

39	26 3/4	Int Harv	1.40
15 5/8	13 3/4	Int Hold	.66
8 1/4	3 1/2	Int Indust	
15 3/4	9	Int IndA pf	
22 7/8	15	Int MinCh	.32
13 1/2	7 1/8	Int Mng	
35 1/4	24 1/2	Int Multif	1.25
36 5/8	29 3/8	Int Nickel	1
40 1/8	33 1/4	Int Pap	1.50
16 7/8	6 7/8	Int Rectifier	
64 1/2	48 1/4	Int T&T	1.19
214 3/4	169	Int T&T pfC	4
212 3/4	168 3/4	Int T&T pfD	4
196 1/4	154 1/2	Int T&T pfE	4
182 1/4	147	Int T&T pfF	4
119	96	Int T&T pfH	4
112 1/2	88	IT&T pfi	4.50
112	88	Int T&T pfJ	4
109 1/2	86	Int T&T pfK	4
80 1/2	60 1/2	IT&T pfN	2.25
107	88 1/4	Int T&T pfO	5
22	20 1/8	Int Util	.75
62 3/4	47 1/4	Int Util A	
31 1/4	17 1/2	Interpace	1
36 1/8	22 3/4	Int pbGp	.50
22 3/8	13 1/2	Ints Brand	.96
19 3/4	17 5/8	Inters Pw	1.28
16 1/8	5 3/8	Interst Strs	
11 7/8	7	Interst Unit	

302	12	37 1/2	36 7/8	37 3/8 + 3/8
8	..	15 1/8	15	15 .....
14	..	4 3/8	4 3/8	4 3/8 .....
13	..	12 3/8	11 3/4	11 3/4 - 1/4
565	13	21 7/8	20 7/8	21 3/4 + 1 1/8
13	..	9 3/8	9 1/4	9 1/4 - 1/8
13	11	28 7/8	28 1/8	28 5/8 + 1/2
259	29	31 3/4	31 3/8	31 3/4 + 1/4
441	18	37 7/8	36 1/2	37 1/2 + 1 1/4
93	39	7 3/8	7 1/8	7 1/8 .....
832	14	54 1/4	53 5/8	54 1/8 + 1/2
z30	..	180 1/2	180 1/4	180 1/4 + 6 1/4
z10	..	178 3/4	178 3/4	178 3/4 + 10
z10	..	164 3/4	164 3/4	164 3/4 + 5
1	..	153	153	153 + 4 3/4
8	..	100 3/4	99	100 + 1 7/8
57	..	97 1/2	96 1/2	97 1/2 + 1 1/2
56	..	94 1/2	93	94 1/4 + 1 1/4
54	..	93	92 1/4	92 3/4 + 3/4
216	..	67 1/4	66 1/2	67 + 3/4
22	..	91 1/4	90 3/4	91 1/4 - 1/4
308	11	20 3/8	20 3/8	20 3/8 .....
1	..	48	48	48 + 3/4
14	10	20 1/4	20	20 1/4 + 1/4
85	12	27	26 3/4	27 - 7/8
33	7	14 7/8	14 1/4	14 5/8 .....
28	10	18 1/2	18 1/4	18 3/8 + 1/8
147	..	6	5 5/8	6 + 1/8
23	16	9 3/8	9 1/8	9 1/4 + 1/8
29	14	33 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2 + 1 1/4
34	11	18 3/4	18 3/4	18 7/8 + 1/8
47	9	19 1/4	19 1/2	19 3/4 .....
12	9	23 1/8	23	23 .....
18	8	21 1/8	21 3/8	21 3/8 + 1/2
66	54	17 5/8	17 7/8	17 5/8 + 1/2
145	16	25 1/4	24 1/4	25 + 3/8
138	36	5 1/4	5 1/2	5 1/2 .....
2	..	130	129 1/4	130 + 1 1/2



observation post

**Now More than Ever**

5	23	28 1/2	28 1/2	28 1/2 - 1/4
7	11	18 3/4	18 3/4	18 3/4 - 1/8

# Letters: Two Jewish Radicals

To the editor-

And so "we" begin again—ushered in by the rhetoric of Tom McDonald. "One by One, the Answer Will Come," writes Mr. McDonald. And Mr. McDonald is a revolutionary, or so he tells us. And Mr. McDonald is an honorable man. He worries that "our lives have been futie." Not his life. Ours. It is we, after all, who have "no conception of" the revolution "we talk about." It is we who "smile at the news of Golda Meir's planes bombing another Arab town." In his quest for what he so instinctively labels "the final solution," Mr. McDonald urges us "inside our heads," where we are informed, we will bring Mr. McDonald's revolution into being simply by becoming "completely honest and sincere."

And so we—this time a we consisting of two Jewish radicals who teach at City College—must now endeavor to do what Tom McDonald tells us we must do. Not an easy task. After all, we have never cheered for Golda Meir's planes, but, then again, we have never cheered for those who mail bombs to synagogues in their "revolutionary" ardor nor have we cheered for those who murdered eleven Israelis (i.e., read Jews, a collective we which seems to infuriate Tom McDonald and so many other self-proclaimed "revolutionaries") in the very shadow of that Dachau whose creation embodied a different we, one that shared with Tom McDonald a burning desire for "the final solution," and one that, no doubt, shared with him the need to be "completely honest and sincere." No, we cannot even cheer for students, whether Jewish or non-Jewish, who glorify national identities for everyone but the Jews. Palestine for the Palestinians! Cuba for the Cubans! Mississippi for the Blacks! Southern California for the Chicanos! And the Jews? For some "New Leftists," the Jews are simply "colonialists," anywhere and everywhere they happen to be—whether in the

deserts of Ein Geddi (i.e., Mr. McDonald's "Palestine") or on the sidewalks of New York.

