

A Free Press
an Informed
Student Body

The Observation Post

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Tuesday, October 5, 1976

Wide Drug Use Found in Finley; Clean-up Over

By FRANKLIN S. FISHER, JR.

Despite claims by the College this week that it has reduced drug abuse in Finley Center from "moderate to minimal" levels, drug dealers there are doing a thriving trade, often in full view of security guards or College officials, The Observation Post learned this week.

Nearly a score of student dealers and users told O.P. this week that sale and use of marijuana and other soft drugs is not only flourishing at Finley but is spreading to other parts of the campus.

In one Finley lounge alone, over seven drug dealers were observed

See DRUGS, Page 3



In an unstagged photo taken in a Finley Student Center lounge last week, two student dealers and a student customer exchange cash for quantities of what they said was marijuana.

Photo by John Maltabes

Enrollment Down A Record 18.2% Sharpest Drop in College History Laid to New Academic Standards

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

The number of students attending the College this fall declined by 3,270, or 18.2 per cent, from September 1975, according to statistics released by the Office of the Registrar on Tuesday.

The drop was the sharpest recorded since the College began compiling yearly enrollment figures in 1847. It also put enrollment below the 20,000 mark in a fall semester for the first time since 1969, when Open Admissions began.

That policy sparked a steady increase in enrollment here — from 19,683 in 1969 to 21,181 two years later, and it was the modification of Open Admissions last winter, that for the most part caused the current decline.

Less Freshmen Here

As a money-saving move, the Board of Higher Education imposed new academic standards on students seeking to enter the City University last February. The board ruled that students must maintain a high school average of at least 80 per cent to enter a senior college in the University.

According to Peter Papoulas, the Director of Admissions Records here, the admission of incoming freshmen plunged nearly 50 per cent from last September, in large part because of the new standards.

In 1975 the College admitted 2,728 freshmen but the figure is now at about 1,700 for this term, Papoulas said. He noted that this meant there would be a decline in enrollment in remedial courses, from about 9,000 last September to 7,000 this year.

All the data Papoulas has compiled, including the overall enrollment, See ENROLLMENT, Page 2

Probe Asked into 'Political Firing' Plea by Minkoff

By MERYL GROSSMAN

Paul Minkoff, a co-director of the Alternate Studies Program, who was laid-off in June and claimed his dismissal was based solely on his "political beliefs," gained a major step in his fight for reinstatement last week.

The Faculty Senate Executive Committee, which heard Minkoff's appeal on Sept. 9, directed the Senate's Committee on Academic Freedom and Faculty Interests last Wednesday to "conduct a de novo hearing on Mr. Minkoff's allegation of violation of his academic freedom," no later than Oct. 4. In their concluding statement, the Executive Committee called upon President Marshak to "rehire Mr. Minkoff at the earliest possible date," pending final decision of the case.

The committee passed no See PROBE, Page 2

Fund Drive to Help College Rely Less on Public Funds

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

In the wake of the devastating City University fiscal crisis, the College's \$25-million fund raising drive is no longer merely a campaign to finance the three career programs on campus, but has become instead an ambitious plan to make the entire College less dependent on public funds.

And, it appears, if the College is ever to realize its fundamental "educational mission" it is in only this direction in which it may head.

This was the theme which emerged during an interview last week with Theodore L. Gross, the recently appointed Acting Assistant Vice President for Institutional Advancement. Gross, who is now the principal architect of the development campaign's plans, asserted that for the College to provide for the "educational needs" of its students, it would essentially have

to become a "private-public university."

Gross defined the educational needs of students here, in a letter to *Alumnus* magazine which will appear in its next issue, as being threefold:

"It has become apparent to the faculty and administration of City College," Gross wrote, "that the tax-levy budget will not fully support . . . the broad educational

needs of our students: general education, basic skills, and professional training."

Gross noted in the letter that "the city budget will barely allow us to pay faculty salaries and maintain our physical plant. Programmatic development and curricular planning — indeed most of the educational features associated with any vital institution of higher

See FUNDS, Page 2

City Symphony to Raise Money with Music

By FRANKLIN S. FISHER, JR.

In efforts to raise money for new instruments and equipment, the College's City Symphony orchestra will hold a "gala" concert, November 20th, at Town Hall.

The performance will be the first one in a "major professional hall, in over ten years," according to Professor Stephen Jablonsky, who will conduct the orchestra.

The symphony will perform works by Dvorak, Stravinsky, Bloch, Mahler, and John Lewis, former leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet. Tickets will cost \$5.00 to \$12.00, Jablonsky said.

The performance is sponsored by the Music Department, which hopes that ticket receipts will exceed the \$5,000 which it estimates the concert will cost.

The concert is being billed as a "gala alumni event." And Jablonsky hopes that "the bulk of our audience will be alumni," who will make contributions beyond the price of tickets.

He added that recent budget cuts have sharply reduced the Music Department budget, necessitating the fund raising con-



Fritz Jahoda conducting reknown College Orchestra in the liffies.

The Symphony will perform Dvorak's "Four Slavonic Dances"; Stravinsky's "Suites Number One and Two"; "In Dubrovnik Style," by John Lewis; Bloch's "Concerto Grosso Number Two," and

Mahler's "Youth's Magic Horn."

The orchestra has been below strength for several years because of a shortage of College students who play "orchestral string instruments," according to Jablonsky.

For this reason, the Symphony is seeking 14 "orchestral" musicians in addition to the 30 who have already volunteered to perform in the concert. Eight of those who are faculty and another ten are students who are not "registered" as orchestra members, Jablonsky indicated.

The Symphony fails to acquire the additional 14 volunteers Jablonsky will have to recruit musicians who would be paid after the concert from box office receipts.

Until 1969, the Symphony performed concerts and chamber recitals at Aronow Hall, in Finley Student Center.

But since the gutting of the hall that year, the orchestra has performed at the Great Hall in Shepard Hall, or at St. Michael's Church, 99th St. and Amsterdam Ave., Jablonsky said.

Rehearsals are scheduled for Mondays from 3 p.m. to 5:30 p.m., and for Saturdays from 10:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., on November 1, 6, 8, 13, 15 and 20, in Townshend Harris Hall.

Jablonsky said that musicians interested in performing with the orchestra could inquire at the Music Department office on the 3rd floor of Shepard Hall, or could phone him at 690-5401, or 222-0337.

Senate Asks Inquiry in Firing of Minkoff

PROBE, From Page 1
judgment on the merits of Minkoff's appeal.

Prof. Saul Brody (English) the chairman of the Executive Committee reported last week that the Senate would postpone the investigation at President Marshak's request, until appeals proceedings for 48 other laid-off faculty members have been concluded.

Asked at a meeting of the Senate last Thursday if he would reinstate Minkoff during the investigation, Marshak told a reporter from The Observation Post: "I shall study that document. That's my official quotation."

Minkoff said in a phone interview that on Tuesday he told a separate appeals body here — which concluded hearing the cases of 48 laid-off instructors this week — that he would accept reinstatement only on the grounds that his "right to free speech had been violated."

"I want to go back to the College a free person," he asserted.

During his eight years at the college Minkoff said he has been both harassed and intimidated by the administration, which he claims has violated his "constitutional,

academic and human rights to freedom of expression and political activity". He has been fired a total of three times in those eight years, each time he says, for reasons other than those given by the administration.

In the Executive Committee report to The Committee on Academic Freedom and Faculty Interests and the President, the committee, headed by Brody, listed the following allegations made by Minkoff during his hearing with the committee:

- "The consistent refusal on the part of the University to properly comply with the arbitrator's decision of 1971," a decision that reinstated Minkoff after an arbitrator ruled he was dismissed on the grounds of his political beliefs. The arbitrator ordered that Minkoff be rehired by the College and assigned an appropriate teaching position in addition to past salary and seniority benefits for the time he was out of the College.

However, according to Minkoff, the College did not comply with these terms in the least, and in a letter to President Marshak on July 28, he stated "The terms and the

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Paul Minkoff

administrative arrangement of that reinstatement were never carried out in a manner that would allow for the protection of both seniority and contractual tenure that was due me. No move was made to locate an appropriate departmental attachment which would provide the context for such protection".

- "Recent attempts at political intimidation by the College, stemming from his [Minkoff's] political activities during the period from spring 1975 to May 1976, and particularly his role as a negotiator for students who occupied the Administration Building in December 1975."

Minkoff, who maintains that he was asked by the protesting students to act as negotiator at the time, received a letter six weeks after the



President Marshak

incident from Alan Fiellin, then Dean of General Education and Guidance demanding an explanation within ten days of his presence in the building during the protest. About five weeks later Minkoff received another letter concerning his presence in the building, this time from President Marshak informing him of his proper behavior in negotiating on behalf of a group which, to quote the President was "in direct and conscious violation of State Law".

In revealing their findings on the Minkoff case, the Executive Committee stated in the report that the letters Minkoff received both from Fiellin and Marshak concerning the December 1975 protest, "raises serious questions as to possible intimidation".

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Enrollment Down A Record 18.2%; Standards Cited

ENROLLMENT, From Page 1

ment figure of 16,754, will not be the final figure "until about a few weeks," when late registration is concluded, he said. But he expected that the numbers would increase after the late students by only "a few hundred at the most."

The statistics also pointed out these other facts:

- Evening students dropped off 22.6 per cent, from 4,341 in September 1975 to 3,359 this term.

- The number of undergraduate day students declined from 12,796 to 11,090, a 13.3 per cent drop.

- There was a drop among undergraduate architecture majors from 753 to 590, a decline in education majors from 1,116 to 904, an increase in Bio-medical students from 179 to 249 and a drop among nursing students to 758 from 840 last year.

The second largest decline in enrollment at the College occurred in September of 1943 when the number of students dropped to 5,000 from 7,000 the year before. When World War II was over admissions rose from 4,800 in September 1945 to 10,400 in September 1946.

Fund Campaign to Help College Depend Less on Public Funds

FUNDS, From Page 1

learning — will increasingly depend upon external monies."

"Clearly, if the City College is to respond imaginatively to a changing society, it must be accomplished largely through the financial aid of the private sector: through alumni, foundations and corporations," he wrote.

These have been the "three fronts" — in the words of Acting Provost Alice Chandler, Gross' predecessor as campaign director — that the College has concentrated on.

Gross said that the \$7-million mark was reached on June 30, just seven months after the \$25-million

goal was announced, through contributions from the three sectors.

The Center for Biomedical Education received \$4.02-million of that sum, that Davis Center for the Performing Arts \$180,681 and the Center for Urban Legal Education got \$235,000.

"Much of the first year was spent on preparations," said Gross, "but now we are finally getting some money."

However, Gross explained that most of the contributions have been from foundations, and he described in the interview three fund-raising ideas that his office would implement this year to open up more contributions from alumni and corporations:

- The President's club, which will seek to receive \$5,000 over a five year period from successful alumni to help pay tuition for College students. The contributions would help support the academic programs in which the alumni himself had studied. Gross said "clubs" in business, medicine and law have begun and that groups in physics, biology, engineering, creative writing, and foreign languages were expected soon.

- The City College Scholars Program, which provide scholarships of up to \$750 to 25 outstanding high school students in the city who are entering the College, but not the three career programs. This is not a new proposal, but Gross expects it to begin next September.

