

# The College Voice

VOL. IX, NO. 12

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

July 11, 1989

## Displaced Humanity Overcrowding City Streets

By Julie Tulip-Walsh

The ferry terminal is brimming over with multitudes of people: business men and women, students, tourists and vagrants. The doors open, and a surge of bodies charge to find a seat on the ferry; only the vagrants and the litter remain.

Tenitia wearily stands up with arms stretched wide, and a loud yawn escapes into the heavy warm air. Tenitia straightens a crumpled, twisted, gray skirt and slips on a pair of pale pink high-heeled shoes before toddling to the male rest room.

Tenitia is not a passenger waiting to board the ferry; Tenitia is a homeless victim. The ferry terminal is his home.

Tenitia has been homeless for one-and-a-half years. "I used to live on the salt mines in Manhattan for six months until my girlfriend, Melony, (who is a transvestite) brought me to Staten Island. I never knew that Staten Island ever existed," he explained.

These days Tenitia never visits Manhattan and has made the St. George ferry terminal his home. He refers affectionately to the other homeless people as his family and feels much happier here because he feels there is a sense of a community. "In Manhattan," Tenitia said angrily, "the homeless are very territorial. There are homeless men who are bullies. They force you to give them the food that you get off the trucks that come around. One man told me he would let me eat my sandwich if I gave him my milk."

Tenitia is gay and has AIDS. He was tested positive for HIV four years ago and has been tested on numerous occasions since. He is not showing any clinical symptoms, but he is a carrier. He said, "I've been tested quite a few times, and the results have been positive, but my friend helps me stay healthy."

Tenitia is 5' 4" and weighs approximately 100 pounds. His skin is cov-



After a day of collecting cans this homeless man steals a few winks on the hard surface of the ferry terminal floor. City streets and public buildings such as the ferry terminal have become homes to dozens of people like this man within recent years. Displayed this way, America's homeless crisis has become visible to all of its citizens. Photo by Sung Moo Kim

ered with blemishes and scars. He sustains himself on left-over garbage thrown out by McDonalds and on crack.

Where does Tenitia acquire the money for crack? Tenitia prostitutes himself on Bay St. and sometimes makes \$100 a night. "Last night I went with a guy for \$60. My boyfriend

went to Jersey St. and bought me 12 vials of crack with the money from the trick." Afterwards, Tenitia is angry at himself for having spent all that money on crack, but he said, "Tomorrow, I'll do it again."

Tenitia is very frank and speaks openly. He laughs a lot despite his hopeless situation. He doesn't think

too much about tomorrow, only today. "I don't like to think about my future too much because I know it will be as bad as my past," he said gaily, without a hint of sadness, as he fingered the tell-tale scars on his wrists which speak of a time when he was less positive.

Displaced Continued on page 4

## New York City Charter Revisions

By Michael P. Codd

The United States Supreme Court, in March 1989, ruled that the Board of Estimate, which is part of the government of New York City, was unconstitutional because it violated the principle of one man, one vote.

There is no language in the Constitution that states one man, one vote. The court, however, interpreted a section of the 14th Amendment which stated that "No state may deny to any person within its jurisdiction, the equal protection of the laws."

Les Trautman, Editor of the Staten Island Advance, said, "I have no quarrel with the philosophy of the one man, one vote. But it seems to me that the application of such a philosophy should include provisions that the little guy is not hurt in the process."

Charter Continued on page 2

## McKay Reelected Pres Of SG

By Mindy Langer

Walter McKay has been elected President of the Student Government Senate for the second consecutive year. One major goal of the SG for the 1989-90 academic year, according to McKay, is long-range planning of the SG, and the College Association's needs for the impending new campus at Willowbrook.

Another major goal McKay mentioned is preparing for Social Awareness Week, an event started by McKay last year. Social Awareness Week, scheduled for November '89, is the week where time, energy, and resources are devoted to social issues. Last year, panel discussions, movies, and a play covered various topics such as child abuse, alcoholism, drug abuse, AIDS, apartheid, and environmental issues. A benefit concert for AIDS research raised about \$3500, according to McKay. He also said this year's Social Awareness Week will explore topics including "anything under the sun

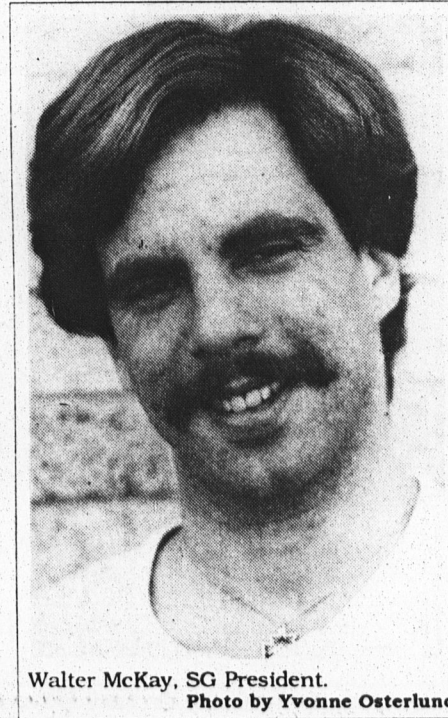
that might affect anyone living on Staten Island."

This year about nine percent of approximately 10,000 students voted in the SG elections. McKay surmised that the two percent increase in voter turnout from last year might be attributed to increased publicity of the elections, changed voting locations, and additional voting locations.

McKay's interest to be on the SG was ignited three years ago by a poster in the hallway announcing nominations. He said he decided to run for office at that time because he had nothing else to do. The result was that for the 1987-88 academic year, McKay held various titles including Student Center Commissioner of the SG Senate and Lounge Renovation Committee Chairperson.

The following year, McKay ran for SG office again and became SG President. For the 1988-89 academic year, he held 23 titles, some titles, such as

McKay Continued on page 2



Walter McKay, SG President. Photo by Yvonne Osterlund

# EDITORIAL

## New Answers Sought For Old Questions

The opportunities for minority people to move and grow have been constricted at the same time as the big cities have become more black and more brown. The economic mainstream is narrower. Incentive and money for quality education are in short supply. The power of the ideological right has infected the national leaders of both parties, and made them fearful of meeting needs. It is not a pretty picture. We must seek to reverse this condition locally as well as nationally. It will not be easy. The regular local political organizations have little to offer, but they have been everlastingly submissive and grateful, an attitude mayors prefer to any show of independent judgement. I refer you to those classic regulars, Manes, Simon, Ameruso, and Esposito.

The media, especially TV, has--unfortunately--little power to recall, compare and propose. It has a very short span of attention. The media is a sucker for the announcement of great new programs, quickly forgotten, or of the photo opportunity.

The challenge is to marshal honorable power to

offset the weaknesses of public officials, and induce them to perform in the public interest. There will always be differences. Special interests will not go away. Money will still talk.

But I have seen in Brownsville how the people can get affordable housing if they push hard enough, have the committed support of religious leaders of all faiths, collect signatures and register voters, bring people to outdoor rallies and, through proof of their abilities, win the editorial support of the city's newspapers, win the support of the more responsible public officials, and even effect change within the political parties.

I have seen how the same groups can get the attention of the police, starting with the commissioner, focused on the crime problems of their neighborhood. I see sanitationmen salute us as they now make regular rounds, delighting in the beautiful neighborhood that replaced that fearful slum.

We know the problems. Many of the answers are available. Others can be found. Informed, critical judgements and strong responsible civic voices are needed, now more than ever.

## College Voice

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## LETTERS

### Professor Comments On Reporter's Commentary

#### To The Editor

In his column entitled "Scurrilous Trash" (*College Voice*, May 16), Jimmy Hannon rightly attacks the sensationalism and gore that saturate today's media, but he goes too far when he attacks the classified ads of *The Village Voice* for publishing a transvestite's search for a companion.

Although few of us understand the psychology of transvestism, it seems irrelevant for Hannan to label as "sick" those interested in cross dressing. This is not a question of homophobia since most cross-dressers are heterosexual, many of them married. It is a question of xenophobia. Does Hannan fears transvestites simply because they are different? Why should there be so much furor over clothing? It is, as any Scotsman knows, a culturally relative affair.

And suppose it is determined that they are "sick." The question remains: what business is it of Jimmy Hannon's if two people want to talk to each other? Even psychotics have a right to place personal ads. Hannon says that the ad is "blatant exploitation of unfortunate people." Why? Who's being exploited? A white transvestite has advertised for a black transvestite in order to form a "deep loving relationship." Sounds good to me. Or is it the racial mixing Hannan objects to?

Finally, he asks: "What message are

they sending our youth?" The message is that love has many faces. But why should *The Village Voice* personals be concerned with our youth? If every printed word in our society must be acceptable to the 10 year old mind, then free intelligent discourse among adults is doomed. Besides, *The Village Voice* is the newspaper of a community long noted for its bohemian residents.

Hannon reminds me of the prude who complained to the police that when she stood on top of her bureau and looked through her blinds while leaning far to the right, she could see her neighbors having sex. The solution to your problem is simple, Mr Hannon.

Don't buy *The Village Voice*. Meanwhile, *The College Voice* might do better to discuss the hate-filled graffiti on the men's room walls of our campus. Now there's something that's really sick.

Prof. Arnie Kantrowitz

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**Dear Sir, Your profession has,  
as usual, destroyed your brain.  
George Bernard Shaw (to a journalist)**

## LETTERS

## Two Educational Policies Clash For Math Student

### To The Editor

Mandatory math for college students is a fine idea. It insures that young men and women who decide at a late point in their education to go into science, are equipped for such a choice. Without this mandatory math their career choices are narrowed considerably by the time their inclinations surface. We need scientists, and the old policy of allowing math to be optional, deprives the U.S. of many potential inventors and researchers.

Making math mandatory was a good policy decision on the part of the Board of Higher Education. However, another policy was formed at the same time which eradicates any upper age-limit for college students. This policy began when servicemen returning home from World War II needed more education to rejoin the work force. Giving people who never had the chance to attend college the opportunity to do so was also a fine idea. This policy gave older people the chance to change professions by the acquisition of secondary education.

Yet a problem exists in the combination of the two policies. Senior citizens who opt to attend school as full time students may find the mandatory math very frustrating. For example, does a writer-painter, who wants to learn more about the Earth's environment she/he is painting and improve her/his fiction writing, really need math?

Why are these older students forced to take math? Is it because it is a bureaucratic decision? An untouchable our tuition fees; so why do they alienate and discourage us from returning to school?

If math were made optional for students over 30 years of age, some would still choose to take math; many would not.

The math classes are crowded. If the people who don't absolutely need math were excused from the requirement, there would be more room in the classrooms for those students who want and need to take math.

Carol V. Hope

## Student Protest Inspired Action

### To The Editor

I appreciated your coverage of the student protest on our campus. However, I have one small correction. I did not cancel my classes. My students wanted to join the protest, and I chose to accompany them in the true spirit. We actually re-convened and analyzed the protest in my classes afterwards -- which empowered two of my students to join the subsequent Manhattan-based student protest. My students, Maureen Pravisilas and Carolyn Holmes literally led the Manhattan protest and were widely quoted in the media. They presented themselves as economically struggling single mothers who also have children who are about to attend a city college. They led the protest as feminists from the Staten Island campus and were quoted in *Newsday* as such, etc.

Prof. Phyllis Chesler

## McKay Continued from page 1

Academic and Curricular Affairs Commissioner and Student Government Staffing Committee Chairperson, are automatically bestowed upon whoever became SG President.

Several responsibilities of the SG President mentioned in the "Constitution of the Student Government" include presiding over SG Senate meetings, preparing the agenda for SG Senate meetings, presiding over student body meetings, and representing the student body at official functions.

McKay said one of his blunders during his 1988-89 term in office included not keeping a close enough eye on the yearbook. He added he needed to work on his management style, since he had to deal with 14 personnel staff members and with a 20 member SG.

McKay contributes about 20 hours per week working on the SG. In addition, the philosophy major is a full-time student during the fall and spring semesters. He also works full-time as a sale's associate for Macy's selling men's suits. His red and white "Welcome to Macy's" pin is fastened to his sport's jacket lapel hanging in the SG office. Somehow, he still finds time for a social life. For fun, he enjoys bowling, miniature golf, and horseback riding.

He intends to go to graduate school

## Plus Grade Deleted From Transcript

### To The Editor

As a current Masters Degree candidate, I had a very unfortunate experience these past few semesters. It seems that my grades of B+ were registered as straight B's. I say this is unfortunate because the grade of B+ was earned, and this slight affects my grade point average. Even those few points can help one's GPA and also leave one feeling satisfied.

After numerous trips and phone calls to the Registrar, I still have no satisfaction. I want to know what the college's policy is on pluses and minuses. It seems the computer is capable of such higher math, and since the grades were posted as B+...

I feel students at CSI should join me in my concern in this matter. Is there anyone out there in *The College Voice* readership or college staff, especially the policy makers, who can answer my questions and help me with my dilemma? Truthfully, this lack of diplomacy on the part of the administration is depressing. Where are our proper grades?

Valerie A. Pisarik

to further his studies in philosophy and then plans to teach college students. He said his desire to become a teacher was realized five summers ago when he worked in a camp for multiple-handicapped children. His inclination to teach philosophy came later. He took his first philosophy course because it fit into his schedule, and he has loved the subject ever since then.

### Student Government Elections

Also elected to SG positions were Program Developing Committee Chairperson Theresa Fazzolari, Part-time Students Commissioner Andrea Anna Lella, Election Commissioner Chris Napolitano, Deputy President Elaine Rosenberg, Publications Commissioner Lisa Santana, Finance Commissioner Michael Shadrick, Student Center Commissioner Anthony Silva, Student Services Commissioner Ricardo R. Simmons, Clubs Commissioner Laura White, and senators Blanche Baron, Robert R. Bennett, Sean Donlon, Francine Kaykaty and Mark Mazella.

## Lady Dolphins Deprived Of Ink

### To The Editor

This letter is in regard to your recent article on the Lady Dolphins CUNY championship softball games.

First of all, you hid the article so well that if someone from the paper hadn't told us that there was coverage, we would have never known.

Also, there was no mention whatsoever of awards given to team members, Rich Gilberto-Coach of the year, Donna Bartucelli-MVP, Bethanne Trapani-Rookie of the year, Carrie Marini-CUNY All-Star, Sue Bronski-CUNY All-Star and Tracy Halverson-CUNY All-Star.

In regards to Donna Bartucelli shutting out Lehman for six innings, it was John Jay in the finals she shut out for six innings, and Carrie Marini was the one who shut out Lehman in the first game of tournament play for five-and-one-third innings.

Finally, in regard especially to your closing comments: "I figured I'd write something nice about them, cause I haven't been doing too well with the ladies of late, and besides some of them are bigger than me." This is a totally insulting remark and gives the impression that you were forced to write the article.

A lot of pride and hard work went into achieving our status, and we feel we deserve more recognition that we received.

The Lady Dolphins

## Charter Continued from page 1

Presently the New York City is governed by the City Council and the Board of Estimate, which is comprised of the Mayor, Comptroller, President of the City Council, each having two votes, and the five boroughs presidents, each having one vote. The city is also governed by the City Planning Commission and the 59 Community Boards.

The focus of the Supreme Court's ruling was directed solely to the Board of Estimate by reason of the varying population of the five boroughs. Staten Island has approximately 400,000 people, while Brooklyn has over two million people. Despite differences in population of the boroughs, each Borough President had only one vote.

