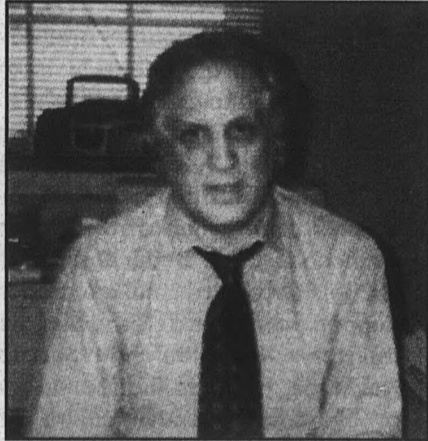


# THE BANNER

October 28, 2003

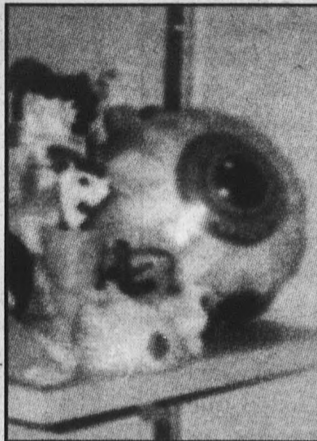
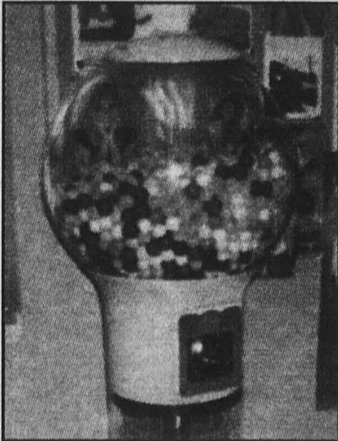


*CSI Registrar is all work, some play, but definitely...*

**Timothy Desiderio**

The motorized Mr. Potato Head and giant gumball machine may indicate that you are in a toy store rather than an administrator's office, unless that office is Alan Hoffner's.

When the door with the official looking nameplate reading "Registrar" is opened, there are two things that one notices immediately. The incomprehensible amount of administrative binders, and the plethora of toys, all of which were gifts. Describing how the collection began, Hoffner says, "Someone gave me a toy pig, and I put it on my desk, and within two months I had eight-hundred toy pigs."



## The Man with All the Toys

Alan Hoffner is sometimes reminded of his collection when he least expects it. "Once I was walking in a mall, and some woman was walking with her little kid, and she said to the kid 'do you remember-him?' and the kid said, 'the pig man!' Which is really unfortunate, you know, out in public."

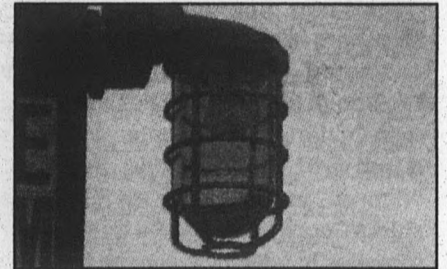
Hoffner admits he's not your stereotypical administrator, but many see him as a breath of fresh air in an often-stuffy environment. The former sociology professor and financial aid officer is a busy man, efficiently handling predicaments as they arise, like registrars do. He mentions obtaining his current job as his proudest achievement. "I think it speaks interestingly of the college

that they would let someone like me sit in this chair." He says with a wry smile, "But they were smart enough to know that I could apply the rules as intended, but still be a human being about it, and they weren't scared about that." This human side is evident to co-workers in the registrar's office. Hoffner infects the office with smiles as he passes, and effortlessly elicits laughter with one liners. Even in this regimented environment.

Amidst the monotony of meetings and bureaucratic red tape, Alan Hoffner still finds time to pursue his Ph.D. in Sociology. He is currently at the dissertation level, using that background to translate the confusing guidelines in a more people-friendly

*Continued on Page 2*

## Blue Lights Get New Bulbs



**Michael Bruno**

Anyone meandering about the CSI campus lately may have noticed a few extra boots on the ground and golf-carts on the road bearing the seal of campus security. What is the reason for this sharp increase in security personnel? Has a specific danger been brought to the school's attention? Is there a surplus in security payroll? Perhaps President Bush's frolicsome daughters have transferred here—beer-bongs in tow—and have lost their secret service guys somewhere in Tijuana. While the Bush girls would be a welcome distraction, the truth is that the campus' emergency "Blue Light" security notification system is undergoing an upgrade that will leave the system temporarily dormant, thus creating the need for an increase in uniformed campus security.

"CSI is not under martial law," assured Angelo Aponte, CSI's Vice President for finance and administration. "The increased security is there to ensure the safety of the students and faculty while the renovation is taking place."

The emergency "Blue Light" notification system has been in place ever since the new CSI campus went up a little over ten years ago. The poles with the blue light at the top and a pull-handle at the bottom are all over the CSI campus, especially in cloaked enclaves such as sparsely visited stairwells and dimly lit walkways. They are there so pedestrian students or faculty can alert campus security to any manner of emergency that would require immediate assistance. Now, after ten years of dutiful service, the entire system is being renovated to make response time to emergencies quicker and you safer.

Part of the improvement process involves an upgrade in hardware, software and camera equipment, all of which will greatly improve the

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## IN MEMORIAM: GEORGE CUSTEN

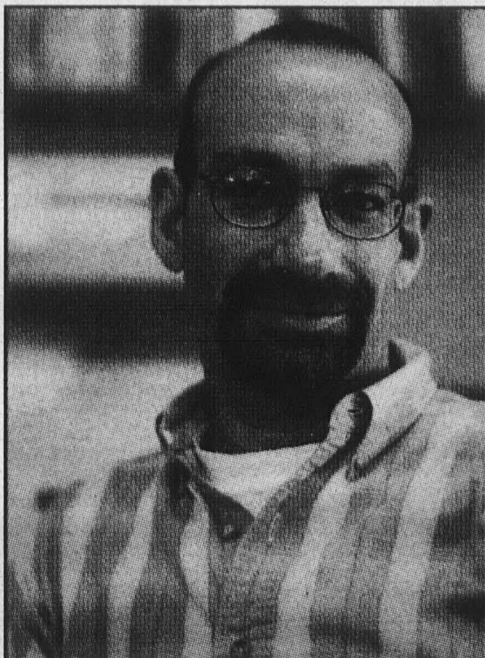
*CSI Looks Back at the Life and Accomplishments of a Devout Scholar and Teacher*

**Paul Cantar**

George Custen was a devout scholar and well-respected professor of the performing and creative arts— an asset to CSI's community and faculty.

On October 21st, a memorial was held for Professor George Custen at The Player's Club, located in Manhattan's Gramercy Park. Family members, CSI faculty, and long-time friends of Custen were on hand to pay tribute to a man they held dear to their hearts. Kind words were spoken about him, and musical selections were played to honor his tastes, but nothing could be done to truly express the loss that was felt after Custen mysteriously died of a brain aneurism this past May.

"What he really wanted," said

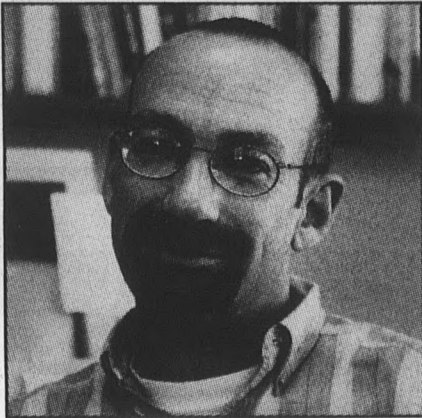


Judy Glassman, a cousin of Custen's, and the person responsible for the memorial service, "was an academic career in film studies." He ended up with just that. Custen joined CSI's faculty in 1987, and in 1992, he was appointed to the doctoral faculty of theater at the CUNY Graduate Center. During his tenure at CSI, he was the chairman of the Department of Performing and Creative Arts, and later became the head of the newly formed Department of Media Culture, where he was well liked and well respected by his peers as both an academic and a friend. "We can, and we do choose our friends," Glassman recollected George once telling her.

*Continued on Page 2*

**IN MEMORIAM: GEORGE CUSTEN**

*continued from page 1*



Among the many CSI faculty members in attendance was a visibly saddened Marlene Springer, CSI's President. She spoke of her short time with Custen, and remembered him as a man of intellect and integrity. "George was briefly in my life," she said. "George and I had a long dinner together in which we shared both the pains and the pleasures of our lives as we moved forward." Springer also recalled spending time with Custen at his home in Vermont, where, according to Springer, they were snowed in and had to cancel a night at the opera. "We finally gave up on going out at all, and watched six hours of marathon of *Sex and the City*," she said. "It was my first experience with that show but George knew that I would be hooked, and he was absolutely right." Springer acknowl-

edged Custen as a great scholar and colleague who she really admired. "Most of all, he was a friend," she said, "and one that I miss very much."

During his academic career, Custen wrote two books- *Bio/Pics: How Hollywood Constructed Public History* (1992) and *Twentieth Century's Fox: Darryl F. Zanuck and the Culture of Hollywood* (1997). Both texts have been widely recognized as seminal pieces of study within the fields of communications and film studies. "If I teach more of a film oriented class, then I would definitely use some of George's work," said Brian Cogan, an adjunct professor at CSI and assistant professor of Communications at Molloy College, who was once a colleague of Custen's. "If I ever taught film, George would be the first text I'd look to." Scholars are particularly keen on *Bio/Pics* because it's a book that deals with a genre of film that is not widely studied, and, up until Custen published his research and theories, was largely ignored altogether. "I would urge those people who haven't had an opportunity to read his books, to do so," said Mathew Solomon, an assistant professor in the Department of Media Culture at CSI. "There's a lot of very powerful ideas in what he's written about—the history of American popular entertainment." Solomon claims to have already included Custen's biography of Darryl Zanuck in the syllabus for one of his classes.

