

Rocky's Panel



observation post

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Tuition

BY CLARK KENT

City University students face the prospect of an eight hundred dollar tuition fee in September if the State Legislature approves the recommendations of Governor Rockefeller's Keppel Commission.

Although this is the ninety-fifth budget crisis in CUNY's history, it seems this year's opponents of a free university may finally achieve their goal. The Keppel Commission, Rockefeller's Task Force on Financing Higher Education, has come up with the first actual program for implementation of tuition. In addition, the State Board of Regents is calling for a "rational tuition policy" beginning with the academic year of 1973-1974.

Under State law, the budget must be approved before April 1st. This means there are only two weeks left for the opponents of mandatory tuition to make their case.

Commenting on the fact that the Keppel Commission filed its report on Tuesday of this week, Ilana Hirst, Vice Chairman for Legislative affairs of the City University Student Senate, said "The timing of the release of the report would seem to indicate that they (the Keppel Commission) wanted to get tuition railroaded through the State Legislature before the free tuition forces could adequately defend their position in response to the Commission's proposals."

The Commission has placed an em-

phasis on a two year education by specifically recommending grants to low income students, which would cover

two-thirds of the tuition costs for the first two years, fifty-five per cent for the third year, and forty per cent for the fourth and possibly fifth years. The report says, "The State's projected supply of college-educated citizens appears to exceed the economy's projected demand for those who complete the baccalaureate degree and for many graduate degrees as well. The demand appears to be greater for students at the two-year, technical and occupational level."

The recommendations will eliminate such programs as SEEK and College Discovery with the intention that students would receive financial aid through a combination of grants, loans and/or summer or other work. It is evident; however, that the financial aid will be less available and harder to obtain if the Commission's recommendations are approved.

Under the present State Loan program no interest is paid on a loan until the student graduates. The Keppel Commission proposes that interest be paid as soon as the loan is received. Also, the additional Federal funding that the new program calls for will probably never materialize because of cuts in Federal education appropriations.

The issue of a mandatory tuition for CUNY seems to be based on a personal vendetta by Rockefeller and upstate legislators, and not because of any dire financial crisis in the State's pocketbook. Mayoral candidate Al Blumenthal and several State legislators, contend that there is currently a surplus of State funds in excess of seven hundred million dollars.

The Joint Legislative Committee on Higher Education will hold hearings on the Keppel Commission Report at 10:30 a.m. today at 80 Centre Street.

Future of P.P.H.S. Uncertain

BY CHRONOS TRALFAMADORE

The Planning Program for Humanistic Studies (PPHS) has had its tenuous lease on life shortened to a year by the Faculty Senate educational policy committee.

After a brief meeting with PPHA director Arthur Bierman last week, the Senate committee decided to reject a recommendation for a three-year extension by an independent faculty committee which has been evaluating the program.

PPHS students and faculty immediately responded by calling a mass meeting for this Thursday to decide what sort of action to take. A request to see President Marshak was denied, but there are rumors that a group of students will stage a sit-in at the Administration building to demonstrate their support for the program.

Although the decision of the Senate committee is not binding, it was feared that their evaluation would be upheld at the Faculty Senate meeting due to be held next week.

The independent evaluating committee, headed by Professor Leo Hamalian (English), was formed in September, 1971 at the inception of the Humanistic Studies program to evaluate the proposed program over a two-year period. The Hamalian report, completed last week, contained an analysis of the program that



Arthur Bierman and PPHS students

many PPHS students found basically fair and accurate.

Among the criticisms leveled at the program were the tendency toward encounter-type, "touchie-feelie" groups and a lack of intellectual rigor, criticisms which were echoed both by advocates and detractors of the program. The report went on to state that in spite of the shortcomings, the program managed to provide a successful "alternative education" ambience. Many of the students queried for the report said that they had learned far more in PPHS classes than they had in years of previous college classes. Even the most vocal

critics questioned felt that the problems were surmountable and that the program should be allowed to continue indefinitely.

In spite of this, the Faculty Senate committee rejected the proposed extension and suggested instead a one-year extension to be followed by an evaluation by PPHS itself.

PPHS students and faculty do not feel that a self-evaluation will be taken as seriously as an independent one. They further believe that the Faculty Senate has no intention of allowing the program to continue, and have declared they are ready to fight to save it.

S. Dakota Benefit

Vernon Bellecourt, national director of the American Indian Movement, will speak Friday noon in the Finley Grand Ballroom.

Bellecourt has been traveling around the country to raise funds to support the Indians at Wounded Knee.

At last report, federal agents were surrounding Wounded Knee in an attempt to starve out the Indians still there. This tactic has not worked, as Indians from the area have been bringing supplies through the hills. Although food is short, the situation is not critical.

Bellecourt has asked supporters to organize demonstrations in their own cities and to send money and supplies to the Indians.

Five Busted for Grass Dean Weighs Discipline

BY KILGORE TROUT

Five students were apprehended by Wackenhut guards in two separate incidents Monday for smoking alleged marijuana cigarettes on the South Campus lawn.

Three of the students, who declined to give their names, will meet with Acting Dean of Students Herbert DeBerry later today to discuss whether disciplinary action will be taken against them.

"I get several cases a month," DeBerry said. "We sometimes refer them to the Student Faculty Disciplinary Committee." DeBerry said that several copies of the charge will be made and sent to the Security Office and to the Vice Provost for Student Affairs. DeBerry promised that these reports will be kept separate from the students' academic record and will never leave the College.

According to one of the students, the Wackenhut guard was watching the

students smoke on the lawn Monday afternoon. When one member of the group noticed him, he swallowed the remainder of the cigarette. The guard then escorted the students to DeBerry's office, where they received a lecture on the dangers of smoking marijuana on campus.

One of the guards was quoted as saying, "We got the dope on these guys."

DeBerry said that if the students were brought before him again on similar charges, he would have to refer the matter directly to the Disciplinary Committee, which could take stronger action.

In the other incident on Monday, Wackenhut guards reportedly confiscated an ounce of marijuana from two students and escorted them to the Security Office. The students, who also wish to remain anonymous, claim they were harassed by the guards. "They're everywhere," one student said. "They spy on us with binoculars. It's a big hassle."

Spring is here again.

DIG THIS SHIT

BY PERRY WHITE

Fire Commissioner Robert Lowry announced at a press conference, that "the number of malicious false alarms sunk by 14% last month," an all-time post-war monthly low. However, Lowry reported that the number of real fires rose by 38% in the same month.

BIKE

BY POLLY ETHELENE

Walter Fang, 65, a bricklayer from North Rump, West Virginia, embarks on a cross-country bicycle tour. Fang believed that America is still a "free country" and attempts to prove so by not taking any money with him on his journey. Fang was subsequently arrested and held without bail for failing to pay the toll on the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge.



Philip Zimbardo:

"Most of you are prisoners"

BY PETER GRAD

Take 22 college aged, white, middle class males.

Incarcerate half of them in a makeshift jail on the basement floor of a university, complete with 6' by 9' barred cells, furnished only with a cot.

Assign uniforms and numbers to all "prisoners" and simulate, as much as is legally and practically possible, all the conditions of prison life.

Allow the other half of the subjects to armed with clubs, over these inmates for a projected period of 14 days.

What do you have? "A situation in which behavior was distorted and rechanneled to the extent that in less than one week, essentially normal individuals were exhibiting what could be characterized as anti-social, pathological behavior."

