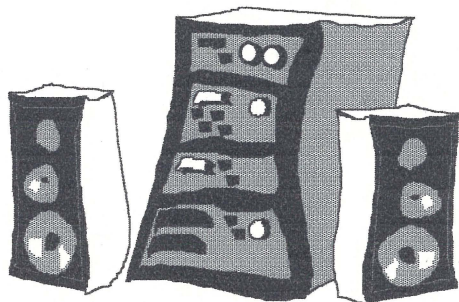




CWOD Gazette

Sts. Raphael & Gabriel, ora pro nobis! April 24, 1997

THE RAP ON CAMPUS DANCE MUSIC



Einsturzede Neubauten (CP) -- In issues past, the CWOD Gazette has printed a number of articles voicing opinions on various aspects of campus life on topics such as cafeteria food, student drinking, and Dr. O'Donnell's plans for world domination. While always written with the best of intentions, there have been complaints over the research methods of the articles (or lack thereof), giving this publication a highly prized reputation for irresponsible journalism. Keeping this in mind, we'd like to make another foray into the exciting world of ineffectual and blatantly unresearched carping on a subject dear to the hearts of all--Christendom dance music.

Let me state, first of all, that Kenny Loggins needs to be shot before he records again. Also, playing "Lady in Red" at a dance will

almost inevitably give the average person bad high-school prom flashback, and that "YMCA" by The Village People is a song about homosexuals meeting young men at a public gymnasium. Although, in fairness, I should add that I'm writing this last fact more out of virulent hatred for the song than out of true moral indignation.

Of course, we cannot deny that morality must take its place. We are a Catholic community, and our school-sponsored functions should reflect this. So, a hall full of young men and women moshing to songs of sex, suicidal tendencies, and self-pitying depression by "Nine Inch Nails" would hardly reflect well on a community claiming to "restore all things in Christ."

But does this leave the powers that be with no other option than to inflict the soundtrack of "Strictly Ballroom" on us again and again? The issue here belongs in the realm of morality's younger sister; good taste.

Now, all things being equal, which would you rather have: a tender filet mignon, or McDonald's? A dark, full-bodied imported beer, or a Rolling Rock? A dry vodka martini, or a bottle of Crazy Horse? An original Monet, or art that can be appreciated best under a blacklight?

These are questions of taste, and the decline of Western Civilization's morality has gone hand in hand with its decline in good taste (as one can ascertain for himself by watching five minutes of MTV). What better place to preserve good taste than right here at Christendom College, a Roman Catholic institution? After all, what religion has done more than Catholicism in discarding the tackier elements of worship, such as the sale of indulgences and clerical concubinage?

But has our college done nearly enough to promote good taste? Certainly, as far as the beer is concerned. But still, some areas have gone neglected. If you want my opinion, when selecting music to be approved for dances, consideration should be made as to which songs were recorded by people who thought music to be a disposable art form. This means the immediate discarding of any CD labeled "best of the 50's or 60's Or 70's." The basis for selecting songs compiled on these disks lies...., cont. pg. 5

ASK BUD WISER-- MASTER OF LOVE

Dear Bud Wiser: The other day I was talking to my girlfriend, when she suddenly pointed to another chick and asked if she was pretty. I soon realized that no matter how I answered, I was assured of doom. What is the best way to handle these trick questions? (Mike Ub, San Francisco, CA)

Mikey: You have stumbled upon what is known as the "Deadly Question." According to the "Manual of Guy," a deadly question is any query that has no "correct" answer, and is asked mainly to slaughter you. To help you avoid this extreme scourge brought about by womankind, I offer a few of MY best responses to the most common questions.

Question 1: "Do I look fat?"

This, by far, is the most common deadly question. If you answer "No," she thinks you are lying, and if you say "Yes" . . . well, don't do that. (Ask me sometime why I am missing my left eye.) I've found the best answer is to put your arm around her and say "Perfect fit!" or something similarly cheesy, in a very manly way, or you can just say "It's like the difference between cattle and beavers." She won't know what you are talking about, and will be

too self-conscious to ask.

