



Photo by Mari Alpher

Day Student Senate President Cheryl Rudder.

## Computer in Works For a Safer Campus

By MERYL GROSSMAN

A computerized system, that would detect and analyze crime on the campus, pointing out the most unsafe areas, is currently in the works, according to security officials.

The computer will determine where the concentration of crime at the college is located, including what buildings and specific floors are the most dangerous.

"We want to establish a computerized system of reporting crime," asserted Prof. Walter Bailey (Sociology), a noted criminologist working with security officials on the new program.

According to Bailey, who is chairman of the College Security Sub Committee on Public Relations, the use of the computer will alleviate the bulk of paperwork normally handled by the security office and will enable it to use more guards to patrol duty.

Albert Dandridge, Director of Security, said that through results obtained from the computer the security force will be able to determine the specific number of security guards needed in patrolling a single area on campus.

In an interview this week, Prof. Bailey also explained the desire to meet with the College's student newspaper editors to discuss a means of informing students about security precautions and regulations.

He noted that a new security number had been set up (690-6911).

Such attempts to inform and educate students about personal precaution against crime have, for

See SECURITY, Page 2

## Senate to Begin Hearings On The Campus Tonight

*Newspaper Will Send Representatives in its Defense; Senate Apologizes for Violating Due Process Rights*

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

The Student Senate apologized to The Campus last week for violating the newspaper's rights to due process, and is starting once again, at a hearing tonight, the procedure that may lead to the legal shutdown of the 69-year-old weekly.

Editors of The Campus said they would send representatives to the hearing to defend the newspaper against charges leveled by the Senate. The paper had refused to do so at two previous hearings because the Senate voted a temporary suspension before inviting the editors.

That move was in direct violation of Board of Higher Education by-laws, according to a ruling made by President Marshak last Thursday,

in which he reversed the Senate's 13-0-0 vote to suspend The Campus.

After many letters were exchanged between the administration and the Senate in a two week period, the students conceded Friday that they had violated The Campus' right to a fair hearing and announced that they would begin the process again tonight.

The Senate dropped the charge of "distorting the truth" on Friday keeping the other charges intact. They were:

- That The Campus had switched printing contracts in the middle of this term without notifying the senate.

- That The Campus had been printing advertisements for alcoholic beverages and medical services without first getting the

permission of the President.

- That The Campus illegally used much of this term's \$5,300 allocation to pay past printer's debts, leaving them with only \$486 in their account with four issues this term to pay for and at least one more planned.

It was the last charge of fiscal irresponsibility which was the cornerstone of the Senate's reasoning for their vote on Dec. 1 to suspend The Campus. The Senate had acted on a recommendation by its committee on publications which found The Campus guilty of five charges, including distorting the truth and fiscal irresponsibility.

Hugh Lawrence, the Senate treasurer, said the Senate had been fearful that lawsuits may be brought against it if The Campus did not pay its bills. The Senate had



President Marshak, who reversed the Senate's decision.

suspended the newspaper so that it could use next term's allocation to pay past Campus debts.

The Senate believes that because it allocates student fees to the newspapers it is their ultimate publisher.

The Editor-in-Chief of The Campus, Dale Brichta, a 20-year-old senior, countered the Senate's charge of "fiscal irresponsibility" saying her newspaper was "in the black." She said that advertising revenue would give them the money to pay for outstanding issues.

Brichta said in an interview that the newspaper had violated some College regulations regarding ad-

See CAMPUS, Page 2

## Department Elections Cancelled

By EDNER-PIERRE LOUIS and JOSEPH L. LAURIA

Although student apathy in elections for Departmental Executive Committees is nothing new, for the first time since 1973 when students were first allowed to be elected, student disinterest has been so widespread that the Vice Provost for Student Affairs had to cancel the elections.

Ann Rees, the Vice Provost, said last month that rather than try to hold elections this late in the term, she would concentrate her efforts on having a successful campaign in the spring.

Thus, the Executive Committees for this term have been run the way they were before 1973 — with no student input.

"Although their input is not essential, I think it was a positive thing to have students on the committees," said Prof. Jonah Mann (Math.), chairman of the executive committee in the Mathematics Department.

Although the committees were able to operate without students this term since "we carried on many years without students," he would like their input again because it was "helpful."

Other chairmen of executive committees agreed, in interviews this week, that they welcomed student members but that student apathy had been too prevalent.

Almost immediately after students won their long struggle for a voice in Executive Committee decisions in 1973, apathy began to plague the election process.

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



Photo by John Malabes

Ann Rees

have the tolerance for meetings that adults do," she added. "And the students feel that the decisions that they make don't really affect their lives."

Executive Committees, omnipotent panels in every College department, program, institute and center, have a major say in the hiring and firing of faculty member, as well as in determining curricular and budgetary policies. Some of its powers, though, have been eroded under retrenchment.

Late in 1973, the College, in an unprecedented move, decided to permit students to sit either on the actual Executive Committees or on special advisory panels to the committee.

Elections began and dragged on with one delay after another because of administrative blunders, red tape, and student apathy, and finally seated some students on the committees. This process, over the last three years, proved to be the rule rather than the exception.

## New 70's Art Wanted for Finley

By MERYL GROSSMAN

Plans to remove the peace mural, which has adorned the front of the Finley Student Center for the past seven years, are being weighed by two student groups, the Finley Program Agency and the Architectural Society.

Suggestions from students concerning the fate of the mural and ideas for replacing it with another one are being sought by both organizations. FPA plans to distribute flyers informing students of the proposed replacement.

The flyer will also announce a contest to set ideas for a new mural. According to Roger Chan, a member of both FPA and the Architectural Society, FPA will give two first prize money awards for the best mural designs submitted. Judging the contest will be representatives of FPA, Finley Center administrators, and a selected number of art students.

The peace mural was erected in 1969 by the Art Department in an effort to create an "affirmative attitude" among students



Photo by John Malabes

Peace mural in front of Finley Student Center.

See PEACE, Page 2

## Hearing on Tonight For Campus Editors

CAMPUS, From Page 1

verting and the contractual agreement between the newspaper and its printers, but that those regulations were also routinely ignored by the four other newspapers on campus.

She charged that the Senate had "trumped up superfluous charges" to give substance to its vote of suspension.

The Senate's first action against The Campus had been a temporary

suspension voted on Nov. 17, pending the findings of their publications committee, which they formed the same day.

Both the College and the newspaper immediately challenged the action, asserting the Senate had violated due-process requirements of the B.H.E. by not providing the editors a chance to defend themselves at a hearing.

Sonia Cheryl Rudder, the President of the Senate, said that due-process requirements had been met, pointing out that such hearings had since been held.

However, President Marshak said in his decision Thursday that the Senate must "develop proper procedures which recognize the rights of The Campus and afford the newspaper adequate time to prepare for hearings." He also said the subcommittee on publications must prepare detailed charges in writing before it could pursue an action against the newspaper. The Senate said they would comply with Marshak's wishes tonight.

Asserting that the Senate was "weakened" and its "respect eroded" when it fails to protect "all students' rights," Marshak said the Senate had ignored warnings by the administration when it voted last Tuesday to suspend The Campus.

Editors of The Campus said that the newspaper had retained a lawyer to be used as a "consultant" in their dealings with the Senate.

## Pinballs Removed From the South Campus Cafeteria

After 200 students and faculty members protested the installation of pinball machines in the South Campus Cafeteria last month by signing petitions, the College has instructed Saga Dining Halls to remove them from the main dining room.

Richard E. Morley, Business Manager and Comptroller, cited a contract that Saga has with the Board of Higher Education as the legal reason behind the College's action. According to the contract, all "vending" and "game machines" must be placed in "areas designated by the College."

The action to rid the South Campus Cafeteria of the pinball machines was first begun by Tamara Pakes, a 23-year-old literature major, and faculty members calling for the removal of what they referred to as "those infernal noise makers."



Computer will be able to detect dangerous areas on campus enabling security officials to determine the number of guards patrolling certain locations.

## College to Get a Computer To Make the Campus Safer

SECURITY, From Page 1

the most part in the past failed. One such example is the "Special Task Force on Rape" committee formed in February 1975, after three incidents of rape were reported over a short period of time.

The committee, which comprised mostly of administrators and faculty members was initially set up to educate students about rape and

rape prevention. However, because of a lack of participation and interest by both students and faculty the committee quickly lost its effectiveness and dissolved.

Nonetheless, both Prof. Bailey and Security director Dandridge remained highly optimistic about the use of the computer, although neither could give an exact date for its debut of the computer.

## Consider Plan To Remove the Finley Peace Sign

PEACE, From Page 1

titute" among students during a time when student unrest was at its peak. Prof. Mervin Jules (Art) suggested painting the mural to a group of art students who collectively designed and painted it.

The painting covers a window at Finley that was broken during a fire which began at a student protest in 1969.

Those supporting the removal of the peace mural contend that it depicts a period of time that has past, and that a new mural reflecting the present mood of the campus be constructed.

Jules said, "I think it should come down. It has no artistic significance and served its purpose at the time." Edmund Sarfary, Dean of Finley Center agreed, "I think it was meaningful at the time, but I don't think it has the same meaning now."



Finley window intact before 1969 student demonstration.

• TRAVEL • RECREATION • BUILDING • HOME REMODELING • AUTO MECHANICS • WESTERNS

# Holiday Gift Book Sale

Up To 50% Off

THIS IS JUST A PARTIAL LIST OF BOOKS ON SALE...  
... HOWEVER SUPPLY IS LIMITED ... COME IN TODAY!!

• ANTIQUES • SCIENCE FICTION • GOTHICS • MUSIC • NATURE

PHOTOGRAPHY • ASTROLOGY • MYSTERY • SPORTS • RELIGION

CITY COLLEGE STORE  
FINLEY CENTER

139111. Collector's Item: THE LIMERICK. By G. Legman. "There was a young man from Madras..." and over 1700 other bawdy, uncensored limericks in the most complete collection ever published. Fully indexed so you can find your favorite. For sale to adults over 21 Only. Orig. Pub. at \$35.00. New, complete ed. Only \$6.98

190338. SUPERMAN: From the 30's to the 70's. Intro. by E.N. Bridwell. Over 100 full color and black & white. All of the most memorable adventures of Superman from 1938 to now plus 50 famous covers, nostalgic account of the Superman legend and a full bibliography. 8 1/2 x 11. Orig. Pub. at \$12.95. New, complete ed. Only \$5.98

515784. MORE JOY (OF SEX). Ed. by Alex Comfort, M.B., Ph.D. 224 illus., 32 in Full Color. Handsomely illus. by the same fine artists. More Joy begins where The Joy of Sex left off! Covers the entire spectrum of the sexual revolution—one-to-one, bisexuality, a positive yet cautious exploration of sex with more than one partner from threesomes to couples and others.

hostility and bondage, problems of the elderly and disabled, contemporary sex therapy and a general celebration of sex-as-fun. "The Rolls-Royce of sex books."—Chicago Tribune Book World. Pub. at \$12.95. Only \$6.98



191539. CREATIVE MICROWAVE COOKING. By I. Chalmers, Dr. R.A. Ahrens, & R. Malinowski. Illus. Throughout in Full Color. A fabulous, informative and easy-to-use vol. that provides not only thorough instructions for everything you need to know about cooking with a microwave oven but also gives you nearly 200 terrific recipes. Incl. Caramel Custard, Pork With Rice and Oranges, Shrimp and Mushroom Soup, etc. Pub. at \$9.95. Only \$4.98



L06301. ALL COLOR BOOK OF ART NOUVEAU. By G. Warren. 105 marvelous illus. all in Full Color. The sensuous, exquisite forms and lines of the Art Nouveau movement, posters and objets d'art of Tiffany, Lalique, Mucha, etc., incl. the American collection of Lilian Nassau. 8 1/4 x 11 1/4. Extra Value Import Only \$3.98

190524. REMBRANT: His Life, His Work, His Time. By B. Haak. 612 illus., 109 Full Color Hand-tipped Plates. The most definitive, important book on Rembrandt ever produced, this magnificent vol. was published on the tercentenary of Rembrandt's death. Every aspect of his art is

beautifully illus. and Rembrandt's touch is conveyed through the paintings, etched details of them, the many stages of his etchings and the near facsimile reproductions of his astonishingly free drawings. Mammoth Size 11 x 13 3/4. Weighs over 7 3/4 Pounds. Orig. Pub. at \$60.00. Only \$24.95

