

The Observation Post

VOL. LXI NO. 7

The City College, New York, N.Y. 10031

(212) 690-8182

Thursday, December 9, 1976



Season's Greetings From The Observation Post

DON'T CALL BACK
HOT LANTA

DON'T DO IT
PAUL!

ROTHENBACH
BACKSTABBER.

Liz: 2 heads are
better than 2!

Long Live
C.C.N.Y.

THE END OF AN ERA - BOB ROSEN

DONNA FROM MARYLAND: A Special Thanks to
"Me + 00" - Pete. Our Hartford Courant
Editorial Writer!

Nice Try: D R B

GREEN
TEETH.

MOM!
Hi!

Paul
Debaska
- Too Late!

Rubinmack!
To Go...

ORLANDO
+
MERYL

DAVE + TO
All the
people
at Lehal - Th. Pincle.

"The Lip"

CINDY with an S.
I Love YOU - P.J.

PAULA!
STOP LIEING.

COCAINE
is gd. for
The Brain.

FEEL BERTUNG

Ed + 2i - 2i = 4

WERE NOT

FRANK: YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE

Newsday
and
Esquire
in the Village.

176 - Canadian Fantasies!

176

A Laura - Rondinone Production ©

The Observation Post

A FREE PRESS — AN INFORMED STUDENT BODY

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To the Editor:

I am an inmate in prison. I am very lonely and don't have anybody but my parent to write. I would like to hear from anyone interested. I would like some mail for Christmas.

Thank you.

142-079 Lindsey Philoh
P.O. Box 787
Lucasville, Ohio 45648

To the Editor:

Beginning on January 3, 1977 the undergraduate information windows of the Registrar's Office will be open to students from 9:00 a.m. to 4:45 p.m. Only window service will be available from 9:00 a.m. to 12:30 in the Day Session Office. All office staff will be available to serve students from 12:30 p.m. to 4:45 p.m. We regret that we are still unable to permit full access to the office staff at this time.

Peter Prehn
Registrar

WAITING

FOR MY MAN

Continued from Page 2A

myself with my very own eyes what a bastard he is. And it would have felt good to scream and carry on like I never let myself do and maybe even . . . Oh, I don't know. Stop them somehow. Get rid of the girl. But he wouldn't come to me. He couldn't stand it. He wouldn't be able to look at me or touch me. I can hardly stand it myself. And I

used to be so full-fleshed. He used to just grab on to me and laugh, so happy in that deep-throated way of his, and tell me how glad he was that I had become a woman and not stayed that skinny little chippy he had met back in Chicago. He was loaded then, and even a worse lady-killer. Well, he was always doing something not quite above-board to make ends meet. But I never complained about it. That was his way. I had the studio and the company and God knows we couldn't have lived off the money coming in from them. He always got away clean. But you'd expect that from a man like Chuck. Life wasn't about to catch up with him. We did have some good times. Yes. There were some good times.

It's getting dark now. Air's cooling off a bit. David should be getting off work soon. I'm going to insist that he get some sleep tonight. If he can't sleep here he'll just have to forget about me for tonight and go to his own place. I can always phone him if I need him. Got to watch that I don't take advantage of him. I'm getting a little selfish lately. But it's no excuse. It's the same world. But don't I have the right to expect something back from the world? Some kind of compensation. Hey, I ought to know better than that. It's just me that's changed. That's all. But I don't feel different inside. Not in the ways that matter. Not as different as people treat me. They make me so nervous, always asking how I feel and if I need something and looking embarrassed. We both know that these are silly questions and that they mean well and what else can they really do under the circumstances. But damn it sometimes I wish they would just let me be. Just let me slip away quietly and without fussing. David will be here soon. Now he talks to me about everyday things, as if things were just going to go on and on. The way normal people do. If I look him dead in the eyes and we both know that it's just pretend, I know it's alright anyhow. That's what comes from spending a lot of time with someone and going through a lot of trials together. People seem to know how to deal with it then.

At least it looks that way when we're together. Maybe he cries a lot just like I do, all alone, late at night, when nobody's around.

Oh, that must be David now. I'd know the sound of his step anywhere. I've watched him growing and seen his stride lengthening until he was a man. I don't care what he does in bed. He's a man because he cares about people. Any kind of people. You can depend on him. He's never let me down. His footsteps sound heavy and slow tonight. I know that last flight of steps must be getting to him. Damn, I didn't get a chance to fix myself up. That's what happens when you get involved in all sorts of nonsense, watching the sky and reminiscing and such. I'll just pinch some life into these cheeks like Momma used to do so Pop wouldn't say I looked anemic. It got her so mad like she wasn't doing her job right or something. Pop was a terrible tease. There. And smooth back my hair a bit. God, I'm sweating even with this breeze. I'll just ask him to open the window wider. No, he'll just scold me and get a nice cool washcloth and hold it to my forehead and pretend to be mad about the air and so on. Now let me puff out my pillow. Oh how my arms ache. There. I made it. There's the key in the lock.

"Oh, it's you, Sugar. Come on in. Those stairs don't get any easier, do they? Hey, I bet you forgot something. Should we run down the list to see just how badly you've let me down? Oh, of course you didn't. Hey, don't look so proud of yourself. Pride comes before the fall, remember. You ought to be ashamed. You're an angel. Come on and sit down next time. You look really tired. Job running you ragged, isn't it? Rest yourself a minute. I'm not hungry. Dinner can wait. Next to me. I know, it's been a long, hard day. Waiting for the day to end. There, give me your hand. How nice and cool it is. You have such lovely fingers. Now stop grinning and tell me what's going on out there in that big bad world and just what you're doing about it."



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THE OBSERVATION POST MAGAZINE

Volume 1 Issue No. 5
Thursday, December 23, 1976

Page 1A

I was always of the opinion that the administrators at the college were, for the most part, insensitive to the students' interests and needs. I believed that guys like Marshack (your top level administrators) lived in posh duplex apartments and as far as they were concerned nothing mattered besides the size of their paychecks. In fact, I spent nights nursing visions of these (quote) administrators rolling naked on shag rugs and laughing out loud because they cut another department yet they still made thousands of dollars a year. But then thanks to the goodness of a professor, I have met some of these administrators informally and discovered what a simple minded, adolescent vision I have had.

