class who now call Tinker's their home. A possible sophomore takeover of Tinker's was even thrown around (the best ideas are always created while intoxicated.) Then we headed over to a friend's house party. Rushing through the gates and across our beautiful campus was a necessity because the party was running low on Jell-o shots. This is when our night *really* began. Throwing back the remaining Jell-o shots, we realized more booze was needed, so we started our journey to the infamous Beer City.

Beer City, more innocently called Tiger Mart during daylight hours, has become the unofficial "pit stop of the night" for Fordhamites. Walking there, we encountered a dude clad only in boxers getting sick over a fence, who still had the wherewithal to drunkenly slur and call us sluts. Once in Beer City, debating the pros and cons of each

beverage, a person is sure to run into at least one acquaintance, if not more. We were lucky enough to encounter my roommate's French class freshmen friend and his buddies in front of the fridge.

The poor gaggle of freshmen started worrying about having too much fun because there was a lot schoolwork needing to get done the following day. I beligerently scoffed at them saying "Who does homework anymore?" and my friend jumped in on the fun, yelling, "You can't balance drinking and homework?" and muttered under her breath, "typical freshman." This was the first time I realized I was no longer on the bottom of the Fordham food chain, and the power might have gone to my intoxicated head.

Still in the back of the store—and in between some accidental, inappropriate touching and random, seemingly-relevant-at-the-time references to the TV show *Lost*—

my friends and I finally made our beverage decision: Smirnoff Ice.

I volunteered to make the purchase and got in line. To my

surprise, a kid from my high school who also sits next to me in class this semester was in front of me! Not only is this an awkward "Hey, I sit next to you in class on Tuesdays," but also a "Hey, remember when we were lab partners in the 10th grade?" type of scenario. This encounter had the potential to be very embarrassing, but, luckily, my hometown friend was wasted out of his mind, so it is very possible he remembers nothing about the chat we had about our plans for the rest of the night. I did learn, however, that puking, boxer-clad boy is also a kid from my high school. What a small world!

As we were heading towards the door, we ran into more friends, began catching up on lost time, and somehow I wound up in the back corner of the store, watching people steal cookies from an open bag on the shelf. Finally, after about an hour of Beer City nightlife, we managed to head back to the party we had left so long ago.

The five of us walked out of Beer City, Pringles hanging from our mouths in the shape of duck bills as we waved to

the boxer-clad boy still hunched over a fence. We continued our Fordham Homecoming night—the party was good, and we shared a lot of drunken laughs before heading home.

We realized later that night, while eating some Pugsley's back in our dorm, that we just had THE college experience. The kind of night that starts off with no expectations, and through a series of fortunate events, leads to something so epic, you know it will be remembered forever. Who would have thought a night of meandering in Beer City could be so epic? Now you know (because it's Mike's Super Short Show, hah). I hope that Beer City's magic is able to touch each and every one of you during your time at Fordham.

I will preach this message until the day I graduate: make the most of every night you have here in the Bronx! If my friends and I can turn an hour at a gas station/convenience store into an epic night, then you can too! Go forth and set the world on fire, and use alcohol as your accelerant!

Hair, Hair Everywhere (And Not a Patch To Shave)

by Michael Micali
STAFF WOOKIEE

Ah, October. The leaves begin to change color, the weather begins to get colder, and the most awesome event of the year is only a month away. That's right, I am talking about the greatest thing in a man's or woman's (if that's how she rolls) life: an excuse to stop shaving. This glorious event is actually a whole month, and it's called No Shave November.

No Shave November is that time of year when you are **REQUIRED** not to shave. Well, it isn't exactly *required*, but it is strongly encouraged. Just think, men: you now have a reason to grow that beautiful beard that you've always dreamed of since you were a little boy (or pre-pubescent twelve-year-old). You even have an excuse to reject your significant other's insistence to shave that spectacular scruff (granted you actually **HAVE** a significant other (**forever alone**)). You will finally look like Kaine from the Ying Yang Twins and—dare I say it?—Jesus Christ himself.

If you have not yet been sold on growing some facial hair, let me explain some things to you. Some of the most influential men in the history of the universe have sported beards. Aside from the two mentioned



above, these include Joaquin Phoenix, Paul Bunyan, Chuck Norris (had to be said), Zeus, and, of course, everybody's favorite racist, Mel Gibson. These men have changed the 'face' of the universe, and it's all because of their beards. For example, without his fanciful facial hair, Paul Bunyan would not have been able to demolish entire forests. Although Paul's beard appears to be unrelated to his size and strength, any respectable beard scholar knows that this is fucking wrong. Without his prominent pubes-of-the-face, Mr. Bunyan would have been powerless.

This brings me to my next point: a beard is a magnificent

marvel that modifies a man by the most magical means. It gives him power, confidence, and (most importantly) sex appeal. How? Just by the sheer look of it! To most people, a beard says, "Hey, look at me! I'm clearly a man because I can grow hair on my face." One will then immediately assume that the bearded man is capable of lifting large amounts of lumber, has excessive amounts of life experience, and is extremely confident. In truth, the confidence does come naturally once the beard has grown because, when a man can grow a spectacular beard, his level of attractiveness quintuples. This is largely due to the fact that,

when a straight lady or gay man sees a beard, s/he knows that its owner will be able to make love gently while also being able to successfully wrestle three grizzly bears.

However, though No Shave November is heavily centered on the beard, it is not *all* about the beard. No shave means no shave (seriously). You should not shave the hair under your arms, on your back, or even your tender bits—no body hair of any kind (sorry swimmers)! This is where it becomes obvious why women are included (and *encouraged* to take part) in No Shave November. Some men may frown upon it, but women have the same No Shave

November rights as men do. If you are a woman and you feel like participating this year, go for the gold. If people judge you, then they are smelly anuses. There is no better excuse to not have to tediously shave those legs, pits, and beavers.

I imagine that there is still a large portion of you readers that is not completely sold on participating in No Shave November (or completely turned off, if you know what I mean). However, you all must look at the benefits. When you don't have to shave, you have more time to do more important things. Also, men can look like hairy hunks that boast boisterous beards, while women can go au natural like true Italian ladies (Just kidding. Sort of. I mean, most Italian women are beautiful!). Even if you're not completely down to grow a beard, then just grow a nice Tom Selleck moustache or perhaps some General Burnside sideburns. Any way you choose to do it, you should be involved in this month-long event. If you don't participate, I won't fucking kill you, but I will come to your house, ring your door bell, have a friendly conversation with whomever answers the door, and walk away awkwardly. So participate.

Emily's Season Premiere Round-up

An Editor Watches Too Much TV,

Then Writes About It

by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "Why are you running this article now? Weren't most season premieres, like, a month ago? Also, why isn't this in the *arts* section?" Astute! Let's address your final objection first: are you an editor? No? Eh, well maybe you should be. As for your other objection, what you fail to consider (and I know, because I'm still reading your brain waves) is that the last issue of your favorite student rag was deep in production the same night that *Dexter* premiered. Some Season Premiere Round-ups might be able to do without a *Dexter* review — or, more likely, they would have a *Dexter* review because they got an advanced viewing because they're written by actual critics — but this is Emily's Season Premiere Round-up, and Emily's desktop right now is Michael C. Hall looking adorably brooding while wiping blood off the screen (fact: it is possible to look adorable while doing this, but only if you're Michael C. Hall.) So, yeah, clearly publishing this earlier was not an option. Instead, I have allowed this article to age like a not-so-fine cheese — delicious, but with a weird aftertaste because it's a little irrelevant. Can cheese be irrelevant? This sentence is! So without further uncensored rambling, here's your

round-up! Yeeee-haw!
Dexter, Season Five,
"My Bad"

This bit should probably contain a *spoiler warning*, but everyone knows that some major character was killed off this show last season, and everyone has seen those ubiquitous subway posters for Julie Benz's shitty-looking new sitcom, and if you haven't been able to put two and two together, you deserve to be told that ~~Snape killed Dumbledore~~ Trinity killed Rita. Sorry that the thrill of one of the most gut-wrenching season finales of all time is now ruined for you, but you still have the opportunity of experiencing one of the most gut-wrenching season openers of all time. Proving they still have massive chutzpah, the writers pick up right where they left off — no "five months later after shit is all calm and the main character's wife is not still lying in a bloody bathtub" crap here. They explore every small, painful detail of dealing with traumatic death, to the extent that the episode is exceedingly difficult to watch. The fact that *Dexter* is a quasi-sociopath who doesn't know how to have or handle normal human emotions makes the awkwardness and confusion almost unbearable. And I mean that as a compliment. The scene of *Dexter* explaining to his ecstatic stepchildren, who just got back

from Disney World, what has happened to their mom, is gloriously excruciating. Still wearing the mouse ears they placed on his head, he flatly explains to the kids that "something happened to your mom — something bad."

The show does such a good job at conveying the overwhelming feeling of loss that it's easy to miss the obvious hints that this season is probably going to be *Dexter*'s downfall. It just seems so reasonable, in the moment, for our usually-calculating protagonist to handle his grief by freaking out and suddenly killing an innocent man without any preparation— just a grappling hook to the face. He even looks good doing it.

Rating: 5/5 John Lithgows

It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia, Season Six, "Mac Fights Gay Marriage"

Speaking of characters who make me swoon while doing terrible, terrible things: Frank Reynolds is back! Jokes. But seriously, Dennis is a hottie. This episode is pretty stellar as well: it's *Sunny* at its most effective, utilizing its all-awful cast of characters to make a point about real-life assholes. The major jerk in this one episode is, of course, Mac, who spends the episode repeatedly harassing his ex-fling Carmen at the gym. Carmen is a transgender woman, a fact that the writers

use to set up jokes about the terrible people like Mac who don't understand them. This time, Mac gets angry when he learns that Carmen had her sex-change surgery and didn't tell him. Instead, she's gotten married... to a man, which Mac proclaims is an illegal gay marriage. To drive the point home that gay-marriage opponents and bigots in general are fucking idiots, Dennis and Dee (temporarily) get away with legitimately trampling all over the institution of marriage because they're hetero- and, therefore, his knee-jerk marriage and her home-wrecking are not nearly as threatening as LGBT people.

The episode loses major points for a serious transphobic fail when Carmen claims Mac is probably gay because he slept with her before she had her surgery. It also undermines its basic point that sanctified LGBT relationships are harmless by having Frank and Charlie enter into a sham domestic partnership for insurance benefits. Close, Gang, but no. Still, I can't take off more than two-and-a-half points since *Sunny* puts in a good amount of effort to take down the conservative movement... and also because Charlie feeds everyone squirrelgnawed almonds he found in an alley.

