

THE CAMPUS

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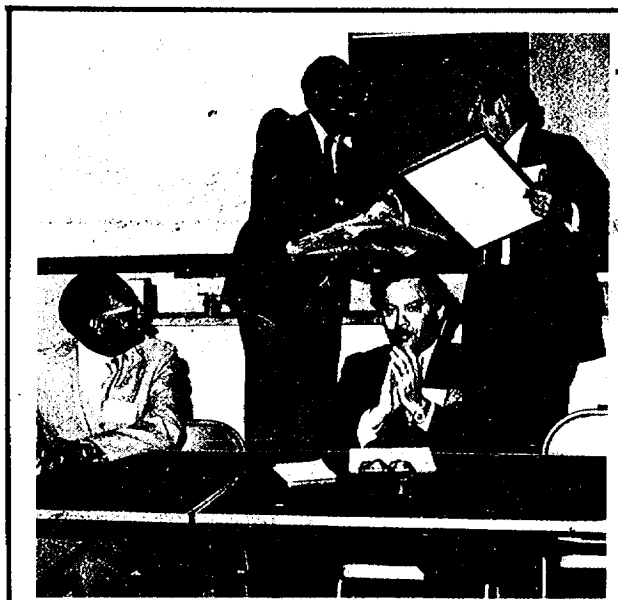


Photo by David S. Eng

NIGERIAN CONFERENCE: 150 students were present when President Marshak was presented with a plaque for promotion of Nigerian Week. The conference ran for 4 days, April 9 to April 13, to discuss the use of technology in Nigeria.

Blast CUNY pay hike call; BHE postpones discussion

By Meryl Grossman
Discussion of a proposal to grant almost \$1 million in pay hikes to top level City University officials was postponed this week by the Board of Higher Education after the proposal was blasted as "unjustified" by Mayor Koch, Council President Carol Bellamy and Controller Harrison J. Goldin.

Salary increases for two hundred and fifty officials was initially proposed by the Board, which was expected to discuss and approve the raises at a meeting on Monday. Exactly \$820,000 in pay hikes was expected to be divided among the officials.

University officials confirmed that "some discussion" had taken

place concerning the increases but that the Board did not intend to discuss or vote on the pay hikes until further evaluation.

Reportedly, the pay hikes for the senior college administrative and university staff would range anywhere from 3% to 14%. As a result, many of the raises would apparently violate federal wage guidelines set by President Carter, which called for a 7% ceiling on wage increases.

In a letter to Chancellor Robert Kibbee, Koch, Bellamy and Goldin attacked the wage hikes as "irresponsible in light of the President's guidelines for wage increases, the city's fiscal condition, the very real problems facing the university and the generous salary adjustments approved under the Coalition Economic Agreement."

If the Board does approve the increases and proceeds to use University funds to pay for it, "an equal amount will be withdrawn from the operating budget," the city officials warned.

The pay hikes, which are called remuneration increases are added on to the base pay of each administrator. Those expected to receive the increases are the higher echelon of administrators in the system such as top university officials, college presidents, provosts and vice presidents.

Under the current rate of pay, a college president whose base salary is equivalent to the highest ranking professor, receives anywhere from an additional \$11,000 to \$13,000 a year in remuneration pay.

BHE to consider \$150 tuition increase

By Meryl Grossman
Under pressure from city and state officials, the Board of Higher Education will take up the issue of a \$150 a year tuition hike for freshmen and sophomores at a meeting next month.

For the second time since December, Mayor Koch publicly urged City University Chancellor Robert Kibbee to push through the increase to avert a \$5.2 million cut in the university's operating budget. Kibbee, who voiced support of the increase in January under the condition that no further cuts would be made in the university's operating budget, stood firm in his commitment last week.

However, City Hall officials said this week that the university has been "stalling on the issue" and attempting to avoid discussion of the increase until it was clear if the state university would raise its tuition rates.

Mayor Koch, who will present his executive budget for the city this week warned Kibbee that if the increase is not voted in, the university's budget would be cut \$5.2 million. Still, if the tuition increase is accepted next month by the Board of Higher Education, which must approve and such action, the cuts would be restored.

Last month, tuition at the State University was increased for

freshmen and sophomores from \$750 to \$900 making the rates comparable to those charged to juniors and seniors. That action forced Kibbee, under pressure from both Koch and Governor Carey, to voice support of an increase at CUNY in order to keep a tuition parity between the two institutions and avoid any further cuts in the university's operating budget.

A tuition increase at the University has been a highly unpopular issue among students and many state legislators. At the College, many students felt any increase would be unfair and ultimately result in a dwindling enrollment.

"I can't afford what I pay now and I get some financial aid," said

Charles Jackson, a senior. "It's ridiculous to raise tuition because all that's gonna happen is that a lot of students will drop out."

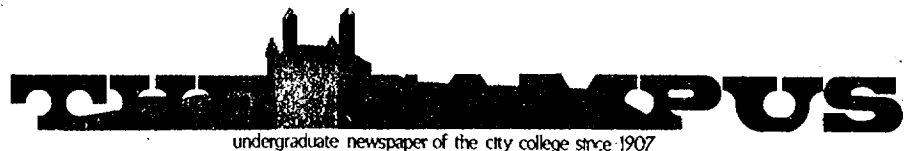
A spokeswoman for Harlem State Senator Carl McCall (D), said the senator would oppose "any further increased in tuition and would seek full state funding." McCall is the ranking minority member of the State Senate Committee on Higher Education.

Meantime, earlier this month, the State Assembly Higher Education Committee approved phasing in of full state funding for the city university with the city paying "a declining percentage of a fixed amount."

The Committee, chaired by assemblyman Mark Siegal (D) also



recommended the university remain independent from state governance and control and that the mayor continue to have a primary role in the appointment of members to the Board of Higher Education.



Unveiling BHE priorities

Recently, in discussing the role of the university with a top College administrator, he surmised reluctantly, "you know as well as I do that the university isn't designed to serve the students. Its designed to suit the faculty and administrators needs." Such an admission seemed shocking coming from one so closely connected with the system, but it appears nothing could be closer to the truth.

Within the scope of one week, two seemingly separate stories one dealing with tuition increases and the other with substantial pay hikes for administrators, countered each other and reflected the priorities of the university all too clearly.

It seems slightly outlandish to say the least to talk about million dollar pay hikes for administrators while in the same breath voice full support for increased tuition rates. Obviously, in recommending these actions, there is little question as to where the support of the Board of Higher Education lies.

The very idea of a substantial pay hike for top administrators is not only faced with rising educational costs each year, but it is a move that sheds a dim view of the Board and university, making relations with state and city officials even more strained. Under present circumstances it is a move they can ill afford to make.

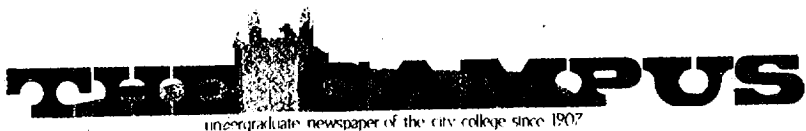
Given the hard times of the university, the dwindling enrollment figures and the prospect of another tuition hike, the Board should be attempting to cope with those problems instead of creating new, expensive and uncalled for salary increases. Its time to trim the fat, tighten the belts and hold the purse strings, not create new and expensive problems.

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FINLEY 338

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 - J. Salwyn Shapiro Prize:** For the best essay in a history course - \$50.
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LETTERS

Cowardice & racism

To The Editor:

In one of the most dismaying exhibitions of cowardice by an administration notable for cowardice, the Administration has not only let Michael Edwards off with a meaningless punishment, but has recommended that Prof. James Bayley be investigated for "racism." But even the ludicrousness of this decision pales before its implications for academic freedom, the survival of CCNY, and the survival of higher education in this country.

In the 1930's, the Hitler Youth made it a common practice to disrupt the classes of professors whose teaching they did not like. These young Brownshirts were cowardly bullies, but, by combining the force of a mob with the intoxication of ideology, they managed to convince themselves that they were doing something noble, even something honoring the "race" they represented. Certain opinions they permitted to be expressed: but, when the words spoken in a classroom exceeded what they thought permissible, they felt themselves justified in disregarding the freedom of a teacher to teach whatever he chooses in a classroom.

I can find no significant difference in behavior, ethics or motivation between the Hitler Youth and the actions of Michael Edwards and his supporters. Intoxicated by ideology, confident in the ability of a mob to cow a small group of academics, they have managed to impose their will on CCNY in a way that is frightening. In effect, they have been given a blank check to do whatever they want, disrupt any class, harass any teacher, so long as, by their lights, the teacher says what is not "correct". It is impossible for a university, as a forum for the exchange of ideas - even unpopular, irritating, "incorrect" ideas - to continue. The university is the most delicate of society's institutions, and will disintegrate when subject to bludgeoning. I suspect that Edwards and his cohorts do not much care about that. Judging from their pronouncements as reported in THE CAMPUS and elsewhere, the mouthing of brainless totalitarian slogans has for them long respect academic freedom, nor even seem to understand the concept, they have no place on a college campus. Unfortunately, by capitulating to them in a way even the most pessimistic of us could not have anticipated, the administration has in effect given them the run of the campus.

There has been a great deal of talk about "racism" surrounding this affair, and generally at CCNY, over the last decade. Nobody, most especially those who fling it about, has ever thought carefully about what it means. Mostly, it has become a word with no meaning at all, simply an incantation chanted to justify, to those muddled enough to be taken in, any outrageous action. Racism is simply and solely the belief that a person, simply in virtue of his membership in an ethnic group, is an inherently inferior human being and does not deserve the legal or moral rights and respect due to others of other ethnic groups. So far as I know, no-one at CCNY holds such a view. It is quite preposterous, and those who use the cry "racist" as a weapon of intimidation know this. It is almost unthinkable in this day or age that anyone would dare to make anti-black or anti-Semitic remarks in a classroom, but if he does there are set procedures for complaining of his conduct. It is not up to outsiders to take the law into their own hands, to decide who is a "racist" - especially when they cannot explain themselves past the point of screaming slogans.

Through anxiety, the Black militants on campus hold the rest of us in thrall. The Administration lets them do so with impunity. It is hard to say who ultimately bears the greater burden of responsibility. It would be racist to suggest that it is the Administration.

Michael E. Levin
Associate Professor

Fencing for dough

To The Editor:

It has been brought to my attention that in the Friday, February 23 issue of The Campus, there was an article by Charles Bueso about the Barnard/CCNY Fencing Match. I would like to correct a totally inaccurate statement attributed to Kathy Kennedy, Captain of the CCNY team. She stated, "You have to understand, that we're not going to do that well when they are getting paid to fence."

Barnard College does not give any aid based on athletic ability. All financial aid in the College is based upon need determined entirely in the Financial Aid Office. Not only is it against the philosophy of the College to give athletic scholarships, but it is also against Ivy League regulations to which we adhere.

We have worked very hard to establish a competitive athletic program without recruiting or scholarships. We are proud of our successful 15-1 fencing season and wish to have our athletes recognized for their dedication and competence rather than for any ulterior motives.

Sincerely,
Margie Greenberg
Director of Athletics
Barnard College

Am I my brother's keeper?

It was a calm night as I headed toward the Graduate Center to hear yet another explanation as to why New York City has on foot in a fiscal grave. My route took me past 42nd Street and 8th Avenue with its flickering theatre marquees announcing the latest bizarre attractions. The crowds were there as always; some lurking about trying not to look too conspicuous as they indulged in the areas attractions while others openly did so.

