

"We Were Right From The Beginning"

By ARTHUR BIERMAN

This campus was pretty much like the rest of the country fifteen years ago, despite the myth of CCNY exceptionalism. When I first came here in '58, this place was politically dead, almost as dead as it is now. You couldn't even tell that we belonged to a world with some problems. There were a few of us mavericks in the Physics department—Lustig, Soodak, Tiersten, and myself who would sit around in the faculty lunchroom and bemoan, softly, the sorry state of the world, making sure not to be overheard by any eavesdropping engineers. I don't remember a single political meeting being advertised on campus in those years—there was something called a Marxist discussion club on campus, I was told it had five members and met in a telephone booth. Then, slowly, imperceptibly, the new left began to grow on campus, this was in the early sixties and a few of the faculty began to perk up too and say, hey, maybe the winter is over, and there were a few more meetings here and there, now attended by twenty people rather than five, but it was all quite desultory until Johnson ordered the bombing of North Vietnam in the winter of '65, remember, that bombing designed to bring those red bastards to their knees in a few weeks, and I became very, very angry all of a sudden, and so did lots of other people and I think that that's where it all began.

At first there were the usual rallies and petitions, then that great money raising action, the full-page New York Times ad with thousands of academic names, which was one sure way of getting oneself into a respectable paper at last as well as of finding out where one's long-lost friend from college had landed a teaching job. Then, when the teach-in was invented, out in Michigan I believe, we at City College tried it too and had a few all-night talkathons over in Finley; they were lots of fun at first, what with exciting panel discussions in the front of the Grand Ballroom and lots of filled sleeping bags in the rear where it was dark. These teach-ins turned out to be an excellent way of breaking down the student-teacher barrier, almost as good as sex, since sleeplessness, utter fatigue and total mental exhaustion were most conducive in creating a relaxed, warm, giving ambience. That's how I became personally involved in the local peace movement. I went to one of those teach-ins, just as a spectator, sneaked into the Ballroom, sat myself down in the rear, but the panel chairman, who if I remember rightly was Mickey Friedman, apparently missing a faculty panelist, espied my graying hair, my middle aged mien, my slight bulge, and, rightly concluding that I was some kind of a professor, eagerly invited me up to the microphone. He had never seen me before and I always, subsequently, marveled at his recklessness. Anyway, he tossed me some questions, I forget which one, and I became quite inspired, spoke uninterruptedly for ten minutes, was greeted by thundering applause; I was in from then on. They figured me for a spellbinder...

As long as the thrust of the peace movement was directed against the U.S. government only, our college administration presented an attitude of benign neutrality—the war is a tragedy, of course, but... and President Gallagher refused, most cordially, of course, to add his name to the peace ads, even to the most moderate one. But this period of relative calm did not last for very long, the national peace movement becoming more militant, more angry, if you wish, more strikent, and soon initiated the demand that the University as a national institution disassociate itself from the war effort. This meant disassociation from ROTC, from classified research, prohibition of campus recruitment by organizations belonging to the military-industrial complex, and refusal of cooperation with Selective Service. These demands were raised on campus after campus and, of course, also at City; by then the peace movement had become locally a fairly self-conscious, coherent, reasonably well organized group of faculty and students, with no clear cut central leadership, but lots of loyalties, good feelings, spontaneous discipline. The battles were fought on two levels: by the



Bierman, a physics professor, has for a long time been involved in attempts to reform the College and in 1965-66 was one of the chairmen of the campus anti-war committee. He is now director of the Planning Program in Humanistic Studies.

most militant students and faculty through direct physical confrontations, sit-ins, takeovers of buildings, block of halls and passageways; and by the more circumspect faculty in the legislative chambers of the Faculty Council—a most august body that was then representative of the faculty establishment, and containing, among its voting membership, 15% administrators. It also was chaired by the President, paternally, of course, but firmly.

The physics department, in the early days of the Vietnam war had, in a fit of absent-mindedness, elected me as its departmental delegate to the council; Harry Lustig, being chairman, was automatically the other delegate. There were other peaceniks on the council then, Joan Gadol, Julius Elias, Volpe from English. Music was always strongly for peace—we were perhaps a group of about 25, out of a total membership of 80. We were strong enough to be able to bring these peace issues to the floor for discussion, and in a most telling manner, we would deliver the most passionate, the most logical, the most irrefutable arguments for our position; the rest of the Council would just sit there, rather listlessly, somewhat drowsily, hardly any attempt was ever made to answer our brilliant briefs, and then, on secret ballot, we would be crushed, two to one. It was frustrating, galling, but also educational—like, what academia is about. Meanwhile, there was a group of students who put pungent language, put their asses on the line, and confronted, disrupted, got themselves arrested, occasionally even jailed. The movement was narrowing its active core, it was also being radicalized, becoming angrier, more extreme.