- The third idea was to present to corporations several proposals for fund-raising academic projects and workshops. Some of the projects envisioned by Gross include programs in Urban Affairs. The



Theodore Gross, director of Development Campaign.

Art of Acting, Print Institute, Minority Education for Engineers, Community Health, Institute of Contemporary Theater, Playwriting Apprenticeship Program and the Humanities and Technology.

President Marshak also unveiled at a meeting of the Faculty Senate last Thursday a plan to create Development Campaign leaders in


each academic department. This would further expand the scope of the Development Campaign by decentralizing the fund-raising apparatus throughout the campus.

Marshak told the Senate that this was the year for "the big push" in the Development Campaign.

Gross sought to portray, both in the Alumni letter and in the interview, the development of the College as essential to the future of New York City.

He said in the interview that he must "persuade" potential campaign contributors "that the whole of City College is essential to New York City." Gross said that the College had over the years "provided the bulwark of civil service workers" in the city, the present mayor, and other influential New Yorkers. "It seems to me the College is essential for the survival of New York City," he asserted.

In his letter to the magazine, Gross wrote: "City College is the great university of the new frontier in public urban education. Only if it thrives will New York have well-trained leaders for tomorrow and the day after tomorrow."



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(The Monkey's Paw is a student service of the Finley Student Center, C.C.N.Y.)



Cohen Library, where books are stored away. Photo by Ron Wentzel

New Library Books May Never Be Used

By RICHARD LANDESMAN

About 4,000 new books, periodicals, pamphlets, monographs and other research materials on urban and minority problems have arrived at Cohen Library, but they may never be made available to students unless the College can find about \$30,000.

That's how much money it will take to index and begin circulating the materials, according to Robin Villa, the Deputy Chief Librarian here. And, she said, there's no guarantee that the College can get that kind of cash now.

The materials were donated to Cohen this month by the Metropolitan Applied Research Corporation, an independent research group, that closed its doors this summer in the face of financial collapse. The concern's board of trustees decided to donate its archives — an extensive collection of data on public school integration, minority education, housing and welfare and civil rights — to Cohen because of the College's focus on urban and minority issues.

But the books must remain in the cartons in which they were shipped until the College can afford to use them. Villa said that the College has approached the same foundation that had given financial support to MARC, to ask for a grant.

MARC was established in 1966 largely through the efforts of Kenneth B. Clark, the renowned professor emeritus of the College's Psychology Department.

Drug Sales Flourish Here

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within the space of two hours selling pot and other soft drugs to a steady flow of eager student customers.

Several of the dealers openly brandished their wares, which included "sticks" of "Thai marijuana" the size of cigars, as well as plastic-wrapped one-ounce bags of the drug.

Throughout this period, students sat or stood in hallways, lounges, and stairwells, smoking marijuana cigarettes.

Frequently during this time, individual security guards and administrators passed by, all apparently oblivious to the dense, pungent clouds of marijuana smoke swirling about the halls.

In interviews with O.P. this week, some dealers said they worked independently, and that others they worked for "the big boys" who have four or five dealers working under them at the Center.

Several of the dealers reported average weekly sales ranging from \$50.00 to \$75.00 a week for "loose joints" of marijuana. One dealer displayed an ounce of marijuana which he valued at \$130.00.

This situation exists despite a counter-drug campaign initiated by the College last December.

At that time, the Policy Advisory Council had voted to "direct" the Dean of Students to "take the necessary steps" to curb drug abuse in Finley. The Council also voted to table discussion of a proposal to install a beer parlor in the "Monkey's Paw" coffee house in Finley's basement, pending improvement of

the drug situation.

The votes came in response to a group of black students who told the Council of the widespread use of drugs at the Center, and warned that a beer hall would only aggravate those conditions.

There followed a program of random, hour-long patrols by faculty who were to walk through Finley and "tactfully" tell drug users to either stop smoking or leave the building.

Vice Provost for Student Affairs Ann Rees, whose office is charged with overseeing the campaign, said this week that the patrols had ended at the close of last semester and have not resumed "because as far as I know there doesn't seem to be much of a problem" of drug use in Finley.

"I have people in Finley who I've asked to keep an eye on drug use in Finley," Rees said. She added that "It would be very unusual for me not to hear" about drug abuse at the Center.

Rees said she was in constant contact with "people in Finley" and that when she "asked them whether there have been any drug problems" there, "the answer had been negative."

The College's security office furnishes Rees with "a routine report on all security matters," she said, adding that guards were "understanding orders to enforce the College's drug policy."

That policy requires that student dealers who sell "illicit soft drugs" be "remanded to the police" and that users be "remanded" to "the

THE OBSERVATION POST

College Students Replace Professional Counselors

By FRANKLIN S. FISHER, JR.

In an effort to restore those psychological services wiped out by last summer's budget cuts, the College's Psychological Center has enlisted some of its graduate students to replace professional counselors in helping other students cope with emotional problems.

Ten students, whose average age is 25, and who are in their final year of graduate work in clinical psychology, will use "psychoanalytical" methods to help students with such "short-term" problems as timidity in personal and classroom situations, and anxiety at examination time, according to Prof. Paul Wachtel (Psychology), who coordinates the center's program.

The new program was established after budget cuts eliminated the entire Division of Student Personnel Services, which had included 21 professional psychological counselors. Fearing that the DSPS layoffs would leave "a large number of students on campus in need of counseling," the College expanded the scope of an already existing graduate course, in efforts to "deal with the student who has an immediate, pressing psychological problem," Wachtel said.

The student counselors will earn three academic credits and will perform their duties as part of the course entitled "Practicum in Brief Therapies," which affords students practical experience in counseling. Eight of the 10 will receive average annual salaries of \$3,175 to be paid from "fellowship grants," according to Vice Provost for Student Affairs Ann Rees, whose office will oversee the program.

The two other students, who wanted the training in counseling agreed to work without pay, because of limited funds for the practicum, according to Wachtel.

Obviously, you don't replace professional people with a group of

graduate students," said Rees, who is a former psychology professor. "But," she added, the College "will keep fairly close records and do a review" of the program to "see that it meets the needs of the students."

In addition, the program will be subject to review by accreditation teams from the American Psychological Association, of which the Center is an accredited member, according to a Center official.



Ann Rees

Since the program's inception this September, 10 students have applied for treatment and should begin therapy soon, he said.

If warranted, the Center can refer students to professional psychological clinics at such hospitals as St. Luke's in Manhattan and Montefiore in the Bronx, an official of the Center said.

Fees for the short-term patients will be computed on the same scale used by the Center's other therapy programs, which charge from \$50 to \$75.00 per visit, Wachtel said.

Cowan is Named The Acting Dean Of Humanities

The Board of Higher Education approved President Marshak's appointment of Prof. Marianne Cowan, the former chairman of the Germanic and Slavic Languages Department, as the Acting Dean of Humanities last Monday.

Cowan replaces Theodore Gross, who became the Acting Assistant Vice President for Institutional Advancement on Sept. 1 when Alice Chandler vacated the post to become the Acting Provost in place of Egon Brenner. Brenner became Vice Chancellor for Academic Affairs at the B.H.E.

The Faculty Senate voted last Thursday night to create search committees to conduct both internal and external searches to permanently fill those posts vacated last month.

Cowan has been a faculty member here since 1967, when she began as a professor in the evening division. She graduated Wagner College in 1948 and received her Ph.D. in 1949 from Chicago University. She began her teaching career at Cornell University as a visiting professor.

Marshak is said to have also considered Prof. Edward Quinn, the former English Department chairman, as a replacement for Gross, according to administrative sources.

—Joe Bertuna

Professor Loses Primary Bid; Liberals Back Him for House

By ORLANDO RAO

Prof. Edward V. Schneier, the acting director of the Urban Legal Studies Program here, lost his bid for the Democratic nomination for Representatives from the 17th Congressional district last month, but secured a spot on the ballot in November as the Liberal Party candidate.



Edward Schneier

Schneier, who is a political science professor, lost to Rep. John Murphy, a 13-year incumbent, in the Democratic primary Sept. 14 by 9,000 votes.

"Murphy is an ineffectual member of Congress," Schneier asserted. "He has the highest rate of absence among congressmen in the New York area," he charged. Murphy could not be reached for comment.

Schneier, who is running under the nickname "Ned", was pessimistic about his chances against the incumbent on Nov. 2. "The only chance I have in winning would be if Murphy would die, get indicted or turn up in bed with Elizabeth Ray."

Schneier campaigned from door to door in the 17th District, which includes parts of Greenwich Village, Soho, Chinatown and Staten Island. With his largest contribution at \$100, Schneier said he collected approximately \$5,000 in campaign funds.

The professor said he relied heavily on the help of two students at the College, Nathan Bergerbest, his press secretary, and Barry Bellovin, a campaign coordinator.

This semester Schneier is teaching two political science courses: "Party Politics" and "The Presidency." Last spring, in an interview with The Observation Post, Schneier indicated that, if elected, he would like to "teach a course on Congress while in Congress." But the Liberal Party hopeful said last week that if he were elected he would be unable to continue teaching here.

"I would like to continue to teach but it would be a conflict of interest," Schneier said.

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A promise gone up in smoke

After a lot of tough talk last term about starting a "crackdown" on the multitude of pot smokers in Finley Student Center, it is obvious that if there was a "crackdown" it has failed miserably.

Not only is pot smoking widespread in Finley, but it is creeping to other parts of the campus. Yet, in response to repeated queries by College reporters, officials said last week that administration efforts have reduced on campus drug abuse to "moderate or minimal" levels. Ann Rees, Vice Provost for Student Affairs, says that as far as she knows, pot no longer is a major problem in Finley. Asked how she reached this dubious conclusion, she spoke of a network of Finley-watchers with whom she is in constant contact. Obviously these persons she has relied upon either do not know what a drug sale looks

like, or do not want to know.

Student drug pushers openly ply their wares in the corridors and lounges of Finley. This is obvious to anyone with minimal powers of observation. Yet the College's security guards have failed to prevent drug sales despite "standing orders" have been issued.

The reason for this would seem to be the lax attitude of College officials. At a time when pot is being smoked at every level of society, increased numbers of people would like pot smoking to be legalized. In light of this, it is unrealistic to expect security guards to enforce anti-drug regulations without firm directions by the College administration. Half-hearted measures will not work if pot smoking is to be stopped.

The College has talked big but failed to deliver.

Political harassment

It comes as no surprise to observers of the administration that one of the 48 teachers fired in the wake of President Marshak's retrenchment plan is the embattled co-director of the Alternate Studies Program, Paul Minkoff. If Marshak keeps an enemies list, Minkoff's name is likely to be on top of it.

Since joining the College's faculty in 1968, Minkoff has been actively involved in political activism here, and he has been fired three times. His assertion that he has been subjected to political harassment and intimidation by the administration because of his political beliefs seems more than plausible.

Minkoff is vigorously fighting for reinstatement, and his appeal to the Faculty Senate led to that body's recommendation that he be rehired pending a final decision on his appeal. We applaud this decision and join the Faculty Senate in urging Marshak to rehire Minkoff as soon as possible.

