



Vol. 65 No. 4

THE CITY COLLEGE

Friday, May 4, 1979

What's Happening

May 4

Poetry Festival: Sponsored by FPA in F 101, 9-5 p.m. Speaker: June Jordan

May 7

Career Day: In F 131, 132. Sponsored by School of Nursing. 11-3 p.m.

May 8

Dramatic Presentation: Sponsored by Evening Student Senate in F 101, 6:30-10 p.m.

May 10

Art Exhibit: In F 131, 10-8 p.m., given by Day Student Senate

May 11

Art Exhibit: In F 131, 12-11 p.m., given by Day Student Senate.

Film: "Wizards" in F 101, 12-8 p.m., given by FPA

Disco: In Bittenweiser Lounge, 6-11 p.m., given by Spectrum

May 17

Orientation: Given by School of Nursing in Bowker Lounge, 12-2 p.m.

JIM CROW: ALIVE & WELL

By ALEX CORONEOS

Are you Black? Yes? Do you want to be a professor, or even a college president? Yes? Well, don't come knocking on City College's door for the job.

Then, how about a prestige position as a secretary, or a maintenance man? Here, you'll have some luck. You'll be in uniform in no time.

Remember the old saying "A place for everything, and everything in its place"? Change that to "A place for everybody, and everybody in their place", and you have what should be the true employment motto of City College. That, even though the school professes it follows the sacred Affirmative Action pledge of allegiance: (Hands over hearts, please!) "On my honor, I will do my best, to do my duty, to God and the bureaucrats, to hire all those people with the funny hats who just stepped off the boat from Jamaica."

And, hire all those people City does. The school proudly boasts of the fact. What you don't hear is that the school would catch holy hell from Washington if it didn't. Since 1965, when Affirmative Action was created by Executive Order, all organizations of 50 or more which contract with the Government in amounts of \$50,000 or more, or hold any amounts of Government monies (that's City on both counts) — that organization must implement an Affirmative Action program. In effect, they have to meet quotas of numbers of "minorities" (Blacks, Asian Americans, Indians, Hispanics) they must hire. If City didn't meet its quotas, or if someone who was skipped over a job for what he felt were discriminatory reasons complained, the Government could haul City into court; it could cancel contracts it had with the school; it could even demand restitution in the terms of lost back pay for the person.

The school rests easy if it meets its quotas. But, what should be disconcerting to a potential minority-member applicant is that for the jobs in the upper reaches (the profs, the administrators, etc.) the school can in effect make up its own quotas. It does this in an indirect way. First, the Board of Higher Education decides what the qualifications for those jobs must be. For the elite jobs, those qualifications can



be daunting indeed. After the qualifications are established, a quota for numbers of minorities needed is derived from the numbers of minorities who fit the qualifications. The implication is evident: The higher the qualifications climb, the lower the number of minority applicants who meet them sinks. While the number of minority members who achieve advanced degrees is increasing, their numbers in no way compare to those of whites. This works to nothing but the detriment of a minority-member applicant.

While City College may not be responsible for the low numbers of minorities av-

ailable for the elite jobs, it can use those low numbers to beat the system by playing the system's own game. This is true especially if people in a hiring position harbor any hidden prejudices. The school can skip over a potential Black applicant for a job, because, statistically, that Black man didn't exist to fill it.

The only kind of evidence that exists to say this kind of thing might happen here comes from City College's own mouth. In the school's 1978 Affirmative Action Update, a report on the Workforce Inventory, reveals that "Target Populations [Blacks, etc.] are not

represented in significant numbers in all areas of the College. As indicated in the previous report, some of the disproportionate representation is related to limited availability and to the budgetary problems of the institution which severely hampers its ability to recruit, and, at this point, forces the College to operate under strict vacancy control procedures."

So, a double whammy hits minorities. They get it going and coming. What you end up with, in a tight-money situation, is a steadily shrinking number of minority members on your staff. It's the old adage of "last hired, first fired" brought home to roost at City College.

A look at some statistics for Black employment at City College will illustrate just how out of balance things are at the school. Black students make up about 32% of the student body at City — the largest single "minority" at the school. About 22% of the population of New York City and the U.S. is Black. According to the school's 1978 Affirmative Action Update, as of February 10, 1978, City had 822 teachers on its "instructional" staff. Only 11% of the staff was Black. For all the "administration-level" jobs, the percentage was 15%.

