

THE BANNER

New Vision for Community Relations

BY WILLIAM KLINE
ADP EDITOR

In order to fortify ties with the external community, the College of Staten Island merged several public related functions under the guidance of its new interim Vice President for Institutional Advancement and External Affairs, Bob Huber.

The early November move combined CSI's government, media, and alumni relations and publications along with institutional advancement. It follows the models of several other colleges, according to Huber.

"Most external placing functions in a college," said Huber, in an hour-long interview, "are usually best practices that calls for those to be consolidated under one department. We don't want to say three or four different messages."

In the past, these services were split into separate groups, which, struggled with inter-communication.

"Those factions had been fractured and fragmented," said Huber. "We should all know what each other is saying. And, that wasn't happening."

When Richard Truitt, the former Vice

President for Institutional Advancement, resigned to "explore new opportunities," as Huber phrased it, his void left the opening for the overhaul to have transpired.

"When [Truitt] announced he was leaving," said Huber, "Dr. Morales took that as an opportunity to consolidate all of the external functions." Those 'functions' include Institutional Advancement, which seeks funding to advance the school's standards.

Institutional Advancement is responsible for procuring funding for CSI. Through a variety of channels, such as, benefactors both private and public, community residents, and alumni, the school reaches out for charitable donations.

"Institutional Advancement is largely about fundraising," said Huber, "but, to advance the college and its mission. Our mission is to provide a quality, higher education at a reasonable cost."

They also hold events such as a phone-a-thon and a golf outing in order to attract good will. With the donations they receive, the college offers scholarships and endows chairs, which Huber believes strengthens the educational opportunities

for CSI students and non-students alike.

"By and large, the philanthropic donations the receive goes primarily toward scholarships," said Huber. "The more money we bring in means the more money we can provide for students."

Robust scholarships grant students, who otherwise couldn't afford the debt of a college education, or, signed below the line on their TAP forms, the opportunity to receive their college degree. Meanwhile, chair endowments entice registrations from students who may not have wanted to attend CSI, despite any financial restrictions.

It costs about two million dollars to endow a chair. When the college raises enough money from sponsors to endow a chair, they can usually try to recruit a renowned expert, of any particular subject matter, to teach a course at the college under a visiting professorship. With the interest accrued somewhere near the sum of \$80,000, the school can subsidize a professor's salary for the term that he or she teaches. That principal amount never gets touched, according to Huber.

Continued on page 3

Annapolis Polishes the Same Ideas

Israeli-Palestinian Conflict

BY ABDULAI BAH
STAFF WRITER

The world would remember November 27, 2007, as the day Palestinians and Israelis met (again) in Annapolis, Maryland to jump start the peace negotiation sponsored by the Bush administration, and 'blessed' by 50 sovereign countries that included Syria and Saudi Arabia. Peace negotiations between the two parties had stalled for the past seven years. The one-day conference ended with a 'joint statement' that sets a date, December 12, for beginning talks, but sets no deadline for completing a peace deal. Knowing how Annapolis came about, it is safe to say the achievement of the conference is bound to falter as previous summits had been.

Before former President Bill Clinton left office, there was another conference at which Palestinians and Israelis were at a stalemate in resolving the most crucial issues in their negotiation for peace. Those negotiations included establishing the borders of Israel and a Palestinian state, deciding whether Israel would share control of Jerusalem, and determining where millions of Palestinian refugees would ultimately reside. Unfortunately, Clinton could not broker any agreement on these issues between the two parties. When Bill Clinton and other former presidents (many in fact) organized their own peace conferences between Palestinians and Israelis, they all seemed to have a 'credible' desire to broker peace between the two sides. When President Bush first took office, he thought Clinton was less realistic in his efforts. Bush wasted no time in going public to say that late Yasser Arafat was 'a failed leader who deserved no invitation at the White House' while former Prime Minister Ariel Sharon was 'a man of peace.'

President Bush clearly had no plan to ending the conflict between the two sides. He had shown little commitment to forging a Mideast peace treaty until recently — thanks to his apparent 'failed Iraqi policy.' The efforts to organize Annapolis are seen by many critics as too little and too late, knowing that Bush has a little over a year left in office. Perhaps this was a reason why the president only stayed in Annapolis for three hours. Bush's big idea

Continued on page 2

Richmond Choral Society Review

BY JOHN ADRIAN
STAFF WRITER

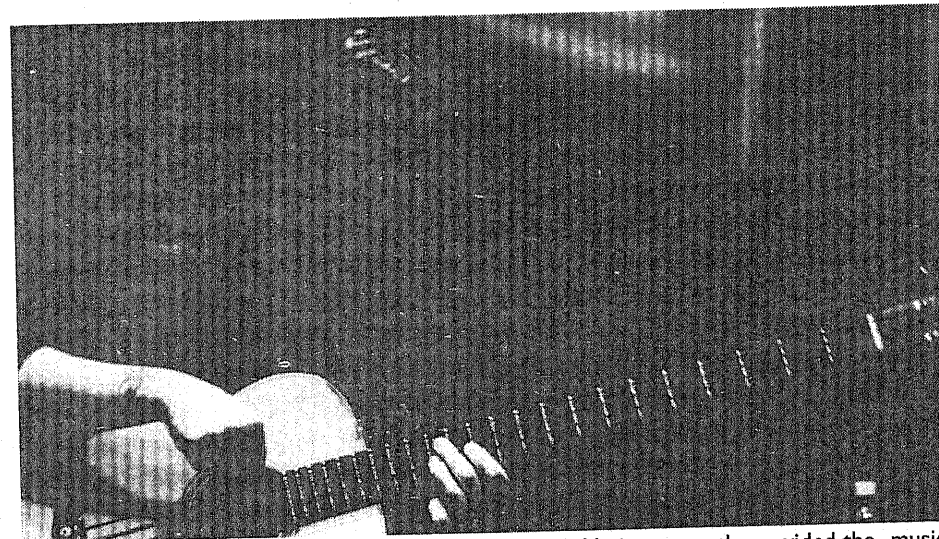
The Richmond Choral Society, for over half a century, a community-based chorus, is under the musical direction of Marina Alexander, CSI Assistant Professor of Choral Music. In addition to performing in various Staten Island venues, it has also performed in Carnegie Hall. On Sunday afternoon, December 9th it presented A Winter Garland, an ambitious Christmas concert accompanied, in part, by members of the Staten Island Philharmonic Orchestra in the sanctuary of Saint Peter's Church, Saint George.

Opening with Macht die Tore weit by Immanuel Faist and Omnes de Sabam Opus 58, Number 16 from Sechs Hymnen by Joseph Gabriel Rheinberger, both sung unaccompanied, the choir made a glorious sound.

The third piece on the program was Felix Mendelssohn's seven-part Magnificat (1822), accompanied by

Continued on page 3

Professors That Rock!



Professor Dominick Tancredi performing at CSI in 2002. He just recently provided the music for President Morales' Welcome Reception in November. Courtesy of Dominick Tancredi

BY MICHAEL D'AURIA AND
JENNA CALDERON
STAFF WRITERS

Ever wonder which professor is the "cool" one? Which professor is the one that lets loose and rocks out? Well, look no further because we are bringing you an up close look at the musical lives of two of the many professors on the CSI campus. Matthew Reiter and Dominick Tancredi both work with music everyday, whether it is through teaching, bands, or just recreational play, these two men have made music a staple part of their lives.

Matthew Reiter, an English Professor here on campus, is into numerous things including indie rock, poetry, singing and "...anything that makes noise...I picked up a vacuum by watching Phish play. I like the percussion sounds of empty Poland Spring water jugs" Reiter says. "I love cranking up the distortion on my tele (Fender Telecaster). But, I'll try to play anything and make some kind of sound come out of it. If it sounds crappy, that's ok. I embrace those accidents. You don't have to be Elton John to play the piano."

Continued on page 4

American Democracy Project

Step "Right" Up!

BY JOSEPH CARAMANNO
CONTRIBUTOR

Juggling is a skill that can take a great amount of time and discipline to master, especially in politics. For Staten Island voters, juggling their local elected officials from seat to seat is an impressive act. Traditionally, out of the other 4 boroughs of New York, Staten Island has proven to be the most conservative and consistent with supporting Republican candidates. On the South Shore, Democrats usually do not stand a chance against whatever Republican candidate they are matched up against.

For local seats such as city councilman, state assembly, state senate, and congressman, a select few individuals have been privy enough to serve the fine people of Staten Island. Why is it that voters rely on only the same few men to represent the South Shore in government?

Seemingly, the only requirements to obtain a seat are to be Italian-American, Republican, male, attended a Catholic high school, and under the age of 50. I find it alarming that we place our trust into individuals that apparently only fit these credentials. I also cannot distinguish among the political standpoints of these men, who share the spotlight whenever one of them does something significant.

The current city councilman for the 51st district is Vincent Ignizio; he previously served as state assemblyman for the 62nd district. He ran for city council after Andrew Lanza left an open seat in city council when he was elected to the 24th state senate district. Lanza replaced the long-time Senator John Marchi. Upon Ignizio's bid for the city council, his state assembly seat opened up. Lou Tobacco successfully captured the seat in the state assembly. All of this took place within the past two years.

The leader among these local elected officials is non-other than U.S. Congressman Vito Fossella. He was the city council member for the 13th district, replaced by current County Clerk Steven Fiala, then Andrew Lanza, and finally Vincent Ignizio. And then there's James Oddo, who represents the 50th city council district, and always tends to blend in with the others.

Civic organizations such as the Staten Island Republicans and Staten Island Young Republicans cultivate their perfect candidate and then present them to the voters. Again, if they fit into those criteria that all the current elected officials possess, then they easily are elected. Why does the south shore of Staten Island lack any enthusiasm and concern for their issues? People certainly have a lot to say about things such as traffic, overdevelopment, crowded schools, and the need for better public transportation. Why do we

just vote for the name we know, shuffling around our elected officials? It is so alarming to me that voting for one of these candidates is tantamount to voting for him and his cronies. What if I support Oddo but not Fossella? What if I don't think that Ignizio has the experience and determination stand up to the Democrats in the city council, but trust Lanza's leadership qualities? What if I don't know anything about Lou Tobacco? It doesn't matter, because the juggling will continue. The south shore has got quite the circus act going on.

