



# observation post

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## SEEK Students Are Threatened With Eviction From Hotel Alamac

By JUDITH FUREDI

Two hundred SEEK students who now live in the university-supported dormitory in the Hotel Alamac at Broadway and 71st Street may be evicted on February 2.

The hotel was recently sold to new management who have set the eviction date, according to Dean Robert Young, director of SEEK at the College. Young denied charges by some SEEK students that the eviction is the direct result of budget cuts and an indication that the SEEK program is to be eventually phased out.

"This action has nothing to do with the budget," Young said. "There have been a lot of rumors

and speculation about this. They are nothing but rumors and speculation," he added.

Disclosing that the Board of Higher Education (BHE) promised to take the issue to court, Young said that at the moment he is "not prepared to say anything about it. This is a very delicate matter."

The sale of the hotel was confirmed by Student Ombudsman Robert Grant, who said he and several SEEK residents had been shown the bill of sale by the previous owner, a Mr. Gross.

However, Sam Brown, director of the Alamac SEEK center, said that he did not have positive confirmation that the hotel had in fact been sold.

When asked what would happen to the 200 SEEK students, Brown was not able to say. "I have not been notified by the university to instruct the students to leave," he said. "The university said that they are trying to find additional accommodations for the students, and I believe they are."

Brown said that he had "a lot of meetings with the students, and they said they are not going to leave the hotel."

Bob Feaster, a student spokesman for SEEK, decried the eviction, although he said the hotel was inadequate and used by junkies and prostitutes. "We are totally dependent on the program, and we are faced with being kicked out on the street with nowhere to live," he said.

Several committees have been formed by the Student Senate to deal with the problems of the Alamac. Grant said that at present the committees are trying to influence community

groups and city agencies.

Another committee is approaching the BHE to try and win their support for extensions of the dormitory system. Grant said the university is "willing to extend the lease of the students until the end of the year or find other arrangements for them until that time, but are against the long term provision of dormitories for SEEK."

A university commitment to

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## Ex-President



Student Senate President Lee Slonimsky yesterday announced his resignation, effective January 30, from the post he has held for two months. Slonimsky would only say that "personal matters" forced his resignation.

The Student Senate will meet this afternoon to consider the question of succession. One proposition suggests that the executive vice-president take over the presidency, but another states that the treasurer should fill the vacancy.

## Anthropology Majors To Vote; Seek Chairman For Department

Anthropology majors are voting this week among seven candidates for two seats on a search committee that will recommend a permanent chairman for their department.

Ballots were mailed out and must be returned to the department office, Room 03, Wagner, by tomorrow.

The search committee is being formed in the wake of Professor Diane Sank's surprise resignation, December 6, apparently under pressure from the administration.

In an interview last week, her temporary successor, Assistant Professor David Thomas, indicated that he would serve merely as a caretaker for the department until a permanent chairman is named for next fall. "I am planning no major changes," he said, "and expect to act as a spokesman for the other faculty who elected me."

Although this is his first term at the College, Thomas was elected acting chairman for the spring by all nine of the anthropology faculty present at a meeting the day Sank resigned. Apparently, he was a compromise choice between the two sparring factions in the department.

His previous experience in academic leadership, he said, was limited to leading "an archaeological expedition with the Free University of California and the Free University of Nevada for 45 days through the Nevada desert." His inexperience and the fact that he was unmarked by the bitter dispute in the department were assets, rather than handicaps, to his election, it seems.

On the subject of giving students more power, he said, "I favor a closer structure of curriculum changes between the students and faculty. If we work together, there will be better rapport between us." But he said he was undecided about whether students should be placed on the

powerful appointments committee.

Thomas would not discuss Sank, who had been the target of numerous complaints from students and faculty who held her responsible for fostering an atmosphere of disunity and mistrust in the department.

Already, there has been a change towards improving attitudes in the department, according to Bruce Mannheim, a member of the Anthropology Collective, a group which strongly opposed Sank. "People aren't down each other's throats anymore," he said.

While the collective and Thomas have not yet met, Mannheim said the acting

chairman seems "fairly cool" and "conciliatory." He said that at a meeting of about 40 students and faculty three days after Sank resigned, "everyone came out grinning and hugging."

