

ROM<COM SPRING 2018


Veuve Clicquot

THE FANG

ROM<COM

SPRING 2018



WHO TO BLAME

Spring 2018

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The Rat Bastard Society

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Gaby Verdolini

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FROM THE ROLL-TOP DESK

Rom<Com

Hey, you. Didn't think I'd bump into you here. Luck of the draw, *c'est la vie*, amiright?

Haha. Well, while I've got you here, I did want to tell you something:
I'm sorry.

No, really. Gah, that already sounds so contrived. I mean it, I swear. Things got all messed up, and you got all mad. Not that I think you're just mad for no reason! I mean, of course, like, it was a situation, in which you were mad, and I was there. I mean, I was practically mad too! It's not just about you. It's never all about you. Shit! Waitwaitwait don't walk away, let me try this again, please.

Spring has sprung, baby. Love, as they say, is in the air. This is a little something that I like to call my "charm offensive." Certain to show you exactly what you're missing out on, and leave you crawling back for more. But like, I *respectfully* want you crawling back for more, of course. Here, maybe it's better if you're standing up actually. Shit, why did I say any of that? I can't promise any of that, christ. Hold on, I think I need to sit down for a minute.

But here's what I *can* promise you, babe. In this issue, you'll find as much great material as a full, gorgeous, luscious bouquet of roses. Emma Connelly has presented some unfortunately rejected endings for iconic rom-coms, Gaby Verdolini has delivered a few of her iconic cartoons, and if you're looking for some of the finest verses around, Peter Coulson and Varty Yahjian have helped to collect a selection of love poetry through the ages.

I know this may not be the best-looking magazine around. Sure, it's only got simple binding and an obsession/dependency on list-based humor. But so what! I'm here to win you back! I'm honest, I'm committed, and god damn it, *I'm in love*! So come on, what do you say? Turn the page and let's give this thing another shot! It's just you, me, and the great blue beyond, *darling*.

In phlegm, bile, bile, and blood,

Editor-in-Chief
Samuel "On the Same" Page

Dear Rom,
You'd have better luck if you were funny like me.
—Com

Dear Com,
Your crude and hyper-sexual "jokes" are just an unfortunate sublimation of never getting laid.
—Rom
all Correspondences by Gaby Verdolini

Where To Find Love

Emma Connelly, Gaby Verdolini, & Spencer Whaley

1. A hopeless place
2. Office hours
3. 3 beers in
4. Los Globos
5. The womb
6. Daddy's Lap
7. Waiting room at therapist's office
8. Newcomb rm #220
9. Decolonization seminar
10. Communal dorm showers

Girls that Code

Sachi Granich & Michelle Levitt

girls that code
bitches that bitcoin
prostitutes that program
whores that hack
sluts that STEM
"i'm not a girl programmer, i'm just a programmer. maybe i'm just a hoe-grammer"

-sachi and michelle
students of comp sci 131: intro to computer science

Make Your Own Modern Love

Emma Connelly

1) You are….
    a. Shy.
    b. Gay.
    c. Disease-ridden.
    d. Old.
2) You have….
    a. Anxiety.
    b. An immense desire to be seen and loved for who you are.
    c. An expiration date.
    d. Joint pain.
3) Your *radical* change….
    a. Smile back at someone for once.
    b. Come out to your friends and family.
    c. Chance meeting with a kind stranger.
    d. Get a dog.
4) Your lesson….
    a. You never know what a smile could lead to :)
    b. Acceptance from others is nothing compared to accepting yourself.
    c. Love illuminates even the darkest of days.
    d. Dogs are so cute and fun!!

<u>What's your epilogue?</u>

If you chose mostly A's…

You have the cutest and most adorably-odd illustration ever published in a Modern Love column. You dated whoever you smiled at for the next 2 years and it gave you the confidence to continue on the quest for love even after your relationship ended. You met your now-spouse like 1 year after that breakup. You have not told your spouse that they are, in fact, NOT the most important relationship you have ever had. That title belongs to your ex, and you know what—there's something special about that.

If you chose mostly B's…

You are the token queer column included in Modern Love to make white liberals feel good about their purported inclusivity. You met your loving partner through mutual friends at the trendy restaurant you both work at. Your joint restaurant will be opening in 2 weeks, further gentrifying the neighborhood, but the decorations and menu are very well-curated.

If you chose mostly C's…

Cue sobbing. Your story was published with the assistance of your loved ones after your passing 3 weeks ago. Your love was truly something pure and special. Everyone in the Modern Love dept. wept during and after reading your tale of wistful faith in life.