Crossing over I began to make out the sloping contour of the W.R. Grace building, the silhouette of the New York Public Library and a seemingly deserted Bryant Park. Antique shops announced their latest acquisitions and when they could be viewed.

I was early for the meeting so I bought a cup of coffee and sat outside the Center reading my book on Constitutional Law.

"Is that a Bible?"
"No", I said looking up at a figure that would have looked more at home in the Bowery.

"You know I like the Bible. I know the stories, psalms, proverbs."

As he sat down the Center's spotlights played off his features. He wore an old and torn blue parker and beneath it were three layers of rewed sweaters. His pants were torn at the sides and his shoes had no laces; His eyes were blue although somewhat clouded as he looked at me over his deep red beard.

"I'm an alcoholic. I got it bad. I'm no good."

I asked if he ever tried to get help.

"Yeah, I've been to Veterans Hospital. You know I'm a veteran. Got hit in the leg. Got more medals than anybody."

"What happened in the hospital?:"
"I can't stay in those places. Help me? They try but I can't stay off the stuff."

At this point he pulled out of his coat pocket a bottle of wine and some rags and explained to



me that he tried to clean car windows on 42nd Street and 7th Avenue but couldn't remember which occurred more often; his nearly getting hit by cars or motorists stopping for windshield cleaning.

"Where do you stay at night?"
"All over", he said and then he pointed his scarred hand towards Bryant Park. "You see that, don't stay there no more. Try to go to Grand Central Station. Stay inside. I set a record ya know, six years outdoors, never went in. They kill you out here. Can't trust nobody."

As he continued talking I realized that we had both fixed stares on each other and were oblivious of the crowds going by.

"I used to box," he said.
"Professional?"
"Some fights. I've been

fighting since I was a kid. Tough. I'm tough. Muhammed Ali, Ken Norton, I fought them all and Marciano he was tough. From Brockton, Mass. I wouldn't get in the ring with him."

"I heard Marciano had quite a punch."
"Yeah, nobody in his class. These guys today can't punch."

His hand reached into his coat once more and out came a paper bag. Maybe I was expecting it sooner, almost as if it was the one thing I knew he would have. His hands trembled as the pint of wine came out. He unscrewed the cap with difficulty and held the bottle to his lips. His swig completed he put it down next to my coffee.

"I need help."
"Would you like my coffee?"
"O.K."

I felt strange watching him sip it as he clutched the pint of wine tightly.

"Your good", he told me.
He took another sip and wiped his beard clear of some coffee he had spilt. He wanted help and I offered a cup of coffee. Sure that's natural. Coffee to these guys, that's helping them.

"I need help. I need something more."

What more could he want? Some change maybe I thought.

"Would you join me in a prayer young man?"

The incongruity of his request did not strike me and I immediately said yes and he extended his hand towards mine. I held his hand and felt the firmness with which he clutched mine. He closed his eyes and bowed his head. I could not close my eyes for I did not want to lose sight of this moment.

"Our Father", he began. "Our Father who...who..."

"Art in Heaven", I heard myself say.

"Hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdom come
Thy will be done"

I finished the prayer suddenly realizing that it had been maybe ten years since I had said it last but the words came forth and as they did, his grip increased.

"Thank you", he said.

He then said a Hail Mary and upon completing it opened his eyes and said "God bless you."

There was a surge of excitement in his motions as he grabbed his bottle and threw it on the Graduate Center garden.

"Pick that up!" a voice shouted, I looked over and there was a guard.

"You can't drink here! What's the matter with you?"

My friend was confused as the guard continued his yelling. I grabbed the bottle and put it at my side which was apparently satisfactory to the guard so he left.

"Thank you", my friend muttered.

VINCENT D'ORIZOLO

It was getting time for the lecture so I prepared to leave.

"Take care of yourself", I said.
"Wait a minute. Can you help me?"

"What can I do?"
"Can you buy me a sandwich? I haven't eaten in a few days."

I gave him some change and went upstairs. I found it hard to concentrate on a lecture on what's wrong with New York in general when I just had an experience with what a city's really all about: people. What had just happened was a stronger commentary on the ills of the city than any set of facts or figures that could be marshalled to show that something was askew here. Here we were sitting around a table secure in the knowledge that at meetings end we all had a safe place to return to while others would have to make do on subways and parkbenches, not to speak of the slums that pass themselves off as habitations.

I slowly began to realize that there was a nexus between the fiscal problems of the city and my friend that inextricably linked them together. The abstractions of the financial system will determine whether he receives the help he needs or be left a man pleading for help on the street.

As I was leaving that night I glanced back to the spot where we had met and there he was, hunched over puking his guts out. Am I my brother's keeper?

Postscript: Am I my brother's keeper? This is the crux of the matter: to really ask ourselves this question and to do so in such a way that our life will either be an affirmation or a negation of this question. To quote on of Doestoevsky's characters, "I love universal abstract humanity but I hate my mother."

Vincent O'Rizolo is a pre-law student at the College.

Opinions expressed in this column are those of the writer and do not necessarily reflect the editorial position of the Campus.

A legal alternative

JEREMY KASMAN

The Day Session Student Senate is presenting us, the City College Student body with an intolerable proposition. The Senate would like us to replace our New York Public Interest Research Group, Inc. (NYPIRG) chapter with a Legal Aid Center. This is a cannibalistic policy which will only shortchange students. NYPIRG is a very valuable asset which represents students' interests in Albany and elsewhere. As NYPIRG is able to speak of its own virtues I will not do so here.

The other half of the Senate's proposition, the Legal Aid Center is a flawed and ill-conceived plan. While a good Legal Aid plan is needed, this current Senate plan does not fit the bill. Besides the negative aspect of destroying one needed organization to form another, this

Legal Aid Center just will not work. The plan calls for hiring one lawyer, who in turn would supervise a secretary, work-study students and interns. Experience with other legal assistance agencies such as the various Legal Service Corporations, or Community Law Offices shows that the average lawyer in this situation can handle about 200 cases per year. The utilization rate of the typical Legal Aid Center is 4% of the population of its service area. City College has about 9,000 Day Session undergraduates. This means that there would be 360 cases per year for the attorney at our proposed center. These are too many to be adequately handled.

The annual cost of the Legal Aid Center is put at \$50,000 per year by Mr. Roger Rhoss, President of the Senate. He proposes to pay for this by diverting

NYPIRG's \$2 per student semesterly fee. However this will only generate about \$36,000 per year, leaving a shortfall of \$14,000. Mr. Rhoss glibly states that the administration will provide matching funds from some mysterious source. This is an empty promise. The needed money would have to come from "soft" or non-tax levy money. The Campus has exposed the disappearance and misuse of these funds in the past.

Additionally the Legal Aid Center's Board of Directors will include the President of the Evening Student Senate, and two College Administrators. Since the evening students will not be contributing \$2 each, why should they have a say in how the money is spent. (The NYPIRG fee applies to day students only).

The current plan is not without a workable alternative. I would like to

propose the concept of a City University wide, Legal Services program that would serve every campus and ideally existing alongside NYPIRG chapters. There are numerous advantages to this plan. It would mean more available money, more lawyers, specialized units for differing legal problems (Civil, Criminal, and Family, for example), centralized training and supervision of student interns, and more varied experiences for those students.

It is on this basis that I urge my fellow students to reject the Student Senate's Legal Aid Center Proposal in the same manner that a similar proposal was rejected last year.

Jerry Kasman is a College student.

Opinions expressed in this column are those of the writer and do not necessarily reflect the editorial position of the Campus.

GENERAL ELECTIONS

DAY STUDENT SENATE

CCNY

MAY 14 - 18, 1979

ALL INTERESTED CANDIDATES RUNNING FOR OFFICE IN THE COMING SENATE GENERAL ELECTIONS TO BE HELD ON MAY 14-18, 1979 ARE REQUESTED TO PICK-UP APPLICATION FORMS AT THE STUDENT OMBUDSPERSON'S OFFICE FINLEY ROOM 119.

THE POSITIONS AVAILABLE ARE AS FOLLOWS:

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3. SEEK - 4 seats
4. Engineering - 5 seats
5. Sciences - 7 seats
6. Education - 2 seats
7. Nursing - 2 seats
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COMPLETED PETITIONS **MUST** BE RETURNED TO THE OMBUDSPERSON'S OFFICE NOT LATER THAN **MAY 7, 1979.**

INTERESTED STUDENTS TO SIT ON THE ELECTIONS REVIEW COMMITTEE,
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City in Soho: a shot in the arm for the College

By Bonnie Goldman

During its brief life, the loft at 111 Spring Street meant a great deal for many students. Forty three College students exhibited their art work, and several poets and playwrights presented their work informally before an audience.

The loft was a spur of the moment thing. A friend of Professor Jim Hatch (English) had put the premises up for rent and as a favor agreed to lend the space to Prof. Hatch for three weeks.

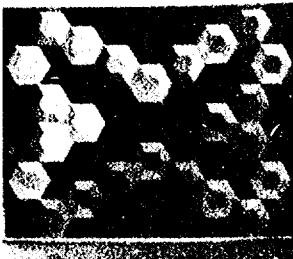
On April 7th, Art students brought their work to the gallery and though paint was peeling from the walls and the lighting was poor they hung their works in good spirits.

A schedule of volunteers was set up where two students were in daily charge of the gallery. During the following three weeks hundreds of people wandered off the street into the loft leaving their comments in an impromptu guest book.

One woman who drifted in off the street was surprised at the quality of some of the works and promptly began taking down prices. Malcom Sweet, vice president of the Art Society and a junior art major at the College, volunteered at the gallery for one day. He said that for the most part people who came in off the street were impressed. He and Mary Jane Margolo, President of the Art Society met with the Day Student Senate yesterday to discuss having use of 111 Spring Street for May. They said that the Senate was generally helpful and allocated \$800 to them.

Professor Milder and others in the Art Department are still researching the idea of keeping the space at 111 Spring Street for good. "We are working on grants," he said. "Somehow we will try to get the space. The gallery was such a success. It really gave the students a big push, made them public."

Continued in centerfold



Photos by Barry Barrington

Deyonne Templeton at the gallery with one of her works.

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THEATER

When a fallacy becomes pathetic

By Peter Trachtenberg

In dictionaries of literary criticism, the pathetic fallacy is defined as the tendency to endow inanimate objects with human characteristics; to call a sea 'angry' or a cliff 'indomitable.' Randall Wilson, author of 'The Duel' and Larry Carpenter, its director, have fallen victim to the same fallacy, for they have attempted to create the illusion of dramatic life in subject matter, which in their hands, remains resolutely dead.

Theoretically, opera is the perfect medium for a dramatization of the lives and poetry of Percy Bysshe Shelley and George Gordon, (Lord Byron). The romanticism of the operatic form should mirror and, perhaps, clarify, the intense feelings that characterized the poets' friendship during their self-imposed exile in Italy. The Duel is highly romantic both in its script and execution, but its romanticism is a kind of relentless pumping at feeling and content that simply aren't there. What the audience sees is the curious spectacle of an opera about two poets whose libretto is devoid of poetry; of a play about consuming relationships in which none of the characters physically relate.

