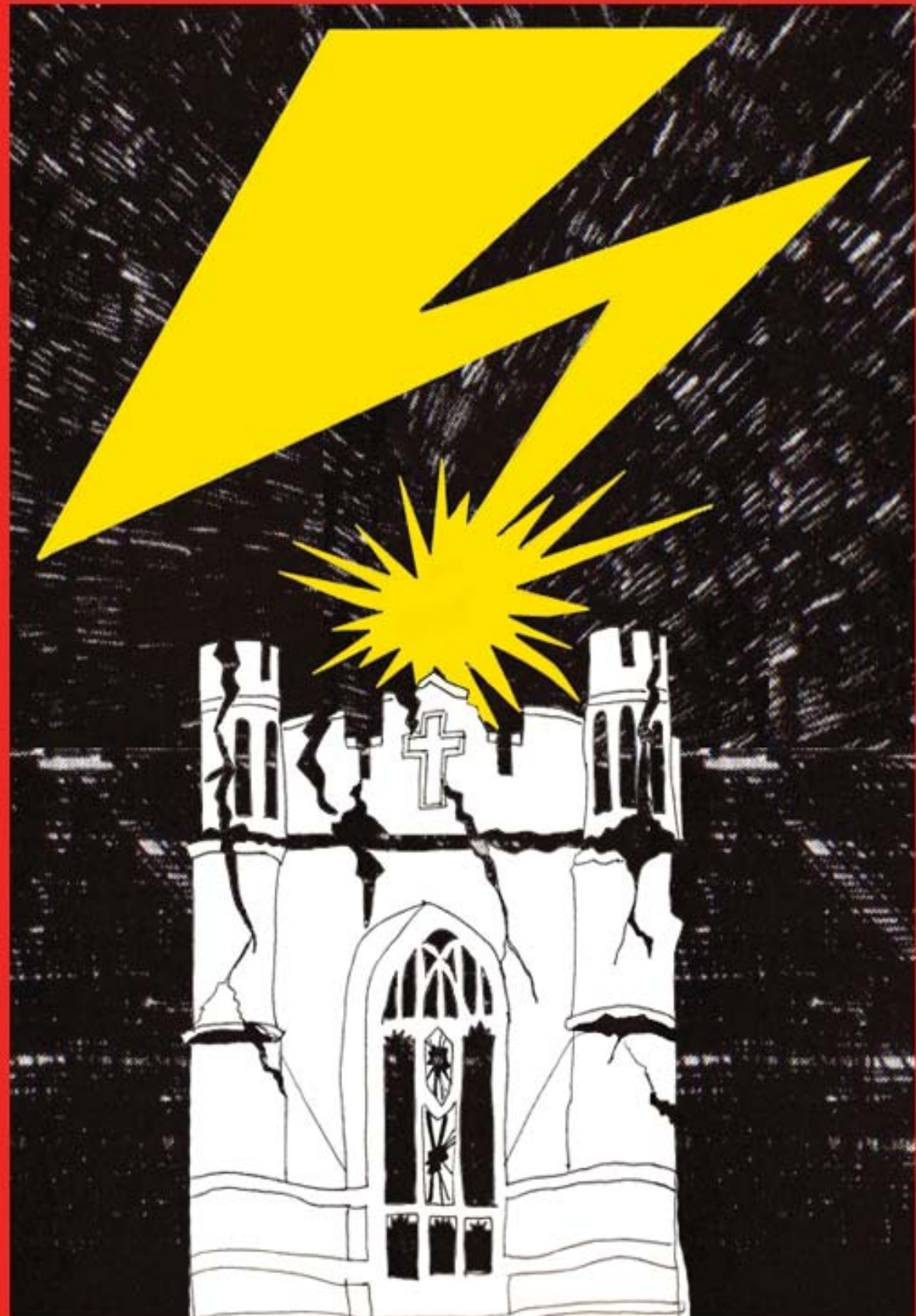


the paper:

Fordham University's journal
of news, analysis, comment,
and review
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April 25, 2012



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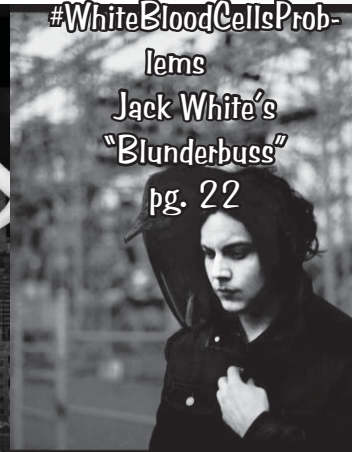
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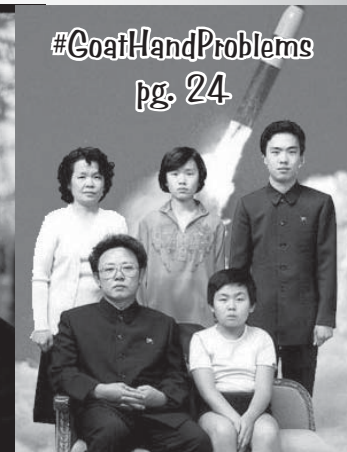
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"Celebs Who Lie About Their Age"

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So why not come down and write for us? We are a constantly evolving publication, as we have been since 1972. 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 "Agorafabulous!" by Sara Benincasa.

our aim

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

the paper

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hnews

Progress Is Being Made, But Issues Of Bias Still Persist

by Marisa Carroll

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

On college campuses, social movements have an expiration date. Student activists know that if they do not grab student, faculty, and administrator attention, another issue will quickly rise to the fore. Then there are the distractions—spring break, midterms, finals, pizza, classes, internships—otherwise welcome parts of normal college life that loom ominously over activists' plans. Of course, even organizers themselves have an expiration date, so their excitement over graduation is tempered with concerns for some indeterminable "future of Fordham." These hurdles are built into the university system and, some theorists would argue, post-Internet youth culture.

Consider the series of homophobic bias incidents that occurred on Fordham's campus twelve years ago. In the early 2000s, Fordham faced a string of bias incidents much like those we have experienced this semester at Fordham's Rose Hill and Lincoln Center campuses. One note regarding language: The Southern Poverty Law Center defines a "bias incident" as, "Conduct, speech or expression motivated, in whole or in part, by bias or prejudice," continuing, "It differs from a hate crime in that no criminal activity is involved." This language does not mean to trivialize the violence or trauma associated with the events, but instead notes that they were investigated and prosecuted through a school's grievance procedures and educational programs instead of the local court system.

After the homophobic bias incidents of the early 2000s, student groups campaigned for changes within the Office of Student Life and Community Development (OSLCD) and the Student Affairs department in general, including the Office of Residential Life. After these students voiced their concerns and built networks with professors and deans, the Fordham Faculty Senate (at that time led by then-pro-

A call to Fordham students to keep up the fight for equality on campus

fessor, now-Fordham College at Rose Hill Dean Michael Latham) called for a campus climate survey. These surveys help educational leaders design diversity plans, curricula, student recruitment measures, and residential life policies tailored to fit the needs of their student body. It is a little known fact that Fordham's first and only LGBTQ Student Union, PRIDE Alliance, was the result of this grassroots activism. While it is disturbing that an LGBTQ group did

coalition of students, faculty members, administrators and staff committed to devising and implementing systemic and enduring University practices that promote standards of dignity, respect and understanding."

Fordham's future students may learn about the successes achieved so far this semester. One such win was the vigil held at Rose Hill on March 8, where students flipped the script at a Fordham-sanctioned event and spoke

honestly about their experiences of marginalization and their desperate need for culture and policy change.

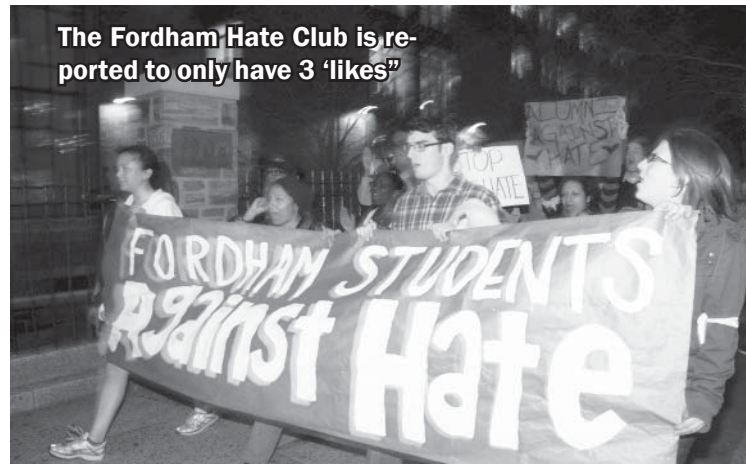
The same can be said of the End The Silence

Rally that students organized that same evening through tireless work with the NYPD, New York media outlets, the Northwest Bronx Community and Clergy Coalition, and the NAACP. In all likelihood, this outside political pressure resulted in another success: On March 26, the University quietly posted a job listing for the Director of Institutional Equity and Compliance. Student organizers rallied for the creation of this department, and, more immediately, hiring someone to fulfill this role—a desire that emerged after they tried to speak with the Fordham staffer who deals with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) and Title VII complaints and learned that this position had been empty for years.

While it is important to note these successes and acknowledge the power of students, their desired, lasting legacy—their PRIDE Alliance—is not yet actualized. Students and faculty allies

are calling for the creation of an on-line bias reporting system much like those our peer and aspirant schools like Georgetown already employ. With a bias reporting system, any member of the university community can make a report about a possible bias related incident or hate crime without going through Fordham's judicial process. A system like this is necessary because individuals who are the victim of bias incidents—from racial and homophobic slurs to gender-based crime and sexual violence—are highly unlikely to report their attack. Criminologists suggest that underreporting is symptomatic of this kind of incident, since 1) the attacks are often anonymous and 2) the attacks target individuals to make them feel alienated or unwelcome in an institution, so victims do not believe that the institution's officials will be able to help them.

Still, it is vital that students somehow catalogue the prejudice they experience since, as Georgetown's bias reporting system page states, "When a bias incident does target specific individuals because of their race, religion, ethnic origin, sexual orientation, or other protected characteristic, even those persons not directly targeted may feel at risk...Collecting accurate data about hate and bias incidents on campus aids the University in understanding the climate of our community, designing services and programs for the campus, and responding with quick and effective interventions to these incidents." Fordham students do not argue that this system will eliminate all prejudice on our campus, but that it will allow Fordham's administrators to truly understand its students' needs, much like the Faculty Senate's Campus Climate Survey did over a decade ago. Hopefully, Fordham's administrators will hear its students' concerns and this system will be the lasting legacy of Fordham students' activism in this decade.



The Fordham Hate Club is reported to only have 3 'likes'

not exist at Fordham prior to the new millennium, PRIDE's origins are a refreshing reminder of students' power.

In reporting the paper's ongoing coverage of students' responses to the bias incidents of this semester, I have often thought about the creation of PRIDE Alliance and what students will think of this year's student activism a decade from now. This year's events—homophobic and racist slurs permanently scrawled onto cement, doors, bathroom walls, and hallways—were very similar to those of the early 2000s. Just as we do not know today the names of students campaigning a decade ago, time will likely lose today's organizers' names and acronyms, whether they are the grassroots group Collective of Students of Color and Anti-Racist Allies or the more Fordham-official, United Student Government based Activating Consciousness Together (ACT) group, USG's "working

Fordham Administration Fails to Accept Queer Identities

by Jeff Lockhart
STAFF FED UP

I am saddened, disappointed, and incensed by the frequent and often institutionalized erasure, denial, and condemnation of nonheterosexual identities. In what follows, I outline a number of specific cases of these erasures, denials, and condemnations and suggest steps toward their remedy which can be taken by students, faculty, and administrators in order to build a more inclusive community. I write as an individual, not as a committee or a group, but I do not feel alone in what I express.

“Queer:”

The word “queer” is prohibited from a number of usages at Fordham. For instance, PRIDE and Rainbow are not allowed to declare in their constitutions that they represent queer students or to title their events with names like “queer prom.” “Queer” is a reclaimed word, not a pejorative slur. There are over eighty thousand books listed on Google with “queer” in their title, and queer studies and queer theory have been legitimate academic disciplines, journal topics, and university programs for decades. Denying students the use of the word “queer” is not only a direct attack on those of us who identify as queer, but a shockingly anti-intellectual stance.

Arguments have been made that “queer” can still be used in a negative and hurtful way. And this is true. But so can the words “gay,” “white,” “black,” and “Jew.” These words are not banned because we know context determines whether a word is used with malice. Categorical policy against the use of “queer” can only be interpreted to mean that there is no acceptable or positive way to say, write, or print “queer,” that my identity is inherently and unavoidably offensive. Reversing this policy would send a strong message to the community that Queer students, faculty, and staff are welcome.

Residential Life:

University housing policy dictates that students must share bedrooms and bathrooms with people of the same legal sex. This policy can only have its basis in essentialist notions of sexual desire, gender identity, and interpersonal relations. There is no room for queers in this policy; its very

Suggestions by a queer student for improving the atmosphere on campus

existence denies mine. I cannot believe I am welcome when every new student is given a book which denies my existence as a male attracted to males. And what of the queer people who end up living with someone they are attracted to? There can be immense pain and difficulty in this experience that no heterosexual student could be pressed into and that the sex segregation of residence halls is ostensibly set up to prevent heterosexual students from ever encountering.

The

over-night guest policy, too, erases the existence of queer students by allowing only same-sex guests to stay over-

night, as though there were something opposite sex pairs do which same-sex pairs cannot. This institutionalized denial of my existence must end.

Classrooms:

Queer identity and theory must be better represented in the classrooms of every discipline. The vast body of queer scholarship means that there is queer commentary about every subject and about its impact on queer people. Queer identities are already in courses. Alan Turing was imprisoned and chemically castrated for homosexuality. Ludwig Wittgenstein struggled intensely with his sexuality. Andy Warhol and Samuel Barber were gay. They have been erased by homophobic cultures, they should not be erased again in classrooms. I was ecstatic to learn about their sexuali-

ties. I finally had people I could look to and study who represented my identity. Knowing that people like me made contributions like theirs is incredibly powerful, and every queer student should experience that. Every straight student should confront the fact that some of their idols are/were queer.

Classroom language can also be improved. Even making mention of queer identities once makes a classroom much more welcoming for queer students; unless there are overt signs of acceptance and support, it

is frightening to share my perspectives. Seemingly innocuous examples which presume a female student will have or want a “boyfriend” or that someday we will be married can be devastating when I’m trying to gauge the safety of a classroom or

simply remain engaged.

Student Community:

Perhaps these suggestions will be my least earthshattering of all, but we as students must stop using “gay” as an epithet. When students say “gay” in a negative sense (not to mention the even more horrifying and still very common use of the word “faggot” here), I feel unsafe and uncared for. If the student is a stranger, I worry how hostile they really is to “gays” and “fags,” and whether it is safe for me to ask that they use less offensive language. More than once I’ve been physically threatened for my sexuality by Fordham students. And even if I feel physically safe, there is always a profound sense of being uncared for. People willing to openly attack things and people as “gay” (or any of a number of other words) are people who don’t care that I might be listen-

ing, that I might be hurt, offended, or fearful because of their language. In effect, they’re telling me and everyone listening that the object of their epithet (perhaps the referee’s last call) is more important than my sense of belonging and welcome.

I once heard that the “internet sucks dick.” No, it does not. But some of us do, and it is incredibly hurtful to have one’s sexual and romantic desires not only used in a negative way, but used in a casual, uncaringly negative way. Sexual desire and activity is deeply personal, and attacks on it are just that as well. I’m baffled, particularly, by those males who put down oral sex and the people who give it, yet still expect it from their sexual partners. Have they no respect for their partners?

Counseling Services:

Psychological and Counseling Services is an important and valuable resource for students. Information about it should be widely available. However, current University training programs dealing with LGBT (not Q, remember) identities focus on counseling almost to the exclusion of all else. Whether in the RA training, pamphlets during orientation, or at the LGBT & Ally Network of Support, Fordham’s focus is on the possible mental health risks to Queer students and the services available to manage those. It has always felt as though my identity is considered a hazard and that I am expected to need psychological help. At best, the one dimensional approach tells me that Queerness is not considered part of my identity, and that aside from psychological risks I am considered no different from heterosexual students.

