John Jay College Celebrates Election New York Style

By Parvez Shaikh

It was a lively sight on West 59th Street on November 5th. Students stood outside John Jay College of Criminal Justice in great numbers. It was almost as if all classes were cancelled. Surprisingly, the talk outside the North Hall building and in the cafeteria was not about sports or harsh teachers; rather it was about the election.

The historic election of 2008 has for the first time brought an African American to the Presidency. President-elect Barack Obama claimed a comfortable win over Senator John McCain. Winning by a difference of 192 electoral votes, Obama will bring great smiles to the faces of New Yorkers, especially to students at John Jay.

Students Walk Against Cancer

By Nabeela Basheer

Students from John Jay’s chapter of Phi Eta Sigma Honor Society joined 30,000 New Yorkers as they participated in the Making Strides Against Breast Cancer Walkathon in Central Park on October, 19th.

The five mile walk sponsored by the American Cancer Society started at 9:30 a.m. at 72 Central Park Bandshell.

The American Cancer Society raised $2,720,000 with the help of many supporters, said Christine Quinn, City Council Speaker.

“The sooner one comes to know the disease, the easier it is to treat it,” said Quinn.

“Making Strides marks that hope begins here.”

The American Cancer Society has an obligation to reach out to many women as possible,” said Sophia Gaines, manager of Making Strides.

“Hope starts here, especially since the American Cancer Society has disbursed over $1 billion to researchers, and 42 of those researchers have won the Noble Prize.”

“Being a leader is hard, but when people come together and donate their time and money to an important cause, it shows that they care and it’s amazing, especially in New York City, where everyone has busy lives,” said Neethu Suresh, leader of the John Jay chapter of Phi Eta Sigma.

Guards Work Night Shift

By Kevin Ambroise

“Students think we’re stupid but this is an actual job, we get trained for this, so what they really need to do is back off,” said Daniel Persaud, a John Jay security guard.

It’s around 9:45 p.m. at John Jay College of Criminal Justice. The college’s library is closing down for the night as it always does around this time.

Persaud is walking around in front of his post ready to get off of work in about two hours. Another set of guards will soon take his place for the night. A small amount of students still doing homework are being told to exit the building as the college closes down.

“Thank God I don’t have to work the night shift. You have to do anything to stay awake. I’ve drunk so much Dr. Pepper to stay up that they should give me an endorsement deal,” Persaud said.

It is just the end of another day at the office for Persaud. The responsibilities of the position may go beyond those of any other job at the college, because security is the only job that requires their workers to take an eight hour shift at any time of the day or night for the

Far West Side Story

By Sifat Arad

The temporary relocation of John Jay’s English Department to 54th Street has left many members of the John Jay community feeling disconnected.

A walk from Columbus Circle to the English Department was once as simple as stepping a few blocks up to 10th Avenue, swiping past security and turning left. Dropping off an assignment now involves a 10-20 minute stride past the main campus. Students must travel beyond the broadcasting stations, Hummer dealerships and construction sites plotted along 11th Avenue, and ride an elevator up to the seventh floor of an unmarked building.

John Jay’s English Department was once part of the vibrant, student-oriented atmosphere located alongside the extracurricular clubs on campus in North Hall on 59th Street. Students were able to visit professors between classes and ask questions whenever they got the chance.

Nooel Davila, a Governor Major in her second year at John Jay, would stop by the area frequently to discuss various issues with her professors when their offices were near her classes.

“It may sound strange, but it was a great way to pick their brains and learn from the faculty in general,” Davila said.

She doesn’t have the time to do this anymore since the English Department is located outside of the main campus.

Student Sex Unwrapped

Debate Team Goes North

9th Ave. Green Market

Harry Potter Naked

Cartoon by R. Ramirez
Sake of the school’s safety. The guards may have to deal with everything from students drinking alcohol on campus. The most ironic thing about the job is that the people the guards are sworn to protect may not get a chance to see what they actually do, which has caused some students to develop their own not wholly fair views of security. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student where else to send me. I’m not staying on that long-ass line because they can’t answer my question. If they stay behind after school hours to work, then they should be paid more, but that’s none necessarily has a soft spot for the guards either. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student.

CANCER

The twelve students on the team raised $275, and plan to accomplish more even after the walkathon. “Next year, we are going to publicize the walkathon in advance to get more John Jay students involved,” said Suresh. “I think that idea where else to send me. I’m not staying on that long-ass line because they can’t answer my question. If they stay behind after school hours to work, then they should be paid more, but that’s none necessarily has a soft spot for the guards either. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student.

Students Talk About Safe Sex

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By Kevin Ambroise

North Hall was awash in a sea of condoms on November 1st for World AIDS Day. However, just because they were being handed out for free in the lobby, doesn’t mean that they were making it into the girls’ bedrooms. Condoms are the only form of birth control that actually decreases the risk of pregnancy and sexual transmitted diseases when used properly.