And I must say, with all my reservations about what the movement finally did with that anger, with all my rejection of Weatherman insanity, I must affirm that that anger was right, the anger was reasonable, it was just—just, more human, more decent, than the self-serving apathy, the cynical, studied indifference of many of my colleagues, even they with their degrees and sophisticated arguments. For what was involved, never forget, was the premeditated, planned and carefully executed killing of thousands of Vietnamese peasants, on Vietnamese soil in a Vietnamese civil war, by American soldiers representing us, this nation, you and me, and it is a matter of ethics, of morality, whether it is better to render unto Caesar, or to follow one's own conscience honestly, even though the latter may be quite uncomfortable.

As the war dragged on two things happened, simultaneously: the active center of the movement, especially among the students, narrowed, became more angry, more crazy, if you wish—we were moving into the Weatherman era, the era of rage and dynamite; but the outer more passive fringe grew, increased, augmented. So we began to have those massive rallies, hundreds of thousands strong in Washington, monster demonstrations in Central Park, and gone were the hecklers, the patriotic Legionnaires from Queens. Hardly anyone defended the war anymore. But the inner center of the movement, its spiritual core where its heartbeats were, was dying and disintegrating in dogmatic, doctrinaire, furious dissension. Of course, the events of '69 cracked the left-liberal coalition at the college anyway, broke apart the old faculty peace coalition over the issues of Harlem U. and open enrollment, the race issue in New York City and all that implies being ten times more divisive, more controversial than war or peace in distant Vietnam. And then in the spring of '70, Cambodia, Kent, Jackson State, the last dying gasp of the movement, occupation of Finley by 200 students and a few faculty, a great deal of frenzied, purposeless, pointless activity, a depressing meeting at the Stadium—the blood running out, the heart slowing, it was already dead then, really, but the corpse still occasionally twitching.

Now that it is all over, in some way it has been over for three years almost, for us only, of course, not for the Vietnamese, so looking back now with some perspective, with some greater calm, less involved with partisan passions, what can one extract, what wisdom, what understanding from this terrible tragedy for our two, such different people, the Vietnamese people and we here in America? One conclusion emerges for me clearly: rarely has a movement been so vindicated by history, by the collective judgment of the world as this American anti-war movement has been vindicated.

What we said then, back in '65, clearly, earnestly, in the face of government lies and obfuscations, that this was a civil war, that this was a battle of contending factions in Vietnamese society, that we were intervening where it was none of our business to, because, even with the best of intentions we could never really help, we were doomed to err, to destroy, to disrupt, to corrupt... all of that which we said eight long years ago now everyone acknowledges, I think even Henry Kissinger in his quiet moments, perhaps before retiring at night, now acknowledges. We were correct in what we said then, we have been fundamentally correct in all these eight long years and what has happened is that because we kept repeating it, ever louder, ever more angrily, ever more stridently, and some of our best sons and daughters, our own best children, thousands of them, turned against their parents, their own government, their society, at rallies and marches, in confrontations and violence, in Canadian or Swedish exile, in prison, yes, even in B-52's, we must not forget Captain Heck, so because of this amorphous, disorganized, confused American peace movement, including this little segment right here at City College, and of course, because of the Vietnamese people themselves, those we have orphaned, named, burned, robbed, corrupted,



disinherited but who have persisted for how many decades now, because of these such two different movements, at opposite sides of this globe, the war is finally over now, at last, and everyone now says that we were right, yes, even eight years ago we were right.

So friends, despite our many failures, our seeming ineffectiveness, what we did, hundreds of thousands, millions of us, what we did was right and proper after all, and we each of us has a right to say proudly, I helped to end this absurd, this dirty war; in some tiny, ridiculously small way I have helped; I carried one sign, I marched one hour, I drove one hundred miles, it all counts in the measure of things; we were not good Germans after all, history will cherish us for that, in some small way it will distinguish us, yes.



to the editor

It has come to my attention that the Student Senate has suspended publication of your newspaper, *Observation Post*, because of a centerfold of pornographic drawings by Bob Attanasio which were published in the December 21, 1973 issue. I would like to comment publicly on this action, not only protest in the strongest terms possible the Student Senate's action but encourage your paper to give Bob Attanasio continued support in publishing further work of his.

I may presently be a senior psychology major, but previously I studied at the San Francisco Art Institute for two years and have been to the Art Students League on a number of occasions to study under several well-known professional painters. While my own work never brought me commercial success, I have a keen eye for and an avid, continued interest in the art world. I think I can readily distinguish between the shoddy and tawdry and the genuinely aesthetic and artistically valid statement. I would like to bring to the Student Senate's attention that exhibits of erotic art have been given in this country and even more frequently in Europe, that these exhibits are considered legitimate art and receive formal reviews and are distinct from the Times Square brand of supposedly titillating pornography.

