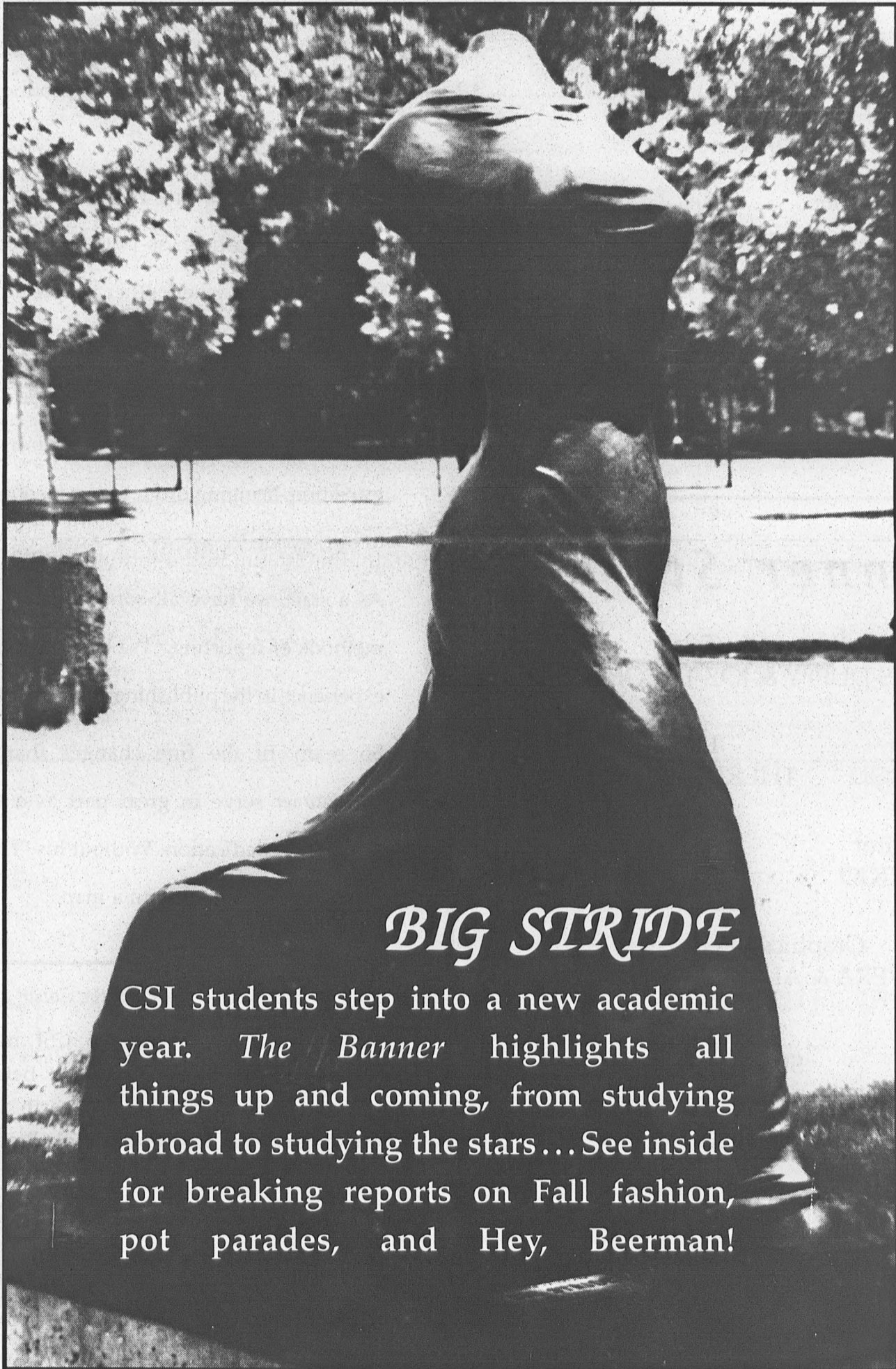




THE BANNER

SEPTEMBER '01



BIG STRIDE

CSI students step into a new academic year. *The Banner* highlights all things up and coming, from studying abroad to studying the stars... See inside for breaking reports on Fall fashion, pot parades, and Hey, Beerman!

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From the Editor

I take this opportunity to applaud the efforts of our faculty advisor, Frederick Kaufman. I've known Professor Kaufman for a year now, and what I have learned from him both in the classroom and at the newspaper is immeasurable. He consistently pushes us to aim higher in our recruiting efforts, to delve deeper in our coverage, to look closer at our writing, and to work harder to produce a product we will all be proud of.

On countless occasions, Professor Kaufman has stayed on late at the office to help us put the paper to bed. He has been patient with us, where other people might not have.

He started in the Fall semester of 2000, as both an English Professor and faculty advisor to *The Banner*. During his first year he helped shepherd *The Banner* through a major staff transition, bringing order to our meetings, and a sense of style to our layout.

As a staff, we have all come to learn a great deal about the methods of reporting. We benefit from Professor Kaufman's experience in the publishing sphere, and we value his guidance.

So many of the fine changes that have taken place at *The Banner* serve in great part as a testament to Professor Kaufman's dedication. Without his "Don't give up," attitude, we would be lost without a map.

On the Cover

Big Stride was donated to CSI in 1993 by the artist Helen Friedland. It stands between Building 1N and the Campus Center on the north side of the campus. The photograph was taken by Pamela Brady, a graduate student in English.

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Faculty Advisor: Frederick Kaufman

Increasing Your Options

A Student Discovers the Difficulties of Becoming an Italian Major at CSI

By Sara Losack

Two years ago I did not know how to spell "ciao." Now I am an Italian major, which would be perfect except for one thing—CSI does not offer a major in Italian.

"I would love for the language major to be reinstated here," says Professor Talarico, Chairperson of the Language Department. "It is a great opportunity for many students."

Recently, there has been an increase in the number of students who would like to minor in a foreign language. Statistics show that 65% of students currently enrolled in Italian 215, and Cinema 406, would consider a major in Italian.

It's a shame that CSI limits our selection of foreign language classes to Italian, Spanish, French, and American Sign Language. Hunter, Brooklyn College, and City College all have a wide variety of language choices, from

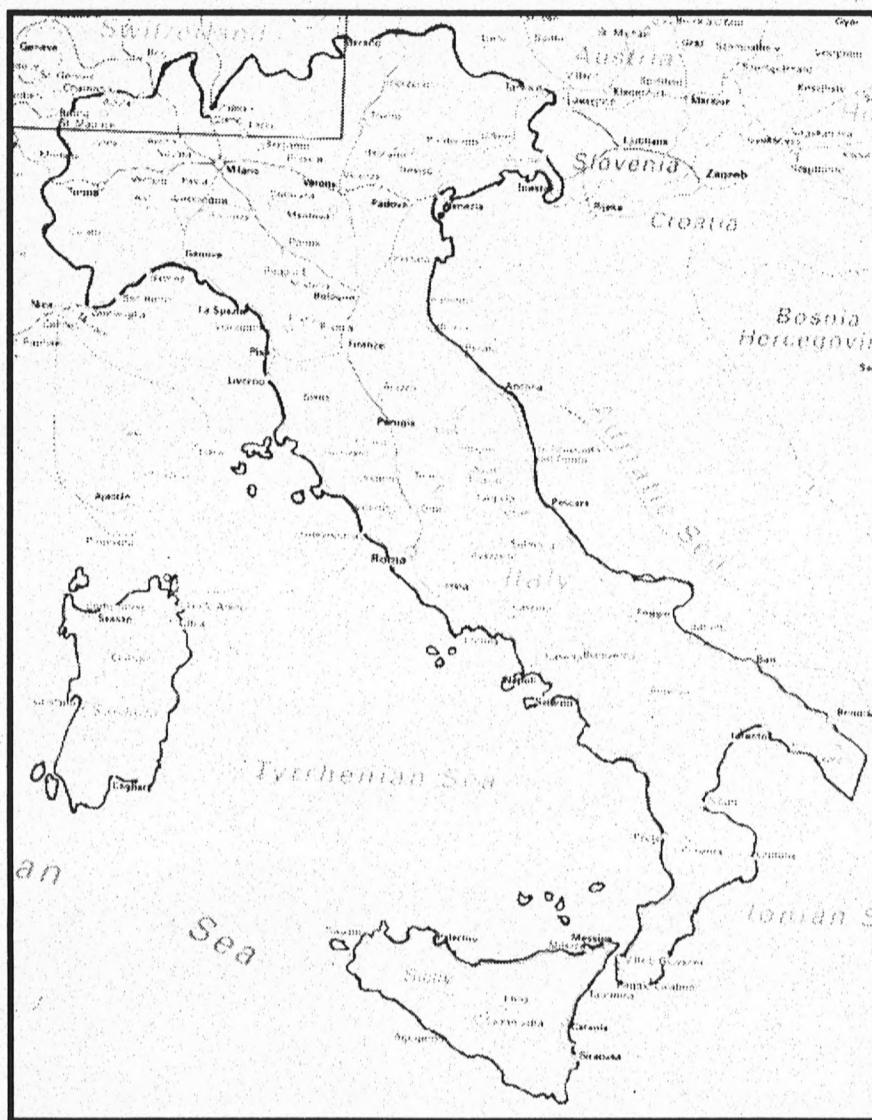
Swahili to Korean.

My desire to major in Italian came to a halt because I did not want to transfer out of CSI. What was there to do? A CUNY Bachelors degree was the answer. A simple form is filled out by the student and then sent to the CUNY baccalaureate program. This program allows a student to take classes at any CUNY campus.

This semester I am enrolled in two classes at Brooklyn College: Contemporary Italy, an exploration of Italy from 1939 to the present, and Italian Literature and Film. The classes are taught completely in Italian.

The requirements of an Italian major vary depending on whether or not you plan on teaching the language. Those who do not plan on teaching must obtain 24 credits in advanced classes, while those who do plan on teaching need 30 credits of advanced classes to satisfy the New York State Certification.

Do, you want to major in a language? So did I, and I am now proud to say that I am fulfilling my dream of becoming an Italian teacher.



It's a big country and a lot of people speak its language. But none of them learned it at CSI.

CSI limits our selection of foreign language classes to Italian, Spanish, French, and American Sign Language.

Hunter, Brooklyn and City have a wide variety of choices, from Swahili to Korean.

Advertisement

GOOD NEWS!

STARTING THIS FALL, THE MTA WILL RUN A LIMITED STOP

BUS SERVICE BETWEEN BROOKLYN AND THE COLLEGE OF STATEN ISLAND.

BEGINNING AUGUST 27TH, BUS ROUTE S93 WILL RUN WEEKDAYS BETWEEN

86TH STREET AND 4TH AVENUE IN BAY RIDGE AND THE COLLEGE OF STATEN ISLAND.

THERE WILL BE THREE SCHEDULED TRIPS FROM BROOKLYN EACH WEEKDAY MORNING AND

THREE FROM THE COLLEGE EACH WEEKDAY AFTERNOON. THERE WILL BE A LIMITED NUMBER OF

STOPS ALONG THE WAY, INCLUDING CONNECTIONS TO SUBWAY AND BUS ROUTES.

THE S93—BEGINNING AUGUST 27TH.