If you chose mostly D's…

You have realized at 75 what many of us Modern Love editors realized long ago: owning a dog really is the best, purest, and most rewarding love anyone could ask for. People just keep sending us their dumb person-to-person stories. We silently pine away, wishing they would stop.

Dracula: A Failed Love

Marissa Conlon

In a therapist's office in Transylvania. Night. Upside-down.

— "I don't know, doc. I just can't seem to find anyone who really *gets me*, you know?"
— "Mhm."
— "Some guys make it look so easy! Nothing ever goes my way. I take a girl out for dinner, and she orders garlic pasta. I let a girl plan a date, she wants to go on a picnic in broad daylight. Remember the last girl I dated?"
— "Remind me."
— "Well, things were going great. Steady. I'm staying for the morning every once in a while, if you know what I mean. Eh doc? Come on, old buddy! You catch what I'm throwin' down?"
— "Dracula, please stop winking at me."
— "Christ, loosen up a little. I'm Dracula. Anyhoo, as I was saying, things are going well, and then she asked me to move out to… *Los Angeles* with her! Los Angeles! Really! The nerve. What am I gonna do in Los Angeles, like what am I supposed to do there? Go outside? Shop at the Americana? Just swing by LACMA? I had to end it. I had to!"
— "You made a choice, and it's important that we talk about why you made that choice."
— "Right. Choices. It's always about 'choices' with you. Anyway, I think at the end of the day, I just want somebody who's serious and generous, not afraid of feeling *in love*, for God's sake. Somebody who's in it. Somebody who isn't scared to be honest with me. Somebody who's… who's…"
— "Type A?"
— "Doc! You know my type is O negative! Come on!"
— "Right."
— "Sheesh. Well, I have another date tonight though. I'm keeping my expectations low. I did my hair, which took me *forever*."
— "Obviously."
— "I guess we'll see what happens... but honestly doc, I'm about to lose it. Sometimes I feel so down that I just want to get in my coffin and sleep forever."
— "Don't you do that anyways Dracula?"
— "I guess you're right. But I just can't help but think, maybe I could make a change, you know? Maybe things could be… different. A Dread Lord of the Dead can dream, right doc?"
— "He sure can, Dracula. He sure can."

Dealmakers/Dealbreakers

Ella Morner-Ritt

Dealmakers:

— owns a 1984 Ford Fiesta in grey-ish
— is a fan of Fall Out Boy
— has a room covered with photos of former president Dwight D. Eisenhower
— wears Snuggie(s) out of the house
— really enjoys wrestling
— texts me back after a minimum of two hours
— uses Tylenol recreationally
— is Veitch

Dealbreakers:

— cried during the movie *Up*
— has a healthy relationship with own mother

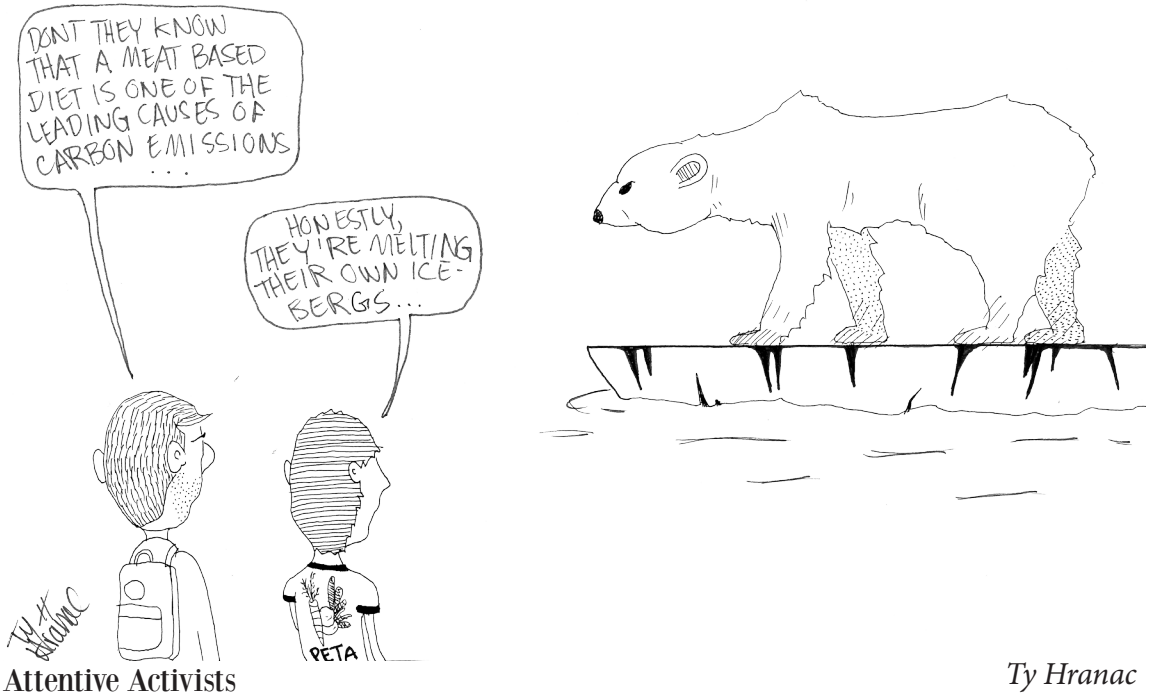


all illustrations by Kallyn Song-Nichols

Geoffrey Chaucer — The Canterbury Tales

As clerkes ben ful subtile and ful queynte
And prively he caughte hire by the queynte.
Haha, I seydde a dirtye worde.

by Peter Coulson



Attentive Activists

Ty Hranac

Rudyard Kipling — Real Poems for True Men

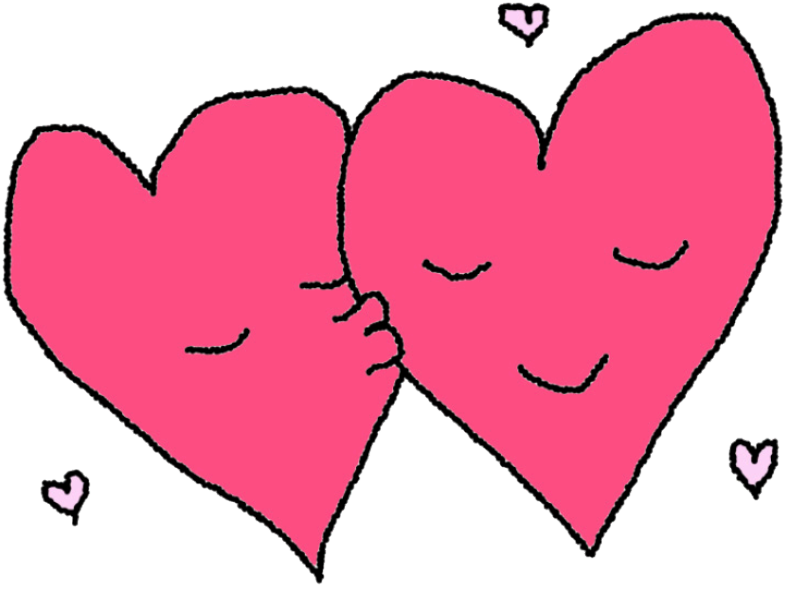
If you can keep your head when everyone on Tinder
Thinks the dog-face filter is a great idea;
If you can trust yourself to not say stupid shit to your crush
When you get really drunk at a party;
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master,
Even though it's cuffing season and those ten push-ups you do every morning are totally going to start showing any day now, really;
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—tell me how the fuck you did it.

by Peter Coulson

William Shakespeare — Sonnet 18

Shall I compare thee to an Oxy party?
Thou art more glittery and more coked-out.
Rough dancing does shake the bra-free breasts,
And neighbor's patience hath all too short run out.
Sometime too hot the light of cop cars shine,
And often is one's vision of beauty dimmed;
And every hottie's hottie-quality declines,
By chance, or nature's changing sobriety is whimmed;
But thy eternal beauty shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that hottie-quality thou possess,
Nor shall in blackouts thou brag, having stumbl'd in his shade,
When in eternal sonnets the party continues without egress.
So long as men can drink, or eyes can see,
So long lives this party, and this gives life to thee.

by Emma Connelly



Rejected Endings for Classic Rom-Coms

Emma Connelly, Gaby Verdolini, & Spencer Whaley

Love Actually: Keira Knightley and her husband are taken hostage by the husband's best friend/Keira's stalker. Tiny cute Thomas Brody-Sangster is arrested by British TSA officers and held for questioning, causing him to miss his flight, never kiss the girl, and ultimately never even gets her Snapchat handle.

10 Things I Hate About You: Heath Ledger tragically dies from a drug overdose.

Notting Hill: Like many highly-educated, proudly literate, and charmingly nervous men, Hugh Grant is in reality a total softboi who gas-lights Julia Roberts throughout their entire relationship. He eventually leaves her for a young, beautiful, 'normal' English lit grad student like 20 years his junior.