This trend of disregarding protection is so long ingrained in society that it becomes as universal as the enemy. In some situations, asking a person to put on a condom can imply that you think that he or she has an STD, or even HIV. If a guy says that it is because he is too worried about getting a girl pregnant, he is being foolish, because the heat of the moment right when you are about to have sex with a girl, condoms are the last thing I want that big white guy to own,” said one student. Condoms are the only form of birth control that actually decreases the risk of pregnancy and sexual transmitted diseases when used properly. This is probably the single biggest reason why Condoms are the only form of birth control that actually decreases the risk of pregnancy and sexual transmitted diseases when used properly. This is probably the single biggest reason why

They want to fight the fight and cure this disease. I am taking part for the first time this year because I want to spread awareness and take action,” said 21-year-old Brianna, who was with her teammates from NYU’s Alpha Sigma. “I’m not staying on that long-ass line because they can’t answer my question. If they stay behind after school hours to work, then they should be paid more, but that’s none necessarily has a soft spot for the guards either. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student.

The department receives an average of about 20 student applications a semester and five are chosen. “Students are encouraged to come into the Security Office at room 530T to fill out an application,” said Peter Batista, the Security Department’s administrative clerk.

What a student learns from working as a guard may go beyond how to keep a blue uniform shirt clean, or telling other students to go through the gates the left. $53,863.00. The team was here to support Suzanne Fischer, who was diagnosed five years ago with stage two breast cancer. They want to fight the fight and cure this disease. I am taking part for the first time this year because I want to spread awareness and take action,” said 21-year-old Brianna, who was with her teammates from NYU’s Alpha Sigma.

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“The average age for kids having sex is 16, but now it is 13. Other times, kids can have sex as young as 10. Some kids don’t use condoms because they think that it is too embarrassing, but that whole excuse is the stupidest thing I heard so far. If I don’t know them, then you better believe you are putting a cover on that wee-pee,” said Lynne, a student at John Jay, who is 18. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student.

We welcome letters to the editor and op-ed pieces relevant to the John Jay College community, to the city of New York, and to our nation and world. If you have a story idea, or would like to write for us, then please drop us a line. We could use a sports writer, too.

Sixty participating friends and family members diagnosed with breast cancer. “I am taking part for the first time this year because I want to spread awareness and take action,” said 21-year-old Brianna, who was with her teammates from NYU’s Alpha Sigma. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student. “I think their job is pointless; they’re rude to me when I don’t have my i.d., and they always send me to One Stop when they could just tell me where to go,” said one student.

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The next morning could only be described as chaos. At breakfast, the excited, but anxious, debaters piled as much food as they could onto their plates, and in their mouths before they got the final call to get on the bus.

The only thing that was going through the debaters’ minds at the time was not preparing for their future. They didn’t even make sure that they had enough to eat before they actually got to the tournament where they feared they’d go hungry. “The Binghamton debate team are vegan, so they are only serving veggie food for the whole tournament, said coach Joe Keeton. “This is the only way that they can impose their will on the debate community to eat healthy for once.”

On the bus ride to campus the students began to take out their evidence, and regroup before putting their pens in their mouths. The pen method in debate serves to help debaters pronounce words correctly.

Students entered the building with their storage tubs full of evidence, and their spirits very high.

“I don’t care about winning or losing that case, I am just here to have fun,” said debater, Ming Zing.

City students were impressed by Binghamton, despite the cold. “This University is a lot like a real campus,” said Rzhanikava. “It has grass, quads and one building that consists of the library; I never had the ability to walk to another building without crossing the street.”

It was so cold outside that the judges did not even want to transfer from one building to the next, but they would fight off the cold for a sketch or a smile. “Everywhere was said and done, and every topic was argued, the New York City debaters got on their phones and told their parents that they were coming home. A team from NYU made it to the quarters-finals in the junior varsity division. Fordham University team made it to the semi-finals in the junior varsity division where they defeated the United States Military Academy in a 2-1 decision. Fordham University lost to Rutgers University in the finals in a 2-1 decision in the junior varsity division.

“This was the greatest experience that I have ever had,” said NYU debater, Dima Pavazhuk. “I never had the opportunity to have such a great record and make it so far at a tournament. This will be a memory that I will hold on to forever,” she said.

A few debaters took their last puffs of cigarettes before they boarded the bus for the four hour ride home.

“The reason Davenport doesn’t feel like we are outsiders when in a sense we should be complete insiders,” said Professor Edward Davenport, who has been at John Jay for 34 years, was initially against the move since it would make it harder for students to find his office. Besides the lack of space for his books, the new location is generally an upgrade from the old building. “Given that North Hall was a slam, it wouldn’t have been hard to improve on it,” Davenport said.

There are no mice or rats in the new space and most of his students are still willing to come down to see him. “The space and the furniture are nicer; the whole place is roomier and cleaner. You don’t get the feeling that the ceiling is about to come crashing down on you,” Davenport said.

Despite these improvements, the negatives seem to outweigh the positives. The department’s accessibility in North Hall made it convenient for students to maintain not only their relationships with the faculty, but also their classmates. When Davila was asked about any changes over North Hall. The bathrooms are much cleaner since there are virtually no negatives seem to outweigh the positives. The department’s accessibility in North Hall made it convenient for students to maintain not only their relationships with the faculty, but also their classmates. When Davila was asked about any changes over North Hall. The bathrooms are much cleaner since there are virtually no classrooms have to worry about making sure there is enough room to accommodate their classes.

