



Great Vision

Great Coverage

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Let's Treat the School Bathrooms Better

By Kierra Richardson

One of the dirtiest places you can find in a school is the bathroom. These bathrooms make students feel uneasy and upset when walking in due to the smell, dirt on the floors, and trash laying around the floor. The cause of the bathrooms looking nasty are from students being dirty and not caring. Essentially some students find this the best place for them to get away from things during the school day, but with these unsanitary conditions, are they still a good space?

There are certain students who always come to the bathroom to sit and eat or talk, while other students come in to use the bathroom. They often feel awkward when coming in. This makes it common that students must walk further from their class than necessary because others hog the stalls, even when not actually using them. Some bathrooms have too many out of order stalls or just unsanitary conditions that make students leave the bathroom

really quick. "I feel uneasy about how nasty the bathrooms are," said sophomore Kamora Gray.

After school, janitors here at Franklin clean the whole building, including the bathrooms. At the beginning of the day, the bathrooms start off clean with a fresh start but end in worse condition. Often more toilets result in out of order signs, toilet paper all over the floor, hair in the sink or worse. These conditions make the school bathroom nasty and uncomfortable for students to use the bathrooms.

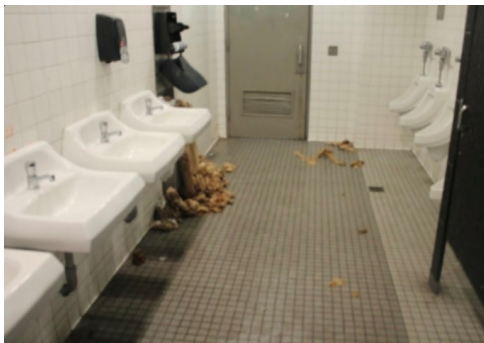
"I think the worst things about the school bathrooms are the smell mainly," junior Maluan Davis explained "and how unkept they are in many ways, especially how dirty the smell is."

These bathrooms are here for students to use, so dirtying them brings no benefit to students at all. Truth be told, it makes it worse for students to use them because it is not the teachers who

have to deal with it. This is a very big unsanitary issue, so we ask that students be mindful in what they do in the bathroom and pick up after themselves.

There is definitely room for improvement in these bathrooms that can benefit the students. Some students may say we need more janitors to clean during the day, but with that, it could mean more people in your way when you're trying to use the bathroom.

Simple things like flushing the toilets regularly, eating lunch in the cafeteria or courtyard instead of the bathrooms, and washing your hands are all ways students can contribute to solving the bathroom problems. The school may consider getting air fresheners, automatic toilets, and more soap and paper towel dispensers. The next thing would be student accountability. Saying something could stop other students from ruining the bathrooms.



Franklin is not the only high school struggling to keep the bathrooms clean. Image from grizzlygazettegfh.com.



We are working on solutions! Image from veniceoarsman.com.

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Fashion Legend Law Roach Retires

By Chinaza Nnagbo

Law Roach is now a retired fashion stylist, best known for working with Zendaya, Addison Rae, Hunter Schafer and Megan Thee Stallion on the red carpet for both the Oscars and the Grammy's. Law Roach was born in Chicago, Illinois, and started his fashion career after graduating from Chicago State University with a degree in Psychology. He opened up a clothing store, "Deliciously Vintage Boutique" where he sold second-hand clothing in locations in both Chicago and New York.



Zendaya on the Red Carpet in 2010.

Image from insider.com.

Around 2010, Roach got introduced to Zendaya while she was working on the Disney sitcom *Shake it Up* and completely transformed her style in the public eye, but long before he worked with Zendaya, he collaborated with Celine Dion. Many saw the transition in Celine Dion's style as described in *The Guardian*; Law Roach: the stylist who transformed Céline Dion and Zendaya "from midlife chanteuse to fashion maven." Roach prides himself on making his clients feel their best in his designs.



Law Roach and Zendaya on the Red Carpet for the 2019 Met Gala
Image from refinery29.com.

As reported in the Fashionista article, "How Law Roach Went From Selling Vintage to Styling Icons Zendaya and Celine Dion," Roach whispered to Zendaya, "You know, they're not photographing you because they know who you are. They are photographing you because you're beautiful." Zendaya now campaigns for diverse brands like Covergirl, Dolce & Gabbana, and Louis Vuitton.



Law Roach with his top clients Celine Dion and Zendaya.

Image from Business Insider

Recently, Law Roach came under fire in March after turning down seating in the second row of a Louis Vuitton fashion show behind Zendaya. He left the show when he was not given a seat in the front row. Many understood his reaction due to the fact that he's an influential figure to most upcoming designers. As Morgan Jenkins reported in an ELLE article on March 16, "Roach is a black man working in fashion, which is a business as awe-inspiring as it is cutthroat." While the internet has its fair share of speculations about the reason Roach retired, late stylist Virgil Abloh and musician Kanye West have spoken about the systemic racism experienced in the fashion industry as black men.



Law Roach refused to sit second row behind Zendaya at a Louis Vuitton fashion show in March.

