

Charges Fly Freely In Student Elections

The Student Senate elections roar into their final days with charges and counter charges flying just like in daddy's elections.

Leaflet were distributed yesterday by Neil Rand, the NEET (New Educational Environment Ticket) candidate for president, accusing the New World Coalition (NWC) of throwing away 5000 copies of "The Campus" Tuesday.

When asked about the charges, Campus editor Warren Fishbein said he regarded them with "extreme skepticism." Rand contended further that Rick Rhodes, the student ombudsman, had seen the incident. Rhodes denied Rand's claim, saying that he first found out about the alleged dumping from one of the leaflets.

A "Honor America" circular, which lists endorsements of Rand by the Students for Victory in Vietnam, Young Americans for Freedom and the Youth for Nixon and Agnew, claims that he has fought a "courageous battle against the communist menace." Rand was not available for comment on the flyer at press time.

Candidates from both parties have been distributing literature and soliciting near the ballot boxes. One candidate approached prospective voters by saying "Hi! I'm Gale," kissing them, and then saying

(Continued on page 4)



Heimlich

To learn why this man doesn't want you to vote in the Student Senate elections, see editorial on Page 2.

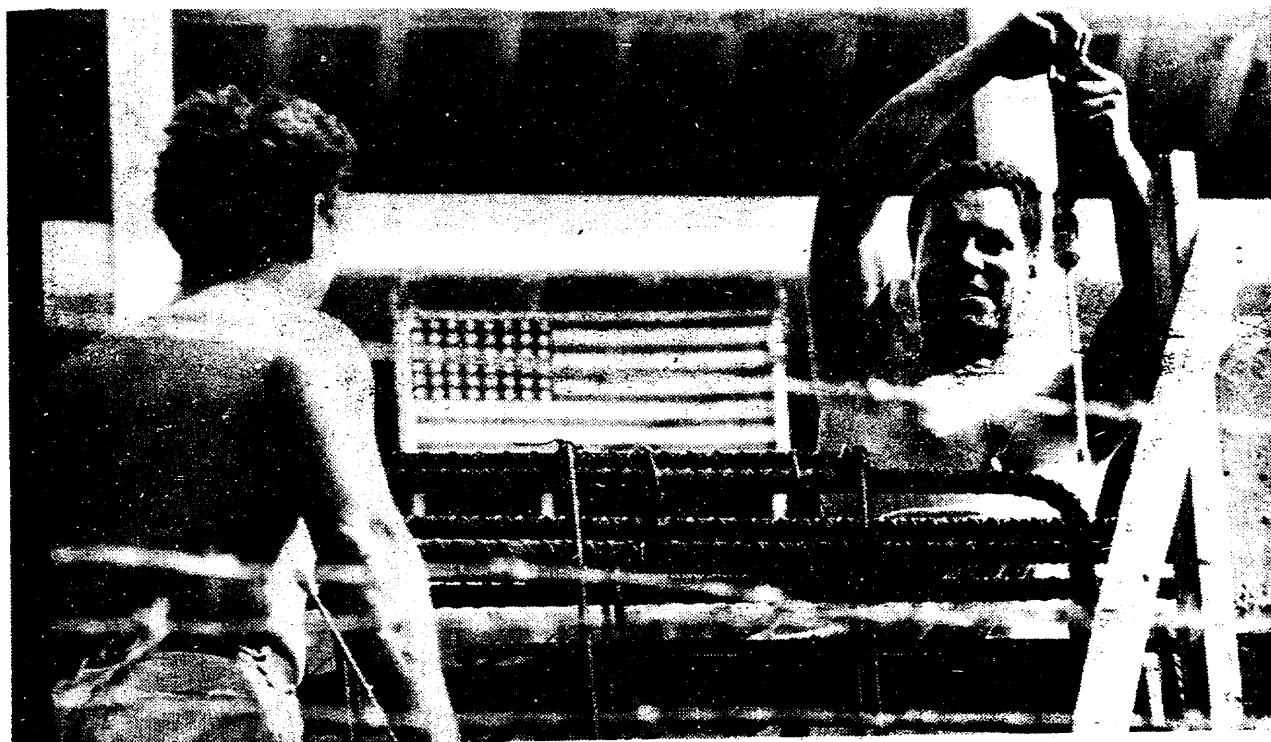


observation post

VOL. 48 — No. 3

GREEK TO ME

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1970



Z. Kranzdorf

'More Men Are Needed'

Additional workers are needed at the Science and Physical Education Building site, according to several construction workers interviewed last week.

The College had maintained during the recent Fight Back demonstration that no additional workers could be hired until the present phase of construction is completed in about two months.

Fight Back is demanding that about 70 unemployed black and Puerto Rican construction workers be given jobs, to rectify discrimination by the construction unions. Most of them are laborers.

"Well, you know," said Ben Waddey, a black bricklayer at the site, "the job's almost finished but they could use more bricklayers and there's still a lot of trade work going on. You know, interior work, like electricians and steamfitters." John Curry and Ernest Elliot, sheet metal workers, also agreed that more help was needed in their specialty, and several other workers concurred that there was a shortage of laborers.

The only one to disagree was a concrete worker named Jerry, who wouldn't give his last name. "No, the job's almost finished," he said. "They wouldn't be putting people on, they'll be laying people off."

The construction companies continue to insist that no additional workers appear to be needed at present.

A spokesman for J. R. Stevenson Inc. said his company would soon be laying men off rather than hiring added help. A representative of Norman & Co stated, "One day there's plenty of work and the next day there's none. We don't want to lay anyone off and aren't planning on laying anyone off." He said

his company might even be hiring more laborers later if work proceeds at a slow rate.

The Stevenson company employs 35 laborers and carpenters, nine of whom are black or Puerto Rican. Three of Norman's 16 mechanical workers are black or Puerto Rican, including one worker who was recently hired from the Fight Back group.

Standing around at the site at lunchtime several workers at the construction site were quite willing to express their opinions on the demonstrations.

"First of all, the discrimination that exists here is not racial," said Jerry, the concrete worker who refused to give his last name. "It's a discrimination against the nonunion worker. I couldn't go and get a job anywhere if I didn't have a union book."

"We have more than a fair percentage of Puerto Rican and black workers," he added. "If they're qualified and have a union book, they would be given the same opportunity as anybody else."

When told that Fight Back may block the gate of the site and attempt to close it down, Jerry said, "Well listen, then, you're impinging on my civil rights. And I have a right to defend myself or do anything necessary."

By this time, a crowd had collected around Jerry, urging him on with calls of "Let them close it down" and "We'll be ready for them."

In explaining why he wouldn't reveal his last name, Jerry said, "We were all warned not to get involved with anybody, not to make comments to anybody. They don't want us to get involved with you people or the TV people or anybody because the dormitory authority is holding this threat over the employers' heads, and if there's any trouble, they'll close the job."

Fight Back Resumes Demonstration at Site

Fight Back has threatened to resume picketing and block work at the construction site this morning.

"We hope to succeed in getting the job stopped," James Haughton, Fight Back's director, said yesterday. "It depends on how much support we get from the community."

The Harlem self-help group has waited four weeks since its last demonstration at the Science and Physical Education Building on September 25, when less than 100 pickets appeared. As a result of the picketing, however, workers at the site were given half the day off.

Douglas Pugh, a State Dormitory Authority (SDA) official, would not comment on whether workers might be sent home tomorrow. "We have no position on that. It depends on what happens."

Police are expected to be present at the site to guard against violence.

Since the last demonstration, President Robert Marshak has met with union officials, contractors and alumni to find jobs for about 70 unemployed black and Puerto Rican workers named by Fight Back. According to Haughton, only two have been hired, one at the College and one at 125th St. and Lenox Ave.

But Marshak stated yesterday that jobs had been secured for seven of the Fight Back workers.

He added that another seven or eight had been "processed" for jobs, but either were already employed or were found unqualified.

"In the next week or two we expect several additional jobs to be made available by alumni contractors," he added.

Marshak said that he had met with Haughton earlier in the day to explain the efforts he had undertaken to secure jobs for the unemployed workers.

"I tried to tell Mr. Haughton that he had received more than he expected, but Mr. Haughton didn't believe me," Marshak asserted.

In addition to trying to secure jobs for the unemployed workers, Marshak said he was planning to set up a program at the College, in co-operation with the City University, to train minority group subcontractors to bid on government construction projects, as well as a trainee program which would guarantee jobs for 800 minority group workers a year.

Haughton called Marshak's efforts "sincere," but added, "I think he realizes he can't move the mountain, so he's going around the mountain."

