



Vol. 63, No. 1

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## Legal Aid Center awaits allocation

BY STEPHEN HABERSTROH

City College's Legal Aid Center offers free advice on a couple of dozen legal difficulties only a fortunate few will never encounter.

But the Center is encountering difficulties of its own. Budgeting hasn't begun for the Spring term, which means Director Maxine Horne and her twelve-person staff are presently working without salaries. It is not an unfamiliar condition, for it wasn't until late November of last year that they finally received their \$3,000 for the Fall semester from the Student Senate.

"We don't have any funds left," says Ms. Horne. "All the people in this office are working for no money, including our lawyer. Meanwhile, we're still supposed to function. It's inconvenient."

### Petition is Circulated

Horne has drawn up a petition asking to be funded directly from the student activity fee, and the continued existence of the Legal Aid Center may well depend upon students' response to this petition. If the response is unfavorable then, as Horne puts it, "They don't want the service which helps them to help themselves."

Horne hopes enough students will sign the petition to prove otherwise. "The purpose of this referendum," she explains is to show the administration and the powers-that-be that the students who are receiving this service like it, and would like more of it — a permanent service, something they can rely on." Horne hopes to convince President Marshak and the Student Senate of the student body's genuine need for the services of the Legal Aid Center.

In two days last week Horne's office in Finley 119 collected seventy signatures, and she has until the second week in March to reach her goal of seven thousand signatures. "I also want participation from the faculty," she adds.

### Lay Advocates Screen Students

Horne became Director of the Legal Aid Center in May of 1977 when she was elected Student Ombudsman. She has a staff of twelve, including two lay advocates, Mark McCant and Roger Rhoss,

who screen student applications. "They listen to the student's problem and file a report summarizing what the case is all about," says Horne. "This way the lawyer has an idea of the material needed and he'll get the research information."

Charles Powell, Jr., the lawyer employed by the Center, is paid \$25 per hour for four hours each week. An alumnus of City College, Powell works for the Harlem



Student Ombudsman Maxine Horne, Director of the Legal Aid Center.

Commonwealth, a law agency for small business corporations. Horne says she chose Powell because "I was told he was a very competent person, and really concerned about student problems."

Powell advises the lay advocates on what action to take. "He writes down his recommendation and the lay advocate just follows through," explains Horne. "So he has seen the case even if he hasn't seen the student."

### Wide Range of Problems

The problems of City College students range from domestic ones — tenant-landlord disputes, consumer rights issues, social service complaints, and legal documents — to tax and immigration matters. The Center won't handle criminal cases, but it will give referrals. Horne estimates her office picks up 25 to 30 new cases each week.

"We tell the student how to go about handling their problem, how to file a complaint, or whatever their case may call for. We prepare them to help themselves. Horne explains. "We don't go out there and solve it ourselves. We just give them the tools..."

## Mini Academy seeks sponsor

BY MATHIAS SEAMAN

The CCNY-YMCA Mini Academy has made progress in its efforts to become an independent organization in the wake of a decision by the YMCA of Greater New York to close down its unit at the College.

The Mini Academy, which was founded in 1974, provides a range of programs for the College and the West Harlem community, centering around tutorial and cultural services for schoolchildren, as well as various recreational, health and food services. These services are offered free of charge to some 150 Harlem youngsters after school hours during the school year, and to 350 children during the summer.

The program is designed for children who are underachievers in school, and who generally come from one-parent families. The kids are referred to the program by their school principals, and



Mini Academy Director Bill Burnes

they are tutored on campus by students from the School of Education, who receive field work credit or work-study pay.

Space and facilities for the program's offices and activities are provided free of cost by the College, while salaries and other expenses are met by funds and grants raised by the Mini Academy's director, Bill Burnes. The Mini Academy is viewed by many as a dynamic and innovative educational program that plays a role in decreasing child abuse and juvenile delinquency in West Harlem, and it has the support of numerous public officials and various organization.

It came as a shock to most of them, when the YMCA decided last month to close down the program.

Dr. Paul Scharar, Director of the Metropolitan YMCA's Counseling and Testing Branch, which is directly re-

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## NYPIRG chapter on campus rekindles student activism here

The College's chapter of the New York Public Interest REsearch Group (NYPIRG), which was formed by referendum during the spring 1977 Student Senate elections, is emerging as one of the most active student organizations on campus at a time when many other groups report declining membership and complain about a general lack of student interest in extra-curricular activities.

NYPIRG is a non-profit and non-partisan research and advocacy organization concerned with consumer, legislative, environmental and other issues. The Public Interest Research Group is a concept developed by Ralph Nader to effectively combine the resources of students, researchers and scientists working for positive social change. The first PIRG chapter was founded at Oregon Law School in 1973, and today PIRGs are active in 36 states.

### City Council Forums Held

The City College NYPIRG chapter swung into action last Fall by providing the impetus for a City Council Task Force that was instrumental in opposing the City Council's planned pay raise.

"The Task Force is a concerted effort to voice student concerns," explained Jackson Chin, a 23 year-old History major at the College and chairman of NYPIRG's CCNY chapter. "For the first time real student input can be felt at the City's legislative level."

The College chapter also sponsored two forums on the City Council last term. The first one was an election debate with Carol Bellamy and other candidates run-

ning for City Council President, the second one a panel discussion on City Council effectiveness, with councilman Henry Stern and Robert Steingut among the participants.

The College's NYPIRG also organized a demonstration and a petition drive against the trucking of radioactive wastes through the streets of Manhattan. To dramatize the dispersal into the environment of deadly radioactive particles in the event of a nuclear accident the students released dozens of balloons in front of the Science Building with cards attached to them that read: "You are now the victim of a simulated nuclear accident," and instructing the finder to drop the card in the nearest mailbox. (Cards were received from as far as Quebec, Canada; Vermont and Maine.)

### Students May Earn Credits

A total of about 15 City College students are actively working on various projects, according to Cindy Suarez, a \$6200 a year NYPIRG Projects Coordinator who set up the CCNY office in Room 203 Downer last summer.

"It's long hours and low pay," said Suarez, a former NYPIRG volunteer at Oneonta State College, "but the work is extremely rewarding." Her job is to oversee the operation of the CCNY chapter, and to advise students who earn college credits for working on NYPIRG projects. She said she hoped to double the number of students actively working on projects by the end of the term. "There are a lot of students who're interested and

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## Observation Post

*Voice of the Student Body, Conscience of the Administration  
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Guardian of the Holy Grail, Defender of the Weak,  
Protector of the Oppressed and Helper of the Poor  
since 1947.*

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**JEFF BRUMBEAU**  
**NANCY MEADE**  
Assistant Editors

### Editorial:

## Support the Mini Academy

For the past four years, the CCNY-YMCA Mini Academy has provided invaluable services to Black and Hispanic children of the West Harlem community, to their parents, local schools, and to the College and its students.

In a drastic and sudden decision, the YMCA of Greater New York decided last month to shut down by the end of this month its CCNY unit, which operates the Mini Academy. The Mini Academy staff, through the support of the community and in cooperation with the College and the YMCA, have nevertheless managed to secure their organization's immediate survival.

The outlook for the future, however, is far from optimistic.

A failure to keep the Mini Academy alive would turn hundreds of Harlem youngsters (most of whom come from one-parent families and are behind in their schoolwork) back into the streets after school hours and during the summer; local schools would lose their most important remedial program; the College would lose a most convenient, on-campus field work site; and numerous students would be deprived of the opportunity to work their way through college.

For these reasons, it is imperative that the Mini Academy be able to continue its innovative programs and that a solution to the problems created by the Y's sudden withdrawal be found.

