

A Free Press
an Informed
Student Body

The Observation Post

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Friday, November 12, 1976

Marshak Turns Down Texas A & M Offer

President Marshak announced last week that he would not accept an offer to head a physics institute at Texas A&M.

Marshak told the Texas university that "very abnormal circumstances" had forced him to refuse their offer and remain at the College. He cited as reasons the budget crisis, pressures from "various constituencies" for him to remain, negative responses to newspaper reports that he considered leaving, and his commitment to the College.

"I want, more than anything at this time, to help City College use its rich tradition and achieve excellence as a great urban institution of high quality," he wrote in a letter to the university's dean of science.

See MARSHAK, Page 3



FIGHTING FOR THEIR MONEY: Security guard gets between students in one of several sporadic incidents of violence last week when thousands of students packed Cohen Library to collect their BEOG checks. See Page 2.

©Photo by Orlando Rao

Newspapers Given Equal Allocations

Editors Say They Can Absorb Cut; Senate Gets Greatest Amount

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

The three day-session undergraduate newspapers on campus have each been given the same allocation of \$5,000 for the fall term by the Student Senate.

Editors of the newspapers, The Campus, The Paper and The Observation Post, immediately said that despite the sharp decrease in funding, they would be able to carry out their publication schedules with no major cutbacks in coverage.

Last term The Campus was given \$7,500, The Paper \$6,000 and The

A complete listing of the Student Senate allocations appears on Page Five.

Observation Post received \$7,000.

Hugh Lawrence, the Senate treasurer, said the Senate this term had \$38,425 to allocate to 91 organizations which requested budgets. Last spring the Senate had \$61,624 for 63 groups, Lawrence said.

The Senate had less money to allocate because enrollment dropped by 18.2 per cent or 3,270 students. Four dollars out of every student's bursars fee goes to the Senate for student activities.

Lawrence said the Senate treated the newspapers separately in deciding their allocations. He said that the Senate finance committee, after independent hearings with

See FUNDING, Page 3

College Considers Asking Police To Curb Drug Use

College officials are considering whether to ask the police to come onto the campus to help curb an increase in illegal drug sales that they say has developed at the Finley Student Center.

Ann Rees, the Vice Provost for Student Affairs, said the College was "trying to ascertain the extent" of the drug traffic, which officials believe involves only marijuana and hashish, and "whether it is necessary to bring in outside help." Rees said the College would ask for undercover police officers on campus only "if we can find evidence that there is large drug trafficking."

See POLICE, Page 2

Try for Committee Elections

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

Ann Rees, the Vice Provost for Student Affairs, said last week she would give students a second chance to become candidates for seats on the executive committee of their academic departments.

The first attempt at holding elections for the posts failed last spring, Rees said, because "we got very few students" interested in running. "It's a big problem," she said.

Rees said that "the next thing I do" is to begin the filing process. She said she would advertise in campus newspapers to announce the start of the campaign.

"I've had more students come to me asking to be on Curricular Committees," Rees said. Curricular Committees approve new course offerings and academic programs.

"I think it's difficult for students to put in the time that is necessary on executive committees," the Vice

Provost said, offering an explanation for the low student interest. "Last spring for instance, when retrenchment was an issue, the committees met three or four times a week."

"Also, a lot of students don't have the tolerance for meetings that adults do," she said. "And the students feel that the decision that they do make don't really affect their lives."

"But it's written into the (B.H.E.) bylaws, and we have to do

it," she asserted.

Over the years, several changes have been made in the procedure of electing students to executive committees.

See SEATS, Page 2

For Faculty, Added Work Has Them Bitter, Dejected

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

The morale among faculty members at the College has become noticeably low because of an increased workload which has, in many cases, forced them to teach in greatly overcrowded classrooms, threatened their personal academic goals, caused friction in dealing with colleagues, and filled them with such a dissatisfaction with the College that they have begun, in many instances, to look for teaching posts elsewhere.

These were among the feelings which became apparent during interviews with faculty members here last week. The professors spoke of a widespread "demoralization" among the faculty, and of a mood of uncertainty which prevailed because instructors "have no idea where the City University is going."

John H. Herz, a 68-year-old professor of political science, who will retire at the end of this year, said he "could have stayed on two more years, but I can't exist under the pressure" of the heavier workload.

"I was told on very short notice that I would have to teach another course this term, and I didn't have

the time to prepare for it," he said. "The number of students in all three of my classes has doubled, and I don't have the time to go over term papers. This is the greatest danger, overloading the teacher. It doesn't do justice to him or the students."

Herz explained that when he

See FACULTY, Page 5



Students line up at newly installed pinball machines at South Campus Cafeteria.

©Photo by Orlando Rao

Students Want Pinball Removed

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

One letter was sent to President Marshak, a separate one with a poem went to Vice Provost Ann Rees and 200 students and faculty members signed a petition last week in an effort to have four pinball machines removed from the South Campus cafeteria.

As soon as the machines were installed in the basement of the Finley Student Center on October 22, critical students began passing the word that the last "place of refuge" from the "internal

mechanical noise-makers" on campus had been "violated."

Tamara Pakes, a 23-year-old junior, began a petition asking that they be removed and took part in drafting a letter to Rees, the Vice Provost for Student Affairs, which said: "The wide-spread proliferation of juke boxes and pinball machines may make one wonder whether he is on a college campus or in a gaming house on 42nd Street."

The writers in both the Rees letter and in the one to Marshak claimed that the cafeteria in Finley was the last place on campus where one could study or converse quietly.

See PINBALL, Page 2

Students Jam Cohen For BEOG Checks; Guards End Fights

College Says Students Have Weeks to Collect Awards; But 'Anxiety' Over Cutbacks Caused Crowd, Scuffles

By MERYL GROSSMAN

Tempers flared last week when over 5000 students jammed Cohen library on Wednesday and Thursday to collect their Basic Educational Opportunity Grants.

Scattered incidents of pushing and fighting took place when students, many who had waited on line for over five hours, grew impatient and tense. There was pushing and shoving then this girl and her friend started screaming and punches were thrown and security guards came in. The potential for violence was incredible.

Five security guards were assigned to handle the huge crowd which began forming at 8:00 a.m. Wednesday. By noon the line extended from the four financial aid windows on the third floor down the ramp to the first floor of the library.

Fred Kogut, assistant to the Vice Provost for Student Affairs, said in an impromptu interview at the steps of Cohen, that the students had about three weeks to collect their checks. He said that they were told to come on either Thursday or Friday, and that after the checks would be available at the Bursar's office "for a few weeks."

It appeared most students couldn't wait that long.

"They're going to shut off my electricity if I don't get this check," said Robert Brady, a 22-year-old junior. "They've done it before, and I don't want it to happen again."

"These people have landlords to pay and other bills to take care of," said one 22-year-old senior, who waited four hours for his check. "They need the money right away."

Another student, Sylvia Conant, a 29-year-old sophomore, believed that the fear and anxiety felt by the students because of the budget crisis manifested itself by the incidents at Cohen.

In a letter sent to students announcing the distribution dates, a statement read: "Failure to pick-up your check promptly might result in the loss of the award." Many students at Cohen said they weren't aware that they had weeks to pick up their check at the bursar's office.

The statement in the letter, coupled with the immediate need for the cash left many students anxiously waiting on line in the uncomfortably stuffy library.

"I guess this is just what we have to do to get our money. They make us wait on line to pay registration money and now we have to wait to get our checks," said Linda Thom-

pson, after waiting three hours to get her check.

"This is ridiculous, the way they are doing this," complained senior Jerry DeMarco. "I've been waiting for over two hours to get my check."

Police May Be Called On Drugs

POLICE, From Page 1

Detective Charles Delaney of the West 126th Street station house indicated that the police were "surveying" the situation more "actively" since the College had contacted them last month.

He pointed out that narcotics officers could be deployed at any time on the campus without the consent of the administration, as they were in 1970, when 10 persons were arrested, eight of them College students, for selling drugs.

Police also said they had talked "informally" with students in an effort to pin down the extent of drug traffic on campus. That information was then forwarded to the narcotics squad, according to police.



Students wait for their checks.

Most of the recent drug use appears to be concentrated in Finley. President Marshak said the illegal drug sales "had picked up" there since September. He said this was so because after a "successful" clean-up drive was completed in June, there was a "tendency to relax" the enforcement of the College's policy on drug abuse.

Students in Finley said that the faculty patrols last spring were nothing more than "a show of force." "When they came by we would just put our stuff away," said Jim Conley, a 25-year-old senior. "And if they caught you they would ask for your I.D. which you could easily say you didn't have — and they would leave," he said.

Other students took issue with

the administration's contention that there was a drug problem on campus. "What problem?" asked Jack Cocho, a 20-year-old junior. "One way to make a problem is to bring outside help on campus, like back in 1970," he said.

One 20-year-old senior, felt it was a "matter just between students." "There's no trafficking or wheeling and dealing. It's absurd to think that there's major dealing," he said.

Another student, Eugene Valastro, a 22-year-old senior, said he saw "a little pot smoking, but I don't see any drug problem."

"You can smoke on any campus in the country. Pot smoking should be tolerated by the administration," asserted one student, who said he was a dealer.



SAGA UNDER FIRE: The College's watchdog committee on Saga Dining Halls failed again to have its first meeting this week, when Edmund Sarfaty, Dean of Finley Center, fell ill and could not attend. The committee is expected to deal with criticisms from students of stale food and poor service at the three on-campus eateries. Last week, The Observation Post discovered yogurt in the Finley Snack Bar on sale past the expiration date stamped on the container. A Saga official called it "wpparently a human mistake."

Try for Committee Elections

SEATS, From Page 1

mittees, with the hope of increasing student participation.

In 1974 Bernard Sohmer, the Vice Provost for Student Affairs, said that department elections would begin whether or not there was a required minimum of candidates. Before that an election would get underway only if there were at least as many candidates as there were seats available on the respective departments.

Last spring, even though there wasn't the required minimum of candidates, the elections were held, but through a "foul up" the students running "didn't know about the voting," Rees said.

Sohmer had also said that elec-

tions would begin as soon as the filing stage is complete, instead of before, whereby voting was not immediately begun.

In addition, in 1973 faculty members voted to follow one of two alternatives provided for in the College's governance plan.

Students elected to the Executive Committee of a department under plan "A" would serve directly on the panel, thereby permitting direct student input into matters of departmental appointments, reappointments and tenure.

Those departments that approved plan "B" will be conducting elections to select students to serve on five-member student committees that will function in an advisory capacity to the Executive

Committee of the respective departments.

"If not enough students vote for the candidates, Plan 'A' becomes Plan 'B'," Rees explained.

Construction Nearing

Construction on Aaron Davis Hall may resume within two weeks, pending completion of negotiations between private contractors and the State Dormitory Authority, according to state officials.

The move follows the Board of Higher Education's approval Oct. 25 of a financing plan under which the Bowers Savings Bank will buy \$6.2 million in Dormitory Authority bonds, in exchange for a collateral deposit by the College of \$3.29 million in trust funds.

Work on the \$7 million performing arts center halted last November when the state agency was unable to sell bonds to finance its \$302 million in City University construction projects.

Students Sign Petition for Pinball Machine's Removal

PINBALL, From Page 1

"The library doesn't open until 10:30 in the morning and the only place to study before that was in the Finley cafeteria," Pakes said.

Saga Dining Halls, who began providing food service here in September, is the target of the student's attacks. They say that Saga broke a contractual agreement with the College by moving the pinball machines into the cafeteria.

"It says here in the contract that we are allowed seven game machines in the South Campus cafeteria, and we've only put in four," said Stan Kashuba, director of Saga food services here. "We didn't violate anything."

A small room adjacent to the cafeteria used to house pinball machines, but Kashuba said it was closed because "it became too crowded in there." He said that immediately after that the four new machines were installed in the cafeteria itself.

Kashuba said although Saga was allowed to have the machines he would have them moved elsewhere

on campus if College officials ask him to. "If the noise factor is a real problem, then we don't want to beat people over the head, we will be glad to move them," he said.