If you turn to the lower-level (and paying) jobs — the janitors, the secretaries — Blacks fare far better. For both the "building & grounds" and "clerical" classifications, Blacks made up fully 60% of the total employed. Not exactly even distribution there.

But, because of the way the statistics are set up, even with its lop-sided figures, City can say it meets the letter of the law when it comes to minority employment. It can continue to benefit from Government money and contracts; it can even earn Government praise for the splendid job it is doing: In 1977, the school received a letter from the Region II Office of Civil Rights. It said "We are pleased to inform you that City College's Affirmative Action plan has been accepted as meeting the requirements of the Affirmative Action plan as interpreted by the Department of Labor..."

Remember: "A place for everybody, and you'd better know your place" — and stay there too.

Observation Post

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

Alex Coroneos
Wayne Noto
Ronnie Phillips
Danny Haber

News Editor
Features Editor
Photography Editor
Science Editor

Contributors: Naomi Brown, Jeff Brumbeau, Chris Burton, Bruce Rosenblum, Thomas McGee, Nancy Rich, Maryann Gallow, Noirainn Horgan, Glenn Kraut, Martha Aldridge, Andrew Bonmarito, Toussaint Foster, David Solet, Jack Chimera, Varja Henderson.

Letters

Dear OP:

"Nerds on Parade" in the March 23rd edition of *Observation Post* was abundant in lies and generalizations; the two going together hand in hand. No doubt, the editors of this newspaper will not print this letter because it refused to conform to their blatant perversion of newspaper writing. The supposed job of the newspaper is to reveal facts and pursue ideas in the effort to bring knowledge or intelligent opinions to the reader. The above mentioned article is an expression of neither, but rather reads like an adolescent McCarthy making his debut speech.

The tone of the "article" is obnoxious and deliberately insulting in what I hope is an attempt at humor. Even if it is a humorous piece it is most certainly not funny [sic] because it states a number of ignoble observations about human beings as facts or basic truths. It is just accurate enough to

be insulting without being sarcastic or ironic. In other words, the article doesn't go over the edge to become absurd and therefore witty [sic] and deserving to be read; if it had done this it might have made the point that City if filled with too much ignorance and stunted mobility. Instead the article pretends to be serious and actually is a statement testifying to the depravity of City College students as being some special herd of idiots. I take offense because it is an insult to myself and to other students.

The author has the audacity to bring to the reader's attention statements of obvious stupidity, such as "The City College real white person is interchangeable in appearance with your average Madison Square Garden hockey spectator" and "...we have three sub-groups. The first are the Africans. Ritual cheek scars and frayed, polyester pants distinguish this group." The comments are clearly not funny and attempt to insult, and thus alienate the student body. I feel that nobody will

laugh at themselves reading the not too astute observations [sic] of what are supposed to be student "types." The last quote of the piece says that Asian-Americans all look alike. Now isn't this kind of humor out of date? I heard these kinds of jokes in high school and they weren't funny then either, or if they were, they were embarrassing too because they betrayed the joke teller's hostility, and the laughter was a result of the embarrassment, not the humor of the joke. Hostility of this sort is well guarded because the speaker can always say: "I was just *joking*." But the knife edge rises to the surface anyway.

I rebuke the article because I feel that it brings students apart [sic], not closer together. It reveals nothing of interest to anyone. It becomes the slander column for the supposed news-editor who must have run out of news to resort to this foolishness. And it reveals an obvious jealousy of other, wealthier, but not more intelligent, Columbia University students. The remarks applying to Columbia students in the beginning of the article show some real hate for what the writer of the piece doesn't have. And this serves to lower the chances of overcoming the deficiencies, whatever

they are. If we, as students, are to conquer our economic and educational holdbacks, we must apply ourselves to *ourselves*, not to backstabbing other students, who might have it better, but aren't better in themselves.

