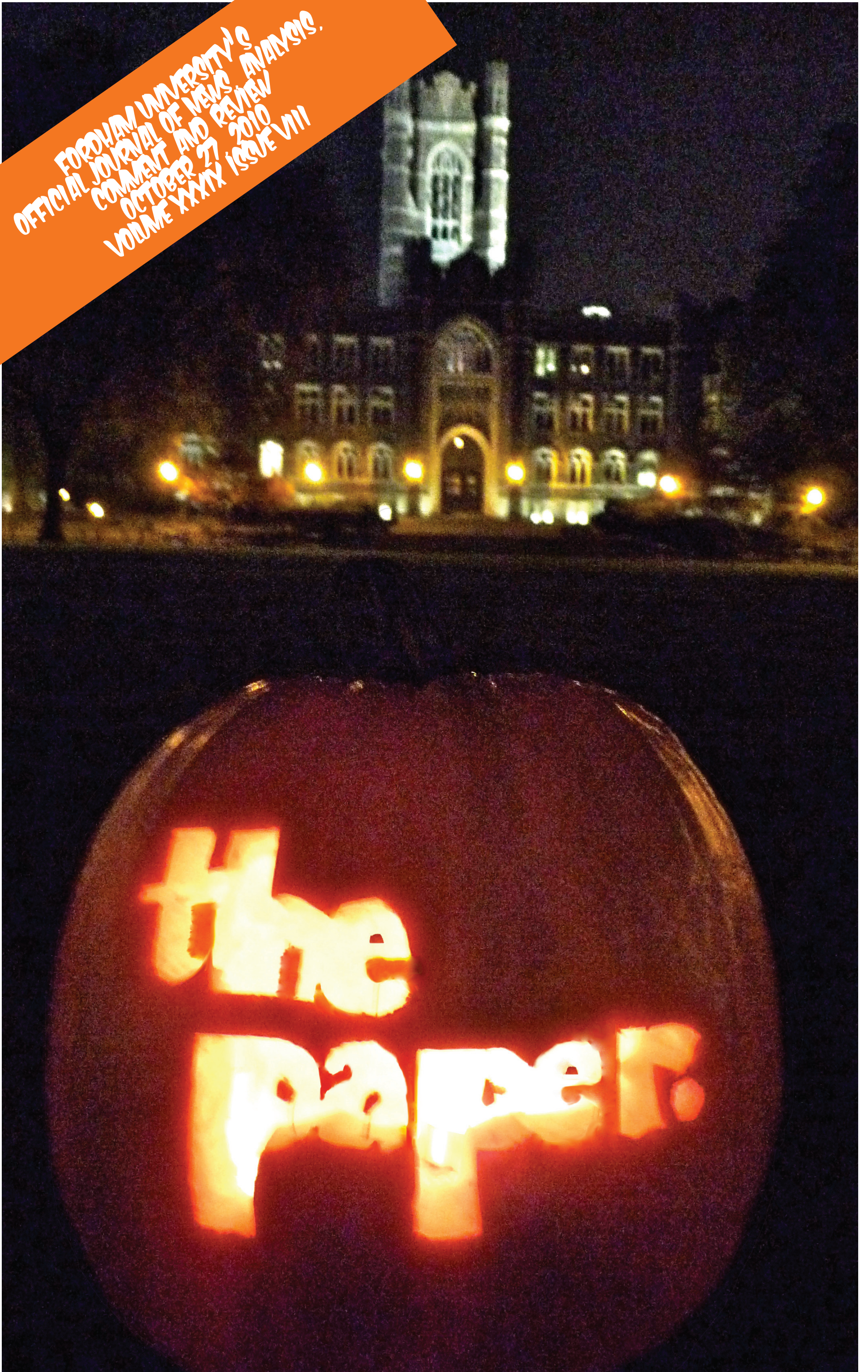
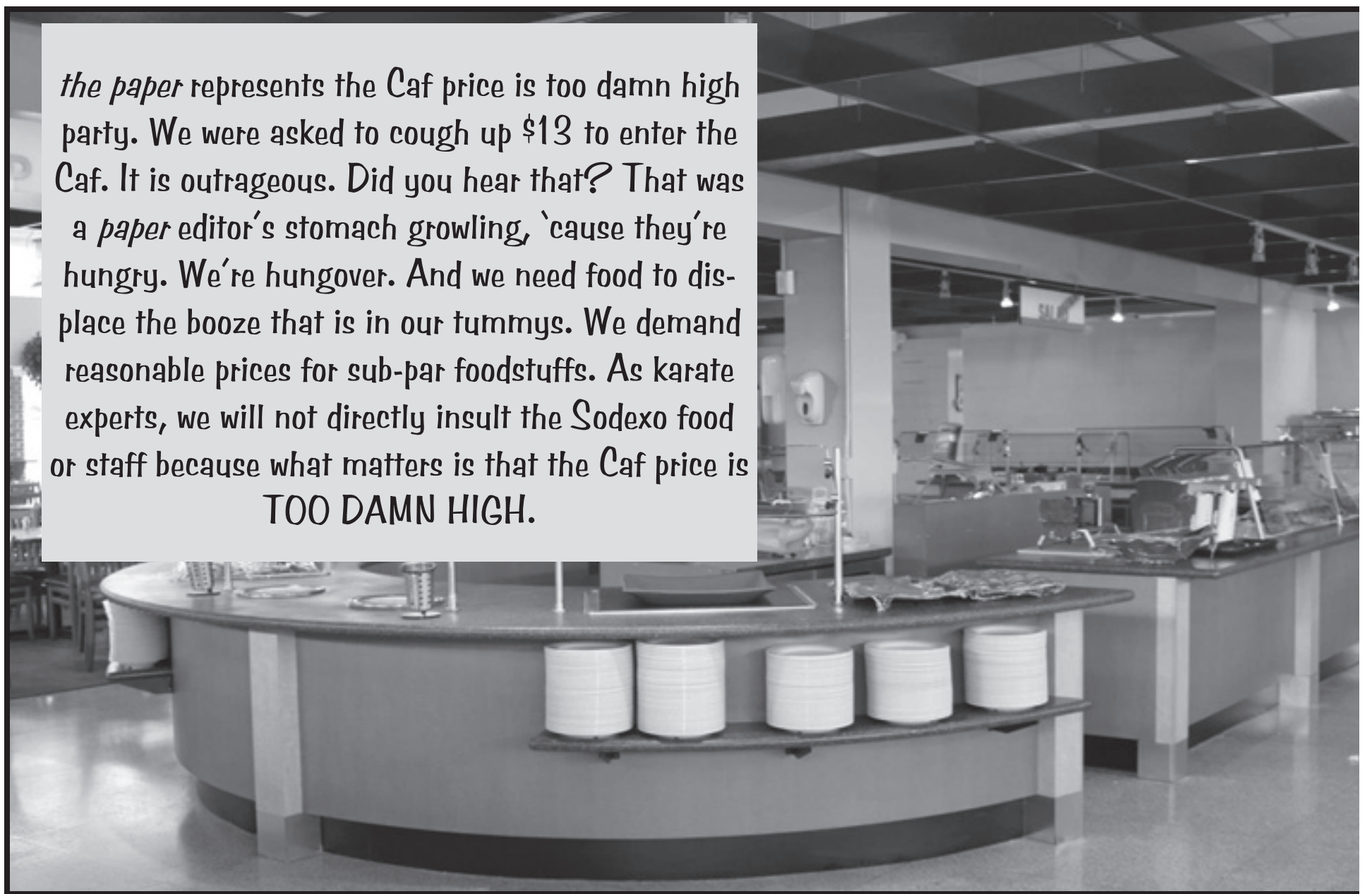


FORDHAM UNIVERSITY'S
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEWS ANALYSIS,
COMMENT AND REVIEW
OCTOBER 27 2010
VOLUME XXXIX ISSUE VIII



the paper represents the Caf price is too damn high party. We were asked to cough up \$13 to enter the Caf. It is outrageous. Did you hear that? That was a *paper* editor's stomach growling, 'cause they're hungry. We're hungover. And we need food to displace the booze that is in our tummys. We demand reasonable prices for sub-par foodstuffs. As karate experts, we will not directly insult the Sodexo food or staff because what matters is that the Caf price is **TOO DAMN HIGH.**



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Fordham University
Bronx, NY 10458
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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 *Secret Historian: The Life and Times of Samuel Steward, Professor, Tattoo Artist, and Sexual Renegade*, by Justin Spring. You might just learn something.

our aim

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

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news

Broadening the Discourse

WikiLeaks Releases Hundreds of Thousands Of Classified Military Documents from the Iraq War

by Bobby Cardos
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

This past Friday, WikiLeaks released 391,832 documents of classified military reports from the Iraq occupation. It marks the largest leak of intelligence in U.S. history, more than five times the documents WikiLeaks released on the Afghan war in July and more than fifty times the 7,000 page Pentagon Papers Daniel Ellsberg leaked to the *New York Times* in the 70s.

WikiLeaks is a website currently run and maintained by Julian Assange, who acts as its primary voice to the public (though he is in fact part of a nine member board of directors). Started in 2006, WikiLeaks boasts the largest collection of classified documents, and, in the few years of its existence, has released more classified information than the rest of the world's media combined.

It operates on a general principle that information governments and corporations try to conceal—as Assange puts it, “spend work to conceal”—tends to be the kind of information that is most important, that has the ability to have a public impact. Concealed information is often powerful information. This view has been affirmed through past leaks like the Kroll report, the release of which effectively shifted the Kenyan election in 2007. WikiLeaks believes that in order to scrutinize those in power, we need information, and that the promulgation of such information creates a stronger society for all by making it more difficult for the powerful to engage in corrupt activities with secrecy and impunity. Better investigative journalism means better democracies. As a non-profit, it maximizes its potential for impact by seeking to work collaboratively

with all journalists to increase the amount of knowledge available.

Advanced technology has greatly helped WikiLeaks in the successful gathering and distribution of information. Very rarely does anyone at WikiLeaks learn the identity of the whistleblower contributing information, and because most of the information is submitted via the internet, they are able to encrypt and bounce information around the internet, through the servers of countries like Belgium and Sweden, so they become covered by their journalistic protections. This makes it significantly easier—and safer—to leak information and more difficult for governments to trace leaks. As Daniel Ellsberg commented, “It is, of course, a leak on a scale that I couldn't have done forty years ago, without scanners and digital capabilities. I used the most advanced technology that I had at that time—Xerox—and I couldn't have done what I did ten years before that.”

These latest documents are mostly “significant activity reports” from Iraq, and range from mundane accounts of daily activity to evidence of torture and violence against civilians. They are organized in two links from the website: “Diary Dig” and “The Iraq War Logs.” The Diary Dig is a searchable database

of the documents, and also has several categorical subdivisions based on the activities detailed, the region, or the Military division or affiliation. The Iraq War Logs page, programmed by OWNI, shows randomized logs, complete with a detailed breakdown, map of the activity site, and links to occupation-related articles from the *Times* and *The*

Guardian published on the day the report was made. Since the logs are often in military shorthand, both pages allow the user to expand abbreviations when reading the documents.

As news agencies have already noted, many of the events documented in the reports—at least the nature of the events—are nothing new. Rather, the value of the documents are in their ability to fill in details on events with primary reports that are open for all media outlets to use. The documents provide a fuller context to view the oc-

cupation by showing how the military reports its own events. Assange has received criticism for releasing classified information in the past. The *Times* reports that the decision to put out the Afghan papers completely uncensored in July was entirely his own, and caused conflicts even within his circle of WikiLeaks volunteers,

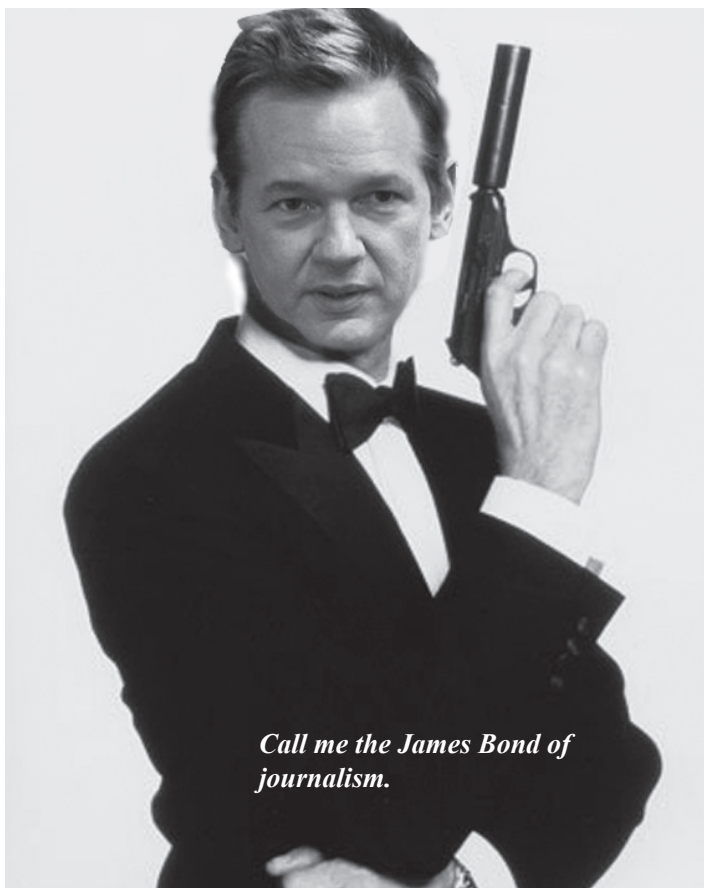
many of whom thought that the information's nature could unnecessarily endanger troops and Afghan citizens by exposing their movements and affiliations. Some have explicitly claimed that Assange's ideological crusade has blood on its hands. However, Democracy Now reports that a recent Pentagon letter reveals that none of the intelligence released has compromised military efforts or otherwise endangered troops.

There is obviously a similar concern with these documents, but their impact will not be clear until they have circulated fully and there has been time for a reaction. Like other leaks, the benefit of making this information available to the public and all media is that it allows people to confirm the veracity of news stories they have read, both the reports WikiLeaks releases in conjunction with each document and the stories from other news organizations. It also allows the same documents to be analysed from numerous angles.

When dealing with a database this large, different news organizations can focus on different elements of the documents as pertains to the story they are trying to tell.

One early revelation from the Logs was that there is some kind of record of civilian casualties, albeit coming incidentally through the significant activities reports. An article by the *Christian Science Monitor* shows that the numbers from the reports roughly agree with the casualty numbers given on website www.IraqBodyCount.org. It also provides documentation of Blackwater (now Xe) operatives opening fire on civilians on numerous occasions.

Though the events in the documents have been reported throughout world news outlets, they are still valuable in their sterility, giving them credit both as primary and objective sources. And they will have a particular importance in the U.S., where many of the incidents are downplayed, obscured through the nature of American news reporting, or entirely ignored. As Assange said after the release of the Afghan documents in July, regarding the video leak “Collateral Murder,” which showed Apache helicopter pilots firing on eleven unarmed civilians, two of which were Reuters journalists, “The people in Baghdad, the people in Iraq, the people in Afghanistan—they don't need to see the video; they see it every day. So it's not going to change their opinion. It's not going to change their perception. That's what they see every day. It will change the perception and opinion of the people who are paying for it all. And that's our hope.” His hope, as someone who has encountered and made available evidence of so much corruption, is at least encouraging.



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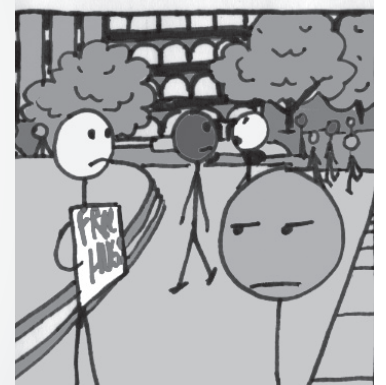
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THE POT PROP

Upcoming elections brings blunts to the front burner with Prop 19

by Alex Gibbons
CO-EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

As Californians prepare to vote in next week's elections, opponents of Proposition 19, a clause on the ballots that would legalize cannabis for medicinal and recreational uses in the Golden State, have been gearing up their rhetoric. Now, with the passage of Prop 19 becoming more and more a feasible reality, opponents of cannabis are employing scare tactics to encourage independents to vote no on 19. With November 2 rapidly approaching, many polls are indicating an increasing majority of Californians oppose Prop 19.

This, of course, is a very, very bad thing. California is, for lack of a better term, in the shitter. The state currently has a \$19 billion budget deficit, and is \$69 billion in debt. As a result, many California's social programs have been stripped of a large portion of their funding. If the state does not resolve its money issues soon, California's hospitals, public schools, prisons, and law enforcement agencies will suffer significantly.

Proponents of Prop 19 estimate that the legalization, taxation, and regulation of cannabis will generate billions of dollars in state revenue every year. Alongside this estimate is the

money that will be saved if California law enforcement redirects its focus from cannabis and its users to other more pressing issues. Jeffrey A. Miron, Director of Undergraduate Studies at Harvard University and a senior fellow at the Cato Institute estimates that, if Prop 19 is passed, California could collect an additional \$352 million per year and save up to \$960 million in expenditures on arrests and prosecutions of marijuana users.

Opponents of Prop 19 are choosing to focus on the negative side effects of the herb, oftentimes employing hyperbolic dialogue in attempts to prevent the historic proposition from passing. A visit to noonprop19.com reveals a disturbing image of an overturned school bus and a smashed up car with text claiming that Prop 19 would allow Californians to smoke just before they drive on "freeways and through your neighborhood." But criticism is not limited to think tanks and special interest groups. Recently, the editorial board of the Salinas

run the game and wreak havoc on Mexican border towns. In Los Angeles County, Sheriff Lee Baca stated that even if Prop 19 passes, he will still enforce federal drug laws. Baca foresees the same dystopian future as the editorial board of Salinas, a California riddled with traffic accidents and violent drug crimes. The same goes for our federal government. The Attorney General, Eric Holder, stated that the Obama administration would "vigorously enforce" federal drug laws if Prop 19 is passed, and our "Drug

Czar" Gil Kerlikowske recently said that pot legalization is not the way to solve California's woes, though he also admitted that America's War on Drugs is a dismal failure.

What most of these voices of opposition don't appreciate are the positive qualities of cannabis that outweigh the drug's negative aspects or the huge monetary cost of enforcing anti-marijuana laws. Cannabis does have a therapeutic value. Studies at the Center for Medical Cannabis Research have revealed that pot has the potential to blunt neuropathic pain, which can be caused by trauma or a variety of ailments including various forms of cancer and HIV.

Opposition also tends to ignore the social implications in marijuana laws. New studies released by the Drug Policy Alliance and the California NAACP reveal that in 25 of California's major cities police forces arrest blacks and Hispanics for marijuana possession up to 12 times more than they did whites, though whites consume marijuana at higher rates than other social groups. This is not, the study suggests, a result of personal bias on the part of the arresting officer. Instead, it

is a state-wide phenomenon that results from police officers being ordered to patrol with more intensity "high crime" areas, generally inner-city and low income neighborhoods – hence the gaping disparities in cannabis arrest. The passage of Prop 19 would allow adults above the age of 21 to possess small amounts of cannabis on their person. Presently, the possession of any amount of marijuana in California is grounds for arrest (Governor Schwarzenegger recently signed a bill downgrading the offense for possessing an ounce or less of cannabis from a misdemeanor to an infraction, but the bill will not go into effect until January). The study suggests that Prop 19 would help in eliminating the disparities as well as alleviating California's prison congestion.

As the push-back against marijuana prohibition picks up speed around the country, California is at the vanguard of the slow movement. Though it would not legalize cannabis in the eyes of the Federal Government, Prop 19 would be the first time a state has legalized the cultivation, possession, and recreational use of cannabis since marijuana was prohibited in the United States in the early 20th century.



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From Bad to Worse: Cholera Epidemic in Haiti

by Bina Santos
GLOBETROTTER FOR-
EIGN CORRESPONDANT

When will Haiti get a break? Still recovering from the destructive 7.0 magnitude earthquake that hit January of this year, Haiti has more than enough problems without this recent, menacing outbreak of cholera.

Nine months after the quake, the country's infrastructure is still a mess. Many have observed that the situation looks "like the earthquake hit yesterday," as stated by Jean-Yves Jason, mayor of Port-au-Prince. Only about 2% of the rubble has been cleared, making it difficult to move forward with rebuilding and reconstruction. Buildings remain in ruin and much of the population is homeless, living in crowded tent cities. Archbishop Bernard Auza, a Nuncio (a representative of the pope) based in Haiti, commented at the end of September: "The humanitarian situation is still in an emergency phase. Over 1 million refugees are living in tents and the number is on the rise." Living conditions in the camps are dismal and barely meet everyone's basic needs, if at all. Clean water access, proper sewage disposal, electricity and other necessities are extremely rare, while crime, sickness and death become much more common.

Cholera struck this month in the Caribbean for the first time in a century. Cholera is an infection of the small intestine that can be contracted by exposure to and consumption of contaminated water. Its main symptoms include diarrhea and vomiting, which can then lead

overflowing; over 200 people have died already, and over 2,500 have been hospitalized. As those numbers continue to rise, Imogen Wall, a spokeswoman for the United Nations Office for the Coordination of Humanitarian Affairs, believes that "the epidemic has not

awful and highly congested living conditions lacking proper sanitation and clean water, these camps would be a breeding ground for the epidemic. The number of cholera cases will very likely skyrocket, should the disease make inroads.

Clinics and hospitals are working tirelessly to treat and contain the disease but are struggling under the strain of limited resources and manpower. The government also plans to launch a nationwide prevention campaign through radio and television announcements, warning Haitians to not drink or use water from the Artibonite River, and to wash with soap. "Strong promotion of good hygiene practices will be key to making residents aware of how to keep themselves safe and curb the spread of this disease," says Melody Muz, the International Rescue Committee's environmental health program coordinator in Haiti.

But even with all these suggested precautions, supplies are limited and sometimes nonexistent. Especially in the smaller towns and villages, soap and means for purifying or boiling water are rare or unaffordable. "If we don't have the means, how can we do it?" asks Lener Neozil, a young Haitian.

On the world front, various international aid agencies

are working to replenish these dwindling and much needed supplies. Food for the Poor, World Vision and UNICEF are sending volunteers and aid teams, as well as donations of antibiotics and other medical supplies, water purifying tablets, dehydration salts, hygiene kits, soap, etc.

There are many elements working against Haiti. The infrastructure is fragile and still recovering from the earthquake's devastation. The rainy season has already caused damage in the refugee camps. Most of the population is still homeless and living in grim circumstances. Supplies and resources are low and exhausting themselves faster than they can be replaced, while international monetary aid is not coming in quickly enough. Understandably, desperation and devastation can be found renewed in the towns and faces of the people.

There is hope, but it will take a lot more than hope for Haiti to recover from this latest blow. As more hardships befall the Haitians, international involvement becomes more necessary. Noting the global response to the earthquake and the seemingly unchanged state of the country, we can only hope that the international response to Haiti's cries for help this time around will be better, more attentive and more effective.



to severe dehydration and death if not treated effectively. When addressed immediately, cholera can be successfully cured with oral rehydration therapy or IV treatment. In the event that such treatment and commercial supplies are not available, simple mixtures of water, sugar and salt are effective as well.

Unfortunately, still crippled by the earthquake, Haiti is not prepared for this. In spite of efforts, clinics and infirmaries are

reached its peak."