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Professor Toy-Fung Tung has been teaching at John Jay for three years, has made many changes to accommodate his students. She must now arrange meetings in the Westport Cafeteria for those who are unwilling to travel to 54 Street. This makes it difficult to view files and have discussion when time allows. The decision to move had made it harder for her to travel back and forth between classes and to her administrative duties, said Professor Toy-Fung Tung.

“I have to budget more time for my working day, and I also have to be careful not to forget to take everything I need from my office, since going back takes at least 15-20 minutes. If I am not careful, it is difficult for him to discuss personal matters with his students. The lack of privacy has become a problem, even in a place as deserted as West 54 Street.

Students may not be able to concentrate when Davenport’s independent study courses meet in his office. “The professors are too busy, they stop by and make comments,” said an amused Davenport.

The distance has made daily tasks complicated for Tung. “We are far away from the core services of the college, such as the copy center, the administrative offices, the library, and so on. Turning in grades and other such errands must now be planned in advance— I cannot just run over to the registrar or library on the way to class, for example, as our classes are now in Westport,” Tung said.

It makes the English department feel like we are outsiders when in a sense we should be complete insiders,” said Professor Adam Berlin, who has been at John Jay for over 10 years. “All students pass through the English department, they have to take composition and literature classes. If any department should be at the center of John Jay’s campus, it should be English.”

Alex Gonzalez, a security guard at the department, claimed that there is not a lot of traffic from John Jay at the new location. He sees about 25 students during his shifts, which last from the morning until late in the afternoon. That is a small number compared to the amount of students Berlin saw when the department was still in North Hall. He remembers seeing five students on average during office hours, but now the influx of students has diminished to one or none for any given office hour.

“It has made me feel like I’m distant from what’s happening and it’s disappointing,” said Berlin. “Part of the joy of being a teacher is the relationships formed with students, and these relationships have suffered because students don’t make the walk from the main campus to 54th Street.”
**Soldiers Caught in Insurance Limbo After Discharge**

Kyle Comstock and Randall Combs insured, on active duty and serving their country. By Elizabeth Bucknam

Right after leaving the Army, veterans may find themselves in the Emergency Room without any form of health insurance from TRICARE, their active duty provider.

Every soldier is offered primary health care by Veterans Affairs after leaving the military. As long as the veterans go to the Veterans Affairs offices for all their health care, there’s no need to purchase anything. “We gladly offer all veterans health care, but there comes a point where we can only do so much,” said Eric Myl, an official at the VA from the New York State Division of Veterans Affairs in New York City.

“When the veterans find themselves needing the ER, they couldn’t possibly come to us to get a limb sewed back on,” Myl said. Randall Combs found himself in a predicament just four days after leaving the Army. Randall was helping his father, Thomas Combs, put on a new roof at his home in Fayetteville, North Carolina. While laying the tar down, Randall slipped and ended up breaking his left leg. After being treated at the ER, Randall was asked to pay his medical bills.

Randall called the military health care provider TRICARE multiple times, and he was told that the day you leave the Army is the day your health insurance ends. “I had heard rumors about the health insurance ending as soon as I left, but I was hoping this country would see how I protected and served and would maybe help me out a little bit,” Combs said.

Another soldier, Kyle Comstock, found himself in the same situation. Three weeks after leaving the Army, Comstock was in a park playing football with some friends when he unexpectedly tackled. He broke his wrist in two places. Comstock went to the ER where he received excellent care.

Four days after the ER trip, Comstock received a notice in the mail that pertained to the payment for his hospital stay.

Confused, he called TRICARE, and was told the same thing Randall Combs was. “I was surprised to hear my insurance ended the day I left the Army, I thought I had a buffer to help me while I searched for a new insurance,” Comstock said.

“If I had known that, I would have gone back to my Army instincts and treated myself,” he laughed.

TRICARE is the main provider of military health insurance given to all soldiers. “This job breaks my heart, I receive hundreds of phone calls a day dealing with veterans lack of health care,” said TRICARE representative Christine Cullen. She also explained that as soon as soldiers leave the Army, they are immediately cut off from their TRICARE insurance.

“It truly breaks my heart, I have thought about quitting many time, I’m really just disappointed in this country,” Cullen said.

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**Hell’s Kitchen Market Goes Upstate Green**

Joe Morgiewicz tends his stand on Ninth Avenue. By Hollan George

It’s a dreary, bleak rainy day in Manhattan. There are people rushing down the sidewalk, bee-lining it to their next destinations for the day. But there is a different kind of buzz on 9th Avenue between 57th and 58th Street as people crowd around the large tents that line the sidewalk.

“How much are these onions by the pound here, sir?” asked a hurried woman who looked way too caffeinated and distracted to notice the large green sign right over her head.

As the seller empathetically pointed toward the sign above her head, she cracked an embarrassed smile, handed him the money, and jetted off down the pavement becoming just another speck in the crowd.

He turned to the older woman sitting next to him, and said, “My God, lady couldn’t even wait for her change.”

You could see both puzzlement and amazement in farmer, Joe Morgiewicz’s eyes.

Morgiewicz continued organizing his vegetables, and you couldn’t help but wonder just how hard the life of a farmer might be. The prospect of dragging yourself out of your comfortable beds at 4 a.m., tilling acres and acres of soil, picking thousands of fruits and vegetables that might or might not sell, and becoming a borderline scientist who needs to know which fertilizer will go with which soil, and which one will help grow which vegetable better, is daunting for city-dwellers.

