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Moonies and students clash over O.P.

By Michael Arena

Equipped with banners, posters, leaflets and a 27 piece band, about 100 members of the Unification Church swarmed on North Campus Quadrangle yesterday protesting the May 4th issue of the Observation Post and calling upon student to vote in this week's elections to deny the paper activity fee funding.

They were met by more than 150 students who chanted "Moonies out of campus" and charged that the Unification members were exploiting the O.P. controversy and distorting the issues of free speech and obscenity.

College security personnel dispersed about a dozen shoving matches and near-scuffles as students and Unification members heaved exchanges of racial and ethnic slurs. At one point during the two-hour confrontation, National Director of the Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles, Reverend Chong Goo Park, squared-off with freshman Bruce Young. Park said that Young wanted to kill South Koreans and Young said that Park called him "a dirty Jew bastard." In addition three members of the Unification Church were hit with a bucket of water.

The confrontation climaxed a week's worth of controversy over O.P.'s publication of three photographs of a former editor masturbating with a crucifix in nun's garb. The following developments occurred this week:

* City University funding and governance legislation were stalled in the state legislature as several key lawmakers demanded that CUNY Chancellor Robert Kibbee take action against the newspaper and its editors.

* A bill that would eliminate mandatory student activity fees at CUNY was approved by the Senate Higher Education Committee and forwarded to the Senate for consideration. CUNY officials said the sponsor of the bill, State Senator John Marchi, had agreed to delay debate until after students at the College voted on whether to eliminate O.P.'s student activity fee funding.

* Kibbee apologized publicly to Terence Cardinal Cooke for the publication of the photographs, and Board of Higher Education Chairman Harold Jacobs, criticizing the publication as "an action which disgraces all concerned," established a special committee to study changes BHE Bylaws regarding obscenity issues.

* Voting on a referendum to deny to O.P. student funds began Wednesday and will continue through next Tuesday. Despite state-wide attention raised by the issue, College officials said that voter turnout to date was equal to the rate of past years, which usually averages about ten per cent of the student body. O.P. editors said that the paper would (Continued on Page 2)



Photos by A.P. Kaplan

Members of the Unification Church holding a "spontaneous" demonstration. They were met with strong reaction by the students. Reverend Chong Goo Park, CARP's National Director, is seen arguing with a student. He was later pulled away by the Security Guard shown in the center.

Complex ballot awaits student at election booths

By Steve Nussbaum

Going into the third day of voting in the Day Student Government elections, which has been delayed for the second year in a row, students are faced with a complex ballot that seeks their opinions on four referenda and offers four contenders for the positions of president and student ombudsperson.

Ed Evans, assistant to the vice provost for student affairs, described the voting as "running at our regular average" of past years in the race between Roger Rhoss, the incumbent aligned with City's Future, Ramon Espinal, running for the second time in as many years on the Students United For Action slate (SUFA), Charles Hicks, who recently formed the Popular Movement after resigning as a Vice-President of the Senate, and John Chimera, an independent, for the Day Senate presidency.

The issues in the campaign have been obscured by a flurry of charges flung by the slates against each other. Rhoss has called Espinal a poor candidate because he "doesn't know enough about the way the system works" and that his party seeks to split the College along racial lines. Espinal responded to the criticism by saying that "SUFA is not dividing the student population along racial lines. The tactic City's Future is using is the same tactic that the administration used in 1975 to pit blacks against hispanics."

The most serious charges were leveled by Popular Movement against City's Future, accusing them of

mismanaging funds and creating a deficit of \$3,673.52 in the senate accounts. Hicks further accused the senate of completely depleting \$27,000 transferred to them from funds unappropriated in past years, and disbursing it without the consent of the treasurer, who, according to Hicks, is required to approve every expenditure made by the senate. "They just went hogwild with the Harlem Renaissance," said Hicks. "There was a general attitude," continued the former vice-president, "that if it was for the Renaissance, what the hell, let's do it no matter what the cost. A bunch of twelve-year olds could have done it better."

Rhoss called the blasting "a political move." Everything was spent properly," he said. Rhoss also denied that the \$27,000, which was given to the Senate "three to four weeks ago" was spent. This money plus a \$2200 contribution made by the Schiff Fund through Vice Provost for Student Affairs Ann Rees to the renaissance would be used to make up the deficit, Rhoss said.

Evans explained that the delay in elections, which had been originally scheduled for May 14 through the 18th, was caused primarily by the Senate. He pointed out that "traditionally" as the Senate takes on more responsibilities toward the spring, there is an "attrition" of help for them to complete these tasks, with the result that the elections are usually neglected until the last minute. "The Senate could have formed the election committee early," he said. "We implored the Senate on many occasions to do exactly that."

Hicks, who split the City's Future party by bringing Senate treasurer Prakash Ramal and vice-president Andrew Nwogalanya with him to the Popular Movement, claims that students circulated petitions in his name without his knowledge. "They started a petition drive for me and so I felt that it was my obligation to run," said Hicks.

Rhoss claims that he offered the City's Future presidency to Hicks, and would himself step down.

Espinal, a 27 year-old bilingual education major, leads the most complete slate on the ballot this year, with 20 candidates for the 42 positions, as compared to 14 for City's Future and 10 for Popular Movement. He is joined by Gerásimos Kaoures for Executive V.P., Vassant Ramracha for treasurer and Henry Garcia for Campus Affairs V.P., who is also an editor of The Paper.

The four referenda on the ballot have stirred a disproportional amount of controversy throughout the campaign. Emotions have flared over the proposal that would deprive the Observation Post of student activity funds. The second referenda would bring two dollars from the fee earmarked for the New York Public Interest Research Group to the Senate-revamped Legal Aid Center. Another, if approved, would raise the \$27.50 fee by \$4 for support of the Intercollegiate Athletics Program, which at present receives \$5 from the fee. The final question to be put to students would make Students for Art, Media and Education (SAME) a member of the Media Board.

The final day of voting is this Tuesday.

'I wasn't about to take this lying down'

By Michael Arena

He was a man outraged and a man alone.

When Observation Post published photographs of a woman dressed as a nun masturbating with a crucifix, sophomore Keith Jarren knew he had to confront the editors and at least find out why.

He found them Friday afternoon in O.P.'s office, Finley 336, sipping wine and signing copies of the issue during an autograph session.

"At first I was very emotional but then I settled down," Jarrin said on Monday, still shaken from the incident. "They said it

was a political statement against the church. I said I want some other kind of explanation and they said that is censorship."

He couldn't recall the editor's name, but he remembers one of them, a woman, "She called herself a feminist. She could have been Nancy Meade, but she never told me her name." Meade is the former O.P. editor who posed for the pictures.

"I asked her 'Why couldn't you be a journalist and write an article about it? Don't you realize what the crucifix means to Christians and Catholics?' Her answer was, 'Well, don't nuns masturbate?'"

"Then she said she was really upset with the abortion issue. She seemed incoherent," said Jarrin, who spent about a half hour talking with the editors.

Last week he went to several religious organizations in Finley Student Center but most of them didn't want to help or didn't care. "All I wanted was for them to help to get a retraction from O.P. I didn't care how small it was or where they put it in the paper, just so long as they retracted it."

Then, on the third floor of Finley, he met Steven Wolf, president of the College Chapter of the Collegiate Association for

the Research of Principles, a branch of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church. They agreed on a referendum to deny the paper student funding.

"It was our only recourse," said Jarrin. "I didn't want to cut off funding, but there were no other options. I don't agree with the Unification Church but there were no other options."

Wolf called C.A.R.P. members last Tuesday and the following morning at 7:30, according to several accounts, a chartered bus rolled up Convent Avenue and between 15 to 20 members of the Unification Church emerged with petitions

to deny O.P. funding and copies of the controversial front page. Within five hours almost 3,000 signatures were gathered. Leaflets and other election paraphernalia were also printed up by C.A.R.P.

"I'm not sure the C.A.R.P. members were from City College," said Jarrin, worried that their presence would spark yesterday's confrontation. He refused to speak at yesterday's rally, believing that his presence would be seen as a sign of support for C.A.R.P. "I know I acted as an individual," said Jarrin. "Nobody else would help and I wasn't about to take this lying down."



College students arguing with a member of the Unification Church (holding bullhorn) during yesterday afternoon's demonstration in the North Campus Quadrangle. Left,



members of the Unification Church display their anger over recent photographs published in Observation Post. Holding microphone is Steven Wolf, president of the College chapter of C.A.R.P.

Photo by A.P. Kaplan

Moonies swarm the College over O.P.

(Continued from Page 1) probably not publish again if activity fee money was denied.

* Members of C.A.R.P. and the Unification Church emerged as the key organizers of last week's petition drive to put the O.P. funding question on the ballot. They printed hundreds of petitions and copies of the controversial front cover. About twenty Unification C.A.R.P. members along with at least three College students collected nearly 3,000 signatures in five hours.

Since Wednesday, the first day of elections, members of C.A.R.P. were stationed at voting booths throughout the College handing out hundreds of bi-colored, professionally printed leaflets calling for an end to student funding of O.P. Another handout headline "Banish Immorality From Campus," said that five student organizations and three professors were co-sponsoring yesterday's event. But Gladys Wertemburg, director of the public relations, said that it was not clear whether the groups has voted to support the event.

C.A.R.P., which says its purpose is to revitalize the founding spirit of Judeo-Christianity based on teaching of the head of the Unification Church, Rev. So Sun Myung Moon, displayed another

highly organized event at yesterday's demonstration.

After several speeches the O.P. photographs about 40 smiling C.A.R.P. member displayed multi-colored posters. One poster read "CCNY is no place for Porn Filth!" "Immorality Promotes Child Porn"; and "No more O.P. Porn." Later, several C.A.R.P. members stood before a garbage barrel and burned a poster that was attached to a wooden cross. The poster read: Child Porn.