That same meeting agreed to place two students on the search committee that will recommend a choice for the permanent chairman to President Robert Marshak. Two faculty members—Loretta Fowler and Robert Schuyler—and two outside anthropologists chosen by Marshak are also on the committee.

It is expected that they will be looking for someone outside the College to fill the post for the fall term.

—Jeff Jacobs

## Sitting in the Ballroom for Hours

By BARRY POLLACK

Elliot Sokolov played; Peter Simon, The Oriental Heart, Wendy Winstead, Steve Baron, Gene Monterey, Peter Thom, Melissa Manchester, Happy and Artie Traum, Sharon Feder, Danny Kalb and Tuli Kupferberg, all played in the Grand Ballroom of Finley on Monday before an audience, disappointing in number and sometimes in spirit. The event was a benefit concert arranged by the College's HELP program, which last week concluded a successful clothing drive for the Bangla Desh refugees in India. Yesterday's concert was to raise money for the refugees. David Abramowitz "worked his chops off to get the performers to come" and was very let down at the end of the day when collected funds were 300 dollars, meaning only 300 people at City College had shown for the concert during the entire eight hours it existed.

I sat listening to the concert for almost the continuous eight hours and I couldn't help but note certain moods at the college and in the students. What is wrong with things if only 300 people can take time out and a buck, to help those who really need. I walked through Finley and things did seem unusually empty for a Monday, maybe because it's before Christmas vacation or maybe it's the crummy weather and people are somewhere else. In any case it seems like everybody is asleep or else dulled and drugged to the world and life around us.

Witness to that seems to be the steady trend, seen at concerts, of not dancing, of sitting zen buddhist style stock still lotus position on the dance floor. For a while there in the Ballroom it seemed to be dead, nothing stirred, not a sound in-between songs, not a movement, the audience was numb. Thank god for the performer when she shouted, "You all look like you need something."

"Yeah," we shouted back.

The big time woman slowly picked out her tune, singing her song like Carol Burnett and an alley cat growling. She's a big time woman from way-ay-down west. The concert seemed to get better as night



ascended. The darker it became outside, the warmer inside. Earlier, during the afternoon the room was lit by a drab somber light dripping in from behind the windows.

Everybody was waiting for Happy and Artie Traum, with the buried slender hope that perhaps Mr. Dylan would pay a surprise visit. I guess everybody waited till the end to admit that he didn't come.

The performances gave me a pleasant surprise. Something in my own make-up had geared me to expect imperfection and mediocrity at

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# To the editor

## Anti-Sexuality

When OP appeared with That Cover, I did not intend to enter the inevitable controversy that would arise. However, when I saw the follow-up statements by Kenneth Winikoff and Peter Grad, I was motivated to say a few words, which may prove offensive (although I am certain not obscene) to some.

Frankly, it was difficult to believe that students and student-editors had written these columns by Winikoff and Grad. They were absurd, filled with contradictions, patently evasive, and abundant in setting up and striking down straw men, so that I could only believe that this was the rhetoric of faculty members. Students may often be ingenious, but seldom so disingenuous.

The key to the meaning of the cover lies in two paragraphs in the Grad article which I quote (out of context but in full, and within the context of meaning, as I understand it):

*Why is it that it takes an act which is precious, positive and beautiful to stir a controversy on this campus and not any of the multitudes of barbarous acts committed daily right before your eyes?*

*Have you seen pictures of mountains of bodies lying dead and decayed one upon another? Did you cry obscene over Vietnam? Cambodia? Pakistan? Mississippi? Kent State? Attica?*

To reply to the rhetorical questions in the second paragraph first, I do not know where Grad or the other editors of OP have been during the last few years. Surely not in the United States, surely not on our college campus, surely not in our classrooms. Have they not heard the cries of anguish and outrage over each of the matter that they mention? Have they not seen student demonstrations, faculty petitions, strikes, marches, moratoria? One might well argue over whether this has been to some avail, whether new tactics are required, whether meaningful social change has been effected by student and faculty activism. But to suggest, by clear implication (and it is clearer if one reads the full column) that only apathy has greeted the carnage of the last few years is to make a statement unworthy of a student. That is why I suspected that this article must have been planted by a faculty member, because some of these people really have funny ideas.