I live on the west side of Manhattan, mid-town, and no one would welcome a "clean-up" of the area's porno-shops and "whore house" massage parlours more than I—if only because my wife can't go across 8th Ave. without being annoyed and propositioned. To continue, a brief digression, I consider prostitution a necessary vice to any society; it can't be stamped out and should therefore be licensed and controlled, as it is in many countries, but I don't want the "activity" in my neighborhood. Perhaps members of our Student Senate have been down on the "prairie" themselves and been repulsed by the sight of "hookers" with faces as grey as last year's dish water? Or perhaps the student senate is composed of just plain, prudish, old-bags themselves so that they can't distinguish between a syphilitic, used, old tool and the fine cutting edge of Bob Attanasio's satire. I don't expect them to realize that an artist of twenty years of age such as Bob, needs encouragement rather than a reprimand and a "Bostonian" censor. Could it be the Student Senate is compiled of a gang of latent homosexuals who put baskets (falsies) in their pants to make their moralistic, self-righteous stance more convincing? Maybe they aren't even latent? Could it be that a satirical sketch of a man with an over-sized penis or a woman with an exposed vagina so disturbs them that they have to shut down a whole paper to blot such "nasties" from sight?

I own a book published by Grove Press titled "Erotic Art" and if you find sex as valid a subject for the artist as Cezanne's still-lives, I heartily recommend it. But, be warned Student Senate, it won't provide you with stimulation for masturbation like your favorite "milk and honey" fold-out from Playboy—it will only serve to prove to you that sex, pornography, eroticism, whatever you choose to call it, has been a subject for artists of all societies in all countries and all times including Victorian England.

While I wouldn't put Bob Attanasio's work in the same class as that of George Grosz, I do consider him a serious artist who has enough creativity, craft and ability to execute a work skillfully enough to be taken seriously—and whether he eventually blossoms into a Picasso (he is also represented in the aforementioned book) certainly remains to be seen. For myself, it was Mr. Attanasio's work, essentially, that made me pick up your paper in the first place—at that time I didn't believe a student newspaper could be interesting if only because there would most likely be someone "sitting on them" to prevent them from handling anything but inciteful political rhetoric. I was proven wrong and have enjoyed reading a great deal of several issues of your paper. But now it would seem, much to my disappointment, that I was right after all. The "pansy-ass" Student Senate is breaking your balls and curtailing the publication of the only campus newspaper I expect I would find worth a damn.

In terms of alienation, I find *Observation Post* somewhere between the Village Voice and now defunct EVO. However, at the present juncture of history, I consider that a valid expression and if anything it will serve to help us overcome the problems of the "isolation booth" that many of us feel trapped in—what we need most of all is unhampered communication. How can the Student Senate, whoever they are, fail to recognize our need to read and talk over the unmentionables? If a student paper isn't a good place to encounter legitimately expressed views on crime, sex and drugs, where is? I have always been of the opinion that humor goes a long way particularly in the bedroom. While we may not be expected to air out our private mattresses in a school paper, the keen satire of Bob Attanasio's drawings does allow us some private smiles and gives us a paper that has the integrity to be more than just another school paper. An additional shot in the arm always helps.

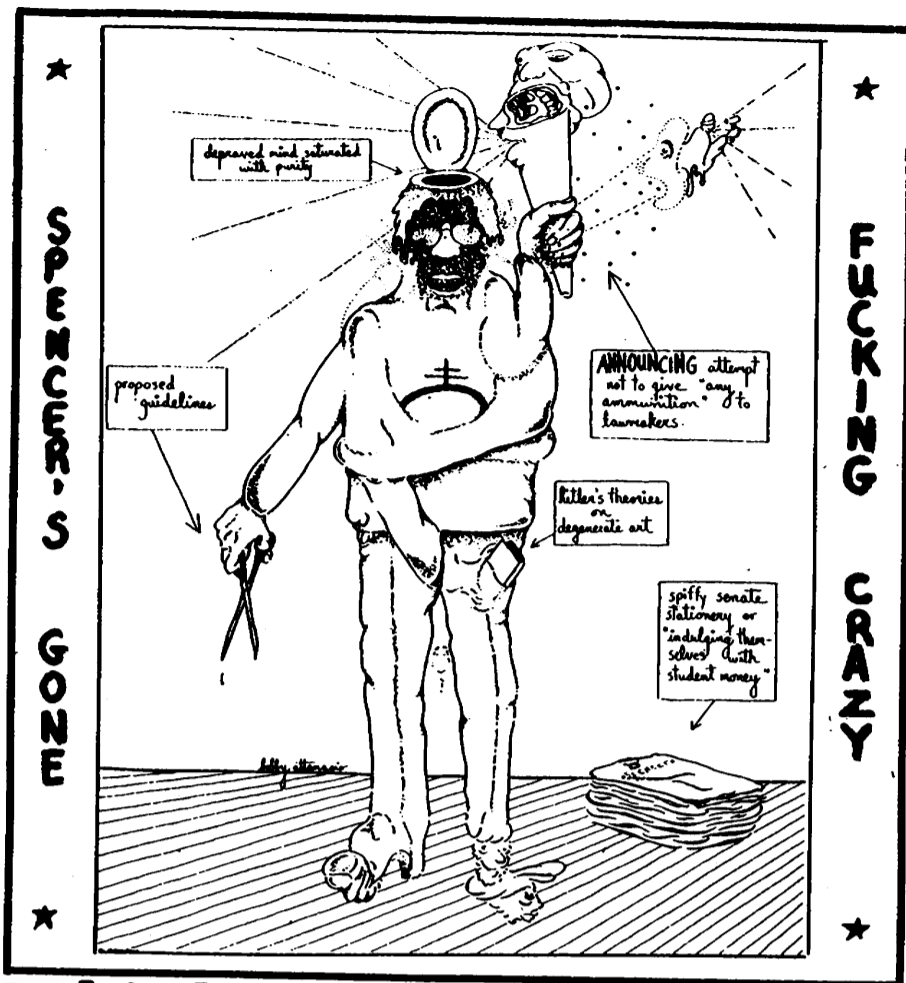
If I could use words like stilettos, I would cut the balls off the student senate and remove the bite of their false teeth. Good luck to you Bob, editors and contributors in giving what I hope is a kick in the ass to the pompous "salads" of the Student Senate.