Downtown Day Tripping

Get an inside look at the new hip spot in New York City

By Jessica Mendez

Welcome to Downtown Brooklyn! I'm so glad you could make it to the most happening renaissance since Harlem. In the past five years, Carroll Gardens and Cobble Hill (especially Smith St.), has changed from boring to bada-bing. What? You've never heard of Carroll Gardens or Cobble Hill? You don't know about Smith St., the place newcomers have dubbed "Little SoHo?" Where have you been?

Well, before the renaissance, Smith St. was nothing to brag about. A frequent visitor to the neighborhood, Sonia Collazo, remembers when Smith St. wasn't so fabulous. "It was ghetto...There was garbage on the floor [and] graffiti everywhere. Now [it's] beyond the Village." As you'll see, so much has changed lately. Smith St. has been featured in the pages of Vogue, Time Out New York, and Lucky, just to name a few. Have you ever seen the video "Just Friends" by Musiq Soulchild? That was filmed in Cobble Hill, in front of the Musician's General Store. Sheryl Crow's "Every Day is a Winding Road" video was filmed in Carroll Park, just up the block from where I live! Or hey, have you seen "Object of my Affection?" That cozy little walk-up apartment is right across the street from Carroll Park.

So, are you ready to spend your Saturday Smith St. style? There's so much happening here. What do you want to do first? Ooh, I know! Why don't we go shopping? Smith St. is teeming with some of the hippest boutiques in New York. We could go to Astro*Turf, a vintage shop. Then there's Refinery, the definitive source for chic handbags. Or, ooh, there's Crush, the most awesome kitsch mecca-okay, okay, I'm shutting up! Let's go!

This is Astro*Turf, an awesome antiques store. These green, purple and white walls are filled with the hottest vintage furniture from the 50s to the 80s. Yes, I know it's small, but that's what's so great about it. It's completely void of that "super store" mentality. I am loving these vintage "Planter's Punch" logo juice glasses, aren't you? See the willowy brunette behind the glass counter? That's Sarah Lichtman, who, along with Rachael Keuny, owns this great little boutique. Sarah and Rachael actually opened Astro*Turf five years ago at the start of the renaissance. Sarah is also a lifelong resident of the neighborhood. Just look around. This place has everything from avocado green dishware (perfect for all those graduating seniors moving out of mom and dad's) to vintage shot glasses (perfect for all those graduating seniors moving out of mom and dad's!) Do you see anything you like? Well, I'm picking up this vintage Arrowhead shot glass and then it's on to Refinery.

Yes, it's time to feed my handbag

obsession at Refinery. These, my friend, are not your granny's purses. These bags sport fun yet sophisticated prints with great names like Chickadee (burgundy silk with small birds printed), Stella's Trellis (green and white jacquard), and Ant Farm (think, well, ant farm tunnels). From what, Gracie (the elegant sales girl) tells me, Refinery's been open 3 years. "This is one of the first boutiques in the area, then over the past three years, it exploded." Can't you see why? These bags are absolutely beautiful, as are the elegant throw pillows. Sure, the bags are a bit pricey for the average strug-

everything from Powerpuff Girls merchandise to penis-shaped novelty lipsticks. Hmmm, what's this? Chocolate body powder, complete with feather...this could come in handy...Moving on, I also love their vintage clothes collection! They have an equally hot selection of vintage denim, fancy frocks and tantalizing novelty tees. This is the coolest store ever!

Okay...must...leave...Crush...before...maxing...credit card....

Oh, all that shopping has made me hungry! There are some fantastic places

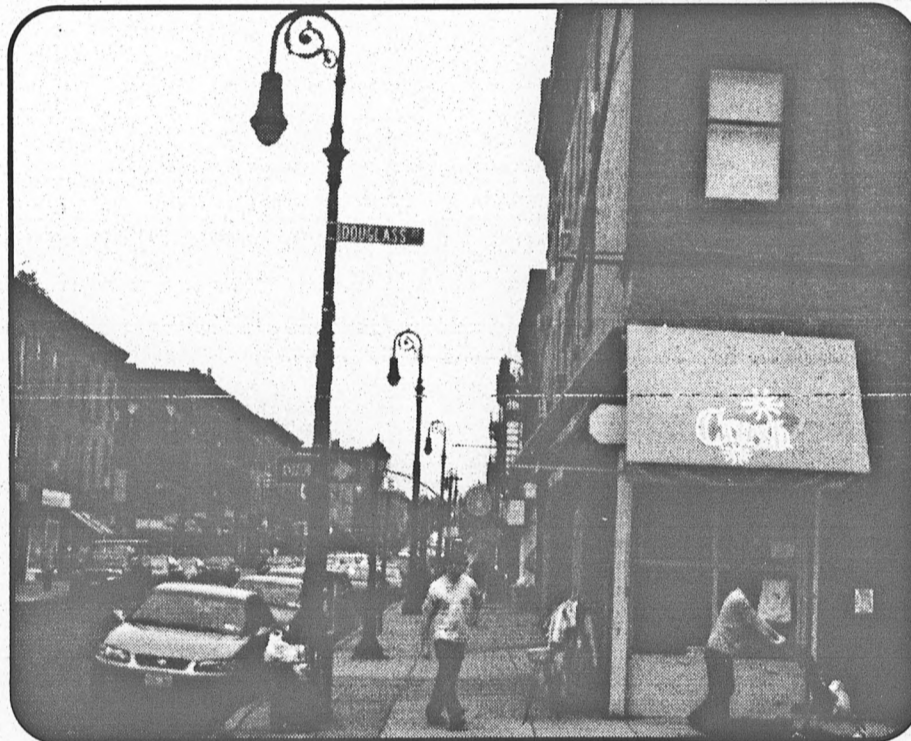
This is The Crepe Factory, makers of the yummiest crepes I have ever tasted. This is another relaxed, candlelit joint. The crepes are pretty big, so I figured that we could share one. If we hadn't eaten dinner before, I would have suggested one of the savory crepes, such as the delicious Mushroom, Spinach, and Gruyere. I think the Brown Sugar Crepe with coconut and whipped cream would make a perfect dessert. It's sweet, but it doesn't make your teeth itch, you know?

Let's see, the night is still young. I say we head over to Halcyon after this. Halcyon is a coffee bar with a twist. They serve wine and beer along with their various coffees, milkshakes, sandwiches, and cookies. They have DJs spinning and DVDs playing, and all (I repeat ALL) events are free! Think Central Perk on acid. They have different theme nights there, ranging from movie nights to techno parties, aptly titled THC (Techno House Connection, naughty!) I must warn you, my friend Daniela Fusco went there and gave me this piece of feedback: "Even the water is pretentious [at Halcyon]." Still interested? Great, then what are we waiting for?

I'M SORRY THAT I HAVE TO SCREAM, BUT THE DJ IS DEFINITELY PUMPING UP THE VOLUME! WOW, THIS PLACE IS PACKED! EVERY BARSTOOL, TABLE AND COUCH IS FILLED WITH YUPPIE LOVE. I CAN SEE WHY; DJ HOOKER IS SPINNING SOME SERIOUS LATIN SOUL, DRUM 'N BASS, AND REGGAE. HE'S PRETTY EASY ON THE EYES, TOO! HE'S BRILLIANT!...I SAID, HE'S BRILLIANT! WHAT?...YEAH, IT REALLY IS A SHAME NO ONE'S DANCING! I KNOW THERE'S NOT A REAL DANCE FLOOR, BUT WE'RE GROOVING JUST FINE! AND I THINK IT'S HYSTERICAL THAT THEY'RE PLAYING "MARCH OF THE WOODEN SOLDIERS" ON THE DVD SCREEN! TRIPPY!...HUH? SAY THAT AGAIN...YEAH, THE PEOPLE ARE PRETTY CLIQUE-Y HERE! THEY MUST BE REGULARS!...HUH? I CAN'T HEAR YOU! WE'LL TALK LATER!

WOW THAT WAS-I mean, the music was awesome in there! The whole clique mentality was a bit of a let-down, though. It's still a cool place to hang if you want to chill with your friends, go on a date somewhere besides the movie theater, or just escape from the every day. As long as they keep kicking the jams, I'll be around!

Look at the time! Well, have you enjoyed your taste of "Little SoHo?" I hope you have! You have to come back! There are so many places we didn't even get to go to. There are bars like Angry Wade's and Quench, and yummy eateries like the Boerum Hill Food Co. I guess that will have to wait for another day. Next time you want to hang out, let me know, and we can explore life...outside the Mall.



Welcome to Crush, a hipster haven, a freak boutique, and a diva's dream come true.

Photo credit: Mike Santarpia

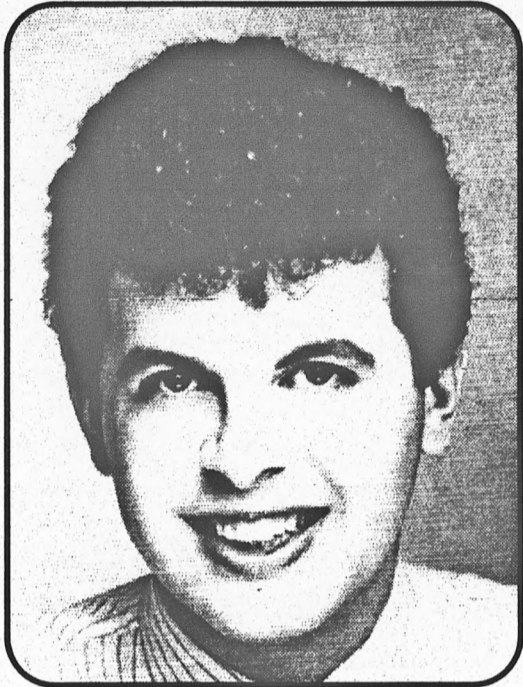
gling college student (the above bags are all in the \$60 range), but the lush fabrics and unique styles are definitely worth it. If you really can't (or don't want to) spend that much, they have adorable cosmetic bags for just \$10.

On to Crush! Welcome to Crush, a hipster haven, a freak boutique, and a diva's dream! If I could put a cot in here, I'd never leave! Once you step under the bright pink awning with the funky pink and green logo, you don't even know where to look first! You see what I mean, don't you? There's the corner with awesome lipsticks, glosses and eye shadows from such brands as Fira and G-Star (which owner Tara Sylvan admits to having an obsession with). There are also the cutest Rachel Weismann barrettes, glitter tattoos, and baubles, like this most excellent plastic snow globe ring. Then there's the hilarious sticker collection (my favorite: "If you choke a Smurf, what color does it turn?") Check out this shaggy fuchsia "Cousin It" lamp! This place sells

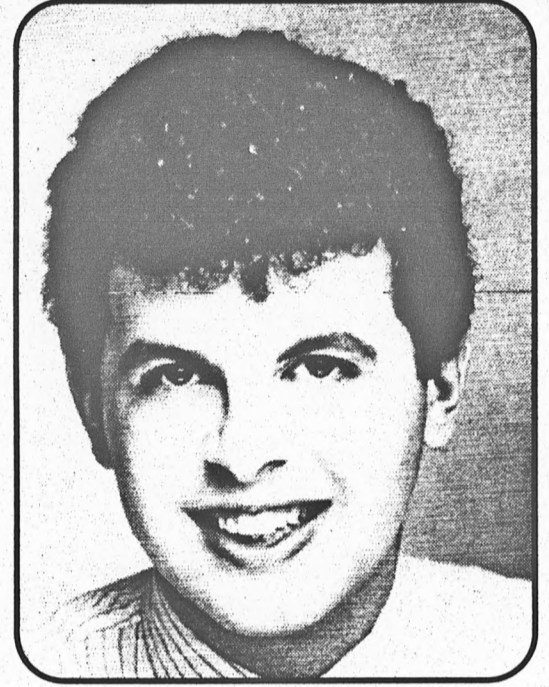
to chow down here. What are you in the mood for?...No, you can eat pizza any day! We're going to pretend to be hipsters today, no cheap grease allowed! If you really want Italian that badly, then we could check out Panino'teca 275. Then we could go French for dessert....You'll see what I mean!

