

undergraduate newspaper of the city college since 1907

Volume 147, No. 7

New York, N.Y. 10031

Wednesday, November 12, 1980

## City U funds to Albany politicians

By Nick DeBord

Ten of City Universities' eighteen colleges were accused by state auditors of alleged impropriety in their use of college discretionary funds (made up of student fees and profits from food concessions and bookstores) to contribute an estimated \$4,000 to two Albany legislators.

The contributions were made at a cocktail party in late September given for state Senator Kenneth LaValle and Assemblyman Mark Alan Siegel as an honorarium for their legislation that provided state funding for CUNY. College Presidents donated as much as \$300 apiece in response to an engraved cocktail invitation that asked for contributions of \$25.

City College was not one of the schools cited for alleged misuse of discretionary funds. A college statement read "No City College funds of any kind have been contributed to any political candidates."

City comptroller Harrison Goldin has labelled these discretionary funds as "slush funds" and aide Richard Piperno said that state law is vague and the practice is technically legal but noted IRS law says the use of such tax-exempt funds for partisan political activity could result in the loss of tax-exempt status, on the part of organizations violating such guidelines.

State comptroller Edward Reagan is preparing a preliminary report to determine if further action should be taken and is awaiting clarification from CUNY Chancellor Robert Kibbee on the exact nature of all the funds contributed.

Robin Elliott, CUNY spokesman said the legality of using such funds was unclear but stated, that in his opinion, "there was nothing improper in the (use of discretionary funds) contributions to the legislators." He went on to say that the contributors "felt in all honesty that the event was a part of their public service to the University."

Assemblyman Siegel said "it was wrong for the Presidents to use these funds without informing me of the nature of these funds. It was a great embarrassment to me and the funds should be reimbursed." The Assemblyman went on to say that he would introduce legislation to make it clear that political contributions are not the purpose of discretionary funds.

University Student Senate President Lenny Shine said, "I have no problem with any individual contributing from their personal income, but to tap discretionary funds is altogether different and improper." He went on to say that "I am 100% in favor of public activity by officials because we need people to get involved in CUNY politically," then added that since most of the discretionary funds were student activity fees the students should have more of a say in where the funds would be spent.

CUNY Chancellor Kibbee's office will be holding a press conference in late November at which a final report on the nature of funds contributed will be released and an elaboration on CUNY policy might be made.

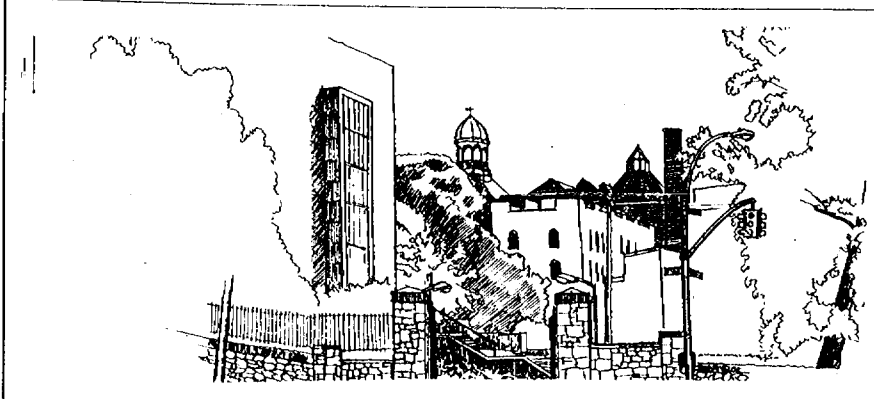
The New York Times has printed an editorial calling the

*continued on page 4*

## Creative Writing Supplement

### CHAMPIONS!

*Soccer takes title*



## Murphy, Carey's pick to head CUNY Trustees

By Steve Nussbaum

If Jim Murphy asked you to be stable, you'd probably turn to stone. Yet, while the offhand charm of Governor Carey's choice to head the fledgling City University Trustees negates any intimidating effects his tallness might have on you, from his remarks one could imagine that he wishes he could use his abilities to charm and intimidate to prod the University back into shape.

"I think the University has a fragile stability, and that has to be converted to a long-term stability," said Murphy, adding that in order to do this that the trustees would be "commencing a new phase" in the history of the University.

James P. Murphy, whose presence suddenly made the large room where reporters from the City College Campus, and Queens College's Phoenix and Newsbeat gathered to hear his remarks seem small, is the keystone of the newly created University governing board. The Trustees replaced the Board of Higher Education under the University re-organization, in which the state assumed the operating costs of the senior colleges.

Throughout the conference on October 7th, Murphy tried to give some ideas as to what he thought the University's response to its fragile stability should be, and how the other sixteen trustees would fit in.

Mindful that "the Chancellor and the Presidents run the University," Murphy noted that "the student is a real partner in this governance thing. I think the student community is ably represented, not only on the Board."

Praising his sixteen co-trustees, Murphy described them as "the ideal Board," and that it was comprised of "well-connected people, and I use that in the best sense of the word."

"I think that we got the right folks in the chairs," said the 49-year-old executive vice-president of the New York State Bankers Association for the past four years, and longtime Flushing resident.

What does he see as the primary job of the Trustees? "We hire the managers," he replied, noting that to do this, they had "to make sure the best management is in place, and that management is accountable."

A tough job by anyone's standards—"there's a lot of time involved"—Murphy gave some clues as to why he took up the salary-less post: "I would say it's a labour of love—there's a lot of personal satisfaction and ego satisfaction." Murphy speaks with experience here: He served as a member of the Board of Higher Education from 1974 to 1976.

Although he felt out of touch

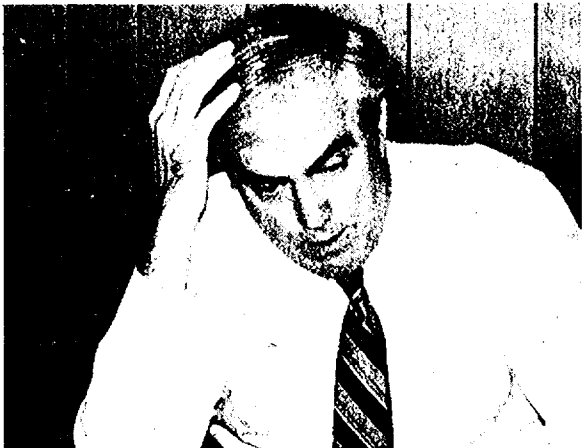
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Lenny Shine



Chancellor Kibbee



Jim Murphy

# Street vendors meet DSS to determine future

By Pamela Stimler

Last Friday, college street vendors met with Student Center leaders to determine their future on campus.

Mike Edwards, President of the Day Student Center, organized the meeting for the purpose of securing the presence of the vendors on campus and proposing a permanent space for them.

The City College street vendors consist of a number of trucks and booths along Convent Avenue between 135 Street and 140 Street. These vendors sell all kinds of food and drinks varying from Falafels to Shish-ke-bobs to ice cream.

During the meeting, Mike Edwards stated that the vendors serve "high quality food" and provide "important interaction between the college and the community."

The major problems discussed at the meeting were blockage of the sidewalk by the crowds

which gather around the vending trucks, the importance of getting a permanent space on campus to avoid parking tickets from the police department, and an apparent involvement of the cafeteria in the fight against the street vendors.

The vendors generally felt that the problems were minor. In specific, they felt blockage could be solved by spreading out more and rearranging their trucks.

The meeting was basically held to alert the vendors about possible future problems from the administration and the cafeteria.

Morton Kaplon, Vice President for Administrative Affairs explained that the administration has not yet had a formal discussion on this matter.

However, he personally feels that vendors "make the place look like a disgrace". Kaplon claims that vendors hurt the image of the college because they use the facilities of the campus and then "leave a mess for City College employees to clean up after".

Also, according to Kaplon, the cafeteria has not contacted the administration about the street vendors.

The Policy Advisory Council (PAC) is scheduled to meet on November 18 about this problem and students will be updated on

this issue.

No action is planned by the administration at the present time against the street vendors.



Edwards Meets With Vendors

## Potties on Parade

By Brandon Judell and Dawn Farmer

"To pee or not to pee" is the reason for this survey of the bathrooms on campus. After meeting many freshmen who were holding it in for six to eight hours, we decided to get to the bowels of this problem. The following are suggestions of where to go when last night's broccoli screams out, "I had enough of this large intestine."

—Pot Luck—

The Men's Rooms

FINLEY Second Floor

Adele Davis claimed that one is what one eats. Thus the cause of the misspelled graffiti on these walls must be the tuna fish sold in the nearby cafeteria. "Inferno was here. And Jaws." is a good example of the wall markings.

Also the penmanship is atrocious and the racism here is so dumb as not to anger. As for the aroma, this place smells like a bin of soiled Pampers. But do not forsake this temple of excretions just because it has a few flaws. This toilet has historical significance—the floors were last cleaned during the Woodrow Wilson presidency.

WAGNER Basement

This is a pure example of *Midnight Express* chic. No mirrors. No doors on the stalls. Having the runs here is like playing Ophelia in Shea Stadium. The mood just isn't right. However, I must admit the urinals are cute. They look like Snow White's seven dwarves turned into porcelain with flushers for hats. Also the graffiti is a bit avant garde. One wall boasts the Gay National

Anthem and one ceiling duct has been labeled "hash pipe."

