

## the calendar

wednesday 4

Student Senate  
General Meeting  
(Degnan) 7p

friday 6

Mid-semester advisory  
grades due from faculty  
for CAS/SBA students

saturday 7

PEACOCK ADVENTURE DAYS: SIX FLAGS  
10a - 7p

sunday 8

PEACOCK ADVENTURE DAYS: PAINTBALL SHOOTING  
8a - 6p

Sunday Worship Service,  
Non-Denominational  
(McIntyre)  
11:30a - 1:15p

monday 9

Multimedia in the Classroom (Library)  
12:30p - 2p  
SEB Movie Night (Pope)  
8p - 11p

thursday 12

Sophomore Success:  
Major Decisions Day Fair  
(RIT) 11a - 1p  
Hudson Symphony Concert (RIT) 7p - 12a

monday 16

Spring Semester Vacation  
- No Classes

monday 23

First day of Priority  
Registration for Fall 2009  
CAS/SBA students  
Eyewitness to War,  
Witness to Peace  
(McIntyre) 11a - 1p  
Coffee House (Pavonia)  
8p - 10p  
SEB Talent Show (RIT)  
8p - 10p  
PRIDESTOCK (RIT)  
6p - 9p

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SAINT PETER'S COLLEGE

STUDENT NEWSPAPER

Online Edition  
pauwwow.com

## Senior Jaleel Kindell Making Moves

BY ALEX RIVERO  
News Editor, '09

Right off Kennedy Boulevard, hidden at the core of one of Montgomery Avenue's legions of multi-family edifices, in a surreally tight corner on a surprisingly quiet third floor, Senior Jaleel Kindell – donning a semi-fresh white wife beater, sweatpants, and a tired yet warm smile -- welcomes me into his apartment with a sturdy handshake. Casually leading me down a small corridor and into the kitchen, he runs off about eight apologies for the messy state of the place as we walk. I grab a folding steel chair and sit facing the refrigerator, my curiosities about this gentleman suppressed by thank you's and small-chatter as I wait for him to finish hurriedly wipe down the littered table with a moist cloth.

Judging by his humility, it would be surprising for anyone to discover that such a happy-go-lucky 22-year-old college student could in fact be the CEO and founder of his own production company, Moon Six Communications. Looks, at least in this example, have proven to be quite deceiving.

And yet, along with the fact that he has his own company, Jaleel's recent past is just as interesting. Interning at Interscope and Sony during a four month visit to Los Angeles in the summer of 2006, he was one of the fortunate few who got to help on Gwen Stefani's album "The Sweet Escape." From LA, he flew to Israel to help manage an Israeli artist named Dani B. He was taken aback at the different settings, customs, and overall ways of life. "It was nutty

See MOON SIX on Page 5



PHOTO COURTESY OF MYSPACE.COM

## India's £1.7bn Plan to Launch Astronauts to the Moon

BY ALEX RIVERO  
News Editor, '09

The Republic of India has announced that it is taking measures to put Indian astronauts on the moon by the year 2015, starting with a £1.7 billion plan for research and development.

Quickly becoming, if not already enjoying the status of being, one of the most important nations on earth, India, with a population of over one billion, will attempt to put two people into orbit 172 miles above earth's atmosphere for seven days.

The nation's cabinet, technically speaking, is still in the process of determining whether the bill will be passed, although

the process at this moment is seen more as a municipal formality than a genuine debate. The decision comes after its October launch of the country's first unmanned lunar mission, Chandrayaan-1, which is currently orbiting the Moon and putting together 3-dimensional maps of its surface. The mission won India a pass into the world's most elite club whose only other members – Japan, Russia, the United States, and China – are the only countries capable of independently reaching the Moon.

Chandrayaan-2, the country's second unmanned mission, is scheduled to be launched in 2011.

The Indian Space and  
See INDIA on Page 5

## Free Speech or Censorship for a Cause?



PHOTO BY MARTIN SIRAKOV

Professors Donovan and Demillo of Communications

BY ALEXANDRA CROSSETT  
Staff Writer, '12

Controversy at Saint Peter's is spreading this semester, and our own WSPC Radio is not immune to the sweep of debates and arguments springing from the ideas of the students and faculty here at the college.

The radio saga played out like this: on January 22nd, Professors Barna Donovan and Ernabel Demillo conducted their feature program on the radio, entitled Culture Wars. The two radio talents, both experts in the field of communications, debated back and forth on the subject of violence in media and its effect on minors. This was the bombshell broadcast, the powder keg for the issue - Dr. Donovan's position in his debate with Demillo on violent media apparently drew the attention of a few concerned listeners.

Dr. Donovan logged into the account email for the station the next morning to find new messages in the inbox –outcries against the message broadcast in the previous day's show. A complaint, offered by one Jenny Abrams, even went so far as to call him the "anti-Christ." Abrams threatened to call on the backing of a censorship mogul to silence the work being done at WSPC. She chose the Parents' Television Council, a national group with local chapters dedicated to protecting children from questionable media. Specifically, she contacted New Jersey's chapter director, Crystal Madison.

To summarize the following events, it is sufficient to say that a slew of emails were sent to WSPC protesting the program and to the PTC calling for official

action. The subject matter of Culture Wars has been cited as "smut" and "junk science" as Abrams vehemently campaigned to blow the whistle on Donovan, with the help of Joe Bonaventura, who also complained to the PTC. The emails from Abrams taunted and threatened the radio station. One email was received at WSPC from Abrams; she copied the message from Bonaventura to the PTC and offered a thinly veiled threat about how concerned parents were working hard to stop the supposed smut. However, no representative of the college responded directly to the emails (to the dismay of Abrams), seeing as they decided to respond in a way that reflects the free speech they intend to protect.