Panino'teca 275 is an impressive little eatery. Dining by candlelight is so relaxing, isn't it? Heather Nova and Aimee Mann drifting out of the speakers only adds to the ambiance. So, how's your fontina, mozzarella and provolone panino? Yeah, I guess it is kind of like a fancy European grilled cheese sandwich. Oh, this bruschetta is perfect! The herb tomato is fresh and tangy but not too vinegary. The fresh ricotta bruschetta is even better! Oh, this is heaven. Even the Valverde sparkling water is perfect. You have got to love a meal that is elegant, tasty, and costs about \$10. Well, I hoped you saved room for dessert because you're about to taste a little bit of France.

The Two Lives of Vinnie Marino



→
 Lots of dreams come true for
 CSI's resident professor of radio.
The Banner's
 Theresa Constantino tunes into
 the trials and tribulations
 of a disc jockey.
 ←



By Theresa Constantino

"Good afternoon! This is Vinny Marino and you are listening to Q104.3, New York's pure rock radio station. I am going to start by playing "Shout at the Devil" by Motley Crue. Just for you!"

This is one of the DJ's you would have heard if you had listened to Q104.3 when it used to be a hard rock music station. The DJ's name is Vinny Marino. Also known as Professor Marino, Vinnie is an adjunct at CSI.

His first gig on air was in 1986 at WJDM, a small AM station in Elizabeth, New Jersey. From there he went to WMJY-FM, Y-107 in Long Branch, New Jersey, which was a rock station. Then to 106.3 in Eatontown, New Jersey, which played country music.

Finally he landed in NYC as the assistant program director for WNCN 104.3FM. In December 1993, the station flipped formats and became Q104.3, New York's pure rock. Luckily, he was asked to stay on as a music/assistant program director as well as a disc jockey. "This was amazing! I went from working at a classical radio station to

programming a hard rock station, literally overnight and I never had to leave the building!" he said enthusiastically. "However, that career bump from classical to current rock in the nations number one radio market put my career on the fast track."

In 1996, Q104.3 was sold and the new owners changed the format to classic rock. Unfortunately, he did not survive the change of formats, so he headed to Chicago to be the assistant program/music director and a disc jockey at WLUP-FM, The Loop, which was an adult rock station. When the station was sold, he came back to NYC, where he did overnight shifts on the air at WBUZ-FM, 105.1.

However, this station did not last too long and he finally landed at the ABC radio networks in 1999, where is still currently working today. He is the music correspondent for ABC News Radio. He writes and produces the classic rock site for ABC ePrep, which is a show prep service for their classic and mainstream rock affiliates as well as long form programming for the ABC Radio Networks.

As he was telling me this, I was awestruck at how many radio stations he has worked for. How could any one

go from one place to the other without getting tired? "I have always wanted to work in radio since I was 7 years old. The radio business is a double-edged sword. It's fun and exciting and you can make a lot of money, but there is no job security at all. At any moment, you can lose your job. This is a business where you absolutely have to love doing it, because it's not a job, it's a lifestyle."

I could tell that the radio business is extremely exciting when he shared two memorable experiences with me. Vinny had the opportunity to report live from the Grammy Awards at the Staples Center in Los Angeles in the year 2000. "There I was backstage live, on 3500 stations, reporting the awards. It doesn't get much better than that!" he said grinning.

But, it does get better than that. When Vinny worked at WNCN, he met Paul McCartney. The station ran the world radio premiere of McCartney's "Liverpool Oratorio" at Carnegie Hall. That night he was lucky enough to actually meet and chat with Paul. "As a life long die-hard fan, this was a dream come true. I left Carnegie Hall that night literally shaking," he said, practically jumping out of his seat.

However, Vinny doesn't just work on

the radio. He is also an adjunct professor here at CSI. The Fall 2001 semester will be his 5th at the college.

"Teaching was always my second career choice if radio didn't work out for me. Now I get to do both!"

He chose CSI because Professor Miller gave him permission to create his own syllabus for the Radio Production class, as well as for Com 100 and broadcast journalism.

Vinny Marino is a laid back person who loves his job. Having the chance to take his radio production course was truly a wonderful experience.

Taking learning to a higher level, Professor Marino, has instilled in me an instinct to pay careful and close attention to the way that radio stations operate.

His advice for those who are interested in going into the radio business: "Finish college and get that degree. Radio is such a volatile business that you really need something in your back pocket in case things go south."

Vinny grew up in Dyker Heights and Boro Park, Brooklyn. He attended the infamous Edward R. Murrow high school located in the Midwood section of Brooklyn, before graduating from Brooklyn college with a BA in television and radio.

"The Longer you Listen,
 the Harder we get."
WSIA

WSIA: Staten Island's one and only FM radio station is seeking any and all full or part time students of The College of Staten Island. Focusing on non-commercial radio, the station's goal is to broadcast music and programming before mainstream media gets it's exploitative hands on it. Experience the magical world of DJing, Audio Production, Sound Engineering, Music industry business, News broadcasting, and much more. Stroll on over to our studios located in Building 1C (Campus Center) Room 106. Fill out and Application, endure our thoroughly educational workshops, and become part of the family.

Staten Island Yankees

New Minor League Stadium in St. George brings baseball closer to home

By Louis Profera

The aroma of hotdogs and smell of fresh cut grass filled the air of St. George while the Staten Island Yankees opened their 2001 season at the new Richmond County Ballpark.

June 24 staged a perfect evening for ballplayers and spectators, marking a winning notch in Staten Island Yankee history.

Homeruns were hit, fireworks were lit, and the sell out crowd of 6,854 spectators enjoyed the beautiful New York City skyline that graces the ballpark's backdrop. The charismatic new Minor League stadium brought baseball greats and well-known politicians. Doc Gooden former Yankee and Met pitcher raised the 2000 Pen League Championship Flag. Mayor Rudolph Guliani and Borough President Guy Molinari spoke with joy and enthusiasm about the new ballpark. "This new ballpark will provide great minor league games for generations," said Molinari.

"Play Ball!" As the sun started to set

including the last out of the game thrown by Chris Russ to seal a 3 to 1 Staten Island Yankee victory.

Between innings extras were provided for the fans compliments of The Richmond County Savings Bank. Staten Island Yankee shirts were launched into the crowd and children rounded the bases, while Scooter the Holy Cow entertained the fans. "This is great for my kids and I, we can watch a great game without having to travel all the way to the Bronx," said Anne Rosoto of New Springville. Concession stands filled the air with great smelling foods although the lines were 10 deep for the first half of the game. "The food is great and prices are reasonable. I just don't think they were prepared for a sell out crowd," said Jack Marino of Port Richmond.

Many foul balls have the tendency to make a fast path into the seats, giving any fan the chance to bring home a souvenir. Safety nets do not surround 1st or 2nd base like most Major League stadiums. This adds a little danger and reason for fans to be alert at all times. A baseball-glove is a great idea to bring to this stadium, as many children did on opening day. One fan forgot his glove

on the crowd. Whatever problems arose the fans just kept their spirits up and supported the Staten Island Yankees with more and more enthusiasm. One very annoying problem that caused many complaints was the batter's eye. This is a huge black tarp over the centerfield wall that helps the batter see

ground next spring. The anticipated project's finish should be in one year.

The Richmond County Ballpark was built in 1 year and 2 months. Nick Kiepler head of development said, "My crew has been working at their full potential to get this stadium and park built, it feels like we only broke ground

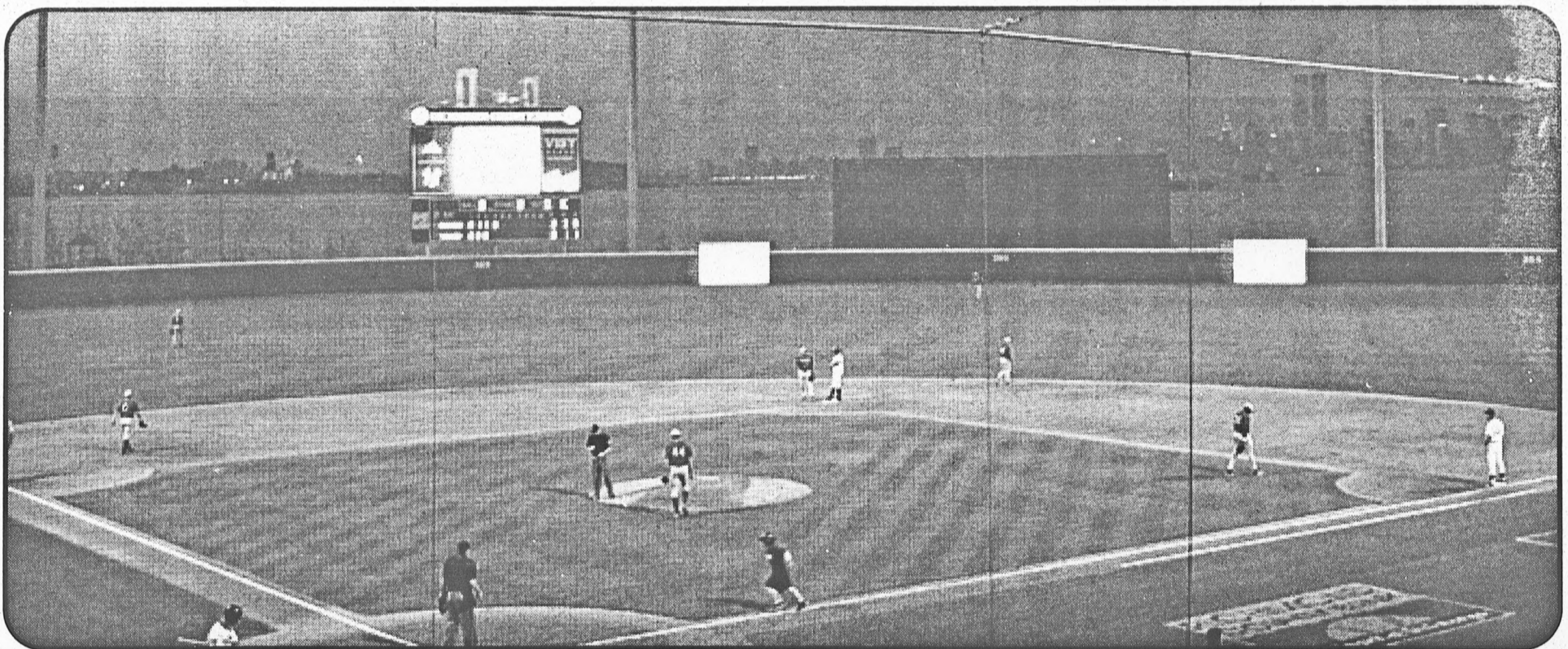
**"This is great for my kids.
We can watch a game without travelling
all the way to the Bronx."**

the ball when they are hitting. For some fans sitting behind home plate the tarp will obstruct the view of the New York Skyline. This should be solved because the view is an important aspect of the stadium.