Then I return to the first paragraph that is quoted from Grad. I do not know the act which he wants us to consider "precious, positive and beautiful," for there is an ambiguity here, and throughout his column: an ambiguity stemming from a fundamental confusion: is the coitus the precious, positive and beautiful act, or the depiction of it, or the affirmation of "the right to publish any word or photo which we (the editors) deemed necessary to convey a point." There is confusion here between the sexual act and the manner in which it is depicted, and another confusion between the right to publish material and the value or disvalue of publishing it. It is this latter point that the American Civil Liberties Union has so strictly adhered to: many of the people that they defended were writing and saying things abhorrent, but it was important for the greater American freedoms not to have people stopped from expressing such ideas. But this is a point that you have not learned: it is one thing for OP to have freedom to express, which includes the expression of ideas that are wrong, harmful (although not immediately incendiary), ugly, stupid, and you can go on with any list of adjectives. It is quite another thing for OP to utilize its columns for this purpose. Much of the pornography being sold in the United States today (and I have studied this phenomenon at some length) is sexist, some of it is racist, and a great deal of it is on an intellectual and artistic level that appeals to a person for whom ordinary comic books are far too literary and lovely. But it is the burden of the report of the President's Commission that it would be more hurtful to the country to suppress the material than to allow it to remain in stores and sold over the counter. This does not mean that the Commission sees merit in the work and that we should all give college students vocational training in the production of pornography.

The great literary breakthroughs in the right to print the hitherto unprintable were made in this century by James Joyce and D.H. Lawrence, joined later by Henry Miller and others. But the two most controversial works of Joyce and Lawrence were not only literary masterpieces in themselves, things of beauty to read and behold, but both in *Ulysses* and in *Lady Chatterley*. *Lover* the banned words were used in a manner in which their omission would have constituted a literary fraud. Neither Joyce nor Lawrence ever consented to an expurgated version of these works, although they had

many such offers.

All of this brings me back to The Cover. OP, we are told, does not exist to keep its readers happy; it aims—I am here quoting—to be considered obscene:

*When we fail to provoke, fall into conformity, being consenting to "approved social standards," then we will have lost our reason for being.*

So the purpose is to provoke, and how is this done? By taking an act that is lovely and beautiful, human sexuality that brings together a man and a woman, that weaves them into a closeness that they cannot otherwise obtain and imparts to them ecstatic joy: and how do you depict it? Do you use a photo of a statue by Rodin? Do you go to the great sexual sculpture of ancient Indian culture, or of classic Greece? No, because in order to be obscene, you must show sex as ugly, sordid, tawdry—which of course you think it is, for otherwise you would not couple it with My Lai or Kent State.

Next time, when you want to provoke controversy, when you want to show your contempt for so many of the ugly things around you, when you want to awaken students out of apathy and make them aware of all that is polluted and hypocritical in life, why don't you pick on refugee camps, starving children, corrupt government or some of the abuses that strike you as needing attention on our college campus? Why don't you just leave sex alone? Don't use it to provoke and to obscene, because in so doing you make it obscene and you make it dirty. Why don't you leave sex for those who believe that it is something, which obviously you do not.

Sincerely,

Edward Sagarin

Assistant Professor, Sociology

## Reply

I appreciate your expressed concern over the situation regarding our front cover of issue No. 6. But I don't know what surprises me more—your gross misunderstanding and obvious lack of comprehension of what was trying to be said, or your unjustified, and almost humorous accusations that we printed absurd, contradictory, evasive and disingenuous columns.

I won't spend time replying to each specific point you raised. I think most of your charges stem from a general misinterpretation of what they article was trying to say.

For instance, you evidently failed to realize that my comments of "Did you cry obscene over Vietnam, Attica," etc. were directed at those whom I had mentioned in an earlier paragraph, at those who would maintain an uncompromising position that it was wrong to show two nude people engaged in a sexual act regardless of explanation or not; at those, such as the Young Americans for Freedom (YAF), who march with flag in hand applauding the decimation of human beings in the name of freedom, who acclaim the Agnews, Rehnquists and Mitchells; and those who, in the name of freedom, would incarcerate all who may suggest alternatives to the current "American way" of doing things. My comments were not aimed at the majority of readers who accepted the picture either with or without reservation.