**ALLEN HOFFNER, CSI REGISTRAR, IS THE MAN WITH ALL THE TOYS**

*continued from page 1*

way. He joins Department Directors, Deans, and Administrators on a committee striving to make CSI better for students, academically, administratively, and monetarily. He is confident that the school is moving in the right direction.

Hoffner is apprehensive about the tuition hikes and accompanying decreases in financial aid. "It would be nice if we were treated fairly by the government, which we're not," he says with a somberness that belies the playful surroundings. "And it would also be nice if students came first in the system."

Alan Hoffner prides himself on helping students, stating that watching his students achieve is the best part about his job. He quickly identifies previous students among his heroes. A former secretary, Linda, once asked him if he thought she could be a doctor, although a single mother in her thirties. Alan Hoffner told her that she was definitely intelligent enough, and should do it. He can't help but beam when revealing, "She graduated here, valedictorian of the class, and went on to medical school. And now she's an obstetrician in North Carolina, making a half million dollars a year."

He and Linda remain friends, and the two had an interesting encounter

with the real life embodiment of his favorite doll in Manhattan. "I bumped into Vanna White in the city, and I said hi, and Linda said, 'He's got your doll,' and Vanna White was really quick, and said, 'I have security.'" His hearty, infectious laugh punctuates the story with a robust exclamation point.

His jovial demeanor and calm nature reassure students who are facing some unpleasant elements of bureaucracy, such as de-registration. Occasionally a student will be confronted with this dilemma, and they can come to him to iron out some of those issues. "Depending on the circumstances, I can make something happen. I can open a closed class with the approval of the chair people." However, he adds that sometimes problems fall beyond his control, and students must be aware of the steps in the process.

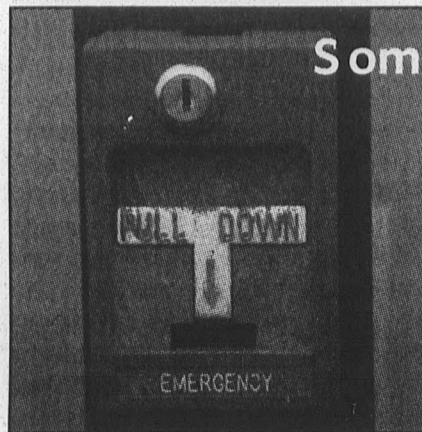
Alan Hoffner imparts some valuable advice to CSI students. "The whole point of this place is to make it work for you," he says, crinkling his brow. "Although there are rules and regulations, there are people to help navigate and you've got to find them."

When students look for answers, a good place to start may be the room with all the toys.

**CSI EMERGENCY "BLUE LIGHT" SECURITY NOTIFICATION SYSTEM UNDERGOING AN UPGRADE**

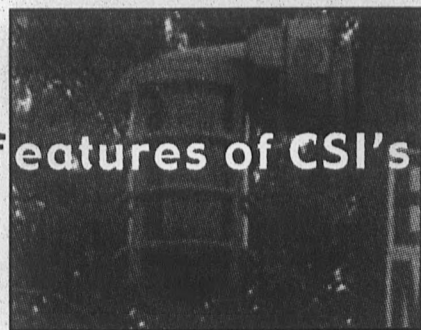
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effectiveness of the system. "We're basically going from analog to digital," said Mr Aponte. The Vice President also said that there were no glaring deficiencies in the old system, it was just time for a change. "New technologies become virtually obsolete 18 months or so after they come out, so we're just improving something that is long over-due for that type of maintenance. It makes sense."



There is no concrete timetable on when the revamping will be finished. Hopes are that the whole process will

be done by the end of the fall semester, but there is no rush as haste would be a risky vocation while the safety of students and faculty could be in question. The cost of the CSI funded project is also undetermined, but the Vice President has assured that no expense will be spared to



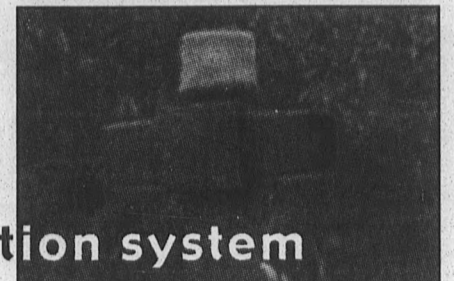
increase the safety of a campus that, like all college campuses, is potentially dangerous—especially in the dark of night. "Against the risk analysis of having a sub-standard system in place...if something awful should happen, how much it costs or how long it takes is not going to be an issue. We are going to do whatever



we can to bring this system into the 21st century."

In the meantime you will continue to see beefed up security spread across campus, particularly at night when darkness tends to hide deviance. If you do encounter an emergency situation during this interim period, it has been requested

that you notify Public Safety by calling extension 2111 from any college phone anywhere on campus. If you are not calling from a college phone then you must dial (718) 982 before the extension.



Even though the CSI campus will never be mistaken for Compton or Beirut, it might not be a bad idea to keep your eyes peeled and your ears perked while this new security operation takes its baby steps. While the extra security helps and makes some people more comfortable, it will ultimately come down to students and faculty taking any precautions that might be necessary during this period of renovation. So, in the venerated words of Sir Jerry Springer, "Take care of yourself... and each other."

**Some features of CSI's new security notification system**

## Dannii Minogue Gets New York Into The Groove

Jessica Mendez

It's 10 o'clock—do you know where your concert is? Well, it sure as hell isn't at Webster Hall, where it was supposed to be two hours ago. That's a good thing, considering the only people here up until now were a horde of bored press, some aging club "kids," and a few eager Dannii Minogue fans. Now, there is an old man in a wheelchair, dozens of guys in white shirts and spiky hair, girls in Forever 21 gear showing everything but rhythm, and an abundance of Chelsea boys. It could only be a KTU event, the Billboard Dance Summit to be exact.

So, who is Dannii Minogue, and why are there people clamoring to see her? Dannii Minogue is best known in Europe as a rising pop star with Ibiza friendly grooves and in America as being the sister of that other Minogue. Ironically, Dannii began her career well before Kylie as a child star in her native Australia. Dannii has also headlined club tours in London, catering to the gay club scene, making waves at the London club G.A.Y.

Dannii Minogue finally took the stage at around midnight in a black vest and light blue pinstriped flouncy ra ra skirt, her slight frame and breathy, catchy voice supported by four buffed Brit backup dancers. Every queer boy in existence suddenly seemed to make his way to the front of the stage and groove to "Put the Needle on It," Dannii's first major hit in Europe, a postmodern slinky jam with



**KYLIE WHO?** Little sister Dannii appeared at Webster Hall. *Photo credit: Jessica Mendez.*

plenty of electronic accompaniment.

After that, Dannii slid into her current US single, the very Eurotrashy "I Begin to Wonder," Dannii's take on post-breakup love and confusion. La Minogue (the sequel) was smart enough to showcase her softer side on the breathy ballad, "It Won't Work Out." However, she was clearly enjoying being the center of attention so much that the melancholy lyrics ("Hold me/ 'cause this is the ending/I'm bruising/from fighting/against the tide) were overshadowed by her per-magrin. The upbeat breakup dance jam "Who Do You Love Now?" a dance collaboration with Riva, the kings of

the Dutch trance scene, was catchy dance fluff. In fact, those three songs are so infectious and fun they almost make breakups seem like a treat! And speaking of treats, Dannii gave the audience a taste of her more pop-py 80s tinged music with her song "Don't Wanna Lose This Groove," a hybrid of Dannii's song "Don't Wanna Lose This Feeling" (a 70s influenced disco lite jam) and Madonna's 80s classic "Into the Groove." The song began as a joke when one of Dannii's producers mixed the two tunes for fun. On a whim, a delighted Dannii sent it to Madonna, who loved it so much she encouraged Dannii to release it as a single and a B-Side. This is where Dannii's strength truly lies: fluffy, cotton candy lyrics backed by fun, frothy, malted beats.

Dannii's album, *Neon Nights*, is a melange of dance grooves, incorporating 80s pop ("For the Record"), 70s quasi-softcore-porn synthesizer ("Mighty Fine"), postmodern Eurotrance/techno (most of the Webster Hall set and "Vibe On," a song about self pleasure through pumping dance beats—among other things). Where that other Minogue is coyly sexy, Dannii is unabashedly sinful, embracing her sexuality with elements of raw trash—and no, that is not an insult. In fact, Dannii is our modern day 80s era Madonna, present-day-Madonna-pretensions not included. Anyone who likes their music fun, sexy, uncomplicated and danceable will definitely want to "Put The Needle On" this Aussie import.

## Letter From the Editor...

Did you ever see the movie *Pay it Forward*? You know, the flick where the kid from *The Sixth Sense* does something nice for someone and asks only that he do a good deed for two more people, and so on, and so on. That is not such a bad idea.

Two weeks ago, while stumbling around campus trying to deliver two large stacks of this prized publication, a complete stranger came to my assistance. The delightful young lady walked with me across campus while carrying half of my load. She was not a member of the *Banner* staff, in fact I got the impression that she was not even a reader of the paper. Needless to say, I did not mind at all. In fact, who knows, maybe she reads it now.