Yours Truly,
Alan Granville

observation post

Bobby Attanasio, Bruce Berman, Mark Bobick, Bill Bywater, Roberta Fischer, Jeff Flisser, Peter Grad, Martin Kent, Tom McDonald, David Mendelsohn, Larry Peebles, Tom Preston, Bob Rosen, Gale Sigal, Steve Simon, Dave Solet, Barry Taylor, Madeleine Trachtenberg, Ken Wisnikoff.

Voice of the Student Body, Conscience of the Administration
Watchdog of Human Rights, Keeper of the Sacred Flame,
Guardian of the Holy Grail, Defender of the Weak,
Protector of the Oppressed and Helper of the Poor
since 1947.



Whiplash Turned Ivy

ADVERTISED SPECIALS

Traditional academicians at the College—at least those who have not quietly fled to the Graduate Center downtown—must be quaking these days as they walk through the hallowed halls and notice the changes which are inexorably transforming their seedy home.

Nothing could highlight those changes more than this term's registration period, when Shepard Hall took on the appearance of a bazaar on Bathgate Avenue. What was once a seller's market in which students would frantically rush from one table to another in Great Hall pleading with instructors for class cards has become a buyer's market in which departments have picked up the techniques of Madison Avenue to bluntly beseech students to take their classes.

For any City College person who has been around for a while, the change is not only comical, it is remarkable. Like an old lady seeking the Fountain of Youth, Academia is trying to be "relevant."

As soon as you walk into Lincoln Corridor on the first floor, you are bombarded by sales pitches from erstwhile students sitting at desks that block your path. Eager to help you, these students, who mostly come from the sprouting ethnic studies departments, are really there to enlist volunteers. Their desks abound with literature and the surrounding walls are appropriately decorated with posters meant to entice. To top it all off, it would not be surprising to learn that these students are being paid for their services by the respective departments, which if true, would at least make them properly paid salesmen.

A sorer sight, though, was at the end of the hall near Vice Provost Bernard Sohmer's office. Trying to look dignified and tasteful was the representative of another new academic venture, the Institute for Medieval and Renaissance Studies. But business appeared to be very slow. Perhaps the Institute should get itself going like any other new enterprise: offer huge discounts like one course for the credits of two as a loss leader. Students would then flock in record numbers to take "Old English Anglo-Saxon," "16th Century Counter-Point," or "Age of Spanish Baroque" just the way they used to when History I or Speech I or Math 61 were required.

In fact, it isn't just the new departments that are throwing out the nets in the hope of catching unsuspecting or desperate students. Every department seems to be fighting for its survival as enrollment trends shift away from the standard academic departments in Wagner and Mott Halls to psychology, sociology and ethnic studies. In some respects, it's been a very healthy trend, forcing departments to re-evaluate their offerings and develop new courses that will appeal to the new brand of students that has entered the College since the advent of Open Admissions in 1970.

STRICTLY SPEAKING

Strictly speaking, the inter-departmental competition was first spurred in 1968 when the Faculty Council of Liberal Arts and Sciences revamped the curriculum requirements, dropping specific courses in favor of a grab-bag system. Departments that had depended on the required courses for most of their students were hit by an exodus, particularly in the foreign languages. To cite an example, Political Science has lost five senior professors in recent years to deaths and transfers and has found no need to replace them.