But Mr. McDonald is an honorable man. And a revolutionary. In any case, he is clothed in the protection of his name and the passion on his rhetoric. We, on the other hand, worry about the spiritual attrition of a "Left" (May that most righteous scholarly Jewish God forgive us!) in which anti-Semitism is not only admissible but chic. No doubt, Mr. McDonald's mind has been framed—in part, at least, by the kind of Jewish self-hatred so fashionable in certain segments of the Jewish Left in recent years. After all, they, too, are honorable men. But even honorable men must look history in the face and live with it: Not merely the truth of history but the obligations it imposes. At the time of its creation, there was no alternative to Israel as a sanctuary for the remnants of world Jewry. There is no alternative at this moment. And there will be no alternative to Israel in the future, short of that "final solution" we Jews have always heard so much about. And we, as radicals for whom a people's right—our people's right—to its singularity is as fundamental as the right of all people to universal justice, find ourselves deeply grateful for the existence of that people and that nation. Mr. McDonald, and other "Leftists" like him, must sooner or later learn that anti-Semitism is, as August Bebel wrote, "the socialism of fools." When faced with "the final solution," we all say, "Never Again!"

Sincerely yours,  
Marshall Berman,  
Assistant Professor,  
Political Science  
Leonard Kriegel  
Associate Professor, English

#### Author's Reply

I see no need to lower myself to your level. Anyone who reads my article and your letter will plainly see who has lied, distorted

the truth, taken words out of context, and made vicious use of generalities to brand someone as a "chic anti-semite." The off-handed way in which you decided that I am a racist through the use of assumptions about me that are false just goes to prove who the real bigots are in this episode.

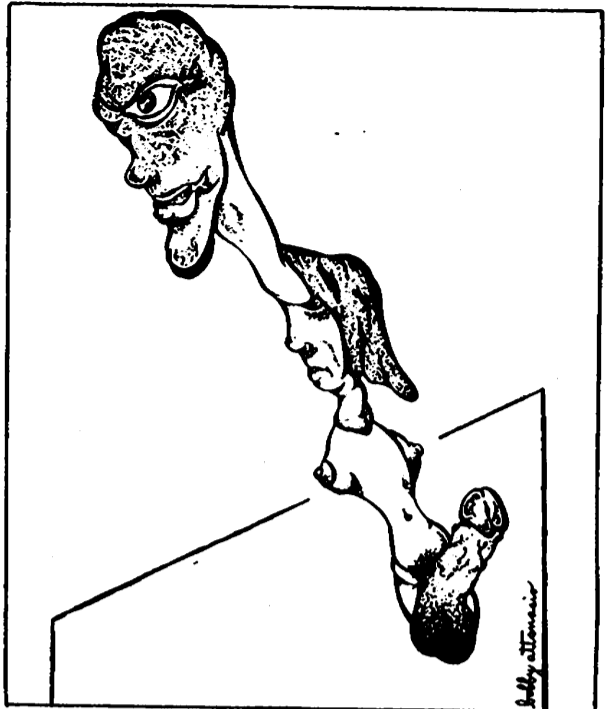
Tom McDonald  
ANARCHISTS?

To the editor:

Regarding Mr. Rosen's column on Token Paranoia, I object to OP's policy of romanticizing criminals who try to do the system out. If you guys are anarchists, why don't you come right out and say so? Or better yet, why don't you change your name to Mobster Post?

Maybe you don't have any respect for the law, but I do, and societal-misfits, I will discontinue my subscription.

Sincerely yours,  
Paul Farquahar  
Bert '73



## observation post

Voice of the Student Body, Conscience of the Administration  
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Printed on recycled paper

## Nixon: Our Loss

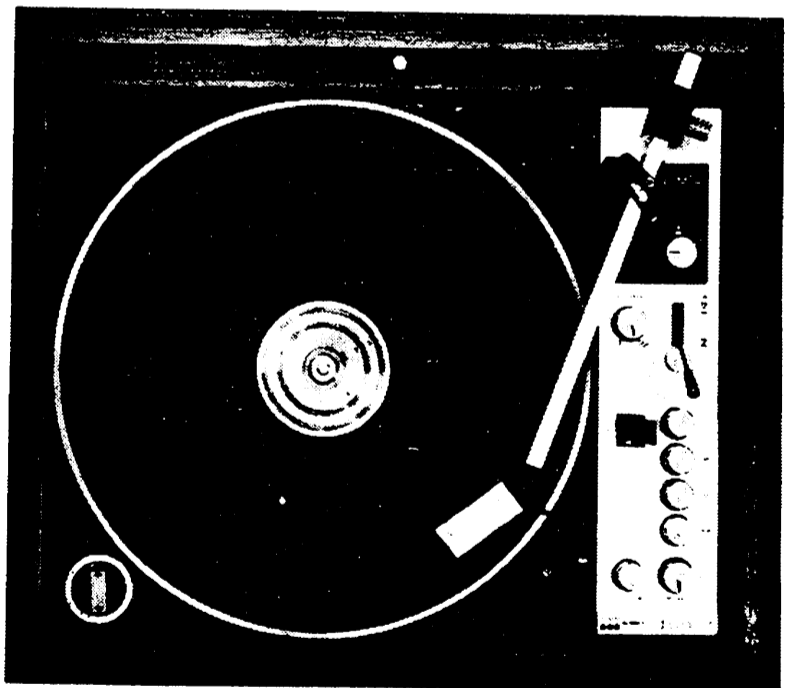
The election is over. Richard Nixon has been given four more years to continue his bombing in Vietnam. He has been given the power to veto more education bills which our youth desperately need today. He can continue to erode our environment by blocking meaningful bills that would produce positive impact on the environment. The people have spoken and are allowing Richard Nixon to continue his double talking of peace while continuing the war in Indochina and thus turning friendly nations into our enemies.

Why didn't the message of George McGovern come through to the American people? Is it that they are afraid of the truth? Can America the home of the free actually hold third world people captives of poverty? Can American military leaders actually order men to kill women and children and destroy their land and homes? The people who voted for George McGovern know the answers to these questions. That's why they voted the way they did. Richard Nixon cannot, and will not, bring peace to the world, yet the political machinery has done its work, and he has been given four more years.

—BILL BYWATER

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From HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE—May, 1972



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## Snooper Stymied

WASHINGTON (LNS)—Imagine a central communications system—controlled by the government—which every American home, car, and boat would be required by law to hook into. A nightmare out of George Orwell's 1984?

Frighteningly enough, no. The idea comes straight out of a 300-page study stamped "Administratively Confidential" which was prepared in August, 1971, for President Nixon's Domestic Council. The study was made public last week by Representative William

Moorhead, a Pennsylvania Democrat.

