



Vol. 64, No. 3 THE CITY COLLEGE Wednesday, December 20, 1978

## What's Happening

### DECEMBER 20

**Party:** A Christmas event sponsored by Finley Program Agency and Student Senate. Finley 101 from 12 noon until 10 p.m.

**Lecture:** Franco Boni from the Philosophy Dept. discusses "Theology and Astronomy in Dante," at 2:00 p.m. in Finley 121.

### DECEMBER 21

**Concert:** Vocalist Fred Farell performs in the Monkey's Paw at 12 noon.

**Party:** Sponsored by the History Society at the Finley Staff Dining Room at 12 noon.

**Fashion Show:** At Finley Ballroom from 7:00 p.m. until midnight. Tickets available at \$1.50. For more information call 690-8175.

### JANUARY 4

**Concert:** Studio Orchestra led by Rod Lezitt performs at 12:30 in Shepard Great Hall.

**Performance:** The outrageous comedy of Dr. Dirty at Monkey's Paw at 12 noon.

### JANUARY 5

**Disco:** Dancing in Finley 101 starting at 8:00 p.m. Tickets are \$5.00.

**OP Staff Meeting:** All students interested in the future of OP are invited to attend. Starts at noon.

# OP Editor dies of drugs after being forced to resign

By PAUL DABALSA

Nancy Lee Meade, a College student, go-go dancer, and former OP editor, who recently resigned her position in a flurry of controversy, died December 17 at her sister's home in Wake Forest, North Carolina. Meade had been suffering severe depression since mid-November when a medical examination revealed she had a bleeding ulcer, alcoholic gastritis and an enlarged liver. She left New York December 16 to spend a long holiday period with her family, and to recuperate. Her sister Linda discovered Meade dead on the living room couch Sunday morning from an apparent drug overdose.

Meade, who was twenty-five on November 14, had a seven-year history of drug and alcohol abuse that had caused her internal ailments, discovered two days after her birthday this year. According to Bob Rosen, also a former OP editor, and her roommate, Meade "was acting crazy since her doctor told her she had to give up drinking and taking speed." He said that she had been sedated on phenobarbital for ten days following the outcome of her examination, and "she had a great deal of difficulty adjusting to the fact that she couldn't continue to live high on drugs anymore." When asked if he thought suicide a possibility, he commented, "I

wouldn't be surprised. She had connections to get any drug she wanted; I know she had some Quaaludes and ketamine when she left for North Carolina." Although no suicide note was found, Rosen said Meade had joked about leaving him her unpublished manuscripts if she killed herself.

Apparently, Meade was suffering from other problems too. In an unmailed letter to her friend and mentor Ken Huggins, she mentioned difficulties at school, specifically OP. Huggins, who taught

her tenth grade English class in Patchogue High, Long Island, spoke of her being "one of my brightest students. She had a hard time making friends, and wrote poetry. She talked about being a writer when she grew up, but I know she expected success to be easy. I constantly warned her that it was not."

She had published a few articles in the Port Washington News and contributed to Majority Report, a city-based feminist newspaper. At the New School for

Social Research she had gained encouragement from her writing instructor Richard Brickner, but her notoriety began at the College, where she was criticized for her work on OP. Last semester Meade left The Campus to join OP, published a nude photograph of herself, created a page called "Queer Ooze" and wrote several controversial articles.

At Anita's Place, a topless bar in midtown where Meade was employed part-time, a friend who requested her name be withheld said, "I used to think she was one of the few women in this business who really had her head together." Rita, a bartender at Anita's who had known Meade for four years, said, "Nancy used to crack us all up coming in to work from school with baggy overalls on. Last year she was cheerleading at college and she'd practice cheers on stage. The customers loved it. But we knew she had problems, she was always moving from one apartment to the next, and she was always drinking too much cognac and champagne." A doorman at Anita's was happy to hear of Meade's death, he said, because of an editorial she wrote this year referring to photographs that were taken of her in a nun's habit, masturbating with a crucifix. "If I was God I'd have struck her dead for that column," he said.



**NANCY MEADE  
1953-1978**

## The Seeds of the Guyana Massacre

# Keeping up with Jim Jones in Frisco

By REGINALD MAJOR

Pacific News Service

We know how they died from a mixture of cyanide, deranged leadership, automatic gunfire, jungle isolation, unrealized idealistic goals and the fear of enemies both real and imagined.

The question is why they died. Why did over 900 people, most of them black and many of them elderly, follow a white minister into an isolated rain forest and then to eternity?

The answer, or at least a piece of it, must lie back in the San Francisco ghetto into which Jim Jones moved his church nearly a decade ago. His arrival coincided with the last embers of the incendiary riots that had swept through black communities from New York to Watts. The Kerner Commission had just warned that American society was becoming two nations, one white and affluent and the other black and poor.

The civil rights battles had been fought, and the spoils were being divided up, mostly by those who bore little or no kinship to the blacks in whose name the struggle had been waged.

Black faces were beginning to be seen in banks, auto dealerships, diesel truck cabs and ad agencies. But most of these newly employed were led to believe that their success was a result of their personal qualification, rather than the bloody social upheavals which precipitated the jobs.

Thus conceptually isolated from the struggle which gave them new opportunities, these blacks had no notion of continuing the battle to increase participation of those blacks they left behind.

Much of the indigenous black leadership was itself separated from effective participation in black community affairs by absorption into the sprawling government bureaucracies — HEW, HUD, EEOC.

The two most vital responses to racism, the Black Panther Party and the Nation of Islam, were also undergoing internal changes which would render them incapable of maintaining the political and moral leadership they had once exerted.

These two organizations, one political and one religious, symbolized in their own decline the fact that both the black church and black politics were caught in a paralyzing identity crisis.

(Reginald Major, author of "Justice in the Round" on the Angela Davis trial, and "The Panther is a Black Cat" on the Black Panther Party, is a veteran observer of black politics.)

Indeed, the black churches in San Francisco's Western Addition, where Jones set up his ministry, were already moving away from the spark of militancy which ignited some of their actions when they were part of the movement that produced and supported Reverend Martin Luther King.

These churches as a group went along with the redevelopment process that was destroying the neighborhood in which their parishioners lived. Some of them benefited from the process by having their own church buildings upgraded or rebuilt. In a supreme irony of the times, Wilbur Hamilton, a black minister's son, was appointed to the Redevelopment Agency a short time after his father's church was destroyed to make way for a commercial development.

There were other striking symbols. Jones' interracial ministry was established

and political activism, and concrete programs of community survival — medical clinics, food programs, day care. He used his pulpit as a forum for social issues. In doing so, Jones was in harmony with only one other church in San Francisco. That was Glide Memorial Church, composed, ironically, of a largely white congregation led by the Rev. Cecil Williams, a black minister.

Rev. Jones' anti-racist, pro-socialist, community-oriented church program endeared him to a congregation which had been deprived of the promise once advanced by the civil rights movement and robbed of the excitement of the vision of revolution that had evaporated in the years between the assassination of Malcolm X, the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, and the bullet-ridden suppression and internal subversion of the Black Panther Party.

In the process he made enemies, some

was located just around the corner from People's Temple.

But with this power came the inevitable hostility. Traditional black ministers shunned Jones and exhorted their congregations to vote against those candidates Jones supported. The resulting isolation of the People's Temple in the black community was heightened by physical and mental assaults on the congregation. Temple vehicles were set afire, the church was fire-bombed and members were shot at. There were threatening phone calls, intimidating letters and attempted arson.

The congregation began to withdraw into itself, into a world in which Jones and his followers were increasingly unable to distinguish between legitimate criticism and illogical hostility.

Cracks began to appear in what had seemed to be a solid front. Individuals resigned, stories of disciplinary beatings increased, and the local media became curious.

Jones reacted by tightening security, enlisting the help of members of the Nation of Islam next door. Ushers were transformed into sentries, pacing the aisles during services, watching for anything suspicious. Up front, two church members sat in elevated chairs flanking the pulpit, looking over every member of the audience.

But the temple congregation continued to shrink, becoming more closed off to the world which Jones sought to reform. In the quest for security, in the futile efforts to cover the cracks in its facade, the temple barred its doors against the larger brotherhood and the faith in the future which it preached.

Approximately 1200 of the congregation retreated finally to Guyana. Before leaving, Jones said from his pulpit, "I know there are people in the audience who would like to see us destroyed." He predicted that People's Temple would prevail over its enemies.

Today, 912 bloated corpses are the legacy of Jones' vision.

Just one week before the ritual death in Guyana, Wilbur Hamilton, San Francisco's black redevelopment chief, announced that 100 units of new housing, costing \$65,000 to \$100,000 per unit, would be erected in the Hunter's Point neighborhood, one of the city's last outposts of low income blacks. The process that had already pushed a black community out of the Western Addition has moved on to fresh conquests.

"Those who do not remember the past are condemned to repeat it," read the sign over the grisly scene of death in Jones-town.

"What goes around, comes around," is the way many blacks would put it.

**'Why did over 900 people, many of them black and elderly, follow a white minister into an isolated rain forest and then to eternity?'**

in what had been a synagogue in the days before working class Jews were "redeveloped" out of the neighborhood — and with them the junk shops and old furniture stores which provided many black families with sturdy but inexpensive used furniture. It was located next door to Muhammad's Mosque number 26, itself undergoing trauma from internal and external sources. In an earlier life the Mosque had been the Fillmore auditorium, home of Bill Graham's multi-million dollar rock-and-roll empire, a symbol of San Francisco which brought noise, increased traffic and no money to the neighborhood.

The view from the back of the Temple was a wasteland created by the wrecking ball and enclosed by a cyclone fence. It was inhabited by drug addicts, their street-wise suppliers, and the lonely old people who hung out in a nearby mini-park — a Redevelopment Agency gesture to community beautification in the heart of devastation.

Jones' ministry was an instant success.

To the old people, many of whom needed nothing more than some intimate pastoral concern, he offered his hands and became known as a faith healer. And to the extent that he gave them renewed faith, he was a healer.

For the young, he offered spirited so-

of whom were in the black community. Black ministers, some with half-filled churches, condemned Jones and claimed that he was using trickery to attract the loyalty of blacks who had once attended their churches. But it was Jones' church which celebrated African Liberation Day, Jones' congregation that was given purpose in socially rewarding activity, Jones' parishioners who were exhorted to carry on the revolutionary traditions of Martin Luther King, and not his black minister detractors.

Jones was on the move, and his growing congregation moved with him. He moved on the NAACP, gaining a position on the executive board of the San Francisco chapter along with several of his followers. He moved on the Black Leadership Forum, sending a representative to lobby for his admission by claiming that Jones was partially black. Throughout the black community, the parishioners moved as a body, establishing their pastor as a political and religious force.

Downtown white politicians, whose meetings were also subject to Jones' packing techniques, quickly accepted him as a force in the black community. Jones could produce bodies — campaign workers particularly — who could swell a crowd for a presidential candidate's wife and beat the pavement for a mayoral hopeful like George Moscone.

Jones was rewarded with the chairmanship of the San Francisco Housing Authority, a position which previously had been held by a black minister whose church

## 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.*

Observation Post, The City College of New York, Finley Student Center Room 336, Convent Avenue & 133 St., New York, N.Y.