The repercussions have taken a few years in the coming, but they are nonetheless interesting as well as peculiar. Even the stodgy History Department has been affected, and in Shepard's bargain basement, hung a simple sign, "Try History." Under the influence of a new chairman imported by President Marshak to heal the bitter rifts between its senior and junior faculty, the department has unwrapped a whole series of "hip" new courses designed especially for freshmen and sophomores, including its own appeal for the ethnic vote with a course on Greek-Americans and another that will write an oral history of turn-of-the-century immigrants in New York.

You can almost forget that there was once faculty resistance to a student proposal for a course on the history of Vietnam.

English, which has always been among the more innovative departments in the battle for "relevance," refuses to be outdone and has bounced back with "The Poetry of Rock," "The Vampire," and "Women Novelists of the Nineteenth Century."

Comparative Literature, which once shuddered at the idea of giving sex-starved students "The Dionysiac Experience," is still offering the course although its originator has left.

Physics has gone out of this world in the search for students with a course called "Intelligent Life in the Universe?" (They must have given up on the idea of looking for it at the College.) Students enrolling in the elective will get four credits as they send signals through outer space in an attempt to reach "extraterrestrial civilizations." Psychology is being a bit more parochial with a course on ESP.

But Germanic and Slavic seem to have taken the opposite tack by introducing a course in Esperanto, an artificial language that tries to compress the best from every European tongue into a universal quantity. It has never quite achieved its purpose as a link between the world's nationalities.

As long as we're offering Esperanto, I can imagine Dean Oscar Chavarria-Aguillar (Liberal Arts), who says he will leave the administration to teach, standing in the middle of Lincoln Corridor next fall and handing out leaflets for a course in the ancient Indian language, Sanskrit, which is his specialty. For a small fee, I might agree to take the class and see if he remembers how to teach.

Pretty Food Is Hazardous To Your Health

Red #2 is the artificial coloring used by food and cosmetic industries to achieve a uniform red or orange coloring in things like hot dogs, soft drinks, ice cream, chewing gum, lipstick, powder and rouge.

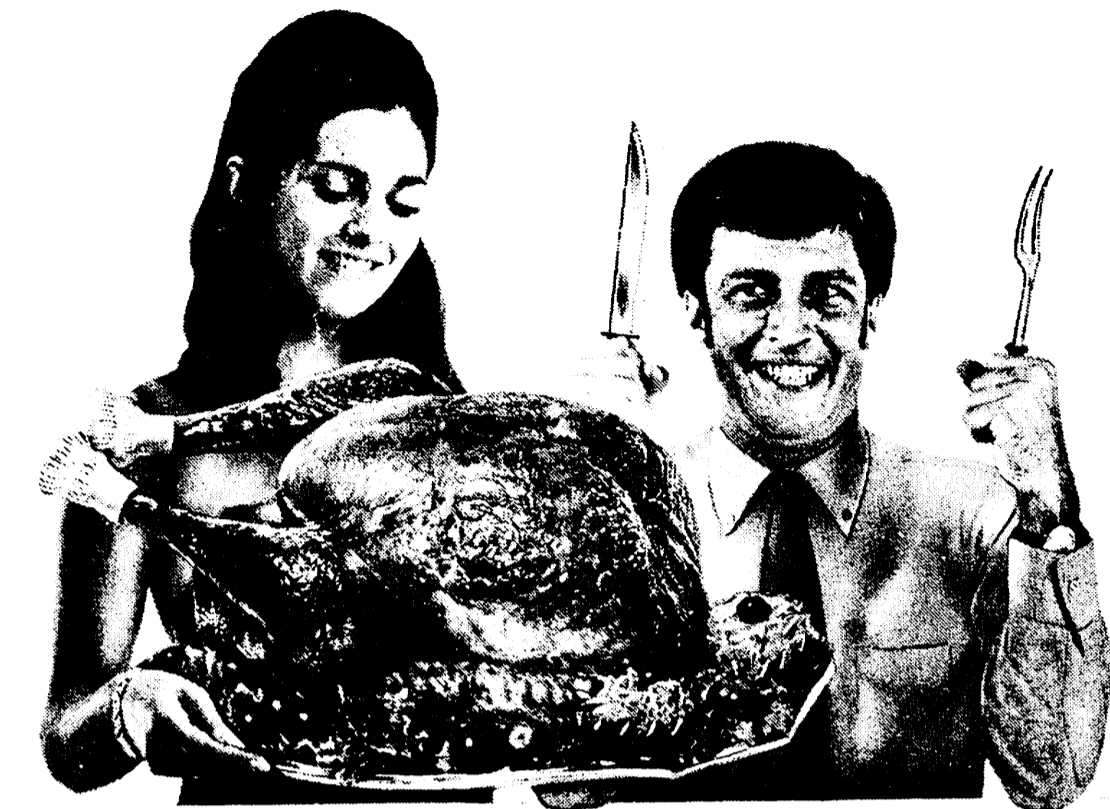
It is also, even according to Food and Drug Administration (FDA) data, suspected to be a possible health hazard. Tests done on rats, mice and rabbits in the Soviet Union in 1970 concluded that amaranth (the chemical name for Red #2) administered in a ratio of 1.5 mg. to one kg. of body weight caused death of fetuses; living offspring often grew poorly or died within a month of birth. Female animals suffered atrophy of the ovaries and impaired lactation. Male animals became less potent.

