



observation post

VOL. 50 NO. 9

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1972

South Campus Lawn to House Big-Name Rock Concert in May

The Grateful Dead will be playing on the South Campus lawn in a free concert on May 4—if the Student Senate gets its way.

According to the newly-elected president, Ilana Hirst, the administration has agreed to cancel all classes that afternoon to mark the College's 125th anniversary celebration on Charter Day. The date also commemorates the murder of four students at Kent State University in 1970.

The administration will use the concert to draw students into the Charter Day activities and has already expressed its willingness

free to spend up to \$25,000 in booking acts for the May concert.

To avoid the dispute over last term's selection of acts, the Senate is now asking students to suggest possible groups. Early tabulations show a tie between the Grateful Dead and Com-

mander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, with 30 votes each. Also prominently mentioned have been The Band and the Allman Brothers.

Suggestions can be left in the concerts committee's mailbox in Room 152 Finley.

Student Senate Elects Hirst; Row Over Voting Procedure

Ilana Hirst was elected president of the Student Senate last night—but it may not be official.

Senate executives and members, anxious to end the meeting so they could go home to watch *Moby Dick* on television, overlooked the fact that no single candidate received a majority of votes in the election. Senate bylaws do not specify whether a majority or plurality is necessary. If Student Senate decided that, in fact, a majority is required, there will be a runoff election between former Campus Affairs Vice President Hirst and the runner-up, Senator Paul Hoffman (Social Sciences).

The Senate met in a special session last night to accept the

resignation of President Lee Slonimsky. Recently passed bylaws allow the Senate to hold elections for a new president in the case of resignation. Previously, the executive vice-president would have automatically filled the vacancy.

A conflict arose when OP editor Steve Simon's name was offered as a candidate for president. Both Hirst and University Affairs Vice President Tony Spencer objected to the nomination on the grounds that Simon was not a member of the Senate. Simon, a third alternate for the Disciplinary Committee, received more votes than any other contested candidate in the Senate elections last October.

Senator Peter Grad, (Sciences), who made the nomination, expressed anger over the Senate's refusal to consider Simon as a candidate. "No
(Continued on page 7)



Shankar to Return

Ravi Shankar, the Indian classical sitarist, will visit the College in April to participate in a three-day Ethnic Conference. The Conference is being held under the sponsorship of several departments to promote better understanding between the various ethnic groups at the College.

For Shankar, it will mark his return to the College, where he led a section of Music 135, Introduction to Oriental Music, in the Fall, 1967 semester. Aside from lecturing a session of the music class again, Shankar is expected to give a recital while he is on campus.

The Ethnic Conference, which is scheduled to run from April 12 through 14, will feature a series of lectures, plays, films and concerts by artists from different ethnic backgrounds. Professor Dennis DeNitto (English), who is coordinating the conference, said, "The idea of the conference is to present a tradition. Each ethnic group has a heritage and achievements. This exhibition will help students identify themselves as an ethnic group."

Senate Launches Vector Probe; WCCR to Rewrite Constitution

Prompted by charges of "several inadequacies," the Student Senate has decided to investigate Vector, the engineering magazine. At the same time, its term-long investigation of WCCR has apparently ended quietly.

Led by Educational Affairs Vice President Richard Dickens, the Vector probe marks the latest stage in a dispute between the magazine and the Senate, which refused Vector's request for a \$3,000 allocation to cover a press run of 5,000 copies of its fall issue.

The Senate balked at allocating the money, citing Vector's decreasing paid circulation, which has fallen to a point of 300. Its editor, Ming Mar conceded the low circulation figures but said the magazine was bound by its printer's contract and stated advertising rates to keep a press run of at least 3,000.

He said Vector's fall issue had been reduced to eight pages, besides the cover, and would be financed solely by ad revenues. The issue, which ordinarily averages 32 pages, will be distributed free during intercession, along with Vector's Spring 1971 edition, which was not published until the following summer because of staff problems.

The Senate also cites Vector's four-member staff as an additional cause of the investigation. According to the guidelines for chartering student organizations, a club must have at least 12 members. "Certain parts of their Constitution prohibit new members from joining unless they fulfill unnecessary requirements," Dickens said, refusing to elaborate.

Mar answered the charge by saying, "If I have to get 12 people to sign that they are members of

Vector, I can always do that." Of the impending investigation, he said, "There is very little they can do to us that they haven't done already."

But Dickens, who has instructed Finley Center not to extend any privileges to Vector, said: "I'm not condemning the magazine and I'm not out to kill it. I'm just looking into some charges." But he would not divulge the source of the charges.

The situation at WCCR seems to be settling, according to Student Ombudsman Robert Grant, appointed by the Senate to investigate charges of fraudulent elections, mismanagement of money and racial discrimination. Grant said that an advisory committee has agreed with station officials to let the WCCR staff handle the situation by themselves.

The staff will reach a decisive point today when its general elections are held.

Howard Schoenholtz, the station's manager, said that plans are underway to rewrite the station's constitution to reflect the grievances of a number of staff members. A committee to create the new constitution will be comprised of three black and white students, and voting is being conducted by mail ballot.

The advisory committee—which includes Professor Julius Elias (Philosophy), the faculty ombudsman; Professor Irving Rosenthal (English), and Erland Suni, a Finley Center staff member—will meet with WCCR officials once the new Constitution is drawn up.

"The atmosphere has cooled around the station," Schoenholtz said, "because people are beginning to talk to each other for the first time."



Bierman Weds Sutton

Professor Arthur Bierman and Joan Joy Sutton cut their wedding cake on December 19 in the groom's upper West Side apartment. The couple had just been joined together in holy matrimony by Civil Court Judge Budd Goodman.

Bierman, formerly of the Physics department, now heads the experimental Humanistic Studies Planning Program.

Sutton, who has a master's degree in special education from New York University, teaches mentally disturbed and retarded children in the city school system.

Forty people, including some of her students and his faculty colleagues, attended the ceremony.



Thirty

Bob Lovinger

SELF-INDULGENCE, New York, January 2—So far, it's been a warm winter in the Bronx. Instead of the glitter of snow, there is the glitter of broken glass.

Two Christmas eves ago, Alan and I sat in his room amid candles and Bach organ cantatas. It was a misty-bluesy night. I cried about L. and the two of us decided we'd go to a midnight mass. I lay down to nap and woke up Christmas morning.

This Christmas eve had the potential for funk but it didn't make it.

Alan and I get on the "D" to spend Christmas night in the Village. The streets are nearly empty. We walk into Googie's for beer and Googie's is nearly empty. Alan is back in New York after seven months in the West. We sit at a table with two dark beers and talk about where we're going: I to Boston, Alan not knowing.

There's a woman sitting alone at the bar, cradling a mug. She looks to be in her thirties. She's smiling at nothing in particular. She is beautiful. Both of us fall in love with her in a short time.

There's the problem of meeting her. We shouldn't blow this, I tell Alan. But what are we going to say to her once we invite her over? Alan asks me. We'll think of something, I say. I get up soon to get two more beers. I stand next to her seat as I order the mugs. While the barkeep taps the beer, I say "Hi" to the back of her head, my voice barely audible. She barely hears me. She turns towards me and removes her shades (Googie's is a dark bar).