## Women's Center Revived

The Women's Center has re-opened in Finley Center 417, and is in the process of being re-organized by students Nancy Rich, Many Ann Gallo, and faculty advisor Joan Kelly-Gadol (History). The Center had been closed for almost a year, because of what appears to be a lack of interest. In the past, however, the Center dealt with issues like rape, the ERA, women in prison, sterilization and gay rights. It sponsored films, forums, self-help projects, identity workshops and counseling services.

The Center is now being re-structured to broaden its horizons. It will offer the

services that were available in the past, and new committees will be formed for Women in the Arts, Women in Sports, self-defense and political involvement. In addition, a library and referral services are available.

The Center invites all women to share their ideas and get involved in what could be a worthy experience. Plans for the Center include publishing a newsletter, "Women's Grapevine," again, sponsoring an Open House, and having women speakers discuss sterilization and rape.

by Nancy Rich and Nancy Meade



Paper flakes stick to the asbestos in the Engineering building.



Asbestos ceiling in the Architecture building.

# Administration continues to deny asbestos hazards.

By MARC LIPITZ

Photos by RONNIE PHILLIPS

Asbestos dust, inhalation of which has been linked to the fatal form of cancer, mesothelioma, has been falling from the ceilings of the School of Architecture (Curry), Cohen library, the Engineering Building (Steinman Hall), and the Psychology Center at the College for at least eight years, but the Administration insists that the 300,000 square feet area does not merit expensive corrective action because the concentration of carcinogenic material is too low.

The problem is most severe at the School of Architecture, where students and faculty have long complained that the asbestos particles flake off the ceiling of the school's library and settle on the floor and desks in clumps.

"If you sit a notebook down for several hours, you'll see asbestos dust collect on the book," said Walter Hang, a staff scientist at the New York Public Interest Research Group.

A study conducted between 1974 and 1975 by the prestigious Environmental Sciences Laboratory at Mount Sinai Hospital revealed that asbestos covers as much as 300,000 square feet over four buildings at the College.

*'If you sit a notebook down for several hours, you'll see asbestos dust collect on the book.'*

The College first became aware of possible asbestos contaminations as early as December 1970. Between that time and Thanksgiving 1974, approximately 16 air quality samples from the four buildings were analyzed.

Eight of the tests were taken in Steinman 313 — the office of Professor Robert Pfeffer, chairman of the Chemical Engineering Department. The results showed that the level of asbestos fibers in the air was higher than the U.S. outside air quality level.

In mid 1974, a College maintenance crew scraped, washed, and painted the walls and ceiling of Prof. Pfeffer's office.

Four additional samples were than taken in June of that year, and revealed a still abnormal air level of asbestos.

Researchers at Mount Sinai explained that a new source of asbestos contamination was probably produced when the maintenance crew disrupted the room's ceilings and walls. They told the College that the only sure methods for alleviating the problem in Pfeffer's office and elsewhere would be to either remove the asbestos altogether, or to suspend a new ceiling over the asbestos layers. Both methods

are expensive — Mount Sinai estimated removal would cost \$1.5 million — and the financially strapped City University continues to delay allocating the funds.

"The only real solution is not having it (the asbestos) there," said Donald Farley, CUNY's administrator for facilities, planning and management. "There is a removal procedure acceptable to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, but it's very complicated and expensive. It's like working with radioactive material.

"We may just do that," he continued. "We're dealing with these things on an ad

hoc basis. In the meantime, all we can do is continue to periodically test it, as much to reassure people as anything else."

That has been the policy of the College administration since asbestos in the air was first detected. While awaiting the release of a study conducted in 1974 by Mount Sinai, President Marshak wrote a letter to CUNY Chancellor Robert Kibbee which suggested that the asbestos issue be side-stepped until completion of the North Academic Complex. "The human reaction can be very hysterical," the President wrote on March 10, 1975. "If such pressures arrive we should attempt to defer until renovation and development of the (NAC)."

The complex, which will replace several buildings at the College in 1980, was slated for completion in 1977. Construction has been delayed, primarily because of severe financial difficulties.

According to Charles DeCicco, director of public relations, a survey conducted at the School of Architecture last year by an independent consultant found the asbestos concentration in the building to be considerably lower than that found in

*'Theoretically, three asbestos fibers can cause a cancerous tumor.'*

normal outside air, and well within the standards established by OSHA.

Walter Hang, staff scientist at NYPIRG, argues that those findings are misleading.

"The general notion is that any amount of a carcinogen is unsafe," he contended. "There is no safe standard. Theoretically, 3 asbestos fibers can cause a tumor." Hang added that air measurements are taken under artificial conditions, not during the course of a normal day.

"We know conditions have steadily worsened since 1975," he said. "People have told us they see the difference. Big clumps are just falling off the ceiling."



Students work under asbestos ceiling in Architecture building.

# How tobacco firms push cigarettes on Third World

By IAIN GUEST  
Pacific News Service

GENEVA — In a slashing attack on multi-national tobacco companies the World Health Authority accuses them of encouraging smoking in Third World countries by conducting all-out sales drives and disregarding health dangers.

The attack highlighted a week-long meeting of experts just held in Geneva.

Cigarette production increased by 3.12 trillion between 1950 and 1974, and much of it was accounted for by the Third World. In Pakistan alone, cigarette production increased eightfold. China, despite its emphasis on preventive health care, is now the world's major tobacco producer and cigarette consumer.

This increase in developing countries is particularly serious, explained one speaker, because the risks from smoking increase when the general level of health is already low. "Poor controls, weak legislation and pressure from multinational tobacco companies mean that the Third World is starting to get the high tar cigarettes that are prohibited in the West," he said.

The trade is dominated by seven huge companies, which between them accounted for sales of \$32 billion in 1976. A recent study by the UN Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD) revealed that they are "eating up" subsidiary industries — shipping manufacturing, retailers advertising.

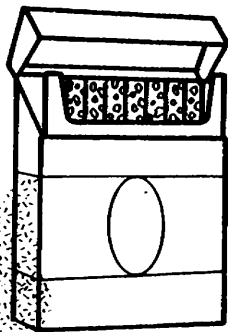
They spend a total of \$1.8 billion a year on advertising. In the Third World this advertising is starting to stress the manly attributes of smoking, and connecting it with strenuous physical activities.

"Rex — for those who enjoy the full life," runs one advertisement from an African magazine. "Work hard and play hard," runs the caption underneath a picture of a full-blooded game of rugby.

One reason for not curbing tobacco production in the Third World is that it is a valuable cash crop for many small farmers. In 1976 it was the 11th major export commodity for the Third World, worth \$1.08 billion. Other UN agencies, notably the

(Iain Guest is a European correspondent for the London-based Gemini News Service.)

## DYING — FOR A SMOKE



Diseases related to smoking kill hundreds of thousands every year. In United States alone 320,000 died in 1977. WHO say each cigarette shortens life by 5½ minutes.



World's biggest tobacco producer and consumer is China. Latest figures show Chinese puff away 725,000,000,000 cigarettes a year.



World production of cigarettes has increased by 3,112,000,000,000 in twenty-five years — much of it in Third World countries.



Cigarette trade is dominated by seven huge companies which accounted for sales of \$32 billion in 1976.

4728

Food and Agriculture Organization, have promoted its growth in several projects, much to WHO's annoyance.

Although the meeting was assured that this had stopped, curbing tobacco may well undermine the war against a more serious addiction: in some Asian countries tobacco farming is being used to wean farmers off the growing of poppies, which form the basis for heroin and opium.

Helped by gruesome posters of cancerous lungs, the meeting confirmed the now well-established connection between smoking and ill-health. WHO's favorite statistic is that each cigarette shortens life by five-and-a-half minutes.

This meeting took the warnings a stage further. It confirmed recent studies that smoking can be particularly dangerous for women, causing spontaneous abor-

tions, earlier menopause, and increasing the risk of cerebral thrombosis for those on the pill. In addition, babies of smokers are likely to be born as much as 250 grammes underweight.

Smoking also increases certain occupational hazards. Airline pilots and taxi-drivers were singled out for special warning, given that smoking increases the chances of heart failure. So too were industries — asbestos, rubber, textiles and cement — which themselves exacerbate chronic respiratory disease.

What can be done to combat the alarming spread of cigarette-smoking? Speakers at the meeting called for a ban on advertising, increased taxation, coordinated public health programs and incentives for people to give up smoking — such as lower premiums on life insurance policies.

Only 12 countries have actually banned tobacco advertising. In the United States, where smoking caused 320,000 deaths in 1977, the companies spend \$422 million on advertising. But the government spends less than \$10 million a year on research and public information, according to the American Cancer Society.

In the few countries which have driven through tough legislation, smoking is on the decline. In Norway the 1975 Tobacco Act has led to a reduction in the number of male smokers from 52 to 44 percent. The act forbids advertising, imposes strict health warnings on cigarette packets and establishes a national council on smoking and health.

Most Western governments are still reluctant to jeopardize cigarette taxes. In the United States those taxes account for some \$6 billion. Switzerland's federal government recently refused to ban tobacco advertising on the grounds that revenue from cigarette taxes form the basis for an old-age pension scheme.

But WHO argues that the costs through ill-health from smoking far outweigh these revenues. Fifty million working days lost in Britain each year can be put down to smoking. The American Cancer Society estimates that the annual cost in the U.S. — in lost wages, medical bills, damage from fires and indirect costs of premature death — comes to a massive \$20 billion.

## Jack Anderson with Joe Spear

### Weekly Special — Excerpts from America

**Headlines and Footnotes:** Born-again pornographer Larry Flynt has found a willing customer for his wares—the U.S. government. Records reveal that the Library of Congress has a complete collection of Flynt's Hustler magazines, beginning with the very first edition. Flynt pays the government a copyright fee, but the Library foots the bill for cataloging and storing the magazines. They are kept in the periodicals room of the library—under lock and key.

—The Pentagon wants to make bounty hunting more profitable. Next month, the brass hats will ask Congress to double the fee paid by civilian law enforcement officials who apprehend military deserters. If the proposal is passed into law, the Pentagon will pay local police \$25 for every deserter jailed and \$50 for each deserter turned over to the military authorities.

**American Casualty:** The first American casualty of the Nicaraguan civil war has just been confirmed by State Department sources. He was Cesar Augusto Amador, a 25-year-old U.S. citizen who was living in Managua.

Amador was arrested during the fighting last September. He was hauled from his home by dictator Anastasio Somoza's National Guard troops. He was apparently suspected of being a rebel sympathizer, but was never charged with a crime. Nicaraguan authorities claim Amador was killed by Sandinista guerrillas when they raided the police station. His body was never produced; government officials said he was buried in a mass grave for "sanitary purposes."

**Watch on Waste:** The Pentagon is losing millions of dollars every year by making no effort to recover precious metals from scrap materials. Government auditors recently determined that \$16 million could have been saved just by recovering silver from X-ray film solutions. The brass hats said they would "study" the problem.

**Prudent Secretary:** Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Joseph Califano is fudging in his all-out war on smokers. The secretary is a former three-package-a-day puffer himself. But he saw the light through a haze of cigarette smoke and has been in the forefront of the anti-smoking campaign ever since. Califano has proposed legislation to eliminate smoking in public buildings and has segregated the HEW offices into smoking and non-smoking sections.

