



Vol. 63, No. 3 THE CITY COLLEGE Friday, March 31, 1978

Academy starts fundraising drive

The Mini Academy, a program that provides educational and health services for West Harlem Schoolchildren, has begun a major fundraising drive, hoping to fill the financial gap that resulted after the YMCA, the Mini Academy's old sponsor, last month unexpectedly withdrew its support for the program.

According to Bill Burnes, the Mini Academy's Executive Director, the program must raise \$3000 per month to cover such basic expenses as telephones, office supplies and typewriter and Xerox rentals.

As part of its fundraising activities, the Academy, operating out of Finley Center's Goldmark Wing, is mailing out thousands of letters asking for contributions from College staff and faculty.

"We do this once every year," Burnes

explained, "and in general we raise about \$2000." He said that he hoped to raise twice as much this year, "thanks to the recent write-ups we've received in the New York Times and Observation Post."

Formerly known as the "CCNY-YMCA Mini Academy", the program is now operating under the administrative umbrella of the St. Nicholas Park Civic Association, which has agreed to serve as the Academy's temporary sponsor. The Academy is also being helped by the College, which last month agreed to safeguard all existing contracts through June.

After that date the program will be administered by the Mini Institute, Inc., a non-profit organization that was recently formed by the Academy's Board of Directors.

— Matthias Seaman

On Gross, CCNY in the Media & the Skills Test

BY FREDERIC SEAMAN

In case you're wondering what happened to Dean Theodore Gross' article dealing with "alternatives and solutions to the Open Admissions policy" that we had promised to print in this issue — I regret to inform you that the Dean changed his mind and decided not to release the article (see Gross' letter on page 3).

For the benefit of our readers who haven't been following the press lately (on and off-campus), here's a subjective, chronological report on the recent events that have brought controversy to our demoralized campus, arousing signs of renewed student activism.

Nov. 1, 1977: *Saturday Review*, a national magazine, prints as its cover story an article titled HOW TO KILL A COLLEGE — THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF A CAMPUS DEAN. The piece is excerpted from the first chapter of *The Humanities in Higher Education*, a work in progress by Theodore Gross, the College's Dean of Humanities. Realizing that the article would be of great interest to students and faculty at the College, OP decided to reprint it. Gross is dismayed when we inform him of our intention to reprint the essay, and complains that *Saturday Review* butchered and sensationalized his original manuscript. He also says that the response to the article from educators across the country has been overwhelmingly favorable, but that he fears his views will be unpopular at the College.

Friday, Feb. 24: OP reprints the article, with permission from *Saturday Review*. Our intention is not to embarrass Gross, but to spark a debate on the issues raised in his piece, particularly the decline of Liberal Arts at the expense of vocational programs such as Bio-Med.

Tuesday, Feb. 28: In the first of



PRESS CONFERENCE: President Marshak denounces the N.Y. Post's articles on the College in a March 2 press conference (top photo). Below: Sara Allen, a member of the Revolutionary Student Brigade, reads statement condemning racist attacks on CCNY students.

Photos by Romy Phillips



SKILLS TEST FORUM: Marshak responds to questions from hostile students in Buttenweiser Lounge (top photo). After Marshak walks out of meeting, Provost Alice Chandler warns students she, too, would walk out unless meeting proceeded in "orderly manner." Seated next to her are Dean Alan Fiellin, Vice Provost for Student Affairs Ann Rees, and Gwendolyn Kushner, who chaired the meeting (left). Students line up behind microphone to ask administrators questions.

Photos by Romy Phillips

three-part series about City College in the New York Post, one William Heffernan writes that "a month-long investigation" has found that thousands of functional illiterates are being pushed through City College under Open Admissions. It is obvious from the quotes in the article that the writer has been talking to certain reactionary professors in the College's History Department who have never made a secret of their contempt for the minority students who entered the College under Open Admissions.

Thurs., March 2: President Marshak holds a press conference and releases a statement denouncing the Post Series as "vicious slander, outrageous distortion, yellow journalism at its worst...The lies printed in the Post," Marshak states, "cannot and will not deter the City College from its historic mission to provide an education of the highest quality for the children of the whole people."

Marshak also announces that he is "preparing the material to demonstrate the untruths" of the Post's charges (such a statement is hand-delivered to the Post later in the day). When asked what he thought of OP reprinting the Gross article, Marshak states, "Everytime someone puts a nail into the coffin it enables others to drive in more nails."

The handful of student press is outnumbered by members of the Revolutionary Student Brigade (RSB) and the Coalition Against Racism (CAR). At the end of the press conference RSB spokesperson Sara Allen reads a statement denouncing the attack on City College students by the Post, and calling for a protest march against the Post the following Monday.

Wed., March 8: 150 students attend a North Campus rally

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Observation Post

Voice of the Student Body, Conscience of the Administration
Watchdog of Human Rights, Keeper of the Sacred Flame,
Guardian of the Holy Grail, Defender of the Weak,
Protector of the Oppressed and Helper of the Poor
since 1947.

FREDERIC SEAMAN
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JEFF BRUMBEAU
NANCY MEADE
Assistant Editors

ON GROSS

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protesting the Gross article and the Post series. At about 1:00 PM a smaller group of protestors marches to Gross' office in Shepard Hall. Gross is not in, but the students obtain a Monday appointment with the Dean.

Monday, March 13: Students assemble in the Shepard lounge, preparing to meet with Gross. A bullhorn blares, "Come speak to Dean Gross, who thinks you're illiterate" (or something like that), and "Gross, you liar, we'll set your ass on fire!" When Gross sends word to the students that he will only meet with them in groups of 10, they start chanting, "He lied to us again..." After a while Gross reluctantly agrees to meet with the whole group, and his office is soon jammed full of angry students, most of them black and Puerto Rican. The RSB and CAR are again well represented.

The ensuing two-hour meeting is an intense, draining experience for many of those involved. Responding to numerous demands that he retract his article or resign, Gross states, "I'm not resigning or retracting a thing. You've got the wrong scapegoat here. I'm not your enemy, I'm your friend. I believe in Open Admissions very deeply, but that doesn't mean I believe in the way it was implemented."

The students remain skeptical and hostile, frequently ridiculing the Dean, who sits on his desk with an agonized look on his face. There is a great deal of confusion among the students many of whom seem to think that Gross is also responsible for the Post Series. Frequent shouting matches erupt among the students, who at one point begin to debate Gross' article among themselves. Toward the end of the meeting, Walter Garcia, a very angry and articulate member of the RSB, again demands that Gross retract his article or resign.

Wed., March 15: Close to 200 students attend an open forum in Bittenweiser Lounge on the so-called Two-Year Test, a Skills

Assessment Program that is to be implemented by the City University starting next year. Marshak and members of the College's Policy Advisory Council, a group of top level administrators, are seated behind long tables. The chairperson for the forum is Gwendolyn Kushner, the College's Affirmative Action Coordinator. There are brief reports by Alan Fiellin (Dean of General Education and Guidance) and other members of the College's "committee to review the Skills Assessment Program."

The Administration's position that the Skills Test will have no impact on enrollment is vigorously disputed by students who denounce the test as a ploy to reduce enrollment at CUNY, and as a racist attack on students. The administration counters this charge by stating that the standards for the Test are lower than those of the College's placement exam, and that the students' fears are unfounded. Both students and administrators seem to agree that the Test is unnecessary.

"If you refused to implement the Test," someone tells Marshak, "You'd have 20,000 students behind you." And Walter Garcia demands of Marshak, "I want to know exactly where you stand." Marshak, who always seems to feel extremely ill at ease in the presence of student radicals, doesn't have a satisfactory answer, and when Avram Barlow, a history major, accuses him of being a "Fifth Columnist," who says he's defending student interests while in fact betraying them, Marshak walks out of the meeting.

