

Students Not Really Spaced Out Anymore



Relief from overcrowding isn't expected until new Science building opens in spring.

Despite dire predictions last spring that the City University might not survive cuts in its budget, the College has managed to open on schedule—but not without complaints of overcrowding and attempts to increase the workload of faculty members.

Virtually all departments have been affected by the critical shortage of space, which led President Robert Marshak to tell the 3100 entering freshmen that this could be "the worst year in the history of the College."

Struck particularly hard was the English department, which now finds itself spread across both campuses.

"We hired 20 new people and there are no offices for them," Professor Theodore Gross (Chmn., English) noted. "We have been given two rooms in Finley Center which are just unsuitable for teaching. We have courses being taught in the Psychology Center, where the conditions are intolerable. And we have no conference facilities for a large part of the department."

Gross suggested that the number of students admitted to the College be reduced.

While the College has rented classroom and office space at the Psychology Center, 3332 Broadway, and at 533 W. 134th St., the space available for each student still falls far below the state planning figure of 160 square feet. The College's figure is believed to be slightly above the City University-wide average of 88 square feet per student.

College officials freely admit that such space allocations are inadequate but hopefully point out that portions of the new Science and Physical Education Building may be available for the spring term.

At the same time, the university has called upon its colleges to take measures to increase the workload of all faculty. Citing its "austerity" budget, CUNY is imposing a "productivity" increase of at least ten per cent to make up for the budget cuts.

At the College, plans to abide by the mandate by increasing classroom hours

and assigning faculty members to evening session classes as a regular part of their schedule apparently have been scrapped.

But the alternative appears to be overcrowded classes, and few people are satisfied with that either. The issue of faculty productivity is still being discussed and should become hotter as the term progresses.

"What it (the ten per cent increase) is doing is stuffing more and more students into each class and it's making a shambles of Open Admissions," decried Professor Robert Martinson (Chmn, Sociology), who said electives in his department include as many as 50 students.

"It's terrible," concurred freshman Neil T. Brown. "Columbus H.S. was bad enough when it went into extra shifts, but this is like cramming all the shifts into one hour. I have one class where I can't even see the teacher's head."

The Legislature granted the university \$381.2 million, a sum which is \$84.3 million below CUNY's request. Former Chan-

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Registration Declines for Ethnic Studies Courses

The new ethnic studies departments got off to a slow start at registration as about half the number of students enrolled in the old program chose the new courses.

Apparently, the lack of interest can be attributed to the omission of the ethnic studies courses from both the Bulletin and the schedule of classes, perhaps because the administration did not commit itself to the new departments until late in the summer. The College bought a four-page advertisement listing the courses in The Campus two weeks ago.

Dean Oscar Chavarria-Aguilar (Liberal Arts and Sciences) has announced that no late fee will be charged for those still interested in registering for any of the ethnic studies courses, and the Registrar's office expects a large number of students to register late in these courses.

In the Black Studies Department, Charles V. Hamilton, who advised against disbanding the old Urban and Ethnic Studies department last term, has been given the post of chairman of its steering and planning committee. A noted black scholar at Columbia University, Hamilton is not teaching any courses in the departments and is here on a part-time basis. With 24 sections offered, and with one cancelled, only 441 students have registered as of yet.

In the Jewish Studies Department, 32 people have registered so far for the three classes offered. Professor Eugene Borowitz has been named chairman, despite the demand of the Jewish Collective that Associate Professor Marvin Feinstein be appointed. The student group is meeting today to discuss the development.

The Puerto Rican Studies Department, which attracted the largest number of students, enrolled 363 people for their 15 sections. The Asian Studies Department succeeded in registering only 49 people for five sections.

—Richard Nelson

ROTC Begins To Close Down, Sophomores Left Out In Cold

Sophomores in the College's ROTC will only be able to complete the "basic" part of their course by June, and not the "advanced" (junior & senior) sequence which is necessary for them to become commissioned officers. There are about 20 sophomores in this year's program.

June 30, 1972 is the official departure date for ROTC from the camp, and although seniors will finish and juniors are being allowed to make up, taking both their junior and senior courses this year. "Sophomores who wish to continue are going to have to work it out for themselves," Major Charles McCampbell, chairman of the military science department, said. "They'll have to find someplace else, and there aren't many other places. I know it's unfair, but this is what the College let itself in for when it decided to terminate the contract. The Faculty Senate implied in its resolution that the

Army was going to build an off-campus facility for students wishing to take ROTC. But the Army had no plans then, and it has no plans now for such a facility. No freshmen were admitted to the program this term.

The Faculty Senate voted last March 18 to begin negotiations toward a termination of the contract and asked President Marshak to look into the establishment of the off-campus facility.

"This is the Army's problem," the College's Public Relations Director I.E. Levine said

"As for the off-campus center," Levine continued, "the President urged the Army to build it, and we're still hoping they will."

ROTC is being phased out at the College. "We've lost a considerable amount of footage, at least one classroom, a supply room, and a large supply area. We've also had to turn in a considerable amount of equipment," McCampbell said. The number of students in the ROTC contingent here may only go as high as 70, compared with last year's 176.

McCampbell returned to the

Students, Faculty Will Vote For Campus Governance Plan

By PIOTR BOZEWICZ

Students may be given a dramatic new voice in the College's faculty hiring and firing policies this term.

In separate mail ballots at the end of October, both students and faculty will be asked either to endorse the governance plan proposed last spring by the President's advisory Policy Council or an alternative to be developed by the Faculty Senate.

A governance plan basically details the structure and powers of the student and faculty senates and various committees and councils, such as the graduate student council, the Policy Council (which advises the president), the departmental appointments committees and personnel and the budget committee.

A new plan for the College is being considered at the insistence of the Board of Higher Education, which has asked all the units of the City University to update their plans with a view towards

giving students more powers.

The Policy Council's proposals basically differ only on one controversial point from the plan which has been in effect since 1969. The disputed section calls for two voting students, chosen annually from the departments majors, to be included on each appointments committee. The roll of the students as proposed by the Policy Council provides for "a participatory role for students in personnel decisions as related to teaching effectiveness and student teacher relationships."

This point has been sharply criticized by Professor Philip Baymel (Physics), chairman of the Faculty Senate, who said, "I object strongly to that proposal. I don't think it will do what the students think it will do." When pressed for elaboration, he said he didn't have enough time to enumerate his objections but that there would be a proposal to exclude students from personnel committees at next Thursday's meeting of the Faculty Senate.

However, according to Ted Brown, special assistant to the president, the faculty is divided on the question of student responsibility in personnel decisions. He commented, "I'm not sure how popular my opinion is with some of my colleagues but I would favor any plan that maximizes student participation in the democratic process."

The plan also calls for student-faculty advisory committees which will offer opinions on curriculum and teaching in each department. Although these committees will have no actual powers, their suggestions may carry considerable influence.

A minor point, ambiguously stated in earlier plans, concerns the academic standing of Student Senate members. The proposed change states that the Student Senate be composed of "thirty undergraduate students, in good standing (not on academic probation)." It is not known how many senators would be affected by the stipulation.



yesterday. "It is our responsibility to allow military science students to finish whatever part of the program they're in. Sophomores will finish their basic program, and junior and seniors will finish the advanced part." This was in response to a question about Marshak's proposal last spring that ROTC students who wished to finish their programs might be able to do so at Fordham University in the Bronx, at the College's expense. This, apparently, will not come about.

issue of the off-campus center: "The Army is against this concept, first because the need for second lieutenants is low now, and more importantly because it would take these men away from the college atmosphere which we feel is so necessary for today's officer."

Nevertheless, 53 years of ROTC at City College will end on June 30, 1972, and it appears that sophomore cadets will be left out in the cold.

LOVINGER

Attica Prisoners American Criminals

By PETER GRAD and KEN WINIKOFF

In May, 1970, America learned of the poisons within itself which led to the disastrous massacre at Kent State University. "It was a result of provocation: they surrounded us; we had no choice," claimed the guardsmen. However, subsequent investigations into the incident showed that the guardsmen acted in concerted, preplanned movements, and that the lives of the National Guardsmen were never endangered. The follow-up reports, charging the guardsmen with unjustified use of force upon non-hostile, unarmed students, never received half the attention the original, distorted reports did.

In December, 1970, newspaper readers across the country were informed that "militant Black Panther leader Fred Hampton was killed by Chicago police in a pre-dawn raid on his apartment." "He fired the first shots, and we were acting in defense of our lives," was the police response to the accusation that the attack was a case of premeditated murder. Yet, ballistics tests proved conclusively that shots were only fired into the apartment, proving false the claim that the police were attacked first. But these findings, clearing Hampton of any guilt, never found their way to page one of establishment newspapers. So the twisted story of an aggressive, armed Panther leader attempting to kill policemen is the last "fact" the public got to read and remember.

Last month, news was released that George Jackson, one of the Soledad Brothers, was shot by prison guards as he was supposedly attempting to escape from the San Quentin penitentiary. The press picked up immediately the "hidden gun theory"—that Jackson had concealed a small revolver in his Afro and then used it in an attempt to escape. Jackson, a courageous and intelligent man, could not have been as foolish as to believe that he could break through all the security systems of the heavily guarded fortress, past forces of police armed with high powered rifles, and he with only a small gun. A man who served the equivalent of one year for every \$7.00 he allegedly stole, a total of 10 years in prison, a man who was just weeks away from a new hearing which may have freed him, would simply not take such a deadly risk.

The entire conspiracy theory was further discredited by the findings of a Philadelphia newspaper which proved that the size gun ascribed to Jackson could not be balanced nor hidden in a hairdo of any kind. Subsequently, prison officials, in a blatantly feeble attempt to save their original theory, retracted their original description of the handgun supposedly used and issued the description of a gun of a smaller caliber.

Why are we lied to? Why does the majority of establishment press so consistently misrepresent the real issues which so greatly affect the lives of every American citizen? Was it necessary to

wait ten years to find out the crude machinations of the military madmen, engineering with the latest scientific, biological and military apparatus the mass slaughter and destruction of a Southeast Asian people?

We have relegated poor, Black, White, Puerto Rican to an indeterminate number of years of suffering behind crumbling, dark, gray, urine-stained cells. Most cannot afford bail or lawyers, cannot win the interest of public officials or news media which might aid in arousing public interest. Their crimes often stem from nothing more than attempts to steal in order to feed themselves and their families. Sometimes they are arrested for drug crimes and drug-related crimes, while the same officer who busted them, or his buddy, is collecting his pay-off from the heroin dealer the next day, so more people can get hooked on what is their last resort of escape from a crippling society. And less often, they are victims of emotional disorders, embedded rages which

are only expressed through acts of violence—men or women who least need the dehumanizing abuse employed by prison officials but rather, psychiatric guidance, tolerance and a great degree of understanding.

The dangerous criminals, or "savages," a word the Daily News seems to relish, are not behind bars. They have money, sit upon plush leather chairs inside of guarded, comfortably ornamented white houses, and upon the sweat and blood of a nation.

Despite the assurances of the Daily News and Governor Rockefeller, we don't believe that the inmates at Attica prison are savages. We do think that they are to be praised for their courage in uniting in protest against the machinery of the corrections department. They asked for nothing more than the bare minimum of rights constitutionally or morally afforded any citizen in this country: Food—edible, nourishing, uncontaminated provisions

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Justifying the Unjustifiable

By BOB LOVINGER

We will all emerge into the 21st-century, and looking back, we will see our era as a legacy of massacres, many still to come. Presently we are confronted with the death (at this writing) of 41 men at Attica State Prison Monday morning.

We feel much as we felt after the killings at Kent and Jackson State: an act of senseless killing has taken place, perpetrated by the same kind of people who brought us Vietnam, killings of the Panthers, and more recently the death of George Jackson. In a word, genocide.

A harsh word, genocide. The left has been accused of brandishing it around, using it indiscriminately to suit strong emotions. Does it describe the tragedy of Attica? If the word fits, Mr Governor, wear it.