Wilson has attempted to capsulize a friendship that evolved and deteriorated over several years. It was marked by the composition of Shelley's and Byron's most important poems, and by the creation of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein. Both men fathered children (Byron by Claire Clairmont, Shelley's sister) and lost them. Byron was involved in two intense and ill-fated love affairs. Driven by grief,

guilt and antagonism, Byron and Shelley moved several times, reuniting in Rome shortly before the latter's death by drowning in the summer of 1832. If the recitation of events sounds confusing, it's because the opera presents them in a confusing fashion. Crisis follows crisis at breakneck speed, with no lulls or transitions to set them apart. At the same time, many of the opera's central incidents are described rather than shown, and the characters seem unscarred by the succession of tragedies that beset them.

The oblique treatment of critical events extend to the friendship between the two principals. There are repeated references to their singular love for each other (at one point, Mary and Teresa Guiccioli, Byron's second mistress, imply that their husband and lover are homosexually involved), but we rarely see Byron and Shelley together onstage, with the result that their protestations of love are unconvincing. The problem is only heightened by the fact that both men address each other by their last names; but then, so do the women. It's rather hard to believe that a woman would call her husband 'Shelley' during moments of intimacy.

The monotonous staging contributes to the overall impression of deadness. Every confrontation is shown in the same fashion: one character sings to another, who stands still, sits or lies prone in a characteristic pose, while the other members of the cast stand at the corners of the stage, with their backs turned toward the audience. That, and a

(Continued on Page 13)



Tom Westerman and Stan Wilson play Percy Bysshe Shelley and Lord Byron in 'The Duel.'

Taud Show: intro to Artaud

By Elinor Nauen

An often-reproduced photograph of Antonin Artaud shows him as the burning, spiritual monk of Carl Theodor Dreyer's film *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc*. He has a gaunt and holy face, eyes of a visionary, as intense and demanding as any saint's. This picture is one of the several Jerry Mayer displays in his one-man Taud Show, at the 78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 West 78th Street. The contrast between the driven, bold, psychotic Artaud, and the earthbound Mayer is unbridgeable, despite the latter's claim of deep affinity.

Jerry Mayer is not beautiful, as was the young Antonin, nor ravaged, as Artaud became after a long history of physical and mental illnesses plus drug addiction. Mayer is much too American and dramatic which would be effective in the part of Clarence Darrow, but is not enough for the part of Antonin Artaud. Artaud was inspired and mythic in his lifetime and Mayer does not bring this to the stage.

Besides an actor Artaud was a poet, playwright, producer, critic, and teacher. He died at the age of 51 in 1948, shortly after his release from the insane asylums in which he had spent his last nine years. His life was his work and he created himself deliberately, saying, "Where others want to produce works of art, I aspire to no more than to display my own spirit...I cannot conceive of a work of art as distinct from life."

The Taud Show begins with a brief biography, consists mostly of quotations from Artaud's writings, and concludes with a very personal explanation of the author's intentions in assembling

this presentation. The one-man format is appropriate, for Artaud's great obsession was himself. His writings dig into the deepest regions of the self and with the lucidity of a madman or mystic his writings tell us what he has found. Those he condemns are those who have pulled back from the chasms; in one essay Artaud, the founder of the Theatre of Cruelty writes of "the authentic body of poets which comes back belching blood, for all true poetry is cruel, it's not some sparrow...For whatever's been made with blood, we've made a poem of." His heroes are Van

Gogh, a man "suicided by society" and such "damned poets" as Baudelaire, de Nerval, and Edgar Allen Poe.

He was a man torn between the spiritual and the carnal, who expected purification through hatred and shock.

A tragic angry genius, Artaud deserves our attention for his relentless absolutism, for going undeviatingly down into hate and despair. The Taud Show deserves attention only as an introduction to the real work of the real poet.

Revival of Miller's 'The Price'



Mitchell Ryan, Joseph Buloff, and Fritz Weaver in Miller's 'The Price.'



Suzanne Byam

By Gordon Thompson

Understandably, Fritz Weaver would seem the pulling card for audiences to the revival of Arthur Miller's *The Price* at the Harold Clurman Theatre. With the poor things passing for plays on Broadway these days, Miller's play is quite welcome. But Fritz Weaver's portrayal of the no good brother, Walter Franz, needs a certain amount of polishing. Perhaps because of all his T.V. and movie work Weaver seemed audience shy. His facial gestures as well as his overall bodily movements were awkward and exaggerated. He managed, though, to pull off a couple of speeches with considerable ease.

Although Weaver is the big name, Joseph Buloff, little known outside of the theatre circle, but a small giant within proved that the role of stereotypical old Jewish men are his exclusive domain. As

(Continued on Page 13)

Apartheid is exposed in 'Homeland'

By Felicia Tedesco

Homeland, a tragic comedy about South Africa, directed by Denny Partridge is currently playing Off Broadway at NYTE. Because of my political naivete (ignorance really) I was at first hesitant about reviewing this performance. I was relieved to find that I understood what was going on and learned even more.

The issue is Apartheid in South Africa. An extremely important topic of concern that few people know anything about. This play certainly will enlighten audiences to the specific individual situation of Apartheid.

Keentseng, played excellently by Suzanne Byam lives in Soweto and works as a maid servant in a White suburb of Johannesburg.

Steve Freidman, one of the writers of *Homeland*, portrays Bob Kenilworth, Keentseng's employer and a public relations man in South Africa for General Motors. He learns he must make a trip to New York and tells Keentseng that she will come with them to watch Tina, their ten year old daughter. He tells her that when they are in New York Keentseng should call him Mr. Kenilworth instead of the usual Master.

The double standard for Blacks in South Africa insists that a deposit be left by Mr. Kenilworth for Keentseng's safe return. He thus becomes responsible for her.

When they arrive in New York it is summer and instead of going to a hotel in the hot city, they stay at the Sloan's in Connecticut.

Here we have the parallel

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MUSIC

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An interview with Dr. Demento

By Marty Martinez

The voice cascades out of your radio as if possessed by a mad spirit. "...and here's one that was recorded in 1906 on the Columbia gramophone company label and it's a tribute to the San Francisco 'earthquake,' it's called 'The destruction of San Francisco'...here goes..." The record proceeds with crackling quality, and soon an entire episode of mayhem is related, musically. The voice returns "...and here's one from Frank Zappa...entitled 'Big Leg Emma.'"

Where does one go to hear such programming? Where does one go to break the boredom of commercial radio with its overplayed songs and its constant barrage of BS? Well, the word is out. The place to go is WPIX-FM (102 on your dial), the time is early Sunday morning (8 a.m. to be exact). What you will find there is the voice described above. The voice belongs to Dr. Demento, master of music past, present and future.

Dr. Demento, whose shows contain such uncommercial material as The Temple City Kazoo Band, Uncle Z with his yet to be released epic, 'send in the clones,' a risqué version of Davy In The Navy by Ruth Wallace, The Washboard Rhythm Kings With Something Your Ma Never Told You About and any combination of the following people: Sis Caesar, Frank Zappa, Irving Berlin, Nervous Norbit, Monty Python, and scores of others who, without the good doctor, would see little or no radio time.

Demento has been at his fine art since the early '70's, but didn't really become Demented till he hit KPPC-FM, a progressive station in Southern California. Things picked up right from there. He soon made his dementia a household, though underground, word.

After he hit KMET in early '72, he was running fast. Not only did he turn on the west coast but he soon was syndicated and was spreading the word of dementia all over the country. His four hour show was the talk of every music freak east to west. Soon the line to be heard at parties was, "I heard it from the doctor... Doctor D." The doctor became the last reference source, he became the word. Are you still asking—who is this man? And why haven't I heard of him? Well, read on.

On a calm spring day a few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of spending some time with the good doctor while



The face behind the voice: Dr. Demento.

he was taking care of business in NYC. As my cohort and I finished a number on the way to the brownstone where he was holding court, we engaged in a slight conversation about the said Doctor.

"What if he goes crazy on us, I mean, what if he really starts to go off?" my partner asked.

"Nah, he's too cool," I replied.

We knocked on a large wooden door and after being hurried in we were introduced to Dr. D. He sat quietly on a leather couch, more jester than king. He once made a statement that he could read 78 record labels while they were spinning. His gleaming eyes proved this to be true.

Nervously, I began the interview with a few pleasantries about the weather, New York and the day in general. The doctor waited while I struggled with questions, in the form of random statements, about his past. He listened patiently and then rolled out a litany of answers.

"I liked the radio-record player that my folks had in

my house when I was a kid a whole lot better than the piano. That is how my record collecting started, I guess. After Reed college, I tried to be a DJ and didn't make it, so I went to Cal State and got my masters in folk music. Afterwards my 'Bath with Beethoven' show got high ratings on some underground radio station in Pasadena, and Metromedia called. I've been on the air ever since. I did a New York gig for a while, NBC-AM to be exact."

I painfully inquired about his record collection, knowing full well that it was huge and a touchy spot for the doctor. "I've got 110,000 (one hundred and ten thousand) records from 1897 right up to today," he snapped.

My partner and I exchanged non-too-surprised looks.

I went for the grand prize, what the hell, I thought, we could only get thrown out. I looked Demento straight in the eyes and asked him in a low, clear voice, "Dr. D what is your real name? I mean all these years and all I ever know you as is Dr. D, the man who has the only legally remixed version of 'They Are Coming To Take Me Away' by Napoleon Bonaparte the 14th."

He smiled and grabbed his beard, the famous Demento whiskers, and without missing a breath said:

"Barry Hansen, that's what my mom calls me." I was amazed. So easy. He just let it out and then said he didn't care if I printed it.

Dr. Demento's idea of music knows no bounds and though by his own admission he prefers the lighter side of things, he keeps in touch with everything that is new and holds onto everything he has come in contact with in the past. Any man who can find 50 years of music on a subject as obscure as horses is a man to deal with. He plays some of the most obscure and unique sounds that you've ever heard, and even has a top ten which you will never hear anywhere else.

If you want to have more demento in your life, pick up his Warner Bros. album, Dr. Demento Delights. Included are such dementians as the always brilliant Spike Jones, Allen Sherman, and Harry 'The Hipster' Gibson. These might give you a better feel of the man. Other than that, catch him Sunday mornings 8 a.m. on WPIX-FM (102 on that dial) and see for yourself.

As my friend and I left the abode of the good doctor, my friend looked at me and said:

"God, he is such a subtle madman."

"Yeah," I said, "I think I'll stay demented."

Shindig bombs with distorted version of sixties

By Bonnie Goldman

For those of you who missed the music of the sixties, Shindig has arrived on stage to fill you in. In two and a half hours five singers bring the sixties alive in music and dances. Yes and you can be part of this experience.

The cast of Shindig do a wonderfully imaginative interpretation of sixties music (imaginative in the sense of distortion). And they even wear appropriate costumes to make it seem all the more believable. In a Beach Boys segment they wear bathing suits and for the bubble gum music one of the women

actually wears white vinyl boots. A real complete job. They also do a collage of thirteen of the Rolling Stones songs with extraordinary wholesomeness. It is all really so touching.

One thing I must point out is that they are thorough. They do not forget Grace Slick. You remember good old Grace, that sweet woman who sang those lovely melodies.

Luckily four members of the cast take turns in singing Bob Dylan. You can close your eyes and just see Bob Dylan in a pink tu-tu singing Memphis Blues Again.

All in all they do sixty eight sixties hits ranging from the fun of the Archies to the pathos of Nancy Sinatra. And don't worry

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Paul Binotto (far right) does a zany impersonation of a Brenda Lee number, "I'm Sorry." Mona Stoll and Pat Tortorici provide back-up vocals.