But 35-year-old Joe Morgiewicz says it’s a life that anyone of us could live. We just have to be familiar with it, or we have to have the patience to learn.

“It was my great grandfather’s farm, been in the family for 40 years,” said Morgiewicz, who now owns his own expanded 200 acre farm in Orange County, New York, that he inherited, in turn, from his father.

“At 18, I started my own income off the farm, started right off the bat,” said Morgiewicz. “I typically put in 80 to 100 hours per week.”

A nearby shopper winced in pain and disbelief he as he heard this. “Yep, when you’re brought up in it, you’re used to it,” Morgiewicz said.

Six other green and white tents were positioned neatly on the sidewalk, and all of them were tended by farmers selling their own goods.

Not only produce, but also their own natural, organic pastries made with fruit grown right from the earth. Other farmers conducted cooking demonstrations, and showed off tasty, easy to make dishes that used only the ingredients grown on their land.

You get the feeling that the farmers are here to do more than just sell their produce. Standing in this place, in the middle of Manhattan, you feel an aura of togetherness and family. A feeling that these people aren’t just simple businessmen and women trying to sell things. You can see that this Green Market Organization involves everyone there, working together to represent something larger than themselves.

“The mission of the Green Market Organization is to get fresh products to the New Yorker, but, at the same time, getting them out of their local support,” explains Morgiewicz.

Being that he has been with the organization for ten years, he would know what exactly he is talking about.

“We apply to the Green Market, and agree to rules and regulations set by the organization in order to sell our products effectively without breaking the rules of other companies and retailers,” said Morgiewicz.

The U.S. has strict policies on farmers selling their produce directly to the consumer; they must first go through tedious processes and claims. The Green Market allows farmers to get their produce to consumers quickly.

“The produce that they sell from their stores has been grown in factories and supermarkets that are either too hot or too cold produce to be in, and will sit in the store for four to five days,” said Morgiewicz.

“With me, my produce will be just picked yesterday,” he said.

Judging from the amount of people crowding around the stands, it is easy to assume that through this organization, farmers make a good profit from selling produce directly to consumers.

“About half our income comes from selling around here in the city,” Morgiewicz said.

People are glad to take advantage of the Green Market and they appreciate the products that the farmers offer. “I’ve bought peaches and apples, and corn or something, can’t remember,” said Professor Mairino, who teaches Physical Education at John Jay.

“I got a cookie, yeah, that’s it. Was expensive though, we just stumbled on it really,” said Shawn, a sophomore at John Jay.

“No, I didn’t buy anything so far, man. But it’s more fresh, I’m sure,” said Raphael, also a sophomore, as he relaxed in the back of the library with Shawn.

“Yeah, it’s a good thing and a good break from the city stuff,” said Nancy Egan, a librarian at John Jay.

“It’s pricey, but I feel better that they taste fresher, and I know they’re locally grown,” Egan said. “Besides, they’re small farmers who could, you know, use the money.”
Guns Plague City Streets

By Jaja Grays

“I was walking the beat the other night over on Merrick Boulevard and 109 when I saw a young black male run out of a bodega with a gun and a bag in his hand. As soon as he saw me he ran, but he didn’t get far,” said officer Anthony Singleton.

“As we both ran, I shouted ‘drop your weapon,’ it didn’t take him long to stop, he was young and scared,” said Singleton. “I took him down to the station for questioning, and I asked him how he got the gun, he told me ‘off the street.’

“It shouldn’t be this easy to obtain a gun. The crime rate is rising and it’s mainly due to these illegal guns,” Singleton said.

Delano Martin, a member of the Southeast Queens community was a victim of illegal guns. “I was just walking in Baisly Park one night, and these two men dressed in dark clothes started shooting at me and my friend, they got me in the leg and ran,” he said.

Later, after the investigation was finished and they caught the criminals, the detectives told him that the men were too young to even be registered for a gun. Member of the community are beginning to express their feelings that there is a need for greater gun restrictions.

“I hope this will not happen to anyone else, something should be done to enforce stricter gun laws,” Martin said. Another victim, Dequan Randolph, echoed the same sentiment. “I know half these guys don’t have registrations,” said Randolph. “It’s happening to too many of us, and no one is doing anything about it.”

Detective Russo, of the 113th Precinct, said “This area is only going to have a certain number of police patrolling it.”

The detectives went on to describe the system that determines the crime level. Level A has the least amount of crime which means little to no crime. Level B means that there is more crime in the area, but not an immense amount. Level C means that the area has constant crime occurring, said the detective. “This is a B area, so you already have a set amount of police that can patrol the area,” he said.

At a rally for a recent victim of illegal guns, local councilman Leroy Comrie explained what he plans to do about this serious problem. “We need the police to get out of their patrol cars and get on their feet, walking around the area,” said Comrie. “We also need to establish more youth programs to get these kids off the streets.”

Other residents also feel that there are too many programs for area youth, but they have a different solution to the problem.

Hugh Devero, who owns a corner store, thinks that more needs to be done to get guns off the streets. “I know in Bayside they established a gun for money program, in which anyone who was in possession of an illegal gun can drop off the gun at local churches and receive one hundred dollars,” Devero said.