But now the battle-weary secretary has hedged on calling for an end to \$70 million worth of federal subsidies to tobacco farmers. The subsidies help the farmers earn yearly profits amounting to almost two and a half billion dollars.

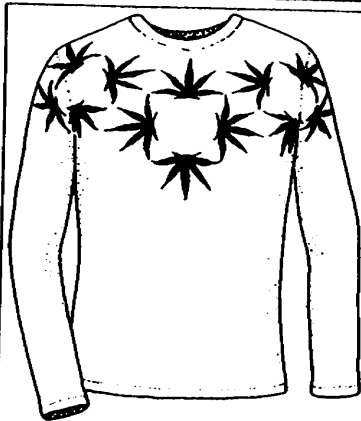
In public, Califano maintains that the subsidies aren't important in his anti-smoking campaign. But privately, the secretary admits that he would like the subsidies eliminated.

Our sources claim that Califano wants to avoid a backstage battle with President Carter on the issue. The President promised about 100,000 tobacco growers in the Southern states they will continue to receive the subsidies. So, if the ambitious Califano pushes for an end to the federal handouts, he would also be risking his tenure as a member of the Carter cabinet.

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# NORML

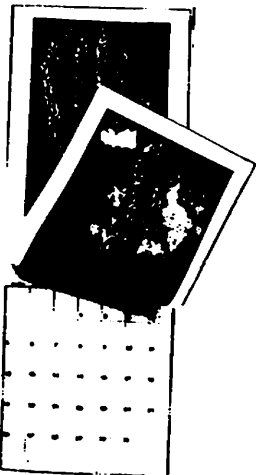
PRODUCTS



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## HEAD LINES

By **HERB WEED**

A month ago pot was plentiful and cheap. Now if you can find a nickel bag you're lucky. The eastern seaboard is in the midst of a dry spell. There's plenty of low-grade high-priced reefer for sale, but for the most part it's not worth smoking. The recent big busts are the most likely reason for the current shortage, but even the government admits it stops a mere ten percent of the drugs smuggled into this country. That leaves ninety percent unaccounted for, and surely some of this must find its way into New York City. I suspect that the dry period will end before Christmas.

Although good pot is scarce, there has been a somewhat steady supply of hash available. It's mostly Lebanese, soft and crumbly. The hash is certainly not the best, but a better buy than most of the pot going around.

Potent hash oil has been seen recently, but alas it is gone now. Hash oil is the most potent derivative of Cannabis next to THC, which is the active ingredient of reefer. The oil averages fifteen percent THC; as compared to about two percent for pot. It's the closest thing to THC that most of us are ever likely to see.

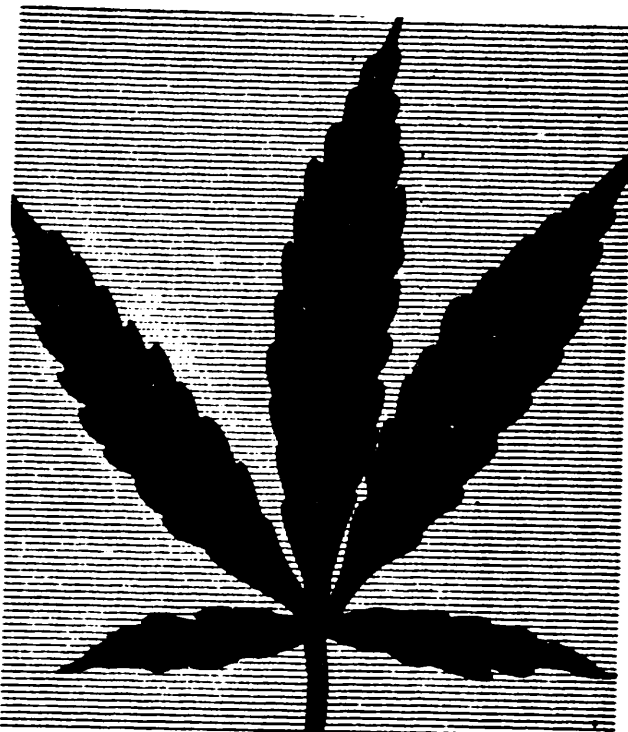
"Kryptonite" is new on the drug scene, rumored to ketamine, an anesthetic related to phencyclidine, (PCP, Angel Dust, DOA). It produces a dream-like state with vivid visuals, and flashbacks are fairly common, but bad trips aren't. Sold in the forms of a white powder or liquid, be sure of what it is before fooling around with it.

*The High Times Encyclopedia of Recreational Drugs* (published by Stonehill, \$9.95) is a delight to read. It is extremely well-illustrated and covers a wide range of subjects and substances. The book offers technically accurate information on various drugs and their modes of use, chapters on drug history and current laws. It is my opinion that anyone would be glad to own this book.

"Reading, Writing and Reefer" was broadcast on NBC November 10, 10 p.m., but "Reefer Madness" would have been a more appropriate title. Edwin Newman hardly seemed suited to interview pre-teens about their drug usage, but the kids interviewed on the show looked burnt-out. Needless to say, I haven't even run into junior high school kids who deal off pounds of reefer, nor do I believe it's a common occurrence.

I found this broadcast to be inaccurate and full of misinformation. It made grass sound like the killer weed of the 70's.

I am really interested in your comments on this column, and your suggestions and questions. Drop a note in OP's office, F336, or OP's mailbox, in F152.



# Ooze

Inspired by monosyllables & others

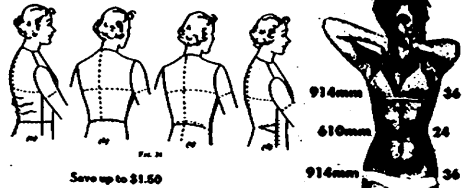
oh, god of the cock  
 you have made members i would not suck/  
 pricks that have pillaged me/  
 a penis that was pink & firm, succulent/  
 he was different when i licked it like i'd licked 25 others/  
 he really liked the way i sucked & slurped his cum/

oh, god of cocks  
 instruct them if you will/  
 to like the way i squeeze, gyrate, blow/

oh, god of the cock  
 it hurts me when they go limp trying/  
 it hurts when they gag my tonsils/

oh, god of cocks  
 you have made so few to please me/

—Nancy Meade



APPROVE — 44%  
 DISAPPROVE — 44%  
 DONT KNOW — 12%

Collage by Bobby Altaraso



Graphic by Bobby Altaraso

space man

a cracked whistle hangs from my scrofulous throat  
 while zombies howl in the chimney  
 flames burst from scorched hair and blackened bones  
 when my senses smell

suicide

they'll need a bardo follies meat truck to haul me out  
 like a pile of worn tires past steep cathedrals  
 to bury me next to a pipe line of sewer gas  
 with a piece of raw meat in my mouth for breakfast  
 i'll come off your wall like a bimbo with her guts busted  
 your red brains dripping through my cupped hands

flat

spilled coffee on dead spoons and the moon is draped in dirt  
 roaches keep track of time on its frozen crust while  
 sobbing nightmares chew up my empty hallway i'm  
 thin enough to break a leg in a spaghetti strainer

brody

the wound is horror  
 an agony of turnstiles in a subway station  
 spaced out in that hell's desert  
 spike people snapping me with stares  
 i rage

breakfast

boiled eggs shot to death in your corny cup on the table  
 stoney crumbs for you to eat, the morning gleams dull  
 with suspenseful death, do you remember the ghost dance  
 you did in your sleep  
 everything is new and dormant when the silverware  
 moves away, sensing your anticipation

autopsy

curling smoke in an empty clutter with the nubile angel draped  
 as in a film with hacksaw grin and drooling lantern jaw  
 maniac lucidity stroked with indifference, pincers gouging truth  
 while pick axe reality bangs holes in the crust of the mind's ice breast  
 the soul's corrosion dragging among furniture stained with posture  
 teetering voices slashing infamous meaning, it's a hog butcher's world

—A.G. Andrews



# 53rd and 3rd — Trying to turn a trick

By WAYNE NOTO

Suzanne talked me into taking her along to The Cowboy, so naturally I wound up sitting in her cluttered room, on her dishevelled bed, waiting for her to finish dressing. She carried on the conversation from the bathroom, where she was painting her face.

"Do you think Keith will be at the bar tonight?"

"I don't know," I lied. (Of course Keith would be there, and of course he would ignore Suzanne completely.)

She came out of the bathroom. "How do I look?"

I took in the Anna May Wong mandarin dress, the stilettos, and the black seamed fishnet stockings. The makeup was plentiful and severe. She looked dangerous and sexy; but there were rituals to observe.

"Don't you think it's a bit busy, dear?" she asked.

We both laughed. "Seriously, though, do I look good? I know I do, but I still like to hear it."

"Yeah, you look OK, let's go now."

I complained all the way down in the elevator, I bitched straight through a crosstown cab ride. I really had very little to complain about, but I like to establish my right to be disagreeable early in the evening. It relaxes me.

"Cheer up Wayne, maybe you'll get lucky tonight."

"Lucky! Other people get lucky, I get frustrated. I need an abacus to figure out how long it's been since the last time I got laid. If you were a good friend, you'd give me a blowjob now and then, just to ease my tensions." I rubbed my crotch lasciviously.

"You probably wouldn't let me."

"You're probably right."

As usual, we got out at the corner of Third Avenue and Fifty Third Street instead of taking the cab up the block to the door. Weather permitting, I like to take a walk around the block first, to check out the meatrack. Arm in arm, like a proper Victorian couple strolling on a Sunday afternoon, we walked. Nodding to acquaintances, stopping to chat, we were the picture of propriety; the people we talked to were hustlers, johns, and drug dealers, nice people, but not at all mainstream.

We ran into Gordon, a red haired, leather jacketed punk-rocker who kept himself in safety pins by giving fifteen and twenty dollar blowjobs in parked cars (usually at the nearby helicopter pad, which is deserted after dark.)

"Hi Gordon. You been here long? You know Suzanne, don't you?" I was actually feeling cordial enough to make introductions.

"Sure, hi Suzanne. Shit, you'll never believe what happened to me tonight. I got here real early, about eight o'clock, because I wanted to score early. There's a whole different group of johns here then, guys who come straight from work to drink and are usually home by nine. If you trick them, you can come back again at ten, and you're like a new face arriving. Anyway, this guy picks me up in a Cadillac and says he'll give me fifty bucks to suck my cock. I agreed, but he says his wife's home so we gotta go to a motel. I didn't want to bother with a motel, so I said let's just park, and then he freaked out! He started screaming and hollering that I was scum and trash, and then to top matters off, he pulls a gun out of his pocket, parks the car, and makes me suck him off! Then he started laughing and threw me out of the car. I spit at the car, and the scumbag threw a penny out the window at me and said 'It wasn't worth it'."

"How do you like that shit? And it still hurts where he was holding the gun against my neck." He moved his hair to show an angry bruise. Suzanne was pleasantly horrified, and I thought the bit about the penny was incredibly funny.

"What are you doing now," I asked, hoping to palm Suzanne off for a while.

"I'm going in The Cowboy. I still haven't scored, thanks to that fat bastard."

"Suzanne, why don't you go inside with Gordon. I feel like cruising around out here for a while." She seemed almost relieved to be rid of me, which wasn't surprising. She never liked me to see it when Keith ignored her, and started making out with a john or something. The girl's a masochist, but embarrasses easily.

