

We find it disheartening, but predictable, that on the second anniversary of the tragic deaths at Kent State, and the day of a national student strike against the war, City College sees fit to mark the occasion with a free concert.

On this day two years ago, four students were shot to death while peacefully protesting against America's involvement in a war that was too old before it even started. A student strike has been called for today to protest that same war, which goes on, and will go on because selfish men refuse to admit their mistakes.

In 1970 the Administration of this College did not respond to the killings at Kent and Jackson State. They tried to keep the school open and plow on with "business as usual." In that light it is not at all surprising that they would choose today as the time to mark the 125th anniversary of the College.

What is even more surprising is that today's concert was the idea and product of students. If they simply forgot the significance of the day then they are merely ignorant; if they were aware of the day and didn't care, then they are callous as well.

Meanwhile, Student Senate, in another demonstration of its vanity, announced that it will withdraw personal recognition of the concert not because of its untimely scheduling, but because the administration failed to invite them to a bash they are holding this afternoon.

The War is no longer an issue at City College. A basically lazy, self-centered student body has played into the hands of

MAY 4—CONCERT?



They (we) threw a few rocks and yelled at the cloudy-day soldiers moving across the field. Another confrontation of symbols, then something broke and the soldiers knelt and quietly killed four of them (us). Just like that. Like a rotten egg breaking into a scalding skillet.

the administration, who wish to see the school operating at its normal, haphazard level. While Vietnamese farmers are being blown apart by anti-personnel bombs, City College will be sitting in the mud, Woodstock-style, listening to the Byrds singing "You Ain't Going Nowhere." And we ain't.

Slowly, the war seems to be grinding down to its logical conclusion. The Vietnamese liberation forces advance farther into the south, while the South Vietnamese army seeks shelter in Saigon. And all the computer-directed bombs in the world won't prolong the inevitable end. However, as towns fall, the American military feels justified in reacting with deeper intensity, more bombs and more needless death.

The federal government has succeeded in quelling campus protest against the war simply by changing the color of the dead. Who cares about a few thousand dead gooks as long as no Yankee boys die, so sure, why not go to the concert?

The past two weeks have shown that the American government is more committed to victory than ever, but it is also apparent that this victory will never occur in Vietnam. The automation of the war has made the conflict more removed from us than ever before, but it does not relieve us from our responsibility to force an immediate end to the killing. Students at this and other institutions across the country must reawaken themselves to the fact that the war is still going on, and although the bombs are now being dropped by robots and not soldiers, it must stop immediately. We must not let the memory of Kent State sink into the mud on the South Campus Lawn today.

ROTC Departs After 43 Years

The Military Science Program, aka ROTC, will be taking its last breath as the phaseout of the program takes place this June. The College has been the center for the ROTC program at the City University. The program offered a two year course in military training for juniors, and a four-year course for freshman.

Three years ago ROTC enrolled approximately 200 students. Today there are 60 people in the program. Those students who haven't finished the program will have to continue at a private institution like Fordham or St. Johns. The program was free at this college, but it will now cost students about \$65 per credit elsewhere.

The student-faculty decision to oust ROTC from the campus came in March 1971 but steps



towards its removal came even earlier. Major Henry F. Wenz, assistant commander of the ROTC program said that after April 1970 no academic credits were given for ROTC courses.

According to a poll of student opinion concerning the future state of ROTC, many students were in agreement with the Faculty Senate decision that the College was no place for the "teaching of war."

Vector to Resume Printing After Getting Senate's OK

The dispute between Vector, the College's engineering magazine, and the Student Senate has been tentatively resolved, enabling the student publication to resume printing.

Vector has been suspended since February 18 when Ming Mar, its editor, and Senate Educational Affairs Vice-President Richard Dickens clashed over Vector's budget request of \$2000 for the spring term.

Dickens revoked Vector's charter, charging that Mar had printed 3000 copies of the October issue without getting approval for funds. He also contended that Mar was giving away the magazine instead of charging the cover price of 50 cents, and that the staff of the magazine had dwindled to only three people.

Mar retorted by accusing Associate Professor Harry Meisel (Student Personnel Services), the financial advisor of the Senate, with putting pressure on Senate executives to draw up a set of guidelines under which the magazine could resume printing. The stipulations were the Vector would be sold, that there should be at least 12 active staff members with "defined roles," and that the organization's constitution should be revised.

The compromise calls for Vector to be reinstated with a budget of \$960 so that it can print one issue of no more than 500 copies. Normally, two to three thousand copies are printed of each issue.

In addition, the practice of giving away the magazine is to be

curtailed in favor of a cover price of fifteen cents. However, Dickens feels that this stipulation will probably be ignored by both sides. "We can't follow them around all day to see if they are charging everyone," he added.

Mar feels that charging for the magazine is unfair. "The students pay for it with their bursar's fees," he said, "so why should they be made to pay for it a second time?"

But according to Dickens, "The whole thing rests on whether or not Mar makes an active effort to get a staff together."

Mar says that he plans to do an issue of about 32 pages, but he has no idea at this time when the issue will be printed. Regarding the demand that he actively seek new staff members, Mar said "I'll see what I can do."

IRA — Into The Politics And Into The Fire

By Richard Trench
LIBERATION News Service

In the Lower Falls district of Belfast, stronghold of the Official I.R.A., the British Army rarely enters at night, save in armored cars. The occasional "duck patrol", eight men with blackened faces, make forays around the periphery.

"Stickies and Pinheads" has taken over from Cowboys and Indians as the most popular after school game. (After the I.R.A. split into the Provisionals and the Officials the Provos wore white Easter lilies (traditional symbol of Republicanism) attached to their coats with safety pins. The Officials fastened theirs with adhesive patches.) Ask the kids in the Lower Falls for an explanation of the game, and they will say: "Pinheads are stupid, Stickies are clever." Ask kids across the street in the Provisional-controlled Clonard district and they will say: "Pinheads are brave, Stickies always run away."

Main pillar of the Officials in Belfast, until October 9th, when he was arrested, was Jim "Solo" Sullivan, chairman of the Central Citizens Defense Committee. One C.C.D.C. worker described Sullivan to me



Young Belfast boys on the march to meet British soldiers.

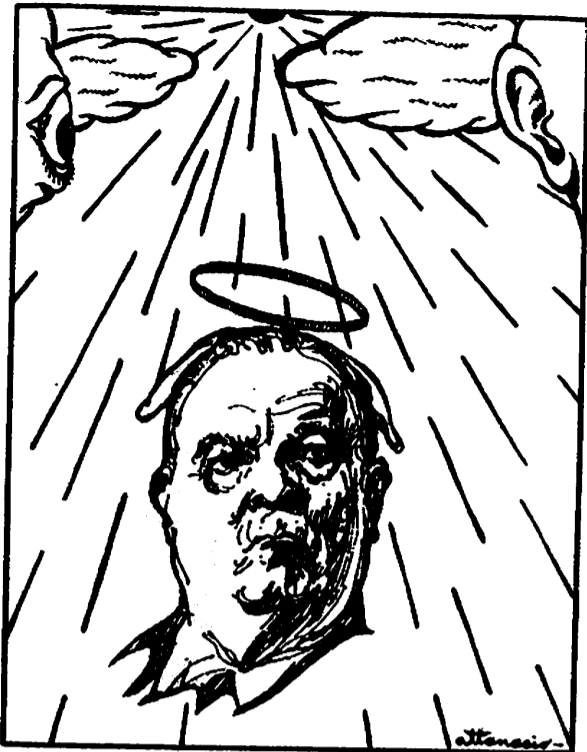
Photo by 7 Days/LNS

as "our best, most hard-working chairman." He played a leading part in the negotiations for the removal of the barricades after August 1969, and played host to Home Secretary James Callaghan

on his 1969 visit. He abandoned active work as C.C.D.C. chairman last July due to the pressure of "other activities." Like other leading Republicans he had prior knowledge of

internment. He even had time to try to contact an Irish Press reporter to give him the scoop of the year but could not get hold of him.

(Continued on page 3)



Boyhood Dreams

o bite my tail little big daddy from the white house, and send your soul brother (nothing less than blood, nothing more than semen) to my sister who will send her a letter from prison and bring upon herself his heavy wrath, so unlike his fairylike body that sits unstilted in space day after day from now on. heavens to edgar!

* * *

What can you say about a 77 year old virgin who died? "Far fucking out! J. Edgar Hoover is dead." Yes, it's true. J. Edgar Hoover died in his sleep Monday night. The man who gave 50 years of his life to the FBI is no longer among the living.

The death of Hoover brings one burning question to mind: How can a man go for 77 years and do nothing with his penis but piss? It is not definitely known if Hoover ever used his penis for this bodily function either. Nobody has actually seen him piss in the last 74 years, and his mother was not available for comment.

It was Hoover's childhood dream to be the head of the FBI, which was quite unusual, since at the time there was no such thing as the FBI. At the tender age of 5, he began spying on people. He caught his parents balling in the back seat of the family buggy. This may explain his sexual hangups.

At the age of 10, Hoover was expelled from grade school for attempting to make a citizens arrest on the school principal, whom he observed masturbating in his private office, with an audience of second graders.

Hoover spent the next 20 or so years attempting to make a number of similar unsuccessful citizens arrests, reading crime comics, being rejected by a multitude of girls, and making model drawings of the FBI building that was soon to become a reality.

The call came for Hoover to take over the FBI as he was trimming fat from a loin of pork in his father's butcher shop. Wasting no time, he hopped on a bus, and within the day arrived in Washington, D.C. Hoover quickly established himself as an ace crime fighter by apprehending two notorious criminals, John Dillinger and Machine Gun Kelly. It was now on to bigger and better things.