You claim that I make the "clear implication, that only apathy has greeted the carnage of the last few years" and that it is a statement "unworthy of a student." But if you reread the article with the understanding of whom my remarks were directed towards, you'd realize that your accusations are wholly unjustified.

You say that it is one thing for OP to have freedom to express ideas but it is another to utilize columns for that purpose. What does that mean? How do we get ideas across if not for our news stories, columns and pictures?

And you ask why if we want to provoke, don't we run stories on refugees, starvation, corruption, etc. Where have you been? Haven't you read any issues of OP during the last few years? I don't believe one issue of OP has appeared since I was a freshman five years ago that didn't contain some article dealing with significant and relevant issues of our times.

The one clear point you did bring across was in your last paragraph where you tell us to leave sex alone. You then charge US with making it "obscene" and "dirty." You also implied that it would have been proper to use a photo of a statue of Rodin or a great sexual sculpture of ancient Indian culture or classic Greece. But we made no verbal comment whatsoever regarding that cover photo—you are the one who read obscenity and dirtiness into the photo.

Fucking is fucking whether it was done in palaces of ancient Greece or within the walls of Finley center. An act of love is just as beautiful and precious in a shoddy office with a torn couch as it is



Have a very Mao-ry Christmas

in any other location. But you saw that couple on the torn couch and read ugliness, sordidness and tawdriness in the scene.

As I tried to explain in my column, obscenity, like beauty, is a personal judgment and is not an inherent characteristic of any object, person or idea. If you are bothered by pictures of sexual relations in a tawdry atmosphere, you are the one whose motives and values should be examined.

—Peter Grad

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Let's set the record straight regarding the Dominican Students Association. First of all, their plight was not a very "urgent" one. Far from it, a review of their financial requests reveals that they wanted funding for a Christmas party, a Dominican Student newspaper, transportation, and a student-faculty tea. Admittedly, the student-faculty tea request was a valid one but the others were absolutely ridiculous. I do not deem it an "urgent" necessity to hold a Christmas Party.

The justifications I allegedly used to justify my refusal to fund the DSA (no organization can be funded unless it has been chartered for at least one term) was indeed an unwritten precedent set by previous senates (notably that of James Small's administration). If we must have explicit written rules for regulating every conceivable action we might take, then the Senate will surely be buried under bureaucratic red tape. The precedents we set, once they have been set, cannot be changed at will. The reason it was felt that no organization should be funded unless it had been chartered for one term is because we felt that a new organization requires at least one term to organize properly before they can manage to run any meaningful programs for their members and the rest of the student body. The second by-law I supposedly used (no budget request received after the deadline could or would be considered) has no basis in reality. Many, many organizations (black, Puerto Rican, white, etc.) submitted their budget request late and not only were they considered, but they were funded. I suggest that Mr. Bello get his facts straight before he runs around crying wolf.

Granted, student groups have a right to student activity money, but with 16,000 students on campus it becomes necessary for the Senate to review requests received from organizations to insure a fair and equitable allocation of student fee money. The Senate does not entirely fund every student club activity. There are just not enough funds available for that. The purpose of this money is to help lower the cost of activity to within the means of the student and in so doing provide a more meaningful stay here at City College for us all.

All I look around our campus, I get disgusted when I realize that we are breaking down along ethnic lines; but more than just that, we are also breaking down into elite cliques within each ethnic group, cliques which refuse to recognize, much less work with, other people. Before we can accomplish anything worthwhile, we must be able to compromise and work out our differences.

When I receive a budget request, I don't look to see if the group is black, white or green but I try to consider each group as a number of individuals, human beings who are capable of reasoning and compromising. The obstinate, no-compromise attitude taken by some Dominican students does not solve problems but creates them. I hope that in the future we will be able to sit down and work our problems like rational beings which we all hopefully are.

Sincerely yours,

David Wu

Student Senate Treasurer

# Who's Meaty, Beaty, BIG, And Bouncy?

The Who is a band that always strived for commercial success through the singles market. Their first single, released in 1964 was "I'm the Face"/"Zoot Suit" on the Fontana label (it may be re-released soon on Rolling Stones Records). It was nothing more than a take-off on "Got Love If You Want It," an old blues song that was the anthem of all aspiring English bands at the time. It sold about 100 copies.