With a few exceptions, elected officials were quite critical of the decision claiming it was unrealistic politically and will throw New York City into chaos for years to come. Staten Island Borough President, Ralph J. Lamberti, said, "I am not optimistic that Staten Island is going to retain a fair voice in determining its own political future."

It now rests on the Charter Revision Commission to come up with a new plan for the governing of the city that hopefully will meet with the Court's approval if challenged.

The first proposal for the new charter as envisioned by Chairman Frederick, F. A. Schwartz did not have full support of all the members of the commission. One member, critical of the complexity of the proposals, said, "The proposals appear to have been created by Rube Goldberg."

Critics of publicized proposals had to "hold their fire" until the Commission officially made public its first draft of their proposals. City Council Pres. Peter F. Vallone said, "The plan would in effect reinstitutionalize bossism. It would totally compromise the independence of the Council and create strong borough factions at the expense of the city as a whole."

Furthermore, the nine council members of the black and hispanic caucus

## Chancellor Anxious For Chinese Citizens

### To The Editor

The CUNY community is deeply concerned about recent events in the People's Republic of China. Approximately 6,000 Chinese students attend our colleges. We maintain formal faculty and student exchange programs with dozens of Chinese universities and provincial education commissions. Chinese faculty and staff serve with distinction at CUNY. All of us, individually and collectively, are profoundly worried about friends and families in China.

Although accurate information on developments in China is sharply restricted by the imposition of martial law, it is vitally important that our voices be heard in strong defense of the struggle for human rights and democracy that is taking place. The courage of the citizens of China, inspired by students and faculty, demands international recognition and support.

At the same time, we strongly condemn the tragic use of measures to suppress the people of China in their quest for freedom. I am asking all of my colleagues in higher education to join with me in expressing these concerns in support of the people of China.

Joseph S. Murphy  
CUNY Chancellor

claimed that the Commissions proposals would reduce minority Council members to second class legislators. Their resentment was directed at the proposal for the Borough President's future and the enlargement of the Council to 60 members, which would dilute minority strength.

New York City elected officials are fearful that Charter commission members, not elected office holders, have little comprehension of the give and take that is vital in the political arena. Politics, after all, is essentially the art compromise.

Richard Emery, who brought the legal action against the Board of Estimate said, "The community boards should have control of deciding where to locate jails, shelters, schools, police and fire stations within their districts." Emery's remarks seem naive that the revision in governing would create total chaos, with local communities being paralyzed by unending bickering and disagreements.

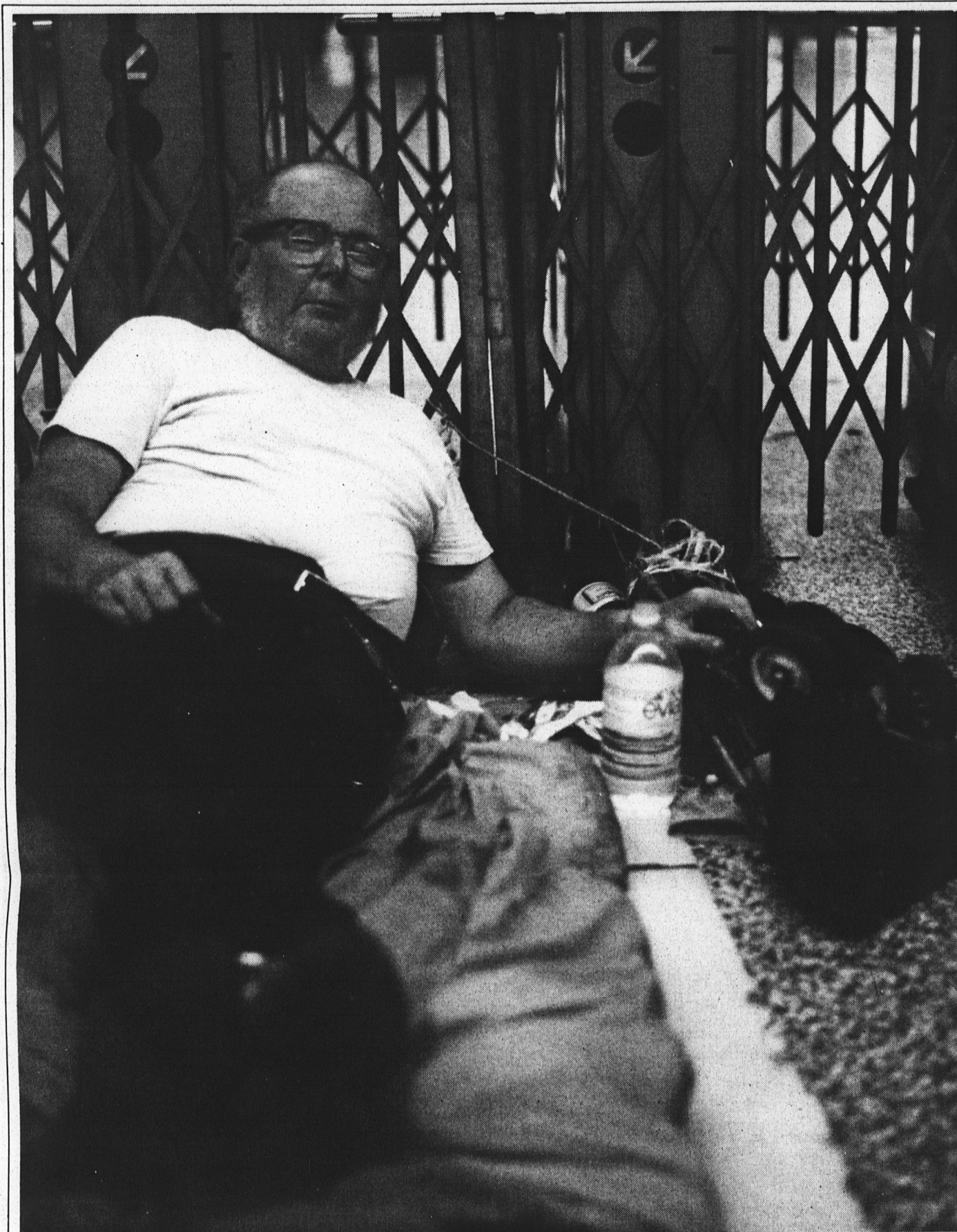
Further criticism of the Commissions' proposals was expressed by Lamberti, when he said "The Commission's plans would replace the Board of Estimate, where Borough Presidents have power and autonomy, with a maze of boards and agencies that would centralize power in the office of the Mayor of City hall."

Charter Commission Chairman Schwartz said, "The task of our commission is similar to that of our founding fathers; we are basically writing a Constitution." The commissions program involves: drafting of a new Charter, holding public hearings in the five boroughs for community options and submitting a final draft of the proposed Charter to the electorate in November 1989.

New York City has functioned politically for more than 90 years, since the the Cosolidation act of 1896. It has managed to face up and attempt to solve a myriad of problems. Now the Supreme Court has ruled that the Board of Estimate must go, and as a result, few realize the gigantic task that dismantling the existing city Gov't will be.

**Deadline** for the next issue of *The College Voice* is **Aug. 15**

All submitted material must be typed, double spaced and limited to three pages.



The accommodations aren't exactly inviting in South Ferry terminal, which serves as a flop house for Chuck, a one time photographer, now homeless. Chuck said he fishes by day and arrives at around 9 p.m. to his turnstile bed. If it rains, he arrives earlier because competition for floor space is keen.

Photo by Sung Moo Kim

## Displaced Continued from page 1

Tenitia, like many of the homeless victims living at the ferry terminal, is young. He is only 21. The majority of the other homeless people are no older than 22. Their plight, like Tenitia's, is the result of sexual abuse by a parent. In Tenitia's case, his step father was the abuser.

Tenitia left his home in Pennsylvania when he was 15 but returned two years ago. "I thought I was mature enough to handle my step father," he said, "I tried it for a whole summer but he continued to molest me. So I had to leave."

During the years Tenitia has been away from home, he has been convicted of several crimes and sent to Rikers Island Prison. He was arrested for assault on two occasions and prostitution on one. Tenitia bears the scars on his forehead where a cop split his head open. "I probably deserved it," admitted Tenitia with a laugh, "I was going through a very bad patch. I had tested positive for AIDS, my boyfriend left me and went back to his wife and my landlord robbed my apartment." The cop arrested him for prostitution and Tenitia was verbally abusive. Consequently the cop used physical force on him.

Tenitia, at one point in his life, considered himself as doing very well. He had an apartment, he had lovely clothes, and he bought his boyfriend a car. He was making close to \$2000 a week as a prostitute. Today he wears only the clothes that charities hand out and he shares his home with over 100 other people.

Tenitia cannot climb out of his situation because he has no I.D. The most legitimate form of I.D. is a birth certificate. In order to get a birth certificate he needs five dollars and a mailing address. "Without my I.D., I can't get SSI, I can't get Medicaid, and I can't get a job," he explained.

Tenitia, perhaps, if he was not a drug abuser, would be able to help himself to a better future. Terry Troia, who is the administrator of Project Hospitality for the homeless, has known Tenitia for 10 months. She said, "There is hope for Tenitia if he is willing to accept help. He wants help, but like many of the homeless at the ferry terminal, he wants it on his own terms. He is afraid to leave the security that he has established with his friends at the ferry terminal. It is very difficult to convince him to break away from that and go into detoxification."

Tenitia's boyfriend walks over to tell him that it is time to go to the soup kitchen in Stapleton. Tenitia obediently changes his high heels for an odd pair of laceless sneakers. Tenita said, "I do what he tells me; otherwise he'll beat me."

Tenitia packs his high heels, along with a pair of leather boots two sizes too small, into a plastic bag and dutifully follows his boyfriend.

## Thousands March On Washington For Freedom Of Choice Planned To Insure Govt. Upholds Roe vs Wade Decision

By Renee Esposito

They came from across the country to march for what they believe in. The young assisted the old, couples held hands and families stood close, protesting peacefully on a Sunday afternoon. They rallied together in an attempt to preserve their freedom to legally choose to have an abortion that the Roe vs. Wade decision gave them in the early 1970's.

On April 9th, the vast crowd formed a human sea of conviction in front of the nations capital. They were prompted by the fear that Roe vs. Wade could be overturned in the conservative climate of today's Supreme Court, leaving many women no place to go but to the back alley abortionists, whose unsafe procedures historically claimed thousands of women's lives. According to CSI prof. Dr. Clara Melman "Wom-

en now recognize the danger of the present ideology of the present administration. Justice isn't initial. We must fight to preserve our rights as free individuals." Such concerns are feasible, as a decision on the Webster vs. Reproductive Health Services case is expected later this year. The outcome could severely restrict abortion and a woman's right to choose.

Many of those who attended the march emphasized the fact that they were not pro-abortion but pro-choice. CSI student Rachael Titolo who demonstrated with her mother and friend said, "We talked to everybody around us. Families, young and old people and everyone kept saying the same thing. They weren't sure if they would actually have abortions, but they definitely wanted their right to choose."

Groups of right to life advocates at-

tempted to illustrate their message with graphic posters of aborted fetuses. CSI student Annmarie Fuca stated, "Some pro-lifers tried to break us up and tell us we were wrong. But there was just no way. We were too strong and too big for them."

Many of the demonstrators, including the Rev. Jesse Jackson and actress Cybil Shepperd, spoke about the underlying issue of women's rights and their fragility with such a conservative climate in Washington. Melman expressed this when she said, "The republican administration, and the right-to-life people are not so much pro-fetus as they are anti-woman. If they are pro-life as they say they are, then why do they advocate capital punishment and refuse to provide adequate daycare and maternity leave? They are all for women being saddled with un-

wanted babies, but then they ignore the problem of what to do with them once they are here. It is just another attempt to put women in their place."

Women are on the cutting edge of a decision that could change the face of the future for countless Americans. Many women presently of child bearing age are too young to know what life was like before abortion was legalized. If Roe vs Wade is overturned, a dangerous precedent will have been set. What is to prevent other civil liberties from being eradicated by the powerful minority of conservatives who govern our country? If the Supreme Court decides against freedom of choice, the door of opportunity our mother's forced open will be slammed shut before today's youth can enter them.

**Remember The Needy**

# Gunfire Disrupts Life On Avenue Of Eternal Peace

## Commentary:

By Wayne Sindle

When the demonstrations were over, Tiananmen Square was littered with bodies, broken dreams and bicycles, their wheels spinning idly to the sound of gunfire on the Avenue of Eternal Peace.

My mind had run through the streets and back alleys of China for weeks, my eyes scanning the headlines, hungry for news of the inspiring event which was unfolding in the East. As the student movement gained momentum, it drifted gloriously from the arena of the nightly news, taking root in the realm of those few things I honestly care about.

Then it was over. A part of me, the cynic in the sinking life raft, had half expected it to end like this. It seemed only a matter of time before the "Big Boys" went sour and rolled their toys over the tiny voices crying out for freedom and democracy. And yet, I found myself surprised, shocked even, at the slaughter which I saw played out on the eleven o'clock news.

It wasn't until I saw the student leaders dragged before the kangaroo court that it dawned on me: the student uprising in China had had very little to do with China at all. Nor did it have much to do with freedom and democracy. No, the events which took place in Beijing over the past couple of months hinted at something far too subtle for news coverage, something far too universal for headlines to convey.

Is it possible that the drama which has just completed its phoenix-like dance across the world's stage was nothing more, and nothing less, than a lesson in what it means to be human? Has history, once again, given us an example of the courage it takes to risk what little we are in order to achieve the grandeur of what we could be?

It has been suggested that, in order for a person to achieve self-fulfillment, it is necessary to risk self-destruction. As I reflect upon the tens of thousands of Chinese students and citizens who risked their lives for an ideal, I am forced to wonder about the nature of the risks that I take in my own life.

Most of my risks are not real risks. They are merely game playing; moving my pawn without first studying the entire board. A true risk, the only risk which seems to hold any merit, is to look at oneself and wonder, "Am I enough of what I was meant to be?"

## Business Leaders Claim Movement Can Harm U.S. Economy

By Michael Gaughan

Economists and business leaders believe that major portions of the American economy could be unduly damaged as the result of the so-called "nuclear-free zone" movement.

They say that this nationwide political effort has persuaded some unsuspecting voters to ban public contracts with any company or governmental entity having some involvement in the research or production of nuclear weapons or their support systems.

That means, for example, that these towns can not buy products or services such as police cars, typewriters and communications from key American companies because these companies have some connection to nuclear weaponry.

According to the News USA syndicate, these municipalities may be forced to buy foreign equipment even though the American equipment is superior and lower priced -- a policy which does not help the trade deficit.

The leaders of the nuclear-free zone movement agree that cities will frequently have problems finding adequate replacements but they say that

It's easy to sit amongst friends and discuss the sorry state of our society. Somebody should do something about pollution. Somebody should do something about the crack epidemic. Somebody should do something for the homeless. Somebody else!

If the students in China have taught us anything, it is that there is nobody else. If a person finds himself in a position where he feels held down, it is simply a matter of his standing up.

The fact that no one chooses to stand with him is of no consequence, nor does it detract from his right to live as his conscience would dictate.

If a gay rights march consisted of one person with a sign in his hand, parading up and down Sixth Avenue, would that make it any less of a statement? If the Reverend Martin Luther King had been the only black man on the face of the Earth, would that have made his cause any less important?

It seems, in the very nature of the universe, that all things much reach a state of chaos before taking on a new form. And yet, there are those who will claim that recent events in Beijing were no more than a waste of time, as well as a terrible waste of human lives. Others might argue that the uprising was nothing less than the ghost of Hu Yaobang himself, taking one last roll of the cosmic dice, coming up golden, and changing the face of China forever.

