



The College Voice

Vol. X, NO. 1

**** Celebrating Our 10th Year ****

October 24, 1989

Cuomo Breaks Ground

By Mindy Langer

As a spade slid into the moist dark earth, Governor Mario Cuomo marked the beginning of the construction of CSI's new consolidated campus. The Groundbreaking Ceremony, held Sept. 21, 1989, at the site of the new campus, signified the start of the construction of what is destined to be CUNY's largest urban campus.

The Governor, who received a standing ovation upon his arrival and upon being introduced, said, "I am very pleased to be back on Staten Island on such a happy occasion." He also said that well over a quarter of a billion dollars will be spent for the undertaking of construction and renovation, because this is an important investment, not only for Staten Island, but for the City, the State, and the future.

Mayor Edward Koch, who spoke during the ceremony, said, "This is a particularly important moment in the life of Staten Island and mine as well." The Mayor proceeded by saying that he was giving somewhat of a good-bye statement. "Staten Island is very special; you know that," he said. "And we are going to keep it a secret." The amused spectators applauded his unique accolade of Staten Island. Mayor Koch then referred to six years ago when he cut the ribbon for the Teleport, a communications center based on Staten Island. He said six years ago he declared, "Staten Island the center of the universe, and therefore it is a fact." Again, laughter exploded into the humid air. He added, "I declare the College of Staten Island to be the center of CUNY."

THE COLLEGE



Gov. Mario Cuomo and CSI President Volpe accept the audience's applause on stage at the outdoor Groundbreaking Ceremony. The ceremony marked the beginning of the construction of CSI's new campus in Willowbrook.

Photo by Phill Niblock

CSI President Dr. Edmond Volpe responded, "Thank you very much, Mayor. I accept that designation." During the ceremony, Dr. Volpe said "I can truly say that it is by the sweat of my brow, I reached this point."

The blue and white striped tent with blue trimming stood above the spectators and distinguished guests. Other

speakers included: CUNY Chancellor Joseph Murphy, CUNY Board of Trustees Chairperson James P. Murphy, Staten Island Borough President Ralph Lamberti and New York State Senator John Marchi.

Lamberti said, "It is a rare and remarkable moment in history when victory doesn't mean that someone has to

be banished." He added, "The College of Staten Island, at this site, begins to redeem a dark moment of our past. Twenty years ago, no light escaped this place, only despair." Lamberti was referring to Willowbrook's mental institution, the former Staten Island Developmental Center, which was closed

Ground Continued on page 14

Run For Humanity

By Julie Tulip-Walsh

It was Saturday, June 10, at 6 a.m. The sun was waking up in the East. Children, men and women, cats and dogs lay still in the confines of sleep. But one person was awake, having spent a restless night, and now sat, full of nervous anticipation as he tied the laces on his running shoes.

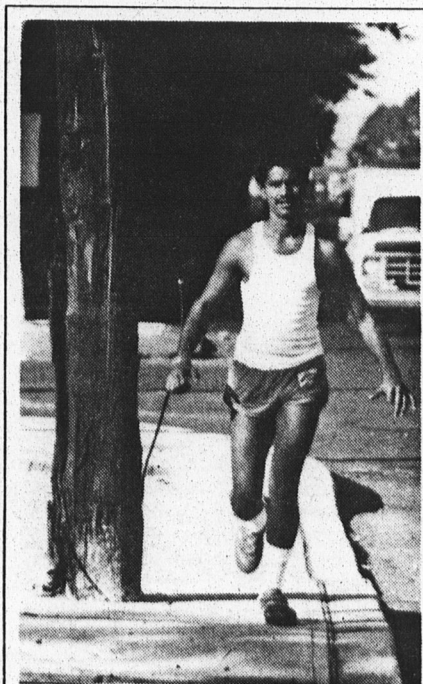
Sridhar M. Reddy slipped silently from the house and strode towards the Sunnyside campus with a small bag in his hand. The morning dew dampened his sneakers, and a cool breeze enveloped him and instilled him with a strength of spirit that would carry him through 35 days and 1,300 miles of human endurance.

The mission that Sridhar had set for himself, four months prior to June 10, was not simply a weekend at the Jersey shore because Sridhar is not your ordinary CSI student. Sridhar had set

a higher goal for himself; he had decided to give a part of himself to humanity. His mission was to run from CSI, the Sunnyside campus, to Miami Beach, Florida to raise people's consciousness of the AIDS epidemic. But little did he know that he was to face many hardships and some disappointment. With a \$4,000 rented motor home, a two-week supply of food, which was donated by Dr. J. Hirsch of the Student Services Department, and four pairs of sneakers, Sridhar embarked on a journey that provoked little awareness in the towns he passed through. There were no fanfares, no crowds to encourage and greet him, and no money, only a \$10,000 debt when he returned home. "My credit line is full, and I borrowed from so many friends; I am heavily in debt now," said Sridhar with concern.

Sridhar, who is from Andra-

Humanity Continued on page 12



Sridhar Reddy Photo by Sudhakar Bayana

WSIA Celebrates Their 8th Year

By Lynne DeJesus

WSIA, CSI's very own radio station is celebrating its eighth anniversary. The first broadcast, a rock music program, aired August 31, 1981.

In its eight years of broadcasting, WSIA, located at 88.9 on the FM dial, has provided listeners with a mix of rock, blues and jazz music, along with talk shows that cover topics such as sports, college issues and news. Dr. Irene Deitch hosts one of these shows, "Making Connections", where she talks to people about human relationships.

The station comes under the authority of the FCC, and general manager Greg Adamo makes sure their regulations are followed, although he says the DeeJays "can go pretty far" in what they say on the air.

WSIA Continued on page 14

EDITORIAL

The More That Things Are Changed The More They Remain The Same

Welcome to the first issue of The College Voice. Actually, in many ways, this is not the premiere edition. You see, once upon a time, there was no College of Staten Island, but rather, Richmond College (they produced The Richmond Times) and Staten Island Community College (their newspaper was The Dolphin). These two colleges merged and—for better or worse—became CSI. The newspapers also came together and The College Times was born. Shortly thereafter, The Student Voice independently came to be. Competition was unavoidable. The Times was based at St. George, and The Voice focused on the Sunnyside campus. Yet each paper had problems, mainly in terms of staff and production, so it was decided last spring that the two should pool their resources. After all, both newspapers were

created to serve the students, and a rivalry akin to that of the Daily News and New York Post made no sense. This brings us to the present. The College Voice (ingenious choice of title) now has the ability to bring you the best of both worlds, so to speak. But we can't do it alone. Our editions may have more pages as our foundation gets stronger. To fill those pages, we need more material than our excellent editorial staff can provide. If you know of an event that has value to the student body, then feel free to write about it and submit it to our office. We certainly cannot guarantee anything, but there's a chance that you will see your name in glorious black-and-white.

The future, while always uncertain, appears bright. We thank you for your support in the past, and we hope we can count on it in the future.

College Voice

RICHARD FORMICA
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

JULIE TULIP-WALSH
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

MINDY LANGER
COPY EDITOR

IVAN SEGIC
LAYOUT EDITOR

CARLA RAMSAY
PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR

JAMES HANNAN
SPORTS EDITOR

STAFF WRITERS David A. Cutting, Meredith Broderick, Lynne DeJesus, Cliff Hagen, John Korbul, Lisa-Anne Stephenson, Bill Woods, Bertha Zafra

PHOTO STAFF Nina Felix, Sung Moo Kim, Yvonne Osterlund,
PRODUCTION STAFF Christina LoRe', Iliana Ayala, Steve Urcinoli, Steven Gratol, Jon Bauch, Joseph Cartolano

FACULTY ADVISORS Michael Gregory, Robert Siegel
LAYOUT DESIGN Richard Formica

CONTRIBUTORS Joanne Cresci, Leonard DeFazio, Jr., John Gilberto, Jim Hannan, Jerrold Hirsch, Gerhard Kempert, Linda Mandella, Ann Spahitz, Blaze, Julia Scalcione, Jorge, Valerie Pisarik, Michael Vessey, Gayle Tauger, Rhond-Zeper, Prof Phill Niblock,

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LETTERS

Response To Bensonhurst Murder Spurs More Bias

To The Editor

Being a resident of the now notorious Bensonhurst, I feel compelled to put the old quill to the note pad once again. What is going on here? It is a known fact that racism is borne of ignorance, and it seems until this ignorance stops, there will be no real peace in race relations.

Bensonhurst has no previous history of any racial violence. Having lived here 20 plus years, the incident with Yusuf Hawkins is the first of this sort to my knowledge. I have had numerous Negro friends and have never heard anything like the slander that we are now being unjustly accused of. Bensonhurst has been a safe neighborhood for all races. Many Arab, Chinese, Jewish, Spanish, Irish and yes, even black, families reside here, and until now there has been no unrest.

What happened was undoubtedly wrong, and the people involved should be justly punished for the murder of this innocent person. But the idea of this being a racial incident must be given up if we're to ever come to any resolutions of a higher level. The story of Gina Feliciano and her love triangle is backed by enough sources to be more than an allegation, and it is my belief that had these black youths been of any other identifiable persuasion, the same would most probably have occurred. The four youths fit the description of the ones who are said to have threatened the Bensonhurst teens.

My heart goes out to the family and friends of Yusuf, and I can easily understand their pain and anger. But the unnecessary measures that are being taken are only adding to the problems at hand. I can't help but wonder what Sharpton and friends thought would be proved by the march on my neighborhood streets. Any intelligence could have granted them a little foresight into the fact that this could not possibly have a desirable outcome. What was the purpose? Supposedly, it was to show that the blacks are equal, but, in reality, it's just telling us they still want to be treated differently. We're not singling out the blacks; they are. This is an outright arrogant instigation for further trouble in Bensonhurst, and how it can be seen as otherwise is beyond me. If the point was to prove that racism is still alive in America,

Murder Continued on page 3

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LETTERS

Thoughtless Addiction
Jeopardizes Some

To The Editor

There is potential on the campus of the College of Staten Island for a tragic accident. The tragic accident will in all probability be caused by one of the countless selfish and thoughtless students and staff members who smoke illegally in the halls and classrooms of this campus.

Smoking in any building is against the law. There are rather unimpressive paper signs posted to remind all literate persons of this fact. Unfortunately, there are those among us who are so hooked, so controlled, so dependent on their smoking habit that they just can't wait to get outside. They must have their cigarette, no matter whom it hurts.

Some compassionate souls may say, "What's the big deal?" Here's the "big deal." Every time the smoke detectors in our halls and classes pick up smoke, they go off. Smoke detectors are a warning for a potential fire. Because of the regularity of these false alarms going off, especially in the evening, most staff members assume its another smoker and ignore it. Some detectors are even being disabled so as not to disturb our poor addicted smoker.

I now come to the tragic accident. What if, Heaven forbid, there were a real fire, a real people-burning, structure-destroying, killer fire? Would the alarm be ignored until it was too late? Would the alarm go off at all?

As of now, staff members are chasing after every false alarm that occurs. Imagine their annoyance. There is no guarantee that they will be there in time in a real emergency.

What to do? The Security staff must enforce the No Smoking rule firmly. They must look for and sniff out violators. All of us have to take it upon ourselves to remind the smokers we see to put it out or get out. The College administrators must take a more active role in seeing that these rules are enforced, unless of course, they really don't care and consider a human life unworthy of inconveniencing a few addicted smokers.

The spirit of the law is in violation at The College of Staten Island. I felt it necessary to express my concern before someone is unnecessarily injured or killed. I hope there is someone out there who feels as I do and cares.

Gerhard F. Kempert
B&G Department

Student Thinks They Must Be Joking

To The Editor

Do you think I fell off the turnip truck yesterday? Well, find another fool!

The cafeteria at the College of Staten Island is a rip-off. You all know what I'm talking about: 65 cents for a 55 cent cup of coffee; the 12 ounce bottle of "2 cent Seltzer" costs \$1.35. You gotta be kidding!

Who's responsible for this outrageous con? An organized body, composed of college administrators and elected student officials make decisions for the Student Auxiliary Services. Their decisions affect the actively used campus parking facilities, the college bookstore and...the cafeteria. Meetings are held several times a year. There are contracts signed periodically. Have those students who have been elected to represent us acted on our interests?

What can you do as a dissatisfied student? For one, go to C-109, your Student Government Office, and submit a complaint.

Devising an organized plan is your best defense against these almost

criminal actions. For example, back in the spring, the city wanted a tuition-hike for our education. Students were enraged. Let's face it, if we could afford higher prices, how many of us would be in a private university? What did they do as a response? They coordinated a walk-out. The numerous voices were so loud, they reached the media. The decision-makers at the top heard the cries of the exploited. They were unable to turn their backs, or hide behind the barriers of the administrations. Tuition was forced to remain unchanged. Students won the fight.

I ask again, as students what can we do? Use our muscle. We are approximately 11,000. Defend your interests. Work out other arrangements. Go to the nearby delis for your food wants. Bring lunch. BOYCOTT THE CAFETERIA!

If other businesses can survive through slow business periods and still charge lower prices, so can the cafeteria. One week of no business might make people listen. Tell the cafeteria, "Find Another Fool!"

Ann Spahitz

Murder Continued from page 2

(my world is real, not surreal, and yes, there will always be hatred) feuling the fire will not bring about resolutions; it will only enhance the hatred.

Whatever happened to the Christian attitude of forgiveness, or the old adage of "Let go, let G-d." Didn't we do that with the Central Park raping? Once again, I'm not trying to justify the wrongdoing of these Bensonhurst youths or the jeers of the minorities protesting the marches. I'm just saying leave it alone already.

I have always honestly thought of myself as one of the least racist, G-d-loving people I know. I am hurt by the fact that this incident is even beginning to taint my views. My neighborhood is being terribly misrepresented and is now full of horrible hatred and tension greatly caused by the after effects of this bizarre incident and the demonstrations it provoked.

It has led me to ponder the other side of the coin. Blacks are coming down upon us because of these one or two isolated incidents (Howard Beach, for example), but what if I were to try to walk through Brownsville or Harlem late at night? Would not violence and trouble be almost guaranteed? It has already been argued with me that even if a black walks through Harlem or Brownsville he isn't safe. Well, what does that say for the people who reside there?

I fully realize how racist this article is beginning to sound, but that's exactly my point. I am being honest by informing the public that my opinions are the result of these demonstrations and of the media's coverage of them. It isn't helping, not at all.