Gordon and Suzanne went in together, and I started seriously looking around for the first time that night: I



Graphic by Chris Burton

can't cruise when I'm with friends. I'm terrified of approaching people, (fear of rejection), and when I'm with friends I take the cowardly way and just get stoned, hang out, and go home and jerk off.

I stalked the streets, staring at the carefully posed hustlers. I had finally gotten to the point where I didn't turn away when my stares were met; I finally felt confident enough to actually put the make on someone, when I saw someone who stopped me cold. Instant infatuation.

If the big, fat bulge in front of his pants was any indication, then this boy was generously endowed. He was tall, blond, muscular and very Nordic. His ass looked perfect in tight jeans, "made to fuck," as Suzanne always said with startling perception. He looked eighteen, nineteen at the oldest.

He was on the corner of Fifty Third and Second, leaning in the doorway of an appliance store. Men often passed by, eyeing him hungrily from head to toe, eyes lingering on that enticing crotch. Some stopped to talk, but obviously none came to terms, since still he stood there, available (for a price). I sat across the street on a stoop, watching. His thumbs were hooked in his pants, his head arrogantly thrown back. He radiated an aura that was intimidating. This was probably why no one had snatched him up yet.

I tried to catch his eye, but he wasn't looking in my direction. I couldn't go over to him: He was the most attractive boy I'd ever seen. All my protective cynicism fled at the sight of my lifelong fantasy in the flesh. I was not presumptuous to try and pick him up; for one thing I couldn't afford it. I decided to punish myself by waiting to see who he left with. I didn't have long to wait.

The biggest, shiniest, most hateful limousine in New York pulled up at the corner. My blond boy got in the back. I ran to the curb to peer inside as they passed. He was sitting next to a little, fat, boiled turnip of a man, who looked like Truman Capote. I went in the bar.

"Wayne! We're over here!" Suzanne's voice sounded cheerful, or drunk, across the bar.

Between us lay a long bar with a row of booths opposite, and most of a large back room filled with tables lit with candles wrapped in plastic mesh. The booming disco music was disconcerting, since there was no dance floor, nor was dancing permitted. I threaded my way through the mass of hustlers and hustlers, ignored a hand on my ass and several elbows in my ribs, and still managed to smile and not at acquaintances.

I plopped down across from Suzanne. She was with Keith and a fiftyish balding man who kept his hand cupped on the curve of Keith's thigh. Keith's hand lay atop Suzanne's on the table. I decided to affect my "suffer in silence" facade, and not act depressed.

"Hi Keith." I even sounded jovial.

"Wayne, what have you been up to?" Keith kissed me sociably on the mouth; Suzanne winced. She'll never forget that I was fucking Keith months before she even knew him. Johns she could accept with a measure of equanimity, but the thought of me and Keith fucking, even though it was in the past, disturbed her. Just then, I couldn't have cared less.

"Not much, Keith. Just more of the same old shit. I was just sitting outside getting stoned with some people I know. It started to get cold so here I am."

The conversation was moribund, only Keith and Leonard, his "friend," did much talking, and that mostly in whispers. Suzanne saw that my presence wasn't helping, as she'd hoped, so she began to chat animatedly with a Puerto Rican drag queen named Monique who sat at the next table.

I listened to Keith and Leonard.

"Is she your girlfriend?"

"Yeah."

"Do you fuck her a lot?"



You don't know what you've got till it's gone. View of Finley Center from South Campus lawn. Students lounge in shade, toking up, and reading.



Once called "an oasis in the middle of Harlem," the South Campus lawn from a Finley Center observation post.

South Campus Lawn:

Paradise

By Jay Peabody

South Campus lawn was the best place on campus to smoke a joint during your break. There were trees on all sides and on rare moments you could sit there and feel like you were in the woods. Four touch football games, a baseball game, and a guts frisbee toss would be going simultaneously. You could light up a joint, bake in the sun, and read a novel so you could go to your 19th Cent. Lit. class in the right frame of mind. You could look out from the Office and see life.

South Campus was known as Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart until the early 1950's, when City College took it over and the private college fled to the suburbs. Its rustic charm suffered its first blow when one Morris Cohen library was built, but the lawn itself remained hallowed ground until the Great Hurricane Crisis of 1967, when the master planners started to encroach on a grassy knoll abutting Park Gym. Students sat in the trees to stop the



(Photo by Ronnie Phillips)

They paved paradise and put up a running track. View of Finley Center after the fall.



They stole the trees from under our noses during the conversion of the lawn to a wasteland.





the New York Times, this was an editor's eye view of an post "before the fall."



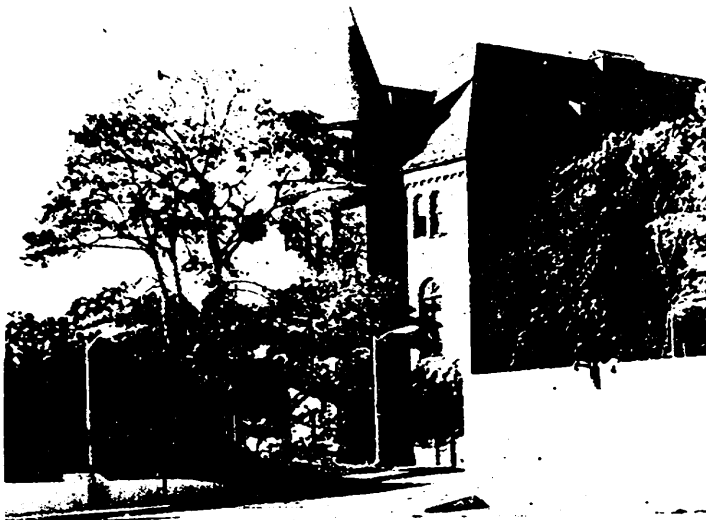
Student activist of 1967 nurturing a sapling planted by demonstrators to replace tree razed by bulldozer. Nothing grows on this site anymore.

# ise Lost

tractors' onslaught. It didn't work. Students planted trees in the place of the uprooted ones. That didn't work either. Then a whole bunch of students jumped into the ditch that had been dug for the hut's foundation while hundreds of others cheered them on and administrators stood around bewildered. The cops were finally called in, and 49 students were arrested. Today we have the English Department office situated in the ditch.

The ten or so huts were supposed to be temporary. The College promised they would be ripped down in just a few years and new trees planted to grow where the old ones stood. The huts are now 11 years old, and now the lawn is gone, too.

Will we one day get nostalgic about Finley, Wagner and Steiglitz hall? Those buildings are lucky if they ever obtain certificates of occupancy, let alone landmark status. Beware the wrecker's ball.



A close-up view of the athletic field today strongly resembles photographs of the moon's surface taken by Apollo astronauts.



Spring break. We returned to classes to find paradise

Photo by Renner Phillips

# Feminism and Therapy

By IRENE JAVORS  
and CHARLOTTE SCHWAB

"Feminism and Therapy" is a column in *Majority Report*. It is jointly written by Irene Javors and Charlotte Schwab, members of the board of directors of the *Feminist Center for Human Growth and Development, Inc.*, which seeks a positive alternative to current therapies which are destructive to women. Both are active members of the *NOW-NY Psychology Committee*.

Traditional therapies have been attacked and criticized for their sexism. Most existing schools which train therapists view women in the traditional narrow model—as healthy women if they are submissive, nurturant, dependent, etc. Women are considered to be unhealthy adults if they possess the very qualities by which they are viewed as healthy women. Women are viewed as unhealthy if they are assertive, dominant, risk-taking, active and instrumental, for only males are seen as healthy if they possess such qualities.

We believe these views provide the bases for therapies which are designed to "help women to adjust" to their traditional social roles (wife, mother, secretary, nurse, assistant, helper). In fact, we believe such notions are damaging to women.

In response to these destructive theories about women and resultant therapies, a new therapy is appearing, under a variety of names: "Feminist Psychotherapy," "Women's Psychotherapy," "Mother-Daughter Therapy," "Lesbian Therapy." We feel that now women are faced with an insidious danger—that of entrusting themselves in therapy to people calling themselves "Feminist Therapists," "Women's Psychotherapists," etc., when in fact many of the practices of such therapists are not very therapeutic and often are highly destructive.

What is feminism and what is feminist therapy? Feminism has many definitions. Most feminists would agree that the basic idea behind feminism is the belief that women are oppressed in our patriarchal culture, in that they are prevented from choosing their own life styles because of sanctions based on gender. Feminist therapy would help a woman to move toward the realization of self-defined goals within the realities of the existing social, economic and cultural limitations based on gender. Feminist therapy affirms the diversity of human differences, life choices and alternate life styles.

The ability to help a woman to make her own choice with regard to self, identity and life style (practice feminist therapy) presupposes that the therapist is not only a feminist, having all the "right" political credentials and rhetoric, but also is a supportive, caring, honest, and open individual. We believe that this means that a feminist therapist is free enough not to have to resort to all the devices that traditional therapists use to distance themselves from (set themselves above) their clients, such as labeling and diagnosis (calling someone "schizophrenic" or "phallic-oriented") and credentialism (using titles such as Ph.D., M.D.) to make credible their practices. Such devices are used to mystify and make "gods" out of therapists (who, of course, are human beings). Often, therapists have abused their "godlike" position by such unethical and destructive practices as controlling and directing the lives of their clients in order to satisfy their own needs. This abuse of power by the therapist may result in such extremes as having sexual relations with clients.

Women who are in need of therapy and who wish to protect themselves from the dangers of traditional therapists have sought out "Feminist Therapists," "Women's Psychotherapists," etc., only to discover that they have fallen victim to the very abuses they tried to avoid, such as therapists who label, take sexual advantage of clients, or otherwise attempt to control and manipulate the lives of women. Needless to say, all these activities are being done in the name of feminism.

We restate that a Feminist Therapist provides support and encouragement for you the consumer to grow and develop in your own way and at your own pace. A Feminist Therapist does not tell you what you "ought" to do or "ought" to be. Whether you choose to be dependent, independent, nurturant, passive, assertive, is ultimately *your choice*. We must stress that feminist therapists are not controlling and do not become sexually or socially involved with their clients in order to serve their own needs.

**Consumer Beware—Not All  
Female Therapists are Feminists  
Nor Your Sisters!**

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## 53rd and 3rd

Continued from page 6

"Yeah."

"I bet she loves your big cock."

"Uh-huh."

"Is it big?"

"Of course it is!"

"How big? Have you ever measured it?"

"Just take my word, it's big. And fat."

"What does Suzanne say when you're fucking her with that big fat cock?"

I never heard Keith's answer, thank God, because just then I noticed drool on Leonard's lower lip, and became disgusted at the scene. Poor Suzanne had been relegated to a sales ppop, useful only as long as Leonard was turned on fantasizing about her with Keith. I didn't want to be at the table when Keith and his fat john left Suzanne sitting there with Monique.

I pushed my way to the bar to get another drink.

Seated at the bar, I began to enter into the spirit of the place. I assumed instant familiarity with everyone I happened to talk to and maintained my artificial, butch stance with practiced ease. A skinny, thirtyish, faggy man with Christopher Street short hair and a heavy bunch of keys hanging from his belt loop plied me with drinks.

"Are you ready for another drink, uh... Wayne?"

"As long as you're buying." And so it went.

