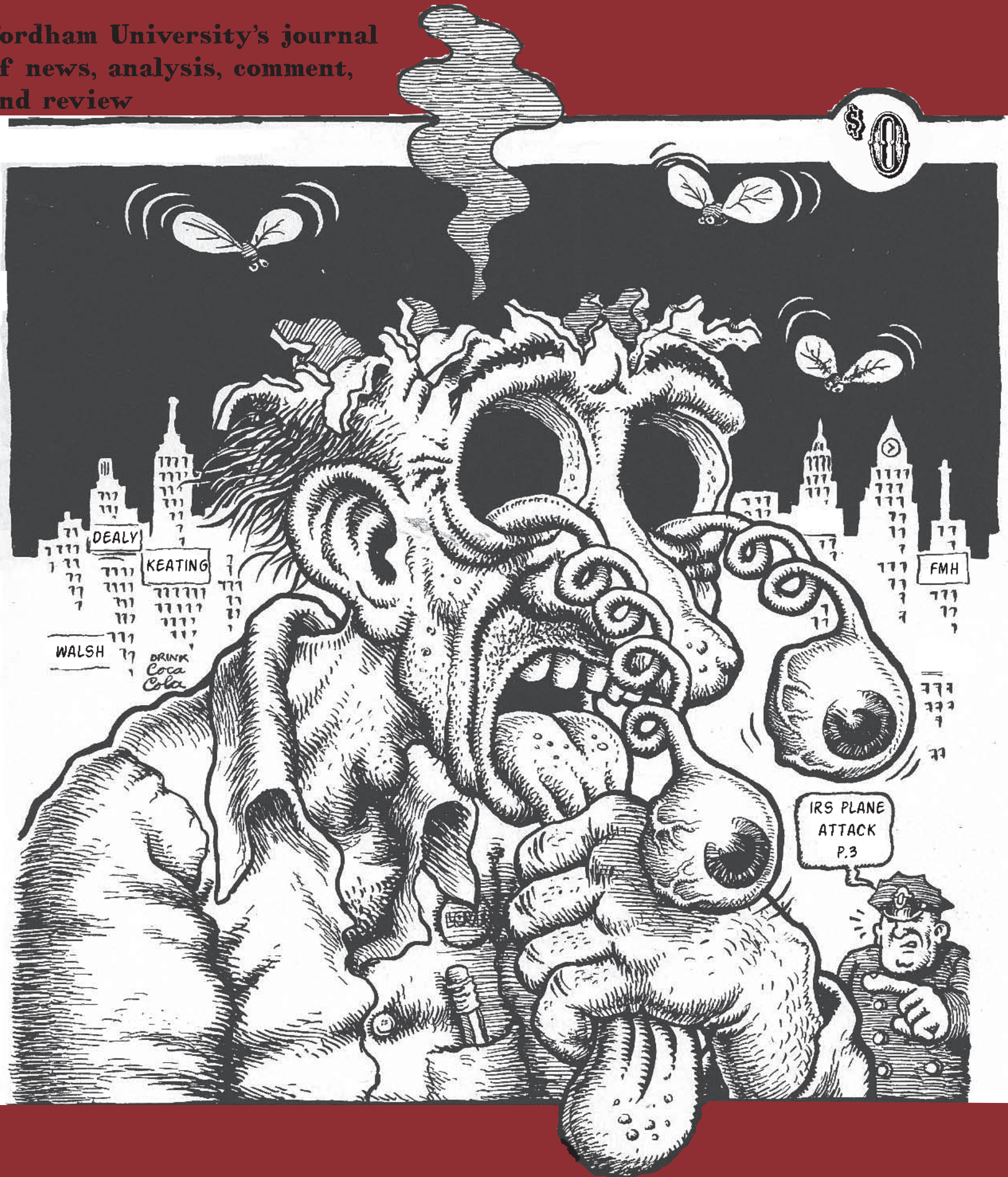


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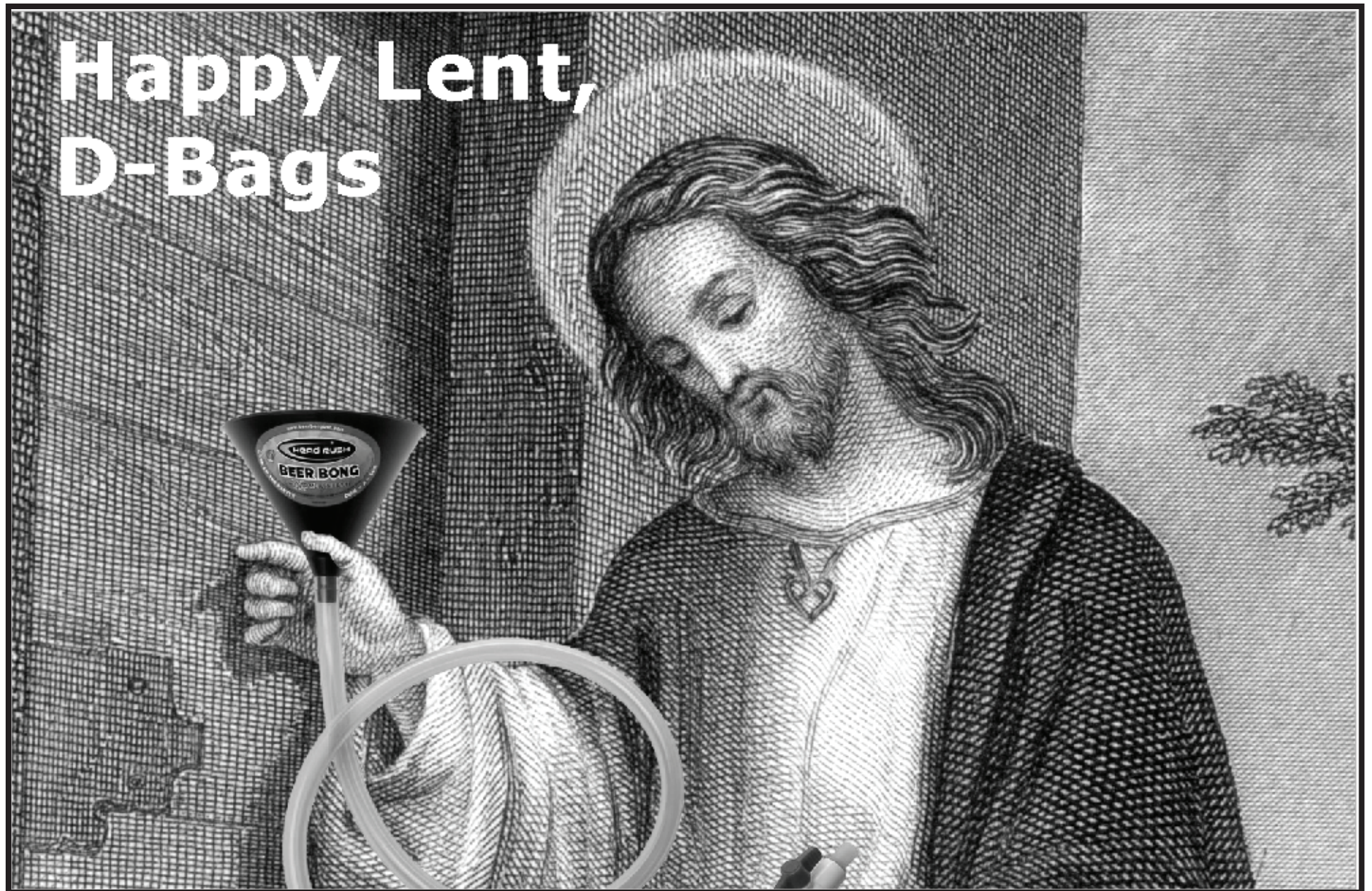
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Fordham University's journal
of news, analysis, comment,
and review



the paper blows its
freakin' lid

we respond to *The Ram*, p.9



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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 *The Possessed: Adventures With Russian Books and the People Who Read Them*, by Elif Batuman. You might just learn something.

our aim

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

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

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

"What we're giving up for Lent"

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news

Angry White Guy Crashes Plane into an IRS Building

Officials, Journalists Hesitant to Label Attack as Domestic Terrorism

by Alexander Gibbons
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
(with additional reporting by Alex Orf, News Co-Editor)

Joseph Stack wrote a lengthy manifesto before burning his house down and flying his small plane in to the side of an IRS building in Austin. The suicide dive killed two federal employees and injured thirteen. Joseph Stack was a domestic terrorist.

Stack, a 53-year-old software engineer from California who moved to Austin a few years ago, had a long history of financial problems, twice losing his retirement due to a failed independent company and inability to find work. He blamed his monetary troubles on the U.S. government and the IRS, citing specifically Section 1706 of the 1986 Tax Reform Act, a law that made it nearly impossible for engineers like himself to work as self-employed. Expounding upon Section 1706's violation of his rights and the body of U.S. tax law he says is "too complicated for the brightest of master scholars to understand," Stack calls the government a "totalitarian regime;" the unsettling narrative of his battles with tax law sound like the ravings of a deranged Winston Smith, the protagonist of George Orwell's 1984.

Art Acevedo, the Austin Police Chief, does not believe Stack to be a domestic terrorist. In an interview, Acevedo was reported to say "I call it a cowardly, criminal act and there was no excuse for it." Texan Congressman Michael McCaul said the attack was "not tied to overseas terrorist organizations." Both Acevedo and McCaul reflect the attitudes of many pundits, politicians, and bloggers; not many people, it seems, are comfortable with calling Stack a terrorist.

In an interview, junior senator Scott Brown said about the

attack: "I don't know if it's related, but I can just sense, not only in my election but since being here in Washington, people are frustrated. They want transparency. They want their elected officials to be accountable and open and, you know, talk about the things that are affecting their daily lives." You've got to give Brown credit; he's very good at choosing his words. He can take an act of domestic terrorism, not acknowledge it as such, and then use it as a political tool to attack the White House.

Shaking his proverbial fist at corporate "thugs and plunderers," the "corrupt federal government," the U.S. healthcare system, and any other institution to which you can attach the word "big," Stack's rant often sounds in line with sentiments espoused by Tea Party protestors or "independent" conservatives (like *The Ram's* own Chad Cicci). But Stack was not just another shmuck throwing a fit over a 3% tax increase — he was an incredibly disturbed man with a vendetta against a faceless entity that he believed had wronged him many times over. At the start of his missive, he claims his attack "has been coming for a long time," which certainly does not sound like an angry dissenter acting in a fit of rage.

In his missive, Stack describes his history of tax troubles and his retirement plans crumbling. He talks about repeated bouts with accountants and IRS representatives. His

writing is mostly clear and articulate (though he self-consciously warns of his perceived inarticulacy). He imagined himself a patriot, doing the right thing, dying for his freedom. In one passage, he writes:

I know I'm hardly the first one to decide I have had all I can stand. It has always been a



Not a reasonable display of dissent.

myth that people have stopped dying for their freedom in this country, and it isn't limited to the blacks, and poor immigrants. I know there have been countless before me and there are sure to be as many after. But I also know that by not adding my body to the count, I insure nothing will change. I choose to not keep looking over my shoulder at "big brother" while he strips my carcass, I choose not to ignore what is going on all around me, I choose not to pretend that business as usual won't continue; I have just had enough.

This, obviously, is not the rhetoric of a lowly criminal, as efforts to downplay Stack's attack suggest. The entire writing is fueled by a strange and paranoid ideology.

The man himself: white, normal build, wore glasses, played the bass. His suicide note betrayed the weird anger that was dormant underneath his normal guy visage. His vocabulary, speaking of revolt and distrust, was very right-wing. For these reasons, Stack is being touted as an unfortunate victim of stress, a statistic. His action is being treated as a political tool, one more thing to indicate popular disappointment with American government.

Recently, the Council on American-Islamic Relations (CAIR) criticized what they consider America's double-standard when it comes to dealing with terrorism. The White House has yet to make any remarks concerning the nature of the attack, and refuses to consider it an act of terrorism until further investigations are completed. CAIR claims that had Joseph Stack been a Muslim, the attack would have immediately been considered an act of terrorism. If that was the case, it is within *the paper's* opinion that the U.S media's coverage of the attack would have been much more severe.

At a recent conservative political action conference, Jed Babbin, conservative writer and editor of *humanevents.com*, introduced his friend Grover

Norquist with the following (bad) joke: "Let me just say, I'm really happy to see Grover today, he's been getting a little testy lately, and I was really, really glad that it was not him identified as flying that airplane into the IRS building." I suppose the low death toll wasn't enough to designate making jokes about an incident of domestic terrorism the day after it happened as in bad taste.

In April, the Department of Homeland Security released a report that warned about a rising threat in America: right-wing extremism. Economic recession, a black, Democrat president after eight years of George Bush, lax immigration laws, rumors over tighter gun laws, and populist fervor in America are the driving force behind that claim. About immigration, the report said: "Right-wing extremist groups' frustration over a perceived lack of government action on illegal immigration has the potential to incite individuals or small groups toward violence. If such violence were to occur, it likely would be isolated, small-scale, and directed at specific immigration-related targets."

Of course, Stack's beef was with the IRS, his "frustration" over taxes. But the report was spot-on in its description that potential attacks would be small-scale, isolated, and directed at specific targets. Certainly there is no prevalent, right-wing militaristic group (as far as we know, that is) rallying against the government, but attacks like Stack's suicide crash and James W. von Brunn's shooting of a security guard at a Holocaust museum in Washington (and his intent to cause more harm) reveal the truth in Homeland Security's April report. Whether or not we'll be able to start talking about any of this out loud is, at the moment, unclear.

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EQUALITY IN THE ARMED FORCES?

Obama Pledges to Repeal "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" Policy

by Lauren Duca
STAFF GLITTER BOMB

In United States history classes, we shake our heads and say, "Remember that time women couldn't vote?" and, "Wasn't that silly when white and black people had to drink out of different water fountains?" Well, twenty years from now, we'll (hopefully) be saying, "Gosh, it sure was stupid when we didn't let gays into the military." According to federal law commonly known as "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" (DADT), any person who "demonstrates a propensity or intent to engage in homosexual acts" is prohibited from serving in the military. The act bars homosexuals and bisexuals from disclosing their orientation or even talking about sexual relationships while in the force.

The "don't ask" part prevents inquiry of homosexuality - sort of. Superiors can't conduct any kind of investigation of homosexuality, unless they suspect homosexuality. That means authority figures are keeping their eyes open for any pastry baking, preoccupations with personal hygiene, and the singing of Barbara Streisand in the shower. But as horrible and prejudiced as the law seems, things used to be worse.

16 years ago, the DADT policy was introduced by Bill Clinton as a compromise. In

1982 it was military policy that "homosexuality [was] incompatible with military service" (Just like being black used to be incompatible with public education). Clinton's initiative placed the focus on sexual conduct, rather than orientation. But even

scene from *Rent* where they do heroin and stuff.

Mike Mullman, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, commented on DADT, saying he is "troubled by the fact that we have in place a policy that forces young men and women

has the support of top military officials and defense secretary Robert Gates, but it is Congress that makes the ultimate decision regarding the law, and there is obvious disagreement.

Those who want to keep DADT in place seem to have a problem with changing things up during wartime. Senator John McCain commented on his position, saying, "Has this policy been ideal? No, it has not. But it has been effective." McCain is "deeply disappointed" by those who agree with Gates. His fear here is chaos; he knows that all the secretly gay soldiers will burst into a glitter-infused cross between *Chicago* and *Men in Tights* the second DADT is repealed.

If John McCain thinks that repealing DADT would be detrimental, perhaps he should consider the effects of not repealing it. Over the past 16 years, over 13,000 service members have been discharged. 1,000 of them held "critical occupations" working as interpreters and engineers. And that does not include the 4,000 who left voluntarily on account of the policy. After the fall of Baghdad, the military dismissed 320 service members who provided Arabic

and Farsi language skills, all while "moral waivers" are freely handed out to new recruits who double as convicted felons.

There is actually no reasonable explanation for keeping the policy in place. Military authorities see no issue with repealing DADT, and support among the public as a whole and service members has significantly increased in the past 16 years. Any more delay will simply allow the opposition to gain momentum and cause more servicemen to be forced out, following behind the 265 who have been discharged since Obama took office.

Of course, there's a multitude of bureaucratic bullshit to deal with, and time will inevitably pass before DADT is repealed, but at least now there is recognition that something is wrong. Though the ball may not have started rolling, people are lining up to give it the push it needs. There will be consistent opposition to common sense, but I am confident that we will eventually prove the infinitely confusing idea that gay people are people too - people who are just as fit to serve their country as other people. But of all the people, Senator Barry Goldwater said it best: "You don't have to be straight in the military; you just have to shoot straight."



If only...

with this distinction made, what was the reason for the gay ban? The act stated that homosexuality would "create an unacceptable risk to the high standards of morale, good order and discipline, and [the] unit cohesion that are necessary." This conclusion was clearly made from empirical evidence, such as that

to lie about who they are in order to defend their fellow citizens." However, it looks like common sense has finally set it; President Obama is working to repeal the act...eventually. He pledged to get rid of it during his campaign, and renewed this promise by saying he will have it repealed "this year." He

MURDER, INC.

An International Team of Professional Assassins Eludes Capture

by Sean Bandfield
NEWS CO-EDITOR

Last month, as if lifted from the pages of a spy novel, an important member of the Palestinian paramilitary organization Hamas was stalked and assassinated in a Dubai hotel by a large team of professional secret agents. The hit contained all of the elements of classic Hollywood espionage: high-tech gadgetry, stolen identities, suave operatives, and even disguises. However, though the murder may have been committed without much of a hitch, the mysterious occurrence has left governments the world over angry and perplexed in their attempts to identify the perpetrators and bring them into custody.

The victim was Mahmoud al-Mabhouh, one of the founders of the Izz ad-Din al-Qassam Brigades, which constitute the militant wing of Hamas' operations. On January 19, al-Mabhouh checked into the Rotana Hotel in Al Bustan, Dubai, with plans to travel to China. However, his arrival at the hotel had been long anticipated by the

team of hitmen (and at least on hitwoman), who had already set up a system of communications with each other and had been preparing for the murder for hours. Though al-Mabhouh almost always traveled with bodyguards, he could not secure their plane tickets, and they were scheduled to arrive a day after him. But, as it turned out, their arrival would prove to be one day too late.

The United Arab Emirates has identified eleven of the agents, though more may have been involved in the mission. Investigators have pictures and information used by the conspirators' passports, all of which were from European countries: six from Great Britain, three from Ireland, one from France, and one from Germany. However, though authorities have connected names with each of the passports, there is a problem - the identities used by the operatives seemed to have been stolen from innocent citizens.

Unsurprisingly, upon the assassination of a militant Palestinian, suspicions of responsibility fell upon Mossad, Israel's

national intelligence agency. Currently, Israel has stuck by their usual strategy of neither confirming nor denying involvement in such acts. As explained by CNN correspondent Paula Hancocks, Israel has a "policy

passports, which all contain the names of civilians from Israel's allied countries. Obviously, this possible abuse of transnational friendship is not sitting pretty with the governments of those citizens whose identities were

footage also appears to show the agents communicating with each other through radio devices (no direct phone calls were ever made between them), and even shows them on the victim's floor at the time of the murder.

The body of al-Mabhouh was discovered the next day - it is believed that he was electrocuted and suffocated. By the time the victim was found, the agents had already left the country.

It's widely believed that al-Mabhouh was involved in the kidnapping and murder of two Israeli soldiers in 1989, and had subsequently been smuggling weapons into Gaza from Iran. Assassination attempts were not unknown to al-Mabhouh; he had escaped attempts before, once spending over thirty hours unconscious after being poisoned. Though Israel has not been officially held responsible for his death, al-Mabhouh's family has no doubts as to their involvement.



The usual suspects?

of ambiguity...If they admit to something...there may be international repercussions. And even if they are falsely accused of an assassination, it can only play into their hands" by highlighting their attempts at "deterrence." Still, if Mossad was truly behind the operation, then it's possible that they provided the eleven agents with the doctored

used by the agents.

Despite the precautions taken by the team of assassins, much of their operation was caught on multiple hotel and airport cameras. The footage shows the agents checking in, meeting other operatives, exiting rooms after putting on disguises, and apparently returning from tennis matches. The

Survival of the Foetus

Anti-Abortion Billboards Get a Little Racy (and Racist)

by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

This month, scores of bizarre billboards popped up throughout the city of Atlanta. They feature a very adorable, very concerned-looking baby under large type proclaiming it an "ENDANGERED SPECIES." It's a bit confusing a first--aren't *homo sapiens* the globally dominant species? Isn't our population expanding at such a rapid pace as to threaten to outstrip the Earth's resources? The smaller, less-noticeable print at the top of the ad attempts to clarify this: "Black children are an ENDANGERED SPECIES," the statement reads in full. And at the bottom of the billboard, a final clue: "www.toomanyaborted.com".

The site and its promotional billboards are the creation of Georgia Right to Life, the state's major anti-choice group, and the pro-adoption, anti-abortion Radiance Foundation. Defenders of the ad point to Ryan Bomberger, co-founder of Radiance and the billboard's designer, as proof that call-

ing blacks a separate species is not racist-- Bomberger is half white, half African-American. His mother was raped and *chose* to carry the pregnancy to term, giving up her baby-- Bomberger-- for adoption to a white family. Somehow, this qualifies him to tell black women what to do with their bodies. Or, rather, it qualifies him to warn them what white people are doing to their bodies: coercing them into having abortions for the purpose of destroying the black race.

Toomanyaborted.com cites the fact that black women have three times the abortion rate of white women as proof of a genocidal conspiracy. Never mind that the fertility rate of black women is actually *higher* than the national average (African-Americans are far from endangered), the pro-choice movement is decimating black communities. The main reasoning behind this line of thought is that Planned Parenthood founder Margaret Sanger (who, it should be noted, was anti-abortion) was a eugenicist, and,

therefore, one hundred years later, the "abortion industry" must still be into racial cleansing. Why else would there be so many PP clinics in lower-income, urban neighborhoods? "The reason we have so many Planned Parenthoods in the black community is because leaders in the black community in the '20's and '30's went to Margaret Sanger and asked for them," explained Loretta Ross, executive director of SisterSong Women of Color Reproductive Health Collective, in the *New York Times*. Activist and blogger Renee Martin adds that the high number of abortions in the black community isn't due to some genocidal conspiracy but "[...] the fact that Black women are impoverished due to racism and sexism," and that having a child is likely to only increase that poverty. She concludes, "Black women are already aware of the herculean task [of raising children] and are simply opting out due to a lack of com-



munity support and government funding." She adds that the answer to lowering the abortion rate isn't by making the procedure illegal, but by lowering the pregnancy rate through better sex education.