The panels are being chosen, the investigations and inquiries begin in to what exactly happened. At this writing the controversy grows as the disclosure is made that nine of the ten hostages killed died of gunshot wounds, not prisoner knife slashings as state officials first told us. What does this mean? Coupled with the coroner's observation that the wounds couldn't have been made by zipguns (the only firing weapons the prisoners may have had), it is apparent that the hostages were murdered along with the inmates in indiscriminate shooting by police and National Guard.

Certainly many questions remain to be answered. All the facts aren't in. And more questions will probably crop up. But one of immediate concern is this: State Correction Commissioner Russell Oswald admits that the hostages were killed by guns, and that the prisoners had none. Why did the state need to perpetrate a lie so blatant that it could be disproved by

simple autopsies? The answer seems obvious; a need to justify an act beyond justification. If we tell them about animalistic throat slittings, the officials may have reasoned, our actions may be vindicated. And by the time the truth is learned, the effect will have been lessened. Hard to swallow? Yes, it is.

State officials and police officers are contradicting each other about weapons found, and incidents that occurred. The charge that a dead hostage was found emasculated has not been substantiated. But the impression given that the prisoners were barbaric stays in people's minds, even when there is no truth behind the impression.

Selective arrests, selective convictions, selective sentencing and selective treatment within prisons. All of these are elements of our unjust justice and penal systems, whether it be de jure or de facto selection. A poor Black man in New York City who commits a crime is in for a much worse time than an affluent NYC white who commits the same crime; not necessarily because of the decisions of a few purposeful men, but because of the institutions we have built.

Prisons in this country are inhumane and unconstitutional. Even the most wishy-washy politicians will agree to this. And the 28 of 30 demands agreed upon by both sides during negotiations at Attica testify to the dire need for reform. The demands included better food and educational opportunities, more religious freedom, and more time outside the cell. Why must this society, after years and years of treating prisoners as sub-humans, producing many more repeaters than rehabilitated men, wait until desperate inmates liberate a prison and take hostages before they will finally agree to reasonable demands?

It is said the stumbling block which deadlocked negotiations was the demand for amnesty for any crimes committed during the occupation. It is said that this demand was non-negotiable, that both sides were locked into opposing positions, that Bobby Seale had inflamed the prisoners into not giving in on amnesty.

But it is common knowledge that there is no such thing as a non-negotiable demand. A couple of more days may have given both sides time to think—for the prisoners, more time to back off from complete amnesty; for the state, more time to back off from ultimate prosecution. After all, other countries have released prisoners in exchange for kidnapped diplomats or hijacked airplanes. Apparently these hostages (low-paid prison guards and civilians) weren't important enough. Why the rush? We must constantly ask, Why the rush? Except for the guard who was killed at the beginning of the takeover, apparently none of the hostages were being seriously harmed (they were guarded from the more violent inmates by Black

Muslims). Why the rush?

And, of course, there is the governor, who refused to come to the negotiations, after being requested by the prisoners, the Observers Committee, many citizen groups and individuals, and as we learned later, the hostages inside who prayed for him to come.

We do not know what final effect his appearance would have had. But it may have gotten negotiations going again. It may have provided more time for talking... for talking. If the governor had come, the prisoners could have seen his appearance as a concession, and possibly backed down a bit. He would have shown that he was concerned.

But he did not show up, and through his inaction chose politics over human lives. He chose to be a symbol of the way prisoners are treated. Nelson Rockefeller bears the most immediate responsibility for the 41 deaths.

But we also must share part of the responsibility. We tell men and women whom we have essentially failed that they've failed in society, and then we put them away for "rehabilitation."

So that when prisoners see prison take-over as the only means to their end (humane treatment), and act on that vision, the society is aghast. How can these people (whom we have forgotten) dare to assert themselves and offend our sensibilities? Elected officials and their appointees, seeing it politically expedient to act on society's shock, chose mass murder as a better alternative to talking.

On Tuesday, the day after, volunteer doctors and nurses, and even the prisoners' lawyers, were denied entrance to the prison, after the issuance of a court order giving them access. The policies continue, the institutions roll on to their probable self-destruction.

Will the demands agreed to by the state be put into effect? Doubtful. Will anyone but the prisoners be tried for criminal acts during the Attica uprising? Doubtful. Will the society learn any lesson from Attica? Doubtful.

observation post

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Attica—Was There No Other Choice?

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nine years—when he went to the clinic he was told they didn't have time to treat him. A Spanish-speaking inmate went to the infirmary and the doctor told him "Wait until you get out—learn English so when you come back we can understand you."

The rebellion began around 8:30 on the morning of Sept. 9 when a work brigade refused to fall in after breakfast, to protest the fact that three prisoners had been beaten and thrown into the box on the previous day. Soon the rebellion spread as inmates ran through the prison, breaking windows, setting fires and overpowering guards. The prison chapel, the school, and several workshops could be seen going up in flames.

Originally 46 hostages were taken; eight were released within the first few hours of the rebellion to show good faith on the part of the inmates. A doctor examined all of the hostages on Friday—at the invitation of the prisoners—and found that none had suffered injuries any more serious than "cuts and bruises." William Quinn, a guard, was released after being seriously injured on Thursday. He either was thrown out a window or jumped out trying to escape, and he died later in the hospital.

Mopping Up

At 9:45... "Zero in on targets. Do not take action until the drop."

A voice answered, "The Drop has been made. Jackpot One has made the drop."

At 9:46... "Move in. Move in. The drop has been made."

At 10:45... "There is a possible explosive device... Get me a demolition detail."

"Let's get D mopped up."

For a long while, there was no communication as the troopers gradually gained the upperhand. The words 'mop up' kept coming over the radio.

—The New York Times

The prisoners drew up five basic demands on one sheet of paper. A second sheet contained the practical demands. The demands were presented on Friday to Corrections Commissioner Russell G. Oswald and to the press. The demands included complete amnesty and freedom from physical, mental and legal reprisals, true religious freedom, and an end to censorship of reading materials, adequate food, water and shelter without punishment, transportation out of confinement to a nonimperialistic country, the right to communicate with anyone at their own expense, adequate medical care and Spanish-speaking doctors, coverage by state minimum wage laws (current wages: 25¢ a day), and removal of warden Vincent Mancusi.

L.D., a tall young black man with wire-rimmed glasses, read a statement following the demands: "We are men. We are not beasts and we do not intend to be beaten or driven as such. . . . We call upon all the conscientious citizens of America to assist us in putting an end to this situation that threatens the life of not only us but of each and every person in the United States as well."

Brother Herb, a veteran of the Tombs

Demonstrations

Demonstrations around the city are being held Saturday to protest the killings at Attica State Penitentiary. Black, Puerto Rican and other Third World groups are massing outside the State Office Building at 125th Street and Seventh Avenue at 3 PM from points in Harlem, East Harlem and the South Bronx. At the same time, white radicals will demonstrate at Rockefeller Center. For more information on the demonstrations, call 691-7410.

Funeral services for all the dead people will be held at the Washington Square Methodist Church, 135 W. 4th St., Sunday at 11 AM.



rebellion told the negotiating committee that what they were hearing was "but the sound before the fury of those who are oppressed; when you are the anvil you bend but when you are the hammer you strike."

The prisoners demanded a negotiating committee to act as a mediating body between them and the prison officials. Made up of over two dozen men, it included Kunstler; Juan "Fi" Ortiz and Jose Paris of the Young Lords Party; Minister Jaybar Kenyatta of the Los Angeles Muslim mosque; Clarence Jones, publisher of the Amsterdam News; Rep. Herman Badillo; Assemblyman Arthur O. Eve, a black who has been involved in prison reform for a long time; Tom Soto of the Prisoner Solidarity Committee; William Gaiter, director of BUILD, a Buffalo anti-poverty program; Tom Wicker, a columnist for the New York Times; Mel Rivers of the Fortune Society, an organization of ex-cons; and a number of other legislators. The Committee was finally whittled down to 10 people. The prisoners also requested that Black Panthers Huey P. Newton and Bobby Seale be part of the committee, and Bobby finally arrived in the early hours of Sunday morning.

While negotiations were going on over the grey wooden table constructed in the open yard (where everyone—prisoners and hostages—slept under improvised tents), state troopers and other police were gathering strength outside. State Police Capt. Henry F. Williams had told his men: "If somebody on the other side gets killed, well that's the way it's gonna be. You're to take . . . crap from anybody. Don't lose your weapon and don't lose your buddy."

Reporters and hostages' families gathered outside to wait in the dreary rain. Security was tight and those with credentials who got through were searched and checked. Families of prisoners and other people without credentials gathered in back of a barricade about a half a mile away.

Negotiations continued inside. The demand for transportation to anti-imperialist countries was dropped after discussion among the inmates. Commissioner Oswald announced on Saturday that 28 of the prisoners' 30 demands were accepted—the exceptions were the removal of Warden Mancusi and the guarantee of

no judicial reprisals. The prisoners were given a court injunction prohibiting administrative reprisals (like solitary confinement, or bread-and-water), but Oswald refused to promise no legal reprisals especially after a guard's death on Saturday. In New York State, the punishment for killing a guard is a mandatory death sentence.

The prisoners were insistent on the question of no reprisals, no doubt because they remembered the outcome of prison rebellions which took place just a year before all over New York City. The prisoners' surrender was followed by severe beatings (even in front of newsmen) and a large number of indictments for everything from attempted murder, assault, kidnapping, destruction of property to mob action.

Early Sunday morning Bobby Seale arrived and was allowed in to talk to the prisoners (after a wait). He went out to make a phone call to California and was refused admittance by prison officials because he refused to agree to try to persuade the prisoners to accept the 28 demands and drop the other two.

Sunday night there was a meeting between the negotiating committee, the prisoners and a number of reporters from newspapers and television. It was a press conference with the hostages in order to prove that they were being well-treated and to allow them to make appeals to the public. Five hostages called for complete amnesty. One guard, Mike Smith, said: "We are being treated fairly. We're sleeping on mattresses and the inmates are sleeping on the floor. I agree with them 100%." At the same time the negotiating committee issued an appeal to Gov. Nelson Rockefeller to come to consult with the negotiators as the prisoners had asked: "The committee of observers in Attica Prison is now convinced a massacre of prisoners and guards may take place in this institution. For the sake of our common humanity, we call on every person who hears these words to implore the Governor of this state to come to Attica to consult with the observer committee, so we can spend time and not lives in an attempt to resolve the issue before us."

Even after the appeals by the negotiating committee Rockefeller refused to come to Attica. He added in a statement issued from his Pocantico Hills estate that

he did not have the "constitutional authority to grant amnesty and I would not even if I had the authority because to do so would undermine the essence of our free society—the fair and impartial application of the law."

Just as the negotiating committee arrived, Commissioner Oswald sent in a message demanding the immediate release of the hostages and the moving of the negotiations to "neutral grounds." A number of prisoner leaders began to believe that the negotiating committee was merely stalling and lying to the prisoners. It was only after one of the black and Puerto Rican members of the committee persuaded the prisoners that they didn't know anything about Oswald's note that the prisoners were calmed down. A number of the committee members felt that Oswald timed the letter to undermine and perhaps endanger the committee.

Richard Clark (called Brother Richard), one of the prisoners' representatives, told the committee as they left: "The next move is entirely up to Oswald. Anything that results will be the result of the commissioner moving, not us." Tom Wicker of The New York Times observed, "There is absolute solidarity among the prisoners."

Finally at 7:46 on Monday morning, five days after the takeover of the prison began, Oswald gave the prisoners an ultimatum—either they accept the demands he acceded to and drop the other two, or there would be an invasion. An hour later the prisoners asked for more time. They voted not to give in. Finally, at 9:15, the helicopters began to circle the prison in tighter and tighter circles. Kunstler and Clarence Jones arrived and were barred from entering the prison. At this point the other committee members who were in the prison were locked into an office.