As of now, the disease is largely concentrated in the Artibonite and Central Plateau regions. The suspected cause of the outbreak is the Artibonite River, a community water source used for laundry washing, bathing, drinking and other daily needs. The most recent cases, reported in the capital Port-au-Prince, have awoken great fears of cholera spreading to the refugee camps. With such

The Media Perpetuates Racism and Rape Culture, With a Little Help from Liberty Central's Ginni Thomas

by Marisa Carroll
FEATURES EDITOR

On October 9th, Clarence Thomas's wife put in a neighborly phone call to Anita Hill. Of course, that Ms. Hill accused Justice Thomas of sexual harassment during his 1991 Supreme Court confirmation hearings should not put a damper on this friendliness. Ginni Thomas was probably waiting for the tea kettle to sing and the new batch of her Liberty Central pamphlets, emblazoned with righteous condemnations of Obama's tyranny, to print, experiencing a momentary lapse in daily excitement that is her life as middle-aged, rich, white, Tea Partier. Boredom often breeds the best ideas, and for Ginni Thomas, this axiom was especially true. She picked up the phone.

"I just wanted to reach across the airwaves and the years and ask you to consider something. I would love you to consider an apology sometime and some full explanation of why you did what you did with my husband. So give it some thought. And certainly pray about this and hope that one day you will help us understand why you did what you did. O.K., have a good day."

And Ginni Thomas herself went on to have a good day. On her blog, the Liberty Central, Ginni Thomas uploaded Billie Tucker's post about how she is "ashamed to call myself 'the

other woman' because I allowed the extreme women to take over my country [as they] became mean-spirited lobbyists, corrupt politicians and angry women." She downloaded LC Salute's "We Ain't Going Away" to her iTunes to listen to during Dr. Laura's now-vacant time slot. She enjoyed her tea.

This is news. This story is news because the *New York Times*, "the Grey Lady," found it worthy to run as a major news headline last week. Not fussy with the details, neither critical nor condoning, they simply poured this information into the ocean of Liberty that is the American media. No, a better, sea-based simile: They poured it into the media's mouth like mackerel-happy dolphin trainers. The story spurred quotations from Justice Thomas's "silence-breaking" memoir pitying Ms. Hill for being used by political factions (paired with links to the book's Amazon page, of course), debates about sexual harassment claims in the workplace, and news anchors' sighs about women fighting over men. Sure, some people made fun of Ginni Thomas for holding a grudge, but the proud Nebraskan "who loves motor

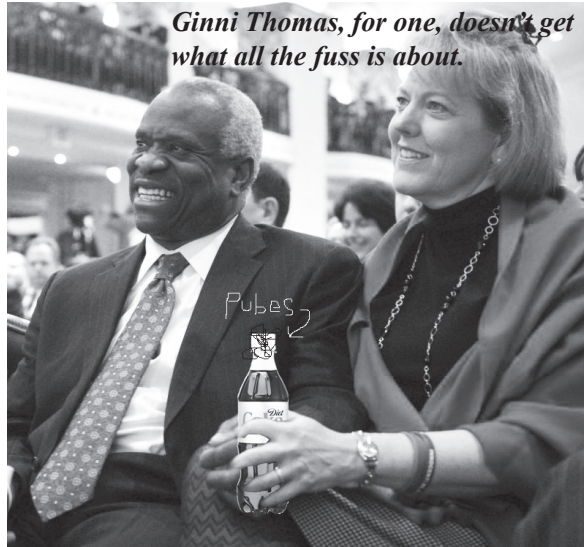
homing and watching 24" made clear that "no offense was ever intended" by the call.

Anita Hill was permitted to voice, "I appreciate that no offense was intended, but she can't ask for an apology without suggesting that I did something wrong, and that is offensive," but then the Juan Williams story

Hill To Apologize" is a mosquito bite in a part of your back you never knew existed before it itched. We now know more about Liberty Central than we will ever need, and Justice Thomas's book sold more copies in the last week than it has in the last year. More insidiously, seeing another white person

patronize another black person spreads the stain we start to collect as media-saturated kiddies. Can you taste the patronization in Ginni Thomas's privilege-fueled words as she teaches Anita Hill a thing or two about a thing or two? But of course this possibility dare not be mentioned, even in more-liberal mainstream outlets. It can be mentioned, however, that this issue is specifically not racially charged, with a few pinches of "Mrs. Thomas can't be racist because she's married to a black man" tossed into the coverage for good measure. Pat ourselves on the back, post-racial America. We did it!

We also cannot dare mention that a white woman asking a black woman to apologize for lying about sexual harassment feels at least a little icky. I won't mention that Anita Hill is a lawyer, tenured professor at Brandeis, and long-term government aide who experienced immense personal and professional shame and effectively no reward for choosing to speak out in 1991. Whether deemed "professional" or less than human by our culture (Hello, Duke rape case), resurrecting the myth that she must have lied about being assaulted is a product of her race and gender. As Patricia Hill Collins wrote about Ms. Hill in *Black Sexual Politics* (read it), back in 1991 the media reported that Hill's "reliability as a witness was disputed on the grounds that she was acting out of unrequited love for Thomas...who apparently rejected her and married a white woman, behavior that sparked a deep desire for revenge." In 2010, the picture is no different—except that the attack is being carried out by another woman, albeit one who has questioned Barack Obama's citizenship and is "intrigued by Glenn Beck and listening carefully." By letting another attack on a Ms. Hill creep its way into the national mindset—especially without filter or critique—we further internalize the image of women (particularly black women) as vengeful and dishonest, thereby encouraging assault survivors to keep silent if they want to avoid being shamed. Another point for victim blaming, another point for rape culture.



broke and everyone moved on. So it goes.

Even CNN would find another "the-24-hour-news-cycle-is-killing-us-story" too hackneyed to air, but if we are to protect ourselves at all it is necessary to step back and note why the media's images hurt us. This story is a case study of racism and rape-culture's quiet perpetuation: a real double whammy.

First, there is the issue of over-informing; "Thomas Asks

Gasoline, Rising Rent, and Agent Orange: the Jimmy McMillan Story

by Sam Stokes
STAFF MCMILLAN
SUPERFAN

Every now and then there are unique men of great conviction, who grab hold of people's hearts and champion their cause—true patriots and heroes of the American people. Even more rarely there are glove-wearing, bearded, all-sorts-of-crazy, rent-hating candidates for the governorship of New York. This man is Jimmy McMillan of the "Rent is 2 Damn High" movement, representing the Rent is Too High Party.

McMillan's history is one of struggle. He spent his youth as a helicopter door-gunner in Vietnam from 1966-68, and received three bronze stars for his performance. While in the service, McMillan claims he saw the harrowing use of the chemical agent commonly called "agent orange" first hand. Meant as a herbicide to reduce the vast forested land that gave Vietnamese guerilla fighters advantage over the United States, officials didn't account for its high toxicity. To what degree McMillan came into contact with the solution is unclear, but he has stated it's the reason he wore black gloves the night of the recent Hofstra debate.

The transition to civilian life was a hard one. For years he

found himself holding different positions, such as a postal worker, or as he has reported, a karate expert. He grew more and more involved in his community until 1993, when McMillan made his first real bid for office. Instead of governor, though, Jimmy was running for mayor. His platform was much the same as it is today, as rent was still too damn high, and he sought the signatures to put him on the ballot. There was all the usual campaign stuff—shirts made, posters drawn, and the candidate tied to a tree and doused in gasoline...During his campaigning McMillan was seemingly assaulted on the street and tied to a nearby tree; his assailants then poured gasoline over the man. Was this really just a group of street urchins abusing an older bearded man on the street, who was vehemently telling them why he should run what most consider the cultural capital of the world? Or was something more sinister going on? Did the League of Landlords and Union of Monocle-wearers hire thugs to take care of someone who was becoming a thorn in their side?

Do any of those organizations I just listed exist, and is there any shed of proof to back what I just claimed? These questions will have to be left for history. This attack might have deterred or even blinded an average man. For a weaker man it could



have been the last straw on the camel's back, throwing him into some dark state with no grasp on the real world. Not Jimmy McMillan, though. McMillan did what any modern day Cincinnati would do. He climbed to the top of the Brooklyn Bridge and refused to come down until local media outlets broadcasted his story and message.

In a way, that's what he's been doing ever since. McMillan has continued to run for various political offices, seeking governorship in 1994, then mayor again in 2005 and 2009,

all using intense tactics. Whether he walked on foot to Albany, disrupted public speeches, or just spoke with levels of extreme grandeur, McMillan was and is still proudly on that bridge. It should be stated, however, that the original bridge scheme did not work—McMillan never got enough signatures to be on the '94 ballot. He has never won any political title.

Though his message has been critiqued as simple, it is in fact quite revolutionary. By focusing on the rent being too damn high, McMillan makes it the defining question of government. He argues that throughout the history of mankind there has been a constant struggle between the landlords and tenants, the "haves" and "have-nots," if you will. In this relationship, landlords subjugate tenants into a less-than-human role, which can only be resolved by a tenant-run governmental system to ensure equal rights. There are some disputes over the originality of this claim (apparently some other dude with a crazy beard talked about this or some-

thing), but McMillan should be considered a truly great political thinker. On that point, he responded to gay marriage by saying, "...if you want to marry a shoe, I'll marry you."

Over the course of this investigation I somehow found myself on the phone with Jimmy himself, or as he put it: "You talkin' to the GrandChiefereno himself, Jimmy McMillan-rent too damn high, yes it is!"

The conversation lasted a total of three minutes. He ranted about how he wants to make college tuition free (government control of most institutions in the economic sector—where does he get these ideas?) He also spoke of how rent is a complex thing that takes a great deal of factors into account... No, not really—it's just that it's too damn high. Throughout our conversation he never revealed some normal, subdued side that I thought might be hidden somewhere. Whether or not I will have to leave his post for one under the McMillan administration is still unclear, so for now I leave you the same way Mr. McMillan left me:

"It is too too too too damn high! God bless you, America, and this here sunshine."

Amen, Jimmy, amen.

FAKER THAN TRUTH

by Sean Kelly, Kaitlin Campbell, and Sarah Madges
STAFF LIARS

YOUR ROOM – Upon returning home from the library this evening, your olfactory senses corroborated reports from your roommate that something totally smells like shit in here. The search for the source of the unpleasant odor, which has been described by your roommate and your friend from down the hall as resembling “ass”, “B.O.”, “something dead” and “old hot-pockets”, began at around 6 pm tonight following a text from your roommate reading: “Yo, how old is that thrub (*it means “three dollar sub” –ed.*) in the fridge? I think it might be stinking the room up.” After assuring your roommate that the thrub in question was less than 24 hours old and warning him not to eat it since you wouldn’t be leaving the library until after the deli closed, rampant speculation began as to the origin of the stench. After being informed that your roommate checked both closets, under both beds and even cleaned the fridge out, you shrugged and decided that you could probably sleep in Casey’s room tonight if she’s still awake and her roommate isn’t being a dick about it. As of press time, your roommate ate the fucking thrub anyway and your room still smells awful.

-SPK

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY - In an effort to “green up” the Rose Hill campus, the administration has siphoned overflow funds from the new Gabelli School of Business to outfit both the security and facilities staffs with 7 Segway PT patrollers. The “Gabelli Squad of Security,” will replace 4 of security’s petrol-fueled vehicles as will the “Gabelli Group of Gardeners” stand in for 3 of Facilities miniature “green” vans that all broke down this month, ostensibly after one heavy order too many of potted marigolds for parents weekend. In addition to being environmentally proactive, the Segway PT, is, as advertised “a force multiplier.” At a GSB (formerly CBA) press release, Friday, Mario Gabelli spoke in favor of the new squad. “You put a guard out on a Segway PT and the student body feels like there’s more of a security presence. It’s part psychological, it’s part fact.” Gabelli went on further to point out the benefits of segway-ed guards “getting to hard to reach places,” where students have traditionally avoided security presence. As for the new Facilities operation, all Mr. Gabelli had to comment was, “They can, you know, carry a bucket or two, tow a wagon now.” The new segways should arrive on campus within the next week, charged and ready to “ride smooth, ride well.”

-KC

WASHINGTON, DC - In an interview with a prime minister or someone important like that, President Barack Obama said something rather uninspired about a certain issue people generally seem to have many differing, even controversial opinions about. When asked to elaborate on his noncommittal and, frankly, uninformative statement, Obama simply said something else that no one seemed particularly interested in remembering, or even writing down. Representatives from multiple respectable publications and media outlets attended the interview, yet the only notes collected from the event include a doodle of a man peering over a wall and a to-do list not yet filled in. “I think he said something about overcoming the recession,” said one journalist. “No, I think it had something to do with tensions in the Middle East,” said another. “It’s all Greek to me!” concluded yet another reporter. Whatever it was Obama spoke about that other day didn’t seem to give rise to a single comment from anyone—reporters or U.S. citizens alike. In a world of 24-hour news coverage, this is, well, news-breaking.

-SM

THE CUT THROAT BUSINESS OF CENTRAL PARK BIKE RENTALS

by Alex Blalock
STAFF SYMPATHETIC CYCLIST

More than a dozen bike rental salesmen loiter near a crowded entrance of Central Park. As pedestrians walk by, the men call out, “Do you want to rent a bike? One hour \$15, two hours \$20, three hours \$25!” Some of the men shout and wave their bike rental signs, others approach people directly. Their sales pitches can be heard throughout Columbus Circle. For some of these men, cinching bike rental deals is more than a job — it’s what they rely on to survive.

In today’s tough economic times, the bike-rental business

you know, if you want to steal our customers,” Gulkok says of the illegal sellers. Central Park Bicycle Shop, as well as other storefront businesses, charges more than the independent sellers because they pay rent and taxes. Gulkok even provides his customers with a helmet, basket, and lock.

“We are giving service to our customers. But a lot of people are doing this business on the street,” says Gulkok. “The only competition is price.” And the competition is fierce.

“We work together, but everybody do his own thing. Everybody make his own money in his own way,” says Saeed Traore, who rents bikes illegally

additional cost.

The leaves are just starting to turn in Central Park, and Antonio Roderigo, a 20-year-old salesman for Central Park Bike, is receiving commission for his bike rental sales. “You’re about to make mucho dinero man,” Roderigo’s boss, Asen Kostadinov, says as he hands the salesmen three \$5 bills, the amount Roderigo’s earned for an entire day’s work.

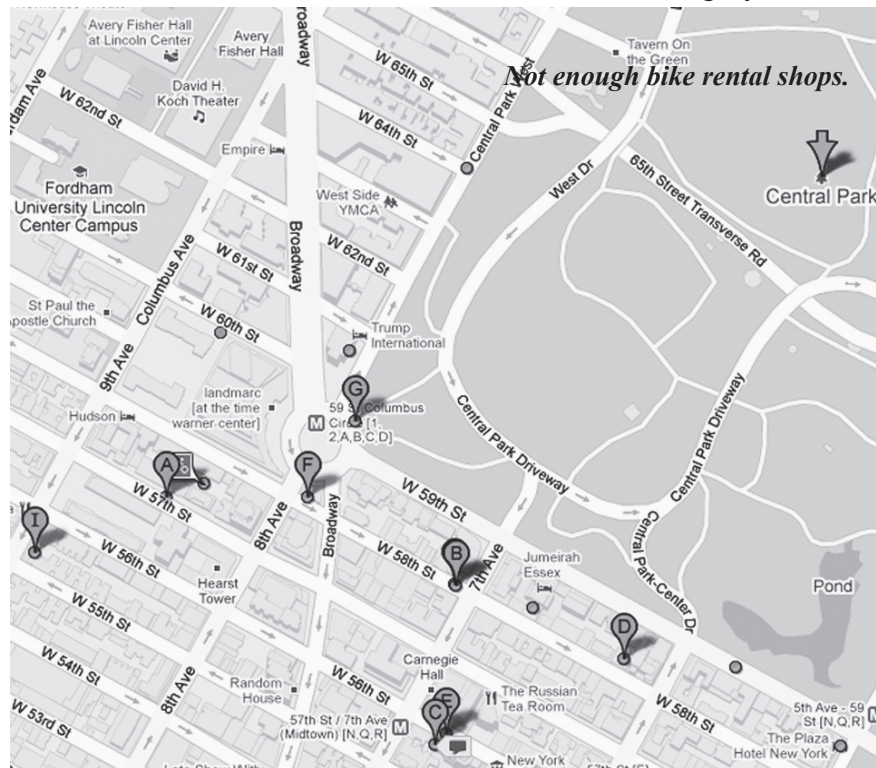
On what may prove to be the last warm day in autumn, Roderigo has made \$5 off of each person he brought into the store — less than the \$7 made by the advertisers of Gulkok’s shop, located across the street.

Dama Diallo, a man who advertises for Gulkok, says he has made as little as \$3 per customer, explaining that he receives less money for a client if Gulkok offers them a cheaper rental price. With pay-offs as low as these, some men would rather run the legal risk of performing bike rental transactions street-side and without permits. Jason Carter, a 27-year-old who used to advertise for a bike rental store, explains that by purchasing his own bikes he is now entitled to all their profits. “You got a group of three people, look at two hours—that’s \$60. All my money,” Carter says.

By bypassing payments to a parent company, and not purchasing proper sales permits, Carter makes a larger profit avoiding additional overhead. Although, aside from receiving a fine ranging from \$50 to \$125 for illegally selling, there is another risk involved for these businessmen—the potential for customers to steal their bikes. Illegal sellers, unlike legitimate companies — such as Central Park Bicycle Shop and Bike and Roll — do not require a deposit, or take customers’ ID cards while they are out on their bikes.

So how do illegal sellers make sure the bikes get brought back? “I don’t take ID from nobody. If I don’t trust you, I’m not giving you my bike,” Traore says. “When I see your face I can tell — you’re coming back with my bike.”

And in what looks like a circus of illegal sellers, store advertisers, and neon-wearing Bike and Roll employees, it will be interesting to see if Traore is given the opportunity to take such a leap of faith, and rent his bike to someone, anyone, willing to rent it.



has become a high stakes enterprise. With comparable prices and an abundance of bike renters, exploitation and illegal activity have become typical within this industry. “We all have the same price. Nothing gives me an edge,” says Serigio Lago, a 43-year-old man who began advertising bike rides when his business failed five years ago. Lago, who tries to avoid the bustling area by the park, adds, “I don’t own nothing anymore. I work for someone.”

Near Central Park, some of these men sell bike rides independently, while others, like Lago, advertise for larger, storefront businesses. These shops, located outside of Central Park, hire men to act as salesmen, paying them a commission for drawing clientele.

“You can make this business in the store, or on the streets. In the store means legally, on the streets means illegally,” says Albert Gulkok, a Turkish man and owner of Central Park Bicycle Shop. Gulkok, who began renting his \$6,000-a-month store after learning on-the-street transactions are illegal, believes these independent sellers, who have no overhead, are hindering his business.

“It’s very simple. You just buy bicycles from Toys R Us. Hold a sign ‘1 hour for \$10,’

alongside his cousin. Traore, a 20-year-old native of West Africa, has been renting bikes for the last four years. Traore explains that where he stands is intentional, knowing his prices are lower than the other sellers on this corner and the corporate company Bike and Roll. “Technically, they’re not allowed to be there,” says Andy Kirtland, an employee of Bike and Roll.

Kirtland, who wears the business’s bright blue shirt, explains that Bike and Roll, located immediately outside of Central Park, is a national company, with permits that allow them to perform street transactions. “I know last year a lot of the bikes that these guys were renting were actually stolen bikes,” Kirtland says of his competitor’s product.

Yet, regardless of the quality of the bikes, they are worthless unless rented out. Traore, who rents his bikes from a store on West 56th Street says, “You can do it through December,” but warns, “It’s not gonna be busy like the summertime when people still want to ride bikes.”

For legal and illegal sellers alike, seasonal change is unavoidable. This means the majority of their business must be done before winter, at which time the bikes are sold, returned, or put in storage — an

IMMIGRATION CUSTOMS ENFORCEMENT GIVES MAN FREE TRIP TO MEXICO

Mentally ill U.S. citizen accidentally deported

by Sarah Madges
NEWS CO-EDITOR

On Wednesday, October 20th, the ACLU filed a lawsuit on behalf of Mark Lytlle, a mentally ill North Carolina man who is suing the federal government for deporting him to Mexico. Without the slightest comprehension of the Spanish language or even a dollar to his name, Lytlle was forced to fend for himself for four months. After inappropriately touching a female orderly at the psychiatric hospital where he received treatment, Lytlle was charged with misdemeanor and assault in 2008. That September, while serving his 100-day sentence

a Mexican citizen and agreed to be voluntarily removed), he was ultimately deported.

After Lytlle's prison term expired on October 28, 2008, he was transferred to ICE custody, spending six weeks at the Stewart Detention Center in Lumpkin, Georgia. On Dec. 9, 2008, he went before an immigration judge who ordered Lytlle to be removed to Mexico. Nine days later, Lytlle was put on a plane to Hidalgo, Texas, and dropped off at the Mexican border with \$5 in his prison-issued jumpsuit pocket. No one ever notified his relatives of what happened to Lytlle after he left prison. With his immigration status

must be open to the public, the Executive Office of Immigration Review (EOIR) brushes aside any complaints, hiding the bureaucratically warped goings-on. Given that ex-attorneys for the ICE often enforce these hearings, and that 85 percent of the defendants lack attorneys, this does not bode well for detainees, whether they are illegal immigrants or unfortunate U.S. citizens like Mark Lytlle. Not only are they underrepresented, but defendants often don't fully understand the charges against them, let alone their legal rights for remaining in the country. Nevertheless, they are asked to consent to be removed from the country, and, like Lytlle, they do.

In some cases, immigration agents simply have immigration judges sign their recommendations, deporting individuals without having a hearing at all. Thanks to a U.S. law that gives the Department of Homeland Security full discretion, this is completely viable. And thanks to the

enormity of reports that pass by immigration judges every day, the majority of judges will sign just about anything that looks legitimate at first glance. Obviously, the purpose of an immigration hearing is to prevent this sort of negligence by evaluating whether or not the arrest report's claims are even accurate. Looking at Lytlle's story, though, this accuracy is often not the case. Jacqueline Stevens reports seeing numerous inaccuracies in statements about the legal status of people in the ICE's custody and about the supposed crimes for which they were convicted. When Mark Lytlle says: "They took my freedom from me, they took my dignity from me. I'm going to do to them what they did to me," he doesn't actually mean he's going to deport the ICE to Mexico and force them to wander around in a disoriented, impecunious state. Rather, the lawsuit that he filed in the Northern District Court of Georgia requests safeguards to protect the rights of American citizens and persons with mental disabilities subject to potential deportation, naming the Department of Homeland Security, the ICE, and the private company that runs the Stewart Detention Center in Lumpkin, Georgia as responsible parties. It shouldn't have taken the deportation of a mentally ill U.S. citizen to call attention to the remiss agencies behind immigration proceedings, but at least now perhaps change will be enforced.

Something seemed funny about the deal from the start...



in a North Carolina prison, Lytlle was misidentified as an illegal immigrant. According to a spokesman for the North Carolina Department of Corrections (DOC), Lytlle reported his birthplace as Mexico City when he checked into prison, which brought him to the attention of the Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE). Looking into Lytlle's immigration status, the ICE found that he had a Social Security number and was a US citizen. In fact, Lytlle is of Puerto Rican descent, and was born in Rowan County, NC on August 2, 1977—and had never traveled outside of the United States before his deportation.

