

OP

observation post

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He was my friend

By STEVE SIMON

It only goes to show you that you can live with someone for months, hang out with him for years and have countless conversations with him, and yet you may not know him very well at all. Perhaps nothing could ever prepare you for the morning when — after he hasn't answered your letters or bothered dropping in while he's in the city — he calls to give you the good news. You're about to apologize for not writing after having read a filler in the Times about a journalism society award he won, but he cuts you short and says it doesn't matter: he just won something better, the Pulitzer Prize for Public Service, the one made famous by Watergate's Woodward and Bernstein, the one everyone lusts after but only the best deserve. Who ever thought he would do a thing like that?

I carry few pleasant memories of my time on Observation Post, which spanned the better part of eight years. My friendship with Jonny Neumann is one of them.

If I can be permitted to borrow an image from my favorite network television show, he played Rossi to my Lou Grant, without the age differential or Lou's paunch, of course. He was always earnest, too serious for his own good, and I was never serious enough. And then again he was taller, though he never forgot what it had been like to grow up short.

We met in the fall of 1967, and at the time, I almost ignored him while being caught up in a personal vortex of emotion that managed to feed off both the Vietnam War and the incredible pennant drive of the Boston Red Sox. Neumann came from Queens and was a true-blue Metsie, and so perhaps we found our first common ground as Yankee-haters. There I go with the jokes again, for the truth lies closer to the fact that although I had been on the paper for a year already and had written tons of stories (a feat made easier by never going to a class), I was pretty low in OP's then-rigid hierarchy and found it easier to relate to the new recruits. This was a time when you couldn't walk into the OP office without bumping into a host of inflated though brilliant egos, and I can remember hav-

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Johnny Neumann (r.) celebrates Pulitzer Prize with William Marimow.

Former OP editor wins Pulitzer Prize

A 28 year-old former editor of *Observation Post* was awarded this year's Pulitzer Prize Gold Medal for Public Service, the most prestigious of the twenty journalism awards.

Jonathan Neuman, who joined *Observation Post* in 1967 and was a member of the paper until his graduation from the College in 1971, received the award in recognition of a series of articles he co-authored with William K. Marimow in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. The four-part series, called "The Homicide Files," exposed a brutal Philadelphia police interrogation system in which suspects were beaten with lead pipes, brass knuckles and furniture.

Neumann, a native New Yorker, joined the *Inquirer* as a court reporter in 1976, after working for the Daily Hampshire Gazette in Northampton, Mass., where he won 10 journalism awards in 3½ years.

He teamed up with Marimow, an *Inquirer* staff writer since 1972, for an investigation of complaints about police brutality by homicide suspects and witnesses. With the help of "Deep Nightstick," a source with close ties to the police department, and after interviewing hundreds of victims, lawyers, judges and detectives, their four month investigation revealed "a pattern of beating, threats of violence, intimidation, coercion and knowing disregard for constitutional rights" in the interrogation practices of Philadelphia police.

—Frederic Seaman

Los Punks de Ponce - Centerfold



Ronnie Phillips

Mini Institute nears independence

By MATTHIAS SEAMAN

After two months of uncertainty following the YMCA's withdrawal of support, the Mini Institute (formerly the CCNY-YMCA Mini Academy) is now close to its goal of becoming a fully independent organization. "Thanks to the help of numerous individuals at the College, in the community and in various agencies and organizations," said Bill Burnes, the Mini Academy's director, "We expect to make the transition to total independence on July 1".

However, Burnes expressed disappointment at the lack of support from the College's faculty and staff. As part of its Spring fundraising drive every year, the program mails letters to all College staff and Faculty, and in the past, the organization was able to raise about \$2000 every year that way. This year Burnes hoped to raise \$3000 to \$4000. "Instead", he complained, "We have only received less than \$150 until now."

"Many faculty I spoke with told me that they had forgotten, and that they

would mail us a check; but almost no one has," Burnes said.

New Corporation Formed

In order to make up for the loss of YMCA sponsorship, a new corporation, The Mini Institute, was formed March 20 as the new supervising agency for the Mini Academy. The six-member temporary Board of Directors that has been determining the Corporation's policies will be replaced by a larger official Board after a meeting of the full Board of Directors scheduled for today.

This new official Board will include Ann Rees, Vice Provost for Student Affairs, as the College's representative. Bill Burnes, who has invested his personal savings in order to salvage the organization, has already been elected President of the Mini Institute, Inc.

The YMCA's pullout, however, has left one serious gap. The program will have difficulty meeting basic operating ex-

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Poetry Festival held in Finley

City College's Sixth Annual Poetry Festival, held in the Finley Ballroom on May 5th, once again assembled the poetic voices of young and old in an event that has become a school tradition.



Poet Sonia Sanchez reads from one of her books at poetry festival.

Ronnie Phillips

Kicking off the festivities at 10 A.M. were the typically rambunctious young verse makers from elementary schools around the city. As usual, they stole the show from the beginning with their youthful lack of pretention and contagious exuberance. Following the elementary school kids, the winners of the High School Poetry Contest read, including the recipients of the three cash prizes of \$150, \$100, and \$75, and 15 others who received honorable mentions.

Sonia Sanchez, assistant professor at Temple University and author of several books of poetry.

Ms. Sanchez read selections of her work for 15 minutes, captivating everyone with her soft, sonorous voice and hard-hitting poetry.

Later in the afternoon poets from the teaching staff of the English Department read, followed by students in the graduate and undergraduate writing programs.

The seven hour festival attracted some 1000 listeners, and according to Prof. Barry Wallenstein (English), who organized the annual event, "It was the best we've ever had."

— Jeff Brumbeau

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.

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Editorial

"Rumor has it that last week's issue of OP will be the last," writes Susan Beasley in a column (titled *Death of a campus newspaper*) which appears on page 2 of this week's *Campus*.

"OP, like New York City, has teetered on the brink for the last three years," Beasley writes "and it appears to finally have toppled into the abyss."

Nonsense. Rumors of OP's demise do not materialize out of the blue. They are maliciously spread by disgruntled ex-Op staffers like Susan Beasley. We question Beasley's motivation in writing the piece, which strikes us as an exercise in hypocrisy (Need we remind her that not too long ago, while on *The Campus*, she approached OP editors and attempted to recruit them for her newspaper?)

With friends like Susan Beasley we don't need any enemies.

As for her pompous statement: "Part of the reason why the newspaper is dying (or dead, since if it was alive I would presumably be writing this in the columns of OP...) — what makes Beasley think we would have printed her self-serving, inane drivel?"

OP has been publishing less frequently this year because our budget has been drastically cut from \$7000 in 1976 to \$2000 this term, and unlike *The Campus* we are unable to attract enough advertising to pay for the cost of an issue.

Nevertheless, as evidenced by this issue, OP is alive and well. Weep no more, Susan.

The starving food critic

Anything For A Buck News Service

I'm not Craig Clairborne, which I hope makes you as happy as it makes me. If somebody said, "Hey man, here's 4,00 bucks, go out and have a good meal," I'd run away to Bolivia and live well above the manner in which I'm accustomed for about two or three years. It usually takes me two years to accumulate \$4000 and I've never made more than \$3000 in any year of my life. That may explain why I'm the new *Observation Post* food critic.

Food is one thing I love tremendously, and if it were up to me, there would scarcely ever be any evidence of it in my house. Basically, I can't afford to eat. At the moment, I'm interested in experimenting with how little food I can consume and still keep my heart beating — strictly for financial reasons, you understand. Except every time I open my refrigerator, it seems my roommate, who makes a lot of money, (when you've made \$33 in 1977, anything seems like a lot), has trucked in a half gallon of good banana ice cream, a side of prime beef, a pound of Nova Scotia lox, a tin of soft, chewy chocolate macaroons, a small jar of freeze dried coffee, an entire chocolate cake, a pint bottle of sweetened raspberry syrup to pour over bluberry toasted waffles, and a gallon of pure, organic apple cider. I can't keep my paws off of it, and it makes me poorer, since he insists I pay for my share, which is usually more than his, because I'm always around the house and he works an honest job.

What I'm trying to say is, I'm in no position to be a food critic because I'm so hungry that everything I put in my mouth tastes like manna. The other week, for instance, a friend took me out for breakfast, which I might add is the first time anyone's taken me out for breakfast in the three years I've been living up here. We ate at the Gold Medal Restaurant on 169th and Broadway. The scrambled eggs were slush, the bacon was greasy and soggy, the home fries were cold, raw on the inside, and coffee is automobile drippings. But good God, it was delicious. SI loved it so much, that after I finished my own portion, I ate hers.

Letters to the Editor

Gross: Subjected to 'personal abuse'

The Editor

Although I know that you will be disappointed, I am not printing the balance of my *Saturday Review* essay in the *Observation Post*. I would like to take a moment to offer my reasons for this decision.

Great pressures have been brought to bear upon me since the appearance of my article in the February 4 issue of *The Saturday Review* — forces that must frighten anyone who believes in the university as a place of the mind where all individuals can express themselves openly and where intellectuals must feel free to criticize one another. We live in a society that encourages intellectual timidity — a society that on the one hand produces a *Saturday Review* that imposes a vulgar title on an idea without consulting its author and that, on the other hand — even within the university — turns us into bureaucrats and petty functionaries who acquiesce to higher authorities and to the shifting winds of political pressures. No wonder our educational institutions are in such disarray. It is sad to think that a carefully reasoned essay, really entitled "Open Admissions: A Confessional Meditation" and meant to examine closely our recent past, should so threaten individuals. Are we at City College so intellectually insecure, so caught up in public relations, so afraid to state an idea simply and clearly that we have forgotten the intellectual life for which we have been trained?

When the emotional reaction to my original article subsides and it can be read rationally, I know that it will be understood, as many leading educators across this country have considered it: a critical analysis of one of the most important chapters of the City College and the prelude to a book that will not only elaborate upon the many accomplishments of these years but will also suggest solutions to the survival of the humanities.

In my essay, "Open Admissions: A Confessional Meditation" (reprinted in the March 24 issue of *Observation Post*) no administrator is personally attacked; no group of people is consciously maligned. The only person named in the piece is myself. Yet I have been subject to personal abuse that has little to do with my ideas and that has no place in an institution of higher learning, committed to academic freedom.