This was the conclusion found by Dr. Philip Zimbardo, a native of the South Bronx, whose recent Stanford prison experiment received widespread coverage, including front page exposure in the New York Times. Zimbardo, who presently teaches psychology at Stanford University, offered a presentation of slides and tape recordings to 200 students in Harris Hall last week in the third of a lecture series in Contemporary Psychological Issues, a new psychology course.

Zimbardo, dressed in bell bottoms and a flared red mod shirt with the letter Z emblazoned on the pocket and a metal

"Virtually all students lost sight of the fact that it was not a real prison."

pendant hanging over his partially bared chest, spoke briefly in introducing his slide presentation.

"Today, I want to talk to you about real prisoners and prisoners of the mind." He charged that "most of you are in prison right now" referring not so much to the hallowed confines of the college but to the general situation of all individuals within society.

"You are made to believe that you have the freedom to choose, but in reality, you have only limited choices, and those choices are initially determined by society... Life is the art of being deceived."

He then turned to the findings of his experiment. "It is possible to create reality from illusion," he said. "Virtually all the students who volunteered for this experiment, by the last day, lost sight of the fact that it was not a real prison."

The students participating in the experiment were randomly assigned as prisoners and guards. After having received their designations, each group was furnished with appropriate attire. The guards were given plain khaki shirts and trousers, a whistle, and a police stick, thereby giving them a military-like appearance of authority. In addition, they wore sunglasses to make eye contact impossible and increase the impersonality of the situation.

The prisoners were given smocks with an identification number on the front and back, and no underwear was permitted. The dress-like nature of the uniforms forced the men to adjust to new ways of walking, sitting and sleeping; it made them feel awkward and served as "symbols of humiliation, subservience and unmasculinity." They also wore sandals and stocking caps to cover their hair—another measure used to minimize individuality and increase group identity.

Within what Zimbardo termed "a surprisingly short period of time," the experimenters witnessed "normal, healthy American college students fractionate into a group of prison guards who seemed to derive pleasure from insulting, threatening, humiliating and dehumanizing their peers (prisoners)... while the typical prisoner syndrome was one of passivity, dependency, depression, helplessness and self deprecation.

He noted that the prisoners adopted relatively passive responses while the

guards assumed active, initiative roles—usually in terms of issuing commands.

"Most dramatic and distressing was the observation of the ease with which sadistic behavior could be elicited in individuals who were not sadistic types." He noted that the guards were observed to exhibit constant escalation of aggression "even after most prisoners had ceased resisting and prisoner deterioration had become obvious to them." Examples of guards' abuses were waking the prisoners at 2:30 in the morning for head counts, forced and prolonged exercises and stomping on prisoners who failed to do so correctly, taking away beds and stripping of prisoners' clothes. Overt physical abuse was prohibited by the experimenters at the beginning but some instances of shoving and "mild" beatings did occur.

On the third day, the prisoners attempted to stage a rebellion but were met with unexpected resistance from the guards. Fire extinguishers were used to quell the revolt and a few prisoners were sent to detention cells. This paved the way for the establishment of an honors system whereby the least rebellious prisoners were given such privileges as movie passes and reading time. But reward soon meant merely the absence of any guard harassment. Being allowed to go to the bathroom or to sleep on a bed soon became rewards for obedient prisoners. (Erving Goffman, in his text, *Asylums*, states that a major characteristic of all institutions is the concept of privilege, which usually amounts to the absence of deprivations one ordinarily expects not to have to sustain. Such became the case in Stanford.)

Soon, the guards began to arbitrarily punish and reward prisoners to confuse them. This led to distrust among the inmates and to feelings of futility and helplessness. This seemed to be the major changing point. Zimbardo stated, "As the environment became more unpredictable and previously learned assumptions about a just and orderly world were no longer functional, prisoners ceased to initiate any action."

Another finding which surprised Zimbardo and his associates, was the onset of acute emotional breakdowns occurring in the prisoners "who were selected precisely for their emotional stability (based on character tests prior to the experiment.)" After 36 hours, one subject suffered a nervous breakdown. At first he was thought to be faking, but after prolonged crying, his condition proved to be genuine and he was immediately released from the experiment. With the escalating harassment, the existing tensions, and several other incidents of



Psychologist Philip Zimbardo addressed 200 students enrolled in Psychology 110 in Harris Hall last Wednesday.

emotional reactions (including one subject who broke out with a psychosomatic rash over his body) the experimenters agreed to terminate the project after only six days in operation.

"The abnormality here resided in the psychological nature of the situation and not in those who passed through it," Zimbardo said his results are congruent with those of Milgram, who stated that "evil acts are not necessarily the deeds of



evil men, but may be attributable to the operation of powerful social forces." His findings also refute the "dispositional hypotheses" as to the cause of present deplorable prison conditions. He states, "A major contributing cause to despicable conditions, violence, brutality, dehumanization and degradation existing within any prison can be traced to some innate or acquired characteristic of the correctional or inmate population."

While acknowledging that there were differences between his set-up and actual prisons, Zimbardo defended his claim that all subjects at one time or another experienced reactions which exceeded mere role-playing and "penetrated the deep structure of the psychology of imprisonment." He cited facts as 90% of all conversation was related to prison conditions—food, privileges, harassment, and grievance committees while only a small fraction dealt with outside life. Guard harassment, when not being videotaped, was greater than when in view of experimenters; and harassment by guards continued even when prisoner deterioration and emotional breakdowns began to occur.

"Most guards replied they were just playing a role. One may wish to consider to what extremes an individual will go, and what the consequences will be, before a guard can no longer rightfully attribute his actions to playing a role and thereby abdicate responsibility.

"Being a guard carried social status. There was no need for guards to rationally justify a request—merely to make a demand was sufficient to have it carried out... (guards had) the freedom to exercise an unprecedented degree of control over the lives of other human beings... this sense of power was exhilarating.

"Those guards who exhibited the most aggression became the role models for others. Guards who were lenient or sympathetic to the prisoners were seen as weak, although even weak guards followed the norm of never interfering with or disputing the action of a more hostile guard."

Several coping strategies were employed by the prisoners. After their initial shock at the "total invasion of privacy, constant surveillance and the atmosphere of oppression in which they were living," the prisoners first rebelled. This was not successful and they encountered more frustration when their grievance committee proved ineffectual. Along with planned actions by the guards to foster suspicion and mistrust amongst the prisoners, these frustrations led to a shattering of spirits and a break in group unity. Some prisoners became legitimately ill, others went to the opposite extreme and attempted to be "model" prisoners. All prisoners progressively became more passive and

more dependent, and from findings based on projective tests administered during the trial, low self-regard (negative feelings toward self) became more and more apparent. Zimbardo states that this was likely a result of their coming to believe that the continued hostility toward all of them was justified because they "deserved it."

(Goffman points out, "By their reasoning, after an offender receives unfair or excessive punishment, he comes to justify his act which he originally could not have justified. He decides to 'get even' for his unjust treatment in prison and take reprisals through further crime at the first opportunity. With that decision, he becomes a criminal.")

"Feelings of power and powerlessness, of control and oppression, of satisfaction and frustration, of arbitrary rule and resistance to authority, of status and anonymity, of machismo and emasculation—all elements of behavior in a real prison, were exhibited in our fabricated jail," said Zimbardo.

Zimbardo did not express much optimism regarding the present state of

"Most distressing...was the sadistic behavior which arose in individuals who were not sadistic types."

actual prisons in America."

The physical conditions within prisons has improved somewhat and the rhetoric of rehabilitation has replaced the language of punitive incarceration; yet, the institution of prison has continued to fail."