Within a year of the tests in the Soviet Union the FDA ran its own tests and came up with the recommendation that a 132 pound person should not take in more than 4.5 milligrams of Red #2 per day, but somehow the use of the coloring was never restricted. A single can of cherry soda can contain as much as 62 mg. of Red #2.

One reason why the Food and Drug Administration has been so slow to act on Red #2 is that the chemical is used in almost every artificially colored food on the market. If it were used at a level low enough to be safe, the dye would no longer color food uniformly.

Also, the FDA reasons that because the dye only causes the death of fetuses and reduces fertility, it is not as serious as if it caused birth defects.

Red #2 should not be confused with the additive in maraschino cherries, which are colored by Red #4, known to produce cancer; nor should it be confused with Red #2 citrus also suspected to be car-



cinogenic, which is sprayed on citrus to brighten their colors.

People trying to restrict their intake of Red #2 would have to consider anything which included the phrase "artificial coloring" on the label as suspect. According to law, the food companies don't have to be any more specific when listing color additives. And Red #2 is not only used in obviously red or orange things like hot dogs and cherry sodas, but

also in some white icings to give them a precise, even shade.

Alone or blended with other dyes, Red #2 colors ice cream, processed cheese, luncheon meats, dry cereals, pickles, canned fruits, pet foods, salad dressings, jellies, jams, candies, gelatins and many other things one might want to eat in the course of a day. Last year over 1,080,000 pounds of the dye—a record amount—were certified for marketing.

The Health Research Group, a Nader related consumer advocacy group in Washington D.C. has presented a petition to Charles C. Edwards, Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration. It states that the FDA has no legal authority to certify the Red #2 because there is no safety regulation on it. The petition calls for immediate cessation of certification.

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- The Most Incompetent or Fumbling Administrator I Have Known
- The Most Ignorant or Boring Teacher I Have Known
- A Special Category for those who defy description—in other words, just what are they being paid to do?

Nominating essays of at least 250 words, signed by the author, must be submitted by Friday, February 16 to the OP office, Room 336 Finley Center. At the end of the nominating period, a College-wide poll will be undertaken to select winners in each of the categories. Free cruises will be rewarded to the three winners' nominators, and a fourth prize will go to whomever comes closest to predicting the number of votes received by the winners.

All City College students, faculty, staff and alumni eligible to enter.
This contest is being run with the cooperation of Windjammer Cruises.
For more information, see advertisement on Page 6.

Leacock to Head Anthro Publication

BY ROBERTA FISCHER

Eleanor Leacock (Chairman, Anthropology) has been appointed general editor of the magazine quarterly, *Abstracts in Anthropology*. The staff consists of several college professors and students including Loretta Fowler (Social Anthropology), Warren Kinzey (Physical Anthropology), Julius Moshinsky (Linguistics) and Robert Schuyler (Archaeology). An international board of advisory editors will be established, made up entirely of professional anthropologists.

This will make CCNY a center of abstracting for one entire discipline on an international basis and improve the library at CCNY by creating a prominent collection of journal holdings and reprints.

Asked about the importance of the *Abstracts*, Chairwoman Leacock explained that besides putting CCNY on the map as far as anthropology is concerned, the *Abstracts* are a contribution to the field of anthropology. "They are noteworthy also in that they will cover non-English publications and Third World publications," she said, "as well as material on American Indian rights and African rights which often appear in newsletters and do not receive wide circulation."



Evaluations Delayed

COURSE and TEACHER EVALUATION HANDBOOK

A compilation of numerical evaluations, students' comments on instructors and course descriptions



Tabulated and edited by the Student Senate Committee on Educational Affairs.

The Course and Teacher Evaluation Handbook will not be released until late next week. The publication, revised after a two year absence, was completed in time for registration, but due to problems arising at the printers, has been delayed almost two weeks.

Gale Sigal, an associate editor of the Handbook, expressed the frustration felt by the handbook staff. "We worked practically time and a half each day during the three weeks before registration just so we could get the book out on time. Now it was all for nothing."

The Handbook will include students' comments about instructors and teachers' personal descriptions of the course they teach, in addition to numerical statistics on instructors.