Were you in my place, would you now publish any article, however original or imaginative, in a City College newspaper? Would you open yourself up for attacks on your character to be substituted for a discussion of your ideas? No, I think that you would wait — as I will wait — until the whole book is written, and let the wider world make a final judgment.

Sincerely,
Theodore L. Gross
Dean of Humanities

RSB: The issue will not disappear

The following letter was submitted by the Revolutionary Student Brigade:

It's been over a month now since students took over Dean Theodore Gross' office, demanding he either retract his racist article attacking our student body at City, or resign. Since then Gross has purposely kept a low profile and hasn't responded to any of the students' demands. He even reneged until now on his promise to make public the rest of his article. It has become quite clear that he thinks if he just sits on the issue it will disappear. Well it won't, Dean Gross!

For all your ranting and raving about how it took courage to publish your article on Open Admissions (which we believe), your courage seems to suddenly have disappeared. Recently some students along with some concerned faculty challenged you to a public debate, but it seems you prefer to disseminate your views in safe academic circles and not

to the people they will effect. Maybe you're afraid of more student wrath. Well, being a man of "courage" and a believer in academic freedom, maybe you'll have second thoughts on your refusal. Because there are many ready to challenge you anywhere and any time.

In response to Dean Gross' silence a number of us paid a visit to his office on Wednesday, April 26. We told him we didn't like his playing games with the students and asked him what happened to the article he had promised to publish in *Observation Post*. To add insult to injury Gross said he was gonna publish it next month, and we had to remind him that school would be over by then. After a lot of hemming and hawing he said he would put the article in this issue of *Observation Post*. But this came only after we threatened to take over his office again.

NYPIRG defends energy program

To the Editor:

This is in response to Cliff Paino's letter printed in your March 31 issue, in which he describes NYPIRG's energy program as "fascist." Permit me to clarify NYPIRG's (New York Public Interest Research Group, Inc.) energy program for your readers.

NYPIRG favors development of appropriate technology — technology that can supply needed energy without the by products of unemployment, environmental pollution and waste. Right now a huge amount of government funds are being used to solve problems plaguing other energy sources, leaving Solar Energy with less than 15% of the research and development funds.

So why has NYPIRG favored the development of Solar Energy? Sunlight is abundant, dependable, cheap, and a potential source of 75% of humanity's energy needs by the year 2025. A full solar technology would create 2½ times as many jobs as the nuclear industry would. Solar energy also means wind and hydroelectric power. Solar can heat, cool and generate electricity. Right now a cooperative tenement at 519 East 11 Street in Manhattan's Lower East Side has reduced their monthly fuel costs by 53%.

There are now three legal, recognized power

companies in New York City: Con Edison, Brooklyn Union Gas and the people of 519 East 11th Street. NYPIRG feels the list can and should grow to include others.

Lucinda Suarez
CCNY Project Coordinator

New format praised

Dear Fred,

As an avid reader of CUNY student newspapers I must inform you and your staff that I am very impressed with your new format and apparent aspirations for professionalism. Your most recent issues were superb and deserve commendation. Always keep in mind that during these anfractuons times *Observation Post* and other student newspapers are the only reliable means of mass communication with the student body at large.

Keep up the good work.

Ed Roberts
Chairman
University Student Senate

See, Ed, that's the first time we've been accused of professionalism in quite a while. As for your obfuscating choice of words...

Confessions

continued from page 5

hands, drunk. I was there the time he grabbed his wife's tit at the dinner table Christmas Eve while his daughters rolled peas between their lips and watched attentively. I got the feeling that everybody was participating in this myth of the family. Everybody was hiding something incestuous. That held true for my relationship with Debi. I felt all the hands off stuff was a myth. We were conforming to some notion of conduct that had nothing to do with reality.

In High School this feeling stuck with me. I hated dates. They always wanted you to subscribe to some notion of proper conduct instilled in them that I never had. I'd end up twisting arms after movies in dark hallways, telling lies about love, using my knees to pry stubborn legs apart only to be told I was too bold! An animal! I was sick!

I was sick? Gripe.

I went to college. I didn't give a damn about girlfriends, you'd think I was ready for something mature, something steady. Like I said, deviance is a state of mind. It's something you grow into — and that's hard to beat. If I met a girl sitting in the school cafeteria, an intelligent young woman who could discuss women's lib, (which I agree with), I'd not only want to fuck her, but if she was sitting with friends, I'd want to fuck them, too. My constant thought was getting laid. I went over to the discos searching for women with their blouses half open, pale breasts spinning under green strobes, the ones licking tequila and salt from their wrists, girls with fat asses, a fuck!

I don't care for girls with clean teeth and square teeth, clicking their jaws, "My boyfriend this, my boyfriend that!" I prefer the independent ones, with waves of men at their feet, the ones who've been to sea a dozen times.

Is that a crime? Gripe?

I read Oedipus Rex, books on ethics, the Diary of Anais Nin, the Bible. I felt guilty. I needed a place to vent this guilt. I looked for guidance. Forget the church, that was settled in early childhood. I chose a morning radio talk show. The topic was women. I confessed on the air "I've participated in unnatural sex. I've thought of women only in sexual terms." The commentator asked "What's wrong with that?" I didn't have an answer. This led to "Yeah? Huh? Why monogamy? Why should I change my sexual mores because of standards that have never been a part of my reality?" I've seen what conforming can do. The couples at Coney Island, picking scabs from their noses, yattering, "So what do your want to do now?" Haw-Haw. Sticking their chicken-eating, corn-on-the-cob-eating, pop-corn-eating fingers in their soggy belly buttons. Ice skating at Rockefeller Center, their reptile heads all muddy — going arm and arm — disgusting! You've seen them too.

Jean-Paul Satre explained the matter in his favorite terminology. "What we have," he said, "is an essential love. But it is a good idea for us also to experience contingent love affairs. And our relationship would endure as long as we did: but it could not make up for the fleeting riches to be had from encounters with different people. How could we deliberately forgo that gamut of emotions — astonishment, regret, pleasure and nostalgia — which we were capable of?"

I agree. Like the loss of blood, the loss of lived experience, no matter how bizarre, makes for an unhealthy mind and body.

Institute nears independence

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"While our programs have continued to function throughout this period, we are right now having problems in paying for our office supplies, typewriter rentals, and the telephone bill," Burnes said.

Despite its funding problems, the Mini Academy is going ahead with plans to expand its operations after June 31.

"We have submitted a total of seven proposals to the New York City Youth Board, the City's Department of Employment, the Greater New York Fund and other funding agencies," Burnes explained, adding that, "We don't expect all of them to be funded. Funding agencies financial constraints have already forced us to cut down the prospective budgets in some of the proposals we submitted."

Summer Program

The Mini Academy Summer Program, lasting from July 10 to August 25, will provide summer employment for 300 West Harlem teenagers and 165 college students, while offering educational, cultural and recreational activities for 350 schoolchildren who have fallen behind in their school work at Harlem elementary and high schools. Participants are divided into 25 groups of twelve children, and each group is supervised by three high school and one college student. Instruction for the children is provided by 60 College students majoring in Education who earn 3 credits for their volunteer work with the Academy. Other student employees are paid \$90 a week.

All participants in the summer program receive three meals a day, free of charge (The meals are provided by the

Swanson company, under a USDA program). The Mini Academy is still accepting applications from children ages 5 to 13.

Meanwhile, Bill Burnes continues his appeal for contributions to the Mini Academy. "Until our current proposals are funded, we will be facing serious difficulties in meeting daily operating expenses," he stated. "We are in dire need of general contributions, particularly from College staff and faculty."

Tax-deductible contributions should be sent to: The Mini Institute, Inc.; Finley Center, Goldmark Wing; 133rd Street and Convent Avenue; New York, N. Y. 10031.

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CITY COLLEGE STUDENTS WHO ARE ENTERING LAW SCHOOL IN SEPTEMBER 1978 ARE ELIGIBLE.

A committee will interview each applicant and will base their award decision on each candidates academic record, written application and personal interview, in light of the language of each award and the intent of the donors.

Students may submit written work as an appendix to the application, which they feel supports their eligibility for these awards.

The awards will be presented at Graduation in June 1978.

INFORMATION AND APPLICATIONS ARE AVAILABLE AT:

THE CENTER FOR LEGAL EDUCATION
SHEPARD HALL 8

Haywood Burns, Director
Leora Mosston, Associate Director

The Day Student Government Elections will be held on May 22nd thru 26th.

Monday 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Tuesday 10 a.m. — 5 p.m.
Wednesday 10 a.m. — 4 p.m.
Thursday 10 a.m. — 4 p.m.
Friday 10 a.m. — 2 p.m.

Voting machines will be located in Curry Hall, Goethals, Steinman, Shepard, Klapper Hall, and the Science Building.

Books

OUR RIGHT TO LOVE

Edited by Ginny Vida. Prentice-Hall. \$12.95

By NANCY MEADE

"Our Right to Love" is the worst shit that the lesbian/feminist movement has produced. The book is 318 pages long and should be condensed into a nice little pamphlet for all the information rendered. It is subtitled "A Lesbian Resource Book" but the resources are absent. The only thing going for the book is Rita Mae Brown's foreword. She is the best writer in the book (which curiously did not include anything by the most famous of contemporary lesbian writers, Jill Johnston), and she is witty and perceptive.

Reading "Our Right to Love" was like taking 10 mg. valiums every ten minutes. Who wants to read a book about "personal testimonies" of individuals page after page, (unwittingly snuck in between the professional copy)? All this stuff about how hard it is to be a lesbian, how some lesbians have jobs and others have kids, and instructions on making love, like inserting your thumb into her vagina if you don't like the smell and wetness of pussy. Shit, don't go down on her then.

Go suck cock. The whole book has this attitude of us poor lesbians, we got it so bad. Even bad lesbian/feminist "how to" and "self-help" books have an attitude of hey, we're lezzies and we're great. A superior attitude to this one.

Overall, this information is obvious...we've read it in the last six lesbian/feminist anthologies. We know it all. A \$12.95 rip-off of the National Gay Task Force. Lesbians ripping off lesbians for a change??