Although C.A.R.P. members were aided by a sound system the student demonstrators whistled and chanted, drowning out the speakers on occasions.

Student demonstrators seemed equally upset over the Unifications members presence at the College as well as the speeches that were given.

"These people are not student of City College," said Radhames Morales, president of the Dominican Students Association. "We're against pornography but we don't think you should close down a newspaper for one issue."

"We are concerned about aliens coming in here and obstructing the election process, said Dan Ramirez, a senior film major, "We're concerned about the interests of the students."

City College Catholic Center said that he did not support the

C.A.R.P. movement. "But when the same group breaks the same

Several speakers voiced strong criticism against the O.P. photographs. "We should print value not trash, said C.A.R.P. co-regional director Michael Smith. "This is a rally for a new morality. We want students in today's universities, to be dealing with the problems around us."

Father James O'Gara of the

rules time and time again they must be held accountable for their action," said O'Gara, referring to the O.P. editors. He said that Rabbi Ronald Roness of Hillel and other speakers refused to appear because they did not want to be associated with the C.A.R.P. movement.

But other speakers were shouted down by the student crowd. "No one wants his mother

to get raped," said Michael Johnson another regional director of C.A.R.P. but his remarks were met by student chants of "Bullshit, Bullshit, and Moonies off this campus."

Moon followers responded "Bigot go home!" As both shouted slogans, the Unification band played Elvis Presley's tune "I Can't Help Falling in Love With You."

'79-'80 candidates for Senate elections

	City's Future	Students United For	Popular Movement	Independent
President	Roger Rhoss Tsagli	Ramon Espinal	Charles Hicks	John Chimera
Ex. Vice President	Andre Austin	Gerasimos Kaouris	Andrew Nwogalanya	X
Treasurer	Jean Jones	Vassan Ramracha	Prakash Ramlat	Jeffrey Jones
Campus Affairs V.P.	Oennis Reed	Henry Garcia	X	X
Educational Affairs V.P.	John Albanabee	Grisellna Rodriguez-Tnen	X	X
Community Affairs V.P.	Lolly Rawlins	Antonla Gomez	X	X
University Affairs V.P.	James Berry	Fitzroy Lawrence	Sevanand Sarjoo	X
Senators	X	X	X	X
Architecture	X	Freddy Nunez	X	X
Education	X	Arells Nicasio	X	X
Engineering	X	Uunie Shn	X	X
Humanities	X	Jose Salom	Kostas Tomaras	X
Nursing	X	Ramon Aquino	X	X
Social Science	X	X	Judith Montgomery	X
Science	Mirna Rucci	Carline Torchon	Brenda Gross	Felix Rivera
SEEK	Louis Morgan	Jose Rafael Joga	X	X
Discipline	Michael Aspinall	Angela Hernandez	Marika Michalos	X
Ombudsman	Dana R. Wilson	Bernard Cipollone	Wayne Etlingr	X
	George Heyliger	Steward Smolar	X	X
	X	Visnoonand Bilsram	X	P. Killcommons
	X	X	X	James Kenny
	X	X	X	Milton Swaby
	X	X	X	Astor Bryan II
	X	X	X	X
	Michael Aspinall	Lorenzo Echeverria	Leonor Rodriguez	X
	Mike Edwards	Tonny Romero	X	Mike Edwards
	X	X	X	Tonny Romero
	X	X	X	Soverly Jones

This year's parties and their platforms

3 • THE CAMPUS • Friday, May 18, 1979

The following is a summary of the key issues and platforms represented by the three major slates vying for Day Student Senate positions.

CITY'S FUTURE

City's Future is the incumbent slate led once again by 25-year old Political Science major Roger Rhoss.

As can be expected, their platform reflects a number of goals they've been trying to achieve over the last year.

Explains Rhoss, "We started projected when we came into office and hope to use a second term in office to consolidate those projects."

Establishing a permanent legal aid service on campus is high on City's list of priorities once again. The slate is counting on the referendum that seeks to divert the \$2 that currently goes to NYPIRG for this purpose to pass. "NYPIRG's a rip-off," said Rhoss, "a legal aid service isn't."



Photo by Henry Morales
Roger Rhoss

The slate will also be working towards the following:

- *As a step towards, providing on campus medical care for students, the formation of a course training students to be para-medics.

- * Publishing a handbook informing students of their rights and responsibilities and listing available systems of recourse for redress of their grievances.

- * Looking into the possibilities of on and near campus student housing

- * Providing students who face delays in receiving their first financial aid checks with book loans from the Senate's account.

Their platform also refers to the recent disciplinary case against Michael Edwards. "We're greatly disappointed with the way the affair was handled and plan to investigate into the matter," said Rhoss. "Academic freedom must apply to students also, and not just to the teaching staff."

On another issue, Rhoss said he hopes the referendum seeking to cut off student funding to Observation Post passes. "OP should have been shut down a long time ago because they've done this before," said Rhoss. "What they did only adds to the already bad image of City College on the outside."

On the proposed \$150-yearly tuition increase, Rhoss said he felt it is inevitable. "Had the University Student Senate taken a real stand in opposition to it, then the increase maybe wouldn't be inevitable. But all they did was call one rally which turned out to be very disappointing."

POPULAR MOVEMENT

Led by the charismatic Charlie Hicks and made up of several members of City's Future, the Popular Movement hopes to bring a new form of "open government" to the students.

Joined by Senate treasurer Prakash Ramal and former Vice-President Andrew Nwogalanya, the Popular Movement is pushing for speedier disbursement of funds to organizations, more political



Photo by A.P. Kaplan

lobbying by the student government and a move to insure the futures of the New York State Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG) and the Legal Aid Center. "We see no reason why NYPIRG and the Center can't co-exist on the campus, provided that there is no increase in the student activity fee," states their platform.

"I've been on the senate for a year," said Hicks, "and I've seen some mistakes we made, and I don't plan to make them." Hicks also cited his personality as one of his virtues. "Rather than having some guy upstairs, they know Charlie Hicks and they know he's their friend," he said.

Although they have the most incomplete slate, only offering 10 candidates for the 42 positions, the party still feels that they could make the coalition work.

The Popular Movement anticipates that the biggest problems facing students are the proposed tuition increase, the possibility of a move to merge with the State University of New York and what directions the new president will move. The Party hopes to utilize political lobbying before the legislature in Albany as a way to make the students wishes known where it will do the most good.

STUDENTS UNITED FOR ACTION

Ramon Espinal, who ran unsuccessfully for president of the Day Student Senate last year, is leading Students United for Action (SUFA), a slate that boasts broad ethnic and racial composition.

"There's never been a slate more international than our slate," said Espinal. "I think this is the first time in City College history that a student party reflects the student population."

Their platform stresses preventing the proposed \$150-yearly tuition hike, stopping a possible dismantling of the Tuition Assistance Program and the SEEK program and beginning a health care program. "Logan Hospital has closed and we don't have any doctor on campus. At one time there were four or five doctors serving students," said Espinal. "Students have the right to expect medical services."

SUFA's slate has 20 candidates for the 42 Senate openings, as compared to 14 offered by City's Future and 10 by Popular Movement. Espinal is joined by Gerasimos Kaouris, running for executive vice president and Henry Garcia, running for vice president for campus affairs.

In addition to tackling the proposed tuition increase, dismantling of special programs and establishing a medical program. SUFA plans to work for the allocation of funds to help

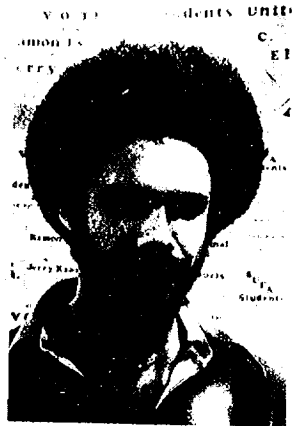


Photo by Henry Morales

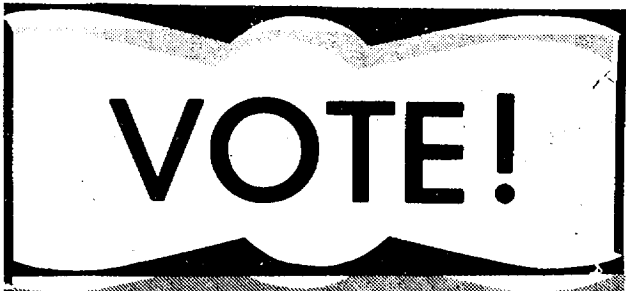
Ramon Espinal

pay off tuition deferrals for students faced with debarment, the establishment of a non-profit bookstore and cafeteria and full funding of the Day Care Center by the College and Senate.

Their platform also lists the following:

- * fight against the attacks of the administration and certain professors on the rights of students to express their beliefs
- * defending the nursing students and the ethnic studies programs

The 27-year old Espinal is a bilingual education major.



Controversies surround referenda on ballot

By Emily Wolf

Students voted this week on an unprecedented four referenda which appear on the voting ballot despite questions concerning their legitimacy.

Pushed by the current Day Student Senate leadership, the referendum which seeks to divert the \$2.00 in student activity fees earmarked for the College's chapter of the New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG) to a new legal aid service came under attack this week.

Ben Blakney, project coordinator of the NYPIRG chapter here, has called for invalidation of the "NYPIRG fee transfer" referendum, charging that the petitions which established it contained student signatures obtained fraudulently and signatures unaccompanied by student I.D. numbers.

According to Board of Higher Education bylaws, student activity fee referenda can be established by petition of 10 per cent of the student body. The Senate submitted petitions containing 956 student signatures, or 30 signatures above the required amount. However, according to Blakney, 52 signatures were fraudulently signed in the same handwriting "beyond the shadow of a doubt." In addition, Blakney said another 52 signatures were invalid under petition requirements because they appeared without I.D. numbers.