He suggested instituting a system whereby guards would receive token rewards for facilitating the early release of prisoners under their jurisdiction. In this way, there would be incentive for the guards to treat prisoners more humanely and perhaps take a real interest in helping to keep them out of trouble. He agreed with students who later questioned him that there are many individuals behind bars who don't belong there. "Judges, psychologists and officials don't live in ghettos and don't have money problems so when they're faced with poor people, defendant's behavior is bizarre in their eyes."

He asked the audience to think in what dimensions their lives were different from prisoners. He left with a thought from Epictetus, the philosopher: "Whenever anyone is or conducts his daily activities against his will, then that is his prison."

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N.Y. DOLLS
DAVID BOWIE
BOOKS

RECORDS
PLAYS
MUSEUMS

Doll Fever Hits New York

BY LINDA DANNA

Doll fever is rising, my little monsters... fun is contagious! They just broke the house attendance record at Max's and tonight's Valentine's Party at the Mercer Arts Center is packed to utter capacity. Looks like the Mercer can't hold their

later as he stands close to the stage during the entire Dolls set with nothing but unabashed admiration glowing from his very heart.) Four Way Street ain't bad a'tall and Ruby herself is a dream-and-a-half until her band decides to solo without her for a bit. This bit turns out to be too

only come up with the Stooges for energy level (later I become even more perceptive by producing Slade and The Stones from my incredible memory of rock 'n' roll). Kath takes pictures—lots of pictures... Johnny apparently notices how many times she changes the film... he's impressed... he winks for the camera which records it for posterity. Devoid of photographic equipment I can only gaze in the general direction of his plexiglass guitar... I guess Johnny is impressed again... he smirks in approval (these kids are gonna be real fans, I can tell). That done, I turn my attention to the other side of the stage where an awful lot is going on. Rhythm guitarist Syl Sylvain is a hyperactive caricature of Marc Bolan with a little Harpo Marx thrown in (I think it's the bow tie). He comically races all the way over to Johnny which, since it is a distance of two whole feet, takes approximately 1/4 of a second round trip. On the way he bumps David in the rear and makes a ferocious face at Johnny. Arthur, meanwhile, plays the silent bass player—he doesn't have to do much else since he is around seven feet tall, platinum blonde and tastefully attired in black ripped pantyhose and furry pink house slippers. David, by the way, has poured his skinny body into basic black and pears. He looks the very spit of Jagger but oh-so-young!

Over-intellectualizing never got anyone anywhere anyway. One of their big show-stoppers, though, is when Johnny Thunder decides to sing ALL BY HIMSELF! He doesn't do this very often, mind you... like "Showdown" by Archie Bell and the Drells and "Private World" by their own inimitable Arthur. "Milkman" is destined to be a great Doll Classic saved only for their greatest shows. In a squeaky Keith Richard falsetto he sings this vaguely obscene rocker which would probably be even more so could I catch the lyrics but, unfortunately Johnny comes from Queens and we all know what that means translation-wise. Can't get any farther than

"I'm your little ol' milkman/I always deliver my creem!"

I've seen them perform at some of the most insipid, crappy clubs in New York City but they always manage to transcend the atmosphere. Everyone dances! Ya gotta dance 'cos they give off so much energy and they expect the same in return. And what results is just so damn good! Sometimes I've noticed that when The Dolls really take off and the rest of the room goes along for the ride the brass chandeliers have actually melted and bent downward, a living testimony to sheer spent exhaustion. Now 'that's the way to have an endless party! The Mercer is, without a doubt, the best place to see them but no matter where ya see them you'll have a good time. And remember, your first time might be your best time too... then think of all those terrific second-best times you have to look forward to!

You could, I suppose, get the impression from the preceding paragraph that this is a fey little bunch, but FORGET IT!!! No drag-fag-glam-rock this! They may dress pretty but to them it's just a fun thing to do. Just look at that macho face on Thunder and tell me you can believe otherwise!

In the many times I've seen them since August you'd think I'd get a little bored. No such luck. This thing is becoming downright addictive! They just keep getting better and tighter and more exciting than ever. And they keep changing their repertoire to vary the menu a bit. In addition to originals such as "Frankenstein," "Jetboys," "Vietnamese Baby" and "Looking for a Kiss" they are now doing more oldies. And the amazing thing is that they don't sound like oldies by the time they get thru with 'em... they sound... well, like DOLLS! One tour de force revival is the Shangrilas' "Give Him A Great Big Kiss" which showcases a mini question and answer farce between David and Johnny. Johnny asks too many questions for his own good: "What color are her eyes? Is she tall? How's she dance?" That last one puts an end to these silly schoolboy queries. David solemnly answers "Close... very, very close." Is nothing, after all, sacred? But it's all so nice and friendly. I think that's what I like best about the The Dolls—they make even the most depressedly decadent segment of their audience smile. It's good to see such truly frightening-looking people normalize right before your very eyes.

Some of their newer material includes a song called "Trash": a speedy little number with lyrics like:

"Trash! Pick it up! Don't throw your love away!"

No mincing words with this group.



David Johanson

Photo by Linda Danna

ever-increasing following much longer. Excelsior! And good luck to them too! The party is subtitled "The N.Y. Dolls (and don't you forget that N.Y.—it's important!) and all their Friends": friends meaning fans, the two being synonymous, 'cos the friends' fans sure are a show in their own right. My riving eye picks out a few of the regulars: Tinkerbell, Do My Thing, Gilbert O'Sullivan (not the same), Tallulah Bankhead (also not the same), Cretin, The Nose and assorted trendites. Spectator Conversation:

The Nose: The Dolls are the best band in the whole world!!!

Trendy: Do you think tonight was the best performance they've ever given?

The Nose: Mmmmm-no, second best.

Trendy: Well then, when was the best time?

The Nose: Oh, the first time. Every time after that was the second best.

My first time must have been the sweatiest night of the year. (August 26) in the palatial sleaze of Slime Square's finest—The Diplomat Hotle. Three groups are playing in aforementioned classy joint: The N.Y. Dolls, Ruby and the Rednecks and Four Way Street. (The drummer of which, one Jerry Nolan, is now the new Dolls drummer. His early inclinations to be a Doll can be observed

long and my patience is wearing out 'cos the air conditioning is fit only for hukans with the body chemistry equivalent to a Kool Pop and it's two in the morning and I'm falling asleep and c'mon now I did come to see The Dolls didn't I??? Well, I wasn't prepared to wake up so damn fast but there was David Johanson scolding at lung top "Enough of this cabaret ship, let's get up and DANCE!". I wasn't dancing yet 'cos the group was too much to look at too fast but I was standing on my chair—God, everyone was!—and the place was steaming again! Five minutes and the chairs were no more. Somehow Kath and I wormed and wiggled our way thru the camera and video people and placed ourselves strategically in front of Johnny Thunder, lead guitarist and cheeky teenage punk (ah! but we were only to find this out later). The size of the stage is, without exaggeration, that of yer average kitchenette which means that with an active group like The Dolls I nearly lose my life several times to their platform shoes:

"Well, now the shoes are too BIG!" (from "Frankenstein")

Indeed they are as David demonstrates by shoving a monstrous heel in my already asonished face. It's loud, it's overwhelming and it's just so close to them... I reach for a comparison and can



Photo by Linda Danna

Johnny Thunder

Record Reviews

BY BARRY TAYLOR

Free—Heartbreaker (Island)

Free practically reached "supergroup" status before they decided to break up two years ago, not long after their biggest hit, "Allright Now" became a rock classic. Three new groups emerged; bassist Andy Fraser put together a group called Toby, vocalist Paul Rodgers formed Peace, and guitarist Paul Kossoff and drummer Simon Kirke teamed up with Tetsu Yamauchi and John "Rabbit" Bundrick to form another group which was musically very similar to Free.