Haughton reserved most of his criticism for the SDA, which funds the university's building program, and is supervising construction. He accused the

(Continued on page 7)

College Bats .200

The College has hosted one-fifth of the 65 campus speakers listed as "radicals" by the House Internal Security Committee. Rep. Richard H. Ichord, chairman of the committee, formerly called the Un-American Activities Committee, released the report Wednesday in spite of a Federal court order prohibiting official Government publication of the list.

Those listed as "radical and/or revolutionary speakers" who have appeared at the college in recent years are Paul Bouteille, H. Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael, David Dellinger, Harry Edwards, Abbie Hoffman, Paul Krassner, William Kunstler, Charlene Mitchell, Jerry Rubin, Mark Rudd, Robert Scheer and Michael Zagarell.

Mastering the Draft

John Striker and Andrew Shapiro

To date, this column has discussed the I-S(C) deferment. A I-S(C), you recall, is automatically available once to any full-time college student who, while satisfactorily pursuing his studies, receives an induction order. The new draft regulations announced on September 30 clarify some ambiguities that formerly surrounded the I-S(C). These regulations also create a new legal trap which may catch some unwary students who get a I-S(C) in early 1971.

In order to appreciate the clarification made by the new law, consider the following example. Suppose a student named John Lewis, with lottery number 190, wants to put his year of vulnerability to the draft behind him. Therefore, he decides to gamble on his number. John deliberately remains I-A this fall, instead of taking another II-S upon returning to college.

John loses his gamble. The draft board reaches 190 and issues John an induction order before the end of 1970. Following the procedure previously explained in this column, John will immediately have his induction order cancelled and receive a I-S(C) deferment for the rest of his academic year.

Thereafter, whenever John is reclassified I-A, I-A-O (noncombatant C.O.) or I-O (civilian work C.O.), he will fall back into the lottery pool and become available for induction (or civilian work) according to his lottery number. That number alone is determinative under the new regulations.

Under the old regulations, one misleading provision gave some draft boards the false impression that a registrant in John's position should automatically be drafted as soon as his I-S(C) expired. Fortunately this misleading provision has been eliminated from the new regulations. Therefore, whether or not John will be drafted after his I-S(C) expires depends entirely upon the position his lottery number occupies within the board's lottery pool.

Of course, John may be able to remain out of the pool even after his I-S(C) expires. If he does so beyond his 26th birthday, through a series of deferments, exemptions, and legitimate delays, he will immediately sink toward the bottom of the "order of call" for induction. Once there, he will never be drafted, unless there is a full-scale mobilization.

Under the old regulations, John could not have

made it over 26 successfully if he had been engaged in some delay that prevented the board from ordering him to report. The old regulations would have extended John's draft liability beyond the end of his delay, regardless of his age. This legal trap has been removed from the new regulations. For John, then, age 26 has regained its allure.

Under the new regulations, John will enter a special "Extended Priority Selection Group" at the top of the 1971 lottery pool. John meets the three necessary requirements for membership in the new group: (1) He was in the lottery pool (i.e., classified I-A, I-A-O or I-O) on December 31, 1970; and (2) His lottery number has been reached or passed at some time during 1970; and (3) He was, nevertheless, not issued an induction order during 1970.

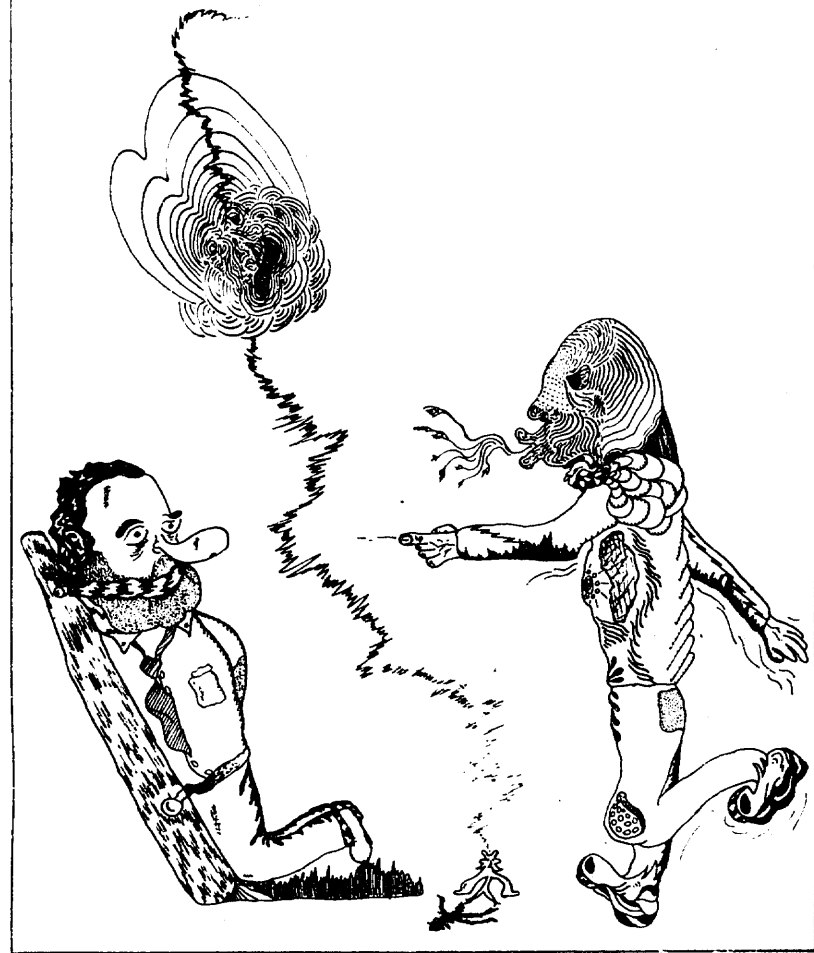
Starting in 1971, John's board will draft only men from the Extended Priority Group. Except for volunteers, the Extended Priority Group will have exclusive top priority within the overall lottery pool. This exclusivity will last only until April 1, 1971. The board will only resort to the overall lottery pool prior to April 1 if the Extended Priority Group has already been exhausted.

If John's number is not reached within the Extended Priority Group, and he is not ordered to report for induction prior to April 1, then he will immediately sink to a level of reduced priority within the overall 1971 lottery pool. Barring full-scale mobilization, John will never be drafted.

What if John's number is reached, and he is ordered to report prior to April 17 John can still get a I-S(C) at this point; his induction order will be cancelled, and he will be deferred until the end of his academic year.

However, the long-range consequences of John's I-S(C) will be devastating. Under the new regulations, up until age 35 (not 26 as in the preceding example), if John is ever reclassified I-A, I-A-O or I-O, he will instantly reenter the state of Extended Priority. Upon reentry, John will immediately be ordered to report before anyone else in the overall lottery pool (except for volunteers).

Therefore, once any student receives a I-S(C) while he is a member of the Extended Priority Group, he has one tack left: remain out of the lottery pool altogether until age 35 (at which time he will qualify for an overage V-A exemption). The student's 26th birthday counts only if he got his I-S(C) in 1970 as in our first example.



Bobby Attanasio

Small Victory

The Board of Higher Education's latest pronouncement with regard to powers of the Student Senate is unusually easy to interpret and surprisingly blunt. Say our overseers: if fewer than 30 per cent of the eligible voters (about a thousand more students than the highest previous total) vote for Senate candidates, students will not be permitted to control student fee allocations and the university will reassert its final authority.

If you thought the Senate wasn't shooting many sparks lately, remember how easily freaked out are the lords of 80th St.; remember how hard their creature, the unlamented Joseph Copeland, through the men who were in turn his creatures, fought to prevent the Senate from bringing Jerry Rubin and representatives of the Panther 21 defendants to speak on the campus. Remember that this newspaper and other campus organizations which have been nothing but trouble for the BHE receive their monies from the Senate.

It is easy to feel sympathy with those, uninspired by the Senate's record, who will fail to vote again this year. The Senate has failed to rouse campus support for any project in recent memory, failed to deal with the need for coherent dissent to the crumbling of the College, failed to bring about change.

Nor, honestly, can either of the slates in this election possibly live up to its campaign promises in full.

The problems facing us are many: drugs, Open Admissions, hiring policies on construction sites, the university's relationship with the community and with the military-industrial complex, repression. In the main, they are not problems that we can afford to delegate to any structure, no matter how representative or well-intentioned.

What little that can be accomplished will certainly fail to come about if Neil Rand's New Educational and Environment Ticket wins substantial representation. The best hope for students lies with his opponent, James Small, and the New World Coalition, which has some radical and third world representation.