Like get into this: I was running my mouth off about the problems at C.C.N.Y. at a dinner table in a tavern just off Washington Square Park. Seated across from me was Ted Gross a Vice President of City College, Steve Sondheim, the man who wrote the lyrics for *West Side Story*, *Gypsy*, and *Pacific Overtures*, and other luminaries. I focused on the arts.

"It's a shame that in a city with the most experimental theater in the world the 'City' college doesn't have its own theater and/or a comprehensive program for aspiring actors, directors and playwrights." I said.

And Steve Sondheim shook his head side

to side. "It's frightening." His voice was soft. Earlier that evening he had given a lecture at the Andiron club on the musical theater, its importance, past, present and future as an art form. He pointed out that as he traveled across the United States he discovered there was a lack of theater and arts programs in the American Universities.

"Sure it's frightening," I said. I've worked with kids from the Leonard Davis Center and because there aren't decent

are no apprenticeship playwrighting programs at City. It's a damn shame." I slammed the palm of my hand down on the table as hard as I could. I wanted to make sure that the Vice President of the college heard, hoping that in this informal setting he'd be persuaded (what with his peers at the table and Sondheim at his elbow) to make a commitment to the arts. However, as the last sounds of my voice echoed in my ear drums I noticed that I was not the only

talked passionately about the plans for the construction of the theater for the Leonard Davis Center. It seems, from what I overheard, if construction isn't resumed by the end of the month the plans for the theater will be abandoned—ka-put. It had something to do with the monies withheld by the Bowery Savings Bank, but don't take my word for it. I had been drinking wine so the details escaped my preceptions; and I was far more concerned with the fact that as Gross spoke he banged his palm down on the table harder than I did, because I realized, as if I had been struck in the eyes by the beam of an air raid beacon, he cared as much as I did. He cared.

So I put it: why don't the students (particularly the Student Senate) and the administrators get together and approach the problems of our college as if they had a room to paint? They can decide who will bring the brushes, the paint and supply the manpower because there is a job to be done and both sides, by virtue of the positions they hold (their responsibility, to the well being of the students and the college at large), must care and act quickly. Or else, let the walls peel and crack.

Of course, there will be the skeptics who will say this is "politically naive," and/or childish but hell, buddy, I say, I can get away with this because it's Christmas and I want it, I want it, I want it.

DEAR SANTA,
What I WANT FOR
CHRISTMAS IS!
BY: P. J. RONDINONE

facilities they have to work off desk tops. And I also know alot, alot, of playwrights who have given up the theater because there

(quote) concerned soul.

Gross at some point in my speech had engaged in a discussion with Sondheim. He

Tyrone stood on the corner of 126th Street and Eighth Avenue, scratching his left arm. It was September 9, 1999, and hot as a motherfucker in the big apple.

Across the street stood Central Project Number 3, nine blocks long and almost as high, housing one eighth of Harlem's population. Still scratching his arm, Tyrone peered up at the hundreds of barred windows, each one crowded with black, beige, almost white faces straining for air, some breeze to their confinement. It'd be a long time before they got outside, Tyrone knew. Since the placing of all Harlem under martial law in '81, and the destruction of tenements and erection of the eight Central Projects in '84, nobody went outside until they were told, or they'd have a hole in their ass. Anyway, even if someone had been rebellious and tried to get out, Tyrone knew it was impossible. The bars on the windows were set one inch apart as well as made of reinforced steel. The doors were steel too and locked from the outside, by computer. Thin steel rods descended from the ceiling to lock overtop these doors when the Central Project's tenants were returned from their liberty time and accounted for.

The eight groups of 500,000 people who lived in the Central Projects were allowed four hours of Liberty Time each day, on a rotating time schedule. The heavy steel rods were lifted, doors opened, and every four hours half a million pieces of cooped up, repressed, black humanity flooded the streets. Or the Central Medical Commissary, more precisely.

Back in '83 the government had decided Harlem had been totally milked of all financial gain, and outlawed free enterprise. Workmen had come in armored bulldozers, building giant grey stone buildings, with names like Central Medical Commissary, Central Foodstuffs Distribution Point, Population Arrestation Central, the names were too numerous to remember. They'd given everyone ration cards and taken away all the money. Everything was free for niggers now. About the same time they'd begun erecting a concrete wall at 110th Street at the park, which eventually came to be forty feet high and electrified, encircling all

of Harlem. No black faces were allowed below 110th Street. It was just as well to Tyrone. Nothing was free down there anyway.

Things were alright for Tyrone nowadays. At least they weren't any worse. Before Martial Law and the Abolition of Money, he'd been broke and on the streets all the time. What little money he could scrounge up off women and stealing was spent trying to get some drugs, and half the time what he got wasn't enough, or beat, what with the Turkish Drought and the Nuclear Abolition of South East Asia.

In the old days his habit was like trying to get enough food to survive to get high. Even if he got enough, next time he wanted more. What he wanted and needed grew and grew, what was possible for him to get, what he had, shrank. Now, all that weight was off him. True, he was kept locked in Central Project 4 where his room was, twenty hours a day, but it was comfortable: color T.V.,

copping abilities to white boys from downtown. Tyrone couldn't make it doing that. He couldn't take the pressure, he was too selfish, he would rather shoot all the drugs himself.

During Liberty Time Tyrone would walk down to 126th Street and Eighth Avenue, across from the Central Medical Commissary, and stand around with his friends, all of them talking and scratching. A few would speak of the past fondly, of taking the train down to Chinatown to cop brown rocks, of famous brands of dope like Wizard Brown, Eagle '76, The Payback. Those who did not speak listened, nodding silently, eyelids closed, lips sagging, always the hand on arm or groin, scratching, scratching. Every few minutes the talkers and nodders would glance over at the Central Medical Commissary, waiting for it to open. It was a peaceful wait. Clocks had been banned in Harlem since Martial Law, useless to people who were going nowhere. The days were

little talk, this had all been a deadly serious business.

The conveyor on which Tyrone rode was almost to the doorway of Central Medical. Moving toward it Tyrone could see the rows and rows of dispensing machines, their steel arms reaching out to inject passing brown arms with a pale white liquid. The dispensing machines were self operating and had another arm which replaced the empty vial with a full one after each injection. There were no human beings in evidence inside the vast Central Medical except in the cooking room, which had huge unbreakable windows behind which small white technicians toiled making medicine. Ten huge Coca-Cola bottle caps, ten feet in diameter, were held between the open prongs of a giant bobby pin which rested over a huge furnace. Into the bottle caps water was run from ceiling fixtures. When the caps held sufficient water the technicians climbed ladders up the side of the cooker, carrying fifteen pound bags of fine white powder stamped Thailand or South East Asian Work Camps. These were dumped into the cookers, boiled lightly, strained through great cotton filters, and shot into passing black, brown, beige arms.