I think, lastly, that the article, by its mere appearance in *Observation Post*, is a sign that the editors are not aligned with the students, and have a dim idea of what they are printing, for it is not "high seriousness," and it is not even low comedy

GREGORY KAHN

AUTHOR REPLIES

The supreme (and most satisfying) irony an author of satire can enjoy is to find in someone who cries "Not so!" about the author's work the very qualities the author ridiculed. Mr. Kahn, I have never met you, and know of you only what I read in your letter; but, if I may make a rush to judgement, I urge you not to pursue critical writing as a career — not, at least, until you have managed to grasp the meaning of the word "logic". Just what you were

continued on page 3

**Address all
Correspondence
to Finley 336,
or Finley 152**

Hello,

I am a counsellor. I need you. Do you need me? My problem is this: I'm a new staff member at Finley Hall and I'm available Tuesday and Thursday if you need me. The "if" is my problem—how to find out who you are and whether or not I can be of help to you, just by listening. I am a good listener. I'll try to understand your problems.

If your emotions, your feelings, things in your life that are giving you trouble, and you want to share these thoughts with someone but don't know where to turn, please try turning to me.

You can trust me; everything's confidential and my credentials are fine.

Interested? Phone 8129 or drop a note or come to Finley Room 104 where I, Martha, and/or Mr. Jean H. Charles will share a cup of coffee to start things off.

***Sincerely,
Martha***

Teachers! Earn BIG BUCKS!

High Pay for Low Hours!

BY ALEX CORONEOS

Did you ever believe that those chalkdust-covered relics, your professors, imparted their prodigious wisdom to you for nothing; that they sold themselves in the hoary halls of City for free?

Don't you believe it! Right now, some of the more venerable of the mercenaries, the fully-bloated professors, pull down a tidy \$34,702 per annum. Even the lowliest of the low, the wretched adjunct lecturers, can pocket a satisfying \$24.96 for each hour they can corner you in their classrooms. What's their secret? "Avon calling!" Fuller Brush? A night job at Burger King?

Wrong! No ditch digging for these boys; they got themselves a union. It's called Professional Staff Congress.

The Congressmen have been just busy as beavers chasing after the bucks for their academic charges here at City. On February 14, the union got their '78-80 contract with the Board of Higher Ed. signed on the dotted line. Because of that, when the full-time teachers at City opened their pay envelopes on April 5, they found at least a 4% increase in their checks. Over this year, they'll have increases totalling 8%, and a few other cash freebies totalling about \$1,500. And, those aren't all the goodies. But, more about that later.

Now, here are the payscales as of April 5 listed in the contract for five categories

of City profs smart enough to keep up with their union dues. Where do you think your teachers fit in?

See Chart Below

The different salary levels in each category are called base scales, or increments. The way a professor can climb his way up the old payscale comes down to the nitty gritty matter of hanging in there, of twisting in the direction of the administration's wind. It works this way: If, on January 1 of each year, the teacher has at least ten months of in-class time (or eleven months of research/non-teaching time) under his belt, he jumps up one step on the scale; he gets his increment. And, since this year's January 1 increments were delayed until approval of the new contract, this April 5, in addition to the 4% pay raise, the profs reaped their survival increments too. That should make for a very pleasant spring. Where a professor starts on the scales when he is first hired depends on lots of variables: academic credentials, fame/notoriety, whose derriere was kissed, etc.

If you want to find out more about your teachers' private lives, take a hike down to the Professional Staff Congress offices at 25 West 43 Street, and pick up a copy of the contract. Tell them OP sent you.

PROFESSOR	ASSOC. PROF.	ASSIST. PROF.	INSTRUCTOR	LECTURER
\$23,912	\$19,055	\$14,375	\$13,096	\$13,096
24,796	19,939	15,155	13,980	13,980
25,576	20,719	16,039	14,760	14,760
26,616	21,759	16,663	15,384	15,384
27,656	22,799	17,339	16,268	16,268
28,696	23,839	18,223	16,892	16,892
30,802	25,576	18,899	17,516	17,516
32,102	26,616	19,679	18,140	18,140
33,402	27,656	20,719	18,764	18,764
34,702	28,696	21,759	19,388	19,388
		22,799	20,012	20,012
		23,839		20,636

New Biomed Head Talks

BY BRUCE R. ROSENBLUM

Dr. Leonard Meiselas, the new head of the Bio-Medical School, introduced himself to the Bio-Med. students last Wednesday April 25, in a meeting at Harris Auditorium.