Rating: 3.5/5 Jabronis

30 Rock, Season Five, "The Fabian Strategy"

In honor of our alcho-pop issue — and also maybe just because I *have* issues and no class tomorrow — I am re-watching this episode while drinking Four Loko. Then I am writing this review. Or, I mean, now I am writing this. And I still feel the same way: disappointed. First, ALEC BALDWIN IN THE OPENING SCENE IS. JUST. NO. I don't care what point they were trying to make about him being 'relaxed.' It is just not okay for him to look like that. He is my third-favorite TV hottie-asshole, and yes I KNOW there's a pattern there. What are you, Freud? Anyway, no, that is not okay. Also not okay? Two pedophilia jokes AND a rape joke — with TWO cutaways to the rape, which is supposed to be hilarious because the woman is fat. WHAT?! Look, rumors of Tina Fey's feminist cred have been greatly exaggerated, in particular her work on *30 Rock*, but this is a whole different kind of fucked. This episode only gets points for Jenna's brief transformation into a genius, cutthroat producer and Alec Baldwin being seductive and referring to himself as a "Daddy Bear." Also, the line "Don't you miss rubbing my foot back into the shape of a foot?," which is the most hilarious thing ever to me right now.



by Lauren Duca
STAFF OBJECTIFIED

If you have a pair of boobs and you've ever walked down Fordham Road, chances are you've been hollered at. That qualification alone is a commentary on the indiscriminate nature by which hollering victims are selected. For example, Scarlett Johansen has a set of boobs, but so does Whoopi Goldberg. A pair of boobs can be accompanied by a variety of deformities or even just a poorly distributed face to nose ratio, but boobs are all it really takes to be recognized with unbridled enthusiasm as you avoid eye contact and scuttle to the D train.

"Ay mammi" you hear, while wondering who exactly the target audience is for the lime green ass-less booty shorts displayed in the store window you just passed. Mami? Holy Oedipus conflict. I mean, call me white, but why is that a come on? After some quick math, you realize, with a sigh of relief, that it is not possible that you are this thirty-four-year-old man's mommy. Phew!

HOLLABACK GIRL!

A FEMALE CORRESPONDENT

ON STREET HARASSMENT

Further down the road it happens again. "That's what I'm talkin' about," says a heavy-set street vendor. Was that really what he was just talking about? If so, then you've presented this ambitious gyro-based entrepreneur with one of those magical mid-conversation moments, when the surrounding environment presents a person with a quintessential example of the exact thing that he was discussing. Gyro guy was probably midsentence, saying, "I just love boobs. One of my top five favorite things would definitely be boobs. Boobs are just so great..." and then you walk by, and he is able to demonstratively explain himself, saying, "That is what I am talking about!"

Just one block away from the subway, and it's round three. "Hello there." This is perhaps the simplest attempt so far. In fact, you say, "Hello there" to people on a daily basis. Maybe not while undressing them with your eyes, but anyways, it's something you say. Still, you pretend to be reading one of the

many signs offering you a free cell phone and move along. But what if you hadn't?

Perhaps we can conduct a study of the overall effectiveness of the 'catcall,' as your grandmother referred to it. Even rats stop pushing the lever after the food pellets have stopped tumbling down into their cage. There is absolutely no reinforcement for catcalling behavior. What if you had engaged Mr. Gyro? "Was I really what you were talking about? I'm Lauren, we should do dinner some time." He wouldn't have any idea what to do.

If anything, let's say some rare, one in a million girl entertains the possibility that some male version of Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman* is simply being crude and horrible as a product of his environment. She sees something in his gyro-selling eyes. Would he even be interested? He's been greeting every female within a ten-foot radius of his food cart all day; he's been rejected without fail by literally every other potential conquest. Common sense will

tell him there's something kind of desperate about the one who says yes.

At least in the construction workers' setting, it's understandable. They're all enjoying their sandwiches after a long morning of manual labor, and while they eat, they'd like to feast their eyes on the opposite sex. For directing their friends' attention, it's totally utilitarian. But then what explanation do we have for the guy who's alone? If anything, it reduces his chances. Hypothetically speaking, if you were checking him out, and then he hollered at you, it'd actually be a disincentive to initiate any conversation. But at the same time, if he does nothing, you continue on your way in the world, perhaps never to be seen again. This is the holler-er's paradox.

You check people out all the time, but if you're alone and sober the most that is going to happen is the flash of a sexy smile. But what if, at the next Cultural Norms and Values Conference, we all agreed to holler? We would do so dis-



criminate, and not just out of primal desperation like most men-on-the-street. All the fabulously good-looking, successful people would be in on it too. And then if you saw a potential mate, you would let him or her know, maybe even just by whistling. We would all be refreshingly open, in the active acknowledgement of our status as sexual beings. There'd be some rejection, of course, but everyone can't always get a gold star.

Maybe this is how the various gyro-vendors of the world are thinking. Maybe they are just so in touch with their sexuality that they're unfazed by the typically unrewarding nature of their blatant inhibition. Maybe they just really like boobs. But until they strike us with social revolution, in whatever form, no hollering is going to happen in our BX bubble. So keep a lookout for those sexy smiles, and hope you run into your love-from-afar when you're drunk enough to do something about it.

arts

HIP HOP started out in the heart

And Continues to Beat with Underground Hip Hop Artists

by Kaitlin Campbell
ARTS CO-EDITOR

Hip Hop has so many stories. And if the charts were not the means to measure their worth, we would all be a lot richer. Sharing his own “true underdog story,” 22-year old emcee Eleagle writes rhymes that not only lyrically please but mentally tease (and would be a lot cleverer than that one). Born in Brooklyn, now living in Queens, rhyming since he was in the 1st grade, winner of Urban Word’s Annual Slam Poetry Competition, and (in my strong personal opinion) way too under-recognized, Eleagle takes his music as more a responsibility than a self-motivated ambition. “If I’m going to try to be rapping outside the 4 walls of my room,” he explains “that’s me taking a responsibility, as an MC, a master of ceremonies, voice for the voiceless.”

His piece “Knew York City,” a song telling his best friend’s story about a relationship that was broken up when his girlfriend’s family could not pay the rising rent prices of her gentrifying Brooklyn neighborhood and had to move out, is explicitly personal and powerfully implicit in its political context. I heard him “wing it” in front of my classmates and I in Dr. Naison’s “Rock and Roll to Hip Hop” class, as part of a quasi-freestyle “battle” (minus the hate) with Akua Naru, visiting scholar, badass emcee, and artist for the Bronx African American History Project.

While Akua had been lecturing my previous class, Dr. Naison and Eleagle were in Berlin, with the Bronx-Berlin Connection, a Hip Hop youth exchange program where underground artists exchange perspectives and

cultural differences on the same beat-breaking barrier-shattering music they all love, and that is arguably misunderstood by its current commercially targeted audience.

One of these participants, Bronx-native singer Rolanda Livingston put it this way, “[In Germany] they have a love and appreciation for where Hip Hop really comes from, and I highly respect that. When it all boils down to the nitty gritty of what Hip Hop actually is, I don’t see that kind of appreciation here. Hip Hop is really commercial, you don’t really have story-tellers and that is what I think Hip Hop is for.”

And that *is* what Hip-Hop’s for – or at least how it originated, here, in the Bronx when the first DJs and b-boys were essentially community builders, throwing huge parties in public parks and sampling sounds from entirely different cultures over one unifying beat. And from this new pulsing force came the MCs who turned the party shouts into stories that accurately expressed the sensibility of people who had been left out post-industrial social order or who were rebelling against its mores. (See: Grandmaster Flash “The Message” for a crystal clear example).

But let’s not get too distantly academic about it after all. For Eleagle and his friend s(get names) and everybody in the underground Hip Hop scene, its real life, “because we love Hip Hop so much” he laughs “that we hate when people hate on anybody in Hip Hop. You’re not supposed to hate anybody. Hip Hop is a community, don’t bring hate into it. If you do, you just have to remember it’s not your story. You don’t know someone else’s story, you know what

I mean. We live it, we OD it. Maybe that’s why we don’t appreciate it, we live it. We know people who went through something and when they hear it they can relate it our lives.”

Eleagle plays music with four other rappers from Queens artists - Matt Cronin, 21 Quest, DGoD, and Ken-I. They call themselves “85th,” or (unofficially) “Church Boys” and their music can be found on their tumblr, atrueunderdog-story.tumblr.com.

Their songs have positive themes: “The King,” an upbeat, feel-good declaration demonstrates honest hip-hop story-telling as each member of the 85th gets a verse to their own. In “Electric Lemonade,” brings up themes respecting women (“ya niggaz really need hoes, talk about ya bitches when ya’ll really bitch the most”) and defines “hustling” as “not that corner pushin but that lemonade stand quarter water husslin,” two distinctions rarely heard in mainstream Hip Hop.

“Grown Simba Eleagle,” is, as it sounds, largely autobiographical – but that invariably involves not just Eleagle himself, but his neighborhood, his friends, and all the issues you could call “societal,” that come with his story. Its nuts.

Eleagle says he’s “always been rhyming,” adding that he was “a huge Dr. Seuss man.” He graduated from writing Rocket-in-my-Pocket-esque poems to woo girls in his elementary school to rhyming with kids on the block (“this is New York, people rhyme on the block”). When he started smoking weed at 14, him and his friends would “freestyle for days,” to which he later added “I didn’t like any of the drug music I made. It’s

mad embarrassing.” From Freestyling he got into the battling scene, starting out challenging others to battle him (“everybody laughed at me, I always got the same shit – being skinny, being a nerd, being a Mexican”) and through some competitions – learning it was easier to “be on

the raps are for just trying to diss someone, you’re not looking at the larger picture.” And so he “completely left it. I wanted to use my creativity for something better.”

During and around this time, Eleagle got involved with Urban Word, a program that holds poetry, spoken word and journaling workshops with a semi-professional slam team. He got onto the team and won their annual slam, and went on to represent NYC international in 2007 with a song called “Freedom Music,” which he now reflects was “political bullshit. I didn’t know what I was talking about.”

After taking a “bad route,” dropping out of CUNY, coping with the death of his friend and the importance of writing and words in general, he came back and “got into himself,” writing

“College Piece” (originally “Fuck CUNY”), and started doing workshops and playing shows at Colleges with Urban Word, then got hooked up to go overseas – with the Bronx-Berlin Connection, where he met Fordham Professor Mark Naison. And there we come full circle.

Right now he is recording more “stories” to be added to Hip Hop’s vault, and putting the free music up on his tumblr. And he might play at Rodrigue’s – so keep that in mind if you’re down with learning some first-hand history.

“I look like Gok so what”



the defensive than on the offensive” – gained enough of a reputation so that everyone wanted to battle *him*. He was paid to travel around, even all the way to California, in the youtube freestyle battle scene he soon realized was “corny.”

“It took me away from my writing. [The battling scene on youtube] used to be for practice, for sharpening my skills. Now, people are trying to make careers out of it.”

And it was the divisive style of rapping that turned him off the most. “Anyone can rap, anyone can put 8 bars together. Bat-

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

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



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

the paper's show list



To me the Show List is like that well-known idiom “now you see it, now you don’t.” You might see the Show List, flipping through these pages and then you might not. You might see Sharon Van Etten and Torche, you might not see that they’re not the only real shows on this Show List. But, either way, as they all say in the cliché, “it’s all relative.”
-K.C.

What: Sharon Van Etten

Where: Rodrigue’s Coffee House

When: Saturday, 10/16 8 p.m.

How Much: FREEEEEEEE

Why: Sharon Van Etten sings captivating, heartfelt songs that are sure to still the intimate space of Rodrigue’s Coffeehouse. Just out with a new record on Ba Da Bing records, titled *Epic*, SVE comes prepared with a fresh batch of tunes that are just as brilliantly melancholy as her previous effort, *Because I Was In Love*. Though not as racous as past Rodrigue’s shows (i.e. Titus Andronicus or Japanther), SVE’s music still gratifies on a visceral level, albeit at a more sensitive point of the spectrum.