Provost Alice Chandler then takes over and warns the students that if the meeting does not proceed in an orderly manner, she, too, would walk out. She then praises the students ("You are people of exceptional intelligence") and states that "We share your view that CUNY is under attack," but the students remain skeptical. "Are we to save our public image," someone asks, "by sacrificing those students, however few, who will fail the Test?"

The administration's answer seems to be: yes.

Letters to the Editor

Rees: A racist, sexist article

The following letter was sent to Dean Gross by Ann Rees, the College's Vice Provost for Student Affairs:

Dear Ted,

I have been told that you did not choose the title of your article in the February 4th issue of *Saturday Review*. It is, none the less, an apt title — "How to Kill a College". Apt not because the content of the article is accurate in its description of the present, and recent past of City College. For it is not accurate. But apt in that City College could not long exist with administrative officers who hold the attitudes which make the writing of such an article possible.

Attitudes are reflected in perception. The first paragraph of your article presents a perception of our students I find unbelievable and profoundly dismaying. Undoubtedly there has been less than decorous behavior in Lincoln Corridor at times. But I have been unable to find anyone else who has seen the performances you imply are daily ritual. And those "make shift benches" are actually substantial lounge furniture ordered for the area. By placement and emphasis you provide in that first paragraph a picture of our student body that borders on the libelous. Would you, I wonder, were you to see the same behavior in say the student union at Princeton (and I have no doubt you would) describe that behavior in the same way? I think not.

And you go on: "the blacks, Puerto Ricans and Asians arriving at the City College came from working class families in which radio and television were the exclusive sources of information and in which there was no tradition of learning..." Certainly, the students at City College have always been from predominantly working class families. If there is less of a tradition of learning in working class

families now — and that is open to question — why select out the non-white working class for this description? Your stereotypes continue. The Asians who are good at math and engineering; the blacks and Puerto Rican with a "real feeling" (not an intellectual grasp, of course) for literature, sociology and political science. And your apparent joy that "one would find some comprehension among them (open admissions students) during discussion of reading assignments...." is to kill by not even faint praise.

Not only do you perceive the current students as inappropriate for City College, but some of the faculty as well — those minorities and impatient women who used affirmative action to leap into positions of power. If such leaps occurred they won few Olympic Medals. Let's look at two "power positions" in the College — deanships and department chairmanships. On the Review Committee of Deans sit eight members who vote on personnel matters — seven are white males, the eighth is a white woman, Dean of the School of Nursing. Of the remaining five members, one is a black male, one a white female, the other three white males. The Chairman and Provost is a white woman; perhaps that deserves a medal.

Of the 38 department chairmanships, all but five are filled by whites (of these, five are women — two in CLAS, two in Education, one in Nursing). Of the five minority men who are department chairmen, three head ethnic studies departments, one the Department of Special Programs; one is in Engineering. To the outside observer, I'm sure, the

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Bio-Med Program a 'cancerlike growth'

To The Editor:

A story in the March 12 issue of *The New York Times* (front page) bears the headline "City College Trains Inner-City Doctors." The article itself, however, cites Dr. Alfred Gellhorn, director of the CCNY Bio-Medical Program as wondering "whether the students in [his] program will sustain their interest in community medicine." Dr. Gellhorn's fears are well founded, a recent survey reported in a CCNY newspaper (Jan. 26), revealing "that not a single student in the Bio-Med Program planned to practice in a predominantly black or Puerto Rican neighborhood." We are aware of the fact that the Times did interview a single dedicated student.

On another level, we think the Times was wrong in evaluating the program solely in terms of its possible contributions. Originally announced — when introduced — as something that would be

wholly paid for by private philanthropy, Bio-Med, in fact, has from its inception been using tax monies and has been draining vital plasma from the college's main organs. While drastically cutting the CCNY budget as a whole, the Governor's Executive Budget for Higher Education, 1978-79, now awards the program an additional \$500,000! The budget even allows the president of the college to slice deeper into the base allocation for CCNY in order to support this cancerlike growth in the college's body.

When we total up the pluses and the minuses, we reach the conclusion that the Bio-Medical Program's value is mainly in the area of public relations. But for this we are unwilling to see the Liberal Arts and Humanities courses destroyed.

Sincerely,

Stanley Page Morris Silver
History Economics

A 'fascist' social change movement

To The Editor:

Concerning your article on NYPIRG (*NYPIRG Rekindles Student Activism Here*, OP, Feb. 24, 1978) — you have succeeded in leading the readers of this newspaper into thinking that PIRG is just an innocent "social change program".

In fact, quite the opposite is true. For example, the National Environmental Protection Act (NEPA) is a direct result of Naderite organizing and has succeeded in throwing thousands of skilled workers on the streets in the decade this bill has been in existence. This bill is a perfect example of the outright fascist, zero-growth policies of Ralph Nader and his PIRG operation.

The NEPA outlines massive restrictive requirements for the construction of nuclear power plants, some of which border on the ridiculous. In 1970, the average completion time for construction of a nuclear power plant was 47 months. In 1976, the average time was 108 months. The delays in construction are directly related to the silly but very expensive court cases that have arisen due to the NEPA ruling. Some potential nuclear power plant

builders have, in some cases, actually won court battles but could not go ahead with planned construction because most of the funds went to lawyer and court fees!

Current nuclear fission plants are a transition to a fusion based economy, which must occur by the year 2,000 in order to insure the continuing existence of the human race. As well, existing fossil fuels like oil, coal, etc., must be used to the limit to at least maintain the current worldwide standard of living, which on the average is not too high.

The NAACP has announced its fight against the zero-growth ideology of Ralph Nader. In January of this year the NAACP leadership called for massive development of nuclear power as the basis for creating skilled jobs for minorities and for the working class in general.

This is where the "activist" support should be. Joining with the NAACP to help reindustrialize this nation and to stop reactionary organizations like PIRG from destroying the working class and the institutions that form the basis of that class.

Cliff Paino
CCNY Student

Identify incompetence & keep truckin'

To The Editor:

Ted Gross' article is offensive and ahistorical. His stereotypes of black, brown, and white ethnics simulating sex and jiving to disco must hurt, deeply, countless students who walk in our midst. The characterizations of natural Asian mathematicians or blacks and Puerto Ricans with "real feeling" for literature is *reductio* at its worst. Do I hear "Rhythm?"

Even more profound in strictly academic terms is Gross' denial of the reality of the past. For what were the Sixties, what questions did they pose to the American social structure? Donning the newly-fashionable liberal hair-shirt, Gross chooses to forget that the struggle against elitism and oppression (and they cannot be separated) was well worth making. The Sixties perspective remains essentially true: anti-racist, anti-elitist, anti-corporation, anti-war.

The reach exceeded the grasp where real power was concerned. Open Admissions was given under intolerable conditions, taken back when the streets were clear and the job market empty. Students hungry to survive were swept in to this place by a flash flood, and found the inhabitants either unprepared or hostile.

How easy for those cynical middle-managers of the education business. No need to provide prior training (Mr. Shanker is sometimes difficult). No need to create jobs for stable family situations, or to provide decent homes. After all, these were the "minorities." Send them to City College and let them drown.

Ted Gross blames the victims as well as those whose best efforts were in responding to them.

Nowhere do I read of the absentee owners who manipulate us all. Nowhere is the finger pointed at the two-headed devil of race and class. Ted Gross blames the victims.

His fixation has also apparently diverted his understanding of what is going on in higher education elsewhere. Liberal arts enrollments are in disastrous decline nearly everywhere, not just at City College. His putative Spenserian scholars, fully consummated, may end up running elevators with other unemployable Ph.D.'s.

The message is, to all of good will, that the Sixties failed, real power remained untouched, and

we are again set upon ourselves. All of us have made errors, everywhere and here, too. Soft curricula were misguided, and harmful. I, too, abhor the concept of intellectual ghettos and, regrettably, the ethnic studies enclaves have furthered this tendency on our campus. Please note, however, that departmental imperialism is our institutional warp and woof: I have taught twentieth century American history here for thirteen years, and yet have scant notion of the doings of my colleagues in sociology, economics, and political science, much less literature.