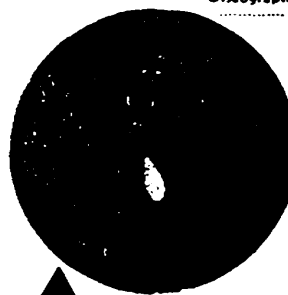
102080. MICHELANGELO THE PAINTER. By V. Marsani. 121 illus. incl. 108 gorgeous Full Color plates. Published under the auspices of the Italian National Committee to Honor Michelangelo, this magnificent volume contains all of Michelangelo's art, from the designs, sketches and paintings to the great frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. Deluxe binding of green cloth with simulated gold lettering. 10 1/2 x 14 1/4. 2 1/2 thick. Pub. at \$75.00. Only \$24.95

205998. SIXTY YEARS OF HOLLYWOOD. By J. Baxter. Over 150 Photos. A year-by-year

tour of the history of the American film, from the early days of the silents through today's era of change and crisis. Incl. Chaplin, Gable, Garbo, Gone With the Wind, DeMille, Griffith, etc. 8 1/2 x 11. Pub. at \$15.00. Only \$3.98

105802. AIRCRAFT: An All Color Story of Modern Flight. By D. Mondly. Over 150 fabulous Full Color illus. Stupendous volume of those magnificent flying machines tracing the staggering developments in the modern history of flight, incl. military aircraft, small planes, supersonic jets, more. 9 1/4 x 12 1/2. Extra Value Import. Only \$5.98

131293. MARILYN MONROE. Comp. and Ed. by John Kobal. Intro. by David Robinson. 288 Photos, 27 in Full Color. Candid, fashion, publicity, nude and modeling photos blend with excellent texts to convey that personality which was uniquely Marilyn's. Complete Filmography, Discography and Bibliography. Reduced to Only \$3.98



CITY COLLEGE STORE  
FINLEY CENTER

587-2632

OPEN  
MON.-FRI.  
9AM to 4:45PM

OVER 300 MORE TITLES INCLUDED  
IN THIS SPECIAL BOOK SALE...

• SCIENCE • RECREATIONAL VEHICLE REPAIR • CHILDREN'S BOOKS • LANDSCAPING



OPhoto by Orlando Rao

**HALEY LECTURES:** Alex Haley tells a capacity audience of several thousand students, most of them black, how he wrote his best-selling book, "Roots," which traces the origins of a black American family to its roots in Africa. The lecture, in the Finley Ballroom last Friday afternoon, drew frequent applause, several standing ovations, and moved many in the audience to tears.

## Source Struggles, as Line Begins

By ORLANDO RAO

The Source, the College's Jewish newspaper, is expected to be on the newsstands once again.

Hugh Lawrence, the Student Senate Treasurer, said that the Senate had allocated \$1,500 to the newspaper for two eight page issues this semester.

The money came out of \$3,800 of unappropriated funds in the Senate's budget. Those funds were

### THE SOURCE

originally to be used only for cultural activities for the various clubs on campus, Lawrence said.

The Source was given their allocation on Dec. 1. Its editors did not submit a budget until mid-November and the senate considered this in refusing a request of more than \$4,250.

Arthur Kruk and Isadore Sobkowski, two students involved in trying to revitalize The Source, could not be reached for comment

on the paper's plans.

Isadore Sobkowski, the editor of The Source, said yesterday that the paper had applied for \$1,500 from the College's Schiff Fund and that they had not received word yet from the administration.

Sobkowski said that The Source would publish three 8-page issues if it received the grant, and one 24-page "magazine" if it did not.

The paper, which was founded in 1973, last appeared in the spring of 1976.

While The Source attempts a comeback, a new newspaper called The Line made its debut on campus Nov. 15. Like The Observation Post when it was established in 1947, The Line is a paper written by and for war veterans at the College.

However, in addition to reaching the nearly 1000 veterans of the Vietnam War who attend the College, Line editor Mark T. McDonough, a senior, hopes that the paper will reach all students.

The Line first began as a veteran newsletter in 1975. According to the bylaws of the Veteran Cost of Instruction Program (VCIP), a federal government program, the

### The Line

Veterans Outreach Program here must publish a newsletter. The newsletter had a circulation of nearly 2,500 and cost \$250 to produce.

The purpose of The Line will be to inform veterans of current news but to serve also as entertainment for them and the student body. In the first issue of The Line there appeared a recipe for lasagne and a new column called "Trivia Tidbits."

The Line, unlike any of the other five newspapers at the College, receives no money from the Student Senate. It is funded by the sale of advertisements and money received by the Veteran Cost of Instruction Program (VCIP).

Looking at the future, McDonough says that he would like to see The Line turn into a CUNY-wide veterans newspaper.

Asked what the response was to the first issue, McDonough said that it was enthusiastic. "It's a different type of newspaper," he said.



**GIVING BLOOD:** Students donate blood for the College's blood bank during last week's blood drive, held in the Finley Grand Ballroom and Shepard Hall. Donor turnout was relatively light, with only eighty students turning out to give blood. The blood drive was sponsored by the Student Senate and coordinated by the College's Blood Bank Council.

# Opposition Begins to Mount For Two Year Skills Test

By MERYL GROSSMAN

Even though it remains uncertain whether the College will give a controversial two-year skills test to all sophomores nine months from now, opposition to the exam appears to be mounting now.

This became clear Wednesday night at a meeting of the Student Senate Committee on the Two Year Test. The Senators spoke of the need to inform and then unite the College's students, faculty and administration against the test.

"We must use everything we have to get people to boycott the test and pass the word about the test to others," Senate Treasurer Hugh Lawrence said. "At this point we cannot ask students not to take the test, we must tell them not to," he asserted.

The two year test was introduced by the Board of Higher Education last spring as a means of reducing enrollment at the financially-pressed City University.

However, the Board has left it up

to each unit of the University to "test" all sophomores before they enter junior year any way they see fit. College officials said, therefore, that alternatives to a uniform examination for all sophomores were possible.

Even so, the Student Senate says that since the summer, it has been deeply concerned about the administering of a specific test which according to Ceryl Rudder, the Senate president, would be geared to eliminating at least ten per cent of the students who take it.

Rudder said that action had to be taken now and pointed to last term's unsuccessful protests against tuition as an example of a movement that was begun too late. She said that the student boycott of classes in the spring was a "disorganized, poorly planned affair," and that earlier planning

might have brought about better results.

The Senate Committee on the Two Year Test, which was formed last Wednesday, plans to meet regularly on the issue and develop a plan of action.

A massive "advertising" and "propaganda" campaign against the test is most likely to be the first step the senate will take in their drive to unite the College in a boycott, Rudder said. This will be followed by a series of student-faculty meetings and rallies which, if successful, would culminate in an overwhelming boycott by those taking and administering the test, she said.

Such a boycott is rumored to be brewing at Hunter College where both students and faculty members have reportedly united against the test, Rudder said.

## Students Bitten Twice in Dogged Search for a Pet



Edmund Sarfaty.



Elin and Kit.

By ORLANDO RAO

When Elin Wilder and her friends in the Finley Student Center took in a sickly dog a month ago they didn't expect it to be destroyed by the ASPCA. And when they found a healthier one a few days later they didn't think it would be threatened by the administration.

But Edmund Sarfaty, Dean of Finley Center has said that the dog named Kit has to go because it creates an unsanitary atmosphere and is dangerous to students and staff on campus.

Kit is the second stray dog taken in by Elin and other students in the Finley Program Agency. The first, a four month old puppy, was destroyed by the ASPCA for "humane reasons" despite a last

minute fund raising attempt by FPA students which netted approximately \$33 in donations from students in Finley.

However, the next morning when Elin and another student went to pick up the dog at the ASPCA, they were informed that it had been destroyed earlier after suffering a "convulsion".

A few days later Kit, a larger and healthier dog was adopted by the FPA students who intend to keep him as an unofficial college mascot. According to Elin, money left over from the fund drive will be used to buy dog food.

Still, it remains unclear just how long "Kit" will remain FPA's. Dean Sarfaty remains intent on his policy of "no dogs allowed". However, according to Elin he has compromised slightly on his "no pets allowed" rule. He said he could keep gerbils instead," she said.

## Math Wiz of Woman Was Here and Wow!

By MIGUEL ANGEL VAZQUEZ

Quick. What is 999-million raised to the third power and on what day of the week will January 1, 2001 fall? If you were in the Science Building, Room J3 a few weeks ago you would have known in seconds.

Shakuntala Devi, a mathematical wiz from India, who can calculate complex mathematical computations in seconds, answered both questions almost instantly, dazzling both students and professors who packed the lecture hall.

### No Previous Schooling

Devi, who is a more than even match for the sharpest electric calculator, cannot explain how she is able to solve almost instantly in her head computations that would take the average person hours to figure out. Though she has no previous schooling whatsoever, her abilities were apparently enhanced by encouragement from both her parents and relatives after they discovered she possessed a unique talent in math at an early age.

Devi got the show started on Nov. 19 by answering in seconds the first question put to her: "What is 9999 squared?" Devi calmly answered correctly: "99,980,001."

The highlight of the show was when Devi asked a student to hold up a calendar to the audience. She was able to name all the days that Friday fell on in 1976. The audience burst into laughter when the student turning the pages of the calendar could not keep up with Devi's machine-gun speed.

Prof. Herman Cohen, (Math), said, "There is no way one could possibly memorize tables and arrive at the answer so quickly. And even though square roots could be computed in a matter of minutes, fifth root is something which is very difficult."

Students in the audience held mixed views regarding Devi's unique talent. Responses varied from total disbelief to absolute amazement.

By the way, those of you who are still trying to figure out the answer to 999-million to the third power, it is 999,999,997,000,000,002,999,999,999 which Devi arrived at in a mere thirty seconds.

Her performance was sponsored jointly by the India Club and the Mathematical Society.

## The Observation Post

A FREE PRESS — AN INFORMED STUDENT BODY

JOSEPH L. LAURIA  
Editor-in-Chief

FREDERIC R. SEAMAN  
Associate Editor

PAUL DABALSA  
Arts Editor

MARC LIPITZ  
National News Editor

PETER J. RONDINONE  
Magazine Editor

MARI ALPHER  
Photography Editor

MERYL GROSSMAN  
Assistant Editor

FRANKLIN S. FISHER JR.  
Contributing Editor

STAFF: Joe Bertuna, Jeff Brumbeau, Cynthia Constantine, Ed Casey, Tony Lee, John Maltabes, Edner Pierre-Louis, Orlando Rao, Michael Rothenberg, Leo Sacks, Harold Vaughn, Miguel Angel Vazquez, Zizi Zaharowitz.

CONTRIBUTORS: Louis Bono, Robert Housman, Sam Felberbaum, Richard Landesman, Brenda Stahl, Linda Tillman, Ron Wentzek.

The Observation Post, the City College of New York,  
Office: Finley Student Center Room 336. Phone: 690-8182, 690-8183.  
FACULTY ADVISOR: Barry Wallenstein (English)

## In opposition to a two-year test

As if the elimination of open admissions and free tuition wasn't enough, the Board of Higher Education plans to throw another obstacle in the paths of present and future students who seek to complete their education and obtain a degree from a CUNY college.

The two-year sophomore test, designed to measure the ability of each student in mathematics and English before allowing them to continue at the college, is clearly another attempt by the BHE to reduce student population at the University, thereby paving the way for future lay-offs

of faculty members, administrators, and college workers.

The major argument of those in favor of the test is that it will 'weed out' those students who cannot sufficiently handle college English and mathematics and that, by doing so, will upgrade the scholastic level of the University.

We can only see the two-year test as yet another stone cast at the reputation of a University once dedicated to a free and equal college education for all who desired it.

## Marking the end of an era...

The Peace Mural in the front of the Finley Student Center has weathered over the years; Pecked like the glitter of the now defunct Flower Children; Gone like the Fillmore East; and faded with the sounds of the last Beatles album.

Erected in 1969 by the Art department, the mural served as a symbol for those students involved in the fight against the Vietnam war and a closed university. It gave them the hope that in the end all would be well—there would be peace.