The study was described as a preliminary response to a request for such a study by Nixon's science advisor, Dr. Edward E. David Jr. David was unavailable for comment, report the wire services, but a spokesman for the Office of Science and Technology, which David heads, said the study was rejected on a technical basis before it reached the Domestic Council.

White House press secretary Ronald Ziegler said he had no knowledge of such a report, but added, "I'm sure this administration will not propose or proceed with a program such as that."

Among other things, the study called for a "disaster-warning system." The system would require the installation of a special receiver in every home radio and television set and in every car and boat sold in the United States. The receivers could be turned-on by the government to broadcast warnings and advice about disasters.

Or, as Rep. Moorhead fears, the receivers could function as an elaborate spy system and unending source of government propaganda. Moorhead said he released the study in order to inform people of the government's intent and to force the Nixon administration to make available more information about the plan.

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And Then There Were None

Men bled  
Many dead

A world safe for democracy  
But not for life  
Rather funny  
In an unfunny sort of way

And the Bible said  
That when He came  
Everyone was dead  
No one left to claim

Men bled  
Many dead

Yea as I walk through the valley of death  
I shall fear no evil  
For the valleys are gone  
And only death awaits.

And I am the evil

—Stan Platke

Chewing Gum & Soap . . .

Killed another one of the mothers  
from the village last night . . .  
She must've come out to relieve herself--  
but all I saw was a shadow  
against a lighter shadow.  
I can't imagine what made her go outside--  
we left her there in any case--  
till morning . . .  
It used to be that we would give  
her kid some chewing gum  
or let him grub a cigarette or two . . .  
What can I give him now though;  
even a bar of soap  
seems such a very poor exchange.

—Serigo

S.O.P.

To build a "gook stretcher," all you need is:  
Two helicopters  
Two long, strong ropes,  
And one elastic gook.

—Larry Rottmann

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I Am a Veteran of Vietnam

I  
am a veteran  
of Vietnam.  
I've been from  
Hamburger Hill to the DMZ  
and back again  
with a mere flick  
of my wrist.  
Through my own eyes  
I've seen people  
Tortured.  
Bombed.  
Burned.  
Destroyed.  
Beyond hope of recovery  
While I  
sit contently  
watching . . .  
and let it  
go on

—Sue Halpern

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# Vietnam:

## Death of A Son

The old man's painfilled eyes  
Stare at the earth.  
He stands, motionless yet moving.  
No tears fall. Only a slight  
Paleness mars the granite face.  
In the mound of earth  
He too is buried  
Beyond the reach of time.

—Robert C. Hahn

## TO SERGEANT ROCK

Gentlemen  
One year over there  
An you'll age ten  
Am I exaggeratin, Sergeant Rock?  
You ask Sergeant Rock  
If I'm exaggeratin  
Sergeant Rock was in the army  
Since the day he was born  
He was in the war of the babies

—Michael Casey

## THE LZ GATOR BODY COLLECTOR

See  
Her back is arched  
Like something's under it  
That's why I thought  
It was booby trapped  
But it's not  
It must have been  
Over this rock here  
And somebody moved it  
After corpus morta stiffened it  
I didn't know it was  
A woman at first  
I couldn't tell  
But then I grabbed  
Down there  
It's a woman or was  
It's all right  
I didn't mind  
I had gloves on then

—Michael Casey

## What Kind Of War?

Ask what kind of war it is  
where you can be pinned down  
all day in a muddy rice paddy  
while your buddies are being shot  
and a close-support Phantom jet  
who has been napalming the enemy  
wraps itself around a tree and explodes  
and you cheer inside?

—Larry Rottmann

## Sell the Farm And go Home

In paradise, poetry would be unnecessary. *Winning Hearts and Minds: War Poems by Vietnam Veterans\** is a book about the American presence in Vietnam.

Some of the poems in in this book are tainted with shallow left wing rhetoric. Some try too hard to be poetry, perhaps in an attempt to continue the tradition of the W.W. I poets. Others are "sincere," but lack the vision essential to real poetry. Some are good. And somehow the effect this book makes (and it is a powerful effect) does not seem dependent on the quality (that is, the long term value) of its various selections. It is the accumulated fragments of accurate reportage which produce the effect; one small attempt to understand after another, presented by and large in a short-phrased, flat understated style which seems to fit this numb, fragmented war.

### Obscenities

Michael Casey's poems appear in *Winning Hearts and Minds\**. He also has a book of his own. It is about soldiers, the army, the war. Michael Casey is a poet. His book is called *Obscenities*.

—Rebel Owen

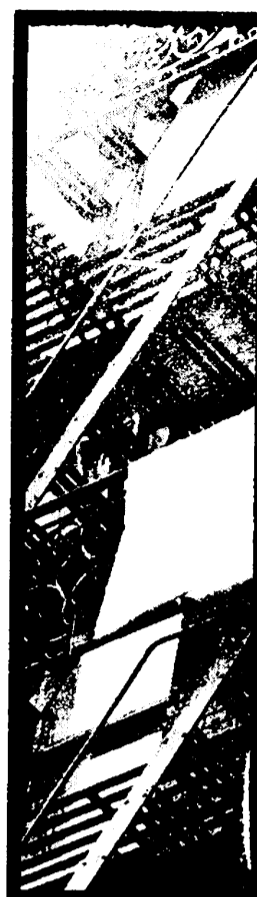
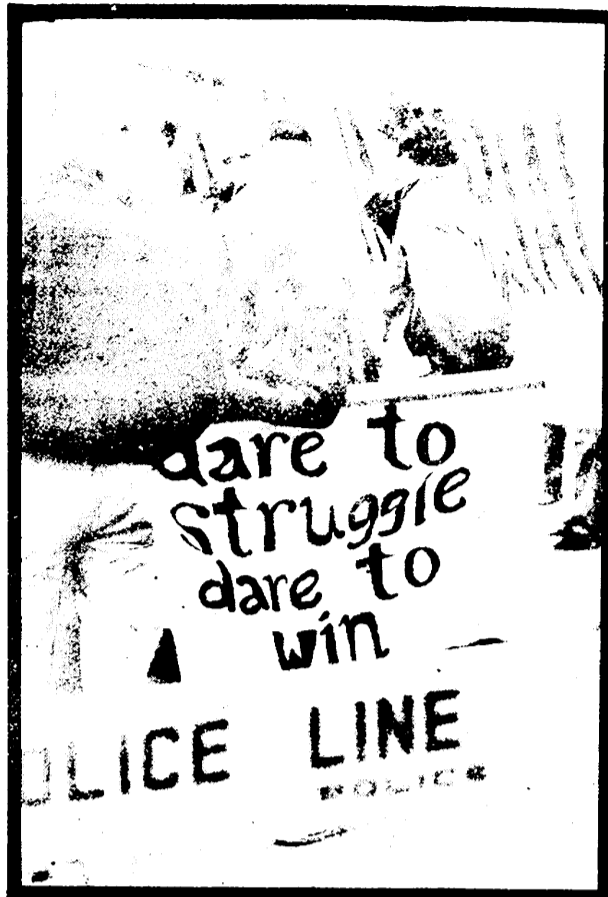
\*Published by 1st Casualty Press (McGraw Hill) \$1.95