The students say Edmund Sarfaty, the Dean of Finley Center, is sympathetic with their demands and will discuss the matter with Kashuba at the first meeting of the cafeteria watchdog committee — which has been postponed several times. Sarfaty could not be reached for comment.

In the letter to Rees, which was largely humorous in tone, the students wrote that "hardly had these monuments to mediocrity been installed when a feculent canaille" — a dirty, lowest class of people — materialized to pay homage to them. The letter also included a poem:

That instrument of bright
democracy,
Petition of our higher lords
above,
Shall peace us grant, respite
from anarchy;
That with fair reason's light
hast ever strove,
And thus, Dan Rees, to thee
we raise our 'peal:
Deliver us from Hell's discor-
dant chimes,
Restoring calm to sterilize and
heal
The festering wounds of these
tortured times,
For sake us not and leave un-
done the deed
To swiftly smite this auditory
curse
Deaf not they ears as we most
merrily plead,
Sake with mercy's mel'aches
that e'er was worse,
Hurl into Hades this vulgarity,
Most vile assassin of serenity.

Student of 60's, Turned Establishment, Returns Here

By ED CASEY

Whenever Michael Stallman passed by Cohen Library during the 1960's he was bombarded with left-wing, right-wing and centrist leaflets and posters.

Now, almost six years and a law degree later, Stallman, now an assistant district attorney in Manhattan, returned to the College once more, but this time to give a lecture on court procedures and systems.

During his years on campus, Stallman participated in the Young Democrats and Young People's Socialist League, and was instrumental in organizing the lettuce strike of Cesar Chavez at the College, as well as the Earth Day March and war moratorium.

Reflecting on his years here, Stallman compared that era of protest and demonstration with the current apathetic mood of the seventies. "Free tuition died without a whimper. Five or six years ago you would have seen 5,000 or 6,000 students camped out at City Hall," Stallman said as he addressed a Political Science class. "There's a great change, not only in activity, but in orientation and interest," he continued. "There's less activism."

"Today the counter-culture is accepted, we are no longer the minorities. In the past it wasn't all that safe to be identified with peace movements, an depicting Johnson and Nixon as bad guys."

After graduating from the College, Stallman went to New York University and

got his law degree. His belief in the democratic system, a non-violent outlook, and an interest in working with people led him to a career in the criminal justice system.

Stallman says he chose criminal law because he believes "It's the most exciting part of the field. We're dealing here with real life drama of people who may be going to jail. It's not the nickel and dime arguments that are involved in civil law cases."

According to Michael, his role as prosecutor is to "appear in court representing the state and try a case with the idea of obtaining a conviction only if I'm satisfied the person is guilty. And if I'm not satisfied the person is guilty, I'll conduct an investigation and appropriate action is taken."

His job, Stallman concedes, has its

frustrations. "But in a small way I feel I can do justice and I look back on completed cases and I feel a sense of pride and accomplishment."

As a diversion from burdensome paper work and daily courtroom frustrations, Stallman enjoys classical music, traveling abroad, and even watching T.V. shows like "Kojack" and "Columbo."

The former student activist who once crusaded for the peace movement, and Cesar Chavez, was amused by the relative tranquility of the campus. "In the past you couldn't walk past Cohen Library without passing a dozen tables consisting of left-wing, right-wing, and even centrist literature."



Owen Rogan, the Evening Student Senate President, who is under fire from Treasurer Fred Clavijo.

Evening Senate Found Valid; Internal Feud Still Rages On

By MERYL GROSSMAN

Vice Provost Ann Rees has concluded her investigation into the Evening Student Senate and found that a decision in 1974 by the Board of Higher Education approved the existence of the ESS constitution, thereby making the Senate a legal student governing body.

The ESS which broke away and proclaimed itself a separate organization from the Day Student Senate in 1973, needed a legal constitution approved by the Policy Advisory Council and the BHE. The constitution was approved by the PAC but there was a great deal of controversy among ESS leaders and administration officials recently as to whether the BHE had granted final approval.

Upon learning Rees' announcement Senate President Owen Rogan said he was pleased yet bewildered as to why he was not personally informed of the announcement by Rees.

Rees said she would not interfere with the embroiling dispute between Rogan and Treasurer Fred Clavijo, over Senate mismanagement and decision making, because she has not been asked to.

The dispute stems from last March, when according to Rogan,

Clavijo began "boycotting his position as treasurer, after he asked and was denied full signature on all disbursements of money. Rogan says Clavijo, being a member of the Senate Executive Committee already was entitled to sign money disbursements.

"Signing disbursements can be handled by any member of the Executive Committee," said Rogan, "he wanted to sign everything. I explained this would give him veto power over the Executive Committee. Everyone on the Executive committee has equal power."

Since that confrontation with Clavijo, Rogan says the Treasurer has falsely accused him of mismanaging and improperly running the ESS. Rogan cites the summer 1976 trip he took as a representative of the College to the National Student Association Convention in California as an example of one of Clavijo's charges against him.

Rogan says he informed the Senate Executive Committee about the trip and got the Committee's final approval before leaving.

Clavijo has charged that Rogan did not properly inform the Committee about the trip and that Rogan was granted final approval only after he phoned members of

the Committee and told them of his decision to go. Clavijo added he was not informed of the trip until the night before the trip, when Rogan phoned him at home. However, Rogan says he had tried contacting Clavijo a number of times previous to the day of his departure, but was unable to get in touch with him.

Rogan and Clavijo are also at odds with each other over the present governing of the Senate. Clavijo says that Rogan is a "madman who never follows the agenda" and wants to control the ESS singlehandedly. Rogan says that he not only follows the agenda but makes the agenda of the ESS meetings. "I get all the letters and things that come up. Of course if anyone in the Senate requests something on the agenda I'll put it in."

As a result of the ongoing dispute between the two officials, a number of senators have quit. Rogan says those who quit became disheartened over the repeated arguments between Clavijo and himself.

Asked if he saw an end to his dispute with Clavijo, Rogan said: "In January I'll be out and he'll be running for something else, that's when it will end."

Marshak Turns Down Offer

MARSHAK, From Page 1

Texas A&M had offered to make Marshak, a nuclear physicist who participated in the development of the atomic bomb, the head of an institute of physics, which would have been created especially for him.

Asserting that his post here had left him "unfulfilled", Marshak said last month he had been considering a return to the scientific field, and that this had been "something I've been trying to unscramble in my mind."

In the letter, which was at times apologetic in tone, Marshak called the decision "the most difficult in my entire life" and wrote: "I must confess that I did not realize sufficiently that the transition period in which we find ourselves requires stability, not the unpredictable change induced by the resignation of the college president."

—Lauraia

Text of the Letter

November 1, 1976
Dean J.M. Prescott
College of Science
Texas A&M University
College Station, Texas 77843

Dear Mac:

This is a very difficult letter to write. My decision not to join you at Texas A&M University, as indicated in my earlier telegram, was not made without serious consideration for the problems my ac-

tion would create for you. The fact that you have been so kind and have spent so much time and effort working out arrangements for me to resume my scientific career at Texas A&M made the decision the most difficult in my entire life.

Indeed, my decision to remain at City College was, in large measure, forced upon me by very abnormal circumstances and conditions: the present crisis period at the College relating to budget and structure, strong pressures from various constituencies for me to remain, unexpected negative effects on several large projects and commitments already underway at the college due to a newspaper story which speculated on my departure and, most of all, my own strong commitment to the successful completion of the many programs we have started over the past several years. Additionally, as I pondered my decision, it became clear to me that I want, more than anything at this time, to help the College use its rich tradition and achieve excellence as a great urban institution of high quality. I must confess that I did not realize sufficiently that the transition period in which we find ourselves requires stability not the unpredictable change induced by the resignation of the college president.

If I write as if I were preaching, please afford me your brief indulgence. But I do want you to understand my profound feeling for and commitment to the College,

its people and the mission we have embraced. Under such circumstances, my personal welfare assumes secondary importance.

I genuinely regret having to respond negatively to your very attractive offer. My only consolation is that I have made a friend who should feel free to call upon me for assistance at any time. I would be honored by such requests.

Please give your charming wife, Kitty, warm regards from Ruth and me.

Sincerely,
Robert E. Marshak

Newspaper Allocations Equal

FUNDING, From Page 1

representatives of the papers, had recommended that they be funded equally.

The committee based this on examinations of the three printers' contracts, Lawrence said, and information supplied by the newspapers. The senate estimated that an 8-page issue at each of the printers would cost \$650, and that one of the pages would be advertising, netting the paper roughly \$200.

Lawrence said that each paper told the Senate they would be publishing 11 issues this term. At about \$450 an issue the Senate arrived at the figure of \$5,300.

The treasurer pointed out that the newspapers were actually

receiving a larger percentage of what the Senate had to allocate this year than last — when the papers were given one-ninth of the funds. This term they received about one-seventh.

The Source, a fourth day session newspaper, has not published this term, but would receive an allocation if they submit a budget, according to Lawrence. He said it would receive less than the other papers "because it does not publish regularly."

Dale Brichta, the Editor-in-Chief of The Campus, said her newspaper would be able to publish the remaining issues it had scheduled with little difficulty. "I think we are going to be able to do it," she said.

An editor of The Paper, Diane Wilson, said that the decrease might prevent it from publishing a "little larger issues" this term, but would not cutback on the number planned.

Fred Seaman, the Business Manager of The Observation Post, said OP could probably only publish four more issues before the newspaper's funds ran out.

The largest allocation went to the Senate itself, a total of \$10,400. Two thousand dollars of that money will be used in a scholarship program, Lawrence said.

Lawrence said that most of the organizations took a cut in funding from last year, some stayed the same and that a few were given a raise.

The Observation Post

A FREE PRESS — AN INFORMED STUDENT BODY

JOSEPH L. LAURIA

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BUDGET FOR FALL 1976

The following is a listing of Senate allocations for the full semester:

ORGANIZATION	RECOMMENDED TOTAL
African Student Union	\$ 250.00
Arab Student Organization	\$ 150.00
Arts Society	\$ 75.00
Asian Voice	\$ 250.00
Biology Society	\$ 150.00
Black Architecture Students Endeavor	\$ 250.00
Black Pre-Law Society	\$ 110.00
Black Studies Student Collective	\$ 310.00
Blod Bank Council	\$ 300.00
Boricua Health Organization	\$ 190.00
Boricuas Unidos	\$ 315.00
Bowling Club	\$ 200.00
Brothers & Sisters in Science	\$ 110.00
Chi Epsilon	\$ 100.00
Chinese Christian Fellowship	\$ 75.00
Chinese Language	\$ 140.00
Chinese Students Assoc.	\$ 110.00
Collegiate Assoc.	\$ 110.00
Cycling Club	\$ 50.00
Campus Paper	\$ 5000.00
Caribbean Student Assoc.	\$ 250.00
Dominican Students Assoc.	\$ 325.00
Eastern Culture Club	\$ 85.00
Electromechanical Engineering	\$ 90.00
Emergency Committee	\$ 110.00
Eta Kappa Nu	\$ 100.00
Friends of Music	\$ 150.00
Gay People	\$ 140.00
Haitian Student Assoc.	\$ 300.00
Hillel Foundation	\$ 170.00
House Plan Assoc.	\$ 250.00
Ind. Arts Ed. Soc.	\$ 140.00
India Club	\$ 175.00
InterVarsity Christian Fellowships	\$ 165.00
International Club	\$ 150.00
Iranian Stud. Club	\$ 100.00
Italian Am. St. Org.	\$ 100.00
Korean Academic Society	\$ 125.00
Legal Aid Center	\$ 2340.00
Modern Dance Club	\$ 50.00
Nursing Upper Div.	\$ 200.00
Observation Post	\$ 5000.00
Ombudsman	\$ 1500.00
Outdoor Club	\$ 100.00
Paper	\$ 5000.00
Pi Tau Sigma Med. Eng.	\$ 90.00
Seek Student Gov't	\$ 265.00
Slavic Am. St. Ass.	\$ 100.00
Society of Automotive Eng.	\$ 110.00
Spartacus Youth League	\$ 110.00
Spectrum	\$ 200.00
Kepler's	\$ 75.00
Student Senate	\$10,550.00
Tau Epsilon Phi	\$ 85.00
The Tau Beta Pi Assoc.	\$ 110.00
Urban Law Assoc.	\$ 160.00
C.C.N.Y. Veterans Assoc.	\$ 300.00
WCCR	\$ 3,000.00
Womens Center	\$ 225.00
Yavneh of C.C.N.Y.	\$ 100.00
Y City College	\$ 300.00
Young Socialist Alliance	\$ 110.00
Total	\$41,235.00

Approved by Senate 11/3/76

A face-saving gesture

Recent publicity over heavy marijuana traffic in Finley Center has tainted the College's public image, and once again, College officials have only themselves to blame. The stage was set last semester when the Vice Provost for Student Affairs, Ann Rees, went on record saying that the College would crack down on the growing number of pot users and dealers. Faculty "patrols" were begun, and guards were allegedly placed on "standing orders" to watch for and confront violators of the school's drug policy. This effort, which has been drawing sneers of contempt from students and some security personnel ever since, failed, primarily, because Dr. Rees was not properly monitoring the curtailment drive.