With a history of physical abuse and emotional problems (including bipolar disorder), Lytlle hopped from his biological parents' home to foster care to an adopted family in Rowan County, and finally to various psychiatric hospitals where he was institutionalized. Lytlle's lawyers purport that he is "mentally disabled," and had trouble both communicating and comprehending the deportation proceedings as a result. Lytlle argues: "They [the ICE] didn't believe anything I was saying and I told them numerous times I was an American citizen." Similarly, his lawyers claim he was coerced into approving the documents. Even so, since Lytlle did sign several documents confirming his impending deportation (including an acknowledgment that he was

now at "prior deported alien," Lytlle was unable to re-enter the country, and spent the next four months alternating between homelessness and incarceration in foreign jails. Lacking proper identification, Mexican officials deported him to Honduras, where he was held in an immigration camp before imprisoned and ultimately shipped to Guatemala. There he finally convinced a U.S. embassy official to contact his two brothers serving in the U.S. military, and he was able to get a passport. Despite making arrangements to return to the U.S., Lytlle was arrested and detained for six more days at the Hartsfield-Jackson International Airport before the Department of Homeland Security finally acknowledged that Lytlle was "not a Mexican citizen, and in fact, is a citizen of the United States."

You may think his case stands alone, but Jacqueline Stevens, political science professor at Northwestern University, says she's seen many similar cases where a legally vulnerable ex-prisoner is somehow diverted into the immigration system. According to Jacqueline Stevens' report in the Nation, in 2008, 83 percent of the respondents held in the same detention center where Lytlle was kept were ordered deported—compared to 72 percent nationwide. Even though regulations say that detention center hearings (where about 50 percent of all immigration hearings are held)

HAIKU NEWS

by Marisa Carroll, Nick Murray, Alex Orf, Sarah Madges, Dan Yacovino, Alex Gibbons, and Bobby Cardos
STAFF JAPANOPHILES

Once again, *the paper* brings to you, our indifferent readership, all the news that can fit into thirteen syllables. Enjoy!

Iraqis scrutinize Prime Minister Maliki's meeting with Ayatollah Khamenei.

In the *New York Times*:
Iraq PM Maliki wore a necktie once.

Shark kills boogie-boarding man off of Santa Barbara's coast

He died of leg wounds,
The teeth grinding his pale bones;

Insert "Jaws" theme here.

Three Times More Vet Suicides than Military Deaths in Iraq & Afghanistan

You'd think deaths abroad outweighed vet suicides here, and you would be wrong.

Ugandan paper listed gays and lesbians with banner that read: "Hang Them."

Uganda's new list Of the "top" hundred homos-- Not about glamour.

-SM

Loose Crocodile On Plane Causes Plane to Crash, Resulting in the Death of 20 People.

I CAN NOT STAND THESE MOTHER FUCKING CROCS ON THIS MOTHERFUCKING PLANE.

Prime Minister David Cameron Introduces Massive Austerity Measures in U.K.

Thanks for the idea Herbert Hoover. Cuts for all! You're next, U.S.A.!

-DY

Juan Williams Gives N.P.R. a Reason to Fire Him Besides General Ineptitude, Gets Fire, Outrage Ensues

Been a long time joke Now become first time martyr Love you, O'Reilly

Billions of Gallons of H2O on Our Moon Spurs Speak of Manned Moon Mansion.

Water on the moon? Gonna colonize dat shit. Better Beat China.

BP and Several Other EU Corps. Give \$\$\$ to Tea Party Nominees.

Peaceful Anti-Putin Rally, Led in Part by Former Chess Grand Master Garry Kasparov, Held in Moscow

Former chess master Don't want Putin back as prez Dude's like crazy smart

BP giving bucks To conservative nutbags Nobody will care.

-AG

A French Woman Mistakes Her Naked Husband for the Devil, Kills Her Baby as She and Ten Others Jump Off a Balcony to Get Away From Him

Satan's dingus looks kinda familiar, best jump out the window

Black Carbon Emissions Generated from Commercial Space Travel Will Rapidly Accelerate Global Climate Change

Tourist travel in space will hasten the climate change. What a fucking shock.

-BC

-AO

To Infinity and Beyond (for only 100 G's)

Martin Aircraft Jetpacks Make Your Childhood Fantasy a Reality

by **Lauren Duca**
STAFF ROCKETEER

Growing up is replete with disillusionment. You spend your whole young life thinking that you're going to get to be an astronaut when you grow up, that sex is going to be good the first time, and that the future will come complete with flying cars. None of those things ended up being true. Most sci-fi movies that portray the future include buildings made entirely of glass, with people inside wearing especially bland grey tunics and looking out at the hovercrafts zooming by outside. We still wear colors, sometimes too many at once, and the closest we've gotten to a hover craft is still an airplane, but it seems with the production of a commercialized jet pack, we'll get one tiny part of our childhood dreams of the future. Technically, there have been jetpacks available to the public, but they've been available in the same way laser beams are available, in the sense that they're extremely expensive, and there's a better chance than not that use will end in the user's tragically dramatic demise. But now,

Martin Aircraft has developed a practical jet pack with plans for mass production and eventual release to the public.

"Wouldn't your feet get burned off?" asks Christopher "Googs" Gramuglia, anxiously worried about his new patent leather shoes. It's a real concern. Fortunately, no fire shoots out the bottom of the jet pack; in fact, it would be more accurately named an "engine" pack, as it is not actually jet- or rocket-powered, but obviously, that doesn't sound nearly as awesome. The Martin Aircraft jetpack is similar to a small helicopter. It has a purpose-built V4, 2.0 liter engine, driving two ducted fans, which produce enough thrust to propel the aircraft, which weighs about 250 pounds, and a pilot, weighing up to 600 pounds. The current model can take you up to 31.5 miles or up to 8000 feet, traveling at the 63 mph maximum speed, but maybe a little

less, since running out of gas would be a slightly more dramatic issue when you're over a mile above the ground.

At a cost of about \$100,000



Save airplanes for the "economy class" suckers—I'll take a jet pack.

dollars, the Martin jet pack will be available to the average (ridiculously wealthy) consumer. But, even if you don't have 100 grand to drop on a relatively impractical but awesome thing like a jet pack, they may even be made available for rental, assuming the first few users don't

explode midair. Currently, the jet pack is only allowed in non-urban airspaces, so, as of now, it will not be able to used for flights to and from work when it is finally released.

A video of the jet pack in use is nothing like what you're overactive childhood imagination promised. "That's so dumb," Gramuglia said, when observing the jet pack in flight. It does look kind of dumb, especially when compared with the jet pack of your overactive childhood imagination. James Bond would have probably decided to catch a cab home instead of strapping on his jet pack after offing Colonel Bouvar in *Thunderball*. The Martin Aircraft edition stands about 5 feet tall, 5.5 feet wide, and 5 feet in length. However, they're still easier to park than the average luxury vehicle. And anyone who can afford the jet pack can fly one. No license will be required to fly the jet

pack, which meets Ultralight regulations, but as the Martin Aircraft says, "to attempt to fly any aircraft without professional instruction is extremely foolhardy." Thanks for the advice, guys.

Hopefully in the future, this incredibly innovative new technology will be expanded, so that everyone may enjoy the thrill of floating high above the ground. The date of jet pack release is as yet undetermined; Martin Aircraft had planned on delivering ten jet packs to customers early this year, but there is no report on when mass production will begin. For now, your best bet at being as fabulous as James Bond is wearing a tuxedo. Yet, unlike the Rolex Submariner Bond used to undress that super hot Italian spy in *Live and Let Die*, jet packs exist, and will soon be making people more awesome in a sky above you. So it doesn't look like you're going to end up getting a job as an astronaut, you still don't even want to talk about that time you lost your virginity, and there are no flying cars, but least we can fly now, and not just in an airplane...kind of.

SEARCH FOR CIGAR GUY LEADS TO...THIS GUY

by **Angela Pokorny**
STAFF INCOGNITO

Rupesh Shingadia was once a very simple man. While living in a small flat with his housewife mum and retired mechanic dad in South London, the single 30-year-old math scholar would awaken each morning and smile at his posters that paid homage to Arsenal Soccer and the flamboyant Spanish golfer, Miguel Angel Jimenez. He would then throw on his inexpensive gray suit, brush his black mane of hair, and commute into the city's heart to work another humdrum day at Threadneedle Asset Management as an investment analyst. But a few days before the 38th Ryder Cup held at the Celtic Manor Resort of Newport, Shingadia made an impromptu detour on his way to work and purchased a giant Montecristo cigar for £14 from his local tobacconist.

Every two years the Ryder Cup Matches unite golf enthusiasts from around the world for a four-day Team USA vs. Team Europe title-match. Though no prizes are awarded, as at other "gentleman's games," it is taken very seriously. However, Shingadia, with the help of Tiger Woods, unknowingly compromised the seriousness of the recent match in Wales, engendering what is already being considered one of the greatest sports photos ever taken.

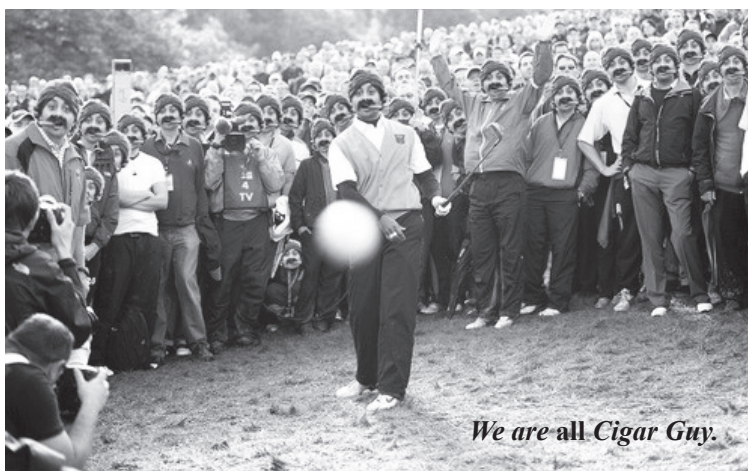
On the second day of the Cup earlier this month, Tiger Woods made an erroneous chip shot into

the spectator circle somewhere between the 17th and 18th hole green. The ball swayed directly towards the Nikon 3DS camera of *The Daily Mail* photographer, Mark Pain, who instinctually snapped a photo before it knocked him to the ground. The image that emerged in the next day's *Daily Mail* was incredible: a sea of middle-aged males focusing their awe at Woods' Nike One golf ball—which is in motion in the foreground's center. Tiger's after-swing stance and pissed-off expression would have been the star of the picture, but the mysterious man to his far left stole his thunder. Wearing a ginger wig, gray Reiss polyester pants, a North Face anorak, and a black Groucho Marx-esque moustache, the man stared at the golf master's uncharacteristic swing in cartoon bug-eyed wonderment, a giant Montecristo cigar between his choppers.

Thus began a search for the true identity of "Cigar Guy."

It all started with a blog post on BeFrugal.com. With thousands of printable and online coupons guaranteed to be your "#1 resource for stretching your hard earned dollars," the blog

announced its desire to have Cigar Guy as their spokesperson. "I can just tell he is the cheapest man on the planet. Did you see his pants? Those are mighty cheap pants!" mentioned a "BeFrugal" employee. Blogger Brian wrote: "We are offering a \$1,000 Reward for Cigar Guy's



We are all Cigar Guy.

identity. [He would be the perfect] BeFrugal.com spokesperson, but we need to be the first website to identify him." This sudden interest in the fake ginger had an agglomeration of sleuth journalists scrambling to find the man beneath the wig.

Cigar Guy became an internet sensation. Using Photoshop's capabilities, computer geeks stamped the bug-eyed man's face on dozens of historic photos. A few of these images include: Cigar Guy as Muhammad Ali knocking out Sonny Liston, Cigar Guy smoking with a young Fidel Castro, Cigar Guy behind Dr. MLK, Jr. during his "I Have a Dream" speech, next

to Abraham Lincoln in 1862, on the cover of The Beatles' Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band album as Paul McCartney, catching Hank Aaron's 715th home run ball, as Larry Bird, as an observer of an airborne Michael Jordan, and finally—Cigar Guy as the face of everyone in the Mark Pain photo that started it all. Cigar Guy was everywhere.

UK journalists Ian Gallagher and Andy Whelan from *The Daily Mail* decided they had had enough of Cigar Guy and finished the job their publication had started. Tracked down two quiet Sundays ago, a few hours before his routine commute to work, Cigar Guy opened the door to Gallagher and Whelan. For the first time, he broke his silence about his fifteen minutes of fame. What was the man's name? Rupesh Shingadia.

"I am embarrassed and overwhelmed," he told the two reporters. "Never in a million years could I have expected anything like this." He admitted his costume was a tribute to his favorite 2010 Ryder Cup Team Europe golfer Miguel Angel Jimenez. "I wanted to do something to show my sup-

port for the European team and I thought of Miguel," said Shingadia. "These days, sportsmen have become devoid of character. But Miguel does his own thing and I love the way he walks around the course with a cigar clamped between his teeth... I wasn't running around desperately trying to get on TV, far from it. My friends were keen to get me together with Miguel. I was quite close to him at the 13th. I like to think there was a flicker of a smile when he looked in my direction. His caddie was certainly laughing." To the journalists' surprise, the once-mum man would not shut up and even went off on a small tangent: "I don't normally smoke—well, maybe the odd cigar at weddings—so I asked for something mild. To last all day, though, it had to be a big one."

It turns out Shingadia is a nice guy who doesn't care for the spotlight. "I got up, looked at it online, thought it was a bit funny — and then went back to bed... If I had known [the way] Cigar Guy has snowballed, I would probably never have put on my costume. That said, I'm glad it has put a smile on people's faces." He plans on continuing with his normal life; however, after being proposed to by a number of women via Facebook, he is a bit worried for his love life: "I'd want them to love me for who I am — not just Cigar Guy."

editorials

The Day the Franzia[★] Stopped

by Lauren Duca
STAFF WINO

In 8th grade, I had a science teacher, who would answer any complaint with the question, “Would you like some cheese with that whine?” This was annoying not only because it was cornier than a pun you’d find in a college newspaper, but because she would say it nearly 5 times each class. At the time, I liked cheese better than wine. Years later, as a sophomore in college, I still love cheese, but I’ve also developed a profound appreciation for coffee and wine. I still associate Chianti with *Silence of the Lambs*, when Hannibal says he ate someone’s liver with “some fava beans and a nice Chianti.” As a general rule, I try to stray away from anything that goes notably well with human organs. That fun fact mentioned by America’s favorite literal maneater is the extent of my wine expertise. Other than that, the only difference I could site with any kind of conviction is the difference between white and red. You could pour me a thousand dollar bottle of wine and swap it out for the cheapest thing at North End mid-meal, and I doubt I’d even notice. And since a friend of mine drank an entire bottle of “wine product” last weekend and did not realize he wasn’t drinking actual wine until reading the label, I’m going to jump to the generalization that college students are not wine connoisseurs.

So as the tasteless barbarians that we truly are, really any wine is good. Therefore, by the property of debauchery, free and unlimited wine is a beautiful thing. Actually, as poor yet gluttonous college students, the idea of endless anything is good. Look around at the people going up for their 4th entrée at the caf. Do you think anyone would even get seconds if we had to pay for each meal? I mean, maybe, but personally I like to save my money for the things in life that really matter: yoga pants and alcohol. All of this irrefutable empirical evidence can lead to only one conclusion: the only thing better than unlimited wine is free unlimited wine.

Free unlimited wine was the essence of Silk Road Palace. I remember the first time I heard of “China wine.” It was exciting, based on the mere fact that they didn’t card. We got to the door, between Amsterdam and 82nd, and people were crammed into the entrance. We sent in a scout to put our names down. I was hungry and we were going to have to wait. I was about to start complaining, but I got some wine instead. Out walked our friend, 2 glasses of wine

in his hands. “I’m going to run in for the rest.” “The rest?” we all wondered aloud. Oh, the rest. After a few more trips in and out, we were all standing on the street, drinking a glass of the most free wine we have ever tasted. Sitting down, 2 carafes were placed on our table. We watched in awe, as it was continually refilled, without our even asking for more. When we paid, there was no mention of wine on the check. This was unreal. It was as though Jesus were working in the back, casting his little spells on every bottle. Or rather, working in the Franzia factory, where each classy bag o’ wine was filled and classily packed into each classy box. Silk Road Palace was a holy land for the poor and underage. And now that it has closed, it will be alive forever in our hearts and livers. Both of which, according to Hannibal Lechter, “go well with Chianti.”

“There’s still China wine,” people might say. Those people have clearly not been to “the other one.” You can find The Cottage down the road, at 77th and Amsterdam, but it’s really not the same as Silk Road Palace, just as an actual cottage is not the same as a palace. It’s been referred to as Silk Road Palace’s twin, and it is its twin, in the sense that if you had an overweight, balding identical sibling with autism and one eye, it would be your twin. There’s a noticeable difference between the two. The less social atmosphere, even lower quality Americanized Chinese food, and semi, verses un, limited wine, make The Cottage a far less satisfying substitute. In the case anyone tells you they don’t mind the wine being limited, know that they can’t possibly be a college student, and are probably a spy or terrorist. The point is: if Silk Road Palace was Julia Roberts, than The Cottage is Lisa Roberts. Yeah, I’ve never heard of her either.

Now, if you’re a wine connoisseur, you are probably disgusted by cheap wine, namely Franzia, and were never inter-

ested in the Silk Road in the first place. In fact, you probably not only don’t mind but would rather pay a few extra bucks for a better glass. However, if a glass of 2008 Yellowtail and one of 1787 Chateau Lafite taste basically the same, chances are you’d rather not pay more than 4 or 5 dollars for either of the two. How about 9 dollars, though? That’s what the new Starbucks locations will be charging. Starbucks? I thought they just sold coffee? They did, but now they’re considering expanding to include beer and wine. The people who brought you overpriced caffeine are now going to bring you overpriced alcohol. Short of selling cigarettes, they’ve covered all of our acceptable addictions. What would you pay for a coffee at a deli or a diner—a dollar or 2, \$2.50 max. But once you walk into Starbucks, it’s expected that you’ll be whipping out a 5 and getting a few nickels back as change. They’ve made coffee into a novelty item—what if they do the same with wine and beer? With Starbucks at work on their wine and beer test run in Seattle, in renovations that cost \$25,000 and reconstructions that cost \$400,000, the possibility of a 9 dollar glass becoming “normal” isn’t nearly as ridiculous as it should be.

All of this brings about the question, when does a coffee shop that sells beer and wine, simply become a bar that sells coffee? Well, these new Starbucks pseudo-bars will not actually be Starbucks, and they will have a “decidedly un-Starbucks look,” as Time referred to it. The two local cafes that have been revamped to sample the success of the new décor, were given local names, and subtly attributed to the coffee giant with the line “inspired by Starbucks” etched on their doors.

But some people like the new décor. “It’s not just the wine, it’s the unwind,” says a local music professor, who was obviously too drunk to realize he was not Dr. Seuss. As pleasant as “the unwind” sounds, especially mid midterms, nothing is enjoyable when you know it’s costing you nearly double what it’s worth. So, since Silk Road Palace is closed and the “the wine unwind” can’t happen for free, we’ll have to settle for The Cottage, or perhaps go out and buy our own boxes of Franzia. They’re about 17 bucks each, and I hear they stay good in the fridge for 6 months.



the paper’s view

october 27, 2010

“Another Plea for Transparency”

As you may have read in last week’s issue of *The Ram*, Fr. McShane recently met with *The Ram* and *The Observer* for the first biannual meeting with Fordham’s media outlets to talk about strategic planning and how he wants Fordham to become “more powerful.” You may also note that *the paper* was not mentioned as one of those media outlets. Don’t worry, we’re sure the invitation totally got lost in the mail. And really, we weren’t that interested in listening to our president go on about expanding Fordham’s property with a Daniel Plainview-esque eagerness, but it would have been nice of him to at least humor us with an invitation. Maybe we could have gotten to talking afterwards about some of the stuff going on around here that really concerns us.

We were taking a look back at last year’s Safety and Security Brochure and the incidence of crime at Fordham since 2006, and noticed that there’s a surprisingly low number of forcible and non-forcible sexual offences at Fordham: Three. That’s not just from one year, or one campus. According to the security brochure that goes to prospective students and incoming freshman, there have been three cases of forcible and non-forcible sexual assault total at all three campuses from 2006-2008. Similarly, there has only been one incidence of a hate crime on campus in that time period.

Now, we know that incidents of sexual assault often go unreported and thus are underrepresented at universities, a problem in itself (see Features). But any Fordham student who’s been at a Fordham bar on a weekend—or a Tuesday, or Thursday—knows that to say there’s only been three cases of sexual assault at Fordham in three years is either grossly negligent or a blatant lie. Whether it reflects a fabrication in numbers to bolster Fordham’s appearance to prospective students and *U.S. News and World Report* or a problem with the process of reporting such incidents, somewhere along the line Fordham has failed the student body, especially those who have been victims of sexual assault or hate crimes.

As the WikiLeaks article on page 3 points out, oftentimes the information that’s concealed and most difficult

to attain is also the information that’s most important. And Fordham’s withholding or skewing of information indicates a lack of concern and respect for its students. There have been unsettling examples of this in recent history. A February 2007 issue of *the paper* (available here: <http://www.yudu.com/item/details/129469/the-paper--Volume-XXXVI--issue-i>) gives an extensive account of several students at Rose Hill being threatened with violence because of their homosexuality or for condoning homosexuality, and the runaround they were given by university administrators. Yet the single incident of a hate crime reported in the security brochure occurred in 2008—and at Lincoln Center. At *the paper*, we often experience this runaround when trying to report on sensitive events, and are often given a runaround of non-substantive answers or statements made off the record.

We understand that bureaucracy is a given when running a university, but withholding this type of knowledge from the student body is more than just a byproduct of red tape. It reflects an active effort from the university to conceal information that is crucial to the safety of its students in order to present a guise of safety. We’re not saying Fordham isn’t generally safe, but it’s certainly not as safe from sexual assault or hate crimes as security’s numbers show. Further, downplaying such problems makes our university less safe, making such incidents more isolating and the emotional burden of reporting them that much greater.

Fordham’s responsibility first and foremost ought to be to the well being of its students, not giving good impressions to high school seniors filling out college applications each fall. This means being as open as possible in all instances, whether it be our security literature, our budget, or anything else that pertains to the student body and the education they pay for. If there is any consequence to being open about what happens on our campus, it is a more realistic view and wider awareness of the problems our university needs to work on, which in turn can lead to a safer, stronger, “more powerful” university.

TO POKE OR NOT TO POKE?

ON THE UNWRITTEN ETHICS OF FACEBOOK

by Chris Gramuglia
STAFF NEW MEDIA-TOR

Last Friday I was drinking Guinness in my apartment, my laptop open in front of me. The frothy head of my Irish draught almost sighed as it expanded after being hastily poured into a glass that simply didn't do it the justice it deserved. After all, everyone knows there's a certain careful way to pour and drink a Guinness—one that just says, *yeah, I'm a gentleman*. This naturally becomes meaningless after crushing ten of them, but nonetheless there I sat, sipping my favorite brew while perusing my Facebook page.

