

MINT

Spring 2007 Volume 10



RHYTHMS, CYCLES, AND PATTERNS

FEATURE: Join a Great Business! See the World, Make New Friends,
Earn Some Money *by Kseniya Popov*

PERSPECTIVES: Don't Hold Back - Do It All! *by Rocky Brockway*
Empty Fullness *by Monica Wendel*
Fear of the Crimson Tide *by Ann Nicodemi*
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EDITOR'S NOTE

As the end of the school year rapidly approaches, MiNT Magazine is glad to provide you, Geneseo students, with our always interesting, sometimes curious, and unavoidably critical perspectives. With the publication of our tenth volume, I am proud to say that MiNT has evolved over the years into a mature magazine that meets the needs of our readers. On behalf of MiNT, I invite you all to take a look inside, what some of our writers are coming up with may surprise you!

Our theme for this issue is Rhythms, Cycles, and Patterns – an appropriate theme for our seventh year of publication. From discoveries about Sherlock Holmes' use of cocaine to comparisons of Barack Obama with Jean Toomer; focusing on graffiti as a form of free speech to why men have such a hard time walking down the tampon aisle, the clearly expressed views of our writers are sure to capture your interests. Our feature article exposes the horrific practices of human trafficking happening right under our noses in the United States.

I am proud of all the members of MiNT, and wish to congratulate you all on a very productive and memorable year. We will close this year by saying goodbye to our seniors – Rocky Brockway and Monica Wendel. Rocky - thank you for your ever-calm presence, your willingness to take on any project, and your ability to make every MiNT meeting enjoyable. Monica - thank you for your great ideas, your passion for writing, and your many late nights during layout sessions. On behalf of MiNT, we wish you both well as you leave Geneseo. Congratulations!



Sara Germain
Editor-in-Chief

MiNT Magazine is an outlet for students of SUNY Geneseo to exercise their freedom of speech, whether it be artistic, creative, or political. The editorials published reflect the opinions and sentiments of their authors.

We welcome responses to our editorials
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Confessions of a Cocaine Fiend

by Pat Morgan

SHERLOCK HOLMES WAS A COCAINE FIEND. There, the news is finally out. I'd leave it alone if he didn't need someone to defend his image. He didn't have cute pet names for his drugs like "wacky dust" or "white lady," and he didn't "chase the dragon." He straight up injected it (using a precisely measured seven-percent solution). How could I possibly know this you ask? Couldn't I be an anti-Holmesian—some descendent of Sherlock's famed nemesis, Professor Moriarty—planted here to subvert that great detective's name and to then enact world domination? Well, no, I'm actually not anti-Holmesian at all... it was Watson who told me.

With the exception of two short stories, all of Sherlock Holmes' cases are told from the perspective of Doctor Watson, who so kindly wrote them down (thank you, Watson). Watson was a military surgeon, after all, and he paid special attention when Holmes would recline in his velvety armchair, roll up his left sleeve, and stick himself with a cocaine-filled syringe. Ah, good old Victorian England.

Holmes was a cold mental machine of the highest caliber, but signs of his crazed cocaine addiction were written all over his left forearm: it had so many track marks you would've mistaken it for an Indie 500 speedway. By no means was this a casual cycle; he injected cocaine (and occasionally morphine) three times a day, for months on end. I know these revelations are shocking, but before anybody screams "Down with the detective!" and joins a book-burning circle, let me just say this: it wasn't entirely his fault.

Two things happened in 1859 that will forever be intertwined: Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, was born, and Albert Niemann produced a substance he dubbed "cocaine" (the Incans had technically chewed coca leaves for thousands of years, but it wasn't until the 19th century that the active ingredient was extracted). Arthur Conan Doyle wasn't a cocaine expert, but he most certainly had read about the drug. Before he bestowed upon us the world's greatest detective, he was a failing optometrist, and it was in this profession that cocaine found its first use. Not only was cocaine legal, but for about a decade after 1884, it was also considered to be the medical breakthrough of the century.

Sherlock Holmes wasn't just some schmuck easily taken in by a fad. If you asked Victorian Era cocaine experts about the uses of cocaine, they might've so thoroughly dazzled you with its properties that your veins would be aching for the stuff. Scientific study after study found new uses for the stimulant. It worked wonders for opiate addicts and alcoholics (oh, the irony). It was given for hay fever and the cold. Are you depressed? Take some cocaine. Do you suffer from hemorrhoids? Oh, cocaine will clear that up. Asthmatic? Ha, I've got just the thing for you! In fact, before he talked about Oedipus complexes and egos, Sigmund Freud was one of the loudest supporters of medicinal cocaine.

Freud wasn't the only famous name supporting or using cocaine. Long before Bill Clinton showed us the difference between not inhaling and smoking marijuana, cocaine allayed the pain of former President Ulysses S. Grant's throat cancer. Tonics sprang up touting the health benefits of cocaine-containing drinks, including a new brand called "Coca-Cola." Forget about caffeine; Coca-Cola's ingredients included small amounts of cocaine up to

the year 1904. Suddenly the company's current jingle, "Welcome to the Coke Side of Life," has new meaning. This is all fine and dandy, but one coke user in particular really puts things into perspective: the Pope. Yes, Pope Leo XIII had at least one thing in common with Thomas Edison: they both drank a coca wine called "Vin Mariani." How can you blame Sherlock Holmes? I mean, if the Pope did it, how bad could it be?



It wasn't for hemorrhoids or toothaches that Holmes used cocaine—it was for boredom. When he couldn't put his brain to use on a stimulating case he did what he believed to be the next best thing and injected himself with cocaine. You may be able to forgive Sherlock Holmes more easily considering his society had an overwhelmingly positive outlook on cocaine use, but don't let this mislead you. Sherlock Holmes knew about the long-term negative effects of cocaine because Dr. Watson, for once, out-reasoned the haughty sleuth. Although public addiction to cocaine was due to its over-prescription by physicians, it was because of Dr. Watson that Holmes eventually gave up his "drug mania" (as Watson called it).

We can thank Watson just as much as we can thank Holmes for their thrilling detective cases. Without Watson, Holmes' drug addiction would likely have killed him, and we would be cheated out of knowing one of the world's most recognizable cultural icons. Doyle's early mentions of the detective's wild cocaine cycle died out to the extent that they aren't even mentioned later on in the canon—he allows readers to remember Sherlock Holmes as an eccentric and brilliant detective rather than a cocaine addict who might have suffered from heart disease or a stroke.