Then they changed labels, and that's where this latest album begins—back in January 1965, when Carnaby Street was in, and The Who smashed their instruments in small clubs before flash audiences of mods and rockers.

In chronological order, "Can't Explain," "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere," "My Generation," "Substitute," and "I'm a Boy" were all top-ten songs on the English charts, but for one reason or another, they didn't make it here. All five songs had catchy lyrics and a relentless beat, but were disasters in terms of U.S. sales. "Anyway" was marked by a passage of the electronic noise of guitar feedback—one of the very first times that it was purposely recorded for effect. "Generation" was significant because of the mock guitar and drum smashing at the end. "Substitute" became one of Townshend's most quoted songs, and "I'm a Boy," slightly different here from the single version, was from one of Townshend's mini-operas. This slightly longer version is the prototype of Tommy, astonishing to listen to when you realize that it predates the opera by about three years.

Then The Who made their memorable 1967 Murray the K Show appearances,

their long-awaited first tour of the U.S. "Happy Jack," also from an unreleased mini opera, was their first single on the charts here. Ironically, it was their first un-Who sounding single.

"Pictures of Lily" and "I Can See For Miles," two fast rockers in the Who tradition followed in rapid succession, with the latter becoming the more popular. "Miles" is a perfect rock and roll song like "Satisfaction" and "Like a Rolling Stone," it is one of the best top 40 songs to ever grace a transistor radio. It is so perfect on record in conveying its tension that it is one of their few songs which cannot be performed live. The solo, which is just Townshend flailing away on one string, is as powerful as any guitar solo ever recorded.

"Magic Bus," which was just a mild success, is next. Again, it appears in a slightly different version—probably an outtake, it has a middle part like Live at Leeds, and unlike the single, it has an ending instead of a fade.

"Pinball Wizard" of course is from Tommy. With Tommy, they fulfilled their ambitions to be commercially successful. But the two million in sales demanded too much from the group in constant live performances of the opera. They quickly got sick of it and stopped performing it after one year. "The Seeker" was written by Townshend while vacationing from Tommy, and came at a time when the group was looking for a new musical direction.

Also on the record are some early album cuts: "The Kids Are Alright" (without the guitar solo found on the English version), "A Legal Matter," and one of their most requested songs from 1966-1968, John



Entwistle's "Boris the Spider."

I suppose discriminating Who fans will never be satisfied with collections like this as a long line of Who classics including "I'm A Man," "Shout and Shimmy," "Barbara Ann," "Heatwave," and the incredible studio version of "Young Man Blues" remain unreleased in this country, but there are 14 of The Who's best on this album and you can't ask for much more than that.

—Barry Taylor

## Chaplin Movie

The Progressive Labor Party will present "Modern Times," the film starring Charlie Chaplin, tomorrow at noon in Room 302 Cohen. The one dollar contribution will go to Challenge-Desafio, the party's newspaper.

## Supposed to Die ?

Melvin Van Peebles' play at the Ambassador Theater, *Ain't Supposed to Die A Natural Death*, puts it all together: the pimps, the pigs, the prostitutes, the pushers, the junkies and the hustlers. The degradation, the hell and the love. Yes, the love. The love of the junkie for the junk, the blind man for the homosexual and the lesbian for her woman. Above all, *Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death* puts the "man" in his place. Where else but at the top, above all the dirt and degradation.

The characters are nameless, the place is here and the time is now. The nameless characters represent black people. White masks are used to represent the whites. The here is anywhere the black man will go. The time will always be now for a black man.

The songs are beautifully black. They aren't sung, they're spoken, with background music. You not only hear the words, you feel them.

The song that hit me the hardest was "Catch That One On the Corner," sung by Clebert Ford. He portrays a blind peddler who's in love with a homosexual (Toney Brealond). Ford doesn't know he's not a she. He's very much in love with "her." He asks his best friend (Sati Jamal) to tell

him about "her," to tell him if it's all there. There's agony on his face as he's left helpless when his friend doesn't answer and walks away.