I'm usually tentative, almost stingy when sending out friend requests. I don't merely dish them out at will like, I don't know, Charlie Sheen at a strip club. I'm picky and usually overly-concerned with how my request for e-friendship will be interpreted by the person receiving it. Though after countless pints of Guinness it was pretty fair to say I no longer gave a shit. "You won't do it, pussy," my roommate taunted, glancing at the screen that depicted a woman whom I figured had at least eight years on me.

"Oh yeah?" I mumbled, the little arrow dancing provocatively over the **SEND FRIEND REQUEST** button. "Watch this." Two brave clicks later I

sent the request, forgetting about it almost as quickly as I had done it. The only problem was that this wasn't some stranger who had snapped a blurry picture of herself in her bathroom mirror using her Iphone. Nope, this particular web wonder had been a professor of mine.

I (barely) woke up the next

successfully removed my presumptuous cyber-advance and, upon seeing it gone, felt a small twinge of regret. It was odd, but a little familiar to me from my years of tripping over my own untied shoelaces while waging recess romances.

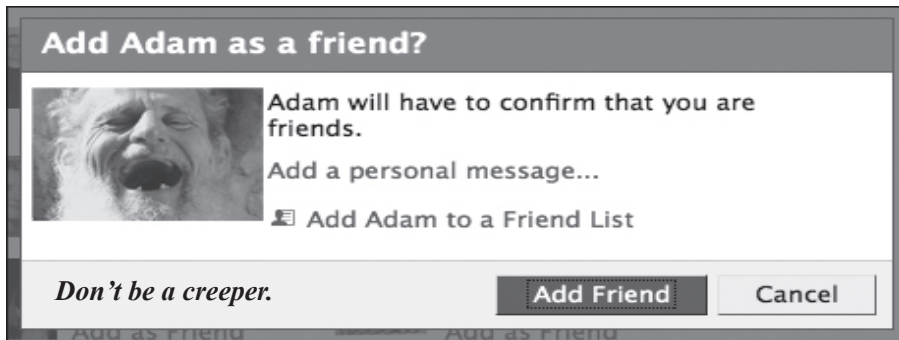
I realized then that there's an unwritten rulebook of eth-

and have had to suffer through enough of your boring, irrelevant babbling in class. "That's really insightful," they always nod. Still, their wall doesn't need to be saturated in any more of your comments. Secondly, guys, don't add ten girls in a row. It makes it painfully obvious that you're looking for a quickie without ever having to leave your room. Aside from it being lazy, it epitomizes the creeper phenomenon of "Facebook stalking." Also, avoid 'friending' people you've never spoken to with a supplementary message explaining that "you've seen them around" and "really want to hang out." Do yourself a favor and make an E-harmony account. At least then you can bust that cybernut without hiding in the bushes outside of Keating dressed in camo-gear. I'm sure that through your binoculars his ass *does* look great in those spandex shorts while he sprints around Eddie's, but spending hours up late searching for his profile and then sending a suggestive message is simply bad form. Excessive picture comments are a no-no as well, unless, of course, you're in the album. If you aren't, it becomes clear that you've been rifling through this person's photos, most likely thinking things drastically different from those of what you actually wrote. Let's be honest: "You look really good here!"

could take on a whole mess of Freudian interpretations in the dialect of social-networking.

Facebook is a responsibility—sort of like a drivers license—which is why I'm further suggesting we shouldn't 'drink and friend.' I had been somewhat lucky to have been only mildly shit-faced and also prompted by a dig on my masculinity during my own mishap, but for others who take it to the next level, anything could happen. You might send a request to that girl you signed in one night long ago, giving her the complete wrong idea, or you might send a lewd, poorly written message to a guy in your economics class, who's like, "cotally tute." Who knows, you might even accidentally friend the professor!

Surely these aren't the only precautions we can take against becoming the proverbial guy (or girl) in his mother's basement. With Facebook and that miserably arrogant Twitter thing, it becomes too easy to wind up as the "creeper" by possibly extrapolating our inner-most thoughts and unconsciously advertising them in cyberspace; that is, if we don't exercise discretion. When booting up the 'book, we should ask ourselves if it makes sense to always use all of the privileges Mark Zuckerberg gave us in February of 2004. Tempting as "poking" and then messaging someone might be, sometimes it's better to just log off.



morning and immediately searched Google for a convenient way to revoke the request before class on Monday—a frantic attempt to avoid potentially the most awkward hour and fifteen minutes of my life. Scrambling, I came across a site (most likely run by a guy living in his mom's basement with too much time on his hands) that gave a detailed description of how to erase requests before they're seen. Like a stealthy net ninja, I followed the guy's instructions, thinking he'd be great in a remake of *Revenge of the Nerds* or *Silence of the Lambs*. "It deletes the request from the screen!" I could hear him commanding while he slipped on a skin-dress and some perfume. I

ics regarding Facebook, a moral *modus operandi* that we all unconsciously abide by in a desperate attempt to avoid adopting that oh-so stinging title of "creeper." Too often does that snotty, overly-made up girl in the caf whine, "I can't believe he 'friended' me! I, like, barely know him", or has the steroid-addicted bro walking out of Munchiez been all, "Yeah man, this chick added me. She totally wants it." Whether we admit it or not, there are things we *can* do on our favorite social-networking site, but there are also things we *shouldn't* do.

The first seems obvious: don't friend professors unless they friend you first. Chances are they're way smarter than you

SCABIES BABIES

by Thomas Sliowski
STAFF TIRED...
SO, SO TIRED

Midterms are over, and if you're half the procrastinator and bullshitter that I am you've probably spent at least one night working into the early hours of the morning. If you've had the privilege of pulling an all-nighter, you're probably very familiar with the feeling of disappointed satisfaction that comes with seeing the sun peek up outside your dorm room as you're desperately trying to fabricate sources for your essay's works cited page. I personally enjoy smoking a cigarette right as I accept the fact that I won't be getting any sleep that night and that the next day is going to be a delirious shit show. That cigarette—that morsel of nicotine and pleasure—serves as a smoldering metaphor for what my brain will be going through during the next day.

The day after an all-nighter is always an interesting experience for a variety of reasons. First, you find that any social interaction is awkward at best and creepily sloppy at worst; you can't really hold up a meaningful conversation about any

higher concepts because your brain's fucking fried, dude. Second even though you can't seem to pay attention in class, you do really fucking well on tests/quizzes/exams because you just spent twitchy hours in a twitchy, jaw-clenching, Adderal-powered study sesh. This is why we pull all-nighters: to achieve the totally undeserved grades we get on exams the following day, allowing us those brief moments of "Fuck yes, this was so worth it! Now I'm not on academic probation anymore"—a sublime state of nirvana.

But none of these aforementioned occurrences are the focus of this article. As you might have been able to tell from the weird and somewhat disgusting title (copyright Sean Patrick Kelly), this article is about babies with scabies. In case you haven't had the pleasure of Google image searching "scabies" yet, please do so now. If you already have, then you know it's an absolutely repulsive-looking skin rash caused by parasites and mostly found among the peasant classes and those who don't bathe. If you were to see a baby with scabies, you would most likely feel a simultaneous sense of abso-

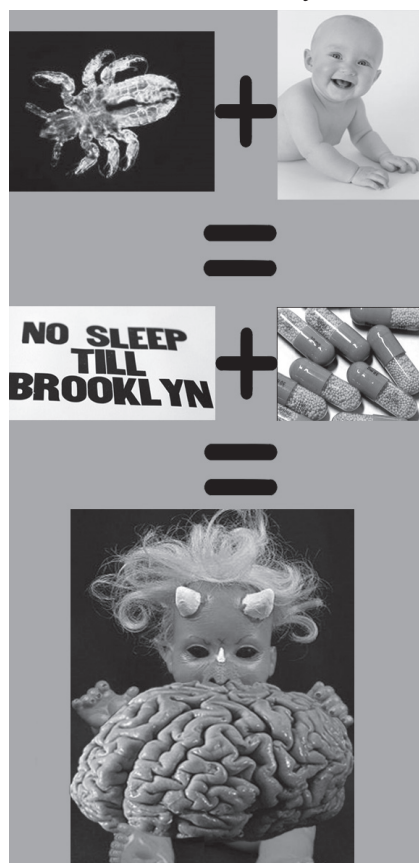
lute disgust and heart-wrenching pity for the little creature, which would quickly be followed by hatred as the screaming mongrel tore your eyes out. Why am I telling you all of this? Because I am interested in describing that strange state of mind that one feels the day after an all-nighter, and this mindset can best be described as having babies with scabies clawing at the inside of your skull.

An infestation of *Scaber infantia* (yea, that's my shitty Latin nomenclature; I'm really fucking tired and a bit hungover so IDGAF) can produce different effects in different people. A certain type of person will become a total dick, having been filled with malicious scabies-baby energy that has turned him or her into a sarcastic jerk. The douchebag subgroup of the dick variety of scabies victims is openly sarcastic, perhaps even garnering a few laughs. The asshole subgroup, meanwhile, talks shit about people they don't even know just for the sake of it. Then there's the second main variety of *scaber* victim: the gentle clown. The

individuals of this variety feel tired and want to go to sleep, but they can't because they know that even a short nap will knock them out and they'll miss

onlookers. The third variety of people infested with scabies babies are called methhead lights, because they power through the day by popping even more of the Adderal/ Ritalin/ Concerta they're prescribed and just end up feeling grungy as fuck at around six or seven PM. I hate this variety because I have neither the money nor the Adderal to join their ranks and have a quasi-bearable next day.

Regardless of which of my completely contrived and arbitrary categories you fall in, you're definitely familiar with the cloudy-headed bliss that comes after a hard night spent writing an essay or term paper, or studying for a class you barely attend. Hopefully, you can appreciate my nearly-delirious ramblings as I'm struggling to finish this article so I can go have the cigarette I promised myself (*ed note: Since I revised this incoherent blather, I believe I deserve a cigarette too. Thanks.*). Just always remember: even if you feel like shit the next day, you'll feel a whole lot more accomplished if you do pull an all-nighter instead of sleeping and wasting your parent's money.



Scabies babies tautology!

their next class. As a result, they get cranky and make witty comments for the amusement of both fellow tired folk and mere

“THE RENT IS TOO DAMN HIGH!”

AND OTHER MUSINGS FROM JIMMY McMILLAN

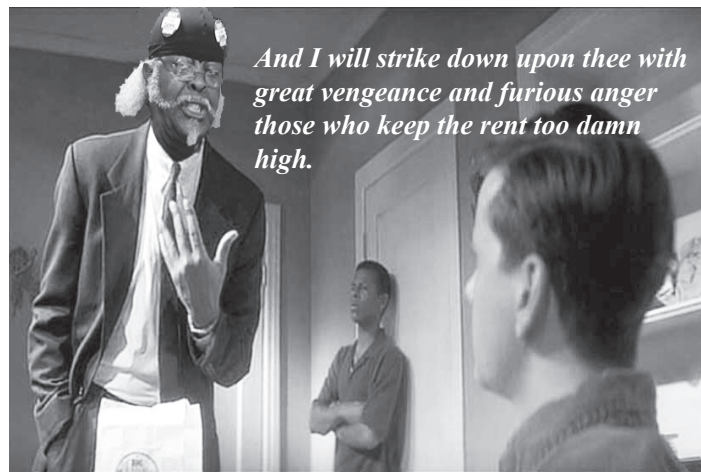
by Timothy Bridge
STAFF TOO DAMN HIGH

New Yorkers don't have many good choices for governor in the upcoming election. The major parties have once again let us down, and so it is time to turn to a third party: The Rent Is Too Damn High party. The best choice for the office of Governor in the great state of New York is clearly Jimmy McMillan of the Rent is Too Damn High party. What makes him the best choice, you ask? Allow me to elaborate.

For those of you who are unfamiliar with McMillan, he is a retired post-office employee, Vietnam veteran, three-time Bronze Star winner and Karate master. Owner of a glorious snow-white goatee and matching muttonchops, he looks like an older version of Samuel L. Jackson's character Jules from *Pulp Fiction*. In fact, it wouldn't be surprising if Jules were based off of Jimmy McMillan; they might as well be the same person.

All of New York's problems revolve around the rent being too damn high. McMillan knows that the rent is too damn high, and if elected he is going to do something about it. McMillan's struggle for lower rent has not been an easy one. When McMillan ran for mayor of New York in 1993, he was assaulted

and abducted. A *Daily News* article posted on McMillan's website reads, "A little known primary candidate for mayor was found tied to a tree doused with gasoline in Brooklyn." Yes, fortunately, McMillan's assailants fled before they set him ablaze. Despite his hardships, however, McMillan has not given up his crusade. Most candidates would have stopped after being doused in gasoline, but not Jimmy McMillan. He fought on and he



continues to fight.

Through political activism he has furthered his cause. His valiant fight was again chronicled in the *Daily News* in another article posted on McMillan's website: "A man scaled a cable on the Brooklyn Bridge early yesterday... James McMillan kept police at bay for over two hours with a Rambo style combat knife as he demanded

that a television camera crew broadcast his message." That is just the sort of tenacity that New Yorkers need right now. Anyone who is willing to scale the Brooklyn Bridge with a huge fucking knife and ward off the NYPD for two hours, by God, is ready to be Governor!

Save McMillan, the choices New Yorkers have for Governor are pretty terrible. Carl Paladino is a legit asshole, and Andrew Cuomo may or may not

and lack of judgment make it abundantly clear.

The Democratic candidate and frontrunner, Andrew Cuomo, has his own troubles. He is a card-carrying member of the political establishment in New York. In one truly lucid comment, Jimmy McMillan said of Cuomo, "New York State is under a cloud of corruption that was formed back during the administration of senior Mario Cuomo. He has passed his bad habits onto his son." Indeed, Cuomo has accepted political donations from special interests groups, and although he claims to be anti-corruption, it is unclear if he will come through on his promises. During a Debate amongst the candidates, Cuomo dodged questions about corruption and, though he is leading in the polls, serious questions remain.

Because Cuomo and Paladino are both poor choices, the only real option is Jimmy McMillan. He has clear plan for the future and sticks to his beliefs: when asked what he thought about gay marriage, McMillan emphatically stated, "If you want to marry a shoe, I'll marry you," which... well, it's better than Paladino's remark. His views on the economy are also superior: namely, things would be better if the rent weren't so damn high. On taxes, McMil-

lan states: the rent is too damn high. On education: the rent is too damn high. On the rent: it is *too* damn high. McMillan has a clear goal and knows how to accomplish it. He also has more class than any of the other candidates. At the same debate, McMillan said, "As a karate expert, I will not talk about anyone up here."

Some may say McMillan focuses too much on New York City and not enough on the rest of the state, but McMillan has a concrete plan for upstate New York. If elected, McMillan will bulldoze the mountains in New York and develop the newly flattened land. New York will have oil reserves, farms, and no damage to the environment will be done. He can accomplish that simply because he is the man.

To learn more about Jimmy McMillan, visit Rentistoodamnhigh.org. (I am not joking, go to this website, and I promise you will not be let down.) McMillan's views come down to one thing, "Some say I'm a one issue candidate, but it all boils down to one thing: rent is too damn high." New Yorkers, this November 2 you really only have one choice for governor, Jimmy "the rent is to damn high" McMillan.

“I is Probably A Huge Mistake”

Encountering a “Novelist” on the Subway

by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

"I don't take the subway," a gentleman recently told me at a party. My first thought was that he must be loaded, but he was a fairly grungy looking dude, and this was a fairly grungy party.

"...taxi?" I asked skeptically. "Nah, nah, nah," he replied. "I have my own car."

"You drive?!" "Damn straight I drive. I can't deal with those subway people."

"I'm a subway people!" I protested. "Most New Yorkers are!"

"Nah, you know what I mean—subway people." I thought for a second and realized I did indeed know what he meant-- the people one would not otherwise spend thirty minutes in an enclosed space with if not for the subway. However, I generally like these people. That is, I find them interesting in an anthropological sort of way, and occasionally even entertaining. Sometimes, though, I am with party dude: I can't stand them. This is usually because they're emitting some ungodly odor or yelling really loudly or not stopping their children from yelling really loudly or doing flips down the aisle with their feet passing two inches from my face. In short, it's because they're invading my personal space in one way or another.

But this past Tuesday night I had a different sort of encounter with a "subway person." I was sitting on the F train on the Lower East Side sometime around 9:30 P.M., minding my own beeswax as they say ('they' being teenagers from 1992), when a completely unremarkable man sat down next to me and opened his laptop. The train was crowded and so he was pressed up against me; I couldn't help but read what was displayed on his screen. And I was immediately horrified. Amused and entertained as well, sure, but mostly horrified: this guy was working on his novel.

I recognize that this is not a direct violation of my personal space. I recognize I might even be the obnoxious one for doing what I'm about to do next, but *ohmygod you don't even understand-- it was SO bad.* The title? *I is Not a Mistake.* I tried to keep reading my printout on labor markets for class, but I simply could not focus; my eyes kept darting back to this man's laptop, and then to his face. I was trying to find some clue as to what would prompt an average, thirty-something businessman to not only write such words, but to feel confident enough in them that he would put them in manuscript form and then blatantly display said manuscript in public. But his

face was inscrutable.

Scandalized, I furtively began jotting down sentences from his novel in the margins of my class readings. I was shocked, enthralled; I had to preserve the evidence. I won't deny you the pleasure any longer-- behold:

"As he dissolved into the entropy from which his mother's womb created him, I coalesced."

You see what I mean? This writing wasn't just bad, it was bad writing that thought it was good— misusing big words like 'entropy' is the sine qua non of that particular sort of awful. But, oh, it gets worse:

"He was my father til the end,

and he created me again, a final time. Creation, even in science, is what the Bible says it is: something out of nothing."

I felt my stomach tense up after reading that, and I couldn't decide if it was because this man had so thoroughly abused science or because I was maybe mocking a guy whose dad had died. Was it possible this was a memoir? There was no doubt it was a manuscript: his contact information was at the bottom of every page (no, I did not write that down). Everyone thinks he can publish a memoir these days, so it's possible, and if that's the case, well, I'm a bigger asshole than we both thought. But holy crap:

"But if information is the reduction of uncertainty, where is it located? The answer is temporal..."

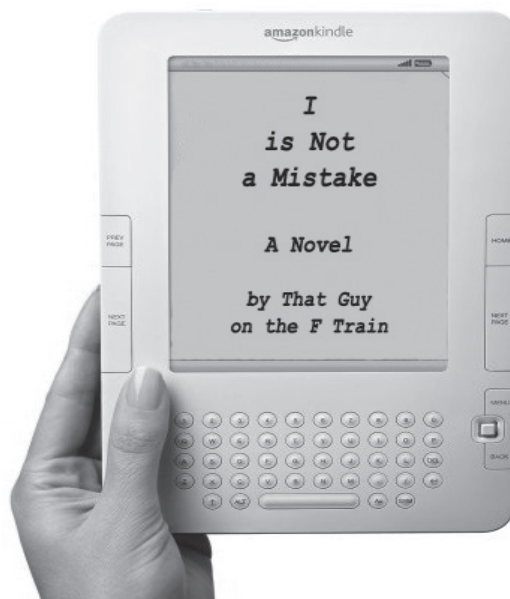
I... can't... not... acknowledge how achingly awful that is! Perhaps if I had mocked him silently, to myself, or even at a party when I told this anecdote for laughs,

I wouldn't be such a tool, but here I am publishing an edit about it. In my defense, this man remains anonymous, and I am publicly identifying myself as a jerk. Also, this isn't really about him, or his terrible writing. Eh... okay, it sort of is. But it's also about my own uncertainties, not just of being a jerk, but of being that man. How do I know I'm not writing like that *right now*?

Well, I'm not totally butchering scientific concepts or throwing out big words just for fun. The point still stands, though: in a time and place (namely, the age of blogs and DeviantArt in the city of New York) when everyone thinks she's some kind of artist, most people are bound to be really terrible and embarrass themselves, and few will realize it. How do I guarantee I never become that person? How do I promise myself I will not publish drivel that is even worse than the kind of dreck I think I'm putting out?

"[...]the tool, the ruler that must be used to measure such uncertain change, is a wish."

Wow. That was inane in its original context, but here? Subway writer guy, you might actually be onto something.





Whisky, You're the Devil



A Brief Introduction to Appreciating One of History's Finest Vices

by Sean Bandfield
STAFF OTHER SEAN
and Sean Kelly
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

For many, the term “whisky” conjures up a veritable storm of wild images and rowdy misconceptions. It seems as if the prevailing opinion of one of history’s oldest and most reliable intoxicants is either an instant blackout in a bottle, the shit old guys drink, or that stuff containing that ingredient that finally enables you to wrestle your stepdad to the ground. But alas, whiskey has a history and personality far more rich and complex than it is often given credit for. Therefore, we here at *the paper* endeavor to dispel some of the confusion surrounding this magical beverage and give you, the reader, a stepping stone towards appreciating whiskey the way it ought to be appreciated.

Surprisingly enough, the seeds of the immaculate whisky tree were planted not in the Scottish highlands, but in ancient Mesopotamia. The Mesopotamians developed some of the first distillation techniques back in the second millennium B.C., though they were originally used for making perfumes, aromatics and medicine. Though the exactly how distillation spread to Europe and eventually the British Isles is somewhat unclear, many speculate that it was brought to the Iberian Peninsula during the Moorish invasions and subsequently spread throughout the continent through monasteries, who produced medicinal tinctures with the process.

Since the British Isles did not have a climate that supported the growing of grapes for wine production, barley beer was instead the drink of choice in Ireland, Scotland and England during the middle ages. Just like brandy (i.e. distilled wine) developed as a way to store grape products more space-effectively, the Scots eventually started distilling barley brew as a means of both concentrating and storing the commodity. What ensued would change the face of both inebriation and connoisseurship forever.

After years of trial, error, and probably some earth-shattering hangovers, the production process was finally standardized. To produce a Scotch whisky, barley is first malted, meaning it is soaked in warm water to force germination. This process helps the grain to release the starches and sugars contained therein, which provide fuel for fermentation. The grains are then dried (often with the aid of peat moss fire, especially in the Speyside region) and mashed to form a sugary liquid called wort. This is then distilled in large, onion-shaped pot stills, resulting in a

clear and highly potent spirit.

Originally, whiskey was “enjoyed” un-aged. If you have ever had the pleasure of stumbling upon a jar of Shine On Georgia Moon whiskey (note the spelling; while “whisky” without an “e” can be used to refer to the spirit in general, the term is usually reserved only for Scotch when discussing particulars), you’ll know that a young liquor is clear and, frankly, pretty rough on the palette. The color and flavor of a whiskey comes from the aging process, where the beverage slowly seeps in and out of the wood barrel containing it for as long as it’s inside. Since the wood is responsible for the bulk of the whiskey’s personality, the variety is of great importance. Bourbon whiskey, for instance, is matured in casks made from American Oak that are charred on the inside, which makes for a deeper color and releases many natural sugars found inside the wood. Scotch whisky, on the other hand, is aged in spent bourbon casks or sherry casks, providing an often lighter color and a less sweet, more complex flavor profile.