As grateful as I was (and am) to the girl, I am almost ashamed to admit that I was shocked. It is not that I do not have faith in the student body of CSI, it is not everyday that someone goes out of their way to help you around here. But maybe it should be! Another woman I ran into after parting ways with the first good samaritan had a good point. As the woman opened the door for me she said, "let me help you hun, cause no one else will." Well, that particular day this good-hearted creature was wrong but on the whole, she had a point! That evening after being assisted by not one but two total strangers, I had no choice but to ask myself, would I do the same if I were them? With my constant running back and forth, would I have even noticed myself? I like to think of myself as a kind person, but after this incident I really had to question that. This girl did nothing extraordinary, she did not stop me from bleeding or lift a car off of me. The truth is people would be more inclined to help others who find themselves in situations such as these. Yet, often these smaller good deeds are just as appreciated as the heroic adds. So what the hell stops people from doing these little acts of kindness? Why do we hesitate?

I urge you, help someone today! Do something small, something stupid, just something you would not ordinarily do. I am trying to save the world or start a movement from my desk here in the *Banner* offices? No, but let's face it a little good need never hurt anyone. If you are the type of person who banks on the phrase, "no good deed goes unpunished," you are wrong! So don't be afraid, tip the waitress the extra dollar, hold the door open, pick up the book someone dropped. Believe me it will come back to you tenfold. You might want to start by writing a nice letter to the editor (that's me) of this fine publication.

*Diana Illuzzi*

## Etiquette for Communicating with People with Disabilities

Tina Ciccarelli

Five years ago I would never have imagined that I would be registering for classes through the Disability office. I lost the use of my right arm in an accident, but because I wear long sleeves all year round, it is hardly noticeable. It is hard enough living with a disability, but what makes it worse is when people do not know how to act toward you because of it. It is an uncomfortable experience for both of us. I find myself, sometimes, on the opposite side of the fence and not knowing how to act toward the other students with noticeable disabilities. The following can be used as a helpful guideline to follow when put in such a position:

1. When talking with a person with a disability, speak directly to that person rather than through a companion or sign language interpreter who may be present.

2. When introduced to a person with a disability, it is appropriate to offer to shake hands. People with limited hand use or who wear an artificial limb can usually shake hands. (Shaking the left hand is similarly an acceptable greeting.)

3. When meeting a person with a visual impairment, always identify yourself and others who may be with you. When conversing in a group, remember to identify the person to whom you are speaking.

4. If you offer assistance, wait until the offer is accepted, then listen to, or ask for instructions.

5. Treat adults as adults. Address people who have disabilities by their first names only when extending that same familiarity to others.

6. Leaning or hanging on a person's wheelchair is similar to leaning or hanging on a person and is generally considered annoying. The chair is part of their personal body space. (Never patronize people who use wheelchairs by patting them on the head or shoulder.)

7. Listen attentively when you are talking with the person who has difficulty speaking. Be patient and wait for the person to finish, rather than correcting or speaking for the person. (If necessary, ask short questions that require short answers, a nod, or a shake of the head.) Never pretend to understand if you are having difficulty doing so. Instead, repeat what you

have understood and allow the person to respond. The response will clue in and guide your understanding.

8. When speaking with a person in a wheelchair or who uses crutches, place yourself at eye level in front of the person to facilitate the conversation.

9. To get the attention of a person who is hearing impaired, tap the person on the shoulder or wave your hand. Look directly at the person and speak clearly, slowly, and expressively to establish if the person can read lips. Not all people with a hearing impairment can lip-read. For those who do lip-read, be sensitive to their needs by placing yourself facing the light source and keeping hands, cigarettes and food away from your mouth when speaking.

10. RELAX. Don't be embarrassed if you happen to use accepted, common expressions such as "see you later," or "Did you hear about..." when referring to that person's disability.

These commandments were adapted from many sources as a public service by Karen Meyer for the National Center for Access Unlimited.

## As Part of The Banner's Continuing Effort to Publish the Voices of CSI's Diverse Student Body . . .

# A True Narrative Of Life After Loss and Destruction

Barbara Mauro

Charlie and I drove to work together, parked the car and kissed each other goodbye. Who would have known that that would be the last time I would kiss my beloved husband?

While filing papers in my boss' office, I looked out the window to see papers flying around the air. I thought it was a ticker tape parade. How wrong I was. Within a few minutes, I would see smoke. I knew there was something terribly wrong. I started to panic. I knew I had to call Charlie to find out what was going on. I called him endlessly. Finally, I got through.

He had no idea what had happened, but he was already gasping for air. He sounded scared. And I was terribly frightened for him. Before he said goodbye, my co-worker came running down the hall screaming that a plane had hit the building. He told me not to panic, that he was going to be all right. He said it was probably just a freak accident because planes constantly flew low around the World Trade Center.

So I saw and waited. I called his parents.

After I hung up, I went back into my boss' office, and that's when I saw the second plane hit the other tower. My anxiety ran off the charts; my heart was racing; I was hyperventilating. I knew I had to evacuate my building; it could be next. I never thought I would make it down those forty-nine flights of stairs. But I had to survive, because I had to go find him. Charlie needed me. I was hysterical but determined to find him.

I walked to Beekman Downtown hospital. I searched the triage room and put his name on a list. Then I started making phone calls to his family and my sister. When I finally got in touch with my sister, my aunt and I walked to the East Village to meet up with her. After an hour of waiting and watching the news, my sister and I left to search for him. We went to Beth Israel Hospital, Cabrini Medical Center, St. Vincent's, NYU, all of them. By midnight we ended our search at the morgue.

That night, when I finally fell asleep, I dreamed of Charlie. When I awoke I knew he was gone. And then it all set in. How could this be happening? My marriage couldn't have been better. We were on our way to purchasing a home. We were happy. It was perfect. I never thought I would be able to live without him.

I survived that day. I probably shouldn't have. I guess it wasn't my time. I remember telling myself a few days later that there is a reason I'm



Photo Credit: Jennifer Mossrop

“Giving to the children was so important to me because Charlie and I were never able to have children. I just wanted to make a difference with my life.”

still here. You have to look at the positive things. I was one of the lucky ones. I knew there were others who were affected by this far more than I was. There were others who never got the chance to say goodbye or I love you. Charlie and I said it to each other a dozen times a day.

But because of Charlie's death, I am able to help others, especially my family, who are less fortunate financially. I wouldn't have been able to

help in such a great way had Charlie not died. This gives me a great deal of comfort. And maybe I feel it's my way of helping them when they helped me so much emotionally. All I know is that I do not want to feel Charlie's death was in vain. And so I give.

After Charlie died, the first thing I did was pay for my niece and nephew's catholic school education. Then, I helped my other family mem-

bers get out of debt. I guess in a way I felt guilty to have all of this, even though the way I got it was horrible.

Giving to the children was so important to me because Charlie and I were never able to have children. I just wanted to make a difference with my life. I don't give to make myself look good or hope that it brings me one step closer to heaven because I already feel I had heaven with Charlie. I give because I feel blessed.

Before I started at CSI, I was at The Cittone Institute. I met a very nice woman there. She had taken a loan to go to school, but had decided she had to quit because she didn't have any money to pay for babysitting over the summer and her mother was dying. She was so in debt. Boy did I relate to her. I knew I had to help her. So, I gave her money so she and her children could return to Guatemala to be with her dying mother.

But, I have to say, it doesn't always pay to be Mr. Nice Guy. I gave to another girl who cried on my shoulder about being sick the last two months and not having any medical insurance to see a doctor. Needless to say she lied and two weeks later she had a new cellular phone and had bought some other things. I felt so stupid. I guess she thought I won the lottery or something. I was angry at first, but I knew the universe and God would set her straight. And guess what, they did. A week later her car was broken into and her new cellular phone was stolen. I guess the laugh was on her. But no matter what life has given me, or should I say taken away from me, I will always feel blessed. I will always be that giver. But now it's time for me to give something to myself. Now it's my time for the education I had always dreamed of.

I have always wanted to go to college. But growing up was hard and I put work first. I guess it was drilled into my head to be self-supportive. I figured I should always have something for a rainy day. But there was always something missing in my life. I always felt like it was the fact that I never went to college. Charlie always encouraged me, telling me how smart I am, that I should go to school, but I never took him seriously. I felt it was too important to work and have things I never had growing up. And besides, we were happy just the way things were. But now Charlie is gone and I have to start over. I have no job and I sometimes feel like I have no future. But I have to make a future. So I enrolled at CSI.

## Opinion

## CSI Students Need to Stand Up and Speak Out

Diana Illuzzi

Students here at CSI have reasonable requests and tolerable needs. But so few of them are willing to get up and do something about it.

Students moaned and groaned over the recent raise in tuition and the cutting of financial aid, and with good reason. However, attendance at the campus demonstrations on the subject was embarrassingly low. The more college students that get out there and hit the polls on the first day of November, the more consideration the politicians give to students and their needs once they are elected. Of course this is not fair, but it is however the way life is. I know most of the students here are of legal voting age, and are citizens of the United States, so what is the problem? Do you not have five minutes to spare once a year? Voting in the Student Government elections here at CSI has also been below par in recent years. In the last issue of the Banner, a list of the candidates for Student Government

and their messages was published.

Students can no longer say, "Well, how can I vote for someone I don't know?"

Don't get me wrong, I can completely empathize with the "as soon as my class is over, I'm getting the hell outta here" attitude. I used to think the same way. This is a commuter school full of students with jobs and families to attend to. However, students do need to realize that you cannot get something for nothing. I am not saying that you have to go to every CLUE event or be the poster child for the sports department. Try to think of it as a job. If you get in at 9:00 and leave at 5:00 everyday, your boss has no right to complain, however the person who comes in at 8:30 and stays until 6:00 every now and then is more likely to get that raise at the end of the year. A person only really gets as much out of something as he or she puts in.

When I first took over as editor of the Banner, the most common complaint I received (although there weren't many at

all) was that this paper does not represent the views of the students. Well, in order for the staff to adequately express the voice of the student body here at CSI, we need to hear that voice. People complain to me constantly about things that they do not approve of within CSI or CUNY as a whole, but I have received so few submissions on the topic. There are three student publications here at CSI. Each of which would be happy to receive a greater number of student submissions. After all, that is what keeps the publications afloat, the students.