The elections end Tuesday.

observation post

God: Steve Simon

Apple Pies: Peter Grad, Fred Miller and Arthur Volbert

Mother: H. E. Weberman

Red, White and Blue: Kenny Kessler, Jonathan Penzner and Howard Reis

Radiberals: Peter Bozewicz, Josh Brown, Wendy Fisher, Atina Grossmann, Allan Heimlich, Paul Hillery, Marv Horowitz, Bruce Knoll, Zeev Kranzdorf, Allan Lovasz, Bob Lovinger, Jonny Newman, Rebel Owen, Sandy Rabinowitz, Larry Rosen, Don Rosenfield, Howard Sundwall, Barry Taylor, Madeline Tress, Kenneth Winikoff.

Room 336 Finley Center
The City College, 133rd St. and Convent Ave., New York 10031

OP's rate for personal and organizational advertising by students is two dollars per inch. Commercial ads cost \$2.50 per column inch. Deadline for ads is Wednesday noon.

Dr. HipPocrates

Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

The following questions were asked by students at the University of Alabama. Things are changing in the old South:

Do you really have a research team? How many people are on it? How does one get to be a member?

My "research team" includes a "laboratory assistant," an "apprentice" and assorted and sordid friends, relatives and readers. If you wish to join my research staff consider yourself a member.

Why are doctors reluctant to prescribe I.U.D. (interuterine device) for a woman who has not had any children?

Nulliparous women have more bleeding and pressing and expel I.U.D. more frequently than those who have borne children.

I have noticed that guys stoned on grass are usually horny, but girls aren't. Any comments?

Maybe their horns don't show.

What do you think of extra-marital relations?

I think that people should determine their own moral code and allow others to do the same.

How substantial is the evidence that LSD causes chromosome damage which is likely to affect one's future progeny even before pregnancy has occurred?

Despite a recent Journal of the AMA lead article with a misleading title, evidence of such damage is flimsy. So, for that matter, is evidence that LSD causes any chromosome damage at all.

A recent newspaper article reported Pentagon researchers had found marijuana in large doses caused irreversible brain damage in laboratory animals. Is this just propaganda?

Any substance in sufficient quantity, including mortar, can cause irreversible damage to the body. The U.S. Health, Education and Welfare Department states several more years of research will be necessary before they are prepared to comment on this question. Previous extensive studies of marijuana, including the British Hemp Commission and LaGuardia Reports, found no impairment with moderate usage. Many of us though have suspected for a long time that brain damage is epidemic in the

Pentagon.

What is the danger of taking successive amphetamines to stay speedy while studying?

Amphetamines rapidly produce "tolerance," the pharmacologic phenomenon of the necessity to take more and more of the drug to achieve the same desired effect. When the effect of amphetamines wears off, depression follows and some people keep taking more speed to avoid this unpleasant feeling. Soon they may become strung out on the drug. Toxic paranoid psychoses, overdoses, malnutrition, tooth decay and personality changes all may result from a chronic amphetamine habit.

Can a person stay healthy on 1-1/2 or 2 hours of sleep per night?

Not unless he also sleeps 5 or 6 hours per day—with rare exceptions.

I had hepatitis ten years ago and the physician said my liver was 30 to 50% damaged. Is this permanent? I believe the type was infectious hepatitis.

Hepatitis (serum or infectious) weakens the liver and makes it more susceptible to future damage.

Does mescaline cause flashbacks as LSD can?

Flashbacks from mescaline use have not been reported and would be unusual these days to a person who has taken mescaline and not LSD. Also unusual would be finding real mescaline on the black market.

Does PTC cause pinpoint brain lesions?

Not to my knowledge. PTC (Sernyl), an animal tranquilizer, is the usual component of capsules or tablets falsely sold as THC.

Do LSD or other psychedelics cause memory loss?

I can't remember reading any such report.

Do you consider it normal for a young man to discuss buying batteries to his electric razor immediately following sex?

I'll buzz some members of my research team to learn the answer.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him at 2010 7th Street, Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

Freshmen Find Crowds, But No Warmth

by steve simon

"You look around and everyone looks like a freshman." Ella Nestor is sitting in the front of Great Hall, studying for a chemistry test. Straight from St. Brendan's High School in Brooklyn, she says she has had no problems adjusting to the College. "I feel like I've been here for years. It's different from high school, but I find it easy to change situations. It's great having classes only three days a week."

It's better not having any classes at all, but the 18-year-old is a serious freshman at this point. She has found her lectures overcrowded but says there are no more than 25 students in her other classes. But she is having trouble with her introductory English course in composition and is afraid she will fail. "I was never taught how to write a composition before."

That is open admissions, the widely-hailed policy which has come to the College without much fanfare but with a whole lot of overcrowding. Lounges and rooms once used for student activities have been converted into classrooms, and Great Hall, the College's major ceremonial auditorium, has been divided into six sections, with ten-foot high plywood panels supported by rows of chairs, for use by small remedial classes in composition and reading skills.

But below the surface, overcrowding has compounded the problems of students lost in the middle of a frenetic campus. "I have a lot of free time, and there are a lot of people here, but it's difficult to get acquainted with anyone," Bruce Barone commented. "You can function better if you're not alone all the time. A lot of people flunk out, I guess, because there's no warmth."

Barone came from Bishop Ford H.S., where he had an 80 average that may not have guaranteed him admission under the old standards. His classes, he said, are not overcrowded, except for lectures. Originally, he registered for five courses but had to drop psychology because it required too much reading.

Joe Lopez, who came from Manhattan's Haaren H.S., is another freshman whose average put him on the borderline before open admissions. "College is okay," he said, "but the place has too many people." His classes are overcrowded, but fewer students seem to be attending now than at the beginning of the term. "Little by little, people stopped showing up," he said, recalling the first day of his English class, when he walked in with two girls whom he hasn't seen since.

Doreen Brands was interrupted as she was writing an essay, "My Brother." She said, "I was lost here because



this is such a big place. The friends I've made—I don't even know their names." She did however meet a senior who showed her around the campus and told her about last spring's demonstrations.

Fern Jacobson, a computer science major, graduated from Julia Richman H.S., where she took honors English courses. Yet she has been assigned to a remedial class in basic writing. "It's not doing anything for me. I don't think I need it," she said, glancing up from a paperback of "Dr. Zhivago." Several of her friends were also given remedial classes by error and then transferred to regular classes, she said.

Another high-ranking student, Garfield Ricketts, said he came to the College because of its reputation as "a very good school." He called open admissions "a very good policy that other colleges should adopt, particularly for students who can't afford private colleges." Although he

took a year of calculus in Christ the King H.S., Ricketts is taking remedial math but he doesn't mind what he calls this "second chance."

"I didn't learn anything in high school, and not knowing if you missed something is bad."

According to Diana Bowstead, an English instructor who teaches a remedial class, the high schools are also responsible for reading deficiencies among her students. "They were never told to read more than five pages at a time," she said. "They've never been able to get into a book."

But they are in college, and the question then becomes: will you stay long enough to get a degree? For Mildred Mendez, who came from Theodore Roosevelt H.S. with a 75 average, the answer now is simple: "I'll stay as long as I have to."

Saigon Elections Don't Mean Democracy

by michael morrow
Dispatch News Service

Saigon—South Vietnam's most recent exercises in democracy, the Senatorial elections, came at the same time as another recurring event in the beleaguered capital, the arrest of scores of students who took part in a demonstration to oppose military training on the campuses.

The two events underscore the relative balance of democracy and dictatorship in South Vietnam, a balance still shaking badly since the exposure of "Tiger Cages" at Con Son Island rocked the leadership of Nguyen Van Thieu. The scales favor dictatorship.

At the time of the "tiger cages" exposure by a U.S. congressional team visiting Con Son Island, U.S. Chief Public Safety Advisor in Vietnam, Frank E. Walton, blurted out a fact the congressional team had not uncovered: "the bulk" of the men and women kept in "close confinement cells," Walton said, had never had court trials.

A little investigation, moreover, shows Walton's comments and the entire Con Son issue are only the public pinnacle of the iceberg. Democracy apparently exists in Vietnam only to the degree it does not endanger the Thieu regime.

Although the 1967 Constitution clearly assures civil rights for the accused, the authority to cancel these rights exists in Decree Law No. 004/66, dated February 15, 1968, and signed by Thieu as head of the National Leadership Council. According to article 19, "those persons considered dangerous to the national defense and public security may be interned in a prison for a maximum period of two years, which is renewable." The deciding body is the Provincial Security Committee, made up predominantly of military men. It is totally under the wing of the executive branch of government.

How many political prisoners are there in Vietnam? "According to a document of the Senate Joint Interior and Judiciary Committee," wrote the *Saigon Post* last February 9th, "it is known... there are approximately 50,000 people being detained in the temporary houses of detention of the National Police throughout the country, and extremely large figure that has never been reached before, even under the dictatorial regime of the Ngo dynasty (Ngo Dinh Diem period)."

