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Boozing on a Budget:
A guide to carousing with your buddy Mr. Hamilton

by Anthony Ford

Right, up front, if you aren't 21 yet, stop reading now. This isn't for you, archive this publication and pull it back out on your birthday. That being said, sometimes you want to have a good time carousing with your compatriots, but you've only got ten clams to your name. This is not a problem, with some careful shopping; you can have a wonderful little cocktail party without breaking the bank. From personal experience, I can make a few recommendations off of the top of my head, but I also thought it prudent to do some additional taste testing, so we'll get to that shortly. Here are some general notes on cocktails that you can pull off in exchange for your pocket's friend named Hamilton.

Vodka

Ah, vodka... alcoholic potato water. This liquor has been a standby for ages, and it tastes as much. There is a lot you can do with vodka, and most brands are at least 80 proof. For cheap vodka, try Mr. Boston. It generally hovers around $3.50 for a 375ml bottle, or about $7.00 for a 750ml bottle. Depending upon what you want to spend the difference on for mixing, you can take your pick in bottle size. Of course, with your spuddy new friend, there are three classic drinks you could mix:

Martini

Shaken, not stirred. Jimmy Bond's standby drink, a well-made vodka martini will instantly make you feel classier, even if its constituent parts were on the cheap. Martinis in general are made from a base liquor and vermouth. Using fruit juice or fruit flavored liquor will produce the multitude of varieties that the holy martini can take on (appletini anyone?) For the basic vodka martini, mix 2 ½ oz of vodka with 1 ½ tsp of vermouth (just a splash) and stir (or shake) in a tumbler half-full of ice. Strain and enjoy cold. Try to find the smallest bottle of vermouth you can, because you don't use very much in each martini. The smallest I could find was still $4.50, so keep your budget in mind unless you can hunt down a bottle more diminutive.

Screwdriver

This fruity drink can sate even the pickiest palette, and make repairing a car a breeze. Always keep a screwdriver in your tool belt. Screwdrivers are simply vodka mixed with orange juice, and require no special hardware like a tumbler... just a glass and perhaps some ice if you desire. The best part, you can pick up some cheap OJ at Wal-Mart for about a buck twenty.

Bloody Mary

Rumored to be named after a certain queen, but it's not me, so we really don't care. Bloody Marys are a strong and sour drink, and everyone has their certain way to make them. Basically, they consist of vodka and tomato juice, served in an ice-filled glass (believe me, you'll want it cold). Bloody Marys are spiced up with everything from salt and pepper, to lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce, or even jalapeno peppers. Classically, serve with a sprig of celery stuck into the glass. This is on the cheap, how-
ever, and I wouldn't expect you to have all sorts of these ingredients around. Here's a way to cheat, use V-8. It's a blended vegetable drink, available in a variety of flavors, but they all basically taste like tomato juice. You can pick up a bottle of the stuff at Wally world for about $2.50. Who knows, using V-8 instead of tomato juice just might give your Bloody Mary the edge it needs to gain some notoriety!

**Rum**

Distilled from cane sugar, rum has been a welcome export of the Caribbean since the 1600's. Favorite of pirates, this drink is the base of many tropical cocktails. Rum itself is not typically expensive, but for the purposes of this article, I picked up the cheapest bottle I could find: Ronrico. It was about $2.50, and went well diluted with loads of Pepsi (at least I think so anyway... it was all fuzzy by that point). Of course, this brings us to rum's native cocktail...

**Rum and Coke**

OK, so I used Pepsi, so sue me. Rum and Coke is a common cocktail, sipped happily by Americans of all shapes and sizes for ages. In some locales, rum is so common that Rum and Coke can actually be ordered free of charge... if you aren't drinking just order one 'hold the rum' to get a free Coke (tip well if you do this). Rum and Coke is easy to make... pour some Rum, pour some Coke, ice optional. That's it. Now, go pick up a 2 liter of soda at Wal-Mart for about $1.50, and you are in business.

**Wine**

We aren't all wine snobs, at least I hope. There is nothing more annoying than a pretentious wine connoisseur who passes up perfectly grand flavors because they are not old, expensive, or French enough. There are plenty of great cheap wines out there, but keep in mind the ones I have tried have still been in a bottle. Boxed wine should be consumed at your own risk, but if it's your thing go for it.

**Sutter Home Moscato**

White wine is my thing, so let's talk about that first. Moscato is sweet to medium sweet white wine. This brand tastes reminiscent of apricots, and is not sweet to the point of being sour, as is often the sin of sweet wines. This white goes well with brie, a semi-soft French cheese. Sutter Home Moscato costs about $5 to $7 per bottle, depending upon where you get it. Drink wine with meat/food of similar color, as a general rule. Chicken, pork, fish, and cheese go well with white wine. Beef, lamb, duck, and other heavy foods go well with red.

**Sutter Home Chardonnay**

Chardonnay is a good balance between sweet and dry, and thusly goes well with just about every meal and occasion that requires white wine. This brand is also quite cheap, at about $5 a bottle... so pick up two next time you are feeling aloof and snobby... the perfect mood for white wine.

**The Taste Test**

Alright, in the interest of good journalism, I felt that a taste test was in order to evaluate tastes and gather more information for you. So, I took the dive, one for the home team, and picked up some cheap booze to try out. I know, it was hell to sit around drinking all night, but I was willing to make the sacrifice for my fellow students. Please note that the following transcription is straight off of my note pad from the evening's festivities:

**Yellow Tail Chardonnay**

I can see why Yellow Tail is so popular. This chardonnay hovers just sweet of the semi-dry that this type embodies. This wine is like an El Camino, it's just to the truck side of a car. Yellow Tail is just sweet of a chardonnay. This wine is very light, and would go well with an evening ride on a hammock after a long walk at the beach. That line was light and fluffy, like this wine.

**Sutter Home Cabernet Sauvignon (Red)**

This wine will throw you aback at first sip, so be sure to let it breathe. This red grows on you, like and old sweater you can't get enough of. The taste reminds me of meat shavings, but not in a bad way. It has a rough, unrefined flavor that will grab you after the first sip.

**Ronrico Rum and Coke**

Rose Rice, soush place.
Be careful, we might be tainted: Gay men and donating blood

by Anthony Ford
lend their expertise, the haves should give to the have-nots, and the have-nots should give their best effort to make the investment worth it. There is, however, a common thread to the giving which we all share; a great equalizer. Thanks to modern medicine, each of us has the potential to give life itself in the form of blood. Blood donations are always in the highest demand, and the non-profit agency the American Red Cross is always in need.

There are restrictions on this gift, because giving blood should help people, not hurt them. If giving blood would hurt the giver, it is disallowed. You can only donate whole blood once every 8 weeks, so that your body can replace the supply. You must also be over 110 pounds, because blood volume is related to body weight, and you have to have the blood to spare in the first place. The gift of blood should also not hurt the receiver. If you have communicable diseases, you don't want to spread them, this is only prudence.