He told me at great length that he designed window displays for Bloomingdale's, assuming that I would be impressed. Most fags are impressed by this sort of bullshit, and will deprive themselves of almost anything for their Guccis and Givenchys, and other designer garbage. To them, this is status. To me, it's a joke.

Eventually he got down to basics. I hadn't gone to The Cowboy to hustle, but I was sensible of the fact that he was very drunk and so could be a big spender. In addition, drunken johns are incredibly easy to rob; they usually fall asleep. I was receptive to his overtures, without seeming eager; a sure way to get the highest offer, as quickly as possible.

"You're going home tonight?" he looked flabbergasted. "How atrociously boring!"

"Well," I said, "there doesn't seem to be much else to do." He pretended to receive a sudden inspiration. "Want to make some money?" He exaggerated his enthusiasm, hoping it would be contagious.

"I don't know..." I gave him a "coax me" look.

"You can make," he calculated quickly, "thirty dollars."

I was visibly unimpressed.

"Plus cabfare of course," he added hopefully. Evidently he wasn't as drunk as I had thought. I was becoming less interested in tricking with him. I asked for a hundred and fifty dollars, and he left quickly and quietly.

Just as I found myself temporarily alone once again, the blond number walked into the bar. I was surprised, but not too agitated to notice the automatic cruises he attracted, just by walking past the bar. He walked back to the tables and sat down with Keith and Leonard.

I couldn't have been more dumbfounded if I'd awakened one morning to find that I was a cockroach. I watched as he shook hands with Leonard, and was introduced to Keith. Suzanne dropped Monique in mid-sentence and introduced herself; a bit too enthusiastically, I thought.

I hurried over.

Up close he looked even better than he did before, outside. Leonard's arm was around his shoulder. I wondered how he could stand Leonard's sweaty armpit against his arm.

Suzanne saw the hunger in my eyes and began to laugh.

"What brings you over, Wayne? Tired of talking to that troll at the bar?"

"No. I just came over to watch your makeup. It looks real neat when it starts to melt, like now." Then, with a gulp, "Who's your friend? Hi, my name's Wayne." My voice sounded strained, and the blond looked at me curiously.

"Kurt." We shook hands. I was thinking about what to say, anything to start him talking. I didn't get the chance.

"Kurt, hows about you and Keith and me having a three-way tonight." That was Leonard, of course, the prick.

Suzanne looked dismayed, my stomach dropped into my bowels, and Keith looked pissed that someone else was cutting in on his action.

Kurt certainly wasn't shy. "How much will I get?"

Leonard was expensive. The figure he named was quite generous. Too generous in fact, since Keith called him a fucked-up old queen, and said he'd changed his mind. He got up in a huff and went to the bathroom.

Suzanne giggled, obviously pleased at this turn of events. She whispered, "He only offered Keith half that amount."

Keith returned. "Suzanne, I'm leaving, do you want to come?" Nothing short of a massive heart attack could have removed Suzanne's smile as they left the bar together.

I didn't know whether I should remain at the table, since I didn't know either Leonard or Kurt, and I was definitely the third party anyway. I was really only in the mood to stare at Kurt, though, so I remained. Leonard noticed me staring.

"Kurt is very attractive, isn't he?"

I was mortified, but felt that a dishonest answer would be counter productive.

"Yes, he's very handsome." Handsome! I smiled weakly at Kurt.

"You're handsome too," said Leonard. I smiled weakly at Leonard. "In fact, how would you like to have a three-way with Kurt and me? You'll get paid of course."

Overwhelmed wasn't the word.

Leonard's hand was on my thigh. I would have put up with worse for a crack at Kurt.

"Wayne?"

"Yes. Leonard?"

"Do you have a big cock?"

"I guess so."

"Do you like to fuck?"

"Sure."

Leonard had a lot of questions. I answered them all.



Graphic by Boo Lynn.

# Life in a strip tease joint

By NANCY MEADE

You think we're a bunch of lezzies, whores & junkies. some of us are, our stories old lines, unless you've never heard them before. i sit here mad in the pursuit of writing the slime of life, memoirs of a degenerate daughter.

josephine baker died in paris and the follies burlesk runs on 46th & bdwy. some dancers are sad, but i would've been sad gladly with glamour. i hate the fine art of dry hustling after i learned it well. i want to be free—keep your fifty bucks you thought could buy my pussy. i won't spread my pussy for fatmen or give my cone-shaped tits to whale-like forms grunting unsweet nothings.

strangers of paris, give your kindness to me, a juicy henry miller-slut, jean rhys/collette dance-hall girl. is this a dirty poem? your dance-hall girl, meade A.K.A scorpio A.K.A. gikla jived her naked ass on the melody lounge stage w/ cum so white and obvious dripping slow and sticky between cuntlips 50 men avidly stared at

bent over facing my cunt in the mirror onstage a big white glob between two tiny pink slices of party-size pussy. whispers some guy: she probably fucked someone this morning (or three).

cunt pizza served here a buck a slurp; cheap & greasy & smells times square fondness: slimy henry millerland whores attract new jersey attention

the mirror of my 7' x 3' aqua cubicle; betty boob face, college monthly t-shirt droops on a hook in the dressing room, w/ a black dress, a girl scout uniform. books, drugs. the ubiquitous cigarette burns in a gold tin tray. Donna Summers sounds through the thin door: a drone of lifeless disco music, bass louder than anything.

John Kloss garter belt, from Bloomie's, rhinestoned seamed net stockings, Nina gold & bl. shoes, gloves, changes to baggy chinos, frye boots, t-shirt.

The Costume Lady says "Mambo-Hy was Mr. Go-Go himself; his girls were always first—he sent them carfare when they were stranded out of town. just the best agent you girls could ever have had." (too bad he died the week before i went to his agency). the costume lady—as gentle and warm as everyone's fantasy grandmother.

i strip in a girl scout uniform, borrowed from a friend, it's authentic and titillates. i take an up, walk in the sunshine to buy apples & grapes at a market. back in the dressing room i also stuff my mouth with kitchen hearth bran cookies and smoke three joints. i walk through the lobby in dyke clothes; it looks like a senior citizen gathering of gents. one marches up boldly to me and announces "my name is melvin!" he puckers up his shriveled skin for a kiss, his pursed lips ready for mine. i look at his 20 year-old suspenders holding up baggy gray pants over a big belly. i smile politely.

they're different in the theater, when i view them from the stage. here one looks like my paternal grandfather. i wish he were. no, i don't. one Christian Glass Sliver forces me to be moral. they want to see the pink inside my lips. why? for \$5 they sit for hours watching seven women perform 23 minute shows four times a day. my old fantasy returns. to go beyond limits. to be grosser than any of them, freak them all out.

The Costume Lady had her 70th birthday last week, and stops by now with news and costumes. she has two sons, and says of them, "i raised them around showgirls, and what do they do? they both marry school teachers. what can i do? i guess they were used to having glamorous women around. it didn't mean nothin' to them." she says you did a very cute show dear. jane (jean?) tierney when she was young. have a lot of people told you that? she's way before your time, but if you ever see her in a film, you'll see yourself."

the audio man tells me "you can do anything on the weekend. make a lot of tips. let 'em kiss your titties. no cops on weekends. let 'em kiss you." an unkempt teenage stripper, missing front teeth, obviously from rot asks "can we touch ourselves?" "sure," he says. "do anything you want."

hey scorpio, ya gotta joint? (word has passed through the bleak little hall of 8 dressing rooms that i got weed.) Baby dee, who is due to have her baby any minute.

rolls one from my stash, glances at my typewriter before leaving with a thanks.

i pick up my grungy g-strings to wash them in the ladies room sink. Maria, who bill herself as an exotic combination of portuguese & thai heritage barges in my room, overweight, dyed yellow hair, dirty. "i can't believe it. I made 75 dollars my last show." she holds up a brown paper bag like prized oranges. she's scrawled in eye pencil "put money here" on it. she spread her legs for 75 guys to lick her stinky pussy for that money. i cringe, like on a bad trip with roaches reptiles & keeches crawling on my body.

Arizona bulldyke comes in my room, after i've rolled a j. she says "you sure you trust me in here with you alone?" "why not?" i roll up my stocking, and hook the garter. "you make me nervous—you give me the shivers," she says, and leaves.

in the hall, bev waits for her next song (hot legs) i smile, a joint in my mouth. she leans against the wall—her body one long and delicate curve. "it's a drag" she says, and bows her head. i nod, and toke. she goes on for the last song of her show. i spray cologne on my feet, which will be near customers' faces, dab out my crotch with a washcloth, legs open in front of the mirror.

Richie, the Hippie-Dippy Audio Man announces, "i don't know her, or where she's from—" i whisper, "i'm just a stoned kid from long island." he repeats, on the mike— "she's just a stoned girl from long island—SCORPIO!" "tell them i go to CCNY. tell 'em i'm gay."

this business has made me a junkie for applause and adoration. i feel superior among people whose lives are nothing more than this scummy scene, but i crave their approval. i don't have big tits, i'm not the funniest girl around, my figure does lend itself to lezzie jokes, and i do act too big for my g-string.

i want to be a Henry Miller Whore. Care-free. wild. pretend the stage is my bedroom and the hundred leering fatmen are my lovers. they will applaud my climaxes. here i am, Facing The Sleaze, batting out frantic notes in a dressing room prison. the prison-writer writes of prison. the dancer-writer writes of dancing.

in the mirror i face a woman. i want her to be a melancholy dancer. with creative propensity. i want her to suffer & dance & i want her to prove in the next forty years that she is all she ever wanted to be—sleazy, perceptive, cool, passionate, transient, The Wild One.

i am addicted to the regular consumption of large quantities of grass, ups, downs, protein shakes, vitamins, diuretics and orthonovum 1/80. i like taking pills & powders to control my state of mind, and body. why leave it up to nature? you wanna sleep, take percodan, darvon, valium, tui-nol, seconal, ludes, methadone. you wanna stay awake & energetic for 12 hours? desoxyn, biphentamine, cocaine, methadrine, dexedrine.

after four shows on friday: sit speeding, making faces in the mirror with big, brown pupils dilating. mouth painted red—i am a dance-hall girl. nah, dance-halls you dance with customers. the bit of me that is show-biz-ham. the bit that is whore comes out and loves the grit & filth of this business. this is what he have to suffer for leading unconventional lives.

i am a failure as a slut.

# 'Superman' adapted with taste and imagination



Superman watches over Metropolis

## 'Any Which Way But Loose,' combines violence and comedy

By JEFF BRUMBEAU

These days, what's a decent, violence-seeking macho guy to do? The seventies have hardly allowed the macho-man to express himself. Fighting and killing can land you in jail, so many are resigned to pumping their muscles with barbells, buying fast, loud cars, swaggering in tight T-shirts, dreaming of more exciting times.

Urban macho-men are the most frustrated. Country boys living in the wildlands of the U.S. may deal with floods and tornados, or hunt wild animals. In the country, men have the chance to prove their manhood. Life in the city is immensely tame by comparison.

How can a man be a man in a place where the only floods that occur are when the kitchen sink gets clogged? Construction workers hauling 100-lb. sacks of cement all day can be macho in the city, but for most of us the only hauling we ever do is on Friday nights, bringing home the groceries from A & P.

For those who crave violence, entertainment can satiate the savage in us.