Planned Parenthood offers information about safe sex as one of its many services. This is another reason to support its presence in lower-income communities, argues activist Pamela Merritt on *rhrealitycheck.org*. She also points out that PP provides much-needed healthcare to black women, who are far more likely to die of cervical cancer and AIDS than their white counterparts. In light of these facts, the African-American-led anti-choice movement looks more and more self-defeating. Indeed, the logic presented by Bomberger as to the origins of these problems sounds down-right self-hating.

"Urban decay has been accelerated due to rampant sexual irresponsibility, increasing poverty, fatherlessness that exceeds 70%, and the continuing deterioration of stable (two-parent) black families," he declares. He doesn't blame all African-Americans, however. Just the men. "Men need to step up and own up to their responsibility as fathers. Period," he says, whereas "women need to be told the truth about abortion." Pamela Merritt counters that "that theory has been, is now, and will always be insultingly paternalistic in its assumptions about women of color seeking reproductive health care." In the end, it seems, the outrageous "Endangered Species" billboards are no more than the latest expression of the overly-simplified, sexist, victim-blaming logic that underlies the entire 'pro-life' movement.

HOLY FLYING SEWER-LID, BLOOMBERG!!!

Randomly Exploding Manholes Prove To Be A Slight Inconvenience.

by Sean Kelly
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

Imagine the scenario: It's a warm spring day in Manhattan and the sidewalks are abuzz. You lay spread out on a blanket in Central Park deciphering shapes in the clouds and casually nibbling on a wheel of brie as you let the smooth, dulcet tones of Chuck Mangione on your headphones lull you into a warm and forgetful torpor, and your cares blow away like the fish shaped-cumulonimbus sculpture you just saw float away.

However, though the cheese is soft and the atmosphere peaceful, you sense something may be wrong. A strange smell wafts toward you, and you see small plumes of smoke rising from the sidewalk. Construction, perhaps? Maybe a storm drain belching out some fetid water vapor, as it is wont to do? Suddenly the streets erupt, sending a 150 lb. chunk of metal hurling through the air as fireballs climb five stories high. Do you panic? Do you abandon your

cheese and run for cover? Do you curse god and shake your fist at the air after witnessing the very streets of your beloved city consumed by the scorching flames of hell? If it happened to Sodom, can't it happen here too?

Actually, if you're a New York resident, you most likely get slightly annoyed by the incident itself and angry when you realize that this will cause subway delays for the next few hours. Because if you live in New York then you know that the streets that you tread on a day-to-day basis (specifically, the manhole covers that ubiquitously dot them) tend to ... well, explode violently, and with a frequency that seems to be indicative of either divine punishment or apocalyptic portents.

For evidence of these frightening yet commonplace incidents, one needs look no further than New York local news. In fact, 2010 has already seen five manhole cover explosions throughout the city, with the three of the five occurring since the first of February. One of the most recent explosions took place on February 11th in the heavily trafficked Flatiron district of Manhattan, and saw flames shot approximately 40 feet into the air and up the side of a building, charring the exte-

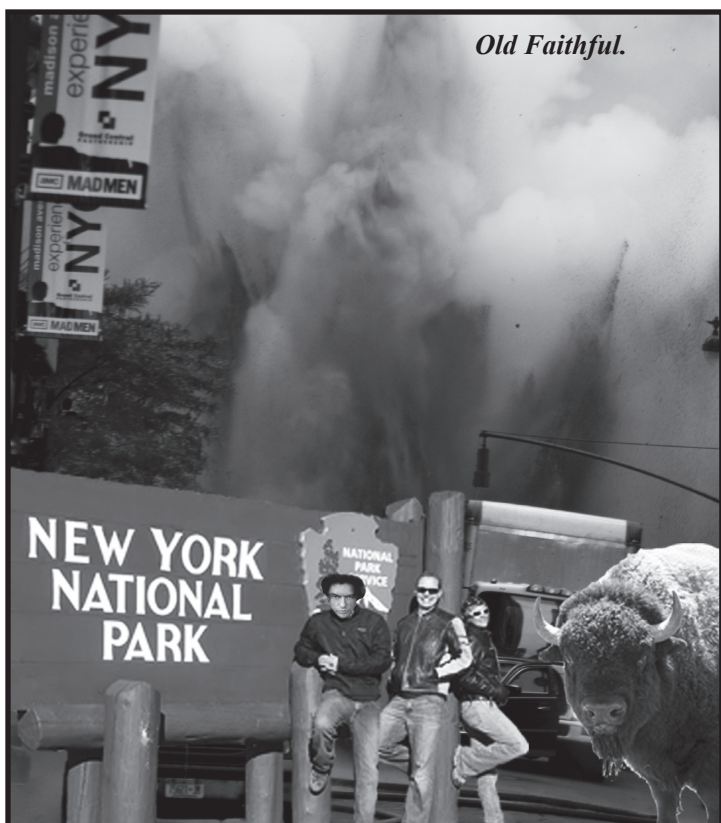
rior and ruining storefronts on ground level. Another incident in Bushwick section of Brooklyn on the 17th injured two Con-Ed workers when a manhole exploded during routine maintenance on a nearby electrical service box, sending the cast iron cover flying through the air.

So, why is it that our fair city is plagued by streets that threaten to kill and maim their residents? Though it may be tempting to attribute such bizarrely frightening incidents to the wrath of an angry forgotten deity lying dormant beneath Manhattan Island since time immemorial (I admit, that would be far cooler than anything that the department of public works could ever tell me), there is a much more prosaic and, frankly, unexciting reason for these happenings.

It all begins with underground electrical cables. Basically, for one reason or another, the electrical wiring that runs under nearly every inch of the city becomes slightly frayed in one or more places for a number of reasons ranging from age and decay to rats nibbling on them. These frayed wires, carrying on the order of 13,000 volts of electricity, heat up and subsequently melt and burn their insulation, usually made from

lead or, most commonly, rubber. The gasses from the smoldering materials then build up slowly until a tiny spark or static shock ignites them, sending metal and fire raining down upon the terrified and confused citizenry. The fraying and corrosion of electrical cables that most often causes the explosions is in most cases due to the city's aging infrastructure, as well as a number of environmental factors such as snowmelt (responsible for the flatiron incident this month) and rotting wire lining. Not as interesting a process as the final product may suggest, but probably a little more comforting at the very least.

So, although the mechanisms behind manhole cover explosions are far less cool than the veritable sidewalk shotguns that they produce, streets that throw metal and fire at local residents are nonetheless incredibly badass. In the same way that having a diabolical arch-nemesis tends to keep superheroes ever vigilant and on their toes, the sewage systems of the greater New York Metro area keep those who live here aware that at any point, the streets they are walking upon may choose to reject them like a body rejecting a transplant liver. Who doesn't love a city that tries to kill its own citizens?



FAKER THAN TRUTH

by Alex Orf and Sean Kelly
STAFF LIARS

HOLLYWOOD, CA ~ In a press conference concerning the upcoming release of *Alice in Wonderland*, director Tim Burton announced plans for his next feature film. Journalists and fans alike were shocked to hear that Burton has chosen for what he dubbed his “career-defining work” an adaptation of Edith Wharton’s 1920 novel *The Age of Innocence*, the story of an engaged couple in 1870’s New York high society. When asked what his perspective on the story would be, Burton responded, “I think Wharton’s wonderfully nuanced characters will provide a solid foundation for a subtle, compelling drama.” Frazzled interviewers bombarded Burton with questions about the role “psychedelic visuals,” “pastel color palates,” and “weird, swirly claymation shit” will play in the film, but he insisted that he would “remain true to the source material,” which allegedly has no physically or psychologically demented characters of any kind. One disheartened journalist asked, half-pleading, “Is Johnny Depp going to be in it at least?” The director shook his head and sighed, “John’s sitting this one out.” *Entertainment Weekly* has tentatively labeled Burton’s announcement “a tragedy,” and Hollywood bigwigs have begun investing in a project to resurrect Salvador Dali “to see if he has any zany movie ideas we can cash in on.”

-AO

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY ~ In a heretofore-uninvestigated incident, that one guy who always wears sweatpants to your Intro to Sociology class was seen last Thursday in an immaculately pressed suit hurrying across campus carrying a shiny leather messenger satchel. The guy, who is normally clad in grey University of Southern California sweatpants and Adidas flip-flops with socks, was purportedly spotted at 10:42 a.m. last Wednesday by the other guy from your class who you sometimes smoke cigarettes with outside Keating. The guy was impeccably dressed, appearing as if he had somewhere “super important to go, or something.” Though sources close to the guy could not be found or reached for comment, the other guy reportedly conjectured that he “maybe had an internship interview or something” and that, provided the guy does not show up for the next class, “he totally could have had to go to a family member’s funeral.” As of press time, the guy had been again spotted in the library this past Sunday in characteristically slovenly garb when he approached you to ask to copy class notes.

-SPK

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY ~ Shockwaves were felt throughout the Fordham community last week when it was discovered that Excelsior, the hottest new venue in the Williamsburg neighborhood of Brooklyn, is owned and run by none other than noted theologian* and Fordham president Fr. Joseph McShane, S.J. The news has created quite a controversy, as reports allege that as much as 75% of fundraising for McShane’s 2016 plan has gone into designing, promoting, and paying acts for the venue. An administration insider commented, “I’m surprised no one noticed sooner. I mean, have you seen Campbell, Salice, and Conley Halls? No way they cost anywhere near their budgets.” So far, McShane has not been available for comment, as he is currently in Baltimore with Dan Deacon, trying to find a suitable drug cocktail to ingest for the sequel to Dan Deacon’s viral YouTube video, “Drinking Out of Cups.”

-AO

* http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Joseph_M._McShane

Ski-qual Rights

The Olympic Committee Continues to Prohibit Women Ski Jumpers

by Marisa Carroll
FEATURES EDITOR

The Winter Olympic Games is a time of glory, valor, and arresting corporate sponsorship deals for athletes. If an athlete possesses charm enough to capture the hearts of viewers and sponsors, he or she could walk away from Vancouver without a gold medal in hand but with a Scrooge McDuck-like money vault waiting at home (swimming through a sea of gold coins would be great preparation for the 2012 Summer Games).

Setting cynicism aside for a moment, these athletes also just want to compete. They throw their entire lives, typically from before they reach double-digits, into their sport. Inevitably, it becomes their passion. One can imagine the George Baileys of the athletic community having “I wanna live again!” moments after finding out they finally made it to the international Olympic stage. For them, the five rings don’t just indicate rescheduled *Law and Order* airings on NBC: they symbolize something spectacular.

While the Olympic Committee implores us to believe that all people have an equal opportunity for the aforementioned achievements, every Games group gets left out. One of the most egregious exclusions of 2010 is that of women ski jumpers.

Ski jumping is either a very boring or very transcendent sport where athletes ski down an icy half-pipe and then flip around in the air like elegant trout. Watching ski jumping competitions, words like “consistency,” “form,” and “twisting mechanics” are repeated *ad nauseum* by commentators. While men have been ski jumping in the Olympics since 1924, women are still campaigning to be included in the 2014 Games.

As outlined in an ad that “went viral” last week, this gender disparity is nothing new. “Speed Skating: For men since 1924, for women since 1960” the ad tells us, the words floating above a very Olympics flute-

and-bells number. The next fact is even more unsettling. It reads “Bobsled: For men since 1924, for women since 2002.” The anti-sexism campaign is a partnership between Secret Women’s Deodorant (a sponsor of Team USA) and American jumper Lindsey Van.

At only 25, Van is considered the best female ski jumper in the world. In February 2009, she won gold at the International Ski Federation’s first women’s world ski jump championship;

Johnson disagree. Since the IOC repeatedly fails to supply exactly what technical issues there are, they said, their reason must rest upon the sexism they have faced throughout their careers.

One of the Great Sexists in Recent Ski Jump History is Gian Franco Kasper, head of the International Ski Federation. Kasper told National Public Radio in 2009 that “jumping down from two meters on the ground about a thousand times a year,

it seems not to be appropriate for ladies from a medical point of view.” Deedee Corradini of Women’s Ski Jumping USA crafted the sharpest retort to Kasper’s medical questions: “I mean, what, are our uteruses gonna fall out or something?”

I would love to say that it’s obvious that women’s uteruses don’t just fall out of their bodies, but this absurdly offensive and offensively absurd thought has

poisoned our culture since, well, since we knew what a uterus was. As Brad Cran, the Poet Laureate of Vancouver, wrote in his recent poem “In Praise of Female Athletes Who Were Told No,” “Because he thought that a woman short of breath was an affront to good manners, Baron Pierre de Courtbertin grounded the modern Olympics with only the strength of men in mind. The heft and depth of sport surely could not be good for the reproductive organs of a lady.”

I was hoping a hundred years later all that old-school urban legend meets Aristotelian “women are of the flesh” bullshit was no longer a useful argumentative tool for leaders of major organizations. I guess, though, since the leaders of these major organizations are often tools themselves, women like Van have to keep pushing to find a semblance of equality. To support the female ski jumpers’ bid to compete in the 2014 Olympics, go to letherjump.com.



Brought to you by letherski.com and the paper

she was the first American, male or female, to win a world championship in the sport. Adding insult to her Vancouver exclusion is that she currently is the world record holder on the normal ski jumping hill that male athletes are currently competing on in the 2010 Winter Olympics.

Van and a handful of other prominent female ski jumpers are suing the organizers of the 2010 Olympics for discrimination. “A lot of people don’t know we’re being totally excluded. It’s being pushed under the rug by a lot of people like the International Olympic Committee and a lot of organizations that just don’t want to bring it up,” Van told MSNBC last week.

When those organizations are asked for comment, their responses are typically curt. In a letter to the plaintiffs, the IOC wrote, “The reasons why we took the decision not to include women’s ski jumping was made wholly on a technical basis and not on gendered ground.” Van and fellow ski jumper Alissa

Killing Him Softly

A Veteran Reporter Makes a Startling On-Air Confession

by Sean Bandfield
NEWS CO-EDITOR

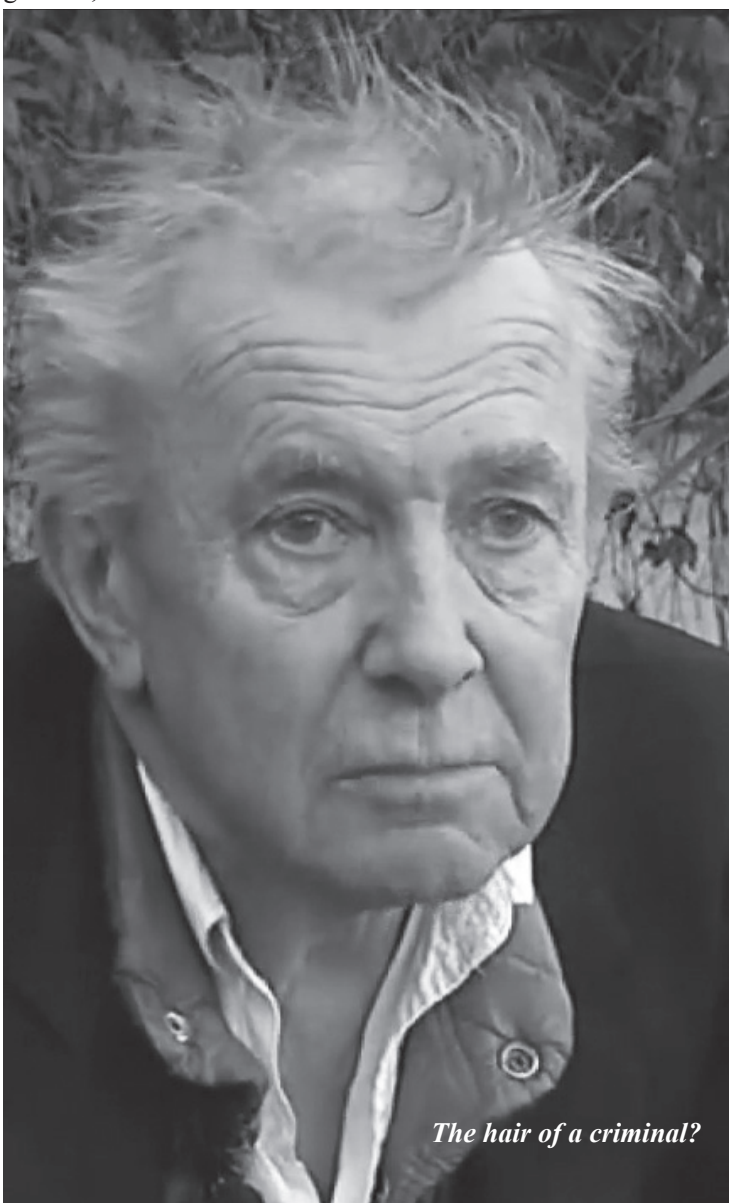
Ray Gosling is an accomplished British journalist. With a career spanning more than three decades, Gosling has nestled into his own niche of television broadcasting; often examining the overlooked minutia of life, Gosling's affinity for personal connections and his quirky character have made him a familiar face throughout much of England. Through his journalistic crusades, he has studied statues, investigated bankruptcy, examined garden gnomes, confessed to murder, explored windmills, and brought to light a plethora of other subjects. And, yes, you read that correctly – during his latest broadcast, Gosling revealed that he had killed a man.

The television special was about death, and featured Gosling interviewing people regarding their thoughts and experiences on the subject. Then, in a *slightly* unexpected turn of events, Gosling expressed his own relation to the topic. "I killed someone once," Gosling confessed in a voice choked with sadness. "Not in this region... but not so far away. He was a young chap. He'd been my lover, and he got AIDS." The host continued to explain that the man was hospitalized in "terrible, terrible pain" and could not be saved. One day during a visit, Gosling waited until he and his lover were alone, then took a pillow and smothered him to death. Upon the doctor's return, Gosling announced that the man had died, and "nothing more was ever said."

Viewers were somewhat taken aback to hear the gentle seventy year-old host confess to murder. Not least of the concerned parties were the British authorities; Nottinghamshire police began an investigation the day after the broadcast, and subsequently arrested Gosling. While the re-

porter affirms that he was fulfilling a "pact" between him and his dying lover, it is illegal in the United Kingdom to assist in the death or suicide of another, and can be punished by up to fourteen years in prison. Gosling has since posted bail, and will be free until a date in April. Though the world was shocked to hear Gosling's admission, Gosling himself seems to be the most surprised of all – surprised that, for some reason, a confession of murder on a quaint little show such as his would attract attention from the media and

dedication cost him – shortly thereafter, among mounting bills and unpaid debts, Gosling declared bankruptcy. Unable to find a news station interested in his style of reporting, Gosling lived in poverty, scraping together whatever money he could. However, true to character, he decided to use his predicament as inspiration, and pointed cameras at his own life in a broadcast about bankruptcy. Gosling has since been living off of unemployment checks, and has managed to release several other television specials.



The hair of a criminal?

But if Gosling's career had finally started a slow upward streak, he may have jeopardized it by his recent candid admission. No doubt he has received the best publicity a geriatric murderer could hope for, but whether it's the kind of spotlight that will do him good has yet to be determined. Not surprisingly, his confession has conflated an online dialogue about euthanasia, with some defending Gosling's actions and others encouraging his prosecution. Gosling, however, doesn't have an opinion on the matter. "I have no views on euthanasia,"

from the law. Go figure.

Gosling has been a gay rights activist for decades. A long time supporter of the Campaign for Homosexual Equality, Gosling crusaded against anti-homosexual policies, including Section 28, a piece of legislation that prohibited local governments in the United Kingdom from promoting a homosexual lifestyle as normal. The actions of Gosling and his fellow campaigners led to the repeal of Section 28, and he has remained as a strong voice in the gay community.

Aside from political struggles, Gosling has had crippling personal hardships as well. His long time partner Bryn Allsop was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer in the 1990's, and Gosling took care of him until his death in 1999. Gosling's

Gosling explained in an interview. "I'm not making a cause of it. I'm surprised at all the fuss." Despite Gosling's possible naiveté, he can at least be commended for his honesty; he explained that the people he was interviewing for the show "were opening their hearts" to him, and he felt that he needed to maintain his "intimate relationship with the audience" by revealing his own experiences with such a "heartbreaking" situation. Regardless of any legal ramifications that might be in store for Ray Gosling, the reporter – recognizing that his actions were against the law – still holds to what is likely the view of many regarding the subject: "There are different kinds of laws, you know. There's a law that's written in law books, and there's a law in your heart."

REALER THAN FACT

by Alexander Gibbons, Alex Orf, and Emily Genetta
STAFF TRUTHERS

SAN DIEGO, CA ~ A recent party held by University of California at San Diego (UCSD) frat boys has spawned a large amount of controversy at the school. The party, which was called "Compton Cookout," invited guests to embrace African-American stereotypes so as to emulate residents of the well-known neighborhood. Party-goers were encouraged to dress "ghetto" by wearing chains and basketball jerseys. Female attendees were asked to dress like "ghetto chicks." The party's Facebook page further explained: "For those of you who are unfamiliar with ghetto chicks -- Ghetto chicks usually have gold teeth, start fights and drama, and wear cheap clothes." When the schools black community, which accounts for 2% of students at UCSD, responded in protest, a student on the school's television station declared them "ungrateful n-----s." The television station has since been shut down by administrators, and members of the school's Black Student Union are issuing a list of demands to create a campus atmosphere not tainted by racism.

-AG

THE INTERNET, USA ~ Are you a devout, evangelical Christian *and* a pet lover? Do you worry about what will happen to your soulless, unsaveable furry friend after the Rapture comes to carry you and your family to Heaven? Well, worry no more: the folks at Eternal Earth-Bound Pets, USA have your back. That's right, a dude from Minnesota named Brad has started a post-Rapture pet-watching service – a \$110 fee guarantees that, should you be called back to the bosom of the Father within 10 years of payment, Brad or one of his associates will care for your pet. On the website (eternal-earthbound-pets.com), the group describes themselves as "dedicated animal lovers, and atheists" who are "committed to step in when you step up to Jesus." I wish I were making this up. To his skeptics, Brad insists that he is completely in earnest, which totally makes sense; I mean, why would an enterprising atheist rip off the group that thinks he's the scum of humanity? In any case, business is booming, and Eternal Earth-Bound Pets currently operates in 23 states.