13 Going on 30: Instead of returning to the blissfully ignorant, sleep-over-filled-childhood of the 13-year-old she once was, Jennifer Gardner's wish backfires, adding another 27 years to her life, and turning her into a sad 47-year-old with no job experience and with no skills with the Microsoft Office Suite to speak of. Never outgrows her pubescent acne.

Pretty in Pink: Ditch Molly Ringwald entirely—the movie is instead about Ducky & his journey to overcome toxic masculinity and internalized homophobia. Also, the original vintage dress is worn to prom & not that tragic 80s remake.

Like literally any queer romance??????????



Arthur Rimbaud — At the York Tavern

It's on York Boulevard, in a craft-beer bar,
Where they only sell IPAs and sours,
For like fifteen fucking dollars a pint,
But they never take your fake, thank God.

A young "creative," his glasses tortoiseshell, his face bearded,
With that weird stubbly kind of beard that can't decide
If it's a beard or if he's forgotten to shave.
He probably has an M.F.A. in creative writing.

Walking towards her, stale American Spirits on his breath,
His heartbeat quickens, for in his mind
He's conjured his favorite pickup line:

"You're the kind of girl people write poems about."
Run far away. He's a softboy.

by Peter Coulson

Lesser-Known Alternative Titles for Rom-Coms

Gaby Verdolini & Spencer Whaley

1. Nutting Hill
2. 500 Days of Projection
3. That One With Jennifer Aniston
4. How to Lose Your Dignity and Self-Worth in 10 Days
5. You've Got a Tinder Notification
6. Love Actually: Toxic Masculinity
7. That Other One With Jennifer Aniston
8. Subpoenaed Blonde
9. Never Been Buttplugged
10. When Susy Met Sally (#Womensmarch #Pussypower)

Fang Queen: Moss Hardman



The people asked for it, the people demanded it, and we're finally here to deliver. The Fang is pleased to announce that the Fang Queen Spring 2018 is none other than Julian Moss Hardman. His friends call him 'Moss' for short, and he said you can too—lucky you.

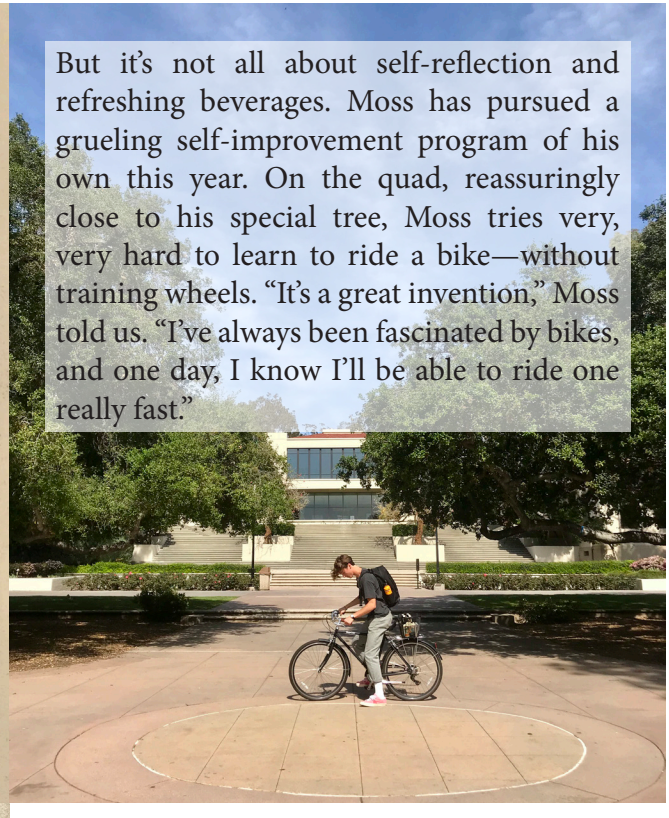
Left: Moss hails from Eureka Springs, Arkansas, a small town nestled in the heart of both the Ozark and Rocky Mountains. His pa was an apple farmer and his ma sewed camisoles for the whole of their great state—Moss sure has a lot to live up to!



Right: Moss is a junior, majoring in Epic Poetry (EP) with a minor in Critical Microbrewing (CMb). He partakes in both these passions by his favorite tree. It is a good tree. It is always there for him.



Moss loves to rest in repose. Here, lost in thought by the Doric column which he has marked as his own, he contemplates both the futility of our existence and just what constitutes the "natural flavoring" of his favorite beverage, LaCroix.



But it's not all about self-reflection and refreshing beverages. Moss has pursued a grueling self-improvement program of his own this year. On the quad, reassuringly close to his special tree, Moss tries very, very hard to learn to ride a bike—without training wheels. "It's a great invention," Moss told us. "I've always been fascinated by bikes, and one day, I know I'll be able to ride one really fast."