We join the University Student Senate and community organizations in their plea that the YMCA continue financial and structural support until June 30, and we urge the College's Administration to actively support the Mini Academy as the vehicle for establishing a lasting and mutually profitable relationship between the College and its surrounding community.

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## Fraternity celebrates its 20th

BY RACHEL CYRLAK

Back in the fifties, Convent Avenue was known as "fraternity row", with its brownstones housing fraternity after fraternity. Whenever a Wackenhut guard saw the statue of Lincoln on North Campus being 'redecorated' or a student running across the quadrangle with only a pair of diapers on, not to mention the slow disappearance of "stop", "yield" and other street signs — he knew it was 'rush' season and the fraternities were at it again.

The sixties brought a different tempo to the universities throughout the country, and City College was no exception. As the protest movement swept the campuses, the popularity of fraternities began to dwindle.

Nonetheless, on the corner of 144th Street and Convent Avenue still stands Tau Epsilon Phi Fraternity — alive and well and just this January celebrating its twentieth anniversary with a T.E.P. alumni reunion.

What struck the alumni most when visiting the

house was that times certainly had changed. The practice of "hazing" new members is long gone and has been replaced with a deeper sense of camaraderie exemplified by the move to make T.E.P. co-ed five years ago. Females are now an integral part of the organization, swelling not only the membership ranks but the leadership positions as well at the C.C.N.Y. chapter.

T.E.P. is a social organization with all its facilities open to its members seven days a week. We have a pool table, ping pong, pinball, cable T.V., as well as offering a place to hang out, party, talk or study. Our five story brownstone also has living accommodations for our members as well as a fully equipped kitchen in the basement.

If you want to find out more about TEP we urge you to visit our Fraternity House on the corner of Convent Ave. and 144th St. We have a number of parties coming up, including a Student-Faculty Luncheon on Thursdays, March 2 (during club hours) and a Rush Party on March 17, to which all City College students are invited.



TEP Gang at Home

### Letters

## Don't gimme punk treatment!

To The Editor,

Though Paul Dabalsa's article 'Gimme, gimme punk treatment' is well written it is evident that his views on what the American populace is interested in are somewhat misguided.

The article dismisses today's popular music as being either impassive, sleep-inducing or pseudo-intellectual. If well composed, produced and performed music fits the above description then perhaps Mr. Dabalsa is also bored by Brahms, Billie Holiday or The Beatles.

As a case in point, Steely Dan's "Aja", which he maligns as leading music listeners to impassivity is, rather, one of the year's finer releases. It avoids the simplistic chord structures and nonsensical verse so common to punk. The cuts on "Aja" are varied and well rounded, ranging from disco to progressive. If the sloppy and anarchistic tunes produced by punk bands are not sleep-inducing and Steely Dan's track are then I will gladly indulge in a long musical nap.

Mr. Dabalsa also refers to "slick productions" and "monstrous acts" as today's vogue. Robin Trower, ELP and Ernaissance are "slick" in the positive, productive sense of the word. They produce quality L.P.'s, not the badly recorded platters turned out by third-rate musicians that typify punk. As far as calling these groups "monstrous" is concerned, safety pins through noses, throwing things at and abusing one's audience (as is consistently propogated by bands such as The Sex Pistols) is far more monstrous than anything today's first rate groups could or would offer.

It would be a sad day if the Sex Pistols do replace Fleetwood Mac at the top of the sales charts as Mr. Dabalsa suggests. "Rumours" went eight times platinum for good reason. There are quite a few million sleeping, impassive pseudo-intellectuals in this country if Mr. Dabalsa's statements are correct.

The article also ignores an integral element in popular music; that of disco. It is in this vein that the youthful force to which the writer refers lies. The driving, electrifying rhythms of such groups as Tavares and The Bee Gees contribute to anything but a "stale" music scene. Or is disco not a major part of the current popular music scene?

**Roger Jacobs**  
Arts Editor  
THE CAMPUS

## Porn protest

To the editor:

I object strongly to the notion that you can have anyone running a college newspaper. What kind of student service are you? I'm paying part of your bills and you're running porno. But worse than that, it's poor porno. At least be consistantly (sic) in bad taste. I vote for the girl in the chair purportedly (sic) sniffing coke.

**Anonymous**

*Surely you must be joking when you refer to Nancy Meade's photo in our last issue as "porno." In any case, your vote brings Nancy up to a total of 23 votes. Chris Palakos received 6 votes, the Rueful Christian one vote. — Ed.*

# Mini Academy seeks sponsor after YMCA pullout

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sponsible for the CCNY unit, cited the Mini Academy's \$30,000 deficit in 1977 as the main reason for the YMCA's decision to get rid of the program. He said that the College unit had come under Counseling and Testing in June of 1977 because it had "problems in management". He added that "Counseling and Testing had shown expertise before," but admitted: "We failed in our efforts to improve the City College unit's operation."

Dr. Michael Guerriero, a member of the College's School of Education and the chairman of the Board of Counseling and Testing, termed the Y's decision "Regrettable, but unavoidable", considering the Mini Academy's "unorthodox methods of operation and the deficit it incurred last year."

The Mini Academy's staff, however, complains that the program was not provided with its official 1977 budget until September of that year, and by that time, they contend, most of the allocated money had already been spent in advance, making a deficit unavoidable. The "Y", they add, had at the time agreed to cover any deficits the Mini Academy might incur. Besides, they point out, the Metropolitan YMCA's Annual Report presented in November of 1977, describes the Mini Academy as having "particular use" programs and states that it "is slated for enlargement next year."

Instead, Counseling and Testing's Board of Managers decided a month later not to provide the program with a 1978 budget at all. Last month, the decision

was made to close the CCNY unit by February 28.

The Mini Academy's staff and steering committee, however, are unwilling to accept termination of their programs and are making efforts to incorporate themselves as an independent tax-exempt and non-profit organization.

Backed by community residents and organizations, school principals and public officials, they have succeeded in drawing up an agreement that will turn the YMCA's withdrawal a "tragic decision", Mini Academy over to the College and to the St. Nicholas Park Civic Association. The College will manage the Mini Academy's contracts and funds from March 1 through June 30.

Vice Provost for Student Affairs, Anne Rees, negotiated the College's end of the agreement. She termed the YMCA's withdrawal a "tragic decision", adding that, "because of the crisis situation that developed this fall" the College will be "unable to get deeply involved" in the matter. Rees also excluded the possibility that the College might provide financial assistance to the Mini Academy.

Any new contacts or funds secured by the program in the future will be administered by the St. Nicholas Park Civic Association, a community organization with 200 members. Its president, David Kennedy, admitted that his group could not provide the Mini Academy with an organizational structure comparable to that of the YMCA, but added that "since becoming President in June, I have been reorganizing the Association; in the very near future, we will expand our activities

and we will also try to expand the Mini Academy, if possible".

"We didn't think that the YMCA would move out as fast as it did," he continued, "but with the College taking over existing contracts in the interim, it will give me some time to prepare my organization." The agreement with the Mini Academy, Kennedy stated, will also depend on the approval of the Civic Association's membership.

In spite of these efforts, the Mini Academy's future still remains in doubt, and considerable friction remains between the Mini Academy's leadership and YMCA officials.

The YMCA's downtown staff maintains that it would like to see the Mini Academy survive, but refuses at present to make any commitment to help the Mini Academy manage itself in the future. The Metro "Y's" officials declined to comment further, citing continuing negotiations with the steering committee of the City College unit.

Prof. Peter Tea (Physics), chairman of the College Y's steering committee and a member for 20 years, charged that these YMCA officials couldn't be "impressed" by West Harlem's needs: "They're not community minded."