Free Music

By Bonnie Goldman

You've got no money right? You would love to go out and listen to live music but the only thing you can afford is the subway. Free live music is everywhere this year and all you need is a sense of adventure.

At the College every Monday there are classical music concerts in Shepard 200. At 3:00 Monday, Band B, Bob Norden director will be performing. FPA features jazz and rock groups often in Morkeys Paw.

The Library of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center has daily performances of quality classical music. You must get there a bit early to get tickets but the performances and the atmosphere are worth it. The schedule for this week is as follows: tomorrow at 2:30 the Balalaika Symphonic Orchestra will be there. Monday at 4pm, Pianist Mariarita Alfino. Tuesday, May 1 at 4pm, Vocalist Natalie Costa

Other places to check out is the West End Bar, Broadway and 114 St. where there is no cover charge during the week. They have nightly jazz. April 27-29, Russell Procope will be there and on April 30, Joe Albany. If you like organ music there are recitals Sundays at all the big churches in the metropolitan area. In addition museums have concerts frequently. The Frick Museum has wonderful concerts in their beautiful garden. On Sunday, April 29 the Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. and 103 St., will feature Pianist Jonathan Howell. For rock and jazz music good places to go include M & J Lounge, 50 Ninth Ave, 242-9590 for info. The Comelia Street Cafe, 29 Cornelia Street, 929-9869, Donnel Library, 20 W. 53rd St. (mostly classical programming) 790-6463, and Figaro Cafe, 184 Bleecker St., 533-6730.

Ian Hunter re-vamped for '79

By Marty Martinez

Ian Hunter is back. Not that a lot of people noticed that he was missing, but he returned anyway. After giving up the burden of Mott The Hoople (which, I might add, became Mott The Flop) he turned out two minor classics for the unfeeling Columbia group of records under his own name. These quickly went nowhere and it seemed that Ian had retired under the heavy guns of critics who claimed that the Hunter was beaten at his own game.

There were thousands of bands doing what Mott had been doing and they were so much better at it. Even Dylan had come back strong, so Hunter's highly imitative vocals were hardly even missed. Hunter was washed up. Then rumors of his return

to the studio began to filter their way out of Europe. Hunter's producing again. Hunter's back in the studio again.

The first thing to really surface with his name on it was the new "Generation X" album, a pack of so-so punkers who were trying to get their image together to compete in these ever changing times and musical tastes. Then more rumors...members of the Springsteen band were in the studio with him; yeah, so's Mick Ronson. Ronson had been one of the redeeming factors of the later re-incarnations of Mott The Hoople, and then went on to various other heavy hangouts, such as Bowie and The Rolling Thunder Revue (of 1976), and also

(Continued on Page 14)

FILM



Ann Crenovich



Emily Weinstein with actress Almée Philpott



Emily Weinstein

Photos by Anthony Caballero

Students shoot their first sound film

By Anthony Caballero

Once again the creative talents of the College are being put to the test - this time in the form of filmmaking.

The Picker Film Institute, which is located in Shepard, privately funds the film arts department with money to help them purchase film, cameras, lights, and other supplies. With all this equipment students are able to learn first-hand the art of directing, editing, scriptwriting and working a movie camera.

Emily Weinstein and Ann Crenovich, Picker juniors have

recently finished shooting a film. Their film, which is called "American Hermit," was a learning experience as well as a creative endeavor. They are doing it for Jo Tavener's workshop class and Weinstein says, "people have been calling the film an absurdist drama in the form of Pinter and Beckett. The film is about a woman who puts herself in isolation. She has guards watching her all the time. One of the guards is replaced and the guard tries to communicate with the woman."

It took them only twelve days to shoot. Since there are only two

16mm cameras for the twenty two students in the class each group had only fourteen days to shoot. Weinstein and Crenovich were allocated the maximum amount of film, sixteen hundred feet.

But even with all of the departments help in the form of supplies, Weinstein says they had to spend more than two hundred dollars of their own money towards the film. "I don't think any of us realized how much of an expense was involved. We had to supply the cast with food during shooting as well as pay for tools and props." Said Weinstein.

Weinstein and Crenovich are not new to filmmaking. They have done smaller films (8mm) all of which have been silent and filmed outdoors. American Hermit will be their first film indoors with sound. To prepare them Jo Tavener had them do two smaller films, one working with an actor moving in space: a chase scene and another filming indoors. They had to learn how to use the tripod and how to manipulate the lighting. "It has been such an intense experience," says Weinstein. "A lot of hard work and pressure; you have to sum up all your reserves."

Crenovich loved the communal aspect of the filming. "Three people from the class were assigned to work with us; they were wonderful and so many other people have been helpful." She said "Our class fought against the competition inherent in a project like this and worked as a group."

Members of the class worked on different films in couplets. Crenovich and Weinstein worked the sound on another student's film as well. They co-wrote the script and shared in camerawork and the directing on their film.

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A Little Romance—a charming, enchanting film

By Bonnie Goldman

For a change a completely sweet movie has been made. *A Little Romance* is the kind of film that does not lend itself very well to heavy analysis but is a delight to sit through.

Though the leads are children they are so delightful and charming it doesn't seem to matter. Diane Lane as Lauren, a rich American thirteen year old living with her parents in Paris, is enchanting. Her mother, played with a great bitchiness by Sally Kellerman, takes her to see the shooting of a film. There she meets and falls in love with Daniel played by the charming Thelonus Bernard.

Daniel is the kind of French boy who learned to speak English from imitating American film stars. When he first meets Lauren he tells her to call him, "Bogie" because Bogie and Lauren (Bacall) were meant for each other.

Daniel and Lauren find they have a lot in common. Lauren is currently reading Heidegger and Daniel has already read him and calls him a bore. They are both level headed 'innocent' and extremely bright.

Lauren calls her stepfather (her

mother's third husband) Richard because it will be less painful when he leaves to say, "Goodbye Richard" than "Goodbye Dad." Because she is so bright she has trouble finding friends in the American school in Paris. Her mother is too preoccupied with the leading candidate for husband No. 4 to worry about her daughters alienation.

Daniel and Lauren are idealists. They personify the fantasy of thirteen year olds everywhere. Their romance is so sweet that anyone with a romantic bone in their body will love this movie. All the adults in the film are jaded and cynical. They have all made compromises and seem deeply unhappy. The only one that they meet who is innocent like they are is Julius Edmond Santorino, played by Laurence Olivier.

They meet him by accident. In fact Daniel sends him sprawling with a wayward soccer ball. He is an elegantly attired gentleman, complete with wax moustache. He charms Lauren with his tales of old-world romance, particularly the legend that, "lovers who kiss beneath the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, at sunset, as the bells of the Campanile toll, will love each other forever."

When Lauren's parents tell her

that they are moving to Texas in a months time she tells Daniel that they must go to the Bridge of Sighs in Venice as soon as possible (without telling him that she is leaving to Texas).

Lauren has only \$125 and in

order to make more money they go to the racetrack, having used a computer to figure the odds. They need Julius since they are too young to place bets. They win enough money to go to Venice. Julius is convinced to take them.

The story that follows is wonderful and the scenery is terrific. Oliver in his sixtieth film is once again incredible. He is touching and moving and the three make this movie absorbing and consistently entertaining.



Laurence Olivier with Diane Lane in *A Little Romance*

DANCE

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Interview with Peterson and Harvey

By Dawn Cavrell

To dance is to be dedicated. That is, if one is going to dance in a professional company like American Ballet Theatre. Cynthia Harvey, a native Californian and a soloist with American Ballet Theatre was devoted to dance quite early in life. While in her teens she realized she had potential. "I remember one day, when I was 13 years old, thinking 'I can make a living at this.'"

Kirk Peterson, born in New Orleans, Louisiana, is a principal dancer in the company and has done many of the same roles performed by Mikhail Baryshnikov. He has been comfortable on stage all his life. "I was born in a dancing family and I've been on stage since I was four," he said. "My grandmother took me to my first ballet class. My mother is a tap teacher and my aunt is a jazz teacher. They were part of a dance team that toured the night club circuit in the forties... After I was born, they took me on tour. They opened a school and I first started taking class with their teacher and then finally with them. When I eventually got into ballet and decided that was what I wanted to do, well, they liked the idea of me being well rounded as a dancer but they didn't like the idea of me making ballet my profession... As I was very interested in being a zoologist or a veterinarian when I was a kid... they would have preferred for me to stay home and either be a teacher or go to college in New Orleans. But I never enjoyed school as much as I enjoyed dancing... It was very difficult in high school because of what people think about boys taking ballet. You're dealing with ignorance... you know, teasing and things... boys in this country taking ballet always hear 'Hey, he's a sissy!'"

Going to school and dancing rarely mix. Being a ballet dancer requires a singleness of purpose; there is little time for academics. Cynthia Harvey had too hectic a schedule to finish her highschool studies at the Professional Childrens School, but she has no regrets. "I feel I've learned more from my dance experience than from school."



ABT dancer Kirk Peterson

It seems clear that dancing professionally is a full time job and a simultaneous college career impossible. As Kirk Peterson points out, "If you want to be a dancer and you're in college, you should already have been in a company. It's beginning to be too late." Peterson himself started dancing professionally when he was only 16 and was accepted into American Ballet Theatre at the age of 18. Cynthia Harvey first auditioned for the director of the company, Lucia Chase, a week before her 16th birthday and was accepted as an apprentice.

One wonders how Harvey, at the age of 21 (and other dancers) can handle the pressures of being a soloist in a leading ballet company with such graceful ease. Surely the college's reporters seemed more anxious interviewing Harvey than

she seemed answering questions about her life an hour before she would be performing on stage at the Met. "No nerves tonight," say the ballerina shrugging her shoulders placidly.

The only thing that would make the gifted Peterson nervous would be a "particularly difficult ballet technically or a particularly strenuous one such as 'The Rite of Spring.'" Cynthia Harvey has similar feelings about "The Rite of Spring." "It's very physical, very athletic. Last year it was awful, we just did it until everybody was so sore and injured!"

Injuries are a part of daily life for all dancers. As a matter of fact, Harvey got the push that got her a promotion to soloist indirectly as a result of injuries.

Last year in Washington, all the ballerinas that knew the part of Kitri in Don Quixote had injured themselves in one way or another and she was given 24 hours notice that she would be performing the role in the second act. "I had a couple of hours of rehearsal and went on. Baryshnikov, who was managing the production had enough faith in me to say 'let her do it.'" In L.A., in American Ballet Theatre's last tour, in addition to the third act of Don Quixote, she ended up having to do the third act, which she had never done before. It all happened when Cynthia Gregory injured her foot during a performance. "Kirk taught me the whole thing in the intermission and I went on and did the pas de deux."

These mishaps are not too uncommon in the ballet world.

Kirk Peterson, during his second year with ABT, had to fill in suddenly for Ted Kivitt in Don Quixote. Smiling tenderly towards her friend, Cynthia remarks "Since we've been in the company I don't think of who else it happened to but you and I." "Well there's nobody that daring," Kirk answered. "We have a reputation of just doing it."

Although dancing has its rewards, it is more work than one can imagine. No one but a dancer knows what it takes to dance professionally. According to Peterson, "When you join a ballet company it's a whole new thing. You're just a student before... I mean you're used to coming into class, getting corrections and going home. When they have you under contract it's a different set of rules. You're dealing with people who control your life from the beginning of the day until the end. You're also relating with other artistic personalities who can be very temperamental or very demanding. You are constantly exhausted, so it wears on you psychologically."