Other good songs are "You Gotta Be Holding Out Five Dollars On Me" (Carroll Gordon and Madge Well). Gordon is the classic pimp, and Well, one of his women. Gordon asserts his masculinity by beating up the woman for holding out on him. When she can't take any more, she admits that she has the money. He picks her up, fixes her clothes, grins widely, and says "I knew it." As the song ends, another one of his women comes on stage with a silver rickshaw. Gordon gets in and they pull him away.

The last song, "Put a Curse on You," (Minnie Gentry) is directed to the whites in the audience. The line that sums it all up is: "May your children kiss the ass of your enemy."

They play is good, not just because it's done by a black man and the players are black, but because it is true. True, because it doesn't sugarcoat any aspect of ghetto life. Nor does it come off too strong as a message to the world. It's a play of Blackness.

—Elizabeth Hilliard



By  
AARON R. HOCHBERG

In the old country—in the village of Boratyn which is located in the heart of the plains of Galicia—life flowed at a paceserene as the river Bug. Here I was born and spent fourteen years.

I am inquisitive, plagued by sensitivity, iron and persistent determination. The sum of these traits, good or bad, as those around me may judge, often brought me face to face with grief. I retain many pleasant memories of Boratyn, but the pangs of loneliness are not one of them.

Life in this peasant community was a continuity of monotonous movements which repeated themselves daily. There was not enough interesting activity to keep one busy most of the time or to satisfy my craving for adventure. Boredom, a feeling of wasted days, weeks, years persisted. It often brought about a state of melancholia, helplessness and defeat.

Once in a while, something would relieve the bitterness of the monotony, ease this deep loneliness, say a trip into the nearby forest to pick strawberries.

The trip was planned by my teacher in Hebrew studies who proudly carried the name of Joseph Lerner and who was but five years older than I was. The time was the spring of 1917. I was eleven years old. It was to take place the following morning with my cousins and the three maiden sisters Schwind as the invited company.

Mr. Lerner came to us from that part of Poland belonging to Russia before the great war and escaped mobilization because he was too young. In our village, he almost became a man. He walked with his blond head held high toward heaven with a pride reserved for the great

## Retribution

He wore his learning as a halo and used it as a shield to cover his meanness. He was the poorest of all the Hebrews of the village. He didn't even have the price of a pair of socks and covered his feet with rags inside his shoes. If ill temper were gold, he would have enough to wear a cross fashioned from it. As a Kohen, he blessed us on the Sabbath and cursed us during the rest of the week. Our revered teacher didn't marry any of my cousins though all three of them were fully ripe for the occasion, nor did he marry anyone else. He walked around with the illusion that he was too good for any woman and no woman was good enough for him. Besides, he couldn't provide a livelihood for any daughter of Israel. His earnings from teaching were hardly enough to support himself.

Outside of the pleasant companionship women so amply provide to men, there was little else our good teacher could anticipate even under the cover and seclusion of the forest. These fair maidens of Boratyn, my dear cousins, held on to their virginity as a miser hoards gold and acted as if they had the Hope diamond between their legs. It was a barrier to which only husbands-to-be had the key. Golde, the middle one and the most desirable of the three, came closest to disaster. A Russian Kossack had her on the floor under him. She somehow managed to extricate herself from this awkward predicament without giving anything up. The poor warrior lost this battle; he waled away with

his passion intact. He is probably still cursing. No one will ever know what torments of hell these girls experiences as they so suppressed their ripe desire. The yearnings of the sisters and the fervor of the teacher had to be quenched in the anticipation of what life held, in dreams of an illusive future.

When I asked for permission to join the excursion into the forest, my teacher, upon whose goodwill I depended so much, gave me an emphatic no. In my anxiety to get away from the everlasting boredom, I made the mistake of disregarding the wishes of my teacher and had the chutzpa to join the party. The strawberries I picked that day were the most expensive I ever ate. They had to be paid for in anguish, in tears and in bitter pain.

In the contest of wills between student and teacher, Mr. Lerner was chagrined at having lost out. His dignity was ruffled right there in front of the ladies. His rage accumulated into a crescendo of uncontrollable vitriolic emotion. Soon after we came home this vendetta was unleashed at me with a fierceness reserved for the condemned.