Dr. Meiselas replaced Dr. Alfred Gellhorn as Dean for the School.

The Harris meeting gave the students their first opportunity to assess the new director. They seemed quite receptive to the man whose soft speech conceals an acute administrative mind.

Dr. Meiselas, a diagnostician and academic administrator, has most recently held the post of Associate Dean of SUNY Stonybrook Medical School. He says that he prefers to remain active in the practice of clinical medicine. He made that pledge to provide a role model of a primary care physician, familiar with social problems. He will work at Harlem Hospital during part of each year.

During the meeting, Dr. Meiselas addressed himself to the issue of the tension inherent in medical studies. The new administration wants to ease that tension.

Dr. Meiselas has already started to meet with small groups of randomly chosen Bio-Med. students to discuss their fears, questions, and suggestions.

Dr. Meiselas is concerned with what he calls the "one-dimensional" medical school curriculum, and is dismayed that it sacrifices the study of the humanities. This, he feels, results not in complete students, but in "automatons." To remedy this, he plans to provide a forum for Bio-Med. students wanting to share their individual artistic interests.

Another priority of the new administration will be to try to establish dormitory facilities for Bio-Med. and other CCNY students who must commute for several hours a day between school and home. One site being considered for housing is Arthur C. Logan Hospital.

Dr. Meiselas, a NYU Medical School graduate, previously addressed the Bio-medical Parents' Council at their last membership meeting. He took the opportunity then to advance his intentions to actively recruit disadvantaged students. That plan echoes the school's own recently instituted "Bridge to Medicine Program."

Letters

continued from page 2

specifically trying to blurt out in your letter remains a mystery to me.

Still, I think your letter did not have its genesis as a dusty legal brief. I think a fit of righteous indignation drove you to tap out your gut feelings. And, I want to respond in kind.

For me, no one at this College deserves a response more than you. Believe me when I tell you that your efforts stand you well alone in this school. We never receive letters. What the reason, or reasons, for this may be, I do not know. Nevertheless, I sometimes feel we are a voice crying in the wilderness. Does anyone on this school give a damn?

Sadly, too often I feel they do not. I have never witnessed a more lethargic, apathetic, and fractured student and teacher population than here at City. I have seen this evidenced in a hundred discouraging ways. I have heard repeatedly the student who says of City "All I want to do is get my diploma and get out of this damned place." How ironic to realize it is just that attitude that makes this school, if indeed it is, "damned." Kick the school, if you must; praise it to the heavens. But for God's sake do something. Don't piss away your four years here just looking for what you can get out of it.

Mr. Kahn, I admire your sensitivity as much as your initiative. But, I think you take exception for the wrong reasons. I jabbed at racial stereotypes not because of any burning inferiority complex or lurking racism. I did it because I see the whole chrome-plated issue of race as the biggest sacred cow in this country. We all feel so damned guilty about the whole mess that anyone who dares to laugh at prejudices that are swept under the rug, even to express a little honest hatred if it's there, runs the risk of bringing down on his head the mighty wrath of the marshalled forces

of a gruesomely hypocritical society. In this school, we need only look at the case of Dean Gross to see what happens to those who dare to say that the emperor has no clothes.

As we all try to muddle along in this God-forsaken school, we should all keep in mind what Ossie Davis said: "For if men may really laugh together at something disturbing to them both, it means that — for the moment — they have overlept their separateness and are — for the moment — free to behold the universe with sorrow or with joy — from the same point of view."

PS: As for your comment about our having a dim idea of what we are printing: I couldn't agree more. This is because the collective glow of our writers' intellects couldn't light a glove compartment.

Fulbright Money

May 1 was the starting date for you to file your application for the Fulbright Scholarship awards for 1980-81. The Scholarship program serves as a sort of college-level Foreign-Exchange plan. About 500 awards for 50 countries will be handed out this year.

City College students who apply must be U.S. citizens, hold a bachelor's degree before the beginning of the grant, and be proficient in the language of the country they want to visit. If you are a creative or performing artist, you don't need a bachelor's degree; but you need four years of professional study or the equivalent.

Your academic background, how practical your study plans are, and your language ability all weigh in deciding if you get the ticket.