What: Sharon Van Etten, Lower Dens, Highlife, Sebastian Blank

Where: Bruar Falls

When: Wednesday, 10/20 2:00 p.m.

How Much: tba (Probably Free)

Why: Unfortunately reserved for the “of age” among us, this is an excellent follow-up if you enjoy SVE’s performance at Rodrigue’s. Sweetening the deal is the co-bill with Lower Dens, an excellent verbed-out Baltimore band whose recent album, *Twin-Hand Movement*, was plugged in our last issue’s summer round-up. Though fairly disparate stylistically, there is something of an affinity between Jana Hunter and Sharon Van Etten’s respective projects that should make a great lineup. Plus, Bruar Falls is a super-tiny space with a backyard area and a pretty decent beer selection.

What: Torche

Where: Generation Records

When: Monday, 10/26 5:30 p.m.

How Much: FREEEEEEEE

Why: Torche stands out as one of the best metal groups of the latter half of the decade with their 2008 record *Meanderthal* standing out as one of the genre’s best albums. Generation Records, located between Bleaker and West 3rd, will be bringing them in for a set of songs off their upcoming album *Songs for Singles*. If you miss their show at Webster Hall the night before, catch them here (and save a couple bucks in the process).

What: An Evening with Mozart

When: Sunday, October 24th 5 pm

Where: Chamber Music Society at Lincoln Center

How Much: Your Time

Why: Because, you know, not a lot of people listen to Classical Music anymore. And granted Mozart didn’t have the emotionally evocative sound Beethoven would develop after him because he was still commissioned and basically the Emperor’s bitch, you know, you gotta start somewhere. Mozart was the first composer in the history of Western Classical Music to add explicit sexual themes in a royal opera house. Exciting! And the poor guy died broke, almost alone, and drunk cause society gave him that much shit. He was dumped in a mass grave like a nobody. Jesus Christ.

READ THIS PRINTED BOUND MEDIA ARTIFACT

by Andrew Craig
STAFF READING AGAINST
THE MACHINE

Gary Shteyngart, author of the critically acclaimed *The Russian Debutante’s Handbook* and *Absurdistan*, put out his third novel, *Super Sad True Love Story*, this fall. The novel is a brilliantly engaging look into a not-so-distant future full of political discord, economic worries, and, of course, overwhelming technological presences. Shteyngart’s narration, which takes place through a series of diary entries, e-mails, and instant messages, is consistently funny and thoroughly compelling. Think Phillip K. Dick mixed with Kurt Vonnegut (and really, who wouldn’t want to read that?)

Lenny Abramov, the novel’s protagonist, is perhaps the last identifiably *human* human being in an almost unrecognizable America. The son of a Russian immigrant and a current resident of New York, Lenny works for Post-Human Services, a company devoted to providing eternal life for its fabulously wealthy clientele. His rapidly aging (pushing 40) and triglyceride-filled body starkly contrast the youth-obsessed culture that has completely taken over American culture. Lenny’s office is dominated by green tea-drinking twenty-somethings who gossip about one another’s cholesterol levels and are constantly buried in their *äppäräts* -- a smart-phone of sorts that continuously stream news, social network updates, credit scores, and ratings for “Personality” and “Fuckability.”

Lenny’s penchant for old books, or, “printed, bound media artifacts,” as they’re now known, is a creature of the past. Despite his exclu-

sion from the novel’s modern culture, Lenny falls desperately in love with Eunice Park, a young Korean girl who couldn’t be more different than him. The two form an unlikely couple. They spend days relaxing in Lenny’s Brooklyn apartment while he reads an ancient copy of *War and Peace* and she spends hours shopping for see-through jeans and nipple-less bras on her *äppärät*.

Meanwhile, their world is on the brink of political and economic collapse. U.S. currency is based on the Chinese yuan, and National Guard troops are stationed all over the city. The Federal government is in turmoil with a bi-partisan Jewish president under increasing economic pressure from the Chinese. Veterans from a failing war in Venezuela are being denied pay and benefits, and are growing increasingly restless, along with other LWNI (Low Net Worth Individuals). The harsh and altogether too real possibility of political collapse is shown in a palpable, believable sense as the story comes to its spectacular and terrifying crescendo.

All of this acts wonderfully as a backdrop to the real story of Lenny’s relationship with his boss, his parents, and most importantly, Eunice. Lenny longs for the day when he’ll have enough money saved to buy immortality like his boss, Joshie, a seventy year old man who doesn’t look a day past twenty-five. Lenny harbors an intense fear of death and abandonment, which subtly drive his narrative throughout the novel. Eunice tries to come to terms with her directionless attitude (she recently graduated college with a major in “Images” and a minor in “Assertiveness,” and just

can’t be bothered with finding a job), as well as her strained relationship with her family.

Readers of *The New Yorker* will recognize Shteyngart from his feature as one of the “20 Under 40” authors of this past summer, a collection of twenty contemporary authors under the age of forty. As part of his feature, an excerpt of the novel appeared as a self-contained short story in the issue. Gary Shteyngart’s selection as one of the 20 Under 40 authors is a very big deal, and other critically acclaimed authors such as Jonathan Safran Foer and Wells Tower join him on the feature. Shteyngart deserves every bit of this acclaim -- his prose is original and pleasurable to read -- and his tongue-in-cheek narration containing intentional errors in grammar and spelling in the e-mails between certain characters demonstrates the devolution of intelligence in Shteyngart’s dystopia, while other parts of the narration shine with literary brilliance.

The novel is a delicate mix of a biting satire and an emotional love story (as the title implies). The clever ways in which Shteyngart parodies our growing obsession with technology and youth shine through a beautifully crafted story about the inevitability (or possible lack thereof) of aging and the endurance of love through turmoil -- be it political, economic, or cultural. *Super Sad True Love Story* is wonderfully written, stingingly critical, and undeniably relevant to our modern world. This week, do yourself a favor: cut back on your time spent refreshing your Facebook homepage, silence your cell phone, turn off the TV, and spend a few hours with a copy of this book. It’s well worth your time.



NEW YORK ASIAN FUSION: TWO REVIEWS

by Elena Lightbourn
COMIX EDITOR

B-Bap Fusion Rice Bar
830 9th Avenue
New York, NY 10019
Hours: Monday-Saturday
12pm-10pm, closed Sunday

Ever since I first noticed the little space along 9th Ave. and after passing it by several times without eating there, I finally decided to try B-Bap for the first time last year, and have been back enough times this semester that I feel I should spread the word about its greatness.

B-Bap caters more to the take-out crowd; its interior is very small, with room for only three tables which can accompany up to four diners and a tiny bar against a wall at which I can't imagine actually anyone wanting to sit. Diners both order food and pay at the counter.

B-Bap's main draw is their rice/noodle bowls, which are a more convenient version of traditional Korean bi bim bap. Customers can choose from one of the pre-determined "specials" which cost around \$10 each, or "build their own" with individual ingredients (paying separately for each one).

I'm familiar with the appeal of the whole "customize your order" craze, and it's really tempting to go that route at B-Bap. So many choices! However, after trying both options out, I will probably stick to the specials from now on. The Classic B-Bap special, which comes with beef, white rice, mushrooms, bean sprouts, red peppers, cucumbers, and "seasonal vegetables" that I could not identify, had a great balance of textures and flavors from its different ingredients and left me completely satisfied. When I created my own bowl one visit later, I admit that the abundance of topping choices were overwhelming and so I found myself naming off random vegetables that sounded like they might taste good together to the guy taking my order. I ended up with a bowl that was still pretty great, but felt like something was definitely missing.

The ingredients themselves are all fresh and well-seasoned, and the servers take the time to carefully place each topping on the bowl in a visually pleasing manner, so even though you're eating out of a plastic take-out container, you're not sacrificing presentation. The gochujang (chili pepper sauce) is fantas-

tic and I opt for it every single time. However, I have a couple of issues with B-Bap: their potato balls and their green tea rice. For \$4.59, you can get two little balls of fried potato that are about one and a half inches in diameter. Yes, they are good, but not worth it. As for the green tea rice, it was definitely green-



ish but I tasted no difference between it and white rice, and felt ripped off as it was more expensive than the latter when I created my own rice bowl.

B-Bap is a place I will definitely continue to visit and I highly recommend it for a quick and filling meal. Just don't plan on bringing a huge group of friends, and don't waste your money on the green tea rice or potato balls.

Momofuku Noodle Bar
171 1st Ave.
New York, NY 10003
Hours: visit www.momofuku.com/noodle-bar

Opened in 2003, Momofuku Noodle Bar is the first of Korean-American chef David Chang's several Momofuku-branded restaurants to open in New York.

Although classified as an "Asian Fusion" restaurant, their website's FAQ section says that they "try our best to serve delicious american [sic] food."

Momofuku's interior consists of sleek, modern wood paneling completely free of any wall art. Customers can choose to be seated either at communal tables or the bar right next to part of the kitchen. A friend and I chose the latter which turned out to be pretty entertaining since got to watch the restaurant's cooks in action, but also torturous considering the fact that we were both starving.

The servers were extremely friendly and efficient; we were seated instantly even though the place was pretty busy and our waitress consistently checked on us throughout our entire visit.

Momofuku's constantly-changing lunch menu was extensive and eclectic - in addition to noodle bowls, it included choices such as slow roasted beef brisket with rice, pickled vegetables, and cilantro, foie gras terrine with peach, pickled blueberry, and cashews, or lunch prix fixe which came with

tri-tip tataki, spicy lamb ramen, and soft serve or apple pie cake truffles. If you ever order the fried chicken dinner (reservations only, 80 dollars a person) you get two whole fried chickens, one southern style and one Korean style. I saw a party of five doing this and was instantly filled with jealousy.

I spend way too much money on food already, so naturally I went for one of the menu's cheapest items: a noodle bowl. At 10-12 dollars each they're an inexpensive option to sample some of Chang's fare and see what the hype is all about.

Momofuku's noodle bowls are not your typical ramen. The ginger scallion noodle bowl came with cucumbers, menma (bamboo shoots) and seaweed, but the bowl's tart, chewy pickled shiitake mushrooms are what really made the dish for me. I also got to try the chilled spicy noodles my friend had ordered. It annoys me when restaurants advertise menu items as "spicy" when they are not so, but at Momofuku, they weren't kidding. The chilled spicy noodles are prepared with chili oil and certainly deliver the kick that the menu promises, and the Szechuan sausage in the dish, complimented by spinach and cashews, is absolutely amazing - a juicy reminder of why I will never, ever go full vegetarian.

Before Momofuku Noodle Bar, my only other experience with real (not prepackaged) ramen had been at an authentic Chinese restaurant in Flushing, Queens, which contained a whole baby octopus and therefore was never actually consumed by me. Yuck. Maybe this is why "Asian Fusion" exists.

the paper's events list

This is Jackson Pollock looking confused. He's probably drunk. He probably also just finished swaying and dancing around some sort of massive canvas that is currently on view at MoMA (see below). Many people complain and gripe that they don't get his art. "It's just lines of paint dripped on a canvas! It doesn't mean anything!" they scream. Well it may look like a bunch of scribbles that anyone could make, but Pollock was just as knowledgeable about art and theory as any art historian. He went to museums and galleries constantly and knew that what he was doing was both spot-on and important. Be like him. Go see shows. Stay on top of what New York has to offer. Drip stuff and hope for the best.