Image from NYbreaking.com

Album Review: *No New York* Produced by Brian Eno

By William Taylor

“Break the glass / Feel the pain” (from “I Woke Up Dreaming”)

The year is 1978. The scene: SoHo, New York. I want all your modern thoughts of SoHo to be thrown out. This is not the kombucha-loving, gentrified, modern SoHo. ‘70s SoHo was a rugged and working-class neighborhood filled with crime, filth, and anarchy, just like all of New York at the time. Here, Artists Gallery hosts a five-day long music festival filled with acts from the local music scene.

This should’ve been how the story goes: The bands play, the day resolves, the festival moves on, and the event drifts into the far-distant memory of obscurity. But that didn’t happen. By some strange luck, Brian Eno was in the area. He came to New York to work on Talking Heads’ *More Songs About Buildings and Food*, and stopped by to catch the final two days of the festival. I can only assume his ears were bleeding afterwards.

What he got a taste of was the short-lived and belligerent New York no wave scene. While no one knows for certain where the name came from (maybe a play on the term “new wave”, made up by key no wave musician Lydia Lunch, or a continuation from Nihilist Spasm Band’s “NO” branding), the term is apt. No wave objects to all that popular music had to offer. Structure, harmony, catchiness, not being evil, all of those assumptions were thrown out. Instead, no wave aimed to shock and scare using the most avant of gardes: harsh noise, drone, nihilistic stream-of-consciousness lyrics, antagonistic performances, postmodern iconoclasm, etc. Everything short of getting out and hacking the listener to pieces (although I honestly wouldn’t put it past the genre) was on the table.

The inherent self-destructive tendency of no wave meant that it didn’t last long - around a decade tops. It would’ve burnt itself out and died with no trace left to remember it by, but that’s thankfully alternate history. Impressed by what he saw those two days, Brian Eno documented the



Album art image taken from Wikipedia

no wave scene, bringing together the four bands who played into one album, with a name just as opposing as that of the genre: *NO NEW YORK*.

Composed of four songs from four different bands, *No New York* stands as one of the most sonically violent monuments in all of music. It’s 43 minutes of lacerations followed by a gasoline rinse and a garbage disposal dive. Each band gives a unique take on the genre, showcasing no wave in as many perspectives as possible.

I assume the album art was trying to capture the spirit of the album. Four amorphous blobs suggesting something human walk toward us in a hallway blasted with light. A perfect representation of the unnerving tension that seeps into all of the album.



Brian Eno watches The Contortions.
Photo from jameschanceofficial.blogspot.com

The opening quarter belongs to James Chance and the Contortions. They provide us with the only acceptable way to open an album like *No New York*: shoving glass into my ears. “Dish It Out” does what it says it does. The guitars pulse in a jagged staccato heartbeat, the bass dips up and down, never giving any ground for me to stand on, and Chance’s saxophone shrills some broken shamble of a solo on top of this bedlam. When I heard this for the first time, I had a fight-or-flight response. Some part of me still flinches upon relistens. The Contortions are probably the closest you’re ever going to get to catchiness on this compilation. Infusing jazz and “dance” (in the loosest usage of the term possible) into the genre. Some evil part of me finds it extremely catchy. Don’t know why, but sometimes it just pops into my brain like an earworm. Hands down my favorite part of the album.

Following the Contortions are Teenage Jesus and the Jerks. Led by Lydia Lunch, the Jerks take a more passive approach to the style. The lack of drum patterns and the droning guitars make me feel like I’m floating on top of battery acid. The dissonance makes everything feel claustrophobic, like the sea of battery acid I’m floating in is rising up toward a concrete ceiling at an alarming rate. It gives Lunch the space to shout her dark and similarly anxiety-ridden poetry that evokes the imagery of helplessness and dread.

Then comes Mars, which absolutely eviscerates me with “Helen Fordsdale.” I didn’t know they could make guitars sound like helicopters from hell. In my opinion, however, Mars hands out the weakest part of the album. It can be twitchy and noisy at times, but it doesn’t really do much beyond that.

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Album Review: *No New York* Produced by Brian Eno

By William Taylor



Teenage Jesus and the Jerks image from discog.com

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Finishing the album is the band DNA, which bounces it back to tension and aggression. They play around with bluesesque stylings and synths, and they do either one of two things: [1] Make me feel like a robot cowboy drinking crude oil in a saloon, or [2] Make me feel like I'm running from a giant pathological mass of dirt, metal, and wire. They end things off with a somehow soothing and fulfilling end, relative to the rest of the album, of course.

I know my unpleasant imagery doesn't

make it seem like I enjoy the album, but I actually do get a lot of pleasure from listening to it. To me, *No New York* is a fascinating experience that captures an essence of ferocious chaos that no other album has done. It's an album that challenges me to find some sort of positive meaning in a cloud mass of mustard gas. I enjoy it like I enjoy horror movies; to get a shock from it. What makes *No New York* so special to me is that it does so without being necessarily violent. There's no unnecessary gory descriptions or explicit calls to violence (in fact, there's not a single swear word on the entire album), the fear lies entirely with how jagged and twisted these instruments are.