When this term The Observation Post, in the course of a routine follow-up to this story, found that pot traffic was thriving and questioned administrators about it, many of their answers were vague and evasive.

Publication of that story sent officials scrambling for some kind of face-saving gesture that might also blunt future criticism. So they met with the police, who, in response, are now considering deploying undercover narcotic officers on the campus.

The single irony here, is that at a time when increasing number of people throughout the country are calling for decriminalization, if not legalization, of marijuana, most faculty, administrators, and students, seem to consider it

ridiculous that pot smoking ever became an issue here.

This newspaper is not worried about the fact that pot is being smoked on campus.

And even the penchant of many administrators for pledging themselves to a particular course of action, and then failing to deliver, is something we can perhaps accept.

But what is disturbing are the vague answers and, in some instances, lies, that some officials grab so readily as a shield against responsibility.

We don't wish to see the casual pot smokers, or occasional independent sellers of loose joints face jail sentences for their relatively harmless actions. But we also recognize that pot smoking — especially in student lounges — can be an inconvenience to non-smoking students who may be bothered by the potent smoke, or made anxious by the possibility that a drug bust may land them hand-cuffed in the back seat of a radio car. In the interest of smokers and non-smokers alike, we encourage students who want to light up to do so away from lounges and other areas where students come to study or relax.

And, for the second time this term, we call on administrators to refrain from giving evasive or even untruthful answers to the press to cover up for the imprudent actions which invariably precipitate them, and seek instead to personify in their dealings with the press genuine integrity and solid good faith.

Shoddy journalism

An inaccurate headline in City PM last week — "Undercover Cops on Campus" — did a disservice to the College community in general, and to its student press in particular.

The story beneath the headline reported that police were not actually on campus, but were only considering such a move. However, the damage was done, and students who spotted the headline went no further before experiencing anger and resentment over this erroneous front-page information.

In recent weeks, relations between the administration and the student press have become

strained, as administrators who have found recent publicity unfavorable, have begun ducking questions reportedly because they fear that amateurish student reporters will misquote them.

If the student press is to effectively serve the College community, its credibility must be sound. Readers must be able to feel that they can believe not only headlines, but all statements of fact, down to the placement of quotation marks, and to the spelling of names.

We hope that in the future City PM's editors will exercise proper respect for accuracy.

The City College Music Department Presents

A fund-raising concert with

THE CITY SYMPHONY

PROGRAM:

Dvorak — 'Slavonic Dances' Mahler — 'Youth's Magic Horn'

Bloch — 'Concerto Grosso No. 2' Stravinsky — 'Suites 1 & 2'

Lewis — 'In Dubrovnik Style'

Soloists: Judith Raskin, John Lewis, Ed Summerlin

Town Hall Saturday, Nov. 20, 8 p.m.



PRESENTS:

New Novelists Series

Nov. 16
Tuesday
HAROLD BRODKEY
Finley 325 3 p.m.

Noon Poetry Series

Nov. 17
Wednesday
JUNE JORDAN
Finley 330 12-2 p.m.

Jazz Concert

THE DON CARTER TRIO
Monkey's Paw 1-3 p.m.

Films

Nov. 19
Friday
'THE PRODUCERS'
12 & 4 P.M.
'IS THERE LIFE AFTER DEATH?' 2 & 6 P.M.

Finley Ballroom

Mon.-Fri.
CRAFTS

Silkscreening
Leathercrafts 11 a.m.-4 p.m.
Needlepoint Finley 350
Stained Glass

Free Individual Instruction

THE OBSERVATION POST MAGAZINE

Volume 1 Issue No. 3
Friday, November 12, 1976

Page 1A

FORM 600 DMH (REV. 5/73)
MYS DEPT. OF MENTAL HYGIENE

NOTICE OF STATUS AND RIGHTS - VOLUNTARY OR MINOR VOLUNTARY ADMISSION (to be given to a voluntary or minor voluntary patient at the time of his admission)

TO: Peter J. Rondinone November 12, 1976
G.C.N.Y.

Observation Post

HOSPITAL BELLEVUE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL	
ADMISSION DATE	CONSECUTIVE NO.
<input type="checkbox"/> MINOR VOLUNTARY ADMISSION (Sec. 9.13, M.M.L. law)	<input type="checkbox"/> VOLUNTARY ADMISSION (Sec. 9.13, M.M.L. law)

A copy of this Notice of Status and Rights is also being sent to the Mental Health Information Service.

YOU HAVE BEEN ADMITTED TO THIS HOSPITAL FOR THE MENTALLY ILL AS A VOLUNTARY OR MINOR VOLUNTARY PATIENT.

AT ANY TIME, YOU MAY TELL THE DIRECTOR OR OTHER STAFF MEMBERS THAT YOU WANT TO LEAVE. HOWEVER, YOU MAY NOT LEAVE FOR THREE DAYS UNLESS THE DIRECTOR LETS YOU. IF THE DIRECTOR THINKS THAT YOU NEED TO STAY, HE MAY ASK A COURT FOR AN ORDER TO KEEP YOU HERE.

YOU, YOUR RELATIVES, AND YOUR FRIENDS SHOULD FEEL FREE TO ASK MEMBERS OF THE HOSPITAL STAFF ABOUT YOUR CONDITION, YOUR STATUS AND RIGHTS, AND THE RULES AND REGULATIONS OF THE HOSPITAL.

MENTAL HEALTH INFORMATION SERVICE

THE MENTAL HEALTH INFORMATION SERVICE, A COURT AGENCY INDEPENDENT OF THIS FACILITY, PROVIDES PATIENTS, AND OTHERS ACTING IN THEIR BEHALF, WITH PROTECTIVE SERVICE, ASSISTANCE AND INFORMATION WITH REGARD TO THEIR HOSPITALIZATION. PATIENTS HAVE A RIGHT TO A COURT HEARING AND A RIGHT TO BE REPRESENTED BY A LAWYER.

YOU, OR SOMEONE ACTING IN YOUR BEHALF, MAY CALL OR WRITE DIRECTLY TO THE MENTAL HEALTH INFORMATION SERVICE, OR REQUEST THAT A MEMBER OF THE HOSPITAL STAFF CONTACT THE SERVICE FOR YOU.

THE ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER OF THE MENTAL HEALTH INFORMATION SERVICE FOR THIS HOSPITAL IS:

I HAVE READ, OR HAD READ TO ME, AND UNDERSTAND THE CONTENTS OF THE ABOVE NOTICE.

By P.J. Rondinone

11/12/76
Date

Patient's Signature or Mark

THE ABOVE PATIENT HAS BEEN GIVEN A COPY OF THIS NOTICE.

11/24/76
Date

[Signature]
Staff Physician

Lose Your Mind At The Psych Center

I slipped into the Finley Snack bar like a coral snake through rice. I bought a bowl of pea soup and sat next to a girl with green teeth. I put my spoon into the stuff and came up with magic frogs. I looked up, past the green teeth, to see if anybody was watching. Rocking horses floated past the windows; Unicorns leaped across the tables chasing moths; and waves of cream cheese and caterpillars crashed at my feet — I knew I had to have my head examined.

I went to the City College Psychological center at 135th Street and Broadway, a two story gothic affair with greek columns below its massive roof and casts of eagles above its doors. On the way, I passed ruins of tenements where red eyelids gaped from black faces in charred doorways; and the streets reeked of orange peels and roach spray. A real nightmare.

I stood in the lobby of the center. There were red and yellow wagon wheels smeared on the walls along a climb of grey steps. Perhaps toothless loonies with bandages over their ears had gone wild with cans of paint. I walked up the stairs afraid that mysterious hands would jump from the walls and jerk out my adams apple.

The receptionist sat at her desk behind an iron rail. She was a solid looking woman with a short crop of grey hair, and lips coated with red gum. There was a pile of cigarette butts in her ash tray.

"Can I help you?" she asked.

I leaned over the rail and almost cracked a nut.

"Yes, I'd like to get involved in the psychological counseling," I said. I spoke softly. My voice cracked.

"Excuse me?" she said.

Fuck. I didn't want everybody to know what I was into. I come from a home where psychology is "for people with weak minds."

"I've come for psychological help," I said.

Maybe I didn't qualify. Did I have to gnaw on my leather bookbag, breakdown and cry? Or, perhaps the services were only for morons dressed in Bermuda shorts, purple socks and lamb skin coats? I didn't know.

Maybe this woman was a patient in therapy. Was her ankle chained to the iron rail, so she couldn't paint more wheels on the walls?

She fumbled through some papers and handed me an application.

I sat at a desk and scratched leaves of dandruff from my skull. I was confused by one of the questions on the application. It asked: "what difficulties or troubles led you to come to the psychological center?" I wasn't sure what to say. I'm here because I saw magic frogs in my soup? That response would probably get me bounced out the door like a beach

ball. Or into some heavy psychotherapy — shock treatments and thoroizin. So I gave what I thought was the best rational explanation for my presence: I suffered from gonorrhea of the mind. Strike that. I wrote: My career as a writer; my tendency to be dishonest with people; to fictionalize reality; to re-shape it the way I perceive it. And then I flipped the page and discovered this:

Recording Release

In consideration of the furtherance of the purpose, objectives and work of The Psychological Center, and in consideration of the services provided for the undersigned in the clinic of said Center, I, the undersigned, hereby grant permission to The Psychological Center, its offices, agents and employees, to record interviews on film or sound television.

I authorize the use of these recordings, in whole or in part, for such purposes as the Center may deem fitting and proper.

In granting such permission, I hereby relinquish any right, title and/or interest I may have to such recordings or to the use thereof and to any claims against The Psychological Center of the City College and its agents, servants, employees and students.

I was shocked. I immediately thought of the F.B.I. It's no secret that Hoover kept a file on The Observation Post. I didn't want to be monitored — surveilled like a turkey in a was bin. But I signed it anyhow. I wanted the counseling, I felt like I sold my ass. I was a piece of pork on a meathook in the window of a bodega. I was told to return in a week.

Monday, October 18: I sat on a foamy sofa that gave under my weight like the head of a mushroom. There were rows of brown doors and I felt like I was in a dark room at a fun house with 50 doors and I had to choose the one that led to the light, freedom. Beyond the doors, were cubicles with two chairs inside. Outside the doors were little red lights, like beads, that lit up when the room was occupied. Opposite the cubicles, was a red brick wall with windows and bars along the top. As a cloud passed across the face of the sun I watched the silhouette of bars sweep across the room and settle on a table with hideous thin plants, one or two brown leaves barely clinging to their stems. People moved in and out of rooms, their chins rested on their chests. A man peeked at me from around the corner at the far end of the room. Someone gave a primal scream. I looked over my shoulder. Nothing, but doors. I leaned back in my seat. Standing at my feet was a woman with a notebook folded in her arms: my counselor: Mrs. Levy.

