

THE OBSERVATION POST MAGAZINE

Vol. 61 No. 5

Friday, April 22, 1977

BY OONAGH FYFE

The Prison Kiri-Kiri I.

When first the sun,
That jungle-walled trail
To Kiri-Kiri, blazed
Six or maybe seven years
Had but barely freckle-fleshed
My heaven-kissing bones
—no more than eight at any rate.

In the clearing
Forced there,
Thick-walled Kiri-Kiri,
Ninety by ninety by twenty,
That soundless
(was it gateless?)
Square
Armed to the teeth,
Kept at bay
The jungle that would reclaim.

On a felled tree,
But one of many
Bulldozed
Ebonies and teaks,
Skinless
The pocked bones
And crack-netted skull
Of a picked-clean prisoner
Sprawled.

Yet I knew,
By the plaited vine
Round bone and bough knotted,
One, escaped, had hung
When the other upright stood,
Though both now,
Wood limbs, dark-barked,
Among those of bone,
In Kiri-Kiri
Reclined.

The Snake Kiri-Kiri II.

Edgeless,
The spread of sun,
Since morning
Grown huge and hotter,
Whitens the ripped-asunder sky
Over the Nigerian noonday
Bent.
In a hundred
—maybe more—
Degrees,
Scarce and blackened shade
Simmers
While Kiri-Kiri
Boils.

Hoodless,
Twenty feet of Cobra,
Bellyflakes up,
Lies in a line

Oonagh Fyfe was born in Dublin, Ireland, from the powerful coupling of a man who suffered from an incurable case of wanderlust, and a woman who would have followed her husband to the ends of the Earth had that been his little heart's desire (which indeed, it was). At the age of three she was transported across the sea to London, England, where she spent one jolly good, but unremembered year of her life. The next seven years were enriched and nourished and hounded by Nigeria, West

Beneath the knife,
Once over brightly
Honed,
That slits
And splits the soft
From tapered tip
To sunken chin.

Nails of fingers,
Snakeflake dry,
Skin-deep
In raw edges
Embedded,
Grip
And rip from flesh
The rind
And peel it back

And rubbed with oil
And coiled
Taken
And uncoiled,
Knobs of snake
Still clinging yet,
Beside the others,
One hundred in all,
Round the watertank
In Kiri-Kiri
Uncoiled.

The "Massa" Kiri-Kiri III.

Between
Sky
And
Kiri-Kiri
Suspended.

I,
On reddened feet,
Down the laterite strip
To Kiri-Kiri
Came.
Yoruba
Hausa
Fula
Ibo tongues
Drummed
'Massa gone bush!
Massa gone bush!'

Black
Tan
Zig-azagged
And
Dead,
The snake
Struck
In Brahim's flesh
A mosaic
More exquisite
Than its own.

'Massa gone bush!
Massa gone bush!'
In wool suit
And palm wine stupor,
Against one leg
Of his watertank watchtower
Massa
Slumps;
A drunk-dry calabash
Cracking
In the screw-press
Of his hands.

Sahara's sand
In Kiri-Kiri
Tarnished
Bloodstripes
That would glitter.

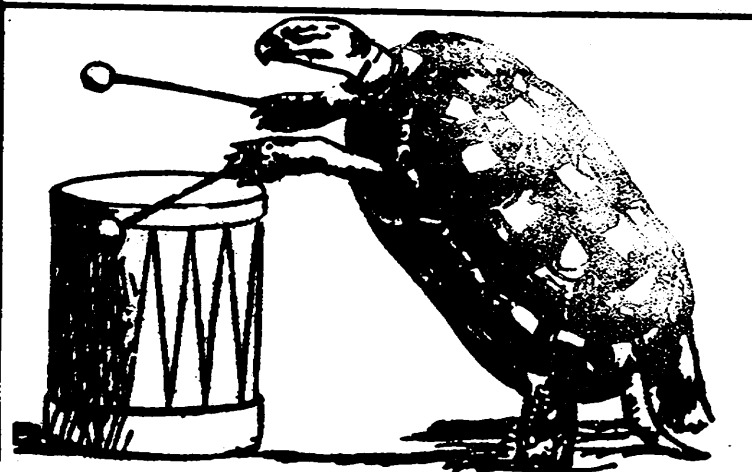
A fan of snakeskins
(long sice dessicated)
Radiated
Round
An aluminum waterbox
(of 12 foot breadth;
12 foot height and depth)
On four steel supports
Exalted.
From this,
Massa,
Jungle destruction,
Prison construction,
Oversaw.

Kiri-Kiri's noon,
Flesh-to-metal-sticking hot noon
Stroked
Brahim
To death.

Black men
And lizzards
Pell-melling,
Massa
Down
Came,
Screechowing 'Up bastard, up!'
And raised a snake
(ripe for the skinning)
And brought it
Down
And
Down
On Brahim's back.

Kiri-Kiri was a high-security prison in the jungles outskirting Lagos, Nigeria. A new wing was being constructed under the supervision of a rather large German fellow who had surrendered his entire bulk to stark and raving madness — "Massa gone bush!" the Nigerians succinctly put it. He lived in an aluminum watertank (even God, with all his legendary omniscience, can only begin to imagine the incredible heat born of the union of sheet-metal and equatorial sun!) from which he descended, periodically, to chastize and energize an exhausted worker with his whipping snake. By the scale of snakeskins, he measured the workers' efficiency; the deeper they penetrated into the jungle, he theorized, the more snakes they would meet, kill, skin and bring to "Massa," the self-proclaimed King of Kiri-Kiri.

As the jungle was being brought to its knees, skeletons were uncovered dangling from the limbs of several trees; these, according to the labourers, were the remains of prisoners who had escaped from Kiri-Kiri only to come face to face with their freedom: a state of being too long forgotten not to be terrifying. They fashioned their own ropes, chose their own trees and became, in the end, their own executioners.



POETRY

From head to tail
Leaving
A rod of meat
Long
On a strap of leather
To mirror
Kiri-Kiri
In twenty feet of bloodshine.

Between Cobraskin
And its flayed and bleeding flesh
All ties are knifed.
Separate now,
One into twenty twelve-inch pieces
Is nicely sliced,
Upscooped and wrapped
In frayed banana leaves.
The other
Scraped
With a gritted stone
(the same that sharpened)

Over
Sand upon sand,
Three million
five hundred thousand
square miles of sand
Broad-belted
North Africa,
The Harmattan
Spumed,
Twisting
Saharan sand-dust
Into southerly winds
Toward
Nigeria
Downwinding.

October evaporated.
The sun was
Pig-iron,
Red hot,
Dulled
By crushed rock

The Concert Committee of the Day Student Senate presents:

"EQUUS"

Tickets can be obtained NOW in Finley 331 (Student Senate Office) for April 22 & 23 performances

Discount price:
\$5.00 (with I.D.)

For information call: 690-8175/76
Ask for Elaine, Mitra or Maxine

Need a Job?

Workers are needed for the upcoming **STUDENT SENATE ELECTIONS**

that will be held from May 2 - 6

PAY: \$2.20/hour

Qualifications: Registered students with at least two consecutive free hours.

Deadline: Send in class schedule with free hours indicated to Student Ombudsman, Thorne Brown, Finley 119 by Monday, April 25.

Need more info:

Call 690-8179

STUDENT SENATE ELECTIONS MAY 2 - 6

Vote

POLLING CENTERS

Vote

- Finley Student Center
- Klapper Hall
- Shepard Hall
- Curry Hall
- Steinman Hall
- Science Building
- Goethals Hall

X
X
X
X
X
X
X

Vote

vote

Vote

vote

Vote

Vote

Vote

Vote

vote

Vote

Mon. - Tues. 10am - 6pm • Wed. - Thurs. 10am - 4pm • Fri. 10am - 2pm

Can A Killer Be Your Friend?

I sipped coffee at a City College cafeteria a few Thursdays ago and was outraged by an item in *The Daily News* about a 20 year old who was shot to death at the wheel of his cab.

"What kind of animal would do such a thing?" I said to myself. "They should hang the scum by his potatoes."

Later that night, I waited for a friend on the steps of a brownstone. I read a magazine. A car stopped and a girl jumped from it as if she was being chased. Her keys shook nervously in her hand. It was my friend. She grabbed my arm.

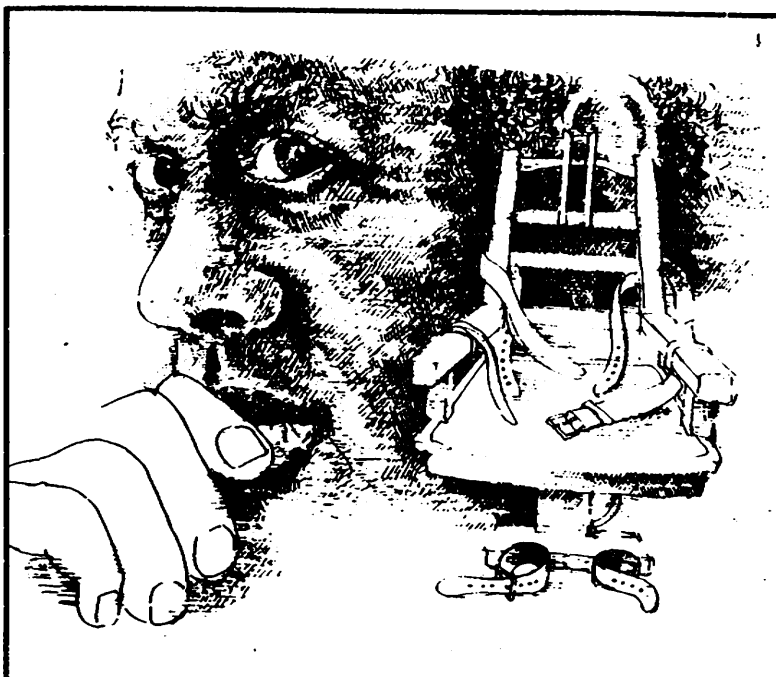
"George committed homicide," she said. She looked serious. "He killed a cab driver."

"But George couldn't," I heard myself say. I dropped my magazine. "I mean he wouldn't kill anybody." I ran my fingers through my hair. "I know George."

When we were teenagers, George and I hung out on the same Bronx street corner with a group of guys who called themselves the "Davidson Boys" and sang songs like "Daddy-lo-lo." We slept in the same bed together and had pillow fights. We were like brothers. We fought together. We shared, our money. Our girlfriends. Our hopes. Our clothes. I wanted to believe this was some ugly mistake. I wasn't prepared. I left the brownstone.

Then the next morning the *New York Post* reported "George A. Arabadjis" (my friend) "was arrested in Long Island City" and police believed that he another man killed cabbie Richard Kornblatt." And according to the paper, "Kornblatt was found shot once in the chest" and "he had a faint pulse when discovered, but he was pronounced dead after he was rushed to Bellevue Hospital."