-AO

LOWER MERION, PA ~ The FBI is investigating an assistant principal at Harriton High School on allegations that he monitored a student at home through the student's laptop webcam. "Security-tracking software" was installed on school-issued laptops to "help locate [laptops] reported missing, lost, or stolen," but may have been used to get a student in trouble for activities he engaged in off-campus. The student's family has filed a lawsuit against the district which they hope will be given class-action status. School officials deny that this incident took place but admit that their failure to make families aware of the security feature was "a mistake." The rest of the nation has described it as "fucking terrifying," except for former Bush officials, who are presumed to be thoroughly impressed.

-EG

LOS ANGELES, CA ~ So, this is not extremely *new*, but *the paper* staff recently learned that R. Kelly, R&B artist and mastermind behind the "Trapped in the Closet" series, "Real Talk," "Ignition (Remix)," and everyone's favorite *Space Jam* jam, "I Believe I Can Fly," CANNOT FUCKING READ. In an interview in October, Kelly told a reporter, "The only reason I graduated from grammar school is because I had a great jump shot." However, Kelly refused to be embarrassed, saying, "You can't believe if you're hating. You can't achieve if you're hating." True that, R. Kelly, but even if we did decide to hate, it's not like you would know anyway.

-AO

Fact Checking on the Fort Hood Shootings; or, Why You Shouldn't Trust Everything Your TV Tells You

A Response to Last Issue's Article *Bureaucratic Blackout*

by Sean Frey
STAFF POLEMICIST

It's always embarrassing when the professor calls on you to explain the main theme of a book and you can't even name the author because you haven't read it; misspelling the last name of the man your entire article is about carries with it the same demolition of credibility. For future reference, Miss Duca, there is only one "s" in "Hasan." Please take this to heart. Signed, the folks at Management.

It would appear that Duca's analysis of the Fort Hood shootings is as shallow as the classmates she ridicules in the concluding paragraph. It does not amount to much more than a regurgitation of far-right talking points and warrantless assertions that have come to define Faux News. I suspect her talk of leaving out facts is merely a red herring for her own failure to thoroughly investigate the motives for the shooting beyond your friendly neighborhood corporate news source. Let's dig a few feet deeper, shall we?

To start, let us entertain the absolutely unthinkable possibility that there was another motive besides "radical Islam" for the shootings, a thought which has quite a bit of truth despite what others may lead you to be-

lieve. A quick Google search reveals that Hasan's killing spree was not the first Fort Hood has seen; there was in fact, another deranged serial killer, who, in 1991, killed 23 people before turning the gun on himself. George Hennard, an ex-Navy enlistee and confirmed racist/sexist, crashed his pickup into a popular base cafeteria, pulled out 2 handguns (just like Hasan) and proceeded with his rampage. The day before, he was reported to have gone off on a screaming fit after an interview with Anita Hill came on during the Clarence Thomas confirmation hearings, saying, "You dumb bitch! You bastards opened the door for all the women!" This, though the last incident before the killings, was certainly not the first, and previous ones had largely been ignored.

But, to the issue at hand; I think Miss Duca misses the boat by a few miles here, focusing on one unproven motive out of many, when we should be looking instead at how it could have been prevented (given that it was, yet the military ignored several warning signs). However, before I go any further, I feel it necessary to address a few concerns of hers. The first is that he widely broadcasted his radical Islamic and jihadist beliefs. Well, there are two pos-

sible ways to look at this: either 1) this is true, and begs the question of why the military refused to take any preventative action or 2) it is not true and is therefore one unwarranted assertion out of many.

Additionally, she states that he tried to convert others to his faith, and that he opposed the war that he had joined the military to fight. As to the first, this is not only blatantly untrue, as multiple testimonials from fellow soldiers prove, but it's not much different than your average evangelical Christian coming to my door and preaching some nonsense about my soul being eternally damned (yet we still put up with that on a daily basis...is there something about Islam that doesn't sit well with most people?). As to the second, I see nothing wrong with not wanting to fight in a war after you listen to hundreds of stories (as a resident psychiatrist) from returning soldiers and hear them tell you about their nightmarish experiences; hell, I'd be the first to say, "I quit" if I were in his place. And if that wasn't enough, even after he OFFERED TO PAY BACK THE MONEY HE GOT FOR MED SCHOOL TO THE MILITARY, they still wouldn't budge. How about those folks at the military, let's give 'em a hand, eh?

Also, the fact that he shouted a line of Muslim prayer while he was committing the murders falls victim to the association fallacy; imagine if I went on a killing rampage while yelling "The Flying Spaghetti Monster rocks my socks!"; most people would probably laugh, rather than call it a religious killing. Additionally, if you've done even the most basic research about Islam, you would know that it is a religion of peace, and Hasan himself was described by everyone around him as calm and gentle.

Alright, now that that's over with, let's talk about other, more plausible motives. One, as already alluded to above, was his opposition to the war based on his religion. Well, this is interesting, because we certainly don't have an option for people to opt not to be deployed in combat because of their personal beliefs...oh wait that's called being a conscientious objector. Well, shit. Maybe the military should've just let him do that...oh wait they didn't. Man, this just wasn't Hasan's year. Even ignoring all that, as mentioned above, his experiences with soldiers as a counselor/psychiatric evaluator would've done the trick vis-a-vis encouraging his opposition to the war.

Another more plausible mo-

tive is that the shooting was a result of the cumulative harassment he received while serving in the military. As a Muslim, one can reasonably imagine that, post 9/11, things weren't really looking good for your ethnicity. After enduring years of verbal abuse, including being called a "camel jockey" by fellow soldiers, it seems reasonable to expect that he was suffering from roughly the same stresses that he saw in his patients. That's just a lovely state to be in only weeks before you get the notice that you're about to be deployed in combat, hm?

As a concluding point, I would like to focus in on something I briefly mentioned above, and that is the utter failure of the military bureaucracy to address such an obvious problem. It is infuriating that the media and the army chain of command turn to the most simplistic explanation instead of admitting their own complicity in the killings. Here's a message to the generals who stood by and did nothing to avert this tragedy: take some fucking responsibility for your own wrongdoings. If it is true that society at large is heavily influenced by the military, then who knows? You guys just might do some good after all.

Meet n' Cheat: AshleyMadison.com Profits from Adultery

by Eamon Stewart
STAFF FUTURE
CUCKHOLD

Truer words have never been spoken. Because being married probably sucks. There have to be plenty of middle aged people who sit back and think to themselves, "How the hell did this happen? How did the stone cold fox/stud I married twenty years ago become a beached whale that hogs the remote and always eats all of the ice cream? Is there any way I can escape?" The answer from our puritanical society is of course not, those vows you took bind you to this loser and there is nothing you can do about it. But is that really fair? And what if you don't want a divorce? Can't you have something else? A little something on the side? That can't be too bad. And frankly you deserve it; you deserve something to give you a break from your invalid spouse that is right now asking you where the plunger is because he/she clogged up the toilet for the fifth time today.

That is, more or less, the sales pitch behind Ashley Madison; a dating website that caters to (wait for it) married people interested in having affairs. It's kind of a magical idea. Magical because a considerable number

of married people use internet dating sites, as opposed to singles bars and such, because it is a more discreet way of cheating on their spouse. But whereas websites like Match and eHarmony kind of assume that the reason you're using their website is because you're single and looking for a committed significant other, Ashley Madison's upfront nature allows far less in the way of ulterior motives and far fewer embarrassing revelations that the person you met on eHarmony and have been dating for the last 6 months is in fact a married father of five. There are no curveballs, no tricks; all it takes is your ability to ignore your conscience in not only freely cheating on your spouse but knowing that the person you are having an affair with is doing the exact same thing to his or her spouse, who is probably some loser you'll never meet.

And there are apparently a lot of people who are totally cool with that. The website has over four million members and is expanding at a rapid pace. Founded in 2001, the company launched iPhone and Blackber-

ry apps last summer, making affairs even easier to facilitate for impatient adulterers and those who would like to not leave trails on their home computers. The growth the website has experienced lately has obviously

try and induce the wives of all of the NBC executives (I think it's fair to assume that all of them are men) into using the website and committing extramarital affairs. Who the hell knows what Biderman is capable of?

Whatever power the man has is going to continue to grow. The recent spark in interest the website has received is attributed, like so many other things these days, to the economy. This kind of makes sense because the economy has opened up the website to an audience not originally intended

to be marketed to: people seeking divorces. The idea behind Ashley Madison was that it was for people not seeking to end their marriages, but something occasional on the side. People who hate their spouses enough to divorce them would really have no use for the site, except that divorces are very costly as legal proceedings go, and many people don't presently have the cash to cough up for lawyer fees and everything else. What may happen, and what Biderman is hoping for, is that those would-be divorcees realize that ending

their marriage really isn't worth it if they find enough satisfaction in the arms of an occasional weekend fuck. This obviously won't happen with all of them, but it probably will happen with some.

And some is probably all that Ashley Madison needs. Because Biderman, although a bit of a sleazebag, is also a pretty damn good businessman (not that we have any reason to believe that the two are mutually exclusive). He's spent the last nine years slowly building up his empire, so he's got to know that there's no reason to rush things now. So what if NBC gave you the cold shoulder? You've survived without them. So what if one of the founders of Match referred to you as a "business built on the back of broken hearts, ruined marriages and damaged families"? Those losers, even if they're right, don't know how to have fun. You've succeeded despite them, against their best wishes and efforts. And you will continue to succeed, so long as people are willing to say what they've been saying for a long time. That life is really too short for this shit, and that affair is worth it.



editorials

A (Brief) Case for Skepticism

by Dan LoPreto
STAFF HUMANIST

A recent article in *the paper* by Christopher Gramuglia was entitled, “Skepticism is sooo 2k9: Why Religion is Gaining Ground in the New Decade.” I had a few problems with the article (many actually, but my space is limited), so here is my brief argument for skepticism.

In regards to the title of the aforementioned article, the reality is that secularization within nation-states has been on the

the idea that we are simply “fleshy bio-machines” is seen as ridiculous, even “pompous.” How can we be nothing more than organisms living on a random planet? We must be so much more *important* than that, right? Wrong. We are just less-hairy apes that happened to have developed large enough brains so that I can type this article on my laptop and fry an egg at the same time.

Another issue I had with this article was that it assumes athe-

I find it best not to use contemporary ‘new atheists’ to derive the “atheist version of human morality.” Atheism has been around for thousands of years, and many of the humanist and naturalist philosophies that various atheists have practiced are totally compatible with the actions of “charitable organizations” and the acts of “Gandhi and Mother Teresa.” I should also point out the irony concerning the use of these two figures as examples of pure morality. Gandhi forced women to lay naked with him in order to test his sexual constitution and chasteness. And Mother Teresa actively worked to prevent millions from getting condoms who needed protection from AIDS and access to family planning; it is also documented that she was a private skeptic concerning the existence of god. Fun facts.

I wish to use a concept that Richard Dawkins often conveys during his lectures. He claims there is a double standard of criticism, especially in American politics, regarding religion. People can argue to the death over sports, political parties, fashion, etc. but when it comes to religion, constructive criticism is seen as appalling, improper, and even offensive. I mention this in regards to the line in the article about atheists “hiding under the covers clutching their microscopes and calculators.” Let it be stated that if I ever wrote an article describing religious believers hiding under the covers and clutching their sacred books and prayer beads (and I don’t intend to), people would shit themselves.

Finally, I’m troubled by the way Stephen Hawking’s theories about the Big Bang were handled in the article. Hawking’s perception of the Big Bang is quite brilliant. He deconstructs the theological trajectory of logic (First Cause) that queries, “If God created the universe, then who created God?,” claiming that, due to the law of the conservation of mass-energy and the phenomenon of vacuum fluctuation, the universe in one structure or another has always existed. Hence, according to the laws of physics, it is impossible for the universe to have appeared *ex nihilo*.

I guess extrapolating these conclusions is just an example of me “considering the vast amount of evidence out there” and “believing in something,” as suggested at the end of the aforementioned article.



rise in the Western world for the past 400 years. This is especially true for many countries in Western Europe. According to Greg Epstein, chairperson of theological studies at Harvard Divinity School, there are approximately one *billion* non-religious people in the world. But for some first-world countries, such as the United States, religion is still arguably on the rise. After going through many wars and genocides waged in the name of religion, Europe is starting to move away from organized religion because of the violent connotations.

Many will argue that if America becomes less religious, we will lose our moral values. Yet there is no psychological evidence supporting the claim that people who do not follow an organized religion are any less ‘moral’ than people who do. In fact, some evidence shows the opposite. As author Sam Harris observes, “While political party affiliation is not a perfect indicator of religiosity, it is no secret that red states are primarily red due to the overwhelming influence of conservative Christians. Of the twenty-five most dangerous cities in the US, seventy-six per cent are in red states. The twelve states with the highest rates of burglary are all red. Of the twenty-two states with the highest rates of murder, seventeen are red.” Though correlation does not imply causation, it is clear that belief in god does not ensure societal health.

As mentioned in the article,

ism is a moral philosophy. This is not consistent with the basic definition of ‘atheism.’ To say that certain central “themes can be found in Christianity and Islam but not atheism,” suggests that atheism has core themes to begin with, which is false. So if atheists don’t have a core value system, they must be immoral, right? The problem is that religious philosophy and doctrine have convinced people that one cannot find morality without god.

However, I believe the strongest argument for being good without god is secular humanism, which has been historically associated with atheism. Now I won’t bore readers with the works of scientist Martin Nowak or evolutionary biologist E.O. Wilson regarding the biological compatibilities innate within humans that predispose us to cooperate and survive without a moral deity. I certainly won’t get into Peter Kropotkin’s concept of mutual aid. Nor will I waste space on the argument that, according to evolutionary scientists Stephen Gould and Richard Lewontin, the belief in god is a spandrel (a negative space byproduct) of what cognitive scientists label as ‘theory of mind’ and ‘causal reasoning.’ I will simply sum up secular humanism as the idea that humans create moral values through empiricism, logic, specific circumstances, natural biological attitudes, our relationship with nature, inquiry, and relativism.

the paper’s view

february 24, 2010

“Ram Lets Down Journalism, Lets in Racism”

We at *the paper* are a publication that loves its publications. And we really try to keep up on our campus periodicals. We were there when *Rose Hill Magazine* went to print and immediately went online; we were there when The Earl of Chadwick’s *Liberty Forum* popped up in the physical form around campus. Call us old fashioned, but the publication whose release we hold dearest is *The Ram*, Fordham University’s journal of record since 1918. Wednesdays are our favorite day of the week, and this past Wednesday was no different, as we collectively read through February 17th’s *The Ram*, a welcome pastime for our still hungover selves.

But this issue we noticed something disconcerting. No, it wasn’t the (yet again) benign Point-Counterpoint. Rather, it was an article by *Ram* Managing editor Abigail Forget, titled “Security Lets Down Students, Lets In Trouble” (See *The Ram*, Volume 92, Issue 4, page 10). The article calls into question the quality of Fordham’s Security, and while we at *the paper* are all about examining university institutions from a critical perspective, Forget’s critique is based in classism, racism, and ignorance, which focuses on the blue collar security workers themselves rather than the greater administrative security issues.

Forget gives our security guards no credit in providing for her safety, calling them “insufficient,” explaining her well being entirely on her own “smart[s] and aware[ness].” She considers a “legitimate interaction” with a Fordham Security guard to be a communicative misunderstanding, during which she criticizes what she calls his “incommunicable accent.” Her rhetoric criticizes the guard for his lack of fluency in her own language, a language she was born into, without considering the fact that English is one of the most difficult languages to learn, or that, were she to go to most foreign countries, it would be taken for granted that she would be able to speak English and get by. She decries the employment of mentally retarded people, disdainfully referencing quotas. The security guard doing his job by stopping her

is accused of being on a power trip. Forget talks about students flashing debit cards or fooling guards into accepting their old IDs. She keeps her critiques at the ground level: “I am fully confident in the super, administrative branch of our Safety and Security”—without bothering to ask the question of whose responsibility it is that the security know what ID is current. Her faith in the administrative element versus the security guards themselves is inherently classist, and, given dominant demographics, racist. By assuming that the incompetence is wholly the fault of the security guards, she discredits their intelligence and their humanity because they don’t speak English as well as she does; because they work a job that, until a year ago, was sub-living wage and-- to Forget-- doesn’t appear to be much more than sitting around. She claims her “anecdotes are not intended to lead to a blanket statement,” but her prejudices are clear, vindicating the mostly white security administration and blaming the mostly immigrant and minority campus security guards.

If Forget’s opinions are uninformed and horrendous, what is more offensive is that her opinions appear in print, that *The Ram* approved her words for publication at all. We at *the paper* are of course advocates of free speech, but Forget’s article is entirely unproductive for the public discourse. Instead of calling into question the lack of communication that allows guards to think old IDs are current, she berates working class people for ignorance that is entirely not their fault. Yes, we’ve got some pretty crass stuff going on ‘twixt these 24 pages of newsprint; yes, we cuss and write about public urination and vaginas and make up fake rap alter-egos for our university president. But, believe it or not, there’s still something of those core Jesuit values our university likes to espouse so much, the whole *cura personalis* thing, in our critiques and our written advocacy, and you will forgive us for saying that, we find the content of Abigail’s article and *The Ram’s* inclusion of it, quite frankly, morally bereft.

The Paper Talks to Its Ultimate Girl-Crush!

A Conversation With Jessica Valenti

by Kate Murphy
STAFF DEADITOR

Last Thursday evening Jessica Valenti, founder and editor of the blog Feministing.com and all-around girl crush, came to Fordham to speak about feminism and why it matters to young people. Beyond her work with Feministing, Jessica is the author of three books, Full Frontal Feminism: A Young Woman's Guide to Why Feminism Matters; He's a Stud, She's a Slut, and 49 Other Double Standards Every Woman Should Know; and The Purity Myth: How America's Obsession with Virginity Is Hurting Young Women. She also recently edited an anthology, Yes Means Yes: Visions of Female Sexual Power and a World Without Rape. Jessica tries to bring feminism to a younger audience by making it accessible to young women and helping them find their voice within the movement. She was kind enough to sit down with me and answer a few questions.

You've written a lot about the "I'm not a feminist, but..." feminists: young women who embody feminist ideals but won't call themselves feminists. What are these young women missing out on most?

I think that what you're missing out on by not identifying as a feminist, specifically when you have feminist values and you recognize that things are messed up, is the incredible sense of community that feminism provides. You're not alone in thinking these thoughts, so why not have access to all of these amazing women and men who think the same things? You can hash ideas out with them, and find support that you may not have in your everyday life.

Many women discover feminism in college, but with shows like *16 and Pregnant* and practices like purity

balls—both things that you've written about—it seems like women in their early teens or even younger need feminism most. Is there a way to reach them?

Blogging has somewhat offered outreach to younger women, because they're online and they can stumble upon feminist blogs. As I mentioned tonight, a girl once did a search for Jessica Simpson on Google, because she was a huge fan, and found a post on Feministing that we wrote about Jessica Simpson's dad and how creepy he was about her sexuality. She is now a regular commenter on our site. That kind of thing happens a lot.

I also think we should also have feminism classes or women's studies classes in high schools. There's a group lobbying for this in Canada and we should be doing it here. Feminism should be taught in every class, in a way. If you're talking about history, there's always a feminist and gender aspect.

Whether it's Sarah Palin saying the March for Life "empowers women" or Feminists For Life saying "women deserve a better choice," conservative organizations seem to be co-opting feminist language. Why is that and have they been successful?

I think that conservatives and anti-feminists are appropriating feminist language because they realize that it has been extremely successful and it's extremely powerful stuff. That's why people like Oprah have used it. Conservatives recognize that women relate to that. Women want their issues heard and they want their voices listened to.

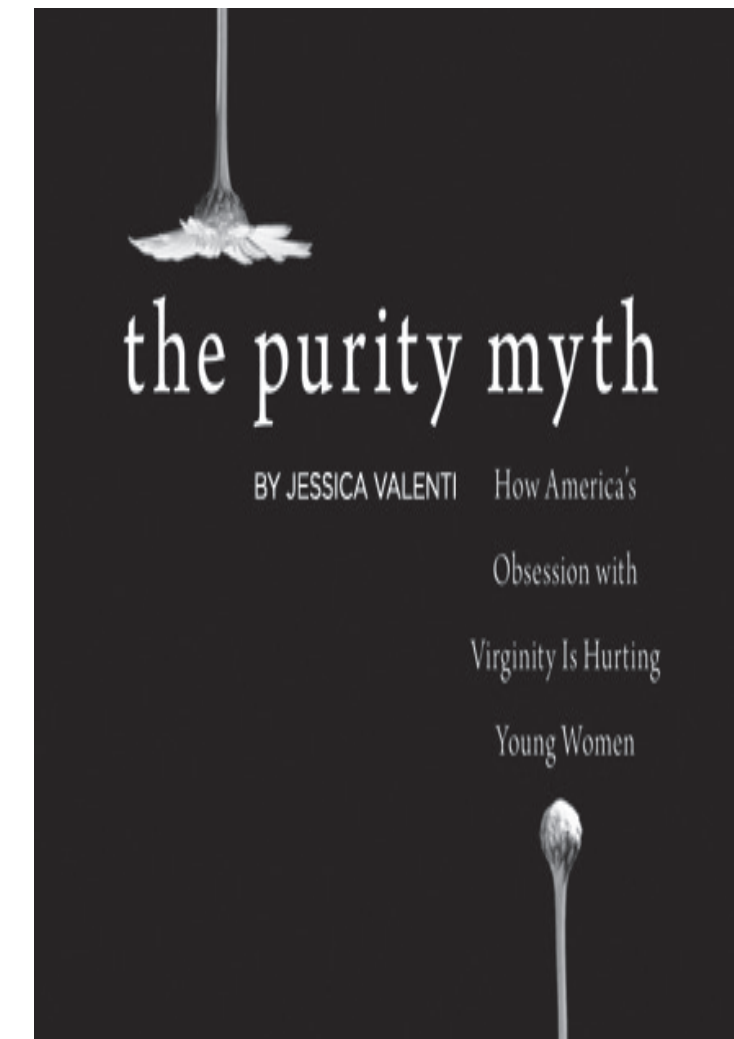
I don't think conservatives have been particularly effective in this, and in a lot of ways I think it's smacked them in the face. John McCain chose Sarah Palin as a running mate thinking

women would be happy to see any woman on the ticket, and a lot of women were insulted by that. I think the Feminists For Life stuff, when you really take them to task, that falls short as well. With all of this talk—"they made the right choice," or "they made the choice for life"—but they had a choice to make! That's the whole point. If they don't have a choice to make, then we're not really talking about that, we're talking about you enforcing pregnancy.

