

EFC approves deal on Davis Hall

By MERYL GROSSMAN

In a move that could spark the completion of the \$7-million Aaron Davis Hall, the Emergency Financial Control Board last week approved the complex financial deal worked out between the College, the Board of Higher Education, the State Dormitory Authority and the Bowery Savings Bank.

But, even though the EFCB approved the deal "a few minor problems" still exist that have to be ironed out before construction on the performing arts center can resume.

William A. Sharkey, Director of the State Dormitory Authority said he hoped the Control Board's actions would speed up final arrangements with the Bowery Savings Bank "which were slowed due to protracted negotiations between lawyers for the Bank and the others."

"There have been minor problems, for example, savings banks are not in the habit of doing private placement of municipal bonds. They often buy bonds, but they rarely participate in buying bonds in the

public market. Often when people have not done this on a regular basis they are not familiar with this," Sharkey said.

Under the financial arrangement, the Bowery would buy \$6.2 million of the SOA's bonds. In exchange, the College would deposit \$3.29-million in the Bank as collateral, and the B.H.E. would deposit an additional \$600,000 in cash or high grade bonds.

Last November, President Marshak said the College would use "soft money" for the collateral from stocks owned by the City College Fund and from the \$2.5-million endowment grant donated by Leonard Davis, a 1944 College alumnus.

He hoped the deal arranged with the Bowery might attract other investors to purchase bonds for the completion of the \$90-million North Academic Complex located on North Campus at the site of the old Lewisohn Stadium.

Once completed, Davis Hall will be the home of the Davis Center for Performing



Present state of Davis Hall, only thirty per cent complete

Arts and will be comprised of a music hall, an experimental theatre, a rehearsal studio and an outdoor amphitheater.

Though he could not pinpoint an exact date when construction would resume, Sharkey estimated that the deal with the Bank should be completed within the next

four weeks. Construction would resume directly after, he said.

Work on Davis Hall was stopped in November of 1975, when the state was unable to sell enough bonds to finance its \$302-million in City University construction projects.



The Observation Post

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Senate hopes to offer 5G book grants

By LINDA TILLMAN

The Day Student Senate is awaiting final approval from Board of Higher Education lawyers on whether they can legally set up a \$5000 book grant which could be given to financially needy students as early as next week.

According to Senate Treasurer Hugh Lawrence, the grants, if approved, would be used solely for the purchase of required College books and would not exceed \$35.00 for each student who qualifies.



Hugh Lawrence

Lawrence said eligibility for the grants would be based on financial need and not on a student's academic standing. The book grants would not be available to SEEK students or members of the Senate.

"What is most difficult is how to establish the criteria for the grants," Lawrence said. He explained that distribution of the \$5000 grant "would not be administered by the Senate in totality," but rather by a special committee set up by the Senate. The special committee would be comprised of three Senate members, two representatives from student newspapers, and three members from various student organizations.

The \$5000 for the proposed book grants would be drawn from Senate funds, which are supported by student activity fees.

Last November the Senate had initially sought to begin a scholarship program where it would have granted money to students in need of financial assistance, and the administration would have put up matching funds. Money for that program anticipated to have come from a reported \$92,000 surplus in the Finley Student Center account.

But, College officials said they could not afford matching funds and denied there was a \$92,000 surplus.

New core almost certain for entering Fall students

Although a few small details still remain to be worked out, the current Core curriculum seems to be on its way out, paving the way for a new revised Core next Fall.

According to Alan Feillen, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences (CLAS), the remaining step in completing the new set-up is for the Faculty Council of CLAS to decide in what specific areas courses will be offered.

Next Fall all entering freshmen and transfer students who are accepted into CLAS will be following programs under the new Core system. Students already enrolled in CLAS will however, be given the option of following the new or the old Core requirements.

The new Core requirements, which will show a 25% reduction in course offerings, will require students to complete only 32 credits instead of the current 42. Feillen

stressed that the new Core will not affect the jobs of faculty members since "we are only changing the distribution in core and that does not require any less or more work load for the faculty".

The decision by the College to set up a new "two track core", consisting of an interdisciplinary B and a "disciplinary core A", has been slow in coming, according to Feillen. "The budget has made it hard to change Core, he said, because of uneasiness among faculty members about the current fiscal crisis. Feillen said that he felt the faculty was insecure about changes in Core because they feared a drop-off in student enrollment in CLAS if any changes were instituted.

Feillen said that instructions and procedures for following the new and old Core will be outlined in a new 1977-1978 CLAS bulletin next September.

The actual distribution of courses might take a form similar to below:

LOWER DIVISION

Core A

Humanities — 3 courses to be selected from each of the following —
1. English 2. Foreign Languages 3. Art/Music/Theater

Social Science — 2 courses to be selected from each of the following —

1. Anthropology, Sociology, Psychology, Economics, Political Science, Geography.
2. History, Philosophy, Asian Studies, Black Studies, Puerto Rican Studies, Jewish Studies, Women's Studies.

Science — 3 courses as follows:

Biology, Mathematics or Physics, Chemistry or EPS

Core B

Humanities — to be developed

Social Science — Four interdepartmental courses

Science — 3 courses: Life Science, Physical Science 1 and 2

The actual distribution of courses might take a form similar to below:

LOWER DIVISION

Core A

Humanities 9 credits
Social Science 12 credit
Science 9 credits

Core B

9 credits
12 credits
9 credits

However, the Student Senate allocated \$2000 for the grants from its own funds for the money to be put aside so that by the Spring term it would grow to a larger amount. This semester, another \$3000 was added to the fund, enabling the Senate to

make plans for a \$5000 book grant program.

If final approval comes through this week, Lawrence said he was anxious to see the book grants "put into the City College by laws and become something done every semester."

**ATTENTION
STUDENT
ORGANIZATIONS**

**The deadline for budget requests to be submitted by student organizations for Spring allocations has been extended to:
WEDNESDAY, FEB. 16
Budget requests will not be considered after this date.**

**Treasurer
Day Student Senate**



Finley Program Agency

PRESENTS

Tuesday

Crafts Workshop in F 350:
Leathercrafts 11-4 PM

Wednesday

'Certain Images'
Fusion Jazz, in Bittenweiser Lounge 12-2 PM
Crafts Workshop in F 350: **Needlecraft** 11-4 PM

Thursday

The Flying Syphilini Brothers
Comedy Revue
in the Monkey's Paw, 12-2 PM

Friday

Spring Cinema
The Street Fighter
with Sonny Chiba
Grand Ballroom, F 101, at 12, 2, 4 & 6 PM
Crafts Workshop in F 350:
Silkscreening 11-4 PM

!! ROOTS!! ROOTS!! ROOTS!!

