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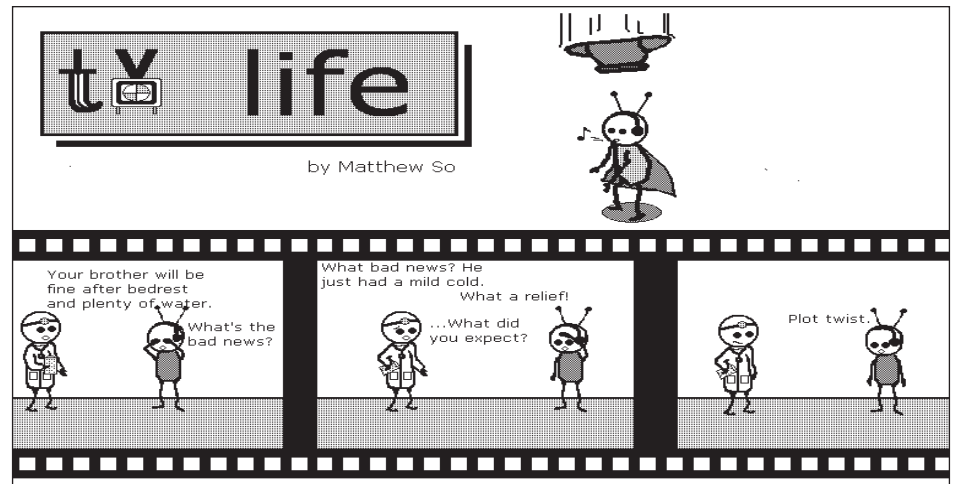
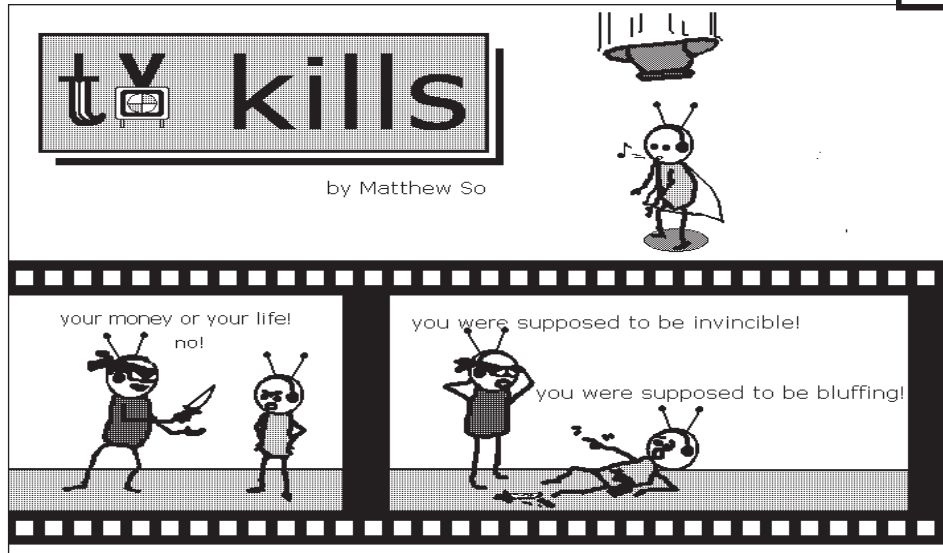


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OPINION

Journalism is a gateway drug - I need another hit

By ANNA NEMCHUK
Editor-in-chief

I always find it difficult to defend myself; it feels too much like bragging. But with the recent Ethics in Journalism week, it seems an appropriate note on which to end the semester. A double-headed dragon of this sort of topic tends to raise people's hackles, and let me assure you, journalists are some of the hackliest folk around.

I've seen articles defending journalism left and right the past couple of weeks, and most of them tend to focus on the historical context of the trade, precedents for the current less-than-trustworthy state the U.S. media finds itself in, sly references to journalists who've

broken the reporting code of honor by plagiarizing, bribery, gross bias, not checking facts and plain bad writing, and glib assurances that THIS paper, the one the columnist happens to work for, doesn't do any of that, wouldn't dream of it and soundly condemns any of its colleagues that do. With that in mind, I would just like to state for the record that the *Monitor* is a responsible, serious and, above all, ethical paper that doesn't do any of that, wouldn't dream of it and soundly condemns any of its colleagues that do. (Now go wash your hands, you've got slime on them.)