\*Published by Warner Paperback Library. \$1.95.

## A BUMMER

We were going single file  
Through his rice paddies  
And the farmer  
Started hitting the lead track  
With a rake  
He wouldn't stop  
The TC went to talk to him  
And the farmer  
Tried to hit him too  
So the tracks went sideways  
Side by side  
Through the guy's fields  
Instead of single file  
Hard On, Proud Mary  
Bummer, Wallace, Rosemary's Baby  
The Rutgers Road Runner  
And  
Go Get Em—Done Got Em  
Went side by side  
Through the fields  
If you have a farm in Vietnam  
And a house in hell  
Sell the farm  
And go home

—Michael Casey



**November 4,**





972





# Mott Finally Score

Mott the Hoople—All the Young Dudes—(Columbia)

When Mott the Hoople are "on," you can imagine what the old 1966 Stones would have sounded like doing "Honky Tonk Woman," "Jumping Jack Flash," or "Brown Sugar," and for most of this album, Mott the Hoople are definitely "on."



Mott the Hoople's Ian Hunter

The lovely David Bowie had a hand in this, but don't be too quick to give him all the credit. He deserves a pat on the back for a fine production job and for writing the title track, but Mott had four near misses prior to this, and they have finally developed a

style of their own, owing much to the Stones and Bob Dylan, as they show us here.

The album opens with one of David Bowie's faves, "Sweet Jane," a Lou Reed song—it happens to be the weakest thing on the album.

"All the Young Dudes" was one of the best singles of the year. It

is injected with a couple of lines about a kid whose face is scarred by ripping the stars off his cheeks, but unfortunately, most of the words are slurred.

"Jerkin' Crocus" sounds like "Brown Sugar" played live. If you're familiar with "Rock and Roll Queen" from Mott the Hoople's first album (a song the Stones copped the riff from and called it "Bitch") then you know the kind of rave-up hysteria they are capable of producing. Unfortunately, they have been unable to sustain the excitement over the course of their previous LP's, but it is all here on side one, capped off with this song.

After you compose yourself long enough to flip the record over, they hit you smack in the face with "One of the Boys." I thought "Crocus" was the ultimate in a Stones take-off, but this cut takes the best from "Honky Tonk," "Jumping Jack Fighting Man" and blends them into one dynamic song. Lead singer Ian Hunter sounds much better imitating Jagger than Jagger himself does these days. Even the words are straight out of the Jagger-Richard songbook; "Cut off my hair/ Just to scare the teacher./ Goodness, gracious me ain't little Johnny a creature./ I'm one of the boys/ Don't say much but I make a big noise/ And it's growing./ All right! It's growing!" Even the Stones can't write or play this well anymore.

Barry Taylor



## English Flash

Remember when the Pink Floyd would play spacey songs which lasted under five minutes and created atmospheres that you never experienced before? Where every hole in the music was filled with an electronic ripple or blast? Now imagine a group that can still be as fresh and exciting doing that today, while looking like a bunch of 50's rockers who have come down from Mars. They look so bizarre, as you will see when you open this fantastic cover, that they make Sha Na Na look like a bunch of Columbia law undergraduates. The group is called Roxy Music, and yes, they're from England.

The group consists of Phil Manzanera on guitar; Andrew Mackay, sax; Bryan Ferry, piano and vocals; Rik Kenton,

bass; Paul Thompson, drums; and Eno, an electronics wizard who once amplified the travel of earthworms, on synthesizer and tapes. They are produced by Peter Sinfield, who as you remember is an ex-King Crimson man. They do sound like King Crimson at times ("Would You Believe" and "Sea Breezes"), sometimes exactly like the Pink Floyd did on their first album ("Chance Meeting"), and sometimes like the Velvet Underground should have sounded—especially on "Re-Make Re-Model," and "Virginia Plain." The latter was their hit single in England, and it will probably be released here as well soon, so look out for it, but don't listen to it directly before you go to bed because it'll give you nightmares.

Barry Taylor

# King of Marvin Gardens: An Actor's Film

Acting, several critics have noted, has been the forte of director Bob Rafelson's *The King of Marvin Gardens*. With a cast of young talent that includes Bruce Dern (*Silent Running*), Ellen Burstyn (*The Last Picture Show*), and Jack Nicholson (*Carnal Knowledge*, *Five Easy Pieces*) it is indeed difficult to remain unawed by the film as a vehicle for these actors' capabilities. But it is precisely this "star" orientation that lessens the film's effectiveness.

Easily looked upon as just another "American Dream" episode, *The King of Marvin Gardens* deals with two brothers, virtual opposites, whose views of reality, in spite of their love for each other, make Cain and Abel appear a close knit pair. David Stabler (the STABLizing influence?), Jack Nicholson, is summoned from Philadelphia to Atlantic City by brother Jason (Bruce Dern) because Jason has managed to land himself in jail. David is a bespectacled, shabbily attired creator/reciter of stories for a Philadelphia radio station.

Jason, however, is in a sense, the king of Marvin Gardens. Wheeler dealer in the most pathetic "American Dream" sense, he plays "real" monopoly with Boardwalk hotels and thinks he holds the "key to the city" as if the Parker Brothers made him a special gift of it. When Jason becomes interested in a little entity that is not on the board: a shangri-la like gambling paradise that he hopes to create in care-free Hawaii ("no Pokerino, no frozen custard"), David is called in as a consultant and mandatory partner. Still, more assistance for the imaginative enterprise is necessary, a banker. Enter the Black Mafia, Lewis and Com-

pany, and a headful of complications.