**YOU HAVE LISTENED TO ALEX HALEY
YOU HAVE READ THE BOOK
YOU HAVE SEEN THE FILM
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
HOW HAS IT AFFECTED YOU?
WHERE DO YOU GO TO FROM HERE?**

Come to a symposium on 'Roots'

THURSDAY, FEB. 24

12-2 PM FINLEY BALLROOM

Come and discuss 'Roots' with professors from the Black Studies and Sociology Departments, and students from Africa, the Caribbean, Afro-America, and others

Sponsored by the Day Student Senate

Skills test opposed by administrators

By MERYL GROSSMAN

If the Board of Higher Education decides to administer a standard two year junior skills test next Fall, it appears now that the majority of College administrators and faculty members would be opposed to it.

In a thirteen-page report to the CUNY Committee on the Two Year Test, a number of College administrators and faculty members, including Alan Feillin, Dean of CLAS, advised against a single University-wide test that would determine whether a student could progress to upper division work.

Most of those who were asked by the Committee to comment on the proposed two year test, indicated they favored testing the basic skills of incoming freshmen and then placing the students in proper courses as opposed to a University wide test.

"The administration of a single test in each area that is the sole determinant of

student access to the upper division would be a grave error," Feillin said. "Such an instrument would unfairly penalize students who might otherwise (in accredited University courses) have validly demonstrated their ability to do college level work."

Prof. Donna Morgan of Institutional Research wrote that she felt "using only test information would represent a real 'tyranny of testing'." She added that she was deeply concerned with the "substantial number of students labeled 'false negatives' who would be denied admission to the upper division when selection was made solely on test scores."

Morgan estimated that the cost of drawing up and administering a standard "two year test" would range from \$12 to \$12 a student per test, "astronomical" for a "deficit ridden institution," she added.

If a standard two year test were ad-

ministered to CUNY sophomores it would cover reading, writing and mathematics. Prof. John Miller, Remedial Mathematics Supervisor, recommended to the Committee that CUNY colleges use existing placement tests and "establish a level of proficiency".

Miller added that students who do not pass these tests should then be assigned to "appropriate remedial courses."

Similar recommendations were made by George McDonald and Jean Wiles of the Reading Center who said that students "whose tests results indicate a reading deficiency should be placed in remedial courses with a syllabus designed to develop effective comprehension and critical and analytical reading skills." They also endorsed the creation of a basic reading test which "would attempt to predict a student's performance in college level courses in the social sciences and humanities."

The two year skills test has been a con-



Alan Feillin

OP Photo by Orlando Rao

troversial issue ever since it was first proposed by the BHE last Spring. In November, the Day Student Senate voiced its opposition to the test which, according to Senate President Cheryl Rudder would eliminate approximately ten per cent of the students who take it.



Anti-war rally, one of the many that took place in '69

Carter pardon satisfies few veterans at College

By PHILIPPE MONTAS and MERYL GROSSMAN

During the 1969 academic year there was a lot more going on at the College than classes, lectures, and seminars.

Students, in protest of the war in Vietnam, flooded the campus daily with anti-war pamphlets, petitions, and posters. South Campus and in particularly Finley Student Center became an area for anti-war demonstrations.

Until a month ago it seemed that just about all there was to remember about those years had been forgotten. But on Jan. 21, when President Carter, just one day into his first term, issued a universal pardon to draft evaders excluding military deserters, many at the College, who had fought in the war, or were against it on campus, felt the pardon was unfair because it excluded the deserters.

Many veterans at the College feel that Carter's pardon was meaningless and when asked their opinion on the pardon they all conveyed a somewhat negative attitude towards it.

"Carter should have pardoned everyone, including the draft resisters and deserters.

This way it is hypocritical to just pardon one group", said junior David Reissman.

Robert Hoke, a Vietnam veteran, said "Carter's pardon was meaningless since it was partial to those who were draft resisters. Those of us that were deserters or received a bad discharge due to adverse psychological conditions did not benefit from the pardon. It was a good start to alienate draft resisters and veterans with a bad discharge. Universal amnesty is the feeling of most veterans I have been connected with."

An evening student who declined to give his name said he fled to Canada in 1970 to avoid the draft, but came back after the Carter pardon was issued. "I went there [to Canada] because I didn't believe in what the war was all about. I'm back now to see my friends and a few relatives, but I'm not sure I'll stay. My life for six years has been in Canada."

"I don't think the pardon was worth a damn because it didn't cover everybody," said Howard Arness, a 26 year old Vietnam veteran. "I went through it and I know a lot of guys who really had their heads messed up and ran away to Sweden or Canada."

H.S. students get \$ FREE SPACE

Forty-six New York City high school students were awarded four year scholarships worth \$2,000 to the College yesterday.

The scholarships, which will bring each student \$500 a year, were created, College officials said, to attract highly qualified students here and to help those students pay tuition, which was charged last September for the first time in the College's history. The financial status of the scholarship winners was not weighed in the selection process however.

Students were chosen based on their academic achievement, creativity, leadership qualities and character, officials said. A committee of eight college faculty members made the final selections after interviews with over 200 students, who were nominated by their principals in private and public high schools throughout the city.

President Marshak and Bernard Gifford, deputy chancellor of the Board of Education, presented the students with certificates during a ceremony yesterday morning at Shepard Hall.

The scholarship money came primarily from donations by College alumni, raised by the City College Fund.

-Laura



No action against 12 who paid with USN money orders

By ORLANDO RAO

The College will take no action against about a dozen students who paid their tuition with money orders purchased from USN Co., according to the Bursar's Office. The money order company went bankrupt earlier this month.

Chemical Bank has told the College that it will no longer accept any more of the USN money orders, but according to a spokesperson from the Bursar's office, the College is still depositing them. The Registrar's office has, however, been instructed not to accept any more of the USN money orders.

Chemical Bank's Consumer Affairs Department said that all of the USN money orders it has received from the College so far, will be held for at least one month before they are returned to the students.

Last week the State Legislature passed an emergency bill which creates an insurance fund that will guarantee payment of up to \$1000 on any money order not covered by federal insurance, as was the case with the USN money orders.

