



observation post

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Faculty Senate Rejects Plan For Student Vote On Hiring

The lines were drawn tighter this week in the debate over whether students can vote on the hiring and firing of faculty.

The Faculty Senate voted as expected Tuesday, in a special session, not to place students on the vital departmental appointments committees. Instead, the Senate suggested that a committee of five students advise the appointments committees on the teaching effectiveness of faculty who are being considered for reappointment or promotion.

The individual departments would decide the election procedure and the eligibility of the committee's members—who might not necessarily be undergraduate majors but who would be responsible for conducting student evaluations of faculty.

In effect, the College-wide faculty group rejected the more liberal Policy Council proposal which suggests that two students be made full voting members of the appointments committees,



Bernard Bellush

which now each have five faculty members.

The question of student votes in faculty appointments decisions will come to a head in a mail referendum on the College's governance system that will probably be held in late November. The Faculty Senate has scheduled another special session to discuss whether junior faculty should also gain seats on these committees.

The Student Senate and Graduate Student Council could conceivably also offer alternatives to the present governance plan. Before the final plan is forwarded to the Board of Higher Education for approval, President Robert Marshak will have to decide the major issues in case the different constituencies vote for conflicting plans.

In another attempt to assert power, the Faculty Senate endorsed an alternative to the governance plan that would change the membership of the Policy Council steering committee. The high-ranking Council—which consists of important administration officials, the dean of each school, representatives of the Faculty and Student Senates, and alumni—regularly advises the

president on major College matters.

The proposed change would remove one of the two deans on the committee, the power to vote from the remaining dean, and add one more faculty member to the two who are already members. Three student representatives are also on the steering committee.

The proposed change in the composition of the steering committee was prompted by faculty concern for the increased role that Policy Council has been playing in presidential decisions and apparently by the Council's narrow passage of the liberalized governance plan last Spring, in particular. The move, if successful, would give the faculty increased control over the workings of the Policy Council. In addition, the faculty wants votes by the administrators, faculty, and students at Council meetings to be tabulated separately.

Professor Bernard Bellush (History) commented, "Presi-

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Two Advisors Are Named To Help Addicts

By STEVE SIMON

The College next week will begin an out-reach program to handle the problems of student drug users.

The program was first proposed by the Student-Faculty Commission on Drug Abuse eight months ago to provide referral, follow-up and counseling services on the campus. The city has agreed to give the College \$50,000 to fund a drug education and counseling program after originally rejecting the budget request.

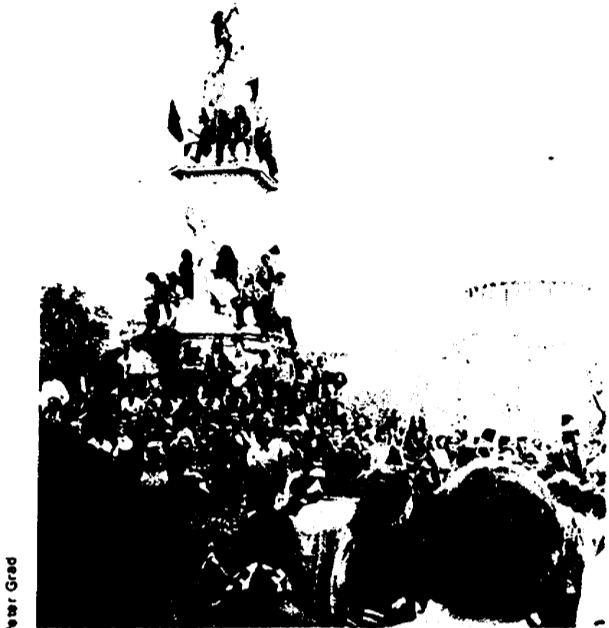
The effort will finally get off the ground next Wednesday as two streetworkers from East Harlem—one of whom is a former drug addict—set up an office in Finley Center. They were chosen from among eight candidates interviewed by the Student Personnel Services department.

The counselors would actively seek out student addicts as well as wait for them to come for help. Except in instances in which actual drugs are shown to the counselors, they are bound to keep what they are told in the strictest confidence.

When treatment is indicated or requested by the student, he will be referred to an off-campus detoxification center.

But the College still has not secured guarantees from local hospitals or drug treatment clinics that would give immediate care to students from the

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Peter Grad

We're going back to D.C. The campaign this fall is to "Evict Nixon" from the White House. No more speeches, no more bullshit. People's Grand Juries and week-long non-violent protests will be staged beginning tomorrow, October 23. Rennie Davis, one of the Chicago 8 Conspirators and a coordinator of the upcoming protests, explained the goals for the Evict Nixon campaign. See P. 2, "Evict Nixon"

Election Extended An Extra Day

By JEFF JACOBS

Irregularities which have plagued the Student Senate elections have forced the invalidation of several thousand ballots.

The election has been extended to 2 PM today, and results will be tabulated later in the day. The turnout so far appears to be quite small, somewhere around 500.

When ballots were mailed to students, two names were omitted from the Social Science ballot—Kenneth Winikoff, an Observation Post editor, and Howard Zuses, a history major. Both are running for positions as Student Senator.

Winikoff filed a formal complaint with the elections committee who then decided that a

new ballot for Social Science students will be held next week by mail or in school. Associate Dean of Students Edmond Sarfaty, who is a member of the elections committee, commented: "There was a list of candidates who were running for Social Science Senators and when the ballots were printed, the names that were to continue in the second column were omitted."

The new ballot will affected an estimated 3600 students, including 1,763 students who are undecided in their field of major interest. Social Science students who changed their ballots to Humanities will be able to vote on the Social Science ballot in the new election. Sarfaty said that the "voting would rely on the

integrity of the students to vote only once." According to Sarfaty, this election has been a "clean election" so far.

A conflict arose over which school Zuses should run in. The College Bulletin lists history under the humanities section. However, Sarfaty explained that different schools have different ways of dividing the disciplines. Therefore, Zuses could be considered as either a humanities or social sciences candidate. The question has not yet been settled but if a decision is made to switch Zuses candidacy over to the humanities slate, that that school's elections would be forced to be rerun also.

Other errors included the

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Police Agent Tells Macabre Plots

LOS ANGELES—Louis Tackwood, a top undercover agent for the Los Angeles Police Department (LAPD) for almost ten years, has charged that there is a police and federal conspiracy in illegally surveilling, provoking, infiltrating and entrapping radical groups. The plan also includes a macabre plot to disrupt the 1971 Republican National Convention in San Diego, Calif.

The "San Diego Project" entails the planting and detonation of bombs in the Sports Arena during the convention in conjunction with an agent provoked riot outside, to create a state of national emergency so mass arrests and detention of political activists can take place throughout the country.

Tackwood outlined the plan at a press conference last Friday at radio station KPFK in Los Angeles. The story originally appeared in "the OB Peoples Rag," a San Diego underground paper and was released nationally by Alternative Features Service of Berkeley.

Tackwood claims his activities from 1962 included infiltration of the Black Muslims and Black Panthers, and the fabrication of testimony for the FBI which resulted in the conviction of at least two individuals.

According to Tackwood, the San Diego Project was begun six months ago when a group of "high ranking police officers came up with a plan that would be the final solution to all militant problems in America." Police squads would trigger explosives inside the San Diego Sports Arena during the convention while agents outside

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observation post

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Evict Nixon

How do we relate to an election that will engage the vast majority of the people in this country in a process that has consistently proven its bankruptcy? How do we relate to the popular opposition for Richard Nixon, the individual, when we know that individual personalities and changes in Administration do not alter the fact that it is a system that must be transformed? The past five Presidents have employed American technology to wage war against non-white people in Asia, whatever the "mandates" they got from the voter.

