

THE BANNER

February 28, 2005

Photo: Crisalli



No Ferry Fare

Tamara Starr

By now it's certain that most of us have seen the new ferry boat. You know, the huge orange thing floating in the water? The Guy Molinari, The Spirit of America, and The John Marchi are sure to put Staten Island on the map, even if they aren't in service yet. But what about a fare? Will these new nautical wonders going to drain their passengers' wallets?

The Banner had the chance to interview the new DOT Spokesperson Molly Watkins. "No, there will be no fare," Watkins assured. She also shared with us that there has not been any talks whatsoever about bringing back the fare.

So now everyone can relax and not worry about ferry fares anytime soon. If only that could be said about the MTA bus fare hikes.

"Most of the businesses at the ferry terminal will be operational by the end of this year," said Steven Tang from the Ferry terminal Management Group. We also can expect that the ferry terminal

THE CAMPUS CENTER

*Hub of a Respected University,
or Potential Hangout for Fuzzy Blue Dinosaurs?*

Matt Safford

Spending our tax dollars and tuition money redesigning our school logo, or putting fancy flat-screen computer monitors on every available wall accomplishes nothing if upon passing through the Campus Center doors, a person presumes that -like the protagonist of a Vonnegut novel- they've somehow become unstuck in space and time, and mistakenly wound up on the set of Romper Room. None of the other buildings on campus sport such obnoxious hues. By comparison, the more traditional colors of the Library sell the seriousness of our university nicely. Even the interiors of our campus' Children's Center sport much tamer shades.

The color scheme of the Campus Center kills any attempt the architecture makes at convincing the public of the serious nature of our campus. The pastel-green walls and pale orange columns, not to mention the bright blue, yellow and red found on various other surfaces of our college's central building, clash in ways not seen perhaps since Sid and Marty Kroft ended their long run of psy-

Photo: Crisalli



chedelic children's television in the 1980's. Amid news that higher-ups are making a concerted effort to improve the image of CSI, hoping potential students and faculty will see our college in a more serious, respected light, this color palate perplexes

While students seem to have mixed

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Spring Cleaning!

**SENATORS VOTE
\$10,000 FOR TILE
FLOORS, LOVESEATS,
& PRIVACY SCREENS**

**\$200 for Memorial
Scholarships Approved**

*Also . . . Should that new logo
be centered or flush left?*

Mellissa Seecharan

At the February 17th Student Government meeting, Senators ratified \$10,000 for redecoration of the Student Government suite, discussed preparations for the upcoming tuition hike rallies in Albany, finalized the establishment of two student memorial scholarships, and discussed the use of the newly created Student Government logos.

Senators gave final approval of the Minutes from the Student Center Commission meeting on February 7th, which included a request for \$10,000 from the Student Government reserve fund for "furniture for the leader's room." SG President Dwight Dunkley should soon expect delivery of some new furniture, including "a table for the leader's room and tiles to replace carpet throughout the Student Government suite," along with lounge chairs and loveseats ranging in cost from \$822.16 to \$1209.16. Other approved furniture expenditures included: \$532.52 for four armchairs; \$1839.52 for eight adjustable desk chairs; \$359.48 for four privacy screens; \$267.03 for divider screens; and two desks for \$709.30. The Government also voted to replace their suite's carpet with tiles.

The fast-paced, hour-long session—cut short due to a College Council meeting that SG President Dwight Dunkley had to attend—ended in open conflict between Dunkley and SG Vice President Taiwo Olasupo, who argued over whether or not the meeting's agenda should reflect the curtailed length of the meeting. The verbal spat ended as Dunkley recused himself to attend College Council.

The SG meeting had opened with

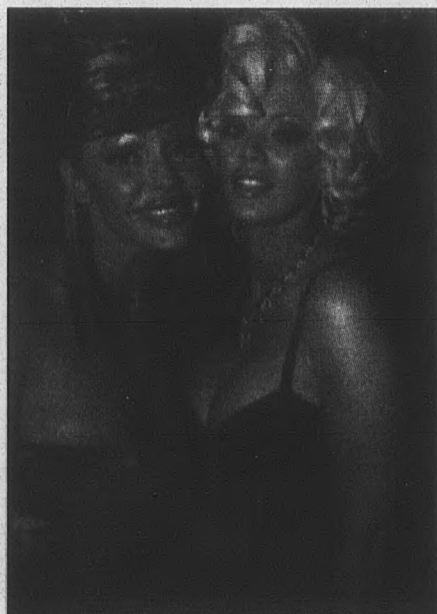
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Banner Correspondent Sends in Score From Porn Oscars in Vegas

Eric Naylor

It was five in the morning and I hadn't slept yet. Something about a porn convention keeps you up at night. Particularly the annual Adult Video News awards in Las Vegas, the Oscars of the porn industry. My plan was to sleep on the plane, which was set to leave Newark at 7:20 a.m. and arrive in Vegas at 11.

It was dark outside when I left. The limo was scheduled to pick us up in front of my friend Vito's house at 5:15. I drove there. The concrete was wet and the grass muddy from the rain that lasted all night. January rain. My white sneakers made me aware of the muddy grass. The limo pulled up as I was using a stick to scrape the mud off my sneakers.



Three-time porn Oscar winner Jenna Jameson posed with a friend at the annual Adult Video News awards in Vegas.

The flight and finding our way through McCarran International felt like a long night of insomnia. All words spoken before we landed became inconsequential when we hit the heated Las Vegas air. It was daylight. We walked into the Mandalay Hotel, fell asleep in our rooms, and woke up in the evening.

The city has a way of making everyone feel like they're going to get lucky. The bright lights made ordinary joes like us feel important. They made us feel like stars. We partied in several nightclubs, where you can tell who the real stars are and who is delusional.

We eventually woke a few days later, our mouths dry. The porn awards were being held at the Venetian Hotel that evening. We each got dressed and headed to the Venetian.

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AMERICAN DEMOCRACY PROJECT



The New York Times

THE BANNER



NASCAR CAUGHT IN GRIDLOCK

Luke Crisalli

It's been a week or so now since the checkered flag of the 47th running of the Daytona 500. This is an event that many Staten Island politicians are watching closely. It was May when the rumblings of a race track on Staten Island first started to resurface. Not many remember it now, but in the early 90's there was a proposal to build a track on the site of the Navy homeport in St. George. Said plan has long since been forgotten.

I've been a NASCAR fan most of my life, so you'd think hearing that NASCAR wants to build a track here would make me giddy. Think again. As many politicians have pointed out, the already unbearable traffic on Staten Island would be made ten times worse. International Speedway Corp, or ISC, which owns a majority of the tracks that host NASCAR events claims to have plans in place to remedy this. These plans would include a ferry system and parking for almost ten-thousand

cars in both paved and unpaved lots. Staten Island right now probably has around ten-thousand cars. Doubling it would not be at all beneficial.

As for the ferry system...shouldn't we worry about improving the Staten Island Ferry before we worry about the raceway ferry? Another thing that the

developers "forgot" to mention is that NASCAR travels in what is essentially a cross country caravan. Forty-five plus tractor trailers carry the cars and equipment to the track each week, along with crew members' vehicles, driver coaches and the press contingent. In order to get all this to the track, the Goethals Bridge would need to be shut down for at least three hours.

Another sticking point is this: the facility would likely hold only three racing weekends a year. Then what? ISC claims that the track will be used for other events, such as concerts. This was the same claim made by developers when they built the Richmond County Bank ballpark in St. George, and to date I can only recall maybe six non-

baseball events that have taken place there in the five years the stadium has been existence.

Would I like to see NASCAR in New York City? Absolutely. I've been waiting years to see the likes of the Pettys and Labontes celebrate in winner's circles in New York City. I'd love to see a beat and bang finish where the winner is decided by inches while sitting in the stands enjoying a New York egg cream. But not in Staten Island. NASCAR and ISC need to consider another option, western parts of Queens, southeastern Brooklyn perhaps, but not the congested streets of Staten Island.

Another sticking point is this: the facility would likely hold only three racing weekends a year.

Then what?

Kevin S.P. Mamakas

CSI students now have another reason to go to the NYPIRG office in 1C-218. President Bush has proposed reforming Social Security by privatizing the accounts that students all over New York will one day depend on for their retirement.

The Social Security Office reported that ten million New York residents work in Social Security covered employment. Meanwhile more than three million

New Yorker's are beneficiaries of Social Security.

In the 1930's, President Franklin D. Roosevelt created the Social Security Act as part of his New Deal. This act insured the youth of New York that when they get elder or sick, they will still have a safety net that will protect them from a financial crash.

New York politicians and citizens interested in politics, both Democrats and Republicans, now agree that the system needs to be reformed because times have changed. People live longer, thus collecting social security for a longer time. When the system was created, for every person that was collecting benefits, about sixteen workers paid into the system. Today, that number fell to three people paying for every person collecting. The President believes that this number will continue to drop until the system becomes bankrupt.

Bankruptcy, or "insolvency" as it is often called, of the system will disenfranchise many young workers (a.k.a CSI students who will not be collecting social security in the next few decades) from having an adequate retirement.

"As we fix Social Security, we also have the responsibility to make the system a better deal for the younger workers," the President said in his State of the Union Address. "And the best way to reach that goal is through voluntary personal retirement accounts."

Currently, a set portion of the money a New Yorker earns on the books is taken out to pay for social security benefits. The President is proposing that the young workers should have the opportunity to set aside part of that money in their own account, "so you can build a nest egg for your own future."

This sounds like a good idea because it could make a person more money than if they were to actually get

Social Insecurity at CSI

the social security check, but it still remains a controversial issue for Democrats and Republicans. The amended system would put the money into a limited mix of bonds and stock funds that the government would offer."

Even though the stocks and bonds are considered "conservative" by the President, the nature of the market is still unstable. This is common knowledge to any New Yorker who ever looked at the stock exchange numbers constantly change while walking down Time Square.

The system would gamble with the money that any student will need when older. Social Security is a guaranteed means of money after retirement. Putting the money into stocks and bonds takes away the guarantee of a safe retirement. "Opponents of the idea, including some Republicans, say the change could plunge future workers into poverty as soon as they reach retirement age," The New York Times reported on February 4.

"I do think there's a problem down the road with it ... and we should address that problem," Republican Mayor of NYC Michael Bloomberg said at a news conference. "But I do not think that privatization is the solution to that problem."

Some politicians have suggested limiting benefits for retirees who are wealthy. Former President Clinton suggested increasing the retirement age. In order for any necessary reform to occur, the government needs to investigate all the possibilities and adapt to current times. CSI students must make efforts to become more educated on this issue so they can appreciate and understand the importance of Social Security.