The Observation Post

A FREE PRESS—
AN INFORMED STUDENT BODY

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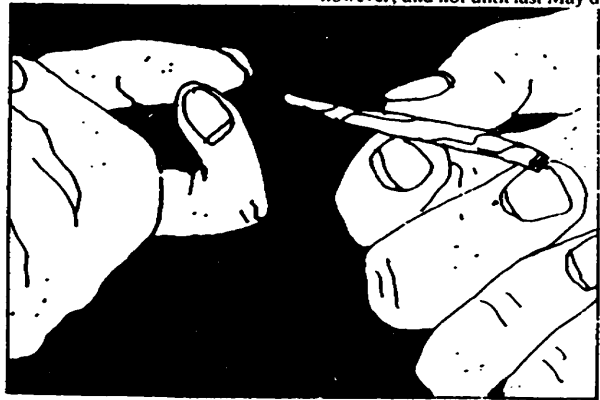
On Marihuana decriminalization

The following article was submitted by the National Organization for the Reform of Marihuana Laws (NORML).

With its image as a bastion of liberal trends somewhat tarnished, New York has the dubious distinction of beginning the New Year with a marihuana law that will probably cause more suffering than that found in any other state. Absent early approval by the Albany Legislature of some form of decriminalization, upwards of thirty thousand New Yorkers will likely be arrested for marihuana during 1977, many of them on felony charges. Indeed, New York retains Class D felony penalties for possessing as little as 1/4 ounce (maximum 7 years in prison) while possession of over one ounce or

uneven, enforcement of New York's marihuana laws remains ridiculously expensive at a time of fiscal uncertainty: the state and its localities will spend some \$50 million this year processing marihuana smokers through an already clogged criminal justice system.

Efforts to end this tragic situation began in 1971 with the introduction of State Senator (then Assemblyman) Franz Leichter's bill to regulate the sale of marihuana through state licensed stores. In the intervening years a half dozen legislative hearings have been held and some three dozen different reform proposals submitted for consideration. Resistance to change has been stiff, however, and not until last May did



There is no question that alcohol and tobacco are causing us far greater health problems than Marihuana does'

-Dr. Robert DuPont
Director, National Institute of Drug Abuse

any sale or transfer — even passing a joint to a friend — is a class C felony punishable by up to 15 years in prison. The seriousness of this charge becomes clear when other class C felony crimes are reviewed: Forgery, Grand Larceny, Robbery, Arson and Manslaughter.

Harsh jail terms, though rare, are still meted out. Recent examples include sentences of 1-3 years for possession of four ounces, 4-8 years for sale of one ounce and 3-9 years for sale of 1/2 ounce. Despite being selective and

any legislation clear committee. That bill, cosponsored by Assemblyman Richard Gottfried and Stanley Fink (now Assembly Majority Leader), would set a maximum civil fine of \$100 for possession of two ounces or less of the non-remunerative transfer of 1/2 ounce. Existing penalties for sale or possession of larger quantities would be scaled down substantially. Present plans are to move a similar proposal, assigned number A-10 by the leadership, to

(Continued on Page 7)

Nuclear Paranoia: on fallout shelters and corn flake rationing

By MARC LIPITZ

The Russian bombs were about to fall. It was a pattern of four bells reverberating up and down the school like crash cymbals at three in the morning. Over and over and over. I cocked my ear toward a window, listening for the whir of some jet engine, wondering whether P.S. 189 was the prime target of Kremlin planners. Our class quickly closed all books and — "with your partner and no talking" — hurried out to the corridor, safe from splattering glass. Years earlier we would have stuck our heads under the tables, but the principal put a stop to that when too many kids returned home with lumps, bumps, and chewing gum on their scalps. This time, like all the other times, it ended with the principal staring at a stopwatch and muttering some strange, unfamiliar words.

Those were the glory days; the Pentagon's finest hour, when nuclear panic galloped through the country faster than the Swine Flu program. Soothsayers warned that our days were numbered and every basement entrance was plastered with a civil defense poster. A President — John Kennedy — was elected to office screaming missile gap, and people talked of fallout shelters and rationing Corn Flakes.

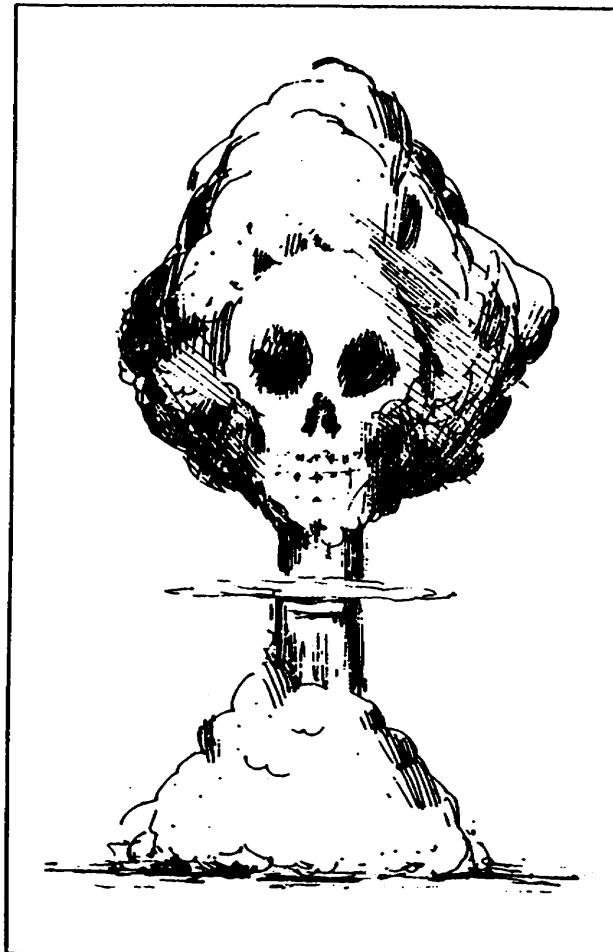
Even filmmakers saw to it that the world would get zapped. Ray Milland-types, living comfortably in mountainous regions lined with lead amongst their bottled water, tubed food, geiger counters, and virginal daughters, would declare ominously, "I warned those fools this would happen."

For a while things seemed to quiet down as we all dulled to the nuclear age. War became something to be watched from the comfort of one's own home. Fallout shelters went out with the hoola hoop, and films like "Fail Safe" were sentenced to museum shelves and the late late show.

After taking office, Lyndon Johnson rescinded an earlier Kennedy order that would have withdrawn all American troops from Vietnam, and he actively pursued a steady spending spiral on arms. With such huge allocations going to Dow, Kodak, North American Rockwell — the economic catalysts of the Cold War — there was little need to frighten the public into larger nuclear expenditures.

Meanwhile, something else was happening. The Soviet Union, badly embarrassed by their poor showing in the so-called Cuban missile crisis, embarked upon an intensive program to expand their conventional and nuclear arsenal so as to achieve, at least, a military parity with the United States.