CSI is an excellent college. The students are real, true people with broad minds and wonderful ideas. It is about time that students stand behind their thoughts and beliefs and let the world know how they feel on certain issues. The worst thing that can happen is that someone will disagree with you, or reject your ideas. As bad as this may sound, you will come out of the situation of the situation no worse than when you started.

## Letters

*Life, Love, Sex*

This is a very brutal message for the male population of CSI. Unfortunately, Mendez and her classmate had the misfortune to sit next to two stupid young teenagers, probably freshmen, and they drew their conclusions about the male population of CSI. It's very sad, but that's the way it is. I think that there are good men at CSI,, and I don't think they are a minority. The good guys are present, but they might just be too busy studying or minding their own business. Those two guys must have just been showing off, because they'd been rejected before. They were acting up, that's all.

Marcel Sandegout, Junior

Jessica Mendez responds:

Sadly, the incident I described in my column was neither the first nor the last incident of its kind I have witnessed on this chauvinistic campus. However, it is refreshing to hear that there are guys who are intelligent and recognize the behavior of these Neanderthals as immature and abhorrent. Thanks for giving us girls a reason to keep faith in the men of CSI.

*Sept 11 Memorial*

When I saw this article, I expected to read a heartfelt piece. Yet, to my surprise that is not what I encountered. The article read like an outline. For example, statements such as, "Bono obtained to steel girders from the World Trade Center," and "Marlene Springer made a statement."

I think that the article should have students' feelings. It should have had the poem or at least a piece of the poem by Andrea Carter Brown. The memorial to 9/11 is a wonderful idea and I believe in the message it sends.

Lara Baden

Lara, if you think that you have a better handle on newspaper writing, by all means please come in and show us. The Editor.

*Color Issue*

The Banner has always had a wonderful layout, full of interesting articles and capturing photographs. Unfortunately, in the last two issues that were published, readers do not have the opportunity to be intrigued by these photographs. The colors are dark and the pictures are blurry. Colors and pictures are a major part of what grabs readers' attention and if they are not captivating, it will be difficult to get people's attention. I think that someone should speak to the printing company and settle these problems.

Shereen Kandil

I am sorry that you have had to put up with the lousy images. I spoke to the printer, so hopefully the problem will be resolved. The Editor.

*Smoking*

I would like to thank you for publishing "Tales from the Quitter's Side." I find that more people in this school smoke solely for the purpose of smoking than because of stress. Stress is part of being a college student and smoking is not the way to handle it. It was very helpful to indicate the ways to stop. Most people do not have4 enough education on the different methods.

Coffee is also a survival antidote for stress. I would suggest that you write about the effects of caffeine next because it, too, can be an addiction.

Tina Ciccarelli, Senior

*The Forest Hill Road Nightmare*

The article immediately caught my eye because it truly is a nightmare getting in and out of the college. I entered this college in 1997 and the traffic has always been horrendous. I feel the article was informative, yet I am curious to know what happened that caused the Traffic Department to implement a turning lane. I feel this is still as problem, as well as the Victory Boulevard entrance. Hopefully this problem can be solved.

Tricia Horn, Junior

If you really have a problem with the traffic, go to the city rather than The Banner (or in addition to). Until then, deal with it, And try coming to find a spot a little earlier than five minutes before class.

Ronald Coyne

I would have gone out and asked random students exactly what they thought of the traffic. The green light that lasts one minute and a half would be a problem solver. All in all, the suggestions given by Dolcimascolo were well thought through, and I am looking forward to the follow-up on this article.

Gregg Galante, Senior

*M is for Makeover*

Thanks to Michael Bruno, I know there will be a point to this building. I just hope for everyone else's sake they don't make it into a high school because the last thing this place needs is more traffic. But hey, if I suffered with the lack of parking for three years already, then maybe it's someone else's turn—a poor, unsuspecting Freshman, no doubt.