This plan will not affect the people near retirement or close to retirement. Whether Social Security is reformed or not, this plan will affect the students of New York. For the younger CSI students who just came out of high school, we will have to work for the next four decades before we are eligible for social security retirement. For the CSI students who have come back to college after many years because society demands a higher education, you will have to work even harder to handle the responsibilities you have earned through your life experience as well.

If we worked hard throughout our life while getting paid and/or treated like garbage, we deserve a guaranteed set of money when we reach retirement.

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CSI at Porn Convention

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The line to get into the convention was long and predominately male. The price was \$40. I waited with Adam and Mike. The others were already inside. People with special porn-credential wristbands trudged in and out of the convention. Scantily-clad women appeared here and there—safe to assume, these were the porn stars. We had been waiting in line for what seemed like a couple of hours when three large men approached us and handed over their tickets and wristbands. They didn't need them, they told us. We didn't ask any questions.

Inside the convention was hot, crowded, and oozing testosterone. With all the potential erections walking around, it was uncomfortable when other men bumped into you. It was also hard to avoid. Most of these men had come to see stars they had known on an extremely personal level. Going to the convention was like unleashing a part of themselves people never see.

All the beautiful girls made abstract thought difficult. For most of the population, porn stars serve one purpose. It's not to entertain us with a captivating story, ingenious direction, or superb acting. It is to get naked and arouse us. The boundary between our private lives and public lives was broken when we stepped into the convention. It's similar to going into a strip club, however, in a strip club; it's dark and less specific. Inside the convention we could see the faces of the horny men and the particular women that had done it for them.

We finally left the bright lights, but when we closed our eyes, we saw spots. It's not so much liking or disliking Vegas; a good time in the desert is inevitable. To survive and send in a report was the only accomplishment. The trip transforms people into someone else, and if in the end you can be the person you were before the trip, you've won the game. As for the porn stars, they've all already lost.

Ferry Fare?

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construction, both Whitehall and Staten Island, will be done by June 2005.

According to DOT, the new Whitehall Ferry Terminal will include:

- A 75-foot-high entry hall with panoramic views of the downtown Manhattan skyline and the waterfront;
- Five new escalators, three wide stairways and one elevator inside the entry hall;
- Rooftop viewing decks with benches;
- Service/concession spaces available for amenities such as cafés and other concessions;
- A new state-of-the-art heating and air conditioning system, including a radiant floor;
- Photovoltaic solar panels that convert sunlight to electricity to supply a portion of the terminal's power;
- Police and tourist information offices;
- New surfaces and fixtures including vandal-resistance fixtures in bathrooms for ease of maintenance;
- State-of-the-art public address system;
- Easy connection to South Ferry Subway Station (1 and 9 lines).
- Percent for Art is installing 28 granite benches to Whitehall Crossing that mimics Indian canoes crossing New York Bay. The work, designed by artist Ming Fay will be installed in March.

On a typical weekday, the ferries transport approximately 65,000 passengers, which means 19 million passengers annually.

Student Government

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guest speaker, Victor Elmann, the United Student Senate's Vice Chair of Legislative Affairs. "I come to ask you guys to rally students," Elmann said referring to the tuition hike rallies scheduled for next month in Albany.

Elmann also mentioned another day set aside to fight the \$250 tuition hike that was proposed by Governor Pataki. "With your help, the goal is to get 1,000 students to rally in Albany," he said. March 21st is the tentative day for the USS Rally which will include a lobby day, rally, and legislative dinner. On March 7th, the co-sponsored Student Government/NYPIRG lobbying day will take place. Transportation for the lobby day will be provided after the Senators approved the allocation of approximately \$940 for a bus.

During the approval of the Finance Commission minutes, members of the group finalized the establishment of memorial scholarships for two deceased CSI students: Obinna Okoronkwo who died in a car accident, and Army Pfc. Francis C. Obaji, who was killed in Iraq. Okoronkwo's siblings also attended the College. A \$100 scholarship "would be awarded to a student in each of the departments in which the deceased students majored," stated the minutes from the February 9th meeting of the commission.

A third deceased student was previously supposed to be a part of the memorial scholarship, but it was decided that due to the student's sickness related death, "a bad precedent would be set." The academic departments that would receive the memorial scholarships had not as yet been decided.

The Student Government also briefly discussed the details of their new logo. Dunkley presented the Senators with minutes from an earlier Student Government Initiatives Committee meeting. At this Initiatives meeting, members discussed how SG's new logo might be used by the SG, individual commissioners, and future governments. According to Dunkley's February 17th President's Report, a policy on how the logo would be used should be developed. "This policy should ensure that visibility becomes the main function of the logo," the report stated.

Ideas discussed included logo stamps and stickers on Student Government advertising, election materials, and on a permanent banner to be hung in 1C. The senators also decided on how their newly created logo should look on the Student Government letterhead - a centered logo was chosen.

Carol Brower, Director of Student Life, announced the names of CUNY Leadership Award winners. Taiwo Olasupo and PDC member, Annie Varughese will be honored on March 4th.

1C Color

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opinions about how likely the brightness of the walls would be to sway a person's opinions about the college, most seem to agree that the contrasting hues are particularly perplexing if people are working hard to improve the reputation of the college.

Senior Ben Wallace evoked another analogy for the building. "It looks like a children's hospital" said the Drama major. "When I'm eating fries, I feel like I'm waiting for my son to come out of surgery." While he admits that he's gotten used to the way the Campus Center looks, and doesn't often think about it, he fears that new students might get a bad impression upon first entering the building. "They'd

notice it more than me" says Wallace "and it probably wouldn't inspire the right kind of atmosphere for a college." He feels that the money spent could be better used in other areas, such as improving traffic and parking. "It's getting ridiculous" he says, "one day I couldn't even find parking near the gym."

Freshman Elisabeth Stassi has a slightly different opinion. "I honestly don't think I noticed the colors until my 3rd or 4th time in there" said Stassi. "It's just one of those things where people are like 'hey look colors, eh' and then forget about it." She did admit that considering the attempts to improve CSI's reputation and image, the colors of the Campus Center are "kinda' stupid."

"Stupid" might be a somewhat trite epithet for the color scheme, but it some-

how seems apt, considering the situation. As long as our cafeteria building retains its name, it represents the central, prime example of our campus. And as long as that example is awash with colors most people haven't seen together since kindergarten graduation, it's hard to believe that anyone other than renegade toddlers escaping day care could take this college too seriously.

Our Campus Center's high vaulted ceiling covers a large rotunda, flanked by stout columns. A skylight sits at the very center, radiating sunlight down to the center and out in all directions. On a purely architectural level, the building demands respect, even perhaps a bit of awe. Everything sends the right message—except those colors.

The Great American Hodgepodge

Matthew Beck

When I moved from San Diego to New York City, I was unprepared for the linguistic culture shock I was to experience. In Southern California, people talk in a slightly slurred fashion, like they are enunciating from the back of their throats. They pause between sentences, hardly use the full endowment of their lungs, and generally give the recipient of their comment's reaction time to make a calm reply. Here, (or at least in the boroughs excluding Manhattan, because nearly everyone who lives there isn't native). The indigenous tongue spoken is a staccato, rat-tat-tat banter, punctuated by intermittent ejaculations of pungent profanity. For one who was accustomed to the loose, relaxed manner of speech in sunny San Diego, the Bensonhurst dialect felt like a forceful verbal assault.

After I had been living here for several years and had regular contact with the inhabitants of the land, I became rather confident that I had a grasp on the guttural mechanics of the lingo. I had

finally mastered the fine art of "Fuhgeddaboutit!", and "Owyah-doo-win!" and my fluency was gaining rapidly. I had even become proficient in the basic syntactic idioms and terminology's of the vernacular spoken by some of the African-American constituency. Whenever I came into contact with any du-rag wearing playground habitue, I

wasn't at a loss for words whenever one of them might grace me with a expectorate salutation of "Sup?", and wasn't offended if they referred to me

while speaking as "dog", or "Son". I had also conditioned myself out of the tendency to slip back into my plain, uninflected native tongue, and trained my mouth-motor to modulate at a rate (at least 5-25 over the speed limit) which was in accord with the residents of my new habitat.

Only recently within the past couple of years did I begin to realize the more exquisite perplexities of the East/West Coast Language Gap. I saw that with our language, I couldn't take for granted that a universal word had the same East/West

meaning with a different East/West pronunciation, and vice-versa. For example, once as I was buying a cup of decaf I asked the girl to top it with caramel. I pronounced the word "caramel" in San Diego two-syllable form. The first syllable sounded like "car". The second was "mel", purely phonetic, but I had disregarded the "a" between the two syllables. The girl laughed and corrected me. She pronounced the first syllable like "care", then inserted the "a", but removed the "e" in "mel". The resulting word sounded funny to me, with the "cara-" being rapidly fused together, and the "-mel" consummating in a short, flat muffle. Even though we both knew what we were referring to, our polar coastal localities had taught us to say the word completely different,

I don't think that the problems in our language (and thereby in our culture) will be solved immediately, but I'm not complaining. Even though these jumbled verbal patchworks can cause inconveniences, they serve as opportunities for me to understand my fellow man better. After all, if all language was homogeneous, life would become boring. As Clarence Darrow once said, "Even if you do learn to speak correct English, whom are you going to speak it to?" Not to anyone in the Great American Hodgepodge anyway.

Poor Dwell on the Rich

Marissa Tornetti

When I was a child, my father supported our family by becoming an entrepreneur. He opened ladies shoe stores across Manhattan as well as dyed evening shoes the perfect shade to match any dress.

When I was nine years old, my mother's adolescent friend came back into her life in attempt to rekindle their lost friendship. Diane, or "The rich lady" as my sister and I would call her, would invite us over to her house to indulge in her luxuries that we were not accustomed to. We would swim in her pool with her children, play with her disc jockey equipment and dance on their parquet dance floor.

I was grateful to swim in this oversized pool, but I was never jealous that my parents could not afford to live in a house of this volume. My parents loved me and I felt that was important enough.

My aunt and her family visited from Florida shortly after "The rich lady" reentered my mother's life. Naturally, Diane enjoyed showing off the wealth that she obtained by marrying into a wealthy family, so, my family (as well as my aunt, my uncle and my cousins) were invited over for an evening of "look what I got" festivities.

When the grand tour of "La Casa Diane" was over, I hopped in the car with my aunt and we headed back to our house. I added how I was going to ask my dad if we could have a dance floor, as well. I wasn't prepared for my aunt's attempt to shatter my family's image. Fourteen years later and her response still sits fresh in my mind: "Riss, you can't have a dance floor. Your dad is a loser and you're poor."