To conclude, I regret that Ted Gross holds this skewed perspective and I understand the soaring indignation for whom it is caricature. My own sense of shock derives from Gross' failure to comprehend the historical situation, neither recognizing power nor perceiving its designs. The pre-Open Admissions College functioned as it did mainly on the strength of its student body, itself largely a function of anti-Semitic quotas, because of social need. The Ivy League still does — take the No. 11 bus and see.

The raised consciousness of the Sixties and Open Admissions coincided with the end of "guns and butter," the beginnings of law and order, year after year of recession-inflation, and profound job shrinkage. Most of the students in our classrooms come out of homes which have felt these forces more severely than any middle-class professor can even imagine.

This is where we are, in admittedly trying times. In general, our students want for themselves what we would wish for them. The problems of massive underpreparedness are obviously here, as they are everywhere, across the country. The situation is not met by the polemics of past glories or by misplaced *mea culpas*. This remains our place, and there is useful work to be done.

My advice is to tell whoever will listen what the reality is, enforce strict rules of performance of students, encourage their accomplishments, identify incompetence, and keep truckin'.

Jim Watts
Associate Professor of History

REES

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traditional bastions of power would not seem overtly threatened at City College. Perhaps if more minorities and women were in decision making positions, a fresh perspective would have been brought to the College's problems.

Ted, your perceptions are bound to lead to accusations of sexism and racism in your attitudes. I would join in those accusations.

And you do a great disservice to the many faculty who have labored long and hard to solve the new educational problems, who have continued to maintain standards, to teach well. In spite of the bombardment of fiscal and educational problems, there have been many successes at City College, many good new programs, good new approaches, adaptations, conservations of our strengths. Of those you say nothing.

Yes, the College has changed radically in the past ten years. But while changes may have been more extreme here they are part of trends in all of higher education. The budget problems, the increase in minority and "non-traditional" students, the explorations in curricular change, the trend to professionalism, increased problems in communication skill among students, the radical shrinkage in graduate education. We hardly suffer these alone.

Yes, many students came into the college who could not succeed — given the haste and ineptitude of the inception of open admissions that had to happen. Yes, many others came who could succeed but only with added effort by faculty; and many

students came adequately — even well prepared — for college work.

Yes, there were many ethnic, sexual, political and educational battles. Some were destructive; many were not, but rather served to remind a conservative profession that the culture it conserves — however valuable — was only one of many, that the knowledge it professed was inadequate to explain the dynamic world in which City College educated its students.

I could go on. Our points of disagreement are many. In the final assessment, my basic quarrel is with your lack of identification of any strategies for alleviating the alleged state of the College you so bemoan. You set before the public eye the picture of a college with a core of besieged faculty fighting a losing battle to preserve the good, true and beautiful against onslaughts from usurpers who would champion mediocrity and students unworthy of the name. For such a situation there could be no salvation.

City College is still alive, and well (if not robust) and living in New York. But it needs qualities of optimistic leadership and hard headed administrative skill in those filling decision making positions, not qualities of pessimism and helplessness. Otherwise your title could become a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Feeling and believing as you do, I regret that I fail to see how you could remain on as Dean of Humanities at City College.

Sincerely,
Ann H. Rees
Professor of Psychology &
Vice Provost for Student Affairs

To the Editor:

I realize that in the February issue of Observation Post you promised your readers sections of my "manuscript not published in Saturday Review." Ordinarily I would be happy to share with you and your readers my complete manuscript and enter into a discussion of the educational issues involved. It is with regret, therefore, that I have decided not to release the unpublished sections of my essay at this time. I feel that the present atmosphere at the College is not conducive to a rational discussion of these issues, and I do not wish to perpetuate disagreements that have become ad hominem attacks on me rather than varying perspectives on extremely complex matters.

As you know, I was opposed to your reprinting my essay, although I recognized that legally you needed only permission of the Saturday Review and that professionally you saw a continued discussion of the educational issues as a service to the college community.

Within the next few weeks, I will be presenting my paper at a national conference to a group of educators who will meet to discuss one of the most important questions confronting all of us: "Open Admissions and a Liberal Arts Education." At that time, after the emotional impact of my original article has subsided, I will be glad to give you the balance of the essay that recommends solutions to the problems raised.

Sincerely,
Theodore L. Gross
Dean of Humanities

A courageous public statement

To the Editor:

Thank you for the invitation to comment on the controversial article by Dean Gross published in your last issue. The article speaks for itself, and I should not presume to say more, were it not that most of the responses that I have read do not appear to understand what Dean Gross was saying. Contrary to what has been claimed, the article was not an attack on City College or its students: Gross' loyal dedication to this school makes that impossible. It was not an attack on the ultimate educational goal of the open admissions program: that is something we all support. Nor was it an expression of racial prejudice: his credentials on that score are unassailable. What I chiefly found in his article was an anguished realization that the policies which he and most of the rest of us endorsed a few years back have not worked out as they were supposed to. He has merely stated publicly what many of the faculty, less courageous than he, have been saying in private for some time.

I am especially disturbed by the tone of the responses to the article, which range from obscene graffiti on toilet walls, to the claim, made by those who should know better, that nothing is wrong with the school except a few soreheads and incompetents in the humanities who do not want to teach. If we are to have a major debate on educational policy, we must conduct it on a higher plane than that; for the debater who descends to personal attacks confesses thereby that no better arguments can be found. Right or wrong, Dean Gross has made a thoughtful and constructive statement. He is one of us; he cannot be ignored, and he deserves a civil hearing. If we shout him down, we shall be forced in the end to listen to far more hostile criticism from voices less responsible and informed than his, voices from outside the college which cannot be intimidated or silenced.

It may help put the whole debate into perspective to remind ourselves that City College is not the only school with problems. The policy of open admissions aroused such intense feeling a few years back that we have become obsessed with the issue, and imagine that it is the cause of everything, good or bad, that has happened since. Actually, there is hardly a college or high school in the country that does not complain of flagging academic achievement and faltering intellectual commitments.

Why this is happening nobody really knows, but there is surely enough blame for all of us to bear some of it. The last thing we need is to dissipate our energies by quarreling among ourselves.

Brooks Wright
English Department

The elitist liberal's way

Dear Editor:

Perhaps the reason for declining enrollment in City College's Humanities Division lies not in the subject matter so much as in the nature of self-styled liberal educators like Dean Theodore L. Gross. How can anyone who professes to hold the key to all that is good and right and noble in Western literature underestimate the potential of Open Admissions students to the extent Dean Gross does?

Small wonder he was made a Dean. I shudder to think what someone who exhibits such scorn for students in the Lincoln Corridor would make of Nigger Jim, Mark Twain's intellectual spokesman in *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. I suspect his response would be not unlike Huck's: "...you can't learn a nigger to argue." Change "nigger" to "Open Admissions student" and you get the message.

The Dean's problem, like Huck's is an inability to imagine life any way but his way. Perhaps he should reread Lionel Trilling's "E. M. Forster and the Liberal Imagination." It might help him come, at last to the realization that the elitist liberal's way is not the only way.

Kenneth Libo
Assistant Professor of English

The man's hand turned the knob of the television set. He stopped at the sight of Harry Reasoner's face filling the tube. He adjusted the antenna and settled back into something out of view.

All that could now be seen from the window was the television set airing the evening news. Tom's eyes moved to the next window of the apartment building across from his own. A woman in her forties, about the age of Tom's wife, was busy in the kitchen setting the table. She was placing glasses next to each setting. He watched her for a few minutes set the table, with her back to him. His eyes wandered onward in a horizontal motion.

Tom heard his wife calling him from the hall. He rose from the chair perched close to the open window, placed his binoculars on the seat and left the room in the direction of his wife's voice.