Responding to the charges, Senate President Roger Rhoss denied any violations or fraudulence.

"Every single signature on the petitions submitted is valid and we can prove their validity," said Rhoss.

"NYPIRG is just excited and trying to hold on to the money it gets in student fees."

Explaining the petition containing 52 signatures written in one handwriting, Rhoss said, "The student who got those signatures just ran out of petitions and had people signing on regular pieces of paper instead. I didn't think it would be right to submit the piece of paper and asked her to write up the names on petition paper. Rhoss said he had the original pieces of paper "to prove the signatures were valid" and that the committee which oversees the election process was aware the submitted petitions contained only one handwriting.

Questions concerning the legitimacy of a referendum that seeks to include Students for Art Media and Education (S.A.M.E.) on the College's Media Board have also arisen.

According to a by-law adopted by the Media Board, student organizations seeking to join the Board can do so only through a referendum increasing the student activity fee by at least 50 cents. The S.A.M.E. referendum which appears on the ballot does not call for any increase in the present \$2 "media fee" currently used to fund WCCR, the College's radio station, Observation Post, The Paper and The Campus newspapers.

Several questions concerning freedom of expression arose in the petitions to eliminate the funding of the Observation Post. City University lawyers are wrangling over a key phrase in the petition which read in part: "We, the students of City College do not want our money to be allocated to a newspaper that prints

material which does not represent the views and attitudes of our student body."

CUNY's lawyers approved the wording of the referendum after it was agreed that only the last sentence of the petition would appear on the ballot. The sentence reads: "Be it resolved that the Observation Post be denied funding from the Student Activity Fee."

The fourth referendum on the ballot seeks to increase the current \$27.50 student activity fee for full-time undergraduate students by \$4.00 to fund the Intercollegiate Athletics Program, which has been running a deficit for the last two years.

Editors of The Source, which prints news for the College's Jewish Community, and is also hoping to join the College's Media Board, sent a letter to Vice Provost for Student Affairs Ann Rees after the paper was refused a third extension to garner the more than nine hundred signatures necessary to be on the ballot.

"The Source was given a second extension and they failed to meet it," said Ed Evans, assistant to Rees. "It would be unfair to get them on the ballot because there were other people who came in after Friday and wanted to get their names on the ballot and were refused."

Eva Weiss, Associate Editor of The Source, said the petition drive received "positive and receptive student support," although the editors had some "technical problems in collecting the petitions." We were working on paying our printer and at the same time we had to deal with the petitions. They were very pressing issues that were going on at the same time."

A celebration of creative minds

By Mary Yeung and Bonnie Goldman

More than ten thousand dollars was given out yesterday to thirty students in the twelfth annual English Award ceremony. A total of one hundred and fifty manuscripts were submitted on March 16. The students had submitted poetry, fiction, plays and short stories. Professor Kriegal (English), chairman of this year's awards said that the work submitted this year was outstanding and proved that "the College has one of the best Creative Writing departments in the country."

Professor Rivera (English), who assisted Kriegal said that the professors judging the awards had a "tougher time than usual. The drama awards were decided upon at the last minute and the DeJur awards (for a prize of \$3,000) which usually has ten applicants had more than forty."

The award ceremony which was held in the faculty dining room on Shepard's fifth floor was filled with winners and professors to a standing room only crowd. Each professor presenting the awards reiterated Prof. Kriegal's comment saying how impressed they were with this year's submissions even, "overwhelmed by the quality of work submitted and that it would have been nice to have been able to provide awards for everyone."

Another professor said, "what we do every spring at these awards is celebrate the mind in an increasingly mindless society." Professor Brooks Wright (English) said that "the work submitted by the students 'represented an act of the imagination that cannot be taught, programmed or predicted. A successful poem or short story occupies its own space.'"

The Winners...

Lawrence Dugan, a graduate of Temple University in Philadelphia and a graduate student in Creative Writing at the College won the top prize of \$3,000 for the Jerome Lowell DeJur award. He submitted a manuscript of thirty poems he calls "Spy Wednesday." "Professor Joel Oppenheimer gave me a lot of useful criticism on a dozen of the poems and helped me edit and lighten the poems, he

says. "Lawrence has already had three of his poems published in, *New Republic*, *Commonweal* and *Souther Review*. He works as a clerk with the International Garment Workers. In addition he plans to put the \$3,000 to good use by buying an electric typewriter, a lot of good books and paying for his tooth that was just extracted.

Alison Koffler, first prize winner of the poetry award is a graduating senior and an art major. She claims that her visual training from her art courses has had a major influence in her writing style.

Getting this award is like having somebody reassure me that I'm doing O.K. and I should keep writing."

Blaise Stanek is another graduating senior who is a winner. His sixty page short story called "Fitfully Fakes" won him the \$150.00 Goodman Fund short story award, and the six hundred dollar Goodman Fund loan grant. "I always knew about the award, but I never knew how much money was involved. I always thought the whole thing was beyond my reach. This year, I suddenly felt I could do it." Stanek said.

Now that he has won all that money, he plans to spend the summer writing. Next summer he is trying out for the Olympics in canoeing.

"In order to get the \$3,000 Edward Mack Graduate Fellowship award, one must submit oneself. I submitted my whole college career, all my records, my commitment to writing and my future plans," said Sybil Pearson, winner of one of the most prestigious awards given annually by the English Department. Sybil felt that her success in writing was mainly due to her own self motivation and the sincere support of all her professors.

Sybil, a former actress on TV and Broadway brought her ten year old son to the ceremony, hoping such experience would give him inspiration. "The \$3,000 award is going directly into the bank, I shall use it to guarantee my education," Sybil said.

To win the second prize of \$250 of the DeJur award, Michael Brondoli submitted three short



ENGLISH AWARDS: Lawrence Dugan (above left) winner of the DeJur Award and Sybil Pearson (above right) winner of the Mack Fellowship award. To the right William Hirscher and the Honorable George B. DeLuca, 1909 graduates of the College and old cronies who presented three awards for the best essay on Sanitation.



Photo by A.P. Kaplan

stories, a section of a novel and a description of a new novel he's working on to the English award contest. He submitted the same to the Goodman Fund Loan Grant (of \$600) which he also won.

Mr. Brondoli is a graduate of Duke University. After graduation, he continued to work on his novels and supported himself by taking all sorts of odd jobs. He came to New York last September to enroll in CCNY's Creative Writing graduate program.

Mr. Brondoli writes mostly contemporary stories with a southern setting. He described his writing as traditional, simple, and strong in characterization. Many of his stories deal with human values in conflict with the ever changing world.

"Six hundred dollars may not sound like a lot of money to some people, but to a writer, it means time to do his own work. With six hundred dollars, I can buy two months of writing time which means I'll be able to finish my

new novel by the end of the summer."

Gladys Morales, the second place winner in the playwriting category is a graduating senior. She submitted two plays for the contest, one titled "Liana" and the other "Mujers". Both plays explore a mother and child relationship. "The main theme of my work is Puerto Rican women and Puerto Rican families. I use as few characters as possible so I can explore each one completely in the play," said Morales.

Morales read her play "Liana" in SoHo during the two week "City at SoHo" program in April. "Liana" which is the first play she ever wrote, made the selection for the prestigious O'Neil National Playwright Conference.

Morales began writing plays in September, before that she concentrated mostly on short stories. She is a creative writing major and hopes to do some freelance writing when she graduates.

Other winners include Bridget Rowan a graduating senior who is going to English Graduate School at Columbia received the Leon Pin for overall excellence in English. Todd Ortone who received the Ward Medal in Composition. Shelly Kleiman, who is entering Harvard in the fall received the Ward Medal in literature. Haym Gross, received the Riggs Gold Medal Essay award. Gregory Kahn won the William Bradley Otis Fellowship in American Literature (a prize of \$400). Bruce Habegger won a prize of \$250 for the best English Master's thesis. Peter Trachtenberg received \$600 in a Goodman Fund Loan Grant. Two Basic Writing awards were given to Mauricio Pardo and Darrell M. Thompson. Robert A. Miller received the Goodman Film and T.V. award. Ruth Lebowitz' the second prize of \$45 in the Goodman Fund Poetry Award. Anne E. Gusack received the 2nd prize (shared with Michael Brondoli) of the DeJur award.

'Manhattan' the best yet from Allen

By Bonnie Goldman

Suddenly Woody Allen's name is everywhere. His new film, *Manhattan*, has proved to everyone who did not have the foresight before that he is an extremely articulate, intelligent, interesting and stimulating filmmaker. Perhaps the public needed the introduction of *Annie Hall* to begin to understand what a complex man Allen is. For *Annie Hall* broke the ice, it proved that Allen could work within the context of a normal plot. It also proved that he could be entertaining, warm and funny without being too zany, and for the first time he had a hit on his hands.

When he experimented with *Interiors* he was thought-provoking though totally unfunny. He went a bit overboard I think and was serious

to the point of pretension. I still believe *Interiors* was an interesting film, even though the clearest statement he makes in it is that WASP's have no sense of humor.

Manhattan is the culmination of these two works. It has the warmth, humour and entertainment of *Annie Hall* as well as the articulateness and intelligence of *Interiors*.

If *Annie Hall* was a homage to Diane Keaton then *Manhattan* is a homage to New York City. For the an-

scape of *Manhattan* is all the hot spots of New York and is the best "I Love New York" message around. The background is Elaines, Museum of Modern Art, Dean and DeLuca's, Leo

Castelli's, Uptown Racquet, the 59th Street Bridge, Zabars, and Bloomingdales. The background is a bit too conveniently chic but if you love New York you cannot help but excuse the indulgen-

help but excuse the indulgence.

Allen opens his film dramatically with five minutes of quick shots of the New York skyline. The film is in black and white with gorgeous cinematography by Gordon Willis. The screen looks more rectangular than usual because the black and white is so perfectly contrasted.