Maybe stricter gun laws are not enough of a solution. Perhaps a combination of more outreach programs for the youth, and a ‘gun drive,’ would be helpful for the community and the youth alike. Regardless, more needs to be done to save lives.

Want to learn to write for the newspaper?

The English Department is offering the following journalism electives for the Spring Semester 2008:

ENG233: “Introductory Journalism” section 01 meets Tuesday/Thursday from 12:30-1:45 section 02 meets Monday/Wednesday from 7:50-9:05

ENG290: “Beat Reporting” section 01 meets Tuesday from 1:55-3:10

Subway Platform Poet Writes From the Heart

By Marshal Li

In the midst of a busy subway platform, Donald Green sits on a black plastic milk crate with only a purse by his side, as thousands of people frantically rush for their trains.

With a pen in one hand, and construction paper in another, Green jots down his thoughts before the morning rush hour ‘1’ Train arrives at the crowded platform. As the commuters dissipate, Green begins to set up posters. One poster proclaims “A New York Times Published Poet.”

As the next wave of busy New Yorkers race down the stairs, Green clears his throat to speak:

“Does life have within it the ability to return? The earth offers flowers The earth greets the dead The body still seeds So if the world through war Was turned to debris Can there be energy to settle on space and rise?”

Often ignored, Green talks about his true passion for the art of poetry. “I write because I must express myself,” he said. “I discovered my passion for poetry by accident.”

Even at a young age, Green had high hopes for his future. “I always wanted to be a famous singer,” he said. After attempting to sing for several years, Green realized that singing wasn’t his true calling and decided to find something else. “As a kid I used to get upset a lot, so I decided to write down all those thoughts and ideas down, and it made me feel good to express those emotions,” he said.

For many people, their true calling usually happens by accident. For Green, it wasn’t until his English teacher at Fredrick Douglass Junior High School assigned the class to write a poem. As the deadline approached, Green handed in his poem titled ‘I am?’ not knowing that it would spark his passion for poetry. “The following day my English teacher told me she wanted me to present my poem to the entire eighth grade assembly,” he said.

“One of my greatest achievements was having my poem published in ‘the New York Times,'” he said.

Green admits that it all happened by accident when a journalist approached him after seeing his poem on the internet. “He saw it on the internet, he contacted me and told me he worked for ‘the New York Times’ and I was in disbelief. The next day my poem was published,” he said.

Green often mentions that he is motivated to write even through difficult times in his life. “Lorraine Hansberry was one of my biggest motivators,” he said.

“When I saw ‘Raisin in the Sun’ on Broadway as a teenager, it kept me inspired to keep on writing. It showed me that if I kept working hard at it, I would eventually make it.”

Green hopes to one day put away the pushcart and the milk crates for good. “I don’t plan on doing the subway scene for long,” he said. Green is currently working on a book, which he hopes to publish.

Until then he can sometimes be found near the crosswalk between 14th Street and the 6th Avenue subway station. However, he moves from spot to spot. He offers copies of his poem manuscript for sale, as well as handwritten poems on the spot to those who request them.

Despite his current status, Green is striving to publicize his poetry. “Publication is key,” he said. With his book under way, Green, the pushcart poet, may find himself winning the prestigious Pushcart Prize and retiring his pushcart for good.

Braxton Adjusts to Stadium

By George Jones

When the final pitch was thrown on September 21st at one of the world’s most famous sports stages, a new chapter in New York sports history was opened. But the impact of the new Yankee Stadium on the surrounding community goes way deeper than sports.

As construction closes, and the smoke settles, it is easy to see that the neighborhood around Yankee Stadium has drastically changed. Some, like Bronx native Mercedes Barreto think it’s for the better.

“The neighborhood looks 10 times better than it did seven years ago, and the closing of one of the parks in the neighborhood is a price I’m willing to pay for the neighborhood as a whole changing for the better,” she said.

Others seem to look at the situation as much more negative. Samantha Rodriguez, a mother and resident of the area, is one of the many people directly feeling the repercussions of the destruction of Macombs’ Dam Park. “It is said that they didn’t even consider the people here now,” she said. “Sure they have plans for new parks in the future, but that is too far away to make up for the void left in the neighborhood now.”

While news first broke of a new stadium going up on 161st Street and River Avenue opinions varied widely. Some thought that the stadium would be great for the neighborhood, that it would create jobs, and that it would bring more attention to a community already in need of an overhaul.

Others found that the closing of Macombs’ Dam Park was too much for the residents of the area to surrender. The closing of the park left a huge void in the neighborhood. The young men who used Mullaly Skate Park were forced to move down two blocks to Lou Gehrig Plaza on 161st Street and Walton Avenue. “It sucks that we were kicked out, but we can skate anywhere,” said David Gomez, one of the many skateboarders who have been displaced.

Another huge portion of the people who will be seeing a change are longtime Yankee fans. Fans will likely have to ante up a bit more of their hard earned cash to visit the stadium. With the new and improved stadium comes bigger price tags.

But some fans are excited for the new facilities. Edmanuel Guerrero, a displaced New Yorker, is just one of the many fans who will be making a trip back to the city just to experience the new stadium. “I’ll definitely be heading up there for the first game,” he said. “That is something you can only experience once.”