SHEPARD Second Floor

It had to be expected that in the building where you can learn about Greek and Latin roots, the scribbles would reflect a more highbrow nature. For example you can learn the definition of Zionism, make a date for oral sex, or get the foul order to "Suck my duck."

P.S. The soap squirters work.

COHEN LIBRARY Circulation Room

This place is heaven. The stalls are better deals than some of the studio apartments advertised in the Times. There are doors which lock, and shelves that are huge enough to hold a briefcase, an apple, a small Panasonic television, a tasteful plant, and a can of

Crisco. There are also hooks useful for hanging flannel housecoats, Calvin Klein jackets, or a photo of Mom. And forget books. By rotating stalls I have found out about Mayor Koch's sex life, how to say "I hate you" in twenty-three languages, and the genital measurements of the Football team of 1978 (they were above average according to Kinsey). There are other bonuses, too: mirrors, handdryers that shoot out soothing torrents of heat, a clean floor, clean sinks, and toilet paper. This is God's gift to the small kidneeyed.

Potties on Parade

The women at the college have a problem and it isn't sexist professors or toxic tampons. It's a sad fact that of the 60-odd bathrooms on campus only 10 deserve the dubious distinction "ladies' room."

It doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes to figure out where these havens are. All you have to do is remember that the newer the building, the better the bathrooms. What I can't figure out is if they can put a man on the moon, why can't they put soap in Shepard Hall's bathrooms? The only one that has any is on the third floor and my elevator pass ran out two years ago.

Of course, I could always walk two blocks over to the Marshak Tower and use the first floor bathroom. It's the only public restroom I've ever visited outside of a bar where you have to take a number to do your number. It's deceiving, too. You get in a stall and it's got toilet paper and the door works but there's nowhere to put your books. Oh, there's that little hook for your coat but what do you do with your books?

# CAMPUS CALENDAR

Thursday, November 13

Resume Workshop I

For Education Majors. Discuss professional preparation of your resume letters of inquiry, and follow-up letters. Sponsored by the Educational Placement Office-School of Education from 12 to 2 in Klapper 210.

China Slides

Four of the College's Art Department faculty members who participated in an art and archaeological tour of China this summer will share their reactions and impressions at a slide-lecture presentation at 12 noon in the Eisner Hall Gallery.

Pop Muzik

With the City College Studio Orchestra in Aaron Davis Hall, Theater A. Dick Lieb will conduct.

Be Healthy

Dr. Carlton Fredericks, nutrition expert and author of *Eat Well, Get Well, Stay Well*

will talk at 12:30 in J529. The event is sponsored by the Caduceus Society. For more info call Eileen Watcher at 690-8492.

Free Movie

"The Final Chapter" will be shown at Hillel House, 475 West 140 Street, from 12 to 2.

Free Art Exhibit

Art work by the residents of the Florence Nightingale Nursing Home-Building #2 will be shown in the Eisner Hall Gallery through November 18. The show is a cooperative effort between the College's Art Department and the nursing home.

Free Disco

WCCR hosts "Salute to CCNY Sports" in Finley's Bittenweiser Lounge from 12 to 2.

Free Seminar

A Veteran's Day Seminar, sponsored by

the Veteran's Association, will be held in the Finley Ballroom from 11 to 5.

Friday, November 14

More Free Art

The Haitian Students Association is sponsoring an art exhibit in the Finley's Lewisohn Lounge. The show begins at 12 p.m.

Monday, November 17

Get Out Your Black Tie

The 89th Annual Audience Development Committee, Inc. Awards will be presented in the Main Theater of the Aaron Davis Hall at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are \$15, \$20 and \$50. For more info call the box office at 690-4100.

Wednesday, November 19

Free Noon Poetry

Jayne Cortez, author of *Mouth on Paper* and *Festivals and Funerals*, will read her poetry in Finley 330. The reading is open to all students and staff with a valid ID card.

Those interested in reading their work should contact Professor Barry Wallenstein (English).

Announcement

The Day Student Senate is publishing a bi-monthly newsletter called "The Sentinel". All are invited to participate by sending selected articles, schedules, and programs of interest to the students of the College. Please send all material by Tuesday afternoon of each week to: "The Sentinel" c/o Anthony Antoine Day Student Senate Finley 331

Compiled by Dawn Farmer

The *Campus* will feature the Campus Calendar as a weekly service to the College and the surrounding community. If you have something happening, we hope you will let us know. Deadlines are every Thursday afternoon at 2 p.m.

# Steward claims harassment

By Terence Samuel

There sits in Shepard 103 a very bitter woman, all her bitterness directed toward some senior officials of the college administration.

Carol Lang is the departmental secretary of the Romance Languages department, she is also the shop steward of the union that represents all departmental secretaries and other clerical workers at the college, D.C. Local 384. She is also a communist.

Lang is convinced that her union position, what it requires of her, and her political convictions are the reasons that she was subjected to what she thinks was an attempt to harass her into leaving her job at the college.

According to Lang, when money started disappearing from the Bursar's office during the spring of '79 where she then worked as a window cashier, her superiors at the Bursar's office and other college officials acted in such a way as to harass, scare and embarrass her. During the period from January 5th to 10th there was a disappearance of monies from the Bursar's office. Campus Security and other investigation agencies conducted an investigation into the matter. The police were also notified. According to Al Sutter, Asst. Business Manager of the Bursar's office, thirteen thousand dollars were lost over this period. Sutter who said he

was in no position to talk about particular individuals that took part in the investigation that was conducted at that time. He also said that no one was accused of the crime and no explanation has been found for the mysterious disappearance of funds.

However, there was an investigation conducted by the Board of Higher Education into this matter; and Lang was requested to appear to answer "questions raised about the performance of her duties at City College."

Lang was requested to bring along her bank books and was told that she had the option to have an attorney present.

Lang refused to release her bank books claiming that the information contained within was personal and no one had the right to demand access to it.

Lang claimed that she was questioned intensively about the robbery. She said that she repeatedly and insistently told Lester Freundlich, the Board's legal officer, who conducted the investigation, that she knew nothing about the vanished money. Freundlich, according to Lang, at one point told her the investigation could be "rough" for her if she refused to cooperate. Attempts to reach Freundlich for comment failed.

Friends and relatives who

accompanied Lang to the investigation were debarred from witnessing the proceedings.

Lang was allowed to leave after it was realized that nothing would come of the efforts.

This was the last she heard of the matter from anyone. She said she telephoned security on numerous occasions to inquire about the matter, and was always told that it was still under investigation. She was the only person asked to appear.

Shortly thereafter Lang was transferred out of the Bursar's office into Romance Languages.

When asked why she chose now to talk about this matter, she responded that she recently found out that someone who worked at the Bursar's was arrested for the crime, and she felt that if the "questions that were asked about her performance" were answered she should have been contacted.

Sutter, however, denies that anyone was apprehended in the matter. No independent confirmations are available.

Lang's husband Arthur said that the incident caused his wife, who was pregnant at the time "tremendous emotional stress."

Carol Lang continues in her role as departmental secretary and shop steward because "There are lots and lots of grievances around here and I absolutely refuse to let them win."



THE CAMPUS/Henry Morales  
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## Marshak Tower houses Aquarium

By Robert Malave

Where can you find crocodiles, snapping turtles, an electric eel and a tarantula on campus? Hint: They're not in the lunch special at the cafeteria. Answer: City University's own aquarium, located in the Marshak Tower at 138th Street Convent Avenue, which will convert anyone into a reptile-lover.

Joseph Fevoli, a city lab technician for 15 years, runs the program which he built from scratch. One of his aims was to give people a better understanding of Biology and nature. "Most people associate the Biology Department with preserved or dead animals. I wanted to set up a place where students could see live animals in natural surroundings."

The animals range from the commonplace, like snakes and turtles, to the exotic, a South American Caiman—a cousin to the Crocodile—a stingray and a pirhana donated by a graduate student. Student aides were instrumental in gathering plants and animals on jaunts to Long Island, New Jersey and upstate New York. A more unusual method

came when Fevoli traded surplus mice and rats from the Biology Department's breeding colony with a petshop in Greenwich Village.

The aquarium, aside from being an attraction for the college community, has become a source of enrichment and received visits from local school groups. Serving as a unique kind of informal classroom for the children, the aquarium dispels many of their myths about animals.

Building the aquarium was a "labor of love" according to Fevoli who built the fish tanks, installed panels and painted backdrops for the exhibit. He even dished out \$300 of his own money since work began in 1978.

The aquarium also uses work-study students who've found the work invigorating. "I love feeding the animals and keeping the place clean," said Yolanda Crespo. Another student learned that sea animals don't sting.

The aquarium is open to community, faculty and the College's students.

## College crime news update

By Frank McKenna

At least five students and three professors have been robbed around City University during the semester while neighborhood police admit the school is located in one of the city's highest crime districts.

Although the college employs 56 security personnel, Detective Frank Delaney of the 26th precinct said more cooperation is needed between City and community groups to make the area safer from neighborhood criminals who he believes are responsible for most of the school's crimes. He admitted the school has taken "big steps" by starting the shuttle bus service and making general security improvements.

"The beginning of each term is prime-time for con games and robberies," Delaney said.

The Public Relations Department reports that in three additional school robberies the victims, for reasons unknown, have failed to report the incidents to the security office.