Ed Evans, Assistant to Dean Rees and vice chairman of the Mini Academy's steering committee, also termed the YMCA's behavior as "inappropriate, the consequence of misunderstandings that are only now being cleared up." He added, "The real problem is not the withdrawal of money, but of sponsorship and managerial expertise."

# NYPIRG rekindles activism

cont. from page 1

drop by our office but aren't directly involved in our work yet."

City College students may earn credits for working on such NYPIRG projects as an anti-redlining study aimed at uncovering discriminatory lending practices by Manhattan savings banks, and a Small Claims Court project where students, assisted by a NYPIRG attorney, investigate recalcitrant debtors and use legal collection techniques to compel them to pay up. "Helping poor people collect the money they deserve has been extremely gratifying", says Donald Wood, an upper sophomore at the College.

All City College students automatically became "supporting members" of NYPIRG after last year's referendum, which approved an increase in the student activity fee from \$23 to \$25, the additional \$2 per student earmarked for NYPIRG. However, NYPIRG must refund the \$2 to all student who do not wish to support it. So far only two students have demanded a refund, according to Ms. Suarez.

NYPIRG is organized on local, regional and statewide levels, and is directed and funded by students. Of NYPIRG's seventeen offices statewide, fourteen are based on college campuses. All money collected from students on the



Carol Bellamy at NYPIRG's City Council forum held in Finley last September. Seated are Gail Bentley and Jay Hershenson, NYPIRG's Citywide Coordinator.

various campuses flows to NYPIRG's State Board, which decides on policy and funding for projects, and on which every chapter is represented proportionally on the basis of student membership. CCNY's chapter has three representatives on the board: Nathan Bergerbest, Barak Berkowitz and Gail Bentley.

Among the projects planned for this term by the College's chapter are a patient's Bill of Rights and an investigation of the Educational Testing Service, which produces and administers the SAT, LSAT GRE, and other tests. The group also has a forum planned with NYPIRG Director Donald Ross, who will discuss "Students in the '70's: Victims or Activists" on March 16, 12-2 p.m. in Finley 121.

Photo by Ronny Phillips

Photo by Ronny Phillips



RAPE TEACH-IN: Sgt. Gladys Polikoff, Commanding Officer of the Sex Crimes Analysis Unit of the New York Police Department talks to students at rape forum held in Finley Ballroom on Feb. 16. The teach-in, which was organized by the City College Women's Center, was repeated on Feb. 24.

## Executive Committee Elections

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

- |                               |                               |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Anthropology                  | Mathematics                   |
| Architecture                  | Music                         |
| Asian Studies                 | Nursing                       |
| Biology                       | Philosophy                    |
| Black Studies                 | Physical and Health Education |
| English                       | Physics                       |
| Germanic and Slavic Languages | Puerto Rican Studies          |
| Industrial Arts               | Romance Languages             |
|                               | School Services               |

Nominees are also needed to fill the seats on Departmental Student Advisory Committees (Plan B) in the following Departments:

- |                              |                               |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Art                          | History                       |
| Chemical Engineering         | Jewish Studies                |
| Chemistry                    | Mechanical Engineering        |
| Civil Engineering            | Political Science             |
| Classical Languages          | Psychology                    |
| Computer Sciences            | Secondary and Continuing Ed.  |
| Earth and Planetary Sciences | Social and Psych. Foundations |
| Economics                    | Sociology                     |
| Electrical Engineering       | Speech                        |

You must be at least a junior and a major in the department in order to be eligible to run. Term of office is the 1978-79 academic year. Nominating petitions are available in admin. 201, Finley 152 or Finley 104. Pick up one today.

Deadline for filing petition: March 31. File in Room 201 Administration. There must be at least 6 nominations before a departmental election is held.

You are strongly urged to participate. This is your chance to have a say in the important matters of personnel and budget.

# A CONFSSIONAL MEDITATION

*continued from cover*

beings wrangled with one another: Blacks confronted Jews, liberals shouted at conservatives, the young grumbled at their seniors, the swingers taunted the sedate, women warned male administrators. Asians and blacks and Puerto Ricans caused against the so-called white imperialist educators of the City College.

Politics dictated educational policy. Arguments that had once been contained within classrooms and dining rooms raged through loudspeakers on the campus, while television and newspapers and radio recorded this page in the changing history of New York. White educators who had blessed student protégés in the names of Melville, Joyce, and Kafka were now being asked by minorities to say no in thunder to a form of education that had been exclusive, intellectually elitist, unresponsive to colored Americans, and unyielding in its demand for only—*only*—academic excellence.

The minorities' demand, in turn, seemed ideologically sound and in the best tradition of liberalism: A public institution of higher learning should educate all the citizenry. What group of self-pronounced liberals could refuse that opportunity? (We faculty members were whites whose parents had been Irish or Italian or Jewish immigrants out of one ghetto or another, supporters of Roosevelt, Truman, and Stevenson. After growing up in the streets of Brooklyn and the Bronx, we had struggled to disembarrass ourselves of every ethnic odor so we might reach that fine point of middle age when we could drive from surrounding white suburbs into the City College. We worked in Harlem. Some of us never wanted to admit that fact, but we walked or drove through Harlem to get to work; we moved on its edges between classes; we ate in a faculty cafeteria that overlooked the scarred landscape below. Metropolitan colonialists. Most of us were still liberal, however, and we felt a vague sympathy for open admissions, as though it symbolized a retribution for past social sins.)

But beyond the platitudes and the posturings, what exactly should the new education be? And were we who had degrees from Columbia and from New York University, who had been trained to preserve the best that has been thought and said—were we prepared to teach Shakespeare to a student who two years earlier had been struggling to compose coherent sentences? And could he learn to read Shakespeare, even if we learned how to teach him to do so? Should he be taught to read Shakespeare at all? Or should he, if he had to enter college, be given the liberation of literacy—itsself enough to be learned in four brief years—and sent on his way to ply a trade, watch television in the evenings, and maybe read—if he should read at all—*Time* magazine? Did we have an obligation to educate everyone, even in a democracy, by means of college?

We had no choice. The city's Board of Higher Education told us to implement an open admissions policy that would assure every high school student, regardless of his record, acceptance at a college of the City University. For guaranteed entrance to the senior colleges, the high school graduate had to have a scholastic average of 80 percent or had to be ranked in the upper half of his class. But the allocation system depended upon the student's own selection of a college within the City University system, and when fewer well-prepared high school graduates made the City College their first choice—fundamentally because of its Harlem location—those with lower scores were admitted. We had planned to initiate this dramatic change in our admissions policy by 1975, but pressures from minorities and from some students and faculty could not be resisted, and open admissions was begun five years earlier.

The impact was particularly severe at the City College of New York, where academic achievement had been like a code of honor that never included considerations of class, race, religion, or national origin. The City College had been the great tuition-free institution whose diploma had had so special a meaning for alumni—the hard-earned diploma of the poor. The alumni had been proud that they had been admitted to the proletarian Harvard, as the college was often called, and proud that they had been graduated: proud that they had studied with Jonas Salk and Alfred Kazin, Bernard Malamud, Arthur Kornberg, and A. M. Rosenthal; nostalgic about their youthful poverty and grateful to have escaped it through the college; strong-minded about their remembered hunger for learning and eager to preserve the meaning of their academic achievement.

Some of them were bitterly disaffected by open admissions and renounced their alma mater because they believed it had betrayed the standards they had struggled to achieve. But

most were bewildered by this new generation of students for whom the college had to "soften" those standards. These alumni distrusted the arguments about deprivation—hadn't they themselves been deprived?—but they sensed that the quality of this current deprivation was different, linked to a racist society that they had disavowed; and even if it wasn't different, they could afford to be generous. Like many successful people, they wished to be tolerant and understanding, and they tried to fathom the meaning of open admissions as explained by the administrators of the City College, who had no choice but to be generous.

