



Vol. 61, No. 2 THE CITY COLLEGE Wednesday, November 8, 1978

NOVEMBER 3
 Concert: The Caribbean Students of City College present steel drum music at 7:00 p.m.

NOVEMBER 10
 Concert: Bandleader/composer Gil Evans performs at the Great Hall in Shepard.
 Film: Richard Pryor stars in "Which Way Is Up?" at the Finley Ballroom (Finley 101) at 12, 2, and 4.

NOVEMBER 16
 Concert: Jazz Performance by Jose Greco at Shepard 200 at 12:30 p.m.
 Concert: Band B performs with Bob Norden directing at the Great Hall.

NOVEMBER 17
 Film: "Fritz the Cat" at Finley Ballroom (F 101) at 12, 2, and 4.
 Poetry: Imamu Baraka recites in Finley 330 at 12 noon

NOVEMBER 20
 Concert: Western Wind Vocal Ensemble at Shepard Hall

NOVEMBER 28 — DECEMBER 1
 Play: "In The Wine Time" by Ed Bullins at Shepard Great Hall. All performances at 7:30 p.m., except November 30, when there'll be an additional show at 12:00 noon

Boycott forces the end of a Saga

BY ALEX CORONEOS

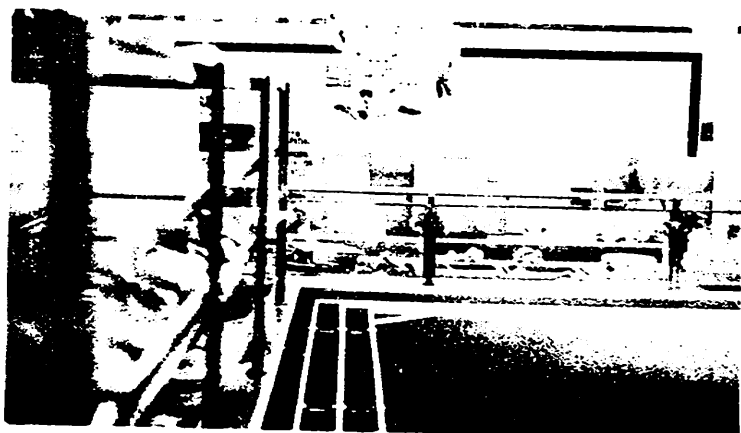
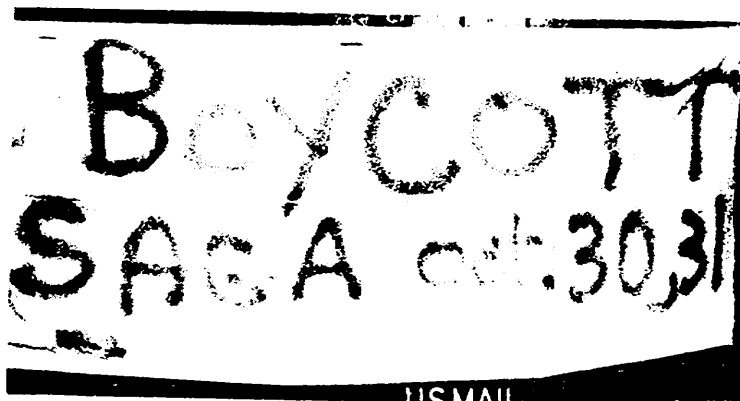
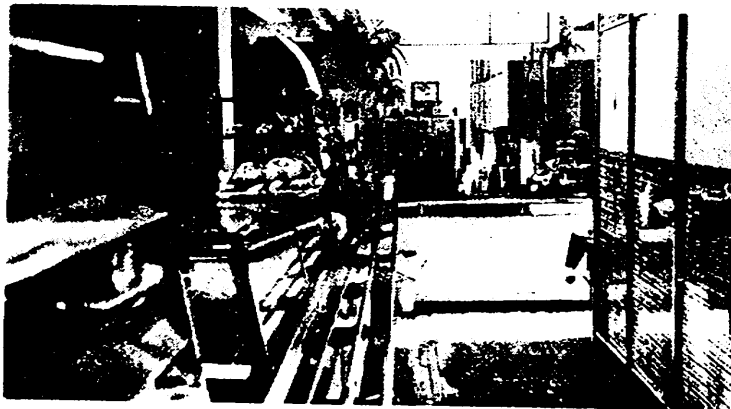
The College has apparently reached the end of another Saga.

Students who boycotted the two main cafeterias Monday and Tuesday last week won a major victory when the concessionaire, Saga Dining Halls, quickly caved in and promised to close up shop in the near future.

The cafeteria operation has long been a target of student complaints about its food, service, sanitation, prices, and operating hours.

On October 30, with leaflets flying and loudspeakers blaring the Student Senate launched its two-day boycott of Saga. Student Senators stationed at the cafeteria entrances talked boycott-sense to students and provided free coffee and cake. Most students steered clear of the Saga sloop and gobbled the Senate provisions. Some contributed donations for the snack, and signed a petition.

Saga responded with an unprecedented four-for-a-dollar hamburger sale in a futile attempt to offset the boycott, but by late Tuesday afternoon officials from Saga's California headquarters called Richard Morley, the College's Business Manager and announced they would leave City College February 1, 1979. Morley felt Saga would abide by their contact, which mandates they give 90 days notice before discontinuing service, because "they are a reputable outfit" and assured us that "the quality of their service should remain about the same as it is now."



Saga receives its just desertion

However, the College is now forced into the problem of finding a replacement for Saga, and Morley even raised the specter of keeping the discredited company on campus indefinitely.

Robert Ross, Chairman of the Food Services Committee, asked what would happen to the cafeteria employees after Saga leaves. Morley answered "they just might find themselves out of work." Dean of Students Ann Rees, who chaired the meeting, said that after Saga departs City College will be without food services in the North and South Campus cafeterias indeterminately.