All three splinter groups found it difficult to successfully pursue their interests, so they quickly dissolved, almost simultaneously. After all differences were settled, the original Free was resurrected by popular demand. An American tour and a new album *Free at Last* followed shortly after.

Andy Fraser left Free again after the tour, and has just formed a new group, Sharks, which includes Chris Spedding, a session guitarist who has played with Jack Bruce and Nilsson among others. With the departure of Fraser, Free enlisted the talents of Tetsu to take his place, and then added Bundrick, who has recorded with Johnny Nash among others, on keyboards. All this leads us up to Free's seventh album, *Heartbreaker*, clearly the band's most polished effort.

The addition of Bundrick on keyboards and backing vocals has added new textures to the group's sound that has traditionally been basic drums, bass, guitar, and a lone vocal. Bundrick has a virtuosic style that is reminiscent of Nicky Hopkins' playing on the early Kinks albums. His playing also serves to grace Paul Rodgers' singing and add a fullness to the Free sound that was lacking on all previous recordings. This is particularly evident on "Travellin In Style" where Bundrick does an outstanding job, showing simplicity and taste. It is here, and on other slower tempoed songs like Rodgers' "Come Together In The Morning" and Bundrick's "Muddy Water" that shows Free doing what they can do best. Rodgers' voice was made for this type of bluesy singing, where he radiates a certain ease and intensity in a style that is all his own. "Wishing Well," the group's top five English hit, and "Heartbreaker" are the two rockers on the album. The latter features heavy doses of Kossoff's distinctive chording and a Rod Stewart-type of vocal.

While recording *Heartbreaker*, Paul Kossoff again decided to leave the group, and as a result, he does not play on three of eight tracks. What the group plans to do about replacing him has not yet been decided, but Rodgers played guitar in his short-lived Peace.

Heartbreaker is not Free's most exciting album, but it is the most professional sounding, and it is the promise of better things to come if the group can stay intact.



Photo by Bill Stillwater

Slade—Slayed?—(Polydor)

They're The Stones doing "Tell Me" with a scowl on the *Clay Cole Show*... The Who smashing a Rickenbacker on *Ready, Steady, Go*... The Beatles on the *Ed Sullivan Show*... The Beach Boys wearing matching striped shirts... The Move playing at Birmingham Town Hall... The Small Faces led by Steve Marriott wearing a sport jacket on *Piccadilly Palace*... The Kinks wearing matching red velvet hunting jackets at the Academy of Music, playing second to the Dave Clark Five... Big Brother and the Holding Co. at the Fillmore... The Yardbirds with Eric "Slowhand" Clapton at the Marquee... The MC5 telling you to, "Kick Out the Jams Motherfuckers!"... The Jeff Beck Group with Rod Stewart and Nicky Hopkins at opposite ends of the stage... The Jimi Hendrix Experience at the Scene... but most of all, they still sound as good as they ever have.



Photo by Bill Bywater

Elvis Presley—

Aloha From Hawaii via Satellite (RCA)
On January 14, Elvis beamed a television special to an estimated 1.5 billion people. Doing this, he raised \$75,000.00 for a Hawaiian cancer fund, and untold thousands for himself.

Aloha From Hawaii via Satellite, the soundtrack of the show, is Elvis and the Colonel's latest effort to cash in on the star's popularity. This double live album, 25 songs and 60 minutes long, is no better and no worse than Elvis' Madison Square Garden album, recorded only six months prior. In fact, six of the songs here are repeats from that LP, and only eight of the songs were never recorded by Elvis before. These include ultra-slick versions of "Something," "Steamroller Blues," and Paul Anka's "My Way."

Elvis' rockers are his best performances here. These are: "Hound Dog," "whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On," "Blue Suede Shoes," "Johnny B. Goode," and "Long Tall Sally," but they are spaced out they are spaced far enough apart to prevent any excitement from happening through the course of one entire side. His backing group, J.D. Sumner and the Stamps and the Sweet Inspirations turn in a good performance when they are not being dragged down by the 40-piece orchestra.

I have a feeling that this album's appeal is mainly a visual one, and that will be proved when the show is broadcast on American TV or when RCA releases video cassettes.

David Bowie

"The Showplace of the Nation," and the curtains part to reveal a panorama of planets and stars hurling toward an audience that awaits the Spiders from Mars. It's an invasion... take me to your leader... an aluminoid globe centrally descends and the freaks shriek as the silver-shot creature within disembarks... Ziggy.

I was absorbed, needless to say, fascinated. But why wasn't I excited? I'd seen Bowie at Carnegie Hall in September and even though hampered with flu he had thrilled that audience to jitterbugging in the aisles. No extravaganza then, no augmented band including synthesizer, flute, etc., then. Only Bowie and the Spiders. And when he'd done his acoustic set with "Space Oddity" and "My Death" it was only Bowie and his voice... and

they had carried us and soared above us, flu or no flu. But tonight, "Space Oddity" was filled out with lush strings mysteriously wafting from speakers like the glorious production on vinyl—the ceriness wasn't there. And when he finally sat down to do "My Death" by Jacques Brel no one seemed to be interested. The talk level was positively rude.

Bowie caught something in his eye, and as he winked and blinked and teared and shielded his face from the lights I resigned myself to non-enjoyment. I was doomed to be preoccupied with his welfare throughout for as the show wore on the irritation (in his eyes, that is) did not abate and neither did mine. I suppose it's partially my fault for being so damn empathic but I know I've heard the

I admit I'm pretty tired of snotty rock critics who dismiss David Bowie as the king (queen?) of the camp-fag-quaalude thrust and nothing more. His Valentine's Night concert at Radio City should have been enough to convince even the most resolute skeptics that Bowie is more than some inanimate spearhead of a new movement.

The problem with appreciating Bowie is that before you get right down to the real David Bowie (yes, Virginia, he is human), you have to dig well beyond that Martian hype churned out by the RCA publicity machine. Oh well, that's the show biz. If Time magazine portrays Bowie as some cosmic invader, well, we'll just have to bear with it. And it hasn't done him any harm. Remember, "Space Oddity" was recorded six years ago. So was Bowie six years ahead of his time, or are we six years behind?

There's much to say about the concert itself: the band was tight, but Bowie's mike was too low, and he could barely be heard above the super-amplified guitar of Mick Ronson. The crowd was well dressed and the accompanying light show was spectacular.

A church group behind us came from Illinois to see a tribute to Nat King Cole, but were they ever surprised when Bowie descended onto the stage in a black and silver jump suit. Were they ever.

Unlike the reviewer above, I found the concert exciting. The audience was dancing in the aisles at the second song, "Ziggy Stardust", and during his "Rock and Roll Suicide" finale, people were jumping on stage to get a touch on Bowie. Exciting, even if it was "the thing to do."

It was a well planned set, the first half consisting of Bowie's better known songs such as "Space Oddity" and "Changes", and the second half leaned mostly on songs from his soon to be released *Aladdin Sane*, and a great rendition of "Let's Spend the Night Together". And Bowie could not return for an encore that night, because he was literally "wiped out."

The following night the set was a bit

shorter, but the sound measurably better. Honorable mention goes out to Ronson, whose riffs still ring clear in my mind, and newly acquired organist Mike Carson, who did an incredible arrangement on "Space Oddity."

