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The Observation Post

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VOL. LX NO. 1

The City College

September 13, 1976



Protesters overturned desks and held area for about 3 hrs.

Photo by Tony Lauria

\$5-Million Budget Slash Drastically Cuts the Faculty, Staff and Services

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

With 46 instructors dismissed from the classrooms, 48 members dropped from the administration, no psychological counselors remaining, and nearly 3,000 students gone from the campus, the academic year began here Wednesday.

The College's dramatic reductions in teaching administrative, and staff personnel came in the aftermath of the devastating fiscal storm which dragged through the City University system for ten trying months before petering out—for the time being—this summer.

The crisis left in its wake a University system with \$28.6-million less in resources than it had last September. The final budget slash, announced last June, amounted to \$69.2 million, \$4.68 million of which came from the College's budget.

Exactly where these cutbacks officially had taken effect here had not yet been outlined by college officials as late as Friday.

Alice Chandler, the College's Acting Provost, said Wednesday that President Marshak is preparing a detailed account of the cutbacks and that the report would not be ready before next week.

Chandler and other College officials refused to discuss specific

budget reductions on campus until the Marshak report is released, citing the "complexity" of the information.

However the nearly \$5-million slash—which puts the College's operating budget below \$47-million—has put into effect much of Marshak's controversial retrenchment proposals, which were prepared last December in anticipation of cutbacks of up to \$7-million.

Attrition and Retrenchment

The report recommended that with a \$5-million cut, \$671,000 be saved through attrition of both professional and non-professional staff. The College, in fact, saved about \$2.71-million through the attrition of 56 civil service workers, 50 administrators and their staff and 92 members of the College's instructional staff.

The other major cost-cutting proposal in last term's report was an "across the board retrenchment," saving the College \$1.967-million this year with a \$468,000 cut in Student Affairs, \$48,000 in the Library and its staff, \$265,000 in Buildings and Grounds and \$229,000 in the administration.

The retrenchment actions translated into the firing of 69 civil services workers—secretaries and office personnel. It also dictated the firing of 57 full-time faculty members, 10 of which have been reinstated through a \$250,000 grant from University Chancellor Robert Kibbee.

All told, 93 instructors and office See **RESOURCES**, Page 2

Cite Biomed Bias; College Officials Hire a Lawyer

By FRANKLIN S. FISHER JR.

President Marshak and Alfred Gellhorn, Director of the Center for Biomedical Education, hired a lawyer last week. The two men, both defendants in a Federal reverse discrimination case, have retained attorney Maurice Nessen to advise them on the legal intricacies of the case, Marshak announced last week.

Nessen in 1974 represented author Clifford Irving, who with his wife was jailed for writing a bogus autobiography of billionaire Howard Hughes.

Both officials are currently represented by the Corporation Council of the City of New York, which is required under the City's charter to provide city officials with legal council, according to W. Bernard Richland, head of the Corporation Council.

Nessen is currently serving in an advisory capacity only, but Marshak and Gellhorn may seek to have him represent them at an upcoming trial where a Federal Judge will determine whether they are liable for damages for their role in See **BIOMED**, Page 2

Arrest Five in Registration Boycott; Free Tuition at CUNY is Demanded

By FRANKLIN S. FISHER JR.

Five persons were arrested and charged with criminal trespass here Wednesday during a demonstration calling for reinstatement of free tuition and open admissions at City University.

The demonstrators blocked for three hours the scheduled registration of 4,000 students. But there was no violence, and registration began shortly after the arrests were made.

Taken into custody were Mosses Harris, 44, of 302 Livingston Street, Bklyn., and four other

Boycott Seen as Futile Effort in Face of Reality

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

For the thousands of students who were kept outside while demonstrators occupied the registration area in Mahoney Gymnasium Wednesday morning, the widespread feeling appeared to be one of annoyance and resentment of the protestors, and an acknowledgement that their long and arduous fight to retain Open Admissions and free tuition was over.

Although several students said they agreed with the protestors' demands "in principle," they felt that the reality of the situation made any eleventh-hour attempt to reverse the circumstances futile, and several chose colorful epithets to describe the frustration

See **COPING**, Page 2

members of a group called Black Economic Survival (BES), after they refused to leave Mahoney Gym where registration was to take place. Harris is executive director of the group, which represents minority workers in construction and other industries. That group, the Student Senate and United Peoples were joint sponsors of the protest.

United peoples is an affiliate of the Student Senate and includes in its membership a number of senate executives.

Black Economic Survival includes in its ranks construction workers and community leaders who took part in the North Academic Complex construction riots of May 1975.

Also arrested were BES members Juan Villa, 20, of 2145 Mapes Avenue, Bronx; Oscar Fombay, 36, of 323 Carleton Avenue, Bklyn.; Elisha Baptiste, 47, of 481 E. 94th Street, Bklyn., and Natalie Davis, 24, of 2175 Cedar Avenue, Bronx, police reported.

The five were booked at the W.126 stationhouse at about 1:30 then released. Arraignment is scheduled for Sept. 27 in Manhattan Criminal Court, police said.

Besides calling for restoration of free tuition and open admissions at CUNY, representatives of the

protestors blasted the recent layoffs of black, Hispanic and other "progressive" faculty members from the University. They also charged that the Tuition Assistance Program would fail to meet the tuition needs of most students.

The delay in registration began about 7:30, when about 15 members of United Peoples entered the See **BOYCOTT**, Page 2



Photo by Tony Lauria

Five are Arrested Here in Registration Boycott



Police checked all those entering registration immediately after arrests. Line of students stretched to Sheppard Hall.

Photo by Tony Laura

Biomed Race Bias Cited by Judge, Marshak, Gellhorn Hire Own Attorney

BIOMED, From Page 1

the 1974 Biomed case.

Also named as defendants in the case are Robert Kibbee, Chancellor of City University; Alfred Giardino, former chairman of the Board of Higher Education; and three institutions — the B.H.E., the City University, and the College.

Manhattan District Judge Marvin E. Frankel ordered the second phase August 17, after finding the defendants guilty of establishing racial quotas for admission to the 1974 Biomedical freshman class.



Photo by Tony Lee

President Marshak.

Frankel is expected to decide to whom and in what manner damages may have to be paid. The class action suit was filed by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith in January 1975.

In his 49-page decision, the judge ruled that College officials had practiced "intentional racial discrimination" when they shut out "solely on the basis of race" 19 white and Asian applicants and a second group of 14 alternates who in 1974 sought admission to the

program.

While the racial quota was never officially sanctioned, admissions personnel favored black and Hispanic applicants in efforts to create a 50-50 split between minority students and those of other ethnic groups who sought admission to the program, the Judge ruled.

Each of about 25 students are seeking damages in excess of \$10,000, for the loss of one year's time which they say resulted from their rejection by Biomed admissions officials.

Frankel also describes in his decision how minority representatives both outside the College and within, exerted strong pressure on Bio-

med officials to admit to the program large numbers of black and Hispanic students.

The judge noted in his decision that the 1974 admissions practices infringed upon the "due process" and "equal protection" rights of the white and Asian students.

College officials early in 1975 revised those procedures after the press reported extensively on the 1974 admissions situation.

The Biomed program trains students to become doctors in six years instead of the usual eight, and requires them upon graduation to work in medically under-stuffed areas of the city for a minimum of two years.

Students Pay Tuition and Denounce the Boycott

COPING, From Page 1

the registration delay had brought them.

"It's a bunch of shit," said Lisa Unger, a 22-year old senior, "I took a day off from work to register, and now look what happens."

"I'm pissed off," declared Victor Torrez, a 21-year old senior, "It makes no sense. The only people that are being hurt are the students."

One veteran student, who asked not to be named, said that instead of keeping students from registering, the protesters should have begun a drive for students to come to the College. "They're talking about education, so why keep students away from school. In the future when they ask for student support, students will remember this and might say no," he said.

The demonstration was organized by the Student Senate, a campus group called United Peoples, and a group of construction workers who were members of Black Economic Survival, a community-based organization which has fought for increased minority hiring on the campus construction sites.

Another student, Irene Wiely, a 22-year old senior typified the mood of acceptance among the students when she said: "I don't think anything will be accomplished by this, because the wheels have been set in motion."

Paying tuition, what the demonstrators had hoped to prevent the students from doing, was not described by several students as being an unmanageable burden. Ninety-five per cent of students at the University have filed for some type of assistance plan, and every student interviewed here this week had done the same.

"I made Columbia but couldn't afford the tuition, so I came here," remarked entering freshman John DiPalermo, who said that after tuition assistance he had to pay just \$200.

"I've got to pay \$450 this year," said one student rather lackadaisically, "but I worked all summer so I can afford it."

One student, who described himself as an activist from the late sixties, said: "This is the first time in the five years since I've been here that I did not support a demonstration. It was ridiculous, worthless and made me spend four hours to register."

BOYCOTT, From Page 1

Science and Physical Education Building and barricaded themselves in by chaining 19 exits throughout the building, according to Albert Dandridge, Director of Security.

The students left an hour and a half later just as security guards arrived with bolt cutters and moved through the building cutting the chains from the exits, Dandridge reported.

But a few minutes later, some ten BES members ranging in age from their early 20's to their mid 40's filed into Mahoney, and as security guards and administrators looked on, overturned the dozens of registrations tables set up around the gym and announced: "No registration today. Everybody go home."

Minutes later, Morton F. Kaplon, Acting Vice President for Administrative Affairs, informed the protesters that they were "illegally trespassing on College property," and asked them to leave.

Meanwhile, reporters inside the gym met first with Harris, who outlined the protesters demands and later with Congressman Herman Badillo, the Bronx Democrat.

Calling the imposition of tuition "the worst decision the city has made," Badillo endorsed the protest and said "the fight should continue."

Badillo said that the college's many successful alumni had been "silent" on recent retrenchment, and called on them to lend support in restoring free tuition at the University.

About an hour and a half later, around noon, 30 policemen from the Manhattan North Command quietly entered Mahoney and arrested the five BES members.

Registration began an hour later,

shortly after 1 p.m., with police manning barricades outside the building.