Peace. In the 1960's that word was magic. There were peace signs, and peace treaties. The Vietnam war was winding to a close and open admissions became a reality. Our "boys" came home and many went to college. There would be peace in the 70's.

The 1970's have been quiet, and criticized because of it. With no wars to fight and a system

of free and open education the students have put away their armbands and love beads. They have been inclined to get into the memorabilia of the fifties, get nostalgic and hopeful—what with the likes of Jimmy Carter quoting Bob Dylan in the White House. So as a tribute to the 70's, the Art department has announced plans to ask the student body to suggest a new symbol that will replace that of the sixties, with one that embraces the aspirations and reflects the frustrations of The 70's.

We hope they will take into account the end of open admissions, unemployment, the depletion and pollution of our natural resources; and we wish the Art department luck, because if any thing, as we've seen in the past, if we have hope, there will be peace.

## Letters To The Editor

### No Elections

To the Editor:

I would like to comment on several articles and an editorial in the November 12th issue of Observation Post.

First, I trust that by now the pinball machines have been removed from the South Campus cafeteria. And thanks to the students for the poem and the petition. A sense of humor is all too rare on campus these days.

Second, I regret to say that the sheer lack of people to handle the job is going to make it impossible for me to run another set of elections for students to serve on departmental committees this fall. This is contrary to your accurate story on page 1. I know. The regularly scheduled elections will be

held in the spring semester, of course, and I will put extra efforts into facilitating student participation then.

The chaos during collection of the financial aid checks on November 3rd and 4th could and should have been prevented. There's really no more to say on the topic now except everything we can will be done to prevent a repetition.

And, a last note: on your front page you have an article on the question of the extent of drug use in Finley in which you quote President Marshak and me directly (and in my case, I know, accurately). Yet on your editorial page you accuse administrators of lack of cooperation, of avoiding reporters, of being untruthful. As one of those administrators, I would really appreciate public documentation of

such publicly made charges.

Ann H. Rees  
Vice Provost for  
Student Affairs

### Pinball Goes Tilt

To the Editor:

Regarding Saga's vending machines in the South Campus Cafeteria main dining room, the Board of Higher Education's contract with Saga states "... Contractor shall install at its expense and operate only those vending and game machines approved by College and only in areas designated by College..." I have instructed Saga to remove all vending and game machines from the main dining room and they have agreed to do so. They are permitted to place the machines in the smaller room southeast of the food lines where the College previously had such machines.

Richard E. Morley  
Business Manager & Comptroller

## A Flip of the Coin

BY DENIZE LAUTURE

There were thirty-one students registered for the course. Four more wanted to be admitted. The instructor could only afford one more student. They flipped a coin. The three unlucky students went back home.

The teacher was taking the attendance. I handed him my registration card. I hoped he would sign me in at once, but he looked at me. I became embarrassed. He said: "Dear fellow, this is a swimming class. There is only one instructor to do the teaching. A swimming class with fifteen students is an overcrowded class. I already have a list of thirty-one students. This is not a literature class. We deal with water... deep water, not poetry... fancy lines. Here you can get drowned! Now, there are three more students waiting for me to sign their cards. I can only accept one more student. Wait with them. After the attendance we will flip a coin and see who is the lucky one."

Sometimes, I become very patient. I waited. Five minutes after the taking of the attendance was over. The teacher slid his right hand into his pants pocket. He came up with a nickel. The first two students chose tails. The other one and I took heads. The teacher flipped the coin: It was heads.

To decide between myself and the other student, he flipped once more. My opponent held on to heads. I had tails and won.

I was happy. I had a heavy program for the term, twelve credits, four evenings a week. But as my fellow students were going home heads down, I thought of the founders who placed the first stones in the Harlem Campus. They certainly did not think that some day coin flipping would be a registration procedure.

Denize Lauture is a junior, and a member of Boricuas Unidos, a student organization.

## What's Happening

### Short Films

The Davis Center's Independent Filmmakers Series will screen three short films by Carole Schneeman on Fri., Dec. 10, 2 PM in Rm. 305 Shepard Hall.

### Christmas Program

The Newman Club (469 W. 142nd St.) will hold a special Christmas Program on Fri., Dec. 10. There will be a Mass at 12:15 PM, a book discussion at 2 PM, and Dinner at 6 PM.

### Japanese Film

"The Forty-Seven Ronin," a Japanese film, will be shown on Mon., Dec. 13 in Rm. 301 Cohen Library. Sponsored by the Institute for Medieval and Renaissance Studies.

### Piano Duo

Patrick Rucker and Zalman Mlotek will perform a piano duo of music by Mozart and Schubert, on Tues., Dec. 14, 3 PM in Rm. 200 Shepard Hall.

### PSC CUNY Meetings

The City College Chapter of the Professional Staff Congress invites all faculty to two meetings: Wed., Dec. 15, 12 Noon in Rm. 121 Finley; and Thurs., Dec. 16, 12 Noon in Rm. 105 Shepard Hall.

### Counter-Culture Films

The History Department will show counter-culture films of the sixties followed by a discussion with Prof. Robert Twombly, on Thurs., Dec. 16, 2-4 PM in Rm. 301 Cohen Library.

### Daycare Center Meeting

The Women's Center is sponsoring a meeting to discuss ways of establishing a free daycare center to serve the needs of the College Community. Thurs., Dec. 16, 12-2 PM in Rm. 417 Finley.

### Clothing Drive

The House Plan Association is sponsoring a Christmas Clothing Drive Dec. 13-17 for the benefit of children in Brooklyn's Brownsville section. If you would like to donate clothes, contact Jerry Katzman in Rm. 317 Finley.

Road Rally  
Sunday December 19  
10:00 A.M.  
140<sup>th</sup> Street & Convent Ave.

For further information come to  
Rm. 32 Steinman Hall

# THE OBSERVATION POST MAGAZINE

Volume 1 Issue No. 4  
Friday, December 10, 1976

Page 1A

## Open Admission Students Are Not Dummies

By P.J. Rondinone

Photo Paul Rondinone

THE LIBRARY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

I like sitting at a desk in a typewriter. This gorgeous Sunday afternoon, the distance like a green pond; the sun baked branches from wood houses; and the pink air in the air? I don't. I'd rather go down to Rockefeller Center and watch the ice skaters move under the great boughs of the Christmas tree like golden elves in an animated carillon. Or go driving through a fir forest in a cream colored Mercedes Benz, the top down, smoking grass and drinking Brandy. But I can't. I have a deadline to meet in about eight hours, which means I have to go without sleep and make at least three drafts of this so it will be readable.

So I fucked up! I hate to say it. And I don't want to make any excuses. I don't have to. 'Cause I'm mad.

I'm mad because I went to a party last night with my man Ben when I should have stayed home to write this article. After all, I'm the editor. If I can't meet the deadlines how can I expect my writers to? The party wasn't even good. A bunch of turkeys from Einstein Medical School spent the night around a table of cheese dip and crackers screwing and unscrewing the light bulbs of a chandelier. They got off on the way the room went black when the bulbs were unscrewed.

If it wasn't for Ben the night would've been a total waste.

Ben walked up to a girl in a jumpsuit with

yellow daisies embroidered on her chest, red cheeks and striped socks.

"I cracked up. I had a scotch and water in one hand and a beer in the other."

"You want to fuck me," he said. "I can tell. Why don't you just say it?"

"Why don't you ask her if she touches herself?" I said.

The girl got red. She couldn't deal with it. "That's sick," she said.

The phony. I should've stayed home. And I'm mad because one of the professors at the college, Geoffrey Wagner, has the balls to write an absurd book (End of Education) about the state of the Open Admissions schools that is so full of inaccuracies people at the college are calling it a great work of fiction. Yet, the book gets reviewed in The New York Times; and it will surely give people in Peoria, Indiana a warped view of who we are (the open admissions students). For example, he writes: "I am paid for a certain competence in English language and literature, not for understanding the inner compulsions of Joe Blow yawning his head off in the back row."

And thus he creates the image that all open admissions students yawn in the back and are Joe Blows. He, in fact, does use this term repeatedly in his fairy tale to refer to the open admissions student. He also uses "dunces," "sleeping beauties," and "young Leroi."

Being an open admissions student myself

ers the shit out of me, because I can't see the shit out of me, because I can't see the shit out of me.

"I would find myself telling some charming child whose only visible sign of imminent anarchy was an afro so wide she had difficulty navigating my office door, 'see you've used imperialist four times.'"

And I would wonder: What the fuck does that mean? Does he want muzzles and hair crops for all "charming" blacks with un-navigatable afros?

Anyhow, I'll get back to him later. After I get back from the bathroom. Gotta liberate four quarts of beer, a pint of wine, two boxes of pretzels and one can of cream

cheese. I have to fight the focus. A cool thing to do. He must have his detailed outline. Not clear in notes and charts. I'm trying to cool.

My God! A green geek with one blue eye on its forehead dances across the top of this typewriter. He's beside me and tells me that the loose skin under his eyes is getting tight like a strip of dried leather because he's been in High School. A delicate operation performed on a slab of marble by nuns on Easter Sunday. So I'm told.

The real story begins like this. Ben and I went to a bar at Columbia University. The Kings Pub. A small room with disco music pumped in, gates on the windows, dim yellow lights and hundreds of sweaty bodies bumping and grinding their buns together, a cloud of marijuana smoke hovering above their heads like swamp gas.

We sat at a table in the center of this mess. "This is Columbia," Ben yelled into my ear.

"I don't fuckin' believe it," I said. A black girl in a denim skirt danced on the top of a table, kicking her legs into the air. She opened her blouse and exposed a pair of dark brown breasts (sweat dripped from the nipples). An eager audience of Columbia types: kids with curly blond hair, penny

Turn to Page 4A



# The Department of Consumer Affairs Is a Rip Off

By Sam Felberbaum

The Department of Consumer Affairs, established in 1968 by the Lindsay administration as a watchdog for acts of fraud against the consumer, has in recent years been snarled under by an excessive bureaucracy, rampant inefficiency, and a gross misordering of priorities in which profit takes precedence over the needs of the consumer.

Under former commissioners Bess Myerson and Betty Furness, the agency attempted to decentralize its operations to better serve low income communities where merchant rip-offs are high by setting up neighborhood complaint centers throughout the five boroughs. However, under Elinor Guggenheimer, the DCA's current commissioner, this trend has come to an abrupt halt and even regressed.

The main office of the DCA, located at 80 Lafayette St. in Manhattan, is a sprawling bureaucracy. When a complaint is registered, it is forwarded to an investigator who sends the merchant a letter telling him to contact the consumer, and a letter to the consumer advising him to contact the investigator. A consumer who registers a complaint may have to wait anywhere from two weeks to two years for a resolution. The process is impersonal and so time consuming that many complaints may be obsolete by the time they are investigated.

"They (the DCA) are really not reaching the people," said an investigator at the main office. "They only want to see productivity. An investigator must maintain a quota of complaints though the quality of handling them is not emphasized."

In contrast to this process, a consumer may walk into a neighborhood complaint center and be interviewed almost immediately by an investigator, who then contacts the merchant in person or by phone while the consumer is present. The complaint centers can work to the advantage of the consumer.

Unfortunately, Guggenheimer has been slowly whittling away at the powers of the complaint centers and at the complaint centers themselves ever since she came into the position.

Elinor Guggenheimer is a member of the rich and famous Guggenheimer family. She is also a dear friend of Mayor Beame. When he was elected, Guggenheimer desired to be commissioner of the Department of Parks and Recreation. However, since that position had already been filled, she got stuck with the DCA, and needless to say, the DCA got stuck with her. Her background makes her unfit for the position. Any person who lives isolated in a world of tea and crumpets cannot be expected to understand the lower realm of hot dogs and hamburgers. Upon examining her policies, this will be obvious.

One of her most devastating policies towards the consumer in the DCA is the process carried out in investigations. When a merchant is charged with fraud, the DCA is empowered to gather evidence against him in order to file a suit in court on behalf of those defrauded. The unresolved complaints against the merchant usually serve as the evidence. However, only the collection of a minimum number of these complaints is necessary to insure an optimal outcome in court. After that number is reached, the others are surplus. Yet, under the Guggenheimer system, many of those "surplus" complaints may remain open and unresolved for as long as a year or more. In some instances, the merchant is not even contacted in order to give him a chance to respond.