We make the following assumptions:

- (1) the value of defeating Richard Nixon cannot be underestimated; and it is the people Nixon has attempted to intimidate, malign, brutalize and repress that should lead the campaign for his eviction.
- (2) that the most effective way to convince the next President to get out of Vietnam is not to work actively for the Democratic choice, but to create a climate in the United States that drives Richard Nixon from political power as Johnson was forced out in 1968;
- (3) that the Evict Nixon campaign must be grounded in a solid political analysis of power in this country and that the local organizing that is done from now until San Diego must help people to understand that the problems of this society run much deeper than the particular personality of Richard Nixon.

On October 22, A historic People's Grand Jury will be convened in Washington, D.C. At a time when grand juries are meeting in Washington, Detroit, New York, Seattle and other cities to repress opposition to the government, a People's Grand Jury will begin its investigation of the government of the United States. Jurors will be welfare mothers, ex-prisoners, students, blacks, Chicanos, factory workers, government employees and Vietnam veterans. They will proceed on the authority of the Constitution itself, particularly the 9th amendment which recognizes the ultimate sovereignty of the people against the government. They will call witnesses who can lay the factual basis for deception and criminal activity as it has operated in high places of power.

The first session—from October 22 to October 25—will help give definition to the idea of a People's Grand Jury and work out the direction and procedures for an objective and thorough investigation, capable of producing a report that names names both of individuals and corporations whose power over people's lives should be taken away. Probably no indictment would come from the People's Grand Jury until the first state political primary.

At noon on October 25, thousands of people will gather at Sylvan Theater on the Washington Monument grounds for an address that no large American audience has ever experienced—a direct conversation with the principal Vietnamese representatives to the Paris Peace Conference. A transcontinental phone, connected to enormous loud speakers, will bring into earshot of the White House an explanation of what the seven point peace program will mean concretely to the American and Vietnamese people—a way to bring home POWs, an immediate cease fire, a phased U.S. withdrawal and the organization of genuinely democratic elections in South Vietnam.

On behalf of millions of Americans who accept these terms, we will declare this October 25 PEOPLE'S ARMISTICE DAY and declare that we are at peace with the people of Vietnam. Then, to dramatize what is required to end the war, we will march in candle light procession to the White House to escort Nixon to the phone to answer the call and to set the date for the withdrawal of all U.S. forces from IndoChina.

On Tuesday, October 26, we plan a demonstration that will serve as an international call for worldwide demonstrations at the time of the San Diego Republican National Convention. We will arrive at the White House at 7:30 a.m., marching from churches and universities throughout the city towards Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the Executive Mansion.

We will serve an eviction notice on Richard Nixon and, if permits for our service should be denied, we will engage in massive non-violent civil disobedience. Our first action is to serve notice that we are going to organize in thousands of communities an opposition that cannot be ignored or denied and that will make a powerful presence throughout the election period wherever Nixon travels.

Finally, we will use this national action as a mechanism for our own participation in the planning and developing of Phase II of this election year strategy. Our hope is that with each new stage more and more people can become involved in the decisions that will give direction to the campaign. On Tuesday night and Wednesday, we will continue the workshops of the weekend that will bring the perspectives of many communities into a process that will build from where we are towards what we want to become.

To the editor

The plea for overall amnesty for draft resisters printed in the October 15 OP provided quite a refreshing contrast as a piece of journalism to the rest of your paper which more or less rates the same as the National Enquirer, the NE, on the applause meter.

I was quite pleased with that letter because I am a draft resister, and for those who don't know, a draft resister is someone who chooses his wars and doesn't allow a death-infested government or a warm but fascist public opinion sway him.

Let me say briefly that my future looks quite dim. My draft status is 4-F, and I received it on honest psychological grounds. Honest. Now, I have grown up a bit and my adolescent "condition" has disappeared. Do not think for a minute that I'm about to write a letter to my draft board and tell them this "new and important evidence in the case."

There are jobs I am not qualified for on account of the 4-F, like CIA and FBI positions. Teaching in the city schools is questionable, although I am taking the necessary education curriculum and hacking it out because I'm psychologically unfit to kill people, let alone kill innocent people if your bent on the Vietnam War is a moral one—which means that I couldn't possibly be responsible enough to drive a cab and up my chances of getting mugged.

It must sound funny to read all this, but it's not that funny and besides it's true. This is precisely why I am so glad that that plea for amnesty ap-

peared in the paper. It sheds light on a very important feature of the anti-war movement, namely, not fighting in a war you don't care for or believe in or feel up to because you're only 18 and you are not all that crazy-sure about fighting and dying for a freedom the government says we're all fighting and dying for.

The real fight for freedom in America starts after every demonstration. What do you do when the speeches are over? No one knows how to cure America, and fewer people can actually say what's wrong with manifest destiny. I'm writing this note to tell you I've got problems living here and if you check out your backyard a little, you'd find something to alienate you, too, from the mainstream of current terrors called life in the 70's.

I'd really like to sign my name to this, but I put a few things in our FBI campus representative might want to check up on for the records. I've got no message, anyway, except go out and find your own message and remember these slogans us draft resisters mumble to each other all day long:

HIRE THE TRAITOR; GIRLS CAN'T RESIST THE RESISTOR; SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE COWARDS; WEST MORELAND'S A FAG; I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A DRILL SERGEANT; BE A MAN, SEE A WOMAN; MORE WAR TOYS; THE COFFIN OF MY CHOICE: I'VE GOT A REASON FOR HIGH TREASON; I KNOW I'M RIGHT.

Dr. Hippocrates

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

In a recent column you recommended the book, *The Sensuous Woman*. I cannot understand why you would endorse a book which advises women to be subservient and dishonest in their sex life.

L.F.

I recommended *The Sensuous Woman* to a 33 year old virgin female about to be married. It seems to me this book contains valuable information even though it's presented in a way many including me find insulting.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

My Ob-Gyn doctor told me when I was pregnant that fleas love pregnant women. I can believe it since during both of my pregnancies I have been bothered by fleas.

Maybe the girl in Berkeley bothered by fleas is pregnant!

T.L.C.

Fleas have definite preferences when selecting people as sources of food. Probably the reason they like you more when you're pregnant is due to changes in your body chemistry. Pregnant ladies often seem to glow and I guess they taste better too.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

In regards to your statement about J.I. Rodale and his death on the *Dick Cavett Show* at the age of 72, Rodale came from a line of men, all meat-eaters and sugar-munchers, who died off in their early 50's. By altering his diet from that of his ancestors, he lived 20 years longer than any of his recent forbears.

Should one give up and give in if one's parents died early? Perhaps there's more to proper diet than your have credited.

J.U.G.

I've stated many times that a sound diet is extremely important in both preventing and treating disease as well as maintaining optimum health. But no one has ever proven to my satisfaction that any

particular diet is superior, e.g. vegetarian vs. omnivorous.

J.I. Rodale was a pioneer in pointing out the importance of a nutritious diet but we'll never know whether or not he added any years to his lifespan. We do know he lived no longer than the average American.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Many of us have entered macrobiotics after various drug experiences and have learned that a more FLEXIBLE approach is best, due to the damaged conditions of our body. The present day menu includes: whole grains and vegetables (principal foods), beans, sea vegetables, nuts and seeds, fruit and some animal foods. Generally avoided are meat, sugar, chemicals and drugs.

R.L.E.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

A recent newspaper article quotes Billy Graham as saying:

"Promiscuous sex ... is one of the greatest causes of cancer of the cervix in women. . . ." Is there any truth in that or is it just so much Graham-covered bullshit?

D.C.