Left: Around campus, you can find Moss working at his job at Bike Share with some sort of rag somewhere on his person. "It's the best way to get to know the bikes!" Moss explained. "Earning their trust is essential." Moss also moonlights as a bartender at a run-down yet charming saloon called The Ol' Cranky Crow, where he serves 'em strong, keeps the nights long, and cuffs any hem of clothing he can find. All hail, Fang Queen Moss!

Walt Whitman — Song of Myself

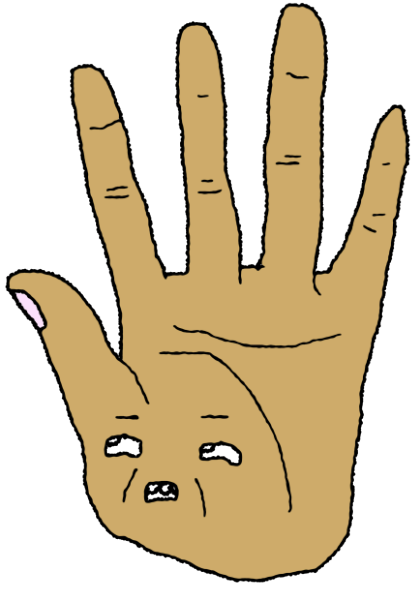
I celebrate myself and I pleasure myself,
And I assume you will not walk in,
For every creak in the hallway I think belongs to a parent.

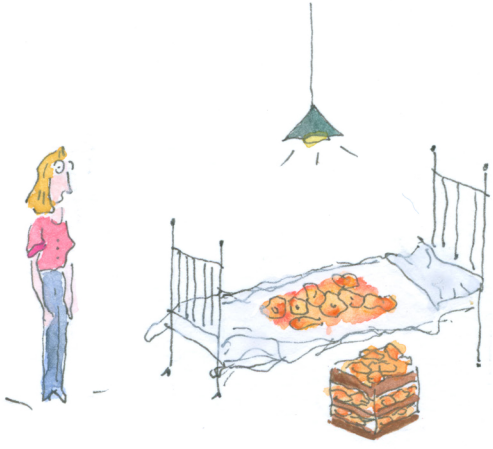
My girth, every atom of my manhood,
Born from pornhub and my friend's Sport's Illustrated swimsuit edition,
I, now thirteen years old, sticky with earth's spirit,
Hoping not to cease until that great moment, then,

Urge and urge and urge,
Always the procreant urge of the world.

Oh' Shit!
Oh' Shit!
Oh' Shit!

by Spencer Whaley





"Timmy, not the Whole Foods peaches!"

Coming of Age

Gaby Verdolini

Dear Timothée Chalamet,
I didn't realize I could feel anything like that.
—The Peach

Chère Pêche,
Bene, alora, naturalmente ti ho fatto sentire dolce miele e sesso.
—Timothée Chalamet

Love is Leaving Your Bog

Samuel Page

The hands on the clock ticked once again. I was anxious, but my therapist brought me deep peace. She was so soothing, her voice cool and still like groundwater, the warm grey-green of her walls providing a pleasant sense of intimacy and a welcome reprieve from the glaring sun.

"Tollund, you've touched several times on how overwhelmed you feel — overstimulated, overworked. Don't you think it's time we sift through these feelings and try to reveal the roots of this base anxiety?"

I pondered her request. I liked keeping things buried, I liked having my secrets, mostly because I hated being poked, prodded, and examined like some specimen. But this attitude would do me no good in love, and that's about the only thing on my mind now.

For many years, I lived a simple life in my native Ireland. I tilled my bit of land, walked the woods, ate my meals. I was content, but always ready for… something more. But one day, in an instant, my chances were seemingly dashed. On one of my regular walks, surveying my lands, I tripped and fell into the bog nearby. The cold, watery depths of oblivion swallowed me completely that day, and my last thought before losing consciousness was of the extreme pleasantness of the weight upon my body.

Why this fixation with my physical form? What befell me after I tumbled into that dark, damp, dank tomb? My body underwent… certain changes. You see…

I'm a bog body. I *am* a bog body. And I live with it every single day.

That was a while back now. Back in 1255, to be precise. I remember it well—these experiences stick with you over a lifetime with the help of an environment of highly acidic water, low temperatures, and a *lot* of peat. But my story—my life—really begins when I met Anna.

