



observation post

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Faculty For McGovern To Be Launched Here

A statewide Faculty for McGovern effort will be launched here tomorrow with a sidewalk press conference on Convent Avenue at 10 AM.

The organizers will take advantage of the outdoor setting and media coverage to attract students and faculty to what will probably become a rally and the first indication of McGovern's strength on the campus.

Prominent professors have been enlisted to speak out against the Nixon administration, including historian Arthur Schlesinger, who teaches at the CUNY Graduate Center, and three Columbia professors—Charles Hamilton, Seymour Melman, and Ruth Bader Ginsburg, the first woman to be named a tenured law professor in the Ivy League.

The event is being held on the street opposite Shepard Hall partly because "we did not want to embarrass (the College's) administration by holding it on the campus itself," explained Assistant Professor Radmila Milentjevic (History), who is the state coordinator of the 160-member Faculty for McGovern committee.

She said she has had "an overwhelmingly positive response" to her solicitations, and that the College's faculty has been instrumental in organizing the statewide effort.

The committee lists among its sponsors two top officers of the College, President Marshak and Dean Oscar Chavarría-Aguilar (Liberal Arts), as well as Professors Alice Chandler (English), Kenneth Clark (Psychology), John A. Davis (Political Science), Herbert Gutman (Chmn., History), Hans Morgenthau (Poli. Science), Henry Wright (Architecture) and Dante Puzo (History).

The statement that will be read at the press conference and then mailed to 80,000 faculty and staff across the state, declares:

"It would be the height of folly and irresponsibility for the American intellectual community to allow Richard Nixon and his Administration to obscure the real issues of this electoral campaign. We must say NO to the war in Vietnam and to Nixon's effort to make us all accomplices in his air war horror—our national tragedy with its crushing moral and economic burden.

The faculty members are asked to contribute \$100 to the campaign and to work in their communities for the Democratic presidential nominee.

Fonda Speaks Wednesday

Jane Fonda, the actress turned anti-war activist, will be at the College Wednesday as part of her campaign to drum up opposition to the Vietnam War and support for George McGovern's presidential candidacy.

She will speak in the Finley Grand Ballroom between 3-5 PM, presenting slides she took during her controversial two-week tour of North Vietnam in July. The slides purport to show the extensive damage wrought on dikes and other civilian targets by American bombers.

The anti-war rally, which will be held on the South Campus Lawn in case of a overflow turnout, was planned at a meeting of 30 students and faculty members last Thursday. The ad-hoc group intends to organize "follow-up actions aimed at educating the American people about the criminal and dehumanizing nature of the war in Indochina."

Tom Hayden, still out on bail as a member of the Chicago 8, may also appear. The two of them have been involved in the Indochina Peace Campaign, bringing their anti-war message to people across the country.

Working independently of the McGovern campaign, they are concentrating on

seven key states—New York, New Jersey, California, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan—in a two-pronged attack to reach beyond the peace Movement and convince people that the Nixon Administration is not winding down the war with its "Vietnamization" policy and that McGovern should be elected on the war question alone.

They have spent the last week in the metropolitan area, visiting college and other groups, and will speak to tenants in Co-op City in the Bronx after their appearance at the College.

Fonda's trip to Vietnam was attacked by pro-war Congressmen, who were angered by her visits to North Vietnamese troops and broadcasts over Hanoi radio to U.S. troops in the South.

The Justice Department has apparently decided not to press charges against her, partly because no case exists under current laws against treason and partly because the Nixon Administration is reluctant to make her visit a political issue.

However, Rep. Richard Ichord (D-Mo.) has introduced a bill banning unauthorized trips by Americans to a nation at war with the U.S. and making them punishable by up to 10 years in prison and a \$10,000 fine.



Bombing The Peasants' Dikes In North Vietnam

What follows is Jane Fonda's account of conditions in North Vietnam distributed through the Pacific News Service.

NAM SACH, North Vietnam (LNS)—I left my hotel in Hanoi at three o'clock in the morning of July 12th, in a camouflaged car, accompanied by members of the Committee of Solidarity With the American people. We were driving to the district of Nam Sach, 40 miles east of Hanoi in the province of Hai Hung. We traveled at night because of the danger of strafing by U.S. planes.

By the time we arrived in Hai Hung province, the sky had begun to lighten. Many people were already in the fields; a lot of work is done in the dark when there is less danger of planes.

Centuries ago, the peasants of Hai Hung had fought two famous battles against the Chinese feudal lords. Later, the province, with its large coal mines, became the cradle of the Vietnamese working class under French colonialism.

Nguyen Dinh Tri, well-known author of a novel about Nam Sach, told me, "Mer from there would go to work in the mines while their wives remained peasants. On weekends the men would come home," he laughed. "That way we cemented the worker peasant alliance."

Today, Nam Sach has a population of

one-hundred thousand. The majority grow rice and raise pigs. They are protected from flood and drought by a complicated system of criss-crossing dikes. The importance of the dikes becomes apparent when you consider that the entire Red River Delta is below sea level. The river beds are raised many yards above the plain due to the accumulated deposits of silt, washed down the mountains over the years. A young boy in Hanoi said, "At the time of high water I can stand on the street here and see the sails of the boats going down the Red River way above my head."

We walked through the mud on the narrow paths that run between rice paddies. Ahead, I saw my first dike. Like all major dikes it rose gradually about 30 or 35 feet above the fields, and was made entirely of earth. Some people on bicycles and a few water buffalo pulling carts were moving along the top. On the other side was the large Thai Binh River.

This particular point was attacked for the second time the previous morning by F-4's and A-7's. It is a most strategic section, for here the dike must hold back the waters of six converging rivers. These rivers will be raging down the mountains in less than two weeks.

The planes had been here twice so far that week, and they were expected back.

Yet all around were the people, knee-and elbow-deep in the mud; planting their rice, carrying huge baskets of earth to the dike: getting on with their lives.

Someone said I was an American. People smiles. There was no hostility. Not any, and I searched their eyes. That will stay with me long after the war is over.

As I stood on the top of the dike, all I could see were rice paddies and, in the distance, some clusters of hamlets—no industry, no routes, no communication lines, no military targets—just flat rice fields. Then, suddenly, bomb craters lined both sides of the dike; gaping holes, some 33 feet in diameter and 10 feet deep. The bottoms of the craters were 6 feet below sea level. The crater from a bomb that had severed the dike was practically filled.

The main worry was the damage done by the bombs which had fallen on the sides. These cause earthquakes which shatter the foundations of the dike and cause deep cracks that zig-zag up the sides. Bombs had also been used that penetrate the dike on a slant, lodging underneath and exploding later. This causes serious internal damage and makes repair work hazardous.

Though difficult to detect, the weakening of the dike base is the real danger. If these cracks aren't repaired in time, the

pressure from the water which will soon be 20 to 25 feet above plain level will cause the dikes to give way and endanger the entire Eastern region of the Red River Delta. Since May 10th, Nam Sach has been attacked 8 times; four times against the dikes.

The other major dike I saw in Nam Sach, on the Kinh Thai River, had been completely severed a few days before. The repair work was dangerous because of unexploded bombs.

Filling in the huge craters is a monumental task. The Cuban Ambassador in Hanoi told me that a dozen or more Cubans, accustomed to working in the fields with the Vietnamese, collapsed after three hours of packing the earth into a dike.