Crystal Madison was invited to call in to the Culture Wars show and participate in an on-air debate on February 5th. She did indeed call in to the station and defended the position of the PTC by citing research that she thought supported her cause by correlating violence in media and violence in children; however, Dr. Donovan countered by demonstrating that Madison did not understand the evidence that she was citing. In an interview, he states that the PTC does not understand the way that these studies are conducted, and that anyone with a working knowledge of statistics or research methods knows that these models are not perfect. The results in a lab cannot always accurately reflect the real world issue, considering that the study is conducted under fabricated laboratory settings rather than in the real world.

There are a few key ideas to consider in order to validate either argument. Primarily,

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## Do Not Read This! Close this Paper and Run!

BY JUSTIN ROBERTS  
*Opinions Editor, '10*

I regret becoming the Opinions Editor. Every two weeks I edit student submissions and, duty-bound, I sharpen these violent thrusts of insulated certainty. I preside over a section designed to shred our reader's worldview and coerce them into accepting a new bias. Each issue takes me farther down the road of fraud as I lend my voice to endless squabbling. How did this happen?

Growing up in a marketplace of influence peddlers must affect children's mental/emotional development. They are pummeled with words, images and sounds that try to make them hate abortion, admire Mormons, seek Tony the Tiger's approval, and then join the Marines. No wonder our society has become so fractured; we have thousands of expectations to disappoint.

This war for influence is getting us nowhere. Consumed with the search for meaning and struggling to define our societies, we neglect ourselves. Who are you? Look beyond the p.r. and think about the real reasons behind your beliefs and decisions. The various fictions of our lives, whether they be religious, philosophical, or moral, are appealing because they provide the comfort reality denies us. Escapism becomes a dirty word when we start believing our own fiction.

This is the downside of democracy: instead of coercing us with naked force or threats, the politicians, ministers, and businessmen are fighting for our cranial real estate. It is not enough to seize property or force servitude: now our leaders want us heart and soul.

Now, I have found my answer. Self awareness must precede any intelligent understanding of

the world. Without it, we form a distorted picture of ourselves and confuse our needs with external and symbolic value. Then we fight for what we think we want and struggle, sometimes violently, to convert everyone to our cause.

It took me a month and a half to sort through this issue before I could write about it. I had started forming opinions before sorting through my own feelings. We have let too much of ourselves

to be built by marketplace purveyors. It is ok to be uncertain. It takes time, deep thought, and hard experience to breed wisdom. Some say modern life moves too fast for quiet introspection. Anyone who accepts this should keep in mind what it is they are rushing towards: a society paralyzed by endless debate, a mind staked out to be claimed by corporations and media moguls, ending in a cold grave.

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The Pauw Wow is published twice every month except during the winter and summer breaks by students of St. Peter's College. Letters and submissions can be emailed or dropped off at the Pauw Wow office.

Some information has been provided by the Office of Public Affairs on 51 Glenwood Ave. Letters to the Editor must have the author's name and e-mail to be considered for publication.

All submissions become property of the Pauw Wow and will not be returned. The Pauw Wow reserves the right to make changes to any article.

Opinions expressed in writers' columns, letters to the Editor and advertisements are not necessarily the opinions of the Editorial Staff of the Pauw Wow.

## The De-Emancipation Proclamation

BY JUSTIN ROBERTS  
*Opinion Editor, '10*

As Frank Herbert said, “change is the only constant”. Still, one cannot deny that it comes with a particular anxiety to our generation. Welcome to the age of Global Capitalism, where the forces that once bound society’s traditions have been displaced by the profit making drive.

Skeptical? Consider how the world’s people communicate. There is not one language or idea as pervasive and well understood as capitalism. Instead, our *lingua franca* is the market’s currency exchange rate. Nothing is understood without first being converted to cash value and then evaluated for its cost/benefit potential. We do this because we must, because economy is now tied to the most basic foundation of human life and because we will wither and die without it.

Is that necessity enough to justify the injustices these forces create? Capitalism’s human

world (the last 50 years or so) we have come to rely on the potential for creating future value for that stability. Unfortunately, it seems that the people in charge of the credit markets (not to mention the population at large) have outspent the future’s potential. Thus, we find ourselves in the current crisis.

Imagine that the world economy was a building that housed all of humanity and its businesses. As new transactions, production, etc. are made in the market, the building is under constant renovation. A large part of the house’s foundation, the credit market, was really only a couple of strong balloons filled with high-pressure air. As the house continued to grow, the builders kept adding more air to the balloons. Inevitably, the combination of adding weight to the house and air to the balloons strained the foundation, causing the balloons to burst. Now, the house’s foundation is violently falling and the house’s structure is cracking, spilling bricks and glass

A large part of the house’s foundation, the credit market, was really only a couple of strong balloons filled with high-pressure air.

rights contributions far exceed its abuses. Without the capital and the products the market provides, none of the technology, the medicine, the education, or the utilities that support our current quality of life would exist. The only thing worse than a life with capitalism is a life without it.

The market is not our enemy by default; post-industrial life is far more subtle. First understand that in order to benefit from capitalism, we have had to make the world more compatible to it. For most of human history, the inability to efficiently use our resources combined with a lack of sophisticated understanding of market forces. The result were volatile economies and severely limited access to vital goods.

By industrializing the means of production, man vastly increased efficiency. We were now able to make more products, services and cash-value available and greatly stabilizing the booms and busts of the inherently cyclical market. In the Post-industrial

everywhere, causing extensive damage to it and its inhabitants.

But this is not the worst of it; as the balloon foundations became ever more strained, the builders were trying something else. Efficiency in this building meant ensuring it could keep growing to accommodate its constantly growing population without growing too large and collapsing. Some of them, instead of ensuring the foundation could carry its load, began to make the new additions smaller and cheaper, giving some inhabitants much less than they would have gotten before. This current crisis is making this method more and more favored, leading economists to think that the future will hold great reductions in quality of life.