While it is understandable that the sight of a faculty member brandishing a bullhorn and exhorting students to engage in militant protest displeases the administration, any attempts to harass and intimidate that teacher represent flagrant violations of his academic (and constitutional) rights, and must be deplored.

Minkoff's credentials as a teacher remain unchallenged. He has received consistently high student ratings, and the Alternate Studies Program, of which he is a cornerstone, was praised as a promising innovative educational model by an outside evaluating team last year, also recommending that ASP be made a permanent part of the College. Instead, Minkoff and the program's other director, Ken Eisold, were both fired, and ASP is now apparently doomed to slow extinction.

We strongly condemn this latest attempt by the administration to rid itself of one of its most vocal critics, and wholeheartedly support Minkoff's fight for reinstatement.

List of retrenched instructors

The following is a list of instructional personnel who were laid-off by the College this summer because of budget cutbacks:

ARCHITECTURE

Zucker

Moger

ART

Barrett

ASIAN STUDIES

Chin

Chung

ENGLISH

Eisold

Halpern

Hamburger

Jordan

Peters

Samuels

Solomon

Petrie

Swenson

Byron

Favler

Hazzard

ROMANCE LING.

Bernstein

Fragoso

Nora

Stern

Umpierre

Doucas

Aldridge

SPEECH

Kessler

ST. AFF. HUMAN DEV.

Spowart

Glassman

ST. AFFS. ST. LIFE

McCann

Meisel

Brownstein

Grier

Vogel

ST. AFF. MEDICAL OFF.

Bonvicino

Martorella

Posnansky

PUB. AFFS. & COMM.

Alusiza

Henderson

OFF. FISCAL PLNG.

Schoellman

CAMPUS PLNG. & DEV.

Lee

LIBRARY

Atkins

Hounkins

Kester

OFF. INST. RSCH.

Beiger

POLITICAL SCIENCE

McGeochan

SOCIOLOGY

Light

LIB. ARTS GEN. EDUC.

DeSilva

Plotnick

Minkoff

SOC. & PSYCH. FND.

Hamner

CHEM. ENG.

Schwartz

ELECT. ENG.

Glavser

Roos

Redmond

ST. AFFAIRS ADM.

DeBerry

ST. AFFS. COUNSELING

Bachrach

Levy

Sevansky

Kushner

Chao

Appleby

Soll

Hill

Wilson

Cusan

Waltzman

DeBlasio

Enos

Stein

THEATER

Saxon

CHEMISTRY

Stradford

EARTH & PLAN. SC.

Glavser

Ferguson

MATHEMATICS

Swiatki

PHYSICAL & HEALTH ED.

Greene

Layne

Potz

Sartorius

Schmeltzer

Bacote

Lable

Martin

Panoldiano

Wasserman

Molina

Araozwos

PHYSICS

Mowa

Nucetola

President Marshak's Retrenchment letter

The following are excerpts from an "open letter" to the College community on the recent budget cutbacks, released by President Marshak on September 23:

On June 30, 1976 the College received its budget for the fiscal year: \$47,212,000. The total spendable budget had been reduced by nearly \$7,000,000 from the level of November, 1975 — an already truncated amount. Non-controllable expenditures for fringe benefits, rents, and fuel, light, and power consume \$13.5 million of this total. Additionally, the College has been obliged to withhold from its spendable budget in excess of \$1.2 million as a tuition reserve fund and to maintain a \$900,000 cushion against salary increments for the professional staff. To meet the minimal needs of the College in other than personal service, items such as security, supplies, telephone and postal service, laboratory supplies and so on, the College set aside \$3.7 million — almost \$400,000 less than suggested in the Cuny budget model. The difference between the personal service budget as of July 10, 1976 and the spendable budget for personal service was nearly \$3,000,000. Had it not been for the sensitive and scrupulous vacancy control exerted by the College under Provost Brenner's leadership during the academic year, this shortfall would have been twice as large.

All letters of discontinuance were posted from the College on July 19, 1976 by certified mail. Copies of the appeals procedure and a request for an appeal were included with each letter. The form of the letters was that suggested by CUNY central.

A subsequent allocation of approximately \$100,000 of tax-levy money made it possible for the College to rescind the letters of a few individuals who had received notification of discontinuance. The decision was made that the beneficiaries of this unexpected additional amount of tax-levy money should be those members of teaching departments who held certificates of continuous employment and who had given the College more than seven years of uninterrupted service. Ten people fell into this category and could be carried with this tax-levy allocation for the Fall, 1976 semester.

The Review Committee of the College had the task of making recommendations for achieving the remaining expenditure reductions. The Review Committee achieved a consensus that each School and Division should make 2.2% reduction in its personal service budget, but that across the board cuts should not be made at a more substantial level in order to preserve the educational quality and integrity of the College. Knowing that our freshman allocation had been reduced by approximately 30%, and anticipating a 20% decline in registration in non-freshman instructional areas — based upon data supplied by the City University — the Deans of the Schools and Divisions that comprise the College were asked to meet individually with the Provost to model appropriate budget reductions in the areas of their jurisdictions. Among their instructional areas, the need to meet future demands for educational services without major disruptions in individual departments, the need to defend tenure and affirmative action, and the desire to disrupt as little as possible the lives and careers of individual members of the faculty and staff.

All this had to be accomplished while paying scrupulous attention to the Guidelines for Retrenchment promulgated by the Board of Higher Education — guidelines which assured that the actions taken would be in accordance with the mandates of State law. To ensure compliance with the affirmative action requirements within the Guidelines, the Affirmative Action Coordinator prepared a letter for me, dated May 14, which responded to the proposals contained in the Forum. Subsequently, a meeting with the Coordinator, and three area coordinators, was held in order that the issues raised in the letter could receive intensive consideration.

Working with the Provost, the Deans, after consulting with department Chairpersons, proposed various ways of accomplishing the mandated reductions. Many crucial issues were debated at length, in private meeting and in meetings of the Review Committee. Among these were questions of whether certain instructional areas were still as crucial to the educational mission of the College as they had been in the past, questions about whether tenure ought to take precedence over all other academic considerations, questions of whether tenure should be sacrificed in some areas in order that instructional needs might be met in areas now understaffed, questions of the relative importance of educational and co-curricular activities, and many others as well. The Review Committee, having studied several possible models, achieved a consensus that the College-wide decisions should be left to the President.

The President and the Provost, after study of the review committee document drafted a plan to reduce expenditures for personal service and, in the absence of the Affirmative Action Coordinator — who was on College business elsewhere for the month of June — asked the executive secretary of the Affirmative Action Council to report on the effect of the proposed plan upon women and minorities. He reported to the President that, while the numbers would decrease, the percentage of women and minorities would increase slightly.

The President and Provost Brenner then began an intensive series of discussions regarding the management of the entire College budget with a view toward minimizing the need to terminate full-time faculty on such short notice. Fortunately, the attrition and vacancy control, together with the administrative reorganization that took place during the Spring semester, made it possible to limit the number of people who would have to receive notices of discontinuance to 174. Of that total, 69 were civil servants, administrative and instructional support staff accounted for 48, and 57 were members of teaching departments.

During this semester, there will be a variety of opportunities for discussion of the state of the College. Certainly the Acting Provost and I will be available to the Faculty Senate at its meetings, and we shall continue to meet with the elected leaders of the faculty, staff, and student body.

It is my judgment that the College has retained its capacity of offer a high-quality education to qualified students in the liberal arts and in the professional schools. However, this year will be critical for determining the institution's future for the next decade. The commission appointed by the Governor and the newly appointed Board of Higher Education will be studying not only the City University but post-secondary education in New York State, assessing the educational missions of the numerous and varied institutions supported to greater or lesser extent by public funds. It is a year for us to work together to promote our shared vision of the importance of City College to the City, State, and the Nation.

THE OBSERVATION POST MAGAZINE

Volume I Issue No. 2

Tuesday, October 5, 1976

Is The College Plugged Into The Community? It Professes To Serve?

By P.J. Rondinone

Charles Haseloff, a College public relations person, had tears in his eyes. He looked at me, as if I stuck a finger in his ear, from the end of a thin corridor crammed with boxes of Xerox paper, file cabinets and copy machines. I felt awkward. I didn't intend to get him upset. I read President Marshak's Biennium report and the President wrote that in 1970, before open admissions, the community resented the College. They referred to it as "that white citadel on the hill." So I became curious. I wanted to know, considering that the future of Open Admissions looked doubtful, if the community would revive its contempt for the college. I also wanted to know, if the college had any plans to abandon its mission which, as the report indicated, was to do "something to break the vicious cycle of poverty and despair" in the ghetto. However, I didn't think that my curiosity would lead to the discovery that the college wasn't really in touch with the community, at all.

When I met Haseloff, my rationale was that if anybody monitored the feelings of the area it would be the public relations people. But after I questioned Haseloff about the community he acted like he was lost. He walked from his desk to a cabinet, scratched his head, went back to his desk and scratched some more. He reminded me of a kid who had just fallen from a merry-go-round.

"Is that history you want?"

I was aware that most administrative persons disliked questions that could lead to discussions of racial issues, because if they said something that was misinterpreted or misquoted they could lose their jobs.

"I would like to know if you have any information on the relationship between the community and the college."

But Haseloff still looked at me like he was confused. I expected him to at least pull an old clipping from a file cabinet. Then his secretary spoke up.

"I can tell you something about the community. I was one of the first blacks in this neighborhood," she said.

I asked her about the community's attitude toward the college before open admissions. Haseloff paced behind my back and pulled at his mustache as if it were alive.

"The blacks didn't resent the college. The resentment was always the other way. The whites didn't like the blacks, ya know?" she said.