Events like Queer 101 on April 12th and the faculty panel on queer on March 25th, and groups like PRIDE and Rainbow are a fantastic start toward openly discussing these issues, but they are not enough. We must, as a whole community, work to end the silence and make Fordham a place queer students feel welcomed and cared for. I urge you, the reader, to share this letter with others, to have discussions about these issues, and to seek out ways to improve our community in your personal words and actions.



Budget Cuts, Gay Rights, and Other Controversial Reforms

by John O'Neill
NEWS CO-EDITOR

An analysis of Governor Cuomo's first sixteen months in Albany

Elected on November 2, 2010, Andrew Cuomo signaled a new era of hope and possible end to the widely reviled "old way of doing things" mentality in Albany. The capitol was in turmoil, a political body synonymous with dysfunction, corruption, and incompetency. Virtually nothing of any legislative substance had been achieved since the early 2000's, a time when George Pataki held the office of governor. Pataki was replaced by Eliot Spitzer, a figure who also inspired high hopes amongst New York voters, but ultimately proved a disappointment on account of his inability to negotiate and his sweet tooth for escorts. By 2010, state government was a rotted husk, devoid of any self-respect in the eyes of bitter New Yorkers. With the landslide election of Cuomo on that cold November day, an edict was issued by state voters to cleanse the capitol and bring about the necessary reforms to once again make New York State a place of prosperity. Sixteen months in, it seems important to see what has come of this wave of hope and to analyze the overhaul that has occurred in Albany on account of the Fordham alumnus governor.

By all regards, the governor has had an incredibly productive first sixteen months in office. Supporters and pundits can easily rattle off a substantive list of achievements that includes passing two on-time budgets that cut spending without raising taxes, enacting a state-wide property tax cap, the passage of a same-sex marriage bill, restructuring the state tax code, an increase in infrastructure spending, and a slew of renegotiated contracts with state-employee unions. The flurry of activity was born of an incredibly skilled politician filling the role of governor taking charge in a period of wariness on account of years of dysfunction and incompetent leadership. Seeing that so much has been achieved, it is important that we, as New Yorkers, analyze what these changes entail for state residents.

Not by coincidence, liberal backers of the governor have largely remained silent on three major positions that would make him a rather popular character on the other side of the isle. Examples include his approval of a highly

partisan redistricting plan put forward by Senate Republicans, his advocacy of hydraulic fracturing in the Marcellus Shale in Upstate, and the nature and placement of the cuts enacted in order to erase the state's 10 billion dollar deficit.

There's no denying that New York State's budget deficit was unacceptable, and praise is due to Cuomo and his fellow lawmakers for finally negotiating and tackling an issue that burdened New York State's economy and taxpayers. Years of timid politicians unwilling to confront financial issues in a responsible manner coupled with plummeting tax revenues led to the

budget crisis that Cuomo had to address. Unfortunately, the scale of the crisis forced the governor to make rather draconian cuts across the board. Perhaps most drastic of those cuts was the reduction of 1.3 billion dollars from the state's education budget, the second part of a 2.7 billion dollar reduction in spending that has occurred in the last two budgets. The governor also oversaw a 2.85 billion dollar spending reduction in the state's Medicaid program. Both moves have helped to dramatically reduce the size of an inflated state government, but there is a human element to these cuts that must be considered. Cuomo's cuts have led to thousands of layoffs and substantial service cuts statewide. There is no way to avoid addressing the reality that these cuts disproportionately fall upon New York City residents, transit riders, and members of the middle and working classes.

The governor's enactment of a statewide property tax cap is another move that has been praised by fiscal conservatives. The cap is necessary in order to relieve the pain of overburdened taxpayers in Westchester and Nassau counties in particular, but there

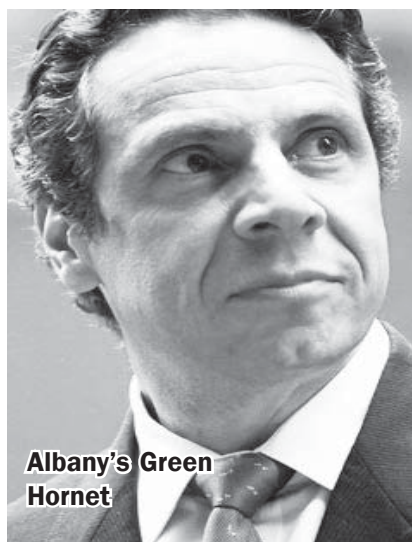
are some downsides to be considered. The two percent cap is geared towards putting an end to soaring yearly property tax rates and promoting investment in economically depressed communities. That said, public education advocates have highlighted that the cap, coupled with drastic reductions in state aid, will cripple many school district budgets. In response, the legislature included a provision that allows the cap to be overridden by a municipality with 60 percent approval in a referendum. Critics highlight that overriding the caps is far more likely in wealthier communities and that the legislation will be debilitate impoverished small

cities like Newburgh and Poughkeepsie. Advocates dispute that claim, and state that Cuomo's plan simply puts spending responsibility in the hands of local officials, something meant to improve financial accountability.

Cuomo has thus far been able to maintain strong liberal support on account of his pushing through the legislature a same-sex marriage bill. The governor's fiscal negotiations were said to be a catalyst in gaining Republican votes for the bill. The marriage bill would not have become law without the approval of State Senate Majority Leader Dean Skelos, or the support of a number of moderate Republican senators. The hasty passage, which was defined by impassioned speeches and a high stress late-night vote, also instantly propelled the governor to hero status among gay rights advocates frustrated by President Obama's perceived dithering on the issue. Liberal proponents of Cuomo have been so heavily focused on this event that they fail to analyze the governor's other actions. Upon reviewing Cuomo's budgetary actions, his budgetary work seems more akin to Chris Christie in New Jersey than Dan Malloy in Connecticut. That is not a criticism of the governor, but simply to highlight that praising him on account of one issue alone is rather short sighted.

The two final major points to analyze about Cuomo are his negotiations with the state's largest public employee labor unions and his proposal to revamp New York State's decaying infrastructure. In January, the governor proposed an investment of 15 billion dollars to repair state roads, bridges, railways, airports, parks, and municipal water systems. In addition to those projects, the governor also threw his weight behind a controversial proposal to demolish the Javits Center on the West Side of the city and replace it with a new public-private financed convention center on the site of the Aqueduct Racetrack near JFK Airport in Queens. The goal of the governor's initiative is to encourage business growth on a base of efficient and modern infrastructure less plagued by congestion and delays. Under the plan, capital projects enacted by the MTA and Port Authority would now be coordinated under a unified state planning commission.

Not unlike Governors Scott Walker in Wisconsin or John Kasich in Ohio, Cuomo negotiated considerable concessions from public employees' unions in New York. Unlike those two governors, however, Cuomo avoided a fire storm by simply following their every move other than the rescinding of collective bargaining rights. His negotiations had New York State employees accept a wage freeze and benefits reductions in order to save 9,800 state jobs. By not taking a profoundly antagonistic approach as many Republican governors have, Cuomo was able to enact comparable changes without taking the same criticisms. His brand of fiscal conservatism is not unlike that of Christie but his eloquent and diplomatic style could not be more different. The governor has done a tremendous service to the taxpayers of New York and has reestablished a sense of functionality to Albany, but many of his changes have come on the backs of New York City residents and the working poor. He may have closed upstate prisons and backed gay marriage, but make no mistake about it, if the governor were in power a decade ago he would be a beloved member of the Grand Old Party.



Albany's Green
Hornet

FAKER THAN TRUTH

by John O'Neill and Gibson Merrick
Odessa, TX

The hot new satanic band, *Fist Full of Innards*, is embarking on its second tour after its well publicized Supreme Court case. The first tour drew controversy on account of the bands use of a woodchipper in live performances. Between cities, band members would collect road kill and load found carcasses in back with the instruments and hungover groupies. Upon arriving at concert venues, the band would set up the woodchipper and direct the exit blast hole towards the crowd. As members of the band begin to rock and praise Satan, group member Einar would load animal carcasses into the chipper and shower concertgoers in a slurry of gristle, horn, intestine, bone, and fur. Animal rights groups became outraged upon getting word of the display and sued to have the practice of carcass chipping halted. After various appeals and reviews, the case *Fist Full of Innards v. Wilkinson* made its way to the Supreme Court in Washington D.C. The justices voted 6-3 in favor of the band's first amendment right to shower their audiences in a puree of dead animal.

-JO

Baldwinsville, NY

The sleepy town of Baldwinsville can finally sleep soundly after the arrest and death of a local serial killer Jodie Tanner. Tanner, a local housewife, had been charged with the murder/cannibalization of 34 citizens of the village. Tanner's victims had all been found drenched in a particularly acidic mix of human vomit, with chunks of liquified fleshmatter consumed by the attacker. In her testimony, Tanner vehemently swore that her and a fly's DNA had fused when she was cleaning an old microwave last month. "Consuming the liquefied flesh of human DNA was the only way for me to embrace my human/fly roots, even if it did require me to drink all that bleach," spoke Tanner last Wednesday. Her allegations of fused DNA yielded outrage from the medical community, which insisted Tanner exhibited none of the physiological symptoms of a textbook microwave-induced-DNA-fusion case. Afraid that Tanner would cannibalize other inmates, police isolated the former housewife in a small room filled with fly tape, only to find she had managed to cannibalize herself in the dead of night. Tanner's vomit-soaked clothes were donated to Goodwill.

-GM

Conservatives' New Voter Fraud Legislation Kills Two Birds With One Stone

by Liam Lowery

STAFF DMV EMPLOYEE

Every general election year has a lot of talk about voter turnout. Advertising encourages young people to "Rock the Vote," older people pile into shuttle busses to take them to the nearest voting facility, and some schools get shut down so that people in rural and urban areas will get fair access to voting facilities. While these measures are taken to make sure that Americans turn out to the polls, one group is pointedly not invited to the democracy party: undocumented people.

Since 2002, thirty-two states have passed voter ID acts. These vary by state, and many require little more than a non-photo ID that one can acquire fairly easily. For example, by donating blood to the Red Cross, you can get a Blood Donor ID card—an acceptable form of ID to vote in some states. A few states, though, have passed what the National Conference of State Legislatures (NCSL) calls a "strict photo ID" law. In Georgia, Indiana, Kansas, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Wisconsin, to vote a person must have a state-issued photo ID. This is only possible if you have a piece of mail from a home address, a fee of between \$15 and \$100, and a U.S. birth certificate.

This policy is clearly aimed at the immigrant portion of the undocumented community in America. Much more than a politically correct way of saying "illegal immigrants," the term "undocumented," is a part of identity that does not just mean having no documents. "Undocumented" can also mean having inaccurate or mismatching documents. In America, there are

State ID policies isolate immigrants, trans*people

over 9 million undocumented people who float under the radar—transgender people.

Gender is a legal status. Documented cisgender people often don't realize when they look at the little "M," or "F," marker on their state-issue ID that to change their gender marker can cost up \$100,000 in surgeries, hours of therapy (conservative estimate: \$5,000), and typically, two years of hormone therapy (cost varies, but it's about \$150 a month).

It is important to remember that these costs are usually not covered by insurance. In the past few years, many people have gotten excited because

state ID laws, an estimated 88,000 transgender people will not be able to vote in this election. Not only that, but many more will not vote because of the policing that takes place at polling places on election day. When a person shows up to the polls with a photo ID that has a gender marker (M or F) that does not "match" the gender expression of the person, the ID examiner has can deem that they are unfit and send the potential voter away.

There is a strong police presence in polling places, and many transgender people have been arrested for fraud upon showing their ID, either because of their non-matching gender marker or because their name has not been updated on their ID. If, by some mistake at the DMV a transperson can get one piece of ID with a more correct gender marker or a correct name, this does not mean they are out of the woods. In our post-Patriot Act world, having mismatched identification can get you on a no-fly list. According to a recent study by The Williams Institute, 40% of transgender Americans report being harassed for having incongruent form of ID. This can lead to transgender people, like other un- or misdocumented people avoiding spaces where they predict police may be present or they

may be asked to show a valid form of ID. Many people hear this, but don't really hear it—think about the last time you went to the movies. If you were a young undocumented person trying to buy tickets to an R-rated film, you could wind up getting carted away in cuffs. It also means that your family a friends would probably be harassed when they tried to take part in local elections, and couldn't vote in a representative who wouldn't favor strict photo ID laws.

Passing legislation to block people from voting is not what a democracy is about. It results in whole communities—usually communities towards the bottom of the privilege food-chain—having their voices and needs silenced.



a few Fortune 500 companies have been willing to cover transgender employees' medical costs. This will not cost the companies more than a few hundred grand because not too many members of the transgender community are working for Wells Fargo—we are far more likely to be incarcerated and/or make less than 10k a year—but thanks for the shout-out! It is also important to remember that the trans community encompasses all kinds of gender-rebels and non—we do not necessarily want surgeries that will "make us a man/woman," because a lot of us identify as something completely different.

Because of the existence of strict

Bald Man With Glasses Visits Fordham Campus

by Hannah Weissenbuehler
STAFF SECOND LIFE

Ari Fleischer, the former White House Press Secretary for President George W. Bush, and current sports communications businessman, graced Fordham with his presence and an hour-long speech last Thursday. He began his speech with his own coming of age tale, i.e. his Republican Enlightenment back in his good old college days in Vermont. Notably, this theme—coming into conservatism in the midst of a pinko, radical student culture—has come up repeatedly in Republican speeches at Fordham in the years I’ve been here, emphasizing the party’s emphasis on capturing youth following Obama’s 2008 election. Fleischer “confessed” (fitting, since we attend Fordham and are all Catholics, of course) that he was no longer a “Liberal Democrat.” According to Fleischer he was absolutely the only person to enter Vermont as a Democrat and leave a Republican, much to his parent’s dismay. His own father told a reporter: “It’s better [Ari] became a Republican than a drug dealer...but not by much.” Still, Fleischer at least attempted “bipartisanship” in his own talk, despite his great pride of being a conservative Republican. Just kidding: following this personal anecdote, he declared “Now I’ll do my best to turn you all into Republicans.” This was followed by a fifteen minute story of his experience with the Bush administration and the attacks of September 11th – “a time when political party sides did not matter” – when the United States was, well, united. However, the rest of the hour was dominated by his take on the upcoming political election.

A few of my favorites bits of Ari’s perspective:

1.) You should do anything you can to get into the White House because Air Force One is awesome.

“The most privileged, rare job... in this job, I traveled with the President everywhere he went, which meant I was picked up on the South Lawn on Marine One, I flew everywhere on Air Force one. I never had to listen on the 8’s for a traffic report. There was never

Bush administration spokesperson keeps speaking

any traffic.”

2.) Republicans should stop bullshitting already because they are making themselves sound like huge assholes.

I feel you on this one, Ari. Republicans have been talking about “side issues” and it is “amazing that Romney is only down by three points.” If Republicans would shut up about these issues, maybe they wouldn’t look so bad.

3.) “The Gender Gap was eliminated in 2010”

You heard it here first, folks. Problem: solved.

4.) You can’t pay for Fordham University out of pocket? Well then, you shouldn’t be here!

Ari Fleischer, despite his Democratic heritage, was always taught, “if you can’t afford it, don’t buy it.”

5.) We only think the government should enforce our civil rights and liberties... but we are wrong.

“It is wrong to say yes to everyone in society who has a problem, a need, who represents a worthy cause, and therefore they think they can debate a claim on the public purse... receive their slice of the pie.” When he brought up Planned Parenthood, he reminded the audience these things would exist without government support. Maybe you’re right, Ari, and maybe there is no gender gap anymore.

6.) America is all about equality. And because of this we need to force those in poverty to pay just like the 1%.

“I believe in an America where everyone can become successful. And everyone from the top to the bottom must pay their fair share... 47% of people in this country no longer pay income taxes,

none. None at all.” While these statistics sound impressive, the Tax Policy Center’s Howard Glickman responded to this claim by saying:

“About half of taxpayers paid no federal income tax last year [2009]. It does not mean they paid no tax at all. Many shelled out Social Security and Medicare payroll taxes. In fact, only 14 percent of Americans didn’t pay either

income or payroll taxes. Some paid property taxes and, it is fair to say, just about all of them paid sales taxes of one kind or another. So to say they pay no taxes is flat wrong. It is a powerful emotional argument. It is also flat wrong.”