It was his friendly relationship with Sherlock Holmes that saved Sherlock's life; but how "friendly" was that relationship? Let's just leave that for another article.

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Fear of the Crimson Tide: Or What Horrors Lie in the Tampon Aisle

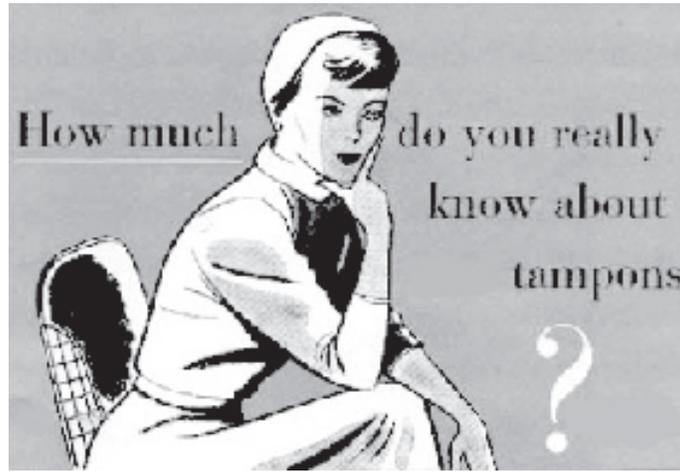
by Ann Nicodemi

Recently, I was shopping with a male friend, and we were slowly making our way down all of the aisles together, picking up what we needed as we went. That is, we were together until we reached a certain aisle. “Oh, I need to go down here,” I said. “I just need to grab some tampons.” The second the word tampon left my mouth he was ready to disappear; he quickly sidled off to another aisle, saying as he walked away, “Come find me when you’re done.” Now, I am not naïve; I realize the difficulty that someone of the opposite sex could have with discussing menstruation, and I understand that there is discomfort in even looking at the feminine hygiene products that go along with this topic. However, the more I think about it, the more I don’t understand what the big deal is.

As I was preparing to write this article, I spoke with some other friends, a couple females, and one male. I told them the story about shopping with my male friend, and how I was going to write an article exploring the reasons for a taboo on menstruation that is, at times, so extreme that my friend can’t even walk down the aisle with me while I pick up some tampons. The male that was present during this conversation immediately replied, “Well, of course you’d want us locked up if we bled down there every month.” Would I? I don’t think so, but then again, if I didn’t understand the experience, then perhaps it would horrify me as well.

When women in ancient Greece began menstruating, they had to start wearing longer and more modest clothing, and they were considered ready for marriage. The Navajo Indian women also wear special clothing when they first get their periods, and they run footraces to show their strength. In Japan, when a girl begins menstruating, the family celebrates by eating red beans and rice. These completely different cultures all have different methods of acknowledging this important rite of passage for women, and they all make an effort to celebrate this important moment in the lives of females. In American culture this is often not the case; women are taught from a young age to keep menstruation and other aspects of their developing sexuality private. Why is such a natural biological process something that women are taught to keep secret?

Menstruation, or a period, is the part of the menstrual cycle when the female sheds blood and tissue from the uterus. It flows through the cervix and out through the vagina; a process lasting for about three to five days. The menstrual cycle is a two-part sequence: in the first part of the cycle, the uterus grows and thickens because of a rise in estrogen. The woman then ovulates, or an



egg leaves her ovary. In the second part of the menstrual cycle, the egg travels through the fallopian tube to the uterus, where, because of rising levels of progesterone, the uterine lining is prepared for a fertilized egg to attach to its wall. However, if a pregnancy does not occur, then both estrogen and progesterone levels drop, and the thickened lining sheds, resulting in menstruation.

The menstrual cycle is not a mysterious process, nor should it be a secret one. We all know

that human beings reproduce, and that females become pregnant and bear children. The menstrual cycle and menstruation are both important parts of human reproduction, and so yes, they are a big deal, but they shouldn’t be something that men are horrified to speak or think about. There is such a taboo on discussing menstruation that women have even developed special code phrases to discuss their menstrual cycles without being understood by male eavesdroppers! Whether the code actually works is not important; it exists. A woman might say to another that her “friend is visiting,” or that she “has the curse.” Other popular options include “it’s that time of the month,” or a discreet mumbling of “female troubles.”

So why is it that men can’t walk down tampon aisles and women can’t speak frankly about their periods in mixed company? There’s a Freudian route I could go down here, but most, including myself, don’t find it to be useful for modern discussion of menstruation. Perhaps it has something to do with it not being a shared experience—men will never experience menstruation, therefore it is difficult for them to understand. Perhaps it has to do with the idea of blood; we’re taught that it is bad to bleed, and that we should immediately stop blood flow when we cut ourselves. Paradoxically, menstruation cannot be stopped.

I’m not saying that men should start talking about periods all the time, or encourage that it become common dinner table conversation (although there isn’t any reason it can’t be), I’m merely suggesting that perhaps those men who are afraid of the tampon aisle should reconsider their avoidance, or at least ask themselves why they feel the need to separate themselves from the topic so much.

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An Adopted Brother

by Aaron Netsky

Listening to African American spirituals, two biblical figures appear more than any others in the lyrics: Moses and Jesus. Obvious Moses figures in African American history include Frederick Douglass and Harriet Tubman. But what about the Jesus figure, the savior who will raise the people up? Many groups seek their messiahs; during the Harlem Renaissance, the African American community thought they had found one. The Harlem Renaissance, as historian David Levering Lewis writes, was “a somewhat forced phenomenon...directed by leaders of the national civil rights establishment for the paramount purpose of improving race relations in a time of extreme national backlash, caused in part by economic gains won by Afro-Americans during the Great War.” One of its goals was to show the African American experience through art.

The artist deemed the savior of African Americans was Jean Toomer, whose father was white and mother was of mixed race. He looked white, and grew up in a privileged neighborhood in Washington D.C. His father was from Georgia, and though he left the family soon after Toomer was born, Toomer still made a pilgrimage to Georgia—to teach there and to explore his own roots. It was in Georgia that he began to write his literary enigma, *Cane*, published in 1923, which chronicled the African American experience both in the reconstructed south and the north through poetry, short stories, and a play. It was this work that convinced people like Langston Hughes and Zora Neale Hurston, both writers in the Harlem Renaissance, to call on Toomer to be their leader, or their “savior.”