Many people talk about online activism as though it's less legitimate than traditional, sign-toting activism. What do you say to these critics?

I say that they're living in the past. They can feel that that's better for as long as they want, but that's just not what's happening. The movement is changing and it's been changing for a long time, whether it's journalism or activism, it's moving online. That's not to say that doing on-the-ground work isn't important—of course it is—but I think online activism has to inform offline activism and vice versa. We need both, and we need to respect that online activism and stuff like blogging has a much different kind of power. Power that we've never seen before. Twenty years ago if you wanted to be involved in feminism, you had to hope that there was some feminist group in your state; you had to be in New York or DC. For women who didn't have that, it was impossible. We have a lot of readers who don't even know another feminist, but they're able to go online and find a sense of community.

Fordham is a very traditional, conservative school. Our health center does not provide any access to or information on birth control. If you were to explain to Fordham administration why this is harmful to students, what would you say?



I would say that study after study shows that the more information and the more resources you give to young people the more likely they are to be responsible. You can't have students in an institution that you claim you're going to treat as responsible adults and act as if you respect them and then not give them all the choices they need. Then you're not treating them like adults, you're treating them like children.

A group of young women at Fordham are attempting to start a sexual assault response team. What do you see as the best ways for young women to begin to combat rape culture in a campus environment, where rape apologism and victim blaming can be pervasive?

I think it's really difficult and you have to come at it from a number of different angles. You have to come at it from what's going on in the administration that you can change. Is there a policy about this sort of thing? Then there's the culture aspect of it, which of course is much more difficult. I think doing a lot of outreach and raising awareness can make a difference. Having campaigns about drinking and sexual assault, having campaigns about what victim blaming is, and just getting people talking is a good start.

Outside of your own books, if you had to recommend three books that every college aged woman must read, what would they be?

Such a good question! bell hooks' *Feminism is for Everybody*, Julia Serano's *Whipping Girl*, and... what would my last one be? Anything by Patricia Hill Collins.

Who is your feminist hero?

I have a lot of personal feminist heroes, feminists in my life, feminists I blog with, the people I know online and offline, and my mother, but in terms of "notable feminists," I respect bell hooks the most because of how well she's able to take really complicated ideas about justice and make them so accessible to people.

Lastly, we're all huge fans of your books. Are you working on any new projects?

Yeah, well... I don't know if I should say this! I'm thinking a lot about movement politics, and the feminist movement in general. Is the stuff that's going on right now part of a new wave or is it something different? So I'm thinking a lot about that and considering doing something on it, but this is also the first time in four years that I haven't been writing a book, so maybe I should take some time off. But yeah, I'm sure I'll put in a book proposal in like a month.

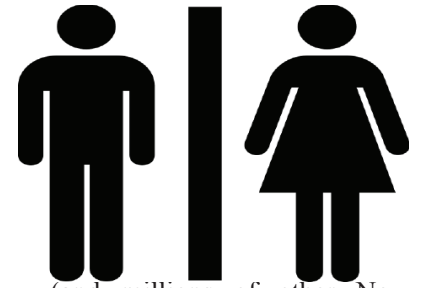
If you would like to learn more about feminism, Fordham's Women's Empowerment Committee meets every Monday at 6PM on the second floor of McGinley.





PEE - COUNTER - PEE

TWO EDITORS LET LOOSE THEIR THOUGHTS ON PUBLIC RESTROOMS



*The World Is My Urinal,
And I Shall Treat It As
Such*

by Sean Kelly
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

Mankind has been urinating outside for as long as mankind has been urinating. Before toilets, before any awareness of sanitation or communicable disease, and before unity with nature was eclipsed by social taboos, human beings emptied their bladders unto the earth and bequeathed their waste onto the ground as an artist applies paint to a canvas; freely and without inhibition or shame. We took from our eternal mother water, kept it for as long as we needed it, and returned it to her to be used again by the plants that sprouted and the beasts that crawled upon the Earth. All was in balance, and all was good.

Sadly, in the modern day, this delicate and beautiful balance has been upset by the rules and standards that the human race has arbitrarily imposed upon itself. Like Adam and Eve learning for the first time that they were naked, mankind, at some point in its infancy, began to see their excretory process as shameful, and the liberating experience of setting one's pent up urine free into the wild was regulated to increasingly advanced and glorified clay pots. The balance was disrupted. Man fell into chaos.

Though the noble tradition of public urination has atrophied significantly in polite society, there nonetheless remains one final enclave where people

can still enjoy the freedom of a bygone age without sacrificing the amenities of civilized life. I am speaking, of course, of New York City. Public urination has long been an integral component of urban life here in New York, from its humble beginnings in lower Manhattan to the present day. Ever resourceful and tenacious, New Yorkers learn to use their unique urban landscape to their advantage when it comes time to relieve themselves. With dogged determination and a wisdom ingrained in their DNA since the beginnings of human kind, the residents of New York urinate as urination was meant to be experienced: outside.

So, how is it that the resi-

absence of public restrooms. Though nearly all other major metropolitan centers the whole world over have abandoned our collective heritage as outdoor urinating organisms through the imposing of designated public areas to relieve oneself upon its citizens, New York remains resolute and steadfast in its commitment to allow its residents the natural and inalienable freedom that their ancestors enjoyed.

If public restrooms were to be installed throughout the city of New York, the city would be doing a great disservice to its citizens, and would stifle and choke the growth of the resourcefulness and ability to adapt that so often characterizes

*Public Toilets =
Public Good*

by Elena Lightbourn
CHIEF COPY EDITOR

You're out in Manhattan shopping, eating, participating in illegal activities, etc. and everything is fine and dandy until, after a while, you suddenly realize that -fuck! - you really have to pee. You curse your coffee-drinking self and try to devise a plan for the finding and usage of the available restrooms nearest to yourself. Is there a McDonald's in the vicinity? Perhaps a Starbucks? Are they going to be bitchy and keep the restrooms locked so that you have to buy food or a drink that you don't even need and then

awkwardly ask for a key, or are you going to have a lucky strike and find an unlocked, relatively clean privy in which to find urinary relief? Hopefully so, because otherwise you will have to tolerate the entire subway or Ram Van back to

campus in utter misery, all the while suffering a seemingly exponential increase in your urge to take a piss.

More likely than not, you

(and millions of other New Yorkers) have experienced a similar situation. New York City's lack of public restrooms has become so accepted that most have simply learned to cope with the problem, but is it really so much to ask that we be provided with reliable places in which to satisfy an essential function of the human urinary system (sometimes accompanied by that of the digestive system as well)? According to the American Restroom Association, "Singapore is a 650 sq km piece of land. It has 29,500 public toilets. New York City, with a land area of 831 sq km, has 1178 public toilets." THIS IS RIDICULOUS, PEOPLE!

I am perfectly aware that if New York City were to decide to alleviate the problem, we'd have to pay to use the restrooms, but so many other cities already do this and, most importantly, it would be completely worth it. Some people might enjoy peeing on the street but it's not as if this option would disappear. Sadly, efforts to create an effective system of public toilets in New York seem to be at a standstill. The website of The Privy Council, a group pushing the cause, appears to have been abandoned, and a decent public restroom, the Charmin restroom in Times Square, is considered a tourist attraction. Not to worry - in the meantime, several websites exist for the sole purpose of pointing us to public restrooms in New York and other cities. Here are two: NYRestroom.com and thebathroomdiaries.com. Use them well.



dents of this city are able to preserve such a proud tradition while the rest of the civilized world seems to be relegating it to the dusty annals of history? The answer, dear reader, is the

those who reside here. Without the freedom to urinate publicly, New York would regress into the stifling urinary oppression that it has so ardently tried to avoid.

Interested in writing for us?

DON'T BE SHY, GUY!

Come to our meetings every Tuesday at 8 pm in the Ramskeller!*

***Chimpanzee presence not guaranteed**

Aiiir - Baaaall!

One Man's View On Fordham Basketball and School Spirit

by Eamon Stewart
STAFF UN-CHEERLEADER

Jared Grasso really wants me to know about Fordham basketball. He wants me to know that we have a team full of young talent. He wants me to know about how hard the team is working right now. He wants me to know about how close we are to winning a lot of these games. I have no problem with any of this, and frankly I believe him. I don't have any reason to doubt that he's working his ass off to make sure his players are working their asses off. This is a man who is basically trying out for a head coaching job, either here or elsewhere. There's quite a bit riding on what he does right now, and he expects the best out of himself and his team. Fine, that's what any good coach aims for. But here's where I have to draw the line; the man wants me to care about our team.

This I cannot do. I can't



do this for a very basic reason; this team sucks. And this isn't a team that sucks because all of the players do. If that was the case, we wouldn't have paced a lot of the teams throughout the first half in games we eventually get blown out by. I was at the IZOD Center when we played Villanova, and I was ecstatic at halftime, when, although we were losing, we were still in the game to a far greater extent than I expected. And then the second half happened and, realizing that I was wearing a Fordham Athletics T-Shirt, I regretted not bringing a paper bag.

So it's "almost" that Coach Grasso is telling us. We almost beat those guys, we almost had a chance against them, we almost don't completely suck ass. Makes sense; when you're 2-22 and trying to stay positive I guess almost is really all you have. And it's probably better that he's demonstrating some active enthusiasm in being a head coach, which is more than could be said for his predecessor. But it gets to a point that when you keep losing games by being Jekyll and Hyde from half to half you wonder what it is that you're doing; why you can't make effective adjustments that every other coach seems to be able to do; why your players all of the sudden tune out and go deaf. Or why your players, despite having access to an exclusive gym on campus and trainers, seem to be so

poorly conditioned compared to schools they're playing.

Coach Grasso has to have wondered this kind of stuff. If not, he'd probably be working the high school circuit. But part of inspiring interest from your school is some level of honesty, and you won't be getting a significant amount of interest when all you can deliver is almost.

And patience. Great teams aren't built overnight, but there's something strange when a college that plays in the basketball Mecca of the world can't field a team that is even competitive in its own conference (which, mind you, isn't a particularly great one). The demands aren't much. No one is expecting Fordham to become Georgetown or Villanova, but we should have the resources and the ability to beat the Maines and Dayton's of the NCAA. We shouldn't be constantly being told patience, that we're almost there, that we can turn it around, that a winning percentage around .100 is tolerable because we're gonna be better in a little while (because it's pretty god damn hard to sustain .100 level crappiness). Patience would be tolerable if we could win more than two games out of every twelve, but when we're this bad and that's what we're being fed it can't be expected to go down easy.

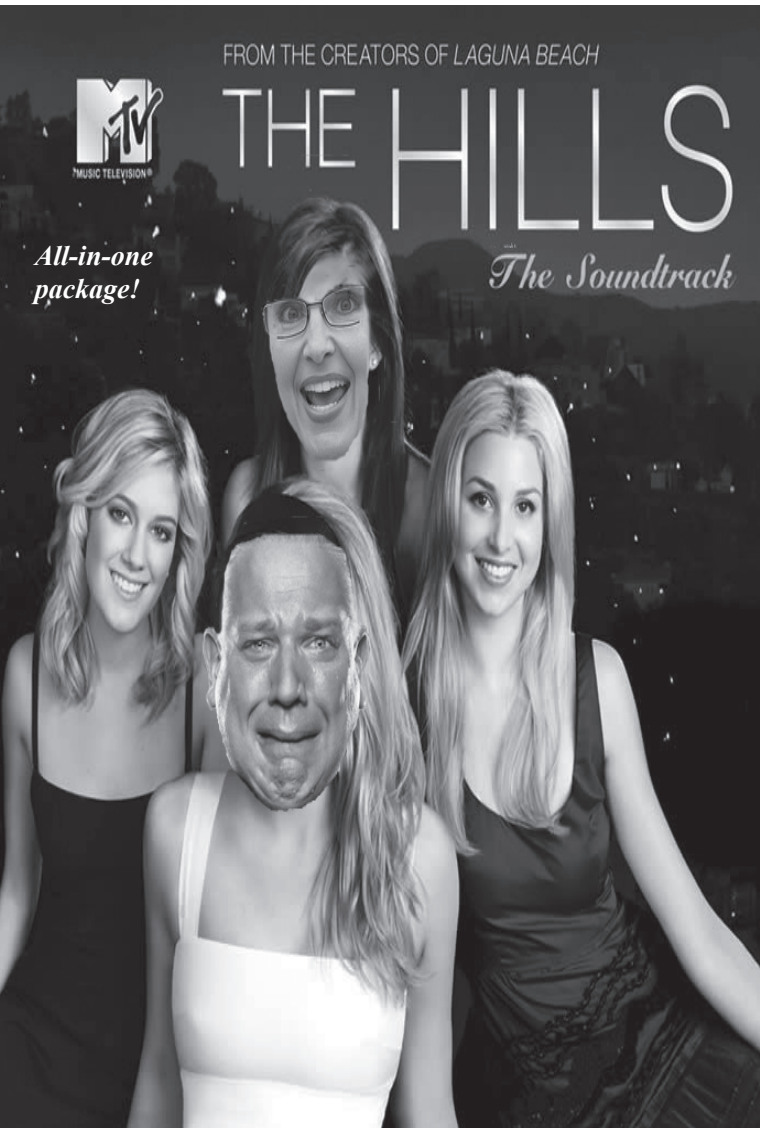
And not all of this is Grasso's fault. The issue of resources can't be put on him. The recent news that the Board of Trustees has approved a bump in funding that will take Fordham out of the A10 spending cellar is obviously great news, but it says something to the Athletics administration that the only way they take notice to a need for change is when they are this fucking bad. Pumping money in the basketball program makes sense only on the condition that it does so at the expense of our football team, which is basically a fire pit that the school maintains year round using hundred dollar bills (and builds hype for John Skelton, who will soon be plying his trade as a third-string quarterback on an NFL roster near you). If the school wishes to be genuine about basketball, which it really should because a budget for a basketball team still won't near one for a football team, they will pull more of the money out of the football fire pit and into the basketball team. If that kind of commitment will be made, it will show that the athletics brass, and the coaches, and the school administration care. And maybe then I'll care too.

by Emily Tuttle
STAFF FAIR AND BALANCED

I have a problem. I am addicted to horrible, horrible entertainment. This addiction has plagued me for years. It first reared its ugly head in the form of celebrity stalking. I've read Perez loyally since my junior year of high school—for Halloween senior year my friends and I even dressed as Perez and his 'celebrities' (I was Ashley Olsen, latte, smirk, fake fur coat and all). I read many blogs daily, gaining valuable skills such as deciphering entire blocks of upper case text THANKS TO THE GENIUS THAT IS KANYE WEST. I got a Twitter last April for the sole purpose of harassing celebrities, tweeting even the basest of Z-Listers in hope of a brief @reply. Reality TV holds me spellbound, captivated by the wild exploits of the newest members of the *Real World* cast or the mesmerizing train wrecks on *Celebrity Rehab*. No tabloid is too wild, no claim too unfounded, no picture too Photoshopped. I revel in fame seekers, willing to do just about anything to get the attention for which they've been fiending. I am here to give them that attention. While I am reasonably well-educated, well-raised, and well...normal (?), I can't avert my gaze from the sensationalist drivel that burrows its way into my brain.

All things considered then, it's actually fairly unsurprising how hard I fell for my next addiction: Fox News Channel. Sure, I'm a self-proclaimed socialist-leaning liberal. But addictions don't really make sense, now do they? My stalkerazzi phase was surely not in keeping with my views as a feminist. Although I would never explicitly support the exploitation or objectification of women that is so often the result of the media's desire to increase sales, it could be argued that I participate in these injustices merely by reading the blogs and crappy magazines. I often find myself aghast at the lengths people will go to gain an audience and make a profit, only to greedily flip through the pages of the newest *People Magazine*. Evidently shiny things overwhelm any sense of morality I try to claim.

So I found myself watching hours upon hours of Fox News. My classes are generally over by 12:20, leaving plenty of time for naps which I used to consider the only benefit of having a hellish wake up time. But now my eyes are opened. What is sleep when you can watch the best entertainment on television? No washed-up celebrity can compare to the antics of Glenn Beck, no scandalous headline to



Bill O'Reilly's nonsense. The network's motto, "Fair and Balanced," is pure comedy in and of itself.

Evidently some don't see the humor. I had to do a double take when I saw the headline "Fox News Finishes Week #1 in All of Primetime Cable." Really? I know this many people couldn't be watching it for chuckles, there's no way that there were others like me, right? But the headline turned out to be shockingly true. Fox News had an average of 3.2 million viewers during primetime from January 18th-24th. To put that in perspective, CNN, the second-highest ranking cable news show, only came in at the 22nd spot with less than 1 million average viewers. MSNBC lagged even further behind in 25th place. AKA Fox News kicked their ass.

Now, I'm not claiming that either CNN or MSNBC is "Fair and Balanced." While my political views (and my girl-crush) find a stronghold in Rachel Maddow, I recognize that MSNBC also employs many questionable strategies to gain a larger audience. Keith Olbermann is a particularly outrageous example, using sweeping graphics as well as intimidating and sometimes just plain demeaning language. But there seems to be a degree of viciousness, fact distortion, and fear-mongering that occurs on Fox News Channel more than any other. Take it from an avid viewer.

But I'm also an atypical viewer in that I take everything said on any television news program with a grain of salt. If I'm intrigued by a story, I immediately get on my computer and

do more research. Admittedly that often includes turning to liberal strongholds such as the Huffington Post or, God forbid, *The New York Times*, but I refuse to take the story at face value—whether it's on Fox News or MSNBC. Yet an article from Politico stated just a couple of weeks ago, that according to a Public Policy Polling survey of over a thousand registered voters, Fox News is the most trusted news channel in the country. 49% of those polled trust information from Fox News—over 10% more than any other news network. Now, this is obviously a relatively small (though supposedly representative) portion of the population, and the word 'trust' doesn't necessarily imply 'blind faith'. But trust tends to foster laziness—an inclination to believe a source without questioning its neutrality or digging for more information—which is a pretty scary characteristic in a voter.

There is no such thing as a neutral news program or complete neutrality in reporting at all. The best we can do is to expand our sources, analyzing multiple viewpoints and eventually reaching a conclusion that is vaguely our own. So, I choose to treat all cable news shows as entertainment. Sean Hannity is now my Spencer Pratt, Megyn Kelly my Heidi Montag. At times I truly confuse Dr. Drew and Keith Olbermann—the resemblance is actually quite striking. At the very least I can be reassured that there will always be something shocking, disturbing, and entertaining on TV.



TAVI: TRENDY TOT!

13 YEAR OLD CHICAGO RESIDENT OUT-STYLES YOU...

AND JUST ABOUT EVERYONE ELSE TOO

by **Mickie Meinhardt**
ARTS CO-EDITOR

I was 15 when I picked up my first *Vogue*, mostly because I thought it was cool and it gave me a false sense of superiority. In hindsight, great spontaneous decision, although when I first started reading it I took everything literally. Belts went on top of everything, I wore wedged flip-flops and lime green eye-shadow... I was a train wreck for about 2 years, but I didn't give a fuck, I was *fashionable*, everyone else was just *jealous* they weren't as *brave* as I was.

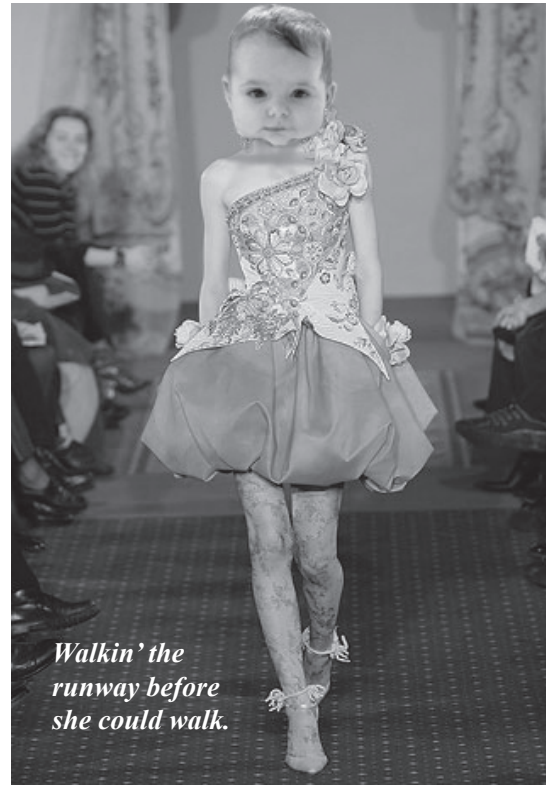
Thankfully, the five years since have yielded a marked improvement, though I still don't think of myself as an expert in the least: that's why I avidly read magazines and blogs, why I follow certain critics – I trust their prior knowledge. Makes sense, right? So doesn't it seem strange to hear that the newest face in fashion criticism, the one everyone is watching and Tweeting and clamoring to collaborate with, is a 13 year old girl? Yeah, it does.

Tavi Gevinson, author of the popular blog *Style Rookie*, is a tweenie Chicago native who channels *Daria*, loves *Freaks and Geeks*, and owns multiple Doc Martens... could have been any of us in 8th grade. Also she has been sitting front row at the top shows for two seasons, chats up Anna Wintour, penned a column for *Harper's Bazaar*, helped to orchestrate and pro-

mote the Rodarte for Target collection... definitely none of us in the 8th grade. She's witty in that precocious, overuse-of-hyperbole way and without a doubt has one of the greatest personal styles I've seen (prepubescent-colored glasses can offer surprisingly insightful creations). However, youthful innovation only extends so far into the professional world; that is, it should only extend so far into the professional world. Currently, Tavi has been shuttled to most of New York Fashion Week (now ongoing), not only to view the runway presentations but also to venture backstage to interview industry insiders two, three, four times her age. She may be ahead of her peers, but to many critics and fashion fans, this rests uneasily; since when has it been a practice for adults, successful in their own right from years of working up the ladder, to consider a girl who doesn't remember celebrating the new millennium a contemporary? And is it moral to let a girl barely out of childhood into this fierce and not-so-holistic industry?