She wore a denim skirt and a casual blouse that fitted her breasts like a fur glove on a golf ball. Her hair was chestnut, disco cut and fine. I was glad. I knew I had a woman, but I didn't expect a "mommy." However, this would complicate things temporarily. A friend had me all psyched up about women analysts after he told me this incredible story about how he fucked his counselor after weeks of talking about sexual frustrations. Could it be done? We sat, our knees barely touching. The door was locked. The red light gleamed outside.

"So how can I help you?" Levy said. She crossed her legs.

If she knew what I was thinking she wouldn't have said that. I laughed. The walls moved out from behind her head like the bud of a cotton plant in bloom.

"Like I wrote on the application, I have a tendency to fictionalize reality."

"Can you be more specific," she said.

This thing was more of feeling. I had no control over it. That cotton jumped onto my face. My jaw fell open and it slipped into my mouth, down the trachea into my stomach.

"It's hard to explain," I said. "Even as I sit here I get into these weird things."

I couldn't tell her that the possibility of rape leaped into my mind. I wanted to get down on the ole' in and out. I didn't think she could cope with it. What was I thinking!? Were the walls soundproof?

"Well what kinds of things?" she asked.

"Like the walls moving in and out."

"Does that happen often?"

"Only when I get excited."

I could see myself forcing her into the wall of cotton. Pushing my hands between her legs, licking her eyelids and laughing.

"How does it feel?" she said.

"Like my head is filled with hot sand."

I saw her pen jiggle across the face of her notebook like a seahorse.

"Why do you think you get like that?"

"I suppose it's because of drugs."

"What have you done?"

"Hell, I've done mescaline, T.H.C., Peyote, amyl nitrate, ups, downs, speed, hashish, opium, methadone, angel dust, gelba, Tick, glue and coke."

She wrote furiously in her book and shook her head. Somehow, I didn't think she believed I could do all that shit and live.

I also told her about the summer I lived in a zebra striped tee-pee at a commune on a mountain in New Paltz.

"Everybody walked around naked, dropped acid and fucked in the bushes. I was sixteen," I said. "I couldn't concentrate in high school because I had flashbacks that coated my eyes like wax."

"I was a wild dude," I said.

I explained how at 14 I hustled pool at night and my older brother would come and drag me home. I was part of a gang that got into things like painting themselves green and running through the streets swinging baseball bats. Or a little rape in the park. I recalled the

Turn to Page 2A



night a friend, Sucio, and I did this 12-year-old girl at a desolate lot next to the Major Deagan. I's been eating tuminals and drinking heavily. Sucio and I sat in the park and harassed people on their way home. Shouted shit like: your mother eats turtle dick, when this girl showed up. She'd been thrown out of her house for the night. I knew who she was. I'd heard she dug my buns. So I got her alone and asked her if she wanted to fuck. She agreed. But instead of fucking her, I got her naked and tossed her clothes onto the highway and whistled, bringing Sucio down on her with two other dudes. He grabbed her by the neck, slapped her and forced her to her



knees. She asked me for help but I shrugged my shoulders. I watched Sucio take out his cock. She sucked it, bleeding from the mouth, crying. I walked to a car and vomited on the windshield."

There was silence. I was afraid that Levy might look at me like I was some freak who trained roaches. I looked down at the floor. I could feel that cotton forcing its way up from the pit of my stomach.

"How do you feel now?" she asked.

There was no hint of outrage or disgust in her voice. I looked up.

"I was wondering what was going on in your head?" I said.

"Why? Is it important to you?"

"No," I said.

I lied. This psychology began to stir the hot sands bringing back things from the past I've spent years burying. I was scared. I wanted to stop thinking. I had visions of dead babies — my baby — dropping from vaginas spread wide by massive metal prongs. They danced in front of me like clouds of eggshells.

Monday, October 25: A wall of anvils capped black clouds, their ivory horns pointed downwind like bayonets. Planes flew close to the ground. Buses had their lights on. Old women wore rain hats. Policemen, red rain gear, and parents waited on the steps of public schools with umbrellas. I was very depressed. Since the last session my past came at me like paranna in a goldfish bowl: dead babies on roller coasters smiled at me from the back of buses and plates of eggs. I wanted to cry. Pull the hairs from my chest. Beat someone's head in with a six pack of Coke.



Levy began the session: "How do you feel?"

"Alright," I said. There was silence. I stared at her and she stared back. I wanted to talk. But I sensed that there was something cruel going on behind the eyes of this woman.

"What are you doing here?" she said.

I didn't know what the fuck was going on. The hairs on her legs began to move like worms in peat moss. Rain came splashing down, tapping at the building like pebbles dropped in a paper cup.

"You're from the newspaper aren't you?" she said.

That's odd. My application had all that background information filled out, unless I'd overlooked something.

"Why do you ask," I said.

"Because I read that slanderous article in OP that you wrote about the center," she said. "Are you doing some kind of investigative work? Is that why you're here? Are you writing something," she said.

She referred to a story, I presumed, that reported some time ago that there were students taking over the positions of professional counselors. Something happened, I believe, and someone claimed that certain facts were wrong or something like that. I didn't follow it too closely. And I wasn't in the mood for it now, because I didn't see

However, she clicked back into her role. She opened her notebook, held the tip of the pen over the page.

"Let's go on," she said, as smooth as strawberry wine.

I got to finally talk about my dead baby and the woman who had the abortion. How I wanted to be this piece of sacrificed meat to make up for the pain I knew I caused her. She had nightmares and fits of depression since the operation. She drank a lot; and she dropped out of college. Bad news.

"I get these weird guilt feelings," I said. "I could be walking down a street, at a party, or in bed fucking when I think of this girl, dead babies with crusted faces and scars... and I want to call her up and cry to her... say I'm sorry... do something that would wipe away the pain... But then, of course, I know that's impossible... So I try to forget. But I can't!! So I accept this as a form of punishment and when I'm feeling too good I bring it all back on myself intentionally."

"So how do you feel now?"

"Like shit. Fucked up."

I also told her that before the abortion I'd do sick things like threaten to tell this girl's friends and family that she was pregnant unless she agreed to do whatever I wanted: stay home on weekends; give me the keys to her ole' man's car; steal money from her moth-

a bear swimming under water. The secretary looked good. Her pancake makeup glossed her cheeks like pollen on a rose petal. Levy stood next to her.

"HiYa babe," I said to the secretary. Her gummy lips cracked into a smile.

"So how are you today?" Levy said, acknowledging my enthusiasm with a wink.

"Great! I've been drunk for three days. I sold a story to *The Times*."

"That's wonderful," she said. We walked to our cubicle. "So where shall we begin?"

Begin. Tin. Win. I didn't give a fuck. Today, the world was on wheels and I wanted to give it a push. My head was a hive, my brain the cones, and Levy the queen bee.

"I don't know," I said.

"How about your family? How did you grow up?"

Why not my family? For the most part, I've always tried to avoid thinking too deeply about them because, like in all families, there are things I chose to believe didn't exist. I was brought up on shows like *Leave it to Beaver* and *Donna Reed* — you know — bombarded with images of the ideal American family and that made it hard to look at my own.

"I was the nut of the house," I said. "I'd sit at the dinner table, twist my head in circles and coo like a pigeon. Koo-coo. I'd put kitchen knives to my chest and try to fall on them; I'd bang my head against the steel edge of my bed frame; stick a hundred needles into the head of my pet turtle; I'd poems to trees; put my tongue to the edge of a lake; piss onto my sister's dolls; soap my cousin's ass; spit into my brother's mouth; chop down apple trees; show French playing cards to my second grade class; play a violin... I wanted to be the disciple of the first Puerto Rican pope; a veterinarian; a lawyer; Jewish; and I believed that my father hated me because he thought my mother wanted me... I was bound and gagged by my brother as he raped my sister. But I've never told anybody."

"That must have hurt," Levy said.

She was wrong. It didn't hurt. Nothing I said about myself hurt. Counseling had helped me to objectify my past — my fears and pain — unearth my grandfather and see him for what he is — a heap of rotten bones that has nothing to do with my life now. And I could put him aside, out of my mind, along with everything else. I could jump up and down, and let my skin flap in the wind. I was free.

I recommend it.



I had visions of dead babies- my baby- dropping from vaginas spread wide by massive, metal prongs.

why I couldn't be both a patient and an observer. Surely, one article wasn't going to drag down the walls of the place splashing concrete and copper wiring on 135th Street.

"No," I said. "I can't tell you whether or not I'll write something, because I do what I want. I've always done what I want. I will continue to do what I want."

I had to be firm. If I let people tell me what to write I'd still be in basic writing turning out formula garbage to satisfy teachers. That just doesn't make it. Now I was more depressed than ever. Black nets hung between Levy and I. There seemed to be no room for honesty, because there was no trust. I was afraid I wouldn't get a chance to talk openly about my troubles — my brain would remain sheathed in lamb skin and porcupine quills.

er; and give head on command.

There was silence.))))))I didn't like that. I expected sympathy; forgiveness; or at least advice. I hoped this counseling would be cure-all. I waited for Levy to say something that would "fix" my troubles. But I was wrong. I got another appointment. I went home longing for hot silver to be poured into my ears. I screamed and sank my teeth into the side of a building.

Monday, November 1: I felt great. I sold an article to *The Times*. People shook my hand and told me what a great break it was. They yapped about how I would be at Esquire in another year. I bopped down Broadway like a prince with silver shoes. I saw wisps of circus clouds frozen in the sky like orange feathers on blue coral. People all around seemed to smile. I rushed into the center like

Observation Post Magazine Wants To Know: Who Are You?

We are looking for 700 words or less that reflect the diverse cultural backgrounds of City College Students. So if you are a student send us your autobiography. The deadline is Monday November 22, 1976. For more information call us at 690-8182, 690-8183, or come to our office at 336 Finley.

By Mira Morganstern

It is a truth universally acknowledged that Jane Austen liked to keep things tidy (this is clearly seen in her neatly balanced titles). It would be logical to assume that this division would be carried through in her novels, with the characters being polarized at either end of a moral spectrum. But this is precisely what does not happen in *Sense and Sensibility*. From the start, Jane Austen makes it quite clear that none of her characters possess any one of these seemingly antithetical qualities (sense and sensibility) to the total exclusion of the other, especially the widows.

Mrs. Dashwood, the first widow we meet in the story, for example, is presented to us as a person full of "tender love", giving herself "wholly up" to her sorrow. For Mrs. Dashwood, "sensibility" is a value to be cherished. This clearly shows in her relationship with her daughter. She encourages the intimacy between Edward (a beau) and Elinor not "from motives of interest", but because Edward "appeared to be amiable . . . he loved her daughter and . . . Elinor returned the partiality." And, yet, for all her warm feelings, Mrs. Dashwood is not blind. She is not lacking in common "sense." She is capable of meting out harsh judgment when it is deserved. Thus, she tells Edward, "You would be a happier man if you had a professional to engage your time."

Widows in Jane Austen's world are self-sufficient. Placed in a society where the emphasis is on marriage, the widows, occupy a curiously ambiguous social position. Because they have no husbands they find themselves on the fringe of social life. For, having once been married, they have attained a certain social standing, especially where there are sons and daughters, and even a certain measure of power, particularly if money is involved. They are not on the lookout for husbands, and they usually possess adequate financial means. By their very nature, they are destined to play an important role in the development of the novel.

We find, however, that Mrs. Dashwood's contribution to the actual movement of the plot is minimal. She is in fact absent for a good deal of the story. Except for supporting the Willoughby-Marianne affair early in the novel, and later on letting her daughters go off to London and subsequently blaming herself for their misfortunes, she does not make her presence much felt. At first glance, Mrs. Dashwood appears to be just a stabilizing factor in the family structure; a shadowy mother-figure remaining in the background.