At City, the Fulbright advisor is Prof. Zephir of the Romance Languages Dept. You can reach him Mondays and Wednesdays in Shepard 121, from 10-11. The deadline for applications is October 25.



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Prof. Barry Wallenstein Thurs. May 16

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SISTER

When Nancy Meade staged her "death" last December, she evoked an amazing variety of emotions from students at City College. Sorrow, anger, resignation, hatred and satisfaction were continually expressed.

Nancy did *not* die, however, and resurfaced recently at a party given by President and Mrs. Marshak. After the initial shock of seeing one whom they had long thought dead, the partiers noticed some profound changes in Nancy. The effervescence and charm which had always charac-

terized her were still there. The intelligence and inimitable style were much in evidence. But underlying this was a new strength of character, seemingly a new outlook on life. Her self-assurance, her imperturbability, were indication of a fundamentally new direction in her life.

I asked Nancy about the changes wrought between her "death" and reemergence. Just what accounted for the new Nancy Meade?

She began by telling me that far from being a collegiate prank, her journalistic demise was of great metaphorical significance. Phoenix-like, the old Nancy Meade had to die, so that the self-actuated, assertive Nancy could arise from the ashes. She attributes much of the credit to assertiveness training and psychological self-evaluation.

In the course of a long conversation in her cozy new apartment, the subject of her notorious masturbating nun photos inevitably came up. I asked whether there was also some ineluctable significance in this iconoclastic posturing, or whether the pictures were just a valid and forceful way of changing peoples' sensibilities. She told me that there were five reasons for her consenting to do these photos.

They are:

1 - Nancy strongly desired to make a vivid statement about the claustrophobic effects of organized religion.

2 - She had always been curious about what it felt like to wear a nun's habit without any undergarments.

3 - The cellophane-wrapped beam of the crucifix felt wonderful against her

clitoris.

4 - She wanted all her friends at City College to have some hot pix to jerk off to, sort of a parting gift.

5 - It was a nice way of saying "fuck you" to the many assholes who had occasionally made Nancy's stay at City College an ordeal. You know who you are folks.

* * *

So here, without further ado, are the infamous photos of the masturbating nun. Feel free to do with them whatever you choose.

Papal Bullpen

Archbishop	Bobby Altanasio
Sister	Nancy Meade
High Priest	Ed Weberman
Father Superior	Wayne Noto
Deacon	Ronnie Phillips
Token Rabbi	Daniel Haber
Brother	Bob Rosen
Heretic	Leo Benjamin
Mother Superior	Alex Coroneos

Dear Bitch,

Remember how it that you are planning to publish a photograph of a masturbating nun. If you go through with this abusive, perverted idea we will be forced to inflict serious injury upon your person. Our most dead slut is no burden on our consciences.

We know of Bobby Altanasio and his graphic illustration of a masturbating nun. Fortunately for him, we can't identify him from sight, and so he may escape this deplorable situation with impunity. Unfortunately for you, we can identify you and we will stalk out your apartment on

Very Respectfully Yours,



P.S. We advise you not to print this letter!

NANCY





A Scene from "Dispatches"

'Dispatches': War and Rock

BY PAUL DABALSA

"Dispatches," currently at the Public Theatre, has been tagged by its producers as a rock-war musical. What is a rock-war musical anyway? you may ask. In this case it's a rock adaptation of a serious book on the Vietnam War written by Michael Herr. In his book, Herr reports from Vietnam on the grief and hopelessness of the soldiers. He also focuses on the durable psychological effects the war had on its survivors.

Composer/Director Elizabeth Swados, who received four Tony Award nominations for "Runaways" (now being made into a book and a film), has written twenty musical numbers based on passages from Herr's book. While the songs are faithful to the central motifs of the book, they do little to augment the mes-

sage. Rather than amplify Herr's comments, this production trivializes most of the author's penetrating observations.

Swados has chosen to present the book in a rock format. There are two major problems with this approach. First, the material comes closer to country than to rock. Second, the concept gets a bit pretentious when a boa constrictor is introduced in several Alice Cooper-type numbers. There's also a scene where soldiers destroy guitars and drums a la Who.

For the most part, the compositions are forgettable and pointless. They fail to provide the original text with any clearer meaning. The only significant moment comes midway through the last song of the evening, where the company sings "after

the war you could hardly tell the war veterans from the rock 'n' roll veterans."