Walton puts the figure of political prisoners at "about 30,000." Ho Ngoc Cu, head of the Internal Affairs Committee of the Lower House, estimated last February 34,000



Saigon student demonstrator

prisoners are held throughout the country.

Article 7 of the Constitution of the Republic of Vietnam provides a series of guarantees for the accused "which are among the most generous and progressive of any democracy in the World," reported a U.S. Study Team on Religious and Political Freedom in Vietnam during a visit in May-June, 1969. But its report was careful to point out that "all of these carefully spelled-out guarantees were nullified for political offenders by Law No. 10/68 of November 5, 1968." Specifically, the law declared that "all violations of the law related to national security fall within the Military Field Courts which will try them in accordance with emergency procedures."

An American official told this reporter that the bulk of prisoners who were in Con Son's "tiger cages" are victims of these "emergency procedures." I have also seen students, young high school girls, pulled off their motorbikes by secret service agents, piled in a jeep and

carried away—all this in the middle of pre-noon traffic on a busy Saigon street.

Interview after interview with political prisoners, most of them also students, reveals "emergency procedures" also include torture, forced confession, detention without trial, denial of counsel and presumption of guilt.

Apart from the documents, observations confirm what exists under the regime of Nguyen Van Thieu is a police state. America's role in its creation is extensive.

American officials in Saigon, like Frank Walton, express their "regrets" about the possibility of abuses. At the same time, they provide the equipment and much of the money for the leg-men of Thieu, most notably the National Police. In 1969, the euphemistically named "Public Safety" division of the U. S. economic aid mission received 19.6 million dollars in budget; that is 12% of American economic aid to South Vietnam in 1969, twice what was given for education and only 1% less than the top amounts given for public health and engineering.

This money went toward the Phoenix program, a combined intelligence program ostensibly designed to root out NLF infrastructure. But at the same time it is able to finger anyone it chooses for death or imprisonment by decision of the provincial security committees and military field courts. The money also provided U.S. advisors and U. S. equipment for the National Police, and a small amount of aid for South Vietnam's prisons.

Vietnamese students and others are growing more anti-American every day. The tear gas thrown at them is made in Saltsburg, Pennsylvania; the trucks the police arrive in to quell their anti-political repression demonstrations have the symbol of U.S. AID on their sides—a red-white—and blue shield with two hands clasped in handshake and the words "United States of America" emblazoned on the shield.

Is the situation improving? There is little reason to think so. One indication is the police force, raised from 16,000 at the height of the Diem dictatorship to 89,000 today is aiming for "an overall requirement for 163,000 police by 1973..." This figure is from a U.S. Public Safety Program memo dated June 8, 1970. The memo said 17,500 of the total would belong to the "Special Branch," police intelligence; and 24,000 to the "Field Force," semi-military population control police.

It also pointed out that 13,000 men were transferred from the Army into the police last year, and suggested the same thing could happen again, particularly if the war slackens.

Seattle: 'Conspiracy' Blues Again

by josh brown

Last year, it was the Chicago "Conspiracy Seven." This year, it's the Seattle "Conspiracy Eight."

When the "Conspiracy Seven" were sentenced to jail terms for contempt of court last February, demonstrations erupted across the country.

In April, J. Edgar Hoover announced the "capture" of eight new movement people who allegedly organized the demonstration in Seattle, Washington. Their trial is scheduled to begin on November 9.

The government appears to be doing all in its power to keep publicity for the trial at a minimum, including silencing the defense lawyers and moving the site to the small town of Tacoma.

The defendants, members of the Seattle Liberation Front (SLF), were indicted on three separate counts: using a telephone to incite a riot, crossing state lines to incite to riot (both under provisions of the "H. Rap Brown" Act), and conspiracy against the United States. All these charges stemmed out of a demonstration by 4,500 people in which a few federal courthouse windows were broken.

The indictments cited one defendant for having spoken to Rennie Davis on the phone, three defendants for having originally come from outside Seattle (although none of the defendants had lived in Seattle less than three months) and all for distributing leaflets and holding meetings. If convicted, each person could receive a jail sentence of 20 years and a fine of \$40,000.

Joan Epstein, one of the eight defendants, spoke this week of the reasons behind the indictments: "Seattle is a town of half a million people, 20% of whom are unemployed. Boeing Aircraft owns it and when their contracts were cut—by the government—a tremendous recession-depression took place. The whole area's in one big hole."

Along with the recession came the Seattle Liberation Front, starting with 25 active people. Unlike most left campus-based groups, the SLF concentrated on community action and set up a

On Thursday, November 6, the Seattle 8 defense fund will take contributions on campus asking 50 cents from each contributor. People are needed to help collect money, leaflet and make posters.

People interested in helping in some way should contact the East Coast Seattle Conspiracy Defense Fund, 238 Dorset St., Brooklyn 968-1144.

number of programs, including unemployment unions, food and education programs, to fight racism and sexism. People came and the collective grew. "At this time, there are about 2,000 active members," Mrs. Epstein said. "Not just campus people, but welders, plumbers, housewives."

"The government still needed a precedent," she continued. "After the failure to convict the Chicago 8 on conspiracy charges, they needed another easier-to-handle trial."

Apparently the government felt Washington state was the perfect location. Isolated geographically from the rest of the country, few if any out-of-state people would be expected to attend support demonstrations for the defendants. More important, an almost total press blackout has taken place. The judge has prohibited the defense lawyers from talking publicly about the trial. Everything is being done to keep it isolated, unheralded, unpublicized.

"They're using the outside agitator myth and using it well," Mrs. Epstein said. "It's the opposite of the Chicago trial: this time there's a very sophisticated judge and unknown defendants. Judge Boldt already warned us he 'doesn't get excited.'"

Attorney General John Mit-

chell found it necessary to send in a representative of the Justice Department when the local attorney general refused to press charges. Since then, the trial has been moved from Seattle to Tacoma which has a heavily Republican voter registration. "Advance publicity in Seattle" was cited as the reason. The list of registered voters being used to select prospective jurors is years old. There is little chance the defendants will be tried by anyone resembling their peers.

"We need help desperately," Mrs. Epstein said. "The government will be able to try and convict these people, setting their precedent, and no one will know for the better until it's too late. There are four conspiracy trials coming up in the following month (the Panther 21 already taking place, Bobby Seale's in New Haven, the White Panthers' in Detroit, and Seattle) and this one's sure to be overshadowed. We need people on every campus all over the country to help and help now."

Charges Fly Freely...

(Continued from page 1)

"vote for me and NEET." Another would shake students' hands, give his name, and say "I'm competent and I'm qualified and I want to get elected." Poll watchers were overheard saying "vote for the NWC" to voters at the Finley Center balloting area.

One student, when asked why she was voting, replied "I don't know. I really don't." She said she knew only one candidate, and that one "through a friend."


Several other students said they didn't know any of the candidates or their platforms, but they were voting because they felt it was their duty to do so. A few others said they were voting because they had nothing else to do.

Three students, after being interviewed, said they couldn't think of a reason to vote and gave their ballots to the reporter. One student said he wasn't voting because he sees it as "a rubber stamp" for the administration. "The Senate has no real power, only the power given to it by the administration. If I vote, I help to legitimize the Senate."

Several students used their ID cards for voting and one of these students was seen voting twice. New Board of Higher Education bylaws say that 30% of the student body must be counted in order to validate an election.

The Society for Environmental Salvage said NEET is guilty of "ecopornography." Steve Koenigskers, a spokesman for the group, decried Rand's use of the word "Environment" in his campaign "without proposing anything in his platform about environment." He said the group would support the NWC because "the people who are in it are good people."

The "Honor America" circular, citing an attempt by students to provide sanctuary for an AWOL soldier here two years ago, alleged that Rand helped to organize a demonstration to "oust the extremists." "As a result," the flyer continues, "the police moved in and arrested many of the students. A victory for decency was won."