The story is one of love and sex in the sophisticated uptown upper middle classes of New York. The names are

all somewhat meaningful, with Isaac Davis (Woody Allen) as a successful TV writer who is going out with a beautiful seventeen year old named Tracy (Mariel Hemingway). He has been married twice before and his second wife, who was bisexual when they met and is homosexual now is writing a confession book about their breakup. Yale (Michael Murphy) is a typical Yalie who has been married for twelve years to Emily (Anne Byrne). Yale is having an affair with a journalist named Mary Wilke (Diane Keaton).

The story is consistently absorbing and funny. The laughs in this film are very sharp and sophisticated, the sight gags Allen uses are Chaplinesque and very very

funny.

In most of Allen's other films he demeaned and mocked his attractiveness. In *Manhattan* he does not and actually comes off as attractive. Of course there are his inevitable one liners but they are subtle and amusing. Isaac says, "When it comes to relationships with women I win the August Strindberg award." And while he is riding in a taxi, "You look so beautiful I can hardly keep my eyes on the meter." He is so very subtle.

Allen proves in this film that he is not only a wonderful director, brilliant screenwriter, but he is a wonderful actor. He give a sensitive, moving performance and should not be underestimated.

An interview with Rosalyn Drexler

By Elinor Nauen

"Punk. It's almost like Zen. You're walking on the path and the Zen master hits you on the head and you're supposed to know everything that means. Punk wants to make direct statement. It's one big assault."

That's Rosalyn Drexler talking about her latest novel, her fifth, *Starburn* (Simon and Schuster, \$9.95). *Starburn* features Jenni Love, a feminist punk/funk superstar, plus UFOs, mysteries of death and incest, and lots of assault. The book is as straight ahead as the lyrics of Jenni's band, the Great Mother Goddess Cult, four women who sweat, scream, and bang out rock and roll with lines like "Gimme/Gimme/Gimme your life/ You already half dead anyway..."

Drexler and I sat in the Prince Street Restaurant in Soho and talked about her new book, other writing projects, faith healers, women's powerlifting (she's on her way to New Hampshire to cover a meet), and inevitably ourselves. A one-hour interview turned into a three-hour conversation.

She spent two years working



Rosalyn Drexler

on *Starburn*, inspired by friends from Ruby and the Rednecks, a local band, as well as ideas from newspapers. The Great Mother Goddess Cult is Jenni, from a Long Island estate but not quite just another spoiled rich kid. Her father is a timid homosexual and suicide, her grandmother the owner of a health farm who threatens to "turn in" her son if

he touches her. The rest of the band is Anna Careen, whose mother was chewed to death by her father; Martine Miami, saved by a blond wig from getting shot along with her three brothers; and Ruth Spider, who spent two years in a home for juvenile delinquents after stabbing her father with the same knife he had used on her mother.

masculine fulfillment are one and the same," but a woman learns that "if she is too smart, too independent, and, above all, too serious about her work, she is unfeminine and will therefore never get married." Most of my friends, ambitious and smart, regularly doubt themselves, their goals and their abilities. It is still a great effort to go beyond the desire to crawl into a closet when the easy accomplishments have been had and the real challenge starts. Gornick gives no easy answers. She knows that recognizing and analyzing a problem is only step one in reorganizing or solving it.

A lot of the women she discusses are older, growing up with even more through prejudice against their working and emotional lives. We who are now in our twenties have benefited from their leadership, and several essays in the book are reminders

of the origins of our privileges. We hear about Alice Paul, who spent her whole life working for women's suffrage and the Equal Rights Amendment, as head of the National Woman's Party, and Agnes Smedley, an American who worked for Indian Independence and the Chinese revolution in the 20s, two of whose books have been reprinted by the Feminist Press at SUNY/Old Westbury.

In the essay *Feminist Writers: Hanging Ourselves on a Party Line*, she reiterates a pervasive theme of all the essays, that feminism is not dogma, "not a movement, not a cause, not a revolution, but rather a profoundly new way of interpreting human experience." Although the book breaks no new theoretical ground, and needs an editor to clean out some of her optimistic overwriting and simplification, Gornick has provided valuable evidence of this statement.

This is from the newspapers? Drexler acknowledges she does carry these "crazy family histories" further. "The remembrances are from my past history; other people have done strange things in my past. It's surreal by placement."

Does her past history include the talking dogs of another novel, *The Cosmopolitan Girl*? "I don't know a talking dog, not even a horse that answers questions by tapping its hoof. That talking dog was my idea of a certain kind of man. I thought you could say so many more things if you put it into dog history. If you give an animal human attributes very funny things happen because of the relations to humans. Human beings often treat each other like animals, but not as well — like I take real good care of my cats."

One character in *Starburn* is a rock critic who reveals in an interview his ideal woman: a two hundred pound retarded adolescent. "She had none of the self-consciousness that mars sophisticated, older women. Her simplicity helped me to take advantage of suppressed longings. Ambitious women hamper self-expression in a loving man. They take note of failings."

This section was based on a feature that ran in *Esquire* magazine, where famous men were asked to describe their dream woman. Drexler, feminist and satirist, says, "They wanted a Pygmalion, someone they could shape, as if a woman came malleable, without a character or life of her own. Men are afraid of experienced women...most men, not all men certainly."

Drexler has been married to Sherman Drexler, professor of art here at City College, for over thirty years. She says they are happily married, still in love, and fight like crazy. Of their two children, "survivors of the 60s," one now plays trumpet at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston and the other is studying to be a dental technician.

We talk about writers. Who does she read, who does she admire? Elizabeth Hardwick, Charles Simmons, author of *Wrinkles*, Sam Shepard, who she calls the John Wayne of American intellectuals, Donald Barthelme. As a young writer who read Nathaniel West, who she likes

because he's funny.

We tried to figure out how come there's not much funny stuff being written. Drexler suggests maybe it's harder to write that way, but that she "can't write any other way." And even less humor is being written by women. "A sign of repression? Is being witty being intellectual?" Neither of us can come up with an explanation, so we nibble a little more of a shared piece of carrot cake.

She goes on, "Of course there is the self-deprecating humor—Marilyn Monroe's dumb blonde act, Erma Bombeck, the kind of joke like, I was so fat they thought I was a lost float from a Macy's parade."

(Continued on Page 8)

World according to Garp

By H.D. Meltzer

Vladimir Nakokov once said that all great literature was just a great fairy tale. John Irving has created a fairy tale to be proud of. A fairy tale playground that irresistibly lures the reader into a totally absorbing romp in another world. A world that makes you forget subway stops and bedtimes. It is *The World According to Garp*.

It is a world just like our own. Not the generalized world of the six o'clock news or *Life* magazine, but an intensely personal world. It is portrayed not as a grand lecture on the nature of existence and humanity, but as a finely tooled engraving depicting the life of one man and those in his immediate vicinity. These are things all of our lives share with Garp; experiences we have in common with him, as with all people. Yet the reader is always aware that it is Garp's life he is finding so engrossing, not an attempted fictionalized facsimile of his own.

To begin with, there is Garp's mother, Jenny Fields. Jenny wanted a child, but she wanted a child on her terms. Period. No compromise. "In this duty minded world" Jenny wrote, "You are either somebody's wife or somebody's whore — or fast on" (Continued on Page 7)

ESSAYS IN FEMINISM

By Vivian Gornick
Harper & Row, \$8.95

By Elinor Nauen

My best friend, who seven or eight years ago introduced me to feminism, is having a baby and drawing elaborate cradles to decorate the announcements. "Then when I know, I'll color them either pink or blue."

"Oh no!"

"Yes; I know it's a lot of work but I don't mind." My horrified "oh no" was for her not just perpetuating the old stereotypes of pink-for-girls, blue-for-boys, but backsliding so far she didn't even imagine I would be critical. Her oblivion demonstrates to me, at best a most erratic feminist, how far we still are from changing so many of the assumptions that bind and stunt women.

Vivian Gornick, editor with B.K. Moran of *Woman in Sexist Society*, among other books, and a City College graduate has now brought out *Essays in Feminism*, a collection of newspaper and magazine articles written between 1969 and 1978, mostly for the *Village Voice*, Ms., and the *New York Times*. Reading them has a bit of the feeling one gets from reading old newspapers knowing how everything has turned out. While I would have liked to see some of the statistics updated or stories concluded, more often than not the issues she focuses on are indeed the central ones of the incident. For instance, the essay *Why Women Fear Success* discusses Marina Horner's theory that women "get dumber and dumber as they get older and older," not because they want to fail but because they fear success. A man is taught "from birth that his human fulfillment and his

'Children of the Holocaust'

CHILDREN OF THE HOLOCAUST

By Helen Epstein
Putnam, 10.95

By J.C. Herskovits
and B. Goldman

In June of 1977 an article appeared in the magazine section of the *New York Times* by Helen Epstein entitled, "The Heirs of The Holocaust." The article caused a sensation of sorts in the Jewish communities in the New York Metropolitan area. For she expressed for the first time in print what had been known but never really verified before. Namely, that the trauma of the Nazi concentration camp is re-experienced in the lives of the children and grandchildren of the camp survivors. Epstein quotes Shami Davidson, director of a psychiatric hospital in Tel Aviv, "The effects of systematic dehumanization are being transmitted from one generation to the next through severe disturbances in the parent-child relationship."

Her article stimulated so much interest that Epstein continued her research and interviewing and finally had a book published on the topic.