The tone of this narrative development (of the film in general) is highly subdued. Although shot in color, most scenes are bleak reminders of washed out, winter infested Atlantic City. This, of course, is in keeping with the film's theme, however, it is not too easy to write off a well scripted (Jacob Brackman), expertly dialogued enterprise of this nature (*Sunday Bloody Sunday* comes to mind here) as a screen-play that was never meant to hold a particular visual compulsion for the viewer.

Perhaps because *The King of Marvin Gardens* is for the most part such a delicately woven endeavour, the fact that its release for mass consumption is a mistake of sorts. Director Rafelson, for example, has David do a double-take at one point when a black man is following him as if to make certain the audience has gotten the subtle message. (Now the "once subtle" message.) Rafelson also uses suggestive back drops that overstate instead of enhance, and ultimately serve to mar the film's many narrative subtleties.

One scene where Jessica, Sally's (Ms. Burstyn's) step daughter is depicted with the aid of what can be and often has been a useful cinematic convention, is turned into a particularly disconcerting visual mishap. While well dressed, exquisitely featured Jessica is discoursing with David on the beach, a huge bill board advertising that something is "beautiful" appears just over head in the top of the frame. The directorial touch (advertisement perhaps?) is simply too indiscreet, by most standards, to approach any real sense of visual artistry, and once

again echoes the film's lack of visual depth.

Although deliberately yet unboringly slow moving, it must be admitted that *The King of Marvin Gardens* is, to a large extent, visually impotent. Whether this is the result of

director Rafelson's conscious (artistic or commercial) choice, or whether it resulted from a void in his directorial resources is unclear. The product, still, is an "actor's film," an entity that when it occasionally deviates from this

one sided orientation and into more visual terrains, is rendered weak. Films by definition, it must be remembered, are "motion" pictures; not actors' vehicles or screened "plays," however enjoyable they might be.

Bruce M. Berman

## The King of Marvin Gardens

"The marvel of this movie is the candor and validity of its relationships as in Rafelson's earlier 'Five Easy Pieces'! Fabulous performances! A superb metaphor for what has often been called 'The American Dream'!"

—ARTHUR KNIGHT, *Saturday Review*

"An irresistibly fascinating film...in many ways, it is more interesting and certainly more daring than 'Five Easy Pieces'... Nicholson and Dern give consummate performances."

—JAY COCKS, *Time Magazine*



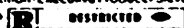
Columbia Pictures presents a BBS Production

### The King of Marvin Gardens

Jack Nicholson Bruce Dern Ellen Burstyn

with Lila Anne Robinson · Benjamin (Scorcher) Crothers · Screenplay by Jacob Brackman  
Story by Bob Rafelson and Jacob Brackman · Executive Producer Steve Blouner

Produced and Directed by Bob Rafelson



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# A Guide to Buying Records

One of the biggest problems in record buying is the high cost. If you want to keep up with the new (or old) releases, you can either spend a lot of money, or you can frequent the numerous "budget" shops. This practice is recommended if you want to buy a lot of records or if you have a lot of time on your hands. If you don't, this system will cost you more in time than it is worth.

If you go around to the stores with a couple of titles specifically in mind, you may end up disappointed, but if there are a number of things that you are looking for, or if your interests are wide, you might find it worth your while, and you just might find some unexpected gems along the way.

A good place to start is Dayton's. They have an outlet near City Hall, and one on 8th Street, but the one on 12th and Broadway has a bigger selection. There, you will find many of the newest selections in boxes on the floor for \$2 each. Most of them have holes in the cover or are decorated with promo stickers, and some of them aren't sealed, but that's okay. They've never been played and are in perfect condition. There is also a large \$1 section in the back. These are the older records which have made their way from the \$2 boxes. They also have some promo 45's at the register for a quarter.

In the East Village, there is Freebeing Records on 7th and Second Avenue, a store which has a good selection of used records for \$1 and \$2. Everything is arranged alphabetically, and it's not too hard finding exactly what you are looking for. If you're into "punk rock," (Standells, Seeds, Paul Revere and the Raiders, etc.), there is a large collection of things in the back for a quarter each, but be careful because most of them are severely scratched. They also have a lot of bootlegs and a couple of English imports.

Up the block is Max's. Though primarily a used and magazine store, he has a large number of records in boxes for \$1 each, but sometimes has 1/2 and 1/4 price sales. Sometimes you'll find some unplayed new things, but only go there if you are looking for obscure groups or records that are out of print. Gramophone is also nearby. They have promos for \$1.88, and a lot of junk for 79¢, but you'd be surprised at what

you can uncover for 79¢ there sometimes.

## Westward Ho

Over in the West Village, there's Discount Records for English imports—not great, but definitely better than Music Inn for price and variety. House of Oldies sometimes has records for a buck or two, and Music Inn has a limited collection of \$1.88 records. The 69¢ Store on 8th St. has a couple of tables full for, uh... and

hot rod records (Jan and Dean, Safaris, Astronauts) for \$1 or less thrown in on the shelves.

Down around Wall Street, there's Bondy's on Park Row. They have things priced at 99¢ and \$1.99, and one of those '45 racks where you get 3 for a buck. There's also another Dayton's down there and another 69¢ Shop.

Department stores sometimes get rid of

older records, check out the bargain bins. Bargain bin hunting is often a worthy pastime. As you will immediately learn, most of the records in these bins are there because they actually belong there, but this only enhances the beaut that you can sometimes pick up for 29¢ or 49¢.

Even if you only get one goodie out of the five or ten you buy at these stores, it's a good way of beating the parking lot corporations which currently control the music business. Take chances. Here are a couple of things to look for: anything that was recorded in England immediately improves the odds by about 50%. Most obscure English groups are head and shoulders above most shitkicking American groups.