Staten Island voters do not see any difference between these men. They're one in the same, just like the red balls that are used for juggling. They simply vote based on the fact that they are Republican, Italian-Americans, under 50, who went to Catholic high school. But then again, that's basically everyone that lives on the south shore.

Israel-Palestine from front

was a regime change in Iraq that would have sent a "shock-and-awe" to the rest of the Middle East - automatically paving the way for the solving of all issues in the region. Since that plan did not work quite well, it seems as if Annapolis is a plan B the White House is probably willing to bet on.

While Bush has a little to offer in solving the conflict, the Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Olmert and Palestinian President Mahmoud Abbas don't seem to have much to offer to their people either. Both are seen as weak leaders who can hardly rally any support for an eventual agreement. Abbas and his Fatah movement lost control of the Gaza Strip to the Hamas movement in June 2007. Leading up to the Annapolis summit, thousands of Jewish settlers protested in Jerusalem while Hamas and its supporters staged rallies in the Gaza Strip and the West Bank. Olmert has become very unpopular in Israel since the end of the summer 2006 month-long war with Hezbollah, a Lebanese Shia militant group. Olmert has also been weakened by Israeli police criminal investigation into his role in the sale of one of the nation's largest banks, Bank Leumi. His political opponents in the Right that include former Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu want to see him fail to pave the way for his replacement.

The Arab countries that took part to the summit, 16 countries in all, have expressed publicly their desire to help end the conflict, and normalize their relationship with Israel. If the participation of record breaking Arab countries remains a positive sign for future peace with Israel, much seems to be needed to make that peace a reality. Saudi Arabia accepted the invitation of Washington only after the Kingdom made it known that its delegation was not to publicly shake hands with the Israeli delegation. Syria, a closed ally of Iran surprised many when it accepted to send its deputy foreign minister a day before the conference. The Syrians had to get a reassurance from Washington that the issue of the Golan Heights was going to be on the agenda.

Less than a week after agreeing to work towards a peace deal with Palestinians by December 2008, Ehud Olmert told his cabinet on December 02 that he will not be bound by any deadline. Is he playing his Right wing opponents who have accused him of giving a lot but not getting anything in return from the Palestinians? Nothing is clear. But at the same time, Olmert orders the release of Palestinian prisoners as a good will gesture toward Abbas. Meanwhile, the Bush administration has withdrawn a United Nations draft resolution that would have

gotten the organization "too involved" in the Middle East conflict resolution. One is tempted to ask why the US would do such a thing.

From a critic point of view, the Bush administration action shows how unrealistic the White House is when it comes to its role as both a referee and a broker between the two sides. If ending the conflict is the ultimate goal, why would the US or Israel be opposed to any UN involvement? From an Israeli point of view, the UN will never be favorable to Israel since many of its members including some Arab countries are keen to the Palestinians cause. However, a Palestinian point view would say the UN body excluding the US cannot be unfavorable to Israel policy for the sake of hatred - there must be something wrong with the policy toward the Palestinians.

In order to create a Palestinian state, many obstacles need to be tackled. Both the Israeli and Palestinians would have to figure out about the resettling and compensation of Palestinian refugees and their descendants - something that is estimated to cost about \$85 billion, according to the AIX Group, a gathering of Palestinian, Israeli and international economist. Where that money would come from - so far no one knows yet.

The issue of Jerusalem will have to be agreed on. Would Israel give a future Palestinian state a portion of the city? The Palestinians want their future state to be

in the West Bank, Gaza Strip and East Jerusalem - all these areas were seized by Israel during the 1967 war. The Palestinians also want a full access to East Jerusalem, and Israel says security of its own people will be a major issue if Palestinians are given full access to the holy city of Christianity, Islam and Judaism. If the two sides are able to come up with concrete solutions to the refugees issue and the partition of Jerusalem, many analysts believe the remaining sticking points would easily be solved.

As for Annapolis, some critics of the Bush administration think the summit was a gathering designed to further isolate Iran, which Washington sees as a growing threat in the region. For these critics, Washington has no desire to fully engage itself in the conflict between Israeli and Palestinian. But whatever the reasons of Washington are, a Middle East peace can only be achieved when the US becomes a fair and honest broker, and when all the major players in the region (Iran, Syria, Israel, and Saudi Arabia) are invited to make peace among themselves.

Choral Society from front

members of the Staten Island Philharmonic Orchestra. Unfortunately, the orchestra, seated in front of the choir, overpowered the singers to the point that it was hard to hear the words they sang. The problem of the orchestra's volume was so bad by the beginning of the Gloria Patri that the only way I could tell when the choir began singing was to watch Ms. Alexander cue the choir members and see their mouths begin to move. Particularly egregious was the brass section. I'm sure part of the problem was the acoustics in the church, but I am also certain that the brass could have been muted so we could hear the singers.

After the intermission the choir sang the haunting Qui sedes, Opus 176, Number 6 from Rheinberger's Neun Advent-Motetten.

Most of us who come from the Christian arm of the Abrahamic tradition know the Christmas hymn What Child is This usually sung to the old English tune Greensleeves. The Richmond Choral Chamber Ensemble used a beautiful setting that I had never heard before by one S. Jacobs. It was followed by an equally beautiful Lullaby, Sweet Child by Dolly Spice, who I don't think is one of the Spice Girls.

The Richmond Choral Society Youth Chorus then sang the old German Christmas song Oh Tannenbaum (Oh Christmas Tree) in German beautifully. The adult chorus followed with The Snow Carol (Still, Still, Still) arranged by Audrey Snyder. The two choirs then combined for Peter Cornelius' The Three Kings arranged by Ivor Atkins.

The arrangement of the 19th Century German carol Silent Night and Night of Silence arranged by Ms. Alexander and Eliot Z. Levine followed by Levine's setting for While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks was absolutely fabulous.

The concert concluded with Conrad Susa's A Christmas Garland in which the audience was invited to participate. Both choruses and the orchestra joined in George Frederic Handel's "Hallelujah" Chorus from Messiah.

"Beautiful" is the only fitting word to describe this concert. Indeed, the only fault was the problem of balance between the chorus and the orchestra. The choirs, adult and youth alike, were superb, and the orchestra, except for the problem of overpowering the singers was likewise superb. Perhaps a different venue would solve the problem.

New Vision from front

"That is the type of thing which will attract a lot of bright students and a lot of faculty," said Huber. "It helps the overall image of the quality, improves our brand, and provides a tremendous experience for students and faculty."

A sizeable donation, perhaps near the million to hundred million dollar plateau, could mean a dedication of some sort to its contributor. In the same respect, especially in the case of Senator John Marchi, someone who exhibits a high degree of service toward the college could garner the same graciousness. Because of his integral role in the college's maturity, Senator Marchi will have a chair endowed in his name. Recently, the Staten Island Economic Development Corporation granted \$50,000 dollars to the funding of the Marchi chair in the area of public policy.

"People like that kind of recognition,"

comments Huber. "We would certainly entertain naming opportunities for people. If you're going to be that generous for the public good, it seems to me the least you can do is put a name on a wall. You'll always have to honor your patrons."

With a history that treads through both the private and public sectors, Huber's experience in media relations has brought him from the administration of former mayor Dinkins to a position as the chief speechwriter for Mayor Giuliani (in his first term). Then, wading his toe in the private sphere, Huber worked for three Fortune 50 companies including Pfizer, a major pharmaceutical company, and IBM. He would stay there until he came to CSI.

"I was very flattered," said Huber in regards to his selection, "I am a life-long Staten Islander and I'm glad Dr. Morales gave me this opportunity."

Is Text Message Plan Good?

BY JOEY SCARPA
STAFF WRITER

Long gone are the days where we have heard the most basic and perhaps significant phrases in safety procedures growing up, "stop, drop and roll" and "duck and cover." Nowadays, it is the assumption that everyone has those steps down to a science, but since their early introductions at the elementary level safety lessons and preparations have not evolved nor have they been practiced or reiterated much since their humble beginnings.

With the raging fires in Southern California to the shootings at Virginia Tech, natural disaster and emergency safety and preparedness has once again been pushed into the spotlight. Sadly, not everyone is prepared for these unforeseeable but inevitable emergencies, including our campus.

If a large magnitude earthquake were to occur at the busiest school hour, what would we do?

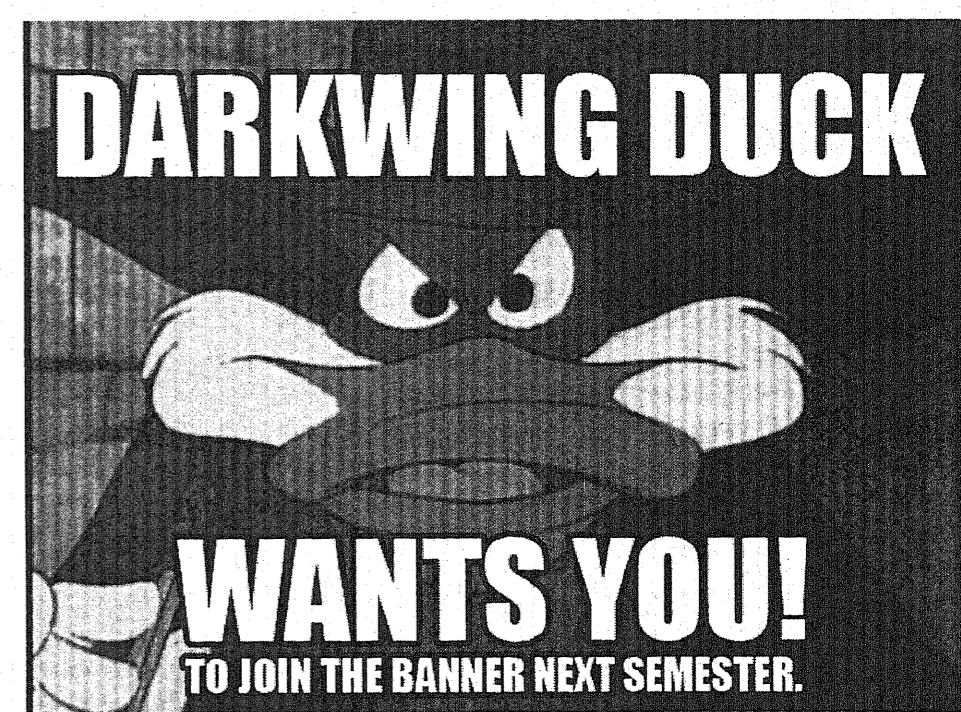
According to Dr. Morales, CSI's newest president, every student on campus should sign up for "Emergency Text Alerts." However, in an emergency would faculty and students stop to check their cell phones, or would they all rush to the parking lots and try to escape out of the vicinity causing the circular street roads

around campus to bottleneck and jam up creating more panic? And if in fact cell phones are prohibited in the classroom, how on earth would these emergency text alerts be effective in any way?