Having already contributed a defining work to the Harlem Renaissance, Toomer was now expected to do even more: to lead and inspire others to do more as well. The pressure was too much—he did not want to be the African American savior; in fact, he did not even identify himself as African American. As critic Rudolph P. Byrd claims, Toomer did not want race to matter at all. Toomer

have only been three African American senators, the most recent of which is Barack Obama, who is now running for president. He is being called by both blacks and whites the first viable African American candidate for the presidency in history. Could he be the new African American savior figure?

Obama’s candidacy has raised a new question: what constitutes being African American? Obama’s father is a Kenyan born immigrant, and his mother a white woman from Kansas. Arguably, he has more African heritage than Jean Toomer, and his skin is darker, but since he is not descended from slaves as Toomer was, many critics, like author Debra Dickerson, say that he isn’t black. She told Stephen Colbert, on his “Report,” “He’s a brother, but he’s an adopted brother.” Disagreeing with Dickerson, Leonard Pitts, Jr., of the Miami Herald wrote in the Democrat and Chronicle, on February 5th, 2007, “You may be many things, but if one of them is black, that trumps the rest in terms of how the world sees you. Black is definitive.” Obama is not running as a “black” candidate, but a hint about how he identifies himself could be seen in his church, Chicago’s Trinity United Church of Christ, which works with the Liberation theology of James Cone, emphasizing “black values.”

Is the fact that he is not descended from slaves going to be more of an issue for white voters than the color of his skin? How should African American voters respond to his candidacy? Should they support him because he is black, even if they do not agree with his politics, and vote for him to become the first black president? Should they feel guilty if they voted for, potentially, the first female president, or another white male president who has the same views that they do? Is there any way to separate Obama’s race from his campaign?

Will Obama turn out to be what Jean Toomer fell short of, savior or otherwise?

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http://www.grist.org/news/maindish/2006/03/21/obama_165.jpg



ran away from this assigned role, disassociating himself from *Cane*, and not making any more contributions to the Harlem Renaissance.

Jean Toomer’s grandfather, on his mother’s side, was P. B. S. Pinchback, the first African American elected to the Senate. He was fair-skinned, just like Toomer. Since the reconstruction era, when Pinchback served, there

-A mention of thanks to the Anthropology Department for their continued support.

Empty Fullness

by Monica Wendel

“I’m all lost in the supermarket, I can no longer shop happily. I came in here for that special offer, guaranteed personality.” – The Clash, ‘Lost in the Supermarket’

“I saw you, Walt Whitman, lonely old grubber, poking among the meats in the refrigerator and eyeing the grocery boys.” – Allen Ginsberg, “A Supermarket in California”

“Bought at the supermarket or drive-through, the average bite has traveled 1500 miles before it reaches our lips.” – Adbusters Magazine, “Change Who You Imagine You Are”

“It seemed to me that Babette and I, in the mass and variety of our purchases, in the sheer plenitude those crowded bags suggested, the weight and size and number, the familiar package designs and vivid lettering, the giant sizes, the family bargain packs with Day-Glo sale stickers, in the sense of replenishment we felt, the sense of well-being, the security and contentment these products brought to some snug home in our souls – it seemed we had achieved a fullness of being that is not known to people who need less, expect less, who plan their lives around lonely walks in the evening.” – Don DeLillo, *White Noise*

Supermarkets, the temples and hallmarks of American consumerism, dot our physical and mental landscape. What defines them? Where did they come from? Do they serve to separate us from farmers and bakers, delivering pre-packaged peanut butter & jelly sandwiches, scrambled eggs, “Lunchables,” chopped carrots and pre-shredded cheese? What does our quest for convenience cost us? Or is this no more than an overreaction – an over analytic mind deconstructing something that happens to be fundamentally simple? The beeping of the self-service checkout machine seems to tell its own story.

Supermarkets’ primeval origins were heavily labor-intensive stores. Almost like the Long Island staple, the drive-through Dairy Barn, the assistant had to fetch the products from one side of the counter while the customer stood on the other side. Then the assistant measured out the precise amount that the customer wanted, since food was not packaged the way it is today: in containers or bottles that seem to be made in increasingly smaller sizes. This produced less waste than our current system, as “snack sized” bags of chips produce much more waste than buying the same amount of chips in one bag. It also, however, limited the number of people who could be helped at one time, as each customer needed a clerk. This model changed in 1916, around the same time that Henry Ford perfected his assembly line for mass production. With more self-service, Clarence Sander’s and his Piggly Wiggly stores were extremely profitable, despite the higher risk of shoplifting. Since then, the retail model has been to stack shelves at night and let customers bring the goods to the front of

the store and pay for them—something we are all used to now.

Still, we can’t call those Piggly Wiggly stores “real” supermarkets. We all know what makes supermarkets so special is their sheer size. King Kullen was the first supermarket, functioning under the slogan “Pile it high. Sell it low.” It was 6,000 square feet and located in a former garage in Jamaica, Queens. The year was 1937; the Great Depression was forcing everyone to cut costs, in any way that they could. Other stores, such as Kroger and Safeway, followed suit, with Kroger building parking lots surrounding the massive stores on all four sides. No more shopping on credit; no more mom-and-pop joints. The modern supermarket was born.

By 1955, the supermarket was ubiquitous enough for Allen Ginsberg to use it as a metaphor for society’s discontent, a place of loneliness, empty of fulfillment. Food is an emblem of community. Families join together, feasting, for Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter. Geneseo freshmen congregate by the dozen and trek together to RJ, bonding over plates of salad, french-fries, frozen yogurt. Everyone I know has a favorite dinner, whether at school or at home. People come together over food. This is perhaps why the emptiness of the modern supermarket is striking. Food is something we use as a connection, be it between friends, strangers, or family. When food sinks to the level of a mass consumer good, it makes sense to note the disconnect between the food we share and eat with others, and the food that is piled high in warehouse-like settings.