"Would you like to join us?" I ask. She gives me an absent-minded look and after a few seconds says, "Why not?" in a voice slurred by who-knows-how-many beers. She sits down and after some small talk, the three of us lapse into silence. I don't think she really cares. She's in another world, her eyes focused off in the distance. The ring on her finger looks like a wedding band.

After a while, she suddenly asks us our names. Then I ask her for hers. She hears me the second time and says, "Lisa, I mean Maureen. Oh, Jeez, what does that mean when you can't get your own name right?" We don't know.

I remember the list I'd brought of people to visit in the Village and remind Alan of it. We ask Maureen if she wants to come and visit with us. After a while, she says, "Why not?"

Dee on Thompson Street isn't home and neither is Nancy, my cousin Bob's wife. Nancy and Bob are separated. Maureen suggests we walk around the corner to St. Adrian's bar. We do, but it's closed. We stand outside of St. Adrian's with no real direction. Then Alan suggests we go visit his friend John on 10th Street, but he doesn't know the address. We decide to go back to Googie's where he can make a call for the address. On the way back, Maureen has to go to the bathroom very badly. So we stop in a bar and Alan and I wait while Maureen satisfies that need. We both decide that Maureen is beautiful. The two hearts tattooed on the back of her left hand lock it up for us. We both decide that this is a magical night. We both decide that it would be nice

if she came back to our apartment with us. And we both decide that whatever happens happens.

Back at Googie's, Maureen and I sit at the same table as before while Alan makes his call. He comes back with the address and we ask Maureen if she wants to come to 10th Street. After a short time she says, "Why not?"

We walk into John's, and Helene, a former and present love of Alan's, is there. Helene has this thing about her. Sometimes it's beautiful and sometimes it really rubs me. It's a combination of intelligence, little-girlishness, and an air of in-the-end-it-doesn't-really-matter-anyway-does-it? Anyway, she's sitting on the couch in this small apartment. And after John, who's British, lets us in, he and Alan sit down on the couch too. I sit in a chair facing them, and Maureen walks across the room to flop down in another chair, coat still buttoned. She's just sort of checking out the apartment, oblivious to everyone.



John's a very funny person and he and I hit it off immediately in that way. But I never get any other feeling from him the entire evening. Soon he begins using Maureen in that David Frost way of his. The complete host. The incomplete human being. I guess I'd have to get to know him.

Soon Maureen matter-of-factly asks if she can remove her coat, as she removes her coat. Then she asks John if he has anything to drink. He offers her some scotch, Old Smuggler's, a gift he got. I tease him about it, because I used to work in a liquor store and know Smuggler's is pretty low-quality stuff. He feigns being hurt.

The banter continues. Maureen puts her coat on and paces around. She mentions she has to meet this guy on the other side of town soon. Then John mentions this party he knows of in the East Village. He asks Maureen if she wants to go. He's obviously interested in her. After a while, she says, "Why not?" After a while we go.

The party is a small get-together in a beautiful
(Continued on page 6)

Is This Fare?

Bob Rosen

It has gotten to the point where payment of the subway fare and bridge and tunnel tolls, is the same as being mugged. Unless you are very rich, or have a relative who works for the MTA, there is no reason why you should have to pay these outrageous prices.

The subway fare is by far the easiest one to beat. The best way to do this is to go to a bank where you can change American money into foreign. You then exchange your United States dollars for Portuguese 50 centavo pieces. These are worth less than a penny, are the same size as tokens, and will register in turnstiles better than 95% of the time. The next best way is to have a friend in high school who is eligible for a subway pass. He can report his pass missing, get another one, and give it to you. These passes get you on the subway free, Monday through Friday, 7 AM to 5 PM. There is virtually no risk of getting caught.

There are other ways of beating the fare that take nerve, athletic ability, and a combination of both. If you have nerve but no athletic ability, you can go under the turnstile, or on certain types of turnstiles you can squeeze between the bar and the partition separating your turnstile from the one next to it. If you have athletic ability, but no nerve, there is the revolving gate type of turnstile through which you can fit between six and eight people, depending on their size, with one token or one 50 centavo piece. If you have both nerve and athletic ability, you can jump over the turnstile, and be off to a flying start before the guy in the token booth realizes what is happening.

As for the bridge and tunnel tolls, these are a bit more difficult to beat, and the only personal success that I can attest to is beating the ten cent (now twenty-five cent) toll on the Marine Parkway Bridge, and the ten cent toll that connects the Southern State Parkway with the Belt. This was done by simply driving through the exact change lane without throwing money into the shoot. Don't let the sirens scare you, just step on the gas and get the fuck away from there. Contrary to popular belief, there is no camera that takes a picture of your license plate. It's not worth the city's effort to catch some cheap bastard who beats a ten cent toll. In regard to the more expensive tolls, I would not advise this method. As a friend of mine told me, the last time he used this method on the \$6.90 thruway toll between New York and Buffalo, he found out what prisons are like in the Queen City.

observation post

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Dr. Hippocrates

I am 14 years old and I am pregnant. I am afraid to tell my mother because she is very old and highly emotional. My father died when I was young.

I am an only child. I have been a drug user since 11 and my boyfriend is 16 and he is an addict. We are afraid the baby might be deformed and I am against abortions. Please help us soon. We are terribly frightened.

J.M.S.
You ought to consider very carefully the options available to you—a legal abortion, keeping the baby or giving the baby up for adoption. To make this decision you'll need a sympathetic qualified counselor. Your local health department or Planned Parenthood can make such a referral.

Planned Parenthood also conducts classes and clinics which can help prevent such an unfortunate situation. I know a girl who had the same problem you describe. She's now a practicing physician.

For the past month I've been taking downers called "reds" pretty steadily. Many people tell me different things about them, like they are 3/4's smack and that if you sleep while doing them you could end up in a coma. Can you tell me if these things are true?

I would like to know what can happen if you take too many. My memory has gotten really bad lately and once while I was on them I threw up blood. L.L.

"Reds" or barbiturates are most often used as sleeping pills. If you fight going to sleep they cause a stupor similar to alcohol intoxication. Of course, there's no way of knowing exactly what was in the downers because you got them through illegal sources.

Assuming they are barbiturates—yes, you could easily go into a coma and die after taking them. After all, they're the most common drugs used for suicides. People often die accidentally when they mix downers and alcohol before going to sleep.

Barbiturates are physically addicting and a barbiturate habit is more difficult to kick and more dangerous than addiction to smack. Withdrawal from barbiturate addiction should always be done in a hospital.

Your memory and stomach troubles could very well have been caused by the reds.

I've heard it takes 36 hours after an ejaculation for sperm to reach full strength again. Therefore, is it true that if a man has intercourse every 24 hours it is impossible for him to impregnate a woman?

I don't believe this but one of my lovers claims it is true. Please rush your answer as I do not want to become pregnant in the midst of this argument.