Ross suggested organizing the street vendors on Convent Avenue. Morley objected because all the vendors would have to be bonded, insured, and paid the minimum wage (too a difficult task). He went on to call the vendors illegal, and accused that "they take \$100,000 in business away from City's food services now." Since City receives a percentage of Saga's profits, when Saga loses money, City loses money, too.

Morley suggested three short-term alternatives to provide food services in the interim between Saga's departure and the arrival of a replacement. The first was that "we run it ourselves," because the College has qualified people to run the cafeterias temporarily.

His second alternative was to contract a food service firm for one or two months to oversee the cafeteria operations. In such a case, the company would provide a director and two managers, but "we would pay a really high premium for their services."

The third suggestion was to keep Saga for several months, and pay them more than their contract demanded! Morley noted that Saga would probably agree to stay, since "they're going to lose a hell of a lot of money when they leave in February." Despite protest from the Senate and students, Morley will ask people at Saga if they are receptive to the idea.

The committee members plan to visit several New York City college cafeterias to compare food services and find one for City. They will visit the campuses of Bronx Community, Queens, Brooklyn, Lehman, York, Hunter, Pace and Manhattan to sample meals and talk to students and cafeteria personnel.

Observation Post

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

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| Nancy Meade | Editor-in-Chief |
| Paul Dabalsa | Senior Editor |
| Ronnie Phillips | Photography Editor |
| Bob Rosen | Military Affairs Desk |

Contributors: Jeff Brumbeau, Alex Coroneos, Danny Haber,
Mary Jane Murgolo, Bobby Attanasio, David Braumbach.
Faculty Advisor: Michael Keating

Observation Post, The City College of New York, Finley Student
Center Room 336, Convent Avenue & 133 St., New York, N.Y.
10031. Telephone: 690-8182/3

No More Paraquat

In a major victory in the continuing drive to stop the use of dangerous herbicides on marijuana fields in Mexico, the House and Senate gave final approval to Congressional language effectively banning further use of U.S. funds after October 1, 1978. The measure was signed into law by President Carter on September 27. The provisions concerning herbicides were included in an amendment to the Security Assistance Act in the House/Senate Conference Committee after each chamber passed a different version originally.

Senator Charles Percy (R.-Ill.) and his committee staff deserve tremendous credit for developing support within the Senate for original approval of this amendment, and subsequently for winning Conference Committee approval over the objections of Rep. Lester Wolff (D.-N.Y.). Reps. Henry Waxman (D.-Calif.) and George Miller (D.-Calif.) led the anti-paraquat forces in the House and also deserve our sincere appreciation and support.

Language was added in the Conference Committee indicating that the ban would no longer apply if methods could be devised to adequately warn the consumer that the sprayed marijuana was contaminated. The State Department's consultants have concluded that their efforts to color the contaminated marijuana by adding a red dye to the paraquat have not been successful. Until a method can be devised whereby aerial spraying of herbicides will result in a coloring process which "will clearly and readily" warn potential users, further use of U.S. funding for this program is no longer legally permissible.

FRANKLY SPEAKING ... by phil frank



COLLEGE MEDIA SERVICES box 4244 Berkeley CA 94704

Letters

Mind Ooze

Dear OP:

Like so many other people born into this benighted, neurotic society, I was sexually frustrated. My imagination served up tempting scenarios of exotic fucks, but the reality of malodorous excretions and sweat-slimed bodies left me retching and upset. A small shitstain could ruin a carefully staged tableau; I was a mess.

Troubled, I sought remedies with the fervor of a terminal cancer victim searching for laetrile. I bought marital aids in small sleazy shops near Times Square. I consulted professionals on Eighth Avenue and Delancey Street. Everything I tried reinforced my revulsion to sex, and drove me inexorably to the tedium of heterosexuality and the missionary position. I briefly contemplated aesthetic asexuality, which affords an element of fashionability.

It is no wonder that I verged on the suicidal; my horror of good sex did not lessen my desire or my need for it. I was a mess.

Then I discovered the Observation Post. OP is a newspaper by, for and about degenerates. A quick perusal of any issue reveals articles about homosexuality, necrophilia, incest, punk rock and other degraded topics.

The deceptively petite editrix, Nancy Meade, is a morally bankrupt topless dancer. Her writings as well as her much flaunted sexual perversions reflect that she has conquered the emotion of disgust. Devotees of the soiled-bedsheet school of writing find her quite captivating.

I rank my discovery of OP along with the truly momentous events of my lifetime — just behind my first orgasm (jerking off in bed) and ahead of the first time I successfully shop-lifted (a paperback book, *Gangbang Girl*, from a used bookstore in Queens).

It was Ms. Meade's libertine attitudes as conveyed in the pages of OP that helped make a man out of a mouse like me. I read about the abysmal depths to which she has plummeted in the quest for a good lay, and the shocking paraphernalia which she routinely uses on her unsuspecting sexmates. I knew that I had found the person to help solve my problem. I went to the OP office.

Nancy Meade has gathered around her in F336 an assortment of debased individuals guaranteed to raise the hackles of all but the most jaded.

It was with great trepidation that I approached the editorial desk. Her girl-next-door appearance did not mesh easily with the wanton antics she had chronicled so gleefully in her OP pieces. Sweaty palmed and stuttering I told my tale, encouraged by her understanding nods and murmurs.

She offered encouragement. She related instances from her own bestial past. After one brief conversation I felt capable of any perversion. The following weekend I went to one of the most notorious sleazy centers of lower Manhattan, and found sexual fulfillment for the first time.

If all this personal reminiscence seems overly self-indulgent, rest assured that there is a purpose for it. When attempting to write about the intellectual importance and great therapeutic value of the Observation Post, I felt that the truest impressions could be gleaned from a typical case history. In this instance, my own.