# POPOP

Also, look at the personnel listed on the sleeve and see if any of the names ring a bell. Did you know that most of the Stones and the Band played on the early John Hammond records? That Yes guitarist Steve Howe was formerly in a group called Tomorrow? That the Choir ("Baby, It's Cold Outside") are now Raspberries? That the Outsiders ("Time Won't Let Me") have become the currently popular Climax? That a group called the Paramounts has personnel listed as Diz Derrick, Gary Brooker, Robin Trower, and B. J. Wilson? And there's plenty more waiting to be discovered by you.

If dealing is your bag, and you want to sell or exchange (it's always better to exchange), go to either of the Max's or Freebeing. The prices you will get are not too good, but if you are getting rid of a lot of records, it all adds up.

So, never pay \$4 or \$5 for an album. There is always a way of getting it for less. If you don't want to be bothered scouting around, check out the Sunday Times' "Arts and Leisure" section for the sales at Korvettes and Goody's.

If you know of any other budget stores, or if you find any particularly interesting obscure records in a bargain bin, let us know, and we'll pass the word.

—Barry Taylor



Jeff Flisser

Dayton's is across the street. At this outlet, they occasionally have 3 for \$5.00 sales.

Up to 17th St. and 8th, there's another Max's, no relation to the book store on the East Side. This place is a wholesale house, but don't let it scare you. They have mucho promos, probably the biggest collection in the city next to Warner Brothers', and they range from \$1-\$2. Brand, spanking new records are just \$3, and that's pretty good. First check out the unsorted promo section if you have time, and you may find what you want there. Max has a large selection of rock albums by 60's rock and roll groups, and prices are flexible. The more you buy, the cheaper they get. He also has a lot of surfing and

their unwanted stuff for less than \$2. Check out Korvettes and Gimbels, and the Bin Budget Shop at Macy's. I picked up all the old Spencer Davis Group, Manfred Mann, and Hollies albums there at 2 for \$1.00. Klein's at Union Square is the best place for low prices, with records sometimes going for 39¢ each or 3 for \$1. That's if you want "Soupy Sales Does The Mouse." It's also a good place to go if you want to use the records for frisbees, or the jackets to wallpaper your bathroom.

Woolworth's sometimes has good sales, and if you're really adventurous, you might try the local Salvation Army or a church bazaar.

If you want to take a chance on some

## Torrent of Madness

A thin package of shoulder length hair, short beard, wild eyed dancing madness flies across the Central Park stage in a pouring rain and New York is introduced to Ian Anderson and the music of Jethro Tull. I remember standing on a seat in what seemed to be the middle of a storm that was being brewed from a combination of God above and Ian Anderson below. Anderson was smart, cutting and an incredible joy to listen to, even when there was no music. And oh that music, a driving torrent of powerful amplified madness that you didn't have to classify as rock or jazz or classical or folk or your mother. That music kept me standing in a rain I'll never forget, two and a half years later that music kept me in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium for a show I'll also never forget.

Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium is not a warm place, partly because Buffalo is not a warm place. Come to think of it, the warm part of Buffalo is its cops' underarms. The Memorial Auditorium seats around 15,000 people and its seats were chock full of Buffalo's best hippies, freaks, undercover cops and music lovers. The show started nearly on time and new English group Gentle Giant opened to a slowly responding audience. Their music is too subtle for halls like the Memorial Auditorium or Madison Square Garden and several parts of their set suffered from the hall's poor acoustics. The band is tight and musically keen with good ability. Being in Memorial Auditorium though, the two lead singers reminded me of a dirty wrestling tag-team stalking the stage for an eager victim. After the usual time delay for setting up equipment, a problem that

plagues all rock concerts, Jethro Tull made their appearance in their usual unusual way. To go into details about their stage show would only take away from the enjoyment for those of you preparing to see them in Madison Square Garden in November. It will suffice to say that the show contains a lot of theatrics, bordering on burlesque and leaning heavily on vaudevillian techniques. The group performed "Thick As A Brick", and then other pieces recorded at the same time develop the album. The songs are the usual tight, rhythmic, driving music associated with the group, along with Ian Anderson's cutting lyrical power. Anderson is one of the under-rated songwriters of our time, and is one of rock music's strongest composers. Included in the album, comprising the entire third side, are two live cuts recorded at Carnegie Hall that feature lengthy solos by the then drummer, Clive Bunker, and the present keyboard man, John Evan. Although interesting, they are both overly long, cluttered and unnecessary. Jethro Tull is so much more live than the side begins to show. One of the sure hits from this album should be an earlier released English 45, "Sweet Dream." Also due for considerable airplay will be two songs from an English LP released in 1971, "Life Is A Long Song" and "Up The Pool." If you question Anderson's abilities as a lyricist, listen closely to "Life Is A Long Song" and "Love Story."

While the album is lyrically strong there is nothing that compares to Thick As A Brick. Less than a year old, Anderson's message cuts to an amazingly strong edge both in English society and our own. The



lyrics to Thick As A Brick are included in the album on page seven of the gazette and it would do many English majors to check them against other major works in English literature. It might even do you good to check them against great poetic works in American literature.

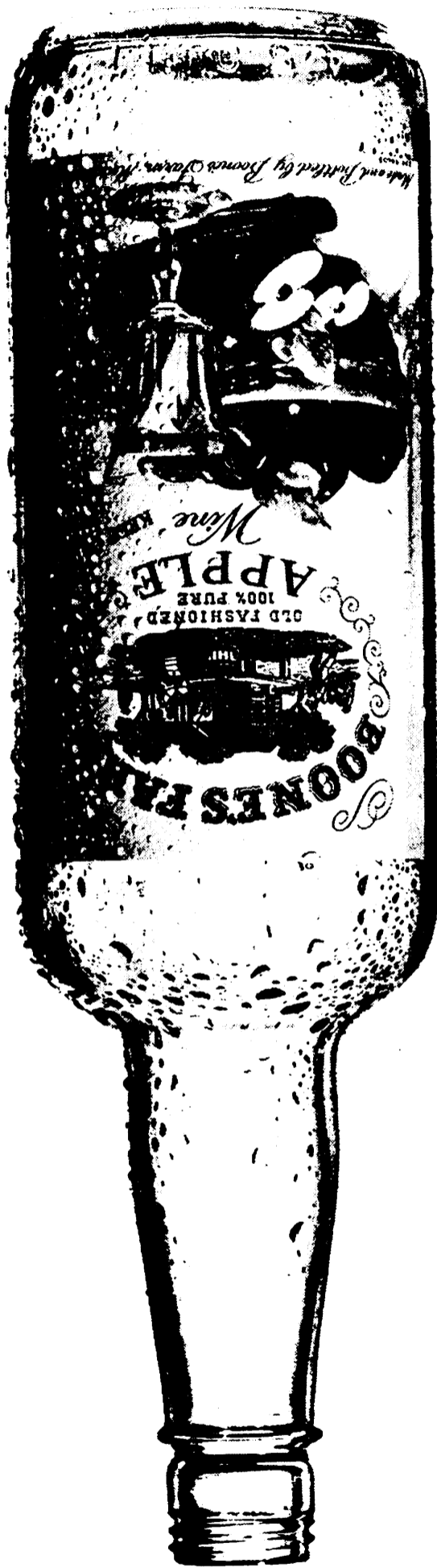
—Come on ye childhood heroes  
—YOU RISE UP FROM THE PAGES  
OF YOUR COMIC BOOKS,  
YOUR SUPER—CROOKS, AND SHOW