I have no solution to the racial problems that exist in our world today, but I do know that history proves retaliation

A Summer 89 Respite

To The Editor

The summer session at CSI is often a time when students must struggle with studying, completing assignments and taking exams at a more rigorous pace. Students are expected to cover in four or eight weeks the same amount of material that would normally be covered in 16 weeks. Therefore, it was delightful to be offered an occasional respite during June and July by Summer Sessions 89.

Summer Sessions 89 was a series of informal programs funded by the PDC and arranged through the Office of Student Activities. Music, poetry and prose programs allowed one a variety of experiences. Several sessions were open to those who felt inclined to share written works of their own or familiar pieces which were personal favorites. Professor Peter Keil from the English Department and "Friends" (Paul Burdett from the English Department and Alex Balagurchik, a CSI alumnus) presented a colorful array of readings, some of which were accompanied by newly composed musical arrangements. It was a memorable event in which old and new works were brought together to suggest an appreciation of different modes of expression.

The other programs in the series were dedicated to a host of music events. Allan DiBiase conducted two informative discussions about the early Beethoven piano sonatas. Each presentation was an enjoyable hour of learning and listening to DiBiase demonstrate some of the aspects that dis-

tinguished Beethoven from other artists of the Classical Period.

One of the program's highlights for me, though, was listening to the performance of flutist Gall Hepner and guitarist Edward Brown. The afternoon was bright with sunshine, and a cool breeze graced the performers and the audience as we met under the canopy in the Sunnyside Quad. Hepner and Brown played works ranging from the Baroque Period to contemporary music. I feel that this session, in particular, gave me a new perspective on the resources that are available to us at CSI. The last program in the series was a wonderful performance by duopianists, Joy and Allan DiBiase. This was the first time I had ever experienced four hands on one piano. The skill and sensitivity which the performers brought to the works of 19th and 20th century French composers displayed the complexity as well as the sublimity of the various pieces. It was a marvelous finale.

The schedule to which the average CSI student adheres is quite demanding and usually leaves him or her little time for extra-curricular activities. As a CSI student, I am often led to fear that the "commuter college" voice will drown out all others. Therefore, I would like to express my appreciation and gratitude to those who planned and participated in Summer Sessions 89. It is reassuring to know that there are those who remain committed to the variety of experiences which foster intellectual growth.

Joanne Cresci

Solution To The
Ozone Problem

To The Editor

May I offer my solution to the problem of the dangerously depleted ozone layer. All chlorofluorocarbons (CFC's) should be internationally banned. Then, to repair the ozone layer, implement the following method:

First, manufacture liquid ozone (LOZ). Then load the LOZ aboard large military refueling tanker aircrafts. These planes would then climb to the lower level of the ozone layer at 40,000 feet. As they spray the LOZ, the strong upper jet stream winds will carry the ozone even higher into the ozone layer. The ozone layer could be maintained at its normal level after the initial restoration project by a minimal number of annual flights. However, I estimate the initial ozone restoration will take from one to five years and will cost between \$50 and \$70 million. Since this is a global crisis, cost should be shared by the members of the United Nations.

The Rev. Jesse Jackson deserves everyone's support for his commitment to saving the environment. Let's all get behind him.

I urge everyone to clip out this letter and send copies to scientists, environmental groups, the EPA, UNESCO, their congressmen and senators and President Bush.

Leonard DeFazio, Jr.

tion only causes further conflict. I heard a proposal that Bensonhurst families would invite black families over for dinner, as some sort of peace offering. To me this would be a dream come true. Then maybe we'd begin to realize that we're all here in the same boat. We're all human beings struggling day by day to find some sort of peace on this otherwise very unrestful planet.

Joseph Baldizzone

Guns, Butter
And Mankind

To The Editor

When will the President wake up to reality? He continues to purchase another unneeded nuclear weapon system of mass destruction, the B-2 stealth bomber, at a final cost of more than \$500 million per plane. Meanwhile, across the nation and the world, people are dying in ravaging AIDS epidemic. Surely by canceling the B-2, SDI and other nuclear weapon systems, enough money would be available to find cures for AIDS and for most cancer, would probably feed and shelter the homeless and would still go a long way toward balancing the budget.

The FDA also must wake up to reality. While people die of AIDS here in America, other AIDS sufferers elsewhere are being saved with AIDS drugs which the FDA stubbornly delays the testing on and approval of. The FDA also makes it illegal to manufacture, prescribe and possess these drugs. The FDA must wake up and immediately cease its anti-humane AIDS policy. The Supreme Court also must wake up to reality and recognize that the true marriage bond is the strong love and mutual sharing relationship bond and not a piece of paper. The court must recognize this and the need to grant nothing less than full human, civil and economic rights and privileges, regardless of sexual preferences in such relationships.

I urge everyone to wake up the President, the Supreme Court, the FDA and Congress by sending them copies of this letter as part of a chain letter to everyone's friends and relatives, so that they may do the same. Let's all do our part and also make a donation to an AIDS charity.

Leonard DeFazio, Jr.

Definite Causes Of And The Precautions Against AIDS

Bertha Zafra

This the third year that the College Aids Education Program has been providing valuable information for students and employees who have doubts on Aids or who would like to know how to protect themselves if they are engaged in sexual activities or drugs. Aids is a disease caused by a virus which enters the body. When this happens the body's defense can have trouble fighting other diseases. It has been reported that more than 16,420 New Yorkers have been diagnosed with Aids.

This is one of the major reasons why Professor Jerry Hirsch, the coordinator of the Aids Education Program in room A-141, has started this program with the support of the other departments such as the Student Government, the CSI medical office, and the Biology and English departments, which have strongly supported this program. The Aids Education Program is based on recommendations issued by the US Public Health Services, The Center for Disease, The New York State and City Department of Health. The Aids Education Program is under the leadership of Professor Hirsch. His vigorous campaign has been waged to educate everyone to the dangers of this disease and its control. This program consists of a variety of free information such as literature and a series of different videos played daily from 11am to 3pm every month in the room adjacent to A-141. Free condoms are also available in A-141, the Medical Offices in Sunnyside (D-136) and St. George (1-536), the Women's locker room (D-121) and the Men's locker room (D-115). Even condom vending machines will be available pretty soon.

This program has been successful because of the strong leadership of Prof. Hirsch and because of the rest of the departments and students who are always working together to help stop the spread of Aids. A perfect example is CSI student Sridhar M. Reddy, who ran 1,300 miles from the Sunnyside campus to Miami Beach, Florida. Reddy said he is particularly concerned about newborn babies diagnosed with Aids.

Another event that will help raise money for the American Foundation Aids Research is a Dinner Dance on October 20, at 7:30 P.M. at the Columbian Lyceum, Columbus Regency Room, 386 Clove Road. Tickets are on sale in A-141. The price is \$20 for students and for all others, \$35. The goal is to sell 500 tickets. Everyone is invited to attend this event.

Precautions that can be taken by the general public and by persons in special risk groups to eliminate or reduce the risk of contracting or spreading Aids.

1. Don't have sexual contact with any person whose past history and current health status is not known.
2. Don't abuse intravenous (IV) drugs.
3. Don't share needles or syringes.
4. Don't share toothbrushes, razors or other personal implements that could become contaminated with blood.
5. Women who have positive HIV antibody test results should recognize that if they become pregnant, their children are at increased risk for Aids.

If a problem should arise, help can be found on campus and in private with Hirsch, who is available Tuesday-Friday.

CSI Sets A Precedent Within CUNY With AIDS Education

By Jerrold I. Hirsch

The College of Staten Island is a major educational institution of higher education on Staten Island in New York City. A senior institution in the City University, it is in the forefront of the educational effort to help prevent the spread of the disease and to dispel misinformation that may cause unnecessary anxiety.

The College's responses are based on recommendations issued by the U.S. Public Health Service, the Center for Disease Control (CDC), the New York State and City Department of Health

and the City University of New York.

The College's program is consistent with fundamental medical and legal principles and is based on a compassionate concern for the problem of AIDS victims. The College provides educational support for all students and employees.

The College's program, through the coordinator, provides the following information and services: information sites, literature, workshops and seminars, video programs, condoms, counseling services and referral services.

Earthquake And Hurricane Relief Drive Launched

By Michael Alberts

CSI is going to be running an Earthquake and Hurricane Relief Drive to aid the victims of the widespread destruction caused by these disasters.

CUNY Chancellor Joseph S. Murphy said, "The entire university community shares the concern felt by the estimated 35,000 students, faculty and staff who have family and friends in these areas. To put our concern into effective action, I am establishing a mechanism through which people who want to help the victims can do so. University Dean of Student Affairs Robert Jefferson has been designated as the university-wide coordinator."

CSI President Dr. Edmond Volpe has designated Mike Alberts, Room C-134 and Leo Schreiber, Room 1-924 as

campus coordinators for the Relief Drive. Funds collected will be forwarded to appropriate relief agencies.

As many people as possible in the college community are urged to join in this effort to alleviate the suffering and to help overcome the effects of these disasters.

As we are running our Bloodmobile on Wednesday, October 25, The Red Cross has asked us to make a special effort to collect blood along with the funds. Apparently the Red Cross have just about depleted their resources, having spent over \$40 million already on the two disasters.

Our college has always come through when the chips are down. Help is really needed now, so give what you can, and please make your contribution.

In Memory Of Gladys C. Johnson Of The CSI Alumni Association

By Lynne DeJesus

The college community, along with the community at large, mourns the death of Gladys Campanella Johnson, former president of the CSI Alumni Association.

Johnson, who received her Master's degree here at CSI, was a member of the Alumni Association since the organization began in 1978. She was president from 1984 to 1986. She then served on the Alumni Council. She was inducted into the Association's Hall of Fame in 1988.

Alumni Association Director Francine Raggi said, "When you think Alumni Association you think Gladys Johnson. She'll be dearly missed by all of us."

Johnson was an educator all her life, who some of you may remember from the 25 years she spent teaching at I.S. 27 in West Brighton. She retired from the school in 1987.

She was named an Outstanding Leader in Education in 1976 and awarded the CSI Silver Dolphin in 1982. She was a member of the Phi Delta Kappa Honorary Society and listed in Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.

Johnson was active in numerous

civic groups and community organizations, such as the Rotary Club, the Society for Seamen's Children and the Staten Island Botanical Gardens to name a few. She received many awards for her services, including being named as a Staten Island Advance Woman of Achievement in 1983.

Johnson was born 73 years ago in Philadelphia. She was the sister of Roy Campanella, the former Brooklyn Dodger. Johnson received her BS degree from Tuskegee University in Alabama and moved to Staten Island in 1961.

She died Friday, August 11, after a month long illness. She is survived by her husband, retired Colonel Edward C. Johnson, and by her son, Edward C. Johnson, Jr. In addition to her brother, Roy, is a sister, Doris Coursey, and two grandchildren.

Johnson was cremated after a private funeral. A memorial service was held at the Calvery Presbyterian Church on August 19. Johnson had formerly served as an elder at the church.

Johnson was a special person who left behind a legacy of community service. She will be missed by everyone whose lives she touched.

Ground-Breaking Ceremony Cause Of Much Excitement

By Bertha Zafra

One of the most magnificent college campuses in the United States will be built in Willowbrook, Staten Island, on the grounds of the former Staten Island Developmental Center. The Center was an institution for the less fortunate, where only the cries of those in despair were heard. After the groundbreaking ceremony, we heard different cries, cries of laughter and excitement for the many students and faculty who will benefit from this new campus.

Willowbrook will no longer symbolize despair; instead it will symbolize hope for the 13,000 anticipated students that will make up the new CSI.

CUNY Board of Trustees Chairperson James P. Murphy stated, "CSI will have one of the most magnificent college campuses in the country in a few years." Murphy is right; CSI will be one of the most exciting institutions for higher education in all the CUNY system. This is possible due to the great effort and advocacy of CSI President Dr. Edmond Volpe, state senators, chairpersons and the people of Staten Island, who never gave up until they were able to achieve their goals. The best part of all is that no homes will be

bulldozed and no property condemned. CUNY is simply recycling 200 acres of land that once symbolized despair. This is called perfection in recycling.

The ceremony was an exciting event for all of those who attended. Although not many of the currently enrolled CSI students participated, CSI student government representatives were most visible at the affair distributing programs to the audience. It is a shame many of the students and faculty don't take advantage of all the events that are available to them.

When asked why they didn't attend the ceremony, some students responded apathetically. Many said, "I won't be here when the new campus opens." A computer major said, "I had to work." It was a great opportunity to see and listen to what our civic leaders had to say about the new campus. Many of us have brothers, sisters and friends who may end up attending the new campus.

The groundbreaking ceremony marked a new beginning for all of us. Because of this new institution, we will be lead to a higher plain of wisdom and knowledge; it will sharpen our minds and soften our hearts.

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Student Government Representatives Sent To California For Yearbook Con.

By Mindy Langer

Yes, there will be a yearbook this year, according to the editor of CSI's The Dolphin.

To prepare for the resuscitation of last year's sunk Dolphin, the student government sent yearbook editor Michael Shadrick and photography editor Sean Donlon to a four-day conference in Santa Barbara, California, this summer.

CSI was the only college represented at the conference. The other 10 to 12 participating schools included high schools from California and one high school from Minnesota. Shadrick said that he had not been aware that secondary schools would be there. As a result of the caliber of the students, Shadrick said, "A lot of the projects were designed as competition for the schools."

Nevertheless, Shadrick benefited from the experience. He found that the high schools' yearbooks contained mini-mags. These brief sections consisted of factual information which usually served as introductions to the yearbooks. Shadrick decided to adapt the idea of this short magazine to accommodate the organization of The Dolphin. He said the mini-mag will be a totally separate section placed in the middle of the yearbook and will be comprised of about 10 stories of interest. Shadrick also said he will be looking for "that special event," or an incident that people do not usually notice, such as the difficulty the handicapped face upon entering and exiting the buildings. This will be the first year The Dolphin will contain a mini-mag.

He also learned how to rectify inefficient space utilization, a problem which, according to Shadrick, has plagued past CSI yearbooks. He said he plans on using more group photographs where applicable, such as on the administration page, rather than using a small snapshot per page for each person. He added that he might include small biographies to accompany the photographs if the people in the photographs will allow them. According to Shadrick, this extra information will place more of a focus on the people in The College.