Question 2: "Do you think she's pretty?"

If you answer "Yes," she gets jealous, and asks if she's fat. If you say "No," then you are an insensitive pig. The best answer is "God loves you." Don't ask me why, darn it. It just works. Also, you can try "Yeah, she must try pretty hard," or, "She does have real nice socks."

Question 3: "What do you like best about me?"

I have trouble even bringing this beast up, my friend. No matter what you answer, it will be inadequate. I would suggest "The fact that you are here," or, "You are fat," then run around, do a back flip, and hang out with the guys. (But I wouldn't suggest this answer.) Better yet, ask her if you are fat. Then get mad. Or, just say "No," or, "Yes."

There are many other deadly questions, but these three are by far the most common. Just remember, the best general strategies are: 1.) diversion--talk about an animal or clown; 2.) reversal--ask her the same question; and, 3.) timing--answer too quickly, and you didn't think about it enough, too slowly, and you "thought too much." Just use your best judgment and guess. Be manly! --B. Wiser.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

All right, kids. Last issue, as I'm sure you know, we ran an article on student drinking, and it caused some people to get really . . . uh. . . verbal. On behalf of the entire staff, I'd like to clear the air.

Let's get something straight--drinking is cool! (How's that for a public service announcement?) However, drunk-ness is not cool. That's our point. Period. We mentioned no names; leveled no accusations. It is simply a fact of Christendom life that the Meadows is a popular place to go to relax and have a few beers. It would be hypocritical for us to denounce the Meadows goers, since some of us go there, too.

So, there you go! We're sorry for any misunderstanding drawn from our material, or if you felt yourself being singled out. So let's all kiss and make up so we can get on with our paper stress.

Love, The Editor

P.S. -- We'd like to thank our anonymous letter writer for her praise and admiration. We welcome letters from everybody, even negative ones. So go ahead, hit us with your best shots! Unless, of course, your position lacks substance, leaving you with no choice but to feebly complain to anyone who will listen. . .

MR. JOHN JANARO--

Caps off to Mr. John Janaro, the college's most elaborate speaker (along with Dr. Blum) and soon-to-be father! This dude has many cool things to say, but since we can't interpret hand gestures, most of it didn't come through in text. Just kidding! Anyway, we are pleased to present our by now hypnotized readers with this issue's interview of Mr. J. J., an all-around nice guy.

CG: I hear you had an interesting nickname when you attended this college.

JJ: Oh! My nickname was Johnny Blade, given to me by the late Steve Schaefer. There was a song by Black Sabbath called "Johnny Blade." Steve started calling me that and it stuck.

CG: Where did you get your Masters, and what was it in?

JJ: I have a Masters in Divinity, and a Licentiate in Theology, both from the Dominican House of Studies. A Licentiate is something more than a Masters, but not quite a Doctorate. I didn't have a thesis for my Masters, but did a mini-dissertation for my Licentiate on Karl Rahner's views on grace and the supernatural. I hasten to add that it was a critique of Rahner, who I don't like.

CG: Any plans for a Doctorate?

JJ: I'm working on it right now. It will be on Jacques Maritain's view on the relationship between nature and grace. I expect it to be done by next year. Of course, I said that last year, too!

CG: New topic! What was it like at Christendom when you were Dean of Men?

JJ: I was Dean for two years while I attended graduate school. The general spirit of the College today is better.

It was a time of growing pains for us [the College]. With about 130 students, we were too big to be a family, but too small to be an institution. There were a lot of administrative tensions.

CG: Did you enjoy being Dean?

JJ: Well, no. When Dr. O'Donnell asked me to teach here, I told him, as I have told him many times since then, that I will do anything for the College BUT student affairs.

CG: Really. . . what was your worst experience as Dean?

JJ: There are so many possible choices, but I would have to go with the famous golf carts incident of Christmas, 1987. The Christmas Dinner was at the country club, as usual. Several students, after lubricating themselves with Christmas cheer, went joy riding on the club's golf carts without the owner's permission. They drove at high speeds across the golf course, doing over \$1,000 worth of damage to the carts. Before it was all over, the sheriff was involved. The college almost faced legal problems, but we worked it out so that the students had to make reparation for the damages.