The \$79 million dollar publicly funded ballpark is the centerpiece in a massive renovation project for the greater development of St. George. Located between the parking lot and left field

yesterday." It is definitely one of the most beautiful Minor League stadiums and has the potential to be the most popular in the U.S. "I am happy to say that the stadium will be ready for business on opening day," Kiepler added a second later.

The stadium is a superb upgrade from The College of Staten Island, the team's home for the 1999 and 2000 seasons. The college was only the team's



A view from behind home plate at Richmond County Ballpark in St. George

Photo: Mike Tacopino

the first inning was underway. It was the Hudson Valley Renegades who struck first by scoring one run in the first. The mood was set after a shaky start until Aaron Rifkin smacked a two run homer over right centerfield in the fourth inning. This monstrous home-run, which made it to the boardwalk, gave the Staten Island Yankees their first lead of the night. The Staten Island Yankees pitching then took over the game combining for fifteen strikeouts,

taking a spill into the next row. He may have felt a little embarrassed after his tumble, but that's the chance one takes chasing foul balls.

Opening day seemed perfect until a few technical difficulties arose throughout the night. The scoreboard was not always correct and three screens on the outfield wall were filled with static. This did not have a negative influence

on the stadium park. A connected boardwalk helps fans, Staten Island residents, and tourists make their way from the stadium park to the ferry without a hassle. The renovation project also consists of one other part. The ferry terminal is to be renovated for the Staten Island residents. The whole project should also attract tourists to Staten Island. Renovation should break

home for two seasons, but in 2000 The Staten Island Yankees made this year a magical one by winning the Single A Pen League Championship. Josh Getzler the teams Chief Operating Officer and part owner said, "We thank the College of Staten Island for giving us a home in 1999 and 2000, but it is now time to move on. This stadium should bring Staten Island residents together while providing families and friends with a beautiful day at the ball-

—continued on next page

Hey, Beerman!

Joe Tacopino promotes alcohol consumption to Staten Island Minor League maniacs

By Joe Taco
Banner Editor, Beerman

As for me, I didn't care much about the Staten Island Yankees; I needed a job. The last thing I wanted to do with my summer was end up sitting in a cubicle playing solitaire, so I was relieved to get a job selling beer at the new stadium.

Orientation

"Can we sell the Girl Scouts beer?" I turned to the back row and saw Tony who was inquiring about the upcoming Girl Scouts Day at the stadium. Tony was a 50-year old ex-cab driver with a shaved head and tattoo covered arms. We all laughed at his comment, except for the supervisor of course. I slouched in my chair casually gazing at the new stadium, the stands, the crazy bastards I'd be working with this summer, the water in back of right field. The orientation speech was incredibly redundant and not very informative. "You must I.D. EVERYONE.... Do not drink the beer.... Is there any more questions?" A voice came from the back row, "What if we ask a girl scout out on a date?"

The First Home stand

Things were looking pretty good. The stadium was full of thirsty fans every night. After serving the typical guy with his wife and kid I would head to the other sections where the real drunkards are. These obnoxious drunks didn't like to wait so I had to be quick and, "Come back every ten minutes," as they told me. When the night was through I had a pretty decent stash of money to buy all the beer I wanted.

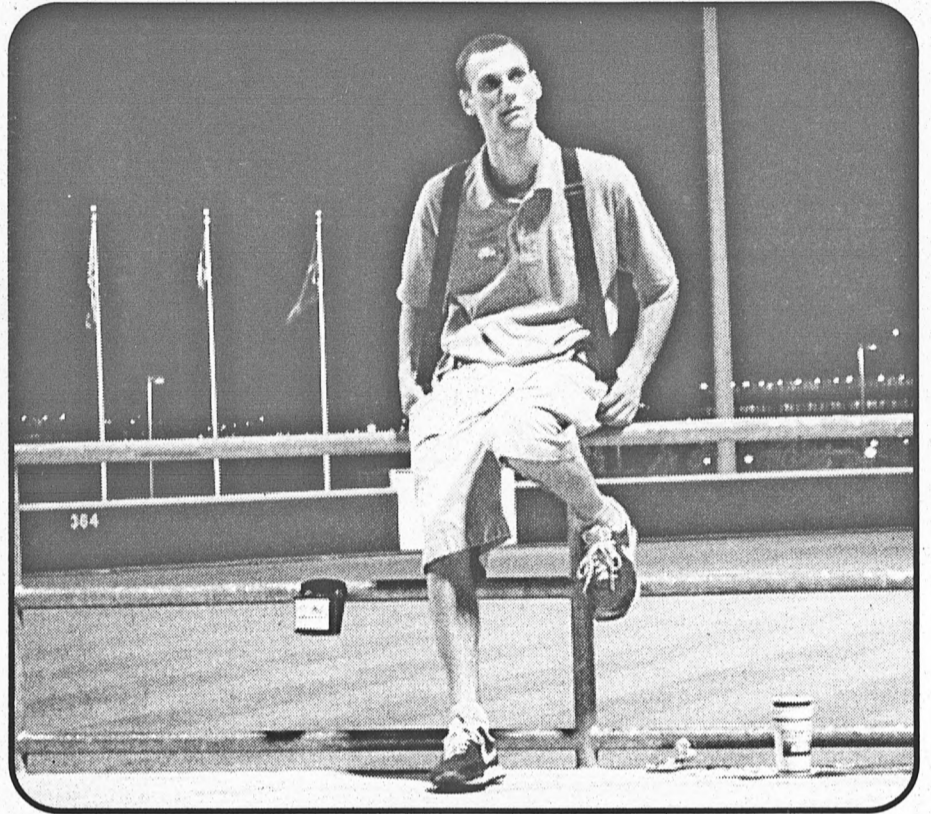
After the first week there was a slow decline in sales and attendance. Following the game we sat around contemplating our jobs, our salaries and our ex-wives or girlfriends. Willy, an out of work construction man, Lionel a retired hospital worker, crazy Tony an ex-cabdriver, and myself the college student all sat around smoking cigarettes, drinking the leftovers, shooting the shit.

The novelty wears off

A stadium that seats 6,800 fans was having trouble attaining 25% of that figure. It all happened so quickly. In one week I went from making an easy 150 at a Brooklyn Cyclone game to a 25-dollar drudgery against Muckdogs. So much walking up and down so many tall stairs, back aching through the thick humidity, dealing with angry fans, 30 pounds of alcohol strapped around my back; all this inconvenience for a pocket stuffed with wet singles.

Close encounters with Mayor Giuliani

There were two instances when I came within an arms length of Giuliani's hairpiece. The first was on opening day when I served his whole entourage about 12 beers. I kept peering over the shoulder of some guy, I guess



After the crowds have gone home, beermen think philosophical thoughts. Photo credit: Mike Tacopino

his bodyguard, following the trail of beers hoping that one of them reaches the mayor himself. I thought it would be quite ironic if one of my precious beers landed in the hands of the same person whose conservative ideals got me a summons for drinking that same stuff. However, Rudy was too concerned with his girlfriend at the time.

The second encounter was a brief one. After a press conference in right field he marched in through the area behind home plate where I stood. The Mayor was within 6 inches. I didn't know what to do or say but I had a strange urge to just tackle him.

Who won the game?

I don't pay much attention to the game. It's the stuff surrounding the game that gets interesting. For instance, one humid night at the end of July a fan got angry when our mascot soaked him with a water gun. He retaliated by throwing his beer at Scooter the Holy Cow. The fan got thrown out but it was worth a laugh. Scooter the Holy Cow has recovered and is doing fine.

Brooklyn Cyclones

The Cyclones brought a sell-out crowd with them every time they came to Staten Island. In case you didn't know, the Cyclones are the class-A affiliate of the New York Mets. The games were more exciting mostly due to the enthusiasm of the Brooklyn fans. At one point the crowd burst into a chant of, "Let's go Brooklyn." This was pretty embarrassing to both the Yankee management and Staten Island as a whole.

Who are these guys?

I realized that I haven't mentioned any players yet. That's probably because I don't know any of their names, except for one dude. The Yankees first round draft pick John Ford Griffin, I hope I spelled that right, is supposedly a good prospect. But what the hell do I know, it's the Minor Leagues and I'm not a baseball scout.

My favorite customers

I'd like to mention some of the people who have made my job a lot easier. Thanks to the fat drunk guy who bought my entire tray of beer. When he included a 25 dollar tip I unstrapped the tray from my shoulders and handed him the entire thing. He offered to return the tray when he was done. "For 25 dollars you can have it," I said. God bless Alcoholism.

The Staten Island Drummers, an Irish marching band of bagpipers and snare drummers. They performed before the national anthem and stood on the concourse during the game constantly ordering me to serve them as many Heineken's as possible. I was amazed not only at how quickly they drank, but also how well they mocked me. One member of the group, an elderly woman with a thick Irish accent, complained, "You're too slow, go' dammit!" They all exploded into laughter, as did I. God bless the Irish.

Well the season isn't over yet but this article is. I'd like to thank Tracy, Lionel, Ray(shorty), Willy, and Tony for making the experience quite entertaining.

—continued from previous page

park." A beautiful day indeed as opening day was picture perfect.

Handy-cap seating is not a problem, saving 180 seats and 4 designated areas.

"We are getting an award from The Eastern Paralyzed Veterans Association for our outstanding handy-cap accessibility," said Getzler. The award will be presented at the start of a home game during the season. The main handy-cap area is sectioned behind home plate. This section fits 16 wheelchairs and 25 fold out chairs for family members.

If fans would like to comment about their day at the ballpark this is not a problem. At SI live.com messages can be posted to regard your compliments or comments on ballpark problems that you feel should be fixed. This message board is also viewed and answered by Mr. Getzler himself. Many fans have already expressed their feelings obtaining immediate responses by E-Mail.

The Staten Island Yankees can be seen during home games at a superb price.

8 to 10 dollars will purchase a great seat and spectacular view from anywhere in the stadium. There are also

**"We thank the
College of Staten Island
for giving us a home
in 1999 and 2000."
—Josh Getzler, owner**

nineteen luxury suites and a beautiful picnic area in right field. A night in a luxury suite will be fully furnished and include twelve exterior seats. One suite can be purchased at \$1,000. Picnic area seats can be purchased at \$10.00. There is also a pre-game picnic plan at \$25.00 per person. This plan will provide an all-you-can-eat barbecue if one does not want to bring food.

With its state-of-the-art facilities and picturesque views fans will enjoy a spectacular day at the ballpark. Every seat in the stadium has the perspective of a box seat although they are categorized into two sections box and reserved. Both sections are similar. The only difference is the box seats surround the bases, while the reserved accompany the outfield. Each seat is also equipped with its own cup-holder helping fans enjoy a cold refreshment without the worry of spilling their drink.