I called my friend. "How could he" I whispered into the receiver. I was in tears. I knew I'd have to decide how to handle this. One side of me asked: Should I go to the jail and shake his hand? Tell him: Ah, what-the-hell, some kid's dead, you'll do time and it's over? While another side said: if I do shake his hand it is a statement about myself. It



BY PETER J RONDINONE

would mean I embrace his values. I am a criminal; and I must also consider what Kornblatt's parents must feel; what I'd feel if Kornblatt were my son; and what I felt when I first read the story.

"IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE. I KNOW GEORGE," I yelled.

George called me only a few days before the incident. He said he was going back to school to get his High School Equivalency. He said he'd given up moving furniture for a living because it was breaking his back. He said he'd begun to sell encyclopedias. He sounded fine.

"But you don't know him," the voice

on the other end replied. "He called me last night from the police station and he sounded relaxed, as if he was in his office and ready to leave soon. And I asked him what he was doing there and he said: 'murder.' And I asked him what he did and he said: 'ripped off a cabbie.' And I said why and he said: 'I needed the money.' And I said I need money too, but I don't kill somebody. I work. And he said he was unemployed. And I said, but you don't kill somebody; And he said: 'I know; I know. It was an accident,' as if everyone's supposed to feel sorry for him and forgive him. Later for that. I don't ever want to see him again."

But I do feel sorry for him. I know that at a very early age George's alcoholic father made him kneel on a broom stick while he hit George in the chest; and he had George put his head under the pillows of a couch while he slept off his drunk; and I knew that George was kicked out of the house at the age of fifteen because he was too wild, always fighting and stuff; and he lived in the gang's clubhouse with a sick cat; and he smelt like piss; and at the age of 17 was arrested after a friend reported George had taken his Camero; and how he was given the choice between Rikers Island and military service; and how in a heated moment days before his normal discharge from the Marines, he hit a Lieutenant; and he was given a dishonorable discharge; and his record haunted him and he couldn't get a job; and he lived on my bedroom floor between odd jobs (moving furniture etc.); and how it always seemed to me that he was always at the wrong place at the wrong time, because the only difference between George and I was (considering when we hung out together I'd participate in assorted unspeakable crimes) I managed to graduate high school and get into college by the grace of open admissions. So I do feel sorry for him.

I conjured up the image of George and I speaking through wire mesh. I saw myself say: "George, do you realize what you've done!? The horror of it! I can't be a friend. But I'm afraid that if nobody says anything (nobody cares) you'll get bitter; and you'll get caught up in some vicious cycle. You know what they say about jail; once you're in you don't get reformed, you get educated; and crime becomes an ugly way of life." And then I heard myself say: "You gotta avoid that. A second chance is your only hope. You gotta change."

Then my friend said: "Who you talking to? People like George never change. There are thousands of George's in jail who are given second chances. Face it! He's a killer. He won't change."

And I said: "Well then, if he doesn't change, he's an animal and no friend of mine. But . . . I know George."

I am a third year literature student at City College. During the course of my readings I came across a book entitled *The Walter Syndrome* by Richard Neely. This wasn't assigned class reading you understand, merely private diversion. I bring this to your attention owing to the fact that the subject matter of this book is relevant to the action of the so-termed ".44 Caliber Slayer."

The action of this book takes place in New York in the nineteen thirties. The main character is a hopeless schizophrenic who murders young women under the guise of a personality which he had invented in order to live in the "territorial name" — "Charles Walter" that he had acquired along with his job as an ad solicitor in a daily newspaper. Some of the similarities between this fictional "Charles Walter" and the ".44 Caliber Slayer" are striking. Each choose to kill under very specific circumstances. Both directing their aggression toward innocent young women that shared certain physical attributes, then settling into a period of passivity until their tension had increased itself to a point where they sought to further relieve it by additional slayings. This fictional "Charles Walter"

that Richard Neely had created also left notes at the scene of his crime, as taunts to the police. I believe the ".44 Caliber Slayer" addressed his message to a specific detective.

Now it is apparent in *The Walter Syndrome* as it is in the case of the ".44 Caliber Slayer" that the killer is screaming for attention and punishment. This attention is supplied in both instances by press coverage. One noteworthy aspect of this ".44 Caliber Slayer" is that his attacks are occurring with increasing frequency.

My source of concern stems from my station as a "normal", "functioning" private citizen with

generally acceptable morals. The intensity of this concern is augmented by the fact that I was sitting and chatting with a girl friend I had not seen in awhile in a car parked not two blocks away from where the Queens incident took place last month, on the night of its occurrence. Indeed it was my desire at the time to find out why all the cop cars were around but I was halted from my endeavor by my girl friend's weak stomach. She incidentally has short curly brown hair.

Well, to hasten to the reason for my letter:

In the book *the Walter Syndrome*

a plea is published by a daily newspaper, the one that "Charles Walter" works for (ironic isn't it) to give himself up to the custody of that newspaper, specifically one reporter, whereupon they would supply him with the best legal and psychiatric help available and THE CHANCE TO TELL HIS STORY. This is after all what the lunatic is after, as are all lunatics as is everyone. There is no need to further explicate the details of the book, how he is caught etc.

My suggestion is that you print a similar type of plea. Admittedly you will get your share of crank calls but perhaps you are knowledgeable of some facts that you've withheld from printing which only the killer would know, and then, . . . well I'm sure I can leave that up to your fertile imaginations.

Surely if pulp can imitate life then life can imitate pulp.

Anyway, you might try and find this book *The Walter Syndrome* by Richard Neely and print an article dealing with the horrible state of fiction these days.

If any case if you've labored through my rambling letter. I thank you. You've made this lunatic feel that at least today he has had his say, which was in ink and not in blood.

Is Fiction Stranger Than Real Life?

BY STEVEN BERKO

I was just lying there on my horsehair mattress, the covers pulled as far as they would go up, getting more drowsy with each breath. I've been in my own world ever since the abortion seven months ago. Then I heard a voice I didn't recognize but knew was his, saying, "Haven't satisfied me for three months . . . You're like a rubber doll men buy to masturbate with". It was funny. He was so far away I couldn't touch him, I could hear him and not feel him I said.

"How do you know?" I guess I was supposed to say "sorry baby", or crawl over into his bed, because his voice raised and he said.

"Know what?" And Isaid, "What the dolls men buy to masturbate with are like." I wan't trying to be cute but this question was the only thing out of what he'd said I allowed in my world. The rubber doll made me think of the little baby I had let them rub out while I floated in a sodium pentathol haze.

Anyway, he didn't relate at all and grunted loudly and completely, as if he could grunt out the months of come clogged up inside him, which guess is better than me, a useless brown rubber doll.

He was asleep in minutes and I am suddenly awake, my drifting world disturbed, invaded, displaced by his talking. I wonder why he said anything at all to me concerning how bad I've been treating him if it wasn't bad enough to lose a little sleep over. Men are like that: They sleep after anything. If we don't have sex for long enough I bet his could condition himself to lay dry on top of me and then roll off to sleep. Which is what he did when we had sex. Since the abortion everything having to do with bodies is the same, distasteful, I fasted for eighteen days and didn't care if I ever ate again, and spent hunks of time cooking for him and the living baby pots of beans and candied yams. They made me sick when I looked at them on the table, waiting to be eaten. I'd run into the bathroom and take four quart enemas until I was exhausted, purged of any bloody baby scraps that might have been left inside by the white doctor, somehow gotten lodged in my rectum. Finally my husband put his hands on me, insisting gently that I eat. He cooked a big meal of seaweed and rice that I devoured, though afterward I drank a quart of prune juice and took an enema.

My living baby was just one year old when I found out I was pregnant. I never thought of having it or discussing it with him as there was nothing to discuss, just the execution date to be set. Waiting at the hospital for preliminary tests, the nurse asked a room full of us murderesses, "Who would voluntarily like to talk to the Chaplain, informally, in a sort of abortee encounter session?" I went, figuring 'here might be some bullying of the sisters going down and I should be there to help.

"Er, ummm . . . How do you feel about your abortions?" (With distaste, fear, the Chaplain asks this question.)

"I wanna get it over with 'cause I got five kids home and no sitter". (This form an Irish woman not more than twenty-five.)

(A well to do white woman reaches into her bag, lights a pall mall. There is a freshly lit one in the ashtray next to her.)

"I've been here three times all day just filling out papers. I want to have it and get back to my normal life. Lets face it, when you're pregnant and don't want to be, thats all you are, pregnant."

"Er, ummm; ummm. Beyond these feelings of impatience, how do you girls really feel?" (Pink, pocked, and balding the Chaplain leans towards us leering as if we are bleeding from between the legs already and don't know it. A chubby latin woman, her hair prematurely greying answers.)

"Mira! I on welfare and medicard and the welfare fucked up and didn't send me no medicard card, so I'm pregnant with no medicard card. An' I come here an' even though I had two babies here they can't trust me. Gotta have the card. So I hassle welfare and last week they give me a new card, but now I'm over four months, have to go

through labor, sweat, cry, push, to have a dead baby. Go through all that trouble for nothing!"

"Ahhh, er, ummm. I see. Have you considered having the baby instead?" (It is like the rest of us aren't there anymore. His face is flushed, his head is sweating, and I know he's thinking he'll get over on the Latin sister because, he know, alot of "them" and Catholic and like she said, she has two and he'e figuring, how much can one more kid hurt?)

Abruptly her face that has looked ugly with tiredness contorts migically into a beautiful smile and she laughs a laugh that buoys and strengthens us all, shakes her head, "No. "Without saying anything we leave the Chaplain in his white cubicle whose walls are filled with pictures of women nursing babies and Mary, mother of Jesus, which strikes me funny because Jesus might never have been born had she been able to have an abortion, and not been afraid of God besides.

We are all back in the waiting room, smoking and cracking on the Chaplain. It's

land to grow them on or yam vines for them to play in, and there is no way, no way in the world I can tell this baby in my stomach I want it.

But in my drifting world we have a farm and land, grow all our food, and none of my babies have to be murdered. All my babies swarm about my feet. I don't give them names. They crawl and run and pull up on the fence next to the rocking chair in which I sit, throwing dried corn to the chickens that are all mixed up among my children. I laugh when my children snatch corn before the chickens can, thrusting it dirt covered and heard into toothless mouths. After all, this is my land and my dirt and it is clean and these are all my children.

The dream ends and I imagine no more, for all I can see is the fetus of a boy whose face looks just like me except it is shredded by curretage.

He has taken a day off work to stay with the baby while I go to dispose of the other. When I leave home it is dark. I walk slowly up the hill to the train, filled with morning sickness for the last time, puffing a joint to

someones virility. I change to the wrong train and end up in the Bronx when I am aiming for the east seventies. Walking across the platform to go back downtown, I hesitate, wondering if taking the wrong train wasn't a fraudian slip, a sign I should go home and wait for the baby to arrive. In time I remember Freud was a sexist bastard and jump on the downtown train as the doors are shutting. The conductor, a brother with cornrowed head, holds the doors and we smile. He reminds me of him home with the baby and I am thick with love for them, determined to get home alive and intact.