Passing the dispensing machine on his belt, Tyrone felt the cold metal seize his arm, slap for the vein, stick its needle in. The thing done, moving away, rubbing the hit on his arm, Tyrone felt slightly annoyed. The fucking machine was cold. It was nothing like the old days, when he'd go to a shooting gallery with friends, they'd sit around getting off, getting each other off. In the neck, between the fingers, on the ankle. Shit. At least it wasn't the same arm every god-damn day!

Emerging from the building Tyrone blinked, feeling the strong sun in his eyes, feeling the fine dope flushing hot through the center of his bones. Unconsciously, his hand went to his balls and began scratching. Around him his people did the same. He felt fine, he was lovely, he didn't give a shit. In the hot sun and embrace of the heroin he decided to walk up the street and bullshit with his pals about the old days. Shit. It was fun to talk about the old days when you were high and knew where your next fix was coming from.

Harlem 1999

By Jill Nelson

stereo, and lots of food pellets. Anyway, for Tyrone the confinement was worth the short Liberty Time. When the bells of his Project rang and the grating of steel rods signaled the commencement of Central 4's Liberty Time, Tyrone was always seized by ecstasy. The thought of four hours, unhassled, in the streets, prowling around, scratching, talking to Slim, Peaches, Stretch, cronies from the old days when they'd all been junkies, outcasts, Tyrone loved this. Mousing, lipping, jive talking, it was Tyrone's forte, what he did best, it was all he could do. In the old days the smart junkies sold quantity drugs, gaffed on the streets, selling their

broken only by the opening of a Central Project and the Central Medical Commissary eight times a day.

Now, standing on the corner, wiping the sweat from his face with the sleeve of his tunic, Tyrone felt the stir of movement, the rush of expectation from the crowd that signaled the opening of Central Medical. Unhurriedly he moved toward one of thirty conveyor belts inlaid on the street which had just been activated. Around him, women, men, children, teenagers, babas and aunts jostled for a position on the conveyor, laughing and talking. In the old days, Tyrone remembered, there was no laughter,

Waitin for My Man to Get Home

By Margo Mack

David has been wonderful. Washing the muck off my body, gathering up the soiled sheets, opening the curtains wide so I can look out on the rooftops and hear the noise from the streets. Reminds me of Paris. I mean, the way it looks. But the sounds and noises are different. I think that's really what you remember about places and people. People by their voices, the quality of their laughter, how their sighs sound. In your guts you know a place by its smell. And a single whiff of bacon fat sizzling in a pan, well that can take you all the way back, years back to Sundays in the kitchen and Momma's pretty butterfly apron and the dogs sneaking up on the table and you throwing scraps to them and trying to look innocent and Momma and Pop smiling at each other, knowing all the time and not saying a word.

Oh how my legs ache me today. Poor David. All those stairs he has to climb. And just to bring me something. He looks terrible. If only he would catch some sleep at night. But I understand his sitting up in that chair with his book. I'm scared to fall asleep, too. I keep looking at the door, expecting someone to walk in and, oh it makes me cold inside. David and his book, with his head nodding down to his chest, wrestling himself out of sleep, opening his eyes wide as he can to let the light in so he won't doze off again. Yes, I understand perfectly well.

Chuck never would have done all this. He would have hired a nurse, someone pretty and clean and fresh-smelling. They probably would have ended up making love in the bathroom, thinking I'm asleep, but him covering her mouth with those suffocating kisses of his to keep her quiet just in case.

David, though, he likes other men, so that's never been a problem with us. It always kind of jars me when he acts gay,

though. He does that when he wants to be funny or when he's meeting new people or around a bunch of his friends. Doesn't do that when we're alone. His voice and walk even change. Calls himself my common-law husband. And him so much younger. Maybe it's better to be married to a man like that, sacrifice some of what you think you need, what you hunger after all your life and get starved of anyway by some crazed fool who can only understand his own needs. It tickled me so much when David asked me to marry him. I'll never forget that night. He even tried to seduce me. Would he have been in trouble if I had given him the go-ahead! Naw, but I wouldn't do that. I just couldn't stop laughing because it just seemed so peculiar. I mean, I've known him since he was about seven and first started coming to the studio with those skinny legs of his and that long, lean head. Knew he was a talent right away. It's a shame a man like that can't get work. Not even in Broadway shows. I just don't know what's wrong with the business these days. People just don't give a damn. I wonder does life really change or do we just think it does. Like sometimes I wonder if I had married David, would I have had a different life? Maybe I wouldn't have been lying here right now, wasting away, losing control of everything...

Soon I'm going to have to look at myself. Everyday, I push back the sheets and look at my body. I can count the folds of loose skin and measure the days, just the way they figure the years by the rings on the trees. I still can't believe my skin has really turned grey. I mean grey. The color of that lentil soup we used to order in Germany because it was so cheap and filling. Even then I hated the color. But it smelled so good that I overlooked it. Rich and thick and warm going down. In those brightly lit guesthouses noisy with ugly language but kind of

cozy anyway. People that I liked a lot around me. Lots of laughing, dirty jokes, the whole bit. Nonsense. Trust. That's when we started to get a name for ourselves. Things started picking up some. It's true what they say that you have to leave home to get a break. America's funny that way. Never trusts itself to know what it likes and what it doesn't like. But I have to admit I always missed it when I was away for any period of time. The funkiness. The informality. The art of hanging out.

I wonder if they've managed to contact Louise. On tour. Hard to get in touch with people when they're doing one-nighters all across Europe. I didn't want them to tell her. Didn't want her to come rushing home and sacrifice everything, like I knew she would. She stands a good chance of making it. Slim as a willow, just like Chuck's first wife, but his color. Neat body. Soft, pretty face. And a lot of drive. That's the most important. You've got to have that.

When is it that I have to go to the hospital again? I don't much see the point of draining my lungs and giving me someone else's blood. It won't make the difference in the long run. And the drugs don't really stop the pain. But I breathe easier. For a while. But the mindlessness. As if I were senile. Half-alive. Like Aunt Ethel that summer we went to St. Louis. She passed away shelling peas under the widest weeping willow I'd ever seen. The only part of the funeral I remember is the sound the women made weeping. A sound that cuts right through you so sweet and terrible that maybe even the dead can hear it. I wonder. No. I don't want to think about that. There's so much else to think about. So many memories. I can't afford to waste time on sleep either. No matter what the doctors say. Besides, my body doesn't know the difference between sleep and rest anyhow.