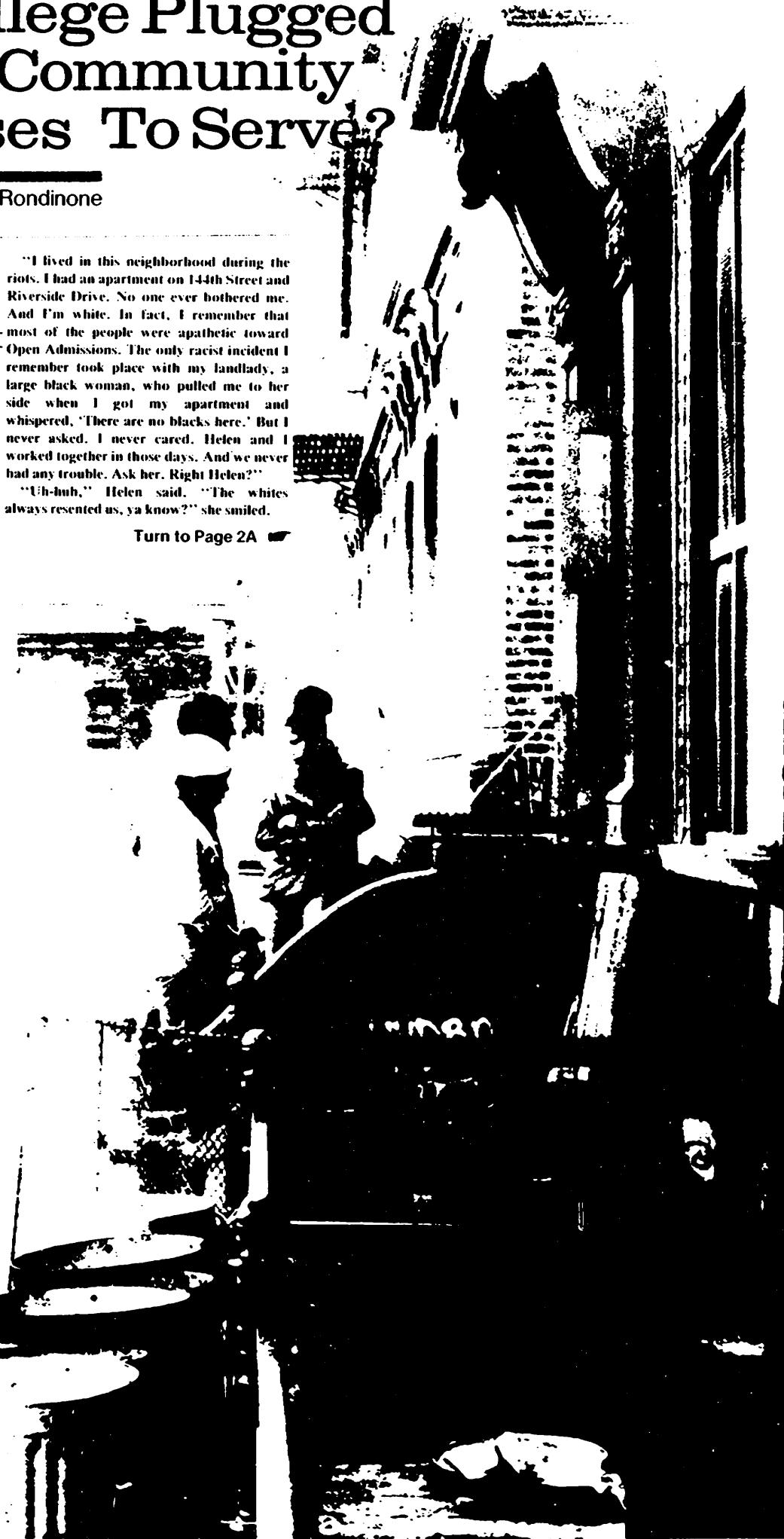
"Wait Helen," Haseloff said suddenly. "I don't think he understands the issue. You (meaning me) have to see this in political terms. Open Admissions wasn't a racial issue."

Not a racial issue? What was he telling me? Helen and I looked at one another puzzled.

"I lived in this neighborhood during the riots. I had an apartment on 144th Street and Riverside Drive. No one ever bothered me. And I'm white. In fact, I remember that most of the people were apathetic toward Open Admissions. The only racist incident I remember took place with my landlady, a large black woman, who pulled me to her side when I got my apartment and whispered, 'There are no blacks here.' But I never asked. I never cared. Helen and I worked together in those days. And we never had any trouble. Ask her. Right Helen?"

"Uh-huh," Helen said. "The whites always resented us, ya know?" she smiled.

Turn to Page 2A



continued from Page 1A

That's when I noticed Haseloff's tears. Haseloff referred me to Israel Levine, Director of Public Relations. Levine leaned back in his leather swivel chair. His pot belly pressed the edge of the desk. He moved his hands over the top of his bald head as if to wipe the sweat from it. He was about to get up and give me one of those corporate handshakes but when he saw me with my tattered jeans he dropped to his seat. Nevertheless, I charged across the room with my hand out like a lance.

"Hello! I'm Peter Rondinone. I'm a reporter from OP."

"Yes, what do you want?" he said. He seemed bothered. That was unusual. Levine usually smiles for the press. Maybe he had heard of my disgusting propensity for using words like "maggots and cunt."

"I wondered if there was any research lately on the feelings of the people in the community toward City College?" I asked.

"What?" he said. "You have to be more specific." His voice was hurried, like a coach during a fencing match: Lunge!

"You have to be more specific."

Lunge!

Explained again.

"I'm sorry, you have to be more specific."

Lunge!

"I can't help you."

Lunge!

Was out the door.

Fortunately, I met the Managing Editor of the magazine, a very precise fellow who usually talks like this: "Eh bro! You go to class or what?" He was with Bert Carroll, Vice President for Communications and Public Affairs. And after I explained my plan to get some information out the College and community, Carroll gave me some advice. He spoke with a sharp northern accent like a Marine sergeant, but in a friendly—real sweet.

Well, if you want to know about the community, now, if that's what you want, you'd have to speak to the community, not me. Sure, that's what you'd have to do. That's what I'd do if I wanted to know about the community. In fact, in fact if that's what you want...you could get em all in one place! Hell, why run your legs off? I was having a meeting with some of them from the Community Planning Board this afternoon. I don't mind if you come, but you don't mind."

Only two Board members showed up at Carroll's office. There were supposed to be four. Carroll put his hand on my shoulder and gave me some more advice: "You gotta be OK buddy? I don't want no bullshit here." So I spoke to Theodore Kovaloff, said, with great pride, crossing his legs like he was a celebrity at the opera: "I'm a member of the board."

"Do you represent Harlem?" I asked.

"I represent the community," he said.

He looked at his plaid jacket and tie; his face and blonde hair, penny loafers and asked what the dudes on 127th Street at Nicholas Terrace would think of that.

"Yeah," I said. "Then can you tell me whether or not the community is resentful of the implementation of tuition and increase in standards?"

He looked out my best vocabulary. I didn't want to be rushed from this meeting.

Theodore put his arms out like he was holding a baby.

"I believe in America; Mom's Apple and Ideals. But I also believe in what T. Agnew said about college education in America. There are too many people with degrees. I studied history myself. The only thing I can do is profess. But there are no jobs. You know what I mean?" And he nodded his head solemnly like he

gave away a sacred psalm riddled with hidden meanings that I failed to grasp.

"You sure you come from the community?" I asked.

After the Public Relations Department and the Community Board fell through, I refused to believe that there wasn't some umbilical cord between the neighborhood and the school. Besides, these dead-ends made me paranoid. Was this some unearthly fantasy? I had visions of geeks with ivory teeth chasing me through the halls of the Science Building. Chomp! So I decided to get in touch with President Marshak. He would have his nose to the ground on this matter. But I had to take into account that the only way to talk to the President (if you weren't an established journalist or a distinguished person) was to wait by his car at 5:00 p.m. But I couldn't bring myself to do that. That is weird: To hide out and wait to "cuff" the Prez. after he put in a hard day's work just wasn't my thing. Though I've been wanting to get close to the man and ask him why his wife didn't invite me to her press party last semester. Therefore I settled for the voice of Marshak—the assistant Vice President Gerald Kauvar—because the secretary in the President's office said explicitly: "Mr. Kauvar speaks for the President."

I called Kauvar on the phone, and I explained my situation. However, he referred me to Carroll. It was back to the geeks.

"He's the link with the community," Kauvar said.

But I talked to him already damn it.

"You sure I can't speak to the President?" I said.

"I'm sure he'll tell you to see Robert Carroll (laughter). He's the guy who knows," said Kauvar.

Chomp!

The one logical thing left to do was go into the neighborhood and speak to the people.

A black man with a white apron gutted a gold carp on the top of a garbage can as women with turbans waited on line for the meat to be wrapped in heavy wax paper. Some black dudes with grimy, wool hats and sunglasses sat on the stoops of condemned buildings on the corner of 127th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. They drank wine, slapped hands and laughed out loud as I approached. I felt alien. I had put on my blue Levi jacket with the embroidered purple flowers on the back, so that I would give the impression, from a distance, that I had "colors" on. I didn't want to stand out like some white chump, because I had heard plenty of the dudes in the neighborhood sing that song "Play that funky music white boy!" as I passed with my New York Times clutched to my chest. So I singled out the smallest guy in the crowd as he left to cross the street.

"Hey man," I asked. "Got a minute? I'm doin' a story for the college newspaper and I'm tryin' to find out what the people around here feel about the school?"

He wore leather pants and a black vest. He had his hands in his pockets.

"They don't give a fuck!" he said.

"You mean even with the end of Open Admissions?"

"Oh yeah. Open Admissions. Right. With 900 dollars!" He laughed. Then some of his buddies circled me like I was a basketball hoop. But they didn't say anything. I think they thought I was a "narc."

"Let me ask you this," I said. "I met this guy from the Planning Board #9 who told me he was the community. What do you think about that?"

"Ain't nobody ever represented this neighborhood," the guy in the leather pants said.

His buddies laughed, but I noticed that he covered his mouth and turned away. I guess he didn't want to make me feel more stupid that I already looked: standing with my notebook out like I was ready for some in-depth interview. Then I asked him for his name.

"The only thing I put my name on is a check," he said.

I left on a wave of laughter that carried me through the neighborhood.

I spoke to a real estate man who lived and worked in the area for ten years. His name is Jose Espinosa. I approached him with confidence, because he wore a suit. People with suits very rarely kick your ass. He stood in the doorway of his office, a shabby store front with the solid letters of his name peeling on the front window. He wore a fancy turquoise pinky ring, shiny shoes—the works.

"Excuse me sir (that word pops right out when I'm dealing with ties). I've been trying to talk to various people in the area to find out what they might feel about the end of open admissions?"

And he laughed at me also.

"These people are poor—confused. They got too many problems of their own to be bothered with the school. They work hard. (laughter) What are you gonna find out?"

I felt like an ass. Here I was looking for this thing—the community. This amorphous mass that has dictated College policy for five years; this intangible thing that is addressed in "messages to the community" and press releases by administrators. Yet, nobody at the College really knows what it is. What it wants. Or needs. At least, I know I don't know. And I know I'm not alone.

"I heard the dudes in the neighborhood sing 'Play that funky music white boy!' as I passed with my New York Times clutched to my chest."



Photo by Paul Rendone

What Happened, A Romance

Part One: The Author Accounts For Himself

David Hill's "What Happened, A Romance" is a 40-page novella that brought him the \$3,000 First Prize Dejur Award for Creative Writing in the English Department Awards last May. "The Author Accounts for Himself" is the first section of that novella. A copy of the entire work is available at Cohen Library.

By David Hill

My father remained unmarried until the age of fifty when, because of a most peculiar occurrence, he met my mother, fell in love, sired me, and wed, I was his only child, for shortly he was rendered incapable of begetting further, due to the second of two accidents involving a UFO and a horse.

When he first met my mother he was riding William, his old gelding, into the town of Rockville to buy groceries. This was a weekly trip; he spent the rest of his time on his run-down farm ten miles distant, hacking true-confession stories. William ambled along the side of the road and paused once in a while to nibble at succulent clumps of grass, ignoring the infrequent automobiles. My father also ignored his surroundings; he was plotting a story about a girl who murders her mother so that her father will be free to buy her a pocket-book her mother will not let her have, and had just reached the point where the girl drops poison into her mother's milk when suddenly there sounded a great explosion. William shied and bucked my father fully fifteen feet into the air, where he seemed to hang suspended long enough to examine the cause of the noise. What he said he saw was a UFO. ("I say UFO advisedly," he told me one time, sitting fat and lazy before the fire in the living room while my mother entertained one of her lovers in the bedroom, "for it was flying, an object, and certainly unidentifiable.") This apparition hovered in the air for several seconds, then flew for perhaps a hundred yards due South, and then disappeared with a tremendous crash simultaneous with my father's crash to the ground, whereupon he blacked out.