L.B.
The average ejaculation of seminal fluid, which is largely composed of prostatic secretions, is about a teaspoonful (3-5 milliliters). Each milliliter (or cubic centimeter—they're the same) may contain over 200 million sperm cells and any one of them can induce pregnancy.

During a fixed period, such as three days, the seminal volume decreases somewhat with repeated climaxes. But due to the millions of sperm cells found in even a small volume of seminal fluid, you could easily become pregnant even when only a brief period of time separates episodes of sexual intercourse.

By TOM McDONALD

I awoke in a tranquil glen. There were giant elms, sturdy oaks, and perfect fir trees that soared to the blue sky. The grass was as full and green as any I'd ever seen. Deer roamed the slopes; unafraid of the hunter's sound. Horses fed on the grass; they felt no rider's whip. I washed my hands and face in a stream. The clear water was cold and sweet. A school of goldfish fluttered away from my submerging hands.

While watching a lone bird make lazy circles in the sky, a puff of smoke appeared on the horizon, so I climbed the hill and a quiet city sat on the bottom of the other side of the slope.

As I walked the streets of the city I spied a restaurant and went inside. A waiter made me welcome and showed me to a table. I ate breakfast hungrily and asked for a check. The waiter smiled and said "You must be a new arrival sir, there is no money here. You see, each of us does his job, and then is entitled to take anything he desires."

Not wanting to seem confused I asked for a newspaper, hoping it would provide a clue as to where I was.

"I'm sorry sir, but there are no newspapers here," he replied.

"For what reason?" I asked.

"Because there is no death here, nor sickness, nor birth. Neither do we have violence of any kind or hatred. We lack drama and tragedy. So you can understand that there isn't very much news worth printing."

No pain, no sickness, the thoughts intrigued me. So when the waiter was occupied with another table of customers I picked the knife off my plate and ran the sharp edge into the palm of my hand. He was right, nothing happened, there was no pain.

Just then I was startled by a voice from the rear which asked "Don't you believe us?" Somehow, I knew without looking that the voice belonged to God. He was an American Indian. His skin was a dark olive color. Every bone in his face stood out, and his oily black hair plunged down his back in two large braids. He wore a buckskin robe.

"What is this place?" I asked.

"This is freedom," he replied, "can you dig it?"

I answered in the affirmative, and then he asked me "but can you deal with it?" Strangely I sat in stunned silence. He measured me with his eyes and then said "Perhaps then you might like to take a look at Hell."

He waved his hand and the room dissolved. We were floating in space, hovering over the planet Earth. "Observe," he said, and slowly he began to spin the earth.

We focused in on the United States. A giant plane was crossing the country. Its wings cast a shadow from the Lake of the Woods to the Rio Grande. The plane was piloted by the dead souls of Hiroshima. They dropped an A-bomb on Harry Truman's house in Independence, Mo. The crew joined hands and sang "Thanks for the Memories" in Japanese. Everybody wanted to know where Bob Hope was.

But it was Christmas time in California and Bob Hope and Cardinal Spellman were fighting on the ground. They clutched and pawed at each other. The red faced Cardinal was screaming, "War! nobody has any good wars anymore!" Just then a plastic bus pulled up and Jane Fonda jumped out.

"Did somebody mention war? Let me entertain you!"

Is It Heaven? Or Is It Hell?



Gazing at the southern part of the country we spotted Thomas Wolfe leaving from the train station. He was going home again.

Over Washington D.C. we looked down through the roof of the White House. Richard Nixon was dancing and singing wildly around his office. After pausing to pee on a bust of John Kennedy he went on singing, "Fe, fi, fo fum, I'll make the commies eat my scum."

The Atlantic was crossed. The African continent loomed into view. Dr. Albert Schweitzer slammed the phone down in his jungle hut.

"Jesus, don't these niggers understand that I don't make house calls after five o'clock?"

Up to Europe. On the streets of Paris I saw my love. We ran to each other, Salem-Newport commercial like. When I took her hands in mine, her arms came away from her shoulders. They hung limp in my hands. She smiled sweetly and said "Ever since I was a little girl I wanted to be like Venus de Milo and have Frenchmen gaze at my naked breasts. Quick! Get me to the Louvre."

In a parking lot in Berlin Rabbi Kahane was gassing a Volkswagen. His followers seemed confused as he led them off to a Telefunken radio store. "These are only things" they cried, "what about the people?" "Yes" he shouted back at them "but they are German things, and every little bit helps."

At the Vatican the Pope was delivering his Sunday sermon. Hooded nuns worked the isles with blackjacks, lifting the wallets of the sleeping congregation.

Finally I could take no more. I asked God "This is the earth, the place of our life, why do you call it Hell?"

"Because it is Hell, and the place of your death."

"But when do we die?" I pleaded.

God waved his hand again. This time a hospital delivery room came into view. The doctor picked my tiny frame from the table. A host of weeping angels lined the sides of the room. He slapped my tiny rearend and I cried. The angels played a funeral dirge.

"Do you mean that all of us are condemned to die and experience Hell?" He nodded his head. "But why?"

"You must undergo all emotions and experiences in their fullest in order to prepare yourself for freedom. You see, people die many times before they are ready to come here."

"Are you saying that we go to Hell more than once?" I inquired.

"Correct. You can not experience it all in one visit to Hell. Therefore, we send you once for positive emotions, another time for negative feelings."

I told him that I didn't quite understand, so he said "Well, then, suppose I give you some examples. The present queen of England was a consumptive chimney sweep in the slums of Blackpool on her first visit to Hell. Hitler was a Spanish Jew put upon the rack during the Inquisition. Martin Luther King was the meanest, whip cracking, over-seer in the history of slavery."

Excitedly I asked "and you mean that George Wallace was a black man the first time?" God smiled for the first time and said "No, but he will be."

"You see my son, in order to appreciate freedom you must know all experiences and emotions. Love must be tempered by hate, health by disease, pleasure by pain. Only exceptional and intense people have made it to freedom on one visit to Hell. Most of my people require two visits. Others, like Billy Graham, have been sent back many, many times. What we do is create the circumstances for each individual, it is up to him to make the most of those opportunities."

"Why must it be that way?" I wanted to know.

"In freedom," he replied, "the most important feeling we have is self satisfaction. All of my people have a particular talent. Whatever that talent may be—song, painting, cooking or farming, all others share and make use of that talent. In this way our brothers and sisters achieve the contentment of knowing that their labors are of good use. We have all the positive emotions here, such as joy and hope, but what you must understand is that those emotions are useless if the spirit is at war with itself. A troubled soul is of no service to others. Only that spirit which is at rest with itself can honestly interact with other spirits. This is why self contentment is so vital. Along with the counter-balancing of positive and negative emotions that occurs in earth-Hell, self contentment brings about this quieting of the soul. It is a feeling which you Hell people mistakenly call peace."

My curiosity overcame me. I asked the master what I had been the first time through Hell. He smiled. "Regrettably, the people in our audit department made a miscalculation and thought this was your second time. Actually, this was only your first to Hell and I'm going to have to send you back for more experience. If you don't mind I will return you there now."

