



observation post

Vol. 65 No.2

THE CITY COLLEGE

Friday, March 23, 1979

Tuition Increase Planned for Fall

By DON LAUB

City College students can prepare to dig into their pockets for some extra cash come September. If Governor Carey and Mayor Koch have their way, tuition for full time students will be raised \$100 per year, and for part time students, \$5 per credit. These increases are likely to take effect in September, 1979.

As of right now, these increases are still proposals and are not yet official. But indications are that, yes indeed, they will soon become fact.

According to Associated Press reports, Governor Carey's budget, which was released on January 30, allocated a \$32 million increase to the State University of New York (SUNY). The Chancellor of the State University, Clifton Wharton, requested a \$78 million increase. The difference will have to be made up in increased tuition.

If there is an increase in SUNY tuition, there will certainly be a corresponding increase in the City University of New York (CUNY) tuition. State budget director Howard Miller wants this increase at SUNY to finance debt service for construction. However, in the CUNY system tuition pays for a share of the operating budget, not construction. Despite these differences, Miller wants a tuition hike imposed in CUNY as a matter of "equity and parity."

Stanley H. Lowell, Chairman of the Committee for Public Higher Education replies. "According to the Regents 1978 Progress Report, only 50% of CUNY's senior college buildings are considered to be in satisfactory condition. Equity and parity should mean more positive action by the State to insure the provision of adequate public higher education facilities for all of its college going residents."

Edward A. Roberts, Chairperson of the University Student Senate, which represents 180,000 CUNY students, joined Mr. Lowell's attack on the proposed tuition increase. "Any increase in our tuition, which already is one of the highest for public institutions for higher education in the country, will accelerate the enrollment decline. It is unconscionable that the Governor would even consider a tuition increase which would slam the door of opportunity upon thousands and thousands of

students in the state."

Statistics compiled by the Professional Staff Congress and the National Council on Financing of Postsecondary Education bear out Mr. Roberts' charges. First, as to his assertion that CUNY tuition is high, the Professional Staff Congress says that the average CUNY tuition is now \$902 per year. The average for all public colleges and universities nationwide is \$575. Second, as to his assertion that this increase will cause a decline in enrollment, the National Council on Financing of Postsecondary Education found that every \$100 increase in tuition results in a 2% to

4% decline in enrollment.

Even if there is no increase in SUNY tuition, CUNY could probably still expect an increase. According to The New York Times, Mayor Koch is using the \$100 increase to help close New York City's budget gap. It is expected that the city will save \$5,200,000 a year with this tuition increase. This tuition hike put forth by the Mayor was included with plans for cuts in the police department, social services, parks department, the Board of Education and other city agencies.

This proposed tuition hike is still just

that, proposed, and not yet official. Only the Board of Higher Education can impose a tuition increase in the CUNY system. But the reality of the situation is that a decrease in state and city aid leaves the Board of Higher Education with two choices: further cutbacks or increased tuition. As reported in the most recent edition of the CUNY Voice, one CUNY budget official stated that CUNY colleges could not undergo the same type of reductions that were imposed in 1975. This seems to leave only a tuition increase as a means of coping with decreased state and city contributions.

CUNY Students Unite!

By LEO BENJAMIN

Alas! A million shames must becloud our age and dismay our generation! A million shames blight and blister the reputation of the political lordlings of Albany and New York City Hall! The fright of the one hundred dollar tuition increase is now the bloody calamity of the one hundred and fifty dollar increase! This spells disaster on every college campus in CUNY. Must our college close doors now? Merciful heavens and humankind!

We have seen students leaving our college campuses in uncounted thousands, legions numbers, an endless dismal procession, always in the face of disappointment, discouragement and despair. What do they say, all these many departing students? Is it not always the same grief, frustration distress and dreary hopelessness? Why should they not seek a better future in the brighter halls and cheer of other universities? Do not all these cases, as they grow in numbers and bitterness, add up to a staggering and overpowering tragedy for us?

We know and we live and sorrow with all the injuries, the hardships, the many privations and penury inflicted by our good masters in Albany and New York City Hall. We live and we pine amidst all the crippling damage in our university realms. We know that we have lost an entire generation of teachers. Have we not lost numberless clerks, secretaries, librarians, counselors and maintenance people? Has

not every loss left us wounded, suffering and unhappy? All about us we see our cherished academic functionaries in every category who have survived the cloudburst and hurricane onslaught of dismissals for all their loyalty and noble devotion, burdened down with larger and heavier responsibilities. When we view every department, every sphere of our life, we see those brave souls who still toil in our midst struggling as best they can with the added tasks and duties under the grace of our political guardians and benefactors in Albany and New York City Hall. Is it not true that one person must now do the work of two or three? Let us only stroll about our campuses, wherever they may be, in every New York borough. Speak to our instructors, our librarians, our clerks, our secretaries, our counselors and our maintenance people. What are they saying without cease? Is it not ever the same tale, the same roundelay of growing hardships and deprivation? What better chronicle can we have of the atrocity of tuition charges and its dismal aftermath? Our political dominators, with their smiles and their angelic aspect, must see the plague and the miasma they have wrought in our life with their own reign of tuition charges. They will then see themselves as the oppressors and wastrels that we know them to be. What different worlds and climes there live between the tyrant inflictors of wrong and their victims! How can those condemned to taste the bitter fruits of official depravity and evil be beheld to the high-seated

authoritarians and autocrats?

But now comes this newest assault on our life. Only let us keep before our eyes the terrible harm that comes of the \$150.00 tuition increase. We have witnessed, soul-riven, heart-anguished and suffering, the effects of the tuition charges. But the official ruthlessness is an ever growing monster. Ruin must be heaped upon ruin, desolation upon desolation until nothing remains of our people's university in its ageless dignity, its veneration and grandeur of spirit-born homage, nothing but a poignant memory.

There also looms before us the ever burgeoning menace of our companion university system of SUNY. We welcomed with delight the birth of a neighboring academic complex. Our thankful hosannas and thrilling happy witness attend the growth and fortunate progress of the lusty young giant. But shall we see this rival system of thriving academic enthroned in the hearts of our political adversaries and everywhere advancing at our expense? Who in all fairness and sober studied reason can justify the wild and unruly upsurge of sixty-four college communities throughout the state whilst our nineteen are stagnating in loneliness, in neglect, in poverty and every worsening conditions here in New York City? Shall SUNY be nourished to extravagance, supported, chaperoned and pampered? Shall CUNY be starved to extinction, abandoned, forsaken and

continued on page 10

What's Happening

March 23

Film: Screening by FPA in Finley 101, 12 noon-8 p.m.

Film: Screening by Boricuas Unidos in Finley 132 from 1 p.m.-3 p.m.

March 26

Concert: The Friends of Music perform in Shepard Great Hall at 3 p.m.

March 28

Poetry: Readings sponsored by FPA in Finley 330 from 12 noon-2 p.m.

March 29

Concert: The Studio Orchestra performs in Shepard Great Hall at 12:30 p.m.

Art Exhibit: Finley 131, 9 a.m.-9 p.m.

Film: Screening by Boricuas Unidos in Finley 330 from 12 noon-2 p.m.

Concert: Female vocalist performs in Monkeys Paw from 12 noon-2 p.m.

March 30

Film Festival: Sponsored by the Art Department in Finley 330 from 9:30 a.m.-6:30 p.m.

Stop the Tuition Increase!

**Write or call your Representative
to express your opposition
to the proposed \$100.00 increase.**

Campaign to Support Public Higher Education in N.Y.

IT'S YOUR MONEY

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Executive Chambers Albany, NY 12224

Lt. Gov. Mario Cuomo
Senate Chamber
State Capitol Albany, NY 12224

Mayor Ed Koch
City Hall, NY 10007 566-5700

City Council President Carol Bellamy
City Hall NY 10007 566-5200

Howard Golden Borough President (Bklyn)
Borough Hall Bklyn, NY 11201 643-2051

Andrew Stein Borough President (Manhattan)
Municipal Bldg. Room 2050 NY, NY 10007
566-4300

Borough President Donald R. Manes (Q)
120-55 QB Kew Gardens, NY 11424 520-3200

Borough President Anthony Gaeta (SI)
Borough Hall Stat. Is., NY 10301 390-5100

Harrison Goldin Comptroller
530 Municipal Bldg., NY, NY 10007
566-0290

GET INVOLVED

—Private colleges and universities in New York receive *more public funding assistance than the private institutions of all the other 49 states put together.*

—City College students who receive TAP for four semesters will have their awards cut by an automatic \$200.00 reduction.

—Studies have shown that a tuition increase of \$100.00 will cause an enrollment decline of from 2% to 4%.

—Political forces in the state propose parity of tuition costs for the state's two public universities, but neglect the issues of Bundy Aid to private colleges and parity of services between the public universities.

Your Day Session Student Government is working to help you avoid this unwarranted burden. In conjunction with the university-wide student advocacy organization, the University Student Senate (U.S.S.), City College representatives have been lobbying in Albany and at City Hall to stop the proposed increase but

WE NEED YOUR HELP

Take ten minutes to write a letter and sign a petition. You will make the job of our student lobbyists much easier and

SAVE YOURSELF FROM AN UNJUST TUITION INCREASE

SAMPLE LETTER

March 23, 1979

Dear (your representative),

As a currently enrolled student at City College of the City University of New York, I am deeply distressed by the prospect of a tuition increase at either of the state's public colleges, CUNY or SUNY.

I believe I am typical of today's CUNY student in that I hold a (part time/full time) job while attending classes (part time/full time). Making ends meet is a great struggle for me and my (parents/spouse/children). The prospect of an added tuition burden makes me fearful of a forced termination of my higher education studies. I believe a public higher education is my right. As a registered voter, I would be very dismayed to learn that you supported a policy which makes a college education unaffordable to me at this time.

Sincerely,

(Your name)

Nerds on Parade

By ALEX CORONEOS

At 96th Street, the Uptown No. 1 train is already ten minutes late. This, at 8:50 in the morning, creates a sense of impotent frustration in the motley, school-bound mob of students and professors which swarms over the platform. Some of the more daring in the crowd risk the humiliation and danger of falling into a pit by leaning on their toes over the edge of the platform to see if a train is in sight. Of course, the train will not arrive until all are late for their respective classes. And, of course, express train after express train pulls in and disgorges additional crowds, adding to the congestion. You can only wait.

This waiting process segregates the groups of students and professors on their way to classes. It is possible to distinguish those who will get off at 116th Street and those who will continue to 137th Street. The easiest group to spot are the Columbia students—they are white.

Columbia students fall into three categories. The first, and most out of place on the New York Subway System, are the chic, apres-ski set (lots of down vests, corduroy jeans, leather ski boots). These people have blond hair and future jobs with IBM.