In contrast to Mrs. Dashwood is Edward's mother, another widow, Mrs. Ferrars. Whereas Mrs. Dashwood is pleasant and even evokes our pity Mrs. Ferrars only offends. She is extremely active — perhaps too active — in trying to impose her will on other people and even on fate. From remarks made about her, it is evident that Mrs. Ferrars is somebody to be feared and obeyed: "What are Mrs. Ferrars' views for you at present, Edward?" asks Mrs. Dashwood at Barton cottage. Characteristically, only Mrs. John Dashwood has a good word for Mrs. Ferrars, and when we finally do meet her, she is the very incarnation, and more, of all we have been led to expect: . . . a little thin woman, upright, even to formality, in her figure, and serious, even to sourness, in her aspect. Her complexion was sallow, and her features small, without beauty, and naturally without expression; but a lucky contraction of the brow had rescued her countenance from the disgrace of insipidity, by giving it the strong character of pride and ill-nature. She was not a woman of many words; for unlike people in general, she proportioned them to the number of ideas — which were few. Throughout the book, she says a grand total of sixteen words.

Mira Morganstern's "Sensible Widows" won the David Markowitz Essay Award in the English Department "Writing Contest" last May.



On Sensible Widows

Sense and Sensibility
By Jane Austen

ds, all of them aimed at belittling Elinor, and emphasizing money and pedigree in making a good match. Her actions, which outnumber her words, all relate to the financial control of her sons, a fact which, given the economic basis of marriage, causes a good deal of action to take place through her. Thus, there is the disinheritation of Edward on account of his engagement to Lucy Steele, and his only partial reinstatement upon marrying Elinor. From her behavior, it is quite evident that Mrs. Ferrars represents an extreme of "sense" which is no less unacceptable than Mrs. Dashwood's "sensibility". But indeed, Jane Austen clearly shows that the kind of "sense" espoused by Mrs. Ferrars is devoid and destructive of all humanity.

Mrs. Jennings offers some important con-

ture a disappointment in love by a variety of sweetmeats and olives.

In a moment of a rare understanding, she promises to keep quiet about the affair with Willoughby, and predicts Marianne's eventual marriage to Colonel Brandon. Mrs. Jennings, curiously enough, has a rapport with young people. More than any other character, she shows herself to be flexible, willing to change her opinion, if necessary (for example, on the probability of Marianne's death). She also evinces sympathy for young lovers, and offers Edward a home if he should be disinherited. Mrs. Jennings takes life at face value — it is her misunderstanding of the situation that affords us a good deal of comedy — and is ready to laugh at it and at herself. In effect, Mrs. Jennings is a bundle of amusing contradictions. Both a romantic (especially when it concerns

Placed in a society where the emphasis is on marriage the widows occupy a curiously ambiguous social position

trasts to both Mrs. Dashwood and Mrs. Ferrars. When we first meet her, she refreshes, if only by her outspokenness: a good-humored, merry, fat, elderly woman, who talked a great deal, seemed very happy, and rather vulgar. She was full of jokes and laughter . . . and being a widow, "had now therefore nothing to do but to marry all the rest of the world." Mrs. Jennings' view of life is amusingly realistic: "You may abuse me as much as you please," she tells Mrs. Palmer. "You have taken Charlotte off my hands and cannot give her back again. So there I have the whip hand of you." Her salty sense of humor provides a fresh, albeit at times, tactless contrast to the insipidity of the Middletons of Barton Park. Yet, despite her questionable breeding, which can at times cause suffering, Mrs. Jennings is a kind-hearted person. It is she who offers Elinor and Marianne the undreamt-of opportunity of a season in London. Although she may twit Marianne on being lovesick for Willoughby, she shows her sincere, if misapplied compassion, when Marianne is jilted: She treated her, therefore, with all the indulgent fondness of a parent towards a favorite child on the last day of its holidays. Marianne was to have the best place by the fire, was to be tempted with every delicacy in the house . . . Elinor . . . could have been entertained by Mrs. Jennings' endeavours to

marriage) and a realist, her bluff exterior conceals a big, soft heart. A voluble person, she is also a woman of action, and reasonable action at that. Much of the crucial events of the novel take place through her. It is she who discovers the Miss Steeles, engineers Elinor's and Marianne's trip to London, and witnesses many of the important events of the story. Although it is easy to poke fun at her, Mrs. Jennings is in many ways one of the most believable figures in the novel.

We see then that the widows represent a wide spectrum of attitudes, beliefs, and personalities. Mrs. Jennings is the bridge between Mrs. Dashwood and Mrs. Ferrars. There is really very little that ideologically links the widows together. The unity of the widows is seen in that they activate the plot. Widows also function as representatives of marriage. Their impact is most deeply felt by their children. We see that, for the most part, analysis of the character of the widow serves to give an idea of what their marriages must have been like; and what their children's will be like.

The most eloquent testimony to the kind of marriage that Mr. and Mrs. Ferrars enjoyed lies in the fact that no mention is ever made of Mr. Ferrars — and one somehow gets the feeling that the same situation prevailed when this worthy gentleman was

still alive. If Edward is to serve as any measure of what his father once was like, it is clear that no serious obstacle was ever raised to Mrs. Ferrars' ruthless domination. Both her daughter and her daughter-in-law have profited well by her example: Mrs. John Dashwood is every bit as domineering as her mother, and it is evident that Lucy will soon gain the upper hand over Robert Ferrars (it is she who instigates the reconciliation).

Judging from Mrs. Jennings' character, it would seem that she had a more equitable marriage than the Ferrars did, one filled with humor and good will. Similarly, both of her daughters have established kinds of "give-and-take" in their marriages. It is a little more difficult to evaluate Elinor's and Marianne's marriages, for Jane Austen is rather short on the subject. Still, Mrs. Dashwood says she had a very happy marriage and there is no reason to suppose that those of her daughters would turn out to be any less satisfactory.

Although the collective role of the widows in the novel is an influential one, their different personalities play a great part in determining the content and impact of their individual actions. Thus, while the widows all serve as models of the married state, they present radically differing viewpoints on the nature of marriage. And while they all be considered as the "deus ex machina" of the plot, the spectrum runs from Mrs. Dashwood's passivity through Mrs. Jennings' rational activity to Mrs. Ferrars' machiavellism. However, although she is labelled as "passive", Mrs. Dashwood cannot be counted as a failure in the collective unity of the widows, for while she is not outwardly active, a good deal of psychological change takes place within her. Of all the widows, she is the one who develops. We meet her in the "violence of her afflictions"; we leave her "prudent enough to remain at the cottage without attempting a removal to Delaford." It is, in fact, this psychological change which proves to be the crucial element of the novel: a device to activate the plot.

Jane Austen with remarkable subtlety makes us look at the characters of the widows from the viewpoint of two absolutes ("sense" or "sensibility"), so that the characters themselves also tend to regard each other using these values. It is only at the very end of her visit in London that we understand that the worthiness in Mrs. Jennings is a quality that is beyond mere "sensibility." Together with Elinor and Marianne, we realize that Mrs. Jennings, for all her social guacherie, is a good person, with both social and familial interests. With all her silliness and faults, it is somehow she who copes best with life while still retaining her integrity. Could Jane Austen be holding up Mrs. Jennings of all people as a possible model? ■

Film Festival

Continued from Page 4A

Rather than becoming an assembly line turning out filmmakers, Withers said, the Institute's goal is to create an atmosphere of learning and experimentation where the students can gradually begin to perceive themselves as professional filmmakers.

Regular Festival Planned

The Institute's operating budget comes from a basic grant by Arnold Picker, the founder of the Institute, and that grant is matched by the College's Leonard Davis Center, with additional money coming from various alumni funds. A film about City College the Institute produced this summer will be shown to distinguished alumni in an effort to raise additional funds.

Plans for the future include branching out into animation films and an increase in the production of experimental films. Withers said, as well as a film festival every semester with which the Picker Film Institute eventually hopes to reach beyond the College community. ■

A Final Ramble Through Campaign '76

By Marc Lipitz

According to Lyndon LaRouche, the presidential candidate of the U.S. Labor Party, we now have only until the summer of 1977 to enjoy our national fruits before we are launched into a full-scale thermal nuclear war.

While the national mood following Jimmy Carter's election was not one of overjoyous celebration few shared LaRouche's unique evaluation of Carter's candidacy. Carter and the missus shed a tear or two and Miss Lillian announced her retirement to a favorite fishing hole, but just about everyone else turned a trifle better that Ford was out turned over and went back to sleep.

The prevailing consensus seems to be that election '76, as Madison Avenue has tagged it, was about as spellbinding as a couple of last place jai alai teams playing out their salary drive. But the excitement of any campaign season really depends as much on the favoring of the candidates, as on the fans—that's us. From the day, many cons ago, when Fred Harris wiped the fried chicken from his mouth and declared he would take his camper trailer on the back roads in search of the American electorate, this year produced as many highs as most.

Things got started when the New York Post revealed on Oct. 29th that Michael Scott Goldbaum, a Ford \$300 a day media expert in charge of producing man on the street commercials, was also a pornographic

filmmaker. To anyone familiar with the concept of subliminal advertising, the possibilities of what weird stuff has been exuding from our television sets is, to say the least, mindboggling.

The pinnacle of Ford's media blitz came on Monday night when a man appeared on the screen and asked the American public how, if they couldn't vote for Thomas Eagleton in 1972 because of his mental problems, could they possibly vote for Jimmy Carter who has had such obvious personal problems, alluding to his lustful heart and back breaking dental bills.

Then there was the scene at the Plains Baptist Church, in which a black man, who is not a Baptist, not a resident of Plains, has sought political office as a Republican, and has connections with the John Birch Society, made national headlines when he was denied access to Carter's church.

But the final weeks were probably most interesting because it was then that the networks were legally obliged to grant time to third party candidates. Since they address themselves to an exceedingly limited constituency, and their self professed rationale for taking on the main parties is to air their views, they were ble to hit at the nerve of issues, something missing from the repertoire of the Democrats and Republicans.

The equal time provision provided at least one excellent spectacle. It was two in the

morning and Peter Camejo, the Socialist Workers Party candidate, had just concluded a brief analysis of the state of America and the world in the latter stages of the industrial twentieth century with host Tom Snyder on NBC's "Tomorrow Show"; an interview he had to go to court to get. The picture then faded into a paid political announcement in which Ford is sitting among a group of grade schoolers, and a cute little blond-haired girl asks the President what he would deem to be his greatest achievement since entering the White House. Ford replies without blinking a lash that, the "healing of America's wounds." This juxtaposition of images probably said more about the state of America's political system than any civics text could hope to.

Eugene McCarthy, the leading third party candidate, was a victim of every law established to keep such vagabonds as Teddy Roosevelt, Henry Wallace and George Wallace off the ballot. He was bumped from New York on the eve of the election, out of fear that he would have snared enough to put the state in Ford's pocket.

As it turned out, however, it would have taken over 200,000 McCarthy votes, and he garnered only about 654, nationally. But McCarthy probably did cost Carter at least three states, making it close enough so that Ford almost snatched the electoral college, although he would have still lost the popular vote.

McCarthy strongly supports the electoral college, advocating its use as a tool to overhaul the entire election process. Under his proposal, small districts of voters tied with common interests would select electors who would then convene in a massive convention to pick the president.

Should the trend of third party candidates who share the spotlight with the two major parties continue, the present electoral college process, in which a winner must receive a majority of the 538 electoral votes, could cause elections to be tossed into the House of Representatives.

McCarthy, who complained bitterly that "it's easier to get married in Vermont than it is to sign a petition for an independent candidate," obviously irked the Carter people, who called him the spoiled kid on the block. But his sardonic wit and his efforts to forge a new consciousness in the electorate instilled a

much needed voice in the campaign.

Unfortunately, most of the publicity he received focused on his claims that he receives no publicity, or for that matter, federal funding. And his obnoxious style of dealing with newsmen often relegated interviews into debates over why they had failed to cover him. When McCarthy did manage to buy television time, it was obvious that he was not after the hard sell. His talks on the economy were something out of H & R Block ads and there's just something very, shall we say different, about a presidential candidate who clears a throatful of phlegm several times during a costly ad.