*Sam Felberbaum, a student at the College, is a former investigator for the Department of Consumer Affairs. He is currently working as a paralegal for Morrisania Legal Services.*

As an investigator with the DCA I had a first hand experience with one consumer who had filed a complaint with the main office against a furniture store for delivering broken merchandise; and a year later, the complaint was still unresolved. I discovered that since the furniture store was under investigation, the complaint had been held open until the matter could be brought to court or negotiated with the store. So I requested that the complaint be sent to me at the Bronx Complaint Center. Upon examining the docket, I discovered that not so much as one phone call had been made to the merchant in an effort to resolve this situation in the entire twelve months the complaint had been at the DCA.

This complaint also informed me of other people she knew who had similar problems. However, the main office refused to forward me any more complaints. I spoke to an attorney about this. He said that this is "my investigation" and therefore I could not resolve any of these cases.

Fort was put into this case in an attempt to secure retribution for defrauded customers. But then the charges were mysteriously dismissed by the main office despite the fact that the merchant had indeed committed several violations.

Of course, the responsibility for these actions cannot be blamed solely on Guggenheimer. They can be diffused among the officials of the DCA. However, Guggenheimer has not taken the appropriate steps to deal with this situation.

The inability of the inspection division to catch violators is another problem at the DCA. When a merchant is in violation of one of the Consumer Protection Law (CPL) regulations, such as advertising an item on sale and failing to have it in stock, a consumer is supposed to be able to request an inspector from the DCA. But the wait for an inspector after calling is "about seven to ten days and sometimes even longer," according to one inspector at the main office. And if an inspector does not come to the store, im-

never, have happened if Guggenheimer had put up a better fight.

The question now arises how can the DCA cut-back the complaint centers if it is a revenue generating agency that is operating, to my knowledge, at a profit level? Or how, if every other agency in New York City is falling deeper into debt can the DCA come out ahead?

The reason, I submit, is this: The main office reaps enormous revenues in fines from merchants. The satisfaction of the individual consumer does not receive priority. The complaint centers are harassed, restricted, and eliminated because they cost money and do not return revenue. Individual consumers are not given personal attention at the main office because it is not a revenue producing proposition. Thus, the priority of the DCA is revenue, not consumers.

Incompetency also plagues the DCA. I once requested information relating to a very crucial question of law about a case. The information I received came from an attorney who assured me that the information was accurate was not. But I did not know this until after I confronted the merchant with what I had. And so I felt like an incredible ass in front of the merchant, but, more so, I didn't make the DCA look too good.

But I learned a lesson from my experience and the next time I asked for information I was sure to ask the same question of four different people. I managed to receive four different answers.

Apathy is another problem.

Many of the workers at the main office are apathetic towards their work. As one investigator put it "Morale is low. The workers here work hard and she (Guggenheimer) takes all the credit." Of course, apathy cannot be justified. The DCA is working well below its capacity.

The solutions to the problems I have mentioned are not easy, but the primary step would be for the DCA to live up to its original commitment to decentralize its operations. The agency's overall efficiency would increase and so would its benefits to the consumer.

Instead of cutting back and restraining the complaint centers, they should be given autonomous powers in their respective areas. At present, all investigations, inspections, licensing problems, and most violations for all five boroughs are handled by the main office; and the local centers deal mainly with receiving complaints. But if they were permitted to carry a bulk of the investigative work, inspections, and other related matters, the work load on the main office would be greatly reduced, and the consumer would receive quicker, more personalized action. The main office would then be freed to concentrate on more important matters and, by reducing its bureaucracy, cut costs in the long run.

For example, since there is a shortage of inspectors, the problem of delays in inspections could be alleviated by allowing the workers at the complaint centers to carry out inspections. This would also serve to provide personalized attention for the consumer since an investigator could then accompany the consumer from the center to the merchant on the spot! The complaint centers are now manned by interns who are NOT on the city payroll. There is a sufficient supply of labor. These interns are willing to become involved if the department will allow them to.

Consumers should be the priority; not revenue making. There can be no retreating to the excuse of money problems since the DCA's revenues exceed its operating costs (including the cost of the complaint centers). Further, decentralization can work. Community Action for Legal Services is a perfect example of an agency that is completely decentralized. Each branch office handles all the problems and decisions for its geographical area.

## Consumer Rights

As a consumer you should follow these few practical steps before making a purchase.

1. Before buying a new car: check the car's frequency of repair record in "Consumer Report." Repair records usually do not vary too widely from one year to the next unless there have been drastic changes in the car; Read the contract carefully for hidden clauses which exempt the merchant from liability; Check the merchant's reputation with the Better Business Bureau (BBB); Secure a delivery date in writing; and obtain as lengthy and as comprehensive a warranty as possible. Remember, cars are time bombs built to self-destruct. An extended warranty is well worth the cost.

2. If you are purchasing a used car: have it inspected by a mechanic but never one who has been recommended by the dealer. Check out the merchant with the DCA to see if there are any outstanding violations against him and/or with the BBB. Again, try to get a good warranty. Be sure you read the contract carefully and make sure all promises have been made in writing.

3. Auto repairs: avoid overpaying, receiving repairs that you did not ask for, faulty repair jobs, and other problems; Check the merchant's reputation with the BBB. Secure a written estimate (never accept an oral estimate) of the total costs. Demand to see the old parts, and inspect the car on the premises after repairs have been made. Promptly report any problems to the merchant. If he refuses to correct the discrepancy, you may file a complaint with the New York State Department of Motor Vehicles.

4. Consumer Credit: when hunting for the lowest possible interest rate, remember that finance companies usually charge the most (up to 30%), whereas credit unions and banks charge much less (about 6% and 11% respectively). According to the Federal Trade Commission (FTC), the merchant must notify you of the amount of the total loan and credit charges, finance charges (the cost of taking out the loan), monthly payments and due dates, the Annual Percentage Rate, late charges and when they are incurred and so forth.

I met with the commissioner on this and she agreed in front of an entire staff of one of the centers to forward these complaints to me. But as I expected, this was never done. I soon found out that it was useless to contact even the main office on this issue.

About a year ago there was an investigation going on at the Bronx Complaint Center (the only one of all forty investigations not handled by the main office) against a used car dealer. A tremendous ef-

Billing errors when complained of must be acknowledged by the credit company within thirty days and an explanation provided within ninety days. In some cases, you may withhold your payments if you are dissatisfied with an item you purchased (if you purchased it from the same merchant who extended credit to you).

5. Advertisements: Beware of "free" offers with strings attached. If there's a sale going on, first call the merchant to make certain he has the item in stock before going to the store. If he doesn't have it, demand a rain check. If he refuses, inform him that he is liable for a fine from the DCA for not having a sufficient stock of the item during the announced sale days.

6. Supermarkets: Be on the lookout for rip-offs. Unit pricing is mandatory in large supermarkets, and with their aid, you may determine exactly how much you are paying per measure of one product compared to others. Beware of the bait and switch tactic. If a merchant has "run out" of a sale item or has only defective ones left and he tries to push something more expensive on you, do not take it. Demand a rain check.

7. Door to door salesmen: Be advised that the FTC gives you three days in which to cancel any contract with a full refund. During that time you should compare the salesman's offer with that of the local merchants. Also check his credentials with the BBB. It is a violation for a door to door salesman not to state his intent to make a sale at the outset of his pitch. Some salesmen may pose as charity collectors or lead you to believe that you have won a prize.

8. Apartments: You should be advised that although a licensed broker costs more than a referral agency, the broker must find you a suitable apartment or give you a refund of your money. This is not so with the referral agency, which provides lists of apartments that it believes are available. They can refuse to refund your money. Last year the Attorney General and the DCA conducted an investigation of these agencies and many were cited for various instances of fraud.

mediately, the "sale" usually ends before the merchant is caught. Thus the merchant will be encouraged to hold future fraudulent "sales" to attract customers.

The attack on the Complaint centers was finalized by the campaign to close them down. So far the Bronx Complaint Center was closed down last May. They have attempted to close down more, but they have yet been unsuccessful. Though the city was instrumental in its destruction, this might

By Marc Lipitz

Five years after the doors of Willowbrook were opened by probing cameras, the mentally retarded continue to be third class citizens. They are still warehoused in institutions and shunned by the very same people who recoiled in horror at the sight of emaciated naked children and adults curled on ward floors strewn with human waste.

There are still approximately 19,000 inmates confined to developmental centers like Willowbrook and Letchworth Village across New York State. Efforts toward the removal of the mentally retarded from those prisons by placing them in community settings has been slow and not without a great deal of labor pains. A complex interplay of bureaucratic and financial snags, a groping for preservation by some proponents of institutions, and a certain amount of community and parental resistance, has put a damper on the long awaited changes.

Ninety-five per cent of those born with some degree of retardation can be educated and trained if given the proper environment, treatment, and care.

The most humane and effective way of caring for these people is to permit them to live in small, personal community-based homes; in foster care; or at home with their natural parents.

The net result is to bolster a community with self-supporting tax producers who add to an area rather than place a burden on it.

Another argument for deinstitutionalization is the cost factor. It takes about \$30,000 per year to store one person in Willowbrook. The savings in maintaining someone in a group home, even with sleep-in professionals, is somewhere between six to eight thousand dollars a year.

#### Community Fears

Community fears and anxieties often surface at the prospect of a group being established in their locale. Negative attitudes still exist toward the retarded, the blind, the deaf, and just about any other handicapped group that doesn't fit into the Pepsi-Cola image of America. The old myths that the mentally retarded are oversexed and have a tendency toward violent crime, are disease carriers, or would create a rise in drug and alcohol abuse in a neighborhood, have not disappeared. It is still funny to laugh at a "retard", and to some, it is self defense to harass operators of group homes; all in a revised edition of the child's game of cooties.

In addition to a lack of education, poor planning has contributed to these fears. Over the years, mentally ill and mentally retarded individuals have been released from institutions and placed into communities without adequate preparation or after care. One spokesman for a private organization charged that in certain instances the practice was one of "deliberate dumping" in order to "purposely create a negative reaction in the community" as a means of preserving the jobs of those still employed by the institutions.

Time magazine wrote in 1974: "... since New York state started emptying its mental hospitals of inmates six years ago, many of them have been jammed into tiny rooms, basements, and garages, and fed a semi-starvation diet of rice and chicken necks. ... they are taken from the steps of mental institutions by operators (of smaller facilities) who jam them into what can only be described as a private jail and confiscate their monthly welfare checks." No wonder there are people who after reading this type of account, feel they would rather clean up the Willowbrooks than replace them.

As evidence of the need to prepare a community, consider the example of the eighteen-year-old who bought several bottles of beer at a local bar and was later arrested for intoxication. The police officer testified that he looked funny and slurred his words and was walking awkwardly. The court, upon only this evidence and without benefit of a breathalyzer or blood test, convicted him. The young man was a mongoloid who had a speech impediment and motor difficulty.

Many cities and counties across the nation have sought to preserve their status quo by barring foster or group homes from residential zones. This kind of action confronted the Working Organization for Retarded Children when that group announced its intent to place a hostel in Little Neck, Queens. The Little Neck Community Association argued that the hostel would violate its one-family-home zoning laws. Their representative, State Senator Frank Padavan (R) charged that the hostel location was a "bad choice" and offered to help WORC find a new location.

However the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court ruled in WORC's favor and the home, which will house eight youngsters from five to twelve years of age, is scheduled to open its doors on March 1.

exist. Rather than being placed on the floors with the corresponding grade levels of so called normal classes, the special education classes are generally lumped together in a segregated section of the school. One special education teacher, whose class has already been transferred from a different school, revealed that "whenever the (special ed) teachers complain about something, the principal threatens to throw the classes out of the school."

These incidents serve to underscore the massive effort ahead of the State if it is to carry out its plan to establish a home in every major neighborhood in the city.

#### Parental Resistance

Another and surprising corner of resistance, though small in number, comes from the parents of retarded individuals currently

like Willowbrook, rocking back and forth, emitting guttural sounds of despair. It is a rebuttal to them as parents, and as human beings.