The second type is the demented, derelict law-student type. They always sit at the far, dark ends of the trains. They are either completely bald, or have wild masses of dandruff-filled hair topped with a yarmulke. If they have hair, they continually run their fingers through it. They wear seedy, black raincoats, and pants stained with some kind of white, sticky substance. They wear smudged, black plastic glasses, with lenses at least an inch thick. These glasses fall to the floor occasionally, and reveal bright, red pinch marks on the bridges of their noses. On the train, this person, while reading his law book, will sway back and forth—even if the train is not moving. He may also mumble or sing to himself.

The third type of Columbia student is the New York yenta. You can always find her traveling with her girl friend Karen. Both she and Karen are either zoftig or fat as pigs. They schlep to school in tacky dashikis and torn jeans. They sit schmoozing on the train, sprawled across the seats, taking up enough space for four people.

They are both members of Channel 13, and carry little squirt cans of mace in their bags. (Neither has ever been seduced.)

There is only one type of Columbia professor, be it man or woman. (In fact, you cannot distinguish the two.) It wears tweedy jackets with leather elbow patches, carries a pipe clenched in the side of the mouth, and generally tries to remain as removed as possible from the herd.

The entire Columbia crowd (with the exception of type two) has excellent manners. They keep to themselves, and obey the signs posted on the girders: they neither spit nor smoke.

No one who goes to Columbia 1. has acne; 2. wears little pierced earrings; 3. carries giant, blasting, stereo tape players; 4. can dance.

The other college crowd comes from City. We have basically three colors here: real black, mocha and yellowish. (Of course, you have the endless varieties and colors of half-breeds of dark and dubious extraction; and a small smattering of white.)

We must dispatch the whites first. You have two types. The first are true white folks, i.e., American-born. The male of this type looks like a garage mechanic from Queens. (And, in fact, his father—or mother—probably is a garage mechanic from Queens.) But, this type does not want to be a garage mechanic from Queens; so, he goes to City College to study (what else?) mechanical engineering. The City College real white person is interchangeable in appearance with your average Madison Square Garden hockey spectator: they are chubby and have a spare tire which hangs out over their white t-shirt; they wear an Islanders windbreaker; they wear work boots. If daring, this type may wear a gold cross necklace, tucked under the t-shirt; but seldom will you see them with pierced earrings.

The second type of white man is The Greek. The Greek has been in this country for six months. He can barely get by in English. This, of course, makes him eminently suitable for City. He wears tight, black pants, and a white dress shirt open to the waist. These two items of clothing serve to (intentionally) accentuate his crotch and hairy chest. These two items of clothing also serve as his uniform in the diner where he works after school. He too



On weekends, author wears tight black pants, and a white dress shirt open to the waist.

studies mechanical engineering. (In fact, all white males at City study mechanical engineering.) As soon as The Greek obtains his engineering degree and earns some money, he plans to buy the diner.

The two types of white girls of City are identical in appearance and history to their male counterparts—except that they study nursing.

Now, we come to that vast horde of dark-skinned people. Unlike their white brothers, these people are a touch more variegated.

For the men, we have three sub-groups. The first are the Africans. Ritual cheek scars and frayed, checkered, polyester pants distinguish this group.

The second group is the basketball group. They wear polyester pants, but in solid colors (like lime green). These pants take on a strange iridescence in dark spaces. Naturally, they wear sneakers, or, occasionally, green and black Adidas. They carry their Basic Skills books and tape players in Adidas gym bags.

The third group is the dude Ebony-upwardly mobile group. This is a class group all the way: his clothes cost twice the tuition of City. He has maroon, alligator loafers with tassels, tailored Cardin suits with turned up collars and scarves, tinted shades with monograms, the works. He carries his Basic Skills books (but no tape player) in a leather brief case.

The women of this group, as with the men, fall into three groups. The first, as

before, are the Africans. To spot them, look for either enormous turbans, or squalling brats hanging on their arms. (The kids are there because all the day-care centers in New York are full.)

The second group is by far the largest and most boring: the matrons-to-be. This is the dowdy, frumpy group. Look for them with their noses stuck in their nursing and anatomy books. This group comes in all sizes, but tends to run along the dimensions of the New York yenta from Columbia: from zoftig to grotesquely obese—fat practically rolling off the subway seats. Still, they all wear the same brown car coats.

The last group is the female counterpart to the men's Dude group: the street-wise hooker types. These girls are mid-gets, about five feet tall. To make up for it, they wear those six-inch, stiletto-heeled, shit-kicker high heels. (One wrong move here, and a man becomes an immediate candidate for the Vienna Boys Choir.) They are also ten pounds overweight. Those ten pounds have gone to their hips, which are encased in skin-tight Calvin Klein jeans, which accentuate a certain enticing V-shape. The girls probably have pretty respectable boobs, but you'd never know it, because they keep them hidden in waist-length chubby jackets. Unlike the New York yenta, this group may have been seduced—but never publicized it.

The final group of City calls itself the Asian-American. I cannot distinguish this group; after all, they all look alike.



A mechanical engineering major at City.

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 1977.

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Don't Blow This Chance

BY ALEX CORONEOS

It is 7 a.m. You have a 9 o'clock class. You throw on your clothes. You wolf down your breakfast. You brave the IRT. You drag yourself up the mountains to City. At exactly 9, you slip into your seat. No teacher.

You wait — and you wait. Your wristwatch strikes ten after, fifteen after. Finally, at 9:30, much to the vexation of a mutinous class, the professor walks in, smiling sheepishly.

Has that happened to you? If it has, tell us about it. The Observation Post extends the invitation to all students to detail any and all episodes of your teachers' escapades. Tell us about anything — lateness, absence, drunkenness, incompetence. If you have ever wanted to complain, but have suffered silently — or, if you have complained, but have had nothing done — we know how frustrating it can be.

Here's your chance. We'll try to investigate your claims. We'll spotlight the problem. And — need we add? — all parties (i.e. teachers too) will have their chance to respond.

Our requests? BE SPECIFIC! Give all details and names. Finally, you must give your name and your signature. If you come up with something, send it to the Observation Post, Finley 336 or Finley 152, Attention: Alex Coroneos, News Editor.

Letters

More Meade

Dear OP:

Let us render praise and gracious tribute the memory of our Nancy Lee Meade. This is the duty of holiness and loyal fervor.

In death we feel sadness, pain, bitterness and desolation. Death leaves us only aching memories of someone we have known and esteemed and loved. But is there any dignity and profit in shrill lament or moping and sulking in loneliness? Far better it is to advance a cause soul-cherished to the dear departed, some dream or yearning never achieved, but wholesome and beneficial to the community.

Nancy Lee Meade promised me a month before her unexpected demise that she would do everything possible to advance the star of free tuition, to campaign with others for the return of the old regime of blessed memory. To me she leaves a shining image of a gallant standard bearer in the crusade for free tuition. She assured me that she would write a lengthy story about my little brochure entitled "Our Beloved Memory of Free Tuition" and would go on promoting it with all her means. Only the stroke of an unkind destiny, the arbitrament of Providence without pity, made all this vain.

Let us not say that everything has perished forever in the death of this fine young woman. Ages of human speculation on the afterlife leave us uncertain that any sense abides that can cheer her in the measureless beyond. Let us hope and pray forever that she knows a blissful life wherever she may be now.

But you, my dear friends and fellow crusaders in this student journal, please do carry forward this one loving work of Nancy Lee Meade. Laboring for the restoration of free tuition and the happy development of CUNY, we give her a memorial that would please her and cheer her.

From Leo Benjamin

Hurrah!

Dear OP:

Your articles on music are excellent. The coverage that you give rock n' roll is outstanding. Keep up the great work!

CUNY Student



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We want to cure cancer in your lifetime.

By WAYNE NOTO

In 1366 Jesus Christ appeared to St. Catherine of Siena, accompanied by the Blessed Virgin who conducted a spiritual betrothal. Christ confirmed the marriage "not with a ring of silver but with a ring of his own sweet flesh, for when he was circumcized just such a divine ring was taken from his holy body."

The ecstasies of this union were undoubtedly well deserved, for Catherine's piety had by then become famous throughout Europe. She was born in the Italian city of Siena in 1347, the youngest of 25 children. As a little girl, on her way up or down stairways she used to stop and kneel on every step to repeat a Hail Mary. When Christ first appeared to her at age six on the dirt roadway beside her parents' chicken-coop, her vocation was sealed.

Her shrewish mother tried in vain to interest her in the usual pursuits of young girls, and to pay more attention to her unkempt personal appearance. When her parents persisted in trying to find her a husband she took a vow of lifelong virginity and cut off her golden-brown hair, which was her main attraction. Out of spite, her family beat her often with withered sticks and made her do all the menial and degrading work, scolding and belittling her from morning till night.

Finally realizing that further opposition to Catherine's implacable will was useless, her father gave her a small cell-like room which she kept shuttered and dimly lit. She fasted and slept on rough boards, and still further increased her mortifications.

During these years of self-negation Catherine was subjected to fierce trials. She was continually visited by demons with giant phalluses dripping slime, and assaulted by other degrading temptations which she dared not even record, although she was a prolific chronicler of her life and times.

After her celestial marriage to Christ she became a major figure, an advisor to Popes and kings. Her authority was the voice of Christ, speaking directly to her in her frequent trances. Fame apparently had little effect on her however, and she continued to live on hardly more than a little raw lettuce. If forced to eat by her concerned followers, she turned her head away and spat out the food she had chewed, or induced vomiting lest any food or liquid remain in her stomach. Her virginity remained intact, dedicated to Christ.

Evidence indicates however that her marriage to Christ was consummated regularly in her trances. While in this state she is reported to have writhed and moaned as if in orgasmic ecstasy, and she always awakened saying "May He kiss me again with the kiss of His mouth."

During Catherine's lifetime, Europe was wracked with the Black Death, and it was only natural that Catherine should turn her attention to the plague-stricken. She nursed in the hospitals, and undertook those cases from which the other nurses shrank. In one extreme case she sucked the pus from the cancerous sores of an old woman, and also from the oozing lesions of a leper named Tecca. She buried the dead with her own hands. She also sought the spiritual salvation of condemned criminals. One young knight at the Vatican court named Nicholas di Toldo, who was sentenced to death for murder, made confession at Catherine's persuasion. When he was beheaded she received his severed head into her hands, and washed and prepared it for burial, kissing it on the lips before finally placing it in a consecrated grave three days later.

Three years before her death she ex-

They Suffered for Christ — And Loved It



She was continually visited by demons with giant phalluses dripping slime, and assaulted by other degrading temptations

perienced yet another travail. Stigmata appeared on her hands, feet and heart but were visible to Catherine only. This occasioned some doubt among her followers, which hurt Catherine mortally. This doubt, combined with failing health due to her strict disciplines, caused her death at age 33. At the moment of death the stigmata appeared to all, and bled copiously for hours.

Even before her death her example was followed by others, though none quite had the flare of Catherine. Her extreme brand of religious observance soon came to influence the formulation of Church dogma.