Before I could protest I was spinning back through time and space to here. Was I the lucky beneficiary of a look at our heaven-freedom? Perhaps it was a vision or just gray matter mind drippings, cerebral excursions, opalactic-axonic-dendritic nerve exchanges, commonly referred to as lazy autumn day dreams, waiting for a "D" train.

20 Questions

By BOB ROSEN

- The book store _____
 - is a front for organized crime
 - is hard to rip off
 - is a good place to molest a girl during registration week
 - takes in as much money as G.M. during registration week
- Observation Post _____
 - is a subversive, left wing, commie scandal sheet
 - is on par with the "Enquirer"
 - is run by a bunch of sex perverts
 - makes better paper airplanes than "Campus"
- The Wackenhut Guards are _____
 - Nazi war criminals
 - working their way through college
 - underpaid
 - bored
- The Gate House on South Campus _____
 - is a house of ill repute
 - houses a crap game on weekends
 - used to be an abortion mill
 - is where the campus bar is located
- The tunnels connecting the buildings on North Campus _____
 - were once part of the subway system
 - are still part of the subway system
 - are a place where many freshmen have been known to wander for months
 - are filled with water
- An "allagaroo" is _____
 - the name of a maharishi who once went to C.C.N.Y.

- a cross between an alligator and kangaroo
 - what somebody said to Albert when he saw an Indian mystic
 - a good word to pun on
- Raymond the bagelman _____
 - is a monopoly
 - was in violation of the wage price freeze
 - is the only pretzel vendor who advertises on TV
 - does not sing well
 - South Campus Lawn _____
 - would make a good parking lot
 - should be used for grazing land
 - has no grass growing on it
 - is a sacred burial ground
 - The beaver behind Finley Center _____
 - has a broken ear
 - is modeled after a beaver with a broken ear
 - is a real beaver with a broken ear dipped in concrete
 - is a muskrat
 - The cafeterias _____
 - were speakeasys during prohibition
 - should have topless waitresses
 - should have bottomless waiters
 - are rat infested
 - Buttenweiser Lounge is _____
 - a good place to get stoned
 - a better place to pick up a chick than Curry Garage
 - somewhere to go when you cut a class
 - all the above
 - When you pay five dollars to drop a course _____
 - there is a 50% kickback to the teacher of that course
 - you are not dropped, and charged an outrageous price at the end of the term to



- avoid failing
 - you are being ripped off
 - the \$5.00 is pocketed by the bursar
- South Campus parking permits are _____
 - sold on the black market
 - as hard to rip off as books from the book store
 - easier to forge than steal
 - useless to a student who has bought, stolen, or forged one
 - Lewisohn Stadium _____
 - would make a better parking lot than South Campus Lawn
 - looks like the Roman Colosseum from the inside
 - is where the Christians are fed to the lions
 - has a retractable dome
 - Cohen Library _____
 - is a good place to go to steal a book
 - is a bad place to find the book you're

- going to steal
 - is a bad place to find a book that you're not going to steal
 - should have the ramps inside used for ski slope
- The Science and Physical Education building _____
 - would make a better parking garage than Lewisohn Stadium and South Campus Lawn put together
 - is an eye sore
 - better have elevators
 - would make a good perch for a sniper
 - The Student Senate _____
 - does not exist
 - exists, but does nothing
 - is fascist
 - will not find this question funny
 - The gargoyles on Shepard Hall _____
 - are students who ran afoul of the Wackenhuts
 - are a biology experiment that failed
 - look scary in the dark
 - talk to Raymond when nobody's looking
 - The best reason to join the OP staff is _____
 - to get first crack at the dirty pictures
 - to find out who the people are in the dirty pictures
 - to become one of the people in the dirty pictures
 - to get first crack at my humor column
 - The dogs who roam around the campus _____
 - got in under the open admissions policy
 - write for OP
 - are used in "Sheep Herding 1C-3 credits, 3 hours-103 Wingate."
 - are the source of hamburger meat for the cafeteria

DEPARTMENT OF JEWISH STUDIES

New Courses for the Spring Semester 1972

JWST 62 Contemporary Israel

An introduction to the society and culture of the State of Israel today. Primary attention will be given to the intersection of social accomplishments and problems: integration of ethnic Jewish groups; creation of a mixed economy; the coexistence of religion and secularity; relation of the State of Israel to Jews elsewhere.

No prerequisite
Professor Joseph Badi

3 hrs. 4 cr.
MWF 9

Also offered during the Summer Session, JWST 63 Jewish Identity; Some Contemporary Religious Options, mornings, and JWST 65 The Holocaust as Experience and Problem, evenings.

JWST 66 The American Jewish Community

Contemporary American Jewry will be studied with particular attention to foci of power and powerlessness within the community and in terms of its situation within the American society as a whole. Some attention will be given to institutional structures and their origins but the emphasis will be on contemporary problems. Students will be asked to engage in study-action programs in the community.

Presently, no prerequisite
Professor Manheim Shapiro

3 hrs. 4 cr.
TuW 12-1:15

JWST 64 A History of Jewish Thought

A survey of the basic conceptions of man, God, the people of Israel and history as given in biblical literature and developed in subsequent Jewish thought. Special emphasis will be given to the post-biblical periods: the rabbis; medieval Jewish rationalism; Jewish mysticism; enlightenment and secularization.

No prerequisites
Professor Eugene B. Borowitz

3 hrs. 4 cr.
TuTH 8:35-9:50

CUMBIN COURSE AVAILABLE. Given via closed-circuit television with provision for interchange between instructor and students—Selections From Talmudic Literature.

Prof. Emanuel Rackman

Tu 11-12:30

New Course for Summer Session 1972

JWST 67 The Jew in Literature

Aspects of the way in which the Jew, as symbolic figure and real person appears in the imaginative writing of western man. Particular attention will be given to contemporary American Jewish writers.

Prerequisite, completion of an introductory course in English.

3 hrs. 4 cr.

Courses Related To Jewish Studies

HEBREW

1B Intermediate. Prerequisite: 2 years of Hebrew in High School or equivalent.

Professor Zvi H. Szubin
3 hrs. wk.; 3 cr.

2G Readings in Hebrew Literature. Prerequisite: Hebrew 1 or 3 years of High School Hebrew.

Professor Ruth R. Beizer
3 hrs. wk.; 3 cr.

3F Masterpieces of Literature, Composition and Conversation. Prerequisite: Hebrew 2 or 4 years of High School Hebrew.

Professor Ruth R. Beizer
3 hrs. 3 cr.

4R Selected Essays. Prerequisite: Hebrew 3.

Professor Ruth R. Beizer
3 hrs. 4 cr.

51A Elementary Hebrew. 2 terms.

Professor Zvi H. Szubin
5 hrs. wk.; 5 cr. each term

52A Elementary Hebrew. 2 terms.

Professor Marnin Feinstein
5 hrs. wk.; 5 cr. each term

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

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Professor Arthur J. Zuckerman

Further information is available in

the Jewish Studies office,

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A Basically Effective 'Training'

"Hey you, yeah you, c'mon get in."