Shadrick said he wants to convey through visuals the qualities that determine CSI's uniqueness, something which past pictures have failed to accomplish. He plans to do this by cutting extraneous material out of the photographs and by placing the pictures on a white background. These actions, according to Shadrick, will maintain the viewer's focus on the main aspect of the pictures. He learned this technique at the conference. He said he also wants more club pictures and some copy to explain a little about each club.

Shadrick wants to have what he called an "open door" at The Dolphin. He said the staff should be a part of the decision-making process and not simply instruction followers. He is against a labor-camp environment for the yearbook because "no one would be interested in that kind of atmosphere." He said that when the yearbook is contrived by a one-man operation, there is no one to sustain the production of it when that person graduates. This has led to problems, as Shadrick noted when he said that last year was the third time this decade there has not been a yearbook. Last year's failure to maintain an editor and a staff for The Dolphin resulted in no yearbook.

This year there will be a "double-yearbook," since it will include 1989's graduates as well as this year's. Last year's graduates had the option of receiving a refund of their deposits or of waiting for the next yearbook. Shadrick said he has not heard of any

plans to increase the price, currently \$30, of the next Dolphin for either last year's or this year's graduates. He said, "I would resist, as adamantly as I could, anyone who would suggest raising the price."

There are currently six people on staff including two editors. Shadrick said people can still join and experience is not required. "I have no experience," he said. "People's lack of experience shouldn't discourage them from joining." He also said there is a lot of decision-making, creative work, and fun that comes with working on the yearbook. "Just as much work goes into a good book as into a bad book," Shadrick explained another point he learned at the conference. "It depends on how well you prepare."

To encourage students to join the yearbook staff, Shadrick said he would speak at New Student Day, attach posters on the walls and distribute flyers. He said he would also be willing to speak in classes. If publicity increases, interest will too, he explained.

Although no work has been done on the yearbook yet, except for some planning, Shadrick said, "The yearbook will definitely be out; I'm graduating." He said he discussed some visual ideas with photography editor Donlon and with staff member Jimmy Hannan.

The first deadline is October 28, according to Shadrick, but that is for the color sections, the cover, and the inserts, which include the table-of-contents and the inside page. The rest of the material has to be submitted to Taylor Publishing no later than February 1, he noted. He said, assuming everything is on schedule, the yearbook should be ready between the last week in April and the first week in May, which is the time when it usually becomes available.

Taylor Publishing, based in Dallas, sponsored the conference. The company is the largest yearbook publishing company in the United States, according to Shadrick. Neil Sanders, a representative from Taylor Publishing, suggested that the yearbook staff go to a conference.

Every year Student Government sends students to conferences, said Shadrick. He also said there usually is a conference held in Rhode Island and that location is the closest to CSI out of all the other conferences sponsored by Taylor Publishing this summer. Since Shadrick had been in summer school, he could select from only one conference of two although roughly 20 were given throughout the summer, he said. He could have attended the last conference, held in Virginia, but, he explained, Student Government decided to send the editors to Santa Barbara because the conference in Virginia was to be for only two days and would have cost the same as the four day one in California.

The editors left on United Airlines on Sunday, July 30. They stayed at Westmont College, a Christian college in Santa Barbara, and were not allowed to leave the college grounds. Taylor Publishing's representative addressed the students. The conference ended Thursday, August 3. The editors then stayed in San Diego and Los Angeles on Friday and Saturday. Shadrick said that by staying the extra two days, they saved the Student Government money because airline rates were cheaper than they would have been if the editors had flown on Thursday.

The trip cost slightly over \$1,200, according to Shadrick. The student activity fee paid for the airfare, for registration in the conference and for \$50 worth of ground travel.

The Inquiring Photographer



Interviews and Photos by Carla Ramsay

What do you think of the changes at CSI's cafeterias?



Apollinare Kamdoum... Business

"In my opinion the cafeteria has improved tremendously. The quality of the food is great much better than last semester. To be honest everything I've had there so far was absolutely delicious. However I've noticed that while the cafeteria has improved services haven't. It's not as good as last semester everything slows down especially at noon when students are in a hurry to get to classes."



Lina Nox ...Business Management

"I've only been to the St. George Cafeteria, and I think it is much better because there's more of a variety of foods than there was last semester. Whether it's more expensive or not, basically we still need to be able to purchase foods before going to our classes. It's better than eating pizza or hamburgers. I also like it better because the people are friendly and helpful and you get good service."



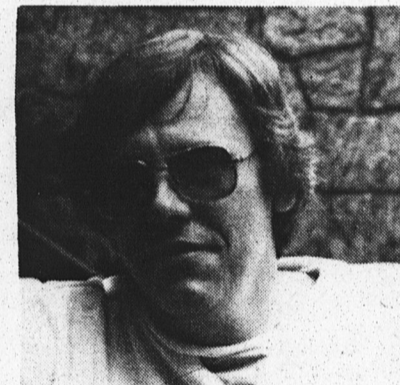
Mary Taylor ...Special Education

"There are not that many varieties of foods, and there is no sense of homeness once you enter the cafeteria. You're not allowed to serve yourself so you have someone serving you. The bulletin where they have the list of foods and prices, which is written in gray, will not be visible by the time grease gets it. Also, for students wearing glasses you have to stand on top of it to really see it with a risk of breaking your neck. They have only one size coffee cup, and people like me, who are not heavy coffee drinkers, are forced to buy it."



Lorraine Stewart...Liberal Arts

"I think the changes stink. Things are so expensive. I certainly won't buy there. The same food is cheaper at the delicatessen. You pay more and the money goes into making the cafeteria look better, but you cannot eat the decorations and we still can't afford to buy the food. When will they bring people in that offer great food at prices we can afford?"



George Rosquist...Marketing

"I think the one in St. George is not as good as it used to be. It seems like service last semester was a lot better than it is now. They took the time and trouble to make it look more presentable, but there is no neat arrangement of food by the cash register. It means you have to wait in line if you want to buy a cookie. They need someone who knows more about marketing to step in so they can sell more food. Presentation is bad; the food's just there. However, Suny-side's setup is much better."



John Morrissey...Education

"I'm opposed to the price hikes, and although the atmosphere and setup is so much better than it has been in recent years, I don't think that as college students, we should have to pay for this through an increase in price. The food has definitely improved, even in appearance. There are more choices now in the fruits, last semester they were awful. This year they have fresh fruits you can eat, but one apple and a sandwich cost me over four dollars."

BODY AND MIND

A Sign Of The Times

By David A. Cutting

CSI is now offering a new course in foreign language like you have never heard before - and you never will. The foreign language is Ameslan, better known as American Sign Language (ASL), the native language of the American deaf population.

The Course, ASL 113(#9060) American Sign Language One, is an introductory course to the fundamentals of ASL focusing on the grammar of the language and the culture of the deaf minority. It is an eight hour program, given on Monday and Wednesday evenings, and it consists of six classroom hours and two lab hours.

The class itself will consist of video assignments in which a student will perform a few sentences in sign on video tape until the end of the course when a student should be able to sign a complete story. These video assignments are the equivalent to written or to audio assignments given in other foreign language courses.

The two one-hour long labs will consist of viewing soundless video tapes. According to Mary Mosley, the instructor for ASL 113, "The labs are concerned with training only the eyes to pick up information and reinforce the language. The language is not limited solely to the hands but to all the body motions, so that a facial expression can be the equivalent to a verb or an adjective." Mosley has been with the College for over 10 years now. During that time she has learned American Sign Language fluently and has been certified by CSI's Continuing Education Program as an ASL interpreter.

ASL is recognized as an official foreign language at CSI. Therefore, ASL 113 will satisfy the humanities distribution requirement (group C3) and the language requirement for Bachelor of Arts degrees at the College. The reason why ASL should satisfy language requirements is that it is like any other foreign language offered at the College in the ways that you learn another

language, experience a different culture and develop a greater appreciation of one's own native language. Those who do learn to speak ASL fluently will be considered bilingual and receive the same benefits that any bilingual individual might expect to receive.

Although CSI is not the first college in New York to offer and recognize sign language as an official foreign language, it is the first college to offer ASL as a five-credit course. It is also the most extensive program considering the three five-credit subsequent courses the College plans to offer.

This is not the first involvement or concern CSI has had for the deaf minority or for the instruction of sign language. Over 10 years ago, Jeff Close, of Continuing Education, established a four semester, non-credit, certificate program in American Sign Language. He also made available a

follow-through 40-week sign interpreter certificate program, which was also for no credits. Since then, Close has been working with deaf students at the college in room H2, the Resource Center for Deaf and Hearing Impaired Students (RCDHI).

Carole Lazorisak, director of the two-year-old RCDHI, is excited about the new program and about the recognition of The College. There are currently five deaf or hearing impaired students on campus, and Lazorisak informed that there will be approximately 15 this Fall. A few of these students will be transfer students from Gallaudet University, which is the only university in the world for the deaf.

The deaf population has come a long way and is now finally being heard. Carole Lazorisak, one of the many uprising and self-dependent members of the deaf population, has much to sign about this. "Deaf people are not disabled," signed Carole, as Mosley interpreted. "They are a cultural minority! We have our own way of life and culture. I use my hands to speak and listen through my eyes. When the door

Ivory: To Ban Or Not To Ban

By David A. Cutting

In October 1989, 102 countries will meet in Switzerland and decide whether or not the elephant is an endangered species. The Convention on International Trade and Endangered Species will consist of both, ivory producing and ivory consuming countries.

To place the elephant on the endangered species list, at least two-thirds of 68 countries must vote in agreement. A declaration of this kind would ban trade in all elephant products such as skin, meat, hair and, most importantly, ivory.

The United States, the European Community and Kenya are only the beginning of the list of the declaration's expected supporters. The President of Kenya, Daniel arap Moi, is aggressively determined to end the killing of the African elephant. He has desperately urged and encouraged people all around the world not to purchase ivory as he has watched Kenya's elephant herds decrease from over 65,000 in 1979 to under 17,000 in 1989. President Moi has instructed all of Kenya's rangers to shoot poachers on sight.

On July 18, 1989, in Nairobi, Kenya, President Moi went as far as to publicly ignite a 20-foot high, 13 ton mass of elephant tusks. The ivory was estimated to be worth approximately 13 million on the open market. Countries, such as South Africa, claimed this was nothing but a publicity stunt. President Moi agreed, exclaiming that it was done to attract the public's attention in order to encourage the people to end the sale of ivory and the on-growing slaughter of elephants for

bell rings a light goes on and off, and when I call someone, I use a TTY." A TTY is a Tele-Typewriter which is a cross between a telephone and a typewriter.

The members of the deaf population have truly fought there way into our society. They have a deaf theater based on their type of humor. Last year, there was also a massive, yet silent, protest at Gallaudet University as students fought to have a deaf president; they won. This summer there was a major convention of over 5,000 deaf people called Deaf Way, which was the largest known gathering of that many deaf people in one place at one time.

Perhaps all of us could and should take some time and spend it with a deaf or hearing impaired individual, study ASL at or away from the College or simply psychologically cut away the sounds of the earth and learn to see things that we have never seen before.

their tusks. According to the *New York Times*, President Moi said, "To stop the poacher, the trader must be also be stopped, and to stop the trader the final buyer must be convinced not to buy ivory. I appeal to people all over the world to stop buying ivory."

President Moi and surrounding supportive countries can't say they owe their support of a ban to purely ethical and humane reasons because, unlike the countries in which the source of income is the legal sale of ivory, these other countries' main profits are dependent upon the living elephants that attract tourism. The unfortunate problem that seems to be overlooked is the underdeveloped African countries' heavy reliance on the income of ivory sales, that is, legal ivory sales. The problem with legal ivory sales is the fact that they are indistinguishable from illegal ivory sales. Over 80% of all ivory sales are estimated to come from poached elephants.

According to Joan Diggs, of the African Wildlife Foundation, the only way to save the elephant from extinction is to ban the sale of all ivory. "If it can be legally sold it can be illegally sold," she said. "It just has to be stopped altogether." In regard to the ivory burning in Kenya, she replied, "We applaud it!"

It is easy to understand when examining the sad facts, that so many people are eager to see the end of the ivory trade. The facts are that the world trade in ivory each year is 800 tons and, again, over 80% of all ivory circulation is illegal. Approximately 70,000 elephants a year must be killed to meet this demand, not including 10,000 additional young elephants that meet their death as they are unable to fend for themselves.

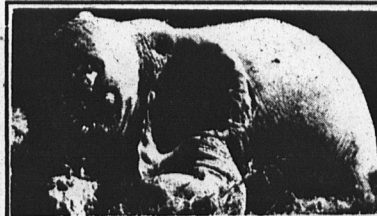
The African elephant population in 1979 was 1,300,000. This number has been diminished to under 75,000. There are no longer any remaining elder elephants to bear their majestically eleven-foot long tusks. In 1982, the average tusk weighed as much as 21.3 pounds; in 1988, the average was only 13 pounds.

The African Wildlife Foundation encourages everyone not to purchase ivory in order to end the sales, to end the poaching and to ultimately save the elephant from genocide. They also want you to speak with jewelers to encourage them not to sell ivory. If you wish to support the African Wildlife Foundation which is working hard to supply materials and services to the public and assistance to the brave antipoaching patrols in Africa, please write for more information to: African Wildlife Foundation, 1717 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, DC 20036.

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(202) 265-8393 or 1-800-344-TUSK.



Stop The Slaughter. Don't Buy Ivory.

COMMENTARY

Hagen The Horrible

By Cliff Hagen

Boy meets girl; girl snorts coke. Boy loses girl because girl snorts coke. Boy goes home alone, and girl snorts more coke.

We all know the scenario...We find ourselves in a neighborhood bar dumping back beers as we toss darts. Then we start talking to a girl we used to see on the way to work every morning. The bubbly banter continues for some time, but then the bar closes.

As it turns out she had three friends in the bar, and they each blow lines. What should we do? Where do we stand? Preferably, we'd stand as far away as possible. A girl with her nose in drugs is like a cat in a swimming pool. If you get to close, they dig in with their claws.

But why should I write such a thing? Someone might easily infer that I've recently been clawed while swimming in the neighborhood fish tank. Well who should care if I were or weren't? I don't pander to pity, and sympathy sucks. No, I'm printing these words to defend drug-users' freedom to smoke, drink or snort whatever they like. I would like to defend drug-users against hypercritical, self-imposing parents, preachers and politicians. After all, even a cat can swim and dry itself off.