One contemporary, Jean Gerson, was the foremost theological scholar of France. He "advised confessors to arouse a sense of guilt in children with regard to their sexual habits so that they might recognize the need for penitance. Masturbation, even without ejaculation, was a sin, that takes away a child's virginity even more than if at the same age he had gone with a woman." The absence of sense of guilt in children

was a situation that must be changed. "They must not be allowed to kiss or fondle each other, nor sleep in the same bed as the opposite sex or with adults even of the same sex."

Gerson had six sisters, all of whom chose to live unmarried in holy virginity.

The Middle Ages thus saw a great flowering of religious piety, and the loose morals which had reigned for centuries were supplanted by the hysterical suppression of sexuality. Thousands of self-flagellants, ascetics and fanatics of every stripe, spread a wave of truly bizarre religious observance throughout Europe.

A typical example of this new fervor was Pierre de Luxemburg, who precociously took an oath of perpetual chastity at age six. He imposed the same vow on his twelve-year-old sister, and admonished his brother that laughter was a sin, because the Gospels record Jesus crying but never laughing.

At age eight he went to Paris to study, and practiced fasting and self-flagellation. He slept on the dank stone floor fully clothed, without removing his belt or shoes,

that he would be ready for midnight prayers without losing time. By age sixteen he was a cardinal.

He spent the greater part of each day in self-imposed solitary confinement, writing down his sins. It is difficult to imagine what they might have been. He confessed at least twice a day to his chaplain, who sometimes feigned sleep when he heard Pierre knocking on his door in the middle of the night.

In addition to performing miracles, such as resurrecting a court steward who had been felled by a thunderbolt and curing the Duchesse de Bourbon of severe labor pains, Pierre became a renowned judge. One incident shows his method.

Through the streets of medieval Europe roamed dogs, cats, pigs and sheep. In addition to contributing to the filth and smells they occasionally bit or ate children. One infamous pig in the town of Dijon ate a child in 1385 and Pierre saw to it that the pig was duly tried and executed by hanging.

Pierre was buried in a pauper's cemetery at his own request.

While this spirit was most prolific in Catherine's Europe, it was two hundred years later and thousands of miles away in South America that the other great charismatic figure in this genre of saints arose.

St. Rose of Lima was born in 1586 of Spanish parents. She took St. Catherine of Siena as her model, despite the objections and ridicule of her family and friends.

One day Rose's mother put a garland of flowers on her head, to show her off before visitors, and Rose stuck a pin in it so deeply that it was only removed with some difficulty. Hearing others frequently praise her beauty, and fearing lest it be a source of temptation to anyone, she used to rub her face with raw pepper mixed with gravel, in order to disfigure her face. When one day a woman admired the fineness of the skin on her hands, and the shapely fingers, she seared them with lime, doing such damage that in places the bones were laid bare. She was unable to dress herself for over a year in consequence.

In ensuing years she committed ever more shocking proofs of piety. She easily won the battle for mastery over her emotions and senses.

When her family went bankrupt in an ill-conceived mining venture, Rose worked day and night to support the family by sewing burlap sacks for sugar beets. Apparently Rose's natural beauty was so enduring that she was much sought after by suitors despite her many disfigurements. When her parents tried to induce her to marry, she took the veil and wore circlet of silver on her head, studded on the inside with little spikes, like a crown of thorns.

She suffered from fifteen years of persecution and friendlessness, and from violent carnal temptations from the Devil. This she combated with ever greater mortifications.

Near the end of her life, when she lived in constant pain, the peasants of Peru discovered this great holy woman in their midst, and made pilgrimages to her rude lodgings.

In her last illness, she prayed repeatedly "Lord, increase my sufferings." He did, and she died in 1617, at the age of thirty-one.

St. Rose of Lima is the patron saint of Peru. Her Feast Day is August 30. St. Catherine of Siena, along with Francis of Assisi, is a patron saint of Italy. Her Feast Day is April 30. They are both the objects of the prayers of millions of devout Catholics, who revere them, and hopefully, emulate their virtuous ways.

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Contact your Placement Office for an interview with the Capital Area Personnel Services Office, Navy (CAPSO-N) recruiter on March 27 or write:

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Danny Fields discovered the MC5, and the Stooges. He now manages the Ramones and Steve Forbert.

Kingpin of the Blank Generation

By PAUL DABALSA

"Steve Forbert's album is selling very well. Very, very well. Very, very, very, very well," says Danny Fields with a smile of achievement, as we sit in his West Village apartment. Fields is enthusiastic. For the first time during his thirteen years in the music business, he is in a position to challenge those people who have accused him of having uncommercial instincts.

Fields manages Steve Forbert and the Ramones. He has also been responsible for launching the careers of the MC5 and the Stooges in the late sixties. It was these early associations, coupled with his current involvement with the Ramones, that have provided Fields the reputation for being out of tune with popular tastes. The raw, hard brand of rock performed by these groups is not the kind of music that has traditionally received much airplay, and therefore has had limited impact on the record-buying public. Still, the uncompromising approach of the MC5 and the Stooges have earned them legendary status with rock chroniclers, and the Ramones too are assured their place in rock n' roll history.

Danny Fields was born thirty-five years ago in Brooklyn. His father was a doctor by profession, but was at the same time a band leader. His mother was a school teacher but sang as a hobby. With all this musical influence, Fields began collecting 78's at an early age, cultivating a taste for Broadway and movie scores and classical music.

His original gift as a child was in science and math. He attended John Adams High School in Queens, then went on to Queens College for one year before transferring to the University of Pennsylvania. By this time his interests had changed entirely (except for his passion for music) and he

maored in English. When he graduated three years later, he went to Harvard Law School, not because he wanted to be a lawyer, but because he wanted to spend some time in Cambridge legitimately.

Fields soon dropped out of Harvard Law School because he didn't fit in. "Everybody there was much older than I," says Fields, "they wore three-piece suits to class and carried attache cases, while I would wear Levis and carry books in a green bookbag, which was very undergraduate." After dropping out, Fields "hung out at Harvard Square" for about a year before deciding he wanted an M.A. in English, and returning to New York where he entered New York University Graduate School.

While at N.Y.U., Fields worked in the school department that administered vocational aptitude tests and I.Q. tests. His first full-time job was selling books at the Doubleday Bookstore on 57th Street. At the time, Fields' professional goal was to enter the world of book publishing.

Next, Fields took an editorial job at *Liquor Store Monthly*, a trade magazine for liquor store owners. Then he worked at a company which produced college booklets which condense novels into summaries of the essential facts. From there, Fields went to *Datebook Magazine*, a teenage publication which specialized in features like "How to Cure Acne" and "Getting Boys to Notice You."

Then in 1966 Fields set himself up as a free-lance press agent. In 1967 he handled publicity for Cream and The Who on their first visit to America. One day he was persuaded by the manager of a new West Coast group called the Doors to see the group's performance in New York City and get them some publicity. Fields saw the Doors' show and was so impressed that he went to Elektra Records (the Doors' label) and asked to be their permanent

publicist. The President of Elektra, Jac Holtzman, asked Fields to start a Publicity Department for the company and in May 1967 Fields took the position. One of his first tasks was to promote the Doors' single "Light My Fire." Within two months the single went to number one on the charts.

In September 1968, Fields saw the MC5 and the Stooges perform in Ann Arbor, Michigan and was so impressed that he signed them. The only problem was that as a publicist, Fields' duties did not include signing acts, which is the primary responsibility of the A&R person. Nevertheless, the groups remained on the label, but only as long as Fields did. In January 1969, Fields was fired from Elektra Records because his influence on the record company had been steadily growing and some of the executives and artists resented this influence.

Fields began managing the MC5 and took them to Atlantic Records. Jerry Wexler, President of Atlantic Records, signed the group to the label and also hired Fields as a publicist. Fields was never very happy at Atlantic and explains why he finally got fired in May 1971: "I heard that Aretha Franklin was going to perform at the May Day demonstration in Washington, D.C., so I told Atlantic that if Aretha (an Atlantic artist) was going to be there, I better be there. So I took a suite at the Howard Johnson on Virginia Avenue, paid for by Atlantic, of course. It became the hospitality suite for the whole convention. Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, and Phil Ochs were all there. I was informed that the police were going to arrest everyone in Washington and really having to get back to work I didn't feel like being rounded up, so I left for New York. I put another 24 hours on the room so that the people who were still involved could stay there. They must

continued on page 10



BREEZIN' - One hot new club that's fast earning a reputation for good music is Jimmy Boyd and Phil Robinson's *Breezin'*. The mainstay here is jazz-rock, some of the best New York has to offer. Walter Bishop, Carol Lundy, Lonnie Smith and the newly signed Arista artist Tom Brown, have all brought their music to the *Breezin'* bandstand. And soon the club will institute amateur nights. Platinum-bound bands will sign up Monday to compete Tuesday and Wednesday nights for a \$75 first and \$25 second place purse.

Living up to its name, the buoyant and relaxed *Breezin'* is an easy place to stop in for a drink and end up staying all night. Handling the bar duties is the attractive Ronnie, serving drinks that range from about \$1.25-\$3. Just a year old, *Breezin'* should be around a long time.

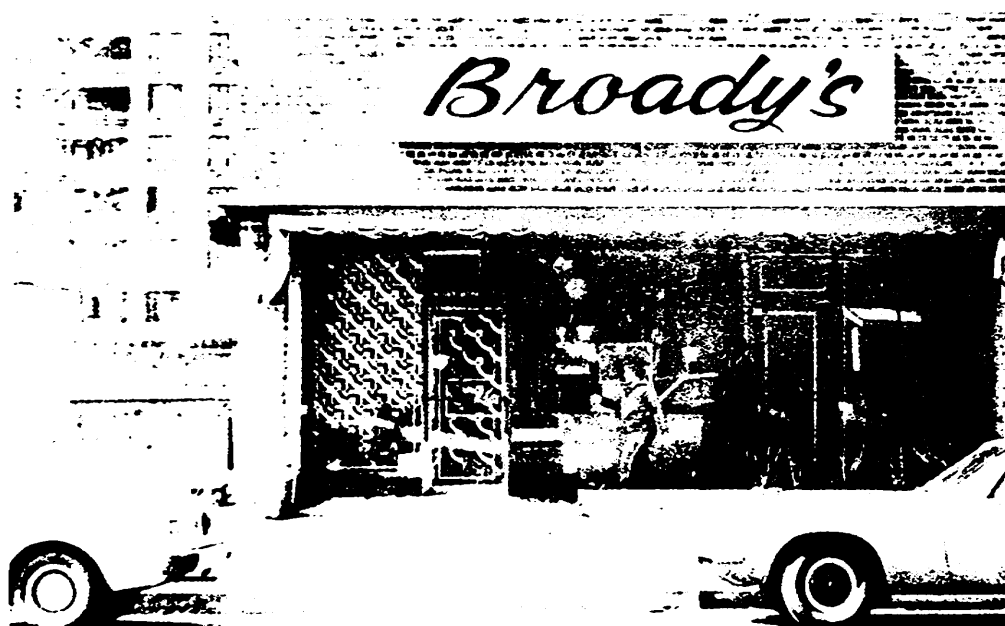
Breezin': 143rd & Broadway; 368-6914; 7 days, music 10 P.M. — 4 A.M.; no cover.