But what good is drivel pedantry on a subject so personal and visceral? If whiskey is to be understood, then it has to be tasted. Here are some notes on how to do it effectively:

The first piece of equipment you should have before pouring yourself a dram of whisky is a proper glass. Don’t let yourself fall to the sorry depths of trying to enjoy a fine spirit from a ceramic mug, red SOLO cup, or paper cone. Even shot glasses, rocks glasses, and straight tumblers are less than preferable. Anyone who wishes to truly appreciate whiskey needs a nosing glass – wide at the bottom, narrower at the top, with a rim that curls slightly outward (the Glencairn glass is a classic example). In place of such an apparatus, a regular wine glass or snifter will do fine. Ideally, the glass should allow the spirit to swirl and aerate towards the base, opening the bouquet of aromas, and

should be designed to concentrate the vapors towards the rim, where the drinker can strategically place his or her nose in order to savor each subtle scent in all its splendor. Though sometimes attractive, ornate carvings on the outside of the glass are not necessary and should be

the whisky, the richer and more complex the flavor. Such an assumption is completely reasonable – and completely mistaken. Although we’ve been raised to think that a darker color signifies a more intense drink, there is actually no way to assess the strength of whisky based off of

concentrated, and gently inhale through your nostrils, leaving your mouth open slightly to allow for the aromas to circulate through your sinuses. No need to snort viciously or bombard your membranes with burning alcohol fumes – several calm, extended sniffs will work perfectly. See if the nose of the whisky changes after a few sniffs – maybe the aromas of smoke and peat will develop into coffee, vanilla, wood, fresh fruit, chocolate, toffee, or, I don’t know, dog or horse or something. Don’t try to pick out every scent at once – one or two aromas will often dominate, and it can be hard to get past them, especially for a newer drinker. See if you can isolate three distinct aromas, even if you can’t name them or describe exactly what they remind you of. After you get used to the whisky with a few sips, see if you can identify any new smells. Letting the spirit sit for several minutes, as well as adding a bit of water, will also open up new aromas. Nosing is a very subjective process; it takes a while to get good at identifying scents, and even two experienced whisky drinkers can sense different aromas. Remember that when you’re trying to analyze a whisky’s nose, there are no wrong answers – unless you think you smell apricots. Then you’re totally wrong, you idiot.

Finally, the part you actually care about: the sip. First, take in a small bead of liquid – you can guzzle from the bottle later. Roll it around your tongue, slosh it gently back and forth, and see if you can draw in a bit of air through your mouth. Notice what flavors you get initially and how they develop; then swallow, paying attention to the finish. Does the taste linger? Does it fade quickly? What’s the consistency of the liquid? Is it oily, syrupy, light, or otherwise?

First try the whisky neat: room temperature with no water or ice. Then, try adding a few drops of purified water. Don’t be afraid of this, since water will often open a whisky up and release different flavors – just be sure not to drown the spirit, and don’t use tap water, tainted water, or toilet water. And while commercials always show beautiful rich people throwing ice into their glasses before filling them in slow motion, you probably won’t want to drink a fine whisky on the rocks, as doing so can alter the flavor and temperature too much. If you choose to add ice at all, it should be after you’re familiar with the whisky, or if it isn’t of especially good quality, or if you can’t quite strap on your man-pants* tight enough to drink an American’s** drink. (Also applicable: *kilt, **Scotsman’s)

Essential Terminology

In order to get past the label and inside the bottle without being completely clueless, you’ll need to learn the lingo

Malt: Whisky made solely from malted (germinated) barley.

Grain: Whisky made from both malted and unmalted barley as well as other grains such as corn.

Scotch: Legally defined as whisky produced and matured wholly in Scotland and made only from malted barley and other whole cereal grains.

Bourbon: Legally defined as whisky produced in the United States from a mixture consisting of at least 51% corn. Contrary to popular belief, the name of “bourbon” is not reserved only for Kentucky whiskies. (Fun Fact: Jack Daniels is NOT bourbon; it is Tennessee whiskey that is charcoal filtered prior to bottling)

Age: The age of a whisky denotes the period of time passed between distillation and bottling. In blends, the age advertised is the age of the oldest whisky used in the blend.

Single Malt: Malt whisky from a single distillery. Unless otherwise indicated, single malts will often contain whisky from many casks of different ages.

Example: Laphroaig

Vatted Malt: A blend of single malt whiskies from different distilleries.

Example: Johnny Walker Green Label

Blended: A mixture of malt and grain whiskied from different distilleries. Whiskies labeled simply as “Scotch Whisky” are usually blends.

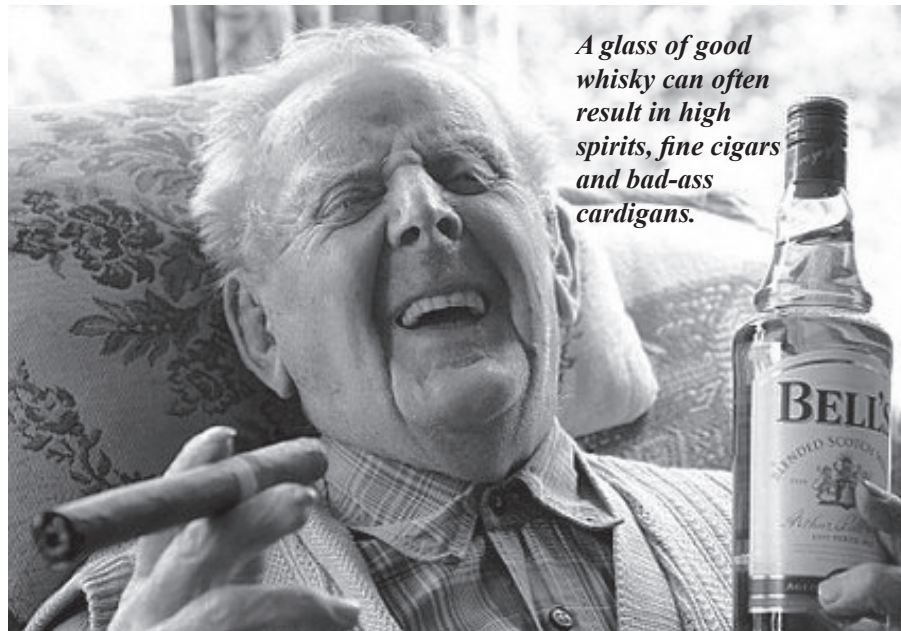
Example: Johnny Walker Red Label

approached tastefully – drinking whisky will make you look scholarly enough without them, and the line between class and ostentation is a fine one.

After you select your appropriate glassware, pour yourself a serving of whisky – anywhere from an ounce to half a gallon should do. The first thing to notice is the color of the spirit; hold your glass up to the light in order to assess it. Is it pale yellow? Rich gold? Dark amber? As you look at the color, you’ll likely conclude that the darker

color alone. Whisky companies know that many customers still make this association, however, which leads many distillers to add caramel coloring to their whiskies with the sole purpose of trying to make them look darker and more refined. Whisky purists frown upon the addition of caramel, but understand that it is very prevalent – unless a bottle specifically says that it does not contain caramel, it likely does. Accordingly, don’t try to anticipate flavor by color – merely appreciate the pure aesthetics of the color, especially if it’s natural.

After this, spend some time smelling the whisky (if you want to sound super sophisticated, you can call this process “nosing,” and can refer to the collective aroma of the whisky as “the nose”). As previously mentioned, position your nose at the lip of the glass, right where the vapors are con-



A glass of good whisky can often result in high spirits, fine cigars and bad-ass cardigans.

Vampires Don't Suck

(Ok, Well Kind Of)

by Timothy Bridge
STAFF NOCTURNAL

We've all seen the ridiculous number of movies, television shows, books and t-shirts depicting abnormally pale and wonderfully sexy individuals. The recent boom of vampires in popular culture has created quite the conundrum for a majority of people in the world, myself included. Namely, how is it that I am so fucking turned on by mass-murdering, blood-thirsty, nocturnal, albino freaks? The answer is quite simple: though the race of bloodsuckers has had more overexposure than George Hamilton at a tanning booth (zing!), vampires are still really fucking awesome.

In the interest of full disclosure, I must tell you that I do participate somewhat in the vampire obsession, as I am an avid viewer of the HBO series *True Blood*. If you are unfamiliar with the show, it's blatantly awesome, and five of my Top Ten Men That I Would Turn Gay For are cast members. My more elaborate defense for watching a vampire show would have to be that it is hilarious, invigorating, and has actually been recognized by the Emmys and the Golden Globes as a respectable television series, vampires or no. Plus, in like almost every episode, there are boobies!

I should also mention that I have seen the negatives of the vampire explosion, as I have a fourteen-year-old sister who

watches *Vampire Diaries* and has read the entire *Twilight* saga. I wouldn't be as upset with this if she weren't on Team Jacob (Team Edward 4 life!). In all seriousness, *Twilight* does put a damper on the vampire phenomenon as it does not fully capture the true vampire way—there is little blood-sucking, lusty awesomeness and far too much sparkly, whiney bullshit. Any series worthy of a spoof by the *Date Movie* dudes is necessarily disgusting. Also, Stephenie Meyer is one of the worst writers whose work I have ever had the misfortune of reading. I got a whole three chapters into *Twilight* and just had to stop. To quote the greatest horror novelist of the twentieth (and twenty-first) century, Stephen King, on Meyer and the infallible J.K. Rowling, "Both Rowling and Meyer, they're speaking directly to young people... The real difference is that Jo Rowling is a terrific writer and Stephenie Meyer can't write worth a darn. She's not very good." The King has spoken.

But I digress. I seem to be so distracted by the very few negatives in the grand scheme of vampiredom and have not focused enough on the fact that vampires are still really cool. Many vampire films of the modern era are worthy sinking my teeth into (ha). *Låt Den Rätte Komma In* (English: *Let the Right One In*), a Swedish film about a child vampire—

which was recently remade into the American *Let Me In* starring Hit Girl from Kick-Ass (she lightened up on the "fucks" and "cunts" for this role)—received an overwhelmingly positive response from critics. The seldom-seen 2000 movie *Shadow of the Vampire* earned Willem Dafoe (who may or may not be a real vampire) an Academy Award nomination for his depiction of the famous. My personal favorite vampire movie, *From Dusk Till Dawn*, places George Clooney and Quentin Tarantino in a Mexican strip club/bar filled with vampires like Cheech Marin (doing his best Cheech Marin impression), and Salma Hayek (stripping with a really big snake around her neck). What makes this vampire movie so darn special is that it takes a good sixty minutes for the vampires to actually come into the film. And when you have no idea what the movie is about up until that point, it scares the shit out of you so much you're laughing.

But of course, we need to take into account these vampires' ancestors. It all goes back to Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, the 1897 novel, which birthed the idea of the undead rising to take the blood they require, as well as introducing us to the

vigorous Professor Abraham Van Helsing, the hunter of the beast. Basically, it launched the vampire movement as a whole, as well as film adaptations, se-

ass in the end.) Then came *Nosferatu*, a silent film about a grotesque-looking vampire searching and fighting for the blood of a woman. *Nosferatu* is perhaps

best known to our generation as the dude who caused the lights to flicker in an episode of *Spongebob*.

In all honesty, while many may argue that vampires are stupid and too overexposed, the bottom line is that I would love to be a vampire. Just think: the immortality; enhanced lust and sexiness; living only in the hot, wet nights (woo!); never having to scrutinize myself in the mirror; enhanced speed and strength; fangs that can fucking draw blood; and, of course, a nice pale aura. Sounds



He's on team Jacob.

quels, and stage performances (most notably the 2009 fall production of *Dracula* at Medfield High School in Medfield, Massachusetts, starring none other than Timothy Bridge as Jonathan Harker, a man who gets a bit too close to Count Dracula. But don't worry, I staked his

pretty awesome to me. So before you start ranting about how vampires are stupid, remember: they could be lurking in the shadows, waiting to sink their teeth into your throat and take the life from you. Or maybe they just want to flicker the lights... *Nosferatu!*

KIDZ BOP: SERIOUSLY, DUDES, QUIT IT ALREADY

by Festa Face
STAFF FAMILY VALUES

I like listening to music. In fact, I like listening to music a lot. The relationship I have with my iPod is an intimate one, and if anything were to ever happen to it, the act of constructing a shrine in its honor would be immanent. It's like the time when I accidentally dropped my first iPod and that frowning face appeared. I may or may not have cried for several days. I know I wore black and I mourned, but honestly, let's not talk about it. But you know what we *should* talk about? We should talk about the fact that music these days is becoming so... bad—and that means you, *Kidz Bop*. Yes, you.

The other day, my roommate and I were watching *Spy Kids*, just for shits and giggles (Can we talk about how Carmen is getting married in real life? Where did the time go?), and we were blessed with the opportunity to watch a *Kidz Bop* commercial. Apparently, *Kidz Bop* will graciously be dropping its 18th album for all children around the world to hear. Yet, still to this day, I find myself

confused as to why young kids are singing about breaking hearts (courtesy of Taio Cruz) and being in love (Justin Bieber, anyone?)

group of preteen children, most of them extremely confused, are dancing and singing songs that are on the Billboard Charts. Many



Currently working on a family-friendly version of "The Chronic"

These kids don't even know what the word "puberty" means, and the last people I am going to look to for advice on messy hookups are children clad in shiny latex. I mean, seriously, I do not want to see children shaking their asses to *Get Low*, attempting to sound like a less-gangster Li'l John.

For those who are unfamiliar with the horror show that I am talking about, picture this: a

of them have probably been forced by an overbearing parent to take part in such an activity, because it might give them that extra boost on the Common Application (i.e. Work Experience: *Kidz Bop* Singer. Description: Selling my soul for money). But what makes *Kidz Bop* particularly special is that most of the songs have been childproofed. Yes, just like when your parents made sure

there was a childproof lock on the liquor cabinet, these songs are one hundred percent kid friendly.

Par example, Ke\$ha's *Tik-Tok* got the Extreme Makeover: *Song Edition*. No longer is our favorite female hobo drinking some Jack and getting tipsy, but, goes and "packs" and gets "silly." It is so nice for *Kidz Bop* to let us know that the trailer trash singer decided to join the circus so she could pursue a career as a clown. Or the bearded lady. Or a talking horse. Anyway, it appears as though *Kidz Bop* is concerned that controversial language might negatively influence children who decide to waste their money on K.B. But if the dudez-in-charge are choosing songs like *Tik-Tok* for the kids to sing, then why don't they just kick it up a notch? There are a lot of songs in the musical world that would be oh-so-fun for them to work on.

Take for example Lily Allen's catchy tune *Fuck You*. Now how would *Kidz Bop* tackle this one? Would the lyrics be changed to "Love you (Love you)/Love you very, very much" or maybe "Muck stew (Muck stew)/Muck stew is very, very good." These lyrics seem pretty harmless, but

Kidz Bop might be rightly worried that eating muck stew could cause nausea, heartburn, indigestion, upset stomach and diarrhea, and the last thing we want is for our children to worry. Or what about the "Bed Intruder" song by the one and only Antoine Dodson? "He's skipping to your house/He's talking your people up/Tryin'a hug 'em/" would definitely be much more appropriate for a sing along. Who doesn't want to hear a song about someone wanting to spread the love?

So, allow me to take this moment to pose some simple questions about *Kidz Bop* that have been torturing my soul (you know, just to clear the air): WHAT IS THE POINT? What difference does it make if kids listen to the real or the fake song? Is *Kidz Bop* not contradicting itself by promoting such racy songs in the first place? More importantly, who failed first grade English and spelled "kids" wrong? You are already ruining my experience when it comes to music, *Kidzzzz Bop*, so why do you have to go and crouch on my spelling? I mean, seriously. What's next? Are you going to mess around with metalcore or Lok' rap? Damn you, *Kidz Bop*, damn you!

On Haters.

by Sean Bandfield
STAFF META-HATER

No villain of modern music is as pervasive and indistinct as the hater. It seems that few popular musicians can declare their individuality and autonomy without deriding their haters in the same breath – so much so that, more and more, to assert one's boldness and freedom is to attack those who question either. Proclaiming liberty and refuting the hater are becoming the same pursuit.

"Don't let haters keep me off my grind

Keep my head up I know I'll be fine"

Willow Smith, "Whip My Hair"

But who is the hater? What are the hater's claims? What are the hater's intentions, and why do they merit their own portion of lyrical dismissal? If we are to believe the popular musician, the hater is one who, well... hates. But how this hate manifests, despite vague implications, is often up to the listener to decide. The hater hates the musician's clothes; hates the musician's style; hates the musician's attitude. The hater despises the musician's individuality, apparently unable to tolerate such a display of confidence and originality. Certainly, this disdain emanates from the hater's own insecurity – uncomfortable in being himself, the hater seeks to destroy any appearance of artistic confidence.

"Haters only hate the things they can't get and the people they can't be."

- Unknown

Often, this is where the definition ends – the identity of the hater and the specific claims against the artist are left to the

imagination of the listener. The hater remains a phantom – a vague and poorly defined critic who is out of line and unjustified, even if the artist does not, or can not, explain why. In the past, the musician would mention their opponent's claim, and would even call them by name, thus addressing their adversary's argument directly and eliminating any convenient ambiguity. But if this practice of specificity remains at all in popular music, it is at least sharing the floor with an ever-increasing tactic: attempting to destroy the unheard claim of the invisible enemy – the hater.

It is this reluctance to identify the hater's claims and identity that betrays the artist's weakness. It doesn't matter

play of opinion that falls short of fawning praise? Congratulations – you are a jealous hater, despising that which you want but can't have. Against the musician ready to dismiss all opponents as "haters," there is no criticism, no matter how valid, that isn't fair game to be labeled as "hate."

*"You catch me at yo local party
Yes I crank it every day
Haterz get mad cuz
I got me some Bathin' Apes
...
...Haterz wanna be me"*

Soulja Boy Tell'em, "Crank That (Soulja Boy)"



who offers criticism, or how valid that criticism is – whoever questions the artist's integrity, freedom, or talent is instantly a hater. A charge of superficiality? You are a hater. An accusation of insincerity? You've instantly begun hating. Any dis-

By automatically labeling all critics as haters, the musician is freed from actually considering the merits of the charges against him and, further, is freed from having to rebut them. But the defendant's strategy doesn't stop there – "hate" is also ad-

opted and brandished like a trophy. The musician displays this received hate as a mark of pride, the sure sign that he has the hater's attention and can ride the derision all the way to the bank. "Hating is the sincerest form of flattery"; "Love me or hate me, either way I'm on your mind"; "Hating on a certain name only gives them fame." These are other maxims of the modern musician; not only can the musician rest comfortably knowing that he has his hater's attention, but his career can actually be furthered by the public contempt provided by his opponents.

"You can talk your shit you're only making me famous."

You can talk your shit you're only making me famous.

You can talk your shit you're only making me famous.

You can talk your shit you're only making me famous."

- Blood on the Dance Floor, "Bitches Get Stitches"

"There's no such thing as bad publicity."

Unknown

The idea that negative criticism only helps the target by promoting his name is a fraudulent principle that demonstrates the musician's twisted narcissism. Yes, to publicly lambast a person provides that person with publicity and, accordingly, fame. However, there is no such thing as fame *qua* fame – there is the type fame that a musician should want, and the type of fame that a musician should dread. The former is the type of fame that celebrates the musician as a true pioneer, a cultural landmark, a visionary whose work deserves to be taken seriously. The latter is infamy – public humiliation, dishonor, the epitome of all that art should

avoid. Given, this non-virtuous fame can benefit the musician in less honorable ways; wherever there is an example of sleaze, not far away can we find someone ready to shower it with money. However, if the musician sees this as success or vindication – profiting with fame and fortune specifically *because* of one's lack of merit – then it shows that the musician is interested only in the superficial rewards of his medium. For the "hater" who scorns a lack of merit and integrity, the musician who embraces derision while celebrating its material rewards is the ultimate affirmation. Thus, the more the musician relishes in this "success," sarcastically thanking the hater for this "fame," the more the musician undermines his own merits and proves the "hater" right.

The ultimate hypocrisy inherent to the cry of "hater!" is that all forms of art warrant criticism; architecture, painting, dance, and cinema all have their critics, and music should be no exception. The musicians who employ this childish tactic only hurt themselves – rather than analyzing valid criticism constructively, and thus benefitting their art, these musicians plug their ears and paint all opponents with the same presumptuous brush.

Peculiar, isn't it, that these musicians, so confident with their identity and unfazed by detractors, dedicate so much time dismissing those with whom they claim to be indifferent. When we are not bothered by something, we don't make a habit of incessantly declaring to the world how little that thing matters to us. If popular musicians are so underwhelmed and unmoved by "haters," I suspect we would never hear of these "haters" at all.

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arts

Reality is Deceiving



the movie: not even the characters get it

by Dan Yacavino
STAFF MEDIA
RELATIONSHIP SPOILER

To put it simply: *Catfish* was the most deceptive film in terms of marketing I can recently recall. With jilted frames and dark scenery illuminated by the blue glow of a computer screen, the narrator's voice demands that we, the audience, "do not let anyone tell you what it is," gives the inclination that we're waiting for a horror—a horror so scary due to the fact that it could happen to any of us (who are on Facebook, that is). A seemingly tame interaction between the main character, Nev, and an eight-year-old painting prodigy named Abby Pierce inspires his brother, Rel, and friend, Henry, to film Nev over the next few months, ultimately leading to the finale's revelation but DON'T LET ME TELL YOU WHAT IT IS.

Nev photographs dance in New York City and presumably has for a while. His artwork appears in publications and reaches a little girl named Abby in middle-of-nowhere Ishpeming, Mississippi who converted his work into an amazingly good painting for a child. Nev begins communication with the girl, stunned by her work, which was fed through the mother, Angela — because, honestly, who wants their child talking to some random New Yorker on the Internet in the first place? Nev learns all the intimate details about this family over the phone and in email and chat windows without ever actually meeting these people. However he befriends an entire group of people on Facebook who, presumably, are friends with one another in Michigan. One girl, Abby's half-sister, e-attracts Nev and

they begin an Internet relationship where she sends him songs, artwork and sexts without ever having met each other. Now, on the surface, the film seems like some sad consequence of a digital age where people can become so attached to one another without ever meeting, sharing intimate details and letting them into their own lives, until you realize that it's not a true interaction.

it out to Colorado, but Megan sends Nev songs she's written so he doesn't feel lonely in the hotel. What's funny, though, is the songs are ripped right off of YouTube. Slowly everything starts to unravel. Every piece of music has been lifted right off the internet and Megan continually claims that it's her work, fuming at Nev through a Google Chat window. So what is any twenty-something heart-struck

road with "Return To Sender" stamped clearly on them. Does Megan even exist? Well to answer that question Nev heads over to Angela's house the next morning for breakfast. Arriving at the house with an assortment of secret cameras and microphones, the two filmmakers and Nev ring the bell—to no answer. They walk around the back and see someone standing inside only to introduce themselves to

Abby's friend that Abby doesn't paint, so how could she be such a prolific painter? Finally Angela gives in -- admitting that it was her *all* along and that Nev had been in contact *only* with her. She had two cell phones that she used and upwards of fifteen Facebook profiles to spin a web of delusion that completely entrenched Nev. Though an important interaction between the characters is that Nev reacts very kindly to the woman who completely fooled him rather than lashing out or acting immaturely, which does speak to his character, but he is still a fool for falling in love with someone who doesn't exist.

The film drags on much longer than it should have in an effort to be scarier than it really is. The point of the film is that these three grown men were tricked by a bored woman in rural Michigan because they invested in a social tool so heavily to have such faith that anyone who is on the internet is real and therefore completely missed the point of human relationships.