What could be more violently satisfying than a good football game in which men resembling gladiators and Mafia hitmen, suffering torn ligaments and broken bones, hurl their 300-lb. bodies at each other for sixty minutes, with undisguised intent to kill? Not much, except, perhaps, movies.

Movies have had a long history of violence and machismo and a string of marquee names to go with it. James

Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Erroll Flynn, John Wayne have all had lengthy careers as tough guys. Today there's Charles Bronson, Robert Conrad, Roger Moore, Burt Reynolds and the invincible Clint Eastwood.

Clint Eastwood is the natural heir to John Wayne. Ever since his first film in 1967, *Fistful of Dollars*, he's been the unshakeable King of Cool. In the majority of his films he has consistently given the audience the violence they want, always acting the part of a supermacho, and doing it well too.

Eastwood has always been good at the cold, unflinching stare, as the indifferent lover or the killer without concern for morals. Coldblooded as he may be though, he's never without a hint of righteousness or just a bit of nice guy. He's the strong, dependable type, the kind you'd look to as your submarine began to take in hundreds of gallons per minute of cold, bottom-of-the-Atlantic water, and expect a smile of "we'll get out of here okay." For males he's the man's man, and for women, the epitome of tall, dark and handsome, or more simply a real hunk.

But just when you think you've got him typecast, Eastwood goes and makes a film like *Every Which Way But Loose*. There's been humor in his movies before (i.e., *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*), but this one is downright hilarious, making it a major departure for the actor. Naturally, his macho character still takes the front seat in the plot, but when he's not reeling off tight-lipped funny lines, he's playing straight man for the rest of the characters. And what a crew of characters.

In *Every Which Way But Loose*, Eastwood is Philo Beddoe, a truck-driving street fighter whose bare-fisted bouts for money are negotiated in steel yards, meat packing plants and desolate roadsides. For him, home is a Nashville suburb, in a ramshackle house where he lives with Ma and brother Orville. Ma (played by Ruth Gordon) describes herself as a defenseless old woman but one can hardly tell from her fluent talents as a trucker-like cussier and belligerent attitude. Son Orville (Geoffrey Lewis) is the opposite of his sibling Philo, being the dumb but nice average sort of guy. Also living at the house is Philo's pet and companion, a full-grown, grinning, ham of an orangutan.

As a fighter, Philo is no slouch. He periodically fights prearranged bouts, but if you step on his foot in a bar or cafe (which

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By F.R. SEAMAN

Based on the advance hype surrounding this \$40 million film version of the classic Superman comics I fully expected Hollywood to butcher yet another hero of American popular mythology. So it was a pleasant surprise to see Superman transformed into a sprawling science fiction-disaster movie crafted with such taste and imagination that one cannot help but enjoy it.

The film's opening sequence takes us to the planet Krypton and features Marlon Brando as Jor-El, Superman's father. Unable to convince the Council of Elders that due to a shift in Krypton's axis the planet is doomed and should be evacuated, Jor-El decides to save his baby's life by sending him to Earth. No sooner is the baby Kal-El installed in his star-shaped crystal spaceship than Krypton is blown to smithereens.

Baby Kal-El lands somewhere in the midwestern prairie and is found by a childless elderly couple who own a nearby farm. Ma and Pa Kent (Phyllis Thaxter and Glenn Ford) adopt the child, and we next see young Clark Kent (Jeff East) as a high school student trying to come to grips with his superhuman powers.

When Pa Kent dies of a heart attack, 18-year-old Clark leaves his prairie home in search of his true identity, which is revealed to him in a dramatic encounter with Jor-El's spirit. After some space-time travel in which he absorbs the accumulated wisdom of all ages, Superman

(Chris Reeve) returns to Earth as a 30-year-old reporter for the Metropolis Daily Planet. On his first day on the job, he falls in love with sprightly Lois Lane, and the film briefly turns into a hilarious romantic comedy as bumbling Clark woos cool Lois, who is soon dangling from a helicopter precariously perched on the edge of a skyscraper. Superman rescues her, and the film's pace quickens as he goes about fulfilling his mission of fighting for "Truth, Justice and the American Way."

Superman's crusade against crime comes to an abrupt end when he is lured to the luxurious underground lair of master criminal Lex Luthor (Gene Hackman), who disables the caped crusader with a piece of Kryptonite Crystal.

Meanwhile a nuclear missile which Luthor has reprogrammed to strike California's San Andreas Fault races toward its destination. (Luthor, who has quietly bought up the desert land east of the San Andreas Fault, plans to trigger an earthquake that will sink the present West Coast into the Pacific Ocean and make him—the owner of the "new" coast—the wealthiest landowner on the planet.)

The only disappointment in this otherwise excellent film is a cop-out ending that has Superman reversing the time process, against Jor-El's repeated warning not to interfere with human history. What consequences, if any, Superman will suffer as a result of his imprudence will no doubt be revealed in the sequel that is already in the works.

## 'Moment by Moment'

By JEFF BRUMBEAU

There's good news and bad news from Hollywood for John Travolta fans. The good news is that *Moment By Moment*, also starring Lily Tomlin, will soon be released and promises to be the funniest comedy of the year. The bad news is that it's not intended to be so outrageously funny.

Actually, *Moment By Moment* was designed as a light drama, with just a bit of humor thrown in for good measure. But phenomenally bad directing, and even worse writing, (both credited to Jane Wagner), sent the audience at the preview home laughing.

Travolta plays the part of Strip Sunset — you know, like Sunset Strip — who's in his early twenties and who ran away from home because his parents forgot his birthday three years in a row. Strip meets Trish (Lily Tomlin), a wealthy Southern California snob in the process of obtaining a divorce, and naturally Strip talks his way into her pants. Most of the romantic scenes are so syrupy, however, that they're hard to believe.

In all fairness for Travolta, it must be said that he had a horrible script to work with. Yet despite the writing, there were times when he was entertaining as the somewhat dumb, undaunted kid trying to defrost the cool Trish. As only a good actor can, he was able to do something with an impossible role. Next job around, though, he should look for a script with a little quality.

Unlike Travolta, however, Lily Tomlin didn't even bother to exert herself in this film, a disappointment since she delivered a great performance in *The Late*



Laugh-In meets Welcome Back Kotter

*Show*. Here she reads her lines like a foreigner just learning English. Whether she's depressed, angry, or happy, her tone never changes, and the lines are delivered with all the conviction of a bored bank teller.

*Moment By Moment* is the kind of cheap, Hollywood trash that by flopping miserably should teach producers a well-deserved lesson. But Travolta is not only a certain box-office draw, he's also got the Stigwood Organization's bankroll behind him in this case. *Moment By Moment* will probably go down in cinema history as one of the ten worst movies of all time, but not before it grosses several million dollars.



Clint Eastwood's new film has punch



Bob Marley



Jimmy Cliff

**Bob Marley, Jimmy Cliff, Peter Tosh**

# Babylon By Vinyl

By PAUL DABALSA

Whatever has been the barrier to mass acceptance of reggae in the U.S.A., three Jamaican artists — Jimmy Cliff, Bob Marley, and Peter Tosh — have demonstrated that reggae is indeed capable of making a commercial dent in the pop market. When rock journalists mourn the commercial death of reggae, or allege that the reggae boom never happened, they are not concerned with the main exponents of the music, who of course have found sizeable audiences for their music, but refer instead to the number of lesser-known bands that were expected to succeed the forerunners. The prediction of a reggae boom was not wrong, it was just slightly premature. The complete breakthrough of this musical form is still to come, but the transcendental step forward has already been taken by Jimmy Cliff and The Wailers, who by now have captured the pop mainstream in both America and Europe.

It is startling to realize that the three artists being reviewed here have been making records for approximately sixteen years. Jimmy Cliff cut his first song, "Daisey Got Me Crazy," in 1962 and burst into prominence ten years later with the monumental *The Harder They Come* lp. Bob Marley and The Wailers (with Peter Tosh) made their first recording, "Judge Not" in 1963 but did not break outside of Jamaica until 1973 when they released their first Island recording, *Catch A Fire*. Peter Tosh appeared on two Island records with the Wailers (*Catch A Fire* and *Burnin'*) before embarking on a solo career which so far has resulted in *Legalize It*, *Equal Rights*, and the current *Bush Doctor*.

Six years displaced in time, *Give Thaur* is the deserving follow-up to Jimmy Cliff's 1972 soundtrack classic *The Harder They Come*. After several years of uneven accomplishments, the new album marks a return to form by one of reggae's most provocative songwriters. The opening track, "Bongo Man,"

is a hypnotic percussion exercise featuring Ras Michael and The Sons of Negus, a fourteen-member percussion-based outfit. The song contains a variety of eerie effects, with the bongo players beating out complex cross-and-counter rhythms, complemented by a faint background chant. "Bongo Man" is a particularly strange choice as an opening song, but by making it the longest arrangement on the record and placing it in the prime position, Cliff seems to disclaim any commercial pretensions right from the start. His concern is not to break into the Top Forty, but to produce music that will satisfy his fans as well as himself. "Stand Up and Fight Back" is one of the album's many highlights, with its forceful arrangement and concern for political relevance. The next three songs, "She Is A Woman," "You Left Me Standing By The Door," and "Footprints," are products of Cliff's American soul influence, constructed in the mold of Sam Cooke, Otis Redding, and James Brown.

Side Two is highlighted by "Meeting In Afrika," "Lonely Streets," and the record's most inspired selection, "Wanted Man." "Meeting In Afrika" features feisty tropical rhythms, while the lyrics call for migration back to Africa. "Lonely Streets," begins with Cliff singing unaccompanied and builds nicely into a highly-charged number with an infectious rhythm. "Wanted Man" reveals an artist who continues to feel like an outsider because he seeks truth, justice, and sincerity in a society where others try to suppress these same things. The album ends with "Love I Need," another fine song with a commanding rhythm, and "Universal Love (Beyond the Boundaries)," a slow-paced, eerie arrangement that is competent, but forgettable.

*Give Thaur*, while neither flashy nor groundbreaking, contains plenty of good music and convincingly presents versatility and impressive talents of its star.

Bob Marley and The Wailers' double-set, *Babylon By Bus*, recorded earlier this year in Europe

and produced by Island's President, Chris Blackwell, is the group's second live album to date. The first, *Live*, was released in 1975, and is among the best of its kind. *Babylon By Bus* contains a wide selection of Wailers' classics, and still manages to repeat only one song ("Lively Up Yourself") from *Live*. The new lp covers material from all seven of The Wailers' studio albums, including four selections from the group's groundbreaking 1972 debut *Catch A Fire* and one track ("Punky Reggae Party") never previously recorded on a Wailers' lp. The sound here is dense, tough, and driven, with some of Jamaica's top musicians providing the instrumental bite. The fiery playing that characterizes most of the song is brought on by the fact that the individual instrumentalists here are more inclined to comment and explore than on the studio versions of these songs. The percussion and drums leap boldly out of the mix; and swirling keyboards and rhythm guitars are out front propelling the songs; a restless bass anchors the instrumentation, while the I-Threes' radiant harmonies enhance every track they grace. Lead guitarists Al Anderson and Junior Marvin even execute some sizzling licks on "Rebel Music," "The Heathen," and "Jamming." But the true star here, of course, is Robert Marley, who delivers the songs with the same infectious enthusiasm that has made the early recordings of these tunes so delightful. Because he covers material from different stages in his career, Marley alternates between expressing anger and satisfaction in songs ranging from "Rebel Music," "Concrete Jungle," and "War," to "Is It Love?," "Positive Vibration," and "Exodus." Most of these songs appear in extended form here, yet instead of having become diluted, the arrangements seem fuller than ever and are bursting with energy.