\$5-Million Cut; Faculty Reduced; Enrollment Down

RESOURCES, From Page 1

personnel have been fired, and between 50 to 60 of them are now appealing their cases with the College, according to Prof. Rodmilla Milentijic (History), the faculty and staff union representative here. (Page 3).

The department hardest hit by retrenchment was Student Personnel Services, which was dismantled after losing 21 members of its staff.

The academic department hardest hit by retrenchment was Physical and Health Education, where 50 percent of the personnel was let go and course offerings were reduced by one-third. Only coaches Floyd Layne (basketball), Janie Fagelbaum (volleyball), and Norman Johnson, an instructor, have been reinstated from the thirteen full-time faculty members axed last spring.

Enrollment Down

Kibbee released statistics Wednesday which showed that enrollment at the University had dropped by 32,294 students. College officials maintained Wednesday that the decline in enrollment here would not rise above 20%. However, Robert Carroll, the Vice President for Communications and Public Affairs reportedly told leaders of the demonstrators who interrupted registration Wednesday that enrollment here would decline by 35%.



Security guards turn away two students who came to register Wednesday morning.

**O.P. WILL HOLD ITS
NEXT STAFF MEETING
ON THURSDAY,
SEPT. 16, 12 2 PM
IN FINLEY RM. 336.
ALL ARE WELCOME**

60 Instructors Challenge Layoffs

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

About 60 of the laid off administrators and faculty members are appealing their cases with the College right now, and the union that backs them is prepared to go as far in the judicial system as necessary to get their jobs back, according to Prof. Rodmilla Milentijevic (History), the faculty and staff union representative here.

According to Milentijevic, the College has fired more instructors in relation to the size of its budget cut than any other branch of the University. She charged that the College had put equipment and supplies ahead of faculty members' jobs. "What good are books without the professors to use them to teach the students," Milentijevic asserted.

She said that the Professional Staff Congress, the faculty union, was particularly incensed about the firing of seven professors who were due to receive full tenure on Sept. 1. She said that, in addition, the union was working especially hard to reinstate 14 lecturers—eight in the now defunct Student Personnel Services Department, five in the Department of Physical and Health Education and one in the Alternate Studies Program—who had contractual tenure with the College.

The union, through negotiations with the College, had been able to rehire 10 lecturers with certificates

of continuance, Milentijevic said. The money came from a special \$250,000 grant from University Chancellor Robert Kibbee.

The union representative also said that one instructor from the Puerto Rican Studies program in the Department of Romance Languages was rehired this month. The department fired 5 faculty members last December and had hoped to replace them all this month, but could only accommodate this one professor, who Milentijevic would not identify.

Milentijevic has a list naming every instructor who was fired during July, but would not release it because she said the College had not officially presented it to her. Dean Morton Silberberg, Associate Dean of Administrative-Faculty Relations, refused Wednesday to disclose the list, saying that even though it was a public document "many of the professors would not like to have their names show up in the College paper."

One laid-off instructor who has done much to publicize his case is Paul Minkoff, of the Alternate Studies Program.

Minkoff, who in 1971 won an appeal to get his job back when an arbitrator ruled that he had been dismissed on grounds of "political belief," is charging that the College had "political motives" in dismissing him this year.

"It is my contention that the thin veneer of 'educational' reasons for this move are merely a pretext for an action that is violative of my constitutional, academic, and human rights to freedom of expression and political activity," Minkoff wrote in a letter to President Marshak dated July 28.

Prof. Ken Eisold, who with Minkoff helped create the controversial Alternate Studies Program was also fired in July, leaving the program with just two course offerings this term.

Students learning of Minkoff and Eisold's dismissal at registration Wednesday, where described by one faculty member as being "outraged."

Women's Studies was affected, according to Milentijevic, because several professors from the English Department who taught women's studies course were laid off. Milentijevic pointed out that of the 12 English Department faculty members to be fired, 10 were women, which "puts Affirmative Action out the window."

Everyday, for the past six weeks, four to six hearings have been held on appeals and should continue for another 10 days, Milentijevic said, at which time the PSC will decide what actions to take next in reinstating those professional workers here who have challenged their dismissals.



Students and faculty about to sample what Saga has to offer.

Management Found for Cafeterias; Search Delayed a Year by Dispute

By MICHAEL ROTHENBERG

Operation of the College's three cafeterias was awarded last July to Saga Dining Hall Services in the wake of a controversy over the bidding for last year's cafeteria contract.

Saga, a nation-wide concern, assumed operation of the North and South Campus cafeterias, and the Finley Snack Bar, Sept. 1. The contract requires Saga to maintain food prices until next June at their Sept. 1975 levels.

Saga is also required to improve the appearance of the cafeteria; retain on a trial basis the present cafeteria staff; and give the College an annual rebate of 2.5% of gross sales, or \$20,000, whichever is higher.

The College sought an outside contractor last summer, after the Business Office operated the cafeteria at a substantial loss.

However, the bidding process bogged down in controversy after the College reversed an initial decision to award the contract to the Horn and Hardart Corporation, and gave it instead to Blanchard Management, a politically connected, black-owned firm.

The reversal followed a series of phone conversations between members of the law firm representing Blanchard Management, and Robert F. Carroll, Vice President for Communications and Public

Affairs. Each of the men involved had backgrounds in politics, and at least one reportedly knew Carroll, who is a former Lindsay Administration official.

Responding to the allegations of political patronage, President Marshak impaneled a Committee of Responsibility, and charged them with investigating the bidding process.

After the Committee tossed out both bids, the College formed a Food Services Committee which reopened the bidding to five food services contractors, which included Blanchard, H&H, and Saga.

Under Saga, food prices at the three campus eateries will be adjusted to uniform levels. Compared with last term's prices, food will now cost less at the North and South Campus cafeterias and more in the Finley Snack Bar.

"The snack bar prices would have gone up anyway," according

to Edmund Sarfaty, who as Director of Finley Student Center has responsibility for operating the Snack Bar. "It was losing last year because I didn't want to raise the prices," Sarfaty said.

Chandler Acts as New Provost; Brenner Leaves for B.H.E. Post

By MICHAEL ROTHENBERG

Alice Chandler, the former Assistant Vice President for Institutional Advancement, became acting Provost Sept. 1, after her appointment by President Marshak. She replaced Egon Brenner, who became Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs at the Board of Higher Education the same day.

Both appointments are subject to approval by the B.H.E. on Sept. 20, but this is viewed as a formality, and approval is easily expected.

A search committee charged with finding a permanent Provost is expected to be formed by the end of the month, according to Prof. Saul Brody (English), Chairperson of

the Faculty Senate Executive Committee. Chandler, whose salary increased \$2,000 with the appointment to \$36,700, would not say if she planned to submit her name to be considered by the committee.

Brenner said in a phone interview from his new office at E. 80th Street, that he took the B.H.E. position because "I was invited to do so and decided to do so." He said that he thought the offer was "interesting."

Brenner first joined the College faculty in 1946 as a professor of electrical engineering and held that position until he was made dean of the school of engineering. In 1973 Brenner was chosen by President Marshak after a search committee had considered several other candidates, including Chandler, then an English professor.

Chandler is replaced as assistant Vice President by Theodore Gross, the Dean of Humanities. Gross will now be paid \$39,225 a year.

Marshak is reportedly considering Prof. Marianne Cowan (Germanic and Slavic Languages)

and Prof. Edward Quinn (English) as Gross' successor, according to sources in the administration.

Chandler has been at the College for 15 years, two years at her last post, and the rest as an English professor. Before working here she taught at Skidmore and Barnard Colleges, completed several books, and wrote articles for scholarly journals.

Brenner is replacing Father Timothy Healey who left in May to become President of Georgetown University.



Photo by Tom Lee
Alice Chandler.

OP Is Now Looking For New Writers

About this time of year, The Observation Post usually begins a search for new talent, and this year is no exception. Several of our editors and reporters graduated last June, and we are anxious to see them replaced with new faces.

OP is beginning its 30th consecutive year of publication and several changes in our format will ring in our third decade. The newspaper has become a weekly publication, and will include for the first time a new section called The Observation Post Magazine. [See Page 4.]

Because OP is now a weekly, the news department has expanded its coverage of campus news. We need a staff of dedicated news and feature writers to take on the new workload. Workshops are planned for beginning reporters.

The Observation Post Magazine is seeking experienced creative writers as well as aspiring new journalists and students who are serious about learning both. It desires to assemble a solid staff of writers capable of completing assigned magazine articles about the College. In addition, the magazine

will be open to contributions from the student body as well as the faculty.

Our Arts section will continue to cover both on and off-campus arts events, and is looking for writers on film, theatre, dance, music, and books.

We are also looking for photographers capable of handling news photos and assignments for the magazine and arts sections.

Also welcome are sportswriters — we intend to begin a sports page once again — cartoonists and graphic artists, and most im-

portantly a Business Manager.

In the past, The Observation Post has been the training ground for several professional writers, such as Sylvan Raab, of The New York Times, and the creator of "Kojak", Ralph Damheisser of Reuters News Service, Noe Goldwasser of the Village Voice and Bob Rosen of Rush Magazine.

OP will hold its first general meeting on Thursday, September 16 at 12:00 p.m. in Finley 336. Anyone interested in joining is urged to attend.

The Observation Post

A FREE PRESS—AN INFORMED STUDENT BODY

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The biomed fiasco

A federal judge ruled recently that College officials were guilty of "intentional racial discrimination" when, in 1974, they shut out a number of white and Asian applicants to the Biomed Program, admitting instead Black and Hispanic students who, in some cases, were less qualified academically than those at whose expense they were admitted.

These officials, according to Manhattan District Judge Marvin E. Frankel's 49-page opinion, reacted to pressures from the black and Hispanic communities, which clamored for "at least a 50% quota" of minority admissions to the Biomed program.

While we support the concept of the Biomed program—the training of students to serve as doctors in medically understaffed areas of the city—and while we applaud any fair and sincere action opening to minority groups those opportunities which have traditionally been denied them, we can only deplore the frightened and hypocritical behavior of the 1974 Biomed admissions personnel.

Their actions, which violated the due process and equal protection rights of those white and Asian students denied admission, reveal, at best, a warped sense of justice and a muddled concept of what constitutes the public interest.

At worst, their pliability and unfairness under pressure points to a disappointing lack of back-

bone, compassion, and truthfulness.