Don DeLillo echoes that theme in *White Noise*; if consumerism makes people happy and provides them with some sort of spiritual fulfillment, the first place to go to find that is the grocery store. The narrator, Jack, and his wife get a “sense of replenishment” from their trip to the grocery store. It is the entire production of shopping that makes it what it is, from the drive to wandering the aisles to packing up the car again with bright products, labeled and secure. They are filling themselves up with their trips. This consumerism, and the fact that they are well enough off to consume this amount of things, gives them a sense of superiority. Americans like to look at financial failings as moral failings. The poor are seen as lazy, unsophisticated, and stupid. In the supermarket, Jack and his wife buy name-brand products that show off what they can afford. They do not show up with clipped coupons or lists of items on sale. The chore of grocery shopping has become yet another status symbol. The counter culture, of course, reacts to that with another extreme: dumpster diving, or searching through trash (especially dumpsters from supermarkets or other stores that throw out a lot of items) to find useable items such as food or clothing. Food Not Bombs, an organization dedicated to relieving hunger, gets a large amount of surplus food from grocery stores – food that would have otherwise ended up in a dumpster. Some branches of Food Not Bombs dumpster dive instead of, or in addition to, accepting donations. Food Not Bombs has become, in many ways, the polar opposite of a supermarket. **SUPERMARKET** *continued on page 13*

Patrick Henry Needed a Spray Can

by Eric Metz

One night, for lack of anywhere better to eat, I found myself sitting at Mama Mia's. Not quite ready to stomach the oily slice that lay before me, I looked to the people around me for encouragement. Sitting by the front window was a kindergarten-ish kid who seemed to share in my predicament. While the mother foisted the greasy pie on the helpless girl, she sat stenciling on the breath-fogged window—I couldn't focus on anything but her.

For a second it felt like I was having a Lolita moment, but then I realized it must be the graffiti. For a few weeks I had been struggling to find the right way to start an article on graffiti and a way to explain why I believe it is alright...

Graffiti is alright because citizens have the right to speak. Graffiti is good because it allows for this socially muted speech. Whenever a mother forces imitations of Italian nutrition down the throat of a child, or an economic class system muzzles a poor citizen, graffiti silently sprawls over our society's surfaces.

Graffiti is not a problem, it's evidence. Slouching by the window, the little girl was not screaming at her mother or throwing her food; she was silently scratching away at the window. Graffiti is for those who know other forms of expression are futile. I have no idea what lay in store for that kid if she erupted and spewed marinara in her mother's face, but the very fact that she didn't signals she has already tantrumed to no avail. Her problem was the pizza and an insistent mother, and graffiti was her artful dodge. Carving pizza slices and x's into the fogged window, she used what she had learned about our society's written communication to signal to those inside the parlor and out on the sidewalk that she was suffering from pizza oppression.

Graffiti is the proletariat's question mark. It is our Why? Why have you locked me in here? Why have you swept my concerns under a rug? Are my concerns as a citizen in our society not as relevant as yours? When society reclaims graffitied terrain, they mute the last channel of social questioning open to the otherwise voiceless. Urban renewal programs that whitewash over the graffiti artist's questions are the grossest form of cultural relativism. This action says that the proletariat's form of communication is unacceptable because it doesn't mesh with the elect's higher level of communication.

The construction of aesthetic lingual barriers is very repressed-Victorian. Aesthetic communication barriers are used to make colloquial cries ridiculous. By making the horrible hilarious, aesthetic lingual filters hide the horrors of our class system. Painting over spray painted queries does not solve a problem; it is just another way of masking it. The Victorian element's need to arrest the artist's aerosol anguish reveals graffiti's social strength. The social questions in graffiti are unsavory to the bourgeois because they point to power stratification in our democracy.

Hitler hated graffiti. I don't know if that is a fact, but if he were half the fascist he claimed he was, then he would have to be. The hallmark of a fascist society is regulation of

all forms of communication. To restrict graffiti is the state's attempt to limit communication to its authorized forms. While the state can control the print and electronic media, it has no real handle over the painted media. Graffiti is a threat to the state because it asks real questions. Where other forms of media ask questions that society has more or less deemed acceptable, graffiti throws social curveballs. Its unpredictable and sometimes-anarchical method of questioning threatens the status quo.

Whitewashing power mongers don't realize that graffiti is the product of enforcing a social mold. To assume that covering graffiti is a solution is to believe that it's the work of a few socially deranged individuals—it's a process which assumes covering is a solution. However, this isn't true: graffiti springs from the frustration of the downtrodden; it has been erupting on walls ever since humanity began stacking bricks. The power problems that outraged Egyptian hieroglyphers are the same as those of today's urban artist and my scribbling pizza pal. If Victorians and pizza-pushing mothers don't want any more graffiti, fine. But if they want white-walls they need to stop whitewashing. A podium for the powerless to speak on would be a start, but unless power is defused democratically, it will just get nosier. We need to stop shifting shit onto the proletariat. Stop pushing the weak into slums. Stop sliding greasy slices at kindergarten kids. Give us Liberty or give us Graffiti!

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Don't Hold Back—Do It All!

by Rocky Brockway

I see no reason why I can't do it all; that's my motto!

Boundaries are everywhere. However, I believe that most of the boundaries we see are illusory and often self constructed. As a child, I remember dreaming about how I would grow up to become a respected, world renowned professor of some discipline, holed up in some dusty office at times, off on some exotic island at others, or on an adventurous journey, but always happy and totally obsessed with my work. Of course, back then my career choices changed almost as quickly as my underwear. I could never make up my mind on what I would do after growing up. I still can't. I have always had an intense curiosity about almost everything. Sometimes this drives me (and others) crazy, but mostly, excessive curiosity is what keeps me going.

Unfortunately for me, working up the academic ladder means encountering pressure to specialize. I am currently a senior Anthropology major, and my search for grad schools involves not only applying, but also finding the schools that are right for me. Making this decision presupposes that I have some idea of what is right for me, but that is not necessarily the case. While I do know that I want to go on to grad school for Anthropology, the next question is: what part of anthropology do I want to specialize in? Well gee, that's a good question, but what if I don't want to engage in just one aspect? Anthropology is supposed to be holistic, right? Maybe I'd like my grad school "menu" to be somewhat ala carte. Waiter (Advisor), I'll take the archaeology, with some cultural anthropology on the side, followed by a healthy helping of physical anthropology. Oh and by the way, for dessert I'll take a piece of the geologic-geography pie with the whipped chemistry frosting. Is that ok? Probably not. When applying to grad schools, it is suggested that applicants find a school that have faculty members who specialize in the same thing that they themselves would like to specialize in. I immediately ask, "Does anyone out there do basically everything?"

If, like me, you can relate to wanting to do it all, do not give up on your dream of becoming abnormally holistic in an academic world that seems to push you toward specialization. I believe that to do so would only crush your individual creativity and originality, and you would be doing the world a major disservice. When I think about some of the truly great thinkers of our time like Da Vinci, Darwin, Jefferson or Franklin, I see that many of them didn't settle on one field of interest. They were "Jacks of all trades," but also masters of a number of them. I'm not saying that I should be compared with Da Vinci, but isn't it obvious that the world can benefit from people who take a multidisciplinary approach?