Though Peterson and Harvey work in one of the top ballet companies in the country, they still have some financial difficulties. The company only gives them thirty dollars a day when on tour, which is supposed to cover hotel and food expenses. When they're not in class they're in rehearsal or a performance. They usually get only one day off a week and sometimes work as long as 12 days without a break. "My biggest gripe about ballet," complains Kirk, "is that it's so time consuming. I love the ballet but get tired enough sometimes to resent it... Dancing is hard work."

"People who want to keep the magic of the proscenium sit in the back of the theatre so that they get the effect of a theatrical experience rather than a true physical experience, which is what it is to us."

Cynthia Harvey knows that physical experience all too well and yet she feels that "the whole point of the art is to make the difficult look easy... I would never buy a ticket in the front row... I would want to keep the illusion."

Flamenco dancing in the Village

By Bonnie Goldman

For the price of one drink you can feel like you are in Spain. Each weekend at La Verbena, a tiny cozy Spanish restaurant in the West Village, La Vikinga, a blond Flamenco dancer who hails from Minnesota, dances up a storm. She is accompanied by a singer, Antonio de Jesus and a guitar player, Robert Reyes (who also sings on the spur of the moment). Each

set of nearly an hour seems to be improvised and depending on the mood of the evening exciting things may occur.

Esthetically, traditional flamenco is a collaborative effort by sensitive and knowledgeable participants who create interesting music and improvised phrasing. This kind of flamenco involves the audience in a spontaneous adventure.

On a tiny stage at the front of

the restaurant the three encourage each other to a crescendo of music, singing and dancing. La Vikinga begins her dancing slowly, with precise intricate footwork and the use of castanets. De Jesus sings almost passionately to her, cajoling her movements, while Reyes does the same with his guitar. It is an intense collaboration by the three that builds in energy and tension. Though rhythm is staccato and foreign after awhile your ears get accustomed to it.

Other flamenco dancers sometimes hang out at the comfortable bar and encourage the three enthusiastically in Spanish.

The tension in the room builds to a high point and when La Vikinga finishes a particularly emotional dance there seems to be a collective sigh in the room.

If you've got the money and the appetite La Verbena also serves traditional Spanish food. Their prices are moderate and the

food is good. Pepe Traga, the owner, serves the food himself and he is friendly and hospitable in an old-world fashion. He used to sing in Spain and if the urge hits him he sometimes gives it a try here.

After May 18, when La Vikinga leaves Aguguetas Tibu, a dancer from Spain will take over. Performances are at 9:00, 11:00, and 1:00 Friday, Saturday and Sunday evening. La Verbena is at 569 Hudson St. 243-9439.



Photo by Mary Jane Murgolo

Theatre Readings

Barrington Chambers, an art student, was the only one who actually sold something, an abstract photograph for \$30. Deyonne Tempelton, who graduated in January received an offer from Bloomingdale's to exhibit her sculpture. There were many offers and for some students that was the greatest compliment. They did not really care that they did not sell anything.

Malcom Sweet summed it up nicely, "The exhibition helps with an artists resume. Once you have been exhibited, especially in SoHo other galleries are more willing to exhibit your work." Another student said, "Being exhibited was an invaluable experience. I feel I know and understand so much more about the art world. It made me feel closer to the artists experience."

English students were also part of the 111 Spring Street experience. During the late afternoons playwrighting students came to the gallery to rehearse with their cast. Prof. Hamilian's creative writing class had a reading as did a graduate writing workshop. Mostly family and friends of the students showed up though towards the middle of the readings the loft usually attracted curious people off the street.

The playwrights had chosen mostly students from their class, to read their plays though some got DCPA students. On Friday evening April 20th the playwrights began their readings. Emil Cicogna's play, *The Fare Grounds* opened the three day reading. "I feel so lucky to have this opportunity," he said. "It is so necessary for a play to be performed—it makes the play alive and real. The school should really try to continue this."

Dana Wyn Sherman had her play, called *Conscientious Objector*, read on Friday night. She said she was not too nervous but was really more excited. "It is

absolutely essential for a playwright to be heard by an audience—to watch the audience react. As most struggling writers know the hardest thing to get is recognition. Last night people not only reacted but they respected." She said.

When Sharon Capels' play was read on Saturday evening there was a cry from the audience for the author. She came to the front of the audience and thanked everyone then added when they continued clapping, "Don't do this to me! The work is still in progress and I still gotta finish it."

Professor Hatch (English) is hoping to keep the space. "We have so much talent at the College. I taught at a lot of places, UCLA, NYU, and the Midwest. City College has more talent per student than I have ever seen. Playwrights must have their works read and produced."

The students raised \$1,000 in a week by selling raffles. They are compiling an eighty page book that they are calling 111 Spring Street. Five hundred copies of the book are to be printed with the students copy-editing, proofreading and collating it. A total of twenty seven students' poetry, short stories and plays will be featured in the book.

Professor Hamilian called the publication, "great. It is really a cooperative effort. The administration seems not to be interested at all, they have been so discouraging about the space. But the students have been wonderful."

Thus the three weeks of readings will now be preserved in a small book.

As Professor Hatch said, "They did it all." In addition a lot of people who thought that City College is dead have discovered the talent that abounds within it. As one student said, "The college needed a strong shot in the arm. I think this helped."

SoHo—a feast f

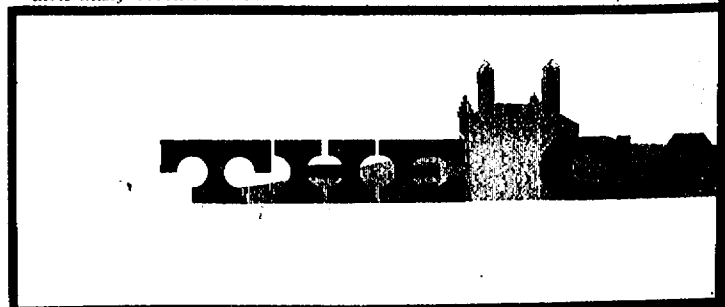
By Dawn Cavrell
Strolling through the streets of SoHo, your eyes feast voraciously on a collage of color and monochrome, grandeur and deprivation, creativity and decay. On one block you pass through the bleak sidewalks of a slum; and a gray wash is splashed across your sight. Turning the corner you enter a world of visual enchantment. Here you can find anything from Andy Warhol paintings and Japanese folk art to used lace dresses and player pianos.

The art district of SoHo is spilling over with galleries, antique stores, coffee houses and period clothing shops. What makes the art galleries so exciting is that they are filled with the work of today's artists. Among the upcoming creators are the college's own writers, musicians, and artists, who recently exhibited their talents in "City in SoHo" at 111 Spring Street. The Ward-Nasse Gallery at 131 Prince Street always has something interesting to see. As does Mao Lee Studio, 345 West Broadway and the Jack Gallery, 138 Prince Street, which just had an exhibition of porcelain sculpture that included Henry Moore's "Moonhead." There is African art at J. Camp, 380 West Broadway, while across the street at the Cayman, 381 West Broadway, pieces by Latin American artist can be found. The best thing to do is just wander down West Broadway, Spring Street and Prince Street. Explore! The No. 1 IRT stops at Canal Street just a few blocks away from West Broadway. As does the local 8th Ave. line (AA, CC) at Spring St.

For some first timers whose interest in art is new, there is often a mystique about the art being displayed in SoHo, one should simply trust ones own judgement.

Not all the artwork in SoHo is good, and since there are so many wonderful and exciting things to see there is no point spending time trying to understand things you do not care for.

SoHo's allurements does not end with the art galleries however, as there are several bookstores and Curio shops to browse through. There is a fascinating place that opened last May called Urban Archaeology at 137 Spring Street. They sell sculpture from city buildings, carousel horses, armoires and bathtubs. One of their many eccentric items is the



or the senses



"Encore Banjo," a machine containing a banjo that plays by itself. You can buy it for \$35,000 or have it play a song for you for a nickel. It's cheaper than a jukebox and it's live, so to speak.

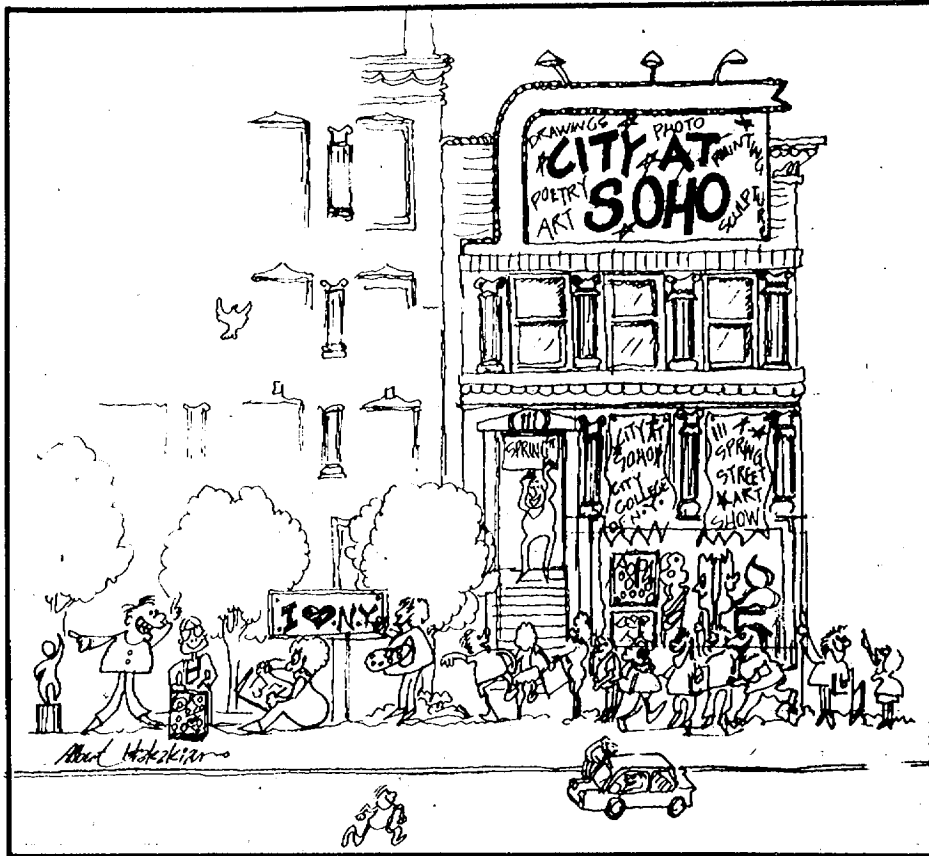
What is really thrilling about SoHo are the people there. In the same streets and shops are the classy art dealers, chic buyers who must live in upper eastside penthouses, serious art collectors and artists, raggedy bums, punk rockers with pink pants and purple hair, well dressed tourists from Westchester, New Jersey tourists in blue polyester suits and poor art students. The galleries are free and SoHo is an experience that should not be missed.

If you get hungry there are a few natural food stores in the area (There is Whole Foods on Prince Street off the corner of Greene Street) as well as the famous Spring Street Bar whose design is intriguing down to its tiny restrooms. The Spring Street Bar can be expensive so another option is Wally's Ice Cream Parlour, also on Spring Street. It's cozy and cheap.