Angela's husband gives the deepest analogy that also gives the film its name as he tells a story of codfish being transported to China: Because codfish are lumped together in crates for transport, they will turn to mush if they never move. Fish farmers put a predator catfish in the tanks to keep the cod agile and fresh. Clearly the implication is that Angela is the catfish of the internet. With everyone lulled into complacency, she caused Nev to actually act on his online interactions rather than take them at face value or ignore them. A human element was forced into an online interaction and now people are profiting from it. Genius.



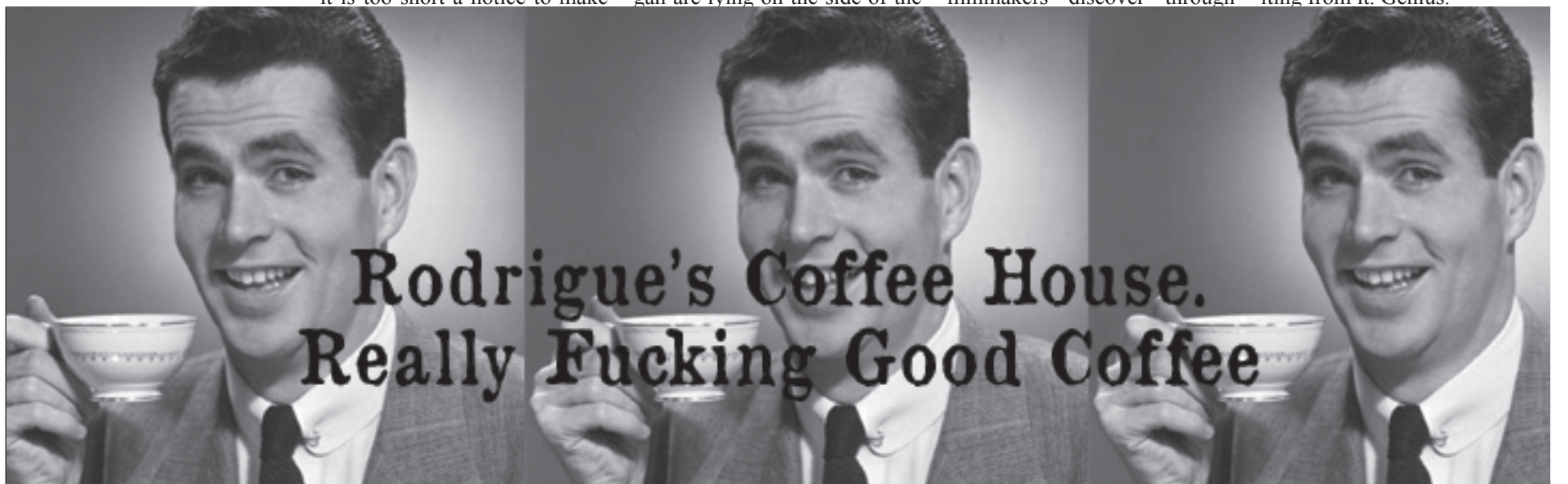
FOR THE LOVE OF ZOMBIE JESUS I'M GOING TO SPOIL THE MOVIE FOR YOU. CAUTION! DRAGONS BE HERE!

Nev and Megan's relationship quickly blossoms over the course of the movie as Nev becomes ever the more smitten by his digital better-half. Megan consumes Nev's life (Nev kind of sounds like naïve, doesn't it?) and when he gets a project out in Vail, Colorado to photograph a dance competition he tries to meet up with his e-lover, the girl Abby who started all of this, and the rest of the family with whom he's been in contact. They claim it is too short a notice to make

photographer to do when confronted with a deep-seated lie that has affected him deeply for months? He rents a car and with his friends and drives to Pierce, home, hoping to find some answers. Arriving in the middle of the night, they find Megan's address to her supposed horse farm. The car slowly pulls into the driveway with few lights and the advertisements would leave you to believe that this is the moment when some mutant from *The Hills Have Eyes* comes running out of the forest with a chainsaw, but that moment never comes. The only payoff is letters that Nev has sent to Megan are lying on the side of the

a woman, named Angela Pierce, who looks nothing like the woman painted in previous correspondence: her husband and his twin mentally-handicapped sons from a previous marriage with her. When Nev introduces himself she gives him a hug that lasts just a little too long and Megan is conspicuously nowhere to be found.

The filmmakers sit down with the family who still will not give them straight answers to anything. In short, Megan doesn't exist in any form. Angela Pierce first claims that she's in rehab and then it turns out that there is no Megan at all. The filmmakers discover through





Have you heard? Lucasfilm Ltd. wrote its own epitaph on September 28, 2010, announcing that the live-action *Star Wars* Saga will be converted to 3D. Thankfully though, of all the untouchable episodes that will soon be molested, it is Episode I: *The Phantom Menace* that is expected to be released theatrically first, in February 2012.

For many orthodox *Star Wars* fans, *The Phantom Menace* has always represented some kind of fall from grace. Its 1999 release abrasively associated the incredible ingenuity of Episodes IV-VI 70s-style animation with the stupid, stuttering, computer-generated Jar Jar Binks, spent more time detailing Natalie Portman's wardrobe than whether or not the evil Trade Federation would take over her character, Queen Amidala's kingdom of Naboo, and revealed the once-mysteriously evil Face of the Dark Side, of the "Sith," to be a cheap variation of *The Exorcist's* demon face, in full, striking red and yellow inside Darth Maul's robe.

The Phantom Menace opened the floodgates for Lucas' nit-picky alterations to his already masterful Saga – Episode's II: *Attack of the Clones* (2002) and II: *Revenge of the Sith* (2005) brought the quality of Hollywood love story plots, a new snarky, computer-generated Yoda, and a wealth of other taboos that tarnished the luster of the (emphasis on) original 70s trilogy. And right before *Revenge of the Sith* came out, Lucas released the original trilogy for the first time on DVD with a heavy use of CGI technology, new and bad Cantina band songs, and continuity alterations as a "2004 Special Edition," assuring fans that these new, old souped up versions of Episodes IV-VI were the "canonical version" to fully complete the disconnected Saga. Torn between nostalgic longings for the galaxy from a long time ago and far far away and the loyalty to this galaxy's creator, Lucas/*Star Wars* fans groaned away any impulses to welcome the new developments three decades worth of technological development brought to their practiced *Star Wars* faith.

I think Lucas warned us, though, of the onslaught to come by naming Episode I: *The Phantom Menace* – with "phantom" as a mass noun meaning "illusion, unreality, emptiness, vanity, delusion, deception, falsity," and "menace" meaning "a declaration of indication of hostile intention, or of a probably evil or catastrophe; a threat." Yes, those could very well apply to the movie's main "villain" – Anakin's growing urge to convert to the Dark Side with the Siths. But, couldn't it also be an ominous predilection of the hostile technological intrusions that are distorting the imaginative capabilities of *Star Wars* fans until they are empty?

The advent of a 3D *Star Wars* awaits the last coming of the Phantom Menace that will suck dry each and every purely creative element out of the Saga and instead fill it with pompous, easy, aesthetically-distracting nonsense. *Star Wars* audiences do not need what John Knoll, the Visual Effects Supervisor for Industrial Light & Magic and Sith behind the operation, calls a "fantastic new *Star Wars* experience." And neither do future generations of *Star Wars* audiences. The force will not be with them – in any visual dimension. Making *Star Wars* 3D is doing everything Luke does wrong the first time he trains with Yoda in the Swamp of Dagobah – distracting our collective self with impatient multiplicity. Making *Star Wars* 3D is converting to the Dark Side, ignoring Obi-Won, and encasing Han Solo forever carbonite. Making *Star Wars* 3D is a trap!
-K.C.

WHEN FECEES COMES AT YOUR FACE AND YOU THINK IT'S REAL:

JACKASS 3D

by Elena Lightbourn
COMIX EDITOR

I don't go to the movies that often anymore. Most movies in theaters fail to intrigue me, and I view spending upwards of \$12 to sit in a theater and watch a movie I can eventually see on DVD or on the internet as a waste of money. Naturally, I never expected that I would see *Jackass 3D* in theaters, but a couple of (totally awesome) friends offered to pay for my ticket, so I went. I have never even watched the first two *Jackass* movies, but I do admit to having occasionally indulged in the TV series as a kid, curious to see why my parents so heavily detested MTV.

Even after 10 years in the business, the *Jackass* franchise delivers what they traditionally promise with their newest installation of crazy exploits. Watching other people do stupid things is great, because you get the benefits (like laughing your ass off) without the consequences (like being covered head to toe in poop).

I saw *Jackass 3D* at the AMC Bay Plaza in a surprisingly suburban area of the Bronx, bringing back memories of my high school days in Houston having nothing to do besides go out to the movies. For whatever reason, I did not bring my state ID with me; being a 20-year-old and all, long gone are the times when being old enough

to watch an R-rated movie was a big deal. As we waited in line to purchase tickets, we noticed a couple of what looked like 14 year-olds attempt and pathetically fail to buy their own, the salesperson ignoring their pleas in the absence of their IDs. Witnessing this scene worried me. I didn't have my state ID in my possession... but I look at least 17... right? Apparently not. Also, apparently a Fordham ID proving that I am a junior isn't good enough either, because according to the salesperson, I "could be 16 and a junior."

(I'm pretty sure that if I were a 16 year-old in college, I would not be trying to buy a ticket for *Jackass 3D*, but, okay.) I could not buy my ticket. My friends and I momentarily panicked, and then quickly found a solution. We went all the way over there to watch *Jackass 3D*, and by God, it was going to happen. So, we asked a random stranger in line behind us to please buy my ticket in clear view of the theater staff. Hey, it worked.

Once I put on my 3D glasses, it took a couple of painful minutes for my eyeballs to stop protesting the adjustment. From the beginning of the movie it struck me how aged Johnny Knoxville and friends now appear, and this detail only added to the movie's overall hilarity. The movie progresses from one ridiculous stunt to another with varying degrees of foulness and painfulness to watch. Many of their stunts are essentially experiments, and as an audience member, I felt strangely con-

wouldn't be able to count how many times I put my hand over my face in shock and genuine sympathy for whichever cast member happened to be playing the victim in particular scenes. Some parts, however, I found pointless and overdone -- namely those involving cast members hitting each other in the balls. Yes, some people will still laugh at that, but can't you be a little more creative, Jackasses?

Amongst the puking, midget bar fights, games of beehive tetherball, and penis-showings, *Jackass 3D's* most memorable performance would probably have to be the "Poop Cocktail Supreme." Contrary to what the name of this stunt may suggest, cast members do not ingest poop. Instead, they project a Port-a-Potty overflowing with poop 100 feet into the air using cranes and bungee cords. Oh, and with Steve-O and a camera inside. As much as I wanted to, I could not force myself to look away, and could only muster the

motivation to describe it with a single word in my notes -- "TERRIFYING."

The question that continued to burn through my brain for the entirety of the film was "why?" Why would anyone ever want to build a diorama with a volcano which gushes not lava, but human fecal matter? Why would anyone submit to a dental extraction

powered by a speeding Lamborghini? Why would anyone collect a cup full of a fat guy's sweat and proceed to drink it? The answer, of course, besides money (duh), is in order to entertain. I can not and definitely will not say I hated *Jackass 3D*. But that might be because I do not have a weak stomach and I am not easily offended. If either of these apply to you, do not see this movie; otherwise, *Jackass 3D* may very well touch you in some way.



PSYCHEDELIC SURF

Los Growlers Take a Dump on New York

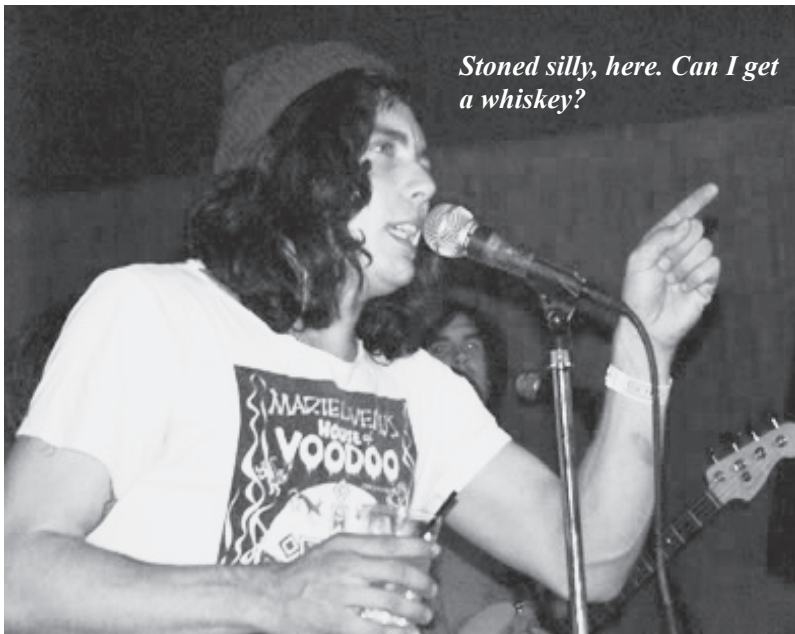
by **Krissy Buongiorno**
STAFF DOESN'T HAVE A SET LIST

Long Beach, California's very own Los Growlers played at the Knitting Factory in Brooklyn on Wednesday October 13th. Upon entering the Knitting Factory, which is basically a little room with a stage and a bar in the back, I was pleasantly surprised to find my feet weren't sticking to the ground, the toilet wasn't clogged and over flowing with fecal matter, the sink was still on the wall (rumor

has it a couple was bumpin' uglies in Ziggy's bathroom, on, around, or near the sink and it fell off the wall! Zounds!), and it wasn't a million degrees too hot. Then I remembered that not all bars are like the shit shacks in the Bronx, the shit shacks that I hold dear to my heart. This place was dimly lit with chandeliers that looked like distorted pieces of popcorn floating on the ceiling. There were ten or so cushiony chairs scattered around the room along with fifty or so individuals who looked to be in their twenties. Predominantly hipsters, the crowd had a few surfer wannabes, one girl who flashed her boobies, one sweaty pudgy asian dude who danced his pants off, and the rest were old weird people who looked like they just like to do shrooms and listen to psychedelic surf music on Wednesday nights.

The show was very low key. Members of the Growlers were actually out in the crowd swaying to the opening band and no one even noticed them, approached them, or even looked over in their general direction. Clearly their fan following is not as strong on the east coast but it didn't affect their performance. I've seen The Growlers play in their hometown multiple times with much rowdier and livelier crowds, but the set they played in Brooklyn was by far the best. Once the opening band finished,

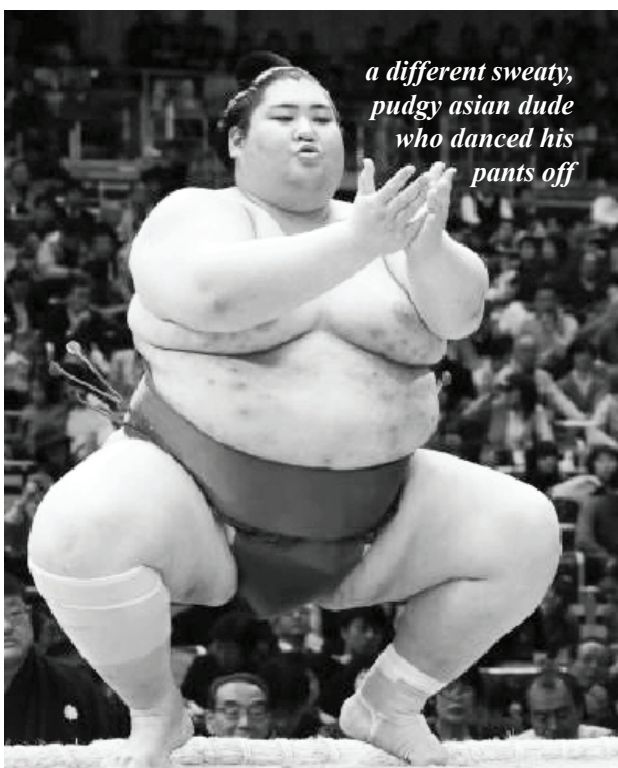
The Growlers hopped up on stage and those in the band who were wearing sarongs over their jeans untied them and plugged their guitars in. They opened their set with their song "Acid Rain" and instantly the crowd was pleased. Just about everyone's hips were swaying, except



Stoned silly, here. Can I get a whiskey?

for the sweaty pudgy asian who was jumping up and down while throwing up the "rock on" symbol, on both hands.

After a few songs and a few requests from the lead singer to have someone in the crowd bring him some whiskey from the bar, things started to liven up and people started to loosen up. The Growlers continued on playing just about all their songs, which is not too difficult to do since they have like one and a half albums with most songs being around two minutes. Lo-fi and groovy, they sounded flawless



a different sweaty, pudgy asian dude who danced his pants off

and were able to take their fans along with them on the drug wave of "bent sound." There was no set list or order, instead The Growlers would just huddle up after every other song and try to think of a new one to play, perhaps a bit amateur of them but then again very fitting for a band who's name derives

from the term "growler" which means to shit, poop, dump, drop a deuce, defecate (not to be confused with fornicate), etc. They did, however, fail to play "Wet Dreams" after my many attempts at yelling at them to play it. I can only yell out "wet dreams" in a crowd so many times until I become "that girl."

The Growlers were not big on chit-chat during their performance. Only the lead singer, Brooks Nielson, talked to the crowd, simply to let us know that he was "super high" and that he kept tripping out and thinking that he was still on their tour bus. "Don't you just hate when you think you're on a tour bus when in reality you're not?" After a good hour and a half of boss beats and hip dancing The Growlers left the stage and joined the crowd shortly after at the bar.

Nielson was outside The Knitting Factory with some random dog sitting on a blanket selling vinyls and shirts from a suitcase still really, really high. I shuffled over, a tad bit starstruck even though I'm embarrassed to admit it, to praise him for the show and also to let him know that I grew up a town over from The Growlers. After I expressed these things to him he looked at me with wide eyes, greasy hair, and a skinny, malnourished body and whispered "that's sooooo cool," grabbing my right hand and shaking it vigorously with both of his hands. He wasn't eager to let go of my hand, I think he thought he was still on the tour bus or something. I slipped away from the scene still swaying to the psychedelic beach-surf-goth

pop-rock band (yeah, they actually really can be described as all those genres) thinking that, overall, it was a decent show for a good price -- only ten clams, baby.

For more information on The Growlers or their tour visit their Myspace.



the paper's show list

Not all concerts have to be on a Civil War battlefield. New York has plenty of shows every day that don't include cannons, rampant amputation, or a lack of working electricity. Many probably exhibit some wild facial hair, though. My problem, however, is that outside of Rodrigue's shows (which are always a lot of fun and you should all go), I haven't been to a concert in a long time. It's very sad. You should go with me! We can drink booze and dance and compare pit stains at various points of the night. We can do all that and then get on a subway instead of marching home over the course of a few months with a limb or two less and broken shoes.
- C.S.

Who: Jedi Mind Tricks
When: Sat. October 30, 8pm
Where: Bowery Ballroom
HOWMUCH: \$15 advance, \$17 day-of
Why: This is the hip-hop trio's fourth and final night of their short, spontaneous "Halloween Havoc" tour. Hip-hop doesn't have to be scary, but this time it should be.

Who: The Dresden Dolls
When: Sun (Halloween!) October 31, 8pm
Where: Irving Plaza
HOWMUCH: \$31.50
Why: Missed her mister? By her I mean Amanda Palmer, the bold, crude, and powerful singer of the dark cabaret duo. And by mister I mean everyone who hasn't listened to the Dresden Dolls in a while. Even in a big, wide, venue like Irving Plaza, the Dresden Dolls, I'm sure, will still touch some intimate nerves. Shocking, charming, plucky, steely and creepy - they're quite the apropos Halloween sight, and sound.

Who: The Static Jacks, Penrose
When: Fri November 5, 8pm
Where: Rodrigue's Coffee House
HOWMUCH: FREEEEEEEE
Why: If you watched the tenth episode of the second season of the Jersey Shore, you know, the one when Angelina leaves, at about 32 minutes in they played a 7-second sample of one of the Static Jacks' songs. It happened right when the situation was banging that Canadian chick. Also, Penrose is always really awesome.

Who: Friends of the Daily Show
When: Wed November 3, 8pm
Where: Comix
HOWMUCH: \$15
Why: If you can't make Jon Stewart's "Rally To Restore Sanity" over Halloween weekend in DC, "The Daily Show & Friends" is your killer second chance to catch cable's favorite fake news team. Hosted by Daily Show producer Rory Albanese, the show brings together a handful of the show's correspondents (John Oliver, Wyatt Cenac, Kristen Schaal, and Rob Riggle to name a few) with rotating guests working out their acts. For only fifteen bucks, you'll get to spend the evening with New York's comedy greats.

Who: Rick Ross
When: Sat November 6, 8pm
Where: Loews Paradise Theater (right on Grand Concourse!)
HOWMUCH: \$112
Why: If Rick Ross came all the way from Miami, you can come all the way from, what, ten blocks away? Yes, tickets are expensive, but this gives you a chance to do some blowing money fast of your own.

Tucker Max is an Asshole. He Finished a Book, First.

by Keegan Talty
STAFF SILVER MEDAL
ASSHOLE

On September 28, 2010, I went into New Jersey. Now, I generally avoid New Jersey, but I had an important journey. I departed with three friends and drove 45 minutes to a small town called Ridgefield. The four of us were on our way to buy *Assholes Finish First*, the second book of *New York Times* best selling author, Tucker Max. Many of you may be familiar with his website, tuckermax.com, or his first book *I Hope They Serve Beer In Hell*.

Now why would I risk getting smush-smushed by Snooki to buy the book? Why not order it or go somewhere else? The answer to that is simple: Tucker Max himself was holding a book signing. I have been a fan of Tucker Max's for 4 or 5 years now. His stories are hilarious, albeit heartless and narcissistic, but have never failed for a laugh. He signs the book with "I'm awesome." But the biggest underlying factor about Tucker Max is his honesty. You see it in *I Hope They Serve Beer In*

Hell, Assholes Finish First, and in person. At the book signing, he took questions for about half of an hour and made fun of a few fans, like "the high school girls who waited 5 hours," "the fat Asian man who asked 'what is the way,'" and the "short, greasy bastard wearing a shirt that said 'I'd Rather Be Snorting Cocaine Off A Hooker's Ass.'"

Tucker Max offers surprising insight that you would not expect from a self-proclaimed asshole. Betwixt his stories, Tucker showcases his intelligence and his "no bullshit" values. As he was before his book signing, Tucker Max always tries to emphasize the importance of keeping a story as true as possible. He offers pictures and e-mails as sources, and one can really

learn to respect this aspect of his writing, in spite of how much he disrespects people.