Waiting out a heavy downpour in the district headquarters, I talked with Nguyen Huy Ten, 47 year old Chairman of the District Administrative Committee. He spoke with pride about the improvements made in Nam Sach since the revolution of 1945. He spoke of schools, hospitals, sanitary facilities being built. He told me that illiteracy had been wiped out, and I remember seeing even small children reading newspapers along the roadside.

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Roar Of The Crowd

BOB ROSEN

Ah, the roar of the crowd: many dream about it, but few get to bask in it. I was one of those dreamers, my dream being to lead some college football team into the Rose Bowl and soak up the cheering crowd as I was introduced in the starting lineup. This dream is long gone now that I am at City College. Up to 3 years ago, the closest I ever came to an ovation was when I smashed a fluorescent light in Spinelli's Pool Hall, with a wayward cue ball, and my fellow pool players gave me a nice round of applause.

It was a Tuesday night in March, 1970 during my senior year of high school, it was raining, and I was bored. As I prepared to settle down to a thrilling night of watching TV, the phone rang. It was Andy, a friend.

"Steve gave me these two tickets for this thing called an 'Evening of Peace' at the Garden tonight," he informed me. "Phil Ochs is going to be there with some other groups, and of course there's going to be some politicians talking about ending the war, and the usual shit."

"Oh well," I said. "I've got nothing better to do. I'll go with you."

We met at the D train in a half hour, and we were soon on our way to the Garden. We got there just in time to catch the Young Rascals. Our seats weren't bad, we were down in the yellow section, and it was crowded. The attendance figure was 15,000. There must have been a lot of bored people in New York that night.

The Rascals were followed by the Voices of East Harlem, and a skit by Paula Prentiss. Considering the tickets were free, the show wasn't bad.

After the skit, the first barrage of speakers was brought on. Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma gave a pretty good speech, with one of the lines actually bringing people to their feet. The crowd was excited.

At the end of his speech, a bunch of usherettes started circulating through the crowd handing out white cards. The good Senator explained that the cards were vouchers on which you were to write your name, address, and how much you wished to donate to candidates in the upcoming Congressional races. The usherettes would then come around again, collect the cards, hand them back to the Senator, who would read the pledges out loud.

Just as the Senator had predicted, the usherettes came around a second time, collected the cards, and handed them back to him. He began to read off the names and the donation. Most of the donations were for \$10 or \$20. Upon hearing this, the crowd responded with scattered applause.

A few of the donations were for between \$100 and \$500. These were greeted by progressively louder applause, depending upon the amount. There were even a few for \$1000, and one for \$2500, and these donations were met by out-and-out cheering.

An idea suddenly dawned on me. What if I was to write out a voucher ten times bigger than the largest amount donated? What if I was to write out a voucher for \$25,000? If I gave a phony address, they would never find me, and even if they did, I was under 21, and I didn't have \$25,000 to my name.

It was my chance to make my dream come true. If the crowd cheered for \$2500, they would go absolutely wild over \$25,000. I would get a standing ovation in Madison Square Garden. How many people could say that they were given a standing ovation in the Garden. It wasn't the Rose Bowl, but it would do.

I turned to Andy, and asked him for his voucher, since I didn't have one. "Are you actually going to donate some money? That's not like you. You're one of the cheapest people I know."

I explained to him what I had in mind. "You're insane," he told me.

"Give me the voucher anyway." He gave it to me.

I proceeded to fill it out; real name, phony address, \$25,000. When the usherette came by, I handed it to her.

"I don't know you," Andy said.

The Senator was still up there reading the cards, and the cheering was still going on. \$2500 still stood as the largest amount. I was getting very excited, the usherette had just handed the Senator the pile of cards with mine in it.

"Eleanor Simon of Manhattan, \$10," he read. Scattered applause.

"Louise Lewof of Brooklyn, \$20." More scattered applause.

"Oh my god, look at this," he suddenly yelled. A hush fell over the crowd.

"He must be up to my card," I thought.

"Listen to this amount," my heart was pounding. "Robert Rosen of Brooklyn New York," he paused for a few seconds. I couldn't stand the tension. "\$25,000!"

For a brief second, the crowd didn't make a sound. Then, abruptly everybody broke into wild applause that got louder and louder. People were whistling and screaming at the top of their lungs. A few people started standing up, then a few more, soon everybody in the Garden was standing up, clapping, screaming and stamping their feet. I couldn't believe it. Those people were cheering me. This went on for about 45 seconds, when the Senator asked everybody to quiet down for a minute.

He started saying how this was one of the most generous acts that he had ever encountered in his life. He then asked if Robert Rosen would like to come up to the stage, so that the people could see who this generous person was. I sat nervously in my seat, but of course I didn't go up to the stage.

About a minute later, when he saw that nobody was coming up to the stage, he said "Can you believe the modesty of this generous man? He gives us \$25,000 and refuses to be recognized." The crowd started cheering again, this time even louder than before. I stood up and cheered so that nobody would suspect anything. The cheering was still going strong after a full minute, and I was starting to get a bit embarrassed and feel like shit. Finally, the cheering began to die down, and eventually stopped. The Senator didn't.

He went on praising my generosity. After five minutes I couldn't stand it any more. There were no convenient holes to crawl into, so I left.

I never did get to see Phil Ochs.

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This Week

It looked as though things at the College were going to be pretty dull this term, with even President Marshak taking a month off to rest in the Virgin Islands.

But this week will see Jane Fonda showing up with a slide show and eyewitness account of what the United States has done to the people of North Vietnam.

And tomorrow, the faculty is taking the initiative with a press conference and rally supporting George McGovern.

Students should turn out in large numbers for both these events. Our lives are wound up with the Vietnam War and the fortunes of George McGovern—despite what we might want to believe—and it's time a lot of us showed that we realize it.

To Be Human is to Err, To Be Nixon Divine

by PETER GRAD

Hollywood gave us Love Story, a fabrication which touched the hearts of millions of Americans with tear drenched tissues in hand. It proceeded to pick up critical acclaim and box-office receipts in 7 or 8 figures.

In Vietnam, women, aged men and young children have their flesh chemically eaten away, their bodies smashed, arms ripped apart, legs amputated, homes, crops and villages ravaged by fire, bombs and chemicals. The front lines of battle are ugly scenes of agonizing pain and slow death. Yet there are no makeup men here, no executive producers, no movie crews, and no sympathetic audience to empathize with the impoverished, famished human beings that have managed to survive upon the cratered stage of Vietnam.

Gooks just don't have box-office pull. These small, grey, faceless, primitives are not individuals, they are one collective enemy. The American public can't sympathize with such distant, formless beings and besides, they're Communists, they're the enemy, and we know war is hell but gee whiz it's either them or us, and after all, President Nixon is doing all he can . . .

And while Marlon Brando commands record breaking acclaim in his role as the Godfather, a criminal chieftan, a man named Thomas Eagleton, who hasn't got a million dollar investment backing him up or Bob Hope telling jokes about him, has been denied a chance to run for the vice-presidency of the United States.

America bought Marlon Brando because he was tough, didn't falter and got what he wanted. John Wayne, the epitome of masculinity, stamina and guts, is still a box-office hero. President Nixon is not unaware of the power of Hollywood, as proven by his recent fund raising ap-

pearance. By the smile on his face as he posed with some of the more-endowed starlets, you would think he forgot that just four years ago he uttered the words, "Those who have had a chance for four years and could not produce peace, should not be given another chance."