Others feel like the higher ups in the Yankee organization have forgotten those small people who have carried the organization over the years. “They’re charging as if it were a Broadway play or something,” said Raymond Fernandez, a Manhattan native and longtime Yankee fan and supporter. “It’s like they ditched the little guy for large corporate customers,” he said.

While ticket prices have not been officially released yet by the Yankees, many fear that the prices will be a far cry from the five dollar tickets that were available a few times in the past.

Chris Rella, one of the many construction workers who have been contracted to work on the stadium, is one of the people who realizes that the experience may have little to do with the Yankees: “I’m sure a lot of the guys in the Yankees really went all out, but I feel like it’s more of a corporate stadium than anything else,” he said. “It’s not going to be an affordable experience for middle class families like mine, but it’s kind of expected with the way corporate America has taken over the sporting industry.”

Not everyone in the neighborhood has felt the impact of the construction, except in terms of what they may see on their way to work. Workers at Stadium Gourmet Deli on 161st Street and Walton Avenue claim that they really haven’t seen any difference, other than how the neighborhood looks. “I didn’t really notice much, the stadium has drastically changed. Some, like Bronx native Mercedes Barreto think it’s for the better.”
By Amanda Aponte

“Daniel Radcliffe, naked, this should be interesting,” said Amy, arching her eyebrows suggestively as she prepared to enter The Broadway Theatre to see Equus.

Written by Peter Shaffer, and directed by Thea Sharrock, Equus stars Richard Griffiths and Daniel Radcliffe. It is about a young man who becomes psychologically deranged and sexually aroused by horses. The attention surrounding this play is perhaps due to Radcliffe, and his Harry Potter fame, as much as to the play’s subject matter. Filled with Harry Potter madness, fans from all over the country have gathered to see him naked, and hopefully to receive his autograph.

“I’m just a dork, I love Harry Potter, and when I found out that Daniel Radcliffe is going to be in New York for 22 weeks, I had to buy tickets,” Amy said.

Amy is 25-years-old, and an aspiring actress from Chicago. However, seeing Broadway wasn’t her motive for coming to New York. A local standing by the stage door had yet to see the play, and many stated that they only wanted Harry Potter’s autograph.

But not everyone cared about Radcliffe. “I love Equus. Theater-goers like Natalie felt that teenagers, and especially young Harry Potter fans, were not mature enough to understand the complex context of the play. “I don’t believe in any way that Daniel Radcliffe’s delivery was supposed to be interpreted as some sort of bedroom farce,” she said, as she frowned slightly and described the giggling tees seated next to her.

The play’s recent success at the Gielgud Theatre in London allowed Sharrock to bring Equus on Broadway. “I think it’s fantastic,” said Sharrock, as she stared at the screaming fans in front of the stage door.

“I put it all together about a year and a half ago in London, so I’ve done it once already,” she said.

Almost everyone seems to adore Radcliffe. This isn’t just because of his Harry Potter fame, but due to his humble demeanor as well. “The two main reasons why people are waiting in the rain, or being squashed in a crowd, are not only because he’s Harry Potter, it’s because of how gracious he is towards his fans,” said Stacey, who traveled from South Carolina to see the play, and to get his autograph. She admits that if it weren’t for Radcliffe, then she would have never have come so far to see the play.

Actor Speer Lill, still decked out in 15 pounds of metal horse costume, agreed.

“Daniel’s a very nice guy and an incredible actor in the show, and he’s just a down to earth 19-year-old boy, even better, everything is going well,” Lill said.

As the show closed, barricades were put up on both sides of the stage door which divided the crowd into two sections: those who saw the play, and those who were just there hoping to receive an autograph. Miller, a security guard, directed bystanders away from the screaming fans. “Due to the fact that there is a star in it, there is a lot of pandemonium at night, not only because of the star, but other people exiting different theaters, and then people exiting different theaters, and then people exiting different theaters, and then people exiting different theaters.”

Weber graduated in August of 2008 from Marymount Manhattan College with a degree in political science, and he said the school primarily because they would accept the many acting credits that he had acquired from attending the Attending School for Film and Television in New York. To explain why he didn’t pursue a degree in the arts, he attempts an explanation of his psyche.

“I have two sides of myself that are continuously at odds with each other. This artistic side that hopes to do well in acting, and an intellectual side that goes and finishes a degree in political science,” Weber said.

Weber was a senator in the student council and graduated valedictorian at Ros Common High School in Michigan, and he tells of the aspirations that his teachers and parents had for him to attend an Ivy League school and become successful. He also played large roles in many of his high school’s plays. When Weber came to the city, it was his first time supporting himself and being on his own. He dated someone in an acting on a backburner. He did some paid acting work for the School of Visual Arts, and he had a part in a pilot for Nickelodeon, but acting hardly paid his rent and living expenses.

“I never got so far as to join the union, or even have an agent because I was so busy supporting myself for the first time in my life,” Weber said.

He applied to the Obama campaign directly after graduating, and to the Working Families Party, where he ended up working for a month on Daniel Squadron’s state senate campaign.