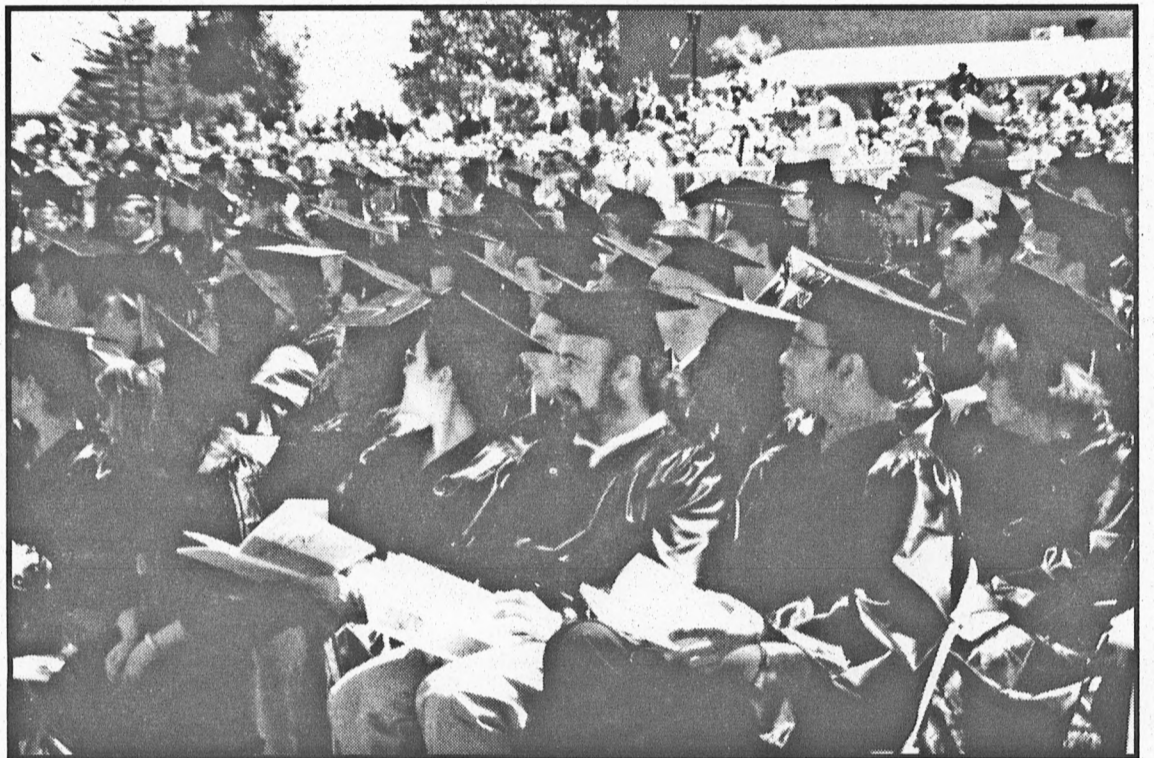
As the night came to a climax fireworks were launched over The New York Harbor marking a perfect ending to a perfect night. The crowd cheered with joy, 'Let's Go Yankees,' showing alliance to their team as the stadium provided spectacular views for the fans. Many baseball games have been played in New York, but none have had the perfect setting as the Richmond County Ballpark did on its first opening day.

Commencement 2001

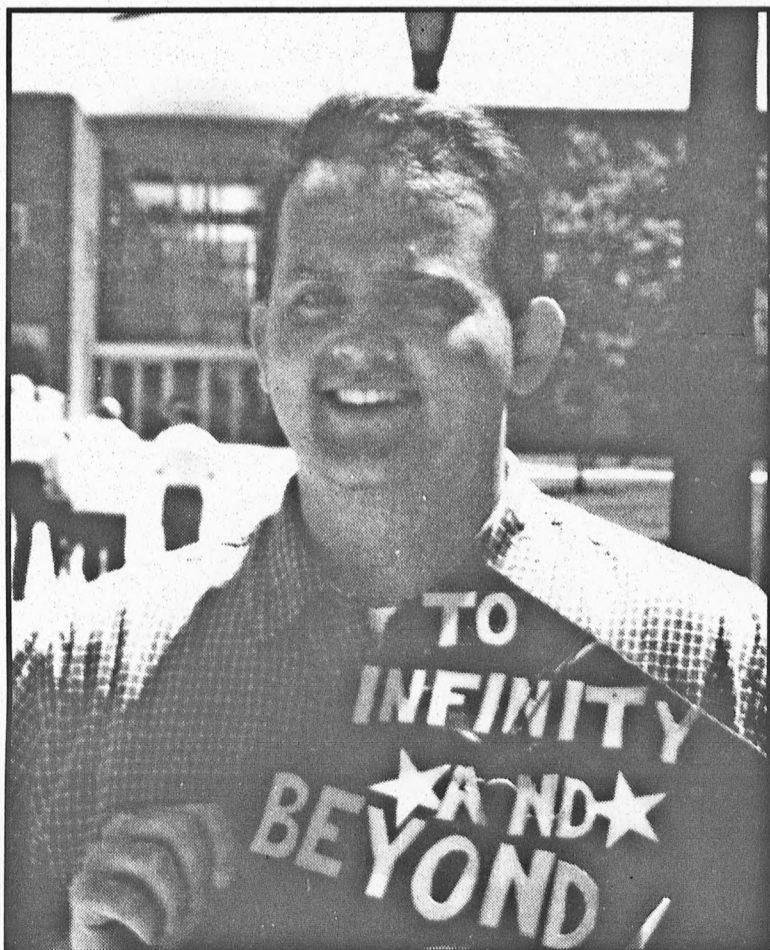
Graduation marked the twenty-fifth class matriculated from the College of Staten Island, and each key speaker emphasized the college's rich history. The sun shone down upon the graduating class, and the great lawn was covered with caps and gowns.

Many proud families gathered behind their sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, as speakers promised to keep their speeches brief, because of the heat. The first ceremonies of the new millennium who was both female and an immigrant. Huda Sami spoke about the fantastic faculty, here at CSI, who fostered her passion for academic excellence.

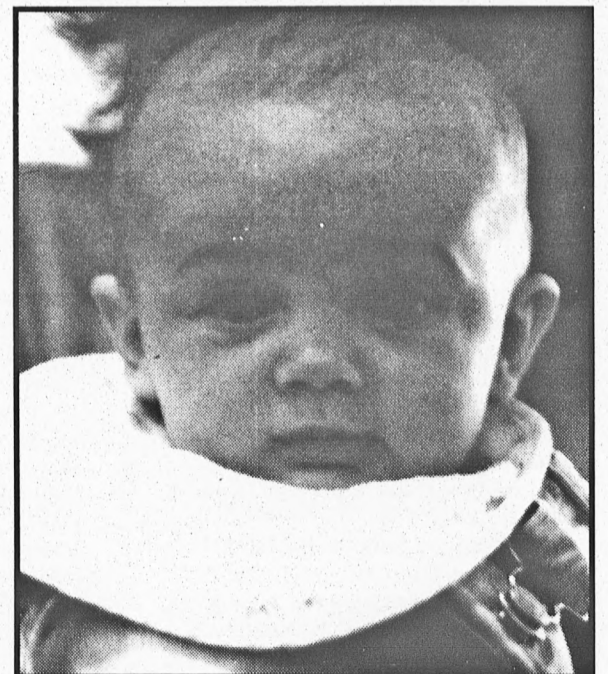
Key speakers included Jay Hershenson, The Vice Chancellor for University Relations, CSI's own Audrey Glynn, and Terrence Golway of the Alumni Association. Honorary degrees were bestowed on Gerald Arpino, and Laura Dean, Both received Doctors of Humane Letters.



Members of the Class of 2001 paid close attention to speaker, Huda Sami.



"A little bit of a break... I could use a break."
—Glenn Ward

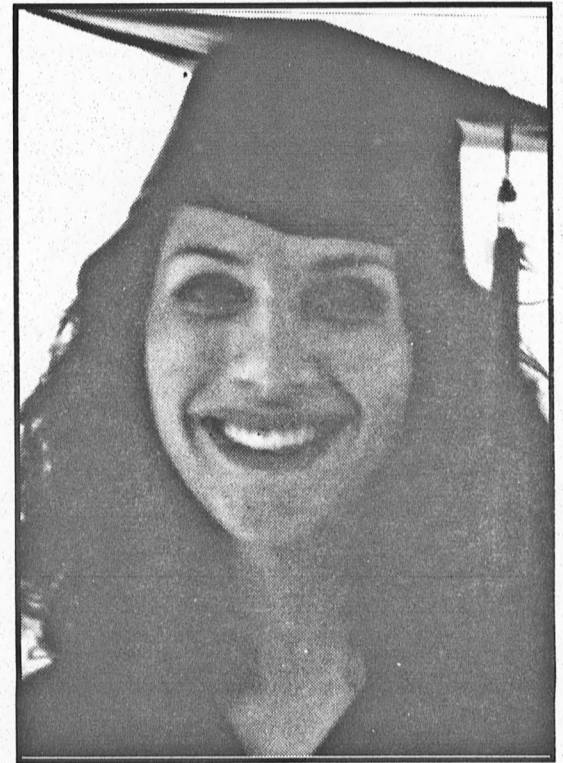


"A nap!"
—Jack Baldassari (Class of 2021)

What's Next?

Throughout the commencement exercises several grad's were asked, "What's Next?"

Here's how some of them answered.

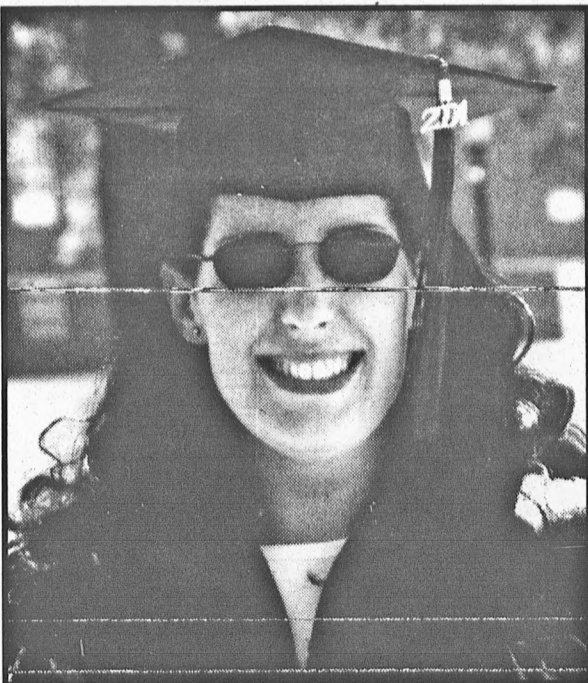


"If I don't find a job; I want my money back!"

— Donna Ryan

"Marriage and Teaching."

— Dina Prestigiacomo



"I'll be going to grad school in California."