Dinner was ready. They sat opposite each other in silence. His wife was the first to break the silence. She asked him if it was necessary to lock himself in the den the minute he got home from work and then again after dinner.

"Yes, sweetheart," he replied. "I've got work to do — this is the tax season, remember? Deadline's only one week away. Would you prefer I stay late at the office, eat dinner out and return home at some odd hour of the night?...I didn't think you would!"

They ate the rest of the meal in silence. Tom didn't bother to comment that the rice was over-cooked.

It didn't matter that Tom spoke so little. His wife had long since stopped coaxing him to say something besides "pass the chicken, dear." She watched him get up from the table and return to the den. He would be working there or reading or sleeping — she didn't care anymore. She had a mah jong game to go to tonight. She had found a group in her apartment house who needed another player at their mah jong and bridge games. She jumped at the chance to be able to leave the empty apartment. She was quite content being a member of the group since now she had something to do in the evenings. Companionship was something she rarely had with her husband, in or out of the bedroom.

In the den the darkness surrounded Tom like the shelter of a womb, a dark, soft covering which hid him from the world and the eyes of anyone who might gaze up at his window. Tom viewed each window of the apartment house as a television set tuned to a channel, revealing the life of the inhabitant behind the window.

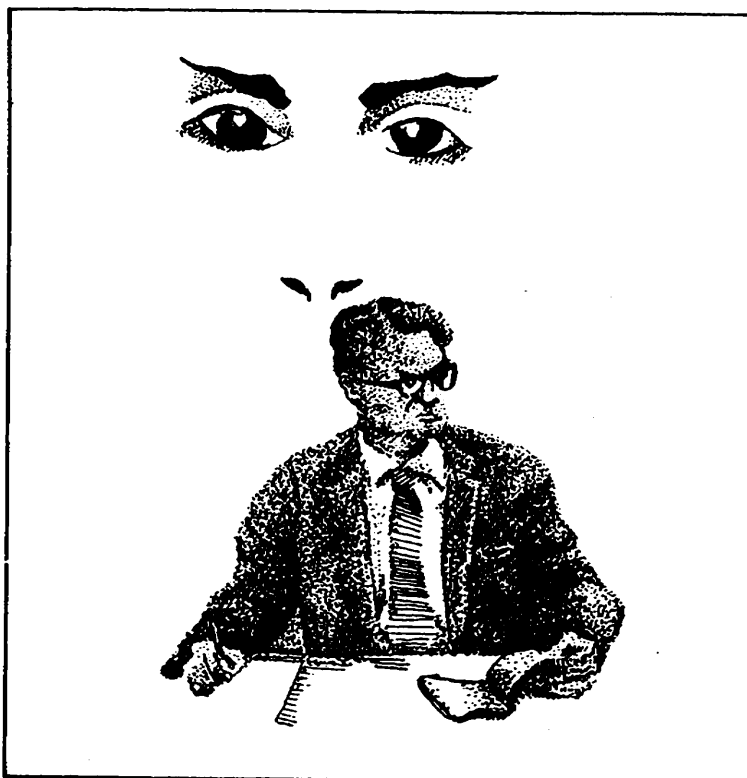
She was home early tonight. Apparently this was one of the rare evenings she'd be eating dinner in. Tom had been watching her for the last few weeks. She was quite attractive: blond hair cut stylishly, bangs parted in the middle and thrown back over the shoulders. Now that it was spring she dressed in light shades, white, beige, tan. Her clothes appeared to be wrapped around her, revealing a very slim, curved body. She worked at her shape. Tom would watch her doing her exercises before she went to sleep. He watched her every night and tonight she had a visitor. So that was why she was dining in! She had company! The man was in his thirties, tall, lean, tan — looked like a tennis instructor, a jock. So that's what she went for — the athletic type — no brains — just body. Probably like her, no doubt. Tom was angry.

He watched them the rest of the evening. He was well aware that he was

Fiction:

THE VOYEUR

By Robin Clark



Graphic by Ken Raymond

invading their lives but this made it all the more appealing to him. At one moment she went to the window and Tom quickly ducked. He knew she wouldn't have liked it if she knew he was watching her. If he had been discovered he'd have been too afraid to continue. She stood there looking out at the street. Tom peeked through the curtains. He saw them leave a little while after dinner. They wouldn't be back tonight.

It was a little while after dinner. They wouldn't be back tonight.

*** It was only 9:30 A.M. and already his desk was piled with work. The other desks didn't seem to be getting as much. He hadn't even had a chance to get a cup of coffee. He looked at one of the office girls near the coffee machine. He really wanted some coffee. All he really had to do was call out if she'd be kind enough to bring him a cup. He decided not to. She might refuse. He buried himself in lines, deductions, columns and tax shelters.

He spoke very little. What was there to say? Yes, he was fine. Yes, we were definitely having nice weather, and...No, nothing was new; nothing at all. The pile of work decreased as Tom worked diligently, steadily. He always worked hard and never had any problems at work. He tried not to get angry at anyone. People have problems with their jobs if they come in late, don't do their work, and worry about other people not doing theirs. If you came to work on time, took exactly the prescribed lunch break (coming back on time) and kept to your own business, there'd be no problems with the job. And the raises would come — if you were patient and waited without hounding the boss. He appreciated that.

Why just this year the boss had called Tom into his office and given him a raise, told him he was one of his hardest workers.

And since Tom hadn't had a raise in a long while (three years), he wanted to show him his appreciation. The boss mentioned that he was pleased that Tom got along so well with all the other employees. He had never heard of any conflicts involving Tom. It wasn't very hard to stay out of hassles if you did what you were told, minded your own business, and had as little to do with your co-workers as possible without appearing rude.

Tom smiled a lot. The people in the office all came to the conclusion that Tom was a nice, gentle stick-in-the-mud. He was damned organized. He knew where everything was in and on top of his desk, knew what had to be done first, what was due when, and in what order to do everything. The forms on his desks were stacked in straight piles. Even the returns he was working on were neatly placed in front of him. Everything was as concise as his centered tie and groomed fingernails.

He had decided he needed a refuge in the apartment, a place to ponder his thoughts, to release the tensions that had built up all day with those figures pounding in his head. The youngest daughter had finally gone away to college and he thought of converting her bedroom into a den for himself.

He hadn't mentioned the den to his wife outright. He simply kept on making sure he got in her way during the evenings with his forms. She had finally gotten so sick of him and his things all over the apartment that she decided he needed a place out of the way to work. He then, ever so carefully, had mentioned the daughter's room. It had such a nice view from the window and it would be pleasant to work beside it. He could gaze out when the work got tiring.

He now had his own den. The desk was placed near the window and he had better lighting and could look out the window

from his seat. He had needed the den. He felt his life had become a hum-drum existence and he had to change it. Life was a box that one couldn't physically leave. Tom had found that there was just one exit. He could leave the box mentally every night at his window. He had found consolation — not with a bottle or in a motel — but through an open window.

She was home already. It was only ten o'clock. She plopped into an armchair and loosened the bow of her shirt. She started to unbutton her cream colored shirt but stopped at the fourth button. She was wearing nothing underneath. She sat in the armchair for what seemed to Tom an eternity. Finally she got up and walked toward the closet, opened the door and took out a Danskin. She was going to do her exercises. Tom smiled.

He liked watching her do them. She would start with sit-ups and progress to leg lifts. Gradually she would move every part of her body until she was leaping and swirling gracefully around the room. More often than not she would miss a step and stumble awkwardly, losing her balance. That confirmed Tom's opinion that she was not a dancer. She became tired. She approached the bed and took the bedspread off. She lowered the covers and propped the pillows and began to take off her Danskin.

He knew that she was undressing slowly for him. She was aware he was watching and she was stripping for him, not in the dark like his wife, but with the lights brightly lit. She had kept the lights on especially for him. The Danskin came down off her shoulders, to her waist, and then dropped to her ankles. She motioned for him to come down, to join her in her bed. He was her favorite lover and tonight she had come home early so she could have him. She shut the light off.