These feelings were expressed by the parents of an eleven-year-old girl who refused to allow their daughter to leave her institution although she had developed the necessary skills for home and community living. Her father confessed that "this institution is the ultimate place (for her) to be, and it gives me such mental comfort to know my daughter is there."

A family that wishes to care for a retarded child receives a \$273 a month stipend from the State. But if there is a certain amount of hesitation on the part of some parents to permit their children to live in group homes, then it must be even greater when a foster family is willing to care for the child that they couldn't. A recent law, incidentally, now allows the biological parents to also receive a monthly stipend.

But it is obviously a difficult process to find foster homes for child placement. One English speaking child in New York, for example, has been placed in an all-Spanish speaking family that has no telephone in the apartment. If the retarded individual hasn't been trained to be self-sufficient (of course a large majority have not) it can be a tremendous burden on a family, particularly if the retarded individual also has physical handicaps.

#### Training For Life In The Outside World

Immediately after Willowbrook spilled out of our televisions and into our living rooms, the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene established a number of smaller developmental centers to help empty the wards, provide more adequate care, and theoretically prepare the retarded individual for life in a group home or family setting.

Manhattan Development Center at 75 Morton Street is one such facility. It took in about 140 Willowbrook residents; Willowbrook had 6,000 then. They are clean well clothed, and seemingly content, but it is now five years later, and only thirty five have been transferred to hostels or group homes.

John Mete, MDC's chief of service, speaks proudly of the changes and of the community's positive response. He points to community support and participation in the construction of a special playground for the retarded. "Last year, before Christmas, we had (residents) make up Christmas lists," he says. "The lists were posted in neighborhood bars and most of them received the items they had asked for."

However Daniel Rosen, the Executive Director of WORC, charges that "the local developmental centers are no better than mini-institutions." Rosen asserts that rather than "habilitate" the person into a self-sufficient individual, they continue to treat their residents as patients in need of "rehabilitation". However, the MDR, who refer to their residents as "clients" in an attempt to steer away from the so called medical model, claim to be very much against the "rehabilitation" approach.

The medical model to which both groups have such an aversion, is typified by the approach that governs most institutions. The medical men who have had control over such institutions — lack the knowledge to properly care for the retarded and many have therefore relied on what they know best — the use of sedation.

An example of the medical approach was cited in the publication *Mental Retardation*. A pediatrician who admits to having no training with respect to mental retardation, suggested to the parents of a mongoloid child that she be institutionalized. "These children simply can't learn anything, they can't be trained, they will soon die, and they ought to be out of the home," he told them.

#### Uncertain Future

Under the consent Judgment, which was signed by Governor Carey in May 1975, the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene has until 1981 to reduce the population of Willowbrook from its present



Photo: One to One

## Five Years After Willowbrook: The Mentally Retarded Are Still Looking For a Home

In Brooklyn, an owner of a piece of property allegedly had his life threatened because he agreed to sell that property to someone who wanted to open a group home there. In New Rochelle, Dr. Morton Steinberg claims that he received threats to kill him and bomb his home when he and several other parents announced they would open a group residence for their retarded children. "They accused me of being a fast-buck operator, and they accused my wife of deserting our children," Dr. Steinberg told *The New York Times*.

Similar problems surfaced over a different type of facility two years ago in the Washington Heights section of upper Manhattan. At the time, the Manhattan Developmental Center planned to purchase an empty building to house a maximum of 144 "mildly to moderately retarded people." At a public meeting of local residents, the same questions of increased crime and overcrowding was expressed. It was argued that the neighborhood park would be too small to adequately accommodate any new residents, that the facility should be used instead for the elderly, and that the area is "already overburdened with other problems to justify another."

Several residents also expressed their concern that the retarded individuals, 75% of whom would spend most of the day at educational or vocational training programs outside the immediate community, would not be retarded but mentally disturbed. The fears are understandable when one considers the track record of other governmental promises.

Even in many public schools a stigma towards the mentally retarded continues to

live in institutions. Local and state-wide associations of these parents have been organized to support the continuation — with improvements — of such facilities. They are opposed to placement in small group homes. Again, it is a complex interplay of emotions and past experiences.

Prior to the early 1950's, moderately and severely retarded persons were locked in their homes, or they were shipped to large state run institutions. Many of the facilities they were sent to were ancient encrustations that had formerly served as tuberculin institutions. They were sent to those places and forgotten; a psychological load lifted from the minds of the parents and their neighbors.

A study in 1969 reported that parents of individuals in institutions were "convinced of the excellence of the facilities in which their children were placed," and that "the praise lavished on the institutions were so extravagant as to suggest severe distortions of reality in this area."

A recent study conducted by the Texas Department of Mental Health and Mental Retardation produced similar results. Strong agreement was expressed by those questioned with statements implying that large institutions are better for retarded persons because there is a concentration of retardation experts there; because retarded persons could be with others like themselves; because they are protected from the stress of community life; and because it is the "tried and tested way" of caring for the mentally retarded.

It has to be a devastating slap in the face to be suddenly told that what they have been doing is wrong; that their children are capable of more than just rotting in places

## Continued from Page 1A

loafers, plaid pants, sports jackets and rosy cheeks looked on. Their tongues flapped out of their mouths like the stems of piss clams.

"It's bizzare," Ben said. "This never happens at City."

That's because they don't even allow beer at City!" I said.

"The rational is that minority students won't be able to handle it. The same thinking was applied to the Indians you know."

"I know, I know," Ben said. He took out his notebook and began to take notes. I did the same.

At a roundtable beside ours there were these eight guys in tuxedos, wearing white visors and leather gloves. They had stacks of red, white and blue chips at their elbows. They played seven card poker. They smoked big black cigars and let their nimble fingers move between the thighs of their girlfriends as the chips in the center of the table began to pile high and the word "call" came from the dealer, a creep with a white floppy hat and sunglasses who walked like a duck.

"This can't be real," I said. "This is Columbia!"

Then a couple joined our table. They kissed and groped one another. Ben and I watched closely and took notes. The girl noticed us.

"What are you doing," she asked. Her boyfriend who at that moment went to lick her neck was left with his tongue hanging out.

"Taking notes," Ben said.

"That's right," I added. "And I know your name. I'm gonna send this to your mother."

"Really?" the girl said.

Of course I was joking, but I realized that this girl was naive enough to believe me or just plain stupid.

"That's a Columbia mind at work," Ben laughed.

The girl's boyfriend made another desperate attempt for her neck. I believe he was drunk. She, on the other hand, just stared at Ben and I. We were taking notes. Then she broke down and screamed.

"They're writing about me! Tell them to stop!"

I was embarrassed. Ben and I stopped. Ben leaned over to my ear.

"Is she really crying?" he said.

I looked at her face.

"Yep. There is water in her eyesockets," I said.

"You mean, we —" Ben said. "We —"

"We made her cry," I yelled.

Shocking.

...

The next day, I sat in the Monkey's Paw. There were lizards beyond the door. Giant horseflies circling the propellers of the large, brown, overhead fans that moved slowly like the wings of a windmill on a hot summer's afternoon. Whites, Blacks, and Puerto Ricans sat at tables under the gaping limbs of wax palm trees and tall husks of straw. They had their books open. I sipped grapefruit juice, liquid acid and ice. Real mellow.

I couldn't get over the madness of the night before. I was always under the impression that Ivy Leaguers were serious about their studies. Instead, I found that they party more than any City College student I know; and they are not serious about getting their educations. My misconceptions were fueled, you have to understand, by an immigrant mother who used to tell me, as if speaking about a rare jewel, "the Ivy League is the place to make it." So I decided to return to Columbia to find out more about these savages.

I met Rhonda on a Friday night in the West End Cafe. She's a psychology major. She bought me a beer and we talked at the bar.

"The girls at Columbia are after one thing," she said, "guys."

"Is that so?" I said.

"My friend Barbara is a classic example. She's really fucked up. She finally got this guy to take her out on a date after a week of chasing him around, you know, and so she

calls her parents in Philadelphia, and says 'Ma, I got it! I got a date.'"

"That's incredible," I said. "You mean they actually talk that openly about it! That's wild."

"Sure," Rhonda said. "Most of the girls are like that, especially the ones in the Speech department. They get dressed up and hang out in the Law and Medical library to look for guys, you know."

"And tuition at Columbia is about \$7,000 per semester?" I said.

"Yeah."

"That's an expensive way to get a husband. Shit Barbara's parents should give me the money — I'd go out and find her the perfect mate," I said.

I finished my beer.

"Sure. Barbara's parents have money," Rhonda said. "You know what Barbara does when she feels bad? She calls her mother; and, you know, her mother tells her to go out and spend more money — you'll feel better!"

"You sure most of the girls are like this?"

"Sure."

Rhonda bought me another beer.

"No wonder Columbia girls are always so well dressed: with their skirts and Bonwit Teller scarfs flying from their necks like little flags. What about the guys at Columbia?"

"They walk around with their head in their asses," she said.

"Which means?"

"Their snobs." She adjusted her scarf.

...

Two days later, I walked to Jay Hall, the cafeteria, to find some Columbia men to talk to. The Lowe and Butler libraries stood out with their Greek pillars and tremendous staircases like bookends on either end of a vast space of grass and concrete paths that diverged and converged like spools of soder.

Inside Jay there were portraits of men with white beards, black tuxedos, and arms folded over blood-red sashes framed in gold hanging on the walls; lounges with leather couches, wall to wall shag carpeting, crystal chandeliers, pianos and huge windows draped with silk — some cafeteria!

I sat at a table with six dudes with hamburgers and talked to a guy named Phil. I explained that I was from CCNY.

"I don't think much about your school," Phil said. "Except that any moron can get in. And people take remedial courses on a doctoral level."

"How about your buddies?"

Phil threw the question out to the group. The dudes ate their burgers and shrugged their shoulders.

"That's interesting," I said. "Why do you think like that?"

"Because when you're at Columbia," Phil said, "you're on the major leagues — CCNY is the sandlots."

His buddies got off on that analogy. They tore at their burger buns and laughed between mouthfuls.

"What do you think you're getting at Columbia that you can't get at CCNY?" I said.

"The name. Everybody knows that if you get a degree at Columbia you have a better chance of getting a job," Phil said.

"I can understand that. What do you study?"

"Nothing specific. I'm here for the fun of it right now. My dad pays the tuition." He smiled.

"Anybody around here ever get busted for grass?"

"There are too many rich kids here for that," he said.

Everybody smiled. The hamburgers were all devoured.

That night my brother pushed me into a canal of blue, ice water with logs on the surface. I fell in feet first, crashed through the logs, descended 1,000 feet and kicked off the spongy bottom sending my body shooting back towards the top — but I never surfaced. Ben shook my head and I woke.

"Damn! I fell asleep," I said, grey fingers squeezing at the corners of my eyes.

My typewriter was as I had left it: a sheet in the carriage, a note book at its side, papers

scattered under a bottle of coke and a box of crackers.

"Gads! I had forgot I was working on this article."

"You gotta write more," Ben said.

"Man, I fucked up." I got up out of the bed. Ben had his draws on. He jumped in.

"Now it's my turn," he said, pulling the covers over his head.

I went to the bathroom, wet my face and returned to the typewriter. I sipped a flat coke and typed, tippy, tippy, tap, tapped as Ben hugging his pillow passed away into the land of blond pubes and Christmas tinsel. Words were flung on the page like logarithms on a teletype.

Though the image of the City College student has been distorted by people at Columbia who think we take remedial courses at a doctoral level; and by wild men like Geoffrey Wagner who write descriptions like this — "junkies in our corridors" — in books about the College (when it's total bullshit) most of the students I've ever known in my 4½ years at City have been very serious about their educations. They understand the importance of that degree, because they are aware that though it may not get them a job it is a *Great Equalizer* in face of those people in the upper classes of this society who are very conscious of class; who do look down on public education; and public students as if they were vermin.

Because when you have guys like Wagner with books like: *End of Education* this feeling is made so blatant it's hard not to be aware. And so I shall end with a quote from this genius, this prince of academia as a reminder to myself that there are people who would take away and deny to others what I struggled hard to get — a college education. He says:

"If our professional body disallows academic freedom the statues of earned right, we can be quite sure that no one authority is going to lend a hand when finally we take a swing at the punk (the open admissions student)."

Very sad.