At the concert, people were talking about Bowie as if he were the new messiah; how the song "Five Years" predicts the end of the world:

Pushing through the market square, So many mothers sighing News had just come over We had five years left to cry in.

That's a bit far out even for devout Bowie fans, but it's a good example of how a whole lot of people have been affected by this mystique. Actually, on the other side of the fence are those who have been frightened off by the Bowie persona. Perhaps they're afraid of identifying themselves with "those freaks."

One Village Voice reader intimates that "Suffragette City" is a bit on the sexist side, for the singer rejects his male companion for a "mellow thighed chick". Well, for that matter, "John, I'm Only Dancing" fits that bill as well. Come on now. People like that never afford themselves the opportunity to listen to the music without reserving a bit of apprehension about the whole gay thing.

But David Bowie is more than just another pretty face. He is a contemporary reaction to all that's going down in music and in our hearts. So far, Bowie's live appearances in New York have been hampered by the flu, an inadequate sound system, and pure physical exhaustion. Yet, he remains a prolific poet and an energetic performer. Bowie live is much different from Bowie in the studio (as is the case with most bands), so if his Martian image turns you off, sit down with any of his six albums (four, on RCA are easier to find than the earlier British releases), and listen. "I can fall asleep at night as a rock and roll star. I can fall in love all right as a rock and roll star."

—"Star"
As you can see, David Bowie is very much of this earth. Kenneth Winikoff.

Focus—Moving Waves—(Sire)

Focus, the winners of Melody Maker's "Brightest Hope" Award in their annual poll last year, have failed to live up to their high expectations with the release of their new album, *Moving Waves*. Their debut I.P. *In and Out of Focus* showed the group to be strong improvisational wise in a style that contained elements of Yes and the Pink Floyd, but they have failed to follow it up.

With the exception of one track, *Moving Waves* is pure muzak. This one song is a thing called "Hocus Pokus," and that is available as a single. It is a wild combination of yodeling, screaming, and driving music—an oasis in the middle of a desert.

Focus' third, 3 is a double live album by the Dutch group that has already been released in Europe. It is supposedly as good as this album should have been, so before you find out what this band is all about, wait for Sire to release 3, or purchase their single.

Alfred Brendel makes one's guts heave with feeling. Forget that. He makes my guts heave with feeling. Accursed subjectivity. The man is a concert pianist if you don't know, and he is something else to hear and behold on a stage.

At a recent concert at Carnegie Hall, he displayed a great deal of individualism, but it was not that of a starry-eyed romantic, carried away with excesses and pomposity. It was a romanticism tempered throughout by a thoughtfulness and an introspective attitude.

Each of the works he performed of Beethoven, Schubert and Liszt displayed another facet of his genius. The Beethoven was performed not as the music of some giant or mystical titan, but as the music of a passionate man of genius and sensitivity.

In the two Beethoven sonatas played,

Radio City

... better than that. produced a lot of new material like the next album is going to be excellent. "Drive-In Saturday" with That Man" sound especially well that the performance lacked excitement. I'd say that the apex of the performance was "Jean Genie" when members of the audience actually clapping (hooray at last!). a surprise or two up his sleeve the inclusion of "Prettiest Star," recorded a couple of years back Bolan on guitar. In this ink Ronson does a better job

... surprise, however, was one quite planned. the onstage to do an encore of "Suicide," a ring of people

around the stage decided to create some artificial hysteria. Well, it certainly wasn't spontaneous—it was more like "I gotta touch Bowie 'cos it's the thing to do." One strong lad really did get carried away, though. He rushed up to Bowie, grabbed him by the waist, kissed him, and by doing so threw him completely off balance. Bowie reeled backwards, his head hit the floor and he lay there unconscious as stage hands ran to carry him backstage. We, the spectators, were left to wonder if he was really hurt or what, for no one told us otherwise. I FELT DEPRESSED AT THE FINALE AND DISAPPOINTED IN THE PERFORMANCE BECAUSE I knew just how splendid it could have been ... but I have every expectation that it will be many times in the future for Bowie is a super-talented performer who is capable of greatness. —Linda Danna



Mick Ronson, David Bowie

Urethral Farts

DURED STIFF

and the Tempest. Brendel control and fine taste in not other parts to run away with uncanny ability to swing pianissimo to a double book my breath away quite that is fortunate, because probably would have yelled in joy. But then, that is musical concert, unaesthetic. I could go on about how and how I prefer the at- jazz club. It's always more or people talking softly ic, than to hear them and everything else you art hall.

an open-ended proposition he can either be pounded (e) or done with feeling to diant lyricism second to

none. Needless to say, Brendel chose the latter and in one blow crushed not only the people who pound Schubert into a pulp but also the woman who was sitting next to me tapping her foot incessantly.

The Liszt Mephisto Waltz concluded the concert. Though I am frequently dismayed by the great emphasis on the technical prowess of pianists, Brendel's virtuosity was not that of the cold technician but again of a sensible romantic.

One feels like standing up and throwing kisses at Brendel for an hour after a performance such as this. Wait. Forget that. I feel like doing that. Now is that right? Downright unaesthetic I'd say. Nursing home days of the concert hall seem to be here to stay. But who knows what evil lurks???

—Howard Paul Werner

Lampoon At Gate

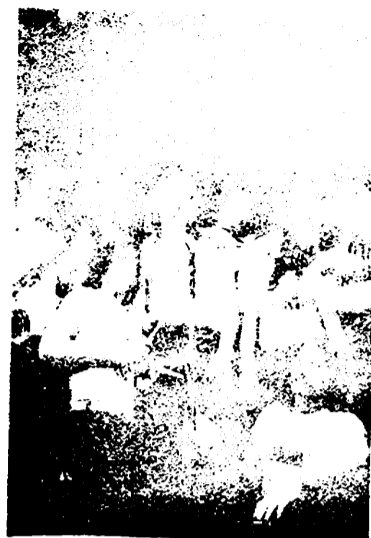
National Lampoon has unleashed its first live show, *Lemmings*, at the Village Gate. This musical comedy revue is based upon the widely acclaimed LP, *Radio Dinner*.

The revue consists of a series of sketches, scathingly satirical, of prominent pop personalities. Among them James Taylor, Joan Baez, the Rolling Stones, Joe Cocker and many others.

The show unfolds rather slowly with a series of nonmusical skits strongly reminiscent of summer camp dramas. Fortunately, this phase passes quickly. The element of this cast is music, and as long as they are within its realm, they are indeed a pleasure to behold. They seem to resist the impulse to moralize extremely well, a virtue that has been sadly lacking in many productions of this type recently.

The single mindedness with which they go for their subject's balls is lovely. In one scene, Bob Dylan is presented doing a "Ii, remember me? Send 3.98 to Box 45 for a great collection of oldies" routine. A Baez satire follows which pierces the groin of the Peace and Love movement.

The tone of the show, if there is one, is best expressed by the opening bit called "Deteriorata," a take-off on the Desiderata text that has become de rigueur for any self-respecting flower person. "You are a fluke of the universe," it says,



"You have no right to be here, and whether you can hear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back."

All in all, it is suggested that you skip the show and buy the record, which has all of the advantages and none of the flaws.

Larry Peebles

A Funny Thing...

It is unfortunate that the Musical Comedy Society makes its appearance before the college community only once a year. With the exception of the irregularly scheduled Cafe Finley concerts and occasional cultural exhibits, MCS is the only campus organization which offers a full program of entertainment which equals, if not excels, the calibre of professionalism one is likely to find in any established theatre group, on Broadway or off.