The good feeling of the music is generated mostly by the seductive, sun-soaked rhythms which pervade the entire album.

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**Jazz Notes**

## East Village Scene Thrives

By F.R. SEAMAN

A mini jazz festival recently took place in the East Village, where some of the city's most exciting jazz musicians appeared in concerts at the Tin Palace, the Public Theater and the La Mama annex.

Arthur Blythe, regarded by many as the greatest contemporary alto saxophonist, tore up the Tin Palace (Bowery and 2nd St.) on November 10 with a group made up of Steve McCall on drums and Fred Hopkins on bass (normally the rhythm section of the highly regarded jazz trio, Air), Hilton Ruiz on piano and Julian Priester on trombone. I walked in as Blythe was winding up an extraordinary rendition of Ellington's "Come Sunday" with a shouting climax, followed by a sax duel between him and guest artist Kalaparusha Maurice McIntyre on the bebop standard, "Cherokee." As usual, Blythe stuck loosely to the tune's changes, spinning an intricate melodic landscape with his wailing horn. Yet no matter how "out" he played, the group managed to follow. McCall in particular was amazing throughout, implying the time with a relentless barrage of drum rolls and cymbal crashes. This group is one of the most inspired improvising ensembles in town and one looks forward to hearing them more frequently.

The next evening, tenor saxophonist Chico Freeman and trumpeter Charles Sullivan shared the bill at the Public Theater, leading their respective groups. Sullivan's quartet (Charles Eubanks, piano; Lyle Atkinson, bass; Michael Carvin, drums) offered some infectious hard bop, and the high point of their opening set was Coltrane's "Giant Steps," played at a furiously fast tempo. Drummer Michael Carvin was the standout member of the group, stealing the show with his propulsive drumming and inventive solos. Chico Freeman (son of the legendary Chicago tenorist Von Freeman) kicked off his part of the program with an exhilarating duet with drummer Don Moye reminiscent of the high-energy interplay between John Coltrane and Rashid Ali. They were joined by bassist Phil Bowler and vibist Jay Hoggard for a swinging set that concluded with "Kings of Mali," the marvellous title track from Chico's recent lp on the India Navigation label.

I had a chance to hear Freeman and Moye again the next day at a Sunday afternoon concert at the La Mama Annex (66 West 4th St.). Pianist Don Pullen was the leader on this session, but Moye easily stole the show with an awesome barrage of percussive pyrotechnics, while Freeman was also impressive on Rollins' calypso classic, "St. Thomas."

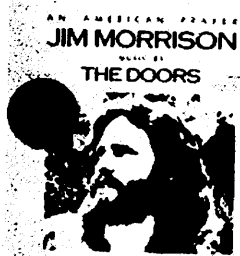
I returned to the Annex on Saturday, November 18, to hear trumpeter Olu Dara's Okra Orchestra, an avant garde big-band that included Freeman and drummer Michael Carvin. Unfortunately, Dara seemed more interested in clowning around than in presenting any music of substance, and it was frustrating to see such a high-powered group of musicians stand around for much of the afternoon with nothing to play. Later that evening, though, there was an excellent concert at the Public Theater—a duet between Don Moye and reedman Joseph Jarman, who are both members of the influential Art Ensemble of Chicago. Following a lyrical solo opening set by vibist Jay Hoggard (which was taped for nationwide broadcast by PBS radio) Jarman and Moye took up positions among a vast arsenal of reed and percussion instruments that filled the stage and created a captivating stream of shifting moods and colors unlike anything else in contemporary music. (They can also be heard on an India Navigation lp, titled *Eggun-Awun* [Sun Song] live).

Coming up at the New Jazz Series at the Public (which has temporarily moved to the Circle in the Square, 159 Bleeker St.) are concerts by the great Don Cherry (December 22 and 23) and Jack DeJohnette's Directions, with John Abercrombie, Eddie Gomez, and Art Ensemble trumpet player Lester Bowie (December 29 and 30). Also not to be missed is a very promising concert with the Cecil Taylor Unit plus Sun Ra and His Arkestra, December 30 at the Symphony Space (Broadway and 95th St.). Merry Christmas and see you in '79.

Season's  
Greetings  
from OPOP



# OPOP RECORD REVIEWS



Jim Morrison and the Doors  
*An American Prayer*

It makes sense that record buyers should suspect the intentions behind any posthumous release, and question whether such a record actually has something meaningful to offer or is being marketed for purely commercial reasons. Even I, despite my longstanding attraction to The Doors' music, was slightly skeptical about this lp before slapping it on my turntable. It only took one listen, however, to be convinced that *An American Prayer* is a truly admirable accomplishment and not merely an exploitative device.

Although the words here were recorded alone by Jim Morrison just prior to his death in 1971, and set to music recently by the original Doors—Ray Manzarek, Bobby Krieger, and John Densmore—*An American Prayer* is as thoroughly satisfying as many of The Doors' classic early efforts. The vitality and spirit of the Doors' best work are again present in many of the tracks on the new lp, such as "Awake," "To Come of Age," "Black Polished Chrome," and "Newborn Awakening." On "Awake," as in many other selections, Morrison spins wild images with his slightly bizarre poetry, while a hungry rhythm section, punctuated by quick bursts of Krieger's guitar, drives the message home. On other tracks like "Dawn's Highway," "Angels and Sailors," and "The Movie," Morrison reads his poetry over sparse instrumentation and achieves some dazzling effects.

What makes this album most enjoyable is that it is not essentially just a Jim Morrison record, but a Doors album. The band is not there just to provide a musical backdrop for the lyrics. The instrumentation is assertive enough to give the proceedings tension, yet supportive enough to allow Morrison's vocals to be the leading element.

On the early Doors albums, the players—Manzarek, Krieger, and Densmore—fashioned a totally distinctive sound which was tightly crafted yet loosely improvisatory in feeling. This same sound is achieved here, with Manzarek's trademark keyboards interplaying wonderfully with Bobby Krieger's rapid-fire fretwork and John Densmore's agile

drumming. The arrangements are all full of variety, and the breathtaking subtleties of much of the instrumentation is captured well by John Haeny's clean, uncluttered production.

The intelligence of *An American Prayer* is modest and unmistakable. It is a stunning collection of poetry and music, that is highly recommended.

—Paul Dabalsa



The Clash  
*Give 'em Enough Rope*

The best thing about *Give 'em Enough Rope* is that it cuts through all the bullshit of commercial pop by seeking to affect the masses rather than entertain them. The Sex Pistols' *Never Mind the Bollocks* possesses this same quality, but where the Pistols' main discontent is centered around the existing social conditions in England, The Clash's scope embraces much more. The recurring theme in The Clash's songs is war and violence on an international or universal extent. The brutal rhythms of their songs are the perfect vehicle for Joe Strummer's angry commentaries, even though the singer's thick Cockney growl more often than not disappears into the instrumental drone. Guitarist Mick Jones is the musical force behind The Clash, unleashing brash power chords which would make a Black Sabbath fan tremble. Drummer Nicky Headon is the catalyst on many of the best songs here ("Guns on the Roof," "English Civil War," "Julie's in the Drug Squad," "Safe European Home," and "Last Gang in

Town") and is indeed one of the most technically precise drummers I've heard perform on the punk circuit.

To some extent, one must figure that the lyrics and the music are purposefully distorted and blurred here, and if producer Sandy Pearlman did bring some order to the proceedings one can only imagine what the band's sound was like before entering the studio. Yet, it's precisely these rough edges that lend excitement to the ten songs on the lp. These same unpolished edges allow the music a certain sense of unpredictability which is generally a characteristic of the best rock n' roll. What we have here is rock stripped to its essentials; unencumbered by synthesizers, horns, strings, or syrupy background vocals. This is determinedly anti-pop music.

—Paul Dabalsa



The Rezillos  
*Can't Stand The Rezillos*

Some people who have not yet cultivated a taste for The Rezillos' brand of mindless fun may think the band's debut elpee to be aptly titled. But actually The Rezillos, a five-piece band from Scotland, mine the art-punk vein more effectively than the average entree into the category. Their sound is a distinctive blend of mid-sixties British pop and current punk, with such perceptible influences in their music as Deborah Harry, the Sweet, and Jonathan Richman. The group's two vocalists—Fay Fife and Eugene Reynolds—are competent and exciting, while the remainder

of the band also perform remarkably well. The best numbers here are "Glad All Over," "Flying Saucer Attack," "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked in Tonight," "I Can't Stand My Baby," and "(My Baby Does) Good Sculptures." Most of the material is powered by Jo Callis' hot guitar, while Mysterious' pumping bass and Angel Pater-son's steady drum propulsion provide the requisite rhythm. There are some exquisite melodies to be found on the lp, such as Jo Callis' "Top of the Pops," and "(My Baby Does) Good Sculptures," and Jeremy Spencer's "Somebody's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked in Tonight."

*Can't Stand The Rezillos* marks an auspicious start for a band which appears to be in control of all the ingredients necessary for success.

—Paul Dabalsa



John Coltrane  
*Feelin' Good*  
*First Meditations*

As a sideman with Thelonius Monk and Miles Davis in the mid- and late 1950's, John Coltrane had begun to stretch his improvisational capacities, and with his classic quartet (McCoy Tyner, piano; Elvin Jones, drums; Jimmy Garrison, bass, which he formed in 1960 and disbanded in January, 1966) Coltrane further integrated the innovative music of Sun Ra, Cecil Taylor, Charles Mingus and Ornette Coleman into a unique lyrical style that established him as the leading saxophone voice of his time. By 1965, Coltrane had achieved a level of intensity in his

music that "begins on a plane at which most performances end and builds to a higher plane than the average listener considers comfortable," as A.B. Spellman put it in the liner notes of *Ascensions* (a controversial June 28, 1965, high-energy blowing session with, among others, Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders and Freddie Hubbard, that thrust Coltrane into the forefront of the jazz avant garde).

Coltrane recorded no less than eight studio sessions in 1965, resulting in a music output so prodigious that much of it remained unissued at the time. Since Coltrane's death in 1967, however, ABC/Impulse has gradually been releasing most of this music, shedding further light on Coltrane's remarkable development during this seminal period of his career.

*Feelin' Good (The Mastery of John Coltrane, Vol. 1)* is a double album that includes a spirited live version of "My Favorite Things," recorded at the Newport Jazz Festival on July 2, 1965, and the original studio versions of "Joy" and "Living Space," which were released with overdubbed strings on *Infinity* (Impulse A-9225). Of particular interest, however, is the material recorded at Rudy Van Gelder's Englewood Cliffs studio on February 17-18 ("Feelin' Good" and an alternate take of "Nature Boy"), June 10 ("Untitled 9314"—ABC/Impulse assigned master numbers to Coltrane's many untitled compositions), and June 16 ("Dusk Dawn" and "Untitled 9320"). These pieces reveal a fiercely searching Coltrane concerned with obsessive repetition of scalar fragments, but still working within a conventional ABA structure. Most of the compositions have lyrical, slower-tempo introductions and endings, with blistering up tempo middle sections that enable Coltrane to stretch out.