Other districts have recently implemented these "disaster text messaging systems," that alert students and faculty of the dangerous situations going on and what to do. This system can work for some people, but some isn't good enough. If a shooter was on campus or if a fire broke out, who knows just how fast anyone would receive these messages? Would it work during a natural disaster when telephone circuits are most likely to be busy; therefore, not being able to send or receive calls or texts?

What needs to be done is to go back to basics and begin with a brief emergency exit plan in all classes on the first day of school. The first day of classes normally consists of the same tired and generic welcome to the class, which lasts less than an entire class length to begin with. Why not insure our students and faculty safety by preparing everyone and beginning each semester the right way? Why don't we have plan if the unexpected becomes a reality because our safety should be as important now, as it was when we were all in grade school.

LET'S GET DANGEROUS!!!



STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: LUCIE LAURIA
ARTS EDITORS: CARLO MONTAGNINO & CHRIS OLIVIERI
ARTS DIRECTOR: DAN COLONNA
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CONTRIBUTORS: JOSEPH CARAMANNO
FACULTY ADVISOR: FREDERICK KAUFMAN



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Professors That Rock! from front

He counts his influences as including "...Tom Marshall, Mark Sandman, Stephen Malkmus, Kurt Cobain," and countless others which is fitting considering his innovative type of attitude is reminiscent of many of the late 80s early 90s rockers that brought in a whole new wave of sound. Sonic Youth with their makeshift guitars half strung with bass strings with screwdrivers shoved below them is one instance that comes to mind. A true musician really is one that embraces all types of music whether it is mainstream, or way, way off the beaten path. A musician is essentially an explorer, a pioneer, and Matt can certainly be labeled as such.

The word band is not the definition of the word musician, which is something that many people fail to realize. Most of today's youth is sitting listening to their pop punk 3 power chord songs, turning a deaf ear to the vast world of music that is within their grasp. There are multitudes of ways of being in a band without, well, actually being in a band. How about our little friend known as modern technology? Through the use of a computer, Matt's "bands" come together in multi instrument songs with only one brain behind the entire operation. Instead of one big band its "...lots of little ones stored in little spaces." How convenient. Now even though he's tapped into this wonderful world of artificial intelligence that will eventually replace us all, it doesn't mean that he doesn't hit up that open mic night once in a while. Everyone needs a little live play. While he is not in any actual

bands at the moment, Matt has been involved in a few but has found it difficult to get anything together since moving back from Boise, Idaho, given the scene that surrounds him.

Very big into the musical scene, Matt finds himself disappointed in the music surrounding him both at work in Staten Island and in his hometown in North Jersey. He believes that most teenagers are more willing to check out cover bands and arena rock in Jersey rather than check out the hot more underground music scenes of Brooklyn and Manhattan. He says it right when he states that except for the professors on campus, "...virtually no one is into college radio or indie music..."

Dominick Tancredi took a different approach to his musical career than Matt. He approached music as a career and one he could role with. While teaching music class both on campus and separate guitar lessons in private, Dominick still finds time to jam at some local clubs.

Dominick started getting into music in Hs where he "...always loved bass growing up. I started playing and sports fell off along the way, and music took over. I consider myself fortunate because my appreciation is all over the place which means that my playing is all over the place." Well, what's the one thing that everyone asks when you're a musician now? What were your influences? "Stones, loved the bass lines, Zeppelin, John Paul Jones who had such a warm sound and yes, Hendrix. A friend of mine

played the star spangled banner off the Woodstock album and I was like, I didn't know what to make of it, you know what I mean, it was just amazing. All that pain and suffering that comes out as a result of the war was in there, the disastrous aspect of it. Jimi was his influence in terms of spirit because I wasn't a guitar player." Who said you have to be influenced by someone who even plays your instrument? Isn't it really about the spirit of the music?

Dominick's musical life is packed tight after his numerous jobs teaching. Currently playing in multiple cover bands including one for Alice in Chains, and also a jazz band who plays at Valeno Grill on Forest Avenue every Sunday in November from 5-9 with other teachers from High School and College. Both Ray Scro, A saxophonist and music teacher at Curtis High School, and Joe Maniscalco, guitarist and music teacher at Wagner join in regularly. In addition to these two men, Mike Moriali joins in on rotating horns when not teaching a class here at CSI.

A defining experience in his musical career is one that most would kill for. "We were playing in a little place in the village in 89/90 owned by Shane from Ireland. We were getting to end of our set when a huge limo pulls up and a party of people walks in. It's a little tiny place so they sat down in front of us and the other guys start calling tunes we had already played. We just continued our set. We played for a while before I realized we were playing for U2. Bono and Edge sitting there in the

front table watching us. After we played all the band members went running up to them to talk. I was so overcome, because they were a band that had a huge spiritual impact that I just packed my things and went to leave. I had to pass the table in order to leave though. When I walked by, Bono stood up and complimented me and the band and a sense of relief spread over me. I shook his hand. It was so cool. It's humbling seeing someone of that stature be so humble himself."

Music today is becoming repetitive and boring, especially when the musicians aren't saying anything behind their lyrics. While many may get the point across, it's about the subtlety of the music and putting those feelings in the song without actually saying it straight through the words. Only a few modern bands fit that subtlety into the music perfectly. Dominick agrees by saying how artists such as "Jeff Buckley, Fall Out Boy who are good pop writers and My Chemical Romance strikes him excellent song writers. There is a little something extra in My Chemical Romance. A subtle pain coming out that you can't write into the song, it's just there."

Well you can believe that these two musicians go down in our books as two very cool professors. If you are ever given the chance to be around them, we highly recommend you talk to them. You might find out an interesting thing or two about music, or just life in general.

my undergraduate college, The University of Toronto in Mississauga (now UTM, then Erindale College of the U of T) in terms of student body and the actual grounds of the campus: green, pleasant, suburban." Other institutions such as York University, Middlebury College, University of Captown, Rhodes University, and Georgetown University, had many technological resources amid vast libraries. According to Buranello, The CSI Modern Language Department is "absolutely fine" technologically speaking.

As for the CSI students in Professor Buranello's classes, they'll learn lessons in Italian, literature, but should also take advantage of an educator who has been accustomed to the cultures of Europe, North America, and Africa. At CSI Professor Buranello enjoys working with CUNY Honors College Students, "The Honors College is great fun to teach in and the students get tormented by lots and lots of work with excellent results."

incorporate some of the personal activities that he prefers into a lecture. When teaching Italian language courses, there is great emphasis on culture as well as conversation, reading, and writing. So, when discussing Italian art, music, cooking, pastimes, and lifestyles, Buranello can incorporate his own personal experiences from Italy. These stories, quips, and anecdotes enrich the lessons and bring life to the Italian language.

Appreciating his personal time keeps him "grounded" and can even be carried over to the classroom and enjoyed afterwards. "After work, I cook, eat, drink with my wife, talk about our travels (or plan new ones) and run. When I run, I usually run before I cook since after a large meal with wine I am never quite in the mood to run."

Professor Buranello has taught at many universities throughout the world. It was interesting to assess CSI in comparison to other colleges. "It is quite similar to

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Re: WSIA Loses Air, Not Cool

I think that WSIA is an invaluable resource for CSI and the surrounding community. But it sickens me that sometimes the reception of WSIA is bad even on campus. I think it's an underfunded resource and it needs more of the school's attention. And not just so that the school can push its own agenda but to further that of the students.

I believe that WSIA desperately needs to be broadcasted at 100 Watts. It's CSI's radio station, yet a majority of CSI students cannot even listen to it because of its low wattage.

As a former member of WSIA, I know that DJs need feedback from their listeners but cannot receive it if their listeners only hear static.

Hopefully, WSIA will be approved by the FCC to have the wattage increased at all times. If it's only increased at certain times, what good does it serve for those that have shows outside those hours?

Francesca Parasole

I think that it's a shame that CSI's radio station could never get their wattage increased. The radio station does great things for local and unsigned bands and should get the chance to reach a wider set of audience. Perhaps maybe WSIA could form a fund-raiser to collect money to help pay for the wattage increase.

Andrea Garcia

I think it's a shame that the school radio station is facing these problems. I'm one of those people who links up the MP3 player to the car stereo when I drive simply because the music I listen is not played on major stations. Having WSIA gave me an alternative to playing over the same tracks again and again. WSIA is a great asset to the school.

Ray Pfaff

I hope WSIA gets the watts they are hoping for. I definitely would support the continuation of the school's radio station. It's really interesting how many people can hear it, like one person from Sweden.

Also it gives unsigned bands a chance to showcase their music, unlike the commercialized radio stations we have.

After reading this article, I will definitely turn on WSIA in my car or online. It's a good experience for those who work there, and they should get the support needed.

Melissa Hayden

Re: Save Our School

The main reason that this school has such an image problem is not from

lacking in activities or minor problems found around campus. A lot of it has to do with the people here. The professors are mostly good to the students, but the administration sucks. Nobody is willing to lift a finger for someone else, and many are disgruntled and unhappy. This reflects how the students will view the entire school program.

Stasiu Tyburski

I definitely agree with Chris and Carlo on this one. CSI definitely does have a lot to offer to its students; and furthermore, I want my resume to be respectful when I pass it along to prospective employers. With any luck, one day we won't be regarded as having K-Mart education. Other CUNY schools, such as Baruch, are well respected. As a student, who has attended both schools, CSI has a lot in common [with Baruch].