TAPESTRY

Every fish that swims silent every bird that flies freely
Every doe that steps softly every crisp leaf that falls
All the flowers that grow on this colorful tapestry
Somehow they know that if man is allowed to destroy all we need
He will soon have to pay with his life for his greed ©

**FROM A NEW ALBUM
ON MEDIARTS RECORDS**

DON MC LEAN

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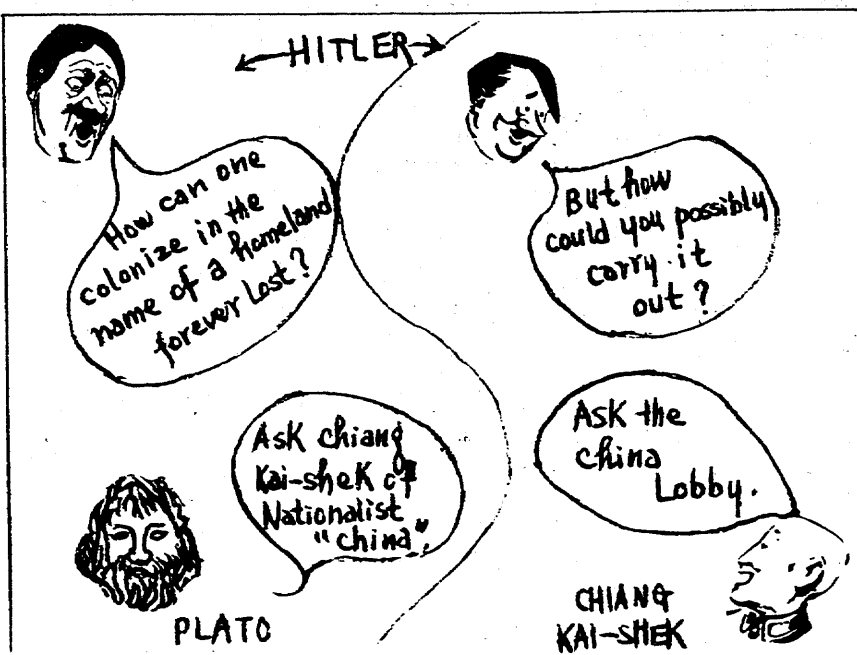
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Today, Chiang Kai-shek and his son's dynastic Nationalist "China" is still colonizing the People of Taiwan (Formosa). And today Nationalist "China" is still seated in the U.N. Security Council.

A demonstration by Taiwanese will be held at Hammarskjold Sq. in front of the U.N., at 12:30 p.m. this coming Tuesday (Oct. 20), to register our demand for self-determination, and to protest a visit by Nationalist "China's" puppet "Premier" C. K. Yen.

We can't pay you as Chiang Kai-shek will pay his hired demonstrators. (Incidentally, part of the taxes you pay goes into the so-called U.S. Aid to Nationalist "China.")

But won't you come and join us Taiwanese? You can just come or call 478-8215.

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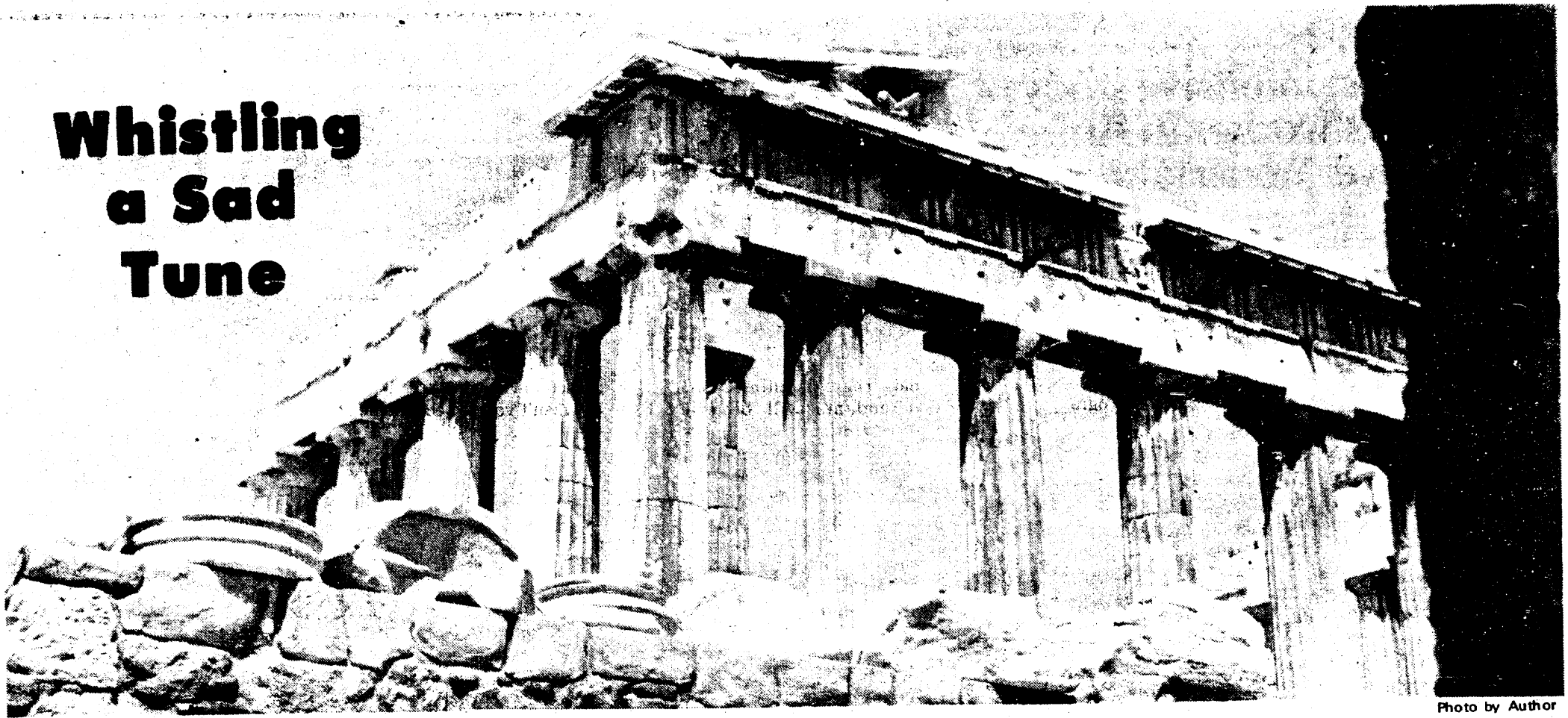


Photo by Author

In Greece, listening to the music of Mikis Theodorakis is like smoking dope—ten years in prison if you're caught indulging in either. It is illegal to listen to, play, or even whistle a tune by Theodorakis, who is Greece's foremost composer.

There is an anecdote told in the underground about a man walking down the street humming a Theodorakis tune. A soldier comes up behind him and tells him he's under arrest for humming. The man replies to the soldier that he's under arrest for listening.

Before listening to Theodorakis one should first know the background of everyone present, to make sure there are no undercover military personnel around. Then out can come the unmarked record or tape, smuggled into the country if it is recent, or carefully preserved in a secret hiding place if it was acquired before 1967.

The regime never actually went around to people's homes to confiscate records and tapes after Theodorakis began to speak out against the Greek government—they just went around to the record companies and warehouses. The windows of the house are closed when listening to Theodorakis (a distinct discomfort in the Greek summer heat), the curtains are drawn, and the music played just loud enough to hear. It sounds romantic, but actually is like turning on under really paranoid conditions.

Americans associate Theodorakis with *Zorba the Greek* and Z, for which he composed the scores. *Zorba* is the story of a villager, a little man who strived so much for pleasure and survival that the junta might have had absolutely no effect on him. *Zorba* might even have welcomed the security of the present regime and the fact that he only had to travel a half hour on his burro to go to the well rather than 3/4 hours because the government just dug up a new one. The prices are stabilized now and more housing is being developed. More people are working. But Greece is still a poor country, a very poor country.

A Greek university student told me that the average Greek peasant wasn't con-

cerned with such existential things as freedom of speech, but rather which lamb to kill for dinner that night, and how to dig for soil through the rocks and terrace the land.

Greece thrives on its past. It is a poor country and the survival of bouzouki—due to Theodorakis who is presently exiled in Paris—is its main modern culture. King Constantine and Queen Anna-Maria are in Rome. Costa-Gavras is in Paris. The intellectuals are either out of the country, in jail, or keeping quiet. But they all have one advantage—as long as you know English, French, or German, you can get any kind of reading material about the situation in Greece. Greek newspapers will tell the reader what the Premier has been doing lately and all the good things he has done for the people, but *Le Monde* or the *Herald-Tribune* will write about the underground is doing in Paris.

An American still has his freedom of speech in Greece, despite the junta. Chances are a foreigner won't be arrested for merely speaking out against the government unless he does something like openly pass out leaflets.

But an American girl told me about a German who got drunk in a bouzouki place one night. There was a picture of Papadopoulos there (there usually is practically everywhere) and the German turned its face to the wall because Papadopoulos isn't the most attractive looking man around. He eventually went home. Next morning he was awakened by the police. Without explaining, they dragged him off to jail. Later on in the day it dawned on him what he had done. Finally, he was given the option to serve a jail sentence or to pay a fine and face permanent expulsion. He was wealthy enough to afford the latter.

"April 21, 1967 is the day of the junta's coup," a Greek-American friend of mine commented, "and they'll never let you forget it." Everywhere one sees signs saying "Long Live April 21." It is painted on mountain sides, planted in lawns, displayed in banners on highways, and illuminated in neon signs. You can get a little banner to put in your car or a patch to sew onto a jacket. The government has the matchbook concessions and all the matchbooks are inscribed, "Greece-April 21," with the regime's symbol—an eagle coming out of flames, with a silhouette of a soldier inside the body of the bird. I got so used to seeing those goddamn signs and posters that when I went to Istanbul for four days, I missed them.