As we struggle to stay afloat amid the economic turbulence, reevaluation is clearly in order. Will we once more bend capitalism to our will or is man condemned to be a creature of the market?

## Who’s Laughing?

BY SHA VONNE HONOR  
*Staff Writer, '09*

Cartoonist Sean Delonas of the New York Post is under attack for the questionable sketch featured in the February 18th morning edition of that newspaper. The cartoon was printed just a day after the mauling of a 55-year-old Connecticut woman by a male domesticated chimpanzee that according to the owner did not recognize her longtime friend. In this terrifying ordeal, Travis, a 15 year old, 200 pound chimp was repeatedly stabbed with a kitchen knife by his owner as she tried to rescue her friend from the savage attack. Following a lengthy plea for help on a 911 call, local police arrived, shooting and killing the chimp.

The cartoon sketch which shows two white officers holding aim at a chimpanzee lying in a pool of blood obviously having been taken down by their barrage of bullets is despicable. A caption above the officer’s head reads, “They’ll have to find someone else to write the next stimulus bill.”

Tensions flared in New York City and led to nationwide fury as many people stopped to make sense of why Delonas along with the newspaper’s editorial staff would run such piece. Editor-in-Chief, Col Allan commented on the entry as being “...clear parody of a current news event... “It broadly mocks Washington’s efforts to revive the economy.” The mere inference to President Obama’s stimulus bill while looking down at an assassinated chimp which

can easily be perceived as a “monkey,” a term often used in a derogatory manner when referring to black people, is appalling. The African American community in particular was outraged.

There is nothing broad about a comment that insinuates that the figure lying on the ground is the person responsible for actually “writing” the bill, which would be President Barack Obama.

The cartoon was both morally and politically incorrect. Civil Rights Activist Rev. Al Sharpton launched a series of protests against the NY Post yesterday and urged sponsors to withdraw their support calling the artwork “troubling at best...”

The artist, who has been known in the past for creating rather abrasive cartoon work, was distasteful on many levels. However, this does not excuse the New York Post from carelessly printing the piece. Nor does it excuse owner, Rupert Murdoch from silently condoning the drawing by evading taking responsibility even after it caught national attention. The public’s response was fueled by the racial overtones and insensitivity in lieu of the fact that the victim injured in the initial attack was in critical condition as the paper was being circulated.

The First Amendment of our Constitution protects our right to freedom of expression. Does this however give a free pass to use mainstream media to deliver covert messages of racism and violence? How far is too far when you take aim, even through parody at our country’s Commander-In-Chief who happens to be an African-American?

## Gov’t Prohibiting Freedom, Peace

BY PAUL LAZARO  
*Staff Writer, '11*

A recent government report lists Mexico as a nation ripe for collapse; our southern neighbor’s knees are buckling under the weight of fighting drug cartels. Worse yet, the violence has begun spilling into the Southern United States. It seems like every day the nightly news carries a story about Americans living and dying between the crosshairs of warring factions. To win the “War on Drugs” and finally bring order, our government must realize that their chosen tactics are both short-sighted and ineffective.

First, conservative “intellectual” commentators like Sean Hannity and Mark Levin propose that we can win the “War on Drugs”

by building a border fence to prevent border crossings. This band-aid approach has the benefit of seeming completely obvious while being largely ineffective. The root of the problem has and will always be American demand. When Americans stop buying illegal drugs, the cartels will leave the Southwest United States for good.

Of course, we could go ahead with that fence idea. How hard can it be to install 1,969 miles of fencing on uneven terrain with thousands of immigrants and highly equipped drug dealers spending all their time trying to knock it down? Surely, the U.S. will have no trouble raising the billions needed to erect and maintain the physical blockage of our nearly 2,000 mile border. The fence will probably do the opposite of what it is intended to and increase drug related violence.

How? Because making it more difficult to traffic drugs, decreasing the supply while the U.S. demand stays constant, will push the prices up. Higher prices

means higher rewards for drug cartels, giving them a couple of million more reasons to aggressively engage the competition. Maybe the fence is not such a good idea.

Others have proposed continuing the Mérida initiative, a multi-billion dollar plan in which the United States provides Mexico with munitions and other things that “go boom.” Again, however, this

fails to address the root issue behind drug violence and will probably encourage more bloodshed. Considering that the Mexican police are renowned for their corruption, providing them with heavy munitions means that much of it will end up on the black markets where the cartels love to shop. Just how many billions



PHOTO COURTESY OF DENTONRC.COM

*Mexican drug cartels strike in Houston, TX*

of dollars are American taxpayers willing to fork over before getting even the most basic results, like keeping drugs out of American prisons!

There is only one legitimate solution to Mexico’s and the United States’ cartel problem: the free market. By legalizing drugs, our government could engineer an overnight saturation of the market, making drugs less expensive. This will make drug running less profitable, decreasing illegal immigration. With lower stakes, it would also become inefficient for the Cartels to continue buying, maintaining and using their huge arsenals, taking violence out of the center of economic competition. Drug consumers could then rely on American companies to manufacture their dope commercially, creating revenue for the government through taxes, employment opportunities and giving them a greater degree of quality control. Legalizing drugs only poses on major problem that I can see: long lines at White Castles and Taco Bells.

To Write for the  
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DEBATE from Page 1  
the radio station broadcasts are developed by and aimed at a college community. Typically, a college or university is home to a more liberal-minded population, and a more mature one at that. How can an association aimed at censoring content dangerous for YOUNG children try to silence a radio station made and listened to by adults? In an email correspondence between Abrams and Madison, forwarded to the station in another intimidation attempt by Abrams, Madison herself went so far as to state that the PTC can only interfere so much in this case. Madison is quoted in email text as saying, "We can't get involved with contacting donors for this specific issue, and only because the radio show is targeted to adults and it's done on an adult college forum. I wish we could, I really do, but we try and limit our many efforts to the safeguarding of minors". This response came after Abrams' plea that the PTC help in her crusade to try and pull funding from the college. While Madison and the PTC are aware of and respect the boundaries of their influence, Abrams did not intend on stopping at the complaints and the debate/ She had made her intent clear – she wanted to contact specific donors of the college and try to dissuade them from providing further funding in face of an atrocious offense in her eyes. Although Madison

could not offer the full support of the PTC at this time, she did offer advice to Abrams about raising alarms about the radical Donovan.