David was so funny trying to carry me upstairs by himself. He's such a sturdy, strapping man, but my body is like a dead weight. I told him to get two strong men. And he comes back with one tough looking truck driver type (maybe one of his friends, for all I know, but I doubt it.) and that funny little guy that works downstairs. I really had some nerve: I said send me two strong men. Well, don't you know he was good-humored and just laughed in his friendly way. And all my ice cream and junk he just lets us have on credit, so he's got to be an angel, that little grocery guy. So lucky to have David. Laura would have been his age if she had lived. I wonder, would she have helped like he's doing? At least she and I were spared that terrible time when mothers and daughters are in competition with each other. It was crazy of me to have her in the first place. I should have known better. If only I had loved her more. But I did my best. I really tried to be a mother. But there was the studio, the company to think of. And Momma did a better job raising her than I could ever have done. And these things just happen in life. I mean, look at me now. Who would ever have thought I'd end up like this? And being poor didn't so much matter on the farm. Here in the city, it would have been murder. And the temptations. Dope. Pimps. All kinds of trouble. And always the worry about money...

I get a kick out of how the landlord has stopped bugging me about the rent since he found out I'm sick. The bastard used to threaten me all the time, write nasty notes and put them in the mailbox, or leave them with one of my students. I'd get these formal, threatening letters from his lawyers. He'd turn off the heat when the rent was late. And the kids would get sick after they'd sweat in class. I got pneumonia one year and he didn't let up one bit. And the building was always falling apart. He never fixes anything. It's a miracle that no one has gotten killed climbing those rickety steps in the dark with the linoleum so chipped and with

so many layers that each step has a different level than you'd expect. You couldn't get into any rhythm going up or down that staircase. And lately I got so winded.

I'm afraid to cry. It hurts so much. Isn't that something. You cry because you feel pain and you get more pain. As if expressing your honest self were a sin of some kind. If only the tears could just come down and my body didn't have to shake so. But I just can't cry a little any more. I've found there are places in me I didn't even know about. Pain will do that for you. Thank God my brain hasn't gone yet. Only when I'm drugged. Why do they insist? The pain creeps through anyhow. Well, I guess I've got to trust them. What else can I do?

These flowers remind me of the hospital. The smell is so heavy. I wish David would get here and open the window to let that smell out. Maybe then I could breathe in those buds opening up. Or after the rain, I'd get a whiff of that good earth and cement smell coming up from the street. And in the rain sounds are closer. I can even hear bits of conversation. Love to eavesdrop. Always did. Sis caught me once. She was on the phone sweet-talking with her man. How long did he hang around? Must have been a little over a year. Yes, I remember I got my period that year. And Sis was embarrassed when I came running in the room like a wildwoman talking about "bleeding between my legs": with that man sitting real close to her. Guess they must have been about to get into something. I was supposed to be with my church youth group. But after I saw the blood I snuck out and rushed home. Wonder what ever happened to all those kids. Yvonne. I was so jealous of her long, straight hair and pretty complexion. We all thought she'd be a famous singer someday. And Raymond. Thought he was the finest little man I'd ever seen. Used to have such strange and wonderful dreams about him. Those young girl dreams. What a comfort they'd be to me now. I'd wake and touch myself and I'd be all wet and think my period had started again, but I'd find out that I felt good down there because in my dream Raymond had been close to me, touching me, giving me sweet little kisses on my body. I didn't really know I was masturbating. It was so much in my mind. Funny how sex really didn't enter my mind again until I met Chuck. Too wrapped up in dancing, I guess. That man had such style. Everything he did had some sort of mystery or just something special about it. I don't care what it is. But I wonder why he had to be so mean. Never could figure that out. He'd never talk about it, even when sometimes he'd cry after he had hurt me real bad, and then I'd feel like I had to take care of him and I would just love him, love him. His eyes so beautiful when they were all wet and dark like that. The taste of salt in the hollows of his eyes. And then we'd make love to each other. And I don't mean have sex. It was just magic the way we'd be together, those times. And when he would move so gently, picking up on every little suggestion my body would give him, and me understanding what his need was, and exactly how I could ease the pain for him. We had something special. Something he never had with anyone else. I know it.

But he wouldn't have done all this for me the way David is. He couldn't stand sickness of any kind. Made him nervous. He probably would have hired a nurse. And he might have stopped by a couple of times a week and tell me some jokes. That's the only way he knew. But then he'd be rushing out to meet some fine young woman in some club and God knows when I would see him again. So it would only have made matters worse. And then, with the nurse, I might have heard them making love in the kitchen or in the bathroom and I would have wished I was well again just so I could go in and see for

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Goethals 109

Roller Coaster Man

In early summer 1971 a radio broadcast told of a man who had ridden the roller coaster at Palisades Amusement Park for five days. No further details were related except that 700 miles of track had been covered. The ride's attendant offered these few comments by way of human interest.

He's been up there for five days,
his odd ball, this 'roller coaster man';
he's ridden 700 miles of track.

About a week ago
he appeared like a ghost
and asked if he could ride for free.
After paying for the first four rides.
Now, how do you answer that?
We agreed.

There's so many freaks around.
These thin boys with dull stares
or stars in their eyes.
Can't follow it.
They come to the shows;
They hang around.
This one too.
He wasn't any different.
I figured he'd try to be a big shot
and show off with six or seven rides
to show his friends
he's man and can stand the speed.

Well, he fooled us.
And now all the reporters are getting on us
and all the people are hating us.
They hate us because they imagine things.
They love to make up the weirdest stories.
Yet they pay
and they watch the kid
ride the roller coaster
over and over and over and over

(pause)

He might be a wonder of some sort
some sort of mystical person
like you read about in books.
I mean, 700 miles of track is a lot of distance.
The speeds are enough to make you dizzy watching.
If you want to know the truth,
I can't help liking the kid.
All things aside, he set his mind
on doing something and he's doing it.

It's a funny business,
lots of odd balls,
lots of hustlers.

And now this kid.
He knows he's drawing crowds.
He knows he's a smash on the roller coaster
and he probably thinks he can make a deal.