As the helicopter began circling, prisoners took their hostages into the middle of the yard and held knives at their throats. At 9:46 the helicopters started dropping the gas. It didn't take more than a few seconds for the 1300 sheriff's

Soto May Speak

Campus groups are trying to arrange for Tom Soto of the Prisoners Solidarity Committee, a member of the civilian observers panel, to speak on the issues of the Attica prisoner rebellion at the College. Soto was a student here in recent years and was active in radical groups. He would speak in Townsend Harris Auditorium next Thursday during the two-hour break.

deputies, the national guard, state troopers and the prison guards to start shooting. They came well equipped with guns and rifles of every size, riot helmets and gas masks. The inmates had hand-made knives—made from sharpened pieces of metal, some molotov cocktails and some captured tear gas guns. They had filled trenches with burning gasoline, had made homemade bombs and booby traps which they hid in underground tunnels. But the odds were obviously against them—28 prisoners were killed, well over 150 wounded, many of whom are expected to die. None of the invaders were killed.

Oswald wiping his brow later said, "The armed rebellion of the type we have faced threatens the destruction of our free society. Further delay and negotiations would have jeopardized more lives." One reporter who was there throughout said, prison officials never said a word to the families of the hostages for all their talk. "They walked past them, without a word."

Nelson Rockefeller, who quietly called up the National Guard on Sunday, concurred: "The tragedy was brought on by the highly organized, revolutionary tactics of militants who rejected all efforts at a peaceful settlement, forced a confrontation and carried out cold-blooded killings they had threatened from the outset.

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Anti-War Groups Plan Fall Demonstrations

By LARRY ROSEN

Several major anti-war groups are now planning a number of actions for the Fall, building up to coordinated regional demonstrations on November 6. A national student strike will be held on November 3, the day after Election Day.

Moratorium Day, first held in 1969, will also return this year.

And to further develop plans, a national Mayday conference is being held this weekend at the Washington Square United Methodist Church, 135 W. 4th St.

The conference, which opens Friday at 7 PM, will decide whether to support the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice plans for four days of "militant, direct action" in Washington, D.C., October 25-29, as well as civil disobedience actions preceding November 6.

The National Peace Action Coalition (NPAC)

Horsefeathers

The Off-Track Betting Corporation, plagued all summer by computer problems, is expected to begin using the College's IBM 360 computer for accounting purposes soon.

George Elder, director of the College's computation center commented, "OTB called us during the summer for help, and we're giving it to them; though I don't think our computer will be their salvation." In the past, he noted, the College has gone to other colleges and city agencies to borrow their computers and the tradition among the agencies is that the service is free.

Though a schedule of OTB's use of the computer has not been formulated, it's probable that they will be processing during the midnight shift, when students and faculty aren't around.

The IBM 360 has a very similar configuration and identical core unit as OTB's computer, and is one of the city's largest. OTB will provide its own staff and supplementary equipment and the College will provide the facilities.

Who said this was an ivory tower?

ended its three day convention at Hunter College on July 4 by calling for the series of mass regional actions in at least 15 major cities across the nation and the student strike.

The convention asked that its demonstrations be peaceful, legal and orderly and voted that the demand of the mass protests would be immediate, total withdrawal from Southeast Asia.

NPAC was the sponsor of the April 24 marches in Washington and San Francisco this year, but had withheld its support of the Mayday actions which followed. Representatives of 385 organizations from 42 states attended the convention.

The convention also voted to organize a number of build-up actions for the November 6 demonstrations. Locally, these actions include:

* October 2—A demonstration at the Danbury State Prison in Connecticut, sponsored by the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee to support a number of anti-war priests being held there.

* October 13—Moratorium Day in New York City. The Parade Committee is asking Mayor Lindsay to close 14th Street as he did on Earth Day in 1970 so that antiwar activities such as rallies, guerrilla theatre, leafletting could be held there.

Led by the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, many groups will go to Washington on October 25 (Veterans Day) to engage in non-violent civil disobedience against the government.

The People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, the group that helped organize the Winter Soldier Investigation and the Mayday scenario in Washington, has already endorsed the November 6th regional protests as well as the actions leading up to them.

The Vietnam Peace Parade Committee plans to visit a campus each week in the New York area to discuss the issues of the war, racism and prison rebellions and prepare each campus for the November 6th demonstration.

Wendy Fisher, a coordinator of the committee, located at 17 E. 17th St., said, "Our only obstacle now is getting more volunteers for the Fall Offensive. We have the paper, the stencils, the presses, the buttons. All we need now is more student volunteers."



Attica Prisoners American Criminals

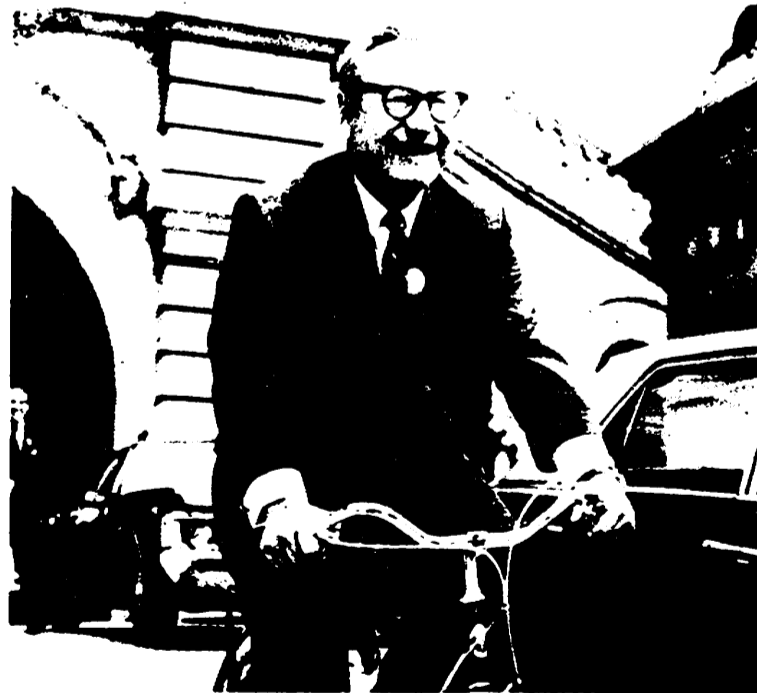
(Continued from page 2)

without chunks of glass or strains of insects which reportedly are given to the "undesirable" inmates; adequate medical treatment for suffering men; the right to earn more than 25¢ an hour for their work, work done in 100 degree weather in sweatshops, work of a nature which is rarely found in the most exploitative situations in the outside world.

They requested a library and some learning facilities so that after their terms, they might be able to apply their skills to some occupation. There isn't much of a market outside for shoe menders or license plate manufacturers.

They want also to be able to touch their wives whom they've been taken away from for years—to tear down the screens and the sound booths that separate them from their visitors. They demand the right to free access to incoming mail without any copyediting or withholding by prison officials; freedom to practice their own religion, freedom to read political and controversial material or a more serious nature than Reader's Almanac and Emily Post's book of etiquette. And perhaps most important, they want a grievance commission authorized to discuss issues of inmate concern with prison officials and the provision of entrance rights to lawyers and reporters to ensure that fair procedures are observed by prison officials.

The greatest irony was the refusal of the authorities to grant amnesty to the inmates participating in the demonstration. Implementation of the demands was obviously long overdue—they were accepted by Commissioner Oswald within two days of issuance. But the one demand that was rejected was the amnesty from criminal offense. If they were to say or do nothing, the prisoners would still live under the same deplorable conditions, but now that they have spoken and exposed the unjust practices, with words and acts, they must be punished for the way they did it.



regardless of the fact that 28 of the demands were regarded as justifiable by authorities.

No lawyers were permitted into Attica prison since the massacre ordered by Governor Rockefeller through Commissioner Oswald was executed. That, of course, would lead to devastating evidence from prisoner testimony of what really occurred on September 14th. And the transferring of hundreds of prisoners will make the task of locating witnesses to the killings a most difficult task.

But justice is not common in America today. In America's prisons, it is unheard of. The investigators will come, and the

investigations will go, and Attica will stand, largely unchanged. A grave crime has been committed in that place; but that crime has been committed there, and in every American prison, for years—it is the systematic murder of the poorest and most powerless of Americans for the convenience and the glory of the rich and powerful; and thousands of lives, of both guards and prisoners, black and white, will be thrown away by men like Rockefeller because, after all, prison guards are cheap and prisoners are dangerous; and it's difficult to run the country the way they want to when the prisoners are taking over the prisons.

Was There No Choice?

(Continued from page 3)

We can be grateful that the skill and courage of the state police and correction officers supported by the National Guard and sheriff's deputies among prisoners as well." He called up President Nixon and asked his advice and Nixon supported his action completely. With that he flew off to a Governor's Conference in Puerto Rico where cronies like Ronald Reagan agreed with him wholeheartedly.

As for the demands that had been agreed to, the press secretary for the prison, Gerald Houlihan said, "We'll have to take a look at that. You must understand that an agreement was never reached, because they refused to talk with us."

Monday the afternoon papers screamed about the nine hostages whose throats the prisoners were supposed to have slit seconds before the invasion hit. One, they said was castrated. Late Tuesday the Monroe County Medical Examiner John Edland released his findings on the autopsy of the nine hostages—all nine died of bullet wounds and didn't even have any knife wounds on their throats. Nor were any of them castrated.

Yet even by Tuesday evening, they didn't have a complete list of all the prisoners killed. One of the few whites at the prison, Sam Melville, convicted of conspiracy in the bombings of a NYC induction center, police station and federal building, was killed, according to a prison official, as he was running with four homemade bombs ready to blow up a 500 gallon tank on the prison grounds.

Most of the inmates though are just Brother Richard or Brother Herb. When one of the negotiators asked one prisoner his name, he answered, "Me? my name is Attica."



Harrison, Russell, Starr, and Zimmerman

The Way George Planned It

By KENNY WINIKOFF

Before it was first announced that George Harrison would appear at the Garden in a concert to benefit the refugees of East Pakistan, the City of New York was in a state of musical despair. Only weeks before, the Fillmore East had closed its doors to rock music forever. The Electric Circus had also seen its last shows this past summer, and prospects were dim for any replacements. The era of the outdoor festivals succumbed to the traditional violence which is America, and promoters decided it just wasn't worth the hassle. Yet, Harrison and friends believed that the cause alone was enough to merit the gamble. They were to prove that live rock was not motivated by greediness. They donated their time and efforts as musicians, so that others, thousands of miles from Madison Square Garden, would have a chance at surviving a brutal battle against death.

The evening of Sunday, August 1, saw a torrential rain pour down over Manhattan. Thousands of people had waited for hours in the heat to secure tickets to this extravaganza, and here they were again, waiting patiently in the pouring rain, until the doors would open.

Once inside, everyone felt better. The Garden was warm, crowded with the swarm of people scurrying to their respective seats, waiting silently for the music to begin. Some already had a general notion of what was going down that evening, as there was a play-by-play description of the afternoon concert just hours earlier. But there was always room for surprises.

George came on stage shortly after eight p.m. and promptly introduced Ravi Shankar. Ravi, along with Alla Rakha on tabla and Ali Akbar Khan on sarod, filled the hall with nearly an hour of raga. The crowd was sullen; almost in a hypnotic state. It's difficult to find a large audience which can appreciate this type of music, but one had the feeling that they were waiting for what was to follow. The arena was bathed in incense and blue light, and when the music was over, the audience exhibited their appreciation of what Ravi had done that night.

At 9:26, the lights went on again, revealing a prominent figure in white, flanked by an entourage of musicians. The crowd twisted and turned to see the performers, eyeing every inch of the stage: Eric Clapton, Leon Russell, Jesse Davis, Klaus Voorman, Billy Preston, and of course, Ringo. As to the question of whether or not live music could still come off in New York, Harrison's opening riff in "Wah Wah" was enough to convince the most skeptical. Eric Clapton played the part of "wah wah" and the crowd cheered respectfully. Without hesitation, George went right into "My Sweet Lord." He had an air of confidence and pride, yet there was an air of humility about him. He was there for neither money nor fame. There was no need to be arrogant.