If you're in an adventurous mood, there is always Chinese breakfast. If you like Chinese dinner you'll adore Chinese breakfast. It is a long though engrossing walk east down Canal Street towards Chinatown. Strung along the way are junk stores and bargain places such as the City Dump, Canal Jean Co. and Pearl Paint, well known as a discount art supply store to art students. There is also the intriguing Museum of Holography at 11 Mercer Street (just off Canal). A hologram is similar to a photograph except that it captures the 3 dimensional image of an object through the use of laser light. The images seem to float in space. Visiting the museum is like taking a trip into the future.

Finally, through the street markets where you can buy fresh ginger and bean curd, appears the Silver Palace. It is on 52 Bowery off Canal and Chrystie and is inexpensive. Those few that don't speak Mandarin point to what they want on carts that are pushed back and forth between the tables. The check is made up according to how many empty dishes are left on your table. The Silver Palace serves a variety of dumplings, and things like fried taro stuffed with meat, buns made of lotus seed paste and dandelion tea. If you aren't squimish, the duck feet are out of this world.

Photos by Dawn Cavrell



April 7, City in Soho

By Bonnie Goldman

Early one Saturday morning, in a loft on Spring Street, students from the College gathered together in subdued excitement. For most of them this was to be their first show. They were chosen less than a week before in a series of jurying by an outside artist and College Art professors. Because everything had happened so fast, most of the paintings and photographs had not been framed. The walls were badly in need of paint. One student brought his wife and child with him, but most brought nails and lights.

The loft was lent to the students by a friend of Professor Jim Hatch (English) for three weeks. He told Professor Jay Midler (Art) about it who then organized the exhibition.

Because everything had happened so fast, disorganization was the rule with the exhibition (not that City College students are not used to this). Students who had brought their sculptures had no place to put them until someone found dozens of plaster boards in a back room. They bought white paint and turned the plaster boards into pedestals.

The five photographers had a wall for themselves in the back and had just bought cheap Kulicke frames which they were putting together on the floor. Most of the students decided to hang their works without frames and so were busy hammering nails into the wall.

Though it was before noon, the gallon of wine brought had already been finished and another bottle was being opened. Professors from the Col-

lege's Art Department were milling around helping students, inspecting the art work, drinking wine and then drifting outside to other galleries.

Deyenne Templeton was in the small office of the loft typing up labels to put next to the art work. Each student was to give a price for their work which was initially put on the label and later placed on a price list at the front of the gallery.

Towards the end of the day, most of the students had finished hanging their works and had wandered out to visit other galleries. Only the photographers were left, still framing their twenty photographs. Oscar Unda sat on the floor painting a large orange sheet, City in Soho, with the hours the gallery was to be opened.

Because it was Saturday and the gallery was in such an ideal spot, people continually wandered in off the streets looking around, asking prices and talking to the artists.

As dusk settled in Soho, all the lights had been put up in 111 Spring St. An orange sheet placed the front door read "City in Soho, an exhibition of City College students from April 7 to the 24th." Sculptures sat on the window display and as one walked in, a trail of pedestals greeted you with sculptures and pottery placed gracefully on top. In the back, the photographers hammered their final nails into the dense concrete wall. The few students and professors left swept the floor and put the finishing touches, straightening pictures and cleaning up. Everyone felt proud and drained. It had been such a long day.



Photo by Mary Jane Murgolo

Some of the faces of those who put a lot of time and effort into the gallery.

MPUS

FASHION

Fashion: An idiosyncratic primer

By Elinor Nauen

As Quentin Crisp, author of *How to Have a Life-Style*, says, fashion is what you're stuck with when you don't have style. Fashion means you can put yourself together from the pages of *Vogue*. Style, however, demands deciding what you want to look like, then figuring out how to get that way. Style takes more thought and includes dealing with the many assumptions about clothes, some of which I will mention here. I don't have many answers about these, just petulance, but I do have a few suggestions about dressing to suit yourself.

First of all, you don't have to spend much, or any, money to look good. Rifle the closets of friends or relatives who are packrats, who've figured styles would come back. They have. If you want to look like you've spent, it's shoes that'll do it. They have to be natty; go get heels and soles when they wear down. Or wear the absolute cheapest. I prefer jelly shoes (about \$2, and they come in a wide variety of colors and styles.) After all, the people who can afford to look poor are the poor and the rich, everyone else has to prove they have money. I personally am among the affluent poor; the splendor of the lower east side.

My next basic theory is that if you wear whatever you like you'll look fine. You just have to not chicken out. By looking like you know what you are doing you can carry off any odd combination with aplomb. Most of my clothing, certainly the most bizarre examples, comes off the street. Recently I found some gold glitter over-the-elbow gloves in the theatre district. These I wear with a tee shirt.

There has to be a giggle behind all of it; the rhinestone "?" pin, also off the street, that I wear on my \$3 (from *Revenge*, 15 Third Ave. at 8th Street) white fuzzy coat is my signal I don't take any of this too seriously. I wonder, though, if it's possible to get away from the implications in dress.

I don't know if anti-fashion—the giggle behind that undercuts an outfit not representing basic proclamations such as, a refusal to be judged or determined by what you wear—I wonder if this anti-fashion can even exist. Much as I, we, try to transcend or ignore it, we do take people at face value. Something seems to insure that what starts out opposed to fashion will end up as fashion. An example is punk clothing, originally worn to demonstrate boredom or disgust with what the wearers were supposed to look like, as laid down by 57th Street, but now sold there and advertised in the *NY Times*. Our attitudes about beauty go too deep to erase them by no longer shaving our legs or curling our hair.

And anyway, I want to be attractive to the people I am interested in. As Frank O'Hara said, you want your pants tight enough so that everyone will want to go to bed with you. There are lots more reasons why people dress the way they do. One is to signal the like-minded that here is someone they could meet. When I had long hair and wire-rim glasses it was to be a hippie and look like a hippie and fit in with the other hippies I figured would be automatically friendly. One of the few times recently I've felt entirely comfortable dressed up was when I wore my mother's clothes. I knew she wouldn't let me wear anything ridiculous or outre. I knew I would look like everyone else at the Met, and didn't feel like an imposter or a tourist.

One of the big items in regular fashion for a while has been cowboy boots; Ralph Lauren, for instance, has a whole line on western wear. I'm just back from a week in South Dakota. Now South Dakota is full of real cowboys, who wear cowboy clothes like natives. They would look like hicks here; their boots aren't shiny and their jeans aren't Calvin Klein. The difference between fashion and clothes is that fashion is an act. A pose can be fun but not when it overwhelms you. I don't know how to pull away from this. The only person I know whose clothes don't say anything about him is a friend who is colorblind and impatient. He invariably chooses the first shirt, dungarees and shoes that fit comfortably. He manages some wild and puzzling combinations; you can't predict him from them.

My third principle is that anything can be worn with anything else. While not necessary, you might select a theme, for example, color. Once I wore a sophisticated spring silk dress with a print of red roses, red kiddie barrettes in my hair, and red plastic sandals. I thought I looked swell, although someone I met that day remembered me because of the outfit, which she thought ludicrous. Like I said, you mustn't lose courage. It only takes courage, I realize, because it's bucking the big computers who have warped our visions of ourselves so

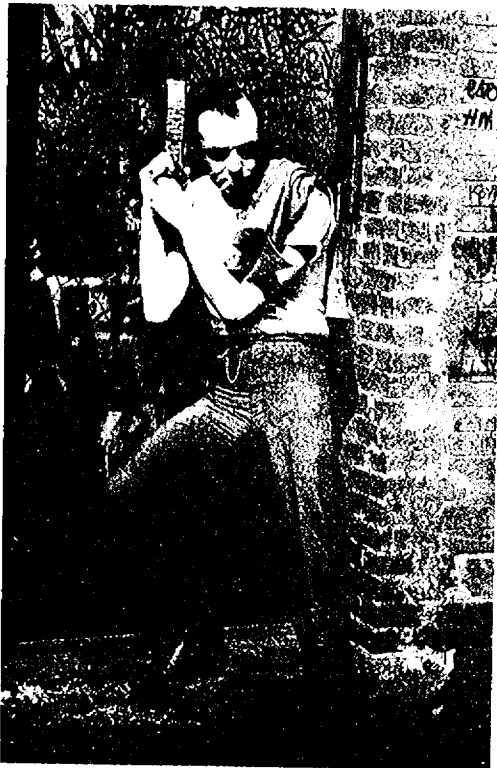


Photo by Andrew Kaplan

Poet Rene Ricard, "the chisel marks more or less visible/pale and golden in the sheetmetal rays of the sun."

they can make money. Predetermined fashion is like AM radio, the playlist is pretty limited. So ignore it. Start your own band and play the music the radio won't. Dress for you and not for some mythical 6' 100-pound unhealthy model.

"No matter what you say, your clothes say more." This is the Cosmopolitan theory of dress and naturally can be pretty intimidating. But this is the era of women who have a choice. The resurgence of 50s styles, with tight skirts and spike heels, tries, like the reactionary politics of that decade, to slow and incapacitate women. I think, however, women are smart enough not to wear 6" heels or only briefly. Who wants to get herself killed, either through abysmal discomfort or the inability to maneuver and protect?



Photo by Andrew Kaplan

For spring, polka dots: coming and going, always in style.



Photo by Andrew Kaplan

The compleat punk: from hair to boot, the New York street citizen look.

There is lots of room for variety. My own staple is jeans and a tee shirt. Everyone looks good in jeans and they go everywhere. Often you'll want to look elegant. To do this on no money takes more ingenuity. If you're a New Yorker you already know how to reconnoiter the street. Fifth Avenue from 15th Street up is fat pickings; last year I found some Italian wool undershirts Patti Smith had discarded. People throw out the most amazing things, especially jackets and dungarees. Usually pants are too worn out or worn into someone else's figure but occasionally there's a find. My coats are all off the sidewalk, most recently a 100% wool Columbine coat with big fur buttons and cuffs.

There are places to shop. Orchard Street, a block east of Allen Street between Delancey and Houston, has long been known for cheap designer clothing, as well as shoes, makeup, wigs. Merchants set up on the street, which is closed to traffic on Sunday, and are usually willing to barter. Fourteenth Street, from First to Seventh Avenues, has stores such as Robbins (48 W. 14th, 146 E. 14th, plus five more stores in Manhattan and eight in the area). Robbins features mens' and boys' clothing, including \$3 sneakers in lots of colors. Canal Jeans (304 Canal Street) and Job Lot (140 Church Street) have discount shoes and clothes. ST. Marks Place between 2nd and 3rd Avenues has several stores featuring antique, punk, military, and used clothes. On the west side is Reminiscence (175 MacDougal), as well as a bunch of expensive shops.

Yet another of my theories is that of diminishing returns. After a certain point the more time you spend trying to look good, the uglier you get, since there's something demeaning about such obvious self-involvement and lack of anything better to do. It's kind of like disco; dancing is fun, but it's depressing to think people go home and practice.

But that might be the point: the early morning subway women, who've already been up two hours to put on a face to go to a deadend job might feel this is the only place where they have control of their lives. Men seem to reach that line of unattractiveness sooner than women, no doubt due to our cultural expectations that they are less concerned with their looks.

I hope we can relax our concern with how we look, return to Ben Johnson's moderate advice: "If she has good ears, show 'em; good hair, lay it out; good legs, wear short clothes; a good hand, discover it often; practice any art, to mend breath, cleanse teeth, repair eyebrows, paint and profess it."