Hoover, never having been laid, found himself to be in a constant state of horniness. Contrary to common belief, the FBI raids on porno distributors were not for the good of the public. Hoover never had the nerve to walk into a book store and buy a copy of Screw. The material confiscated in the raid was turned over to Hoover so that he would have "something to read when he went to the bathroom," an FBI agent was heard to remark.

In the continuing need for sexual gratification Hoover hit upon the idea of bugging people's apartments. According to bureau sources Hoover left a standing order with his men any time they bugged two people making love. Hoover would rush over and personally break in the door himself.

In his years of dwindling health, Hoover was unable to attend these raids. In a tribute to his adaptability, he ordered his men to seize all new skin flicks, which he ran at night in the basement of the Department of Justice.

These screenings, which often resembled the spectacle of a Hollywood premiere, were attended by the cream of Washington society: John and Martha Mitchell, David and Julie Eisenhower, "Bruno" Kissinger and Jill St. John, as well as other stars of stage and screen.

With the spectre of death drawing near, Hoover became more conservative. He began to lash out at young people and political groups. It was believed that he spent his last years spying on City College. In a recent interview, Louis Rivera, former editor of the Paper, confirmed the suspicions. "The first guy to pick up the Paper each week is an agent for the CIA and the FBI."

"A friend of mine's brother goes out with a chick whose cousin works for the FBI and he told me that they got a file on every member of the Paper," Rivera related.

In one of his rare interviews Hoover said that his wish was that the bureau would die with him. "I thought it up," he said, "and I'll take it with me."

Dr. Hipocrates

Would you consider nocturnal emissions in a 29 year old married man (3 1/2 years) as abnormal or highly unusual? The frequency of these emissions is less than five per year.

My wife considers these occurrences a personal affront. J.M.

Nocturnal emissions ("wet dreams") in a married man your age are uncommon but not abnormal. They are very common in young males, especially when other sexual outlets are wanting.

A Midwestern member of my research staff suggests telling your wife you were dreaming of her (your wife, that is).

I am sixteen—seventeen next month—and have a 20 year old boy-friend whom I like very much. He is not allowed to come to my house. That's my problem.

It makes me sneak out to see him. It makes me want to have sex with him, to carry his child so that he can come to my house. I know I am wrong to feel this way but like I said, Doc, I like this boy very much.

My mother is ruining my happiness. She is hurting me. I need your advice right away. R.W.

Committing one's troubled thoughts to paper can be very helpful—even if no other person sees them. I recommend it to everyone. As you read your own letter I'm sure you understand that pregnancy in your circumstances can only add immensely to your difficulties.

Nearly half (48%) the teenage brides in the United States are pregnant at the time they're married. The same proportion of such marriages end in divorce within a few years.

Speaking to an impartial party about your difficulties might be very helpful to you and your family. Perhaps there's a qualified counselor in your school. You should also know as much as possible about your body in order to prevent unwanted pregnancies.

I am a student nurse and so have seen many women during baller catherizations. I've noticed there is sure a variation in the labia (lips of the vagina). After looking at a lot of them I realize that my labia majora are too big—there are several redundant inches.

The two boys (men?) I have had intercourse with haven't said anything and seemed to enjoy the whole thing. But why are mine so big? Could masturbation do it? Do I have too many male hormones? Am I abnormal? Is there ever surgery done on this condition?

What do doctors think when they see external genitalia like mine? Flappy

When physicians observe enlarged labia majora in an otherwise healthy female, they're regarded as a normal anatomical variation. Masturbation might possibly be a contributing cause in some cases but not in most.

Female puberty rites in some cultures include routine removal of the labia majora. Sometimes they are removed in Western countries for cosmetic reasons as when the labia extend six inches or more. Occasionally there are medical reasons for surgical removal, such as cancer.

Consultation with a gynecologist should reassure you there is neither a cosmetic nor a medical problem.

I've been married 12 years. Recently, I became aware that a clogged toilet sexually arouses my husband. He had been hiding the fact, but then admitted it.

In his younger days, and up until a couple of years ago (he's 30), he would put things like foil and bread wrappers and toilet paper rolls into one to deliberately clog it up. Now that he knows I know and we own a home, he doesn't clog the toilet on purpose any more. But he talks and makes jokes about it all the time.

Is this normal? Have you ever heard of anyone

observation post

Imperialist Aggressors: Tony Spencer, Bernie Sohmer, Harry Meisel.

NLF: Bobby Altanacio, Piotr Pozewicz, Jamie Friar, Jeanie Grumet, Tom McDonald, Bob Rosen, Jerry Rudawski, H. Edward Weberman, Ken Winikoff.

ARVN: Bill Bywater, Jeff Flisser, Jeff Jacobs, Fran Kaminer, Steve Mehler, Gale Sigal, Barry Taylor.

President Diem: Peter Grad.

Madame Nhu: Judith Faredi.

Puppet Government: Claude Ethe.

Missing in Action: Ozzie Parnes.

OP IS PRINTED ON RECYCLED PAPER.

else being aroused by a clogged toilet? I.L.W.

No matter how strange a situation may seem, there is little chance that it is unique to one person. Your husband's frequent references to feces seem a harmless way for him to deal with his "fixation." But he may be keeping plumbers busy outside of your home. If so, he should consider psychiatric consultation.

I am in my early 60s. Once in a while I cannot 'come.' My boy-friend says that because I am older, the walls of my vagina are less sensitive. Is this true?

I personally feel that such negative information is not helpful and hopefully not even true. Please answer soon. At my age, time is of an essence.

After menopause, changes in the female genitals may occur but they don't include less sensitivity. Altered hormone levels in the blood often cause thinning of the vaginal lining. A thinner lining is more susceptible to irritation which decreases sexual pleasure.

Many postmenopausal women use hormones in creams or oral tablets in order to maintain the thickness of the vaginal wall. If you would "look for the silver lining" you'd best start by visiting your gynecologist.

Would you please tell me about how many raw oysters it is necessary to eat to stimulate the sex drive?

Also, can an active sex life cause a cauliflower penis?

If you find that oysters stimulate your sex drive, I recommend eating only enough to satisfy your hunger and no more (and one more—Secretary's note). Eating too much food often causes a loss of interest in or even inability to have sexual relations.

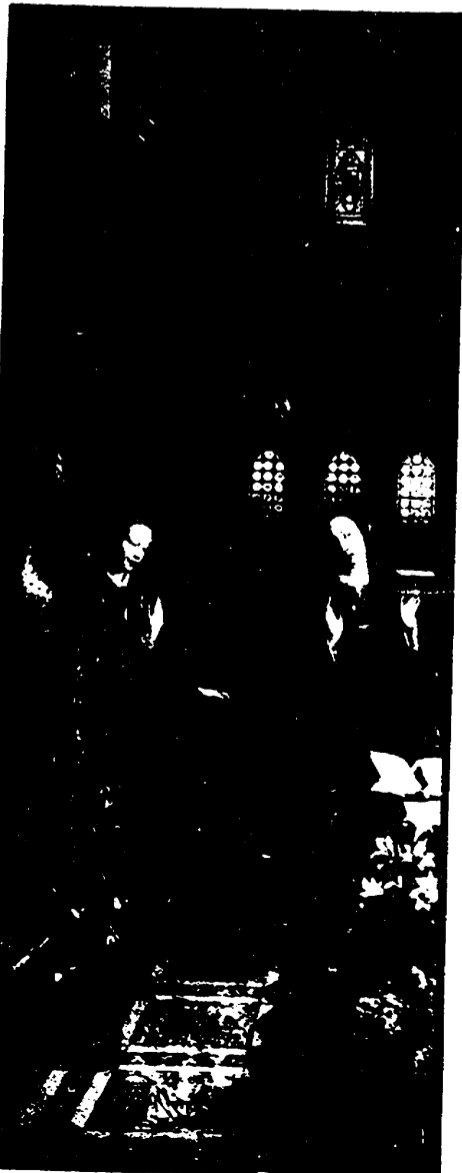
An active sex life will not damage your genitals unless you run across a disease. If you suffer the affliction mentioned in the second part of your letter you can't use those oyster cocktails.

Consult a urologist or VD clinic without delay.

After reading about getting high from raisins we decided to try it. It seems to work except for getting horny. That was no more than usual. By the way, we are not associated with any raisin companies.

S.H. and J.B.

P.S. It puts you in an obnoxious mood.



Two Sides of IRA— Provos and Pinheads

(Continued from page 1)

With Sullivan in Long Kesh (internment camp), prize for the most wanted Official in the North goes to 31-year-old Malachy McGurran, technically the Secretary of Republican Clubs. An enthusiastic supporter of the I.R.A.'s shift to the left in 1962, he is undoubtedly the Officials' best speaker. At the massive anti-Internment rally at Casement Park he evaded arrest by asking the crowd to walk home with him.

I asked him what it was that turned the I.R.A. away from nationalism, towards socialism. "The problem with the '56-62 Border Campaign was that it was purely military, there was no political message whatsoever. It was from the failure of that campaign that the I.R.A. reassessed its whole position, and a very raw brand of revolutionary socialism came into being.

McGurran has seen the inside of prisons on both sides of the Border. He was in prison during the I.R.A. split in 1969. He stayed with the Officials however. "You've got to remember," he said, referring to the Provisionals, "that if you're going to die, or you're going to kill someone, then you've got to have a very good reason to do it. It mustn't just be hatred because hatred is a very sterile thing."

"We are not going to give a man a gun just to have a crack at the British Army. We give a volunteer a weapon, we explain to him how it works, how it is loaded, how it fires, how to aim it, how to strip it, how to clean it. Then we explain our politics, what we want and how to get there. These two, the weapon and the politics, must be merged together. Without the politics, the rifle, the revolver and the machine-gun are all useless. But without the weapon, the politics are sterile.