CG: Excellent! I hesitate to ask the next question, but, do you think you were a better dean than Dean Brown?

JJ: Oh, no! Mr. Brown is superb; he was born to be Dean. He should be Dean forever.

CG: Why did you take over the Christendom Press?

JJ: After returning from Rome, the college offered me a position as director of Christendom Press and an adjunct teaching position. I'm very interested in publishing. Above all, I wanted to be Walter's boss, to get revenge for years of persecution!

cont. pg. 4.

"JOHNNY BLADE"

CG: What kind of music do you most listen to? Who is your favorite artist or composer?

JJ: I'd have to say Classical music, especially Mozart and Beethoven. I try to keep an ear on trends in contemporary music as well. How could I not, with a brother like mine? I even like some of the Cranberries! My wife and I went to one of their concerts.

CG: Cool! It's been said that you have an extensive knowledge of wines. What or who influenced your desire to be a wine connoisseur?

JJ: I wouldn't call myself a connoisseur of wine, but a devotee. I love wine because the whole Christian tradition loves wine, starting with Jesus of Nazareth. I agree with Hillaire Belloc that one ought not to be a snob about wine, but should drink as Catholics have always drunk. [Huh?] Fine wine, of course, is an art. I like red wines the best. I can distinguish the basic wines by taste.

CG: What do you think of the wine they give us at Christendom?

JJ: They should serve more of it, more often. In moderation, of course. Remember, temperance is a virtue between two extremes.

CG: OK, here's the one I know you've been waiting for. When your wife first told you that you were going to be a father, what did you first think? How did you react?

JJ: Actually, we found out together. She used a home pregnancy test. My first thought after we read it was "Are you sure you did the test right?" Then we were so full of joy, we could hardly speak. I was amazed, and I am continually amazed.

CG: What's your favorite class to teach here?

JJ: I would have to say Doctrine. It is the fundamentals

of the Faith. Every time I teach it, I find I learn it more deeply.

CG: OK, here's a question from the CWOD. If Moses and Abraham got into a fight, who would win?

JJ: [gets a funny look, then bursts into laughter] I think I know who asked that one! I'd pick Moses. He was the leader of the war against Egypt. He probably had more sophisticated fighting skills, although Abraham could hold his own, too.

CG: Enough of that. . . What, next to wine and teaching, is your favorite hobby?

JJ: I work for Christendom College. I don't have time for hobbies. No, I'm just kidding! I would say--hiking in the woods, and fishing. I'm looking forward to doing a lot of fishing this summer.

CG: What student habit do you hate the most?

JJ: In general, when students say "Beautific Vision" instead of "Beatific Vision," as though God is some divine hairdresser; and when "existence" is spelled "existance."

CG: Where did the hand gesture habit come from?

JJ: It comes from Italian blood. It is natural for Italians to speak with their hands, and I am 100% Italian. I think if you tied my hands behind my back, I'd have nothing to say.

CG: Alright, last question! We're all dying to know. . . what do you think of the new pillars in the Commons?

JJ: Oh no! [laughs, pauses for a moment] I think the idea was good, but it's just a little too red. Too much red. I have another comment, but I don't think I should say it. Too much potential misunderstanding.

in their nostalgic value rather than artistic merit. Now that, in itself, is not so bad. But since the vast majority of students remember little to nothing of these three decades, expecting them to have a good time to such annoyingly atrocious songs as "Run-around Sue" makes about as much sense as me trying to make my kids appreciate Duran Duran. Besides, songs that an under-25 group may remember with a tinge of nostalgia lose some of their luster after the 4,000th playing. I myself have only so many memories connected to the Pet Shop Boys' rendition of "Always On My Mind."

Are we to believe that there is such a dearth of popular music that does not glorify immorality that we have no choice but to resort to playing cheesy music, and furthermore, that we have such a shortage of cheese that we have to play the same cheese at every dance?