THE COTTON CLUB — Back in the 1930s if you made nightlifer, whether VIP, society-page stalker or well-to-do *Cotton Club*. It was that simple. Back then, *Cotton* stood true for the club today, but although they don't bring in their share. Most of the clientele, however, who come in the disco format, have dinner or drinks are, in the precinct well-dressed middle-class." Indeed, many of those who be professionals or college students.

Passing through the regal, gray-tinted glass doors is something of a spectacle. Swirling, staccato lights and an abundance of gleaming chrome. Carpet sweeps the floor end of which are cushioned seats for weary dancers. As back, a few steps up, the Jungle Room, a pleasant, private take the spiral staircase upstairs you'll find a red leather overlooking the floor below. Drinks range from \$3.25, such exotic dishes as sugar-cured ham and eggs, \$7.50 with brandy and ginger, \$2.25, Lemon sherbet laced with

The Cotton Club: 125 St. & West Side Hwy.; MO3-7960; cover \$10, \$5 with student I.D.



BROADY'S — Although *Broady's* has a dance floor, disco lighting and a disco band (at least on the night we visited), manager Mary Pugso is adamant about not having the club labeled a disco. She prefers to think of the small place as a pleasant spot for 30-50 year olds to get together. Well, pleasant it is, comfortable, definitely, a disco, perhaps. The dance floor can afford about 20 couples and on Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays there is live music. Other days a disc jockey sits in with a turntable. You can have your drinks at the bar, or if you prefer, at one of the small but intimate tables near the bandstand which some nights is a showcase for R&B. Drinks are \$1.50-\$2 from 4-9 P.M., After 9 P.M. \$2.00-\$3.

Brody's: 99th & Columbus; 850-4400; Open 7 days, 4 P.M.-4 A.M.; \$2 cover Tue., Fri., Sat.

Steppin' ©

By Jeff

Ask anyone, native best about New York and Bridge that most will. They'll talk about the strung around Midtown, the numerous jazz, rock shows downtown. But a ple about the nocturnal get a look that implies about action in Istanbul.

And yet there was a 96 Street drew the ever lower Manhattan does such as the famous *Cott* providing good, current and comfortable setting well as blacks that uptown was hot.

In 1979 though, H mecca of nightlife it once most of the old clubs have people just don't know exist uptown. With this visit a few of the many to see just what kind of to offer. We visited the such as *Breezin'*, *Brody's*, *Club* and the *Apollo*. We ment as diverse as the t and a Harlem that still co



any claim no matter how modest to being a New York do anybody, then it was assumed you had been to The d for elegance and entertainment. The same still holds the million-dollar names like they used to, they still get here regularly to dance to the new full-time, DJ-piloted see words of manager John Beatty, "the young and saw here were black, in their twenties and appeared to

your first glimpse of the posh interior of the club is ale everywhere off the floor-to-ceiling mirrors and the or to the edge of the large oak dance floor around one ainst one wall are a line of tables for couples and in the ate alcove for dining with a view of the dancers. If you er lined bar with stools and table off to the side and \$3.75; champagne \$35-\$85 a bottle. On the menu are \$0, baked sea scallops casino, \$9.75, candied carrots n Russian vodka.

en 7 days, dinner 8 P.M.-2 A.M., dancing 10 P.M.-4 A.M.;

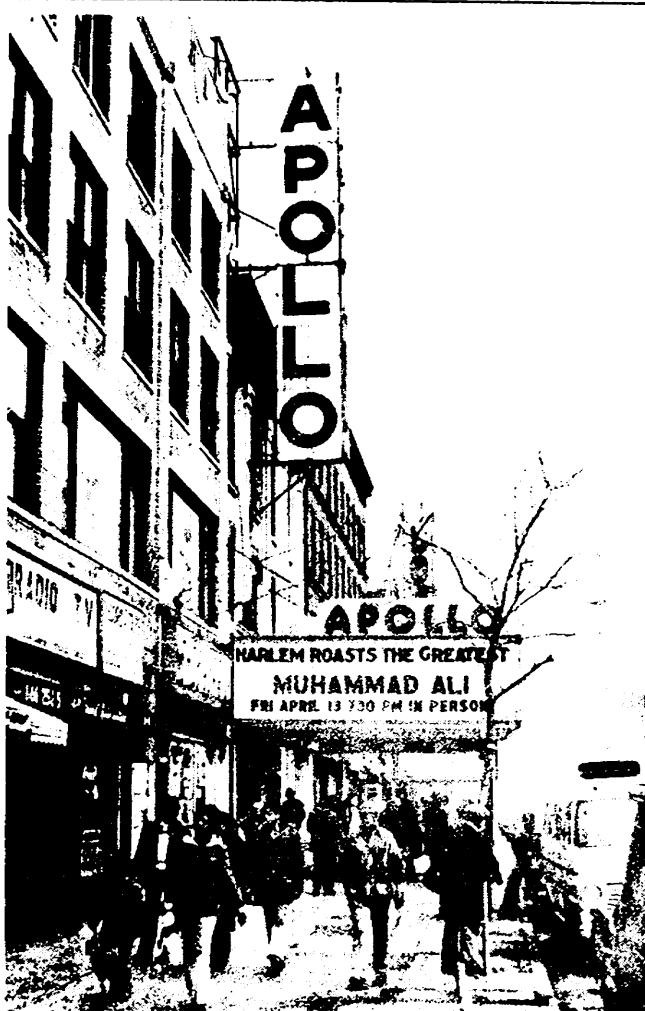
ut in Harlem

Brumbeau

or tourist, what they like d you can bet the Brooklyn tell you it's the nightlife. concert halls and theatres the East Side singles bars, and folk clubs, or the loft sk many of these same peo- goings on uptown and you ou might as well be asking Uptown?

time when the area north of ing crowds as prolifically as today. In the 1930's clubs on Club pulled crowds in by entertainment in a stylish Back then, whites knew as own meant good times. Har-

arlem is not the heralded was. Times have changed, ve closed down, and a lot of about the nightspots that s in mind, O.P. decided to laces in or close-by Harlem entertainment the area had new and established places f's, Michael's, The Cotton hat we found is entertain- tastes of the people we met ooks after sundown.



THE APOLLO — *The Apollo* has long been Harlem's premiere theatre, breaking some of the best black performers this country has ever known and presenting the established greats. The names are endless: Sam Cooke, The Temps, Smokey Robinson, Aretha Franklin, Marvin Gaye, James Brown, Diana Ross and the Supremes, Gladys Knight and the Pips and on and on. Best known for its emotional and discerning audiences, performers at *The Apollo* are keenly aware that depending on how well they do their jobs, the crowds will either overwhelm them with love or destroy them.

A landmark on 125th St. since the '30s, *The Apollo* closed its doors when it changed hands in 1976 but re-opened in May of '78. Since then the roster has included contemporaries such as Teddy Pendergrass, The Stylistics, Jimmy Castor and Ralph MacDonald. The spring program is not definite yet but be on the lookout for more of the best music from *The Apollo*.

The Apollo: 125th between 7th and 8th Av.; 534-3898; tickets \$6, \$8, \$10.



MIKELL'S — Among the many Upper West Side clubs and taverns, *Mikell's* owns a reputation far and near as the mecca of R&B entertainment. Indeed it was here that the hot and sassy band *Stuff* made their muscle as performing artists. And if you enjoy sharing the rarefied air of the stars, the club has been known to bring a good share of celebrities. Linda Ronstadt has been spotted here along with the songwriting-team-turned-performers Ashford and Simpson. Joe Cocker took the bandstand last year to try out the material for his *Luxury You Can Afford* album, and one night found Chaka Kahn commandeering a chair and mike for a little informal vocalizing.

Mikell's has a relaxed setting with beamed ceiling, oak floors and low lights. If you just want to stop in for a drink and watch the band, there's an ample bar (drinks \$2.50). Or if you'd like to appease the palate, a comfortable dining section with windows looking out onto the street is available. Noted is the shrimp scampi and boiled clams. Also good is Steak Teriaki, \$5.50 and Chicken Gai Young, \$4.95.

Mikell's: 97th & Columbus; 864-8832; Open 7 days a week from 2 P.M.—4 A.M.; \$3-\$5 cover depending on band.

Danny Fields

continued from page 7

have run up some bill. I was told later that they were making calls to Hanoi and ordering room service all day. Those revolutionaries went crazy. I never saw the bill, but I was fired from Atlantic a week after that."

In 1972, Fields began working as an editorial assistant for *16 Magazine*. By 1974 Fields had become editor. While working at *16 Magazine*, Fields wrote a weekly music column for the *Soho News*. The column focused primarily on the new wave groups coming up at the time. The Ramones approached Fields during this time and asked him to write about them. He was so impressed by them that he became their manager. He finally quit *16 Magazine* in 1977. He also had to give up the *Soho News* column because, according to Fields, "I couldn't manage the Ramones and write about Blondie, Patti Smith, and Television because whatever I said would be subject to some interpretation involving ulterior motives. It's politically impossible to manage a group and write that kind of column."

Then about two years ago Fields saw Steve Forbert perform at CBGB—the same club where he had first seen the Ramones—and decided to manage him.

* * *

Where does a manager's influence end and a band's begin?

The job of a manager is in marketing the act and fitting their achievement into the world of commercialism. You won't see a direct influence on the music, but you will see an influence on the way they're marketed and publicized, and the way their legal problems are handled. A manager is the link between them and the rest of the world.

Is a manager more of a scapegoat when things are going wrong, then he is a hero when things are going right?

Sure. I think it's natural. When things are going wrong, they have to blame somebody. I understand it, but I resent it. There are certain things a manager cannot do and that are not part of his duties. But the artist tends to think that the manager is responsible for everything. When things are going well they tend to see it as a combination of many things, including their art.

Was there a grand strategy with the Ramones?

My grand strategy was to get them into any market, even if it meant losing money.

Do you see the Ramones as having some cultural significance?

Yes, they're extremely influential anywhere they've played. Whenever they've played a city, there would be a

I have bills to pay and I can't show my landlord a bunch of clippings

dozen new bands a month later. They have definitely been an inspiration to many bands here and in Europe.

From the time of the Ramones' first album, the rock press has continually raved about the band while, at the same time, radio stations have steadfastly refused to play them. Do you think that the promotional people at the record company have failed?

I don't feel they have failed, but I don't think they have succeeded. I don't know if the factors indicated that they would have great success in the first place because hard rock is as a rule not played extensively on the radio. Radio stations are trying to please their public and are not in the business of trying to be daring and adventurous. I think it's more the state of radio which is faulty rather than the promotional people. Radio stations aren't in the business of making our lives exciting, they're in the business of playing the most amount of music that will offend the least number of people.