Finally I asked him what he would do if the Socialist Republic was established.

"There would still be a great deal of work in defending the Republic against capitalist interests. At times, though, I think that I might go further afield. I don't know yet. That does not mean that you go to another country and use the same tactics again. You must know the historical background of the country that you go to. You must make a class analysis of the forces that oppose you, of the forces that are with you, and particularly of the forces that are apathetic to you."

Unlike the Provisionals, the Officials are not concentrating their efforts in the North. For every one Northerner in the Officials, there are two Southerners.

"Our tactics," said Eoin O'Murchu, Director of Publicity and executive

member of Official Sinn Fein, "in the North are to push on towards basic democracy through support of the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association, and on the military level to defend the people against armed aggression and retaliate against British Army atrocities. . . . Until we achieve basic political equality it will be impossible to achieve unity between Catholic and Protestant working class."

I.R.A.'s policy North and South of the Border is similar, "defense and retaliation." In the South this has mainly taken the form of action against foreign owned companies. Just three weeks before Internment in the North, an I.R.A. officer lost his life blowing up a transformer belonging to the American Mogul Mining Company in Silvermines, Tipperary, during a long drawn-out strike.

As a result, Officials fear Internment in the South and have already prepared contingency plans. Asked if he feared the growing Provisional strength, North and South, O'Murchu replied: "What we are fighting about is social revolution, what we want are revolutionaries. We don't want people who think of themselves as cowboys or romantics."

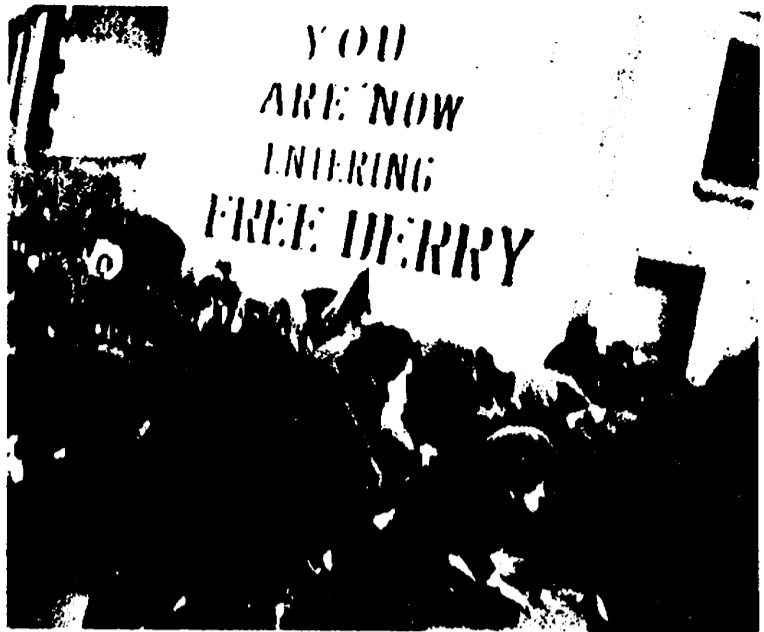
"Liam" was a typical Provo volunteer from Belfast. Like so many others he had been a political back until 1969, when he joined the I.R.A., thinking of it as not much more than a Catholic defense force.

By October 1971, the tension caused by continual fear of arrest was beginning to tell on him. After two years, he describes himself as a firm socialist—"There are very few Catholic middle class in Belfast and those that do exist are capitalists who have made their money and are frightened of us."

Somehow, by some miraculous process, sectarianism and exploitation will disappear when "the Republic" is formed.

Ask him how and he will scratch his head, "the boys with the brains will work that out. I'm not much of one for big ideas."

Belfast Provisionals are left of their Dublin headquarters. Belfast's local Provo weekly has been openly critical of Dublin. In its pages, trade union news carries equal space with "War News" and the inevitable tribute to I.R.A. dead. An entire page, "Liam Mac's Page of News and Views" written by a leading member of People's Democracy is devoted to industrial and social coverage and comment. Belfast's Provos owe much of their leftward shift to their contact with People's Democracy who are largely student-based and highly ideological. Both groups have broken from N.I.C.R.A. and



formed a Northern Resistance Conference to co-ordinate the Civil Disobedience Campaign.

In marked contrast to the young left rebels of Belfast is Sean MacStiofain, head of the Provisional Army Council. Brought up in England as John Stevenson, he typifies the exile who becomes more Irish than the residents of the country. "I was born in England," he told me, "my mother was from Belfast and my father was Anglo-Irish. Throughout my life, I have never considered myself anything but an Irishman."

Dundalk, just half an hour's drive from MacStiofain's home in Navan, is the center of the Provisional's Border Campaign. Two senior staff officers from Belfast have recently been transferred there. In the present campaign, only two Provisionals have been seriously wounded and none have been killed. The campaign has absorbed many of the hundreds of I.R.A. men on the run. Its aim is to force troops out of the cities into the countryside, thus easing the pressure on the urban guerrillas. A town not new to conspiracy, Dundalk is an old smuggling center and in 1969 was the distribution point for the Dublin Government's 500 Spring-Enfield rifles that eventually fell into the hands of the Central Citizens Defense Committee in the North.

Sean MacStiofain, then I.R.A. Director of Intelligence, had already made contingency plans with his opposite number in Belfast, Leo Martin, for the split. When it came out in the open, 80 per cent of the I.R.A.'s post August '69 recruits in Belfast sided with the Provisionals. They were eagerly joined by the "old men" who had dropped out of Republican politics after the shift to Marxism in 1962. An extraordinary situation occurred where impatient leftists, political illiterates and bitter old men walked hand in hand.

It seemed that the only force that could unite them was their belief in the gun. As Bernadette Devlin said in a recent interview: "The Provisionals are essentially an alliance. Knowing many of them personally, there are many strong socialists among them, who feel, out of frustration, the need for those kinds of military tactics. But there are also some of the most right-wing nationalists, who not only blow up public buildings, but would blow up Protestants if they got the chance.

"It is not as the propagandists would say, a campaign of murderers and terrorists and evilly motivated men. To a large extent it is a spontaneous campaign of violence, resulting from fear, frustration and the belief that violence is the only way forward.

"We have a three-pronged approach: One, the Irish Republican Army, which is engaged in the defense of the people, running down the economy and making the area ungovernable. Two, Sinn Fein, which has been driven underground but works in the civil resistance—we don't say that we have a monopoly of the civil resistance, but we are working with everyone else. And thirdly, through the establishment of Dail Uladh, Parliament of Ulster, incorporating the nine historic counties of Ulster."

Regionalism is one of the fundamental principles behind Provisional ideology, safeguarding both religious and geographical minorities. "We believe in harnessing the idea of regional government to the revolutionary dynamic of the country. Dail Uladh would give the Unionists immediate access to power in the North, but with the difference, that the opposition would become credible."

It is 2 a.m., the "duck patrol" moves slowly down Roden Street. Eight men in each patrol, the officer carries a map, with the different sections of Belfast marked in colored ink, "mixed, neutral and hostile." He is in "hostile" territory, the equivalent of the "free-fire zone" in Vietnam. Such patrols aim at luring insurgent snipers with inexperienced soldiers, who the Army can afford to lose, so as to give the two experienced marksmen of the patrol a chance of hitting guerrillas.

It is urban guerrilla warfare, deliberate and planned, by the sons of men who claim to have invented that form of conflict. It has its own rules and conventions, grown up after fifty years of hostilities. Save for a brief period in the thirties, when I.R.A. volunteers under Frank Ryan fought in Spain with the International Brigades, the British and Free State Armies are the only enemies the I.R.A. have ever known. They are the justification of the I.R.A.'s existence.

CCNY And The Old Sod

In the Spring of 1967, a division of the Irish Republican Army was founded at all places, City College. There were some stout-hearted members of the "old sod," as it's called, like Ron McGuire, but in keeping with the spirit of the farce, non-Celts were welcomed into the Army, too. The third in command was a Jewish kid from the Bronx.

For all of us, the concept of an IRA was purely a romantic one borne out of readings of Sean O'Casey, William Butler Yeats, and the songs of the Clancy Bros. We didn't know if we were provos or pinheads, and we couldn't even pronounce Joe Cahill's name properly.

Party meetings were held at McSorley's for additional flavor. The first order of business was to down a few pints of Irish stout, the second order was to stagger home. That stout is a killer.

During these meetings, there were always a group of men at the bar who sat in silence by the hour. Their tight-lipped lips only parted to take another sip of stout or inhale a smoke. They were never impressed or amused by our drunkard shouts of "up the IRA."

A few years later, the violence that has destroyed Ireland began and the tight-lipped men at the bar were missing from their daily places. The bartender told me that they were IRA members who had been forced into exile during the 50's. They waited in silence all those years for the call to return home. About two weeks after we noticed that they were gone the sniping and bombing began in Belfast.



Fire bomb explodes at feet of British soldiers in Belfast.

Photo by 7 Days/LMS

Rundgren Is Something, But Is He Anything?

SOMETHING/ANYTHING

Todd Rundgren

Bearsville Records -698

People will try to tell you all manner of things about Todd Rundgren. They'll tell you he's a walking bubblegum factory. They'll tell you he's a crass, commercial, egomaniac. But those who've bothered to listen to his new album, *Something/Anything*, will tell you he's a punky little genius, and one helluva engineering wizard who can play any instrument you shove under his rabbit nose.

Something/Anything falls into so many musical spheres that, literally, there is *Something/Anything* for everyone. This l.p. is an experience even before you play it. Included is a lyric sheet with continuing liner notes which take the form of witty comments, sometimes right in the middle of a song. Rundgren has got guts alright. On the first three sides he wrote all the songs, does all the vocals, plays every instrument, engineers the entire recording procedure and then backtracks and pokes fun at his own work.