No one in their right minds should have taken fashion advice from me when I was 15 or 16; I may have been reading voraciously, but that didn't mean I knew style or could offer anything insightful (or dress myself). Regurgitation was my BFF – if I saw it on a spread or a runway, I translated it immediately and condescendingly.

I didn't have the experience of watching minor trends change from year to year, nor did I have the span of years to see a shift in larger stylistic movements. With the advent of the fashion blog as a major industry media, many have expressed concern



Walkin' the runway before she could walk.

recent interview on *Style.com* (*Vogue's* website), saying,

"Right now we have a lot of people who are coming at it from left field, and they can have some really wonderful insights into fashion and they can see it from their generation, which is fantastic, and they can be quite funny about it, too. But then there's also just the question of the knowledge about it, the span of time, so you can make judgments and conclusions that reflect the sense of history..."

Horyn has been a critic for twenty years. Unlike Tavi or the other new faces (myself included), she's seen the rise of Marc, the fall of the supermodel, the perpetuity of

Alaia and Karl. She's witnessed the large shifts, from 90s minimalism to early naughties oversex and the return to sartorialism, and can now discuss them with authority of having *been there*, whereas the younger set has only read about them. True, fashion is a young business and not everyone has been there for everything – it's not like Horyn

was around to see Twiggy photographed by Richard Avedon – yet until now that hasn't been an issue because newcomers paid their dues.

I look at myself at age 16 and am mainly struck with an overwhelming desire to slap myself. And burn my clothes. I was a cocky little shit and I looked absolutely ridiculous, but you couldn't have told me otherwise. Which, in many respects, is a good thing; keep the courage but have the sense to know what just doesn't work (is that... is that maturity?). I am in no way condemning Tavi, actually I think she's really fantastic: her audacity and eccentricity are admirable and the blog is a intuitive exercise to self-exploration and expression. But just because I like her style doesn't mean I think she should step into the limelight and out of school quite yet. Allowing her backstage in one of the most adult industries around, an industry that frequently exploits young women and sees the body as a salable object, seems off, almost wrong. Tavi is smart and with an absolutely uncanny ability, but since when does a prodigy become a professional overnight? She has a long way to go; give her another 5 years for puberty and a high school diploma to kick in and she could certainly make a career of fashion.

A Critique of Pure Critiquing

Immanuel Kant Gets Deontologically Dissed

by **Sarah Madges**
EARWAX EDITOR
and
Kaitlin Campbell
ARTS CO-EDITOR

Dear Kant,

It has become imperative that we categorize you as an ignoramus. We have a critique of your *Critique of Pure Reason* (should I say treason?). That is, it is false. You go on and on about your synthetic a priori truths, boasting that geometry and Newtonian physics establish their validity. Have you ever written an English paper? You need more supporting arguments than that. "The forms of possible objective judgment are endowed with their objectivity by virtue of their inherent a priori concepts"—nope. You say that the "the science of metaphysics must not attempt to reach beyond the limits of possible experiences but must discuss only those limits?" Well, let's discuss these limits. Talk to

the hand, Kant, cause the brain ain't ever gon' be able to hear it. Or see it, or touch it, or smell it, or taste it – or base any sort of foundational truth upon [a priori Knowledge] it.

Your twelve pure concepts of understanding which come to us from "the spontaneous activity of the understanding" do not make a baker's dozen – you're missing One Big Pure Concept that us mere "thinking human beings" will never understand, because we'll never understand what One means. Your a priori bullshit says that one event regularly succeeds another without necessarily causing it. Last Sunday, our a posteriori observation proved the necessity of causality. Last Sunday, we saw with our eyes, the "1" key on our typewriter break. And that's when we realized you can never know what "one" means because it is always caused by "two."

Let us explain. Look around: what can you see that cannot be divided into two parts? If you

stuck around longer, shootin' the shit about "duty," you would have seen physicians split the atom. You would see that the little balls of matter that make up our copy of *The Critique of Pure Reason* are made up of their own tiny divided parts. You'd be fucked. But even to conceive of "one," whether or not you know about protons and neutrons, is impossible – we think in dualities. We know bad because there is good, hot because of cold, left because of right, right because of wrong. We know a middle way because we know what it is in between. We define apathy as in between love and hate.

Right smack dab at the top of the list of your "pure concepts of understanding," as a "Category of Quantity," you put next to a little bullet-point: "Unity." But we can't conceive of "unity," until we understand "division."

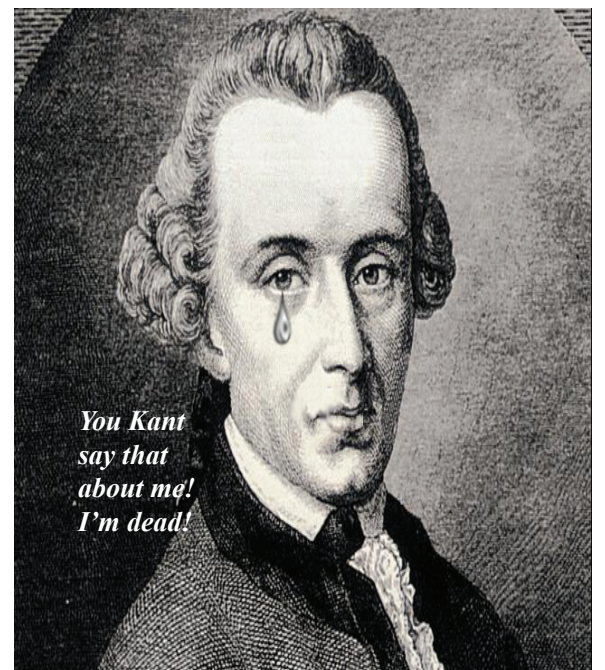
In scripting this letter, we thought, "We could either take the high road, and debate Kant

on his points, or we could take the low road." We took the low road. You ruined our day, Kant, and that was *wrong* of you, and you should have admitted that 206 years ago, before they buried you in the ground. You should have admitted that before *Groundwork* was put in all of our college curricula. And we hope, that as we conclude this testament to our now ever-present metaphysical crises, that all of the people who visit your grave went there out of personal inclination and not by duty or rationale. We hope that one of them brought a dog, and we

hope that dog is making a big fat doodee on top of where your face decomposes.

From two emotionally-inclined and irrational students living amidst the crisis of post-modernity,

Kaitlin and Sarah



You Kant say that about me! I'm dead!

Michelle Obama's War on Fatties

by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

This past week I consumed three caramel lattes, seven pieces of cake, one large canoli, four oatmeal cream pie cookies, several dozen handfuls of candy, three pieces of pizza, eight servings of alcohol, three gingerbread cookies, and ten munchkins. Thanks to my hedonism, I also got about an hour of cardio, but that was purely incidental. Otherwise, I remain sinfully slothful. All of these factors, combined with my mom's grade-A genes, have resulted in my cholesterol being in the 240 range-- perfect if you're a 40-year-old man, but not so great for a 20-year-old woman. Still, until my insanely high metabolism shuts down on midnight of May 1, 2019 and I turn back into a pumpkin, I will continue to be the picture of health. Being a mere 115 pounds, you see, means that I am in awesome shape-- at least according to Michelle Obama.

On February 9th the first lady launched the public health campaign "Let's Move" to fight the 'epidemic' of childhood obesity. That's right, she's not fighting high cholesterol or heart disease; she's fighting

fat. Obama is just the latest in a long line of folks to conflate health with weight, obesity with a lack of self-control and skinniness with superiority. She's like every playground bully since the dawn of time, except she has a terrifying amount of power. Instead of using it to tear down medical myths about fat and health, she's using it to reinforce thin privilege. She's also shielding herself and the American public from the realities of poverty and disability.

Yes, this is more than just a framing issue; Obama's public health program wouldn't be all well and good if she simply said it was about improving the health of children of all sizes. The suggestions for how to reduce childhood obesity are riddled with classism and ableism. She tries, for example, to acknowledge the connection between poverty and obesity, but hardcore fails in assuming that the problem lies in ignorance. Poor people aren't dumb; they know that it's better to eat carrots than cheeseburgers. The problem is that *they can't afford to do so*. Instead of putting a shitload of money into public education, why don't we, say, stop subsidizing corn and start subsidizing spinach and apples

and other fruits and veggies that aren't made into high-fructose syrup? Similarly, it's nice that Obama acknowledges the dearth of produce in inner cities, but bringing in supermarkets doesn't mean people will be able to afford to shop at them.

Advocating an hour of "active play" every day is also a nice idea that's dumb as bricks.

The working poor often can't afford to spend time playing with their kids, and children who live in impoverished urban areas frequently don't have any safe place in which to play. Also, we're assuming that every kid is physically able to play. What does 'active play' mean for someone who is physically disabled? There are plenty of families who can't afford the kind of regular physical therapy that many disabled kids require. Once again, we find that the real solution lies in the alloca-

tion of government money. If America had state-run childcare and fucking universal healthcare, then the poor and disabled would be in a much better, healthier place.

It seems like what Michelle Obama really needs to do right now is talk to her husband. I imagine the conversation going something like this:

"Hey, Honey."

"Oh, hi Michelle."

"You know my whole anti-childhood obesity campaign?"

"Sure."

"Well, I just realized that I'm totally going about it the wrong way. What actually needs to happen is that you start standing up for the fucking principles of the Democratic Party and provide assistance to the underpriv-

ileged members of our society so that they can *afford* to be healthy."

"I, uh--"

"And I will not let you sleep until you do, you Sonofabitch. In the meantime, I'm going to go fight for size acceptance."

"I have *got* to get her to stop reading *the paper*."

Yeah, that sounds about right. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go drown my existential despair in chocolate.



THE REAL ROTC THE ULTIMATE WEEKEND WARRIORS

by Chris Gramuglia
STAFF TANK

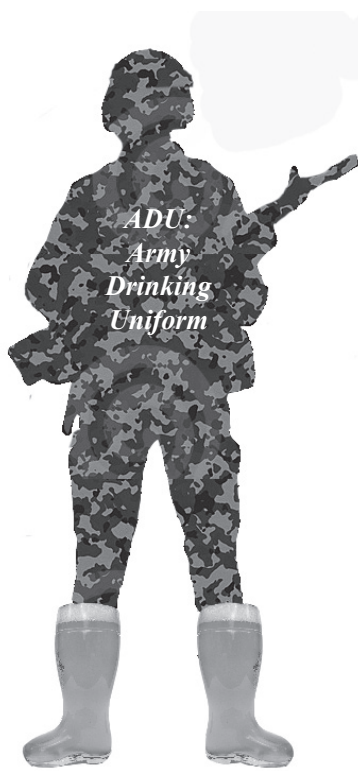
When my junior year at Fordham began, I'll admit I was a little hesitant about the living arrangements I had made during the previous spring. As a result of the (ahem) wonderfully organized system that is the Fordham Housing Lottery, myself and five others were issued a spot in one of the off-campus apartment-style dorms. Four out of my five roommates are members of the ROTC program, and upon first moving in I suspected that my academic year would be full of waking up at 5 a.m., speaking in three letter acronyms, endless amounts of push-ups and two hour runs, ruck marches and, of course, portable pre-packaged meals known as MRE'S (Meal Ready to Eat). Boy, did I need to unfuck myself.

Despite the fact that most of the things I mentioned are indeed parts of ROTC life, they are actually small details in a much, much larger picture. What I'm simply saying is that never before in my life have I seen a group of crazier bastards who know the true meaning of what it is to have a good time. ROTC is really more of a small community than it is program

in which people get to "play military" a few times a week in preparation for the real thing. When these guys and girls aren't writing op-orders or strutting around in their perfectly pressed khakis and ACU'S (Army Combat Uniform), they are most certainly partying--and probably doing so much harder than you. It's always easy to know when they've been given their monthly stipend too, because Tiger Mart's beer freezer is usually cleaned out within the same hour in which they've been paid.

I distinctly remember one night in which upwards of twenty "select" ROTC community patrons decided that our apartment was a suitable venue for their weekend antics. The night itself was rich with genuine camaraderie, laughter, food, drink, and just the right amount of debauchery. I should also mention that much of the food wound up on the ceiling and floor of my living room, and there were several cranium sized holes made in the walls--all with corresponding signatures written in black Sharpie, of course. Oh and some broken glass on the floor. Waking up that morning, I couldn't help but laugh as I acknowl-

edged the carnage through my sleepy, deeply hung-over eyes. I'll never forget thinking to myself, as I scraped dry spaghetti off of my walls, "*these kids are completely insane...and I love it.*"



Also, I would be doing a disservice to a majority of the members both Navy and Army ROTC if I didn't credit them with the incredible ability to literally "put it away" when

it comes to beer. At a muscular two-hundred and twenty pounds, I considered myself to be a bit of a - for lack of a better word - tank. This, I learned on one sloppy night during the first semester, was simply false. My roommates and I were, dare I say, lucky enough to own a thirty six ounce glass boot made exclusively for the chugging of beer, and were making use of said boot early one Friday evening. "Das boot!" They cried with delight as I slugged down the golden liquid as fast as my stomach would allow.

"Twenty two seconds." I managed to say as I slammed the boot down on the table, feeling particularly manly, given my recent accomplishment. It wasn't until a senior member of Army ROTC, who, for the purpose of privacy shall remain anonymous, began filling the boot up again that I knew my house record was about to be crushed. I watched in awe as the beer began literally disappearing, gulp-by-gulp, before my eyes. "Seventeen." He belched with a smile--thirty six ounces of beer, in seventeen seconds. No one has broken the record since.

All this being said, I have to say that as a civilian who was

thrown head-first into the ROTC community, I have developed a respect and an admiration for the members of it. This is simply because they've all chosen to take part in an honorable, not to mention incredibly demanding lifestyle in order to serve their country, and somehow come out the other end without taking themselves too seriously. None of us will ever know what its like to have to wake up at five a.m. three days a week to do push-ups, sit-ups and a whole host of other "ups" that probably make the average person puke on their own feet. We won't ever be able to conceptualize what its like to spend nearly an entire summer on a Naval aircraft carrier that brings us to parts of the world we didn't even know existed, nor will we ever know what its like to have to go on an FTX(Field Training Exercise) in the woods when it literally rains the entire weekend. These guys and girls do know what this stuff is like, and despite all those major and minor pains in the ass that they deal with as a result, they still manage to stay grounded in a way that makes me glad that they will be protecting our country in the future.

arts

Scorsese Breathes Hitchcock

Shutter Island evokes unsettling cinema nostalgia

by Alex Gibbons
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

A few years ago, Martin Scorsese directed an elaborate commercial for a Spanish champagne company called Friexnet. The premise of the commercial, which is really a short film, is that Scorsese's film preservation company comes across three pages of an incomplete, un-produced Alfred Hitchcock screenplay called "The Key to Reserva." It's spun to look like a documentary, but the plot is completely fabricated to set up what takes up the second half of the short: a Hitchcock script produced and directed by Scorsese. For three minutes, Scorsese bombards viewers with Hitchcock reference after Hitchcock reference -- a sensory overload for cinephiles. For anyone who hasn't seen this little gem before, it is highly recommended. The short can easily be found in full on the Friexnet website through a simple google search for "Key to Reserva."

Shutter Island is Scorsese's last feature film since 2006's *The Departed* (not counting his 2008 documentary *Shine a Light*). It is his fourth film with Leonardo DiCaprio and his second film set in or around Boston, Massachusetts. If *Key to Reserva* is Scorsese's short tribute to Hitchcock's style, *Shutter Island* is a much longer tribute to the spirit of Hitchcock.

The film (which I really should mention is based off of Dennis Lehane's 2003 novel by the same name) takes place in 1954 and is set entirely on Shutter Island, a fictional land mass eleven miles from Boston Harbor. The island is a huge and deadly expanse peppered by jagged cliffs. The abandoned buildings spread randomly throughout the island as well

as an old civil war fortress that doubles as a cell block all add a ghostly appeal to the place. *Shutter Island* is home to Ashecliffe Hospital, a mental hospital for the criminally insane. U.S Marshals Teddy Daniels (Leonardo DiCaprio) and Chuck Aule (Mark Ruffalo) arrive at Shutter Island to investigate a violent prisoner's escape from this hospital.

Once on the island, Daniels and Aule encounter the hospital's correctional officers, headed by Deputy Warden McPherson (John Carroll Lynch, a favorite character-actor of mine). The initial meeting establishes a tension between the two Marshals and every other human being on the island -- a place which seems to operate as an autonomous community separate from the United States. Dr. John Cawley (Ben Kingsley, awesome) is the hospital's chief administrator. Jackie Earle Haley, Michelle Williams, and Ted Levine (Buffalo Bill from *Silence of the Lambs*) share supporting roles, all of whom are excellent.

The hospital setting, replete with barbed wire and electrical fences, triggers mental flashbacks of Daniels' WWII tour. Images of mental patients

shuffling about Ashecliffe are juxtaposed with eerie images of the Dachau concentration in

Dachau develops into his distrust of Psychology (a tumultuous field in the 1950s), and adds

and a few scenes in particular (one involving stairs, the other a cliff) that are reminiscent of *Vertigo* and *North by Northwest*. But the film was really all about atmosphere. Lighting, on-point musical cues and intoxicating dream scenes all contribute to the heavy sense of paranoia that this film induces. This is the "Hitchcock spirit" I've been talking about: a reliance on mood to create a thick and frightening tension. It is a nice, subtle, and intimate nod of appreciation from one legendary director to another.

The film itself plays out like one long dream. The viewer has no frame of reference; they are dropped into a 1950's period-piece and are shown only the infrastructure of a high-security compound somewhere off the coast of Boston. Fog is everywhere, it rains constantly, and most of the cast playing hospital orderlies, wear blinding white suits. It is very easy to get lost in *Shutter Island*, to forget thinking of it as a period-piece and instead get caught up in its surreal vibes. That being said, this movie is very freaky; a gently-crafted film that does not shock, but instead unsettles. Go see it.


I have to end this review on a small downer note (I herby acknowledge my own pretentious snobbery). I saw this film at the Multiplex Cinemas at Concourse Plaza on 161st. On the D ride home I witnessed a couple buy the pirated copy of *Shutter Island*. Please, please, please do not do this. Watching a pirated movie may be appropriate for movies like *The Book of Eli*, but a film from a director like Scorsese requires theater viewing. I cannot stress this enough. You will lose a great deal of the experience if you watch this on some shitty subway copy.



Germany. Daniels was amongst the American troops who liberated Dachau, and subsequently one of the first Americans's to see the atrocities committed at the camp. The scenes that take place at Dachau (which will not be recounted here) are historically accurate, barring a few minor details. His experience at

a significant element of fright to his stay at Ashecliffe.

As stated before, *Shutter Island* is a tribute to the spirit of Hitchcock. Going into the film, having watched *Key to Reserva* multiple times, I was half-expecting to get beaten over the head with Hitchcock references. There are a few stylistic nods,



HAVE YOU SEEN THIS WATER BOTTLE??

IT WAS LAST LEFT IN KEATHING 1ST AUDITORIUM ON THURSDAY...

...IT'S VERY VERY SPECIAL TO THIS EDITOR...

SO IF YOU FIND IT, BRING IT TO THE PAPER MEETING!
(OR JUST COME ANYWAY)

TUESDAYS AT 8PM IN THE RAMSKELLAR



What: "Naked" Polar Bear Plunge
When: Sat, Feb 27th
Where: PIER 83: W 42nd St at Hudson River
HOWMUCH: Free to participate. Negative dollars donated in your name if you do.
Why: Circle Line Sightseeing Cruises and The Coney Island Polar Bear Club are teaming up to host the second annual "Naked" Polar Bear Cruise (bathing suit required) to benefit the Wildlife Conservation Society. You're urged to seek sponsors who will donate for each minute spent on deck of the frosty ride off Pier 83. There's complimentary hot chocolate! Moshpit for Chocolate.

What: #class Organized by Jennifer Dalton and William Powhida
When: Wed – Sun 2-8 until Mar 20th 2010
Where: 621 West 27th St
HOWMUCH: Free! But bring your creativity
Why: #class will turn Winkelman Gallery into a 'think tank' that will work with guest artists, critics, academics, dealers, collectors and anyone else who would like to participate to examine the way art is made and seen in our culture and to identify and propose alternatives and/or reforms to the current market system. These issues will be approached from three intersecting spheres of artistic practice: 'Think Space', 'Work Space', and 'Market Space'. While thinking is also work, we make the distinction here to separate the labor the organizing artists, Jennifer Dalton and William Powhida, will perform individually from the collaborative and communal dialog that we will facilitate. Basically, you can look at art, bring art, or talk about art with a bunch of other people who just as amped to look, share, and dialogue.

What: *The WordShop* featuring Khary Jackson
When: Tue Mar 2nd from 6 pm
Where: Bowery Poetry Club 308 Bowery between Houston and Bleecker
HOWMUCH: Donations accepted
Why: *The WordShop* is a series of talks on the craft of poetry and is made possible with public funds from The New York State Council on the Arts, a state agency. If you are a poet, a poet who doesn't call herself a poet, a writer, a writer who doesn't call himself a writer, a reader, a reader who hasn't been reading lately or if you just like coffee, magnolia cupcakes and the arrangement of words into pretty sounds – then you'll probably enjoy listening to The People Who Know talk about how to use the Words You Want to Know. Who knows.

What: Steve Hofstetter Live! *Comedy Without Apology*
When: Thur Mar 25th 8 pm
Where: Mt Vernon's Bayou 580 Gramatan Ave
HOWMUCH: \$3 using the promo-code STUDENTTHREE/\$17 for the suckers who don't read the paper.
Why: Steve has been on CBS' Late Late Show, E!'s True Hollywood Story, VH1's Countdown, and ESPN's Quite Frankly, and is best known as the original writer for collegehumor.com. His sponsors sent the paper a super-secret e-mail with a super-secret promotion code for the first 20 students and friends of the paper who buy tickets. What's better than free comedy? Privilege-priced Comedy! Good one, right? You'll probably get more laughs out of Steve...

DJ EARWORM BURROWS DEEP

re-mixing America's unconscious beat by beat

by Will Yates
 STAFF TECHNO JUNG-KY

On vacation this winter break, I relied on my computer as my sole connection to the outside world: bland pages of text on BBC.com were my only way of hearing of the Haitian earthquake disaster and the Tiger Woods scandal and other news stories of equal gravity. But floating around in the field of viral media, I found that one of the more positive and most interesting aspects: the mashup, and corresponding music video, by DJ Earworm entitled "United State of Pop 2009 (Blame it on the Pop)" which rhapsodically strings together the Billboard Top 25 songs of last year into a lively four minutes. I have long been a fan of mashups - DJ Earworm's work specifically - purely for their playful, sneaky qualities that aren't always appreciated until you hear the original songs used in them and realize what a vastly new sound had been created by their recycling. (Like how Girl Talk answers the question: "How good would Eminem sound rapping about sex with strippers over Elton John's soft piano ballad which was featured in a Cameron Crowe film?" with *Night Ripper*.)