US ALL THE WAY...

We'll have Superman for president let Robin save the day." Anderson is able to deal with our modern society on a steadier level than any other lyricist today, outside of early Dylan. His ability to pinpoint and interpolate many of society's problems is an ability lacking in many other writers of prophetic rock and roll lyrics and luminaries of stage and screen.

Gregory P. Vovsi

BOONE'S FARM, MODESTO, CALIFORNIA



**apple turnover.**

## Sickle Cell...

The Foundation for Research and Education in Sickle Cell Disease has announced that its second telethon will be held at the Palace Theater on Saturday, Dec. 9. The telethon, produced in cooperation with CBS, ABC, and NBC, will be aired on Channel 9.

Among the celebrities scheduled to appear are Harry Belafonte, Diahann Carroll, Merv Griffin and Mandrill. Proceeds of the telethon will go to the Foundation. Volunteers are needed to work on the program in various capacities. For further information, call 593-2917.

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Birthday  
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## Networks Criticized for 3rd Party Coverage

As was so elegantly said by a female western-film critic, in the movie *They Might Be Giants*, "they stopped showing westerns" (westerns referring to an interplay between pure goodness and evil, noting that good always triumphs in the end). If George McGovern is considered to be the cowboy hero of the election, then surely John Schmitt should be considered as an anti-hero.

John Schmitt, the arch conservative presidential candidate, running on George Wallace's American party, received over one million votes. When asked by an ABC reporter to comment on his poor showing, Schmitt replied "What do you expect? You hardly ever filmed my campaign. My views were never discussed on the air. The race has been referred to as a two candidate contest.

What do you expect my chances to be?"

The reporter nervously responded by stating that, indeed, ABC had covered many of his rallies. Schmitt replied by changing his charge to "ABC may film my rallies and press conferences, but they are rarely ever broadcast." The reporter denied the charge. The interview was abruptly ended, cut off on purpose. As the scene changed one could hear Schmitt question the TV audience as to whether they had ever heard of him, and if ABC had given him any coverage.

Schmitt's politics are reactionary, and in some cases childlike. But he was a legal candidate for President on the majority of ballots in this country. The FCC's equal time provision states that all candidates for an office must have equal time to put forth their position. This has prevented debates between leading candidates in the past. The networks have got around the rule by

covering candidacies as news stories. They obtain candidate views by covering their rallies, press conferences, and such. By using this loop-hole, some candidates are sometimes omitted.

In this election neither John Schmitt's conservative, Dr. Spock's liberal, or Gus Hall's Communist views, were properly heard.

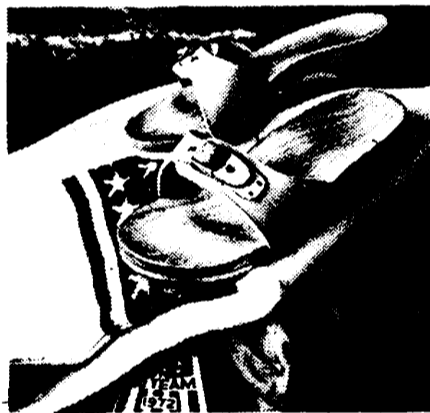
TV plays a great part in publicizing a candidate's views. By covering, or refusing to cover a candidate, the networks decide who is a major or minor candidate. In the constitution, few restrictions prevent citizens from running for office. There are no Constitutional distinctions between major or minor candidates. The media has no right to consider the Democratic or Republican Parties as the only groups to nominate valid candidates for office. Schmitt or Hall have an equal right to have their voices heard, the public should be the only body to decide who's views are right or wrong.

Robert Ness

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So if you'd like to get through winter in beautiful shape, put on some Scholl Sandals the way the U.S. Ski Team does.

After all, what's good enough for their legs and feet should be good enough for yours.

**Scholl**  
exercise sandals



Photographed at The Inn of the Seventh Mountain, Oregon

# 'There's a Body Out There...'

By TOM McDONALD

The angle of the sun splashed its rays across the water in a golden blindness. The Manhattan skyline was lost in the violence of the sinking sun, but as the boat gently rocked up and down on the water it would occasionally dip below the angle of the rays and East 72nd St. came into view.

As the day began to fade away four of us sat on the bow of the boat and drank some beer. There was Old Albert, the captain of the barge, John the Engineer, Furgeson and myself, two deckhands.

Old Albert's boat was a brick barge, *The Eugene Tierney*, out of Danscamers Point, New York. The region has rich deposits of clay and shale which are used in making bricks. Huge steam shovels scrape the gray clay from the sides of the hills around Danscamers Point and mix it with crushed shale to make the bricks.

The shovels rarely miss an ounce of useable clay. Over the years the Tierney Brick company took so much clay from the north hill that the hill was ground down into a 20 foot deep hole a quarter of a mile wide. The company diverted a stream so that they could make a lake out of the pit, but no one uses it because the remnants of clay have made the water a perpetual gray.

When the shovels scrape the clay from the hills they dump it into the backs of trucks that bring it down from the hills to the plant. Once it is there the technicians mix the clay and the shale together and press it into a mold, much like a child would mold sand with his beach pail. The molded bricks are carefully placed in ten rows of one hundred on a steel whelled platform. When everything is ready the huge doors of the kiln open up and the cable is attached to the platform. The cable pulls the platform through the half mile length of the kiln, which bakes the bricks into the solid form in which most people know them.