Oh, and by the way, if you are a man and you've had sexual contact with another man, even once, since 1977, you can never give blood. Never. However, if you've had sex with a whore (of the opposite sex), you've got to wait a whole year before you can donate blood again. One year. I suppose the message the Red Cross is trying to send to America is that we can assume sleeping with a gay man is more dangerous to the blood supply than hiring a prostitute. As long as you aren't the hooker in question (they can never donate), life is great.

The Red Cross' ban on men who have sex with men (MSM) donating blood is not without its justification. The Red Cross, like most of the world, is scared of AIDS, and its spread via blood transfusion. At first glance, they have the numbers to back them up. According to the CDC's HIV/AIDS numbers, almost 70% of HIV infections in 2004 resulted from men having sex with men. AIDS has been diagnosed in more than 500,000 MSM, and within the past 20 years, 300,000 of them have died. The CDC classifies their HIV risk as high, because of unprotected anal intercourse, MSM sleeping with multiple partners, and shared needle use for injecting drugs.

These numbers, combined with stereotypes of a risky gay 'lifestyle', justify the Red Cross' ban on gay men donating blood. Say it with me... bullshit. Let's take a look at some more numbers from the CDC, shall we? Among all people, half of HIV infections in 2004 were African Americans. That's 50%, is that enough for a ban on all African Americans donating blood? If the Red Cross instituted such a ban, what would be the reaction to that ban by society? If you answered 'uproar due to obvious racism', you win a cookie. Let's take another example. Among all women with HIV/AIDS, 64% of them are African American, and 78% of those African American women were infected via heterosexual contact. The obvious hypothetical solution, ban all African American straight women from donating blood. Sound racist? Sexist? That's because it is, and it's simply appalling. What's more appalling? This approach is what justifies an existing ban, the ban preventing gay men from performing an important part of their civic duty as Americans. If there were bans based on race and gender, there would be an uproar. Because the ban prevents homosexuals from donating blood, the world has turned the other way out of fear, ignorance, and apathy.

The numbers provided by the CDC are frightening, but they don't actually prove anything. If you know anything about Bayesian theory, this should seem obvious by now. The statistics look at how many HIV cases result from MSM, not how many MSM result in HIV cases. Even with that statistic, which doesn't actually exist because it's just about impossible to measure accurately, I would still be wary to stand aside while the world assumes I probably have a disease just because I am gay. As much as I would hate it, that statistic is the only one that can justify a ban of this nature. Knowing what percentage of MSM has HIV would be the only way to fairly weight the prudence of the ban on them donating blood.

Now, I wouldn't presume to tear down institutionalized homophobia without presenting an equally prudent solution. Here it is, everyone should know their HIV sero-status, and everyone should be expected to practice safe sex if they are having sex with multiple partners (especially if you don't know or cannot be sure of their partners' HIV status). If you've had unprotected sex with anyone since the last point of detectable HIV infection (3 months for an OraQuick test), then you should not donate blood. If you have had unprotected sex, you should be able to present proof of your partner(s) HIV status (say, you and your monogamous partner donating together and each getting tested). Knowing the donor's HIV status before donating blood acts as an additional safeguard against the spread of the virus, and gives everyone a great reason to occasionally get tested. Now, with blood in hand, the Red Cross should test it, just to be sure. I'm sure one or more elements of this plan are already in effect, which is great. I really hope they test their blood for diseases... that would be just swell. However, if there is reasonable knowledge of the HIV status of the received blood, there is no reason to ban anyone from donating. It plays on stereotypes and misconceptions about homosexuals, point blank. This ban promotes and excuses homophobia.

Marginalizing homosexuality has a variety of effects. First, because of the stigma attached to homosexuality, men who have sex with men may not actually identify themselves as gay (or even bi). This can lead to them engaging in risky behavior out of denial, self-hate, and/or a lack of self-respect. Also, sustaining the fantasy that having sex with men doesn't make you homosexual can lead you to ignore safe sex messages and resources that are targeted towards homosexuals. This can lead to people not having the adequate attitude, means, or desire to engage in safe sex. Simply put, homophobia is spreading AIDS, because fear makes people turn their backs on themselves. It's a vicious cycle, more homophobia leads to more destructive behavior, that behavior reinforces the stereotypes that lead to homophobia, and so on.

There is only one solution. End the ban, and let gay men return to their rightful place in American society. Civic duty reverberates with us all, gay or straight. Let gay men participate with society, with the same rights and responsibilities as any other citizen. Reward safe sex with the privilege of giving blood, and saving lives, and hold everyone to that standard. Telling people 'you are dirty, and there is nothing you can do to redeem yourself' leads to a defeatist attitude towards donating blood, and perhaps life in general. It's exclusion based on backwards statistics, outdated stereotypes, and simple fear. Prejudice is wrong, and we as leaders of the free world should tear away our hatred for the betterment of all human kind.
C'est la French Press:
Welcome to Café Satori
by Anthony Ford

The Skinny
Tucked away in a beautiful brick building right on Genesee Street, Café Satori is a charming spot for a light lunch or a healthy dinner. Café Satori's tag line is 'food for the mind, body, and spirit', and they mean it. Satori's menu is full of fruit, veggies, tofu, and all sorts of ingredients that I can neither pronounce nor avow to their exact effect...but I am assured it is all good for me, so I'll just take their word for it. Run by a charming staff and boasting a unique atmosphere, Satori is sure to put a smile on your face and a friendly chuckle into your bathroom scale.
The Eats

Eating at Café Satori was like exploring another place and time. The dishes I tried were remarkable, not only in their flavor, but also in their constitution. Catering to a health-conscious, vegetarian, or vegan crowd, Satori's food consists of little to no meat. The replacements are clever, from tofu to pressed couscous. Fish can also be found, and since fish is full of vital nutrients and anti-oxidants, it's a welcome addition. Cooked from scratch, each dish is prepared with delicate craftsmanship... receiving top marks for presentation. Be prepared for vibrant flavor, homemade salad dressing, and to eat an ingredient or two you've probably never heard of. The menu is populated with a variety of salads, appetizers, pizzas (this crust pizza style flat bread), sandwiches and more ranging from about $4 to $8. Dinner entrée specials change from night to night, and will be enthusiastically read off by the hostess. The coffee bar is also fully stocked with both hot and cold beverages of all kinds... they even have Italian soda and French Press coffee. That's right, French press coffee, AKA the holy grail of the java bean. They have three varieties of the precious black lifeblood, including espresso blend, my personal favorite. Be adventurous; going out on a limb and enjoying a stuffed Portobello mushroom or a crepe with Godiva ice cream might show you a side of your palette you never would have seen.

The Room

Café Satori is simultaneously Pan-African and Oriental in design. Brilliant red juxtaposed with black set against a radiant gold ceiling. Exacting geometries and figures from nature adorn the edges of your view and highlight the simply relaxing atmosphere. There is seating to the left and right of the door, and a lounge area with a coffee bar further in. The lounge features a hanging television, bookshelf, and plenty of relaxing seating along the walls. There's even an aloe plant, just in case your delicious French press coffee bites back. The restaurant is dimly lit, holding a dreamy mood with a lit candle at your table. It's all very relaxing; just don't nod off during dinner. Don't worry much about that; the great food will keep you quite awake.