Do you feel that the punk label has prevented the Ramones' music from reaching larger audiences?

I know it has. But I think that now fans are starting to accept the Ramones simply as a rock n' roll band. Punk has come and gone. The Ramones are a hard-working group that tours extensively and makes money for concert promoters in every city they play. They have extremely dedicated fans and the number gets bigger all the time, but they just haven't made the radio breakthrough. But they compensate for this by making it a live act. There's about 25 stations across the country that will play them. These are the stations in the largest cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C., Toronto, Detroit, Minneapolis, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

What exactly do you see as the relationship between broadcast exposure and sales?

In a given city, it takes three weeks of concentrated medium-to-heavy airplay to start selling records if the artist is unknown. It takes enormous reinforcement. Records are expensive and people normally have more than one reason for buying a record. There's also a lot of competition.

If it's true, as they say, that the rock press does not sell records, what exactly is the role of the rock press?

The rock press is very important. It doesn't sell records but it's a very important part of the overall picture. It is the difference between a star and a superstar. It means a great deal to the artist psychologically. If an artist never saw his name in the papers he might have a nervous breakdown. There's no way you can measure press coverage in money, it is that valuable. Everyone is impressed with a good review and a fat press kit. It doesn't sell records because you can't listen to a record through the press. You buy a record because you like the way it sounds, not because you like what someone says about it. With the combination of radio airplay and great reviews you're most inclined to buy a record.

What do you think of disco?

I like it. I love dancing. A lot of disco is trash, but a lot of it is good—like everything else.

Would you like to manage a disco artist?

Yes, very much. I would like to manage a disco girl. Disco is a great creative opportunity for the people in the studio. It's almost like a new art form. For the most part the real creative people are not the musicians, but the producers and engineers.

Having managed up to this point legendary but uncommercial artists, are you under pressure to have one of the acts you manage go platinum?

Yes, enormous pressure. I think about it every day. I can only measure my own legitimacy in this business and present myself to my colleagues and peers as someone who is either successful or not. Also, I have bills to pay and I can't show my landlord a bunch of clippings.

When a manager is responsible for more than one band, is there any resentment when one of the groups does much better than the others?

If the groups are similar I would imagine that there might be resentment. That's why I try to keep away from acts that are similar. The Ramones know Steve Forbert's music is more compatible to the radio than theirs.

Of all the different kinds of jobs you've had in the music business, which one have you found the most rewarding?

The one I have now is the most rewarding because it's the most visible. I very much miss writing and I intend to get back to it. I don't intend to do this forever.

Do you ever feel the need to get away from the music world?

Once a day, at least. Not for long periods of time, however. One of the nice things about the music business is that it provides a place for people with not clearly defined aptitude, but something between artistic leanings and business sensibilities. Sometimes I need to get away for a day or two, maybe a week. But after a few days I miss it.

CUNY Students Unite

continued from page 1

harassed with endless abuse? Yes, indeed, — it must be so. SUNY, the bosom favorite of all, is to be over nurtured and constantly fattened whilst our New York City colleges are condemned to famine and worse than famine, utter deprivation. Must this be forever? Banquets royal are lavished on SUNY, tables groaning with endless good cheer, viands in inexhaustible store. Poor orphaned CUNY must be content with the paltry left-overs, little odds and ends from the sumptuous tables of SUNY. Crumbs

and chicken feed, staled morsels and tidbits are good enough for CUNY, whilst SUNY wallows in overabundance of everything.

Under the rule of largesse for SUNY and pittance for CUNY we see that anything in CUNY, any service or facility or convenience, is present in SUNY as much as one hundred times over. The hand of liberality and heart of grace award SUNY libraries stocked with the treasure of numberless books, periodicals, dictionaries, encyclopedias, the great garner of knowledge. Unhappy CUNY bewails a

dearth of everything. SUNY rejoices in science laboratories and facilities in overflowing measure; CUNY struggles along with its pitiful means in science. For SUNY there are fine athletic fields; good gymnastic equipment stands ready for the players. In CUNY such thing are second rate. SUNY joys in lovely extensive grounds where students may stroll, refresh themselves and even lose their way. No such campaign delights exist in CUNY. We know a gluttonous SUNY and a starveling CUNY.

We must fight the one hundred and fifty dollar tuition increase with our dearest life. We must fight wherever we are, campus by campus. Our whole community of study must now be a battlefield, warrior hearts inflamed with timeless flowering pride of CUNY from the clutches of the fell ravager, the pillager, the destroyer. It is a disgrace and degradation to live with the threatened increase. Deathless loyalty to Alma Mater decrease defiance, bitter resistance, wild combat and victory over the enemy.

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The New York City Police Department will send a representative on campus to speak on:

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The Feature Story

By PAUL DABALSA

Music has become mainstream. What was once underground now controls the airwaves; the culture is ours. Movies, sports, books, politics... these are more than passing interests, they are the points—along with food, work, sex, and affection—around which people run their lives. They are today's passions and they are ours.

So wrote Peter Knobler in his editorial in the December 1978 issue of *Crawdaddy*, the last issue of the magazine bearing that name. These words cogently explained why beginning with the January 1979 issue, *Crawdaddy* would take the name *Feature*, and all its broad-interests implications.

Since 1966, when *Crawdaddy* was born out of one man's passion for rock n' roll, the magazine has functioned as a forum where music could be discussed seriously and intelligently. Today, a new journalistic attitude exists at the magazine, which would like to rid the publication of its status as "the rock press."

At the magazine's offices on Fifth Avenue, editor Peter Knobler explains *Feature*'s new position. "We are a general interest magazine. I do not feel that *Feature* is the rock press, in fact that's one of the reasons why we changed the name. *Crawdaddy* was recognized as the rock press—therefore rock press was somehow insubstantial, adolescent, and not really worthy of being taken seriously. *Crawdaddy* was the first magazine to take rock n' roll seriously, but as the music evolved and incorporated politics, movies, and other elements in our society, so did the magazine's interest become broader."

Feature, nevertheless, remains deeply rooted in popular music. The March issue has Jerry Garcia on the cover, and the May issue will have a cover story on vocalist Nicolette Larson. But at the same time, the new direction at the magazine is reflected by the remaining cover stories; in January it was Sylvester Stallone, in February it was Lily Tomlin, and in the current April issue it's Jane Fonda. Although *Crawdaddy* occasionally had celebrities other than music figures on its covers, the balance was always in favor of musicians. So far, three of the four *Feature* covers have been non-musicians.

When the first issue of *Crawdaddy* appeared in February 1966, it consisted of ten staple-bound sheets incorporating record reviews and one editorial. Paul Williams, a sophomore at Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania, printed 500 copies of this self-written publication and sent them to record companies, radio stations, and industry executives around the country. *Crawdaddy* #1 included reviews of Paul Butterfield, Judy Collins, The Moody Blues, The Byrds, The McCoys, The Blues Project, and Simon & Garfunkel. At the time, the only comparable magazines in existence were the teen fanzines like *Hit Parade* and *Tiger Beat*.

Says Peter Knobler, "*Crawdaddy* was the first magazine to open up record company advertising because it was the first magazine that could approach a company like CBS and say, 'Look, we're talking seriously about your artists and you should promote your artists by advertising them directly to the consumer through us, rather than just advertising in the trades.'"

A year and a half after *Crawdaddy* was founded, *Rolling Stone* published its first issue. "The two publications were very different," explains Knobler. "First, *Rolling Stone* was a bi-weekly, so they didn't have the lead-



Peter Knobler—editor of *Crawdaddy* and now *Feature*

time problem which *Crawdaddy* always had. Because of the short lead time, *Rolling Stone* could be a lot more newsy, and the newspaper format also gave it a feeling of hard news. *Crawdaddy* was always more of an essayist's magazine than a news magazine."

After the seventh issue, *Crawdaddy* abandoned the staple-bound format for a more conventional magazine style. Peter Knobler's first two stories for *Crawdaddy* appeared in Paul Williams' last issue in 1968. The most noticeable of Knobler's first two contributions was a review of Steve Miller's debut album *Children of the Future*, in which he compared the lp to the poetry of William Blake and William Wordsworth, reflecting the seriousness with which *Crawdaddy* approached the music at that time.

Paul Williams turned the magazine over to Chester Anderson, who put out four more issues before it was forced to fold in the fall of 1968. Peter Stafford resurrected *Crawdaddy* in 1970, but now it was a substantially different publication, adopting a quarterfold newspaper format much like *Rolling Stone*'s. This version of *Crawdaddy* folded after 14 issues.

When the paper was revived again six months later, under the new editorship of Raeanne Rubenstein, it was still a quarterfold, *Rolling Stone*-style publication. During the period which Rubenstein was editor, Knobler achieved the post of Associate Editor, but after 14 issues Rubenstein's publication again folded. This time Peter Knobler bought the magazine and revived it. Knobler changed it from a bi-weekly tabloid to a monthly magazine. Two years later he changed it to a slick format with coated paper. "The first time I held a slick magazine format copy of *Crawdaddy* after we switched it from tabloid, I was in ecstasy. It was the greatest thing I had ever done in my life."

During his six years as editor of *Crawdaddy*, Knobler transformed it from a publication devoted strictly to rock n' roll to a broad interest magazine. For six months beginning with the August 1978 issue, Knobler test-marketed a new name for *Crawdaddy* which reflected the magazine's change of character.

"We put a *Feature* cover on a *Crawdaddy* magazine and tested it in eight American cities. The magazine sold 75 percent better as *Feature* than as *Crawdaddy*. You see, *Crawdaddy* invariably got put on the stands next to *Circus*, *Creem*, and *Tiger Beat*, where 15-year-olds would pick it up, and the magazine simply wasn't meant for 15-year-olds. Normal magazine readers won't go over to the kids' section of the newsstand, so they never saw the magazine which was intended for them. We've told newsstand dealers to put *Feature* next to the regular magazines like *Time* and *Newsweek*.

"We don't consider *Circus* or *Creem* as competition because our readership demographics shows our median age reader is 27, with most readers basically running from 18 on up. We attract a lot of college students and post college people who are fairly well educated and have an avid interest in the world around them. *Circus*, *Creem* and *Rolling Stone* strike me as having a much younger audience. Nevertheless, in terms of competition we're all aware of what each other is doing."

One of the problems which will not be resolved by the name change is the long lead time which affects the monthly magazine. "We're basically looking for what celebrity is going to be hot in the future. We plan three, four, or five months in advance, so we take calculated risks on whether the celebrity's upcoming work will be any good. For example, we gambled and lost with the Lily Tomlin movie, *Moment by Moment*, which got panned mercilessly. If it had been a more successful film, we would have sold more issues because people would have seen the movie and have been more interested in what Tomlin had to say."