But really, who cares about the statistics, anyway? Next.

7.) Marry now. Worry about the real stuff later. The only thing that matters is Republicanism.

“The best way to measure the future election... the demographic fact is: the biggest supporters of the Democratic party today are young people and single people.” So, “From an absolutely non-partisan non-ideological point of view...I hope everyone in this room who is young, may you get older. And everyone in this room who is single, may you find someone to marry tonight.”

8.) Racism does not exist.

“I think it is inevitable there is going to be a woman President... I think it is inevitable there is going to be a Jewish President... I just think, we are so past that in America, there is no more era of, despite pockets of discrimination, America is such a beautiful place, it has been for decades...”

9.) Without God your country’s economy will fail.

“I look at Europe, and one of the reasons that Europe has declined, both economically and socially... is that there are so many people who have abandoned religion.”

10.) When you really screw up, try and keep lying. And if not, spread the blame around or finally shove it on someone else.

“We were told it was true... We all thought it was true.” (We as in, Hilary Clinton, Gore, Cheney.)

“You pay the price, if you’re wrong about something fundamental.” ... Blame it on the CIA.

So, life lessons learned Fordham: be honest, have ‘values,’ and get married for Christ sake! Personally, I left inspired (my parents are liberal Democrats, too Ari) to serve the political life and forever disregard the truism “Never trust a career politician.” So go forth men and women of Fordham! Vote Republican!

REALER THAN FACT

By Marisa Carroll and John O’Neill

Washburn, MO

A six year old girl had to suffer in a pair of poop pants last week after her teacher refused to let her go to the bathroom during a standardized test. Refusing to break from the official rules of testing even when risking the girl’s health and humiliation, the teacher did not even offer to help the girl clean up following the exam. The girl’s mother, Lisa Skidmore (We are not trying to make fun of anyone! That is her real name!), filed a complaint with the school district but does not plan to press charges. Her hope is that no other child has to suffer like her daughter did. Unfortunately for the girl, who was bound to suffer taunts from her schoolmates, her mother did an interview with the local news about the incident which has since gone viral. Now, not just six year olds but also six-year old at-heart Gawker and Reddit users will bully the child for the foreseeable future.

-MC

Des Plaines, IL

A suburban Chicago man lost his life after an encounter with a flock of swans. The man, Anthony Hensley, was paddling in a retention pond of a Des Plaines condominium complex when his kayak overturned while looking in on a flock of swans he was charged with caring for. Hensley worked for a company that placed swans in ponds and other areas to control large geese populations when local authorities stated that they believed he may have steered his kayak too close to a nest with eggs, spooking one of the swans at the Bay Colony condominium complex in unincorporated Des Plaines. The angry flock of birds charged Hensley upon his intrusion. While he was an experienced kayaker and swimmer, Hensley was also fully clothed and wearing boots when his kayak capsized. The swans were said to continue to attack even after his falling in the water.

-JO

Dynasty Of Incompetency And Obesity Steams Ahead In DPRK

by Peter Lacerenza
OPINIONS CO-EDITOR

It was no surprise when Kim Jong-un, already a four star general and vice chairman of the Central Military Commission of the North Korean Worker's Party, took over for his father, the late Kim Jong-il, upon his death in December of 2011.

Despite Kim Jong-un's young age and relative inexperience, the transfer of power sparked at least some glimmers of hope. In February, Kim Jong-un agreed to suspend nuclear weapons testing, uranium enrichment, and to allow international inspections of the country's chief nuclear reactor. While these concessions were intended to garner food-aid from the United States, they also suggested a greater potential for North Korean reform.

Now, after the failed launch of a North Korean rocket on April 13th, there is a renewed sense of worry, and an even greater sense of confusion regarding Kim Jong-Un's leadership. Although the rocket was allegedly intended to put a satellite into orbit, it also served as a tribute to the legacy of Jong-Un's grandfather, who founded the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK) in 1948. The rocket

North Korea manages to lose millions in food aid and a missile in one week

crashed into the Yellow Sea shortly after liftoff. In a surprising twist, North Korean officials disclosed the full story to the general public, the first time such a mistake has been admitted by the autocratic government.

Expectedly, the incident has triggered condemnation from the United States and its allies, and—once again—North Korea has instilled fear and worry among its East Asian neighbors. Although China is one of North Korea's

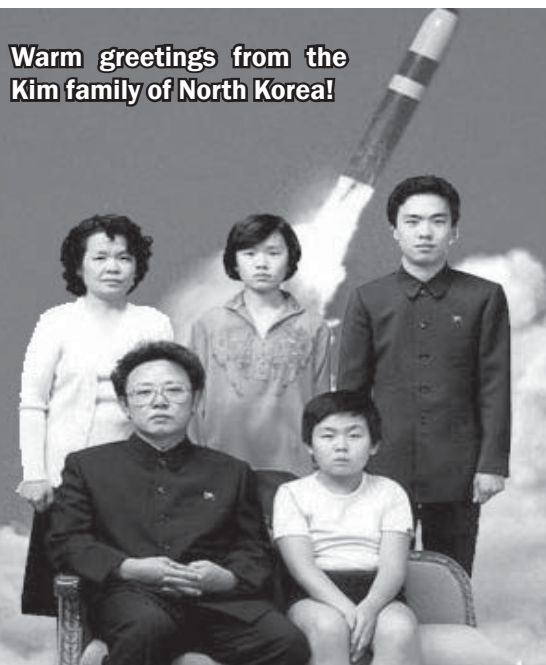
last remaining allies, it too has scorned the launch, uneasy at the thought of North Korea with a developed missile program. For many nations, the failure

raises questions: if we are to see the rocket's launch as a formal assertion of power by Kim Jong-un, does failure suggest the likelihood of a power struggle? Is China truly powerless in coercing North Korea into adhering to its demands as it once did? With that in mind, will Kim Jong-un seek more assertive measures to showcase his power, and continue North Korea's tendency for provocative actions? Lastly, does Jong-un's sudden change of heart indicate that party officials are imposing their will on the young leader?

Because the technologies that

permit the launching of satellites into orbit are virtually the same as those that permit the launching of nuclear warheads, the United States has some time before North Korean missiles pose a threat to the West Coast. However, satellite photographs have revealed that North Korea is in the process of staging a nuclear test, and there is no saying as to whether or not DPRK will carry out a similar attack like the one on South Korea in 2010.

Overall, what is most important about the situation is time. Whether or not the North Koreans decide to continue testing, and whether or not Kim Jong-un has the ability to maintain leadership will certainly play out in the months to come. While instability in the Kim regime may provide a window of opportunity for the West to take action, there are other, less optimistic alternatives. If challenges by other forces within the Worker's Party are the cause for the inconsistencies in policy, there is no saying whether or not the opposition will coincide with the expectations and mandates provided by the United Nations, and other power blocs.



Warm greetings from the Kim family of North Korea!

Trend Of Violent Phone Robberies Leaves A Borough Scared

by Michael Maurantonio
STAFF IPHONE THIEF

It's a familiar situation: your eyes slowly peel open as your consciousness returns, your head still spinning from last night's whatever-you-did. You slowly check your email (whether it be on your laptop or smart phone) and what do you know! John Carroll has sent you another urgent email outlining the unfortunate plight of a fellow Fordham student, complete with what should be the office's catch-phrase, The NYPD was called and canvassed the area with negative results. A trend quickly emerges: thieves and other would-be ruffians really like iPhones (they must really want to play angry birds).

Looking back through my own email client, I found eight explicit mentions of iPhone theft, often involving violence. The Office of Safety and Security has made it clear that smartphone theft is a large issue within the five boroughs (more than 40% of robberies according

Fordham student calls on students to remain vigilant in light of crimes

to CBS News):

The stealing of electronic devices such as the iPhone is a city-wide problem. As a result, the NYPD has created an "iPhone Task Force" and increased its enforcement efforts to combat the problem. The Office of Safety and Security strongly encourages our students to not display their personal property such as cell phones and iPods in public. If possible, phone calls/texts should not be made while walking in the street to better protect personal property.

It gets worse though. On Thursday, April 19th, a 26-year-old Bronx local, Hwang Yang, was shot in the torso, killed in cold blood for a 4.5x2.4 inch piece of technology.

The solution, besides small explosives in the shape of iPhones, should be simple: just don't take your phone out as you traverse the city. However, with the rise of smartphone ownership,

it's becoming increasingly likely that a possible victim will be in ownership of such a device. Now, I don't know how savvy these thieves are when it comes to probability, but it's clear that they understand a smart gamble when they see one—and they're capitalizing on it. The city plans to create a stolen phone database, which would log identification numbers specific to each phone, thus allowing service providers to blacklist the phone, in hopes of deterring would-be buyers in the underground iPhone market. This strategy seems to be of limited use. Senator Schumer (D-NY) has expressed his intent to introduce legislation making it a federal crime to alter a phone's identification number, which really means that criminals can and will alter a phone's identification number.

What can the average smartphone owner do to avoid theft? Must we stand

quietly, mouth agape, body trembling as someone waves a weapon in our face and demands our personal property? I propose a vigilante task force, complete with matching uniforms, whose sole mission would be to protect the smartphone owners of today and tomorrow! We would canvas the scene with positive results, damnit, using high-tech smartphone sensing technology. We would bust open caches of stolen iPhones and return them to the tearful eyes of the victims of these horrible crimes!

In all seriousness though, theft is a serious issue, and students need to be increasingly aware of their surroundings, and while it defeats the purpose of having a phone in the first place. Perhaps consider sending that call to voicemail, or at least wait until you're not alone walking down Fordham Road at 2 AM.



Take Me To Your Leader

By Sean Patrick Kelly
DEADITOR-IN-CHIEF

I used to run *the paper*. I don't anymore, because I'm too old and I have to leave, but I used to. And it was fun. Some of my best friends all worked with me, and now I'm going to go off and live with some of those friends. When I left, *the paper* was left in the capable hands of even more of my friends. And they're all doing a great job, so *the paper* isn't going anywhere. But I am; I'm leaving because I have to go work and stuff, so that's why I don't run *the paper* anymore.

I started going to meetings for *the paper* when I was a freshman. People there started to recognize me because I always looked dumpy and wore the same hat all the time, so then I started to write articles. I wrote about shows I went to and music I just found out about because I thought it was really cool. I always thought that the people who ran it would think it was lame as hell, or that they would have already heard of the stuff because they knew a lot more than I did. They seemed really old then. They ran *the paper*, but then they didn't anymore because they had to leave.

Then some people who didn't seem that much older than me started to run

it, and I kept writing articles. I tried to force myself to develop opinions on issues I didn't really know much about because I thought it would make me seem smarter and more aware. It didn't, though. It made me sound dumb, so I quit doing it. I wrote about things like music and movies and science instead. Sometimes I went to cult meetings and wrote about those too. That way I didn't sound so dumb, and it was better that way. The people who ran *the paper* liked it better that way, too, and we started to spend more time together. They invited me over to their apartments. The first time I went, I got way too high. I smoked a little bit to look cool, but then I looked really dumb. I sat in a lawn chair all night and didn't talk to anyone. I thought they thought I was a total turkey.

But I guess they didn't, even though I got too high and sat in a lawn chair all night. We started to hang out more. We would jump in hedges and walk to Shea's and drink whiskey and yell at strangers together. Sometimes we would go to a place called Rock Mountain, and we'd drink whis-

key there. We'd yell at each other and laugh and make fart jokes and say obscene things. They didn't seem that much older than me anymore.

Some of the people who didn't seem that much older than me turned out to be too old to go to college, though, so they had to leave. Then a bunch of people who were only a tiny



bit older than me started to run *the paper*. I had stopped sounding totally stupid for long enough for them to want me to help run *the paper*, too. So I said

yes, and I started to feel stupid again. I didn't know how to do easy stuff in Photoshop, and I made a lot of proofreading mistakes. But it was okay, because we were friends and they showed me how to do all the stuff that I was bad at. Then we would go out and do the stuff that we liked to do together. We'd play guitars and drink brass monkeys. We'd go out to see shows, and after a while a couple of us started playing shows. We were all friends even though I got way too high that one time and sat in a lawn chair all night. They really didn't seem that much older than me at all.

Then some people who were younger than me started writing for *the paper*, and I probably seemed at least sort of old to them. I probably seemed older to them than the people who were running *the paper* at the time seemed to me, so that made me feel sort of good. I didn't really know how to use the Print Shoppe computers that well, but I tried to learn and look like I did. I didn't really, though. I wasn't much older than them and I'm still not. But it seemed like it at the time.

All of a sudden the people who barely seemed older than me had to leave, and I had to run *the paper*. I got scared, because I thought I seemed as much like a dumb newbie to the people who were younger than me as I did at first to the people who were older than me. Maybe I did, but I got really busy so I stopped thinking about it. Every once in a while, someone who was younger than me seemed like they were afraid that they didn't know what they were doing. That made me feel weird, because I felt the same way, only I wasn't supposed to.

They all did know what they were doing though, because now they run *the paper*. And they're going to teach another batch of people how to do the same thing because they're good at it. I, on the other hand, have to leave. I have to go work and stuff, and I'm going to feel like I don't know what I'm doing. Everyone around me is going to seem a lot older, and they're going to seem like they know what they're doing. I'm going to be worried that they know that I don't know what I'm doing. And maybe I'll get too high and sit in one of those older people's chairs and not say anything all night. I don't really feel that old anymore; I never really did.

Stop Whining and Start Drinking Whiskey

How to deteriorate into a less douchey, cooler version of yourself

by Mickie Meinhardt

DEADITOR

Deteriorate (verb)

1. to make or become worse or lower in quality, value, character, etc; depreciate
2. to wear away or disintegrate

By most counts, and according to the above definition, what I've really done in college is deteriorate. In scholastic effort, in monetary value, in liver quality and resistance to substances.

In self-restraint. In rigidity. Those have all declined, worsened, disintegrated even. Through these incredibly short four years, I've managed to slowly chip away at the sterling character that accompanied me to this 80-acre campus, leaving behind a body most would shudder to be contained in. Go Rams.

Yet, for all I've done to methodically destroy myself, I'm not dead. Hell, I managed to make it out of this apathetic, bro-filled, administratively-derelict campus with a Real World job and no glaring (visible) scars. Somehow, in a strange and terrible way, my character—"who I am" and what not, in relation to feeling like a worthwhile human—actually improved. I've deteriorated...upwards.

Frankly, I was an annoying, uptight little shit when I came to this university. High on my class president, best-in-AP English horse (really, a dwarf pony), thinking my liver was steel because I could stomach half a rack of Natty Light. I wore fedoras, for fucks sake. Everyone was tanner and had more money than me, and I'd frequently go to

sleep to sad music and think about my ex-boyfriend and how I wanted to transfer to the "comfortable" state school near home. It's a wonder anyone who knew me then still speaks to me now (you know who you are—thanks.)

Fortunately, these two kids down the now-extinct Hughes Hall (R.I.P.) floor from me (Kaitlin, Sean, bless you) dragged me out of my own asshole to a meeting for *the paper*, which I was too much of a weenie to join at the club fair

But as unapproachable as these people seemed, and as out of place as I felt, after awhile they weren't, and I wasn't. Through freshman and early sophomore year, I wrote every issue and learned from my betters, who were on a different plane than I; one I wanted to get to, and, eventually, when I stopped whining and started drinking whiskey, did.

I started spending weekends in a stuffy basement in McGinley, watching my own photo be placed where's-Waldo-like into corners of *the paper*, falling hungover off of armless chairs and making paper chains of stick people holding 40s from old issues of *The Ram*. Eventually they made me the Arts Editor, after many initiation nights suckling the Tinkers teat and turning my brain to ap-

plaudits, or totally rancid about this school, this borough, public urination, ANYTHING. Do you know what a gift that is? I don't think so, because by and large this campus is riddled with apathy, so much so that I'm pretty sure I'm only talking to current and former editors (but whatever). This school wants to make you into uncontroversial cookie cutter cutouts of Mario Gabelli (minus the cocaine**). The paper gives you the chance not to be that piece of tasteless white bread.