The terrific irony here is that while acting, at least ostensibly, to counter racism, these administrators committed the very same injustice which they claimed to oppose.

As we see it, the bottom line in the Biomed affair is the fundamental lack of integrity which seems to pervade the Marshak administration.

We think, for example, of the ease with which some administrators permit their secretaries to lie about the boss' whereabouts — on the surface a most petty consideration perhaps, but one which at base is as dishonest in character as the more significant transgressions it gives way to. As with the heavy-handedness and double talk which characterized the administration's dealings last winter with the CCNY Veteran's Association. Or, to cite the most significant example yet, one which has gone beyond Convent Avenue to become, literally, a Federal case; the Biomed fiasco.

While Judge Frankel is expected to announce in the near future a date for a second phase of the Biomed trial, at which he will decide if any of the defendants are liable for damages, we hardly expect that any legal decision will prompt the college to correct its behavior.

Rather, a shift to integrity can only come when college officials resolve to make that shift, in and of themselves.

OP's new look

With this issue, Observation Post embarks upon a new course in its 29-year history. Founded by disenchanted World War II veteran's on campus, O.P. evolved from a politically oriented special interest publication into a conventional campus newspaper during the fifties, and, more recently into a lively and widely denounced "radical and pornographic" underground journal.

Observation Post finds itself in 1976 with a new format, a new scope, and a new sense of purpose.

This issue of O.P. represents our new direction: a blending of the controversial O.P. of the sixties with the strictly objective campus newspaper of the fifties.

Observation Post has become a weekly

publication, and coverage of campus news and features will be expanded. To preserve the unusual flavor O.P. has acquired in the past, a bi-weekly Observation Post Magazine will be published in every other issue, providing a literary forum where students at the College can display their work. The Magazine section, which will also be open to contributions from faculty members, will print short-story fiction, poetry, essays, literary criticism and new journalism, with a page devoted to national news.

In those issues where the Magazine does not appear, O.P. will publish a new Op-Ed page—a forum for in-depth discussion of campus issues. Contributions from the student body and faculty members are again welcome.

A propaganda stunt

By FREDERIC SEAMAN

While standing among the reporters, and photographers assembled in front of the Science Building last Wednesday morning, waiting for the announced takeover of Mahoney Gym to stop registration, I realized that this protest action was going to be just another throwaway media event designed to draw attention to CUNY's plight.

Shortly after 9 AM those gathered outside entered the building and for several minutes accompanied various College security guards who, armed with a pair of bolt cutters, proceeded to clip the chains that the protestors had wrapped around numerous exit doors earlier that morning.

Just when the journalists milling around the "liberated gym" were beginning to feel they had been cheated out of what was to have been an exciting news story, a group of 15 burly construction workers trooped into the gym and proceeded to overturn the tables set up for registration, announcing that there would be none.

When the reporters crowded around Moses Harris, the angry leader of the demonstrators, they were met with an emotional barrage of political grievances. As Harris blasted a wide range of international, national, and local political ills, linking the takeover of Mahoney gym to "the struggle for liberation of the black brothers in Zimbabwe, known to you white folks as Rhodesia," many of the assembled journalists filming, taping, and writing down his remarks seemed to grow increasingly skeptical of the connection Harris was making between the U.S. Government's support of the white minority regimes in South Africa and Rhodesia and the imposition of tuition at CUNY. They also questioned the protestors' apparent assertion that a takeover of Mahoney Gym would lead to the restoration of free tuition. And besides, what were the construction workers doing there in the first place?

Moses Harris was not, as some of those who watched his emotional performance grew to suspect, a dangerous psychopath. He was an angry man making a point.

That point was that the elimination of free tuition is a basically racist action, because a disproportionately higher number of minority students will not be able to afford tuition and will thus be excluded from the University. "If my kids can't go to school," Harris repeatedly stated, "nobody goes to school." The man has a point.

The ties between the construction workers and student activists at the College date back to the takeover of the North Academic complex last year, when several student groups on campus actively supported the construction workers' demands for increased minority hirings. Harris, who heads an organization called Black Economic Survival, was one of the key organizers of last year's construction site shutdown. A seasoned veteran of many years of struggle against the exclusionary policies of white construction unions, Harris and his construction workers brought a measure of professionalism to last Wednesday's protest action.

After it became apparent the construction workers were not going to vandalize Mahoney Gym, and that College administrators were not going to panic and do something stupid like call in the police, the initially tense mood in the gym became more relaxed, and the media circus could begin.

Quite obviously, the delay in registration did not bring about a reversal of the decision to impose tuition. Was it, at least, as Harris stated, "the start" of a CUNY-wide fight against tuition? I doubt it. It was, as I feared, only another short-lived propaganda stunt designed to draw attention to the rape of CUNY. And attention it drew. But nothing was changed.

I don't know whether the students who organize these protests believe their own militant rhetoric. I only know that actions remain without impact. They do not, as student activists are fond of saying, "help build the struggle," or "educate the masses of students." In fact, the disconcerting truth is that the majority of students neither care about, much less support such militant protest.

Student radicals must come to grips with the realization that organizing efforts among CUNY students have not been successful thus far, largely due to a lack of leadership on the part of the University Student Senate, as well as a fundamental disregard for political realities by most other political groups operating out of the various CUNY campuses. Most of these groups, including United Peoples, seem determined to act according to their own radical political fantasies, rather than work out a strategy for resistance that might offer some chance of success. The cannibalistic infighting among many of CUNY's activist groups has traditionally worked against the possibility of uniting around one common strategy. Had there been such a strategy last spring, free tuition may have been maintained. As far as the political scene on most campuses goes, it's still a radical free for all, each group competing for student attention.

As this paper has pointed out in the past, CUNY's arch enemy is the State Assembly which blackmailed the weak and indecisive Board of Higher Education into submission. Now it is up to all CUNY students (plus their families and relatives) to make an all-out effort to see to it that every legislator who voted against CUNY is not re-elected. We know who these legislators are, and we have the electoral clout to punish them.

Secondly, a drive must be started to resolve the free tuition issue in a city-wide referendum. Only the tax-paying people of New York, whose children stand to gain or lose so much, have the right to end the City's tradition of free tuition.

To accomplish these goals we need to unite around a sound strategy. I still believe students will listen if they are presented with a sound plan for action that offers a promise of success.

Take-overs, sit-ins, strikes and boycotts are valuable weapons — provided they are used intelligently as part of a larger plan of action. Isolated protest actions accompanied by familiar radical rhetoric have accomplished little in the past, and will accomplish little in the future. Not even a well-orchestrated media event helps "build the struggle" if the resulting publicity is largely negative, or misinformed.

Opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily represent Observation Post's viewpoint

OBSERVATION POST IS LOOKING FOR NEW STAFF MEMBERS
STUDENTS INTERESTED IN NEWS REPORTING, MAGAZINE
AND ARTS WRITING, PLEASE COME TO FINLEY 336 ANYTIME
ALSO NEEDED ARE PHOTOGRAPHERS
AND A BUSINESS MANAGER
NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

THE OBSERVATION POST MAGAZINE

Volume 1 Issue No. 1

September 13, 1976

Page 1A

My balls are as tight as leather. I have to write this story in the next six hours to meet the deadline, since this story is already scheduled for the magazine cover, and for the last two weeks I've been shooting my mouth off to everybody about how great it was going to be.

"Looking forward to seeing your story Rondinone," they say. Well, so am I. I had intended to write about my trip to Canada this summer, but I wanted to avoid a "travel piece" (as the journalists say). I'm not a journalist. In the past I have written Perverse Fantasies about armadillos and ovaries, and wordy journals describing my friends and my relationships to them — very pretentious stuff. Blessed with good looks as a child has spoiled me: I'm used to being the center of attraction. Enough about that. There are people in the journalism department who would agree that I'm not a journalist. Professor Boynton who teaches Introduction to Communications at one time refused to let me register for any journalism courses because one of my perverse fantasy pieces I implied that the Journalism Department at the College was bullshit. I admit that was not very tactful, but all of the successful college journalists I ever talked to agree that you learn by doing. And there was another journalism professor who went so far as to ask an Observation Post editor, Herb Fox, to write a term paper that should attempt to answer the question: Why does Observation Post print Rondinone's stuff? I won't mention his name because he's retired and unable to defend himself, living in Florida eating prunes, and riding tricycles. In addition to this, there are Observation Post editors who seriously doubt my editorial capabilities, and I have to admit — so do I. I can barely edit, lay out a page of copy, count headlines, read, or give out assignments. Why am I magazine editor? I don't know. Anyhow, a writer once told me that if you don't let your readers know what's happening by the end of the first paragraph they'll stop reading, so I assume if you've gone this far you'll trust me and go on.

My friend (who's been referred to as the Ben Bradley of Observation Post) and I decided over a few drafts we would use this summer to travel. We talked of the South, going to Plains, Georgia to visit Jimmy Carter (maybe we'd drop in on Judy and smoke a joint). But we went North instead. Ben got psyched up somehow about seeing the Olympics. He called me on the phone and it sounded like a last ditch effort.

"We gotta go. The Olympics have always been this great thing you see on T.V. I have to destroy that myth."

We loaded our backpacks, and, with \$75 in our pockets, took the Greyhound to Montreal. Ben sat next to me with a stack of New York Times' on his lap, trying to catch up on the latest developments at the Olympics as I read Kesey's "Sometimes a Great Notion." We both thought of ourselves as aspiring young writers and we made it a point to remember to tell whomever we met. It's disgusting, but it sure as hell gets you a lot of rides and places to sleep.

The bus ride was nothing to speak of; Greyhounds are boring. You can do things for entertainment: jerk off in the back seat or intimidate the passengers. I fooled with these two brats: one fat and one skinny. I asked them if they'd done drugs or got laid. But they managed to come into paying a quarter for a half a dixie cup of Hawaiian Punch. Nothing happened. No crazy mamas chased me around

because I've planted roaches in the brains of babes.

On our first day in Montreal Ben and I settled at a Youth Hostel for three bucks a night. It was a Christian college, Vanier, and everybody tucked copies of the Holy Bible (Olympic edition) under their pillows. We also managed to get tickets to a Track and Field event. But when we got to the stadium we were disappointed to find that the seats were too high, and we could barely make out the athletes on the field. It was also a very windy day and we had to jump up and down to warm ourselves as we heard obscure names, numbers and countries announced faintly over loudspeakers. That was an end of a myth.