Of course there is no way of knowing exactly how many people have found that elusive kindred spirit in the pages of OP. There is no record of the number of those whose sanity was preserved by the timely discovery of OP. But I think that even its harshest critics would agree that ultimately it is the standard by which all such public-actions should be measured. A quick glance at any of the other available newspapers at City College more than suffices to affirm the innate superiority of OP.

The Observation Post is an on-going experiment in alternative journalism. Clones of John Q. Public might find satisfaction with *The Campus*.

People of discernment, individuality, and adventure need more than dry academia, however. They need a publication which represents the needs and reflects the opinions of the Special Person, without resorting to oblique suggestiveness, and in an uncompromising fashion.

Where else can the religious fetishist find a riotous layout on the theme of the Masturbating Nun? Does any other newspaper at City College run a regular department dedicated to frolicsome homosexuals, such as *Queer Ooze*? Is there an editor anywhere like Nancy Meade?

I doubt that there is any newspaper anywhere in the Free World that would run such a blatant piece of self-promotion as the article you are reading: it's all part of the magic of the Observation Post.

So friends, do yourself a favor. Get every issue of OP as it comes off the presses. Get a copy for your mother. Show it to someone you want to fuck. OP has a multiplicity of uses, and half the joy is in the discovery. If you are reading it for the first time I envy you the good times ahead.

Wayne Noto

Pretty Vacant

Dear OP,

In order to restrain the seething rage of indignation and disillusionment which threatens to overwhelm me, I will set forth several simple declaratives.

1. OP, while masquerading behind a counterculture, nouveau-chic facade (sic) has debased itself beyond the level of moral ineptitude and stagnation which typifies the "decadent society" which it is attempting to salvage.

2. OP is still immature enough to revel in, and prostitute freedom of the press, by flaunting their perverse sexuality and social behavior in order to scintillate and titillate several deranged minds.

3. OP, while praising itself for breaking new ground in journalism, struggles on ineffectually, dreaming about future battles to be won.

Perhaps if Miss Meade was less intent upon proving how rebellious OP is, and how disgustingly far she dares to go, OP might have a hand in the "changing of the social order" which Miss Meade is sworn to. OP might attempt to address itself to several truly burning social issues, instead of describing experiences in homosexual retreats. There is no catharsis or thought-provoking idea in any of the pointless, lurid accounts of OP's sexual and human deviations. The articles only prove that certain segments do not have the responsibility to sanction their rights.

This letter is not a condemnation, but rather an admonition and an affirmation of Miss Meade's call-to-arms and action, which was so graphically portrayed in her editorial. I'm sure OP's self-preservation instinct will prevent the publication of this letter, but for the spirit of the best within us, consider what I have said. I assure you that I speak for many when I say that I would be proud to work with a publication that substantiated the ideals it flaunts in its editorial, on the presses!

Please reverse the decline of your self-respect, which has become increasingly evident in your paper. I abhor seeing a potentially constructive force consuming itself with wasteful pursuits.

A concerned individual
Bruce R. Rosenblum
Junior

Rip Her To Shreds

To the Editor,

Your "Letter from the Editor," (Vol. 64 Number 1), particularly your commentary on the Masturbating Nun is the most unadulterated disgusting piece of trash I've ever read in my life. How dare you ridicule Catholic nuns who have given their lives to God (unlike a slut like yourself), or ridicule any religious group. I have thought of a horrible fate for you: you should be gang-raped by Bowery bums

(Continued on page 6)



Media Board members dividing the \$19,000 pie

Media Wars

BY NANCY MEADE

You've put in your two dollars, and probably think that's where your responsibility ends. After all, in these high-inflation days two dollars is hardly anything; two dollars just about pays for one day's commute to school if you need the bus to get to the subway. At least carfare is tangible. You know what you're getting in return for your money. But what are you getting in return for this fall's two-dollar increase in the student fee? And perhaps more importantly, whom have you entrusted to spend that money?

All of you out there have contributed approximately \$19,000 to the College's Media Board this fall. A few hundred students made this all possible by approving a referendum last spring which established the Media Board and its funding. The basic idea was to free the student press from the shrinking allocations and whimsical control of the Day Student Senate. Now that the recurrent issue of media funding has shifted, OP, The Paper, The Campus, and WCCR have the opportunity to claw each other to death for the loot. The Media Board members include the Editors-in-Chief of The Paper (Raye Brown), The Campus (Emily Wolf), OP (Nancy Meade), the chief operating officer of WCCR (Nat Phillips), the president of the Day Student Senate (Roger Rhoss), the chairperson of the Student Services Corporation (Dean Ann Rees), and three faculty members chosen by the Faculty Senate: Professor James Watts (History), Professor Michael Keating (English), and Professor George Preston (Art). At the very first meeting (October 10, 1978) and fidgeted in the empty conference room until five members arrived, 20 minutes to an hour and a half later.

The Campus produced a ringer (something like a Wolf dressed in sheep's clothing). Mike Arena introduced more politicking to the media than the Day Student Senate. Professor Watts criticized an article in the proposed by-laws that called for extra funding to those newspapers which receive the most advertising revenue, arguing that it would provide a situation where "the rich get richer — and the poor get poorer."

We argued for another 90 minutes and voted to meet again the following week on October 17.

At the next meeting, Nat Phillips, chief operating officer of WCCR delivered five pages of his "recommendations" to the Media Board. He attacked the Day Student

Senate's handling of media allocations prior to the Media Board, because "there were no specific criterion for funding." (He meant, of course, criteria.) Before the president of the Day Student Senate could respond, however, Phillips directed his aggression at The Paper, the Campus, and OP, who he referred to as a "voting bloc," and suggested a tight production schedule for all newspapers. He discussed ramifications, mostly by using the word "ramification" four times in one sentence, and confused the single noun "medium" for the plural "media." I lit another Kool and passed the coffee.

Phillips further proposed that the Media Board allocate money on the basis of subjective ranking (or in his own words, "who's number one, number two," etc.). He also suggested a resolution to prevent the funding of a second radio station at City.