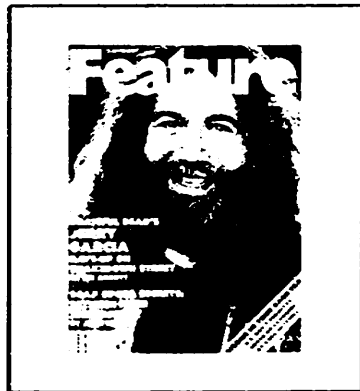
"In terms of content there is no difference between *Feature* and *Crawdaddy*. The moral responsibility of the magazine also is unchanged. *Feature* will serve its readers by educating them. It will ask the progressive questions and lead readers to their own vision of how the country and world should be run."

"The common denominator among our readers is that they all live in America. I don't believe that people are only interested in music. People who listen to music also go to movies, go to sporting events, and read books."

What role do record reviews play in a general interest magazine? Knobler explains that "record reviews satisfy editorial and advertising needs. The popular wisdom that record reviews do not sell records is one which I'm never very certain about. The reviewers certainly do establish an element of taste. They can, I feel, affect buying habits and readers do form attachments to reviewers."

So, the record reviews appear to be safe in the ever-changing scope of *Crawdaddy/Feature* magazine. In the coming months, *Feature* will continue to focus on celebrities, with occasional investigative stories like the one on the Environmental Protection Agency appearing in the March issue. William Burroughs will contribute as he has in the past, but Paul Krassner seems to be gone for good.

Sometime this summer the *Crawdaddy* kicker, which has been kept on the cover to help in the transition from *Crawdaddy* to *Feature*, will be removed from the cover and *Feature* will be given its own life. Then, *Crawdaddy*, the magazine which has nourished rock n' roll for thirteen years, will be gone and we'll be left with a magazine which is intended to reflect our newly-found sophistication. All one can hope is that *Feature* will bear more than just a faint resemblance to its legendary predecessor.





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Books

By WAYNE NOTO

Simon's Soul by Stanley Shapiro, Bantam, 218 pp.

The Fountains of Paradise by Arthur C. Clarke, Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 245 pp.

Are you sick of reading about the Ayatollah? Does inflation get you down? Do the SALT talks lack enough spice to hold your interest? Is day to day living too dreary to endure? Try escapist reading. Stories about the impossible or improbable are just the thing for terminal boredom, and two new novels give contrasting examples of inferior and brilliant writing in this vein.

Simon's Soul by Stanley Shapiro is in the traditional mold of horrors from beyond the grave. Unfortunately, the only horror in this "page-turning novel of supernatural suspense" is the abominable quality of the writing. Mr. Shapiro cannot write natural-sounding dialogue, and is amazingly inept at establishing believable characters. Even those scenes with inherent dramatic impact are rendered ineffectual by the overwrought, turgid prose.

All of this is not insurmountable, of course. No less a luminary in the genre of supernatural horror than H.P. Lovecraft was prey to all of these weaknesses. Lovecraft, though, avoided dialogue and made little attempt at characterization. Shapiro, sad to say, attempts both.

The story itself has a certain morbid fascination. A group of doctors kill a colleague and imprison his soul in his dead body. In the process they confirm the existence of God, the Devil, and the hierarchies of Heaven and Hell. The expository material is nice, and should have set the tone for the narrative. The first half of the novel succeeds despite its many shortcomings, but the second part disintegrates because the consistently poor writing has by then eroded our suspension of disbelief.

The characterizations: "I don't give a damn that Tommy's math is bad... He is literally hung like a horse. I don't know how he can get it all into any woman. How can I tell my wife that her baby has made it with three of her best friends and five of their best daughters? When you're hung like a horse it doesn't matter that you add and subtract like a horse."

The unforgettable dialogue: "It is true that you are going to Hell, doctor. But I have a plan. If I succeed, I may change the course of your fate. If I succeed, you may be the first homosexual to enter Heaven."

These words are uttered in total solemnity, as is everything else in this dreary, humorless catastrophe. All of the laughs are inadvertent.

Arthur C. Clarke is incapable of writing a bad novel, but *The Fountains of Paradise* does not possess the sweeping vision of such earlier novels as *Childhood's End* or *2001: A Space Odyssey*. What it does have is an absorbing plot, scientifically accurate extrapolation, smooth writing and an interpolated story about a legendary king of ancient Ceylon which dovetails beautifully with this story about the construction of a "space elevator" between Earth and a space station.

Vannevar Morgan is a driven man, driven by the desire to see his space elevator constructed, and to hear his name mentioned alongside the great figures in the history of science. King Kalidasa is also driven, driven to erect a sumptuous palace atop a mountain in ancient Ceylon, so that all may see his kinship to the Gods. The parallels between these two men, separated by thousands of years, make a profound statement about the universality of human emotions, and set up a narrative structure which grips the reader from the first page.

The Fountains of Paradise is technically the most accomplished novel Arthur C. Clarke has written. It is stylistically impeccable. But it is not without flaws. When the actual construction of the space elevator begins, Clark indulges in far too much scientific explanation, which mitigates against the impact of the book since the average reader will not understand much of it. One gets the feeling that all of this is gratuitous, and that Clarke merely wants to demonstrate his technical and theoretical expertise.

Still, Clarke is our finest living science fiction author. He avoids the sterility of Asimov, the mawkishness of Bradbury and the thematic rigidity of Heinlein, and creates a humanistic and engrossing milieu which no other writer is capable of creating.

The interweaving narratives give this novel a power which the pedestrian story would never have if handled by a lesser talent. If science fiction is your addiction then *The Fountains of Paradise* will keep you riveted to your seat. It is a tour de force, and once again Arthur C. Clarke has proven that any story he essays he can turn into a masterpiece.

This is a book which one can recommend to anyone and feel confident that it will be enjoyed. Clarke is a miracle, a genius, and a very fine writer.

WANTED

Observation Post is looking for new staff members. Students interested in news reporting, fiction and arts writing, please come to Finley 336 anytime. also needed are photographers and a Business Manager.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

'Hair' Celebrates Sixties

By PAMELA JOHNSON

In 1968, at the age of 14, I convinced my mother to let me go on a picnic with some school friends. Instead, the three of us hopped on a Long Island Railroad train and took the 40-minute ride from Garden City into Manhattan to see the Broadway production of 'Hair.' Today, I could take my mother to see the film version, and she would probably find it enjoyable.

Milos Forman's *Hair* looks back at the 1960's with all the warmth and humor of the best American film musicals. The award-winning director (*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) has chosen to celebrate the 1960's and reconstruct the high spirits of that era, rather than fashioning a protest film or a documentary.

To insure accuracy, Forman consulted with the play's authors — Jerome Ragni and James Rado — as well as with the composer — Galt MacDermot — throughout the filming. Nevertheless, the storyline has been altered. For example in the Broadway version Claude, Berger and Sheila shared an apartment. Sheila was in love with both men. Claude received his draft notice and was ultimately killed in Vietnam. The film version presents these characters in totally different situations.

The film begins with Claude Bukowsky leaving his Oklahoma farm town for New York City, where he will spend a few days sightseeing before going into the army. As he strolls through Central park he meets Berger, Woof, Jeannie, and Hud, four longhairs who introduce him to LSD and marijuana. Later, Claude falls in love with a wealthy young woman named Sheila who strikes a friendship with the group. Claude finally goes into the army and is stationed in Nevada. Meanwhile, the others live out their lives until one day Sheila receives a letter from Claude. They then decide to drive to Nevada to see their pal. When they get out there, they find they can't get into the army base to see Claude. So, Berger cuts his long hair and poses as a General in order to gain access to the base. There is an interesting twist at the end, which along with the scene involving Claude's LSD trip, offer the best moments in the film.

Another memorable scene, is when Berger leads his troupe to a society party and outrages the guests by dancing across their lavishly set dinner table to the tune of "I Got Life."

The musical energy of *Hair* is unstoppable. Beginning with a splendidly-shot version of "Aquarius" in the Sheep



Wild in the Streets are (l. to r.) Don Ducus, Annie Golden, Dorsey Wright and Treat Williams

Meadow, the film romps through the many fine numbers in the production. Other noteworthy musical moments include Woof and Berger singing "Sodomy" to three high-society women riding their horses on a Central Park bridle path, and bisexual treatment given to "Black Boys, White Boys."

The actors — John Savage, Treat Williams, Annie Golden, Don Dacus, Dorsey Wright, and Beverly D'Angelo — all turn in fine dramatic and musical performances. Their high spirits win us over and provide the film with much of its euphoric qualities. The characters are not so much rebelling against society, as they are just having a good time.

To those people who consider *Hair* to be dated, a quick reminder that many of the issues which the original production focused light on have really not been accomplished. Racial relations in this country are still heated, the pollution problem still exists, use of marijuana continues to be illegal, and the military draft is about to be reinstated.

Yet, the film version strays away from making any kind of political statement. It does not confront society on any of the issues which the original production did. It has been filmed simply as an entertaining musical capable of reaching all age groups, with no more of a message than to enjoy the film.

'Voices': A Contemporary Love Story

By PAMELA JOHNSON

How often do you leave a movie smiling and just feeling good all over? *Voices*, directed by Robert Markowitz and starring Michael Ontkean, Amy Irving, Alex Rocco and Barry Miller is a contemporary love story that will warm your heart. The film is about a young teacher of deaf children, Rosemarie Lemon (Amy Irving), who is herself deaf, who breaks out of her sheltered world when she meets and falls in love with Drew Rothman (Michael Ontkean), an ambitious young Hoboken nightclub singer. Alex Rocco plays Drew's father, a man who, since the death of his wife, has lost his sense of purpose. Instead of working to build up his dry-cleaning business, he spends most of his time trying to hit it rich at the racetrack so that he can fulfill his dream of moving to California. Barry Miller plays Drew's mixed-up younger brother, Raymond, who wants to be a big-time gambler and thinks high school is a waste of time.

Voices makes an important and positive social impact by sensitizing its viewers to the daily realities of our deaf population. This is by no means your typical love story. There is more than your average obstacles to overcome here. Drew first spots Rosemarie from a balcony in a train station. He is at once taken by her fresh good looks and as he tries to get closer to her to talk she disappears into the crowd. A few days later he sees her again boarding a bus. He runs over and is about to get on after her when he sees the bus driver saying good morning to Rosemarie in sign language and her answering him similarly. Drew is not alone in his surprise.

It has been said that "nothing worthwhile comes easy." Drew accepts the situation and decides that he still wants to get to know Rosemarie. There follow some amusing scenes with Drew studying sign language in front of the mirror in his room. Every night he carefully hides the sign language books, but Raymond uncovers them

and wastes no time in showing them to his father and grandfather. They quickly conclude that Drew must be going deaf from the loud music he performs. The following morning at breakfast everyone speaks loudly to Drew because they're convinced he has trouble hearing them. Drew wonders what all the shouting is about and finally they show him the books. Drew explains, much to their relief, that he is courting a deaf girl.