Bill Bywater



HEW



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Peter Grad





Peter Grad



Bill Bywater



H. Edward Weberman



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Scenes of Protests Past



Peter Grad

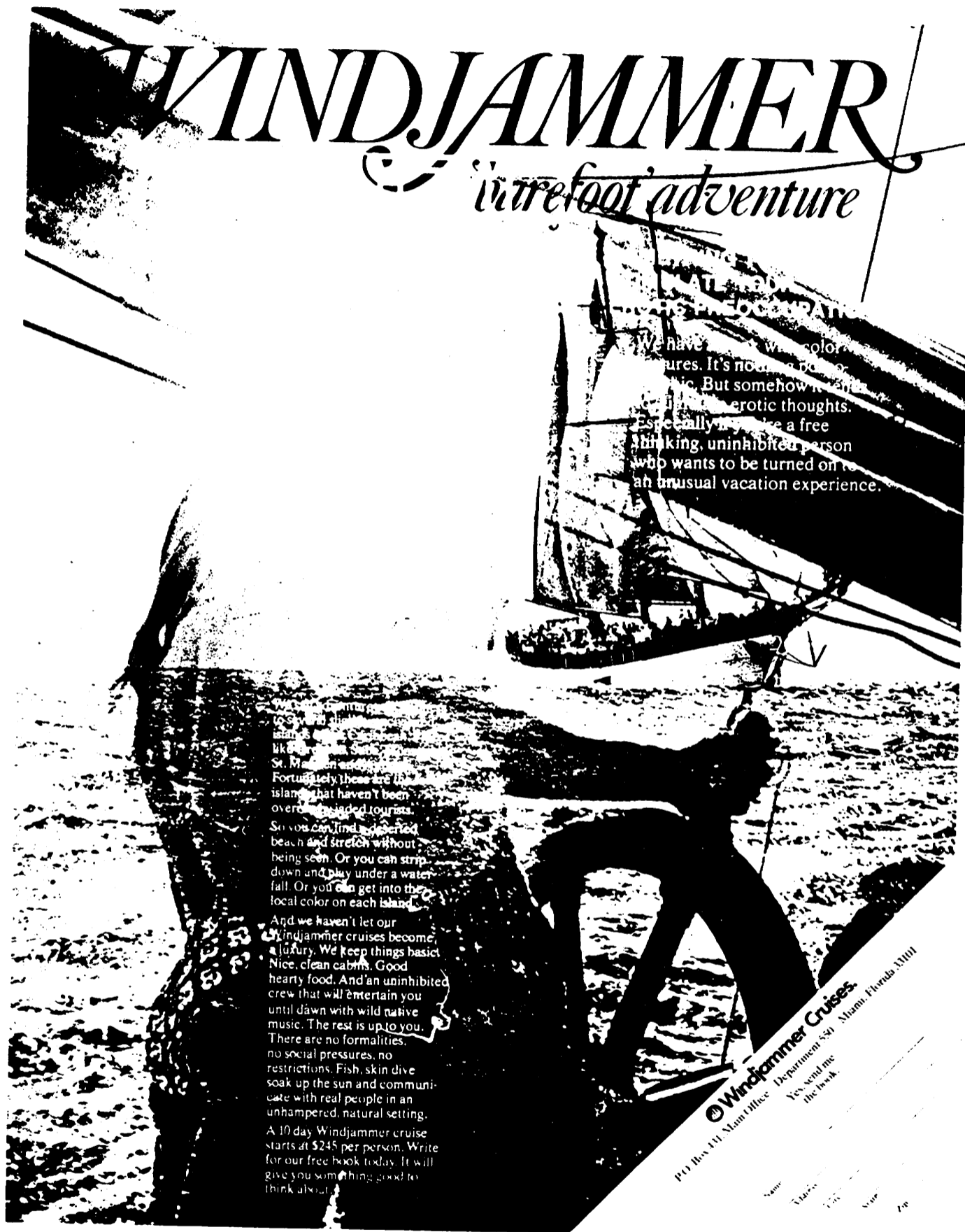
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I.Q. of 145 and Can't Remember?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique for acquiring a powerful memory which can pay you real dividends in both business and social advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, necessary self-confidence and greater popularity.

According to this publisher, many people do not realize how much they could influence others simply by remembering accurately everything they see, hear, or read. Whether in business, at social functions, or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can dominate each situation by your ability to remember.

To acquaint the readers of this paper with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in remembering anything you choose to remember, the publishers have printed full details of their self-training method in a new booklet, "Adventures in Memory," which will be mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Send your name, address, and zip code to: Memory Studies, 655 E. Lange St., Dept. 940-40, Mundelein, Ill. 60060.

Study in Guadalajara, Mexico

Fully accredited, 20-year UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA Guadalajara Summer School offers July 2-August 11, anthropology, art, education, folklore, geography, history, government, language and literature. Tuition \$165; board and room \$211. Write: International Programs, University of Arizona, Tucson 85721.

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This diet has been highly commended by "Sports Illustrated" Magazine (Jan. 4, 1971).

Cries and Whispers

Flow of Life and Death

CRIES AND WHISPERS
A film by Ingmar Bergman

One of the appalling things about Ingmar Bergman is that while complex, as his subjects demand, he is simple and direct in his approach. He always goes right to the core of the matter and erects needless barriers to his meaning.