Patricia Hogan, Senior

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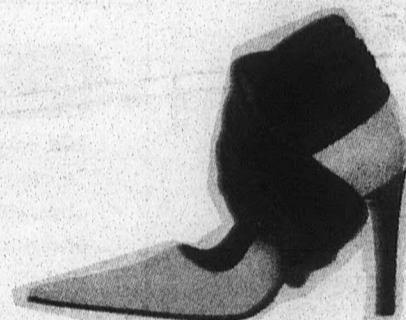
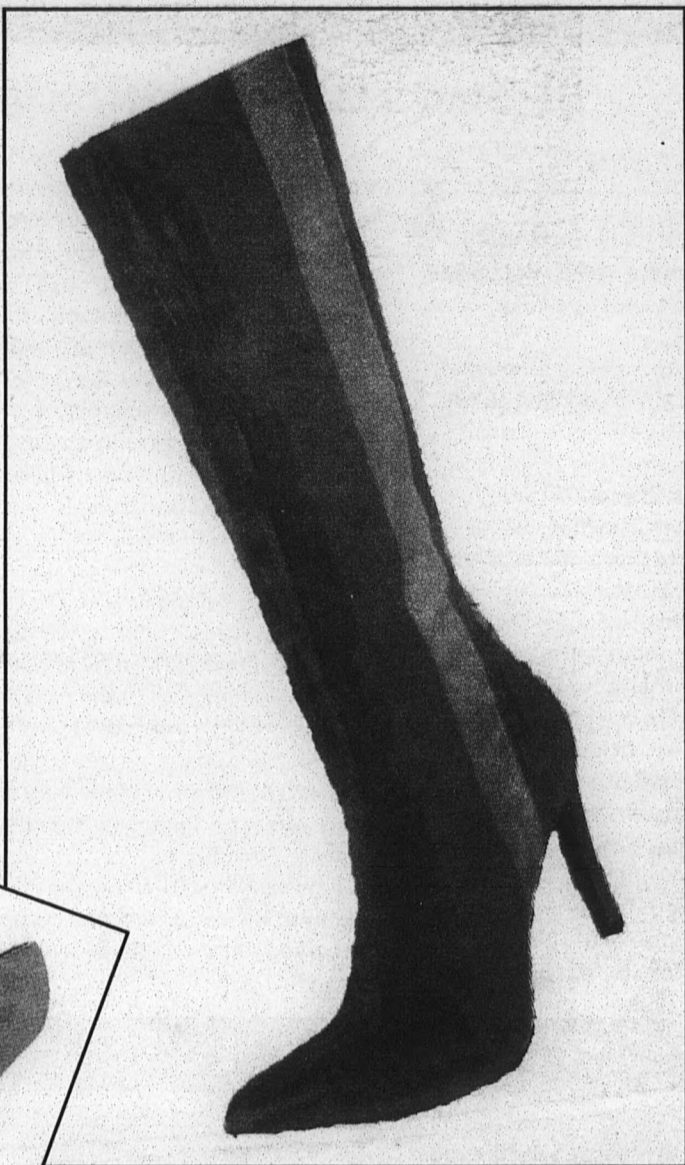
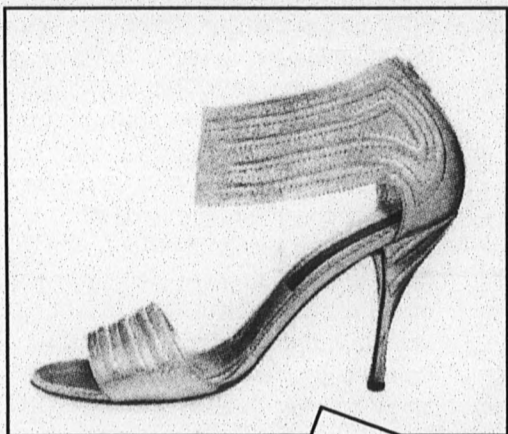
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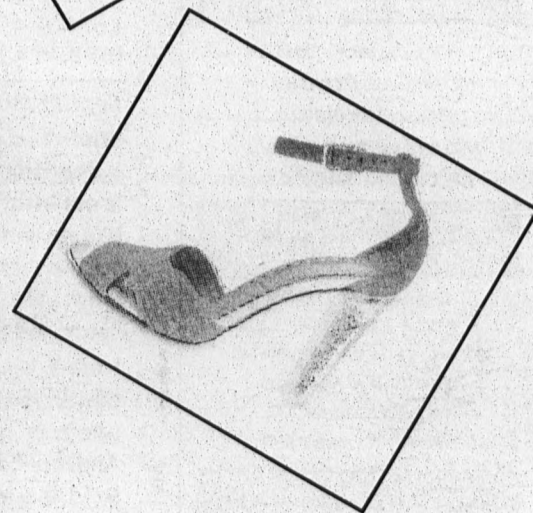
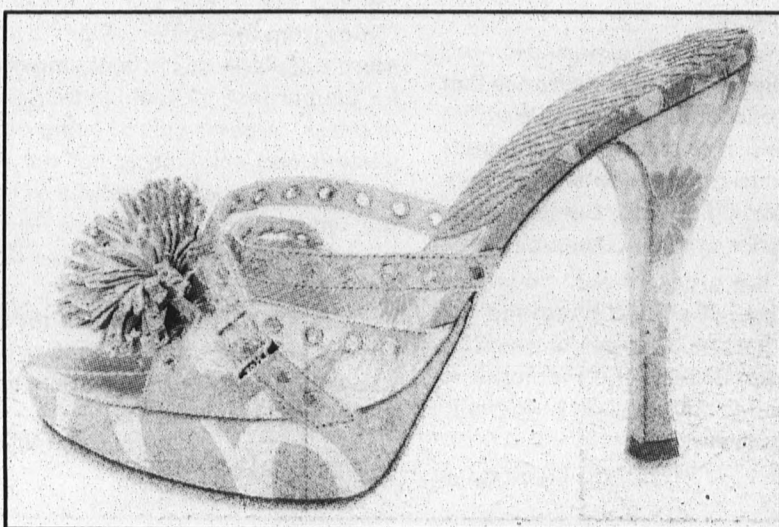
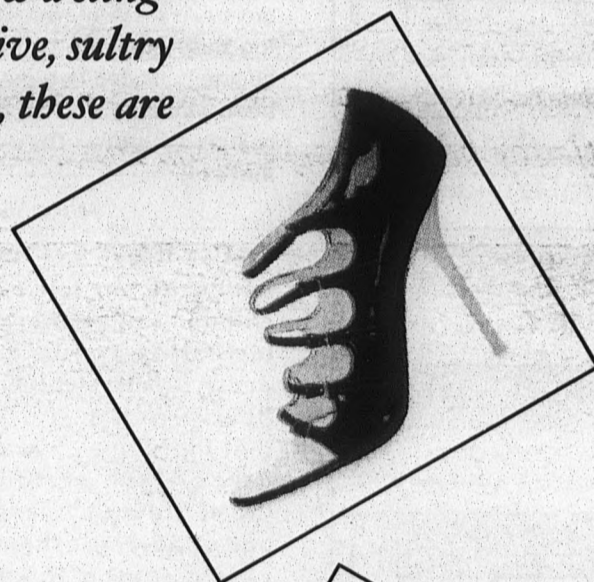
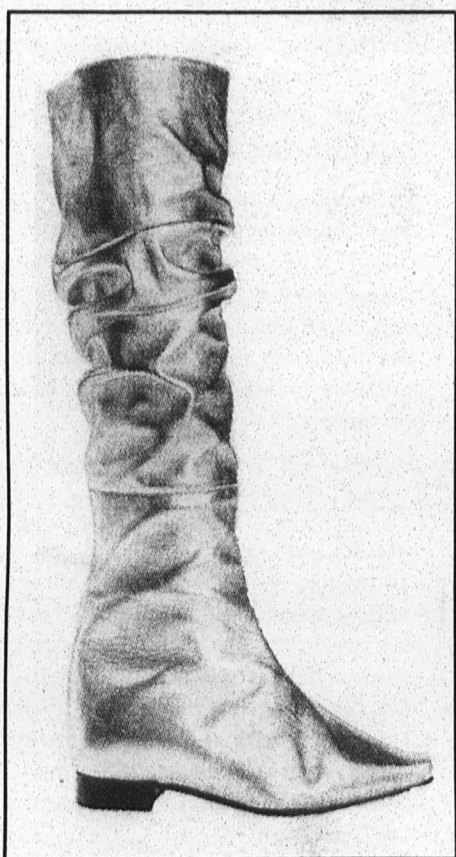
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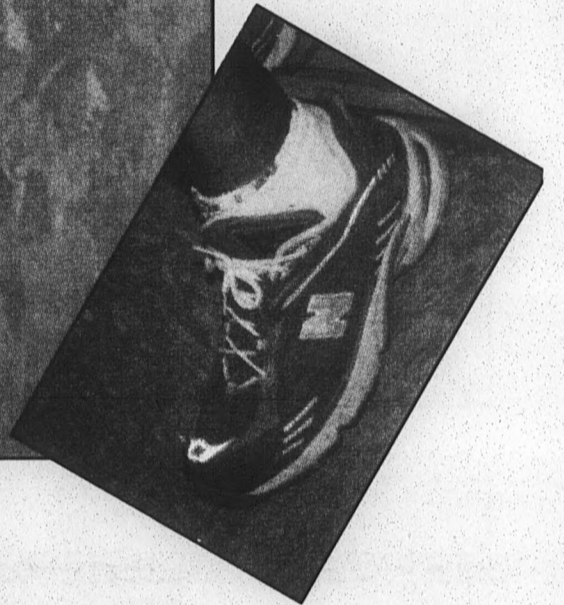
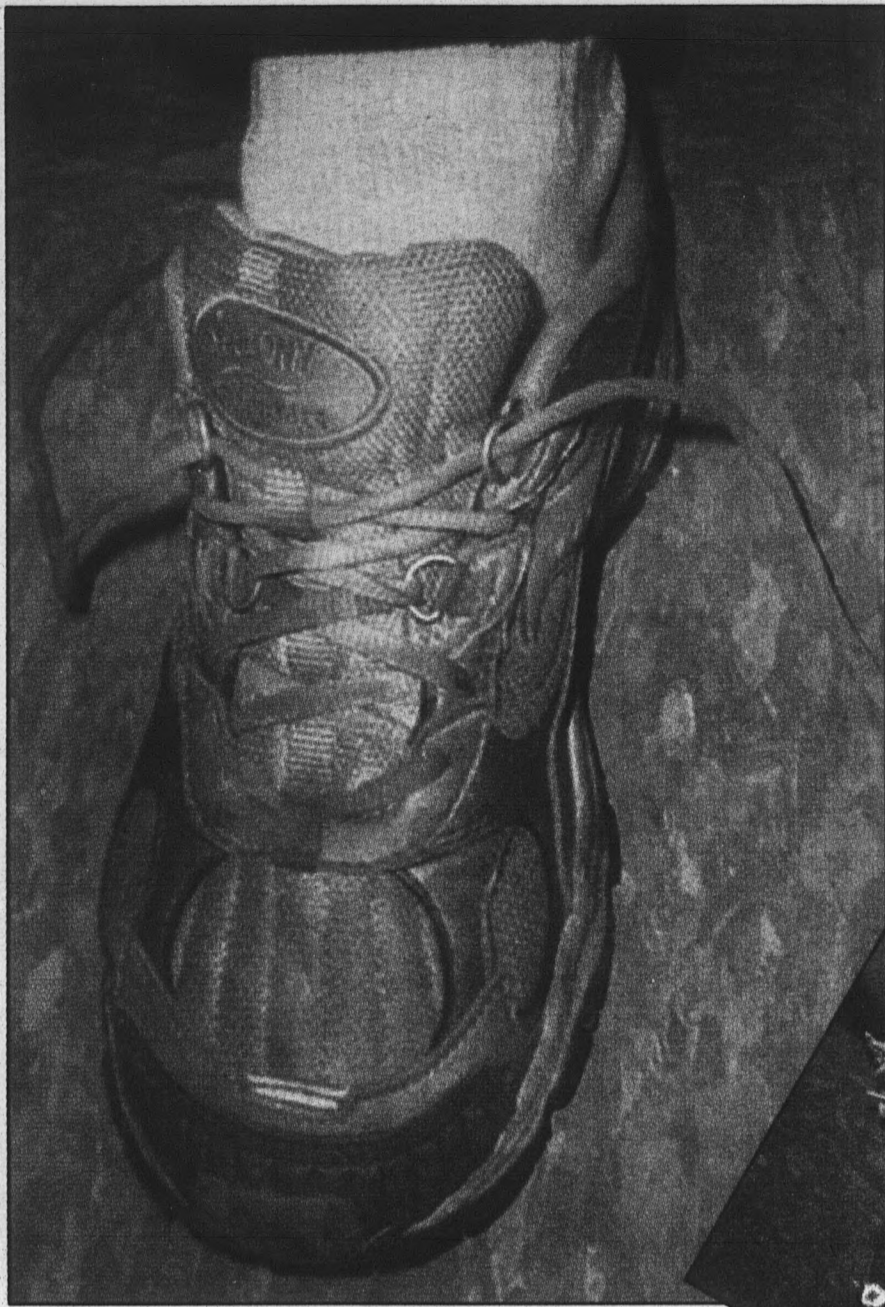
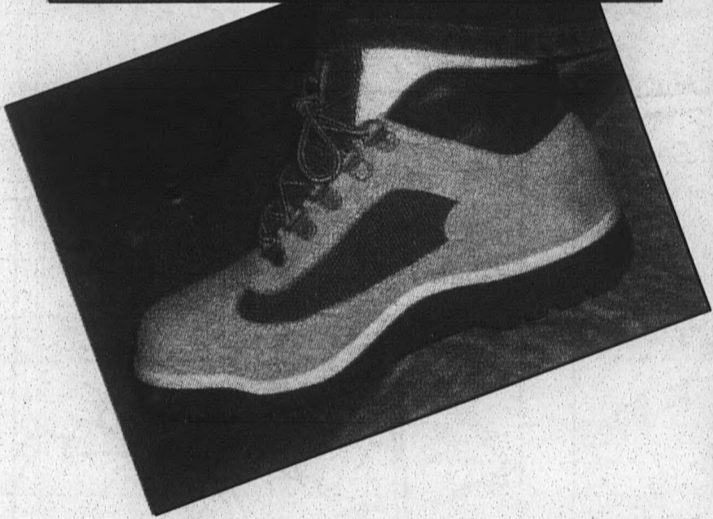
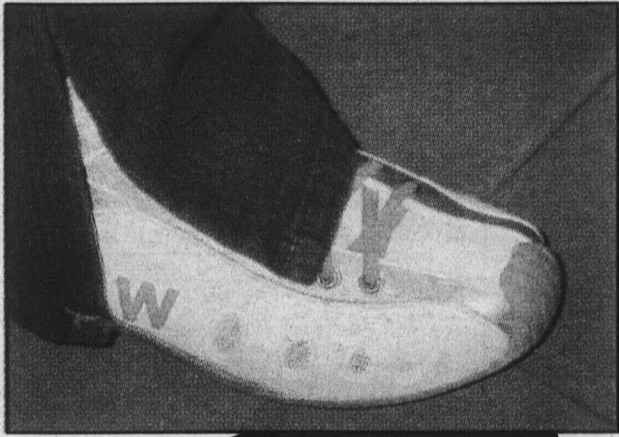
# The Fantasy