Billy Preston presented the most electrifying (if I may use that word) solo performance of the evening. "That's the Way God Planned It." He ended the number by jumping out from behind the organ, ran up in front of the stage and

began to dance. This moved the audience to begin clapping and pounding in time. His power of motion was unmatched that evening.

The crowd was enthralled by the music, not by reds and wine. It was faintly reminiscent of the old days when the Byrds would jam at the Fillmore until four a.m., or the Cafe Au Go Go, where the Blues Project would capture an entire audience in minutes. This was a star-studded gala event, accompanied by much fanfare, yet the crowd seemed to be totally consumed by the music.

By the time Harrison and friends performed "Awaiting

on You All," the audience had overcome the initial shock of the performance itself, and settled down to listen to the concert. A horn ensemble was assembled on stage, giving the sense of a true show, in all respects. The construction and timing was perfect, and an excellent sound system, formerly absent at Garden concerts, carried the music to every row.

Suddenly, without warning, the spotlight jumped to Ringo, whose cracking, quasi-adolescent voice could barely be heard above his consistent drumming. Ringo, dressed in black, sang "It Don't Come Easy"; and no matter what you thought of him a vocalist, it was high-energy performance.

George shared the next spotlight with Leon Russell on "Beware of Darkness," and then Leon went into a piano-pounding, rhythmic rendition of "Jumping Jack Flash" intertwined with the Coasters' "Young Blood." Long live the groupies.

The high point of the show was revealed when George introduced "his good friend" Bob Dylan. Dylan came on stage, and without waiting for the applause to recede, began "Blowing in the Wind." It was Dylan circa 1966: blue denim jacket, sporting a ruffled but placid appearance, a compatible grin upon his face. He continued his solo performance on "It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry," "Love Minus Zero," and "Mr. Tambourine Man." I forgot the insensitivity of *Self-Portrait* and the ineffectual fantasies of *New Morning*, and enjoyed Dylan at his best. George and Ringo did harmony on "Just Like a Woman." There was a beautiful dissonance to their voices, which worked wonders on the crowd.

Dylan left in a flurry of applause and cheers, and quietly slipped backstage. Yet it was the spontaneity of his appearance that made the event what it was.

It was nearly 10:30 when George said goodnight to the Garden. In a carefully planned encore, he reminded us not to forget what the show was all about:

"Bangla Desh, Bangla Desh,
Where so many people are dying fast,
And it sure looks like a mess . . ."

Sooner than we realized, the show was over. The crowd spilled out onto Seventh Avenue to notice that the rain had stopped. No one could deny that the concert was stupendous, earth-shattering, and a complex of other adjectives, but it was, in effect, a clear illustration of what a live performance should aspire to be.

THE WHO: Alive and Rocking

By BARRY TAYLOR

Along with the George Harrison extravaganza, one of the highlights of the summer were The Who's two July concerts at Forest Hills.

It all began on a Sunday morning in June when the Times ran the first ad of the season for the Music Festival. The Who's hard-core followers flocked down to Carnegie Hall, where tickets were to go on sale the next morning, prepared to spend the night. By 9 a.m., there were over 500 people on 57th Street.

Because of the demand for tickets, another concert was added, and sure enough, the rain or shine show was met with thunderstorms. Scott Muni, second in the race to Dick Clark for being the world's oldest hippie, tried to keep the 15,000 people entertained in the pouring rain by calling for the "rain chant." "It worked in Woodstock," he pleaded, but he only succeeded in drawing jeers. "We're in Queens now, Scotto—this ain't Woodstock," screamed some wet fans.

But as soon as the skies showed signs of clearing, they appeared without introduction—led by Keith Moon with broom in hand, sweeping water off the stage and onto the photographers. Without a word, they plugged in, for the first time in over a year in New York, and showed once again why they are the greatest live band in the world—starting with "Love Ain't for Keeping," and going right into "Pure and Easy," a harmonically rich song from Townshend's unreleased opera, *Bobby*. They rolled into "Can't Explain," their first single—released six and a half years ago, and then another early record, "Substitute."

The Who have been together for almost a decade now, but they still burst with all their original energy and ferocity. Townshend is still leaping and twisting in mid-air like a kid striving for superstar-dom. Daltrey's voice has matured to a rough but sweet sound. He's still tough and he still uses the mike like a lariat, dropping it as he swings it around sometimes, but not caring. Moon still catches his sticks on the hat, screams and criticizes everyone, but he has always been schizophrenic. John Entwistle is still the bored anchorman of the group, and he now has a pole connected to the back of his amp which braces it so he can lean against it without knocking it over.

The new stage act that Townshend has developed to make you forget about Tommy Walker has an abundance of new material: songs from *Who's Next* which have become instant Who classics, with some favorites like "Water," "Pinball Wizard," "See Me," and even a Marvin Gaye oldie, "Baby, Don't Do It" sprinkled in, building up to the kind of finale that only The Who can create. It's so potent, that Townshend makes the other guitar smashers like Marc Bolan (T Rex), Joe Walsh (James Gang), and Ritchie Blackmore (Deep Purple) look like they are satirizing him.

"My Generation" fittingly starts the final onslaught,



Barry Taylor

and from there it is "Magic Bus," and whatever Townshend feels like getting into. That Saturday at Forest Hills, it was "Cinnamon Girl," "The Bomber," "Naked Eye," and "Road Runner."

It became apparent that Townshend was building up to smashing his guitar. When he broke it five years ago, it was an incredibly powerful gesture. But it became just a routine he couldn't escape because the audiences came expressly to see it happen. With Tommy completed, he found the creative outlet he needed, and stopped doing it. Now that he wants to bury Tommy, it is once more a powerful gesture.

Having trouble with one guitar during the "Road Runner" riff, he just let it feedback while he played with one of his spares. Then he smashed them both—playing stickball with the broken neck of one guitar and the body of the other. With everyone dazed at the spectacle Townshend was creating, Moon kicked over the drums and Daltrey cracked a mike stand in half.

It appeared to be over as they congratulated each other on stage after an extremely satisfying musical show, regardless of their acrobatics. Then Townshend said something to Entwistle, and John stepped over the strewn drums and pieces of guitar. Breaking out of his usual mold, he smashed his bass into tiny pieces. Characteristically, Moon ran over and picked up a small piece to use as a toothpick.



HEW

By LEO DEUSTER

From a distance the statue of justice awes her viewers with majestic dignity. As one gets closer, though, and sees the crusted green of tarnished bronze, she begins to lose her countenance. But she stands so high that the perspective is always from below and the piles of bird shit on her scales are not visible. The only place one can see that is from behind, inside the court house, looking down through the dirty courthouse windows. From there, from inside the courthouse, the piles of shit being weighed are clearly seen and one can understand why the blindfold is in keeping with her majestic dignity.

Inside, in the courtrooms, it is all in the words; the dignity is in rhetoric. Words like "remand." The judge looking cross-eyed toward the windows as if reading some divine message etched across the sky said with utter profundity, "I am remanding the defendant into the custody of the county sheriff for the weekend."

It happened too fast, not even time to ask what. The bailiff was right there, like he had known; his light touch at the arm gently guiding—leading already—before you can think—even before he said "this way please." By then he has you walking through the door which closes behind you and then it is too late and the dignity is left intact.

Subdued, awaiting the dignity of the court you are sealed in a capsule of time and you drift in an illusion of hope. It was all familiar—the concrete and steel—everything painted gray which faded green on top of rust all chipped and stained in Jackson Pollock patterns and bars everywhere.

"Think of it as a tremendous psychological weapon," the lawyer said; then seeing that I did not understand, he put his hand on my shoulder and explained. "If he wants to give you probation this time, he will want you to appreciate it."

"Yeah, you think so?"

He just nodded his head and I was satisfied—relieved and almost smiling. That was after I had screamed at him incoherently—all the things I wanted to scream at the judge.

So I began the weekend confident. Monday I would know. The tension didn't start getting to me until Saturday evening. That's when I first heard about the little guy too. It was hot. I was sitting in the day room watching cards and smelling the heavy stench of sweat, nervous funky sweat that offends the nostrils, thinking nothing, but annoyed that I had to keep slapping the hand of the guy next to me every time he made a good play, forcing a smile for him too. When this old man started to read out loud from the newspaper, "yakety, yakety, yakety."

"Shut your fuckin' mouth," a guy said. "I can't hear the radio."

"I could play darts with him up against the wall."

"Fuck you and shut up."

"Here read this, a guy raped a six-year-old girl."

The card game stopped. "Shitty witty, that's thirty,

"Drop your cocks and grab your socks, it's daylight in the swamps. . . ."

long, hard motherfuckin' years."

"Bullshit," another guy said, "he probably just freaked off or some shit."

"No, no," the old man said, pointing to a line of print. "Doctors at County General Hospital stated actual penetration occurred and the girl is in critical condition."

"Let me see that." There were a dozen guys trying to read one paper. "That a picture of him?"

"Looks like a faggot."

"Get this, he lured her into a garage with an ice cream cone where he then assaulted her! The motherfucker."

"Gimme my paper."

"Fuck you."

Then we were interrupted by the sound of thundering metal and clanging keys. The food wagon came in on time.

"Alright, line up." "Sixteen."

"Hey screw, what is it?"

"Boiled dinner," a trustee answered.

"Flush it down the shitter."

"You're not forced to eat it."

"Would you eat it?"

"You guys didn't clean up. No radio tonight." The deputy assumed a superior attitude beyond the safety of the bars and as he watched the trustee pass the trays through a narrow slot he placed a spoon on each one—counting.

The day room area consisted of a long metal table with attached benches, picnic style, all fastened solid. It can't be moved, bent or dented. There is just enough space to walk around it and sit down. The ceiling is low—eight feet—and there are no lights in the ceiling; the lights are recessed into the back walls. The whole complex is cramped. Along the back half of the day area is a cubicle with one shower; next to the front half is a solid barred cage which can be secured for letting prisoners in or out one at a time. Through the cage on the other side in the back are five cells each with four bunks, one toilet, and one sink. The front half is a walking area. An aisle outside separated by bars allows for observation. On the other side of the aisle are barred windows facing into the air-shaft of the building. It was the second of ten floors. The air doesn't circulate.

"Remember to clean up next time," the screw said, smiling when he started to leave.

"Fuckety fuck fuck you." It was said to his back.

"Okay no radio tomorrow," he said closing the door.

"Take a douche."

"There's a doubleheader tomorrow for christ sakes."

"Fuckety fuck you too."

"What's wrong with you man? fuckin' us around."

"All of you shut up and eat."

"Now there's a bad motherfucker."

"That's right."

"Hey George, how about that guy raping a six-year-old kid?"

"More than I'm gettin'."

"You got the kid here, bad motherfucker."

"Shut up your fuckin' mouth now. I'm not telling you again."

The guy he said it to got up and started dancing and shadow boxing, keeping time to his own whistling. He furrowed his brow in mock anger; his eyes glaring at the hairy chested brute taunting him. He leaned back against the bars blowing an imaginary saxophone—still whistling—still glaring. Then he danced some more, coming over to me holding out his hands.

"Coltrane?"

He nodded his head still pretending to blow—whistling. I looked at the guy George. He was grim, and the kid with a swollen eye who sat beside George was poised in anticipation.

"Fruitcake motherfucker," George said.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," he chanted back, bending over then, clapping his hands and bringing his knees up high in a little prance—turning his ass in a final gesture.

"Come on, you guys, let's start the poker game." It was the release that was needed.

"You know, I bet they bring him in here."

"Never, they'll keep him downstairs to watch."

"Somebody get a blanket for the game."

"Goddamned sex fiend, gimme your ice cream."

"He was arraigned today. No bail."

"Come on, high card deals. Who's in?"

Everybody came to the big game. It was feature entertainment. As many as six guys pooled together to play a single hand; some ventures wiped out in a single deal, but they all stayed to watch because there was a smuggled twenty that couldn't be cashed and too many guys had a piece of it. The game was played on a blanket to preserve the worn cards which practically could be read from the back as well as the front; they were dealt fast, snatched up and then held in a peek-a-boo fashion. Five card stud was popular. Smoke hung in a yellow haze making it hard to breathe and the sweat rolled down and dripped onto the floor, stinking, fouling the air, but the time flew and there was no yakety, yakety.