Only one suspect has been arrested from all the crimes reported. Here are this semester's crimes: September 17: Three males, one armed with a gun, reportedly jumped over the counter at 152 Finley and held up college employees at 8:40 P.M. The workers were stripped of a watch valued at \$200, a gold chain, credit cards and \$30 cash. The suspects are reported between the ages of 15-18.

September 26: Professor George McKenna (Political Sci-

ence) was robbed at gunpoint on St. Nicholas Terrace and 132nd Street. The assailant, who minutes earlier had asked McKenna for the time, took the professor's gold watch and wedding ring. McKenna, at City since 1962, said this was the first time he's been robbed.

September 22: The Biology Department reported that a carousel slide projector and fifty slides worth \$400 were stolen from a lab room in the Science Building. There was no sign of forced entry, officials said.

October 16: A faculty member had his wristwatch and attache case stolen on 142nd Street between Convent and Amster-

dam Avenues.

October 20: A female student had her pocketbook snatched on 139th Street between Broadway and Amsterdam.

October 23: An unidentified individual was robbed of a briefcase and wallet by two males on 137th Street and St. Nicholas Park.

October 27: A male acting in a disorderly manner was approached by security personnel near the Great Hall in Shepard. The individual, later identified as a student, then threw a can of soda in the face of a security guard. He was given a summons in lieu of arrest for harassment.

Shepard

gets

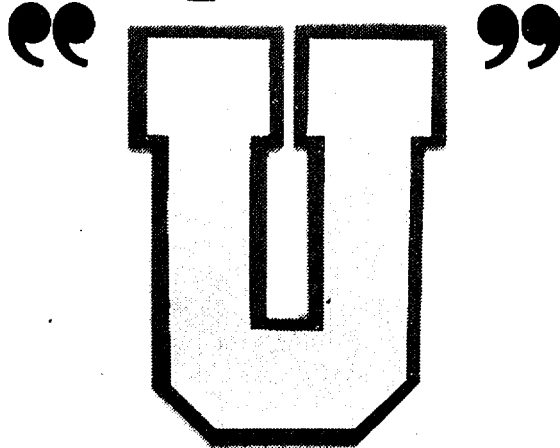
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THE CAMPUS/Mike Coban

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## Murphy interviewed

*continued from page 1*

with the specifics of the University's problems, Murphy identified three areas he hoped to see emphasized: Continued freedom of access to the University; that its quality and standards are maintained; and that as a public institution that it realizes its potential as a public servant.

Murphy explained that he would emphasize quality "so that the degrees students get are meaningful in the marketplace." In its role as a public servant, he said, "the University has a role to play in strengthening the economic base of the city." On access, he pledged to "make sure that continues to be meaningful." Still, cautioned Murphy: "To be perfectly candid, I don't have a wish list at this point."

Yet Murphy seemed to have suggestions and proposals that he hoped to implement. The University's research capacity, he said, "must be put to work in a very aggressive way" as part of "a convergence of interests" between the University and the private sector. "We've got to reach out to the private sector. The University has to establish more meaningful relationships between the private sector and the public sector as well as the community."

Murphy also described a new kind of independence that he saw the individual colleges as having under the Trustee's leadership. "I think that one of the Board's objectives is to have a competition of excellence between the colleges,"

said Murphy. "We have to give maximum latitude to the colleges to do their own thing."

Saying that the University is still committed to the city, he described its re-organization as "representing a commitment on the part of the state and city to provide universal access."

"It's that commitment that has to be kept on the minds of the Board as it moves ahead."

Attempting to belie fears that another tuition increase was in the making, Murphy admitted that while the "city is making indications in that direction," he pledged that "the Board will do everything in its power to hold the line on tuition."

Here Murphy felt it was appropriate to remind us of his own limitation: "I can't say as an individual what the board will or won't do."

This also led to a reminder of the University's limitations: "We've only been at the business of providing a pluralistic sort of education for 10 or 12 years," observed Murphy, "and that's a short amount of time for a revolutionary form of education."

The head of the Trustees gave a few of the reasons why, upon his appointment to the chair, he removed himself from the College's presidential search committee: "I felt the chair should not be co-opting or appear to be co-opting the Board's deliberations." Murphy explained that this was important because the bottom line on a presidential appointment is with the Board. He also reported that Trustee Paul Baard had been chosen to take his place. Geographic stability—both are Queens residents—was a factor in the choice, he said. "I didn't remove myself so I could be a nudge. I want to see them do the job."

"I'm not scared by demographics. We're holding our own," boasted Murphy, while admitting that retention and enrollment were issues that had to be faced. "I have no mind set to the moment as how these things will be resolved," although Murphy expressed a great deal of confidence in the Chancellor's ten year projection of the state of the University as a starting point for any kind of planning. Yet he was quick to add, in light of the growing competition for a shrinking number of students: "We can't rest on our laurels, whether they be historic or current."

## City funds

*continued from page 1*

practice "playing politics with public money" and calls for the legislature to stop such practices in the future.

Controller Goldin's office referring to a 1979 audit that called the University's use of such funds questionable and improperly monitored, added that in some cases receipts from actual activities were not produced. CUNY spokesman, Robin Elliott claimed that a 1978 memoir from Chancellor Kibbee forbade such use of the student activity fee but acknowledged there were no official guidelines and that actual practices used awaited future elaboration.

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Fiction

The Rat

By Nashid Al-Amin

The huge rat slinked along the back alley. There was no moon this night, and no human eyes could have seen it. It moved with a sinuous grace, hugging each wall it passed.

Alley cats watched it warily as it moved along past rain-soaked debris. They dared not attack it; it was twice their size and twice as heavy. Months ago, when it had been smaller, they had tried—just once.

Driven by extreme hunger, several cats had cornered it. The rat had tried to avoid the confrontation but was nevertheless driven into a corner. The three cats paced, keeping out of range, looking for an opening. The largest cat, a fawn-colored male tom, got very close and slashed at the rat when it feinted a dash. The cat's claws drew blood on top of the rat's head. The rat bared its teeth and emitted a fearsome hiss, its black, marble-like eyes hotly glaring at the cat which had struck the blow. The hiss had been so malevolent and uncommonly loud that the other two cats backed up a step or two, sensing that this was no ordinary rat. The tom also backed up a step but was more determined than his cronies. The rat glared: its hiss now became a low, gurgling growl. The cat took a step closer, facing the rat alone. He sought an angle of attack. A sudden bang, a bag of trash hitting the ground some distance away, caused the cat to shift his attention slightly. The rat bit into his neck. The move was so swift, the bite so clean, that all the cat could do was try to shake loose. He screamed and jerked, tumbling onto his side, the rat's sharp teeth still locked onto his neck. The cat shrieked. It was heard throughout the alley. It was a death shriek.

The cat's hind legs frantically worked, trying to claw the rat's belly. They crashed into an empty garbage can knocking it against the brick wall of a building. A gruff, metallic groan momentarily filled the alley. The tom's two cronies now made a full retreat, walking away, glancing back at every new battle sound.

Blood was now pouring from the cat's neck. It trickled into the rat's throat and the rat gulped it down, never slackening its grip on the cat. The cat ceased to resist and merely stood on its four legs awaiting its fate. The rat suddenly twisted its powerful neck, flinging the cat to the ground. The cat lay on its back, its feet weakly clawing the air. The rat did not release its grip until the cat ceased to move completely. Then it began to devour the meat of the cat's neck. And after gorging itself on one shoulder and part of the chest, it lumbered away to lick itself clean of the blood.

Winter was upon the city. Crisp cold chilled the walls and corners of every alley. Cats congregated in small groups, their proximity to each other keeping them a little warmer. Stray dogs foraged until late at night for any food that would prolong their bleak life for another day. Occasionally a small pack, usually two or three males and one or two females, found an unoccupied corner in an alley and slept, coldly, fitfully.

The rat had not had a meal for two days. It lived in a mountainous brick lot strewn with wire and pieces of wood, and there was not much food in this haven.

It stayed pretty much out of sight during the day. At night it too foraged, subsisting on mice, inexperienced kittens and other rats which were much smaller than itself. But the game had started to disappear, leaving the huge rat more and more unsatisfied in its quest for food. It had lately ventured across the street to the big alley which promised so much. And on this night, once again, it crossed the small street to seek nourishment in the alley.

Few familiarly edible scents filtered through its nose. Two haggard dogs followed enthusiastically behind a dirty grey mongrel who held an eaten turkey skeleton in its jaws. A cat crouched, tearing scant pieces of dried meat from a spare rib. When the rat passed within a few yards the cat stopped, regarding it suspiciously. When the rat moved on, seemingly unconcerned with the cat, it continued feeding demurely, thankful that the huge rat had not challenged it.

Music and voices filtered down from windows high above. The rat avoided the faint, yellow areas of light that lit the concrete alley floor in dreamy light. It heard scraping sounds further on and turned toward their source. In a corner, to the side of a hall-like alley entrance, lit by a single, naked bulb, it saw two human figures copulating up against the wall. It heard their breathing and short, rhythmic

grunts of contained pleasure. The rat's hind foot kicked a small piece of broken glass. The sudden raspy sound startled the black figures in the corner and it saw them tense and look toward him. It knew they could not see him and so it continued on its course.

Then it picked up a whiff of a sweet, pungent scent. A charge raced to its oversized brain. Gastric juices immediately issued within its stomach, increasing the hunger that was already there. This transmitted a grim determination to its brain.