When he awoke he found himself lying spreadeagled on his back with a broken collarbone and an awful headache, looking up at my mother who was bending over him. She had been driving to her job in Rockville as a topless barmaid when she had been forced to brake hard to a halt in order not to run into William, who was standing, riderless, broadside upon the dividing-line. She honked her horn. William, understanding cars better than UFOs, refused to move. She honked her horn again; again William refused to move. So my mother jumped out to shoo him away. When she did she spied my father lying upon the shoulder of the road. She ran to bend over him, thinking at first that he was dead, but then he groaned, opened his eyes, and looked up at her. In relief she smiled a gap-toothed smile, and my father immediately fell in love. He reached up with a trembling hand to touch her breasts.

"Silicone?" he queried.
"God's plenty."

I am not quite sure how they accomplished what they did next, what with my father's broken collarbone and headache, but they managed it anyway, and I was conceived to then kick my way into the world nine months later, eight after the marriage. This interim was a happy time for my parents: my father negotiated a higher price for his stories and my mother quit her job and cleaned and repaired the house and grounds until my

growing bulk forced her to simply sit and knit. She undertook these household chores with a maternal fervor even she found surprising, "for I was always a working girl, you know, bright lights and good times. But when you started moving around in there, I just, well, settled down. Like your father," who began to write as never before. Previously he had sold a story only when he needed the money, but now he was writing two or three a week, "and they were good, too," he once told me. "Not literature — who cares about literature anyway these days? Or ever? — but the best confession stories around. I remember one so moving it made you cry even if you weren't in the mood. It was chock full of dead and/or estranged lovers, crazy people, generational rivalry, war, things lost and things regained, action, suspense, and sex. It didn't mean anything and you couldn't figure it out (I never did, anyway) but you sure could feel it and perhaps get your rocks off, and that was what my readers (and my editors) wanted."

Shortly my father was deluged by fan mail addressed to a *nom de plume*, sent to his publisher and forwarded to the farm where he and my mother would sit together hours some evenings in their pajamas reading through the piles that collected faster than the furnace could burn them. How I picture those happy moments, my mother giggling through the proposals from men (who thought they were writing to a woman); my father reading through those from women (who thought they were writing to a man). It was during one of these sessions that my mother's water broke. She had just put down a letter to stand and take another from the pile when the fluid burst from her to splatter against her pajama bottoms. "He's coming," she screamed, "I see the light. The baby is coming," and collapsed on my father, who carried her to her room and put her to bed, covering her with blankets. "It'll be all right," he said, "it'll be all right. He won't take us by surprise."

Now at the time there were no phones installed in the county outside of Rockville, and the car was in a garage in town for repair, and the nearest doctor lived two miles away. So my father saddled William and began galloping through the night. He flew along with the wind billowing his bathrobe and batting the pom-pom of his stocking-cap to and fro. A great surge of emotion welled in him. "He's coming," he yelled to shuttered farmhouses, waking sleeping dogs, "my child is going to be born!" Lights switched on behind him, one, two, three, four: "What is it?" queried bleary voices, but my father had already passed on and without answers roused farmer: swatted barking dogs and went back to bed. Still my father rode, yelling excitedly, until suddenly he was at the doctor's house. He reined William hard and jumped down to knock repeatedly at the door until it opened.

"Yes? What is it?"

"Almost here," my father gasped.

"Almost."

"Who's here, man? The communists? I expect them momentarily, you know." The doctor, a short man with large glasses, rubbed the back of his wrist. "I have my twelve-

gauge. But that won't help if they're strafing. Or do they have ground troops also?"

My father hurriedly explained that the communists were not attacking; rather, he said, his child was kicking something awful; I was about to be dropped and my mother needed help. Back at the farm she had spent the past fifteen minutes groaning and moaning and occasionally screaming. Her exclamations attracted the attention of a couple late-returning farmers herding swine down the path behind the house. My mother shrieked. The farmers stopped. They looked at one another, then at the house.

"Figure someone's getting hers, Jake?"

Jake spat tobacco-spit. "Maybe."

"Figure we should go and see?"

"Maybe."

"Sooui! Sooui! Sooui, sooui!"

They herded the swine to the house and knocked on the kitchen door. My mother let out another scream. Jake said, "Maybe we should go inside, Fred."

"Figure so," Fred said. "But what about the hogs?"

Jake turned and surveyed the swine. He spat again and pinched his nose. "Can't rightly leave them out here," he said.

He pushed open the door. Fred kicked the swine into action and they all followed Jake inside, into the kitchen, past the pantry, and down the hall to the bedroom. There Jake peeked around the half-open door to spy my mother lying with her legs crooked and spread. She had knocked all the blankets to the floor and her pajama bottoms had been pushed down around her ankles and so she was nearly naked as heaved and strained.

"Jesus Christ," said Jake.

"Jesus Christ," said Fred, looking over Jake's shoulder.

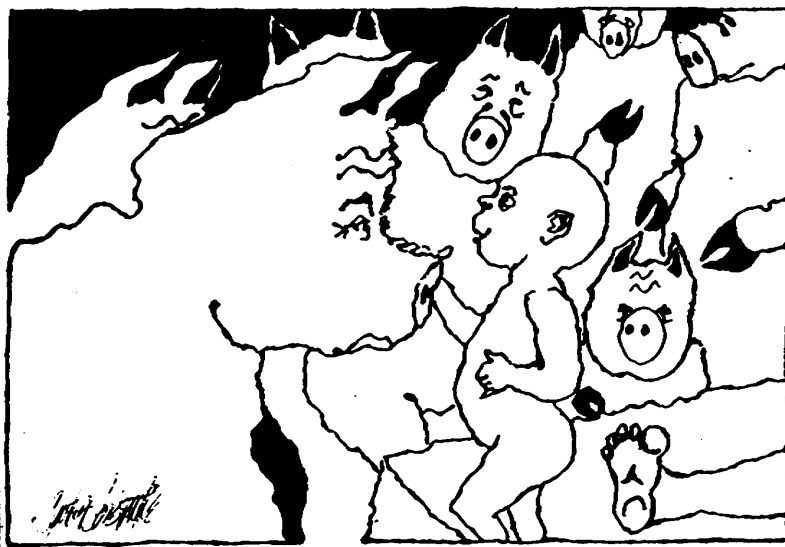
"Jesus Christ," said my father, back at the doctor's house, to to doctor, who had just returned with his bag after what had

seemed an overly long time, and who was now flanked by two men, strangers to my father. "And who are they?"

The doctor explained that they were guests and then asked if they could accompany him, as they were both eminent gynecologists who could assist the birth if the necessity arose; further, he continued, it was a poor host who left his guests to their own folly. My father assented. All four got into the doctor's car and drove off for the farm, where Jake and Fred had entered the bedroom to stand beside my mother. The swine had entered also and were busy squealing and tracking up the rug. Fred repeated, "Jesus Christ," in a low voice. Jake shuffled his feet and pursed his mouth as if to spit but didn't. He knelt down close to my mother's ear and said, "Is there anything we can do, Miss? Maybe some hot water?" She seemed not to hear him. She was staring fixedly out the window through which could be seen the approaching headlights of the car carrying my father, the two gynecologists, and the doctor, who had turned around to assure my father that everything would turn out fine, they would reach the house on time. "That's it, isn't it?" he said. "Where the lights are."

"Yes, that's it."

They turned into the lane and braked to a halt before the porch and then ran inside into the bedroom, my father in the fore. At the door he saw the swine and halted suddenly in surprise. The other three men, running fast just behind, bumped into him, knocking him forward to fall on top of one of the pigs, which screamed and promptly peed. At the very same moment my mother shrieked and heaved for a final time. The doctor saw his chance, bounded forward, jumped over my father and leaped over the frenzied swine to land on the bed between my mother's legs and catch me just as I was shoved into the world. He slapped me and I began to cry. ■



Get A Move On

DESTINY APPEARS in the searching
rays of the Sun;
Hope in gently-calling Winds.
(You see, a Fire burns
somewhere
in the heart—
ablaze in unknown song;
a melody lurking in their
veins,
seeping deep into
the recesses of
the rich red
bone marrow.)

AND DOWN the avenue,
the eyes struggle upward,
grasping vague pupils (tired,
worn, overly passive,
hollow...)
And the words spat out,
"Man, it's time to go home."

—Harold Vaughn

New Tactics Used to Push Through Senate Bill -1

By MARC LIPITZ

The Criminal Justice Reform Act of 1975, more commonly known as S.1, is dead, at least for the remainder of this legislative year.

After early bipartisan support, the 800-page bill, regarded by some opponents as "a plan for an American police state," has been met with such a barrage of resistance that even a watered down version failed to clear the Senate Judiciary Committee in August.

The charges that S.1 is repressive legislation, leveled by such groups as Americans for Democratic Action, the American Civil Liberties Union, and the AFL-CIO, prompted Senate forces to revise the bill by eliminating some of what was seen as the more objectionable provisions. The altered version, actively supported by Senators Ted Kennedy, Hugh Scott, and Mike Mansfield, removed, among other sections, those which would have restored the use of the death penalty and overhauled laws on sedition.

However, when the attempt to push it through the Judiciary Committee was blocked, critics claimed that the bulk of those provisions which they termed objectionable or ambiguous still remained in the new version. With the fall adjournment of Congress only a few days away, the bill's status will remain uncertain until early next year.

A different tactic currently being employed by proponents of S.1 is to break the bill down into individual pieces of legislation. One such piece of legislation was the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act of 1976 (S.3197) which would have given significant powers to intelligence agencies, including wiretapping without court order of any individual in contact with a foreigner. Opposition, led by Senator John Tunney, managed to remove the law from the Senate calendar as of September 21, but Kennedy asserted that efforts to pass it would be renewed in 1977.

The history of S.1 begins in 1966 in the midst of a volatile political climate when the National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Laws was appointed by President Johnson to overhaul the federal criminal code. The commission reported its conclusions to President Nixon in 1971, who promptly turned them over to his attorney generals Mitchell and Kleindiest. Nixon later called the product of their efforts the way to "reinstate stability" and halt the "growing sense of permissiveness" in America.

The Criminal Justice Reform Act of 1975, sponsored by Senators John McClellan and Roman Hruska closely resembles the Mitchell-Kleindiest report. Critics have charged that the bill could, among other things,

prevent publication of what the government might arbitrarily consider to be "national defense information"; utilize the death penalty to punish political crimes; make it illegal to protest in the vicinity of what could be termed by the government a "temporary residence" of the President; and make it a crime for a citizen to remove a wiretap found in his home.

Another charge leveled by critics is that the law contains so many ambiguous provisions that no one knows for sure just what they propose.

Kennedy, Scott, and Mansfield have pledged to renew the push for passage of some form of a revised version of S.1, next year, but it is still uncertain just what the revised version will contain.

Paranoid Dept.