As for myself, I have no ready answers. Instead, I give you this:

Somewhere, not so far away, a crab, having grown too big for his shell, moves out onto the sand in search of a home better suited for who he has grown into. Naked and defenseless, he scrambles across a risky void toward a large shell lying just within his range of perception. As he nears his destination, a great gull, living solely for its own survival, descends from the sky and collects the small crab in its beak. As he's carried away, the crab hopes that, in dying, he has at least indicated to the other crabs the direction in which the large shell lies.

So let us not, as we go about our business, risking broken finger nails and muddy sneakers, forget the student who risked his life in Tiananmen Square, shooting dreams at the ranks of armed soldiers, shooting stars into the darkness. Let us not forget where he fell, the life flowing from him, painting the Avenue of Eternal Peace with hope.

this is the price that must be paid in order to block national defense research projects.

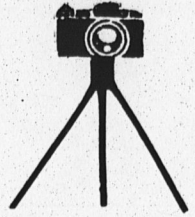
One long-term danger of "nuclear-free zones" according to defense industry officials is that America could lose part of its strong national defense base if industrial firms simply decline to bid on defense contracts.

An affiliated problem is that Americans may accept lower quality defense research from smaller, untried companies if forced to find replacements for current industry leaders. In addition, U.S. jobs could be affected as the large companies stop selling equipment to local governments and force them to go abroad for supplies and services.

Business leaders also argue that a fundamental flaw in the nuclear-free movement is that under our system of government where trade and commerce is national in scope, localities should not try to regulate out-of-state business. Chicago, for example, should not attempt to tell a corporation to shut down its defense plants throwing employees out of work in say Texas and California or else they can

Movement Continued on page 7.

# The Inquiring Photographer



Interviews and Photos by Richard Formica

## What do you think the students accomplished at Tiananmen Square, and how did you feel about the Chinese Government's handling of the situation?



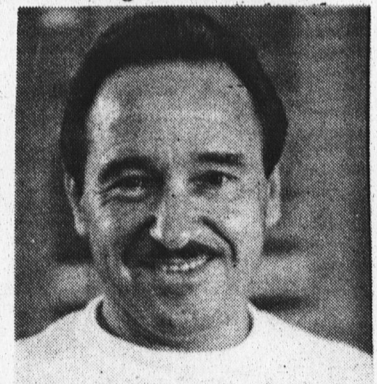
**Deldre Lagana...Psychology**

"I don't think they accomplished anything and caused a lot of harm to themselves. They were justified in attempting to do what they did. But given the type of government that they have, it was pretty foolish. Their government was not justified at all in how they handled the situation. It's very sad that a lot of people died for a dream. And the Chinese government is horrible. I'm glad that I'm here and not there."



**Elaine Mackey...Education**

"What the students accomplished more than anything was letting the world know their position on democracy in general. Through their demonstrations they made it a universal problem. Short term goals may not be met, but for the future, their demonstration will help gain them some freedoms. The Chinese government handled the demonstrations as any communist country would. Yet, I think that beating and executing students is outrageous. As an American, and a student, that horrifies me because of the rights that I have here."



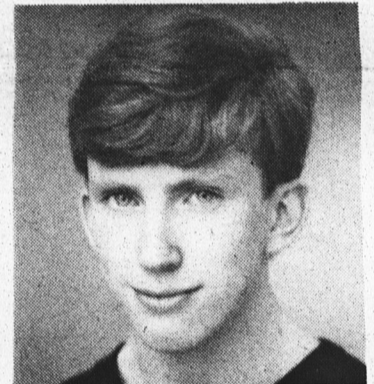
**Vincent Criscuolo...Psychology**

"I think they accomplished the beginning of democracy in their country. Somewhere down the line there will be more and more uprisings until eventually they'll get some satisfaction. The same thing happened in this country with Vietnam. People started small demonstrations, and, as time went on, they grew in number and eventually they stopped the war. The Chinese government's negative reaction to the students will only result into a positive force for another uprising by the people of China."



**Arnold Levine...Psychology**

"Unfortunately the students never accomplished what they had wanted to. China is a special organizational society that is too powerful for individual groups to be recognized. China's government did what they had to do. There was no other answer. If they showed a weakness, they would have lost all of their power. And unfortunately in a society of that nature, that's how they answer the individuals, by force."



**Richard Mahoney...Liberal Arts**

"Well they got a lot of news coverage all around the world, and they certainly made me think that the government in China is not quite up to the best interests of its people. Maybe the students accomplished something for the long run, but immediately, no. They're all going to be beat up and killed. In effect, they are all martyrs for the cause of their fellow countrymen. In years to come other countries are going to crack down on China through trade embargos for how they handled the demonstrations."



**Brenda Siegel...Psychology**

"If nothing else, they accomplished expressing their feelings and opinions openly about their government. Even though the government wasn't willing to change, at least the students had the chance to express themselves. In the long run that might change the government's policies. The Chinese government is terrible because it has had no regard for its people. By expelling the media, I only think worse of them because it makes me think they must have something to hide. Overall it was a positive thing for the students to demonstrate."



A group of students who were part of over 1400 CSI graduates express their joy upon receiving their degrees during commencement exercises.

Photo by Yvonne Osterlund

## Graduation Commencement For The CSI Class Of '89

By Maggie Glynn

CSI awarded degrees to 1436 graduates at the 13th commencement exercises June 4, 1989, in the Sunnyside Campus Quadrangle.

Jules Feiffer, editorial cartoonist and writer received an honorary Doctor of Fine Arts degree and was the featured commencement speaker.

This year's student speaker was Lynde Nelson, an aspiring physician who has chosen to continue her education by attending Temple University School of Medicine. Nelson is graduating from CSI with a BS. She is a CSI scholarship recipient, a biology and chemistry tutor, a Dean's list student, a published poet and a musician.

CSI President, Dr. Edmond Volpe, said, "Lynde Nelson exemplifies the quality of scholarship of the students of CSI." He added, "After seeing what she has achieved so far, there is no doubt she will attain the goals she has set for herself."

Nelson said of her long time dream of becoming a physician, "I love work-

ing with people, communicating and interacting, and the fellowship and comraderie that comes with getting to know people. Living in an urban community has made me acutely aware of the problems that exist in this environment. I feel that each of us can best address these problems by doing what we do well and by extending our skills and knowledge to effect a change." She continued, "Long range, I see myself continuing to live and work in an urban area which has a need for physicians. This will give me the opportunity to become involved in the practice of medicine at a level where it is needed most."

Nelson, a single parent of a four-and-a-half year old son, James, is active in the community and held down a full-time job through most of her college years.

Other commencement celebrations began with a noon-time Nurses Pinning ceremony in the Williamson Theater, followed by a reception in the cafeteria.

CUNY's Board of Trustees was represented by the honorable Louis C. Cenci, one of Staten Island's foremost educators and a graduate of CSI's program for advanced study in education supervision and administration.

The Alumni Association reception immediately followed the graduation. The class of 1959, '64, '69, and '74, from Staten Island Community College, Richmond College's 1969 and '74 class, and CSI's class of 1979 and '84 were honored.

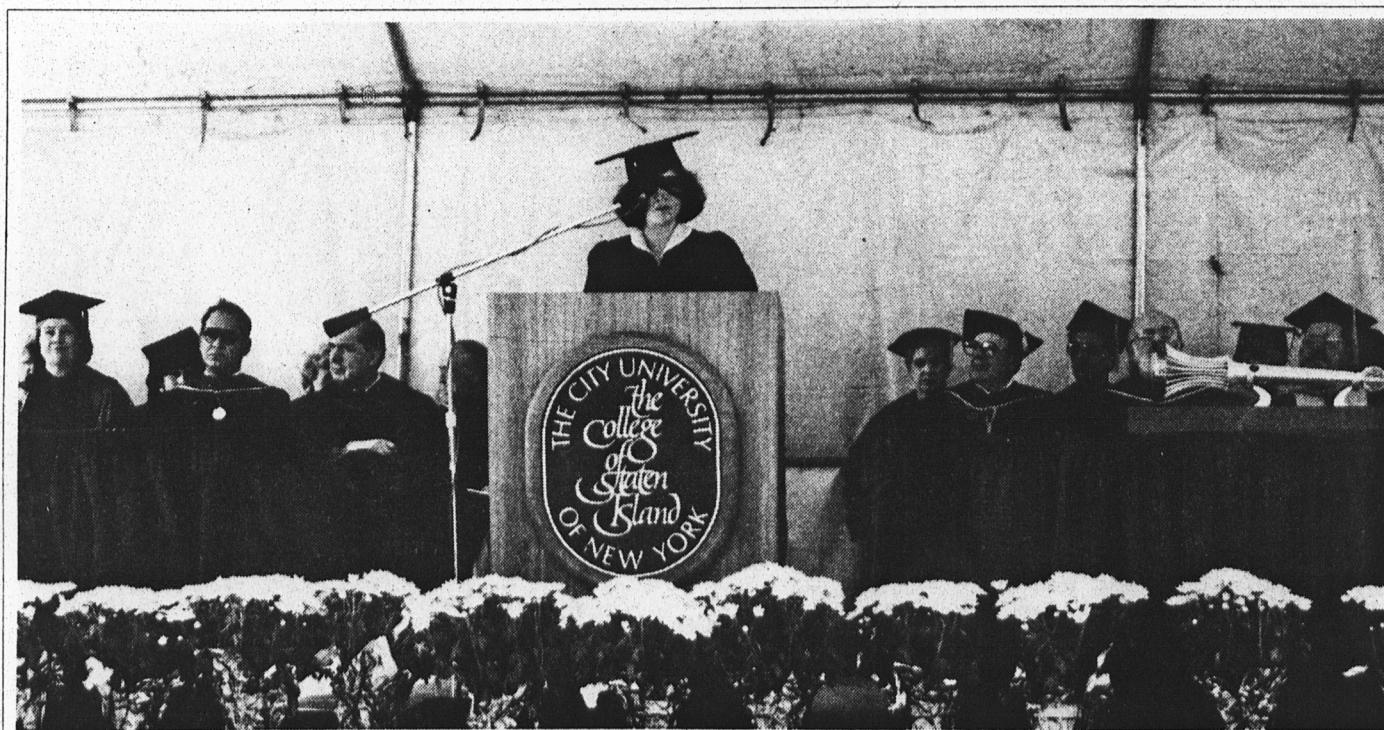
Representing the CSI's Alumni was newly elected president Allan White. He is the headmaster of the Richmondtown Preparatory School, and graduated from CSI in 1972 with a BA in Political Science.

Professor Joan Hartman, chairperson of the department of English, Speech and World Literature, was the faculty speaker. Hartman was this year's winner of the Dolphin Award for outstanding service and contribution to the college. A leading feminist scholar, Hartman is the editor of the widely read text, the Norton Reader.

A reception following the graduation ceremony, sponsored by the CSI Association, was held for the graduates, their guests, proud families and faculty.



Former College Voice editor-in chief, David Diakow proudly stands with his mother and grandmother, after graduating with a B.A. in English. Photo by Yvonne Osterlund



During commencement exercises, this year's student speaker, Lynde Nelson, addresses the graduating class of 1989 and their families, at the June 4th ceremony, held in the CSI's Sunnyside Quadrangle.

Photo by Yvonne Osterlund

## Booting Up, Kicking In And Beating The System

By James Rocco

I sat at my computer, booted up a terminal program and used modern science to have my computer call another. It was all new to me. I was entering the world of telecommunication with a bang, or so I thought. It was more like a small puff. The computer dialed up the number I had previously discovered was that of another computer that was running the infamous BBS software. BBS stands for Bulletin Board System. ABBS is a place where literally hundreds of people can get in contact, via their computers, exchange messages either privately or publicly, and, as I soon would learn, exchange programs.

My computer beeped, telling me that it had successfully connected to the system I was dialing. Data, sent by that system, told me it was called PARANOIA BBS and that the SysOp, an acronym for System Operator - the guy in charge of the place - went by the name, "The Computer"; handles are common.

The place seemed friendly enough. was comfortably surrounded by Pepsi and peanuts and felt equally comfortable posting messages to people I've never seen and probably never will. A "Bad Poetry" contest was going on. It was pretty hard to tell who was winning. The computer seemed to have everything well thought out. The system had already stood for three years, and it was apparent that some of these people seemed to know each other quite well through the system. I felt like an outsider for a while.

Then, I found them. Tucked away in a barely noted area of the BBS was a small area where I found neatly listed titles, titles to some of the hottest new games offered for my computer! "Help yourself" read a message from Friend Computer (as he was also called) himself! I did.

It's called Pirating. It is illegal but so common that it is hardly recognizable as a crime by the perpetrators. Indeed, when I did it, I felt no remorse. Still, there was something wrong here.

"What's the big deal?" said The Computer. "I'm providing a service to my system's users. Nobody gets hurt."

I tried to explain how pirating costs the consumer sums in the millions as they are forced to pay higher costs for programs by the software companies who are trying to offset their losses. He didn't seem too impressed. Fact is, computers have advanced us in every walk of life. Millions of things are now possible that were cumbersome tasks just a decade ago. Not far behind the advancement of home computer technology was computer crime.

Hackers, phreakers, pirates, crackers, whatever the title, all have one thing in common: computer crimes. We barely ever hear about any of them. They're far too discrete. Hiding behind a mask of bits and bytes travelling at the speed of light through a telephone line under an assumed name, they're all but impossible to catch. Sometimes, they're harmless, merely trying to put their names somewhere where nobody else has done it before. Sometimes, however, they can

be a nuisance with no more romance to them than a common criminal.

When AT&T was broken up by the Federal Government, the new breed of phreakers was born. Preying on the code numbers used by patrons of the newer long distance companies, in the blink of an eye they could attain 10 or more codes at a crack. Trading these codes for software quickly made some hapless individual's phone bill the result of nation wide use by people he would never know or see.

"Phreaking used to be easy," reports the computer. "It took me maybe 20 minutes to modify my terminal program to hunt down the codes that I could use. Rumors even said that ol' Ma Bell loved the idea! Since she was the only one who was safe from this stuff, it meant that her business wouldn't be hurt if people couldn't be secure with the other companies. Then, everything changed. A few kids got busted and they were made an example of. Now, it's almost non-existent. The security has been upgraded as well. It's not only harder to get codes, it's easier to get caught."

Pirating hasn't slowed down, though. "Atari trashed their 8-bit line because some of their software was getting pirated even before it was on the market!" Their computers, such as the Atari 400, 800, 600X1, 130XE, and 1200X1 were, at one point, about as common as a VCR. Atari was losing so much money on the computer because of pirating, the whole line was cancelled. People are now stuck with those computers which have no support, no new programs, no new hardware: they're caught in the stone ages.

"They only have a 300 baud modem." The modem is the device used to allow a computer to interface with the phone lines to talk to one another. The common speeds are 300, 1200, 2400, 4800, and 9600 baud which is easiest explained as a measure of speed. 1200 is now the most common. Logically, it's four times as fast as the 300 baud modem. "They had a 1200 for a few months but it was selling poorly when the line was trashed. Now they have to use 300 whether they like it or not."

I wondered how he couldn't see the damage in that. "I see it. My computer has enough support that it's never going to the pits. Besides, if I stopped, it wouldn't mean a thing. I'd lose users because I wouldn't be able to provide services for them and the system would suffer." Incidentally, he, like most SysOps, does not charge money for the use of his system. Your only obligation is that you post messages and share whatever software you can.

I wondered what his worst fear was. "That's simple. The virus." AIDS?