The United States finally crawled out of Vietnam, but before the ink could dry on the Paris accord, the nation's major defense contractors realized that without some good ole government pump priming — like the BI — they and their employees would soon fall into the bushes. With a newly elected President who has expressed some doubts over the military overkill budget, the Pentagon and its boosters have roared back into action with added zeal, seizing upon the Soviet



buildup to usher in a new era of military spending and intense paranoia. And just to add some flavor, there has even been a new wave of concern over the shortage of bomb shelters.

The Ray Milland of films like "Year One" are back on the dais warning us fools of impending disaster. Groups like the "Committee on the Present Danger," which are comprised of folks like Eugene Rostow, Dean Rusk, and Billy Graham, and backed by large financial interests like the AFL-CIO, are spending millions on radio and TV air time. We are warned that the "long-held goal of a world dominated from a single center — Moscow," will lead the Soviets to a first strike within three years (quoted from "Common Sense and the Common Danger").

As Charles Wiley, former combat correspondent and resident Armageddon-seer of the Barry Farber radio show puts it, the Russians will so overshadow us that they'll almost feel compelled to launch a first strike — and get things over with at the mere loss of twenty million Soviet lives.

A few weeks back, Channel Nine aired a thirty minute "documentary" by the "American Security Council," an influential right wing group, which was so alarming, that I began again to listen for the whir of jet bombers. The next day I telephoned to protest programs which scare little children with crashing cymbals made of paper-mache.

"What Red organization do you represent?" the program director's secretary demanded.

"The last time I looked I didn't belong to any." I answered somewhat surprised. "But there are patriotic groups, represented by

military people like Admiral Gene LaRocque, who would be interested in acquiring equal time."

"Must be a Red Admiral," she mused. "There's lots of them y'know."

I suggested that even Henry Kissinger — I was certain she wouldn't brand him a Communist — would have disagreed with the premise of the program.

"Yea," she replied coolly, "but who says he's for America? ... isn't it about time we just heard the correct side?"

Last Thursday, Hamilton Fish Sr., the 88-year-old former Congressman of the Bull-Moose Party who still blames Roosevelt for the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, was on the Long John Nebel marathon, warning us fools. During the call-in portion of the show, sometime after two in the morning, I desperately tried to reach him, but the line was flooded with callers praising the good Congressman.

Most frightening is the lack of open dialogue on the merits of investing in new weapons systems, on the motives of the Soviets, and on ways of initiating a workable disarmament with them. To criticize the military budget is to be shouted down at best as naive, at worst as a traitor. The tenor of what dialogue does exist in a throwback to the rationing of Corn Flakes.

The greatest folly is to intimate that the Russian first strike capacity, which is admittedly awesome and perhaps close to superiority, could lead to another Pearl Harbor. When China tested a single four-megaton bomb in mid-October, significant traces of radiation turned up in cow's milk

(Continued on Page 5)

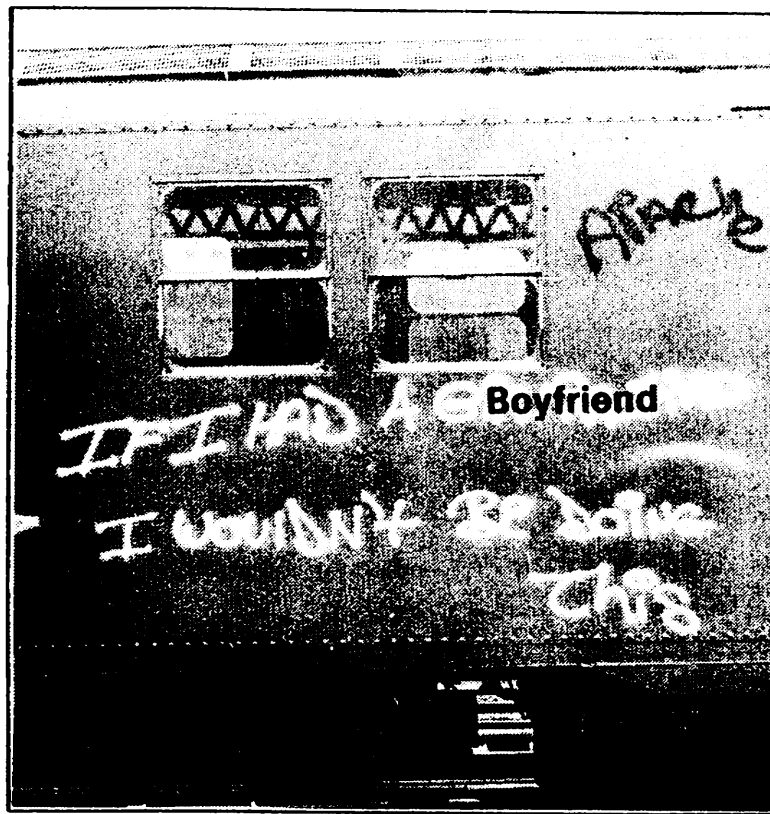
As far as men were concerned, Lydia was pressed for time. An assistant-assistant Buyer at a department store, a moody woman who sometimes woke up afraid, unable to get out of bed, go out on the street, she simply did not have time or the ability to nurture any man. She was beyond expecting any man to nurture her, had eliminated her need, her desire, for this. Experience had taught her care was too much to ask. At twenty six she shaved her need for men down to a minimum. If she could find a man with a sense of humor, of companionship, a man who could satisfy her sexually, she was grateful. Years of opening, asking, at best, being hurt with disappointment, at worst getting kicked between the legs, had taught her that less is more, and there wasn't any "more".

With the decision that she would not find a man interested or inclined to nurture her, a new Lydia emerged. Realizing that men usually did not give to her, she stopped giving to them, fitting into their lives, compromising. Why bother? She wrote a mental list of what she wanted from a man and another listing what was available, what she could get. When she crossed off all the items which did not appear on both lists she was left with three things; humor, companionship, and sex. Feeling content with the sparsity of her desires, the brevity of her list, she went in pursuit of a man to fulfill them. He was not hard to find.

Knowing that she wanted a sexual man, a man with tight firm thighs, large strong hands, she bought tickets to several Knick games, figuring that on the bleachers she would find an adequate male. Lydia knew very little about basketball. As a young woman her brothers had tried to teach her the technique, scoring system, the intricacies of player evaluation. Lydia found this extremely boring. What interested her were the players themselves. Their heaving chests, the sweat pooling between their shoulder blades as they poised for a foul shot, the clenching of their thighs as they jogged downcourt. And their hands. Jesus. Great black hands, large, well manicured, so sensitive they could easily palm a ball, send it spinning into the basket, achieve jump shots that to her eyes defied gravity. She wanted a man who played ball, defied gravity, who appreciated a pat on the ass after a good play, could laugh when he missed a foul shot.