My heart, made of the most delicate glass, shattered to the floor of the car. How could she be so cruel? As if that wasn't enough, she continued with, "Shoe salesmen can't have dance floors in their house" Shoe Salesmen? I never questioned my aunt's remark. She was my aunt and I pondered why she would make that up. As if I didn't feel bad enough, she ended the ride home by telling me that my uncle was going to park in the driveway because their car was nicer than the "junk box" that we drove. She added that my parents would be happy that they finally had a nice car in their driveway. My aunt was clearly stating that this was the closest my family would ever come to owning a new car.

I could not believe what I was hearing. An ocean of misleading thoughts swarmed through my mind, drowning the truth. I never thought of my family as being "poor" or my dad as a "shoe salesman." Those harsh words made me feel poor. From then on, whenever I asked for something and my mother responded "not today," I secretly thought I was poor.

Through the years I realized I had been deceived by someone I had trusted. My dad was a indeed a successful entrepreneur, and our family never lived in poverty. We were middle class and we were living happily; I've learned happiness is one of the greatest riches in life. I consider myself a billionaire.

True Confessions of an Internet Poker Junkie

Craig Todaro

The first time I ever played poker for real money was right after watching the movie "Rounders" with my older brother. Once the credits began to roll, I went into my room and grabbed my big bucket of change, and got ready to throw down just like Matt Damon had done minutes before on my TV screen. Of course things didn't work out as planned that day, as I lost 15 dollars on one classic hand of Indian poker (the game where each player holds a card up on their head, highest card wins). My brother had a 3. I had a 2.

From that day on, I knew I had an extreme infatuation with the gambling and the game of poker. The problem was, except for the occasional game with friends, there was nowhere for me to go and satisfy my poker demons. Until now.

Ever since unheralded poker rookie Chris Moneymaker won 2.5 million dollars at the 2003 World Series of Poker, the popularity of poker has risen through the roof. Millions of people all over the country began to start playing poker, especially No Limit Texas Hold 'em, an easy to learn and seemingly easy to win game. Internet poker sites started popping up everywhere, giving wannabe players access to a game right inside their own home. Every site started out offering pretty much the same array of games, with the limits ranging anywhere from penny poker to hundreds of dollars a hand. Most sites also had "play money" games, games for fake money where you can learn the ways of the game until

you were ready for the big time.

The internet became a great place to play poker on a regular basis. Most of the people playing were of the below-average skill level, so winning seemed like a sure thing. But of course for me, it wasn't. I found myself getting the worst

Real money for free.

No gimmick, no tricks.

luck humanly possible, losing hands that seemed almost impossible to lose. I, like many other people out there, began to get frustrated with the game and I stopped playing for real money online around this time last year.

I thought I could quit just like that and never touch an internet poker site again. I'm sure many others have also tried to quit. But I learned that I love playing the game too much to quit, which does scare me a little bit but everyone has their vices right? So I decided to just play for money all the time now.

At the same time, the demand for the multi-table tournaments began to grow. Up until now, most sites only held regular table games and single table tournaments, but now the players wanted multi-table tournaments, where thousands of players could get together for a big tournament with a huge prize fund. Also at this time, the popularity of poker continued to reach unheard of levels, and now there were hundred of poker websites on the net, each of them battling for customers.

This is when, during a google search, I discovered what I consider one of the greatest websites of all-time. Sweetfreerolls.com. This great website contained a list of every single poker website that was offering freeroll tournaments. A freeroll tournament is a multi-table tournament that costs no money to get into. The best part of this site? They only showed the websites that gave away actual money as prizes for winning their freeroll tournaments.

Because of the competition out there between battling poker sites, many sites now offer free tournaments for real money. Interpoker.com has a weekly 1,000 person tournament with a real money prize fund of \$3,000. Golden Tiger poker has a daily \$1,000 tournament and multiple other sites have similar tournaments with prize funds ranging anywhere from \$20 to \$5,000.

To me and the many other broke poker players out there, this is without a doubt the greatest thing to happen to us in the game of poker. There are so many tournaments a day listed on sweetfreerolls.com that if you wanted to (and sadly I have), you can play in these tournaments non stop for as long as you like. It does not matter the time nor the day, multiple freeroll tournaments will be available for you to play.

The most I have won in a sitting is \$275 when I won a 1500 man tournament at AbsolutePoker.com. Real money won for free. This is no gimmick, there are no tricks. Greatest five words I might ever hear.

Editor's Desk

I would like to use this space to reflect on my favorite Doctor of Journalism, Hunter S. Thompson, who passed away on Sunday, February 20, 2005.

He taught me two things: 1) Beer before whiskey, mighty risky; whiskey before beer, have no fear. 2) Be an individual and don't worry what everyone else is doing, they're as lost as you are and just pretending to know what they're doing.

Hunter was an individual, oh boy was he an individual. He never held back, never compromised, and didn't care what other people thought of him. He had all types of friends from Jimmy Carter, one of the leaders of the Brown Power movement Oscar Acosta, Johnny Depp, Jack Nicholson, and Rolling Stone owner and editor-in-chief Jann Wenner, among others.

Hunter Thompson gave me and thousands of other student journalists the comfort that journalism is not dead. He inspired me to stand apart from the pack of hungry, ivy-league, head-in-their-ass reporters who tend to pile into a press conference and get spoonfed their "news." Timothy Ferris, a longtime friend of Hunter's, wrote a forward in one of Thompson's last books, *Kingdom of Fear: Loathsome Secrets of a Star-Crossed Child in the Final Days of the American Century*. Ferris describes Thompson's writing: "Hunter's writing is extremely funny; he ranks among the finest American humorists of all time. It is also, like all real humor, essentially serious. At its center resides a howling vortex of outrage and pain, which Hunter has managed to transmute into works of lasting value. Hunter is a meticulous reporter who wasn't joking when he told an audience at The Strand in Redondo Beach, 'I am the most accurate journalist you'll ever read.' Over the thirty years that we've been friends he has corrected my grammar and word usage more often, and more accurately, than I have corrected his—and not just because he is customarily armed with, say, the .454 Magnum pistol with which he shot up one of his many IBM Selectric typewriters."

Anyone who hasn't read Hunter Thompson should really go ahead and do so. Although I must warn you, once you get into his head there's no way of getting out.

I wanted to end my letter with my favorite quote of his, but I brought the wrong book in with me. But everything he writes is great so here's one:

"The real power in America is held by a fast-emerging new oligarchy of pimps and preachers who see no need for democracy or fairness or even trees, except maybe the ones in their own yards, and they don't mind admitting it. They worship money and power and death. Their ideal solution to all the nation's problems would be another 100 Year War."

Thompson always ended his pieces with the phrase, "Mahalo." Don't know what it means, but . . . Mahalo, Hunter.

-Jennifer Moss crop

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT ON SG STIPENDS

The perennial controversy over stipends for CSI student leaders again graces the pages of *The Banner*, and—as usual—is guided mostly by misinformation and raw emotion, not reason and fact. My own opinion is that students who gladly take free snacks at coffee hour, take huge discounts on Broadway show tickets, send their children to quality on-campus day care at rock-bottom prices, and don't mind staff members being paid hundreds of thousands of dollars to administer these and other programs should have no problem with some student activity fee funds going to fellow students who take the initiative in creating and maintaining these programs at much cost (in time, effort, expense, and lost work opportunity) to themselves. Anyway, stipends are established, with Student Government (SG) members this year again receiving the cash.

Of stipends for non-SG student leaders, I now respond to SG President Dwight Dunkley's Feb. 14 letter about the denial of stipends for coordinators on the Program Development Committee (PDC). He wrote, "Last year the senate . . . approved the PDC stipend proposal, and the CSI Association also approved the proposal. . . [it] was . . . sent back by President Springer based on powers the CUNY Trustees have given the college Presidents over

Association expenditures. . . The policy to deny stipends to certain groups is . . . set by the University and College administration. . . If we [the Student Government] made the stipend policy, we might all get stipends. However, the College and University have made the current policy...."

Mr. Dunkley is wrong; it was the

Budget-allocating bodies had approved stipends for PDC and the Association, determining that they were "appropriate, proper, and equitable." Then, in April, five of the members voted that somehow they were not, prompted by little more than Marlene Springer's feelings on the subject.

decision of the 13-member Board of the CSI Association, with no official action by President Springer, which rescinded the PDC stipends. I'll omit the details, but as I laid out in a lengthy memo to the Board, it is absolutely clear from University regulations that stipends for non-SG leaders are fully permissible and that the College president has no authority to deny them or send them back for review. Also know that a precedent has already been set, with at least 3 recent editors of *The Banner* having received relatively generous stipends, as your faculty advisor can confirm.

The budget-allocating bodies had approved stipends for PDC, and the Association—by unanimous vote at two meetings in March 2004, with 8 or 9

members present at each—determining that they were "appropriate, proper, and equitable." Then, in April, five of the members voted that somehow they were not, prompted by little more than Marlene Springer's feelings on the subject. Led by V.P. Carol Jackson, these 5 were administrators V.P. Angelo Aponte, Tom Brennan and Caryl Watkins and faculty Raja Jayatilleke and Roberta Vogel. Only students Lavinia Solano & David Yanovsky were present to reaffirm the appropriateness of the stipends, with students

Alex Baranov, SG President Shereen Kandil, Jeffrey Marciano & Dwight Dunkley and faculty Linda Reese being absent.

Generally, when something happens at CSI which is at odds with the University's written policies or with the expected or actual result of the regular, official collaborative and representative processes, a likely explanation is easy to find: Simply peruse some nearby publication—e.g., a schedule of classes, college catalog, or ad for the on-campus production of *The Vagina Monologues*—and there's what you need to know, as plain as plain can be: "College of Staten Island—Marlene Springer, President."

—Shmuel Gerber

A GRADUATING SENIOR BIDS A FOND FAREWELL TO CSI, AND LOOKS TO THE FUTURE

As we embark, together yet individually, on another semester of higher learning, it is only appropriate that the graduating class of 2005 wish every last one of our fellow students the best on all of their endeavors this academic year. On behalf of the graduates, as I so proudly am a member, we hope and pray that the goals which you set fourth, the deepest desires of your souls, and the most ardent, ambitious of your aspirations manifest, helping our world to be a more beautiful, better place.

In the aftermath of some of the most tragic events in human history, we must together acknowledge that we have been through these events, our fair share of infamous history, together as peers at CSI. From that tragic natural disaster, the Tsunami of Asia in 2004, the unexplainable travesty of humanity, the bombing of the World Trade Center in New York 2001, and the depressing war in Iraq that still wages in the name of democracy and freedom, we have all stared death in the eyes, some more directly than others.