"No, computer viruses. Someone can send me a program with a sub-routine that would start eating my memory away and I'd have to reinitialize everything. I have to keep backing everything up to be safe. Actually, I'm not too afraid of viruses, but it's safest to make sure the system stays healthy."

I thought it was very interesting that he wasn't afraid of the law. After all, what he's doing is copyright infringement which is a federal offense. He laughed.

why penalize U.S. companies and U.S. workers who are helping to keep America Strong?



The winners of the Sandra Frankel award from left, Supriya Kandikatla, B.S. in Medical Technology, Cathleen Heffernan, A.A.S. in Medical Lab Technology, Judith Mendez-Maldonado, A.A.S. in Nursing, Bonnie McConnell, certificate of merit in Nursing and Patricia Ursomanno, B.S.N. in Nursing.  
Photo by Yvonne Osterlund

## CSI's Chief Librarian Vivian Sessions Honored

By Maggie Glynn.

Prof. Vivian S. Sessions, chief librarian at CSI, was honored with a John Cotton Dana Award at the annual conference of the Special Libraries Association at the Hilton Hotel in New York. The award, named for the founder of the Association, is given in recognition of exceptional service by the members for the Special Libraries Association.

President of CSI, Dr. Edmond L. Volpe, said, "We congratulate Prof. Sessions on being recognized by her peers. We have long recognized her special contribution to this College."

Sessions was named chief librarian at CSI in 1982. She started her career in 1959 in the Municipal Reference Library. In 1965, she moved to the Graduate Center of CUNY as director of a project funded by the U.S. Dept. of Housing and Urban Development to

demonstrate the feasibility of a computer-based urban information system. In 1969, she was named an Associate professor in charge of the newly founded Center for the Advancement of Library/Information Science. In 1976, she became Prof. and Director of the Graduate School of Library Science at McGill University in Montreal.

Sessions is a pioneer in the application of computer technology for organizing social science information. She has chaired the Special Interest Group in Social and Behavioral Sciences of the American Society for Information Science. She has contributed her expertise to many national and international conferences and publications. In the spring of 1988, she taught Library Applications of Computers at Shanghai University in China as part of the CSI/CUNY exchange program.

## New Student Government Club Chartering Regulations

By Laura White, Clubs Commissioner

Dear students, faculty and staff. I hope you are having an enjoyable summer. I would like to take this opportunity to inform you of the following important changes that have occurred with regard to club chartering procedures, rules and regulations for club operations, and special proposals.

### Chartering Procedures

1. All clubs wishing to charter for the Fall '89 semester should be aware of the many changes that have occurred with regard to the chartering and governance of clubs. These changes will be clearly outlined in the club chartering packet. Be sure to read the entire contents of this packet carefully.

2. All clubs wishing to charter with a budget must have their chartering papers and budget request submitted by Friday, Oct. 6, 1989 by 5 p.m. Papers will be available in Room C-109 after Aug. 1. Budget allocations for the Fall '89 semester will be made between Oct. 9-11. No money can be spent prior to receiving your official club budget.

3. There will be a club council meeting Wednesday, Sept. 20, 1989 at 1 p.m. in Room B-146. If you wish to charter

a club your attendance at this meeting is strongly recommended. Subsequently, Club Council will meet monthly throughout the academic year. Each club will be required to send a representative to each of these meetings. Failure to comply with this attendance policy could result in the suspension of your budget and club privileges.

### Special Proposals

1. All requests for funds for special proposals must be received by the president of the senate or the coordinator of the student government on or before Friday, Oct. 6, 1989 by 5 p.m. At the time that the special proposal is submitted an appointment will be made for you to meet with the president of the senate to make sure you have all the necessary information included in your proposal. Proposals submitted after deadline will not be accepted.

2. All special proposals for the Fall '89 semester will be heard and reviewed by the student government at a special meeting scheduled for Oct. 11, 1989 at 1 p.m. in Room A-230. A representative of your organization must be present at this meeting in order for your proposal to receive consideration. Proposals without representation will not be heard.

## Movement

Continued from page 5  
not sell their products and services in Chicago.

They say that all Americans agree on the evils of nuclear war. But they ask

**KNOW THE CONSEQUENCES  
OF DRIVING  
DRUNK or DRUGGED  
STOP-DWI**

New York City Department of Transportation

## Law School Admission Test

By Prof Daniel C. Kramer

The 1989-1990 Law School Admission Test (LSAT) will be given Sept. 23, Dec. 2, and Feb. 10. Regular registration for these tests closes Aug. 25, Nov. 3, and Jan. 12. All students who plan to go to law school must take this

test. Applications may be picked up on the 8th floor, St. George, rm. 1-518. In A-211 or C-131 Sunnyside. For further information about law school, please contact Prof D. Kramer, 1-831 St. Geo. 390-7990 or Prof V. Hauer B-30 Sunnyside; 390-7905.

# BODY AND MIND

## Controversy Continues For Diet Aid Users

By Stephanie Perno

Ten million Americans, mostly women, currently buy diet aids. Since the introduction of the first over-the-counter diet pill, Dexatrim, in 1977, the number of brands to be found in the local drugstore's appetite control center has multiplied steadily. Yet, are they safe for everyone?

Although appetite suppressants come in many different forms - gums, pills, capsules and tablets - they all work pretty much in the same way. The active ingredient in Dexatrim and most other diet aids is phenylpropionolamine (PPA), which acts on the appetite center in the brain, the hypothalamus, reducing the desire to eat.

Found in more than 150 prescriptions and over-the-counter drugs (including cold and cough medicines and syrups) PPA is chemically related to amphetamine. Critics worry that it has the same effect as amphetamine in certain individuals by raising blood pressure, revving up the central nervous system and carrying a potential for abuse and habituation.

The 75-mg dose of PPA found in diet aids have some doctors saying none of the risks associated with amphetamines apply. Others disagree. In 1979, the FDA labeled it a safe and effective amount.

A 1985 safety study, funded by the Thompson Medical Company, found that the effects of the 74-mg of PPA on pulse and blood pressure of 880 volunteers were not clinically significant. Medical doctors believe that the bad reputation PPA diet aids have from the past comes from product abuse.

Nevertheless, PPA related reactions from taking diet aids, which include dizziness, heart palpitations and rapid blood pulse, have been recently reported to poison control centers and hospital emergency rooms at a slow but steady rate. Although complications are minimal, PPA can raise blood pressure and cause cerebral hemorrhaging and strokes even in younger users.

Public concern over PPA promoted some companies to develop natural diet aids such as fiber pills and tablets containing no PPA. Instead, they suppress a person's appetite by filling the person up with a mixture of grain and citrus fiber. Doctors warn that one shouldn't exceed the recommended dosage of these aids. Taking more than the recommended amount is like eating concrete.

Those dieters who do lose weight may encounter a different problem. Although it's recommended that dieters use PPA-based diet aids for no more than 12 weeks at a time, there is no such time limit with fiber diet aids. Once a person stops using a diet aid, he or she may easily regain the weight.

If you do decide to use a diet aid with PPA, use it with caution. It is good to see a physician, so that they could rule out any health risk based on your medical history, even if you only want to lose five pounds.

People who prefer fiber aids as a filler should know that two-and-a-half tablespoons of bran cereal have the same amount of fiber as a day's dosage of fiber pills.

### Dieters Delight: Orange Glazed Carrots and Turnips

3 medium carrots, pared and julienned, 2 tablespoons fresh orange juice, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 tablespoon margarine, 2 medium turnips, pared and julienned, 1/4 teaspoon grated orange peel.

In a 1-quart microwave-safe dish, combine carrots and turnips. Add 1/4 cup water and cover. Cook on high power 4 to 5 minutes or until crisp-tender, stirring halfway through cooking. Drain; set aside. In a small bowl, combine orange peel, orange juice, honey, margarine and cornstarch. Cook on high power 1 minute or until thickened. Pour orange sauce over vegetables and toss thoroughly to coat. Makes 4 servings. Nutrition information per serving: 92 calories, 3 g. fat, 0.7 g. sodium. Excellent source of vitamin.

## Bill Passed To Ban Irradated Food

By David A. Cutting

The New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG) has just achieved one large, long awaited, step towards victory, as a bill to ban the use of food irradiation finally passed the New York State senate without opposition. The bill is currently on the calendar to appear before the New York State assembly. According to Kevin Burns, assistant director of the food irradiation project at NYPIRG, there is little doubt of the bill being passed. "We have 36 co-sponsors," stated Burns, "and one main sponsor, Jerry Nadler, on the assembly, so it looks pretty good." NYPIRG hopes that the people of New York will do all they can to urge the governor to sign the bill once it has been passed.

Food irradiation is the process of using radioactive isotopes, such as cobalt-60 and cesium-137, and nuclear by-products to preserve certain foods. At the levels at which the foods are irradiated the food itself does not become radioactive.

The major benefit of food irradiation is the prolong shelf life it offers to fresh foods. It can inhibit the growth and ripening of fresh produce, reduce the number of organisms that spoil food and completely sterilized food by irradiation results in a shelf stable product similar to canned foods. With the prolongation of shelf life of fresh foods comes many benefits such as increased range of food distribution; reducing the risks of spreading devastating pests from country to country as well as minimize the diseased organisms into the food chain; useful for military troop rations and for use by astronauts in space. The United Nations and the World Health Organization both support food irradiation because of the potential it has in helping to reduce food-borne diseases, hunger, malnutrition and large post harvest losses suffered in developing countries.

With all these benefits and the approval of the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) why the eminent ban of the sale of irradiated foods in New York? Many critics feel that food irradiation isn't the clean, safe, versatile process it is presented to be. NYPIRG feels that the safety of irradiation is questionable and that there are too

many unanswered questions for it to be used on a commercial basis. NYPIRG is concerned with the quality and the safety of food after it has been irradiated. NYPIRG has already developed a list of problems with the process.

Among the many problems are the chemical changes occurring in irradiated foods that lead to the forming of "unique radiolytic products," whose long term effects are unknown. There is also an abnormal abundance of aflatoxins, potent cancer-causing chemicals caused by fungus, in irradiated foods. Another problem is the alteration of amino acids and fats and the destruction of essential nutrients in foods including vitamins A, C, E, and especially B, nucleic acids, and enzymes. Irradiation can destroy microorganisms that create odor that normally occurs in spoiled foods, therefore, meat dangerously contaminated with botulism would appear harmless.

NYPIRG is also concerned with the way the FDA handled the approval of the irradiation process. The FDA admits that its decision to allow the sale of fruit, vegetables, and meats preserved by radioactive isotopes was based on theoretical calculations. No toxicological studies were conducted on the "unique radiolytic products" found in irradiated foods. It has been noted that the FDA relied on only five studies out of 441 available studies to approve the food irradiation process. During the course of these studies it was found that lab animals fed irradiated foods had an increase in incidents of birth defects, kidney diseases, reduction in life spans and losses of fertility. Another study showed an abnormal development of chromosomes in children and animals fed freshly irradiated wheat.

A truly great problem would be the construction of thousands of facilities needed for irradiation and the quantum leap in the amount of radioactive material shipped on public highways. The Department of Energy (DOE) has already had a difficult time isolating the radioactive isotope cesium-137 and other nuclear waste from the population. A large-scale food irradiation industry would make this virtually impossible.

## Kick The Summer Off With A K.I.S.S.

By Lynn Mann

Every summer, millions of Americans set out on family vacations, touring the country by motor vehicle or boating on our nation's waterways. Summer vacations should be a time for happy memories, not a cause for grieving...It is important to stress the need for personal responsibility and caution during the summer.

In addition to its traditional focus on preventing holiday drunk driving, MADD will stress seasonal safe driving and boating with its third annual Keep It A Safe Summer (K.I.S.S.) campaign. This three month summer safety program is designed to reduce the occurrence of drunk driving crashes between Memorial Day and Labor Day, when highway and waterway traffic is at a peak.

"Every summer, millions of Americans spend their vacations driving or boating, which increases tremendously highway and waterway traffic," said Micky Sadoff, MADD National President. "If we can make everyone more aware of the dangers of drinking and

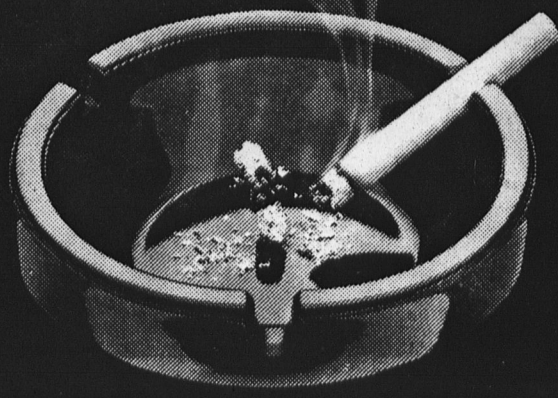
driving during this period, as well as the rest of the year, then senseless deaths and injuries can be prevented."

Sadoff pointed out that National Highway Traffic Safety Administration figures show a significant increase in traffic fatalities during the summer months. Memorial Day traffic fatalities average 23 percent more than other Monday averages for May. July 4th holiday fatalities increase 20 percent on July 3rd and 37 percent on the holiday itself and 12 percent the next day.

More than 380 MADD chapters across the country will support the K.I.S.S. program with print, television and radio public service announcements; blood drives with the American Red Cross; the distribution of Family Vacation Packs, filled with safety tips on travel, boating, swimming, biking, and fun travel games for the entire family; and K.I.S.S. specialty items including frisbees, keyrings, visors, balloons, beach balls and auto lap desks.

MADD wants summer travelers to be aware of the easy precautions they can take to prevent their friends and family from becoming innocent DWI victims.

Don't Smoke Yourself To Death.



AMERICAN  
CANCER  
SOCIETY



# COMMENTARY

## Hagen The Horrible

I have over 200 years of family fermenting in the hills of Staten Island. My fellow dutchmen were responsible for the irony surrounding our island. In Holland, rivers are called kills, and so Staten Island has the Kill Van Kull and the Arthur Kill. The irony is in the death of our rivers. Our kills have been killed.

During the 1800's my family were clambers. Believe it or not, Staten Island was once famous for its clam beds, but over-harvesting and pollution put most of the clams to sleep. Last summer the Army Corps of Engineers wanted to rake up the remaining bivalves, and transport them to Long Island Sound.

Those few Staten Islanders still supported by fishing fought the fight, and on the basis of churning up pollution, stopped the Army Corps from dredging the Raritan Bay. After this embarrassing defeat the Army Corps swam up the Kill Van Kull and into the Arthur Kill. Here they began an ambitious three-and-a-half year project to deepen the river by seven feet.

Somewhere along the way the Corps dropped their rakes and picked up explosives.

One year ago the Army Corps of Engineers were denied a request to rake through two feet of polluted sediments. This summer they were blasting away seven feet worth of river bottom with explosives. Don't believe anyone who claims that our rivers are not polluted.

On June 13th, 1989, the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) disclosed the names of over a dozen com-



Cliff Hagen

panies involved with the pollution of our Kills. From sewerage treatment plants to the Chevron and Hess oil refineries, they all pump out more than their share of pollutants. Also mentioned as major polluters were public utilities from Rahway and Middlesex, New Jersey.

Even after last summer's raw sewerage release in Port Richmond, fresh feces still roll into the Raritan Bay from sewers in Tottenville.

The kills are already dead, but their burial is an ongoing process with fresh sewage and pollutants continually dumped in them. As it is, we have to dig deeper channels to keep the rivers flowing. I figure that by next summer we won't need the Outerbridge Crossing anymore. Between the pollutants and excrement, Staten Islanders will be able to walk to Jersey. What will happen to Staten Island's shores, is anyone's guess.