Does John Wayne ever see a shrink about his affinity for rifles and shotguns? Has Richard Nixon ever said "I'm sorry, I was wrong." Can't Ryan O'Neil verbalize his feelings with anything stronger than "up yours bitch" or "damn it?" Does Archie Bunker ever take a shit? Of course not. No American hero can acknowledge, much less actually possess any indication or suspicion that he might be unsure of himself or his capabilities. Nor is he allowed to realize any further need to understand himself.

Apologies are signs of weakness, they are not acceptable from a man for whom millions cast a vote of confidence. Besides, might makes right, and might means never having to say you're sorry.

America can accept a belch or two and "safe" slurs like "the coloreds" or "Pollacks" because these terms allow for safe identification with the person of Archie Bunker, but anything stronger, like "fuck" or the idea that even bigots must retreat to the toilet to dispel bodily waste, is one that would disrupt the unity and harmony of the relationship that one had established with television characters. The audience must be anaesthetized against such anxiety provoking thoughts and words as though the word "fuck" and the action it implies has done more to corrupt moral values than the Nixon administration's tactical slaughtering of the last four years.

A man was rejected by the public because he had had the courage to acknowledge that he had an emotional strain which, due to extreme pressure and time, he

couldn't relieve on his own, and had to seek professional counseling. At the same time a man lied through his teeth for four years, spoke of self determination while dropping more bombs than any other president in American history, spoke of freedom yet applauded the national guard killing students, acknowledged dissent but stood idly by while 10,000 were rounded up in DC because they asked for peace, and offered three of the most partisan, and incompetent nominees for the Supreme Court in recent memory. Yet, that same man has, at the present, the endorsement of 60% of the population. A breakdown of rationality must have occurred somewhere.

It is as though American has suffered an adolescent trauma and can only cope by means of repressing that which has been occurring the last decade or so. Anyone who comes along with firm, comforting smile to tell us things are going to be all right, despite indisputable evidence to the contrary, will become the father figure to the disturbed nation and proceed to make anyone else who offers a more realistic evaluation of the present situation look like a subversive, or a quack doctor who cannot possibly improve the patients' health.

Depression is a classification which includes symptoms of hopelessness, loss of a loved object, melancholia, mourning, etc. It is unlikely that there is one adult living today who has not been subjected to at least one major upset in his or her life—a broken relationship, prolonged cold or other disease, failing mark, mistaken investment, accident, etc. The degree of depression will vary, with the seriousness of the incident, the length of occurrence and the number of other misfortunes he has at that time. Yet, it probably will not phase the individual that what

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How Waterbeds Washed Up a \$49G Debt

By David Mendelsohn

At the present time I am student #083-38-4772 but less than a year ago I was the president of the largest waterbed company on the East Coast. In two years we sold \$700,000 worth of Aquarius waterbeds, but ended up with a debt of \$49,000, seven thousand of which was in taxes.

It wasn't any secret plan which brought me so near to the American dream of early retirement, but rather the environment. For some reason the public was ready to float off to sleep and ecstasy on a waterbed. Ten years ago, "Two things are better on an Aqua bed... one of them is sleep" would never have been used in a newspaper ad. Lenny Bruce might have used it in one of his routines and gotten busted for it.

Suddenly I was a capitalist, but I never had any intentions of finding myself exploiting workers, polluting the environment, trading with South Africa, and working all day and night.

In 1969 my fellow capitalists and I were carpenters. We built a waterbed out of wood, plastic and heating element. It was very comfortable for sleeping, and cozy to make love on. We knew it wouldn't be hard to sell 20 or 30 beds, so we invested enough money to make that many. Being independent carpenters we merely planned to make just enough money to pay for our labors. Little did we know that the world would, without giving us a choice, transform us from honest workers into hippie manufacturers advertising in the Village Voice, then into young "movement businessmen," and finally into full-pledged businessmen.

Plastic Didn't Sell

Our first beds had a plastic frame and sold for \$600. Since they only cost \$300 to make, we figured to clear a nice profit. The only problem was that we never sold a single bed. So we junked the plastic frame and began using wood, and advertising our first sale in the Voice.

The sale took place on Labor Day weekend. That Saturday we sold ten beds. In two months we had to hire ten employees to help meet our demands. During the Christmas rush, we did \$50,000 worth of business. All the time we were positive that we were on the verge of becoming millionaires, so we only took what money we needed and kept on working 16 hours a day.

We were a medium-sized company that was run by people who had no knowledge of credit and cash flow. We worked side by side with our employees. They worked shorter hours and made more money than we did. They had a choice of quitting, but since none of us had regained our original investments, we were forced to continue. In a very real sense, the capital was exploiting the capitalists.

Meanwhile, I became a celebrity. On Nov. 16, 1970 I appeared on the Merv Griffin Show with Georgie Jessel and Chris Noel. We all bounced around on the waterbed, and Merv made a remark about my hair that made everybody laugh. In doing so, he had



been set up beforehand. Almost all of the funny remarks made on late night shows come from a prearranged script.

Inquiry from Thailand

There were several furniture publications which carried our success story, but an article in Time magazine really changed everything.

One month after that story, 15 stores were carrying our beds exclusively. We owned three stores ourselves, and we received over 100 inquiries from overseas. One gentleman in Bangkok, Thailand, was interested in a dealership. More than one rich man came to us with offers of money and business savvy, but we were tripping out on the increasing size of our business and the supposed profits that hadn't materialized.

So how did we fail? We produced beautiful ads for \$800 a week that were twice as large as our nearest competitors. We treated our workers as part of the Aquarius family.

Educating the Public

It seems that our downfall came from our integrity towards the public. When a bed broke, our service company would fix it free of charge. Moreover, we would not sell a bag which could possibly break and ruin a home. Eighty percent of the waterbeds sold in New York were just bags. We gave up that market and paid the advertising costs of educating the public to "A bag is not a bed." In this we had a choice. The system says, "If you want to survive give the people what they want, and fire your friends in favor of strangers who can do the job more efficiently."

Aquarius also spent more than \$5,000 in Un-

derwriters Laboratory fees, but all they did was use us in the interest of another one of their clients who sold heaters. We didn't even know enough to offer them a bribe.

I can't want to say that we never compromised ourselves morally in order to make money. Our first ads were clearly exploiting women. A beautiful woman lay naked on the bed under the caption "Two things are better..." However, if they had let us, we would have run a naked man and a woman in the ad but that would have been "obscene and unprintable." So we ended up with 70 per cent of our customers being men.

Aquarius also sold beds to South Africa after we found out that some Black African nations were also trading with the racists.

Ignorant of Finance

All during this time, I acted as the comptroller of the company. Being ignorant of accounting, I spent most of my energy worrying, and so by the summer of '71 Aquarius was losing business to bag makers who sold cheap and split for the Coast, leaving a flood of broken bags in their wake, and to middle-aged businessmen who had a variety of frames that just couldn't be passed up.

A company doing \$500,000 worth of business a year should only owe about \$50,000 to its suppliers. At the same time, you should have some cash in the bank. We were still selling a lot of beds, but we had no real businessmen who could tell us how to turn our worth on paper into cash.

The laws of finance are complex. We were ignorant of the do's and don'ts of giving and accepting credit, or when to ask payment and when to pay your own bills. We were overcome by the swirl of business and didn't realize that most of our profits were just on paper. Unless you have someone who is wise to the ways of finance and can keep track of what you owe and is owed you, then the roof is going to fall in someday. That is how we turned \$700,000 worth of business into a \$49,000 debt.