Should our President spend billions of dollars intercepting illegal imports? Should Father Franciscan O'Friar see to it that birthing mothers be arrested for blessing the world with addicted babies? Should suburban housewives and husbands force drug prevention assemblies on unsuspecting third and fourth graders? No, no, no, no, no,....

Forget about drugs! Americans have managed to forget about plenty of people and problems. Why not forget about drugs? The elderly are thrown into "homes," and forgotten. The homeless can't find "homes," and are forgotten. The mentally ill can't find themselves and are forgotten. Let the addicts-spill into the streets, and let



Cliff Hagen

us forget about them.

I wholeheartedly defend an addict's right to get wasted, start nodding and/or pass out. I'll even buy the first round, but when your puking in the street don't ask me to help you up to the curb.

Ask how much money should be spent on the education, prevention and interception of drugs, and I'll shout out "none." Father O'Friar should be home reading *Job*, and let the PTA rent Walt Disney movies. There is nothing one can do for addicts except give them space to realize their mistakes, or, even better, back up and let them kill themselves. Just leave them alone and forget about them.

Obvious questions do arise, such as, what about crime? Won't they need money to support their habits? Well, of course they would, if they had to pay for their drugs. But why not distribute cocaine or heroine, or whatever the drug may be free, of charge? I believe that the Iran-Contra scandal was inclusive evidence that our government already deals in drugs. Why not expand on that? "Cocaine, a Federal pest control that works! A Government rat poison for addicts!" And if an addict wants to live, and is worthy of life, then he or she would run from free coke like a cat runs from water.

Milk Fed Veal: Toxic For People
Torturous Abuse For Calves

By David A. Cutting

The next veal you eat may be your last, or, as the nightmarish reality of what occurs in factory farms continues to grow, you may decide the last veal you already ate to be your last. In this year alone, over 800,000 people in the United States will suffer from salmonella food poisoning caused by antibiotics administered to factory farm animals such as veal calves. Scientists calculated over 2,000,000 cases of salmonella poisoning, which resulted in 2,000 deaths. The poisoning was caused by the misuse of penicillin and tetracyclin, which are commonly poured by factory farms directly into animal feed.

There is also a wide range of toxic drug residue commonly found in factory farm products, such as milk fed veal, including oxytetracycline, mold inhibiting chemicals, chloramphenicol and neomycin. A warning by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) estimated that one out of every 10 calves slaughtered contains illegal levels of drug residue. Scientists even question the health risks involved with "legal" levels of drug residue.

There are also those who fear that this abundant use of antibiotics will cause consumers who indulge in these products to build up a resistance to health-healing abilities of these antibiotics, such as penicillin. Dr. Jere Goyan, the School of Pharmacy's Dean at the University of California, and Dr. Karmin Ahmed, the head scientist of the National Resources Defense Council, both have expressed their view that continuous overuse of these drugs and antibiotics are creating an "evolution of new strains of violent bacteria whose resistance to antibiotics poses a great threat to human health." They also believe that the bacteria will render formerly life-saving antibiotics useless and that we will be faced with an epidemic of untreatable stomach ailments, many of which will end in death.

Why are thousands of calves in factory farms fed continuous doses of drugs and antibiotics a day, even though the risks can involve the taking of a human life? The answer itself lies in the darkish folds of another blackened reality, namely, to counter the effects of the inhumane horrors. The calves constantly suffer from deprivation, stress, physical abuse and disease.

When newly born, these calves are stripped from their mothers and chained in isolation within a hard wooden crate, not measuring more than 22-inches in width and 58-inches in length. There they will stay, and they are forbidden to exercise in order to prevent muscle development and to increase the spread of weight gain. They are unable to turn, groom, stretch their legs or lie down in a natural position. The chains, which are securely fastened to the young calves' tender necks, occasionally dig themselves deeply into the skin so vehemently, that when the chains are finally removed, chunks of flesh will be found stuck between the cold, steel links.

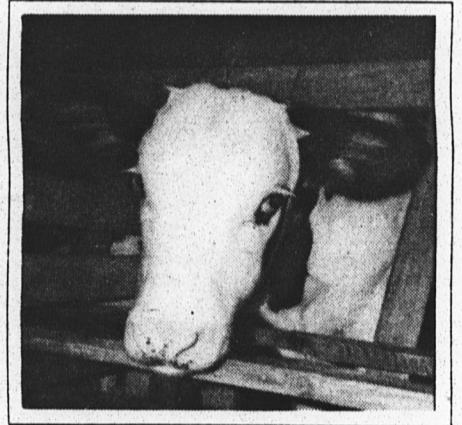
Never to receive their mothers' affection or milk, the calves are forced to eat only an antibiotic laced milk replacer, which they receive twice daily. The unwholesome formula causes severe diarrhea, and the sickly calves must sleep and exist in their own excrement as they choke on the ammonia gas. Starved and anxious to eat, the calves are struck repeatedly in the head by minimum-wage workers as these employees attempt to fill and

constantly must lick themselves for roughage.

To reduce the activity and restlessness of the highly stressed calves, they are kept in total darkness. They are also denied all traditional humane care such as exercise, fresh air, wholesome food and proper veterinary care. Complete lack of straw or other bedding (besides their own waste) creates serious leg injuries and sores onto the passive animals.

After approximately four months of this cruelty, the calves are unchained, loaded onto trucks and taken off to be slaughtered. Though they have not walked since a day or two after birth, they are suddenly expected to march from their veal crates to the loading trucks. If they stumble or fall through a missing board, they are repeatedly kicked or shocked with an electric prod in their testicles. The prod is expected to make them move faster.

The calves have finally found their freedom from relentless torture in their deaths, but only after suffering from extreme physiological afflictions



measure the feed buckets. The calves never receive solid food or drinks and as well as from a long list of ailments such as anemia, influenza, intestinal diseases, mastitis, metritis, orthostasis and pneumonia.

There is hope, though, of ending veal calf abuse as Congressman Charles Bennett (FL) has introduced the Veal Protection Act. The law would render illegal the chains and the isolation of the "veal crates" and would prevent the factory farms from producing anemic calves for veal. These laws would all be enforced on the federal level.

For those who wish to help support The Veal Calf Protection Act, there are ways to do so. There are students at The College who are working on gaining support for the Act, and you can help by joining them or by signing a petition to support the Veal Calf Protection Act. To obtain more information or to sign a petition, stop by room c-114 at the Sunnyside campus. You may also want to join the boycott on veal, or you may write to the Humane Farming Association, 1550 California St., Suite 6, San Francisco, CA 94109.

Give a calf a torture-free life and perhaps save your own.

CSI Club Notice

There will a meeting of all students interested in forming a Chapter of Young Democrats at CSI on Wednesday, October 25 at 1:15 p.m. in the room B-201, Sunnyside. Roy Lanceman of New York State Young Democrats will be the speaker.

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ARTS

Four Faculty Photographers At Gallery 313

College Voice Staff Writer

Four members of CSI's photography faculty and two guest photographers are presenting their work at a group exhibit that opened with a preview and reception on Thursday, October 19, in Gallery 313, 120 Stuyvesant Place, St. George campus.

The exhibit, sponsored by CSI's Department of Performing and Creative Arts, will continue through Friday, November 10 and features the works of Mark Andres, Martin Bough, Michael Gregory, Phill Niblock, Jon Burriss and Bob Shamis.

Mark Andres, a native of the Panama Canal Zone, has taught photogra-

phy at CSI since 1985. He is a graduate of Brown University and of the advanced program in photography offered jointly by New York University and the International Center of Photography. His work has been exhibited at The Brooklyn Museum, the Cleveland Museum of Art and the Camera Club of New York. His work included in the Gallery 313 exhibition comprises a series of photographic constructions entitled "Human Nature," of which he says, "These works examine a world totally constructed within the mind. The natural is viewed as conceived rather than experienced."

Martin Bough, a member of the ad-

ministrative faculty since 1971, began his professional career as a jazz musician, both on the road and with groups in the New York area. He is director, editor and designer of public service commercials and several independent films and, in 1974, he founded Corporate Studio Communications, producers of filmstrips and still photography for public relations and publishing clients. Calling himself a "hunter of visual vignettes," Bough has sought to apply the spontaneity of his jazz experience to the art of photography. The greater part of his work in the exhibition is made up of scenes observed as he took his camera out on the city streets.

Michael Gregory, whose special interest is in photojournalism, has taught at CSI since 1968. As a freelance photojournalist, his work has been published widely in newspapers and magazines both here and abroad. He has participated in group exhibitions in the Midwest and the New York area and has had one-man shows in Lincoln, Nebraska, and at the Staten Island Institute of Arts and Sciences. Gregory also produces videotapes for the Mechanical Technology Department. His most recent work in this area is entitled "Engineering Technology for Women: A Brighter Tomorrow" and has been shown recently at engineering conferences in Portland, Oregon, and San Juan, Puerto Rico. Gregory's work in the exhibition includes selections from his latest work, "American Icon," a work in progress based on the many images of the American flag. Also included is a retrospective selection of some of his earliest work, shot in the late 1940's on Staten Island.

Phill Niblock, Professor of Film/Video and Photography since 1971, was born in Anderson, Indiana, and had graduated from Indiana University. In addition to completing more than 20 films and 30 musical works, and a considerable body of photographic and video work, Niblock has been directing intermedia and music presentations at the Experimental Intermedia Foundation in New York since the early 1970's. His Intermedia performances, installations and screenings have been presented throughout the United States, throughout Eastern and Western Europe and throughout Asia. A Guggenheim Fellow, he is the recipient of numerous grants and awards from The National Endowment for the Arts, the New York State Council on the Arts and the CUNY Research Foundation, among others. His photographs in the exhibition are in three groups: "Boatyard in Atafona, Brazil," "Buildings along Broadway" and "Street Corners in the South Bronx." The latter is a group of shots of two intersections, seen from their centers in each of four directions. To achieve the frame he wanted, Niblock carried a household stool to the location and stood on it in the middle of the intersection.

Gallery 313's hours are 1:00-5:00 P.M., Monday through Friday, and admission to the exhibition is free and open to the public.

Some of the information for this article was obtained from CSI press releases.

PDC Comedy

By Lisa-Anne Stephenson

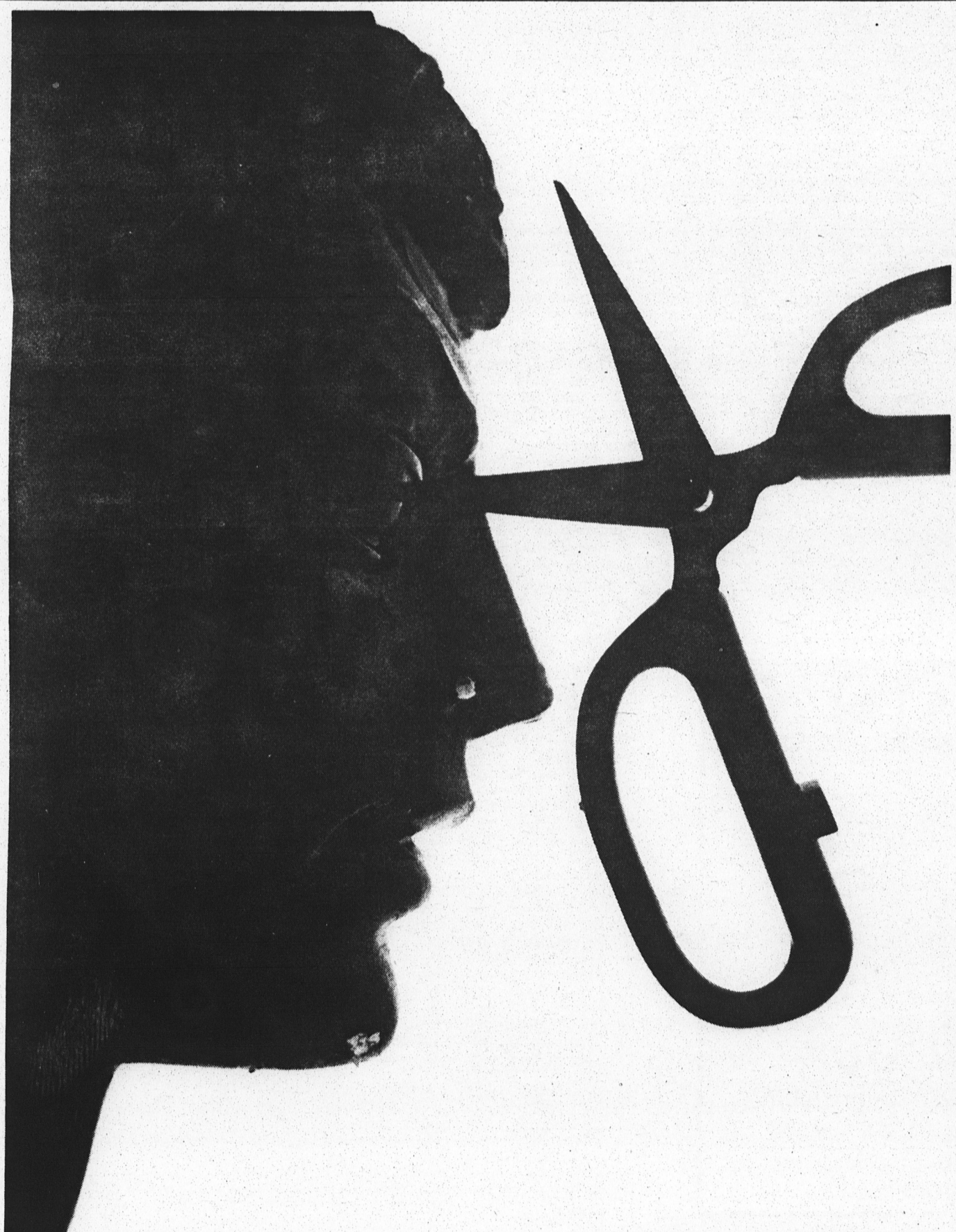
John (Gemini) Lombardi, ventriloquist, magician and comedian displayed that he was all three on September 13, at the Sunnyside recreational lounge.

Lombardi is the first on a list of shows we'll have this semester sponsored by the Program Development Committee.

Gemini opened the show as a magician. He performed tricks we are all familiar with but never tire of seeing. Being familiar with his tricks though, didn't stop one student from gasping as he pressed a lighted cigarette onto another student's blazer.

What impressed the audience most in this segment was, as soon as he lit a cigarette and crushed it on the floor, another one appeared in his hand.