“Of all of under I was driving over the Williamsburg Bridge and I got this call from the Obama campaign saying they wanted to offer me a job in Ohio, and asking me if I could start next Monday,” Weber said.

It took about a month for the Obama campaign to call him from the day he applied, and he had doubted they would ever get back to him. He took a job in construction after finishing with the Squadron campaign.

Although he doubted the Obama campaign would hire him, the lateness of the call was perfect because it gave him a month to gain organizing experience with Squadron. He had been trained on numerous campaigning tactics with the Working Families party.

They taught him how to effectively campaign in neighborhoods, conduct phone calls, train volunteers and about “cutting turf,” a tactic where a campaign divides districts into designated portions for individuals to work in. Working in Ohio was the beginning of the campaign’s vying for his soul, Weber said. The work was incredibly hard, and it took a toll on his mind and body. Being alone in a part of the country you know nothing about, and working long hours, prompted more than one nervous breakdown.

He was hired to organize Youth Vote Corps in Bowling Green, which is the branch of the campaign that focused on university students and tried to create a buzz around campuses for Obama.

Continued on Page 8
Poet and Musician Joins English Department

By Sifat Azad

The English Department’s new poetry professor, Alexander Long, plays bass with his band, Redhead Betty Takeout, when he’s not writing or teaching. The band is performing weekly on a bar-hop tour around Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania. Long aspired to be a performer, but little did he know that he would become an artist of both sound and language.

His family was musical, and they inspired him to play the trombone. “That thing was bigger than I was,” he said. Music was the primary means of keeping him out of trouble in an unsafe neighborhood, and he’s been strumming ever since his father brought home a bass guitar. His dad gave him a few lessons, and he picked up the rest by ear.

Long’s informal training led him from one band to another since he was 12. He and various inconsistent groups created tunes influenced by the Beatles, and they performed in high school talent shows, bedazzling even some private parties (none of them were old enough for bars yet).

For Long, Pennsylvania was a place where a solo gig was something for him to do. “The two pastimes are drinking and snowmobiling,” Long said. All the spare time made it possible for him to lose himself in his music, and the boredom and the slow-paced lifestyle of Pennsylvania would also allow him to perfect his next hobby.

As a sophomore at West Chester University, Long needed an elective to receive financial aid and complete his undergraduate studies. He enrolled in a poetry workshop, which he underestimated the difficulty of, and which he knew nothing about. “I thought poems came from the heart. I thought you just write your emotions down, but that was not the case,” he said. The professor was 6’3,” serious and very imposing. Long was terrified initially.

He began writing his poetry off the top of his head and did not meet the standards according to his professor. The professor, then, Cherish Buckley, asked to speak with him during office hours. Long’s performance led him to believe that poetry was not his specialty, and he considered dropping the class.

Buckley asked him what he was reading, and he confessed that he wasn’t reading any poetry. The intimidating authority figure was kind, gave him a reading list, and encouraged him to keep trying. He kept practicing and the office visits became a routine. Long eventually met Buckley’s demands and worked diligently. “If you earned his respect, you had it for life,” Long said. His terrified first impression withered away and his willingness to achieve strengthened both their relationship and his poetry.

After graduating, Long worked as a sous chef, which he claims is not as fancy as it sounds. He spent 12 to 15 hours a day on his feet in a 90 degree kitchen. When he wasn’t cooking for a living, he wrote obituaries for a local newspaper in order to make ends meet. “I still consider myself that stupid kid writing obituaries,” Long said.

He described his second job to be “equally awful.” It required that he deal with family members in grief and kooky funeral owners. That job made him a little desensitized, but the constant reminder of loss ultimately left him unnerved, and he sometimes crawled into bed shakily.

The work was tiring and kept him busy enough to put off his writing for two years. Buckley called him up one night and asked why he was cooking for a living. “I need to pay bills,” Long said.

He was encouraged to stop by a Buckley’s class even though he was no longer a student. Buckley got him to continue writing, and inspired him toward his future career. “I didn’t know it then, but he was showing me what my life could be like,” Long said. Buckley saw something in him that he didn’t see and advised him that it was time for graduate school. “I was ignorant. I didn’t know how to go about pursuing the thing I enjoyed. Buckley saw something in me, and he pulled it out,” Long said.

He got accepted to Western Michigan University, where he received his M.F.A. Again, the dull atmosphere allowed him to keep perfecting his work. He did nothing but read and write. Next, Long was accepted to the writing seminars at Johns Hopkins University, where he earned his masters degree. He later went on to obtain his doctorate from the University of Delaware.

He and his former band friends—Neil McGgettigan, Drew Rolli, and Tim O’Donnell—reconvened after a while, and the group kept the name Redhead Betty Takeout.

Today they play at a mix of Irish pubs, private parties and world-class venues that bring in nationally known acts.

“It’s exciting being on stage and interacting with the crowd while people are clapping. I get that rush people talk about,” Long said.

They now play whenever they get the chance, which often results in them having to communicate electronically in order to mix melodies. They often perform at venues like these, and attendance seems to be growing.

David Harshada Wagner, a meditation teacher in Manhattan agreed. “The growing interest in the ashram, and the general quest for answers has been cultivated by the increasing number of ashram visitors. He thinks that meditation is the best substitute for the intoxicating high he used to derive from drugs. “I began meditating at the age of twenty, after losing my mother to cancer, and withdrawing from a period of drug use,” Wagner said.