Drugs could have made the Olympics exciting (mushrooms perhaps? Get twisted and tumble into caverns of frogs and kindergarten teachers), but we had heard all sorts of horror stories about the Canadian customs so we decided to play it cool.

As it turned out, the guards weren't very thorough. They asked the passengers to produce their I.D.'s and simply declare everything illegal. They didn't even search the baggage.

I didn't have any identification on me. Ben decided he'd let me use his Social Security card and in an intense hour as border guards went through the other buses we hacked out all kinds of plans. I'd sit in the back and he'd sit in the front so the guard would have a good chance of forgetting he'd seen the name before. But when the

guard arrived everything fell through. He kept a list, so I came forward and confessed the truth. The guard was very polite. How boring. No hassle. Things have changed. I didn't even get weird and shuffle out of the bus muttering things like: the pigs always come down on the people. I just went.

The best part of the Montreal excursion turned out to be the sightseeing and meeting some very strange people. Sightseeing?

There was the Champ de Mar: a small corner of Montreal's old city that is matted with cobblestones and yellow pushcarts overflowing with carnations and apples and old people rolling Hashish and mint tea into their tobacco. The music of accordion players filled the open air cafes, and young people sang arm in arm clutching bottles of Labott.

The city: a mountain, Mt. Royal, surrounded by skyscrapers, where the more affluent Canadians live in their mansions surrounded by private gardens, driving around in their Rolls Royces, oblivious to the Times Square hustle of the business district of Crescent Street where "all the disco people go." Oblivious to the slums: the Eastern part of town where the working class French Canadians live in decaying Victorian flats with crowded terraces, wood balconies and winding wrought iron staircases.

And the anonymous silhouettes of prairie villages: barns, tractors, and silos

that range across tufted foothills with corpses of stunted poplars, grazed by horses.

The night before Ben and I decided to leave Montreal we walked aimlessly through the side streets of the old city when we passed a Toyota with Jersey license plates. Like most New Yorkers, we passed the car, giving it a casual glance... but then my nose caught a whiff of smoke! And it was down home America time.

"Hey man, can I get a hit," I stopped short and bopped back to the car, as if I was back on a street corner in the Bronx. Only too glad to hear an American voice after days of speaking to French Canadians the dudes in the car responded immediately.

"Sure, man, come on over." Goddamn right. Come over, I thought. This guy doesn't know what he's in for. I made myself at home on the curb. Ben joined me. The dude's brother joined us, as well as some stray hitchhiker from California, who brought us his smiling face and a warm beer. Instant party!

Eyeballing the situation, I realized it had potential, and no sooner had this great euphoric insight jelled in my head, introductions went around: Dave, the man with the smoke, and Lee, his brother. I didn't care about the other guy. I was interested in the driver of the Toyota.

"Where you guys headed?" I asked.

"Quebec," Dave said.

"Oh yeah, and you driving?"

"Yeah," Dave said, passing the pipe real nice, very generously. "Why don't you come with us?"

I knew I had a sucker. That New York hustle quivered in my bone marrow. I looked at Ben and he had a shitty grin on his face. We had a fucking ride! Right here!

There are about 100 miles between Montreal and Quebec, eight miles of unpaved road and a host of "official beaver" trading posts. So Ben and I relax in the back of Dave's car, the dude from Jersey, and take it all in, sucking on bottles of Brador and smoking hashish. Then the steeples of the Chateau Fontinaque rise from behind the walls of the old city. Ben screamed when he saw it, crazy from two sleepless nights and the flu: "That's the Chateau Fontinaque! LOOK! LOOK! My parents went there on their honeymoon. My parents." Spit dribbled from his chin and he grabbed my arm violently.

The dudes in the front seat got nervous. "Is he alright?" they asked.

"Well, actually," I said grinning, "the way I see it he's not alright. I would keep an eye on him."

And so the dudes bolted straight up in their seats and took turns watching Ben as he continued to scream and his eyes moved in his skull like rubber.

I was very fucked-up. My mind moved in and out like a jelly fish. The car slipped into the city like a pumpkin on wings. There were men in red French military garb who stood like wax in doorways hooded with gas lamps; and crystal and gold danced in the windows of tiny woodframe boutiques with black stove pipes bulging from their roofs.

Suddenly, Ben screamed: "Let me out! That's the Chateau!"

"Find a spot to park will ya," Dave's brother kept saying under his breath.

"I told you — you gotta watch him," I said.

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Canadian Fantasies

"The car slipped into Quebec like a pumpkin on wings as crystals danced in the windows of tiny woodframe boutiques"

By P.J. Rondinone

The DeJur Winning Short Story:

By Fergus M. Bordewich

The following is an excerpt from the journals of Giuseppe Anaclerio (b. ? — d. 1241), a Venetian merchant who was among the first to exploit the Central Asian trade route that had been opened by Marco Polo some years earlier.

Being less accustomed to the feel of a quill than to the use of my tongue, I am not often given to lengthy recitation of the tribulations which beset us from day to day in this godless and inhospitable land. However, the curiousness of what befell us yesterday demands an accounting less cursory than that with which I treat our bales of silk and cinnamon.

I shall attempt to set down the events in as full detail as possible. The Lord has blessed me with a more than passably good memory, which, unfortunately, more often than not these days, has served to torment me with the wares we have lost to the heathen bandits which plague us incessantly in these parts. But time is short, as we have only halted to give rest to the animals.

What took place last night was observed in person by myself and by my companions Annibal Planocarpini and Gian Lippomano. Andrea Lippomano and Pietro Brito were keeping watch over the animals and therefore know of these events only by our telling.

We had made satisfactory progress in our journey south from the wretched city (as the natives of the province are wont to call even the most insignificant collection of mud hovels) of Couondous and hoped to reach Ghazni by nightfall. But a great wind began to belabor us. There are no trees hereabouts to hold fast the soil, so that when a wind takes up it whips the dust in all directions enough as to scald the flesh of any creature so unfortunate as to be caught in it. It is a most proper torment which the Lord has seen fit to lay upon the heathens, but a most undeserved one for good Christians such as ourselves.

The air roared around us like a great number of lions and blew earth against all the exposed parts of our bodies, causing us sore discomfort. As we were in some haste to reach Ghazni we prepared to test our endurance to the fullest. However, since the Lord in His mercy saw fit to place in our path an inn we agreed to abide by His will and shelter ourselves from the savagery of the elements.

The inn was typical of those found in this region. It consisted of a single large room furnished with a great many carpets in which the patrons might roll themselves up should they wish to stay the night. Our sad experience has proven that such accommodations are most generous in providing the traveler with the company of untold species of vermin. To seek to allay thirst and hunger at such an inn is to cast life and limb into the hands of God, for the best that one may hope for in the way of victualing is a glass of poisonous strong tea and a few bits of half-rotten mutton, and perhaps an onion or a pepper. Civilized man is well advised to avoid this fare, as it commonly produces a painful and prolonged discontent of the bowels, and also loss of appetite.

Behind the inn lay a yard enclosed by an earthen wall, for the purpose of stabling animals. We drew lots in order to determine which of our number would be settled with the joyless task of keeping watch over our own beasts. Andrea Lippomano and Pietro Brito drew that labor. The other of us made light of their ill-luck, for which they heartily cursed us.

A small company was already gathered inside the inn, having fled there, no doubt, in circumstances not unlike our own. Each one was guzzling from a glass of black tea, a taste to which they are much addicted in these parts and which they indulge throughout the day. A large fire was burning through a chimney built into one wall of the room. For this we were exceedingly grateful, as we had grown cold in the fierce wind. The proprietor of the inn brought us tea and asked if we wished him to prepare us food. This we refused for the reasons I have already mentioned.

The company comprised five men, excluding the inn keeper and ourselves. Two of them were also merchants, though natives of this region and of the sort who ply their trade between towns that are no great distance apart. With these men we had some little conversation about the poverty of the neighborhood and means of avoiding the royal tolls. We were happy to discover that they were much in agreement with us on these subjects.

Another of the company was a petty emissary from the lord who claims to rule these parts. The emissary was of the fawning sort that such people always are, and we had some mind to tell him that his master was of a verminous species.

Fergus Bordewich was the major winner in last year's English Department Awards. "The Killing of Mahmoud Ghazni" was among the collection of short stories entitled "Other Places" that won Mr. Bordewich the DeJur Award for Creative Writing and the Goodman Fund Loan Grant. Mr. Bordewich, who has lived in Europe and Asia, has done freelance work for major publications, including the New York Times.

who could not keep his roads safe for honest travelers like ourselves. But with this man we exchanged only the customary pleasantries.

The fourth member was a young and haughty man dressed in the garb of a soldier. Since the wars such creatures abound, who owe allegiance to no man and are little more than homeless ruffians. As the condition of his sword showed no lack of use, we saw fit to keep the rest of the company between ourselves and him, until later events made such caution a matter for mirth.

Nearest to the fire sat an old man who appeared to command a certain attention from the others. At this we marvelled, for he was of ragged and filthy appearance and had the pocked and pitted face of a thing that has lain out for too long beneath the elements. His beard, which was of great length, was matted and tangled with all manner of edible refuse. No doubt it also contained a battalion of vermin, as he felt need of scratching at it with great gusto and regularity.

We were much surprised to discover that this old relic was a tale-teller with no little fame in the neighborhood. With that knowledge it seemed less wonderous that he had lived to such a ripe age among these cut-throat tribes, for a story-teller's slippery tongue is quicker than a damascene blade in disarming one's enemies. We were heartily pleased, for tale-telling not only helps us to forget the tribulations of the day by filling our minds with uncommon images but also profits our education by illuminating us as to the habits of foreign places.

In addition to our company there was also a lackey, a red-faced creature of singularly vulgar appearance, upon whose back the inn keeper took considerable and justifiable pleasure in placing his fist from time to time. This creature was kept for the purpose of tending the fire and had at least the good sense not to interrupt the conversation of his betters, as our Venetian servants are so inclined to do in this sad age.