For many the easiest way to deal with the Nazi holocaust is to

forget it. There are too many issues which seem to terrifying to confront. For most of us the Holocaust was always foggy. That eleven million people (6 million Jews, or 2 out of every 3 Jews in Europe) were systematically, intentionally murdered is too much to grasp. For human beings to recognize and accept the capability for destruction that is possible in themselves is a difficult thing to ask. For those who survived the atrocities and their children who were raised in the aftermath denial is not an option. Survivors, whether they speak about their experiences or keep them to themselves, live with their memories, and relive their horrors throughout their lives. Their children, whether they are in touch with their feelings or keep them buried, live with the facts of their parents' experiences.

Helen Epstein explores her own (her parents are concentration camp survivors) and other survivors' children's feelings about the effect their parents camp experiences have had on their own lives. Epstein, a professor of Journalism at NYU, includes in her book a cross section of interviews. Most striking is the diversity of expression and the uniqueness of each of the young men and women interviewed. Yet beneath all of the differences in personality and lifestyle

(Continued on Page 9)

ARTS

Bad play at the Dixie Girl cafe

By Avram Otis
The Last Days of the Dixie Girl Cafe is a play that might enchant a particular interest group: those who are obsessive about religious fidelity. For those who have different compunctions, and in turn would really rather not hear a middle-aged Southerner sound a confessional about her immaculate (or otherwise) fornication with God, you would be well advised not to attend this play.

"Dixie Girl," which opened on

off Broadway Wednesday, is suitable for an audience that enters the theater sympathetic to a depiction of passionate religious faith, fundamentalist Christian style. If author Robin Swicord had wished to appeal to a wider audience, than she should have done either of two things: 1) drawn some clear comparisons between the peculiar ways of zealous "Primitive Baptists" and people who hold more common world views, or, 2) not chosen a subject matter that is so restrictive and sentimental. Perhaps Swicord wants to remain provincial, for this is what she succeeds in doing.

Briefly, this is how the plot of the play goes.

Jerri Lee, soft-headed dreamer is the owner of a cafe in Bainbridge, Georgia and is engaged to widower Wayne Blossom Sr. At intervals Wayne Sr. belches out paragraphs pronouncing that a nuclear holocaust will devastate humanity, and, that Argemaddon is close around the corner. His two children are Little Lanette Blossom, a Women's Army Corp enlistee, who is ever-nostalgic about a ribbon she won as a high-school baton twirler; and Wayne Blossom Jr., who is married and runs a gas-station with his wife Joy.

Wayne Jr. and Lanette pass in and out of the focus-point of the play; Wayne Jr. receives phone calls in the cafe from women he has been fooling around with, and at one point ineffectually tries to woo Jerry Lee. Little Lanette listens to piecemeal lectures on nuclear destruction from her father, clutching her majorette baton stupidly all the while. Both try to reach out to Jerri Lee who is disoriented by the intensity of her vision of God in oblique but well-meaning ways.

Joy Blossom, in a state of depression because she is childless and because she knows Wayne Jr. is two-timing her, spends some down-and-out moments at the end of the play listening to Jerri Lee evangelize. Regardful of what she hears, she comes to believe that she, and not Jerri Lee, holds the second Christ. By the same token, Jerri Lee willingly gives up the



Lorna Johnson as Jerri Lee

Virgin Mary complex she has had throughout the play and is satisfied to let Joy Blossom carry on the fantasy. Additionally, there are references to blood which purportedly signify the transference of the God-child fetus from Jerri-Lee to Joy Knight. The play ends and all of this entertainmentless, unreasoned topsy-turvy comes to a close. The insanity never becomes daffy enough and the sense is just never there. If "Dixie Girl" is an attempt at inspirational drama then the people that find it compelling should turn on their headlights.

Performances by all the actresses/acotrs were sufficient, with perhaps nominally superior portrayals of Joy Blossom by Julie Nesbitt; and Wayne Blossom Sr. by Ronald Johnson, who elicited the only consummate laughs of the evening—the play was at instances supposed to be funny. Unwittingly, the strongest point in the production was the set-design, which was crafted with much affection and loving-care.

Theater Four, 424 West 55th St., is air-conditioned. Reservations can be made by calling 246-8545.

Hot choices for Summer listening

By Marty Martinez

Well it seems that the time of year has arrived for all of us to take off our winter garments and strip down to the bare essentials of life. This applies to all facets of your 'life. To help start you on the right foot record-wise, here are some suggestions to keep your sounds from running dry during this long, hot summer.

Graham Parker

The first man to look up is Graham Parker whose new album is one of the seasons first big hits. Squeezing Out Sparks has the look, the taste, the feel and most importantly, the sounds of a great new work from the much ignored Graham. This album should be played much in the spirit of any Stones albums which is about twice as loud as any other album except for maybe The Clash or The Who. While doing this one should drink heavily or indulge in rare substances which alter the mind. Above all listen to the words, and by all means listen to the rumour (his backing band) and wonder why Sytan hasn't tried to hire them for himself. This is Graham's first album for Arista and Clive Davis is to be thanked for not letting good talent go to disco.

Bob Dylan

Speaking of DYLAN the old,

slly dog has a new offering which has been available recently only as a very high priced import. At Budokan exhibits Dylan working his ass off to same old songs but with hot, new arrangements. The band is hot and composed of a good mixture of studio musician and wandering rockers. Standing out is a lady known as Bobbeye Hall whose work on percussion is so tasteful that it just has to be mentioned. This album should be played anytime you tire of hearing the original versions. The recording quality is of a superior nature, better than the last few DYLAN attempts and just adds to the gloss of this package Great for pool parties.

(Continued on Page 7)

'Devour the Snow'

By Gaspar Alvandian

Abe Polsky's play, *Devour the Snow*, is a dramatization of the moral consequences of cannibalism, and the guilt of survival under such circumstances.

It is a well-written play, (although at times it is a little confusing, because of too many references to the details and events of the past) that explores with depth of perception and humane sympathy the agony of a man who has had to feed on dead human flesh in order to survive. A man who now finds himself faced once again with the necessity of survival—this time psychological—in a make-shift courtroom where he is defending himself against charges that he murdered children to feed on their flesh.

The play is based on a true incident in 1846. A group of families, on

their way to California from Illinois, were lost and trapped in the snows of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. After consuming everything in sight, the survivors resorted to cannibalism. One survivor, Lewish Keseberg, is forced to stay behind because of a leg injury, while some of the others are rescued by search parties. Keseberg is eventually rescued, but he is brought to court on charges of murder.

Although we learn of the ordeal of the lost families as the play unfolds, "Devour the Snow" is, however, the story of the trial of Lewis Keseberg. The actual record of court proceedings no longer exist thus the playwright, has recreated a dramatized version.

In Polsky's version of the trial, Lewis Keseberg (played by Jón De
 (Continued on Page 7)

Martha Schlamme vibrant in a one woman show



Martha Schlamme

By Jennifer Sabin

Martha Schlamme is the women in *A Woman Without a Man Is...*, a presentation of songs and poetry by and about women. Miss Schlamme, a vibrant and exciting performer, immerses herself in a song to a point of extreme passion. Her face shows an incredible range of expression; her joys and sorrows bring tears, her anger and rage bring trembling. Along with her, the audience is moved.

Her selections touch many areas of the male-female relationship. Although they focus on women alone, fighting for freedom, individualism, and self-respect. She covers the spectrum of women's experiences. Irish folk song selections depict the desperate woman destined to remain in an unhappy situation, and selections from *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When The Rainbow Is Enuf* reflect the will to fight for independence.

Miss Schlamme adds her own personal touches, doing an old Hassidic chant, really the highlight of the show, that was sung by her grandfather, in addition to an old Yiddish lullaby her mother used to sing.

Miss Schlamme, who is Jewish fled Vienna during the war, and travelled extensively throughout Europe. Her exposure to different languages is apparent and her songs are in several: French, German, Spanish, Yiddish, and English.

Most numbers are translated by her either before the song or after. Quite a few were not, however, which made it a bit more difficult for those of us who only speak English, Russian, and Chinese. The majority of the audience (who were mostly over 35) seemed very familiar with her selections of Sondheim, Weill, and Brecht.

Accompanying Miss Schlamme is Steven Blier on piano. Mr. Blier, a native New Yorker, has a lovely, fluid style, and contributes greatly to the congenial, intimate atmosphere of the Show.

Poetry by Edna St. Vincent Millay, Dorothy Parker, E.E. Cummings, and others, as well as quotations are interspersed with the many songs and make for an interesting diverse program.

Miss Schlamme intersperses her songs with humorous comments, quoting Flo Kennedy, Miss Schlamme says, "A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle."

At Theater East, 211 E. 60th St., student rush available. Call 355-7025 for information.



The Roches

Summer music picks

(Continued from Page 6)

The Roches

If you haven't heard about this bunch of ladies then you have been living in a hole. But his time everything the ads say is true. The Roches (Warners Bros.) are a fine trio of East Coast women who can warm the hot little rock and roll heart that rests in anyone's chest. Nice folkie harmonies that bring back the 60's but also are welcome in sterile 70's. Maggie and Terre were last heard from in 1975 with *Seductive Reasoning*, an album that didn't feature sister Suzzy but this one does and has Robert Fripp as producer. Truly fine. This album is perfect with wonderful harmonies and humorous lyrics.

The rock and roll film this summer is going to be *Rock n*

Roll High School starring the Romones. The soundtrack features Nick Lowe, Eno, Chuck Berry, Devo and of course the Ramones. Now if that ain't worth your \$4.00, nothing is. This side also has an eleven minute medley by the Ramones which is really why the damn thing will sell. Be that as it may this is all the Ramones you will ever need, and the last time I ever saw them this was about half their set. Great for your 'lute parties, a living soundtrack for destruction. The actual movie will be produced by Roger Corman, if you know that name I need not say more.

Duncan Browne

The name Duncan Browne may not mean anything now but if you look up his album *The Wild Places* (Sire). I believe you will become quite familiar with the man. His first album covers much ground in the jazz-folk-rock area. His voice goes from Lou Reed back to his own and his band ranges from a tight rock outfit to Weather Report. Strange you say well these are strange times and the music reflects that. But that's not denying that the music isn't good. It's strong and has very much its own personality.