Well, I'm no fool.
I've seen dollars
when they were dimes.
don't make bad deals.
He got his free rides;
children bring him food at
the few slow spots.
Imagine the nerve,
his kid off the street,
stars in his eyes,
and he wants every penny I've got.

(pause)

In the other hand he is bringing 'em in
and he's a good looking kid,
burly and with lots of potential.
He might make good.

Imagine, if things work out
he could go on the road.
He'd make all the big cities
stay in the best hotels
bare everything fifty-fifty.
There's no telling . . .

His face flashes by
a streaming white flash
dark cars shine against the sky

I can't tell anymore
for he's made no offer.
He seems to like the ride
just for the ride.
Maybe he's holding out.

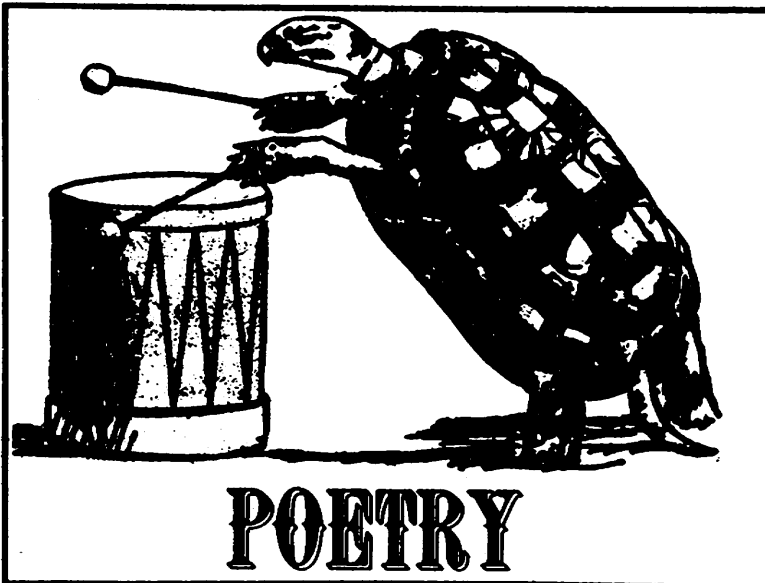
(long pause)

Watch him.
Every time he whips by
his face changes.
I mean every time he passes by me
that smile he wears for his friends
changes to a stare at me,
a stare that could drive a man crazy.

You've got to watch these kids
Either they're weirdos or hustlers
or thieves or fairies or reds
or greens or yellows or
purple or orange or pears
or twins or monsters or
movies or television or
soda pop
soda pop
soda pop
pop pop

By BARRY WALLENSTEIN

Barry Wallenstein is Assistant Professor of English at City College. His poetry has appeared in *American Poetry Review*, *The Nation*, *N.Y. Quarterly* and *The Humanist*. He is also the author of *Visions and Revisions: An Approach to Poetry* (T. Y. Crowell).



A Medieval Tale of Passion

She was pure of heart, a vision dressed
In rays of gold, a female blessed.

Her days and nights saw 15 summers,
Free of wanton, carnal hungers.

But 16th spring did with her join,
Affecting thought and sweet curved loin.

Ripe and fresh as cherry fruit,
A crude debauch, her vain pursuit.

Finally did the needs enlarge
Beyond the rules that she'd been charged.

Her hands upon her flanks did roam
Seeking aid from nether groans.

But watchful eyes did catch her guilty
Exploring regions long thought guilty.

To locked chambers was maiden sent
With iron prisons around her bent.

Our child chained inside a tower,
Alone, pristine, an untouched flower.

Her cry rang out, a wail of need,
Will someone answer, will someone heed?

One day a lusty lad past near
And downed his cloth and made her tear.

This girl of high bred noble birth
Was shamed by peasants vulgar mirth.

All men living knew her plight.
All yearned access to her sight.

But to challenge this incarceration
Risked a swift and sure castration.

The outlook for our nubile child,
Only dream firing torment wild.

Would endless nights follow endless days
And leave this pleasure chest unlaid?

In nearby church did live a vicar,
Whose tool if measured would find none
bigger.

This man of prayer and church and God
Had lost his faith and found his rod.

And as luck will come, to him it came
The task to smite our maiden's shame.

Up windy stair he neared the sinner.
His doublet strained all set to win her.

Left with her to ply his trade,
He plied his all and all she gave.

Her screams rang out across the land.
Her needs were sated, joy was at hand.

These virgin charms had now been tasted.
To leave them fallow would see her wasted.

She found the lord he told the gentry
And took her quickly to his pantry.

Blunted passion now did flow.
No longer thought of grief and woe.

The lesson from this lusty male,
Get off your ass and grab some tail.

By Mitchell Berstell

Poem

By Zach

the vikings
(things higher, mouth drier . . .)
to B.G. and D.K.

hey what the WORD

park time/wine talking
atop a 63
ford

THUNDERBIRD

hey whats the price

garbage lines the street
like matted hair

year thirty TWICE

silent
along a vast arm
of graffiti

(hair coagulates slowly in rain . . .)

com'on faggot
gon fight ch'YOU
(knock you sucker)

words like shattered slivers
of old wine bottles
loose—
with an edge

who recognizes anonymous

I WAS A MASTER SAR
GENT
US MARINES

com'on whitey
whipped ass on
the viet
cong
SUCKER

(old advice:
someone jumps BAD with you
just grab anything—
shattered wine bottles with an edge)

I FEED OFF THE STREET

feed off the asphalt slime heat
a low alley crouch
sidestepping old beer cans
broken brick dust that
chalks my sneakers
n eyes blur . . .
watching summer burn the street
kids buy sno-cones
up the block
but below the street
i hear you . . .

coming

11.
(later.)

tongue the neck of sweet
gypsy rose
thoughts
a chill saraband
in cold splashes

wine talking/wasted
to the 8 am percussion
of garbage trucks

Bali Hai
we call upon signs of untouched magic

dark glasses and
whats the WORD . . .

COI 1 45

Bogdanovich's 'Nickelodeon' is a mindless slapstick farce

By FREDERIC SEAMAN

Pretty soon you should be seeing movie ads posted throughout subway stations calling your attention to Peter Bogdanovich's new \$8 million film, "Nickelodeon," described by some Columbia advertising copywriter as "a laugh-laden and touching 'slapstick drama' about the pioneer days of silent films" (Slapstick drama?).