In the hospital waiting room are two white women and a man. They are in their fifties and wonder why they are here. I fantasize her story with goos: She thought she was through menopause with nothing to worry about, the kids grown, moved out, hubby working ten hours a day driving the cab, he had never really satisfied her anyway, it seemed the perfect time to have an affair, and so she did. When she first got sick in the mornings eating breakfast with her husband she thought it was guilt and shrugged it off. Later she went to see the doctor about stomach pains and he told her she was pregnant. My fantasy turns out to be far off. She is here for scrapping and removal of a uterine lump, she is afraid she has cancer. I read the fear in his eyes, see his sisters hands, shaking. She confortis, gets coffee, offers gum. Though I know she is afraid her strength is greater than her fear.

And then a wheelchair summons me. "Would you like general or local anesthesia? How many abortions have you had before this one? Children?" Then I am in a room with four beds, two of them occupied, undressing. A Swedish woman in the bed across from me complains in a loud, obnoxious voice that she had had soft boiled eggs three days straight, and she is so glad her husband is picking her up today. Turning to me,

"What're you her for?"

"A D and C".

"Whats that?"

"A kind of abortion".

"Ya? I thought there was only one kind. I'm not here for that. I only had a scraping. I feel fine." I am hopeful for the fifty year old in the waiting room. The woman next to her laughs. She is about thirty-five, looks Italian. Though it is before eight, she is well made up, wears a wig.

"Don't mind her — and don't worry. I had my tubes tied this visit, but I've had four sons and three abortions. Its nothing".

A nurse comes and give me a shot in the arm. Whether it is the joint or the shot I become drowsy, lying in a starched white bed waiting to be relieved of this burden. Dreaming of sailing I open my eyes to find myself being wheeled down a corridor. I guess it is almost time. A Japanese nurse and anesthetist are in the operating room. I am happy they are Japanese. I like the sound of their voices and their high pitched laughter relaxes me. I feel as if I am floating. The anesthetist fills a gigantic syringe with pale green liquid and injects it into the glucose I.V. already in my arm. He and the doctor stand above me.

I feel real good." And I do. The sodium pentathol is making me very high, very fast. I think of my friend who urged me to ask for it and say a dreamy thank you.

"Are you getting sleepy?"

"No. Please be careful."

"Sure. There's nothing to worry about".

And there isn't. I've signed the forms, paid, I'm here. I am so comfortable, so high. . . I wonder why my legs aren't in stirrups. If they were I would ride away on a horse made of pale green clouds.

Your Baby Has Done Made Some Other Plans....



BY JILL NELSON

ironic, we are girls laughing and gossiping even though on the inside we're women and mothers whether we have our babies or not. The nurse laughs with us. She makes me feel as though this is all very routine, and maybe it is, but it shouldn't be.

Because like babies and being pregnant, being able to eat all I want and feeling beautiful always. Even when am crying in his arms I know my husband digs it, it gives him the chance to feel our baby moving between us. But we have no money and less time for ourselves with the baby we have, no

calm me and give me something to do besides hold my stomach. The train is crowded. I stand, feeling resentful no one offers their seat, me being pregnant and all. Realizing I won't be for long makes me less tired. I look at the sisters, wondering how many are pregnant, soon to bulge beneath their coats, be offered seats. How many others like me are silently pregnant, whose coats will remain flat upon our womens bodies, continuing to stand in this train of men who seldom offer seats, and then only when one of us is heavy and pregnant, affirming

READ OP

The Imitation Flowers

BY CARMELA CATTUTI

The garden doors were open and the sitting room was filled with thick evening mist. The gold-bronze Delacorte clock, perched on the mantel, chimed eleven.

Emilia sat in an old rocking chair and cautiously reached for her embroidery. She threaded the needle with her slim shaky fingers and began to weave in and out of the cloth. Lightly touching the floor with the tip of her toes, she rocked the chair rhythmically.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" asked her brother angrily. "Who can you sit there and sew when you know they'll be putting his body in the next room?"

The room was dim. The only movement was Emilia's slow deliberate rocking. As she rocked, the sticking of the shabby wood to the newly waxed floor was the only sound.

"You didn't bat an eyelash when I told you he was gone. Not one tear. Why, Aunt Jenny almost went into shock when she saw you clearing the living room for the coffin. Well, don't you have anything to say?"

The Delacorte clock rang out beethoven's "Minuet in G." Emilia peered at the tiny bronze animals dancing around the base of the clock. She remembered when they had been children and the clock had played a Chopin waltz.

Everything changes, she thought. She supposed that the waltz had worn out and had to be replaced.

"Emilia, can't you hear me? Will you please answer me?" asked Jason.

Emilia wondered what the fuss was all about. Everyone is much too much concerned about death, she thought. They don't live because they're all too busy preparing for death.

"Emilia, we have to talk about what's happened. We have to discuss matters of money and the funeral."

Emilia wondered what would happen now that her father was dead. She thought how she would miss not being able to accompany him on business trips or sit by him in his study while he worked into the early morning. She remembered the way he'd put his massive arms around her in a soft loving embrace before they'd go to bed.

Jason stood leaning against the garden doors and glared at his sister. She caught his stare and looked up for a moment but quickly lowered her dark eyes.

"Hope you don't carry on like that at my funeral," he said. "It's just like you to argue with your sister at a time like this. But, I suppose you'll do the same at my wake — banter and rave as if I had cheated you by dying." She continued with sharp quick strokes, as if time were slipping away. "It didn't matter to me." Aunt Jenny decided it was best to follow the will explicitly, thought Emilia, sewing quickly.

"You know, you're incredible. All you can do is sit and punch holes in a rag while our living room is being turned into a funeral parlor."

I wish there were less flowers, thought Emilia. A lot of flowers reminds me of a funeral parlor. Especially the smell. Everyone is so involved in death and laying to rest a loved one's remains that all these flowers seem imperative. To ease their own mind, of course.

Emilia's stitches for her chrysanthemums became larger and inaccurate. The cloth was pulled in a disfiguring manner, as if a young child had attempted to color in a coloring book. Tiny white indentations appeared on her fingertips where she held the needle so tightly. She thought how she had always gotten everything ready for her father when he came home after a hard day at the office, and how she had to be cheerful and gay even

if she wasn't. She remembered how Jason would excuse himself before dinner because he had an appointment downtown, even if he didn't.

The clock on the mantel chimed eleven thirty. Emilia knew how prompt her father had been. She recalled a time when her father had reprimanded Jason in front of her mother because he had been late for dinner. She had also been late but, "women are entitled to be late," was what her father had said.

"Christ, he should have paid me to bury him, since he made me lose that job at the insurance company," said Jason. He thought about the time when he was going to an important job interview downtown and had to be prompt, on time, punctual. His father had delayed Jason by insisting that he wait for his sister because she was going in the same direction. "You give your sister a ride into town before you do anything else," said the old man. Emilia knew of Jason's appointment, yet seemed to make herself

broidery as something powerful and magical, like the good fairy's wand. She remembered how she would encourage Jason to sit and watch her make the difficult stitches and how she would never give him any of her finished work. He was much too careless with things, she said to herself.

"I'm sorry Daddy, please don't be angry with me any more and talk to me." Now, I am forced to listen to his silence."

There was a knock at the front door. The door swung open and six men in mourning jackets carried a solid oak coffin and situated it in the middle of the living room. A candle was placed on all four sides and the bronze crucifix at the head of the coffin. The undertaker was busy tending to last minute details before opening the casket for viewing.

Jason ignored the presence of the dead man. He glared at his sister, as if he were waiting for her to break down. While pacing around the room, he studied her firm chin and deep set eyes. Emilia was aware of her

cracks of this house, but in all houses and behind every tree of brush in every garden. God is everywhere — death is everywhere."

Emilia called a time when Jason had wanted to accompany her to Mass one Sunday. Her father had told Jason that there was no need to escort his sister, since he would be attending services himself and would go with Emilia. She thought how her father hadn't been to Mass in ten years, (when he accompanied her that day), ever since her mother died.

"Alright, you sit there and stare into space, as if it's a lazy Sunday afternoon," said Jason. He stumbled through the sliding oak doors into the living room and sat in one of the cushionless chairs, facing the coffin.

The Delacorte clock rang out the "Minuet in G." Emilia softly touched the floor with her foot, and rocked in tempo with the tune. She began to whistle the brisk melody in a shrill tone. As the melody slowed and died out, the whistle grew more powerful and high-pitched. Jason thought how much he hated that tune because his father had chosen it. Jason had wanted a new waltz to replace the old one.

"Do you remember the day Dad had decided to put the Minuet in place of the waltz? I wanted a new waltz to be put in, but you agreed with Dad. You wouldn't stand by me. Together we could have beaten him. You always took his side and gave him what he wanted that's why he still remains in this house when he should be in a funeral parlor."

Emilia's whistling gradually dissolved into a low whisper, until no sound could be heard. The bouquet of handmade flowers was almost finished, only one stem remained. Each jab of her needle revealed a tight distorted stitch. She recalled how her father had admired the unembroidered cloth a few months earlier, and how she had promised to make it for him.

Emilia pierced the cloth for the last time, and tied the thread in a double knot. She gripped the arms of the chair, and slowly pulled herself to a standing position. She went beyond the oak doors and moved toward the open casket.

As she reached the dead man, she gripped on to the side of the dark oak box. She thought how his face appeared as if he had been made of wire and paper-mache. His silver-grey hair seemed to glisten under the light of the candles. The silhouette of the bronze crucifix was cast on his dark blue business suit.

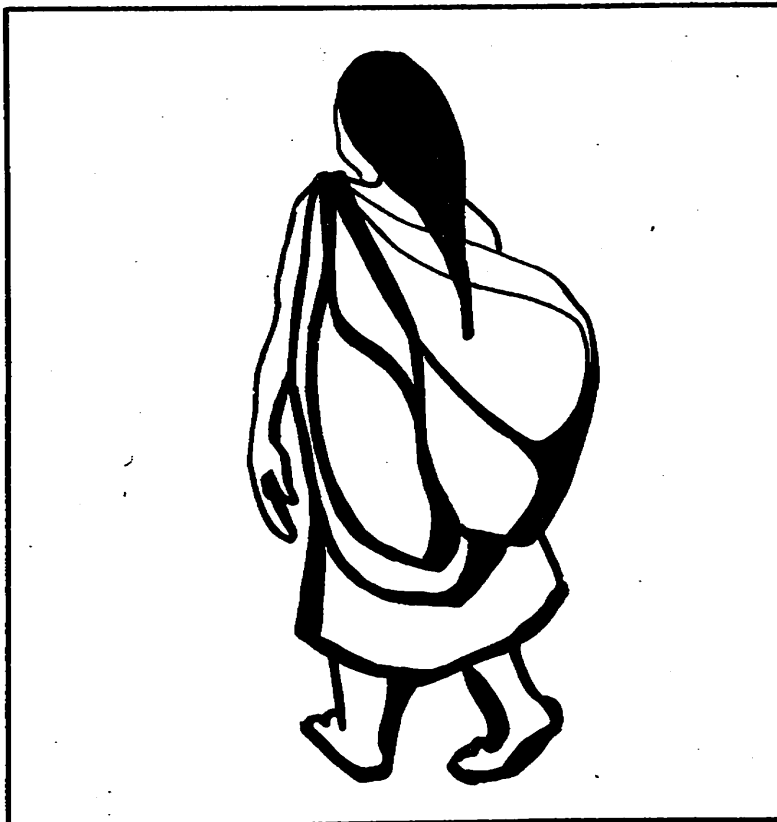
Emilia gently tucked her fingers under her father's cold skull. She raised his grey head, as if she were handling a new born infant. Emilia thought how it was not to hear her father's voice, yet see and feel his presence. It's as if he's just paralyzed, she told herself.