The Crowd

To be perfectly honest, Café Satori was both times I went to work on this review. During the course of my meal, on each visit, one other party of patrons would make their way in. Both parties were older than I, appearing to be in their 30's or so. This may or may not be representative of the usual diners, but really it is immaterial. You reading this review right now should be 'the crowd' at Satori's, because it's great food that's great for you!

The hostess also appears to double as the cook, and is a courteous and inviting character. To be honest, she is really, really courteous, so don't let it freak you out. Enjoy the kind service and great food. This may only be because I was the only person eating there, but whenever my water glass was empty, plate was cleared, or stars had properly aligned, the hostess was right there checking in within moments.

The Go There's

If you want to go to Café Satori's, keep in mind that they are open daily from 11am to 2pm and again from 6pm to 3am. They are closed on Tuesday, but open every other day. Café Satori's address is: 1314 Genesee Street, Utica NY 13501. Give them a call at 527-3889, or check out their website at www.cafesatori.com. Let's take a look at the various reasons to go to and/or avoid this charming little café.

Do Go There if...

• You enjoy food sans meat.
• You want to relax and revitalize.
• You love vibrant flavors, vegetables, and maybe even tofu if you are daring.
• You enjoy various coffee-like drinks.
• You worship at the shrine of French Press coffee.
• You have a thing for etched golden ceilings.

Don't Go There if...

• You really, really like meat, a lot.
• You don't like surprising, spicy, bold flavors.
• Extremely courteous waitresses freak you out a bit.
• It's Tuesday, remember this café is closed then.
• You need a lot of light when you eat.

The Lowdown

Here they are: the crunchy bits you've been waiting for...

The Eats: 10/10. Even if you don't prescribe to the whole gaggle of dietary philosophies that limit your consumption of meat, you will enjoy the food from this café. The food is well-prepared, tastes great, and is healthy for you. You gain enough good dietary karma eating dinner to justify staying for dessert... so go for it!

The Room: 8/10. The relaxing ambiance will capture you, and the soft background music will help erase the stress of the outside world. The space is well-decorated, and functions well to separate the sit-down diners from the patrons in the lounge area. Luckily, it pulls this off without seeming like two different cafés; the two areas flow well. My only criticism for the space is the sheer number of tables packed into the seating area... it almost looks over-crowded. Besides, unless they get an enormous lunch crowd I was not aware of, I cannot imagine them needed that many tables at any one time.

The Crowd: 6/10. Simply put, this place needs a crowd. I felt a bit weird being the only patron eating there, even though the prompt service was great. The hostess is a real character, and makes the experience of going to Café Satori very relaxing and enjoyable, if you can take being killed with courtesy. So, drop this paper (after you finish this article, of course) and head on over.

The Go There's: 7/10. The great food is the main draw for this café, and of course the wide variety of drinks at the coffee bar. The fact that the lounge sports a television and bookshelf will give you a few reasons to hang out for a while as well. If there were a few interesting people to interact with, this relaxing café would shine.

The Lowdown: 9/10. Café Satori is a treat, and a welcome addition to downtown Utica. You can go there for healthy food, great coffee, and a wonderful atmosphere. A bit too pricey to drop by everyday, but for an occasional lunch, snack, or coffee, Café Satori is an excellent destination.

Total: 40/50
Score: 80%
There has certainly been a lot of buzz over this topic recently. Some of you may not have heard anything about it before; to those of you who are uninformed here are some of the facts. They should give you a rough idea of what has happened.

A publication hosted by Denmark, the Jyllands-Posten, decided to post caricatures of the Muslim prophet Muhammad. Almost immediately Muslim public unrest was recorded with people speaking out against the defamation of their religion's figure. The Islamic nation asked the Danish government to act regarding the article. The Danish government, however, took the stance that although they were sorry the paper had written such things, but according to free speech they could not have any control over the material they post. Then other publications began to post the article. Shortly after, violence erupted from the Muslim community. Diplomatic buildings were set on fire and people were killed. Important figures in the Muslim community issued fatwa commands against different people involved with the publishing of the articles; including those who created the cartoons.

The Danes, seeing the religious upheaval this was causing issued an apology for the articles and banned the cartoons from ever being posted again. But by then the damage had already been done. More and more publications around the world were running similar articles exercising their right to free speech. Danish products were banned in several nations, endangering businesses and people who rely on important products like Danish-made insulin. Prominent figures in many countries and nations all voiced their opinions whether it was denouncing the actions of the cartoonists and sympathizing with the Muslims or voicing everyone's right to free speech.

Well, that makes a complicated story short.

If you want to read more about it check it out on Google news or some other news site on the internet. I'm not going to tell you everything about the situation here because it has become a complicated mess that is, quite frankly, difficult to navigate. There is no shortage of information about this on the internet, however. Just be careful reading through it all because most of it is biased toward one side or the other.

Now here's my opinion about this.

Opinions are most times given way too much weight in a society. Especially the opinions that have been voiced before they have become complete thoughts. Often times people, when asked for their opinion will give it: whether they have thought two seconds upon a subject or two days. It makes people feel important not to actually have opinions about things, but to be able to voice their opinions to other peo-
people. When people ask me what my opinion is on something, I will more often than not tell them, “I don’t know, I haven’t thought about it enough to tell you.” All that I’m trying to tell you is that it is my opinion to be wary of other people’s opinions, because not everyone gives as much thought to their opinions as you might. Take everything you hear from everyone with a grain of salt and use your own judgment to its validity. And always keep in mind, that although we live in the Age of Information, not all words may sound sweet to your ears, and you should always be prepared to ignore those that you find offensive because, hey, their opinions don’t matter anyway. So, without further ranting about opinions, here are my opinions in a rant-ish form.

I think the newspaper that put on this little event was in the wrong. I think they were within their rights to say anything they wanted. Free speech is a beautiful thing. But I don’t think that just because you can say something, you should say something. Some people in the media don’t understand this concept. Just because people can poke a lion when it is sleeping doesn’t mean that you should.

I think the Muslims who blew up about this whole thing are also in the wrong. Now, I may be missing some important viewpoint in all of this, because I do not live like they do, where they do. But I do not like the way they are handling themselves. In my opinion, life is too short as it is, and I’d rather not spend any of my time worrying about some person who insulted my religion when I could be spending my time worrying about my own life and family. It is so much easier to ignore other people when they offend you than to take a stand against them. There is one basic thing about human nature that you need to know and you’ll be able to judge for yourself.