— Christine Azcuy

Who's Who Among Students In American Universities and Colleges

The following members of the graduating class joined thousands of top students around the country, and were given mention in this year's Who's Who among Students in American Universities and Colleges:

Richard Aron

Lucy Meglio

Gianna Colombo

Elvan Ozdenoglu

Bernadette Cowan

Jamie Santore

Sarah Friedman

David Schreiber

Lorraine Hart - Hilderbrand

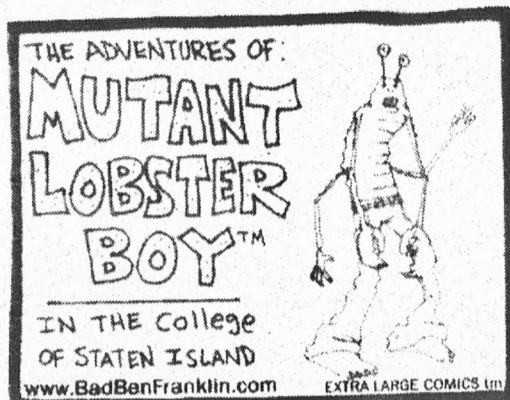
Rachna Sondhi

Helen Marchak

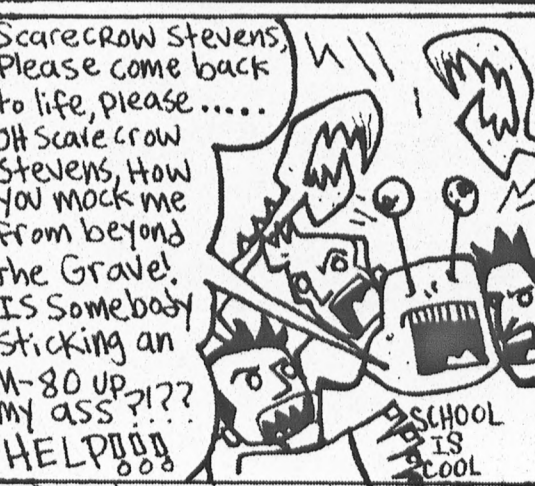
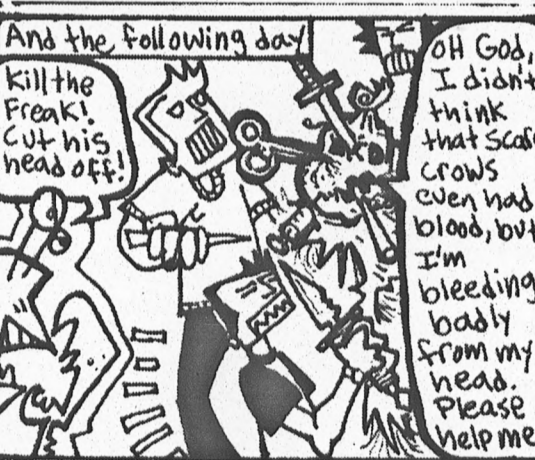
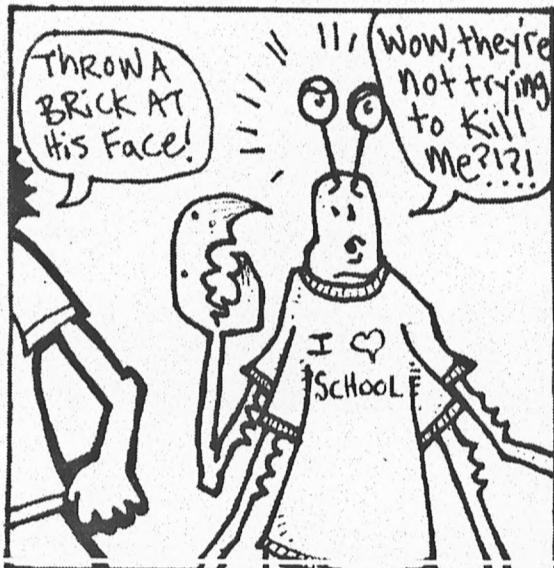
Elena Seminar

Jean - Paul Turco

Mutant Lobster Boy Back to School



BY: Chris Sorrentino
BACK TO SCHOOL....



Peace to MARY JANE © 2001

Oh, How I Luv A Parade!

Our fearless correspondent, Scott Axelrod, exhales the truth behind the annual Marijuana protest march through Greenwich Village

By Scott Axelrod

The "Pot Parade" held in Greenwich Village's Washington Square Park last May has sparked anger from city politicians and authorities and gathered accolades from pot smokers, proponents of medical marijuana use, and those who still believe in civil disobedience. Orchestrated annually in 120 cities throughout the globe by groups represented by websites such as marijuana.org, legalize.org, and drug-peace.org, this year's event dubbed "Cures not Wars-2001 The Space Odyssey". Organizers hoped to better last years attendance of 20,000. I did my part for the attendance by showing up.

In a corner of the park opposite where I am stationed, I spy a small group beginning to gather. Frantically scribbling into notepads and books, a handful are sentencing the scene to sentences, while others snap photos, wind camera reels, and change rolls of film as quickly as they load them.

Four white males lie on the grass under a swaying tree, chain-smoking herbal cigarettes while occasionally waving to people who they think they recognize. In a barely audible voice one mutters what I hear as:

"I'm here today to fight for rights, and what is right is my right to light!"

The writers and picture-takers shift their focus to him, as someone shouting over a megaphone from behind the crowd abruptly drowns their questions out.

A tall tanned white woman wearing a

"Yippee Kahyay!"

I fire a "Howdy Partner," at him as he brushes past Tom (my travelling companion, causing him to stop in full stride. Roy Rogers winks at me, flashing a grin that has obviously forced to tooth fairy to file Chapter-eleven.

It's around 11:30 a.m. as the swelling crowd elevates the police presence. I move alone around the inner perimeter of park, leaving Tom mesmerized on another bench a few feet from the out-spoken Barbie doll that Mattel Toys is likely sue for slander and copyright infringement.

An elderly-looking mustachioed man holding a yardstick length bamboo cane over his wrist offers me some weed. Pointing to the 8 1/2" x 11" notebook that I've stashed in my back pocket as I decline his offer and begin walking away, he asks if he could be of any assistance. He's dressed in an untucked rainbow colored button-down shirt with beige cargo pants and open-toed sandals as I step back towards him. I speak with Count Smokula for a few moments on another nearby bench, as I jot down enough of his personal information for a rough draft of a biography.

The Count had been in the park since the early morning hours. He had watched carefully as the police set up their blue wooden barricades and scouted the area for standout troublemakers.

and young kids looking to make a name for themselves by beating on a veteran like me," he says. "I usually try to size-up who I'm going to be selling to without talking to 'em first. I got this instinct for picking out customers, for people who like to smoke the trees for fun, and who aren't undercover."

Married for forty-five years, the Count's wife is forced to work a minimum wage job, six days a week in a fast-food establishment nearby. The Smokulas earn barely enough to make rent on the constantly changing hotel

"play" or the "pause" button of a VCR remote control. Every few blocks the crowd comes to a halt as somebody takes charge of the several megaphones being passed around, administering an improvised speech on the topic of the day.

It is 3:00 p.m. and I have now reached Battery Park where almost on cue, a number of marchers have begun lighting up real marijuana joints and blunts. The aroma waltzes through the air almost as quickly as the plainclothes officers carrying cost-efficient



"Damn, this trumpet's hittin' like a champ!"

rooms they live out of on a weekly or monthly basis. I feel close enough to the Count at this point to tell him that I'm a reporter from a Staten Island newspaper.

"There have been reporters here since before McDonald's even started serving breakfast today," he chuckles. "I'm willing to bet, though I'm no longer a betting man, that there is definitely going to be trouble with these protestors today."

Its 1:00 p.m., do you know where your marijuana demonstrators are? The group is no longer lounging on the lawns, they have gathered their knapsacks, hacky sacks, signs, and a piñata shaped like Mayor Rudolph Giuliani's head. I hear one note-taker say to another that the effigy is filled with fake "joints." Tom and I follow the marchers out of the park staying off to side so as not to be misinterpreted as law-breakers if and when the police decide to interfere. We travel from Washington Square down Broadway with the five block long group. From here, we will travel south, forking off to both City Hall and Battery Parks. I plan on heading to Battery Park because I believe that there will be a larger police presence closer to City Hall, for obvious reasons.

As a chant of: "We smoke pot, and we like it a lot," is sparked, the march continues as if someone is having trouble deciding whether they prefer the

plastic handcuffs. As each smoker is escorted off, he/she/it is photographed before being herded into waiting paddywagons.

Marchers are scattering throughout the park pointing-out undercover officers cuffing other marchers. The choir-like Chants of: "No narcs in the parks," and "Forty-one shots," can be heard clearly. Officers are spraying pepper spray in the eyes of these pointers as they chase them in circles like a Keystone Cop routine that hasn't been well choreographed. Several feet away from me, a man's face is being bounced off of the concrete by a group of officers as he resists arrest. If it weren't for his flailing limbs, his bruises, and his screams, he might be confused with a department store mannequin.

With hordes of smokers either in police custody or running for their lights, I head over to a nearby McDonalds, where a clan of marchers are attempting to satisfy their post-smoking cravings. I place my order "to go," as to the chagrin of cashiers and habitual diners, the chanting begins again in the front, back, and even the children's section of the restaurant.

Organizers insist that 5,000 marchers were in attendance, while police say that they were lucky if they had 1,000. Thirty participants were arrested compared to the 275 during last year's festivities.

Hawking his herb to any client who he feels is not a threat, fifty-nine year old Count Smokula has seen drug sales fluctuate like the Dow Jones, all the while trying to keep himself out of trouble with the law.

long white dress with cleavage resembling the tops of two bald heads, introduces herself as Medical Marijuana Barbie. Almost eclipsed by her beehive of neon pink hair, five young men in tank tops are standing beside her grasping printed placards reading: "Free the herb," "Emancipate Cannabis," and "No Ganja, no Peace." A man in a straw cowboy hat rides through the crowd on an invisible stallion crying out:

Hawking his herb to any client who he feels is not a threat as he walks a daily beat through the park, the fifty-nine year old has seen drug sales fluctuate like the Dow Jones, all the while trying to keep himself out of trouble with the law.

"I've been arrested a few times, but nothing ever became of that stuff. It's no fun getting busted and thrown in a cell with all those pimps, hoes, heroinheads,

FALL FASHION: FITS,

By Jessica Mendez

For every person salivating over the fashion trends of the coming season, there are another two rolling their eyes and longing for the fashions of another time. Many a naysayer scoffed at fashionistas and designers alike for supposedly dictating what the public should (or perhaps shouldn't) wear. Well this fall, all that is about to change. This fall, I openly seek out the perpetually unsatisfied and defy even them to make a single complaint about this season's trends. From Republicans to rebels, the fall collections house a niche to accommodate even the most discriminating tastes. This is a season for the masses.

IF YOU ARE: A POLISHED PREPPY

YOUR PERSONALITY MO: You jones on all things preppy. You think that Catholic school uniforms with knee-highs are the cuuuuutest things. Zach and Jessie on *Saved by the Bell* had by far the best wardrobe out of the entire cast. The names IZOD and Lacoste hold a deep meaning for you.

YOUR LOOK THIS FALL: The 80s prep-py is back with a vengeance! Pull out that polo shirt, grab your spiffiest pair of chinos, and throw on some chunky heeled loafers for that, "at least I look like I go to Harvard," look. The (in)famous Lacoste alligator insignia is hot again, but those daring enough can mix it up with fun caricature logos on shrunken contrast polos and khaki flare pants in twill and corduroy. The pleated not that innocent mini is in effect for all you ladies pining for the days of Catholic school (sadistic nuns not included.)

IF YOU ARE: A PUNK PRINCESS

YOUR PERSONALITY MO: To you, the system of government is nothing but an evil conspiracy of Brooks Brothers clad Nazis (and, with George W. in office, that mindset isn't much of an exaggeration. But I digress.) Order doesn't belong in your world, and it sure as hell doesn't belong in your wardrobe.