Comedy Continued on page 14



"The Eyes Of Marge"

Photo by Richard Formica

ARTS

Star Trek Five-Intelligent But Flawed For The Non-Fan

By Bill Woods

Star Trek Five has been billed as "the boldest trek ever", and the classification is completely correct. This movie was made for the fans who have IQ levels high enough to truly appreciate what Trek is all about. The only severe criticisms a person who is not a fan can raise about this movie are in the following list.

First of all the special effects in this movie are horrible, plain and simple. I have heard a great deal of rubbish concerning the "supposed" wires that are visible holding Kirk and Spock up, but unless we're seeing different movies, I haven't been able to verify this claim. (I've seen the movie five times to date!). But there is a legitimate complaint concerning the special effects. As the Kligon battle cruiser closes in on the Enterprise towards the end of the movie, the Enterprise herself looks much like she did in the 70's cartoon show. The Kligon crew, for both the horrible K-Mart make-up job and the high school talent show acting, was a useless diversion from what generally could have been a much better plot.

The movie does tend to drag its feet toward the end, much as the first movie had throughout, and one scene in particular is a major waste of screen time. This occurs when the bridge waits and watches the planet of "G-d". Star Trek Five moves excellently until the scene of their arrival beyond the great barrier, an energy field which up until now has prevented all ships from reaching the center of the galaxy. At this point the movie alternates between long drawn out scenes with no importance, as the one already listed, and a rushed ending that for any true trek fan is laced with mistakes and inconsistencies. The ending reads as if the script were written by someone other than the one who wrote the rest of the movie. This is also the case for the directing and the editing. Needless to say, this ruins any chance of a possible climax to the movie. The ending is also hindered by the horrible effects of the "G-d" hurling energy beams at the rock climbing Captain Kirk.

For the "non-fan", the movie is interesting and entertaining but, unfortunately, is meant to be a video rental. Now, from the fans' point of view I become more critical and yet give it a better review. As I said, the ending in which the special effects resemble those of a cartoon, is the worst part of the movie. The sound of Spock's voice telling the Kligon commander to stand by so that General Korg can speak with him, seems to be dubbed and serves to further remind you of the bad dubbing that happened with the cartoon.

The story line between Uhura and Scotty confirmed the long time die-hard trekkie conviction, but the acting

of the Enterprise's very own Siren only shows how little experience she has had and how few roles she must be offered. The sight of Spock's belly when he is in the bridge is completely and totally depressing for those of us who remember the youthful slim version. One would think that Vulcans only eat to survive and not for the pleasure of becoming rotund. But then it could simply be Spock's way of not making the Captain feel bad about his token from his "paper pushing" days that's wrapped around the Captain's stomach and under his chin.

My last serious criticism is for Spock's announcement to the Kligon commander that he is a Vulcan and therefore cannot lie. The line is delivered poorly with an edge of campiness to it.

My last criticism concerns Spock, whose task for the past 40 years has been to be the science officer aboard the USS Enterprise. Why didn't he, upon arriving at the planet beyond the barrier, stick his pointy little ears into his monitors and try to give his captain a few facts about the planet?

But besides the problems of the script, to which most of the movie's problems can be attributed, the movie gave this fan something he's been waiting for since the early part of Star Trek Two. Although the killing of Spock was excellently portrayed, it was a mistake because we have had to wait three movies for our Mr. Spock to return so that we could get to see the famous interaction between the characters we have grown to love. The first half of the movie was excellent for precisely this reason. It gave us a chance to see the "family" together without having some maniac, or galactic menace, bother them. But unfortunately, this does happen, and much too soon for my taste. We get virtually no interaction between any of the other characters. Thus we are cheated of our long awaited meal. The last movie was good, if for nothing more than the fact that it gave us a chance to see how other teams aside from the Kirk-Spock-Bones trio works together.

As far as a movie, Star Trek didn't do very well, but then as you must understand you cannot judge a movie like Star Trek in the usual way. My hope is that Paramount will realize this, and instead of spending millions to make one movie every three years, they will put all those who are involved on staff for a twelve episode season of two hours apiece and show them on TV or on cable or release them on video. The fans are hungry for more, and at the rate these movies are put together, we're only going to be getting

another three or four before all the actors involved will be, unfortunately, too old to engage in rescue attempts like the one brilliantly portrayed in this movie.

Relentless-Should Have Been A Dark Comedy Instead

By Bill Woods

The film, *Relentless*, which was released from New Line Cinema a few weeks ago, is a type of film that could have been better if it had been styled as a dark comedy as opposed to a typical psychological thriller.

Judd Nelson plays Buck Talyor, a distraught (too put it mildly) young man who doesn't accomplish his lifetime goal. His goal is to become a police officer for the Los Angeles police, as his dad, who was known as a supercop, had done. After not being accepted for what the police department calls "psychologically unfit," Talyor goes on a murdering spree in hopes of being killed by the police. Talyor wants to do this because, in his eyes, this is the proper way to die. The police go after the killer, who is now nicknamed "The Sunset Killer" by the press. They put officers Malloy and Dietz (Robert Loggia and Leo Rossi) on the case to catch the killer. Also, they have to protect Buck Talyor (they don't realize he's the killer) because some taunting clues lead the officers to believe that Buck is next on the killer list.

The pluses of the film are, unfortu-

nately, far and wide apart. Leo Rossi

tries his best by holding the film together with his commanding performance as Officer Dietz, but Robert Loggia acts as though he does not want to be in this film. (You might remember him from the film, *BIG*), his performance is extremely one-dimensional.

Judd Nelson has the look of a psychotic down pat, but he doesn't have the edge to play this character. It is really not believable.

Meg Foster (her last film was last year's horror/sci-fi flic *They Live*) stands out as Leo Rossi's wife in the few scenes she has; I would have liked to have seen her do more in this film.

Director, William Lustig, who makes a cameo as a police officer, and writer Jack T. D. Robinson don't deliver a good thriller. It would have worked better if it had been done as a dark comedy. The film does have good ideas but they don't pursue them. That is a shame since it does have possibilities of being a good film. It doesn't deliver.

The film is rated R. Oh, if you were using a scorecard, the body count was 7.

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POETRY

After The Reading

You came up to me after the reading. "I liked your poem", and other obligatory mutterings from the land of the dead. And I reciprocated, replied with obligatory responses, learned from a correspondence course in sterility and meaninglessness, which I have been studying for eons. We don't dabble in insincerity, we wallow in it, and make great walls of the bullshit of it all. Plastering it with our naked hands upon this incipient tableau of undefined and undefined potential. But when we're finished and your brain is good and dry and sterile-burning with futile hopes of trying to conjure up some cleverness, some coyness to vainly leave a record. To mark it in stone. But it vanished by the light of truth as soon as our mouths opened. As soon as the rhetoric spouted the only true flow was that of false sympathy and sincerity. O what a coward I am! Did I vainly try to grasp in the darkness?! O wasn't it true -Yes!- I tried to grasp an obscure ledge with whitened fingernails and frantic blue nerves and hold on. Just hold on. No fool, the greatest vanity is believing. With these naked hands, the only semblance to the naked truth, I repair the cracks and crevices in the great wall of decorous, reserved, proper and appropriate bullshit. Stretching three-thousand miles or more.

John Korbul

Houseperson's Revenge

Piss-poor self image
Wweeping ugly barren floors

The dust returns
Life's promise?

Toilet bowls overrun
acid decay

Bathtub ring
Her only jewelry

Houseperson's dilemma.

Mop the brow
Seat degrades
Melting icicles
Her tears.

His approach to growth?

Water-stained glasses
Disgraceful.

Meal delayed
Is he merely a torso?

Waiting for her to do her thing.

His thing too.
Holding your breath
No stained glass windows
Just stained windows.
Here's the cleaner
Here's the dish towel
Pilot's lighted at your right
Do your thing.

Door to freedom on her left
Goodbye
She's gone

Houseperson's revenge
His dilemma.

Gayle Tauger

Leaving

I left behind friends whose parents walk around the house without any clothes on whose sisters work at pathmark eternally
I left behind friends huddled around the open hood of a car
I left behind friends whose fathers died and became super-motivated students earning mechanical engineering degrees
I left behind friends who lost a hundred pounds and gained a letter carrier's mailbag
I left behind friends who were brilliant students and musicians
Who married early and became electricians

And I knew you and I were different

And I thought this was my destiny

And I shared the secrets of love with you

And I flinched when his fist connected with your face

And I never truly grew close to you

And one fourteen-year old night
when there was no room left for me in the car

I sat on my steps sobbing, waiting for your return

John Korbul

Day By Day

I let it take me.
"Go with the flow"- The man with the glow
Who'd just seen the show and always seemed to know
Said to a boy, a gnat, a flea,
a crystal of sand on a beggar's thumb.
So I said sure.
And it took me
On its very merry way.
And for a time I sought to give it a name
Feeling quite sure it cried for and needed one.
So feeling as I did, that it was not just an "it"
I searched for men and places that seemed to know.
But somehow I was led here
In bed with a stranger
On the road to salvation
Stopped at the border
With eternity as the possible sentence.
and for what?

A dirty tittle, a dealer of love.

Blaze



"Cat's Stare"

Photo by Richard Formica

At the height of their beauty
When they dazzle your eye,
Autumn leaves

Are about to die.

Rhonda Zeper

Missing the...

I'm trying to stumble onto something,
discover a voice,
a direction, a purpose.
Figuring out what feels good.
How to stroke,
how to caress,
What to force
and what I do best.
Pay most no mind, but read anyway
and learn from my youthful mistakes,
or laugh with the fool.
just don't publish this, or quote me
or worship me or smoke me.

You'd be missing the point.

in memory of Jim M.

Michael Vessey.

Parochial World

There they sit,
Like a flock of Old Birds.
Silently Judging
Everyones's world.
How terribly odd this or that is,
Explaining their life
In a boring expansion of each little strife.

There they sit,
Hidden, Safe and Comfortable
Behind their Veil,
Covering fears of shallow uselessness
Gazing at people as
Statues might do.

There they sit in a parochial world
never to be touched by anything true,
For if any original thought should come,
They would
Condemn it
Accuse it
And laugh: It's true.

There they sit in a parochial world
Where
Different is WrongParochial Worlds are kind.
They shelter them from the Unknown.

Julia Scalcione

Untitled

In the fertile crescent,
where the dawn of life began,
there rose up from the people, a prophet,
singing praises to the God of Man.

He instructed his loyal followers
on how to get past heavens doors.
He created a legion of faithful,
to go and fight in the holy wars.

"To die for God is his glory!
Let us go and spread his word!
The infidel will turn believer!
Or he will perish by the sword!"

As one, they rode together,
into the peaceful lands afar.
Conquering the mighty citadel,
they found glory in the God of Man.

The hoardes of the prophet are coming.
Like the locust's on the wind are borne.
They fight for a greater glory.

It is the will of the God of War.

Jorge

Sunday's Cathedral - With John

milky shadow of a phantom
convulsing and contorting with his own piety
meek with a love which extinguishes as a candle's flickering
and quivering flame
standing starkly tall and sniffing, sniffing rarified airs
heavy and laden with incense
haughty elegance - standing as one eloquently disrobed
arrogance in persona
a man of varied tastes
no man, woman, child or beast is safe from his secret,
stealthy, sexual and hidden lustings
eyeing devilishly derrieres as yet unknown
mischievously and slyly stealing Christ's body and blood
lapping away at all true falsehoods
need I go on...
long sought after draught of demonology
twisted after years of denial
only lunging at the junk food meant for the soulless
shouting and proclaiming his leprosy-like disease
the infantile Lord makes haste to speed his quick departure
bloody meat tid-bits
jostling for a taste of saintly offering
dispersing to various hellish endeavors
belts of divinity which taste of real blood
holy men of all nations and worlds
rumpled... as if sleep offered no solace prior to the
Sabbath Day
spiritual knowledge of what this particular forbidden fruit
has as an offering
begging and pleading for sweet reality
heartlessly and coldly kissing the saints
while the demon choir chants and sings on...
heinously they cross themselves and kiss the cross
leaving dirty money behind as payment for the carnival-like show

Valerie A. Pisarik

CREATIVE WRITING

Mr Kipling Tarts

By Julie Tulip-Walsh

It was mid-morning and the sun was already high in the sky. The bright rays emanated over the countryside disclosing the landscape in a surrealist fashion. The car sped along the motorway that rudely interrupted the otherwise unviolated countryside. Familiar scenes rushed by the car as if in a desperate hurry to retreat from the place the car was headed. The car was headed to a small, rural town in Suffolk, called Boxted.

She sat pensively in the passenger seat of the Mercedes. The white soft top was rolled back exposing them to the unrelenting sun. They both wore scarves atop their heads, and dark Raybans covered their eyes. She lay with her head tilted back, and a wisp of hair that had escaped the confines of her scarf danced mischievously about her face. She tilted her head, unblinking towards the sun. Corot's clouds streaked through her mind. Wistfully, she hoped to freeze it in memory. The sun was warm and caressed her face. Nonetheless, she shivered from time to time and clutched her heavy cardigan about her as if in an attempt to keep out the chills or to keep them in. She turned her hypnotic gaze from the sky and glanced over to her "Aunt" Anne. She watched Anne handle the sports car with confidence and dashing style. Anne lit a cigarette and proceeded to smoke it without the car altering speed or swerving.

She returned her eyes upwards and caught the words of Paul Simon which were floating out from the radio and up into the infinite sky. His lorn voice crooned from the radio, "...laying out my winter clothes and wishing I was going home..." The words lulled her into a swamping melancholy that she was powerless to impede. "Aunt" Anne's voice cut through her reverie, and it was a few seconds before she realized a question was being asked of her. Anne spoke with her cigarette hanging from the side of her mouth, and her perfect "Queen's English" was replaced by a slight cockney accent, a lapse that one would rarely hear. She directed, in answer to "Aunt" Anne's import, the final lefts and rights to ar-

rive at their destination. She had answered with a forced cheerfulness. Anne nodded and took the turns in a high gear which caused a considerable amount of wheel screeching.

She called Anne "Aunt," although she was no relation to her at all. She had met Anne while working in a not at all glamorous job and in a life that seemed more on the down than on the up. She had left the horrors of working class life to aspire to the lives of the appealing wealthy, but at the point when she had met Anne, opportunity, she had optimistically felt, was just around the corner. Anne was a bored rich lady who had seen in her a daughter she never had, and in a moment of spontaneity, took her under her wing. "Aunt" Anne owned a grand old house in Kensington, two Cavalier King Charles, numerous young men and four bathrooms that contained a bidet in each one.