Watts admitted he'd "never heard a more articulate presentation of a view (he was) so adverse to." I didn't catch the articulation, but I did catch Phillips' avarice and megalomania. A resolution to divide 50 per cent of the Media Board funds equally among the four media was finally passed. So ends meeting number two.

Last Tuesday the Media War continued for the third session. Keating suggested three resolutions which The Media Board passed: (1) that the board would not entertain applications from any other media to join the Board until 1979. (2) that allocations would be made to WCCR, The Paper, The Campus and OP per semester, based on a proposal submitted by each to the Board describing the medium's plans for every upcoming semester. (We still have to define the criteria for the proposals.) (3) The three newspapers will publish a minimum of 10 issues a school year, not less than 100 pages, and failure to comply with this for two consecutive semesters would result in a warning of suspension from the Media Board.

Keating suggested the Board nominate a person to supervise the meetings. Dean Rees had advised us at the previous meeting that the person should be a student member of the Media Board. "What will we call the position?" Wolf asked. "Chairman," answered Phillips, right on top of things. "Chairperson," I corrected. "Czar," suggested Watts. Phillips stood and nominated himself. Emily seconded the motion. I nominated Watts. He declined. Watts nominated Keating. He declined. Watts nominated Rees. She wasn't present to decline and so got three votes. Phillips got two, plus his own third vote.

The next meeting is scheduled for November 14, at 3 p.m. in the Administration building, Rm. 231, and it's open to anyone who wishes to attend. Come and experience a lesson in pigocracy.

HEAD LINES

BY HERB WEED

Hallucinogens are drugs that produce altered sensory perceptions and in some individuals vivid visual images. Belladonna and Jimson Weed produce true hallucinations. In real hallucinations, the subject believes what he is perceiving is real. The effects of Jimson Weed (Datura stramonium), Belladonna (Atropa belladonna), and similar drugs are often periods of frightening hallucinations lasting several days. One common reaction is that the subjects grab at imaginary animals in the air. There is usually no memory of the experience.

The other major group of hallucinogens include LSD, Mescaline and Psilocybin. These are commonly referred to as psychedelic or mind-manifesting. Within this group of drugs individuals are usually aware that they are under the influence of a drug and can remember the experience. The effects are more often distortions of perception than hallucinations.

LSD was discovered by Dr. Albert Hoffman, a chemist in Sandoz Pharmaceuticals, in 1938. The hallucinogenic effects were discovered by accident in 1943. Hoffman was attempting to synthesize a uterine constrictor. LSD is a derivative of lysergic acid, which is an alkaloid found in ergot of rye (Claviceps purpurea) a parasite of grain. Ergot is a deadly poison, which has caused serious outbreaks when grain contaminated with it was used for food. Back then there were two forms of Ergotism. One was known as St. Anthony's fire and was characterized by development of gangrene in the limbs, which would cause them ultimately to fall off. The other form of the disease was often characterized by insanity. The full name for LSD is d'lysergic acid diethylamide tartrate 25. During the sixties Sandoz felt that LSD was receiving adverse publicity and withdrew it from the market. Existing stocks were turned over to the federal government for distribution.

LSD is the most potent psychoactive drug known to man. The dosage is measured in micrograms, or "mikes." Most other drugs are measured in milligrams. About 35 to 50 mikes are needed to produce effects, 100 to 250 mikes are needed for a decent "trip", and larger doses increase the intensity and duration. There is no known lethal dose for man. LSD is tasteless and odorless and in large quantities has a slight bluish color. On an empty stomach the drug takes 20 minutes to one hour to produce effects. It takes longer on a full stomach.

The physiological effects of pure LSD are dilation of the pupils, bodily temperature and blood pressure increase, appetite is depressed and occasionally insomnia. The duration of effects is anywhere from 4 to 20 hours. After the first two hours, nearly all of the LSD is metabolized.

Psychic effects include changes in mood, intensification of colors, heightening of the senses, and illusions stemming from distortions in perception. Colors change and objects shift form. Some individuals experience a merging of the senses, tasting color, seeing sound. There is a sense of detachment where you can see yourself outside your body. LSD is also known to release a fair amount of repressed information from the subconscious.

Since LSD can produce bad as well as good trips, the stability of individual becomes important, as is the environment under which the drug is taken. The emotional state of the individual is referred to as "the set." The circumstances under which it is administered is the "setting." For best results the subject must be in a good "set" and in a relaxed "setting". Generally speaking, the woods is an excellent place to trip, while the New York City subway is definitely not. In cultures where hallucinogens are used ritually, there are few bad trips. This is because the trips are rigidly structured, and have deep religious significance.

When hallucinogens are used casually, bad trips often result due to the lack of experience of the user. As more people started to use hallucinogens methods of dealing with adverse reactions were developed.

Carrying a Thorazine pill in your pocket can often prevent a bad trip because knowing it's there provides a sense of security. Thorazine reverses the effects of LSD. If some one is having a bad trip he usually be talked down — or out of it. Just keep reassuring him that it will wear off. Also try to shift his thoughts from negative to positive.

This week's column is not meant to encourage the use of hallucinogen, nor is it intended as medical advice. My only purpose is to inform students, because I recognize the widespread usage of these drugs at City College as well as outside the college.



Graphic by Bobby Vitor

OPOP RECORD REVIEWS

VAN MORRISON



Van Morrison
Wavelengths

If there is a just God in heaven and he does love rock 'n rollers, then how'd he ever forget Van Morrison? Here's a guy who has maintained his reputation as one of rock music's most innovative artists for the past eleven years. Morrison is a performer critics bless, and whose name when mentioned causes singers and musicians to practically genuflect in admiration. This is a real rock-n-roller.

All of this and yet Morrison's never received the attention or reward less creative artists enjoy. He makes the charts, but rarely climbs. When he tours Morrison can fill the house, but still doesn't have the drawing power of a superstar. He perse-

veres by continually performing with sweat and muscle on stage and on record.