Premier George Papadopoulos came to visit Thessalonike while I was there. He brought half the Greek army with him. I was walking to a restaurant in the Byzantine-Venetian-Turkish complex of the city walls across the street from the theatre where Papadopoulos was speaking. Walking down the street was frightening. All around were soldiers, reporters and 35 mm cameras. It was the first time I was ever shaking because of the presence of cameras—they bothered

me more than the machine guns and the clubs. Maybe it was because of what had happened over here last spring with Nixon's move into Cambodia and everything that followed.

All I could think about was wanting to get away because something might happen—the guns and the clubs could come closer together for one thing. Suddenly, I couldn't even jay walk across the



street. That was ironic in itself because nobody gives a damn about traffic signals and crossings in Greece, that is, if you can find any.

Greece is a country of marble and limestone ruins that have been excavated for the past hundred years and will forever be excavated. The best way to see ruins is to go there without any guide books, without any idea of what you are seeing.

Delos is an island of miles and miles of ruins which can only be appreciated by falling down in the burrs and getting stabbed by their barrenness. Ruins are real and should be sat on, jumped upon and climbed upon. They are made to attend after sundown when all the tourists are gone and the loneliness and despair of a people that lived two thousand years ago are all you can feel.

There are certain things about Greece that will never change. The black widows are one of them. Mediterranean widows dress from head to toe in black with black scarves. They always invariably have their teeth missing and have wrinkled skin and look like they're ninety-nine. They are highly religious but also the best pushers and shovers in the world. Because of them I almost never made it off the ferry going to Aegina and almost never made it on the bus which took me across the island.

Three of my travelling companions were in fact stranded on the ferry and had to take an extra three hour round trip before being able to battle their way off. When the three finally boarded the bus all the black widows armed with their chickens, baskets of grapes, and thirty-nine grandchildren or great-grandchildren who all happen to be under the age of three and

screaming, pushed their way ahead of them and got all the seats. Those who were standing started making comments about my companions.

One of the girls was wearing a culotte shift and a black widow lifted up her culotte to see if she was wearing any underpants. The same woman wanted to know if the guy with the long hair and the mustache was a girl. He answered that he would pull down his pants and show her.

While the old women are out in force, though, young Greek girls are kept secluded. Thinking back now, I do not remember meeting any girls my age or seeing any who were unescorted. The Greek woman is virtually a slave to her husband or father. This is so in Athens as well as the villages.

"Tell me about the people you've met," a friend wrote from the Bronx. "Not the people you are with, but the people who live there."

There are the women who earn the minimum wage of 60 drachmas a day (two dollars); the ones who talk to you with sign language. One woman resews a culotte and puts in a nylon zipper, a rarity in Greece, and charges 14 drachmas which doesn't sound like much until you realize it's a quarter of her daily wages. She dances to bouzouki when she doesn't have to work, something that is lost here. The Americans don't dance; they're so inhibited. They don't smash their glasses together screaming, "Stin ya sou" (to your health); they don't break plates, crying out, "Amano, mano, mano" or "o pah pah," when someone gets up and dances. They don't do a goddamn thing. American culture is a youth culture.

I've just finished reading *Zorba the Greek* for the third or fourth time. On second thought *Zorba* isn't a little man who the present regime wouldn't have any effect on: he's a truly free man who does whatever he wants to do when he wants to do it. Yes, an anarchist in terms of lifestyle. The village life during the teens and twenties when the book is supposed to take place hasn't changed. The boss would probably be affected by the revolution of 1967. He would be affected by everything. We are all the boss and we want to be *Zorba*.

There was only one example of Greek graffiti I ever saw the whole summer. It was in Greek, on top of the latch in a water closet: *demokratia*, a word from the Attic Greek dialect. I don't know if it is forbidden at all. O demos meant the people and *krato* meant to be powerful or conquer. Nobody ever crossed it out. Perhaps the government is looking for the infidel. Perhaps he sleeps tonight being bitten by the rats of the Tessañloniki Akropolis.

Madeline Tress was in the CUNY Summer Studies Abroad Program in Greece this summer. She is a senior archaeology major and lives in Brooklyn with her 35mm camera and record player.

(in greece, a little old lady
a worker lady
looks at me
rubs her chin
an by sign language asks
how come i'm so unshaven
"the sea is very beautiful here")

i reply
pointin t my chin
an she believes me
needs no other answer
i strum the guitar
she dances
laughs
her bandana flies
i too realize that
she will die here
my death is unknown
an i come to think that
i love her)

—Bob Dylan—

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The sound went with boatmen up from New Orleans. Lumberjacks in Coos Bay. Miners in Cripple Creek. Farmers in Dyess, the little town in Arkansas where I grew up.

I remember hearing it back then. Good times or bad, the humble harmonica has been in America's hip pocket as we grew up.

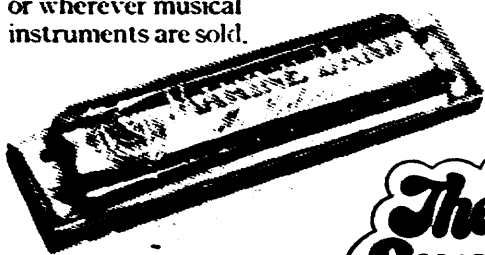
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and destroyed
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the way. Until he
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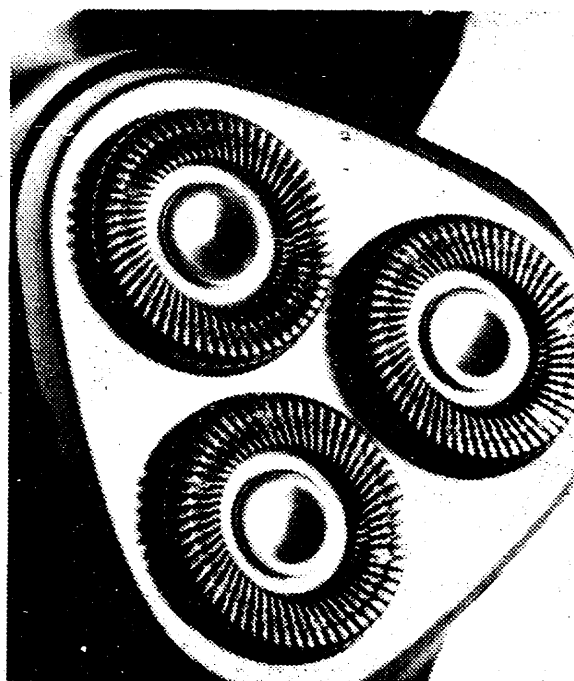
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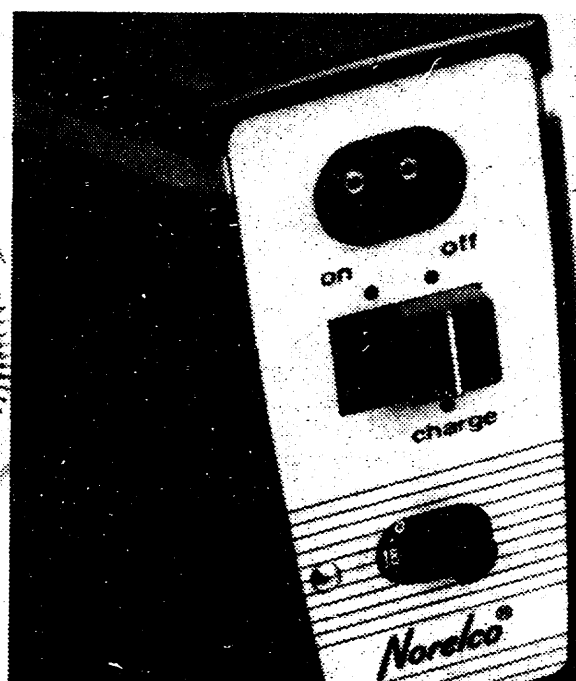
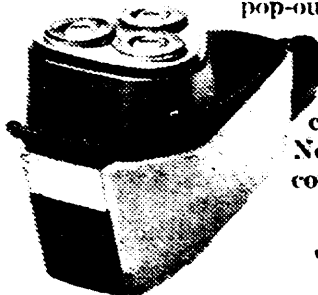
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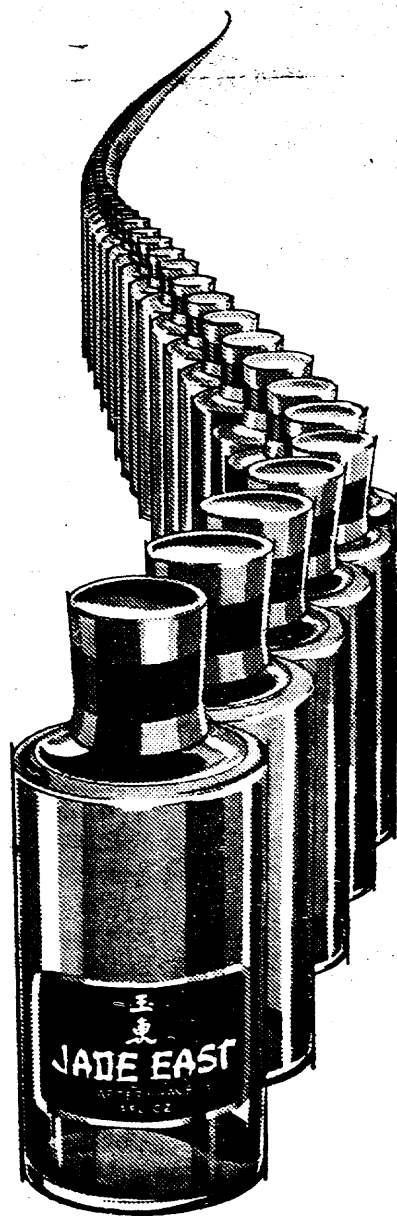
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Fight Back Resumes...