The Nobody for President Committee lacked a solid campaign, and their plan to drive a presidential limousine to a rally on Monday night, with nobody in it, failed to create even a minor traffic jam.

It's ironic that the first Southerner since the Civil War to ascend to the presidency, did so riding on a plurality of black votes from the Solid South.

Carter is a kind of by product of the sixties. The votes he received from blacks came as a result of the civil rights and voting acts of 1964 and 1965; acts that were vehemently opposed by Senators Stennis and Eastland of Mississippi. This year the two statesmen were major catalysts in bringing out the Carter vote in a state initially leaning toward Ford.

Carter quotes Dylan, wears hair that actually moves in the wind, is unafraid to be photographed in blue jeans or interviewed by the left wing media, and unabashedly takes part in sing-a-longs with such favorites as "Blowin' in the Wind" and "We Shall Overcome." The visual projection, if nothing else, is there. Kennedy provided protestors outside the White House with coffee. Will Carter bring out his guitar and sing with them?

The answers to the deep rooted problems of the nation and the world are not on the drawing boards, and probably will not be until other, more aggressive voices can be infused into our two party, corporate controlled, political system. But America has found itself a new President.

Now it's on to the transfer of power. I just hope Lyndon LaRouche is wrong about the summer of '77. I want to spend some time with Miss Lillian at that fishing hole.

Festival screens shorts by Student Filmmakers

By Mari Alpher

Stunt men auto-racing through lower Manhattan; a model taking a bath fully clothed; dismembered dolls waiting to be assembled... Variety was the trademark of a student film festival screened recently before a crowded audience in the Monkey's Paw.

The mini-festival, sponsored by students in the College's Picker Film Institute, consisted of eight short films ranging in style from documentary to experimental, which the students shot in 1975, during their first year in the Picker Institute's two-year program.

Harrowing Car Chase

The most ambitious of the films was Natali Larish's *Stunt*, a fast-paced documentary look at the unusual, extremely dangerous work of a stunt man. Larish's superbly edited 16mm color film, which won first prize in a recent CUNY film festival, included scenes of a harrowing car chase through lower Manhattan that stood out as the high point of the afternoon screening.

I Can Hear You All The Way Down The Hall, a witty film by Robert Gardner, added a touch of nostalgia to the festival, taking the audience back to its Junior High School days when the only way of surviving in the classroom was by playing pranks and trading insults. Also interesting was Valerie Petrak's *Marina's Room*, an unusual look into the subconscious of a dreamer.

The other films were *Bubblebath* (Jeff Wisotsky), *Untitled* (Millie Iatrou), *Transmagnification* *Damamuality* (Ronald Grey), *Diamonds of the Class* (Kaha Dija), and *Chemical Marriage*, an experimental color film by Robert Withers, the Co-Chairman of the Picker Film Institute.



Filmmakers Robert Withers, Millie Iatrou, Jeff Wisotsky, and Ronald Gray (l. to r.) in Monkey's Paw cafe after screening of Picker Film Festival.

No Controversial Material

"I expected students to be more daring," Withers said, commenting on the surprising absence of controversial political and sexual topics in the films shown. He said that the Institute in no way censors its students' films, but that perhaps budget limitations had forced the filmmakers to keep their projects rather simple.

The College provides film students with the basic equipment they need, including processing and editing facilities, but the students must cover additional expenses such as props, transportation, and lunches for the crew, out of their own pockets. This could result, Withers said, "in a tendency not to experiment."

'A Total Experience'

Although the films shown at the festival were short, ranging in length from 3 to 20 minutes, they each represented long hours of work. "Filmmaking is very time consuming," Withers explained. "It's a total experience that requires a huge commitment." He pointed out that students frequently worked into the early morning hours working on their films in the Institute's editing room on the third floor of Shepard Hall.

In their first year at the Picker Institute, Withers said, students undergo an intensive "bootcamp" in filmmaking technique which covers shooting, sound, editing, and film aesthetics. Withers teaches a second-year seminar together with the internationally known documentary filmmaker Don Pennebaker (*Monterey*) where instead of teaching "more techniques and tricks," they try to "respond to the ideas that people come up with... that are going to break some new ground for them or the rest of us."

Turn to Page 3A



Student address audience at forum.

Forum on Blacks Leaves Questions Unanswered

By MERYL GROSSMAN

At the close of the first forum on "The Black Condition at City College" a few weeks ago, there seemed to remain an unanswered question: What exact measures should be taken to achieve the unification of black students here?

That was the main issue stressed by all four speakers at the forum: the current problem of black student apathy and the need for an immediate unity of black students with black faculty members and workers.

However, among the relatively small audience of about 150 students there appeared to be a question of what exactly that change might be. While most students at the forum recognized that something had to be done about the current apathetic mood among black students, none were quite sure what measure should be taken to change that.

Cheryl Rudder, President of the Day Student Senate, reminded the audience that the present black student body had a responsibility to future black students to ensure and protect their rights and added that "as soon as we realize that responsibility, then we can begin to talk about change."

One of the speakers, Daniel Graham, a student at the College during the late 1960's, recalled the days of black student unity and questioned why black students today are reluctant to join forces as their predecessors did and speak out on issues directly affecting them. "Most people would rather have died than see tuition go through" he said.

In discussing the effects of the financial cutbacks made by the College in relation to the black student population, Rudder charged that "the administration made sure they fired people who showed an interest and was responsive to the students. The system had made no exceptions this time." She concluded, "this time we are cut to the bone. We allowed ourselves to be cut to the bone."

"It's good that they are having these forums, but I don't hear anyone talking about what we should do to build up this unity among ourselves," asserted Lynn Paterson, one of the students in the audience.

Kenneth Johnson, another student at the forum, said, "There have been suggestions made about forming committees and such, but I don't see anything concrete at least not yet. Maybe in the forums to come more people will show up and we can come up with some good ideas."

The forum was sponsored by the Black Studies Department, United Peoples, and the Day Student Senate.

Morale is Low Among Faculty; Workload Has Them Dejected

FACULTY, From Page 1

retires there may no longer be instruction in International Relations at the College. "This is especially hard on law students who need that course," he said, "but I'm the only one who teaches it and when I go, I don't know if they will be able to find a replacement."

"I feel fit to teach two more years," he remarked, "but not under these conditions."

'The Problem'

Prof. Joyce Gelb, also a member of the political science department, said that it was "inconceivable" that there would be no international relations courses, "but this is the problem." She said the department had also lost the only instructor who taught a course in statistics.

In all, 48 instructors were swept away in the wave of retrenchment last July. And even though student enrollment plummeted to 16,754 — down 18.2 per cent, the sharpest drop in College history — professors in many departments had to take on extra courses.

Schneider Loses Bid for House

Election Day brought no joy to Prof. Edward V. Schneider, the acting director of the Urban Legal Studies Program here, who lost his bid for a seat in the House of Representatives from the 17th Congressional District. Schneider was the Liberal Party candidate.

The political science professor lost to Rep. John Murphy (D), a seven term incumbent, in the November 2 election. Murphy received 86,000 votes. Schneider got nearly 8,000 votes, finishing fourth out of four candidates.

He said he was "not unhappy" with the results of the election, which showed him that he had gotten "new support." His conservative opponent received just a few more votes than he did, which wasn't bad, Schneider reasoned, considering that conservatives outnumber liberals in the district by 4 to 1.

—Rao

But the number of course offerings were reduced also, forcing a seven per cent increase in classroom size.

A professor of organic chemistry, Samuel H. Wilen, said that he has seen students sitting in aisles during lectures, because more classes could not be offered.

Prof. John Miller of the mathematics department, said he saw "significant overcrowding" in his classes.

Major Concern

Prof. Myer Fishman, who teaches bio-chemistry, said because of over-crowding, students are getting "less of a chance of getting good training" before going on to medical school or jobs in the field, and that this was a major concern among the chemistry faculty.

"I would say that morale is low because there seems to be no effort made to improve the situation [overcrowding]," said Fishman, "but the thinking is that we still want to take care of the students."

Because there are now 53 students in his history class, when last year there were about 40, Prof. Henry Grande said he asks "more rhetorical questions in class, which I answer myself." He said the overcrowding "eliminates discussion" and has "prevented the kind of dialogue that is traditional."

Many of the professors said that because classroom situations might have become less effective, they have urged their students to visit privately with them after class. But this sometimes does not work, they pointed out, because students often shy away from this approach.

No Time For Research

Several of the faculty members also expressed the opinion that because instructors were taking on a heavier load, they had less time to pursue their own academic goals.

"For many of the bright young faculty members," said Fishman, "it is important for them to do research and produce papers so that they may establish themselves. But they cannot complete their work now because of the heavy loads."

The extra work "doesn't do justice to the teacher, because it cuts in on time for research or writing books," said Herz. "None of my colleagues have time for that," he asserted.

"There's less time to work on the kinds of things that a political scientist does," Gelb remarked.

—Grossman

'Alienated' Faculty

She also pointed out that the increased workload had caused "bad feelings" among faculty members, who are now grappling with the question "of who will bear the most onerous burdens."

"The faculty is more alienated and there is less contact between colleagues because of the increased teaching loads," according to Prof. Lawrence Kaplan (History). "The faculty is very demoralized," he said. "They are not sure where the ax will fall next."

Faculty members said that "throughout the college" instructors were constantly searching for teaching jobs elsewhere, in an effort to escape the conditions here.

"A lot of people are looking for other jobs," said Gelb. "Unless you're bound to New York City somehow, that seems like the thing to do."

Senate Starts a Scholarship Plan

Even though the College said it could not provide "matching funds" for a proposed student financial aid scholarship program, the Student Senate allocated \$2,000 last week to establish the program on its own.

Hugh Lawrence, the Senate treasurer, said that although mid-term had passed, the Senate felt it should put aside the money so that next term it would grow to \$4,000.

The Senate had originally sought to begin a program where the Senate would have provided scholarship money for students in need of financial assistance, and the administration would have given matching funds. The Senate wanted the College to make available funds for the program from a reported \$92,000 surplus in the Finley Student Center account.

But College officials said they could not afford the matching funds, and denied that there was a \$92,000 surplus in the Finley account. Ann Rees, the Vice Provost for Student Affairs said that money was accumulated from defunct student organizations, and that some of it still belongs to these groups.

But she said that there was a question of how to spend the interest accumulated from those funds and felt students should decide how it would be done.

Charges Are Dropped in 1975 Sex Bias Case Against Philosophy Department

By JOE BERTUNA

The New York State Division of Human Rights has cleared the Philosophy Department from charges that its refusal to reappoint an adjunct instructor, Barrie Karp, last year was an act of sexism.

Ruling in the case October 26, the state found "no probable cause" to believe Karp's allegation that she was not re-hired because she had complained to City University officials of sexist attitudes within the department.

At that time, Prof. Kai D. Irani, (Chairman, Philosophy), rejected Karp's charge as "patently absurd." He said the non-reappointment had been mandated by a then newly-established College policy limiting graduate students to five years employment in the Philosophy department.

Karp, then a graduate student, had been employed in the department for five and a half years at the time of the decision.

This September, Karp was hired by Brooklyn College as an adjunct lecturer. Following her release from the College she said, she worked as a waitress, and incurred various medical and legal expenses.

Because of those and other expenses, she said, she is "living in poverty and greatly in debt," and thus could not afford to appeal the State's ruling.

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Jazz Notes

ECM Stages Concert

FREDERIC SEAMAN

Expectations had run high at the ECM/Polydor concert held recently at the acoustically improved Avery Fisher Hall. But, largely due to scheduling problems, the concert, which featured this prestigious Europe-based jazz label's top recording artists, turned into a rather frustrating affair for the 2/3 full house.



Ralph Towner (top) and John Abercrombie

Things got under way after a 20-minute delay with a duet between two of today's most influential guitarists, Ralph Towner and John Abercrombie, who played with, against and around each other, Towner strumming abstract phrases on acoustic guitar, while Abercrombie preferred subtle, wailing effects on electric guitar. Colin Walcott, Towner's colleague from the group Oregon, later joined in on tabla and sitar, and the trio ended the set with a stirring rendition of Abercrombie's "Timeless."