Buloff steals the show in 'The Price'

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(Continued from Page 6)

Gregory Solomon, the used furniture dealer he pulls all stops. He is at once expensive and subtle. Solomon is nearing ninety, he has had several wives, his daughter committed suicide, and his business is on the wane. Despite all his problems, Solomon is not to be pitied— he won't stand for it. Buloff demonstrates all this with amazing aplomb. With the pep and vitality of a man of fifty, Solomon is still in the used furniture business. He is full of

wisdom and witty anecdotes that keep the sellers and buyers off guard as he craftily completes a transaction in his favor. Solomon may be only a minor character, plot wise, but whenever he is on the stage he steals the show.

As far as plot is concerned, it is Victor and Esther Franz who dominate. Victor Franz, the main character played by Mitchell Ryan, is a policeman who is afraid of retiring because he wouldn't

know what to do with himself. His wife Esther, played by Scotty Bloch, is bewildered by her husband's procrastination. She has spent her life desiring a better life; she hopes this better life will come now that her husband has a chance to change to something more lucrative.

Victor has supported his father and his own family on a meager salary. Before his father died, Esther had hoped that Victor

would relieve himself of his partially self-imposed "moral" duty. After all, Victor's brother, a successful surgeon, hadn't given more than sixty dollars a year, and only for a short while, to the old man.

Victor too has a number of grudges against his brother. His brother, Walter, though has an excuse for all Victor's complaints.

It is at this point that the play falters. Miller confuses the audience by allowing Walter to be forgiven for nearly all of his supposed sins. When, after a number of excuses have been given, and after a series of long speeches, constantly being interrupted by Solomon, Walter says that the reason why he didn't help Victor or his father was because the old man had four thousand dollars stashed away: the audience's credulity is seriously tried. The four thousand has been all spent and the old man is dead so we shall never know if Walter is telling the truth; Victor believes him, so we should also. His reasons for coming to see Victor now was chiefly reconciliatory, says Walter. Victor can't accept his reconciliation or

his money. His rejection is only temporary because his feelings are hurt. After a while, we are assured, he will come around. Esther quickly sums up their life in this new light as a farce.

Bloch's performance of the wife is exceptionally good, but not particularly inspired. Ryan plays the part of the humdrum, mild mannered policeman with quiet ease. The pathos of this last scene is undermined *correctly* by the levity of Solomon's scenes, but undermined badly by the contrived tone of Walter's speeches. We get the message anyway, and thanks to the witty Solomon the play is a success. Because of his witty remarks, the good acting of Bloch and Ryan, the performance was never boring.

The direction of the play is strong and very level headed. The setting is excellent. With all of the household furniture in an attic, the designer gives the impression that it was cluttered yet the actors were in no way hindered by the many objects. The lighting was adequate but totally uninspired.

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Opera of poets

(Continued from Page 6)

one-man chorus dressed in white, whom, one assumes, represents Death with a capital 'D', constitute a baggage of offensively literary symbolism that obscures plot and characters alike.

Given these problems, there's not much one can expect from the cast itself. Tom Westerman and Stan Wilson, who played Shelley and Byron respectively, oblige us with one-note performances. Westerman plays Shelley as a simpering case of neurasthenia, while Wilson has little more to do as Byron than sneer and look sexy. The women, particularly Bertilla Baker as Teresa Guiccioli and Holly Lipton as a Claire Clairmont are more effective, if only because they're better singers than the male leads. There's a nice tension between Baker's ethereal features and her impassioned singing. Lipton is good at portraying the wounded pride and sexuality of the woman whom Byron impregnated and then abandoned for Guiccioli. It's the women who provide the only real characterizations in the opera. They love, grieve, and snipe at their errant lovers in ways that Wilson and Westerman don't, or simply aren't allowed to.

The *Duel* is playing through May 5th at the Lion Theatre Club, 422 West 42nd Street. Performances are held Wednesday through Friday evenings at 8:00; Saturdays at 5 & 9; and Sundays at 3:00.

Tickets are \$4 (TDF Vouchers accepted) and may be reserved by phoning 279-4200.

'Homeland'

(Continued from Page 6)

situation. For sixteen years the Sloan's have had Francis, a Black household worker, in their employment. She is played with great vitality by Ouida Billups. Her name means freedom and she represents the independence Black's have been working for in America.

Francis befriends the young Keentseng and begins questioning her about her job. When she finds out how little Keentseng is paid and the conditions she works under she tells Keentseng to stay in New York, Keentseng is quiet and is scared at the idea.

Liberating Keentseng

Mr. Kenilworth and Mr. Sloan (Gerard Mercurio) are finishing their business meeting. Through corruption and oppression they will continue to promote

better relations between South Africa and General Motors.

The play poses sharp, interesting questions and for those ignorant about Apartheid this play is a must. The problem with this play was that it seemed obvious from the start that the main objective was to get a message across. They do this excellently. It is the way they do it that is problematic. The characters are barely fleshed out. They do not seem (except for Mrs. Sloan and Keentseng) believable characters. Francis does not seem real. She is too pushy and adamant when there has been no catalyst for it.

The play has little drama. The play is filled with brilliantly biting political lines. When I left the theater my head was filled with ideas yet I felt nothing for the characters.

Hunter: poor man's Dylan

(Continued from Page 7)

reportedly was the associate producer of the new Hunter effort.

Now with the release of "You're Never Alone With a Schizophrenic," Hunter's statement for '79 may prove many of the aforementioned rumors—true and false.

Hunter is still vocally the poor man's Dylan. He does have members of the famed "E-Street Band" with him—Roy Britten on the keyboard and Max Weinberg on drums. He also has co-producing the album, Mick Ronson. On top of that he has Ellen Foley (of Meatloaf fame) and Erick Bloom (Blue Oyster Cult) to help out the backing vocals. Place John Cale on piano throughout the proceedings and you should have an album that can do no wrong—right?

Well not exactly. This might be the best Hunter effort in two years, but that's only because it is the only Hunter effort in two years. But it still sounds like old Ian, re-vamped for this year. I mean this

stuff was fine when he was doing it with Mott; it wasn't even too bad when he was doing it as a solo star. But he could have spiced it up a bit.

This is not to say that thousands of Ian Hunter fans are not waiting for this work. What I am saying is that if you liked the vein Hunter has been into the last few years, you will love this. It lumbers in that familiar Heavy Metal rock fashion that so few of us hold dear anymore.

Even with the underground help, this work collectively sounds old hat. Few pieces hold their heads above water. "Bastard" is the only thing that shines through on its own. It is a heartfelt song with lyrics that disembowel you as you listen. But other than that, all the other songs on the album sound as if they were rejected by the original Mott The Hoople.

If 1970 was your year, and you can still remember Mott's performance at the Uris Theater in early '74, this album is for you. The rest of us will just have to wait until Ian enters the 1980's.



Ian Hunter tries in his new album to break out of obscurity.

Free love beads for suckers

(Continued from Page 7)

about chronological order this show is so much fun that it won't matter.

Nostalgia is where it's at and certainly the sixties is the place to be. I mean why else would Beatlemania be doing so well, right? And if that is not enough there is the new Jimi and Janis show (bringing to life Hendrix & Joplin) and even Woodstock this summer. You too can O.D. in the Catskills. If that is not enough for you, well there is always the film Hair.

We all know that the seventies is a drag and as graffiti attests Disco Sucks. And just think the seventies will soon be over and you will probably be able to see revivals (rip-offs) of punk, Donna Summer and possibly (that is if

you are real lucky) a wholesome version of Grace Jones and the Village people.

The production of Shindig takes all the hot and nasty, meaningful, pulsating, revolution, and spunk out of rock and roll. They whosomize, putrify and trivialize it. For those who have had an even vicarious experience with the music of the sixties (like listening to one record) this monstrosity will offend and disgust you.

The cast includes Paul Binotto, Leigh Henry, Donna Matthews, Mona Stoffi and Pat Portociel all of whom would do quite well at Disney World but should stay away from rock and roll. Exploitation comes in many forms and this show seems to have

been made with a rip-off in mind. Certainly the producers and directors involved in Shindig could have nothing else in mind.

They give away free plastic love beads for the many suckers who come to the show and the poor dupes actually wear them. They encourage people to dance in the aisles for the last number and members of the cast actually go over to members of the audience pressing them to dance. Luckily the audience is made up of mostly your average Merv Griffin watchers (as well as Lawrence Welk lovers) and so they actually dance the twist in the aisles. It is a bad dream.

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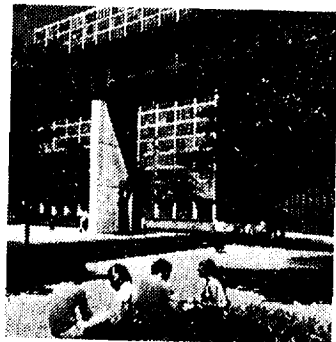
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Student director

(Continued from Page 8)

Both students are, as of now, uncertain of their film future but both are certain of one thing, they love filmmaking. They have their favorite directors (Weinstein favors Rossellini, De Sica, and Truffaut) but they feel that their own style is in order. Both their films usually attempt to make some kind of statement. But it was difficult for them to do this with the limits involved on this film. Besides the tremendous amount of time and work necessary to make a film there is plenty of pre-production work including the hiring of actors.

One of the students in the class decided to put an ad in Backstage, the theatrical trade newspaper calling for actors. They received a huge response from actresses and actors who were interested. Because Weinstein and Crenovich were having a difficult time finding lead actors from within the College they looked

through some of the resumes and photographs that came in.

Aimee Philpott, the star of their film was chosen in this fashion. Though she considers herself just a beginning actress, she has done some showcase work in New York and sings in a band. She came to New York a year & a half ago and most of her filmwork was done in Ohio. She has a definite idea about the kind of films she would like to do. Philpott wants to, "do more than just entertainment films," in fact she would like them to have a feminist or political message. This summer she hopes to work for a director in California. Chel Chenier, the co-star of film also responded to the Backstage ad.

Now that the shooting of the film is finished Weinstein says it is only a matter of the editing and distilling which will take some months. When they are finished the film will probably be shown at the Picker film festival.



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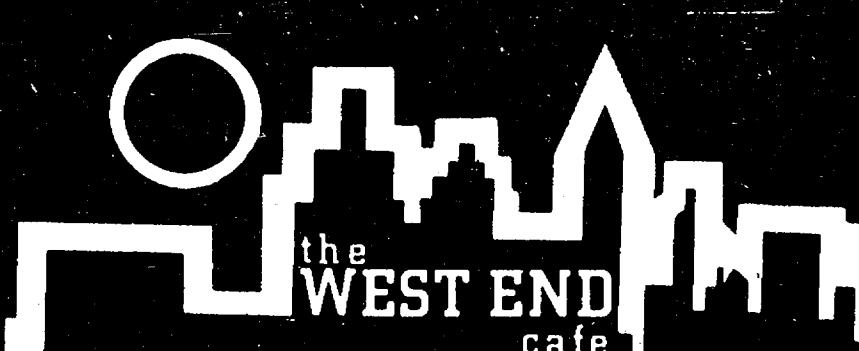
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GOALS OF CARP

1. Revitalization of Patriotism

As citizens of this most influential nation, young people once felt pride as standard bearers of world peace and freedom. After the Vietnam War, which some consider as being industrially motivated and wasteful, in the wake of young peoples' inquiries about the reasons for such extreme human sacrifice, the word patriotism became an empty word whose meaning has been abused or forgotten. But, America's historical responsibility is more than generating policies which will ensure peace and prosperity for America alone.