In retrospect, if there is one thing that we have learned for certain, it is the value of this ever-ephemeral thing that we call life. Life in all its wonder and grace can be painful and devastating also. In light of this, together we must learn to embrace our endless differ-

If there is one thing that we have learned for certain, it is the value of this ever-ephemeral thing that we call life. Life in all its wonder and grace can be painful and devastating.

In light of this, together we must learn to embrace our endless differences, and welcome the challenge of compromise.

ences, and welcome the challenge of compromise.

These differences of which I speak include, and are not limited to, race, religion, ethnicity, politics, culture, tradition, individuality, and sexual preference. These differences are juxtaposed to the root of many of the evils that we witness today. We must lift up the torch that was lit by our predecessors, and hold fast to our responsibility to our youth, and leave a legacy that proves we tried to make a

change for the better. This is the fruit of the pursuit of the best education we can possibly obtain, so let's get cracking. Get involved, get your grades up, and get that groove on, baby. The world is depending on you.

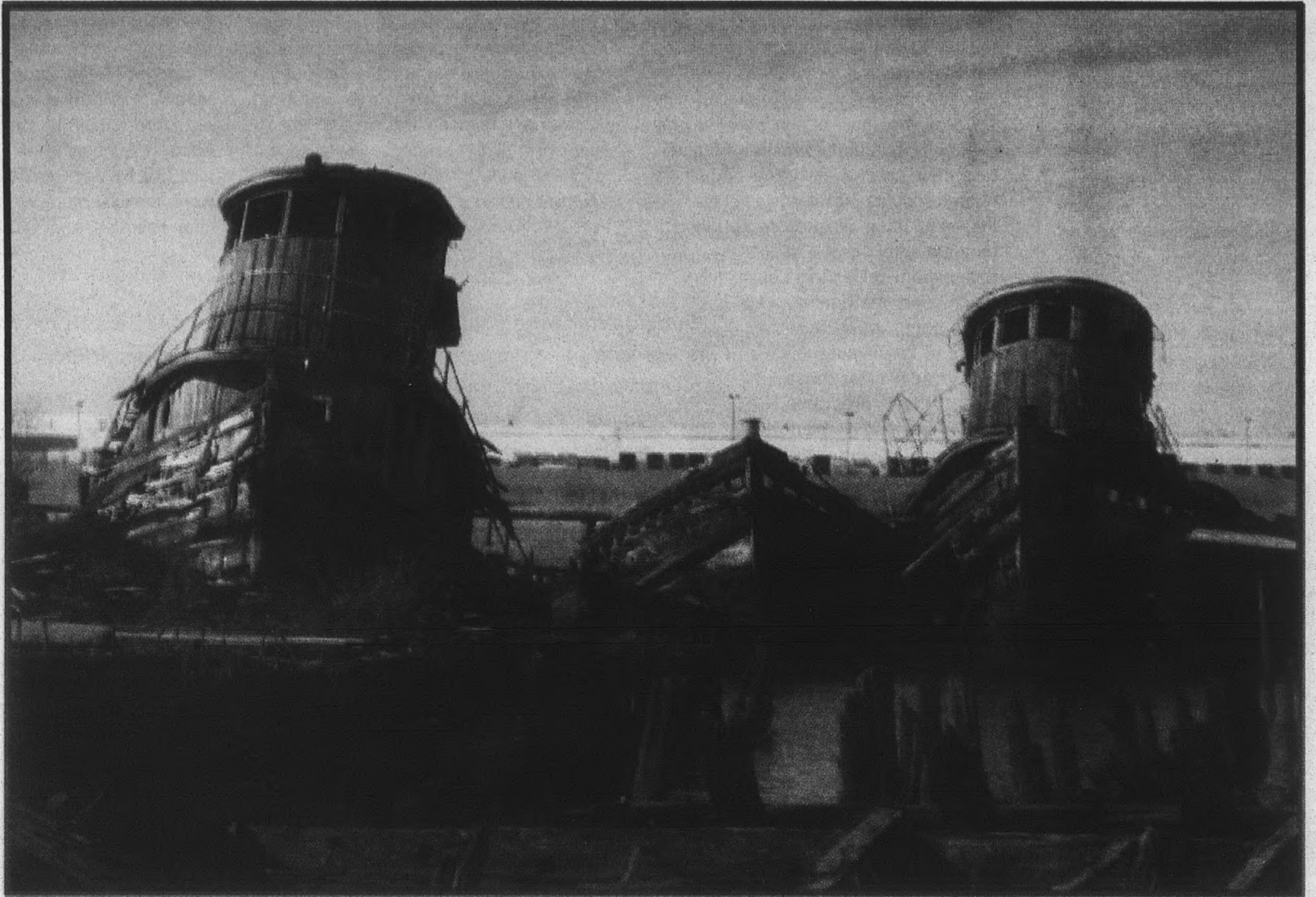
We are the future my fellow peers, faculty, and staff, make no mistake about it. To the graduates of the classes before us, congratulations and cheers. To the graduating class of the present, as Yogi Berra said best, "...it ain't over 'til it's over." Therefore, stand

fast and roll with the punches, they will come, until that day when we together take our giant leap here on earth into an even realer world. To the student body, please, do as I say and not as I do. And to the freshman, transfer students and all fill our campus with life everyday, God's speed, and my best of wishes in the future, and good luck for good measure.

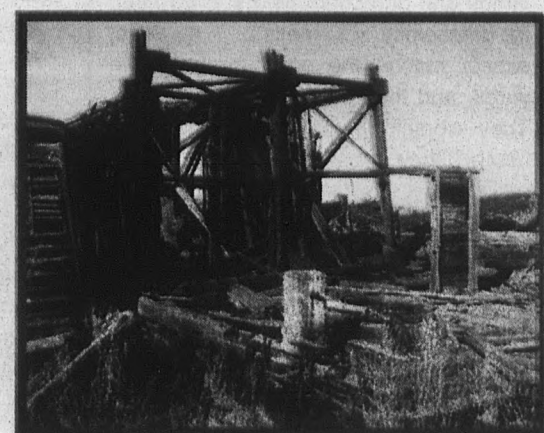
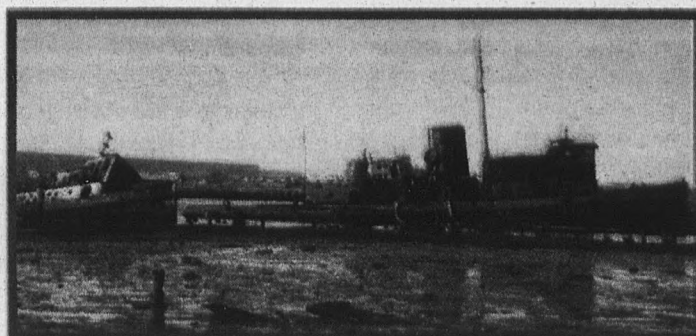
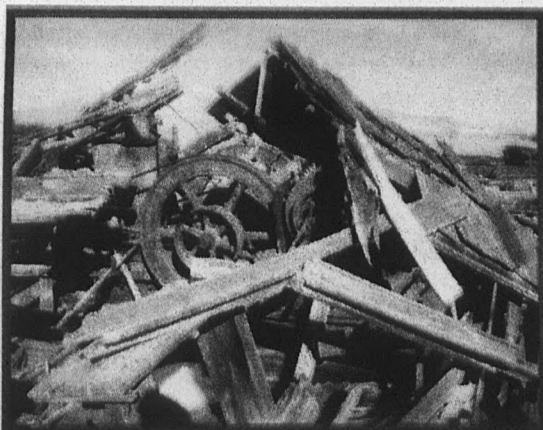
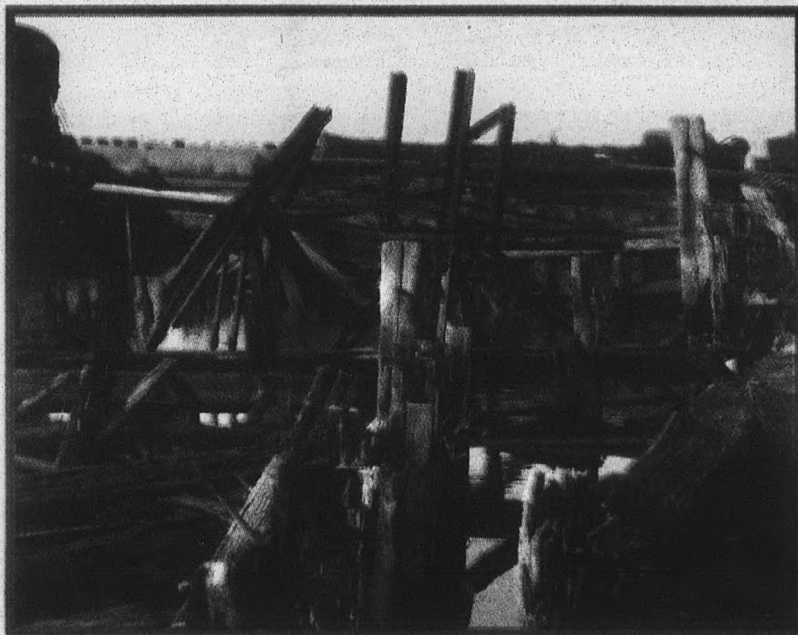
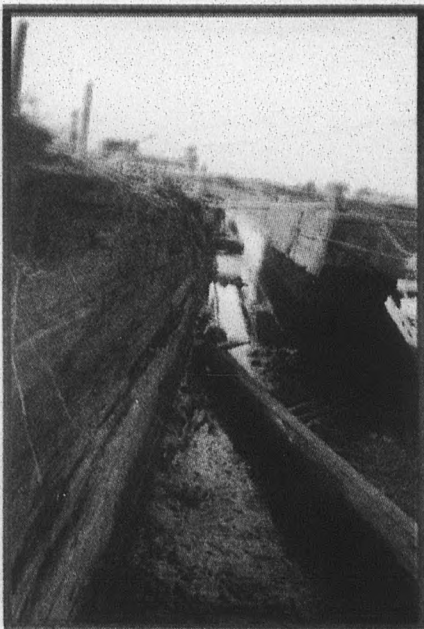
- Jorge A. Cotto, Jr.