Anne brought the car to a violent halt outside the house that left a smell of burning rubber in the air. The echo of the screaming tires reverberated around the valley. She looked up at the crumbling red brick house and its small dark windows looked much smaller than she could remember them. The privet bush had grown wilder and taller and obscured most of the front of the house. She had been 16 when she had turned her back on this house, and it was four years later that she found herself standing in front of it and all remained unchanged. The door knocker that had been made by her very own hands remained but was rusted with age. It had taken her four weeks to complete the door knocker, an achievement she had been proud of. She remembered it being quite beautiful and now, funnily, it appeared quite ugly and obtrusive. For the first time that morning it occurred to her that perhaps she should have called and forewarned them of her intentions to visit. But they had left on the spur of the moment. "Aunt" Anne, in one of her compulsive moments of goodwill, had suggested that they drive to Boxted. Well, it was too late now, she thought consolingly to herself.

The side door opened and somebody

stepped out and peered short-sightedly up the path at them. Anne had already climbed from the car and was removing her scarf. She disembarked almost reluctantly full of apprehension. The person that was standing at the side door was obscured from her view. She followed Anne who teetered precariously on stiletto heels with her red fox flapping ostentatiously behind her. She noticed how Anne wore a pasted smile upon her visage, one of her affable smiles she saved for her inferiors. For a moment she felt like Dorothy of Kansas and Anne was the Wicked Witch of the East as they approached the waiting figure.

Within a few feet of the person she immediately halted her steps and alarm gripped her frail body. Nonrecognition was on the face of the woman standing before them, and the look was duplicated on her face, too. Anne unknowingly proceeded to politely introduce herself in a very practical manner. The woman was wearing an apron on which she appeared to be drying her hands, and her greying hair was pulled back in a strict bun. She still wore a blank expression and looked back and forth between the two of them. She finally enquired of the flamboyant, overly familiar woman and the white-faced, silent girl, if she could help them at all. The question prompted her to break from her cataleptic state, and her words seemed barely audible. Anne turned and looked at the girl as if she were growing horns. She turned back to the woman and began explaining in a haughty fashion that they had come to visit the girl's mother and they would like to know if she was at home. The woman looked puzzled for a few seconds and then a look of sympathy filled her eyes and her mouth, the sort of look one would wear to a funeral. The woman gripped the girl's arm just as she began to topple. All at once the woman began fussing and clucking like an old maid and expertly helped the girl inside the house.

She was sitting in an armchair and feeling detached from her body. The woman was addressing her, but she couldn't quite catch all her words.

Sometimes the woman seemed very close, and sometimes she seemed as if she was far, far away. She heard words such as tragedy, moved away, gone, don't know where. The woman continued to talk in a quiet, congenial voice, but she couldn't make any sense of any of the words.

Hours must have gone by unnoticed because the sun was disappearing and the room was cast in shadows. But still her mind wouldn't come back to her body as much as she willed it. An empty cup on a saucer rested on the arm of her chair, yet she couldn't remember where it had come from and when it had arrived. A plate of "Mr Kipling" tarts waited miserably to be eaten, growing limp and stale with every minute of rejection. Funny, she thought, every Saturday, for a treat, their mother bought "Mr Kipling" tarts for tea. They always ate two each. She wondered if it was Saturday, but then she remembered it was Sunday. Anne sat in the far corner of the room. She had not removed her coat and sat upright and on the edge of her chair as if in disdain of the whole affair. She was smoking another cigarette which was held by a solid gold cigarette holder. She was heavily dissolved by dark shadows which made her presence ominous.

She watched as Anne rose from her seat and, wearing a patronizing smile, came towards her. Between the woman and Anne they half carried her outside to the car. They placed her in the passenger seat, and the woman attempted to attach a seatbelt but she found none. Anne limply touched the woman's hand in a suggestion of a handshake and then swiftly walked back to the car. She noticed, as Anne bent to climb into her seat, the grey roots on top of her head. She momentarily thought of an old battleship forging its clumsy way through the harbour having no regard for the smaller vessels in its way. It could be seen from the docks, that for all its grandeur, it had become riddled with rust and was rotting from the inside. Her second thought was the realization of immense loss; she felt as empty as the teacup and completely alone. Four years she had spent denying her past, and now she had no past to deny.

Scenes From Before And After The Reading

By John Korbul

He was a few paces behind a youth with crisp flowing ebony hair, of form gangly, long and lean, with a red paisley vest over a T-shirt. Painfully self-conscious and shy, the boy approaches the stairs and glides down the banister. Jenifer with one "n" cruelly comments, "Your so cool, Adam." There was a black girl, with short dreadlocks sprouting on top of her head like asparagus. He helped set up a table with cookies and coffee and the like. Why? Why did he participate? He was given a brief but comprehensive tour of the college after the preliminary setting-up, and there was a recess before the reader would arrive.

One instantly knew the reader was a professor, his corduroy jacket, scholarly and timeless, a white shirt with narrow necktie tightened all the way to the top. He carried a buckled leather case. The outward conservative and the inner rebel. He was erect and erudite with horn rimmed glasses, confident in his ability and perennially utterly bewildered in his surroundings.

After the reading he was in an inner quadrangle sheathed by the towering rust brick buildings. He was seated at

a concrete table, garrulous with Jenifer with one "n". He remembered her face when she came up to him after he read his poem. She was plain, with glasses and mousy hair and a single long braid. He remembered speaking to her and her face, intently looking up at him, a look of dull animal kindness and her mouth half open. Her face was too soft for intensity but she gazed with glassy dull eagerness. But that mouth half open! It was pitiable and yet it suffused against her milk-white complexion so that to see her any other way would be a travesty, an absurd affectation, unnatural, ridiculous. Yes, this was the way Jenifer with one "n" should be, now and forever!

He wanted to thank her for that dull, opaque peasant's face, and he searched those eyes. He searched those eyes for pain and glory and something deeper than half-agape stares. She was along the Rhone, 14th Century with her hands slowly turning to leather from the scythe's shining, flesh worn handle. She was along the Rhine at harvest time, the freshly reaped grain straining her arms in a woven basket, at dusk, returning to

the village in the 15th Century. He searched those eyes for a glimmer of hope, but she was not beautiful, within or without. But he wanted her to be. He wanted to break his heart over her many, many times, so that the poignancy should last eternally. He wished she had beauty, so he could beg and plead for her love, and tearfully stroke his fingers along her milk-white ankles in deference to the infinite depth and compassion he wanted so desperately for her to have.

He hoped so desperately he would find in that peasant face another, just one other, who would know; the unendurable torment of the burnt-out alchemist who can no longer conjure. The unspeakable and insufferable ecstasy of pure sorrow in the adyts of his depthless soul. The inchoate and nameless pity and horror in his heart when he gazed into the nameless faces in the street, now and forever. The purgatory of incommunicable yearning in his scattered thoughts. And the interminable loneliness that would outlive the brevity of his days. But this she could not share, this she could not do. For she was a peasant in body and soul.

The Waiter

By Linda Mandella

The restaurant was small in comparison to others. The main room had only six tables covered with red and white checkered tableclothes. They each had a table setting consisting of two sets of dishes, silverware, water glasses and napkins. There was a breadbasket on the center of each table. On one wall of the main room was a swinging door leading to the kitchen. The entrance door was on the wall opposite this. Next to the door was a glass counter with a cash register on top. The cashier sat behind it. A plain picture window was on a third wall. Long red drapes covered it. The fourth wall was bare, with just a coat of white paint covering it. The lighting in the restaurant was bright and harsh.

Pacing back and forth across the room was the waiter. He wore a white shirt, black pants, cheap black shiny shoes and a red jacket. He was slightly stooped with disheveled black hair. His face was very pale with deep dark

Walter Continued on page 15

Humanity

Continued from page 1

Bradhar, India, first came to this country in 1986 with the intention of achieving something great. He is gifted with the ability to run and has ran with four other people from the North of India to the South eight years ago. Sridhar wanted to do something for humanity. He was shocked and deeply affected by the high number of AIDS victims in the U.S. and decided that these were the people he wanted to help. "I feel very strongly about AIDS victims, especially the innocent babies born with AIDS and condemned to death," Sridhar says with a face contorted in anger at this injustice.

A year ago, inspired by his mentor, Professor Siegler, Sridhar began planning a trans-American run from New York to Los Angeles. He obtained the generous help of Assistant Student Service Director, Allan DiBiase, and Dr. J. Hirsch. They were unsuccessful in obtaining corporate sponsorship. "We wrote over 200 letters to different companies, but not one company replied," explained Sridhar, shaking his head sadly.

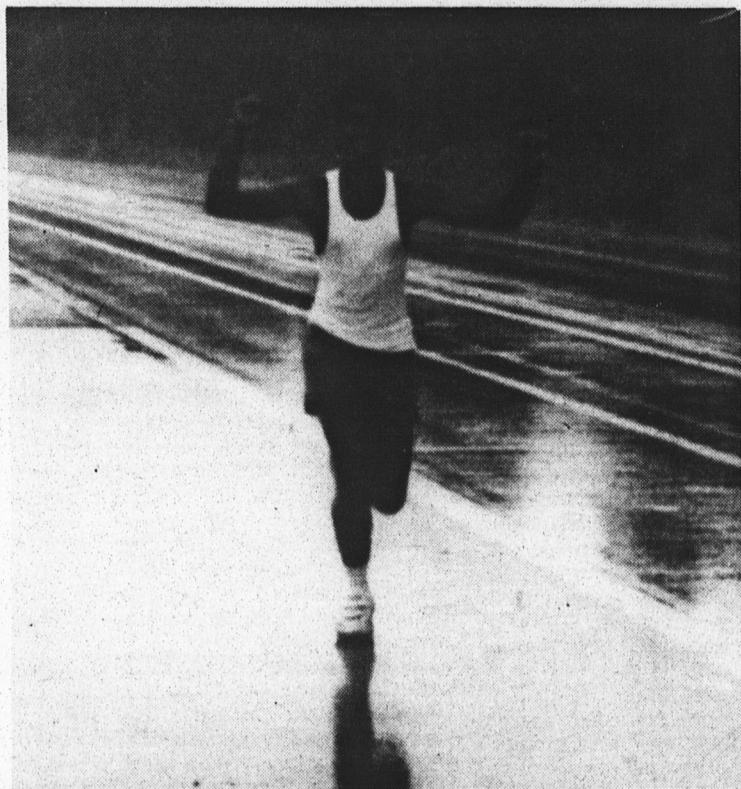
Still very determined, despite the disappointment, Sridhar planned the run to Florida, which he hoped he would be able to finance himself. He faced many hardships along the road, and two days before the leaving date he found himself without a driver for the motor home. "If nobody was going to help me, I would go alone; nothing was going to stop me from achieving my goal," said Sridhar. Fortunately, Athar Madani, an electrical engineering student at CSI, came to the rescue and offered to drive the motor home.

Sridhar, 26 years old, who celebrated his birthday en route with a cream cake in a rest area, endured running an average of 37 miles a day in temperatures of 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Despite experiencing excruciating pain in his left knee, which occurred after 200 miles, he never gave up. "The pain was so bad I thought I had fractured it," said Sridhar gripping his knee and wincing at the memory of the pain. His knee began to trouble him on the third day when he ran more than 50 miles having lost the motor home in Philadelphia.

He found himself running on Highway 76, believing that he was on Route 1. It was late at night and raining hard; traffic screamed past him, appearing as a blur as it hurtled off into the dark night. "I was very scared that night, and I prayed that I would find the motor home," recounted Sridhar. Suspicious Police eventually stopped Sridhar and directed him to Route 1, but Sridhar, without a map and with only a dollar tucked inside his sock, became completely lost. At the roadside 11:00 at night, clad in white shorts and a T-shirt, he attempted to assail a passer-by for assistance.

Many cars later, a weary, exhausted Sridhar was about to give up when a lady stopped. "I explained to the lady that I was a jogger and I had lost my way and that all I needed were directions. At first she was very suspicious of me, but she did help me and even gave me some spaghetti to eat," said Sridhar with a grateful smile. The motor home and Sridhar finally met, much to everyone's relief. He lost his way on several occasions, but due to a cellular phone that was fitted into the vehicle, getting lost was a less traumatic ordeal.

Along the route Sridhar stopped to talk to many people who were interested to learn of his cause. Sridhar speaks very warmly about the people he met: "I love people, and I gained great knowledge by exchanging ideas with these people." Sridhar's philosophy is that you should try to love everybody and one day they will love you too. Even when he encountered an aggressive vagrant and car passengers that hurled soda and other things at him as they passed by, he remained true to his belief. People were not the



Sridhar keeps his spirits up and goal in sight during a wet morning run.



The triumphs and pains of Sridhar's run.

only items that harrassed him; dogs did too. On many occasions Sridhar found himself pounding the pavement at an accelerated speed with dogs yapping hard on his heels.

Twenty days into the marathon run, in Savannah, Georgia, the situation was getting tough for Sridhar. A few times he broke down and cried. "I was very badly burned," he said. "My knee was hurting me so much that sometimes I would have to walk."

Besides the physical strain that Sridhar was experiencing, he was feeling mentally strained too. "My driver wanted to go back, and I had no money left except for \$5; I was feeling very depressed and afraid that I would have to give up after I had gone so far," explained Sridhar with tears touching the corners of his eyes. But although he was encountered so many problems, he always had faith that he would reach his goal. A saying by philosopher Swami Vivekananda gave Sridhar the strength that he needed to persevere: "Arise! Awake! stop not until the goal is reached." "I believe that you have to have faith in yourself, and if you fail at that moment, take one more failure and try again," he said.

Friends rallied together to come to Sridhar's aid. Shahid Gardzi, a fellow CSI student acting as driver of the motor home, and Sudhakar Bayana, a photographer and also the provider of some excellent meals for the last 15 days of the journey, drove down to Savannah, Georgia, to relieve Athar Madani. Sridhar is indebted to all his friends, some who came to visit him and bring him support and encourage-

ment during the run. Some other of his friends include Athar Madani and Shahid Gardezi who both devoted all their time to driving. Sudhakar Bayana also helped. He not only was a spiritual bolster for Sridhar, but also a financial one. Sudhakar bought all the food for the last 15 days and loaned Sridhar money for gas.

pointment."