The performances are fine and spirited, yet there are no truly outstanding displays of talent. The production lacks a lead character. Instead, the company members take turns on lead vocals, and no one in the 11-member cast is given more of an opportunity to shine than the others. While this system is democratic and makes the production somewhat different, it always prevents the audience from ever really understanding or feeling for the characters.

"Dispatches" is performed without intermission perhaps so it won't lose its audience between acts. This may be the only thing Elizabeth Swados and company have done right this time around.

A Plasmatic evening at CBGB's

BY BRUCE ROSENBLUM

CBGB's, near the corner of Bowery and Bleecker, is the home of punk. It's a grim and redolent hellhole, guarded by Dennis the gatekeeper, who plays his role like a new wave Steve Rubell. I rendered myself into this cult citadel, populated by the jetsam of humanity, on the middle night of a three-night stand by the Plasmatics.

I had to writhe my way through the assorted bodies adorned with sordid black leather, avant garde chic, and the omnipresent dark shades. The flesh was grinding, stomping, and twisting. Hip to hip. They were laying, leaning, standing, hanging, climbing, and a small minority were sitting (and observing). Tension, excitement, and expectation focused upon the distant stage as beer bottles twinkled and crashed in the dark.

The Plasmatics are five musicians managed and catalyzed by Rod Swenson. Lead singer Wendy

Orleans Williams (W.O.W.) ironically made her stage debut as a child on the Howdy Doody Show. Most recently she was a porno star. Wendy writes most of the group's songs. Richard Stotz (lead guitar) and Wes Beach are original members, while Chose Funahara (bass) and Stu Duetz (rhythm guitar) are recent additions.

The set began with the screening of two highly perverse, but amusing, videotapes which showed Wendy performing a sex act and the band gorging down food in a restaurant. Using the film as an introduction, the band then broke into their first number with all the vivacious energy which characterizes their entire performance.

Wendy likes to exploit her past experience. She centralizes the theme of erotic power for the group by dressing in simple black brassiere, transparent celluloid pants, and spiked boots. She is

quickly drenched in her own secretions. She insists that the entire affair is an orgasmic experience for her. It certainly is climatic as the group and audience are swept upward by the loud pulsations of Wendy's voice.

The music is blaring as bodies vibrate in synchrony. The songs are brief, frenzied musical statements performed in rapid succession.

The climatic ending presents the infamous chainsaw of "Butcher Baby." With it come sparks, and a sexual tease by the voluptuous lead singer. According to Rod Swenson, the chainsaw is the first of many viable musical experiments for the band.

In the upcoming weeks the Plasmatics will release their first album, which will be produced by ex-Ramone Tommy Erdeligh. They will be appearing in New York and Boston again before embarking on a European tour later this year.

HEAD LINES

BY HERB WEED

In the past few years, in this country, a huge industry has sprung up devoted to getting high. To this great effort may be credited a vast profusion of devices and a multitude of books. The devices range from very simple and useful items to bizarre devices. The books go from plausible to the absurd. So, the eternal question remains: Does it work? Up here at OP in the name of our constant consumer vigilance and our unquenchable thirst for the truth, we shall attempt to separate the genuine from the frauds. In order to do this, we must test and review the product. The criteria for the review are as follows:

- The plausibility of the product.
- The usefulness of the product.

Since we have no budget for testing purposes, we will have to rely on the generosity of manufacturers and publishers. It is our contention that if a product is honest, the supplier has nothing to lose by donating a sample for testing and review. Along with the books and devices there are many varieties of herbs being sold as legal highs. As with other parts of the head industry, some of these herbs (and refined extracts and derivatives thereof) are probably honest and safe. Many others, however, may be anywhere from simply frauds to very dangerous substances. We welcome all manufacturers to have their products reviewed in this column. To begin this series I will review the *High Times Encyclopedia of Recreational Drugs* (Stonehill, New York).

The *High Times Encyclopedia* is not only handy and accurate, it is also beautiful and fun to read at the same time. The book is profusely illustrated and each chapter has appropriate little excerpts and quotations outside of the main text. It covers everything from popular drugs such as marijuana and cocaine to exotic stuff like caapi (a South American hallucinogen).