So what does one do in a world that seems to demand specialization? Are we to jump through academic hoops, pretend-



ing we want to be specialized and interchangeable, waiting until a time comes when we are able to do whatever we want? Perhaps the answer is "yes," in some cases. However, I think that in today's globally connected world it is becoming more obvious that holistic thinking and multi-vocality are valid, or even preferred points of entry where many problems are concerned. Furthermore, we have access to a worldwide network of people. We have vast amounts of information at our disposal. There is no excuse for failing to take advantage of it all.

As a result of all this information sharing, we are realizing the benefit and necessity of utilizing multiple lines of investigation. Think about most of the problems we face today: environmental degradation, global warming, natural disasters, war and terrorism. Does anyone think that a singular line of reasoning or a lone discipline will take care of these problems? I doubt it. If these problems are going to be solved, it will take a concerted effort on all fronts.

Perhaps academia is starting to see this as well. During a recent department evaluation, professionals from outside our department suggested that we should do more to further encourage and facilitate multidisciplinary pursuits. I think that this is cause for hope. Perhaps academia is catching on. Also, did you know that Geneseo will be offering an individualized major in the future? While Geneseo is an outstanding liberal arts college, and we do have interdisciplinary fields of study, we don't really cater well to students who want to devote a lot of time to multiple specialized areas of study. This is truer of some programs, where there is very little time left in a four-year schedule to take on courses outside of one's major. The benefits of an individualized major would be enormous for someone that wishes to do it all and still has a general idea of the direction in which he or she is going.

For my part, I have tried hard to get a lot of experience in as many disciplines as I possibly can. I have taken courses from across the board, including most of the major areas of study. I have taken courses that enable me to utilize a geographic information system, and I have taken courses that allow me to perform chemical analysis on ceramic vessels found at archaeological sites. Granted, I have a lot to learn concerning most fields and am well aware that I have limitations, but it has been well worth the effort so far. Learning from these academic disciplines, I have found that my curiosity has been further piqued and that a whole new world of possibility has opened up before me. I know it sounds clichéd, but it's the truth. The boundaries that I once perceived seem to have vanished because of my willingness to go beyond them, and in their place, I have found answers.

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Join a Great Business! See the World, Make New Friends, Earn Some Money!

by Kseniya Popov

One of the oldest businesses on earth is expanding and looking for new recruits. It draws on the strength of 27 million people around the world. Every ten minutes a novice joins their ranks. The United States is one of the budding centers for this industry, gaining forty-five thousand new workers annually. Best of all, yearly profits total \$9 billion, and growing!

Business majors should see something wrong with this equation: that's a lot of people, and not a lot of profit to show for it...is economy of scale at work? Is it a multi-level marketing scheme? Neither factors are involved, but it is a fact that millions of people around the world, perhaps someone reading this article right now, believe that they are snagging a job from a great "company."

Every ten minutes a man, woman, or child is tricked into believing they will find a better job and a better life. In Eastern Europe, a young woman sees an advertisement for summer work in Paris, but ends up in a Mid Eastern brothel. In East Asia, men and women borrow against everything they have on their way to America, only to arrive into indentured servitude. In Africa, boys are snatched off the streets and taken deep into the mountains where they are forced to carry guns for guerrillas. Girls are raped in the hut where they were found. If they're good, the soldiers might take them with them...or come back another day.

Two hundred years ago the entire western world engaged in an act of business so shameful that today we still talk about it, shake our heads, and acknowledge that once, we, the proud leaders of the world, the models of civilization, sold Black, Hindu, Chinese, and South American people like street vendors today would sell a hot dog. But slavery did not die out in the western world by 1888, like social studies teachers would have us believe. It did not even stop in 1961, when Saudi Arabia abolished its instituted slavery. It continues to this day, all over Asia, Africa, Europe, and the Americas. It's known as human trafficking.

The problem of human trafficking is deeply tied in with the immigration debate, human rights, and children's rights. It is the transfer of people against their will through coercion or deceit. We know it's both international and local, but we don't know how large it is: the U.S. Department of Justice estimates that more than 17,000 people are transferred against their will across borders into the U.S. every year. Internally over 200,000 children are in a position where they are at risk to be trafficked into the sex industry. These numbers are estimates in the most specific sense of the word—trafficking is clandestine. There are no visas, passports, or census statistics, because in most cases trafficked people forfeit their documents in return for promise of work. Without identifying papers, often unable to speak English, and under the watchful eyes of their "employers," stolen and enslaved peoples are hidden in our communities.

The United States has passed a number of initiatives to combat this form of slavery, most recently the Trafficking Victims Protection Act in 2000 and the PROTECT Act in 2003. The former established the Office to Monitor and Combat Traf-

ficking in Persons and the President's Interagency Task Force to Monitor and Combat Trafficking in Persons. The latter is designed to protect children from sexual exploitation, torture, and kidnapping. It also allows the U.S. to prosecute American citizens who travel abroad in order to sexually exploit minors.

Last November, Attorney General Alberto Gonzalez earmarked over \$1,000,000 to battle human trafficking in Western New York, and to establish a regional anti-trafficking task force. This action might signal that there is a problem in our area of the state, in addition to the human trafficking problems more publicly experienced by New York City and other regions. Unfortunately, unlike in Florida and Connecticut, human trafficking is not considered a felony by the New York State legislature; in fact there is no criminal law to deal with this offense. These laws are needed to supplement federal laws, because federal authorities are unable to prosecute all the small cases of trafficking that exist, and find it necessary to focus on large cases involving multiple defendants. Organizations such as the NY State Anti-Trafficking Coalition are spearheading the effort for strong crime legislation. So far they have been unsuccessful in convincing state leaders.

The problem is growing, and it's quite possible that governments and NGO will do little to stop the spread of human trafficking. In fact, they have only recently come on board; both officially defining "human trafficking" and passing the U.N. Protocol to Prevent, Suppress and Punish Trafficking in Persons in 2000. According to PolarisProject.org, a non-profit organization working to end human trafficking, the industry is the third fastest growing criminal business in the world. The U.S. budget for combating human trafficking is currently \$50 million. Compare this to the \$19 billion we spend to combat drug trafficking. Only 1% of foreign trafficking victims have been officially identified and assisted in the U.S. so far. The situation is similar around the world. Source countries, or countries from which men women and children are trafficked into destination countries, find it difficult to stop people from going abroad for what they perceive as legitimate work. Destination countries are sometimes unaware of the magnitude of the problem, and at other times they are at a loss in knowing how to combat this illicit underground industry. Official slavery took many hundreds of years to eradicate. Unofficial slavery will take many more resources, and much more international cooperation between governments, police forces, advocacy groups, and people like you and me, to abolish. According to Free The Slaves (freetheslaves.net), slavery can be eradicated in our generation. But only if we know about it. Spread the word.