"Lock up, let's go." The screw had sneaked in.

"Damn, it can't be eight o'clock already."

"What happened to the radio man?"

"You guys will learn to clean up. Now hurry up or you can sleep on that iron."

Nobody noticed him until we were passing through the cage. He stood at the main door, short, bald, with his head bent and shoulders sagging. They had taken away his clothes; he had on jail-issue coveralls that were too big and high shoes without laces. When we were in our cells, the cage was secured and he was let in, shuffling his feet to keep his shoes on. By then he was on exhibition.

"Dig my man, the tight pussy champ." The whole place cracked into laughter and it followed him down the row of cells.

"Shut up in there. Hurry up you, there's room on the end."

"The judge won't have to look out the window to read his time. It's in the book—thirty on the blue band."

He shuffled into my cell, mine and a guy named Wilson. "Step back! Watch your hands," the screw yelled from the other end. Turning around, he watched the heavy barred door with its jutting lock move with the invisible force of leverage and momentum as it slid across the doorway and slammed with such tremendous force that it seemed to shake the building—booming, thunder. My cellmate Wilson challenged me to play chess and I accepted. We sat on his bunk. Between moves, I watched the new arrival as he made up the bunk above mine. He wore the weary routine of fingerprinting and pictures, the repetitious questioning and the sleepless nights on the plants with only bologna on rye bread and black coffee to eat. Later he started smoking some rubby-dub that smelled bad so Wilson tossed him a fresh pack. Nobody said a word. He looked a little retarded standing there watching us, unaware of how out-of-place he looked. It was hard to imagine his becoming a feather in some eager assistant District Attorney's hat. The chess went bad for me; Wilson checkmated me twice and I conceded the last game.

Right after the lights went out, in those first few moments of quiet when the toilets stopped flushing, there was a feeling of security and relief. It came from the false sense of time that marks another day passed but cannot grasp the future. Then began some good times, the joking and the bullshit—the storytelling. Thinking out loud of

Ice Cream Ma



fantasy wishes, telling it all into the darkness—releasing it into the void to break the spell of some childhood fear in the silence and loneliness. But it didn't last long.

"Hey baby, look what I got for you—an ice cream cone." It came suddenly after a dull silence and took us by surprise. I knew it was George.

"Can I have it, mister?" someone answered him.

"Sure, just step in this garage you pretty little thing." The laughter came in waves through the darkness, surging up after one line and down to greet another, each time a little louder. The scene was played again and again until it had wrung dry, and a last snicker trailed off into the darkness leaving a bitter silence. It was like laughing hilariously through a whole performance which, after the curtain rang down, left a sudden silent embarrassment about what was so funny.

In the quiet afterward, I heard him crying above me softly; he was whispering something too that I couldn't understand even when I raised my head to listen. It made me afraid that he might piss the bed.

The silence hung suspended for a long time. Except for an occasional cigarette bursting against the outer bars sending out sparks in showers of orange, I would have thought everyone was asleep. Then someone up the way started coughing and spitting. A toilet flushed.

"Hey what you doin' to that kid over there George? What's his mama gonna say?"

"Shut your fucking mouth, Dodson, you punk motherfucker."

"Shee-it, look who's talkin'. Everybody got a little sissy in 'um, but when a man start fuckin' with a sissy then he's got more than most, and your ass been swishin' a lot lately, Georgie."

"You talk a whole lot of shit when these fuckin' doors are locked, but we'll see tomorrow."

"Lightning speed is all you ever gonna see, you hairy gorilla lookin' motherfucker."

"Get um Trane."

"Alright, you guys want to keep talking in there. I can turn the lights on for you."

"Go ahead."

"Someone want to go downstairs? Now shut up."

"Say you sneaky motherfucker, when your ole lady don't give you any pussy, do you take away the t.v.?"

"Okay Dodson you're on report."

"Flush it down the shitter, you jive motherfucker."

n Behind Bars



"Keep it up and we'll take you out tonight. Not another sound or the lights go on." The screw stood there for a few moments, then he walked down to the other end, brought in a chair and put on the end light in the aisle so he could read. He was still there when I fell asleep.

II

The locks springing open woke me. I was aching inside from dreaming. The screw on the morning shift began running the keys across the bars shouting, "Drop your cocks and grab your socks, it's daylight in the swamps. Bacon and eggs, let's go. Seventeen, Willy."

Bodies stumbled out blindly, moaning yawns and staggering toward the narrow slot, in fear of being too late for their oatmeal. I got there just in time. When I sat down, spoons were already scraping bottom. The little guy picked up his bowl and began slurping noisily. A fist from across the table banged hard against the bottom of the bowl sending it bouncing on the floor.

"Motherfucking pig." George said it as though spitting. Suddenly the whole place was wide awake, laughing. The oatmeal stuck in chunks on the guy's face, even on top of his bald head. He smiled too, but he was trembling as he looked around for some relief, holding back tears. His lip was bleeding. There was only savage teeth hacking and chopping from gaping jaws, laughing, as if ready to devour him. Dodson threw a towel in the little guy's face, then sat on the table right next to George. Facing him and smiling into his face, he said, "George is jealous of the pussy champ."

Just for a moment, George looked like he might have bit into some glass, but he recovered quickly. "Yeah. That's right, sure. I'm jealous of the punk." Then he laughed it off, but you could see he was hurting. He got up and together with the kid started exercising. Then looking back at Dodson and still smiling, he said, "You're not taking me down with you."

"Fuck you, Georgie, your tits ain't big enough. All that exercising just makes you sweaty and foul. It's all full of shit, too, cause you afraid to use it."

Just then the screw came back for the trays. A fat sergeant was with him. "Let's go, Dodson. You're coming out," the fat one said.

"Already locked up and they're gonna lock me up some more." He said it more to himself than to anyone. Then he got up, adjusted his pants and walked into the cage where

he started to whistle his tune, loud. When he was out in the aisle, he put a bouncing rhythm in his walk and began waving little short waves with his hands—still whistling. We could hear him whistling all the way out to the elevator.

When I got back to my cell, Wilson was sitting on the bowl, talking to the little guy, who was up on his bunk. His tone and manner were like someone scolding a small boy. "Look," he said gesturing at him with a magazine, "be cool and stay clear of that George. Eat in here if you have to. Mind what I say. This here is penitentiary row; nobody cares here cause we're all goin' to the walls. Be cool now. There's no help here, no one hardly ever around. They don't like you." He stopped abruptly like he had said too much and went back to reading the magazine.

South two is only a rest stop before the joint—a legend become truth ("any other tier brother, you got a chance, but south two, it's fuck you and good-by. They keep the murderers there.") It is common knowledge, but you can't believe it even when it happens to you, because you are too far adrift in that illusion of hope, and the reality comes only after you get to the joint and you begin to live with it. Wilson's words hit me hard. In a flash of panic, wanting to run screaming at the bars, to get on my knees, to beg and plead, to promise anything, I lay down and pulled the sheet up over my head. It left me aching with homesickness. I stayed in bed the whole morning—falling asleep while some preacher was singing hymns out in the aisle, probably on his knees.

Wilson had to shake me awake for Sunday dinner. It was hot and I was wet from sweating. I thanked him and we walked out together. The little guy had taken the warning lightly because he was already sitting at the table eating. When I sat down, I noticed grins on several faces.

"Are we holding court today, George?" someone asked. "Goddamn right." He answered and looked directly at the little guy who didn't notice and kept eating.

"Hey fucko," George raised his voice to get his attention, then, pointing at him with his spoon, told him. "Get a lawyer, your case comes up this afternoon." The laughter sounded like cheers.

"Goddamn sex fiend, gimme your ice cream."

"Please leave me alone." "Please leave me alone." George mimicked him; his lips becoming tight with anger, "you fuckin' punk," he shouted jumping up, and walking to within reach of him, slapped his face hard. "When I tell you something, you do it."

I looked around at the smirking faces, but nobody said anything. The little guy bowed his head low. George took the paper cup of ice cream back with him and put it on the tray of the kid, who was sitting beside him. The kid smiled in childlike embarrassment with his mouth full of mashed potatoes, and obviously fascinated by the bright Fourth of July design, he stacked it on top of his own cup.

"You're too much, George," one guy said. George smiled back at him, then resuming a business-like manner said, "Who's gonna be the judge?"

The little guy got up in a hurry and trotted back to his cell, laughter following him.

"What if we get busted?" someone asked. "No way, when the screw picks up the trays, we won't see him until supper."

By then I had lost my appetite and went back to my cell. Later, two guys came for him with sheets over their heads. They had torches made of tightly wrapped newspaper that were smoking more than burning. I thought I might be in a bad spot lying right underneath, but there was no struggle; he slid down and walked out quietly. There were several guys out in the walked area bent over in laughter having to hold themselves to keep from pissing. I followed them out but I felt foolish because of the way Wilson looked at me. They had to extinguish the torches in the toilet before they got to the day room, the smoke was getting so bad.

In the day room, it was all seriousness. George said,

"Shitty witty, that's thirty long, hard motherfuckin' years."

"put the prisoner over there," pointing to the end of the table against the wall. They made him straddle the table with his back against the wall, the recessed light just above his head.

"You are charged with raping a child." The old man acting as judge said in an unreal tone. He was sitting facing him a few feet back. There were five guys on each side in between on the benches acting as jury. "How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?"

The little guy said nothing and kept his head bent. His eyes were closed.

"Too bad Dodson isn't here," a guy said but he was sorry after George looked at him.

"You," George said, pointing to me, "be his lawyer and give us a plea."

I shook my head.

"Come on."

"No," I said.

Okay you will be the next case. We don't need a fuckin' plea."

He was angry, but when he began his voice was calm and the men became curiously attentive. When he wasn't gesturing, he wiped sweat from his neck and body, flicking it from his hands to the floor. It was an almost

word for word quote of the newspaper. After a while his serious tone gained the attention of the little man himself who opened his eyes. Noticing this, George's pace took on momentum that gradually became too fast. His words tangled and he repeated himself; he started interjecting curses which distracted him all the more and his language became more and more abusive. Then, lacking coherence, his mouth overflowing with saliva, George moved closer to him, intimidating him with the sheer force of outrage. Finally, his fists clenched in absolute frustration above his head as if ready to strike hammering blows, George shouted, "You did this didn't you?"

The little guy's head bowed. Tears rolled off his cheeks. "He admitted it." George said amazed.

The little guy made a move to get away, but George's forearm crashed into his throat and choked him up against the wall holding him there with his feet off the floor. It happened with such violence that judge and jury scrambled back from the table. Like he was crazed in anger, George began rocking his weight against the little guy's throat as if he was trying to kill him. Then suddenly he pulled back his left arm and hit him in the stomach releasing the pressure at his throat, but he held the collar not letting him fall. Then George started ripping the little guy's coveralls off, tearing out the metal buttons one by one. The little guy dangled like a puppet in the grasp of his sava > fists.

"We gotta spank this motherfucker." George said wildly, getting out of breath as he peeled the coverall off his shoulders. Then he threw him to the floor and stripped them off his legs taking along the shoes in the same

"Already locked up and they're gonna lock me up some more."

motion. When the little guy lay completely naked and whimpering in terror with his hands covering his face, George whipped off his own belt and turned around dripping with sweat.

"Come on, give it to him," he said, desperate for aid, holding out the belt to the kid who stood frozen in fear. Seeing the kid and the expressions on all our faces must have sobered George. He was caught in a moment of indecision. He looked down at the small helpless figure as if seeing it for the first time and was repulsed.

"What if the man comes?" Someone asked quietly. "Yeah, you're right," George said and sat down exhausted putting his hands to his forehead; then he leaned back against the table catching his breath.

"We better get him out of here." Someone else took the advantage and without hesitation four guys picked the little guy up and carried him back to his cell.