I picked up my pack and trotted towards the Buick. The Pennsylvania/Ohio border, heading to Berkeley, summer 1970. Jeff Burchett, the driver, an American name, an American guy, an American casualty of an American tragedy, Vietnam.

Jeff sat stiffly behind the wheel, occasionally rubbing his stomach. "80% disability, not bad," he'd say every once in a while, with a bitter smile.

"What happened?" I asked.

"I got shot in the back, not bad, and they sent me back in. Then a whole bunch of shrapnel in my stomach and groin. The doctors don't know if I'll live more than five years." He spoke in clipped sentences, his back straight up against the seat. I kept my eyes glued to Interstate 70. I was afraid to look at him.

"I enlisted, really gung-ho, you know," he continued. "We all did—do something for your country, you know. I spent a couple of months in that hospital while they put my stomach back together. I'm healing, and they say I'm going back. Well I started screaming and raving—I wasn't going back, no way. Finally they let me go."

We crossed into Ohio. Jeff lived in Kettering. I wanted to be in Columbus by nightfall. I began feeling a great warmth for the person beside me. He was my age, but seemed decades older. He had a bony face, with straight, short black hair and a thin, black mustache. He fit my image of a George Rockwell follower, but only physically.

"My wife and I can only fuck in one position," he said. After a while, he turned, staring straight through me: "If I ever



Basic trainee Pavlo Hummel (Bob Balaban) gets some advice on killing gooks from a hardened Vietnam veteran (Anthony R. Charnota).

have kids, and one of them comes to me to say he wants to join the armed forces . . . I'll throw him out."

The Public Theater-Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette Street in the Village, is the scene of another very personal reminder of the War in Vietnam, *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, written by David Rabe and directed by Jeff Bleckner.

Although some plot transitions are choppy, and some scenes are too crowded to be entirely clear, such as those involving Pavlo's family, overall this play is very effective, the kind of artistic anti-war statement that is sorely needed.

Bob Balaban (Orr, in "Catch-22," another good anti-war piece), plays Pavlo Hummel, a mixed-up product of a mixed-up mid-Manhattan family, who finds himself going through basic training, and then through war. Pavlo is dead, and most of the story is a flashback, with Pavlo guided by a dead pal, Ardell, a sort of visible, caustic conscience, played very

effectively by Bob Delegal. Sgt. Tower, Pavlo's monotone-voiced, automaton drill sergeant, is played perfectly by Frank Adu.

We are not allowed to quickly glance and turn away from *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, as we've flipped through newspaper columns of weekly war dead, as we've glided from the eleven o'clock news into Johnny Carson. We are forced to identify with the confused and idealistic Pavlo, who, on one hand dislikes violence, but on the other, idolizes those who do it well. We are forced to identify with a soldier shot in the stomach, writhing on the ground, screaming for a medic. For we know that down the globe a piece, that man is holding his stomach in his hands, and don't we all know someone who. . . .

The play is in two acts, the second being the more effective and convincing one for me. *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* is worth seeing, and by the way, if you go, bring someone who didn't think much of the Pentagon Papers. —Bob Lovinger

'Living' With Sweet Judy

LIVING—Judy Collins

For her latest album, Judy Collins has put together a group of songs that reflect why her 12 albums in 12 years have been so popular.

Collins has an enduring quality which seems to be different from all other female vocalists: the combination of a tender voice intertwining with sometimes bitter and harsh words. Joni Mitchell and Carole King seem to be into more of a sweet, sensitive type of singing. Collins, who can be sensitive, has a certain roughness and intensity in her voice that the others lack. Joan Baez had a comparable effect for a while, but then she got caught up with David, her draft-resisting husband, and every song centered around him.

But Collins doesn't simply sing well. On *Living*, her feelings against war and for life come across clearly in "Viet Nam Love Song," in which she sings about the death of someone's lover in Viet Nam, and in "All Things Are Quite Silent," a song about the English press gangs which forced men to join the British armed forces before 1840. All royalties from the song will go to draft resisters who are fighting "the irresponsible, and unconstitutional draft system in the United States."

Judy Collins is an interpreter, someone who does not write many of her own songs. Her talent is based to a large extent on her ability to take pieces by other writers, rearrange them and make them sound good. On her latest album, her most effective songs include "Blue Raincoat" by Leonard Cohen; "Innisfree," a poem by William B. Yeats, and Joni Mitchell's "Chelsea Morning"—which makes thinking cease and a feeling of euphoria break out—and Bob Dylan's "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues".

—Jeff Jacobs

Kink Music, Americanized

MUSWELL HILLBILLIES - The Kinks

A rock critic suggested several years back that the failure of The Kinks to achieve fame in America wasn't their fault, but really that of Americans who couldn't identify with their lyrics. After touring here on and off for over a year, The Kinks have now come out with an album of 12 new songs which show significant American influence. Many of the new tunes, such as "Holloway Jail," "Complicated Life," and "Muswell Hillbilly," have strong country influences.

Though I enjoy country music, I found it difficult to get into this album. The British sound was something I always enjoyed, and The Kinks were one of the few groups left which were a gateway to the past. Thus on first listening, the album seemed disappointing. But now, after several listenings, I enjoy the album in the same way I might enjoy a Dead Album—not with all my heart.

What I did enjoy as much as ever were Ray Davies' clearly satirical lyrics. They are musical cartoons, some serious and some humorous. "Skin and Bone" tells of the farcical fate of Fat Flabby Annie, who decided to quit eating and take up meditation and yoga. She became so thin that "you can't even see her walk by." "Alcohol" is another attempt by Davies to satirize the dilemmas of the successful businessman:

Here is a story about a sinner
He used to be a winner who enjoyed a life
of prominence and position.

But the pressures at the office and his
socialite engagements,
And his selfish wife's fanatical ambition,
It turned him to the booze.

And he got mixed up with a floosie
And she led him to a life of indecision.
The floosie made him spend his dose
She left him lying on Skid Row



Ray Davies of the Kinks

A drunken lag in some Salvation Army Mission.

It's such a shame.

The characters seem so stereotyped that they appear humorous. It's as if the Kinks were watching an old 1940's tearjerking movie. They sing the tale in mock seriousness, but they tell it in words which make it seem absurd and camp. This is also one of the few songs which has some of their old Kinky flavor, with a harmonic climax.

As in the past, the Kinks sing about helpless individuals trapped in a bureaucratic system. In "Here Come the People in Grey," the government is taking over someone's land. Though he feels powerless, he is willing to wage a one-man fight to try and stop them. Another fighter against the system is found in "Muswell Hillbilly":

They're putting us in little boxes,
No character, just uniformity.

They're trying to build a computerized
community,
But they'll never make a zombie out of
me.

Through the many moods, the lyrics and music come forth as some of the best the Kinks have given us. The universal content of their lyrics and the country flavored sound of much of the music will hopefully attract many American listeners to the Kinks for the first time.