YOUR LOOK THIS FALL: Anarchy in the USA! Jeans are shredded, mangled, and bleached. Plaid is an actual color. Does your shirt have a rip? That's what safety pins are for. Hair is meant to turn heads with bright streaks of color and wild styles (think short and spiky layers, bed head, and dreadlocks.) For that, "America can kiss my ass," sentiment, sport the "Union Jack" look. The British flag is popping up on everything from shirts to shoes. In the spirit of blatant mockery and disregard for those who follow the rules, punk takes prep and twists it, sporting rhinestone ties with cut-up button-down shirts and kilts adorned with safety pins. FYI: The combat boot is back (feel free to rebel yell, Long live the irrepressible Doc Marten! whenever the mood strikes.)

From Republicans to rebels,
the Fall collections accommodate
Polished Preppies, Punk Princesses,
Purely Patriotics, Space Cowgirls,
Gender Benders, DIY Divas,
and Accessory Addicts.



POLISHED PREPPY



PUNK PRINCESS

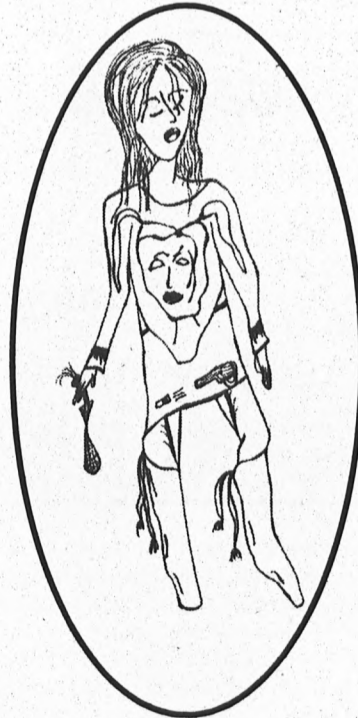
IF YOU ARE: PURELY PATRIOTIC

YOUR PERSONALITY MO.: God bless America! You're proud of your country. To you, at least one relative in the patriarch kicked ass in Nam. We have freedom of press, religion, and fashion. And dammit if Marine barracks aren't worth their weight in eye candy!

YOUR LOOK THIS FALL: Be a soldier, or just look like one. Sailor-style pants are requisite for a night swilling Cosmopolitans at a swank lounge. For days in guerrilla warfare (i.e. class and Friday-night dates), camouflage is key. Camo in colors ranging from traditional olive green to fire-engine red is showing up on tank tops, skirts, and, of course, old-school fatigues. Military-style web belts are around everyone's waists. Khaki is key, brown is buttah, and olive is anything but drab on matte jersey separates and slinky silk dresses. For those enamored with the Stars and Stripes, your wardrobe's going to sizzle with separates and accessories emblazoned with flag prints that will make you feel like every day is Independence Day. The army surplus store never got so much business.



PURELY PATRIOTIC



SPACE COWGIRL

IF YOU ARE: A SPACE COWGIRL

YOUR PERSONALITY MO: Yippee-yi-yay! Western charm is your bag. You love the ease of worn-in denim and soft leather boots, and simplicity often seems heavenly. On the other hand, you are 21st century, baby! You like to take things up a notch and mix it up a bit. You think *N SYNC's Space Cowboy is a song of pure genius, very Tim McGraw meets Keoki (Hey, even ranch hands go to raves!)

YOUR LOOK THIS FALL: Break out the mechanical bull, because futuristic meets the farm for fall! Broken-in jeans (vintage is best) are adorned with rhinestones and laced up with rawhide strips, as are shrunken tees. Asymmetrical shirts rule the runway with deconstructed denim for country-bumpkin-meets-city-slicker. Peasant shirts and patchwork mesh with the original Frye boots, and 80s favorite. Cowboy hats are dazzling in solid gold or simply chic in straw. Yee-haw!

IF YOU ARE: A GENDER BENDER

YOUR PERSONALITY MO: To you, it was never a man's world. Pinstripes are meant for everyone! Sure, to climb up the corporate ladder, you have to dress the part, but you refuse to sacrifice your sassy style sense. And shoulder pads (oh!) let's not even go there.

YOUR LOOK THIS FALL: Boys and girls unite in an eclectic blend of dashing and diva. Romantic, funky tulle skirts and glitzy camisoles and blouson tops get a kick with tweed and wool fedoras. Trousers and classic flares are jazzed up with pinstripes worthy of any board meeting. Ties are draped loosely around the neck and paired with lacy camisoles and tees. This is obviously what is meant by "power suit."

Illustrations: Pamela Brady

HITS AND MISSES

IF YOU ARE: A D.I.Y DIVA
(That's Do It Yourself, people!)

YOUR PERSONALITY MO.: Mass production is for pansies! You are a vintage vixen, updating the old and making it new (label whores be damned!) Who needs to spend a ton of cash on designer clothes when you could just make it yourselves? Certainly not you! You have a little thing called college to pay for. You're a crafty creature. You're the one people always stop in the street and ask, "Where did you get that?"

YOUR LOOK THIS FALL: For you, it's all about deconstruction, clothes that have been purposely torn, shredded, bleached and undone. Let those seams show! Grab an old tee, snip off a sleeve, and work that original asymmetrical top! Bleach and butcher your jeans with pride! Jazz up and old pair of jeans with lace inserts at the leg, splattered fabric paint, and graffiti a la Eve in her Let Me Blow Ya Mind video (Louis Vuitton is sooooo overpriced!), and slash up that old gym uniform tee you haven't worn in, oh, forever. Then, when someone inquires about your dazzling duds, you can do what I do: Smile, blush, and say, "Oh, this? I made it myself." Now sashay away like Gisele and grin as you think of the awestruck look crossing that person's features right about now.



GENDER BENDER



D.I.Y. DIVA

rings. Fishnet stockings are huge this season, looking more posh and punk than prostitute in small and large weaves and colors ranging from basic black to bright blue. The clutch handbag is in shocking colors and prints and adorned with rhinestones. Speaking of rhinestones, they look hot on twisted nameplates with monikers like KISS, SLUT, LOVE, FOXY, SEXY, and, my personal favorite, BITCH.

So there you have it. Even the most finicky fashionista has options for her back to school garb. Whether you're a glamourpuss or geek, conformist or anarchist, town or country, princess or pauper, there's something out there for you. Now, go forth and shop!



ACCESSORY ADDICT

IF YOU ARE:
AN ACCESSORY ADDICT

YOUR PERSONALITY MO.: To you, no outfit is complete without your earrings (casual, dressy and other), bracelet, rings, necklaces, a tiara (on special occasions), match colored tights, and the perfect shoes.

YOUR LOOK THIS FALL: Bask in the dawning of the age of accessorizing. Live large in silver and gold hoop earrings (bigger is better), cuffs in material from mesh to metal, and stacked silver

Fishnet stockings are huge, looking more posh and punk than prostitute. The clutch handbag is in shocking colors and prints and adorned with rhinestones, which look hot on twisted nameplates with monikers like KISS, SLUT, LOVE, FOXY, SEXY, and BITCH!

Register To Vote

Pick up your
voter registration
form at the
Campus Center (1C)
Room 203

OR

For your convenience,
register to vote
on-line at
www.cuny.edu
(Citizen's Info)

Window to the Heavens

Inside CSI's Observatory, a massive and powerful telescope transports you into a world millions of light years away.

By Kimberly DeLese

Have you ever wondered about that odd-looking building on our campus? The one with the dome on top? Well, it's the CSI Astrophysical Observatory. It contains one of the most sophisticated scientific instruments around.

Every Monday at 7:30, a line of about 40 to 50 people stand and wait for their journey to the stars. As the line moves closer to the observatory, space-age music can be heard. This music creates an atmosphere of being isolated but relaxed, making it perfect for viewing the clear sky above. "This is a perfect night to view the stars", states Nicole Conner a 21-year-old liberal arts major, "the college is lucky to have this observatory as part of the school program."

Upon entering the observatory your eyes must adjust to the warm radiance of the red iridescent lighting. Although the area inside the building is miniscule, looking through the telescope opens up an entire world of unknown places and stars that have yet to be discovered or even named.

The College of Staten Island houses the only astrophysical observatory on Staten Island; it is open to the general public and all students. Keith

Rowan, the college laboratory technician for the Engineering Science and Technology Department, volunteers his time to run the observatory. "The study and enjoyment of astronomy has been a life-long passion of mine," states Rowan. The Director of the Observatory, Professor Irving Robbins, says "Keith Rowan has a great deal of patience and does a wonderful job in introducing the heavens to students and the general public."

Robbins insists on having the observatory open once a week. "It is only that I want the rest of the community to share in the joys of the heavens." In addition to keeping the observatory up and running, Robbins has had to receive outside funding. The College of Staten Island does not have the ability to give the observatory significant funds for new equipment or research programs. Professor Robbins received funding from NASA, The

National Science Foundation (NSF) and the International Astronomical Union.

When the observatory is not open to the public, members of the faculty and students come together and search for

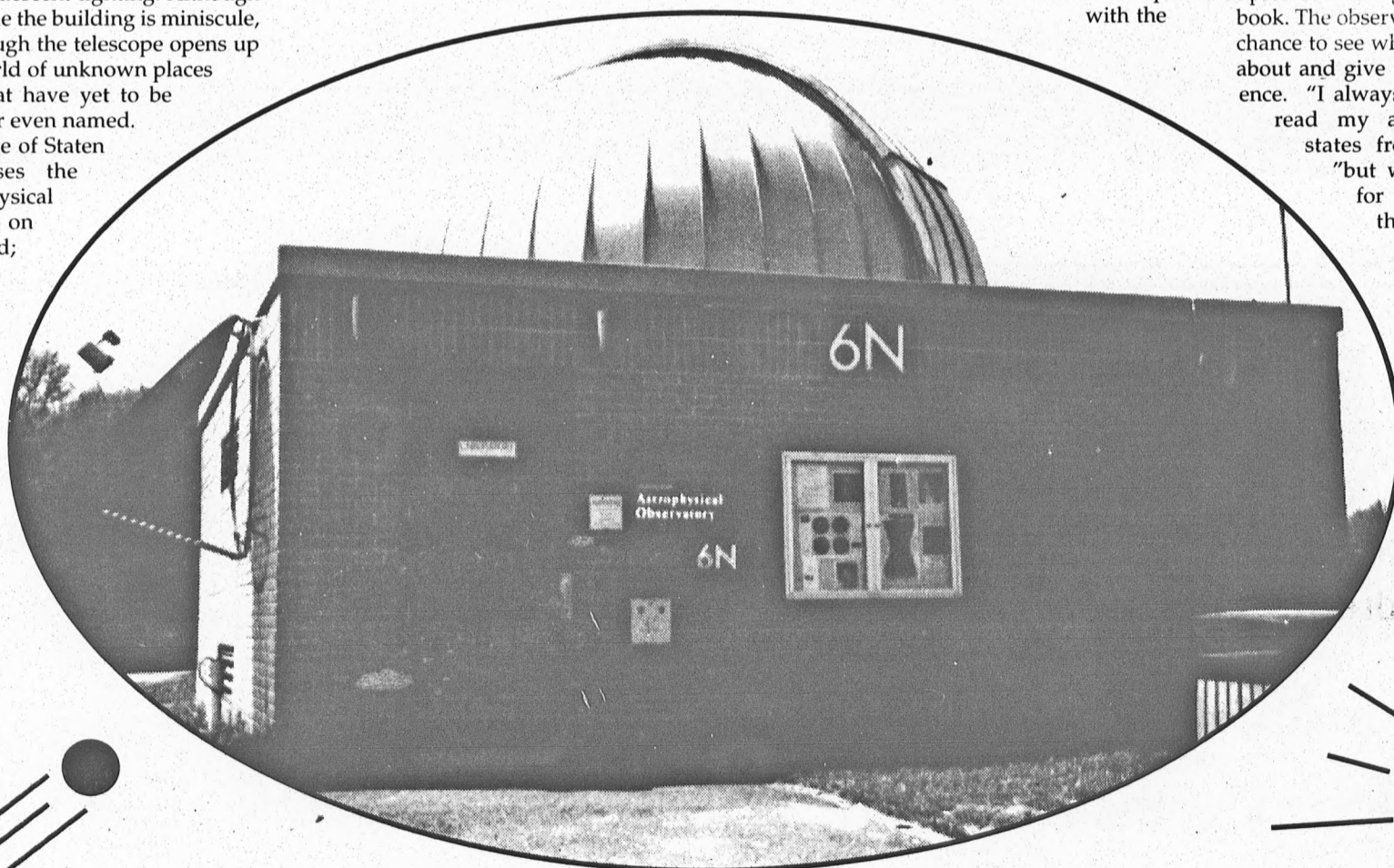
N.Y. Amateur Astronomer's Association. This organization is a program for high school students to participate in special sky observing and work with astronomers on research projects.