DJ Earworm has taken mashup creativity to a whole new level of badass with some staggering skill and probably a lot of time on his hands (he makes one of these a year, so some intense effort has been put in here.) This year's remix features his usual techniques of sampling so heavy and layering so deep to deliver a whole new message with each re-mix. Most traditional mashup artists build new songs by choosing two or more samples whose tempos and melodies are somewhat compatible, such as professional skier-turned-remixer Hathbanger and his infectiously enjoyable "Party and Bullshit in the USA" last year. But Earworm, on the other hand, actually builds whole new sentences in his songs, using lyrics from ten or more different original pieces spliced in the

span of fifteen seconds.

His style is impressive not only because it's difficult but also because it elucidates sociological concepts that are not usually noticed on the first listen. By listening more than once to an Earworm mashup, it occurred to me that by noting the most common words from the 25 most listened-to songs in a certain time period, you gain a pretty clear insight into the country's psyche based on the words which reveal the song-writing motivations behind them. If you buy this theory, then the first minute of "Blame it on the Pop" will reveal that "down" was a word on our minds a lot last year. This is a list of lines most heavily sampled by Earworm. See if you notice a trend:

"When it knocks you down"
 "When you go down..."

Blame it on the pot



"I've been looking down at all see..."
 "Remember those walls I built/ well baby they're tumbling down"
 "I've been driving down this road too long"
 "Every risk I'm taking..."
 "Its like I've been awakened..."
 "It's gonna be ok..."
 "I gotta feeling"
 "Somewhere far along this road he lost his soul"
 "Baby don't worry..."

Seems a little heavier than the typical "let's party" message of pop music, no? Now, let's consider some major events in 2009, at least from an American media-based perspective: the beginning of a worldwide crippling recession, dire geopolitical situations surrounding

two wars, and a slew of horrific natural disasters. Also, the ushering in of a radically divergent political leadership in America that was refreshing to some and terrifying to others. If this still sounds too Jungian to you, I'll offer as a contrast the most sampled lines from DJ Earworm's 2008 mix, "Viva La Pop": "Touch my body/She licked me like a lollipop/I'm still a rock star/I kissed a girl/Shorty got low/Please don't stop the music." Seems like it was business as usual in 2008 for people in the uninspiring-but-danceable pop music factory that populates the Billboard 25.

Obama's message that courage and hope will lead us out of "the dark times" was pretty much the focus of the world news for about nine months. Like it or not, he pretty much is like a world president at this point. Given all this, it doesn't really seem coincidental that Earworm's *masterwerk* basically sends the message "We're in for some very rough times globally, but I know we'll make it out. We've been knocked down, but we'll recover." I'm not saying it's necessarily his message, but if you go chopping up and gluing together the most popular music in the country, you're bound

to find a central message that was on the minds of both the singers and those who chose to listen to their songs. When you consider just how saturated into our minds some of these songs were last year ("Just Dance," "Down," and "Halo" to name a few songs I can sing every word to without ever actually buying or downloading the song myself) it seems like Earworm has effectively stitched together a collective unconscious for 2009, or at least what was one from the minds of Rhianna's and Miley Cyrus' song-writers. The question now is what will Earworm's 2010 opus sound like? What will be the dominant lyrical thread that ties our national consciousness together in eleven months' time?

YOU'RE ALLOWED TO HAVE A GOOD TIME IN QUEENS

The Silent Barn Welcomes You

by Drew Van Deist
STAFF BARN ANIMAL

"Welcome to Queens, barely." This is how The Silent Barn is described on its My Space page. I would normally call The Silent Barn a venue, but Joe Ahearn, who lives there, is quick to correct me. "This is our house and we happen to have shows in it," he says, making it very clear from the get-go that "venue" is an incorrect word to describe their space.

The Silent Barn is in an industrial building on Wyckoff Avenue. There aren't any mar-quees or signs. The only thing to

and a refrigerator and a laundry machine. All of these awesome domestic things - which have since been beaten to shit" Ahearn says.

Previous names for the house came and went with the bands and scenes that followed them. When it was called Club Krib, the house threw dance parties. On the subject of the house's other name, The Raven's Den, Joe said, "The house, I think, took a much darker turn [then]." Intrigued, I urged Joe to elaborate on what exactly he meant by the word "darker" and I didn't get much of a response. Apparently, the house was run

crophone in the coffee pot."

He elaborates, "The cat's buried under guitar tables and there's trash everywhere. You know, and you slept in late because everything went late and you're like 'Ohhh shiit. There's another party tonight.' So, you don't even bother cleaning up."

I guess burying your cat under electrical equipment is just another part of the crazy Rock n' Roll lifestyle at The Silent Barn - that and having Dan Deacon and Deathset destroy the electrical wiring in your basement, listening to noise in your pajamas, and watching Bradford from Deerhunter get a blowjob



*Fill my trough with more PBR!
Please don't stop the music!*

look for is a slightly open door and the sound of live music coming from inside it. The place is extremely intimate -- a sentiment enforced by the fact that you stand in someone's living room while a band plays in the kitchen amidst to all that someone's canned goods. "There's something incredibly different about bringing people into your home rather than [them] all meeting in a different place and you can definitely tell that when you come here," Ahearn says.

Ahearn and three other roommates (most notably Lucas Crane of the band Woods) live and have shows in their house, which situated just over the Bushwick border in Ridgewood, Queens. This location makes The Silent Barn a destination for only for the most adventurous of Brooklyn hipsters.

The house is a commercial space that has been passed down through many waves of bands and their friends. The "non-venue" was originally a fabric sweatshop. The first wave of owners, after the sweatshop closed, made it into an oddly-arranged living space. "They gave us a sink and a kitchen

by a guy named "Crazy Tony," and "the parties were very out of control."

Dark times lead to brighter ones. After Joe and his friends kicked "Crazy Tony" out, they renamed the house The Silent Barn. "I think this is the best wave yet. We do a lot of shows," Joe proclaims. Joe and his roommates were in the middle of a twelve-show run when I spoke with Joe. "I mean, everyone in the house gets to book shows whenever there's a date free, so sometimes it ends up that way."

The house tries to start shows around eight and end them around twelve. This sounds like weak-sauce hours for a rock club, but, in The Silent Barn's case, it makes sense. Joe says: "If it doesn't go too late then you can actually clean up that night. But if [the show] goes until like two a.m. you just collapse and you wake up in the morning and you step out of the room and you step in a puddle of something and you're like 'Oh fuuuck.' Or you go to the kitchen to pour yourself a cup of coffee and there's like a mi-

onstage while he was performing...from his guitarist.

"We try to blur the line between a show and not a show, a stranger and not a stranger, you know -- house and venue as much as possible," said Joe. "I wouldn't mind doing a show every night forever." Hopefully, they can keep the dream alive, but Joe also says that it could end any time. "We live in a house that's unstable. We're not supposed to be making as much noise as we are. We're not supposed to be having as many people over as we are. We're not supposed to be in a commercial space. At any point it could be over. So, we really do things a day at a time."

I wouldn't be worried about the cops shutting it down anytime soon, though. They got some tickets at a show once for a Chateau Cabaret Violation. When Joe Ahearn and his roommates went to court to attest to these violations, the judge just laughed and said, "So, you guys are having a good time in Queens? You're not allowed to have a good time in Queens," and threw the case out.

SHOW LIST



Sometimes there just isn't anything more fun than a down-and-out, jump-around, accidentally-punch-your-friend-in-the-mouth-because-you-had-too-much-Bud Light rock show. We got three of those babies coming up - most notably Titus Andronicus with Japanther which is a FREE show at Rodrigue's Coffeehouse! The rest are charge relatively wallet-friendly ticket prices. Sometimes Manhattan lets us down with shows but this week is not one of those times. Word up homes.

-MM

Who: Surfer Blood, Turbo Fruits, Beach Fossils

When: Sat, Feb 27th

Where: Market Hotel

How Much: tba (less than \$20)

Why: This is a great collection of up-and-coming artists. Surfer Blood is a beach rock band from Florida who throws of the 'Beach Boys' mold with power chords and generally really fucking amped guitar playing. They split their sound, with the intensity going to Turbo Fruits, a super heavy fuck-you band with Ramones-esque voices, and fulfilling the mellower side of surf rock with Beach Fossils, who sound like what their name implies. All three would be worth seeing separately but together is really fantastic - I'll be going if Fordham pays me in time!!

Who: Little Boots

When: Tues, Mar 2nd

Where: Highline Ballroom

How Much: \$17.50

Why: Little Boots is like the British lovechild of Lady Gaga and Britney Spears. She still has the freshness of a breakout artist, with less overt sexuality than her Amazon-woman pop peers; a nice break from the pop-is-synonymous-with-sex that's been characterizing the genre of late. Though a little green around the edges, her vocals are strong and blend seamlessly with her upbeat, urban rave tempos. For \$18, it's basically a live club performance. Go for the pure pop dancing and because likely, one day, her concerts will also cost more than your paycheck.

Who: Japanther

When: Fri, Mar 5th

Where: Rodrigue's Coffeehouse

How Much: FREE!!

Why: Don't let the unknown name fool you - though Japanther hails from Brooklyn, the borough is the only similarity between this Brooklyn punk duo and the uniform noise-rock electronica bands that constantly spew from the Williamsburg womb. Their thick bass and persistent drumbeats are grungy and harken back to dirty garages with beer-drenched moshes (which actually happen frequently during their live shows). Yet they top this industrial-park heaviness with synthesized hip-hop beats, turning grimy into hyphy. Danceable, yeah, but nothing even remotely close to pop, Japanther's one of the sickest underground bands in the area. Plus this show is FREE and ON CAMPUS. Pack the house and we can mosh, heyyy.

Who: Titus Andronicus

When: Sat, Mar 6th

Where: The Bowery Ballroom

How Much: \$15

Why: Titus Andronicus is the name of a) Shakespeare's bloodiest and most fucked up play ever; and b) a kick-ass New Jersey band who spews the same immoral hellfire with powerful, tearing riffs and torturous vocals. Their intense rhythms breathe down like the devil on speed, especially when they cue up a rousing introductory "fuck you" before immediately belting out pure furious energy - there is no gradual climb to the 'high point', as every song is at climax at all times. Their live shows are a tornado in a tool shed, and to pass this up for such a low price awards you a nice pointy duncecap.

BROADWAY OF BROKEN DREAMS

by Lauren Duca
STAFF DOOKIE

It didn't seem possible, but mainstream music just got more annoying. No, there is not a new mash-up of 'Hey There Delilah' and 'Party In The USA'. Green Day the Musical, otherwise known as *American Idiot*, is moving to Broadway. That's right, The Great White Way is being painted black, with nail polish. Billy Joe Armstrong, the band's front man, described the show as "it doesn't make a lot of sense, but that's what I love about it". The production, which ran for 6 weeks at California's Berkley Repertory Theatre, is set to open in Saint James Theatre on National Pot Smoking Day of this year. Appropriately, New York Times theatre critic called the show, "dramatically sketchy."

The plot, which Armstrong described as "not very linear," features a Christ-like figure (think *Jesus of Suburbia*) who moves to the big city and is thrust into the most common archetype of grotesquely popularized main stream music: the conflict between romance, drugs, and existential issues. Perhaps one of the strangest things about

the admittedly flawed storyline is that the musical is based on an album which was intended for a rock opera, which is defined by Webster's as a "musical work that presents a storyline."

Green Day formed in 1987 and made its major label debut with *Dookie* in 1994. The album sold 10 million copies and was followed up with *Insomniac*, *Nimrod*, and *Warning*. Although not as well received as *Dookie*, all three albums were successful. *American Idiot* was released in 2004, and re-popularized the band with our generation, selling over 5 million copies in the US.

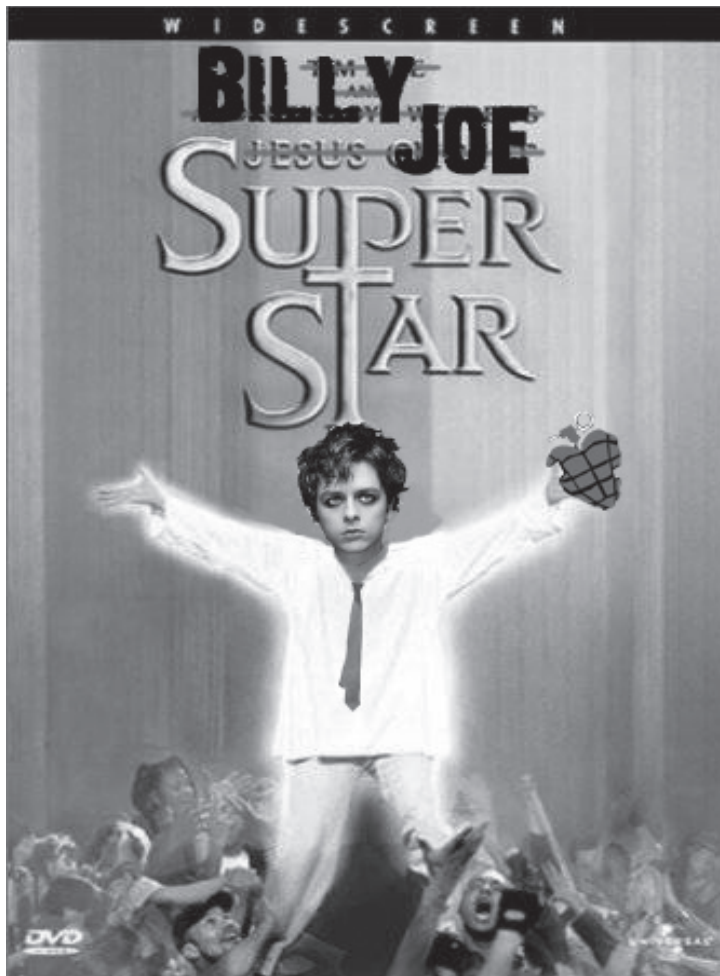
When it first came out, *American Idiot* was compared to The Who's *Tommy*, which also moved to Broadway. Unfortunately for the eyeliner-wearing trio, this should in no way be a predictor of the shows success, as it is similar to comparing apples to much, much better apples. Michael Mayer, who worked on short-lived production *Spring Awakening*, is largely responsible for the production of *American Idiot*. But it seems he is not alone in his attempt to fuse popularized rock with the stage; U2, a band that came to Fordham one time, is

busy writing the music for a *Spider-Man* stage play and Michael Jackson's *Thriller* is also being

to make it more fitting for Green Day's fan base. They proposed removing 100 of the James The-

atre seats, to make room for a mosh pit, and placing baskets filled with black eye shadow in both Women's and Men's bathrooms. Playbills come complete with intellectual political page inserts that say things like, "George Bush sucks a lot!" And vending machines lining the halls are filled with belt studs, black t-shirt, and hair dye in two colors, jet black and bleach blonde. Sharp objects have been removed from the building. Not really. (But they should be).

I guess the question now is, what's next? *Metallica* on ice? *Poker Face*, the opera? *Shrek*, the musical? Oh wait, tha's already a thing. Theatre had already started a downward spiral, not unlike the rapid ditching of dignity begun by Britney Spears circa 2004. The quality of classics like *The Phantom of The Opera* and *42nd Street* are being quickly buried under revivals of shows, like *Grease*, and travesties of the stage, like *Legally Blonde*. Let's face it, theatre is business and shows are created with the consumer in mind. So what do these transvestite shadows of theatrical quality say about us? That we're stupid and drawn to what should only be guilty pleasure? Yeah, actually, that's about it. Cheers to you, American idiots.



equipped with Broadway plans. The production crew considered altering the theatre in order

atre seats, to make room for a mosh pit, and placing baskets filled with black eye shadow in

Very Big Message from a Very Small Island "We are the World" a Global Hit - and How?

by Aly Kravitz
STAFF MOVED

A little boy waves from his perch atop a pile of rubble. The ocean in the background glistens in the sun and the first notes of music shimmer over the scene as Justin Bieber's prepubescent voice rises from the blue. Nicole Scherzinger and Jennifer Hudson step in and braid their voices into his, tapering off as Jennifer Nettles croons and Josh Grobin crescendos into the next lines of the song. "There comes a time when we heed a certain call. When the world must come together as one. There are people dying and it's time to lend a hand to life, the greatest gift of all." These five artists joined forces with over 70 others in remaking the iconic song "We Are the World." The original was written in 1985 by Michael Jackson and Lionel Richie, and it was redone this month with just a few notable additions. Some of the most popular artists in the contemporary music scene donated their voices to the remake to raise awareness about the tragedy in Haiti. This new version is not only a call for aid to the stricken nation but is also a powerful expression of unity and solidarity. These artists collaborating in their musical universe is an example of what we should be doing in our own world: putting aside our differences and personal agendas in

an effort to help those in need.

The group of artists is as overwhelming in its diversity as it is in its stardom. The long list includes the Jonas Brothers, Barbra Streisand, Randy Jackson, Akon, Joel and Benji Maddon, Jason Mraz, Miley Cyrus, Busta Rhymes, Jamie Foxx, Julianne Hough, Carlos Santana and Lil Wayne. There's even a posthumous appearance by the King of Pop himself.

As the voices flow together into one coursing stream the faces of the artists blend into a shimmering wave of black, white, yellow, red and brown. Individual voices rise up and rest, suspended as a single droplet for a moment before plunging back into the sea of humanity. If you study the collage of faces you can pick out Katherine's McPhee's platinum locks and Kanye's trademark shades, but even these get lost in the crowd. Each artist brings his or her own unique flavor, yet they meld together into one

entity. T-Pain's auto tuned pipes and Pink's trademark rasp intertwine with other artists as they sing. "We are the world. We are the children. We are the ones who make a brighter day, so let's start giving." The shots of the artists are interspersed with

hearts and give as much as you can." The music video follows, and after the music fades Lionel Richie appears on screen and echoes the opening sentiment: "We are the world is an opportunity for us to see what we can do to help our fellow man. Haiti

are the world, and we each have our own unique voices. It's time to join these voices together in harmony and help those in need. And the vibrations need to continue to reverberate after the music has faded. New stories will break, pictures of the destruction will be bumped off the front page and it will become easy to forget. But we can't let that happen; we must continue to sing with our brothers and sisters—not only in Haiti but around the world.

To reiterate the statements of Jamie Foxx and Lionel Riche, I implore you to do more than read this article and be done with it. There are myriad ways you can help right here at Fordham. The Fordham Haiti Relief Fund makes donations to Catholic Relief Services and Jesuit Refugee Service - two organizations that get around 95 cents to every dollar donated. Though these services operate out of the light of the media - they are on the ground, currently, doing a world of good. Even if it's just a short time before we all become reabsorbed in our busy lives, we need to come together from our respective genres and work in harmony to help our fellow man. In the immortal words of Michael Jackson: "There's a choice we're making, we're saving our own lives. It's true we'll make a better day, just you and me."



images of the destruction on the island and the natives beginning to rebuild their lives from the wreckage.

The video is prefaced by Jamie Foxx beseeching the viewer to do more than just enjoy the video. "Please, do more than just watch. Reach deep into your

right now is in desperate need of our help—only you can help them. Do what you can." The video sends a powerful message: we are not hip-hop and country and rock. We are not black and white and man and woman. We are not American and German and Mexican and Haitian. We

Mother Tried to Kill Me and Make Me Forget

South Korean Film Dances Atop the Dark Comedy Fence

by: **Joe McCarthy**
STAFF EATING CHEESE
IN FRANCE

The opening scene of *Mother* is most definitely my favorite part: the leading character (and referent of the title), South Korean actress Hye-ja Kim, is approaching the camera as she ambles through vast fields of wheat—stops—(cue music) and begins to dance. She let's loose. Not classical dance, not any move in particular. A funereal middle school dance. At moments she's staring right into the camera, at others possibly crying, and throughout, no doubt, reeling at the heels of some drug or memory.

So introduces a certain bacchanalian ecstasy that resurfaces throughout the film, which is more likely a death march—you never get the answer; the film is constantly teasing the muted line between ecstasy and torture. As acupuncturist, Kim's character has secrets about the human possibilities that lie between euphoria and death.

South Korean celebrated actor Bin Won plays the son of Kim's character, Yoon Do-Joon, a naïve and carefree young man with a nondescript men-

tal deficiency. There's nothing too novel about the plot: he gets accused of the murder of a high school girl, and his mother works day and night to

family of the victim. And to top it off, neither Do-Joon nor his mother is presented as a very credible story-teller: he with his mental problems, and she with a

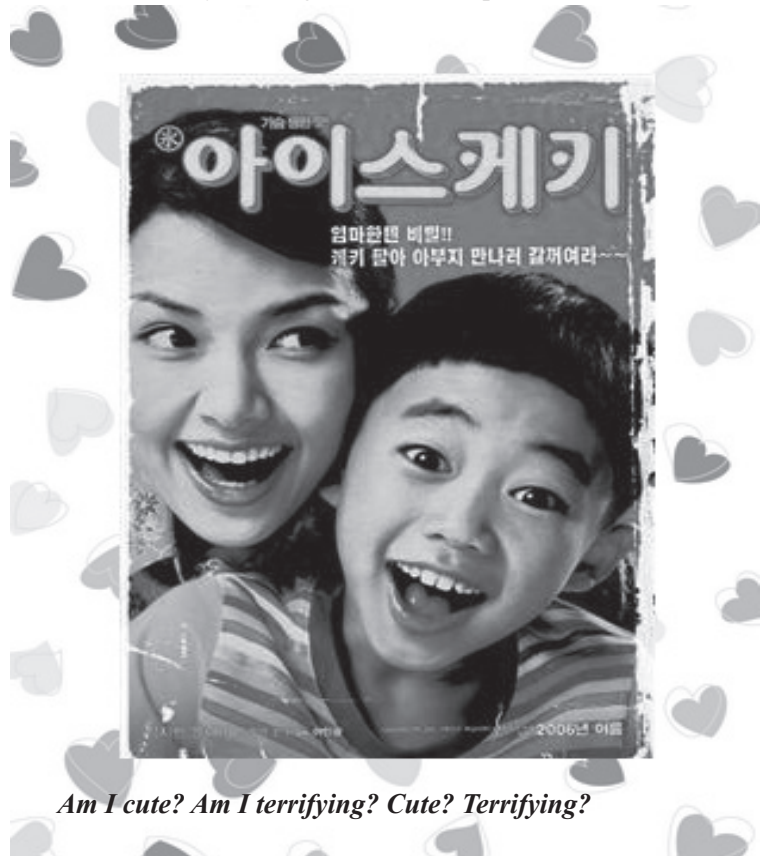
frustration in its withholding of any likeable characteristics to the protagonists. Do-joon has kind of a cute smile, and his childish antics are nearly adorable, but he's completely impetuous, to an almost abject degree. He's constantly bouncing between desires -- reacting to his ne'er-do-well best friend's appraisal, while trying to live out the dim moral foundation his mother laid out for him. To make the question of his innocence even more complicated, he believes he has a certain right to a sex partner. This becomes especially problematic given the fact that he asks the victim of his murder to get a drink with him at the exact place and time of the crime.