Assholes Finish First is exactly what you would expect from Tucker Max. There are a

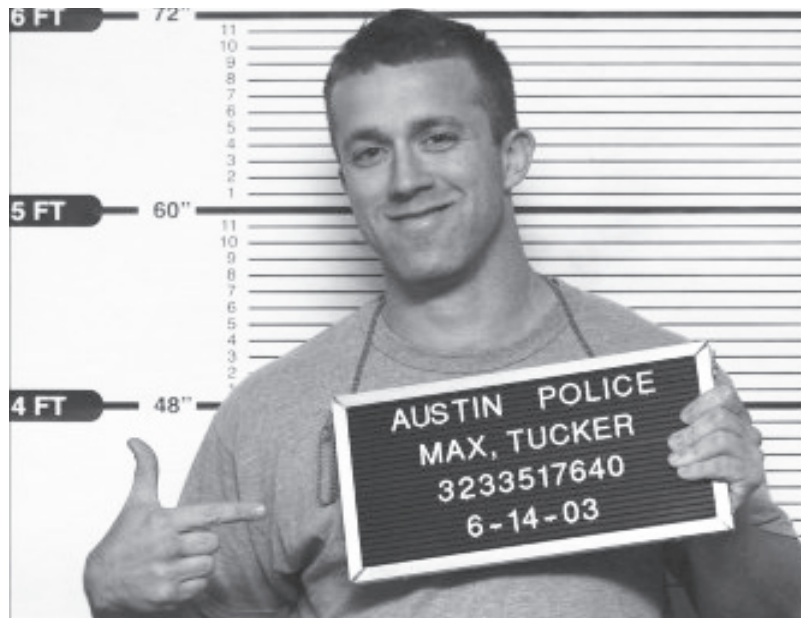
ranging from his days trying to become a successful published writer to his post-fame stories.

Tucker Max does not deviate from his usual style, and does not disappoint his fandom.

He takes every situation and pushes the envelope to its limits. It is as if everyone in the world is riding his train and, at every stop, more and more people

does not have the same originality impact. There are some stories that, of course, will shock and awe you, but a lot of them, while still hilarious, cannot surprise you. As always, there are people up on their high horses, criticizing this "fratire" style of writing. For some people, it will even shake their faith in humankind. But let's face it -- people suck. There are the jerkoffs who don't give a fuck about other people, and the elitists who think they are morally better than most, and they both condemn any deviation in lifestyle that is not theirs, even with their unjustified sense of higher morality.

But no matter what stance you take on Tucker Max and his writing, he is a number #1 best selling author, *IHTSBIH* is still #14 on the best sellers list, *Assholes Finish First* may debut at #3 on the hard cover's list, and he has become rich for doing literally nothing but being a self-absorbent, abusive asshole. And America loves it, proving that assholes really do finish first.



few older stories of his drunken debauchery that have been featured on his website, but the majority of the book is new material. Like *IHTSBIH*, *Assholes Finish First* is anchored by a longer story, "The Tuckerfest Story." There are many stories

get off while Tucker Max stands there shouting, "fuck you" to the world. He does not get off until he is going home with a midget threesome.

However, the one candle that *Assholes Finish First* does not hold to *IHTSBIH* is that it

THE BODY POLITIC:

GIRLS SENDING IMPORTANT MESSAGES AND HIDING THEIR NIPPLES

by Emily Genetta
EXECUTIVE CO-EDITOR

Let's pretend, or simply acknowledge, that you're an exhibitionist woman of color, and you're a thoughtful lady as well as a sexual one. You get off on showing off, but you don't want to encourage the white, heterosexual male gaze, for fuck's sake. You've read Audre Lord, so you're not about to go pose for some blaxploitationist Big Black Booty BlahBlahBlah Bullshit website run by a white dude who still lives with his mom— that is NOT how you dismantle the master's house. So you could either put down the master's tools altogether (which, sadly, include your exhibitionist sexuality), or, you could reclaim that instrumental sexuality of yours, wrap it in pretty political paper, and throw it through his fucking windows (Sorry, porno webmaster's Mom!) The ladies of Brown Girls Burlesque have opted for the latter, and it's as glass-shatteringly awesome as one could hope for.

Burlesque, for those who are unfamiliar, is the artsier cousin of stripping. It focuses more on how to undresses, than simply being undressed: as such, nipples and genitals are (almost) never shown, because that's not

where the thrill lies. The focus on performance rather than the performer's body lends the medium to political commentary as much as straight-up art, and this is where the Brown Girls come in. The NYC-based company, founded three years ago by Aurora Boobrealis (best. name. ever.), features seven amazing ladies of various ages, body types, and ethnicities, who infuse their de-robing with music and dance from their native cultures as well as spit-in-your-eye political messages.

Their show at Long Island University's Kumble Theatre this past weekend was more of a cabaret than straight-up burlesque. The show was emceed by a queer African-American named Ashley who told jokes about white boys and introduced all the acts, including a middle-aged rope acrobat, a Sri Lankan slam poet, and a bunch of hard-bodied Brazilian guys doing the acrobatic martial art known as Capoeira. As thrilling as these guest acts were, the major highlight in this culturally diverse show was still the burlesque skits. Each member of the troupe did one or two performances before coming together for a group strip-tease at the end. While all of the pieces were worthy of being featured,

there were a few that were slightly above and beyond.

The performance by Deity Delgado (who, I admit, is a friend of a friend) was a pitch-perfect opening act. Dressed as Miss Puerto Rico, she slowly removed her pageant gown to "I Feel Pretty"— not the Natalie Wood version, but the Adam-Sandler/Jack-Nicholson rendition from the otherwise forgettable 2003 movie *Anger Management*. The humor in the song as it was performed in that piece d'arte was that a man was angrily singing about girl things (teehee!), but the humor in watching Delgado strip to it was how awkward the re-appropriation was, which strangely fit the angry Latina stereotype to a T. The act ended when her falsies and butt pads "accidentally" fell out— a revealing that challenged the audience's expectations of a curvy Puerto Rican woman and a graceful beauty queen.

This kind of surprise revealing was used to a slightly lesser effect by another performer as well, a larger Filipina woman who went by the moniker Grammafun. She was wheeled onstage by a female transvestite in FedEx garb (an Asian mail-order bride with an elaborate bubble-wrap wedding dress). The

intricate, carefully constructed costume— which she removed piece by piece— would have stolen the show from any lesser performer, but Gramma was a commanding presence, moving her hips to Beyonce's "Ego" with purposeful force. After the last bit of plastic wrap was discarded, our lady revealed her own "big ego"— a fake penis attached to her panties. Ah, joke's on you, creep who orders ladies over the internet! In reality, such a revealing most likely would (and often does) result in her injury or death -- a brutal fact of life for many trans women which loomed awkwardly and unspoken over Grammafun's performance.

The most effecting act— in terms of eroticism as well as political commentary— was the penultimate performance by a lady named Chillax. She stripped out of her historical garb to Sade's cover of "Jezebel," engaging directly with the white men she'd brought down to the front row. Despite it's blatant confrontation of that white het. male gaze, the act was most traditional when it came to the stripping off of her clothing: Chillax started with her gloves, moved slowly (pausing to pose), and used a parasol for cover. There was no "surprise" interruption— no falsies fall-

ing to the floor, no fake penis, no dance break or inappropriate props (though ExHOTic Other pulled off the machine guns quite well). Chillax fulfilled the audience's most basic expectations to an uncomfortable degree that forced us to examine our own desires. She also (presumably) provided the emcee with a script to read afterwards about the historical significance of the piece, which was based on a practice called "plaçage," wherein free black women were "placed with" white men as mistresses. In other words, it was a form of sexual slavery positioned as a privileged alternative to typical slave labor.

If the juxtaposition of slavery and sexiness is making you uncomfortable, well, good. That's the goal, and it's one that Brown Girls Burlesque more than succeeded at. In truth, discomfort and critical thought are not anathema to titillation and arousal, at least not for those with any glimmer of a social conscious. Complacency is what's not hot, which means that BGB are setting the stage ablaze. Keep an eye on their website, browngirlsburlesque.com (tagline: It's that serious) for upcoming performances, and maybe— if that's your thing— auditions.

Teaching at Brown and Dealing Drugs, all with Edward Norton

by Leena Macheril
STAFF PO(E)THEAD

I knew Tim Blake Nelson's film, *Leaves of Grass* was going to be worth the twelve bucks as soon as I saw the trailer online months ago. Nelson had already impressed me with his past movies *The Grey Zone* and *Eye of God*, critically acclaimed films that dealt with serious questions on the Holocaust and religion, so I was curious to see his take on comedy. I am also a die-hard fan of Edward Norton (*Fight Club*, *American History X*), a great actor who has never taken on a film he didn't appreciate or respect. But I got really excited when, two minutes before the movie started, an old man limped into the theater box, asked the audience whether this was the movie about cannabis, and received an enthusiastic "hell yeah" from the crowd. Needless to say, it was a good movie. *Leaves of Grass* is probably the most intelligent and poetic film you're ever going to see that includes Oklahoma, crossbow murders, and marijuana.

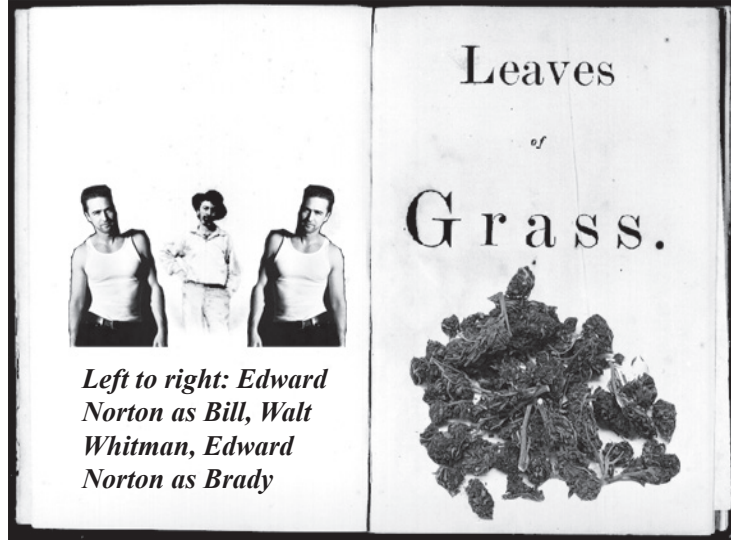
Edward Norton once again does a terrific job—except this time he does it twice. He plays a dual role, twins Bill and Brady Kincaid. Bill is a Classics professor at Brown University and

Brady is a marijuana seller in the boys' hometown, Tulsa, Oklahoma. The movie opens with Bill giving a titillating lecture on Socrates (which you can almost certainly keep up even if you never stay awake in Philosophy class). We quickly learn that Bill is a notable professor: he has published books and is offered a chance to open his own department at Harvard Law School. It's hard to imagine his origins lie not in the upper-class, silver-spoon childhoods of his colleagues but instead, in the rural town of Tulsa, Oklahoma. But then we see him act as Brady and although they share similarities in appearance, their lives could not be more different. Brady has made a living by selling weed (and only weed, he doesn't deal with "that other shit") since he dropped out of high school. But now he has an annoyingly irrational wife and a baby on the way and must figure out a way to leave the business and escape the wrath

of the region's dominant drug dealer, Rabbi Rothmaun (Richard Dreyfuss).

In order for his plan to work however, he needs an alibi and who better to fulfill that role than his identical brother. Of course, Bill has refused to visit Tulsa for twenty years (who blames him, really) so Brady fakes his own death (by crossbow) and

Brady's tests in high school in order to pretend that he was Brady later one night to get him laid in the back of a tow truck. So Brady sets out to handle risky negotiations with the extremely shady Rabbi while Bill reconnects with his mother and the local high school (and really hot) English teacher, Janet (Keri Russel).



Left to right: Edward Norton as Bill, Walt Whitman, Edward Norton as Brady

Tim Blake Nelson wrote the screenplay and I later learned that Nelson is also a Tulsa native who worked his way up in the dog-eat-dog world of Brown University to become a Classics major. This movie is almost a tribute to his hometown. You

Bill writes dissertations on philosophy and Brady designs and builds a hydroponic farm which produces top-quality weed. Janet (Keri Russell), who is also a poet, references the name-sake of the film's title when she quotes a beautiful verse from Walt Whitman's book of poetry, *Leaves of Grass* while simultaneously gutting a catfish (Bill is simultaneously grossed out and turned on).

Critics of the movie don't like the big leap that occurs in the ending and they believe it's a stretch from the earlier scenes. They're wrong. Be warned that this movie is greatly influenced by the work of the Coen Brothers (*O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, *The Big Lebowski*, *Burn After Reading*). But in the end, you can connect Whitman's analogy of writing poetry to living life in the final events. In his poem, "Song of the Open Road" he writes, "I and mine do not convince by arguments, similes, rhymes, / We convince by our presence." Nelson conveys this idea throughout the film's screenplay: it's not the poetry or the end results that matter but the journey that takes you there. Bill and Brady both acknowledge this and in the end, you realize they're not so different after all.

lures him from the polished walls of academia to the small town of white trash. Bill gets super pissed when he realizes his brother is still alive but Brady guilt-trips him into staying by bringing up Bill's estranged relationship with their 60s pot-head mother (Susan Sarandon). And it's not as if switching roles is new to the twins: Bill took

see his nostalgia and affection for Tulsa in the visceral shots of the city, the Arkansas River, and the surrounding farmlands. He captures the eccentric air of the mid-West well by insightfully portraying the Kincaid family and the people they come into contact with. Another great tidbit is the way Nelson portrays the twins as equally brilliant:

ALIEN INSIDE JOKES

EARTH (THE BOOK) OPENS CANS OF HUMANITY'S WORMS

by Alex Kelso
STAFF PENSIVE GIGGLE
FACE

I think we're all familiar with *The Daily Show with John Stewart*. It's funny, hip, relevant, and, for better or worse, probably where most of America (myself included) gets its news from. And probably even more sobering than this fact is that it is probably one of the best sources for the news. But this article is not about *The Daily Show*, it's about the latest thing to pop out of John Stewart's and the other writers' funny minds. A few weeks ago, the writers of *The Daily Show* released *EARTH (The Book)* the spiritual successor to their New York Times bestselling book, *America (The Book): A Citizen's Guide to Democracy Inaction*.

To those unfamiliar with this very, very funny book, *America (The Book)* is a satirical look at all things American -- from our history to our culture, from our politics to the naked forms of our Supreme Court justices (Seriously. They photo-shopped their heads on naked bodies). The interesting thing about the book is that it was presented as a middle-school children's textbook, complete with classroom activities, study questions, and other bullshit one finds in a textbook. And like with all satirical works, there was more

truth in the sarcastically hilarious pages than we should admit. Essentially, it was *The Daily Show* uncensored in print form. It took care to offend and mock just about everyone in America and no one was spared.

EARTH (The Book) takes the mocking to new levels, offending just about everyone and everything on the planet. It details humanity's struggle with nature, with ourselves, and our constant sex and masturbation. The book is presented as a textbook as well, but differently. It is designed as a guide for future aliens visiting our planet after humanity has died out. As such, it refers to aliens as being our possible destroyers several times. It serves as a guide to aliens in an attempt to understand Earth culture and humanity, each chapter ending with a series of Future

Alien Questions that attempt to tell aliens why we were so self-contradictory and why it's a bit of a surprise we were the dominate species on the planet.

EARTH (The Book) is pretty detailed, with Earth explained as its basic aspects in nature up to the reasons behind religion

the time. The thing that makes satire work is that enough of it is true to make you think. And this book definitely makes you think. A decent part of the book is about sex and our obsession and feelings towards it. It gets to a point where one of the Future Alien Questions remarks

desires are boiled down to sex and money, and the major issue humanity has is that it tends to focus more on banal, everyday bits of life rather than the sheer immensity of the universe.

This book is about \$30 and well worth the money. It's extremely well written and very funny. The thing that gets me the most is the sheer completeness of it. It pretty much sums up humanity in 238 pages; and it does it well. Almost no group is left out. The biggest issue I have with it is that it isn't as funny as *America (The Book)*, to me at least. I remember laughing uncontrollably at some parts of *America (The Book)*. But maybe that's because I read it in an election year. *EARTH (The Book)* doesn't get me laughing out loud as much as in fits of uncontrollable giggling. It's a little smirk or snort of amusement. It's clever satire, makes you think while smirking. It's the thinking that gets in way of the laughing. Perhaps because I know more now from *EARTH* than *America (The Book)*, I more clearly understand its general message. Or maybe I'm over-analyzing it. Either way, the book is definitely worth a buy. If you like *The Daily Show* or *The Colbert Report*, you'll definitely like *EARTH (The Book)*. So buy it, laugh a little, and think a little.

All the kings horses and
all the kings men,
will be aliens.



and government. And when I mentioned offending everyone, I mean everyone! Almost every single aspect of life from all cultures and religions is mocked in some way. The pages are packed with visual examples of culture, nature, and naked old people, this time featuring Larry King. Of course all of this ribbing is good natured, most of

is a great look at the highs and lows of humanity. It shows the triumph of our science, technology, and the stupid things we used them for. It shows our highs of philosophy and religion and how these were mostly discussed by stoned college students. It basically portrays humanity as the bipolar entity it is. Humanity's basic

the paper's Halloween Features page is usually a haven for wickedness, debauchery, and silly pictures of Fordham admins Photoshopped into zombies. In many respects, this issue is no different: after all, Halloween is arguably college's most kick-ass holiday. But to quote the Rape, Abuse & Incest National Network, "sexual assault is a crime of motive and opportunity, and Halloween celebrations can present additional risks and potentially dangerous situations." We want you to have fun, but, even more, we want you to be safe and help others stay safe.

Below, you'll find information on the nature of consent, what to do if you or someone you know is assaulted, and, maybe, a little hope. Even if you haven't experienced rape first-hand, being felt-up at tri-bar, hollered at on campus, or made to carry home a friend who drank cough-syrup-spiked jungle juice are all very real, very isolating experiences. Remember that you are not alone, that other people recognize how fucked-up our campus culture is and care enough to try to change it.

If this all sounds a bit patronizing, it isn't intentional. Our campus is brimming with intelligent young people, and it is not our fault that the only time we encounter sexual assault training in our Fordham career is during freshmen orientation. Or that reporting that you were assaulted is a maze of strange paperwork and uncomfortable conversations. Or that our school correlates a low rate of reported violence with a successful sexual assault prevention program—even though conversations with friends, Department of Justice stats that 1 in 6 women are sexually assaulted and college-age women are four times as likely to be assaulted, and Department of Education reports that rape is both the most common and most underreported violent crime committed on college campuses suggest that our protocol is likely highly inadequate. We need change, but until we achieve it there are we steps we can take to keep each other safe.

♥For Dudes♥

• People talk about rape as a women's issue: women need to guard their drinks, women need to walk in packs, women need to "dress less slutty." But to quote the grassroots sexuality resource Scarleteen (www.scarleteen.com), "Something done TO us isn't really about us." 99% of assaults are committed by men, and men are at risk as well—at least 10% are committed against men.

• We need to abandon the myth that rapists are scary bogeymen hiding in dark corners. According to the 2005 National Crime Victimization Survey, 73% of rapes are committed by someone the victim knows: their friend, their partner, their peer. What does this mean? That men taking action is key to ending rape.

• The international anti-violence organization Men Can Stop Rape recommends men see themselves as vital allies to their mothers, sisters, and peers by speaking out against rape, supporting survivors, and not allowing themselves or their friends to disregard consent.

CONSENT

What is Consent?

Consent means two people (or more) deciding together to do the same thing, at the same time, in the same way, with each other. Any sexual act that is initiated upon a person without their consent is against the law and is a violation of District Policy.

Elements of Consent

- C Comprehension that the act is taking place
- O Optional for both parties
- N Negotiations with partner
- S Sobriety—must have knowledge of the nature of the act
- E Engagement in the act
- N Nonviolent
- T Talking about it

Other Resources:

- Safe Horizon <http://www.safehorizon.org/>
- The New York City Alliance Against Sexual Assault svreenyc.org/survivors
- The Line: A Group Blog About Sex & Consent Made By You www.whereisyourline.org
- Men Can Stop Rape www.mencanstoprape.org
- Students Active For Ending Rape (SAFER): A Women's Empowerment Subcommittee Wed 8PM Music Room
- SAFER Campus www.safercampus.org



WHO TO CONTACT

If you are an assault survivor, whether the event occurred last night or years ago, don't fear reaching out for help.

At Fordham: Call Fordham University Emergency Medical Service at 718.817.2222, Counseling Services at 718.817.3725, or go to the health center in O'Hare's lower level. All services are free, safe, and confidential.

In New York: 24 hours a day, you can contact the 48th Precinct at 718.299.3900, Safe Horizon's Rape-Sexual Assault and Incest Hotline at 212.227.3000, the National Sexual Assault Hotline at 800.656.HOPE or the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project at 212.714.1141.

the paper's big list



by *the paper*
STAFF OF MILLIONS SEVERAL

Well, that Features was pretty intense, huh? Let's take a detour through our favorite sugary, boozy, joyous Halloween traditions: dressing as outrageous versions of historical figures; inhaling candy corn so as not to chip our now-rotting teeth; frightening small, xenophobic children with the intricately carved masks we've collected on our world travels; jamming to Tracy Jordan's hit party jam "Werewolf Bar Mitzvah"—you know, the basics. What else does *the paper* staff like best about Halloween?

THAT OLD LADY WHO GIVES OUT TOOTHBRUSHES

What I claim as my "favorite part of Halloween" today was my least favorite part of Halloween while growing up. I first met that old lady who gives out toothbrushes on the street I was born — each year I would ring her doorbell dutifully, holding a half-harvested candy crop in my pillow case, and would be greeted with her wrinkly smile, full of a few yellow, rotting teeth I detested for their vividness. After spitting praise through her tooth-gaps for my costume and politely how-are-you-ing my mother, Mrs. Shames would pull out one of her 99-cent toothbrushes, plopping it on top my candy mountain, always reminding me that "I don't want to look like [her] when I'm older," and then shut the door.

Covered in spit with a new toothbrush, I always left her stoop weighed down by the impending tradition my mother enforced: every year, before I could open "even one Tootsie Roll," I was ordered to use Mrs. Shames' toothbrush first.

When I moved to a different street, Mrs. Shames was replaced with Sharon, an old staunchly Catholic woman who gave out her toothbrushes with an additional comment that "Halloween is for teeth-rotting pagans." Because I was older, I could potentially skip over Sharon's. But I didn't — I got a free toothbrush every year, along with some humble pie. That old lady who gives out toothbrushes, if nothing else, taught me how to clean my gutter before polluting it.

by *Kaitlin Campbell*
ARTS CO-EDITOR

STEVE'S COSTUME

Holy shit, dude, did you see Steve's costume?! I think he's

over in the keg line right now, but oh my god it's fucking hilarious. I don't know if he made that headpiece himself, but if he bought it somewhere he seriously must have dropped like fifty bucks on it. I'm not even kidding, that thing is so beyond legit. He wouldn't even tell me what he was going as before the party, I guess he wanted it to be a surprise—I would never have guessed that he'd ball out so hard though! Steve usually never gives a shit about holiday-stuff; remember at the Christmas party sophomore year when he just brought 40's and wouldn't even drink the eggnog because he said themed drinks at parties are doof and that he just wanted to get drunk? I thought he'd totally douche out for the Halloween party this year but I guess I underestimated the dude.