METROPOLITAN LIFE

By Fran Liebowitz. E.P. Dutton. \$8.50

Sometimes Fran Liebowitz is funny. Most of the time she just sneers. Reading "Metropolitan Life" I chuckled less and less as the subway car moved downtown. In *Mademoiselle* and *Interview*, from which this collection of essays is taken, I often thought she was witty and droll. Now, I think she's a JAP, anti-homosexual, hates polyester leisure suits, and spends most of her life practicing how to kvetch.

The anti-homosexual rap is weird. The other day at the Gotham Book Mart I saw her fashionably-dyke-like mug on the cover of our famous gay magazine, *Christopher Street*. In the issue they reprinted her essay, "Notes on Trick" and go on to write about how clever she is. That essay was tedious, and most of her other comments about the gay world are just offensive.

I advise reading this book only if you enjoy humorless sarcasm and essays that look like the detailed shopping lists of a sloth.

— Nancy Meade

FAMILY MATTER — A PARENTS' GUIDE TO HOMOSEXUALITY

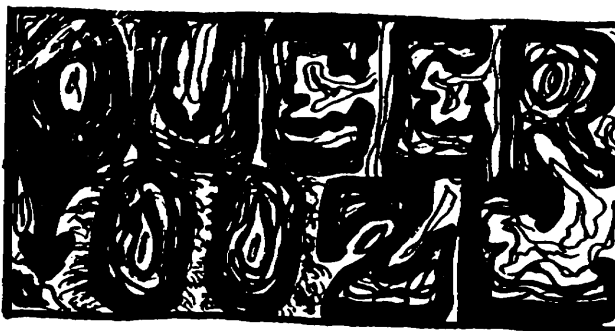
By Dr. Charles Silverstein. McGraw-Hill. \$8.95

We learn from "A Family Matter" that many parents are given the news of their children's homosexuality abruptly and sometimes cruelly; Dr. Silverstein reasons that all members of the family must deal tactfully and honestly with the situation.

He cites case histories in detail so that we may experience the humiliation and guilt often suffered by families. And he does more than that. He soothes, consoles, explains, and informs. The American Psychiatrists Association, and their role in freeing homosexuals from the label of "psychos" and "deviants" is described. The torture many gays suffered at the hands of cops and shrinks is cited, and a brief history of the gay movement is given.

Dr. Silverstein is the founder and director of the Institute for Human Identity in N.Y.C., has a Ph.D. in psychology, and is an experienced sex therapist. He has written a fine book that will help many families deal with homosexuality.

— Nancy Meade



for my favorite bulldish

(note: my 19 yr old sister in N.C. saw me naked with a woman in bed & asked me two yrs later if that means i'm a bulldish. i told her the word was bull dyke and i'm not.)

susie said it was great sex!
it was!
she, as pretty as me!
she, as smart as me! and
deficate, thin-wasted like i, 'm not!
Susie's cat liked me!
the three of us sat in front of a golden fire!
Susie and me sipped B & B!
slipping out of the last nervous stage!
she read to me!
she gave me a drawing of hers!
i showered with her silky soap!
that foamed on my hard nipples!
i sat in her white velour robe!
thinking of the dildo and vibrator
we didn't use, and!
annie said it was great sex!
it was!!

— Nancy Meade

for susie

oh honey,
you are the prettiest!
smiling on my pillows
you who made me cum onstage
in my rhinestone g-string
while men leered at me dancing
i was singing "i might have a chance with you"
"you're my lady love"
my first blue-eyed beauty
and funny, too.

we can do so much for each other
like no man ever does
it would be risking their masculinity
but i'd like you even if you were more famous than me
i'd like to help you get there.

— Nancy Meade

Bars

The Mineshaft

By RICK

Friday night Reggie and I were out doing the town grand. We were at Ty's until closing time. Neither of us wanted to go home. He suggested the Mine Shaft. I was hesitant. I had walked by the place lots of times and wanted to go in, but the stories I had heard, piss in the beer and ice cubes, fist-fucking...well, I'm kinky, but not *that* kinky. Reggie said if I didn't like the place we'd leave. What the hell.

The Mine Shaft is located right smack in the middle of the meat-packing district. How appropriate, right? Pitch black out, except for the entrance light above the door. We walked in, and up twenty steps. There sat the doorman/bouncer, who enforced the dress code. No Gucci or Givenchy. Only flannel, T-shirts, and jeans, if you want to wear anything.

My eyes had not yet adjusted to the lack of light. I didn't see the guy in the corner wearing a hard hat jerking himself off, or the guy getting fist-fucked on the pool table until my coat was checked. I began to doubt my sanity. Reggie took me on a grand tour.

We walked to the back of the bar, then through a small entrance way. Wall to wall men, men, and more men. Two guys hung on something slimey that was suspended from the ceiling. I swear to God, as I sit here writing, one guy had his arm up the other guy's rear past the elbow. Scream is not the word.

Downstairs, we waded through a muck of shit and piss. Groups and couples of men sucked and fucked in little rooms. A guy was sitting naked in a tub of water and urine getting shit on by the man standing over him.

Back upstairs we ordered a drink and Reggie said it was time to go our separate ways for a while.

I don't know how many men I had contact with except that sometime after number twenty-five I lost count.

on finding out you are a bulldish

it was exciting to have found
you wanting me,
as i danced in front
of leering fatmen

it was barry white's thick
sweating lyrics that played
background to a long-awaited
fantasy.

excuse me a moment mister,
i said, and rushed to you
in the bathroom
for a hot five minutes
where we smudged the
make-up masks
on each other's faces,
and underneath found
so much to share.

— Susan

untitled

you're giving me an Adventure,
honey,
you're put a sly smile
into my routine, and
you understand my crazy job
and need for art.
thank you for the first move
and leaving the smell of Halston
in my clothes.

— Susan

When I die I want to be fucked by well-deserving necrophiliacs. Alive, I expect to be single, polygamous, and chick-free. My only husband will be me, my only children my books.

Aunt Terry caught me humping my teddy bear when I was four, and my mother caught me torturing a femal cousin seven years later. They thought I was a sick kid.

Mom's advice to me at fourteen was, "Making love is a beautiful thing, whether you're married or not. Just remember, a man can make love to you, then get up and make love to a dozen other women the same night."

I was a virgin until fifteen, when I was raped by my father's best friend's son, an eighteen year-old weightlifter.

At seventeen I moved out of my suburban, middle-class home and became involved with a thirty-three year-old married man who gave me enemas and gonorrhea for Christmas. He liked me to cigarette-burn his back while we fucked.

I was picked up in the West Village at age nineteen by an attractive stoned couple who took me to their Bleecker Street apartment, introduced me to anyl nitrate and the menage-a-trois scene. She had beautiful round breasts and fingernails that pierced my cunt as she finger-fucked me.

Dispatches From The Errogenous Zone

by Nancy Meade

A topless dancer, I am accustomed to hundreds of men offering me money, presents and adoration because they love my nipples and sweet smile. I say, "You want to hear my piss jokes?"

"Sure," they answer.

"Let me piss in your glass."

"No, let's drink champagne."

I keep the piss jokes coming. They blow \$200 on \$20 worth of N.Y. State bubbly.

Men have tried to "liberate" me from this dead-end job. A Brazilian, a Greek, and a Puerto Rican have all promised me material and romantic bliss if only I would vow fidelity, child-bearing and free house-cleaning services.

My mother fell for that crap. It got her two divorces, a terminal case of high blood-pressure and a strong affection for smoking grass. So I rejected traditional fantasies — romantic love and a happy

marriage. I stopped taking "Leave It To Beaver" and "Donna Reed" seriously. Instead, I found fantasies in literature and sex. Henry Miller's lustful adventures and candid raunchiness seemed more fun than living on Long Island the rest of my life. I dreamed of sitting in Cafe Flores in mink and jeans, drinking cognac and writing about the magical splendor of Paris. Maybe picking up a nice piece of flesh in the evening for a good romp in bed.

In 1976 I fell for a lesbian at a bar in the West Village that was filled with 200 lb. leather dykes. She wore pink lipstick, a tailored suit, and gold earrings. We ate clams at the Riviera Cafe and made out on my corduroy couch. After six months of bliss, a West Coast job lured her away, but we share weekends together from time to time. Each visit reinforces our affection for each other.

An actor who is one of the wittiest and

sexist men I've ever met took me to his apartment where we fucked for so long I didn't know if the sun was rising or setting anymore. We snorted speed and drank cognac and hardly exchanged a word, except for commands like "Fuck my ass," or "Let me drink your piss." It was bliss. Our rapport of three years is sustained by great sex and freedom. A call in the middle of the night will set either of us running for a Yellow Fleet so we can share another weekend of degenerate sex and heavy drugs.

I've prostituted my body when I need a lot of money fast. The "john" is more a friend than a trick, he supplies me with enormous quantities of cocaine, grass, poppers, and money. He fucks me with dildos, shows me raunchy fuck films. I humiliate him verbally and piss on him.

I have a Puerto Rican girlfriend. She's young, cute and sexy. She teaches me street smarts and Spanish. I teach her book knowledge and English grammar. We got together over a language misunderstanding in the bathroom at Robbie's Mardi-Gras a topless joint. I asked her what perfume she was wearing. She said "Kismet." I thought she said "Kiss me," so I did, twice. It was lust at first kiss and we lived together in Puerto Rico for a summer, sharing her Cuban boyfriend. In New York we share my lover-friends and go to lesbian orgies.

Confessions of a male nymphomaniac

By Peter J. Rondinone

Let me begin with a definition: All relationships seek to improve one's self-esteem. When one selects a mate he chooses, in most cases, someone who will overlook his flaws. That is why the lover's quarrel hurts so much, at these times our lover rages: "You're too fat!" "You're too lazy!" Our flaws are no longer sacred, our self-esteem drops. Criticism, no matter how constructive, becomes threatening to the very foundations of the relationship — self-esteem. Hence, no criticism, no self-improvement, no growth! As William Blake said: "Stagnant Water Breeds Reptiles." That is, monogamy is reptilian!