Down there, this snively little shit learned to shoot Jameson without a grimace, that some things you think are really terrible for you are actually a lot of fun, and that just because you can say "fuck" in an article doesn't mean you have to. The uptight melted, and I learned to take myself, and college in general, in stride, because responsibility is boring and not as much fun as brass monkeys on Eddies.

Those five weekends a semester were gestation periods. On those moldy couches I bloomed like algae into someone I'm proud to be, despite what propriety might say about my habits or company. "These people" had become my people, through ill and good and weird and terrible, rain, snow, Rodrigue's parties, QuizHat at Hoffman, mystery shot, rock mountain, and all whatever else is lost to time and blackouts (Once we were wholesome, and eschewed alcohol for a whole weekend to go pick apples in Connecticut—a trip I'll never, ever forget, and count as my best college experiences to date, that plus the house party where we decided drunk running on a treadmill was a thing and got a high schooler wasted). The print shoppe was a cocoon, and eventually I sprouted fetal-alcohol wings.

And then they were about to leave. I joked with them and bought them tequila shots and pretended to commiserate with "graduation" but didn't really get it. And they left, though not before sending themselves off with a bang, a forbidden drunken night in that basement that got us all written up, both penalty-wise and in Fordham's "Paper of Record" as laughable delinquents who drink in club suites (The Curious Case of the Beer in The Print



despite thinking they were the coolest people I'd ever seen. Those boisterous, half-mad kids were both frighteningly intimidating and magnetizing in the 'can't look away from a car wreck' sense. I could never be this insane, or this awesome. When I eventually unclenched myself, it was for an article I won't even mention because it was so bad I'm embarrassed to think it ever came out of my dumb brain and I don't want any Old Farts to remember it. In both writing and personality, I had a long way to go.

plesauce on too much YouTube, and I evolved into a person you'd at least like to keep company with.

After awhile, I looked forward to production weekend; no matter what we say, in the end, we're all sadistic and love that god damn basement more than sunshine. Because, and here's the lynchpin, kids: in that room of old computers and Taylor Swift's Radioactive Wolf Tits, you have total creative license. There is no McShaneHawk© to censor you. With outdated Photoshop and your own beautiful words, you can say something meaningful, provoca-

(Continued from page 10)

Shope, may it live in infamy). And my classmates, who had become physically decrepit yet personally flourishing people right along with me, and I were in charge. God save us.

We did okay, I think. It was a struggle, with the usual lack of co-editors and contributors, but we kept the improvement curve going, and in then end that ol' rag isn't really a rag anymore, especially not as I'm about to leave it. This swell crop of fresh meat will take it farther than ever (and, if I had a hand in it, also on regular field trips to Shea's).

Here's where guilt sets in, because for all *the paper* gave me I was an absent lover in this final semester, work-

what it all meant to me, if I told this tale right. Sean—well, we made it. I think we did alright by it, in the end. Sarah, Kaitlin, Caroline, Marisa, John, Elena—it was my pleasure, truly. And the wee ones: you'll figure it all out, eventually. Just make sure to fall off your horse now because it's easier to stand back up on rickety, baby-deer legs than it is to deflate an ego.

I was a mess, and now I'm physically far more of one than I ever was, but the heap of flesh and word vomit I've become is an adult, somehow, one who knows what it means to labor over something you truly love week after week, with the most intelligent and hilarious crop of humans I've ever



ing and shlepping around and not in the basement as much. Truthfully, it's not because I didn't want to be there, but rather because my days in that basement are over. That's not an easy thing to face. I left little bits of me there (not physically, you sick fuck), and now it's their turn to leave a Photoshop print-out on the wall.

I'm about to get up on a stage and pick up a piece of paper that says I'm ready for the world, but it isn't that or the cap and gown or McShane and his pet Bad Decision Robot that made me so. It's those god damn terrible and wonderful people that picked me up and shook me and showed me that all it took to fall together was to first totally, utterly, shamefully fall apart. Sam, Joe, Chris, Nick, Bobby, Orf—thanks for the mis-guidance and not-so-elderly wisdom. I think maybe now you know

known. Despite it all, I made it through this place. But I couldn't have, without this rag and it's keepers to teach me what it means to be a creative, free-thinking, outspoken person with functioning alcoholism.

Fordham doesn't deserve *the paper*. But it needs it. If you can worsen this school, make its administration less staid, less bigoted, less ignorant, you will have succeeded. And if not, if you simply realize you know nothing, and teach yourself to hold your liquor, write a sentence, and learn from your betters... well, you'll have done alright.

So, thanks, *paper*. Thanks for, well... nothing, and everything.

Don't smoke cigs.

*I have no certifiable proof Mario Gabelli did cocaine

the paper's view

april 25, 2012

Keep In Touch, Never Change, and Other Yearbook Reflections

Happy belated 4/20, Fordham-ites! While you were out crafting very convincing Peer Educator posters about the dangers of marijuana or plastering New York City with KONY 2012 posters demanding we citizen's arrest a man who has been MIA for years (Or that we declare war on him? What is it again?), we were in the basement of McGinley cranking away at our last issue of the semester. And we mean cranking literally: After learning that all of our computers were broken, we had to revert to typewriters and other long-lost newspapering techniques to bring you this issue.

Like all Fordham students, we are used to kinks in the system. Of course, there are the routine complaints, most of which are well documented in Fordham memes and, surprisingly often, the front page of *The Ram* ("Ram Van Office Moves to O'Hare," Volume 94, Issue 1). CAB's announcement of the Spring Weekend performer always rouses criticisms, even if we all secretly enjoy that "Down" song.

Not to underplay the incredible trauma associated with your favorite performer not playing outside of your dorm room—although we live in New York City, guys—but this year hosted another, more grave list of student concerns. Often, these difficulties were blamed on a disconnect between students and administrators. This was the case for the Fordham Law Students for Reproductive Justice and their campaign to clarify Fordham's policy on prescribing birth control; following the passing of Obama's birth control mandate, this campaign shifted to ensuring that Fordham covers birth control on its health insurance plan.

Other students advocated for a reassessment of campus culture and policies following a series of bias incidents at both campuses, resulting in Town Hall meetings, discussions

with administrators, healing vigils, and a rally (page 3). At the same time, queer students called for an acknowledgement of their identities through Queer 101 events at both campuses and new policy proposals (page 4). Of course, one major source of student outrage has not even taken place yet: John O. Brennan, FCRH '77, is this year's commencement speaker, even though his counterterrorism work during the Bush era and beyond has tied him to prisoner abuse, racial profiling of Muslims, and torture in the "War on Terror."

We do not compile this list to prove the existence of Fordham's Bad Decision Robot or, alternatively, to show that students are a bunch of whiners. Instead, this list of grievances is, at least to us, inspiring in some way. Our allegedly apathetic generation, when faced with all kinds of struggles, didn't turn to booze, porn, and video games to cope—Well, at least we didn't only turn to those comforts. Students strategized, organized, and made their voices heard from demonstrations and rallies to local and national news coverage.

Of course, they also spoke out in *the paper*. We don't say this to flatter ourselves (We also ran a lot of dick jokes this semester!), or to somehow gain some after-the-fact credit for starting Occupy Wall Street or Arab Spring (Although we would like some credit in the FourLoko craze of 2010.) *the paper*, as Fordham's only totally uncensored student space, is only as powerful as its contributors. Without its writers and artists—including our editorial staff and amazing dead-tors who are graduating this May—the paper would be a few pages of fake ads and haiku news. Thanks for writing for us this semester and, if you haven't, what the hell are you thinking?! Email us at paper.fordham@gmail.com and write for our website, fupaper.net, this summer. See you in the fall, nerds.

Sisterhood of the Travelling Poop Boot

A not so shitty experience with *the paper*

by Sarah Madges

DEADITOR

A flip of the coin (No Country for Old Men style) landed me at Fordham. My decision to join *the paper*, however, was much more deliberate. I was a freshman doing the wide-eyed walk around Eddie's thinking I was going to sign up for everything at the club fair and get involved and make friends etc, etc. I just remember a swath of sweaty shirtless dudes, one holding a boombox blaring the Replacements, all ironically yelling some variation of "Hey! You look alternative! Write for the paper!" at whoever walked by. It was a bit overwhelming, but I saw future Editor-in-Chief Kate Murphy calmly perched in counterpoint to all the wild testosterone and was comforted into signing up and attending the first meeting. That was back when the loudest talkers ran the show, and Sports was still a section, and one of the EICs was a dude wearing a Talking Heads T-shirt who intimidated the shit out of me simply because his baritone and prolific blogging made him sound authoritative. It was very much a boys club, and a seemingly pretentious boys club at that, so of course I consistently started writing for them while avoiding the meetings out of timidity. It wasn't until late January that I returned to that ghost town that is the Ramskellar/Annex and was the awkward home of Rodrigue's Coffee House until they got their building back in 2009, where we used to hold meetings. My wittier, more loquacious friend Kaitlin had interest in writing and I piggybacked her confidence at the next meeting. Kate had taken over and was in the middle of running through sections when the Executive Co-Editor, a skinny kid with a beard and an indiscreet paper-bagged pint of whiskey announced to the room, "At this exact time two years ago, I lost my virginity," and then after a pause to survey the blank-faced room, "I'm wasted." Somehow, this cemented our involvement with *the paper* (somehow I also ended up dating this weirdo, and still do). No longer afraid to sound ridiculous, Kaitlin and I submitted an inane list of non sequitur suggestions for how to spend Valentine's Day (including everything from "get drunk and vomit ev-

erywhere" to "make tampon bow & arrows"), a day we ended up celebrating with another was-afraid-of-*the-paper*-friend and a lot of the staff by boozing all day, beginning with screwdrivers in the caf and continuing with Ballantine's ale (Ballantine's Day, get it?) ad nauseam (literally, in Joe's case).

I went from being "that girl in the Radiohead shirt who wrote the really good Earwax" to being "that girl who co-wrote a crazy edit" to having a name and a place in the staff. Going to every meeting turned into going to every unofficial meeting at Tinkers snowballed into being completely entrenched in these crazy people's lives turned into Kaitlin and I each becoming editors the following year, and on and on. Being a part of *the paper* meant trading in sleep and sanity for almost biweekly Adderall-and/or-alcohol-fueled near-slumber parties in McGinley basement, making paper snowflakes out of the Ram, spinning around in office chairs laughing at various YouTube clips and trying to pull together something worth reading in that beige dimness while on a steady diet of thrubs, caf cookies, cigarettes, and hangovers. After four years of this stuff, these people, I can't help but wax nostalgic. There are so many memories, and so many wish-I-could-rememberies.

When I first started, veteran editors would pass down stories of, say, Sam getting drunk as shit, blue Adderall snot all over himself, covering the Super Bowl on the cardboard backing of a thirty rack. I've been lucky to be part of the next wave of stories. Of Sean coming in dutifully at 3pm on production weekends, looking like a cartoon version of a hangover, saying "I don't feel good," often having to sequester his shoe (dubbed "poop boot") he more-than-once got dog shit on outside the print shop. Alex scatting expletives to himself staring straight-faced at some bizarre photoshop project. Chris and his "philosophy of lounging," which re-

ally meant comic relief and leaving a lot of his section's work up to Bobby, who was always willing to do it, and always wearing cords and a wry smile throughout. Smoking on Eddies and Grille breaks and wondering why we never finished before 3am on Sunday. Making token black jokes about Lenny (and by that I mean Lenny making token black jokes about himself). Sam sending me a News article written in phonetic Cockney. Punning off *The Ram's* subpar "That's So Poe" column with Joe McCarthy's absurdist humor in "That's So Joe," which covered ev-



everything from masturbating in the library bathroom to domesticating foxes all with the refrain—"That's so Joe!" Alex and I as News Co-Editors making the very consequential decision to permanently change "Realer Than Fact" (a section detailing the stranger-than-fiction type stories in the news) to "Haiku News," arguably the best and most brute way to distill a story to its main points [*Editor's Note: Haiku News is not included in this issue just to fuck with you, sorry!*] Chucking Sports for the Comix section, which Elena consistently made look amazing with custom banners and detailed coloring. Marisa revolutionizing the Features Page and becoming my News Co-Editor just in

time for us to try our best and keep up with Arab Spring. The short-lived "paper view television" (get it? Like pay-per-view? But for *the paper*?? We are hilarious).

Historically, we have gotten shit for writing for this rag. The latest insults include that we are Parcheesi-playing, hookah-smoking unfunny people, while older ones involved the myth that paper kids sold coke at Tinkers. Sure. Consistent complaints have been that *the paper* (and Rodrigue's, for that matter) are exclusive pretentious masturbatory hipster enclaves. First of all, club organizations at colleges are never exclusive. They are clubs. Meaning you can join whenever you want. Second, yeah, maybe we're pretentious. But to be honest, what publication can you think of that dumbs itself down or doesn't write confidently and persuasively to avoid this "pretention" stigma? There is no denying our rampant inside jokes and self-referentiality, etc. but after spending 36 hours about every other weekend in the McGinley subbasement from hell, you gotta do something to feel good about the way you spent your time. Whatever *the paper* is, it's been amazing being a part of it and watching it grow up. There's a tenden-

cy to want to make fun of everything, but we have slowly learned you can't do that (glad we got rid of the crude sign in the office joking about coat hanger abortions), and have learned the value of infographics and more fact-checking, kinda like real journalists (kinda). Former staff members have ended up working, interning, or contributing to places like *the Nation*, *the Village Voice*, *Spin*, *Showpaper*, and *the Rumpus*, while others have ended up Fulbright scholars, teaching in Turkey, Teach(ing) for America, etc. etc. All of the above still see the value in a good poop joke, and I'm glad. Never change, guys, never change.

My Love, Hate, Love Relationship with my Four Years at Fordham

by Will Yates

STAFF FENCE SITTER

I came to Fordham for one main reason, began hating it for another and then started loving it again for a third. My initial reason to come here was amorphous, however: I just liked every vibe I got from the place. Green campus, old buildings, friendly students, a neighborhood full of Dominicans and Mexicans and Italians and West Africans, and a major I liked the sound of: International Political Economy. When I showed up to in August of 2008, I was confirmed. The students I lived with and met freshman year were open-minded, unpretentious, very weird, and generally kind. My classes were mostly small and even the professors I didn't like I respected.

But somewhat quickly I came to realize there was a vastly different reality among the people I didn't know. Moreover, as I became closer with like-minded friends who had been at Fordham for a few years, I learned Fordham's student body and administration is overwhelmingly conservative, entitled, and cynical about progress. The more I

looked, the more I saw what they meant. The Ram seemed to print only articles about banal on-campus happenings. There was a column where Chad Cicci openly touted an end to public education and declared poverty the result of pure laziness. Contraception or any event offering Pro-Choice views were strictly banned. My sophomore year, Michael Sulick was invited to speak. At that event, I saw hope: thirty students and Ray McGovern staged a disruption to offer a counter-narrative to Sulick's "victory over terrorism" bit. It was a moment of solidarity I hadn't felt in a while. I was surprised and happy to be a part of a voice of concern and rea-

son yelling over a sea of indifference.

My classes weren't much different. I enjoyed the economics I was learning, but none of them espoused anything other than supply-side, laissez-faire Reaganomics. Marxism was given a half-page in the IPE text book.



In October, I was kicked off the steps of Keating with four other students for sitting with signs about the costs of the Afghanistan War. Had we stayed, we would have been arrested. While hundreds of students had

swarmed campus to celebrate the death of Osama Bin Laden earlier that year, the security guards had sat by and watched. It all gave me a vague sense of unease, but I still had that small, if reassuring, group of friends

who, like me, didn't think the world was beyond saving. Then came the events of this winter: the hateful slurs, the vandalism, and the cover-ups. The students who I admired most rose up and demanded change from the University. We planned, we gathered supporters and in March we held a demonstration of hundreds that marched across campus to tell the press our grievances. In the small group who made that day possible, I've found the best minds, the kindest voices, and the deepest convictions for justice.

They weren't just here to get a degree and party. They wanted to touch something *grander*. To act in the tradition of university students for hundreds of years. It was a hugely naive and idealistic notion. But that didn't stop those who burned within. I would've backed down from the task had it not been for their impressive courage and dedication. At Fordham, I found and struggled in a fight I had never planned on and I know my path from here is forever diverted to that fight. I don't know where yet, beyond this city, but I'll find it with the words of my friends in my mind.