The impulse to write is gone. I lean back in my chair and sip some liquid acid. Ice water

rushes over the back of my spine. I jerk my legs up and down on a concrete slab like a frog caught in a jar. Turtles snap at my toes, with their bony green beaks. My fingers are caught under a log that is sucked onto a drain pipe like a leech on a shark. The turtles (snap, snap) keep on coming. I can't get up and run. I kick at them frantically. My eyes swell with blood. These turtles are my editors, the staff of OP. They are after my ass because I fucked this up. They wanted something with substance not the ravings of an Italian street punk.

God! I'm the magazine editor! I laugh. I'm getting over. I can edit, write, read or lay-out copy. My cat writes my stuff. She pounds out these words with her puffy white paws; tongue popping in and out of her mouth; eyes lit up like pools of phosphorous moss in the dark of the advent of a storm. I can't write! I jump in the bed with Ben and kick him in the head.

I pull at his hair. His eyes jump open. *My cat writes my stuff.*

## Retardation, from Page 3A

2,600 to 250. It has also been ordered to provide every mentally retarded individual with six hours of day programming — education, therapy, or an outside job.

The Department has the task, then, of locating suitable residences within the city for those in Willowbrook, by means of contracts with private agencies like work, all free of scandal. As of today, there are only seventeen group homes in operation, with another thirty now in the works.

Profiteering is a growing concern. Currently, there are about twenty-six shelters and boarding houses that are run by profit-making groups, some housing as many as eighty residents. Before the nursing home scandal, Bernard Bergman was planning to get into the act, and several others are attempting to renovate empty hotels upstate.

The future is uncertain. The barriers are finally being splintered and people are beginning to realize that the mentally retarded are capable of being self-sufficient citizens. But the growth process is slow and the State's pocketbook is strapped.



Finley Program Agency

PRESENTS:

Friday  
Dec. 10

Concert

Paris Wright's 'Time Factor'

with vocalist Barbara Monk

Monkey's Paw

12-2 PM

Films

'Jeremiah Johnson'

12 & 4 PM

plus

'The Yakuza'

2 & 6 PM

Finley Ballroom

New Novelists Series

HUGH NISSENSON

Author of 'My Own Ground'

Finley Rm. 325

3-4:15 PM

Tuesday  
Dec. 14

Wednesday  
Dec. 15

Poetry Series

PHILLIP APPLETON

RAY PATTERSON

Finley Rm. 330

12-2PM

Tue.—Th.  
Dec. 14-16

HOLIDAY CRAFTS FAIRE

Finley Ballroom

Tuesday

10 AM-6 PM

Wednesday

12-3 PM

with Jim Chevallier

Thursday Finley Rm. 330 1-2PM



# Announcement

## ANNOUNCEMENT

**WORK OVERSEAS FOR THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!!** — all fields — a few months, or permanent positions. Europe — Japan — Africa — Australia — South Pacific — Far East — South America. The U.S. Government is the largest employer of Americans overseas! To allow you the opportunity to explore working for the U.S. Government overseas, the following book has been researched and written. **"HOW TO GET A JOB OVERSEAS WITH THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT."** This book discusses employment requirements and activities of 13 different U.S. Government Agencies in complete detail. . . and you will be told whom to contact at each one concerning current overseas employment opportunities. Also complete information on:

- Teaching Opportunities
- Complete information on the Peace Corps — who and where to apply
- Employment on U.S. Government Ships
- Employment at the Panama Canal Zone — What type of positions they hire and whom to contact.
- Career opportunities in the State Department and United States Information Agency.
- Opportunities and Qualifications as a **Foreign Service Officer.**
- How and where to apply for Embassy positions — Men — Women — Secretaries — Office Help — Staff Personnel — etc., etc.
- What type of positions different Civil Service Departments hire for overseas employment and whom to contact.
- List of Federal Job Information Centers Nation Wide.
- Further Information on Employment in Engineering • Accounting • Teaching • Personnel Administration • Recreational • Library Work • Maintenance • Supply • Management • Agriculture • Medical • Skilled Trades • Semi-Skilled and MUCH, MUCH MORE!!!

### ORDER NOW! DON'T DELAY!!

Send for your copy of **"How to Get a Job Overseas with the United States Government"** — \$4.00 (cash, check or money order) payable to the Overseas Collegiate Research Institute, 1727 Scott Road, Suite C, Burbank, CA. 91504. Add 50c for mailing.

If dissatisfied with your book for any reason within 30 days, return it for a full refund, no questions asked

Young men and women:

**You'll need insurance  
someday...  
so start now  
when it costs less.**

And the younger you start the lower the rates. A Metropolitan Modified Premium Life Policy can be started at anytime through your age 25 when initial rates are surprisingly low.

This means a lot to someone still in school, just beginning to earn a living, or a young married. The lower starting rates enable you to buy more insurance than you might expect, earlier in life, and begin building an estate you'll be proud of, and grateful for, in later years.

Call or write me today for full details about Metropolitan's Modified Premium Life Policy.

Samuel Farrel  
144 West 125th St.  
New York, N.Y. 10027  
Office: 866-9418, or 9300

**Metropolitan Life**  
**Where the future is now**

Metropolitan Life, New York, N.Y.

## Holiday Cheer & Best Wishes For A Happy New Year!



HOLIDAY RING DAYS



Thursday December 17  
Friday December 18

**FREE GIFT  
WITH ORDER**  
**Your Choice  
of any \$1<sup>99</sup> L.P.**

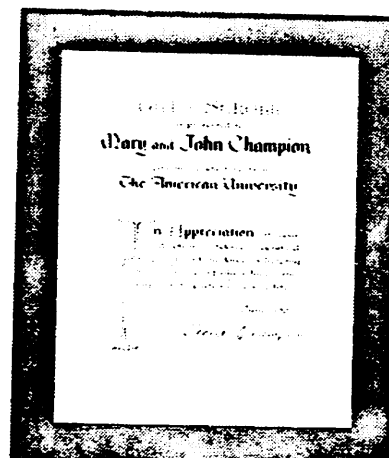
- Choice of 1 at No Charge
- Stone Encrusting
  - Name Engraved
  - Fireburst Stone

\$5.00 Discount if  
paid in full at  
time of order

*"Que nunca se aparte el libro  
de tus manos y de tus ojos."*

**Always more at  
City College Store  
(Finley Student Center)**

Hours (subj. to change)  
9-4:45 PM Daily



- Choice of finishes
- Special price for CCNY Diplomas
- Small Deposits Required
- Order for the Holidays
- We laminate Diplomas from all schools

**Diploma Lamination  
& Appreciation Scrolls**

## Davis Center stages lifeless adaptation of 'Kennedy's Children'

By LIDJ LEWIS

When reminiscing about the sixties — Kent State, the escalation of the Vietnam War, and the assassination of Martin Luther King and the Kennedy brothers, one might conclude that a lot was left to be desired. The Davis Center for the Performing Arts' adaptation of Robert Patrick's *Kennedy's Children*, presented in the Shepard Great Hall this week, like the sixties, also left a lot to be desired.

The play represents the changing moral, political and social values of that decade, focusing on the assassination of John F. Kennedy and using that traumatic event as a springboard for the rest of the play. Unfortunately, that board does not have enough elasticity.

The script is tough, straightforward and witty at times, and the many profanities are handled with tact injecting a good deal of sarcastic humor into the play. But aside from that, poor direction and dull acting — with the exception of Matthew Sokolsky and Barbara Traub — did the script little justice.

Each of the six actors in *Kennedy's Children* take turns in sharing with the audience their own personal problems, and for nearly two hours the cast seems to use the audience as a shoulder to cry on. There's a bartender written into the script (the play is set in a bar), so why couldn't have they taken it out on him?

Not much movement takes place in the play, rendering the production somewhat lifeless. The actors just sit around most of the time, slouched over the bar counter or the tables, immersed in their depressions. There is little interaction between the actors, each



Students in a scene from 'Kennedy's Children,' the new Davis Center production

of whom appears to await their turn to recite something.

Powerful subjects like the sexual revolution, the Bay of Pigs Invasion and urban riots are referred to in the play as each character mixes his own personal experiences with one of a number of social and political topics. The trouble is that after a while one takes on a nonchalant attitude toward what the actors are expressing.

One thing that struck me as rather strange was that the bartender had no lines. I know it would be unethical to change a playwright's script, but to have Lionel Pina (of "Dog Day Afternoon" fame) fumble around the stage seems odd.

Matthew Sokolsky stands out in the lively role of a homosexual who shares his tales of the underground theatre world, and Barbara Traub's portrayal of a lustful callgirl a la Marilyn Monroe is also convincing.

The set designers did a fantastic job, the lighting crew, however, could have flicked those switches a little more often, in order to create a change in mood in the totally black setting.

## Kohout examines 'madness' in a brilliant Broadway play

Following in the tradition of playwrights such as Dostoevsky ("The Possessed") and Durrenmatt ("The Physicists"), whose heroes flirt with madness, Pavel Kohout examines the concept of "sanity" and freedom of the individual in his powerful play "Poor Murderer" at the Barrymore Theatre.

Kohout is a writer, poet and philosopher who was one of the cultural leaders of the ill-fated 1968 Czechoslovakian uprising, and his works have since been suppressed by the authorities of his country. With "Poor Murderer" Kohout offers us an intriguing play that, while not overtly autobiographical, is full of subtle references to the political realities of present-day Czechoslovakia.

The play is set in a mental institution to which the actor Kerzhentsev (Laurence Luckinbill) has voluntarily committed himself following his breakdown during a rehearsal of "Hamlet." Upon the suggestion of the institution's head psychiatrist, Kerzhentsev enacts a play of his life's story, assisted by the members of the theatre company where he had been the leading male actor.

We are gradually drawn into the circumstances of Kerzhentsev's "insanity" as he retraces his unhappy childhood and youth, a desperate search for love, which

he finally finds in his acting partner, Tatyana Nicolayevna (Maria Schell). She is everything he has ever longed for. But Kerzhentsev's passion is neither understood, believed, nor wanted by Tatyana, and as he persists in fighting her indifference, Kerzhentsev's passion becomes obsessive and self-destructive.

As the play unfolds you might unravel Kerzhentsev's three separate identities and discover the roots of his "madness."

Laurence Luckinbill's superb performance meets every demand of this complex role. He is convincing and touching, and adds humor and boyish innocence to the characters he impersonates. Maria Schell is ravishing, graceful and fragile as a compassionate woman full of sympathy and understanding for the tortured Kerzhentsev. The play also enjoys the talents of Kevin McCarthy, the well-known screen actor, and Ruth Ford, Larry Gates and Julie Garfeld, among others.

Although far more intelligent than it is original, "Poor Murderer" stands out as a theatre masterpiece, and I urge you to see it and discover Pavel Kohout, whose only illness is his intelligence and love for his country.

— Ihs DeGeorge

## Lou Reed's latest LP fails but live show works well

By ED CASEY

Steve Miller proclaimed himself the "space cowboy." Glen Campbell emerged as the rhinestone-studded dude. And now rock star Lou Reed has become the lowest of the pack — the urban honky-tonk warbler.

Honky-tonk music is characterized by guitar pickers hung over on boilermakers, singing about divorcees, fugitives, and rednecks, all in a vocal style that sounds like a coyote in heat. Generally, the music is suffocating and never escapes the gin-mill atmosphere.

Lou Reed gives me the same vibes. He's the hood on parole,

mumbling about Joe-College straights, Long Island Lolitas, narcissists and other sociopaths in a monotonous voice that's a cut above a seventh-grade recital of the pledge of allegiance.

Undaunted, Reed invites criticism when he attempts to be St. Mark's Place's answer to Blecker Street's Bob Dylan. Unfortunately, Reed's quirky interpretations of the concrete wasteland are as deep as a whisky shot glass.

So why bother with this guru of depressing, wrist-slashing rock? Because when he gets cooking with talented musicians, he soars above his usual drek. He then achieves his widely imitated garage-band sound with its steady rhythm and danceable beat.

While teamed up with guitarist Mick Ronson (a former David Bowie aide) on the *Transformer* album, Lou Reed cut loose two of the best singles of the seventies: "Take a Walk on the Wild Side" and "Vicious." Similarly, the gently explosive recording *Lou Reed* benefits from the assistance of axemen Steve Howe and Caleb Quaye, the nucleus for this classic-rock collaboration.