Furthermore, statistical conventions and definitions play an integral part of this debate. The PTC claims that violent video games and bloody movies have shown a link to criminal and dangerous behavior. They argue a correlation, a link between events that simply implies that the two can and have occurred together. However, no sufficient empirical data exists that shows causality. Causality demonstrates that one event directly influences or causes another. It implies that the resulting event is dependent on the first, in this case it would mean that children who are exposed to violent media will in turn grow up to become delinquents as a direct effect of the media influence. The PTC obviously does not fully understand the research they are using to defend their cause; numerous articles were linked from the webpage of the association that proved the exact opposite of their ideas, including one from Donovan's own dissertation advisor from Rutgers University stating that violence in media in fact makes children more lethargic and less prone to acts of aggression. Another article that was once linked on the site states, in the abstract, that no real proof can be offered for video games contributing to

**Sunday**  
12 Pm Provoke  
**Monday**  
12 Pm 12 O'clock Rock  
3 Pm The Tech Tree  
5 Pm The Disability Show  
7 Pm Rants of Reason  
8 Pm SPC Lounge  
**Tuesday**  
11 Am Dan And Dave On Sports In The Morning  
12 Pm The Underground  
2 Pm Kthkshi  
3 Pm Provoke  
8-9 Pm Club SPC  
**Wednesday**  
2 Pm The Real Music Show  
3 Pm Ladies Room  
4 Pm 411 @ 4  
5 Pm The Thyme Warp  
8-9Pm Club SPC  
10 Pm Topics of Thunder

**Thursday**  
12 Pm Culture Wars  
3 Pm Sports Mojo  
4 Pm 411 @ 4  
5 Pm Peacock Nation  
**Friday**  
2 Pm Kthkshi  
5 Pm P34K O1L  
**Saturday**  
11 Am Life On Mars



[www.spc.edu/wspc](http://www.spc.edu/wspc)

child aggression. The links are now broken throughout the site; the content link was removed but the title stayed on the page it originally appeared on, echoes of the PTC's faulty proof for their argument.

For this piece, Professor Donovan offered an interview for the Pauw Wow. When asked about the content of his blog, the accusations, and his own

ideas, Donovan clarified his position, saying that he did not cite violence and porn as being "good" for children as Abrams and the PTC believe. Porn did not even come up as a subject on the radio show, although Madison and Abrams did cite it in their emails, drawing evidence from his blog. Rather, Donovan informed that he is neutral on the subject; video games are not necessarily bad or good for children, no proof exists to support a theory on either end of the spectrum. Donovan cites that studies fail to show causality between violent media and aggression in individuals; one study even proved that children who watch porn actively responded to the messages and images, turning it off if it did not appeal to them, rather than allowing themselves to be brainwashed.

Donovan brings up another good point when he mentioned that Madison came on to debate about a broadcast she herself never heard on the radio. She volunteered to offer her participation to voice the PTC and its supporters. Abrams also forwarded her conversations with Madison to WSPC without their suggestion or knowledge, which caused a further breakdown in communication.

Lastly, Donovan was severely offended by the nature of the emails the station received and by the premise of the opponent's argument itself. Threats and intimidation were blatantly used as tactics to scare the station into thinking its funding would be jeopardized. Additionally, Donovan believes that, "if you're going say you defend free speech, you need to defend even the speech that offends you the most"; this group is "un-American" in their quest to not only censor, but eradicate all dubious media (in their mind) from ever reaching a young audience. According to their website and existing interviews

from Madison, the PTC has gone on numerous campaigns to remove questionable media altogether from broadcast channels. In an interview last year, Madison even stated she wanted the shows Family Guy, Dexter, and American Dad to be removed from airplay entirely.

What started off as a simple, almost normal response to the Culture Wars program snowballed into an ongoing debate, one that could hold serious consequences for college funding, the future of WSPC, and the right of free speech for campus media. Regardless of the outcome, it begs the public to consider what is appropriate content for broadcast by a college radio station and whether or not it should be subject to censorship. Donovan and those at the station strongly wish to protect their rights to free speech and free expression on an unregulated channel – the WSPC webcasts are not controlled by the FCC – while those at the PTC wish to further their agenda and mission protect children from violent messages in society. Each group wants to protect something, whether it be free speech or the children of our society; each group embraces a worthy cause.

I ask our audience to make their own judgments. Should a college radio station be allowed free speech without fear of censorship? Our "airwaves" are not subject to the rules and regulations provided by the FCC, so legally, the broadcasters at WSPC are free to say what they wish on air. On a more subjective level, is our own Professor Donovan truly as radical as the PTC and its supporters suggest? I encourage you to visit his blog (<http://barnadonovan.blogspot.com/>) and decipher his tone and message for yourself. While you are at it, you might also pay a visit to the PTC's website (<http://www.parentstv.org/>) to examine their mission and tactics.

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## INDIA Form Page 1

Research Organization (ISRO) has been lobbying for years to secure government funding for space missions by 2014, eleven years after the Chinese, and to the Moon by 2020, four years before China's target date. Considering that 76 percent of the population lives on less than two dollars a day and malnutrition in some parts of the country is on par with sub-Saharan Africa, critics are finding clear reasons – and many supporters – in calling the whole space project a waste of much-needed money.

ISRO counters that India makes money from its largely commercial satellite launches. Officials argue that the scientific research from the space program has greatly aided its information technology industry.