(Continued from Page 1)
SDA, along with the State Division of Housing and the Urban Development Corporation, of refusing to implement anti-discrimination laws in the construction plans, and of importing out-of-towners, and even Canadians, to work on the sites instead of blacks and Puerto Ricans.

Students Told to Avoid Candidates

Students were advised yesterday to work for political action groups rather than candidates during the pre-election recess by the New York Civil Liberties Union's associate director.

Working for a candidate at this late date is "almost an irrelevant gesture," explained Ira Glasser. He went to show how people have effected change by organizing and applying pressure on the military and the schools. "You have got to create a movement for social change before you start electing candidates," he said.

Glasser then suggested that students work for organizations

Today at 3:30 PM, Haughton will speak at a forum on the construction issue in Room 348 Finley. Al Fagan, an assistant to Adam Walinsky, the Democratic candidate for state attorney general, and representatives of the Black Student Union, Puerto Rican Student Union, and the Young Workers Liberation League will also talk.

that inform welfare recipients, soldiers, and students of their rights. "When people start knowing what their rights are, they start acting differently. They begin to assert those rights." He cited Project Justice, which represents suspended high school students in the South Bronx.

—Bruce Knoll.

please come

OP cordially invites you to attend our next racist, sexist, chauvinist, repressive staff meeting Monday, at 4 PM. And H. E. Weberman will meet with photographers next Tuesday.

ROTC 3 Closer to Trial

Three students are a bit closer today to facing trial on charges of criminal mischief, burglary and destruction of government property.

Ben Ptashnik, Margo Goodman and Bob Stirbl, arrested last spring after the raid on ROTC headquarters in Harris Hall, were confronted in court last Friday by ROTC cadet Biagio Mignone, the main witness for the prosecution. Defense lawyer Richard Greenberg asked for a postponement, and a final pretrial hearing was scheduled for November 9th.

Mignone was originally supposed to testify against Ptashnik alone, but may also be used by the district attorney against the others due to the failure of the prosecution to produce its other witness, a Burns guard named "Smith."

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OPOP:

At the Capitol: Santana

If the standing-room-only crowd at the Capitol Theater were a little less loyal to Santana Wednesday night, the Elvin Bishop Group would have stolen the show.

After three years with the Butterfield Blues Band, little has been heard of Bishop except for a guest spot on Al Kooper's second "Super Session" album. Now he is back with a band in which he plays guitar, a drummer, bassist, and organist. Their sound is something like the early Young Rascals if you can imagine the guitar being the dominant instrument over the organ. It's a stomping blues-rock that makes you want to clap along. When they brought out singer Jill Baker, the crowd almost forgot what they came for. She tore the place up with the song that they did on Sunday's NET special, "Crazy Bout You Baby," and the title song from their new album, "Feel It." If this set was any indication of what the album is going to be like, it is going to be a good one.

Not many groups could sell out both shows on a Wednesday night in Port Chester, but Santana is one of them, and the audience was ready to dig every beat. That is why Santana can get away with playing new instrumental songs that sound like they're from, "Henry Mancini Goes South of the Border."

It was a very strange audience—they clapped loudly when Santana started to play "Black Magic Woman" from their new album, and stood up and cheered as if they were one for everything from the first album. But instead of rushing the stage, they just stood in place, and when each song was over, they sat down again.

Santana was good, but not as fresh as they sounded last year before the album was released. I think that they are tired of trying to copy themselves doing "Soul Sacrifice" like they did in Woodstock to please everybody, and from constant repetition, "Persuasion" and "Jingo" seem to be done by habit instead of enthusiasm. The new material just isn't as good—at least when it is done live.

The uptight town of Port Chester, which is locked up and deserted by 7:30 PM, is trying to shut the Capitol down, but so far has only succeeded in imposing a 2 AM curfew. The case is being argued in court, and to help with costs, there will be a HELP benefit show there this Monday from 6 PM—2 AM. HELP stands for Heavy Expenses to Liberate Portchester. So far, Humble Pie and Livingston Taylor have agreed to perform, and Leslie West, Edgar Winter, and Al Kooper will be there to jam.

—Barry Taylor

Get Yourself Some 'Hard Meat'

"Through a Window" by Hard Meat is a good album to rap to.

I mean, sometimes you've got a friend over, or a chick, and you just want to rap. You dig some music in the background, but mainly you want to rap, and you don't want the music intruding on your rapping. Now if you put on some really dynamite album, like by the Cream or the Beatles, you might be in the middle of really communicating when all of a sudden this fantastic cut comes on and you've just got to stop the talk and listen.

And then after the cut's over, you try to get the conversation back to where it was at before, but you've lost the train of thought and it's just not the same. And that's a drag.

Well, these are the times you put on albums like this one by Hard Meat. Hard Meat is not a bad album. The tunes are pleasant and have a lively beat. The singing is competent. The guitars are decent. The drumming is respectable. None of the cuts are real bums.

But none of the songs really grab you, either. Both the vocals and the instrumentation fail to actually excite you. And so, if you're rapping, nothing on the album is likely to distract you.

I enjoyed Hard Meat. I expect to have some really good raps over Hard Meat in the succeeding months and years. I was almost about to suggest that you go out and buy Hard Meat.

But then I remembered that I didn't buy it, I got the album for free, one of the privileges of being a reviewer. And I thought that I'd be kind of reluctant to put down \$3.73, or whatever they're charging now, if I'd have had to pay for it. I mean, I've got a number of albums which are good rapping music, which I thought would be dynamite when I bought them, but which I got tired of or which always were something less.

But maybe you've been lucky and every one of your records is a smash winner, and you really need a good album which isn't. In that case, try Hard Meat.

Arthur Volbert

Davidson Views East Harlem

I have just left a very exciting photo show at the Museum of Modern Art: Bruce Davidson's "East 100 Street." The intimacy that Davidson, a white man, was able to establish with the black and Puerto Rican people of that East Harlem block is awesome.

I assumed that Davidson's 40 picture show would be put in one of the large galleries and each print would be 16 by 20 inches, or larger. Instead it is being shown in a small room and each print is 8 by 10 inches or smaller. No need for large size prints, just let the subjects scream at you.

The peoples' homes are full of the icons of Jesus, the images of John F. Kennedy, and the American flag. But mostly the photos show the people being turned off, with their eyes piercing through the paper they are printed on. I really got hung up with all those people looking at me. Except for one picture of a junkie, nodding out in the rubble of a demolished building. His eyes were turned inward.

One print in particular haunts me. It shows a beautiful young couple holding each other, obviously very happy. Next to them is a T.V. set with a picture of a white politician talking. How long will it be till the power of that man on the T.V. set gets to them, and turns them off too?

Davidson's show shows poor people with a different type of sorrow than I have seen before. He presents a feeling of alienation that everyone can identify with.

Sandy Rabinowitz



Gene Hackman pours his heart out to Lovelady Powell.

'I Never Sang For My Father'

Too Sincere For Comfort

Have you ever seen a film at which you felt strangely uncomfortable and wondered why? I recently saw such a movie and have since determined the cause of my discomfit: the film's sincerity.

The picture, "I Never Sang For My Father," which opens Monday at the Festival Theater, is the portrayal of the relationship between a proud, demanding father and the son who tries to love and understand him.