He was with her, lying next to her on the bed. She was all over him, wanting him more than anyone else she had ever shared her bed with and...sex was so wonderful between them...he was so wonderful. Tom climaxed, his hand inside the fly of his pants.

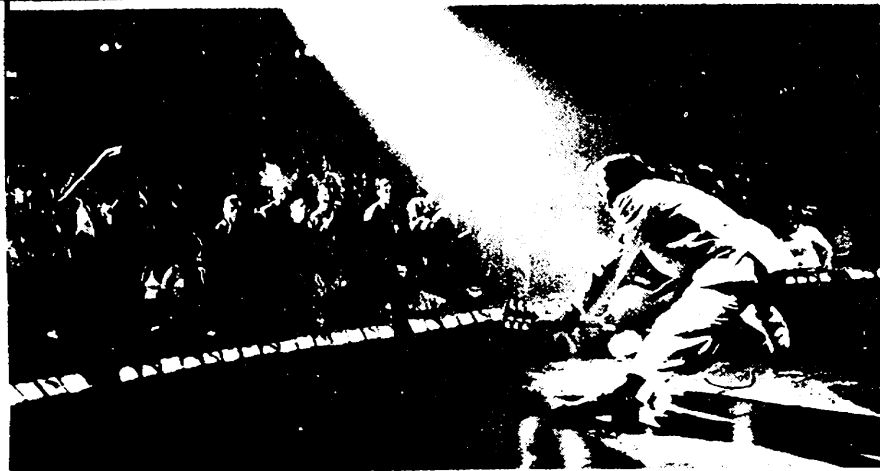
Waiting for the bus Tom thought of her. It surprised Tom that he was thinking of candlelight dinners and walks on a deserted beach at eight in the morning. It bothered him that he was dreaming of her. The dreams usually stopped when the lights went off, but they hadn't these past few days. Today was the deadline for the 1040's to be filed. Tom dreaded this day every year. The office would be in chaos, people running all over the place, everyone screaming and not knowing what to do next. There'd be so much disorder.

It was 9:00 when Tom finally left the office. It was dark and he was exhausted. Everything was a blur on the way home. Numbers and columns were still flashing through his mind.

He saw her. She was just a few feet away from him. They were a block away from the street they both lived on. He felt the blood pounding in his temples. He followed her, trying to avoid catching up, always just a few feet behind. Hearing the footsteps behind her, she turned around. Finding that the man looked unimposing in his business suit and tie, she turned back to the apartment house.

She approached her door step. He followed. He nervously approached the entrance, panicked and quickly turned away. He went home in a slight daze.

The fog gently lifted as he sat in his chair by the window. She was home already. It was only ten o'clock....



Chuck Berry in a scene from 'American Hot Wax.'

Films:

'American Hot Wax': A glimpse at the birth of Rock-and-Roll

BY PAUL DABALSA

*I don't care what people say
Rock-and-Roll is here to stay.*

These lyrics from the 1959 hit record, "Rock-and-Roll Is Here to Stay" encapsulate what *American Hot Wax* is about. It's a heartfelt glimpse at the birth of rock-and-roll — the forces behind it and those trying to destroy it.

Although the film centers around the legendary disc jockey of the late fifties, Alan Freed (Tim McIntire), who is credited with having invented the phrase "rock-and-roll," the movie is neither a biographical account of Freed's career nor a complete look at the evolution of the music. Instead, *American Hot Wax* works as a celebration of the rock spirit, and a needed reminder that at one point in history, this form of music was clearly not as mainstream as it is today.

The film recounts the seven days in Freed's career leading up to his last self-produced rock show at the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre. Freed is seen in the studio playing the forbidden songs of the period like, *Tutti Frutti*, *Splish Splash*, *Reelin' and Rockin'*, and *Sea Cruise*; in his office listening to a constant stream of aspiring young singers audition for him, or being bombarded by record company men to play their records; and in his Cadillac listening to the steady bickering between his secretary (Fran Drescher) and his chauffeur (Jay Leno).

While Freed makes final preparations for his anniversary show, which is marked by personal appearances from Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis,

and Screamin' Jay Hawkins, the local police is developing strategies to foil the performance. The authorities win the battle, when the IRS confiscates the evening's receipts from the box office, and the police order the houselights turned up and the power shut off during Jerry Lee Lewis' set. But rock-and-roll of course wins the war. A young man outside the theatre continues to bang out Little Richard songs on his trusty trash can, long after the show has been stopped. The spirit of rock lives on.

Despite a thin plot, some incongruities (Loraine Newman, playing a fictitious songwriter is credited with writing the existing "Since I Don't Have You"), some far-fetched scenes (Freed ordering coffee and doughnuts for the hundreds of fans waiting on line in the cold to see the show), and a failure to further explore Freed's payola problems, which ultimately caused the end of his career, the film has much to recommend it. For example, it vividly presents the fear adults had of rock-and-roll at the time. When a father bursts into his son's room and yells for him to lower the radio, the scene defines the sharp line rock created between the young and old. Particularly noteworthy are the performances by a fictitious black singing group known as The Chesterfields (Al Chalk, Carl Earl Weaver, Sam Harkness, Arnold McCuller). Also well documented is the rampant hysteria and communal energy the music created.

American Hot Wax holds many such memorable moments. Despite being too young at the time to remember the actual scene, I felt nostalgia through most of the film. If you're a lover of rock-and-roll, I'm sure you will too.

Hollywood views Vietnam

By JEFF BRUMBEAU

After a period in which cinema has been dominated by a plague of disaster and occult films, Hollywood, that ever changing chameleon, now seems to be in the midst of a new trend of retrospection. This is true not only for films such as *American Hot Wax* and the soon to be released *Grease*, both 50's oriented productions, but also for a new batch of released and unreleased movies whose stories are products of the sixties. Interestingly enough, these are not the beach party flicks that came out during and were supposedly about the sixties; neither are they proto-types of the pot and motorcycle crowded *Easy Rider*. Their focus is instead on a much more serious and pertinent subject, that of the Vietnam war. Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*, though not yet in the movie houses, is one of these films. Two other examples now playing in New York, whose treatment of the war vary hugely, are *The Boys In Company C* and *Coming Home*.

The Boys In Company C combines humor and realism in a story about soldiers in Vietnam. The "boys" are five young men (aged 17-21), and we follow them as they're shuffled along the enlistment procedure at an L.A. induction center and then shipped wide-eyed and wet-behind-the-ears to boot camp. Writer Rick Natkin, in cahoots with Sidney J. Furie, who directed and co-wrote the screenplay, assemble just about every stereotype the media has ever blessed us with. There's a good ol' boy from the south, a long-haired, liberal hippie, a Brooklyn-born Italian con man, a fragile literary type, and a slick black drug dealer a la Super Fly. These are ostensibly our every day, common bunch of guys and we're supposed to be drawn to them because of this. Despite the insulting and played-out cast of characters, however, we are drawn to them, but not because of who they're supposed to be, but because of the frightening situation they're in.

continued on page 6

Jazz Notes

New Jazz at the Public

By Frederic Seaman

The spring jazz season is off to a promising start with a New Jazz series at the Public Theatre, (425 Lafayette St.) under the auspices of theatre producer Joe Papp. Jazz concerts are held Wednesdays thru Saturdays at the Cabaret, a cavernous room that seats 200 and has excellent acoustics.

The magnificent Art Ensemble of Chicago, a 5-man group of multi-instrumentalists in the forefront of the jazz avant garde, inaugurated the New Jazz series on March 8. The Art Ensemble, whose New York appearances are all too infrequent, consists of Lester Bowie on trumpet, Malachi Favors on bass, Don Moye on percussion, and Joseph Jarman and Roscoe Mitchell on a variety of reed, woodwind and percussion instruments.