Responses to this editorial can be sent to mint@geneseo.edu

Perpetual War: The New American Tradition

by Will Sankey

The mechanization that had been slumbering for some time is now yawning out a shriek. Grappling up from the stricken earth it casts its deadly, wretched eyes about—shadows lurch where it steps and death follows. Two aircraft carriers, the USS Eisenhower and the USS John C. Stennis, are wading in the gulf, prepared. The beating of the unnerved heart quickens; peace talks break down. It's predictable. They've been our enemy since 1979. We're the good guys, they're the bad - and it's about time they were taught the same lesson that has been taught to numerous cultures. It's dark tonight in Baghdad; a peace has fallen that is more horrific than the war. Can we get back to the war days? On the molecular level, the abyss erupts into orgasmic color as elements scramble in the mist. Churning particles, multiplying, surviving, thriving—generating and building—as they've always done and will continue to do for as long, it seems, as our War on Terror proliferates.

Enlarge the viewfinder from the organic. Molecules now bonded form the ooze that slides down the soldier's helmet, as another pattern appears. The vast piece of mechanization laughs. The Iranians won't be allowed to bomb.

Hundreds of miles away, similar molecules vibrate at the I. B., intoxicated in their conviction of certain life and need to replicate. They're drunk and flaying in the darkness, infused and inundated with the patterned pieces of other chemicals—mixing always. A new song comes on, "The Rhythm of the Night." Its beat begins, and before the alcohol takes you off your guard, you wonder about the rhythm of the Geneseo night compared with that of Tehran's—how different is their's anyway? Walk home, walk it off, notice the lines etched in stone in front of Erwin—cross, straight, and crossed again. You've noticed them before, and sure enough there are lines etched in stone in Tehran, lines we soon may cross irrevocably.

Back in busted Baghdad, the rhythm of this night is the same as it has been for some time now—insidious chemicals, not unlike the ones you've just imbibed—mix together to form a violent reaction. The abyss erupts once again in painfully mixed color, surrounding and consuming another car (back in your suite someone is making Irish car bombs). Another night, another color burst. Back here, those same line dancing molecules may remind you of what you're doing this Friday evening—the United States has been in some war every single decade since the '40s. It's be-



come an American tradition; how's that for a pattern. "Don't think about that," she says as she takes your hand. Instead of that cycle, consider ours': Geneseo, graduate school, marriage, job, suburbs, kids, death—or is it job then marriage? Maybe this cycle will allow me to afford a decent car soon...hopefully. All patterns aren't bad, but some need deconstruction or at least reconsideration. The patterns of a typical life, the course of a typical war; notice propaganda in the news, have you seen it before?

Is the United States going to attack Iran? Let's hope not, but in the meantime gear up for the worst. Plans are in motion and have been since that fateful speech back, God knows when, in another lifetime, about the Axis of Evil. Right now, we are in a state of perpetual war, fueled by darker forces than you or I can fathom—the weapons manufacturers, Cheney, neo-conservatives. What is plan TIRANNT ("Theater Iran Near

Term") and what does it have in store for us? Partially it means that "They" (whatever powers that be) have 10,000 sites already marked for obliteration—we are at perpetual war. See Michael Shank's recent article with Chomsky—"Control is the source of strategic power." Iran is rebelling against U.S. control, and we won't tolerate that. See Karen DeYoung's Washington Post article—"Tehran's operatives were supplying explosive devices to Iraqi Shiites who are killing U. S. troops." The reasons for war are being supplied and the public may again soon take the bait.

Yet there is hope of a good peace. The Sunday Times article entitled "US Generals 'will quit' if Bush orders Iran attack," is succinct enough in its title. Other articles argue the same: midterm elections, change is in the air. Go outside, spring is coming back. Look up, somewhere among those stars a distant song is traveling the airwaves, free of the prison of earth's pull; its lyrics are heard somewhere across the galaxy, "and it's one, two, three what are we fighting for? Don't ask me I don't give a damn, next stop is Vietnam. And it's five, six, seven, open up the pearly gates. Ohhh there ain't no time to wonder why, whoopee, we're all gonna die." Echoing the motto of another time, lost on its trek, it may stop by again to remind us about patterns, and our desperate need for iconoclasts.

Responses to this editorial can be sent to mint@geneseo.edu

http://www.themodernword.com/pynchon/zak_smith/96.htm

Every Time

by Aaron Netsky

You remember every time. You, not me. I've seen it all before. You see it there, for the first time, Hammerstein would say "across a crowded floor," Stevie Wonder would say, "on a distant cloud." Your love. Him or her. This morning you were on Facebook, and Christine was no longer listed as single, Emily and Teddy were newly in a relationship, William is engaged, and Chris is married. It's just after spring break, and everything has started going so well for everyone you know, and so you figure—why shouldn't it for you? You walk up to it. And just as you thought, you and it become them. You, not me. I've seen it all before. This one will be forever and a day.

I've seen it all before. You go on your first date, to Denny's, or a walk in a grave yard, or to a chick flick or a tear jerker, or, every so often, a dumb action pic. Perhaps you do some combination of the above. And you talk and you laugh, you learn about each other. You're more compatible than you thought, aren't you? Sitting across from each other at Starbucks, sipping the same drink, because you thought you would try what your love ordered, and your love thought the same thing. Neither of you has had this drink before. It will be your drink. I've seen it all before. You feel alive when you're together and dead when you're apart, and you feel it is right that you should always be together. You, not me.

You start to buy each other gifts. I've seen it all before. Every time you see a necklace she should wear, or a hat he would love, you buy it. The gifts begin to get expensive, and you pretend that your love should not have spent so much on you, and sometimes you think it should have been more. Why isn't there more money being put towards you? And neither of you has realized how busy the other is, because it used to be simpler—now it's complicated. What is your love doing when you are not around? You get suspicious. Why did your love introduce you to a friend, a very close friend, with whom you share your gender? I've seen it all before.