## A Matter Of Life And Death Seen In Black And White

By Anne Corigliano

The topic was abortion. In the classroom more than the usual three hands were waving, trying to win the teacher's acknowledgement. Trinity received the nod. He's the neat, moon-faced, ebony student from Africa. His appeal comes in the form of a widegaped-tooth smile and laughing eyes. As he sits in sociology class, round and gentle, he is forthright with his comments on life as he sees it.

His convictions are the backbone of his people, a people some might be inclined to think backward and volatile. "Of course abortion is wrong," Trinity said. "As far as I'm concerned, anything inhibiting conception is wrong. If a child is the result of sex, then it should be born," he added. The murmurs got louder. Manicured fingers shot up to the ceiling.

Judy retorted, "But what if a girl is raped? Do you think her life should be ruined by having a scuz's baby?"

Trinity answered, "I don't think the baby should be the victim. Why can't the baby be given up for adoption?"

Tara said, "I don't know, I've never had a baby, but I think it would be hard to carry a baby nine months and then give it up."

Trinity's reply was simple, "Then keep it."

However, it wasn't that simple. I sat in the back of the classroom thinking about the thousands of homeless children and the children of abusive parents who never wanted them. I thought about the kids who are starving for love as well as for food and nourishment. I also thought about children deprived of an education. Quality of life should be a factor considered under the umbrella of abortion rights.

The class discussion was on life and

death, the decision to allow to live and the choice to end life.

Trinity is from Liberia. He has been in this country four years. He is enrolled at CSI as an engineering science major. His father was a tribal chief who died the parent of 50 children and the mate of 17 women. Trinity grew up among Catholic missionaries most of his life. Now, at age 30 he hopes to receive a bachelor's degree and return to Liberia to see his mother and possibly remain there to live.

Trinity who had the floor, as students restlessly moved schoolbooks and jackets about because it was nearing the end of class, said, "Look my father had 50 children. I don't know many of my brothers and sisters. There were times when I was four or five years when we went to bed hungry. There were bad times and there were also good times. Look at me now. I'm healthy. I'm in America, and I'm attending college."

Trinity comes from a nation where poverty is a way of life for many people. Yet, it is also a nation where throngs of people, young and old, maimed and healthy, blind and seeing, come to offer their money to America, the country they hope views the relationship between them as one with more than just a dollar sign as glue. It is a nation where the quality of life comes from within one's soul. After all, to be poor, or to be rich, has no definitive explanation.

Trinity had once told a story about an encounter he had with a shopkeeper who refused to serve him because he was black. He had just come to America, and it was his first experience with American prejudice. I listened intently to his tale, not knowing much about this man from a nation I believed to be primitive. I was curious

## Manifesto Of A Feeling Man A Question Of Morality

By Gary Crandall

Let us, for the moment, set aside the arguments against vivisection--that the brutality of it is immoral, that the science of it is invalid, that the human benefits of it are inapplicable.

There is another, more ominous reason, to abolish vivisection. We who stand at the gates of your labs are now responding to our own immediate pain, our own anger and pent-up rage.

What you have created in me and many like me is a burden of grief that I must carry with me every day. What you are doing in those labs has made my life impossible. I have seen too many pictures and they stay fixed in my mind. And unlike the animals held down in restraining devices as you slice open their skulls, I can do something about it.

First a premonition, then a discovery. And that discovery has now spilled over from the labs into public view. Picture after picture of unconscionable atrocities. Now we are aware that the university's ivory towers have bred a deformed organism--a vivisector.

Making money fast has eclipsed all notion of human responsibility. In your pursuit of bigger and better grants you have not yet discovered what is happening outside the ivory tower or within our hearts. But this lethal force of human pain is now what you're dealing with.

The moral climate is changing. Those dungeons of medieval science have served to unbolt the doors of human consciousness. And you would do well to heed Darwin's maxim of adapt or perish.

Those who wield the scalpels in the labs will find themselves more and more isolated, more and more at war with the rest of the world, more and more the focus of anger like mine.

We have anger to sustain us. The anger wells up each night in our nightmares of bloodied labs. It follows us to work. It interrupts our conversation. It spoils every pleasure in our lives. We cannot live this way. We cannot carry the burden of grief you force upon us with each picture of animals torn asunder in your labs. You may as well be experimenting on us, because we feel each incision, each blow to the skull. We are one with them, every one of them, and we cannot live with it.

to hear an African's point of view. Trinity said he didn't understand this man's attitude, but he knew it was not the attitude of all Americans, so he just left the store and went to another one. That was the first day of class, and I've admired Trinity ever since that day.

This isn't just a vivisection issue. It is part of a much larger picture--how we treat the planet, how we treat other creatures, how we treat each other.

As you perform one more futile, compassionless exercise in cruelty and call it a service to mankind, you ignore the real source of our malaise--our food, our stress, our planet--and treat only the symptoms. Human health does not depend on some rat in a laboratory. And the premise that it does has led to an unending assault on our health.

Somewhere on campus an arrogant vivisector, enamored of his own "High Priest" status, will now rise up and scream: "See! They are hotheads. They don't use their minds as we do. They only react emotionally!"

Until now, no one's ever chronicled the grief that we go through because of what you're doing.

I used to enjoy life and had things to look forward to. Now all I have is these pictures of mutilated lab animals playing over and over in my mind. It is not something that reason can deal with. My reaction is in the gut. And I am continually amazed--with all the violence unleashed in the world--that vivisectors have remained unscathed.

I have talked to a lot of people in this movement, and the anger in each of them runs deep. Intelligent, feeling, human beings. Lives put on hold. Pushed over the edge by the screams heard every night.

Ignorance dies hard, especially the ignorance of the learned. If the university wants to prove it is not a microcosm of tiny minds, if there is genuine intelligence there, then apply it toward innovation. Apply it toward real human health--science without cages, discovery without screams, laboratories without animals. Apply it toward healthier lifestyles on a healthier planet.

Animal rights is the way of the whole human being. Animal rights is the ethical gate through which humanity must pass before concluding a just peace with nature. Instead of clinging to the barbaric habits of the past, let vivisection die a quick death. So I, and millions like me, can experience the joy of life again.

Western Civilization went out to  
take a shit and the pigs ate it!

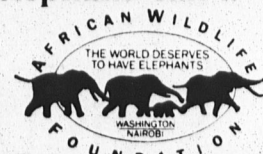
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## ARTS

## Batman--A Bad Joke Despite Jack

By Bill Woods

"Pow," "Zam" and "Bam" were the only things missing from the movie to tell it apart, plotwise, from the joke of a television show geared at the artistically redundant.

The special effects were awesome, the bat plane amazing and the batmobile the dream car of every New Yorker.

Jack was Jack and deserves a nomination for the hysterical laughing he does upon seeing his scarred deformed face in the mirror. In effect, he made the movie.

What else? Not a thing. Michael Keaten was either pregnant when making this movie, or he was intimidated by a role that is virtually impossible to play. Keaten plays a less campy imitation of Adam West's immortal performance. Bruce Wayne is not very interesting on film, despite the tremendous character potential of a young boy growing up with the memory of his parents being blown away before their eyes.

The fight scenes are adequately choreographed; go to a biker bar or karate tournament if you want to see better body movements.

It's obvious that it was a bad idea to have Keaten play the Batman side of Bruce Wayne. The voice doesn't match the face, and the body doesn't come close to helping one believe he's capable of pulling off anything without his armor and gadgets. This is a movie loaded with gadgets, which do not make up for the fact that the Batman is essentially a fake.

The movie's ending is perhaps the least inspired piece of plot to come along since Rambo III.

Kim Basinger's role is a waste of screen time and only shows that the script wasn't very good to begin with. Her appearance in the film seems to be Hollywood's way of showing how good they can make someone look on screen. Her part is poorly written, and although she is supposed to portray a photojournalist, nothing is ever done to show this part of her life. Instead she is just the token blonde "cutie" in the movie.

As for Jack Nicholson, he brings the comic book character, the Joker to life and gives new meaning to the words twisted, disturbed and maniacal. He even makes staying through to the end of the film worthwhile, despite its bad direction and script.

The Joker is the assassin of Batman's parents. At the end of the movie, Batman reveals who he is to the Joker. There are no surprises after this point. Anyone who has ever read an Archie comic will know what must happen next.

Bottom line: Batman is a good TV movie: no surprises, amazing special effects, bad acting without the campiness and one redeeming quality, Jack.

Almost everyone has waited for about a year for this movie to be shown, but someone should have told the producers that this wasn't Beetlejuice II. If for no other reason than to see why Nicholson is going to be nominated for an academy award this year, go see Batman in a theater near you.

Gold and Larry Lieberman, whose roots are firmly entrenched in the music world, are actively rekindling the woodstock spirit by making the tickets and posters available. They hope not only to offer memorabilia to those who remember Woodstock, but also to donate proceeds from the sale of the tickets and posters to charity. The poster 14 inches by 22 inches is being sold for \$150. The tickets, mounted on an 8 inch by 10 inch original Woodstock fliers cost \$35. Both items are available by calling 1-800-624-9000.

Gold and Lieberman, committed to the memory of Woodstock, believe that this charitable enterprise is a solid way to celebrate and share that great musical moment in time.

## Holy Piracy, Batman--Real Lawbreakers, Beware

By Chris Watkins

LCA Entertainment, exclusive licensing agent for "Batman" products on behalf of Warner Bros. and DC Comics, announced recently that U.S. Marshalls in New York and Southern California seized and impounded fake "Batman" merchandise. The seizures were authorized as part of a series of nationwide lawsuits in the federal courts against purveyors of bogus "Batman" goods. Further raids are in the process of being conducted around the country as part of an aggressive overall campaign to eliminate "Batman" piracy in all fields.

Temporary restraining orders have also been issued against a number of distributors and manufacturers of counterfeit "Batman" merchandise.

In addition, LCA and the authorized "Batman" licensees have established a nationwide network of private investigators and employees to report on incidents of "Batman" merchandise piracy.

"We want the world to understand that we are serious about protecting

our rights," stated Dan Romanelli, President of LCA Entertainment. "A great deal of effort has been invested in the motion picture and its companion merchandising program, and we do not intend to allow pirates to benefit from that investment."

"We have begun our enforcement program in advance of 'Batman's' June 23rd release date," continued Mr. Romanelli, "because we were alarmed by the quantity of bogus merchandise already appearing in some markets."

"We will do whatever is necessary to keep the marketplace free of fake 'Batman' goods," Mr. Romanelli concluded.

Joseph Baintron, counsel for the Warner Communications companies, further stated: "I have been involved with a number of nationwide enforcement programs, but I have never seen one as well organized and proactive as this. There will be no window of opportunity for 'Batman' pirates while the copyright owners react to piracy."

"The pirates ought to quit now while they're ahead," concluded Mr. Baintron.

## A Big Hit for the Kids

By Robert Fitzgerald.

The signs of spring are in the air: the green grass growing, the children playing ball in the streets and the rest of us feeling better because of the nice weather upon us. Spring is a time of rebirth and for the family. Parents can run out of ideas to stimulate their children's interest. This spring, the Staten Island Childrens Museum, located in Snug Harbor, is a nice alternative for the whole family.

Public Relations Director at the Children's Museum, Marjorie Waxman said, "The museum is a fun way for children to understand their own environment. The Children's Museum enables youngsters to interact with their environment as well as with technology."

The Museum is split into four sections. In the main gallery, the hands on exhibit is called "B" for Building. Here there are many different instruments that show a child how a building is built. The children actually construct a building out of blocks and other materials. This shows the younger children building design, structure and environment.

The second gallery is called Tales in

Tall Trees. In this gallery fairy tales are played out by staff and visitors. Here, the imagination is allowed to run free as the competent staff encourages visitor participation. Even the adults get involved in acting out the stories in the multi-dimensional forest area.

The third gallery has two sections that are called Soundtracks and Clockworks Sound Arcade. Soundtracks is an exhibit on sound and music sponsored nationwide by the Smithsonian Institute Traveling Exhibit Services. Clockworks Sound Arcade is a new exhibit that gives the children more information about time and how time and sound interact to make rhythms.

The fourth exhibit is called It's News To Me. This exhibition was created to teach children the five W's and to help them gather information, edit and use critical thinking.

The Staff at the Children's Museum are friendly and extremely qualified in child care. Admission to the Museum is two dollars, and this gives your children the chance to learn while they have fun.

## Talkin' About Their Generation Woodstock 20 Years Later

By Marylou DiNardo

Millions of people share the memory of Woodstock. Not only was it a festival of music, it symbolized the hopes and dreams of an entire generation. Just the name Woodstock evokes memories of youth in a time of social upheaval. For three days Max Yasgur's farm was transformed into a stage for the greatest musical performance of our time.

August marks the 20th anniversary of this quintessential symbol of the "flower child" generation. Few tangible artifacts remain from that time. But recently, locked away in an attic for the past two decades, original posters and tickets to the Woodstock concert were found.

Two young entrepreneurs, Steve

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## Helpful Photography Hint

The camera shutter is a unique imaging mechanism that allows the photographer to freeze time, or to record its passing. Use a 1/1000-sec shutter speed to stop the splashing of a waterfall, and 1/8-sec speed to transform the rushing water into glassy smoothness. Very long exposure times can

transform everyday movements, such as jogging, into rhythmic waves. Also, keeping the shutter open for several minutes makes city traffic and passersby disappear, producing strangely unpopulated architectural studies of crowded places. Don't be afraid to experiment or to use lots of film.

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— Diversified Photography —

— By Richard Formica —



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## ARTS

## CSI Faculty Film Maker Awarded Prestigious Prize

### CSI Press Release

A documentary film by Dr. Audrey Glynn, director of special student services at CSI, has been awarded the prestigious blue ribbon by the American Film and Video Association. The film, "A Quiet Revolution," is a documentary exploring the Christian base communities in Latin America. It shared honors in the AFVA's Philosophy and Religion category with "Masks of Eternity," one of the Joseph Campbell series, produced and directed by Bill Moyers and Joan Konner for PPS. CSI President Volpe said, "We are very proud of Dr. Glynn and her continuing accomplishments in the documentary field."

"A Quiet Revolution," focuses on the liberation theology movement and its profound effect on Latin America. The film captures life in the Christian base communities, the cornerstones of the movement. The communities are groups of the poor who have organized themselves around their critical concerns: hunger, unemployment, politi-

## New Italian Libreria Opens In New York

### By Cinzia Fasino

Franco Maria Ricci, the publisher of FMR magazine and limited editions of fine books, has opened his first book shop in the United States at 130-1/4 East 65th street in Manhattan.

Americans tourists are already familiar with his unique boutiques located in nearly every major city in Europe, seventeen in all. Each is designed and furnished in the same style, featuring black lacquered bookshelves from floor to ceiling, displaying costly volumes in black silk and gold and the other Ricci paper products such as desk agendas and address books. Those too are in black, as is FMR magazine with its glossy black cover.

The magazine cover price is \$15. Annual subscription is \$60 for six issues. FMR magazine is available in English, French, Italian, German, and the Spanish edition is being launched in September. All the books are available in English, French, Italian, German and Spanish. The average book price is \$195. Books are printed on Fabriano paper, acid-free paper that does not deteriorate with time. Each volume is numbered and editions are limited to quantities of 3,000 and 5,000. Also available at the shop is Ricci's world famous Encyclopedie Diderot et D'Alembert in French, a monumental achievement. The silk-bound version sell for \$6,100 and leather-bound for \$8,250.