At board meetings, the four of us, a psychotic but fine advertiser, a schizoid but knowledgeable creator, a psychopath who could be charming when it was needed, and me, a worried neurotic, screamed and hit one another in an effort to make some sense.

The last straw came when I found out that the officers of the company were responsible for payment of company taxes even if the company folded. Not wanting to spend the rest of my life as an indentured servant to Richard Nixon, I sold my share of what most people thought was a successful company and returned to City College. My plan is to be an artist and enjoy life even if I have to be poor.

In the course of my 16-hour days, I missed many a dinner with my girlfriend, and I guess a lot of other things that we needed. When she left, she took my waterbed. Actually I don't mind losing the bed. It wouldn't be any fun without someone to help you make waves.

Underground Rag 'Good Times' Stops Publication

What follows is a front page article that was printed in the last issue of Good Times, an underground newspaper from San Francisco, in early August. Written by a staff member named "benhari," it tries to analyze the current political situation as well as explain why the Good Times commune decided to stop publishing its newspaper.

Revolution. What do you think when you hear that word? What did you think when you heard it a few years ago? If its meaning hasn't changed for you, you were either an incredible visionary or you're now hopelessly out of date.

It used to be said proudly, "I'm a revolutionary like Che or like Malcolm or like Uncle Ho." Brilliant, loving, dedicated men. But it turned out that most of the people who took on the label were not like Che or Malcolm or Ho, they were slender intellectual idealists, slobbering Meth heads, egomaniacs, burn artists, con men, faddists, opportunists, romantic or fucked up middle class kids who knew what's happening in America just ain't right.

Some people, like Bernardine Dohrn, or Karl Armstrong, Bobby Seale, or Cesar Chavez, many others WERE (and ARE) actually together enough to take actions they felt necessary to initiate this revolutionary process, to do the hard, hour by hour struggling that is necessary to overcome this inhuman system which allows 2% to live in undreamed luxury while millions scramble for the simple necessities.

And it took most of us some time to learn that revolution is a PROCESS, not a product. We can't just go to a 4-day festival and think the revolution is won. We're not going to slip acid into the water systems of all the major cities and wake up the next morning and find all our dreams realized. We're not going to all drop out and take hash and see the American colossus suddenly stop in its tracks.

It's going to take all these things to keep the revolutionary process flowing. It's also going to take yoga & guerrilla actions & food conspiracies & organizing workers & orgies & prayer & street demonstrations & alternative schools and dropping acid & voting and: . . . well, Malcolm said a few years back "—Revolution by any means necessary." Revolution by EVERY means necessary. Revolution by any means POSSIBLE.

The revolution is happening. Too bad about all those drugged out people with hair panhandling spare change on every downtown street corner, outside every rock show. Too bad about all those long haired political celebrities exchanging witticisms with Dick Cavett. Too bad about all those cosmic, burned out urbanites in their country communes sniffing at the hopelessness of it all. Has the revolution fucked these people up? or has the system we are struggling to change fucked them up? This is war, brothers and sisters, and war has victims.

But the revolutionary process is firmly in motion. It will ebb and flow and backtrack and leap and despair and

dissolve into ecstasy, but it will not be stopped. The universe is on our side, brothers and sisters, who needs God?

What is this bullshit leading up to? Just this—the Good Times Commune is indefinitely suspending its publication of the product known as the Good Times newspaper. For the first time in 4 and 1/2 years the radical movement will not have a regularly printed voice (the Guardian notwithstanding) in San Francisco. We were always defined as an "underground" paper, and for a long time we thought of ourselves that way. We refused to deal with "straight" institutions except when we had to. We had to fight for the right to sell our papers in the streets. We had to struggle for access to the same news that Chron-Exam monopoly reporters were served up. We never were given police press passes. We covered stories from the perspective of the participants, dodging clubs as we took notes. The lines were clear and we knew which side we were on.

But it was an illusion. We weren't "underground" at all. The Weatherpeople, they're underground. We publish our phone number and address, we lived where we worked. Anyone could wander in and did. We dealt with giant corporations and local businesses advertising their products and services. The Good Times was widely available in the area where there was a long haired community, which came to be pretty widespread. (But we were always denied space by many reactionary conservative store owners and news stand operators.)

No, the Good Times was definitely part of the system. Economically we depended on it. In order to be a Mass Media, you've got to. Cause that's where the money is, and to be Mass you need Money—for printing and typesetting and cars and everything it takes to chop down a hillside of trees and grind it into paper and feed it into complex machines that spit out Newspapers and then move that ton or so of information and split it up into hundreds of little packages and get it out where everyone who wants can bring it home and have a laugh or two on the john and find out some of the stuff the "straight" press wouldn't print.

But things have changed. The movement has gotten so widespread and profitable that information and opinions that you would never have seen a few years ago except in such places as Good Times and the Barb and the Tribe and EVO and all the others is broadcast by CBS-TV. The cultural revolution is in full bloom. Organic living, sexual freedom, the truth about the Chinese revolution, all of it, is becoming available to the entire American public. Of course, there are lots of lies and distortions and controls but then what can you expect? The revolution is still on a low spiral.

So people no longer have to rely on the "underground" press for their news. Many of our readers weren't ready to accept the complete scope of our vision, some felt we were too "political," others felt we were too "hippie-dippie." In an age that the

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Hippies Are Gone But Life Goes On In Haight

by TED FRIEDMAN
alternative features service

San Francisco—At one time it had more than a dozen head shops and scores of boutiques dispensing nothing more fashionable than beads and bells. That was in 1967, the year of the Human Be-In at Golden Gate Park celebrating beards, long hair, bare breasts, and dope. But by 1969 and the drunken, freaked-out orgy at San Francisco's Glide Memorial marking the "Death of Hippie," it was all over.

For those for whom it had never begun, it dragged on for several more years of disillusioned pilgrimages to the Haight. There were interminable "warm San Francisco nights" still to be played to inevitable conclusions: rapes, rip-offs, and nightmarish drug freakouts. But by the seventies, the Haight-Ashbury, much abused symbol for the defunct flower child phenomenon, was a smoldering shell.

Scene of mass arrests, murders, and public gang bangs, it was sealed off from the rest of the city. Except for the gravest of crises, the San Francisco Police were keeping hands off, waiting for the Haight to burn out. And burn out it did.

Today, even though there is much talk in the Haight about a revival, Haight Street

itself still has the dingy, boarded-up look of a disaster area. Only the hardiest have survived the exodus in the late sixties of the neighborhood's long-time residents. And while it would not be fair to say there is animosity between newcomers and the old-timers, some of whom have lived in the Haight for as long as thirty years, all the ingredients for a confrontation are present.

Merchants Still Resentful

There are, in fact, ominous resemblances between the long-gone Haight-Ashbury Independent Merchants (HIP)—once headed by Ron Thelin, founder of the Psychedelic Shop, the Haight's most famous head shop—and Haight-Ashbury Neighborhood Development (HAND), one of a multitude of neighborhood improvement associations. Unlike some city-backed groups, HAND wants to see the Haight take up where it left off before all the drug pushers moved in. Its storefront office is a clearinghouse of survival information, free university course offerings, and flop spot listings, and it's the home of the Haight-Ashbury Switchboard.

If not exactly flourishing, the old Haight-Ashbury Merchants Association, which used to clash daily with HIP, survives.

After struggling through the—for them—dark days of flower power, they view with resentment and apprehension anything that smacks of utopianism.