Example: Side One contains some sparkling ditties with listenable instrumentation and uncomplicated lyrics. Rundgren classifies this grouping as "a bouquet of ear catching melodies." Brilliant. In one phrase he's practically called his work the one dreaded word in the entire rock dictionary—muzak. But this straightforward attitude makes it acceptable muzak. You can almost envision Rundgren sitting down and saying to himself "Well, Todd, I think I'll compose Side One today and I think it'll be muzak."

The second side is rib-tickling and experimental. The author calls it "the cerebral side" and, of course it is (who's going to argue with the author?). You plop the arm down and there's Rundgren telling you about a little game he's concocted called "Sounds of the Studio" wherein he proceeds to demonstrate the most common faux-pas made in recording. The object of the game is to find as many boobos as you can, on this, or any other record. There follows an asthmatic instrumental entitled "Breathless." Then "The Night the Carousel Burnt Down" which, naturally, sounds like a carousel and can, conceivably, make you dizzy. "Saving Grace" and "Marlene" are nice, the latter being an out-and-out "rhyme-with-the-girls'-name" love song (haven't heard one of those in a long time).

Okay now, are you ready for this??? "The Song of the Viking"!!! I can't begin to describe the hilarity this crazy thing induces but I'll try. It opens with a chorus of Vikings (the many voices of Todd) humming along in typical Viking manner (if you want to know what that is, buy the record). When one of the Vikings starts to elaborate upon the ordeals of being a Viking you suddenly realize that the lyrics

are written in Middle English. That's right, no jive, Middle English.

"Late at night I lay on decke

Wondering whye I riske mye necke
Picture myselfe in a sinkinge wrecke
Ande downe I'me goinge notte knowinge
whye"

The tempo picks up to a tongue-tying rate and the song is punctuated by a non-verbal exclamation, "Erik is here!" After this rousing round we are asked by Rundgren to participate in an experiment in mixed media that goes by the name of "I Went to the Mirror." While a hung-over voice drones on about the depressing state of one's physical appearance the listeners are supposed to lie down between two

speakers and gaze intently into a hand mirror. Need I tell you the effect this has on one's self confidence? Anyway, the wonder boy wants your opinion on this one so, by all means, give it to him.

Side three is described as "the kid gets heavy." Well, once again he's given us an accurate summation (he sure knows his stuff). He really gets into some high quality rock 'n roll here. This is for those who mistakenly thought the kid couldn't get heavy. My absolute favorite song on this side is "Couldn't I Just Tell You" which really should be released as a single. I'm surprised it hasn't been

already (wake up Warner Brothers. Can't you recognize commercial potential when you see it?).

Ah, the fourth side. What outrageous good fun! On this side Todd has some help from a few friends... thirty or forty, I think. The whole thing is a pop operetta complete with stage directions, daffy dialogue, musical gags and plenty of mistakes. The title? "Baby Needs a New Pair of Snakeskin Boots." The story has Todd in the title role of Our Hero who takes us through the trials and tribulations of pop stardom. All the lines are read in faltering dull monotone as if the participants had just been handed the script a couple of seconds ago—mainly because they had. Anyway, everyone cracks up (including Our Hero) and a wonderful time is had by all. The operetta concludes with "a song of everyday degeneracy in the pop world." Now, what do you think the name of this one is? You'll never guess... "SLUT." What else?

So, yes, you should definitely own this album. Every track makes for good listening and there is a large handful of truly superior music here, not to mention comic relief. Well, I think I'll end this thing the way Todd Rundgren ends his magnificent new record... "Whew!"... Yea, the kid's got flash. —Linda M. Dana

Kinks Oldies Not Moldies

KINK KRONIKLES—The Kinks

The Kink Kronikles is an album designed to please the Kink freaks who have been petitioning Reprise to release some of the material that has been held back from the days that they were a non-selling group. Most of these songs serve to document the fact that the Kinks are a quintessential rock band. The material, to differentiate this from a greatest hits album, was chosen from their last five Reprise albums, the soundtrack to the movie "Percy", and some rare singles and flip sides.

The casual Kinks listener, classics like "Victoria", "Lola", "Apeman", and "Waterloo Sunset" will be worth the price of admission; but for fans who swear by the Kinks, unpolished gems like "She's Got Everything", "King Kong", "Polly", and "Berkeley Mews" make this collection of 28 songs priceless.

"Autumn Almanac", "Dead End Street", "Big Black Smoke", "Wonderboy", and "Mr. Pleasant" are singles released on a U.S. album for the first time. All are three minute pop songs and attest to the genius of Ray Davies' painting a picture with words and music.

—Barry Taylor

'Pie' Seen Better Days

SMOKIN'—Humble Pie

This is Humble Pie's sixth album, the first since lead guitarist Peter Frampton left to go solo. His replacement, Dave Clempson, formerly of Colosseum, has added volume; but the group now lacks the depth they once had with Frampton's lyrics, voice, and general knowledge of rock.

To make up for this, Steve Marriott, who has one of rock's strongest voices, is doing most of the singing. He uses his voice as his main instrument on most tracks. He is also doing a lot more writing and seems to have a lot more confidence in his guitar

playing. Clempson is just beginning to fit into the group; but his solos include a few whines in the wha-wha pedal which tend to be choppy, while Frampton's used to enhance the flow of the music.

As the album title suggests, most of the songs are hard rockers. Outstanding are "Sweet Peace in Time" and Eddie Cochran's great "C'mon Everybody" which shows a lot of interplay between the two guitarists. "30 Days in the Hole" is a very Rolling Stones type of song; and "Hot n' Nasty", which could have been on one of the Small Faces' early English albums, shows that Marriott has not lost any of his punch.

The album's only pitfalls are when they try to out-funk themselves on "Road Runner" and when Clempson sings on what was probably an album filler, "Old Otherwise, the steady beat pounded out by Jerry Shirley on drums and Greg Ridleyton's bass combine to make "Smokin'" one of Humble Pie's best works.

—Barry Taylor



Together But Bad Anyway

D&B Together—Delaney & Bonnie

Like their recent Carnegie Hall concert, Delaney and Bonnie's new album turns out to be nothing but a bore.

Now on their fifth label, everything starts out fair enough with another recording of Dave Mason's "Only You Know and I Know," but from here, it is all downhill; and even that song can't touch anything they did on their "Original Delaney and Bonnie Album" or "On Tour." Speaking of that album, "Comin' Home" also pops up again on this record, done in the same arrangement as "On Tour", only not as good.

Some of the old friends are on this album; but Duane Allman, Billy Preston, Jim Gordon, Merry Clayton, and Bobby Womack can't save the dull material offered here, nor can they make "Superstar" sound more exciting than the way the Carpenters did it.

—Barry Taylor

Hangin' In Madison

(LNS)—Acting in accordance with Wisconsin's new "No Knock" law and with a valid search warrant, the Madison Metro Squad busted down the door of Beth and John Freugal's apartment at 9 a.m. on a morning in January supposedly looking for heroin.

The narcs surprised the Freugals (married for six years) making love in bed. Their five year old daughter, Donna, was playing near the door to the bedroom, which was open at the time the cops barged in.

The Metro Squad, unable to find the heroin described in the search warrant as hidden in the "cookie jar above the kitchen cabinet," decided to bust the Freugals.

Beth and John Freugal have been charged with "lewd and lascivious conduct" and he has also been charged with another violation of the same statute because when the cops busted in, "Mr. Freugal withdrew from Mrs. Freugal, exposing his sex organ to the vision of Donna Freugal, a minor."

Pending the outcome of the trial of the Freugals, their daughter Donna will remain in the Juvenile Shelter so that her parents cannot have an opportunity to influence her testimony.



Delaney and Bonnie and Friends . . . (who weren't much help at all)

Oysters Taste Fine In Season

BLUE OYSTER CULT

It all started with those weird commercials on FM radio and it progressed to newspaper ads with strange quotes from renowned rock critics. Made you wonder if the group could possibly live up to the amount of money Columbia is spending on them—also made you wanna rush out and unveil the mystery. Well, yes on both counts: yes, they're surely worth the expense and yes, by all means, experience the album.

To begin with, they sound like every super group you've ever heard: The Stones, The Doors, The Who, Black Sabbath. Parallels run rampant and will no doubt be drawn to death. Aha! you say, just another ripoff. Wrong. Although the temptation to compare is strong, one inevitably discovers that The Blue Oyster Cult has a lot that is their's and their's alone. For one thing, fear; the persistent drum rhythms indicate running, flight, escape. Escape from what? Whatever it is, we know they fear it and because we're listening, the fear is transmitted. Paranoia. The organ groans. Pain. The lead guitar screams. Torture. Does this

mean we like to suffer? Could be, but that's no concern of The Cult's. They just get us there and I must say they do it successfully.

Each and every track is as good as the next in a very different way. But there are a few which are so outstanding as to deserve specific mention. "Transmaniacon MC" and "Cities on Flame and Rock and Roll," for example, seem to vie with each other for the title of hard, hard rock; they are both so incredibly fierce. "Transmaniacon" seems to be about Altamont as seen through the eyes of the bikers. The lyrics are really unintelligible, but doesn't that remind you of The Stones anyway (another comparison)? Yep, they get the point across. So does "Cities on Flame," a real monster of a song. Lots of growling and howling in good ole rock 'n roll fashion.