I think the people who keep voicing their opinions about this topic shouldn’t be. Whether they are arguing one way or the other most of them are not even in a position to argue. Most of them are only using this topic to gain political and social favor just like campaigning for office. People who keep voicing their opinions in this case are more often than not just adding more fuel to the fire and not helping at all. I’m not saying everyone should stop voicing their opinions, because that will never happen. I’m just trying to show you that people who argue opinions usually don’t have an opinion, they just spew out an argument to gain favor with one of the parties. It’s called manipulating the public and it happens everyday. People should start thinking for themselves. It’s all a question of judgment. And some people’s judgment can be flawed. This is the truth. People are fools and every person who tells me different only strengthens my argument. No one is perfect and everyone makes mistakes. Forgive and forget because there are more enjoyable things to worry about.

I stopped watching the news when I began college, perhaps this was foolish, but I did it just the same. In high school we were taught to watch the news and form our own opinions about politics and economics and current events and other such things. In high school I would watch the news every morning before going to school. Something clicked inside my head senior year of high school. There are no adults in power anymore, if in fact there ever were any. Everyone is out to get everyone else just like school children on the playground. This is what makes the world go ’round: people pretending to be adults while flailing their arms throwing tantrums for attention until they get what they want. Childishness is the state of the world today and it is only getting worse.

Worse yet, the world is not even in balance anymore. At least when we had the Cold War there was a clear balance of power. Now there is America and the Middle East. The UN and the former Soviet Union are mere shells of greatness. Everyone is searching for a purpose. The United States is searching for a new enemy to fight, and have found it in the fundamentalist factions of Islam. The UN squabbles over issues no one cares about and loses more and more of what little power they have. Russia has its own problems at the moment and doesn’t really interfere in the grand scheme of things anymore. China (who you would have thought would be the biggest threat of everyone) mostly keeps to itself along with the rest of the Far East.

I’ll talk a little bit more about America because I’m more familiar with it. The United States is broken in two factions now. Two equal halves, the Democrats and the Republicans. The Republicans are in control because they’re ambitious and ruthless with their agendas, running forward toward profit without thinking of consequences. The Democrats seem content just playing the victim, which is typical because according to Democrats everyone is a victim anyway. The media preaches about 9/11 and uses it as an excuse for everything under the sun. The people of the US have become cows still munching happily upon dirt where grass once grew. We need a drastic change because we’re headed to disaster.

Maybe I’m way off kilter here. Maybe I’m misinformed and have no idea what I’m talking about. Maybe I’ve offended people by writing this article. Maybe I’m just an angry college student afraid for his future and the future of his children. Maybe you’ll use your own judgment if you choose to read this. I hope so. If more people think before they act it might prove a change for the good. Who knows these things? I sure don’t, I can only have my own opinions.
So Jealous is Tegan and Sara's fourth album, released in 2004. Before Anthony Ford handed it to me as I was casting out for something different to review, I hadn't heard of them.

Boy, was I missing out.

The twin Quin sisters from Alberta have a unique sound that I'm trying hard to throw into some sort of pre-determined group, but they elude all attempts. In the end, I'm quite content in taking them for what they are—and that is an excellent duo with enough variety to keep me listening.

So Jealous has a feel to it that stays mostly consistent throughout the whole album. The songs, taken individually, are quite distinct, but they are all similar enough to each other that it's not something terribly hard to listen to. It definitely deserves a dedicated run-through on its own, but after that, it easily adapts itself to becoming studying music or some other such endeavor.

The lyrics don't pop to me as being incredibly unique, nor can I truly put my finger down on what sets Tegan and Sara apart from the rest of the world of music. My best guess would be how the sisters sing; their voices, in and of themselves, are powerful instruments that work beautifully together. One does not overpower the other, instead being wonderfully complimentary.

Having just heard this album for the first time just yesterday, I can't say that I've ever been to one of their live shows. I've heard they're great; being sisters, they banter back and forth, and it really works. But they don't let any sort of sibling rivalry get in the way of letting them make good music.

In a world where most albums weigh in at a dozen tracks, Tegan and Sara serve up fourteen on So Jealous. To be fair, many of them are below three minutes, making them shorter than most, but that certainly doesn't leave them lacking.

I don't think I can say much more than I've already said without repetition, and this isn't a term paper, so I'm just going to cut this short. Tegan and Sara: great girls. So Jealous: great CD. And, incidentally, great buy.

So Jealous is a great run-through when you first pick it up as standalone listening music and also superb for background ambiance. I haven't heard a single thing as a point against this, after paying special attention looking for one. Bravo, girls! 30/30

Quality of...

...Music: Rich and deep, and augmented by the lead sisters' vocals, the music on So Jealous provides a wonderful atmosphere for tons of (calmer) activities. Aside from their voices, though, there aren't a whole lot of uniqueness points; but neither are they presented in a horribly drab "same old same old" fashion. 28/30

...Lyrics:

Nothing pops out here while I'm listening to them. The voices are so musical that the lyrics just sort of blend into the rest of the song, instead of coming to the forefront. It's not a bad thing; just different. You listen, you even sing along in your head, but at the end of the song, nothing really stays with you. 25/30

Addictiveness:

I'm pretty sure Anthony wants this back, which is a damn shame. I really want to hold on to it. Oh, well. Looks like I'll rip it to my hard drive until I can get a copy for myself—err, and by that I mean, I will find another way to listen to it that is perfectly legal, I swear! 9/10

Listen to when you are:

Studying. You do study, right?

Listen for: The filter applied to their voices on "I bet it stung" really helps to bring out the mood of that particular song; you don't even notice it right off, it was very cool indeed when I did.
Dorm Rooms

Living on campus at SUNYIT you are sometimes left with few options as far as customizing your room layout. According to the fire codes here on campus there is a limit to the amount of furniture you can bring in, the amount of wall space you can cover, and so on. So if you get stuck with one of the smaller rooms in a suite (like room 4 or 5 in a single suite) you get the short stick right off the start.

I've found myself in this situation for the last two years. I've had the smaller of the single rooms. It stinks, but there are ways you can maximize the useable area within one of those rooms. Most of the little rules that I'll tell you about here will work in all of the suite sizes, I'm just using the smaller size as an example here because I'm more experienced with designing for that kind of room.

Ten ways to personalize your room

Tip #1: Minimize your clothing supply.

When I started here as a freshmen back in the fall of 2003 you wouldn't believe how much clothing I brought with me. I had garbage bags full of clothes when I left for home that spring and most of it I never even wore. Eventually I narrowed it down to the essentials: underwear, socks, jeans, shirts, and a winter coat. When it boils down to it these are the most important things you need up here during the winter.

When you limit it to just these things you may find that you don't even need a dresser anymore. I know I did. I can fit all the clothes I own here at school in my closet, either hanging from hangers or folded neatly on the shelf above. My underwear and socks I throw into the bottom drawer of the small little desk cabinet.

The smaller of the two cabinets you have in your room isn't as big of a problem as the bigger one. With the smaller cabinet you pretty much have two options. It fits nicely underneath your desk and won't take up any more floor space than necessary. This is a perfectly good option, but it may cut off your foot space underneath your desk. If this is a problem for you, or if you have computers or subwoofers taking up the space already allow me to present you with another option.

