BCC Graduate Wins Alumna Prize Fellowship for Harvard Ph.D. Program

By William Murray

On the evening of Wednesday May 5 2010, Colston Hall’s Lower Level was made archival by the African American Heritage Museum of Southern New Jersey’s traveling exhibit. Showcased in the vestibule were paintings of historical figures like Malcolm X and portraits of amazing singers such as Billie Holiday and Marian Anderson. There were also lithographs of athletes, books, commemorative plates and controversial vintage pieces like the original McCoy Pottery ceramic, a mammy archetype cookie jar. Altogether, the memorabilia evoked a sense of great determination of African Americans who has overcome slavery and faced racial terrorism and prejudice.

Docents and a curator acquainted students with the history of each keepsake, and momentously, those which featured Arie’s “India’s Song.” With its personal lyrics and refrain, the song left me with a special sensation, like lineal angels hovering as we broke our fast: “I want to go where the rivers run deep enough to drown my shame, I want to go where the mountains are high enough to echo my song, I want to go where the wind calls my name ….”

A Special Evening for Black History Month

Looking back to 2003 when she first enrolled at BCC, Wood said, “My experience here has given me a wonderful, solid foundation for the rest of my higher education career.” One summer at BCC, she traveled to Ghana to participate in a Study and Travel Opportunities for CUNY Students (STOCOS) program. Twice she participated in the Salzburg Global Seminar’s International Study Program (ISP) in Salzburg, Austria, first as a student and then as an intern. “Education is extremely important,” said Wood. “I have held onto my dream of going to Harvard and I’ve tried to be steadfast, dedicated and serious about what I wanted to do and then -- I went out and did it.

“Education is a key that unlocks many doors. Even if you go on to do something and it doesn’t use your degree, your education is still that key in your pocket that will help you unlock a door to something else,” said Wood, who remembered when she was younger she had a series of career aspirations. In different phases of her life, she wanted to be a surgeon, a meteorologist, a visual artist, and poet. Studying history, she said, will allow her to look at the different and important events that have taken place over time in many of these careers.

Now, Wood stated her career aspiration is to become a professor, researcher and writer. “I take pride in telling students that if you go to BCC and do well you can go anywhere. But, as I have learned, it takes sacrifice, time and energy. Nothing worth having comes without sacrifice.”

Brittany Lanzano and I were recipients of the Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. “Starting the Legacy Award,” presented to us by SGA’s Legal Legislator, Charles Harding. In honor of our commitment to service to BCC, we were also received Sony Readers (digital books). Ralph Hunter spoke reflectively on the import of the African American Heritage Museum as its founder, and BCC’s new Vice President of Student Affairs and Enrollment Management, Dr. Peter Barbatis offered his views on the evening’s event.

The event culminated with me singing India. Arie’s “India’s Song.” With its personal lyrics and refrain, the song left me with a special sensation, like lineal angels hovering as we broke our fast: “I want to go where the mountains are high enough to echo my song, I want to go where the rivers run deep enough to drown my shame. I want to go where the stars shine bright enough to show me the way. I want to go where the wind calls my name ….”
**The Communicator**

**Editorial Policy and Disclaimer**

*The Communicator* urges students to submit articles and editorials to the newspaper. We also encourage students to respond to the articles and editorials found in this newspaper.

The views expressed in by-lined articles and in published letters are solely those of the writer, and they do not necessarily represent the view of *The Communicator*.

We reserve the right to edit any article or letter submitted due to space considerations.

We reserve the right to refuse publication to any article or letter due to space considerations as well as those articles or letters deemed inappropriate because of profane language, non-verification problems, or slander.

No article or letter will be published unless the author submits his or her name, email address, and telephone number.

Please submit all articles and letters to the following email address: rowanandrewdavid@aol.com.

**Notes:**

No Word submissions will be accepted that are saved in Word 2007. Please save and submit in an earlier version.

JPEGs must be submitted as email attachments and should not be embedded in the Word copy.

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**BCC Secondhand Smoke Program Fulfills Commitment to Smoking Community**

*From the Co-sponsors of the Program*

Department of Health, Physical Education, and Wellness  
Office of Health Services  
Professional Staff Congress—BCC Chapter  
Student Government Association

Per the request of the College Smoking Community, two outdoor smoking areas with protective overhanging structures have been designated with appropriate signage as follows:

1. Upper south side plaza of Meister Hall with ashtray, tables, and benches.
2. West side of Meister Hall with ashtray, table, and benches.

Both areas are centrally located within the campus and provide adequate protection from the upcoming challenging winter months. The areas also provide an environment that can accommodate numerous smokers.

Please remember that the Friendly Reminder Approach is implemented for the purpose of creating a program of fairness for both the non-smoking and smoking community members of the college. The program is working because of the support of the BCC Administration and the compliance of the majority of the smoking community.

Once again, thank you for your continued help in making this program a success!

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Have you ever been assigned an essay or research paper? What's the first thing you do? Walk on over to Meister Hall and go to the library soon as you arrive you quickly find out that it seems that you weren't the only one with that idea. So after that you head for the elevator to go the computer lab you get off on the second floor turn to your left and are greeted by a sign that reads class in session. So you walk are the corridor to the other two labs on that floor the find one again class in session. This pattern is repeated over and over after floor building after building all over the campus until finally your left disappointed, discouraged and downright disgust if. This has ever happened to you then much like you're left with three questions. 1. How is this possible? 2. What are some solutions for this? 3. Why is my Technology Fee money paying for?