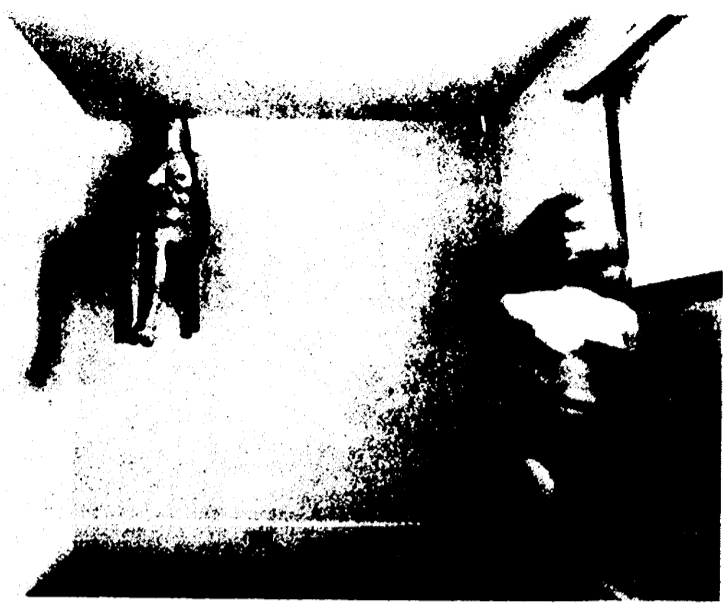
A medical study has found cancer of the cervix in women with varied sexual partners. The cause is unknown—more frequent sexual intercourse or the women studied being somehow different from those in the general population are two possibilities. But Rev. Graham distorts reality by saying promiscuity is one of the "greatest" causes of cancer of the cervix.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Has a survey of any kind ever been conducted on the places women most like to have kissed?

P.C.

Dunno. Maybe readers can send suggestions. My research assistant though says "it's wonderful everywhere so long as it's warm and sincere."



Lee Ie Krime

Gross Tells Faculty: Give Students Vote

What follows are excerpts from a speech delivered by Professor Theodore Gross (Chmn., English) to the Faculty Senate Tuesday on the subject of students as members of the powerful departmental appointments committees:

When I first became a member of the Appointments Committee six years ago, I never questioned the assumptions that were made at that time: the great need for secrecy and the absolute criteria of excellence in teaching, scholarship, and service to the college community. Certainly I never questioned the opinion that a student should be excluded from the Appointments Committee. Anyone who made the suggestion that a student serve as a voting member of an Appointments Committee was, in those days, a wild-eyed radical—an irresponsible, unreasonable, immature man who did not respect his own profession, to say nothing of his junior colleagues. It did bother me a little that some of the finest teachers in my department, who weren't wild-eyed at all, supported this view, and it also bothered me that, in my experience, students were generally judicious, even quite conservative and generous in their evaluation of teachers.

But I never questioned the established attitudes, which seemed to me very sensible. After a while, I knew all the attitudes by heart: How could a student help to appoint new personnel or measure scholarship that had taken years for the candidate to acquire? Surely no scholar would write honest and open letters of recommendation if he felt that the letters were to be read by a student—even a sensible student. How could a twenty-year old, who had not even begun his professional training, evaluate a non-tenured instructor with a Ph.D.? Wasn't the candidate a professional, comparable to any young doctor or lawyer? Wasn't there something demeaning about having the student sit in judgment of his own in-



structor and decide upon his fate?

I was a little bothered when I remembered that I had felt, as so many of my colleagues felt and still do feel, that I would rather have been judged by any sensible student who saw me every day in class than by an elder who saw me once a semester in a very artificial ceremony called an observation or, to use the more mystical term, a visitation. . . . And lastly I was troubled when I remembered that we were not wholly confident of the maturity and objectivity of all the elders on the Appointments Committee. But, as I say, I never really questioned the validity of excluding a student as a voting member of the Appointments Committee. To put a student on the committee was to open the floodgates, to be permissive, to demean the profession, to lose one's self-respect.

When I became chairman one and a half years ago, I still did not question this assumption; indeed, when this governance report was proposed last spring, I agreed

with most of you that the phrase which permitted two students to serve, as voting members on the Appointments Committee, should be struck from the report; but I had already begun to question my assumptions, and this summer, when I wasn't worrying about staffing all those new sections of English composition, I decided to explore the question as openly as possible, to ask myself as honestly as I could: What is there to fear? I ask you only to do the same: to entertain this question for a few moments as I try to suggest why the standard assumptions that we all have made against a student's representation on an Appointments Committee are not convincing and why, in fact, they are marked by an unnecessary conservatism.

First of all, many of you have argued that a student would not be qualified to appoint new faculty. He would not have the professional expertise, the argument runs, nor would he know enough about the applicant's field to question him intelligently. I would agree, as I think a sensible student might agree, that the student would be at a disadvantage. But, of course, I too am at a disadvantage when an applicant is in a field I do not know well, I too must see if an applicant can handle questions generally.

I have become more and more convinced—as I'm sure we all have—that I must measure the man outside the limitations of his dissertation and his special field of interest because I know that he will be teaching general and quite elementary subjects. Indeed he had better be able to impress all of us, faculty and students alike, with his effectiveness as an adaptable teacher or he won't be successful at this college where 60-70% of the students enrolled in courses—in the English department at least—are in engaged in introductory work. Besides, initial appointments are the least controversial of all these questions, if we remember our own experiences.

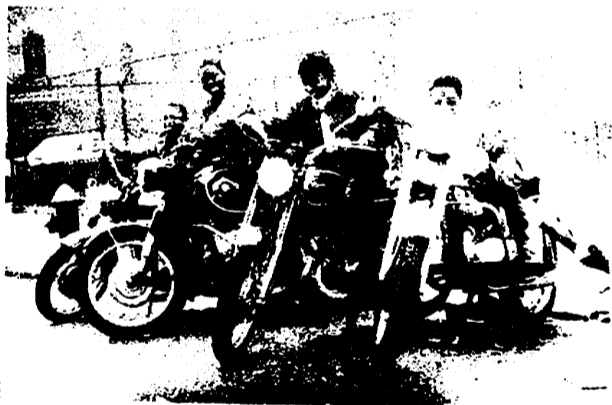
The most radical and the most conser-

vative members of the Appointments Committees in the English department—who, at times, have been almost thirty years apart in age—have rarely disagreed on excellence or the lack of it in a candidate. And each person has been humble enough—as I believe a sensible student would be—to defer to the other's knowledge of a particular subject.

When we wanted to secure a linguist and felt professionally unqualified to interview him, we asked for help from a linguist outside the department—in this case the Dean of Liberal Arts and Sciences. What we would gain by having a student present at the time of hiring would be another perspective—a most significant perspective, it seems to me, when you consider that the applicant will be facing approximately 100 students if he is hired. I would find the presence of a sensible student refreshing. He would be one of six people in a room, offering a vital and interesting perspective. What is there to fear? . . .

The one area in which most of us find it easiest to agree is teaching effectiveness. Surely the sensible student can help us considerably in evaluating the teacher—surely any excellent teacher is always aware of the student's reaction and invites his response. . . . If we consider student opinion so important that it should influence our decision on appointment and non-appointment, then we ought to formalize it, codify it, give it meaning and dignity and openness. Representation without a vote is no real representation at all. To ask a student to advise without having a vote is to withhold a final trust in his judgment—to say that we respect his judgment but are unwilling to demonstrate our respect in the most modest, conservative fashion. One vote out of six—such a modest step to take. What is there to fear?

Bikes Are For People



Faculty Senate Rejects Plan

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dents may come and presidents may go, students may come and students may go, but one of the most important parts of the College community are the devoted, conscientious members of the faculty."

Support for placing students on appointments committees came from a sizable portion of the Senate, although the proposal was defeated, 27-14. Debate was long and heated, and one of the high points of the exchange was a plea by Professor Arthur Bier-

man (Humanistics Studies) that the entire faculty be organized to oppose a student role in appointments decisions.

Professor Theodore Gross (Chmn., English), in a prepared speech, offered a compromise in which only one student would be added to appointments committees.

"I would rather have been judged by any sensible student who saw me every day in class than by an elder who saw me once a semester in a very artificial ceremony called an observation, or to use the more mystic

term, a visitation," Gross told his colleagues.

Opposed to the idea was Professor Robert Stein (Elect. Eng.), who said, "This may be a

For speech by Gross, see above.

little exaggerated, but what I understood him (Gross) to say was that if you take a little bit of poison, even one part out of seven, it won't hurt you and it may even you some good."

"I feel this is my, our, job and not the job of students," he added.