This will work if you use the first tip I showed you. The smaller drawer is just short enough to fit underneath the clothes hanging down in your closet. This may not
be an option for you if you have really big things on the floor of your closet, but there's still enough room around the sides to stick various essentials like laundry detergent and shoes.

The clothes dresser is another problem. If you still need it for clothes you may decide to keep it in your room, but if you no longer need it I suggest taking it outside your room altogether. With some finagling you can get the dresser to fit inside the utility closet in the hallway. Unfortunately you can only fit one in there, so this will only work for one room in a suite. In our suite we use the dresser to store sports equipment, cooking utensils, eating utensils, phone books, and all sorts of other things. It gives us some organization to our closet.

Tip #3: Get a KVM switch.

This is only useful for those of you who have more than one computer in your room. KVM stands for Keyboard, Video, Mouse, and it is a switch that allows you to rotate between computers using only one keyboard, mouse, and monitor. It's a huge space saver, especially if you have the big CRT monitors. KVM switches can connect as few as 2 computers together and as many as 10. I have a 4 port switch that set me back 30 bucks, but it was well worth the desk space I saved.

Tip #4: Get bed risers.

If you are itchin' for more storage space one of the cheapest ways to get it is through the use of bed risers. Bed risers add about 6 to 8 inches of storage space underneath your bed which is good because in some instances you can fit refrigerators underneath your bed. Plastic storage boxes are also useful for keeping things underneath your bed because you can slide the whole thing out if you need anything. Bed risers run about 10 bucks or less and you can pick them up in the Bookmark.

Tip #5: Take the frame out from under your bed.

This is useful if you are trying to make your room more comfortable. Having your bed lying on the floor makes the room much more comfortable to sleep in, I have found, and it takes care of that annoying squeak every time you move that is so character-istic of the beds on campus. And as long as you keep the bed away from outlets and the heater there shouldn't be a problem with the fire code.

This comes at a huge price for space, however. You can't store anything under your bed and now you have a bed frame to put somewhere. As far as storage goes, I don't really have any suggestions, but as for places to fit that bulky bed frame here are some options.

The frame can be fit into the utility closet, even with the dresser drawers in there. The frame can be set on its side behind the couch in the common room and you can put a blanket over it or something to make it less of an eyesore. And lastly, you can take your desk and move it off from the wall a few inches and stand the frame up behind it. We have tried all of these options here in our suite and I have found throwing it behind your desk to be the best of the three options. You can leave it there and it won't affect anybody but yourself, because you'll have about 3 inches less space in front of your desk.

Tip #6: Get a refrigerator.

Having a refrigerator in your room has been sort of frowned upon by housing here on campus for a long time, but things are now becoming a little bit more relaxed and it is possible to get a refrigerator even if you don't have the doctor's note saying you can. Last semester I got a fridge and I love it. I can keep my drinks cold and keep food from home preserved without having to share space with the other guys of the suite. Plus, it's good to have that much more available space when you stock up on supplies for parties and get-togethers. Those burgers will go bad if you don't keep 'em cold!

Tip #7: Posters!

Fill your walls up with posters. The fire safety guys are a little picky if you cover them up too much, so use your own judgment. Posters give you a way to customize your room and really make it your own. Just remember to use the double sided sticky strips to mount them to the wall. They're a lot easier to remove than tape and less destructive than push pins.

Tip #8: Keep your room clean and organized.

Yeah, I know I should practice what I preach but keeping your room clean and organized will help keep it comfortable. It's a pain in the butt but try to make a routine out of it, but once every Monday morning, or maybe once every weekend just go through and straighten up, once you're done you'll feel much better. I know I did once I started doing it. This includes doing your laundry once a week or every two weeks, that pile of clothes takes up more space the longer it is there.

Tip #9: Stock up on blankets.

I've always thought the more blankets you have, the more comfortable your bed is. And in the cold weather especially, there's nothing nicer than wrapping yourself up in your blankets and sleeping until noon. It's what college is all about!

Tip #10: Make it smell good.

98 cents at Walmart and you can have a nice little scent air freshener that lasts for about 2 weeks if you use it right. They come in many different smells and work well to stink up a room if you set them next to a fan. Smell is a major influence on your attitude and if your environment smells good there's a good chance you'll be happy there.

So there are your 10 steps to help you design your dorm room. Not to say there aren't more ways to do things, but these are some basics which will give you a place to start. And always remember that your room is never set in stone, if you get feeling down, rearrange everything! You're living there; you might as well do your best to enjoy living there!
For three days Haldas slept in that place, tied up and unable to speak. His host Rael, as he called himself, acted as his warden and healer. He talked little, mostly because Haldas couldn’t respond back. The wound at his neck made him too weak to attempt an escape, however, he was healing quickly. The salve the healer used seemed very effective, but it made him drowsy. In fact, the throbbing in his neck had stopped almost completely, though it was still noticeable. He was probably due for another salve treatment soon. For now there was nothing for him to do but watch and wait.

Rael called himself a Sentinel; Haldas wasn’t sure what that meant, but he did know Rael didn’t appear to be an enemy.

Kevin Bertholf

THE MARAS CHRONICLES

EPISODE FIVE

Metal Upon Metal
But what kind of a person imprisons another person if they’re not an enemy? There were so many things he did not understand and it was making his head hurt.

Haldas turned his attention to Brennan. His condition hadn’t improved at all. In fact, it looked to be getting worse. Rael seemed distressed about it, as if he were doing everything right but something was going wrong. It was possible Brennan was beyond his healing skills. He remained unconscious but every once in a while he would whisper under his breath inaudible things. As if he was in a feverdream. Haldas felt terrible. He had feared his friend dead and had rejoiced when he found him alive. And now he was going to lose Brennan again. What a cruel world this is, he thought.

Haldas saw them before he heard them come into the door. It was the dark haired men again. They never talked nor even looked at him or Brennan. It felt really degrading, and in sharp contrast to the healing attention Rael was providing. They were of the same stature as the Sentinel, and apart from their different hair color they could have all looked like brothers. They wore the same garb; those cloaks of cunning that seemed to warp and fade with color. They were never around though; they were always going back out into the desert doing whatever it was they do.

At first, Haldas had thought that perhaps these were convicts sent out into the desert from Maras, but there were things about them that made him think these were people foreign to his land. Black hair was rare in Maras and it is only seen in the lower families. Down in the village of Dunin, a farming center west of the wall near Auldin Island. The dark haired men behaved like nobles though and they had that strange language that sounded almost musical. No, Haldas thought, these were not men of Maras. But that meant they were foreigners, outsiders. People from beyond the desert. He didn’t let himself get too excited, there were only five here and he couldn’t understand four of them.

He hoped that this wasn’t all that was left of the outside nations. Surely there would be more than just a few people left after all this time. Rael, he felt, he could trust but the others, he had no idea what to think about them yet. As he watched them, the dark haired ones sat down beside Rael. They were talking in hushed voices and then one of them turned and took a long look at Haldas. Haldas did his best to return the glare until the other finally broke contact and turned back to the group. They appeared to be locked in discussion. They are talking about me; deciding what to do with me.