What about the careening, apocalyptic guitars combined with the ethereal subtlety of U2's "October" album? What about the intricate textures of REM's "Murmur?" The infectious pop melodies of the Police's "Regatta de Blanc?" The syncopated rhythms of Paul Simon's "Graceland," or the incredible guitar work of Stevie Ray Vaughn in "Couldn't Stand the Weather?" There are plenty of pop albums out there made by artists that cared more about the music than their image, did not feel the need to shock their audiences to achieve instant

fame, and most importantly, intended their music to be listened to 10, 20, even 30 years down the road, rather than lasting 15 minutes on the Billboard top 100.

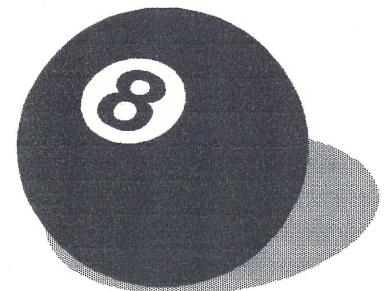
But, they say, songs can only be approved if students submit them, and too few students care enough to take the time to submit a song they want to hear to the student council. One response I've heard is that they don't think it will be approved, no matter how clean. But you never know (nor can you complain) until you try. I know of many attempts by students with other suggestions to improve the quality of dances, not the least of which was made by a friend of mine who felt that every dance should feature a "Metallica Power Hour." I think this is a great suggestion! What better way to get the taste of "Dancing Queen," "Love is in the Air," and "Time After Time" out of your mouth than with Kirk Hammett's physics defying guitar solos and Lars Ulrich's drums, which exceed the limits of human dexterity?

Extreme, you say? Maybe so, but then, so is being forced to listen to multiple playings of Abba at a single dance. I realize, of course, that I don't speak for everyone, and that a certain amount of goofy, cheesy songs--within the boundaries of good taste, of course--is to be expected. After all, dances are primarily for letting your hair down and having fun, not making all of you take a music appreciation course in my personal record collection. And, of course, there are a lot of cheesy

songs played which are big crowd pleasers, like "YMCA" by The Village People--which, incidentally, is a song about homosexuals meeting young men at a public gymnasium.

But, as mentioned before, this article is not about fun, but the fostering of good taste, which should be an essential part of your formation as educated, Catholic adults. Part of the fostering of good taste involves the eventual realization that there is more to music than a catchy, hummable, repeating hook; meaningless, sing-along lyrics; and a snare on beats two and four. So, rather than a jab at the persons responsible for approving music for the dances, we would rather this article be read as a challenge to you, the students, who make up the community, to expand; to try new things. Don't just assume that Milwaukee's Best is superior to Guinness just because Beast is sweeter and more watered-down. It's time to move on, put away childish things, and grow out of that little world where the criteria for a good song is if it's easy to hum.

By the way, "YMCA" by The Village People is a song about homosexuals meeting young men at a public gymnasium.





The end of the year is approaching, and once again it's time to fill out those roommate request forms. So if you find that you need a change, but just can't bring yourself to tell off your current living companion, try these:

Top 10 Ways to Drive Off That Unwanted Roommate

- 1.) Whenever your roommate walks in, wait one minute and then stand up. Announce that you are going to take a shower. Do so. Keep this up for three weeks.
- 2.) Shelve all your books with the spines facing the wall. Complain loudly that you can never find the book you want.
- 3.) Put your mattress underneath your bed. Sleep there and pile your dirty clothes on the empty bed frame. If your roommate comments, mutter "Gotta save space," twenty times while twitching violently.
- 4.) Move your roommate's stuff around. Start subtly. Gradually work up to big things, and eventually glue everything to the ceiling.
- 5.) Spend all your money on Transformers. Play with them at

night. If your roommate says anything, tell him or her, with a straight face, "They're more than meets the eye."

- 6.) Remove your door. Ship it to your roommate's parents (postage due).
- 7.) Hide your underwear and socks in your roommate's closet. Accuse them of stealing it.
- 8.) Staple dead monkeys to the wall. Then paint the walls blue.
- 9.) Hide a bunch of potato chips and Ho-Hos in the bottom of a trash can. When you get hungry, root around in the trash. Find the food, and eat it. If your roommate empties the trash before you get hungry, demand that he or she reimburse you.
- 10.) Get a fish tank. Fill it with beer and dump scrod in it. Talk to them.