Sridhar talked candidly of his situation. "I have no money, and I have only 30 days to try and raise money for tuition," he said. "I am very worried." Sridhar, who spent two academic semesters working with Dr. J. Hirsch to raise money for the L.A. run, long earned rest by visiting Walt Dis-



Sridhar posts a banner on the rented trailer he lived out of during his summer long run.

Sridhar ended the run on the Campus of Florida International University, only five days over schedule. Before driving home to Staten Island, Sudhakar, Shahid, and Sridhar took a "Physically he has lost a lot of weight, and mentally he is suffering disap-

ney World in Orlando.

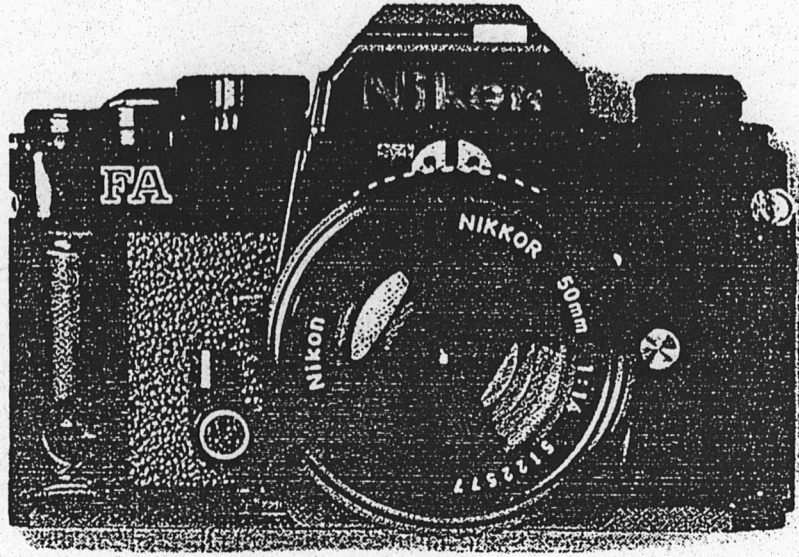
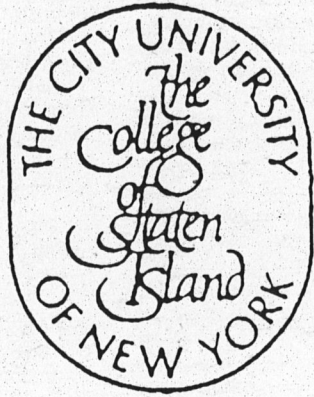
Upon arriving home, Sridhar was physically and mentally exhausted and was faced with a \$10,000 debt besides. "Sridhar is going through a tough period now," said Allan DiBiase. will now have to spend the following two semesters desperately trying to pay back all his debts. Faced with all these worries, Sridhar sits with a composure that displays courage and positiveness and says, "I want to run to L.A. I am still looking ahead to that day." If Sridhar can succeed through his immediate future, he hopes to pursue his dream of running to L.A. arousing people's awareness of AIDS along the way.

Sridhar's courage and determination have not gone unnoticed. Allan DiBiase speaks of Sridhar with warmth, "I have a lot of respect for Sridhar; what he did was a pure act of courage." In addition CSI President Volpe met with Sridhar on August 15 to congratulate him on his accomplishment.

Furthermore, Sridhar received a very moving letter from Mr Ramos, a prisoner in Ossining State Penitentiary. Mr Ramos followed Sridhar's progress through articles in the *Staten Island Advance* and sent a dollar to help him. As Mr Ramos poignantly pointed out in his letter, "you reached your goal; now it's all up to the people."



Sridhar, accompanied by his two traveling companions celebrates his birthday on the road. Photos by Sudhakar Bayana



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John Lombardi during one of his many comedic CSI action Sept. 13, had many in their seats laughing but some did not find his act very funny. Photo by Carla Ramsay

Comedy Continued from page 8

"It's fascinating how cigarettes keep appearing in his hands as soon as he stamps them out," said student Cheryl Thom. He closed this part of the show with a fire eating act.

A highlight of the show was a competition between two students. Huge rubber masks were placed over their heads, and each was given three balloons. The winner would be the one to blow up all three balloons first and then burst them by sitting on them.

Next was a comedy act which involved ventriloquism. He then tied up his show by handing out drinks to those who participated in his show or were objects of his comedy.

There was a considerable amount of profanity used in Gemini's comedy act which was not surprising to his audience. Comedians and their material have changed somewhat over the

past decade; they are far more bolder than they use to be. Curse words and dirty jokes seem to have taken the place of the "old mother-in-law jokes".

But what's the public response to all this profanity? Do they think it's funny? They sure do. It's probably one of the reasons Sam Kinison and Andrew Dice Clay are so well known. Both comedians are known for their outlandish abuse of curse words and "pretty dirty stories," as Eddie Murphy described in Rolling Stone magazine. Murphy also said he feels old when he watches these guys.

Call me old fashioned, but when I think of comedians, Bill Cosby, Bob Hope and Jackie Mason are immediately the ones who come to mind. I laugh just as much without the profanity. But, then again, it's a matter of taste.

Groundbreaking Continued from page 1

two years ago.

CSI will convert 204 acres of the old Willowbrook grounds to create one centrally located campus on Staten Island. The additional campus space is expected to accommodate a projected 15,000 students, allowing for current and anticipated growth in the borough. Over 70 percent of CSI's students are Staten Island residents.

Presently, CSI's approximately 11,000 students utilize facilities at two campuses located at St. George and Sunnyside. The additional room should also relieve CSI the expense of operating two sites. The extra space will also enable CSI to expand opportunities in graduate and undergraduate education enriched with modern laboratories, studios and performance space, classrooms and equipment.

Fourteen existing buildings will be renovated to serve as administration, classroom and service facilities, while construction of new buildings is planned. New facilities to be constructed include: the Performing and Creative Arts Center, a Laboratory Science Facility, a Gymnasium and a Day Care Center. A sports complex will also be built and will include ball fields, a football practice field, a track and a baseball diamond. The development will retain much of the existing woods to maintain the park-like landscape. In addition to athletic fields, lawns, meadows, more formal planting areas and courtyards are planned for interior sections of the site. Parking will accommodate 2000.

The proximity of CSI to the New York State Institute for Basic Research in Developmental Disabilities led to establishing The CSI/IBR Center for Developmental Neuroscience. The center, which has become a major educational resource in basic developmental neuroscience and in professional training for those people working with the de-

velopmentally disabled, will be re-structured as an Institute for Developmental Disabilities. CSI will offer a gamut of educational programs in the health care field of developmental disabilities, from career preparation to doctoral programs and research activities, through the new Institute.

Construction of the \$399 million campus is scheduled to begin in November. The first phase of the campus opening is scheduled for late 1992. Occupancy is anticipated to be in five years. The architectural firm of Edward Durell Stone Associates serves as Master Planner, Executive Architect and design coordinator for design of all facilities.

Gov. Cuomo took the opportunity to extol Mayor Koch. The Governor said, "I never saw anyone as committed than Ed Koch to the people of the City, to the people of the State, to the people of the country." Gov. Cuomo also spent some time discussing the Greenbelt and the drug problem. He also said he does not intend to have a tuition increase for next year.

Student Government President and Groundbreaking Committee Member Walter McKay, said of the groundbreaking ceremony, "This is a tremendous event and a historical point in CSI's history."

After CSI student Leah Vitale sang "The National Anthem" at the ceremony, Father Nicholas Anctil said an invocation. Later, Rabbi Jay Marcus, from The Young Israel of Staten Island, gave a benediction.

Major funding for the Groundbreaking Ceremony has been provided by: Brooklyn Union Gas, The Consolidated Edison Company of NY, Inc., Edward Durell Stone Associates, NY, NY, East River Savings Bank and New York Telephone.

Some information in this article was obtained from two CSI/CUNY news releases.

WSIA Continued from page 1

The money to run the station comes from the student activity fee. This pays for most of the costs except for Adamo's salary and that of the one other paid employee, a part-time engineer. They are paid by the College. The other 60 to 80 people who work at the station in any given semester are all student volunteers, and Adamo has stressed their involvement throughout the years, saying, "even though the College held the license and gave great support, it was really the students who did it. It shows what the students are capable of doing."

Some, like Jimmy Condon, who is the station's underwriting director (he obtains sponsors) and DeeJay for a weekly jazz show, plan to go into the broadcasting field. Others work at the station for fun. Several WSIA alumni now hold positions with radio stations such as WNEW and WBLB.

WSIA owns approximately 15,000 records, tapes and CDs. The majority

of them are donated from record companies. The station sends play lists to 500 of these companies a month, and they, in turn, send back music, particularly that of new, lesser well-known artists. This works out well for the station since it has a policy of promoting new music; and each DeeJay at WSIA is required to discover at least three new artists a week.

WSIA is on the air seven days a week, usually from 7:00 a.m. until about 2:00 a.m., although it is licensed to broadcast 24 hours a day. The signals reach all of Staten Island as well as parts of Brooklyn, Manhattan and New Jersey.

WSIA enjoys participating in community events. The Station has hosted live concerts at the College, has done ticket giveaways in conjunction with various clubs on Staten Island and Manhattan, and has broadcasted from fairs, such as the Richmond County and Tottenville fairs and, of course, the International Festival, held every fall on the Sunnyside Quadrangle.

To commemorate the anniversary, Adamo, who has been manager of the station since its inception nine years ago, is hoping to organize a reunion for all the former student volunteers at WSIA. Anyone hoping to attend should contact him.

The Station is also looking for new volunteers and Adamo says the best time to join is at the beginning of the fall semester. The degree of involvement varies with each student, so even if you can spare only a few hours a week, you will be welcome. Anyone who would like to work with WSIA can find the station in the basement of building "C" or can call 390-7721.

Stay tuned in to WSIA. The Station has had a great eight years, and many more great things are pending.

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Need Volunteers for a new meal delivery program on Staten Island for people with AIDS. Call Theresa Keane for information at RSVP/SERVE (718) 494-3222.

To John E. B., the politician.

The words flow easily from your tongue, but you being what you are, it's just words. You, just like a politician, use any words to accomplish your goal. A man without honor or conviction, a parasitic mouthpiece who voices any pleasantries and promises to attain his goal.

You stab a longtime friend in the back to attain a momentary pleasure and hollow coalition with one who mirrors your basest qualities. Enjoy her, enjoy yourself. I hope your coffin measures up to your LUST. P.S. See you on the way down!

Signed, A tax paying citizen

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Tiananmen Conference/Analysis

By Jay Hershenson and Rita Rodin

Yan Jiaqui, a prominent leader of the China democracy movement in exile in Paris and Congressman Stephen Solarz will be among keynote speakers at an all-day conference of China experts sponsored by The City University of New York, November 3, at Hunter College.

Entitled "Tiananmen: An Analysis," the conference will explore the social and political currents leading to the June 4 attack on protesting students in Beijing, the historical antecedents and global parallels, the future of democracy and human rights in China, and the impact on future relations with China in trade, culture and academic and scientific exchanges.

Jiaqui, former director of the Institute of Political Science in the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences, is now President of the Federation for a Democratic China in Paris. Rep. Solarz, who is chairman of the House Subcommittee on East Asian and Pacific Affairs, will be the afternoon keynoter at 1:30 p.m. Professor R. Randle Edwards, Director of the Center for Chinese Legal Studies at Columbia University and Chairman of the Committee on Legal Education Exchange with China, will also be a keynote speaker in the morning. Dr. Thomas Tam, a member of CUNY's Board of Trustees, is chairman of the conference.

Bringing greetings to the conference will be James P. Murphy, Chairman of CUNY's Board of Trustees, CUNY Chancellor Joseph S. Murphy, Hunter College President Paul LeClerc and Dr. Tam.

Students and faculty from the People's Republic of China who are studying and teaching at CUNY and at other major universities in the United States, will take part in the program.

The conference will be part of a week of observances at CUNY colleges, October 30 to November 5, designated by the University to commemorate the tragedy that took place in Tiananmen Square on June 4. The conference will be held in the Hunter College Assembly Hall, 69th Street between Park and Lexington avenues.

The morning keynote speeches, which will start at 9:30 a.m., will be followed by a panel discussion that will include Professor Sharon Hom, of the CUNY Law School, Hunter College Political Science Professor Donald Zagonia and Ding Xueliang, a student from China studying sociology at Harvard University. Members of the audience will have an hour-long opportunity to question the keynote speakers.

The afternoon program will include a roundtable discussion on movements for democracy and human rights in third world countries and on comparative socialist reforms. Arthur Rosen of the National Committee for U.S.-China Relations, will serve as moderator.

Among the participants will be Rep. Solarz and SUNY Binghamton Sociology Professor Mark Selden.

Four simultaneous panels on Education and the Humanities, Science and Technology, The Economy, and Politics will be held from 3:10 to 4:25 p.m.

Among the participants in the Education panel will be CSI/Cuny President Edmond L. Volpe, who will speak on education exchanges; CSI English Professor George Jochnowitz, who taught at Hebei University in China from February until June 5; Xie Jiaye, a student of linguistics from China and who is studying at CUNY's Graduate School and Professor of English Naomi Woronov, of Borough of Manhattan Community College/CUNY. Her topic will be "In Higher Education: The Right to Change, The Will to Change." Retired CSI Professor Lynn Belatief and Medgar Evers College/CUNY Provost Luberta Mays, who have both set up education exchanges, will also serve on the panel.

Among the speakers examining China's science policy and collaborative social science research will be Hunter College Anthropology Professor Burton Pasternak; Hamilton College Political Science Professor Peter Suttmeier; Professor Shee-ming Chen, of City College/CUNY School of Engineering; Zhang Yun, a biochemistry student from China at City College and City College Physics Professor Ngee Pong

Chang and Leonard Roellig.

Speaking on the economic reforms that led to Tiananmen, its impact on Sino-US trade, and future economic development will be Queens College/CUNY Economics Professor Carl Riskin; City College Economics Professor Peter C.Y. Chow; John Jay College of Criminal Justice/CUNY Sociology Professor Robert Lin, and Liu Hengzhong, an economics student from China at the CUNY Graduate School. Asian Studies Professor Betty Lee Sung at City College and Business Professor Elinor Garely at BMCC will also participate in the panel.