Commenting on a HAND proposal for a mall, Mendel Herscovitz, 58, vice-president of the Merchants complains, "Where would we unload? I don't suppose those people have noticed it, but we don't have any alleys to receive shipments in." Herscovitz, who locks his cash register after each sale and works his hardware store with the help of a three-foot-tall German Shepherd and a baseball bat, criticizes as rootless the young people who are trying to unite the Haight. Of one of the organizers, he says, "He's in his twenties with no ties; he can drift away as he came here, a revolutionary. What has he got to lose?"

While the bickering continues, however, there are signs of health. New stores open regularly, most of them furniture stores, book stores, antique shops. And both the vacancy rate and the crime rate have dropped—vacancies by 50% and crime by 68%, according to officials. Bus service which had long been discontinued has recently been resumed and many residents say they are no longer afraid to

walk the streets in daylight.

What, exactly, the Haight will become is anybody's guess. Before the pushers and other rip-off types moved in, the Haight was at the center of the major cultural movements of the sixties. It was the home of the famous San Francisco Oracle, considered by some the flashiest underground paper in the heyday of underground papers, and its gaudy boutiques and head shops once attracted tourists from around the world. The poster renaissance originated and flourished in the Haight where once you could buy a Jefferson Airplane or Grateful Dead Fillmore concert poster for ten or fifteen cents.

But the printer who turned out has soured on this aspect of the Haight and no longer prints posters. He has a few stashed somewhere in his office, but he'll only discuss them with collectors.

Perhaps in its reaction to the deflowering of the flower generation, the Haight continues to symbolize the cultural history of its time. The only difference between the Haight and other parts of the country is that the Haight had to live through it. Though precariously, it seems somehow to have survived.

Bombing

(Continued from page 1)

He was deeply moved when he spoke about the land that is now in serious danger. He recalled the days before 1945 when it didn't belong to them, when his parents, like the others, had to sell themselves as "coolies" to the rich French landowners.

"I was 20 at the time of the revolution," he said. "The lands were given back to use, and my family joined an agricultural cooperative. Life has been getting better and better. Since 1968 we have mobilized our people to move 2.7 million cubic yards of earth and strengthen our dikes. The dikes in our district were very strong, and we were safe in the biggest floods of last year.

"But after the July 9th raids this summer our people have been very worried because the rainy season has begun and if we cannot mend the dikes in time, the lives of 100,000 people and 5,000 acres of arable land will be in danger."

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A 'Separate Peace' Is Done Justice On Screen

At a time when any third rate novel is transposed to the screen it is a pleasant relief to see a film that does justice to the original work. It is ten years since John Knowles' *A Separate Peace* was published, and if there was ever a film that was destined to be brought to the screen this is it. While we have been accustomed to seeing a fine book slaughtered by Hollywood screenwriters, there is no need for concern in this instance. *A Separate Peace* is a film that has followed the original story line to the letter, and in the

end is a sensitive and beautiful work that is capable of standing on its own merits.

The film was shot at the Philips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire by director Larry Peerce. Nearly the entire cast is composed of Exeter students and natives of the surrounding community. Many of the actors were selected from photos in the Exeter yearbook, and in the case of John Heyel, who plays Finny, and Parker Stevenson, who plays Gene, this film marks their acting debut.

Essentially, the story involves Gene and

Finny, two students attending a New England prep school in the summer of 1942 as World War II rages on far away. Gene is a sensitive, thoughtful young man, while Finny is a natural athlete who cares more about going out for sports than applying himself to learning. Finny is a coercive force on the other students and is constantly trying to goad them into performing dangerous feats. His favorite exploit is diving from the limb of a tall tree into the local river. Finny makes the dive part of the admission into his secret club, but Gene is the only one who ever makes the dive, and so begins the real war that is involved in this story.

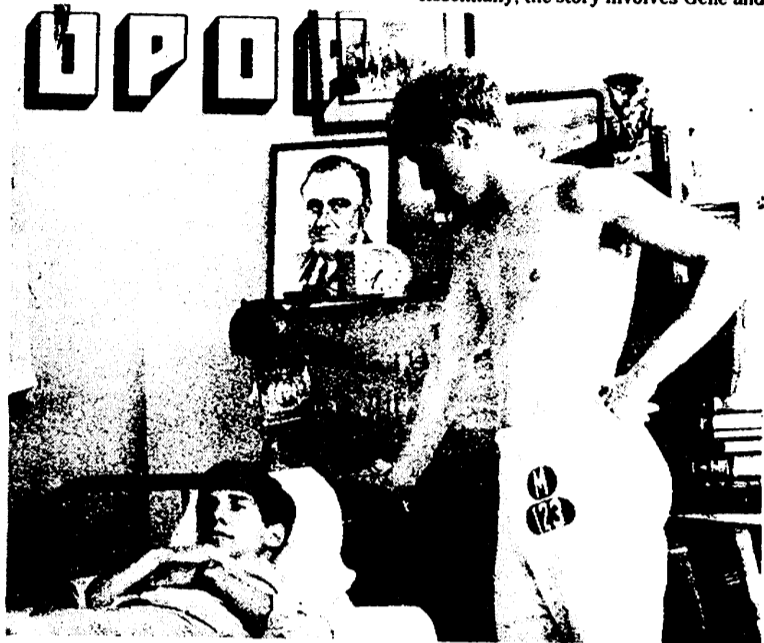
dimensional lives. Finny can no longer be a purely emotional person because he has been stripped of the ability to carry out his emotions. Gene has finally acted out his emotions, and they have severely injured another person. The war that rages is the attempt to reconcile the conflict that has welled up inside of them. The peace that they find is in trying to understand all the things which they have never been.

However, as in any war the peace that results is always deceiving. In the end, Gene has robbed Finny by forcing him to know that which he didn't need to know. Finny is never afraid to dive out of the tree because he never thinks about it. He dismisses what Gene has done as merely being an emotional impulse. Having to understand why Gene did it places Finny in an intellectual position which he can't handle.

While this film infers many things and has a tremendous potential for endless symbolism, it never tries to beat you over the head with its meanings. There are a few brief instances in which the film wanders from an even development of the plot, but for the most part it leaves the viewer with the opportunity to make his own conclusions.

In a real sense, the story, and this film, can be summed up in the words of Nietzsche: "A man who thinks sees life as a tragedy, a man who feels sees life as a comedy."

—Tom McDonald



Gene and Finny, prep school roommates, are alter egos in conflict.

Gene and Finny are alter egos. Each is what the other is not; one is thoughtful while the other is emotional. The war is not in Europe, but between the resolution of the conflict between emotions and the mind. Finny never feels threatened by Gene because he never thinks, Gene is threatened by Finny because he never feels.

One afternoon Finny decides that he and Gene should make a double jump. Acting on a wild impulse that stems from his repressed resentment, Gene jostles the tree limb and causes Finny to fall. He suffers a badly broken leg which ends his athletic career.

As a result of the accident, the two of them have been stripped of their one-

English Folkies Try To Rock Plus Lots Of Other Goodies

The Bunch Rocks On (A&M)—On this album, you will find some of England's best known folkies plug in and try to rock. At least it isn't as discouraging as a bunch of rockers turning to folk; there are a couple of times when this schizoid bunch click. This happens on "Jambalaya," when Sandy Denny sings "Love's Made A Fool Of You," and on Linda Peters' rendition of Little Eva's "Locomotion" (a song neglected in the recent 50's revivals.) The choice of material isn't always as good. With all the great songs just waiting to be redone, why are there still more versions of "Sweet Little Rock N' Roller," "Nadine," and "Willie and Hand Jive?" All have been done better by other groups, but sometimes they have been done worse, and that's why I, am reviewing this album.