Pseudolus, the deft slave of "A Funny Thing Happened On the Way to the Forum", who goes to all ends to secure a bride for his young master, is beautifully portrayed by Howie Cutler, an MCS veteran since 1967. Cutler has an instinctual ability for acting and since first viewing him as the clown in MCS's Carnival 6 years ago, his ability to feel out and master any given role has not been lessened one bit. His strength is best seen in his delivery of one-line jokes in which he can turn on an audience with the worst of puns. For example, when asked where the corpse of Gusto, the body snatcher was to be buried, Cutler breaks through his tears and confesses "I don't know—someone snatched his body."

Senex (Eugene Dolgoff) becomes unwittingly entangled in his son's secret love affair. "Do you believe in the hereafter?" he inquires upon first meeting the maiden, their mutual lover. "Then you know what I'm here after." His performance was better than some of the puns. Hero, the son (Ken Stirbl), has a good voice but either because of the acoustics of the small auditorium or otherwise, he, as well as a few other actors, were not always clearly heard.

Domina, played by Marie Engelke, gives a flawless, convincing performance as the nagging wife of Senex. Her husband warns "Never fall in love during a total eclipse"—Domina well confirms it.

One of the few drawbacks stems from the script itself. Some lines, as well as the general undertone of the play, are a bit insulting to women but a few are especially outrageous. Philia is the cute, virgin maiden who is helplessly sold to a captain from abroad, but who truly loves only Hero. Not only is she, like the other women, made to look totally ignorant and naive, but at one point comes up with the line "I only have one talent—I'm lovely." I don't believe plays must be vanguards of political philosophies but lines such as those try one's sense of humor. There was also Ilana Ketzko, a friend of a friend of mine whom I barely recognized in her scant costume—who, although on stage for most of the show, said practically nothing—her breasts did most of the talking and were the focal point of a good number of jokes and comments. Ilana seems to be a potentially good performer but this role

didn't really give her a fair shake.

Finally, S. Michael Lipkin, the pompous overseas commander who is also one of the friendly people in 152 Finley who gives out keys, gave a genuinely funny performance. There was just something absurd enough about his entrance, armored with steel and sword but with a pair of polaroid aviation glasses which lent a most humorous air to his entrance scene.

Aaron Spiser, who starred in "Guys and Dolls" and other MCS productions, did a fine job in his first producing effort.

Criticism has been leveled in the past against MCS's not being "politically relevant" or social-issue oriented. It is just such independence from controversial and politically tainted issues which comfortably allows the audience, among whom may be the most serious of activists, a chance to temporarily disassociate themselves from the neurotic pace of every day existence, and relax to a few hours of first rate entertainment.

Peter Grad

Bum's Rush

Tony Williams Lifetime - [Polydor]

I have never felt so clearly ambivalent about any album until I heard this latest schizophrenic bitch of a record. Side one is a jazzy mind-fucker while side two is the musical equivalent of a jar of Darwin.

Throughout his solo musical career, Williams has consistently approached the level of greatness—sadly, never quite making it. Although he has made outstanding contributions on several Miles Davis albums (beginning at the age of sixteen), Tony's efforts as a group leader have not produced anything consistently exciting. *The Old Bum's Rush* is no exception.

Side one offers rich textures of melody, rhythm, and improvisation that range from jazz, to rock, to rhythm and blues. The vocals are done by a chick singer named Tequila who sounds as good as Roberta Flack. Williams did the singing on his previous albums which was one of my major complaints about his music. He's on the right track with Tequila.

Side two however, is another story—it goes nowhere. Williams makes the mistake of singing on one of the cuts. The other two range from boring to depressing. The title track is a ten minute jam with an unchanging bass line that is the most prominent voice heard. The improvisations are simply inane. Even Tequila fucks up—with sporadic doo-bop-n-doo-yas, groaning, and (yes folks) humming.

If one can ignore side two of *The Old Bum's Rush*, the album is his best recorded work to date. Unfortunately, though, the record sells for full price and that's a bummer.

Martin Kent

Visions of Cody
by Jack Kerouac
McGraw Hill, 8.95

There are scenes of America which only exist in our minds; glimpses of land and rock, and buildings seen fleetingly from the windows of speeding trains or passing cars. For most people these places always remain a scene, never a place where they could say they had placed their feet. At its best, Jack Kerouac's latest effort takes the reader to all those places in America that previously existed only in the mind.

Kerouac wrote his classic *On the Road* in 1951. Allen Ginsberg, and a few other contemporaries, read the manuscript and expressed certain reservations. Kerouac sat down and began to write inserts, which he felt would give *On the Road* more depth. The inserts soon grew larger than the original manuscript (398 pgs.) so Kerouac decided to alter his original plans and publish the inserts as a sequel to *On the Road*, which would be called *Visions of Cody*. For one reason or another it took twenty-three years for the sequel to be published.

Superficially, the book is a biography of Cody Pomeroy, the Dean Moriarty of *On the Road*, and the Neal Cassidy of real life fame as the driver of Ken Kesey's Magic Bus. However, in reality the book is a description of the America that they touched and loved in his wanderings from one end of the continent to the other.

Kerouac once said that he was Huck Finn in a 1949 Hudson. The influence of Twain, and Thomas Wolfe is plainly evident. His work will be remembered, and is important, because it turned American writing back to the individual experiences of the author at a time when literature was becoming increasingly cerebral and fictional rather than autobiographical. Like Twain and Wolfe, and even more so, like the poet William Carlos Williams, Kerouac saw the spirit and beauty of America in the little things that made it up. The things themselves



made up America, not what they symbolized. Speaking for all of them in Patterson, Williams said "Not in ideas, but in things." With the exception of *The Vanity of Dulouz*, all of Kerouac's books were told in a racehorse style that attempted to imitate the way the experiences came to the writer. This book is no different than the rest, which means that it is difficult to read. It is divided into

sections, and none of the sections have a connection to what it has followed or precedes. It is advisable to treat each section individually, and forget about coherence and any sense of time.

The first section contains some of the finest writing in Kerouac's, or anybody else's career. Brilliant portraits of diners, cafeterias, highway gas stations, New York subway stations come forth as the

narrator tries to recall the way it was with his friend Cody, who is now married and living across country in California. The second section is an actual tape that Neal Cassidy and Kerouac made during a three day pot and wine party. The tape is long and difficult to read. The only points of interest are the references made to Ginsberg—Irwin from Denver, and William Burroughs—Bull Hubbard. The remaining sections are a biography of Cody's life before he met Kerouac, and a recounting of their times together in New York when Kerouac was a hotshot football player and then a Columbia dropout.

The hard cover edition contains a foreward by Ginsberg which attempts to put Kerouac in some perspective. The foreward sheds some further light on the last years of Kerouac's life as he slowly drank himself to death and ranted and raved against the new left. Ginsberg tells us of a meeting between Kesey, Cassidy, Ginsberg, the Merry Pranksters, and Kerouac. He is put off immediately because Kesey is making a movie of the meeting, but soon become frantic when he is led to the couch, which has a cover made from an American flag. Incidents like these got Kerouac the label of a fascist in his declining years.

Most writers will be remembered for what they wrote and not what they said out of print. Kerouac was Huck Finn in a '49 Hudson. The attacks against the left came because Kerouac felt that they were against America rather than against its institutions. He had as little regard for the system as the left did, but somehow he also felt, and in some cases he was right, that they were also against the little things that made up his visions of what was good and worthwhile in America.