In that instant he feared the worst. His fate was totally out of his hands. He began to panic. He struggled with his bonds, testing their strength. They would not budge. His hand still ached from the dagger wound he had so stupidly inflicted upon himself. His first combat experience and it left him a prisoner with half his wounds from his own weapon.

A shadow crossed in front of him and Haldas looked up. The men had become silent and were looking in his direction. One of the dark haired ones had crossed the room to stand before him. He hadn’t detected any of the man’s movements. Haldas felt his heart skip a beat. The man crouched down, very close to Haldas, and the firelight silhouetted his figure making Haldas almost terrified. Whether the dark figure was trying to intimidate Haldas or not, it was working. The figure began to speak. His words were steady, assured, authoritative and quiet.

The same quality of voice as Haldas had sensed in Rael.

"You can understand me, yes?"

Haldas could only nod. His accent was foreign, but his words were understandable.

"You can speak, yes?"

Haldas nodded again.

The man reached down and pulled Haldas to his feet by his bonded wrists. There was a surprising amount of strength to the slight man. Producing a small knife from a fold in his clothing he slit the bonds at his feet and his hands.

"Your hand is healed now, yes?"

Haldas nodded again, but this time it was a lie. The hand still throbbed especially since being hoisted to his feet by it. Haldas didn’t want to seem weak, however. Somehow he felt it was more important at the moment to seem strong. He felt almost as if he was being tested. But that might have been an effect of how frightened he was.

The stranger looked him up and down and then nodded. "Very well, come with me." He turned and walked back to the group of people. Haldas rubbed his wrists and stood for a moment, thinking about what just happened; trying to get his bearings. Then he followed behind.

They were waiting in a semicircle at the far end of the room. Rael sat in the arch of the circle. Haldas recognized his pack and equipment spread out in front of him. The dark haired one that summoned him sat back down in the semicircle. Haldas remained standing and continued to rub the aching pain out of his wrists.

Rael spoke in the same musical language Haldas had heard him speak before. The others quietly listened. When he had finished, however, the dark haired one at Rael’s right spoke up and as he spoke he pointed to the sword lying near his feet: Haldas’s sword. All the other black haired ones nodded as if they were agreeing with him. Then Rael nodded his head as well and spoke a few words.

Rael looked up at Haldas. "I am sorry; this language must be foreign to you. I called this meeting here to show my companions that you are not, in fact, one of the sandmen. I have judged from your garb and equipment and features that you are not. You are something else, I think, though I know not what.

"I have failed to convince them of your nature but they have considered my evidence and propose another test. This test will either prove your innocence, or display your guilt."

The dark haired one to Rael’s right began speaking again. This time Haldas could understand him. "You, Stranger, carried a sword here with you. Let us see if you know how to use it."

The man who had escorted him to the semicircle stood up, reached down to retrieve Haldas’s sword, appraised it briefly, and then handed it to Haldas. "Your sword is of fine make. It must have been made by an excellent smith."

Haldas puzzled at this, for his blade was only a guardsman’s sword, one of the poorer quality swords made in Maras. The dark haired man then moved out of the semicircle into an open space near the fire. Haldas followed him there.

"With a sword like that you are sure to be a man of good worth as a swordsman. And yet the sword’s worth cannot always tell. Let us see now. Be you scavenger or a man of honor.” With that, the man drew his own sword. It was a shorter blade than Haldas’s but it seemed of beautiful make. The blade was slightly curved; in contrast to his own two handed straightblade. His blade also did not seem to shine in the firelight as most swords do. Instead it remained a milky dark color. Haldas had never seen its make before.

Haldas gripped his sword in his bandaged hand. Pain shot up his arm, but it was bearable. He had no idea what kind of fight this would be, but his life and the lives of many others hinged upon it. Haldas didn’t know what he was trying to prove by doing, but he was determined and would have to trust in himself and his training.
He began exercising his muscles. He had not moved in a while and his muscles felt relaxed, perhaps too relaxed. He stretched out his arms and legs. The other waited patiently, his sword held at his side, facing outwards. He seemed relaxed and sure. Confident, but overconfidence can be a weakness, Haldas reflected.

Haldas knew next to nothing about these people. Their garb and manners were completely strange to him. And furthermore, he only knew one of their names. Haldas addressed the other. "If you are to fight me, I would have you know my name. My name is Haldas. I would rather not duel a stranger."

The other nodded. "There is much honor in what you say Haldas. I appreciate your confidence in me to allow me to know your name but I do not know you well enough to tell you mine. If you need a name for which to call me, you may use the name Herich. That is not my true name, but it is one I have used before."

Haldas nodded his understanding then he took his robe off. It was necessary in the desert, but here underground it only restricted his movement, and he needed all the advantages he could muster. He wore a sleeveless brown shirt, it would offer no protection from a blade's bite, but at least he had freed his arms up more. Haldas took a practice swing then held his sword out before him. He took a deep breath. "Heric, I believe I am ready to begin this duel."

Herich bowed his head toward Haldas and without another word began advancing toward him. The duel had begun.

Herich crossed Haldas's blade first. His blows had power behind them, but he was only testing Haldas's strength and skill; trying to get a feel for his opponent. Haldas was doing the same, preferring to stay in a defensive posture. Herich was fast, but Haldas could keep up, deflecting each blow as it came, and not losing any ground at all.

The others watched thoughtfully from where they sat. They were analyzing Haldas. No one spoke; the only sound was of metal upon metal.

Finally, Haldas decided it was time to test Herich a bit. Suddenly he turned his defense into an offense. Haldas used his superior strength as an advantage. Herich almost didn't react in time. He did not expect the sudden change in tactics but recovered gracefully.

Gradually, Herich was giving way to Haldas's blows; surrendering ground step by step. Herich's moves were fluid and there was no wasted movement. Haldas observed that although Herich was not particularly strong, he made up for it with speed and muscle control. Haldas kept the pressure on, and Herich kept slowly retreating.

Haldas did not know how long he could keep up the forceful stance. Each time their blades met pain shot up his arm and into his shoulder. He could feel the stickiness of blood between his fingers and the swords hilt. He decided one last final attempt at full strength was his best chance.

He brought his blade down on Herich's sword and the blade was almost knocked out of Herich's grip. Seeing this, Haldas stepped forward to finish him before he regained his posture. He poured all his strength into one last blow.

Herich's blade was knocked from his hand, but, having foreseen this event moments before, he spun to his left and forward, coming upon his opponent, Haldas, who overextended himself. It appeared as a blur to Haldas, who had expected victory, only to be met with Herich's hands holding his throat. The realization came to him then, he had been beaten.

Time stood still as Haldas waited for the blow that would end his life. He still held his sword, tip set in the sand by the other's discarded blade. Both men were breathing hard, staring hard at one another. Finally, Herich leaned back and released his grip. He spoke "Haldas, you fight like no sandman I have ever seen. You fight with honor and skill and a noble spirit. You are clearly not one of their kind." Haldas still didn't know what a sandman was, but things seemed to be taking a turn for the better.