"Nickelodeon," which opened at the Coronet last Tuesday, revolves around a small group of oddballs who, through a strange set of circumstances, wind up making films in some remote Western desert in the early 1900's. Ryan O'Neal plays a slow-witted divorce lawyer who stumbles into movieland as the writer/director; daughter Tatum is a glib ostrich-farm-truckdriver-turned-brain-storming mascot of the film crew; and Burt Reynolds is an ex-master of ceremonies at alligator-wrestling events who becomes a movie star.

For two hours these and other comic (but not always funny) characters entertain us with an endless string of verbal and sight gags. They stumble, step into buckets, fall off horses, crash through roofs, are bitten by dogs, "inadvertently" switch suitcases, etc., with a frequency that is likely to try the tolerance of even hard-core slapstick fans.

Music

Seger triumphs on 'Night Moves'

By PAUL DABALSA

Considering that it has been ten long years since Bob Seger emerged on the music scene, it seems ludicrous that he would be nominated this year as "Best New Artist" on the highly unpopular Rock Awards. The fact that Hall and Oates, a trendy duo which at the time had already four albums to their name, won the category only served to compound the hysteria.

Bob Seger's first album, *Ramblin' Gambler*, came in 1968 (he recorded his first single "East Side Story" in 1966) and with the exception of the moderate success enjoyed by the title song from that album, he has remained a somewhat obscure artist until this past year when he released *Live Bullet*. The live album instantly satiated long-time supporters who had urged Seger to put out a record which would present him at his strongest, as a hard-rocking live performer. Within a few months of its release, *Live Bullet* found its way into the Top 100 of all three major trade journals. Seger, in the long run, had hit upon a best-selling album without even trying.

Night Moves is Seger's latest venture and the tenth addition to his discography. The new album is determinedly not a slick, calculated follow-up to *Live Bullet*, showing that Seger was unaffected by the album's success. *Night Moves* includes only the same basic elements he has injected into past recordings. There's absolutely nothing fancy to be found here, besides Seger's brand of straight-ahead rock n' roll. Once again, this artist illustrates that among current performers, he remains the most unlikely to sell out.

The acting is unexceptional, and the film features cover girl Jane Hitchcock in her screen debut as a near-sighted cutie who becomes the object of both Reynolds' and O'Neal's affections.

Bogdanovich co-wrote the script, which we are told is based largely on historical facts, and the film does give us some insight into the infancy of the film industry, particularly the violent competition between small independent companies and the powerful Patents Company trust. "Nickelodeon" is also Bogdanovich's tribute to D.W. Griffith. There is a particularly moving scene at the end of the film depicting the historical opening of Griffith's "The Clansmen" — renamed "Birth of A Nation" — a movie that revolutionized filmmaking.

Perhaps Bogdanovich could have made a worthwhile movie about the early days of the industry, had he been given a free hand. But with soaring production costs, Columbia executives probably exerted a strong influence on the final product. Since the flop of his last film, the musical "At Long Last Love," Bogdanovich's bargaining power must have dwindled considerably.

At a press conference following the screening of "Nickelodeon" at Columbia Pictures' Fifth Avenue



Buck Greenway (Burt Reynolds) in a scene from 'Nickelodeon'.

headquarters, the director casually remarked to the audience that "If you enjoyed it a little, you enjoyed it more than I did making it," and then proceeded to lash out at Hollywood ("A bunch of people going crazy in the heat.")

He described himself as a slapstick freak, and said that he deliberately crammed as much of it as possible into "Nickelodeon," because he enjoyed having people fall all over the set. Who knows, maybe hard-core slapstick fans will enjoy this film after all. For the rest, I recommend Chaplin and Keaton — the real thing.



Bob Seger

Like many of his previous efforts, *Night Moves* shifts moods continually, as the uptempo numbers are deliberately separated from one another with soft ballads, a formula which Seger steadfastly refuses to abandon. Side One was recorded with the Silver Bullet Band (the group after which *Live Bullet* was named) and works best. "Rock and Roll Never Forgets" is a mildly rocking opening number, in which Seger expresses his teenage infatuation with traditional rock n' roll.

Oh the band's still playing it loud and lean.

Listen to the guitar player making a scream.

All you got to do is just make the scene tonight.

Yeh, tonight!

Next, Seger leads us into the title track, a delightful ballad which conveys a relationship in which "I used her and she used me/But neither one cared/We were each getting our share." The tune should

make exquisite midafternoon FM fare once radio stations start picking up on it.

"The Fire Down Below" is another outstanding rocker in which Seger belts out the lyrics in a style recalling Bruce Springsteen. Seger's songwriting is basic and elementary, usually characterized by simple rhymes. But once music is introduced to his words and he grabs a hold of the microphone, the songs suddenly come alive.

"Sunburst," a tune which boringly details the ritualistic experience of having to take the stage night after night, is the only straggling cut on the first side.

The flip side, recorded with the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section in Alabama, pales in comparison. The standout here is "Sunspot Baby," a tasty rock n' roll number featuring some infectious rhythm guitar and a powerful vocal delivery. The remainder of the tunes—"Mainstreet," "Come to Poppa," "Ship of Fools," and "Mary Lou"—are not as striking as the rest, but blend together nicely to round out the album. Clearly, Seger would be wise to record exclusively with The Silver Bullet Band his next time out.

With *Night Moves* Seger continues to spread his following outside the Detroit area, where he has a longstanding reputation as a regional favorite. But although the press notices claim that he is on the road 260 days a year, New York City has not seen him since he played The Village East over two years ago. Perhaps it's time he returns to this great rock n' roll city where he is sure to be more appreciated this next time around.

Sylvester Stallone's 'Rocky' American Dream in action

By JEFF BRUMBEAU

The story of Sylvester Stallone, is the kind of rewarding drama you'd like to write home to mom about. It is success wrenched out of Uncle Sam's wasteland, through persistence, determination, and sweat.

Stallone, a son to make any father proud, is a glib native New Yorker, who talked his way from the relative obscurity of an on/off Sunday actor to stardom. Following a trouble-marked adolescence and a teaching job he got abroad right out of high school, Stallone came back to the states and studied acting at the University of Miami. Then he went to New York hoping to put his name up on a marquee.