Indian officials are constantly keeping track of Chinese space advancement. The People's Republic of China completed its first successful space walk last year.

A senior fellow on the Asian Military Affairs at the International Assessment and Strategy Center said a week

ago that the Indians needed to immediately go over their space program to confront a possible military threat from China, citing the possibility of having the Chinese conducting military activities from the Moon.

The Indian government increased its overall budget this year by 27 percent to 44.6 billion rupees, 1.75 billion of which will be spent on training science personnel. The change constitutes a 73 percent increase in spending from last year in the same field.



Indian Space Research Organisation, via European Pressphoto Agency

## MOON SIX From Page 1

being 21, in Israel, in a room full of Jewish executives," he recalls.

All of his experiences away from home proved to lead up to the summer of 2008, he notes, as his newfound friendship with Sarah Friedlan, an International Business and Trade major at St. Peter's, added just the right touch of cohesiveness to his budding project. Claiming to just be paying attention and "doing her best to learn about music," Sarah brings both humor and fresh energy into every project the company now sets itself on. "Sarah is the glue that holds everything together for us," he said, nodding his head in certainty.

Asked who some of his biggest influences are, Jaleel deeply exhales, as though I have asked him to define the color red. "The type of music isn't really all that important," he finally states, "What I look for is anything that can be considered timeless." Michael Jackson, Prince, and Damien Rice are some of the artists that fit the description.

Even though Moon Six is still a maturing enterprise, the idea for the framework has been floating in Jaleel's mind for a long time. He says he made a pact to himself

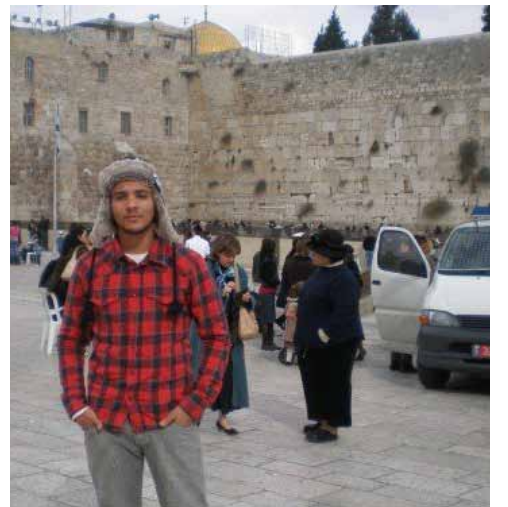


PHOTO COURTESY OF PHOTOBUCKET.COM  
*Kindel at the Wailing Wall, Israel*

once he got to college that, upon his graduation, he would not be in a position where he would have to seek out employment and work for someone else, "I said to myself, I will not get a job from anyone. I will work for myself, be my own boss, and work according to my own standards."

The company now boasts an impressive lineup, including DAY26, the group handpicked by Sean "Diddy" Combs at the finale of "Making the Band 4," Zacksoufrine and a pop-artist and friend of Jaleel's from high school, and one of the producers on Kanye West's 2008 Grammy-winning album, "Graduation."

Music and business are an obsession to him, so much so that he chose to incorporate the Business Law minor into his busy schedule that, apart from handling his own business, includes being a regular Business Administration student at the College. He cites Steve Jobs, Russell Simmons, and Virgin CEO Richard Branson as some of his real-world influences in picking a course of study and a path to follow after graduation.

"The only way to truly succeed in this world is to study those who have been successful before me and figure out what they did wrong in order to do better," he says, peering over at Sarah for an additional comment.

"People think we're crazy sometimes. But I say, 'why not?' With the economy in the way that it is, we're just going to ride this baby 'till the wheels fall off," Sarah says, punctuating with a giggle.

One has to wonder, at times, why we are even in college in the first place. As personal a question as that may be for each and every one of us, it is safe to determine that Jaleel Kindel and his cohorts over at Moon Six have found an answer to that. "Saint Peter's College pretty much changed my life. I'm from Portland and coming here – more than changing my life – I think it really started my life. I didn't know what I wanted to do with my life when I got here, and then I saw the immense potential, opportunities, and cultures, and something in me just clicked."



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## SPC Alumnus Joins Harlem Security Force

BY JOSEPH GALBO  
*SPC Alumnus, '08*

That's what Unit-11 said to me as he was leaving Central. I had only met him two minutes ago.

Unit-8 laughed, "That's the best advice you can give our new guy?"

"Yeah," said Unit-11, "Seriously."

I had only been on the job for 3 days and already I could tell my time on the Harlem Co-Op's security force was not going to be just some other lazy night job. When the type of advice your co-workers toss around is, "Crack some n\*gga's skulls." you know immediately that you are in some serious stuff.

Unit-11 had done some skull cracking himself. Some time ago two armed robbers had ran through the MHHC grounds. Unit-11 had caught the fatter one in the Lasalle St. parking lot. The guy was clearly out of breath and, wanting to save himself from a more serious charge, tossed his gun away when he saw Unit-11 approach. Unit-11 tossed the guy against a car and held him until NYPD arrived. He got a medal for his trouble.

I thought to myself how not ready I was to be cracking anyone's skull. How just a few weeks ago I was unhappily mopping floors and pulling dirty diapers out of trash compactors. Then, it seemed like my life was at a dead end but, at least I knew I was going home everyday. This job already had an interesting start.

It was my first day. I had been in uniform for only three hours. S-1, my sergeant, had assigned me to Post 3, the busiest post during the night. I am sure he did not want to but, I had not learned anything about working at Central. With only 3 people on staff, including himself, he was seriously short handed. As I would learn, this is the normal amount of people for a Sunday night into Monday morning shift. Permanently short handed, that is how this place rolls.

I had just finished unlocking the Metfood gate on the corner of Amsterdam and Lasalle. The sanitation workers were picking up the cardboard like they always did. Everything was "96," status normal.