Personally, this is why I've never had a "normal" relationship: One that lasts for more than a month, is filled with long conversations, Sunday dinners with the folks, birthday presents, love letters, and/or engagement rings and interesting friends... something like those Michelob commercials: Six smiling couples at the beach, roasting lobsters in a copper kettle over a bon fire, gentle kisses, handshakes... the sun setting. I'm afraid of reptiles!

Sure. I was in the boy scouts. I learned about being cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent. I learned about morals. But my religious education was colored by my father's maxim: "If God is everywhere, then I can pray on the toilet bowl." (Dear Papa. His confessions: He peed in the holy water, he was an alter boy). Boy Scout camp turned out to be a place where he could do all the bizzare things he wasn't allowed to pursue at home, like pee in someone's canteen, add dead bees, and offer a friend a sip. Or give a friend a Wam-Ba (apply Ben-Gay to his genitals, tie him to a tree). Or, wrap frogs in tin foil, toss them into the camp fire, roast marshmallows.

So I learned about morals. Yet, I'm

sure to the more conservative eye my distaste for monogamy might make me look like a deviate. "One a dose pre-verts! Yaa! I know dem guys. They wanna go to Plato's Cave. Yah. Where the midgets hang out. And have orgies. Very trendy, indeed. Very 70's! Who you kidding? You are really hiding your feelings. You are afraid of commitments. Gads, what is becoming of this world?"

O.K., Gripe! But if you will put up with some of my personal history, perhaps, you'll find your experiences similar, then I'll be a devoted listener. Together we'll work this out. This will be clearer. O.K.!!

So, remember first what I look like. I wear a full-length tweek World War II bomber's coat, and a big black hat cocked over one eye. I bob when I walk and I spit blood on subway walls. I pee at the end of the platform when I feel like and I smoke cigars on the train during rush hour. I break laws. I talk in a hostile tone. Fuck this! Fuck that! Not that I am tough, no! Deviance is a state of mind, not muscle.

Like before I kissed a girl, I had intercourse. Her name was Linda Harper, my sister's best friend, our next door neighbor. I was 10. She was 11. She played dolls with my sister until one afternoon I pressed note in her palm. It said, "Billy told me you showed him your 'thing'. I want some too." To my surprise, she replied, "Yes."

One night, I talked my sister into playing house. Linda wore black leotards. The game went like this:

I was Pa-pa/ Linda Ma-ma/ Sister Ba-ba/ Ba-ba had to make Wawa/ Ma-ma and Pa-pa sat on the bed/ Pa-pa said: Let's Do It Honey?/ And Mama was pink between her legs/ But Pa-pa can't forget her breath/ like stale milk/ And her feeling soft/ frightened/ Rubbing a nomet/ then Jumping Up/ Ba-ba at the door/ crying: Let Me In!

Papa's parents were in the next room. They played pokino and laughed at Uncle Joe's war stories of decapitating Japanese soldiers during the Pacific campaigns. And a week later Papa picked the tiny gold lock on his father's secret cigar box with a bobby pin. He found a deck of French playing cards that he showed Linda. She said, "Let's try that, and that, and that!" (Years later they would learn to apply numbers to all that.) But Papa can't forget Ba-ba catching them under the blankets, naked. So Papa said, "You wanna watch?" He threw off the covers. Ba-ba was jealous. She had lost her best friend. Linda said: "It's fun. Watch. And so Ba-ba got on an adjoining bed, her fist between her legs, and she laughed.

Papa can't forget the night Ba-ba whispered into his ear, spinach on her breath, "I'm a dancer, you're a sailor. Let's do it in the bar." Papa asked "Where?" Ba-ba slapped his face, gently, "Here, you Indian head." Papa got on top of Ba-ba until she went "Wa!" He rolled off, thinking, Did anyone hear?

Someone did. His older brother, and he raped his sister that year. Papa prefers to tell this story quickly and breathlessly. "He tied my hands and feet with garrison belts, forced my head under Dad's bed. Going under I remember a 100 watt bulb, my sister, pink, on hot yellow sheets, a dead roach in a cloud of dust, getting free, finding my brother's fat face seating over the edge of the bed, a large seum bag dripping red, and my sister pretending she was asleep."

Papa's parents were at Uncle Joe's for more war stories and pictures too. Families are such cesspools.

I lived in a poor neighborhood. The South Bronx. One of the few whites. Blacks would stick knives in my football if it bounced on the wrong corner. They'd scribble notes with Magic Marker. "Next time it's your hide." Fridays at Junior High

School 44 was KILL WHITEY DAY! Ho-Ho! I had to be shuttled home under the seat of my 7th grade teacher's Volvo, snorting noxious fumes, praying I'd make it home alive. Among other tortures, they got my sister once. Put a rusty saw to her neck, kicked her in the back, she went down in her sky-blue dress, kicks all around, and crawled under a car until the cops came, crying — 10 years old. Wanted to meet me after school. And yet I tried to believe in all that public school shit about BROTHERHOOD WEEK when just down the block my friends and I were getting our asses kicked cause we was WHITE, our lunch money stolen, our bus passes ripped off, cause we was WHITE. Cause we was WHITE we was supposed to have carfare — money — but my parents were on welfare, but nobody on "Donna Reed" or "Leave it to Beaver" ever said so.

Remember, Linda's mother. She collected deposit bottles from garbage cans in the Bronx Zoo on Sundays. She wore a black cape, smelly socks, and she had a bald spot in the middle of her head — she had survived Auschwitz. And she'd count her change on the kitchen table, sipping buttermilk. Linda and I studied for the city spelling bee, our fingers between us making loud craking noises. Sundays, Linda would collect dimes from girls taking turns as I laid in her mother's bed. I can't forget this one fat girl, Alma, who smelt like pork and rice, and opened her mouth so wide spit dribbled from my chin to my thigh — disgusted I said, "Never again."

But I tried. I had a girlfriend, Debi. We traded rings, the flip tops of Rhinogold cans. I went to her house on Sundays. I smoked a lot, and when we were alone I kept my hands to myself. We called it love. I began to hear stories. The look Debi's father gave her while she was getting dressed in the bathroom. He was peeing, shaking his penis in his oily truck driving

continued on page 3



THE UNBEARABLES HIT NEW

Front page: The Unbearables proudly display their new hit record (L.to R.) Billy Spliff, Nick Vile, Candy Stripes, and Kit Decay (Ruben Hero was arrested prior to photo session). Clockwise from bottom left: Assemblyman Herman D. Farrell (D., 74th A.D.) meets with the Unbearables to discuss the possibility of opening a punk rock venue in upper Manhattan; The group relaxes at their favorite playground; Spliff and Decay at work in their suite at the Pierre; The group horsing around off stage.

Photos by Lonnie Phillips



Over the years, OP has earned an uncanny reputation for spotting new talent. This tradition of predicting tomorrow's recording stars has led to such big-name discoveries as Split Enz, Deaf School, City Lights, Racing Cars, Dusty Chaps, Nite City, April Wine, L.A. Jets, and Chilliwack. We have also been partly blamed for the glorious careers of the Cowsills and Alvin & The Chipmunks. Today, it is hard to imagine that without OP, these groups never would have enjoyed the affluent lifestyle they lead as superstars.

Music circles have been buzzing for weeks over our latest talent find, even though until now we have tried desperately to keep it undisclosed. Insiders feel that OP has outdone itself with this new group. In fact, our staff was so impressed with the band, that rather than just featuring them in our pages, we decided to offer them managerial direction as well. Consequently, *The Unbearables (Los Horribles)* become the first act ever signed to OP Management Inc. And this is the *exclusive* story on this visionary foursome from Ponce, Puerto Rico, who are ready to set America on fire.

For the last year, The Unbearables have been at the forefront of the Puerto Rican punk scene, a musical explosion now ragging through the island. When the group had to suddenly flee to America last month, they were already deeply established as local legends.

We discovered The Unbearables on their second night in the States, pouring their souls out fervently at a dark, cramped, sweaty basement bar in the West Village. They struck us as a group who have struggled with their many limitations, and are still struggling quite a bit. But, for sure, they are fearless entertainers.

Their music is loud, non-melodic, and shamelessly artless. While they are not a musical threat, there is something perceptibly different about these five individuals. Where most groups' trashiness is studied, The Unbearables is genuine. They are doing a tune called "The World Sucks," and Candy Stripes, the voluptuous 19-year-old lead singer, is crawling bare-chested on all fours, while spitting out as much of the lyrics as she can remember. Guitarist Nick Vile gazes out at the crowd as he growls and gargles the harmonies. Billy Spliff, the second guitarist, prowls the stage also scanning the audience while repeatedly striking the same chord. Bassist Kit Decay has quit strangling Candy Stripes who he had pinned down to the floor, and returns to the microphone for some backup

vocals and control. Hero, the drummer, beats, while occasionally the climax of the couple in the first. The number Candy flashes a sardonious grin. They donned their first back of the hall.

The OP New song, and immediate killer group. Be made our first manager, Dee Ja his boys, was seen us after the s their stage act f

B Spliff's mother entertainer.

After a r when he chanc enough cash fo purchase of his spent in New little ability. D Hearthrobs be being told of Rico, Decay re

Spliff tell few qualudes to the clubs. *S mas ardientes* Violados (The Fifty Dogs). were Las Cu Machos (from come).

One nig tackled and during one of Cute." The ' Captain Cru Gusanos (The groundbreaking 'Junk Rock' came. The came the ma But Th Captain Cr contribution of bei



NEW YORK

ted facial expressions. Ruben r, pounds away without missing a onally snarling into the mike. At ong, Candy reaches over to whip a row in time to Vile's power chord- comes to a crashing finish, and mile at the couple, who have aban- row seats and are cringing in the

vs staff vomited after the second ately the others agreed to sign this fore the night was over, we had managerial decision. The group's y, who had insisted on a fair deal for t back to Ponce. The group inform- how that they had had to tone down r this engagement.