But jobs were hard to find, and when he wasn't out hustling for work, Stallone was cooped up in his rat-and-roach-infested apartment. When he realized success wasn't around the corner and the bills weren't going to pay themselves, Stallone decided to try writing. A few television scripts, and two unpublished novels later he was in Hollywood, starving but still writing. He had managed to get a few acting jobs, most importantly a starring role in "The Lords of Flatbush," but now that he was out on the West Coast things were slowing down. He then got lucky.

After exhausting numerous typewriter ribbons he developed a script about a prize fighter called "Rocky." He brought it to producers Robert Chartoff and Irwin Winkler and they liked it. They in turn brought it to United Artists and they said great, get Burt Reynolds on the phone. But Stallone insisted the story was his and he was going to star in it. UA wasn't happy with the idea and tried to buy him out, but Stallone remained adamant. After a period of verbal tug-of-war UA gave in and Stallone got the part.

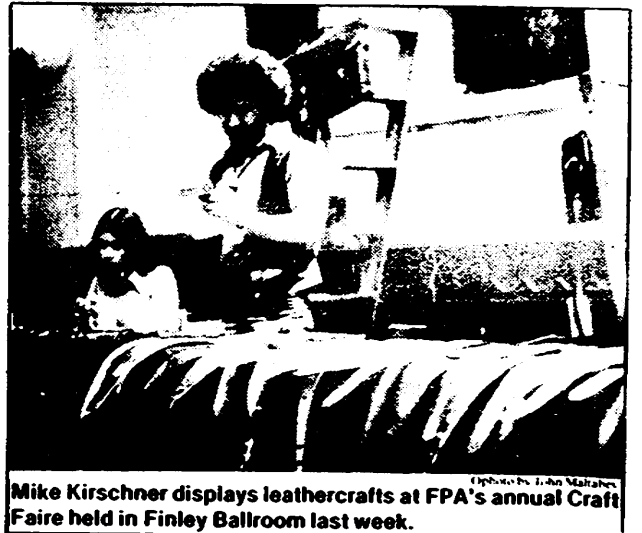
Now, a long way from Hell's Kitchen, Stallone and his movie are a hit and there's no mystery about it. The film's got everything an audience could ask for: love, heroism, humor, violence and drama. Rocky is a film to please all. It's about a small-time prize fighter who is just getting by in his walk-up flat, twisting arms for an amiable neighborhood loan shark. He periodically fights in small purse competitions, but it's strictly amateur stuff. Rocky (Stallone) is just a local guy who is friends with the boys in the corner bar and fond

of the girl who works in the peashop down the block. The girl, Adrian (Talia Shire), is neurotically shy of Rocky's advances but she eventually reconciles herself and they become lovers. Meanwhile world champ Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers) is organizing his next bout. For the sake of publicity Apollo decides to give an unknown fighter a chance, and chooses "The Italian Stallion" (Rocky's ring name) as his opponent. Rocky is amazed, to say the least, and somewhat apprehensive about fighting the world champion, but he decides to accept the challenge.

With a budget of one million dollars (which in moviedom is like surviving on welfare), director John Avildsen ("Joe," "Save the Tiger"), has put together a good film. His knack for creating atmosphere by integrating the characters into the story is, of course essential to the movie. But part of the credit for the final product goes to co-stars Talia Shire and Burt Young (who plays her brother Paulie). Both give their characters a crucial dose of reality.

"Rocky" is undoubtedly one of this year's best films and the fact that it is Stallone's first real plunge into a leading role as well as his first successful screenplay, makes it that much more of a triumph. He has jumped into the fighter's skin and given it all he's got, digging below the surface to reveal a man as gentle and as sensitive as he is naturally tough and brutal. Also, he becomes, like the rest of the cast, a typical character in a typical neighborhood. Everyone knows Rocky, the nice but not too bright, muscle-bound guy; his girlfriend Adrian, the quiet, ordinary type; and her brother Paulie, the pot-bellied, often soused, middle-aged bachelor. These are, as Faulkner would say, flesh-and-blood characters, great creations from Stallone's pen. They're built from the common man's eye level, and this is the backbone of the movie. It is what gets the audience to side with Rocky and to cheer him on. He is the underdog, the regular guy pitted against the face of adversity, the poor slob up against the guys in coats and ties with only his bare fists. He is, in short, our hero.

"Rocky" is optimism. It is proof that good guys can sometimes win, and that the American Dream can be found down a dirty side street. "Rocky" is, ultimately, a lotta palooza.



Mike Kirschner displays leathercrafts at FPA's annual Craft Faire held in Finley Ballroom last week.

Dance workshop staged by DCPA

By FREDERIC SEAMAN

Of the many facets of the performing arts taught under the auspices of the College's Leonard Davis Center, dance has received relatively minor exposure—a situation that was alleviated this month with two dance events sponsored by the Davis Center, featuring two of their artists-in-residence, Paul Sanasardo and Alvin McDuffie.

Mr. Sanasardo, who heads his own dance company, presented a dance program last Friday, Dec. 10, and Mr. McDuffie held a jazz dance workshop on Dec. 9, which I was fortunate to attend.

Assisted by about two dozen of his students, McDuffie, who is a principal dancer in the Broadway musical "The Wiz," offered a fascinating 90-minute lecture/demonstration dealing with dance history, aesthetics and technique. He is supremely confident, charismatic 27-year-old dancer imagined to achieve an instant rapport with his audience, which appeared to consist mostly of other Davis Center students and friends of the dancers.

"I know the word 'dance' turns a lot of people off," McDuffie stated in his introductory remarks. "You think you have to put on a leotard and make a fool of yourself." To demonstrate that "a dancer's work

he had been trained in classical ballet at the University of Michigan, and that he first became involved in jazz dance when he joined the Walter Nicks dance company in New York. He later received a scholarship to study with Martha Graham, and has since choreographed for the Alvin Ailey Repertory Company, and has toured Europe and the Caribbean in a two-man show with fellow dancer Bruce Taylor.

He plans to concentrate on choreography in the future, and hopes to eventually form his own dance company and stage modern jazz ballets.

Commenting on his stay at the College, McDuffie said he enjoyed working with students, and that he hoped to be hired by the Davis Center on a permanent basis next year. "The exchange between theatre and dance is very important," he emphasized, "there should be more interrelated activity." Many of his students, he was happy to point out, are theatre majors who dance "just for the experience . . . We all need to tell stories with our bodies."

"Anybody can dance," McDuffie repeatedly stated, "given the proper instruction and atmosphere."