Placing the cloth of flowers on the white satin pillow, her lips brushed her father's wax-like forehead. She neatly tucked the unraveled edges of the cloth underneath the satin pillow. While smoothing out the wrinkles of the cloth, she noticed her brother moving toward her.

Isn't it bad enough he's torturing us with his presence without you reaching out and touching him. You're inviting death to stay. We should push death back into the woodwork where it belongs. But no, no, you want death to feel comfortable in this house."

She raised her eyes and looked into Jason's pale face. She thought how his chin appeared as ash as her father's and that his face seemed as rigid and expressionless as the dead man's.

Emilia reached toward the center of the oak box and grasped her father's hands. "He always loved me," she said and smiled.



"Emilia gently tucked her fingers under her father's cold skull and raised his grey head."

ready in slow motion. Each shoe lace she tied, each arm she put into the sleeve of her coat seemed to be synchronized with the ticking of the clock. "Now I've got no job and no inheritance. Thanks to Dad I can sit and watch my money being put six feet under and I can think of it rotting away in the years to come."

Jason peered at his sister's long, soft fingers. She knew that he delighted in watching her fingers weave thread into an attractive design. She thought how he had always paid special attention to her fingertips and how he considered her em-

brother's warm eyes upon her. She often felt the heat of Jason's glare when they were children. She recalled how she would embrace him, and how she would never let him return the caress. She remembered giving her father bear hugs and letting his return the embrace.

"The casket is open, Emilia. Would you like to walk over with me?"

She sewed frantically, without pause. Each stitch was sharply made. She clenched her bottom lip with her teeth, bearing down harder with each thrust of the needle.

"I know that death not only hovers in the

The Observation Post
 A FREE PRESS —
 AN INFORMED STUDENT BODY

PETER J. RONDINONE
 Issue Editor

JOSEPH L. LAURIA
 News Editor

PAUL DABALSA
 Arts Editor

MARI ALPHER
 Photography Editor

MARC LIPITZ
FREDERIC SEAMAN
 Associate Editors

MERYL GROSSMAN
FRANKLIN S. FISHER JR.
 Contributing Editors

Staff: Jeff Brumbeau, Ed Casey, Iby DeGeorge, Joyce Meisner, Indu Rao, Linda Tillman.

CONTRIBUTORS: Louis Bono, Susan Cacho, Alfred Chu, Joe Cooke, Ed Falberbaum, Albert Hakakian, John Johnson, Tony Lee, Philippe Quinlan, Christopher Quinlan, Sami Rehman, Mirlam Rodriguez, Harold Rosenblum, Michael Rothenberg, Leo Sacks, Miguel Angel Sacks, Harold Vaughn.

The Observation Post, The City College of New York

Letters to the Editor

They say the quality of education is going down. This is reflected upon the students who are graduating, unqualified for whatever field they enter. As a junior and first semester student here at City College, I find the teachers here are teaching nothing. In one hour on Tuesdays and Thursdays I sit in a communications class, and listen to the monotone of a particular professor giving out cute anecdotes and other comments which are related to the field but are not worth one person sitting in a class trying to learn something concrete about the communications media. But what am I learning? The other instructor (There are two of them) sits and checks attendance, once, twice and thrice, or marks papers which should have been done at home, or in his office on his time. The classroom is for learning. Help! I want to learn.

Mary Rose

First, I wish to comment on some articles in your March 18th issue. On Page 3, the article on the meeting to discuss uses of the Schiff Funds under the jurisdiction of the Vice Provost for Student Affairs contains some inaccuracies. It is not the case that "Cultural-ethnic festivals sponsored by student organizations will no longer receive financial support from the Schiff Fund." The Committee met with various student groups to present them with the dilemma of limited funds being unable to support all requests for such festivals. Solutions might involve supporting a first come, first serve, or cooperation to produce one such festival a year. The question was raised, the answer was not preordained. Furthermore, the grants have been made by a committee—not by the Vice Provost alone. That Committee has traditionally consisted of three students and three staff, myself included. The staff

representatives were picked by me but are not representatives of the School of Education or the Affirmative Action Office.

I would also like you to comment on the ethical and legal implications of your article on Page 4, "bandit calling". Before publishing this article did you check to see if the paper is making itself liable to lawsuit? And since you are obviously condoning illegal activity does this support extend to all illegal activities or only to some of your choosing? And, if the latter, how do you decide which to condone?

Lastly, it would be most useful in efforts to help maintain an active student press in the face of financial pressures if there were publicly available clear statements of the objectives and perspectives of each of the student papers as developed by their editorial staffs.

Ann H. Rees

ON EDUCATION BY CHARLES RUSSELL

By the age of six the average child will have completed the basic American education and be ready to enter school. If the child has been observant in these pre-school years, he/she will have already gained considerable 'savoir-faire.'

From the "Plug-in-Drug", fashionably referred to as T.V., the child will have learned how to 'pick' a lock, commit a fairly intricate bank-holdup, prevent weiness all day long, get the laundry whiter than white, and kill people with a variety of ingenious armaments.

From watching his parents, the child, in many instances, will already know how to smoke, how much soda to mix with whiskey, what type of language to call upon when angry and how to defy the speed laws without being apprehended.

At this stage, the child is now adequately prepared for the second level of education which occurs in school. There, 'a mixed bag of dirty tricks' may be learned in the very first days. For instance, the teacher may illustrate the economic importance of belonging to a strong union by closing down the school prior to the arrival of the students. Fathers and mothers may demonstrate to the child the social togetherness that can be built on collective hatred by demonstrating their dislike for children whose pigmentation displeases them. In the latter event, the child may receive visual remediation in techniques of stoning buses,

cracking skulls with a night-stick and quieting mobs with tear-gas. Formal education has now begun!

During formal education, the child learns that life is essentially for measuring. This stage lasts twelve years, a period during which the child learns that success comes from telling examiners what they want to hear. Early in this state, the child learns that he is either dumb or smart. If the teacher puts translatable demands upon the child, the child learns he is smart. If the teacher expects little if anything from the child, the child learns he is dumb and soon quits bothering to tell the examiners what they want to hear.

At this point, education becomes more subtle. The child taught by school that he is dumb observes that neither he/she (nor any of the many children who are even dumber) ever failed to be promoted to the next grade. From this, the child learns that while everybody talks a lot about the value of being smart, there is very little incentive to stop being dumb!

What is the point of school, besides attendance? the child wonders. As the end of the first formal stage of education approaches, school answers this question. The point is to prepare the child to enter college. Children who have been taught they are smart have no difficulty. They have been happily telling examiners what they want to hear for twelve years. Being 'artists' at telling testers what they want to hear, they are admitted to college joyously, where

they will shortly learn that they are the 'hope of all America.'

Children whose education has been limited to adjusting themselves to their school's low estimates of them are admitted to less serious colleges which, in some instances, may actually teach them to read.

At this stage of education, a fresh question arises for everyone. If the point of lower education was to get into college, what is the point of college? The answer is soon apparent.

The point of college is to prepare the student who is no longer a child now, to get into graduate school. In college, the student learns that it is no longer enough simply to tell the examiners what they want to hear. Many are tested for graduate school; few are admitted.

Those excluded may be denied valuable certificates to prosper in medicine, at the bar, in the corporate boardroom. The student learns that the race is to the cunning and often, alas, to the unprincipled!

Thus, the student learns the importance of destroying competitors and emerges richly prepared to play his/her role in the great simmering melodrama of American life.

Afterwards, the former student's destiny fulfilled, his life rich with oriental carpets, rare porcelain and full bank accounts, he may one day find himself with the leisure and the inclination to open a book with a curious mind, and start to become educated!

To the Editor: Coming home from today's rally at City Hall, I suddenly felt very old or perhaps somewhat like the victim of the frustration one feels when watching a man drown while one's hands are shackled and one's mouth gagged. The blood-sucking bankers and the jackal politicians are surely cackling at the tired farce of a demonstration which just transpired. The turnout was meager, the organization primitive, and the planning woefully last-minute.

Wherein lies the source of such failures? Given that mass marches are rather static and uncreative to begin with, perhaps they don't comprise much of a tactic in the first place. Nevertheless, if one is to be had, we should at least have the collective spirit to show up. Certainly the so-called leaders thereof are culpable for such a lack of planning as to render anyone with a megaphone a "faction." The "Revolutionary" Student Brigade, for example, seems to have a special penchant for losing confrontations.

I fail to understand how The Observation Post would dare to publish its March 18th issue without so much as a mention of the (then) upcoming demonstration. Perhaps this publication feels somehow exempt from the plight of C.U.N.Y. Sadly, none of us can escape the malicious measures which are being inflicted upon our university. We must all start taking it personally when we are attacked as an institution. Otherwise, we can each feel the effects by ourselves.

Sincerely,

George M. Davidson
 M.A. Student
 Psychology Dept.

Dear George,

Bless you!

Signed, The editor.

From April 1 through June 14, you can fly roundtrip from New York to Luxembourg for only \$410.

That's \$89 less than the youth fare you'd pay on any other scheduled airline. (From Chicago you pay \$458 and save \$103.) All you have to do is be under the age of 24.

There are no booking restrictions. And no skimping on meals or service. Because we give you the same service you'd get from other airlines, without the same high costs. So, if you're not flying Icelandic to Europe, you're spending more than you have to.

We'll give you the best deal.

Save \$89 on jet fares to Europe and book anytime you want.

Icelandic Airlines, Dept. #CN
 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10020

See your travel agent. Or call toll free: (800) 555-1212.

Please send information on all Icelandic's low cost fares to Europe.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Date _____

Icelandic
 Lowest Jet fares to Europe of any scheduled airline.



Records

(Continued from Page 9)

NO GOODBYES



Hall and Oates
No Goodbyes

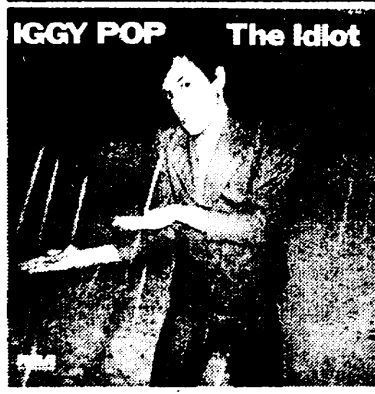
Like many other "Best Of" collections or reissues of old tracks, Hall and Oates' *No Goodbyes* offers us nothing musically that has not been offered already.