By MARC LIPITZ

Several copies of the *Observation Post* are on file in the Department of Justice, but the department contends that the newspaper has "never been the subject of an investigation by the FBI."

In a letter received almost a year after *OP* had invoked the Freedom of Information Act to request the release of any of its files that might be on record, the FBI acknowledged that *OP* does appear in four documents.

Surprisingly, all four documents received are dated prior to 1961, although that decade

proved to be the most turbulent, radical, and sometimes pornographic era in the publication's history. During the mid-sixties, *OP* functioned hand in hand with the College's radical community in what one former editor recalls as "a kind of incestuous relationship."

The first item on record is a photocopy of the March 15, 1951 edition of *OP*. The issue, which was dominated by stories about the College's athletic exploits and a lead article on a testimonial dinner, carried a column by the current humorist Marvin (Marv) Kitman which probably raised some eyebrows.

Kitman wrote "Big Man Hunt," a tongue-in-cheek essay about FBI infiltration on College campuses throughout the nation.

"It has been called to the FBI's attention that the green campuses all over the Union have been planted with the seeds of tension and they have noticed that most of the anti-government people being tried recently have munched on the evil, putrid rinds of foreign philosophies right in the mess-halls of learning," Kitman writes. "I do not like to tip their hand but if you are a radical they are probably using your best friend to get information about you."

The second document is a copy of the November 30, 1954 issue of *OP*. The issue was published at a time when the College's student-faculty committee had invoked a rule that all clubs must submit a complete membership list. An editorial appearing in the paper supported what the FBI calls on its cover sheet, the stand taken by "some of the liberal clubs" to protest the action and urge a change in the ruling.

The third document would make Rosemary Woods flinch. It reads: "[Deleted] ad-

National News

vised that just prior to Christmas 1955, an issue of [Deleted] was distributed folded inside of the 'Observation Post' which latter publication [Deleted] described as being a campus paper published twice weekly by day session students at CCNY. [Deleted] stated that he believed that this indicated that someone connected with either the printer of 'Observation Post' or with the paper's staff, was connected with Deleted] as he recalled that some of the bundles of 'Observation Post' were still tied when brought for distribution."

The final item is a photocopy of an article which appeared in the New York Post on September 29, 1960. The then College President Buell Gallagher had been accused of slander by *OP* editors when he charged that the paper was dominated by Communist-oriented students and was the only organization at the College, besides the Marxist Discussion Club, with a Marxist flavor. *OP*'s editorial board was considering the possibility of taking legal action.

There were also no files kept on the 1970's despite a number of celebrated incidents, including the publication of the now infamous masturbating nun cartoon and the article, "A Revealing Peek Inside the Pentagon," in which a former editor talked candidly about his colorful experiences as a speechwriter for the Secretary of the Air Force during a summer internship.

Lipitz ■ Has the FBI forsaken *OP*?



John Kennedy, and Martin Luther King Murder Inquiries Are Renewed

The Committee appointed by the House of Representatives to launch new investigations into the murders of John F. Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. is expected to begin open hearings in early December.

The committee, chaired by outgoing Congressman Thomas Downing of Virginia, is currently searching for an executive director to lead the investigative work. Several names have been proposed for the position, including Mark Lane, one of the earliest and most vocal critics of the Warren Commission's findings. However, Lane, who over the years has briefed more than 200 House members

There are things off this campus that need writing about too.

Come on up to Finley 336 and join the National News staff.

on his own findings of the assassination and is largely responsible for the new inquiry, is believed by many to be too adamant about his own views to conduct a proper investigation.

An aide to Congressman Downing told *OP* that the committee, which has been granted subpoena power by the House, will be "extremely scrupulous" in selecting those who will testify. "It seems everyone wants to testify," he said. "I just spent 45 minutes on the phone with some guy who, because he wrote a book, wants to be called by the committee. But if their credentials are good we'll listen."

One individual who has written a book, and has openly expressed his desire to testify is Hugh McDonald, a former chief of security for Barry Goldwater and CIA contract

agent. McDonald claims he interviewed the actual paid assassin several years ago in a London Hotel.

A major problem facing investigators is that many key witnesses have either been murdered or died of natural causes since the Kennedy assassination. The recent killings of John Roselli and Sam Giancana has also frightened other potential witnesses. The two Mafia figures testified before the Church Committee about the CIA/Mafia link in attempts to murder Fidel Castro.

Although the hearings, which are expected to continue for many months will be public, no plans have been made for live television or radio coverage. However, the Pacifica radio network (WBAI FM in New York) says that full live coverage is a very strong possibility.

President's Doomsday Machine

By Marc Lipitz

It was one of those blustery Monday mornings. I was lounging in my office, about to undress a soggy tuna on rye, when the phone rang. It was Abe the stoolie, a sniveling wad of spittum, after shave, and garlic clove who sniffed a trail like a mutt with a head cold. He sounded excited and wheezed like a kettle about to blow.

"What are you seling today, Little Napoleon," I said brusquely while tossing a worn piece of lettuce into the trash.

"Listen Nick, they're on to me, I gotta talk fast. I think I know where the contraption that you're after is hidden and as far as I can tell it's gonna blow on . . . on . . . no, please . . . augh . . ."

I didn't like the tone of his voice.

"Abe! Abe! Are you there?"

The line was dead. Someone had obviously put the clamp on his gig, but not before he had stumbled upon something really big, and I was pretty sure just what it was. For some time now there had been rumors circulating that City College was cooking up some kind of doomsday

ON CAMPUS

machine. But up until that moment the boys downtown could come up with nothing.

I lit a cigarette, grabbed some black coffee, and hailed a cab sitting outside the building. As we weaved our way up Broadway, my years of experience told me that something was wrong, and I don't mean with the taxi meter. They were handing me a piece of cake; it was too easy. I don't like being figured for a sucker.

"You're a City College grad, aren't you?" I said to the driver. They're all alike: gray sweatshirt, sneakers, an infertile bachelor's in English lit, a subscription to the New Yorker, probably a girlfriend from NYU. They spend four and a half years going to school in Harlem and then they think they can take the world by storm when they graduate to a hack's license.

We stopped at a red light outside Paperback Forum and he eyed me via the rear view. He knew I had his number. "You're an educated bastard," he finally answered.

I gave him a nasty grin. "Just keep your eyes on the road and I'll do the oratory." The light changed and the card shot forward.

"Now listen and listen good," I hissed. "I don't know what they're offering you, but if you want to keep that fancy grillwork in the front of your face you'd better come clean."

He put up the expected amount of polemics but when I finally convinced the guy where his next chopped liver would be coming from, he let the whole story spill out. Someone had offered him a permanent adjunct position if he would knock me off and bury my parts in a drainage ditch at the North Academic Complex. His instructions had been written on a power of attorney form.

I got out of the cab on Convent and 137th and bought the turkey's silence with a solemn promise that I would pull some strings to get him an editorial position on *The New York Review of Books*. From there I made my way up to the third floor of the Administration Building where, according to my sources, strange things were happening, like administrators working in their offices till 5 p.m. It wasn't much to go on, but it was all I had.

I tried to gain access to one of the offices, but the secretary in charge, a smart looking dame with a silky voice, insisted that her

(Continued on Page 8)



Black attempts to scale South Campus gate at St. Nicholas Terrace during Open Admissions riots in 1969.

Opfoto

On Being an Open Admissions Student

By P.J. Rondinone

When I came here in 1972 I still "hung out" on a Bronx street corner with a group of guys who called themselves The Davidson Boys and sang songs like "daddy-Lo-Lo." My vocabulary was limited to a few choice phrases like: "Move over rover and let Petey take over." And everything could be summed up with the word "Snap." That's a "snap." She's a "snap." We had a "snap." God only knows how I graduated high school. I never went to classes. The teachers would write "Comes as often as Santa Claus" on my report card. I'd spend my time on the front steps of the building smoking grass with the boys from the deans squad. I was a public school kid. The teachers knew where I was. In fact, they always made these weird deals with me. If I agreed to read a book or two and do an oral report they'd give me a passing grade. So I graduated with a "general" diploma and applied to the College. The riots of '69 had made it possible for me with that diploma, regardless of my class average, to enter the University. And now that Open Admissions has been all but eliminated I realize how fortunate I was.

I took the placement exams nodding on "downs." That made my freshman year difficult. The administration made sure I was placed in all three remedial programs: math, writing, and college study skills. I was shocked. I had always thought of myself as a bright dude. I was the only guy in the neighborhood who read books. So I became determined. I realized I had a lot of catching up to do. I stopped taking pills. I spent most of my

OP OBSERVER

time in the library. I avoided people because they were time consuming. I devoured all kinds of books: "30 Days to a Better Vocabulary," "How to Succeed in College." I wrote an essay a day as part of the extra assignments that I requested from my professors. Those were painful days. Professors would tear my papers to shreds the day before they were due and tell me to start over again — with a piece of advice — "Try to say what you really mean." Papers I spent weeks writing. Yes, those were painful days.

During that time I also became more and more aware that various people at the College were put off by Open Admission students.

I stopped into the office of The Campus one afternoon to watch a T.V. crew filming a documentary on Open Admissions. There was this television personality, with a note book on his lap, sitting like he had a box of Cracker Jacks opposite some Campus editors who looked as if they were waiting for the prize. I stood in a corner. Then this T.V. dude passed a remark: "I was down at the Writing Center today. Those kids are animals. They can't write." And the editors shook their heads sympathetically as if they

understood this to be their terrible legacy. I wanted to spit on them.

"Hey you!" I said. "Do I look like an animal?"

The television personality closed his notebook and looked at me down his long nose. I felt like an ant at the mercy of an Aardvark. The editors got puffy: "Who is this kid?" they mumbled. But before they questioned me I resumed the attack. I had to be quick. I was afraid I wasn't sharp enough to deal with them. I didn't want to be made a fool.

"Who do you think you are?" I said. "Those kids you were talking about are not only willing to learn, but they are capable. I've seen a number of them go on to write some beautiful essays and stories. You stupid fuck!"

It's not easy being an Open Admissions student. I always felt vulnerable. I knew I

lacked the basic college skills. I was handicapped; I was guilty, like a man who reports to work without his tools. I thought that one day the College would grab me, test me, and embarrass me. I tried to move along as quietly and quickly as possible. I smiled when I didn't understand; and I never admitted that I didn't "know" something, but sometimes it showed and I paid the price. A professor of basic writing once told me after I foolishly tried to defend a series of sentence fragments that I wrote that the only reason I would pass his class was because I had a nice smile. Painful.

But that is all behind me now. I am one of those few individuals who was given a unique period in the history of American education to get a college education and I did. I'm graduating this year. Unfortunately, it's unlikely that history will repeat itself unless the students of the 70's begin to burn down some buildings and fight for Open Admissions like the students of 69 did — very unlikely.



PRESENTS:

Friday, Oct. 8
FILM — 'A Man Called Horse'

starring Richard Harris
Finley Ballroom 12,2,4, & 6 PM

Tuesday, Oct. 12

New Novelist Series
New Novelist Series

Alice Walker, author of "Meridian"
F 325 3:00PM

CRAFTS—Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 5

All workshops
in Rm. 350 Finley

11 AM - 4 PM

Monday - Silkscreening
Tuesday - Leathercrafts
Wednesday - Needlecrafts
Thursday - Stained Glass
Friday - Open Workshop

Check bulletin boards for coming events
in theatre, dance, poetry, and concerts.