**I**N MAY 1970, I was elected chairman of an English department composed of 125 full-time people and a range of part-time professors: visiting poets, novelists, and journalists. By the end of August, as a consequence of the open admissions policy, I had hired 21 additional full-time faculty members to teach what we called basic writing. Within a year, open admissions greatly altered our educational mission. A department that had offered 70 percent of its courses in literature and the rest in some form of basic written composition now offered the reverse.

These basic writing courses were deeply remedial. The problem for one third of the open admissions students was literacy, for another third, competence, for the last third, college level English. In addition, the students themselves were altogether different. Suddenly, Asians and blacks and Hispanics crowded the classrooms, bringing with them language and dialect problems that prevented them from understanding the most elementary texts, face-to-face with a faculty that was intellectually unprepared and emotionally unwilling—liberals up against the wall. The faculty experienced a shock of cultural recognition, and I tried to build instant rhetorical bridges that seem even more rhetorical today than they did in 1970. In a newsletter distributed within the English department that year, I wrote:

Many of us have been trained for an elitist profession, but we are asked to perform democratic tasks; we have written dissertations on Spenser, but we are teaching remedial writing; we are committed to the book, but the students have been culturally shaped by television and film; we have studied a body of culture that is fundamentally Anglo-Saxon, but we teach many students who are black and Asian and Spanish; we pay homage to the history of English literature, but we are surrounded by the consequences of American history and the political presence of America; we are in an "English" department, but our work is involved with the literature and with the language that is spoken by Americans.

I list all of these paradoxes collectively because they form a background against which we seek to accomplish our central desire: the humanistic training of a new generation of students.

All true, I suppose, but the older professors who struggled to teach sentence fragments were scarcely appeased; they would not change. The younger faculty—those whom I had hired in late August—were indeed writing dissertations on Spenser, and their graduate studies pulled them away from the hard reality of their teaching; they were academic schizophrenics, holding what seemed to be two opposing ideas—literacy and literature—in their mind at the same time.

Everywhere one turned were crowds; confusion; the sweet smell of pot in the student lounge; students lined up to register in the hallways of huts; others waiting for conferences outside the little offices of English professors; still others crowded into the dining rooms and bookstore or packed into rented quarters on Broadway and 134th Street, overlooking the grim steel tracks of the IRT.

The excessive numbers of students, the inadequate physical conditions, and the poor preparation—if not outright resistance—of the faculty all strained the implementation of open admissions. For a college, after all, is like a home: Without a foundation, it crumbles. When open revolt by a faculty does not occur, as in the Sixties, then lethargy invades the teachers' spirits, as in the Seventies, and they come not to care. Everyone begins to complain about facilities, pension benefits, the quality of lunchroom food, and extraneous matters of the flesh; and the favorite subject seems to be early retirement.

Anyone who had ever passed through the City College knew that the physical conditions there were as bad as almost anywhere else in urban America. But once the student had entered the classroom, the peeling walls and encrusted windowpanes vanished—the electricity of mind compensated for everything. I remember having taught "Tintern Abbey" to the belching music of a city bus, and it worked. Now every-

thing seemed plebeian—particularly the minds of the students.

Into the midst of the radical change at work in the university came the teachers' union and "affirmative action," which ultimately were additional contributions to mediocrity. So was the hoary practice of tenure. At one end of the age spectrum, a department chairman confronted senior professors who had the smug choice of whether or not they would cooperate in the implementation of open admissions—an academic noblesse oblige. At the other end, the union so protected non-tenured faculty that it was virtually impossible to dismiss them.

Minorities, including now impatient women, used affirmative action to leap into positions of power or to retain their jobs. Minorities were underrepresented on the faculty, and one could scarcely contemplate dismissing a black, a Puerto Rican, or a woman unless he or she was utterly incompetent. One knew that not only the union but also special interest groups, in and out of the university, would apply pressure: the Citizens' Commission on Human Rights, a campus women's caucus, B'nai B'rith, the Sons of Italy, the NAACP, community organizations—the list seemed endless. Such conditions were not conducive to courage on the part of the faculty or to educational leadership and academic freedom; and the history of open admissions—from this angle of vision—is a history of political, educational, and moral compromises.

**T**HE BLACKS and Puerto Ricans and Asians arriving at the City College came from working-class families in which television and radio were the exclusive sources of information and in which there was no tradition of learning, no special association with books, no clear commitment to the purposes or possibilities of higher education. The problem that controlled all others was literacy.

Open admissions students needed a vast amount of attention in their attempt to master the writing of English. One could find some comprehension among them during the discussion of a reading assignment, and class sessions were animated with an intensity not experienced in the "relevant" Sixties; but the students' writing barely made sense. The greatest difficulty for blacks, for example, seemed to be to put an "s" on the third person singular. Puerto Ricans and Asians had bilingual problems that prevented them from reading conventional college texts and from writing college compositions; on occasion, a student would even arrive with an interpreter so that he could register for classes. Yet the Asians were remarkable students of engineering and mathematics; and the blacks and Puerto Ricans had a real feeling for literature, sociology, and political science.

The open admissions students brought to their work a motivation that was like a hunger. I remember a drug-dazed white girl in the Sixties who slumped in her seat, her guitar beside her, stoned out of her mind, turned off by "irrelevant" education, while I tried to persuade her that *King Lear* was worth reading. That scene was unimaginable in the Seventies. One was almost tempted to suggest that the criterion for entrance to college be motivation, not preparation or the ability to produce high scores. But motivation is not measurable, and the experience of open admissions argues, most dramatically, that adequate preparation is essential to success.

The need for students to master English was clear to everyone; and on a fundamental level, instruction in basic writing was carried on intensively. In 1970 almost 90 percent of City College students took some form of remedial instruction in writing—an incredible situation for any American college, let alone one that had had a great academic tradition. Seven hundred students were placed in Basic Writing 1, and 1,700, in Basic Writing 2. The other students were placed in Basic Writing 3, the equivalent of our former freshman English.

Few people wanted to confront the unappealing implications of language retardation; they blamed the high school teachers, who blamed the junior high school teachers, who blamed the elementary school teachers, who blamed the parents, who blamed the schools, whose chairmen and faculty and principals (many of them City College graduates) blamed us for having implemented open admissions and for not maintaining standards against which their students could measure themselves. When underemployed foreign language teachers were retrained for remedial work, most resisted it, and the students resisted them. When history teachers were used, they lectured on history to students in remedial classes who needed to know about subject and verb agreement. Faculty and administration were impatient with the work of teaching basic writing (it never seemed to produce "quantifiable" results) and acted as though it would eventually go away. But the subject proved to be the most difficult to teach—one that required a stretching of the imagination and a tolerance rarely asked of "intellectuals." It also required that the teachers

grow, too, a simple charge that they stop judging and labeling their students and attempt to understand them.

Many educators across the country were defending the student's "right to his own language," so that he would be protected against what was called "the cultural imperialism" of standard English. One read in the journals that black and Puerto Rican students would lose their idiosyncratic ethnicity, the special coloration of their language, their creativity. One listened to arguments against computerized America with its computerized language, the horrors of sociological jargon, the doublespeak of politicians, the Watergate grammar, the linguistic freakiness of Madison Avenue. A student's voice is his character, so the argument went, and should not be lost in the supermarket language of bland and utilitarian America.