#WhiteGirlProblems @ #Fordham

by Caroline Egan

STAFF TWEETED

Moments that I wish I could have tweeted:

Spring Freshman Year: Yes, that was me running away from Jimmy and FUEMS screaming "FUCK YOU! I AM NOT BEING FUEMED" #OneTimelsEnough

Spring Weekend 09: "I'm going to buy a gun" #ThingsSaidAfterYour-FriendGetsJumped

Sophomore year: I've decided that Keating is the castle of oppression, and the library is palace of depression #ThinkAboutItY'all

Sophomore Spring: 4Loko hits the Bronx...and no one remembers anything.

Actual tweets:

@cegan89 Generally its common courtesy to thank someone for giving up a study room in the lib. There needs to be a manners core req. #BrosThesesDays 6:05 PM - 30 Nov 10

@cegan89 The official bro uniform of spring weekend is a basketball jersey

and shorts. Where's bill cunningham when we need him?

2:40 PM - 30 Apr 11

@cegan89 First spotting of security escorting a student off the premises. A bro wearing american flag bandanas. #SW11

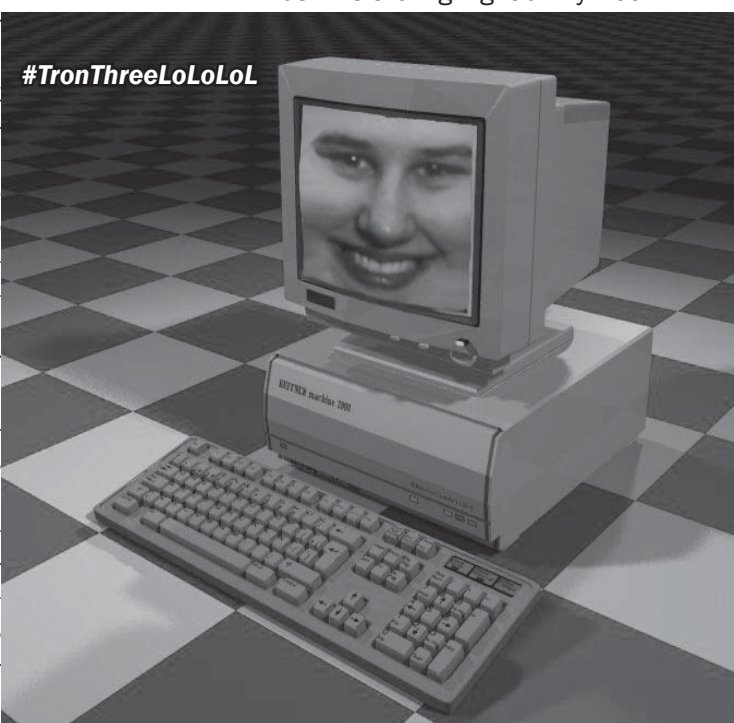
3:14 PM - 30 Apr 11

@cegan89 overheard in class "Can you be a hipster or a hippie and conservative?" #TwoDifferentSubcultures #No #JustStop-Speaking

2:35 PM - 13 Sep 11

@cegan89 Correction: having the patriarch of the aforementioned family

climb into kaitlin's fire escape and let us in is the highlight of my week



11:42 PM - 5 Oct 11

@cegan89 Overhearing bros argue over sharing 'dip' is one of my sad-

dest moments as a fordham student. #WeAreGettingTheSameDegree #God-SaveOurFuture

12:10 AM - 26 Oct 11

@cegan89 Spotted: biddies wearing the short boots, short tight dresses and no tights #wowdidyouallgetdressedtogether #tuesdayboozeatfcrh

7:35 PM - 8 Nov 11

@cegan89 'This isn't your best effort, right' -kath on my paper due tomorrow #NoMomIJustDontCareAnymore #MostBoringClassIveTakenAtFordham 9:35 PM - 7 Dec 11

@cegan89 To the girls sitting on the sidewalk on fordham rd crying over a guy, go cry on campus. #AskingforaSecurityAlert #judging #candyloungenight 1:42 AM 1 Feb 12

@cegan89 That awkward moment when you ignore the guy who says 'hi mami' to you and then have to thank him for informing you that your skirt is coming up.

2:51 PM - 11 Apr 12

A Caffeinated Farewell From Rodrigue's Coffee House

by Caitlin Waickman and Chelsea Florio

STAFF NOT STAFF

We've been sitting together outside Collins and trying to sort how we feel about graduating, and have come to the conclusion that we're not feeling all that nostalgic about leaving Fordham. No doubt we'll miss amazing friends and great professors, but Fordham University has left us a little tired. What we really want to talk about is the love we have for our homes of the past four years- the Bronx and Rodrigue's Coffee House.

We're both quick to defend the Bronx when it gets knocked by Fordham kids or family. This place is fucking awesome. When we think about the Bronx, we think of music food, parks, bodegas, BBQs, fire escapes, porches,

old neighborhoods, new immigrants, the reliable D train, pigeons, Marie the Pigeon Lady, the Botanical Gardens, random fireworks, hip hop, reggaeton, that fucking ice cream truck, Sheas, Tinkers, Estrellita, and 40s. The list isn't inclusive, but seriously, how lucky are we to live in a neighborhood that is so fun and diverse and is developing in a way that is unlike any other borough of the city. There are huge parks! There are amazing events! If you're around for another year, you're an idiot to limit yourself to Martyr's Lawn and Tri-Bar.

And now we must address our other love, Rodrigue's Coffee House. Rodrigue's has been a full time labor of love this year, and something that we both consider to be a necessity on Fordham's campus. It is a completely student run, fair trade coffee house and an event space that sponsors

concerts, open mics, speakers, Battle of the Bands, and whatever else has been brought forward by students. It is also a much needed free speech and open discussion space on a campus that regulates what you can say and what you can post. Take some time to hang out at Rodrigue's and you'll come across conversations that are silly, studious, and political. Rodrigue's has also become a space where faculty and students can hang out and relate in in a neutral environment. It is a space where you can bullshit over cigarettes and make up words and Bananagrams.

We can't imagine our time at Fordham without Rodrigue's, which has become both home and family. Our freshman year, Rodrigue's didn't have an actual coffee house and to see it grow into both a student space and a giant family that shares both holidays

and couch space has been super cool. We're so proud of what Rod's has become and we're both excited to see what exciting new directions it will go in and how it will grow and change in the coming years. As hard as it is to leave, we know we're leaving it in good hands.

So to Rod's people, we love you and thank you for making our coffee house a home. And to our fellow senior friends, sorry if we've been distant or busy. It feels like our year has been doing amazing things and missing out on some of the nostalgia. Let's hang out soon! We just wanna hang out. So as seniors, we just feel like taking a step back, giving the experience a nod of approval, giving each other a high five, and pouring one out for the homies.

Dear Clive: A Thank You to My Favorite Fordham Security Guard

by Aly Kravitz

STAFF HOMESCHOOLED

Dear Clive,

I know you usually read my articles in here, so I'm hoping you don't miss this one. I didn't really know what to write for my last piece, and as I started thinking about how to fit my college experience into 800 words my mind kept wandering to the music practice rooms in the basement of Keating.

I'm fairly certain you were my first friend at Fordham. I wasn't sure how things would turn out, seeing as you're a New York sports fan (go Patriots, Celtics and Red Sox forever and ever, amen), but I grew to accept our differences and overlook your allegiances (although I still think holding the front page declaring the Giants Super Bowl victory up to the window while I was practicing was uncalled for). By the way, my Dad has high hopes for his Phillies this year. Cole Hamels is still his man.

Anyways, back to the first friend bit. I had a pretty rough freshman year—it took me a while to adjust from my homeschooled Vermont life to college in New York—and the practice rooms were one of the few places I could go and lose myself in music for a while. Plus I had four roommates (if you don't remember my, uhh, occasional complaining about Hughes Hall) and was

desperate for some peace and quiet. Your presence was always reassuring, and you knew my name way before anyone I met on Friday and Saturday night could remember it. It took me a while to find my friend group and feel comfortable doing what I wanted to be doing (which is often going to Broadway shows instead of going to a party), and on the dark nights of that first winter you always welcomed me warmly.

I appreciate that you took the time to get to know me instead of just writing my name in that little notebook and leaving it at that. Perhaps I told you that I'm a vegetarian or that I run in the Botanical Gardens a lot—but you didn't need to remember all that stuff. Or check if I practiced piano over the weekend—you know I'll be there!

I should also probably thank you for putting up with me sometimes—the end of the day is not always the best time if the beginning didn't go as planned. And living in a little room with multiple other people

is not always conducive to, you know, good moods. But you always listen, and you're always calm, which makes me think everything is probably going to end up alright (even if my roommate didn't vacuum the living room!!).

So I guess what I'm trying to say is thank you for your friendship over the past four years. College is a

crazy people—and you've been my constant. (Except for this past week, which I hope you just took a vacation to North Carolina or something, because the new guard didn't know where you were when I asked.) I didn't like Fordham for a long time, but people like you changed my mind.

Anyway, I'll stop rambling on about this now, because emotions aren't my strong suit and I know they're not yours either. I hope you're getting further into the "Girl With the Dragon Tattoo" trilogy—like I said it's a bit slow at the beginning of all of them, but it picks up in the middle. If you don't like them I hear the "Hunger Games" is all the rage, but I have to admit I haven't had the time or the desire to check it out. If you do you let me know how it is. When I get back from China and Israel I'll stop in and show you pictures! I'll probably see you tomorrow night, though—unless you're reading this on Wednesday, in which case I'll see you next Monday. Thanks again for everything.

Oh, and one last thing...

Gooooo Patriots!!!!

My very best, Alycia



So the paper is a pretty cool guy, I guess

by Elena Lightbourn
DEADITOR

It is only now—at three fifty-nine p.m. on this particularly wet Sunday as I sit in this dingy print shoppe full of semi-functioning computers and trash and totally bizarre artifacts from paper eras recent and bygone—that it is fully beginning to sink in. That this is the last production weekend of my last semester of college, which means it is the last dazed, hungover, homework-burdened Sunday I will be holing myself up down here as a student at Fordham. It means that next time I will be in this basement will probably be Homecoming, as an “alumnus.” That too soon—but not soon enough—I will have in my possession a piece of paper that declares me a college graduate (what does that even mean anymore anyway?). It means I will no longer have a reason to live in this neglected and underserved borough and will live in New York as a person and not a student. I will have responsibilities beyond class attendance, projects, papers, and grades. Those aspects of graduation I have anticipated and re-imagined since junior year, so much that I find their associated anxiety waning, but the reality that I will no longer be in this comfortable proximity to people I know and love, and soon seeing most of my friends will involve actually having to make plans in advance, is

only beginning to feel like reality. This notion is both liberating and terrifying.

I count Rodrigue’s Coffee House and *the paper* as the two sole reasons I did not transfer to Lincoln Center the first time I knew I wanted to major in Visual Arts the -in the spring of my sophomore year. Transferring certainly would have been convenient – eleven of the sixteen courses I have taken in the past two years, I took at that campus. Needless to say, I have grown

ton) which led me not to art school, but to this atypical university in the Bronx, of all places.

As editorship has faded to deaditorship, the reality of my looming future eclipses that of the comfortable Fordham Universe I have grown used to. I now find myself spending more time with fewer people and things like working on my resume trump having fun. I have expended far less time and energy than I once did at Rod’s

and *the paper*; younger me tells older me that I have been such a shitty member of both clubs this year. Ultimately, I have to forgive myself.

Despite periods of low membership which called *the paper*’s survival into question, the creative, hilarious, intelligent, and ever-changing group of editors

who sacrificed countless hours of free time to publish a newspaper that often goes unnoticed by most students at this university have constantly managed to find their way in. For some, it happened immediately; for others

(like myself) in a more gradual process. These people are why the paper lives and why I have even managed to get through college with just enough sanity to actually graduate. Those who have already begun their lives after Fordham, to whom I now look to for a clue of what my life is about to be like: Bobby, Orf, Chris, Joe, Gibbons, Lindy, Lenny, Wadhams; my fellow seniors: Sean, Mickie, Sarah, Kaitlin; the younger members who I trust will carry on the paper onwards for future generations of dissatisfied Fordham kids to pour their hearts into: Marisa, John, Liz, Connor, Rachel, C. Sarah, Peter, Gibson, Suzette, Will; our deaditor currently abroad: Lauren; and although not section editors, I cannot forgo a mention to my fellow Rodrigue’s kids who contributed: Caitlin, Chelsea, Aly, Caroline, Will, Brigh.

I did not want my senior edit to end up sounding like an acceptance speech or something, yet here I am making lists. I was never much of a writer anyway. Luckily, the paper is awesome and allowed me to contribute using the talent for art and design that I do have. There are too many memories to delve into at this point because, as usual, I am writing my article at the last minute and I should probably go face the pile of homework I have neglected over the weekend. So, for now, all I would like to say is thank you for existing, *the paper*. It’s been extraordinary.



weary of taking the Ram Van, but in the end I harbor no regrets about that decision, or the decisions I made years ago (back in what seems like another universe at my public high school in the suburbs of North Hous-

BABIES 4 SALE

I’ve purchased roughly five of these miniature slaves everyone seems to be so keen on saving. Their mother assured me they are quick learners who, with the proper obedience training, will grow go to be loyal and hard working. E-mail paper.fordham@gmail.com

“Christ of the Beer Guzzling Helmet” and Other Fond Memories of *the paper’s* Resident Theologian

By Kaitlin Campbell
DEADITOR

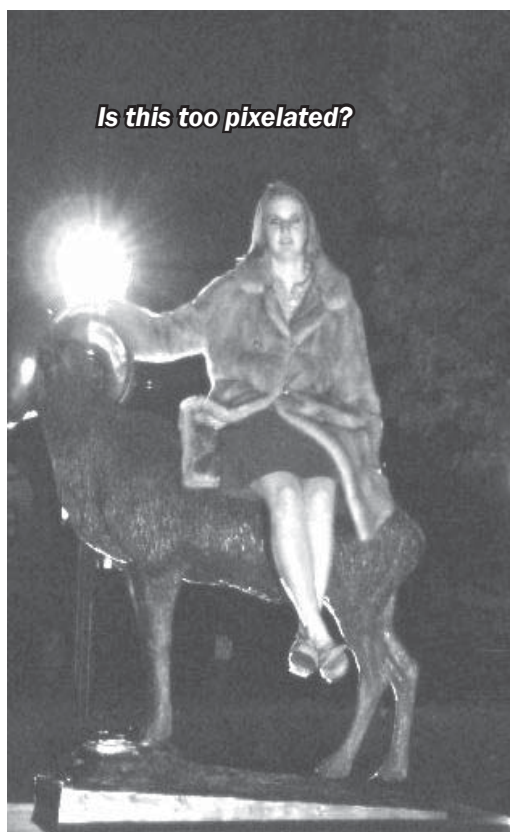
Don’t look into it too much—I think, is how I feel about the past four years. Nothing stunning, since sliding the last Rubbermaid container under my new loft-bed and hoisting up onto it a senior in high school, has seemed to happen since. For a graduate un-phased by her circumstance, I’d appreciate at least some small pomp. Last night I went to campus wandering for cigarettes, or laughter. I was squinting for anybody shouting, hurting to find gatherers – nothing, all the world was full of Men and Women for Themselves. For a while I tried to focus hard on flowers. There was too much light from the football field, and so ‘The Building’ overtook the view. I hope I don’t have to file an Incomplete for Christian Thought & Practice III, there came the anxiety, approaching the steps. Regardless, I met with the Dean. I still will walk, he said—for the pictures, for my family. They will be proud, Mom and Dad, and perhaps so will I, to see them smiling. As of yet, I can’t think past much else than flowers, or the details of 1840s architecture. Thank God I met the Jesuits, and then came the order, I’d reached the top. But I really do thank something. God knows it’s not just ‘That Seal’ on the archway for which I’m grateful. But I wish they weren’t so shy about smoking on campus.