Spiff was born and raised in nce. He is the only group member to ne from a musical background. His her was a Mexican who would uggle marijuana in bass drums. was a not-too-respected nightclub

ispendent youth, Spiff's big break came ed upon the wallet of a tourist, with a plane ticket to New York and the first guitar. During the 30 days Spiff York, he met Kit Decay, a bassist of ecay had just quit an outfit called the cause they couldn't keep a beat. After he music scene sprouting in Puerto rned with Spiff to Ponce.

the story. "Kit and I would drop a with some Jose Cuervo, and go down ome of the hottest groups or grupos at the time were Los Maricones, Los Raped) and Los Perros Calientes (The But the two top bands on the circuit arachas (The Cockroaches) and Los h which future Unbearables would

nt, The Cockroaches' guitarist was rrested by local authorities on stage the group's songs, "I Don't Wanna Be Roaches broke up, and their drummer, nch, joined Kit and I to form Los e Earthworms). The Worms were a ng new group. We coined the phrase hich became enormously popular in Unbearables, of course, ultimately be- sters of junk rock."

e Earthworms didn't stay together. nch went on to fulfill his lifetime am- ng a hotel manager in Sun Juan. Decay,

however, had by this time shackd up with Crunch's baby sister — Candy Stripes.

Meanwhile, in San Wich, California, a college town outside of San Pedro, Nick Vile was contemplating suicide or worse yet, writing a song. Vile had recently lost his day job at Arby's, and his band was changing its name to Vitalis, and turning into a fifties nostalgia act. Vile finally bombed the watering hole where Vitalis was to perform one night, and fled to Puerto Rico.

Spliff and Decay met Vile at The Rusty Can, a Ponce junk rock hangout. They were impressed by Vile, especially his reputation as the "King of Unmemorable Riffs." They had been thinking of assembling a new band, and Vile would fit right in. Not only could they use a second guitarist, but Vile's proclivity for violence would persuade club owners to book the band. When Los Machos disbanded a month after, their drummer, Ruben Hero, joined Spliff, Decay, and Vile to form the Unbearables.

Soon after The Unbearables were performing regularly around town, Decay asked Candy Stripes — his old lady — to get a job and help out with the rent and drugs. Candy suggested she could join the band, and was voted in 3 to 1.

"We became a considerable more joyous bunch after Candy joined," recalls Hero, with a grin "She's very accomodating." Candy is indeed an asset to the band. Her showmanship is natural and she will spare no effort in getting the audience's attention. Vile calls her the groups' secret weapon.

Three months after Spliff, Decay, Vile, Hero, and Stripes joined forces, The Unbearables were the most popular group on the Puerto Rican punk circuit. The press called the band "amusing," and referred to their music as "semi-coherent." They had worked hard for these rave reviews.

At the moment the group is being hotly pursued by major record labels. Vile, who has emerged as their leading songwriter, and at the same time has been accused of hoarding his better material for solo albums, says he has enough material for a triple Lp. Some of the current songs are "I Am Dead," and "The World Sucks" (both testimonials), "Deranged and Craving" (their magnificent anthem to junk rock), "Who Needs You?" (a celebration of friendship), "Gag On This" (a tearjerker) and "I Was Born This Way" (Decay's personal statement).

And what does the future hold for these Unbearables? The most important thing is that they will benefit from strong management. OP will make sure they get seen with the right people. Maybe a summer tour as openers for The Rolling Stones. Most likely they'll participate in "The Rock 'N' Roll Sports Classic: Part II. Or they'll sign with Capricorn Records and get to visit the White House. But for sure they'll get their pictures on the cover of Rolling Stone.



Paraquat poisoning: How to test your stash

It has become a fact of life for pot smokers that the cannabis they smoke may be contaminated with paraquat, a poisonous chemical pesticide that since 1975 has been used to destroy marijuana fields in Mexico.

This program, instituted by the U. S. government in an apparent effort to curtail the amount of pot entering this country from across the border, is still going on despite nation-wide reports of paraquat related illness. The main danger the intake of paraquat poses, it is agreed among pharmacologists and toxicologists, is the damage (possibly permanent), it can cause to lung tissue. It has also been concluded that paraquat is highly toxic and has no known antidote.

There is a great deal of misinformation concerning paraquat. One misconception in particular is that the government spraying

program has been terminated. This is untrue. It is in fact still going on, so it is likely that contaminated pot is still entering the States. There are ways however, of testing for paraquat that are easily accessible to the general public.

Pharmchem is an independent research company located in Palo Alto, California. Over the past few months they have become the place dedicated pot smokers have sent their stash to be checked for poisoning. The procedure for having your pot examined is simple. First, you fill out a card specifying the city and state you live in, how much of the dope you bought, how much you paid for it, and which country you were told it was imported from. (This information is used for research purposes only). You then decide on any random 5 digit number and include it on the card.

(This will become the I. D. number for your sample of pot.) Next, take a joint's worth of pot and send it, the card, and a five dollar check to: *Pharmchem Research Foundation, 1844 Bay Road, Palo Alto, CA. 94303.*

Call them five days later at (415) 322-9941, give them your I.D. number and they'll give you the results.

Another way for checking for paraquat poisoning is by performing the test yourself. To do this you'll need a chemical called *Sodium Dithionate* which can be obtained at any wholesale drug distributors. The price is five dollars but it goes a long way. At home you take a joint's worth of pot (cleaned), add one teaspoon of water, and agitate gently — don't shake it violently up and down, just swish it around so that the water mixes with the pot. After 15 minutes you'll have a brownish/yellowish liquid

which you will separate from the leaves. To do this you can use filter paper or a very fine strainer. Next you mix 100 mg. (about the size of your smallest fingernail) of *Sodium Bicarbonate* with 100 mg. of *Sodium Dithionate*. If, when you mix these two chemicals with the brownish solution, it turns bluish-green, paraquat is present.

The problem with this form of analysis both in the lab and at home, is that the procedure is sensitive only to high levels of paraquat contamination. It is conceivable, therefore, that although there is no indication of paraquat in a given sample, the chemical might still be present in small amounts. And because researchers are still relatively in the dark about its effects, it is unknown if small quantities of paraquat become stored in the lungs and if so, what the long term effects are.

— Jeff Brumbeau

Reelin' and Rockin'

'I Wanna Hold Your Hand,' 'FM' & 'The Last Waltz'

By PAUL DABALSA

If you don't know by now, the new wave in motion pictures is pop music. After "Saturday Night Fever" became an international hit, and the soundtrack turned into the largest grossing record of all time, one could easily predict the deluge of similar films which would follow. Movie studios and pop entrepreneurs have once again struck up a gainful relationship, which will result in the release of about a dozen pop films this summer.

Motion picture studios and record companies are after basically the same audience, 16-40 years olds. And because the music business has surpassed the motion picture business in terms of volume, it is logical that filmmakers are suddenly looking to pop music for ideas. A publicist at Capitol Records says that the future of popular music is in films. This can be good or bad. Good in the sense that we may have more films like *The Last Waltz*, and bad because it is equally likely that we will have more films like *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* and *FM*.

Hollywood's Kiddie Market

These three very different films were released simultaneously last week, to equal amounts of fanfare. But after seeing these three representations of pop culture, it is clear that Hollywood has not altered its perception of rock n' roll as a kiddies' market. Of the three films, only *The Last Waltz* which was produced by the Band and directed by Martin Scorsese (assistant director on *Woodstock*), deals with the subject in a serious manner. *The Last Waltz* which documents The Band's farewell performance in San Francisco on Thanksgiving Day 1976, has been in the works for one and one-half years, while both *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* and *FM* give the impression of having been rushed into production.

The Last Waltz is a celebration of The Band's 16 years as a performing unit. In the course of these years they were an integral part of the music of Ronnie Hawkins and Bob Dylan, both of whom appear on the film, along with a host of other guests, including Neil Young, Van Morrison, Joni Mitchell, Eric Clapton, Dr. John, Emmylou Harris, Paul Butterfield, the Stapels, Muddy Waters, Neil Diamond, Ringo Star, and Ron Wood. The Band performs their best known material, plus play backup to their guests. The result is a three-record soundtrack. The emphasis of the film is on music, with short conversations with members of The Band squeezed in between numbers. The film is meticulously crafted, and builds nicely to a memorable climax when all the guest stars get together onstage with The Band to sing "I Shall Be Released."

A Glossy View of Rock Music

The selection of guests on *The Last Waltz* suggests that the film is more an offspring of the music business than the film industry. In making the film, The Band assembled musicians which have made significant contributions to the evolution of rock music. *FM*, on the other hand, boasts a list of artists that have developed followings only in the last few years, and are negligible in the overall



(Top photo:) Martin Mull plays a narcissistic D.J. in 'FM'. The Band's Rick Danko (l.), Levon Helon (drums) and Robbie Robertson at their last public appearance, documented in 'The Last Waltz! (Below:) Teenagers mob Beatles' hotel in a scene from 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand.'



scope of the music. Among these are Jimmy Buffet, Linda Ronstadt, Tom Petty, The Outlaws, Foreigner, Boston, Dan Fogelberg, and Player. This problem is common to almost all music films which are produced by Hollywood rather than the music industry. Invariably, these films present a glossy rather than in-depth, meaningful look at the current state of contemporary music.

FM is the story of a fictional Los Angeles radio station, QSKY, and the six jockeys who are as much superstars as those whose music they play. "Mother" (Eileen Brennan) is one of the two obligatory female jocks, who, like Allison Steele (WNEW's 'Night Bird'), has a catchy nickname and works the 10 p.m.—2 a.m. shift. She tucks her audience into bed and reads them bedtime stories. There is also the token black DJ (Cleavon Little) who calls himself "The Prince of Darkness", a cowboy (Alex Karras), a wonderfully eccentric womanizer (Martin Mull), station manager (Michael Brandon), and his girlfriend (Cassie Yates). Mull is terrific in his role, and Brandon's neatly trimmed hair and beard, dress jeans, and satin jacket casts him perfectly as the typical, hip, young music executive.

The plot is predictable. A new, highly ambitious Sales Manager is assigned to QSKY by the President of the conglomerate which owns the station. The Sales Manager wants to cast clouds on QSKY by programming more commercials and less music. Naturally, the good guys manage to keep the additional commercials off the air, and preserve their FM station.

Beatlemania on Screen

While *FM* shows us the behind-the-scenes of rock n' roll, *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* looks at the fans, those suburban 14-year-olds who flock to the city on weekends for a show. Actually, the film revolves around five high schoolers from New Jersey who try desperately to meet the Beatles during the group's first visit to New York in 1964. One of the girls, Pam Mitchell (Nancy Allen), finally does get into the Beatles suite at The Plaza Hotel. The Beatles are out doing a soundcheck for their performance that evening on The Ed Sullivan show, but Paul McCartney's bass is still in the room. Pam throws herself on the floor and makes love to Paul's bass, in what constitutes the film's most erotic and best scene.