NOTICE!

The CWOD Gazette staff would like to apologize for our recent failed attempts to improve the dining conditions here on campus. In retrospect, we realize that whacking large slabs of raw meat against the pillars in the St. Lawrence Commons is perhaps not the proper method for tenderizing it. A cleanup will begin as soon as possible.

DR. SCIENCE

Q. Dear Dr. Science:

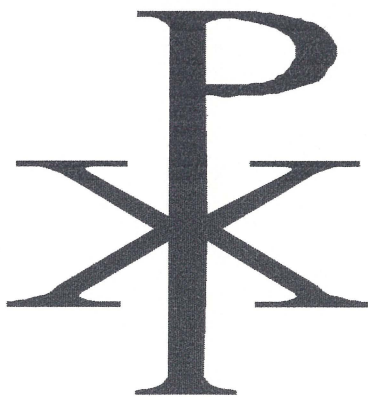
Why is it that whenever I do laundry, there are always at least three socks to come out of the dryer without a match? (Gena Mae Walters, Lindenhurst, NY)

A. The dryer's primary function is not to dry our cloths, as department stores would have us believe, but rather to serve as a "court room" for damaged or dying socks. Yes, your dryer is actually an antechamber which leads directly to the pits of the hell for clothes not worthy of clothing heaven, or "Sock Puppet Paradise," which is the natural end of most unwanted socks. Chances are, those missing socks are burning in eternal damnation for improper protection of the wearer's feet. My bet is that if you were to have the lint trap analyzed, you would find the remains of your missing appendage covers, the lint trap being the ash collector of sock hell. So before you put another damaged article of clothing through the laundry, just stop and think of how you might be sending another unworthy soul on its way to eternal torment and suffering.

Saint Petronax

St. Petronax was the second founder of the abbey of Monte Cassino. In the year 717 he embarked on a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Benedict. There, amongst the ruins of the old monastery, which the Lombards had destroyed in 581, he found a few hermits, who elected him their superior. Others soon gathered to him. With the support of important nobles and three popes, Petronax succeeded in rebuilding Monte Cassino. Under his awesome patronage, the abbey regained its former eminence.

Several other saints (most notably Sts. Sturmus and Willibald) spent time at Monte Cassino, studying under Petronax. Great men of all kinds, princes as well as religious, stayed within its austere confines. St. Petronax ruled over the community until his death--most likely in the year 747.



REAL, LIVE ROCK 'N ROLL

LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS!

CWOD PARTY, MAY 7, 1997

SUBMIT YOUR TUNES AT LEAST TWO DAYS BEFORE THE PAR-TAY!



THIS ISSUE IS

FONDLY DEDICATED TO:

ALL THINGS FAT AND SASSY!

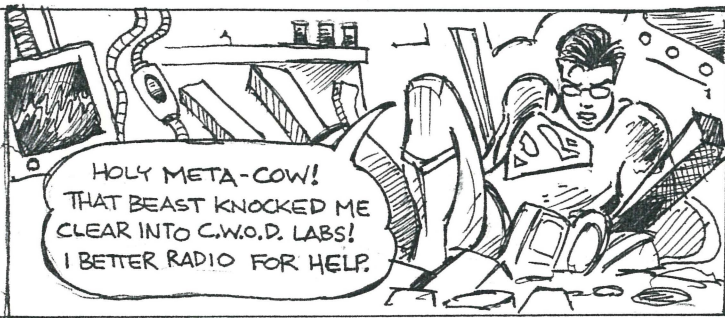
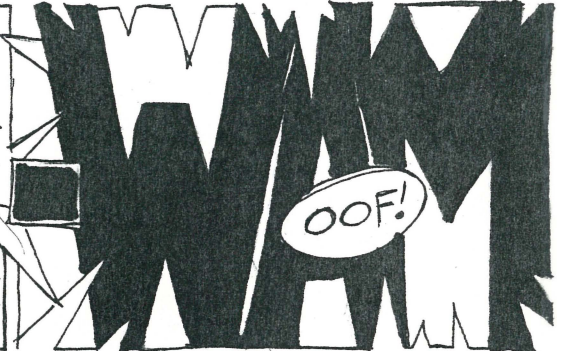
Seniors! Send the campus a parting comment/shot in our last issue. Keep it brief (less than 200 char.), and submit all blurbs to the CWOD Mailbox.