Sea Level breaks away from Allmans

By PAUL DABALSA

Although there has been no official announcement yet, it's a fact that The Allman Brothers Band has split up. No one seems to know exactly at what point the dissolution came, but rumors of a break-up have circulated for months. Up to now, the allegations, have been based almost entirely on a much-publicized Greg Allman testimony (in return for personal immunity) against a band associate who was subsequently indicted on drug charges.

The split has now been certified by the formation of Sea Level, an ambitious new quartet consisting of one-half of The Allman Brothers Band.

Sea Level consists of Chuck Leavell (keyboards), Lamar Williams (bass) and Jaimoe (drums) — all former ABB members — plus Jimmy Nalls, an excellent Capricorn Records session guitarist from the Washington, D.C., area. So far, the band has performed only a few select dates, mostly in and around their home state of Georgia, and almost exclusively at small clubs — an odd contrast to the enormous concert halls and stadiums The Allmans were known to play.

'Hard to Stay Together'

I recently had a chance to hear the band at Atlanta's Southeast Music Hall — a small hall slightly larger than New York's Bottom Line.

Chuck Leavell explained how The Allman Brothers split led to the new band. "The (Allman Brothers) band started drifting apart about a year ago," said Leavell. "Greg had just gotten involved with Cher, and he was spending a lot of time away from the band and with her. We had sessions lined up every night at 9 p.m., but Greg wasn't there for half of them. Finally, it got to a point where it was so hard to get us together to play or even to record, that it was too hard to stay together. Look at Win, Lose or Draw, it took from February to July to record."

"Greg wanted to be Greg Allman and not be with The Allman Brothers, and Richard wanted to be Richard Betts," Leavell added. "The rest of us go to feeling that we were being suppressed."

It was Jaimoe's initiative that eventually transformed the rhythm section of the ABB into a separate unit. Sea Level dates back to "We Three", a jamming partnership between Leavell, Williams and Jaimoe before they were each in-



Sea level in Atlanta: Chuck Leavell, Jaimoe, Jimmy Nalls, Lamar Williams (L. to R)

tegrated into the ABB.

'A New Band'

Despite Sea Level's obvious outgrowth from "We Three", the group insists that the addition of a new guitarist and a set goal makes Sea Level a new band.

Currently, Chuck Leavell is penning most of the band's original material, although he speaks of group collaborations and some compositions from Jimmy Nalls in the future. Sea Level's present repertoire is an interesting mixture of jazz-rock and R&B funk, all entirely free from southern motifs or other musical elements which might be traced back to The Allmans. Only "Hot L'Antia" has been retained from the past.

Among the most striking of their tunes are "Shake a Leg" (a highly infectious selection on which Jimmy, Chuck and Lamar share the vocals), "Scarsborough Fair" (a lovely instrumental reworking of the classic), and "Patriotic Flag Waver" (loosely based on "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "America the Beautiful", embellished with a propulsive, jazzy beat).

Negotiating Contract

"Right now we have approximately two albums worth of material," Leavell said. "Not all of it is ours, although we do have about one album worth of original compositions. But understand we're not just going to play our stuff, we're going to play other people's songs too — there's all kinds of good writers around."

With all this material, the band is eager to enter a recording studio. They are presently negotiating a deal which they expect to finalize within a couple of weeks. Various labels are bidding for the band, including Capricorn Records. Questioned about Capricorn's chances of signing Sea Level,

Leavell stated that "Capricorn Records has been very good to us in the past and might very well wind up with the band."

One way or another Sea Level plans to go into the studio the second week of October, and they want their first effort to be out by year's end, followed by a second album early next summer.

A live Allman Brothers LP on Capricorn is expected to be released in November, and it will include some previously unreleased live material like "Rambling Man" and "La Brers in A Minor".

Sea Level has not yet decided on a producer for their debut album, but several names are under consideration. Like most bands, they are seeking "an experienced producer who will help the band's direction, but not dominate the band".

A New Role

After years of functioning primarily as background musicians, the four members of Sea Level are gradually adjusting to the spotlight while on the road.

"In The Allman Brothers Band," Leavell said, "Greg and Richard were the upfront men. Now the four of us are the upfront men and it's a new role. It's also a hard role, and at the beginning I had some difficulty communicating verbally with the audience. But it's something that we have to learn and work at." However, Leavell pointed out that the music was the primary consideration and that as long as Sea Level's technical proficiency could compensate for any slack in audience/performer interaction, the individual members of the band would have enough time to develop this skill.

The group has several performance dates lined up before they start recording in October, including a three-night engagement at

The Cellar's Door in Washington, D.C. during the first week of that month. They will be making their debut in New York City, sometime in January or February, probably in one of the smaller halls. New York has always been very receptive for their brand of music, and it's likely that at a small club they might have to play approximately a month in order to satisfy the demand.

With Sea Level growing into a permanent unit, the three remaining Allman Brothers — Greg Allman, Richard Betts and Butch Trucks — have been working on their own separate projects. Greg has been getting some new musicians together, and there are rumors that the next Cher LP will be a Greg/Cher collaboration. Richard Betts has already assembled most of the personnel for his new band and is negotiating a record deal, and Butch Trucks is doing "an incredible thing", according to Leavell. "He's returning to school to get a doctorate degree in music and hopes to conduct an orchestra someday."

Sea Level appears to be an ambitious crew. They intend to rid themselves of the tag labelling them as derivative of The Allman Brothers, by forging an unmistakable identity of their own. For the moment, however, they are likely to be identified as the first offspring of The ABB, with the audience expectations being accordingly high.

After many years of consistently demonstrating their technical brilliance, the members of Sea Level are faced with the challenge of having to prove to non-believers that they can succeed on their own, without Greg Allman and Richard Betts.

At the show I saw them do in Atlanta, Sea Level met these high standards effortlessly, and they made it unquestionably clear where the backbone of The Allman Brothers Band has always been.

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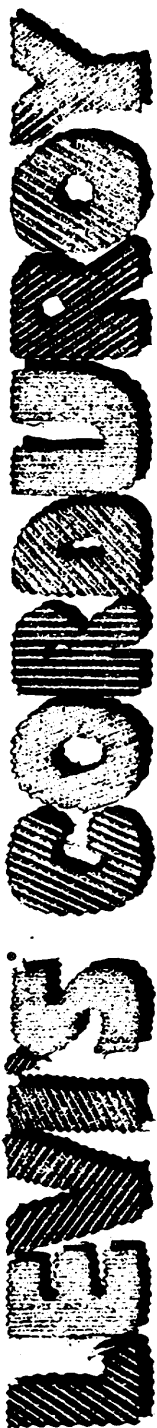
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To: Juniors and Seniors

You are invited to submit your application for the on campus Katz Scholar Work-Study Program sponsored by the Alumni Association. Work Study projects are available for majors in political science, social research, graphics, creative writing and journalism. Submit resume to include college courses completed, grades, past employment, two faculty references and other information you deem pertinent to Alumni Association, 432 Finley. Interviews will be scheduled for qualified applicants.

Marvin Binstock
Alumi Program Coordinator

Women's Film Festival returns after long hiatus

By MARI ALPHER

The Second International Women's Festival drew sellout crowds at the Cinema Studio last week, demonstrating there is indeed an audience for women's films. It also had many people wondering about the four year hiatus between this festival and the equally successful First Women's Film Festival of 1972.

The organizers of the festival, Leah Laisman and Kristina Nordstrom, explained they hadn't followed up on the 1972 festival because the enthusiastic response from audience and critics at the time had convinced them that women had finally been launched into the film mainstream. The festival had served its purpose, and similar events sprang up in various other countries.

Film Industry Unchanged

Believing that a major breakthrough had been achieved for women's films, Laisman and Nordstrom went on to organize women's



film collectives and production companies.

However, they soon discovered their festival had had no significant impact on the film industry as a whole. Whenever they approached producers about financial backing or other help, they were treated with condescension and encountered the familiar prejudice that wo-

men's films had "no commercial potential" because the public wasn't interested in them.

Four years and many disappointments later, Laisman and Nordstrom are back with a second Women's Film Festival, having grown more realistic about the obstacles that have to be overcome. Clearly, the male-dominated film industry is more resistant to change than had been anticipated, and it will take more than one or two successful festivals to bring about substantial gains for women filmmakers.

National Recognition Sought

Laisman and Nordstrom's goal now is to produce women's film festivals as often as financial backing can be secured for such projects, until a breach is made into the film establishment and women begin to achieve national recognition.

Of the numerous excellent films shown at this festival, the three that stand out most notably in my mind are Agnes Varda's "Daguerreotypes," Kathleen Shannon's "Goldwood," and Mette Knudsen's "Take it Like a Man, Madam."

"Daguerreotypes" is an unusual documentary about a small street in Paris, rue Daguerre, where the director has lived for 25 years. Varda takes us into the hearts and minds of the local shopkeepers she knows so well, sharing with the audience her own intimate feelings about these characters. Varda enables the audience to participate in the lives of her neighbors without leaving us with the impression that we're in-



A peek into the rue Daguerre bakery

truding into a privacy best left untouched.

"Goldwood" is an autobiographical documentary built on a striking juxtaposition of watercolor animation and film footage of the rural Canadian mining village where the director grew up. Shannon makes effective use of both elements to express her childhood recollections.

Not For Women Only

Danish director Mette Knudsen's "Take It Like a Man, Madam" began as a sober study of the problems of a middle-aged housewife, but the film was gradually trans-

formed into a lighthearted satirical romp reversing male and female roles in society. There were hilarious scenes of the husband (now the housewife) dressing up to go out for dinner, only instead of a girdle, his contraption was an artificial chest hairpiece. Another episode featured a male stripper guaranteed to make even the most sexually repressed female writhe in her seat.

Although billed as a Women's Film Festival, the film offerings were not "for women only." Hopefully, men got as much, if not more insight out of them than women did.

Hollywood views Gays

By JEFF BRUMBEAU

Homosexuality is a subject major moviemakers have, not surprisingly, well avoided. It's a delicate subject steeped in prejudice and misconceptions, and it can insult or turn off an audience if not handled tactfully. Commercially, it's a gamble. But perhaps the Broadway success of "Boy Meets Boy" and of other plays of the same genre have served to hearten Hollywood.

"Norman... Is That You?", a new comedy film that opened this week, takes the cinematic plunge, and, as expected, chooses to avoid making any definite statement. The film follows the same principle that has made T.V. shows like "All in the Family" a great success, namely that prejudice can be comical when presented in a certain light. "Norman..." is quite effective in that regard, but no amount of humor can compensate for the film's disappointing lack of direction.

A Surprise Visit

Redd Foxx portrays Ben Chambers, an Arizona businessman who comes to Los Angeles to stay with his son Norman (Michael Warren), after his wife has run off with his brother. Ben's unannounced visit touches off a frantic effort by the son to cover up his homosexuality, but Norman's roommate, Garson (Dennis Dugan), refuses to play along.