The heat of the kiln is so intense that the outside walls are always hot. During the winter, hobos come from miles around to lay on the ground next to the kiln walls and get some warmth against the winter cold.

When the bricks are finished baking they are hosed down to cool them off. After that a hoisting crane picks them up and places them on the flat wooden barges that will take them to their destinations. A barge can hold over 300 thousand bricks in one load. When the boat is loaded, a tugboat pulls it down the Hudson River to unloading docks in New York City. At these docks, such as the one owned by the J.P. Clancy Brick Co., where the four of us sat drinking beer, the bricks are taken off the barge and put on trucks to be taken to the places where they will be used.

Furgeson and I were responsible for unloading the boat and guiding the crane to the right place. The crane sits in a square frame of steel, forty feet above the ground. The frame is called a gantry. The crane engineer sits in a cab which hangs from a steel beam. The cab can move in any direction because the beam moves up and down the length of the gantry and the cab moves across the width of the beam. In this way the cab can come directly overhead of anything within the frame of the gantry and hoist it off the ground.

Furgy and I were responsible for signaling John the Engineer that he was in the right place; or if he should move over a few feet. Once he was in place we would wrap the steel cables around the stack of bricks and he would hoist them away.

So on this particular day in question the four of us sat on the bow of Albert's boat and drank some beer. The work day had ended but none of us felt like going home, so we sat and talked.

Albert had been around boats all of his life. He walked very slowly and with such concern that it was evident he had spent the better part of his life on a moving ship.



The sea has a way of drying out a man's face too; Albert's face was hard and dry; his skin had turned a deep brown from constant applications of sun and salt water.

He was telling us about his days on a tugboat. During the second world war the Allies needed large tugboats to move equipment into place during the D-Day invasion. Since there were no large tugs in England the Americans decided to send over a hundred footer from the New York harbor. Albert was one of the sailors the Navy selected to take the tug across the Atlantic to Liverpool.

While he was telling us about the trip to England, Albert stopped in mid sentence. He put his hand over his eyes to cut down the glare from the sun on the water. He stayed that way for several seconds, as the three of us strained to see what he was looking at.

Finally he said "There's a stiff out there."

"A What?"

"A body" he said, and he pointed.

"There."

When we followed his finger down to the place in the water at which he was pointing we all saw a huge, nondescript mass which was floating along with the tide on the top of the water.

"We better get the patrol boat" Albert said to John and the two of them got onto the dock and went to look for a phone.

It is a strange feeling to see death. To be able to see it face to face and to smell it. All the abstractions about death vanish when you are faced with a body, there at your feet. It changes you because it impresses upon you the finality of death; its completeness. To reach down and touch the form of someone who has had life taken away from them; to understand that in their lifeless form they are as cold and devoid of feeling as a lump of coal is to begin to understand what it's all about.

It didn't take long for the police boat to arrive. In a few minutes we sighted them as they swung around the tip of Welfare Island from the Manhattan side of the East

River.

The boat pulled along side the body. The two deckhands and the Captain huddled in a quick conversation. The boat was about 150 feet from the shore. The captain yelled out to us:

"This guy must weigh about 500 pounds. We'll never get him into the boat, so we're gonna push the body in towards your boat."

When the boat and the body came along side Albert's boat a strange feeling came over me. Something inside told me not to look, but something else made me want to look, that sort of sick curiosity that overcomes people at the site of a traffic accident.

The body was of a man. He must have been underwater for several days because he was a slimy green, and there were bugs all over his body. The water had bloated him to such grotesque proportions that he resembled an inflated balloon. The cop was right, he did weigh about 500 pounds.

The captain, who was a ruddy faced, short, muscular man, whose collar seemed too small for him, decided that the best way to get the body onto the dock would be to slip a harness around him and hoist him up with the crane. The two deckhands fit the harness on the body, under the arms. Then John brought the crane overhead and hoisted the body away. Because the harness was under the arms the body flipped into a vertical position as soon as it left the water. As John swung the crane over the dock the body seemed as if we had just hung it.

Meanwhile the cops had put in a call to the City Morgue and placed a canvass bag on the dock to put the body into. John lowered the body down until the feet just rested on the ground. Perhaps on a impulse, John suddenly moved the cab to the right and then forward so that it looked as if the body was staggering around the dock in a sort of strange Chaplinesque walk.

"How do you want this stiff," John yelled to the two cops, "Straight up or lying down?"

"Just put the bastard on the canvass"

the captain pleaded.

At the moment John finally lowered the body onto the canvass the truck from the City Morgue pulled onto the dock. The coroner, who was supposed to officially declare that the body was dead, was a small dark haired woman.

The captain's eyes glowed when he saw that the coroner was a woman. With a wolfish smile on his face he pulled the canvass flap off the top of the body. The woman got within ten feet of the body, and when she saw what it was like she took the note pad from underneath her arm and jotted down some words.

"He's dead," she said, and turned around to walk back to the truck.

"What!" screamed the captain. "How do you know he's dead doc? You didn't even come near him." Grinning broadly he teased her more; "Jesus doc, you didn't even feel his pulse."

The lady coroner turned on her heel and faced the body again. "Listen" and she pointed at the captain "that sor of a bitch is dead, and that's that." With that she stormed back to the truck and got in.

The captain laughed to himself and gestured to the rest of us with his arms open wide, as if to say, "Well, I tried."

He then walked towards the edge of the dock and as he walked he told the two deckhands to tie the body up in the bag and put it in the back of the Morgue truck.

The body was so large that it couldn't fit inside the canvas. The two deckhands were perplexed as to what to do, so Albert yelled to them to get some of the water out of him. The one cop started to jump up and down on the guy's chest to take some of the swelling out of him. As he would stomp on his stomach jets of water would shoot up from the corpse's mouth.

The captain reappeared in the doorway of the police boat. In his hand was the remains of a half eaten hero and a half quart can of beer. He watched his men trying to fit the body into the bag and he shook his head. He took a vicious bite on the hero and between chews said, "That son of a bitch is going to ruin my lunch."