The images presented are so simplistic. "Screams," for instance, is just what the title suggests. There's nothing else that can be said about it, it just must be heard to be understood. Then there's a R. Meltzer song! (two of them, in fact) You

remember him, he wrote *The Anesthetics of Rock*, darn good book. Well, it turns out he's also a once-in-a-while wizard at lyrics. "She's as Beautiful as a Foot" is his truly exotic contribution that conveys that lazy desert isle feeling with strangely appropriate lyrics like: "Didn't believe it when he bit into her face, it tasted just like a fallen arch." And those droning guitars create a sympathetic balmy breeze. Words and music make a matched pair. Gee, I hope Meltzer continues a song-writing career.

Another thing, they have brilliant endings. When a given cut is over you know it's over. It's a definite statement of finality as opposed to the usual fade technique which, although effective at times, is all too often just an easy way out.

So, in conclusion I must give a warning: if you buy the album be prepared to become a fanatic, because Blue Oyster Cult won't let you ignore them. When you approach your stereo suddenly something . . . is . . . making you . . . pick . . . up . . . their record . . . and . . . play . . . it! Yeah, dramatics aside, they really do haunt you.

Linda M. Dana

How to Protect Your Hippie Pad From Thieves

By PIOTR BOZEWICZ

Did you ever go to a FREE THE PRISONERS rally only to come home and find the only thing the ripoff artists left was the doorknob? Do you wake up in the middle of night and reach for the meat cleaver under your pillow because you hear scratching noises at the door? Do you open the front door with a baseball bat in hand when the Avon lady comes around? Have you plugged in your fire escape to electricity, taped razor blades to your window sill, chained your pet crocodile to the front door? No need to go to such extremes anymore because Handy Pete will tell you how to protect yourself from the wiley ways of second story men and women.

There is no way to guarantee that your apartment won't be broken into. A determined crook can break into anything that's locked. The basic idea is to prevent junkies and inexperienced burglars from walking in and out of your home. Unless you have a large cache of melted down silver quarters, or something else of great value, professional burglars won't bother.

The first place to work on is the door and the frame. The door must be made solid before anything else. If it has panels or

windows or is plain flimsy, then it should be reinforced by bolting a large panel of 3/4 or 1 inch thick plywood or heavy gauge sheet metal to the outside of the door. Use bolts with shallow heads.

Alternately, you can bolt 2 x 4's to the inside of your door if your landlord objects to attaching anything to the outside of your door.

If your door opens out, then a burglar can remove the pins from the hinges and take the whole door out. If the pins are removable, the best thing to do is to weld the pin to part of the hinge; but a cheaper alternative would be to prop the door up from the bottom in an open position and remove and replace the hinges with non-removable pin hinges. Don't take the whole door off as it will be difficult to put back on again. Do one hinge at a time.

The frame of the door is perhaps as important as the door itself. If the frame of your door is flimsy or rotting wood, a crowbar between the door and the frame will separate the lock from the frame. A simple remedy for this would be to bolt a piece of heavy angle iron on the frame at the height of the lock.

There is no one lock which will keep the door locked. Locks with bars propped up against the inside of the door can be picked

fairly quickly and pick-resistant locks without such bars can be ripped out with some hard shoves like Hole-in-the-Wall Dicks on the boob tube. The best idea is a combination of a pickproof lock such as the ones with round keys and a door braced lock such as a police lock or a cross brace lock. You can find these at any good hardware store. In addition, it's a good idea to bolt a protective plate around both locks to prevent burglars from chopping the wood away from around the lock.

It would be pointless to protect the door only to have someone break in through the windows. Fire escape windows are the most important and the hardest to protect. Other windows with limited access such as from the roof or a ledge can be rigged more easily.

If you have more than one window facing the fire escape, you can bolt all of them shut except one which must be accessible. Screw a block of wood into the window frame so that it can be opened a maximum of six inches. If you're afraid they might break the window, then you can either have special security glass installed or screw 2 x 4's to the frame with six inch spaces inbetween. Security glass is special glass which is extremely difficult to break

through because of strong plastic laminated to the glass. The special glass costs a few times more than regular glass, but at least your apartment won't look like a prison.

You must be able to open one window facing the fire escape in case of fire and also to prevent the Housing Inspectors from getting paid off for a housing violation. You can do several things. The easiest is to buy a locking (and opening) window gate. There are all sorts of gates. Make sure that your gate has tracks for the ends or else it can be pushed away from the window in the center.

Alternately, you can install security glass windows and buy a special lock which locks the top and bottom of the windows together.

There is no way in which the preceding information should be considered the best way or the only way to protect your apartment against theft. There are just some ideas and naturally there are better and worse ones around. If you plan to do your own work like installing locks, windows, or gates, get books and ask around to see if you can find someone who has already installed good security devices.

the planning program for humanistic studies (pphs)

AN EXPERIMENTAL PROGRAM AT THE CITY COLLEGE

OFFERS THE FOLLOWING COURSES IN THE FALL SEMESTER OF 1972

Growing Up, Absurd?

I: K. EISOLD, Z. SCHACHTEL
II: M. BERMAN, K. EISOLD

This course, for freshmen only, studies the way in which we become the people we are; i. e. the processes through which children and youths grow up.

6 hours a week, 8 credits
core credits, division B - 4 credits

Women's Revolution

I: For women only. J. HOWARD, A. PETRIE
II: For men and women. A. JONES,
S. WARING

Investigates in depth the historical reasons for the feminist movement, its effect on present institutions and possible social consequences.

6 hours a week, 8 credits
core credits, division C - 4 credits

How To Be A Survivor

A. BIEMAN

Deals with the ecological crisis, its causes, present aspects (pollution, population explosion, energy crisis,...) and social implications.

3 hours a week, 4 credits
core credit, division A - 4 credits

Alternate Lives

J. LUKOWSKY, P. MINKOFF

Studies alternate life styles in USA, Europe; sources of discontent, history of utopian social structures (Kibbutz, commune ...) and present movements such as various counter-institutions, liberation movements.

6 hours a week, 8 credits
core credits, division C - 4 credits

Politics And Literature

E. CHILL, L. KRIEGEL

Examines a number of literary and historical texts for ways in which politics and literature interact; the evolution of this relationship in the 19th century and its contemporary nature.

6 hours a week, 8 credits
core credits, division B - 4 credits

American Individualism

K. EISOLD, J. HOWARD

Examines the theme of the Individual in American literature, philosophy and popular culture related to a study of social institutions.

6 hours, 8 credits
core credits, division B - 4 credits

Modern Revolutionary Movements

R. WOLFF, M. WALDMAN (tentative)

Studies the economic and social foundations of the contemporary world, the rise of modern capitalism, and various responses to it: Marxism and Leninism, the Labor Movement, Keynes, the New Left.

6 hours, 8 credits

Science - Servant Or Master?

A. BIEMAN, P. MINKOFF (tentative)

Traces the Rise of modern science and technology since Bacon to the present; investigates its interaction, in theory and practice, with social thought and institutions. Emphasis on the 19th and 20th century; implications for future.

6 hours, 8 credits

The City

P. DEARE, P. MINKOFF

Studies attempts to confront urban crisis by grass roots movements, local organizations. Studies effects of these movements (tenants, welfare, health, ...) on city politics and life. Field work emphasized.

6 hours a week, 8 credits
core credit, division C - 4 credits

PPHS is a program of interdisciplinary courses which are built around readings, seminar discussions and independent work. It emphasizes team teaching, informality and community.

Students interested in any of the above courses are asked to apply in Shepard 117 or Finley 104.

Applications are due May 15, 1972.

Winner Named in 'Pig of Year' Stakes

By **BOB ROSEN**

I've often wondered why people kill cops. After all, it's such a high risk business. About two minutes after a cop gets shot they have the whole police force out looking for the guy who did it. Cop killings are solved in about 12 minutes, but it takes them about 12 years to solve anything else.

However, my encounter with members of the police department have led me to the conclusion that killing cops is probably self-satisfying. I am not advocating something as drastic as "offing a pig," but I wouldn't mind if someone would start a "Pig of the Year" award.

The events of the past two weeks have helped me to arrive at this theory. The story may sound petty, but it serves as a firm foundation for my hatred of cops. It made me understand how people brought to trial on more serious "conspiracy" charges must feel. In the past two weeks, I have seriously questioned the right of any cop to be called anything but a pig. Cops are not human beings.

It all began two Fridays ago when I was driving out to Stony Brook with a bunch of friends. At 8:10 PM, I parked the car next to a candy store so that one of the girls could get out and buy a pack of cigarettes. She got back about a minute later, and I carefully guided the car away from the curb into the flow of traffic. I then signaled, carefully moved into the far left lane, and stopped for a red light at the next corner. I had probably done this same thing a hundred times before without giving it any thought. This time would be different.

A police car pulled up on our right, and one of its occupants signaled me to pull over to the curb. Considering there were six "freaks" in the car who appeared to be enjoying themselves, I was not at all surprised. Cops have a nasty habit of stopping cars that are occupied by "freaks." It was the fifth time this month that it had happened to me. After all, what right do people have to enjoy themselves, riding around in big cars, when cops are working, protecting the good people of New York from all sorts of evil things?

When the light changed, I signaled to pull over to the curb, saw that the cop car gave me the right of way, cut in front of him, and pulled over to the curb. Being in a rush, I figured that I'd save the cop the trouble of asking me to take out my license and registration. I took it out before he got there and held it out the window.

The cop walked over and pulled the

license and registration out of my hand. It was dark out, and the cop was wearing sunglasses. Any cop who wears sunglasses at night qualifies as a pig. From now on, he will be referred to as such. This pig did not seem very happy that I had anticipated his asking me for the license and registration. I guess I didn't show him proper respect.

"You're getting a ticket," the pig told me as he began walking back toward his car. "Why?" I questioned.

"For an unsafe lane change," he yelled

you something. "If you had been a gentleman you wouldn't have gotten the ticket," he retorted. A gentleman?