Thomas Carroll

I am a new resident to Staten Island and the East Coast, for the matter, I have found earnest hatred amongst my neighbors and the people of this island.

It's something you're born into, in a sense, because I doubt that many Staten Islanders recognize their misanthropy. It's not a matter of treating your fellow man well, so much as it's a matter of trying to get you're going and FAST!

My suggestion is to slow down. My New York friends pause. Quit the coffee. Actually, stop for pedestrians. That's not meant to be funny. There is hope to make Staten Island a better and cleaner place.

You know what to do.

James Plunkett

I really think CSI could benefit from some "school spirit." As CSI is a commuter school, there really isn't a large student life on campus. Getting "hipper" comedians and musicians for CSI is the best way to start that, but the job lies in the hands of the administration. Also, maybe they should take into account the complaints of the students and attempt to remedy them as best as they can.

Nicholas Rizzi

I agree with much of what was pointed out in this article. CSI does have a lot to offer its students, but we need to put all the available facilities to work I a more connectable way. I agree with the remark about having more youthful acts perform at the CFA. I know I would buy tickets for the Gym Class Heroes if they came here, and I know everyone of my friends would too. The Delfonics? Who are they? Maybe if we have greater incentive to stay on campus for longer than the classes we're taking, everyone would benefit. The school would sell more tickets, food, etc., and the students would gain a more enriching

experience.

Chrissy Deliso

This article to me actually makes a lot of sense. CSI is the school you're almost ashamed to say you attend, even though it is respectable. I find myself saying I go to CSI, but I will always bring up the fact that I went to another college before as well.

I also agree that the issue lies mainly with the administration.

I believe the people that attend school here, will always find ways to look down on it. It's almost common knowledge that nothing great or high class really happens on Staten Island. At least not for long. Not that I'm not proud to be from here because I am. I just think we will constantly feel like we have to prove ourselves, and yet, we constantly seem to fail.

Karis Doerner

CSI, in my opinion, does have an image problem, but the problem is started by the students. This is a great school. And every student attending the school should make the most of their life at the school.

Nick Drossos

I was particularly interested in the "Save Our School" article. It's so true. CSI is not as attributed as it should be when, in reality; CSI is more difficult than any of the private schools that will remain unnamed. If you want to learn, an education can be attained anywhere. CSI should set their standards higher for all the kids who think CSI is a joke. Students here at CSI should be proud of their diploma from CSI instead of looking down upon it.

Anonymous

I found this article had a good point, telling the students that they are attending a good school. You pointed out that the school has a lot to offer and that students should take advantage of it. I do not agree with the way that you criticized the Program Development Committee (Now known as the Campus Activities Board {CAB.}) In the last issue of the Banner, you gave a review of the CAB event Battle of the Bands, and in this issue you are telling the students that we don't do enough for them. You tell us how we should bring big bands like Gym Class Heroes, but you don't acknowledge that we bring bands like the Vincent Black Shadow To Campus. We brought the band Monty Are I to campus but you reported that we only had 10 students and didn't promote it well, in fact we had almost 80 students attend this show. You want us to bring big comedians like Dane Cook but in reality there is no way that cab would be able to afford him. We bring new and upcoming comedians to this campus like

comedian like John Mulaney who performed at CSI on Dec. 5th. You also got our events confused with the events sponsored by the Center for the Arts. CAB does a lot for our campus and it helps students get involved, to show students that the college experience can be educational as well as fun I ask you before you do a review on CAB, please get your facts straight. Thank You.

Gina Abitabile
Deputy - Chair of PDC

Re: Gina Abitabile's Letter

First of all, we'd like to point out that our editorial, was in fact an editorial and NOT a review of CAB.

While we mentioned both the CFA and CAB in our writings last issue, we did not confuse the two. Both organizations are responsible for events that happen on campus, therefore they got lumped together with every organization on campus who are failing to provide students with fitting extra-curricular activities.

The reason that we didn't mention the Vincent Black Shadow show, is because that is nothing to write home (or to the Banner) about. In an impromptu survey of our peers who are all musically aware, 0/10 recognized the name Vincent Black Shadow (outside of the posters circulated by CAB.) Bodog music, the company behind the Vincent Black Shadow, have proven time and time again that they are a bargain basement promotional company with deep pockets. They made their money as an online gambling site, then began promoting extreme fighting, and now are signing up any willing music act. The fact that they promote VBS doesn't mean people know who they are.

Yes, you brought Monty Are I to campus, and I (Carlo) personally saw a tiny crowd listening. There may have been 80 people there, but most of them were sitting at their tables playing Magic, using their laptop, and talking with friends. There are 80 people there at any given time. This is not an accomplishment. We used the example of Monty Are I to demonstrate a complete lack of marketing. The only promotional item we came across on the entire campus was the velcro banner in 1C that hangs out of eyesight of everyone below.

Charge us for tickets to Dane Cook, we will pay happily. John Mulaney, doesn't fill seats. (And no one knew he was performing anyway, more bad marketing).

We appreciate what CAB does for the campus, we merely wish, as students, to offer suggestion on how to better accommodate us.

Chris Olivieri & Carlo Montagnino

Across Borders

BY JOSEPH CARAMANNO
CONTRIBUTOR

Across the sprawling CSI campus, students are rushing to and from their classes. During each semester, routine takes hold, and each week is, for the most part, indistinguishable from another. A select group of students, however, are fortunate enough to take a class with Professor Robert Buranello.

Speaking fluent English and Italian, Professor Buranello has been teaching for over 20 years. Shortly after starting his undergraduate work at the former University of Toronto in Mississauga, he began teaching Italian classes. He has been a full-time professor for the past 10 years. Buranello says, "I love teaching Italian, literature as well as language." As far as his motivation for becoming a college professor he recalls, "When I first

arrived as an undergraduate, I considered high school teaching because my parents were teachers in Italy. After one semester of Dante with Professor G. Pugliese at University of Toronto, I wanted to be a college professor. After taking courses with his wife at the Graduate School, I knew I wanted to specialize in Renaissance Literature." CSI, however, does not have many courses in Renaissance Literature since there is no Italian major, only a minor. The specific literature classes are taught in translation in other departments. Professor Buranello prefers to teach literature in its original language, whether it be English, French, Portuguese, Spanish, German, Afrikaans, etc. He does not mind teaching the English translation.

In class, Professor Buranello tries to

Congrats January Graduates!

The Banner would like to extend it's congratulations to all of the students graduating this January. Props to those graduating early, and even more to those graduating late. Just because there is no real ceremony doesn't mean you don't deserve one.

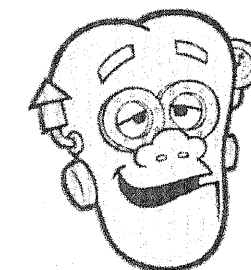


DAPS is in ur bar...

not really doin anything

This past weekend, DAPS met the Hot Dog Guy at Martini Red. If you ask us, the bar is a shit hole, but it's the only place on the island where you can feel good about scamming 15 year old scenester wannabee chicks. Pictured (left to right) Future Borough President Brendan Lyons, Carlo, Chris, and the Hot Dog Guy. Photo by someone else.

CELEB SIGHTINGS @ CSI



"Everyone thinks Boo Berry and I are gay. It's gone so far that now we are reduced to a seasonal release, even though we are delicious, delicious, delicious. Especially Boo Berry."

-Frankenberry

"I love to count DAPS jokes! One bad joke, hahaha. Two bad joke, hahaha. Three bad joke, hahaha. Joke about Dan, hahaha."

-Count Chocula



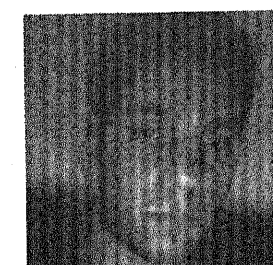
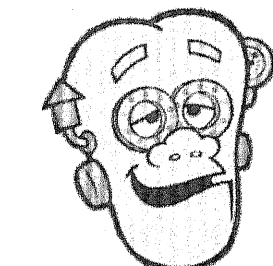
"Frankie, honey, what's the thread count on our Egyptian cotton sheets?"

-Boo Berry



"3 or 4 hundred...wait, what, where....Ah f*ck, I can't believe you've done this."

-Frankenberry



"I've had enough, issue after issue, you guys have made fun of me. You have stolen the worst possible pic from my Myspace, which is too dark in every issue. On top of that, you replaced me last issue with a Heineken! F*ck you, you c*nts, I quit. I hope you guys drop dead!"

-Dan

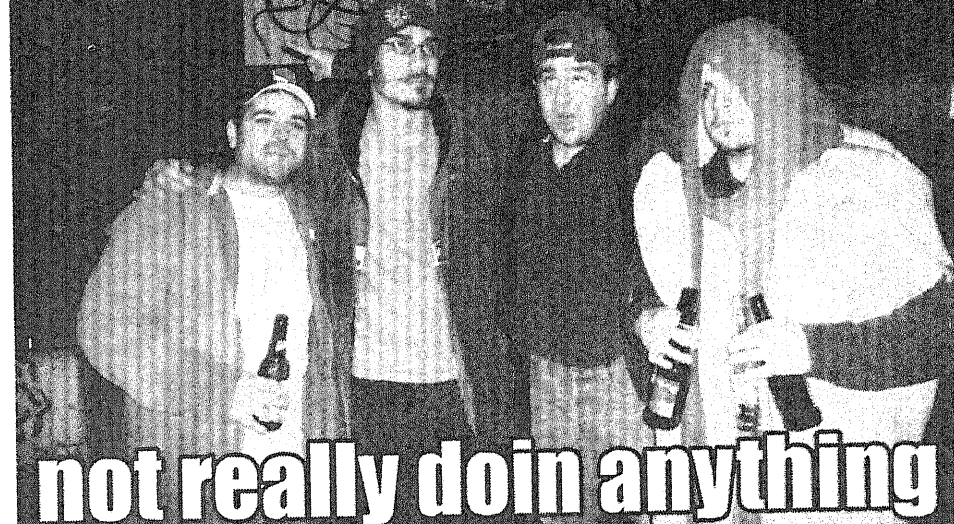


"Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha hahaha!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!oneoneoneone lol."