"Remember, Haldas, when you are in a fight, the sword is not the only weapon you have at your disposal. Come with me, we eat." And with that, everyone rose from their positions and moved into an adjacent room. Haldas almost collapsed on the floor. But using his sword he kept standing. The blood from his hand ran down his sword. Herich motioned for him to follow. Haldas dropped his sword and made his way to the room.

This room was also circular in design, but much smaller. There were beds along the outside and a table with benches in the center. It looked to be a sort of living chamber. Just when Haldas was beginning to think these people never took their cloaks off they began to shed them, setting them on their individual beds.

They wore dark grey shirts and pants, minimalistic in fashion but very comfortable looking. What really peaked Haldas's atten- tion was the amount of weapons attached to their outfits. Swords and knives of all different sizes. Haldas counted ten weapons on Herich alone. Each was cleverly placed to allow freedom of movement while still being accessible in a tight spot. These people were true warriors, there was no mistake.

When they were finished shedding their weapon belts they sat down at the table. Rael was sitting at the head of the table and the others lined up along the sides. Haldas sat down on one side, opposite of Herich, and tried not to think about how hungry he was.

The torchlight coming from upon the walls was giving Herich's eyes a glossy, shining appearance. He had noticed it before and just attributed it to some trick of the firelight, but now that he could see Rael and the dark haired ones so close together he saw that Rael's eyes looked fine. Their eyes had an otherworldly appearance.

Haldas began to think these people might not even be human. He began to analyze their appearance closer. They had their hands laid out upon the table in a sort of silent prayer. All was quiet in the room. They looked human, apart from their eyes. They had tattoos on their hands, always their right hand, each had a different symbol; probably of some religious significance. Their shirts covered their arms and neck completely. Only their heads and hands were exposed. The heads looked like any humans, their hair, the same.

The eyes were different, just the black haired ones. Haldas thought back to everything extraordinary he had observed. Their speech was unlike anything he had ever heard before. They were excellent warriors. They could move as gracefully and as silent as a cat. They lived in an uninhabitable desert.

He needed answers. When Rael opened his eyes again Haldas posed his question. "You are not human, are you?"

At that, they all opened their eyes and looked at Haldas in surprise. Rael smiled but Herich was the one who answered.

Episodes one through five of The Maras Chronicles by Kevin J. Bertholf are available online at http://www.cs.sunyit.edu/~berthok/chronicles/
Pandora's Box Takes On the Web

by Andrew Hookway

We've all heard a bit about the legend of Pandora's Box. The woman, Pandora, opened the box because of her curiosity, despite being told not to do so. All of the evils in the world were released, but there was also one more thing: hope.

Hope might be a good thing to describe the Music Genome Project. The people at the MGP take songs and break them down into their components. For instance, they'll take Matchbox Twenty's "Mad Season", and break it down into ideas such as "vocal harmony, mild rhythmic syncopation, mixed acoustic and electric instrumentation, major key tonality, and a dynamic male vocalist". Confusing? Yeah. But what does this mean for you?

This means that you can head on over to the Music Genome Project's biggest manifestation, http://www.pandora.com, enter "Matchbox Twenty" into a dialogue box, and Pandora will play songs by Matchbox Twenty. And "My Problems Now" by Spin Doctors. And "Old Girlfriends" by John Wesley Harding.

The point of Pandora is to help you find new music that you'll like. When you enter a song or artist that you like, it will look at the properties associated with that entry and give you songs that are similar. Some of the things it comes up with, you wouldn't believe, but you will end up linking most of it.

It's worth putting out in the open: Pandora does not play song samples. They're licensed to play the full song. You essentially turn Pandora into a radio station of your own. With your e-mail address, you can personalize and add as many stations as you want.

The interface itself is a simple flash box. A list of your radio stations is on the left. I have a station with both Enigma and Enya attributed to it (Enigma's album "Love, Sensuality, Devotion" was reviewed in the issue of the Factory Times released in October 2004 with a score of 82%), one for Matchbox Twenty, and one for Senor Coconut. (Don't ask, I'll see what I can do about a CD review for him later.) Pandora won't play songs by these artists and only these artists, but their songs will show up in the mix of songs that it comes up with that it'll think you like. Clicking the arrow next to each name brings up a menu with the choices, "Add more music to this station", "E-mail this station to a friend", "Edit this station", "Rename this station", and "Delete this station".

Also on the left is the button, "Create a New Station". Here, you can enter another artist or song name, and a new station will be added to your list. Most popular artists are included, as well as some more obscure ones. I was disappointed by the lack of classical music, and very obscure tastes will likely not be found (bear in mind that it's a bunch of normal humans at the Music Genome Project that have to go through all the songs, and when you basically control what kind of music you listen to, it's a lot of fun.

Content: A tad dry on classical and more obscure artists (sometimes to the point of frustration), it's nevertheless in innovative idea that is incredibly awesome. They have the license to play the full songs, and when you basically control what kind of music you listen to, it's a lot of fun.

Aesthetics: PWETTY. Brushed metal around dark grey and deep blue, with the interface itself being subtly but pleasingly animated. There's a definite feel that's given, and nothing breaks it, except maybe the music you can choose. My only real complaint is the picture used if no album art is found. A stack of CDs looks rather ugly...

Fun Factor: What's not fun about listening to something different? I can guarantee that Pandora will give you new and interesting songs for your stations. The only downside is that, with so many songs, there's bound to be one or two that you just won't like. (I've only hit two in my month or so of listening to the station.)

Addictiveness: It's radio you'll love, seriously. It has a lot of variety, but it's structured around your tastes. It's well worth running in the background while you do other things. Some people even go as far as to set it as their home page.

iTunes banner along the side of the page. It's not an issue, though, as the real Pandora interface is only a 640X250 flash box. It's easily jumped into, immensely enjoyable, and even the most advanced options are all self-explanatory.

Navigation: I've never seen something simpler for something so complex. I have the annoying tendency to want to right click, bringing up a menu for Macromedia Flash Player 8, but if you just keep on left clicking, the interface is incredibly simple and, quite honestly, fun.

26/30

It's well worth putting out in the open: Pandora does not play song samples. They're licensed to play the full song. You essentially turn Pandora into a radio station of your own. With your e-mail address, you can personalize and add as many stations as you want.
There is a lot of news ticker fodder, water cooler talk, and outraged columnist pieces on the issue of privacy lately. Most notably, the recently discovered NSA (National Security Agency) intelligence gathering program that may or may not be going outside of the authority of the FISA (Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act). There's already been enough opinion going around about this program. People have attributed the name 'domestic spying' to this NSA gathering procedure, which of course sparked debate over the meaning of 'domestic' and the exact definition of 'spying'. Discussion of the meaning of the word 'is' was held off for a bit. The media, legal experts, and concerned citizens have brought up issues of the Fourth and First Amendments, perhaps with or without exact knowledge of the amendments themselves. They've thrown into play the concept of executive power. People are discussing the impeachment of President Bush himself, who is not above reproach on this issue. In fact, as it turns out, he is central to this controversy, along with the Attorney General of these United States, Alberto Gonzales. A lot has already been said, voices heard, opinions formed, and water coolers emptied trying to sort everything out. Party lines have been drawn, in the sand as it were, and the average college student living in the 'world information black hole' that is college (read the news lately?) is waiting in the middle for it to fall into place before free bowling night.