I looked at the ticket and saw that the pig's name was D'Amato of the 70th Precinct, Brooklyn.

He also said that if I wanted to plead not guilty, I would have to appear in court the following Friday. Since I was not guilty, I decided to do just that.

I spent the entire week preparing for my

"Yes, your honor."

"Are you Robert Rosen?" the judge asked me.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you ready to present your case?"

"Yes, sir."

The judge asked D'Amato to tell his story. He told it, implying that I was driving over parked cars as I made my unsafe lane change.

I'm afraid that doesn't sound possible," the judge told him. "Can you clarify it a bit?"

D'Amato told the story a second time, a totally different version. Again the judge told him that it didn't make sense. He told the story a third time, again a totally different version. Again the story didn't make sense. D'Amato was obviously lying through his teeth. It would take a total moron not to realize this.

The judge gave D'Amato a fourth chance to tell the story. He finally said that the reason he pulled me over was to see if my trunk lock was broken. The unsafe lane change occurred when I pulled over to the curb.

I then told my version of the story, simply saying that I hadn't done a thing, that I was stopped for no reason, and that the pig said I wouldn't have gotten the ticket if I had been a gentleman. Not being a gentleman is no basis for giving a traffic ticket, I calmly suggested.

The judge found me guilty. I couldn't believe it, D'Amato couldn't believe it, nobody in the courtroom could believe it. I felt angry and frustrated. I wanted to kill somebody. I had been "railroaded" on a trumped-up unsafe lane change charge. Justice is a farce.

The judge seemed to be the only person in the courtroom who did not realize that D'Amato was lying. I suddenly realized how people like Angela Davis must feel. I was outraged over a traffic ticket. She's accused of murder.

Back to the "Pig of the Year" award. The story I have told is just a minor example of what pigs do to people who have long hair. You can imagine what happens to long-haired people who are accused of serious crimes. They don't have a chance.

My nomination for "Pig of the Year" by all means goes to Ptl. D'Amato of the 70th Precinct in Brooklyn, New York. If anyone out there knows D'Amato tell him to come up to the OP office, Finley 336, and we'll give him some free record albums. If anyone out there knows the judge, you can tell him that he finished a close second.



back.

I was very upset by this. Aside from the fact that I hadn't changed lanes unsafely it was my second ticket that week. I did not relish having to shell out another \$15, plus having two points on my license. While waiting for the ticket, I spent the next five minutes cursing under my breath. Traffic tickets have a way of ruining a potentially good night.

The pig soon returned, and handed me the ticket along with my license and registration.

"Thanks a lot," I told him. "You've made the evening." My parents had taught me to always be grateful when somebody gives

trial. I had my sports jacket cleaned, cut three inches off my hair, and bought an American flag pin. When the big day rolled around, I got up, put on my sports coat, pinned on my American flag, ate Wheaties for breakfast, and took my mother with me to court. Between an American flag, Wheaties, motherhood, and the fact that I was not guilty, how could I lose my case?

After a half-hour wait, it was my turn. I was called to the front of the courtroom along with D'Amato. My mother gave me a reassuring look.

"Are the people ready to present their case?" the judge asked D'Amato, who was still wearing his sunglasses.

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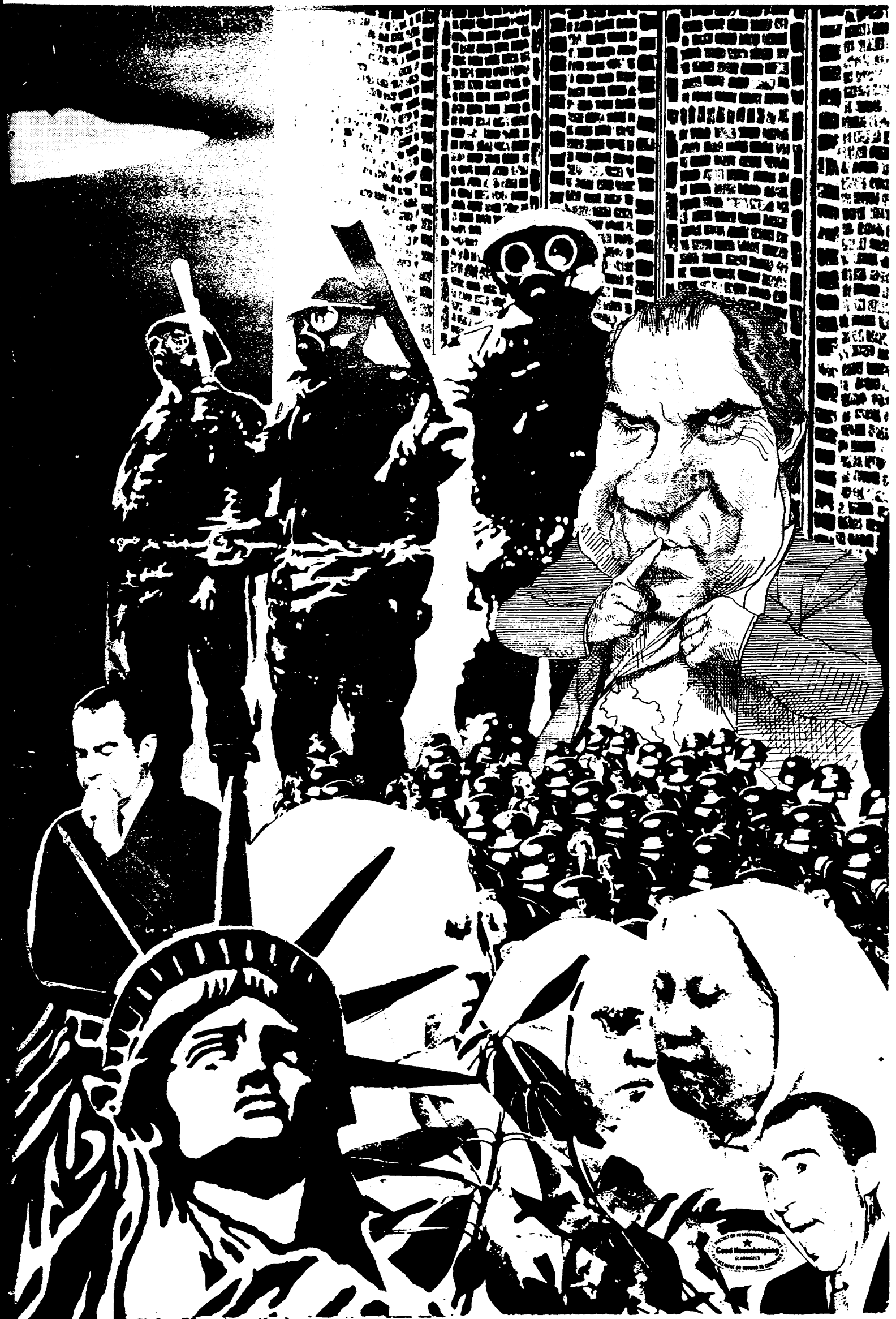
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10 am - 8 pm

For information contact Tony Spencer - Student Senate



COLLAGE BY BOBBY ATTANASIO



STUDENTS WANTED

FOR COURSE AND TEACHER EVALUATION HANDBOOK COMMITTEE

We are making plans for the compilation of a handbook which will serve to:

- (a) give students an adequate description of courses offered in the college;
- (b) give instructors an opportunity to explain their conceptions of the courses they offer, including their philosophy, approach, format, requirements, grading and other relevant information; and
- (c) allow students to see how other students rated courses and teachers they have taken.

If you think you would like to participate in this project, scheduled to begin next September, please submit your name, comments and where you can be contacted, to Peter Grad, OP Office, Room 336.

Also, students and faculty who are concerned with critically analyzing the current systems of core requirements and grading—those who feel that radical reconsiderations of present procedures must be made—are invited to submit their ideas.

NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT TO VOTE, YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT TO KNOW 'WHO OWNS AMERICA?'

In his explosive book, *Who Owns America?*, former Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel gives you an insider's view of the internal wheeling-and-dealing of the government and its disregard for the average American. And he even tells you what you can do to change things.

The man who hated the SST, loved Earth Day, stopped the Everglades Airport, ended the Santa Barbara oil drilling, sued polluting corporations, returned the sacred Blue Lake lands to the Taos Pueblo, and saved the baby seals, was fired from his job.

We ought to protest to live President about it. But, unfortunately, it was the President who fired him.

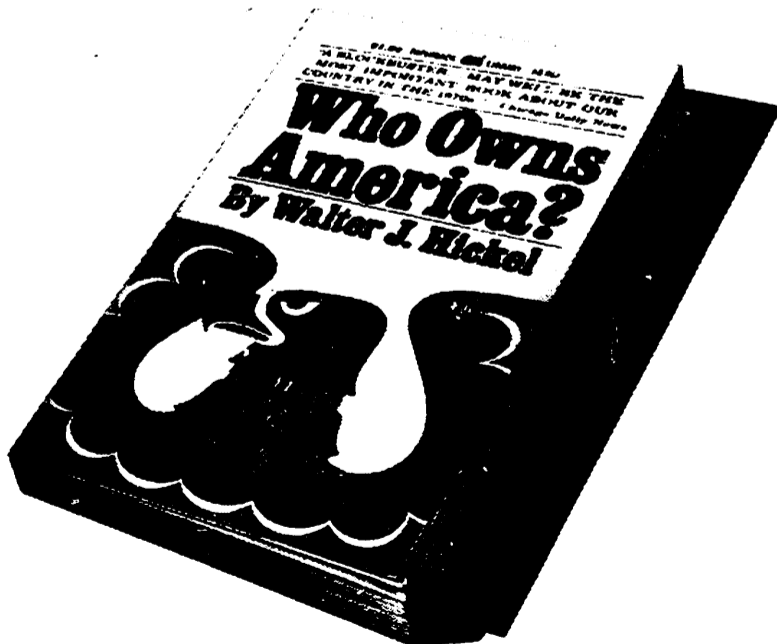
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MAY 4, 1972-OP-10

Birth control info at College

Students and Faculty needing birth control information can get it at the College's Birth Control Information Center.