LOST AND FOUND, Humble Pie (A&M)—This album contains the group's first two records, one previously unreleased in this country, and the other in only a limited edition. To those who searched the import sections of their local record stores, Humble Pie's first album, *Town and Country* has always been the group's best effort. Don't forget that it was recorded with Peter Frampton, before "Wah-Wah" Clemmson joined and proceeded to help Steve Marriott turn the band into one of the world's foremost heavies. Most of this record is done acoustically, with all four members taking turns at each other's instruments. No need to single out individual cuts because all are excellent, and guaranteed to startle Humble Pie's current staunch followers.

The other album, *As Safe As Yesterday* is not as good, mainly because there is too much hard metallic rock on it. Some of it, like "Desperation," "Natural Born Boogie," and "A Nifty Little Number Like You" is OK, but the group was too far ahead of itself at the time, and the strains of trying too hard are evident.

THE PIECE OF PAPER, Spreadeagle (Charisma)—Spreadeagle is an English quartet produced by Shel Talmy, known for his work on early Who and Kinks records. For a debut album, the group comes off very well. Ingredients are competent musicians who know how to rock without being excessively heavy and carry a 3 part harmony at the same time. At their best, "Brothers in the Sunshine" and "Eagles" (incidentally the two longest tracks on the album) they change time signatures and vary the textures within the song with ease, sounding like Yes, Flash, or Wishbone Ash to varying

degrees.

Given more time to mature, they may become a big group.

WHO WILL SAVE THE WORLD?, Groundhogs (United Artists)—This is one of the unfortunate times when an album jacket outshines the record it contains. Granted that Tony McPhee is an above average guitarist, this is a poor excuse for a new record by a very popular group. The whole album is an embarrassment, filled with poor material, predictable arrangements, and an overabundance of gloomy guitar distortions. Every time a song sounds potentially good, it is blanketed by a long buzzing moan from McPhee's guitar or some depressingly dull sounds from mellotron. McPhee's low mumbling voice doesn't help either.

Like I said, the cover by cartoonist Neal Adams is fantastic. It should have been saved by the Groundhogs for a better records. They certainly are capable of it.

FOGHAT, Foghat (Bearsville)—Foghat answers the question, "What happened to the old Savoy Brown members?" Well, if you're interested, Lonesome Dave, Roger Earl, and Tone Stevens picked up a guitarist by the name of Rod Price, and found Dave Edmunds to produce a record for them.

They are not as dynamic sounding as the old Savoy Brown, singer Chris Youlden who is still in hiding, was the spark of that group, but Foghat opens strongly with an arrangement of "I Just Want To Make Love To You." On the whole, they occasionally get into a groove, ("Maybelle", "Leavin' Again"), but the material is poor and offers nothing that wasn't rehashed by any of the English blooze bands which were a dime a dozen in the late sixties.

—Barry Taylor

BLACK KANGAROO, Peter Kaukonen

Black Kangaroo is a good first offering by Peter Kaukonen, younger brother of the Airplane's Jorma. He presents a wide variety of blues genres on this album, and along the way displays very competent technical ability and versatility on acoustic as well as electric guitar. The record leans heavily toward hard rock, opening with "Up or Down," faintly reminiscent of early Hendrix and then neatly slides into some very country blues. The only noticeable weak spot is on the vocal side, and even there it's not enough to break up the flow of the music. Definitely worth hearing. Larry Peebles

'Big Mouth' Martha Mitchell Blows Through Washington

Blue movie fans will be lining up outside the Mature World this week to view that latest sex-travaganza, *Big Mouth*, a delightful, erotic fantasy featuring the well-endowed Martha Mitchell.

Martha plays Candy Gram, ex-hooker who decides to try the straight life. Her qualifications immediately get her to Capitol Hill as personal secretary to big wig Boo Machismo. As the story goes, she develops a liking for the cold, unfeeling Boo, who is too busy playing with his toy telephone to pay much attention to her. The audience is let in on Boo's hangup when he goes into the bathroom with the phone. We won't let you know what the angle is, but it's greater than 45. Another of Boo's peculiarities surfaces when he converts Candy's derriere into a dart board. Candy accuses Boo of using her, which he admits, but pleads with her not to move so he can finish the game.

However, Candy doesn't go unnoticed by the rest of Washington—especially Boo's boss, Big Dickie. He presents her with a cloth coat and a stuffed dog named Checkers, but Candy has eyes only for Boo. Dickie invites her to a barbecue at his California hideaway and she halfheartedly accepts. As the party unfolds, we discover a potpourri of perversions never before revealed on film: Heinrich Gissingner, a respected aide, binding the feet of several women and flailing them with Chinese noodles; Spiro Cracker, another aide, in a Mickey Mouse costume, forces the women at the party to jump on the table and scream. Candy admits she does not understand high society and Dickie volunteers to take her home. Soon enough the couple are stranded in the Red Forest, out of gas. Dickie proposes that they spend the night and Candy, dressed in a three-piece bikini, accepts. However, when it comes down to the nitty-gritty, Candy is unable to comply with Biggie's instinctual desires. It seems the zipper on her suit became stuck—so the two engaged in a bit of oral-fun, or as Dickie calls it, "Candy Man." This scene is purely erotic and guaranteed to invoke pleasure in everyone.

Now, I have seen literally hundreds of erotic films, but never have I observed a

blue pallate. Remarkable. The true beauty of this lovely star lies between her teeth, "Home Sweet Home" for any man. Unfortunately, Dickie's heart cannot stand the excitement and he expires—right there in her yap. At first Candy is a bit dismayed, but she now knows how to get through to Boo.

Before returning to Washington, she stops in on an old friend Hubie Dubie, who has just lost a poker game and has been cleaned out. Hubie tries to conceal his hurt by remarking he's as pleased as pumpernickel to see her, but there is not hiding the hurt. Candy attempts to cheer her old friend up by giving him the treatment, and it is not long before Hubie is his old self again ("I'm the same man I always was"). However, Hubie's wife, Murieola, watches the whole ordeal through the keyhole and calls Boo in Washington. Boo, enraged that Candy is consorting with someone as crass as Hubie, sends a plane to fetch her. Candy is transported to a secret retreat in the Taconic mountains where she is bound and, of course, gagged. There she sits—a prisoner of love.

However, Candy deviously devises a way of escape. She asks to use the phone to call her mother. Once un-gagged, she holds all the cards. She manages to seduce her captor by flashing her blue tongue at him. Once inside her mouth, she hits him on the head with the phone. She then escapes and goes to Washington to face Boo.

She bursts in on Boo as he is diapering his G.I. Joe doll. There is a moment of silence... and then a smile... and then she shoves her granular tongue at him, and he falls into her mouth!

As expected, the story has a happy ending. Our heroine marries the boss and inherits a stable in the Bronx. There, the two lovebirds enjoy the simple life, free from the hustle and bustle of the big city life.

This movie is a cinematic masterpiece: the camera work is extraordinary, especially in the scene in which Candy blows the entire Joint Chiefs of Staff simultaneously. We witness the action from behind the tonsils. A must for dentists.

—Ken Winkhoff

All the Lennons Are Saying Is 'Give Us a Chance'

John and Yoko Ono Lennon should learn any day now whether they will be allowed to stay in the United States.