It was an interesting rhetorical argument but a deceptive one—especially in regard to minority students, whose proficiency at the standard language was tantamount to learning the art of breathing the special air of America. The kind of deep creativity that is manifested in a private language—the blues or *Huckleberry Finn* or some of the poetry of Langston Hughes—is all the more powerful precisely because its vernacular clashes with the standard public language. The two languages must be simultaneously held in the mind of the reader as well as of the writer, at whatever counterpoint can be productively sustained. Indeed, one reason why the language of creativity has lost its power is that the repressed emotions it once released are now on the newsstands, debased by their easy availability. In any event, for most students, writing is expository, and exposition is standardized and should be clear (like Auden's windowpane) and logical. It is the obligation of every English teacher to give students this primary skill.

At the City College we were too overwhelmed by the immensity of our problems to engage in theories about language acquisition. We never surrendered the conviction that our first obligation was to offer the conventional language conventionally, and we tried to teach those underprepared students in the way that we had taught thousands of other freshmen. At the same time, we struggled to invent new pedagogical devices that would make our teaching more effective. But despite all the goodwill that a lifetime of liberalism and academic training dictated, the nagging doubt grew that we might not be able to take an eighteen-year-old who suffered deep linguistic shortcomings and bring him to college level verbal competence.

Those of us who were asked to implement open admissions strained so hard to be successful that we didn't have the time to call into question the expectations imposed upon us by minorities and, more important, by ourselves. When our conservative colleagues screamed that the standards were falling, we answered by saying that the record wasn't in yet. When we failed to bring students to the appropriate level of literacy, we blamed ourselves—we hadn't been adequately trained or we lacked patience or we'd set our standards too high.

But in fact we had false expectations. Open admissions students came with a sense of fear and self-doubt, confronting a standard language that was rendered even more complicated by their need to master, at the same time and in the same place, the separate language of biology or psychology. Their entire miseducation and bookless past rose to haunt them, and all the audiovisual aids and writing laboratories and simplified curricular materials we tried could not turn the trick.

The mistake was to think that this language training would be preparation for college education when what we were really instilling was a fundamental literacy that would allow social acculturation to occur. We were preparing our students to be the parents of college students, not to be students themselves. And the impossible burden that we assumed was one properly meant for the community colleges of the City University. In the strictest sense, the two-year college—the most powerful single phenomenon to appear in higher education during the past two decades—should be the bridge from the community to the senior college. The junior college is where the openness of open admissions should manifest itself.

If a senior college undertakes the policy, it either must alter most of its programs in the humanities and social sciences or face a student drift into "soft" subjects that do not require an exacting competence in language. The latter happened at the City College. The traditional disciplines of philosophy and history and literature and political science diminished in significance and popularity because students felt unprepared for them. We expected too much too fast from students, and we betrayed the notion of open admissions by holding students to standards they could never hope to meet. But articulating these conclusions at the time, even if they had been clear in one's mind, was impossible.

Clouding the issues of literacy and of open admissions, and

every consequent question of how to give a liberal arts education in an urban setting, was the sudden primacy of ethnicity and race. It conditioned everyone's response because it was central to the purpose of open admissions. In a college that had originally been almost entirely white and that was now half composed of minority students, race touched every educational issue—from black art to black journalism, from black history to black music. No record of this fitful period can be intelligible unless one understands the implications of racial tensions, vibrating at every meeting, working across and into the mind of everyone who cared.

**T**HE DRAMATIC MOMENT came in the fall of 1971, at a large and raucous meeting of the Faculty Council, when new departments of ethnic studies were being considered. The City College's minorities wanted the power that departments represent, and they brought to the meeting dozens of students and friends and political figures from the Harlem community who crowded the room, sitting on the floor and perching on window ledges. The intention was cultural intimidation of the white faculty, and the intention was fulfilled.

Like a thunder that speaks only to the emotions, the rhetoric rolled that October afternoon, and as the black and Puerto Rican and Asian spokesmen denounced our "racist" university in the midst of that "racist" society, the minority students (allowed to sit in the hall but not to participate) surrounded the white faculty members and cheered, clapped, and hissed until it became clear that reason would not prevail.

One white conservative rose to denounce the academic shallowness of ethnic departments. Another mocked the arbitrary definition of a department (an ethnic group had to be represented by at least 5 percent of the student body before applying for departmental status): Why only black, Puerto Rican, Asian, and Jewish departments? Why not Italian and Irish and Ukrainian? But the vocal white conservatives were small in number, even though their silent brothers and sisters were sizable. The conservatives were not the leaders of the campus. They had no students following them down the corridors and crowding their offices, and their loud protests fell on the embarrassed ears of the squirming white liberals in the middle of the room.

Then the parade began. With black and Hispanic students seated around the room, like the inner ring of the enclosing black community, with nontenured minority faculty confronting tenured white faculty, with the president of the college and the dean of liberal arts and science on the podium, the liberals rose vaguely and uncomfortably to express their sympathy for the creation of ethnic studies departments, regretting the haste with which they were developed, of course, but still in sympathy. It was clear to me that black and white were the colors of the day, that the unknown (the interdisciplinary ethnic departments) would ultimately have to coexist with the known (the clearly structured, power-based departments that represented the academic disciplines), and that gray was a color for the colorless. It was not the moment for subtlety or intellectual discrimination.

So, with the gravest misgivings about simpleminded ethnicity and politically oriented courses and mediocre faculty hired on the spot; with these private doubts aggravated by the thought that the creation of these departments was hasty, ill-conceived, an intellectual disgrace, and unfair to faculty and students—especially to future minority students for whom the college was being changed; but also with the unwillingness to be associated with academic reactionaries whose advocacy of "standards" and "excellence" seemed to be just another version of the *Übermensch* (superman) syndrome—with all of these contradictory emotions running through me, compounded by personal disgust at the thought that I might be doing the bidding of an administration that simply wanted to solve a nasty problem as quickly as possible and by memories of having written about ethnic literature but of never having felt free to teach a course in black culture and of having been criticized by blacks for even touching the materials—I remembered Norman Mailer's easy remark that "Every compromise makes you less of a man," and I walked to the podium and compromised:

"We are being asked for an expression of faith in this administration that has dealt fairly with us on so many other matters. . . . I, for one, am ready to express that faith."

The departments were created, and the following months brought courses that could only encourage militant separatism: "Organized and Disorganized Crime in the Black Community"; "The Contemporary Black Family" ("A normal Negro child, having grown within a normal family, will become abnormal on the slightest contact with the white world"); "The Prisoner as Political Hero"; "Protest and Rebellion Within Ante-Bellum America"; "Prisons and Concentration Camps" ("After Attica, the entire system of

corrections and penology must be reexamined"); "Seminars in Revolutionary Decolonization" ("The tradition of revolution as presented in the classic portrayals of European and American experiences does not attempt to present the sociological basis of revolutions through a consistent theoretical analysis").

Each new course was a brick that heightened the wall of segregation between black studies and other programs of the college. With less intensity and self-conscious purpose and overt anger, many of the courses in the departments of Asian, Jewish, and Puerto Rican studies served to further the same insular tendency: Asians talking to Asians, Jews brooding with each other over the Holocaust, Puerto Ricans structuring a culture. Each of these groups developed some courses that were valuable in themselves; but they also developed, despite their efforts, an effect of self-isolation, a defensiveness that too often took the form of petty academic politics.

Now a decade has passed, and the fire has not burned us after all—although some extraordinary leaders have been killed. But it has singed our sensibilities in ways not easily forgotten. The academic home we live in has been altered to accommodate other voices in other rooms and, with luck, in our own rooms. That passionate intensity experienced on so many college campuses had little to do with education and much to do with establishing racial bases of power. Now that the fire has subsided, it is possible to draw a few conclusions that may seem rational.