For those of you that can

afford the luxury of both 45's and albums here are a couple of 7 inchers that go straight to the top of the ear charts making for good summer listening.

The B-52's have the first official summer time hit with *Rock Lobster* a small discourse on the state of the beach 1979 via Georgia. The flip side will be equally enjoyable if you dig side one to start with. The great thing to believe in is that this could be a hit, by some wild chance of fate. On the B-52 label at your NYC local Village shops.

Another entry on the hot stuff label is the Heat's first single, *Instant Love? w High School Sweater*. Two hard rock numbers that move in the vein of, well thought out, tough rock n roll. Smooth vocals with tight rhythm round out this side, a must for Who fans.

Last but not least come from Ripsaw records two numbers which rock just like they use to. *Rootie Tootie* and *I can't Be Satisfied* this is serious rock n roll from Virginia and not to be taken lightly.

If that's not enough drop me a line and I'll take you around to the record shops personally. Have a good summer. Rock on.

In a cultural nutshell

Art Exhibition

Yesterday the art exhibition, in tribute to Gordon Parks, Jr. that was formerly in Finley, was moved to Eisner gallery and will remain there on display for the next week. Also in Eisner gallery is an exhibition of graduate sculpture and Luis Monje's oil paintings.

Street Fairs

Park Slope's fourth annual street fair will be on Sunday, May 20th. The Slope, as it is called affectionately by the "Slopers" who live there, is a diverse Brooklyn neighborhood of brownstones and slums, students and families. The fair will be held along 7th Ave. from 10th Street to Flatbush Ave. There will be 3 stages with live entertainment, house tours (call 788-5794), booth games, crafts and food.

Another street fair this weekend is The Hunter Fair, Saturday on 94th Street between Park and 5th Ave. There will be food, rides, crafts and people. This is the season for street fairs so if you like crowds, bargains, ethnic food and live free music. Check your newspapers.

Joan of Arc

Lost Texans, Inc. present *Joan of Arc: A Spiritual Entertainment*, at St. Mark's Church, 10th Street and Second Avenue, Friday, June 1, 8 p.m. Music after by "Kill All Your Darlings."

Monday, May 21, 7-9 pm at CUNY Graduate Center, *Attack on the Critics* with William McPherson, Rhoda Koenig, Richard Gillman, Arthur Cohen, and others. For more information, call Lisa Katz, 690-8170.

Judd Hirsch

Judd Hirsch, who is currently starring in *Talley's Folly*, also happens to be a former City College student. (It is good to know who they are.) As part of the Circle Repertory's late night series he will be featured in three one-act plays by Herb Gardner. He is an extraordinary actor and watching him is always a joy. The three short plays will be performed at 11 pm Wednesday through Friday, May 22-24. For ticket information call 924-7100.

Second Annual

Great Hudson River Revival

Music, dance, crafts alternate energy, ethnic food, environmental displays and a small boat builder's workshop are only some of the items listed for the Second Annual Great Hudson River Revival, a festival to be held

at Croton Point Park, on the banks of the Hudson River in Westchester County, New York on June 23rd and 24th. Tickets for the 2 day 11 A.M. to Dusk event are being sold at Ticketron locations.

—Compiled by Bonnie Goldman

The World According to Garp

(Continued from Page 5)

your way to becoming one or the other—I wanted a job and I wanted to live alone, that made me a sexual suspect. Then I wanted to have a baby, but I didn't want to have to share my body or my life to have one, that made me a sexual suspect too." With this wholly non-altruistic motive, Jenny unwittingly launches a powerful new wave of feminism, and becomes a world figure after her book *A Sexual Suspect* is published.

Jenny possesses many traits recognizable in our mothers. Her true vocation is as a nurse, and she devoted her life to caring for people, all people. But she is neither a cliché nor melange, she is the unique individual known as Jenny Fields.

It is into this heritage of individuality that Garp is born. He had no pull toward the worlds of other people. He set out at an early age to find his own. "Garp had no parallel wisdom for the absolute clarity of the world according to Jenny Fields. But he knew it would only take time to imagine a world of his own with a little help from the real world. The real world would soon cooperate." And the real world does. The actual unwinding of the plot that the convoluted real world manages to supply are far too interestingly uncovered by the reader to be spoiled by a brief summary of a review. They will afford the reader hours of pleasure on their own merit.

John Irving's style is

'Devour the Snow'

(Continued from Page 6)

Vries) appears as a character larger than life, someone who has matched his abilities for survival against the devastating inhuman powers of the snow and won. He is, however, not an arrogant character. He is fully aware that in defeating the snow he has had to dehumanize himself through cannibalism. And he is angry—angry because he has had to do what life and circumstances have required of him. His only hope is to make his accusers understand. He attempts to make them see that as human beings they are all subject to the same tests and demands that come from natural forces.

Jon De Vries' portrayal of Lewis Deseberg deserves special mention. He brings out Keseberg's agony, anger, and humanity effectively and admirably. His sincerity and depth of performance enrich the play and direct the viewers' attention away from the subject of cannibalism to Keseberg's existential pain of survival.

On the other hand, the acts of cannibalism referred to by the prosecutor are meant to devalue Keseberg's suffering and show him as a heartless man who would do anything—including murder children—to maintain his selfish existence.

Berkeley Harris plays the part of James Reed, the attorney representing Ned Coffeemeyer (a member of one of the search parties), William Eddy, and Bill Foster (both also survivors). As James Reed, who himself has survived and, therefore, is more or less capable of understanding Keseberg's situation, Harris has a difficult part to play.

perceptively contemporary, in the true sense of the word. It is not the "contemporary lit," but contemporary of life today. There is a large use of profanity in the novel. Yet it is the casual, unselfconscious work of everyday conversation. It is not used as in the Norman Mailer profanity-to-jar-the-reader style, nor the Henry Miller paint-a-picture-with-heavy colors method. There is no message to be gained, no point to be made, other than simply that is how we speak. His novel is peopled with characters equally as contemporary. Often bizarre, but take a look around you. There is Roberta Muldoon, formerly known as Robert Muldoon, number 90, tight end for the Philadelphia Eagles, (the city of

Brotherly love) who has had a sex change operation, and is Garp's best friend and squash partner. There is Michael Milton, who loses three-fourth of his penis in a car crash, and the remaining quarter due to postoperative infection.

There are also many deeper levels to be explored if the reader is so inclined. In delivering to us the life of T.S. Garp, John Irving also deals in depth with life as a writer. Again, true to style, he deals very effectively with what it takes to be a successful writer in society as each of us know it. He also shows what it is like to be one of those around this strange being (a writer). This all goes to create a tragi-comical work, a style not frequently attempted, and rarely performed well.

Perhaps part of the hesitancy in his acting is meant to reflect this quality of feeling and attitude. However, it comes across as weakness. His delivery is lifeless compared to the passion in Keseberg's. He is also not quite as in command of his lines as he should be.

During the trial Keseberg manages to show that the act of cannibalism was not something that he alone had to resort to. He forces a confession out of Foster that he and Eddy, in fact, murdered their half-starving Indian guides to feed on them.

The play ends with William Eddy (played by James Ray Weeks) accepting Keseberg's humanity half-heartedly, and partly because the one-man judge and jury dismisses the case for the lack of evidence. Eddy, who demands justice for the death of his children (believing Keseberg to have murdered them) faces Keseberg with a revolver wrested from the Sheriff's holster. However, he fires the gun in the air and leaves the stage. Keseberg, cleared and yet not cleared, stands on the stage, apert and senseless, as the lights dim and darkness engulfs him.

In addition to Jon De Vries, the following also gave good performances of varying degree: Edward Seamon as Bill Foster, Bert Lagerwall as Phillipine Keseberg, Gloria Maddox as Margaret Reed, and Paul David Richards as John A. Sulter, the commander of Fort Sulter, who played the part of the judge.

"Devour the Snow," which is having its New York premiere at the Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 West 26th St., is scheduled to run until June 3. The play's set design is by Steven Rubin; lighting, by Dennis Parichy; and costume, by David Murin.

A long talk with Rosalyn Drexler

(Continued from Page 5)

But then there's Lily Tomlin, we recalled, a smart comedienne, who comments on our times. She creates characters, like bag ladies; living satire. Drexler shared an Emmy for writing Tomlin's TV special.

Drexler cannot be accused of not being funny. Sample these lines from *Starburn*, between Jenni and her mother about her father: "I have been thinking of having a sex change," he said.

"Well then, do," I answered, cold as ice.

"But he didn't, did he?" I asked Mother.

Or this section, where Jenni's mother has been to Sappho's Retreat, a swingers' club: "Why did you go back?" "I forgot my umbrella..." One lady who was quite popular spent all night on her hands and knees being sodomized, when what she really wanted was to find her lost contact lens.

The trip to California to pick-

She loves New York

up her Emmy, plus short visits to Florida and a year teaching at the University of Iowa are the only times she's been out of New York. She suggests it's pretty out there in Midwest where I come from, near Iowa, but doesn't seem quite sure it's real out there. I've met New Yorkers, hardcore variety, before. I tell her I go out there to drive. "I gave up my license in 1959," she says. We return to the subject of women's writing.

She's enthusiastic that women are at last writing out of their own

lives, and indeed have the opportunities to do so. "So much can get in the way, depression, family, life. Life gets in the way of work. But in years to come there will be some indication of the mores of our time. Women have written of their relationships. Now men are starting to as well, like Joseph Heller's *Something Happened*. Men are trying to become more intimate with themselves." We speculate about these new styles for men, and that women will write increasingly of subjects that have as far been

men's. Like war, or religious passion such as Joan of Arc's.