His name was Earl and he worked a desk job at Pan Am, went to a gym in Harlem twice a week to play basketball, had huge, oval nailed, grasping hands. She met him buying a cup of beer. He spoke, asking if he knew her, saying her face was familiar. She barely listened to what he said, more interested in watching his thighs, his lips, his eyes, in her mind measuring what she saw against what she wanted. When they had gotten their cups they started back to their seats, in opposite directions. Then he called, "Hey, Sister! I know where I know you from!" So she turned, curious, interested because he seemed to fill her criteria, and he said, "You come to the games regular, right? I've seen you on T.V. all season!" And laughed a big warm laugh, a companionable laugh Lydia felt wrap around her. Laughter wearing the thick cloak of sex. She laughed too, acknowledging that he did indeed know her visually, flattered he had looked hard enough at her image on screen, past the excitement of the game, to remember her face. She invited him to come sit by her during the last quarter. As they walked to the seats Earl said, "Man, this is like a dream come true. I met the most beautiful sister on cable television!" He laughed again, Lydia's mouth joining with him, while her eyes and mind rechecked his thighs, hands, the decent bulge his penis made against his slacks.

By the time Earl dropped her off at home that night in his sky blue Mustang, Lydia had decided he fit her needs well enough, given him her phone number, gotten his. On the third day after they met he called her simply to talk on the phone. He would like to see her but was watching the game on cable, didn't want to miss any of it, even to see "a fox like yourself", as he'd put it. For an instant those words hurt Lydia, that she was



The Ole' Ball Game

By Jill Nelson

second to basketball in his mind, that he would be so blunt in telling her so. Then she realized she was setting herself up, changing criteria midstream, beginning to make the same old demands for importance and attention that'd been her destruction all the times before. So she'd laughed and said, "There's no reason not to have both, I've got cable too". Thirty minutes later he lay on her bed, a six pack of beer next to him on the floor, watching the game. Lydia sat patiently in a chair watching him, thinking of when the game went off and they had sex. Finally the Knicks were gone. Earl and Lydia lay together, legs entwined, tired. They had both come, as did the Knicks, victorious. One warm can of beer remained on the floor, next to the bed.

"That was real nice baby, real nice," Earl said against her ear. Lazily his hand stroked the inside of her thighs, gently pulled her pubic hair. "Yeah. You have great hands Earl. Strong and soft at the same time. Big and..." She'd been about to say secure, but hesitated. Would that be bringing in an incorrect standard? Her fears made her feel secure was the wrong word to use. While she searched for a more neutral one, he said, "Yeah, you like my hands? It's from playin' ball. I been playin' steady for twenty years, always stretching them out, reaching for the ball, learning to palm it. When I was a kid my father use to force us to play after school..." And he was off, talking, he went on and on, softly, interesting in an undemanding, idle, harmless way. Lydia forgot her search for the right word, finally drifted off to sleep to the music of his low voice.

Lydia and Earl began to see each other regularly, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. On the other nights he played ball with his friends or worked overtime. He did not like to miss a Knicks game and he did not like to be alone, so Lydia fit into his life perfectly. On the nights he saw her there was usually a game. He would arrive just before eight, six pack in hand, a bucket of Kentucky Fried, some chips, something to munch on during the game. Now that she had Earl,

Lydia's interest in basketball had faded, become interest in Earl. Sometimes she sat on the bed with him idly watching the game, more often she sat in the living room checking order forms from work, thinking about her career, wishing for half time or the end of the game so Earl would make love to her. It aggravated her to lay next to him with his hand between her legs, gently stroking, but his mind and heart down in Madison Square with the Knicks. Experience told her it was useless to expect him to respond to her while the game was still on. She was lucky if she could convince him to quick-fuck her during halftime.

Twice she had gone down on him during a game, figuring it would heighten his enjoyment, thinking having him in her mouth would satisfy her need for sex and companionship. Hoping on the edge of heart that the warmth of her lips, the skill of her tongue might seduce him away from the Knicks. Earl responded distractedly, allowing his mind to hold his body back, placing the vicarious physical pleasure of watching the Knicks above the immediateness of her lips, her love. The first time Lydia went down on

him, the Knicks were playing the 76ers, and it was close. His hips moved upwards and around sporadically, but she kept on blowing him, hopefully. Peripherally she could hear the sportscaster announce the score, Knicks 121, 76ers 122, last forty seconds. She continued with her mouth. Suddenly she found herself on the floor, naked, cold, her ass smarting from sliding across the rough wood. Earl remained on the bed, risen up on his knees, eyes wild, hands gesturing, screaming at the television. It took Lydia a few minutes to get herself together, to realize Earl had thrown her off the bed jumping up to celebrate Clyde's magic basket from midcourt, the Knicks winning shot. Temporarily daunted, Lydia did forms during games for the next three weeks, then tried again. This time Earl was more involved, occasionally murmuring her name in between concentrating on the game and sips of beer. Unfortunately, as he was about to come, his hands in her hair, directing her mouth, Monroe fouled out of the game. So great was his disappointment that he distractedly pushed her head down on his penis, holding it there as he came, choking her with his thick come.

Besides his obsession with basketball, which Lydia should have anticipated, dealing with Earl was O.K. He was a gentle, sustained lover, a consistent (though boring) companion who laughed more than he spoke. She would have liked it if he'd spoken more but it had not been one of her criteria, she had no rights to preference. He seemed content in the relationship, happy to lay up drinking beer, watching the Knicks, content to make love afterwards. Lydia sensed they could continue their relationship forever, or as long as she had cable T.V.

One Saturday her cable was fuzzy, slightly. He had dressed and gone home at halftime, rushing, refusing to make love to her, hardly stopping to kiss her, barking that he didn't want to miss the start of the second half. This bothered Lydia until she reminded herself of her resolve, her criteria. She did not mention it to Earl, though she began to doubt her choice of him.