While we never actually see the Fab Four (only a filmclip of them stepping off the plane in New York), we are continually subjected to the manic hysteria which followed them around.

Like *American Hot Wax*, the first of the current pop films to be released, *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* tries to recreate an early period of excitement in popular music. But the latter is cheapened by incongruities, slapstick humor, and the striking studio recreations of New York landmarks.

If *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* reflects the target audience at which Hollywood is aiming its pop films, the film studios would fare better by producing cartoons.



Jazz Ensemble playing in Shepard Great Hall during recent concert.

CCNY Jazz Ensemble Plays new piece by Ed Summerlin

The College's Jazz Ensemble, which has been invited to play in an avant garde jazz festival in Cambridge, Mass., later this month, offered a glimpse of its new repertoire in an afternoon concert held in the Shepard Great Hall on April 27.

The band consists of some 20 student musicians under the direction of Prof. Ed Summerlin, a respected jazz saxophonist and composer. His original compositions are usually the highlight of each performance by the Jazz Ensemble, and Thursday's concert was no exception.

Summerlin's newest work, titled "Chords and Lines," is a typically demanding piece with complex changes and tricky horn riffs, but the band acquitted itself superbly (Summerlin is presently completing work on another new piece to be premiered at the jazz festival in Cambridge.) They also did two numbers ("The Madhatter" and "Coronation Blues") by Jose Louis Greco, a talented student composer. Among the featured soloists were Kenneth Swindle on trumpet, Bill Bickford on guitar, Kim Clark on bass, Adam Nussbaum and Paris Wright on drums, and saxophonists Fred Wilson, Doc Halliday and Tom Grund.

The College's second ensemble, (a lab band for less advance musicians, headed by Bob Norden) was

also featured in the program with two jazz classics, Charlie Parker's "Yardbird Suite" and Miles Davis' "All Blues."

Norden and the internationally renowned band-leader and composer George Russell recently joined the College's prestigious jazz program, which already boasts pianist John Lewis (a founding member of the Modern Jazz Quartet) as a faculty member. The program, taught under the auspices of the Music Department and the Davis Center for The Performing arts, is designed to give students rigorous training in jazz improvisation and theory that will enable them to succeed in the professional world.

Several musicians in the band are active in various local groups, among them sax player Fred Wilson and guitarist Aaron Brown who are members of Soular Caravan, a fusion group, and Tom Grund, who works with a jazz band in Brooklyn.

Another handful of band members have played with well known jazz figures: Drummer Paris Wright has toured with Thelonious Monk, and trumpeter Kenneth Swindle has appeared with Ray Haynes' Hip Ensemble.

The Jazz Ensemble's most successful alumni so far is Rodney Jones, a 20 year-old guitarist who is a mainstay of Dizzy Gillespie's group.

—Frederic Seaman

Rabbit Test: 'Bananas' in drag

By DEBRA O'BRIEN

I'm about to review a movie that's been hatched by the critics: *Rabbit Test*, comedienne Joan Rivers' directorial debut.

It is a very funny, warped, irreverent movie playing to near empty theaters because of (a) low budget advertising, and (b) poor reviews. Now anyone knows that empty theaters and comedy don't mix. Laughter is communal. Laughter is contagious. Laughter is a communicable contagious disease. Every theater should have at least one laugh-belching fat man who consistently fills in a laugh in the right place (That's why canned laughter was invented). No one likes to laugh alone.

I sat through this movie twice (I've always been slow to get a joke) on a weekday night at Loew's 83rd. The first screening was at 6 P.M. There were at most six people in the theater. Laughs were as few and far between as the hair on Kojak's head. Second screening, the audience size doubled. There was even a rambunctious laughter in this bunch. The only problem was he kept dropping his rum bottle whenever a paroxysm hit. With my new laughing companion I proceeded to laugh my head off, too.

This movie is Woody's *Bananas* in drag. It is the story of one man's joys tribulations and as he approaches the goal that Holly Woodlawn would give all her manicured nails to reach—childbirth.

At the movie's outset, the hero, Lionel Carpenter, belongs to a largely extinct species: he's a virgin. This matter is cleared up when he meets up

with his ex-marine cousin Danny, an arm-twisting Romeo who extols the benefits of making it with Vietnamese orphans because "they have no parents to tell." Danny bulldozes him to a local U.S.O. headquarters where Lionel is "raped" by a woman who acts exactly the way you'd expect Anita Bryant to act if she woke up one morning to discover herself a nymphomaniac.

The madness accelerates as we meet new characters. There's Lionel's 300 pound albino sister Melody, who the family predicts will become a "a big tap dancer someday" and whose yearly measurements are lovingly graphed on the living room wall—horizontally; Lionel's fiance Serouka's Russian gypsy family, who've learned traditional American values from T.V. commercials—they spray their food and plates with Lysol while the mother tells fortunes in the next room (to a sailor: "You will take a long journey by water") and for an additional fee draws sensitive conclusions ("You will drown.")

Along with Lionel, you will take a global tour. Read the graffiti on the Great Wall of China. Watch a certain prime minister adorned in an elephant-embroidered Playtex girdle fret that Lionel's birthing will result in "overpopulation". See the world's first dumb Polish television set. Whatever you do: see *Rabbit Test*!

A word of caution: Don't expect to catch all the jokes the first time. They're packed in like sardines. I'm up for a third round myself.

Jazz Notes

Loft Festival in Soho

By Frederic Seaman

The Ladies Fort, a Soho jazz loft founded by singer Joe Lee Wilson in 1974, last month celebrated a grand reopening under the new management of bassist Hakim Jami with an April Jazz Festival that featured a different group each evening of the month. Jami has enlarged the ground-level loft into a spacious music room, and has also added a snack and beverage bar.

During the first week of the festival I caught alto saxophonist Sonny Fortune doing a refreshing hard bop set backed by a powerful rhythm section made up of bassist Reggie Workman and drummer Joe Chambers. The final weekend of the festival featured the highly individualistic, experimental music of guitarist James "Blood" Ulmer (on Friday, April 28) whose high-powered quartet included June Booth, a well-known bassist who has recorded with McCoy Tyner and many others.

Rashied Ali, one of the great modern drummers (and proprietor of Ali's Alley another Soho club) played the Fort on Saturday, and a ten-piece group led by Hakim Jami concluded the festival on Sunday, April 30. Playing with Jami were the excellent alto saxophonist and flutist Jimmy Vass, trombonist Kiame Zawadi also featured on Euphonium, and vocalist Irene Datcher, who did a lovely rendition of Cal Massey's "What Would I Be Without You." Collectively known as Ancestral Ties, the group also included a remarkable cellist, Akua Dixon, whose breathtaking solos were all too brief.

Ancestral Ties and a quartet led by Jimmy Vass with Ms. Datcher on vocals will be appearing regularly at the Ladies Fort (located at 2 Bond St.) For additional information on the Fort's summer schedule, call 475-9357

Sun Ra at the Public

Last weekend Sun Ra and his Sound Structures From An Unknown Planet Jazz Arkestra (the space poet has always had a penchant for catchy titles) played in the New Jazz Series at the Public Theatre, where I caught their last set on Saturday. The Arkestra was as overpowering as ever, although I was somewhat disappointed that Fletcher Henderson, who was rumored to be making a guest appearance, was not in evidence that night. The Arkestra almost made up for it with a memorable version of Miles' Davis classic "Round Midnight," with an electrifying trumpet solo by Abdullah.

Today and tomorrow the Public Theatre (425 Lafayette St.) present two living legends on a double bill: Mihal Richard Abrams (playing solo piano), followed by the great Archie Shepp. Shows are at 8 and 11 p.m., and the early show is preceded by a 7:30 p.m. screening of "Berger On the Go," a documentary film about vibist Karl Berger.

Tribute to Duke Ellington

The Collective Black Artists Ensemble recently honored Duke Ellington in a Town Hall concert that featured three of the greatest living tenor saxophonists in jazz. The first half of the concert was devoted to a medley of Ellington tunes arranged by Slide Hampton, the C.B.A.'s musical director. Clifford Jordan was the featured soloist on "Come Sunday", followed by Frank Foster on "In a Sentimental Mood," and George Coleman on an unusual uptempo version of "Sophisticated Lady."

The second half consisted of music written by Hampton and based on Ellington themes, again featuring the Ensemble's all-star sax section, as well as Bob Cunningham on bass, Onaje Allen Gumbs on piano, and Idris Muhammed on Drums.

Sonny Rollins Radio Marathon

WKCR (89.9 FM), the Columbia University radio station whose excellent jazz programming (1-3 and 6-9 p.m. daily) provides welcome relief from WRVR's bland commercialism, this weekend embarks on a 4-day Sonny Rollins Festival. Starting at 6 p.m. this Saturday (May 13), the station will broadcast—in chronological sequence—the complete recordings of Sonny Rollins, including rare sessions and unreleased tapes, 24 hours a day through Tuesday. The station has in the past broadcast festivals devoted to the music of Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker, Lester Young, Eric Dolphy, and, most recently, Roy Eldridge.

Highly Recommended:

Swing Era Jam with Ram Ramirez, thru May 15 at the West End (B'way & 118th.) • Renee McLean Sextet, May 16-20 at Ali's Alley (77 Greene St.) Also: Ted Daniel & Energy, a 17-piece big band, every Monday • Woody Shaw, May 16-23 at the Village Vanguard (7th Ave. South nr. 1st St.) and June 1-4 at the Bottom Line (15 W. 4th St.)