After the Musselmen had eaten their paltry dinner and committed their godless souls to their Allah in their customary manner (during which time we adjourned to the outdoors to find the wind grown yet more merciless), the company settled around the half-lit room and awaited the pleasure of the story-teller. After some time of scratching at his beard and washing about the spittle in his throat, he spoke:

"I shall tell you a tale that was told to me by a beggar in the bazaar of Nishabur, who heard it in his youth from a cobbler at Herat. It is the tale of a man of perfect faith who sinned in accordance with his faith. It begins far away from here and it happened long, long ago, long before the grandfathers of our grandfathers first raised their eyes and hands to the One and Only God."

The ragged man recited in a way unfamiliar to us and that is impossible for my meagre talent to record. I can only say that it somewhat resembled a priest's chant at vespers, though rather more musical and nasal. It cast us into a sleep-like state, though our eyes and ears remained wide awake.

"In the poorest of valleys, in the deep gray shadow of the Alborz Mountains," he began, "there once lived a young man who did nothing but till his father's stony fields from morning to night. The family lived in great poverty. They sweated in summer and froze in winter, as poor people must do everywhere; they paid their taxes and they prayed only for Allah to bring them a good harvest that they might survive another year.

"The boy was neither ignorant nor clever, neither sad nor happy. In short, he was an ordinary young man. He knew nothing of life beyond the valley.

"Until one day a troop of horsemen rode up to him where he stood threshing with a wooden rake. The sunlight gleamed on the strangers' armor and sprang from the tips of their lances. The young man was dazzled at the sight but he was too simple to be frightened. He offered them a drink of water, which was all he had by way of hospitality. The soldiers waved it away.

"Are you a servant of God?" the leader demanded.

"I am but a dog at His feet," the young man replied.

"Then God claims you now."

"At this, three of the soldiers leaped from their horses. Two of them grasped the young man's arms. Then the young man felt a sharp pain in the back of his head and darkness descended upon him.

"When he awoke he discovered that he was bound to a horse, his legs tied beneath the animal's belly. His eyes were bandaged so that he could not see. He felt by the horse's motion that he was being taken higher into the mountains, and presently, when the bandage was removed, the vast, grim panorama of the Alborz lay spread out before him. Yellow cliffs towered on every side. There was not a trace of a tilled field anywhere in sight. Clouds shrouded the highest

peaks and in the distance thunder resounded like the clangor of battle.

"For days the troop rode on in silence. The young man did not try to run away. Where he could flee in this strange land? He comforted himself in the faith that, after all, God Himself had chosen him for this inexplicable fate, and he had no choice but to obey Him.

"At last they came to a fortress mounted with more towers and entered by more gates than the world had ever seen before or has seen since. A host of soldiers lounged about, each one of them clothed in rich accoutrement, yet dark-visaged and silent. It was the lair of the Old Man of the Mountains, the castle of the Assassins, the elect and the accused, who rode far and wide to slaughter the doubters of the Faith.

"The young man was led to a cell and its iron door was shut upon him. He knew not how long he lay in dim solitude, for no window blessed him with the sight of the eternally spinning wheel of nights and days. He suffered the torments of every prisoner. He battered the walls as if they were the flesh of his captors, and he wept on them as if they had been his mother's breasts. He knew the impossible hope of release, and it died. He knew the senseless certainty of escape, and then it died too. He cursed and he moaned, but in the end the four stone walls remained.

"When the young man had lost all will and hope, had forgotten even that he was a thing of flesh and bone born of woman to toil upon the earth, a soldier appeared and handed him, instead of the usual plate of gruel, a pipe. 'It is the



will of God,' the soldier said.

"Though it choked him, the young man drank down the acrid smoke. His head grew heavy. The soldier's figure seemed to flicker like a candle's flame and then disappeared.

"You have killed me at last," wailed the young man. "Praise be to God. It was for nothing, but praise God all the same."

"A chill like a winter's night seeped through his veins. Then it became for him as if the world had never been.

"When he awoke he found himself in a garden. Young women and boys spun around him, sang to him in voices that opened upon him like the budding of Spring flowers, and they pressed to his lips fruits that were not of the same earth that he had plowed beneath the stones of his father's fields. A collonade surrounded the garden and from its lintels cascaded red and yellow roses like the tumbling waters of Assyria.

"The heat of the young man's heart slowly swallowed all his senses and then passed beyond him altogether to become the beat of all life. The garden seemed limitless. The gentle

"The Killing of Mahmoud Ghanzi"

scents which pervaded the garden refined themselves in the young man's nostrils into ever more rare fragrances. He felt male and female bodies move against him and beneath him. Strange thighs and breasts touched him. Delicate fingers fluttered over his face. All eternity seemed contained in each leaf of each thin-boughed tree, in every undulation of white flesh found by the young man's hands. He breathed each moment as if it were a thousand years, and each hour as if it were a thousand generations. He was without fear, without pain, without need of hope.

"Suddenly, as if made not of flesh but of the stone itself, the Old Man's face seemed to emerge from one of the columns. An implacable smile loomed like a crag upon his sore and rutted visage.

"You will kill Mahmoud of Ghazni," the Old Man said. "You will know him by the amulet of lapis lazuli sewn into the flesh of his wrist. Kill him. Then you may come back to me, forever." He touched the young man's cheek and then receded into the gentle oblivion of the garden.

"In time, sated with the garden's pleasures, the young man fell asleep. Upon awakening he found himself back in his bare cell. Only for a moment did he wonder if the images which still hung like bright shadows before his eyes were not the remnants of a dream. He felt an overwhelming joy. He had walked in Paradise. He knew that the months or years in which he would search out Mahmoud would be but a moment in the eternity that was his already.

"Like a pair of tongs, the Old Man's words drew him to his feet. The words were a dearer gift than the treasury of an

of the East.

"Girding himself with the memory of Paradise, the young man set out into the blasted furnace of the Dash-i Kavir, the desert that knows no end. Day after day the sun raised up before him on the horizon of that lifeless sea quivering forests of minarets to lure him falsely on. The young man plunged after them, only to find them recede forever away from him, like the fleeing of the tide. Yet he rode on.

"He knew neither how far nor how fast he traveled. Though he wrapped the end of his turban over his face, still the dust and sand seethed in, encrusting his lips and eyes and scraping at his flesh. The few straggling villages he found were hardly discernible from the dead earth itself. He begged only enough water and bread to sustain his life, and he rode on.

"What flayed parts of common man still lived in the young rider cried out that Ghazni would never be found. While he rode, Houshang schemed and plotted in the far reaches of Corasan; Rashid Amadhi stood before the assembled populace of Ispahan and swore that a reign of unbreachable justice was about to begin; the fortress of Angora fell and the Sword of the Prophet plunged into the heart of Rum. In the lands most blessed by Allah the great rains came that give birth to Spring, and Spring ebbed into Summer and Summer into Autumn, and Autumn into Winter until distant skies darkened again with gathering clouds. Peasants sowed and reaped, and sowed and reaped again. Plague raped the cities of Sind, and then other men took up the tools and lives of the dead ones, and it was as if the plague had never been. Houshang named himself king in Samarkand. Wasted by the exertions of his power, Rashid Amadhi sank away into the squalor of debauchery. In the West, the thrice-blessed scimitars of the One and Only God sped across the plains of Cappadocia.

"The young man's memories of Paradise had diminished and scattered until they were as the pebbles crushed beneath his horse's feet. The scents of musk and patchouli, the feel of passionate hands were forgotten. The foretaste of eternity had not been meant to steel him for his task but to torment him with its impossibility. Paradise would have to be wrested from the nothingness that was the desert and was inexorably becoming his soul. Only the Old Man's words remained. They hung before the rider like a distant beacon. 'You will kill Mahmoud of Ghazni.'

"The words alone drove the young man on, until, when life itself had nearly passed from his grasp, a walled and wonderous city spread itself across his path. Nor did it mock him by fleeing at his approach. With his cracked lips he gave thanks unto God.

"Never had he imagined such a city as met his eyes within the gates of Ghazni. Houses that were rooms piled atop one another towered over the streets so as to blot out the sun. From every quarter, merchants cried for passers-by to see their wares. Men tumbled and swirled about each other like the currents of the sea, dodging this way and that to escape the rumble of bullock carts and the tramp of laden camels. In the recesses of the shops men's bronzed bodies gleamed like the brass gods of the idolators.

"Even the words that had borne the young man so far nearly foundered in the splendor of the bazaar. Vendors thrust at him hands full of sweets and fruit, spiced and steamy meat, embossed blades and headcloths woven with gold. The harlots shouted endearments to him and squeezed their breasts like melons. All around his horse crowded beggars crying for alms in the name of the Lord. The rider scoured his gear for a coin and, finding one, placed it in the nearest beggar's palm.

"In the name of Allah," the young man said, "tell me where I may find the palace of the most high and venerated Mahmoud."

"At this the beggar laughed. 'Seeking your beard would present greater difficulty,' he said, and pointed to a luxurious house which stood at the crest of the citadel.

"The young man moved like a wraith through the thronging alleyways. He was unutterably weary, but he burned with the knowledge that he would soon be released into the bliss of eternity. After much searching, he at last found a deserted corner of the ramparts that rose above Mahmoud's palace. From his perch there he looked down upon a spacious garden filled with intricately arranged flowerbeds and surrounded by a collande. At the garden's center stood an ornate pavilion. Hidden in shadow, the young man waited.

"Each morning, each noon and each evening he watched a parade of servants carry into the garden a sumptuous dinner set upon silver trays. The trays were placed in a never varying order with the pavilion. Courtiers then appeared and took the same seats in two rows before a silk-draped dais that formed one end of the pavilion. The last to enter the garden were dancing boys and half-clad girls bearing

musical instruments. The girls arrayed themselves beneath the colonnade and poised their instruments to play.

"But every day the platters were cleared away untouched, the courtiers returned to the palace unfed, the musicians' instruments went unplayed. Many days passed and the young man grew impatient.

"Memories of the women in the bazaar, of their swelling breasts and ripened thighs, tormented him. Sweet and pungent odors drifted to him on the breeze and mocked his hunger. The sounds of men's voices passing, hidden, in nearby alleys fell like rain upon his barren soul. All of it might be had only by the wanting of it in a moment's weakness. He fought away temptation. He lived on only to fulfil his task. And thus he gazed down upon the perverted garden and sharpened his blade.