Arthur Kill's Boat Graveyard

Photography by Luke Crisalli

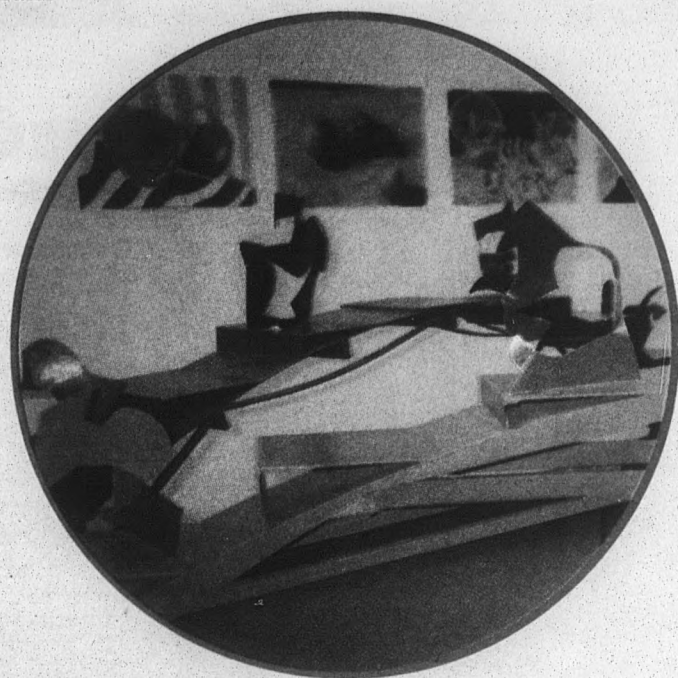
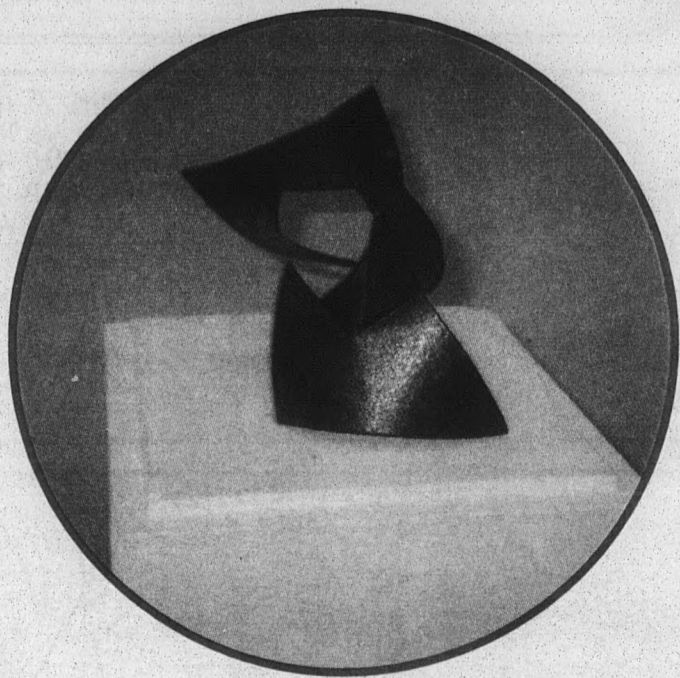


Last issue, The Banner showcased the newly improved Staten Island Ferry. We thought it only fitting to bookend that spread by displaying the boat graveyard of Arthur Kill. As Francis Stokes once said, "The sea finds out everything you did wrong." Clearly the commanders of these decayed, delapidated, and destroyed vessels did wrong by challenging the waters of Arthur Kill.

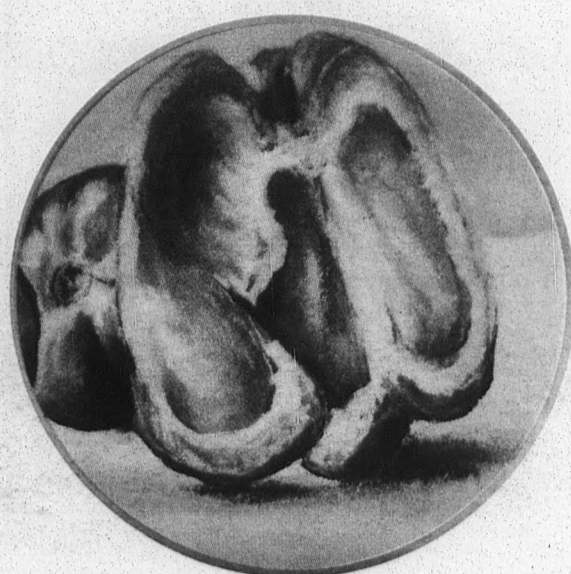
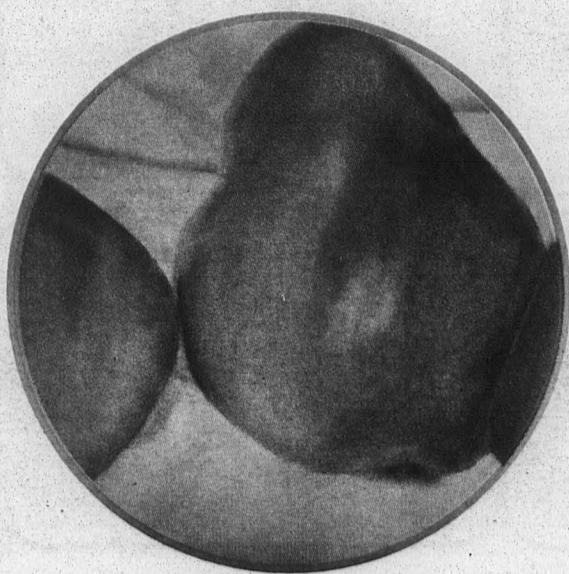


Students Show Off Artwork

Photography by Pamela Zambrano



From February 4th to the 23rd, a selection of student sculptures and drawing from Prof. Martel's creative art classes went up in 1P, 118. The Banner sent our resident aesthete, Pamela Zambrano, to memorialize the days when these future Metropolitan Museum of Art contributors strutted their stuff at CSI.



COMICS

FUBAR™

AN ENRIQUE IGNACIO INOCENTE JOINT

The Beacon

Written and Drawn by Enrique Inocente

MWAHHHA! WITH STUDENT GOVERNMENT HOSTAGE, WE'LL BE ABLE TO RANSOM DEMANDS TO FURTHER OUR EVIL EXPLOITS.



THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD, BUT YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE MADE AN APPOINTMENT. WE HAVE VERY IMPORTANT BUSINESS. FOR INSTANCE, WE'RE SPENDING THE NEXT HOUR DEBATING WHETHER TO HAVE MEXICAN OR THAI FOOD FOR OUR NEXT MEETING. PERSONALLY, I FEEL--



SILENCE!!! YOU WILL HONOR OUR DEMANDS OR I'LL LIQUEFY YOUR BRAIN INTO MILK SHAKE!!!



WHAT ATROCIOUS BEHAVIOR THESE ALIENS HAVE! IT'S AN OUTRAGE HOW THEY'RE MAKING THE SG PRESIDENT SOIL HIS PANTS. THEY OWE US AND THE STUDENT BODY AN APOLOGY FOR THIS TRAVESTY. THIS IS ALMOST AS EGREGIOUS AS THOSE LIABLE ACCUSATIONS THE BEACON PRINTED ABOUT ME. I DO NOT EAT BABIES! I'VE YET TO SEE A RETRACTION WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE. I'M SO GONNA--



GOD NO!!! *WEEP SOB* DUDE, I JUST CRAPPED MYSELF.

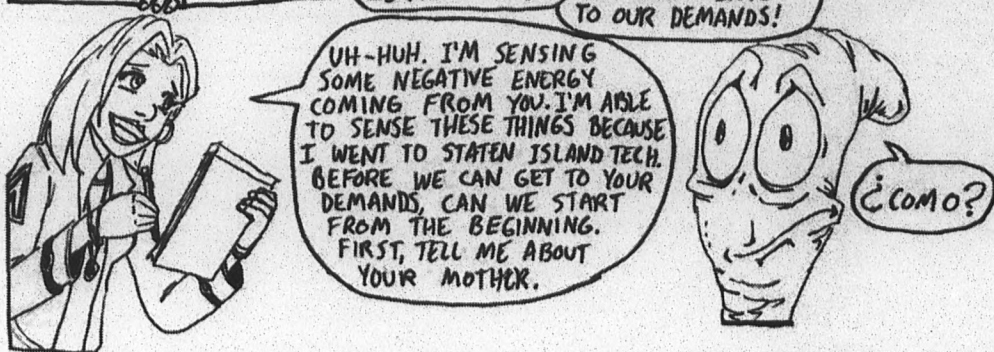


THWACK

QUIET YOU!

SIR, WE 'AVE ZE PRESS 'ERE.

GOOD! IT'S TIME THE WORLD LISTEN TO OUR DEMANDS!



UH-HUH. I'M SENSING SOME NEGATIVE ENERGY COMING FROM YOU. I'M ABLE TO SENSE THESE THINGS BECAUSE I WENT TO STATEN ISLAND TECH. BEFORE WE CAN GET TO YOUR DEMANDS, CAN WE START FROM THE BEGINNING. FIRST, TELL ME ABOUT YOUR MOTHER.

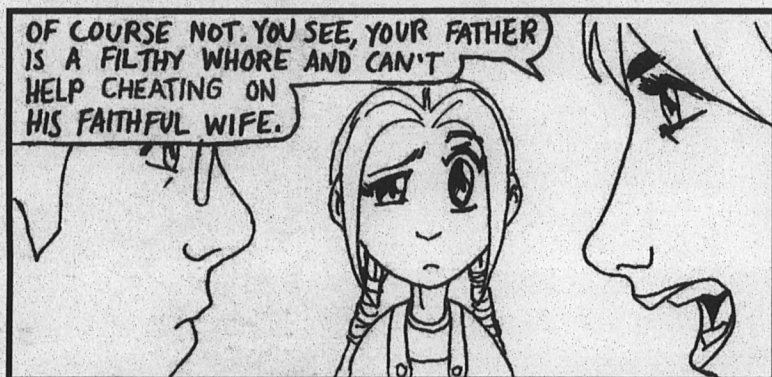
¿COMO?



HONEY, I KNOW THIS IS GOING TO BE HARD TO UNDERSTAND NOW, BUT YOUR MOTHER AND I ARE GETTING A DIVORCE.