Four studio albums later, none of the magic of Reed's earlier sound remains, except for such tunes as "Sally Can't Dance" and "Crazy Feeling." A major disaster has happened on his latest release, *Rock & Roll Heart*, as Reed's self-indulging drone dominates this repetitive sounding disc. Songs like "Bang My Drum," "Sheltered Live," and the title track, are short and punchless.

Like many scarred prizefighters, Lou Reed never seems to take a ten-count, and he got up again a few weeks ago to give a knockout performance at the Palladium. He gambled by cutting the omnipresent lead guitar in favor of saxophone and keyboards for his back-up quartet, and it paid off well.

Reed was free to breathe fire into his vocals, dance, and mime his way through the storming rock number "Kill Your Sons." "Charley's Girl," and "Walk on the Wild Side" were effectively reworked into fresh, interesting jazz-rock excursions. The two-and-a-half hour concert climaxed with "Temporary Thing," "Sister Ray," and "Heroin," the latter two roaring versions of old Velvet Underground material.

Lou Reed was the transformer on this night. The rocker who came across as a sleep-inducing, ugly fairy on his latest album, became a kamikaze performer annihilating the audience with a memorable live show.



Honky-Tonk Guru Lou Reed turns kamikaze performer

## Tom Jans: a new talent on the verge of success

By PAUL DABALSA

Last year, Tom Jans stepped forward on his Columbia debut, *Eyes of An Only Child*, and was immediately hailed as a promising new talent. The album, memorable for its elaborate melodies and romantic lyrics, was met by critical approval and went on to become a greater triumph when Gary Stewart had a number one country hit with "Out of Hand," one of the tunes from the album. Normally, an unknown artist who suddenly draws attention to his music, heads right back into the studio with an experienced producer and begins work on an even more ambitious project. But the first thing one notices after listening to *Dark Blonde*, Tom Jans' second Columbia album (he recorded one for A&M), is that Jans either drastically misunderstood the commercial importance of this new album, or is downright reluctant to let himself become predictable.

If this gifted singer-songwriter prefers to remain a bright hopeful on the verge of success, rather than the star he holds the potential of being at this moment, it is clearly his prerogative and there is very little we can do but wait him out. Whereas the new album does not suggest a step back for Jans, neither does it indicate a definite move forward. Whether by choice or limitations, he appears not to be seeking to surpass *Eyes of An Only Child*, but merely trying to equal it.

The new music is quite good, although it fails to match the



Tom Jans remains unpredictable

slide guitar are used extensively in creating that subtle crossfire between lead guitar and slide permeating so much of Southern California rock. And although Jans is an obvious product of this musically wealthy region he does not depend on much else besides his complimentary lead and slide work that characterizes this particular genre.

In fact, Tom Jans is quite unlike other artists working the so-called "Los Angeles sound." He is not as purposeful as Jackson Browne, nor as superficially good-timey as The Eagles. He is neither a disciple nor an imitator, something which will instantly minimize comparisons with still other rising singer-songwriters like Warren Zevon. So, even though Jans hails from San Jose and his musical roots lie firmly in California, his sound is a typical and less defined than that of others geographically associated with him.

Instead Jans' sound is full and funky. He could be regarded as a male equivalent of Bonnie Raitt, playing a wholesome brand of infectious music. On the new album, "Young Man in Trouble," "Bluer Than You," and "Ready to Roll," are most indicative of Jans' particular style. Other noteworthy numbers here include "Eneline" and "Distant Canon Fire," two finely crafted and beautifully executed songs.

If you happen to be familiar with Tom Jans' music by way of his first Columbia effort, you will surely want to pick up on this one. And although *Dark Blonde* fails to represent the breakthrough in Jans' career, the talent remains intact, and for those not yet acquainted with this gifted musician, I guarantee it's only a matter of time.

POPOP

general effectiveness of the first album. Jans has traded in the musicians who helped him previously for a completely new lineup. The choice reflects Jans' need to work with a steady band, rather than with a conglomeration of studio musicians. On *Eyes of An Only Child*, Little Feat guitarist Lowell George, session drummer Jim Keltner, and slide guitarist David Lindley, were among the many hired musicians. Now, Jans has tightened his sound by working closely with his new recruits: guitarist Jerry Swallow and Scott Shelly, bassman Kerry Hatch, and drummer Kelly Shanahan. Both Swallow and Shelly's abilities on

## Jazz Notes

## Lookout Farm Splits

FREDERIC SEAMAN

One unfortunate aspect of a contemporary music scene thriving on fusion groups that combine elements of jazz and rock in a deliberate attempt to appeal to broad segments of both audiences, is that the more eclectic groups and musicians run the risk of being relegated to the sidelines.

Such has been the fate of Dave Liebman and Lookout Farm, an exciting, consistently inventive group that sought to expand the concept of fusion music in contemporary jazz. Liebman, a saxophonist who has played with Miles Davis, Elvin Jones, and John McLaughlin, formed Lookout Farm in the Spring of 1974, formally bringing together musicians with whom he had been associated since the late '60s: pianist Richie Beirach, bassist Frank Tusa, drummer Jeff Williams, and Indian percussionist Badal Roy. They provided him with a fertile musical environment in which to cultivate his eclectic approach to jazz. And under his guidance Lookout Farm evolved into a remarkably versatile group equally at home with electrified jazz-rock, acoustical ballads, free-styled improvisations, and exotic, Near Eastern and Indian inspired music.

The recent news that Liebman and the members of Lookout Farm have decided to disband and go their separate musical ways did come as a surprise to many of their followers, but perhaps it was inevitable in light of the quintet's failure to gather a significant audience despite several superb albums recorded during their two-year association. (*Lookout Farm and Drum Ode* on the ECM label; *Sweet Hands*, and most recently, *Forgotten Fantasies* — consisting of duets between Beirach and Liebman — on A&M's jazz label, *Horizon Records*).

A farewell concert held as part of Town Hall's Interlude Series on Nov. 24th was heavy with nostalgia. It was here in 1968 that Liebman started his professional career in a concert that featured Elvin Jones, Roland Kirk, and a quintet he co-led with Randy Breckler.

Although it lasted only a little over an hour (standard length of the Interlude Series), Lookout Farm's final concert offered a glimpse of Liebman's versatility and provided a brief retrospective of the group's musical accomplishments. The program began with a pulsating, excitement-building jazz-rock number, but those who expected an equally loud and aggressive follow-up were left hanging as the pace shifted dramatically and the group switched to one of their exotic acoustical guises. Their second number, titled "Satya Duane," opened with an hypnotic tabla introduction by Badal Roy, who was then joined by Beirach adding colorful accents by plucking the strings of his piano. As the piece gathered momentum it was transformed into a throbbing improvisation propelled by Roy's furious drumming and Beirach's dramatic piano crescendos, while Liebman injected sharp, breathy flute statements.

The stage was then turned over to Beirach, who played "For Eugene," an original composition in which he displayed bold imagination and awesome technique. Beirach and Liebman's subsequent duet was the most fascinating part of the program, their intelligent interplay revealing an unusually deep level of musical collaboration.

The final segment featured Liebman on tenor and soprano saxophone, first in a duet with drummer Jeff Williams and then in a moving solo performance of Ellington's "In A Sentimental Mood."

Liebman's musical personality is heard distinctly on soprano sax, which he plays like few other modern jazzmen. He favors long, intricate improvisations built on soaring melodies and dramatic rhythmic and melodic changes, which he accentuates with graceful, often spasmodic contortions.

Although Liebman acknowledges Coltrane's strong influence on his style, he has forged an unmistakable identity of his own, combining an adventurous imagination with a fervent attack, and it is only a matter of time until he emerges as one of the major forces in the evolving current of contemporary music.

Free-style multi-instrumentalist Keshavan Maslak will perform at The Kitchen (484 Wooster St.), a Soho artists' loft, this Saturday, Dec 11 at 8 PM. After hearing Maslak play his impressive array of saxophones, flute and French Horn with Emmett "The Stick" Chman at Folk City last week, I recommend his concert to those who plan to liven up their weekend music-wise.



Harold Brodkey, the 1976 O'Henry Short Story Winner, spoke at the College recently and cautioned students about the perils of the writing profession. According to Brodkey, who has been working on a novel for the past four years and contributes articles to *Esquire* and *The New Yorker*, the average novel earns only \$1,700 for the author. Brodkey told a student audience that writing permitted him to run away from life, because "You're relatively safe at a typewriter." Brodkey spoke under the auspices of the New Novelist Series, sponsored by the Finley Program Agency and the English Department.

# 'Bound For Glory' recalls life of folk singer Woody Guthrie

By JEFF BRUMBEAU

Back in '43 when Woody Guthrie was a name they knew well all the way from West coast orchardcountry to the grimy Philadelphia union halls, he published an autobiography that today is bible to every self-respecting novice hobo, guitar picker, or folk music aficionado. "Bound For Glory" recalls in ram-bunctious, galloping prose the folk singer's early days in the Oklahoma dust bowl — his unsettled, mobile days (singing and riding freight trains) and later his union work and subsequent rise to fame. It is one of the happiest, saddest, most energetic, and fullest stories of anyone's life I've ever read. Guthrie's humor and compassion are everywhere in the book but the thing most readily apparent is his love of people and of life.

Now, thirty-three years after the book's appearance and nine years after his death, a film has been made about Woody Guthrie and the results are good. Its title taken from the autobiography, "Bound For Glory" covers four of the most intense years of his life. Directed by Hal Ashby and produced by one-time close Guthrie pal Harold Leventhal, the first word on the film was honesty. Marjorie Guthrie (Woody's wife) and the whole Guthrie clan were often on hand during the shooting to offer advice and to set the filmmakers straight. Harold Leventhal, who has worked long on this project was also concerned with authenticity and managed to keep Hollywood out of the movie.

The film begins in the dustbowl town of Pampa, Texas, in 1936. It is the middle of the great depression, the height of the drought that gripped the middle-states and was starving the people off the land. It is the time of the huge exodus from the dying dust-bowl towns to the green California



Woody Guthrie, the last American folk hero

valleys. Woody Guthrie (David Carradine) is one of those who decides to take to the road. He has been living with his wife Mary (Melinda Dillon) and children trying to get along as a sign painter but jobs are scarce and hard to keep when his unusual, singular character gets his feet in the way. He decides his luck is failing in Texas so one day he writes a note, "Going to California," grabs his hat, and leaves.

He heads west, thumbing the highways to the Arizona state line where he learns the police are turning those back who have less than fifty dollars. With holes in the holes of his pockets Guthrie decides to make the rest of the trip by freight train, but riding third class turns out to be dangerous to his health. En route he runs into fights, yard bulls, and vigilantes. Finally he pulls into L.A.

California is a broken dream. The only work to be found is picking fruit and there are more hungry bellies than jobs. Pay is low and orchard owners keep it low by using the threat of starvation as a billy-club. It is here Woody meets Ozark Bule (Ronny Cox), a singer who travels the migrant camps per-

forming and trying to unionize the workers. Guthrie joins him and the union, singing each week on his radio show and out in the fields among the people. With money in his pocket he brings Mary and the kids west. Things look good when he's given a radio program of his own, but with the change in sponsors he is forbidden to perform radical material. Frustrated and stubborn he fights the decision and when stale-mated, flees on a long trip to the migrant camps and unorganized factories to campaign with songs. When he returns, his wife is gone and he is a famous man.

"Bound For Glory" is an enormous production worth the many millions spent on it. Time and money serve well in recreating on the screen the strength of the book. Director Ashby is to be saluted for his faithful adherence to exactness and precision in the reproduction of this period. For the street scenes, vintage automobiles were unearthed, and even an old street car was taken out of storage to be used in the film. The freight train scenes were done on actual, moving trains.

David Carradine, interviewed in the *Daily News*, said previous to the film that he only knew Guthrie as some guy who'd written a couple of songs. Obviously, he's done his homework. He pulls the role off well, giving it equal amounts of humor, compassion, and eccentricity. His adaptation seems natural, his actions effortless. When the ex-kung fu master makes love to a girl, plays with a kid, or sings a song, it is all very believable. He did not, however, make me want to sing along. His guitar playing is passable, his singing only slightly better. Ronny Cox's performance as the glib, emotion-rousing union organizer is great, and typical of those leather-

(Continued on Page 8)

## 'Network' ridicules boob tube

"Network," a new film by Paddy Chavelsky, is a takeoff similar to the screenwriter's previous work, "Hospital," and offers a satiric look at yet another American institution, this time the television industry. The film exposes television's destructive nature, mainly the intense competition for ratings.