The sergeant came down to talk to me about making sure the gate was relocked once they were finished. He turned, and then paused.

"Come with me." He said.

And so I did. Happily.

"We got a call from one of the apartments. Man says he needs to go to the hospital. I don't know why he called us instead of 911, but..."

I thought the same thing. 911 is so much easier to dial than a 10 digit security office number, but I was glad to have the opportunity to go meet some people. So far every resident I'd met was really nice.

"I'm bringing you along because it's always good to have a witness with you. I could be doing this by myself, but you never know what's going to happen."

The logic worked for me. Normal cops have partners. I would never want to check out an apartment by myself to begin with.

We took the elevator up to the resident's floor. Their apartment sat at the end of the shorter side of the hallway. Each hallway on every floor looks exactly the same. Beige walls, black tile floors and red doors. The fluorescent lights give everything a weird sort of glow. It is hot in the hallways, the ventilation fans are still the originals from the 1950's when the place was built. On some floors, if there was an exceptionally large number of old people, you could smell it. It's never cool in the hallways. During the summer mopping was horrendous even when the uniform was just a t-shirt. Now, just walking to the door, wearing long johns, uniform pants, turtle neck, dress shirt, bullet proof vest and my winter jacket

I felt like a moving pile of slush.

It's a short walk from the elevator and we get to the resident's door. On it, is a blue Amnesty International sticker, as well as some kid's drawing of a house with a list of names next to it. Probably the resident's grand kids. The name on the door read, \*.\*\*\*\*. A pretty epic name I thought. S-1 knocked.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

No response.

Again... Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Silence.

I was surprised with how suddenly my body told me that something was not right. My back got stiff, and I felt my muscles tense. I became alert, aware, like I had just caught myself nodding off behind the wheel. Some one from this apartment had called asking for help. Now, they were not answering.

"S-1 to Central." The sergeant calmly said into the radio.

"Central proceed."

"\*.\*\*\*\* is not answering, call EMS."

"10 - 4."

The sergeant pulled out his key ring and began trying keys on the door. I had seen this before, well, sort of, it's a little different when you're working maintenance at a small New Jersey college, bringing the exterminator around. It took him a little while, but eventually.

\*Click\*. The door slowly opened.

S-1 went in first and looked around. I followed immediately behind.

The apartment was a sh\*t hole, for lack of a better expression. Papers, boxes, clothes, food, things... things strewn everywhere. Bugs crawling on the counter tops. Lights left on.

The hallway and floors clogged with so much stuff it was almost impossible to walk without stepping on something.

I heard S-1 kick a box and checked to see if he was OK. Looking down to see what he had tripped on, I noticed that he had something red stuck to his shoe. I could not quite tell what it was, but my imagination was already filling in the pieces for me. I got that same tensed up feeling again. The one I had just had standing outside the silent door. He turned the corner and...

"Oh sh\*t."

I followed, reluctantly, in his footsteps. Looking down to make sure I did not step on any of the other blood soaked napkins that were strewn on the ground. The floor itself turned from black to red. Foot prints, smears...

"Dry," I kept saying to myself, "it's all dry."

A light was on in the bathroom, I was watching where I stepped. I prepared myself to see a body, I prepared myself to see something dismembered. I felt my stomach turn and got ready to throw up. I feel faint, the floor got redder... I looked up...

I thought of Willem Dafoe...

"It was a f\*cking slaughter."

And it was. It was a f\*cking slaughter.

It was tragic. It was dynamic. It was the sight of the century. It was my own little 9/11 in a room the size of your average closet. Murder. Murder is what it looked like. Someone had been murdered here in this bathroom. I was speechless, just staring at it, just staring at the floor.

I'd never seen this much blood before, anywhere.

There were finger marks where someone's hands had smeared the wall. Red lines ran down the bowl of the toilet. The sink looked like blood had somehow overflowed down the wash basin. The whole scene, reminded me of some sort of hellish operating room. It was covered, covered in blood. The initial shock leapt out of my body with two words, "Holy shit." I looked at S-1 whose stoicism gave me some courage. My stomach turned again and calibrated itself. There would be no vomit today.

S-1 radioed to Central.

"Central, call NYPD."

"10-4."

He turned and walked past me. "Oh boy Galbo! Your first day!"

I laughed. He was right. What a way to begin. I turned from the bathroom and followed him back into the hall.

"You got a flashlight? Sarge asked.

"Yes, sir."

He took my light and started searching the dark parts of the apartment...

"This guy is in here somewhere."

We looked, he was not. Whoever had called Central saying they needed an ambulance was gone. The Sarge handed me back my light.

"Sergeant!" I barked out a lot louder than I should have, "I have a camera if you want me to take some pictures."

"Yeah, do that." He said, "The pictures will be good."

I snapped some shots of the bedroom. There was a faint trail of blood leading from there, to the hall, into the bathroom. But, those pictures were nothing. The bathroom was the apartment's Grand Canyon. The floor, the walls, the sink, everything. It was a photo junkie's dream. Only few types of people had seen sights like this. EMT's, cops, photographers who work with cops, and those people crazy enough to travel to war zones in search of sh\*t like this. It was something I had never expected to see.

I finished up and we waited in the apartment for the police to arrive. The phone rang once, but it was just the EMS calling to say that they were on their way. There were no signs of a struggle. No bloody knife lying around. No blood leading up to the apartment and no blood on the doorknob.

I thought to myself, "Suicide, for sure." But there was no body. After about 10 minutes NYPD arrived and Sarge went downstairs to let the cops in. He told me to stand guard outside of the apartment. Immediately I thought that whoever had killed \*.\*\*\*\* was going to come back for me and I would be forced to defend myself with the only weapons I had... my Maglight flashlight and also, my Zebra pens.

Not two minutes went by and I heard Sarge over the radio.