Next on the program was Eberhard Weber, the virtuoso German bassist who plays a remarkable upright electric bass of his own design. Weber, who was accompanied by an all-star group consisting of expatriate American reedman Charlie Mariano, German keyboardist Rainer Bruninghaus and Norwegian drummer Jon Christensen, has recorded impressive works in orchestral settings, but his music, with its emphasis on sophisticated composition, suffers in a small group context. Weber fared somewhat better when he joined the Gary Burton Quartet for a performance of his best-known piece, "The Colors of Chloe."

One of the pleasant surprises of the evening was Gary Burton's superb new guitarist, Pat Metheny, a promising soloist and composer who already has an album out under his own name.

The undisputed high point of the concert, however, turned out to be surprise guest Keith Jarrett, who performed a riveting 20-minute piano solo brimming with adventurous improvisation and sheer musical stamina.

The closing set belonged to one of today's most interesting jazz rock outfits, drummer Jack DeJohnette's Directions, featuring Abercrombie. Unfortunately, DeJohnette had to leave the stage after a mere 15 minutes of playing, because the concert had run into overtime. Altogether absent from the bill was pianist Steve Kuhn's Ecstasy, a fine new group that would have deserved the exposure.

A unique jazz film festival is being presented by the New York Jazz Museum (236 W. 55th St.) Tuesdays from 7:30 to 9:00 PM, through Dec. 14.

On Tues., Nov. 16 they will show rare films of Bessie Smith and the James P. Johnson Orchestra (1929); the Cootie Williams Orchestra (1944); and films of smaller groups featuring Ben Webster, Jo Jones, Hank Jones, Ahmad Jamal (1959), and Jimmy McPartland with Willie "the Lion" Smith (1954). Admission to the film program is \$4.

The museum's present exhibit is devoted to the jazz trumpet, and free concerts are presented every Friday at noon. For more information call 765-2150.

Juices of Adonis

Frank's Popsicle Toes

By LEO SACKS

Michael Franks had just returned from Brazil following a month of recording for his forthcoming *Lost in Rio* lp. He had set down four tracks with several Brazilian musicians to serve on his new album; weeks earlier he polished another four with Crusaders' Joe Sample, Wilton Felder and Larry Carlton, the trio's second collaboration with the handsomely-featured Angeleno. At 32, Franks has yet to become a household name among contemporary singer-songwriters, but he doesn't mind waiting the chance "to go overground."

A native of La Jolla, California ("a little town near San Diego composed mostly of retired admirals and tennis players"), Franks was in town for a two night engagement with the Mark-Almond band at the Bottom Line. In person, he is exactly the sort of person you might expect to step from the cover photo on his *Art of Tea* lp — mannered and personable, with wavy brown hair, dark Campus sweater, jeans and loafers. Or, in the words of my lady-friend, "a normal, well-adjusted human being. Also cute."



"I wanted to do something different for this record," he had said earlier in the day in his record company's midtown offices, "and I really don't think Brazilian music had been fully explored with the Bossa Nova craze. I've always had an interest in Brazilian/Pan American feelings, like Antonio Jobim's and Joao Gilberto's. A couple of tunes on the last album had the flavor of the samba, and I thought I'd devote a little more room to it on *Rio*." He described some of that new music as "very

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'The Front' examines blacklist in tragic-comic look at the '50's

By MARC LIPITZ

Dalton Trumbo once remarked that there were no real heroes during the McCarthy era — only victims. The hero and villain character is a part of us all, though we do our best to avoid admitting that the potential for horror is there. It is what makes all war possible. It is what made Nazi Germany possible, and what made McCarthyism possible.

This concept is the thread which weaves together "The Front," a black comedy about the widespread blacklisting in the entertainment world during the fifties.

Harold Prince (played by Woody Allen in his first quasi-dramatic role) is the "front," a small-time bookie and restaurant cashier who agrees to sell television scripts of blacklisted writers under his own name.

He instantly becomes the toast of the town, moves from his dingy room to a spacious apartment, and captures the heart of that woman who would have been so unattainable in the past. Of course before long, he too, falls victim to the long arm of the House Un-American Activities Committee in their fanatical hunt for famous names to gun down.

The use of fronts for blacklisted writers was a common practice during the fifties. Television network producers were often well aware that they were buying scripts from stand-ins, and although they usually didn't give a damn about the political sympathies of the writers, they followed the guidelines set down by others. The



Woody Allen (r.) portrays Harold Prince a small-time bookie who agrees to sell television scripts for his blacklisted writer friend Alfred Miller (Michael Murphy, l.) in *The Front*.

charade also turned out to be profitable for the networks, since it allowed them to buy scripts through intermediaries at bargain rates.

In this film, however, the network people never realize that Howard Prince is a front, and that is where the role is obviously flawed. Director Martin Ritt and writer Walter Bernstein's assumption that a character so naive as to think he can get a friend off the blacklist by hiring some thugs to "break a few legs," can also manage to pull off such a grandiose con-game, is a nagging inconsistency which causes the film to lose some of its forcefulness.

Another dubious role is that of Hennessy, a former FBI agent employed by the networks to spy on their employees. He is such a

caricature that one almost expects dark clouds to appear with cello music in the background each time Hennessy enters the screen, making it all too easy to forget that the power he represents is far from dormant.

Zero Mostel, on the other hand, has the right comic pathos as Hecky Brown, a well-known television comedian who is bumped from the tube for having once participated in a May Day parade, and subscribed to a Marxist paper. He is the most tangible victim the film has to offer. With a family to support, and the once lucrative mountain-resort circuit drying up, Brown is faced with a choice of fighting his attackers and risking almost certain personal ruin, or surviving by ratting on others.

(Continued on Page 7)

'Colored Girls' a moving drama

"How many of you know at least five happy Black couples?" asked Dr. Francis Whelsing, a psychologist formerly at the Howard University Medical School, of a predominantly Black audience in Hunter College auditorium last fall. Hardly anyone in the audience raised their hand. A friend of mine was about to raise hers, claiming that she knew of one such couple, but then remembered that even they were not really happy.

The response to the question posed by Dr. Whelsing lucidly indicates the condition of many Black male-female relationships, and now Ntozake Shange, author of "For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide / When the Rainbow Is Enuf," has, along with producer Joseph Papp, brought to Broadway a powerful and moving manifestation of the Black man-Black woman experience.

The play evaluates and criticizes the condition of love relationships between Black men and women through a colorful combination of poetry, dance and flawless acting by seven "sisters" who share their stories of ill-fated love with one another. They display their emotions freely, and, more importantly, cry out their pleading message to the Black man. In essence, the message is for Black men to start respecting and loving their women and also to become more open in giving and receiving love.

"For Colored Girls..." is per-



Trazana Beverly is a formidable performer in "For Colored Girls..." a moving play written by Ntozake Shange.

formed by seven women, each wearing one of the colors found in the rainbow, except for one who wears brown — probably signifying the Black woman. They all have one thing in common: they have been hurt in one way or another by a man, and seemingly join forces in a verbal attack on men who treat women in a cold, indifferent manner.

As the play progresses, the attack becomes increasingly bitter; but I must admit, even though I viewed the play through a Black man's perspective, every situation the women portrayed about how some of us treat them was true. Recitals such as "Sorry," where each "sister" tells her version of what type of sorry excuse she's heard most often, and "I Latent Rapist," the story of the one night "wham, bam,

thank you ma'am" affair are some of the fire and brimstone poems performed by Shange's girls.

Make no mistake about it. "For Colored Girls..." is not a mere lashing out against Black men and should not be labeled as "Anti-brother," as it has by some of my acquaintances. The production is as diverse as the colors of a rainbow, and the audience gets an equal dose of comedy and tragedy without the message ever being lost.

In any production, there is usually one performer who overshadows the rest of the cast, and in this case her name is Trazana Beverly. Watching Trazana act is like watching a top comedienne one moment, and a veteran dramatist the next. Her performance is as formidable as her physical appearance.

The rainbow perfectly symbolizes the theme of the play. Ntozake's masterful script shares with us yellow tales of happiness of a young girl growing up; orange tales of a warm and secure love so badly desired; angry red tales of a love that was "... thrown back in my face..."; blue tales of heart-break; and purple tales of spiritual death.

I was informed that much of what is presented in the play are true-to-life experiences of the playwright, Ntozake Shange, who contemplated suicide after two unsuccessful affairs. It makes one wonder how many other Ntozakes there are.

—Lidji Lewis

Jazz Orchestra in top form

By FREDERIC SEAMAN

The College's Jazz Orchestra, conducted by Ed Summerlin, last month performed their most successful concert in recent memory before an appreciative audience in the Shepard Great Hall. The afternoon concert included solos by Summerlin, who played saxophone, and pianist John Lewis, the world renowned founder of the Modern Jazz Quartet who now teaches here.

The first high point of the afternoon concert was a convincing performance of a classic Miles Davis/Gil Evans piece, "The Maids of Cadiz," which featured an authoritative fluegelhorn solo by Keith Swindell. Stepping back several decades the band then launched into a swinging Basie tune, "You Gotta Try," followed by Bennie Golson's "Portrait of Coleman Hawkins," on which Summerlin turned over the conducting chores to John Lewis, while he himself played tenor saxophone. Summerlin's spirited blowing demonstrated that this 46-year old composer and head of the Music Department's jazz program has by no means banished his horn to the closet.

The musical intensity was raised even higher when John Lewis took over the piano during the slow blues ballad that followed, and crafted an exhilarating solo that had the audience roaring with delight.

Tom Grund and Ed Covy, playing tenor and alto sax respectively, also contributed strong,

swinging solos.

Summerlin then introduced a composition of his own titled "1961," an infectious uptempo piece full of surprising breaks, and solo and unison interludes showcasing the various sections of the band. The featured musician here was John Adams, a 24-year old senior who filled his solo space with a free-styled improvisation on electric piano.

The pace slowed down considerably as Alison Stewart joined the band to sing a slow, sensuous ballad, "Meaning of the Blues." Ms. Stewart, whose voice was particularly effective in the upper register, was backed unobtrusively by the band playing with controlled intensity in the background.

Throughout most of the concert Alan Nussbaum and Paris Wright (who recently toured Europe with Theolonious Monk) alternated on drums, each providing solid backing in the rhythm section.

A Busy Season

A busy season lies ahead of the jazz orchestra. Among other things, they will be rehearsing rare,

original arrangements of the legendary bands of Jimmie Lunceford and Fletcher Henderson, which Lewis recently acquired.

At their next concert, on Nov. 18, the jazz band will be expanded to a full studio orchestra including strings, and they will accompany several vocalists who are studying with the highly regarded team of jazz singer Sheila Jordan and pianist John Knapp at the College. At a recent concert featuring nine of her students, Ms. Jordan said she planned to have her class sing a Charlie Parker solo in unison, which should prove to be quite a musical event.

The major concert of this season, however, will undoubtedly be the Saturday, Nov. 20 Town Hall fundraising extravaganza with the City College Symphony Orchestra. The program for that concert includes a piece composed by John Lewis, "In Dubrovnik Style," which will be performed by a jazz quartet consisting of Lewis and Summerlin, plus bassist Richard Davis and drummer Mel Lewis, backed by the entire City Symphony.



John Lewis(l.) conducting the college's jazz band as Ed Summerlin (r.) plays saxophone

Guest bards read rhymes at Noon Poetry Series

I hate Wednesdays. I particularly hate Wednesdays 12:00 Noon. The reason I hate Wednesdays at 12:00 is that they are like half-eaten, foot-long Greek heroes. If you've ever eaten six inches of a twelve-inch Greek hero before, chances are your feelings at that point of the sandwich were something like: "Oh, no! six more inches of hell!" Wednesdays are like that.

Just when you're beginning to feel like you've had about enough crap for the week, you look at the calendar and realize it's only Wednesday — two-and-a-half more days left to go.

But there is hope.