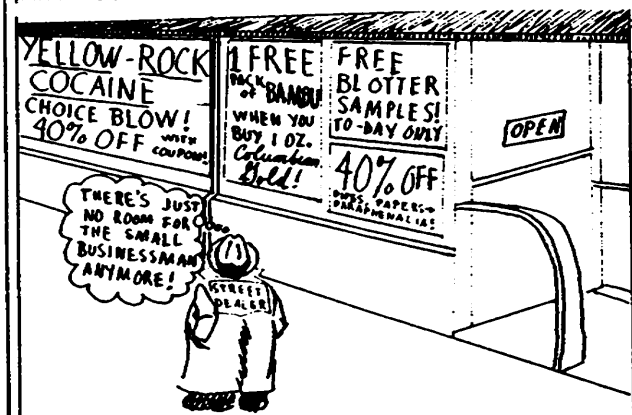
The first two chapters deal with the history and discovery of psychoactive drugs, from the first human contact to the development of religions around them. These chapters detail the progression of events that started with somebody eating a psychedelic plant, and believing that a god resided in it, and ending in the development of formalized religion. This section also abounds in tales of magic and witchcraft, not to mention a nifty theory that ultimately links the birth of Christianity to a magic mushroom (fly agaric, *Amanita muscaria*, not to be confused with Mexican magic mushrooms, *Psilocybe* sp.).

Cannabis, cocaine and the opiates each have their own chapters. The format of these chapters is a more specific history of each of these drugs. The chapter on psychedelics should also be included here in this category. These chapters deal extensively with the effects of the drugs as well as their potential risks. Another aspect of drug use that is well covered is the effect of drug use on society at large, and the effect of society on drug users. The origins of our repressive dope laws are very clearly spelled out.

The section covering pharmaceuticals is one of the really handy sections of the book. This chapter gives quick concise descriptions of many of the major psychoactive pills and potions turned out by the pharmaceutical industry. This is done by category for such drugs as stimulants and depressants, and individually for most other drugs. Included in this section is the "pill finders guide", several pages of illustrations of pills to help you identify them.

Other chapters include marijuana cultivation, aphrodisiacs, household highs, paraphernalia, law and black market economics. This book really manages to capture the mystique of the drug culture remarkably. Without a doubt this book is one that everybody interested in any aspect of the drug culture definitely ought to own.

In future columns there will be a great deal more on the subject of herbal highs and the paraphernalia industry. There are rumors around of a school smoke-in. This could be an excellent show of student solidarity. If you are interested, there will be more definite announcements in the future as we receive more information. By the way... Is there any truth to the stories that a joint was smoked in President Marshack's bathroom during the student leader party?



OPOP RECORD REVIEWS



Graham Parker

Graham Parker
Squeezing Out Sparks

Graham Parker's debut album for Arista Records is a winner on all counts. This British pub-rock mainstay has been threatening to break through since his first album in 1975, and on *Squeezing Out Sparks* he fulfills all his promises. "Mercury Poisoning," Parker's angry testimonial about his former record company's failure to properly expose his music, is not on this album (it is only available as a single) but its spirit is carried over to the Lp. Parker is adamant whether he is singing about being screwed by a record company, love affairs, or anything else. Indeed, what makes Parker so effective is his unrelenting passion for the material he covers. Take for instance songs like "Discovering Japan," "Nobody Hurts You," and "Protection." These rockers jump with all the energy of a plutonium plant. The only time Parker tones down his attack is on "You Can't Be Too Strong," where his vocals recall Elliot Murphy. Everywhere else — "Local Girls," "Passion Is No Ordinary Word," "Saturday Night Is Dead," "Love Gets You Twisted," "Waiting For The UFO's," and "Don't Get Excited" — Parker's vocals fire up the proceedings, while the steady rhythm of the Rumour underlines his emotions.

While Parker lacks the resourcefulness of Elvis Costello, he shares the anger and bitter resentment of everything around him. And like Costello, Parker is today setting standards for British rock, with songs like "Mercury Poisoning," "Stick To Me," "I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down," "Fool's Gold," "Soul On Ice," and "The Heat In Harlem," representing some of the best contributions from England within the last decade.