First, I will answer question one. The last couple of years the number of students has grown from 10,000 to well over 15,000. That's an increase of well over 5,000 new students to a campus that was already packed with the 10,000 it already had. At this point in the article you're probably asking yourself why the college would accept 5,000 new students when it barely had room for the 10,000 it already had. The answer to your question is very simple money. Before you get worried about how little time it takes you and another part-time student and combines many labs on campus. But how many of you know what else it's used for? Such as the funding of your many clubs which are run by the Inter – Organizational Counsel and their events on campus throughout the campus. How about the Office of Student Life and their many events such as Freshman Convocation, New Student Orientation, The Poets Lounge, and most recently, their Martin Luther King Dinner in March. Or your Student Government Association and the many events we through such as the Go Green Workshops, the Welcome Back and End- of- Semester BBQ, The Hallowe' Party and the Welcome Back Party, the trips to the many conventions in Albany, New York, such as the Black, Latino & Asian Legislative Caucus and SOMOS just to name a few as well as our yearly SGA Election which begin on the 26th of April and end the 30th of April of every year. Your tech fee money will also finance all the new equipment that will be placed in the newly remodeled Roscoe Brown Student Center. The center will have a brand new student lounge, cafeteria, bookstore, and a webcast/ podcast area located in the building. All of these things and more are made possible by the technology fees money that each student at bcc pays as part of their tuition.

Now, I have a question for you? How are you taking advantage of your technology fees money? If the answer to that question is I don't know I'm going to tell you how you can. Take part in your student activities on campus. Your clubs as many as you have time and interest in. Become an active member of your clubs on campus. Then finally run for Student Government because then you will become part of the governing body that decides who your technology fees money is spent!!! Respectfully, Charles M. Harding BCC SGA Legal Legislator 2009-2010

Everybody thinks they know someone who can pull off the following trick: start a paper at midnight before you have smart classrooms that will hold up to 50 students and it is in its high school students to a new facility off the BCC campus as well as the many trade programs that the college offers. These decisions were met with great opposition as well as the needs and the time of the BCC students being put first. Also for the first time in 50 years BCC has added a new learning facility to its historic campus: the North Instructional Building which will be located at the Hall of Fame gate. This facility will have small classrooms that will hold up to 50 students at one time. They will be equipped with Wi-Fi and all the latest technology available to insure that students at BCC receive the best education you can find at any other community college in the CUNY system. Recently, I attended a Technology Fee Committee meeting where I addressed the question of over unavailable computer labs. I was informed that there four academic computer labs located on campus that are reserved only for student use. Theses labs are located at the following: Loew Hall 520, New Hall 23, Gould Annex 107, and Meister 329. You can find the times these labs are available for you on the school website at www.bcc.cuny.edu/academcomputing.

Finishing a paper is a specific skill and a gift in one of the areas you know isn't perfect. You can concentrate on writing a clear argument, and providing examples to back it up, without worrying about the sentences being perfect or the grammar being correct.

Then, once the early version – this first draft—is done, take a day or two to clear your mind and look at it again with fresh eyes. This time go back over it, reading it sentence by sentence with a fresh eye. Think about whether anyone else but you can understand it (and consider letting a friend, writing tutor, or writing fellow see it) and make a few changes.

Basically put, drafting just means starting early enough to where you can relax and write a version that you know isn’t perfect. You can concentrate on writing a clear argument, and providing examples to back it up, without worrying about the sentences being perfect or the grammar being correct.

But when it comes to writing term papers, this myth reveals an even bigger misconception that we often believe. Contrary to how things might appear, you should know that this does not take as long of versions. Before you get worried about how little time it takes you and another part-time student and combines many labs on campus. But how many of you know what else it’s used for? Such as the funding of your many clubs which are run by the Inter – Organizational Counsel and their events on campus throughout the campus. How about the Office of Student Life and their many events such as Freshman Convocation, New Student Orientation, The Poets Lounge, and most recently, their Martin Luther King Dinner in March. Or your Student Government Association and the many events we through such as the Go Green Workshops, the Welcome Back and End- of- Semester BBQ, The Hallowe’ Party and the Welcome Back Party, the trips to the many conventions in Albany, New York, such as the Black, Latino & Asian Legislative Caucus and SOMOS just to name a few as well as our yearly SGA Election which begin on the 26th of April and end the 30th of April of every year. Your tech fee money will also finance all the new equipment that will be placed in the newly remodeled Roscoe Brown Student Center. The center will have a brand new student lounge, cafeteria, bookstore, and a webcast/ podcast area located in the building. All of these things and more are made possible by the technology fees money that each student at bcc pays as part of their tuition.

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By Andy Newman

Drafting is more than an important skill. For some people, it requires creative thinking. Creativity requires a sense of perspective and reflection on your own work, even in a subject that you may find dull.

Drafting is, after all, important in nearly every creative field: musicians produce demos, artists makes sketches, and actors rehearse.

A big advantage of Writing Intensive (WI) courses at BCC is that drafting is almost always included in the course. In other words, professors let you turn in a draft and they give you feedback. This is a great way to learn how to draft without worrying about getting a low grade. Learning how to draft is important because in higher level courses, professors will often not say anything about drafting. They assume that you already know how to do it and are giving them a polished piece of writing.

Drafting is more than an important skill. For me, it was crucial for getting through school in one piece, academically and emotionally. Not only will your writing be better, but it will often be far less stressful. So if you are procrastinator, the next time you have a paper due, give yourself a break, and do a rough draft early. Not only will you do better on the paper, you might save yourself a headache too.

Andy Newman is one of BCC’s six Writing Fellows (CUNY Graduate Center students who assist with Writing Across the Curriculum at BCC). For information on how writing fellows can assist students and faculty, especially in Writing Intensive courses, visit us online at: http://www.bcc.cuny.edu/WAC/. Also, for assistance from writing tutors, visit BCC’s Writing Center.