What it does provide is a glimpse of this duo's varied musical periods from the lush-sounding Philadelphia soul of *Whole Oats* and *Abandoned Luncheonette* albums to the electronic futuristic music on the Todd Rundgren-produced *War Babies*. Three previously unreleased tunes (which should have been kept that way) round off the collection.

The Rundgren produced tracks *Beany G and the Rose Tattoo* and *70's Scenario* are interesting because they give an idea of what Daryl Hall sounds like beneath a barrage of electronic keyboards and echos, but it does very little towards bringing forth Hall and Oates' greatest assets — their harmonies. Their slick-soul ballad period is well presented by *Lilly*, *She's Gone*, *When the Morning Comes*, and *Las Vegas Turnaround*, all from the first two albums.

Although *No Goodbyes* is hardly recommendable unless one happens to be a die-hard fan (and in which case you would expect to own the originals any way), it will provide a satisfying listening experience for

those who are unfamiliar with the stylized white soul of this upcoming seventies' act.
Joyce Meisner



Iggy Pop
The Idiot

Iggy Pop is the legendary punk icon from Detroit whose stage antics with the Stooges included pouring hot wax over his body, throwing himself on broken glass, and vomiting. But the Stooges' days are over. Iggy's been outdone by Gary Gilmore and nobody *listens* to heavy metal music anyway.

Re-enter Iggy Pop with his first recording in four years, *The Idiot*. It's a slick collection of nightmarish songs that harnesses the raw power of the Stooges with a new band and some synthesizer sound effects from producer David Bowie. On the surface it looks like Mustang Iggy has Cadillac pretensions, yet the chemistry of Iggy's nihilistic wails and street-corner intellectualism oozes from the tracks. It's sort of a collegiate Alice Cooper or pepped-up Lou Reed. Call it quality trash.

From the opening funky number *Sister Midnight*, to the assembly-line anxiety of *Mass Production*, *The Idiot* charts a bizarre course in rock and roll that defies categorization. In *Funtime* we see the old Iggy Stooze — fast, hard rock with a wry sense of humor.

Accept no imitation, the Quasimodo of rock, Iggy Pop, is back.

—Ed Casey

FPA PRESENTS:

Friday (April 22)
Paul Newman Film Festival
The Prize (1 & 4 p.m.) plus
The Hustler (2 & 6 p.m.)
in the Monkey's Paw Cafe

Tuesday (April 26)
Shamek Farrah - Jazz with Soul
11:30 to 1:30 p.m.
in Finley Buttenweiser Lounge
Talent Show AUDITIONS
12:30 to 3:30 p.m. in Finley 438

Wednesday (April 27)
Norman Riley & Co.
-Improvisational Jazz
12:00 to 2:00 p.m. in Monkey's Paw Cafe

Friday (April 29)
Barry Wallenstein & Cecil McBee - Jazz/Poetry duo
1:30 to 3:00 p.m. in Monkey's Paw Cafe

Tuesday (May 3)
Talent Show in the Monkey's Paw
12:30 to 3:00 p.m.

COMING SOON: Spring Tournament.
Compete in Chess, Ping-Pong and Fencing

Finley 151 Finley Program Agency Tel. 690-8188

S T U D E N T S

Nominees are needed to fill the student seats on Departmental Executive Committees (Plan A) in the following departments:

ANTHROPOLOGY
ASIAN STUDIES
BIOLOGY
BLACK STUDIES
ENGLISH
GERMANIC & SLAVIC
LANGUAGES
INDUSTRIAL ARTS

MUSIC
PHILOSOPHY
PHYSICAL & HEALTH ED
MATHEMATICS
PUERTO RICAN STUDIES
PHYSICS
ROMANCE LANGUAGES
SCHOOL SERVICES

You must be at least a junior and a major in the department in order to be eligible to run. Nominating petitions are available in Admin. 201, Finley 152, or each Department office.

Pick one up today.

DEADLINE FOR FILING PETITION: APRIL 29 File in Room 201 Administration

EARN \$250-\$500 stuffing envelopes:
Homework-Spartime. Send \$1, self-addressed, stamped, envelope to:
WORKFORCE ASSOCIATES
P.O. Box 8609 U.T. Station
Knoxville, TN 37916

IMPORTANT STUDY ABROAD ANNOUNCEMENT:
APPLICATIONS NOW BEING ACCEPTED for Summer 1977 and Academic Year 1977-78 for MOSCOW, LENINGRAD, LONDON, PARIS, DIJON, NICE, SALAMANCA, VIENNA, FLORENCE, PERUGIA, GENEVA, COPENHAGEN, AMSTERDAM. All subjects for all students in good standing. Accredited university courses. 4, 6, 8-week summer terms or quarter, semester, full year terms. Summer from \$710. Year term from \$1590.
CONTACT:
CENTER FOR FOREIGN STUDY
SIAY Admissions - Dept. M
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48107
(313) 662-5575

READ FASTER \$98
5 weeks guaranteed course
DOUBLE or TRIPLE your speed
Understand more, retain more
Nationally known professor
Class forming now
READING SKILLS 664-5112




FOR SALE: Thomas Ruggles Pynchon T-Shirts
Hard to find photo of America's most obscure literary genius. Send \$3.95 (post. & handl. incl.) to Angel Pastormerlo, 338 E. 5th St., N.Y. 10003. Specify Size

THE RESEARCH EXCHANGE
(201) 659-2595
50 Journal Sq.
8th Floor
Jersey City, N.Y. 07306
OFFICE HOURS:
Mon-Fri 10:30-6
Sat. 10-4
OVER 50,000 Topics
Term paper & thesis research. Editing, typing and resumes.

SUMMER JOBS
Co-ed, sleep-away camp for the physically handicapped; July 5th - August 29th
General Counselors \$320-600
Drama, Music and Swim (WSI) \$500-960
Call (212) 533-4020 or write to
CAMP OAKHURST
853 Broadway
NY, NY 10003

There IS a difference!!!
NEW PREPARE FOR:
MCAT • DAT • LSAT • SAT
GRE • GMAT • OCAT • VAT
Our broad range of programs provides an umbrella of testing know-how that enables us to offer the best preparation available, no matter which course is taken. Over 38 years of experience and success. Small classes. Voluminous home study materials. Courses that are constantly updated. Permanent centers open days, evenings & weekends all year. Complete tape facilities for review of class lessons and for use of supplementary materials. Make-ups for missed lessons at our centers.
ECFMG • FLEX
NAT'L MEDICAL & DENTAL BOARDS
Flexible Programs & Hours
Brooklyn 212-338-5300
Manhattan 212-638-4454
Long Island 516-538-4555
New Jersey 201-848-2662
Outside NY State Only
CALL TOLL FREE 800-221-9840
Centers in Major U.S. Cities and Lugano, Switzerland
Stanley H. KAPLAN
EDUCATIONAL CENTER LTD.
1675 E 16 St. Bklyn NY 11229
TEST PREPARATION SPECIALISTS SINCE 1938

LAW SCHOOL INTERVIEWS
Counselors are available daily at the
UNIVERSITY OF SAN FERNANDO VALLEY
COLLEGE OF LAW
to offer guidance and career planning
Call or write USFV, 8353 Sepulveda Blvd.
Sepulveda, California 91343. Tel. 312-894-5711
College of Law offers a full-time 3 year day program as well as part-time day and evening programs and the school is fully accredited by the Committee of Bar Examiners of the State Bar of California.

Add a new international dimension to your college career with a
SEMESTER AT SEA
The S.S. Universe sails Feb. 25, 1978, on a round-the-World voyage. Join us.
FREE COLOR VIEWBOOK
Write or phone INSTITUTE FOR SHIPBOARD EDUCATION, Taj Mahal Bldg., P.O. Box 2488, Laguna Hills CA 92653. (714) 581-6770
Attn: UG Division

Academically affiliated with the University of Colorado
The S.S. Universe is registered in Liberia

HARLEM Renaissance Program
A program designed to stimulate a growth of awareness between members of the Harlem community and the City College population

THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1977

<p>11:00 Third World Music Club Band and Drummers 12:00 Introduction..... Carl Stewart 12:30 Chuck Davis Dancers — Performance 1:15 Current situation in South Africa — David Sibeco, P.A.C. of Azania 1:35 Current situation in South Africa as it relates to Harlem-Elombe Brath (Patrice Lumumba Coal) 1:55 Health in Latin Community..... 2:15 George Edward Tait — Performance (Black Massical Music) 3:00 Collaboration..... Performance, Jazz 4:30 Alternative Black Education..... Brother Basir The East 5:00 Role of the Black Studies Department in Harlem - Leonard Jefferies 5:30 (Titos Sampa) Tanawa Ltd. Performance 8:00 Play - Ceremonies in Dark Old Men</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1977</p> <p>9:45 Drummers 10:15 Joe Oliver and the City College African Dancers 10:45 Announcements 10:40 The Black Church..... John Skinner 11:10 The nation of Islam..... Ali Rasheed 11:30 The importance of City College to Harlem - Percy Sutton, Manhattan Borough President 12:00 The current C.U.N.Y. situation from a student perspective - Cheryl Rudder, City College Student Senate Pres.</p>
---	---

Thurs: 11:00 am-7:30 pm Fri: 9:45 am-9:00 pm
Location: Outdoors Convent Ave. bet. 138-140 Sts.
Ceremonies in Dark Old Men - Indoors - Finley Ballroom
Monday-Wednesday: 6:30 pm Thursday: 8 pm
Friday: 9:30 pm
ART DISPLAY—Thurs. & Fri.- Bowker Lounge(Shephard Hall)
Monday-Friday Lewison Lounge(Finley)
ADMISSION FREE
Sponsored by the Day Student Senate, Harlem Renaissance Committee (United Peoples)

OPOP RECORD REVIEWS

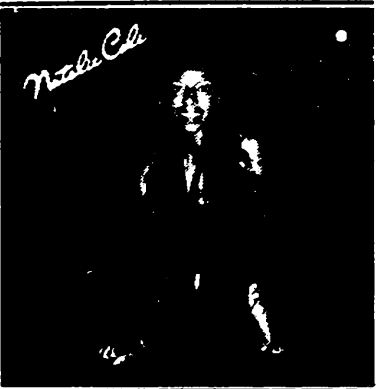


Bonnie Koloc Close Up

Bonnie Koloc is a warm, consummate singer. She began her recording career in 1971 with *After All This Time* on Ovation Records, and went on to do one album each year for the next three years. *Close Up* is Koloc's debut on Full Moon Records, and represents the culmination of her experiences from the time of her first album. Her approach is sincere and low-keyed, the material working to bring out the best qualities in her voice. The vocals are typically innocent, but can be charming and elegant such as on Lee Clayton's *Silver Stallion*, good-timey as on Hank Snow's *The Rumba Boogie* and Joan Prine's *Clocks and Spoons*, lachrymose like in Steve Goodman's *I Can't Sleep* and Donnie Fritts' *We Had It All*, or downright flirtatious as on Lil Green's *Romance in the Dark*. Though the music is generally catchy, it does not resort to a mechanical beat for this infectiousness. Instead, it's the instrumental fluidity and Koloc's graceful leadership which bring about this attractiveness. *Knocking Myself Out*, a blues number which opens side two, is the catchiest track on the album, driven by Corky Siegel's harmonica and Paul Harris' piano. But once again, it's Koloc's vocal shadings which ultimately wins our hearts. And then as if her skill is not obvious enough, Koloc sings *Romance in the Dark* accompanied solely by bass, and the closing number, *I'll Still Be Loving You*, without any musical background, as though making a final effort to affirm her vocal prowess.