Directed by Sidney Lumet ("Dog Day Afternoon," "Serpico"), the story centers around a small network. The United Broadcasting Company (referred to as "the whorehouse network"), and their constant effort to grab a greater share of the viewing audience.

The madness begins when newsman Howard Beale (Peter Finch) declares he will commit suicide on camera, and is removed from the air, only to convince his news director, Max Shumacher (William Holden) to grant him an on-the-air farewell speech, in which he lets loose a stream of obscenities denouncing the absurd world around him. Beale and Shumacher are promptly fired.

However, UBS' opportunistic programming director, Diana Christen (Faye Dunaway) whose ideas include a weekly comedy show about terrorist groups, sees a

gold mine in Beale's on-camera ravings, which she expects will appeal to the audiences' primitive instincts. She makes Beale the star of the news report, which now begins to resemble a revival meeting. Beale is proclaimed the "Mad Prophet," his sermons becoming the voice of American anger and frustration. The power of television is ridiculed in several brilliant scenes where Beale urges his audience to go to the window and scream and we next see thousands of people hanging out of apartment windows screaming, while the station executives go berserk.

The performances are all convincing, particularly Faye Dunaway as the high-strung workaholic who has an affair with Shumacher, characterized by a scene in a motel where they are in bed and she talks compulsively about script ideas while reaching a climax. Peter Finch is also effective as Beale, an ambivalent character driven to self-destruction as a result of the station's exploitation of him.

William Holden's portrayal of Shumacher, a sympathetic individual trapped in the sterile world of "Network" is the most believable of all. The story's best moments are when Shumacher ad-



Peter Finch as Howard Beale, the 'Mad Prophet' of the Whorehouse Network

mits infidelity to his wife, and when he attacks Christen, telling her that television destroys all it touches.

Though flawed at times by a somewhat trite, preachy tone, the dialogue in "Network" is well written and funny, presenting a revealing look at this most fascinating of the mass media.

— Brenda Stahl

# OPOP RECORD REVIEWS

## Hot Tuna—"Hopkory"

It's easy to feel cheated when good bands such as this one, feed us faceless product which is rushed and uninspired. On **Hopkory** Tuna maintains a professional consistency which is enough to advise anyone unfamiliar with the band to pick up on the album. Yet those who have followed Tuna's progression from their initial acoustic LP in 1970, will find the new material indistinguishable from typical Tuna fare. Nothing here grabs the listener like the band's earlier material, or even as much as "Baby What You Want Me To Do" and "Hot Jelly Roll Blues" from their last album. The best tracks here — "I Can't Be Satisfied," "Song from the Stainless Cymbal," and the acoustic "Watch the North Wind Rise" — maintain a bland effectiveness capable of pleasing, but not ecstatically. "Drivin' Around" is Tuna's answer to the Starship's "Cruisin' in My Automobile," while "Extraction Love Song," "Santa Claus Retreat" and "Talking 'Bout You" are throwaways which Jorma Kaukonen embellishes with superlative guitar work in an effort to pass them off as something more than fillers. But Kaukonen's pyrotechnics are unable to save songs which simply do not work as entities. There is also much formula riffing here such as on "I Wish You Would," and "Talkin' 'Bout You." Even for avid electric blues lovers, **Hopkory** requires repeated listenings before it transcends its appearance of a rushed product.

—Paul Dabalsa

## Bunny Livingston—"Blackheart Man"

In America, Bunny Livingston is the least known of the original Wailers. Unfortunately, his solo debut, **Blackheart Man**, will do little to alter these circumstances. Even with Jamaica's top musicians lending a hand, Livingston manages this failure. Unlike any great reggae recording, where the music overwhelms the listener, one has to work hard to enjoy **Blackheart Man**. It could be that Livingston has compromised too much in striving for American recognition. Or possibly the goals set by the other two original Wailers — Bob Marley's figurehead status in reggae, and Peter Tosh's magnificent debut album — are too much for Livingston to match. In any case, this album

suffers from a transfixing sameness, and could be discarded altogether if not for one tune, "Fighting Against Convictions." But here again, Livingston fails to give the song the proper treatment which might have conceivably established it as a classic. His perfunctory interpretation of this song not only epitomizes the many flaws on the album, but also suggests the difference an outside producer (Livingston self-produced the LP) might have made on this album.

—Paul Dabalsa

## Tom Waits—"Small Change"

Tom Waits' fourth Asylum album is little more than a continuation of what this talented lyricist has done in the past. There are no surprises here, as Waits continues to work the style which has brought him a fair amount of success. Clearly, Waits feels he can squeeze additional mileage from his jazzy rambles, and is yet unwilling to journey outside of his stylistic perimeter. Which is why **Small Change** is the kind of album that can easily be mistaken as an indication of an artist becoming stagnant. The material is overly familiar and the milieu particularly limited. Yet, the album has its merits. Waits' lyrics continue to show a laborious effort, and his material flows with a certain level of ingenuity. His best works here ("Invitation to the Blues," "The Piano Has Been Drinking" and "Tom Traubert's Blues") may not rival the finest of his earlier recordings, yet they are inspired and engaging tracks, which alone are worth the consumer's effort.

—Paul Dabalsa

## Anthony Braxton—"Duets 1976" (With Mural Richard Abrams)

This thoughtfully prepared musical dialogue between Braxton and his friend and mentor Richard Abrams is long overdue. It was Abrams who in 1966 introduced Braxton into Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Music (of which he was president), an avant-garde collective that became a breeding ground for many of today's most influential innovators in jazz.

Braxton is one of the more prolific and "successful" (measured in visibility and audience acceptance) AACM alumni, having recorded a string of noteworthy albums for Arista Records over the past three years. At one point it

looked as if he might even establish a following among the general jazz audience, being one of the first members of the avant-garde jazz establishment to make it into such majors clubs as The Bottom Line and Village Gate. But Braxton didn't push too hard for recognition then, choosing instead to remain unpredictable (suicide in this business) and continues to record impressive little gems with no commercial potential.

Employing an arsenal of reed instruments (from soprano to contrabass sax), Braxton growls, purrs and whines his way through six carefully chosen pieces which contrast his own playful, witty virtuosity with Abrams' more somber and obscure, yet equally unique style.

**Duets 1976** has relatively conventional interpretations of Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag" and Eric Dolphy's "Miss Ann," but the emphasis is on three of Braxton's intriguing compositions, which he describes in the liner notes as "...controlled" open ended musical situations where "all of the elements and sequences... have been prepared in advance."

"Side 1/Cut Two" (Braxton shuns conventional titles for his compositions, choosing instead to identify them through puzzling geometric diagrams and numbers outlining the piece's structure — a unique notation system few people, myself included, have managed to unravel), is a typically rambling, seemingly anarchical piece, consisting of darting unison riffs and twisting clarinet and contrabass clarinet solos superimposed over Abrams' cascading note clusters and sudden thunderous rolls that might dissolve into an aimless stroking of the keys.

Braxton's lyrical side becomes evident in "Nickie," a tender ballad on which he plays alto sax, and the album's only spontaneous improvisation.

Following in the wake of the harsh, overpowering **Creative Orchestra Music 1976**, the new **Duets 1976** album is a relaxed, intimate work whose single purpose is to allow these two masters of the avant-garde to document and define their musical relationship. And that it does superbly.

—Fred Seaman

## Sayer's 'Flight' never takes off

By JOYCE MEISNER

Two of producer Richard Perry's stylistic trademarks are lush orchestral arrangements and an omnipresent multitude of well-known backing musicians. Like Phil Spector, the renowned record producer who heavily exerted his presence on

the Philly records of ten years ago, Perry has developed a distinct style which has attracted a list of influential artists including Ringo Starr and Carly Simon. Yet, while Perry's records are impeccably produced, the artist invariably appears buried in a barrage of strings and slick accompaniment. The latest victim of this domination is Leo Sayer, whose **Endless Flight** is sure to be viewed as a disaster by his early followers.

Sayer, whose booming voice and slender frame remind one of a mouse with an authoritative roar, has no control over his album. His straight-forward vocals and candid lyrics evidenced on two earlier albums, "Silverbird" and "Just a Boy," have been stripped away. Terminated also is the highly melodic and effective writing partnership with David Courtney, who has been replaced by better known contemporary writers such as Barry Mann, Cynthia Wells, and Vini Poncia. The guest musicians backing him here read like a who's who in the music industry, and include Steve Gadd, Richard Tee, Andrew Gold, Earl Slick, Bobby Hall Porter, Michale O'Martian and Bill Payne. The album's heavy Elton John overtones are no simple coincidence either. Paul Buckmaster and James Newton Howard, formerly with Elton, are featured here on string arrangements and synthesizer, respectively.

As a portrait of probably America's last creditable folk hero, "Bound For Glory" elicits few complaints. The colors are authentic, the blend good enough to reveal the whole man. There is no attempt at glorification in the screenplay. The picture is Guthrie, nice and not so nice.

It doesn't tear down a legend, it maintains one.

The basic problem with this record is that the plethora of over-the-top talent on the album over-shadow Sayer's presence. It seems as if the raw exuberance of Sayer's

vocals have been severely muted in order to fit his new image as an Am-oriented artist. "You Make Me Feel Like Dancing," the new disco-oriented hit off the album is disappointing because the falsetto vocals do not sound natural and the song does not accurately represent Sayer's incredible vocal range. "No Business Like Love Business" is a Motown-type tune complete with black backing vocals, but is ruined by a syrupy arrangement (So syrupy that it would fit more comfortably on any album of popular show tunes).

Side two is much more interesting. In "I Hear the Laughter," Sayer is allowed to stretch out and his basic grittiness and power become evident. "Magdalena" is a nicely arranged acoustic number which is easy to hum along with, while "How Much Love" is noteworthy for Richard Tee's powerful gospel piano. "I Think We Fell In Love Too Fast," while burdened with some nauseating lyrics about teenage pregnancy and ill-fated marriage, contains the best choruses on the album. The song has Sayer belting it out against some motown-type horns and possesses a good dancing beat. The most disappointing track is Andrew Gold's "Endless Flight," which might have worked better given a true Sayer interpretation instead of one so reminiscent of an Elton John-type ballad.

For those not familiar with Leo Sayer's earlier works, this album may prove tolerable. However for those who know better, **Endless Flight** is better left alone.



Leo Sayer

## THE RESEARCH EXCHANGE

Termpaper & Thesis Research  
Editing, Typing, Resumes  
50,000 TOPICS  
50 Journal Square, 8th floor  
Jersey City, N.J. 07306  
Tel. (201) 659-2198

## READ FASTER \$98

5 weeks guaranteed course  
DOUBLE or TRIPLE your speed  
Understand more, retain more  
Nationally known professor  
Class forming now

READING SKILLS 864-5112

## RESEARCH

Thousands of Topics  
Send for your up-to-date, 160-page, mail order catalog. Enclose \$1.00 to cover postage and handling.

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE, INC.  
11322 IDAHO AVE., # 206  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90025  
(213) 477-8474

Our research papers are sold for research purposes only.

There IS a difference!!!

Our 38th Year

PREPARE FOR:

MCAT • DAT • LSAT • SAT  
GRE • GMAT • OCAT • CPAT • VAT

Over 38 years of experience and success. Small classes. Voluminous home study materials. Courses that are constantly updated. Centers open days and weekends all year. Complete tape facilities for review of class lessons and for use of supplementary materials. Make ups for missed lessons at our centers.

ECFMG • FLEX  
NAT'L MEDICAL & DENTAL BOARDS  
Flexible Programs & Hours

Bklyn. 212-336-5300  
Manhattan 212-683-5005  
Long Island 516-538-4555  
New Jersey 201-846-2662

CALL  
Toll Free 800-221-9840

Stanley H. KAPLAN  
EDUCATIONAL CENTER LTD.  
175 E. 16th St. New York, N.Y. 10003  
TEST PREPARATION  
SPECIALISTS SINCE 1938