I tell myself this often—I knew what I was getting into. As an accepted student standing amidst other stranger-seniors in the Rose Hill Gymnasium (all of us still in high school), I listened to Fr. McShane describe in 2008 what I was to feel after four years at Fordham when I graduate –“you will be ruined for life.” It wasn’t as complicated as it seems to be now. Then, I was given two speculative reasons why I will be—“never satisfied with how little you know of the world, and” forever frustrated “with how much injustice you’ll know to exist there.” At the time, these kinds of commonplace statements were more suitable than Scuba Diving Club at Wheaton College, or living in Boston, to the kind of challenge I sought...and of course it was in New York. But “Jesuit” hadn’t

been factored in. I’d no idea what a Jesuit was. When I asked my Dad he said “They’re sort of like the Jedi Knights of the Catholic Church.” Cool, I saw how much he meant it. As far as being Catholic went, I hated the word, and hated the word God, too—it was awkward.

Nothing stunning, but something most definitely happened. For a graduate tweeking in and out of gratitude, the pomp of it all—at base—is vainglory.

Depending on the circumstances, Thank God—I’m graduating—also means ‘Why Goddamnit have you forsaken me?!’ I don’t know what it means except that it’s just awkward. In the Random House’s second edition of the Unabridged Dictionary that’s



“lacking skill of dexterity; clumsy.” Taken twice, it’s “lacking grace or ease in movement i.e. bad dancer.” By take three you’re simply “lacking social graces or manners” like a simple, awkward frontiersman—I’ve met a few of those at Fordham, not to mention plenty of bad dancers. And all of them have been smokers; we crossed the freshman year friendship frontier... man. Think. Practice. Complete the course.

Don’t intend anything particularly

meaningful—I’ve thought about how to say how the past four years feel. Writing a senior edit is definitely something, as IF something like “graduation” has a static meaning anywhere in the world outside of self-connnotations, as if I am being sarcastic. But sincerely, in all serious truth, graduation will not change anything outside my circumstance currently—in this particular case—outside of Campbell Café and myself, writing with a blood blister I put in my finger by slamming the door of a bathroom stall in O’Keefe Commons blindly, hung-over and over-caFFEinated to compromise it, ignoring homework, avoiding mass another Sunday, not hearing to anything my self is saying besides another tall order: keep drinking coffee, keep writing. Factor in the belief in either a sublime or a solemn “graduation” and the current moment multiplies by four: What business do I have graduating? The world is full of blood blisters, common maladies, Irish last names and slamming doors. There are enough hypocrites to fill the pews already and hardly enough to fill the altars and never enough time, never enough coffee, I’ll never graduate from writing because for the past four years I only put in two cents worth of face to show, and I sounded like a ‘paper kid’ once. Now I sound like a preacher.

As a former editor and longtime admirer of *the paper* (since Accepted Students Day 2008; circa the “Greetings from Baghdad” cover design), I am grateful for every one of its awkward, ruined, smoky, den-dwelling cohorts; for good days and bad days never lacking coffee or words counting; and give Thanks especially in spite of the apparent lack of reverence in God-talk. “Happy Lent D-Bags,” says *the paper’s* “Christ of the Beer Guzzling Helmet” – and there’s more kindness in that truth expressed on page two than every one of Jesus of University Church’s solemn proposals. Dark humor, how dull. If I could count the times sarcasm has saved me from Hell, I’d imagine it’d come out to exactly seven. Thank God I wrote for *the paper*: they set at the roof on proverbial fire. Like everything,

it’s underwhelming. Like graduation, it’s big news; Hot off the press; pressure cooked; in all three meanings of the term, lit.

Before this year, when one of my oldest smoking buddies gave me the title “celibate slut,” I wrote for *the paper* and I had sex. Almost 85% of the words I chose for my articles counted for nothing more than acknowledgment from whoever I’d set my eyes on at the time of writing. The remaining 15% were for articles I wrote frustrated with injustices I was sick and tired of merely knowing (Editor’s Special: Interactivity: Find the hidden injustice in this paragraph, write about it, and you can have one on me).

Don’t look into it too much—all of these words. They count for anything except complicating the issue. I’m graduating—and I’ve just written my last homily on smoking cigarettes. I’ll walk away with a four year old blood blister, bad habits. I’ll take pictures in front of the Jesuit seal and pray to God I don’t forget to smile when I shake hands with Fr. McShane. I’ll keep wandering into gated gardens, keep pruning my distractions, and vary my focus, which now is modeled after late nineteenth century scaffolding. How could I feel ruined? For my life will always be in search of a fellow smoker, a new frontier, a man, or God, or both, awkward impulses tripartite together—but I can never forsake myself if I celebrate celibate den-dwelling. And how?! I will carry my life’s acceptance of its fate (since 2008) in a pocket-sized paraphrase...like a Jedi-Knight dictionary four-times abridged, proven accurate 100% of the circumstance and as pompously spiritual as a good exercised imagination or as a Christian thought inside the seal on an archway or as an order for more practice, e.g. Magis post-graduate. Don’t forget to *Memento Mori*, I will echo the rot of my fated denial for two definite reasons and hear myself saying only You can write. “Could I bum a cigarette?” But you can’t edit. “Is the end good enough?” According to those who look much into cropped images, NIGH! The answer is NAUGHT. Or, um, “Too pixelated.”



Fare thee well, human class of 2012.



GIRLS: The Show That Launched a Thousand Think Pieces

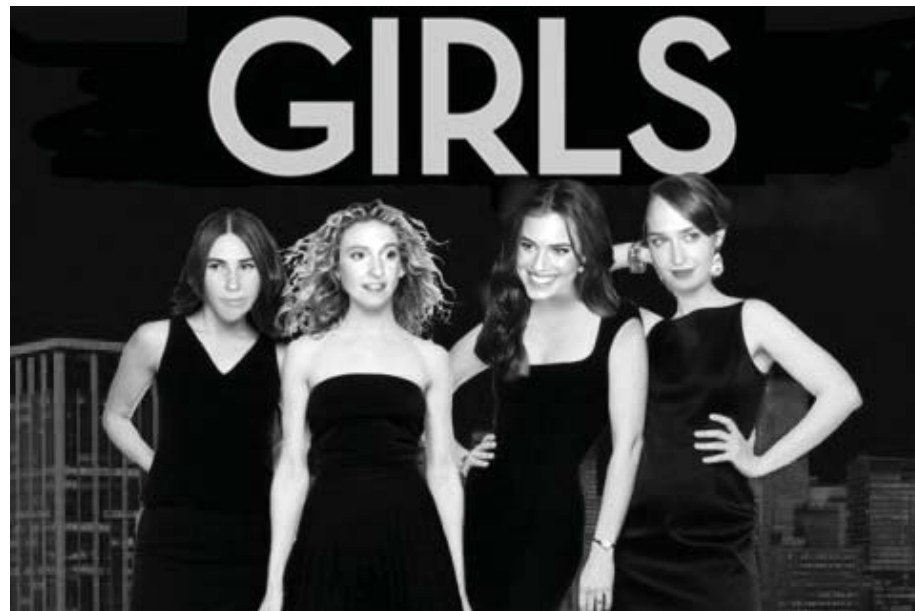
by Donald Borenstein
STAFF TINY CARPENTER

The difficulty in writing about a show's pilot is that you have so little about it to concretely say. It's akin to a first date in the sense that there is no chance you'll learn enough about it in thirty minutes to determine if you actually like the universe and the characters a show presents, but you certainly can see enough to keep you from ever watching it again.

I suppose you have the important questions that any reviewer must answer, so let's just get those out of the way. Did I laugh when I watched "Girls?" Yes, and quite heartily at times, in spite of the fact that for every brilliantly witty line, there was an equally forced pop-culture reference to follow in its stead. Did I care about the characters and their problems? Not all of them, but Lena Dunham's author-avatar protagonist – the heart of the show – is genuinely sympathetic, and she seems to have potential for real growth. Did I have a problem with the way the show seemed to center on the problems of privilege for characters living in a whitewashed racial vacuum? Not as much as the rest of the internet seemed to, though in all fairness I am a relatively privileged liberal arts major. Do I think it's worth watching? Absolutely, even though there's a good fifty percent chance you'll absolutely hate it.

So we've got that out of the way, but according to the internet, we have so much more to talk about! What about the all-white cast comprised of the daughters of famous people? What about the "Sex and the City" comparisons? What

about the recent revelation that one of the writers on the show, Lesley Arfin, is a terrible racist who compared President Obama to poop (google it)? With the exception of that last one, these are all questions that aren't really at the forefront of the problem with "Girls," a show



that's as equally frustrating as it is astonishingly promising. Yes, it's unfortunate that the cast of the show is effectively a blizzard of privileged youth, but the terrible reality is that there are tons of shows on television with an all white cast, or even worse, minorities in token or stereotypical roles; the whiteness of "Girls" is more the systemic problem of a nation that still likes to pretend it's post-racial rather than that of a single television episode.

"Girls" is notably afraid to settle into the identity it so strongly carves out for

itself at times during the show. It tries to paint an honest, clearly somewhat personal portrait of Dunham's character and her struggles to pursue her own perilously lofty ambitions and truly leave the nest. To her credit, Dunham does so without any fears of smearing her self-styled protagonist – the funniest parts of the show come at her expense, whether it's a brilliantly mismanaged exchange with her boss at her internship, or an opium-fueled plea for more money in which she proclaims to her parents that she could be "the voice of her generation".

But for all the promise it shows, Dunham and "Girls" are hamstrung by a hesitance to fully commit to its own youthful identity, instead often viewing its protagonists through the lens of the more adult generations that preceded her own. This can largely be chalked up to the hesitance of the writing staff to fully embrace what the show wants to be, because doing so presents an incredibly difficult task, and it results in a pilot whose brilliance is marred by lazy writing. At far too many points throughout the show, the writers attempt to force identities upon their characters through

awkward, unnatural pop-culture references; the only thing we know about David Mamet's daughter is that she goes on a tirade about Jemima Kirke's character not knowing "Sex and the City", and much of Dunham and Williams' relationship is contextualized by a conversation they have in which they dissect the conversation "totem pole", where Facebook chat is the lowest form of communication, and face-to-face is the highest. As a result, it often ends up feeling like a parent's field guide for navigating the culture of kids these days (Field guide

entry #102: Hip young dudes and duddettes often to refer to "Clueless" and make a distinction between the movie and the show for allegedly humorous effect). It's telling that the show's most gut-bustingly funny moments are the ones involving adults; it's not that the show's writers are incapable of writing about their characters in a way they can relate to, they're simply too afraid or too lazy to do so.

More pertinently, "Girls" goes out of its way to have its characters tell us explicitly how they feel instead of showing us. In probably the weakest point of the show, there is an array of short scenes with all the characters very seriously discussing their problems and states of mind in terms so blunt and overly simplistic that you'd never ever actually hear anyone talk that way, all set to constantly rotating clips of various indie hits played in the background to show us how "Girls" totally gets our generation. It spoon feeds us these sentiments, expecting us to accept them as the composition of the show's emotional core, when it is these moments that detach the show the most from its own reality.

These glaring flaws are so frustrating because they weigh down a show that is otherwise brilliant. It's the little decisions where Dunham and her staff seem to have taken the lazier option out of hesitance or apathy, like making Mamet a "Sex and the City" fan rather than a real character, or hiring Lesly Arfin without googling her (seriously, Lena! Why isn't she fired already?). If you're particularly cynical, this could be seen as a microcosm for our generation as a whole; we're too lazy to really take any risks to achieve anything, or to step outside the mold carved for us by our forbears.

I'd like to think that this is rather simply the show trying to find its ground in its first few moments of independence. If Dunham makes the necessary creative and narrative leaps forward to really flesh out her characters, and make us truly care about their problems – which, while admittedly trivial compared to those of people living below the poverty line, are still problems that some people do grapple with, including all of us fortunate enough to be at a school like Fordham – then "Girls" could become a truly great television show. For now, though, "Girls" pilot that shows more promise than any new comedy since Louie, and it's worth checking the show out (for free on YouTube!) to make your own judgments on its merits and potential.

The Man, The Myth, The Mayer Hawthorne

The R&B singer puts on a soulful performance full of nostalgia and cognac

by WILL SPEROS
ARTS CO-EDITOR

I have always found comfort in the music of the 1960's, especially anything produced by Motown. Music back then was so simple; it wasn't created with any agendas, nor did it discriminate its listeners the way music sometimes does today. In fact, the first concert I ever attended was a Temptations/Four Tops reunion concert when I was about 11. I was so overjoyed to be there that I was barely even embarrassed when I ran into my math teacher. Anyway, finding artists in this modern era whose sounds are reminiscent of this golden age of music, like Amy Winehouse, makes me exceedingly happy. I've always regarded Mayer Hawthorne as, at the very least, my favorite solo artist. However, I never realized just how obsessed I really was with the guy until I got to see him at Webster Hall on April 16. To say the least, it ended up being something of a religious experience for me.

Some funky/trippy band, The Stepkids, opened and progressively got better throughout their set, establishing themselves as a jam band who also, surprisingly, sounded like the 60's. Finally, after noticeable confusion among the roadies, the lights went out and giant "M" and "H" lights illuminated in epic fashion onstage on either side of his glowing broken-heart logo. His band hit the stage playing the intro to "Can't Stop" and after an Apollo-style introduction, Mayer Hawthorne ran onstage and broke into a choreographed performance of one of his new tracks, "You Called Me". The first part of the show featured a multitude of fan favorites and lesser known, but equally danceable, tracks from both his albums, including "Your Easy Lovin' Ain't Pleasin' Nothing" and "The Walk"; both really got the crowd dancing into a communal frenzy. The audience lost their shit as a whole when he incorporated the Hall &

Oates hit "You Make My Dreams" into his performance of his latest single "Dreaming."

Mayer slowed things down a bit in

show by performing his song "Henny & Gingerale" while actually mixing said cocktail for people in the audience.

At the very start, Mayer urged us



the middle of the show, crooning out slow jams like "Wish It Would Rain" with his near-perfect falsetto. He later took a load off in his leather armchair and did a slowed-down rendition of the under-appreciated titular track from his first album. I, personally, found this performance to be the best of the night as it demonstrated the full extent of Mayer's talent and his showmanship. The man managed to keep the crowd engaged with his every word allowing the lyrics to resonate, despite it being such a slow jam. He has his charisma to thank for that. He followed up this rendition by telling a story about the relationship that inspired his first hit "Just Ain't Gonna Work Out", but only after he covered Lee Dorsey's "Get Out of My Life Woman" which, of course, the crowd loved. After revving the audience up with "The Ills", he and his band fled the stage, but returned for the encore where they performed "Maybe So Maybe No." He ended the

not to call it a concert because he was here to do a "show", and we got what we were promised: one hell of a show. He was practically dripping with swag as he nailed every note and sang everyone's blues away. Seeing him live, for me, was an unparalleled experience. I even managed to fight for the set list which now graces the wall of my dorm room. It's real damn hard not to be impressed by the energy and dedication Mayer puts into his performance. Much like the old school music his songs are reminiscent of, Mayer's performance is fun, dancy, and refreshingly nostalgic. He makes all the right moves, and executes them beautifully. Sure I'm just some overexcited fan whose appreciation for anything 60's is perhaps a little too pronounced, but if you somehow still haven't found yourself listening to any of Mayer Hawthorne's throwback modern classics, I highly recommend you change that.

shows.

Who: Ludo

When: 04/28 Saturday @ 7:00 pm

Where: Highline Ballroom, 431 W. 16th St

How Much: \$15

Why: In my heart lies a special place for Ludo. They rock. I'm just angry that they never really took off. They are fabulous instrumentalists and their lead singer's voice is amazing. It's unique, and shows his vocal ability and training. But alas, instead of reaching superstardom, they are playing at the Highline Ballroom, where true fans can appreciate. If you are one of them, what are you waiting for? High-tail there!

Who: Bombay Bicycle Club

When: 07/30 Monday @ 8:00 pm

Where: Webster Hall

How Much: \$25

Why: Bombay Bicycle Club is way cool. Fast-paced and enthusiastic, your listening experience with them is guaranteed to be fun. Their energy and unique style set them apart as a musical force you ought to be paying attention to. Especially if you're still in the city over the summer and expect to find yourself bored on a Monday evening in July. Treat yourself to a night of riotous indie rock. Plants and Animals open.

Who: Feist

When: 05/05

Where: Radio City Music Hall

How Much: \$40, \$45, \$50

Why: Leslie Feist has been a staple of the indie folk scene for years, and it's not just because she has helped the world learn to count to 4. Feist embodies easy listening while also demonstrating classic, explosive talent and the occasional tendency for experimentation. To call her genius is too mild. Go see her at Radio City, and you'll see that she wasn't in the latest Muppets movie for nothing. Timber Timbre opens.

events.