As a buildup for their group concert, several of the musicians appeared separately in earlier concerts. Moye and Jarman gave a spectacular performance (preceded by an intriguing slide show) at NYU's New Music Showcase in Loeb Student Center on Feb. 22, and Roscoe Mitchell played a rare solo recital at Axis-In-Soho on March 5th.



The Art Ensemble of Chicago

Upcoming concerts in the Public Theatre's New Jazz Series will feature the Sam Rivers Quartet (March 29-April 1); Betty Carter (April 5-8) and Anthony Braxton (April 12-15).

I should also mention that Fridays 6 to 9 PM radio station WKCR (89.9 FM) broadcasts a tape of Thursday's concert.

Another noteworthy jazz series is the Collective Black Artists (CBA) Town Hall concerts, which presented Pharoah Sanders in January and, most recently, Ron Carter on March 11.

During the first half of that concert the CBA Ensemble, conducted by Slide Hampton, played his big band arrangements of Eddie Harris' "Freedom Jazz Dance", Miles Davis' "All Blue", and Coltrane's "Impressions." There were excellent solos by Cecil Bridgewater on trumpet, Frank Wess on flute, and others, but the band's greatest asset was its knockout rhythm section featuring drummer Billy Hart and bassist Buster Williams.

Ron Carter joined the Ensemble for the second half, which consisted of four Carter compositions, including his delightful "Little Waltz." It was a most enjoyable evening, except for an offensive barrage of inane hype delivered during the intermission by some asshole M.C. whose name I didn't catch. When will jazz promoters learn to lay off the hype and let the music speak for itself?

Sibi, a new jazz club located at 151 East 50th St., is a perfect setting for small acoustic groups and vocalists. The club has an L-shaped room similar to the Village Gate, but much smaller, and the acoustics are great. The only drawback for the average student is a steep cover charge of \$8. However, if you're willing to splurge after you pick up your BEOG check this week, you can catch Helen Humes at Sibi thru April 1st, followed by guitarist Charlie Byrd (April 3-10).

Two of the City's leading jazz lofts are again holding a traditional April Jazz Festival. *Studio Ricbea* (24 Bond St./Tel. 777-8656) will present concerts each Friday and Saturday evening in April, and *Ladies' Fort* (2 Bond St./475-9357) is planning a mammoth festival with a different band each evening of the month. Highly recommended: The Carla Bley Band and Ryo Kawasaki at the Bottom Line, Sunday, April 2 • Dexter Gordon at the Village Vanguard, opening on Tues., April 4 • The Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet at the Church of Heavenly Rest (90th St. & 5th Ave.), Sun., April 16, 5-6:30 PM.

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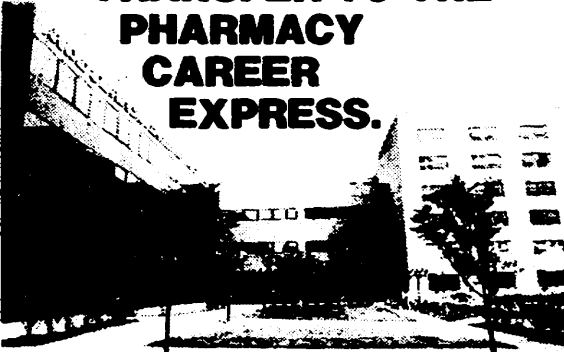
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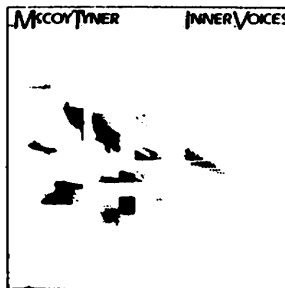
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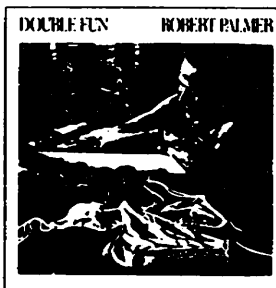


McCoy Tyner
Inner Voices

With this new album McCoy Tyner again demonstrates his unpredictability. Last year's excellent double-LP *Supertrios* featured the pianist in an acoustic trio setting with two different rhythm sections (Eddie Gomez/Jack DeJohnette and Ron Carter/Billy Cobham). On *Inner Voices*, McCoy's ambitious new work, the pianist uses a high-powered big band plus a 7-piece voice choir. The voices function as a separate instrument, adding a joyful vitality to McCoy's spiraling arrangements and melodies.

Only one piece on the album is a straightforward instrumental number ("Uptown"). The LP's openings track, "For Tomorrow", is a lovely trio piece for piano, bass and voices. "Rotunda" and "Festival" are driving uptempo numbers featuring Earl Klugh's acoustic guitar, and on "Opus" there's a spirited sax solo by Alex Foster. Other featured soloists on the album are Jon Faddis and Cecil Bridgewater on trumpets. Jack DeJohnette and Eric Grevatt alternate on drums.

— Fred Seaman



Robert Palmer
Double Fun

Robert Palmer has not made a winning record since his 1974 opus, *Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley*. Three albums later, Palmer has still to recreate the excitement and success of that first effort. *Sneakin' Sally* introduced Palmer's tasty combination of R&B, reggae, and soul, and contains his most memorable songs to date — "Sailing Shoes," "Hey Julia," and "Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley". These songs featured not only Palmer's distinctive phrasing, but also a funky, propulsive instrumental backup.

Since then, Palmer has geared his next three albums around his vocals, undermixing the supporting players. As a result, these albums have lacked the kind of important tension that is created between vocals and instrumentation. There has been little instrumental punch in these last three LPs, and while Palmer's singing has remained competent and pleasant, the songs have all been forgettable. It's unfortunate that Palmer seldom allows the instrumentation to challenge him, because when he departs momentarily from this rule, such as on "You're Gonna Get What's Coming," he is capable of some very satisfying moments. The rest of the time, when he adheres to his stylistic format, the tunes sound hypnotic and fade into the background. A prime victim of Palmer's dominant attitude is his deadpan treatment of The Kink's "You Really Got Me". He takes the original jumping arrangement, and slows it down to the extent that it sounds like a 78 rpm version.

Then, of course, there's lyrics like "In all this heat it's a job keeping cool/ I could fry an egg on you," and "You tease my monkey/ You make my knees feel funky".

Let's hope Palmer reevaluates his current musical direction, overcomes his insecurities, and breaks his losing streak next time.

— Paul Dabalsa

album which jumps with innocent pop energy, probably what you'd expect from the Raspberries/Rascals influence. The music blends multiple vocals and solid guitar work for a sweet, inoffensive pop sound with a strong instrumental base. Lex Marchesi, the principal songwriter in the band, is a strongly melodic writer who can handle rockers ("Can I Please Have Some More") and sensitive ballads ("All There In Her Eyes") with equal flair. The most accessible tune on the album is a borrowed number titled "Where Have You Been All My Life," with the same saccharine tendencies that defined much of the Rascals' work. The rockers ("Say The Same For You," "All These Years," and "Can I Please Have Some More") add an important dimension to Fotomaker's style, which the band should be careful to retain in the future. Although it is the light, clear harmonies which stand out here, it is the instrumental punch which anchors the music and gives it credibility.

— Paul Dabalsa

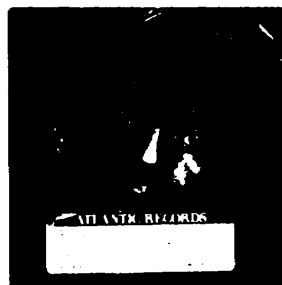


W. Jennings/W. Nelson
Waylon & Willie

Lord help the outlaws. Those brash, uncompromising music makers, at present the most listened to, elite group of songsters that have ever picked a guitar in the name of country music, are getting old. Willie Nelson, unofficial grandad of the Austin-based outcasts, is staring into the face of 50 years and Waylon Jennings, another long-time brawler, isn't lagging far behind. The fast-talking ex-con, David Allen Coe, and the relocated ex-New Yorker Jerry Jeff Walker are both veteran outlaws of good reputation. Both are either near or past 40, and the question is, will these guys be able to continue their wily, rambunctious musical ways much longer?