How lucky (or misfortunate) we are to have this album. If Brian Eno never set foot into that venue that day in '78, there would be no *No New York*. This defining work of no wave wouldn't exist for us to look back to. Is it for the best that this album is out there? I don't really know. Whenever I show friends this record, the only respons-



New York No Wave Photo Archive #BrianEno #NoNewYork #Mars #DNA #TeenageJesus #LydiaLunch nowave.pair.com/no_wave/index...



5:03 PM · Feb 20, 2019

Image from Twitter

es I get are "Huh?" "What?" and, "Turn it off." I get why; by its very nature, *No New York* is an album that does not want you to enjoy it. It deliberately makes itself unappealing and prickly. To enjoy it is to argue against all the tenets of the genre, and to see artistic beauty in the defaced. Maybe my ears are broken, but I can see the merit of the record, past all the scars and grime.

No New York doesn't sound like a word to me at this point. No New York, No New York, No New York.

Album Review: *Black Monk Time* by The Monks

By William Taylor

"It's beat time, it's hop time / It's monk time, now!" (from "Black Monk Time")

Before the time of The Velvet Underground and The Modern Lovers, it was *Black Monk Time*. The one and only record from the Monks is an unsung hero in the creation of punk, bringing a wild, unhinged energy to the sound a whole decade before the genre hit it big.

The sleek album art is a deceiver; *Black Monk Time* is rowdy front to back. From the beginning we're put on a full-octane ride through "Monk Time," filled with fuzzed-out guitars, stomping bass, atonal meltdowns of sound, and manic anti-war lyrics. It's an energy that the Monks don't let up at all.

In the attempt to extend itself from its conservative rock borders, the Monks



Band image from music.metason.net

reach into the styles of garage rock, beat music, and even experimental rock in an uncompromising way. Nearly every song feels like it's trying to be as insane as can be. The absurd chanting in "Higgle-Dy Piggie-Dy," the bumbling bass on "We Do Wie Du," and "I Hate You," the near operatic/medieval aesthetic of "Shut Up;" *Black Monk Time* wears its awkward mo-

ments as a semi-satirical badge of pride.

Being based in Germany, the Monks really had no restrictions in what they could sing about; no one would understand it anyways. And so the Monks set out on creating the dumbest lyrics known to man. The song "Boys Are Boys and Girls Are Choice" really sum up the entire record; low-tier, nonsense comedy dribble. It's the perfect attitude to compliment the record's wild sound.

Is there a "Roadrunner" or a "Heroin" on this record? No. But *Black Monk Time* captures a more nebulous aspect of punk; stupid weirdo fun. For that, *Black Monk Time* should be remembered as one of the greatest times in music history.

Album Review: *Westing (By Musket and Sextant)* by Pavement

By William Taylor

"Greetings, spent day riding forklift / Mother says no / Can't I for forklift me? / Want it because I need money and work time is my life and not hers." (from "Forklift")

---DISCLAIMER:---

As this compilation album is composed of Pavement's first three EP's in chronological order, I'll be talking about each separately, then rating the album as a whole.

SLAY TRACKS 1993-1969: ★★★

It's a sound that Pavement would never return to, but for an understandable reason. *Slay Tracks* might be the band's noisiest and most lofi works in their entire career. Songs are washed in radio static, compressed vocals, and distortion, and the duo goes out of their way to provide atypical song structures with mind-numbing guitars and sparse drums, which in combination with the low fidelity, give off a Beat Happening energy.

The abrasiveness of the EP is hit or miss; at times it can add more personality to a song, like the sunny "Box Elder," but other times it just results in a noisy stew that's not too appetizing or engaging.

DEMOLITION PLOT J-7: ★★½

The EP kicks off with a strong start; "Forklift" is a nearly-surreal experience, with Malkmus telling a story about trying to get a forklift job in broken English through what sounds like supermarket

speakers, while crunchy guitars and harmonious backing vocals fill in the background. Then after that, "Spizzle Trunk" demented and distorts itself in the shape of a classic rock 'n' roll song with sound and fury of a train wreck.

After that, however, the EP sputters out into what amounts to noise for noise's sake. None of it's bad per se, just uneventful.

PERFECT SOUND FOREVER: ★★★

This record is definitely the closest to anything resembling the studio Pavement out of the three. It blends the same noise rock and indie rock as S&E, but leans more toward the noise part than it does the indie one. It may be more sensible to traditional indie rock, but it's not afraid to sport biting guitar distortion, awful mixes (I'm looking at you, "Angel Carver Blues"), and a general sense of chaos while singing insanely catchy hooks like on "Debris Slide."

OTHER BITS:

The rest are some exclusives and others from the "Summer Babe" single. Even with the even worse fidelity, "Summer Babe" remains a classic song, if only slightly put down. "Mercy Snack: The Laundromat" gets an A for effort and a D for enjoyable songwriting, but is made up by the charging anthem that is "Baptist Blacktick." The two exclusive tracks, "My First Mine" and "My Radio," are so-so tracks; they don't really provide anything new but are not too egregious either.



Album art image from Going Underground Records



Pavement band image from NPR

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