"At last he could bear waiting no longer, for he agonized that sickness might—had perhaps already done so—carry his quarry away at the last moment. In the dead of night the young man slipped down from his aerie, making not a sound to disturb the unseen guards. Silently he crept across the garden and through the arched door from which he had so many times seen the strange procession come. He searched the lavish halls and galleries until he came to a curtained entryway emblazoned with the words of the Prophet and the royal emblems of Ghazni.

"The young man opened the door and strode forth into the darkness. Feeling the gates of Paradise swing at his approach, he breathed like a man already lifted from the slow death that is our life. He raised his sword over the royal couch.

"And in that moment he faltered. The eternity that he had sought rushed away in a stream, like water from his grasp. He fled the royal chamber. He fled through the echoing halls and from the walls of the palace, and from the walls of Ghazni itself, into the desert, whence, in truth, he had been born. And he searches yet, though he has grown old in the seeking. He has seen many lands and lived the lives of many men. He has known wealth and poverty, and he has known fame and despair. Time and again he has glimpsed Paradise from afar, and he has forgotten it as many times over. But never has he found Mahmoud of Ghazni."

At this point, as the story-teller had clearly reached the end of his tale, I went outside the inn to heed the call of nature, which I had sorely thwarted during the length of the remarkable narrative. I was scarcely outdoors longer than a Persian needs to slice open a traveler's wallet, for the raging wind encouraged me to complete my business with some alacrity. When I stepped again into the inn I saw in amazement the company embraced by grievous disorder.

I saw my comrades clutching at each other like Hecuba's handmaidens and crying out each other's names to no sensible end. The emissary wrung at his hands and cringed in another corner of the room. Our two merchant friends were on their knees, begging for their heathen god to protect them, and the inn keeper was rushing about, suggesting in a loud voice that we were all the progeny of camels. The lackey was of course nowhere to be seen.

Cast like a high relief against the firelight stood the soldier with his drawn sword, and facing him the story-teller. His filthy beard stood out like a prophet's and his scaly hands were rolled into fists. Since he was unarmed I nearly drew my own weapon, but with a moment's reflection I thought better of it. After all, I have more important goods to protect than an old gray beard's tongue.

"Liar!" cried the soldier. "Commend your Godless soul to Hell, for you are dead this moment!"

"Fool," replied the story-teller in a level voice. "You understood nothing."

The soldier paused and I saw a fear loom in his eyes.

"At first I could see nothing in the darkness," the story-teller said. "I seized him by the beard and prepared to strike, but as my eyes became accustomed to the dimness I saw that I stood not in a royal chamber but in a naked cell. The jaw I held belonged only to a gaunt and grizzled creature stretched out on a pallet of boards.

"I am but the keeper of his memory," the slave cried. "In the name of Allah spare me, for Mahmoud of Ghazni is no more. It was but a play you saw in the garden, a practice of the court to blind the people to the truth and thereby keep them in check. Many months and years ago Mahmoud cast off his jeweled vestments and in the guise of a mendicant fled Ghazni as the dead flee the world, and he set out to find the One and Only God. There is no Mahmoud."

"Liar and betrayer!" cried the soldier, in notably less truculent tones than he had used earlier. "Mahmoud was seen not a week past doing obeisance at the shrine of Hazrat Ali in Mazar."

"As he was seen not a year past in the garb of a whoremaster at Mashad!" bellowed the story-teller. "And

(Continued on Page 10)



empire or a king's vast estates, and within them the young man's life lay embedded like a jewel. All that he had ever been was mere preparation for the hearing and the obeying of that command. The garden was Paradise and Mahmoud of Ghazni was its gate, the gate that he would open with the point of his sword.

"A soldier brought the young man a corselet and spurs, a helm crested with a band of iron and a studded buckler. And he brought him too a sword that curved like the talon of an eagle. When the young man had armed himself the soldier led him out from a gate in the battlements to where a horse stood. He mounted and, without a glance at the great walls behind him, he descended again into the frozen solitude of the Alborz. And thus he was born from the mountains into the desert, and from Paradise into the world of men.

"The mountains gave way to rutted valleys, and the valleys to the flat, burnt earth of the plains, and the road swelled from a channel of stones to a path pounded smooth by peasants' feet. To all questioners, the young man named himself as a messenger bringing good tidings to a great khan

The Democratic National Convention: *Hot water from Heavenly Heights... Acapulco gold...hoopla*

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Madison Square Garden
July 12-15, 1976

HONORED GUEST

THURSDAY JULY 15

By Marc Lipitz

"Say cheese, Hubie."

That's what it's all about, you know. Having fled Madison Square Garden, standing on the corner of 34th and Seventh, my press credentials flapping in the wind, and running into ole Hubert and Muriel out for a leisurely stroll: to an American, that's pure unadulterated mother's milk. Holding a Japanese-made camera up to one eye and calling out to the old pro: "Say cheese, Hubie." What else is there for an American?

"Say cheese, Hubie." And he did.

...

Ever since the film "The Best Man," with Henry Fonda and Cliff Robertson as two grizzled politicians vying for the number one spot at a national convention, I have longed to be there. The camera seemed to catch something so pure, so quintessential, that I could almost feel the adrenalin oozing from the Guam delegation.

I'd always figured that a convention would be something akin to a meeting of the local order of the Raccoon Lodge with Ralph Kramden and Ed Norton types carousing in aisles overflowing with balloons, noisemakers, champagne bottles, mounted bodies, and half-chewed cigars. I would spend hours in my room practicing my moves in preparation of dodging hot water bottles and the bodies of one-time front runners tumbling from heavenly heights in the Statler-Hilton to a splattering finish on Seventh Avenue.

But that is the stuff dreams are made of. This Democratic convention, as seems the case in all political conventions, was purely a media event, an unpaid political advertisement. Only this time, the Democratic heavies finally got the smarts and managed to keep things under a tight rein. Even the acceptance speech was held before three in the morning.

After all, when was the last time you saw a paid political commercial with the candidate relating his message while steeped in balloons and other hoopla? It just doesn't sell properly.

But of course, not everything went so smoothly. As Will Rogers once said, "I don't belong to any organized political party. I'm a Democrat."

Needless to say, there was a great deal of confusion, especially on the first day. Surprisingly, though, most New Yorkers and city police were well behaved, and at times even cordial. According to one source, the police were actually from Central Casting, those disguised as locals were imported by night train from the Midwest, and the real New Yorkers were being kept in relocation camps on Staten Island.

Inside the great arena, few Secret Service

or Garden Security men seemed to know where people were supposed to sit. At one point, an entire section, which included a brother of Hugh Carey, the press, and members of various State Legislatures, threatened to revolt when told to move because their seats were reserved for Honored Guests, not Guests.

"Hey," one Guard pleaded to the potential cutthroats, "do you think I'd make something like that up." His efforts were soon made easier when an unidentified suitcase was discovered under a seat, and everyone scurried for cover.

For an out of town delegate things must have been particularly tough. They were often lost, and remarks like, "You mean y'all tow away cars here?" were not uncommon. It was reported that when an Iowa delegate was asked by a hooker whether he'd go out with her, he replied, "No, but thank you for asking."

Of the many booklets issued to aid in delegate survival, my favorite was the "Unofficial Delegate's Guide to New York." From the Guide's calendar of events:

• Mon., July 12—A More Wholesome Congress sponsored by the DAR, 8AM, at the Martha Washington Hotel. Guest speaker: Gore Vidal.

• Wed., July 14—Free Ride Through IRT Subway from 4 to 5 AM. Sponsored by the MTA.

• Wed., July 14—Free screening of documentary film by Abraham Zapruder at 34th Street Cinema at 6PM. (No one seated after frame 48.)

• Wed., July 14—The NYPD presents audio-visual demonstration: "The 1968 Chicago Convention, a Retrospective." Presented at the Tombs.

The Guide also included a description of how to get from the Statler-Hilton to the Garden, via the South Bronx.

...

During one of the many ho hum floor fights, an irate Jackson delegate announced that he had a last ditch plan to halt a first ballot Carter victory. He said he



Marc Lipitz

would start a rumor that while in the men's room, Carter, standing at the next stall, had touched his knee. The only problem, we reasoned, was that security was so strict upstairs that they never would have allowed Carter, or anyone without proper credentials, into the mezzanine men's room.

Being a disciple of the concept that significant political decisions in this country are more apt to be made through the barrel of a gun than at the November polls, I was particularly sensitive to just how good the security would be. I was not willing to lose a limb in the name of the free press. It was no great comfort, then, when as part of an experiment, I managed to smuggle a discreet greasy burger and fries

through without having it metal tested or examined.

There was similar concern at the Republican Convention. One Ford floor captain actually told a network reporter, "We have to be concerned about bombs going off. That could take away some delegates."

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According to an AP article last Saturday, Carter commented that, yes, his sons were once marijuana smokers, but that his daughters-in-law had been a great influence in getting them to kick the practice. "I think their wives have had more of an influence on their abandoning the habit than their parents," he said. At the Carter staff party on the final night of the Convention, however, daughter-in-law Judy offered two O.P. editors use of the candidate's suite for some serious dope smoking—providing they come up with some. A desperate search of the lobby turned up no Acapulco gold, or even New York shit.

At the same time, she offered no denial when a friend standing at her side claimed that Jimmy had "smoked pot." In the AP release, Carter is quoted as saying that he has never tried the stuff himself.

...

And then there was Sam Donaldson, ABC floor reporter and soon to be White House correspondent. Donaldson, who was stewed to the gills and had a lady friend who claimed to be the daughter of Mayor Daley, cornered at 4am in an Americana Hotel elevator, repeatedly blurted into his dead walkie talkie, "And now back to you, Harry."

...

One night, after missing our bus to the Bronx, several of us decided to chip in for a taxi. All went well until some joker announced to the cabbie that we were delegates from Oregon staying at the home of a friend. The driver promptly took a detour through Central Park.

...

I'm still at a loss to explain how much of the Convention's business could be carried out with all the ballyhoo caused by

for Carter. Many delegates professed to be on the "Bandwagon." It seems certain that had Carter been stopped on the first ballot, someone else would have emerged as the Party's choice.