Anna. Anna, oh Anna. The name still floors me: An. Na. Admittedly a little hard to do anything with it, but nonetheless, my darling Anna. Our story is, in some ways, like any other, really. A meet-cute: one day my sliced slivers of dried apricots that used to be my eyelids creaked open, and there was my Anna before me, on a walk of her own, looking down at my hunched, crumpled everything. Her adorable mouth was slowly opening and closing, unable to let out a cry of terror, her delicate lilac hands trembled, and her tender

breast glistened with the torrential cold sweat that began to pour forth from her body. And to think, all this just from seeing me!

Sure, there was some screaming at first. But after we had talked a bit beside the bog, we realized how silly the whole situation was anyway, and I asked her for a coffee sometime, outside of the bog. I was a little nervous to leave the bog, admittedly, but I believe that love is about experiencing new things with someone who will be by your side no matter what, and that is precisely what Anna and I did: we saw all the classic films together (she helped by explaining to me what a film is), we started frequenting our local barcade (she helped by explaining to me what an arcade is and what money is), and I even organized a surprise birthday party for her with some of her friends (this, admittedly, involved a lot of Anna explaining me to her friends beforehand, and none of them actually came, so it didn't turn out to be much of a suprise or a birthday party at all).

The moment I first saw her, I felt my home soil at last relinquish its grip on me, and I knew I would follow her to the ends of the earth, with or without fresh peat. But I'm as prone to self-doubt as any body, bog or otherwise. I fretted: would this young, fresh, bright, beautiful creature ever find real interest, let alone love, in my tawny, leathery arms, sunken face, and balding head? While I am surprisingly well-preserved (if I do say so myself), there's certain things you are forced to acknowledge about your appearance when you get to be my age

"I think you have something big approaching that is giving you a lot of stress, and I don't think you're willing to share it with me," my therapist says behind by sunken cranial cavity. She knows me so well—she's completely right.

"Well, I'd tell you all about it, I really would, but one of my toes just fell off, so I do need to take care of that first." One of my toes had just fallen off, as they are wont to do. "Could we reschedule for Thursday?"

The "something big" coming up involves Anna, through-and-through. I want to propose to her. I love her. I want to be with her for the rest of my afterlife. But it's just not that simple. I'm a bit of a traditionalist (1255, call me old-fashioned), but I know that when you want to marry a woman, you simply *must* ask her father for permission. I'm no fool, I won't fall in the bog twice, if you know what I mean. But Anna is worried.

"They won't understand our love," she tells me, squeezing my palm as lightly as possible so as not to further disintegrate my literally dissolved bones. Anna understands my condition, in fact it often feels like she's the only one in the world who does. Could her folks possibly be as close-minded as the rest of the world? I don't know, I just don't know. But it's a risk I simply have to take for the woman I love.

Our flight to the States departs Monday morning. We've come a long way. I know that, at the end of the day, I'm mostly just peat. And I may have a sprout or two still caught on my hide. But if there's one thing I've learned, it's that in love, god damn it, you've got to give it your all, *you've got to leave your bog.*



Tollund the bog body did make the trip with Anna to her parents' home—in Death Valley, CA. Tollund passed/became a puddle of black sludge due to complications with his condition upon exiting the aircraft on Aug. 14, 2018.

Emily Dickinson — Because I could not stop for Death (69)

Because I could not stop for Dick—
He kindly stopped for Me—
The Uber held but just Ourselves—
And $4 Hennessy

by Spencer Whaley

Charles Bukowski — I Know Many Women I Swear

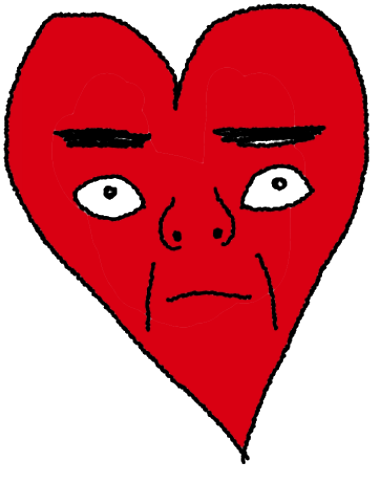
I'm not the guy from
the fake rimbaud
poem

and I deeply resent the implication
that I am.

whiskey. los angeles.