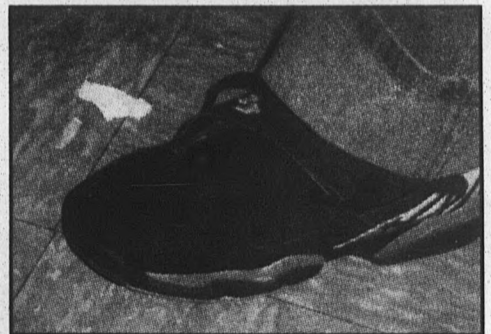
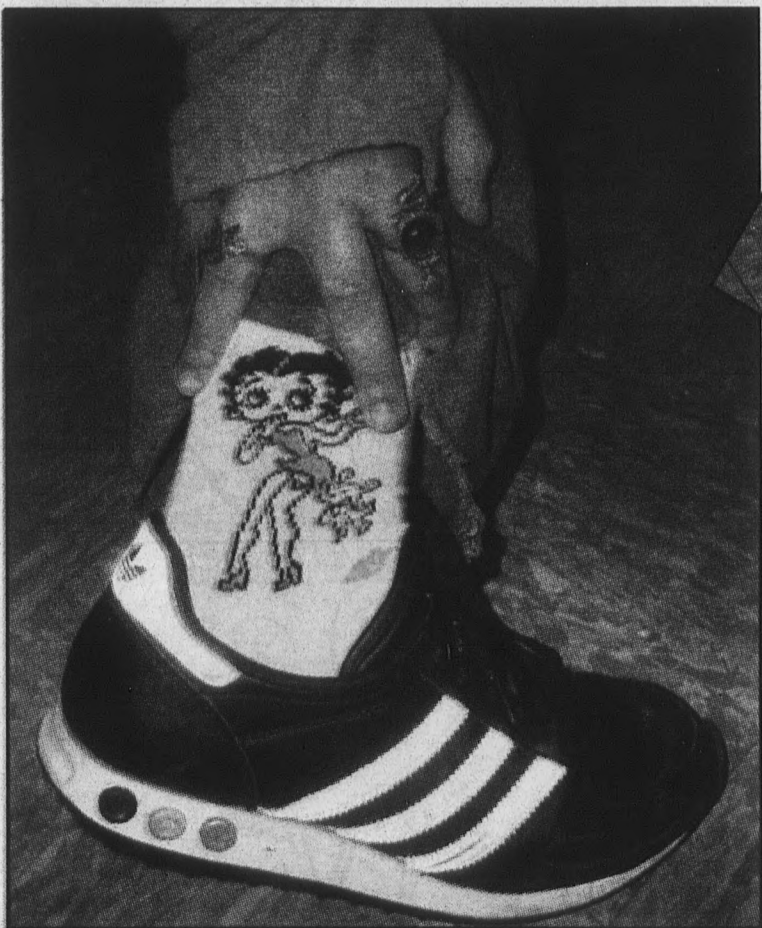
*You CSI fashion wannabes think you know trends. But you don't know a sling-back from a peep-toe. Monsieur Galliano and his ilk sent these seductive, sultry stilettos stomping down the runway . . . Sleek, sexy, supermodelesque, these are the shoes erotic dreams and socialite debauchery are made of . . .*



# The Reality



*... unfortunately, the lives of the ladies of CSI require more realistic (a.k.a. grimy, scuffed, shot-to-hell) footwear. And so, until the days when we can afford to buy (and wear) those red-carpet-worthy Dior beauties ... we'll have to settle for battle-scarred gym shoes and high-school relics.*



Photos: Diana Iluzza and Jessica Mendes

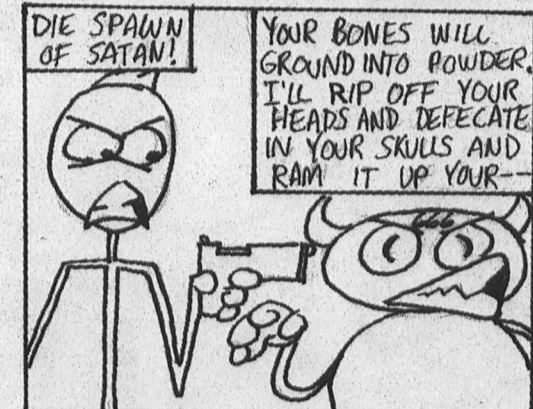
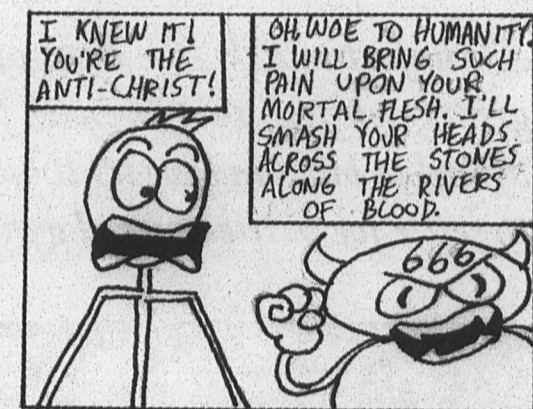
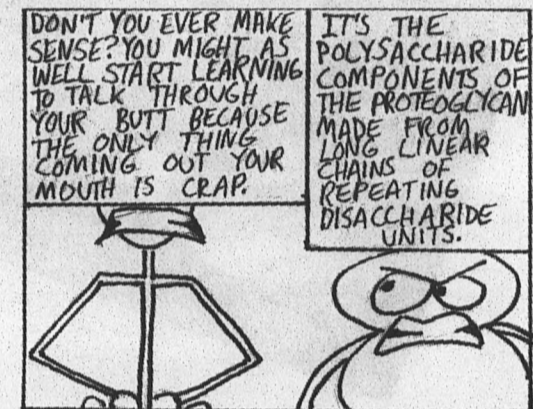
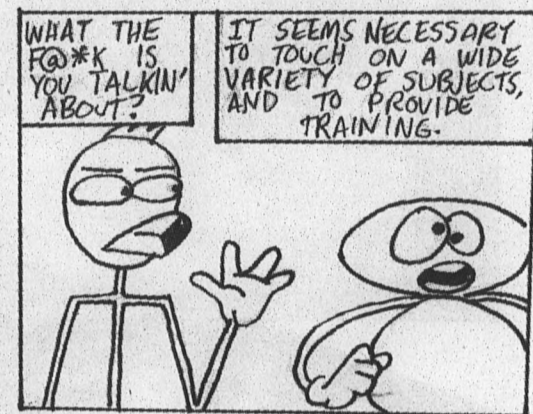
# COMICS

## CSI DAZE enrique inocente

## PANO AND NICO enrique inocente



## COLD FEET enrique inocente



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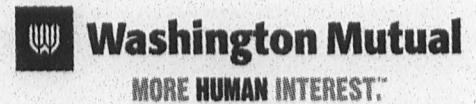
BY GREGORY TUMBARELLO



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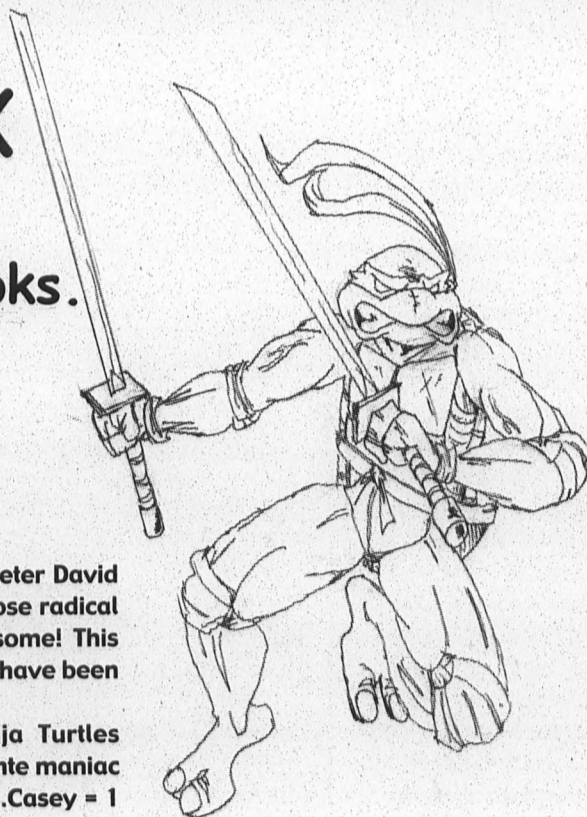
here's your  
**QUICK FIX**  
on this month's  
must-read comic books.

Gregory Tumbarello

**Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles  
Adventures Rates A+**

Now this is a comic worth reading! Scribe Peter David and artist LeSean have breathed new life into those radical sewer surfers and the result is totally awesome! This book has the feel and the attitude that the Turtles have been sorely lacking for almost the past decade.

Past month's issue - Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Adventures #4 had the Turtles confront the vigilante maniac we all remember and love, Casey Jones. Score...Casey = 1 Turtles = 0. Check out issue #5 for the fallout.



Life....  
Love....