What: The People's Open Mic
When: 5/07 Monday @ 8:00 pm
Where: Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken
How Much: Free
Why: Maxwell has been around for a while, but for some reason it is gaining some new popularity with more shows coming in. (And just in time for the Hoboken craze to die down.) On the 7th they're hosting The People's Open Mic. So go over for some fun, drinks, and people sharing their talents. Should be a good. And I a city like Hoboken which is basically a block with a strip of bars, who have no where else to be.

What: No Longer Empty's "This Side of Paradise"
When: 04/4 - 05/05, Thursday to Sunday from 1 pm to 7 pm
Where: The Andrew Freedman Home
How Much: Free
Why: Abandoned after its intended use as a retirement home for the formerly wealthy, on April 4 the Andrew Freeman Home again opened its doors. The non-profit No Longer Empty is now making moves to restore the old ballroom and rooms – currently featuring the exhibit, "This Side of Paradise." At the Home, located on 1125 Grand Concourse at the corner of 166th Street in the Bronx, there are now thirty repurposed bedrooms filled with the work of various artists from the borough. Each centers around the Home's original theme of "being poor in style."

What: The Edgar Allan Poe Cottage
When: 10 am - 4 pm on Saturdays and 1 pm - 5 pm on Sundays
Where: 2640 Grand Concourse
How Much: \$3 - \$5
Why: Our staff has tried and failed numerous times to visit this Bronx landmark, and it seems unlikely we'll visit any time before the fall semester. Go ahead and visit and let us know what we've been missing.

A Rocky Horror Virgin Gets Her V-Card Swiped

A fateful evening in Chelsea proves to be a fun and bizarre experience unlike any other

by Kate Delaney
STAFF VIRGIN

Rocky Horror is wild, crazy, outlandish, and, above all, beautiful three and a half hour cinematic event unlike any other. It's the chance to pull your fishnets and fluorescent leotard out and dance like a fool in a movie theater at 1:00 in the morning, never once worrying you'll be judged for your choices or your behavior.

Many, many years ago, after The Rocky Horror Picture Show was first released, fans in theaters around the world decided to capitalize on the awful acting, terrible songs, and horrible directing by adding their own dialogue and commentary (all, of course, entirely out of love). Every theater is slightly different and has its own personal touch, but a lot of elements are consistent worldwide. I don't want to give them away; it's best to go into a Rocky Horror showing with as little prior knowl-

edge of the spectacle as possible.

I will, however, go into one Rocky Horror tradition, which is probably the most well-known of them all: before the movie could begin, there was the de-virginizing process. Every theater has its own unique method of deflowering those who have never seen the movie in a theater with a shadow cast. I was hell-bent on not revealing my status, but after a six-foot lesbian wielding a tube of bright red lipstick branded a huge V on my neck (yeah, love you too, Sophie), I had no choice but to participate.

We were all forcibly relocated to the front of the theater where we stood in line and, one by one, participated in the theater's favorite game show, "Who Can Fake the Best Orgasm?" It was over surprisingly quickly, and I was able to return to my seat relatively unscathed.

My mistake, though, was thinking that this would be the most noteworthy

point of the evening...oh, how wrong I was. As the trademark lips flashed onscreen and began singing "Science Fiction/Double Feature", the movie's shadow cast started to emerge, complete with highly authentic costumes, mouthing along with the characters onscreen and recreating the movie right within the theater.

I think what I love most about Rocky Horror is the blatantly unapologetic strangeness of it all; no one in the audience tries to pretend like they're above anything going on around them. For two hours, the audience becomes a shouting, disruptive mass, and participation is more important than watching the movie itself.

All in all, a lovely experience. I'd go back anytime, which you can as well: Chelsea Clearview Cinemas has midnight showings every Friday and Saturday night. So grab a virgin, break out your bustier, and fall in love. I promise you won't regret it.

by SARAH LYONS
STAFF ASTROLOGER

avengestrolgy

Thor: March 21-April 19

So what if your movie grossed lower than "Passion of The Christ?" Don't let misconceptions get in your way this month, you are still a fucking god, and you know it. Take control of things, and when shit gets tough, don't be afraid to put the hammer down.

Agent Colson: April 20-May 20

What a mysterious person you are. Only true friends and fans really know you, and it should stay that way. Don't let too many secrets out or it will all come back to bite you.

Hulk: May 21-June 20

Need I tell you to get your anger under control? You've really fucked some shit up in the past, but now is the time to set things right. Take a deep breath and don't get into any arguments this month. Remember that you were the one who fucked up, so you are the only one who can unfuck it up.

Captain America: June 21-July 22

You're a good ol'-fashion kind of person who is just plain weirded out by some shit today's kids are into. Slow down this month and take some stock of your life. You might get discouraged in matters of the heart, but worry not. There are plenty of good ol'-fashioned people like you.

Tony Stark: July 23-August 22

You love giving orders and being the center of attention. You think you're the greatest, and that's probably because you are. Regardless, that is no excuse for your ego, and you should probably wind it back before drama emerges. Watch out for people you think are your friends, they may prove to be your worst enemies.

Nick Fury: August 23-September 22

Look at you, you badass! You give orders and can be bossy, but this month no one seems to care because you are just that cool. You might lack some depth perception when it comes to relationships this month, but plan your moves carefully and everything should go right.

Joss Whedon: September 23-October 23

You're running shit this month like it's still the 90's. But really, you've got a great month coming up. Things should generally go swell, and after much hard work be prepared to reap in just rewards.

Loki: October 24-November 21

I hate to say this, but you're a dick. It's OK, because we all love you. This would be a good time for sorting out misunderstandings with your family, and for the sake of all nine worlds, get over your daddy issues. Don't be surprised if everything doesn't go your way. Plan for disappointment.

Hawkeye: November 22-December 21

You are aloof and angsty, but it's alright though, because you see situations and problems better from a distance. It's ok to be open to people this month about your feelings. Now is a good time to start breaking out of your shell and give that Hunger Games chick a run for her money.

Maria Hill: December 22-January 19

You feel quite left out this month. Nobody seems to really "get you" and sometimes it might feel like no one even knows who you really are. Don't worry though, because you are an independent woman, who don't need nobody [finger snap]. You are more than capable of overcoming obstacles this month.

Black Widow: January 20-February 18

You're feeling sexy and free. This month should be a time where you do anything to get ahead. People might underestimate you, but you know what makes them tick, and don't be afraid to call out other's bullshit when you see it.

Erik Selvig: February 19-March 20

You're really brainy, but also kind of weird. You love your science and your books almost more than other people. This month you should stay away from people you think could cause drama for you, and just do you.

An Easy Guide to Decluttering Your Life and Not Going Totally Insane

How to make the annual, arduous process of cleaning up your junk fun and surprisingly profitable

by **Marisa Carroll**
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

In the wise words of Beck, America's favorite scientologist, "everybody's gotta learn to get rid of their crap sometime." This is no truer than when you are vacating your beautiful, cement-enclosed Fordham dorm room. Whether you are heading home for summer, schlepping your belongings to your new off-campus apartment (Ooh, Ahh!), or an RD is forcing you to get your shit off campus ASAP because of your looming drug charges or mental institution stay—it's cool, we've all been there—you have to evacuate at some point. And since you probably cannot fit your collection of caps, caps, and caps (baseball, bottle, and sleeves, respectively) in your carry-on luggage or you just don't want to clutter up your new place, you're going to want to get rid of a lot of your junk.

Speaking of junk, I was once a chubby little girl whose closest friend was television. Why is this relevant except to appease my narcissistic need to make everything I write about myself? Well, I have watched at least a thousand hours of old TLC programming—when it was still The Learning Channel instead of the Learning about Tree People with 19 Hoarding Kids and Counting Channel—and most of it was focused on home care and organization. My pre-pubescent suffering is your gain, Fordham. I am here to share tips and tricks to help you parse down your belongings AND make money. That's right, getting your shit together can even be profitable.

My guinea pig in this experiment was my poor boyfriend, obviously. At the end of the semester, we are consolidating our stuff into a beautiful, tiny, overpriced Arthur Ave. apartment. In order for us not to kill each other, minimizing the amount of stuff we each bring is crucial. Last week I tackled his massive clothing collection, which was reminiscent of a City Island thrift store, with items stuffed into the closet and drawers, under the bed, and spilling onto the floor. To be fair, 1) It is not his fault, since his very nice mother is an extreme couponer and sends him a lot of clothes and 2) I bet that at least half of dorms on this campus

suffer from similar amounts of clutter.

The first step was going to be "Put together a killer 'Transformation' themed playlist primarily featuring Madonna, Bowie, and Lou," but that's so obvious I won't even include it on this list. The first step, then, is finding your own personal hoarding counselor in an honest, no-nonsense friend. You can pay them by buying booze, making dinner, or promising a percentage of the money you make when you resell your stuff. Next, put all the clothes together to assess the problem head-on. This process will also help you find what you've lost, whether it be your Fordham ID, the part of your identity you gave up when you left

I urge you not to keep anything you haven't worn in 6 months—the time period suggested by psychologists who study hoarding behaviors. Even if we don't think we're as "bad" as hoarders who seek professional help, many of us build unhealthy emotional relationships with our clothes. Keep your Grammy's sweater, sure, but don't keep a stack of silly grandma sweaters that you think you might need someday. The same is true for clothes that just don't fit you anymore. I've kept "aspirational" pants for years that were too small for me, and all they did was puke all over my self-esteem whenever I tried to get ready and made me think, "I will look awful in

which we will get to in a moment.

I haven't mentioned "unmentionables," as my Grammy would say, but sorting through your clothes and not your undergarments is practically a waste of time. You're an adult: your socks and underwear shouldn't have holes worn into them. The Salvation Army doesn't even want them. Throw them away! Treat yourself (and your sex partners) to some new underwear, damnit! And bra-wearers, your chest size changes pretty regularly when you're in your teens and twenties, so you probably shouldn't still be wearing the same bra from sophomore year of high school. A new bra will change your life, dudes. If you're worried about the expense, the Marshalls on Fordham Road has very good deals as does the Target in Riverdale.

After about an hour and a half of sorting, we picked items in the "Haven't worn in six months" pile to sell: Two pairs of Timberland shoes (each worn once), a pair of Gap jeans, a pair of never-worn Clarks boots, and some Nike and Adidas workout gear with the tags still attached. I will bring them all to the Buffalo Exchange in Williamsburg next week, see what they will pay, and sell what they do not want on Ebay. While many more items in Liam's pile had tags, they were mostly from lesser

name brands like L.L. Bean and Land's End, which are lovely clothes that resale shops in New York unfortunately do not want (the more upscale the neighborhood in which a resale shop is located, the pickier they are about accepting items). As for selling them online, sites like Ebay are already saturated with these brands to the point where listing/shipping costs eat up most of your profit. For more eccentric items (i.e. some grandpa sweater you bought at Salvation Army for a dollar), I recommend selling them on Etsy, a site that features magnificent works of original art but also proves that a sucker is born every minute.

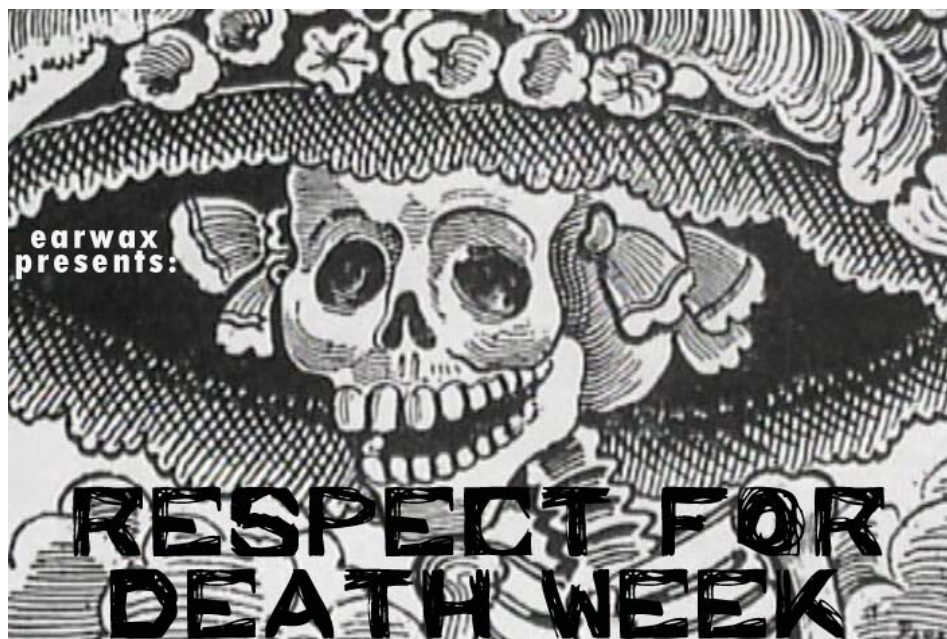


Chino and moved to Orange County, your girlfriend's favorite tee shirt she had to suffer without for months because of your clutter problem, Liam, or illegal substances hidden before a Spring Break room check. I also found (and ate!) a box of Town House Flatbread Crisps in Sea Salt & Olive Oil in a drawer, which I learned taste like Little Caesar's \$5 cheese pizza.

Once the great mountain is amassed, create a few categories into which you will sort the items. We used "Have worn regularly in the past 6 months," "Gym clothes," and "Have not worn in the past 6 months." These categories are up to you, but

anything that's not those tiny pants."

In Liam's case, we included a "gym clothes" category. Unless you are on a Fordham team, the likelihood that you need 12 pairs of athletic shorts and 15 sweat-repellant shirts is unlikely. Half of Liam's gym clothes still had tags on after owning them for months—a sure-fire sign that you do don't actually need an item. By stacking them together, seeing how much you actually have, and giving away some of your lightly worn (or, not worn at all) gym clothes, you can help someone else who can't afford expensive equipment get in shape and even earn a little bit of cash,



This week, we respect the one facet of life that should and will be guaranteed to every member of the human race: death. We at *the paper* felt the need to respond in this issue because, frankly, Fordham gives an unhealthy amount of favoritism towards Respect for Life week. Our voices demand to be heard. Where would music be today without death constantly hanging over our heads and, in some cases, being personified in the heaviness we've all come to know and love? I mean, honestly, how seriously would you have taken Ozzy if he hadn't bit the head off that live bat at a Sabbath show? I didn't think so.

Respect for Death week should be about listening to the heaviest shit possible (see Liz O'Malley's list on the right for some jumping-off points) and just doing straight up metal things. If at any point you feel the need to carve Slayer into your arm of forehead during this week, just go for it. Tomorrow, we'll be setting up a pentagram made of red flags in front of McGinley with one flag for each person Henry Rollins has killed in the past ten years. Long story short, make this week special. You're alive for 70+ years, but death is forever.

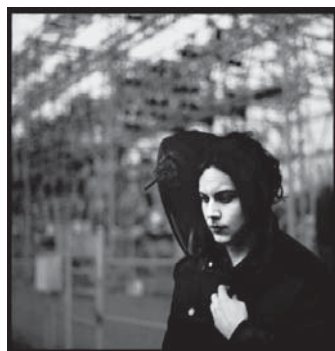
Jack White

Blunderbuss

Dan Murphy

Saying "Jack White made a new record" is terrifying enough. The man has somewhat gone off the deep end in the past few years, breaking up the most influential duo of the last decade, starting a goth-rock group (according to their Myspace), producing records for everyone from Seasick Steve to Insane Clown Posse, and throwing himself a grandiose divorce party. And his records with the Raconteurs and the Dead Weather have only been somewhere between mediocre and pretty good. In short, it's

been almost five years since the White Stripes' *Icky Thump*, Jack's last great record. What I'm finding out from his new release, *Blunderbuss*, is that similarly to the setup of the White Stripes, he needs to be completely in control of the creative process to make awesome



music.