Koloc's only deficiency is in her songwriting. For *Close Up* she composed only *Good Times (Oh, How I'd Move Ya)* and *I'll Still Be Loving You*. The remaining eight songs were interpretations, and while they were well done, Koloc must still aim to be self-reliant. Once Koloc is capable of her own, first-rate songs, she can combine that with resourceful borrowing, and then it's just a matter of exposure and time.

—Paul Dabalsa



Natalie Cole Unpredictable

Years ago Natalie Cole was a singer struggling to break out of the continuing shadow of her singer-songwriter father, the late Nat King Cole. She'd get the gigs, but it was the great Cole's daughter who was being hired — not the individual Natalie. Once while touring Canada a newspaperman approached her following a show and

insisted she explain why her rendition of "Mona Lisa" did not compare to her father's original version. For a while early in her career it looked as though Natalie along with her talents were going to be obscured by her own heritage.

Since her *Natalie* LP a year ago it's been another story. Kids who wouldn't know *Unforgettable* from *Witchcraft* have begun turning her albums gold and filling her concerts to the last row. Cole, with the help of producers/songwriters Chuck Jackson and husband Maryin Yancy, has put out some sizzling top-ten music that has allowed her to escape the restrictions imposed on a celebrity's kin and to earn her own chunk of fame. Natalie's third album to date, *Unpredictable*, maintains the momentum.

Cole sings well and there are times when her voice soars, but occasionally she has to work to reach a high steady register, a problem that is obvious in parts of *Unpredictable*. Her real strength, though, which was the driving force behind her hit of about a year ago, *This Will Be*, and which Jackson and Yancy wisely emphasize on the record, is her unfailing energy. On *Be Mine Tonight* Cole's rapid-fire phrasing, rousing voice, and vigorous presence, actually makes a bad song sound good.

Invariably the airwaves are jammed with phantom Stevie Wonders, Rosses and Franklins, but surprisingly Cole's style is analogous to none. Only with *Unpredictable You* does she forfeit her sound for that of a low-key, growling-funk blend that recalls shades of Sly Stone and seems more a parody than a serious musical crossover. On *I've Got Love On My Mind* though, she's back on familiar ground. Here, as in *This Heart*, the music is high on extravagant, addictive

melodies while the lyrics are the syrupy kind that steal the hearts of pop audiences.

Unpredictable is class A pop music. It is slick and sentimental with a downtown good-time sound, but contrary to the title there are no real surprises. The Jackson/Yancy compositions make up more than half the tunes and this besides forming the records direction also undermines the potential for diversity. Everyone knows that a singer without a song is like a car without an engine, and Jackson and Yancy are now looking like another solid-gold team like Gamble and Huff. Still, Natalie has the ability to explore styles alien to J&Y. With a greater variety of songs, and perhaps different producers, maybe her next album will be aptly titled "Incredible."

Jeff Brumbeau



George Benson In Flight

With the breezy, slightly chilling sounds of "This Masquerade" still lingering on the

NY rock: not your Average White Bands

By ED CASEY

With poetess Patti Smith the reigning laureate, Live at CBGB's the recorded document, and the slogan "Death to Disco," the New York underground is the latest wave in rock music influencing groups from California to Australia. Amplified beat poetry is the new high, running a close third behind booze and downs. In London, the movement takes on the form of social or anti-social statement best exemplified by the Sex Pistols whose single "Anarchy in the U.K." is the protest song for the lost and hopeless teen of England. The British underground is not as violent as the press portrays, but does serve as an exciting outlet for the English youth since many of these bands have gone on to the big leagues of rock.

The New York set is older, usually in their early or mid-twenties, and offer a more personal and sometimes compromising vision of the world. It's an ocean away from the teenage depression offered by the British amateurs, yet their common bond is a genuine blood-and-guts interest which has been missing in music for too long.

In order to sample the diverse styles of many of the groups, 7-inch singles or 45's are back in vogue. If the band doesn't have a recording contract, they sometimes release their own singles and distribute them to the Village shops which cater to the cult crowd. What follows is a selection of some of the more interesting groups in New York:

Television: *Little Johnny Jewel (Parts one & two)*

If listening to the Ramones makes me feel like I'm waiting at the hamburger stand for Suzy Q to drop by, then Television transports me to a smoky Paris bistro. With the cool, jazz-influenced guitar work and vocals that sound hypnotically detached, the band creates an almost unmerciful tension. Bandleader Tom Verlaine is a published poet who sings as though his neck is on the line and plays guitar the way Janis Joplin sang — pantfully. This single is an esoteric dandy

recorded in mono and recommended for connoisseurs, but T.V.'s album, *Marquee Moon*, is the most creative, intelligent release from Jung America since the demise of the Doors.

Richard Hell: *I Could Live With You In Another World/You Gotta Lose/I Belong to the Blank Generation*

Onstage, with his choppy haircut, ripped shirt and black shades, Hell looks murderous and hungry. His act works because he and his band, the Void Oids, have a riveting stage presence which blends well with their primitive sound. The instrumentation is crude, and is best presented on "Blank Generation," the band's teen anthem.

Talking Heads: *Love Goes to Building On Fire*

If I were to wake up to this dippy love song with the cute metaphors every morning, I'd probably kiss the bus driver. Chirping birds set the stage for the pleasing vocals of David Byrne on this track while Tina Weymouth lays down a pumping bass sound. The Heads are three former students from the Staten Island School of Design (recently a fourth member was added) whose

airwaves, George Benson has released a new album *In Flight*. What's on hand is more of the same music found on last year's *Breezin'*, the album which carried the singer/guitarist up and out of the ranks of jazz and R&B and made his work prime FM and even AM material.

The sound Benson and producer Tommy LiPuma have put together for the new album is a crossroad of musical influences, with the emphasis on melody. Benson has made his name in jazz and still keeps a strong hand in the music, but as in his previous Warner Bros. release there is a definite move in favor of pop. In songs like *Nature Boy* and *Gonna Love You More*, the tendency is toward light, buoyant melodies, dazzling but low-key orchestration, and behind it all, a constant, though unaggressive, disco beat. An ever-present sensuousness that is without pretension rides the music and unlike most pop, doesn't shout but whispers its seductions.

All of the compositions on *In Flight* are Benson interpretations, but by injecting his own style he provides a measure of originality. Stevie Wonder or Smokey Robinson could have recorded these tunes, but it is the extended instrumental breaks, the terrific ever-airborne guitar passages and the keen sense of melody that draws the line. Benson's voice is as evocative as the music — smooth, searching and singular — and his pairing of voice and guitar for simultaneous runs up and down the scales is unique.

Bernard Ligner's "Everything Must Change" is the album's finest cut, with *The World Is A Ghetto* a close second. Throughout the LP each song melts smoothly into the next, with no attempt being made to reach a peak or otherwise break the even flow.

—Jeff Brumbeau

lack of pretension (no small feat in this business) make them all the more charming.

Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers: *New England/Here Come the Martian Martians*

That's no misprint, but just another piece of whimsy from this New Englander. His Walter Mitty imagination usually finds him falling in love with bank tellers or martian school girls, which guarantees him a seat at the right hand of Ray Davies or in the local loony bin. Although he's from out of town, he once sang Christmas carols at CBGB's and his roots lean to his ex-producer John Cale (Patti Smith, the Stooges) which make the Lovers honorary New Yorkers.

Just Water: *Play it Loud/King Kong*

This band's an alternative to the alternative, offering a clean, well-produced product (complete with synthesizer and acoustic overdubs) which is refreshing amidst the rough, crude sound of many local acts. There is a quality blend of pop and hard rock influences, and it looks like the only thing this band lacks is an identifiable image.



Talking Heads ready with their first album

Jazz Notes

Mary Lou & Cecil

By FREDERIC SEAMAN

Nobody really knew what to expect of last Sunday's improbable piano duet between Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor at Carnegie Hall. After all, Taylor is one of the leading (and most controversial) figures of the avant-garde, while Williams is revered as a stalwart of traditional, blues-rooted jazz. She had suggested to Taylor (whom she considers "my giant of the Avant-Garde") that they do a concert together when she discovered recently that he often came down to hear her play at the Cookery.



Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor

Facing each other behind grand pianos on stage, the interplay between these two outstanding artists was not as electrifying as one might have expected. Taylor tended to dominate the duet sections, pounding away at the keys with manic intensity and leaving Mary Lou Williams somewhat stranded. Only toward the end of each set did Williams assert herself when a rhythm section consisting of Bob Cranshaw on bass, and Mickey Roker on drums, joined in.

Whenever the going got too traditional for his taste, Taylor would stop playing altogether, leaving the field to Williams. After a few minutes he would rejoin, steering the music back into dissonant plains. Later, William's followers were appeased by three encores she did.

The two pianists' styles were so disparate that the moments of genuine interaction were few and far between. Still, their willingness to appear together made a valuable point to the jazz world, demonstrating that avant-garde and traditional jazz can co-exist on the same stage, albeit tenuously in this case. (An lp of this concert will be released by Pablo Records).

•••
The College's Monkey's Paw Cafe will become the setting for a promising jazz/poetry duo on Friday, April 29, when well-known bassist Cecil McBee joins CCNY's own Barry Wallenstein for an afternoon performance of jazz and poetry (1:30-3:00 p.m.)



McBee

Wallenstein

Wallenstein is a respected writer and poet with a love for jazz, and he recently recorded some of his work accompanied by McBee's bass and Stanley Cowell's piano, and if that tape is any indication, Friday's concert should prove to be an extraordinary event.

McBee is an unusually versatile bassist who has recorded with many of the jazz greats (Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins, Jackie McLean, and Sam Rivers, to name a few), and now leads his own sextet.

•••
On Friday, April 29, the Black Student Union of Hunter College will present a major benefit jazz concert for the Schomburg Center. The list of participating musicians is impressive to say the least: Ron Carter, Milt Hinton, Harold Mabern, Ralph McDonald, Stella Marris, Jimmy Owens, Roland Prince, Grady Tate, Freddie Waits, Monty Waters, Tony Williams, and others.

Gil Nobel and John Henrik Clarke will also be on hand as speakers.

The Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture (at 103 West 135th St.) which houses the most comprehensive collection in the world documenting the history, literature, and art of peoples of African descent, is faced with a critical lack of funds for conservation and preservation of its invaluable material.

The benefit will take place at the Hunter Assembly Hall (68th St. & Lex.) starting at 7 p.m., and tickets are \$5 for students. For more information call 360-5264.