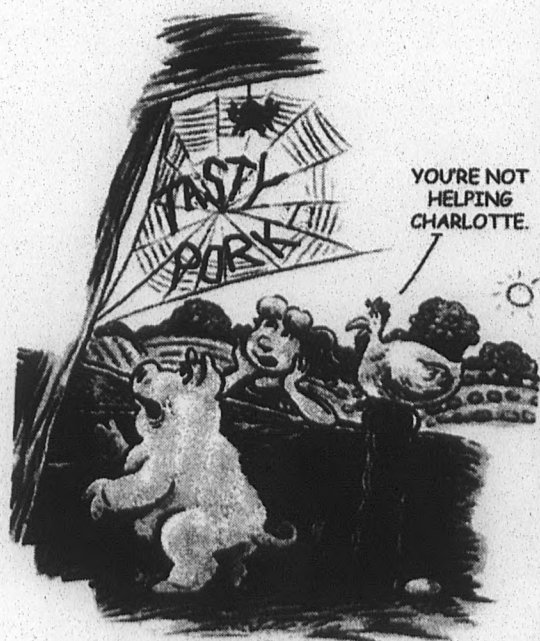
NO, YOU CAN'T! IS IT MY FAULT?



OF COURSE NOT. YOU SEE, YOUR FATHER IS A FILTHY WHORE AND CAN'T HELP CHEATING ON HIS FAITHFUL WIFE.



I THOUGHT WE AGREED TO BREAK IT TO HER GENTLY.

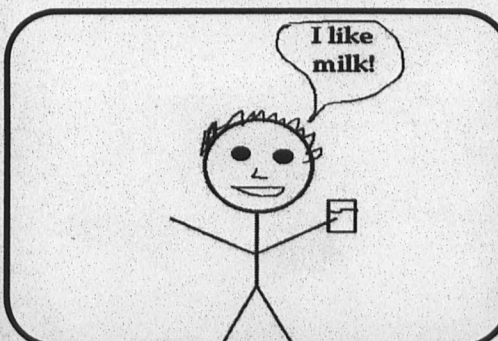


YOU'RE NOT HELPING CHARLOTTE.

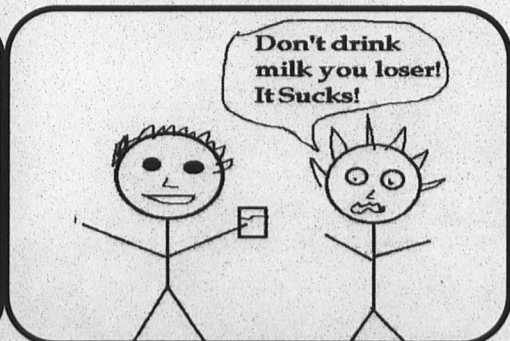
BETTER THAN ENRIQUE

JOINT

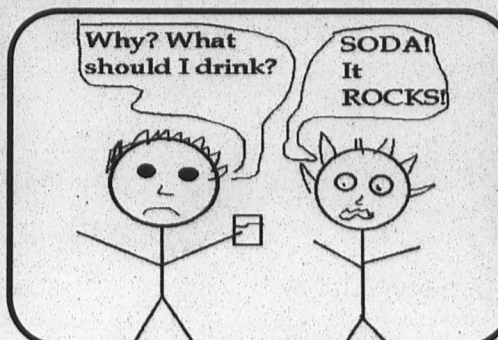
by BRYAN MCGUCKIN



I like milk!



Don't drink milk you loser! It Sucks!



Why? What should I drink?

SODA! It ROCKS!



I LOVE SODA NOW!

A Better Than Enrique Joint

A Visit to the Holy Shrine of Lourdes Marks The Demise Of a Believer

Melissa Seecharan

Every Sunday morning for the first 14 years of my life, I spent in the same stained glass brick building, listening to the same words repeated by my Pastor, whose four-fingered right hand either made you snicker or squirm as he handed out Communion. I'd sit in the last pew, tugging at my frilly dresses while other mornings I'd simply try to fall asleep like so many other children who wanted to know why God couldn't be worshipped at a later time.

As a child in Catholic school, I was routinely preached and nagged the Word of God by nuns and teachers, to the point it had become like an incessant song—the kind song that gets stuck in your head for days and days. I used to hope that it could be replaced by a catchier tune. I wasn't tremendously bothered by this, but I was upset by the fact that my supposedly holy role models didn't practice what they preached, and I couldn't understand why.

One sunny weekend, my dad, brother, and I waited in the car as my mother ran errands. During the wait, my brother spotted a familiar, white collared face. It was our Pastor. Father "Nine Fingers" sat alone in his car as held a contraption, lit one end, and inhaled. I might have been only nine at the time, but I knew what was taking place; I watched my Pastor smoke God's grass.

Three years later, I woke up to news reports that a priest from my parish had attempted to rape a volunteer. I remember saying to myself, "Can God actually forgive this?" But I still had a lot more to learn about Catholicism. I couldn't judge "teachings" that had been around long before Billy Graham gave his first televised sermon.

During my most recent trip to London, my grandmother, a staunch Catholic,

ambushed my brother and me with news that she had planned to take us to Lourdes, France. I exchanged glances with my brother and decided to go along, smiles included.

Lourdes is a place filled with miracles; the Virgin Mary apparently appeared to a young St. Bernadette here and it contains a never ending spring where "holy" water flows. I stood before the sights of this little town in amazement. It was beautiful. I asked my brother if he believed the apparition story, and he quickly replied,

"no, but make like you do. Don't hurt grandma's feelings." With those words, I walked away and decided to see if this place would help me find hope in my religion.

As I toured the town's church, I came upon the encased body of St. Bernadette. She's still "alive." Her organs are still intact, she bleeds and had been dead for over 500 years. The skeptic in me walked away from the viewing even more confused, and headed to the "eternal" spring.

I stood watching a line of tourists waiting anxiously to be dipped in the water. "That has got to be unsanitary," I mumbled to myself. I wasn't sure if anyone heard me, but an older Italian couple started talking to me soon after. Their accents were thick but I was some how able to understand them. Their son had been diagnosed with a life threatening illness, so as a last resort they brought him to Lourdes. They bathed him in the spring and a few months later his conditioned improved, so they now come to Lourdes whenever possible to give thanks.

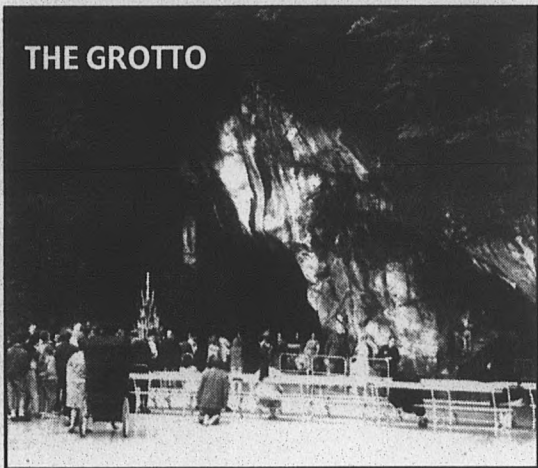
On my last day in this holy town, I looked out from my hotel's window and observed the real motivation of this place. Hundreds of tourists, pilgrims, and the sick with chaplets in hand flock to Lourdes every day. In other words, this town was making a boatload of money. From Virgin Mary shaped bottles filled with holy water to T-shirts, post cards, and scarves almost anything could be bought. The townspeople must see these worshippers only as dollar signs. It was like Disney World for the religious, and I desperately didn't want to be a part of that. I could never support the seedy underbelly of religion.

Now as every Sunday morning begins with the distant ringing of church bells, I pull my comforter over my head and briefly think of those kids tugging on their dresses, pulling at their ties, and trying to fall asleep. I think of those poor Italian parents and their miraculously cured child. I think of all those Virgin Mary tee-shirts. Then I turn over and get some rest.

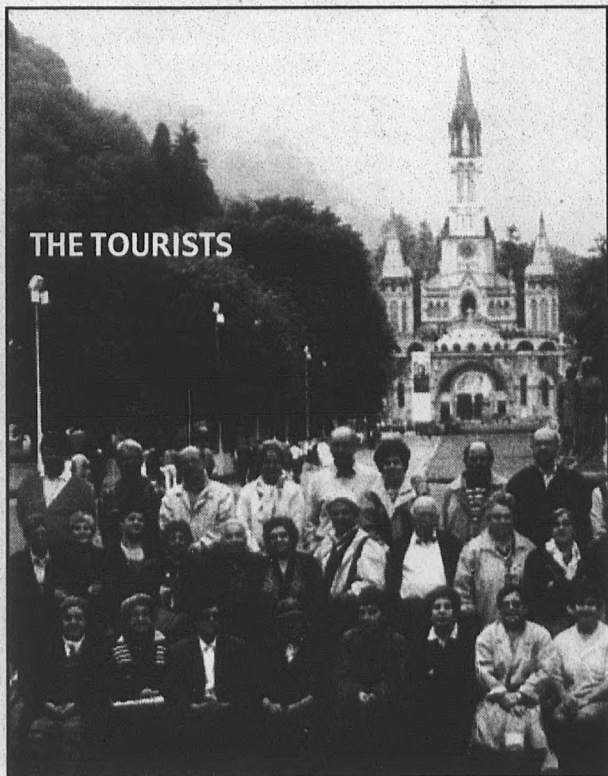
THE SHRINE



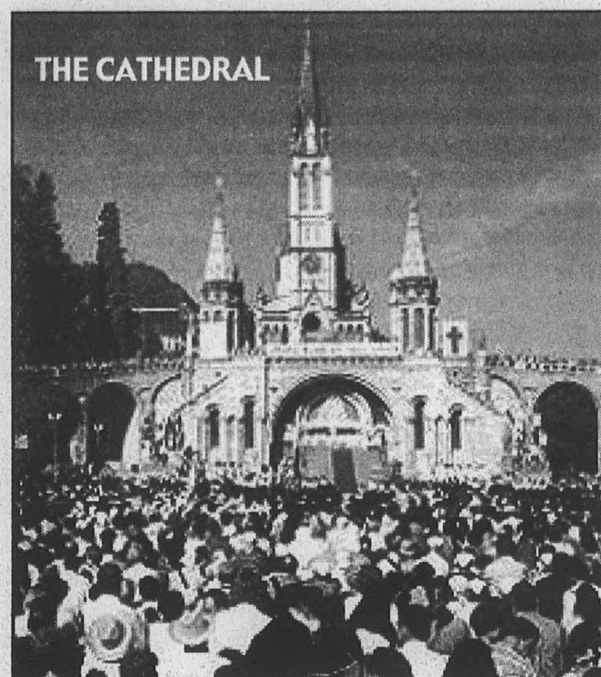
THE GROTTTO



THE TOURISTS



THE CATHEDRAL



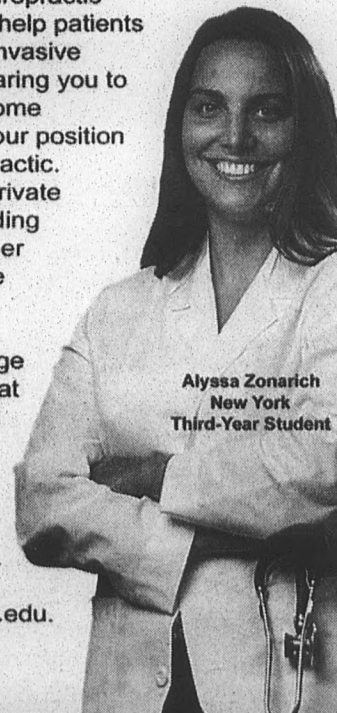
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Life.... Love... & SEX

SEE OUR SEX COLUMNIST IN THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES! IN THE MEANTIME, ENJOY THIS SEX COLUMN CLASSIC

Jessica Mendez

Dancing is the clothed version of sex. I am normally a shy girl (no, really), but when I dance my inhibitions dissipate, and sensuality pours out of me in rivulets of rhythm. My body absorbs music. For instance, one night I was cleaning up my friend Phoenix's table after a dinner we had with my friend Kali. I spontaneously began swaying my hips to a Sade CD Phoenix had put on in an attempt to be "suave." I was oblivious to the fact that I was even moving until Kali came over and said, "Girl, he is drooling!"