-CS

What: Abstract Expressionist New York
Where: Museum of Modern Art
When: through 4/25/11
How Much: \$12 for students and free on Fridays, 4-8 p.m.
Why: This massive show exhibiting America's first unique genre of art from the 40's through the 60's was considered so important by MoMA that they took out their entire third floor to put it in. Overwhelming at first, the many rooms of mesmerizingly intense canvases create the feeling of awe that inspired their creation in the first place. It's here until the end of April, so there's no reason not to go, and it's free on Friday nights. Just do it. Like Nike.

What: Rodrigue's Video Game Night
Where: Rodrigue's Coffee House
When: Wednesday, 10/13 8 p.m.
How Much: FREEEEEEEEEEEE
Why: Who doesn't still love video games? Come stop by Rodrigue's and show off your skills at using your opposable thumbs and ability to respond quickly to moving images on our large projector. There's no tournament, so just show up with some friends and play. Nintendo Wii is probably going to be the system of honor this evening.

What: ASL Poetry Slam
When: Thursday, October 28th
Where: Bowery Poetry Café
How Much: \$6
Why: Who said Hors D'oeuvres were limited to food only? October's ASL SLAM is presenting performance Hors D'oeuvres. This evening presents a rotation of bited-sized performances by actor Darren Fudenske, street comedian gary garcia, sound artist Christine Kim, international bachelor comedian Rob Roy, writer and poet Joseph Santini. Come and see this cool lin-up of performance art, poetry and stand up comedy. ASL SLAM breaks away from its usual format in past months as each performer offers a 15-minute glimpse of true talent.

What: Gatz
Where: The Public Theater
When: through November 28th
How Much: \$25 for students (subject to availability).
Why: This innovative performance takes you through the entirety of *The Great Gatsby*—literally every word—as experienced by a man who picks up the book during a day in the office, and slowly his co-workers take on the characters of the novel. Though a serious time commitment (performances run six hours), there is a dinner break at the halfway point.

Get Your Comic On

by Alex Kelso
STAFF PEDO BEAR

As I write this, my feet hurt; I'm tired and probably a little dehydrated. A bag of flyers and swag rests on my bed and next to my laptop sits a plastic Green Lantern Ring. I have just returned from my first time at New York Comic Con and New York Anime Fest.

New York Comic Con/New York Anime Fest are two gatherings of people who have a shared common love: comics and anime. It's a time and place where the fans get to meet the creators, and each other. It's also an opportunity to buy collectibles, seek out new interests, and be part of a gathering of people who all have the same interests and likes. Comic book fans and other nerds have classically been on the outskirts of social strata for many years. However, with the advent of the internet and conventions, we now have the opportunity to come together and form our own little community. It's also a load of fun to see all of your favorite artists and writers together and have the chance to

meet them and talk to them.

This was the first convention I had ever been to, let alone a major one like New York Comic Con. My impressions of it came from what I read online and heard from veterans of the Con circuits. The Con was more or less what I had expected.

The first thing that hit me was the sheer amount of people. After living in New York awhile, large crowds don't get to me that much, but this was insane. I got my lanyard for my weekend pass and entered the Con. Another thing that got me were all the "Cosplayers," people dressed in costumes of characters from animes, comics, or movies. Now, there are several types of Cosplayers: 1. There are the fans who put a lot of time and effort into it, making the costume and accessories by hand (these guys get my respect). 2. People who buy a costume online. These guys are okay, but nothing special. And finally, 3. People who half ass it and throw on some sort of mismatched accessories or poorly-

done costumes. It just can look sad. In these three types, the cosplaying can either be great or horribly, horribly wrong. That is to say, if you are planning on dressing up as Catwoman or



Wonder Woman, please make sure you have the appropriate body type for the costume. But I digress.

I'm only writing this after the first day of the Con. There are still two days left. But here's what I've done so far. Walked. I fucking walked all damn day except for when I stopped to attend a panel. It was on DC Animated Movies and it was AWESOME. But basically,

that's what I did. When I first got there and I saw all the merchandise, T-Shirts, DVDs, comics and other stuff, my first reaction was "Must buy!" However, my friend advised me not to

blow all my money on day one. Most of the stuff would still be there Saturday and Sunday, T-shirts and some DVDs. The only stuff you should buy early is stuff you really want or a hot ticket item and would sell

out quickly.

I was very excited when I got to meet Ryan Sohmer, the writer for the webcomics *Least I Could Do* and *Looking for Groups*. These were the first webcomics that I read and in turn led me to so many others. It was like the webcomic equivalent, for me at least, of meeting George Lucas.

Overall, I'm looking forward to the rest of New York

Comic Con and many more of them in the future. It's a fun chance to embrace your inner nerd and meet some of the people responsible for the comics and shows that bring you so much happiness. I encourage anyone who is interested to attend sometime; it's certainly an interesting experience for the uninitiated. I would give some advice, just from what I observed in one day, to some potential con goers: Be organized. Have an idea for what you want to see and check ahead of time when and where they are. Wear something comfortable if you're not cosplaying. I saw at least ten people in trenchcoats today in the sun. Pace yourself. If it's a weekend con, there will be plenty of time for everything and most of the guests will be coming again next year if you miss them. Finally, go in a group. It sucks to walk around the floor alone surrounded by crowds of people in costumes and you having no idea what to do. My first convention is not something I'll soon forget. It's a ton of fun and I hope to have many more in the future.

ROGER WATERS NOT TIRED OF BUILDING AND DESTROYING WALLS

by Danny Casarella
STAFF BRICK IN THE WALL

Pink Floyd's *The Wall* is arguably the greatest album of all time. Here is the argument: It's the greatest album of all time. You disagree? Fuck you, write your own fucking article. *The Wall* is one of the most influential albums ever created, spawning numerous covers and albums with inspiration drawn from it in its thirty plus years of existence. When Pink Floyd originally toured the album in 1980, it was also considered one of the greatest live shows ever put on. Years later, Roger Waters has once again decided to tour *The Wall* for the first time since its original glory thirty years ago. Unsatisfied with simply recreating the original tour, Waters has taken the already renowned show and upstaged it, creating one of the most spectacular performances ever put on.

To comprehend fully the extent of the live performance, you need to understand the story of *The Wall* itself. It isn't fair to call what Waters did a "concert," but instead a performance. This is because *The Wall* contains a full story, complete with two acts, in which a man named Pink, who was meant to represent Waters himself, slowly begins to build up

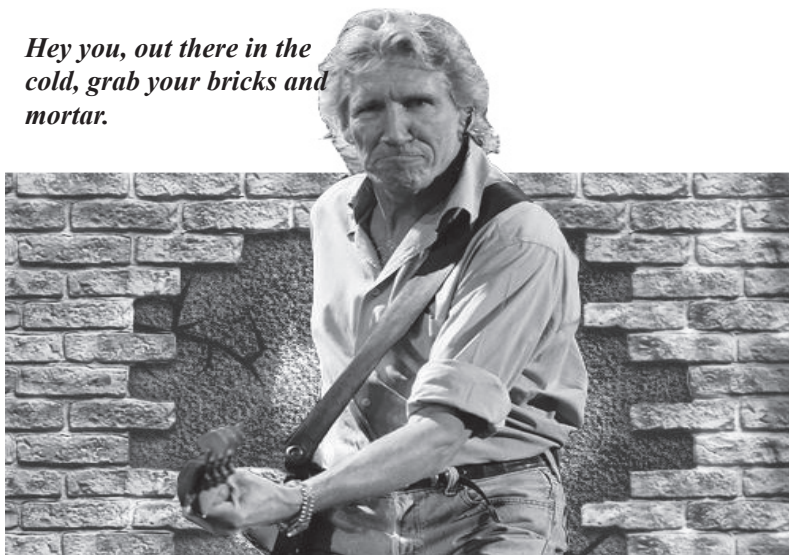
a mental "wall," isolating himself from society. After dealing with an overbearing mother, an estranged marriage, and other life problems, Pink completes the wall at the end of Act One. As Act Two begins, Pink dives further into insanity, as he now has only his own thoughts and pain to dwell over. When he can't take anymore, Pink places himself on a "mental trial" with a verdict to destroy the wall.

To bring this extraordinary album to life on stage, Waters drew upon the dense plot of the concept album combined with images established in the 1982 film adaptation. As Madison Square Garden filled up and everyone began to take their seats, the show's first intriguing visuals were apparent before any music was even played. The outlines of a giant wall could be seen underneath and around the stage. Then, as soon as the show began, the audience was immediately overwhelmed with more fascinating visuals. As the opening track "In The Flesh?" came to a close, the crowd was treated to a full fireworks display that

repeatedly encircled the stage. Also, a large model airplane crashed into the right side of the stage, creating a giant explosion. Stop and think. When was the last time you heard about something this intense in the finale of a show, *let alone the opening track?!*

To further emphasize Pink's growing isolation from the world around him, a wall was constructed between Waters and

Hey you, out there in the cold, grab your bricks and mortar.



the audience. The first bricks were laid during "Not Another Brick In The Wall (part 2)." This song represents the album's first cry of rebellion, with chants of "we don't need no education," making it fitting to be the song where the bricks began to add up. As the show progressed, the wall was used more and more as

a screen, as images were projected behind and alongside Waters. The most impressive use of this was during "Mother", where a double-track was used, projecting Waters singing the song during the original touring of the album. Roger sang side by side with himself thirty years ago, a feature rarely, if ever, seen before. The wall was almost complete when finally, at the end of Act One with "Goodbye Cruel World,"

Waters himself placed the final brick as he eerily finished the lyrics to the song.

With "Hey You," Act Two began and the visual

effects really flourished. With the wall finished, the audience was completely cut off from the band for nearly the entire second act, with Waters making occasional appearances. In this time, the wall was used to display the inner workings of Pink's mind, projecting his own descent into madness. "Comfortably Numb"

received the largest reception of the night from the crowd, while "Run Like Hell" became a pun of iPod commercials with jabs at high profile figures including Bin Laden and George W. Bush. The climax of the performance was "The Trial," the second to last track on *The Wall*. The wall was once again utilized to show a scene from the movie. This particular scene was an animated insight into Pink's brain where he put himself on trial for all the missteps in his life. As the song reached its end with chants of "tear down the wall" repeated over and over again, the wall on stage exploded and crumbled down in one of the most dramatic fashions ever seen.

The Wall has remained relevant for over thirty years now and will be for countless years to come. However, with the members of Pink Floyd either dead or in conflict with one another, live performances of it will not. Waters himself is in his 60's and rumors are already circling that this tour will be *The Wall's* final run. How will it be preserved? The answer isn't clear, but it is safe to say that something will come along as long as *The Wall* continues to be passed on from generation to generation, as it was from my father to me. There will always be someone to place the bricks in the wall.