Well, if *Waylon & Willie*, the new album in which Jennings and Nelson put their head and voices together for some of the best country music being played today is any indication at all, the fire is

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Fotomaker
Fotomaker

Fotomaker's first album is one of the most eagerly awaited debuts in some time, and reveals a promising sense of pop/rock talent. At the center of the band are former Rascals, Gene Cornish (bass) and Dino Danelli (drums), and former Raspberries guitarist Warry Bryson. Guitarist Lex Marchesi and keyboardist Frankie Vinci, both veterans of the Long Island circuit, complete the group.

What's interesting here is the dual production of hard rock master Eddie Kramer (Kiss, Led Zeppelin) and vocal experts Ron & Howard Albert (Crosby, Stills, and Nash). With the exception of Danelli, all the members of Fotomaker are credited vocalists.

The result of this unorthodox production collaboration is an

RECORD REVIEWS

continued from page 6
still in them.

There are 11 songs on *W & W*, 5 duets and 6 solos, all of which are good, some of which are great and none of which are typical sound.

Jennings, formerly of Waylon Jennings And The Wailers, first earned a reputation in Nashville by recording songs that departed from the standard fiddle/peddle-steel guitar sound, utilizing rock instrumentation and rhythms. This caused many critics to label him and others country-rockers or progressive country singers. Whatever, much of this driving music Jennings has pioneered is on *W & W*, particularly in his beautiful "Lookin' For A Feeling" and "Gold Dust Woman". The first features that strong, unyielding bass and percussion line that has become a trade-mark for many of his songs, and there is also that rambling rhythm lead that defied category. "Gold Dust Woman" is very much a rock tune, intense but low-key, never out of control and there's more of that special Jennings brand of guitar picking.

Country singer Tom T. Hall didn't call Willie Nelson the Shakespeare of country music for nothing. Although misunderstood by Nashville as a performer, he was accepted as a song-writer, one of the best, in fact, and two of his songs included on the album give ample justification for Hall's compliment. The finest is "It's Not Supposed To Be That Way", a song about disillusioned love. The rough eloquence of the lyric are a good example of the touching yet hard-hitting kind of writing Nelson is known for. His singing, always personal, always with that same up-front honesty that Hank Williams had, is as good as ever, even better when paired with the dark, striding voice of Jennings.

Both Nelson and Jennings have been making music now for 20 odd years and whatever it is that drives them on is still working. They continue to put out music with the creative energy of a couple of teenagers and are still, they maintain, "wild, mean and crazy." Whether that craziness is smoldering out or not as they grow older is answered best by Nelson in his song "Pick Up The Tempo":

Some people are saying that time will take care of people like me... But little do they see... They really should know that the heat might I go a little faster... So pick up the tempo...

— Jeff Brunbeau



Aerosmith
Draw The Line

The undisputed masters of riff rock appear to have exhausted their supply of tricks. *Draw The Line* is Aerosmith's weakest album to date, with performances that range from the mediocre to the embarrassing. In the past, Aerosmith's fundamental approach to rock and roll has led to some exciting moments, although their self-importance always bothered me. On the evidence of this latest record, this conceit has reached critical proportions.

Nothing on *Draw The Line* rocks with the authority of "Walk This Way," "Same Old Song and Dance," or "Train Kept A Rolling", and nothing builds as heavenly as "Dream On". The new album provides the usual numbing effect of the band's high volume, but without the pleasure that comes from strong melodies. There's little structure to the songs. The overall effect is sloppy

Opop

and cluttered. And while the album contains the band's patented brand of bursting energy, here it is unfocused. The striking absence of catchy riffs will make it difficult even for hard-core fans to find pleasure in these grooves. The general thinking seems to be that fans will gobble up anything the band feeds them. This is the sort of album that is inevitable from a band that believes it is immune to failure. *Dream On*.

— Paul Dabalsa

VIETNAM

continued from page 5

Boot camp is for them a grueling and jolting experience and we're made to feel every minute of it. We eringe and laugh as they struggle through obstacle courses, grapple with an hilariously obscene Sergeant Aquilla, and are relieved of their hair like so many sheep by the camp barbers. They joke and kid their way through basic training but as the time for their departure overseas draws closer, they slowly begin to realize the stark reality of their situation — that they are preparing to kill and to avoid being killed.

Tension builds when the recruits are shipped by boat to Vietnam. That vague terror they felt of the off side back in boot camp becomes much more real now, and when they're shelled immediately upon landing at port, it is an eye-opening justification of their fears.

They see death, they see corruption in their superior officers, they see senseless killings of the natives and even of their own men. But much of this is unbelievable because the director either runs us down with his statements or rushes right by with them. The film has its moments, but they're few.

That same sense of realism *Company C* tries for and misses is picked up and held tightly in *Coming Home*. This is a realism that tears at the guts as well as the mind. The concern here is not so much the making of war as the victims of war, the casualties of lost hope and strayed reason, and the film is relentless in its accuracy. There is death in *Coming Home* but no one dies from bullets; they die from broken spirits.

When Sally Hyde describes herself as a military wife the observation is an accurate one. Most of her life has been spent on army bases, first with her father and then her husband, Capt. Bob Hyde (Bruce Dern). She is a doting wife and an unthinking woman, her views of life and the Vietnam war borrowed from her right-wing husband and the military community around her. Sally has never had to exist or think on her own so when Bob is sent overseas to fight, she suddenly finds herself in a situation in which she must fare for herself.

Wanting to do something now that her husband is gone, she signs on as a volunteer at a Veteran's Hospital and although horrified by the scores of paraplegics and dismembered men crammed into the small and dirty wards, she stays on. Here she meets Luke Martain (Jon Voight), a blond, good-looking old high school classmate and football hero who had enlisted in the army with the same stars-and-stripes bravado as her husband, but who returned as a cripple. He is immensely embittered by his experience, so much so that he is often strapped down to his bed to avoid his doing violence to others and himself. He is at first incapable of reacting to Sally's awkward attempts at friendliness, but time goes by and they eventually become lovers.



Battle scene from 'The Boys in Company C.'

This is a love triangle, but one which is complicated by the times and its implications, the people involved here participants and components of the Vietnam war and its effects. It is a love story and the love that develops between Sally and Luke is without pity, based instead on mutual need. That such feelings can come about and thrive in the day to day turmoil each face is, in the end, the only bright hope in the film.

As a document of an era it is exact and brutal, giving much needed attention to those men who fought for our country, suffered so much, and have been forgotten. Jon Voight, in preparing for the role, spent much of his time in hospitals with paraplegics. Consequently, Luke becomes a character of respect, feelings and more importantly, humanity.

Sally Hyde is a character with particular significance for Jane Fonda since she underwent a similar transformation of ideals herself earlier in her career, from social and political ignorance to outraged awareness. "Coming Home," therefore, is Fonda's baby, her involvement in the project going back five years and her commitment to its quality, along with director Hal Ashby and Voight, inarguable. She, as so often is the case, gives a stunning performance.

Coming Home and *Company C* explore different aspects of the Vietnam war, their intentions often coinciding. But only in *Coming Home*, whose battles occur in the minds of the characters, is that depiction of horror each film initially sets out to bring to the screen achieved.