•••
New Yorkers had a rare opportunity to hear four leaders of the German avant-garde recently (or "free jazz," as they call it), as a part of the Berlin Now festival sponsored by Goethe House, the German cultural foundation. Eager to find out what the Germans were up to, I caught the Peter Broetzmann-Han Bennink and Alex von Schlippenbach-Sven Ake Johanson duos on the first of their two day appearance at Environ (a multi-media Soho artists loft at 476 B'way) last Monday. The names may not sound familiar to the reader, but they're well-known in Europe.

Pianist Schlippenbach and drummer/akkordionist Johansen offered a frantic barrage of sound that became tedious after a while, but I found saxophonist/clarinetist Broetzmann and drummer Bennink more interesting. Bennink, a restless musical maniac, teased the audience with absurd, funny stunts (he chased a paper bag across the parkay floor with two drum sticks, plucked a violin like a bass, and attacked piano and drums with two long poles, to mention just a few), while Broetzmann belted out high-energy improvisations on sax and clarinet.

Recordings by these and other German avant-gardists on the FMP (Free Music Production) label are available at the Soho Music Gallery, 26 Wooster St. (966-1637).

•••
Considering the New York is supposed to be going down the drain, it is surprising that there are major new music clubs such as Smuckers opening these days. Located in Brooklyn (opposite the Academy of Music), Smuckers proclaims itself "America's Most Elegant Cabaret Theatre" and has thus far attracted a mixed clientele of sophisticated local Blacks and music lovers from other boroughs who feel the club's imaginative music fare is well worth a Subway ride into what many consider a deteriorating neighborhood.

I recently visited the club when it featured an unbeatable double bill consisting of the inimitable Sun Ra plus the Sonny Fortune quintet, and was struck by the impressive size and interior design of the premises. The club, which has three levels, seats around 600 people, and has a large stage and a good sound system. So far they have followed a largely jazz oriented booking policy, and if they keep it up, they'll soon have a loyal following. Their upcoming shows, all of which are well worth hearing, include Stuff and Carlos Garrett (April 24-26), Tipica '73 (April 28), and Larry Coryell and Michal Urbaniak (April 29 & 30).

•••
While on the subject of new music showcases, let me also draw your attention to Changes, a spacious Soho bar and restaurant that has begun a jazz series in a downstairs room, presenting relatively unknown groups several nights a week.

On Mondays reedman/composer Greg Waters leads a spirited band of twelve young musicians who call themselves The Aristocracy. Waters is a virtuoso multi-instrumentalist (he plays soprano, alto and tenor saxes, as well as clarinet) and gifted composer whose music deserves to be heard more widely. Waters is also a member of River, a jazz rock act featured on Wednesday. Changes is located at the corner of Broome and Mercer streets and there is a \$2.50 cover charge in the music room.



Woody Allen, Tony Roberts, and Diane Keaton in a scene from 'Annie Hall'.

Woody Allen's 'Annie Hall': another high-flying classic

By MARC LIPITZ

"Annie Hall," Woody Allen's latest film, is a triumphant return to the loose comic spontaneity of Allen's earlier films and nightclub act, while also integrating some of the sophisticated style of his more recent endeavors.

The film opens with the kind of monologue that has made Allen a cult figure, closes with a joke, and in between tells the story of Alvy Singer, a "contemporary urban neurotic" standup comic from Brooklyn struggling through a turbulent affair with his love, Annie Hall.

Annie, (played by Diane Keaton) is a nightclub singer of questionable skills who has come all the way from the Wisconsin American heartland to develop her own case of urban neurosis. Could there be a better matchup?

Alvy, like Woody Allen, was born in Coney Island (the roller coaster was his fire escape), and is trying to survive as a forty-year-old self-deprecating stage comic. Both his marriages have ended in failure and he has a dirving insecurity about his life as New York Jewish pseudo-intellectual preoccupied with death, who hears the word "Jew!" in every "do you?"

Like almost every Woody Allen character, Alvy is a basket case at sustaining relationships with women. His first marriage hit the skids when he could no longer make love without leaping from the bed and agonizing over the assassination of JFK. ("There must have been more than one killer if the entrance wound is in the front of the head," Alvy muses. "I think you're just using this as an excuse," his wife snorts.)

"Annie Hall" is really a potpourri of scenes depicting his relationship with Annie, his dating of other women, and a return to his childhood in Brooklyn. At one point he

ponders over the fates of some classroom chums, and sure enough the little boys and girls of P.S. whatever, take turns standing by their desks and reciting their future careers. "I'm the president of a plumbing firm," says one kid. "I'm an accountant," says another. The cute little bespectacled girl with wide eyes stands up and says shyly, "I'm into leather."

The film has the same high-flying, absurd qualities of "Take the Money and Run" and "Bananas," but the script, co-written by Allen and Marshall Brickman, sacrifices some of the old slapstick and visual gags, in favor of a more cerebral humor.

Allen is a virtuoso at blending the roles of character and narrator, springboarding through time, space, and reality. At one point, during a heated argument with some guy over the writings of media critic Marshal McLuhan, Alvy walks off to the side and produces McLuhan himself, who agrees that the other guy is missing the point. "Don't you wish life was like this?" Allen sighs.

Woody is surrounded by his usual entourage of lead and supporting players whose presence has become so cliched that no other cast would do. Besides Diane Keaton, Tony Roberts returns as Rob, Alvy's good friend and matchmaker, and Colleen Dewhurst has a minor role as Annie's WASP mother. Paul Simon is perfect as the softspoken pop singer with an almost eerie quality who eventually wins Annie's body, if not her heart.

It must be stated that Woody Allen has become very predictable. But when Fibber McGee started toward his closet door, or Bud Abbott picked on the bully who would undoubtedly floor Lou Costello, the expectation added to the laugh. The same thing works for Allen, and "Annie Hall" is sure to be regarded as another Woody Allen classic.



HARLEM RENAISSANCE FESTIVAL: Singer Gil-Scott Heron (left) and comedian/activist Dick Gregory will be among the participants in a two-day program of speakers, cultural and political events to be held on campus on April 28 and 29. Other scheduled speakers are Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton and political activist Amiri Baraka. The program will also include music, dance and theatre performances and exhibits by various student and community groups. Weather permitting, the program will take place outdoors, on Convent Avenue on North Campus (alternate location: Mahoney Gym), with evening theatre performances in the Finley Ballroom, and an art exhibit in Bowker Lounge (Shepard Hall).

The purpose of the program, according to its sponsors, the Day Student Senate, is to "stimulate a growth of awareness between members of the Harlem community and the City College population." The program has been three months in the planning and will cost approximately \$4,000, most of which will come out of student activity fees from the Senate. A daily schedule of events has appeared in printed advertisements in the College press. For more information, call 690-8175.

Friedman sings with suburban sensibility

By JOYCE MEISNER

For those who feel that City College is the Pits and hasn't produced anyone remotely famous since the 1950's, relax. Dean Friedman is about to put City College back on the map. Friedman, a young singer/composer from Paramus, New Jersey, was one of the first students to graduate from the College's Davis Center for the Performing Arts (class of '76) and now has a debut album out on Lifesong records, which includes the charted single "Ariel".

Performing at the Monkey's Paw Cafe last Thursday for the first time since the release of his record, it was hardly surprising that Friedman was welcomed by an enthusiastic crowd of friends and long-time admirers. "It's like doing a gig in my living room," Friedman commented to the audience during the course of the evening.

The opening segment of the concert featured Friedman playing solo guitar and piano, and singing in his traditional high-pitched voice, often breaking into a falsetto that would put fellow Lifesong artist Henry Gross to shame. After an intermission, he returned with his five-piece band, achieving a fuller, punchier sound, but often at the expense of being drowned out by his loud sidemen. The standout number naturally was "Ariel," a song whose witty and catchy lyrics, like much of his other work, reflects an unmistakable suburban sensibility.

Friedman frequently zeroes in on his subjects and can take a grotesque topic like a shopping bag lady and turn it into a work of pathos and beauty. His songs, he explained before the concert, are inspired by everyday situations.

"Everyone has experienced these things," he said. "That's what makes my songs accessible. They're not filled with abstract images, but with mundane average things so people can say, aha! someone else has experienced this, too."

Friedman's performance at the College came on the day following his gig at the Bottom Line as opening act for the McGarrigle Sisters. "I was scared because it was the biggest club I'd ever played," he said, adding that "playing the Bottom Line has been a fantasy of mine for a long time." While on stage there, it was suggested he change his name to Dean Friedperson or Bermuda Schwartz. Does a last name like Friedman affect the constituency of his audience? "I never thought about it, but I doubt it. They've never once confused me with Kinky Friedman."

...

His offstage demeanor is very similar to the image he exudes on stage. Friedman is very casual and likeable, and he's funny simply because he understates everything. Either he doesn't realize it, or he achieves this effect by not letting on that he does. His eyes are bright blue and always appear spaced out. Even during the moments on-stage that he seems most relaxed, he has a gleam in his eyes that makes you wonder if he's really there. (The only time he actually got excited during our interview was when I asked him if he was a pervert — He almost choked on his hamburger.)

Friedman came to the College as a 15-year-old freshman six years ago, but dropped out after a year. He later enrolled in the then newly established Davis Center, becoming one of the first students in the Center's pilot program. During those days he also worked as a student aide in his uncle's office. Bernard Sohmer, then Dean of Students. (According to a former O.P. editor, the following exchange would often take place in Sohmer's office: "Is Dean Sohmer in?" — "No, but you can speak to Dean Friedman.")

"I was a horrible student and it may not have looked like I was learning anything, but I really did learn a lot," Friedman said of his

years at the College. "I was fortunate because I was able to take a curriculum around what I needed. I love City College," he added, "but it's become a strange place."

Friedman has been performing since he was a youngster, playing the talent shows at his Yeshiva High School in Baltimore, and later spending a couple of weeks one summer performing at Greenwich Village coffee houses. His first real experience, he explains, came at City. "I was playing down at Trenton State College at one of the student conventions and someone from the Finley Program Agency saw me there and said, 'Hey, aren't you Dean Friedman? Why don't you come to City and play?' So two months later I played with Happy and Artie Traum at the Monkey's Paw when it was still the Cafe Finley."

It was a lucky encounter that actually got Friedman started professionally. "I was going to school here when Dave Bromberg gave a guest lecture in one of my classes. He heard my tapes, liked me, and took me to see the people who are now my managers, Allen Pepper and Stanley Snadowsky."

His managers are better known as the owners of the Bottom Line, and that, says Friedman, "is a very big advantage. Allen and Stanley are very respected in the industry, so I have a little more credibility as an artist simply because they manage me."

Unlike many artists, Friedman seems to be



Dean Friedman: 'I love City College, but it's become a strange place.'

pleased with his record company, a small label called Lifesong. "Sure it's a disadvantage that they're such a small label, but I chose them because they had a solid reputation. They're a very young but aggressive company, partly because they still have to prove themselves. I knew the band would get a lot of attention if we could become vital to their growth as a company. At CBS there is no visibility for a new artist. Say there's 200 artists on the roster, who the hell would Dean Friedman be?"