It was near the source. It traced it to a first floor window ten feet above the cold, black alley floor. The window was dark. The rat rose up on its haunches, forelegs in the air. Its black eyes sighted the window while its upturned nose sniffed the air. Its sensitive ears picked up a



gurgled cooing; an infant human, it thought, and it began to salivate as large doses of the sweet odor bombarded its olfactory nerves. It moved closer to the wall, crouched, tensed and leaped at the window. Its strong feet gripped the gray brick just below the window, held, and then slipped. The rat fell back to the ground. The odor was now overpowering to the huge, hungry rat. It brought an old craving to it that caused it to dimly recall images of a warm cushion of fur and flesh. It could almost feel a nipple in its mouth and taste warm, nutritious liquid passing through its throat.

Its forepaws stretched as high as it could stretch them, fingerlike paws gripping the crevices of brick and cement. And slowly, inch by inch, it began scaling the ten feet of wall beneath the window.

The television screen gave off the only light in the apartment. The man's feet rested on the round hassock while his head lay atop the sofa back. His eyes slowly closed and opened as he drifted in and out of sleep, not comprehending the muffled sounds emanating from the television. One basic thought predominated; soon his wife would call and he would put on his coat, hop into his car and pick her up at the subway station.

She would be returning from her four to midnight job. It only took five minutes to walk from the station to their apartment house but it was cold at night and the neighborhood was not the nicest. She wasn't, he felt, back to full strength either, having just had the baby four months ago. He hoped she would be transferred to days so that they could live a more normal life. Well, what was normal? These days, she left the baby with her girlfriend upstairs before she went to work; he picked it up when he returned from work. This cost \$20 a week.

Sex? What was that? If she got on days, at least they could share evenings together. Then they would have to pay the baby-sitter . . . what? \$50, \$60 a week. What was normal?

The low ring of the Trimline phone awakened him from his misty sleep. He reached for the phone atop the end-table and picked up the receiver.

"Hi," he said, sleep in his voice.

"Hi. Everything all right?"

"Yeah, baby. It's just so damn hot in here I had to open some windows up . . ."

"How's my little girl doing?" she asked sweetly.

"Fine. I just gave her a bottle ten minutes ago. She should be sleeping. I'll be right there . . ."

He hung up and found his shoes next to the hassock. He had just put them on when he heard a scream from the bedroom. The baby's scream was panic-stricken. He quickly rose and hurried to the bedroom. He pushed wide the half-closed door and flicked the switch on the wall just to his left. The ceiling light illuminated the room. He looked to the crib further left and saw the most awesome sight he had ever seen in his life. A huge, brown rat slowly rose to its haunches, black, sinister marble eyes riveted on him. His baby girl lay screaming beneath the rat, writhing in alien pain. The man's lower peripheral vision glimpsed a fleshy wound on her cheek from which blood flowed. But he dared not take his eyes from the huge rat.

The man froze, his back against the opened door. Fully on its haunches, the rat stood over two feet. Four inch whiskers jutted from either side of its nose. Its gums were pulled back in a hideous grimace, revealing yellow, razor teeth flecked with traces of red. A gurgled snarl rose in its throat and the man felt a cold shock course through his body which chilled and hardened his testicles. He had just realized that sweat had broken out on his body when he saw a blur. His arms shot instinctively to cover his face. Pain bit into his right wrist sending currents to his chest.

"Oww! GODDAMMIT . . ." he screamed. He tried to push the rat off with his free hand but the rat held. His face flashed hot and his brain raced to find a way to dislodge the rat. He reeled to his right, got his balance and flung his arm toward the wall above the head-board of the bed. The rat's back slammed against the wall but it did not let go. The man flung again and again and his wrist was free.

The rat fell down to the bed, landing on its back atop a pillow. The man backed up and was startled when he backed against the corner of the crib. He backed up further until his foot hit against the dresser.

The rat regained its feet and was walking atop the bed toward the man. The man's left hand groped on top of the dresser for something, anything to throw . . . a hairbrush. With a scream he flung it at the rat. It missed and the rat dived at him, its teeth biting into the man's flesh above his breast. He screamed, gripped the rat by its sides and wrenched it from him. The rat crashed to the floor with a mouthful of the man's flesh between its teeth. It righted itself, growled and leaped at the man again. Its teeth bit into the meaty flesh of the man's inner thigh, just below his groin. As the man hysterically punched down at the rat, the rat simultaneously felt the heat and smelled the odor of the man's nearby groin. With its legs wrapped around the man's leg, it loosened its grip and stabbed at the man's groin. Razor teeth bit through the man's pants catching part of a testicle. Sudden heat engulfed the man and he screamed. Mindlessly his hand gripped the rat's forepaws where they extended from its shoulders and he wrenched it free. In a blind rage he lifted the squirming rat above his head and slammed it to the floor. The dazed rat regained its feet unsteadily and faced the man again. With his left hand on the dresser to brace himself, the man's right foot shot out, kicking the rat with a powerful blow that slammed it into the wall on the other side of the room.

He had to act now. The man reached into the crib just behind him grabbing up his screaming daughter, hugging her close against the cold drafts of the hallway . . .

The rat stole through the alley keeping to the shadows. Its huge form was invisible to all eyes except the familiar denizens. It instinctively looked toward the corner where the lovers had copulated earlier. It was black and empty. The temperature had dropped and the night was quiet now.

Its body ached in several places and its tongue still savoured traces of blood. Human blood.

It would eat no food tonight. It would return to its desolate haven to nurse its wounds through most of the next day and wait for the the night to fall again . . .

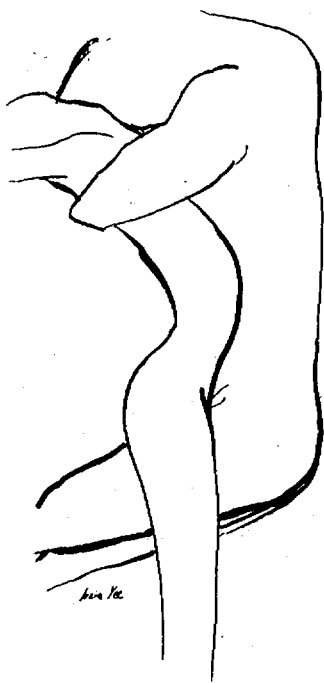


Poetry

Praying For Salvation

Sometimes she prays for salvation  
 To a God that she has never believed  
 in before  
 In a make-belive pew  
 under beads and bells above the arch  
 of her bedroom doorway  
 And the aura of purple-smelling incense  
 And rose-hip tea leaves,  
 massaging oil on her breasts.  
 Her fingers pause on her nipples  
 She searches for a truth that she cannot  
 find in her other life  
 (the one that God would not  
 approve of, the one whose evil thoughts kiss her lips)  
 Her thought container lies dormant  
 But her eyes twitch, beseeching God for  
 a revelation that she know will never come  
 Her black silk dress lays sprawled  
 across her bed and  
 she pours her head into the uncollared  
 neckline  
 She dabs musk behind her jewelled  
 ears and inside her elbows  
 She wears no rings,  
 Only an Indian necklace parades  
 around her harrow neck  
 Dollar bills are tucked into a silver  
 clutch purse.  
 She marches into condescending night,  
 Into a den of casual drinks conversation  
 and juke-box disco  
 Daquiries float on her tongue  
 and trip her speech  
 as some handsome stranger sits  
 in the empty seat beside her.  
 Another stranger takes her home.  
 She struggles with the half-empty bed in the  
 morning and the many daquiries  
 drunk the night before.  
 She deades she may go to church this  
 morning to confess  
 again  
 But to a different God,  
 without incense  
 without tea-leaves and oil  
 to pray for her salvation

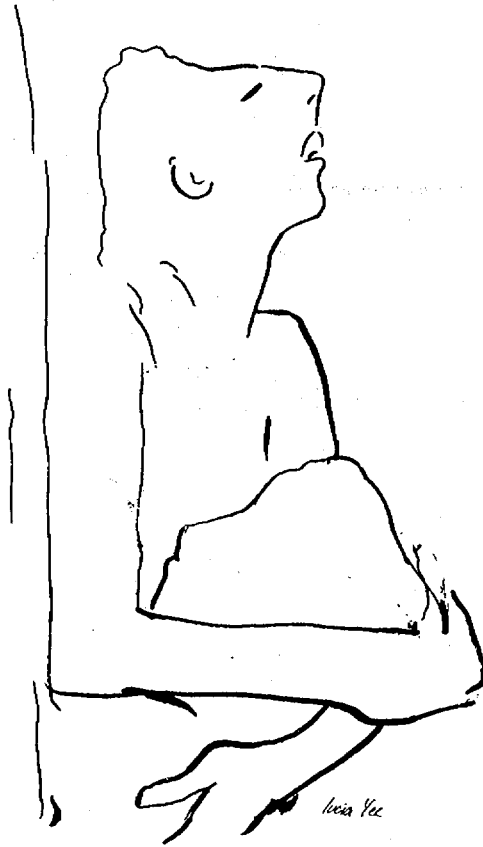
—Susan Cohen



Time Out

Thirty minutes remains then it's back to the cage  
 Thirty minutes to drink and to smoke  
 Thirty minutes to talk about every nonconsequential  
 thought  
 that comes into mind  
 Thirty minutes to prance and to glide across the floor  
 Thirty minutes to pray and to stall for some more  
 Sitting, sipping some sin from satan's soul  
 Waiting, wishing, wanting, warmth within  
 Greatly giving and getting a gift of grace  
 Time has passed much too swiftly  
 Diligence has made the flight able to bare  
 With a masked face that is stern though seems willing  
 Movements tell stories through jingles unknown  
 Pleasure is borrowed at another's expense  
 Fantasy plays a part which is greater than her self respect  
 Emotions are controlled by a twist and a jerk  
 No time, for self pity, no room for dessert  
 The curtain has risen so the star takes a bow  
 Passion had filled the foom with deep rage  
 Desire is truppied in illusion back in the cage  
 Thirty minutes to prance and to dance on the floor  
 Thirty minutes to smile and to stall for some more.