Van Morrison's new album *Wavelengths* follows the creative success of *A Period of Transition* with more of the same same euphoric and emotional music. Unlike before, however, some of the arrangements seem to be put together with the idea of making the songs accessible to a wider audience. These tunes are nothing like the typical assembly-line brand of pop music. Morrison makes no stylistic sacrifices but gets down a sound that is light, fast-paced and what the singer calls in "Kingdom Hall", "good body music."

The title song, recently released as a single, is a good example of the new sound. It begins slowly with only a synthesizer in the background, and then accelerates and explodes with harmonies, hand claps, a storming rhythm section and hot lead guitar. "Kingdom Hall" is put together much in the same way, taking off in the beginning and never again touching the ground.

Morrison's most interesting instrument is his voice. He loves words and nonsense syllables. He loves to play with their sounds just as a musician experiments with notes. Like the fifties rock

writers he invents lines like "dum derra dum diddy diddy dah dah" and sings them out like a sax line. Or he'll take something like "Ya radio, ya radio, ya radio...", repeat it over and over and create with the two words a melody and rhythm. Sometimes you feel as though Morrison could sound just as well singing in Japanese.

— by Jeff Brumbeau



Linda Ronstadt
Living in the USA

It was ten years ago that Linda Ronstadt scored her first hit song, "Different Drummer." The song, written by ex-Monkee Mike Nesmith and recorded with the Stone Poneys, focused sufficient attention on Ronstadt to prompt her to leave the group and embark on a solo career. By the time of her second solo album she had been nominated for a Grammy award. She then formed a

band with guitarist Glenn Frey and drummer Don Henley (who formed their own group, the Eagles) and became noticed by Los Angeles-based producer Peter Asher. Asher's first collaboration with Ronstadt on *Heart Like a Wheel* in 1974, immediately placed her in the limelight of contemporary music. Since then, Ronstadt has been a prolific hitmaker, producing five consecutive platinum records (including a Greatest Hits package), culminating last year with her best-selling record ever, *Simple Dreams*.

If *Living In the U.S.A.* doesn't have the immediate impact of its predecessor, it's due largely to Ronstadt's poor choice of material. One disturbing factor is the emerging pattern of purposely including one rock 'n' roll perennial on every release. "Heat Wave," "That'll Be The Day," and "Tumbling Dice," have served as the centerpiece for the last three albums. On *Living In The U.S.A.*, the token standard is Chuck Berry's 1959 hit, "Back In The U.S.A." While Ronstadt is faithful to the originals, the fact that her selection of songs has become contrived and formulaic, detracts from whatever pleasures one can derive from these high-gloss reproductions.

Another problem is the manner in which Ronstadt juggles genres without concern for establishing a definite musical direction. The incongruous mixture of songs on the new album (songs by Oscar Hammerstein, Elvis Pres-

ley, Smokey Robinson, Elvis Costello, J.D. Souther and others) invites needle hopping and makes the listener constantly aware of the singer's extensive crossover ambitions.

Supported by old reliables like guitarist Waddy Wachtel, bassist Kenny Edwards (formerly with the Stone Poneys), drummer Russ Kunkel, and saxophonist David Sanborn, Ronstadt opens the set with the rollicking "Back In The USA." Yet, no matter how catchy and feisty the song may be, it only leaves the listener longing for the original.

"Just One Look" is a light rocker which chugs along nicely, but ends just when the guitars start riffing and the rhythm section starts rocking hard. J.D. Souther's "White Rhythm and Blues" is one of the highlights of the album, with Ronstadt climbing to the lofty register which is her forte. Smokey Robinson's "Ooh Baby Baby" is another high point, only this time Ronstadt cries out her breathy, seductive vocals while a spiraling saxophone pushes the song instrumentally. But it's on Warren Zevon's "Mohammed's Radio" that Ronstadt turns in her finest vocal performance of the set, making doubly powerful lyrics like "Everybody's desperate trying to make ends meet! Work all day still can't pay the price of gasoline and meat! Alas their lives are incomplete! Don't it make you want to rock n' roll! All night long."

Continued on page 7

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John Wood stars in Ira Levin's "Death Trap."

'Deathtrap' is a fun thriller

BY JEFF BRUMBEAU

Deathtrap, the current Broadway comedy thriller at the Music Box Theatre, is a fast and exciting assortment of plays, playwrights and murder. Written by Ira Levin (of *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Boy's From Brazil* fame), the play centers around Sidney Bruhl (Robert Wood), a playwright of thrillers whose last big moment in the theatre came 17 years ago.

Sidney has just about given up hope for making a comeback when he's suddenly faced with a chance to reclaim that lost fame that will enable him, as he says, "to get a seat in Sardi's out of the kitchen." Bruhl, who because of financial reasons is forced to teach, receives a sure-fire hit play in the mail from a former student and conspires to rake the money and prestige it's certain to bring in. At first whimsically, then seriously, the playwright suggests to his wife Myra (Marian Seldes), that they murder the young student, and put Bruhl's name on the play. That night they invite the unsuspecting student, Clifford Anderson (Daron Kelley) to visit their house.

Myra is terrified, Sidney is determined, and before long Clifford is buried outside in the vegetable patch. Okay. The murder's done. Now Sidney and Myra have to try to avoid being discovered and this seems to be what the rest of the play will be about. Not quite. What seems apparent is anything but, as the plot makes an about-face and we realize we've been taken in. The murder is a hoax and suddenly there is a shift of themes from greed to love

when we discover the characters in this play are actually acting out Clifford's play. But the show isn't over yet. There's still three murders and one resurrection from the dead still to come.

If anyone thought the genre of the clever and inventive thriller was dead, *Deathtrap* is the contradiction. This is the kind of stuff Agatha Christie devotees swear by. Though it's not a who-done-it, more a who's-going-to-do-what, *Deathtrap* has the same unpredictability and element of surprise found in Christie classics and other writers of thriller from the past who we rarely see emulated these days. It's an absorbing play, to the point where the audience will shout out in terror.