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cal oppression and land distribution. These people work together to try to improve their lives.

The film focuses on three typical Christian base communities: in the squalor of shantytowns in Lima and Sao Paulo and against the breathtaking backdrop of Ecuador's Andean Mountains.

The one hour documentary is a moving visual essay. Unforgettable faces and voices tell courageous stories grounded in Christian faith. As one young woman says in the film: "God doesn't want injustices... He wants everyone to possess the right to have enough to eat and drink, the right to work and struggle."

The film was directed and produced by Glynn with a major grant from the Catholic Communication Campaign. Glynn, an associate professor at CSI, also coproduced "Merton: A Film Biography" a 1984 PBS documentary about Thomas Merton, the Trappist monk and mystic.

## Records Shatter As Batman Bursts Into Movie History

### By James Martin

Motion picture history was made as "Batman" soared into box-office immortality with a staggering, all-time record-breaking three-day opening figure of \$40,489,746 at 2,194 nationwide theatres. The per theatre average for the film was an amazing \$19,464. "Batman" exceeded the standing three-day opening box-office figure by a stupendous 34 percent.

As the phenomenon spread there were reports of huge throngs lining up from the earliest morning hours, many of them adorned in "Batman" para-

**Batman** Continued on page 15

## Honorable Mention Awarded To Faculty Member For Film

### By Maggie Glynn

"Performance Pieces," a new comedy short by Tom Abrams, CSI faculty member and the writer-director of "Shoeshine," the 1988 Academy Award nominee for best dramatic short, premiered at the 1989 Cannes Film Festival. The 10 minute short, starring Academy Award winner F. Murray Abraham, won an honorable mention at the Grand Palais, Cannes.

Tom Abrams' third film is the story of Jack Narwhal, a performance artist who takes Van Gogh's act of cutting off his ear a few steps further. In the film he appears as a head on a pedestal in an upscale New York art gallery. His other body parts are on display in major museums around the world.

The special effects necessary for this film prompted Abrams to use the new

format High-Definition tape. The footage was transferred to 35mm for the screening in Cannes. Abrams worked with Rebo, one of only three facilities in the United States using the High-Definition format.

Tom Abrams, a graduate of the Columbia University Film Division M.F.A. program, teaches film theory at CSI. His first film, "Shoeshine," was produced during his third year at Columbia. It was nominated for an Academy Award for Best Live Action Short and won the Grand Prize for Shorts at the Montreal International Film Festival in 1987. His thesis film, "How High The Moon" is currently airing on cable movie channels.

"Performance Pieces" is one of three U.S. film shorts in competition at the Cannes International Film Festival.

## Amulets Against The Dragon Forces; Review Of Paul Zindel's New Play

### By Bill Woods

I was recently in the city and had the opportunity to catch a play about Staten Island in the 1950s. *Amulets Against The Dragon Forces* by Paul Zindel which recently closed at Circle Repertory Company in Manhattan is a play about the deep secrets that people hold. These secrets are pursued in the play.

Chris (Matt McGrath) and his mother (Deborah Hedwall), a live-in nurse, move to a bungalow on the south side of Staten Island in 1955 to make a dying old woman (Ruby Holbrook) comfortable.

Floyd (John Spencer), the son of the old woman, is a dock worker and has a young lover named Harold (Loren Dean) living with him.

During the course of the play we learn that Floyd is a drunkard and

that something is wrong in Chris's past. Throughout the play Floyd searches to find out what Chris is hiding.

The first half hour of the play is quite funny. As the play wears on it becomes more intense and deep as Floyd pursues the truth.

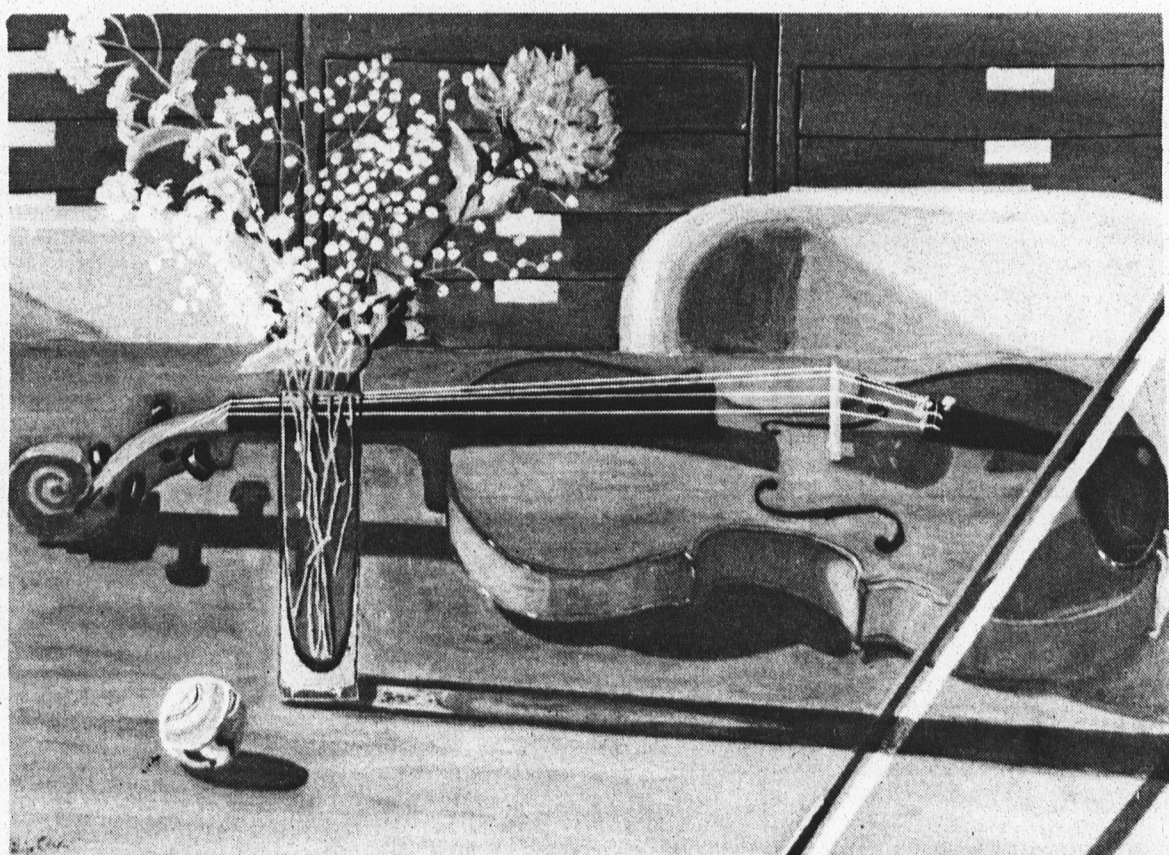
Matt McGrath, gives a great but bizarre performance as Chris.

As Floyd, John Spencer was very good in revealing his emotions.

Loren Dean who is co-starring in the brilliant film *Say Anything*, is quiet, yet powerful in his performance.

Paul Zindel creates a wierd, disturbing tale about Staten Islander's. It displays a message about absolute truths. Honestly, once the *Dragons Forces* have hold of you, they will control you forever.

## Campus Art



"Violin and Bow"

By Philip Chan

# POETRY

## Memories Of An Old Barn

*Beneath the sun and moon, (those constant spies),  
Now calendar my plight with leering eyes,  
With bored indifference .. never I can trust,  
They witness here to scan my dust and rust.*

*Aged, bent upon a sorry land  
That once held proud the strong, belabored hand,  
Once birthed me with a hammered, loving care,  
Their sinewed strength asked not a single fare.*

*How song was wafted high upon a breeze!  
My started date did shape from fallen trees,  
Then gradually they upped my mold in shape,  
And twinkled-eyed did kindly on me gape.*

*How rafters rang aloud when all completed!  
How bright my boarded sides blushed rouge-hued treated!  
And sheltered I, the moos, the grunts and cackle,  
The harnessed neighs, the hitch and sporting tackle.*

*Life progressed .. routinely clocked the beat,  
Swelled to fill the bounty rich and sweet,  
Strawed the layers thick to sate my upper rafters,  
And hid the secret lovers there with laughters.*

*Aye, how time tolls on, how strange the new!  
Thick dusty layers my brows bestrew,  
My bended ear is forced to hear what's here,  
'List modern reapers grind and cut so near.*

*The rattles shake my silvered planks throughout,  
The rotors slash the knotted sod about,  
The accents rip the soil and question not  
The lower-layered roots that God begot.*

*My broken ribs are begging no new mend,  
The whistled drafts rush through them end to end,  
Sol's rays once strong, did cover-heat me warm,  
Today they fade my battered lungs with harm.*

*The rapid swirl of Moderns 'round me tease,  
The folks of now eye not a look to please,  
Their avid craze to raze for stretch and room  
With rush of time, shall judge and plight my doom.*

Queline Piano

## Gull

### To Mark...

*Lonely, wild, untamed gull  
jagged screaming at dawn  
inland from your sea  
far from dock and rock  
taunting the night  
with the first rays of a new dawn  
a profound pain  
as you leave your nest  
for the open skies  
gracefully soaring above the ocean  
artfully flying over the sand  
the agony of your cry  
winged flight inland  
conversations carried out at dizzying heights  
aerial maneuvers worthy of aerialists  
flying toward the sun as Icarus might  
or bobbing on the waves of a dead sea  
seagull, you capture the beauty of an old  
nature  
the 20th century hasn't yet tamed you  
oil spills not-with-standing  
you fish the now empty bay  
aquatic life suffocating from pollution  
haunting the beach  
unexpected at 7 of 5  
swooping low over Concord*

Valerie A. Pisarik

## Moon Boat

*On the sweating tar, up on the  
roof, I lie upon my blanket...*

*The city buzzes far below.  
The orange glow goes to purple.  
The crescent rises on its side.*

*If the moon could sport a sail...?  
Might I go riding?  
To hills and dales...  
Grass so green...  
Not a bottle broken.*

*Moon boat will you take me far?  
Moon boat don't you know I'm scared...  
To ride purple waves in air?  
Moon boat don't you know I'm scared...*

*I've never left the city!*

Susan Makinen

## Bay Street Bar Hop Blues

*Plastic Don Juan, elastic opinions  
What's in today is your only conviction  
You're free from form, you say, you claim  
You show the world each day a new face.  
So you do some research, buy a new look  
one week's paycheck was all that it took  
Read up on your Nietzsche, rehearsed some new wit  
So you'd be the hit of the room of the place that  
is in  
I don't mean to snip, though its quite in my nature,  
But where is the point and where is the pleasure  
When the wind takes your soul with each new moment  
And you sell it all so to enjoy the torment.  
I may be old fashioned  
- or arrogant, as I'm told-  
But routines like yours  
Are depressingly old.*

Blaze



"Geometric Sport"

Photo by Sung Moo Kim

## Necessary Losses

*They say our hurts are needed  
Our losses are our gains  
Well tell me, then - when all is lost -  
Why the scars remain.*

*These necessary losses  
Leave your life in such a mess  
I think that if I had my choice  
I'd rather gain a little less.*

*Perhaps as I grow older  
My heart's memory will fade  
And take with it the sorrows*

*Where thus far they have laid.*

Pat Cusumano

## Predators

*Heart pounding, breath short, erratic eye motion.  
Night heavy, no people, few cars on the street.  
Suspicion, they stalk me; street like an ocean.  
Hot flashes of fear fill my face with red heat.  
Two young men, trying slowly to corner their prey.  
I stiffen. I tighten the grasp on my purse.  
I hear testing snickers directed my way.  
They warn me, they dare me; things now can get worse.  
A sharp wave of anger swells burning my blood.  
Strength surges, fear falters, bold eyes meeting theirs.  
They wonder. I'm trouble. There could be a flood  
of violence. Too risky. Notice! - Don't dare!  
Slip back into darkness for easier game.*

*A vulnerable victim? I'll not be the same.*

Yvonne Marie McQuade

## Facing It

*Deep in the valley of indecision  
My mind wanders in its own confusion  
Searching for the riddle of a thousand souls  
Trying to discover all the secrets it holds.  
Aimlessly exploring the abandoned factory  
That used to create and assemble my fantasies  
My shattered youth calls on one lonely tear  
Feel the cloak of an empty night drawing near.  
Waited too long now I've no other choice  
But for words of the end I have not the voice.  
So I wander the streets and wallow in my conclusion  
Afraid to admit I'm but dressed up confusion.  
No closer now than I was,  
No closer only because-  
I can't face the fall.*

Michael Vessey

## Summer of '88

*10w-30 and an upset world  
Running loose boards and untidy hoards*

*Birds fly as one, under the sun  
Men stare and gaze, to look at whats become  
Their need and their lives have all just begun  
Their world and their hopes, have given them the run*

*Just look at what they've done, to our tide  
Just look at what they've done to our pride*

*Hard cold night and racing leaves  
Dented prints and tire mark beads  
Rotted wood and a rusted nail*

*Candy wrappers and towel type packets  
Scattered along this vast*

*Many have tried, too big of a task  
There's no one here to swim in their wrath  
There's no one here to run along your path  
There's no one here to vacuum your bath*

*There's no one here because of fear  
Driven themselves from what they hear,  
Never to think, it was done by their peers  
With some friendly help from their dears*

Tom Berry

## Get It?

*flying doom, spliced beliefs  
borrowed cliches  
and mixed up ideals  
on a half shell,  
tossed in with yesterdays promises  
dried on a hot rock  
beneath a barren sky  
that holds no tears  
for your absurdities.*

Blaze

## Tree Thoughts

*The silent trees surrounded me  
I thought I heard them calling me  
from out of the lush and green colored lea.*

*I sat myself beneath the tree  
that always does inspire me  
relaxation calm and free  
I smiled as people passed by me  
the footsteps heard of the passers-by  
reminded me that I might try to sing immortal songs  
of which I knew to be intuitively true  
while pining beneath the sky of blue*

*and then the sun shone on my hair  
the birds song comparable to the harpists prayer  
and as I sat and watched it all I realized then  
how very small I really was in the big picture of life.*

*these Trees, it seemed had witnessed life  
in all of its wondrous changes:  
births and Happiness death and strife*

*Never a need for anything more  
than the elements which God had sent to nourish them  
the Trees had never pried into my affairs  
they lift their branches and from the wind, they brushed my hair  
with quiet serenity of divine secrets kept  
I thought of myself and them from which I had come  
for joy of life unsung, to write of the trees and give them tribute  
My poems surpass gold colored flutes in  
Magnanimity of truth and reflect my inner call to them,*

*I know then with certainty*

*I'm home once again*

Julia Scalcione

# CREATIVE WRITING

## A Street Messiah Called Raincheck

By Wayne Sindle

"Awright, punk, spread 'em"  
Backing into the doorway of the delicatessen, Raincheck heard his nerve endings cry out in protest as he watched The Man throw Lewis across the hood of the blue and white. The Man reached into the pocket of the dealer's jacket and pulled out a deck of small, yellow envelopes bound in a red rubber band.

"Lookie what I found," The Man called to his partner. "Whadaya think, candy maybe?"

"Dat ain't mines," Lewis explained, through a mouthful of car hood. "Dass a plant, man!"

"Plant this," The Man snarled, driving his elbow into the small of the dealer's back.

In the doorway, clutching a ten-spot in his damp palm, Raincheck eyed the bundle of envelopes. Ten feet away, ten lousy feet, and Lewis had to go and get himself busted. Already, Raincheck could feel the spiders crawling along his spine. Licking split lips with a cotton-coated tongue, he ran down a desperate plan to rush The Man, grab the smack, and take off up Center Street. His mind made a mad dash for freedom, leaping over backyard fences, while his eyes watched Lewis, now handcuffed, being loaded into the back of the patrol car. Watching the car roll off into the ninety-plus heat, Raincheck shivered in cold sweat.