The reason is that America, as standard bearer of world peace, must exercise her responsibility to ensure peace and prosperity for the rest of the world. This is the desire of God and His providence. For this reason, CARP seeks to generate within today's young people a refreshing sense of patriotism of higher dimension.

2. Re-establishing the Founding Spirit of Christianity

The fundamental goal of Christianity was (based on the teachings of Jesus) for mankind to realize the love of God in this world and establish the great society of the family of man where people live for each other. However, at the present time, expanding materialism and extreme individualism led men to consider the self before the whole and seek to satisfy temporary desires through external stimulation, rather than reaching for the innermost, lasting ideals. Therefore, CARP seeks to re-establish man's relationship with God and create a human society of God's ideal.

3. Formulation of New Systems of Ethics

Just as internal corruption was the cause of the fall of the once great Roman Empire, the present crisis of America rises from internal confusion and decay rather than any substantial external threat.

Numerous children who have lost family and parents, corruption and love and sexuality, prevalence of drug abuse and rising crime, all remind us of Dodom and Gomorrah.

In the midst of ethical confusions, CARP seeks to establish new ethical order, thus presenting an alternate view of value and life.

4. Critique of Marxist-Leninism and Counterproposal

Much of mankind's struggle and division was caused by atheistic international Communism which, by advocating violent revolution and challenging theistic Christendom, has repeated acts of invasion and bloody execution. Communism views matter as the cause of existence and degrades the value of man of level of material, and as long as its ideology exists in this world as an active force, the true peace of the world is not attainable. Therefore, CARP seeks to research the God-centered ideology of new dimension which will crealy expose the inconsistencies of Marxist-Leninism, limit Communist imperialism and explain the living reality of God to all people including Communists. This project will contribute to the peace of all people.

FOR INFORMATION CALL: 862-1908

IN BRIEF

Critique of Open Admissions nominated for national award

An article which appeared in Saturday Review last year and sparked a controversy about Open Admissions at the College was nominated for a National Magazine Award in Public Service by Columbia University's School of Journalism.

The article entitled, "How to Kill a College: The Private Papers of a Campus Dean," was a personal perspective of the College's Open Admissions experience written by the former Dean of Humanities, Theodore Gross. The article prompted a College controversy which received national attention and culminated in Gross' apparent forced resignation. Gross subsequently accepted an administrative position at Penn State University.

Soviets expell Levich

Prof. Venianman Levich, the founder of physico-chemical hydrodynamics, who is scheduled to begin teaching here upon his recovery from a hernia operation, has been expelled from the Soviet Academy of Sciences after giving up his Soviet citizenship when he immigrated to Israel last year.

Levich, who has frequently criticized Soviet human rights conditions, accepted an Einstein professorship in March and will be working to establish a City College-Tel Aviv University Joint institute for Applied Physics. Academy membership is normally a lifetime privilege, offering such amenities as good apartments and special salaries.

Polishook re-elected

The president of the faculty union, which represents instructors at the College and throughout the University, was re-elected to a three-year term in an uncontested election earlier this month.

Irwin H. Polishook, a professor of history at Lehman College, ran an uncontested slate in elections held by the Professional Staff Congress for executive council positions. Prof. Irwin Yellowitz (History) was re-elected vice president for senior colleges on the PSC's executive council.

Marshak retirement dinner

President Marshak will be honored at a retirement dinner at the Sheraton Centre Hotel's Royal Ballroom on May 17th. The dinner for Marshak, who is leaving the College after nine years to become a distinguished professor of Physics at Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University in Blacksburg, is being sponsored by the Alumni Association, the City College Fund and the Faculty Senate.

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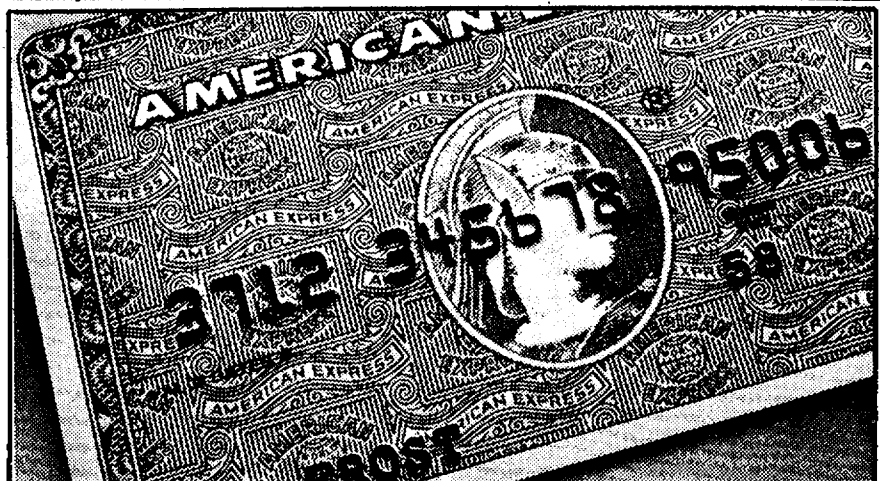
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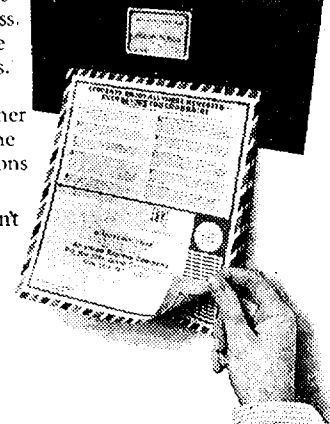
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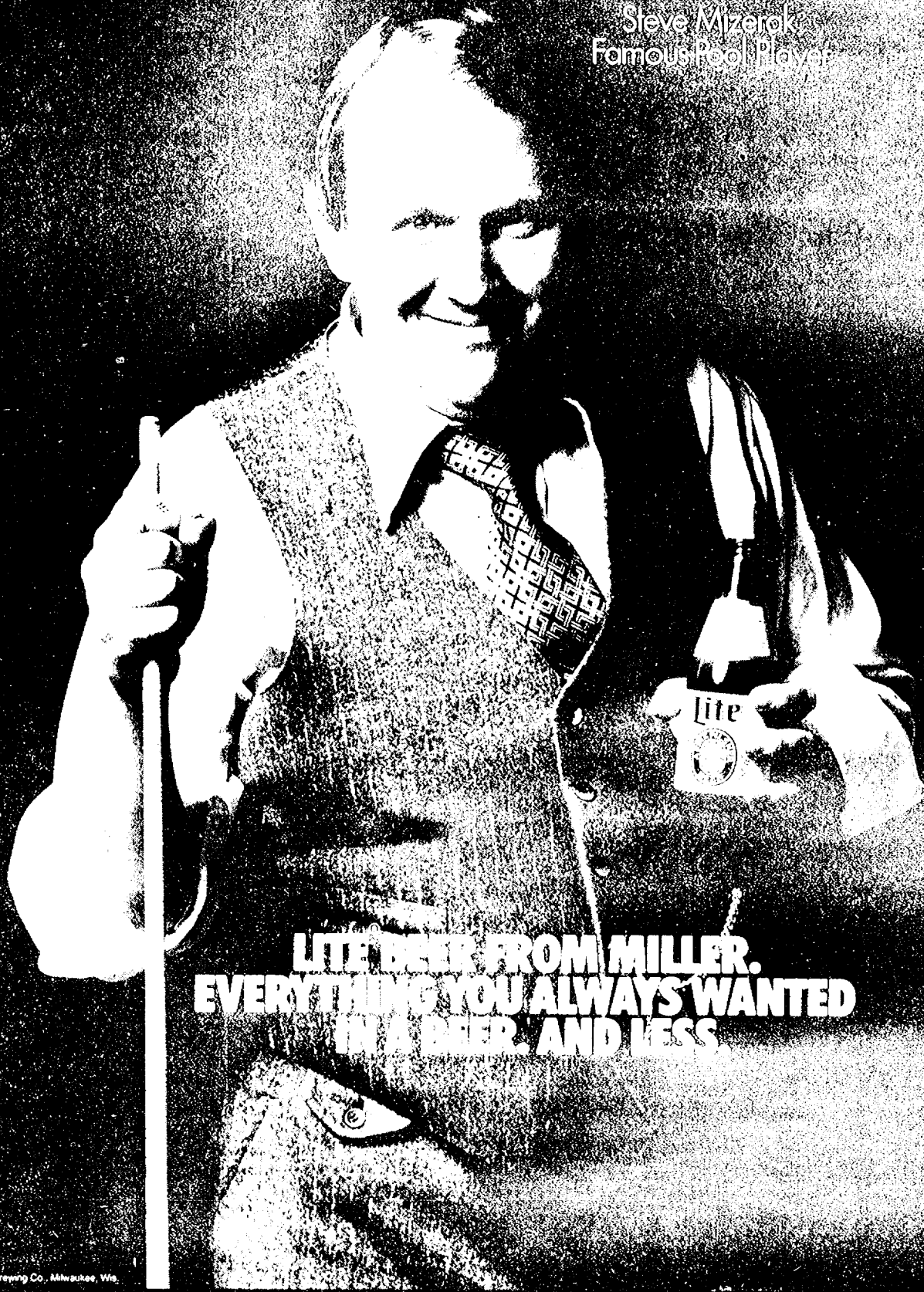
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Beaverettes 11 runs too little

By Kim Johnson

What could you have said about the women's softball team at the beginning of the season? The previous two campaigns produced goose eggs in the win column. Things certainly couldn't get any worse. Right? Wrong.

Last Monday they dug themselves an early grave by allowing Pace College to outscore them 14-1...within the first two innings of play. The Beaverettes called veteran Pura Villanueva from the bullpen to try to snuff the hot bats of Pace. Villanueva pitched very effectively, allowing only 3 runs and shutting them out over the last two innings. Despite her 2 strike-out and no walks performance, City just could not overcome their early deficit. Final score: Pace 17, City 11, bringing their season total to 0 wins and 2 losses.

All the fireworks did not belong to Pace College, though. City created quite a storm themselves. Down 14-6 in the top of the 6th, the sluggers came alive. Rookie infielder Alene Baker drew a walk,

than back-to-back singles by outfielders Ada Velasquez and Kim Johnson loaded the bases. Villanueva singled, driving home two runs. First year catcher Ana Tirado, who later tripled, sacrificed.

This set the stage for first basemen Myrna Cruz. A line drive up the alley in center-field cleared the bases and gave her an inside-the-park home run. "I felt real good about the home run," said Cruz. "We really needed the runs. I only wish that we could have pulled the game out and won."

The inning ended for City with no further scoring. Pace was held in check in the home half of the 6th. The 7th inning was do or die. With one last chance to make a

comeback, City loaded the bases but failed to score.

DH Michelle Prosper's offensive bat was missed...so was Ana Rivera's glove at third base... former cheerleader Evangeline Green played well at 2nd base and chipped in with a single... veteran infielder Deborah Thompson singled twice and stole a base... Mirium Velasquez performed triple duty defensively at left field, third base and on the mound, offensively she added a single to the attack.

The Beaverettes and first year coach Cecil King are still looking for their first win of the season. Their next game is at Iona College today.

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