One Monday after work she stopped by the Garden and purchased tickets to the rest of the season's games. On Tuesday she dressed, took her phone off the hook, and went to the game. For a few weeks the phone rang regularly on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Lydia ignored it, knowing it was Earl, remembering the burning of her scraped ass on the cold floor, his indifference. A friend had once told her relationships end as they begin, and so would hers with Earl. He had first known her on television and so he would in the end, never again in the flesh. Dressing to go to the games, searching for a man to satisfy her meager criteria, Lydia clothed herself in shimmering fabrics, elaborate twinkling necklaces, hoping to attract another man, the cable television cameras, the attention of Earl, somewhere, watching the game. Occasionally, when she wasn't busy checking out the men surrounding her, their thighs, their hands, she would look straight into the cameras and smile smugly at Earl, that inadequate fuck, where ever he was.

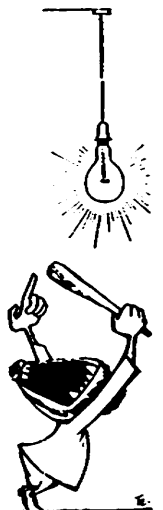
Nuclear Paranoia

(Continued from Page 4)
in Pennsylvania. What happens to the Soviet Union and the rest of the world when the U.S. and Canada are saturated by a full payload of bombs; when the planet's breadbasket and fishing hole is reduced to an immense microwave oven?

The doomsayers also resort to the so-called bean-counting exercise, such as comparing the 40,000 Russian tanks to our 9,000, or pointing to the large number of ships in the Soviet navy. Relative fire power and the particular needs of each nation for best deploying their fighting forces, usually go unmentioned. Charts and figures

are brandished in the same way that the Defense Department once produced a lead pipe (from the Pentagon basement) to demonstrate certain "enemy" activity on the Ho Chi Minh trail.

The hysteria days are back. The American public is again being inducted back into the shelters. If one is to believe the John Birch Society's claim that Moscow is really an extension of the Rockefellers, then it's all a crock. But on the other side, if the prognosis of a coming ice age and an impending Soviet attack is correct, it would seem that only the cockroaches and bottled water merchants have little to fear.





David Bowie

The blow by blow on Bowie's 'Low'

by ED CASEY

If the Tweedle-dum, Tweedle-dee rock superstars Peter Frampton and Paul McCartney are the reigning kings of pop marzipan, then David Bowie must be the hands down choice for conquistador of the rock underground. Last year Bowie satiated the public with a starring role in the film *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, put on a slick disco act for the *Cher*, *Dinah*, and *Soul Train* television shows, and staged a successful concert tour of the United States. Musically, his contributions were a funky, space-aged party album, *Station to Station*, and a poorly selected collection of hits.

Essentially, David Bowie is a performer first and an artist second. His early material with the Spiders from Mars is highly theatrical, with booming power-chord excursions into inner and outer space weaving their way through Mars, drive-ins, and brave waves like an extra-terrestrial Bruce Springsteen. Sometimes Bowie albums are wonderfully crude such as *Aladdin Sane*, or lavishly overproduced like *The Man Who Sold the World*, but they always hold a marvelous ambiguity,

tension and interest.

With the release of David Live, the "Thin White Duke" embraced soul music with a vocal range that would make The Temptations proud. However, his new-found freedom gave way to even greater eccentricities as his recordings combined the nightclub shallowness of a Don Ho with the weirdness of Rick Dees and His Cast of Idiots. Bowie has now encountered more rock genres than a call girl has johns, which is why I question his sincerity in progressive music with the release of his most elusive, abstract album to date entitled, *Low*.

This week marks the thirteenth anniversary of the Beatles American invasion and "Low" may be representative of the music entering a new adolescence, seeking new expression through lyrical and rhythmic experimentation. Yet if Bowie hopes this album will be a success, they are only wet dreams. On this unmelodious, rambling assortment of rock and synthesized music, Bowie has once more lost himself in a guise, more than assuming artistic command, being overly dependent on Brian Eno's rock synthetics.

Though fans of avante-garde

rock will warmly accept the proliferation of the trend through a figure as popular as Bowie, the music has been done more stylistically with the group Go! (featuring Steve Winwood and Stomu Yamash'ta), Genesis, and various other German and British bands who have remained virtually unknown throughout the years.

The album opens with *Speed of Life*, an instrumental track which introduces some of the excessive accoutrements such as the arp, tape horn and brass, and synthetic strings that are to be abused in the succeeding tracks. *Breaking Glass* is a heavy song which finds Bowie singing like Ringo backed by prominent Led Zeppelin-like drumming. Lyrically speaking, I've seen much more artistic effort on bathroom walls. More laughs follow with *What In The World*, a virtual three-ring circus with the twin enigmatic madmen, Bowie and Iggy Pop vocalizing, and Eno's report arp sounding like the Maxwell House percolator.

The next two numbers are catchy songs that best express Bowie's talents. *Sound and Vision* is an uptempo number whose sound resembles *Willie and the Hand Jive* while featuring some vocal experimentation that could only be conceived by the Laughing Gnome himself. An atmospheric tune called *Always Crashing In The Same Car*, which has Bowie playing cello, is an intriguing song which exemplifies the mysterious despair, jealousy, and contempt that he has always had for the Saturday night ritual of Young Americans.

The only other song which has a theme is the fifth and last vocal cut on the disc called *Be My Wife*. It is a lament to the lonely life of being single which sounds like last year's exciting *TVC 15*, but like the rest of "Low" lacks the fun and danceability of *Station to Station*.

On the second side of his new work, Bowie crosses the Rubicon with a plodding venture into the mood music of the mini-moog, cellos, xylophones and other instrumental devices. Many of the sounds are subtle, requiring headphones or sensitive stereo equipment to gain any measure of satisfaction. *Warszwa* appears to be simply environmental sounds sans Bambi, but has Bowie crooning "Ohmmmm!" over some Gregorian chants.

B-movie fans should enjoy *Subterreans* which could pass as a death dirge from a movie about King Tut. Though the sounds may help some people meditate, dwell for a moment on the fact that this album reflects the hiked prices for records and probably requires a good sturdy listening before buying on the basis of Bowie's previous successes or excesses.

Don't be surprised if next year Bowie recruits his own salsa band in an attempt to rework Tommy. Hopefully he will return to constructing some more imaginative rock and roll instead of producing incongruous songs. If David Bowie doesn't "get back," then he'll wind up his career in sequin hot pants selling Ziggy Stardust albums between reruns of *The Honeymooners*.