—A. Vegas



Tea For Three

dusky mistress lit in blue  
 Remedios, still and silent.  
 eyes black pitch, coals a—fire,  
 a flame that popped, whitened and grew.

figure forlorn, umber square  
 lonely, little, yet not alone.  
 light flickers, sears and pains.  
 on her back, a restless mare.

Meme with light dusty wings.  
 child of two in man's soil,  
 gently laughs with flames that roar,  
 who never loved, but always sings.

—Richard Lichenstein

EPITAPH:  
 Words Of A  
 Creator To  
 His Creation

My poor friend,  
 My poor metal friend.  
 How your hinged jaw dropped  
 And your glass eyes glowed  
 On the day you died.

Autumn:  
 Crisp days of orange and brown,  
 Harvest time and apple cider,  
 Hills of leaves and Indian corn,  
 Afternoon fires in country yards,  
 Pumpkins and scarecrows,  
 And air chilled with the first echos  
 Of Jack Frost's distant laughter  
 As he soars down the sky from the north.  
 Season of change,  
 of bare trees,  
 and goldenrod,  
 And your death.

It's strange to imagine  
 This house without you,  
 We've been comrades  
 For so very long.  
 I'm old now,  
 And pictures of my childhood  
 Yellow with your passing:  
 Magic tricks and chemistry,  
 Basement tinker, garage inventor.  
 Mr. Wizard and dreams of glory.  
 All these memories  
 are gone with you.

I'll make a place,  
 The best I can,  
 To lay you down.  
 A humble, backyard crypt  
 Midst the yellow grass  
 And blowing leaves.  
 And I'll mark your grave  
 With a tire—iron  
 (The crucifix of metal man)  
 And read to you  
 From books of science.

Why should God send the lightning,  
 His spindly blue—white hand,  
 To call for you?  
 He knew you could not answer.  
 You had no soul for Him  
 To add to His collection.  
 Now in your autumn bed,  
 You'll sleep the sleep of broken toys  
 And empty homes with attic window eyes.  
 And when I return to our old house  
 I'll hang a funeral wreath for you  
 Upon the cellar door.  
 And I'll never go back down there anymore.  
 I'll do all these things for you, I promise.  
 But for now,  
 I can only kneel here  
 Under October skies,  
 And hold your metal hand in mine.

—Patrick Fusco

## Short Stories

# The Break

By Arlene McKanic

The doorbell rang. Maun Charlotte set the plant mister on the plant stand, wiped her hands on her apron and went to the door. It was her daughter, Maun Fiona.

The older woman stepped back from the door and clenched her teeth.

"Hello," her daughter said with a smile. "I just came to get the rest of my stuff."

"Uh-huh," Maun Charlotte murmured. The girl walked in. Her mother shut the door behind them and followed her down the hall to her old bedroom. The room was all pink and white—pink painted walls, a pink quilted spread on the bed, picture windows ruffled in pink nylon. The bookshelves and desk were French provincial and girlish, and empty except for old dolls whose hair was caked with dust.

Maun Fiona opened her closet and pulled out a suitcase, also pink and stuck with airline tags. She tossed it on the bed and zipped it open. There was a little mirror above the pouch where Maun Charlotte, shouldered against the doorjamb, could see herself.

She twisted the gold chain around her neck. "How you gettin' along?"

"Okay."

"Do you eat?"

Maun Fiona moved to her closet. It was almost empty. "Of course I eat."

"I mean, you don't eat just junk do you?"

"No."

"What did you have for dinner last night?"

Maun Fiona pulled out six blouses and carried them to the bed and slipped them off their pink hangers. "I forgot." "It couldna been nutritious if you forgot."

"I always forget what I have for dinner . . . No, I remember! . . . I had spinach and beet tips, and a cornish hen and rice and cornish hen gravy." And she looked over her shoulder and smiled at her mother bitterly.

Maun Charlotte ignored it. "Umm . . . you could give me your address. You do have an address," Maun Charlotte pressed.

"Later."

"Why?"

"Because." Maun Fiona folded her shirts carelessly

and flung them in the suitcase.

"I mean you can't hate me *that* much."

"I don't hate you."

"You must hate me pretty bad to . . . to leave home an' not even tell me where you stayin'. How'm I s'pose . . . how do I know you're even livin' in someplace decent?"

"It's decent," Maun Fiona said, going back to her closet.

"You ain't shackin' up with no boy are you?"

"Of course not." The girl pulled four skirts from her closet.

"Umm . . . what's the rent?"

"A hundred bucks a month."

"It can't be decent. I bet it's one a them places that don't even have a toilet."

"It's decent," Maun Fiona said, pulling twisted hangers from her skirts.

Her mother stood silent for a while and watched her. Then, "Well, you know, if you ever wanna come back . . ."

"I'm never comin' back here."

Maun Charlotte's mouth fell open as if she'd been bitten. She stammered, "Well, I mean . . . you don't know nothin' about livin' on your own. You got t'pay bills for gas an' electric an' . . . what else? You got t'know how t'buy food . . . you don't know how t' do none a that."

"I been doin' pretty well for two months."

"If you came back here you wouldn't have t' worry about all that. Me an' your father would take care a that." She paused for a response that didn't come. "If you come back you know . . . I know I have intimidated you in the past but . . . I wouldn't do it no more. I mean you got t' live your own life."

Maun Fiona folded her skirts against her belly and tossed them, one at a time over the sloppy shirts in her pink suitcase.

"If you come back, you know, you wouldn't have no responsibilities," Maun Charlotte said, twisting and twisting her necklace around her knuckles. "You could do whatever you wanted. You eighteen years old an' it's time for

*continued on page 8*

## Nursery Rhymes

*If you had some gum I'd stick it on your thumb, or your nose or your chair, but you wouldn't care, so I'd stick it in your hair, all gooey and gluey it would cling forever there like a permanent braid in your long flowing hair.*

*If you had a coloring book how would it look if I broke all your crayons and dipped them in gook and you filled the pages with dripping wet ook that ruined all the pictures in your dear coloring book.*

*If you had a doll I'd steal her from you but that wouldn't do so I'd stomp on her too and smash her to pieces and feed her to leeches and scatter her pretty parts from here to Timbucktu.*

*And then you'd know how I feel.*  
—Marc Lipitz



## Untitled

*Once I sat upon a stone,  
Atop the world it seemed,  
Just across from a rowboat dock,  
With all around me green.*

*I watched the muggy water tremble,  
As the wind was felt not seen.  
Some little fish swam "ensemble,"  
Among the moss so green.*

*A family of three drift by me,  
A man in a boat alone.  
Frightened squirrels at the top of a tree.  
And I sat upon a stone.*

—Terence Samuel

## The Deaf Mute

In the next car the deaf mute was handing out cards. Mina watched her through the windows of the emergency door of the subway cars. Mina had seen the deaf mute before. She appeared tiny, with a heartbreaking face of a starving mouse and always dressed in a dirty blue shirt and blue jeans. Mina despised her. She despised people who begged. They made her sick. Why couldn't they go down to Welfare or something? Didn't they have Social Security? Why did they have to degrade themselves? So far, in her miserable career as a strap-hanger, she'd been assailed by a gaunt man with his eyes gouged out, who repelled her so much she could not look at him much less give him a handout, and a man with one leg who schlepped the wrapped stump on a heavy oak peg. With him, her repulsion had been laced with a kind of perverse joy. She thought peg legs had disappeared with Captain Ahab! The next panhandler was less than an animal. Filthy, he staggered on the train with a stench of booze and putrefaction, his eyes ferocious and red, his hair in little, dirty nubs. Muttering, he thrust his can, a Coca Cola can with the top ripped off, into the blank faces of the passengers. She'd looked away angrily.

Now Mina saw the girl walk to the front of her car in her mincing, hang-dog walk. She was picking up cards and small change—quarters, nickels, dimes, pennies from the more contemptuous. As she shuffled from one side of the car to the other, her countenance grew sadder and sadder. Mina expected her at any moment to throw up her hands and scatter all the money and all the pink and blue cards with the deaf mute alphabet on them and let out a soundless shriek of despair.

Yet, the girl kept collecting, sorrowfully, soundlessly. At last she sat down in a seat by the emergency door and disappeared from Mina's view.

The train was hurtling through that blue and white, death black, blue and white wasteland between Roosevelt and Continental Avenues. Mina knew that at the next stop the deaf mute would pick herself up and plod into Mina's car. Another flush of joyous horror went through her, as subtle as lymph.

Beside her, an old man was reading one of the less classy newspapers. She read along with him, openly, not bothering to avert her eyes when he looked at her. There was a story about a starlet who'd been beaten up and raped at the colossal mansion of some producer, an item about a tennis pro who had wished aloud that a linesman who called him out be burnt to death in a crematorium. The news of the hostages was on page fourteen. They'd become boring.