By Andy Newman

If you are interested in having an article, editorial, letter or announcement included in The Communicator, it must be received by the following dates:

DEADLINES
AVERY, Monday, March 22, 2010
MAY, Thursday, April 22, 2010

The Communicator – March 12, 2010

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The Communicator
Submission Insertion Dates
Spring 2010

Please note that The Communicator reserves the right to refuse publication of any submission due to space considerations or if the submission is deemed inappropriate because of profane language, verification problems, and/or slander.
AMG Club Makes Mark at BCC
By Luis Zeno Jr. & Autumn Fore

Kinsasha Madison: "It’s good, but every now and then the projector will make it hard to play the game properly.”
Jason Flores: “It’s great, has a variety of games for everyone, and it’s well run.”
Jamar Sunner (non-student): “Awesome, I love the games they have, though I feel cheated.”
Yelso Yanez: “I think it’s awesome and the college should allow more of this activity.”
Joshua Edwards: “I think it’s great; I wish they had more.”

This semester the AMG Club is going for a new direction in video gaming. The club has announced they will hold a video game expo, but promises to hold four different video game tournaments in the expo. The club wants to excel the gaming event by giving the students, staff, and participants what they have been asking for from the earlier video-game events. Along with the four prize events, the AMG Club will also have several games that participants and visitors can play for fun. The club feels that this gaming event this semester is the biggest event they have ever thrown due to the number of games that have been announced, but feel it will be one of the most successful events of all.

The AMG Club Video Game Expo will take place April 2, 2010 in the lower level of Colston Hall from 10:00 AM to 5:00 PM.

Slowly but surely, the economic crisis is beginning to be felt far and wide, making our lives anxious. Last year, news reports revealed that 1.25 million people had lost their jobs in layoffs in a period of three months alone. Also there were news reports that unemployment claims keep going through the roof, with 4.1 million collecting. That is a 15-year high and still counting. And that does not include the permanent crisis those in our communities that have given up looking for work or can not collect benefits at all. It is not just those with jobs that are beginning to feel the heat. Last year Gov. David Patterson announced budget cuts of over $5 billion over the next two years. Everyone is going to be hit. Education, health care, state budgets all face the knife.

The deep cuts in the funding for social programs, education and attacks on social services in general are mirrored by the increased war expenditures. The living conditions for workers in the United States are declining. Workers are experiencing less access to health care, education, housing and food. Public schools are underfunded, and college is becoming increasingly unaffordable. The major increase in Pentagon spending during Bush’s reign has been to maintain the illegal occupations of Afghanistan and Iraq.

The occupation of Afghanistan has cost $97 billion, and Iraq has cost $379 billion. The Iraq war is costing U.S. taxpayers about $2.1 billion every week. This equals around $12.5 million each hour. The colonial occupation of Iraq has destroyed the country’s infrastructure and killed well over 100,000 people. With the money the U.S. has spent on the occupation, the U.S. government could have built 2,978,373 new housing units, hired 5,732,479 new public school teachers for one year and given 198,072,693 children health insurance for a year.

March 20th is the seventh anniversary of the criminal war of aggression launched by President George W. Bush and Vice President Dick Cheney against Iraq. One million or more Iraqis have died. Tens of thousands of U.S. troops have lost their lives or been maimed, and continue to suffer a whole host of enduring problems from this terrible war. Bush is gone, but the war and occupation in Iraq still go on. The Pentagon is demanding a widening of the war in Afghanistan. They project an endless war with shifting battlefields. And a “single-payer” war budget that only grows larger and larger each year. We must act. Both the Iraq and Afghanistan wars were predicated on the imperial fantasy that the U.S. could create stable, proxy colonial-type governments in both countries. They were to serve as an extension of “American” power in these strategic and resource-rich regions.

That fantasy has been destroyed. Now, U.S. troops are being sent to kill or be killed so that the politicians in uniform (“the generals and admirals”) and those in three-piece suits (“our elected officials”) can avoid taking responsibility for a military setback in wars that should have never been started. Their military ambitions are now reduced to avoiding the appearance of defeat. That is exactly what happened in Vietnam! Avoiding defeat, or the perception of defeat, was the goal Nixon and Kissinger set for themselves when they took office in 1969. For this noble cause, another 30,000 young GI’s perished before the inevitable troop pullout from Vietnam in 1973. The number of Vietnamese killed between 1969 and 1973 was greater by many hundreds of thousands.

All of us can make the difference — progress and change comes from the streets and from the grassroots. The people went to the polls in 2008, and the enthusiasm and desire for change after eight years of the Bush regime was the dominant cause that led to election of a big Democratic Party majority in both Houses of Congress and the election of Barack Obama to the White House. But it should now be obvious to all that waiting for politicians to bring real change — on any front — is simply a prescription for passivity by progressives and an invitation to the array of corporate interests from military contractors to the banks, to big oil, to the health insurance giants that dominate the political life of the country. These corporate interests work around the clock to frustrate efforts for real change, and they are the guiding hand behind the recent street mobilizations of the ultra-right. It is up to us to act. If people had waited for politicians to do the right thing, there would have never been a Civil Rights Act, or unions, women’s rights, an end to the Vietnam War or any of the profound social achievements and basic rights that people cherish.

It is time to be back in the streets. Organizing centers are being set up in cities and towns throughout the country. We will march together to say “No War for Empire Anywhere!” Instead of war, we will demand funds so that everyone can have a job, free and universal health care, decent schools, and affordable housing. No tuition hikes! Not on our backs!