AN EMO ACCOUNT OF ANDREW JACKSON THAT BARELY MENTIONS THE TRAIL OF TEARS

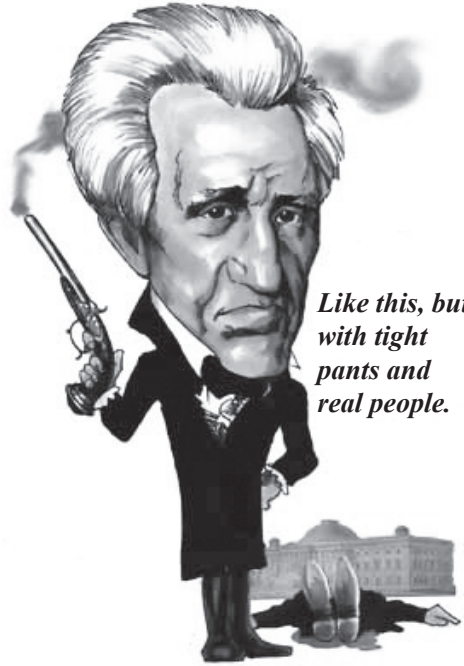
by Will Yates
STAFF BLOODY BLOODY

I won tickets to “Bloody Bloody Andrew Jackson” at CAB’s student ticket raffle, after all the available “Lion King” tickets had been seized by the anxious crowd of Broadway-lovers. This strategy has worked for me every time— go with friends who want to see whatever big show is being offered (Billy Elliot, Stomp, etc.) and who, once that show has been taken, will then give you their raffle tickets and leave in exasperation to the caf. The crowd thins by about two-thirds at this point and you’re left with seven numbers that will almost certainly get called. Of course you have to be willing to see a less famous show and to cheaply use your friends like contacts at the DMV, but I’m fine with both of those. I knew nothing about BBAJ before I went, but its name enticed me and I figured I’d take my brother who I knew would be down for a musical about historical satire and 19th-century politics. The show was conceived about five years ago and, after a stint at The Public off-Broadway theatre,

is now previewing at the Bernard Jacobs theatre. The interior of this space had been entirely decked out to fit the period and the desired aesthetic; the ceiling is strung with miles of orange Christmas lights and the seating is adorned with portraits of Martin Van Buren, chandeliers and poorly-stuffed taxidermy horses.

As the lights went up, that aesthetic extended itself to the show; the characters wear tasseled vests and coonskin hats with tight jeans and eyeliner. Somehow it works, and the mixing of 1800s frontier America with emo rock carries over to the lyrics. The opening song, “Populism, Yea, Yea,” starts like any melancholic ballad by Dashboard Confessional and seamlessly transitions into the founding of the Democratic Party. The common thread being that the feeling of being left out in middle school was the same angst that colonial westerners felt be-

ing ignored by the East Coast, bourgeois government. The story takes us through the early life and eventual presidency of Andrew Jackson, played by the commanding Benjamin Walker, and has no qualms about point-



Like this, but with tight pants and real people.

ing out the hypocrisies and bigotries that made him the controversial figure he was. We’re never told to sympathize with or hate AJ for his actions, though both emotions come quite freely from the narrative itself and

that’s the true intelligence of this show.

At times the action onstage is truly hilarious; the narrator is an old woman in a motorized wheelchair with one of those ugly Salvation Army teddy bear sweaters who keeps making passes at tight pants, swarthy Jackson. And the flamboyance and arrogance of the political elites Van Buren and John Quincy Adams almost steal the show. At other times, I couldn’t help feeling that the play kept trying to prove itself to the audience with slapstick and songs that don’t hold a consistent melody for more than a minute before switching to the next. It almost felt like a musical-length medley for another show. Another thing that got me down was the repetition of themes. We hear too many times how AJ and his supporters think outsiders really matter and they can take back this country (the rhetoric could be straight out of a Tea Party rally), but there isn’t a lot substance once AJ becomes president. Much of the Nullification Crisis, the war he fought with the Federal Bank, and most important of all, the Trail of Tears is washed over in campiness

and driving home the point that “this is an emo rock musical but it’s about the 1800’s, isn’t that weird?” It’s a bit like “Hair”: the characters keep trying to sell you the political and social feeling of an era but not covering much ground while they’re at it.

I don’t want to sound too hard on this show; it certainly succeeds at what it wants to be. We understand the unfairness and the hardships that made the title character such a pompous asshole and a firebrand, and we almost feel bad for him when things don’t go right. I was reminded of Oliver Stone’s take on President Bush in ‘W’ in that the ending scene forgets all the fun and spectacle and hits you with a punch: this person caused thousands of deaths and didn’t really care about it. BBAJ is definitely a lot of fun, it’s loud and ridiculous and the production details, from the set to the costumes to the band, couldn’t really be better. I strongly recommend it if you like a) rock musicals b) forgotten periods of American history c) how those two might overlap and d) tight pants.

ying yang TWINS: lost in space

by Timothy Bridge
STAFF WAITING FOR A WHILE

A week before I moved to college, as I was preparing for the collegiate lifestyle, I decided to purge my iTunes to prepare it for college as well. We’ve all done this -- deleted all the shitty music from the 7th and 8th grade we still had on our iTunes (Nickelback, Usher, Nickelback, etc.), so as to be hip with the jive. Is it so wrong that I want people to see Animal Collective in my artists list before AC/DC? After sifting through the mass of mostly good music save a few atrocious, beat-favoring, lyrically-challenged early 2000s pop, I stumbled upon two songs which I had not heard in a while -- “Shake” and “Wait (The Whisper Song),” both by the Ying Yang Twins. I decided to keep them in my iTunes for college, but didn’t listen, mostly because I was lazy and tired from going through almost 4000 songs in an hour (Y, you might be surprised to know, is one of the last letters in the alphabet).

When I arrived at college and had settled in, I switched on my iTunes, hit shuffle, and heard a sound I can only imagine would have made angels sing and women become so overwhelmingly aroused they would lie half

naked in a pit with the two men making the music (actual music video). It was “Wait (The Whisper Song)” and I may be inclined to say that it is the single greatest song ever written in the history of hip-hop. Nay, the history of music. Their music is so incredibly poetic and aesthetically beautiful. The lyrics speak directly into your ear with a soft, barely audible whisper “Walkin’ round the club with ya thumb in ya mouth/Put my dick in, take ya thumb out.” That line alone gave me multiple orgasms.

The two masterminds behind this lyrical love that penetrated my earwax, D-Roc (born De’ Angelo Holmes, but he looks more like a meth’ed-up Chris Bosh) and Kaine (born Eric Jackson, but his beard looks more like a hip Karl Marx) are not actually twins (or Asian), but the way they bounce off each other and work together in poetic mastery puts to shame such sibling tandems as the Coen brothers, the Williams sisters, and Nathan Lane and Matthew Broderick (also not related, but they might as well be). Their lyrics, beats, and overall mastery of the English language (or Ying Yanguage, should I say?) makes their

music that much more enjoyable. “The only way that we gon talk/If your breath smells like mine/Girl I don’t give a fuck, cuz you fine.”

So you may be wondering, “Timothy, where can I buy tickets for their probably sold out, universe-wide tour and when will their next



sexually thrilling album be released?” This is where the problem arises. The Ying Yang Twins have not released a full album on a respectable label since 2006’s *Chemically Imbalanced*, which made #40 on Billboard 200 and was not nearly as successful as their previous album *U.S.A. (The United State of Atlanta)*, which debuted at #2. They are currently touring, limited to Detroit and Nashville,

and not even as headliners (ridiculous). So it is now my time to ask, nay, plea, the Ying Yang Twins to please, oh, for the love of all things Holy, please make music again. It is my personal belief that the release of a new Ying Yang Twins album would single-handedly bring us out of the

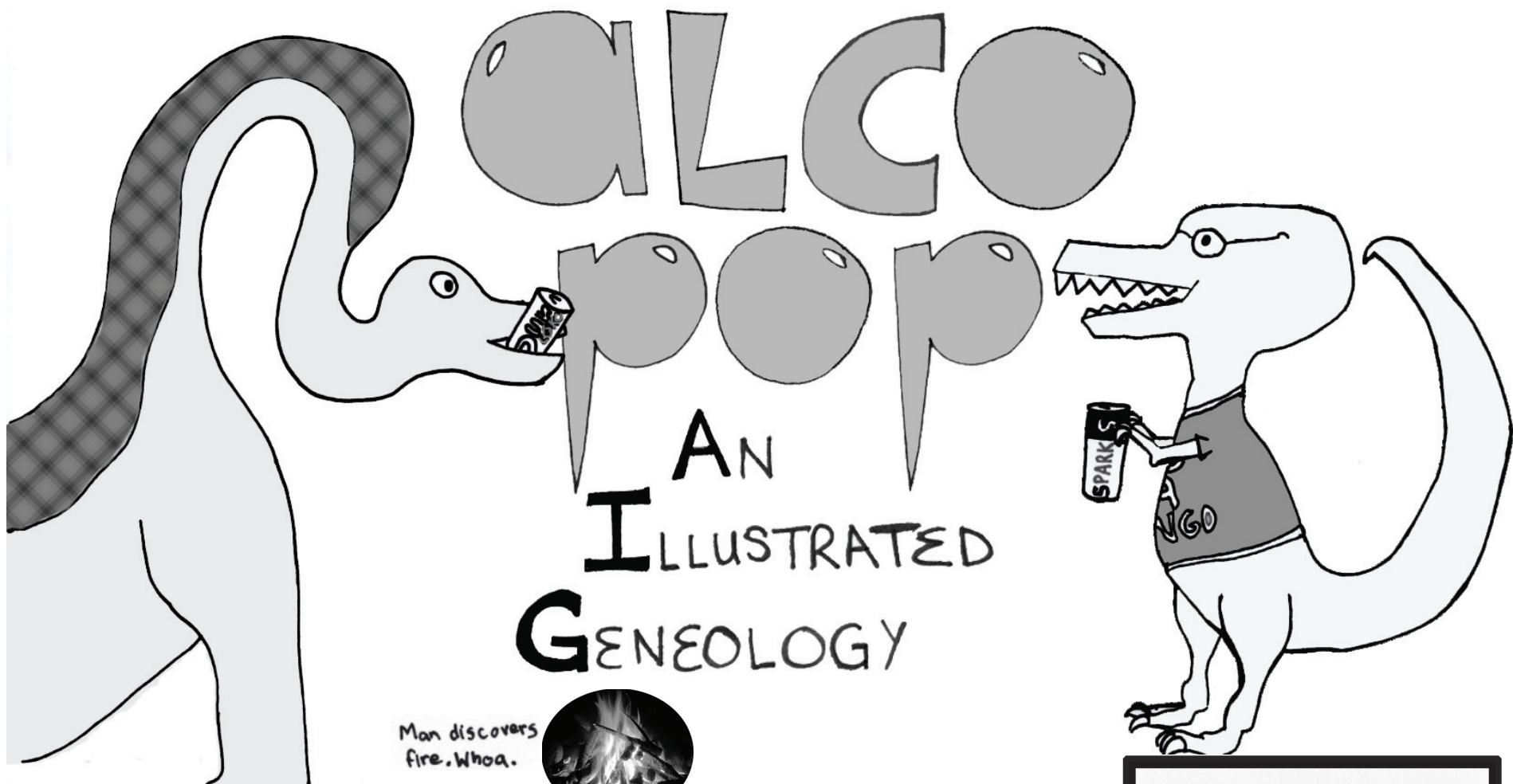
mediocre bands we’ve had on campus in the past such as MGMT and U2 (really? we can’t do better than U2?), don’t you think it’s about time to reconnect with the poets in your community? As someone who writes poetry, I often find myself looking for inspiration, and not surprisingly, find it in the Ying Yang Twin’s hit single “Whistle While you Twerk.” Plus, imagine the street-cred Fordham would receive! Ever since Ghostface Killah (native to Staten Island), you’ve honestly deviated from repping New York beats with the likes of Yellowcard and Guster.