—Arthur Diamond

The Music Survived

AMERICAN PIE - Don McLean

Whenever a new stage of popular music occurs—such as today's rock-and-roll revival—the record stores, airwaves and concert halls are flocked with new talent, or so called new talent that reflects that certain phase of music.

It becomes increasingly difficult, as more and more performers are "discovered" and exposed to us, to distinguish which among these are truly talented and which are merely riding the crest of a new wave. It's easy enough to know who is better than whom in a relative manner—really, whoever appeals to you personally. But to be able to tell who is really good, i.e. who will outlive the musical phase that brought him to us—that is hard to foresee.

In rare instances, however, you get a feeling about one new musical personality—a feeling that "he" is going to make it. And you feel so sure that you have no hesitation in saying it out loud. And you feel good about saying it, because you know that in five years, you're going to be proud to be able to recall the time you said that you knew he was good.

And so, I'm going to say that I know a musician who is damn good and who will be around for a long time to come. His name is Don McLean, and someday I'm going to be proud.

His latest and second album, *American Pie*, displays enough musical talent to show that he is not destined to be a forgotten musician. Using his gift to intertwine music and words into one unified theme, McLean has produced an extraordinary album.

His songs range from religious to rollicking, from delicate to forceful; their themes just as varied. "Till Tomorrow," "Vincent," "Winterwood" and "Easy Chairs" are four very beautiful, quiet folk songs using McLean's talents to the fullest. McLean's voice, lyrics and guitar merge in and out, over and under: a delicate interplay where the breaks are as im-

portant to the literal meaning of the song as the lyrics are and where the lyrics are as important to the musical quality of the song as McLean's simple, yet somehow intricate, guitar work.

"Crossroads" is an interesting, very revealing song about McLean himself. The lyrics tell about his realization of an important part of life. What he discovers is, surprisingly, not the usual pretentious hippy crap. His lyrics and voice are perfectly matched with an excellent piano riff by Warren Bernhardt.

An example of McLean's versatility is shown between the songs "Babylon" and "Everybody Loves Me, Baby." "Everybody" is a rollicking, capricious song, comparable to Dylan's "Honey, Just Allow Me One More Chance"; and it fits in the album just as Dylan's fit into *Free-wheelin'*.

"Babylon" is a traditional, religious song with McLean playing a beautiful banjo. McLean handles both songs equally well, displaying his versatile talent.

"American Pie," the title cut, is bound to be a classic. With a very catchy tune, the words express the just-short-of-nostalgia that many of us have for the good old days of the youth culture and it's music. The entire song does fairly well in catching the mood of the time he is writing about—his accounts of Altamont, of Dylan, of Janis, and of other innumerable people and things express mixed emotions of love, pain, and anger at what was and what is not now. The song, should it survive the pop exploitation it is not undergoing, will emerge as probably the song that "tells it like it was."

I think it's ironic that the man who sings of the "day the music died," *American Pie*, is the same one that made me believe that all is not yet lost for popular music. Somehow, I feel that the music never died. . . . It was just waiting for Don McLean to come around. And now that he's here, you're going to hear a lot from him. Just wait and see.

—Herb Fox

Thirty



(Continued from page 2)

town house. At the party are beautiful people and beautiful children and beautiful food and a beautiful fireplace. But the vibes are horrible.

After we watch a ballet given on the third floor by two little girls, Alan, Helen, and I come back downstairs. Maureen is sitting with the other guests, about ten people, and she hasn't stopped drinking. She also hasn't stopped a running battle with the house's owner, a balding man about 40. He's into a low radio with soft music. But she continually saunters over to the box, switching to a rock station and turning up the volume. Then she saunters back to her stool by the bar. I watch her walk and am even more impressed with her beauty than before, her long legs encased in pink corduroy. But my feelings of love for her are diminishing. I see myself growing away from her as her lack of consideration for everyone else becomes apparent. I feel that she is in bad shape, but that I am unable to do anything. She won't smile, except in bitterness. And her constant drinking repulses me. I still feel that she's the most human among us.

The radio battle between Maureen and the owner escalates. I watch it and become increasingly uncomfortable. I tell Alan I have to get out. He tells me it's cool, that she's doing a good thing. Finally the owner explodes and tells her if she raises the volume again he'll throw her out. She goes to the bar, refills her glass and begins shooting mean looks at everyone. We decide it's a good time to leave.

Out in the street Maureen is pretty noisy and demands we go to St. Adrian's. John said they can go back to his house where he has two bottles of scotch. She says okay, but first to St. Adrian's. But it's closed, we tell her. Maybe it's open now, she says, as she walks down the street, arm in arm with John. Helene's pissed because John is supposed to be with her, I think.

John and Maureen, ahead of us, stop at the corner of St. Marks and Third Avenue. She'd walked into a bar. "She'll be out in a minute. She said she's going back to Brooklyn, to her husband," John says.

"Oh, that's what that wedding ring was about," I say.

As we're talking about the best way for her to get

back to the Bay Borough, the door of the bar swings open and Maureen comes flying out, pushed by the hand of a man who's shouting at her to give him back her cigarettes.

"I don't have your cigarettes," she says. We don't understand what's happening. She tosses a pack of cigarettes into the street and as she does, the man, black, pushes her up against the bar door. At this point I'm moving in to try and break it up. He reaches back and slaps her with his left hand, slamming her head into the brick wall of the bar entrance. She grimaces and holds her head. I grab him by the arm and tell him, "Cool it. Wait a minute, man."

He turns around and says, "Who's gonna wait a minute?" He's my height, but he's so fat that it seems like my whole field of vision is filled with him, a cigarette stuck in the middle. He's ready to fight. I'm scared.

"Hey, she's drunk. She doesn't know what she's doing," I say.

"Man, no chick takes a pack of cigarettes off my table."

"She's plastered, man. She doesn't know what she's doin'." I'm pulling her away from the door before he hits her again. I get her away and he's still cursing her and all his friends are around him just in case we want to start anything. And the man's woman, also fat, is outside cursing Maureen.

We drag her away. She's okay. I don't think she ever felt the blow. She's got tears in her eyes and she's confused and hurt and very drunk. I'm beginning to fall in love with her again when she says goodbye and disappears down the steps of the BMT. Christmas night, 1971.

Monday, January 3—In four hours, after my last class, I will be a college graduate. Big deal. Sometimes it's seemed like two days, sometimes like 60 years, but never like four and a half.

The following people are part of me. I met them here and I love them:
Randy Brozen Stephanie Burnell Josh Chaikin Adrianna Evans Richard Goldstein Mary Gual Michelle Ingrasia Allan Lovasz Paul Milkman Seth Modelson Evelyn Posamentier Ken Sasmor Alan Serdin Steve Simon Lana Sussman Richman.

Senate Committee to Study Rerouting Convent Ave Bus

A committee has been formed at the College which is seeking to re-route the Convent Avenue bus between the hours of 9 and 4 on school days.

The committee, headed by Tony Spencer, Student Senate University Affairs vice-president, would like to see the bus run instead on Amsterdam Avenue between 125 and 145 Streets. The committee is also soliciting information from students on incidents in which buses have caused injuries or near-injuries. Spencer told of one incident in which he snatched a woman from the path of a bus.