"This is a perfect night to view the stars," states CSI student Nicole Conner.

"The college is lucky to have this observatory as part of the school program."

objects in space that may someday be hazardous to our planet. Also in progress is the development of a relationship with the

Although the observatory contributes only a small part to the astronomy program, it gives the students a chance to learn and open their minds up to something greater than a textbook. The observatory gives a student a chance to see what he or she is reading about and give them hands on experience. "I always get confused when I read my astronomy textbook," states freshman Jenny Louis, "but when I saw the moon for the first time through the telescope I understood exactly what they meant when it talked about the texture. The observatory is a really good learning tool."



Next to the ballfields, right off the loop, in the high grass, by the geese, aw, forget about it. You know where it is. It's Building 6N, CSI's own astronomical observatory.

A Hard Thrill To Swallow

Whacking poetic in Union Square with Fight Club author Chuck Palahniuk

By Scott Axelrod

Chuck Palahniuk didn't cut me a check to speak highly of his body of work. Those who have read his four books have already decided to declare him God. I didn't bother to inform him of my plans for this article while we spoke at a reading/signing in Manhattan—one of two local appearances he made as part of a global tour, touting his newest novel *Choke*. The thirty-nine year old easy-going Oregonian wouldn't have flinched at the gesture anyway, and probably would have slapped me five.

The written wit of Chuck Palahniuk (pronounced "Paula-Nick") began to swell when his first published novel, *Fight Club*, was set to celluloid in '99. With Brad Pitt and Edward Norton, Palahniuk's existential and pessimistically bleak story brought underground bare-knuckled brawls and liposuction-fat soap to life. Critics panned the dark-humored and blatantly violent film, claiming it to be nothing more than fodder for disgruntled youth to use as an excuse for carrying Lugers in lunchboxes and downloading bestiality images off of the internet.

Meanwhile, as his second and third novels *Survivor* and *Invisible Monsters* are being abracadabraed into screenplays, and the yet-to-be-published *Lullaby* is optioned for movie studio rights, the black t-shirt, khaki cargo pants, and moccasin sans-sock wearing Palahniuk, didn't appear ready to asphyxiate under the weight of this newly inhaled fame, while gladly signing all four novels and a poster for me, and jokingly comparing a career in writ-



Chuck Palahniuk and Scott Axelrod go several rounds in a showdown at Barnes and Noble, Union Square, where the author was on hand to promote his latest novel *Choke*.

set out before a mediocre stage (with podium), many arrived early to behold Chuck and fellow Doubleday Publications contract signers Colson Whitehead and Heather McGowan, read from their latest works, answer questions, and scribble signatures. With the event being a clever, yet obvious marketing ploy on the part of Doubleday to garner Whitehead and McGowan increased recognition, it was easy (and disheartening) to see which of the three would have won the door prize had someone been keeping a running "Who are you here to see?" tally. Many anxious attendees tightly clutching freshly purchased copies of *Choke*, appeared as if they were either anti-

positions of self-destructive martyrdom, understandable scenarios delving into the disdain of the white-collar worker, the celebration of the corporate celebrity, and the swept-aside social outcast, are jostled just a bit. In Palahniuk's world, the absolute and undeniable truths of the evening news fornicate with the surrealistically absurd, ultimately culminating in surprise endings so cleverly twisted, the writer O. Henry would have likely soiled himself, changed his pants, and soiled himself again.

In *Choke*, Palahniuk breathes life into a character not unlike *Fight Club's* anonymous narrator, in the self-effacing protagonist of Victor Mancini.

"What happens here is first going to piss you off," Mancini claims on page 2 of 293. "After that, it just gets worse and worse. What you're getting here is a stupid story about a stupid little boy. A stupid true life story about nobody you'd ever want to meet," he further alleges.

We soon come to learn that Mancini suffers from a severely insatiable sexual obsession. Routine romps in broom closets inches from support group gatherings leave him unfulfilled and only serve to further fuel his hunger for conquest collecting. In between half-hearted pop-ins to the nursing home of his Alzheimer's stricken mother, Mancini remains trapped in the year 1734, playing an Irish indentured servant for minimum wage, in a ghettoized version of Colonial Williamsburg (Richmondtown?) known as Colonial Dunsboro. Nightly visits to local restaurants help hone his hobby of faux choking episodes, with the preconceived intention of creating Heimlich heroes out of the suckers that resuscitate him. Feeling responsible for Victor's life, these

knights in dining armor eventually mail him get-well wishes containing generous green-backed gifts.

Chuck chose to read *Choke's* chapter two from a copy owned by an audience member seated in the front row, after conveniently forgetting to bring his own along for the occasion. Spotting the rogue's gallery of sexual deviates who we are all too shy to believe actually exist, Chuck read each word proudly, pausing in between outbursts of laughter, as sentence upon sticky sentence slowly saturated the room like a professor of pornography's wet dream come true. With the poise of a seasoned stand-up comedian almost daring his audience to second-guess whether he was going to continue to grow more graphic, or if he was going to stop before things came to an uncontrollable climax, Chuck ceased reading only when the chapter drew to a close. Smirking towards a thunderous standing ovation, he rested just long enough for several swigs of bottled spring water before attending to the entire line of signature seeking admirers snaking between towering book cases towards the back of the floor. He stayed until every last book was signed and every sweaty hand was shaken.

Readers who prefer prefabricated fairy tales, in which the happy are happy because they have much to be happy about, will most definitely be better off passing up a perusal of Palahniuk. With a cynical viewpoint and an almost obsessive compulsion for heavily researched subversive material, Chuck hopes to teach you a little something more about life than the most generous of scholarships or financial aid packages can ever possibly do.

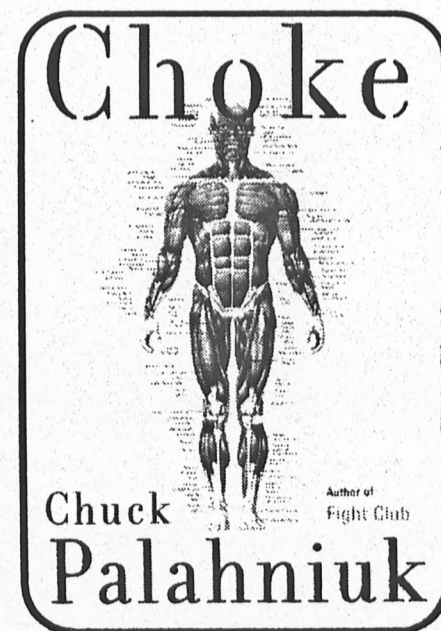
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ing to his former livelihood — changing oil filters and rotating tires.

The nearly three hundred fans in attendance (not counting the three that only showed up to shoplift) appeared to be breathing in unison as they moved through Barnes and Noble, Union Square. Filing onto the fourth floor to find comfort in the steel folding chairs

pating an event of rock concert proportions, or carefully composing conversations for an audience with the Pope.

Ardent followers of Palahniuk's published prose, persistently preach the author's propensity for creating a religious experience by the mere choice of words he chooses to place on a page. With realistic characters encased in



Available from Doubleday.
For more information,
click www.chuckpalahniuk.net

Upcoming Events . . .

August/September

SAT&SUN	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
<p>25/26</p> <p>SI Yankees play Cleveland minor leaguers. Buy tickets or listen to the game on WSIA while getting tan in backyard.</p>	<p>27</p> <p>First day of classes Don't be hung over.</p>	<p>28</p> <p>Second day of classes. Time is running out, if you're looking to drop nuclear physics.</p>	<p>29</p> <p>Last day for late Registration!</p>	<p>30</p> <p>1:30 - 5:30 PDC Carnival and Barbeque 7:30 - Welcome Back Bash *SG meeting@1:30</p>	<p>31</p> <p>20th Anniversary WSIA FM Last day to withdraw from courses w / a 75% tuition refund.</p>
<p>1/2</p> <p>No Weekend classes. Weekend Classes start September 8th and 9th.</p>	<p>3</p> <p>COLLEGE CLOSED Second Monday of the semester.</p>	<p>4</p> <p>First day following the day you broke your diet.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>2:30 -- CSI Association Meeting</p>	<p>6</p> <p>Banner Meeting 1C-228 @ 1:30. We need photogs! *SG meeting 1C207 @ 1:30</p>	<p>7</p> <p>Do your Homework and mow your lawn.</p>
<p>8/9</p> <p>Turn in all lab reports in a timely manner.</p>	<p>10</p> <p>Last day to withdraw from courses w / a 50% tuition refund.</p>	<p>11</p> <p>Form a study group. It'll better your shot at an A and improve your social life *Last day to add a class.</p>	<p>12</p> <p>Leadershipworkshop: Community 101 1C Bijou lounge @2:30 PG Clue Credit.</p>	<p>13</p> <p>Program Development Committee Meeting 1C - 217@ 1:30 Banner Meeting 1C228@1:30</p>	<p>14</p> <p>Meeting in the Student Lounge for all you people who would like to become professional bowlers. 9:30 a.m., Student Lounge.</p>
<p>15/16</p> <p>Clean out your junk draws and bone up for your CORE test.</p>	<p>17</p> <p>College Closed</p>	<p>18</p> <p>College Closed</p>	<p>19</p> <p>College Closed</p>	<p>20</p> <p>SG meeting 1:30 Banner meeting 1:30 Leadership Workshop 2:30 Last day to withdraw without losing all your dough!</p>	<p>21</p> <p>Take someone out for dinner—then get married.</p>
<p>22/23</p> <p>PDC:Great Adventure Trip! Tickets available in 1C - 217.</p>	<p>24</p> <p>So, nothing's happening today. Use your imagination and party in your head.</p>	<p>25</p> <p>Meet Bela Logosi @ the student Union Building, minight. Please no Cameras.</p>	<p>26</p> <p>College Closed</p>	<p>27</p> <p>College Closed</p>	<p>28</p> <p>Play high stakes Bingo to enhance your sense of adventure.</p>
<p>29/30</p> <p>Disregard your homework and watch the Simpsons and Malcom in the Middle.</p>	<p>31</p> <p>Celebrate Halloween a month early!</p>				