Theater for the New City, who commissioned *The Writer's Opera*, Drexler's play which played there for a few weeks have asked for another play for next season so she will soon begin work on that.

When she's writing she usually reads a lot too. She feels she is carrying on a tradition, a camaraderie between writers.

Rosalyn Drexler is an original. Let's hope she becomes a tradition.

An insider's guide to the spice of the Hampton's

By Dawn Farmer

It's not a place for the frugal traveler but if you like beautiful beaches, fashionable people, a nightlife unbelievably unreal and have plenty of money, why not squander it all in the Hamptons this summer? You live only once. Here's how you do it:

Where to stay: If you're one of the lucky ones you'll have had your share paid for in March (top bad) and will just be praying for sunshine for your weekends. If you're not so financially stable but lucky you'll have friends who have shares and you can crash with them (a true friend is one who will invite you for that orgy of pleasure weekend commonly known as the Fourth of July. Treasure this person, he/she will do anything for you).

For those with neither shares with friends nor friends with shares a few expensive telephone calls right now may get you a reservation at a motel for the all

important Fourth. These rooms can be expensive (one no-frills motel—no TV, no rugs on the floor, no meals, two single beds and a shared bath—was going for \$45 dollars a night) but they're worth it. Just pile in three-to-five friends (any amount you can stand) and split the cost. You won't be doing that much sleeping anyway.

Some people cut motel costs completely and spend all night at their favorite seaside disco till daybreak when they head for the beach to sleep/bake until two in the afternoon.

Which brings us to...
The Beach

Two years ago the place to be was East Hampton and in East Hampton the beach to be on was Asparagus. Last year the disco crowd drugged, boozed, and baked at Mimosa Beach in West Hampton. Every year Hot Dog Beach in West Hampton is good, where live rock bands play from two to six. Every beach has its snack bar where you can buy a

breakfast of fruit salad to go with your pina coloda. Sometimes there is "Happy Hour" at some beaches where free drinks are served.

The beaches themselves are some of the most beautiful on the northeast coast and the water is equally clean and clear. Since most people tend to congregate around the bar, for the price of a little legwork you can settle down in peace and quiet on your own little stretch of sand farther on.

But a caution for drivers: get to the beach early. Parking lots are adjacent to most beaches but are filled to capacity by nine every morning.

Nightlife

If the Hamptons are famous for their well-heeled clientele, they are equally famous for their swinging discotheques. La Plage in West Hampton resembles a thatched hut and the admission price is low but the price for drinks is high (\$3.50). The crowd

is relaxed and young (you'll see so many people from Brooklyn here you'll think you're in Bay Ridge). Also in West Hampton is Scarlett's on Mill Road (288-9739), another favored hangout, except that the crowd at Scarlett's is infinitely more relaxed. If you're in the mood to freak out, this is the place for you. Not so with Marrakech, West Hampton's most popular discotheque (word of mouth has it people were still flocking to Marrakech in February!). Admission is expensive (\$10) but the huge dance floor about the size of Harris Auditorium and crazy circus lights make Marrakech a must see. If you're not in the mood for dancing you can relax under a canopy. Be ready for scrutiny in this disco, you'll get plenty of it.

How to Get There

It's best to ask precise directions when you make your reservation

(if you intend to sleep with the seagulls, call the disco you plan to visit, by now they're pros at giving directions to lost patrons. From the city you can take Northern Boulevard (State Route 25A) or the Grand Central Parkway, which feed into the Northern State Parkway. Follow Northern State to its end, where it joins the Veterans Memorial Highway in Hauppauge. Take the highway south to the Long Island Expressway at Exit 57, then go east on the Expressway to Exit 70 and take County Road 41 south to Sunrise Highway. Sunrise will take you to the Hamptons. Got it? Good. If you don't have a car the ride on the Long Island Railroad is three hours long and costs about four dollars to West Hampton and five to East Hampton. But be aware—taxis to and from stations are few and expensive. Take the train when you're going out to stay with friends who have a car.

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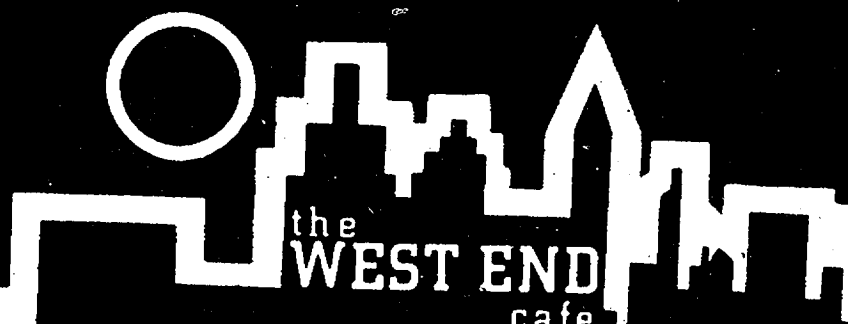
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Children of the Holocaust

there exists a shared reservoir of private, deeply imbedded feelings that lie dormant, unspoken, surfacing only with self-confrontation.

Epstein calls these feelings her "iron box" which she has only recently begun to get in touch with. She writes that she began seeking out other children of survivors to explore the contents of her "iron box." What she discovers in her journeys is an invisible community spread throughout the continent and Israel with whom she makes special connections.

Her book is fascinating, superbly written, and completely absorbing. No one has ever done research in this area and it is an area that is crying out for serious attention.

Less than forty years ago the concentration camps were still functioning—burning, gassing and torturing their prisoners. This must not and cannot be forgotten. Epstein's book is a document of living history that must be read by all.



Photo by A.P. Kaplan
BIG-BANG MAN: Dr. Arno A. Penzias (class of '54), co-winner of the 1978 Nobel Prize in physics, did not let his broken foot prevent him from giving a lecture at the College Tuesday on the Nature of the Universe.

IN BRIEF

The fate of Finley Hall will be decided next month when The City Landmarks Preservation Commission is scheduled to vote on whether to designate it along with the other buildings on campus as city landmarks.

While testifying in favor of designation for the North Campus structures at a recent City Hall hearing President Marshak voiced administration plans to tear down Finley and other South Campus buildings. Testifying in favor of designation were members of an ad-hoc faculty, and student committee to save the South Campus. The committee has gathered hundreds of student and faculty signatures on a petition favoring designation and is calling for letters to the commission from interested faculty and students.

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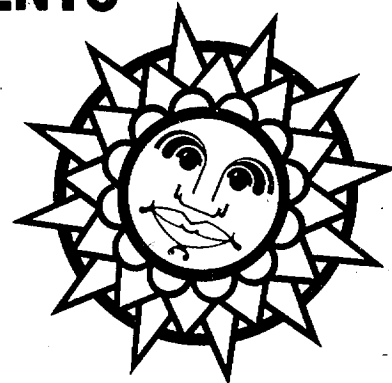


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Thirty... Thirty... Thirty... Thirty...

11 • THE CAMPUS • Friday, May 18, 1979

By David S. Eng
 After five years at City College I'm finally making my exit. Five years, that's a lot of time. How did I ever manage to hang in there so long? Well, spending two years on The Campus had something to do with it. Thank to all on the staff.
 What can I say about the Campus? For me, there was never a dull moment. As photo editor I spent more time sweating in that

so called darkroom one flight up from the office and taking photos from Finley to Steinman than attending classes, at least it seems that way.
 I can still remember my first picture that I took for The Campus. It was of a lacrosse player and he was running straight at me. Four hundred rolls of 36-exposure film later, I took one of my last shots recently of the Nigerian Conference.
 I'll miss those late nights at the

printers and in the darkroom. By the way Jeff, how about a new enlarger. The enlarger we use is so bad that it moves when you breathe on it.
 I'm also going to miss rushing to Shepard on Friday mornings after four hours of sleep just to see what the printers did to the photos. On the positive side, I don't have to worry anymore about "black hole pictures" or "half pictures." Wing, I still think you ate the other half. Also, I

won't be getting any more Monday night photo lists that change 100 times by Wednesday night.
 I hat to say good-bye to those free lunches I got covering various events. With a camera, you can get into almost anything around here, in case your interested, or hungry, that is.
 There were good times on The Campus and the only thing I regret is that I watchd my grades fall like the 1928 stock market

crash. Sometimes I wondered if I was still a student.
 Thanks to Wing and Henry for helping me in the toughest of times. And thanks to Wendell, Steve, Anthony, Roger, Gene, Ginnie, Linda, Susan, Kim, Emily, Meryl, Jerry, Mike, Greg, Jung, Andrew, Dawn, Debbie, Errol, Ronald, Jeff, Sam, Donald, Howard, David, Eric, John, Kelth and all the rest of you for what you have done for me.

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'This is my thirty column'

By Kennard Garvin

Excuse me, do you have a moment? Yes, I'm talking to you. Well, I'd like you to read my thirty column.

What?

Hey, I know you're busy. Who isn't these days? But this will only take a minute or two or three. It's not everyday that a Black man or any man for that matter is given an opportunity to express himself...freely. So please read on, it may do us both some good.

The name's Ken Garvin (-That's nice-- and this is my thirty column. Now if you're wondering, like I did once, what exactly a thirty column is, let me tell you. It's the final column that a reporter writes for his high school or college publication. It symbolizes The End...but not for me.

Traditionally, the reporter reminisces about his good ol' days on the publication, and the nights he spent slaving over a typewriter, and the editors and persons on the newspaper, and always ending with "How he can't LIVE without the newspaper, but he's going to try his DARNEST anyway," and so on and so forth.

BUT THIS IS MY THIRTY COLUMN, and though I'm grateful to The Campus and to its staff for all I have learned, I feel there are more RELEVANT things to talk about, so this column must be different. This is my thirty column.