SEX

*Ryan is cute, charming, and my A #1 childhood crush. I thought I'd never get over the constant humiliation I suffered at his hands. Oh, what a few years and some perspective do—that and a fierce determination to enjoy Game One of the World Series.*

Jessica Mendez

## PLAY BALL BUSTER!

Midterms suck. Hard. This is what I was thinking as I attempted yet again to begin my ASL midterm paper. Then I got the call: my friend Kit had an extra ticket to Game One of the World Series; did I want to go? "Hell yeah!" Papers? What papers? Nothing was going to crush this most excellent situation—then I found out who else would be there: Kit's brother Ryan. Ugh. Ryan was a major childhood crush of mine who made it his duty to torture, tease, and generally humiliate me at every turn. He hit me in the face with a softball; he called me stupid; he called me fat. He was the pesky older brother I never wanted and the boyfriend I never got. I was the shy fat kid; he was the cute neighborhood hottie, and he was close friends with my family. When Ryan drunkenly proclaimed he wanted to be my prom date, I was thrilled. When I later asked him to the prom, he told me he'll get back to me after he checked his work schedule. Guess who I didn't see until well after the prom, with his usual smirk and banter? I was crushed and so angry I haven't been able to say more than two words to him since, even at Kit's parties. He had made it quite clear that I wasn't on his level, so I stopped trying.

Oh, what a few years can do to perspective. Maybe it was the use of the phrase "Communist yellow chinks" to describe the women that would soon inhabit the Asian women's shelter being built in my neighborhood. Perhaps it was the baffled look he gave Kit and me when we used words bigger than "it" "the" and "sex." Maybe it was the way he openly mocked the cab driver in an attempt to be humorous, or the way he pushed me into the middle of a busy street just when the light turned green because apparently traffic is no match for the great Ryan. Chances are, it was a combination of all of

these things. The point is, one thought repeatedly raced through my mind as we made our way over to Yankee Stadium:

WHAT DID I EVER SEE IN THIS ASS-CLOWN????!?!?!?!?!?

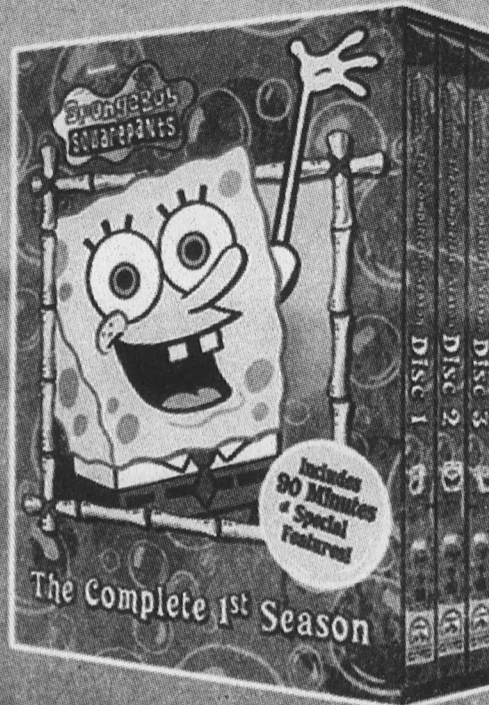
You know that moment that one where you finally realize you are worth so much more than this person you used to adore. When, suddenly, their eyes aren't quite so blue, their smile isn't quite so bright, and their drunken murmurings lose their charm completely. This is the moment when you finally come to your senses and see this person for who he really is.

I had had it with his blatant stupidity, the years of his taunting, his smugness and his awful treatment of others. I told him that if ignorance is bliss, he must be the happiest man alive. I suggested he read some Dr. Seuss to expand his vocabulary and to go get an atlas before he started grilling our cab driver, who was from Bangladesh, about being from "Iraq, Kuwait, you know" to brag about his time as a sailor during the most recent war. And, most importantly, I told him to get off of me and never push me again. Ever.

I guess opening my mouth actually worked, because he acted like a human being for the rest of the night. Maybe he felt bad; he bought me a fleece pom-pom Yankee cap as a silent peace offering. Some people may think I was being snarky, pre-tentious, bitchy even. I don't deny it. However, after being put down by this assclown since I was a little girl, I knew better than to hold my tongue. I had earned the right to defend myself and tell Asshat McMoron where to stick his bigoted, ignorant opinions. The Yankees may have lost that night, but I left Yankee Stadium a winner.

During one of our exchanges, Kit started cracking up. "At least I never have to worry about you two dating," she said, hooting. Damn straight. Ryan's not on my level.

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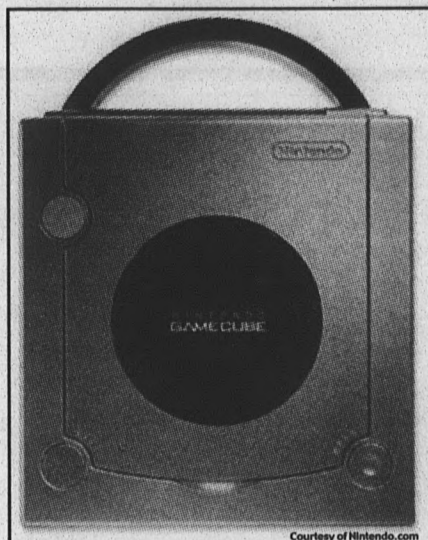
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## Nintendo: Here to Stay or a Memory of Yesteryear?

Dominic Fiduccia



Courtesy of Nintendo.com

Buying a video game system can be expensive. But there is one video game company that seems to understand this problem, and it's Nintendo.

Recently, Nintendo lowered GameCube to \$99.99, making it the cheapest of the current video game systems. Some question this dramatic decrease in price; after all the GCN only debuted back in November 2001.

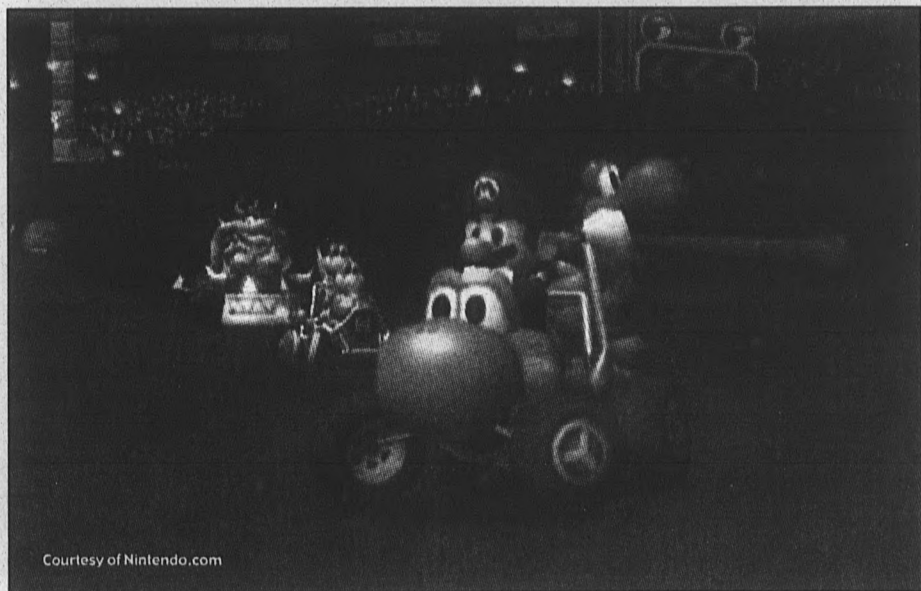
It's not even two years old yet and we've seen the price plummet from \$199.95.

There has been talk that Nintendo has given up. Despite its great lineup, none of N's titles have met expectations. In September, for the first time ever, Nintendo reported a loss on the Japanese Stock Market.

Is it true? Will Nintendo throw in the towel and be like long-time rival Sega and only make video games and not video games systems?

The simple answer is . . . not anytime soon!

Nintendo is currently working on its new video game system, called N5. As for GCN games, F-Zero GX and WrestleMania XIX have been some of the must-have exclusive titles to debut recently on the system. There are high hopes for LucasArts Star Wars Rogue Squadron III: Rebel Strike, and Nintendo's own Mario Kart: Double Dash to be big holiday hits. For the future, there is a new Donkey Kong game in the works. So don't let the price decrease fool you. Nintendo is here for the long haul.



Courtesy of Nintendo.com

## Vida Shows Us How To Live

And Now You Can Go  
Author: Vendela Vida  
Publisher: Knopf Publishing Group  
\$19.95  
Hardcover, 190p  
2003

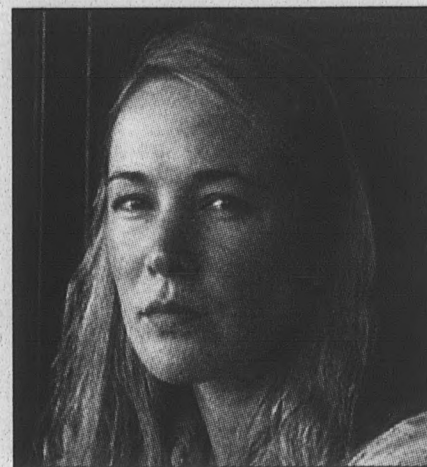
Jessica Mendez

Our ability to feel is taken for granted. We're all entitled to it, or so we would like to think. But sometimes an event will shock us into a sense of surreal numbness, a time when people are nameless and emotions are few and far between. That is exactly what happens to Ellis, the protagonist in Vendela Vida's *And Now You Can Go*.

I will warn you: the novel isn't a typical linear narrative. It is much more character driven than plot driven, much like the poetry Vida's prose emulates so well. It is a case study of sorts, packed with emotions yet devoid of passionate feeling. Vida strikes the perfect balance and makes the reader a part of Ellis's life of faceless observers.

Ellis, a 21-year old New York college student, has a gun put to her head by a man who just wants someone to die with him. Through prose and poetry, she convinces him to let her go, but he takes something very vital to her: emotions. Ellis becomes an observer in her own life, detached, withdrawn, struggling to relate to the people she used to know, people that think they know her. When the release comes, it is slow, surprising, and in short bursts of recognition: "I've swallowed all the longing and loneliness that's been thrust upon me and it streams out of my sweat, my saliva, my words, onto and into those I touch."