It was as though everyone went into hiding after that. They all took to the privacy of their bunks and were quiet. Not wanting to face either of my cellmates, I was left alone in the day room. I looked forward to the next day glad that it would be over for me then one way or another, and that's all I cared about. I wanted my freedom, but more than that I wanted it to be over. I wanted to begin again, anywhere, just to begin, to know my fate and be relieved of the uncertainty.

At supper everyone was still avoiding each other's gaze. It was quiet too. We expected not to see the little guy, but it was a surprise not to have George show up. Even afterward, no one was moved to start the poker game because it would have meant asking George who was holding the twenty. So it wasn't mentioned and the evening just wore away absorbing time slowly.

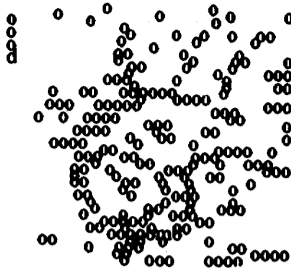
When lockup came I had to go to my cell, but by then I was relieved because I was tired and thought I could sleep, so I didn't care and it was another step closer to knowing. Wilson was lying on his bunk reading, but the little guy was up standing in the middle of the cell and smoking a cigarette. I could see he was tense and I hesitated at the door meeting his gaze, the excitement in his face. He was, pretty bruised up. His eyes were glazed and he stared at me—through me, not seeing like in a trance. I looked away to the floor and went over to my bunk and sat down. He stepped forward to the doorway then, and stood rigid facing outward. He let the cigarette tumble from his fingers to the floor and I watched it roll and stop. Time stopped.

"Step Back! Watch your hands," the screw shouted from down the way.

One split second, that's all it was. The invisible force, the door moving magically, rumbling, grating on its rollers. In the same instant his neck was against the panel where the door should lock and my eyes shifted up in time to see the jutting lock rip into his neck, the blood spurting out, red—too red—paint-like, splattering. The force turned his head sideways first, then his whole body followed twisting sideways, recoiling—jerking him out of a shoe. The other doors closed, booming thunder. This door bounced back making a clacking sound and he slid down sideways facing me. I was standing then, fear pushing downward inside me, not letting me breathe, plunging down, making me dizzy. His eyes were open and his mouth was sucking, trying to suck air; the blood gushed from the shredded puncture in his neck forming a puddle-like syrup, thick and smooth. Then Wilson was up and vomiting—missing the bowl—stumbling off balance against the wall retching while at the same time trying to wipe blood off his face. The screw ran down the aisle, took one look and said, "oh shit." Then he walked out cursing.

This essay is fiction based on a real experience.

By STEVE SIMON



Little Jimmie had been running for a week or eight days. Sunsets and dawns fell and rose as he rushed through palatial estates, corn crops, cow manure, stop signs, backyards, railway yards, crowded intersections, boutique counters and a chapel.

But aside from a jaywalking ticket, nothing stopped Little Jimmie. He was running away from something: he wasn't ready to say what it was, but he knew it was real. It made him go, and now he was gone. Gone away, forever or a year or a month.

"I'm going to eat pizza," he told himself as he swung down from the saddle. His back ached from the ride, and as he tied his horse to the lamppost, he felt his blistered fingers. Running is tough, particularly if you're new to the game, he decided. A shaggy dog walked by and stopped at the lamppost, where he lifted his leg.

Little Jimmie entered Tony's Pizzeria and ordered a slice with extra cheese and a Coke. He sat down, leafing through the morning papers. Not a word about Little Jimmie on the loose. He crossed his legs and leaned back.

"This yours? A Coke, with extra cheese," said the comely lass with the red and white checkerboard apron.

"I guess so," he replied after opening his eyes.

She watched him as he lifted it off his plate, held it in the air, and bit into it as though it were a flaming sword. He smiled up at her and she smiled back.

In four bites, he had finished and was wiping the sauce from his mouth onto his pants. "Want another?" asked the comely lass with long, shining brown hair. "You should try it with sausage."

Being on the road had made Little Jimmie hungry, and his stomach was still quavering, so he nodded. The comely lass with neatly-shaven, softly-turned legs walked over to the counter and brought back two of her favorite slices.

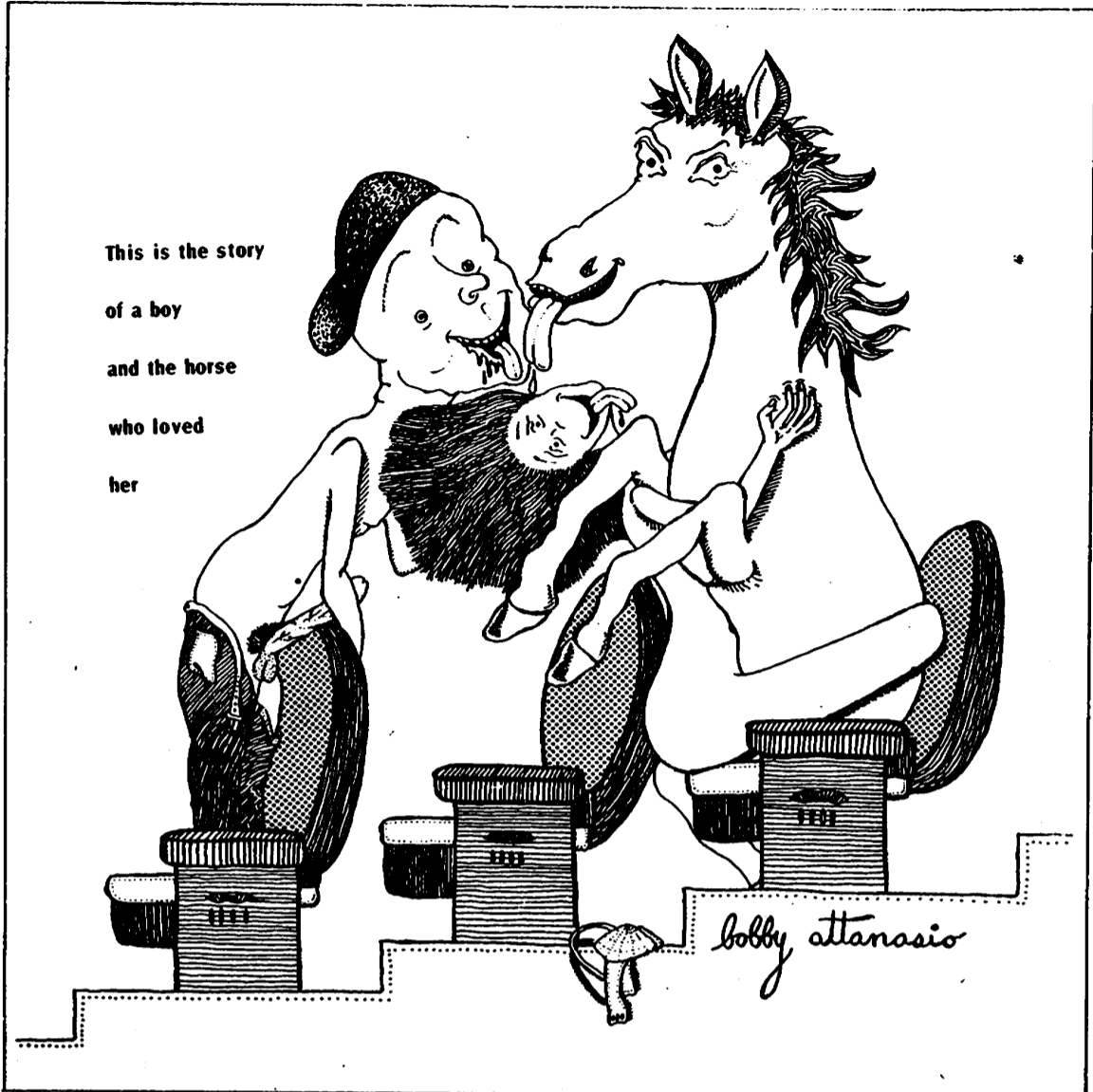
They ate together, looking each other over, liking what they saw. Nothing deep, they had just met and exchanged a few lines. They were both young, not very young but young enough. No one else was in the pizzeria. They were alone. Tony, who was sick of Italian food, went elsewhere for his lunch. The comely lass—she said her name was Elsa, but Little Jimmie didn't know for sure—was left in charge.

She turned on the jukebox and hit several buttons. Little Jimmie stretched out his arm, and she joined him. Her head rested on his shoulder as they began dancing. She led after he forgot some steps. They moved well, swaying to the rolling song.

Rolling softly off her leg, he slid to the floor beneath the floor. He looked up to see her feet dancing over him. How can I get back above the floor, a trap door, but no hinges? he realized. Surrounded by crates of mozzarella cheese, he longed for the chance to press his body against hers again. To squeeze her tightly until she gave up. To call her name as he ran towards her. To reach out and find her there. To talk to someone who understood.

Just then he ran out of thoughts. No difference: she was now by his side, breathing in his ear. He didn't ask how. He just enjoyed the feelings. They could still hear the jukebox, and back in each other's arms, they resumed dancing. He wished for better: for a ballroom with an orchestra and a voluptuous lady who would walk around selling cigarettes. But he never smoked a cigarette. He didn't need anything but Elsa, now that he had her to himself. She served all his needs, feeding him when he was hungry and comforting him when he was lost. He could live with her and never feel pain. She knew his

This is the story
of a boy
and the horse
who loved
her



moods and would obey them. She could be his friend.

The hot chocolate was ready, so they drank it together from the same cup. Their lips touched as the liquid slipped through their fingers onto the floor. The floor that was beneath the floor, where Tony came back from his liverwurst to check on the customers. He found none, not even his waitress, his only waitress, the one he hired from the streets when she was down and out and twelve. He had given her a skill and never asked for repayment, just dependability and hard work. Now she was in Little Jimmie's arms, and Tony didn't like that.

"How could you?" he demanded, swirling around to face her friend. "Where'd ya find him anyway?"

"He just walked in," she said after a brief hesitation.

"Then why don't you take him and walk out with him," Tony commanded. "I don't want to see you around here anymore."

Elsa's face blushed slightly, surprised by Tony's anger. She grabbed Little Jimmie's arm and pulled him outside, running towards his horse. He saw no



reason to resist. After all, he had been rejected enough, and if she wanted him to help salve her hurts, that was fine. Maybe he could do a better job taking care of her. He was his own master now; nobody else was around to question what he did.

Taking her foot, he lifted up to the saddle and sat down so that she could hold on to his sides. The palomino shook his head a few times, kicked up his front feet, and then took off down the main strip. "Giddy-up," Little Jimmie said. "Giddeeyap," Elsa called out, not worrying about the loss of her job. She had never lost a job before, but then again, she had never been on a horse either, and riding was more fun. With her face pressed against his back, she held on tightly and exchanged giddyups with Little Jimmie for what seemed like a whole hour.

They raced through the streets, scaring old ladies in crosswalks. Little Jimmie told them to get out of the way. He tried to warn them, as though they were Indians: he yelled about who was coming. But they wouldn't believe him either. They called him a fool and cursed at him. Elsa helped as best she could, but to her, it was a game. Finally, he gave up—if little old ladies want to behave like Indians, then he couldn't stop them. Defeated, he turned around and asked, "What do you want to do now?"

"Anything you want," she answered. "I just want to be with you, darling."

"Pass me the paper and we'll check out the movies."

"I'd sure like to see Mary Poppins."

"Sure babe, where's it playing?"

"At the drive-in on the far side of town."

It was just turning dark when they pulled up at the ticket window. Not a cloud was in sight, and both the sun and the moon were visible. It was that part of day when the two celestial bodies seem to be daring each other in some weird game. Maybe they were trying to see which one could stay up in space the longest. But if that were the case, then the sun lost all the time. And everyone knows the sun is stronger.

"What are you mumbling about?" Elsa asked.

"I was saying how much I love you," he told her.

"Do you really?"