Mina felt the train slowing almost subliminally. The next instant she saw through the window the platform, its dull, shell-shocked people, the huge sign that said *71st Street Continental Avenue Forest Hills*, The Dewar Highlander who marched in the centers of moony clock faces. The train raced past, as if horrified, then slowed, stopped.

Mina laced her fingers lightly, and waited. The doors "ping-ponged" and hissed apart. Passengers trudged in and out. The deaf mute entered, holding her handful of smudged and flaccid cards.

"Next stop will be Union Turnpike. Kindly step in and watch the closing doors," said the oppressively cheerful conductor over the P. A. The bells pinged again and the doors slid too. The train broke its wind and lurched forward over the hot razory rails. Meekly, the girl first approached the seats in the back. Resignedly, the man and woman took her cards in their fingers. Opposite them a man sat reading the *New York Times*. He held it out before him, as if it was a tent he was trying to build. The girl stooped and set the card gently on his knee.

One woman pretended to be asleep. Mina had seen her put her head back and shut her eyes the moment the girl had walked in. A card was put on her lap.

The deaf mute bothered two more people then came to Mina.

Mina hardened her features and refused to look at her. The deaf mute lay a blue card filled with rows of tiny, gesticulating hands like little bugs on Mina's briefcase.

Mina stared up at her. Then, with one quick, furious movement slapped the card off her briefcase to the floor.

Something went cold and dead in the car.

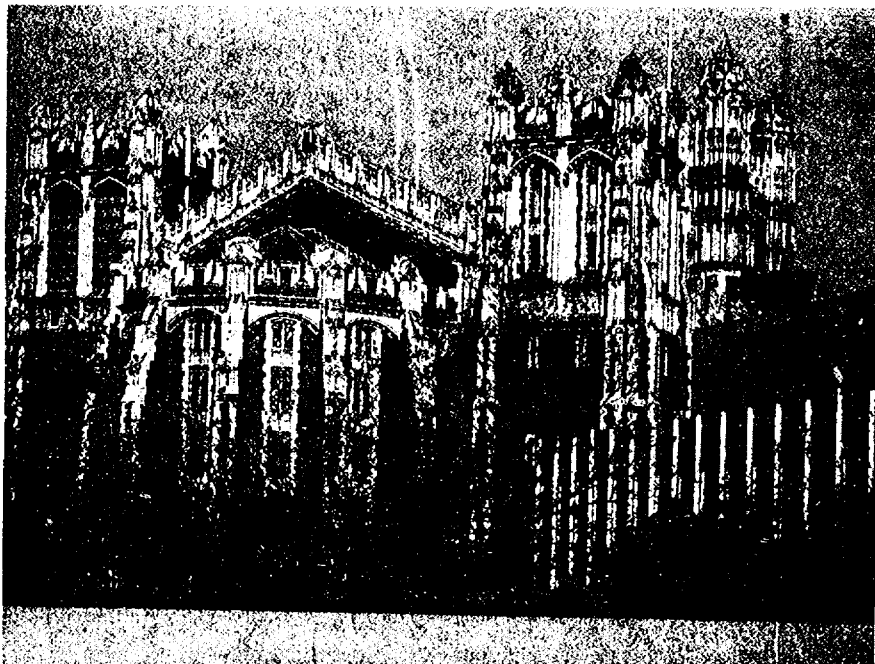
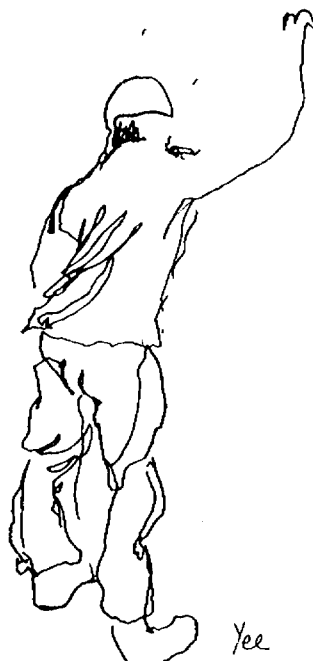
*continued on page 8*

## Idol Guilt and Gold

Christians carry their crosses  
and Jews their guilt  
one offers its hand for the other to nail  
and the survivor must drag the body to the grave.  
The universe agrees  
to be here, among the many places  
it could be; bound only by its will.  
It knows the game, supplies the clues-  
man is a sportsman, beneath it all,  
and his station is to play well.

There are many ways to break the rules  
they have made, establish new orders  
of criminal passion  
(although they would confess/agree  
to believing love is never new or old)  
and change the channel with a flick  
or stop the wheel at their number  
and pray like hell  
for their just desserts, finally accessible,  
preferably in cash  
or pieces of silver  
to build more crosses gleaming with gold.

-Leslie Pansarasa



THE CAMPUS/Robert Guddahl

## Soccer finishes season

continued from page 12

1-0 lead. The goal made the Beavers push even further for another scoring opportunity. At 13:30, Prado headed the ball to center forward Mohammed Lukumanu who blasted the head pass past a stunned Ruiz making the score 2-0. At 20:15, Kingsman left midfielder Hogarth Emanuel passed the ball from inside the Beaver penalty area to the left of right forward Alonzo Suazo. Suazo, who had sneaked into the goalie area, drilled Emanuel's feed right under the outstretched leg of Beaver goalie Jose Baez. At this point, it looked as if the Beavers were going to blow the lead and let Brooklyn College score at

will. This was not to be the case as the Beaver defensive unit of Bayard, Giordano, Rodriguez and Davis pounced on Kingsmen passes and kicked them upfield. "The win was important to us," said Tony Giordano. "We were confident going into the game and it showed in our play on the field."

A week and a half ago, the Beavers defeated Hunter College 7-0 in a game called after 30 minutes of the first half due to injuries suffered by an undermanned Hunter team. Beaver center forward Mohammed Lukumanu tied CCNY's 63-year-old record of five goals in a game by scoring five goals in nine minutes and ele-

ven seconds. "I was more than pleased with my output," said Lukumanu. "I got good passes from my teammates and took it from there. The win was rather one-sided but we'll take it as it comes." Center midfielder Harold Damas and right forward Naudin Pierre-Louis scored the other two City goals.

### Corner Kicks

Incredible number of 5 goals by Lukumanu in Hunter game was due to Hunter field alignment. With only seven players in uniform, Hunter used 3 forwards and 3 midfielders with the midfielders playing defense as well.

By doing so, they gave speedy Lukumanu numerous breakaway opportunities, cashing in on a quick five... Wonder how a breast of time refs were as official timekeepers in critical match between Brooklyn and City. First and second half seemed like more than standard 45 minutes, more like an hour each half... Brooklyn's artificially-turfed field made game look like indoor soccer match in first half as compared to second half. Fast passing upfield and downfield was accurate but quick defensive positioning to prevent passes from going any further accounted for tie score 0-0 at halftime... Game versus

Queens College looked like kind of game Beavers would lose in second half in comparison to earlier games during the season. In earlier games, defense and goalie communications broke up, leading to opposing goals and losses. In last four games, Beaver defense and goalie communicated so well they game up only one goal... Ever since Beaver tie versus C.W. Post three weeks ago, players have taken team manager Sam Farrell's pre-game minute of silence as ritual to prepare them "mentally and physically on the game at hand." Beavers won last four games to win CUNY championship.

## The Break

continued from page 7

me to... let you live your own life. Your father and me would take care-a-everything. You wouldn't have t' go t' work or school... you could just lay around the house all day if you wanna. But I really... I don't think you should be on your own so soon. There's plenty a time for that."

Maun Fiona poked her head in her closet and checked it up, down, sideways. There was nothing there, nothing she needed. She went back to the suitcase and closed it, locked it.

The necklace popped apart in Maun Charlotte's hand and she jumped. She put it in her apron pocket. Maun Fiona dragged the suitcase from the bed and walked to the door. Her mother stood in her way.

"Why don't you... can't you spend the night here? Or just stay for dinner? We can talk about things. Maybe we'll both see things different."

"No, we won't," Fiona said.

"Well, you don't have t' go right now. Why don't I make us some soup? You ain't been eatin' well... you look like you done lost pounds."

The girl twitched up a corner of her mouth. Maun Charlotte moved out of her daughter's way, spastically, like a frightened animal. She went after her down the hall. "You could at least tell me where you goin'!"

"I'm goin' home," Maun Fiona told her.

"This is your home! You ain't proved t' me that you got another!"

"You'll have to take my word," Maun Fiona said coldly. She put her bag between her calves to unlock the door.

"When'll you be back?" Maun Charlotte asked.

"I don't know."

"Soon?"

"Not soon."

Maun Fiona stooped for her suitcase, picked it up, jerked open the door. Her mother stood behind her, open-mouthed, frozen. "Don't go! Oh please...!"

Fiona walked out. The doorslam banged through the vestibule. Maun Charlotte squeezed her hands against her temples. She slid to the floor against the shut door.

## The Deaf Mute

continued from page 7

The man beside her shuffled his paper in embarrassment. The deaf mute went pale. Quickly, she bowed to pick up the card. But before the cold, thin fingers could reach it Mina shot out her foot and scraped it back under the seat.

Bracing herself against an empty seat closeby, the deaf mute stared up at Mina in fear. Mina snatched up the card from the old man's lap (again, he pretended she'd done nothing and shuffled his newspaper). She turned again to the deaf mute, who'd stood up and was backing away from her. Half reading the card, half looking at the girl, Mina raised a hand and manipulated her fingers to spell out an obscenity. Then she tossed the card to the floor.