"Even before we signed," he continued,

"I met with Rob Stevenson, the producer, and we spent time just getting to know each other. Lifesong spared no expense, and gave us a free band without looking over our shoulder in the studio."

Friedman's first tour is set to begin soon, and will include some local shows before heading south. It will be the usual fare of clubs, colleges and some regular-sized halls, and if being on the road bothers him, he hardly reflects it. "It's a lot of hard work but the hardest part is realizing that you can't get a good french fry."

Ray Manzarek ponders the sixties: 'The revolution never happened'

By PAUL DABALSA

After many years of struggling as a solo artist, having to throw bands together frantically with each consecutive project, Ray Manzarek has found his first 'real' band since his days as keyboard player with The Doors. The new five-man unit bears the name Nite City.

"Not having a steady band was awful", says Manzarek during a recent stay in New York to promote the band's new album. "I was tired of the solo trip — working with studio musicians and going on the road with pickup bands. Now I've got an honest-to-goodness band in which everybody shares the profits and losses equally and in which everybody contributes to the songs." In the five-year period since The Doors, Manzarek has put together and disbanded four different groups. "I formed one band to record my first solo album, *The Golden Scarab*, then a different one to take the music on the road. Then I had another band to record *The Whole Thing Started with Rock n' Roll*, and still another to take it on the road. All the good musicians I came across during this period had other commitments. Most of them could record an album or go on tour, but rarely both."

What made Manzarek realize that the time was right to form a permanent band? Noah James, "Danny (Sugarman — Manzarek's manager) happened to see him at a club and said 'Hey Ray, I saw this singer and he's really interesting, why don't you give him a listen?' So Noah came down to my rehearsal place in Laurel Canyon. I heard his lyrics and he sang a couple of songs and I thought, this guy's incredible. He's the best poet I've come across since Morrison."

At the time Manzarek also had in mind a bass player, Nigel Harrison, formerly with the English band Silverhead. The addition of Harrison completed the core of the band. Extensive auditions then turned out Paul Warren, a 21 year old guitarist from Detroit, and a drummer friend of Warren's, Jimmy Hunter.

According to Manzarek, the premise behind Nite City is that hard work and their absolute commitment to the music will make them successful. "A band has to struggle up

out of the streets," he says. "You have to work yourself out of the sewers. It's like evolution, a band has to evolve the same way life evolved, out of the slime, muck and mire. All those artists today that are being 'created' — that's bullshit."

Being on a new record label also has Manzarek smiling. "20th Century Records loves the band and have guaranteed us all sorts of promotion. Mercury was an awful company. They would release one of my albums and say 'well, let's put it out and see what happens. But we don't know how to promote this, we don't know what your audience is, Ray.' The new label is fully behind the band," Manzarek continues. "When I first took the band around to different companies I heard a lot of 'I don't understand it, Ray, I loved the Doors' but what is this? It's nothing like The Doors'. Of course it's not The Doors, this is '77, The Doors were back in '67."

Does Manzarek blame his former record company for the poor sales figures of his two solo albums? "Only partially. For instance, *The Golden Scarab* was intellectually, aesthetically, critically, and spiritually successful, but commercially it flopped. The problem was that people couldn't understand it. The album was a summation of my philosophies and my outlook on life as gathered during my years with The Doors. It was a final conclusion of the sixties. Now I think it was far too esoteric of a statement to

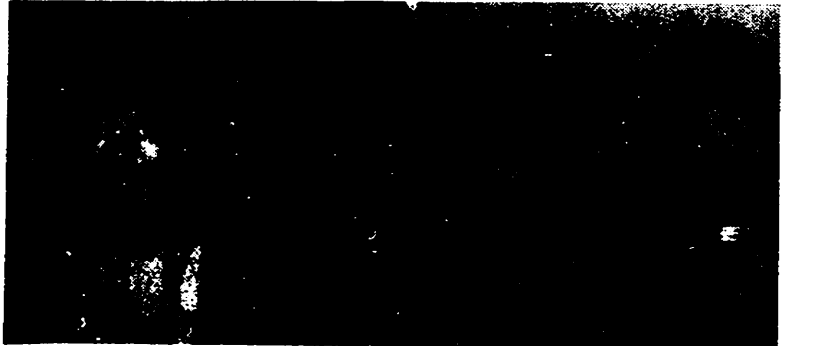
make on rock n' roll. It should have been a movie, and I might do that yet some day. Still, when *The Golden Scarab* flopped, I wondered what had happened to all that consciousness of the sixties. At that point I realized that not only was the revolution over, but we had lost. The dream of '66 and '67 never happened.

"Rock n' roll became too socially relevant during that period. Too much consciousness. It got to the point where people were lost in outer space with rock n' roll, and others were so politically conscious that the subject matter became more important than the music. With the new band we're stressing the music and the lyrics, but the music is foremost."

Nite City's first album was recorded during the last quarter of last year. Produced by Manzarek and Jay Senter, the record includes nine tracks of which most are straight-ahead rockers. In *The Pyramid*, a funky instrumental, midway through side two, is the only departure from the album's inherent hard rock formula.

Currently, the band is on their first tour of America. They will headline at small clubs as opposed to being an opening act at larger halls.

"I don't know what the band's direction is going to be," says Manzarek. "I didn't set out to formulate any direction. I just wanted to get five guys together who wanted to make music and just toss it up in the air and see what happens."



NITE CITY: Nigel Harrison, Ray Manzarek, Paul Warren, Jimmy Hunter, and Noah James.

What's Happening

Compiled by Fred Seaman

FRIDAY (April 22)

Spring Festival Featuring readings by poets who teach at City College (June Jordan, Joel Oppenheimer, Barry Wallenstein, to name a few), as well as prize-winning poets in this year's High School Poetry Festival. Finley Ballroom, 10:30 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.

Film: Paul Newman Festival in the Monkey's Paw. "The Prize" will be screened at 12 & 4 p.m.; "The Hunter" at 2 & 6 p.m.

Disco & Jazz Concert Live jazz by the Vette Cory Sextet (with Abbe Mayon, Yocals), plus a disco with T. Townsend. Finley Ballroom, 5:00 p.m. - Midnight. (\$2.50 admission). Sponsored by the Veterans Association, the Women's Center, Spectrum, and Gay People at City College.

Holography Show Discover the magic of three-dimensional laser images (Holograms) that seem to float in mid-air. Steinman Hall Lobby.

TUESDAY (April 26)

Concert • Italian and German Renaissance Music with the New York Consort. Shepard Hall 200, 3 p.m. Sponsored by the Institute for Medieval and Renaissance Studies. Auditions for a talent show sponsored by the Finley Program Agency will be held in Finley 418. For more info call Robin Cross at 690-8188.

WEDNESDAY (April 27)

Poetry • Student Poetry Reading in Finley 330, from 12:00 - 1:00 p.m. Part of PFA's ongoing Noon Poetry Series (May 4 Frederick Forstern.)

Concert • Folk Music with "Common Ground" - a group of students performing under the direction of Prof. Henrietta Turchenko (Music Department). The program will consist of songs, blues, and traditional country ballads on the subject of women. Shepard Hall 200 at 5:00 p.m.

THURSDAY (April 28)

Spring Dance Concert Students in the College's Davis Center for the Performing Arts (DCPA) will perform works by choreographers Rachel Lambert, Alvin McDuffie, and Paul Sanstardo. Shepard Greater Hall, 7:30 p.m. (Program will be repeated Friday).

FRIDAY (April 29)

Jazzpoetry duo. With bassist Cecil McBee and poet Barry Wallenstein. Monkey's Paw, 1:00 - 3:00 p.m. Sponsored by FPA.

Harlem Renaissance. Varied program of music, dance and speakers, to be held on Convent Ave. on North Campus. Highlights: Jas Oliver Dancers (10:15 a.m.); Percy Sutton (11:30); Tropic '73 (12:30 p.m.); Dick Gregory (7:30 p.m.) - Times approximate.

Film: Brigitte Matier stars in "French Blue." Finley Ballroom, at 12:00, 2:00, 4:00 & 6:00 p.m.

Announcements &

Future Events

Vote in the upcoming undergraduate Student Senate elections. Mon., May 2 - Fri., May 6, Polling places: Finley Student Center, Shepard, Klapper, Curry, and Steinman Halls, and Science Building.

Psych Forum. Topic: "Mental Health Services in the Public Schools - A Public or Private Responsibility?" Sat., April 30, 10:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. in Finley Butlerweiser Lounge.

Executive Committee Elections • Fri., April 29 is the deadline for filing petitions for nominees to fill the student seats on several Department Executive Committees. Nominating petitions are available in Finley 152 and must be submitted to room 201 Administration Bldg.

Need a Job? Registered students with at least two consecutive free hours can earn \$2.20/hour during the upcoming Student Senate elections, May 26. Send in class schedule to Student Ombudsman Thorne Brown in Finley 119 by Mon., April 25. For more info call 690-8179.

Jazz Concert. The C.C.N.Y. Studio Orchestra (Ed Summrlin, Director), will perform in the Shepard Great hall on May 5, 12:00 Noon.

European Songs. "The Western Wind" will perform European Songs For Six Voices in a program sponsored by the Institute for Medieval and Renaissance Studies, May 10, Finley Ballroom, at 3 p.m. For more info call 690-8167.

Attention Foreign Students: Fall 1977 Tuition Waiver Applications are available in Finley 104 and the Financial Aid Office (I 15) through April 29. Deadline for submission: MAY 16.

Spring Tournament. Students interested in competing in chess, Ping-Pong and Fencing should sign up for tournaments on Ivers posted around campus. Sponsored by FPA.

Fundraising Raffle. Help Black Studies Dancers repay debts incurred during trip to Festac '77 in Nigeria. 25 Tickets (five for \$1.00) are on sale in Coethals 105 (Black Studies). Prizes include a portable color TV, and will be awarded after the drawing on April 29.

Wheelwork, a multilingual student poetry magazine is looking for English and foreign language student poetry as well as poems translated by students. Any type of poems translated by students. Any type of poem is welcome. Submit work to Finley Program Agency in Finley 151 or call 690-8188.

Legal Aid Center • Free legal advice is available to students on such matters as drug problems, landlord-tenant issues, student loans, and many other questions. Contact the Legal Aid Center (Thorne Brown, Director) in Finley 119. Tel: 690-8179.

Student Travel Catalog. The Council on International Exchange (CIEE), the largest student travel organization in the U.S., is distributing its 1977 Student Travel Catalog free of charge. Now is its fourth edition, this "how to" travel handbook includes information on low-cost international flights and a work program that can help students find jobs in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany and France. For a copy of the catalog, write CIEE, Dept. P85, 777 United Nations Plaza, N.Y. 10017, or call 661-0310.

Harmony Coffee House, operated by former City College students continues its Friday night program of music and entertainment at the church on 189th St. and Bennett Ave. The United Mime Workers are featured on April 29, and there's a \$2.00 admission charge.

OP

observation
post

VOTER

STUDENT SENATE ELECTIONS

MONDAY, MAY 29

FRIDAY, MAY 6