The creation of ethnic studies departments at the City College and throughout the nation represented an educational capitulation to extreme political pressure by minority groups. Once black studies was established, Puerto Rican, Asian, and Jewish studies had to follow; and before long, courses in ethnic history and sociology and literature were conflicting with those of the traditional departments. The result, with few exceptions, is a curriculum that has the faculty and students of ethnic studies departments ghettoized in separate corners of the colleges. Each ethnic group raises its own consciousness at the expense of general education. Attempts to develop courses and programs in comparative ethnicity have failed, and the minorities in these departments feel more alienated than before.

Creating ongoing departments was wrong, and those with empty hands are the minorities for whom they were created. Overt bigots from the traditional departments were not displeased at the isolation of the new departments, for they knew that open admissions pupils—the less well-prepared pupils—would segregate themselves in ethnic studies while the intellectually secure and confident students would work with more substantial subject matter in their own departments. The well-intentioned liberals agreed to the creation of these departments out of no deep ideological impulse, with no real purpose or passion. They accepted the change cynically and mocked its results privately. They accepted it because to do so was easy. And like the society, the college became fragmented and divided.

American education—American culture at large—is integrative, and the subject matter cannot be obfuscated in the name of ethnic heritage or women's studies or homosexual studies or experimental studies. The appropriation of knowledge for some personal need is one reality. That is the reason most of us have for learning anything. But to use knowledge solely to further a cause will ultimately debase the knowledge because it is being manipulated for a narrow purpose. The student is allowed to evade personal responsibility and unique humanity for an abstraction that has an absolute quality and a arts and sciences were placed in a service relationship to vocationalism—as though the only way the disciplines could be made interesting or relevant was by attaching them to practical programs.

Today, open admissions has ended in New York City for lack of funds. But the urban conditions that prompted it will remain to haunt us as memories of what we failed to achieve. Inevitably, one returns in education to the basic questions of what the student *knows* upon graduation and especially of what skills of interpretation he possesses. If he does not know something of philosophy and history; if he has not developed the critical skills that enable him to distinguish the moral from the immoral, flatulent language from genuine, art from artifact—then he is not educated. Discrimination is essential: intellectual discrimination. That and lengthening the critical attention span, so atomized by television and radio and newspapers and a hundred forces colliding with the eye and the ear. And acquiring the understanding of a few great texts—a few will suffice—that have lived beyond their moment in time. And achieving the self-reliance that grows from the authority of knowing some things well.

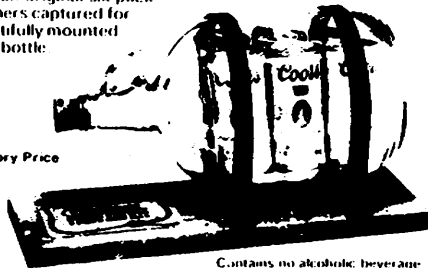
Knowledge is certainly not enough. It should lead to

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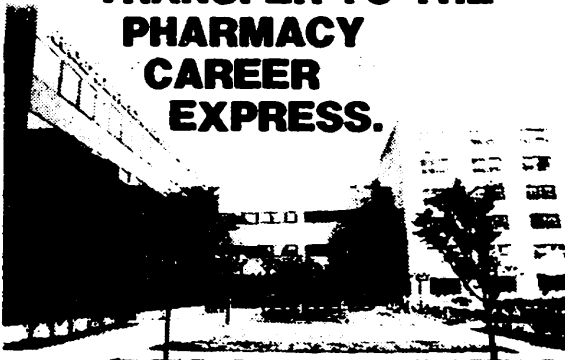
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# Record Reviews

## Winter's White Trash Recycled

At the time Edgar Winter dissolved White Trash in 1972, the group was already one of the best white exponents of R&B, with a front line and horn section that were unmatched in popular music. Winter went on to form The Edgar Winter Group which scored a couple of hits with the prepubescent set, then disbanded. At last report, Winter was said to be recording a solo disco LP in Philadelphia with the assistance of the notorious producing team of Gamble and Huff. What a surprise it was to hear that Winter had reformed White Trash.

But while the idea of a White Trash reunion seemed promising, the results had to be ultimately disappointing. Missing from the original lineup are guitarists Rick Derringer, bassist Randy Jo Hobbs, and several horn men. And while Winter tries to downplay the absence of these key players it is unrealistic to think that you can dispense of talent like Derringer and Hobbs, and come up with identical results. Jerry LaCrois, an excellent vocalist, and Floyd Radford, a first-class guitarist, are original members who try their best to make their presence felt but end up lost in the mix. While previously every member was so good that each threatened to steal the spotlight, the current configuration is unchallenging and unresponsive.

This sterile package barely indicates Winter's real talents or the super power White Trash once was. It should be interesting to see where Winter goes from here.

— Paul DeBake

confirms that DeJohnette's Directions is one of the tightest, most exciting jazz rock units in sight. Their music is an extension of the pioneering fusion work of Miles Davis and Charles Lloyd, with whom DeJohnette has worked extensively as a sideman.

On *New Rags* DeJohnette is firmly in command, laying out the complex rhythmic patterns underlying most of the numbers, while Foster handles the melody line and Abercrombie adds exotic coloristic effects. Their music strikes a delicate balance between freedom and structure, encompassing musical styles from rock to free jazz but never straying into the realm of the pretentious or inaccessible.

The album has five cuts, three of them written by DeJohnette, whose versatility and virtuosity are best reflected in the title track, a marvelous tune that includes all kinds of shifting, odd-tempo rhythms, stop-time choruses and free form episodes, ending with a calypso figure.

Saxophonist Alex Foster contributes two uptempo numbers to the LP, adding a subtle measure of funk with "Steppin' Thru", a driving number with a scorching rock-flavored solo by Abercrombie.

DeJohnette has a small following of mostly jazz listeners, but if he keeps this group together and continues to produce music of this caliber he is bound to crack the crossover market sooner or later.

— Fred Seaman

## DeJohnette's Directions New Rags

Drummer Jack DeJohnette's brand of jazz rock is not likely to appeal to those who consider Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock the ultimate fusion musicians. Unlike the aforementioned, DeJohnette is concerned with exploring the possibilities of jazz rock rather than perpetuating the familiar in order to reach the widest possible audience.

DeJohnette's Directions consists of John Abercrombie on electric guitar and mandolin, Alex Foster on alto sax, and Mike Richmond on electric bass. Warren Bernhardt, the excellent multi-keyboardist who played with the group on their debut LP, *Directions*, was dropped last year because maintaining a quintet had proved to be too expensive.

Still, the band's music hasn't suffered from the reduction in personnel, and *New Rags* (ECM)

## 'Blue Collar':

# A political film set in a factory

BY JEFF BRUMBEAU

One of the technical aspects that seems to typify and to sustain over the years all the great dramatic films in history, is that of the achievement in each of a particular vision that is repeated and explored and expanded upon from beginning to end. A film achieves its greatness when it expresses this vision with a realistic and unified combination of characters, plot and setting, not unlike a good, well planned novel. It's a difficult feat to accomplish but *Blue Collar*, directed and co-written by Paul Schrader (who wrote *Taxi Driver*), and starring Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel and Yaphet Kotto, is one of those movies that will survive the years.

*Blue Collar* zooms in on the lives of three workers on an automobile assembly line, focusing on their economic troubles and their relationships with the factory and union. The men, Zeke Browne (Pryor), Jerry Bartowski (Keitel), and Smokey James (Kotto), have symbolic importance as the struggling, contemporary blue collar worker. Their situations and personalities are typical but never stereotypical. Zeke is a wise cracking, dissatisfied craking, dissatisfied worker with a wife, three kids and a \$2,000 debt he owes the IRS. Jerry is caught in that familiar middle-class trap of making just enough to stay even with the bills, never getting ahead and always afraid of those unforeseen expenses. When his daughter asks him for braces and he has to tell her he doesn't have the money, Jerry hurts.