A decision by the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) on the deportation proceedings against the Lennons is expected soon. The INS, which denied Lennon an extension on his visa when it expired last February, is studying an appeal by the Lennons' lawyer, Leon Wildes.

The government case rests on a little known provision of the Immigration Act which dictates the deportation of individuals "convicted of a violation of any law or regulation relating to the illicit possession of marijuana."

Lennon was convicted of possession of "cannabis resin"

Wildes, a former president of the Association of Immigration and Nationality Lawyers, decried the "harsh treatment of aliens" prescribed by the law and termed it "an anachronism in modern jurisprudence." Wildes cited another section of the Immigration Act which allows exceptions, in cases of hardship, for persons convicted of serious crimes.



He added that after studying 250 past deportation cases he could not find one involving a foreign conviction.

Gains Custody of Child

Ironically, the American Bar Association's Committee on Drug Abuse, financed in part by the Justice Department, just prior to the court case, had asked the Lennons to record anti-drug commercials for them.

The Lennons were involved in

another court case recently in which Yoko won custody of her eight-year-old daughter, Kyoko. This ended a long custody battle between Yoko and her former husband, Anthony Cox. However, the Lennons have been unable to locate Cox, who is believed to have run off with Kyoko.

The court decision stipulated that Kyoko must be raised in the United States, thus imposing a problem for Yoko if their request to remain in America is denied. Vincent Schiano, the government prosecutor in the deportation case, asked Yoko if she would want to stay in America even if her husband were deported. "You are asking me to choose between my husband and my child," she said. "I don't think you can ask any human being to do that."

An organization which is supporting John and Yoko in their plight, has amassed thousands of petitions calling for the case to be dropped.

Spector Seeks Support

Among its workers is Phil Spector, a producer of late 50's and early 60's rock groups who

has recently worked with the Beatles on the Let It Be album and with Lennon on his albums.

"We've got the support of the most influential newspapers in the country," Spector said, "including the New York Times and the Los Angeles Times. And we've got support from people like Mayor Lindsay."

"But where is Lennon's own generation? Where are all the rock stars who owe so much to Lennon's influence? Where are all the people whose lives were so enriched by the Beatles' music? Lennon's album sold 3 million copies. Where are those 3 million

people? Why aren't they demanding that this outrage be stopped?"

Among prominent people who have offered their support to the Lennons are Mayor Lindsay, Leonard Woodcock, British ambassador Lord Harlech, Dick Cavett, Thomas Hoving, Saul Bellow, Bob Dylan, Allen Ginsberg, Norman Mailer, Edmund Wilson, and several metropolitan newspapers.

George Harrison, who was also convicted of possession of marijuana, is presently living quietly in the U.S. No deportation action has been taken against him.

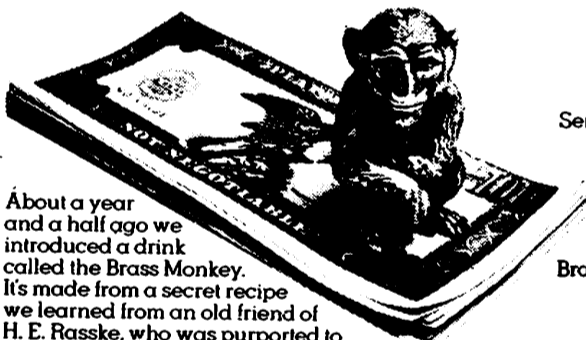
— Peter Grad

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It's made from a secret recipe we learned from an old friend of H. E. Rasske, who was purported to be the Brass Monkey himself, an allied secret agent, operating out of Macao during World War II.

The legend of the Brass Monkey was so fascinating, we pieced together and reconstructed as much of it as we could in our advertising. It reads like a B-movie script, complete with spies, counter-spies, smugglers, soldiers-of-fortune, mercenaries, river pirates and mysterious disappearances.

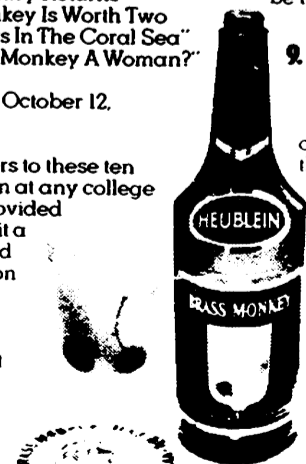
If you've ever tasted the Brass Monkey and are familiar with the three ads that we've been running, you've got a pretty good shot at answering the following ten questions. To make it a little easier, we'll give you the headlines of the ads and where they appear.

Headlines: "The Brass Monkey Returns"
"The Brass Monkey Is Worth Two Aircraft Carriers In The Coral Sea"
"Was The Brass Monkey A Woman?"

Where They Appear:
"Rolling Stone" October 12,
October 26 and
November 9

Remember, the best answers to these ten questions win a year's free tuition at any college of your choice in the country (provided you're enrolled, of course). Give it a try. You've got nothing to lose, and considering the price of education nowadays, an awful lot to gain.

Please mail all entries to:
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Good Luck!



The Ten Undercover Questions

1. What was the name of the Japanese Secret Service?
2. How did the Brass Monkey Club get its name?
3. What was the name of the street where the Brass Monkey Club was located?
4. If the Brass Monkey was a woman, what two possible names could she have had besides H. E. Rasske?
5. What is the color of the Brass Monkey Cocktail?
6. How did Admiral Kokura die?
7. Where is H. E. Rasske reputed to live now?
8. During World War II, what was reputed to be the principal form of commerce in Macao?
9. What was the name of the quinine dealer?
10. Loyana sang "My Love is a Man of Gold." What do you think the lyrics of this song might have been?

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The jar is approximately square —3" x 3" x 4 1/2". Look for the clue about "Tot" capacity.

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*Clue:
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Gene remembered it all. That summer during World War II, the friendships at school, and most of all, the tree which changed their lives forever.



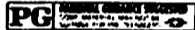
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File for II-S Deferments

All students who entered College before June 1971 are still eligible for II-S classifications and must renew their classification by filling out S.S. forms #109 and 109A.

The forms can be filled out in Bowker Lounge, (next to the Shepard Hall cafeteria), according to the following schedule:

Students whose last names begin with the letters A through I should report to Bowker Lounge between 9 and 5 today. Students whose names begin with letters J through R should report on

Tuesday, and those whose names begin with S through Z should report on Wednesday. Evening students should report to Finley 412 on Tues. Sept. 28th or Oct. 3rd between 6PM and 8PM.

All students who are currently I-A and have previously held II-S or II-A deferments may file form #109 and apply for new II-S status according to the above schedule. All students who are currently II-S and who are behind in credit must file the long form 109 and speak to the draft counselors in Bowker Lounge or Room 412 Finley.

Open Workshop Slated

Students and members of the community will join together in a special series of three "Saturday Workshops" in Black literature,

current drama, and literature of women's liberation that will begin in three weeks.

Sponsored by the English department and the Graduate School of Education, the workshops will be held Saturday mornings from 10 AM to 1 PM, October 7 through December 16.

The workshops are designed to "bring together the College and the community" and will earn participants three graduate credits each.