The deaf mute turned and rushed to the front of the car. She didn't even collect the cards she'd passed out. When the train doors opened at Union Turnpike she ran out.

Mina left the train two stops later, smiling the dead smile of malign triumph.



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**Commentary**

**Radioactive waste in New York City**

by Dr. Ellen Andors and Alex Brooks

Potentially lethal nuclear waste will soon be transported through Manhattan, Queens, Harlem, the South Bronx and many other major population centers in the United States. The Federal Department of Transportation overturned the New York City health ban, prohibiting transportation of spent fuel and bomb grade waste through our city streets. It is urgent that our entire city-working class men and women, university students and faculty, and professionals immediately become aware of the facts, and to work to prevent it now.

The population density in Manhattan is over 75,000 persons per square mile. The New York City Bureau of Radiological Control openly states that even a small spill of these materials in NYC streets could cause 160,000 cancer deaths and make the entire city a wasteland for at least 194 years. Even without an accident, thousands of people living along the shipment route (such as Amsterdam Avenue, Third Avenue and the South Bronx) would be repeatedly and continually bombarded by low level radiation releases from the trucks as they go by. Repeated doses of low level radiation are cumulative in the body and dangerous to human beings. A single fuel assembly will radiate a person standing 12 feet away with gamma rays at a rate of 25 rads per second. 5 rads to the body is the total annual allowed dose for a radiation worker. Spills are common. Even the Department of Transportation said that since 1971, there have been 463 reported incidents on our highways involving radioactive material, most of which resulted in contamination.

Last June, 25,000 New Yorkers signed a petition against waste transportation. When these petitions were presented to the Dept. of Transportation in Washington, D.C., one of the representatives suggested that they might use an alternate route over the Throgs Neck Bridge, through the South Bronx and Harlem, stating "... that's not a densely populated area." Jim Haughton, director of Harlem Fightback states, "On top of all the problems that the poor in these communities suffer, it would seem that DOT is coming up with a final solution for racism in this city and the nation."

Shipments of spent fuel and other radioactive waste through NYC endangers millions of innocent children and adults. A single fuel assembly of spent reactor fuel contains many millions of lethal doses of cancer-causing and mutation-causing radioactive, deadly isotopes. Spent fuel is to be reprocessed and stored by the government in centers like Barnwell, South Carolina and West Valley, New York. Once the door is open to the transportation of this material through our city streets, it is only a matter of time before such shipments are a daily occurrence and we have an accident with enormous consequences.

Enormous amounts of waste from Brookhaven National Laboratories on Long Island must be moved immediately for lack of storage room, and when the Shoreham Nuclear facility is finished the spent fuel from that plant will also be driven through NYC streets. All of the proposed routes are through ghetto neighborhoods. However, one spill could kill every man, woman and child in a six mile radius, which in New York, makes for a classless

genocide. The government states it needs these routes to transport waste cheaply. We must not allow this to happen here in any neighborhood. The position of Harlem Fightback demands "... no transporting of radioactive materials through this city or any other city in the nation ... on behalf of the poor, Black and Hispanic folk, on behalf of all New Yorkers ...". They continue, "There is no such thing as a 'safe route' for nuclear waste transportation. The use of this concept only sets each community, town or group against each other. It makes us divisive among ourselves at the very time we need to unite over all the issues in every city in the nation."

A final awesome touch makes these facts difficult to swallow. While there is no safe storage for nuclear waste, all the waste to be taken right by our homes is headed for storage at Barnwell, South Carolina and West Valley, New York, because the Federal government has a vested interest in moving the waste. At reactor sites such as Indian Point and others, waste sits as a catastrophic danger for explosion or meltdown, and is not profitable for the government. If moved to West Valley, Barnwell, etc., the refineries there are equipped to make the 3 to 10 bombs a day which are currently the number in production in the United States. Helen Caldicott states that "According to many eminent scientists, we have a 40% chance of reaching the year 2,000 before we blow ourselves up in a global holocaust."

**For information and What You Can Do:**  
Dr. Ellen Andors  
161 West 86th St.  
Apt. #5A  
New York, NY 10024

**Funds Abused**

It's not surprising to find CUNY officials 'priming the politicians pump' with dubious contributions from Presidents' discretionary funds. After all the legislature is constantly besieged by special interest groups lobbying for single issue legislation. We appreciate and expect that lobbying for ones interests is the established way of doing business. What we do object to is the manner in which the lobbying was undertaken.

Since the discretionary fund is in large part made up of student activity fees, the current hazy fashion in which the funds are spent and the lack of regular monitoring contributes to an air of general mistrust over the motives and intentions of those who distribute the funds.

Assemblyman Mark Alan Siegel, one of the legislators who received monies from the discretionary funds has stated that he is embarrassed by CUNY's poor judgement in using these funds to reward him for past legislation he shephered through Albany that aided CUNY. His response is to consider introducing legislation that will put an end to the future use of discretionary funds for political activities.

We would go one step further. Since the various dubious practices involve Presidents, an oversight process needs to be incorporated into the process by which the students of CUNY can safeguard funds to which they are the main contributors. When Assemblyman Siegel introduces his bill to the Albany legislature, we hope he'll keep that thought in mind.

**JOIN THE CAMPUS  
F338**

**CORRECTION**

Last week's cartoon was written and drawn by Michael Cervello.

**THE MAIDITT CHRONICLES**

STORY: MIKE CERVELLO  
ART: JERRY ACERNO



TO BE CONTINUED

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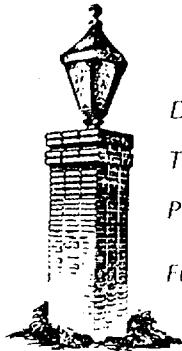
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Law School and Legal Career Information

DATE: Thursday, November 20, 1980

TIME: 12:00 - 2:00

PLACE: Wagner Hall - Main Entrance

Further information available:  
 Cynthia Cohen  
 Pre-Law Advisor  
 Political Science Department

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TO: Members of the College Community  
 FROM: Committee on Honorary Degrees

The Committee on Honorary Degrees invites nominations of candidates for honorary degrees to be conferred at the June, 1981, Commencement. The following criteria should be used in nominating candidates:

*The candidate should have achieved distinction in an activity consonant with the mission of City College. Such achievements may be measured by contributions of an extraordinary character to the arts and sciences, or to the professions, both for their own sake or for the public good; distinguished service to the City, State or Nation, in an elective, appointive or career capacity; or extraordinary service to the City College.*

Nominations should be sent to the Office of the Provost, Administration 232, no later than 12 January 1981, and should indicate the reasons for the nomination and as much biographical information as is readily available. (Copies of standard reference entries are acceptable.)

## Tumultuous season ends as volleyball loses two

By Lloyd Wagner

A volleyball season that came in like a lion with a win opening day departed with but a whimper as the Beaverettes dropped both ends of a duel meet to NYU and Molloy this past Saturday at Wingate Gym. The loss left the Beavers with a final record of 4-14-4, and talk of 'wait till next year'.

The volleyballers did not seem to have their hearts in what they were doing, and looked flat Saturday. Competitive against NYU in the first game of the best two out of three match, they succumbed 15-13, and proceeded to lose the next game 15-6.

When asked to analyze the defeat, a disgusted co-captain Jona Lubin muttered, "We didn't want to play. We should've beaten them—they're the worst team in the league. We didn't serve well or play our positions."

Coach Henry Congregane, when asked the same question put to Lubin, angrily answered, "You analyze it—you're supposed to be a great reporter." Congregane

was miffed over an article appearing in the last issue of *The Campus*, which he said did a disservice to the school and to the team. The article, which *The Campus* stands by, pointed

out rising dissatisfaction among the team's players with a number of items, including the coach.

However, in all fairness, Coach Congregane later spoke at length to this reporter, and indeed was cordial.

Grace Worley, NYU's coach, was more than willing to talk about the victory which upped her team's record to 4-6. "We offended them to death," said Worley, continuing, "They had a lot of holes in their defense, and we took advantage of them."

The Beaverettes were further hampered because only seven of an already small squad of eight appeared at the match, and one, Nelly Rodriguez, arrived over an hour late. She was benched by Congregane until late in the second match against Molloy.

To some observers, it appeared as if the Beaverettes just wanted to get out of the team and what went wrong this



gym as fast as possible, and the squad's next opponent, Molloy cooperated nicely. The strong Molloy squad made short shrift of the Beaverettes, taking them in straight games 15-8, 15-2.

If one were to ask the eight volleyballers and their coach (assuming one could find all nine together at one time), to analyze the problems of the team and what went wrong this

year one would surely hear nine different stories. Players blaming one another, players blaming the coach, everyone seems to be searching for someone else to put the finger of guilt on.

"It arises from frustration," asserts Congregane. "When the players don't do well, they get mad at the coach or somebody else. Part of the problem is that the girls haven't played competitively — they need more experience. It takes a lot to learn to compete and play. While the team intensely wanted to win, it couldn't focus its intensity on the other team."

Jona Lubin, a player of obvious talent, comments that the players don't care. "There's no communication," she notes. "Everyone is commenting too much on one another's mistakes—you can't talk during points. Some people are just starting to play and they think they know how to play already. Also, Henry (Congregane) is not demanding enough. You have to know what you want." Lubin, at least for the time being, says she is not returning to the team next year.