You, not me. You notice your friends on Facebook have updated their statuses. Phil is wondering why the world is such a cruel place; Judy is wondering why love never works. Ashley has updated her quotes, and now they are all unhappy in love and alone lyrics by emo bands. The bad moods that your friends are in make your own so much harder to bear. Why doesn't that person feel the same way you do: love? Alex changed his relationship status to single, Peter and Erin ended their relationship, Matt and Ellen are no longer engaged. It's complicated between Amelia and Zane. The same is true of you and that person who you think is your love. I've seen it all before. You, not me.

Every time you hear that person's special ring on your cell phone, your gut is suddenly hollow and it caves in on itself. You don't want to talk, every time you talk to that person you cry, or you shout, more often both, and then you make up, but then it happens again, and you hate it, and your roommate hates it and your friends hate it. That person who you kissed, and who spent the night a few times, though nothing happened. Is that why you started fighting? You were just never ready, you just wanted to be in that person's arms and feel loved, and you thought that person felt loved too. You wanted mutual admiration, to take care of each other. Were you wrong? This was going to be the person you were to spend the rest of your life with. You couldn't have been wrong. You, not me. Him. Her. Them. It. You. Not me. Never me. I've seen it all before, and my eyes get clearer every time.

I've seen it all before. You. Not me. Never me. Again.

Responses to this editorial can be sent to mint@geneseo.edu

"Red Lights in the Oratory" (c) 2006, Marisol Maddox



The Snake

by Sara Germain

the snake is standing up
on what would be
its hind legs

it coils around itself and
stands vertical
forced into position

its eye is always open
and I wonder
does he ever get to sleep?

I stand at the edge of the pool and take his picture
later when his figure develops
he looks small to me

he is crowded into the corner of the picture
almost cut off by the stronger figures in the center
and his mouth is bloody

a pathetic squirt of liquid flows
sporadically from his mouth
he is missing his long thin tongue

the snake stands as tall as I am
but he looks only centimeters high
in the photo

red green white yellow
and blue swirl around his body
and are reflected in the clear water around him

I can almost see my reflection in the print
the top of his green head
is close to touching my own

his mouth is stretched open too wide
and no shadows protect him from the sun
standing in a pool of water
unable to drink



Some Things I Believe

by Monica Wendel

To be is to be the value of a variable. – Quine

I believe that sex should never be planned, especially not group sex. And my identity is fluid and I have no essence and no universals, that my Monica-ness is a function of my existence as Monica and the chair's blue-ness is a function of its being blue and not the instantiation of blueness onto the chair which has done nothing wrong for things to be instantiated onto it. I believe in multiple possible worlds and that actuality may be indexical like Lewis says and so "actual" is like "I" "here" or "now" depending only on who is saying it and where and when, the meaning lying on something so fluid like the way her body felt between the sheets on my bed all yesterday afternoon I believe in her, and in the sunlight in my bedroom, and the smoothness of skin and small noises made in her throat sometimes. I believe that the things that happen when I am blacked out did not happen actually, that they are not part of my existence or reality or identity, and I believe in the correspondence theory of truth and that knowledge must be certain in order for it to exist and I also believe in the coherence theory of truth such that facts must fit in to other facts which is what makes them facts and novels create their own worlds and their own truths. I do not believe in Bertrand Russell and I find his theory of language annoying and I am tired of translating my sentences into logic for all x if x exists and x is Monica, then Monica is writing this poem. Speaking of the action of writing, I believe that actions are types of events and that events exist on a different ontological status than objects, and I thank Davidson for the proof the same way I thank Saul Kripke for the proof of the mind/body distinction which cleared many things up for me I was very confused before as some of my earlier poems show. That's most of what I think I really believe right now, besides that my underwear should always match my accessories (shoes, scarf, bag) and that the best drink in the whole world is Dr. Pepper with Tennessee Knob Creek whiskey drank outside mid-afternoon in summer and that philosophy is for the living, while museums are for the dead.

SUPERMARKET *con't from page 6*
While other organizations simply hand out food, as in a food pantry, Food Not Bombs cooks the food, so everyone can sit together and have a meal in addition to picking up produce or other items. At the same time, Food Not Bombs sees itself as a protest against governments and corporations that spend time on promoting war instead of ending world hunger.

Supermarkets lend themselves to extremes. They are moving towards less human contact by installing self-service checkout machines with the effect of sepa-

rating customers and employees. But cutting costs—in any way possible—leads to lower prices, which in turn arguably helps the poor just as much, if not more, than grass-roots, anarchist organizations facing off against the government and corporations. Supermarkets have even been noted as having an affect on the women's rights movement, because, by having everything under one roof (deli, butcher, produce, etc.), they decreased the amount of time that women spent shopping.

As Adbusters and health officials note, the produce in supermarkets travels

great distances to reach us, heightening the chance of it being contaminated with bacteria, like e-coli, or necessitating more pesticides and preservatives to keep it fresh. This seems to be the trade off for being able to enjoy blueberries year round, and for the taste of fruits we might never experience otherwise, like pomegranates. So, like many of our other modern day inventions, we are left wondering what is best for us, what it means, and if it reflects who we are.

Responses to this editorial may be sent to mint@geneseo.edu

Baltimore Blues

by Monica Wendel

Chris Elser died in April and it felt like the city's precarious awning had fallen on top of us, and we were stuck, somehow, but not surprised either. There were always signs, creaking, if you will: the campus police blotter speckled with reports of muggings, a student gone missing, the ever-present helicopters rattling their wings overhead, the man standing on the steps outside of my dorm on parent's weekend, and me pulling my mom away as she put together that he was going in circles with his words ... bus map, bus money, he needs a bus map, he needs money for the bus, he needs ...

It's March. I'm sitting on "The Beach," the sloped lawn stretching down to North Charles Street. It's warm and people are playing Frisbee, people are studying, people are drinking mid-afternoon from paper bags and water bottles. My sociology textbook is out but I'm looking towards the street, my back to the library and campus. "I think you have to be a nihilist to like Baltimore," Ted says. He teaches my Introduction to Fiction and Poetry II class - Kafka, Gwendolyn Brooks, Russell Edson, Donald Justice, Virginia Woolf, Italo Calvino. In February he sent a short story I wrote in to his alma mater, Rider University, and it was published in their literary magazine. I wrote it about my blue plastic Nalgene water bottle, and the way the light hit it, especially when there was water in it. He is looking out to the brick, the sea of brick row houses, three stories tall at most with sticky tar black roofs and thick like fortress

walls. I can hear the dull roar of traffic from the street in front of us, a thick four-lane road that pushes itself through the city.