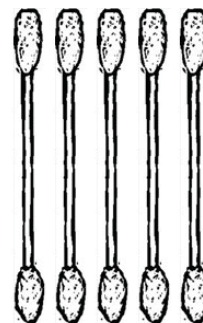
In the past, Jack had relied almost entirely on a simple and quick form of songwriting and recording. He claimed that the Stripes would go into the studio for a couple of days at the most, sometimes with some of the songs unfinished and others not even begun. In the guitarist's wet dream documentary *It Might Get Loud*, he even wrote and

recorded the song "Fly Farm Blues" in ten minutes. It seems on this record he is rethinking this approach, bringing in a variety of studio musicians and instruments, attempting more intricate songwriting and showcasing the many producing tricks he's acquired. He includes country-style lap steel guitar on the title track, what sounds like a bassoon on "Love Interruption" and complicated piano runs on "Weep Themselves to Sleep". It seems that the first side of the record contains his post-divorce lovesick songs, whereas the second

side is geared more towards hope. White gives us the straight rock that we crave from him with "Sixteen Saltines" and the breakbeat driven "Freedom at 21" and the familiar chord progressions are present all over the record as well as the Jack-esque fuzz guitar and vocal quirkiness. He's also begun a new, kind of misogynistic experiment in which at times he plays with an all-male band and others an all-female band.

It would be alright if the girls didn't tend to end up on the softer folk songs and the boys on the hard rock songs. Feminism aside, the music is some of the best that Jack's ever written. The only track that seems somewhat out of place is his modified Little Willie John cover "I'm Shakin'". While it's a great treatment of the original, replacing '60s style R&B with distorted guitars and driving drums, the album could do without it as it doesn't contribute to the overarching themes of the record.

With *Blunderbuss*, White has reassured his adoring fans that he's not out of the game and won't be for a long time. It seems that he is capable of the longevity of a Waits or a Dylan, and I for one am as excited as ever to hear him further progress. He's reinvented himself into an even more mature songwriter and producer. So if you were expecting a *White Blood Cells* remake, you're barking up the wrong tree. But if you're looking for a new and equally as great Jack White, this is the record to pick up.



Sigur Rós

Valtari

Connor O'Brien

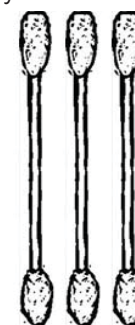
Sigur Rós has a mythological quality about them that, some argue, makes much of their music inaccessible and only able to be revered like classical music. However, many think their music has an otherworldly quality

that makes it almost unfailingly beautiful. After taking a short break to put out his stellar solo album, Jónsi and company have returned for the much-



anticipated *Valtari*. The Icelandic group's lyrics have become obsolete to American listeners because, well, they're in Icelandic. However, people still relate through their music because of their characteristic strings and lifting melodies with swells and retreats to

make most composers look bland. The problem with *Valtari* is that it breaks almost no new ground except the slightly larger presence of a concrete band. As showed in their recent concert film, *Inni*, Sigur Rós live sounds starkly different than their studio recordings. Songs like the lead off "Ég anda" and the lead single "Ekki múkk" incorporate the noticeable guitar and drum kit, but the other songs fade together. Die-hard fans will appreciate this addition to their collection, but the casual listener will feel distanced and a bit bored by *Valtari*.



One Direction

Up All Night

Valerie Heinmets

This year, the face of music and my wall have been changed like forever because of the formation of the best band ever ever ever. And by my wall I mean there is literally actually no more room for one more poster of the beauty and sheer talent that is (OBVI) - ONE DIRECTION!!!

Unlike the lame, fake talent, and boring, non-freaky hair that is pop music today like Justin Bieber (gross) (ugh) (so last year), One Direction is SUPER TALENTED and has REALLY freaky hair. Their first album *Up All Night* is all about their real problems, issues, deep emotions, and struggles. That's what makes this album soooo much better than nothing else on the charts today,

its so REAL.

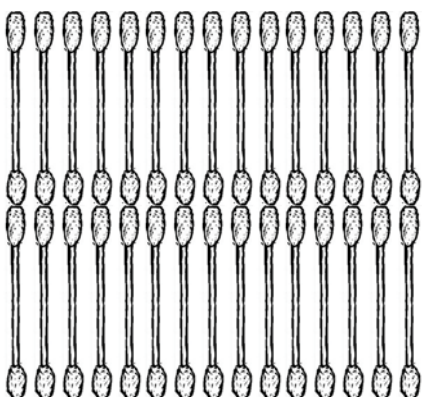
Like, if you're having a day where you just feel like you're going to die alone because you're ugly, just listen to "What Makes You Beautiful." This song is literally perfect and written about every girl but especially me <3. Its what every girl in the whole world is feeling, like you're ugly and stuff until a boy says you're beautiful and then its true because we all just live for male approval and validation and its soooooo great and just like my life!!

They're also like really smart and poetic with cool lines like, "Shot me out of the sky, you're my kryptonite" on "One Thing", which at first maybe you're like "why are you in the sky, One Direction?" But then you remember it makes perfect sense why they're in the sky BECAUSE THEY'RE PERFECT ANGELS.

On the title track, group HOTTIE and literally perfection and plant-like hair personified, Harry Styles <3, sings about staying up all night listening and partying to "Katy Perry on replay" which actually the most relatable lyric I've ever heard because like I'm literally doing that RIGHT NOW. They seriously just get you.

That's the thing about One Direction, they're not just some random group of not really talented guys thrown together that girls are freaking out about, they're actually super deep, important, and relevant, and sing about other stuff other than just girls and falling in love, except maybe not in this album, but probably they will at some point of their sure-to-be 50 album glorious career.

They get the issues of real life, and they're not afraid to harmonize about it. With really inflated, freaky hair.



The Flaming Lips The Flaming Lips and Heady Fwends Connor O'Brien

Who ever thought that FLips would do a duets album? In a lot of people's minds, they're as much of an institution to music as Tony Bennett or one

of those other old farts (does insulting crooners make me indie and relevant enough yet, Ram staff?). However, instead of doing old standards, with the exception of the Erykah Badu collab "The First Time I Ever Saw Your Face" cover, *Heady Fwends* has

all new songs written conjunctly between The Flaming Lips and Artist X. The guests on the album range from Ke\$ha to Nick Cave and everything in between. My personal favorite "what the fuck" collaboration comes from the lead off track when Biz Markie grunts "Pweez lehme uhpgraaahhh" as the tempo kicks into double time. To be fair, this barely pushes the weird envelope for the Oklahoma City band. Putting a twenty-four hour long song on a flash drive inside of a gummy-skull, now THAT'S weird. Don't count them out too soon, though. In special limited edition vinyls released for Record Store Day this past Saturday, Wayne Coyne put blood samples from some of the artists on the album for "rich Flaming Lips people." Yeah.

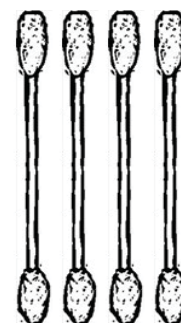
This album brings together what the band once was (and in a way, what they're still trying to be) and the famous, accomplished top-tier band that they are today. On "Helping the Retarded to Find God," Wayne and company work with semi-fizzled out Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeroes, and you can tell that the bands came up with a sound that matched both of their styles: it's fuzzy and psychedelic, but still has an acoustic, harmonic edge to it. On the last song, a collaboration with Coldplay lead singer Chris Martin, Wayne plays a sweeping piano riff while quoting John Lennon: "Imagine there's no heaven, it's easy if you

try." The rest of the track plays out with Chris taking the choruses and Wayne filling in the verses while little blips and guitar trills fill in the gaps. It's a pretty beautiful song, and last thing you hear on the album is Martin saying "I love the Flaming Lips, man." It's a sort of congratulation that you can never quite tell if the Lips actually want under their belt, but they may have to accept.

While all of the collaborations are great, the most interesting ones that invite multiple listenings come from the weirdest pairings, acts one would never think could make a good record with the FLips. Lightning bolt, a noise-rock band from Providence, had worked somewhat extensively with Wayne before, and they had always yielded great results. The blending of unbridled noise and psychedelia has worked quite well for the two bands. The previously released "I'm Working at NASA on Acid" with perfectly builds up, climaxes for a minute of frenetic, uncontrolled energy, then decrescendos into a perfect representation of the now defunct practice of launching a space shuttle: the deeply nerve wracking build up to the start of the inter-planetary trip, the rocket fueled journey, and the floating in space. "You, Man? Human???" with Nick Cave on vocals perfectly sums up

the album's essence, and the essence of the band in general. The Australian belts out "I ain't been human for years, I ain't been human for years" with gospel choirs from *Abbatoir Blues* and a church bell straight off of *Murder Ballads*.

The Flaming Lips really haven't been human for years, and we hope they never go back. They've taken great leaps and bounds since their inception nearly thirty years ago, and their most recent manifestation, a band that isn't opposed to playing with others, is fine with me.

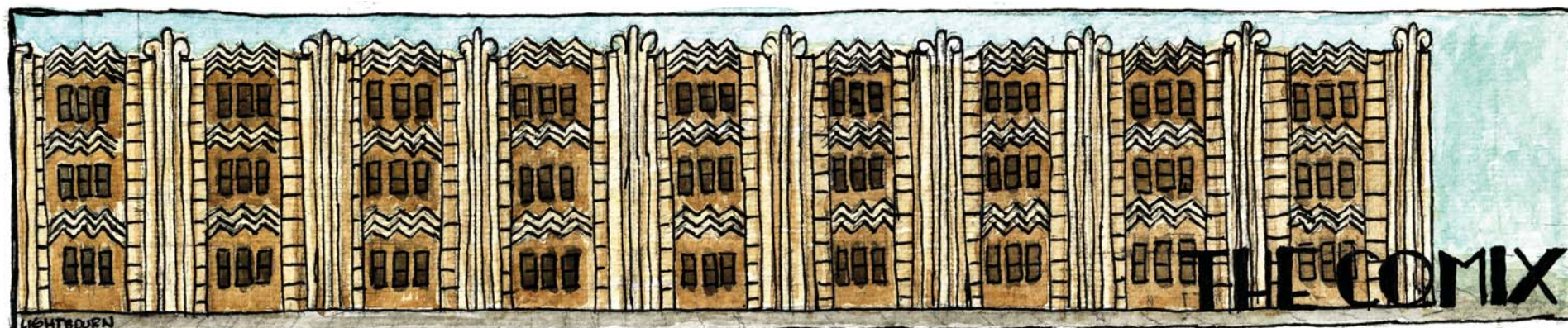


songs about dying

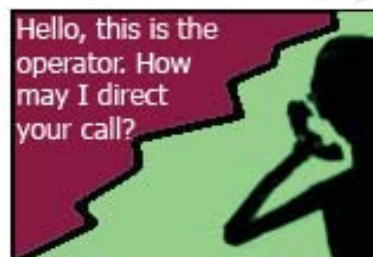
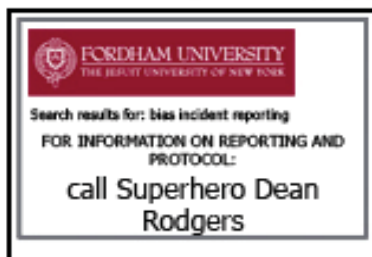


In order to properly celebrate the best week of the year, you need a killer playlist to listen to at your death parties celebrating the demise of literally billions of people before you. Here's a few to start. Feel free to get creative and write your own about loved ones!

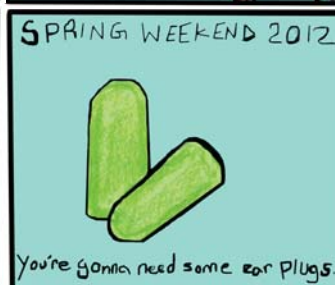
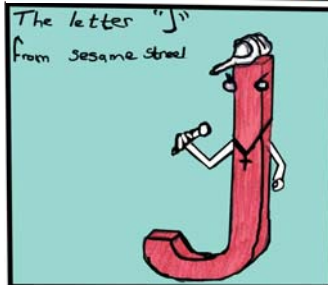
1. The Clash - "Straight to Hell"
2. Misfits - "Skulls"
3. Madness - "One Step Beyond"
4. Fleet Foxes - "White Winter Hymnal"
5. Fugazi - "Waiting Room"
6. Iggy Pop & The Stooges - "Search and Destroy"
7. Gordon Lightfoot - "Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald"
8. The Antlers - "Bear"
9. Elmore James - "My Baby's Gone"
10. Pixies - "Wave of Mutilation"
11. The Shangri-Las - "Leader of the Pack"
12. Dead Kennedys - "Kill the Poor"
13. The Decemberists - "O, Valencia!"
14. Ray Peterson - "Tell Laura I Love Her"
15. Radiohead - "Airbag"
16. Bob Dylan - "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll"
17. Notorious B.I.G. - "Ready to Die"
18. The Rolling Stones - "Dead Flowers"
19. Immortal Technique - "Dance with the Devil"
20. Velvet Underground - "The Black Angel's Death Song"
21. Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds - "Red Right Hand"
22. Johnny Cash - "Give My Love to Rose"
23. Pavement - "Stop Breathing"
24. Sex Pistols - "Bodies"
25. Modest Mouse - "Ocean Breathes Salty"
26. Nick Drake



Jays that
would be
more entertaining
than...

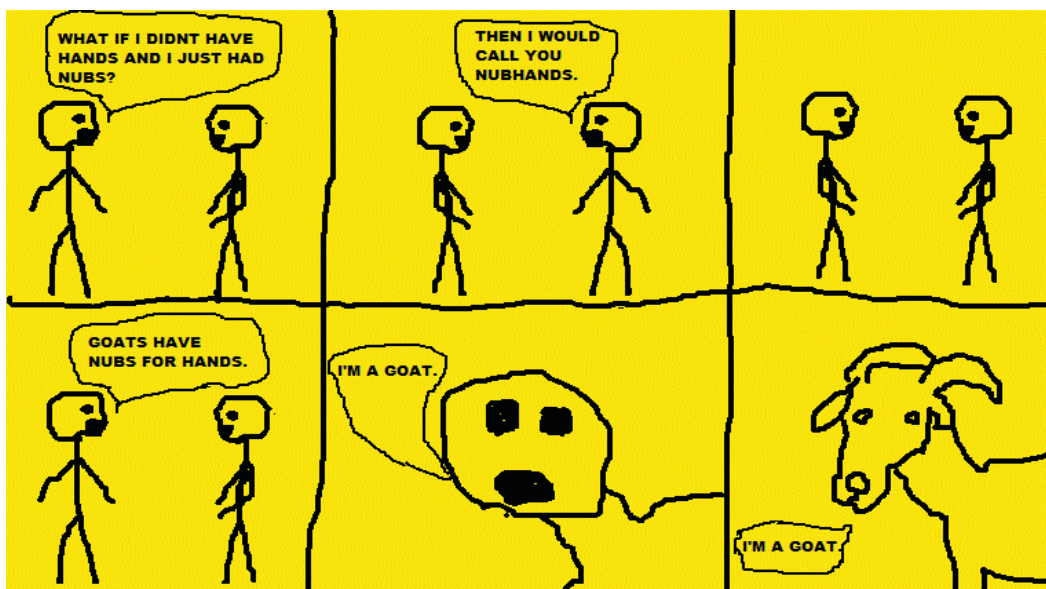


Rachel Dougherty



Michael Maurantonio

To check out more comix or submit your own this summer, visit us at fupaper.net



Matt Hurley and Yellow House Comics

Superhero Dean Rogers Can't Stop

By M.U. KRAKER
NEWS EDITOR

Senior Teddy Brojangles just wanted to sit in a kiddie pool on the quad. It never crossed his mind that the innocent wish might land him a suspension—from the bell tower.

Thanks to the uncompromising exploits of Superhero Dean Rogers, Mr. Brojangles saw his carefree day of fun turned into a frightening night of weeping, exposed in the heat of the Dean Signal's light.

This assault marks yet another instance of the harmful vigilantism that Superhero Dean Rogers has brought to this campus. Since student body president Montague Montgomery called for Rogers' immediate elimination two weeks ago, the superhero's actions have only grown in theatricality—as though to prove the necessity of harsh, swift justice on a campus so overrun with bros.

Montgomery believes otherwise, and has formed a rifle-equipped student task force to take care of the vigilante problem—once and for all.



Senior Teddy Brojangles was suspended, kiddie pool and all, from the bell tower, and then illuminated by the Dean Signal.



Student body president Montague Montgomery has formed an armed student task force to combat campus vigilantism.

Tim Luecke