What's the point? The next time you chat with your friend studying abroad in London, call home when home is more than 6000 miles away, or email an expert professor somewhere in Indo-China for their opinion on your new onion powered motor, try to imagine what privacy could mean to you. Sorry to fill you in on this, but the NSA is kind of a big deal. In the hopes of forming a mature, informed, and balanced opinion on the NSA's SIGINT policies (that's Signals Intelligence for the un-acronymic), let us examine two important primary sources on this issue. First, we will turn to the Bill of Rights, as defined by the First ten Amendments to our Constitution. Next, we will turn our attention to a press conference transcript released by the ODNI (Office of the Director of National Intelligence).

All right, so about those rights we hear so much about. Most experts agree that the primary Amendment in play here is the Fourth. So we can look at the primary material together, here is the Fourth Amendment, straight from the US Constitution:

"Amendment IV

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

Essentially, this amendment has been interpreted to mean that the government cannot search through your things without a warrant issued for the affirmation of probable cause. Probable cause means that there is enough evidence that a reasonable person would suspect that you are guilty of a crime. A warrant is something of a legal permission slip that defines the who, what, where, when, why, and how of a search for evidence of a crime. The intent of a search warrant is to gather enough valid, relevant evidence to prove a person guilty of the crime for which the warrant is issued beyond a reasonable doubt.

Now that we have a reasonable understanding of the Fourth, let's move forward to the press conference held by the ODNI. The speaker at this press conference is General Michael V. Hayden, the former director of the NSA, and present Principal Deputy Director of National Intelligence. He met with the National Press Club in Washington DC on January 23rd.

Before we get too far into the brief, let's make sure we understand exactly what the NSA is and their role in the overall US intelligence community. According to the NSA's website (www.nsa.gov), the NSA is operated under Executive Order 12333, dated 1981. This order outlines two principle missions for the NSA. NSA's second mission, and the one central to this issue, is its foreign signals intelligence (SIGINT) mission. Under this mission, the NSA is responsible for collecting and processing signals information (information sent by electronic signal, such as radios, telephones, email, etc.) from foreign sources. This data is processed into intelligence, which provides the US with a sense of what is going on around her. Now that we understand the role of the NSA, at least to a degree, let's get back to the briefing.

During his opening remarks, General Hayden made it clear that the NSA is using every tool in its disposal to protect us, and is doing so within the realm of protecting our privacy rights. He could not go into deep detail in an unclassified environment, but did dispel the rumor that the NSA was using key-word based searches, data-mining tools, or broad collection nets that collect information that should be kept private. General Hayden assured the audience that their collection efforts are "targeted and focused." He also made it clear that this collection effort is not about intercepting communications within the US. One end of the conversation must be foreign, in order to comply with the NSA's mission. He char-
characterized the collection effort as a "hot pursuit of communications entering or leaving America involving someone we believe is associated with al Qaeda." General Hayden could not go into detail about the program itself, for fear of spilling the beans of their collection methods, and thusly tipping off the wrong people.

In regards to FISA, the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act, General Hayden also dispelled some misconceptions about that. The NSA can monitor communications for 72 hours before receiving an official warrant, but the only person capable of providing the authority to do so is the Attorney General. The Attorney General holds the NSA to the same standard of evidence that he will be expected to provide at the FISA special court. In other words, the Attorney General makes the call whether or not the NSA’s evidence would stand up to a FISA court, then allows the NSA to conduct the collection while the court is convened within three days. It is not a shortcut, or a three day license to do whatever they want without authority, but instead reflects the logistical issues with convening special courts for warrants.

However, according to General Hayden, FISA is not always an adequate operational tool. NSA has instead relied upon special authority granted to them by the president to conduct collection. In these cases of concern, one of the parties of the communication is residing within the United States. Thusly, they are considered a "US Person", as the NSA defines it in regards to privacy rights, citizen or not. In fact, Hayden shares; there is a large banner in the NSA office visible from 50 feet which reads: "What constitutes a US Person?" This reiterates the concerns for privacy the NSA has. The NSA also conducts its operations in tandem with a crack legal team which is continuously reviewing NSA policies for concerns of privacy. This team, according to Hayden, along with the DOJ and White House, averred to the lawfulness of the president-authorized collection procedures in question.

After his opening remarks, the General took questions from the audience. Most of these questions centered around the clarification of his opening statement, the targets of the special collection program in question, and its purported lawfulness. The only question which brought up the Fourth Amendment in particular was especially interesting. The question brought the idea of probable cause directly into view. However, the General asserted that the Fourth only creates a standard of ‘reasonable belief’ that someone is committing a crime, not probable cause.

We can see the important Constitutional issue at play. Is the Fourth Amendment standard ‘reasonable belief’ or ‘probable cause’? This, I expect, shall be the question of legal debate as this issue unfolds. However, I can say from my experience from the English language that the single sentence that makes up the Fourth Amendment should be read in full. You cannot stop at just any old comma; you have to read the whole sentence to get the whole meaning. Sure, the phrase ‘unreasonable search and seizure occurs’, but warrants defining the searches themselves must be given with ‘probable cause’. Go ahead, read the Amendment again, and make sure you don’t let the commas throw you off.

I hope you have learned more about the role and responsibilities of the NSA, the current legal debate on their presidential-approved collection program, the way FISA works, and the legal issues surrounding this unfolding controversy. I invite you to form your own opinions using these facts, and stay involved in the public debate as the US evolves in its definition and identity as a nation. Even in 2006, we are still toiled by the issue brought to light by Ben Franklin: "He who sacrifices liberty for security deserves neither"

Silent

By Amanda M. LaHanko

Silent as the grave
An image to which
I dare not dream
For to keep silent
Is to fade
Into the normality
Of society
Which is the grave
Of where we lay
Walked on
Helpless victims
Of silent voices
Who believe silence
Best- There are nice class times here, which works. The teachers are well with the equality that is given. The Halloween party last year at beardsle class times here, which works. The teachers are well with the equality that is given.

Worst- parties being busted. Worst- I got a parking ticket once, also dents here, and we are lacking in not all the rooms the career opportunities here. Have internet in them.
Best- It's a small Best- All the great people I have Best- The people in the dorms campus so you get met. Besides my peers in clubs to meet a lot of nice and organizations, professors like Worst- Everything else people. Like you Mr. Urban and Mrs. Dussault have can walk down the made my stay here much better, halls and actually I probably would have transferred say hi to people you long ago is it wasn't for the people know. here.

Worst- Some of Worst- Would probably be the La- the teachers are crosse program getting canned, hard to understand though it is merely the top of a with their accents. long list Some of the teachers aren't as knowledgeable on certain topics.
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