Join us; contact the A.N.S.W.E.R. club to get involved: President, Sasha Murphy, 347-445-2144; Academic Advisor, Andrew McNemey, 718-289-5406.
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OPEN HOUSE.
Join us on Saturday, March 20, 10 am to 1 pm at any of our campus locations.
TO RSVP, visit www.mercy.edu or call 1-877-MERCY-GO.
A college cafeteria mirrors the students’ taste and also their psychosocial-problems. Vendors are in it for profit therefore, they offer the food that sells. Yet, as you go from one campus to another the food choices vary dramatically. Cost, cultural, and regional differences all play a part in what foods are offered.

The cliché that you can’t be too thin or too rich has some validity for the lower your economic status, the larger your waistline. Is money the prime factor? Is it too expensive to eat wisely and well? It is this reason the we see obesity among young Blacks and Hispanics? Let us further explore this premise by looking at the students of an urban community college.

The Bronx Community College student body’s ethnic and racial composition is 97% African American and Latina / Latino. The students have a per capita income that is one of the lowest in the nation. The average age is 28 and over 60% are women. Of those women a significant number are single parents. Many are the first in their family to seek college.

The cafeteria is centrally located, usually quite crowded and the prices are reasonable. The menu includes a variety of fish, chicken, beef, rice, and pasta dishes. The cafeteria management will also be happy for it will be a convenient place to eat, our cafeteria would be a learning center. Many of them work and/or have children. They ‘behavior can be unlearned’. The option of choosing foods of French fries? Nonetheless, Pavlovian law dictates that this food would promote this worth-while program. Sounds like a well equipped gym. The students should be encouraged to make use of these facilities. The cafeteria is an excellent arena for demonstrations and yoga techniques, Tai Chi, aerobics and/or dance exercises. We have all the space and these demos by Dorothy Muller, RN

Health and Physical Education and Wellness

BBC Students at Risk

By Dorothy Muller, RN

A frequency of 2-3 day per week for strength training is recommended. General strength programs recommend 1 or more sets of 8-12 repetitions of 8-10 exercises that work all the major muscle groups. Intensity is generally 75% of your 1 RM.

Flexibility Training

Stretches should be performed when muscles are warmed at least 2-3 days per week although 5-7 days a week are ideal. Each stretch is held to mild discomfort (Intensity) for 15-30 seconds and do 2-4 sets of each exercise.

If you have any questions or comments, please email me at: Wellness4all@yahoo.com

Be well.

Dr. Wayne

Health, Physical Education and Wellness

None of this sounds too nefarious. After all, these low cost food through SHARE, a food coop community service. Monthly cooking demonstrations with recipes using this food would promote this worth-while program. Sounds very costly but once established, this program can work for very little. Working with nutrition and culinary consultants, the cafeteria management will also be happy for it will remain profitable.

Promoting changes in our eating habits without mention of the need to exercise will not change the obesity problem in America. The campus has a swimming pool and a well equipped gym. The students should be encouraged to make use of these facilities. The cafeteria is an excellent arena for demonstrations and yoga techniques, Tai Chi, aerobics and/or dance exercises. We have all the space and these demos by our faculty could be an excellent inducement to these classes or at least take advantage of the pool or gym.
I was born in a place that most people around the world would refer to as a piece of paradise, heaven on earth! Indeed my country, the Dominican Republic, is a beautiful and one of a kind place in the world. In the small Caribbean island where the country is located is summer all year long, and people, for one reason or the other, seem to always have a smile on their faces. I am my parents’ youngest child and their only girl; I have two older brothers who both live back in the Dominican Republic as do my parents. My parents are very loving, but they have always been very strict with me and my brothers about one thing, education. I went to elementary, middle, junior, and high school in the Dominican Republic, and although the education system in the Dominican Republic is reasonably good, it still has its weaknesses. I grew up learning about math, science, history, and social sciences. Through middle and high school I learned about world history as well; however, the history I was taught was an incomplete history as it often felt as if we were being told half the truth in the classroom, but I would only realize how partial this history truly was as I became older.

Trujillo: Sinner Or Saint?

As I was growing up, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina was a name that I would constantly hear both in and out of the classrooms. The best way to depict how Trujillo first got caught in my head will be by going back in time and remembering the quality time I used to spend with my grandfather at his house. For one reason or the other, if I ever thought Trujillo was someone I thought he lived all his life, until the day he died, the same house he was born in a place that most people around the Caribbean island where the country is located is summer beautiful and one of a kind place in the world. In the small town I spent many days of my childhood running in the dusty, reddish soiled backyard, and playing around with my brothers and younger cousins, trying to find out who could climb all the way up the guava tree faster. To me, this was what both my grandfather and the Dominican Republic himself seemed to be that all the “good” he did came with a price appear to be that all the “good” he did come with a price to pay, and in this case, the people to pay the price would be targeted by their skin color and their political views. It is said that even though Trujillo was of mixed decent, he envisioned a Dominican Republic free of black people as he dreamt of a country of “white individuals,” a thing that