With modernization and expansion of the cities much of the America that Kerouac saw is fading from view. As a consequence this book is as much a history as it is a novel of a way we once were, and will never be again.

—Tom McDonald

NEW YORK
JAZZ MUSEUM:

"16 Crazy Feet, 80 Toes, 8 Bodies"

Wake up late this Sunday. Relax, tackle the crossword, nosh a bit. At 6 P.M., though, hasten your butt over to 55th Street between Sixth and Seventh. Dwarfed by the block's larger spectacles—the sleek, new Zeigfeld Theater and grandiose City Center—the New York Jazz Museum at #125 seems unpretentious, almost timid. Enter.

Inside, the small, boxy room pulsates to the tones of a comfortable quartet—bass, sax, percussion and piano. You are drawn into the cozy arena, instantly blending into the motley audience. Give a quick glance around the museum. Notice, now, the modest displays of sketches, glossies, album covers and posters of Jazz Greats. Notice, now, the gray-haired gent on your left, the mama and kiddies eating sandwiches up front, the several Black couples all around, costumed in the garb of another era. Take it in now. Later it will all disappear. Very soon, there will be nothing in the room but sixteen crazy feet making music on stage; eighty toes singing out joy; eight cavorting bodies, melting like butter on a spud. Tap dancers. Tap dancing.

The tallest of men, lean and easy in a pin-striped suit, and looking like a misplaced bar bouncer, comes forward. He begins a gentle-flowing, rolling-rhythm tap routine. It subdues, cool and soothing, and becomes the backdrop for a comic soliloquy which matches the dance in mood, understated and punctuated by smiles and broad-handed gestures. John T., the tapping emcee, has started the show.

Like that old rolling snowball, the taps build in tempo and intensity. In pink corduroys and a flowered shirt one Chuck Green lumbers forward. He is huge and heavy, and his steps are labored. He slaps-taps to a steady beat, sinking into the wooden floor, evenly, slowly. In a flap, his teddy bear arms fling out, drawing first his shoulders, then his thick middle, then his massive legs up out of the group, up to the floor level, up into the air. DROP! down into the floor on the offbeat. Tap-tap into the air—Chuck's off. Plop on the offbeat. Again. We cheer, we clap. "Do it, do it!" comes from the rear. He does it, grinning from forehead to chin. Again and again. Chuck.

The snowball can't stop. Out pounces

Jonathan Nichol, a young white protege of an older black master. His steps, to the quartet's subtle accompaniment, ring out like bullets off tin cans. He is working hard, dancing faster and sharper than the others, but nervously. We in the audience sense it, support him with attention and applause and shouts. He loosens up. We relax and enjoy a virtuoso.

The man who enters next is my favorite. His taps, like his music, tinkle and sparkle. But what I like most about Raymond Taylor is his body. It is slight and bony, and covered with a ridiculously large blue gabardine suit. The suit's shoulders extend far past the point protrusions I take to be his skeletal shoulders. The sleeves hang, rippling and furling, and exposing a few finger tips. The trousers could house the massive legs of Chuck Green, but instead, Raymond's skinny stilts rattle inside them. In motion, he is all suit and bones.

A tight, white golf hat encloses more than half of Raymond's little head. We see just a hint of eyes, a pencil-thin mustache, and a mouth set tight in absolute deadpan. Mr. Rattling Bones. We love him.

From the loosest bones, we move on to a master of control and polish. He is Jerry Ames, a white man. From my seat on the floor I can't see his feet, and I wonder how these perfect, syncopated taps can propel Jerry's graceful slides across the tiny stage. He seems to belong on ABC's Wide World of Sports, scoring 5.8's and even unheard of 6's in the figure skating competition. A grainy voice in the audience explains for us. "Magic, man, he says, 'magic.'"

The show goes on and one. Mr. Buster Brown gives a driving rhythmic display like a percussion solo in a jam session. He is flying and joking through it all; we're with him. We have been time-machined to another age, to a Vaudeville stage. Lawrence David Jackson stumbles out next, and we cannot get enough of him. He is pure liquid, maple syrup oozing across the stage, unbonded, slithering in a pink and blue satin shirt. His rhythm and ours connect, and the entire room is trembling and throbbing on the beats.

Finally, we are introduced to the "world's greatest tap dancer," a Lawrence Donald Jackson (no relation to Lawrence David.) out comes a man with all kind

ness in his face. He could be forty, or sixty, or more, but he dances like a twenty year old kid in love. The music stops, and "Baby Lawrence" announces he will do a few "études," or exercises, which he teaches to his students. He teaches, he tells us, because "I don't want this thing to end." And we see, as we need to, the craft behind the art. His steps are crisp, like February air, as controlled as they are spirited. Baby Lawrence in etude is no less than Segovia playing the simplest Bach.

Grand Finale Time! This is a little number, probably a standard tap routine, called the "Shim, Sham, Shimmy." The sixteen crazy feet, and seven irresistible grins (and one deadpan), the eight

cavorting bodies line up on stage, and slip into a shuffling, swaying tap dance. But they can't contain themselves. One after another, John T., Buster Brown, Chuck, the others, break into wild solos. They jam in counterpoint.

"Take it Baby," they say to the master. He takes it, and us, into rapture. We are wild with joy. Baby Lawrence Donald Jackson looks at us tenderly. "Where could you see a better show than that?" he asks us. A voice behind me (or is it me?) answers, "NOWHERE IN THE WORLD BABY!"

Sunday, the show starts at six (and there's jamming before and after.) Go, Baby.

—Laurie Edelman



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recorder at home or at school may use WXLO's facilities on a one-time basis.

Contestants' taped reviews will be judged solely on the basis of writing and vocal abilities. The technical quality of the tapes is not important. The finalists will be announced on April 27th by our panel of judges—Arthur Adler, General Manager of WXLO; Mel Philips, Program Director of WXLO; and film critic Judith Crist.

All contestants who attend the preview screening and submit taped reviews will receive two free tickets to a Broadway show or film!

NOTE: The decisions of the judges will be final. All tapes submitted will become the exclusive property of RKO General, Inc., WXLO Radio. Tapes may be returned to contestants only by special arrangement and only if the tapes are still available after June 22, 1973.

So send in the Entry Form today and receive your invitation to the M-G-M preview. Then, submit your taped review and automatically win two free tickets to a Broadway show or film. Who knows? This could be the start of something big!

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Last Tango: Porno or Prize

BY ARNOLD ADLER

I was prepared to reproach Pauline Kael for having been deceptive in her review of *Last Tango In Paris*. Prepared for a film in which the main body of action would be taken up by many varied sexual acts, I found two acts of sexual intercourse performed in full dress, one carefully concealed act of masturbation, some casual nudity and a fair amount of hardly unfamiliar sexual language. I give the accounting only because this, we are to take, largely from people who have not seen the film, is pornography. I believe I am right in saying that a large part of the college audience—certainly those who have managed to stick their heads into a Zap comic—will not find the sexual acts offensive.

After having read some comments by Pete Hamill I decided not to take issue with Ms. Kael. If it takes her exaggeration of the film's sexual content to bring about some much needed discussion then I am in favor of it. The reaction to *Last Tango In Paris* is every bit as important as the film itself.

What Pete Hamill said was that *Last Tango In Paris* is the perfect film to see at the end of a war. What it brought to my mind was that many people who were less than morally outraged by murder went into fits because of a little vagina. Harry Reasoner and William Buckley, in incredible acts of journalistic delinquency, condemned the film and its makers without having seen it. Reasoner said he had more respect for Linda Lovelace than Marlon Brando. Buckley dredged up this fascist quote from Edmund Burke:

"Men are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites. Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there is without. It is ordained in the eternal order of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters."