Seriously, look! He's right behind the dude dressed like the white guy from Pulp Fiction—fuck, I should have done that instead of this itchy-ass gorilla suit... anyway check it out, he's over by the bathroom now! I can't believe I didn't think of that as a costume, it literally never even crossed my mind. Only Steve, man, only Steve.

by *Skeeter*
STAFF BETTER LUCK NEXT YEAR

I CAN FINALLY DRESS LIKE I WISH I COULD EVERY DAMN DAY

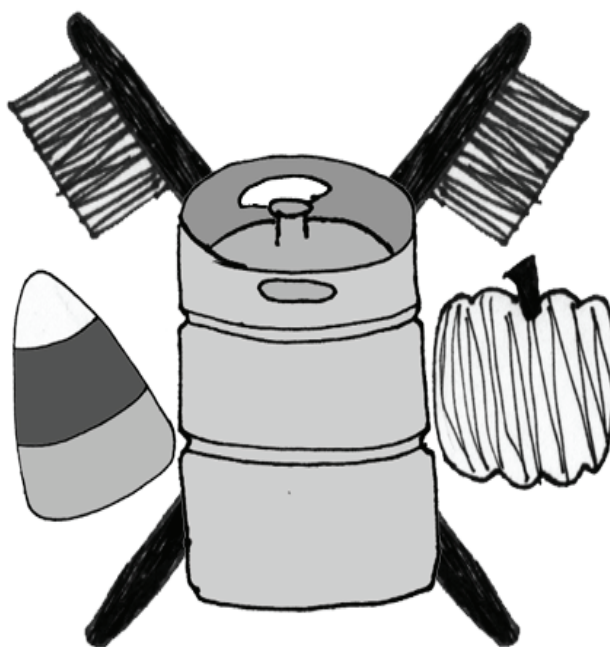
I really love candy, and I always have. My passion for it never waned with time. So while getting free sugar is always a major plus, candy was never the big appeal of Halloween for me. Rather, I relished the opportunity to wear the stupid, ridiculous things I wanted to wear everyday but my mom and, later, social norms would not allow me to. This is a major deal. Hal-

loween only comes once a year, so I have to cram 364 ridiculous outfits into one day, a challenge I have taken very seriously from a young age.

The excessively outrageous costumes started when I was seven, after I had gotten the need to dress like a Disney princess or Power Ranger out of my system. That year I one-upped all of the witches by going as a witch's brew: a cardboard caul-



dron with cotton steam and various rubber creatures spilling out of the sides. Subsequent years featured everything from a replica Juicy Fruit box to a severed head on a platter (on a fancy dining table) to a bird bath. The creme de la creme was my eighth-grade flower-pot, which incorporated a human-sized foam planter (spray painted to



look like terra-cotta) and two hundred dollars worth of fake flowers from Joanne's Fabric (because my parents were so much more indulgent when they were divorced).

Sexy costumes have never held much appeal for me. I mean, I can be slutty any old day. This year, however, I am going to pull off the ultimate combination of sex-ay and ridiculous and go as Gaga. Not the most original idea, sure, but I will never be twenty-one on Halloween again, and I would never forgive myself if I didn't take this opportunity to wear a Gaga who bleached her mane but not her giant black eyebrows (because caustic shit does NOT go near your eyes) and is munching on handfuls of candy while kind of wasted, be sure to say "Hi." I promise not to make fun of your half-assed slutty cat costume.

by *Emily Genetta*
CO-EXECUTIVE EDITOR

BLINGEE

There are a lot of reasons to love Halloween—perhaps the candy, the costumes, the boozing—but with all that tumult it often goes unnoticed that the geniuses behind the website Blingee use the occasion to add a new collection of spooky stamps to their already mindblowing collection of sparkles, hearts, and flashing text. As great as these icons are, the Halloween set opens up a new world of possibilities for your MySpace profile pictures and .gif photo needs. Say, for instance, you've come across a series of portraits your school's College Republicans have had professionally done. Then say

you want to use Blingee to modify those pictures before you post them on your newspaper's blog (which, hypothetically, might be found at <http://fupaper.wordpress.com>), but you're afraid that without the necessary stamps the images will lack the touch evil they really deserve. Well, when it's Halloween season you can have access to all the blood, flames, and lightning bolts you'll possibly need. Happy holidays!

by *Nick Murray*
EARWAX EDITOR

PEER PRESSURE

My favorite thing about Halloween is the entire month of October before Halloween.

See, this is what happens

every year: summer ends, and September instantly swamps you with getting-to-know-yous, parties, papers, tests, it goes on. But slowly the humidity recedes, the trees change colors, your classes seem less important and/or challenging, and you realize it's finally fall. This instantly calls to mind everything autumnal: apple cider, comfy sweaters, pumpkin pie, and HOLY SHIT HALLOWEEN WHAT SHOULD I BE??

Everyone gets really excited, trying to remember all the ridiculous pop culture phenoms they claimed they'd be for Halloween whenever said celebs, politicians, or TV show characters did something remotely interesting. People swap ideas, ultimately hoping their costume will generate "Oh, I get it!"s or come-ons, depending on if they went the clever or seductive route. And I get all giddy too, despite consistently coming up conversationally short when I try to supply my own costume idea (Is Sarah Palin still relevant?) Even so, I don't notice my own unoriginality until Halloween night, when I search my completely average wardrobe of t-shirts and jeans for something at least a little unique. I have this funny shirt I bought in Chinatown that says fuck on it—what if I went as a girl-wearing-an-ironic-tee... But, no, I'll just stay in. I'll be the completely-uncreative-girl-who-has-no-friends-as-a-result.

by *Sarah Madges*
NEWS CO-EDITOR

FREE CANDY

Halloween is great because it entitled me, as a child, to demand and realistically expect complete strangers to readily give me one of my favorite things in the world: candy. Lots and lots of candy. Every year after trick-or-treating, my brother and I would empty our plastic jack-o-lantern baskets and compare our procurements, negotiating trades and munching away to our hearts' content. Favorite candies like Sweet Tarts and anything Wonka tended to disappear within a few days, leaving behind the surplus of Tootsie Rolls and other candies from the cheaper mixes to lie eventually forgotten in some corner of my room. There is nothing quite like the feeling I got after knocking on a door, patiently waiting, and being greeted by a smiling someone bearing a gigantic load of sweets. Extra points if the person was in costume or had gone to lengths to decorate their doorway.

by *Elena Lightbourn*
CHIEF COPY-EDITOR



Last year 'round this time, we ran a special "fearwax" version of our section. This year, we're bringing you comedy and pop reviews, but if that leaves you craving something a little, well, darker, move your eyes in this (----->) direction and check out our attempt to figure out what's going on with the Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All crew of teen rappers and list of songs that will give you nightmares until it's time for next year's Halloween issue.

Robyn
Body Talk Pt. 2
Nick Murray

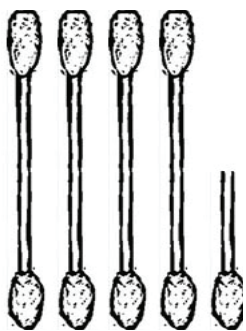
Robyn knows how to begin a record. 2007's self-titled comeback LP begins with the surprisingly swagger-filled Swedish electropop singer asking, "Are you stupid? I told you, no eating in my Jacuzzi," and a list of gripes (example: "My PMS is killing me/ My email is killing me" and so on) under the title "Don't Fucking Tell Me What to Do" kicked off her subsequent release, this year's *Body Talk Pt. 1*. Now we've reached the second installment in this three album series (it's called *Body Talk Pt. 2*, as you might have guessed), and Robyn again comes out strong, this time with "In My Eyes," an "excuse me I have to go dance"-type conversation interrupter filled with the singer's wonderful, playful, actually-sorta-touching lyricism. "The sun's gonna shine on all of us/ We're all the same, star dust and stuff," she sings.

From there, Robyn never lets up. Even after the synths have been turned off for the orchestral closer—and teaser for the next album—"Indestructable," she still punctuates the track with an urgency and focus. The standout track, however, is undoubtedly "Hang with Me," an acoustic number that appeared on *Pt. 1* but is here given the full, four-on-the-floor single treatment. The lyrics are emotionally complex, as they depict the singer putting herself in a position of vulnerability as she begins a new (not quite) relationship. But it's an optimistic

vulnerability, and it's filtered through Robyn's confident persona. "If you can hang with me," the refrain ends, because there's no she can't hang with you.

But does this album hold up against the stellar *Pt. 1*? It's tough to say, as the two are surprisingly difficult to compare. *Pt. 1*'s eight songs are more sonically diverse, though that's neither an advantage nor disadvantage. Because it never stays in the same place for very long, the album continues to surprise and enchant, listen after listen. Thematically, it's an equally complicated work, progressing from the commanding opener to the self-explanatory "Fembot," then onto the resignation of "Dancing on My Own" and the redemption ultimately found in "Dancehall Queen."

Pt. 2 has a little of that, particularly at the back end when the confusing feelings of "Hang with Me" are erased by "Criminal Intent" and, oh hey, a Snoop Dogg cameo on "U Should Know Better." No, the album is never stagnant, but it is remarkably consistent, exchanging the twists and turns of *Pt. 1* for a momentum that seems almost unstoppable. No song is under three minutes and thirty seconds and no song is over four minutes and forty. Every song—save the aforementioned acoustic closer—could fill a dance floor with sweaty bodies. If *Body Talk Pt. 1* left us asking whether Robyn would be able to do anything but disappoint on *Pt. 2*, *Pt. 2* begs the question of whether Robyn is capable of a making a disappointment at all right now. For the sake of dance parties everywhere, let's hope not.



Hauschka
Foreign Landscapes
Sean Kelly

Like most of his previous work, Dusseldorf, Germany's Hauschka's (a.k.a. Volker Bertelmann) latest release, *Foreign Landscapes*, carefully and methodically bends the limits of what orchestral composition can be.

While classical orchestra music often adheres to the centuries-old formula of long, drawn-out movements and ritualistic formality, Hauschka's work scales down the pomp and circumstance that is

popularly associated with the orchestra in favor of shorter, intimate pieces that utilize each instrument to its fullest potential without becoming overwhelming. Though Hauschka is probably best known for his work on the prepared piano, an instrument that utilizes a wide variety of stops and objects placed on the strings to augment its sound, Hauschka nevertheless proves himself a competent composer for all instruments on this, his first release with the 12 piece Magik*Magic Orchestra.

For *Foreign Landscapes*, Hauschka decided to keep things short—the album's longest track, "Trost," is only one second over six minutes. Because orchestra music is often associated with length, the shortening of the tracks has an interesting effect: rather than the album being an interconnected, unified whole, each piece feels like a transient vignette, a quick glimpse out a train window while traveling from point A to point B. Completeness and resolution seem to be deliberately shirked in favor of brevity, and the end of each track leaves the listener curious as to the meaning of what was previously heard while the next little slice of dreamy ephemera begins its short run.

The album begins with the wistful "Alexanderplatz," which opens with a whining violin line that is gradually joined by soft horns and plucked strings before building into a swelling, rhythmic string chorus accompanied by a lone violin shining at the forefront. Af-

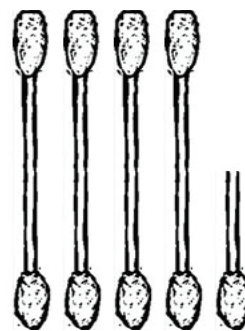
ter contemplatively fading out, "Alexanderplatz" gives way to an eerie "Iron Shoes," with low horns and plucked strings evoking a sense of muted frenzy and foreboding. On the third track, "Mount Hood," Hauschka's piano finally takes center stage for a doleful and plodding air supported by off-time and dissonant



plucked violins. The then piano remains somewhat hidden until the seventh track, "Early in The Park," when it returns for a

mysteriously melancholy show of gingerly played octaves and tense, sorrowful pauses. The unique sound of that prepared piano shines through in both of these tracks. The feel is technically polished yet sonically raw, and each note is played so fervently and with such a sense of purpose that the listener can literally hear the hammers striking the strings and the keys hitting wood.

The album continues with "Kamogawa," another eerie horn dirge that leads into the feverish and somewhat playful "Children." The prepared piano gets another star treatment in "Konseiji," the penultimate track, before the more traditional final track, which showcases the backing strings in all their glor



Bo Burnham
Words Words Words
Chloe Rickert

As someone who actively stalks YouTube celebrities and subscribes to Bo Burnham's

video channel, I expected to be at least mildly amused by the internet star's live performance of his Comedy Central special, *Words Words Words*. Coming out on Comedy Central Records, this new release promised to be just as delightfully offensive as his debut album and EP. With hilarious and original songs, his first two records put a smile on the face of anyone not easily insulted by extremely insulting things (e.g. a love song called, "The Perfect Woman," that praises Helen Keller "because she didn't talk so much.")

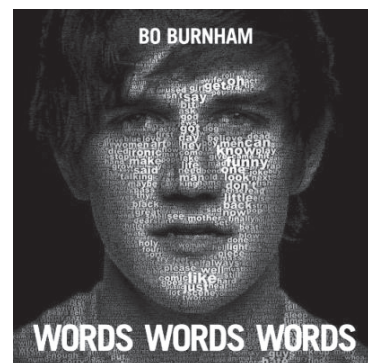
The music is still enjoyable and catchy as shit, but it feels like a lot of the same old material rephrased with less clever wordplay. Burnham is still bragging about his tremendous package and demanding, "Swallow, bitch/there's people starving in Africa." Having aired October 16th on Comedy Central and including two new videos actually filmed in a studio instead of his childhood bedroom, the album was obviously produced with a bigger-than-usual budget. Though it's possible that seeing Mr. Burnham in high-definition simply distracts from the songs (afterall, he's ridiculously hot), it's more likely that the jokes just aren't that funny.

The two videos are for his two singles, "Words Words Words" and "Oh Bo." The former, while colorful and exciting, is a bit ridiculous with random shots of a cross-dressing male and a unicorn. "Oh Bo," on the other hand, is cute and entertaining and features the 20-year-old who calls himself "the best rapper in the world" dancing around a bowling alley nightclub and lip-synching to his narcissistic pop song, occasionally acting out the silly lyrics.

Unfortunately, some of the new tunes just aren't as funny. I saw "Ironic" on

the track listing and was pretty excited for a moment, hoping for a witty take on the cacophonous Alanis Morissette single. Instead, I found an unrelated song with lines—for instance, "a water park is burned to the ground, and a tow truck is broken down"—that are cringe-inducing. The title track isn't any less disappointing with its annoying refrain, "I hate catchy choruses, and I'm a hypocrite."

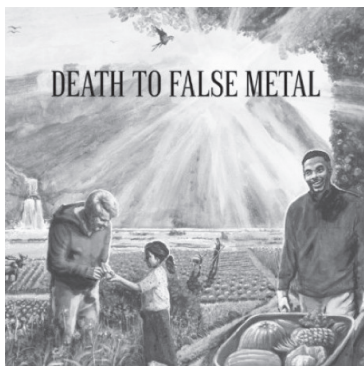
Honestly, the best jokes are contained on the non-musical tracks filled with the witty banter often found on live albums. In a mock prayer, he points out that Jesus is God's "only son," and we are all God's children. Thus, he reasons, in God's eyes, "we're a bunch of girls, so help us as we struggle with the temptations of lesbianism. Amen." The comedian also belts out a three-and-half-minute diatribe on religion entitled "Rant." He is a self-proclaimed blasphemer, and it's awesome.



What's most impressive about the album is Burnham's own rise to fame. He started posting his songs online in 2006, and four years later, after rocking a small part in *Funny People*, he's working with Judd Apatow—king of the geeks and of my heart—on his own script. He's currently on his fall tour and stopped in New York City last weekend for the Pre-CMJ "Conflict of Interest" party with headliner Nada Surf. Still, if he plans on having a successful career, he needs to return to his old form and not that of the lazy *Words Words Words*.



Weezer
Death to False Metal
Alex Orf



Somewhere in the deepest, darkest recesses of the crippling depression Rivers Cuomo suffered from during Weezer's four-year hiatus in the late '90s, something went fundamentally and irrevocably wrong. Maybe it was the devastating ego blow that came from *Pinkerton*'s utter failure, both commercially and critically. Maybe all that darkness (literally, he painted his walls black and blacked out his windows) spurred a complete change of worldview. Maybe the dude just couldn't handle being a sad-sack emo shitbag who spills his guts all over everything he creates, however golden the results eventually became. The exact catalyst will remain between Rivers and his probably gilded and jizz-covered mirrors, but when Weezer returned in 2001 with *Weezer (The Green Album)*, they came back polished, peppy, and really fucking shallow. And that was back when they were still decent.

Ten years later, and following on the heels of a pair of albums so terrible that they collectively make "Pork and Beans" sound like a better-than-average *Blue Album* cut, Weezer brings us *Death to False Metal*, a career-spanning collection of b-sides that contextualizes Rivers' monumental ineptitude by placing his shittier tracks from the mid '90s next to the vapid, over-processed bile the band has been churning out recently. What's more, Rivers and company took it upon themselves to re-record some of the older cuts,

which means that every song will be given the post-*Make Believe* preteen-idiocy/banality-of-white-male-existence filter.

Rivers lacks any sense of irony on these songs. For instance, "Blowin' My Stack," track three on *False Metal* and the point where things really begin to go downhill, opens with the line, "Woe is me / 'Cause I'm standing in line for the first time in a very long time." This "jerk on [his] way to work" is "pissed off 'cause no one even cares," this writer included. But the song turns ten tropical flavors of awful during the bridge, where Cuomo drops a riff of stereotypical Japanese folk melody by way of '80s hair metal, turning the whole shitstorm into a cringe-worthy farce. And then there's the lazily sentimental "Odd Couple," complete with rapped breakdown, where Rivers enumerates the differences between him and his significant other, such as: "I've got a PC, you've got a Mac." That must be so difficult for you guys. Really, my sympathies.

So, what's going on here? I wish I could say for sure, but what I do know is that, while listening to "Getting Up and Leaving," an extra from the upcoming reissue of *Pinkerton* not included here, I noticed something telling in Rivers' voice. It's only a decent track, but when Rivers sings you can tell that he means it, that there's an actual person behind the cheesy lyrics. Nowadays, all I can hear is a tattooed-on smirk of a guy who's "doing it for the kids" and giving the people what they want. I, for one, wouldn't think it was such a bad thing if he went back to painting his house black.



Earl Sweatshirt
Earl
Alex Gibbons



Earl is the solo album of Earl Sweatshirt, a member of the L.A. based hip-hop collective Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All. OFWGKTA have apparently been tearing up the hip-hop underground in L.A. for over three years. Their music is characterized by violent lyrics that often dwell on rape and murder and in-house production, mostly by Tyler, The Creator, that provides crisp, ethereal beats. On their website they

are constantly antagonizing the reader, and their twitter feed is emblazoned with the following decree: "They Are Them. We Are Us. Kill Them. All. Fuck Twitter, Only Made This Shit So You Fucking People Can Know When We Drop Shit...And Shit. Wolf Gang." But, above all else, OFWGKTA are a distinctly immature and perversely humorous crew.

Earl Sweatshirt is one of OFWGKTA's younger members. Just 16—yes, 16—years old, Sweatshirt spits with vicious enthusiasm. *Earl* is at times depressing, at times impressive, and just about always troubling. The lyrics are so violent and so detestable, that Earl's own mother, with whom he on one song gets into a fight after she tries to wake him up for school, sent him to boot camp after a friend unknowingly recommended her son's music to her. After several listening sessions of *Earl*, I can't help but sympathize with Sweatshirt's mother.

At points the album reaches unfathomable levels of gratuitousness. On the second track, also named "Earl," Sweatshirt celebrates the horrible things he'd do to the posters behind the 2dopeboyz. He raps, "Try talking on the blog with your fucking arms cut off, put in a carpet and watched you get auctioned off the ace [?]. Tell Shake's daughter we're sorry but poppa's gone...bitch." The lyrics are dizzying. Their violence is spontaneous and scatological, much like the immoral escapades of G.C. in Lawrence Hubbard's (a.k.a. Rawdog) *Real Deal* comic series. It's shock violence with the intent to humor.

But Earl's questionable content in no way detracts from his lyrical mastery. He weaves these violent lines with eloquence and rhythm. The banter, so obviously the product of a proud and hyperactive teenager, projects a bravado that is both offensive and hilarious. Earl talks about his violent fantasies, his frequent masturbation, and his grossly chauvinistic mindset with pride and grace.

I know everything about "Earl" is bad. Everything about the album and the artist and the collective and the entire fucking generation is reprehensible. And we're all going to die, because Earl Sweatshirt loves rapping about rape and murder and drug abuse. But it's entertaining as shit. *Earl*, for all it's disgusting shamelessness, is a fresh piece of hip-hop that is a welcome departure (departure is an understatement—this music is off the road, it's in a ditch, and it just ran over your dog) from the shit my roommate plays or anything you'll find on a jukebox.



the (f)earwax guide to music for halloween

If there's one problem with Halloween (well, umm, besides what's discussed on pg. 20) it's that everyone things it's finally acceptable to play *Monster fucking Mash* and an assortment of other terrible gimmicky tunes. Which is really too bad, because there is a ton of great music to play this time of year. [Obligatory music nerd note: Although *Bushwick Bill's* verse on "Mind Playing Tricks on Me" begins with Geto Boys trick-or-treating, remember that it all ends taking place in Bill's head ("not even close to Halloween") and is thus often misrepresented when called a song appropriate for the holiday.]

Three 6 Mafia - Mystic Stylez

Before the boys in Three 6 Mafia were ridin' spinners and staying fly, they made raps that probably fall into the much-contested "horrorcore" subgenre. "Mystic Stylez," which DJ Paul begins by announces his plans to get "smoked out, locec," provides a good jumpoff point from last issue's list, but from there things start to get crazy. The couplet: "Mystic styles of the ancient mutilations/ Torture chambers filled with corpses in my basement," says it all.

Sun 0))) - It Took the Night to Believe

As if this music weren't haunting enough as is, when Sun 0))) plays it live they come out wearing full body robes like a group of Dementors, with smoke machines across the stage cranking on overdrive. We know they can be brutal, so before this song starts giving you nightmares it might be in your best interest to skip down to song 6.

Michael Boyd and Gary Remal Malkin - Theme to Unsolved Mysteries

Growing up in the '90s, there were few things scarier than taking a sick day from school. Sure, you got to miss class, but you also had to watch back to back episodes of *Unsolved Mysteries* on Lifetime. After Bob Barker came on to show you that everything is groovy in the world, Robert Stack would remind you that there's danger lurking around every corner, and probably rapists too. Ten years later, those opening credits still give me the chills. Eat your heart out Salem, you'll never make music that even touches this.

Sonic Youth - She's In A Bad Mood

Sonic Youth's first album opens like a nightmare within a nightmare. Released in 1983, the record, *Confusion is Sex*, represents the darkest extreme of the No Wave canon and plays like a bottomless black pit of frightening drones and chimes. The first track, "She's In A Bad Mood," is an unsettling marriage of dissonant guitars, pounding drums, and belted lyrics. Don't be fooled - Sonic Youth might have a song called "Halloween," but their most disturbing soundscape remains the first track off of their first album.

Insane Clown Posse - The Killing Fields

I know, I know, but I'd be lying to myself if I didn't add a little ICP to this list. Coming from a rural, working-class community, I've known a few juggalos in my day. When I was, holy shit, when I was 9 years old and my friend Gary and I ceased to be shocked by *The Slim Shady LP*, he somehow came across a copy of ICP's *Riddle Box*. Neither of us ever donned that terrifying face paint (How could I when I would go home and listen to my sister's copy of "Bye Bye Bye" on the downlow?), but ICP will always have a special place in my heart.

The Shaggs - It's Halloween

Congratulations on making it through our list of some of the creepiest and most disturbing tunes we could think of (lucky for you, *Bandfield* wasn't around to suggest any metal...). Your reward is "It's Halloween" by a group of girls from Vermont called *The Shaggs*. It's hard to say anything about the *The Shaggs* between a three letter W-T-F and a pseudo-intellectual thesis about how their music evokes some sort of existential terror. I don't care to do either, but know that Kurt Cobain called their album *Philosophy of the World* his fifth favorite of all-time.