-Young Chris and Carlo (circa 2002)

Our Trip to the Mall

BY CHRIS OLIVIERI AND CARLO MONTAGNINO
DAPS EDITORS



"Holy shit! Run!" exclaimed Chris as a pack of wild dogs began to chase after our heroes.

"Wow, that was a terrible idea," said Carlo. "What were we thinking?" Just then, the pack leader snips at Carlo's heels.

"I swear to God if we get out of this alive I will never watch the National Geographic channel ever again," said Carlo.

"You listen to so much DMX," said Chris angrily "you should have known this was going to happen."

"They have eaten long enough," said Carlo. "They should stop being greedy." All of sudden a third party runs along side our heroes.

"Hey guys, what's up?" said Andrew. "Hey Drew," said Chris and Carlo in unison, glad to see their friends.

"So what are you doing?" asked Andrew.

"Gettin' chased by dogs," stated Chris.

"Oh, look at that," said Andrew. "So how's the article coming?"

"It's starting off pretty good but we are unsure of where it's going," stated Carlo.

"We decided to go to the mall, to clear our heads," said Chris.

"Bark, Bark, Bark!!" exclaimed a dog within the pack.

"Is that a Doberman?" questioned Andrew.

"Either that or a Rottweiler," explained Chris.

"Same difference really," stated Carlo as he lights a cigarette.

"So what happened at the mall?" inquired Andrew.

"It turns out there was a book signing," stated Chris.

"Who was it?" asked Andrew.

"Guess," said Carlo as he visibly began to lose his breath.

"Tom Clancy," answered Andrew.

"Nope," said Chris quickly. "Dean Koontz," guessed Andrew. "Way off," said Carlo from behind.



This semester's DAPS is proudly sponsored by Glaceau's Vitamin Energy. They never gave us any money. But that's okay because it is just soooooo delicious and fills us with enough energy to deal with printing this trash every other week.

"Drew, we ARE talking about the Staten Island Mall here," stated Chris.

"Oh, okay...Don Rickles!" exclaimed Andrew positively sure he had the correct answer.

"No, Isn't he dead?" inquired Carlo.

"I don't think so," said Andrew. "Just tell me already, I give up."

"Cesar Milan" said Chris with a smirk. "Who the hell is that?" questioned Andrew aggravated at the fact that he was making legitimate guesses.

"The Dog Whisperer!" yelled Carlo as a dog grabs his left shoe. "Ah, f*ck!"

"Oh, I know who you are talking about now" said Andrew.

"They got Carlo," explained Chris "We should double back."

As Chris and Andrew double back to assist Carlo, they begin to pull dogs off of Carlo's bodice.

"So why are these dogs after you?" inquired Andrew.

"OH GOD!! I AM IN TERRIBLE AND HORRIFIC PAIN!!!" said Carlo seemingly in pain.

"Carlo, thought it would be funny if I snuffed The Dog Whisperer" stated Chris "And then this happened."

"I DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD DO IT," yelled Carlo.

"Then why on Earth were we on line for two hours?" asked Chris.

"AHHHHHHHH!!! SHUT UP, HE'S AFTER MY BALLS!!!" squeals Carlo.

"If you dare me to do something I'm going to do it," stated Chris as he pulls the offending dog off of Carlo's balls. Obviously feeling awkward Andrew backed out of the pack of dogs as one grabs Chris's leg.

"I'm not getting involved in this," stated Andrew, "Oh Yeah, Ranger game at The Swiss be there as 6." As Andrew walks away a dog lunges at Chris's neck and sinks his teeth in. Chris screams in agony as the dog begins to shake furiously as if he is playing tug of war.

"Damn!!" yells Carlo. "That dog just stepped on my glasses. I lost my coverage months ago...Chris? Chris???" Out of nowhere a dog bites Carlo squarely in the face.

To be continued....

Carlo's Cute Cuddly Critters



dear future chris and carlo:

remember to fill this box before printing!!

Nicole Bonelli's SEX AND THE ISLAND

The Not So Sexless Diaries because there is a little bit of a junkie in all of us

Back in September 2007, Motley Crue's badass bassist, Nikki Sixx released the book, *The Heroin Diaries*. His addiction began to spiral out of control during the year 1986 while he was playing sold out shows for The Girls, Girls, Girls tour. Like Nikki, all addicts struggle on a day-to-day basis, either to stay clean, or to find their next fix. Unlike Nikki though, not all addictions revolve around drugs.

Addiction - the state of being enslaved to a habit or practice or to something that is psychologically or physically habit-forming, as narcotics, to such an extent that its cessation causes severe trauma.

November 7, 2007
7:26 p.m.

Hi, my name is Nicole Bonelli, and I'm addicted to sex. As a proud nymphomaniac, I would normally never be ashamed to admit to my "illness," but the unthinkable happened today. My monthly visitor has unpacked its bags and is now vacationing in my vagina. Usually I wouldn't have a problem getting over my five day "hump," but this month is very different from the others. A yeast infection a week prior has also forced me to withstand from sex which leaves me to feel very agitated and horny at the moment.

9:54 p.m.

Sex is the last thing on my mind right now. It's the first day of my period, so I'm cranky, bloated, and crampy - the lethal dose that has me convinced that I look horrible naked. Regardless, I'm sure K.J. would compliment me, because that's what boyfriends do... especially when they want to get laid. But deep down in that mind of his, he is probably thinking, "Wow, are you pregnant or something?" Just to set the record straight, it's water weight God Dammit!

1:48 a.m.

It's a given that girls seem to be at their horniest during "that time of the month." So, what do you get when your night consists of a horny couple and KY Jelly? A SLIP AND SLIDE! Ok, so I may not be the best comedian, but I do give a pretty intense massage. It was no surprise that this innocent back massage took a detour down south for some mouth to penis resuscitation. There was simply no better way to calm K.J.'s nerves before his big nursing exam tomorrow. More importantly though, how

am I not C.P.R. certified?

2:02 a.m.

If this were any other night, I would be drifting off into LaLa Land with The Fresh Prince of Bel - Air's theme song piercing through my ear drums, but tonight is different. As I toss and turn in my bed, sexual desires ooze from my mind. It's official; I hate guys solely because they can get off whenever they want... that is, unless they can't get it up. O.K., I'm going to sleep.

K.J. - 1:45 a.m.: I am addicted to sex, so normally by this time of night I would be craving it. But sex is the last thing on my mind right now since I have last minute studying to get done for my exam tomorrow. Regardless, even if I wanted to have sex, I'm out of luck because my girlfriend's "monthly visitor" stopped by today. It's satisfying to know that we not only got in one last immense round last night, but my girlfriend "took care of me" earlier. So as of now I am holding up pretty well. Day one without sex, and I'm doing ok.

November 8, 2007
9:04 a.m.

I just woke up; only because my cramps felt like thousands of needles puncturing my uterus. I would just love to lay in bed all day, curled up in the fetal position under my blankets. I took my final dose of Mydol last night, and I can't even afford a new box for my next fix. It looks like I'll have to suffer with cramps while K.J. has to suffer with my mood swings.

6:54 p.m.

The thoughts of hot steamy sex have been replaced with mental notes to take my birth control pill at 9:10 every night, and that I need to stop at Duane Reade after class to stock up on tampons. Things could be worse; at least I don't have to take the walk of shame trip down Isle 9, frantically searching for a pregnancy test.

10:34 p.m.

Tonight is Thirsty Thursday's at Big Nose Kate's. Ever since I turned 21, it's refreshing to know that I don't have to "sneak" into Karl's Klippers and subject myself to hanging out with fifteen year old delinquents whose delinquent parents allow them to go to a bar. I sat patiently waiting for the true remedy for cramps to linger past my lips... tequila. After a few drinks and sexual advances

on K.J.'s part, we headed back home.

12:47 p.m.

As we cuddled under the blanket, I'm assuming K.J. figured I might crack under temptation as the tequila continued to flow through my veins. Pushing my hair behind my right ear, he whispered, "Let's have sex in the shower." But as I felt his third leg poke me from behind, I had to eliminate the friction between our bodies before we ignited a fire. Feeling like a mental patient in an institution, I silently pleaded with my voices in my head to let these urges die down.

1:22 a.m.

My heart rate has returned to normal, chills no longer creep down my spine, and I no longer have the urge to run The New York City Marathon. (Hey, better late than never.) I feel as if I am coming down from a Cocaine binge, but my drug of choice wasn't blow, it's something just as addictive... sex. My uphill battle against my "addiction" is teaching me a lesson about self control. My motto is, as long as I don't see K.J. naked, I'll be o.k. But K.J. on the other hand, he is probably suffering from a terrible case of blue balls.

K.J. - 2:12 a.m.: That really sucked before. We got back from Big Nose Kate's at around 11:30 p.m. and all I wanted to do was shower and lay down. Nicole and I were cuddling in my bed as my naked body pressed up against hers. Friction started to rise between us, and I was immediately tempted to remove her underwear. But I soon realized it was pointless, this would be yet another torturing night. The both of us would have to suck it up and succumb to a great deal of will power. After this heightened peak of our sexual desires, we both came to the conclusion it would be best to just sleep it off. It's only day two of her cycle, so it will be rough getting through the next three or four days.

November 9, 2007

3:28 p.m.

I'm at work all day on Friday's, so it was a great escape when I met up with K.J. during my break, and by "meeting up," I mean we fooled around. Is it possible to be addicted to blow jobs? My next swim class just got here. God, I hate kids. My job has given me the incentive to never get pregnant. Note to self: make doctors appointment to get

my tubes tied after work.

3:21 a.m.

A full moon makes people do crazy things, and that probably explains why my friend and I found us at a sorority party in Brooklyn tonight. Now, I don't have anything against Greek life, (even though I had a crappy pledging experience during my freshman year at St. John's University,) but this isn't my kind of crowd. After using the "my friend is sick line," we made a quick escape back to Staten Island, a.k.a. "civilization." I felt we would be intruding on a "guy's night out," but the thought of feeling K.J.'s lips on mine sent me racing over to Big Nose Kate's. I anxiously waited all day for a kiss from the one I love, but I got more than I bargained for, drunken slurs from my drunken boyfriend.

3:47 a.m.

Calling it a night, unfortunately there was no time to meet up for a late night quickie.