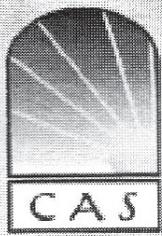
"Yeah."

Ted smokes a cigarette. We find each other on the Beach, sometimes. Sometimes we don't. In an email, he said: *I know that you and I have in common the fact that we have both realized that our lives will not be sumptuary ones, that the tenets and conventions of the pseudo-middle-class-dream that we were born into are not going to prove suitable for the multitude of emotions and impulses within us. So we will make choices and through those choices what will happen, will happen.* This email makes me feel better about both finding and not finding him. On the Beach, he talks about: how much he hates the other grad students in the writing program, Ezra Pound, his dog, his mom, writing, Bob Dylan, money, majoring in anthropology, his ex-girlfriend, dropping out of high school to follow the Dead, drinking at Charles Village Pub. I talk about: not knowing what to major in, my ex-boyfriend, Charles Village Pub, used bookstores, high school, Long Island, playing the flute, hiking. What we talk about rarely overlaps. It feels like our conversations are the row houses, crammed up against each other but not connected, each closed off despite proximity. There are many things we do not say.

It's the December before. I wake up to pee, six am. And then I'm up. I'm wearing clothes from the night before and I

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throw on a bra, a sweatshirt, but leave my legs bare under a mini-skirt, taking care not to wake up Naomi who sleeps angelically, her face calm. I don't know it, but I'm still drunk from the night before and I walk to the farmer's market down on Greenmount and Waverly like that, six thirty and I think I get followed part of the way, if not followed then the manwalking behind me calls out and I don't respond and he is behind me for longer than I feel comfortable. It's the quietest time of the day, no helicopters or sirens wailing to the hospital across the street from my dorm, but I can't say it's peaceful; a tension, mix of drugs and poverty and violence, lurks in the alleyways. Some of the row houses are boarded up here, and during the day the pawnshop and Salvation Army are open. I pass a playground, but it's always deserted, a patch of worn-out grass and a swing set. ZZ Packer, who graduated a few years earlier from the same program that Ted is in, wrote about Greenmount in *Drinking Coffee Elsewhere*, saying, "every other house had at least one shattered window."

But it's early morning, not nighttime or even bright afternoon daytime that seems just as dangerous somehow. There are faces that I recognize under white tents that billow like sails in the wind, and I know there are things I could love about this city, the loaves of bread unloaded from backs of trucks and vans, and the hippie who I buy a weekly granola bar from, sticky and fresh, and the black men selling ginger honey tea that is the best tea you'll ever taste. They sell it cold and hot and condensed into jars and they give out free samples (limit: three). I sober up and realize how cold it is, the sky gray and my legs really are cold, and by the time I get home I am shaking all over spilling my hot tea on my sleeves. I crawl back into bed, under the comforter, back to sleep before the start of Saturday. The person walking behind me thought I was a prostitute from my bare legs or one of the drug addicts who group together hunched over by the bus stop, which makes sense considering it was so early in the morning as to be considered late at night.

One night, the sound of a helicopter draws closer and closer and Naomi and I, sitting on our lofted beds in our dorm room, look at each other quizzically until the room lights up white and we shriek and realize that the search light has just shined itself into our dorm room. It seems almost magical, a Baltimore fireworks celebration.

It is April when Chris is stabbed but he doesn't die right away. He waits in the ICU until evening for the early-morning knife wounds to kill him. By Thursday the whole story is out, that it was Chris Elser who died, a frat brother I didn't know, and the way it happened was it was the foam party, and the back door was left open so the filthy residue from the foam could drain out onto the alleyway behind the house, and an unidentified black male floating through the neighborhood saw the door open went inside and was stealing, or trying to, when Chris heard the noise, went

down to the kitchen, and reacted as heroically as he could, I think. There is something wonderfully noble about dying for the place you live, whether it's your country or your house or your land. Dogs do it all the time. But there is also something pathetic and unjust about dying so young, and dying alone – dying on a hospital bed in the ICU counts as alone.

The news reporters flocked to the scene, they seem to enjoy it, the seriousness of their faces, the tragedy, the campus a ship in the sea of Baltimore springing a leak, pierced by the city's violence. "Baltimore is actually a very safe city if you are not involved in the drug trade," Health Commissioner Peter Beilenson will say in 2005. I am walking with Ted, and a news reporter stops us. She looked put-together against the dirt, the noise of traffic, the low buildings with sagging front stoops. "Are you students?" she stops us and asks.

"I am, but he isn't. Well, kind of."

"Can I ask you a few questions?"

"No." I keep walking.

"That's fine!" the reporter calls out, moving herself away. I don't know Chris; if I'd met him, it was in a haze. The last time I was at SAE I went upstairs and smoked pot until I almost puked. Their downstairs was carpeted with high ceilings and I caught a glimpse of my face in the mirror and was startled to see it ashen, drained of blood, like I was drugged. Which, come to think of it, I suppose I was.

"Why'd you say no?"

"What am I going to say?"

"You don't know what they were going to ask you."

Yes I do, I think. "Well, whatever. I don't have anything to say about it."

"I guess. Still." Ted has been doing this more often lately, critiquing each of my choices and I am surprised each time he does it but unsure how to deflect them. At first I took it as a sign of didacticism, but now it is the other guys I spend time with and how much I drink. In the sunlight he has straightened out, six foot three to my five foot two, and I wonder how much longer this will last. We keep walking, down the sidewalk, my flip flops tapping, and it seems like the city is standing still, shaking her head at us and the bookstore and the alleyways, noting our hubris as if to say: you should have known better.

MiNT Magazine is always looking for new artists and writers to contribute! Check the What's Up postings for our meeting times if you want to pitch us an article idea, or simply scan in your artwork to us (mint@geneseo.edu) in jpeg form. We look forward to hearing from you!

Congratulations to our graduating MiNT seniors Rocky Brockway and Monica Wendel! Thank you for your hard work during the past years and we hope you go on to bigger and better things!

- Kseniya & Sara

Congratulations to Alexandra Pifher and Ken Laughlin! We wish you well as you move on from Geneseo and hope you have the best of luck in your future!

- Kseniya & Sara

The Student Music Association would like to congratulate all of the graduating Geneseo Musicians!

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