Members of the panel on politics will include Princeton University Professor of East Asian Studies Perry Link; SUNY/Old Westbury Professor of Asian Studies Peter Kwong, Mark Seldon; and Ding Zheng-Ming, a student from China studying Physics at Brooklyn College/CUNY. Hunter College Professor of Sociology Ruth Sidel and Baruch College/CUNY Professor of Education Don Watkins will also participate.

Registration for the conference is five dollars and free to students. To register in advance, write to CUNY Tiananmen, Office of Special Programs, 16th floor, 555 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019. For further information about the conference, call Coordinator Frank Kehl at 212-397-5679 or 390-5680.

CSI Student Awarded \$2000 Scholarship

Press Release

Angelia Babino Wins Scholarship Award from Metropolitan Life
St. Peter Minn., July 1989--Angelia Babino of Staten Island, a student at College of Staten Island, is the recipient of a \$2,000 scholarship award from the Metropolitan Life Foundation. The Metropolitan Life Foundation Future Teachers Scholarships are awarded each year to outstanding college students who intend to teach at the elementary or secondary level.

Babino was selected from over 580 applicants. Students applying to the program must attend one of the 74

colleges or universities selected by the Foundation. Recipients of the Future Teachers Scholarships are selected competitively on the basis of their academic records and personal achievements.

The Metropolitan Life Future Teachers Scholarships began in 1985 and currently has 47 students participating. The awards may be renewed by students who maintain at least a 3.0 cumulative grade point average.

Citizens' Scholarship Foundation of America, Inc., a nonprofit student aid service organization, manages the Metropolitan Life Future Teachers Scholarships program.

BP Lamberti Honors Staten Island Nurses

By Cliff Hagen

On September 10, 1989, a few people turned out to help Borough President Ralph J. Lamberti honor the nurses of Staten Island. Also, the Lynne R. Steinman Community Service Awards were presented, and all was followed by a garden reception.

Representing CSI were Professor June Olsen, Acting Chairperson of the Nursing Department, and Professor Laura Gasparis Von Frolio. Both professors were celebrated honorees.

The "Salute to the nurses of Staten Island" was a "professional privilege" which held a "personal privilege" for

Lucille A. Joel, the 28th President of the American Nurses Association.

BP Ralph Lamberti noted, "It is the great honor of this borough, and for me personally, to acknowledge the nursing profession as one of vital importance to our community and as role model for public service."

The Lynne R. Steinman Community Service Award, initiated in 1982 by then Deputy BP Lamberti, was received this year by Leon Griffiths and Carlton Beils. Griffiths was appreciated for his voluntary work with war veterans, and Beils, for his stamina in the fight to preserve Staten Island's environment.

Waiter Continued from page 11

brown eyes. An order pad was in one hand and a pen in the other. As he paced, he would mumble to himself and look expectantly at the door. The cashier looked at him and shook her head. The waiter was waiting for his first customer.

The door suddenly opened, and in walked a customer. The waiter's

hands began to shake. He thought to himself that he must keep control. He knew that he was a good waiter. They had taught him how to serve food properly and had made him serve dinner to the sicker patients. He would be able to deal with the outside world. This was a new beginning, and he could not go back there again. If he did, he knew that it would be forever.

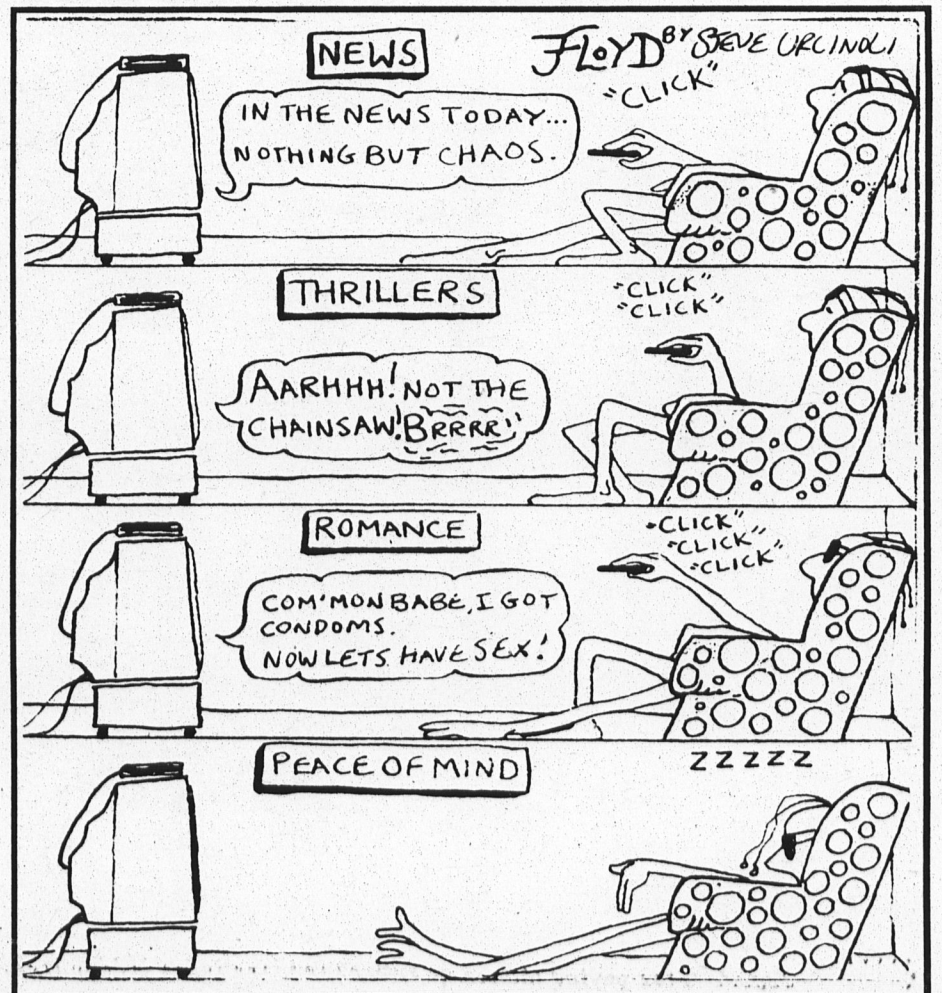
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SPORTS

Only My Opinion: Thoughts On Sports

By Jimmy Hannan

It's that time of year again for pro-sports. Playoffs, world series and the football season is in full swing.

Let's begin briefly with the baseball season. Most of what happened is old news: Pete Rose is out, Bart Giamatti passed away and Fay Vincent is the new commissioner. Bill White probably would have been a better choice, but Fay Vincent was Giamatti's right hand man, and it still doesn't look like the baseball establishment is ready for a black man at a top level management position just yet, and that is a shame. I feel that a man who has grown up with and who has been around major league baseball his

whole life, would have better understood the needs of both the management and the players' association. Not to take anything away from Fay Vincent's abilities, but has anyone ever heard of him before? Maybe I'm biased because Bill White was one hell of a first baseman.

It's the Giants, A's, Cubs and Blue Jays as we go to print. The Baltimore Orioles are hanging in; they are only a game back. They might fade in the last week, but Frank Robinson has to be manager of the year in the A.L. Don Zimmer is manager of the year in the national league hands down. Prediction: It's the Giants in seven over the Oakland A's.

The Mets surprised me by their sleepwalk through the season. They have problems in a lot of areas, especially strength up the middle. Samuel was defensively brutal in centerfield, but keeping Mookie or Lenny Dykstra there would not have made up five games. I have to believe that those five games could have been made up if Dwight Gooden had not missed 16 starts. The Mets just can't win without Gooden. The bonehead trade of Terry Leach proved crucial as their right handed relief failed them, and don't expect them to stand pat during the off-season. It's doubtful that Davey Johnson will be around to babysit them again next year. Right-handed

power, a lead-off hitter who can play center and a catcher should be top priorities for next year.

The Yankees weren't expected to do anything and didn't, except lose two good baseball people in Syd Thrift and Dallas Green. In an afternoon game in early September against the Brewers, only about 100 fans showed up.

Football: Nine different players on the Minnesota Vikings have been arrested for drunk driving in the last two years, maybe just a crazy coincidence, but something is amiss in Viking country. In the past few years the Vikings were definitely a team on the move but now appear headed in the wrong direction.

The Giants: Where does Bill Parcells find guys like Myron Guyton and Dave Meggett? Guyton is a hitter, and Meggett is exciting. Meggett, a fifth round draft choice out of Towson State, is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs 170 pounds. He is the kick return specialist who beat out Phil Mckonkey for a roster spot. The Giants lost George Martin, Harry Carson, Jim Burt and Andy Headen to retirement, but Parcells finds the athletes to complement his two bookend all pro-linebackers.

One of my colleagues thinks that the Jets will make the playoffs and that the Giants won't. I cringed when he told me this, because I respect his opinion and he is fairly knowledgeable when it comes to sports. Stranger things have happened but no way will this happen, not with Joltin Joe Walton at the helm. I think he is really Walt Michaels reincarnated. The Jets are talented enough to put together their usual five or six game winning streak, but, in a close one with a minute left, Joe will call for a draw play on fourth and 17th.

I predict that Tampa Bay finishes with a better record than that of the Jets and that the Giants take the NFC title. If you are looking for a team to cover the spread, at least 60 percent of the time pick the Bengals and the Tampa Bay Bucs.

CSI Appoints Interim Basketball Coach

CSI Press Release

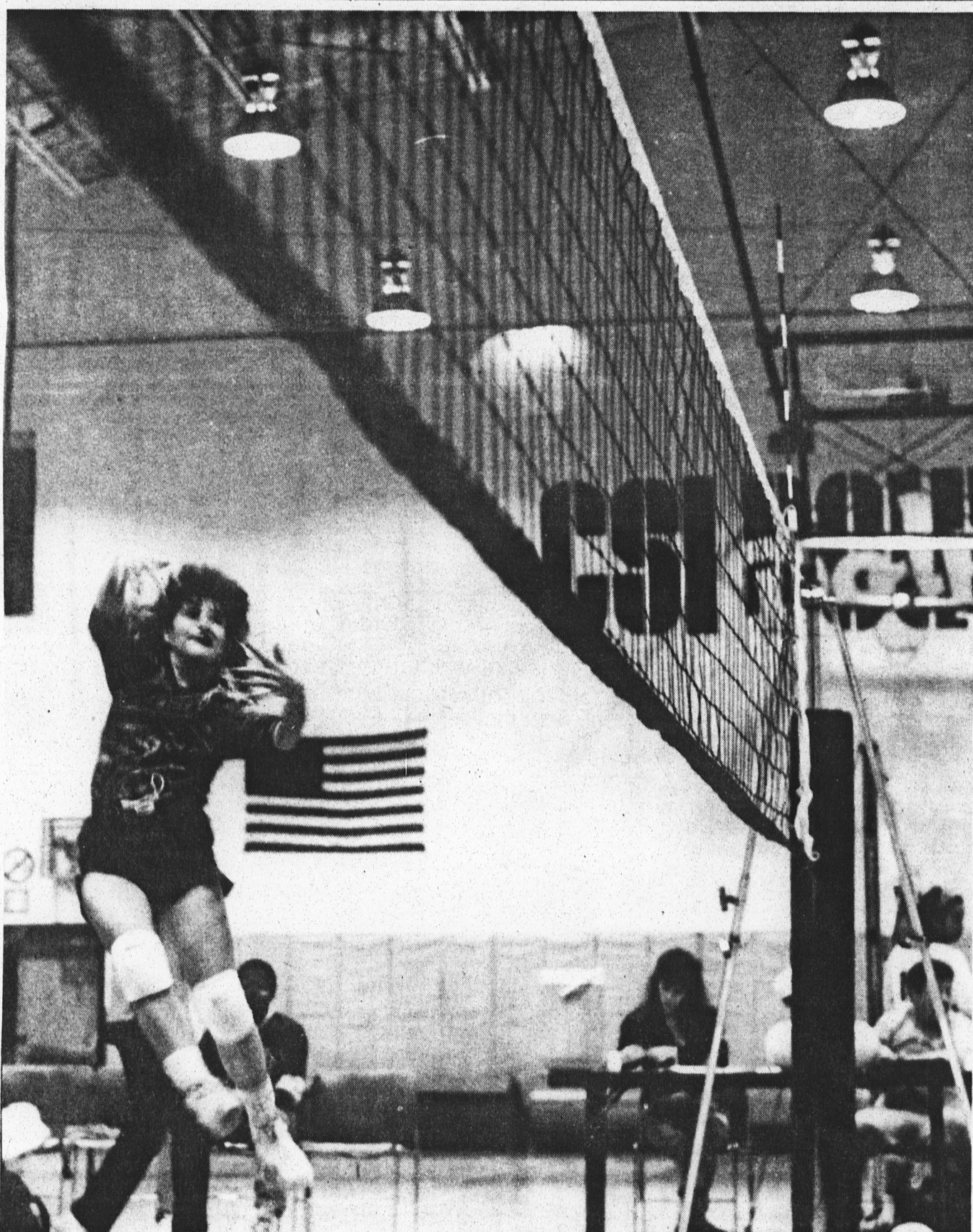
Anthony D. Petosa, a College of Staten Island alumnus and Assistant Coach on two NCAA Regional teams at The College, has been appointed CSI's Interim Basketball Coach, announced Dr. Edmond L. Volpe, President.

"Tony's career at CSI as a student athlete and as an assistant coach has prepared him well to assume the coaching responsibilities of The CSI Dolphins," said Dr. Volpe. "We look forward to another successful season."

Petosa earned his Bachelor of Science degree in Finance and a CUNY certificate in Industrial Management from the College of Staten Island in 1986. He was awarded Student Athlete of The Year for three consecutive years: 1984, 1985 and 1986, and, in 1986, he was City University of New York's Most Valuable Player. The youngest Assistant Coach in CUNY, Petosa received The College Of Staten Island Leadership Award in 1986.

Petosa teaches high school mathematics, accounting and management to college bound students at Lafayette High School in Brooklyn.

With a 23-5 record last year, The College's basketball team was in the NCAA three division playoffs and won three consecutive CUNY titles.



CSI spikes Lehman College in a recent volleyball match at the Lady Dolphn's gym. The game was played on Oct. 6. First set went to Lehman 15:8, second set went to CSI 11:15 and third set also went to CSI 8:15. CSI won overall 2-1.

Photo by Sung Moo Kim