"There is no reason why the buses cannot be rerouted between 9 and 4," Spencer said. "This would not interfere with people going to work and it would make for a much safer situation for students."

"Especially in the wintertime

when it's icy, students walking from North to South have to watch out for buses going 30-50 miles per hour. If a student slips on the ice, we are going to have a tragedy. Another problem relating to this is that people feel free to drive their cars through because of the example set by the buses. This is an added danger."

The Student Senate has endorsed an investigation of injuries and incidents involving buses, and is looking into possible solutions. They have launched a study by the engineering department on the feasibility of re-routing.

Information on bus incidents should be submitted to the Student Senate office, located in 331 Finley.

"We don't care how minute the incidents are, we still want to know about them," Spencer concluded. —Sigal

3 News from Raccoon (The Youngbloods Label)

High Country

If you thought bluegrass music was for addicts only, you're in for a pleasant surprise with *High Country*, winners in two categories of the Topanga Canyon Old Time Fiddlers Convention, Topanga, California. The Prize-Winning Band *High Country* makes championship music on Raccoon Records.



THE YOUNGBLOODS GOOD AND DUSTY

This is Raccoon Records' finest — The Youngbloods. The lineup of tunes looks like a rock 'n' roll revival, led by some new Youngbloods hits. "Stagger Lee," "That's How Strong My Love Is," "Willie and the Hand Jive," "Let the Good Times Roll" make up the revival part of the album and new songs by Jesse Colin Young, Jefferey Cain and Joe Bauer fill out the LP to make it one of Raccoon's living room studio best.

THE YOUNGBLOODS

Includes: Maps from Home 5 / Light Shine Stagger Lee / That's How Strong My Love Is



GOOD AND DUSTY

CRAB TUNES / NOGGINS

This is another fine effort from the Raccoon Bunch and their living room studio. Featured on this album are Joe Bauer and Banana of the Youngbloods. The title of the album is in fact a function of the songs contained therein since *Crabtunes/Noggins* has "Crabtunes" numbers 1-6 and "Noggin Attempts" numbers 1-4.



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Hirst Elected Simon Rejected

(Continued from page 1)

logical reason whatsoever was given as to why a member of the Disciplinary Committee or the Finley Board of Advisors should not be eligible to run. Not only was Steve more than qualified, with his four years dealing with administrative affairs, and his three years as an editor of OP, but he got 85 per cent of the votes in the last election."

Grad had been nominated for Senate president, but declined, attributing the Senate's obstinacy to deal fairly with Steve's nomination as his reason for refusal.

Hirst managed to score eight votes in the election. Paul Hoffman got five votes. Bill Robinson got three. Aharon Berlinger got two, and Madeline Treana got one write-in vote.

Senators Jose Perez (SEEK) and Roy Commer (Engineering), head of the football club, were nominated to fill Hirst's vacancy. But instead of calling for a vote, it



Ilana Hirst

was decided that the two candidates would decide between themselves. Commer accepted the nomination, but resigned three minutes later.

Hirst said she wants to improve the image of Student Senate. "I want to build up the committee structure," she said, "and decentralize the executive committee." —Winkoff

Evening Session Endangered; Marshak Warns Against Merger

The end of evening session may be at hand.

A proposed one-session system throughout the City University is now being pushed in the Council of Presidents, which includes the heads of all CUNY branches. If adopted by the Board of Higher Education, the proposal would end the separation of day and evening sessions.

There would be one session lasting from 8 AM to 11 PM with all students able to enroll in any class regardless of its scheduled time. The main advantage of this plan seems to be the money saved through elimination of administrative and other services which are now offered at night.

The main objection to the plan has come from non-matriculated night students who have jobs in the daytime—despite assurances from President Robert Marshak that "there is no intention to eliminate the educational facilities for these students."

At a recent press conference, Marshak, who said he "argued vigorously" against the plan, suggested it would hurt Day Session students as well. He said that the proposal would benefit schools with large Evening Session populations, such as Brooklyn, Baruch, and Hunter, and hurt schools such as City, with its large day enrollment. "If you merge them (day and evening) and you have the same amount of money," he said, "you will be cutting services which are now inadequate for day students." Since evening students would now fall under the more generous funding formula for day students, he explained, day session's share of the budget would proportionately decline. He said he would approve of the merger "only if we get the funding."

The College has 4,000 evening students—1,500 are matriculated, 500 are non-matric who could have been admitted as Open Admissions students, and 2,000 are non-matric who are transfers, foreign, or adult education students. The first two categories, under the merger plan, would be switched automatically to the liberal arts school. It's the third category that seems to be in limbo.

"Evening students are second-class students now and this will

just make them worse off," Sam Pitkowsky, Student Senate's Evening Session Vice President, said. It would "just about lock out" those non-matric who are adults trying to get a degree while keeping their jobs, he added.

The Legislative Conference, the bargaining agent for the senior faculty, opposes the one-college concept because "it would decrease educational opportunities for adults and students who work and would unfairly lengthen the teaching day for staff members who do not now teach evening classes."

Israel Kugler, president of the United Federation of College Teachers, the bargaining agent for the junior faculty, also opposed the proposal. He said that it stemmed from "Lindsay's and Rockefeller's efforts to strangle the City University," and that what was really needed was more money, not new economics.

Even the procedures that the proposal will go through on its way to adoption or rejection have brought criticism. "It will only be after the Council of Presidents has determined the course and nature of discussion on the matter," a statement issued by the University Student Senate said, "that they will deign to consult student opinion. The University Student Senate will not accept this form of post-facto student consultation."

With Marshak saying that this proposal would harm day students, Pitkowsky saying that it would hurt night students, and the Legislative Conference saying that it would hurt staff members, it seems that what Mary Reuder, chairman of the Legislative Conference's Committee on General Studies, said was very much to the point. "Phasing out the program," she said, "only creates new problems."