Faculty opponents of the student vote repeatedly said that students were incapable of judging a professor's scholarship and his contribution to departmental committees, which they said was just as important as teaching effectiveness.

The Faculty Senate decision apparently will cause a serious division in the outcome of the governance referendum by lessening the chance that faculty will support the more liberal Policy Council plan. With students probably voting to give themselves seats on the powerful appointments committees, Marshak will have to choose sides in the end. But this week he said that he was maintaining "an attitude of positive neutrality and I will maintain that attitude until I see how the voting goes." However he did say that the Faculty Senate action was "a little motion but not as much" as he said the BHE favors. He said he will encourage negotiations between faculty and student representatives to settle the question before the referendum.

Undercover Agent Reveals Macabre Plots

(Continued from page 1)

provoked a confrontation between police and demonstrators creating a riot situation.

This would set up a perfect media situation with the explosions and riots followed by "the President coming on the air and declaring a state of national emergency," Tackwood said. Within 48 hours they (police and federal agents) would have everybody in jail." Tackwood also claimed there are concentration camps already activated for just such an occurrence.

He named Daniel Mahony of the Criminal Conspiracy Section (CCS) of the LAPD, and Edward Birch, of the FBI, as directors of the squad.

Several months ago, Tackwood became disillusioned with his role as provocateur and sought out LA activists Robert Duggan and Marilyn Katuz of the Citizens Research and Investigating Committee (CRIC) with the idea of publishing his experiences in a book. Since July of this year, Tackwood, Duggan and Katuz have been meeting covertly and working on the manuscript. Tackwood's superiors thought he was spying on the two radicals.

Tackwood's activities for law enforcement agencies are similar to those of Thomas Tongyai, better known as "Tommy the Traveler," who toured New York State college campuses advocating the use of violence. Tommy encouraged students to kill police, to make bombs, to explode buildings and offered assistance in obtaining explosives. The students who exposed him as an agent provocateur in June of 1970 are now being prosecuted in the courts, while Tommy has been given a

job with a Pennsylvania police department on the recommendation of the FBI.

Tackwood alleged that the campus murder of two Black Panthers at UCLA was carried out "on the order of the LAPD." In another incident, he said the FBI and the LAPD Tactical Squad made him swear in court that two men, Penlin and Jenkins, were planning to rob and kill a truck driver in a holdup for some television sets. He said the two never planned to kill the driver. They were convicted of conspiracy to commit murder anyway, he said.

In 1970 and 1971, Tackwood was assigned to the Angela Davis-Soledad Brothers Defense Committee. While there he is said to have planted electronic listening devices, stolen files and cooperated in the suppression of evidence which would acquit Angela.

Tackwood said he helped the LAPD try to substantiate conspiracy charges against Angela Davis, currently a prisoner on trial. He alleged that LAPD Criminal Investigation & Intelligence Unit has suppressed important evidence in her case, specifically some ballistic reports.

Tackwood also alleges that the LAPD or Criminal Conspiracy Section (CCS) engineered the attempted jail-break of George Jackson from San Quentin Prison. Tackwood claimed the organizations said, "He'll never come to trial."

When asked at the press conference how he was paid, Tackwood said he received an expense account, "a pretty nice one." His pay ranged from \$100 to walk into an office and say "hello," and up to \$5,000 for other activities.

College Press Service



Melvin's Momma and The Band

Melvin loved the Band. He followed them all through the local college circuit. At the Felt Forum or in the Park, you'd find Melvin; dancing in the aisles and screaming for "King Harvest." Everyone would yell at him to sit down and shut up. He even learned how to play "Chest Fever" on his sister's electric organ. She would chase him out of her room, whenever she'd catch him playing with her organ.

So when the Band's latest album, *Cahoots*, was released, Melvin was the first one in town to have a copy. He ran home, shut his door, and put the record on the turntable. Suddenly, Melvin's mother came into the room.

"Melvin, take that damn headset off and clean up your room or I'll tell your father," she screamed. Melvin was petrified of his father, whom he had never seen, so he quickly forgot about the Band and proceeded to clean up his room.

Just then, Melvin's sister, Alacia, came into the room. "Oh, you got the new Band album?" she asked, and without waiting for a reply, continued, "Sharon's brother has a copy. He doesn't like it." She left the room. The damage had been done; the die had been cast. Not only did someone actually have a copy of the album before Melvin did, but to add insult to injury, that person didn't even like

the record.

Suddenly, a thought occurred to Melvin: "What if I don't like the album either?" The possibility of crushing disaster seemed all too imminent. Melvin quickly put the record back in the jacket and placed it in the midst of his mother's collection of Andy Williams records.

Melvin forgot all about Cahoots and quickly developed an interest in Medieval art. However, he never forgot Big Pink or the second album or Stage Fright. The Band was still the best.

One day, while examining a book of plates from the thirteenth century, Melvin felt a strange compulsion to go into his mother's record collection. He was kneeling down, ready to pursue his quest, when Mother entered the room.

"What are you doing in my records? I don't go in your records! Wait till I tell your father," she bellowed.

Melvin ran back into his room and played his Band bootleg album.

The moral of this story is: don't be dissuaded by what anyone tells you. If you love the Band, you'll probably like *Cahoots*. On the other hand, there's a good chance that you'll be disappointed, as this reviewer was. Whatever the case may be, make sure your mother has a stack of Andy Williams records.

—Kenneth Winkoff

A Hardcore Beach Boys Fan

There are a few good bands that have survived past the Rock and Roll era (past Sgt. Pepper?), and are still with us. The Stones. The Beatles (well, in spirit, anyway). The Beach Boys.

The Beach Boys. Any group that can do "Johnny B. Goode" and "California Girls," "Surf's Up" and "Disney Girls," on the same set, in 1971 America, must have something going for them. Chuck Berry's done his job well.

How many groups today are really producing music? No, I don't mean noise that jars your body with a throbbing beat so you can't stand still. That may be good, but I'm talking about a relatively different musical niche: the music that you perceive primarily with your ears. It does still exist, you know. After all, even Grand Funk had to have their roots somewhere.

Yes, I believe that the Beach Boys produce that good, old fashioned auditory canal music: I also believe that they are one of the *greatest* producers of contemporary (to play safe) music around. You don't think so? Want proof? Listen to them.

Listen to their melodies. Old and new material. Can you really walk away from listening to "I Get Around" without inadvertently humming the tune? Or can you really deny that the melody and the lyrics of "Take A Load Off Your Feet" aren't perfectly fitted together? Brian Wilson is one of the great geniuses of melody. Just look at what he's written. Or better yet, listen to it.

Listen to their voices. Did you know that the Beach Boys have musical voices! They really can carry a tune! When they sing, they use harmony, background and other hideous trivialities! Sometimes, they even hit high notes with their voices!

Listen to the lyrics. (Okay, "Surf's Up" haters—get ready). Their old stuff—well, you know. But their "new" material shows what an incredibly diverse group they can

be lyrically. They can sing simple rock 'n roll lyrics, of course. But they can also turn out complex lyrics. And there's even a surprise for the intellectually elite who care to delve into some of their more obscure lyrics. You see, unlike most less-than-obvious lyrics in Rock today, if you dig deep enough, you will find that they make sense. They really do. Yes, even "Surf's Up" says something if you use your mind to understand it.

Still not impressed? I guess if you really aren't by now, you're probably a lost cause. But I'll try one more time.

"Surf's Up." The new Beach Boys album. Four years in the making, so they say. But what a result. The Beach Boys come out, proving themselves with flying colors.

About one half of the album is filled with relatively simple, nice, easy-going songs about water pollution, trees, and a riots-may-be-hazardous-to-your-health song. Nice music. Something you would expect from a great rock 'n roll band that is living in 1971, and realizes it. What more can be said? No, they're not tremendous, exciting, innovative songs. And what's more, they don't claim to be. It's music.