And now to the Ying Yang Twins themselves -- boys, we need you. We’ve always needed you. Ever since I heard you sing “Takin’ her clothes off/Fuckin’ naked!/ ATL ho’/No disrespectin” on “Get Low,” I have craved more, and you must oblige. Shit, you’re the only artists I know who can rhyme soft with soft (when referencing a woman’s rump) and make it sound, dare I say, sexy. Please, I need you. America needs you. Music needs you.

And if you don’t make any more music, I swear to God, I’ll start listening to Nickelback again. You have one week to respond. HAAAAAAAAAAAA! AYYY YUP!!!!

recession. When their lyrics hit the airwaves of mainstream radio again, the albums will fly off shelves faster than the fries in the Fordham cafeteria. The amount of revenue from the massive sales would boost the economy to a surplus, eradicating the necessity to “Restore Honor.”

Furthermore, to CAB - consider bringing these masterminds to Spring Weekend. Considering the



Man discovers fire. Whoa.



1884 - Sigmund Freud publishes his "Cocaine Papers," detailing his personal and medical experiments with the drug.

1887 - Methamphetamine first synthesized in Germany. Prescribed to soldiers, pilots, fatsos.

Webster defines alcopop as nothing, since Webster doesn't give a damn about alcopop. *The paper* disagrees. As the Four Horsemen of the Alcopop-apocalypse (taurine, malt liquor, wormwood, and dragon flavor) drive the drinks into the hands of every about-to-make-a-terrible-decision young adult, we're on a Blues Brothers-ian mission from God to decode the history of the beverages and, perhaps, glean insight on their future.

1932 - Benzedrine available in OTC nasal inhalers.



1970 - DEA and FDA successfully lobby for the Controlled Substances Act.

1962 - Japan's Taisho Pharmaceuticals releases Lipovitan-D, the first energy drink.

1994 - The "malternative beverage" Zima peaks in US markets.

1987 - An Austrian named Dietrich Mateschitz adds caffeine and sugar to Taisho's recipe, birthing Red Bull.



2001 - Smirnoff unveils Smirnoff Ice malt beverage. Children fail to predict how it will shape their future.

3 days later, 1987 - Some asshole adds Smirnoff to Red Bull.

1991 - On the other end of the intoxicant spectrum, syrup (aka drank) fills Houston's styrofoam cups with codeine, its popularity growing with the career of DJ Screw.



2002 - SPARKS marries the malternative beverage and the energy drink in 16 ounces of boozy bliss.

2008 - DC watchdog group the Center for Science in the Public Interest sues Miller, claims SPARKS is a health risk. Original SPARKS banned.



2007 - Seven years after Screw's allegedly drank related death, Houston legend and City of Syrup auteur Big Moe suddenly dies.



2008 - Drank Beverage, the first "extreme relaxation" drink hits US markets. Fans include the Pussy Cat Dolls, Flo Rida, and Keri Hilson.

R.I.P. BIG MOE

2009 - Joose's 12% ABV volume and major caffeine kick make it the belle of the corner store ball.

2009 - Four Loko also lassos the alcopop market inspiring a flurry of YouTube odes and countless accidental blackouts.

the paper's big list



by *the paper*
STAFF OF MILLIONS SEVERAL

As the leaves begin to fall and Fordham's thoughts turn to apple picking and pumpkin patches, *the paper* tunes out that noise and tunes into our television (it's a plasma, 32 inches, pretty sweet). Unfortunately, we've found this fall's T.V. lineup to be a little lackluster. What programming would warm our ever-colder hearts and re-glue our eyes to the idiot-box? *the paper* pitches you our dream Must See T.V. lineup.

BEHIND ENEMY LINES

Starting this Fall, Fox presents *Behind Enemy Lines*, an all-new series about love, deception...and partisan politics. Eight pithy, sexy and cunning republicans have gotten together to form an elite group at their New England business college called Collegiate Elephants.

Scheduling conservative debates, inviting influential right-wingers to campus, and in general looking sexy and feeling haut monde, everything seems Kosher in this WASPy bunch. But deceit lurks under the surface: when each one of their campus events turns into a joke on the Republican party, the group members' intent becomes dubious. Are they inviting the most inarticulate conservative speakers *just to disclose the folly of the republican cause?* Are their near terroristic level pro-life antics *just an excuse to make the pro-life movement seem ridiculous?*

Tensions rise as club members start to become suspicious of each other. Is Jenny really true to her conservative core of morals? If the hammer and sickle paraphernalia hiding in her closet is any sign, then no. And does Preston really think that Obama is a socialist fool? Not if his "Yes We Can" poster curled up in his underwear drawer has anything to say about it.

As *Behind Enemy Lines* unfolds, every secret becomes lethal as we find out that each member of this elite club is an infiltrator sent from the skeleton-ridden closet of socialist Chicago politics. Each agent surfaces a neoliberal behind enemy lines—*each other's lines.*

by **Deborah Legge**
STAFF XOXO GOSSIP GIRL



Thursdays at 6:30.

The Ellen DeGeneres Show
O.K. kids. This one's pretty straight forward. Now we all know that Ellen DeGeneres is a fucking T.V. rock-star. Am I right? Am I right? Of course I'm right. They don't call me Johnny Shoes for nothing. I'm dancing all over this shit. Ellen DeGeneres is T.V. gold.

O.K., so here's the plan. We give Ellen DeGeneres so much money. A ton of money. Get it? We give her so much money and then we encourage her to do bad

things, all with a camera crew following her every move. Get this: I'm talkin' Ellen DeGeneres smoking pot, Ellen DeGeneres skinny dipping, Ellen DeGeneres doing lines of coke off of ladies' bottoms, Ellen DeGeneres having unprotected scissor sex, Ellen DeGeneres feeding children candy after dark, Ellen DeGeneres cutting paper with really sharp scissors, Ellen DeGeneres ordering take-out food from a shady Chinese food place, Ellen DeGeneres insulting a homeless man, shit man the list goes on and on. *does line of coke, slaps knee*

Alright so we gotta move fast with this shit. My cousin Chico's got like, a ton of money he's willing to invest in this shit, and I'm like spending my fucking life savings on this shit, man. But it's O.K., we're gonna make bank. All we need is a third, man. You interested? *sniffles* All we need right now is like \$1,200 and we rollin' bro.

By **Rolly Donagan**
STAFF BIG TIME, HOLLYWOOD, HEY-OH

NO EXIT

This fall, Hell is--other people. When we lock three unsus-

pecting guests from a cocktail party in the anteroom of a mansion, their minds turn towards themselves and each other, things get--existential.

Watch as the thumb twiddling and social niceties crumble away and the interrogations

begin, as they search in themselves and each other's souls for and explanation for their confinement. Based on the play-by Jean-Paul Sartre, *No Exit* watches three contemporary American adults in the throes of existential crisis. Torturer and tortured, accuser and accused, witness the chaos of the modern man in its most stripped down form, the warped Stockholm Syndrome, the imperial loneliness, the distrust--and yes, the sex. Every man is an island, ev-

come out in this weather; they stay in the house."

That's why our beloved cast needs to spend the early months of 2011 off on the coast of Southern Italy. There, they'll go to actual Italian clubs, interact with actual Italians, and get threatened by the actual Italian mafia. It's like *Wife Swap*, but no one is married or being swapped. Creeping will most definitely ensue.

by **Nick Murray**
EARWAX EDITOR



Behind Enemy Lines: When people stop being polite and start getting courteous.

ery woman an insula, and even when the door opens and they walk out, they never escape the prison, for the prison is--*inside them.*

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

JERSEY SHORE SEASON 4: ITALY

It's a lot of pressure coming up with a TV pitch. After all, no matter how funny, suspenseful or touching the show might be, it could never measure up to *The Jersey Shore*. Over the past two seasons, we've come to love Snookie, Sitch, Pauly D, Ronnie, J-Woww, Vinnie, and Sammi, and love to hate Angelina. Characters like these can't be created by writers, so why bother trying?

However, the show has one inherent flaw. Well really New Jersey has one inherent flaw: it gets cold during the winter and doesn't really start popping off until mid-May. As Pauly D explained on the Season 2 premiere, "You can't get tan in this weather. You can't creep in this weather. You can't do anything," and worse, "Girls don't

THERE'S AN ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

Starring John Johnson, Tom Thompson, Jack Jackson, Don Robinson, the Bush daughters and Chelsea Clinton. Follow the lives of these eight young students who grow up on the same cul-de-sac, from the moment they dropped their jump-ropes and basketballs to pick up dollar bills and leather-bound books and go to school until they graduate from their east coast private universities, get jobs, buy cars, marry each other, buy houses on cul-de-sacs, where they burn books by anarchists and hooligans in their large fireplaces underneath pictures of their jump-roping and basketball playing children who will be soon told to drop their jump ropes and basketballs to pick up dollar bills and leather bound books.

by **Kaitlin Campbell**
ARTS CO-EDITOR

FOREVER ALONE

Tired of eating microwavable single-serve meals on your futon by yourself? Are you just-

plain sick of tolerating a big bowl of mac-n-cheese in deafening, soul-crushing silence and oppressive isolation? Then tune in to *Forever Alone*, Thursdays at 6:30 on KPGL Channel 17! For one full hour a week, your dinner hour won't be as empty as your bed--watch as REAL, LOCAL residents eat their lukewarm pizza, undercooked rice and ketchup, Velveeta shells and cheese, top-ramen with frozen veggies and Hormel chili alone at the kitchen table, illu-

minated by nothing but a lone, uncovered light bulb and the incessant, mocking blinking of the microwave clock. Just like last night and the night before that and the night before that and the night before that, company won't be coming, but *Forever Alone* is there to pick up the slack! Each hour, five participants will be displayed with phone numbers at the bottom of the screen for you to look at as if they were there with you. So throw that cold General Tso's on a paper plate, kick back and simulate fulfilling human interaction!

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

THE TV SHOW BY THE PAPER

If we at *the paper* knew how to get on public access (or, more accurately, if we cared to put in the effort to figure out how) we would have totally done it by now, and it would be legendary. The bunch of us would be wearing Mardi Gras masks (to sort of protect our future careers as interns at semi-obscure publications) and tight corduroys, furtively sipping Four Loko out of Vitamin Water bottles. All the while a not-yet-released album by a super cool indie band you've never heard of would play in the background. We'd take turns doing dramatic readings of articles we didn't have the room to publish in our respective sections... except, first, you know, we'd have to garner those extra articles. Finally, we'd end it with a handful of inside jokes that are vague enough for you to think you're sort of in on it, and then the screen would fade to page-two-style credits. Also, somewhere in there would be a split second of pornography, just to stick it to the man and get us yelled at by the FCC or Dean Rodgers.

by **Emily Genetta**
CO-EXECUTIVE EDITOR



Dear reader, you have just about reached the end of the *paper's* first annual "I Can't Believe We're Making an Alcopop Issue" issue. But before you even make it to the Comix page, we at Earwax have some album reviews for you. Better yet, on page 23 we scoured youtube for Four Loko-themed rap songs and wrote a couple sentences about some of our favorites. Links to all can be found on our blog: fupaper.wordpress.com.