he lived all his life, until the day he died, the same house where I spent many days of my childhood running in the dusty, reddish soiled backyard, and playing around with my brothers and younger cousins, trying to find out who could climb all the way up the guava tree faster. To me, this was what both my grandfather and the Dominican Republic himself seemed to be. It could actually end up being. When I think about it now I believe that he wasn’t proud nor did he resent Trujillo, he was just indifferent to him and all his despicable evil acts. When I was in 7th grade, we started to speak about Trujillo’s tyranny in class and to discuss how this affected not only our country but also the neighboring country of Haiti, and it was then that I began to have a better perception and understanding of who he was and what he did to us as a nation. Trujillo’s terror and hatred affected the Dominican Republic as well as Haiti as his totalitarian form of government was bloody and merciless. Although he seemed to be a cynical cold blooded man, it must be said that he did do some good for the country by improving in general the quality of life for the average Dominican citizen, completely paying off all the foreign debt which at the time was incredibly substantial, and he was able to keep the currency stable. Despite the fact that there was still poverty, the economy grew. However, it appears to be that all the “good” he did come with a price to pay, and in this case, the people to pay the price would be targeted by their skin color and their political views. It is said that even though Trujillo was of mixed decent, he envisioned a Dominican Republic free of black people as he dreamt of a country of “white individuals,” a thing that
teach us that something so atrocious could only be done by the orders of horrible, vicious, and insensitive man as Trujillo; but I find it quite ironic how they failed to teach us that around the same time he was staining our flag and country with innocent people’s blood, there was another sinister man in a distant country who was doing things just as terrible as he was. We were taught that the mass killing of Haitians, and of many Dominican radicals, was an awful, cruel, unfortunate event that should have never happened. However, it was never implied, not even in the slightest way, that something so awful could ever happen again. Yet, it saddens me to say that almost eighty years later the deliberate and systematic destruction of given ethnic, racial, religious and national groups keeps to happening, as genocide is not a subject of the past as it still hunts us in the present.

Nothing To Do With Chance

As time went by I began to realize how I had been living within a small and very square box for such a long time, but now, many years later and with my high school days far behind me, it could be by fate-for I know it definitely has nothing to do with chance that I am here in this place, a place I never thought, not even in my wildest dreams, I would ever have the chance to see with my very own eyes. As I am thinking about how I got here I hear my alarm clock ring loudly notifying me, with its ear splitting sound, that it is time to wake up. I know that I have to wake up, stretch my muscles a little, and get up from bed because I have ahead of me what promises to be a day where the unexpected can be expected and the impossible can actually happen. While I am still in my bed I think, perhaps for the tenth time, about how ever impossible can actually happen. While I am still in my bed I think, perhaps for the tenth time, about how ever impossible can actually happen. While I am still in my bed I think, perhaps for the tenth time, about how ever impossible can actually happen. While I am still in my bed I think, perhaps for the tenth time, about how ever impossible can actually happen. While I am still in my bed I think, perhaps for the tenth time, about how ever impossible can actually happen. While I am still in my bed I think, perhaps for the tenth time, about how ever impossible can actually happen. While I am still in my bed I think, perhaps for the tenth time, about how ever impossible can actually happen. While I am still in my bed I think, perhaps for the tenth time, about how ever impossible can actually happen. While I am still in my bed I think, perhaps for the tenth time, about how ever impossible can actually happen. While I am still in my bed I think, perhaps for the tenth time, about how ever impossible can actually happen.
Is It Really Shocking?

As I am almost done getting ready the phone rings and the Commencing Center tells me that I will need to meet her in the Schloss Leopoldskron to have breakfast before we leave for Germany. I hang up the phone, finish getting ready as fast as I can, take my lil’ md with me, and I hear the Commencing Center in the background and have breakfast with other members of the seminar who attend different schools than ours, but it is marvellous to see how remarkably we have bonded. In the dining room we heard that everyone should go to the seminar room, for David Goldman, the Associate Director of Education of the Salzburg Global Seminar, will give us a brief lecture on the Dachau Concentration Camp Memorial Site before we part. We listen to his words carefully while he points out important information that we should know about the camp and its surroundings. He’s telling us about how shocked most people feel when they arrive at the ex-concentration camp, a place that once served as the house of terror for many powerless people, and they feel insulted and outraged to see how today this dreadful place is surrounded by a suburban area where children play, running and screaming with the excitement and joy characteristic of childhood. They are playful and unconsious of what once happened in that place, that for one reason or another, is always crossed with people from all over the world. He also highlights that since this is such a strenuous experience for many people, there are certain quiet areas, including three temples within the camp—one Jewish, one Catholic, and one Russian orthodox—where people can meditate or simply cope with the whole process of what is being narrated. The main goal of this lecture is to give us a quick orientation or overview of the camp; it does not have, under any circumstance, the intention of “teaching” us what we will or should see once we are there. He reminds us that there is a lot to embrace there is all up to us and only us. After the lecture is over we all rush to the parking lot to get on the bus as by the end of the lecture David Goldman informed us that we were running late. While we are rushing to our seats, the beautiful and friendly American intern Liz and Mr. Goldman give each of us a lunch bag and they tell us how important it is for us to hold on to the little brown paper bag because this will be the only food source we will have during the day until we come back to the Schloss.

Now we are on the bus, and everyone is trying to find a seat and know where seat is the best. I find a seat that has a pleasant view of the Austrian-German landscape. I am fortunate enough to find a window seat, next to Amadou, a fellow Broms Community College student. I cannot believe how incredibly anxious yet excited I am to be on this bus on my way to this concentration camp memorial site which I knew nothing about before coming to Salzburg. I feel a bit creepy doing this way because I believe and must shamefesly confess that I spent many years of my life blinded by ignorance. I’m taking pictures of everything that is going on around because I feel the need to record every second of this experience. I take pictures of myself, of Amadou, of the rest of the people on the bus, and of the snowy mountains that surround the bright green pastures. The green grass landscape has taken me under a spell; it’s just such a magical thing for me to see. Although there is a lot of noise around me, I fall silent and I go to this quiet place within my head and I start to get lost in my own thoughts, just about things that are happening at that time, that it’s extremely hard for me to concretize what’s in my mind. When the wheels on the bus stop spinning and the big machine is no longer in motion, I finally come back to reality. I look back to myself, this is it, we’re finally here!