On *First Meditations*, a five-part suite recorded on September 2, 1965, the emphasis is on sound texture rather than conventional structure. It is a work of overpowering high-energy tension that builds steadily in intensity through explosive solos. Coltrane soars into the upper register with disciplined abandon, unleashing a torrent of blood-curdling cries, while McCoy Tyner supplies an awesome barrage of power chords, occasionally bursting through with a spirited solo of his own. Elvin Jones generates an unpredictable, pulsating poly-rhythmic wash throughout, while Jimmy Garrison, the least conspicuous member of the group, provides a solid bass line in the background.

The session was shelved at the time because Coltrane recorded a new, slightly different version in November 1965 with the quartet plus Pharoah Sanders

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The Last Gang in Town — The Clash



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and Rashid Ali (released in 1966 as *Meditations*, Impulse AS-9110). It is a testament to Coltrane's genius that his music is as fresh and relevant today as it was thirteen years ago.

—F.R. Seaman



Ray Charles  
*Love and Peace*

On September 23rd, Ray Charles became forty-eight years old, the time in life when most men are slowing down the pace and accelerating the worrying, counting calories, cholesterol and years. Yet Charles, who's been on the road since 15 and recording since 24, just keeps on going like he's immune to ageing. Through the years he has retained that early excitement and his voice remains unchanged; his new album *Love and Peace* indicates this fact. If anything, he's ex-

panded his range and has found new sounds to add to the tough and tender ones he's made his name on.

The question, though, with *Love and Peace*, as with his last lp, is how does an artist who's made his music and legend in one era, step into another and continue to create new and exciting music without sacrificing his roots and his integrity? It's a tough problem and one that Charles seemed to be concerned with on last year's *True to Life*. On that album many of the songs were arranged and produced with a sound straight off of Charles' big-band orchestra years. The result was a largely nostalgic collection of songs that could have been recorded in the 1950's.

But with *Love and Peace*, the sound is strictly 1978. Charles still makes use of an orchestra but unlike before, it is often given a less dominant position in the music. Instead the songs are driven with a nasty rhythm section made up of funk guitar, drums and, of course, acoustic and electric piano and organ. The arrangements are also contemporary, with an occasional swelling or punctuating brass section to remind us of the singer's early years. On soft ballads like the heartbreaker "She Knows," Charles lives up to all the super-

spirited music being made anywhere today. On *Babylon by Bus* there is not one dispensable tune, and despite the familiarity with the material, the songs still sound fresh and exciting.

lative he's ever received as an innovative producer. Another great ballad which will some day be included as one of Charles' classics is the head-shaking, blues-powered "We Had it All," sung with clenched fists and featuring a ripping electric guitar. "Is There Anyone Out There?" yanks at the heartstrings and has a surprise that's pulled off with the intensity of good gospel.

"You 20th Century Fox" has some potential as a disco single and like "No Achievement Showing" provides a steamy example of what Charles can do when he's fired up. Jimmy Lewis' song "Take Off That Dress" is humorous chauvinism with the great lines:

*Take off that dress  
and cover up my supplies  
cause girl, you've got me  
already  
you don't need to advertise*

Ray Charles is an exceptional artist but it isn't just that he's been making records for 24 years that makes this so. The fact is, many old-timers are still recording today. But only Ray Charles is singing, if not better, at least as well as when he first came up. And only Charles is producing records that have the excitement and creative genius we've always known him for. It makes you wonder, if this man sounds this

good at 48, Lord knows how great he'll sound at 88.

—Jeff Brumbeau



Jackie McLean  
*New Wine In Old Bottles*

Alto saxophonist Jackie McLean belongs to the generation of neo-bop stylists whose musical beginnings took place under Charlie Parker's tutelage, but who remained open to the liberating influence of the jazz avant garde.

His early career as a sideman included stints with Miles Davis' group in 1951, where 19-year-old McLean was first exposed to a modal approach to improvisation, and Charles Mingus' legendary Jazz Workshop in 1958, where he got his first taste of free improvisation. He led his own groups and made numerous recordings for Blue Note through the sixties,

and then retired to a teaching career, making only sporadic club appearances in recent years.

*New Wine in Old Bottles* is a brand new quartet date on which the alto master is backed by Hank Jones on piano, Ron Carter on bass, and Tony Williams on drums (who, incidentally, have a live album of their own out on Inner City, titled *The Great Jazz Trio at the Village Vanguard*).

Each side of the lp opens with a McLean original, followed by a ballad and a jazz classic. "Appointment in Ghana," a fast-paced tune built around a short, catchy sax riff kicks off the album and leaves no doubt that McLean's unmistakable blues-tinged wail hasn't lost any of its bite over the years. On the ballads—"Bein' Green," Rogers and Hart's "It Never Entered My Mind" and Monk's classic "Round Midnight"—McLean is at his soulful best, and the marvelous odd-tempo treatment of Charlie Parker's "Confirmation" offers a glimpse of the saxophonist's sense of humor.

McLean's articulation is incisive throughout, and he inspires Hank Jones to lovely solo flights, particularly on the ballads. Ron Carter and Tony Williams' playing, though, seems perfunctory on much of the lp.

—F.R. Seaman

## Cliff, Marley, Tosh

Continued from page 13

Marley's music has always possessed that odd quality of making the listener want to dance even when the words are dealing with ostensibly serious subjects. But this doesn't make Marley any less resolute on highly-charged tracks like "War," "No More Troubles," "Rat Race," and "Rebel Music." It only indicates that Marley is a purposeful and masterful performer, with the gift to touch off different emotions at once.

On *Babylon by Bus*, Marley sounds passionate on every song. This, coupled with the pulsating rhythm drive of the eleven-piece band, results in some of the most

glomerate viewed Tosh as its token reggae artist. After all, Warner Brothers has the rights to Jimmy Cliff, and Island Records has Bob Marley and The Wailers. CBS, of course, is not one label to be excluded from any potentially profitable market.

Peter Tosh's third solo album, *Bush Doctor*, continues in the same sociopolitical vein as his first two efforts. The catalyst behind the Wailers during the early years, Tosh is finally making his move to reach beyond his massive following in Jamaica and allowing his solo work to get across to a wider audience. This is not to imply that Tosh is giving in to his commercial sensibilities. His music, like Marley's, has always embraced the sunny rhythms and airy qualities which are common to America's best pop songs. Unfortunately, CBS Records, for whom Tosh recorded his first two lps, did not take a personal interest in the artist. It is conceivable that the big con-

trast of the album is "Creation," just about every track on *Bush Doctor* is successful. ("You Got to Walk and) Don't Look Back," features guest vocals from Mick Jagger, and along with percolating rhythms and some creditable sax workouts by Luther Francois, it becomes the album's most ambitious song. Other interesting musical moments are provided by "Pick Myself Up," and "Soon Come," where Tosh turns in his best vocal performances. The remainder of Side One includes "I'm the Toughest," again highlighted by assured sax playing and distinctive vocals, and "Moses—The

Prophets," a solemn pronouncement concerning a number of religious figures. The title track which leads off Side Two is a cute variant on "Legalize It." Again Tosh calls for abolishing criminal penalties for the use and possession of marijuana. Robbie Shakespeare's booming bass and Keith Richard's guitar propel the song. "Stand Firm" also benefits from Keith Richard's guitar punch and defiant lyrics in which Tosh boldly denounces the existence of Jesus Christ. The bubbly "Dan Ha Fe Get a Beaten," is a danceable number driven by forceful horns, feisty keyboards, and rhythm guitar. Finally, the strangest track on the record is "Creation," about Jah's creation of man, complete with hallelujahs and sound effects of thunder and waves washing up on shore.

Peter Tosh has complete artistic control over this project, having produced the record, and

composing eight of the nine songs. ("Don't Look Back" was written by William Robinson.) *Bush Doctor* presents Tosh as a consummate control-board person, offering crisp, cleanly produced layers of sound, accenting the rhythms, the vocal harmonies, and the lead vocals. All in all, Tosh has produced at least four potential singles on one record.

It is easy to recommend the current records by Jimmy Cliff, Bob Marley, and Peter Tosh. They all contain the best qualities of reggae—powerful rhythms, provocative lyrics, and a sense of purpose and conviction—executed with tight professionalism and surehanded production. These three artists figure to be among the most important of our times. They continue working to knock down the barriers of race, economics, religion and politics, to prove that music is universal and is the only thing that ultimately matters.

role, despite its being engineered to give foundation to Eastwood's, nevertheless shows himself to be more than a capable actor.

Obviously, *Every Which Way But Loose* is anything but a thinking man's movie. It is instead violent and comic, resulting in pure, noncerebral entertainment. But Eastwood in all his roles has never presumed otherwise. He has constantly been, as Bosley Crowther said in his 1967 New York Times review of the actor in *Fistful of Dollars*, "fascinating without being realistic." He could not be otherwise since realism is incompatible with cinema heroes and supermachos. And so Eastwood will undoubtedly continue making more, if not funny, certainly violent movies, and giving expression to the macho aspirations of millions of frustrated males.

## Clint Eastwood

Continued from page 12

often happens), he'll gladly lay you out for gratis.

There is Philo, peaceable innocent waiting for a red light in his pickup with his co-pilot orangutang, when two members of the local Black Widow motorcycle gang, a wacky, motley bunch of has-beens, pull alongside and laughingly make comparisons between the co-pilot and the pilot's mother. Philo is irked and so he chases the bikers with his truck, culminating in two smashed motorcycles and the owners' frenzied escape on a passing freight train.

Later, Philo has another encounter with a different Black Widow duo, who bother his girl and who suffer the same

unhappy fate as their counterparts. Then when our hero brushes the knee of a patron (who later turns out to be a cop) in a honky tonk, the fists fly again and you know who walks away unscathed.

It is also, however, in a honky tonk where Philo meets Lynn Halsey-Taylor (Sondra Loche), an ascending country singer. The two immediately hit it off despite the girl's gun-toting boyfriend, but the relationship never fully develops because Lynn unexpectedly takes off for Colorado. Philo, though, is hooked and he loads up the camper and takes to the road with brother and monkey to find her, unaware that he is being followed by the revengeful cop and his partner and the humiliated Black Widow gang, all with unhealthy plans for the love-sick boy. The rest is all broken noses, newfound love, lost love, sadness, humor and gallantry.

Although there is little blood in *Every Which Way*, there's more than enough jaw-breaking to satisfy any macho movie-goer's needs. And although this is largely an unprecedented Eastwood film, he doesn't cheat his fans on the image they've come to love. But in parts of this movie, Eastwood is doing something he's never done before, and that is making fun of his mystique.

What *Every Which Way* becomes then is a very funny movie. Aside from the star's self-parody, there are the slapstick antics of the aging bike gang and the equally hilarious scenes involving the orangutang, who, among other things, gives the finger to whomever he dislikes. Essential to the film is Ruth Gordon, a scene stealer in whatever role she takes. She gives the unintimidated Ma the aplomb of a heavy-weight champion and comes away with most of the laughs. Geoffrey Lewis, whose

# Observation

THE CITY COLLEGE



*Our Wild & Crazy Christmas Show*

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