"What?" Yeah, sometimes, I'm a bit slow to the draw.

"He asked me if you were drunk," she giggled. "I told him that that's just how you are, that you dance like that all the time." She pointed to Phoenix, who was watching me with delicious intensity. "He said you didn't even know what power you had."

Kali "went to use the bathroom" (read: got the hell out of there), and I danced over to Phoenix. Within minutes, this boy, who had not been able to take his eyes off of me, was doing exactly what I wanted him to do. And I still couldn't grasp why.

After that experience, I decided to hone my skills at an "Art of Exotic Dancing" class. AOED is a program run by Leah Stauffer, one of the owners of Philadelphia Films and the instructor of my class for the evening. Leah is a tall Amazonian goddess of a woman, assertive but soft-spoken. The goal of

AOED is to help women gain confidence in the bedroom and in everyday life, something every girl in that class (including me) felt they were lacking.

Mood Music-The Key to Self Expression

Leah begins the class by performing a basic striptease dance to "In My Place" by Coldplay. Yes, you read that right. According to Leah, music is the key to

sweetie, but a well-timed glance gets temperatures (and appendages) rising much faster than a hip roll alone (more on that later).

Walking is so important to how people see you and, more importantly, how you see yourself. Leah taught us all the "step-drag-walk," the sexy glide that makes you instantly swing your hips like an extra in "Showgirls." Slinking to and from a mirror may sound silly, but it's an

ing like they owned their bodies. For the first time in a very long time, the power that I felt I had lost, the power of femininity, had come rushing back. When it was my turn to speak, Leah just turned to me and said, "Ms. Self-Expression! You didn't even need this class!" Just hearing that made me realize how much I did need the class to recognize my own sense of self.

AOED classes are a one-shot deal, and the \$80 price tag is reasonable for the 3hour+ class time. For those of you who can't get to a class, AOED has instructional videos, DVDs, and books. The book is a great reference tool, and the beginning instructional video is great, too, as it teaches you all of the basic moves. The "Perfecting Your Routine" video is a bit slapdash and production seems rushed. I suggest sticking with the "Core Moves" video and the book. The class is fun and empowering, and I highly recommend it. The AOED classes are given throughout the US and UK, including Manhattan, with plans for classes to be offered more frequently. For more information about AOED and to sign up, visit AOED.com and get ready to shimmy your way to empowerment.

I decided to hone my skills at an "Art of Exotic Dancing" class...

being comfortable with the dance and with yourself. During the class, we danced to everything from Alicia Keys' "A Woman's Worth" to Nine Inch Nails' strip-perific "Closer" (that song is the sex!). Song choice is imperative to setting the mood, so go with what you love to dance to! I slink well to Kylie Minogue and NIN, but for someone who enjoys R&B, Alicia Keys may make that person feel sexy. Don't be afraid to experiment with music to find what you like.

You Sexy Thing—Body Confidence and Giving Good Glance

One thing I always shy away from when dancing is eye contact, but Leah made us practice maintaining eye contact with each other, which led to lots of nervous giggling and, in the case of my partner, major frustration. But intimacy is more about eye contact than anything else. Swivel your hips all you want,

excellent way to scope out your posture and body language.

Hippy Shake Shake

Hips are shaken, stirred, and swung, but there's nothing like a hip roll to really get things going. AOED teaches four types of hip rolls that loosened us up and gave us a basis for the wondrous snaky movements hips can make. After that, it was time for floor work, where we rolled and writhed without inhibition. The shift in attitude from shy girls to all out sex goddesses was apparent by the end of the night, where we all danced independently based on what we had learned. I forgot other people were even present until I heard Leah exclaim, "Jessa! Beautiful self expression!"

At the end of class, we all reconvened to speak about how the class worked for us. The response was overwhelmingly positive, with every girl feel-

RETROVIEW

KILLER KLOWNS FROM OUTER SPACE

RETROVIEW

Enrique Ignacio Inocente

There's something about clowns. You either love them or hate them. I happen to fall in the latter category. As a kid, I found them to be scary. Yes, scarier than even Michael Jackson. With its pasty white face, rubber nose, floppy shoes, and maniacal cackling—I'm talking about clowns not Jacko—they scared the poop out of me. Just imagine running into a clown in a dark alleyway as it darted towards you laughing like an escaped mental patient and swinging a rubber chicken. If you're like me and think clowns are truly the spawn of Satan then you'll appreciate *Killer Klowns From Outer Space*, a campy sci-fi horror movie about, you guessed it, killer clowns from outer space.

An intergalactic circus tent filled with deviant, red-nosed, balloon twisting, psycho aliens lands in the fields near a small town. The killer clowns go to town raising hell and killing humans with an assortment of zany gadgets like shadow puppets, mallets, cotton candy, and popcorn. A handful of plucky teenagers take it upon



themselves to stop the clown menace and save mankind.

The acting is what you'd expect from a teen horror movie so you won't see any Oscar caliber performances, but the characters are likeable, if not stereotypical. Mike (Grant Cramer) is the typical teen hero determined to save the world, his girlfriend Debbie (Suzanne Snyder) is the ditsy blond, local idiots Rich (Michael Siegel) and Paul (Peter Licassi) are the comic relief, and Dave (John Allen Nelson) is the young, dashing policeman. Then there's Officer Mooney, a crusty, bitter, old cop played to perfection by actor John Vernon (rest his soul) who some might remember played the crusty, bitter, old dean in *Animal House*.

Killer Klowns is a movie that doesn't take itself too seriously so it's not so much scary as it is amusing. The creature effects are well done with each grotesque clown having a distinct look and personality. This is an enjoyable little flick and one that will finally give weight to the age-old argument that clowns are inherently evil. I give *Killer Klowns From Outer Space* three out four rainbow-colored wigs.

RETROVIEW SOYLENT GREEN RETROVIEW

Allison Coniglio

If you've seen Planet of the Apes you're already familiar with the overly-dramatic acting of Charlton Heston. Heston, the National Rifle Association's Vice President, stars in the 1970's sci-fi cult classic *Soylent Green*, a pessimistic depiction of the world in the year 2022 (directed by Richard Fleisher, adapted from the novel by Harry Harrison).

Thorn (Heston) is a slackish, cocky detective who stumbles onto to something bigger when investigating the seemingly brutal murder of a Mr. Simonson (Joseph Cotton), a rich "must have been big" man who treats his furniture not with Pledge, but with gifts and kisses—What? (Furniture in the year 2022 actually consists of attractive women, that come along with the most prestigious apartments).

If this film predicts the future, we are all doomed—doomed I tell you, doomed. The main source of food is small crackers that all



bear the name soylent. They come in an array of colors and are all with the exception of green derived from yeah, you guessed it pork. Actually, vegetable but I would have opted for pork.

The Seventies are very apparent in this film: the wardrobe, the yellow-tinged teeth, realistic-looking people, the set-design and the delayed slapping and punching sounds. Minus the breach in sound-effects, the editing is on a par with any blockbuster today.

In the future, we will all be sweaty because of some ecological disaster. The makeup artist tried to convey this but the cast ended up looking more like they were painted with a coat of clear nail polish. Sappy music at supposedly important moments downplays any of the actors already lacking acting skills. The film is definitely worth a watch though, it's a good story with a twist at the end and hey, it's been quoted on "The Simpsons."

THE PUNISHER SLAUGHTERS HIMSELF

Dominic Fiduccia

Last year, Marvel Comics The Punisher was featured in his own movie which, to tell the truth, wasn't that great. Now, THQ has released a Punisher video game and just like last year's film, the game isn't up to snuff. Not that it doesn't try, but let's face it, when you've play one third-person shooter, you've played them all.

Every third-person shooter wants to have its own look and feel. Both James Bond and Max Payne have done an excellent job of this. In Bond, you'll get a great movie-style story throughout



Want a lead salad? The Punisher is ready to serve. Too bad the game's not palatable.

the game. While in Payne, you have bullet time which lets you shoot bullets the way you want them to go. The Punisher tries to mix those two games into one.

The game's story features The Punisher interrogated by authorities in a little room on Ryker's Island, which is "cleverly" named after the real Rikers Island. As the authorities ask questions, The Punisher thinks back to the events that led to this point, starting three weeks before, when he began his vigilante-style justice by personally eliminating the mob that murdered his family. Many others feel the wrath of The Punisher's bullets.

The flashbacks supposedly interest players in the plotline, but the story is

unsatisfying. All that really goes on is a bunch of shooting.

The Punisher can go into "slaughter mode," which slows the game down a bit. It's the game's version of Max Payne's bullet time. Slaughter mode is unique in that, while in it, you'll regain some of your health and drop your guns in favor of a never-ending supply of knives that you can throw into the faces

of enemies with stunning accuracy. The other twist to The Punisher is that you can grab any enemy for use as a human shield. Though doing this slows down your movement so much that it isn't

that useful.