Since 1975, Parker has seemed to get better with every album. The raw efficiency achieved on "Discovering Japan," and "Protection" rates with the best of Parker's past works. Let's hope Arista will be able to meet his demands and that Parker will finally be the major star he's always promised to be.

— Paul Dabalsa

Boomtown Rats
A Tonic For The Troops

Whatever happened to power pop? Well it's alive and kicking on the Boomtown Rats' second Lp, *A Tonic For The Troops*. Everything here is bright and bouncy, yet it is all executed with enough intelligence to make it entertaining. These Irish-born guys possess an extraordinary pop sense and the chops to go with it. This intelligently crafted Lp suggests that the group labored over each track and tried to make each memorable by planting an unforgettable hook or vocal twist. For the most part they have succeeded.

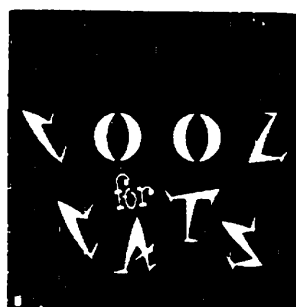
"Rat Trap," the group's number one single in England, opens the set with full force. The song is a straight-ahead rocker, propelled by throbbing bass and smooth saxophone. One of the problems here (as well as on "Joey's On The Street Again") is that Pete Briquette's sax parts appear lifted straight from Clarence Clemons. The results are two songs which sound like warmed-over Springsteen without the overwhelming power of the Boss. The long urban narratives of both songs also demand comparison to Springsteen.

The climactic song on the Lp is also the shortest (clocking in at

3:00) and possesses all the positive qualities that make these guys sure contenders for success. "She's So Modern" is a danceable rock 'n' roll number, with a rapid pace and an infectious chorus. A guitar/drum interlude halts the momentum midway, but only as a technique by which to bring on the swelling climax.

Other interesting musical moments are provided by "(I Never Loved) Eva Braun," "Living In An Island," "Like Clockwork" and "Mary Of The 4th Form."

— Paul Dabalsa

Squeeze
Cool For Cats

Squeeze's debut album was such a delight that I have been anxiously awaiting the follow-up. *Cool For Cats* is not the breakthrough hinted at on their first Lp, but it does serve to reaffirm this band's enormous potential. In the course of two albums this band has fashioned a totally distinctive and exciting sound. While the band is anchored around Jool Holland's dense but tuneful synthesizer work, it is the tense exchange between guitars, synthesizer, and vocals which provides the music for most of its tension.

Squeeze mines an art-punk

OPOP

vein as effectively as Talking Heads, yet most of their songs are danceable. They can be artsy and rock hard at the same time.

"Slap and Tickle" opens the record with their patented synthesized sound. This time the synthesizer/snare drum interplay provides some clever and rousing effects. Then there are songs like "Revue," "Touching Me, Touching You," "Up The Junction" and "Goodbye Girl," which have been obviously influenced by the Beatles. It's a strange combination — Talking Heads meet Kraftwerk meet the Beatles. "It's So Dirty" is a furious rocker with some clean, fluid guitar work and pumping bass. This song is the obvious candidate for a single.

Squeeze is a cohesive quintet which plays remarkable well. *Cool For Cats* is brimming with first-rate instrumentation and contains at least one promising single. Pick up on this band now, before they become a monster act.

— Paul Dabalsa

Tin Huey
Contents Dislodged During Shipment

Hailing from Akron, Ohio, Tin Huey is a six-man band stumbling around in search of a style. Their debut album offers nothing radically new, and only serves to show a curious lack of direction. The Lp is validated only by "Hump Day" and "Pink Berets," which display just enough wit to make them interesting, but because they're on side two, the listener will have to plow through all the filler on side one to get to these songs.

An unwarranted and sober version of Neil Diamond's "I'm A Believer" opens the record on a questionable note. Even the Monkees managed to infuse more feeling and energy into this song than these twerps.

With the exception of the two titles previously mentioned, this is totally heartless music. Simplistic riffs and nondescript accompaniment have resulted here in a sterile package which is never convincing and always second rate.

— Paul Dabalsa



Tin Huey: Chris Butler, Harvey Gold, Michael Aylward, Ralph Carney, Mark Price, Stuart Austin

observation

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FREE CLASSIFIEDS

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