But I'm making it sound way too serious. This movie is fucking quirky. From the quasi-incestuous relationship between boy and mother to the close-ups on strange inanimate objects to the queer dance sequences...I had a hard time trying to decipher whether or not I should take it seriously as a tragic drama. For the film's overall tone, Director Joon-ho Bong leaves much to be questioned. He's been interviewed as saying that his most recent film is his dark-

est. In my opinion he's either being disingenuous or an idiot. The decisions he's made in maneuvering *Mother* are in fact important to South Korean culture. But, I suppose, comedy or tragedy, failed tragedy or tragi/black comedy -- you take it as you see it. I have an inappreciable knowledge of South Korean film, no less of director Joon-ho Bong, but I was laughing at the blood on the screen.

At the same time, *Mother* poses many a thought-provoking query. One that's lingered for me is the import of memory. This comes into play when, in an attempt to remember details of the night of the crime while being held in prison, Do-Joon recalls the unsporting memory of his mother trying to kill him. She, in earnest despair, tries to recompense by explaining that the ability to repress the past is essential to living healthily. Later on, though, she'll have brand new reasons to repress the past, be it by drugs, by suicide, by dancing in open fields of wheat.

Mother is available in its entirety on Youtube. It opens in the U.S. in March for those who won't repress the memory of seeing it.



Am I cute? Am I terrifying? Cute? Terrifying?

prove his innocence. A Kafkaesque struggle ensues. The case seems to have already been closed before Do-Joon even gets a chance with his lowdown lawyer, and the closed-minded

sordid past kept under lock and key. Good and evil, hence, take back seats as *Mother* focuses in on questions of memory, bliss, and life after loss.

The story that unravels begs

THE WEIRDEST SEXIEST NIGHT OF YOUR LIFE

by **Alex Kelso**
STAFF HAS NO HYMEN

"I would like, if I may, to take you on a strange journey..." This famous line from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* summarizes this film perfectly. For those who have not seen this cult sensation -- it is a rock musical that parodies B-movie horror and sci-fi flicks. Since its debut in 1975, the movie has garnered a massive following. The film is considered a midnight movie classic and has even been preserved in the U.S. Film Registry by the Library of Congress. But I don't want to get ahead of myself - some of you still might be wondering "What is *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* all about?"

An adaptation of an earlier stage play by Richard O'Brien, the movie follows a young couple, Brad (asshole) and Janet (slut), played by Barry Bostwick and Susan Sarandon who are traveling to meet their old college professor (Jonathan Adams), when their car breaks down in a rain storm and the two are forced to seek shelter in a nearby castle. As they meet the handyman Riff-Raff (Richard O'Brien), and his sister Magenta (Patricia Quinn) followed by the castle's transvestite owner Dr. Frank N. Furter (Tim Curry) Fran, they enter into a world of obscure morals, sex, music, and aliens

Rocky Horror's massive cult following has grown throughout the almost-35 years since its release. To be a cult "member" mostly involves seeing a midnight screening on Halloween and even, at some theatres, year-round. Many dress-up in corsets or fishnets and men in drag are commonplace to attend. Some fans form "shadowcasts," dressing up as the characters and act out the movie in front of the audience and the screen -- audience participation is big, and there are many ways you can be involved.

My favorite examples are "callbacks," which are semi-scripted lines the audience shouts at both the screen and each other, at chosen points in the film, usually mocking the characters, their lines, and events in the movie or general observations about the movie. Timed and often in the form of a question they usually turn a normal line into some sexual joke. Callback traditions can vary from city to city or exist universally, like: yelling "asshole" when Brad is mentioned, "slut" when Janet is, commenting on the narrator's lack of a neck, Frank's sexual habits, or Riff-Raff and Magenta's incest.

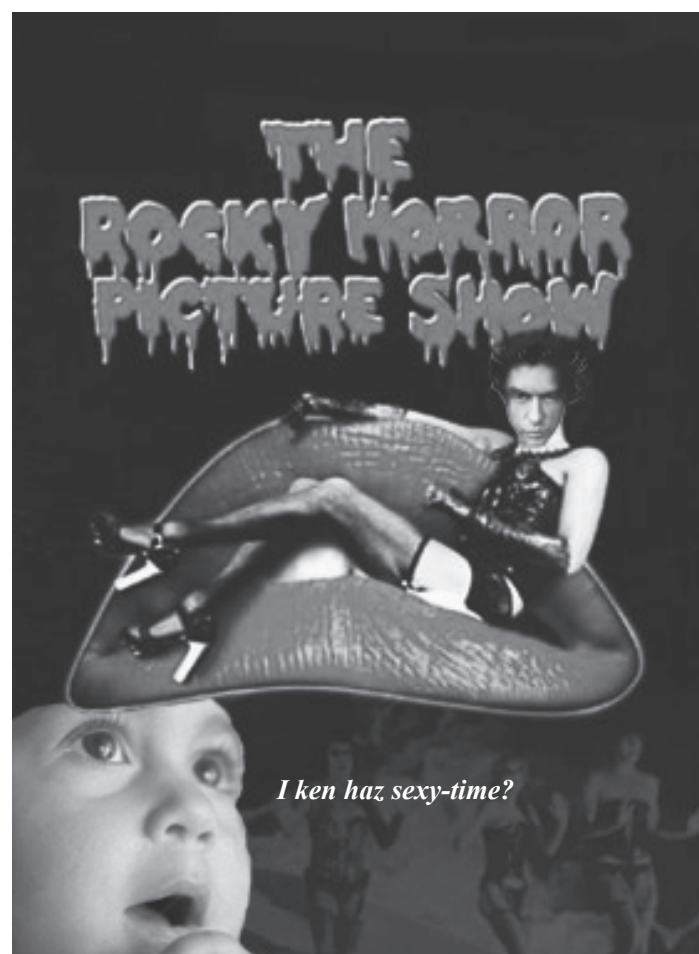
It's also typical to throw lighters, noisemakers, newspapers, water guns, rice, toast, confetti, cards and Scott brand toilet paper at the screen at cer-

tain points. Look up guides for throwing things at www.cosmosfactory.org/rocky_horro_scripts.shtml.

The weirdest part of the midnight screenings is the "Virgin Sacrifice" taking people who haven't been to a live screening performing sexual action on-stage ranging from minor to outright obscene. A group at Chelsea Clearview Cinema at 23rd Street & 8th Avenue carry these traditions on. Visit <http://www.nycrhps.org>.

My own personal experiences with *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* are relatively new as I only went to my first screening a month or so ago. I only knew about four people in the group beforehand, who were big fans, some dressing in sexy lingerie. We had plenty of virgins though, but I was a wuss and weaseled out of the sacrifice. When the host realized that half the virgins on stage were from Fordham, he had them do a group orgasm. I laughed so hard that night. The part where the actor playing Frank got into the audience and started shoving his crotch into a guy's face was priceless, and it felt great doing "The Time Warp" with everyone in the audience. I went in clean and came out covered in rice, confetti, and toast. The night was awesome!

The second time I went was on Valentine's Day for Linge-

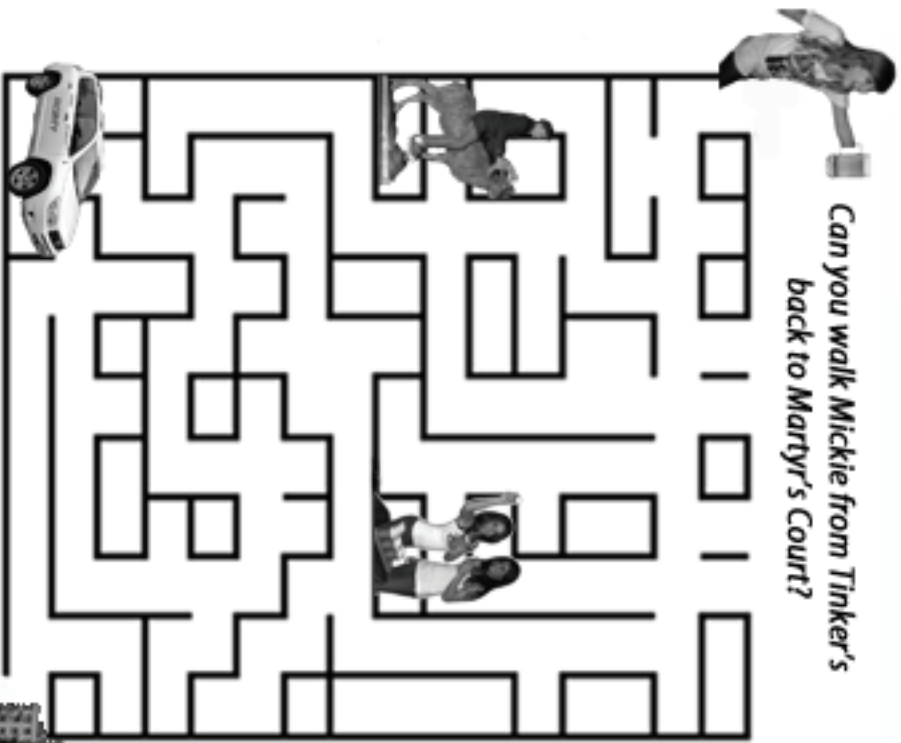


rie Night. There were plenty of people having fun with the theme, especially guys. This time it was even better because I had memorized some of the callbacks beforehand, though I was disappointed by the lack of confetti. The show is one of those things that get better every time you go.

Rocky Horror has had and will have a large impact on my life. It's hard to put into words the way the experience affect

you. It's like the first time I saw *Star Wars* or heard The Beatles. You just get this sense of sheer magnitude of belonging to such a large and dedicated fan-base. I recommend seeing not just for the entertainment value, but for the way that it will make you feel afterwards.

So see the show with some friends (a group is a must), have a laugh, and get your Rocky Horror cherry popped.



Can you walk Mickie from Tinker's back to Martyr's Court?



Attending Fordham University

- Falling asleep at 28th Street on the 4; waking up 4 hours later at Coney Island
- BrewDog's Tactical Nuclear Penguin, a 32% alcohol by volume imperial stout
- Lady Gaga's line of designer condoms
- The bathroom's full? Piss your pants!
- Attending Fordham University

Smiley or Frowny?

Read the following stories. Circle the smiley next to the good ideas and circle the frowny next to the bad ideas

Which one of these is not like the others?

- a. LDA Benefits
- b. The Vagina Monologues
- c. Newt Gingrich Speaking on Campus
- d. Condoms, which prevent the spread of STDs and protect students' health!

Answer: C the only thing funded by Fordham



F E H P U K Z N E M H S X R H M B P Y Q I V E
 G K N L J J F S T K Y N O A K O L H A G F I W Z O
 U Y F W G R V T B B C F D V H R G G F Y C A N G
 A U V U S A M I A K R U V G N P M N E A T N G
 D B U Y B P R J A C S I P E S C C Z D V S J C W L
 C S D W O C C Z E Y S E M G E S C U Z S J C W L
 T U I P E P S V N Z J A R O D D P U N S L Y O H
 I I P C P V N Z B D C T Z L T X C B L C O Y A H C W
 O T X C P V N Z B D C T Z L T X C B L C O Y A H C W
 S S P A W N Z Z B D C T Z L T X C B L C O Y A H C W
 Q J R M O Z Z B N Z Z B D C T Z L T X C B L C O Y A H C W
 F K L Y D R D K O B N Z Z B D C T Z L T X C B L C O Y A H C W
 S L G D D L F M R Y L R E G T A N F Y S N A L D T D C F K I O P C
 D O T J A D H E M W J K N B O G G Y F C I A B R S A F H
 K P R I A D M S T H A X N D O G G Y F C I A B R S A F H
 G P O L R I C M S T H A X N D O G G Y F C I A B R S A F H
 P K Z I A V A R H E H L P U K N Z S O V G M O Y A P O G
 D T R A J I O E H V T H E R A M S U C K S A F H
 Z D D U J I O E H V T H E R A M S U C K S A F H
 N Z D U J I O E H V T H E R A M S U C K S A F H
 T X D U J I O E H V T H E R A M S U C K S A F H

- GORAMS
- DELICANDY
- DRINKUP
- TINKERSTUESDAY
- FUEMS
- FART
- BRO
- HIDOGGY
- DADDYMAC
- AMERICANSPIRITS
- SUITS
- PATTY
- SPARKS
- NANCY
- CAFCUPS
- THERAMSUCKS

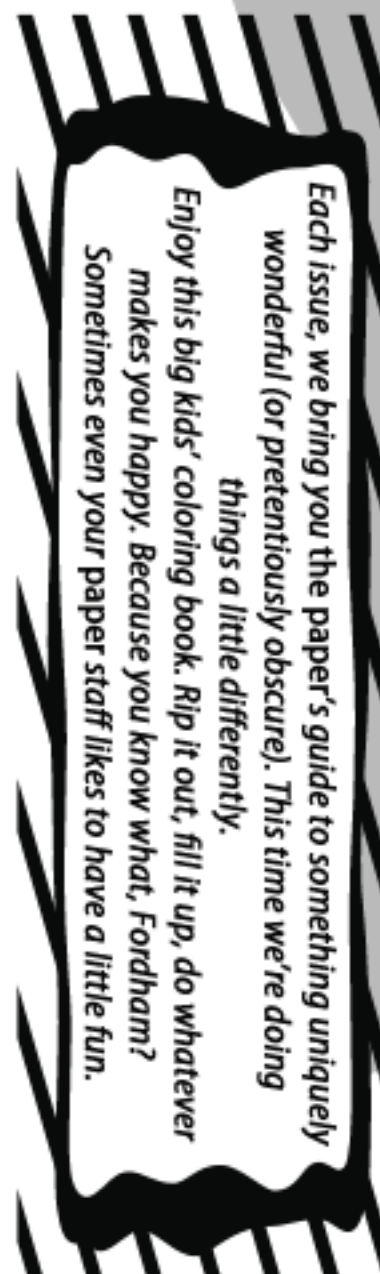


* See page 9

Can you figure out whom of the paper's favorite theologians is hidden in this picture?



THE PAPER'S HOWTOSHIF THE DEMM'S KIDS' MEMU



Each issue, we bring you the paper's guide to something uniquely wonderful (or pretentiously obscure). This time we're doing things a little differently. Enjoy this big kids' coloring book. Rip it out, fill it up, do whatever makes you happy. Because you know what, Fordham? Sometimes even your paper staff likes to have a little fun.

(not available in the caf)

now available in the caf!

The paper's howtoshif the demm's kids' memu

can you find 7 tommy wiseaus in this issue?



the paper's big list



WHAT WOULD THE PAPER DO TO GET BACK CAF CUPS?



by *the paper*
STAFF OF MILLIONS SEVERAL

Sometimes, when you're neck-deep in the stress of midterms and the housing lottery and the final season of *Lost*, it's the little things that hit the hardest. We here at *the paper* have upped our collective Paxil prescription since "The Marketplace" (the caf) removed those paper cups so perfect for stealing Sodexo cereals, sandwiches, and cookies. At first we thought we could adapt to living cupless, but now our pockets are jammed with pieces of crushed up Nature Valley bars and hummus is smeared inside our backpacks and it just ain't right, Fordham. Here are a few ways *the paper* plans to fight back.

Think fast. Look alive. Die hard.

Cups cups cups what would I do for cups.... That's easy enough if you know where to look, what to do, *how* to do... you gotta get a grappling hook, first of all, it's THE essential otherwise you're fucked. Actually you could survive without the grappling hook if you had claw hands, but the one thing you really can't do without is the mirror. Keating could be scaled, theoretically, but lasers will penetrate anything and a nice pocket mirror is the only way to deflect the skin-melting red beacons of death that criss-cross the hallway from every window and door to the office of Noted Theologian Fr. Joeseeph McShane, SJ. If you manage it this far you'll have to pick the lock with a hairpin (19th century doors weren't made for maximum security). Don't blast it down with the shotgun - you'll need that for the genetically mutated miniature rams that guard the door, rabid and ferocious and trained to go for the kneecaps first. Dump the gun in the secretary's incinerator along with the bodies, then proceed past the handmade K'Nex sculptures to the inner office. The back closet door is nearly impenetrable, but bring one handful of Sodexo seafood and push it through the keyhole - it will melt and swing forth... you'll see a white luminous glow and stretch out your hands further and your fingers will graze... paper cups... beautiful paper cups...

by **John McClane**
STAFF DRUG ADDLED COP

Make a Speech

What would I do to get back the to-go cups in the caf clock-round? The question is not that,

rather: what will we, as a collective body of Fordham students do to get the to-go cups back in the caf. As Mohandas Gandhi once said, "A small body of determined spirits fired by an unquenchable faith in their mission can alter the course of history." But our mission is not one of long, reflective cultivation, but one that has been brought upon us in emergency, and we must act fast. There are but 3 months left in the semester. And as Martin Luther King Jr. once said, "A right delayed is a right denied." But our right is both delayed and denied: they open the caf at 11 AM for breakfast on the weekends, and the sign above the to-go cups says "after 11 AM, please ask the cashier for to-go cups." All we need to do to get our rights is make them see that we know we're right. As Adolf Hitler once said, "Anyone who sees and paints a sky green and fields blue ought to be sterilized."

by **Kaitlin Campbell**
ARTS CO-EDITOR

Pay \$76.58

I live in the real world. Do you know what this means, freshmen? This means that I write checks to ConEd, take out my own garbage, and walk down Fordham Road at three in the morning without so much as a can of mace. It means that none of my dollars are of the Flex variety, because I buy groceries at grocery stores and then sob into my \$4.59 tub of hummus because I just spent so, so much money at Modern.

Yes, stolen Caf food is an important part of my diet, and so I really need those paper cups back. In fact, I am willing to pay the good people of Fordham as much as I spent on my last grocery-shopping spree to get those damn cups back. Because I can put the apples and bananas directly into my back-



pack, but how am I supposed to smuggle out that egg salad sandwich if I can't smooch it into a paper cup? I am confident that, if my friends continue to be so generous with their guest swipes, my \$76.58 will be more than recouped by the time this semester is over. So who should I make that check out to?

by **Emily Genetta**
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

Crush All Mugs

Bamm-Bamm breaks big brown mug—smashes glass to smithereens! Crush, beat, crumble, crunch. Jam, kablooy—don't want to sit. Mash, pound—schedule too full. Kapow, kershink—late for class. Romp, squash—chug it! Chug it! Tropic, trample—Too hot! Too hot! Take big club make big mess. Give me to-go to go and leave mug. I-can't-has-lids?! Bamm-Bamm breaks big brown ball (editor's note: "earth") Bamm-Bamm too big for Environment—Bamm-Bamm not care bout green circle and arrows! Give Bamm-Bamm cup for go! Give Bamm-Bamm cup for go! Give Bamm-Bamm cup for go! Bamm-Bamm break these cup! Bamm-Bamm need go! Bamm-

tending friendly gestures to the Fordham community.

Shit just got real, Fordham. This situation calls for an idiotic and futile gesture on someone's part, and I'm just the guy to do it. So, in solidarity with the fight to get paper cups back in the caf, I will willingly wear the same pair of underwear for the rest of the month. Hell, I'll even wear the same damn pair for the month after that. That's right, the rest of February, and the entirety of whatever month is next. Now, some of you who know me better may say "oh, but Alex, you wear the same underwear for over a month anyways." This is absurd. My regular habits involve a fixed cycle, two pairs of underwear that I switch between every

brass tacks: I'm away at college now, and the to-go coffee cups at the caf have been taken away.

Logical appeals to the administration have yet to make any discernable difference and things are looking grim. I need a sob story for the higher-ups; I need one quick, and that ventilator that you're hooked up to nearly blew the circuit breaker the other day when I tried to use the microwave. So, Pep-Pep, whenever you're ready, I'll be there to flip the switch, pull the plug or whatever it is you need me to do to turn out the lights for good.

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

Give Up Hot Beverages

Now, I know this seems a bit antithetical. Why would you give up what you need paper cups for in order to get them back? Well, you silly person, it is quite simple: the utility of the paper caf cup goes well beyond its ability to store hot liquids. In fact, I would go so far as to say that housing coffee and tea and hot cocoa is the least of its uses. Sometimes I use them to take peppers and broccoli for a tasty omelette later on, or to get my fix of cookies for the day, to power me through between classes. As of late, I'd been taking them in groups of ten so my friends and I can get started practicing our Sport Stacking (Yes, I have so little money that I have to use unofficial paper cups—but imagine how fast my 3-6-3 cycle will be when I finally move up from the caf cups). As you can see, my caf cup usage has transcended mere liquid, and it is I who will truly reap the benefits when they return.

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

Actually Attend a Fordham University Basketball Game

Okay, Fordham. I really want my caf cups back. You really want a tangible student presence at the basketball games. I know, because you beg and plead me via my.fordham e-mail to show up every single goddamn week. Let's make a deal: You bring back the cups that we've been paying for all along, and I will attend, in person, a Fordham University basketball game and completely uphold the illusion that I am, in fact, Fordham Basketball's number one fan for the entire duration of said game. I might even wear a maroon Snuggie. Turn this offer down. I dare you.

by **Elena Lightbourn**
CHIEF COPY EDITOR

Twelve terrorists. One cup. The odds are against John McClane... That's just the way he likes it.