Gene (Gene Hackman) is a gentle, sensitive teacher in his forties who is upset by the resentment he feels toward his father. "I hate him and I hate hating him," he says. Melvyn Douglas plays Tom, the father who refuses to understand. Estelle Parsons is Alice, the daughter who is bitter for having been expelled from the house for marrying a Jew.

The story takes place mainly in the family's suburban home during the several days surrounding the mother's death, as Gene painfully moves toward a resolution of the ambiguous feelings he has for his father.

The nuances of the relationship are sensitively interpreted by director Gilbert Cates, but at points I found his sincerity embarrassing. In one scene, Gene brings his sister, who has returned home for the mother's funeral, into the home to see their father. The father, who is asleep in the living room chair, looks up incomprehendingly when Gene awakens him, asks for his wife, and then remembers that she is dead. He recognizes his daughter and the three clasp hands—the two children comforting their old father in his grief. The audience snickers and I wonder: is the scene mawkish and overly sentimental, or am I disturbed by its reality? How do people react in such situations?

The dialogue also gets sticky at times. In bed with his lover after a frustrating afternoon with his father, Gene pours out his guilt and depression. The woman (Lovelady Powell) replies philosophically, "It's a lousy world, my friend, only you want to set it all right. Make it like in the story books..." She is serious. Gene is serious. And we are not supposed to laugh.

But the plot progresses and we find ourselves smiling less at the dialogue. For the film is honest as well as sincere, and the character's relationships are valid.

Melvyn Douglas does a fine job in implying the tensions of the relationship, and his old-man mannerisms are perfection. Dorothy Stickney is very appealing as the dying mother who is sympathetic but unaware of the complexities of her husband's and son's relationship. Miss Stickney has one of those old-woman faces which becomes almost childlike in its beauty, and which director Gil Cates uses to his advantage in sympathetic close-ups.

Estelle Parsons is somehow wrong for the role of banished sister. Perhaps it is that quality of almost hysterical sensuality she exudes which so fascinated me in "Bonnie and Clyde." And Hackman inspires total empathy as the confused son.

"I Never Sang For My Father" was

adapted from the 1968 Broadway play of the same name, which itself was based on an unproduced screenplay called "The Tiger." The film has a definite theatrical air to it. It is an actor's film, and the direction is agreeably sensitive yet unobtrusive.

Unfortunately, director Cates does manage to remind us he's out there with the use of a few of those techniques we have almost come to expect nowadays. We are given, early in the film, what you might call a theme song, complete with lyrics: the soundtrack from one scene often starts before the preceding one has ended (remember "The Graduate"?); and we even get a "freeze shot" à la "Butch Cassidy" to wrap things up.

It is not hard to identify with Gene's problems, if we do so with a pinch of old-fashioned sentimentalism, a quality which we have come not to expect from the cool young audience raised on "Breathless," "Blow Up" and "Easy Rider." "I Never Sang For My Father" is a serious, well-acted movie. But it is not a film for cynics.

—Don Rosenfield

Pop Auction Cops \$15,000

Peace candidates got \$15,000, Bill Graham got to keep his Grateful Dead sign, and someone had to cart away a 17-foot-long billboard advertising a Who concert. The event was the Rock Relief Auction Monday night at the Fillmore East, where various goods once belonging to pop-rock stars were sold for unbelievably low bids.

For example, a fur hat belonging to Doug Kershaw went for \$30. An original oil painting by Richie Havens was sold for \$150, and Jerry Garcia's bra was given away for \$20.

On hand for the gala event was WNEW-FM's Zacherle, who punctuated the evening by selling a package of freshly rolled "Virginia Slims" for \$27.50. The purchaser reportedly spent the remainder of the evening in the Fillmore bathroom, enjoying his gift.

Sha-Na-Na dragged themselves away from the pizza parlor long enough to donate a few hubcaps and a black leather jacket which was rumored to once have been worn by either James Dean or Annette Funicello.

Other items for sale included a pair of boots belonging to Leon Russell, Joe Cocker's red T-shirt and a banner belonging to Levon and the Hawks (now known as The Band). The Fillmore staff managed to come up with Ginger Baker's broken drumstick, Steve Miller's harmonica and Peter Townshend's guitar, which was delivered in pieces and went for only \$75.

Sadly, they could only get \$90 for Joni Mitchell's notes and only \$25 for Leonard Cohen's tuxedo. Of course, nobody has much money nowadays, with the possible exception of the Scarsdale kids who came down, allowance in hand, waiting for the right opportunity to place their bids.

The auctioneers had a hard time unloading a poster from Blood, Sweat and Tears' Bulgarian concert. The only bid was made by a man who gave his name as "Joe."

There were many items missing from the collection, such as Paul McCartney's grandfather (he's a clean man), Cousin Brucie's tube of Clearasil, Glen Campbell's roach clip, Michael J. Pollard's



Bill Graham
Kept his Dead Sign

tambourine and the fossilized remnants of Jan and Dean's dune buggy, lifted with their bodies intact, from the LaBrea tar pits.

Music was provided by Edgar Winter (Johnny's brother), who did an outstanding version of "Tobacco Road," Mungo Jerry and the Elvin Bishop Group featuring Lee Michaels on organ.

—Kenneth Winkler

Cafe Finley Tonight

Eric Frandsen, a young songwriter and guitarist, will play two sets in Cafe Finley tonight. He has appeared here before, accompanying Pat Sky last year and Dave Bromberg a few weeks ago. Doors open at 8 PM. Tickets at one dollar are sold in Room 152 Finley during the day.

Knicks Gain Sloppy Victory

The Knicks began the season Tuesday night the same way they ended the last: winning. They beat the Boston Celtics in a generally dull game, sloppily played, 114-107.

The same chants were there. We cheered as before, "Defense," and "We're number one," each in syncopation. We again taunted referee Mendy Rudolph with "Mendy is a bum." Organist Eddie Layton played the same tired music.

We gobbled the same cellophane-wrapped hot dogs, Cracker Jack, and 40 cent ice cream cups. Walt Frazier stole the ball, and Boston's John Havlicek still made shots from the weirdest angles. But it was different.

I noticed it first, standing on line three weeks ago, waiting to get tickets. The Garden had sold 12,000 of the 19,500 seats on a season ticket basis. So those of us who couldn't afford to spend \$350 on a spectator sport waited in line.

I remarked to the man behind me how nice it was for Ned Irish and Irving Felt to allow me to pay an increased price of \$4.50 to sit two miles from the court.

He was a CPA, and explained very logically that it was a must for the Garden to charge the prices they did, because of the money lost on other events. It made sense, but it can't be justified. If basketball is the sport of the streets, why do most city people have to afford to go, and then have to settle for the worst seats.

I noticed, when Seth and I remained seated during the national anthem, that more people than usual were sitting. Not many, just more.

Before the game started, there was an award ceremony. The Knicks were awarded their first NBA championship trophy. Willis Reed received the Most



Willis Reed

most valuable player

Valuable Player award, and Red Holzman his Coach of the Year honors.

We stood. We cheered. But we didn't cheer long enough. I wanted to stand there forever, shouting for the men who I followed last season; who I watched struggling to do some of the greatest things I've ever seen in a spectator sport; and who I watched finally win a championship after 24 years.

But we sat down, and I felt empty. Why?

Maybe it was a predictable let-down after a championship season. Why were there empty seats for the opening game? Maybe it was the weak team the Knicks were playing. Is any of this at all important? Someone asked me, how after losing interest in baseball and football, I could still invest emotions in such sterile, distant figures as pro basketball players. I

don't know.

Havlicek hit first for the Celtics, Frazier for the Knicks. New York took the lead with 1:50 to go in the first quarter, 25-23. They never lost it.

The second quarter was the Knicks' best. They played well, scoring 42 points. At half-time the score was 71-54. At that point, the game reminded me of a 133-100 beating the Knicks gave Boston last season. The Celtics, who had mercilessly destroyed the Knicks for a decade, complained that New York was scoring too many points, just to make them look foolish.

The second half was dull, the crowd duller. It was 90-80, Knicks, at the end of three quarters.

With 8:11 to go in the game, Boston had closed the lead to 94-89. Two minutes later, we watched Mendy Rudolph make a horrible call. Reed had pulled down a rebound. Immediately, four Celtics surrounded him and began leaning. Mendy called the ensuing struggle an offensive foul against the Captain.

With 3:44 left, Boston was only four points behind, 103-99.

Boston closed the lead to 107-105 with 1:45 to go, but the Knicks woke up and ended the game seven points ahead. Although they didn't show it last night, the Knicks are 25 points better than Boston. Reed was high scorer for the Knicks with 35 points. Havlicek for the Celtics with 31 points.

I don't think I'll ever feel as deeply for a spectator sport as I felt sitting in the Garden for last year's Knicks-Lakers championship series. I guess it's like what you always feel for your first love.

—Lovinger