If John Wood performed every night as he did the night I saw him, he's either an athlete or a man with a death wish. He's a very physical actor who's all over the stage the entire night long. To this energy he adds a smart sense of comedy, and the combination makes this play the hit it's become. Applause also goes to Marian Seldes who did a great job with as Myra, and to Elizabeth Parrish whose performance as the eccentric psychic Helga ten Dorp rivaled Wood's.

For solid, edge-of-the-seat entertainment, *Deathtrap* is the play to see. Ira Levin is a master strategist at devising the intricate plot of the thriller and his characters are so close to real life they seem to have just come in off the street. And this, undeniably, makes good theatre.

Rare paintings at the Whitney

Now showing at The Whitney Museum of American Art through September 23, 1979 is an exhibit entitled *Introduction to 20th Century American Art*. There are classic paintings to be found in this collection that are familiar but hardly ever displayed.

Edward Hopper's *Early Sunday Morning* (1930) is keeping company with John Sloan's *Backyards of Greenwich Village* (1914). We see clotheslines hung across the backyards, shutters on windows and the Village of yesteryear, where Dylan Thomas strolled down Hudson Street on his way to the White Horse Tavern. One is most impressed by these pictures because of their social and historic significance, as further shown in Ben Shahn's *Sacco and Vanzetti* and George Bellow's *Dempsey and Firpo* (1924).

But the heart of this show lies in the expressions of the moderns. In Frans Klines's *Mahoning* (1956) we are overwhelmed by the mental imagery as our attention is held by the tensions created by the angular black lines that spread across the canvas. We are taken into the artist's world but whizzed out just as quickly.

Looking at Arshill Gorky's *The Betrothal* three fellow students and myself tried hopelessly to arrange the abstract forms into a coherent view. His surface has

much space and depth in a cubistic fashion. The composition is fanciful and colorful. It is important to be reminded that the Abstract Expressionists were influenced by mural painting and this required a two-dimensional surface plane. This mural painting had a great influence in Abstract Expressionism. Many artists such as Pollack, de Kooning, Dorky & Rothko were commissioned and funded by the WPA Federal Art Project in the early 1940's to do mural painting. A good example of this is the painting by Clifford Still.

Among the large variety of paintings and sculptures there is a wood construction painted white by Louise Nevelson *Dawn's Wedding Chapel II* (1959). It is a sculpture comprised of several boxes filled with wooden pieces. It is a very exciting piece, very sculptural but also demonstrating a certain 2-dimensional quality deriving from the cubistic approach. Her creativity is expressed in her ability to transform ordinary objects such as parts of tables and chairs into works of art.

This show is a thorough introduction to 20th Century American Art, but don't take my word for it. Go and see for yourself. Seeing is believing. And before you leave the Whitney be sure to go up to the third floor and view the Abstract Expressionist Show.

— Mary Jane Murgolo

Jazz Notes

Johnny Griffin's Homecoming

By F.R. SEAMAN

"You gotta come back, man. I'm as big as the pop stars," Dexter Gordon told his disbelieving friend and fellow expatriate Johnny Griffin upon returning to Europe from his triumphant American homecoming in 1976. Like Dexter Gordon, Griffin is a swinging tenor saxophonist who became famous in the '50's (as a member of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and later as Coltrane's replacement in Thelonious Monk's group). Because of domestic problems and a growing disenchantment with the American jazz scene, Griffin moved to Europe in 1962, taking up residence in a small village near Rotterdam, Holland.

Last month the 50 year-old saxophonist followed Dexter's lead and returned to these coasts for the first time in 15 years. He shared the Carnegie Hall stage with Dexter Gordon in an historic concert on September 23, and then took off for the Monterey Jazz Festival and gigs in several other cities, including his native Chicago. Griffin's final New York appearance before returning to Europe was sponsored by the Uptown Jazz Junta at St. Charles Auditorium, a cozy church basement on West 141 St. Backed by pianist Ronnie Matthews, bassist James Leary and drummer Eddie Marshall, Griffin played a steaming farewell set that climaxed with "Blues for Harvey," the title cut from a recent album recorded live in Copenhagen's famous "Jazzhus Montmartre" (available on Inner City Records).



Johnny Griffin

All-star jam highlights Billy Taylor tribute

Jack Kleinsinger's "Highlights in Jazz" series at NYU's Loeb Center offers a jam-session ambience by presenting special programs involving musicians who don't usually get to play together. On October 26, Kleinsinger almost outdid himself when he put together an all-star tribute to pianist Billy Taylor.

Special guest Candido got things started with an extraordinary conga introduction to Ellington's "Caravan," and was then joined by the evening's rhythm section — pianist Harold Mabern, bassist Victor Gaskin and drummer Freddie Waits. Also on hand were Frank Foster and Frank Wess (two saxophone giants who were seminal members of Count Basie's '50's band), along with trumpet masters Ted Curson and Jon Faddis. And a surprise guest, French pianist George Arvanites, made his New York debut. As was to be expected, the musicians mostly played well-known jazz standards, including Ellington/Strayhorn's "Lush Life" and two Thelonious Monk classics, "Round Midnight" and "Epistrophy."

Billy Taylor, a melodic improviser with a special feel for romantic ballads, played three original compositions, accompanied by Waits and Gaskin. "I Think of You," Taylor's new work for voices and jazz trio was premiered by an 8-piece vocal ensemble called Vocal Jazz, Inc. Pretty as it was, the piece didn't really fit in with the rest of the program and proved to be an anti-climax. Those who managed to sit through it, though, were rewarded with a final blues jam that tore the roof off the house.