The beginning of *Cries and Whispers* is an example of this directness. The opening shots of a manor veiled in a mist are followed by Agnes (Harriet Andersson) awakening, rising from her bed, and writing in her diary that she is in pain. Within a matter of seconds we learn that the issue of death and its pain, for both the victims and observers. It is also about the pain of living as are all of Bergman's films.

However, the film's opening is telling in another manner. It is a sequence of great power and beauty; and while there are many such individual sequences, they are never properly synthesized. This is the shame of it all. There are many of Bergman's incisive and human touches all producing an unsatisfactory film.

The story revolves around Agnes' death. Her sisters, Karin (Ingrid Thulin) and Maria (Liv Ullman), have come to the manor to join Anna (Cari Sylwan), a servant, in helping Agnes through her final days. During this time we learn the state of the characters' lives. In short but emotion-filled scenes Bergman says very much with great economy of action and dialogue.

One morning, Maria, who is having an affair with the family doctor, bids her husband farewell after breakfast. Her husband, aware of her affair places his hand upon her cheek for one short tentative moment and then places his hand upon his daughter's cheek. In just the motion of his hands we have seen the husbands passing of allegiance the redirection of his love, from wife to daughter.

Bergman characterizes Karin's marriage in just as brief a fashion. During a tense and stifled dinner with her husband Karin knocks over a glass of wine. It is a very dynamic and startling event that delineates their obviously tenuous relationship. Later, in an assault against herself and her husband, Karin slashes her genital area with a piece of the glass referring to her genitals as a "tissue of lies."

One of the problems of *Cries and Whispers* is brought to mind in a disturbing scene after Agnes' death. She calls to her sisters and asks for comfort

in her misery. When they refuse involvement in her death Agnes actually grabs Maria in an attempt to hold Maria with her. This quite literally depicts a view expressed in D.H. Lawrence's *Women In Love*: "I don't mind about the dead, once they are dead. The worst of it is, they cling on to the living and won't let go." This is the sort of matter with which *Cries and Whispers* should have dealt further; the direct effect death has on those close to it. Instead, in many cases, it concentrated on neatly done little scenes that, while effective, were of no consequence to the issues at hand.

Much of the film is structured around visual monologues that express the nature of a particular character's miserable existence. These visual monologues are preceded and followed-up by close-ups of the characters. The effect is entirely too stiff and formal. And the "Cries and Whispers" that accompany the close-ups are gimmicky as well.

The result, strangely enough, is that here, the whole seems to be less than the sum of its parts. Instead of Agnes' situation truly being the important matter at hand, it is merely a gimmick. Around that gimmick are presented overly formalized visual monologues that treat in a pretty shallow manner rather stock Bergmanesque repressed and neurotic characters. All the affecting little vignettes do not, finally, create a synthesized or coherent whole.

One final, small, but I think not insignificant complaint. Final scenes or lines are important in the lasting impression of a film. Bergman seems to believe that in his penchant for affecting last lines. In *The Passion of Anna* the last line, "This time his name was Andreas Winkelman," is powerful, as powerful as the entire film. Unfortunately Bergman often goes awry in his final lines. The magnificent final scene of *Through a Glass Darkly*, in which the boy and his father discuss God and the nature of love, is marred by the boy's closing line, "He talked to me." It is rather comical. *Cries and Whispers* ends with the mawkish, "And so the cries and whispers fade away." It is the sort of line that makes you groan.

The trailer advertisements in film theatres have Mr. Bergman announcing his new film and saying very seriously, "I want you to like it." That sounds rather funny too. He seems to think that if you are honest and sincere anything is effective. That just isn't so.

—Arnold Adler

The Esthetic Photo

By Madeleine Trachtenberg

Gum bichromate and platinum plate prints are far cries from Polaroid portrait prints. The Painterly Photograph exhibit in the American Painting and Sculpture Galleries at the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a collection of photographs from 1890 to 1914.

Joseph T. Keeley's *A Bacchante*, [1899] is a platinum print developed in glycerine. The soft sepia is not just mimicking the surface of an old movie, but brings you the spirit of the drunken woman, beyond the graphic qualities of her facial expression. Edward Steichen's *Landscape in Moonlight* [1904], is a gum bichromate over platinum with a stain, and lets the moonlight's softness be felt as well as seen.

In order to make photography more acceptable to the art world of the 1890's, Alfred Steiglitz assembled a group of photographers around him which came to be known as the Photo-secessionist school. Their goal

was to bring photography out of its early stigma of solely being useful for bleak family portraits. Through complicated developing processes and intensive dedication to high standards, they created photographs that helped break the pattern and establish photography as one of the arts.

In the 1920's the vogue changed and the trend which led to today's style of photography began. Eventually the Photo-secessionists' popularity waned as style changed.



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