I have deep insecurities about my masculinity

by Peter Coulson



10 Things I Hate About 10 Things I Hate About You

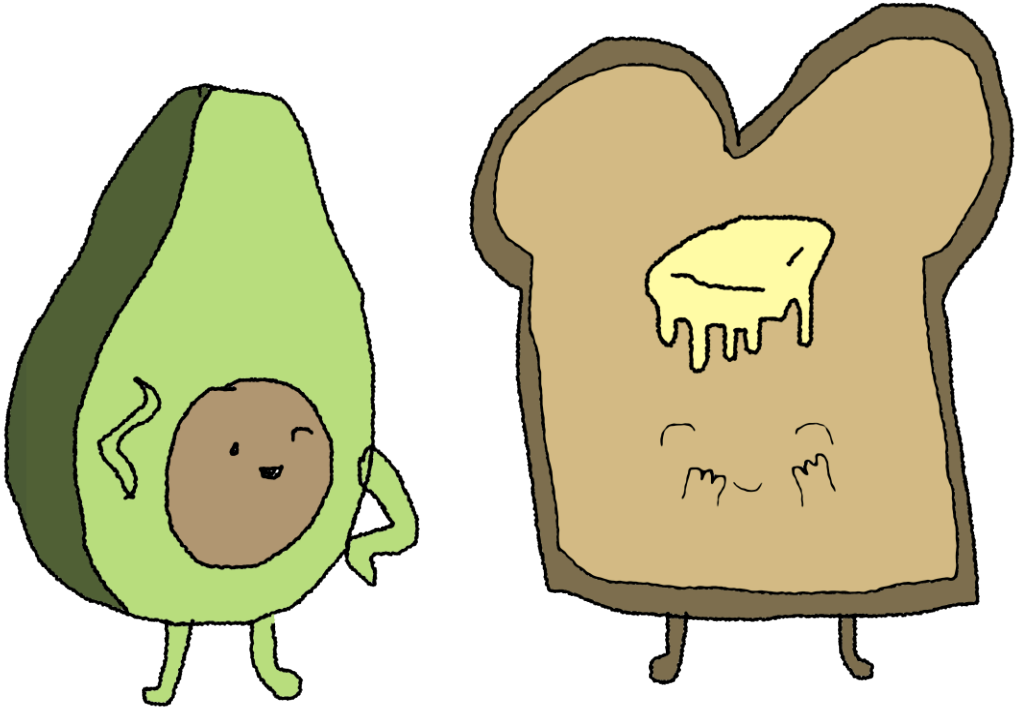
Gaby Verdolini

1. It's eh
2. It's meh
3. It's bleh
4. It's so so
5. It could go go
6. It's passé
7. It's cliché
8. It's been done before
9. It's such a goddamn bore
10. I ultimately just hate how much I wanna bang Heath Ledger.

5 Ways to Fall in Love in a Light-Hearted and Heteronormative Manner

Gaby Verdolini & Spencer Whaley

1. Just be yourself
2. But not like too much of yourself
3.Try yourself, but after a year-long membership to SoulCycle
4. And some laser hair removal
5. After having lost your dog in the rain, then missing your train stop, then dashing up the stairs, then tripping a little bit, then spilling your coffee, then smudging your mascara (but in the hot way), try to just-so-happen to bump into the love of your life



Georges Bataille

[poem redacted after the editors realized that *The Fang* does, in fact, have editorial standards]

by Peter Coulson

Hegel/Heigl: A Love Letter

Spencer Whaley

My dearest Katherine Heigl,

Upon first seeing your performance in the film *27 Dresses*, I thought you to be nothing but a cold-hearted shrew, a particularly dull object. But now, after having binge watched twelve seasons of *Grey's Anatomy* (in their entirety, mind you), I have realized that you were so much more than that all along. You have proven to be the absolute antithesis to my original thesis. All that remains now is… a new synthesis.

Validate me, your intellectual master, my sweet slave of love! While I desperately need you to need me, it is in fact I who cannot exist without you! I've accumulated and improved upon the methods of seduction of all other men throughout human history. I am the he, the *best* lover that has ever been produced by the progression of time! I am not compensating for anything at all whatsoever!

Let me speak tenderly and sweetly into your alabaster ear in our German tongue, for no other language could ever fully convey the affection that I feel towards you:

Darf ich es in deinen Hintern stecken?

Please, I beg of you, let us lay naked and intertwined for just one night and discover the phenomenology of both our bodies *and* our spirits! Oh, my darling Katherine Heigl, you wily seductress! You have broken me.

With the deepest resentment and affection,
Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel

p.s.: s/o to the Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy for making this bit possible.

Pablo Neruda — Poems of Love

In my sky at Tenants of the Trees you are a cloud
and your form and colour are the way I love them.
You are mine, mine, discontinued American Apparel with vintage Levi's
and in your hydroflask my infinite dreams live.

The lamp of my soul dyes your Glossier Lidstar eyes,
the sour wine is sweeter on your Generation G lips,
oh reaper of my evening Spotify perusal,
how solitary dreams believe you to be mine!