The Center, in operation since last term, will give confidential information on all aspects of birth control from contraceptives to adoption agencies. They will also refer students to abortion clinics and can tell them how to find out if they have a venereal disease.

Susan Schoenbaum, one of the co-workers and founders of the program said that, "Many students are afraid or unaware of the services we offer. Tell them it's free and confidential."

Members of the Center have personally visited and checked out the services and facilities of the doctors, agencies and clinics, which they recommend, to make sure they're acceptable.

The Center does not have its own office yet but is using the facilities of the student senate office in 331 Finley. If you need information you can get it confidentially by either leaving your name and phone in the Center's mailbox in 152 Finley, by coming to Finley 331 everyday between 12-2 or by calling Susan Schoenbaum at home at 454-0352 anytime until 11 PM.

Laura Friedman

CLIFF ROBERTSON IS "J.W.COOP"...

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Son of Nixon Loses Big Game

By TOM McDONALD

They have a habit of pulling these things on you when you don't know any better. I was only in the eighth grade when my old man decided he wanted to be the President of these United States.

For a while there I actually liked the idea. You know it wasn't that bad; hanging around the White House, and getting free tickets too. Feel like going to the big game? Zap! Somebody always came up with a ticket. All you had to do in return was lay this shit eating grin on the boys from the press; which wasn't a bad swap for all the freebies.

When we moved to Washington and occupied the big house it was time for me to go to high school. The old man decided to send me to this exclusive joint over in Hyattsville, Md. The kids there didn't inflate my ego because most likely I was the poorest kid in the whole school.

So I went through high school without ever realizing the terrible burden which went with being the son of the President. I think that the fact that I lived and breathed football was one of the reasons why I remained so dumb.

Things began to change in my senior year. I was the halfback on the football team, and we went undefeated during the season and went all the way in the state championships. In the final game we went into the last quarter trailing 8 to 6.

With about three minutes to go I get the ball on a sweep right and follow the two guards, John Vella and Jim Meade around the corner. These two huge dudes made All-State. Vella hooks the linebacker out of the play, and Meade runs right over the halfback. The I cut inside the safety and I am clear for a sixty yard touchdown, and we win the state championship.

Our elation was shattered the next morning. The coach had called everybody the night before and told them to be in his office. We were all sitting there happy as hell when he says, "Boys I am sorry to say this, but we have to forfeit the championship."

It seemed that John Vella and Jim Meade were a little too old to play. About ten years too old. Turns out that the two of them were really Secret Service men.

As soon as I get home the old man is waiting for me. "Son, Mr. Hoover thought it would be a good idea to give you a little protection during the game. Don't get mad,

you know how he is. He just thought that someone might do something in the huddle, or take a knife out during a pileup."

Could you imagine meeting some guy, and when you ask him what he does for a living, he tells you, "Well, right now I am pretending to be a 17 year old high school student, and I'm on the football team, and I watch out for guys with knives down their jockstraps."

Everybody in the school is pissed off, but nobody knows how the truth got out. My father figured it must have been that bastard Jack Anderson.

If that wasn't enough bad news for one day then the old man dropped the bomb on me.

Being a real hot shot halfback and all, I got quite a lot of scholarships. I decided to go to the University of Michigan. The old man then tells me that Mr. Hoover has vetoed the idea. J. Edgar didn't like the idea of me playing in a 100 thousand seat stadium. After Dallas Hoover decided that

'...MY MOM ONLY FUCKED TO HAVE CHILDREN.'

he wouldn't get caught again. There's no way he's going to let me get shot by some clown disguised as a football fan. Besides, Hoover figured that SDS or one of them groups would infiltrate the opposing team and get me during the game.

In a few short minutes I went from a football hot shot to a Princeton student. Good grief. Well once you stop being a jock you start being a human.

That's when I finally found out what a pain in the ass being the President's son can be. I start going to parties and out on dates, and there they are; these two clowns following me everywhere. Pretty soon people stop inviting me over. Who needs these two slob checking your closets out, and sampling all the food and drinks.

Once I got to Princeton the situation didn't change any. Everywhere I went two Secret Service men were right there. So I figured the hell with them. That's how I got into trouble.

One weekend I went to New York with a classmate of mine. I pick this chick up in a bar and we hop into a cab and head for a place called the Mets motel. The two jerks in

their three piece suits are right behind us. They rent the room next to us and start listening through the walls.

While they stand there listening to all the panting and moaning coming from the other room, one clown turns to the other and says, "I betcha that bitch's got a grenade up her cunt."

The two of them stand there staring into space and realizing what will happen if the thing goes off.

First of all, those punks at the New York Times who hate my old man will spread it all over the paper.

PRESIDENT'S SON LOSES PENIS IN MOTEL EXPLOSION

Can you see this? Mayor Lindsay would make a speech about greater control over the sale of interuterine explosives. ABC, those clowns, would have their science editor, Jules Bergman, on with a whole bunch of diagrams about the injury. Gabe Pressman would interview my mother. Milton Lewis would come up with a big exclusive "Now listen to this! The F.B.I. has found out that the owner of the motel once was a campaign worker for Eugene McCarthy."

The final indignation would be having to face Mr. Hoover, who never screwed anybody in his life. First of all Hoover would want to know why they didn't shoot the bitch right away.

Thinking of it becomes too much for their feeble minds, so they go into action. In a flash the two of them are out of their room and at my front door. They kick it open in their best Lincoln Hayes, Mod Squad, super spade fashion.

To tell you the truth, I was about two seconds from coming when the bastards kicked the door down. The whole thing was such a shock that I sat right up the bed. Just then I came. The shit got all over the chick, the bed, the walls, and me.

She goes nuts, screaming at the two slob to get the fuck out, asking me if I'm some kind of weirdo, and putting her clothes back on all at once. I start getting dressed too, and I am apologizing like hell, but she doesn't want to know anything about it. All this time the two agents are just standing there staring.

I keep apologizing all the way to the check out desk and right into the street. The chick hails a cab and I jump in too. The two boys in the three pieces flag another cab down. "Follow that cab," says one of them. "This

ain't no fuckin' movie pal!" says the cabbie and speeds off without them.

In the midst of all this confusion the desk clerk has been standing there thinking to himself that he's seen me somewhere before. All of a sudden he remembers, and that's when I really get into trouble.

The clerk decides to mosey on down to the room we used and check things out. The first thing he sees is the sperm stains all over the sheets. Then he goes back to his office and calls this reporter he knows.

Two days later I am staring at a picture of myself on the cover of Confidential magazine. The headline reads:

PRESIDENT'S SON FAVORS FASTER PULLOUTS THAN HIS FAMOUS FATHER (see page 3)

Page 3 has all the details, including color shots of the sheets.

Well, it so happened that the country was pretty starved for news at the time, and the whole incident got blown out of proportion. I start to get all kinds of hate mail from little old ladies, but the old man really started getting the shit from all sides. Things start to look pretty ugly around the White House.

My old man figures that the country needs an explanation which will not only calm everybody down, but save his ass as well. He and Dr. Assinger, his advisor, figure that it wouldn't be such a good idea for him to deliver the clarification himself, because everybody would know it was bullshit. In a stroke of genius Dr. Assinger decides that it would be best for Billy Cracker, pop's evangelist friend, to deliver the clarification.

So they donated another million to Billy's church, rented some air time, and handed him his lines.

Billy really blew it. He starts out just the way pop told him, telling about how dad and my mom only fucked to have children, and

'...A GRENADE UP HER CUNT.'

never once enjoyed it. Then he went on to say how I was a wonderful child, and I must have been drugged into going to that motel.

Billy was supposed to finish with the big part about motel managers having the backbone to stand up to these sex fiends who come to rent rooms. Unfortunately, Billy was in rare form and added a few comments of his own.

Before they could cut him off the air Billy got his idea on the air. "Every time you impregnate a Communist," he said, "that's one more agent for the forces of the devil. What this country should do is castrate all known Communists."

In bars all across the country fat guys in flannel shirts, with the bottom two buttons popped by their beer bellies, slammed down their mugs and shouted "Yea!" and let's fuck up a few niggers too."

Within an hour the entire country was in an uproar. Bands of people roam the streets, burning stores, looting liquor shops, and slashing at every crotch they saw. Women went after every guy who ever screwed them and ran. Blacks went after whites, everybody went after the Indians. Lesbians went wild, straights chased gays all over Times Square.

From one end of the country to another people got swept away by the frenzy. By morning the entire country was a battle ground. Everyone was screaming for my father to resign. The poor guy couldn't cop out because no one would believe that he didn't put Billy Cracker up to those remarks.

It finally got so bad that the old man just said the hell with it and quit.