All of this combines to develop in these men an



Yaphet Kotto in a scene from 'Blue Collar.'

uneasy sense of being animals trapped in a system with no way out. They merely survive from paycheck to paycheck with no hope of relief. In addition, conditions are bad at the factory: the worker with a wife, three kids and a \$2,000 debt he owes the IRS. Jerry is caught in that familiar middle-class trap of making just poycees, all of which leads Zeke to comment at one point, "Plant is just short for plantation."

And so when Zeke learns that there is a safe

cont. on page 7

# OPEN ADMISSIONS

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finality; the student's use of his knowledge is too predictable, too tendentious.

It is insufficient to claim—as defenders of these programs do—that a college teaches students, not subject matter, and that therefore students should explore what they wish, however they wish. This is a sentimental argument, so relativistic and shifting that it blurs an essential educational vision that judges priorities, that sets forth objectives and skills, that knows its own inherent meaning. It offers the students themselves—no more, no less. It offers no leadership. It points in no direction.

The full implications of open admissions had little meaning for people at either end of the educational spectrum: those who advocated a narrow ethnicity and those who for so long had considered themselves the custodians of an unvarying culture. Even those who supported professional education most vigorously failed to acknowledge the need for vast resources to improve the language skills of the new undergraduates. Scientists claimed that too many students were placed in basic writing courses and accused the English department of self-aggrandizement, of shoring up its British Empire; social scientists continued to give short-answer tests. The liberal arts faculty complained about expensive programs for bright students, whom they never saw in their classrooms, and about students in remedial classes, whom they did not want to teach.

Where were the old liberal arts students who simply wanted to study philosophy or literature or history? Where were those who could not be programmed, who weren't so absolutely certain of their careers, who weren't so utterly nervous about job security, and who came to us with a literacy we took for granted? Gone. Gone to colleges of the State University.

## Blue Collar

cont. from page 6

kept at union headquarters, he argues that the union dues must inevitably be kept there and suggests to his two friends that they steal it. Zeke begins to plan the heist with Smokey, an ex-con and co-worker who is continually persecuted by the foreman. Jerry at first chooses to remain uninvolved but soon the pressure of his financial burdens builds and he joins his two friends.

When they break into the office and open the safe they're disappointed to find there's only \$600 and some obscure books. They had expected a greater sum but they have no alternative but to split the money and go home. But a few days later Zeke contacts Smokey and tells him that he's discovered that one of the books he kept from the heist is a record of illegal loans the union officials have made using the union members' dues. They realize the book would create quite a stir if made public, so they approach the officials with a proposition in five figures.

Richard Pryor's acting chores in *Blue Collar* are more arduous than in his previous films, his role here requiring a good deal more understanding and sensitivity to the complexities of his character. But there were moments when the comedian was allowed to improvise while keeping to a rough script and the result is, as Yaphet Kotto commented, "Just hilarious." Kotto himself injected much personal feeling (he once worked on an assembly line) and intensity into his performance, dominating every scene he appears in. Harvey Keitel is also excellent.

In *Blue Collar* the monotony and tension of working in an automobile plant is strongly and accurately felt, as is the frustration of the workers in their inability to get fair treatment from the factory and union. But what consistently wracks the mind of the viewer at the conclusion of *Blue Collar* is the frightening and self-revealing picture it paints of our destructive relationships with one another.

Gone to Queens and to Hunter. Gone to the suburbs and the exurbs and the hinterlands. And with their flight something faded from our own lives—a passing purpose, a pointed passion.

What really gnawed away at our innards and left us hollow, what began to create a sad yet anxious look in our eyes and a dreadful listlessness in the way we moved through classes or sat at committee meetings, what dulled our lunchroom conversations and made us depend more on each other than on the students—who had always been the great reward for teaching at the City College—what coursed in our bodies like an incurable illness was our growing realization and fear that in middle age we no longer had a profession.

Elective courses in literature, languages, philosophy, and history attracted only a handful of students; and though we defended the study of the humanities in the most elegant rhetoric, fewer and fewer students were interested in our subjects. Those few who might have cared had no incentive to prepare for graduate school since teaching jobs were unavailable. The number of majors plummeted so that the heart of the heart of our disciplines was gone. Worse still, most students were no longer motivated to read—assignments grew shorter and even those were rarely read. In desperate measures redolent of Madison Avenue, the faculty created sexy courses to attract students: gay literature, Jewish fertility. Then they tried to sell the courses with gaudy posters or notices in campus newspapers. In the sweaty gym during registration, too many of the faculty were no better than barkers at a circus sideshow touting the attractions awaiting behind the tent flap. Student enrollment determined departmental strength. College had become a kind of cheap academic stock market, and teachers were stockbrokers in an inflationary educational economy.

All of these forces developed, Pelion upon Ossa, a scram-

ble for infinite options to satisfy every taste or lack of taste, until the college bulletin resembled the smashed windows of a very large house, a house that had once been considered home. An academic home. There was no vision, however singular it might have been, that offered a future to the educators and that would return the faculty members' professions to them. The numbers were appalling: professional education for 700 students in architecture, education, engineering, nursing, biomedicine, law, and the performing arts; 1,700 who needed remedial work; and a handful of students in liberal arts and sciences who were genuinely ready for a college education—they were now called "honors students."

The natural tendency was to expand the professional programs and to view liberal education deductively, to establish career goals and then to shape the education for them accordingly. The general economic condition of the city and of the nation encouraged parents, students, and educators to move in this direction—to clutch at what seemed to promise a chance of survival in a confusing age. The study of languages, literature, philosophy, history, physics, and mathematics on their own terms seemed impossible, given the desires and needs of the students, given the pressures of a decaying city, given the budget (which finally ran out on May 28, 1976, forcing the City University to close for two weeks while we listened to wrangling politicians and lined up, for the first time in our lives, for unemployment compensation). As each career program was established, the traditional disciplines in liberal wisdom, which carries vision in its meaning. But without knowledge, wisdom is hard bought. And knowledge cannot be only the sociology and economics and political science of the moment, ever shifting, stimulating an anxiety that stems from uncertainty, fogged by statistics that carry with them apparent truth. Without a past, what future can we have? @

**Announcement:** City College students are supporting members of The New York Interest Research Group (NYPIRG). The group is a nonpartisan, nonprofit research and advocacy organization with a full-time staff of lawyers, scientists, organizers and researchers who work with students on projects dealing with community improvement, consumer protection, energy, fiscal responsibility, political reform and social justice. When a student pays the activity fee, \$2.00 is designated to support NYPIRG. From February 20 to March 10 you may request a refund if you are not satisfied with NYPIRG's programs. Come by Downer 203 for more info and learn about our newsmaking projects.



Finley Program Agency  
**PRESENTS**

### FREE CRAFTS WORKSHOP in F 350

Every Monday — Silkscreening with Lily Lee

Every Tuesday — Leathercrafts with Chris Schreiber

Every Wednesday — Needlecrafts with Arenks Mandel

### NOON POETRY READINGS in F 330

March 1 — David Shapiro, author of 'Lateness'

March 8 — Ron Welburn, author of 'Brown Up' and other poems.

### FINLEY FILM SERIES Fridays in F 101

March 3 — 'Lady Sings The Blues' 12, 2:30 & 5 p.m.

March 10 — 'Emmanuelle, The Joys of a Woman' — 12, 2 & 4 p.m.

# What's Happening

All events listed are open to members of the College Community free of charge unless otherwise noted.

## MONDAY (Feb. 27)

**Discussion Group.** Raise your consciousness with House Plan's Male/Female Group, which will meet from 12-1 p.m. on eight consecutive Mondays starting today. Sign up in Finley 203.