Ben is shocked into the realization that his son is a "queer" when Garson begins to remove his wardrobe from Norman's closet. "Where are you going with my son's girlfriend's nightgown?" Ben asks, and Garson coolly replies, "I am his girl."

Confused Logic

Fireworks. Ben refuses to acknowledge his son's homosexuality and sets out to convince himself it isn't true. In one hilarious scene he orders Norman to walk over to him and say, "Mississippi."

"See," Ben exclaims, "you don't walk like a queer, you don't talk like a queer — it can't be!" His logic is that of a confused, misin-



Pearl Bailey and Redd Foxx in "Norman... Is That You?"

formed father, and leads to ludicrous actions that make great comedy gags.

Red Foxx' first film role casts him as a boisterous, narrowminded father, a role made-to-order for him, and one which he plays to the hilt. The only real competition to his performance comes from Dennis Dugan, whose exquisite portrayal of the effeminate Garson is as believable as it is funny.

Pearl Bailey as Ben's wife and Michael Warren as Norman do an adequate job given the limitations of their respective roles.

'A Two-Way Street'

It's all to tidy for my taste. Producer/Director George Schlatter makes the controversy over homosexuality a two-way street, but the expressed ambiguity appears to be a Hollywood can rather than simple indecisiveness.

The film's characters are neatly defined and represent various stereotypes, i.e., the prejudiced Archie Bunker-esque conservative; the effeminate homosexual with the weak wrist and effervescent vocabulary; and, conversely, the masculine gay whose homosexuality is less obvious. These three personalities do make a wonderful combination and you find yourself laughing out loud constantly, but Schlatter's reluctance to take a stand on the matter, puts a damper on an otherwise fine movie.

'Hard Rain': Dylan steps into our living room

By JEFF BRUMBEAU

"Hard Rain," Bob Dylan's first full-fledged excursion into America's living room via network T.V., turned out to be as unorthodox as anything the singer has signed his name to. Aired last September 14th, the special was a slice of his whirlwind tour earlier this year, with all the footage shot at the Fort Collins, Colo., stopover.

If Dylan's sudden appearance on the concert circuit two years ago surprised a lot of people, his recent and equally abrupt decision to go on television certainly managed to knock a few off their chairs. His last fling with the media was back in '69 when he did a guest shot on the Johnny Cash Show. Since then Dylan has stayed away from T.V. cameras (excepting his performance on PBS' tribute to John Hammond last spring) and has maintained a typically low profile.

Hermitage Ended

With the present barrage of Dylan flying at the public from all directions, in the form of tours, records (two out this year and another one coming up), and now T.V. exposure, perhaps he has ended his hermitage and is now out to win America's heart.

"Hard Rain" was filmed by Top Value Television (TVTV), a California based video collective whose policy has always been realism and strict honesty. Unlike the usual run of televised concerts where editors manipulate the film in an attempt to create visual excitement and drama, the working phrase in "Hard Rain" was to "just let it happen." The cameras were like inquisitive eyes peering up at Dylan and searching his face or glancing back at the band. Throughout the concert I was not only aware of Dylan and those around him, but also of the men behind the camera and their reactions to the concert.

New Arrangements

If you had planned to switch Dylan on for a musical trip back to the sixties, chances are you were caught between the decades. His new, upbeat arrangements geared to his spitfire phrasing rendered classics like "Blowin' In The Wind" and "Maggie's Farm" strangers to the original recordings. Even the recent "Shelter From The Storm" from his *Blood On The Tracks* LP sported a new sound and was recognized only by its lyrics. Dylan has never had a reputation as a tight, precise performer. Instead, he lays his songs down with a seemingly measured laxness. His arrangements are loose, his timing alternately on and off. But, amazingly, he is never out of control and always the fulcrum that moves the music.

The real value of the flexibility he demonstrated in "Hard Rain" is the freedom to stretch, to invent and experiment. He often surprised me by finding notes I didn't know he had, or by shuffling the words around for different sounds. For him, the creative process continues on stage, adding excitement to what otherwise might have been a tedious evening of imitating Bob Dylan records.

Free Form Presentation

The inevitable question, however, is, how do the fans feel

(Continued on Page 8)

Guzman opens dance series

By JOYCE MEISNER

Paschal Guzman's Downtown Ballet Company opened Brooklyn College's Guest Artist Dance Series Sept. 17 with the American debut of Tetsutaro Shimizu, the Prima Ballerina of the Matsuyama Ballet Company of Tokyo. Her partner was the superb Japanese dancer Yoko Morishita.

The Dance Series is designed to provide relatively unknown dance companies with additional public exposure, and admission prices are very moderate.

Spellbinding 'Pas De Deux'

Shimizu and Morishita were spotlighted in the classical "Pas De Deux" from Don Quixote. Ms. Shimizu was spellbinding as she floated all over the stage with serene and graceful movements that contrasted with Morishita's powerful leaps.

The dancers' flawless motions, combined with their facial features

reminding one of delicately carved ivory, gave the impression that on the stage were two lovely figurines come alive for the sole purpose of presenting ethereal dance.

Guzman staged six of his works, three of them for the first time. His style is both intriguing and captivating, and combines different musical elements and contrasting moods ranging from mellow to bizarre.

Musical Panorama

The first piece, "From House of Bondage to Soul and Rock," was a panorama of American music from Gospel to contemporary rock. The most effective segment of this piece consisted of Blues music matched with slow, suggestive dances.

Another high point was a dance poem in memory of the reknowned Puerto Rican poet Julia DeBurgos. The spirited and moving portrayal of the poet by Beth Rosenbluth captured a wide range of feelings between the extremes of elation and sordidness.

Occasional Clumsiness

The Guzman Company's major drawback was that at times they appeared somewhat flustered and clumsy. Rather than flowing at points where continuity of motion was needed, they sometimes appeared to thump.

This flaw was most obvious in their rendition of a piece titled "Waltz of the Flowers," where the Company appeared incapable of presenting loose, graceful dance. It was unfortunate that this number closed the show, because it put a damper on their earlier triumphs.



Paschal Guzman

WHAT'S HAPPENING WHAT'S NA

Compiled by Frederic Seaman

Program of Black America

Ossie Davis, the renowned actor, director and playwright will appear with actress Ruby Dee in a program of dramatic readings interspersed with a history of black arts and culture from ancestral Africa up to present times. Thursday, Oct. 7, 12:30-2 PM in the Shepard Great Hall (2nd floor).

Untenured Faculty

The Committee of Untenured Faculty, which is composed of adjuncts, graduate fellows, lecturers, instructors, and other untenured CUNY teachers, will meet on Tuesday, Oct. 5 at 7:30 PM in the 3rd floor studio of the Graduate Center (33 W. 42nd St.) to discuss strategies for action against the budget cuts.

Bowling Team Tryouts

All students interested in joining the CCNY Bowling team are invited to participate in the try-outs now in progress. If you are a

170+ average bowler, call Alan (446-3840) or Don (225-4382).

English Proficiency Exam

The English Department will administer an English proficiency Exam required for graduation, on Thursday, Oct. 14, 2-5 PM in Shepard Hall, Rm. 306. Evening students: 7-10 PM in Steinman Rm. 123. For additional information call 690-5381.

Speech Achievement Exam

Students who have not taken Speech I must complete a Speech Achievement Exam before graduation. Contact the Speech and Theatre Department, Speech Hut 3, Rm. 944.

Human Relations Weekend

The House Plan Association will be holding its annual Human Relations Weekend, Fri., Oct. 29 through Sun., Oct. 31. A \$35 registration fee covers all transportation costs, meals and lodging. For more information contact House Plan in

Rm. 104 or 327 Finley, or call 690-5365.

Job-Finding Workshops

Improve your chances of getting a job by participating in job-finding workshops conducted by the Office of Career Counseling and Placement. For details, come to Finley 423. The workshops are limited to Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors

Harmony Coffee House

The Harmony Coffee House, operated by former City College students, presents Pete Quentin Bes' Friends starting Fri., Oct. 1, and Sandy Borkum, Fri., Oct. 8. Shows begin at 7:30 PM and guest performers are welcome. The Harmony Coffee House is located in the Ivy-covered church on Bennett Ave., 1 block West of B'way on 189th St. (\$1.50 admission).

Women's Gymnastic Team

All CCNY Women are welcome to join the newly formed Women's Gymnastic Team. For details stop by Goethals Gym or Rm. J 2, Science & Phys. Ed. Bldg.

Bob Dylan's 'Hard Rain'

(Continued from Page 7)

about his free-form presentation of familiar material? Concert-goers generally like to hear live play-backs of the songs they spin on their stereos. They build associations, gather memories around them. But Dylan is unsympathetic to his audience's expectations and continues to go his own way. What remains to be seen is whether his audience will follow.

"Hard Rain", if anything, is a documentary about one of popular music's most influential personalities. Dylan prepared the ground for a decade of music and pointed out it's direction. What TVTV brought us was a clear, distortion-free picture of this man's abilities, as well as his inabilities. As a fan commented when Dylan did the Johnny Cash show years ago, "He walks like a normal person!"

CCNY's evening newspaper

City PM

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Call 690-8184, or leave
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THE TUTORIAL PROGRAM

NEEDS YOU!

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Wednesday Oct. 6th at 7:30 PM

Or call the Tutorial Program at 874-5200.
N.Y. Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St., N.Y.C.
After Oct. 6th just come down any Saturday at
9:30 AM

INTRAMURAL ATHLETICS

Basketball— enter an 8 player roster
or
join the Player Pool

Handball— singles and doubles
Entries close 1:00 PM Oct. 7

Indoor Soccer— enter a 7 player roster
or
join the Player Pool

Entries for soccer close Oct. 14
More information and entry forms in J-22

Doomsday

Continued from Page 4A

boss was in conference.

"Come on sugar, it's important," I pleaded, but she wouldn't budge. I tried to cool her with a five spot, but she remained dead in her tracks. The broad was either a tough cookie or independently wealthy.

I suddenly picked up the faint odor of gun powder coming from the adjoining room. I fingered my .38, a personal insurance policy for all seasons, and burst in. Kneeling in a corner was the College's president, a tall man clad in a gray sweatshirt, sneakers and a cartridge belt with an array of explosives around his torso.

"So there really is a doomsday machine, eh?"

The President grinned. "One flick of this switch here and we all go cabloocy. But I'd think before you ask any further questions, we should discuss the extenuating circumstances."

I was in no mood for extenuating circumstances. All I knew was that one wrong move and it would be no Chinese New Year.

"They want retrenchment, do they?" he said, sounding perfectly calm and collected. "Ha, ha, I'll give them retrenchment." I was obviously dealing with a master.

"Now look," I said. "I've got some cronies down at the Board. Maybe I can talk with them and come up with a plan a little less drastic. Now why don't you just drop that gear?"

"That'll mean mass firings of instructional staff, secretaries, office personnel, buildings and grounds, perhaps even the imposition of tuition. I won't have that on my head."

The President let out a sigh of relief as he placed the explosives on a large pile of Scientific Americans. "Well, at least they can't accuse me of not submitting a Marshak plan."

It's all in a day's pay.

STUDENT HEALTH

INSURANCE

**Fall Enrollment Period
Ends October 15th
Enrollment Forms Available at:
Finley Student Center Room 214**