But then there is the rest of the album. "Long Promised Road." "Feel Flows." "Disney Girls (1967)." "Surf's Up." Four songs. Four poems. They have lyrics that say something, that have meaning to the artists that wrote them—they express a mood, a realization, a life. I'm sorry if they're not groovy drug lyrics, or everyone and/or thing is beautiful and/or ugly songs. They're something special. They have brought back something that has been missing from rock for too long now—it's called honesty.

It's this honesty that the Beach Boys have given us in all their music—from "Surfin', USA" to "Surf's Up," that gives the Beach Boys the throne they deserve as one of the greats of rock music. And this honesty they give comes in one form. Good music. Just plain old good music.

—Herb Fox

The Cat is Back

When Cat Stevens came upon the musical scene several years ago, he was a clean cut lad, wearing ruffled shirts. He looked somewhat like Oliver does today. But Cat's music still had a particular sound. Unfortunately most of the tunes were too polished and sounded as if they came from a Broadway show. However, "Matthew and Son" still remains one of his classics from that era.

There was a two year lapse in time in which he was not present in the musical world. Then Cat came back with "Lady D'Arbanville," a single. This was followed by an album, *Mona Bone Jakon*. Though uneven in musical quality, a new Cat Stevens emerged. With less musical back up, and greater maturity in voice and song, Cat showed great promise. Especially since he did away with the Oliver image. But it wasn't until *Tea For The Tillerman* came out that he delivered what was expected of him. The album consists of eleven songs, all of which are excellent. He delivers some very fine lyrics. They are written in child-like simplicity, and yet they deal with the haunting problems of man. On "Where Do The Children Play?," he looks at the question of progress and what value it has if it is decaying the quality of life.

Well I think it's fine building Jumbo planes,
or taking a ride on a cosmic train, switch on
summer with a slot machine, yes get what you
want to, if you want, 'cause you can get anything.

I know we've come a long way, we're changing day to day.

but tell me, where do the children play?

His ballads of "Sad Lisa" and "Into White" are sad and beautiful. "Father and Son" tells of a father's concern for his son, a concern which overrides whatever the son might consider best for his own life. When Cat sings the father's lines, one can sense an aging voice always looking for a more secure type of life, whereas when singing the son's lines, despair and frustration are felt within the son's voice. The music for "On The Road To Find Out" couples

—Arthur Diamond

OPOP

with the lyrics perfectly. For the lyrics tell of a youth traveling trying to find "the answer." The quick pace of the song designates the travelling rhythm. When he finally finds "the answer," the music generates a certain excitement as if "the answer" was really found.

His latest album, *Teaser and the Firecat*, is another excellent album. Though the lyrics aren't up to the quality of *Tea for the Tillerman*, the music is. "The Wind," "How Can I Tell You," and "Morning Has Broken" are all fine ballads. Rapid strums on his guitar cause an off beat sensation bringing an exciting atmosphere in "Changes



IV." On his previous album the solo violin in "Sad Lisa" created a Russian mood. On this album we have "Tuesday's Dead" which is calypso flavored, and "Rubylove" which is Greek flavored. The latter song has a couple of bouzoukias in it, along with a Greek verse. It's certainly a change of pace from so much of the music today. On this album is his current single "Peace Train," destined to become one of the big hits of this year. One can almost hear in the music the chugs of the train coming up the tracks towards the awaiting crowds. It's a clean, crisp, refreshing song. One can only thank God that Cat never traveled the city subways.

His last three albums were produced by Paul Samwell-Smith who was a former Yardbird. Accompanying Cat are Harvey Burns, on drums, and Alun Davies, on guitar, both of whom formerly belonged to Sweet Thursday, a group centered around Nicky Hopkins. Also on the album is Gerry Conway, former member of Ejection and Fotheringay, two British groups which never made it. The cover art on all three of his last albums was done by Cat. It well represents his music, simplistic and yet very, very beautiful.

FILMS: 'Murmur of the Heart' ...

One way to resolve an Oedipus complex might be to ball your mother. Millions of people throughout history must have thought so, and director Louis Malle must think so, too. Anyway, that's what the 15-year-old hero of his latest film, *Le Souffle au Coeur* (*Murmur of the Heart*), ultimately does. The idea is, I suppose, a shocking one, but the film isn't at all.

On the contrary, it is the application of nearly every Freudian principle, photographed in living color; stills from this movie could easily be inserted into any psycho-analytic textbook. Nevertheless, what emerges from Malle's portrait of a maturing adolescent is a flesh and blood, living creature. It can only be seen as a victory for Freud in that the application of his laws to human behavior results in the creation of real people, not stereotyped emotions.

The idea of bisexual love behind *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*—another current film which deals less successfully with sexual deviation—is an equally shocking one to some people. Yet, the scene early in the movie where the doctor embraces his male lover comes across as naturally as a mother kissing her son. Likewise, the scene in *Le Souffle* in which the child makes love to his mother appears as though two lovers were lost in their lovemaking, and nothing more.

Significantly, neither of these scenes represent any sort of climax in the lives of the characters. By the time Laurent, played by Benoit Serreux, actually gets around to sleeping with his mother, played by Lea Massari, she has long since fallen from her pedestal and cracked into a thousand pieces in his eyes. Lovemaking is the last step in the long process of destruction of her image. Only the pretenses of what had once been a deep mother-son relationship infused with love remain.

As he matures and begins to see his mother as simply a human being, he becomes capable of giving and receiving a new mature kind of love while at the same time renouncing his earlier worshipful view of her.

The power of this child's love is shattering. At the beginning he is very much involved in the world around him, in opposing the Indochina war in which France was then embroiled. Soon the world fades and he is lost in his own world. The child is dying of a physical and emotional broken heart, and the adult that has been struggling to escape is liberated.

Sunday is about the IDEA of bisexual love and *Le Souffle* is about human beings—that is the difference. Therein lies the reason why *Sunday* failed and *Le Souffle* succeeded for me. *Sunday* captures the triangle situation rather like a photograph—with great sensitivity, suggestiveness, delicacy, and restraint but with little profundity, little sense of the passion involved; that is, as

static, which is very much as human life must appear to an outsider. *Le Souffle*, on the other hand, is rather like a painting—with colors and shades and life and opinions and the feeling that below the apparent static, volcanoes were erupting, people were living and progressing and changing and dying.

Laurent's mother tells him at the end of the scene in which they make love that she will always remember it as a rare, tender moment of giving that will never occur again. That is how I too will remember the scene, how I will in fact remember my own loss of innocence and introduction into a world which otherwise seemed not to care whether I lived or died. To watch his childish, dependent kind of love develop into the same kind of open mixture of love and freedom so evident in his mother's approach to the world, is to watch a boy become a man.

The difference between man and boy, however, lies not in the world each inhabits, which is the same, but rather in the vision each brings to that world. The child brings little to the world—he is merely its helpless victim; the adult makes or breaks his own world, and it lies at his mercy. It is for the man to do what the boy cannot—accept full responsibility for being the kind of person he is.

Both movies share an apparent conviction that human desires—any human desires or lusts, even the most sacrilegious—are not to be repressed or denied but rather explored and developed and fulfilled. To be forced to accept the existence of such inner forces is a bitter pill to swallow; to accept them, however, is to recognize that in these drives lie the only power and strength sufficient to help man achieve the freedom that is rightfully his. To deny them is to remain a caged animal.

An inner force with which I must often contend is that of repulsion: repulsion, for example, to the idea of homosexual love being on a parity with heterosexual love, as it is in *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*, or revulsion against the thought of mother and son as lovers. Experience has taught me that these feelings of aversion will arise as a disguised attraction for a threatening idea to which I am overly vulnerable. *Sunday* did not repulse though the idea behind it does—it was easy to accept in its casual matter-of-factness. On the other hand a mother and son . . . that cannot be accepted with so little struggle—perhaps in all its implications it can never be fully accepted.

But *Le Souffle* forces you to accept its existence, and further to accept the necessity of its existence. Little more can be asked from any film than to put before your eyes what has always been behind them, to bring to consciousness what has heretofore been unconscious. *Sunday* gave me intellectual awareness, *Le Souffle* gave me spontaneous emotional understanding.