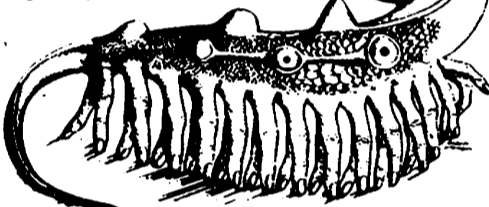
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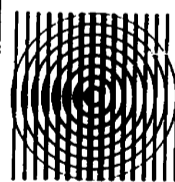


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Dr. Hippocrates

I smoke menthol cigarettes. Several friends and relatives have told me they produce impotence and eventually lead to sterility. I've recently had disappointments in bed due to mild impotence. Is this due to the continuous psychological suggestions, or are friends and relatives right?

I can do without cigarettes but not sex.

E.A.

Some people think it's best to use scare tactics when dealing with drug problems. I disagree. So far as I know the advice you've been getting has no basis in fact. You're being "psyched out."

Impotence, however, is common in the last stages of the many diseases produced or worsened by chronic tobacco use.

I am 19 years old and I'm married. I was taking birth control pills for three months but my husband told me to stop because he wanted a child. That's been three months ago and we haven't conceived a child yet. I want to know what to do.

Mrs. Unhappy

Even if you had never used birth control pills failing to conceive after only three months of trying wouldn't be unusual. After using the pill, though, women may be unable to become pregnant for a year or more. Sometimes pregnancy may result immediately on stopping birth control pills.

You wrote that your husband wanted a child. How do YOU feel about it? Just as the condition of your body affects your mind, so can the mind affect the body, including fertility. If a year passes without conception, both you and your husband should have fertility tests.

My problem is Herpes simplex ("cold sores") with the eruption generally appearing on my penis. This location is tolerable, but very frustrating to the sexual aspects of my marriage. I would be able to live with the infection if it only erupted in another area of my body.

Two doctors said there is nothing to be done for me, because the cure for "herpes" is still unknown to modern science. Another doctor gave me a tube of some ointment, but it did little good.

The cycle of the eruption runs about 4-7 days then subsides for approximately a month to a month-and-a-half. The infection generally starts as a burning or stinging in my butt, and it then follows a course along what feels like a nerve or blood vessel; and then in about 2 days, a reddish spot appears. A day later, the spot becomes like a blister or several blisters. Sexual activity is minimized, so as not to break the blister. It takes even longer to heal, if I accidentally break the blister. The blister eventually turns into a scab area, and by the 6th or 7th day goes away.

P.O.

Herpes simplex is associated with a specific virus. I say "associated" because cold sores appear at intervals even though the virus may be always present. Latest proposed treatment involves using a dye and fluorescent light to treat the blisters. But results with this method seem to be only fair.

The emotional state of a person has much to do with development and treatment of genital herpes sores. You will get far more relief concentrating on meditation, yoga, chanting, prayers or counseling than by using any known ointment.

I am a prisoner in a Mexican federal jail for marijuana. I need help. I let myself get put in a very dangerous spot. I borrowed money on which to live (you must pay for your food here!) and expected to get it from home. But my family has completely put me down because I was busted for pot—drugs!

I was stabbed yesterday as a warning to pay back the

money I owe. Last year one American was stabbed to death here. I've been locked up for 9 months and have that much more to go.

Please Sir, let me know if you'll help, for I have no way of knowing from here.

T.G.

An effort is underway to coordinate aid and information for young Americans jailed abroad. People who wish to help may write to Dave McQueen, News Department, KSAN Radio, 211 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 94108.

McQueen said "There are hundreds of kids just like T.G. who haven't been able to communicate with the outside world—or whose parents really don't understand the situation their kids are in."

Travelers should know that drug laws in foreign countries may be even more severe and arbitrary than those persisting in the United States.

My girlfriend, age 13 years and 9 months, is now 5 months pregnant. We are all very excited about it. She

wanted to bear a child very eagerly and is very proud we shall have one. But here is my problem:

I do not want to go to a physician with her because of her age. We might get into a legal problem there (she ran away from home but her people do not care). However, I want to know if it is true that childbirth is a lot easier for very young girls like her and will make later childbirths more comfortable.

Also, her breasts are not yet fully developed. Will they develop during her pregnancy and become sizeable enough for nursing our baby?

W.M., Berkeley

Your girlfriend should be under the care of an obstetrician without further delay. It's not true that childbirth is a lot easier for girls her age. More obstetrical complications are found in very young females and those approaching menopause.

Breast size has little or no relationship to the capacity for nursing a baby. But girls her age are hardly ever mentally mature enough for motherhood. Legal problems are the least of your worries.

To Be Human is to Err, To Be Nixon Divine

(Continued from page 2)

he is going through is depression in the strict psychological sense. He and his relatives write it off to just an unfortunate string of events and refer to his behavior as just "one of his moods" or a "bad mood."

So the difference between a man who goes through bad moods but keeps it to himself, and the one who has the same moods but realizes a need to adequately recover and better understand his emotions, is the difference between a man who will be socially recognized as sane and one who will be regarded as having had an "emotional illness." It is like the reverse of the joke that the only truly sane people walking this earth are the ones who have been committed and released from mental institutions, because they are the only ones who possess certificates which formally declare their sanity.

"Tom Eagleton is a nice guy but I don't know if I want him in a position where he'll have his finger on the button." This comment didn't emanate from the unenlightened masses of the public but was essentially recited by the New York Post and New York Times in editorials calling for Eagleton's removal. Aren't there people aware of who has had his finger on the button for the last 1400 days? All people, laymen and psychiatrists alike, are aware of the advisability of not allowing tensions to build up within oneself. No one is immune to mounting pressure which can lead to either extreme, depression or a physical outburst. Eagleton has borne his pressures successfully and what's more, he was aware of

and comprehended the factors leading to his exhaustion. However, President Nixon has been killing people for four years and is still smiling. His military, economic, social, environmental, and unemployment policies have all failed miserably and he still smiles.

Could any sane person order such tactics as fire bombing, herbicidal-defoliation which has destroyed an area the size of Massachusetts, and "Daisy Cutter" bombs which kill everything in a three acre area.

It is clear that Nixon's mental development was arrested at adolescence; he manifests his inadequacies and frustrations by his obsessive stubbornness to yield, his outright disdain for a civilization, and his blatantly repulsive disregard of human life.

America isn't ready to accept Thomas Eagleton yet.

It's a wonder that someone doesn't nominate television for president. It sits with you in your living room at night, tells you stories, brings you excitement and leaves you in tears. You can choose the news you want to hear: but if the occasional realities of the outside world should accidentally slip in, or if the news becomes too anxiety provoking, there's always the Lucy Show and Bob Hope specials for intellectual stimulation and constructive insight. There would be no fear of assassinations (besides, you can always buy a new tube if your old one get shot.) nor worry of the president suffering from nervous breakdown—have you ever heard of a television seeing a psychiatrist?

And alas, in the end, it is only you whose finger shall rest on the button.

bobby: titansaso



'Good Times'

(Continued from page 3)

techno-prophets call one of generalization, we find that publications only succeed when they are specialized.

We were also bucking other trends. Print is a medium of another era. More and more people rely on electronic sources for their information. Reading, except for specialized in-depth books, is becoming passe.

Then too, there is the old socialist truth, the rich are getting richer and the poor are gettin' poorer. A couple of years ago we had bread from parents, from savings from straight gigs, to keep us going. Those sources are largely gone. And with Nixonomics, money is tighter and tighter.

But we still have the staff and the resources to do many things. In the coming days we will rap about just what we want to do, what needs doing, and what we are capable of doing. Our faith in the collective process remains high, and we will continue to work together. We will be in touch.