OPhoto by John Mahabey

'We all need to tell stories with our bodies.' Alvin McDuffie, a principal dancer in 'The Wiz,' conducts Jazz Dance workshop with DCPA students in Shepard Great Hall last week.

Marbles bring Rock to Bittenweiser

By PAUL DABALSA

One of the earliest forces in rock music as we know it today was the so-called British Invasion of the sixties, which at once exposed Americans to such bands as The Beatles, Herman's Hermits, The Dave Clark Five, The Animals, and several others. Since that time much good music has been made as the initial limitations of rock have been overcome by fusing it with jazz, country, and classical elements. Currently, it is punk rock, a back-to-basics approach, which has been gaining popular momentum. The Marbles are a modern foursome which represent a peculiar hybrid of the early-sixties British Pop ("If I catch you with that boy again . . .") which caused the turnaround in contemporary music, and the punk attitude that has become characteristic of the seventies.

The band consists of Jim Clifford (bass), David Bowler (drums), Eric Li (keyboards), and Howard Bowler (guitar), all of whom seem inspired by early-period pop to the extent where they have not only retained the clean-cut boyish looks of such bands, but their mannerisms and discipline as



OPhoto by Orlando Rao

The Marbles—Howard, Eric, David, and Jim (l to r)—a hybrid of British Pop and local punk rock.

well. Naturally, a band operating as an imitation of what is already passe, becomes very vulnerable to criticism. Particularly when there are other bands (The Poppes, for example) which have been doing this sort of thing for a while now, and execute it better in all respects. These bands favor early rock because it's fun music, and all they want are good times, so why not? The Marbles, on the other hand, mean to be taken seriously, and this is what restricts one's appreciation of their work.

It was an interesting afternoon of music when The Marbles came to City College for a brief performance during club-hours on Thursday, Dec. 9, in Finley's Bittenweiser Lounge. The significant turnout for the shows was perhaps due to audience curiosity, with most of those attending seeking a taste of punk rock. Unfortunately, The Marbles are an inaccurate representation of what is actually taking place around New York underground clubs, and those in attendance only

treated their ears to a series of dull harmonies and facile chording by an amateurish bunch of musicians.

It should be said that The Marbles were politely received, although it is likely that by the band's standards the crowd encountered here was a tough one. After all, the band was not performing for an audience already familiar with the material, but instead for a constituency which needed to be converted. At the end of two sets the crowd was unaroused and still hadn't succumbed to the music. In fact, the only time all afternoon that the band managed to spark excitement came during their final two numbers, "Forgive and Forget," and "She's Cool."

The Marbles are a very confident band despite their limitations. Surely, their music does not justify their egotism. They work at being cute and adorable, while projecting an effective yet not overpowering group image. They have just completed their first single, "Red Lights," on Ork Records, but are still searching for a major record contract which they need to keep on par with many of the groups they share bills with night after night.

POPOP

as far beyond just going into the classroom and jumping around," McDuffie made the audience stand and participate in some of the exercises that are a part of a teacher's rigorous warm-up routine. Students then danced to the music of a nova piano of Andy Warhol (who is composing an original score for a dance concert with Paul Sanasardo to be held next spring), and were finally led by McDuffie to execute McDuffie's own choreography, which was set to the funk music of Earth, Wind & Fire and Grover Washington, Jr. McDuffie said he had chosen to pop his own jazz dance technique, and that jazz dancers had to deal with earthy rhythms, which are very tempo and energy conscious."

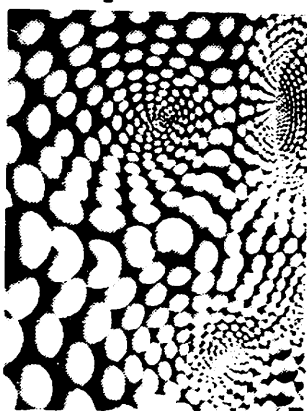
In a conversation after the workshop, McDuffie told me that

Gibralter exhibits 'spheres' at Razor Gallery

The initial reaction to Neal Gibralter's paintings, on display at Razor Gallery (564 W. Broadway) through December 31, is a feeling of being helplessly drawn into them. Masses of spheres twisting in size seem to grab at consciousness of the viewer as you are one with them.

Gibralter, a twenty-four-year-old New Yorker, explained that "the work is deliberately created by the artist of the paintings," which vary in size from 32x37 inches to 72 inches square. He works mainly with geometric structures like the sphere," which he feels they are a personal form," and he refuses to further define his work for fear of imposing on it an intellectual meaning, since he conceives of his work as a sensual experience.

In his paintings, Gibralter emphasized, "are open to broad interpretation because they are purely unarranged, following in the end of the surrealist school." The artist would like the viewer's



'Yin Yang,' a painting by Neal Gibralter on exhibit at the Razor Gallery.

own visual experience to define his work. Gibralter said his paintings were inspired by "a desire to return to the womb." ("It's like being inside the womb surrounded by cellular growth patterns . . . a totally sensual experience.")

Gibralter has experimented with other art forms such as polyhedrons, intricately sculptured collages, and portraits, but he finds himself inevitably returning to the sphere. Several of his paintings contain over a thousand spheres, but they are crafted with such extreme precision that even when viewed at close range, one can still see the dimensions of the spheres.

Neal Gibralter's work has been exhibited in several New York galleries during the past six years, but like many talented and innovative young artists, public recognition has eluded him thus far.

MARY ALPHER

Observation Post
Wishes you a
Merry Christmas
&
Happy New Year



Photo by Sami Reisman

The City College chorus, shown here in a rehearsal, will perform Britten's 'Ceremony of Carols' in the Shepard Great Hall today at 12:30. Bonnie McDowell, director. The program also includes duets by Bach and Schutz, featuring Janet Steels (soprano) and Constantine Cassolas (tenor). The concert will be repeated Sunday, Dec. 26, 3:30 pm at St. Michael's Church (Amsterdam Avenue at 99th Street). Student Admission \$1.

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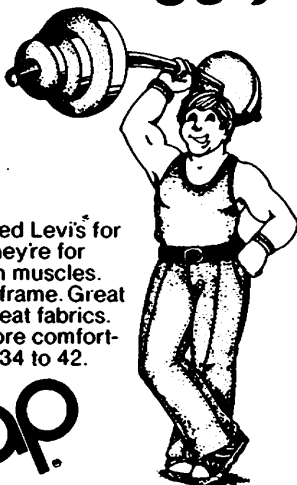
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