But isn't that what you meant by therapy, Dr. Freud?
—Steve Marcus



Rory Gallagher

It may be inconsequential to call a guitarist outstanding these days, since good guitarists are a dime a dozen, but Rory Gallagher IS outstanding. His new album, *Rory Gallagher*, is all the proof that you need. Its dynamicism and style rank it with the best that has come out in a while.

Gallagher was a member of the three man British group, Taste, for two years. They had a large following back home, and two fairly successful albums. To the dismay of many, they broke up to form separate bands. An English only "Live Taste" was released shortly after which showed the hysteria of their concerts on stage and off. Now Rory is out on his own, playing basically the same kind of music and drawing tremendous crowds in Europe. Yet here, he is practically unknown.

Most of the songs on the album have a flowing feel to them, like jazz, with soaring solos like they were off Fresh Cream.

With a bassist and a drummer, and only occasional help from Vincent Crane of Aomtic Rooster on piano, he has a cohesive group that really shines on each of the ten original cuts, especially "Laundromat" and "Can't Believe It's True." On the latter cut, he has seven minutes to demonstrate guitar techniques building up to a part where he hits a string with his nail, which never fails to give you the chills.

Gallagher claims that the time is now to create new classics. "Hoochie Coochie Man" and "Got My Mojo Workin'" have been overplayed, and groups that are still playing them are not contributing anything," he says.

"Sinner Boy" is the closest thing on the album to what he talks about. He sets the scene of the song in the slow blues introduction, and from there it takes off. No "psychedelic lyrics" as he calls them, and no fuzz or wah-wah gadgets on the guitar. You might even call it the electronic age's natural evolution of Howlin Wolf and Muddy Waters.

Now on an American tour, he played on the bottom of the bill at Town Hall last Monday to an audience of about 300, mostly friends of Buddy Miles, and in the 35 minutes allotted to him, put on a staggering display.

—Barry Taylor

... and 'Last Picture Show'

1951. Picture Anarene, a Texas hamlet. A rundown pool hall, a cafe, and an obsolete movie theatre. Wind, dust, a burnt out Texaco station, a mute twelve year old boy. Until now a place that found its little drama restricted to Saturday night at Sam the Lion's Royal Theater. Either on the screen or in the last row caressing shoulders and fondling fully clothed breasts, gentle reality was at a maximum. A steady girl, the picture show on the weekend, football in the football season, and basketball right after. That was it . . . at least until television supplanted the picture show and brought about the demise of serenity and the need for security.

Innocent Sonny Crawford (Timothy Bottoms) drives football coach Popper's lonely wife home from the doctor's office one day. "It's better than Civics Class," he dimly quips as Ruth Popper weeps into her hands. Impulse upon impulse. A confrontation at a boring party.

They become involved in a lopsided romantic relationship that manages to balance itself only after some harsh blows to Sonny's youthful Anarene innocence.

Pain. The unexpected death of Sam the Lion, one of the few remaining vestiges of the local tradition. More pain . . . SHOCK! Billy, an innocent, mute boy, is run over by a truck. Strength. Sonny reaches out for the coach's 40-year-old wife.

While Sonny is deciding how to best work out the problem of surviving new tensions, other citizens of Anarene have similar difficulties. Jacy Farrow, a curious and beautiful high school girl is in need of a suitable suitor. Her mother Lois, a restless forty year old who married early and matured late, advises Jacy to find a man more suitable than "sexy" Duane. Lois is in the habit of receiving male visitors while her tired husband is out minding the oil wells. But she did marry "rich."

Duane (Jeff Bridges, son of actor Lloyd) is Sonny's best high school buddy. He is also the film's most hostile force and desperately tries to keep Jacy in love with him. When he finds out that Sonny had been dating Jacy, Duane, virility marred, smashes a beer bottle on friend Sonny's face. A new outlet must be found. Jacy is out, the U.S. Army is in. After a year Duane is off to Korea. "What else is there?" he says.

Director Peter Bogdanovich has fused the diverse and virtually unknown acting abilities of an entire cast into a solid work of cinema called "The Last Picture Show." Successfully, raising questions about post "picture show" Anarene, Bogdanovich is somewhat amused by small town America in the Fifties. Nostalgic sketches of drive-in-burger-culture are utterly historical when they are not hilarious. They definitely work as the film's forte.

Jimmy Sue, fix me up a whoppa' with onions and a shake, will ya? . . . WOW! Looka' that Jimmy Sue walk. I bet she go down for a buck if you ask her real nice . . . checker socked ankles sticking out of a '42 Chevy pick-up . . . Whatta' we doin' tonight fella's? . . .

The future is where inept Anarene finds itself lost. Movie watching, rapping about getting laid, and high school are dead. Complexities lead to needs; compelling, sophisticated needs. Anarene? We have all spent time in Anarene.
—Bruce Berman

Cafe Finley To Open

Cafe Finley will open a curtailed fall season next Friday night, with guitarist John McLaughlin and his wife performing a set of acoustic devotional music at 9 PM.

McLaughlin started in the early sixties with the Graham Bond Organization along with Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker. After the demise of that group, and when Cream turned sour, he got together with Bruce again, and formed a jazz band called Lifetime with Tony Williams and Larry Young.

Lifetime split up after only half a year, but he did record a solo album, "Devotion" with Buddy Miles on drums and Young on organ.

His latest band, the Mahavishnu Orchestra, has received acclaim after shows at the Gaslight II and the Beacon Theatre. Tickets for Cafe Finley shows are one dollar and are available in Room 152 Finley.

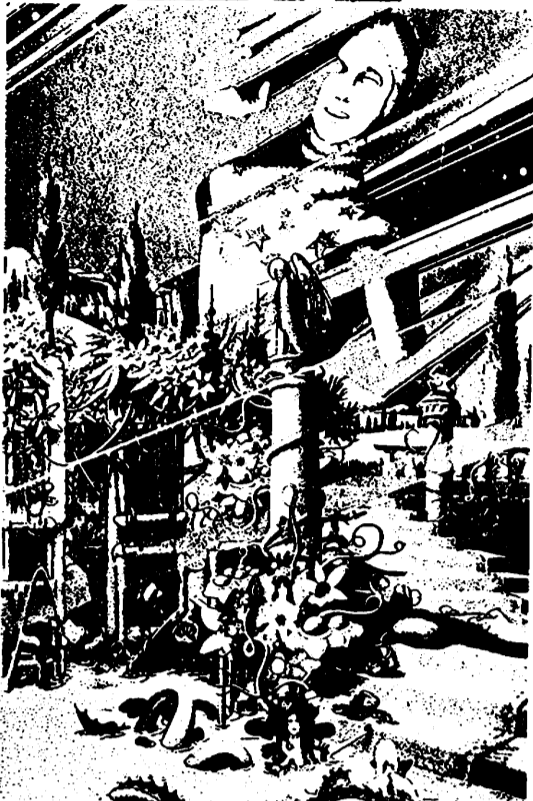
Jimi Hendrix

Jimi Hendrix's soundtrack to "Rainbow Bridge," a movie which he appears in, has finally been released. It is a potpourri of cuts recorded from 1968 with the Experience to 1970 post Buddy Miles-Billy Cox on bass, and Mitch Mitchell on drums.

Side one opens with "Dolly Dagger," the most commercial track on the album though it sounds empty in parts (maybe he intended to add another guitar part). The side goes through a couple of mediocre tunes, and ends with another version of the Star Spangled Banner. The credit says Jimi Hendrix-guitars, but it sounds like he also used a synthesizer or some magic with the walls of Electric Ladyland to hold it together. It is not as brutal sounding as the Woodstock version, maybe because it was a serious attempt. At Woodstock, it was more of a parody of the song.