*When I look back
boy I must'a been dreamin'
boppin' in the country
fishin' in a stream
lookin' for an answer
tryin' to find a sign
till I saw them City lights
and honey I was blind.*

-Elton John

I was seventeen when I started attending City College. I wonder how many of you are seventeen? Raise your hands. That many huh? Well it's a hell of a time attending college when you're seventeen. It's such an impressionable age, you know.

Oh, you don't think so huh? Well, let me tell you, if a guy was slick enough he could sell you Mahoney Hall right now? I'm serious. Hey I should know, a guy sold me Shepard Hall. I'm serious. I think his name was either Mars..., or Car..., or Kib..., or something like that.

You see, when I began attending this college in 1974, it cost only \$58 dollars a semester for consolidation fees. Then, two semesters later, it cost \$78, and the next year, when tuition was imposed, it cost \$450. Of course, the guy who sold me Shepard Hall kept telling me "it was worth it," and I figured "what the hell, it's an investment," and kept spending my money. That is, until I found out that City College had been a free institution for over 125 years, then I screamed, "Oh shit, I've been had." And the funny thing about it is, City College is virtually the same institution it was when I was paying \$58 dollars. So where did my money go? I'd sure like to know. In fact, I'd like to know WHY tuition was imposed in the first place.

Maybe? Nawh...I was going to say maybe it's because there are more blacks and hispanic students attending this institution, and they (whoever they are) are just trying to get rid of some, but nawh that couldn't be the reason now could it?

Well, I was seventeen then, and you're seventeen or older now, and nobody could pull that stunt again, I'm sure. What's that? Tuition is on the rise again?

Back in the days when we wuz colored

I always wanted to be

Horace Brown

He was the man

The It

All the girls dug Horace

Even Debra Knight

Though she wouldn't admit it

Horace could dance

Horace could sing

Horace could write poetry

-No two poems in fifteen minutes

ME?

I just admired Horace

One time Horace told me

NIGGER the problem with you

You weren't born a BROWN

I agreed

Cool pimp Horace

had it all, but not upstairs

-K.G.

I remember my first day at the college. I sat alone on the rampart by the arch on 140 street and Convent Ave., and held a conversation. Actually, I did all the talking and the arch did all the listening, except for that one moment when the arch said to me, "Son you're going to make it, if you try hard enough." Yep, that's what it said.

What's that? You find that rather hard to believe.

"IT'S ALL IN THE MIND," you say. Well, you've got a point there, but I did take the arch's advice "to try harder" after following around those first few semesters. Yeah, I fooled around. I hung out. Hey, what can I say? Blame it on the boogie.

But tell me honestly, by a show of hands, how many of you were able to stay away from Finley in your freshman or sophomore year? That many huh? Well, so much for that, but like I was saying those first two years, shit, you can just throw away my transcript. It looked like a crash course on "How to use the third, fourth, and fifth letter of the alphabet..What's that?...Yours too (ha-ha), oh well. I suggest you go and have a conversation with an arch yourself. (ha-ha) But seriously, life became much easier for me at City College once I discovered what I wanted to be in life, which I'll tell you about later. Prior to that discovery, school for me was a chore. I was afraid of my professors, frightened to speak in class, and terrified of writing "in class essays." My only salvation was Finley. But friends, once I discovered that I was HUMAN, and that the mistakes I made, were all part of the growing up process, I was able to deal with school much easier.

I remember sitting in my English class, listening to one of my professors lecture, when a question started coming to me. "How long am I going to let this man talk "S" to me," I said to myself. "Am I not a man with a brain? Can I not think for myself?"



Photo by A.P. Kaplan

Ken Garvin feels that being a student at CCONY is not a hard hat job.

I know the answers, and friends, you know them too. It was then, that I discovered what I wanted to be in life. It was then that school, and life itself, began to have more meaning for me. And I'm sure the same will happen to you. Simply observe yourself. See what you like to do, what you REALLY like to do, then try to develop it.

Everyone is good at something. (Look at all the studs smiling.) I'm serious. Some people talk well, some write well, some dance, some sing, some draw, some calculate, some anticipate, some perform...and so on and so forth.

Whatever you do (legal) try to develop it, and "try hard" because that my friends is your link to life.

Try if you wish to do something else, when you're good at another thing, and you'll catch HELL. Believe me I know, I tried to be a professional hockey player once.

They called me, "THE FLY IN THE MILK"

I called myself, "A RAISIN IN A BOWL OF RICE"

He called us, "YOU BASTARDS"

Then we went out...

and did, what we had to do.

-K.G.

I still don't know "EXACTLY" what compelled me to play Lacrosse, other than the sales job by Coach George Baron. I can still hear him saying, "Kid, this is your sport," and I stood there twisting a lacrosse in my hand, dreaming of becoming the Jackie Robinson of the City College lacrosse team. (ha-ha). But lacrosse is the type of game that brings one back to reality...FAST. For no sooner had I stepped on the field, when this black guy from Queens named "Skippy," a Jim Brown prototype, crashed into my thin 170 lbs. frame with his 200 lbs. mass of fiber and biceps. You should have seen me, I just snapped like a whip. (Whiplash, whiplash) OWH.

The first thing I said, when I recovered, was, "WHAT THE HELL AM I DOIN' OUT HERE?," and "Jackie Who?" But there I was, lying in the middle of this dust storm, which someone called a field, with nowhere to run...except upfield, of course. Yet, I stayed. Hey, why not? I figured I had just as good of a chance of becoming "good" as the next man. Besides, I liked lacrosse.

I mean, sure it pains, and there's not much logic to the sport, but name one sport that's logical. Basketball? where the object of the game is to throw or shoot a round ball into a netted rim. Wow. Great. Terrific. How about baseball or soccer?...Hey, no sport is logical, but it can be fun, so I stayed.

Besides, lacrosse prepared me for life. It taught, "Stay still, get clobbered...keep moving, you might score a goal"

That's what life is all about, moving towards one goal or objective. This isn't to say that by moving you won't get hit; you won't have obstacles, I can testify to that, but at least you'll be in the game.Right?

ODE TO PROFESSOR ERNEST BOYNTON

(Of the Dept. of Communication)

Pro. E.B. had startled me

He gave me a "D" in history

When I asked, "Why this he's done?"

He said to me, "Well, you d'serve it son"

I looked, I shook, and said to him

"Pro. E.B., I thought you friend"

He smiled, and said, "Of course I am

but some you have no a'tention span"

"But sir, why give me a grade so low?"

"Cause ya play, ya laugh, and your work is slow?"

I frowned, I screamed, "I WILL BE BACK"

He smiled, then said, "So good, that's tact"

So I went my way, and he went his

For two whole years, there was no phiz

Until one day up in Nat's Gym

I saw him there, and went up to him.

"How are you sir?" and "How've you been?"

"Just fine," he said, and then he grinned

He sensed what I wanted, and played no games

And I knew I wanted, that damned grade changed

So he said, "Do a page, with lots of details"

And I said, "I'd do it, this time without fail"

But when I went home, old spirits arised

I would not write, I would not oblige.

For this was MY PAST, I was tryin' to change

And those mistakes I made, were part of the game

So I told E.B. I had reconsidered

I was proud of my grade, and no longer bitter

And if by some chance, we'd happen to meet

We'd now, and forever, be on "Friendly Street"

-K.G.

A great many people at City College have had a profound impact on my life, (to use a tired expression) and I'd like to take time out and thank some of them for it.

I've said several times to family and friends that I've learned and experienced more in these past 5 years at City College, than I have in all the years prior to coming to this institution, and all I can say is thanks.

Thanks Professor Boynton for that shocking experience. Thanks John Araouzos for forcing me to get on that microphone and learn public address for the basketball team. Thanks cheerleaders for giving me the confidence to stay on the microphone. Thanks Paul "Sparky" fortuol for all those great inside scoops. Thanks Austln for the laughs. Thanks Dolores for being you, and pulling me through. Thanks M.M. for nothing (ha-ha). Thanks Professor Wilson for everything. Thanks B.M. for nothing. Thanks Rob Tarrant for being my friend, and helping to build my confidence. Thanks Professor Wheeler-Obaji for developing my black awareness. Thanks Larry Trohl...here is your prodigy. Thanks M.B. for nothing. Thanks Bob Ghiradella for everything, and to everyone who ever said, "Hello Kenny", thank you, thank you, thank you. (-what the hell are you doing, taking bows?, finish dammit--)

Last, I'd like to get to The Campus.

The Campus is a nice place to work, but you wouldn't want anyone to know you were working for them, especially if you were black. (ha-ha, that was suppose to be funny.) You see, I took a lot of verbal abuse because I worked for this paper. Members of the Day Student Senate, and the staff of The Paper, were constantly riding me for being on The Campus staff and all I can say to them now is, "Hey I didn't make The Campus, nor am I out to break it either". Believe this or not folks, I AM A BLACK MAN, and whether I work for the Paper, the City P.M., or the Observation Post, I am still a black man, a real black man; not some image in the movie of a black man, not some white or BLACK stereotype of a black man, but a real black man.

It'll probably take me a lifetime to disciver exactly what that means, to become a real black man, but I feel it lies somewhere among the roots of men like Malcolm, and King, and Reverend Garnet. This is an important goal for me, and I think it should be the goal of every ebony skinned young man, who feels he has some awareness of his blackness. For Blackness is a state of mind, and as long as you have it in your mind as well as your heart, then where you are or who you work for shouldn't matter.

As for The Campus, I enjoyed my three years on this paper. It was fun, but I must admit, I had more fun when Wendell Moore and Mitchell Williams were staffers. Not just because they were black, but because they were more honest than some of these folks up here now.

Mike, Steve, Susan, Emily, you folks are some beautiful people when you're not on racial superiority kick, but I guess to ask you to be yourselves is asking a hell of a lot from you, huh?

Oh well, thanks for the FREEDOM...anyway.