"Yo, cool, you can't stand here."

Raincheck looked over his shoulder at the big, bald cat who ran the deli.

"Ah said, take a walk, junkie," Baldie laughed, pushing him out onto the sidewalk.

"Up yours," Raincheck shouted, stumbling off the curb.

Thrusting clammy hands into the worn pockets of his jeans, burying the ten beneath three pennies and a book of matches, Raincheck maneuvered the evening traffic and crossed Victory Boulevard. As he hopped the curb on the far side, he scanned the park for signs of life, feeling as though, if he didn't get fixed soon, he would be broken forever. Leaning against the statue of the nameless dude from the

Spanish-American War, he chewed a hangnail, wiped his nose, picked at a scab on his arm.

"Ten feet," he said, aloud. "Ten goddamn feet."

Raincheck jumped when the girl stepped out from behind the statue.

"What?" he gasped, taking a step backward.

"I have what you need," said the girl, smiling.

"Yeah?" Raincheck asked, defensively. "And what do you know about it?"

He studied the girl's face and knew right off that she wasn't a park regular. She was young, sixteen maybe, and her eyes were clean, alive. They were eyes filled with too much hope to have known the streets. There was a dark patch on her forehead, like a birthmark, and looking at it made Raincheck uneasy. The sight of the mark caused something to stir in his mind, something mystic and primal, but his brain, in a state of detoxification, lacked the ability to grasp its meaning.

"You need this," the girl said, holding out her hand to reveal a small envelope, not unlike the ones which The Man had confiscated from Lewis.

The hunger in his guts screaming to be fed, Raincheck reached for the envelope, then drew his hand back swiftly as an alarm went off in his head.

"Hold up," he muttered, through clenched teeth. "You're a cop, right?"

Laughing, the girl backed away, jumped up on a park bench, and launched her body into a series of intricate ballet movements.

While she danced, she sang out, "I'm no cop, nosiree, I run the night where the wind is free!"

She vaulted off the back of the bench, did a pirouette standing on air, and landed at Raincheck's feet. With a shout, he backed up against the statue. Panting, she drew in close, her eyes intense. Raincheck could taste her breath, clean and sweet.

"I am like you," the girl whispered. "And I know what you need."

Without taking her eyes from his, she pressed the envelope into his hand and took a step backward. Raincheck

looked down at the bag and could almost feel the junk pumping the life back into his aching flesh. Pocketing the score, he looked up to find that the girl was gone.

Laughing at the wired chick who forgot to take his money, Raincheck sat on the cool tile floor of the bathroom and held the spoon over the cooker. He had been living in the basement of the hardware store for well over a month and, provided he didn't get found out, he could probably winter here without a hitch.

He loaded the syringe and settled back against the wall. Since his favorite vein had collapsed, he had to switch arms, and booting-up was still a bit awkward, but, like all good denizens of the jungle, he was adapting.

"Survival of the fittest," he whispered, inserting the spike into the raw hole in the soft flesh of his inner arm.

He thumbed the plunger, closed his eyes, and let his arms fall to his sides, absently picturing the girl from the park. The ballerina. The ballerina with the birthmark. The birthmark.

Then, everything fell apart.

"Bad stuff," his mind screamed, as his body convulsed and his eyes threatened to blast clear across the room.

"Bad stuff," echoed the walls of his skull, as his heart smashed itself to pulp against his rib cage and his arteries tied themselves into knots.

He spun through a world of darkness, knowing full well that, whatever had just entered his body, it wasn't heroin. He spun through a world of darkness, watching in horror as a hundred burning candles erupted from his chest, their flames forming faces, their faces singing out like children and autumn leaves and subway trains:

"Take the soul you need and let the others feed!"

As the song filled him, his body expanded to the walls of infinity.

"Take the soul you need and let the others feed!"

He stretched and ripped, then imploded into nothingness. And it was

there that the light was born. And it was there that his soul came to life. It was there that Raincheck was saved.

John Phillip Ramshack, yesterday's Raincheck, woke to the song of a blue jay outside the basement window. Sprawled across the bathroom floor, he looked to one side, at the works scattered near the toilet, and laughed with the joy of a slave who has just seen his master plunge into the abyss.

Rising to his feet, John steadied himself on the sink, gazed into the cracked mirror, and was paralyzed with wonder. The man staring back at him was more handsome, more healthy, than he had any recollection of ever being. The eyes, grey and blue and wise beyond reason, were set wide and clear in a mask of tanned skin, devoid of the scars and pockmarks with which John had become familiar. And then there was the thing on his forehead.

Bright-blue and radiant, it looked like a sea anemone which burned with some inner, eldritch light. Just about the circumference of a golf ball, it sat directly between and just above his eyebrows, its blue stalks waving this way and that, as if studying its own reflection in the dingy mirror.

John reached up to touch it, and the thing fell from his face to land in the sink. He picked it up, placed it on his palm, and stared in amazement at the cluster of soul matter disintegrated into a pile of beige powder. Once again looking into the mirror, John saw the birthmark, the rebirthmark, on his forehead and smiled at the magic of it all, as sunlight invaded the bathroom, filling him with understanding.

After carefully scraping the powder into the envelope which the ballerina had given him, he cleaned himself up as best he could, said his farewell to the basement and the ghost of Raincheck, and climbed out through the bathroom window. The morning sun on his face, the smells of summer setting his senses to life, John Phillip Ramshack fingered the small packet in his pocket and, free at last, broke into whistling as he headed for the park.

## A Journey Through The Center Of Your Mind

By Mary Brady

One day during the Holy Season I was part of a group of pilgrims voyaging to the Holy Land in Jerusalem. In order to feel the biblical period we dressed in simple tunics and sandals. Our backpacks hopefully held everything we needed to survive the journey.

At sundown, as we approached the Dead Sea, planes began to drop bombs all around us. The red glare of the explosions and shattering of shrapnel was terrifying. Scared and screaming we fled for our lives.

I ran with three other people to a huge abandoned, stone building. We found a stairway to a sub-level where we would be safe. With the help of a flashlight we found our way down the circular, crumbling, brick stairs. We huddled close, as strangers will do during a crisis. The common bond of fear wrapped its arms around us, as a mother hugging her child. I had read about the catacombs and realized this is what they must have been like.

After a while the bombing stopped and we felt safe. However, we wondered about the devastation and destruction we would find outside. We knew that right above us were the dead, and their survivors, mourning and grieving over their loved ones.

To get my mind off of this grim subject, I gripped the flashlight in my hand and shone it in my companions' faces. I stated, rather arrogantly, "As we haven't had time to be introduced to one another, why don't we introduce ourselves and tell a little about ourselves to each other. As this is a non-sectarian pilgrimage tell us your religion and just to make it more interesting tell us what kind of building you think we are in."

The first person to my left spoke up. "I am Sister Eileen from the Cloisters in Manhattan. I have been a nun for ten years and I believe this building had been a Catholic church. I can feel it. I can worship in here. I can say my Hail Mary's or my rosary and feel at peace, even though there are bombs blasting right outside these walls. See-- these are pieces of stained glass from the windows which have been boarded up--and here is a piece of the Blessed Virgin's blue robe from the statue that has been shattered," as she pointed at a mass of crumbled blue and white plaster, "I know we are in a Catholic church!"

"Oh no!" said the second person to my left in a thick Polish accent, "I am a Jewish baker and my faith tells me that we are in a temple." He grabbed

the flashlight from me yelling, "I'll show you... these broken pieces of silver with candles still in them were a Menorah. Right here... look, I'll put them together and it forms the Star of David! This building and I are still waiting for the Messiah!"

Sister Eileen angrily interrupted, "If you don't think Christ was born yet, why do you want to see the manger where he was born?"

He indignantly replied, "I don't have to believe in order to feel my people's history. This was the land of the Jews and I am proud to be one!"

Anxious to stop this no win argument I flashed the light on the third person, a tall gaunt looking man in a black tunic. He was sleeping. Showing a total lack of regard for his fellow travellers. He slept with his face twisted and his mouth wore a grimacing grin. I didn't like him and I remembered he was not signed up for this trip. He came late, and the agent was not happy about his joining us.

Sister Eileen, taking advantage of the lull in the conversation turned to me and said, "Let me ask you something. Why don't you have a face?" I put my hands up where my face should have been and found nothing. Horrified, I painfully responded, "I am

being punished. All my life I have been fluctuating between believing in God and being an atheist. Like a manic-depressive, I've had great faith believing God is omniscient and omnipotent; and I've had no faith believing in the Big Bang theory and that life on earth is all we have.

"Is the promise of heaven a crutch to help me bear the anxiety of each new day, knowing each day brings me closer to my death? Is the threat of eternal searing fire reason enough for me to be loving and good to my fellow man? Can I believe in the Ten Commandments as a man-made constitution or were these stones with the hieroglyphics sent from God, hurled to earth like meteorites falling from the great galaxy?"

Spring comes and I see God in the yellow, tall stately daffodils and in the little gentle crocuses. I believe. And then my fourteen year old buddy is senselessly killed and my heart is torn open, bleeding and bare. No, there can't be a God. He wouldn't let this happen to my friend.

I have been a protestant and I have been a Catholic. Why not? My great-grandma Friberg was ecumenical long before it was in fashion. I remember

Journey Continued on page 14

## Campus Candida



CSI's Ghostbusters? On the contrary, they are CSI's dirt-busting building and grounds crew. Keeping C-building one of the cleaner sites in the college, are from left, Carlos Londano, Joe Pellei, Ken Warren and Rickey Caruso. Photo by Richard Formica

## Dwarf-Tossing Banned By Florida's Gov.

By Jennifer Brandlon  
Associated Press

Traveling shows featuring dwarf-tossing contests are the latest outrage dwarfs find themselves fighting to preserve their dignity and safety, said officials of the Little People of America Inc.

"Dwarf-tossing may help financially the person who does it... However, it tears down the structure and the esteem that little people are trying to gain," said association spokesman Ernie Ott.

Florida Gov. Bob Martinez signed a state law last week banning the bar-

room sport, helping short-statured people fight a lingering perception that they are "non-persons," Angela Van Etten, a member of the Committee to Ban Dwarf Tossing, said at the association's annual conference.

"It occurs in a bar and a consenting adult little person allows a stranger in the bar to pick him up and see how far he can throw him. The persons in the bar get prize money for throwing him the farthest," Van Etten said.

"The people in the bar... all stand around laughing and think this is one huge joke," she said.

Tossing Continued on page 15

### Journey Continued from page 13

sitting there watching her stand up in the middle of the Protestant service, wearing her Sunday best, and telling the minister that Catholics were right. We then crossed the street and in the middle of the Mass, she stood up and told the congregation that the Protestants were right. She felt that if they could compromise the result would be the world's purest religion.

"Don't you see? I'm confused and I'm looking for something and maybe I'll find it in Jerusalem," I said in desperation.

Sister Eileen and the Polish baker looked at me with pity in their eyes, and said they would pray for me. All the while the man in black remained silent.

We fell asleep for a few hours, awoke, did not hear any bombing and decided to venture out of this deep, dank place. The dampness was permeating my body. On the way up the twisted stairs, the man in black set the baker's tunic on fire. Quickly Sister Eileen pulled her canteen from her neck and doused the flaming tunic with water. She kept repeating, "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." This irked him so much that he grabbed the nun's tunic and forced her to trip on the stairs. The Jewish baker was a few steps beneath her and caught her in his arms. Leading with the flashlight I quickly turned around and ran after him. My heart racing and adrenalin rushing like a river that has just broken through a dam, I gave him one good karate kick to his middle, which sent him barreling down the stairs to the cement floor; his head cracked open like a coconut falling from an extremely tall coconut tree.

They thanked me with tears in their eyes. We moved quickly, anxious to get away from his stench, and finally reached the doorway. With the sun shining brightly, we opened the door and saw the building was totally destroyed. How lucky we were. All of a sudden my two companions were excitedly pointing fingers at me and shouting, "You have a face, you have a face."

I reached up with both of my hands, felt my face and the smile on my lips and exclaimed, "Thank God!"

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# CSI Basketball Coach Shoots For Opportunity

By Christopher Zito

A shocking disappointment occurred at CSI. The coach of CSI's basketball team Howie Ruppert, has left his present position as coach to accept an offer at a Division I school where he will be an assistant to the head coach at Pittsburgh's Duquesne University.

Ruppert has enjoyed great success in the past as an assistant coach at Seton Hall, and as St. Peter's High School varsity and junior varsity coach. His record with the Division III Dolphins is 45-16.

Ruppert had stated, "All I ever wanted to be was a full time basketball coach." Ruppert didn't want to move, but felt that this was the move to make if he ever wanted to become a full time coach. His basketball days at CSI were very enjoyable and memorable. He said, "This is an opportunity I couldn't pass up if I want to advance."

The members of Ruppert's well disciplined CSI team were the first to know

about his impending departure to the Division I school. The coach broke the news to his players at a meeting, and it turned out to be a very sad matter.

Present team player Anthony Markle replied "Coach Ruppert motivated us to such a high intensity level, that we were ready to take on anybody. He knew what to do in every situation we got ourselves into. We improved so much physically and mentally. Just as things were going good, something like this happens to us. The team had various injuries, but Coach Ruppert made heavy duty adjustments which made everybody play twice as hard."

Joe Barrisi, athletic director at CSI, told Ruppert to think about the position he was offered. He wanted to make certain that Ruppert was sure about the Division I offer.

Coach Ruppert is a hard working professional and his hard work paid off for the team. CSI wishes him the best of luck.

## Tossing Continued from page 14

Dwarf-tossing and dwarf-bowling, in which a helmeted dwarf strapped to a skateboard is used as a human bowling ball, have been made part of traveling entertainment shows and have been reported in South Carolina, North Carolina, New Jersey and New York, she said. Efforts to outlaw the practice in several states are under way.

The association also issued a state-

ment opposing the use of bone-lengthening surgery to make dwarfed children taller. The association said bungled surgery has crippled patients and forced amputations.

A record 1,000 dwarfed people and their families were expected at a conference to attend clinics on medical treatments, watch a dwarf fashion show, compete athletically and dance nearly every night of the week.

## Batman Continued from page 11

phernalia of all kinds.

Theatre managers have reported ticket-scalping, audiences doing the

## Opinion Continued from page 16

don't want to see Hearn's if he reads that comment, but he knows he could have, and should have, won the fight. Sugar Ray Robinson would have fought them both within a week and beat them handily.

Robinson fought Jake Lamotta six times, losing a 10 round decision in his 40th bout for his first defeat, and avenged that loss by beating Lamotta on five different occasions. At one point, Robinson fought Lamotta twice in three weeks with a tune-up bout in between. He fought 202 fights, and didn't lose his second fight until he was 30 years old. He was stopped only once, when he tried to wrest the light-heavyweight title from Joey Maxim, and collapsed from heat exhaustion after the 13th round. The referee had collapsed from the 104 degree heat during the 11th round.

Robinson fought many legendary battles with skilled opponents such as Fritze Zivic, Kid Gavilan, Randy Turpin, Bobo Olsen, Gene Fullmer, Henry Armstrong and Carmen Basilio. He fought professionally for 25 years, and retired at the age of 44, winning 175, losing 19, with six draws and two no contests. Ten of his losses came after he had reached the age of 40, when he would fight for the fans who came just to see the great Sugar Ray.