"Central, I'm downstairs with NYPD and \*.\*\*\*\* they're going to take him to the hospital."

If I'd ever had a "What the f\*ck?" moment in my life, this was it.

"S-1 to Unit 12 (my call sign assigned to me when I was hired)."

"Unit 12, go ahead S-1."

"We have \*.\*\*\*\* downstairs in the lobby, secure the apartment and return to Post 3."

Securing the apartment consisted of locking the door and shutting it behind me. It was easy enough for me to do, but I was not done with that apartment just yet.

Acting on what I could only guess to be impulse, I went back in. I went back in to get some video of the hallway, floor and bathroom. I did not really have any good reason too, except that I knew that digital video cameras perform better in low light situations. It seemed like a good idea at the time, it really did. But, I had not closed the door behind me for more than 2 seconds when I was overcome with the worst fear I had felt since this ordeal began. I was totally alone, in a creepy, dirty apartment, with a room that looked like someone had died in it. It took more concentration than I expected to get myself focused again. Getting the right shots and making sure I did not disturb anything.

I followed the blood from the bedroom to the bathroom and then, once there, found every last streak of red I could. I don't know if it makes me messed up or not. I do not know what my motivation was for going back to get better footage. I am pretty sure most of it was me just wanting to do a good job, but I still question myself about it pretty much everyday.

When I was looking at the pictures of the bathroom floor the next day, I could not help but find myself being reminded of clouds. If you looked close into that dried bloody floor, you could definitely see patterns, images, kind of like staring at clouds in the summer. There is really nothing to them except moisture and air. But, in them, you will see people, you will see animals, you will see ships and castles and other things.

Blood, this dried up, smelly blood, was almost the same. There was really nothing there. Just dead cells and shades of red. But, in it, I saw fear, I saw naivety, I saw discomfort and anxiety. The things within myself that I had only seen in the most vulnerable moments of my life. Here they were on a tile floor, revealing themselves to me in the most twisted and unexpected of ways.

Fortunately or unfortunately (depending on whether or not you are my mother) the truth behind this story is much less exciting than the find. \*.\*\*\*\* had been urinating blood, they claim, for most of the day. The amount of blood and its dryness beg to differ, but I have yet to hear anything to the contrary. I'm not a detective so I have not tried to follow up on the ordeal. All I know is, when my parents are old, I will do a much better job of caring for them. This resident clearly had no one.

I filled out my paper work, wrote my first incident report and spent the rest of the night thinking about everything that had happened. S-1 was right. It was one hell of a first day.

Day 3 and I am watching Unit-11 go to his post. "Crack some n\*gga's skulls." That was what he said. If this job is nothing else, besides a steady pay check, it is an introduction into a world that I've only ever seen in movies and on television. It has given me a tiny taste of what it is like to be faced with real horror. To be witness to real tragedy. To maybe have to toss someone into a car or a wall and hold them until the cavalry arrives. To stand alone staring at a blood covered room, in a dark apartment.

I am sure there are some who are reading this who are probably surprised, maybe even slightly disgusted. I am also sure there are some who have seen things like this so much that it does not bother them anymore.

I am torn. I do not know who has it better. And worse, by the time I am done with this job and moved into some sort of media work, I do not even know which one I will be.

# Presidential Courage

BY ANTHONY FIUMIDINISI  
Staff Writer, '10

As a student, I had the pleasure of attending the 37<sup>th</sup> annual Business Symposium hosted by the College at the Hyatt Regency in downtown Jersey City. The symposium typically has notable speakers, who are experts in their fields. The Keynote Speaker was the best-selling Presidential Historian, Michael Beschloss. After hearing his lecture about past president Lyndon B. Johnson, I had the pleasure of meeting him on the outside deck during a photo session.

Mr. Beschloss was a calm and refined man; he gave me some political advice for photo shoots. He instructed me to always keep my hand visible when I put it around someone in a photograph. This would insure that I would not get cropped out of the photograph. When he said this, we both shared a laugh.

I picked up a copy of his book at one of the stands inside. The book was named "Presidential Courage". I asked him to sign the book soon after and he obliged with a smile. It was not until I read the book that my respect for him grew for his intellect and knowledge of the Presidency.

The book was a testimonial of nine

Presidents who acted courageously and accurately in times of distress. The stories span from 1789 until 1989. The stories are not your typical mainstream political tales. He digs into the logic of the President in office and weaves many perspectives from all of the President's cabinet members, secretaries, and other staff. The tales will often leave the reader momentarily baffled, until Beschloss ties all the threads together and the context and meaning of the story become clear.

For example, George Washington had arguably the most difficult job of all. We were a new nation, no longer controlled by England. He had to endure many infidelities such as Benedict Arnold's betrayal. He needed to maintain balance and delegate power to all the newly established departments. After reading, one does have a better understanding of how difficult the job of the Commander-in-Chief is. One sees how stressful it can be for a President to do the right thing for his country and not always be popular with the people. Beschloss reminds the readers that the Presidents are still human beings.

Presidential Courage is a great book that gives the reader an inside look at the most coveted office in the world.