K.J. - 3:24 a.m.: I'm just about settled for bed. It sucks; I have to wake up in two hours for work. I hate life guarding at such an early hour. I can't wait to have sex with my girlfriend, I love her so much. At this very moment, I am extremely horny. I want nothing more than to be pressed up naked against her. Guess I'll have to sleep it off. Tomorrow is another day. Ahhhh, this sucks!

November 10, 2007

2:56 p.m.

Holy crap, I woke up late for work today, but unlike my boyfriend, at least I didn't miss my whole shift. See kids, it just goes to show, when you're a life guard, don't drink and go to work at six the following morning. I was supposed to see K.J. afterwards, but an elongated conversation about sex with my coworkers and a cock blocking cousin sent me home by myself.

8:39 p.m.

Must... throw... up... After completing a whole pizza pie for dinner, K.J.'s and I almost cracked once again. But, you know how people tell you not to swim right after you eat? Well, the same rule applies with sex. Bad stomach cramps are not amore.

9:42 p.m.

Two of our coworkers are celebrating their 21st birthdays at The Burrito Bar tonight, and after a few intense

games of Rocks, Papers, Scissors, we decided to attend. Now that I think about it, how could I ever consider passing up a Maui Wowie?

2:02 a.m.

The party was pretty cool. We even ended up bumping into The Dog and Pony Show's Chris and Carlo. On a sad note though, no matter how much I tried, I couldn't get drunk... probably because I ate half a pizza pie earlier tonight. On an even sadder note, K.J. and I had to hear one of our coworkers complain about her not so up to par sex life. At that point I was ready to drag K.J. into the bathroom so we could "bless" The Burrito Bar with our own "holy water." (Hey, it's pretty clean.)

3:27 a.m.

I was apparently all talk, no action, because as soon as my head hit my pillow, I passed out. Good night.

K.J. - 4:15 a.m.: I just brought Nicole home. I am so wiped out right now; I can't wait to go back to sleep. Earlier tonight we went to The Burrito Bar to meet up with two of our coworkers who were both celebrating their 21st birthdays. It was a good time, but after several drinks it was already 1:30 a.m., so we decided to call it a night. When we got back to my house, sex was not an issue; we just ending up taking a nap. I think the hurdle is over, because I am pretty sure that her cycle is just about ending. I bet by later tonight we can work something out; that will be my motivation for today. I'm very tired right now, so good night.

November 11, 2007

5:58 p.m.

I haven't had a normal night's sleep in such a long time, and it's starting to get to me. I feel like my job is a weekend getaway to Aruba... during a tornado. On the plus side though, I made a twenty-dollar tip from my pool party which will be invested into condoms. Oh, what it's like to be broke.

1:02 a.m.

After dinner K.J. and I went back to his house for some "alone time." But surprise, I still have my period! The slightest amount of blood freaked me out as K.J. lay next to me ready to explode with sexual frustration. I find it odd that my period doesn't bother K.J., but I guess that's why he's going to be a nurse. It took me over an hour to complete my award winning dramatic performance before we both came to terms that sex was not in the cards for tonight. Maybe it's a sign that we shouldn't be

having sex for the sake of this article.

K.J. 4:15 a.m.: Nicole and I were so exhausted that we ended up staying in. We cuddled under the blanket as we wrapped our naked bodies around each other. Tonight, we were as close to having sex as you could be, without actually having sex. Nicole was still bleeding a little, but by tomorrow night she should be all cleared up. Unbelievable, it's been five days without sex, but we're surviving.

November 12, 2007

12:46 p.m.

My fuel tank is on empty; I don't have an ounce of energy left in me. Ah, the life of a 21year old. Is it possible to do it all? You know, party, school, work, sleep, a relationship? After class I took a well-deserved nap... that was until my cell phone started ringing off the hook. Why do people only call me when I'm sleeping? Why can't I at least dream about the great sex that I can't have?

1:32 a.m.

Day six, and we finally cracked. I guess listening to Sex Type Thing by The Stone Temple Pilots at the gym today put me in the mood. Along with my body, my mind was stripped down to all of its glory. In the heat of the moment our bodies became one once again. I no longer cared about finals or the fact that I have gained six pounds since I started dating my boyfriend. My period is 99% over, but regardless we deserved it. Between my yeast infection and period, it's been too long since we had sex, especially when you're used to having sex once a day.

K.J. 2:15 a.m.: It was about six days in the making, but Nicole and I finally cracked tonight. There was just a slight hint of her period left, but we didn't care, we just couldn't resist anymore. There is nothing like a dose of sex to relieve you from an overwhelming day. It was the perfect remedy. Our two bodies pressed up against each other is pure paradise. She is my modern day heroin, and I love her. Mission complete.

November 13, 2007

9:20 a.m.

I ran as far as I could, but my cold finally caught up with me. It's been said that an apple a day keeps the doctor away. Why can't sex keep the doctor away? I would never be sick. I'm going back to bed.

1:50 p.m.

I just got back from class. I managed to drag myself out of bed when I realized that my professor was handing back our

midterm papers today. Someone must have been looking out for me today because I somehow managed to pull off a B on my paper. God, I sound like such a pessimist, why do I find it so hard to believe that I can actually write. Anyway, this calls for some "celebration sex" later tonight.

2:17 p.m.

I've been refreshing my MySpace page for the past 10 minutes, nothing has changed, so I am going back to bed. I am hoping that a three-hour nap will recharge me for tonight's festivities. Note to self: turn off cell phone during naps.

6:43 p.m.

I feel like I a 50-year-old woman going through her midlife crisis "change." I've come down with a slight fever, and as beams of sweat drip down my forehead, all I can think about is falling asleep in K.J.'s arms. Sex is the last thing on my mind right now, especially after a fellow classmate's remark about why my face looked so "horrible." I feel sexier than a twelve year old going through that "awkward" change.

9:35 p.m.

I just remember; K.J.'s grandmother returned from North Carolina earlier today. The nights of not having to worry about walking to and from the bathroom naked are long gone. Do "normal" girls get depressed about this? I'm finding something wrong with how upset I am about my bathroom privileges getting taken away. Anyway, as much as K.J. is going to insist that we aren't going to have sex tonight, he'll give in. All it takes in a few kisses on the neck, and he is putty in my hands. Wow, I'm sitting here typing away about how I am going to seduce my way into my boyfriend's pants. I really am a guy trapped in a woman's body. That's weird, I suddenly have the urge to down a six-pack as I scratch my ass.

1:42 a.m.

I just got home, and yes, we had sex tonight... big surprise. But not even a 102 fever could control my urges as I watched K.J. get changed into his pajamas. (Hey, I can't help myself, he looks great naked.) The sex was mind blowing, but tonight I got an extra bonus; oral sex. Eating out, putting a guys mouth to good use since 1754. My body was finally put at ease since it has felt like an eternity since I last got off. Unfortunately though, it was back to the floor since K.J.'s grandmother's bedroom is right by his. Minus the rug burn and the back

pain; I can't complain. That reminds me, I should make an appointment with a cyoproactor.

K.J. - 1:57 a.m.: Today was long and exhausting, but overall it was a great day. After work tonight, Nicole and I cuddled in my room. Cuddling soon led to cuddling naked, then cuddling naked led to the both of us losing control. Unfortunately, it was back to the floor for us tonight since my grandmother returned home from North Carolina. (My bed is very squeaky and I'm sure the neighbors hear us sometimes.) Before we had sex, Nicole actually let loose first with an explosive orgasm. This got me extremely excited, which ended up initiating sex. As always, the sex was great, even though it was cut short due to a cramp Nicole suddenly developed. This cramp sadly occurred right as I was about to orgasm, so technically I had half an orgasm. Regardless, it was still a great experience; we were both so turned on. It's so great to be having sex again, and there is no greater experience than being wrapped naked in each others arms.

December 6, 2007

5:09 p.m.

It's been a month since I wrote this piece, and not much has changed. K.J. and I are still together and happier than ever. We're both still sex junkies, continuing to put rabbits around the world to shame. Unfortunately though, we've slowed down since finals are right around the corner. I'll never forget these unforgettable words he uttered during our one week sex hiatus; "Having as much sex as we do shows how much we love and care for each other." Call it a cheap easy trick to get down my pants, but he's right. When we become one, and I look up into those sparkling hazel eyes, I'm overcome by emotions. At that moment, nothing else in the world matters. My mind goes blank; it is pure nirvana. Maybe Nikki Sixx and I have more in common than the long black hair and tight pants. At the end of the day, there is a little bit of a junkie in all of us.

Are You A Designer, Writer, or Editor?

The Banner is looking for talented graphic designers, writers, editors, photographers, and anyone else interested in publishing. We are looking for staff for the coming semester, if you are interested, please contact us at lucie.lauria@gmail.com

Interview With J Love About the State of Hip-Hop

This Profile was excerpted from The Foundation Magazine

BY MICHAEL COHEN
STAFF WRITER

In a room clouded with weed smoke and Domino's Pizza fumes, a bright yellow Air Force One sneaker flashed on the TV screen as the ten o'clock news reported a fashion trend called "Retro Wear."

"People actually buy these weird Uptowns?," Killa Sha, the veteran Queensbridge rapper mocked.

"Nah," J Love responded with a modest mumble and a mouth half full of pizza, "I don't wear them fruity ass colors."

He stood rocking a solid blue Brooklyn Dodgers jacket over a blue and white Dodgers jersey, matching a solid blue Mitchell & Ness Dodgers hat; in the same way J Love never followed current mixtape trends, he didn't appear to favor current fashion trends.

As the news went further into reporting on the fashion craze, Killa Sha went further on an abusive rant. "That shit is not commin back," he shouted as the TV showed some flattop fade rocking, tight pants wearing teenagers, break dancing as if it were 1986. "That shit is not commin back yo."

This "Retro Wear" trend gets confusing. J Love's throwback baseball gear and #5 Jordans didn't qualify as Retro Wear. Just that mid/late 90's hip-hop style. These Retro Kids on the news were born between 88' and 90' but claimed to be "old school" in demeanor.

It's a rebellious fashion statement brought about by the insecurity and frustration of the gimmicked out hip-hop music that has plagued their generation. These NY teens distance themselves from new millennium hip-hop with such extremities that they look like they are auditioning for a remake of the 1982 film Wild Style.