He bought her some popcorn, and as she reached over to grab some, he stroked her ear and brought his lips down to touch her there. Gradually, he found his lips connected to hers and Julie Andrews singing "super-cali-fragilistic-expialidocious" from above as if she approved. The palomino had led them to the first row, apparently so that he wouldn't have to strain his eyes. His cream-colored tail, wagging furiously, gave the film a favorable review. Occasionally, though, he moved his head from side to side, braying to heaven.

Meanwhile, Little Jimmie, not far behind, was having trouble focusing on the screen. Elsa's right hand was massaging his inner thigh, and the fingers of her left were running through his hair. He made believe he had been ordered to stand guard

again, crouched behind a bush for hours in the freezing night while everyone else got some sleep. He began counting stars, but before he reached ten, she fell backwards, bringing him down upon her. He pulled the straps of her brassiere until they snapped. The popcorn landed on the asphalt. The tips of his fingers were magnetized, and the electric sensations her body produced made him ecstatic. His head rested on one of her breasts—he couldn't tell which one it was since they looked so much alike. His mouth tried to swallow the nipple, and his free hand moved to capture the other one. Horns blared in the background, but Little Jimmie crept forward, sure of his target. He had been waiting for this mission; he even volunteered; he wasn't going to be disappointed. Yet when he reached the area, he found the palomino's teeth in the way. He pulled back immediately. Miffed rather than distraught, he was at least pleased that his horse was enjoying Elsa. He really wanted them to like each other.

The horns continued blaring. Little Jimmie felt in flames but unable to let go. His tongue moved freely, sometimes meeting Elsa's along the way. Her hands matched his movements, and they were transported back to the balcony of the Loew's Paradise after the last feature had run its course, the house lights had been turned on, and everyone had gathered up their clothes and walked out into the cold but the couple sitting way up in the last row. An usher shined his flashlight into their eyes and pleaded with them to leave. He had a family to go home to. Neither little Jimmie nor Elsa had been to the Loew's Paradise, and they couldn't remember the incident. There wasn't much of a comparison, anyway. They were way up in the front row on a golden horse. They weren't going to be moved. They weren't even making any noise. In fact, they were distracted by the people with the horns. The theatre manager wouldn't listen. He ordered them to leave and threatened to call the police.

Little Jimmie was not about to get himself arrested. He got up, took control of his horse again, and with Elsa still hanging on, they rode over to her nearby two-room flat. He lowered himself down, and then

(Continued on page 11)

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I am a fat, 52-year-old woman, so therefore not attractive. During my annual physical the doctor did something which annoyed me very much.

There was no nurse in attendance, which to me was not normal. After taking the Pap smear he put one finger in the vagina, one in the anus and one on the clitoris, then told me to raise my hips several times. This has never been done by any other physician. Was this some technique which I have not before encountered or, as I fear, a perverted action?

B.C.B.

One of the most sensitive instruments available to a doctor is the sense of touch. By placing the forefinger in the vagina and the third finger in the rectum a physician can examine the wall of tissue separating vagina from rectum.

Through this examination procedure, he can determine the thickness of the recto-vaginal wall and whether tumors are present within the wall or the vagina and rectum. With his hand in this position, your clitoris might have been touched unless he folded his thumb into his palm. When you raised your hips your physician could feel the strength of the muscles about the vagina and anus.

There's no law specifying that a nurse must be in attendance during a pelvic exam. She's there to make his work easier and also because many ladies, like yourself, feel more relaxed if another female is present. Some women, through, are more at ease when the least number of people possible are present. When a gynecologist thinks a patient is very anxious about a pelvic he'll usually have a nurse present to guard against the possibility of unfounded claims of misconduct.

And finally, you should lose some weight if you think of yourself as fat. But your age shouldn't make you feel unattractive. If we make even a small effort, we're bound to be wiser with age. Wisdom is most attractive.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Everyone writes about preventing conception; but we never see anything about how to get pregnant. I am married and we've been trying for almost a year.

Do you have any tips on how to make conception more likely?

M.J.

Most physicians consider a couple to have an infertility problem if pregnancy does not occur after a year of normal marital relations without the use of contraceptives. But, as you point out, little information is given about increasing the chances of conception.

Assuming a 28 day menstrual cycle (the first day of bleeding is day one), the most fertile period is on or about the fourteenth day. You can buy a highly calibrated thermometer at your pharmacy which will help you determine just when ovulation occurs. The female's body temperature usually drops one or one and a half days before ovulation. One or two days after ovulation there is a temperature rise of about 0.7 degrees Fahrenheit and this temperature increase continues through the rest of the menstrual cycle. The fertile period ends three days after the rise in temperature.

Four or five days of abstinence will increase the volume of semen. Following sexual intercourse in the "missionary" or male superior position, the woman's hips should be raised by a pillow, for an hour if possible.

Some known causes of infertility in females are malnutrition, anatomical defects, hormonal imbalance, infectious diseases (such as chronic gonorrhea) or tumors.

Males account for about 40% of infertility problems. The usual cause is some deficiency in the sperm—low in number, inactive, or unusual in form. An allergic response between male and female is another cause.

Diagnosing and treating problems of infertility require expert individual advice so I would suggest you consult a gynecologist.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I've been smoking dope for about one year and have had many people tell me when you smoke you use up a lot of energy.

I think this is true because when I am low on energy and smoke some grass, I get really tired and wiped out. I don't think that it's because of the quality of the dope.

What's your side of the story?

Many people who formerly were heavy marijuana users have either given the drug up entirely or use it only now and then. They changed their habits because they didn't like the feeling of being continually wasted. Other go on periodic dope fasts for various lengths of time. Still other have used marijuana daily for years with no apparent change in their normal (or abnormal) functions.

Fatigue after using marijuana depends upon individual response as well as the quality of the grass. If marijuana wipes you out and you don't want to be wiped out—don't use it.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Your recent discussion of sneezing while having sex was a real mind-blower! I am 45 years old and have enjoyed my husband and lover for years, but never knew what I was leaving out of their menu of sensations until I read that.

You don't sneeze, of course, but just get ready to. I don't even remember seeing it in the two recent sex-guide best sellers. It's a gas! I'm everlastingly grateful.

Don't ever stop your column. The young people need you.

Happy in Suburbia

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

About 30 years ago my husband developed enlarged testicles. Thinking it was caused by my buying him tight jockey shorts or being kicked by our daughter in play, I thought nothing of it. But now he insists that it was caused by a venereal disease and I gave it to him!

I am heartsick. The doctor who treated him is dead, so I have no way of finding out if he did tell my husband that. We are in our 60's now and he is an alcoholic, caused, he says, by me. He called the disease "blue balls."

What is it? Any information you can give would be appreciated.

H.B.

ANSWER: Venereal diseases are transmitted by sexual contact with but few exceptions. One of the exceptions would be syphilis passed from one person to another when they share hypodermic needles or syringes.

But "blue balls" refers to painful engorgement of the testicles caused by sexual stimulation for several hours without release. I've never heard the term used in connection with a venereal disease.

I can't say for sure, but your husband's accusation may be the result of his drug problem.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Last weekend some friends and myself went camping near Yosemite. All of us drank water from a river there and after returning home, became sick for two or three days.

As soon as the sickness went away, we broke out into what looks like warts, mosquito bites or blisters. There are patches of this on my face, arms and back. Was it pollution in the water we drank that is causing this?

Will it go away by itself or should I see my doctor?

ANSWER: I can't diagnose your skin problem (or any other medical condition) by letter so I suggest you do see your doctor. My first thought was poison oak but I know that was just a subjective reaction (scratch, scratch).

Campers should boil water taken from streams or rivers for 20 minutes unless they are absolutely sure there's no chance the water is polluted. Boiling the water kills bacteria, but of course, does not protect against chemical pollution.

From the Loma Linda University School of Public Health, advice when garbage disposal is a problem: "We recommend burying it in your own garden," says Karl C. Fischer, assistant professor of environmental health. "Just dig a long trench, about

18 inches deep, dump in the garbage and cover it up immediately with the dirt you dug to make the trench. Eventually, when that ditch is full, you plant garden over it and dig another."

"In two years' time, the buried garbage will be all rotted out. The tin cans, rusted out, will add iron to the soil. You do this instead of composting, and it will be the richest garden around."

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I'm writing about *Effects of Marijuana on Adolescents and Young Adults*, which was published in the April 19, 1971 issue of the *A.M.A. Journal*. After reading it over a few times, I found that it was hardly worth the paper it was printed on.

The authors singled out 38 marijuana smoking psychiatric patients and attempted to prove that their problems were the result of using marijuana. If the research was to be truly scientific, the authors would have gotten rid of all but one variable — the use of marijuana. This report appeared to be like the faulty information of the '30s which promoted the enactment of the severely harsh marijuana laws.

Am I right? S.P., Humboldt State College
ANSWER: Articles about drugs in the *Journal of the A.M.A.* often seem to reflect official A.M.A. policies rather than scientific knowledge. One pharmacologist who agreed with your interpretation of "Effects of Marijuana on Adolescents and Young Adults" thought the authors would be jailed!

Psychiatrists tend to forget that the drug users they see are not representative of the general population. Even though this study violated scientific principles, the *A.M.A. News* ran a banner headline on its front page giving the impression new marijuana dangers have been uncovered. A more accurate conclusion from the article's data might have been that psychiatric patients may turn to marijuana hoping to solve their problems. Too bad so many trees were sacrificed to print misleading noninformation.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I am a 13 year old chick, who 4 days ago, lost my virginity. The dude I balled and I were very drunk and I didn't come. He seemed to come very well though. What could have caused this?

This guy had had a lot of chicks. I have been assured by 2 of this dude's close friends and one of his old girlfriends that he doesn't have clap, and I believe them. Do you think I should get a VD test?

S.W.

ANSWER: You seem to understand that the more sexual contacts a person has, the greater the chance of getting a venereal disease. But your friend doesn't necessarily have gonorrhea or syphilis. If he knew he had a venereal disease and cared about you he would let you know right away.

You didn't say whether or not he had used a contraceptive. Planned Parenthood has classes and clinics which could be very helpful.

Guys usually don't have trouble reaching an orgasm even when they're with a girl for the first time — but it's more difficult for girls.



Why Bother?

(LNS)—According to U.S. Department of Labor statistics every 8 minutes one person will be killed on the job, 148 workers will be seriously disabled, and 500 workers will be hurt.

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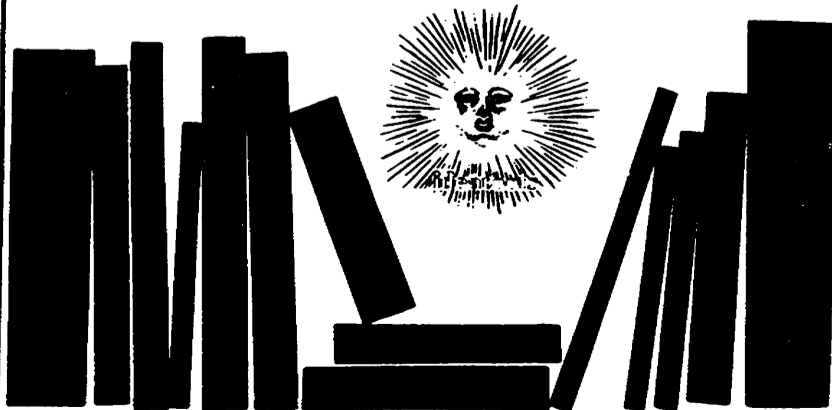
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THE Little **CARNEGIE**

Boy and His Horse

(Continued from page 8)

helped Elsa, carrying her through the door. She made him a dinner of veal parmigiana and spaghetti, and they drank from the jug of wine he brought along, just enough to make them feel warm inside. They watched a television movie, stayed awake through the news, and then went to sleep. They talked about religion. "Do you believe in God?" she asked.

"I'm not sure if I believe in myself," he replied.

"I have to tell you this," she began slowly, "before we get involved with each other any further: I have leukemia. I could die in my sleep."

Little Jimmie wasn't smiling. He looked into her plaintive eyes, gathered her in his arms, and made love to her. He was feeling good about some things, bad about others, looking for directions, wondering about distractions, hoping for deliverance.