An obvious problem that the squad has concerns itself with dedication and the lack of personnel. The squad has only eight members, and very few have shown up at practices consistently and several have missed matches. Thus the volleyball team faces the same problems other teams do, and surely with upcoming exams and other commitments, it is understandable that players miss some matches. But perhaps the volleyballers do not place that much meaning upon being on a varsity team, and thus put practices low on their list of things to be done.

"My hands are tied," observes Congregane, referring to the dilemma he faces when players are absent from practices and matches. "I have to grin and bear it," he adds wryly. Also he knows that if he disciplines the team too much, some may become discouraged, and others will just rebel against the discipline. "And volleyball is strictly a discipline game," he adds.

Since volleyball is such a team-oriented game, it is not surprising that if a team does not have ample time to practice together, that fact will reveal itself on the court. The players must learn to play together.

There is indeed speculation that Congregane will not be back as volleyball coach next year, a potential loss that saddens the face of Richard Zerneck, Director of Intercollegiate Athletics.

But not all is gloom and doom. According to Congregane, the season was not all bad. "We played a great deal of matches competitively," he remarked, "We were a lot better than last year. We improved over the course of the season. We played teams we lost to last year much better."

And so the curtain closes on another volleyball season, but many viewers hoped for a better performance.

### Defensemen

continued from page 12

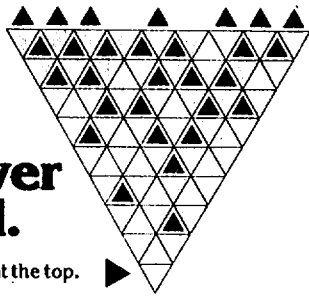
eran. Only a rookie, the slighter Rodriguez could play David to Giordano's Goliath. Meanwhile stopper Giordano flaunts a mean reverse kick by smacking the ball forward with his back turned, while sweeper Rodriguez scampers across the field with his quickness.

However, they manage to mesh well. "We work best together and we know what each other will do in most situations," Giordano said, obviously pleased with Rodriguez's change of position.

### New Coaches

Edward Tompson has been named the new men's indoor track coach, and will be meeting with the indoor team and anyone who wishes to try out for the squad next Tuesday, Nov. 18, at Nat Holman Gym, at 7:30 a.m. The new women's track coach is Wally Burgess.

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# CAMPUS SPORTS

## Soccer wins CUNY championship

### First crown ever

By Victor Jimenez  
Hail to the victors! The soccer team, under second-year Coach Gus Naclerio, captured the CUNY championship for the first time ever with a thrilling 4-1 victory over John Jay yesterday on South Campus Field. The victory, the bootmen's fourth in a row, left them at 6-1-1 in the conference, and 8-5-2 overall.

Herbeth Zepeda scored two goals for the Beavers in the first half, and they never trailed thereafter. Tomes Papachristou and Muhammed Lukumanu tallied the other city goals in the second half, Lukumanu's tying him for the CCNY record of most goals in a season. A solid, overall team effort assured the victory.

A jubilant Naclerio said afterwards, "When I accepted the soccer coaching job about 14 months ago, I promised a championship within one to two years. Now that we've won the championship, the team has brought honor and prestige both to City and to themselves."

The first five minutes of the second half began the same way although the Beavers did manage for sixth place with John Jay in the CUNY Conference. The Beavers were faced with the problem of having to win this game to stay in front of Brooklyn College and Baruch for the best overall record in the CUNY Conference.

Last Saturday, the Beavers struggled at home against a pesky Queens College team. They still managed to regain their composure and beat Queens on a second half goal by right forward Herbeth Zepeda. Coming off their tough win against Brooklyn, the Beavers came into this game with a couple of key players starting the game injured.

In the first half, there weren't any goals scored as passing and defense combined to corral play around opposing zones as well as the midfield area. The Beavers were facing a team tied to keep the ball close to the Queens penalty area. At the twelve minute mark though, Queens College had a three on one breakaway. Beaver defender Anthony Giordano was able to kick the ball out from deep inside the



Anthony Giordano

A week ago on Wednesday, the Beavers defeated Brooklyn College 2-1 on the Kingsman's soccer field. It was a night game pitting the two CUNY Conference teams with the least number of losses in a battle for the conference leadership. The first half saw both teams move the ball up and down their opposing zones with neither team able to mount a scoring threat. On defense, Beaver defenders Anthony Giordano and Henry Rodriguez

THE CAMPUS/Maria Morales

### Defense anchors team

By Mike Herman  
City University Soccer Coach Gus Naclerio has switched his defense around more times this year than the militants have moved the hostages. Now that the team is on the verge of winning the CUNY championship Naclerio has ended his game of musical defensemen, finally satisfied with what he's got.

That means Jose Baez will be in goal for the final game, Tuesday the fourth netminder used this season. Left defenseman James Bayard didn't join the team until midway through the schedule. The last and possibly most important change occurred three games ago when Henry Rodriguez moved into the sweeper position, teaming up with stopper Anthony Giordano to provide the last line of defense against breakaway and one-on-one situations. And with their kind of protection goalie Baez feels he's in better hands than Allstate.

"They take 75% of the dangerous balls away. Today's shut-out belongs to them," said Baez after Saturday's 1-0 whitewash of Queens College.

As with most sports, in soccer good defense beats good offense. In games with CUNY opponents the Beavers have allowed only 8 goals while scoring 19 themselves. The defense peaked last week in beating contending Brooklyn College 2-1 after getting off to a lackluster early-season start, Giordano said.

"We started slow defensively because no one was settled," he said in the lockerroom before going out to face Queens.

"We didn't have a steady goalie for awhile which prevented us from playing together," Rodriguez added.

It appears Rodriguez and



Henry Rodriguez

Giordano complement each other best when the pressure mounts. On Saturday City played an unspirited, unscoring first half and Giordano benched himself, terming his play "disgusting." Yet late in the game when the Beavers' took the lead, as Queens' attackers swarmed the goal, the duo anchored the defense by using fine head shots, reverse kicks and clearing passes.

After the game coach Naclerio gave the pair high marks for regaining their spark in the second half. He added the whole team still appeared drained from the Brooklyn game.

Differences appear in both Rodriguez's and Giordano's physical makeup and playing styles, making them resemble a Felix and Oscar odd couple. At about 6'2" Giordano stands tallest on the team and he's a three-year vet-

continued on page 11



Herbeth Zepeda celebrates after his game-winning goal eludes the Queens goalie

Director of Athletics Richard Tesneck was all smiles as he noted that "this was the best soccer team, as good as any I've seen."

The Beavers swept their three previous contests to put them in a position to win the conference which was started four years ago.

### Ties Record

Mohammed Lukumanu, center-forward for the soccer team scored five goals in the Hunter contest (won by City 7-0) to tie a 63-year-old school record. Remarkably, Lukumanu notched his five goals in a time span of only nine minutes and 11 seconds against the undermanned Hunter squad.

Beaver penalty area. Queens center midfielder Ellis Neverson, who played an excellent game, said that play was a key indicator of why City won. "Their defense was excellent. They were there when the situation called for them. You have to give credit where it's due."

At 30:00, Beaver reserve midfielder Alex Rodriguez passed the ball down to right forward Herbeth Zepeda. Zepeda ran deep into the left side of the Queens penalty area and pushed a shot past Queens goalie Mark Pappas for the only goal of the game. "We were a little lazy in the first half," said Zepeda. "I think the team was a little overconfident about Queens in the first place. As the game continued, we started to regroup. The goal more than made up for our play in the first half."

played admirably at the stopper and sweeper positions as they prevented Kingsman forwards' from penetrating into the Beaver penalty area. Defensive wings James Bayard and Dave Davis were also instrumental on the coverage as were the hand saves of Beaver goalie Jose Baez on Kingsman drives towards the net.

At the 10 minute mark in the second half, Beaver right midfielder Tomazos Papachristou rolled a pass to the right of right forward Javier Prado. With a Brooklyn defender all over him, Prado was still able to go deep into the left side of the Brooklyn penalty area. From an angle, he beat Brooklyn goalie Diego Ruiz to his left and gave the Beavers a

continued on page 8

THE CAMPUS/Deodidas Nunez

### Track season concludes as Iona captures CTC's

By Terence Samuel

Well it's the end of the trail for CCNY's cross-country team, as they ended the season this Sunday with the Collegiate Track Conference championships at Van Cortlandt Park. City offered no competition to such track biggies as Iona, Glasboro State and Farleigh Dickinson University.

Tomas Garcia was City's first man across the line with a time of 28.05. Paul Jamin, finished next at 28.19, while Robert Torres, posted a time of 31.51, his best ever, shaving 55 secs. off his previous time of 32.46. City's only other entry, Marvin Andino, failed to finish, pulling out after three miles when he suffered a mild bout of nausea.

But the story of the day was

Solomon Chebor of F.D.U. who exploded simultaneously with the starter's gun and never slowed down, ending with a blistering time of 24.09 for the 5 mile course. His closest rival Paul Steeds, also of F.D.U., finished more than a minute behind with a time of 25.13.

However it was Iona College with their top three finishers in positions 4th, 5th, and 8th that managed to accumulate enough points to win the meet.

City's coach, Francisco Castro, plans to take Garcia, Jamin and Getachew Eshete, City's fastest time producer this season, to the regional championships in Albany this weekend.

City finished the season with a record of 8-5.