But J Love, the "Street Savior" and self proclaimed "King Of What I Do" has come to "Better Your Life" in 2007, as he makes you "Acknowledge Greatness."

Acknowledge Greatness, J Love's forthcoming album thumped in the background of the studio as J and his crew satisfied haze induced munchies and abused the pathetic fashion trend. "Muthafuckas look like little Lupe," said Killa Sha, mockingly referring to Lupe Fiasco's dress code.

"I'm not ridin wit the times man," J Love said earlier that evening after playing a 16 track sneak peek of Acknowledge Greatness. "I'm not ridin the wave man. Like, Chicken Noodle Soup was the biggest record, that shit sucks. I don't care if it was a little kid... I'm not knocking somebody for tryin to do their thing, but for DJs to sit there and be like 'this shit is hot,' it's like, dog, did

you pop a tab? What are you on acid right now?"

Influenced by classic hip-hop but inspired by disgust of rap music's current state, J has heightened his already top-notch work ethic. The 16 tracks he played didn't even make up half of the material he has prepared for Acknowledge Greatness. Despite music's overall dreadful economic state J has entertained the idea of dropping a double album, regardless of how difficult it is to sell a single LP these days.

"I feel confident, 1, in my product," J declared, "and 2, it got that old school hip-hop sound that's kinda missing from hip-hop period."

By "old school hip-hop sound," J didn't mean beat boxing and pop locking, just a return to hard beats and hard rap; well thought out lyrics, creative hooks and rugged scratches. Reminiscent of the 90s but conceptually up-to-date.

"I'm not on some 'stuck in an era shit,' but quality music is quality music," J said, "and I don't feel that a lot of shit out now is quality music. Lyrically a lot of niggas suck."

J's relationships with legendary lyricists only aid his approach. He's able to achieve a balance of rap veterans and hip-hop novices all with the same idea of what rap should sound like. Names that hip-hop heads salivate for, such as, Large Professor, Kool G Rap and Omega help J to introduce his new artist, Meyhem.

Taking the lyrical forefront on his new album, J has slightly deviated from his usual style. "I always wrote, ya know, I always rhymed," J said, "but I just felt that niggas was so much illa back then that I was like 'maybe this shit aint for me.'"

J gained most of his notoriety by compiling artists' greatest tracks and underground classics and arranging the songs according to his liking. 5 Nas's Finest tapes, 5 Mobb Misses, 3 Mary J. Blige best of mixes, 4 Return of the Swarm CDs, countless individual Wu-Tang member mixes and a Legends series of mixtapes so far consisting of Rakim, Gangstar, LL Cool J, and Slick Rick, hardly begin to illustrate the thoroughness and consistency of J Love's mixtape resume. His "Best Of" track record does, however, give a good indication of his taste of hip-hop.

Though J rhymed and produced more and relied less on other classic emcees on his new album, he didn't deviate from that rugged New York hip-hop sound. "Maybe I'm in a time capsule or whatever the fuck niggas wanna say, but I'm just not conforming to that bullshit style of hip-hop," he explained, "that cat-in-the-hat rap shit. It's like the stu-

pider you rap the illa you are now. Fuck that shit."

Sticking to his own style has earned J minute criticism but mostly served as the main ingredient for his success. He is renowned for his "Best Of" series but still throws in a mixtape of current bangers every few months or so. Even his 'new joint' mixtapes never sound redundant with other DJs. "What's the difference between hearing a Kay Slay CD or Big Mike CD or Clue?" J rhetorically asked.

"All that matters is who drops the day before. My shit is timeless... Some mixtape DJs might sell more than me or have more CDs out there, but that shit is out for one week. It's like you're hot for one week and then that shit is a fuckin coffee coaster."

J built a business/legacy from a childhood hobby. As a 9 year old he remembered, "walking around with like ten cassettes in each pocket. I had like mad albums," he continued, "and would be recording my own tapes, the way I wanted to hear songs."

Arranging songs the way he wanted to hear them garnered J slight success but more so, it set him apart from other DJs. The "Best Of" tapes established himself as an individual and not a robot DJ playing whatever he's paid to play. "That's why I don't really do clubs," J said, "cause I'm not gonna play wack shit. If I don't like it I don't even wanna spin it. That might work against me in a lot of aspects, but fuck it."

J went against the grain (and still goes against the grain) by making mixtapes that are essentially just his favorite songs from his favorite artists. By just looking at his mixtape catalog, viewable on the inside cover of any J Love mixtape, you can understand J as a fan, not just a DJ.

AZ, Nore, Tragedy Kadafi and Big Noyd, not the most radio friendly emcees, but that's who J liked so that's who J fucked with. Once upon a time DJs actually played records because the liked them - before corporate commercialism tore through hip-hop like a lifer tearing up the asshole of a fresh fish in jail.

"There's only like the top 40 that gets rocked on the radio every day," J said. "There's a lot more than 40 fuckin rappers out there. How else [they] gon get heard if it's not through mixtapes?"

Though J lives up to his Street Savior title by providing an outlet for emcees shunned by commercial radio, he still made three volumes of Bulletproof; The Best of 50Cent. J defended the criticism of 50's simplified lyrics and commercial gimmicks. "You gotta remember, 90% of the public is

stupid," he said in 50's defense, "so you gotta water shit down sometimes."

"As far as gimmicks, 50Cent is maybe the exception to the rule... that nigga just can't lose... his work ethic is insane too, that's what you need in this game."

J himself has always steered free of gimmicks. With his success, J has improved the quality of his mixtape covers but he never dabbled in excessive artwork. "People have wack mixtapes," J said, "but might have Lil Wayne punchin Jay-Z in the face on the cover. People are on some straight gimmick bullshit. I'm not into gimmicks, that has never been me."

J's early mixtape covers consisted of nothing more than a photo of the artist, title of the mixtape, and J Love's name. He sold music, not PhotoShop tricks. With some fame and money J has upgraded the artwork of his mixtape covers, but not much more than a red and black heart with balled fists taking place of the letter O in J-Love.

Not conforming to commercialism might have stagnated his financial success but J claimed to be, "not really after the paper like that. Granted I'm not a fuckin fool who don't want money, but I'm just tryin to make music."

J doesn't reap the international fame of a DJ Clue or the commercial radio love of Enuff and Kay Slay, but still has his Sirius Satellite show, went on a world tour working as Ghostface Killah's official DJ and, most notably, has created a legendary catalog of mixtapes.

Steam rose from the Dominos' Pizza box just beneath the gold Big L plaque hanging on the wall. The Big L plaque is the first thing to catch your eye when you enter J's studio. Perhaps it's a reminder to every rapper who steps through the door to step up their lyrics.

Acknowledge Greatness, packed with lyrical assassins, pumped in the background, but between Killa Sha's abusive rant and Max the engineer screaming, "who put a blunt out on my leather couch," it was impossible to tell which track was playing.

This little room under the 7 line in Long Island City Queens, clouded with weed smoke and fast food fumes, was also packed with time-warped hip-hop heads who still care about lyrics.

"Really I don't know where the fuck hip-hop is gonna go," J said, "how much more stupid can it get? You just gon say hooks like, 'hot, hot, hot, hot,' can you get any stupider?"

"I don't know buddy, hip-hop is really out of control."

BANNER SPORTS

Dolphins Drop Conference

BY MATTHEW CIRELLI
SPORTS EDITOR

Despite CSI's efforts, Brooklyn College emerged with a 72 - 70 victory in a hard fought battle that was back and forth throughout.

Robert Mesjaz and Gari Blackett sprung the Dolphins to an early 11 - 5 lead as the two traded buckets. CSI maintained the lead for most of the first half before falling behind with about 5 minutes remaining. Blackett, the team's leading rebounder and 3rd leading scorer, took a seat with foul trouble at about the same time. Blackett's foul issues continued to plague him during the entire game causing him to watch from the bench for nearly half the game. The Dolphins clearly felt the impact of that loss, yet were able to steal back a 5-point lead before halftime.

CSI controlled the opening minutes of the second half with a sizeable lead but a 3 pointer from Brooklyn's Daniel Nisbett gave the Bridges a 1-point advantage. Then the see saw battle began in full force. CSI stormed back into the lead behind Sean Weismuller's three consecutive field goals. Brooklyn

quickly answered with a pair of free throws along with two more buckets. With 40 ticks left on the clock the Dolphins were back up a point before Brooklyn's Reginald Posey hit a shot that put Brooklyn ahead for good. Nisbett's free throw with 2 seconds remaining made the game 72 - 70, which would be the final mark after the Dolphin's desperation heave came up empty.

Mesjaz led the Dolphins in scoring with 19 while Weismuller posted a double-double with 13 points and 10 boards. Blackett was also able to post 13 points even though he spent half the game on the bench.

CSI is still winless in conference play, an unusual place for a team that normally competes at the top of the CUNY division year after year. They will look to get back on track with their upcoming Tournament of Heroes in which some tough out of state opponents will make their way to Staten Island. Those games should serve as a nice tune-up for the next conference match in early January against Medgar Evans.

New Paltz Halts Dolphins

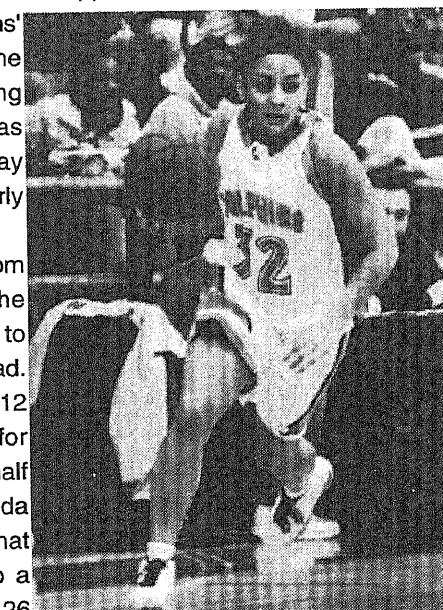
BY MATTHEW CIRELLI
SPORTS EDITOR

The New Paltz Hawks handed CSI it's first loss of December in dominating fashion, 74 - 44. The disappointment came in the Dolphins' fifth straight road game and the exhausting travel will continue, as CSI will remain away from home until early January.