Jazz at the Public enters second season

When theatre producer Joe Papp got his first taste of avant garde jazz via sax player David Murray in a Soho art gallery last year, he was so impressed that he decided to start a New Jazz series at his public theatre complex. Now in its second season, the weekend series continues its adventurous policy of showcasing jazz innovators.

On a recent Saturday the Hamiet Bluiett trio shared the bill with pianist Don Pullen. I caught the end of Pullen's opening set of solo piano, an extended improvisation on an original composition of his titled "Tomorrow's Promise" (the title cut of his recent Atlantic LP). He interpreted the tune in a variety of contrasting styles and moods without losing sight of the main theme, and his muscular attack makes him a consistently exciting performer who may soon be in the same class as Cecil Taylor and Keith Jarrett.

Baritone sax player Hamiet Bluiett burst upon the New York jazz scene at Charles Mingus' memorable 1974 Carnegie Hall concert, and has since become a prime mover in the city's avant garde, leading groups of all sizes (including a big band), as well as performing solo concerts. At the Public he was accompanied by a superb rhythm section consisting of bassist Reggie Workman and drummer Michael Carvin. They immediately tore into a straight-ahead romp and Bluiett cut loose with biting squeals and honks that are his trademark. The trio played continuously for about 40 minutes, stringing together group and solo improvisations more or less spontaneously. A few rambling interludes notwithstanding, it was an invigorating performance that enabled all three musicians to display their considerable virtuosity.

Letters *Continued from page 2*

with VD, then tied to a bed with Sid Vicious (notorious punk rocker and probably your type) and set afire.

If you call your writing "effective journalism" then you must be sick indeed. Go back to topless dancing or whoring or whatever degenerate activity you excel in. Two further points:

(1) Every time you print this trash I will speak out again and again. I am tired of you and the Jewish-controlled media you represent poking fun at Roman Catholics and Italian-Americans.

(2) Don't distribute this rag of a newspaper in institutions other than yours. The NYU Law School is an eminent institution of higher learning not a depository for trash and filth. I hope that I never see a copy of your paper at my school again.

— A Roman Catholic and Proud of It

(The Editor Replies,

For a proud Roman Catholic you sure do work up some hot fantasies. How many times did you sin, whacking off to the image of the Bowery bums, Sid and me? Maybe your sense of Christianity was emitted into a toilet on one of those occasions, because the malice you've expressed towards this newspaper and me doesn't gel with the teachings of Jesus Christ.

I "poke fun" as you say, but your animosity and ignorance is repellent. I have more respect for a good whore than for people who use phrases like "Jewish controlled media" and make moral judgments. (Jesus didn't call Mary Magdalene a slut.) And when you "speak out again and again" why don't you speak out your name, o gutless wonder.)

"Reggae Sunsplash"

Dear OP,

The following is a rebuttal to an article by Paul Dabalsa in the October 16 issue of OP titled: "JAMAICA'S BIG GUNS DUEL AT REGGAE SUNSPASH".

First of all, I must state that as a Jamaican attending CCNY, I was quite pleased to see an article on Reggae and Jamaica on the front page of OP. There are, however, certain points in the article that were purely fabricated, or, I must believe a statement by Mr. Bob Rosen on the same page: "OP is a fantasy world that anybody can take part in anytime they want. As crazy, self indulgent, irresponsible, depraved and sick as we've been accused of being..." I hate to accuse Paul Dabalsa of being a "twister of truths" or OP a bad news medium, but there are certain things that have to be made straight.

Mr. Dabalsa obviously visited MoBay at a period that is similar to any typical week-long rock festival in this country for him to make judgements that: "Despite the economic problems which history have plagued the island, most Jamaicans are curiously jubilant and place great importance on leisure." The population of Jamaica is approximately 2 million, that of Montego Bay — 30,000. Based on overall economic hardships and island-wide outcry of hardships, Dabalsa's conclusion is hardly plausible.

Mr. Dabalsa made a statement that the country's airwaves are cluttered with around-the-clock propaganda from at least one dozen different Cuban radio stations. I don't know if Mr. Dabalsa speaks Spanish, but the only time the language is heard on the airwaves in the day-time, is when the Jamaican news is read in Spanish to encourage the multitude of students of the language. It is a fact that Cuban radio stations may be "picked" up by Jamaican radios at night and it is also a fact that they certainly do not broadcast anything in the form of propaganda for Jamaican ears. Even if Fidel Castro did donate a physical fitness center to Jamaica, it is still a fallacy that there are broadcasts on Jamaica's airwaves of Cuban propaganda.

Mr. Dabalsa, Cuba is not promoting socialism in Jamaica, the Jamaican government is, and even so, it is split on the issue.

Stating that the government of Jamaica did not promote reggae until the "Sunsplash" because of its affiliations with the Rastafarian Cult is not only ridiculous, but foolhardy. If tourists did not hear reggae in the past, but calypso instead, it's not because of the government but because the tourist industry was catering to them with a "sure thing" that they enjoyed. The tourist industry also did things as dumb as popularising American foods in resort areas, much to the disgust of the visitors.

Apart from a few other minor points, I have covered the bulk of Mr. Dabalsa's gross misinterpretation of "things Jamaican". I think his article did need an introduction on Jamaica before detailing the "Reggae Sunsplash" days, but I also believe he should have devised some way to ensure that what he was reporting was true. It grieves my heart to know that my fellow students at City College had to read these misrepresentations. I hope Mr. Dabalsa will find some way to research Jamaica a bit more and then have a follow-up article to correct the hurt he has done to the island of Jamaica. I will be sending a copy of OP October 16, 1978 to Jamaica's "Daily Gleaner" so that the people of Jamaica may hear reports about them that are made abroad. I also suggest that Mr. Dabalsa buy a copy of the Jamaica Weekly Gleaner to see what is taking place on the island.