Prince Rama
Shadow Temple
Sean Kelly

Though hippie-dom has been not so shyly shunned in the indie rock musicscape for some years, tie-dye and Eastern spirituality have begun to slowly rear their head once again. The popularity of drone and trance rock has hearkened back to the roots of Middle and Far Eastern music, moving away from traditional melodic and chord structures and tending towards more heady, drone-based songs. This reimagining has made room for acts such as Teeth Mountain and Dead Skeletons, who harbor a love of hypnotic, meandering jams and a preoccupation with Tibetan death cults, respectively.

However, none have come out in a way as unabashedly hippied-out as Prince Rama. Recently shortened from "Prince Rama of Ayodhya", the Brooklyn-based trio comprised of sisters Nimai and Taraka Larson and Michael Collins met several years ago at a Hare Krishna colony outside of Gainesville, Florida and moved to Boston together shortly after to focus on their music. After touring the country, having their equipment stolen in Philadelphia, appearing at SXSW this year and eventually being signed to Animal Collective's record label Paw Tracks, Prince Rama released *Shadow Temple*, their fourth release, mid-September.

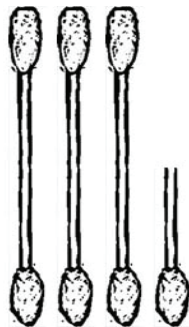
Shadow Temple represents a reconciliation of sorts for Prince Rama's sound. While their previous releases had a heavy focus on raw vocals and long, drawn-

out mantras and devotional chants, *Shadow Temple* touts a more accessible and rock driven sound without sacrificing their penchant for traditionalism and religious obscurity.

The album's first track, "Om Mane Padme Hum" is adapted from an ancient Sanskrit chant that, incidentally, happens to be the national mantra of Tibet. Though such a reference may easily be shrugged off

as pretentious and unnecessary, Prince Rama, with their background in Hinduism and Vedic worship, pull it off marvelously, with steadily building nimble drumming, spacey keyboards and shaking, ethereal vocals driving the song along to a long awaited climax. The adaptation of ancient chant can be found throughout the album, from "Om Namō Shivaya", a loud and powerful piece moving through sweeping crescendos and eerie chants, and "Raghupati", a hypnotic and plodding closer for an album consisting of equal portions soporific and invigorating.

Though the pervading feel of the album is powerful and intriguing, it nonetheless is all too often plagued by chintzy-sounding synths, shallow melodies and a lack of bass that sucks a bit of the soul out of the songs. The focus on heavy drumming certainly does have a point, but tends to overshadow just about everything else from time to time.



Curren\$y
Pilot Talk
Nick Murray

As a subgenre, weed rap can come in many different strains and flavors. Of course, there's



the cool, laid back persona mastered by Snoop Dogg, the comic style of Method Man and Redman or Devin the Dude, and then maybe the introspective, "let me dig into your brain" flow of songs like Nas's "Blunt Ashes" or Outkast's "Crumblin' Erb." On *Pilot Talk*, Curren\$y's first major label release and the most complete realization of his stoner persona, the rapper jumps between all of these but creates one of his own. He is not just funny or easygoing or thoughtful. He is fly.

Curren\$y's career began on No Limit Records, where he came on as the youngest member of New Orleans supergroup 504 Boyz. After moving to Cash Money across town, he began to build a solo career with a series of mixtapes and "Where da Cash At," a charting single that also appeared on Lil Wayne's *Dedication 2*. From there, he continued releasing a streak of increasingly prominent mixtapes that culminated with 2009's aptly named independent album *This Ain't No Mixtape* and now this, *Pilot Talk*.

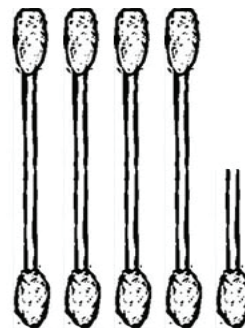
Although a song-by-song breakdown might favor the first album over the latest (even the until recently overlooked Smokee Robinson mixtape from earlier this year might have as many good tunes and this release), *Pilot Talk* stands out as Curren\$y's most complete and original work.

On "King Kong," for instance we see the rapper literally and figuratively up in the sky "looking out the plane windows." His lyrics are incredibly focused but proceed as if through free association, making the stanzas practically impossible to parse. He concludes the first, "Who gon' stop him?/ On the ground I am like a quarterback attacking./ defensive

linemen, homie who gon' block 'em?," a phrase filled with internal rhyme and structural chaos, the meaning changing depending on where one decides the commas should be placed. Not that it matters, the verse immediately gives way to the hook, which works around the line "King Kong ain't got shit on me," before the whole paranoid mess of it falls back into the weed smoke.

The album is also notable for the re-emergence of Ski Beatz, the '90s New York production star behind "Dead Presidents" and Camp Lo, who was involved in the production on all but two of the album's thirteen tracks. This unlikely pairing, presumably organized through mutual-partner Damon Dash, turns out to be a perfect fit. Both rapper and producer compliment each other's style, Curren\$y's lyrics jump around from one thought to the next but always seem to end up back where they started while Ski's stereo tracks spiral from speaker to speaker. Ski shows his versatility in moments like the progression from "Chilled Coughie," a brassy beat that sounds like something the band from Idlewild might have fooled around with after hours, to "Address," an airy—and Airy—track over which Curren\$y can glide unencumbered.

Curren\$y's style, as he says on an earlier single, "Elevator Music," is "no longer No Limit" and "no longer Cash Money." Now, it's his own, and it anchors an album that is better than any non-Lil Wayne record released by either label in over a half decade. *Pilot Talk* features both rapper and producer working together, at the top of their game. The result, as they say, is fly.



Sufjan Stevens
The Age of Adz
Bryant Kitching

In the five years since Sufjan Stevens released his Land of Lincoln-themed masterpiece, *Illinois*, he's done just about everything but release a proper follow-up. After years of reissues, unreleased extras and EPs, Stevens is finally unleashing *The Age of Adz*. The album is an 80-minute opus so lush with new sounds and orchestrations that it justifies why he took so damn long to release it. Stevens, for better and for worse, throws everything and the kitchen sink into his new album, a work that is very impressive, how-

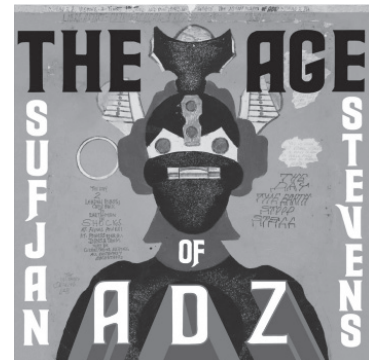
ever not always enjoyable. On *Adz*, Stevens loses the banjo in favor of a laptop and shows his versatility as an artist by heavily incorporating electronica into his new sound. The expansive orchestral flourishes that made songs like "Chicago" indie classics are still present; the instruments in the orchestra just seem to have switched from pianos and strings to drum machines and computers.

Having said all of that, one might be surprised to hear soft, finger-picked guitar driving the album's first track "Futile Devices." Rather than spinning yarns about Lincoln, Superman, or serial killers, "Futile Devices," like the album as a whole, shows Stevens being surprisingly candid. In fact, *Adz* is probably the most personal thing that the singer-songwriter has released since 2004's *Seven Swans*. For most of the album, Stevens writes in the first person. This is true of "Too Much" a track that falls somewhere between Yoshimi-era Flaming Lips and a less bleak Kid A.

Despite the blips and computer static that, in Kid A fashion, cloud many of the tracks on *Adz*, Stevens' artistic voice fortunately still shines through on just about every minute. *Adz* often overwhelms the listener, but it never loses them. The dub-heavy "I Walked" stands out as one of the albums strongest and most forlorn tracks. The female choir that back Stevens on "I Walked" in turn leads into the next track, the soft and ominous, "Now That I'm Older." Here, Stevens voice gets lost in echoes and pseudo-chanting sounds swelling in and out of the background.

However admirable and at times impressive it is to hear Stevens branch out in new directions, spacious indie-pop is still his forte. On "Get Real Get Right," he dials down the electronic fireworks in favor of a subtlety reminiscent of *Illinois*. Similarly, on tracks like "Vesuvius," although the dub influence is very clear, Stevens does not blow the listener over with more electronics than a Daft Punk record like some places on *Adz*.

Finally that brings us to the albums last track, "Impossible Soul," where that kitchen sink I mentioned finally appears. The 25-minute track could probably be an EP in itself, as it jumps from idea to idea every few minutes before ending with a finger-picked guitar outro that echoes the album's first moments. The song is in many ways a microcosm of *The Age of Adz* as a whole. Whereas no one should ever criticize any artist for opening themselves up to new influences, one does hope that in the future Stevens learns



how to pick and choose which of these influences to inject into his music.



Waka Flocka Flame

Flockavelli

Nick Murray

Last night I went to my friend Lindy's house because she was having a potluck and mulling wine. I brought tempheh that I boiled and fried and put spices on. I drank a couple mugs of mulled wine. Then I was sobering up and the yuenlings that my friend Joe brought were gone, so my friend chris said, "I think you should Loke." I'd never loked so I agreed to. My friend Sarah and I went to the corner store and bought Lokes. We drank our Lokes (lemonade). Then I decided to get my second Loke. I almost vomited on the way to the corner store but I made it there and got a watermelon Loke.

I don't remember a lot of what happened from then on but here are some things I know happened: I played Iago and got my friend Alex to drink 4 ices. My friend Pat walked me home. I made my roommate and friend who was over play music and I sang a long to the music, then I yelled at them until they played the song "Spiderwebs" by No Doubt. I told my roommate not to play Drake but he didn't listen and I fell asleep the wrong way in bed.

At some point I got up to go to the bathroom, but my pants

have a button fly so I didn't button them up after. And I had my socks on still, so as I was going into my room I slipt and hit my head head on the floor. I decided just to pass out there. I woke up a little later passed

out with my pants around my ankles and my head underneath the back tire of my bicycle. Instead of going to back to bed I grabbed the sweatshirt my roommate left in the living room and put it under my head and fell back asleep. I woke up this ay this morning and went back to bed for a little bit and now I'm awake.

It's 10:30 A.M. and I'm hungover, but the weird thing about drink multiple four lokos is that you feel hungover while you're still drinking. I also have some unexplained cuts on my hand. Anyways, Flockaveli is the musical equivalent of the way my head feels right now.

But even if I hadn't double Loked last night this album would be giving me a headache. Lex Luger's production is tricky.