Setting the pace from the opening tip, the Hawks jumped out to an early 14 - 2 lead. They held the same 12 point advantage for most of the first half until Nicole Estrada sparked a 9 - 0 run that narrowed the gap to a mere 3 point margin, 26 - 23. That would be as close the Dolphins came to tying the game as they began to falter immediately after their short spurt.

CSI went ice cold from the field, at one point missing 16 straight attempts, carrying over from the end of the first half

and into the early minutes of the second. During this stretch the Hawks ran off a huge 17 point run and would not look back as New Paltz was able to waltz away with the 30 point victory.



The Hawks swarming defense held CSI to a lowly 24% from the field and they owned the boards as well. CSI was out-rebounded 56 - 27. Kristen Panariello led the Dolphin's in scoring with 16 points.

The loss is only the 3rd of the season for CSI and came at the heels of a 3 game winning streak. The non-conference game did not put a dent on the Dolphins unde-

feated CUNY standing as they remained 2 - 0 in the division and fell to 5 - 3 overall. CSI will look to respond after the tough defeat with a trip to New Jersey to play William Patterson University in their next game.

CSI Gives To Charity

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Student-athletes at the College of Staten Island, through the efforts of the Student-Athlete Advisory Committee (SAAC), conducted a canned goods and non-perishable food drive to benefit Project Hospitality, and distributed the goods earlier today at the organization's Staten Island headquarters. Members of the SAAC made the trip with Athletics Director Jason Fein and members of the CSI administrative team.

The group's effort was conducted primarily in the Sports & Recreation Center, where each team competed to raise the most canned goods and non-perishables. Each CSI Dolphins team strategically placed collection boxes around the Center, and the team raising the most goods would take top honors, and would make the trip to Project Hospitality to drop off the items.

The men's and women's swimming and diving teams raised the most goods, followed by the women's volleyball team. Over 100 pounds of goods were collected, making it a successful event worthy of recognition.

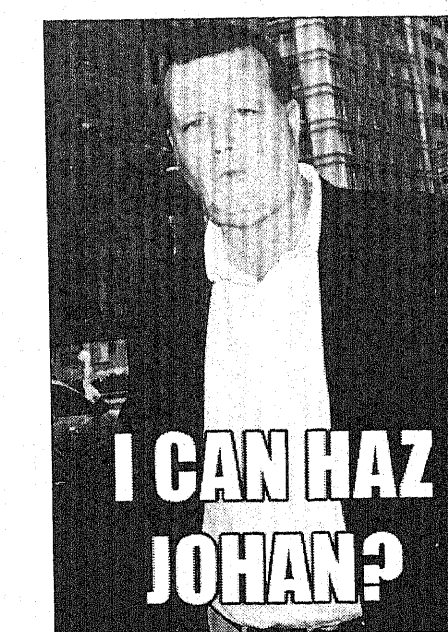
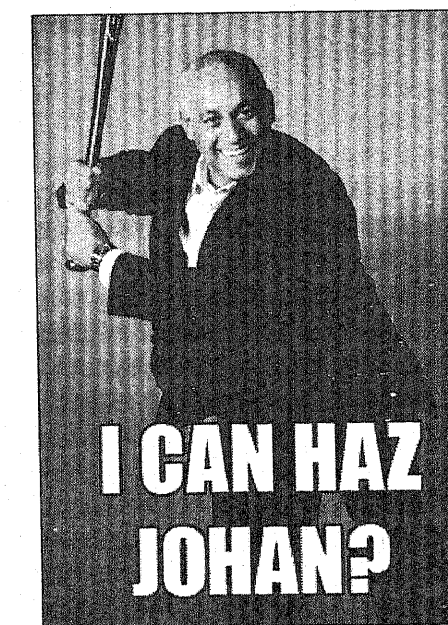
"Our Student-Athlete Advisory Committee always works hard to insure that CSI athletics gives back to the Staten Island community and we're

always happy to partner with an organization like Project Hospitality," said Fein.

Founded in 1982, Project Hospitality is a community-based, not-for-profit agency established as an interfaith volunteer emergency response to the needs of homeless and hungry persons in Staten Island, New York. Incorporated in 1984, this volunteer community network implemented life-saving measures to meet the critical needs of homeless persons in the borough by providing emergency outreach, food, clothing, and shelter.

CSI student-athletes met with Terry Troia at Project Hospitality and posed for pictures and exchanged anecdotes in their short meeting at the organization's Bay Street Staten Island location.

The Student-Athlete Advisory Committee is a group of dedicated student-athletes, traditionally composed of two or three members from each CSI athletics team, who serve as liaisons between athletic administration, student-athletes, and teams. They offer feedback and insight into athletic department issues, generate a student-athlete voice in the formulation of policies, and encourage active involvement of student-athletes both on campus and in the community. Their work with Project



DOG AND PONY SHOW

DAPS:INTERNETS::MONSTERS:TOKYO

How We Learned To Stop Worrying And Love The Banner

BY CHRIS OLIVIERI AND CARLO MONTAGNINO
DOG AND PONY SHOW EDITORS

Last May, Fred Kaufman approached a pair of snarky undergraduates with misshapen heads. He asked these valiant young lads to write for the Banner. After much (and we mean a LOT of), deliberation, Chris and Carlo took the offer and met with Editor-In-Chief, Lucie Lauria.

Silver tongues in cheek, the duo had hoped to talk their way into acquiring a full page to print their ridiculousness. Serendipitously the pair were offered two pages in the paper and the freedom to do whatever they please (see: Awesome Flying Dragons [LOL see colon]). Wielding this newly acquired power, the two ran out of the Banner's office giggling like they just found their daddy's porn dungeons.

Full of themselves and Vitamin Energy by Glaceau, but mostly themselves, Chris and Carlo began writing utter trash every other week for the amusement of no one other than themselves. Much to their chagrin, the section (Dog and Pony Show) was moderately received. C & C humor factory, which they prefer to be called, now had an audience to write for. With these suckas in tow, C & C decided to lure their audience further down the rabbit

hole, into the oblivion they call their imagination. You may have laughed when you read about us talking about our cats, but we laughed more that someone actually read that.

So this is where we are. With a full semester of nonsense behind us, we look back at our college career. Neither Chris, nor Carlo started their college lives at CSI. Carlo spent a year at Hunter, while Chris put in two overwhelming weeks at Baruch. As fate would have it, the dynamic duo would unite in the painfully boring, history of print media class. Being the comic geniuses they are, they decided to supplement their final paper with an absurd video, which by the way eared them an A. In other words, the CSI Hot Dog Guy was born.

Seeing the power of their impetuous pairing, the impetuous pair redundantly found ways to plaster smiles on the faces of the CSI community. This happened, for the most part, in the cozy confines of the 1P building. The moron twins would constantly test new material on the likes of their fellow students, Danielle Palladino, Dan Freakin' Colonna, Evan (no last name), Nicole Bonelli, and the immortal Frantz. Multi Platinum recording artists C & C humor factory also interrupted many key

moments in Professors Mandiberg and Cecchine's class. (We did it because you are our favorite professors.)

All sappiness aside, we're exhausted. It isn't hard writing rubbish. That's the fun part. What's nearly impossible is writing rubbish that we actually want 3000 copies of. There's nothing more draining, both physically and emotionally, than spending nine hours in the cramped steamy confines of the Banner office putting together an issue (especially when you're there after 10pm). It's also difficult working in a filthy mess, which was promptly cleaned by your heroes. (It was seriously disgusting, the last Banner staff should be ashamed of themselves. Cake Fight? What are you twelve?) This, however, doesn't change the fact that we still have tremendous respect for Melissa Seecharan and crew. Putting an issue to bed is a pain in the ass.

Not for nothing, this year's staff was awesome. The DAPS boys have had many arguments over who would get to take William Kline's hand in marriage. That boy is gonna be on the Bachelor one day. Matt Cirelli totally bought into the delusion that is DAPS, and was even featured in one of our funnier Celeb Sightings. Dan was hardly there. Mike Cohen was the only staffer to actually

like the music Carlo played, which was heavily Wu-Tang biased. They are nothing to f*ck with, ya know. We appreciate Nicole Bonelli for always sticking by us and leading the bandwagon. We have also enjoyed Lucie Lauria as both an Editor and Cartoonist. We may never actually understand Theresa and Jorge, but we still find it hilarious. While we're at it we are gonna thank the entire WSIA staff (especially Andrew DeLorenzo, and Emilio Sparks), Steve in the Mac Lab, Jennifer Cortes, Dave Pacheco, Andrew Sotiriou, Mike Bongiorno, and Damian Thomas (aka Matthew Broderick).

Now with our Banner career safely in the rear-view mirror (of our flying dragons), we have decided that we enjoy doing this so much, that we are going to attempt making this our lives. By combining the infinite wisdom of Kaufman, Mandiberg, Cecchine, and the rest of the Communications department, we are launching a website in February called DogAndPonyShowWebsite.com (no, seriously).

With a tear in our eye, and a hand in our pants, we bid the Banner, and CSI itself adieu. God's speed guys, we don't know how you'll do it without us. PS: enjoy the next season of Lost.

Peace out Youngins'.

Letter from Tiffany Jeffrey

You guys are starting to grow on me. I was apprehensive at first because...well, I didn't know what the hell you guys were talking about. But I've decided to give you a chance. One suggestion though, don't gravel for letters. It's not becoming of you guys. Keep the good work and keep me laughing.

DAPS Response to Tiffany's letter

Thank you for your kind words! We are an aquired taste like Uni (google that). We are also happy to hear that we confused you. That means we are smarter. jk :) lol. We will be sure to keep you laughing on the internets. Visit us any time at the links provided to the right! Thx Tiffany. PS, please send gifts next time. XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOX

dogandponyshowwebsite.com
youtube.com/dogandponyshowyoutub
(there is no "e")
myspace.com/dogandponyshowmyspace
funnyordie.com/dogandponyshow
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FOR MORE DAPS, CHECK OUT THE CENTERFOLD.
THIS IS OUR LAST ISSUE!!! HAVE FUN!!! BE GOOD!!! STAY IN TOUCH!!! LOVE YA!!!