A prosecutor in Italy had at one point even moved to have Brando, Maria Schneider, Bernardo Bertolucci, and producer Albert Grimaldi put in jail. This for having simulated the sex act, a relatively natural function, I believe.

When Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs* was released in 1971, the pointless and ugly violence it contained drew no harsh world-wide reaction; nor did a horror film with Frankie Avalon I saw a couple of years ago in which the butcher knife plunged into his stomach let his guts pour out all over the floor. Jack Nicholson was right when he said that a breast being sucked gets an X rating, while a breast cut off by a sword gets to play in a Jerry Lewis Cinema.

Less than two days after the announcement of an impending ceasefire, Barry Goldwater and Germaine Greer (a liberator of only the living I assume) had the audacity to appear on the Dick Cavett show to discuss their own military strategy. The world has indeed gone mad. The world has indeed gone mad when Richard Nixon for his murder receives \$200,000 a year and the leaders of North Vietnam become lionized revolutionaries (only in the cause of the living I assume again). Meanwhile, Maria Schneider should go to jail for exposing her vagina.

It is interesting that when Marlon Brando as Paul isn't having fingers stuck up his ass he is out senselessly beating a total stranger. Perhaps if a few more people had some fingers stuck up their asses they would be less anxious to put a bullet through someone's stomach. "Pornography," said Bernardo Bertolucci in a Newsweek article, "is not in the hands of the child who discovers his sexuality by masturbating, but in the hands of the adult who slaps him."

Bernardo Bertolucci is unquestionably one of the most sensual and erotic filmmakers of our, or any, time. An intense sensuality is inherently a part of his style. One of the characters in *The Spider's Stratagem*, for instance, portrays the joys of eating and drinking more sensually than any film character I have seen. *Last Tango in Paris*, however, is hardly the most erotic film ever made. Bertolucci's own *The Conformist* is considerably more



"A movie showing a breast being sucked gets an x rating, but a movie showing a breast being cut off by a sword gets to play in a Jerry Lewis Cinema."

erotic. And since it contains no idiomatic innovations *Last Tango In Paris* cannot, I believe, be called a breakthrough.

The idea that intense eroticism will be the foundation of a film breakthrough is a viable one. But, by this point in the development of film, form and content are too closely related to bring forth an immensely significant advance in one without like assistance from the other. A breakthrough in content is unlikely without the formalistic innovation with which to lift it far above the norm; and a similar advance in form is unlikely lacking the subject to inspire it. This was the case when Eisenstein developed his concepts of montage to compliment his revolutionary subject matter.

With all of this it is admittedly a little foolish to argue so about whether *Last Tango In Paris* is a landmark film. Such debate will help in discovering what is significant and insightful in the film; but pronouncements about its place in film history should not as yet be taken with the seriousness with which they are given. *Citizen Kane* was not the film other films have been "the greatest since..." when it was first released. The impressionist painters of the nineteenth century were roundly condemned when they first came upon the scene; and of course *Le Sacre Du Printemps*, quite a controversial work in its time, found

wider appreciation with the passage of time.

In 1969 Stanley Kauffmann referred to this as "an age that is not an age, that is a rapid series of continually shifting points." I can think of no better description of a world influenced so subtly, almost imperceptibly, by the communications media. The trappings of our existence change so rapidly that not only between the coasts but within relatively small geographical boundaries we find ourselves in the midst of an increasing cultural lag. No sooner has one phenomenon arisen than we praise or condemn it, sometimes both, and push it on in order to grab the next phenomenon tossed at us by the media.

Whatever other effects this cultural drag race will have, it has for now quickened the judgement of time. Robert Benton and David Newman, writers of *Bonnie and Clyde*, now consider their own film dated; and the period of the 1960's that their depression saga defined, has indeed passed (and, as a prime example of cultural lag, films with its frenetic violence are very much on the decline except for their Black counterparts which may not have even reached their peak yet). Not many more years will pass before we put *Bonnie and Clyde* in some sort of perspective. Such will be the rapid

case with *Last Tango In Paris*

Despite all the conversation about the brutal sexual realism of *Last Tango In Paris*, it is really an extremely romantic film. It begins at a high emotional level. Paul screams in anguish and the camera pans down powerfully with his lowering head intensifying the release of his pain and his sinking into depression. Bertolucci's slow, graceful pans, like the stroke of the painter's brush, paint the streets and waterways of Paris. Jeanne (Maria Schneider) jumps over the sweeping broom of a street cleaner and we are taken up into the first wave of style and emotional intensity. Neither ever really cease. They are the hallmark of Bertolucci's romanticism and style as an artist.

Even the more tranquil moments in the apartment Paul and Jeanne share exist in the shadow of Paul's dark agony. His life—the beginning of which is now but a few bad memories—has been scattered over many occupations in many parts of the world. The last few years have been spent in marriage to the proprietress of a Paris flophouse and her lover, a cruel caricature of Paul. His wife's mysterious suicide is the final blow to his self-respect. In the midst of emotion he seeks to abandon it. He wants to escape any involvement, any knowledge of people. But his desire to live in isolation and engage in a purely sexual relationship necessarily leads him into contact with people. That means involvement with them. For Paul it means exploding the myth that a relationship can be solely sexual, that a human can live in a universe of his or her egotistical sexual power.

Paul has sought anonymity and revenge through Jeanne, and at the same time deceived himself into thinking he was giving her a quick course in life. It is all Paul, or Brando, and his performance is amazing. When he cries it is as if no one has ever done so before on the screen. Always the power and the nuance in his eyes and face make us believe that there has never been a closer merging of actor and character. Much of the dialogue is his. The childhood memories, we are told, are his. So, obviously, are some of the incidents in Paul's life. The outcry of love and hate beside his wife's casket is so movingly real.

In the end it is Paul who falls in love. The last fifteen minutes, accompanied by Gato Barbieri's appropriately lush music, are a swelling crest of romantic passion. In the midst of an affectedly stylish tango contest, Paul, drunk with liquor and passion, pulls out his last and lowest tricks (Brando's Fletcher Christian voice) in order to win Jeanne. But the idea of a lifetime with his self-hatred is one of which she cannot conceive. He chases her through the streets. The crest continues to swell.

Despite the rough edges present in many of Bernardo Bertolucci's films he deserves his growing reputation. *Last Tango In Paris* is an extraordinary film. While Maria Schneider does a fine job with an ill defined and less rewarding role, the credit must go to Brando and Bertolucci. Their remarkable talents have combined to justify, in a sense, Brando's career. It is one of the qualities of film that, at its best, it can reveal human character as no other art form can. This is what *Last Tango In Paris* has done.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The birth of Sandor Petofi, the renowned Hungarian poet and leader of the 1848 Hungarian Revolution, will be commemorated this Sunday afternoon at 2 p.m. Petofi is not widely known in the United States, although his poems have been translated into more than 50 languages, including Cuban by third world leader Jose Marti and Chinese by the great poet Lu Hsun.

In addition to leading stars of the Budapest National Opera and prominent Hungarian speakers, will be Marty Burman of the rock group Fantasy Street. The concert will be held at Washington Irving High School located at Irving Place and 16th Street in Manhattan. A few free tickets are available in the Observation Post office in Finley 336. Otherwise, tickets may be purchased for \$2 at the door (\$1 with student I.D.).