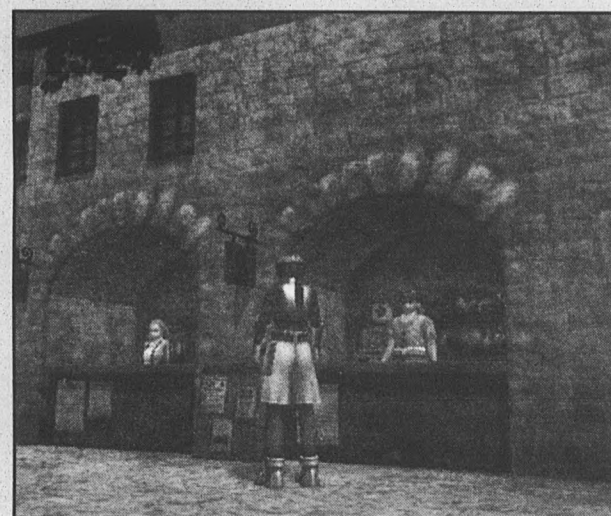
The game is interesting when it comes to weapons. You'll have various options in the game. Besides a pair of pistols you'll also get to use an array of assault rifles, submachine guns, and some more specialized weaponry, like a rocket launcher, a flamethrower, and grenades. However, pistols will be your main weapon throughout the game.

Death in this game is a joke. You'll be able to kill most of the enemies easily. You can finish the game rather quickly even if you set the game difficulty on hard mode. The Punisher is available for the Playstation 2 and Xbox.

SUIKODEN IV—THE AMAZING ADVENTURE

Amanda Foote

Suikoden IV is exceptional, unusual and perfect for those who are looking for something different in an RPG. For those who have already been fans of the Suikoden series, you'll notice that the battle system has been changed. Not to worry, the characters still work together to perform great com-



The hero at the market. Potions, weapons, shields, and magic runes for sale.

bos. The pairing system has also changed a bit, leaning towards a more customary, four-person lineup, each person acting independently. Suikoden IV gives combat a little more distinction; sometimes you'll have fights that are completely different from the standard battles.

First off, you will have some battles on ships where you'll have a grid-like battlefield to fire rune cannons. Then there are those one-on-one duels that have been spiced up a bit. Even though these extra styles of battle are simple, they are still great entertainment and amusing to play. It also takes a turn from the other normal types of patterns out there today.

Even though Suikoden IV is a marvelous game, it does have its follies. First, the arrival of recorded dialogue makes the whole 'silent hero' notion fail to be engaging. It makes the main hero oddly silent throughout transactions shaping his very fate.

There is always something thrilling

happening just over the horizon. Most of these events happen through oceanic exploring. This is where we find our second problem. The ship in which you sail on is like a huge island with sails. That isn't really the problem but it's the battles that occur out at sea. Random battles at sea are activated somewhere around every 5 or so seconds and because of this every

time you wish to go exploring the game extends itself to about 45 minutes or more.

Fortunately for us, it isn't a steady problem, which makes it all the better for the game and its players. Another thing that helps a bit is the fact that after you've done your exploring, the story continues to move at a comfortable pace. It's also filled with many surprises and a steady stream of new characters to keep your party very appealing. Many parts in this game will leave you in awe of the events that have transpired across your screen.

Suikoden IV is an amazing adventure that more than rewards you for your determination. This game is right there on top with the other greatest RPG's ever made, brilliantly using elements mostly seen in the famous Classic titles, Chrono Cross and Final Fantasy X.

Even though this game has some downsides, it is still up there with the best and deserves a proper rating. I put this game somewhere between a 8.5 and a 9.

SPORTS

February 28, 2005

Track and Field Frozen for Two Years

Orume A-Hays

There are a couple of CUNY Colleges that do not have a track and field program, and CSI is one of them.

"Track and field is the basis of any sport," said one nursing major and former 400-meter competitor. "It works on your cardio and stamina. What is the use for having a track out there if we are not going to use it?"

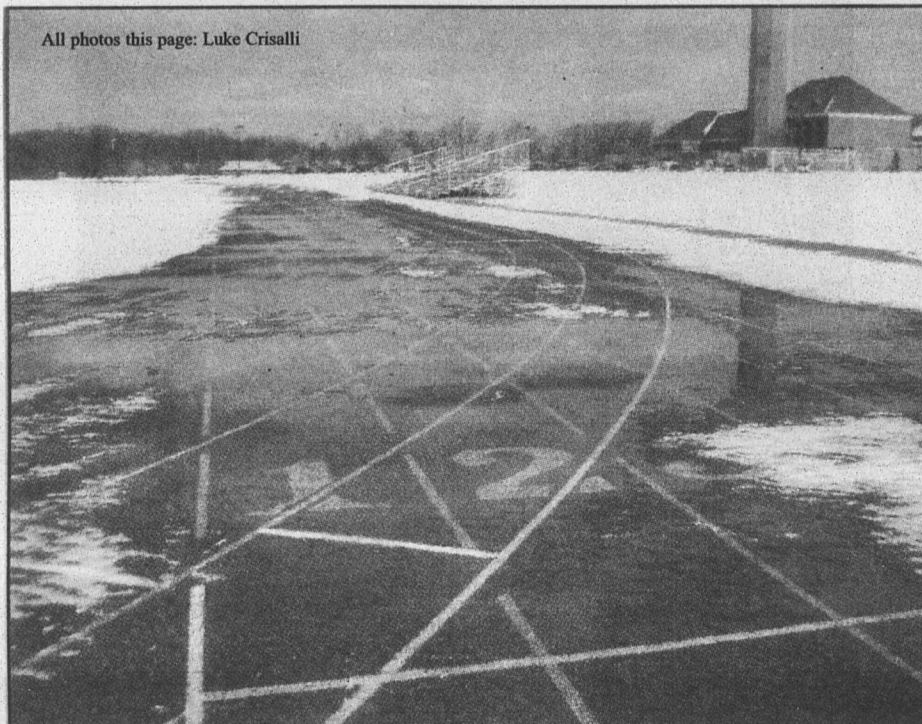
The Director of Athletics Dr. Harold Merritt says that his department works on a different agenda than that of students. "Our first step is to redo our track," he said. "We have plans on doing the track this spring. If that happens, the next step is to hire a coach, not have a team."

After some things have fallen in place, like the funding, the athletic department can proceed. "We will have a coach for one year to set the program up and within the following year start a team." Student fees are not enough to fund sports. "The money that we will use is money that we generated through the building," he said, referring to fees and rentals.

"We are hoping that in two years we will have the track running." Some students are going to miss out but "we are working on it" he said.

Jason Fein, the Associate Director of Athletics says that orientation polls of

All photos this page: Luke Crisalli



Start-up costs for CSI track and field include \$250,000 for patching and resurfacing the track. A hidden cost is insurance. "We have about 158 students at this time," said Associate Athletic Director Jason Fein. "We have to have insurance for every single one of them."

new students have indicated a fair bit of interest. "Track and Field came in third," he said, with Women's Soccer and Cheerleading coming in first and second respectively. "Putting a new program together is a long process. Last year, we added the Women's Soccer team and they won the Conference

Championship."

The start-up costs include fixing up the facilities and buying new equipment. "We have to resurface the track, fix and patch it up," said Mr. Fein, at an estimated budget of \$25,000. Another important cost is insurance. "We have about 158 students at this time, and we have to

have insurance for every single one of them," said Fein.

Although track could be considered a low-risk sport, accidents do happen. Two basketball players recently had surgery on their knees. "Things happen, a guy misjudges a ball and it hits someone on the nose. We have to be covered."

"You don't need much equipment," said one freshman at the sports complex. "The only thing we need money for is for the races, and travel." This disappointed student was informed at a college fair of CSI's Division 4 team. He trained all summer only to find out the team was non-existent. "We already have a track, but there are not enough benches," he said in reference to the college's present inability to host competitions. With four years of Cross Country and outdoor in high school, he is eager to join the school team when it materializes.

A Junior Biology major student used to do relays. She regrets the fact that there have been no track and field programs to date. "It is a great team sport she said." This particular student is no longer interested in joining a school team, but hopes the opportunity will be there for future students.

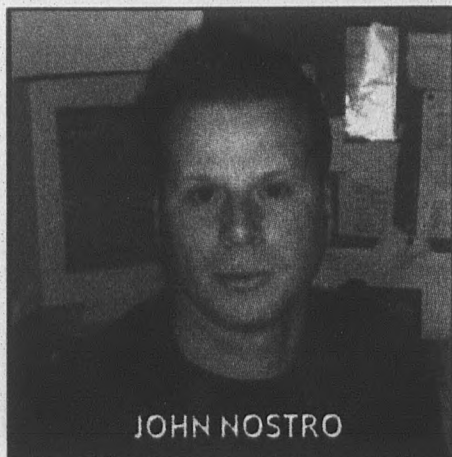
The Athletics department is pleased to have the support of the college Vice President, and with support of the student body, CSI will eventually have a track and field team.

John Nostro — The Man Behind the Teams

Adam Lazatin

Have you ever wondered what happens to players after injuries? How they rehab muscles back to full strength? John Nostro is the man who repairs all of the injuries pertaining to all of the athletic sports teams at the College of Staten Island. From a simple bandage to a full rehab program, Nostro is the man all CSI athletes trust. Nostro has been the head athletic trainer at CSI for 14 years. Each year 11 teams and over 115 student athletes are under the care of Nostro. "Injuries here can range from a quick band aid to a full rehabilitation from a torn anterior cruciate ligament, which can take up to 7 or 8 months," he said from his office in the Sports and Recreation Center.

Nostro, a Brooklyn native, received a B.S. in Physical Education from Brooklyn College and an M.S. in Exercise Science from Long Island



University. He is certified by the National Athletic Training Association (NATA), and the National Strength and Conditioning Association (NSCA), where he was certified as a Strength and Conditioning Specialist.

Nostro's experiences outside of CSI include an internship at the Olympic Training Center in Colorado, the World

University Games in Buffalo, NY, and the NYC Marathon. He once spent the summer working for Azonic Lo'Neal Professional Mountain Biking Team.

At CSI, Nostro spends a lot of time taping ankles and stretching athletes. "The hours can get a bit long," he said. "But there is no greater satisfaction then when you complete a successful rehab and get the athletes back into their sport."

The most common injury that Nostro deals with is an ankle sprain, which he says can be prevented simply by proper technique and conditioning. The most serious injury he has seen happened about eight years ago, when a player on the women's softball team fell while running to catch a fly ball and lacerated her

liver.

"Some injuries just happen," Nostro said. "Most can be prevented by simple conditioning exercises." The off-season is the best time to condition and prepare your body for any upcoming season and Nostro encourages and provides many off-season workout routines.

Nostro keeps the train-

ing room running and the athletes healthy on a \$6,000 a year budget. He says it is an adequate budget that helps to obtain various equipment for rehab programs, exercise equipment, numerous athletic braces, bandages, wrap etc.

"He has always been there to nurse all my injuries," Keith Cattonar of the swimming and diving team said.

THE NOSTRO FILE

Rolls of tape each year	1,920
Bags of ice each year	3,858
Treatments each year	1,709