Let’s get going!

As we get off the bus I can feel underneath my feet that this soil is damp, most probably because around this area, as well as in Austria, every day is sort of a gray rainy day. Even though we were told that the concentration camp surroundes have now become a residential area, I am not sure if I can believe that. The street is not the usual asphalt parking lot that I used me anywhere I go; instead it resembles more to a vacant lot that is used to park cars whenever it’s needed. As we are walking along the path that is on the left side of the place where I am standing right now. I can feel the dry soil and the fruit trees that I would often climb trying to reach their fruits, and the chickens and hens that seemed to be always searching for something to eat on the ground. And how could I forget about his many playful dogs that would throw me to the ground when I would pet them as I was very small and thin, but above all, I remember my
beloved grandfather in every detail. It hurts me to think about how much I miss him now that he is gone and I think about how wish I could bring him back because I miss him too much. I do not think I could do anything to stop anyone on this planet like I have and always will love my grandfather. While I miss him and I still cannot understand why he had to leave us, I do feel very comforted that he has had really lived and found for so long. But most importantly, I think about how blessed my family was to lose him to a natural death and not to a vicious mass destruction weapons put together. Unexpectedly, this place has awakened in me feelings of frustration and anger. I feel frustrated because I feel powerless and angry because I feel that today we are pretending to live in a dreamed Utopia in an absolute state of denial, and I feel angry because I feel powerless and useless. As I am trying to draw myself away from this image, I see a familiar face that comes to give me some comfort. Milton walks towards me from across the room and he hugs me while I uncontrollably cry on his shoulder. He tells me that it’s alright, that it all happened long ago. Even though I know he is saying this in an effort to stop my crying, I know that things today are not and will not be all right. We start to walk away towards the exit of the building since I obviously had enough of this place; now all I need is to get some fresh air and go to a less crowded place where I can deal with all the things I have seen today.

Once we are outside we begin to walk, and we see Professor Andrew Rowan walking around examining the memorial site’s sculptures and we decide to join him. It is drizzling and the cold breeze merged with the drizzle has given me the goosebumps, or perhaps it is simply this place. Professor Rowan is usually a very sparkling person, someone who always has a smile on his face; however, today it appears to be that the site has taken away both his distinctive spark and smile. We finally reach Prof. Rowan and Milton begins to share some words with him on how he feels and that he is still feeling the pain when I come out of the last room the thought of having been feeling, the only words that come out of my mouth is simply "I am mad at myself for being such an unsympathetic.

Deleting The Pictures: Keeping The Memories

I see Juliane walking to the crematorium and I speed up my feet so I can meet with her. I am amazed about how there is something both beautiful and eerie about this place as it is a magnificent scenery to see as the vegetation is simply striking, and is eerie because one cannot help to draw pictures of the sinister things that used to take place in here. Despite the blend of emotions I am experiencing right now, I stop for a second to think about what a great job the people who run the memorial site have done in preserving this place. As we enter the crematorium and we walk around its different rooms I start to take pictures, but when I come out of the last room the thought of having

uninformed individual for so long.

I begin to walk slowly to the Schloss and once the bus reaches the gates of the Schloss Leopoldskron, I decide to delete them all. Now I know for sure that I am more than ready to walk back to bus, for the reason that crying more tears at this point would not be feasible. I see many people holding their umbrellas open as it has not stopped drizzling, but even though the water is falling and I am getting wet, I cannot feel the water drops as they fall on me. I keep walking indifferent of the people and the barracks used to be located, and which leads to the three temples of the memorial site. I enter each one of the temples and I come out with the same feeling of sadness and irritation. I am sad but I am also mad at everyone else, but above all, I am mad at myself for being such an unsympathetic, pictures of this place makes me sick to my stomach and I decide to delete them all. Now I know for sure that I am more than ready to walk back to bus, for the reason that crying more tears at this point would not be feasible. I see many people holding their umbrellas open as it has not stopped drizzling, but even though the water is falling and I am getting wet, I cannot feel the water drops as they fall on me. I keep walking indifferent of the people and the barracks used to be located, and which leads to the three temples of the memorial site. I enter each one of the temples and I come out with the same feeling of sadness and irritation. I am sad but I am also mad at everyone else, but above all, I am mad at myself for being such an unsympathetic.
**Poetry Corner**

**The 4 on my way home**
Slowly, as we ride uptown,
Complexions tend to darken
Sneakers reappear
While cashmere sweaters vanish
The feel of a hard days work surrounds
Tiring your body as your eyelids shut.
Sleep
I think is the only thing on your mind
besides food…
Immigrant filled carts as
crying babies chorus the metal screech,
Pants sagging down to fresh pair of Jordan’s
can only bring one thought to mind.
New York

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**Poems by A. De Los Santos**

**All alone with my pen, in hand**
As I sit alone, in a quiet place, I let my pen rock
Pages turning full of aspirations and thoughts of ambitions
Paragraph the empty spaces on my canvas of art.
Page by page of frustrations agonize the rhythm of the pen.
Strokes of broken hearts full of wisdom and pain,
Maybe some of these stories might be the same
Overcoming the rain and struggles not in vain
Allowing the pages to soothe my pain
Using every space on white to enjoy the freedom that is expression
But in the midst of the gloom
Laughter can be heard through the joy in my language
Expressing ideas and opinions that satisfy my wanderlust.
My only escape from life……….. to write about it.