OPOP RECORD REVIEWS



The Atlanta Rhythm Section A Rock and Roll Alternative

At their best, The Atlanta Rhythm Section are capable of some of the most exciting and freshest southern-style rock n' roll. In the course of five albums (the first two on MCA Records) ARS has progressively gained credibility, the praise culminating with last year's superior *Red Tap* album. Unfortunately, their most recent effort *A Rock and Roll Alternative*, is an undistinguished set which works only to halt the band's momentum. Although it is the material that draws most of the blame here, the playing, too, seems flat and spiritless. Besides Reynold's *Outside Woman Blues* — a mysterious but appreciated choice as well as the most successful musical attack on the lp — only two tracks *Sky High*, and *Georgia Rhythm*, manage to rise above the general mediocrity of the record. Lead guitarist Barry Bailey's increasing importance in the band is evident on every tune, given only adequate and uninspired

support by the remaining band members.

In short, *A Rock and Roll Alternative* is not faulty, but merely bland. ARS has earned enough credibility, however, to afford them some room for failure, and this mildly disappointing album is not likely to seriously effect their escalating career.

—Paul Dabals



Ted Curson & Company Jubilant Power

The return of trumpeter Ted Curson after a self-imposed European exile of many years, was one of the truly memorable music events of 1976.

Curson, who is best remembered for his association with Cecil Taylor and Charles Mingus in the late 50's and early 60's, migrated to Europe when he found it impossible to get club engagements for a group he had formed. In recent years, Curson has worked out of France and Denmark, where he has also recorded several albums.

When he returned to New York last year he assembled a formidable septet with which he has played in numerous local jazz clubs, earning

rave reviews and gradually attracting a following.

Curson and Company's forceful brand of be-bop has now been captured on vinyl with the release of *Jubilant Power* on Inner City Records. The lp's first side consists of two lengthy cuts recorded live at the Philadelphia Ethical Culture Society last October. *Reava's Waltz* is a typically infectious straight-ahead number with solos by each member of the group: Chris Woods (Alto Sax and Flute), Nick Brignola (Baritone Sax), Andy LaVerne (Acoustic Piano), Dave Friesen (Acoustic Bass), and Steve McCall (Drums). The second live cut, *Ted's Tempo*, is another spirited blowing contest with plenty of call and response action among Curson, Woods and Brignola.

Side Two was recorded a day later in a New York Studio with a slightly different personnel that constitutes Curson's present band (Jim McNeely on piano, Bob Merigliano on drums, and Sam Jacobs on Conga), and the emphasis here is on the group's lyrical side. On *Song of the Lonely*, Curson weaves a lush, plaintive melody on Flugelhorn, while *Airi's Tune* builds around a funky Latin Groove. *Searching for the Blues* is another sentimental ballad with poignant solos set against a tasty unison backdrop, and the last piece, *Marjo*, is a lovely duet between Curson's Flugelhorn and Woods' Flute.

Ted Curson doesn't explore new musical frontiers. Rather, he brings a strong dose of inventiveness and enthusiasm to the be-bop tradition. The tight, polished sound he has crafted represents jazz at its uplifting best.

—Fred Seaman



Foghat Night Shift

Continuing with their formula of high-energy boogie, Foghat's sixth album, *Night Shift*, is another fine testament to this band's foot-stomping qualities.

Lead vocalist/guitarist Dave Peverett, whose powerful vocals resemble those of a softer-edged Paul Rodgers, has never sounded better than he does here. *Driving Wheel*, by far the most electrifying number on the album, is the type of song which will force you to dance, fading out near the end, only to return ballsier and louder than ever.

Hot Shot Love, *Burning The Midnight Oil*, and *Take Me To The River* (a funky remake of the Al Green R & B tune) are gems in the usual Foghat tradition. *I'll Be Standing By* indicates a slight change in direction by being more of a melodic, bluesy ballad, marred only by an overabundance of strings. This more gentle side of the band provides a welcome change and may be very interesting to watch in the future.

—Joyce Meisner

'The Late Show': a bright, offbeat suspense drama

by JEFF BRUMBEAU

One of the first films to hit the movie houses this year is *The Late Show*, a bright, offbeat suspense drama. It follows the basic who-done-it formula, fills its quota of loose corpses and beautiful women, but that's as far as it goes. *The Late Show* sidesteps its genre with unusual and glamorless characters, an equally unorthodox subplot, and a sense of humor. It's Perry Mason with a twist.

The action begins when pal and fellow detective Harry Reagan shows up at the boardinghouse room of Ira Wells (Art Carney) with a gunshot wound that will momentarily make him eligible for a cemetery plot. Angered by his friend's death, the aging, broken-down Wells comes out of retirement to track down the killer.

Reagan doesn't know where to begin, but he gets a break. After Harry's funeral he runs into Charlie (Bill Macy), a friend who introduces him to prospective client Margo (Lily Tomlin), a member of the far-out, quasi-intellectual San Franciscan chic, who begs Ira to locate her ex-lover and stolen cat. He is reluctant to become involved



Ira and Margo (Art Carney, Lily Tomlin) portray two unconventional sleuths in 'The Late Show.'

even touching. Benton's careful, almost sentimental direction, and his ability to graft this emotional subplot into the story revitalizes a somewhat exhausted facet of film.

The Late Show has its share of violence — a corpse in the refrigerator, a fiery car crash, and a shot man with a mouthful of blood — but again, the shock value is minimized by the intelligence and care Benton has taken in developing his characters. These people carry a little more weight than the average suspense drama star and don't intend to seduce their audience.

Their unconventional roles recall last year's *Family Plot* in which Alfred Hitchcock tried to break out of the usual clique of Hollywood thriller types, ending up with a cast of freakish unbelievables.

Art Carney is no Clint Eastwood and Lily Tomlin, well . . . she had her moments. Humor is intrinsic to Tomlin's role, but by no means defines it. The fine dramatic talents she demonstrated in *Nashville* are again manifest here. Margo is an eccentric, dizzy debutante with

discriminating tastes ("That pot had so much resin in it it made my teeth stick together"), and besides the necessary levity, Tomlin allows to surface in the character the confusion and loneliness that exists on a darker side.

Ira Wells, the decrepit ex-lawman with a heart condition and double ulcer, is like another of television's legion of misfit detectives (Ironsides, Longstreet, the obese Cannon), but Art Carney manages to infuse his character with sensitivity and energy. The man he creates on the screen is old and alone, his emotions hardened by life, but inside survives a defiant and unshakable persistence. Ira Wells is surely one of Carney's best roles.

The Late Show is an appealing mixture of everything necessary to fill seats at your local movie house — a little violence, some love, mystery, and lots of intrigue — without sacrificing quality, and if this is any indication of the kind of films we can expect from Hollywood this year, times, moviefolk, don't look so bad.

Orphans of the Storm stage satiric 'Radio Show'

It has been a rough journey for the Orphans of the Storm, but now they have arrived at The Circle Repertory Theatre with "The Radio Show."