You are mine, mine, I go shouting it to the trees
That smell like jizz, and that fell on a car last year.
Huntress of the depth of my eyes, your plunder
stills your nocturnal regard as though it were kombucha.

You are taken in the net of my music, my love,
and my nets of music are long as the walk up Norris Hill.
My soul is born on the tip of your highlighted nose.
In your platinum hair the hills of dandruff begin.

by Varty Yahjian

Dear Space,
Hurry up.
—Time

Dear Time,
Stop crowding me.
—Space

T.S. Eliot — Wasted Time

This is the way the night ends
This is the way the night ends
This is the way the night ends
Not with a bang.
Goddamnit

by Peter Coulson

Sappho — Collected Fragments

Speak to me once more, Aphrodite,
And weigh well upon my soul's melancholia;
Without you and without cold, cunning love
I'll never again sob upon my darling, Clitorianicophelia.

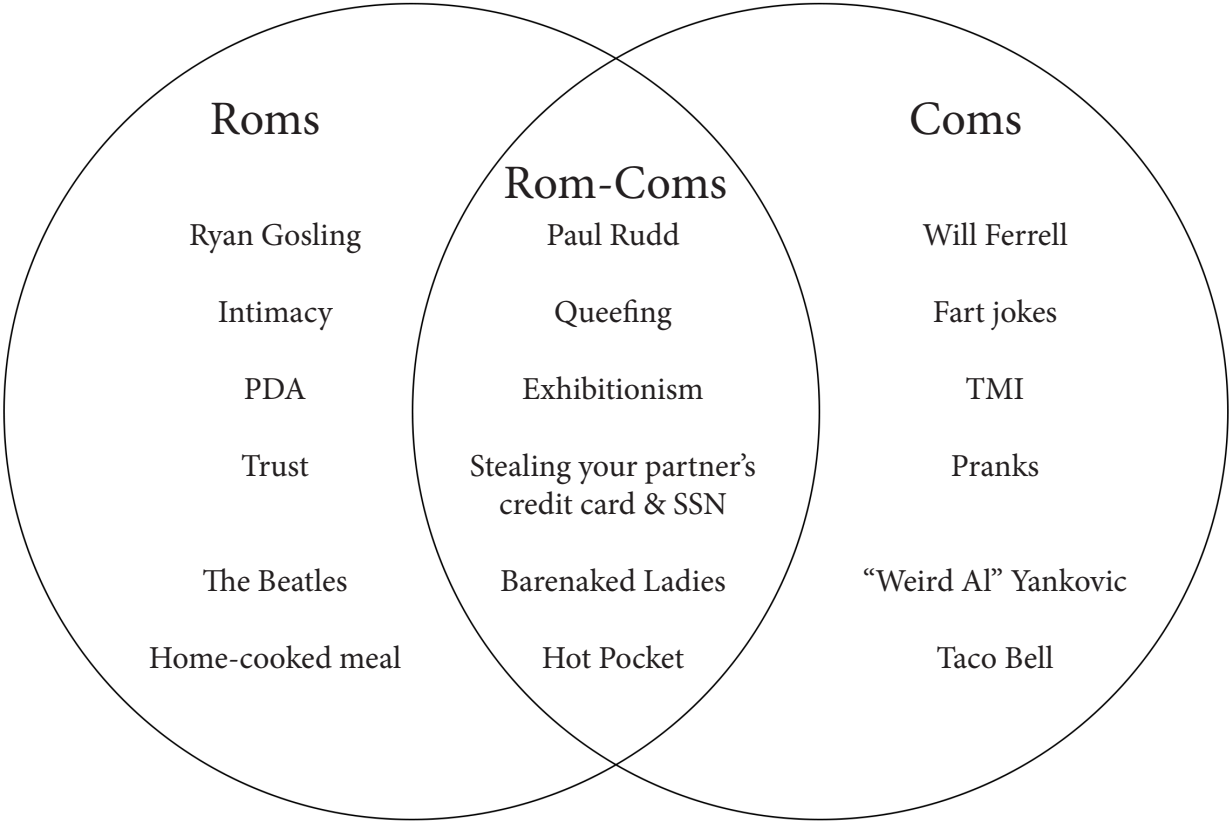
Whether king-of-men Agamemnon or the haughty Achilles,
Should ever settle their quarrel over women and the dead
Matters no more than a shuddering leaf of bay to me;
Though I would also find it hot to see them get it on, instead.

by Samuel Page



Roms, Coms, Rom-Coms

Emma Connelly



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