Ellis's life is suddenly filled with odd characters such as the ROTC boy and the red-faced representative of the world, who smells of soap and has a cross over his bed. Conversely, people like her boyfriend and her room-



mate get pushed even further into the background. She sleepwalks through all of it, making casual observations until she goes with her mother, a nurse, on a mission to the Philippines, where the suffering and neediness of the poverty stricken suddenly mirrors her own. As Ellis assists in removing cataracts from the patients, thrilled at getting the chance to see again, the clots of cloudy film are wiped away from Ellis's own eyes.

Vendela Vida is a master of her craft, using prose so fluid it melts into poetry upon reading it. Her imagery is stunning. Ellis's take on her excitement about her trip with her mother: "I feel like I could build a spaceship in the attic, like I can raise a child in a day." Ellis's emotions are so succinct yet so lush that it is impossible not to understand what Ellis is going through. Vida makes startlingly accurate observations about Ellis's pain, such as when a podiatrist asks Ellis to circle the places where she is hurting: "When he leaves the room I hold the marker in my hands. I touch my feet. Then my thighs. I cup my breasts and then squeeze the hard rims of my ears. I don't know where to start." Vida writes about love in the most interesting ways, such as the discarded letter Ellis finds that reads: "I was extremely nice and civil. I hated being nice and civil to her. Hated it. Hated you. I did it because I love you." It's an emotion that even the numb Ellis can appreciate.

## Rock and Roll With Brass Balls

South Side Johnny Ends CFA's Summer Series

Jennifer Moss crop

With a career spanning twenty five years, over seventeen albums under their belts, including their most recent effort, *Going To Jukesville*, and performing with Jersey stars Bruce Springsteen, Jon Bon Jovi, Little Steven and Max Weinberg, South Side Johnny and The Asbury Jukes have made quite a name for themselves.

When they came to CSI's Concert Hall, Saturday, October 4th they brought with them an energy that caught on to the whole audience and kept the mainly middle-aged audience dancing, clapping, and playing air-guitar through out the whole show.

Maryann Martin, who works in the Political Science, Economics, and

Philosophy department, was at the show. "I never seen them before," she said, "but I heard that they put on a good show."

South Side Johnny and The Asbury Jukes were a ball of excitement on stage. South Side Johnny kept bouncing around, strutting back and forth and waving his arms most of the time, while Chris Anderson and Mark Pender (both on trumpet) twirled their instruments around their fingers at a record speed. With all of them dancing around when they weren't playing, it was obvious that they love what they do.

Ed Manion had the first solo of the night. When he blew his baritone sax, the heavy sound seemed to move the ground.

The highlight of the evening was a song written by Springsteen called, "The Fever" off of their first album, *I Don't Want To Go Home*. It has a slow-tempo rhythm, with South Side Johnny's raspy, resonant voice whaling about the "fever for love." Johnny's lament deepened with his bluesy harmonica solo. Slowly the band built up the song with Jeff Kazee on the organ, then Bob Bandiera struck his guitar awaiting La Bamba (trombone) to step up to the front of the stage. La Bamba, who is a part of the Max Weinberg 7 on the Conan O'Brian Show, lightly choreographed his notes with Bandiera's until he built up a climax, and went off on a spine-tingling, musical tangent. At one point he stuck the bell of his instrument into the microphone to create a muffled effect.

Bob Bandiera, an underrated talent and longtime South Side guitarist, took us to the shore with "On The Beach," using the whammy bar and

finger slide for a California Beach Boys sound.

Chris Anderson performed a beautiful trumpet piece using a mute in the bell to muffle and soften the sound and intertwined the melody with Kazee on keyboard/piano, and accented taps from Louie Appel on drums.

"I Don't Want To Go Home," was appropriately the final song of the night before an encore. South Side Johnny complained in the song that, "the Outerbridge Crossing is always a nightmare." Everyone was having such a good time, the crowd didn't want them to leave. Bandiera led the band through "Roadhouse Blues" for the encore.

South Side Johnny And The Asbury Jukes are in this reporter's opinion the best act to appear at the Center For The Arts since Bela Fleck.

## SPORTS

October 28, 2003

## Men's Soccer Kicks Into The Postseason

*Dolphins Make Their First NCAA Tournament Appearance  
in Nearly a Quarter of a Century*

Michael Bruno

## SOCCER

Tenacious. Passionate. Unprecedented. All describe the 2003 version of CSI's men's soccer team. Led by head coach Marc D'Orazio and team captain Chris Abbas, CSI is about to make its first appearance in an NCAA tournament in 24 years. Sadly though, only about a baker's dozen or so were there to see the team's final regular season game.

"It would have been nice to have more people here to see this because what this team has done is really special," lamented Coach D'Orazio. "They've made history."

The home team Dolphins (8-0-1 CUNY, 12-1-2 overall) made quick work of visiting Polytechnic University, slapping around the Blue Jays in a 4-0 laughter on Saturday, October 25th. The match began quietly as neither team could mount a serious scoring opportunity through the first 20 minutes. It appeared the stalemate would continue until 21:06 into the first half when the proverbial dam didn't just burst, it pretty much disintegrated. It was at this point in the game that Abbas, a senior, took a rebound off a shot on goal and drilled the back of the net for a score that would have punctured the brick walls of the nearby observatory. 1-0 Dolphins. Before Polytechnic goalkeeper Shahid Khan had a chance to fix his shin guards, the Dolphins were back for more. Forty-six seconds after goal number one, Abbas slid behind a sneaky pass from Junior forward Asmir Dzemovski in front of the net and with one knee on the ground scooted the ball past a stunned Khan. 2-0 Dolphins. It must have been the teasingly warm weather or some lack of conditioning because it took the Dolphins exactly three whole minutes to strike again. This time, the team's leading scorer did the damage as Dzemovski, in an overpowering display took the ball halfway across the field, fended off several would-be tacklers and from



CSI Men's Soccer Team 2003

Top Row (L-R): Marwan Amer, Chidi Ugoji, Peter Strachnyi, Alex Altshuler, Asmir Dzemovski, Roberto Molina, Kharsen Morant, Valon Osmani, Marc D'Orazio-Head Coach. Bottom Row (L-R): Visar Osmani, Choukri Messaoudi, Ayodeji Saheed, Sergio Nusfaumer, Chris Abbas, Kamal Alhoraib, Francesco Oddo, Dov Katz, Naim Glloxhani.

point blank range drilled home his 13th goal of the season, nearly decapitating the Blue Jay goalie. 3-0 Dolphins and let the defense do the rest. The Dolphin D held up their end as well as CSI's Sophomore goalkeeper Valon Osmani spent most of the game with his hands in his pockets. Defenders Sergio Nusfaumer, Kharsen Morant and Chidi Ugoji were solid, keeping the Polytechnic offense clueless and frustrated all afternoon. The Dolphins tacked on their last goal 17:07 into the second half on Senior Kamal Alhoraib's penalty kick to reach the final score of 4-0.

The outcome came as somewhat of a surprise to the Dolphin head coach who did not count on getting such a lackluster effort from the usually scrappy Blue Jays. "They tied Medgar Evers, who is one of the top CUNY teams, and they beat Baruch 7-2 (CSI beat Baruch 1-0) so based on that I was expecting a little bit more from them," said coach D'Orazio who is in his first year as CSI head soccer coach. "Today my team came to play. When this team comes to play, its very hard to prevent us from what we want

to do."

What the Dolphins want to do is go all the way. They hold the #1 seed in the CUNYAC tournament that begins on Wednesday October 29th. And as a reward for the team's top seeding, the Dolphins will now host the tournament, which means that the road to a championship must go through CSI. Coach D'Orazio feels his team is ready to take it to the next level. "Today was a good test to see if we're ready to take this all the way," said D'Orazio whose remarkable run in his first year as head soccer coach would be reduced to an afterthought without a productive run at a championship. "I think the team showed that they're ready to play and to be successful."

Despite the team's shameful lack of publicity, these Dolphins have remained a fiery group, tough competitors who play hard from whistle to whistle. Even with the game out of hand mid-way through the second half, CSI feverishly kept digging in as if any further scoring would be tacked on to the point total in their next game. Abbas had several chances at a hat-trick but was denied, much to the cha-

grin of the dejected captain who was visibly upset when coach D'Orazio took him out of the game with five minutes to play. "They play with a lot of emotion, its basically been the case all year long," said a satisfied D'Orazio. The only problems that come from the emotion this team shows, is with the refs. The Dolphins were shown two yellow cards during the game (a signal for unsportsman-like conduct) for jawing at the referees and the opposing team. They also were verbally reprimanded throughout the match for the same offense. D'Orazio says the team's excitable nature can at times be a problem though it has not effected them adversely so far. "At this point I'm trying to limit my yellow cards because after you reach a certain number, you have to sit out one game. Most of the season things have been going our way, so it hasn't really slowed us down. But at times I have to pull a player out to prevent him from getting that second yellow card."

As for the team's lack of support, well...you can kind of understand it. The few people that were at the team's last game barely had a clue as to what was going on. Soccer is an enormously celebrated and unequalled phenomenon across the entire planet (which may even be somewhat of an understatement)...but not in the United States. Every time a whistle blew or play stopped in the Dolphin's latest victory, all but maybe two or three people in the bleachers were asking each other what was happening. They responded to each other with ponderous head-shaking and languid shrugging. The Dolphins have been able to shrug this off all season long. The team has a heavy international influence as eight players (most of them starters) on the twenty-three man roster were born someplace other than the United States. And like in their home countries, where soccer is tantamount to religion, they play and follow the game at a feverish pitch. Hopefully this sentiment will someday rub off on the natives. In the mean time, this team has a championship to win.