Although the ashram was founded in 1964, and enjoyed popularity throughout the 1960s counterculture revolution, it has since enjoyed an influx of motivated and spiritually driven youth. The ashram has reported increased attendance this year. This is largely attributed to expressing issues such as the war in Iraq and the economic crisis that has entered the national spotlight.

Jennifer Tanjellof, a student counselor, spiritual advisor and Columbia University graduate is representative of this fact. “Many people are trying to find answers for the problems they have brought back in the real world, some are financial and some are political even, here at the ashram, they are able to focus and find the answers to those problems within themselves. It truly is an amazing experience,” Tanjellof said.

New Yorkers Find Spiritual Solidarity at Ananda Ashram

By Jerry Rengel

Deep in the forest of the Catskill Mountains in Monroe, New York, a small group has congregated to practice spiritual meditation. Along the banks of a quiet stream, a young man wearing an NYU shirt sits beside a middle-aged man who keeps his BlackBerry close at hand. Besides them, a woman wearing a white dress sits a soft purple pillow while her husband rests on his favorite New York Jets towel, his knees bent inward, and his fingers Buddha-like.

At the forefront of the small group, a slightly grey-haired Indian man wearing a soft golden robe sits above a stone. Back in the real world, they are individuals whose lives run parallel to one another. But at the Ananda Ashram, their paths have crossed in the pursuit of enlightenment. Together, they break the overwhelming silence of the forest with the resonating sound of “Ohmmmm.”

Visitors to the ashram are led in meditation courses and thematic discussions by gurus and senior disciples throughout the week.

“I’ve been practicing meditation for only a year and haven’t found anywhere like it. If the economy gets worse, I’ll probably have more time and more of a reason to meditate,” said Luigi Martinez, an aircraft maintenance technician for Jet Blue. Martinez, like many other Americans is fixated on the economic crisis plaguing the stock market. But Martinez has found an answer to this problem. “Meditating helps me concentrate on personal issues, when I meditate I don’t think of my work or being unemployed, it really helps,” Martinez said.

At the Ananda Ashram, you can find Wall Street businessmen, college students, retired citizens and housewives meditating together, and sharing their weekends at this spiritual retreat. More and more people from all walks of life are in search of retreats like these, and attendance seems to be growing.

David Harshada Wagner, a meditation teacher in Manhattan agreed. “The growing interest in the ashram, and the general quest for answers has been cultivated by the increasing number of ashram visitors. He thinks that meditation is the best substitute for the intoxicating high he used to derive from drugs. “I began meditating at the age of twenty, after losing my mother to cancer, and withdrawing from a period of drug use,” Wagner said.

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passive-aggressive behavior, which made was ridden with personal conflicts and long hours he worked, the headquarters was not just the campaign he was working with was the War protest song. "He said to me 'Yeah, I was a New Yorker coming to claim an Ohio wrong place,'" Weber said. "I was kind of impressed because it's necessary, it was nice to have a good and bad because it brings you outside their home states and send them across the country, so that a worker will not have any connections to the community they work for. No friends, no family to visit, and no usual hangout spots to relax in."

"And I guess that will have you devote more time to the campaign," Weber said. His rent for the apartment in Brooklyn is around $800 a month, and although he did not disclose specifically how much he was paid, he worked 14 hours every day mostly to pay his rent.

"It was never about the money, and they sort of made sure of that. Money was never brought up during the work, I just signed a contract in the beginning and that was the last of it," Weber said.

All of the campaign workers didn’t really have time to go out and grab a drink, they would work, go to sleep, and wake up to work again. Although he didn’t feel like it was necessary, it was nice to have a night on the town. They had finished their work early and Aaron went out alone to find civilization, and a drink. He went to the center of town in Bowling Green and was shocked to find a lively night scene.

"I was kind of impressed because it’s out in the middle of this corn field," said Weber. “You drive and drive and drive and it’s out in the middle of this little town, the buildings aren’t taller than three stories, but I walked into this one bar, and it was all these goths partying down to this crazy dance music, and I was like ‘Woah, look at this subculture, go BG," Weber said.

At the home stretch of the campaign, one week before the election, he was driving people to the polls for early voting by the bus load with a political action campaign called Vote Today Ohio.

"It was funny, I had gotten no sleep one day and I was responsible for picking up and dropping off a whole list of people, mostly older voters who didn’t have the means to get to the polls. I was driving a 12 person van and on one trip I took a bumper right off of a parked car," Weber said.

Before leaving for Ohio, Weber was full of hope and drive. He needed to test his mettle, and to see if he could work in politics. He has come back an experienced organizer, but not without cost. The work for Obama shifted the focus of every individual working or volunteering for the campaign from themselves to getting one person elected. According to Weber, this is incredible experience, and I won’t be involved in anything cooler in the next four years," said Weber, "I think auditions are something that now I want to do.”

Before he finishes speaking, Weber’s girlfriend, tall like him with the features of a model, walks down the stairs of their loft space and beckons him to join her in his room with a gentle touch of her hand to his cheek. Weber is whisked away by his counterpart, and they go upstairs for some much needed rehabilitation.

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