The College's Finley Program Agency is doing something to make Wednesdays at 12:00 almost as good as Fridays. Each week FPA's Poetry Committee invites a different guest poet to read at their Noon Poetry Series up in room 330 Finley.

It's a great place to chew on your lunch, neck with your lover or practice joint rolling while exposing yourself to some free cultural stimulation.

With support from the English Department, FPA has been presenting these poetry readings for years now, featuring poets who teach at the College, as well as other ones from across the country.

Poetry and Baseball

William Packard, the editor of *New York Quarterly* magazine was the guest poet on Oct. 20. Packard, who participates in these readings every year, lacks the misty eyes and grey tweed so often identified with poets of true voice, but I'm sure he managed to convince the freshmen in the audience of his authenticity with his stepped-on jacket and disheveled hair.

Packard talked more than he read poetry, but it was a damn interesting hour all the same. To begin with, he expressed his dismay over the Yanks' loss to Cincinnati in World Series game no. 3 the night before. An unusual topic to bring up at a poetry reading, no doubt, but baseball dominated both Packard's conversation and poetry.

Besides some translations from French and a few other poems, Packard read two sections from his book, *Ty Cobb*. Cobb, of course, was one of the country's greatest baseball players. He played with the Detroit Tigers in the early 1900s, and set records in just about everything but touch-downs.

Packard's intense portrait of this great athlete, coupled with his wry

wit ("There are two things you never ask the source of — Theology and sausage") made 12:00 Wednesday almost as good as Friday.

Bards and Rhymes

On Nov. 10, Jayne Cortez will be the guest poet, and June Jordan will read on the following Wednesday, Nov. 17. And, as FPA points out in their yellow brochure distributed around campus, you can also "try out some of your stuff or revel in the rhymes of your favorite bard." (Bard, for you non-Engl. majors, is a nifty way of saying poet).

If you are interested in participating in the next student reading to be held Dec. 3rd, bring your material to FPA's Michael Forwell, who is in charge of organizing the Noon Poetry Series. (FPA is located in room 151 Finley).

F. Reinhardt Brumby

Ramones don't wanna grow up

By PAUL DABALSA

1! 2! 3! 4! You're a loudmouth baby / You better shut it up / I'm gonna beat you up / 'Cause you're a loudmouth babe!

There's an unshakeable aggressiveness that characterizes The Ramones' special brand of excitement. Here's a band that holds back no punches and comes right at ya with a rock 'n' roll attack that burns from start to finish. They are the most explosive of the new wave of underground bands, and a living testimony of what this music form is all about.

POPOP

Just as The New York Dolls, Kiss, The Dictators, and Patti Smith — the original underground bands to win vinyl rights — were instrumental throughout the early period of this type of rock, The Ramones are the forerunners of a second generation of rockers.

Seven months ago they became the first New York band to record an album as a result of the enormous exposure and support accorded to underground rock by the New York press. The *1p* triumphantly captures the band's back-to-basics approach, and along with several other releases this year (The Modern Lovers, Dr. Feelgood, and Rod Stewart) has helped re-ignite the old spark of rock 'n' roll in '76.

The Ramones are presently in the studio working on a second album. Songs to be included are "California Sun", "Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment", "Susy is a Headbanger", "Baby sitter", "You're Gonna Kill That Girl", "Glad To See You Go", and "Oh, I Love You So". By Thanksgiving, they will have finished the album and will be touring once again.

A friend of mine attacks The Ramones precisely because their sound signals a return to the rudiments. He prefers to think that rock has "grown up." Indeed, we all like to think that rock has matured to some degree since the days it was conceptualized as a loud, blurring music. Otherwise, the enjoyment that could be derived from this music today would be rather limited.

However, underneath all the new-found sophistication there will probably always exist a restless adolescent looking to rock hard and fast. The Ramones satisfy this urge.

Their kick-ass attitude toward rock 'n' roll and their electrifying live shows are the two main elements which have moved them to the top of their class. The Ramones' greatest strength, perhaps, is their ability to annihilate an audience in twenty-five minutes — the average length of one of their sets. Whereas

most performing bands are prone to lengthy shows which generate excitement only intermittently, The Ramones work specifically with these prime minutes, and are thus able to offer a live act that's a succession of high points. In a Ramones set there simply isn't time for low points.

As an aggressive, hard-rocking New York band, The Ramones are similar to the original New York Dolls. But whereas The Dolls seemed to be sincerely committed to the rock 'n' roll tradition, The Ramones may only be exploiting their limitations, which is not to say that they are insignificant. In fact, at a period of time when rock artists come on slicker than ever, aiming constantly for the top of the charts, The Ramones' raw contribution to the genre is essential.

They may never establish a meaningful following outside of the metropolitan area and this might ultimately keep them honest.



The Ramones: Johnny, Tommy, Joey, and DeeDee—The most explosive of the new wave of underground bands

'The Front'

(Continued from Page 6)

Also deserving of mention is Herschel Bernardi, who gives a convincing, low-key performance as a television producer who is "merely following orders."

Mostel, Bernardi, Bernstein and Riit, incidentally, were all actual victims of the blacklist, a fact which is pointed out in the final roll of credits.

The film, which tackles its subject from the so-called "revisionist" corner by sharply scrutinizing the Roy Cohn/HUAC mentality, has touched off a wave of debates on the true meaning of the McCarthy period. However, the real significance of "The Front" is not that it shows how an entire nation could be strangled by its own fear, but rather its vivid depiction of how those fears ripped into the lives of individuals.

The film ultimately succeeds in making a strong statement because its creators are able to treat their essentially tragic story as a comedy.

Thus, in much the same way as "Dr. Strangelove" said so much more about the horrors of the nuclear age than the dour "Fail Safe," "The Front" says so much more about the horrors in ourselves, and despite its occasional unevenness, stands as the best attempt yet to illustrate that tragic era of the fifties when the better Communist-baiter was considered the better patriot.

's Happening What's Happening

Compiled by Frederic von Seaman

FPA Films

'Coonskin' (12 & 4 p.m.), plus 'Cooley High' (2 & 6 p.m.) Finley Grand Ballroom.

Novelist Series

Author Harold Brodkey will speak on Tue., Nov. 16, 3 p.m. in Room 325 Finley. Sponsored by FPA.

Women's Health

A panel discussion on the changes in the health care status of women titled, *The New Role of Women as Patients and Practitioners* will be held on Tues., Nov. 16, 2-4 p.m. in Rm. 117 Science & Phys. Ed. Bldg. Sponsored by Women's Studies and the Program in Health, Medicine and Society.

Documentary Film

'Incarnation,' a documentary film by Rose Lacretta, tracing the African cultural carryover in Brazil, will be shown on Wed., Nov. 17, 6-7 p.m. in Rm. 306 Shepard. Sponsored by the Anthropology Department.

Poetry Series

June Jordan will read her poetry on Wed., Nov. 17 in Rm. 330 Finley. Sponsored by the Finley Program Agency. If you would like to participate in a student Poetry Reading scheduled for Dec. 1, contact Michael Forman in Rm. 151 Finley (FPA).

Jazz Concert

The Don Carter Trio will appear in the Monkey's Paw cafe (Finley basement) on Wed., Nov. 17, 1-3 p.m.



'Students in a scene from *'Bogey,'* a play directed by Israel Hicks based on Peter Weiss' *'Song of the Lusitania Bogey.'* The Leonard Davis Center Production was staged last week in the Shepard Great Hall.

Jazz Concert

The College's Jazz Orchestra will hold a concert on Thurs., Nov. 18 in the Shepard Great Hall. The Jazz Band, conducted by Ed Summerlin, will be expanded to a full-sized studio orchestra. Also playing will be a smaller band made up of students in John Lewis' jazz improvisation classes, and singers from Sheilla Jordan and John Knapp's vocal workshop.

Forum Opposing Skills Test

United Peoples is sponsoring a forum on a proposed "Junior Skills Test" all students would be required to pass upon completion of their sophomore year. Thurs., Nov. 18, 3-6 p.m. in Rm. 330 Finley.

WCCR Fashion Show

WCCR, the College's radio station, is looking for male and female models to appear in a fashion show. Auditions will be held Tue., Nov. 16 and Thurs., Nov. 18, 12-2 p.m. in Rm. 4th Finley. For more information call 926-3300.

Rock Concert

The Caribbean Students Association will present a concert/Disco Dance featuring the Monyaka Band, Fri., Nov. 19, 4-12 p.m. in Finley's Bittenweiser Lounge. Admission is \$1.99.

City Symphony Tickets

Tickets for the Nov. 20 Town Hall concert featuring the City College Symphony Orchestra are now on sale. Student prices begin at \$2.50, and tickets may be purchased from Dr. Jablonsky in Rm. 314A Shepard Hall.

'Mao's Heirs

The Spartacist League will hold a forum titled *Mao's Heirs at Each Other's Throats* on Sun., Nov. 21, 2 p.m. at the Universalist Church of N.Y. — Beaumont Hall (4 W. 76 St.).

Volunteer Tutors Needed

The City College YMCA needs volunteer tutors to work with 8-12 year old children from the community. Please contact William Burnes at 826-2828, or stop by Rm. 144 Goldmark.

Counseling for Women

CCNY's Women's Center offers free rape and abortion counseling for women. Come to Rm. 421 Finley, or call 690-8153.

Women's Gymnastic Team

All CCNY women are invited to join the newly formed Gymnastic Team. Workouts are in Goethals Gym Mon., Wed., and Fri. after 4 p.m., and Th. 12-2.

Sci-Fi Group

Interested in Science Fiction? Join the House Plan S.F. interest group. First Meeting: Thursday, Oct. 21, 12 noon in Rm. 118 Wagner Hall.

'Tramps' & 'Double Exposure'

A concert featuring 'The Tramps' and 'Double Exposure' will be held on Fri., Dec. 10 in Mahoney Gym. Tickets are on sale in Rm. 152 Finley. Presented by WCCR and the Student Senate Concert Committee.

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Frank's Popsicle Toes

(Continued from Page 6)

unlike Brazilian music, actually, but it's played by Brazilian musicians and was recorded in Brazil which," he reasons, "seems to make all the difference."

Lost in Rio marks his second outing with the Crusaders, kings of LA's jazz muse. Looking back on *Tea* almost a year after its release, Franks realizes that "getting to work with the Crusaders proved the great leap forward for me. They helped me get the style I wanted, and once we got into the studio, I started to feel that maybe my style wasn't that off-the-wall after all. But," he hesitates, "I'm still not sure of that."

He notes that his songwriting comes from the inspiration of artists like Mose Allison, Horace Silver and Cole Porter — "people into a style. I think of myself as a writer, and for *Art of Tea* I wanted an album that I would write for myself to sing. I knew the Crusaders would be perfect for it; I was just surprised I got them."

And his writing undoubtedly makes people sit up and take notice. To keep with his growing fame, singer Mel Torme had expressed an interest in recording Michael's work, while the Manhattan Transfer have recorded his "Popsicle Toes" on their new album. Herein is a sneak from his "Eggplant" song: "Whenever I explore the land of Yin/I always take one on the chin/And now this lioness has almost made me tame./I can't pronounce her name/But eggplant is her game." And from "Popsicle Toes," a single pulled from *Tea*: "You must have been Miss Pennsylvania/With all this pulchritude./How come you always load your Pentax/When I'm in the nude?/We ought to have a birthday party/And you can wear your birthday clothes./Then we can hit the floor and go explore those Popsicle Toes."

Our discussion drifting towards scoring documentaries — Franks having composed for *Count Your Bullets* and *Zandy's Bride* — Michael told me of his research on the Hopi Indians and his interest in the possibility of writing music for a documentary on the tribe. "At one point, the Hopis were to the Southwest what the Mayans were to the Chichen Itza and the Incas were to Machu Picchu. Their music is fascinating. Most of the American Indian music is a nod — hardly any melody — but the Hopis were very much into the flute, and my mind races when I think of getting musicians like Wilton and Joe — and a percussionist and recording some of their stuff with little, if any, change. *W h e w*..."

"So if you know anybody," he motioned, "I'm available."