A young Florida man presented an interesting rationale for supporting Carter. "Ah" saw him make a speech two years ago," he told me. "After the speech the cops wouldn't let me shake his hand. But Carter saw me and said come on up. He shook mah hand. Ah've been a Carter supporter ever since."

In the movie "Linda Lovelace for President," the story line is similar. The sex queen becomes President of the United States with smiles and promises of love. At the end of the movie, the whole country gets screwed.

Canadian Fantasies

From Page 1A

They stopped the car and let us out.

"I'm sorry," Dave said pointing to Ben, like he was sad to see us go. "But you know."

Ben wandered into a park and fell on his knees at the feet of twenty women in white robes blowing silver trumpets that echoed in the Laurentian mountains at the mouth of the St. Lawrence gateway where the white freighters moved out to sea like torpedos in space.

I couldn't believe it.

...

On another occasion walking through the old city at night, Ben and I met three beautiful French Canadian girls in front of a cathedral, with faces as smooth as the inside of a sea shell. Danielle invited us to stay the night at her house. Ben agreed, but I refused. I couldn't understand what these people were saying (they spoke French), and my street training put me on the defensive. But then Ben just kept staring at me, and shaking his head as though I were a crazy in an oxygen tent. After Ben explained, I eagerly accepted their offer. "This is a good deal," Ben said, "a bed. Food!"

I sat at the head of the table for breakfast: eggs with a side dish of mustard and bacon. Danielle's father sat opposite me; his youngest daughter to my left; Isabelle and Danielle on my right; and Ben in the background.

Ben asked Danielle if she'd play some Canadian French folklore, because we'd heard a lot of it at the cafes, and we wanted to get an idea of what basically was going on. So Danielle played some that were generally about the struggle to free the French-speaking province of Quebec from the country at large, which is ¾ English. And I could tell as I looked around the table there was a feeling of genuine pride. These were their songs. French songs!

Man, I felt hollow. I didn't have a folk song. What is ole' Susanna?

...

The phone is ringing. I'm numb. I don't feel my balls anymore. I've watched the sun rise and set two times. I feel like I'm involved in some weird marathon sponsored by Tony the Tiger. They're Grrrrrr — cat.

I get on the phone with one of the Managing Board editors. He's at the printers.

"I am confident that there will be a story," I said.

"You fiend," he said. "I don't care what you do. I just want the story."

I thought about grape vines and old men and starved German shepherds.

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This course will deal with the circumstances of their actual use before they came to be seen and treated as objects to be collected. Among the objects are: furniture, utensils, clothing, musical instruments, bells and clocks, tapestries, manuscripts and books. (Ten Tuesdays 5:30-7:30 p.m. at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, starting October 5; during September, meetings at CCNY, Shepard Hall 222; hours to be arranged; 3 credits.)

MDVL 1701.48 TRADITIONAL CIVILIZATION OF JAPAN (Dr. Arthur Grinberg). Art, literature and history of the 15th century court of Burgundy and Flanders, the richest in Europe, and its relations with the Yorkist kings of England; a flamboyant picture of the waning Middle Ages. (3 credits; Monday 2-4, Wednesday 2-3 in Wagner 212)

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MDVL 1701.53 MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE HERBS IN COOKERY AND MEDICINE. The rich lore and the practical uses of herbs, some of which are being re-discovered by modern science. (In cooperation with the New York Botanical Gardens; 3 credits; hours to be arranged)

MDVL 1701.52 MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE PHILOSOPHY (Dr. Jason Saunders). Different attitudes toward such basic concepts as perception and knowledge, causality, laws of the physical universe, ethics and law, Aristotelian and Platonic traditions. (Tuesday, Thursday 3:00-4:15 at CCNY)

MDVL 1701.11 THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE (Dr. Rafael Olivar-Bertrand). Literature, art, music, and politics in 16th century Spain. The age of the Discoveries and the translation of Spanish culture to the New World. (also Romance Languages 319; MWF 11-12 in Shepard 101, or more flexible program for graduate students)

MDVL 1701.42 FIFTEENTH CENTURY FLEMISH ART IN THE LEHMAN COLLECTION (Dr. George Szabo, Distinguished Visiting Scholar, the Institute; Curator of the Lehman Collection, The Metropolitan Museum of Art). Geography, history, culture of the Netherlands in 15th century; technology and terminology, individual masters and masterpieces; also jewelry, enamel, chandeliers, statues, embroideries and tapestries. (3 credits; Friday 9:30 a.m.-12:30 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

*Most graduate courses are open to qualified undergraduates.
**Classes in Shepard Hall 222 are conducted in the form of seminar-lectures around the High Table. Student participation in discussions is encouraged and required. Free coffee and tea on the premises.



Notes on an Eventful Rock Summer: Beck, Miller and Stewart Stand Out

By PAUL DABALSA

It's a good feeling to return to these pages with an inspiring comment on what has gone down in the music world these past couple of months. The Bicentennial summer, of course, was as much a profit-making proposition as it was a national observance, and there was no way the pop machine could have been kept off the bandwagon.

It was an eventful summer, marked by a deluge of new releases, as well as major tours by The Grateful Dead, The Beach Boys, Elton John, Wings, Jefferson Starship, and the individual members of CSN&Y. In search of the Bicentennial dollar, there were also an unusually large number of bargain one-day rock gatherings with the customary listful of top-name acts.

Let's begin with the new releases. The most refreshing news from vinylland this summer is that the three most brilliant recent works come from old-timers Jeff Beck, Steve Miller and Rod Stewart.

Beck has totally submerged himself into jazzrock, revitalizing a music form which has remained stagnant since the demise of the original Mahavishnu Orchestra. Steve Miller has reshaped the powerful, free-style orchestration which is his trademark, into an equally strong, but more controlled melodic sound. And Rod Stewart, whose "A Night on the Town" is a rock n'roll masterpiece, continues to do what he's always done best—soft, emotion-packed ballads balanced with propulsive rockers.

These three men have certainly done more to legitimize rock n'roll than your handful of best-sellers (i.e. Peter Frampton, Fleetwood Mac.) They have consistently produced excellent material, yet never enjoyed the public spotlight to the extent of more commercial acts. With their new efforts they will finally begin to make waves commercially.

One record prevented a clean



Elton at the Garden: More subdued than ever

sweep by veteran rockers this summer, and that was James Taylor's "In the Pocket," the season's glaring disappointment. This super-slick and spiritless effort stands in odd contrast with the songwriters' earlier classics "Sweet Baby James" and "Mud Slide Slim." Two earthy, mildly-rocking albums. It is a flat letdown following last year's fine "Gorilla" LP. Taylor is still a major talent who continues to work with a highly professional lot, but, unfortunately, he seems to be losing touch with both his fans and himself.

The local concert scene this past season was sensational. There was, of course, the Jefferson Starship freebie in Central Park, one of the finest the band has done in this city. Marty Balin was on hand, pairing his graceful vocals with Grace Slick's own piercing style, for an effect that remains unmatched in rock music. The big surprise was Craig Chaquico, the Starship's young lead guitarist, who is rapidly evolving into a contender for the guitar-wizard sweepstakes. Craig put on a show all by himself at Central Park as well as at Nassau Coliseum a few months

later.

The big event for many had to be Elton John's record-breaking seven shows at Madison Square Garden. A masterful performer, Elton possesses one of the most awesome repertoires in contemporary music. At his New York shows this past summer, he seemed more subdued than ever, crouching behind his huge piano while churning out his seemingly endless string of smash singles. During the two-hour-plus performance, he would occasionally strut to center stage or dramatically pounce on his piano to create some spontaneous excitement. Each of the shows climaxed with three big encores: "Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting," "The Bitch is Back" and "Pinball Wizard." At the Sunday show Alice Cooper joined him onstage for a couple of tunes. Kiki Dee, who was present at all shows, was featured in three numbers, including "I've Got The Music in Me," a highlight each night. Two days after his final concert, Elton joined Bonnie Raitt on stage for her second and third encores at Central Park's Wollman Rink.

The Runaways, an all-girl teenage band out of L.A. made their New York debut at CBGB's in early July. Without the benefit of a record or a tour, they have received a great deal of publicity as the girls who keep most rock stars (including Robert Plant and Roger Daltrey) happy during their stay in Los Angeles. Their brand of fast, loud rock n'roll, naturally, received an enthusiastic welcome at CBGB's. They played a standard set each night, performing tunes from their debut LP, always the same length and in the same order. This pre-fabricated set gives the girls no room in which to inject anything new. Another major drawback is their sound, a perfect synthesis of everything they have learned from their heroes—Kiss, Aerosmith, Deep Purple—along with a dose of punk raunch.

All but one of the girls are 16 (guitarist Lisa Ford is 17), which suggests this might only be a summer job (for their sake I hope it is).

At My Father's Place on Long Island, I noticed The Runaways were served water on stage, while members of the band sharing the bill guzzled Budweiser. Later, a roadie for the group admitted to me that because the girls were underaged the owner of the club could be fined if the girls' glasses were to be filled with beer.

Oh, this crazy, whacky world of rock n'roll!

Jazz Notes

Ray Baretto Moves Beyond Salsa; Szobel Makes a Promising Debut

By FREDERIC SEAMAN

It was a very special concert for the Ray Baretto Orchestra. In the words of the percussionist—the first major Latin artist signed by Atlantic Records—their Bottom Line gig represented a breakthrough from the "Cuchifrito circuit" into the larger jazz and rock arena.

Baretto's 14-piece band has been together only since April, but has already coalesced into a remarkably tight unit whose music, although anchored in Latin rhythms, marks a departure from traditional salsa.

The band showcased its rich and versatile jazz and rock flavored sound in the "Salsa Suite," composed by saxophonist Dick Mensa, who is also responsible for most of the orchestra's skillful horn and reed arrangements. The suite consisted of "Nightflowers," an introductory ballad featuring the brass section playing lovely unison riffs, followed by the funky, uptempo "Salsa Boogie."

Midway through the set, Baretto cut loose with a fierce solo in which he displayed his flawless technique and impeccable rhythmic sensibility. He also exhibited a knack for experimentation (and showmanship) by electronically amplifying his congas, producing an eerie, metallic squealing sound.