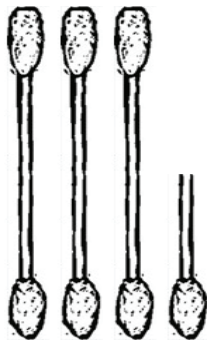
At once it bashes you over the head, slamming you with over the top orchestration and kick drums and BASS (meanwhile Flocka pummels you with shouted lyrics and adlibs mixed over the lyrics), but at the same time Luger's 808s sneak inside your skull and drill away.

In its way, this album is a masterpiece. No album released this year accomplishes what it sets out to do as completely

as Flockaveli.

Luger's production brings the confrontational energy of early 2000s crunk through a through Zaytoven/Shawty Redd filter. Meanwhile, Flocka's subordinates his lyrics to his

adlibs—brutal "BOW BOW BOW BOW"s and "FLOCKA FLOCKA FLOCKA"s. It goes hard, and that's all that matters. Now why is my tv on the floor?



of Montreal

False Priest

Timothy Bridge

If you've never listened to of Montreal, they're weird. Let's just admit that. If you have, and are wondering what's up with their new album, the spoken-not-sung first verse of the song "Our Riotous Defects" sums up pretty much everything will follow on False Priest: "When I first met you at that Al-Anon

meeting/ And you made that reference to 'All Your Goodies Are Gone'/ And even sang a verse/I was a m a z e d how husky

your singing voice was/I wanted to talk to you so badly, but/I didn't know how to come on because/You got that kind of beauty that makes people nervous/I know it's fucked, but before we got together/I even hooked up with one of your cousins/Just to feel somehow closer to you/ Because I knew, like, you guys were best friends/And you talked every day/And it was thrilling to/touch something that had touched you/In my head, you were like this goddess/But in fact, you're just a/Crazy Girl". Beautiful? Poetic? Fucked up? Exactly.

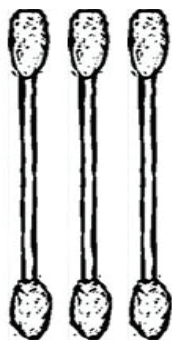
Of Montreal's tenth studio album is probably its funkier and least likely to create that wonderful feeling of a love, at least in this avid listener. By now we all know that Kevin

Barnes is a very sexual human being. And if the short skirt, jean jacket, neon spandex and incredibly fabulous headband he was wearing at his last New York City show were any indication, he knows exactly what type of music he's making. The album is fun, basic of Montreal stuff—the sexy tones, funky bass, and Barnes-falsetto, which is just flat out smile-inducing. New, though, is the appearance of

guests. "Sex Karma"—the song which delivers the album's best chorus and standout line, "I know that you want to swing/ Run and touch my

everything/ 'Cause I look like a playground to you, playa"—features Solange, Beyonce's little sister. Likewise, "Enemy Gene" features Janelle Monae (whom I adore). The performances by the talented female artists bring something new for a band whose vocals are usually strictly falsetto or seductive, but they don't really do much to save the album from being more like Skeletal Lamping than Hissing Fauna. That is, instead of making songs about the chemically imbalanced and hampered human persona and the inner sexual and mental struggle on top of the funky beats, he makes funky beats and talks about doing cocaine with the "Girl Named Hello" and crazy, crazy, crazy, women, women, women. Unfortunately, False Priest isn't as funny or intriguing as even Skeletal Lamping.

Still, I am in no way saying that this album does not have its classic of Montreal moments. The first three tracks, "I Feel Ya Strutter," "Our Riotous Defects," and "Coquet Coquette" are great of Montreal songs (and songs I will continue to listen to) as are a few other songs scattered among the almost exclusively R&B album. But the fact is, this album pales in comparison to Hissing Fauna, Are You the Destroyer and the underrated Sunlandic Twins. The album is fun, I guess, but in all honestly, there's not much beyond that. Half of the album seems almost thrown together, which is a damn shame, because these guys really do know how to have a good time. Bottom line, Kevin Barnes, keep doing what you're doing, but maybe do it with a little more thought next time.



the paper's guide to loke rap

Like Allen Ginsberg, we have seen the best minds of our generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked. Only now, the substance of choice for the endless rides from the Battery to the Bronx is not benzendrine but Four Loko, Loke for short. Loko madness, however, stretches beyond the paper's office in the Bronx and has become a national phenomenon. These are the rap songs to prove it.

Gwap Gang - "Four Loko"

Gwap Gang hails from Cleveland, but this song has so much stupid fruity crazy swag you'd think they were from somewhere closer to ATL. "Four Loko" has gotten the most exposure of all the loke rap tunes, and it's easy to see why. It's got a nice beat, decent rapping, and a catchy hook ("I buy it at the corner sto-o")

Chocolate City (f. K. Nobles) - "Four Loko"

"Four Loko" starts out with two promising verses, the first spelling out the word inebriated and the second breaking down all the ingredients. Unfortunately, from this point on the lyrics become as generic as the garage band beat. These people are rapping about being drunk, sure, but they're not rapping about being loked.

PuppetMaStar - "Four Loko (4 Loko Anthem)"

The track begins when Puppet MaStar takes a sip of a uva (grape-flavored) Four Loko and laughs, "I need a job!" The beat drops and the very obvious bass-and-synth bit begins, so where the song really earns its place amidst the mass of alcopop love songs is the lyrics. In between female back-up vocal refrains of "we drinkin Four Loko," the MaStar quips: "we gettin' stupid-drunk, oh I can taste it. We getting tipsy, white boy wasted." The last line sums it all up— "It contains alcohol. I lean, but I don't fall. I walk, but I don't crawl"— and then a mellifluous baritone adds: "EVEN WHEN I DRINK IT ALL."

F.Y.I. - "Four Loko"

F.Y.I. consists of four teenagers from St. Paul writing songs that make them sound like they're from L.A. Like most jerkers, their lyrics are fun but not technically impressive and backed by sparse, light production. The stories "Four Loko" are entertaining and relatable and really a lot of fun.

Ricosuave - "So Loko (4 Loko Anthem)"

"I know Jesus turned water into wine/ but he would have turned it into Four Loko at a party of mine"

C-Stacks (Yung Lokogod), C Murda, etc... - "Four Loko Freestyle Cypher 5th Ward"

C Murda? From No Limit? Doing loke rap? No probably not, unless he managed to get out of his life sentence. This Texas freestyle session is for loke rap enthusiasts only. It's eight, poorly videod parts are about as raw as can be, lacking any beat and featuring new rappers jumping in throughout. Sadly, the loke cyphers are not the genre's answer to DJ Screw's legendary syrup-fueled feestyle sessions.

L. Boogie, Skoo Boi, LMKR Killa Kam - "Four Loko"

Like F.Y.I.'s "Four Loko," this "Four Loko" is straight jerk music: the beat is minimal, the rapping is lighthearted, and the phrase "crack the Four Loko" repeated for the hook. However, these kids (actually from L.A.) know what they're doing behind the mic. LMKR dominates this track, hitting us with the lines, "Watermelon, fruit punch, lemonade, raspberry/ My little bro took a sip, now his whole chest hairy," and "I just drank a Four Loko now I'm finna pop a pill/ I can't tell if this a dream, I can't tell if it's real."

Bonus: Check out the paper's blog (once again, fupaper.wordpress.com) for an exclusive interview with LMKR Killa Kam.

Killah Kid Kriz - "Loko is My Liquor"

We're gonna let Kriz speak for himself. From the youtube description: "OFFICIAL 4 LOKO THEME SONG. DROPPED THIS BACK IN FEBRUARY. BUT SINCE I SEE ALL THESE OTHA PEOPLE TRYIN 2 ACT LIKE THEY THE FIRST ONES TO MAKE A FOUR LOKO SONG. I HAD 2 LET EM KNOW KILLAH BEEN 4LOKO SIPPIN. I MEAN HELL I STARTED THE 4LOKO MOVEMENT. EVEN GOT A DEEP ASS SQUAD CALLED #TEAM4LOKOSIPPINSHAWTY"

Honorable Mentions: Lovek - "Four Loko," Fese - "The Official Four Loko Song," Giddy Gouda - "Four Loko," Baby-T - "I'm Four Loko Sippin," Yung Trap - "4 Loko," V.I.P. - "Four Loko," Young Dooby, Mag-Niff, and El Nino - "Four Loko," and last but certainly not least, a video titled only "First Annual 'Four Loko Rap Battle'"

THE COMIX

LIGHTBURN

NOT SURE HOW TO SCARE THE LITTLE ONES THIS YEAR... WHAT WE NEED IS INSPIRATION!

TV!

HERE PRESENTING THE NEW LINE FROM OSCAR WIENER. LADY GAGA, IN A DRESS MADE ENTIRELY OF PIG ENTRAILS!

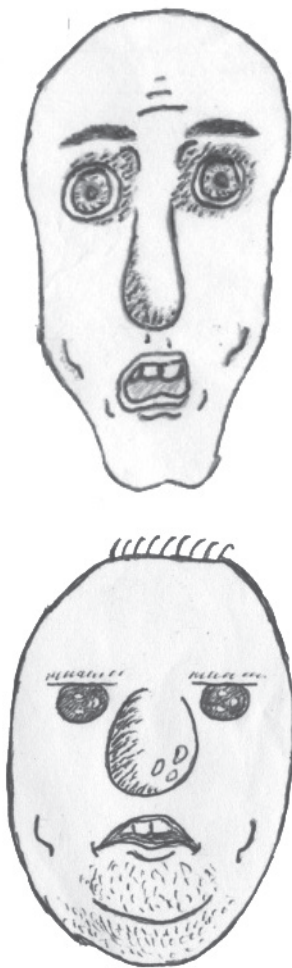
SO HI!

SO PROFANE!

SO CHIC!

I THINK WE GOT OUR WORK CUT OUT FOR US THIS YEAR, BOYOS.

TACK STRAW



CRUSTY STEVE'S UNIBROW GROW CREME!
Guaranteed Instant Unibrow Growth!

take it from this shit bag!

I used to be a handsome man! Now I'm uglier than the area between the genitals and anus, commonly referred to as the taint or grundle! Thanks Crusty Steve!

BEFORE

AFTER

EDDIE'S: A Place of Passion

I wish I were smoking...

I should run...

Me too...

Yeah...

But... when I run around Eddie's... I'd rather be smoking ON Eddie's. Ya know?

-ALV-

PSA: To make sure Eddie's remains awesome - PICK UP YOUR SHIT! (including your Four Loko cans!)

M.A.D.T.H

Dinosaurs don't have thumbs.

CHOMP - Chew - Chomp

Meh meh meh why don't you text me, meh meh meh!

YO PIG. IT'S THE FRENCHMAN'S BIRTHDAY TODAY. I HAVE A SNEAKY SUSPICION HE'S GONNA INVITE US TO ONE OF HIS WACK-ASS PARTIES AGAIN...

YOU SPECULATE CORRECTLY, GOAT. HERE HE COMES NOW...

HELLO BOYS! I AM HAVING A LITTLE PARTY TODAY TO CELEBRATE MY BIRTHDAY. WOULD YOU LIKE TO STOP BY THE CHATEAU FOR CAKE?

I DON'T EAT CAKE.

I DON'T CELEBRATE BIRTHDAYS.

WAS THAT REALLY THE BEST YOU COULD DO?

KONTOS