Bamm only has 10-swipe meal plan! Bamm-Bamm need coffee! Bamm-Bamm need keep-go! Bamm-Bamm need coffee keep-go!

by **Bamm-Bamm Rubble**
STAFF STONE AGE

Wear the Same Underwear for a Month

Seriously, folks, this paper cup thing has gotten waaaaaaaaay outta hand. A man/woman/androgynite has the NATURAL RIGHT to free paper cups, so that they may take their warm beverage or stolen caf food with them wherever they want. Did you see *The Ram* handing out free paper cups the other day? No? Well, they were there, and even if the paper cups they handed out were too small it was still a nice gesture. See the madness here!?! This paper cup scandal has thrown Fordham's homeostasis so out of whack that *The Ram* is ex-

three days. My PLEDGE to the FORDHAM PEOPLE involves a 50% sacrifice in the underwear department. Show some love, Fordham. Show a little respect.

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

Pull the Plug on Pep-Pep

Let's face it, Pep-Pep, you've had a great run. You took me to see Niagara Falls for the first time when I was but a lad, you haven't missed one of my nineteen birthdays, you've carved just about every Thanksgiving turkey and Christmas roast I've ever sank my teeth into, and you've been proudly planted in the audience at all of the CYO basketball, tee-ball and rec. soccer games that my clumsy and uncouth ass ever awkwardly stumbled its way through, and you did it all with a big toothy smile on your aging face. But now it's time to get down to

earwax

So...Media's favorite murderess Courtney Love still thinks she's a musician (new album out 4/27), Passion Pit bastardized a Shout Out Louds' song, Lil Wayne took over Bob Dylan's part on the new "We Are the World" (and also got eight root canals to avoid prison), someone whose name is spelled with a dollar sign is a pop phenom, Live Nation and Ticketmaster merged, Billy Corgan is releasing a 44-song opus one song at a time, and Robert Pollard released yet another goddamn album. Read on to find what's actually going alright in the music world. —S.M.

SADE

Soldier of Love

by Marisa Carroll

While working as a cog in a local bureaucratic machine last summer, I became well acquainted with WLIT "The Lite," Chicago's light pop/rock station. Perhaps because our primarily young staff included two women over 60, perhaps because the smooth tones meshed well with the monotony of our assignments, or perhaps just to make our 1995 Windows desktops feel at home, our supervisor would not let us change the station. From 9 to 5 our heads swelled with the non-Kurt, non-Dre voices of the nineties. Mere weeks into the job, I felt like I really knew Gloria, Celine, Whitney, and a litany of other artists you would associate with a station that literally hosts "Funny Cat Photos" contests.

In this period, I came to adore Sade's "No Ordinary Love." Every time the song played, the English R&B group with the lead singer's ethereal voice smacked me out of my *Office Space* haze. Her voice is beautiful, the beat is sexy, and a smooth sax smothers everything to the effect that it sounds like mermaid songs, goddamnit. It's powerful!

Thus, when I saw posters screaming "Sade Is Back!" lining a construction site on Bleeker a couple weeks ago, I got mad pumped. I downloaded the new album, *Soldier of Love*, as

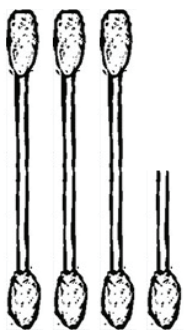
soon as I got home. Safe to say I'm glad I did.

There are only 10 tracks on the album, and most of them sound the same. I don't mean this as an insult. As a band, Sade defined its sound three decades ago and has been producing top quality soft R&B ever since. It'd be hard to find major thematic, lyrical, or artistic differences between the fifth track, "Long Hard Road," and a track off of 1992's *Love Deluxe* or 2000's *Lovers Rock*.

As far as tracks that do stick out, "Skin" sits near the end of the album and might make me move more than any other *Soldier of Love* track. It's not as if "Skin" is especially fast or loud or "groovy" (this article co-sponsored by my dad), but it's sultry in the same way as those Betty Crocker Warm Delights commercials. Should I not be admitting that I move my hips around a little when those commercials come on? Should I not be admitting that I might get turned on by a microwavable dessert commercial? Anyway, "Skin" is great.

Finally, let's talk about the single. "Soldier of Love" is a stone cold jam. It's still soothing like my old fave, "No Ordinary Love," but more funky, more aggressive. Sade tells us that she's "a soldier of love" as military-inspired drums beat behind her. The lyrics—"It's the Wild Wild West, I'm doing my best"—are just as deliciously cheesy as they have ever been. Oh yeah...and Sade still sings like a fucking mermaid.

So go on. Download *Soldier of Love*. If nothing else, download the single "Soldier of Love" and take "No Ordinary Love" off the list of songs you're too embarrassed to keep on your iPod. You are not too cool for Sade.

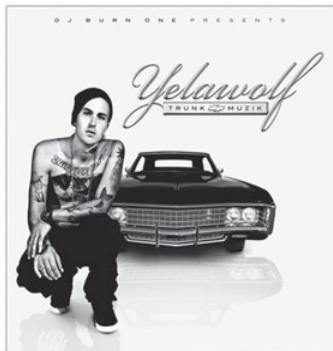


YELAWOLF

Trunk Muzik

by Nick Murray

Tell Yelowolf he's not hip-hop. He dares you to. He wishes you would. It'd just give him another person to prove wrong, and he's confident enough to know that's exactly what he'd do. Of course, if you judged him by his pale complexion and shoulder-length hair, such an assumption wouldn't be totally unreasonable. Even the cover and title of his first mixtape—



the Talledega Nights-inspired Ball of Flames—suggested that he'd be more of a joke than a head, someone more likely to be found at one of Asher Roth's frat parties than in the studio perfecting his craft.

Trunk Muzik dispels such notions even in its title, a piece of mafia slang reimagined to suggest the kind of system proper for listening to the mixtape it conceals. The first track, also bearing the title "Trunk Muzik," is even more enigmatic. The synthesizer arpeggios and machine-gun snares suggest his Southern roots (he's from a small town in Alabama), but his flow is nearly impossible to locate on a map. On this song alone he offers speed raps that recall early Andre 3000 verses and slower flows more reminiscent of Nashville's MJG, and alternates between both styles from bar to bar.

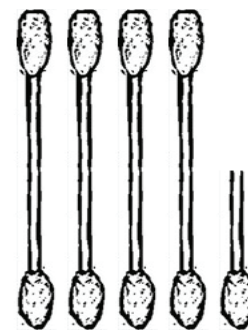
As an opener, it shows Yelowolf getting a feel for—if you'll excuse the bad pun—the track, and in the following thirteen songs he puts the pedal to the floor and never lets up. On "Good to Go," he speed raps with a technical proficiency rarely seen at this point in hip-hop, fitting the lines "I got a pocket full of stones 'cus I fell off my dirt bike in cargo pants/ I rock a microphone literally, litter the track lyrically with bottles, cans," into a number of bars few enough to impress

Twista or The Jaz.

Over the course of *Trunk Muzik*, Yelowolf's greatest accomplishment may be his ability to incorporate themes from his rural Confederate upbringing into the music without calling attention to the oddity this represents. While Asher Roth's anthems of bourgeois excess run antithetical to everything hip-hop stands for (perhaps the only thing hip-hop stands for), Yelowolf's narrative finds perfect harmony with the music he spits it over.

On "I Wish" he sets the scene as a "Trailer home trap spot Chevys on the cinder blocks/ Still doing donuts in the gravel parking lots," and tells the story of a kid listening to a Beanie Siegel record in a pickup adorned with the Confederate flag. Why? "Cus his daddy was a dopeman/Lynrd Skynrd didn't talk about movin' keys of coke, man," Yelowolf explains before going in for the kill: "ain't no such thing as a free bird."

So when Yelowolf comes out for an encore, this time accompanied by two other up-and-coming Southerners—Prince Cy-Hi and Pill—fourteen songs later, he says it again. "I wish a motherfucker would/ Tell me that I ain't hip-hop." And now, as the tape comes to a close, he's proven his credentials beyond all doubt. It's not just that Yelowolf makes hip-hop or is hip-hop; he breathes hip-hop. As he switches from flow to flow and rides each new beat as flawlessly as the last, you start to think he might be a machine programmed specifically to kill tracks. Then again, probably not. More likely, he's just a small town kid who had nothing better to do than learn how to rap. On *Trunk Muzik* his success in that genre comes off as enjoyable for him as it is for us.



TITUS ANDRONICUS

The Monitor

by Brigh Gibbons

Why does Titus Andronicus insist on being the most epic band in rock & roll? A question such as this may seem a bit unfounded, as most of you are probably unaware of just how innovative and important the band actually is. Their debut eponymously titled album made me love rock music again. Before hearing "Fear and Loathing in Mahwah, NJ" (the opening track of said record), I had no idea how rewarding loud and intense rock music could be. And to think it all came from my home state, and only a few minutes from where I grew up and learned to play the guitar myself! If only I had enough balls as Patrick Stickles (the band's guitarist, as well as singer/songwriter) growing up, my life would be a lot more insane, and I would probably be drinking a lot more whiskey.

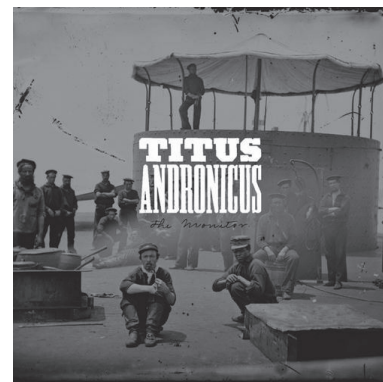
As a tangent like that can only permit me another three hundred words, I will take the rest of the space given in an effort to convince everyone to buy *The Monitor*. In short, it is a concept album centered on the civil war and its major effects on our country, both positive and negative. With such a weighty and monumental event like this, one can--nay--*should* be skeptical about its deliverance. That being said, I assure you that Titus Andronicus is the only band I would ever fully trust to deliver stories of this nation's most bloody war and its repercussions into a full-on magnum opus of rock.

With only two songs shorter than five minutes, there is a distinct departure from the short blues-and punk-inspired tunes of their previous album. If you are still not convinced, you will have to give yourself 14 minutes

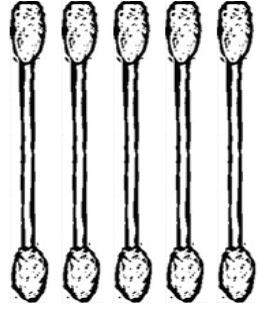
just to listen to the final song, "The Battle of Hampton Roads," the most epic song to close a rock album since "Jungleland." While it may not bolster an epic saxophone solo, it has the

exceptional guitar playing everyone knew Titus Andronicus was capable of, but for some reason didn't see coming. In fact, if there was one thing people felt was missing from their first LP, it was lead guitar work—which Stickles manages to perfect and annihilate in every song. The piano makes several appearances during the record, most noticeably in "A Pot in Which to Piss," where it adds breadth to a piece already featuring multiple movements and clocking in at almost nine minutes.

The only real negative criticism this album could possibly receive is for the sheer length of the songs. However, when



I listen to the record in its entirety (as I've done perhaps too much in the past few weeks), I never once found myself waiting impatiently for the current song to end. This record simply requires you to have the stamina and dedication to listen intently while sitting back and enjoying what I have dubbed the greatest album of 2010.

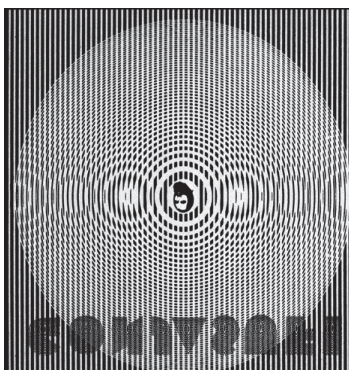


GONJASUFI
A Sufi and a Killer
by Lenny Raney

Psychedelic is a stupid word to use to describe music. To what exactly does it refer? Is it talking about the melody or the lyrics? Maybe it's just used to describe everything created under the influence of illicit substances. Yeah, that's it. Enter Gonjasufi, the pseudonym of a borderline vagabond from the Mojave desert named Sumach who makes some of the most outrageously weeded music this side of Madvillainy. His debut album, *A Sufi and a Killer*, is funkier than anything I've heard come out in the last couple years, with unabashedly raw vocals and bass lines filthier than the water from the gravity bong that was no doubt an ever-present fixture in the recording studio (His name is GONJASufi, after all).

Sufi adopts a distinctly lo-fi approach to recording. In terms of genre classification ("psychedelic" withheld), the music falls somewhere between hip-hop and funk. His producer, Los Angeles' Gaslamp Killer ('a killer' from the album title), seems to have graduated from the Madlib School of Cratedigging. From the clever wordplay to the random interspersed instrumental snippets and the short interlude-like song length, *A Sufi and a Killer* actually resembles Madvillainy in more ways than one.

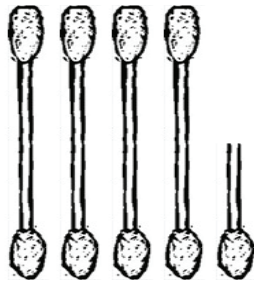
Take stand-out "Duet," for instance. At two-and-a-half minutes long, it doesn't stick around long enough to become tedious, and is based around one of the most awesome lyrics ever



written. "Let's do a duet," he croons suggestively, "and do it." Over a ferocious sample of Spirit's "The Other Song," Gonjasufi uses metaphors like "signing on a dotted line" and "underlining" as euphemisms for sex. And surprisingly enough, he is entirely believable. I say surprisingly enough because a quick Google search leads you to a picture of him, and he is the sort of consummate unkempt-

ness that makes our beloved city's forgotten and mistreated homeless look like vacationers from Hyannis. His hair-beard combo is vaguely cro-magnon, the skin on his face is that sort of sun-damaged you only see on professional snowboarders, and the amount of dirt under his fingernails would offend even an earthworm. So, on the surface, it seems like he might not be the most overtly sexual person on the planet. Patently false. On "She Gone," he laments his lost lover with the sort of yearning only someone who knows something about love had and love lost could do.

The highlight of the album, however, is the lead single, "Kowboyz & Indianz." I don't know whether it's the super distorted vocals, the Middle Eastern (Sufi, even!) sample, or the head-bob-worthy percussion, but this song hits all of the right highs (pun intended). *A Sufi and a Killer* represents the emergence of yet another new genre of music entirely inspired by and dedicated to marijuana.



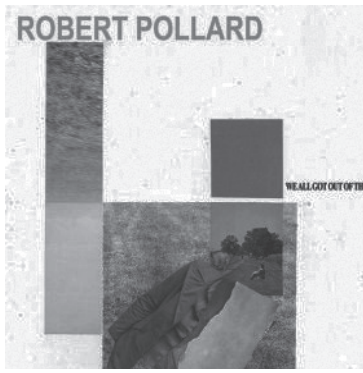
ROBERT POLLARD
We All Got Out of the Army
by Bobby Cardos

Robert Pollard's discography since 2006 could fill up this article space. To quantify that, the former Guided by Voices frontman/songwriter/genius has put out forty-six releases in the past four years, from singles to LPs, under a variety of monikers and with a range of musicians.

Now, Robert Pollard has been releasing music since 1987. Why pick 2006 as a starting point for pointing out his overpopulated discography? Well, 2006 is more or less when Pollard really kicked his output into high gear, and also when he became more or less completely unlistenable.

We All Got Out of the Army is Robert Pollard's inaugural release for 2010 (meaning, yes, there will probably be another dozen or so releases by him before the year's out), and was, like much of his recent output, recorded in conjunction with Todd Tobias, late-era GbV guitarist. To date, Tobias has successfully universalized

the sound of Pollard's records, giving his shadow-of-my-former-self songwriting a sterile, overproduced sound that has plagued every departure from lo-fi that Pollard has had, going all the way back to Guided by



Voices' *Do the Collapse* in 1999. But where the overproduced GbV albums had a sense of quality songwriting beneath them, *We All Got Out of the Army's* songwriting

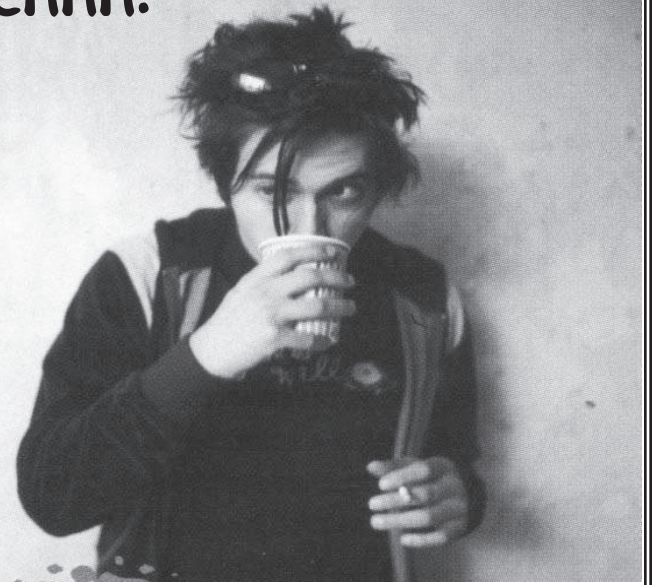
gives only a feeling of laziness, the production not only impersonalizing the album, but also giving it an unbearable "Dad Rock" feel (Dad Rock for dads who used to listen to *Bee Thousand* and have since assumed Pollard could do no wrong).

The lyrics for this album provide a special point of interest. Classic Pollard song lyrics were always secondary to the melody they accompanied, but on an album where the vocals are bland and inconsequential, the lyrics end up taking the focus point. One recurring theme seems to be trying to cram too many words into a line, a notable example coming from "Hot Freaks"-striving (and failing) "On Top of the Vertigo": "I first saw back in 1982/ You were sleeping in a puddle of puke/ in the corner of the Zoom Zoom Room (doyouremember-thatplace?)." Then there's "Your Rate Will Never Go Up": "Your rate will never go up/ everybodyknowshow yousaveupinyourcoffeecan, man."

If the lyrics don't convince you that Pollard is, once again, phoning it in, the music itself will convince you for the twenty-odd seconds you can listen to them. Most songs come off as if Pollard had written fifty riffs and decided that every one was gold, threw them together, and Tobias played his usual roll as yes-man and ran them all through the Todd-inator Power Pop effects unit, which adds big, superfluous drums, guitars, and swimming synths when appropriate (read: all the time). And Pollard steals from his greatest songs while completely destroying them. If "On Top of the Vertigo" wants to be "Hot Freaks," "Poet Bums" wants to be "Goldheart Mountaintop Queen Directory," and if "I Can See" rips off "I Am A Scientist" wholesale, they fail miserably. In short, *We All Got Out of the Army* is the latest case against Pollard using his most diehard fanbase to pay the rent/his alcohol habit (probably about the same in cost), and his predominant release trend over the past four years is the greatest case for "quantity doesn't equal quality" going today.



mehhh.



Feeling Sad, or S.A.D. (Seasonal Affective Disorder)?

So winter is almost over. Ish. According to U.K. psychologist Dr. Cliff Arnall's calculations, January 24th is the most depressing day of the year. According to my calculations, February 24th is then the second most depressing day of the year. To honor this opportunity to wallow in self-pity, here are great moody tunes to hole up in your Snuggie and wimper to:

"Second Voice": Hop Along

Yes, Frances Quinlan's voice is raspy and emotive, but eliminate any stereotypes you have of the emo-centricity of Bright Eyes. Folk-punk Hop Along consistently produce epic, tumultuous pieces like you've never heard. This song chugs forward with expressive voice-jumps and a guitar whose brashness makes one think of Medea-type scorn. Perfect. - S.M.

"Needle in the Hay": Elliott Smith

This song is (obviously) depressing for many reasons: 1) It's Elliott Smith. 2) It's Elliott Smith. 3) It's used in the scene when Richie (Luke Wilson) slits his wrists in the Royal Tennenbaums. From the minimalist acoustic guitar strums to Elliott's double-tracked spider-web-thin voice, this song can't be anything but melancholic. Plus, it's pretty obvious that the "needle in the hay" is a drug reference. Junkies make for sad sacks. Enjoy the despair! - S.M.

"In the New Year": The Walkmen

Hamilton Leithauser's voice is huge, and his delivery gives most Walkmen songs a sense of hard-boiled solitude. But more than just angry, "In the New Year" exudes stagnation, all Leithauser's repetitions of "I know that it's true, it's gonna be a good year" ringing false in an attempt to delude himself with his "pipe dreams" (the idea that the change will come from without rather than within). Trebled guitars, staccato violins, and keyboards chug along with tambourine and cymbal-washed percussion, trying to push through the calendar's ends. - B.C.

"Game of Pricks": Guided By Voices

A song as blissfully vintage and jangle pop sounding as this doesn't seem like the song to play when you're down, but the more I listen to it, the more I think this song is one of the saddest one-and-a-half minutes in music. The tinny recording exudes waves of nostalgia, and the lyrics are as embittered as the melody is catchy: "You can never be strong/ You can only be free/ And I'd never ask for the truth/ but you owe that to me." - B.C.

"Last Days of Disco": Yo La Tengo

Soft drums, subtle drones, and Ira Kaplan's underspoken and ghostly voice following a loose guitar, which loosely follows the rest of the rhythm, "The Last Days of Disco" is a spacey tune, entirely antithetical to the genre it claims to eulogize. Some of the lyrics are topical and tongue-in-cheek: "I laughed as you wobbled in your platform shoes/ You laughed when I called Andrea true Anita Ward." But the delivery of even these lines subsumes the humor beneath the overall theme: "The song said don't be lonely/ It makes me lonely/ I hear it and I'm lonely more and more." B.C.

"Padraic My Prince": Bright Eyes

If Conor Oberst's trademark verge-of-tears voice or the pensively sparse guitar strokes didn't hint that this is gonna be a tearjerker, then certainly the first line: "I had a brother once; he drowned in a bathtub" does. From the bass to the drums to the eerie background noise, everything about this is both ethereal and morose, as it should be. Oh, and there's a reference to poisoning yourself in "a bathroom that is spinning." Self abuse 'n' stuff. - S.M.

"In the Backseat": The Arcade Fire

The barely contained timidity of Regine Chassagne's voice alone conjures images of staring bleak and blankfaced out the window (as she describes in the song). But then there's the light piano arpeggios juxtaposed with the harsh distortion of the guitar, all nicely wrapped up in a (violin) bow. Just wait for the two-and-a-half minute marker to complete your catharsis through the explosion of every instrument into the loudest, most distraught version of itself, only to pan back out into sad simplicity. -S.M.

THE COMIX