Rosemarie has led a very protected life in Rutherford with her mother. She dates a fellow deaf teacher from the school whom Rosemarie's mother truly hopes she'll marry. At first Rosemarie is hesitant and afraid of Drew's advances but he quickly reveals his sensitivity and sincerity.

Drew eases the woman out of Rosemarie slowly but surely. She has always dreamt of becoming a dancer and after Drew watches her perform before her class at the deaf school he encourages her to try out for a local dance company. Rosemarie goes to the audition and when Drew doesn't show up she goes through with the audition anyway. She fails pitifully because she mimics the director's steps because she

cannot pick up the beat and flow with the music. Drew, who has been detained putting out the fire that his father set in the family dry-cleaning store to claim the insurance money to pay his gambling debts, arrives in time to catch Rosemarie fleeing out of the door in a fit of tears. He calms her down and convinces her and the dance director that she's "special" and to let her try again. This time he turns the speakers down to the floor of the stage so Rosemarie can feel the rhythm through her feet. The dance director's skepticism is dispelled as Rosemarie's fine performance brings smiles to everyone's face.

Meanwhile, Drew's career as a club singer is progressing and finally we see him get the main bill in a brand new posh supper club. Drew's ultimate achievement, however, is when he encourages Rosemarie to speak. She is shy and embarrassed because she knows she sounds bad, but with practice she will improve and Drew is right there supporting her every step of the way.

The message of the film is that true love will conquer all. Throughout there is much hope and positive feeling expressed for the deaf world. People with handicaps

are not freaks. They are sensitive, feeling human beings who should be seen as people first before one deals with their handicap.

Michael Ontkean's appealing good looks and charisma remind us at once of John Travolta. He quickly wins the heart of Rosemarie, along with the audience, by his fine, sensitive character portrayal. Ontkean was born in Canada and made his impact on American audiences as one of the stars of the TV series "The Rookies." He was last seen on the silver screen in *Slap Shot*, which also starred Paul Newman. To gain a deeper appreciation of his role in *Voices*, Ontkean began living in Hoboken about three weeks prior to the start of the filming to steep himself in the atmosphere of the mile-wide riverfront city.

Amy Irving is somewhat of a newcomer to Hollywood, with only two major motion pictures under her belt. She is best remembered as the sole survivor of Sissy Spacek's fearsome revenge at the prom in Brian De Palma's *Carrie*, and for her leading role in another De Palma bloodcurdling adventure, *The Fury*. Irving needed no occult powers to play the role of Rosemarie Lemon in *Voices*, but she did have another kind of homework. Prior to the start of filming, she began intensive dance and sign language studies. Working under the chairman of the New York University Dance School and former Martha Graham company dancer, she did several hours of dance each day and three hours of sign language with another N.Y.U. instructor. At a reduced rate, she continued this training during the rehearsal period and well into the filming of the movie. Amy Irving's most difficult challenge, however, was making Rosemarie a real and believable woman to the deaf. Building a character almost entirely without the aid of speech is no mean accomplishment.

Both Ontkean and Irving are tremendously appealing and if one doesn't win your heart the other will. Both are stars to be watched in the future.



Michael Ontkean and Amy Irving in a scene from "Voices"

'The China Syndrome': It Could Happen



Jack Lemmon, Michael Douglas, and Jane Fonda expose power, corruption, and public dangers in "The China Syndrome."

Kaplan Scores with 'Fastbreak'

By ARTHUR HOFF

At one point in Jack Smith's new film, *Fastbreak*, the coach of a winning college basketball team is confronted with the fact that his star player cannot read. The coach coolly explains, "Well, that makes him an average college student."

It is this kind of light humor that makes *Fastbreak* an enjoyable, if unspectacular, slice of entertainment. Gabriel Kaplan stars as the overgrown basketball nut, David Greene, who abandons his job as a delicatessen cashier, and his marriage, to coach a college basketball team. The school is Cadwallader University in Nevada, and the terms of the job offer are tough. The president of Cadwallader wants to bring recognition to the school by building a strong basketball team which will defeat high-ranked local rivals, Nevada State. But the president is only willing to compensate coach Greene after the Cadwallader team beats Nevada State.

Against his wife's wishes, Greene assembles four New York schoolyard players and treks across the country to realize his lifelong ambition of coaching a basketball team. Much of the subtle wit and intelligence in the film is evidenced in the characters, particularly Kaplan and his four recruits. Hustler, played by Bernard King (of the New Jersey Nets), is a ghetto pool player with an unexploited gift for basketball. D.C. (Harold Sylvester) is a former

all-city forward who is now a fugitive. Preacher is a streetwise clergyman who is running away from his pregnant girlfriend's father who wants him shot down. And Swish is a City College female student who can outshoot all her male competition.

The fifth starting player on the squad is Bull (Reb Brown), a massive former football tackle who specializes in rough fouling. The team of course goes undefeated for the entire season, much to the surprise of the Cadwallader faculty, but not the theatre audience. The story of the underdogs who pull miraculous upsets continually strikes a familiar chord.

By the time the big game finally arrives, the New York police have caught up with D.C. and are set to arrest him as soon as the ballgame is over. Preacher's pursuers have also arrived in town to hunt down their target, forcing Preacher to play the big game with one eye on the court and the other on the stands looking out for the assassin. Bull, of course, fouls out late in the game, jeopardizing Cadwallader's chances of winning and building the suspense, and Swish elects to reveal her true sexual identity to a gym full of starry-eyed fans, just before she scores the winning basket in the final second of play.

With its PG rating, *Fastbreak* is one of the best current choices for fun family entertainment.



Gabriel Kaplan's Cadwallader sweatshops gather around the coach for a sideline pep talk.

By PAMELA JOHNSON

When such Oscar-winning screen stars as Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon and Michael Douglas join forces in a major new motion picture, the combined intelligence, dedication and vitality involved lead quite naturally to an electric expectation of importance. *The China Syndrome* is a suspense melodrama about the consequences of choices; about lives compromised by careers, and perceptions clouded by competition. The story involves people who are trapped by technology... man versus institutions.

Jane Fonda portrays a general-interest TV reporter (Kimberly Wells) trying to be taken seriously. Michael Douglas plays a young freelance cameraman (Richard Adams) with a social conscience, and Jack Lemmon is the corporate middle-management cog (Jack Godell). The television station is KXLA based out of Los Angeles.

Red-headed Kimberly was hired for her looks and her assignments reflect management's opinion of her intellect. She usually covers such events as a tiger's birthday party at the local zoo. Kimberly knows she had more of a future than this type of work and convinces management to send her out on a feature assignment covering a local nuclear plant. What at first seems like a routine feature assignment ultimately reveals utility and federal officials participating in a cover-up and white-wash of a near-disaster. Kimberly and Richard witness an accident that has beads of sweat popping out on a very worried and anxious Jack Godell's forehead. After a few frantic moments the mistake is rectified and all goes back to normal. The public relations man blithely calls the event "a routine turbine trip."

On further investigation, the reporters learn that what they saw was, in fact, far from routine and was, rather, a potential disaster. The "routine turbine trip" was really a malfunctioning that could have resulted in a "meltdown"—called the China Syndrome. The reactor would lose all the water that cools the intensely hot nuclear core. Without the coolant, the core would melt completely and burn down into the earth "all the way to China," hence the China Syndrome. This reaction would lead to the destruction of the plant and the creation of a radioactive cloud capable of laying to waste half of Southern California.

The management of KXLA, however, are not interested in revealing this to the public at this point. Kimberly and Richard are warned that this sort of story could get the station into a lot of trouble since they really don't have proof of their claims. Richard has no intention of buckling under the boss's reasoning and steals back the film he surreptitiously shot in the plant and goes about uncovering more information on his own. He finds physicists that confirm his suspicions that the accident he inadvertently witnessed might have swept southern California off the map.

Meanwhile a cover-up has begun at the nuclear plant. A complete thorough check of the plant would be much too expensive and another plant was about to be opened, so news of this kind of accident could not leak to the media. Jack Godell, the head man in the plant's control room, doesn't like what he sees. Why, when everyone's lives are in danger, does the Chairman of the Board order the plant to be reopened so quickly? When no one listens to him he feels compelled to join Kimberly and Richard's noble crusade.

The China Syndrome effectively combines entertainment and awareness. The film makes a compelling case based on man's predisposition to cut corners, to take the easy way out, to make a fast buck, to be lazy about responsibility and to be awed by the authority representing vested interests. Needless to say, the nuclear industry is very unhappy about the film. Noting that General Electric, which builds the nuclear power plants, had withdrawn its sponsorship from a Barbara Walters show recently on which Jane Fonda appeared, one wonders why they're so worried if they have nothing to hide.

In a very timely move, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (the predecessor of the Atomic Energy Commission) announced last week that it was ordering five nuclear plants closed temporarily because of questions about their safety during earthquakes. A major reason the Nuclear Regulatory Commission acted so promptly and with such publicity is its sensitivity to continuing charges that it is not receptive enough to criticisms of nuclear safety.

Nuclear energy has unsurpassed potential for destruction as well as for good. *The China Syndrome* will leave you with something to think about.

M'Tripping

Ever tripped off a Music
I mean walked right into it.
Place your feet flat on it
And just mash the soles of your shoes in it.
Until ya get so deep
Somebody gotta pull ya out
(Excuse me while I kiss the sky)
And your so busy rockin to the beat,
you feel like hey the natural motion of life
is to rock.
Have you ever got caught and tangled in the guitar strings
or got shot of an alto sax playing
slow blues.
Or maybe you were synthesized
While a funk box was playing Hard Rock.
Could'a been the jazz that tripped you out
As it weaved
in and out
Of your bloodstream.
Don't cha see the colors of the music
And the textures of the notes
Hey
Let's groove together But watch out that none of the flying songs
hits ya in the heart.

—Naomi L.B.

America's Most Dangerous Comedian

By JEFF BRUMBEAU

Today's humor, as comedian Milton Berle would no doubt tell you if you asked him, ain't what it used to be. And indeed it ain't. What makes America laugh in the seventies is a long way from what put audiences in the aisles during the fifties and sixties. Although the connections between these schools of humor are undeniable, the contemporary stuff of mainstream madness is enough to make even Lenny Bruce, if he was around today, feel antique. It certainly must take a lot for Berle to accept comedians clutching their balls on stage, or for Bruce to realize that a man with a plastic arrow in his head can bring the house down. Apparently, stand-up comedy has come a long way from the prone individual at the mike running on about his mother-in-law, traffic on the L.A. freeway and New York's muggers.

Like rock n' roll in the fifties, comedy today seems largely anti-intellectual. The social commentary humor that flourished on the college and cafe circuits in the sixties and which was created by Bruce and Dick Gregory, et al, is passe and has given way to a more noncerebral, nonsensical, often irrelevant brand of comedy of which Steve Martin is the undisputed heavyweight champion. Although Martin has practically been ordained by his legions of fans as an outright original, he'd probably be the first to admit that he owes much of his act to his comedic predecessors whose fortes were slapstick and burlesque. The debt is obvious when he fills his routines with such physical silliness as spitting water, strapping on his trademark arrow to his head or taking a fall a la Chevy Chase. Martin's sense of how to be physically funny is great, his recognition of the bizarre outlandish, but both are overshadowed in creativity by another contemporary comedian, Richard Pryor.