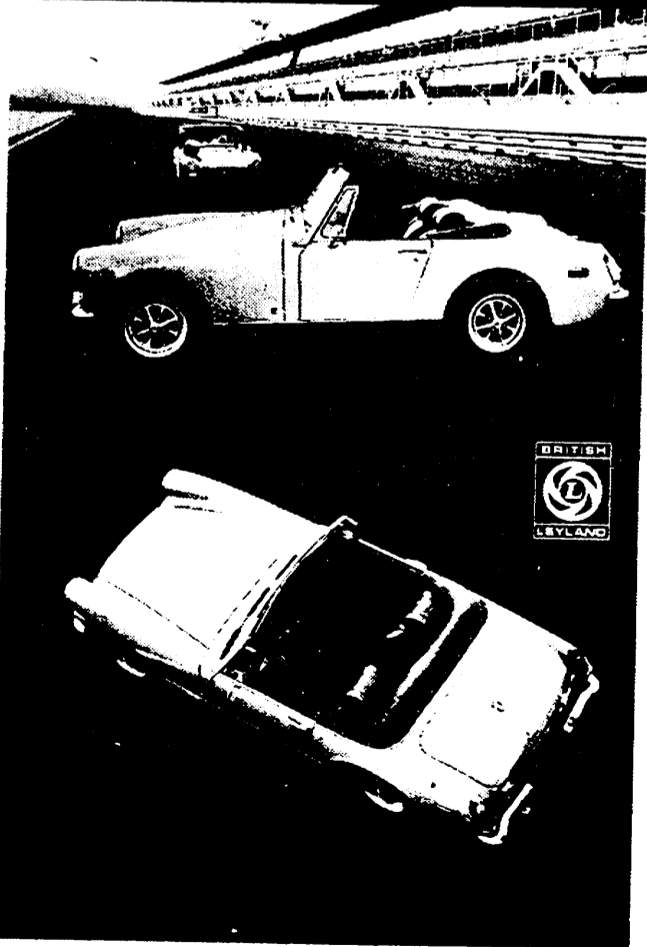
It isn't too often that a president quits, so things were a little confusing for awhile. Within hours though, a couple million freaks descended upon Washington. They stormed the White House and took me, my mother and the old man away.

Then a train pulled into Union Station. After years in exile, the savior, Mark Rudd, had returned home in victory. The crowd swept him up Pennsylvania Ave. to his new home. The revolution had come at last.

a

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WASHINGTON (LNS)—Five years ago nobody had ever heard of a feminine hygiene deodorant. We all had our hands full just keeping our underarms and feet smelling sweet. Then, somebody decided that there was money in vaginas and so the feminine hygiene deodorant was born.

"Expensive perfumes," is the description used by gynecological specialist Dr. Bernard Kaye of Highland Park, Ill. Quoted in the Wall St. Journal, the doctor continued, "There's never been any proof that the sprays are effective to do anything except make money for the companies. There's no reason for the damn things."

Today's Health, a publication of the AMA, warns women not to use the sprays directly before intercourse because such use had resulted in "a number of cases of genital irritation on both men and women."

Alberto Culver alone spent \$3.5 million dollars in 1970 to advertise FDS. In return they took in \$14 million dollars in sales—quite a profit for a product which even the manufacturers say is at least as good as plain old soap and water.

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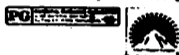
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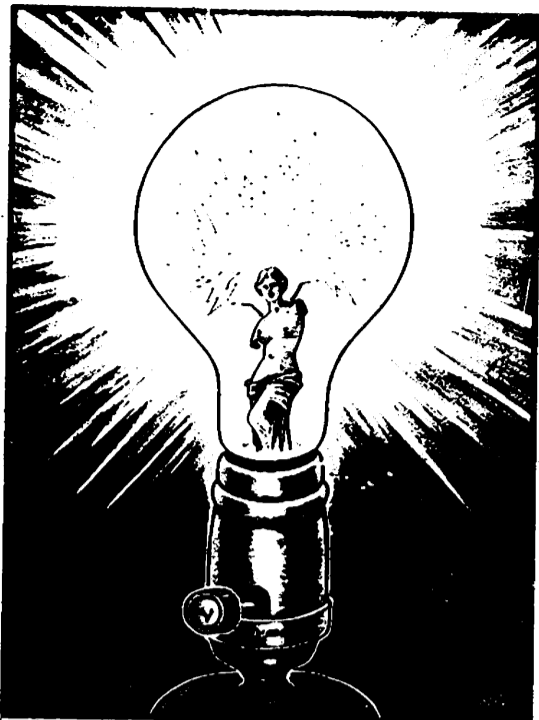


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Wholly Tape Recorders

Once again, the Student Senate has proven its disreputability by allocating three tape recorders to The Paper, which received a similar allocation for tape equipment several semesters ago, but did not use it for that purpose.

The Senate Finance Committee, rejected the Paper's specific request for three tape recorders, but instead made provisions for a blanket allotment of six thousand dollars which, according to one committee member, "could be used for whatever in hell they want to." Logically, the Paper went out and bought the three tape recorders and submitted the bill to Associate Professor Harry Meisel (DSPS).

No Phones & High Bills for Senate

In the continuing drama between the Student Senate and Ma Bell comes the announcement that the Senate's phone service has been discontinued pending an investigation by company repairmen.

As it was previously reported, the Senate's phone bill for the month of March contained a seven page statement of long distance calls which totaled \$498.05. Many of the calls were placed at night, or on weekends,



with a large number of them being made to Puerto Rico. Since students are rarely in the building late at night, and the student center is closed on weekends, suspicion was raised that the calls were being made by members of the custodial staff, or by Wackenhut security guards.

However, Campus Affairs V.P. Ilana Hirst reports that the phone company now believes that someone has cut into the Senate's lines, causing the calls to be charged to the Senate. Service has been discontinued while the situation is being investigated.

Asians Get Action On 4 Demands

The Asian-American Students Community (AASC) and the Administration have apparently resolved their differences.

During a brief takeover of Goethals Hall several weeks ago, AASC presented the Administration with four demands pertaining to the Asian Studies department.

The group sought the firing of Raida Varma as chairman of the department, his replacement by a Professor Tong, a bilingual counseling staff, and the establishment of a student-faculty steering committee to decide curriculum matters.

According to Ted Brown, assistant to President Marshak, Varma resigned before the building was occupied. The other three issues were settled after the occupation was ended by a court injunction.

Tong is now acting chairman of the department and will become chairman Sept. 1, and a steering committee of three students and three faculty has been formed and is now functioning, according to Bob Yanagida, a member of AASC.

Regarding the demand for a counseling staff, a student-faculty search committee has been formed and is now looking for a bi-lingual counselor.

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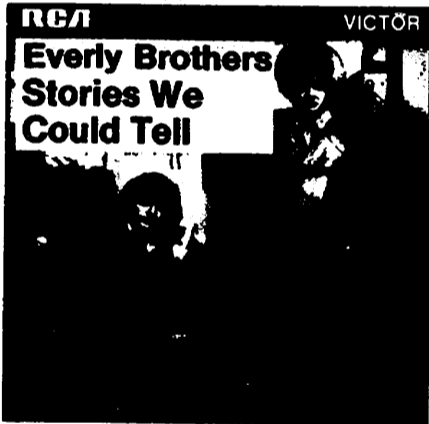
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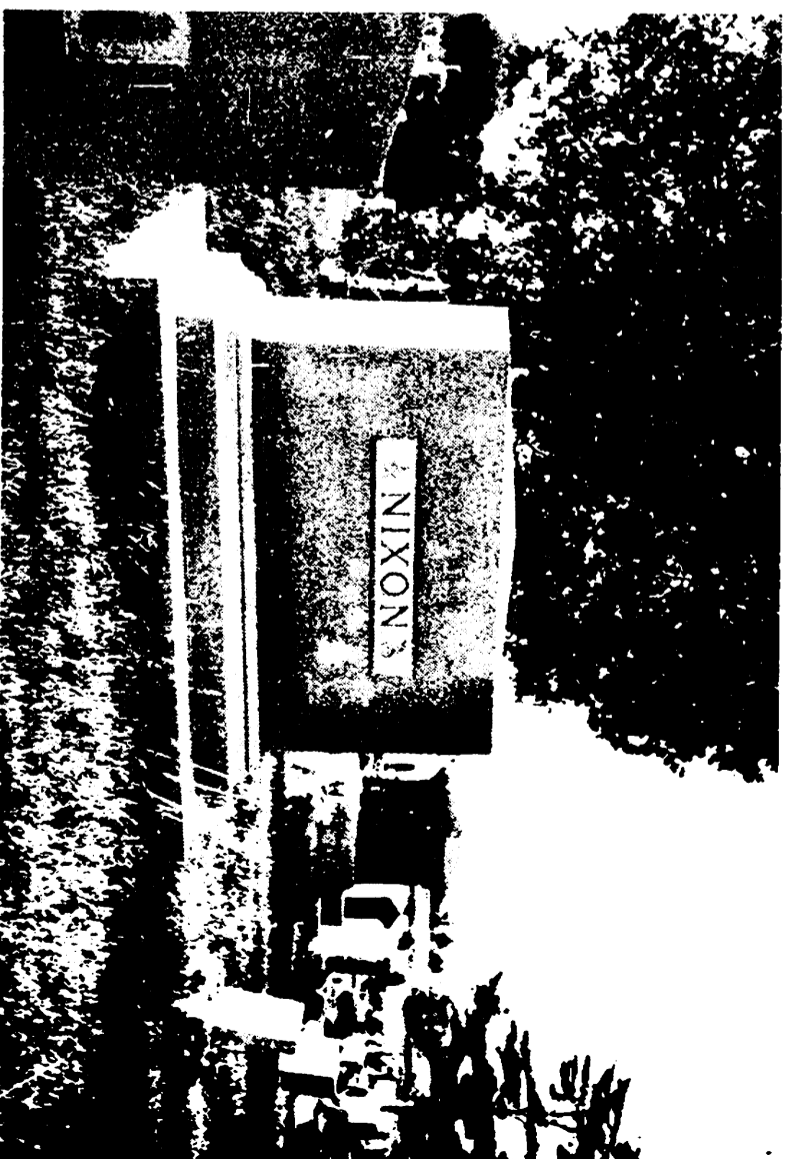
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THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1972



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