On side two is where we find the really good stuff, starting with "Look Over Yonder." It has the Experience behind him, and sounds like an extra track from the Electric Ladyland album. Then there is "Hear My Train A Comin'" from the May, 1970 Berkeley Concert. It exhibits some of his finest playing on record. For 11 minutes, it is his best attempt at a pure blues since "Red House"—just some relaxed playing with plenty of technique to keep it from getting boring. The album ends with "Hey Baby" which is disturbing because it sounds like "Hey Joe" being played wrong. After things even out, it becomes a slow tempo song under some fancy guitar licks that push it along for a quick six minutes. —Barry Taylor

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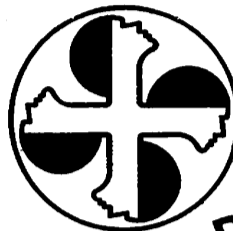
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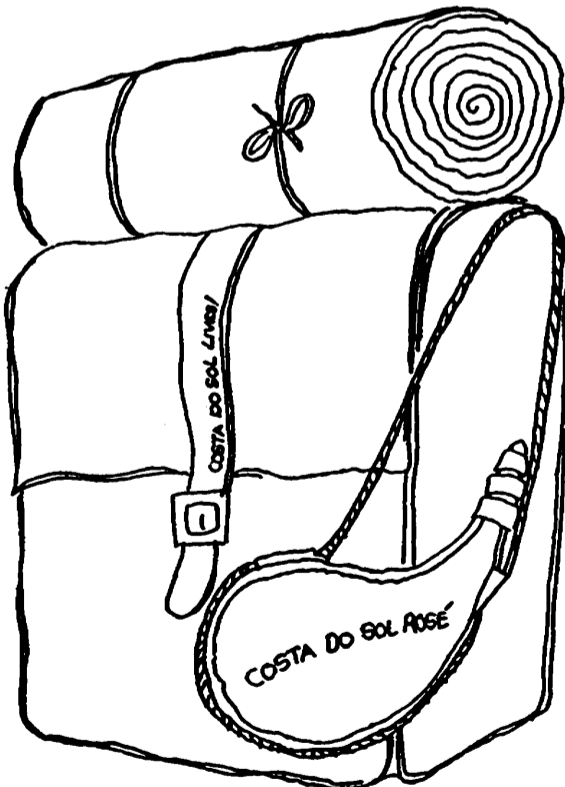
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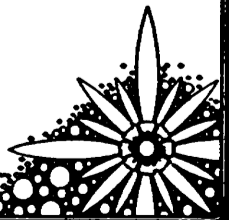
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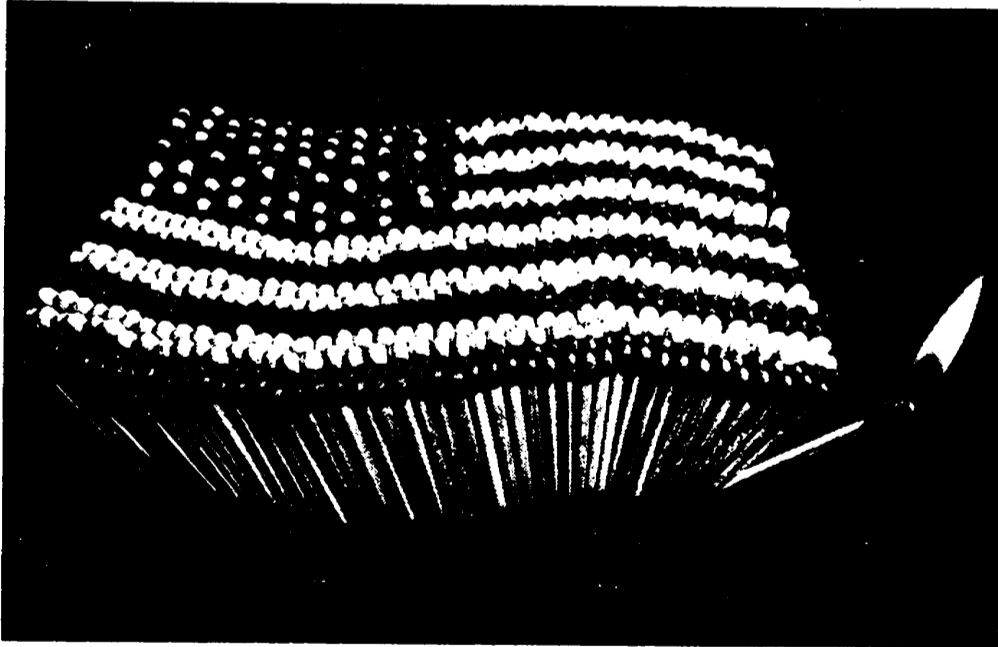


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Addicts...

(Continued from page 1)
 College.

Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer said last week that the College now has "a weak link" to some hospitals, presumably Mount Sinai and Knickerbocker. He said that if someone was in "a severe condition" a place would be found in one of several detoxification units in various city hospitals.

Knickerbocker Hospital, across from Mott Hall on Convent Avenue and 131st Street, is in the process of setting up a 50-bed unit which should be available to the College, particularly since President Robert Marshak has just been named to its board of directors.

Dean Sohmer said that open use of drugs on the campus appears to have decreased dramatically in the first few weeks of the fall term. "The indoor problem is not as big," he said. Two heroin pushers and a third person with five large bags of marijuana, all non-students, have been seized by the Wackenbut guards and turned over to the police since the spring term ended.

Election...

(Continued from page 1)
 misspellings of several candidates' names such as "Webberman" for Ed Webberman and "Gad" instead of Peter Grad. However, Dean Sarfaty indicated that no changes could be made at this time to rectify these errors.

Louis Lumenick, a candidate for Senate President, mentioned that he had four people registered on his own slate, running against each other for a position on the Board of Advisors. Lumenick claims that he had asked Assistant Professor Harry Meisel how many seats were available for this position. Meisel responded by saying that he was not certain. After Lumenick had placed four candidates on his ballot, it was discovered that only two seats were available.

At a press conference Wednesday, President Robert Marshak said, "If a devastatingly small number of ballots are turned in, then I will reconsider the validity of the election." He said jokingly that he would accept a turnout of 7.835 per cent to validate the election. The Board of Higher Education requires a 30 per cent turnout for validity.

A consensus of students at the College said that they would not vote in this year's Senate elections, basically because they did not know who the candidates were. "If more publicity were given to the election in way of debates or posters with platforms, then possibly I would vote," said Lili Wilenski.

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OP-October 22, 1971-7

Woman Guilty of manslaughter after Abortion

By JANE DORLESTER

Florida. It's where your grandparents go to relax and to relieve themselves from the pains of arthritis.

It's where you spend your Easter vacation as you flee the dirt and the cold of the city's streets to borrow a week's worth of warmth from a year round summer climate.

And it's also the state where 23 year old Shirley Wheeler became the first woman in the English-speaking world to be tried and convicted on charges of manslaughter for having an abortion.

Ms. Wheeler, sentenced to a two-year probation period last July 13, had no other choice. Abortions are illegal in Florida and she did not have enough money to come to New York to obtain a legal abortion. Even counseling services for abortions are outlawed under the state's century-old laws.

"I'm not the criminal—the state is" Ms. Wheeler maintained. She said she was outraged that at 23 she was still being treated like a child by the state. After sentencing, she was told to make a choice between marrying the man she was living with or staying with relatives in North Carolina. But neither alternative was acceptable. She doesn't believe in marriage nor does she get along well with her relatives.

The judge told her "the next time you go to bed with a man, you'd better make sure you have a marriage license hanging over it."

It was important for her to have the abortion. She was unable to obtain one while she was in high school after having been raped. Wheeler, who had a history of rheumatic fever, had become critically ill following her delivery and was told that future pregnancies would seriously endanger her health, and possibly kill her. Speaking at a special press conference,



Lee Gidding, a member of the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws, explained the plight of Ms. Wheeler, who was forced to seek an operation in the "abortion underground where women have been exploited, demeaned, maimed and killed."

Following her operation she experienced severe bleeding at which point she contacted her doctor. He advised her to go to a hospital where he removed the still-born fetus. Hospital informers reported the abortion to authorities and a warrant for manslaughter charges was issued against Ms. Wheeler.