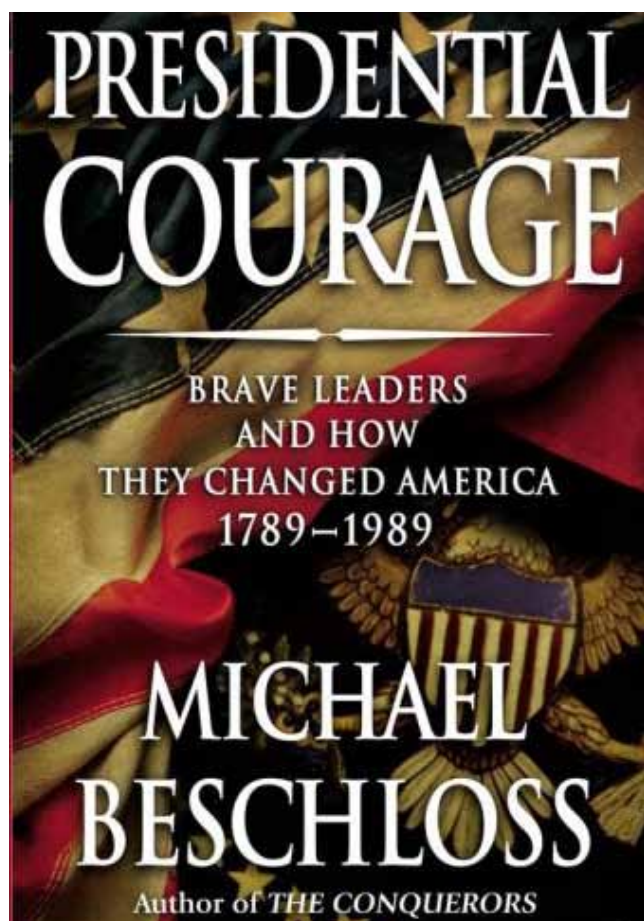


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## Movies To Watch For

- "Jonas Brothers The 3D Concert Experience" (Opens February 27th)
- "Fired Up" (Now in Theaters)
- "Coraline 3D" (Now in Theaters)
- "Taken" (Now in Theaters)

## Upcoming Music Releases

- Lamb of God "Wrath" (Available February 24)
- U2 "No Line on the Horizon" (Available March 2)
- Jadakiss "The Last Kiss" (Available March 10)
- Lionel Richie "Just Go" (Available March 17)



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## Streetlight Manifesto: Worldwide Ska-lars

BY SUSAN MASCOLO  
Staff Writer, '08

Streetlight Manifesto, the New Jersey based Ska band, recently wrapped up an American tour in February 2009. The band spent the later part of '08 headlining in Japan, England, and Australia. The most recent bands Streetlight have toured with were contemporary Ska bands Reel Big Fish and Less Than Jake. The band has released three studio albums-Everything Goes Numb, Keasbey Nights (remake), and Somewhere in the Between. Streetlight Manifesto's success is due, in large part, to the musical expertise and mutual respect among the seven members of the band—three of whom are graduates of NJCU. The lead singer, Tomas Kalnoky, lives

in California currently, continues to be the principle lyricist for the band.

In March of this year, Streetlight Manifesto will headline another European tour, this time hitting spots like Budapest, Athens, and Barcelona. Just as in the states, Streetlight promises their European fans a sweat producing, sing-along that will certainly be remembered. I had the pleasure of seeing Streetlight Manifesto with Reel Big Fish this past January. If you didn't get a chance to see them earlier this year, and don't think you'll be making it to Europe, no worries. Streetlight will be playing the entirety of the Vans Warped Tour this summer. Additional information about the tour can be found on the official website <http://www.warpedtour.com/warpedtour/index.asp>.



PHOTO COURTESY OF WWW.VICTORYRECORDS.COM

BY CHRIS KENNER  
Staff Writer, '11

Hip-hop's Lil' Wayne is attempting to voyage into the world of rock and roll. Wayne, who is literally on top of the Hip-hop world right now, is working on a "rock" album entitled "Rebirth" set to release later this year. Promotional images and videos of Wayne playing guitar are all over the net to promote the career move.

One question screams at me as I am

## Rock star or American Idiot?

writing this, "Why the hell would someone who is on top of the Hip-hop world want to record a rock album?" There are three possible answers to this question: 1. He is a rocker at heart and feels it is time to show the world who he really is. 2. He has stumbled on to the secret of selling music and is

attempting to conquer another genre. 3. He is crazy! While I know that most people reading this are vying for answer three, as I was at first, the actual answer is number two. Somehow during his substance fueled recordings and freestyles he stumbled on to the secret of selling music. The sad truth is that America has degenerated into a country where the majority of the people have minimal attention spans and because of their minimal attention spans they will gladly spend their money on anything with a catchy hook. Their money is spent without regard to the actual musical talent used to create the song. Evidence of this occurrence can be found in the incoherent ramblings that make up his songs; though many of them do not make any sense they remain on the top of the charts.

Due to America's current degeneration, the secret to selling music is no more than a catchy hook. Though most Americans will notice the incoherent rambling in a Lil' Wayne song, they will not criticize it because they forget all about it when they hear the hook. Lil' Wayne has stumbled on to this secret and it has allowed him to conquer the Hip-hop world. There is one problem; there is nothing else left for him to do in that genre of music.

Now that he has conquered the world of Hip-hop, he has his sights set on the realm of rock. He released the song "Prom Queen" on January 28, 2009, and his fans are eating it up. Before I wrote

this I took the time out to listen to the song, and naturally it's horrible. The best part of the song is the opening riff, which would be suitable on any alternative rock song. It all goes horribly wrong from there, the vocals sound just like the vocals on any of his rap songs with a little auto tune, and he begins singing about panties. Yes panties. This song is annoyingly repetitive and somewhat of a spit in the face of rock fans everywhere. It is evident that with the release of this song, he believes that rockers are part of this group of Americans with deteriorating attention spans. Personally I can say that I have a short attention span, it's just one of the side-effects of being American in this day and age, but I can also say that it will never come to the point when I stop appreciating good music and begin to take in something like "Prom Queen."

This song is so atrocious that it makes me want to stay inside for the rest of my life. I wrote this to alert everyone about what is being attempted by someone who feels they have the music business figured out and is manipulating it. In short Lil' Wayne is attempting to manipulate real music fans to make himself richer, and we can't allow this to happen. My advice to you is to listen to the song and spread the word about how horrible it is. We have to save music fans everywhere from being manipulated by this man. More importantly we have to save rock and roll, the staple of American music everywhere.

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