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**Light over shines dark, Any day**
Anyway I choose that light
That light with the purest glow
It unsettles me how the dark appeals
It’s like a friend, a foe
It comforts the soul for moments
Of blind lust and passions
Then frees them into a pool
Of remorse and anguish
God save me, for I have become
Imprisoned in my flesh.
It leads me Lord, at times and
Dumps me in guilt feeling vexed
No Lord don’t let me go out like that
I surrender Lord in depth for I owe you
A lifetime of praise and hours of joy.

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**Time**
By Ibrahim Shaddiq (aka P.O.E.T.)
The greatest of minds have kneeled before time, its also
taken lesser men
Our entire existence is based on this measurement
But what exactly does it measure?
It’s priceless, we can’t comprehend this treasure
Nothing is out of its grasp, never too far to reach it
Time tells all tales and reveals all secrets
It’s less of a friend and more of a foe
Never tell it what you don’t want them to know
Because all things time does show
It can’t be controlled, or contained
Created or sustained
How do you define time?
How can we understand this mystery?
We can’t study its origin, because time is history
It surpasses any emotion, it last longer
It’s stronger than hate, love, envy and lust
We cut corners to get more of it,
But in the end it’s never enough
They say time is an illusion, which just adds to the confusion
Is it real? Or is it just a man made concept?
An imaginary ideal that exists only in our mind
We’re searching for that piece of the puzzle that one day mankind will find
After all, it’s only a matter of time…

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**JOIN A CLUB**
Poetry Corner

The Last Mistake
By Faith

So the words keep echoing in my ear,
And this is not a good way to start the year.
Keep hiding this pain of mine.
But I’m sick of it. Its time to cut
It looks like you just ran out of luck.
And Thank goodness for ur daughter, she’s the main reason
Keeping me from sending you away for treason.
But all that keeps running throw my head is me being a drama queen,
But let’s set up this scene.
Two people supposly best friends, Understanding, reliable , honest till the end.
But let’s cut to the part when you standing over me,
Trying to get what you want, even with tears in my eyes , couldn’t you see.
You claim you weren’t drunk but I doubt that you like that when you sober
And to be honest I was just praying for it to be over.
Its a shame you say you care and that you wanna be with me and all this
But really its just what you needed to say, its simply bulls hit.
And I shouda gone with my gut and never went over
And I guess it take this last time cause now I’m stronger and older.
I hate that when I asked you, you asked me another question, beating round the bush,
Telling me not to be a drama queen, to stop it , to hush.
Couldn’t you see the tears in my eyes, listen with your heart,
If you were my friend, you’d realize I didn’t wanna give it up.
All the pushing and pulling,screaming and shoving,
All this bulls hit and lies, supposly love you were showing.
If this is how you show your love, I don’t want it ever,
Give you credit , your pretty clever.
But the bottom line is , no means no, I don’t care if you think I was giving mixed signals and playing games,
Damn, don’t you remember, all I’ve told you, bout everything, now ur just like him just the same.

Except he wasn’t your friend, he wasn’t you.
You meant so much more to me ,
And now I can’t even think of you without cringing.
I hate it, I hate the thought of everything you just threw out the window with this situation
I want to live my life, subtract you out the equation.
Wanna sit there tell me, you don’t fear nothing in life, but losing me your best friend,
Well I’m a make your wish come true, this is the end.
I don’t know how I let it get this far,
You left me with an unhealable emotional scar.
So I hope your happy mr let me show you , give you a chance, that’s what you wanted,
This is never it, now your name, I’m haunted.
So after all this nonsense,
I’m putting up my fences.
4 hours of you trying and getting what you wanted, yelling this is why we were never together.
You play to many games,
Well now your just like all the other ones, to list I have added your name.
You should be a shame.

I’m a shame.
And I can’t believe I let this get this bad,
And you scared me, the worst experience I’m yet to have.
I don’t care what you tell people, cause to you ima drama queen and play games,
But really am I all those things cause I didn’t wanna do you,damn.
But ima pick my self up, this is a lesson to be learned.
Got to close to flame. its me you burned.
So I hope your happy but this is the end,
Were nothing and that includes friend.
I never wish what you put me throw on anyone
And I’m officially done.
I don’t wish this on your daughter ,or the mother of your child,your sisters or mother,
I don’t wish this on any other.
well with that ima say ima be okay time to let you go,
Lifes is funny and I get threw this I know.
It didn’t stop you in the first place ,
So ima wipe these tears off my face.

Time to let it go and move on, its just a terrible surprise. Godsh didn’t you see the tears in my eyes.
With that ima say goodbye.
It’s been five weeks since I took delivery of my beautiful pullets (young hens). They have grown some feathers since their arrival and are starting to resemble the mature adults hens they will become. It’s become quite an entertainment watching them chase each other for a worm, a piece of fish or even a sliver of grapefruit. Supposedly, hens begin to lay as early as 20 weeks old so I’m 1/4 of the way there. A few of my little girls are showing some interesting behavior - with the odd wings out talons up face off. None of these exchanges have drawn blood so I’m not very concerned. Its amusing because they all grew up together but there are some inherent instincts they must act on. Who knows who will be a rooster for real and who is impersonating one or just confused at this point. The only sexing method that I can use with any accuracy is the color of the comb. If the comb is red, it’s a rooster. My little pullets barely have a comb and, for the most part, all of their combs are yellow (except for Goldie, my Golden Laced Wyandotte - they have red combs whether rooster or hen). I’m hoping that I get lucky and all of them turn out to be hens.