Outside, the palomino was wishing he had a two-room flat of his own. He was thirsty and couldn't find any water. A squad of cavalymen, looking haggard from a long trip, was riding into town at a gallop. The palomino recognized the lead horse and winked at her. In a few minutes, the two of them were kicking dirt at each other. The cavalry captain offered the palomino a cube of sugar and casually asked: "Say, bud, do you know where your

damn boy is?" The palomino held out for a full canteen, and when he got it, motioned to the second floor.

Two men went around the back, two went up the front stairs with the captain, and the sixth stayed with the horses. Jimmie was roused from his sleep as he heard boots hitting the steps. He knew the sound well and in his gut, knew that he had to run again. He gave Elsa a quick kiss, threw on his clothes, and was climbing out the window as the captain reached the door: "Are you in there, you coward? We've caught up with you." He knocked the door open with a few swift hard kicks. Elsa awoke and screamed. Jimmie jumped for his palomino, who bucked and broke away. Jimmie ran after him, trying to catch up. He couldn't make it; the horse was leaving him; Elsa was still screaming. The captain's voice was clear: "Either you stop or I'll bring you back dead." He heard the warning shot, and then the second one which rammed through his spine and dropped him in the road. He didn't have time to think about it. The blood streamed out his body, through the tracks in the sand, and over pebbles, forming one large puddle in the gutter.

The light changed to green, and the people stepped over the puddle and walked around the body. Jimmie stayed in the streets for a long time. Nobody buries a deserter.

Complaints Mounting; Space is Tight Here

(Continued from page 1)

cellor Albert Bowker had characterized the cuts as "educationally destructive and even catastrophic" to the extent that the opening of fall term would have to be pushed back by two months. There was also widespread fear that the cuts would force CUNY to begin charging tuition.

While the university did reduce expenses in a number of areas and abort some programs, the full freshman class of 40,000 was admitted and a number of new programs introduced. The SEEK program, with an enrollment of 7,900 students, has been expanded, as well as the College Discovery program in the community colleges.

A new independent study program which will lead to a CUNY B.A. degree is underway, with a starting enrollment of 50 students who can combine work and travel opportunities with formal course offerings as part of their degree requirement. The program is headed by a five-member faculty committee, and the students design their schedules according to individual needs. They can pick up as many as 30 credits in non-class activities.

At the College, a Center for Urban and Environmental Studies, a Planning



President Marshall

Program for Humanistic Studies, a master's program in creative writing, and four new ethnic studies departments were created.

In addition, upperclassmen and graduate students will tutor freshmen enrolled in an innovative first-year chemistry course to make college-level work more comprehensible to underprepared students.

The College will be operating on a budget of \$44,096,000, as compared with last year's \$43.5 million.

Name one thing that hasn't gone up since 1950.

1.

Try. Try hard.

The only thing we can think of is what we make. The Swingline "Tot 50" Stapler. 98¢ in 1950. 98¢ in 1971.

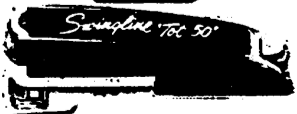
And it still comes with 1000 free staples and a handy carrying pouch. It staples, tacks and mends. It's unconditionally guaranteed. It's one of the world's smallest staplers.

And it's the world's biggest seller. Could be that's why it hasn't gone up in price in 21 years.

If you're interested in something a little bigger, our Cub Desk Stapler and Cub Hand Stapler are only \$1.98. Both Tot and Cub Staplers are available at Stationery, Variety and College Books'ores.

The Swingline "Tot 50" 98¢ in 1950. 98¢ in 1971.

If you can name something else that hasn't gone up in price since 1950, let us know. We'll send you a free Tot Stapler with 1000 staples and a vinyl pouch. Enclose 25¢ to cover postage and handling.



Swingline

Dept. F
32-00 St. John Ave., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101

Teacher's Union Plans to Sue for Wages

The United Federation of College Teachers is planning to initiate court action demanding that teachers at the City University be exempt from the wage and price freeze currently in effect.

15,000 faculty members at the University have been denied an annual wage increment which was supposed to go into effect September 1. In addition, a set of wage increases, scheduled for October 1, has also been frozen by President Nixon's action of August 15.

The union is presently engaged in a series of lobbying actions in Congress. The group is also planning a public demonstration in the event of failure of the lobbying. However, the possibility of a mass job action has not been mentioned as yet.

Dr. Israel Kugler, president of National UFCT stated, "The wage and price freeze is an outrageous act of discrimination against teachers. The faculty at the City University is carrying a ten percent increase in work load this year. Yet, wages have remained

the same for the past year."

Kugler envisions the wage freeze as a direct threat to the open admissions policy at the university. "Our predictions with regard to Open Admissions have unfortunately come true. The budget of the City University is \$100 million less than expected. In addition, we're faced with 5,000 new students, and it's just impossible to accommodate that number with the present inadequate conditions."

Kugler recommended that the excess number of students be

transferred to private colleges in order to relieve the pressure of space at the university.

Aaron Alexander of the Legislative Conference of the City University believes that there is hope that teachers will be entitled to their September 1 raises. "According to law, if any instructors received their increases prior to July 1, the wage freeze does not apply to that specific contract. We are aware of the fact that some faculty members did indeed receive these increases at that time."

All men who would like to apply for student deferments may make their request by reporting to Bowker Lounge, in Shepard Hall, as follows:

Last Name:	Date:	Time:
A-F	Wednesday, September 22	9-5
G-K	Thursday, September 23	9-5
L-R	Monday, September 27	9-5
S-Z	Tuesday, September 28	9-5

If you cannot attend on your assigned date, you may apply on any of the above dates after 5 PM, in Bowker Lounge.

EVENING DIVISION STUDENTS may apply on any of the above dates between 5 and 9 PM.

If you have any questions, you may contact me at extension 2425 or 2427, or in the Office of the Dean of Students, Shepard Hall, Room 100.

Frederick J. Kogut
Selective Service Advisor

Gifford Quits Provost Post

Bernard Gifford has decided not to accept the position of Assistant Provost for Community Affairs, which he was to have assumed this fall. The former president of FIGHT, a community action group in Rochester, has chosen instead to accept a fellowship at the Kennedy Institute for Politics at Harvard University.

"I had a feeling this guy was undecided about the position," commented presidential assistant Ted Brown. "The fellowship at Harvard is an assignment of prestige and authority he would not have found at the College."

Nevertheless, Gifford's refusal to take the post marks the second time the College has found someone for the job who later changed his mind. In 1967, Mrs. Walter Washington accepted the post, only to decline after her husband was named mayor of Washington, D.C.

According to an informed source, the post has been offered to another candidate, who is now weighing the offer, by the student-faculty search committee that selected Gifford.

A free pregnancy test with a same day result is now available without an appointment at Eastern Women's Center, 14 E. 60th St., 9 AM to 5 PM, 7 days a week. The center is an abortion agency. Call 332-0033

We cannot allow the president to be deceived, however much he has tried to do, by allowing him to believe that our support is a quiescent endorsement of his policy of murder. The violence of a free society is not sanctioned by the sounds of silence.

Small Objects to Ophornication

by Arthur Wolbert

There's too much fustling around in the Observations Post office according to Student Senate President James Small. Last Friday Small, on the OP floor, under the aegis of their floor, so Small, Dandridge and Secretary Albert Dandridge and asked him on 11:30 p.m. March 5, 1971, the student body received a telephone call from Mr. James Small... stating that two people were engaged in sexual intercourse in the Observations Post office. Dandridge, Secretary of the Student Senate, said that he and Dandridge, who was there in 1969 at \$12,250 a year to protect students at the college from heinous crimes, quickly went into the Observations Post office...

We seem to have forgotten what freedom is. To be free is to think and act, freely, unimpeded, as you please.

by Vivian Chen

What do you call a woman with a doctorate? A broad. The concept of "broadness" is a form of racism. In the eyes of the media and the general public, a woman with a doctorate is a broad. The concept of "broadness" is a form of racism. In the eyes of the media and the general public, a woman with a doctorate is a broad. The concept of "broadness" is a form of racism. In the eyes of the media and the general public, a woman with a doctorate is a broad.

PREQUARTT Need Help?

I want you to listen carefully. I'm just say I know, and you want to know about it from anyone else I know. You want to know about it from anyone else I know. You want to know about it from anyone else I know. You want to know about it from anyone else I know.

When they slaughtered our brothers and sisters at Kent State and Jackson, we brought you the shock and disbelief felt by us all, a touch of blood stained upon our consciences, our own bodies.

The Only Risk Is Being Touched

by David Schwartz

Mr. Small who stated that a male and female had been having sexual intercourse in the OP office under a table and that passerby could observe same which prompted him to call security. We then went to the OP office where I observed approximately 13 males and females. He added, "I recognized Mr. Peter Crad, the editor, Mr. B. Pustulak and Mr. S. Simon. I don't understand how he recognized me," Steve Simon, former editor of Observations Post, quipped, "I wasn't wearing anything."

Student Senate Votes ROTC Off Campus

by David Schwartz

The Student Senate has voted to move ROTC off campus. The Student Senate has voted to move ROTC off campus. The Student Senate has voted to move ROTC off campus. The Student Senate has voted to move ROTC off campus.

Sexism... Where It's At

by David Schwartz

College has become a surreal labyrinth, just like going home early. Bumping and bumping, bumping bumping, bumping bumping. College has become a surreal labyrinth, just like going home early. Bumping and bumping, bumping bumping, bumping bumping.

Surfrage

by David Schwartz

"Tell the students at the College that school is bullshit and they all know. School is bullshit and they all know. School is bullshit and they all know. School is bullshit and they all know."

The dream is over

by David Schwartz

The dream is over. The dream is over. The dream is over. The dream is over. The dream is over.

Observation Post

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There is no other choice?

ATTICA, N.Y. (LNS)—They compared it to Vietnam. A medic who served in Vietnam stood in his blood-stained white coat, nervously twisting an empty gauze package. He called it a "war zone." A black woman reporter compared it to shooting fish in a barrel. William Kunstler compared it to My Lai. Thursday, Sept. 9, over half of Attica Prison's 2,237 prisoners rioted and took over four of the prison's five cell blocks. After five days of negotiations, over 1,300 state troopers from 14 counties, National Guardsmen and sheriff's deputies, armed with CS and pepper gas, machine guns, 12-gauge shotguns, sniper scopes, submachine guns, and new AR-15 Army rifles (currently being used in Vietnam), attacked at 9:46 a.m. Monday, Sept. 13. When the dense smoke and gas cleared and the "pacification" was almost complete, 28 prisoners were wounded, and eight were missing. The medic said that many of the wounded were expected to die. A black inmate, Martin Sostre, who has been in jail since 1967 on charges of dealing heroin, is listed among the missing. Sostre was framed after his supposed involvement in a Buffalo ghetto riot; six months ago, the prosecution witness repudiated his testimony, proving the conviction false, but Sostre has not been freed yet. Attica is a town of 2,875 inhabitants, about 30 miles from Buffalo. The prison employs 533 people—one-half of Attica's work force. It is a company town, only the "company" is Attica Prison—an imposing grey fortress with 30-foot high thick walls. Every person in the town is in some way related to someone who works in the prison. The mayor works as a guard. All the guards and administrators who work in Attica are white. Eighty-five per cent of the prison population is black or Puerto Rican. It is a maximum-security prison. "I've been in prisons all over the state. There's no place like Attica: you have to be there to believe it," said one former prisoner who got out two weeks before the rebellion. The guards have three-foot long oak clubs—which they call "niggersticks"—with which they beat prisoners. During the occupation, screams from beatings could be heard coming from the one unilluminated cell block of the prison. There is no verbal communication at Attica—guards bang a cell door with the club and the prisoner is expected to get up and move. "Men are thrown into solitary confinement—called the box—for 60, 90 days—whatever the guards want," remarked the former inmate. Medical care is terrible or non-existent. One inmate didn't have an examination for (Continued on page 3)