I'll share a secret with you - I hate researching. I generally can't stand looking up legal pretext, court cases, police or financial records or

previous articles, cross-referencing it all, taking copious notes, tracking down obscure details - I loathe it. By the time I'm done, I feel like the only writing that I'm fit to produce should be on a bathroom wall.

But - this being the part where I cover my butt - I do it. I check the facts, I go after witnesses, I scour the net and the AP stylebook, I badger my adviser, I prod my fellow writers and editors into distraction and I still mess up. Contrary to popular belief on deadline night, I am human. (Why did I go into journalism to begin with? I walked into Ohlone a combined lit/bio major.)

Journalism is a gateway drug. It straddles the parallel spheres of the housewife's private obscurity with the transparency of public office and

celebrity. I talk, I write, I report on the news, but I do not make it. I am removed, yet part of the bustle. In a way, I make the bustle. Without the media, there would be no Hollywood, no publishing industry, no public, rigged elections - if nobody knew about them, no one would care.

With that power comes, of course, the ability to abuse it. Considering the amount of time the *Monitor* staff spends discussing the proper way to address a letter to the editor so as to be fair, unbiased and nonjudgmental (And this on the opinion page! The one where you're supposed to be biased!) and still manages to offend someone somewhere, I can just imagine what lengths you could achieve if you

deliberately tried to skew the news. (A certain FOXy network comes to mind.) And here I am, bragging, as I was so afraid to do and painting MY writers as paragons of virtue while flinging cow poo left and right. Human nature's a bitch.

You don't like it? If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. You can't beat us. We need news for a democracy to work. Scratch that - we need news for a human society to work. Until we discover a cute little type of blue men that observe and type all our goings-on in a fair and balanced way (Consider this a job posting, little blue men.) we're stuck with each other as journalists and readers. Now if you'll excuse me, the most delightful, bribe-happy senator just walked into my office.

My experience as a college newspaper editor

By NICK ZAMBRANO
Sports editor

Every morning I wake up in a cold sweat. I look around my room and all I see are notes, photos, copies of *Sports Illustrated* and old issues of the *Monitor*. I wake up and I'm literally surrounded by my work.

Even if I wanted to forget it, it's like a spot burrowed in my brain; I can never escape it. This is the life of a college newspaper editor.

After 11 years of baseball and a couple years of basketball, football and soccer, it was clear that I had to get involved with sports while in college. But since I threw out my arm when I was 13 and was out of shape, trying out for a team was

out of the question. In high school, teachers would tell me that I was a good writer and had the potential to make a career of it. I didn't see it. But after wasting time in both the film and theatre departments, I didn't have time to lose. So I gave it a shot; I enrolled in Journalism 101A.

Next thing I know, after only one day in the class, I was getting

handed my first assignment for the *Monitor*: a men's basketball game between Ohlone and Canada.

I had to learn how to take notes on the fly because of every game's fast pace. As a journalist, you have to learn to note what is important and what deserves to be written; otherwise, you won't have much of a story. But I've also come to learn that you have to be careful about

what you say. I've written some things about people that have stung some hearts while I never thought it would have had that much of an effect. Those mistakes, or "misprints," have left their burden on me every time I sit down to write another story. In my head, I'd tell myself, "be careful, do not mess this up again," and then I'd spend three

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CAMPUS COMMENT >>>

What plans do you have for the summer?



DANNY BRITAN
Audio Production

"To move."



ASIF ALI
Biology

"Summer classes at Ohlone; chill/relax."



ALEKH JHA
Physics

"I'll be involved in the Miss Saigon musical production."



BRIAN MORRIS
Psychology

"Maybe a road trip to San Diego."



MARY TEJEDA
Anthropology

"I'll be taking classes at Ohlone."