The band later eased into a traditional Latin groove with its rendition of Baretto's classic, "Indestructible," which erupted into a fiery blowing session. As an encore, the audience was treated to a series of mesmerizing solos by the band's four percussionists. They represent a truly awesome agglomeration of percussive talent.

While some critics insist that so-called jazz rock is merely a dilution of jazz, it can also be argued that fusion music underscores the ability of jazz to absorb and extend other forms of music.

19-year old Austrian piano virtuoso Herman Szobel lends support to the latter assumption. Szobel, a conservatory trained musician with no background in jazz or rock music, came to New York two years ago and was soon discovered practicing in a rehearsal studio by pop singer Roberta Flack, who helped him land a recording contract with Arista Records.



Herman Szobel

An individualist who has been experimenting with his own compositions since an early age, Szobel assembled a group of competent local jazz rock musicians and recorded an album of original compositions (Szobel, Arista 4058) which includes some unusually inventive fusion music.

At a concert last month at the Village Gate Szobel led his five man group through two tight sets of high-energy music, pitting his own rigidly thematic, classical phrasing against the band's jazz and rock oriented style.

"Mr. Softie," the first piece, combined a somber piano introduction with witty, high-speed unison bursts, abrupt solo piano breaks and colorful improvisations by various members of the group (most notably Danny Seidenberg on electric viola.) The remarkable contrast between Szobel's classically styled approach and the band's aggressive jazz rock was used most effectively in the lengthy "Szuite," an elaborate composition built around the imaginative interplay between Szobel's acoustic piano and David Samuel's electric vibes and marimba, against a backdrop of shifting moods and colors supplied by the rest of the band.

A second album scheduled for release this Fall is likely to establish this virtually unknown young pianist/composer as a significant new voice in contemporary fusion music. What remains to be seen is whether Herman Szobel will stick to his musical instincts (the next logical step for him is to venture into jazz improvisation) and resist audience and industry pressures to dilute his individualistic style in order to render his music more marketable.

Juices of Adonis

(Hillary's) Bottoms Up

By LEO SACKS

"I can spend up to \$40 just drinking beer and shooting pool. Isn't that terrible?" asks coed Hillary Byrd with a gleam in her voice to suggest it's not really so terrible! Hillary is 5'6". She describes herself as "firm... with a good butt. I'm not really fat or thin. Healthy is more like it." And the advantages of a good butt? "Guys like to look at it," she says, "and sometimes you've got to use what you've got to get what you want."

"I was shooting pool last week with some guy, a swaggering, macho-type. He shot and the cue ball headed for a corner pocket, but about an inch away he slammed his stick down to prevent the cue from going in. I was sitting there, watching, and the guy was really drunk. Just as he hit the table, the ball definitely changed direction and swerved from the pocket. He claimed he didn't touch the ball with his stick, but I knew better. He got huffy about it and started making these snide remarks about me. I just wanted to hash his face in, but nothing ever came of it. Actually he was very nice to me about fifteen minutes later. And I apologized for accusing him—just in case I was wrong—and he gave me a 'Yeah man, sure.'"

"I've had to fight for my rights to cruise bars as an equal," Hillary says, "and it's been a drag. It means constantly having to prove you've got brains in your head and never picking anybody up in a particular bar that you go to because once you've picked up one guy you've given yourself a reputation."

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(Continued on Page 11)

The Killing of Mahmoud Ghanzi

(Continued from Page 4A)

not ten years past hawking ripe figs in the bazaar at Candihar! A traveler from India swore that he was among the dozen heroes of Multan. Another one claimed that he had seen him trudging with the field-slaves near Balkh. Another saw him begging for alms in the streets of Rayy.

"Search, fool, search!" the story-teller cried. You will find that there is nothing to find. He is everywhere and he is nowhere. There is no Mahmoud!"

Taking time not even to sheath his sword, the young soldier uttered a cry and fled out the door. The sound of his horse's hoofs was soon lost in the wailing of that terrible wind.

At this my companions and I heaved wonderous sighs of relief and swore that if, by the grace of God, we ever attain our beloved city never again shall we set foot on heathen shores. I confess, however, that it was not the first time, as it will doubtless not be the last, that we have sworn such an oath to no great avail. For there is an uncommon lure to foreign places that may plague even a Christian man's faith and soul to death.

The other members of our company were engaged in making similar expressions of thanksgiving, but for the inn's proprietor who continued, in his vulgar fashion, to make demeaning remarks about our lineage. The story-teller too, and with considerably more reason than the rest of us, had raised his arms unto the ceiling in a manner resembling our own Christian way of giving thanks to the Lord God. In the midst of this gesture his tattered sleeve fell back to reveal his scarred and sunburnt arm. Embedded in his wrist, with the flesh quite swollen around it, was a lozenge-shaped piece of lapis lazuli.

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(Hillary's) Bottoms Up

(Continued from Page 11)

"I get the most trouble from the macho, handsome types. The minute they see a girl that's asserted herself, or opened her mouth, or even put a quarter down on the pool table, they see her as a challenge; someone to be cut down to size. What usually follows is a somewhat witty though ambiguous repartee that ends in disaster. If an ambiguous remark about sex is made, I'll immediately take it for the worst. I've been nasty many times in bars just because I figure, 'Let me get nasty, get this whole thing over with and maybe we can be friends'. It can get pretty harrowing though. Often it builds and reaches a crescendo when you turn to the guy and say, 'Go fuck yourself'. But in the end, I've found, most guys will actually respect you and say, 'Hey, you're all right', or 'Hey, you're pretty sharp'.

"People in bars are just people anywhere, especially in a situation where everyone's had a drink and is feeling pretty loose. People always have something to offer you. There's got to be at least one sentence, one thing said by each person at night that you're gonna take home and mull over, or that you mull over right then and there. Even if the person is scum/low-life, maybe they'll say something of importance. Just something to think about. Food for thought."

...

What does she think about taking a man home for a bar? "I don't think about it. It's something you just do. Sometimes you get horny. It happens, y'know. Just don't give yourself a reputation at the bar you go to, or you're gonna be hounded by guys constantly. For instance, I don't wear a bra, and I get a lot of slack from guys for that. They see a chick that doesn't wear a bra and they take her as an easy mark.: *ree love and peace, flowers, brotherhood*..." she sings on a musical note.

Hillary lost her virginity when she was 17. "I did it six times the first night," she says. "We stayed up until dawn. It was a new toy. I couldn't stop doing it. I thought it was really neat, but then again I had been playing with myself for so many years that I'm sure I was broken at that point. You can leave that part in if you'd like," she offers, "and make me sound like one of the Runaways" [teen rock's latest sensation.]

Does she find most men satisfying in bed? "No. Because it's pretty much you kiss, and he fondles your breasts, and he fingers you, and then he takes your clothes off and gets on top of you. And he pumps. Some guys pump longer than others. They pump till they sweat, and then ejaculate. Then the party's over..."

"... Which is the way most guys fuck. Unless you're close enough to the guy to get a little variation into your sex life, where sometimes the guy plays the prince and the girl plays the princess. Sometimes a girl feels like getting laid but doesn't feel like working. And sometimes a girl feels like getting on top and doing all the work. It's nice to switch off."

...

Does she think she'll ever find her dream man?

"Sometimes I really don't know," she admits, "and it disillusioned me. I think despite the liberation of most women, male attitudes towards women haven't really changed. Only now men don't open their mouths as much because they know some woman will shove her foot inside it. I think it's even worse with men who don't have a college education and have never dealt with women on an equal level. At the core you'll find most men still want to wear the pants."

"At this point, I wouldn't really know how to act or feel towards a guy that wasn't really macho at the core. I've become so accustomed to this macho thing that when I meet a guy who's not, I think, 'Is he a faggot?', or 'Maybe he's the kind of guy I can step all over'. It's hard accepting the fact that a guy has accepted you as an equal. Women are screaming for it, they want it, but I really don't know if, all of a sudden it happened, how they would react to it. I don't know if they'd really want it that way."

Does she give her current man any trouble? "No, not really, but I think the kind of girls' used to running around, asserting themselves and dating a lot of men make the best women and usually treat their men the best—better than most submissive-type women. I think that the freedom to do what I want helps me to hold on to my man. If a girl is really smart, she'll never lose her wildness and become complacent in a relationship."

...

Hillary calls the prospect of her becoming a lesbian "a definite possibility. Physically, however, I'm not turned on by women. But mentally, when you do find an intelligent woman, one who can see through most of the social values that people hold so high, I find that I can relate to her much better than I can to a man. I find that my head is more fulfilled and our discussions more satisfying."

"Sometimes male-female problems are just too much to cope with. Questions like, 'How much liberty should I take with a man', or 'Am I playing the game right' get in the way. With two chicks relating, it's a whole lot easier. Generally, people believe the strongest bonds exist between man and man, then man and woman, and then woman and woman, which is really sad. I think a woman would more readily stab another woman in the back over or for a man than a man would over a woman. That isn't really done. There's a code between men where men know men come first and women come second. Women don't have that code, and as a result women will never feel the same unity or sense of camaraderie that men enjoy."

"But women have their heads on straighter. I don't know why. Men always seem to talk through their egos, whereas when you meet a woman and become good friends with her, you don't have to talk through your ego anymore. You're not embarrassed to tell her that you can't come; I don't think many guys discuss with their friends the fact that they can't get it up, let's say. They'd be too embarrassed about it."

...

And Hillary Byrd's closing message? "Never take your shower... with your socks on!"

Maple Leafs in the House

There are maple leaves in the house, forlorn, unkempt, conspicuous on the waxed floor. When someone was careless in closing the door these three snuck in, no doubt, on the back of a small wind, leaping and cartwheeling about.

There they lay in a corner of the room, somehow creating a subtle caious, a curious confusion in the room, upsetting the order of things as I know them.

And now what to do, how to approach this intrusion... With a sure motion of the broom they could be gone, swept out of sight and the order of the house maintained. But supposing I always dealt with uncertainties this way? What if I, in being threatened with disorder simply wiped the object away? An easy motion.

They are still there quietly disrupting the house. I'll change nothing, keeping the unbalance and these three leaves in the corner as a reminder.

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