It was the custom to administer 40 lashes to all males over the age of 13 on the eve of Yom Kippur prior to the awesome prayer of Kol Nidre, as an atonement for their sins.

Oh, God in Heaven, I don't know how many lashes I received; they came at me so fast and with such intensity I could hardly catch my breath. The riding crop, a relic from more affluent times, was in splinters before this agony was over. Mister Joseph Lerner, my dear teacher, my tormenting inquisitor had a full measure of retribution, a retribution I will take with me to the grave.

# New Ethnic Courses Organized

The four Ethnic Studies departments are planning to attract a larger enrollment next term with the addition of several new courses.

The Asian, Black, Jewish and Puerto Rican Studies departments, which are now in their first term of operations, faced lower enrollments than were expected in September, mainly because they were created too late to have their courses listed in the bulletin.

Among the new courses to be offered next term will be PRST 20, The Impact of Puerto Rican Literature Of Protest; JS 66, The American Jewish Community and AS 55, Impact of American Institutions on Asian-American

Minorities. Many of the ideas for courses apparently came from students.

Several chairman expressed optimism for greatly increased enrollments next term. Baidya Nath Varma, chairman of the steering committee of Asian Studies, hopes to double the size of his department's enrollment from this term's 100 students. The Puerto Rican Studies department, with currently about 450 students registered, is predicting an increase of 100 to 150 students. The Jewish Studies department, which is the smallest of the four, hopes to register 15 or 20 more students over the current 45.

The omission of the listing hurt

the departments considerably, conceded Eugene Borowitz, head of Jewish studies, who said "We have lost a lot of momentum since the spring."

Satisfaction with the progress of Ethnic Studies was expressed by Varma who said, "I think it is one of the most committed programs I have seen. It is especially important if we want to establish a cultural pluralism within the college community."

Only Puerto Rican Studies actually has a chairman, Federico Aquino-Bermudez. The other three departments are governed by departmental steering and planning committees and are still searching for permanent chairmen.



Happy Traum performs in Finly Grand Ballroom on Monday.

## Bengla Desh Benefit...

(Continued from page 1)

CCNY (maybe it's just myself), but these performers were pretty fine and for the most part, young; and so we look for potential and the possibility of improvement.

Wendy Winsted, a tall girl raised in Oklahoma, played country tunes and was pleasant to hear. She was followed by Steve Baron who has produced records in London and New York. He played strong, sometimes delicate, and good, so that you could loose yourself in his music and look at things from differing angles. That seemed to be another tone of the concert. So much of the music and words were aimed at us and made us confront our paltry, evanescent, fleeting wasteful existences.

Peter Thom was the next performer and I was surprised by his skills and competence and cheerfulness which was welcome contrast to what had been going on. As he played, the sun burst through the clouds, and now the room was bright with fierce yellow rays; Peter Thom strummed pleasantly, blending his voice. He reminded me of a thin Irish Tenor. Though his words told of lunacy I felt good, I rocked, I could write even though I could not speak. It is really interesting to watch what goes on at a concert. The audience presents unlimited vistas of curious sight, the sexual undertones, the encounters, the roaming eyes. I imagined what it was like at a Hootenanny of the early folk sixties and here we are in college partaking of the living seventies variety. Our leaders are up there: blue jeaned, singing out, moving, leading outspoken lives. However, I realized they were doing while I was sitting watching thereby frozen from producing, inactive. Finally the ice was broken and the audience joined into this chorus:

"Living in the mountain

Living by the sea

Living in the ocean

(It doesn't matter to me.)"

From a lovely ballad, soft, we were hardly heard, but that's of no importance. There was a five minute delay while Happy and Artie set up, and glory!—there was a warm buzz of talking people filling the room. It was us. Too bad the Grand Ballroom was not packed for Happy and Artie, too bad it was not packed for the refugees, too bad Dylan wasn't here, too bad people have to die. But Happy and Artie came on playing full, promising, affirmative hopeful music. The audience was small but highly responsive. They played country tunes: "Lord, Lord got them Jack Hammer Blues."