She was told that charges would be dropped if she would reveal the doctor who performed the original abortion. But she was unable to, having been blindfolded during the operation.

The manslaughter charge was added to the original illegal abortion charge after it was "determined" that the fetus was quick (one which had begun to move). However, Wheeler testified she had never felt any fetus movements. But the jury, despite Wheeler's claims, chose to believe the male doctors and a verdict of guilty was handed down.

"This is why it concerns all women," said Nancy Stearns, abortion rights attorney.

"This case has become a tragically real illustration of the suffering that American women have faced and will face as long as women are unjustly treated as criminals when they seek to exercise their right to abortion in the face of archaic legal restrictions."

Women Activists from New York agree with Stearns and will join a nation-wide march on Washington D.C. On November 20, women will demand a repeal of all anti-abortion laws, and protest all forced sterilization and contraception laws.

... 'Hey are you a girl or a guy?'

By RICA SHAPIRO

I just don't understand. All these years you think you know a person, and then this. And I never even had the slightest idea, not even a hint. Jesus Christ! My best friend! Boy, this'll spread like wild fire, and people being the way they are, she'll probably get hell. And I was her best friend for so many years. Oh my god, what if they think I'm that way too. My reputation, they wouldn't possibly believe that I... they know me... yeah, just like I thought I knew her. She did sound alright though, not like some lunatic I mean, oh I don't even know what I mean.

She even planned what she was going to say: "It's hard for me to try and explain my true inner feelings, the feelings I've been taught to deny or totally ignore the reality of. How can I convey the simple joy that I feel in having these constant revelations about myself and the world around me. It's a whole new awareness, a new kind of perception that I'm now experiencing. And I love every minute of it."

Janet once told me in her honest tone of voice that she had to see a psychiatrist because she thought she was queer. She said she still wonders but it's nothing to seriously worry about. The problem, said the doctor, "is that you've never been properly fucked, my dear." "Golly gee, doc, I've never even seen a boy, except for my fetal pig in Bio I," lil' Janet said innocently. I'd like to see her get raped by the pig.

A Thing for Jagger

Joe is a regular guy; we call him "college Joe." He's pretty straight, except for this "thing" he's got for Mick Jagger. He tells everyone about this dream he says he has at least three times a week. Jagger is dancing in front of him, completely stark except for a six-foot-long red scarf that he seductively waves in front of our poor dreamer: The best part of the dream, or the reality, whatever, is the re-enactment of it. He purses his lips and sort of points his finger at us while his wrist slowly goes limp. Then he does what we call the Jagger shuffle. He sort of takes ten tiny little steps forward, does a few slow humps, slyly smiles out of the corner of his mouth, then quickly withdraws into a

corner, quietly embarrassed. I must say that he's a wonderful performer, but he'd be even better if he'd be as honest with himself as he unknowingly is with us.

Now if he were like Kenny, another Jagger freak, he'd reach heights that he never would have believed existed. Kenny never admitted that he was "bi—" but he never tried to deny it either. His lisp and effeminate stance never really bothered anyone, but, well, I was just curious. A few months ago, I dug up enough courage to mention to him, quite casually I might add, that he had somewhat of a limp wrist, and he replied "So?" He told me that when the Stones were on Ed Sullivan a few years ago he screamed so much that he fell off his couch. Aaaaaaaah

The Token Gay

That reminds me of Jerry Messing, oh you know good ole Jerr. Eh's the resident fag at City. The token gay who came into school one morning, decided he was a raving queen, and proceeded to broadcast it all over the school. You must have heard him, he was shouting the PLP in front of Cohen last Tuesday. "Oh, he just bothers me." I apologized after I so rudely left the little encounter group.

Now I've learned to love him dearly because I can be totally honest with him as he is with me. And wasn't it just wonderful the way we decided to go to France together and become the mistresses of filthy rich men who have nothing better to do with their money than to keep the two of us happy. And now we're starring in a glorious musical from the forties or fifties and I'm Ginger Rogers and he's Betty Grable; he has better legs. Which leads me to the discussion of two of my favorite people, Jackie Curtis and Holly Woodlawn. Personally I like Curtis better, I don't know why, I just do. In case you're not familiar with either of them, they are both members of the Warhol freak show. (By the way, I use the word "freak" as an endearment. After all, I consider myself a freak, all my friends are freaks.) Both women are physically men, but they dress like women, they're called transvestites. For some insane reason, they both remind me of Jewish comedians. Holly acts like a female Woody Allen, and Jackie is a

combination of Streisand and Garbo, if that's possible.

David Susskind once asked Curtis if she ever thought about having a sex change, but she didn't see the necessity of changing the plumbing she was born with. After all, the "other way" isn't any more efficient. I don't know why but ever since I saw them on Susskind, I've had sort of a "thing" for Curtis. Sounds familiar, eh? I'd like to see Jackie appear in the foldout of the next issue of Playboy. A sexy dressed picture, and a sexy undressed picture. The funniest yet was Playboy's review of Trash, a movie that Holly appears in. All they had to say was that she gave an admirable performance but she sure is ugly. Any guy that can simulate intercourse with a beer bottle and pull it off successfully enough to convince the boys supposedly expert in the field deserves an Academy Award.

So when the guy says to me, "Hey are you a girl or a guy?" with the cigar in his mouth, I say "Does it matter?"

One of my favorite movies is the Petrified Forest, but I won't go into that. I will tell you that the play was written by Robert Sherwood and I decided to read it. But accidentally, or purposely (I like to think god led me to it) I took out a book by Sherwood Anderson instead. It was called Winesburg, Ohio. I don't read much, but luckily the books that I have read have been goodies. Books like Gidget Goes Hawaiian and Ecstasy and Me.

Great Dismay

Anyway, I fell in love with the little book, and it acquired even more significance in my mind when I learned that no one else in the world had read it, no one except Merle Miller, a very talented writer who, if you read the Sunday Times magazine section or watch the Dick Cavett show, you'd know exposed himself as a homosexual. To my great dismay, to say the least, my mother and I learned that Merle and I shared the love of one particular story called "Hands." It seems that he was touched by the same beautiful sensitivity in the same way: I was. But why did he have to be a homosexual, and why did my mother have to be sitting there giving me her squished eyebrow look? And why when I read Myra Breckinridge was I so happy at the end

when the girl gets the girl? And why was I so repulsed the first time I heard about such things as dykes, or when I saw the picture of Gertrude Stein and thought that that was the way they all looked?

And images reappear...

Shirley MacLaine admitting to Audrey Hepburn that she really did feel "those kind" of thoughts. The faggot indian from Little Big Man who I tried desperately not to laugh at, but after a while adjusted to, the fact that there was absolutely nothing wrong with him—it's the society that's sick. What about Katherine Hepburn's dead son in Suddenlast Summer or, Lewis Carroll or Oscar Wilde...

Me and Marilyn

I recently saw a D.W. Griffith flick made in 1916 that had a character in it known as the "Fop." He was a prince who constantly played with toys and carried puppy dogs around with him in a silken pouch sewn to his jacket. He also had a pearl-drop in one ear, and somehow, faintly reminded me of Jack Lemmon in drag. Which reminds me, I'm no longer embarrassed to admit that I was in love with Marilyn Monroe.

In high school, after hearing all the stories of frustration, I used to wish that I could be a boy for just one day. I'd know just how to treat a girl, the way I wanted to be treated, and I could satisfy any girl, because I knew just how I wanted to be satisfied. But isn't that the whole theory behind lesbianism, that woman would be able to satisfy another woman, because she knows her own body so well that she would naturally know exactly how to satisfy another woman? Oh, but that's disgusting, isn't it? Yes, no, yes it is.

Well I don't see why we still can't continue our relationship. After all, we are two mature women, college students too. Then I'd get some answers to my many questions... so many things I just don't understand... but, well fantasies are fantasies and one must deal with them as that. But what happens when every day seems to be a fantasy, when everyone is lying... to me and to themselves... why can't I make you see the reality... make you see yourselves? Or is it me I want you to see?