Hakim Jami (r.) and Joe Lee Wilson

OPOP RECORD REVIEWS



The Vibrators
Pure Mania

According to reports, The Vibrators are one of the top punk groups in Britain. Until now, this LP had been available in America only as an import, but popular demand has justified its release here. Like most punk outfits, The Vibrators, if short on commercial potential, are long on passion. They command a full sound with riffing guitars, thunderous bass, crashing drums, and keyboards which serve as the unifying thread. The lyrics are slurred and difficult to make out, but when they do come across they are no more complicated than most punk vocals. For a debut effort, however, *Pure Mania* contains some strong tunes like "Into The Future," "Baby Baby," "No Heart," "London Girls," "Petrol," and "You Broke My Heart." The Vibrators look to mid-sixties British rock to define their style. In fact, the best tracks here, "Baby Baby," and "You Broke My Heart," could easily have been contained in Lenny Kaye's *Nuggets* collection.

—Paul Dabalsa



Patti Smith
Easter

Easter is a marked improvement over last year's *Radio Ethiopia*, and one of the best rock 'n' roll records so far this year. It signals Patti's return to form after a disastrously produced second album and a stage injury which disabled her for six months.

The new songs are the best she has written since her transcendent debut in 1975. Among these are "Till Victory," "Privilege," "25th Floor," "Rock 'n Roll Nigger," and the album's tour de force "Because The Night." The latter, a song which Smith cowrote with Bruce Springsteen, alone surpasses everything on

Radio Ethiopia. On "Rock 'n Roll Nigger," Patti sings "Outside of society/That's Where I Want To Be/Outside of Society/That's Where I Was Meant To Be." From any other artist these lyrics would seem pretentious, but not from Patti. She delivers them with the same honesty and conviction that's at the heart of all her music. Producer Jimmy Iovine has done an admirable job of returning Smith to the forefront, while at the same time not understating the hard-drilled precision of the band.

This is one of the most important bands currently making music, and now that Smith realizes that she needs to collaborate with producers who are as visionary as herself, she may indeed become the great figure of Seventies rock which she has always thought herself to be.

—Paul Dabalsa



Barry Wallenstein
Beast Is

This adventurous jazz/poetry album features Barry Wallenstein reading his poems, with instrumental accompaniment by pianist Stanley Cowell and bassist Cecil McBee, two outstanding figures in contemporary jazz. It is an ambitious work that successfully integrates the two elements into a cohesive whole.

Wallenstein explains in the liner notes that he wrote many of the 22 poems on the LP with jazz in mind, and in Cowell and McBee he has two sensitive collaborators who are remarkably attuned to his poetry.

Most of the poems on *Beast Is* are culled from Wallenstein's recent book of poetry, "Beast Is A Wolf With Brown Fire," and the author reads them with a passionate, breathy voice that floats above the music and assaults the listener's imagination with vivid imagery. Much of Wallenstein's poetry deals with weird experiences and encounters in the urban jungle, and there is an undercurrent of irony and dark humor, anxiety and paranoia in many of his poems.

Throughout the album Cowell and McBee embellish the poetry with thoughtful jazz improvisations that underscore the mood and imagery the poems convey. The music also builds fluent transitions between poems, so that each side of the LP provides a con-

tinuous and engrossing flow of words and music.

Beast Is, distributed by AK•BA Records (P.O. Box 1737, NYC 10027), is a significant contribution to jazz/poetry, a genre that has traditionally met with a great deal of resistance from the jazz establishment.

—Frederic Seaman



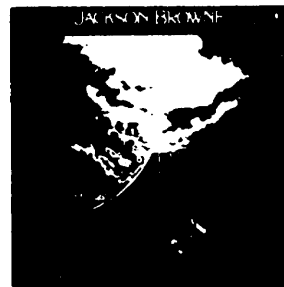
Bob Marley
Kaya

Bob Marley has come up with more synonyms for marijuana than High Times would ever care to print. *Kaya*, the title of his seventh album for Island Records, is yet another name for the magical herb. The idea seems to be to combine the mysticism attached to *kaya* and Rastafarian lifestyle, with a slightly unusual brand of pop-oriented reggae. This combination should succeed in reaching larger audiences, while the music maintains those elements which helped make it popular in the first place.

"Is This Love," may be Marley's most accessible composition to date, proving that reggae can be as catchy as California rock. In it Marley confesses love through lyrics like "I wanna love you, and treat you right/I wanna love you every day and every night." It shall be interesting to see this song and "No Woman, No Cry" together on a future Best of Wailers collection. But while *Kaya* does sacrifice socio-political messages for an aura of happiness and sentimentality, the good feelings generated by the music are enough to satisfy hard reggae urges. Marley's magnificent waiting is still the focus of the arrangements, although the band is continually proving that it can do more than provide backup.

The euphoric material here provides the LP with its apt title. "Easy Shanking" is typically breezy and laid-back, with the chorus "Excuse me while I light my spliff/Oh GOD I gotta take a lift." Then there's the title track with its chorus, "I feel so high, I even touch the sky/Above the falling rain." Other strong tracks are "Running Away," and "Crisis." As is strongly indicated on *Kaya* only an intelligent, gifted artist like Marley can reach for mass appeal without diluting his style.

—Paul Dabalsa



Jackson Browne
Running On Empty

Where the majority of "live" albums are merely summations of the artists' career, and a means of giving extra time between studio albums, *Running On Empty* is special because it consists entirely of previously unrecorded songs. It's the sort of experiment that only a first-class craftsman like Jackson Browne could make work. The LP is a powerful testimony of life on the road. The songs were recorded on stage, in hotel rooms, and on a running bus, in order to fully capture the pensive, lonesome moods of touring. Yet Browne's rich, clear production and seamless arrangements, allows the sound quality to equal that of the finest studio albums.

Browne is one of America's most intelligent songwriters, a mainstreamer who has managed to remain respectable. His music is appealing and commercial, full of sentiment, and delicately balances heartwarming vocals and smooth, professional accompaniment. But Browne is careful not to wallow in past glories, always pushing to surpass himself. And *Running On Empty* ranks with his finest works.

The LP contains no filler. Every track is delightful, from the opening title song to the strong conclusion of "The Load-Out" and its segue into "Stay". The usual regiment of sidemen play flawlessly behind Browne, as every note is fastened securely into place. It is obvious that a great deal of care was taken on this album. The concept was well thought out and magnificently executed. There is an abundance of high moments in the 42 minutes of music.

Although many performers have tried, life on the road has never been more beautifully stated.

—Paul Dabalsa



Garland Jeffries
One-Eyed Jack

Garland Jeffries is one of the many experience-hardened

musicians from that anything but elite school of survivors. A son of lower-middle class parents and a native Brooklynite, he has been scuffling since 1965 for a solid and secure place in rock 'n roll.

Time hasn't treated him well. Since his abandonment of a career in art history and his entrance into music, he's gone through two record companies, four unsuccessful groups, two albums that barely paid the rent, and in the interim, even had to do time as a waiter to get by. He's always been a sweetheart of the press but generally a stranger to the public, at best a cult figure.

Last year his album *Ghost Writer* earned him wide critical coverage but again, few sales. Every day is looking better though. Jeffries' latest release, *One-Eyed Jack*, has selling power scratched into the grooves.

Garland Jeffries is a rocker for the working class. For the most part *One-Eyed Jack* is a collection of songs with a street conscience, an urban awareness that is written for and about that neighborhood kid who is a loner. This is music for cruising, music for stalking the avenue. It recreates the rhythms of the street with sheer youthful energy and lyrically examines the hit-and-run romances and desperation of those who exist here. But unlike Bruce Springsteen, whose urban material sometimes mows down the listener with a barrage of images and musicians, Jeffries handles his songs with a light hand, using understatement and lean, sharp-edged arrangements.

The title track, "One-Eyed Jack," is the best example of Jeffries' brand of music. It's rock with a rawness to its simplicity and an unavoidable power in its unobtrusiveness. The lyric, which is about a love triangle between a down-and-out (One-Eyed Jack), a pretty boy (Ace of Spades), and a beautiful girl with dollar signs in her eyes (Queen of Hearts), threatens to become romantic and cliched, but Jeffries brings it off in good style with the immediacy and personality of his singing. *One-Eyed Jack* is an urban epic and in fact sounds like music made from a street corner.

More of the same good sounds are heard in "She Didn't Lie", "Keep on Trying", and "Oh My Soul". Particularly enticing with the ever buoyant voice of Phoebe Snow is "Reelin".

Jeffries composes and sings an individual kind of music and in a time when songs are being released that are imitations of imitations — that's a rarity. The folks who buy records, however, are not always interested in rarities and that means people like Jeffries are sometimes destined to hover at the periphery of fame. *One-Eyed Jack*, though, has the potential to win the singer his long sought for attention, but if it doesn't, chances are good he'll continue writing and recording as usual. He is, after all, a survivor.

—Jeff Brumbeau

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October 23	La Traviata		November 6	The Bartered Bride	November 13	Carmen	October 30	The Bartered Bride
December 11	Aida		November 20	Luisa Miller	December 4	Luisa Miller	November 27	Luisa Miller
January 8	Elektra		December 25	Hansel & Gretel	January 1	Carmelites	December 18	Don Pasquale
February 12	Don Carlo			6:00 pm	January 15	Don Pasquale	January 29	Aida
February 19	Madama Butterfly		January 22	Madama Butterfly	March 5	Die Zauberflöte	April 9	Norma
March 19	Die Zauberflöte		February 26	Ariadne auf Naxos				
April 2	Parsifal 7:00 pm		March 12	Norma				
			March 26	Der Fliegende Holländer				
Tuesdays		2	3	4	5			
October 3	Otello		September 26	Tannhäuser	September 19	Billy Budd	October 10	Werther
October 17	Fidelio		November 7	Carmen	October 24	Fidelio	November 14	Aida
October 31	Rigoletto		December 12	Don Pasquale	November 28	Carmen	January 9	Tosca
November 21	The Bartered Bride		January 2	Elektra	December 26	Elektra	February 6	Madama Butterfly
December 19	Tosca		January 16	Tosca	February 27	Rigoletto	March 6	Ariadne auf Naxos
January 23	Werther		February 13	Ariadne auf Naxos	March 20	Der Fliegende Holländer	April 10	Parsifal 7:00 pm
February 20	Don Carlo		March 13	Der Fliegende Holländer				
April 3	Eugene Onegin		March 27	Billy Budd				
Wednesdays		2	3	4	5			
September 20	La Traviata		October 4	Billy Budd	October 11	La Traviata	September 27	Billy Budd
October 18	Werther		November 1	La Traviata	November 29	8:30 pm	November 8	Rigoletto
November 22	Aida		November 15	Rigoletto	December 27	The Bartered Bride	January 3	Tosca
January 17	Luisa Miller		December 6	Carmen		Hansel & Gretel	January 31	Werther
February 7	Tosca		December 20	Hansel & Gretel		7:00 pm	March 7	Don Carlo
February 28	Don Carlo		January 10	Carmelites	January 24	Luisa Miller	April 11	Eugene Onegin
March 28	Norma		February 21	Die Zauberflöte	March 14	Madama Butterfly		
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November 9	Aida		October 12	Rigoletto	October 26	Rigoletto	November 2	Carmen
November 23	Carmen		November 16	The Bartered Bride	November 30	Luisa Miller	January 4	Don Pasquale
December 21	Don Pasquale		December 28	Hansel & Gretel	December 14	Carmen	February 1	Madama Butterfly
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March 1	Die Zauberflöte		February 8	Don Carlo				
April 12	Der Fliegende Holländer		March 15	Ariadne auf Naxos				
			March 22	Norma				

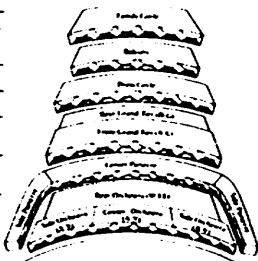
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He was my friend

continued from page 1

ing to assure the Neumann kid that he had made the right decision by joining us instead of Campus.