This small company of eight young actors and actresses tired of working for the theatrical establishment was formed last fall. The idea was to build a viable cooperative that would place production control in the hands of the actors and create work situations independent of the "market place."

A Lively Revue

Aware of audiences' fascination with backstage glimpses into show business, they decided to put together a play-within-a-play show. Nancy Sans and Lou Trapani, two of the company's members teamed up to write "The Radio Show," a lively revue that takes a satiric, but affectionate look at the Golden Age of Live Radio.

The play premiered last November at the Golden Lion Pub, a midtown cabaret, but after a successful run of several weeks news that the pub was to be torn down sent the company in search of a new place to work. The suddenly orphaned cooperative is still looking for a new showcase, but meanwhile the Circle Repertory Theatre (at 99 Seventh Ave. South) has turned over its stage to the Orphans of the Storm (they intend to change their name once they find a new home) for four performances of "The Radio Show," on February 6, 7, 13 and 14.

Verbal Barrage

Set in the forties, the play offers an unusual look into the one-room studio of radio station WHAT, where a crew consisting of an announcer/director, five actors, a script girl and soundman go about an evening's business of producing a seemingly endless string of trivial suspense dramas, horror shows,

soap operas and ethnic comedies. The only relief from this mesmerizing verbal barrage comes in the form of brief news sports and commercials.

While the radio scripts alone are hilarious enough, it is the behind-the-scenes action in the studio that makes "The Radio Show" a fascinating play. The characters, seated around a table eat, drink, sleep, and even celebrate birthdays, as they await their turn at the microphone, never quite forgetting that they are "on the air."

Overwhelming Presence

An ingenue script-girl (Nancy Sans) flirts with the chief announcer as she speeds about the studio handing out scripts and serving coffee; a semi-comatose "has-been" classical actor (Dempster Leech) is a chronic boozier who has to be carried to and from the mike; the suave chief



Nancy Sans is an ingenue script-girl in 'The Radio Show,' a play she co-wrote.

announcer (Lou Trapani) juggles words buoyantly as he supervises the frantic goings-on . . .

All the characters have distinct, colorful mannerisms, and their faces, figures and voices fill the stage with an overwhelming collective presence. —Iby DeGeorge

OPOP

in this seemingly trivial case, but soon discovers it is connected with Harry's death.

When Ira and Margo team up on the case a mutual attraction develops between them, and although such a match would ordinarily appear contrived because of their considerable age difference and contrasting lifestyles, writer/director Robert Benton makes it seem plausible,

On Marijuana decriminalization

Governor Hugh Carey, who himself proposed a \$250 civil fine for small possession offenses as part of his 1976 legislative package, would undoubtedly sign reform legislation. The major stumbling block remains, as it has for several years, the Republican controlled State Senate. Attempts to negotiate a bill agreeable to both houses failed last session when several Senators within the Republican caucus vehemently and vocally opposed any change at all. This powerful negative sentiment, coupled with only lukewarm backing from Republican moderates for a modified reform approach, effectively killed the measure.

Conservative Support

In recent months several major endorsements of decriminalization have been advanced by the State Congress of Parents and Teachers, the State Academy of Family Physicians and the Broome County (Binghamton area) Medical Society. Because the Senate is dominated by men from rural, upstate and suburban constituencies there is reason to expect that this support from relatively conservative groups will convey a message to the legislators that voting for marijuana law reform

will not cost them their jobs at the next election.

In fact, no obvious political repercussions have been seen in the eight states — ranging, literally, from Maine to California — which have moved to end jail terms for the casual marijuana smoker. When asked whether they approved the first state law to impose civil fines for marijuana possession, residents of Oregon responded affirmatively by a 2-1 margin. Surprisingly, 35% of that state's marijuana users claim they smoke less now than they did prior to decriminalization (only 9% say they smoke more), an indication that reform will not automatically cause an explosive upsurge in use as feared by some who favor the present laws.

Health Hazard Questioned

Opposition to decriminalization rests primarily on the possible health hazards associated with marijuana. Yet the Federal Government's top authority on drug abuse, Dr. Robert DuPont, Director of the National Institute of Drug Abuse, has recently stated that "There is no question that alcohol and tobacco are causing us far more health problems than marijuana does."

Simply put, the continuing medical debate about marijuana

must not be allowed to interfere with long overdue social and legal reforms, reforms which the newly installed Legislature must — for both pragmatic and humanitarian reasons — move swiftly to adopt.

For more information write: NORML, 1697 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019.

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What's Happening What's Happening

Compiled by Marc Lipitz

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Harmony Coffee House

The Harmony Coffee House, operated by former City College students, continues its Friday night series of blues and folk acts at the ivy-covered church on 189th St. and Bennett Ave., 1 block west of B'way. Admission is \$2, food and cider is sold, and the House welcomes guest musicians by appointment at 942-9225. Appearing tonight are Bes' Friends and Leslie Lynch.

Foul Shot

A hardfought basketball game between two teams battling for a collegiate championship provides the backdrop for Foul Shot, a whodunit mystery with alternate endings that depend on whether a player makes the final "foul shot." The Riverdale Showcase production, staged on a full court gym floor, will be presented at the Broadway Methodist Church, W. 173rd st. and B'way on Feb. 25, 26 and Mar. 4, 5 at 8 p.m. Admission is \$3 (\$1.50 for students).

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Our own Fred Seaman presents Anthony Braxton, The Revolutionary Ensemble, and the Billy Harper Sextet at Town Hall on Friday, Feb. 18 at 8 p.m. All seats are \$5 (\$4.50 for students) on sale at the Town Hall box office. Come see a local boy make good.

Space Art

Thirty-five works, in various mediums, by members of the union of Arts of the USSR depicting the exploration of outer space, are on exhibit at the Hayden Planetarium until Mar. 6.

Latino Playwright's Workshop

The Henry Street Settlement Federal Theatre's new Latino Playwrights Reading Workshop, open to all Latino and non-Latino actors and actresses, meets on Tues. and Thurs. from 6 to 10 p.m. There is a registration fee of \$5. Call 766-9334.

The Theatre also invites you to their reading series at the Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. on Mar. 7 and Apr. 4 at 7 p.m. Admission is free and more info can be had at 766-9295/9334.

Poetry Readings

The Anthology Film Archives at 80 Wooster St. presents a series of poetry readings on consecutive Sundays beginning Feb. 13 at 3:30 p.m. Michael Andre and John Love will read their works this Sunday, and June Jordan and Lee Vassel on Feb. 20.

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