**Craft Workshop.** Silkscreening with Lily Lee. 11-14 p.m. in Finley 350.

**Concert.** Sponsored by Medieval & Renaissance Institute. 3 p.m. in Shepard 200.

**Basketball.** CUNY Championship Game. 8 p.m. in Nat Holman Gym.

## WEDNESDAY (March 1)

**Disc Party.** 12-2 p.m. in Finley's Buttenweiser Lounge.

**Poetry Reading.** With David Shapiro, author of *The Page Turner, Lateness*, and other poetry works. 12 Noon in Finley 330.

**Crafts Workshop.** Needlecraft with Arenka Mandel. 11-4 in Finley 350.

## THURSDAY (March 2)

**Film.** *Weekend* (1968), directed by Jean-Luc Godard, will be shown in room 301, Cohen Library, at 12 & 4 p.m.

## FRIDAY (March 3)

**Film.** *Lady Sings The Blues*, starring Diana Ross and Billy Dee Williams. Finley Ballroom. 12, 2:30 & 5 p.m.

## WEDNESDAY (March 5)

**Poetry Reading.** With Ron Weiburn, author of *Brown Up*. 12 Noon in Finley 330.

**Blood Drive.** CUNY's Student Blood Bank is running dangerously low. Help replenish it by donating a pint of blood. The bloodmobile will be in the Finley Ballroom today from 10 a.m.-3 p.m., and Thurs. 12-5.

## THURSDAY (March 9)

**Film.** *Murder* (1963), directed by Alan Resnais. 12 & 4 p.m. in Room 301 Cohen Library.

**Concert.** The Music of Faure. With Constantine Cassolas, tenor; Janet Steele, soprano; Fred Hauptman and Jan Meyerowitz, piano. 12:30 in Shepard 200.

**Blood Drive.** 12-5 in Finley Ballroom.

## FRIDAY (March 10)

**Film.** *Emmanuelle, The Joys Of A Woman*. 12, 2 & 4 p.m. in Finley Ballroom.

## MONDAY (March 13)

**Concert.** A recital with Theodore Hodges, baritone. 3 p.m. in Shepard 200.

## AND THIS...

**Human Relations Weekend.** House Plan's Human Relations/Leadership Training Weekend will be held March 10-12 at Deer Park Lodge in upstate New York. The goal of this 3-day program is to foster personal development, self-awareness, and leadership skills through group interaction. Cost: \$40 per person (includes transportation, lodging, and meals). Sign up in Finley 203 or call 690-4289.

**Concert.** Pianist Fritz Jahoda, Professor Emeritus of the College, will perform assisted by a Chamber Orchestra in Carnegie Recital Hall (145 West 57th St.) on Wed., March 15, 8 p.m. Student Tickets are \$2.

**Executive Committee Elections.** The Governance Plan adopted by City College in the spring of 1973 created a method for direct student input into the decision-making process of the Departments, Programs and Centers at the College. Each Department may have either two students as voting members of its Executive Committee (Plan A), or a parallel committee of five students (Plan B). The Executive Committees are charged with Budgetary, Personnel and Educational Planning. If you desire to be a candidate in the Department of your major you must get the signatures of five students majoring in the field. These petitions are available from the Office of the Vice Provost in Room 201 Administration Building and must be submitted to the same office by March 31 so that ballots may be drawn for voting.

**Medical Offices.** In addition to emergency treatment and advisement in health matters, the Medical Office (Downer 104) also offers pregnancy tests, diabetes screening, GC Test (Gonorrheal and Medicaid applications).

**Internships.** Channel L, the City-owned cable TV channel, needs student interns to assist in production, photography and videotaping. promotion of programming, news-letter production, and graphics design. Call John Sandifer at 628-1010.

**Intramural Staff.** Students interested in joining the Intramural Student Staff as tournament officials, office aides, publicity agents, etc., please contact Intramural Director Janie Fagelbaum in J-11. (Tel. 690-8225 or 4168.)

**Concert.** Pianist Fritz Jahoda, Professor Emeritus of the College, will perform assisted by a Chamber Orchestra in Carnegie Recital Hall (145 West 57th St.) on Wed., March 15, 8 p.m. Student Tickets are \$2.

The following essay - reprinted in its entirety with permission from Saturday Review - has been publicly criticized by President Marshak as being "deeply offensive to our students and faculty." The essay is part of the first chapter of *The Humanities in Higher Education, a work in progress by Theodore Gross, the College's Dean of Humanities.* It was published as the cover story in the November 4 issue of Saturday Review.

Gross contends that the editors of the magazine deleted significant parts of the manuscript he submitted and sensationalized the piece, which ran under the headline, "How To Kill A College - The Private Papers Of A Campus Dean". The deleted parts, Gross says, deal specifically with "solutions and alternatives" to Open Admissions, a policy he believes failed in its goal to make public higher Education accessible to the city's minorities.

While we do not necessarily agree with Dean Gross' analysis and opinions, we chose to reprint his provocative essay because we feel it deserves the attention of the college community, and we wish to facilitate a debate of the questions it raises. We will print in our next issue [March 17] comments and criticisms by students, faculty and administrators, together with sections of Gross' manuscript not published in Saturday Review.

- The Editor

by Theodore L. Gross

MY OFFICE is in Lincoln Corridor, on the ground floor of an old Gothic building called Shepard Hall, at the City College of New York, 138th Street and Convent Avenue, Harlem. Outside this office, on makeshift benches, students congregate—black, Puerto Rican, Asian, and varieties of ethnic white—playing radios, simulating sex, languidly moving back and forth to classes, dancing and singing, eating and studying and sleeping and drinking from soda cans or from beer bottles wrapped in brown paper bags.

As the dean of humanities, I move among these students unnoticed and conduct my business in adjacent rooms that feature telephones and filing cabinets, typewriters, a copying machine, a Dictaphone, and a wall of books that from the Anglo-Saxon point of view represent the best that has been thought and said.

As an administrator, I am responsible for the teaching of foreign languages, English and speech, music, art, drama, and, because of circumstances peculiar to this urban college, Asian and Jewish studies. The two other ethnic studies departments—black and Puerto Rican studies—report to the dean of social science, who lives on the other side of Lincoln Corridor. Fifteen thousand students, day and evening, are enrolled in courses—to speak only of the humanities—ranging from Shakespeare to Eldridge Cleaver, from Beethoven to Ellington, from Confucius to Martin Buber, from Basic Writing I for the poorly prepared to creative writing taught by the most sophisticated American novelists. The student population is multiethnic: 33 percent black, 21 percent Spanish, 12

percent Jewish, 11 percent Asian, and diminishing percentages of Italians, Irish, Ukrainians, Serbo-Croatians, and Slavs—a microcosm, as we proudly say, of the world.

It was not always so. In the Sixties, the college was almost entirely white and predominantly Jewish. Enthroned on a hill overlooking Harlem, it was an urban institution with high academic standards, a citadel that for more than 50 years had existed undisturbed amid the surrounding black community. As educators, we at the City College were representative of the decade. We had abolished requirements and prerequisites and had arranged elective courses in a cafeteria curriculum that made basic skills and basic knowledge seem irrelevant, structure obsolete, and sequential study unimportant. The historical perspective was already so suspect that the liberal arts college functioned primarily on the pleasure principle. Students enrolled in the courses they wanted. Economic growth was everywhere, and we could afford small classes, independent study, and esoteric subjects.

During those years, an occasional summer riot created fear in the minds of those who were sending their children to the campus on St. Nicholas Heights. At other times, assassinations like those of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, Jr., and local uprisings starring Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown stirred discomfort in white liberals like me. These events and other "minor incidents," as we called them, seemed like campfires that were easily extinguishable—until they flared more frequently and burned closer to the campus. By 1969 the flames were in our buildings. Decent human

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