Every comedian's got his stage persona, that person he metamorphoses into the moment he hits the stage. Rodney Dangerfield is the guy who "never gets no respect," David Brenner the bemused, 20th century urbanite, and Steve Martin the "wild and crazy guy." Richard Pryor is harder to define. Once, earlier in his career he could have been called a black/racial comic whose material focused mainly on black characters and their relationships with whites, but as the film *Richard Pryor Live in Concert* indicates, he's gone beyond the capacity of being labeled.

Possibly one adjective you can get away with in the same sentence when describing Pryor is unpredictable. The reason is his wide and unusual range of material. Unlike other comedians he has no persona, his act no strict focus. His humor is black, light, scatological, sexual, racial, fantastic, morbid and sociological. In *Live in Concert* when Pryor takes the stage he opens by razzing the whites in the mostly black audience, moving into a routine about how blacks and whites each curse, and later getting into the unorthodox subject of the heart attack he suffered years ago, turning what had to have been a frightening experience into a hilarious conversation with Death.

Flip Wilson once said that if you want to be a comedian, you first have to be able to act. What he meant is that to be funny you need an actor's ability to create characters, enter into situations and recreate voices. In this department, Pryor's powers

are unimpeachable. Not only is he a wizard with his characterizations, but he also has the difficult capacity of making the most mundane words sound funny. Like Martin with his "Well excuseuuuuse me," Pryor often gets his laughs not by *what* he says but by *how* he says it. But besides all this, Pryor is not a microphone-stand clutcher. He's very physical in his act, stalking up and down the floorboards, gesturing, falling on the ground, running, an everescent performer, which by the way is one reason why *Live in Concert* fares so well in the theatres.

Another reason is that Pryor is quite plainly one of the funniest human beings around today. Some of his best routines include his prescription for continued good health when faced by a mugger with a knife—"Run!", his account of the conversations he has with two dogs and his version of the shooting incident he was involved in at his house last year ("My wife was trying to run out on me so I killed the car. I shot the tires and I shot the motor. Then the cops came and I ran into the house, because the cops don't kill cars... they kill niggers!")

One departure in Pryor's act (and there are several) which could be a routine from a sociological comedian's show today if we still had them, is his schtick on sex in



Richard Pryor in a scene from "Live in Concert"

the bedroom. Here he talks about the insecurity of males and their performance in the sack ("Didja come, didja come?"). This is not exactly a prime subject amongst the boys in the barrooms and a subject you'd guess would make a general audience a little, er, uncomfortable. But this only serves as further proof that Pryor's vision of life is as accurate as it is funny, so accurate that he can hit an audience where they are most sensitive and put them on the defensive.

Without a doubt an indescribable excitement exists when you're in a concert

hall and actually seeing a show performed live, something that *Live in Concert* gets on the screen but not entirely. But what the film allows for, which is absolutely impossible for those folks way back against the wall, is a real close-up of the comedian at work. In *Live in Concert* we get to see Pryor's wide array of facial contortions and expressions, usually lost to all but the first few rows and those with binoculars. We see what a tireless and wildly inventive comedian he is, his craziness and sensitivity, all of which makes this one of the few films I'll see again.

'Norma Rae': One Woman's Struggle

By PAMELA JOHNSON

Norma Rae is a contemporary drama about a working-class woman's struggle to survive in a small southern factory town. The title role is portrayed by Sally Field, with Beau Bridges as her husband, and starring Ron Leibman as a Brooklyn-born Jewish intellectual who comes south to spread the word of "union."

The audience is faced with two central issues in this film: Norma Rae's awakening sense of self, and the rapidly changing industrial South. Norma Rae is a poorly-educated 31-year-old mother of two children (one illegitimate), living with her parents. She has no man (her husband was killed in a barroom brawl) and exists from day to day, like everyone else in the town, within the confines of a cotton mill. The workers here are exploited by low wages, long exhausting hours and deplorable working conditions (deafening noise made by the machines). Blacks and whites alike meekly accept their fate because if one doesn't work in the mill, there won't be dinner on the table at night.

Norma Rae is disgusted with her lot in life. She is shown to have more fight in her than the other workers from the start when her mother becomes temporarily deaf and Norma Rae reacts to management's indifference by yanking her mother off her machine and out of the mill for the rest of the day.

Norma Rae's existence is drastically modified when circumstances bring about a relationship with a man unlike anyone she has ever known. Reuben (Ron Leibman) arrives in town to promote union to the mill workers. This is not the easy task it would at first appear to be since he is faced with a town of semi-literate, anti-Semitic, conservative Southerners. Reuben and Norma Rae quickly become friends even though his way of thinking and living are foreign to

her view of life (she had never met a real live Jew before). Reuben helps Norma Rae take command over her life and mature and Norma Rae provides Reuben with his entrée to the inside of the factory and the workers. It doesn't take much to convert Norma Rae to join the union and she soon becomes a spokeswoman and leader within the factory. Ultimately, of course, she is fired, but not before the fuse is lit and in the end we see the workers vote in favor of having a union.

The cotton mill management is seen as a handful of stocky, redneck, bouncer-type fellows who parade around the factory keeping a watchful eye on their little upstart, Norma Rae. There is one particularly effective scene that has us all holding our breath when Norma Rae is fired and as she is being ushered out jumps up on top of a table before the entire factory to make one final attempt to open the workers' eyes. In real life it is doubtful management would have tolerated as many waves as Norma Rae made before she was given the shaft.

Norma Rae gets married during the film to Sonny (Beau Bridges), who portrays a sweet-beyond-belief local fellow who is divorced with a young daughter of his own to care for. He is unreal, especially as a working-class Southerner, as he steps into the background and meekly permits Norma Rae to neglect him, their children and their home in favor of working on getting the union going. Sonny attempts to voice his feelings on a few occasions, but there's no stopping our feisty leading lady who's infected with union fever.

Sally Field comes to Norma Rae after having earned the Emmy Award for Best Actress in a Drama Special for the 1976-77 television season for her portrayal of "Sybil," and more recently having been seen on the silver screen with Burt Reynolds in

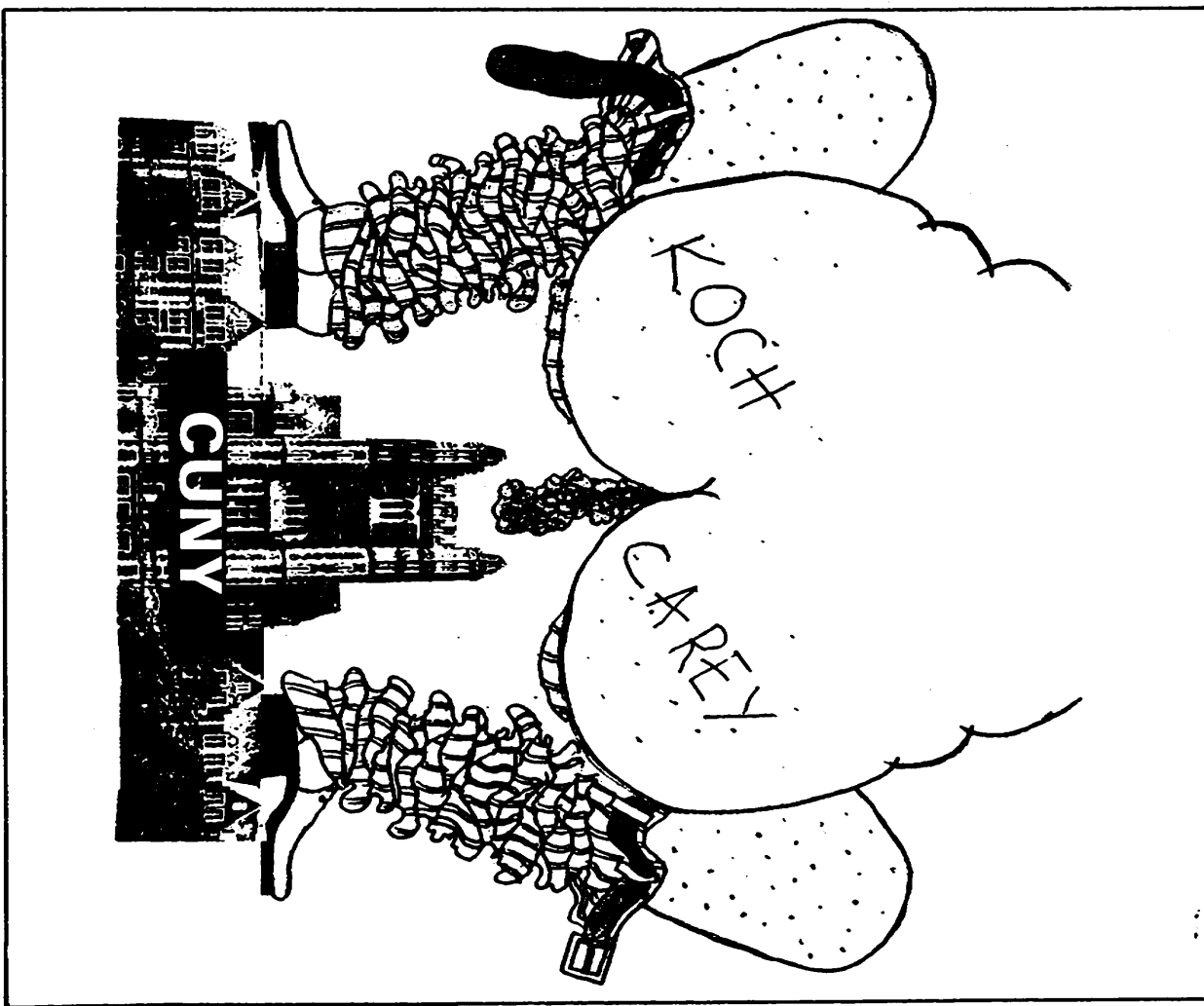
Smokey and the Bandit, *The End*, *Hooper*, and with Henry Winkler in *Heroes*. Currently she is working on *Beyond the Poseidon Adventure*, in which she plays the female lead opposite Michael Caine. Sally considers *Norma Rae* as "the most important creative thing that has happened to me in my life." Norma Rae is a very different woman at the end of the film than she was at the beginning. She grows up and learns to fight for herself. Through her relationship with two men she appreciates the difference between love and friendship. Sally is very real and very believable as she grows with her character. Her fine performance is the most noteworthy facet of the film. New Yorkers may find it hard to relate to working life in a Southern cotton mill, but we are not beyond feeling the pathos, anger, frustrations and complexities of character as conveyed by Sally Field.



The flying nun puts on her union suit

Observation

The City College
Vol 65, No. 2
Friday, March 23, 1979



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