—Claude Ethel

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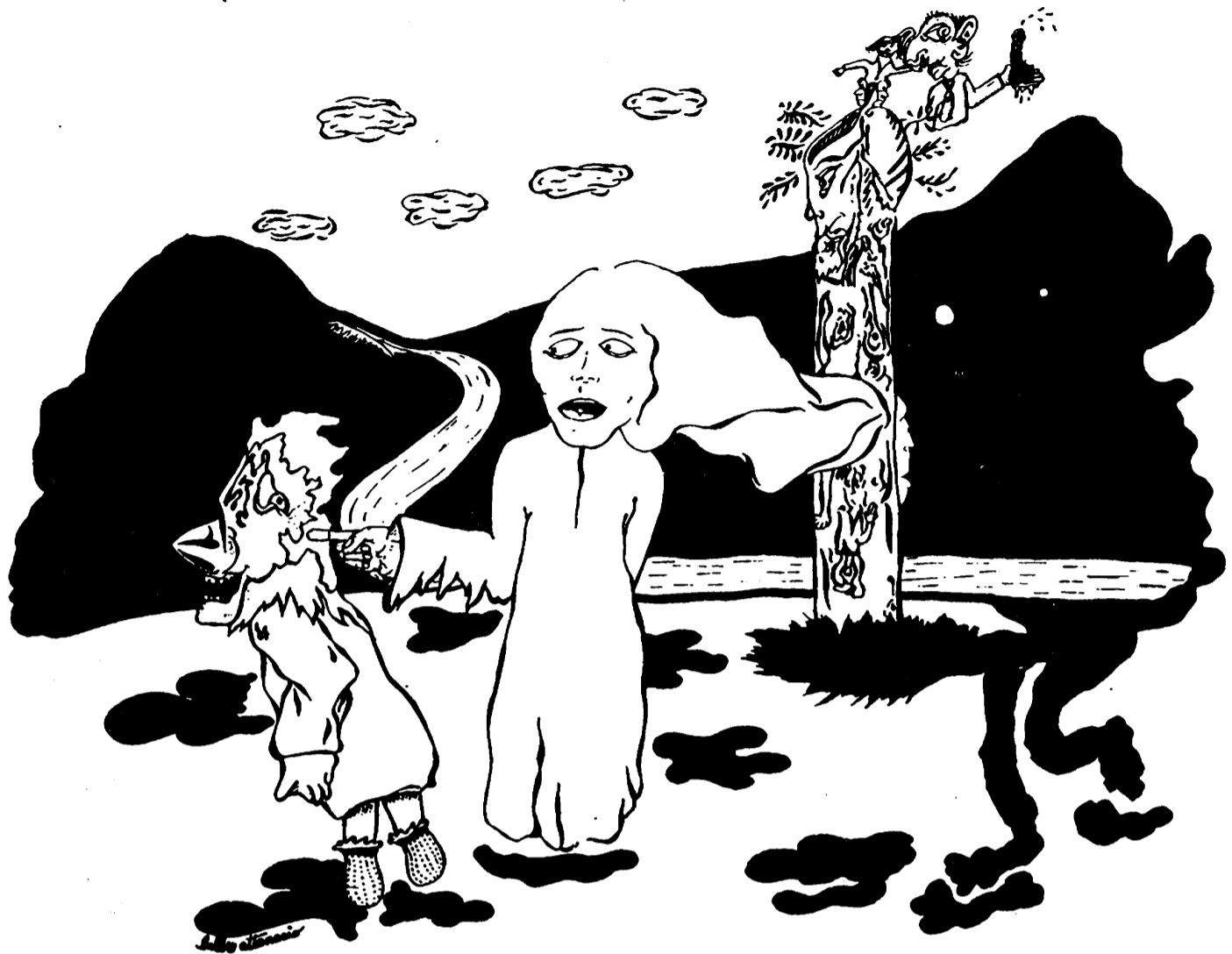
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Cafe Makes Comeback Next Term

After a disappointing Fall season, the Finley Program Agency intends to bring back the popular "Cafe Finley" concert series next term.

The Cafe got off to a rough start this term with only one show by John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra because the program agency could not meet the rising costs to book acts.

"We have been Fillmoreized," said Hilda Meltzer, the staff program director of Finley Center. "What is happening to the cafe is happening throughout the entertainment world. An act like Happy and Artie Traum is now asking \$1,000."

Next term, the concert committee is enthusiastic about booking jazz and rock groups in addition to the folk and country music usually presented in the cafe. "We don't want to fall into the rut of putting on the same acts for the same people all the time," said Gregory Vovsi, student chairman of the concerts committee.

The plan is to showcase group a month in the coming term, booking acts within the \$75-\$200 price range she says the budget allows. She refused to say how much McLaughlin was paid, but other sources said he was given \$350.

The cafe's budget for this year is \$2,400, but the price range she



Artie Traum

quoted seems to fall short of the cafe's expenditures in the past, when some groups were paid up to \$500 to appear. It was understood at the start of the term that the cafe, with a reduced schedule and a larger budget, would be able to sponsor better groups this term, but this logic was denied by Meltzer.

Anthro Search Begins

A special committee will begin the search for a new Anthropology chairman this week. The recent addition of students and outside anthropologists completed the search committee's membership.

In pre-Christmas elections, Roberta Fischer and Bruce Mannheim were elected as the student representatives, with 36 and 29 votes respectively. Both are members of the Anthropology Collective, the group which had actively opposed former chairwoman Diane Sank.

About a third of the estimated 150 anthropology majors participated in the elections.

The two outside anthropologists chosen by President Robert Marshak are Robert Murphy, a Columbia University professor, and Del Hines, a University of Pennsylvania professor who was on the visiting committee that evaluated the department last spring.

Marshak will choose the permanent chairman from among three candidates recommended by the committee.

New Curriculum Proposal Will Combine Five Courses In One

By PIOTR ROZEWICZ

Freshmen at the College will find it easier to deal with a seemingly directionless curriculum if an unprecedented experimental program to be offered this spring is successful.

The pilot program will offer freshmen one combined 12-credit course which would be the equivalent of Basic Writing, College Skills, History 5, Psychology 1, and Political Science 70. The course will be offered to 50 or 60 freshmen in the social sciences who have deficiencies in reading and writing.

Assistant Dean Allan Fiellin, coordinator of the College's Open Admissions program, said that basically this project aimed to break the impersonal atmosphere that freshmen face at

the College by keeping them together for longer periods of time. They would benefit from the coordinated efforts of faculty members they would normally face in separate courses.

Fiellin also said that students would find it easier to apply what they learned in one course to the material of another course because of the coordination between instructors. He added that freshmen find it difficult to distinguish between the different disciplines and it was hoped that the project would give students a clear taste of each course of study.

The program will be divided into morning and afternoon sessions, giving each student a minimum of 15 hours per week in the classroom. The morning session, meeting four days a week, will consist of an hour of lectures followed by an hour of discussion focusing on history, psychology and political science. At least two of the eight instructors involved in the teaching will be present at these sessions, and one day a week all eight will be present to discuss questions students may have.

The afternoon session will mainly focus on basic writing and college skills and will be in a discussion format. Mina Shaughnessey (English), who first proposed the course, explained the motivation behind the project's formation: "I think it

was a dominant feeling among us (faculty) that the freshman experience was a harrowing one."

Shaughnessey pointed out some of the problems which would be relieved by this course: Freshmen, after having their choice of the few courses still open by the time they register, find themselves with a schedule which keeps them in school from early morning to late afternoon with many breaks in between their few classes. Many freshmen coming to the College for the first time find it hard to meet people. This only adds to the frustration of an intellectually boring curriculum. "We hope that it will be an intellectually challenging experience and that it will ease them (freshmen) into this world of books and ideas," she said of the program.

Shaughnessey also added that the program would bring together faculty members who normally have little contact with faculty outside of their own departments. Among the instructors for the program will be Herbert Nechin (Psychology), Adrienne Rich (English), James Watts (History), Ivo Duchacek (Political Science), and Doris Fassler (English).

The students to be involved in the project have not been chosen yet and organizers of the course have not decided exactly how they would be chosen. The 50 or so students must be notified by Feb. 1.