Rocky Graziano, after being knocked out by Robinson in three rounds in 1952, commented, "I almost knocked him out...he nearly tripped over my body going to a neutral corner."

In the '40's and '50's the middle-weight division was filled with skilled

"wave" and group cheers while waiting for the film to begin, and individuals attempting to take photographs of the screen during performances.

and well schooled fighters, headed by the best of them all, five time middle-weight champ, Sugar Ray Robinson. Leonard, Hearn's, Duran, and Hagler would have been hard pressed to retain a top 10 ranking during this extraordinary era in boxing annals.

Anyone remember a slime ball named Panama Lewis? He was convicted of second and third degree assault, conspiracy, and tampering with a sports contest. Recently released from a two year prison sentence, he has been applying indirectly to state athletic commissions in hopes of regaining his trainers license. (It was permanently revoked in N.Y. State upon his conviction).

Lewis allegedly removed the padding from Louie Resto's gloves prior to a bout with Billy Collins Jr. Collins was so severely beaten, he sustained permanent vision damage that forced him to retire from the ring. Collins lapsed into a severe depression, took to drinking and died in an auto accident on March 6, 1984 at 22 years of age. Billy Collins Sr. insists that his son's death was a suicide. Let's hope and pray that no athletic commission in this country will allow Panama Lewis to ever carry a bucket into a fight corner again.

Staten Island's Johnny Verderosa has been signed for a series of matches for a cable network, and will make his debut as a welterweight in an eight rounder on Saturday, July 22 at Gleason's Arena, Front St., Brooklyn.

Staten Island wishes Verderosa all the best on his come-back trail.

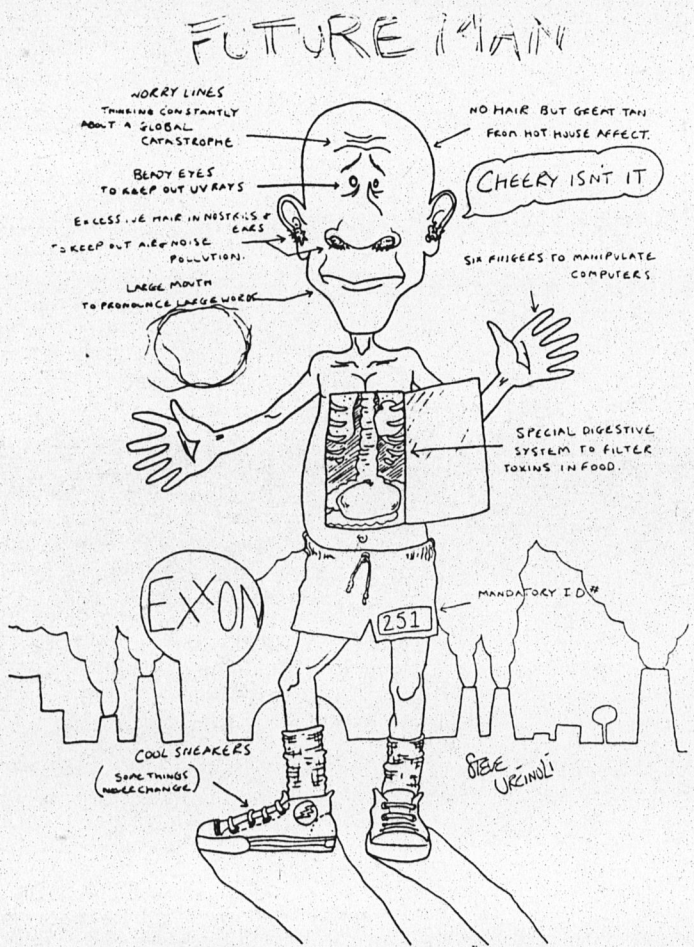
## Dolphins Continued from page 16

.406 and All-Star teammate Marini eclipsed the single season stolen base record with 15. Michelle Gargano handled 154 chances at first base without an error, a startling statistic at any position.

This team, managed by head coach Rich Gilberto and assistant Betty Zwingraf, had the potential to be awe-

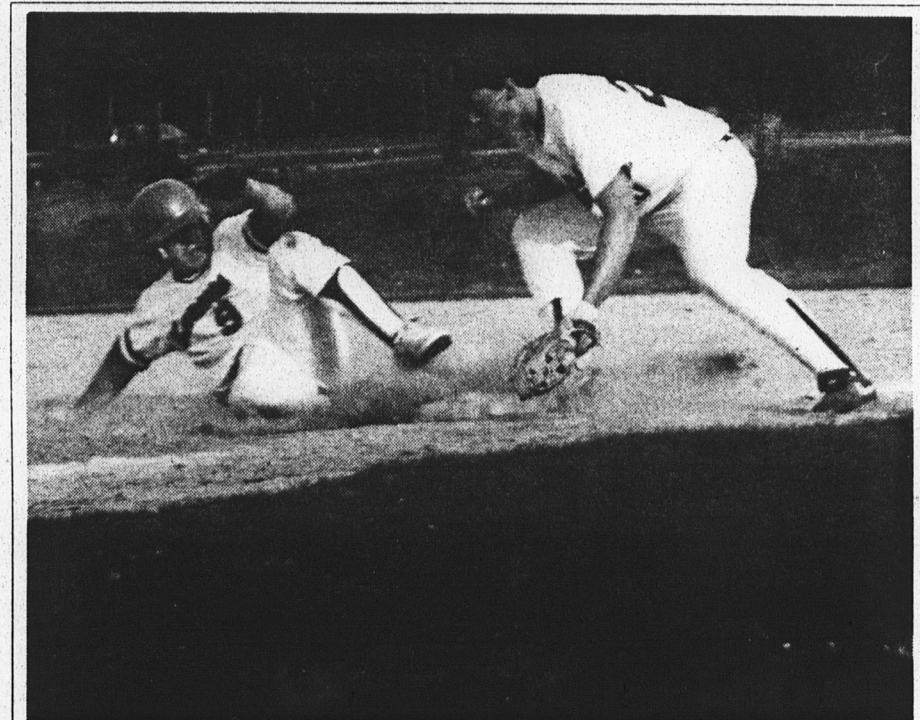
some if it weren't for key injuries to Natalini and to Kelly Benanti that reduced her season to 22 at bats.

CUNY coach of the year, Gilberto now has a CSI career record of 75-45-1. His teams are now 20-1 in CUNY regular season play, with a 9-2 tournament record.



## CLASSIFIEDS AND PERSONALS

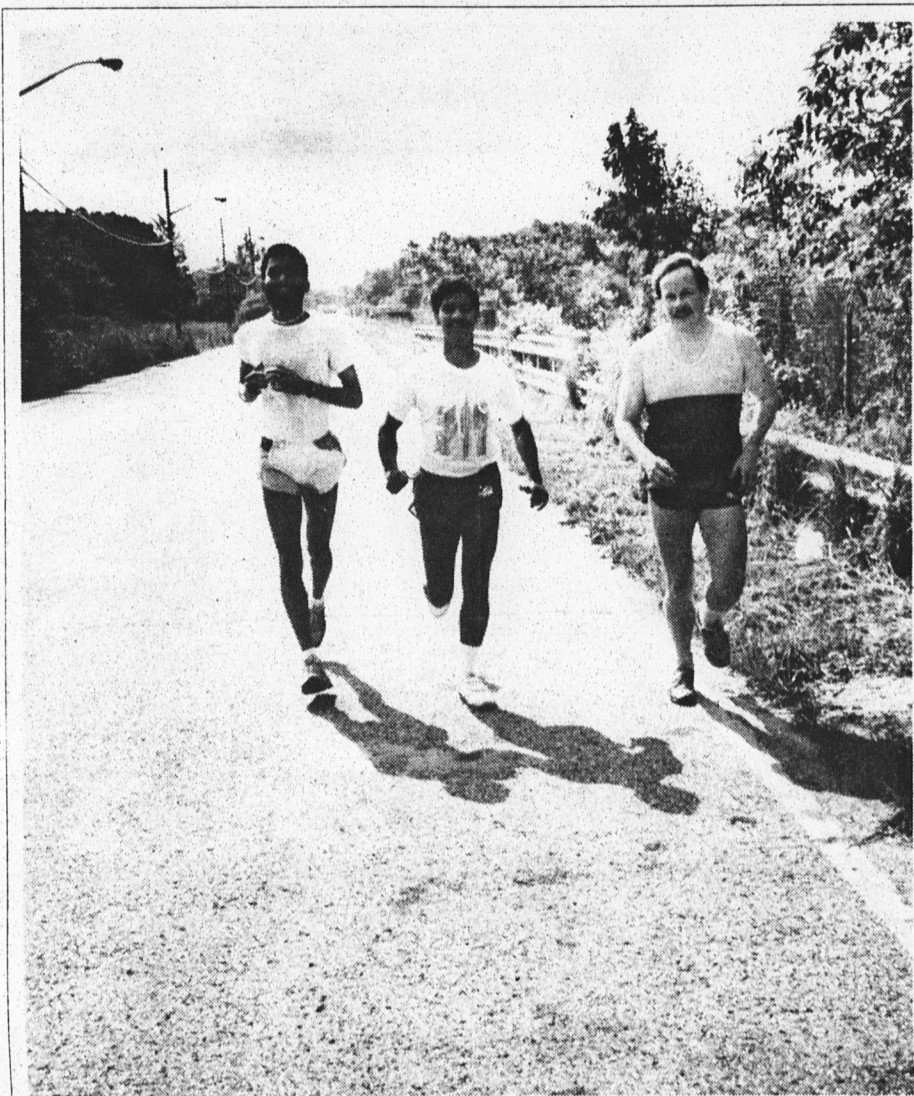
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After five losses to Lehman College's baseball team, the CSI Mens Dolphin baseball team sprang back. In their final season match, the Dolphin's won the game in the last inning to capture the Knickerbocker Championship. Photo by Richard Formica

The College Voice Wishes Everyone A Safe Summer.

# SPORTS



CSI Student and marathon runner, Sridhar Reddy (center) embarks on a 1300 mile marathon run to Miami Beach, FL., to promote AIDS awareness. Reddy is accompanied by CSI student, Pushaen Gunasinghe and Ass't Student Service Director, Alan DiBiase. The pair ran the first five miles from the Sunnyside campus to the Goethalls bridge with Reddy and then wished him well. **Photo by Richard Formica**

## Student Runs To FL. For AIDS Awareness

By Lynne Dejesus

On Saturday, June 10th, CSI student Sridhar Reddy set off from the Sunnyside campus on a 1300 mile run to Miami Beach, Florida. The aim of the marathon is to increase AIDS awareness.

Reddy will be accompanied on the trip by a friend, Athar Madani, an electrical engineering student here at CSI. Madani will drive down in a 20 foot motor home.

Reddy said he first learned of and became concerned about the AIDS epidemic when he arrived in America three years ago. He is from Andhra-Bradhar, India. Reddy said he feels particularly bad about "babies who are condemned to death by AIDS."

The 25 year old student is no stranger to long-distance running, he previously ran 3,500 miles in 1983. He founded the CSI Marathon club in 1988 and has been working closely with Dr. Hirsch, the club co-ordinator, who assisted in planning the trip.

Dr. Hirsch donated about two weeks worth of food and supplies. Reddy also received four pairs of sneakers from Fayva shoe stores and \$300 for gas from Baskin Robbins ice cream. In addition, he got donations from two CSI secretaries, Maryann McLoughlin and

Betty Rhatigan and a handful of students. The rest of the required funds will come from Reddy's own pocket.

For the past several months, Reddy has been running from five to seven miles per day to prepare himself for the journey. He plans to average about 30 miles per day, 15 in the morning and 15 in the evening. His speed is about eight minutes per mile which means he'll be running about six hours each day.

Reddy hopes to reach Miami by July 18, then drive back in time for classes in September. His goal is to obtain a B.S., then a Master's degree in Computer Science.

Reddy said that although he generally "feels very good" when he runs, there are occasional rough spots. When this occurs, he remembers the words of his older brother and mentor who told him to "go with great spirit."

He has promised to keep us posted on his progress, and *The College Voice* will provide updates as they occur. Anyone interested in making donations to Reddy's AIDS Marathon Fund should write to:

Sridhar M. Reddy  
c/o Yvonne Osterland  
96 Seneca Avenue  
S.I. N.Y. 10301

## Only My Opinion

It's always nice to stimulate a little brain activity and controversy. My opinions are just that: my opinions. You don't have to like them and you most certainly have every right to respond to them.

For the Lady Dolphins the two most startling individual marks are Donna Bartuccelli's not having struck out this year or last, and Michelle Gargano's errorless season at first base.

The Mets recently made a curious move by trading Lenny Dykstra and Roger McDowell to the Phillies for Jaun Samuel. Samuel has a potent bat but may prove to be a defensive liability in the outfield. He is a two time All-Star at second base, and the Mets don't plan to move Greg Jeffries.

Fight notes: Sugar Ray Leonard retains his title with a draw, and Thomas Hearns cries he was robbed. Yawn.



**Jimmy Hannan**

The real fight took place eight years ago when Leonard stopped Hearns in the late rounds, a fight Hearns should have won if he hadn't been so dumb. I

**Opinion Continued on page 15**

## Two In A Row For CSI's Fencing Team

By Jimmy Hannan

The CSI Lady Dolphins fencing team, coached by Steve Khinoy, won the CUNY fencing title for the second year in a row. The team completed the year with a 10-4 record. They were led to victory by Jennifer Bradshaw, Marybeth Matterfis, LynAnn Mocciano, and Shirley Soloman.

Bradshaw finished number two in

the city with a 14-1 record, Matterfis is number three at 12-3, and Mocciano is number four in the city with an 11-4 mark.

The team is gearing up for next year. Students interested in joining the fencing team are more than welcome; regardless of how much prior fencing experience they have.



CSI fencing team Marybeth Matterfis, Lynanne Mocciano and Jennifer Bradshaw. **Photo by Yvonne Osterlund**

## All-Time Softball Records Set By Lady Dolphins

By Jimmy Hannan

The CSI Lady Dolphin softball team enjoyed a banner season this year with their third consecutive CUNY title. They finished another undefeated CUNY regular season and went on to place third in the state tournament. Their final mark was an impressive 16-10-1 with the bulk of the losses against Division 1 opposition. The season was punctuated with a bevy of individual awards, single season, and all time school marks. Incredibly they finished with a .341 team batting average, scoring 8.7 runs per game, while the pitching staff, minus an injured Denise Natalini, grudgingly allowed 4.8 runs per game.

This multi-talented 1989 squad placed two, three and four players in the all time top five of every major career slugging category.

Senior Sue Bronski finished her collegiate career in the top five of almost every CSI batting category. Ann Elizabeth Williams still holds runs scored,

stolen base, and sacrifice marks, despite having only 18 at bats this year; due to an internship that reduced her to a part time player. Natalini most certainly would have registered higher in the CSI career standings had it not been for surgery to repair torn ligaments in her pitching hand. Natalini was red shirted this season, and will return next year with a .383 career batting average. What is most remarkable is that Donna Bartuccelli has never struck out in her career of 177 at bats. Bartuccelli also owns the CSI career batting average record of .401. Teammate Carrie Marini is third with a .397 average, and Bronski is fifth at .389.

This talented team owns 9 of 12 single season marks. Nine out of 16 players hit .300 or better, three hit better than .400, and they own the CSI team fielding percentage record at .938.

CUNY All-Star Tracy Halverson hit **Dolphins Continued on page 15**

**What was was was! What is is is! - Sparky Anderson**