I’m often asked why. Why did I get chickens? Why would anyone in their right mind want chickens? That’s crazy - why? I want to say so many things. I want to answer them with a swiftness reserved for the President’s press conferences. I want to talk about the overpopulated factories where hens are crowded into cages that are stacked on top of each other skyscraper high, where a conveyor belt turns all night and all day collecting the eggs that fall from cages and roll down the chutes, where a hen spends a lifetime living a nightmare, never to run or to stare at the sky searching for hawks; her beak cauterized so she won’t peck her cellmates. I want to tell everyone who asks me why I’m raising chickens if they knew the chicken they cooked last night had lived for only 54 days and grew muscle so fast - if it lived any longer its heart would burst, its legs would ache under the weight until breaking; the chemistry lab labeled chicken they picked from the meat rack is pumped full of meds because that’s the only way it could survive the lights always on, feed around the clock, no room to move, drink water from a tube life that it lived in its own poop for fifty four days before being thrown in a bin, a bit like trash or a rusty piece of tin, taken to be processed or recycled. I want to say that a chicken is alive - a living being - not something you crush without any feeling. I want to give so many really good reasons but if I have to explain to a human being that all life is sacred and should be respected - if a person is asking me this question – there’s really no answer. All I can say is, “yeah – it’s so crazy.”
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Bilingual education should be allowed in the public school system because the main focus should be the values of the best education a student can acquire. Many cultures would argue that the educational value of bilingual linguistics is irrelevant in the public school system because there are many languages, which come from many different places around the world. A student who does not receive a bilingual education will not be able to learn as quickly as they would in the comfort of their own language, will not be able to completely understand the educational material being given, and will be unable to complete assignments or exams to the best of their knowledge. As a result, the student may very well end up being employed with a low pay grade, which is a strain on our economy. However, with the assistance of bilingual education, a student will give the student the opportunity to acquire skills in their language, interact with students with language barriers like themselves, and receive comfort in knowing they are not the only students with language barriers. This is important because the student will be more likely to educate themselves properly because they are comfortable with their foreign language. Therefore, since education should be the top priority, bilingual education should be part of the public school system.

Right now, many students struggle with language barriers. Students struggle to understand what is being discussed because the sounds of words act as a barrier and alienate the English language from their native language due to accents and pronunciations. The learning process for foreign language students is more difficult to learn due to these barriers. A student who attends a school with little or no comprehension of English will struggle with understanding and communicating with an instructor, struggle with reading new words and hearing new sounds, give up on attending school, lack the educational experience and may never gain social experiences with another culture for fear of struggle. Hence, if the student is educated in their native tongue, it will be easier for students to ‘flow’ through courses with more understanding of the material given, receive a complete understanding of course material and graduate. This will be a benefit to the educational value of a student.

Although many students may not struggle with understanding of English, it is more than fair to assume that a student receiving an education in their native tongue will be more likely to learn at a faster pace than another language. Thus, the educational value is unlimited and infinite.

To conclude, the importance of an education is such that without it a student may not gain all the valuable knowledge possible. Since education may come in the form of skills such as: educating yourself with socializing, real life experiences, and observation. The importance of educational value should be considered first. This will only contribute and benefit a students’ comprehension of material which is the goal of education.
Haiti Relief
Fundraising Drive

The needs of Haiti are immense—and those needs will continue well into the future. Your contribution to the Bronx Community College Haiti Relief efforts will make a difference.

With your help, Bronx Community College hopes to raise $20,000 for Haiti by the end of the spring 2010 semester. Eighty percent (80%) of the funds raised by BCC will go to the Bronx Chapter of the American Red Cross. The remaining 20% will go towards the creation of a scholarship fund for Haitian students at BCC.

Campus Locations for Making Donations:

CASH DONATIONS
Office of the Bursar (Colston Hall, Main Level)
Monday, Tuesday and Thursday: 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Wednesday: 9:30 a.m. to 1 p.m.
Friday: 9:30 a.m. to noon
Call for evening hours: 718.289.5617

CHECKS AND MONEY ORDERS
Accepted by the BCC Foundation (See Charles Petz
in Gould Memorial Library, room 14. Monday through Friday: 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
(Make checks payable to the BCC Foundation with “Haiti Relief” on the memo line)

CREDIT CARDS
Credit card donations can be made in person to Charles Petz (Gould Memorial Library, room 14) Monday through Friday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; by phone to 718.289.3500; or on the web at www.nycharities.org/donate/donate.asp?CharityCode=1874.
(You may indicate “Haiti Relief” in the space that reads, “Designate your donation to a specific program or fund.”)

For additional information contact Manny Lopez in the Office of Student Life at 718.289.5962.
Celebrate the Women’s Virtual Hall of Fame &
Women’s History Month

The Grimke Sisters: Turning the World Upside Down

March 23—12-2 PM
Colston Hall, Lower Level

Part of the Women’s History Month Closing Ceremony

Join storytellers Susan Lenoe and Lani Peterson in this dramatic historical representation of an interactive “parlor meeting” with Sarah and Angelina Grimke.

On a whirlwind tour in 1837, Angelina and Sarah Grimke of South Carolina, visited more than 70 towns in Massachusetts to tell first hand of the horrors of slavery. Speaking out in public, challenging Northerners’ fears of abolition, Sarah and Angelina’s determined voices swayed the direction of the anti-slavery debate. The first women to address a state (Massachusetts) legislature, their daring call to action planted the seeds for the future of the suffragist movement.

Set in the aftermath of the Philadelphia riots and burning of Pennsylvania Hall in the spring of 1838, Susan and Lani as Sarah and Angelina Grimke bring to life these forgotten heroines. This powerful story of two women who find the courage to act upon their convictions will educate and inspire young people of today.


For more information, visit: https://bcc-cuny.digication.com/womenhistorymonth

OCD credit is available for this event.

This is a Global Perspectives event.