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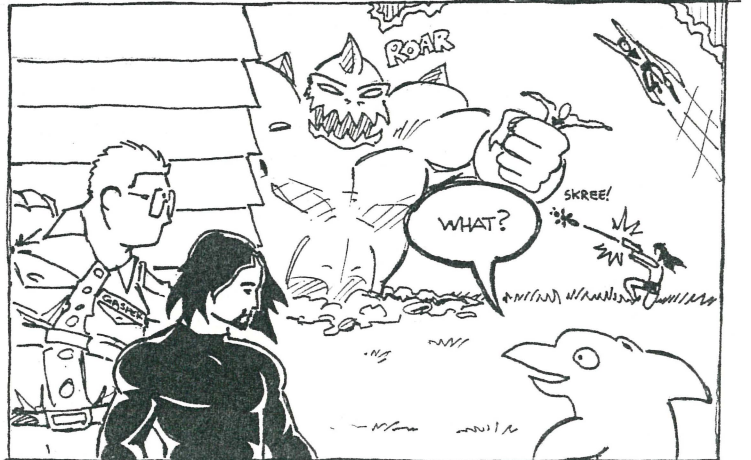
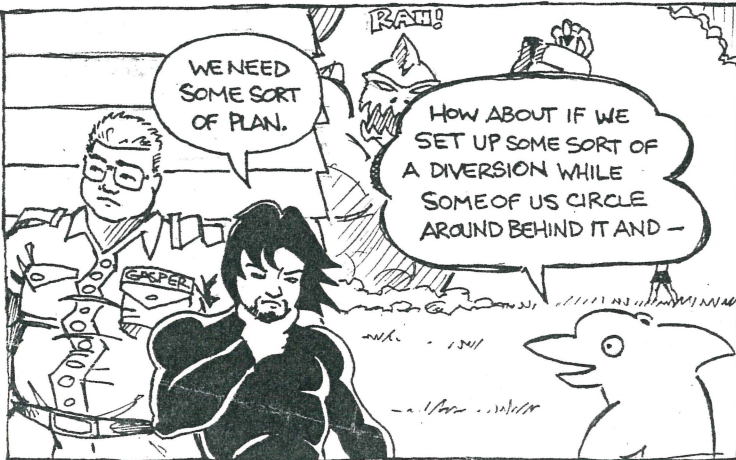
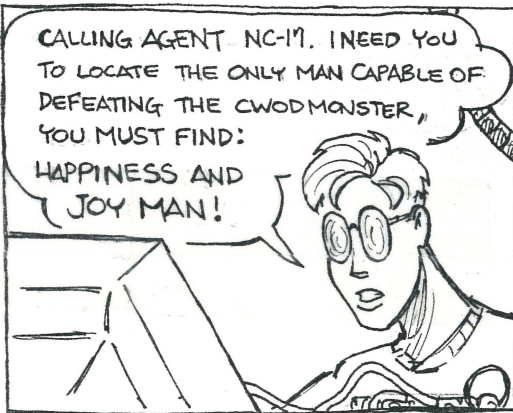
SHU

BY *Benjamin Lake*
WRATH OF THE
CWODMONSTER
PART TWO



DOCTOR PETER MIREZ - HUMAN COMPUTER.

I'M ALREADY ON IT.



CAN OUR HEROES DEFEAT THE CWODMONSTER? WHO IS "HAPPINESS AND JOY MAN"? FIND OUT IN THE EXCITING CONCLUSION TO: "WRATH OF THE CWODMONSTER".