Sincerely,
Donald G. Poulton
479 Marion Street
Brooklyn
New York 11233

(Paul Dabalsa Replies:

Certainly, if I had questioned Jamaicans in exile, such as yourself, instead of Jamaicans still living on the Island, my article would have offered the distorted perspective you are looking for. Your letter indicates to me that it is you who need to come to terms with the changes that have taken place in Jamaica. Let me point out that in writing my report I worked closely with the Jamaican Tourist Board and Synergy Productions, whose influence were crucial in securing the accuracy of my information. In determining that "most Jamaicans are curiously jubilant and place great importance on leisure," I observed lifestyles in Ocho Rios, Negril and Kingston, as well as in Montego Bay. I was particularly impressed by the national custom of closing businesses at 12 noon on a predetermined workday each week for the specific purpose of workers engaging in recreational activities. In a country with the economic hardships of Jamaica, one would hardly expect to see this giving up of productive time for leisure activities.

Being of Spanish descent, I am most certain of what I heard on the airwaves, and am amused by your absurd notion that what I heard were merely Jamaican stations broadcasting the news in Spanish for the benefit of language students. In addition, your comment that it is the tourist industry and not the Jamaican Government which has promoted calypso and ignored reggae, overlooks the essential fact that the Jamaican Tourist Board, a governmental agency, is the backbone of the country's tourist industry.

Finally, if I "hurt" the island of Jamaica, as you say, by describing its people as "jubilant," I apologize. Being joyous, as far as I'm concerned, is not a sign of inadequacy in an individual. My statement was intended as a sincere compliment.)

As the world squirms...

Dear OP,

It has been several years since my last visit to this crumbling campus. I envisioned F336 being open again with at least one familiar face. Thank God it looks like OP may very well begin to reflect the times once more. (The last few years OP was looking as shitty as can be.)

I have a drawing that would be quite impressive & provocative on your cover. We should talk & meet.

— Bobby Attanasio

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Record Reviews...

Continued from page 4

Elvis Costello's "Alison" is a risky inclusion which expectedly fails, largely because Ronstadt attempts to convert a poignant arrangement into a series of pleasantries. Elvis Presley's "Love Me Tender," the shortest track here, appears to have been tagged on as an afterthought, while songs like "When I Grow Too Old To Dream," "All That You Dream," and "Blowing Away" are mostly filler. "Blowing Away" is a particularly bad choice in view of Bonnie Raitt's exceptional reading of the song on her *Home Plate* album.

While the ten songs on *Living In The USA* are generally less compelling than those on her past few albums, the effort is still quite professionally executed and enjoyable in a routine way. Even if the choice of songs make it slightly incoherent, the record's instant platinum status is an accurate indication that Ronstadt's success lies more in her extraordinary voice than in the songs she chooses to sing.

—Paul Dabalsa



Joe Cocker
A Luxury You Can Afford

Joe "Gravel Throat" Cocker, the man who bellowed out such classics as "High Time We Went" and "Feelin' Alright" in the sixties, can still cut it. Sure there's been a lot of talk about the eclectic Englishman having burned himself out, but that's typical of the kind of negative press most sixties survivors find themselves fighting these days. Anyway, Cocker doesn't have to speak for his defense, he just has to sing, and in "A Luxury You Can Afford", his latest LP he proves many of his critics wrong.

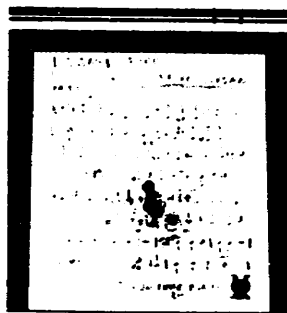
When they get around to compiling a Cocker's Greatest Hits album there probably won't be many candidates from "A Luxury." There's more mediocrity than greatness here, caused by a lack of communication between artist and producer, something this singer is no stranger to. Producer Allen Toussaint is good at what he does, his track record and the flashes of brilliance on this record prove it, but he fails with Cocker.

They seem to want to make Cocker a crooner, (something he showed he could do in 1974 on *I Can Stand A Little Rain*, his best LP). The record company's strategy is the album's loss, since with tight production, subtle, drab songs, the singer's usually brassy performance becomes restricted.

But Cocker does get a chance to turn on the steam in songs like "I Know (You Don't Want Me No More)" and "What You Did To Me Last Night." He really sings on "I Can't Say No," which could have been written for him and on the bluesy "Wasted Years" which was.

"A Luxury You Can Afford" is supposed to be Cocker's comeback album and so the record company is confused on how to package the singer, giving him new material and a different image (he's pictured in pinstripes on the LP cover). But trying to make Cocker into a pleasant crooner is downright ridiculous. He's always worked best with good blues or hard-biting rock — as on "St. James Infirmary" and "Somebody Put out The Light". So what do you say guys? How about getting him out of the suit and tie, back into the old sweat-shirt and letting him sing some? Huh?

— Jeff Brumbeau



Clifford Jordan
Inward Fire

This 1977 session for Muse records reunites veteran Chicago tenorman Clifford Jordan with old colleagues Sun Ra saxophonist Pat Patrick, pianist Muhal Richard Abrams, bassist Richard Davis, drummer Louis Hayes, and a host of younger sidemen. Jordan, whose career spawns 23 years as a leader and sideman (with Max Roach, Horace Silver, Charles Mingus and others), is a lyrical saxophonist whose style is rooted in swing and bebop.

Four of the six titles on the LP are Jordan originals, including his 1959 gem, "Toy," an infectious tune built around a catchy unison riff. The title track is notable for its breakneck tempo and rapid-fire solos by Jordan and Patrick, as well as trumpeter Dizzy Reese and pianist Muhal Abrams. Singer Joe Lee Wilson is featured on "Buddy Bolden's Call," and Jordan's daughter, Donna Jewell, is the vocalist on "Abracadabra," a walking blues. Reese contributes two pieces to this session — "The Look," and "Eat at Joe's," — on which Muhal plays electric piano behind guitarist Jimmy Ponder.

— F.R. Seaman

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