Now the room is alive with warmth and honey and strength. Everyone now and then could smell the aroma of pot wafting through the air. The fat girl sits in front of me and blows smoke rings. Happy and Artie finished and left, and so did a lot of other people. Sharon Federcameon next; a hard spot to follow, but she looked good in her blue jeans. I like her. The next performer was Danny Kaib. My God! He's fat and balding! What has happened to him these years since the Blues Project? We know when it's embarrassing; it must be torture sometimes. He played some slow riffs and a couple of neat songs on guitar, then walked off and the concert was over, almost everyone left. Fifteen minutes later Tuli Kupferberg came marching in with his wife and baby. He set up for his act while some fellow played Elton John piano and Stones songs. Tuli came on wearing black shorts and tails. He sang songs about being stuck in the subway with only three cents and having to take a mean shit, the door locked on those dime toilets; and a song about the war. He showed slides of new products in American markets and combined slapstick and skits in his own special kind of humor, but it was good to sit there and applaud him.

# College Supports Gay Rights

The College's administration has gone on record in favor of giving homosexuals full rights in the areas of employment, housing and public accommodations.

At recent hearing before the City Council, a letter from Provost Saul Touster was offered in support of a bill that would outlaw discrimination against homosexuals.

Touster said he acted upon the request of a representative of "some sort of organization" that had appealed for support from President Robert Marshak. Since the college prepares its students for careers, he said he felt obliged to speak against any "unreasonable bars" to em-

ployment they might face.

At the College, Touster is responsible for implementing the university's "affirmative action" guidelines on fighting discrimination against minority groups and women.

In his letter dated November 12, Touster commented:

"It seems to me that unless a particular personal characteristic or quality is directly related to the qualification for a job or career, it should not be the basis for disqualification. Surely in the areas of housing and public accommodations, as well as em-

ployment, sexual orientation provides no rational basis for disqualifying people from enjoying these benefits or opportunities.

"Passage of this bill would be important testimony to a real commitment to civil rights and human dignity," his letter concluded.

Camilla Auger, an assistant to the provost, had been prepared to read the letter to the Council's Committee of General Welfare, but because of a back-up in the schedule of testimony, it was simply inserted into the record.

# Raymond Gets His Degree

Robert Rosen

Raymond the Bagelman was deified in President Marshak's office last week. The news media made him the most famous bagel vendor to ever walk the face of the earth. Three major television stations plus assorted radio stations were there to cover Raymond's press conference. The event—Raymond has been selling bagels that look like pretzels on this campus for 25 years.

Before the press conference started, a couple of Marshak's secretaries were standing around outside his office, wondering out loud where the reporters from OP were. "Here we are," I volunteered, as the six of us came marching in. The staff is so dedicated that editors usually have to threaten reporters with physical violence before they will cover a story. This time, six of us went without being asked; just to see Raymond.

"You guys won't be interested in this," the secretary went on. "Raymond isn't taking off his clothes."

"It's O.K.," I assured her. "Rumor has it that Raymond doesn't have much of a body anyway."

The six of us proceeded into the office, and there before us were T.V. cameras, sound equipment and bright lights. The T.V. stations didn't send cub reporters to cover this conference; they sent experience men who had been around for years. All this for a bagel vendor.

The festivities commenced as Marshak gave a speech. He then presented Raymond with a Bachelor of Pretzel Purveyance degree, and a bronzed bagel. It was all very touching. Raymond didn't cry. "Twenty-five years for a degree," I thought to myself. "That should make some people on the OP staff feel better."

We spoke to Marshak after the conference, and he said that he only bought one bagel from Raymond since he's come to the college. "I'm trying to keep my weight down," he revealed.

"Why all the commotion over Raymond?" I asked. "The news has been so depressing lately, that the media probably figured that something like this would brighten things up," he explained.

Most people just get drunk.

## Alamac...

(Continued from page 1)

keep the dormitory until June was made by a spokesman for Vice-Chancellor Julius J. Edelstein. The spokesman claims that Edelstein has met with the new owner in order to negotiate, and will continue to do so.

"We are committed to the SEEK students until the end of the year and nobody's going to back out on that," he added.

However, he conceded that the university does not wish to continue the dormitories indefinitely. "We will not be able to afford it because of the shortage of funds. We have priorities. Classroom space is obviously more important, he said.

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