It was also a time when you could place your faith in the fact that the term would be disrupted and maybe even final exams postponed by one good cause or another. OP was so well connected to the student movement that at times demonstrations would be timed to our production schedule. We got to know our local police better than our professors. And when no one was demonstrating at City, Neumann would travel down to NYU or Baruch or some other place and bring back a story on what they were protesting about.

In spring 1969, the momentum dramatically shifted from the whites to the blacks and Puerto Ricans, climaxing in the two-week takeover of South Campus. But the two of us somehow snuck onto the chained-off campus, walked into Finley Student Center and offered our best wishes to the new occupants. We also joined the "Huey P. Newton Hall of Political Action," the whites' annex in Klapper Hall. But we didn't last; our revolutionary friends were just too much for us. So we rededicated ourselves to the greater glory of OP and worked our asses off to produce a paper that would be in the racks as soon as classes resume, staying up all night the day before we had to go to the printer in order to put final touches on the editorial. As it worked out so often, I took care of the lead and he provided the body of the piece.

As two of the better-connected student journalists on campus, we made friends with a lot of working press reporters who were assigned to City during the front-page crisis. We fed them leads, especially Neuman, who pulled off a coup by helping to convince a dean who was caught between the students and the administration that he should resign from his post.

Shortly afterwards, I started working as a copyboy at the Post on the lobster shift, midnight to 8 a.m., and when Jonny said he could use the money, we started calling him in. Besides, he would drive all the way up to the far reaches of the Bronx and take me down to work in lower Manhattan. Our best night was the one in which we left at about 2 a.m. to get the food order for the starving copy editors and rewrite-men and decided to make a detour to the Upper East Side before going to Chinatown. We were going to track down that crazy heir to an oleomargarine fortune (Michael Brody was his name, I think) who had announced he was going to give away all his money. We were going to take the money and bring OP to the masses. We staked out his apartment building for about an hour and then finally noticed his chauffeur in an all-night coffee shop nearby. He brushed us off with a well-placed curse, and we returned to the Post at 4 a.m. empty-handed, except for plenty of shrimp lo mein.

In spring 1970, I agreed to give over some of the reins of OP power to him, and we share the editorship. For the OP history file, it should be noted that he finally pressured me to try an offset printer. Nothing the dailies are just getting around to now. Our first issue with the new process was memorable. We were enjoying our semi-annual suspension by the Student Senate, this time over our allegedly disjointed financial records, I

think, when the special search committee named by the Board of Higher Education to find a new City College president came up with a University of Rochester Physics professor named Robert Marshak. (Whatever happened to him?) We had a special source on the committee who leaked us the information: me. With characteristic gall and Jonny's encouragement, I had wrangled one of the two seats reserved for students on the committee so I could get the inside story.

When the time came to vote for Marshak, I was the only one to vote no (hear that, Dean Gross?), not because I had anything against the man (I still don't), but because I hadn't exhausted my own list of nominees nor the Board's liquor supply. Probably I also wasn't ready to produce the special issue we had planned. After all, it was about this time that I had to be literally carried out of a Student Senate meeting prior to a vote on whether to reduce our budget and clamp more controls on us.

We still had not received funding when Neumann and I convinced the new printer to print the issue anyway. I wrote the lead story, he did the second lead, and we filled out the four-pager with my "Confessions of a Teenage Kingmaker" (Fred Miller contributed the apt headline). We printed 8,000 copies, stashed it in Jonny's bedroom (which not so coincidentally is where I now live), and sat back and waited for Marshak to accept the offer.

Unfortunately, he took longer than anyone expected, as he haggled over his official residence or some such nonsense, and my news story became dated. Unbelievably, we reprinted the illegal issue, ran it off again and distributed it the morning before the official announcement, driving up Convent Avenue while screaming, "Extra! Extra!" The night before, we told the Senate what was up and pressured the executives into authorizing payment for the issue.

I don't remember the rest of that term very well, except for the fact that Jonny and I always seemed to be arguing over what to do about the front page. He lost interest in news stories and began doing lengthy feature pieces. I'll never forget having to argue at the printer once about whether our lead story was going to be a goof about OP disbanding and its members forming a rock band (see the centerfold of this issue for the coincidental fulfillment of this idea)

That's why I really wondered about the guy when he left the apartment we were then sharing to move to the dream-like Berkshires and his first daily newspaper job. I never thought he could stomach the minutia of small town affairs and meetings. I was sure he would become stir-crazy, return to New York and settle into magazine writing. I certainly wouldn't waste any time out of New York. But once again, I underestimated his limitless drive and determination. He accepted the conventional advice about making it in the sticks and worked it to his advantage.

At age 28, he is now at the top of his profession. (Does the Pulitzer committee know he can't spell?) I am proud and I am envious, and at the same time, I kind of feel sorry for him. What has he got left to shoot for? How silly of me. He'll just keep producing significant stories and winning those prizes.

Hey, Jonny, save one for me, huh? After all, didn't I teach you everything you know?



-30-

By **FREDERIC SEAMAN**

The first draft of this column was close to 30 pages. It included a detailed account of my four years on OP. Due to last-minute lay out changes I find myself with 13 column inches. There goes all the profound analysis, witty anecdotes and juicy gossip.

When I joined OP in the fall of 1974, Steve Simon, a hold over from the mid-sixties, was in his last term as editor, and Bob Rosen, the *Outlaw Journalist*, was in his prime. In the second issue of that term Rosen printed in his "Mind Ooze" page (the second and last) a graphic by his friend Bobby Attanasio depicting a nun masturbating with a crucifix. In the ensuing scandal, legislators in Albany introduced several bills aimed at cutting off funds, thus effectively wiping out the entire student press in New York State. Fortunately, reason and CUNY lobbyists got the better of them.

Nancy Meade was toying with the idea of doing a "live" recreation of that infamous graphic, in this issue. Unfortunately we never got around to it. Recently, I grabbed Campus editor Jerry Saltzman and laughed, "we're running a live nun, man."

He promptly squealed. Three days later I was besieged with calls from hysterical bureaucrats imploring me not to test the limits of free speech. Even though the Nun photo didn't make it into this issue I hope we still titillate, offend and disgust you.

Before I run out of space I want to get to the most important part of this column. I want to thank Bob Rosen, Steve Simon, Herb Fox and Peter Grad for sharing their knowledge and experience with me. I also want to thank Marc Liptitz, with whom I shared three unforgettable years as editor and whose wit and enthusiasm made life in Finley 336 more bearable. Paul Dabalsa, for encouraging me to stay till the very end, turning me on to drugs and plugging me into the rock scene. Jeff Brumbeau, OP's resident poet and roving cultural correspondent, for putting up with my editorial quirks. My brother Matt, OP's *Mini-Academy* special correspondent. Ronnie Phillips, our intrepid photographer, for service above and beyond the call of duty. And thank you, Nancy Meade, for having the good sense to enter our Anyone-Can-Edit Contest, win it, and knowing how to take advantage of the unlimited creative freedom OP has always offered.

LAST NIGHT THIS BOY SLEPT ON THE FLOOR OF A BAR OF ILL REPUTE



In the morning, drunk with whiskey and desperation he stumbled outside to search the streets and his own mad visions. Tonight if you happen by the bar where he spends his lonely hours, you'll be sure to find him there, alone at a corner table, drinking — if he's still alive.

You see Jeff is a writer, a poor writer, a tortured writer. He's told he has talent but the cruelty of poverty has thwarted his predestined rise to fame. And so he drinks. He drinks to excess. Dr. Tooley down at the neighborhood clinic has told him his liver can't take much more but, Jeff is weak. And so, life for him goes on.

But there is hope: YOU. YOU can help Jeff if you make \$50,000 a year or more (negotiable stocks and bonds accep-

table). You can **BECOME A PATRON OF THE ARTS.**

Take him into your penthouse or country estate, soothe his world-weary mind with the diversions of the good life. Burn his thread-bare clothes and cover him with Cardin, Laurent, Givenchy. Allow him the unequalled qualities of a Mercedes (customized), of Roederer Cristal (chilled to 37 degrees), of steaming consommé (not too robust, please). And you. What's in it for you? You will have the rich pleasure of having saved the life of a destitute writer. You will have insured the world of the priceless treasure of literature. (Monetary gifts presented to the arts are tax deductible. Address inquiries to Jeff, care of *Observation Post*.)

BECOME A PATRON OF THE ARTS

Spanish Poetry
The Annual Spanish Poetry Festival will be held on Friday, May 19, from 11:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. in Bowker Lounge (Shepard Hall basement). Faculty, students and poets from the community will read.

Alumni Reunion
CCNY's Class of 1963 is holding a 25th Anniversary Reunion on Sunday, May 21, 1-5 p.m. in Shepard Hall. Students and faculty interested in attending the gala reunion please call 690-4192 for more information.