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— Tony Cooper

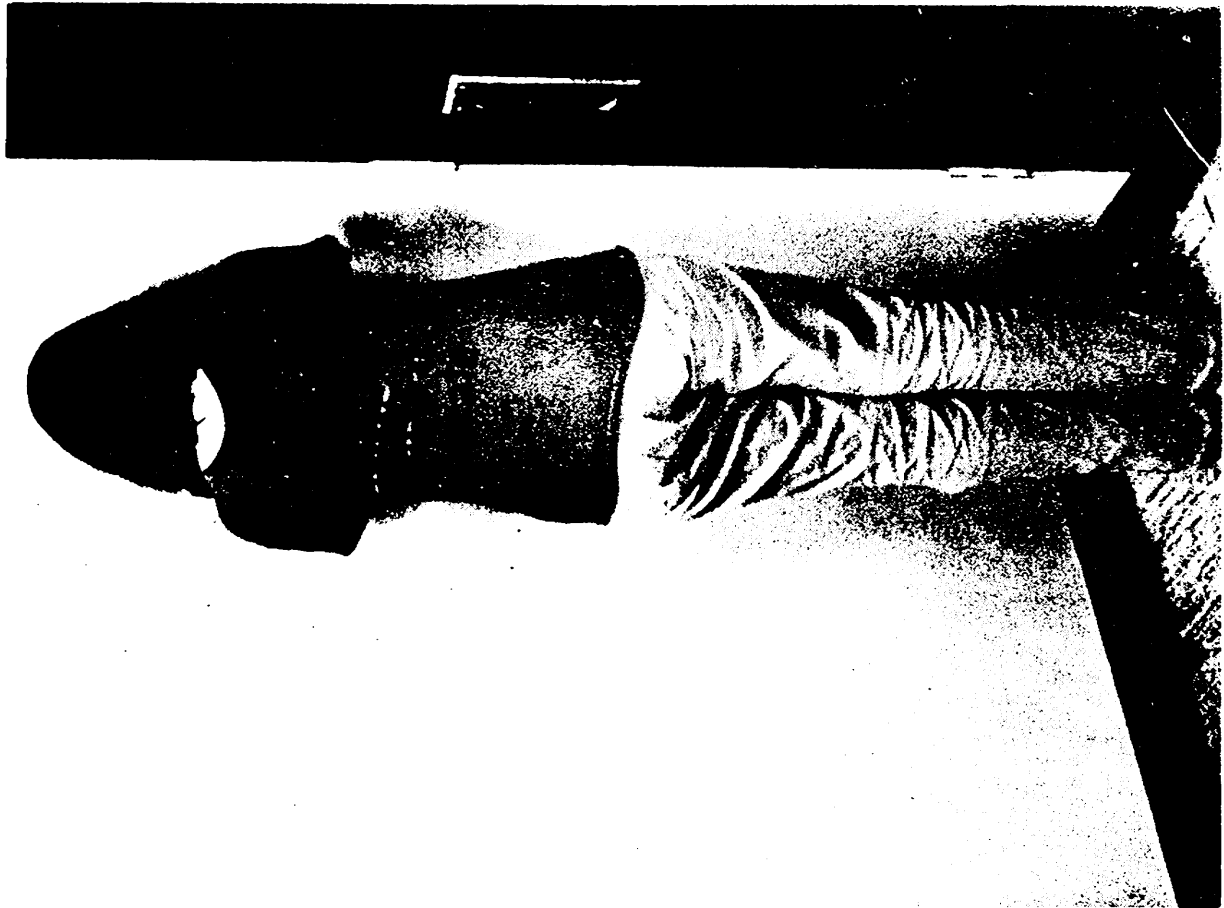
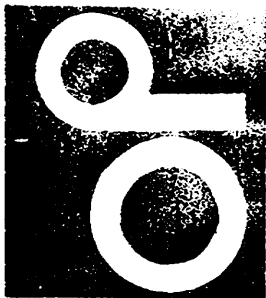
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Here, in the icy bathroom of Diamond Lil's topless bar, I face my assignment: to inform you that I have won OP's Anyone-Can-Edit Contest by an 18 vote lead over Chris Pulakos, and that I have quit *The Campus*. I begin to compose my — 30 — column that *The Campus* won't print.

It was sometime after jerking off in a taxi that the *Campus* memories began to take hold...passing out at a party at the printer's after mauling every male there...cajoling Roger Jacobs over dry, olive-laden gin marinis...serving joints sealed with the saliva of tongues that have probed sweet Christopher Street assholes...I still regret not lacing the Christmas party sangria with LSD-25 and ground glass...exhausted but speeding, trying to catch a nap on a red vinyl couch...slugging gulps of cognac when Saltzman wasn't around to get stories done at 2 a.m....rereading six months of my hacked-out spacefillers — 200 column inches of superficial shit...Peter Rondinone throwing Punk Nussbaums's Bronx Science High School ring into the Hudson River, true to the OP tradition of disposing of the distasteful into a convenient body of water...and sealing this act of vengeance with our first kiss...

At *The Campus* I was the office nigger, the girl who couldn't play with the other kids unless I brought my rubber ball. I was the outsider who people sneered at because of my honesty and depravity. But here, in the declining Roman Empire, Finley 336, honesty and depravity are 30 year-old traditions, encouraged by fourth-estate camaraderie, and cocaine.

— Nancy Meade



All-New 1978 Telephone Credit Card Code Contest!

Short of direct expropriation, about the only way left to gnaw away at Telco's billion-dollar profits is mass consumer action. We all know the so-called Public Service Commissions are creatures of the fascist Bellmonster. This is why the new credit card code is a favorite feature of our readers each year.

So great has been the demand, that we have decided to extend an opportunity to participate to one and all. YIPster Times is proud to announce the first annual Credit Card Contest.

This contest gives you a chance to see what the phone number of your most deserving landlord, govt. official, corporate fatcat or local narc would look like as a credit card number.

To be eligible for the unbelievable first, second, or third prizes (which we can't even mention in print), or at least get your entry listed in the honorable mentions in the next YT, observe the following contest rules:

1.) Take the offending number, which consists of 7 digits, and affix the corresponding RAO number (see table—it's like a secret area code for the operator, but it goes last, not first: the White House at 202-456-1414 becomes 456-1414-032-A.)

2.) Next, match the 7th digit (4561414-032-A) with the appropriate Telco cryptograph-letter (A), using your Captain Crunch Secret De-coder, to get the final character:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
Q Z M A H X F T L R

3.) Be sure to include a brief explanation of what the people at the number have done to deserve this.

4.) Employees of the Telephone Company, their agents, or agents of Telco Security are prohibited from entry.

5.) Send Entries no later than midnite, April Fool's Day, to:
Credit Card Contest
Box 392 Canal Street Station
New York, New York 10013

This contest offer is open to all, but void where prohibited by law. No purchase is necessary, and there is no Blue Box top to send in. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, uniqueness, and validity by a panel of stoned judges, dredged from our editorial staff.

Secret RAO Code

New Jersey	201	091,094	Nebraska	308	237	Toronto	517	478
Dist. of Columbia	202	032,033	Chicago	312	087,088,234	Mississippi	601	069
Hartford	203	020	Michigan	313	013,098	Arizona	602	084,085
Seattle	206	163	Detroit	313	083,183	Vancouver	604	480
Stockton	209	254	St. Louis	314	177	Madison	608	201
Fresno	209	289	Georgia	404	022,083	Minneapolis	612	128
New York City	212	012,017	Atlanta	404	036	Ottawa	613	473
		018,021,023	San Jose	408	280	Nashville	615	047
		024,072,074	Pittsburgh	412	030	Memphis	615	487
Los Angeles	213	048,182,184	Albuquerque	414	088	Boston	617	091
		184,187,232	San Francisco	415	158	Massachusetts	617	037
State Monica/Venice	213	537	Berkeley	415	157	Nevada	702	271
Fluffy	215	041,043	Toronto	416	476	Virginia	703	039
Albany	216	035	Arkansas	501	147	Charlotte	704	318
Cleveland	216	082	Kentucky	606	089	Houston	713	161
Duluth	218	128	Oregon	503	131	San Diego	714	164
Maryland	301	011	Louisiana	504	048	Utah	801	168,269
Colorado	303	163	New Mexico	505	106	Tampa/St. Petersburg	813	182
Miami	305	044	Spokane	509	139	Pennsylvania	614	288
Wyoming	307	137	Ogden	801	188	New York State	914	141